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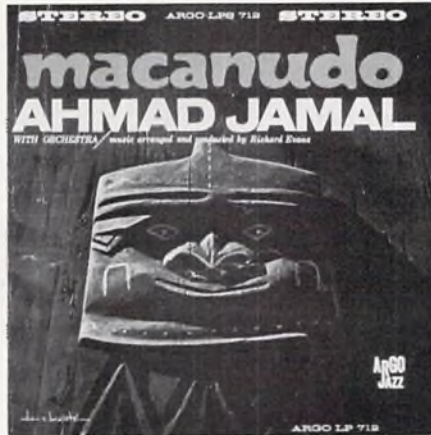
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Cover photographs of Thad Jones and Bill Crow by Ted Williams; of Sheila Jordan by Francis Wolff, Blue Note Records.

THINGS TO COME: Reed instruments are spotlighted in the May 23 Down Beat, which goes on sale at newsstands Thursday, May 9. Among other features in the annual Reed Issue is an article on multi-instrumentalist Roland Kirk.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE: 205 West Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill., Financial 6-7811.

EAST COAST OFFICE: 1776 Broadway, New York 19, N.Y., Plaza 7-5111, Dan S. Lipner, Eastern Adv. Mgr.

WEST COAST OFFICE: 6269 Selma Blvd., Los Angeles 28, Calif., HOLLYWOOD 3-3268.

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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;
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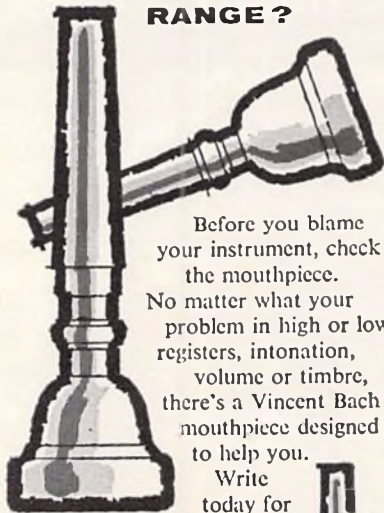
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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Preaching Needs Practice

This letter concerns the article on Elvin Jones in the March 28 issue. We could not agree with Don DeMicheal more for his statement "to hear, and see, the two men [Coltrane and Jones] raise each other to fever pitch is something not easily forgotten." That is precisely what has brought us to write this letter.

Recently we went to hear Coltrane and drummer Jones "entwine." Before a number was a few bars old, the "entwining" had turned into strangulation. Coltrane would get into a piece with something resembling the tune, and then Jones was turned loose in a 15-minute tirade, a frenzied attempt at improvisation. "Screams of souls in hell" is quite apt to describe the whole set. Everything played was reminiscent of a jazz workshop, and it was quite evident they should have worked a little more in the shop.

With all the screaming and hollering that came from Coltrane, Jones, and bassist Garrison, it was a shame that one could not enjoy more the fine work of pianist McCoy Tyner. He might just as well have been off in the corner by his lonesome. When he did get a solo, he was hopelessly drowned out by the enthusiastic rhythm section.

In conclusion, we only hope that Mr. Jones would practice what he preaches: "You have to have the sticks under control before you can touch the instrument—and I mean touch, not beat on it."
Arlington, Va. Michael M. Kumpf
Larry M. Ciston

Caustic Reaction To McCann

It was a pleasure to read Les McCann's "small coverage" of his recent tour of Europe (DB, March 14). He certainly has a way with the printed word—why, it's just like his piano picking! Too bad, though, he couldn't remember the names of those clubs he visited. Especially the one he says was the No. 1 jazz club in Sweden.

That part about the Pope and the Vatican was really in good taste. Mr. McCann's wardrobe was also of great interest, and when he was mistaken for the leader of those "cats" fishing for money in the fountain, my heart went out to him. I'll bet he never let a day go by.

I know what he means about those pianos that were "carguer." With his sensitive touch, Les should demand a Wurlitzer at his concerts—or maybe 27 glasses of wine.

And I know how his rheumatism finally disappeared: from writing this intelligent, well-informed, very humorous article in collaboration with John Tynan. It's hard to tell where one stops and the other begins. I was greatly relieved to read where Mr. McCann has decided to live permanently in Paris.
San Francisco, Calif. Benny Barth

More on Chico's Charges

Chico Hamilton, I feel, is a brilliant musician. For several years I've enjoyed his work — in person and on records, in all contexts of his group's development. Yet I feel that he has made a few unfair generalizations and seems to have a lopsided view of creative force (DB, March 28). To say that what preceded the "new thing" (which is still in its formative stage) is passe — that Brubeck, Mulligan, and Adderley must point to it or become so much deadwood — is not a fair consideration of the facts.

What Chico fails to realize is that some musicians, such as Brubeck and Mulligan, have found grooves that fit their talents and styles. Rather than leave them for new, radical ones, they seek to develop their own within their confines. And that, it seems to me, permits unlimited possibilities. The change is more subtle, but it certainly contributes to the music.

Dizzy Gillespie is a perfect example. Essentially, he's playing no differently today than when he made his initial impact. But could you say that he lacks vitality and freshness? In a particular discipline he is striving for perfection, always bearing in mind that he has a long way to go with what he started. For Dizzy to take up the "new thing" or any other mode would be changing merely for its own sake rather than a logical artistic development.

Hamilton also should remember that in his own previous playing, as well as that of Miles Davis and Art Blakey, there was the potential to develop what he is doing now. Not all worthwhile musicians have that seed.

Milwaukee, Wis. John E. Price

See page 7 for Brubeck's and Adderley's comments on the Hamilton charges.

Who Was Into Third Stream First?

In his review of her book *What Jazz Is All About* (DB, March 28), Bill Coss sneers that Lillian Erlich "even attributes John S. Wilson's stream naming to Gunther Schuller." If this is Coss' clumsy way of implying that it was not Schuller who invented the phrase "third stream music," let him check the *New York Times*, May 17, 1960, where Wilson wrote: "Schuller . . . has been heralding the arrival of what he calls a 'third stream' of music."

In other words, Mrs. Erlich is right; Coss has been caught looking down his nose with his facts down. I enjoyed the rest of the review, but it will not deter me from reading Mrs. Erlich's book. As the Schuller point indicates, she may know more about her subject than does Mr. Coss.
Los Angeles Lucille Matthews

I was happy to see a review of my book *What Jazz Is All About* in *Down Beat*. Bill Coss is right when he assumes

the book was written for teenagers. Of course, I hope it will appeal to beginners in jazz of any age.

I appreciate Mr. Coss' lengthy review, but I'm perplexed about his statement that John Wilson coined the term "third stream." I quote from an interview with Gunther Schuller published in the *New Yorker* magazine, Dec. 9, 1961: "What about the Third Stream?" we asked. 'I coined the term as an adjective, not a noun, some three or four years ago,' he [Schuller] replied. . . . 'I never thought it would become a slogan, a catchword. I hit upon the term simply as a handle. . . .'"
New York City Lillian Erlich

Strong Protest To Feather

In his article on Stan Getz (*DB*, Feb. 28) Leonard Feather included a paragraph in which he asserted that cool jazz had been replaced by heavy, aggressive, angry music lacking in "fundamentals" and that there was an "unprecedented" atmosphere of racial hostility (anti-white sentiment, that is) at the time of Getz' return to the States in 1961.

He implied that these factors were so predominant that they prevented the public from reaccepting the pre-*Desafinado* Getz. This is certainly an interesting theory. I would like to know on what facts Feather based his assertions; it would seem difficult to draw the conclusions he has from what I have seen and heard. As far as I can tell, the great majority of musicians, of whatever hue, are not accentuating anger, hostility, or racial tension in their music and weren't in 1961.

In any case, I can't believe that it is these factors that cause the public to go to a club or buy records, or that their absence in any artist would cause the public to shun him. (And who, by the way, were all those people crowding the Vanguard when I went to hear Getz shortly after his return? Were they only there because Coltrane didn't happen to be in town?)

Where are hostility and anger in the music of Art Blakey, Cannonball Adderley, John Coltrane, Miles Davis (I don't care how often he turns his back on his audience), Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk, Horace Silver, Duke Ellington, the Modern Jazz Quartet, or Sonny Rollins? — just to name the first comparatively popular Negro jazz musicians who come to mind.

I can think of a host of lesser lights, too, who, like their higher-earning, larger-crowd-drawing brothers, play swinging, happy music; or pallid, uninteresting music; or light, lyrical music; or slick, highly stylized music; or very avant-garde music — or anything but angry, hostile music.

Now, if Feather means Mingus, Max, and Abbey—okay. I'll grant that they are expressing anger in their music—some of it; but what is their popularity (not stature) compared with that of those mentioned above? Or with Getz'?

It seems to me that an awfully lot of mileage is being gotten out of these three and a few others—if they are the musicians Feather had in mind.

If he means the "funk" phenomenon, the emphasis on "soul" — okay. Some of it is pretty heavy, but it is certainly as

concerned with fundamentals as cool jazz is, even if some of it is rather derivative and empty, and it has never struck me as hostile or aggressive.

And if he means the experimental styles, the "new thing" — okay. I'll grant that some of it seems harsh and tense and aggressive; but, again, it doesn't strike me as especially heavy or racially hostile.

I'm not talking about the merits of the music, any of it — take your choice and welcome to it. But to characterize these lately and only relatively popular trends as aggressive — or as being expressive of "unprecedented" racial hostility — is certainly stretching a point; to exaggerate the importance of any one of them is misleading; and to make such generalization without giving any of the evidence upon which they are based is unforgivable, no matter what the subject. When it gets to the point that it is necessary to rewrite jazz history in order to bolster a particular theory, I think the time has come to call a halt.

What purpose does Feather (who is certainly regarded by the public as an authority on jazz, if not the authority) serve by reinterpreting jazz history and the sounds he hears in such an anger-provoking, inaccurate way? What good has he done Getz? Or jazz? Or himself?
New York City Georgia Griggs

Miss Griggs is reading much more into my article than I ever tried to imply in it.

In the first place, I was quoting some comments made by Bill Coss and adding my interpretation of them, not of jazz history. Secondly, there was no attempt to imply that all jazz had gone in the direction stated but rather that this was a tendency at the time. Thirdly, the tendency could be found in exactly the areas Miss Griggs herself points out; so we are in agreement on the general point, as well as on her point about the lack of hostility in most of the artists she names.

*Perhaps the Vanguard was an exception, but it is an indisputable fact, which he or his agency or the clubs could confirm, that Stan Getz' fortunes did not improve until after *Desafinado*.*

My remarks, an accurate review of the 1961 situation, were intended neither to bolster a theory nor to provoke Miss Griggs' anger. Now that Coltrane and Getz are both doing as well as they deserve, surely everyone concerned should be satisfied.
—Leonard Feather

That Rollins Review

After reading Pete Welding's so-called critical review of Sonny Rollins' *Our Man in Jazz* recording (*DB*, March 28), I have come to the conclusion that he should put in a few more "hours of close listening" or stick to his *Blues 'n' Folk*.

Could this be the same man who rated a similar Ornette Coleman effort five stars? Can one who finds Rollins & Co. "boring" find Coleman's noise "very exciting"?

As for this "grip of the new thing," anyone who has listened closely to Rollins knows that this music is merely an extension of what he has been doing ever since he appeared on the scene.
Buffalo, N. Y. Richard Thompson

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NEW YORK

Charlie Mingus, convicted in New York City's Criminal Court in February (DB, March 14) of an assault charge brought by the city and trombonist Jimmy Knepper, was given a short suspended sentence. Duration of the sentence was undisclosed. According to reports, Mingus had words at the sentencing with his attorney, State Sen. Manfred Ohrenstein of Ohrenstein & Karpatkin, after leaving the bench. He objected to Ohrenstein's having described him before sentencing as "a great jazz musician." According to all reports, Mingus said, "Don't call me a jazz musician. To me the word 'jazz' means . . . discrimination, second-class citizenship, the whole back-of-the-bus bit." Subsequently, attorney Marvin Karpatkin, said that "there was a very good chance that the sentence will be appealed" because of certain errors "we have discovered in the first trial."

Lionel Hampton's current six-week tour of Japan has a novel switch to it. Hampton took only nine key sidemen with him. Then, when he got to Tokyo, he held open auditions of Japanese musicians, choosing the ones he wanted to fill out the sections of his band.

Two happenings of importance to the band business occurred in New York City last month—one good and one bad. The bad concerned the Roosevelt Hotel Grill, which



MINGUS

has been featuring dance bands since 1932 (mainly Guy Lombardo). Following what is threatened to be a trend in many other hotel night clubs, the Roosevelt began an entertainment policy this month with comedians and singers, furnishing only a small group to play dance music. The good news is the continuance of name-band bookings during the summer at Freedomland amusement park. The early schedule includes week-long engagements by Warren Covington beginning July 1, Count Basie beginning July 26, Ralph Marterie beginning June 24 and Aug. 16, and Richard Maltby beginning Aug. 2.

April in Paris, or at least this coming April weekend is to be jazz weekend for scores of Londoners who will fly to the French capital on a jazz tour organized by the *Melody Maker*, an English music newspaper. For a little less than \$34, the tourists receive transportation, hotel beds for two evenings, and breakfast for two mornings, plus the opportunity to visit jazz clubs to hear such as Kenny Clarke, Bud Powell, and Memphis Slim.

The deaths continue to mount in the jazz world. One correction: the report of the cause of Addison Farmer's death (DB, April 1), was corrected by an autopsy report. He did not die of a conflict between two medications but because of an internal hemorrhage, probably caused by what doctors call a silent ulcer. . . In Boston there died young baritone saxophonist Joseph (Dom) Turkowski. Born Jan. 15, 1938, he was a student of the late Serge Chailoff, went briefly to the Berklee School of Music, and won the Louis Armstrong scholarship to the School of Jazz at Lenox, Mass., in 1958. An only occasionally heard jazz mu-



HAMPTON

(Continued on page 43)

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ADDERLEY

Comment but no comment

CHICO'S CHARGES CHALLENGED

In the March 28 issue of *Down Beat*, drummer-leader Chico Hamilton spoke out concerning the musicians he felt were contributing the most to jazz today—and about those he felt were resting on laurels.

The three main targets of his comments were Gerry Mulligan, Cannonball Adderley, and Dave Brubeck, none of whom, the drummer asserted, had "made an important contribution to jazz in the past few years. As a matter of fact, they've been shackling jazz during the last three, four years."

Down Beat asked the three targets if they would care to answer Hamilton's charges. Mulligan sent word that he preferred not to answer. But Brubeck and Adderley, expressing concern that one professional musician would put down another, as they said they felt Hamilton had done, agreed to reply.

"For 20 years now," Brubeck wrote in his reply, "my name has been popping up in *Down Beat* and other jazz magazines—sometimes in praise, sometimes not. I've made it a policy to avoid writing letters to the editors to defend myself (though tempted), because I know that the only true defense lay in the integrity of the music I continue to produce.

"Fortunately, the goals I set for myself were a challenge when I set them and remain a challenge today. Each year I feel closer to the original goal, but as I approach the goal, the new, closer perspective makes me far more aware of

the detailed vastness yet to be discovered and mastered. It is like climbing a mast for a better view of the horizon, only to see the horizon move farther and farther away from each step upward."

"To any musician—past, present, or future—who feels he must put me down," he went on, "I have but one answer, and it's the same one I gave to Chico, personally, a few years ago in a taxi in El Paso, Texas. Chico was discouraged with his group and was asking for advice. 'You are successful,' I told him, 'the moment you believe fully in what you are doing.'

"As for Chico's comment in *Down Beat*, it reveals to me that he still doesn't have complete faith in himself—or he wouldn't find it necessary to measure himself against any other musicians, either by praise or criticism. I believe each man should be his own measuring rod, because, as my son, Darius, so aptly states it: 'One man's bag is another man's prison.'"

Adderley, in a recent conversation, expressed similar views.

"Dave Brubeck and Gerry Mulligan," he said, "no longer have the time or inclination to criticize other professional musicians. It's clear to me that these men have no need for this. That is to say, they need not be negative in order to focus attention upon themselves.

"There *are* people, however, who do need attention, either for ego satisfaction or for reasons of economy. These people usually follow a pattern: knock those who can be safely knocked—that is, successful people, such as Brubeck, Oscar Peterson, Erroll Garner, George Shearing, Ahmad Jamal, and so on.

"I sometimes answer criticism, provided the source is of sufficient importance," he concluded. "But in this case . . . no comment."

In the article, Hamilton more or less summed up his statements about jazz and who is contributing what with "everyone does not think alike."

So it would seem.



BRUBECK
Believe in thy self

PARKER RECORDS SUED FOR ALLEGED PAST-DUE ROYALTIES

In any list of grievances compiled by jazz musicians, royalty payments for their compositions certainly loom large. Yet practically nothing is ever done about it beyond morose muttering and tentative threats.

A trial case of such will soon be heard in the U.S. District Court in New York City with agent Harry Fox, representing 15 major music publishers and such songs as *Moonlight in Vermont*, *Summertime*, and *Oo-Shoo-Be-Do-Be*, suing Charlie Parker Record Co., and claiming past-due 2-cents-a-recorded-performance royalties for song use over a long period of time. Fox' attorney, John Clark, said the Parker firm owes his clients \$30,000 to \$60,000 and insists that "20 to 40 percent of the records now selling in this country return no royalties to publishers or songwriters."

Aubrey Mayhew, vice president of the Parker firm, said the total claim against his company couldn't be more "than about \$4,200." And he further stated that if the case goes to court, "I'll blow the whistle."

According to Mayhew, "The disc jockey stuff [the payola scandal of a few years ago] was penny ante. This is the real stuff."

The stuff, he said, is illegal payments—payola—to persons, but he would not elaborate.

JAPAN HAS ALMOST EVERYTHING —EXCEPT JAZZ SOLOISTS

One current idea of a jazzman's heaven on earth is a secure gig overseas—or at least a lengthy tour there.

Such a vision may soon evaporate, however, if there are many more experiences like those of, for example, pianist Cecil Taylor at the Gyllene Cirkein in Stockholm, Sweden, where the waiters complained loud and long about his lengthy sets (they didn't like what he played, and in Sweden waiters have a union that would make Jimmy Hoffa happy), and pianist George Gruntz, who recently returned from Japan.

Actually Gruntz, who first appeared in the United States as a member of the International Youth Band (he is from Switzerland), had no complaints about reception, climate, housing, or accompaniment. It was just that he came back tired.

Touring with vocalist Helen Merrill, he discovered, on a typical day, that he awoke only to hurry to make a radio broadcast, then went on to television, then to the club where he would rehearse a band for Miss Merrill's nightly appearances, and then go on to other personal appearances, ending just in time to eat, change clothes, and appear

again at the club for the evening performance.

Still, he did note that the Japanese audiences were as enthusiastic as they are noted to be and that there are many fine musicians.

"It was," he said "amazing to be able to rehearse what were different charts in a really comparatively short period of time and then have them played well.

"What was missing, though, was the soloist. I just didn't hear any. And I think a reason for that may be that there are no places to go to just play. There are lots of clubs, but no real jazz ones. Most of the jazz seems to be played on record in the coffee houses. And, surprisingly, I never heard any of the musicians invite each other to any kind of session. Apparently that kind of thing isn't done. It probably accounts for the lack of soloists."

SHEARING TAKES TO THE AIR

Sightlessly facing the KNX radio microphone suspended above his piano keyboard, George Shearing casually played a few measures of introductory music. Then, the fingers of his left hand brushing the braille script before him, the pianist-composer informally spoke the introduction to his weekly program out of Hollywood, *George Shearing at Home*.

Shearing has been the host for the Sunday afternoon radio show since Feb. 3 this year, and, says KNX director Gene Webster, "We're just going to go on and on as long as possible." Meanwhile, the show has been picked up by armed forces radio service for worldwide broadcast and may be sold by the Columbia Broadcasting System for national syndication.

The program is not a jazz-show, although there is much jazz included. Shearing tapes it in the music room of his home in the Toluca Lake suburb of Los Angeles and frequently illustrates his remarks on recordings and artists with piano solos.

On the first program of the series, for example, Shearing dwelled at length on the late bassist Israel Crosby, who had been a member of the Shearing quintet at the time of his death last year.

In other programs, the pianist may discuss, and illustrate with records from his personal collection, such as the late Art Tatum, British singer Shirley Bassey, or the talents of Carmen McRae and Mel Tormé. On one of the programs in March he chose to play his own *Lullaby of Birdland* and interpreted the melody in the manner of various classical composers.

STUDENT ARRANGERS' LABORATORY SCHEDULED AT EASTMAN SCHOOL

The fifth annual Arrangers' Laboratory-Institute will be held July 15-Aug. 2 at the University of Rochester's Eastman School of Music in Rochester, N.Y.

As in the past the intensive course is to be taught by a three-man faculty headed by Raymond Wright, chief arranger of the Radio City Music Hall Orchestra, and his two assistants, Fred Karlin and Donald Hunsberger.

The program offers, as Karlin, a former student at the laboratory, put it, "more practical opportunity in three weeks than you could get in years of trial and error anywhere else." The students have the opportunity and obligation to write for the four professional performing groups in residence, ranging from a 17-piece dance band through a 23-piece studio orchestra, a



SHEARING AND WEBSTER
AM radio calls for wider fare

"We don't live in a dream world on this program," Shearing told *Down Beat*. He meant that he and director Webster are fully cognizant of the nature of an AM radio audience. Shearing said he feels he can play some jazz to this squarely oriented listener and get away with it so long as the jazz is not overdone and is introduced in an intelligent and articulate manner. He writes his own scripts.

"There's AM music and there's FM music," Shearing declared. "I happen to be on AM radio, and, while I play as much jazz as possible, I must also include wider musical fare."

A typical sampling of Shearing's choices for a program: one track from a Buddy De Franco-Tommy Gumina album; a Dakota Staton track from her first LP with a comment about the pity of this singer's apparent lack of current popularity; a track from Alan Sherman's LP *My Son the Folk Singer*; a track by Bobby Hackett, Jack Teagarden, and friends; and a Claude Thornhill big-band track of a Gil Evans arrangement.

When Shearing left for a tour of Japan early in March, there were enough *At Home* programs taped in advance to last through most of the summer.

37-piece studio-production orchestra, to a complete marching-concert band.

On Aug. 1 a concert, *Arrangers' Holiday*, featuring student arrangements, will be given by the 45 resident musicians in different combinations. There also will be a special appearance by the Dave Brubeck Quartet.

ON THE MIXING OF JAZZ AND OTHER CONTEMPORARY MUSIC

Half the American Jazz Ensemble, a group that mixes jazz and contemporary music, recently returned to Italy after a tour through the United States. That half, clarinetist Bill Smith and pianist Johnny Eaton, have now joined again with bassist Erich Peter and drummer Ron Schwerin to continue studying and touring in Europe.

Everything about the ensemble is different and provocative. Smith and Eaton are classically trained (both study with composer Roger Sessions) as well as jazz trained (Smith with the Dave Brubeck Octet and on some Brubeck quartet records and Eaton leading his own group), and both begin their sojourns in Rome on a variety of prizes, including Guggenheim fellowships.

There similarities end. They have, of course, written their way through the usual repertoire of young composers—string quartets, varieties of chamber music, and choral works. But Smith is interested in electronic music.

"I live only one block away from a new studio in Rome equipped for experimenting with electronic music," he said. "You just couldn't find an opportunity like that in this country."

Eaton's major interest is in writing operas.

"It is," he said, "better for me to be in Europe for that reason. There are many state opera houses, and composers are encouraged to be modern in their approaches."

The two met at the American Academy in Rome where, in 1961, they formed a quartet, "mostly for fun," Smith remembers. But their unique presentation stirred so much interest they were soon in business for fun and profit.

"Since then," Eaton added, "we've played in practically every town in Italy. This year we've got 20 concerts already booked in Italy and for a change, we'll also play in other countries. The fascinating thing about Italy is that there are no jazz clubs, but almost every town has a jazz association, and they are the ones who sponsor the concerts.

"The Italians have changed remarkably in the last few years. Before, Italy seemed to be involved only with traditional jazz. Now the associations are about 50 percent of each kind of fan."

COLLEGIATE JAZZ FESTIVAL, 1963

"But, it is probably because of the lack of any clubs in which to play that there are so few soloists. In all the big cities, we found excellent musicians. But not enough. For example, you could have a big modern band in Rome or in Milan. But you couldn't have two excellent bands in each city. And if you want to fill that band, in either city, with excellent soloists, you would have to take some musicians from the other city. It has nothing to do with musicianship, really, but with the knowledge of what jazz is about and the chance to play it often."

It may be that the quality of musicianship that does exist, and the musical incentive of a culture bred to it, explain the success of the Smith-Eaton quartet.

The usual program of the American Jazz Ensemble is in two parts: first, compositions by such as William Schumann, Claude Debussy, Bela Bartok, Igor Stravinsky—and Johnny Eaton; and, after intermission, jazz improvisations on Cole Porter, Duke Ellington, George Gershwin, Vincent Youmans—and Bill Smith.

One Eaton piece is for clarinet and piano. One by Smith is an experiment with tape recorder and whatever horns are available. The quartet, with a Smith piece called *Explorations*, first will record a tape with some foreknowledge and then play the tape back, performing with and/or against it. Smith said he finds it an exciting experience.

"You have to think, on the original play-through, of things you will play later," he said. "And then, the second time, you have to remember what you played before and pace yourself for that."

"I'd really like to do more of that kind of thing. You can even rig it electronically by slowing or speeding the revolutions per second so as to have the original an octave lower or higher. And one reason why it is interesting for experimentation is that the beat is steady. Its like writing on lined paper. Or the other way I do it is with a pre-recorded clarinet solo—it is improvised up to a point, but it's still static. I know what's coming next when I play against it. It's exciting to improvise against that."

For both musicians the interest by listeners in the contemporary-music part of their program has been a revelation. As Eaton said, "Even on our American tour we found audiences reacting strongly to contemporary music. There is obviously a big audience out there for such."

For this summer and fall the American Jazz Ensemble will continue to test its audiences in Europe. Late in the year, it will return to the United States for another tour.

At least one thing was made clear at the fifth annual Collegiate Jazz Festival, held March 29-30 at the University of Notre Dame: the nourishment of fresh talent that jazz continually needs will be coming more and more from the colleges as years go on. Words to this effect have been written before—but almost always in regards to big bands. What was heard at this year's festival, however, makes it abundantly clear that not only will big bands be nourished by what college musicians are doing but small groups will benefit greatly also.

This was not true in years past. It always had been the big bands that received the most favorable comment—at least one, the North Texas State College Jazz Lab Band, was, and is, considered by many the equal of most name bands. But this year at Notre Dame, the small groups were at least on as high a creative level as the big bands.

The past weaknesses of small-group members—not too imaginative conceptions, dependence on cliches, lack of sharp rhythmic phrasing, and a tendency to bore—were much less evident. Instead, this year most groups featured soloists of remarkable depth, considering their ages. None of the many soloists have reached musical maturity, of course, and all imitate to varying degrees—but so do many well-known jazzmen.

This overcoming of the weak-soloist problem signifies college jazz has come of age. Both big bands and small groups now have the polish and musical interest of professional organizations—there is little taint of amateurism left. The college musicians should be considered on the same level as any other professional musicians; only the performer's age and experience need be considered.

(*Editor's note:* in order to keep readers in better touch with jazz developments in colleges, *Down Beat* will inaugurate a series of articles, to appear once a month, dealing with college

groups, both large and small. The first in the series will appear in the June 6 issue.)

The organization of this year's festival, as in previous years, was excellent. The student committee, headed by general chairman Charlie Murphy and executive chairman Dave Paliganoff, is to be heartily commended for the manner in which the festival was conducted.

The three preliminary competitions that preceded the Saturday night finals proceeded briskly and efficiently, with a minimum of delay between the appearances of competing groups. Each group—large and small—was allotted 20 minutes in which to demonstrate its capabilities. Those exceeding the time limit were penalized, thus assuring at least a measure of temporal equality for all participants.

The judging panel was composed of vibraharpist Terry Gibbs; composer-arranger Manny Albam; Robert Share, administrator of the Berklee School of Music; *Down Beat* contributing editor Leonard Feather; and Charles Suber, former *Down Beat* publisher and chairman of the judging panel since the festival's inception five years ago.

Of 21 competing groups, nine were big bands; the remainder were small groups ranging in size from trio to sextet; all spanning a wide geographical area from Florida to Michigan to Colorado to West Virginia. (The quartet entry representing the United States Air Force Academy, at Colorado Springs, Colo., was unable to obtain an expected flight to the festival and was forced to cancel at the last minute.)

In addition to the competing units, festival audiences were treated to a Friday night performance by the Melodons, a fine, spirited big band directed by the Rev. George Wiskirchen of Notre Dame High School, Niles, Ill., and to a jam session held at the Palais Royal Ballroom in nearby South Bend, Ind., after the Friday evening competitions. The Gibbs quartet (Gibbs, vibraharp; Alice McLoud, piano; Ernie Farrow,

PHOTOS/WHEELER-LARSON



BIG BAND WINNER: DENVER UNIVERSITY STAGE BAND

bass; and Tommy Check, drums) performed first, after which the session was turned over to the student musicians.

From the 21 outfits competing for the many group and individual prizes, six were selected for the Saturday night finals: the Wright Jr. College Stage Band, a big band from Chicago, led by John DeRoule; another large band from Chicago, Roosevelt University's Chicago Institute of Jazz Studies Lab Band, organized by its director, S. Lane Emery, only last October; the Denver University Stage Band, of Denver, Colo., directed by Frank Gagliardi and the only one of the three finalist big bands to have appeared at the previous year's festival; the Indiana University Jazz Sextet of Bloomington, Ind., an experimental "new thing"-inspired group under the leadership of altoist Jamie Aebersold, last year's outstanding instrumentalist on alto; the Jazzmen of Chicago's Crane Jr. College, an all-Negro sextet also led by an altoist, Don Myrick; and the Bob Pozar Trio, of the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich., which, as the Bob James Trio (pianist James, who was recently inducted into the Army, was replaced by Mike Lang and the leadership of the group taken over by drummer Pozar), was adjudged finest group at last year's festival.

As last year, the Michigan trio dominated the festival. When the judges' decisions were announced, not only had the Pozar trio placed first as best



COMBO WINNER: THE BOB POZAR TRIO

combo, but was named finest jazz group at the festival, and each of the trio's members was chosen best performer on his respective instrument.


Pianist Lang, around whose playing the trio is now built, is a particularly adventurous soloist able to explore a wide variety of moods and disciplines ranging from churning Phineas Newborn-styled up-tempo playing to a dulcet, gossamer Bill Evanslike treatment of his original *Hash Browns*, one of the festival's high spots. He was supported sensitively, and strongly, by bassist Ron Brooks and drummer Pozar, and the excellent group rapport, coupled with Lang's inventiveness, made the trio an almost automatic choice as best small group.

Judging from the performance of such adventurous groups as the Pozar trio and the frankly experimental Indiana University Jazz Sextet of altoist Aebersold, the festival's theme "The New Stream in College Jazz" was apt.

Winner in the big-band category was the Denver band, a roaring, hard-swinging 16-piece unit that tore through its five selections with blithe abandon and free-wheeling gusto. The dominance of this band signaled a change in direction for the college stage-band movement, which had been dominated by the orchestral style of Stan Kenton, with its emphasis on complex, "difficult" arrangements that demand much attention be paid their execution.

The greater portion of the bands competing this year, however, following the lead of last year's winner, the Michigan State University Television Orchestra, had swung around to a looser, more supple band style. This year the emphasis was on the effortless pushing drive of the Count Basie and Woody Herman approaches to big-band playing.

The Denver band won out over its two competitors simply because it brought greater power and precision to this approach, not because its approach was basically different. The band, which has fine soloists in trumpeter Lynn Zoric, tenorist Ray Ricker, and trombonist Carl Johnson, reminded one forcefully of the Herman band, in the effortless push and powerful sheen it brought to bear on its arrangements. From the opening bars of Wes Hensel's bluesy *Down, Down, Down*, this band just never let up.

It was a brilliant festival, one that will stand as the turning point in college jazz. 

CJF WINNERS

FINEST JAZZ GROUP: Bob Pozar Trio, University of Michigan. *Prize:* Trophy presented by Associated Booking Corp.; permanent plaque presented by Collegiate Jazz Festival.

FINEST BIG BAND: Denver University Stage Band. *Prizes:* Set of Selmer Porta-Desks from H&A Selmer, Inc.; individual subscriptions to *Down Beat* for all members; scholarships to National Stage Band Camp from Broadcast Music, Inc., Mercury Records, the Dukes of Dixieland, Al Hirt, and Louis Armstrong; one-year membership in Famous Arrangers Club.

FINEST COMBO: Bob Pozar Trio. *Prizes:* engagements at the Village Vanguard, New York City, and possibly the London House, Chicago.

BEST INSTRUMENTALIST: Frank Tesinsky, trombone, Wright Jr. College Stage Band. *Prizes:* scholarship to Berklee School of Music from Associated Booking Corp.; permanent plaque presented by Collegiate Jazz Festival.

BEST SOLOISTS: **Trumpet**—Oscar Brashear, Wright Jr. College. *Prize:* Doc Severinsen model trumpet from Getzen Instrument Co. **Trombone**—Frank Tesinsky, Wright Jr. College. *Prize:* 48-H CONNstellation trombone from Conn Corp. **Alto**—Jamie Aebersold, Indiana University Jazz Sextet. *Prize:* scholarship to National Stage Band Camp from Dave and Iola Brubeck. **Tenor**—Warren Grimwood, Indiana University Jazz Sextet. *Prize:* Buescher baritone saxophone from H&A Selmer Co.; scholarship to National Stage Band Camp from Dave and Iola Brubeck. **Piano**—Mike Lang, Bob Pozar Trio. *Prize:* scholarship to National Stage Band Camp from Kenneth Morris. **Guitar**—Ron English, Michigan State University Television Orchestra. *Prize:* Harmony guitar from Harmony Co. **Bass**—Ron Brooks, Bob Pozar Trio. *Prize:* Kay bass viol from Kay Instrument Co. **Drums**—Bob Pozar, Bob Pozar Trio. *Prize:* set of Zildjian cymbals from Avedis Zildjian Co.

OUTSTANDING ORIGINAL COMPOSITION: *Killer*, by Jamie Aebersold,

Indiana University. *Prize:* composition to be published by Berklee Press.

MOST PROMISING LEADER: Jamie Aebersold, Indiana University Jazz Sextet. *Prize:* scholarship to National Stage Band Camp from Louis Armstrong.

MOST PROMISING ARRANGER: Roy Pritts, Denver University Stage Band. *Prize:* scholarship to National Stage Band Camp from Joseph P. Delaney.

MOST PROMISING SOLOISTS: **Big Band**—Woody James, trumpet, Michigan State University Television Orchestra. **Combo**—Tom Hensley, piano, Indiana University Jazz Sextet. *Prizes:* scholarships to National Stage Band Camp from John Levy Enterprises and Willard Alexander.

MOST PROMISING INSTRUMENTALISTS: **Brass**—Bob Barrett, trumpet, Peabody Jazz Sextet. **Reeds**—Don Myrick, alto saxophone, Crane Jr. College Jazzmen. **Rhythm**—Ernest McCarthy, bass, Crane Jr. College Jazzmen. *Prizes:* scholarships to Berklee School of Music from Robert Share.

LOFT JAZZ

New York City's lofts and coffee houses have become havens for the new thing/By LEROI JONES

It was Martin Williams who recently called attention to the fact that one of the reasons the New York City jazz scene has been in such bad shape is that there are simply not enough clubs that want to feature the youngest and, many times, most exciting musicians. Of course, John Coltrane and Sonny Rollins could play pretty much as they wanted, but when the Jazz Gallery closed down last year and the Five Spot had to move, almost everyone associated with contemporary jazz felt the pinch.

But even when the Gallery was open, only rarely was there a chance to hear really exciting music, for the majority of the attractions at the Gallery were those whose names mean more to columnists and people in the entertainment world than they do to the serious jazz public.

The clubs downtown, like the Gallery and the Five Spot—even the Half Note and the Village Gate—under the best circumstances, by and large, do not attract the kind of audiences that want to listen to Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan or even Dave Brubeck.

The fact that the Gallery lost money on Brubeck when the very next week the pianist broke all records at the uptown Basin Street East can be taken probably as substantiation for the argument that the jazz-club owner, with possibly a rare exception, is the only entrepreneur who knows absolutely nothing about the product he is peddling.

The Five Spot had been the place one expected to see the younger musicians—Ornette Coleman, Cecil Taylor, Eric Dolphy, Ted Curson, Oliver Nelson, Archie Shepp, Don Cherry, Billy Higgins—as well as a place where one could hear older musicians like Monk, Coltrane, and Rollins. But after a promising period, such was not the case. In a city that is bursting with young musicians, the Spot seemed content with Roland Kirk. Monk, Coltrane, and Rollins made their appearances at the Village Gate, a cavellike gymnasium where the other half of the bill was likely to be a *really* sick comedian or an African pop musician.

The Half Note seemed, and seems, intent on featuring Zoot Sims and Al Cohn most of the time, or half hip groups from "out of town"; the Village Vanguard is a luxury establishment,

where sometimes, between various entertainments, one can hear Miles Davis or the Modern Jazz Quartet for the price of a tweed suit. It is an uptown club downtown.

The clubs uptown or midtown, once more closely associated with jazz, are generally given over to popular entertainments, although at this writing, "The Jazz Corner of the World," Birdland, has made some moves to change its Count Basie-Dinah Washington-Maynard Ferguson approach and have got Monk and Coltrane past Pee Wee Marquette to signal that club's possible reorientation. The clubs way uptown, in Harlem, are usually in their organ trio bags (even though Ben Webster played recently in a small bar up there for two or three weeks without much notice).

There seems, frankly, no way to get the owners of these various clubs interested in hiring men like Coleman, Taylor, or any of the younger musicians associated with what's been called the "new thing." Most of these musicians get no work at all, except now and then a party or session in somebody's loft. But a few have begun to explore the possibility of playing in the coffee shops of Greenwich Village and the lower east side.

One of the first coffee houses to feature good jazz by younger musicians was the White Whale on east 10th St. Trumpeters Don Cherry and Ted Curson led a few groups there—before it went out of business—as did drummers Dennis Charles and Ed Blackwell, as well as saxophonist Archie Shepp and



ARCHIE SHEPP

pianists Sonny Clark and Freddie Redd. The place was small, and the coffee was terrible, but the music was usually very good. And the Whale became, easily, one of the few places around New York where it was possible to hear good young musicians who were not playing merely to better their standards of living.

Other coffee houses in the Village and the lower east side picked up on the Whale's policies quickly, even though the police and fire departments, by what some call harassment, did every thing they could do to discourage the trend. Take 3, a coffee house-theater, was one of the shops that reacted quickly, hiring Cecil Taylor's trio (Jimmy Lyons, alto saxophone, and Sonny Murray, drums) for an extended stay. Since Taylor has returned from Europe he has gone back to this club, and it's still possible at this writing to go there and hear him—and some of the most awsome exciting jazz being made in this country, and for \$1 admission. The only iniquity here is that whatever this coffee shop is paying Taylor, it's certainly not enough. The money is elsewhere.

The Playhouse Coffee Shop is another of these places. Sun-Ra is reported to have put together a really swinging group and to have turned the Playhouse out every night of the week. The Cafes Avital and Metro, both on the east side, each had the Archie Shepp-Bill Dixon Quartet working for a while. More recently Steve Lacy's group has been at the Avital and J. R. Monterose at the Metro. Shepp is one of the freshest of new tenor voices. He combines the furor of the Coltrane approach with the solid tone and ageless blues genius of a Ben Webster. And the only places one is usually able to hear him (aside from a concert at the Maidman Theater last year, for which Shepp got together a fine group with trombonist Bernard McKinney, and at which event a group led by Ted Curson, featuring a good young alto man named Pat Patrick, also played) and other young musicians like him are in the coffee shops or in somebody's loft. Harout's, the Speakeasy, the Ninth Circle, the Cinderella Club, the Centre are some other and essentially nonjazz clubs that occasionally will feature the music.

Almost concomitantly with the development of jazz in coffee houses (an idea still not completely off the ground by any means) is another manifestation of New York's messed-up jazz scene—the beginning of loft jazz, i.e., not just sessions but formally arranged concerts in lofts featuring some of the best young New York-based musicians.

For the concerts, little advertising is
(Continued on page 42)

SHEILA

SHE DOES NOT, at first glance, have the appearance one expects of a singer. No painted-doll masquerade for Sheila Jordan. Her face, like Billie Holiday's, is one that obviously has seen many things it would prefer to forget. Yet in repose it is rich with honesty, and when she is singing, it becomes vibrantly alive. The singing began early.

"I've been singing since I was very, very young—but not jazz," she said. "I sang tunes that I liked for school benefits and things like that."

Those first years in Summerhill, Pa., were spent with her grandmother. Later, in her high-school days, Sheila lived in Detroit. It was there that an interest in jazz was kindled.

"I was about 16 years old when I first saw Charlie Parker," she recalled, "although I'd heard him on records before then, of course. He was in a place way over on the other side of town, where you had to be 21 to get in. I took my mother's birth certificate and tried to change her age to make it closer to mine. But when we went in, the bartender knew right away and said, 'Shouldn't you kids be doing your homework? Go on, get out of here.'"

"So we went in the alleyway in back of the club, with the garbage cans and everything, but we got to hear Bird. When he came out for his break, he saw us there. 'Oh my God,' he said, 'do you want to hear me that badly?' We said yes we did, so he said, 'Well, okay. I know it's against the law for you to come in so I'll just open the door.' We were always chasing Bird in those days."

Not surprisingly, the early influences came from musicians rather than other singers. Perhaps more than anything else this explains the striking musicality of Sheila's interpretations.

"There really weren't any singers around Detroit at the time I was growing up," she said. "Of course, I was well aware of Billie and Sarah, but in Detroit itself there weren't many people singing."

"I didn't really start until I ran into these two fellows one night—LeRoy Mitchell and Skeeter Spight. They were scatting, like Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross, and I thought, oh, I'd love to be able to do that, because I wanted to get closer to music. So I said, 'I'd like to sing with you fellows,' and they were a little hesitant, but they let me get up and do one set with them. I was terrible. But they must have heard something in me, so we got together. We never got paid for any jobs, but we just went and sat in whenever we



FRANCIS WOLFF/BLUE NOTE RECORDS

By **DON HECKMAN**

could because we loved what we were doing. I had a lot of nerve—if not much else. But I never thought of being a professional singer at that time. It was just something I enjoyed, like a release or an outlet of some sort. It was something I felt I had to do, and I didn't think of it any other way."

Having heard Parker and realized his musical importance in the same way so many other musicians and singers did in the late 1940s, it was understandable that his music had its effect.

"The most important influence I got from Bird was with improvising," she explained, "being able to take liberties with tunes, with melodies, holding them together. When I first heard him do *Embraceable You*, I used to sing the lyrics just straight along with him to see if I could do it without getting hung up by what he was playing. After that, I would play it again and try to sing along with his line. I became so familiar with his music that when I'd hear him play in a club, I'd know when he substituted another bridge or used altered chords. I could tell what the tune was even though he'd give it another name and put a line to it, because I could hear his chord changes."

This unusual harmonic perception is one of the most startling elements in Miss Jordan's singing. Her sympathy with and understanding of the musical elements in popular singing give the immediate stamp of originality to her work. Unlike the sophisticated *boite-style* singers who operate on the fringe of jazz or the lyric-oriented professional personalities, Miss Jordan has a respect for the music.

"Usually when I study a tune," she said, "I listen to the melody first. I know that's completely against the rules

of singing. You're supposed to listen to lyrics and get the lyrics across, they say—whoever *they* are. But I try to do both. It's very hard for me to sing a song with good lyrics that doesn't have a good melody, so I always look for a melody first. I feel that regardless of what you do to the lyrics, your own feeling must be there; there has to be some sort of personal outlet. A lot of people ask me about my improvising. Well, you shouldn't really be planning to improvise anything—with me it just happens, and I don't think it distorts the lyrics. It's just the way they happen to come out of *my* mouth."

She said she feels that there is so much confusion about jazz singing today that she doesn't like to be called a jazz singer ("slip away from the melody once or sing a note a little out of tune, and they call you a jazz singer"). She would rather be thought of as a creative singer, one who can take what's already there and build on it. She said she doesn't think that jazz singing is necessarily improvising but rather just singing in a relaxed way with a good conception of time—and being able to break the time if the singer wants to. The most important thing, in her estimation, is that the singing should be natural—no matter how it comes out.

She said that, so far, she doubts that she's even considered singing as a full-time career.

"I'm scared that way," she added. "Not scared that vocally or singing-wise I wouldn't make it; it's just that I don't like a lot of the things I see out there, so I don't get too involved in the idea of making it into a profession. I just enjoy it very much, and what I have acquired in the last couple of years is an ability to get a thrill from singing for an audience, especially one that likes what you're doing and can hear it. It's a gratification to be able to get up and sing and have people really understand what you have to say. And I don't mean have them tell you that you're great or different or anything like that. I just mean understanding your music—like telling them a story and having them enjoy it."

It has taken her a long time to reach such a level of confidence in the value of what she has to offer. During her first days in New York in the early '50s and throughout her marriage to pianist Duke Jordan (they have since divorced), she was rarely able to muster up such courage.

"I wasn't really concentrating too much on singing at the time I was married to Duke," she said. "We didn't

have a piano so it was pretty hard to get into anything musical together, although he took me along on Bird's dance dates at places like the Chateau Gardens and the Audubon Ballroom [Jordan was Parker's pianist at the time], and they would always let me sing a number or two. But I'd lost confidence in myself. It seemed to me that there were so many people out there struggling and not getting anywhere. I loved to sing, and I decided that I *would* sing when the time came. But I was always afraid to go and try to get a job somewhere because I was so used to being put down. So singing to me—at that time—was going to Minton's afterhours, or going to sit in with fellows that knew I wanted to sing and would let me do a couple of tunes. But I never went into music too seriously when I was with Duke. Occasionally I'd run out and sing a couple of tunes and then run back in the house for a couple more months before I could get up enough nerve to run out and try again."

THINGS HAVE CHANGED in the last year. From her obscure status as a personal favorite of jazz musicians—unrecorded but enthusiastically spoken of by everyone who heard her—Miss Jordan has begun to demonstrate her talent in a widening circle of activities.

The most important is her new Blue Note release *A Portrait of Sheila*, certainly one of the most promising debut recordings made by a jazz singer. Her club work, too, has increased—12 weeks at Wells in Harlem last spring, two weeks at Milton's in the Bronx last July, two months at the Take 3 in Greenwich Village early this year (and again with Jimmy Giuffre at the end of March), in addition to the regular three-night-a-week job she has held at the Page 3 in Greenwich Village for the last six years. Her continuing appearances in the company of musicians such as Giuffre, George Russell, and Don Ellis suggest that she holds the same favored status with the new musicians of the '60s that Sarah Vaughan and Billy Eckstine did with Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie in the '40s.

Perhaps as a result of this status, she finds herself, more than ever before, concerned with musical problems.

"I have such a hard time finding people to accompany me," she said. "If musicians don't play right behind me, I'm at a total loss—I lose everything. I have to be accompanied in a special way, a way that feels right to me, because I take a lot of liberties that will usually come off if the person behind me knows what I'm trying to do—otherwise it's a complete fiasco."

The musicianly status she enjoys and the recent extension of recognition

accorded her have not beclouded her sight of the things that are most important to her. Unlike a young singer who comes to prominence at 20 or 21, largely unaware of the realities of either music or life, Miss Jordan is no longer intimidated by the idea of a musical career. There are things of greater importance to her, and perhaps the most important is her daughter Traci.

"I have to be both mother and father to her, and I don't intend letting anything stand in the way," she said. Her love for her daughter becomes apparent when she speaks of her choice of the song *Dat Dere* for her recent album.

"I'm usually not crazy about the idea of doing lyrics to jazz tunes—at least not for me," she said. "I find doing a tune like *Dat Dere* doesn't give me too many liberties. The main reason I wanted to do it is because of my little girl. Whenever I sing the tune, I always feel that's exactly the way she is—Oscar Brown Jr. really had those lyrics covered. He must have a lot of children or else knows a lot about them. So often when I take Traci out for a walk she asks me where we get air and where does that smoke come from, and I get so hung up trying to explain. If she asks, 'Where do you get water from?' she's not content to hear that it comes from the faucet; she wants to know *where!* So I have to explain about the pipes that go under the ground and into the river, and I don't know that much about it, so most of the time I just get hung up trying to explain. So the tune has a special meaning to me because of all those associations."

She also has recorded with composer George Russell's sextet on a new Riverside album, *The Outer View*.

The genesis of Russell's version of *You Are My Sunshine*, which features Miss Jordan's singing, came through a visit with her grandmother.

"George likes country and trees and things like that," the singer explained, "which is beautiful, because most people in our business don't even think about those things. So we decided to spend Thanksgiving with my grandmother in Pennsylvania. I already had warned him in advance that she was very outward-going and full of love and would probably call him Georgie.


"My grandmother likes a few bottles of beer now and then, but she doesn't go out too much except when her children come home—she has 11 of them—and that's her time out! So she said, 'Why don't we all go to the beer-garden?' We went down to this little place in Ehrenfeld, a mining town about two miles from where my grandmother lives. We were sitting at the bar having a few drinks and feeling

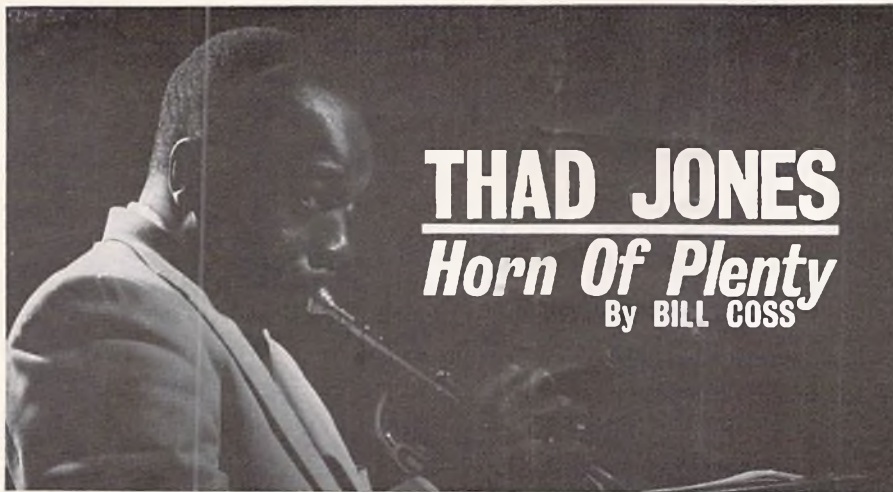
pretty good. My grandmother was telling everybody that I was a big star and on television and things like that, and I said, no, that's not true, but she insisted because she wanted to feel important. Well, I can understand that, but it was a little embarrassing anyhow.

"Then this old guy I've known since I was very young came up and said, 'Do you still sing *You Are My Sunshine?*' That seems to be the tune back there. The coal miners come in on pay-night after they pay their food bill at the company store and have a few beers and sing tunes like *Sunshine*. There was an old piano, so George said, 'Come on, sing it.' But when he started to accompany me, my grandmother said, 'Oh no, that's wrong: that's not the way you play it.' She pushed him aside and sat down to show him how to play the tune, and George said, 'You sound like Thelonious Monk.' Naturally, she wanted to know who Thelonious Monk was. But then George sat down and played the tune while I sang, and he thought he might be able to do something with it. I think he really associates the tune with my grandmother and with the miners and the whole environment of that little coal mining town.

"I showed him the mines. It's hard to go into a town that you remember as being very busy—with the coal miners coming out on Saturday night with black around their eyes that they haven't been able to remove with soap and water and wearing their clean white shirts—it's hard to go back to a town and see these people not working and just sitting around doing nothing, not knowing where they're going or when they're going to work next. And I think that's what George had in mind when he did it. I don't think he wanted to take an old standard and say, 'Look what I can do to this tune.' I think he saw in it the beauty of these people and all the things that are a part of their lives. That's how I felt about the tune, and I'm sure he felt the same way."

Having come to her present position without losing a sense of her past undoubtedly explains the maturity Miss Jordan brings to her work at such an early stage in her public career. She still finds it necessary to work a part-time job as a typist in a New York advertising agency in order to keep things going for herself and her daughter. This means that she frequently must finish her singing at 4 a.m. and be ready for her office job at 9 a.m.

"I don't care if I have to continue working that way forever, as long as nobody tries to tell me how to sing," she said. "If this is the way it has to be in order for me to sing the way I want, then it's okay with me." 



TED WILLIAMS

THAD JONES

Horn Of Plenty

By BILL COSS

IT IS MY opinion, voiced in critics polls and loudly exclaimed in conversations, that Thad Jones is the greatest of all trumpeters, even though he plays cornet.

There are a few persons who have agreed with me. And there were a few who had told me about him before I had a chance to form such a strong opinion. But without exception, none of us really knows this to be a fact. We only think so, and most of the thinking goes back several years to the time when Jones played highly and mightily in small groups. Before, that is, he began to play nightly in the Count Basie Band.

Now Thaddeus Joseph Jones has left that good vassal-dom, and if life does begin at 40 (he was that age in March), we who believe in his supremacy will discover whether we are right.

Believing for me began a long way back.

About 10 years ago, Charlie Mingus, a brother with whom I find it difficult to deal as he would have me deal, sent me an enthusiastic letter from Detroit, Mich. It ran in part like this:

"I just heard the greatest trumpet player that I've ever heard in this life. He uses all the classical techniques and is the first man to make them swing. . . . His brother Elvin is just about as good on drums. The cats call Thad Jones (he's Hank Jones' brother) the Messiah of the trumpet. . . ."

"Thad," Mingus went on, "was too much for me to believe. He does things that Diz and Fats made difficult for the trumpet. I mean the things they didn't quite make, yet you respected because you knew no others would even attempt them. The things Miles never made. The things Diz heard Bird do, and Fats made us think were possible. Yet we wait and wait, and a Clifford Brown comes along and reminds us today [this was before Brown's death in 1956] that this is the way Fats would play those things if we had heard him a week later when or if he practiced instead of

junked. Here is a man who practiced while Fats goofed, and thought while Brown copied. Here is Bartok with valves for a pencil that's directed by God.

"Here is the first American composer whose first choruses start with tied whole notes. . . . His second 32 bars are a redevelopment of the first theme. . . . We breathe deep because we're afraid he'll stop—or, worse, let us down. He's not for real. The 64 bars are just an accident. He'll goof any minute, and we can go back to our solitude and say, 'Well, Bird.' But no, this cat doesn't goof. . . ."

As you may gather the letter goes on and on, but that part of it serves to explain my early interest in Thad Jones and to suggest the high pitch of enthusiasm some musicians felt for him in those days.

It was an enthusiasm easy to justify, as a series of albums, most notably two with Mingus on *Debut* (now available on *Fantasy*), went far to demonstrate. But by then, he was already with the Basie band (he joined in May, 1954), with which he played a large and amiable horn until late February, 1963, when he left to begin a career on his own.

SOMEHOW IT all seems so natural. I can't recall having reviewed a life where all the pieces fitted together so well.

Born in Pontiac, Mich., March 28, 1923, Thad recalls there was "always the sound of music in our house." That was accounted for by his parents' love of music and then, next, by his sister's piano lessons. Brother Hank was the next in line for piano lessons, and he, according to Thad, "progressed so rapidly that he influenced the rest of us."

"It's strange though, I didn't want to play piano," Thad went on. "Originally, I wanted to play the trombone. I liked all the noise you could make with it. But then I heard Louis Armstrong. He

influenced my choice of instruments; not my playing, though. I realized that he was a stylist, and I didn't want to copy. It's funny, even today I don't own many trumpet records—some of Dizzy Gillespie's, yes, but mostly with his big bands. In my record buying I lean more to piano, bass, and drums."

In the early years, just after he got his first trumpet, he, family, and friends, did a lot of listening to blues and to such bands as those of Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Sam Donahue, Artie Shaw, and Chick Webb.

"We bought every record we could," he remembered, "and then we tried to play everything we heard."

"We had a real community band. Everyone in it was a relation of someone else. It was like a kid's rehearsal band. We were really too young to be very good, but it was wonderful experience, and the \$5 a night we earned was enough to buy me a horn."

In the late '30s the brothers Jones had their own group. Then Thad went on to play with saxophonist Sonny Stitt and several other groups pretty much confined to the state of Michigan. He was in the Army from 1943 to '46, and he played off and on with groups (an informal battalion band, a band led by Jack Teagarden Jr., and another led by saxophonist Bill Hood that accompanied a GI show).

"After the Army, I wanted to move around a bit," Jones said. He settled in Des Moines, Iowa, for seven months, joining a traveling show there that ended in Oklahoma City in 1946. He went into the Charlie Young Orchestra ("an excellent band"), and when Young died shortly thereafter, Jones inherited the leadership.

"The trouble is we ran out of jobs to play within six months," he recalled, "so I went back to Denver and played there for about eight months with a drummer named Shelly Rhym. Finally, I went back to Pontiac, then to Detroit. But, before I could settle down, I went on the road with Larry Steele's *Smart Affairs* revue."

"Now you know," he continued, "shows and I are not compatible. And a lot of the guys with the show felt the same way. It was funny; a lot of the time we'd just sit back and laugh. All and all, you could say that we were not the ideal musicians for that band."

Back in Detroit in the latter part of 1950, Jones formed a group with tenorist Billy Mitchell. ("It lasted into 1953, and it was one of the most satisfying groups I ever played with—very versatile.") For most of its existence, the group included pianist Tommy Flanagan, bassist James Richardson, and drummer Elvin Jones.

(Continued on page 40)

LET'S GET OFF this routine that a clarinet or an accordion is not jazz. Let's make up our own minds. Lots of people say they're not jazz because they think it's the smart thing to say. They should think again. . . ."

When Tommy Gumina—whose words those are—gets wound up on a topic, he lets you know it. He winds up rather easily on the subject of the instrument he loves, makes a good living playing, and communicates with in jazz as very few do. Gumina is a member in excellent standing of one of the world's most exclusive fraternities: Jazz Accordionists' Club.

He is not defensive of his instrument, but, he asserts readily, he is sick to death of the concept that many jazz lovers appear to have of the accordion as a cornball squeeze-box.

"I wish there were 200 accordionists on the road right now," he said recently, "proving the worth of the instrument. This would get rid of the bad concept people have of it."

Actually, Gumina is virtually a one-man task force devoted to "proving the [jazz] worth" of his instrument. As co-leader with Buddy DeFranco of a quartet, he broadcasts his message to telling effect wherever the group appears. And in DeFranco he could not find a more willing and enthusiastic ally, not because the clarinetist himself is a member of a musical minority group by virtue of his own instrument, but because DeFranco genuinely appreciates what the accordionist has to say as a jazzman and his over-all musicianship.

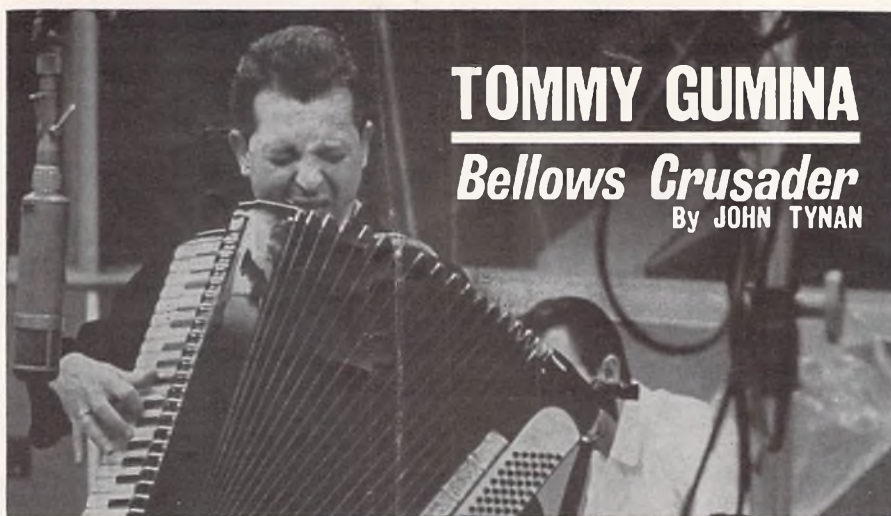
Gumina is a slightly built, scrappy man with a quick and frequently caustic tongue. For example, he recently told a newspaper columnist, "When people come up to me nowadays and ask for *Tico Tico*, I tell them to go look for Dick Contino." Gumina declared to the same writer that Lawrence Welk "put the instrument back 25 years. He's a detriment to music."

"I hate an accordion to sound too much like 'an accordion,'" he told me, adding that manufacturers of the instrument recently have been devising different ways, such as new reed setups, to get away from the *Come Back to Sorrento* sound.

In the quartet, Gumina continued, there is virtually none of this "accordion sound." Instead, the ear is treated to a sound-entity quite unlike anything heard in jazz today.

"We're not the greatest group in the world," Gumina said, grinning, "but we've got to be the loudest. The volume of full accordion is pretty wild."

Turning serious, he explained the basic concept behind the quartet. "We're selling *sound*," he said, "and we push hard all night. There's nothing cool



TOMMY GUMINA

Bellows Crusader By JOHN TYNAN

about the group. And we know we can sell jazz to the layman. We can do it by pushing hard."

TOMMY GUMINA has been pushing hard on his chosen instrument since he was 11, when he began music study in Milwaukee, Wis., where he was born in 1931. After two years of study there, he said, he began taking lessons in Chicago from Andy Rizzo—"the greatest accordion teacher who ever lived. A fantastic teacher. He taught 'em all—Leon Sash and all the rest." Before starting with Rizzo, Gumina already had played his first solo concert when he was 12. At 15 he gave his "first major concert," a recital consisting of works by Bach, Paganini, Chopin, and DeFalla, among others.

Graduated from Milwaukee's Don Bosco High School in 1949, Gumina's next step was a successful appearance in New York City on *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* radio program.

"That's where I first began digging jazz," he recalled, "in New York. George Shearing was highly popular in jazz then. He'd always been an idol of mine. Also, I was close to Bud Powell."

Following his New York period, Gumina returned to Milwaukee and club work there "as an act in the Contino field." But, he noted, "I stuck with jazz and always wanted to make the instrument a jazz instrument."

It was while working a Milwaukee night club in 1951 that Gumina was heard by Harry James. "Harry dug what I was doing and asked me to join the band as a featured performer. The following year, I did."

"At that time," Tommy remembered, "I thought I was playing pretty good. But my bebop conception conflicted with the Harry James style, so I had to compromise. So far as playing real jazz was concerned, this put me back five years. But Harry was real great to me.

For five years I was his shadow."

Gumina left the James band following "18 weeks of one-nighters and locations." He shuddered at the memory. "That trip did it. I went back to doing a single act in Las Vegas, Reno—that circuit."

Meanwhile, Gumina had married. In 1953 he wed Marie, whom he had known and courted since age 12. Forsaking the night-club circuit in 1957, he returned to Milwaukee, started a record label called Continental, "cut a couple of singles, made a little noise," and was signed to a Decca contract. To date, Gumina has recorded five albums for Decca, four of which are not jazz.

The same year of big decisions—1957—saw the Gumina family pack up and head west. They settled in Los Angeles suburban San Fernando Valley, and Gumina gigged around town, made records and a king-size reputation as a competent and talented journeyman on his instrument. In 1958 he struck musician's gold—job security: a staff job at the American Broadcasting Co.'s Hollywood television studios.

Three years ago he and DeFranco formed their quartet. When it looked as if the group was off and running, Gumina left ABC to work with the group full time.

But not all went well, and 1963 finds him once more before the TV cameras in a featured spot on a local daily show over KABC-TV, *Sundown*. The quartet still exists, however.

SOME OF THE features of the quartet are musical refinements that assure its individuality. There is, for example, the successful use of polytonalities.

"We'll play one chord against another," Gumina noted, "or in two different keys. But we try to feed this to the listeners gradually."

"Buddy digs the sustaining of chords," he continued. "And, of course, I can

(Continued on page 36)

BILL CROW

On Becoming A Bassist

By GENE FEEHAN

RAY BROWN once defined a bassist's greatest assets as "good time, good intonation, and a big sound." While agreeing that this is a solid, workable definition, Bill Crow would add another factor.

"If you have those qualities," he explained, "and don't find out how to relate them to the musicians you're playing with, you'll still not be contributing much to the group. That may seem like a simple-minded statement of something everyone should know, but it's surprising how often poor contact between musicians is the principal difficulty in playing well together.

"Group playing is never a one-plus-one-plus-one relationship. With sensitive players you sound better than you do by yourself—and with the other kind you sound worse."

The 35-year-old bassist, currently with the Gerry Mulligan Quartet, continued, "Bass players and drummers especially must get into each others' hip pockets. They must agree on the basic feeling of the music, and they can only do this by listening carefully to each other and adjusting to each other's feeling. My personal tastes run to drummers who play in a medium-volume range with a hearty swing, leaving enough open space for the rest of the music to be heard clearly."

The slim, quietly intense bassist ranged freely over the three decades of musical experience that have contributed to his present position as one of the most solidly respected contemporary jazz musicians. The years have brought him from childhood studies of piano and trumpet and at least another half-dozen instruments, through school bands, a stint in the Army's musical fold, a brief period with society bands, and subsequent hitches with Teddy Charles, Stan Getz, Claude Thornhill, Terry Gibbs, Marian McPartland, Benny Goodman, and the Mulligan sextet, big band, and three editions of the baritonist's quartet.

Recalling his early studies of bass, Crow said, "Though I learned it through the horror system—standing on a bandstand with musicians you admire with a bass you don't know how to play, and figuring like mad where the next right note might be—I became a much better player after studying for a couple of years with Fred Zimmerman of the New York Philharmonic. He taught me bowing technique and was able to straighten out a highly original and awkward fingering system I had developed while favoring a weak left hand." (He had damaged several tendons in high school going through a glass door that had been slammed in his face. But thanks to a good surgeon in Seattle, Wash., he said, and many years of fingering basses, the hand is fine now.)

Crow's studies with pianist Lennie Tristano, however, were somewhat less than satisfying.

"That was before I started playing bass," he recalled. "I was a valve trombonist at the time. I wasn't comfort-

able in the almost mystic atmosphere Lennie permitted some of his students to generate around him. He gave me good material to work with, but we just didn't hit a teacher-pupil relationship that meant anything to me. It's very hard to play a wind instrument around a lot of people who are holding their breath all the time. One of my last lessons with Lennie was conducted from the bathtub. He was getting ready for work, listening to my lesson through a crack in the bathroom door. . . . Maybe I sounded better from in there.

"I'm not studying formally at the moment, since I've learned how to set up problems and work out solutions by myself. And I'm still learning, as everyone does, by listening. Everything a musician hears teaches him some-



TED WILLIAMS

thing, even if it just makes him aware of what he doesn't care for. That's why I've enjoyed New York so much. I've worked with and heard so many different players and figured out my own point of view a little more clearly with each one. That's also why I like traveling now and then. . . . I like to hear what's going on in different places."

Having played drums and a number of horns "with varying amounts of success," Crow took up the bass in 1950. "I was conned into it by Buzzy Bridgeford when he was playing drums at the Altamont Hotel in Tupper Lake, N.Y. The boss wouldn't pay for a bass player, but he would hire a trombonist, so Buzzy aced me into the job. He rented me a bass and begged me to learn how to play it 'just well enough to have the sound there.' Since he was the guy who also taught me about swing, got me my first jazz job in Seattle, and then got me to come to

New York, I did what he said—and ended up liking the instrument better than any of the others I'd played."

After that summer, the trombonist-cum-bassist eked out a living for a while as a job printer in the Bronx, working occasional dates around New York, and traveling for a short time as drummer-vocalist-stooge with the musical clown Mike Riley.

Crow's last appearance as a drummer was on a Moore-McCormack Lines cruise to Argentina in 1951.

"I played with a strange jack-of-all-trades band that included society music, Latin tunes, an Irish tenor, a Jewish accordionist, an Italian saxophonist, a fat comedian, funny hats, and everybody singing, doing comedy, Hawaiian dances, kiddie numbers—the works. The time was so hard to get swinging that I'd wind up every night after the gig with a big knot in my stomach, and I'd go up on the top deck where nobody could hear me and scream a few times for relief. But, oh—the things I learned on that job!"

A strong believer in the principle of adaptation, Crow mused, "I wouldn't have learned what I know about bass playing if I hadn't worked with all kinds of bands. Even dull bands can be instructive if you're not stuck on them forever. You find the guy in the band who has the best musical attitude, and you work with him to get something going. Then, when you get into a better band, you know a little about how to fix things when they go wrong. You don't learn to be a mechanic on a car that never breaks down."

He has no reluctance about naming his early influences. "Jazz hit me right in the middle of the seventh grade," he explained. "I heard Louis, Duke, Red Nichols, and that record of *Profoundly Blue* by Edmond Hall with Charlie Christian, Israel Crosby, and Meade Lux Lewis through Al Bennest, my school music teacher in Kirkland, Wash. There was also an appliance store in Kirkland where I found 78s by Don Byas, Pres, Louis Jordan, and Nat Cole. I've always felt that Nat was a bigger influence than people realize today.

"Louis Armstrong is pretty much taken for granted now that he's old and a little tarnished, but listen to his records from the 1920s. He started *so* much—like certain melodic figures and ways of phrasing them—that have become the abc's of the jazz tradition. He invented enough things in those days—and cleaned up the things other people had invented—to keep everybody busy copying him for years and years, just as Bird did later on."

Crow continued to listen to all kinds of jazz on the radio, while he built up a record collection with wages from after-school jobs.

"That mid-'40s Boyd Raeburn band killed me, and so did Claude Thornhill's," he said. "But then I went into the Army, where I played baritone horn in the concert band and drums in the dance band. I picked up the valve trombone there during my infatuation with Chicago jazz and Brad Gowans."

It was during his Army stint that Crow came into contact with modern jazz musicians and where he first found out, among other things, about Count Basie, Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, modern chords, goatees, berets, the hip vernacular, and drape suits from Fox Brothers in Chicago. He has since outgrown his fondness for the last four items but retains an affection for the rest, though he has been known to pine occasionally for the sound of the early Basie band "before he went out and hired all that heavy artillery."

CROW HAS SOME cogent comments about his more recent history. "Working in a record studio," he said, "is a special problem, because the musicians are usually separated either by distance or low, padded walls or both, so they won't 'leak' into each other's mikes. It's not easy to get a good feeling going with a guy who's sitting 40 feet away from you.

"That's why I liked recording at the Village Vanguard, where we cut that Mulligan big-band LP. We were all close together on a small stand. We had control of the room sound after playing there for a couple of weeks, and the band sounded marvelous.

"I hit it off right away with Mel Lewis [at the time, drummer with Mulligan band]; he knew the book and got me into the feel of the band very quickly. Clark Terry and I were new on the band at the start of that gig, and the band was recorded just at the point where we were starting to feel at home. The rest of the band had been together long enough to have developed a strong group spirit. The book was very interesting, the soloists were unusual, and Gerry is very good at getting the most out of a band. It was a beautiful situation. . . . I was very proud of us all."

Crow's role in the current Mulligan quartet has opened up doors of perception he values highly. Of his associates in the group, he said, "Bob Brookmeyer never ceases to amaze me. He's my favorite combination of seriousness about music and delight in the outrageous. He never fails to excite my imagination. It's always a rare treat to play with him.

"Gerry, besides his ability to play that unwieldy ox of a horn so well, always has been quite clear about what the structure of the quartet should be—what each instrument is expected to contribute. I've learned a lot from him about the function of the bass line in this particular situation, and he's allowed me considerable freedom to hunt around for new approaches to his music.

"At the moment we have a new LP in the can with a tune on it called *Four for Three* (four guys playing in 3/4) that is one of the most interesting things Gerry's written lately. Gus Johnson was on drums when we made it, although Dave Bailey is back with us now. We've also been messing around with a thing of Gerry's that seems to keep trying to become a bossa nova, although we find ourselves spending most of our efforts avoiding the heavy-handed abuses of that rhythm that assaults us from every jukebox and radio."

Some months ago, Art Davis said that the bass is now at a point where it can be developed in several directions—more so than any other instrument—because there are more fine performers playing bass now than at any other time.

Crow's reaction: "I wouldn't say *more* than any other instrument. We have one advantage, in that we haven't been as paralyzed by the influence of a couple of great players the way saxophonists were by Pres and Bird. There have been many great bass players, but nobody has become so fashionable that his conception became the only one. Each guy has developed pretty much his own way.

"But I think that the tendency among young bassists to spread out into new ways of playing has come hand in hand with the spreading out of all the players around them. I agree with Art that there are more good bassists now than there have ever been—that's a very healthy situation."



The Really REAL Story Of The Origins Of Bossa Nova OR They Stole My Music

By
PROF. S. ROSENTWIG McSIEGEL

A Down Beat irregular since 1951, and increasingly irregular as time goes by, Prof. S. Rosentwig McSiegel can truly claim that his story is, in essence, the story of jazz itself. One of the foremost sousaphone players of the 1890s, he also was among the first to do everything. Herewith is another of his exclusive revelations in the chronicle of musical history.

Prof. McSiegel may not be reproduced, in whole or in part.

The Irish philosopher and wit Patrick O'Latunji once observed that "facts are stubborn things." No facts have been more recalcitrant, or slower in emerging, than the truth about what is now known as bossa nova.

In the last year I have maintained a dignified calm while the jackals have devoured an art form for which I have never attempted to take any credit. But a man can take only so much. The time has come to speak out. The fact that I was responsible for bossa nova will, of course, be ignored by the mythstorians.

This is no novelty to me. When soul music emerged, I let Horace Silver take all the credit. While by own funk was known for miles around, I recalled wistfully the words of Elizabeth Barrett Browning: "I should not dare to call my soul my own." (According to my source [Bartlett's], she wrote this in *Ibid.*, and I can understand just how she felt.)

The truth about bossa nova goes back to the early days of the riverboats. After I had given up hope of teaching Bunk Johnson the right changes to *Flee as a Bird* (a tune later popularized in slightly altered form by Sleepy Matsumoto), I abandoned my New Orleans teaching gigs and fled, as a bird, to New England.

Although Boston at that time had segregated unions, I was able, with the

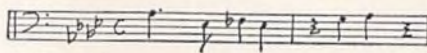
help of careful makeup and a slight change of name (to McSweeney), to arrange transfer to Gentile Local 793625.

The Massachusetts Bay Line was employing combos regularly on its nightly runs to New Hampshire, and I lost no time in determining that sousaphone players within 793625's jurisdiction were in short supply. It was not long, either, before I discovered that they were in even shorter demand.

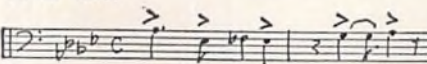
In any case, for three months I had to sweat out my card. I killed time manufacturing surgical equipment for George Wein's father and scouting secondhand clothes for George Frazier.

Boston, like New Orleans, had had its Storyville, but economic conditions were so poor that the area in which they were located was known as the Red Ink district. (Storyville ultimately was closed down by order of George Wein, the surgeon's son.) In those days, however, there were still a few jobs available, and as soon as my three months were up I joined Pete Moss and his five-piece trio (cornet, banjo, tuba, player piano, and Sideman) at one of the district's most exclusive fun palaces, operated by a cousin of Mahogany Hall's Lulu White. They called it Mahogany Hall East.

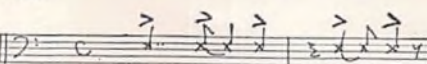
Word about our exotic rhythms spread like a smudge fire. One of our biggest request numbers was a riff tune I had dreamed up entitled *Shave and a Haircut Two Cents* (this wasn't in pre-inflation days; this was *before* pre-inflation). One night a dramatic and entirely fortuitous change was brought about in our rending of this tune. As I was about to go into the final note of the basic figure, an earth tremor shook the neighborhood. As a result, I played it slightly behind the beat, so that what had been:



came out:



It was not long before this evolved into:



Before long, our novel approach to this opus created a great demand for the trio. A critic for the *Christian Science Monitor* described us as "lambently angular." *Metronome*, then a brass-band publication, hailed it as "coruscatingly opaque." Nat Hentoff had fewer words at his command then and had to settle for "ecstatically inchoate." On the strength of these encomiastic panegyrics, it was not long before a scout from the Massachusetts Bay Line spotted us, and we were set for a trial run about the *SS Dill Picou*.

At that time the riverboats were

plying regularly between Boston and Dover, N.H. As we developed our style, we noticed in our listeners' reactions a curious relationship to its temblor-induced origin: there was a sharp upsurge in seasickness. But those who remained vertical around the bandstand invariably asked the identical fascinated question:

"What kind of lambently angular music is that you're playing?"

Since we had no name for it, it occurred to me that the two terminal points on our nightly route would make as good a handle as any. "This," I answered one evening, "is Boston-Dover."

The rest, of course, is history. By the classic process of elision the t and d vanished, and bossa nova was born.

But this was just the beginning.

After the popularity of riverboat music had run out of steam, we all drifted westward and found ourselves in Culver City, Calif., playing background music on movie lots, where tear-inducing moods were required by the stars of the old silents.

One of these stars was John Gilbert, then playing opposite Greta Garbo. His peculiarly high-pitched, nasal voice seemed unsuited to talking pictures, which were then ready to emerge, but ideal for the Boston-Dover style, with a dashing Latin touch added. Persuading him to change his name to Joao Gilberto, I accompanied him on his first trip to Rio. But language problems came between us. Every time he said "obrigado" I assumed he wanted backing and began playing an ad lib obbligato. I was fired and sent home in ignominy.

The rest, of course, is hysteria. My part was soon forgotten. The road of the pioneer is ever hard. Who today, for example, remembers my 1912 prediction that jazz could not continue to be confined to 3/4 and 5/4 time—that an effort would have to be made to transmute the idiom into a 4/4 feeling? For all one can read about it in the history books it might never have happened. And who wrote the note that Cole Porter used for the verse of *Night and Day*, the note that then inspired Antonio Carlos Jobim to create his original *One-Note Samba*?

Most significant of all, which group was it that spent its entire career playing *Slightly out of Tune*?

But that's life. The poor grow weak, and the rich grow strong, and them as has, Getz. But I still maintain I was the first musician with the new flair, regardless of race, Creed, or Taylor.

Any time you want the whole truth, don't take my word for it. Just check the facts with George Wein's father.

No. 6 Duke Ellington-Mahalia Jackson

BLACK, BROWN, AND BEIGE—Duke Ellington Orch. with Mahalia Jackson. Columbia CL 1162; Part I, Part II, Part III, *Come Sunday*; *Come Sunday Interlude*; *23rd Psalm*.

No. 7 Count Basie

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

No. 10 Ella Fitzgerald

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

No. 11 Gil Evans

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

No. 12 Dave Brubeck

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

No. 14 Wes Montgomery

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

No. 15 Jazz Poll Winners

Columbia CL 1610
Personnel: Les Brown, Dave Brubeck, Kenny Burrell, Miles Davis, Duke Ellington, Don Elliott, Lionel Hampton, Charlie Mingus, J. J. Johnson, The Hi-Lo's, Lambert, Hendricks & Ross, Gerry Mulligan, Art Van Damme, Paul Desmond.

No. 17 Gerry Mulligan

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

No. 23 Frank Sinatra

RING-A-DING-DING!—Reprise 1001; *Ring-a-Ding-Ding*; *Let's Fall in Love*; *Be Careful, It's My Heart*; *A Fine Romance*; *A Foggy Day*; *In the Still of the Night*; *The Coffee Song*; *When I Take My Sugar to Tea*; *Let's Face the Music and Dance*; *You'd Be So Easy to Love*; *You and the Night and the Music*; *I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm*.
Personnel: Sinatra, vocals; orchestra directed by Johnny Mandel.

No. 28 Stan Getz

FOCUS—Verve 8412; *I'm Late*; *I'm Late*; *Her*; *Pan*; *I Remember When*; *Night Rider*; *Once Upon a Time*; *A Summer Afternoon*.
Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Hershy Kay, conductor; Roy Haynes, drums; Gerald Tarack, first violin; Alan Martin, second violin; Jacob Glick, viola; Bruce Rogers, cello; others unidentified.

No. 29 Charlie Parker

THE ESSENTIAL CHARLIE PARKER—Verve 8409; *Kim*; *Just Friends*; *Bloomdido*; *Au Privave*; *Funky Blues*; *She Rote*; *I Didn't Know What Time It Was*; *Chi Chi*; *Swedish Schnapps*; *KC Blues*.

No. 30 Dizzy Gillespie

GILLESPIANA—Verve 8394; *Prelude*; *Blues*; *Pan-American*; *Africana*; *Toccata*.

No. 31 Gerry Mulligan

GERRY MULLIGAN AND THE CONCERT JAZZ BAND AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD—Verve 8396; *Blueport*; *Body and Soul*; *Black Nightown*; *Come Rain or Come Shine*; *Lady Chatterley's Mother*; *Let My People Be*.

No. 32 Stan Getz-Bob Brookmeyer

STAN GETZ/BOB BROOKMEYER—Verve 8418; *Minuet Circa '61*; *Who Could Care?*; *Nice Work If You Can Get It*; *Thump, Thump, Thump*; *A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square*; *Love Jumped Out*.
Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Brookmeyer, valve trombone; Steve Kuhn, piano; John Neves, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

No. 33 Dizzy Gillespie

A PORTRAIT OF DUKE ELLINGTON—Verve 8386; *In a Mellow Tone*; *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*; *Serenade to Sweden*; *Chelsea Bridge*; *Upper Manhattan Medical Group*; *Do Nothin' Till You Hear from Me*; *Caravan*; *Sophisticated Lady*; *Johnny Come Lately*; *Perdido*; *Come Sunday*.
Personnel: Gillespie, trumpet; Hank Jones, piano, celeste; George DuVivier, bass; Charlie Persip, drums; Bennie Green, trombone; vibraharp, three French horns, tuba, one flute, one E₅ clarinet, one B₅ clarinet, one E₅ alto clarinet, one B₅ bass clarinet.

No. 38 Oscar Peterson

WEST SIDE STORY—Verve 6-8454; *Something's Coming*; *Somewhere*; *Jet Song*; *Tonight*; *Maria*; *I Feel Pretty*; *Reprise*.
Personnel: Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Edmund Thigpen, drums.

No. 39 Charlie Byrd

BLUES SONATA—Offbeat 3009; *Blues Sonata Polonaise Pour Pietro*; *Ballad in B Minor*; *Scherzo for an Old Shoe*; *Alexander's Ragtime Band*; *Jordu*; *That Old Devil Called Love*; *Zing! Went the Strings of My Heart*.
Personnel: Byrd, guitar; Keter Betts, bass; Buddy Deppenschmidt, drums; Tracks 4-7; Barry Harris, piano.

No. 41 Sonny Rollins

THE BRIDGE—Victor 2527; *Without a Song*; *Where Are You? John S.*; *The Bridge*; *God Bless the Child*; *You Do Something to Me*.
Personnel: Rollins, tenor saxophone; Jam Hall, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Ben Riley or H. T. Saunders, drums.

No. 42 Charlie Mingus

TIJUANA MOODS—RCA Victor 2533; *Dizzy Moods*; *Ysabel's Table Dance*; *Tijuana Gift Shop*; *Los Mariachis*; *Flamingo*.
Personnel: Clarence Shaw, trumpet; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Curtis Porter, alto saxophone; Bill Triglia, piano; Mingus, bass; Dannie Richmond, drums; Frankie Dunlop, various percussion; Ysabel Morel, castinets; Lonnie Elder, vocal effects.

No. 43 Clare Fischer

FIRST TIME OUT—Pacific Jazz 52; *Nigerian Walk*; *Toddler*; *Stranger*; *Afterlact*; *I've Been Free Too Long*; *Piece for Scotty*; *Blues for Home*; *I Love You*.
Personnel: Fisher, piano; Gary Peacock, bass; Gene Stone, drums.

No. 45 Armstrong-Brubeck-McRae-LHR

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

No. 46 Laurindo Almedia-Bud Shank

BRAZILLIANCE—World-Pacific 1412; *Atabaque*; *Amor Flamengo*; *Stairway to the Stars*; *Acercate Mas*; *Tera Seca*; *Speak Low*; *Inquietacao*; *Baa-Too-Ke*; *Carinssu*; *Tocata*; *Hazardous*; *Nono Noctambulism*; *Blue Raiao*.
Personnel: Almedia, guitar; Shank, alto saxophone, flute; Garry Peacock, bass; Chuck Flores, drums.

No. 48 Shelly Manne

2-3-4—Impulse 20; *Take the A Train*; *The Sicks of Us*; *Slowly*; *Lean on Me*; *Cherookee*; *Me and Some Drums*.
Personnel: Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone, piano; Hank Jones, piano; Eddie Costa, piano, vibraharp; George DuVivier, bass; Manne, drums.

No. 49 Bill Evans-Jim Hall

UNDERCURRENT—United Artists 14003; *My Funny Valentine*; *I Hear a Rhapsody*; *Dream Gypsy*; *Romain*; *Skating in Central Park*; *Darn That Dream*.
Personnel: Evans, piano; Hall, guitar.



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record reviews

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

INSTRUMENTAL

Cannonball Adderley

JAZZ WORKSHOP REVISITED — Riverside 444: *Primitivo*; *Jessica's Birthday*; *Marney*; *The Jive Samba*; *Lillie*; *Mellow Buno*.

Personnel: Nat Adderley, cornet; Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone; Yusef Lateef, tenor saxophone, oboe, flute; Joe Zawinul, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Recorded in September, 1962, at the Jazz Workshop in San Francisco, this delightful album preserves some exultant, forceful, involved, and wholly refreshing playing by all members of the sextet. The contrast between the warm, joyous music produced by the Adderley group's obvious thought and care and the often-pointless tediousness resulting from blowing-date thinking (or, rather, lack of thinking) is striking: the music in this collection is like a breath of fresh air.

All six men play with heat and intensity. To bear this out, there are any number of absorbing solos through the course of the album: listen in particular to the sweeping, glistening power that surges through Cannon's *Primitivo*, *Jessica's*, and *Samba* solos; to the earthy, near-dirty vitality of Lateef's flute-cum-humming segment on *Samba* and the force and drive of his work just about everywhere else in the album; to the purity and beauty of Nat's lyrical playing on Sam Jones' very pretty *Lillie*; and to the strutting exuberance of Zawinul's playing on Donald Byrd's *Marney* (a lovely piece that reminded me of Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz' *By Myself*).

A large factor in the album's success is the choice of material, all of it fresh, attractive, and more than meaty enough to support extended blowing — to wit, *Primitivo* (of more than nine minutes' duration) and the even lengthier *Samba* (11 minutes), from which the hit single version was extracted. Both of these pieces are thoroughly successful, for during them listener interest never flags, tribute as much to the strength of the material as to the work of the improvisers.

The arrangements further enhance the material and the solo excursions. There is an emphasis throughout on big, full sound in the ensembles, and the solo segments are reinforced and intensified by the use of supporting riffs, which likewise build excitement and intensity. The powerful forward momentum and bursting-at-the-seams vitality of such pieces as *Jessica's* and *Buno* is due in large measure to these devices. The group also makes good use of the coloristic possibilities its instrumentation offers (the opening of *Primitivo* and *Lillie* are fine illustrations

of this use of coloristic devices).

Spurred on by an appreciative audience present during the recording, the Adderley group has produced a collection that is both stimulating and accessible. There is plenty of good, strong blowing, and to this is added the interest of artful, well-constructed arrangements that enhance the tunes and strengthen the solos. The sextet's work here is tempered by a kind of controlled abandon—and that little matter of control makes for all the difference in the world. (P.W.)

Mose Allison

SWINGIN' MACHINE—Atlantic 1398: *Swingin' Machine*; *Do It*; *Stop This World*; *Promenade*; *If You're Goin' to the City*; *Saritha*; *I Ain't Got Nothing but the Blues*; *So Rare*.

Personnel: Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Jimmy Reider, tenor saxophone; Allison, piano, vocals; Addison Farmer, bass; Frankie Dunlop, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The music on this record might be called, for lack of a better term, down-home modern, much as could many things done in past years by Bob Brookmeyer with Al Cohn or Stan Getz. In fact, the instrumental tracks (*Do It*, *Promenade*, *Saritha*, and *Rare*) are very much in the Brookmeyer-Getz/Cohn genre—easy swinging, take-your-turn performances with a look backward beyond the music of Charlie Parker but taking that into consideration also.

The knowledge and respect of older jazz forms is a characteristic of each main soloist: Allison, Knepper, and Reider. In addition, each has a dark-timbred, tragicomic streak in his work that adds to the record's folksy charm, a charm further enhanced by the lazy, infectious Allison vocals, which, except for a near-disastrous key change in *Blues*, are wonderfully relaxed.

All solos maintain a generally good, though not outstanding, level. Allison's piano solos are well constructed, kicking along in a manner not unlike that of another semiprimitive pianist, Thelonious Monk. Allison's Monkish feeling is most striking on the amusing *Stop This World*.

Reider, firmly rooted in the Zoot Sims-Al Cohn school of Lester Young, is particularly good on *Machine*, *Do It*, and *Rare*, spinning out dark-hued lines in an easygoing manner.

Knepper has played better on other occasions, most notably with Charlie Mingus, but his voice-inflected trombone is in keeping with the homespun Allison milieu. The trombonist is most effective on *Do It* and *City*. He, along with Allison and Reider, struggles with *Saritha's* chord changes—only Farmer is able to pull off a well-built solo on the tune.

There are some Ellingtonish warm-

blanket backgrounds to Allison's vocals; no credit is given to whoever set out these simple arrangements, but I assume it was Allison, since he wrote all the tunes except *Rare* and *Blues*.

The record's major detraction is the sloppiness of the rhythm section. It's really more than sloppiness—Dunlop is almost continually behind Farmer, producing an unnaturally heavy and uncomfortable feeling in the rhythm. (D.DeM.)

Curtis Amy

TIPPIN' ON THROUGH—Pacific Jazz 62: *Tippin' on Through*; *Funk in the Evening*; *For Ayres Only*; *In Your Own Sweet Way*; *Summertime*; *Set Call*.

Personnel: Roy Brewster, trombone; Amy, tenor saxophone; Ron Ayres, vibraphone; John Houston, piano; Bob Whitlock, bass; Lawrence Marable, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Amy's appearance at southern California's Lighthouse, where this date was held, illustrates the increasing popularity of a hotter brand of jazz on the West Coast. He is in a tradition of tenor players that dates back to Herschel Evans and *The Texas Moan*.

His playing has a distinct vocal quality; he often wails and screams on his horn. He constructs a fine solo on *Funk*, alternately digging into the beat with bluesy phrases and double-timing. On *Ayres* he strikes a groove and stays in it, but his playing on Benny Golson's *Tippin'*, though forceful, is a little short on ideas.

Only 21 when this album was cut last year, Ayres seems to have a bright future. The notes point out that he is being influenced by John Coltrane through Walt Dickerson. Here, however, his playing is generally consonant and reflects an earlier influence, Milt Jackson. Ayres' solos are well sustained—he seems to be making a conscious effort not to stall or coast on the changes, and this pays off in consistently good solos.

Houston isn't a spectacular musician, but the more I hear him, the more impressed I become with his taste and musicianship. His solos have a dry, sinewy quality. He uses the whole keyboard, from delicate runs in the upper octaves to booming bass chords. *Sweet Way* is his feature, and he does a fine job.

Brewster plays enthusiastically, but his solos don't have much melodic freshness.

The rhythm section is excellent. Whitlock lays down a strong beat throughout, and Marable evidently is listening closely to the soloists. Marable is and has been a very underappreciated drummer, capable of driving a group powerfully and possessed of an acute sense of dynamics. (H.P.)

Charles Bell

ANOTHER DIMENSION — Atlantic 1400: *Them; Bass Line; Django; Oleo; Satan Said; Portrait of Aunt Mary; My Favorite Things.*

Personnel: Bell, piano; Bill Smith, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Allen Blairman, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Bell's quartet achieved recognition in the 1960 Intercollegiate Jazz Festival and later made an album for Columbia, but here the excellent young bassist, Carter, makes his debut—at least on record—with the group.

Bell's approach is somewhat eclectic, but the results of his work generally make interesting listening. He seems to have been influenced primarily by John Lewis and Thelonious Monk. On *Theme* his solo may remind some listeners of Herbie Nichols; however, the resemblance is probably coincidental. The rhythm section is good on this track.

Bass Line is described by Bell as "a piece in which the fundamental statement is a bass line." Here Bell's playing reveals a Monkish tendency, but some of his jagged lines demonstrate a real freshness of conception.

Oleo, Sonny Rollins' excellent tune based on *I Got Rhythm*, has another good Bell solo. On *Django*, Bell looks in the direction of John Lewis. His solo and the baroque-inspired counterpoint on *Aunt Mary* are also reminiscent of Lewis' approach.

I don't mean to detract from the obvious sincerity of the participants, but I feel that this selection is marred by a feeling of self-consciousness.

Satan Said is a furious stop-and-start theme with a powerful Bell solo and excellent section work by Blairman.

Smith stars on *My Favorite Things* with some lyrical playing, and Carter's solo is deceptively simple and percussive in the manner of Wilbur Ware. (H.P.)

George Bohanon

BOSS: BOSSA NOVA—Workshop Jazz 207: *Bobbie; Speak Low; El Rio; Commigo; Simpatica; El Rio; Mioki.*

Personnel: George Bohanon, trombone; Kirk Lightsey, piano; Joe Messina, guitar; Cecil McBee, bass; George Goldsmith, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

This late-entry bossa nova LP has to fight the monotony of the unimaginative use of the Brazilian beat, plus the monotony of the lugubrious tone of Bohanon's trombone, relieved only occasionally by brief but unexceptional guitar and piano solos.

That Bohanon is a capable and stimulating trombonist was made evident in his recent recording as part of the Chico Hamilton Quintet (*Passin' Thru* on Impulse), but his abilities are almost completely buried in this routine recording. (J.S.W.)

Joe Bucci

WILD ABOUT BASIE—Capitol 1840: *Splanky; Midnight Blue; Teddy the Toad; Li'l Darlin'; Kansas City Shout; Shiny Stockings; 920 Special; Blue and Sentimental; Taps Miller; Topsy; Shorty George; Jumpin' at the Woodside.*

Personnel: Bucci, organ; Joe Riddick, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

One of Bucci's aims here apparently is to approximate the sound of Count Basie's band. He often sets up a walking bass line, and his chords are sometimes remi-

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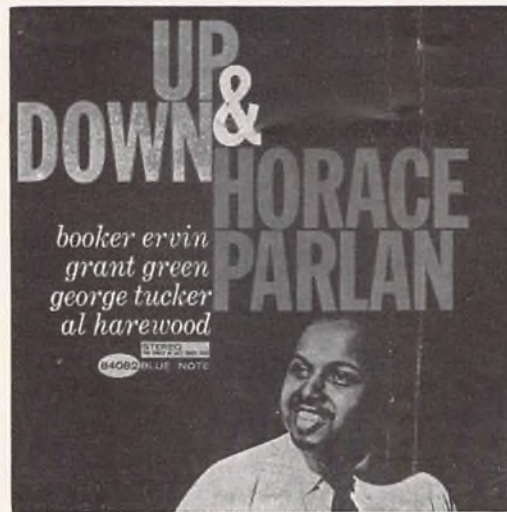


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niscient of whole sections.

The brevity of the individual tracks, however, imposes a handicap—the longest is only two minutes and 55 seconds—and he doesn't have room to stretch out between the opening and closing choruses.

Still, the results are pleasant if not significant. Bucci has an extroverted approach, but his work is tasteful, and he swings easily and is reasonably inventive.

Some of his best moments occur on the romping *Shorty George* and on *Topsy*, which is taken at a slower tempo than usual. His unhurried approach enhances the melodies of *Midnight Blue* and *Li'l Darlin'*.

Riddick, a sensitive drummer, supports Bucci well throughout. (H.P.)

Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis-Shirley Scott

MISTY; EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS WITH SHIRLEY SCOTT—Moodsville 30; *Misty*; *Uh! Oh!*; *Give Me a Goodnight Kiss*; *Moon of Manakona*; *Just Friends*; *Speak Low*; *I Wished on the Moon*.

Personnel: Davis, tenor saxophone; Miss Scott, organ; Wendell Marshall or George Duvivier, bass; Arthur Edgehill, drums; Ray Baretto, conga.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Most of us sooner or later reach a point in our listening experience when we can choose to say at a given moment, "This is my kind of music—period." No further explanation is deemed necessary, nor ought there be. Every individual has the right to the flat statement without explanation, and if he makes a fool of himself in the process of so choosing, that's just the way it goes.

Now, I'll be glad to tell you why this album is indubitably my kind of music.

First, it swings—all the way and with a delicious lightness. Then, there are the formidable talents of two very persuasive jazz individuals, the saxophone player and the organist. These two really coalesce; and their solo voices are big and happy. Thirdly, all this record is delightfully unpretentious. It sets out to prove nothing other than jazz can be happy, that you can groove to it, that you need not make a federal case out of merely enjoying it.

And that's why this set is my kind of music. (J.A.T.)

Jackie Davis

EASY DOES IT—Warner Bros. 1492; *'Round Midnight*; *Blues in the Night*; *Sleepy Time Gal*; *Five Minutes More*; *Louely Wine*; *Night Train*; *If I Could Be with You*; *Midnight Sun*; *In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning*; *Easy Does It*; *One for My Baby*; *St. Louis Blues*.

Personnel: Davis, organ; Barney Kessel, guitar; Joe Comfort, bass; Earl Palmer, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

This record doesn't seem to have been aimed specifically at a jazz audience; most selections don't demand close listening and could certainly serve as background music—many of the tunes themselves are undistinguished.

Davis usually plays close to the melody, though he stretches out a bit on *Five Minutes*, *Easy Does It*, and *If I Could Be with You*. His approach is easygoing and easy to listen to, but the album on the whole has few notable moments.

Comfort does a nice job—dig his strong section work on *If I Could Be*.

Kessel functions as rhythm guitarist. Considering that Warner Bros. had to obtain permission from Reprise records for

him to appear on this date, it's surprising that he wasn't given more to do. (H.P.)

Johnny Griffith

JAZZ—Workshop Jazz 205; *Ill Wind*; *Unknown Minor*; *I Mi See You Later*; *Lullaby of the Leaves*; *Old Folks*; *Moment's Notice*; *They Didn't Believe Me*; *Willow*; *Weep for Me*; *Summertime*.

Personnel: Griffith, piano; Vance Matlock, bass; Ben Appling, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Griffith is a Detroit pianist who has worked as accompanist to a variety of singers, including Dakota Staton, Dinah Washington, Gloria Lynne, Aretha Franklin, and Betty Carter. For a person who has had to subordinate his own playing to support singers, Griffith is a remarkably forthright and positive performer.

On this disc he shows that he can play both long single-note lines on jazz pieces and strongly stated, two-handed attacks on standards. In both areas he has an attractively brisk and assertive manner.

His playing on the jazz pieces has a rather anonymous quality—it might be the work of any number of capable pianists—but there is more evidence of individuality in his treatment of standards. On these he derives to some extent from Erroll Garner and Ahmad Jamal, but,



except for a strongly Jamalesque *Summertime*, he has his own approach, his own dramatic flair, and his own way of developing the pieces. If he could bring the other side of his playing up to an equally distinctive level, Griffith could be a really important pianist.

As it is, he shows in this set that he is already well ahead of the crowd.

(J.S.W.)

Hawkins-Eldridge-Hodges

HAWKINS! ELDRIDGE! HODGES! ALIVE!—Verve 8504; *Satin Doll*; *Perdido*; *The Rabbit in Jazz*.

Personnel: Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Major Holt, bass; Edward Locke, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Hawkins, Eldridge, and Hodges are all present at this session recorded at the Village Gate in New York. But the implication in the title—*Alive!*—is a little misleading. The bodies are warm, the musicians are breathing, but considering what one might expect of such a triumvirate, these are remarkably placid performances.

Neither Hodges nor Hawkins actually does himself any disgrace, but neither is either particularly stimulating.

Eldridge, however, is extremely erratic, occasionally pulling himself together for a brief, characteristically bristling excursion but at other times mauling and, on the wrap-up of *Doll*, falling apart to such an extent that he even unsettles Hawkins and Hodges.

This is a session that might better have been left on the shelf. (J.S.W.)

Tubby Hayes

TUBBY'S BACK IN TOWN—Smash 27026; *Afternoon in Paris*; *I See with My Third "I"*; *Lady "E"*; *Stitt's Tune*; *Medley (If I Had You; Alone Together)*; *For Heaven's Sake*.

Personnel: Hayes, tenor saxophone, vibraphone; James Moody, tenor saxophone, flute; Roland Kirk, tenor saxophone, manzello, flute; Walter Bishop, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

As jazz becomes increasingly popular throughout the world we can expect to see a growing number of good non-U.S. jazzmen emerge. England's Hayes, for example, is a musician capable of giving many well-regarded U.S. tenor players a run for their money.

He, Kirk, and Moody (who, for contractual reasons, is called Jimmy Gloomy) unite in a formidable and extremely flexible front line. Their instrumental versatility makes for a varied and interesting set.

Hayes has the first solo on *Stitt's Tune*, an up-tempo blues, and his robust, sinewy lines suggest the approaches of both Sonny's Rollins and Stitt.

Kirk opens his spot well, playing reflectively, but after several choruses, the continuity of his solo begins to unravel. However, he finds himself soon and finishes his solo triumphantly—blowing two horns simultaneously.

Moody is extremely inventive on this track. He gathers steam as his solo continues and plays a searing last chorus. Surprisingly, I found veteran Bishop's comping for Moody unsympathetic and, at times, even heavy handed.

Moody and Hayes stand out in the ballad medley. Moody reveals his rich sound on *If I Had You*; at times his playing recalls Lester Young. Hayes is overtly emotional on *Alone Together*, double-timing and employing a hard sound. *Afternoon in Paris* has Hayes on vibes and playing buoyantly.

The liner notes and record label disagree as to which composition is *Lady "E"* and which is *Third "I."* At any rate, one has a 52-bar AABA chorus. The bridge is 16 bars and the A section is 12-bar blues. Moody, Hayes, and Kirk show three ways to play lyrically on this, the best track of the album. Moody's playing is especially rich melodically and well sustained. In the last year or two, he has recorded some astonishing solos, and I urge readers to pay particular attention to him.

The other original is carried by flutes over a Latin beat, and Kirk gives an example of his fierce flute solo style.

(H.P.)

Jonah Jones

THAT RIGHTEOUS FEELING—Capitol 1839; *Yes Indeed!*; *Mandy*; *Work Song*; *Ramblin' Rose*; *Spanish Harlem*; *The Lonesome Road*; *The Preacher*; *'Deed I Do*; *Momories Are Made of This*; *Jonah's Sermon*; *Look Up*; *Down by the Riverside*.

Personnel: Jones, trumpet; Dick Hyman, organ, piano; Bob Bain and Howard Roberts, guitars; John Brown, bass; Andre Persiani, percussion; Danny Farrar, drums; Jubilee Four, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★

Witnessing the gradual diminution of good jazz talent is disagreeable, especially when the musician proves that there has not been any loss of technical equipment.

Jones' tone is full and very beautiful at times, his range more than adequate, and his phrasing firm and sure. The only trou-

ble is that these abilities are all funneled to the cliches and formulas built into a format that tries to please the widest audience at the shallowest level, and this apparently has been Jones' only goal in the last six or seven years.

There are many spots throughout this album when Jones seems ready to forget the formula and begin playing, especially on *Sermon*, *Mandy*, and *'Deed*, but the moments pass without anything materializing.

The accompaniment is, like Jones himself, slick, well-rehearsed, and very competent—for this sort of thing. (G.M.E.)

Shelly Manne

MY SON THE JAZZ DRUMMER—Contemporary 3609; *Hava Nagila*; *Bei Mir Bist du Schoen*; *Yussel! Yussel!*; *Zamar Nodad*; *Bokrei Lachish*; *Tzena*; *Exodus*; *Di Grine Kuzine*; *My Yiddish Momme*; *Orchah Bamidbar*.

Personnel: Shorty Rogers, flugelhorn, trumpet; Teddy Edwards, tenor saxophone; Victor Feldman, vibraphone, piano; Al Viola, guitar; Monty Budwig, bass; Manne, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Recording jazz versions of Jewish songs or songs with a Hebraic flavor is a novel idea—and a good one. The performances are ungimmicked, and the material has qualities—for example, melancholy—that are part of jazz too. It is to Contemporary's and Manne's credit that they have done a tasteful and musicianly job on what could have become repelling in less capable hands.

Though the soloists play well, not a whole lot happens as far as improvisation goes—Edwards, Rogers, and Feldman turn in their usually competent performances, which is to say damned good. Viola doesn't get much solo space, but I found his unamplified, intensely rhythmic (particularly so on *Bokrei*) guitar most ear-catching and satisfying. His playing on *Exodus*, done as a bossa nova, is lovely.

On the other hand, the arrangements (exceedingly well played) are better than competent.

Manne was wise to choose more than one man to score the songs; this gives the date an attractive variety. Rogers wrote the arrangements of *Hava Nagila* (an almost straight rendering of the melody but with tangy dissonance added) and *Zamar* (an effective use of countermelody juxtaposed with the lead in bossa nova dress). Lennie Niehaus did *Bei*, *Orchah*, and *Bokrei*, the latter two being soulful and mournful melodies, characteristics well maintained in the arrangements. Edwards scored *Kuzine* and does a good job of capturing the tune's jauntiness. Feldman's arrangement of *Tzena* turns it into a spirited wailer.

Yussel, which has a fine Budwig solo to recommend it; *Exodus*; and *Momme*, an Edwards feature, which he milks and honeys almost to a satirical point, are head arrangements.

Special comment must be made about the excellence of Manne's drumming in the album; he remains one of the most imaginative and tasteful percussionists in jazz, seemingly always choosing the best effect to set off the moment, and his taste is nowhere better displayed than in the bossa nova items as he subtly switches the accents, changing the musical color as he does so. (D.DeM.)

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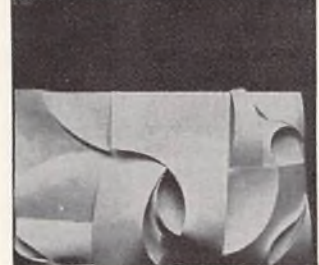
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Les McCann

THE SHAMPOO—Pacific Jazz 63; *The Shampoo; Too Close for Comfort; You Thought I Knew; Woody'n You; Someone Stole My Chitlins; Out of This World; Filet of Soul; Smile, Stacey.*

Personnel: McCann, piano; Herbie Lewis, bass; Ron Jefferson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

There are two sides to McCann's music. He made his name as a (for want of a better word) "soul" pianist, and his playing usually conforms to that image. However, his "soul" playing here leaves something to be desired—as anyone who has been caught up in the fervor engendered by the music at a revival meeting can testify. McCann's "down-home" work definitely suffers in the comparison.

The primary reason is that his playing is filled with common-property jazz techniques and, therefore, lacks freshness.

McCann's lyrical face is not generally recognized, probably because he doesn't choose to show it often. It appears here in his Bill Evans-like playing on the first 16 bars of the *Too Close* theme statement and on *You Thought*, a lovely McCann composition. He opens introspectively and builds to a gentle, swinging groove. It is significant that this selection—the best on the album—is also the least funky. (H.P.)

Gary McFarland

THE GARY McFARLAND ORCHESTRA—Verve 8518; *Reflection in the Park; Night Images; Tree Patterns; Peachtree; Misplaced Cowpoke; A Moment Alone.*

Personnel: Phil Woods, Spencer Sinatra, reeds; Bill Evans, piano; McFarland, vibraphone; Jim Hall, guitar; Richard Davis, bass; Ed Shaughnessy, drums; Julian Barber, Alla Goldberg, Aaron Juvellier, Joseph Tekula, strings.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

The continuing development of McFarland as an imaginative writer for jazz and borderline groups leaps out of the four selections that make up the first side of this album.

The second side (*Cowpoke* and *Alone*) are basically in a standard blowing vein and, aside from McFarland's interesting introductory matter on *Cowpoke*, are carried by the solos of Evans, Davis, and Hall. But in *Park*, *Night*, *Patterns*, and *Peach*, McFarland has written some delightfully self-possessed, reflective, impressionist pieces and has made excellent use of his unusual instrumentation (two violas, two cellos, clarinet, alto flute, vibes, and rhythm) in developing them.

There are times when his handling of woodwinds has a feeling that is reminiscent of the Alec Wilder Octet recordings. But the prime influence in his writing seems to be the presence of Evans, for McFarland has caught and interpreted the deceptively romantic, yet basically forceful, approach that is so characteristic of Evans. Evans emerges in beautiful fashion from these settings, appearing as a very logical part of the whole rather than having to drag each piece along with him as he might have if McFarland had not written as astutely as he has.

Tracing the influences at work here back a little further, it's interesting to find both McFarland and Evans using John Lewis phrases, particularly in *Patterns*, a habit that Evans seems to fall into quite often when he is recording with groups larger than his trio.

These pieces—full of melody, mellow-

ness, and gently lifting rhythm—are given unusually sensitive performances by McFarland's 11-man group. (J.S.W.)

Singleton Palmer

AT THE OPERA HOUSE—Norman 106; *Wolverine Blues; Asleep in the Deep; I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me; Beale St. Blues; Washington and Lee Swing; Dixieland One-Step; Closer Walk with Thee; Royal Garden Blues; Wabash Blues; Chicago.*

Personnel: Bill Martin, trumpet; Leon King, trombone; Norman Mason, clarinet; Gus Perryman, piano; Singleton Palmer, tuba; Elijah Shaw, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Palmer's St. Louis group is an unusually hopeful sign that there may be a future for what is generally considered "traditional" jazz.

This band bristles with excitement, fun, and vitality. There is none of that lugubrious, leaden, closed-in feeling that has afflicted traditional bands in the last decade. Palmer's band is jaunty, lusty, or mellow as the mood requires, and his musicians always play as though they care, as though they're expressing themselves in their music and not copying somebody who played the same tune 50 years ago.

Palmer himself is obviously at the core of this happy music. He plays a horn that might (and usually does) give a traditional band the grace of an elephant. But he has a light touch and a swinging sense that drives his group with a rich, strong beat that is amazingly sprightly and agile.

His front-line men are all capable at the very least, although trombonist King is far more than that. King is a free-wheeling soloist who blows everything out of his way on open horn and can trim his vast exuberance down to a sly grin when he puts in a mute on *Wabash Blues* and develops the corny essence of that well-established solo into a joyfully swinging thing.

Martin is an excellent lead trumpet—positive and personal—who occasionally rises to exciting heights in his solos. The whole band is a delight and, except for some needlessly obvious whooping it up by the audience, so is the record. (J.S.W.)

Dave Pike

OLIVER!—Moodsville 36; *I'd Do Anything; As Long as He Needs Me; Who Will Buy?; Food, Glorious Food; Boy for Sale; Where Is Love?; It's a Fine Life.*

Personnel: Pike, vibraphone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Jimmy Raney, guitar; George Tucker, bass; Walter Perkins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

LIMBO CARNIVAL—New Jazz 8284; *La Bamba; My Little Suede Shoes; Matilda; Mumbo Bounce; Limbo Rock; Calypso Blues; Catin' Latin; St. Thomas; Jamaica Farewell.*

Personnel: Leo Wright, alto saxophone, flute; Pike, vibraphone, marimba; Raney, guitar; Flanagan, piano; George Duvivier or Ahmed Abdul-Malik, bass; William Correo, drums; Ray Barretto, conga drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Anyone who has seen Pike work in person must inevitably feel somewhat cheated by a recorded performance. In the flesh, Pike intrigues the eye as much as he does the ear. He doesn't only play his instrument; he glares at it, sings to it, sort of half twists away as if in disgust and then returns with renewed vigor to clobber the metal bars with stimulating exactitude.

Fortunately, his work on *Oliver!* makes the listener forget what he is missing in

the visual-aid department. I can recall no finer jazz treatment of a stage score. There is not one loser among the seven tunes presented, and they are very well programmed.

For example, Pike begins with a briskly paced *Anything*, follows immediately with the slow (except for a double-time passage) and delicate *Needs Me*, and takes the first side out with a medium-tempo *Buy*.

The second side continues the latter mood, though at a slightly more animated clip, with *Food*: then, in an imaginative stroke, Pike gives Tucker about one minute and 20 seconds alone with *Boy*. That's all there is—Tucker in a beautifully paced bowed solo that mirrors the deep loneliness of a boy being offered for sale in the streets. Next comes the tender, lyrical *Love*, and then Pike exits with a swinging *Life*.

The vibist is in top fettle on all of them. There are instances when his sound appears slightly distorted in *Needs Me* and *To Love* and definitely so at the end of *Buy*; but whether this is Pike, the engineer, or a combination of both is difficult to say. Otherwise, his conception and execution are first rate.

Regarding Pike's approach to vibraharp, Don DeMicheal noted in a Jan. 31 *Down Beat* review of the vibist's *Pike's Peak* album that he was "struck by the similarity in phrasing of Pike and [Bill] Evans; Pike at times sounds like a rougher version of Evans—or how Evans' piano solos might sound transposed to vibes. Both men have a way of building a phrase toward a climax but sliding off it at the end."

I found this noticeable on *Needs Me* and *Love*. Indeed, the mood Flanagan develops on these tunes is certainly consonant with that which Evans might produce were he faced with the same material. I do not mean to suggest that Pike, and particularly Flanagan, are Evans camp followers; I mention it merely to indicate where Pike's affinities as regards over-all conception seem to lie. Flanagan, as a superb accompanist, would naturally direct his considerable talents toward achieving as great a rapport between his leader and himself as possible.

Such rapport is evident throughout the album, not only between Flanagan and Pike but also between them and Raney. The guitarist's solos on *Buy* and *Life* add luster to a distinguished production.

It is a pleasure to note, as does Dan Morgenstern in the liner notes, that drummer Perkins seems in no way discommoded by the serious auto accident injuries he suffered last summer. Since this was his first record date after recovery, one might expect a lapse or two or at least some stiffness. Not so. Perkins whips through the faster numbers unflaggingly and manipulates the ballad brushes cleanly and surely.

In sum, *Oliver!* is a thoroughly pleasurable album inviting the attention of more than one listening level. I dare say that people who claim to hate jazz would find it most appealing. At the same time, it is creative and swinging enough to satisfy the more demanding interests of the jazzos.

Sad to say, the same tribute cannot be

accorded *Limbo*, though Pike, Raney, and Flanagan are again in attendance. It is a generally uninspired production, though sparks fly on occasion. Unless one really digs this type of music, I doubt if he will find much of major interest here.

The album presents a variety of musicians, most of whom do not appear on all tracks. They manage to get off four commendable performances (*Shoes, Bounce, Calypso, Cattin'*), but the remaining five are, in general, tiresome going. *La Bamba*, for example, could have been more aptly titled *La Bomba*. Repetitive and seemingly interminable, it could easily drive one to the whisky shelf. At many points I wouldn't have been too surprised to hear Chubby Checker holler. "Hey, let's Twist!"

On the whole, Pike acquits himself well, as do the others, but the material is deadening.

The vibist turns out an especially attractive job on *Calypso*, which is primarily a solo statement seconded by Abdul-Malik and Barretto. The three make this the album's most unusual track, though it seems to me that *Cattin'* is the most imaginative. Unfortunately, Wright and Raney get hung with four of the five dumplings on the record and as a result are not shown to their best advantage. (D.N.)

Johnny (Hammond) Smith

BLACK COFFEE—Riverside 442: *Black Coffee; Monterey Theme; I Remember Clifford; Far Away Places; Roofus Toofus; Body and Soul; He's a Real Gone Guy.*

Personnel: Seldon Powell, tenor saxophone; Smith, organ; Eddie McFadden, guitar; Leo Stevens, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

This type of gutty, unpretentious music is currently quite popular, judging from the number of like groups being featured in night clubs across the country.

Though he has been heard to better advantage in other settings, Powell, who plays on five selections, provides most of the highlights of the set. He has a driving solo on *Gone Guy*, a track that borders on rock and roll. His relaxed playing is well featured on *Body*—which is treated as a bounce tune—and he makes a warm melody statement on *Clifford*.

Smith's performance is energetic but otherwise undistinctive, his solos being filled with many stock devices. His most positive contribution to the set is *Monterey*, a pretty, medium-tempo original.

McFadden does an adequate job, and Stevens' drumming is, considering the context, generally tasteful. (H.P.)

Various Artists

ECHOES OF NEW ORLEANS—Southland 239: *Roses of Picardy; Lily of the Valley; Holding My Savior's Hand; After the Ball Is Over; Tuck Me to Sleep; Trouble in Mind; Long, Long Trail; When You Were a Tulip.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-4—Don Albert, trumpet; Frog Joseph, trombone; Louis Cottrell, clarinet; Jeanette Kimball, piano; Placide Adams, bass; Tracks 5-8—Kid Howard, trumpet; Punch Miller, trumpet, vocals; Jim Robinson, trombone, Cottrell, clarinet; Lester Santiago, piano; John Joseph, bass; Joe Watkins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Neither of these groups of New Orleans veterans on this album does itself much justice. Albert, known for his work with Troy Floyd and as leader of his own southwestern territory band, has been in retirement, and his playing is relatively stiff. His

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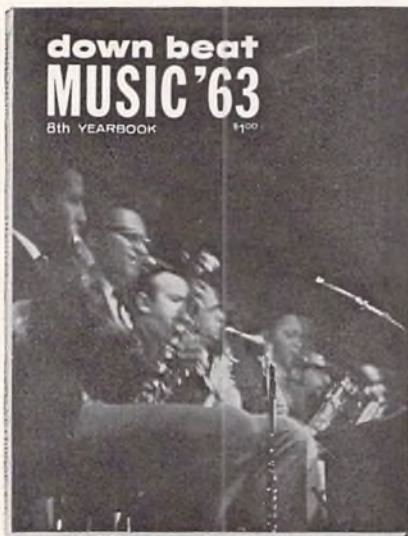
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group gets some pleasant clarinet work from Cottrell but otherwise has little to offer.

It is Cottrell again who is the most consistent man in the Howard-Miller band. Santiago's piano is an enlivening element at times; Robinson warms up on *Tulip*; Miller's muted trumpet is authoritative on *Trouble*.

But the general feeling projected by both groups is one of just going through the paces. (J.S.W.)

Various Artists

THE GIANTS OF JAZZ — Columbia 1970: *Waltz Limp* (Dave Brubeck); *One for Joan* (Chico Hamilton); *So Long* (Carmen McRae); *Devil May Care* (Miles Davis); *J. J. Cellar* (Lionel Hampton); *Grasshopper* (Quincy Jones); *Motion Suspended* (Jimmy Giuffre); *Turkish Coffee* (Duke Ellington); *Tiger Rag* (Eddie Condon); *Coming on the Hudson* (Thelonious Monk); *This Here* (Lambert-Hendricks-Ross); *So Sassy* (Bill Doggett); *Fatback* (J. J. Johnson); *By and By* (Dukes of Dixieland); *Ruby, My Dear* (Bud Powell).

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Most of this album was recorded within the last 1½ years; two exceptions are the Quincy Jones all-star big-band track, which is from 1955, and the Johnson sextet performance, which was made in 1960. In all, it is a pretty good sampling of what Columbia has in its vaults, some of which derives from dates that have produced LPs already in release, although none of these tracks has been issued before. Not all is of memorable quality, but enough is to warrant a strong recommendation, particularly if you're looking for bargains—the album's playing time is just a few seconds less than an hour.

Four selections are of particular interest, though not always for musical reasons: Johnson's *Fatback*, the Jones band's *Grasshopper*, the Davis sextet's *Devil*, and the Powell trio's *Ruby*.

The Johnson track, a witty blues written by the trombonist, has an excellent solo by Johnson at his cocky and sardonic best and a well-constructed, technically sure trumpet solo by Freddie Hubbard.

The Jones 17-piece band includes such stalwarts as Horace Silver, piano; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Sonny Stitt and Al Cohn, tenor saxophones; Herbie Mann (using his given name, Herbert Solomon), flute; Jimmy Cleveland, J.J. Johnson, Kai Winding, and Urbie Green, trombones; Jimmy Nottingham, Al Porcino, and Ernie Royal, trumpets. The point of departure is one of those easy-to-remember Jones blues; the solo interest is built around the exchanges of the trombonists (in the above order, I think) and a duel by Stitt and Cohn, an exposition of two interpretations of Lester Young.

The Davis track has some lovely, introspective, though flying, trumpet work. But while the musical quality of the performance is at the level one expects from Davis, the personnel is not. Made in summer, 1962, when Davis had trombonist Johnson and tenorist Hank Mobley working in his sextet, it is strange that he chose to record with Wayne Shorter in Mobley's place and Frank Rehak in Johnson's. Wynton Kelly, Davis' regular pianist until March of this year, also is absent; his piano is replaced by William Correa's bongos. Bassist Paul Chambers and drummer Jimmy Cobb, both Davis

regulars at the time, round out the sextet on the record. Strange, because whenever it was asked when the regular sextet would record, the answer was usually something about the lack of suitable material; but according to this album's producer, Teo Macero, a Davis album will stem from this date. It is regrettable that the Davis-Johnson-Mobley front line did not record, but such are the vagaries of the jazz world.

The track by the Powell trio (Kenny Clarke, drums, and Pierre Michelot, bass) is important because it is the first performance by the expatriate pianist released in this country for some time. Unfortunately, it is quite poor. Powell restricts himself to playing Thelonious Monk's melody in a rather heavy-handed manner, occasionally hitting bad notes and tossing in a few stock runs. As if this were not bad enough, the piano is in such poor tune that Powell's chords, played mostly in the middle register, are like gobs of mud. As far as can be determined, it is doubtful that Columbia will issue the other tracks from this December, 1961, Paris date, which is perhaps the merciful thing to do if this performance is an indication of the session's quality.

The Giuffre track has the clarinetist in company with Paul Bley, piano, and the excellent Steve Swallow, bass. I suppose the performance is an example of atonality applied to jazz—I'm not that familiar with atonal music. Whatever it is, it certainly is enjoyable, particularly after the first couple of hearings. Giuffre sometimes effectively plays double-stops on his instrument in the out-of-tempo composition.

Hampton seems somewhat ill at ease on *Cellar*, a Macero composition. The vibist sounds as if he is feeling his way through the chord changes in his first solo; in his second one he gives up probing and contents himself with skittering through the changes. Virgil Jones is the trumpet player on the record, and the small amount of trumpet heard in the ensembles whetted my appetite to hear more of the brassy-toned horn man.

Ellington's *Turkish Coffee* is a thick, tangy brew, a bit Near Eastern in flavor, naturally. At all times, however, it retains the distinctive Ellington tonal colors and instrumental textures. It's a short track but a good one.

Monk is in fine form on *Hudson*, both as soloist and accompanist, the latter role made all the more discernible by a poor recording balance that favors the piano too much during Charlie Rouse's tenor choruses. Both Rouse and Monk, in their solos, use motifs derived from the melody as a home base for their explorations of the tune's facets. This is a very good track, one comparable in quality with those included in the recent Monk album that stemmed from this October, 1962, date.

The other selections are in keeping with the general level of the artists involved, but of these other tracks none is outstanding in light of the various performers' best work or of this album's finer moments. (D. DeM.)

VOCAL

June Christy

BIG BAND SPECIALS—Capitol 1845: *You Came a Long Way from St. Louis; Swingin' on Nothin'; Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby; Prelude to a Kiss; Skyliner; Night in Tunisia; It Don't Mean a Thing; Frenesi; Stompin' at the Savoy; Goodbye; Time Was; Until.*

Personnel: Conte Candoli, Lee Katzman, Al Porcino, Ray Trisecari, trumpets; Vern Friley or Dick Nash, Lew McCreary, Frank Rosolino or John Halliburton, Ken Shroyer, trombones; Joe Maini, Bud Legge or Charlie Kennedy, Bob Cooper, Bill Perkins, Jack Nimitz, saxophones; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Joe Mondragon, bass; Mel Lewis, drums; Miss Christy, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This LP is similar in concept to one made by Anita O'Day several years ago and recently repackaged (*Anita O'Day Sings the Winners*) on which she sang songs associated with famous jazzmen. In fact, *Frenesi* and *Night in Tunisia* appear on both. The similarity extends to style also, for Miss O'Day was probably Miss Christy's primary influence.

Miss Christy sounds relaxed on the up-tempo tunes here, although her singing on *Nothin'* is sometimes affected. *Skyliner*, which has an exciting arrangement, is one of the best tracks. I hope Miss Christy's version of the tune will inspire other vocalists to give it greater exposure.

Time Was, taken at a much faster tempo than usual, also has an arrangement that sets off her vocal well, and Miss Christy's work at the slower tempos of *Prelude* and *Goodbye* is sensitive.

To say that the band plays enthusiastically would be an understatement; it sounds ready to go on the road. (H.P.)

Jackie Cain-Roy Kral

LIKE SING—Columbia 1934: *Like Love; Just for Now; The Runaround; Where, I Wonder; Lost Letter; Sing Me an Abstract Song; Control Yourself; Yes; Lose Me Now; Change of Heart; Now I Know; You're Married.*

Personnel: Miss Cain, vocals; Kral, vocals, piano; unidentified strings, rhythm.

Rating: see below

All the songs in this set are the creations of Andre Previn and his wife, Dory Langdon. Among them are ballads, songs with hopefully cute or tricky lyrics, a couple of offbeat things and one—*Abstract Song*—that allows Jackie and Roy to draw on their jazz talents.

There is no rating because, aside from this single entry, it can't be rated as jazz. On its own terms, it is an excellent showcase for the Previns, who strike a much higher average than one might expect from an entire LP of original material.

The record does less for Jackie and Roy in that it keeps them under wraps to a considerable extent. The Previns have written several pleasant ballads, which Miss Cain sings (alone) with an extremely good open sound, although her approach seems a bit too studied.

However, there is relatively little for Kral here—when Miss Langdon tries the sort of bright lyrics that he sings so well, she proves to be no Lorenz Hart, Cole Porter, or even Fran Landesman. Both teams are at their best on the two songs in the set that break most strongly from standard patterns—*The Runaround* and *Control Yourself*.

An entire album of new songs by one songwriting team may be great for the songwriters, but it is scarcely fair to singers who are normally as careful in their programming as Jackie and Roy are. (J.S.W.)

Sonny Terry

SONNY IS KING—Prestige/Bluesville 1059: *One Monkey Don't Stop the Show; Changed the Lock on My Door; Tater Pie; So Sweet; Diggin' My Potatoes; Sonny's Coming; Ida Mae; Callin' My Mama; Bad Luck; Blues from the Bottom.*

Personnel: Terry, harmonica, vocals; Lightnin' Hopkins or Brownie McGhee, guitar; Leonard Gaskin, bass; Belton Evans, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Blues singer-harmonica blower Terry has his innings on this album, which finds him in two settings. On the first five numbers he is backed by Hopkins and the two rhythm men, while his regular teammate McGhee alone supports him on the second group of five selections. It's a pleasant, unforced set but with nothing unusual occurring to raise it beyond the routine.

The Terry-Hopkins sides are vaguely disappointing. There is not the excitement that coursed through the pair's previous album (*Last Night Blues*, Bluesville 1029), on which Hopkins took all the vocals, Terry supporting the Texas blues man's acidly impassioned singing. The reversal of roles here does not prove nearly so felicitous: Terry's rough, flat singing possesses little of the drama and burning intensity of Hopkins'. And the guitarist's backing is merely functional; the date, in fact, seems a bit listless, save for a rollicking piece of bawdry, *Tater Pie* (otherwise known as *Custard Pie*).

The five selections with McGhee are not among the pair's best efforts. The material is not especially distinguished, and Terry blows a number of bad notes on both *Mama* and *Bottom*. Nothing much happens in the five pieces. (P.W.)

Lonnie Johnson

ANOTHER NIGHT TO CRY—Bluesville 1062: *Another Night to Cry; I Got News for You, Baby; Blues after Hours; You Didn't Mean What You Said; Fine Blues and Heavy Dues; I've Got to Get Rid of You; Bow-Legged Baby; Make Love to Me, Baby; Lots of Loving; A Story about Barbara; Goodbye, Kitten.*

Personnel: Johnson, guitar, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

By 1930, Johnson had made nearly 100 sides, both as a guitar and vocal soloist and in accompaniment with such musicians as James P. Johnson, Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong, Victoria Spivey, and his good friend, the late Eddie Lang. The easy, casual manner of his singing and playing that made him so popular then is just as apparent now: lyrics bubbling effortlessly to the surface mingled with joyful guitar passages.

Johnson is from New Orleans but is different from most delta blues men, having none of the anguish and biting intensity characteristic of Texas and Mississippi backwoods musicians but having a capacity for formal musicianship that is usually lacking in the country musicians.

When Johnson sings the blues, as he does in this album, he weeps softly rather than wails, and he is always in control of his meter, like the early poets who learned the effectiveness of discipline.

The themes are all familiar—with a heavy dose of woman blues—and Johnson leans heavily on a triplet response figure that is repeated on nearly every track. But in his development of the narratives, his musicianship, and the disarming ease with which he plays and sings, he has made an album that will stand with his early work. (G.M.E.)

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Old Wine, New Bottles

In the ongoing reissue program known as repackaging, Prestige has continually released material of quality, delving into what seems an inexhaustible backlog of good to excellent jazz performances, particularly those from the period 1950 to '55. The material is wide ranging, from Stan Getz to Miles Davis to Lee Konitz to Sonny Rollins to Thelonious Monk and on. It is assumed that eventually Prestige will have all its gems available again, making its catalog one of the finest.

A welcome addition to the Prestige parade is *We See* (7245) by two Thelonious Monk quintets, one from 1953, the other from '54.

The early group consists of Sonny Rollins, tenor saxophone; Julius Watkins, French horn; Percy Heath, bass; and Willie Jones, drums, playing *Let's Call This* and two takes of *Think One*.

The '54 group led by the pianist was made up of Ray Copeland, trumpet; Frank Foster, tenor saxophone; Curly Russell, bass; and Art Blakey, drums, and the tunes are *We See*, *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*, *Locomotive*, and *Hackensack* (really Coleman Hawkins' *Riffide*, which is based on the chords of *Lady, Be Good*).

On both sessions Monk is the strongest and most consistent soloist, his *Let's* solo is excellent, but his playing on the two takes of *Think*, however, differs in quality—the first take's two solos are much better constructed than the second's, his left-hand work being of particular fascination in the first.

Watkins also is more together on the first take; his second-take solo almost falls into pieces at his feet. Rollins plays competently on the session, but his work does not prove nearly as stimulating as it was to become a couple of years later.

The '54 session was better organized than the earlier one and produced an exceptional piece of Monkery—*Smoke*. Besides the probing piano work, there is a tongue-in-cheek, deadpan flavor to the performance that is pure Monk humor.

There is another remarkable Monk solo on *Locomotive*, a simple theme based on a six-note figure, which the pianist uses as a motif throughout his solo.

What Monk does on this track shows in bold relief the shortcomings of the horn men on the date (a point implied in the Gunther Schuller review quoted in the notes). Whereas Monk carves his solo out of the thematic material, Foster and Copeland—though both played well on the date, particularly Foster—go through their solos following the chords, playing notes that fit, but really not emerging as individuals. The difference is that of playing individually and playing generally, though it must be said they cannot escape the Monk milieu completely, nor can anyone else who plays with this man. This is comment enough on the strength of Monk and his music.

Two other Prestige dates, of quite differ-

ent nature, from the same years, are available once again. Both were led by Art Farmer and are contained in *Work of Art* (8278). All eight tracks are by seven-man groups playing originals by Quincy Jones and Gigi Gryce, both of whom scored their own compositions for trumpet, trombone, tenor and baritone saxophones, and rhythm. The 1953 session was made when Farmer, Jones, and Gryce were members of the Lionel Hampton Band, as were the other men on the date, including trombonist Jimmy Cleveland.

The '54 date took place after Farmer, et al., had left Hampton and includes Cleveland, tenorist Charlie Rouse, baritonist Danny Bank, pianist Horace Silver, bassist Percy Heath, and drummer Art Taylor.

Surprisingly, the Hampton group tracks are a shade better played, despite an inferior rhythm section, than are the ones on the later date; the instrumentation is the same, as are the types of arrangements used, but the earlier date is better rehearsed, and the band sounds lighter than in the later get-together.

There are two outstanding qualities on the record: Farmer's sensitive playing and Jones' writing, which achieves the illusion of a larger band performing than there actually is (mostly a way of using the low-register instruments advantageously).

On *Mau Mau* Farmer plays with a brighter tone than he normally uses, and he is especially telling in a montuno section of the arrangement; he is at his husky melodic best on Jones' ballad *Work of Art* (note the ease with which Farmer skips through the changes at the end of his first chorus). *The Little Band Master*, an excellent Jones line, finds Farmer in lighter mood, as he is on *Elephant Walk*, a charming Jones bouncer, from the later date. *Evening in Paris*, a not-so-original Jones ballad (it sounds like a combination of *'Round Midnight* and *You Don't Know What Love Is*), has thoughtful trumpet.

The other tracks are *Up in Quincy's Room*, *Wildwood*, and *Tiajuana*, all written and scored by Gryce.

A third Prestige reissue is 4, 5 & 6 (New Jazz 8279) by Jackie McLean. The album of quartet, quintet, and sextet tracks was made in 1956 with a basic personnel of altoist McLean, pianist Mal Waldron, bassist Doug Watkins, and drummer Art Taylor, with trumpeter Donald Byrd added on three tracks and tenorist Hank Mobley added on one.

Generally the best all-around tracks are by the quartet: *Sentimental Journey* (less-searing McLean than might be expected, one of Watkins' best solos, and lean and thoughtful Waldron are heard); *Why Was I Born?* (a harsher, more fiery McLean pays part of his debt to Charlie Parker); and *When I Fall in Love* (a reflective McLean displays keen harmonic sense in choosing unexpected notes). The quintet tracks (*Contour* and an exquisite Waldron ballad, *Abstraction*) are almost on the same level; Byrd is facile and confident in his *Contour* solo but is overshadowed by a flowing, "out"-note McLean. On *Abstraction*, McLean, who has most of the solo room, is sensitive, yet unsentimental.

The sextet track, *Confirmation*, is highlighted by a beautifully put together bit of trumpet playing by Byrd, but Mobley's solo is tepid to an extreme.

Another altoist who, like McLean, stemmed from Charlie Parker, and who, also like McLean, went from that point to develop his own provocative voice is Art Pepper. He is in extremely good form on *The Artistry of Pepper* (Pacific Jazz 60), a collection of some of his best work for the label.

Half of the album stems from a 1957 session he made with tenorist Bill Perkins, originally issued on Perkin's *Just Friends* LP. The Perkins date was a relaxed one with both horn men vying for solo honors (Pepper comes out ahead).

There are also some not-always-successful attempts at jazz counterpoint, but, in all, this was one of Pepper's superior record dates. He is exceptional on *What Is This Thing Called Love?* and *Zenobia*, alternating lyricism with fire, light with shadow—all touched with the poignancy that colors Pepper's best work. The other two tracks from this session, *A Foggy Day* and *Diana Flow*, while not quite so excellent as these, are very good indeed.

The second side derives from three sessions: one with a Shorty Rogers-arranged nonet playing *Popo*, on which the similarity in approach of Pepper and pianist Russ Freeman stands out and makes one wish they had recorded together more often, and *Bunny*, the only example in the album of Pepper's ballad playing, which avoids sentimentality and conjures up the image of a man slowly shaking his head in wonder of it all; one with a Chet Baker-led sextet doing Jimmy Heath's *CTA* (this track is a cut version of the original *Playboys* album take, which can be heard in its entirety in a Pacific repackaging of a couple of years ago called *Picture of Heath* by Baker); and two of the finest Pepper tracks available, *I Can't Give You Anything but Love* (the altoist plays several please-don't-stop choruses with just bassist Leroy Vinnegar and drummer Stan Levey providing the accompaniment) and *Old Croix* (a stimulating version of *Cherokee* with pianist Pete Jolly joining Vinnegar and Levey).

Bud Shank is an altoist who evidently took as much inspiration from Pepper as from anyone else. He never has quite reached the level of his model, though on occasion he comes close. He misses the mark by some margin, however, on *Brazilliance, Vol. III* (World Pacific 1425), another collaboration by Shank and guitarist Laurindo Almeida first issued around 1959 or '60 as *Latin Contrasts*. There's a chilliness, a stiffness, in this mixture of jazz and Latin-flavored music.

The best moments come in Almeida's unaccompanied work on *'Round Midnight*, and on two light, dancing compositions, *Sunset Baion* and *Toro Dance*, both of which have good Shank solos and excellent bass work by Gary Peacock.

The other tracks are *Harlem Samba*, *North of the Border*, *Serenade for Flute*, *Xana-Lyn*, *Gershwin Prelude* (which despite its charm has some very unsupple guitar work), and *Frio y Color*.

—DeMicheal

COMMENTS ON CLASSICS

By DONAL J. HENAHAN

The arguments that inflame music at any period in history are seldom settled. The question that once worked a whole era into a frenzy of dispute—whether it is permissible to write parallel fifths—did not disappear because a pro-fifths band of theorists overcame an opposition army of traditional harmonists. The fifths quarrel simply sank from sight, having burned itself out as a point worth discussing.

We are seeing something of the sort happening today. Serial composition, which only yesterday was the cause of much sword-drawing among composers, is rapidly losing its old power to raise temperatures.

A generation of young composers has come along that uses 12-tone techniques when such techniques best serve the purpose at hand as rationally as the previous generation employed medieval modes or whole-tone scales. But the 12-tone controversialists, far from having "won" the argument, complain that this assimilation of serialism into the body of music is a triumph of their old enemy, eclecticism.

And so it is, perhaps. The greatest music, however, has been written during periods when consolidation of techniques was taking place, not when radical ideas were turning the art upside down.

Bach, Mozart, Brahms, Stravinsky, Chopin, Haydn, and even Beethoven and Wagner were essentially working all their lives to sum up periods of musical composition. The real advance men of musical history, the scouts who penetrated deep into the unknown future, were people like Claudio Monteverdi, Georg Telemann, J. C. Bach, Franz Liszt, Hector Berlioz, Arnold Schoenberg—a lesser crew in most respects. The scouts are forever reconnoitering, raising cries of alarm, pointing out brave new ways, and usually producing less of permanent value than the consolidators, who have the cards stacked in their favor.

The great consolidators of any age inherit wealth and build it up to peaks of glory not dreamed of by their ancestors. In his own way, John F. Kennedy is the Bach of his field of endeavor, for instance.

The bloodiest musical scrimmages in history have been fought between these two types of artists, neither comprehending what the other is trying to accomplish. Only rarely does a Stravinsky come to sympathize with the aims of a Schoenberg.

The time seems close at hand, however, when composers will be able to write music for its own worth, rather than as a protest against something or as an exercise in keeping up with the creative Joneses. Neither the ghost of Brahms nor the equally formidable one of Schoenberg will be felt leaning over the composer's shoulder.

It is Brahms who pervades the music of

Ernst Toch, for example, even though Toch sometimes writes atonally in the textures and esthetic of works such as the *Quintet for Piano and Strings, Op. 64*, a work written in the late 1930s and now recorded by Contemporary in its Composer Series (M-60011). Toch's quintet, no matter how heavily seasoned with dissonance, is a solid piece in the Middle German tradition.

Another revival from the late '30s is Goddard Lieberson's *String Quartet* (1938), heard in Columbia's Modern American Music Series (MS-6421/ML-5821), along with newer pieces by Kenneth Gaburo (*Line Studies*), and pleasant sonatas for bassoon and piano by Romeo Cascarino and Alvin Etler.

Since Lieberson is now president of Columbia records, release of any work by him on his own label might have caused much putting of tongues in cheek among professional listeners. But against all expectation, Lieberson's quartet turns out to be a highly accomplished work, for which no apology need be made. Like Toch's quintet, it is somewhat dated, sometimes seeming to be the Ravel quartet—with wrong notes. But it has the power of commanding attention and evoking atmosphere, always marks of genuine music. It is performed well, by the Galimir Quartet and recorded beautifully.

The other three works on the disc, though enormously varied in style, sound freer of the past. Even the rigidly serial *Line Studies* of Gaburo suggests Anton Webern far less than one would probably expect by seeing the music in score. Gaburo's studies are unashamedly academic, the sections being called *Projection, Extraction, Displacement, Density, and Expansion*. Each exploits a special device of composition technique.

Another release in Contemporary's Composers Series (M-6010) is devoted to William O. Smith, the former Dave Brubeck clarinetist who turned serious composer and university professor. Smith, like Gaburo, writes music that is relaxed in its acceptance of contemporary techniques, and the 12-note row that begins the *Four Pieces for Clarinet, Violin, and Piano* is by no means a battle flag to be waved constantly in all his music.

In the earlier works, too much of Smith's style is dictated by clarinet technique, and it is for this reason that the newest of all, *Five Songs for Cello and Soprano*, strikes one as most promising. As sung by Marni Nixon to texts by poet Kenneth Patchen, these five songs are light and deft, delightfully absurd, and worth investigation by anyone who has a cello and a soprano in the house.

The 10 musical examples on the jacket are hopelessly out of order; ignore them.

With the exception of the Toch and Lieberson works, written a quarter-century ago, the foregoing compositions by Americans are predominantly cool, classically objective, and not concerned with defying any past tradition. Perhaps the great period of consolidation that always follows musical rebellions is at hand in U.S. music.

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BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

Since the appearance of his last *Blindfold Test* (DB, Oct. 26 and Nov. 11, 1961), Andre Previn has been emphasizing the composing aspect of his several-faceted career.

Most of his writing for a number of years had been devoted to film scores. Recently, though, in one of a series of conducting dates, he introduced a new concert work, *Overture to a Comedy*, at a February concert with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra.

In addition, he has collaborated with the talented Dory Langdon, his lyricist wife, on a flock of popular songs, not all of them written for motion pictures. Recently they went to work on the score for a musical, due to reach Broadway next season. It is reasonable to assume that Previn will enjoy a success in this field comparable to his achievements in other areas.

Meanwhile, despite the demands on his time, his interest in jazz, as performer and listener, remains unchecked. The following chips fell recently in the living room of his Bel Air, Calif., home.

THE RECORDS

1. Shorty Rogers. *Walk on the Wild Side* (from *Jazz Waltz*, Reprise). Rogers, flugelhorn, arranger; Larry Bunker, vibraphone.

I have no idea who it was—the tune was *Walk on the Wild Side*, Elmer Bernstein. There aren't a great many solos to talk about. . . . I like the arrangement very much, and, above all, I think it's enormously well played. The band is in tune, it's clean, they're swinging, and they're having a good time. . . . It sounded a little bit like Shorty's arrangement, and the trumpet player sounded like Shorty. . . . The vibes player I couldn't hear too much of; it could have been Larry Bunker. I like the rhythm section very much, and it's a good, solid, professional arrangement.

Do I like jazz waltzes? I have nothing against any kind of metric arrangement deviation, whether it's 3/4, 5/7, or what have you. I dislike jazz waltzes when it's a tune that really doesn't belong to the 3/4, and they squeeze it in anyway, just to be a la mode. But this is a good record, and because I'm a nut for clean playing I would give this four stars.

2. Johnny Hodges. *You Blew Out the Flame* (from *Eleventh Hour*, Verve). Hodges, alto saxophone; Oliver Nelson, arranger, conductor.

I don't know what the tune is, but Johnny Hodges is one of the few unmistakable alto players. He still makes about as beautiful and powerful a sound on alto as anybody makes. He's a timeless player, and I don't think he can be categorized. Anything he does is fine with me.

He's also one of the few jazzmen who can play a straight melody line and still make it come out a personal statement, which I think is an enormous accomplishment.

But I'm a little disturbed by some of the string writing, which I think is a total misconception of what strings are for, which is interesting, because nowadays most of the jazz specialty writers have gotten the hang of what strings are for.

This is a throwback to the old days when whoever this was tried to make the strings play what he wishes he had had brasses and saxes there for. I think it's not only an ugly sound but a pointless sound. For all I know, this may be a very marvelous arranger in other fields, but I think on this particular effort he went far afield.

Because of that, and despite the fact that Johnny Hodges is such a joy, I can't give this more than 2½ stars.

3. Benny Golson. *Lover, Come Back to Me/Quicksilver* (from *Pop + Jazz = Swing*, Audio Fidelity). Eric Dolphy, alto saxophone; Golson, arranger, conductor.

This must have been an a&r man's gimmick dream. I would have been much happier settling for either *Lover, Come Back* or the line that goes against it. What happens this way is that the two really don't quite make it together. It's sloppily played and sloppily recorded, and I couldn't figure out what the final result is supposed to be. I think the final result is kind of nothing.

Again, in order to make this come off at all, it would have to be the work of someone who is essentially a good arranger. But I don't know who it would be. I think this is one of those ideas that everybody falls down about in the office, when you're thinking about it, might have even been fun to write down, but the audible results are less than attractive because it begins to be a terrible mess.

I can't imagine that I'm right about this, but it sounds like Eric Dolphy might have been in there, although from what I think I know about him it doesn't make much sense that he would be on this date. But if it wasn't Eric, it was someone who tried to sound like him. Whoever it was, he was out of place on this, because what he has to say can't be said within this context, or within these confines.

Unfortunately, it was an idea that didn't come off, and I must say that I disliked it very much. One star.

4. Sarah Vaughan: *Maria* (from *You're Mine, You, Roulette*). Miss Vaughan, vocal.

I'm pretty sure it was Sarah Vaughan, but, I must say, I'm surprised at Sarah. I certainly dig her as a singer, but there's a peculiar thing about this, and that is that a girl cannot sing a song about *Maria*. It's even impossible to do a lyric change in order to make it a girl's song, unless you sing "I just met a man called Maria," which would be a laugh, or else change the name of the song to *Irving*. . . .

This whole record would intimate to me that Sarah wasn't aware of what she was singing in the way of words, and then it becomes simply a matter of her sound, which, of course, is marvelous. But I can't

take a record like this seriously, because if a singer doesn't know what she's singing about, it negates the song.

I don't understand girls singing what has to be a man's song, because the sincerity goes out of the record. Therefore, I'd just as soon pass this and not give it a rating, unless it was a big question mark.

5. Oscar Peterson. *Daahoud* (from *Bursting Out*, Ed Thigpen, drums; Ernie Wilkins, arranger. Verve). Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; It sounded very much like Oscar. . . .

The only reason I'm the slightest bit doubtful is that I didn't know he'd made an album with a big band. I don't think he's given to doing that, and if such a thing is possible, it made him sound just a hair uncomfortable, which is saying something that I thought was impossible, because Oscar is such a very, very great pianist, one of the best there is.

Whoever it was, and I'm sure it was Oscar, he's a marvelous pianist, but I wasn't too terribly fond of the framework. I don't know the tune, and I wasn't particularly crazy about the arrangement.

Oscar's other albums, the ones that were recorded at the London House, and in Paris, and a few other places, have been the delight of the year, as far as I'm concerned, but if this was Oscar, then I'm unfortunately, and almost for the first time in my life, disappointed.

I would still say, for the playing and for the rhythm section, which was awfully good, I'd still give it 3½ stars.

6. Stan Getz-Gary McFarland. *Chega de Saudade* (from *Big Band Bossa Nova*, Verve). Getz, tenor saxophone; Doc Severinsen, trumpet; McFarland, arranger, conductor.

That was the all-time tenor man, in my opinion, Stan Getz. . . . He plays so beautifully. He has an absolutely faultless innate sense of phrasing and choice of notes, and I've never heard him do anything I wasn't totally crazy about.

That's a marvelous trumpet work at the very beginning of the record. Of course, it's unrecognizable because it's only a few bars, and sounds written, at that, but it's a wonderful tone.

What fascinates me about this, and forgive me because I'm not up on all the new guys, but that's the most interesting record you've played for me so far today, and whoever made the arrangement is an

enormously talented and gifted man. And not just within the confines of jazz, I don't think. Really, harmonically and rhythmically and as a conception, that's one of the nicest arrangements I've heard in a long time, and when this is all over, I wish you would tell me who it was so I can write the name down and remember it. Four stars.

7. Don Ellis. *Irony* (from *Essence*, Pacific Jazz). Ellis, trumpet, in improvised performance.

As you know, Leonard, from my previous visits with you, I am not usually taken with this kind of music. But I'll have to do at least a quarter of an about-face, because I thought this was kind of interesting. I'll have to qualify: if this was entirely improvised, from beginning to end, then it's kind of a fascinating track. If this was supposed to have been written, then it's unsuccessful. Because there's no development of anything. . . . It's a series of very interesting sound effects.

You see, Edgar Varese, in the '20s, actually did this an awful lot better. I don't think you can judge this as a jazz record, and I don't think it's meant to be judged as one. If it isn't, then in those terms, for instance, Lukas Foss and his improvisational ensemble do it with a great deal more knowledge of what constitutes developing an improvisation. Of course, they're not a jazz group, and I don't think this is meant to be either.

I got a little tired of it. I think it's a slight indulgence to let it go along this long. But, in contrast to some of the more pretentious things, it sounded naive and pleasant, and while it isn't by any remote means new music, it is new insofar as I imagine these are jazzmen getting together. While it hasn't much to say, I didn't mind it at all, and I'm sure they had a ball playing it. I kind of enjoyed the trumpet player.

There's no way of rating this, because the other records you played for me have been judged by me as jazz records, and I don't think this is. I hope they were laughing, because if it's good-natured, then they were successful, but if they were serious, then it's nothing.

8. John Coltrane. *Dahomey Dance* (from *Ole*, Atlantic). Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Art Davis, bass.

I tell you what, Leonard, from now on I'll take any saxophone player's word for it that he can play 6,000,000 notes per bar, have the fashionable unbearably ugly sound, play what they call superimposed changes, which in plain English means wrong, and make tracks that are never any shorter than 10 minutes.

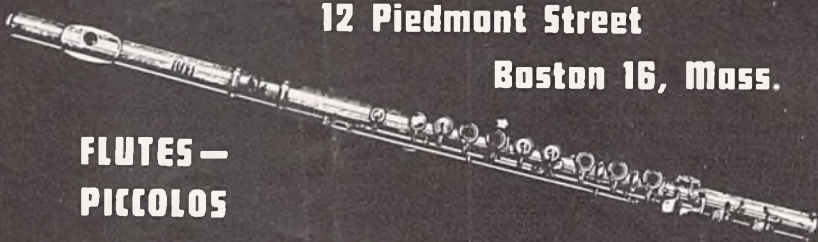
There's no tune that I can detect, but, I'm sure, in keeping with the fashions today it's probably called *The Key to the Absolute* or *Let's See How Long We Can Play on G*. . . .

This is all purely personal, you understand, but the saxophonist, to me, is just this side of unbearable. The trumpet player played some very nice things, and I think the bass player was first rate. But the thing goes on so long that in the rhythm section, they sounded as if they were starting to look at their watch between beats.

I can't make head or tails of this. I think it's annoying and horrible. No stars.



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Caught In The Act

GUNTHER SCHULLER

Carnegie Recital Hall, New York City

Personnel: Larry Austin, trumpet; Wayne Andre, trombone; Paul Ingraham, French horn; Eric Dolphy, alto saxophone, flute, bass clarinet; Robert DiDomenica, flute; Charles Russo, tenor saxophone, flute; Gloria Agostini, harp; Robert Miller, piano; Warren Chiasson, Ray Desroches, vibraphone; Jim Hall, guitar; Richard Davis, Barre Phillips, basses; Sticks Evans, Charlie Persip, percussion; four violins; two violas; two cellos; Schuller, conductor.

Jazz influences in the music of classical composers are frequently more illusory than real. The vast majority of nonjazz composers who have attempted in some way either to simulate jazz or simply to bring some of its vitality and spontaneity into their music have failed to deal properly with two vital elements, both of which are, in one form or another, at the heart of jazz—rhythm and improvisation.

This concert, the fifth in a series conducted by Schuller to survey innovations in 20th century music, was curiously billed as including works "related to or influenced by jazz."

Unfortunately, the compositions on the program—which included music by Schuller, Larry Austin, Charles Ives, Igor Stravinsky, and Milton Babbitt—revealed little special understanding of the problems that jazz composers must deal with as a regular part of their work.

Since Babbitt, Schuller, and Austin write in an idiom that is—justifiably or not—rarely associated with jazz, the very unusualness of the sound of the music is deceptive. It might be easy to assume that, with all this dissonance, with all these arhythmic fragments whipping about, something important must be taking place. Alas, the only important thing that took place at this concert was the superb playing of Eric Dolphy.

It was his contributions alone, on alto saxophone, bass clarinet, and flute, that brought Schuller's pieces (*Densities I*, *Night Music*, and *Abstraction*) to momentary life. Dolphy's alto cadenza on *Abstraction* must surely be considered one of the finest spontaneous expressions in recent memory. Schuller is wise to use soloists with Dolphy's powers (the recording of *Abstraction* features Ornette Coleman) in his jazz works, since they bring vitality and spirit to music that frequently seems to have been devised as a technical exercise.

Austin's piece, *A Broken Consort*, fell short of his excellent composition for trumpet and orchestra performed last year at the International Jazz Festival in Washington, D. C.

Its biggest deficit lay in the fact that Austin was unable to find a rhythmic language as consistently engaging as the tonal structures that he made available for the improvised sections of his piece. Nor was he helped by a performance that was antiseptically lacking in any individuality.

"Legitimate" musicians who attempt to

play jazz (or for that matter, play almost any sort of improvisation) usually fail because everything in their training has led them to an aural conformity that is precisely the opposite of what is required for the playing of jazz, where the individual conception is essential. Conditions being what they are, few jazzmen regularly have the opportunity to play this kind of music, so their ability to perform it at an optimum level without the benefit of extended rehearsal time is rather limited. The result, unfortunately, is that conductors like Schuller must frequently choose musicians who are readers first and players second. The music—with its already overemphasized pedanticisms—inevitably suffers.

Babbitt's *All Set*, like much of this composer's music, comes off better as an idea than an actuality. Although it is difficult



SCHULLER

Was it worth the bother?

to say without examining the score, the piece apparently applies the techniques of serial composition to a quasi-jazz work. (This is a method in which various musical elements, such as pitches, dynamics, rhythms, etc., occur in a regular and specific order of appearance, and the music is, for all intents and purposes, totally controlled.) This careful preparation of the musical elements is not especially obvious, nor should it be, to the listener, and the important thing is whether or not the music communicates its message to the audience. *All Set* would appear to have little message to communicate other than in a purely technical sense; Babbitt has made a well-executed composition, but it just isn't very interesting.

Stravinsky's *Ragtime for 11 Instruments* and Ives' *Second Set for Theater Orchestra* (the second and third movements only: *In the Inn* and *In the Night*) fall in the realm of music that was influenced by the burgeoning popular music culture of the United States in the early part of the 20th century.

The second movement of the Ives is an especially interesting melange of band music, popular songs, and ragtime.

The Stravinsky piece dates from *L'histoire du soldat* (1918) period, when he was fascinated by the theater of expressionism and the kind of honky-tonk music one hears in the operas of Kurt Weill and Bertold Brecht. Unfortunately, this performance lacked the jaunty elan that is essential to a proper appreciation of the music.

Considering the paucity of appropriate

material for this sort of concert, the program probably could not have been done much better.

Other works that include perhaps more interesting examples of jazz-influenced classical music, like Darius Milhaud's *La creation du monde*, for example, are for full orchestra—obviously not available for such a limited audience series. Under the circumstances, Schuller has done a good job, but the question that remains is whether any of the music was important enough to warrant bothering with in the first place.

—Don Heckman

SLEEPY JOHN ESTES-SUNNYLAND SLIM-BIG JOE WILLIAMS

Fickle Pickle, Chicago

Personnel: Estes, guitar, vocals; Hammie Nixon, harmonica, vocals; Yank Rachel, mandolin, guitar, vocals; Sunnyland Slim, piano, vocals; Williams, guitar, vocals; John Lee Henley, Johnnie B., harmonicas.

Blues presentations of the high order of this one, the first in a series of eight weekly concerts organized by Bob Koester, have been extremely rare in Chicago for some time now. In fact, it has been difficult to hear good, undiluted blues—from any generation of singers—in this blues-rich city in recent years.

The program itself was an extraordinarily attractive and variegated one.

The emphasis, naturally enough, was on blues in the archaic traditions, since those participating—with the exceptions of harmonica players Henley and Johnnie B.—included some of the most powerfully expressive, individual country artists to have recorded in the golden days of blues recording, the late 1920s and early '30s. For the most part their styles have remained pristine, untarnished by contact with the more modern blues approaches that have proliferated in recent years.

Big Joe Williams, with his harshly guttural singing and his crude, stinging nine-string guitar work, initiated the evening's activities with a program of live acidulous blues redolent of the Mississippi delta.

He was assisted by the Henley-Johnnie B. team, two fine harmonica players greatly influenced by the late Sonny Boy Williamson. On such numbers as *Mink Coat Blues*; *Baby, Please Don't Go*; and *Sloppy Drunk Blues*, Williams displayed the rawly dolorous vocal and instrumental style that is his alone and that might stand as a living definition of the country blues at their most gripping and impassioned. Their most primitive too—for Williams, more than most other blues men, works in archaic patterns of almost primal simplicity and directness. He all but overwhelms the listener with the blistering power he brings to this style.

After a pleasantly unhurried rendition of his *The Devil Is a Busy Man*, pianist Sunnyland Slim was joined by mandolinist Rachel for several pieces.

The instrumental combination produced arresting results, Rachel's slithering mandolin figures embellishing the piano and vocal lines with filigree-like decorations. The two men shared the remaining vocals, Rachel taking the bulk of them.

The high point of the evening, however,



ESTES

A sense of plaintive anguish

was provided by the singing of Estes, who was assisted by his sidekick of three decades, harmonica player Nixon, and by Rachel, who, too, has worked with the singer for many years.

Estes' singing—on such pieces as *Special Agent*, *I Been Well Warned*, and *Rats in My Kitchen*, among others—was profoundly moving, charged with pathos, drama, and a sense of plaintive anguish to which the audience responded with rapt attention.

Estes' vocals touch one immediately and deeply, for their emotional power is such that the listener feels he is hearing—and he is—in Estes' songs, segments of the blind singer's life and that Estes is singing for him alone. Estes' compositions are powerfully intense and autobiographical to an unusually high degree. They are strength and beauty.

The three men performed together extraordinarily well, acting in concert with the understanding of, and sympathetic response to, one another's styles that comes only of long association. Nixon's broad, pungent harmonica playing seconded Estes' vocal lines perfectly, while Rachel's mandolin figures embroidered the ensemble with an airy exuberance.

The air was charged with the dateless essence that is the blues. —*Welding*

DUKE ELLINGTON-DETROIT SYMPHONY

Ford Auditorium, Detroit, Mich.

Personnel: Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Thomas Schippers, Valter Poole, conductors. Ellington Orchestra—Ray Nance, Thad Jones, Roy Burrows, Cootie Williams, Willie Cooke, trumpets; Lawrence Brown, Chuck Connors, Buster Cooper, trombones; Johnny Hodges, Paul Gonsalves, Russell Procope, Jimmy Hamilton, Harry Carney, reeds; Ellington, piano; Ernie Shepard, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums.

This concert, held late in March to swell the coffers of the Detroit orchestra's pension fund, was performed before a capacity house. In all important aspects, it was a resounding success.

The first half of the concert was given over to the excellent Detroit orchestra, conducted by Thomas Schippers. The young (33) conductor, in his final appearance as guest director, displayed great control of the orchestra as he brought portions of Strauss' *Tone Poem*, "*Don Juan*" up from pianississimo to fortississimo in one powerful, resounding swoop.

Following the Strauss composition, Schippers put on a tour de force that will probably have Detroit concert-goers in awe for some time to come: he not only conducted Poulenc's *Concerto in G* for

Organ, String Orchestra, with Tympani, but he was the organ soloist as well. This dual capacity took a bit of doing on Schippers' part—including conducting with his head as he played and twisting his body half way around while seated at the organ in order to face the orchestra during certain passages. There were several pauses in the first part of the performance as Schippers changed from role of soloist to that of conductor, but as the performance neared its end, all appeared well co-ordinated, and the pauses were less noticeable.

After intermission the Ellington band played several of Duke's short works. The most notable were two new ones, *Afrobossa* and *Silk Lace Fingers*, both with a Latin tinge to them.

The first had nothing at all to do with bossa nova, thank goodness, but was one of those Ellington pieces of many hues, building from a thick, rich-brown woodwind beginning to a roaring, amber-brass finish—Ellington all the way.

Hamilton was featured on clarinet in *Fingers*. Assured and impeccable as ever, he was at his best, and his warmest, in the last section of the piece, as Woodyard's drums quieted and Shepard's bass played a counterline to the clarinet.

The plunger-mute talents of Williams—and how wonderful he sounds back in the fold—were displayed in *New Concerto for Cootie* (really based on the original *Concerto's* chords but with a different, quite attractive, melody) and a blues that was sometimes in a minor key and sometimes in a major. On both, Williams played with flowing ease, his warm tone conjuring up a feeling of implacable loneliness.

In the piano solo that eventually led to *Rockin' in Rhythm*, Ellington showed once again that he is now at the height of his pianistic powers. He thrashed his way through the solo, set sparks a-flying, and disregarded as much as possible the unsteady playing of Woodyard, who had trouble keeping the time straight all through the concert.

But the main reason the audience came was to hear the performance of *Night Creature*, Ellington's composition utilizing symphony orchestra with his own group. Valter Poole bouncingly conducted the work.

The second section, a blues, is the most appealing. The symphony woodwinds and basses lead to full orchestra and full Ellington band in crescendo, falling away to Nance's sensuous fiddling, backed by Ellington's rhythm section. Hodges follows in a passage with string background; the symphony orchestra then takes over, emitting Ellington sounds, and the section ends, as it started, with Duke's piano Fats Waller.

The performance as a whole, though, was spotty. It sounded best, or the orchestra's strings swung most, when the whole Ellington band played passages in conjunction with the larger group. The symphony's brass, it should be pointed out, did an excellent job of capturing Ellington sounds and was the only orchestra section that sounded at rhythmic ease without the Ellington band's support. Yet one should not be too harsh in his



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criticism of the performance, since not more than an hour was spent in rehearsal.

The performance received a standing ovation. Ellington and Poole made several curtain calls before Duke returned to the piano, Poole came back to the podium, and the Ellington band began the seemingly inescapable—even on this occasion—medley of Ellington songs, this time with the symphony orchestra's strings occasionally serving as salon background.

One amusing incident happened in medley time, however: during Carney's long held-note ending to *Sophisticated Lady*—a feat made possible by simultaneously inhaling through the nose while exhaling through the mouth—more than one balding head in the symphony orchestra, particularly in the cello section, popped up to see how Carney was doing what he was doing. Which seemed a symbolic and fitting end to a pleasant and musically rewarding evening.

—DeMichael

BARRY HARRIS

Playhouse, New York City

Personnel: Charles McPherson, alto saxophone; Lonnie Hillyer, trumpet; Harris, piano; Larry Ridley, bass; Horace Arnold, drums.

It was called Minton's Playhouse back in the late '30s and early '40s. Now its name is just the Playhouse, but people (even the ones who weren't around in those days) still call it Minton's. That's because of its history—its fame as the "birthplace of bop."

Whether or not it was *the* birthplace, it was *one* of the important development centers for the new music. Therefore, it was fitting when the Harris quintet worked a two-week engagement at the 118th St. club recently.

It is true that many groups and individual musicians influenced by the parent style (and how many modern jazzmen are not touched by it in one way or another?) have played at Minton's since the early days, but the Harris men are playing it in its purest form.

They have nothing to do with the "hard bop" of the late '50s or the soul-funk of the early '60s. Their music does not have the choppiness of some of the early bop but stems directly from Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie and, even more specifically, from the 1947-49 period in which the style was consolidated and refined.

Either they play compositions such as Gillespie and Kenny Clarke's *Salt Peanuts*, the former's *Night in Tunisia*, Parker's *Back Home Blues*, Thelonious Monk's *'Round Midnight*, and Dexter Gordon's *Dexter Rides Again* or originals by Harris that come from the same roots.

Harris, McPherson, and Hillyer, to be sure, come from Bud Powell, Parker, and Gillespie, but they are not merely derivative. At all times they quote directly from their original models, but most of the time they are expressing themselves within the framework of the general style. Above all, there is a passion poured into the music that is not felt often these days.

This group has the power to excite without bogus tricks. There is just the sheer love of playing and the communica-

tion of this feeling to each other and the audience. They have the ability to make you feel "good," perhaps not jazz' only purpose but a quality without which it would be a pallid music. Harris' group put a smile on my face before I was aware I was smiling.

Leader Harris is an extremely fluent, absorbing soloist, who utilizes more of the keyboard than is supposedly the domain of a pianist of his inclinations. He



HARRIS
Bebop in its purest form

digs in as a compoer too. However, the long, lyrical right-hand line is still his most rewarding characteristic.

As a composer he was represented by pieces like *The Last One*, a swinging take-off on *When I Grow Too Old to Dream*; *Burgundy*, a sparkling lush melody based in part on *Out of Nowhere*; *Like This!*, the catchy, rhythmically insinuating bounce that serves as the group's theme; and *Monkin' Around*, a blues named for, and suggesting, Thelonious.

Two other Harris originals were untitled. One had a sinuous, descending line that McPherson made good use of in his solo. He utilized the theme's rhythmic motif and built dramatically from there. His is one of the most gorgeous alto (or any other) sounds in jazz, his time and phrasing representative of how a man can move into new avenues of personal expression without changing his musical planet completely.

Hillyer, as I once wrote in a review of a Charlie Mingus track on which he played, is one of the few young trumpeters to be strongly influenced by Gillespie. He has managed to grasp the innards of Gillespie's style rather than just grabbing at the superficialities. Hillyer was especially outstanding on *'Round Midnight*, in which his beautifully controlled, probing horn was the main feature.

The rhythm duo of Ridley and Arnold, new to the group and to each other, improved rapidly in a week's time.

Ridley, who has played with Philly Joe Jones and Red Garland, is a steady, hard-working player who knows the bassist's primary function. Arnold, a newcomer from Louisville, Ky., has the young drummer's tendency to play too loud, but he can swing, and his solo work and accompaniment show intelligence.

On the first of the two nights I heard the group, an appropriate figure made an appearance. I had just finished filling in the background of the Playhouse to someone who was visiting the club for the first time when I walked Monk, visiting via car between his own sets at Birdland. Here was the spirit of "Minton's past" giving his tacit approval to "Minton's present"—a present in which he is well represented.

—Ira Gitler

GUMINA from page 17

hold a chord indefinitely. This gives a definite edge over, say, a piano, which cannot sustain indefinitely. Then there's the point of not having to depend on a piano that may be, and probably is, out of tune.

"Of course, if there's a decent piano available, Buddy and I can make use of it for jazz things if we want. In that case, I play clavietta while Buddy plays piano; or, I can move to piano behind Buddy's clarinet.

"The wild thing is," he said enthusiastically. "—speaking of sustaining chords—we can sometimes get eight-part harmony. With the accordion opened up full and Buddy's embouchure—nobody can blow so strong on clarinet—this is really something to hear."

Of the clarinet-accordion combination an added plus, Gumina said, is a softening of the frequently harsh sound of upper-register clarinet.

"Actually," he elaborated, "the teaming of the two amounts to Buddy playing lead clarinet with woodwinds on down. The accordion is, after all, a reed instrument. Oh, and don't forget: you can bend notes on the accordion too."

GUMINA is probably the accordion's most active missionary in jazz. But with all his effort and good works—such as his presence as clinician at the Stan Kenton Band Clinics last summer—he cannot guarantee a continuing supply of new students oriented toward jazz. The vast majority of young accordionists are products of accordion schools throughout the nation, and these schools and teachers are anything but jazz-oriented.

"The accordion school system in this country has abused the instrument," he charged. "The trouble was, they were primarily interested in selling the instrument rather than with developing sound teaching methods. You see, accordionists are not schooled like other instrumentalists. I was fortunate in that my father was determined to get the *best* teacher for me. But in the schools, kids are taught to play a lot of tunes quickly so that their parents are impressed. A lot of children are playing fairly well, but they can't analyze what they are doing. Still, I believe that today schools are striving to turn out a better accordionist.

"Now, I felt honored to be accepted as a clinician last summer because this was a *first* for the accordion. It has never been accepted in these band camps. Buddy was very much responsible for my being there. . . . Buddy is very active in this area.

"At the camp I tried to enlighten the students on the inner mechanisms of the instrument. I wanted to let them know what the keyboard switches are really for. Also, I wanted to show the range of the instrument and bellows technique. In jazz playing the attack is strictly by bellows; you can't attack by hand; it's strictly a wind instrument. So, therefore, I stress [to students] the jazz aspects of the instrument. Any accordionist with the talent and the time can play classical. But playing jazz is something else again."

RIVERSIDE RECORDS

SITTIN' IN

By ART HODES

Have you tuned in on radio lately? Have you chased the dial up and down looking for some sound you could settle for . . . and finally surrendering for nothing? . . . Chitchat, commercials, announcements. Some of the interviews are informative, and a couple of stations will program good long-hair records. But most of the time you're on the receiving end of a disc jockey who really brings to mind the hard-sell salesman. They've got it timed and rehearsed so that the split second they let up, the "music" comes at you.

I know it's music because it's full of notes and horns. . . .

So I'd like to run an ad. "Wanted: young men (or girls) dedicated to good jazz, who are not too old or too tired to joust with windmills, to go out and tackle the monster." . . . I keep remembering a day somewhere in the ago when it wasn't this bad, when you could turn the dial, day or night, and hear something you could settle for. . . . Now station after station comes on with sameness, as if they're in cahoots.

Some years back . . . WNYC, New York City's own station . . . Mayor La Guardia. The mayor was a long-hair fan. But the station did carry one jazz show under the guidance of Ralph Berton. As I recall, it was a pretty good show. Ralph had a wide range in taste, and he had a lot of listeners. One day Gene Williams and Ralph Gleason approached me with the idea that I take over the show, "to keep it from going off the air, because Ralph is leaving. So will you audition?" At that time, Williams and Gleason were getting out *Jazz Information*. I don't know where they got the idea I could do a radio show, but I auditioned and got it—*The Metropolitan Review*. Six days a week, 1:30 to 2 p.m. No money involved. Noncommercial, and the station had no records. Ralph and Gene offered to furnish me with all I would need, plus a script, do all the necessary research. No expense money, no nothing from the station except the turntable and announcer.

I remember Pee Wee Russell telling me, "I catch your show all the time [I'm guessing at his exact words] . . . keeps me from having to play my records." In a half-hour there's time for seven or eight discs and a bit of talk. I featured a lot of things the other stations didn't play . . . King Oliver, the Dodds brothers, Jimmie Noone, Earl Hines, Jelly Roll Morton, etc. Such pianists as Jimmy Yancey, Pine Top Smith, Fats Waller, James P. Johnson got a good play. I was playing the

records I wanted to hear. I enjoyed doing the show.

The day came when Gene and Ralph stepped out of the picture; I'd been improvising on their script, and, I'm sure, left them no other choice. I was on my own. At this time I probably owned no more than 50-odd records. Before I signed off that station after less than a year, I had become a collector with at least 1,000 records. While I was on the air, I got a lot of help from a lot of people.

In those days, the guests didn't break down the door to get on the show.

They got there, but someone did the leg work to get them. One such some-

one was Herb Abramson (later he worked for Atlantic records). Herb volunteered to bring Cow Cow Davenport up. Cow Cow was a boogie-woogie pianist whose style could be identified, a jazz pioneer. He dripped with folklore, and he could talk:

"Boogie woogie was trouble song. It means all the trouble you had in your lifetime. They say boogie because that means bad. Grandmamma wouldn't allow me to play bad music in the house, anything like that man and woman stuff. She called it boogie, and my sister would do a woogie dance."

That's the trouble with writing this stuff; you peel the years back, and

Walt Thomas
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Si Zentner Orchestra

plays
Slingerland
The Foremost in Drums

6633 N. Milwaukee Ave., Niles 48, Illinois

The advertisement features a black and white photograph of two men. On the left, a man in a dark suit and tie holds a trombone. On the right, a man in a light-colored suit and glasses sits behind a Slingerland drum set. The bass drum has a caricature of a man and the letters 'SZ' on it. The text is arranged around the photo, with the name 'Walt Thomas' in large letters at the top right, followed by 'with Si Zentner Orchestra'. At the bottom, it says 'plays Slingerland The Foremost in Drums' and provides the address '6633 N. Milwaukee Ave., Niles 48, Illinois'.

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
you're lonesome. Those were good days, before echo chambers made giants out of mole hills. You stop and remember how James P. played. *Handful of Keys . . . Jingles . . . Snowy Morning Blues*. He did some things with his left hand. . . . I'm still trying to figure out how one mind can direct two hands in two different directions doing two different things. Jimmy showed up on that station. Joe Sullivan. Red Allen (and brought the band). Eddie Condon and crew. We had lots of support; Saturday afternoon that place would be jumping.

New York City's musicians union was a gas. It didn't view publicity as the boss getting something free. Because the station was noncommercial and sought to be educational, the union gave the members full permission to appear on the show, and it never limited me. We all gained by the exposure.

Once a year, from Lincoln's birthday through Washington's birthday, WNYC held its music festival in a large hall, public invited—free. Musicians, composers, conductors, the big names and the sidemen, contributed. Aaron Copland, Ezio Pinza, Glenn Miller, Jimmy Dorsey, Frank Sinatra, Leadbelly, Josh White, Teddy Wilson, Wild Bill Davison, W. C. Handy. The names flowed at you. It was not only their records that were being played; many of these artists (if not all) appeared in person.

I can talk about the jazz show 'cause I was there.

I'd be close to the truth if I said that the only times Mayor LaGuardia heard my show is when he had to follow me on the air, which was rare. I know that the first time he really listened, he roared, "Get that guy off the air—he's commercial." Huh? I'd better explain. I'd announce the name of the record and also give the label name so that my listeners could get a copy if they desired — if they were lucky enough to find a copy or knew how to collect. I wasn't getting paid and had no secretary, but I got a lot of mail. If I didn't announce the names of the records, I'd get a lot more. Like "that second record you played last Tuesday . . . what was the label and number?" I could see myself writing way into the wee hours. I mentioned everything on that label. I got a call from upstairs and a warning: stop mentioning labels. That's how I lost the gig; the next time the mayor followed me on. I was off.

Yet the show was an experience I wouldn't have missed . . . a good investment. I recommend it. If you're not sure about the need for jazz programs on radio, tune in. It's barren. If it were food, I wouldn't eat it; if it were a book, I wouldn't read it. Why do we settle for such trash where our ears are concerned? 

THAD from page 16

After a year of freelancing, Thad joined the Basie band in 1954. "Obviously," he said, "it's been a very rewarding relationship. And, actually, everything before had led me to playing in big bands; all my early listening and training. Like what I said before about having Gillespie records but mostly with his big bands. Incidentally, I should say that Diz was more of an influence on me than anyone else, especially for his completeness and originality. Listening to Diz is always like reading a new book. He's the complete trumpet player.

"Or take my other influence, Duke Ellington. He influences my writing more than anyone else. I can't write like him, but, God knows, I'd like to.


"But a big band is a funny thing, and 10 years of it can be very frustrating. You finally get to a point where you have to decide what you want to do. You know, most musicians require freedom to develop. A big band doesn't offer you that. Like that little *Pop Goes the Weasel* solo I played on *April in Paris*. It was successful on the record so, naturally enough, Basie wanted me to play it every time we played the number. Can you imagine how many times I played it? God, how I got to hate it. But it was necessary. I remember one time in Philadelphia at Peps,

and the band played the number, and I played a different solo. Almost immediately someone in the audience asked Basie to play *April in Paris*. They didn't recognize it without that little solo.

"That's one of the reasons I left the band. Not that number, of course, but I'd like to do a little playing. It might be good for what ails me. I need now to regain my flexibility.

"But mostly, though, I'll regret losing that close association with Basie. I wanted to stay home with my wife [Elaine] and two children [Bruce Thaddeus and Thedia Elaine], and I knew I needed the chance to develop more and to study much more."

That brings us back to the beginning, and, hopefully, an early opportunity to judge Jones' extraordinary ability. During the time since leaving Basie, he has worked toward forming a group with brother Hank, but he has mostly worked around the city in groups led by others, including subbing for Art Farmer in Farmer's group, and rehearsing and playing with George Russell's sextet.

The marvelous addenda to this is that no one seems better equipped physically or emotionally to accept the burdens and demands of talent. There are many ifs in any career, but my faith in Thad Jones is strong and my anticipation is boundless. He is about to please everybody to death. 

TAKE FIVE

By JOHN TYNAN

On Dick Bock's side of the lot—Pacific Jazz records—the new faces in *West Coast Jazz 1963* are proliferating.

No one can say Bock doesn't give new talent a break. At times, in fact, it appears his record company is structured of unknowns and little-knowns.

Bock believes in developing new talent. During the last year, for example, he has worked with several newcomers until at present it seems safe to say that the names of the Jazz Crusaders and Carmell Jones probably are familiar ones to the average jazz listener.

Recently Bock unearthed yet another crop of new talent, now beginning to appear on Pacific Jazz albums in a variety of settings—sometimes as fea-



Left to right: Carmell Jones, Earl Anderza, Curtis Amy, and Dupree Bolton

tured soloists with small groups and sometimes as members of Gerald Wilson's big band.

Not long ago, Wilson, a particularly sagacious veteran of the jazz wars, ran through a few of the newer names he said impressed him considerably. He spoke of trombonist Lester Robertson as "a studying musician, a creative musician I'm definitely for all the way." Of Freddy Hill he remarked, "Freddy's going to be a *fine* trumpeter, both as improviser and otherwise. He's an all-round musician. He reads well. He knows his chords." Guitarist Joe Pass has recorded to brilliant effect with Wilson's band. Gerald just smiles about Joe. "A real pro," he said.

In one sense, trumpeter Dupree Bolton is a newcomer but only in the narrow sense of publicity in the jazz world. Some three years ago I met Dupree for the first time at a Harold Land record date that Dave Axelrod was producing for Hifjazz.

"This is a *bad cat*," said Axelrod before the date.

"Where did he come from?" I wanted to know.

"Oh, Harold found him in some funky little joint in Watts.

"He dropped in there one night be-

cause some cats were blowing. And there was Dupree. Wheee! Scaring everybody. And mean. Harold said he played with him a bit, then he decided he wanted him."

Bolton was bad, all right. And mean. He would say nothing about himself other than, "When I was 14, I ran away from home." To this day he is a little reluctant to discuss his biography because it involves jails and things. It also takes in an awful lot of jazz playing and not a few years of experience.

I asked Wilson about Bolton. "Hell," said Wilson, a gentle man not generally given to profanity, "Dupree Bolton was in a band—Buddy Johnson's—that followed my band into the Riviera in St. Louis in 1946! And he was considered a fine trumpeter *then*."


Time has mellowed Bolton. He has had a lot of cleaning up to do in the conduct of his personal affairs, and now, he said recently, he is "definitely"

ready to take care of his business, which is partly the business of becoming recognized as one of the most important trumpeters in jazz.

Earl Anderza is an alto saxophonist who so impressed Bock that he recorded him cold, i.e., without benefit of warm-up dates with more established artists. Anderza has had his share of troubles too. Not long ago he told me of his seven years in California state prisons, including San Quentin. But like Bolton, he feels he is beginning a new life. His first album, *Outta Sight*, should get him off to a good start.


As with Anderza, tenorist Hadley Caliman is another member of what surely must be a lost generation of jazzmen, many of them brilliant and most of them fouled up emotionally in the past.

Caliman, who recently recorded his first date for Bock in the company of Carmell Jones, pianist Frank Strazzeri, bassist Red Mitchell, and drummer Frank Butler, has paid his bitter dues and is not in the least reluctant to discuss the mess he made of his life throughout the 1950s.

Next time, this column will get into Caliman's story—his past, his present, and his probable future. 

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LOFT JAZZ *from page 13*

used because of the extremely limited finances at the sponsors' disposal (the sponsors are in a great many instances the musicians themselves). Only one small ad is placed in the *Village Voice*, and a few hand-lettered signs are posted in strategic places downtown. But there are almost always enthusiastic and empathetic—if not crushingly huge—audiences. And they are usually treated to exciting jazz, a kind of jazz that is getting increasingly more difficult to find in any regular jazz club in New York.

Of the loft concerts, two of the most recent, and undoubtedly the best, have featured the same group: a pickup trio composed of trumpeter Don Cherry, bassist Wilbur Ware, and drummer Billy Higgins. Hearing this group, one could only wish that they somehow could have remained together. The music they made was beautiful. Each man is a singular stylist, and each is deeply intent on a great measure of personal expression, but they played together as if they had to. It was extraordinary jazz.

At the first concert featuring this group, which was held in a large loft on Great Jones St., with people sitting on wooden folding chairs or squatting on the floor, the music was so lovely there was almost no inattentive sound

from the surprisingly large audience. But each solo was wildly applauded, and I'm sure the musicians could feel how direct an impact their music was making. Later in the evening a guitarist came up and played an Indian raga, and Cherry and Higgins improvised against its fixed scale, producing a music of startling freshness.

A tall young alto saxophonist, John Tchikai, sat in with the original group for the last few numbers and brought the audience to its feet. Tchikai, a Negro, is a Danish citizen. He plays the alto as if he wanted to sound like Coleman Hawkins playing like Ornette Coleman. But he sounds mostly like nothing heard before.

The other loft concert listed the Cherry-Ware-Higgins trio on the placards, but most times Henry Grimes played bass in place of Ware. The group was still marvelous, and while Ware's bass playing is something that can make me go home and try to write poems, Grimes was more than adequate. Another group on the bill was the Shepp-Dixon sextet, this time featuring altoist Tchikai and Charles Moffett, Ornette Coleman's last drummer. They had the whole audience stomping feet and popping fingers, and a long solo by Shepp was a particular skull-cracker.

Another feature of this concert, one of the most improbable treats in some

time, was the "return of Earl Coleman," as it was advertised on the few posters that a couple of girls had pinned up in bars and coffee shops. There is a striking 78-rpm record of Coleman singing *Dark Shadows* with Charlie Parker. But no one's heard him sing in person in years. He was very much in person at this concert, held at a loft on Clinton St. Ware backed him with a wild accompaniment, and Coleman's voice seemed as good as it was in the old days.

The Clinton St. people served free coffee and even some sandwiches. The admission was \$1.50, and many serious young jazz listeners now seem more willing to pay this money and sit on the floor in a loft to hear good music than go to a formal club and risk hearing nothing for plenty.

Martin Williams was right. The jazz audience, at least in New York, is changing—in fact, has changed a great deal already. The formal jazz clubs had better take this change into consideration when hiring their talent. There are a lot of the younger jazzmen around the city now. They could be used, say, as the second group opposite some name. It's bad enough to let so much talent go to waste, but it's worse to let it starve. Meanwhile, the coffee houses and lofts are beginning to take up some of the slack.



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sician (he played mostly with entertainment units), Turkowski worked sometimes with jazz groups around Boston, and most notably with one led by **Sir Charles Thompson**. His family announced that an autopsy showed his death was caused by a heart attack . . . Similarly caused was the death of **June Clark**, born March 24, 1900. Trumpeter Clark was inspired by the early duos of **Louis Armstrong** and **King Oliver** and brought about his own version of that with the late trombonist **Jimmy Harrison** in the '20s. During his most productive New York days, he recorded with **Willie (The Lion) Smith** and **Duke Ellington**. Since the '30s he was rarely able to play, never professionally, but he continued to have a host of friends and admirers in the jazz world. He died Feb. 23.

Willie Ruff has commissioned **Duke Ellington** to write a composition that will give prominence to Ruff's French horn . . . **Mel Torme** will do a one-man show at Town Hall on May 15 . . . **Jimmy Rowles** and **Stan Levey** were among the jazz musicians accompanying **Peggy Lee** at Basin St. East . . . **Teo Macero** has written a jazz ballet, *Overtones of Jazz*, choreographed by **Anna Sokolow**. The work will be performed at the Juilliard Spring Jazz Festival, to be held May 10-11 . . . As part of his wide plans for management in the jazz field (those plans to be announced soon), **George Avakian** has been named manager of **Orchestra U.S.A.** . . . They're dancing again at **Eddie Condon's**, this time to the music of **Edmond Hall**. The quartet also includes pianist **Johnny Varro**, bassist **Bucky Calabrese**, and drummer **Joe Marshal** . . . Bassist **Arvell Shaw** rejoined **Louis Armstrong** for the latter's tour of the Far East . . . The Sunday sessions at the Club Cinderella have, along with sitting in, a house band consisting of **Ephraim Resnick**, trombone; **Warren Chiasson**, vibraharp; **Bross Townsend**, piano; **Bob Cunningham**, bass; **Omar Clay**, drums.

On April 22 there was a jazz concert at the Village Gate to benefit the Village Aid and Service Center. Artists set to appear included **Al Cohn**, **Zoot Sims**, **Ted Curson**, **Teddy Charles**, **Art Farmer**, **Don Friedman**, **Sheila Jordan**, **Steve Lacy**, **Sonny Rollins**, **Billy Taylor**, and **Randy Weston** . . . **Roy Haynes** played at the Half Note recently with tenor saxophonist **Booker Ervin**, now recovered from internal ailments . . . **Red Allen's** group at the Metropole included pianist **Lannie Scott**, bassist **Franklin Skeets**, and drummer **Ronnie Cole** . . . Pianist **Herbie Nichols** has returned from club dates in Greenland . . . The Purple Manor (65 E. 125th

St.), where guitarist **Tiny Grimes** holds sway, now presents Tuesday night jazz parties and Sunday afternoon jazz sessions . . . Organist **Shirley Scott** played the fashionable Sheraton Plaza Hotel in Boston last month . . . **Ronnie Scott's** London jazz club is working out a mail-order scheme to sell to its patrons jazz records not yet available in England.

At the end of March, **Maynard Ferguson** played a concert at the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia. The concert was preceded by an afternoon workshop for high school and college musicians. The event was sponsored by the university (most particularly by **Joseph A. Colantonio**, director of its marching and concert bands) and was directly tied to the New Hope Academy of Performing Arts, where Ferguson will this year direct a jazz school and Colantonio will perform as the educational adviser.

RECORD NOTES: **Stan Getz** has recorded a new album, no title yet, for MGM, with guitarist **Laurindo Almeida** . . . **Bill Evans** is featured outside of his usual trio with **Jim Hall**, **Freddie Hubbard**, **Percy Heath**, and **Philly Joe Jones** on Riverside . . . **Dave Pike** is set to cut another album for Prestige . . . New Jazz is issuing records by **Curtis Fuller** with **Red Garland**, **Kenny Burrell** with **John Coltrane**, and two reissues—the "original" **Miles Davis Quintet**, with Coltrane, Garland, **Paul Chambers**, and **Philly Joe Jones**—and a package of Davis and Coltrane playing music by **Richard Rodgers**.

Reprise is heavily into jazz with new albums by **Duke Ellington**, **Count Basie**, **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Eddie Cano**, **Barney Kessel**, **Shorty Rogers** (with **Mavis Rivers**), and **Chico Hamilton**. The company also has issued a **Django Reinhardt** collection . . . Colpix soon will issue an album by **Orchestra U.S.A.**, with compositions by **John Lewis** and **Gary McFarland**, the orchestra's conductors.

Argo, more active in jazz recording since **Esmond Edwards** took over the jazz a&r department, recently did a date with some **Count Basie** men. On the date were tenorist-arranger **Frank Foster**, who also served as leader; **Eric Dixon**, tenor saxophone, flute; and trumpeter **Al Arrons**, one of the relatively recent additions to the band. The **Ramsey Lewis Trio** also cut a new album for Argo . . . Altoist **Earl Bostic** has re-signed with King records. Bostic has been with the label for more than 10 years and has 17 albums in release on King.

Charlie Shavers and **Flip Phillips**, plus vocalist **Marian Montgomery**, have been added to Capitol's new *Dimensions in Jazz* line. Phillips has not as

yet been recorded. The other two have. Shavers' first LP is marked for release April 29 . . . **Jackie Mills**, former **Harry James** and MGM studio drummer, jumped up the line to the presidency of **Fred Astaire's** Ava records. Astaire is chairman of the board. Mills succeeds choreographer **Hermes Pan** in the top executive spot. Pan remains with the label, however.

BRITAIN

Trumpeter **Chet Baker**, who has been living in England for some months, recently was jailed on narcotics charges. At London's Marlborough St. Magistrates Court, Baker was convicted of obtaining heroin and cocaine from a London chemist. Magistrate **Leo Gradwell**, who committed Baker to jail for one month, also recommended that he be deported. Soon after, Baker was deported to France. Baker, who had been staying at the home of his fiancée and her parents, was hoping to establish permanent residence in England and planning to form an all-star group to work throughout Europe.

Trad bands continue to do well: trombonist **Chris Barber** and his band undertook an enthusiastically-received 15-concert tour of Czechoslovakia, during which they participated in several radio and television programs and recorded for Supraphon records. A May tour of Ireland will follow this, succeeded by a Mediterranean cruise on the luxury liner Iberia. The band will not only play for passengers but also will give concerts at such ports of call as Lishon and Nice . . . **Kenny Ball** and band, recent participants in a 15-minute color film short produced by Jacques de Laine-Lea Productions and directed by **Douglas Hickox**, are planning a tour of Australia, New Zealand, and Japan in September.

DENMARK

Now there'll be Danish bossa nova. Violinist **Svend Asmussen**, who recently recorded a new disc with **Duke Ellington** in Paris for the Reprise label, has been asked by Ellington to record a bossa nova LP for the label. He's getting musicians together for a recording date later this spring . . . **Ellington** was awarded a Hall of Fame slot in a vote of readers of the Copenhagen paper *Politiken*. Runners-up: **Louis Armstrong**, **Miles Davis**, **Charlie Parker**, **John Coltrane**, and **Thelonious Monk**, in that order . . . South African pianist **Dollar Brand**, who recently was recorded by Ellington in Paris, is touring Denmark with his trio . . . **Cat Anderson**, who jumped off the Ellington bandwagon during the recent Scandinavian tour to take a vacation, played with tenorist **Dexter Gordon** at Montmartre. Coming up at the club: Polish tenorist **Jan Wroblewski**, a mem-

ber of the 1958 **Newport International Youth Band** . . . San Francisco, Calif., pianist **Harold Goldberg** has sold his share in the Montmartre, the Copenhagen jazz temple, and expects to concentrate on jazz promotions in Europe.

MONTREAL

Booker Ervin replaced tenorist **Seldon Powell** at the Upstairs at Lindy's. He was followed by **Teddy Charles** and then **Art Farmer**. The first two bookings at the club, **Benny Golson's** and **Thad Jones'**, went over exceedingly well, giving the city its most flattering jazz site . . . With **Pepper Adams** as its last act, La Tete de L'Art temporarily ceased operation as a home for live jazz. **Johan Kunst**, Montreal Jazz Society co-director and booking agent, blamed the demise on slipping attendance combined with taxes and a disproportionate budget for advertising. While in town, Adams played a Saturday afternoon concert with pianist **Maury Kaye**, sponsored by the Loyola College Jazz Society.

Drummer **Max Roach** taped an exciting *Jazz at Its Best* hour for CBC while in town recently. It was aired in Montreal on March 30 and repeated around the world via shortwave April 6 . . . Teenage drummer **Barry Hart** is getting plenty of exposure through the television series *Youth Special* on CBMT in Montreal . . . The Traditional Jazz Club continues to be the best place in Montreal to hear traditional jazz. The club meets every Thursday evening at Moose Hall . . . Alto saxophonist **P. J. Perry** was still at the Penthouse in April. He's working his way across Canada, having started in Vancouver, and hopes to get to Europe before long.

TORONTO

Colonial Tavern jazz fans have been and will be listening to a lot of Dixieland during the spring months. **Wild Bill Davison** (with **Cliff Leeman** and **Buster Bailey**) arrived on April 15, following a two-week engagement by **Tony Parenti's** band, which included **George Wettling** and **Sammy Price** in the lineup. Bailey returns in June, when he'll be featured with **Vic Dickenson**, **Jo Jones**, and **Herman Autrey** in a band led by **Red Richards**.

At the Town Tavern, there has been a run on vocalists. **Carol Sloane**, **Jimmy Witherspoon**, and **Joe Williams**, all of whom had appeared there early in the year, were back for return engagements in March and April . . . **Stan Getz'** quartet along with folk singers **Steve Addiss** and **Bill Crofut**, starred in a badly produced concert at Massey Hall, which could be taken as another example of jazz and folk music's not mixing . . . **Ray Charles** gave his first concert here on April 21 at the O'Keefe

Center . . . **Peter Appleyard** is back at the Park Plaza until the end of April . . . **Woody Herman's** band played a one-nighter at the Palais Royale . . . **Eve Smith** is singing at Mr. Tony's, and **Skip Roberts** of Cleveland made his Toronto debut at the First Floor Club not too long ago . . . The House of Hambourg, Toronto's oldest afterhours club, finally folded, but another has taken its place. It's called the Mecca, located on lower Yonge St.

BOSTON

Altoist-flutist **Ken McIntyre**, currently based in New York City, recently returned to Boston to visit his family. His United Artists album *Year of the Iron Sheep* was released a short time ago . . . **Herb Pomeroy** expects to get his **Jazz Workshop Orchestra** into full swing shortly with performers such as **Phil Woods**, **Jim Hall**, and **J. J. Johnson**, among others, coming in to work with the band. Pomeroy, in addition, has been approached by the State Department to go to Poland. He spent the summer teaching in Malaya and reported the trip "was fruitful."

Jimmy Zitano, formerly drummer with the Pomeroy band, is now with **Al Hirt's** group.

WASHINGTON

The recent death of **Jerome (Jerry) Rhea**, 60, shocked his many friends here and Ellingtonians throughout the world. Rhea was **Duke Ellington's** personal representative and business assistant for 25 years and had much to do with Ellington's success. At the time of his death, Rhea was Washington sales supervisor for a brewery. He worked with Ellington from 1922 until he left the band to settle down in his home town in 1947. He is survived by his wife, **Ethel**; a son; and a stepson.

The much-discussed first all-Negro television station, WOOK-TV, finally got on the air after a three-week delay because of technical problems. A special taped show on opening night featured the station's music director, **Lionel Hampton**, with his old friend, **Benny Goodman**, sitting in. A converter is needed to pick up the ultra-high-frequency Channel 14. Most of the programs are filmed. **Oscar Brown Jr.'s** *Jazz Scene, U.S.A.* is one of them.

Musicians and customers had nothing but high praise for Brazilian guitarist **Bola Sete**, who filled in for **Charlie Byrd** at the Showboat Lounge while Byrd was on tour recently . . . Showboat pianist **John Malachi** went on tour, too, as accompanist for singer **Al Hibbler** in California, and singer-pianist **Shirley Horn** filled in admirably. Miss Horn, a Washington favorite for some time, was recently "discovered" by the recording industry . . . **John Coltrane**

had his fan club fascinated during his week's engagement at the International Jazz Mecca, otherwise known as Abart's. He played soprano sax more often than tenor . . . **Les McCann** is scheduled for the upstairs Ninth St. club soon. In recent months, **Bobby Timmons** has usually been the featured performer.

ST. LOUIS

Bob Graf, former tenor sax man with **Chet Baker** and **Woody Herman**, is currently heading a bossa nova-oriented quartet at the Fallen Angel. The group includes **Don Hlinak**, bass; **Frank Walsh**, guitar; and **John DiMartino**, drums . . . Gino's continues to bring name attractions to this area. **Art Blakey's** group is set to open next week. Blakey's stint was preceded by **Nancy Wilson** and **Terry Gibbs** one-weekers. Scheduled for coming weeks are **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Chris Connor**, **Jimmy Smith**, and possibly **George Shearing**. The club is appealing to the college crowd with Saturday afternoon sessions at special rates . . . KMOX-TV (CBS here) taped a half-hour show at the Opera house, in Gaslight Square, featuring **Singleton Palmer** and his Dixieland group. The show will be seen in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, and St. Louis as part of the *Repertoire Workshop* series.

Jonah Jones played to large crowds at the Chase Hotel for two weeks last month. While in town, he had a swinging afterhours reunion with **Harry Edison**, who was working at Gino's . . . **Harry Frost** began a four-hour jazz show on KWK radio on Sunday nights . . . The St. Louis Jazz Club inaugurated its new headquarters with a premiere of a newly formed traditional group led by **Lige Shaw**, former drummer with **Cab Calloway**, **Bessie Smith**, and **Singleton Palmer** . . . **Ray Charles** did a one-nighter at Kiel Auditorium.

CHICAGO

At press time there was no word of the outcome of the recent discussions by American Federation of Musicians high officials and the leaders of the two Chicago AFM locals, 10 and 208. Topic under discussion was the merger of the two under the banner of Local 10 . . . **Bob Scobey** was counted out by almost everybody when he was on the critical list at Billings Hospital last month; the trumpeter was, according to doctors, dying of stomach cancer. Soon after the voices of doom had sounded, however, Scobey took a turn for the better, was released from the hospital on a Friday, and was back on the stand at Bourbon Street leading his Frisco Jazz Band in some rousing Dixieland the following Monday. The Scobey band's appearance on television special, *International Hour*:

American Jazz (DB, April 25) was canceled and Jack Teagarden's group substituted.

Tenor saxophonist **Gene Ammons**, serving a two-to-10 year sentence for possession of narcotics, was brought to trial on a second charge—the illegal sale of narcotics. Ammons was found guilty and sentenced to serve 15 years to life. It was his second conviction on a sales charge.

Marjorie Hyams, the original vibraharpist with the **George Shearing** Quintet, returned to professional playing recently with a concert, at which she played piano, in suburban Highland Park. She had been in retirement for several years following her marriage to banker **William Ericsson**. Mrs. Ericsson also is teaching piano at the Leviton Studios in Highland Park . . . Those Sunday afternoon sessions at the Playboy Club are no more; lack of business brought the series to a halt.

One of the best-known ballrooms, the Aragon, recently was put up for sale. A spokesman for owner **William Karzas** suggested that the lavish ballroom might be turned into a bowling alley without too much trouble. No buyers were forthcoming, however, and the ballroom will continue with dancing indefinitely . . . Bassist-oudist **Ahmed Abdul-Malik** followed **Ahmad Jamal** into the Taj Mahal recently.

Pianist-composer **Richard Abrams** heads a rehearsal band that meets every Tuesday at Lincoln Center, located at Oakwood and Langley. Abrams began rehearsals last summer and hopes eventually to present the workshop in concerts, the purpose being to draw attention to the talents of Chicago jazzmen:

LOS ANGELES

Singer **Toni Harper** and her agent-companion, **Eddie Beal**, have a lawsuit on their hands. **Herb Greenberg**, owner of the Basin Street West nightery here, claims the vocalist failed to show on her opening night and is asking \$4,500 in general and punitive damages in Municipal Court . . . There's nothing but fancy in the following item that appeared recently in **Mike Connolly's** syndicated Hollywood column: "Ella Fitzgerald, making Copenhagen her European basis of operation, slapped a down payment on that city's jazz shrine, Club Montmartre." Not only is the singer not buying the club, according to her manager, **Norman Granz**, but recently gave up the apartment she maintained in Copenhagen.

Jimmie Baker, producer of **Steve Allen's Jazz Scene, U.S.A.** television series, takes off June 28 through July 8 for a lecture tour of Tulsa University, Oklahoma State University, and the University of Arkansas. The producer

will speak about jazz on television.

Jim Hubbard, former Los Angeles *Times* rewriter and jazz clarinetist, is now proprietor of the Bourbon Street and leader of his own group there at 1841 Cahuenga in Hollywood. The grand opening was March 29-31 . . . New Orleans banjoist-guitarist **Johnny St. Cyr** was honored recently at a day-long session in Rogers Young Auditorium sponsored by the Southern California Hot Jazz Society, the Kern County Jazz Society, the Society for the Preservation of Dixieland, the South Bay New Orleans Jazz Club, and the Musicians Jazz Club of San Fernando Valley.

Jazz disc jockey **Vern Stevenson** now has a three-hour jazz television program on Channel 32, station KPIX, each Saturday from 6 to 9 p.m. . . . Bassist **Harry Babasin** bowed out of the **Skinny Ennis** Band after three years. **Buddy Clark** took his slot. Babasin now has a series of bossa nova arrangements published by **Charles Colin** of New York . . . Pianist **Lou Pagani** is **Doris Day's** new music director-conductor . . . **Bob Leonard**, now extending his booking to such San Francisco spots as the Jazz Workshop, has **Laverne Baker** due into Los Angeles' Hideaway supper spot May 1 for three weeks. Featured with Miss Baker will be vocalist-jazz guitarist **Ray Scott**. **Joe Williams** follows her there, and **Williams** is to be followed, in turn, by **Ray Hamilton**.

SAN FRANCISCO

John Coltrane's quartet included drummer **Elvin Jones**, bassist **Jimmy Garrison**, and pianist **McCoy Tyner** for its engagement at the Jazz Workshop . . . Because the members will be working with the **Ray Charles** Band, tenorist **Hank Crawford's** septet opening at the Jazz Workshop was postponed to May 21.

Sunday sessions at the Club Unique, featuring drummer **Cuz Cousineau's** group (**Cedric Haywood**, piano; **Brew Moore**, tenor saxophone; **Ernie Figueroa**, bass) are catching on . . . The San Francisco School District presented its first all-city dance-band festival a few weeks ago with five high schools participating; there also was a talk on jazz by **Dave Van Kriedt**, now a public-school music teacher but formerly tenor saxophonist with the **Dave Brubeck** Octet and the **Stan Kenton** Band. Across the bay, Pleasant Hill High School's concert jazz band drew 750 paid admissions to its fifth annual public concert. The program highlight was a 25-minute suite composed by band director **Bob Soder**, who augments his school teaching job by playing piano with an Eastbay jazz trio. 

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WHERE & WHEN

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

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

NEW YORK

Absinthe House: **Herman Chittison**, *t/n*.
 Avital: **Don Friedman**, Sun.
 Cafe Wha?: *unk*.
 Basin St. East: **Vic Damone**, **Don Rickles** to 4/27. **Al Hirt**, **Mel Torme**, 4/29-5/11.
 Birdland: *unk*.
 Robin Inn (Rockland Lake, N.J.): jazz, Sun.
 Central Plaza: sessions, Fri-Sat.
 Classic Lounge (Brooklyn): sessions, Tue.
 Club Cinderella: **Ephraim Resnick**, Sun.
 Condon's: **Edmond Hall**, *t/n*.
 Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): **John Gamba**, wknds.
 Downstairs at the Upstairs: jazz, wknds.
 Duplex: **Barbara Lea**, Tue., Sat.
 Embers: **Jonah Jones**, *t/n*.
 Five Spot: **Thelonious Monk**, tentatively to 5/20.
 Fountain Lounge (Fairview, N.J.): jazz, Mon.
 Half Note: **Ronnie Scott**, **Ronnie Ross**, **Jimmy Deuchar** to 5/5.
 Trudy Heller's: **Tyree Glenn Jr.**, *t/n*.
 Junior's: **Don Friedman**, Fri-Sat.
 Metropole: **Gene Krupa** to 5/2.
 New Yorkshire Terrace (Brooklyn): jazz, Thur.
 Nick's: **Sol Yaged**, *t/n*.
 Page Three: **Shella Jordan**, Sun.-Tue.
 Penn Brook Inn (Elizabeth, N.J.): jazz, Mon.
 Playboy Club: **Jaki Byard**, *t/n*.
 Purple Manor: **Tiny Grimes**, *t/n*.
 Room at the Bottom: **Wilbur DeParis**, *t/n*.
 Jimmy Ryan's: **Cliff Jackson**, *t/n*. **Danny Barker**, Fri-Sat.
 Take 3: **Jimmy Giuffre**, *t/n*. **Sheila Jordan**, wknds.
 Thwait's (City Island): **Teddy Charles**, wknds.
 Town Hall: **George Barnes-Carl Kress**, 4/28. **Mel Torme**, 5/15.
 Village Gate: **Charlie Byrd**.
 Village Vanguard: *unk*.

TORONTO

Colonial Tavern: **Wild Bill Davison** to 4/27. **Hallfax Three**, 4/29-5/4.
 First Floor Club: **Doug Richardson**, **Don Thompson**, **Wray Downes**, wknds.
 George's Spaghetti House: modern jazz groups.
 Park Plaza: **Peter Appleyard** to 4/27. **Charlie Rallo**, 4/29.
 Town Tavern: **Jimmy Witherspoon** to 4/27.

PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): **Dee Lloyd McKay**, *t/n*.
 Chetwynd (Rosemont, Pa.): **Frank Bevo-Cab Wolf**, wknds.
 Krecmer's: **Billy Krecmer-Tommy Simms**, *hb*.
 Latin Casino: **Jack Teagarden**, 5/2-22.
 Pep's: *unk*.
 Red Hill Inn: *unk*.
 Sunnybrook (Pottstown): name bands, wknds.

WASHINGTON

Anna Maria's: **Vince Fabrizio**, *t/n*.
 Bayou: **Joe Rinaldi**, *hb*.
 Bohemian Tavern: **JFK Quintet**, *hb*.
 Cafe Lounge: **Billy Taylor Jr.**, *hb*. **Bobble Kelley**, *t/n*.
 Charles Hotel: **Kenny Fletcher-Slide Harris**, *hb*, Thur.-Sat.
 Crescent Restaurant: **Dick Bailey**, *hb*.
 Dave's East: **Booker Coleman**, *t/n*.
 Eden Roc: **Maurice Robertson**, **Buck Hill**, Thur.-Sat.
 French Quarter: **Tommy Gwaltney**, *t/n*.
 International Jazz Mecca: *unk*.
 Showboat Lounge: **Frank D'Rone** to 4/27. **Art Farmer-Jim Hall**, 4/29-5/4. **Bola Sete**, 5/6-11. **Charlie Byrd**, 5/13-*t/n*.
 Smitty's Steak House (Indian Head, Md.): **Phil Philcox**, *t/n*.
 Town House: **Ann Read**, *t/n*.

NEW ORLEANS

Candlelight Inn: **Murphy Campo**, **John Butler**, *t/n*.
 Dan's Pier 600: **Al Hirt**, *t/n*.
 Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
 Famous Door: **Mike Lala**, **Jan Allison**, **Santo Pecora**, *t/n*.
 500 Club: **Leon Prima**, *t/n*.

French Quarter Inn: **Pete Fountain**, *t/n*.
 Paddock Lounge: **Octave Crosby**, **Snookum Russell**, *t/n*. **Marvin Kimball**, Wed.
 Willie Pep's: **Stan Mendelson**, *t/n*.
 Playboy: **Al Belletto**, **Dave West**, **Ed Fenascel**, **The Four More**, **Snooks Eaglin**, **Fred Crane**, *hbs*. **Rusty Mayne**, Sun.
 Sobu: name big bands. **Stan Kenton**, 4/24.
 Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

ST. LOUIS

Black Horse: **Jean Trevor**, **Jim Becker**, *t/n*.
 Blue Note (East St. Louis): **Leo's Five**, *t/n*.
 Crystal Palace: **Jimmy Williams**, *t/n*.
 Dark Side: **Tommy Strode**, *t/n*.
 Fallen Angel: **Bob Thaler**, **Bob Graf**, *t/n*.
 Gino's: **Terry Gibbs** to 4/27. **Art Blakey**, 5/3-11.
 Golden Eagle: **Singleton Palmer**, *t/n*.
 Islander: **Don Cunningham**, *t/n*.
 Jackie Gold's Bustles & Bows: **Moe Lemen**, *t/n*.
 Silver Dollar: **Muggsy Sprecher**, *t/n*.
 Sorrento's: **Herb Drury**, *t/n*.
 Tiger's Den: **Sammy Gardner**, *t/n*.

DETROIT

Cork & Embers: **Jack Brokensha**, *t/n*.
 Cote's: **Leo Marchionni**, *t/n*.
 Duchess: **T. J. Fowler**, *t/n*.
 Elmwood Casino: **Earl Grant** to 4/27.
 Falcon (Ann Arbor): **Bob Pozar**, *t/n*.
 Gold Door Lounge: **Frank Fontana**, **Mark Richards**, *t/n*.
 Grand Bar: **Three Sounds**, 4/26-5/5.
 Left Bank: **Ted Sheely**, *t/n*.
 Mr. Kelly's: workshop sessions, Sun. afternoon.
 Menjo's West: **Mel Ball**, *t/n*.
 Minor Key: **Les McCann**, 4/30-5/5.
 Sax Club: **Alex Kallao**, *t/n*.
 Trent's: **Terry Pollard**, *t/n*.

CHICAGO

Bourbon Street: **Bob Scobey**, **Art Hodes**, *t/n*.
 Earl's: **Eddie Harris**, Fri.-Tue.
 Fickle Pickle: blues session, Tues.
 Fifth Jack's: sessions, Wed.
 Gaslight Club: **Frankie Ray**, *t/n*.
 Happy Medium (Downstairs Room): **Cy Touff**, Mon., Tues. **Cliff Niep**, Wed.-Sun.
 Hungry Eye: **The Jazz People**, *t/n*.
 Jazz, Ltd.: **Bill Reinhardt**, *t/n*. **Dave Remington**, Thur.
 Lake Meadows: **Eddie Harris**, Sun. afternoon.
 London House: **Teddy Wilson**, to 4/28. **Marian McPartland**, 4/30-5/19. **Erroll Garner**, 7/5-28.
 George Shearing, 8/13-9/8. **Jose Bethancourt**, **Larry Novak**, *hbs*.
 McKie's: **Les McCann**, 4/10-14. **Jack McDuff**, 4/17-28. **John Coltrane**, 5/1-12.
 Mister Kelly's: **Nancy Wilson**, 7/22-8/11. **Marty Rubenstein**, **John Frigo**, *hbs*.
 Pepper's Lounge: **Muddy Waters**, Wed., Fri.-Sun.
 Playboy: **Joe Iaco**, **Bob Davis**, **Harold Harris**, **Joe Parnello**, *hbs*.
 Plugged Nickel: **Little Brother Montgomery**, Fri.-Sat.
 Silvio's: **Howling Wolf**, wknds.
 Sutherland: **Lurlean Hunter**, **Larry Novak**, to 4/28.
 Velvet Swing: **Nappy Trotter**, *t/n*.

MILWAUKEE

Birdland: **Danny Reed**, wknds.
 Celebrity: **Will Green**, *hb*.
 Clock: **Claude Dorsey**, wknds.
 Driftwood: **Manty Ellis**, Thur. **Les Czliber**, Sun.
 Dolhouse: **George Prichard**, wknds.
 Holiday House: **Lou Lall**, *t/n*.
 Mayfair: **Kenny Kotwitz**, wknds.
 Music Box: **Rev Pitts**, wknds.
 Polka Dot: **Bobby Burdette**, *hb*.
 Red Lion: **Sig Milonzi**, *hb*.
 Stuart's Show Lounge: **Skip Wagner**, wknds.
 Tina's: **Haddis Alexander**, wknds.
 Tunnel Inn: **Dick Ruedebsch**, *t/n*.
 Yancey's: **Chet Christopher**, wknds.

LOS ANGELES

Bar of Music (El Cajon): **Dave Maxey**, *t/n*.
 Black Bull: **Gus Bivona**, *t/n*.
 Blue Port Lounge: **Bill Beau**, *t/n*.
 Breakers International Hotel (Long Beach): **Al Sanad's Serenaders**, *t/n*.

Caesar's (Torrance): **Bob Martin**, *t/n*.
 Charleston (Arcadia): **Bob Russell**, **Southland Seven**, *t/n*.
 Grape Vine: **George Jackson**, *t/n*.
 Havana Club: **Rene Bloch**, *hb*.
 Hermosa Inn: **Johnny Lucas' Dixieland Blueblowers**, Fri.-Sat.
 Hideaway Supper Club: **Laverne Baker**, **Ray Scott**, open 5/1.
 Huddle (Covina): **Teddy Buckner**, *t/n*.
 Intermission Room: **Three Souls**, *t/n*.
 It Club: *unk*.
 Jester Room: **Frank Patchen**, *t/n*.
 Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey): **Johnny Lane**, *t/n*.
 Lighthouse: **Howard Rumsey**, *hb*. Guest groups, Sun.
 Li'l Abner's: **Gene Russell**, **Thur. Marty's: William Green**, *t/n*.
 Metro Theater: afterhours sessions, Fri-Sat.
 Michael's (East Washington): **Johnny White**, *t/n*.
 Mr. Konton's: **Mike Melvoin**, **Leroy Vinnegar**, *t/n*.
 Page Cavanaugh's: **Page Cavanaugh**, *hb*.
 P.J.'s: **John La Salle**, **Jerry Wright**, *t/n*.
 Pizza Palace (Torrance): **Johnny Lucas' Dixieland All-Stars**, Wed.-Thur.
 Red Carpet (Nite Life): **Laverne Gillette**, *t/n*.
 Royal Tahitian (Ontario): **Stuff Smith**, **Rex Stewart**, *t/n*.
 Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): **Kenny Dennis**, **Lou Levy**, **Al McKibbin**, *t/n*.
 Reuben's (Newport): **Edgar Hayes**, Sun.-Mon.
 Reuben's (Tustin): **Edgar Hayes**, Tues., Wed., Sat.
 Scene: **Victor Feldman**, *t/n*.
 Shelly's Manne-Hole: **Modern Jazz Quartet** to 4/28. **Bill Evans**, 5/7-19.
 Sherry's: **Pete Jolly**, **Chuck Berghofer**, *t/n*.
 Sid's Blue Beet (Newport Beach): **Gene Russell**, **Jazz Couriers**, Fri.-Sat.
 Spigot (Santa Barbara): jazz, Sun.
 Storyville (Pomona): **Ray Martin**, **Tailgate Ramblers**, *t/n*.
 Tender House (Burbank): **Joyce Collins**, Sun.
 Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): **Rosy McHargue**, *t/n*.

SAN FRANCISCO

Algiers (Redwood City): **Dick Maus**, *t/n*.
 Bit of England (Burlingame): **Dave Hoffman**, Sun.
 Black Hawk: **Oscar Peterson** to 5/12. **Ahmad Jamal**, 5/14-6/2. **Ramsey Lewis**, 6/4-16.
 Burp Hollow: **Frank Goulette**, wknds.
 Castie's (Redwood City): **Gerry Gilmore**, wknds.
 Claremont Hotel (Oakland): **Garden Room: Louis Armstrong**, 5/10-12. **Woody Herman**, 5/23-26. **Tommy Dorsey-Sam Donahue**, 5/27-28. **Churchill Room: Earl Hines**, *t/n*.
 Club Unique: **Cuz Cousineau**, sessions, Sun.
 Coffee Don's: **Jim Harper**, afterhours.
 Coffee Gallery: **Clifford Thornton**, wknds.
 Derby (Redwood City): **Toots LaMay**, *t/n*.
 Earthquake McGoon's: **Turk Murphy**, **Clancy Hayes**, *t/n*.
 Embers (Redwood City): **John Price**, *t/n*.
 Executive Suite: **Chris Ibanez**, *t/n*.
 Fairmont Hotel: **Billy Daniels** to 5/15. **Jack Carter**, 5/16-6/5. **Tex Beneke**, 6/27-7/17. **Peter Lind Hayes-Mary Healy**, 7/18-8/7.
 Ginza West: **Gene Barolli**, *hb*.
 Gladiator (Oakland): **Paskle Vela**, *t/n*.
 Gold Chips: **Pete Tully-Herb Rosne**, wknds.
 Gold Nugget (Oakland): **John Coppola-Fred Merry**, Sun.
 Gold Rush (San Mateo): **Lionel Sequeira-Rudy DeSousa**, wknds. Sessions, Sun.
 Jack's of Sutter: **Paul Bryant**, wknds.
 Jazz Room: **Bob Fladger**, *t/n*.
 Jazz Workshop: **Shelly Manne**, 4/23-5/5. **Sonny Rollins**, 5/7-19. **Hank Crawford**, 5/21-6/2. **Paul Horn**, 6/4-16.
 Jenna's Jazz Cove (Oakland): **Don Santos-Vicki Hamilton**, Fri.-Sat.
 Jimbo's Bop City: **Freddy Gambrell**, afterhours.
 Mesa (San Bruno): **George Lee**, wknds.
 Mike's Place: **Pat Yankee-Sinners**, *t/n*.
 New Pack's: **Steve Atkins**, *hb*.
 O'Dell's Africa Room: **Bruce Sanford**, *t/n*.
 Off Broadway: **John Mosher**, *hb*.
 Pier 23: **Burt Bales**, *t/n*.
 Sam Jordan's: **Earle Vann**, *t/n*.
 Shelton's Blue Mirror: **Eddie Thomas**, Sun.
 Sugar Hill: **Joe Williams**, **Junior Mance**, to 5/11. **Carmen McRae**, 5/13-6/1.
 Tin Pan Alley (Atherton): **Tommy Beeson**, Mon. **The Modernists**, Tues. **Bernie Kahn**, Wed.-Sun. **Con Hall**, Sun. afternoon.
 Trident (Sausalito): **Vince Guaraldi**, *t/n*.
 Trois Couleur (Berkeley): **Willie Francis**, Wed.-Thur. **John Handy-Jack Taylor**, Fri.-Sat. **Jeff Ford**, Sun. **Sonny King-Louis Ware**, Fri.-Sat. afterhours.
 12 Adler Place: **Vernon Alley-Shelly Robbins**, *t/n*.

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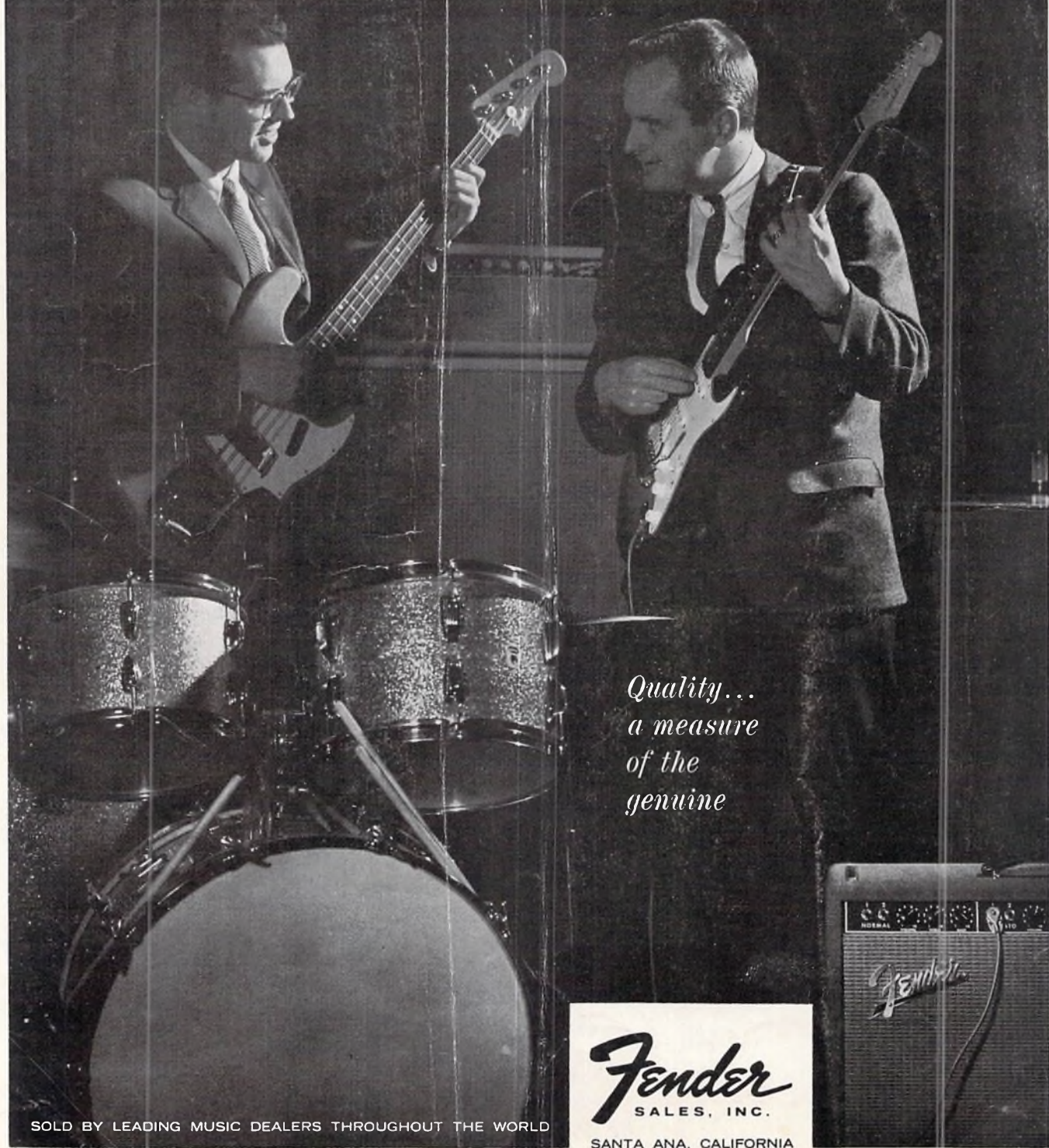
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