

JULY 19, 1962

35c

downbeat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

6th GUITAR ISSUE

Benny Goodman In Russia

Personal Report By Leonard Feather



JIM HALL AT THE WASHINGTON JAZZ FESTIVAL

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB

now offers new members Memorable Performances by Legendary

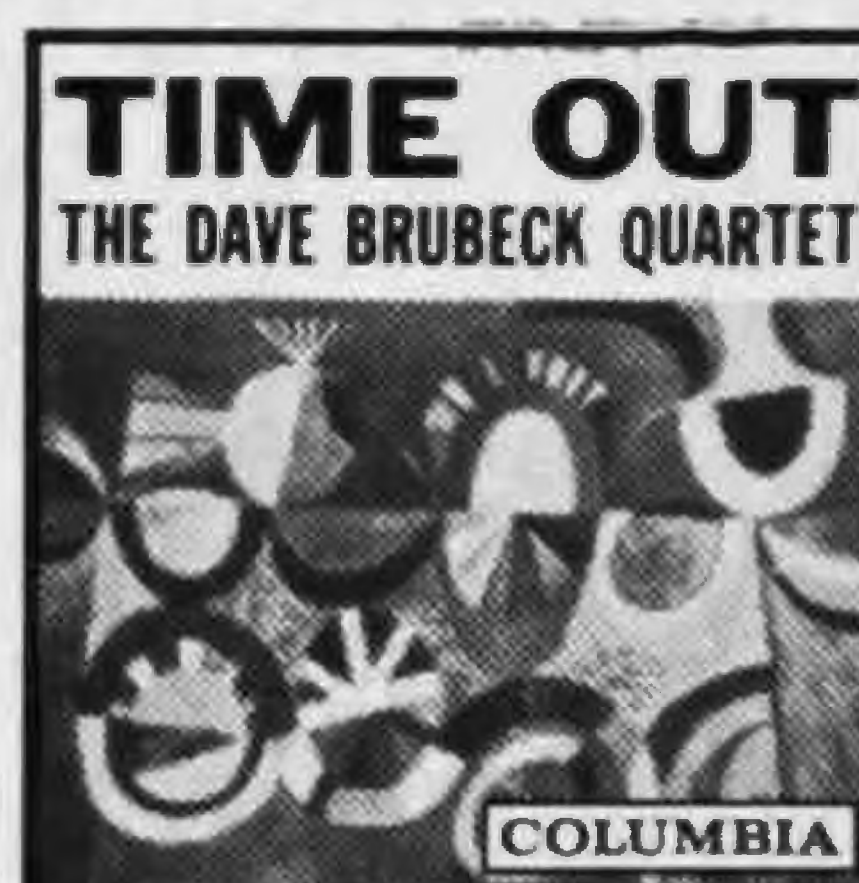
Jazz Artists from ***** *Pioneers to Progressives* *****

BILLIE HOLIDAY

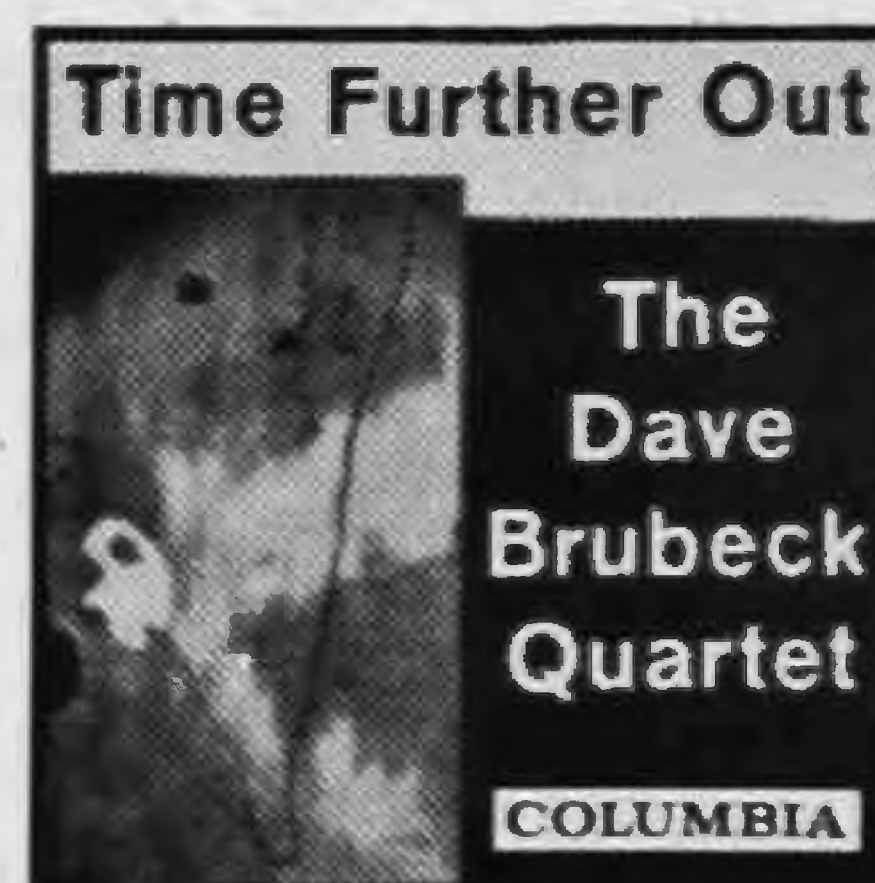
THE GOLDEN YEARS

Billie Holiday
The Golden Years
COLUMBIA

285-286-287. Three-Record Set (Counts as 3 selections—write one number in each box.) "She was a singer of jazz, the greatest female jazz singer of all time, a great interpreter, a great actress and the creator of a style that in its own way, is as unique and important to jazz as the styles of Louis Armstrong, Charlie Parker and Lester Young. Today, if you sing jazz and you are a woman, you sing some of Billie Holiday. There's no other way to do it. No vocalist is without her influence. All girl singers sing some of Billie, like all trumpet players play some of Louis. She wrote the text."
—Ralph J. Gleason (Not available in stereo)



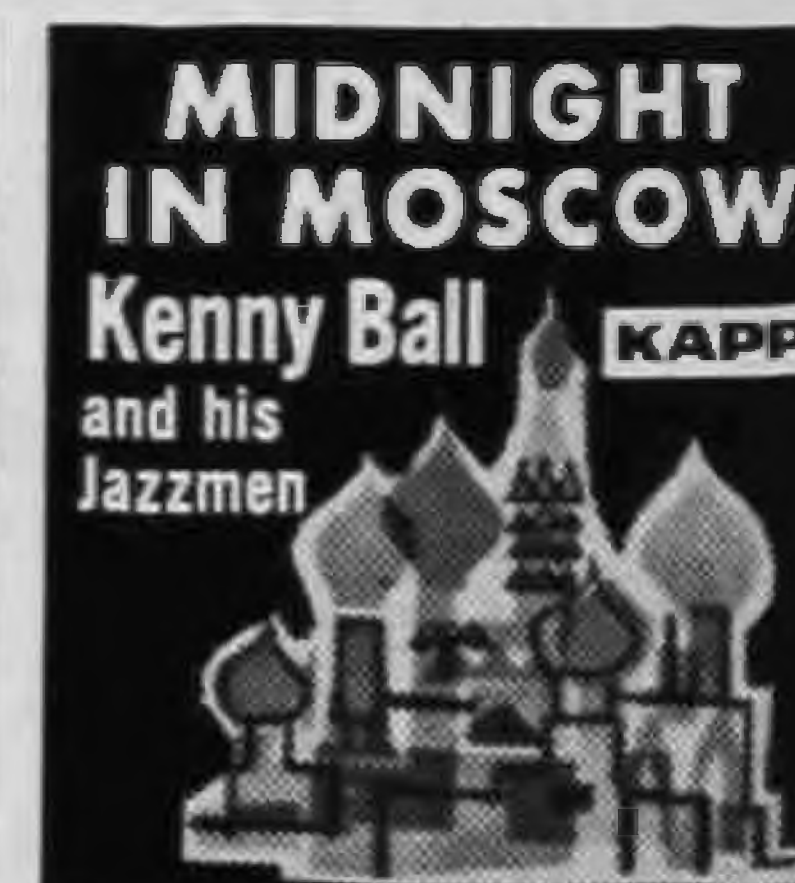
52. Take Five, Three to Get Ready, Everybody's Jumpin', etc.



53. Blue Shadows in the Street, It's a Raggy Waltz, etc.



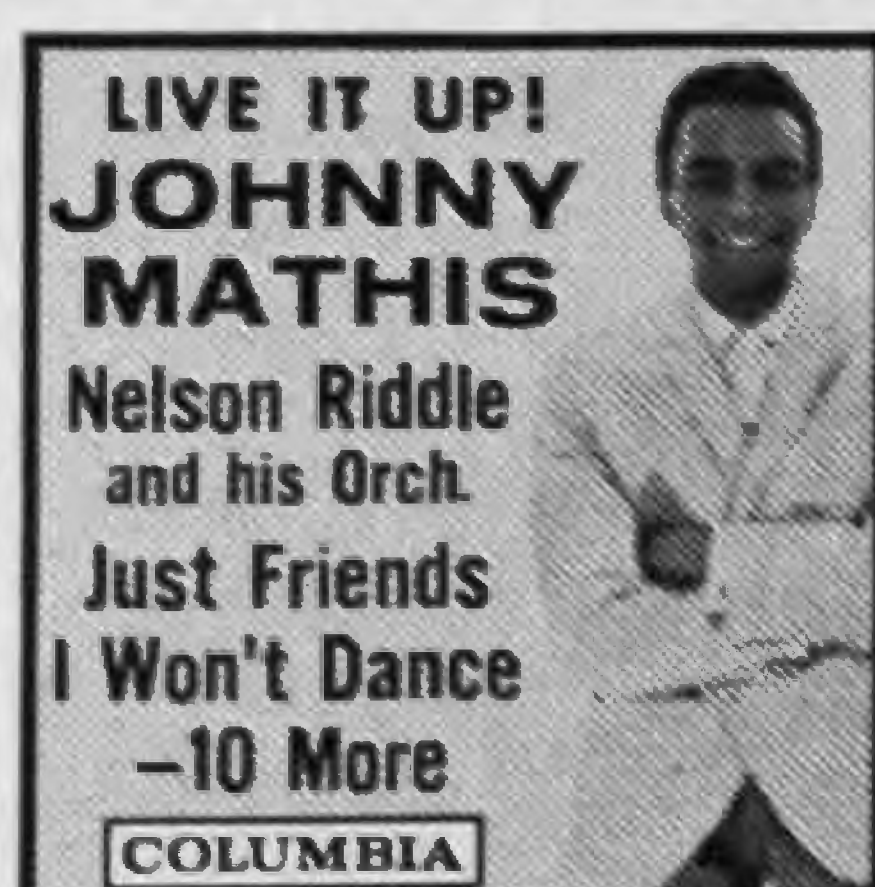
79. Also: Moonlight in Vermont, Whatever Lola Wants, etc.



232. Puttin' on the Ritz, American Patrol, 12 in all



95. Odds Against Tomorrow, Skating in Central Park, etc.



5. Also: Johnny One Note; Hey, Look Me Over; etc.



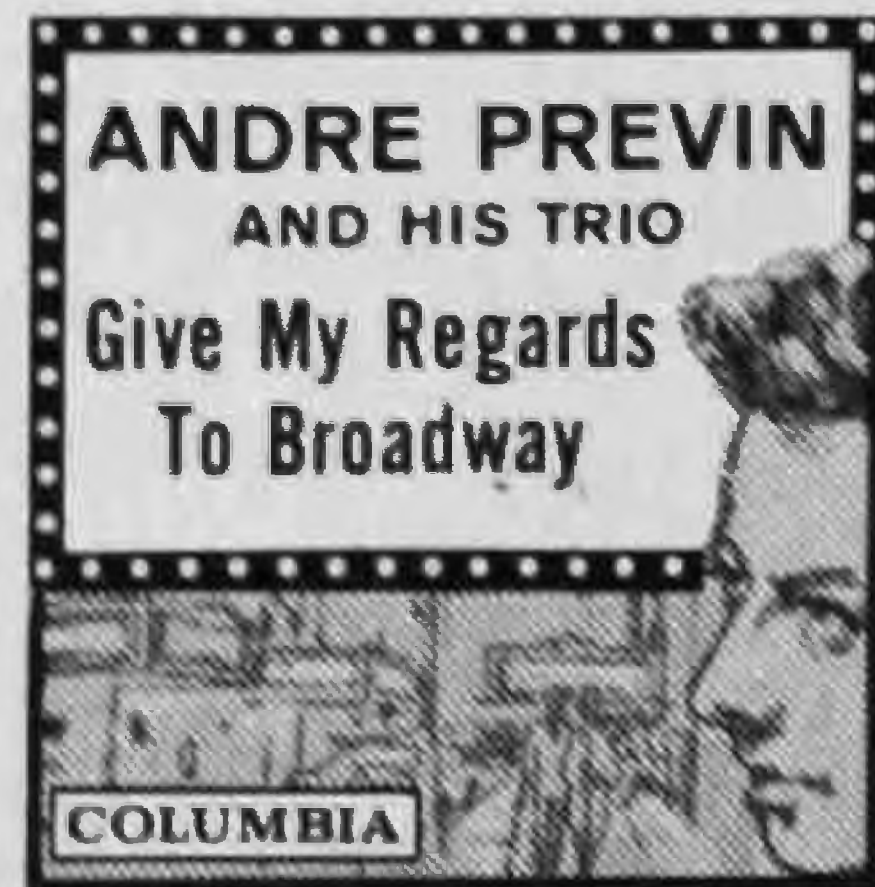
294. Stars Fell on Alabama, Limehouse Blues, Wabash, etc.



295. Jubilation, If I Love Again, Fuller Bop Man, etc.



50. Solitude, Perdido, It Don't Mean a Thing, 9 more



51. Sound of Music, Too Darn Hot, Take Me Along, 7 more

THE FLETCHER HENDERSON STORY

A Study in Frustration
THE FLETCHER HENDERSON STORY
COLUMBIA

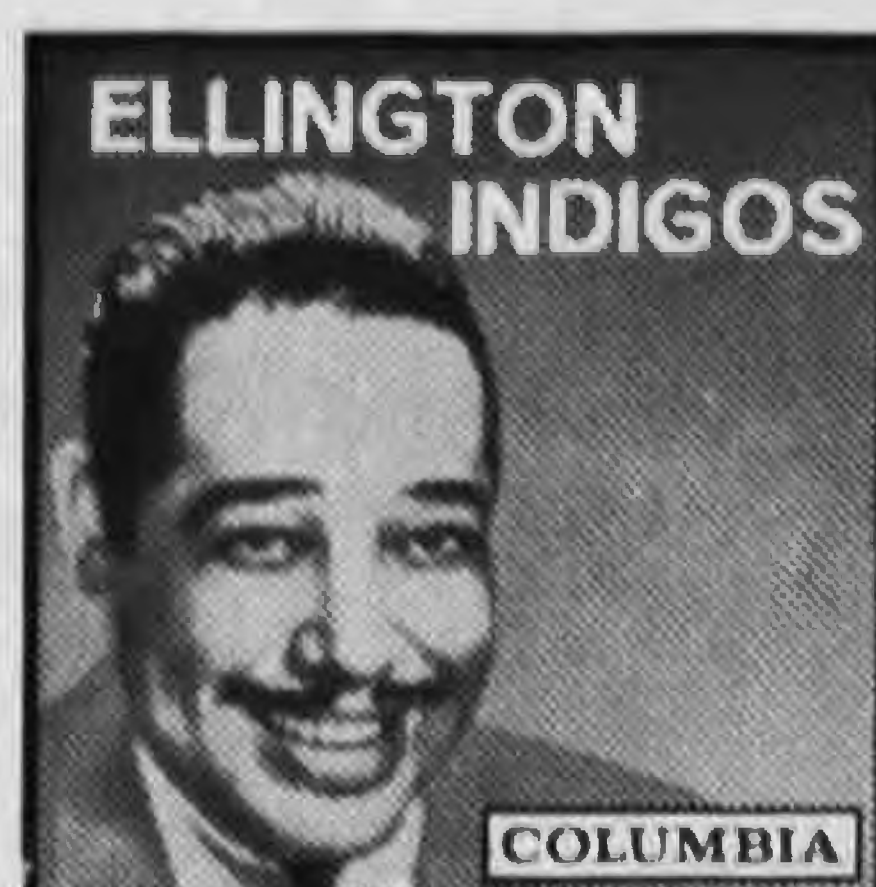
281-282-283-284. Four-Record Set (Counts as 4 selections—write one number in each box.) "*****... A superb collection of Henderson sides... there is a tremendous amount of jazz history wrapped up in this set. There are also some of the most exciting big-band sides ever recorded."
—Downbeat (Not available in stereo)



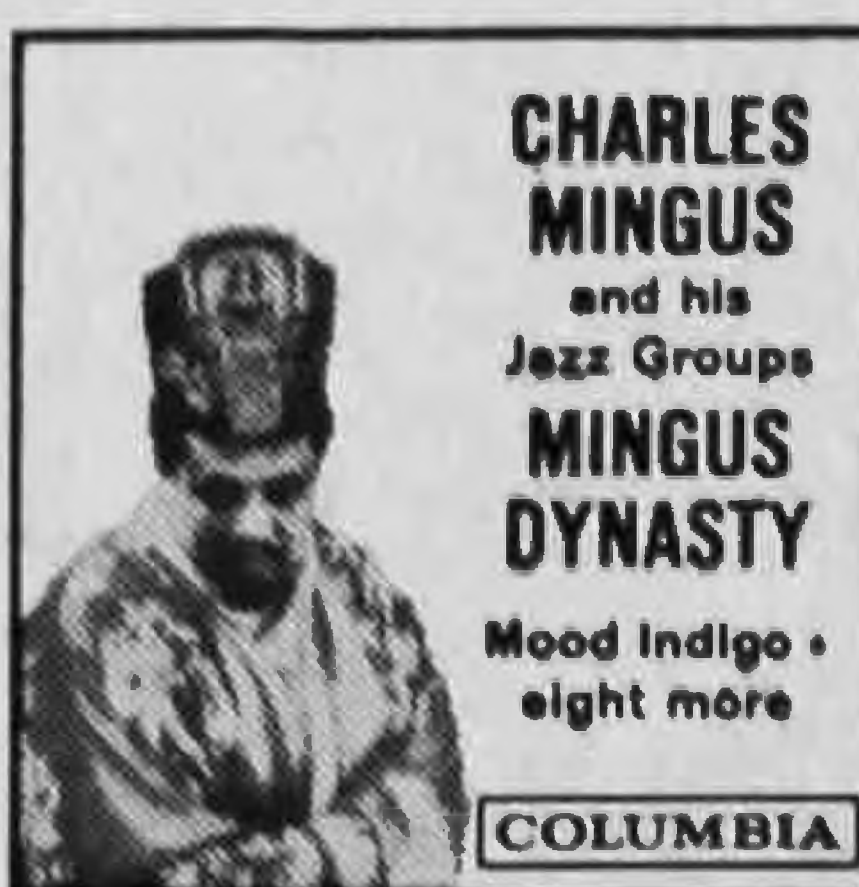
291. Everybody's Boppin', Charleston Alley, etc.



288. What Am I Here For, Happy Anatomy, Caravan, etc.



292. Willow Weep For Me, Solitude, Where or When, 6 more.



293. Includes: Gunslinging Bird; New Now, Knew How; etc.



346. Goodbye Pork Pie Hat, Pussy Cat Dues, etc.



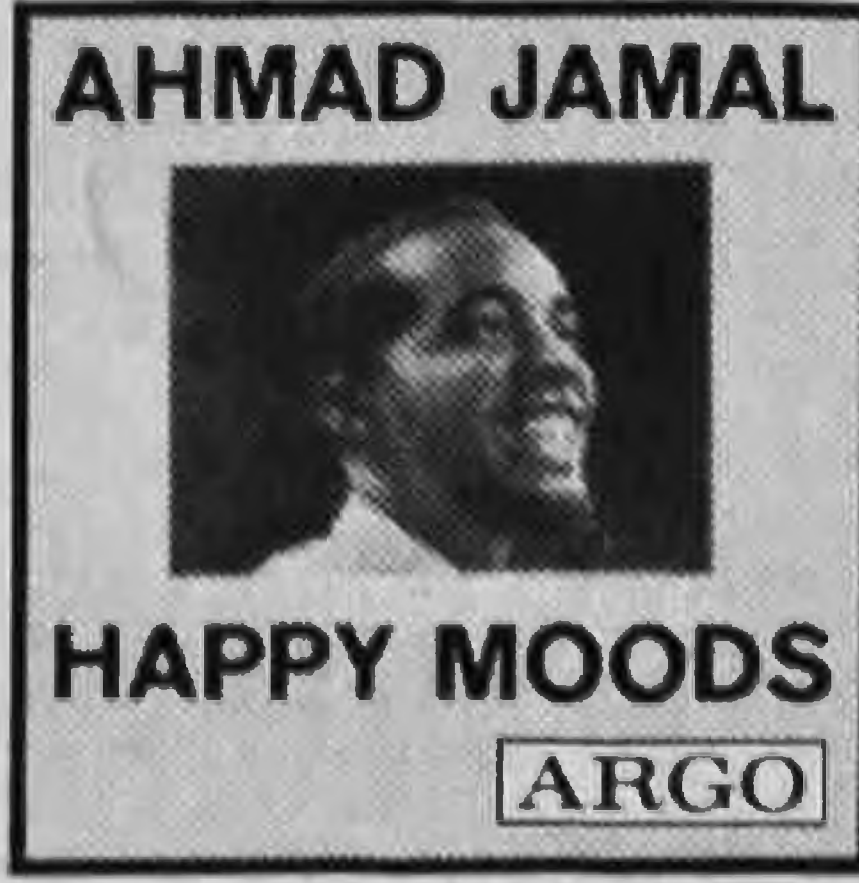
40. Without A Song, This Heart of Mine, twelve hits in all



299. Dark Eyes, John Henry, Greensleeves, Soul Mist, etc.



81. Lida Rose, If I Were a Bell, Runnin' Wild, 9 more



96. I'll Never Stop Loving You, For All We Know, 8 more



345. Autumn Leaves, New Rhumba, Way Down, Trio, etc.

Fortunately, for those of us who know and appreciate good jazz, there were recorded the outstanding performances of some of jazz's greatest stars. The works of Holiday, Henderson and Goodman are a must for any solid jazz collection. Today's modern recording methods make it possible to add to your collection the outstanding interpretations of modern jazz artists — more and more of which are offered to Club members every month! As you can see, from the records shown here, there is an outstanding selection of the old and the new, that will help you to begin rounding out your jazz library.

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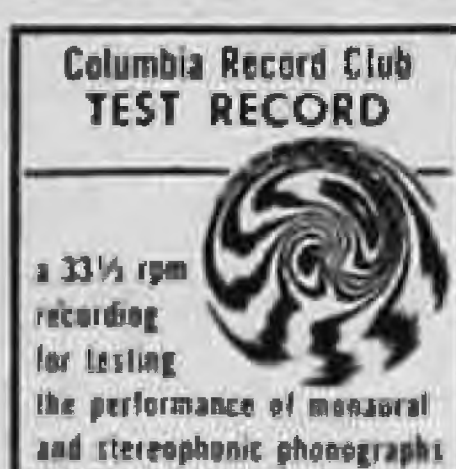
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167. Watermelon Man, Sleepy, Afro-Blue, etc.

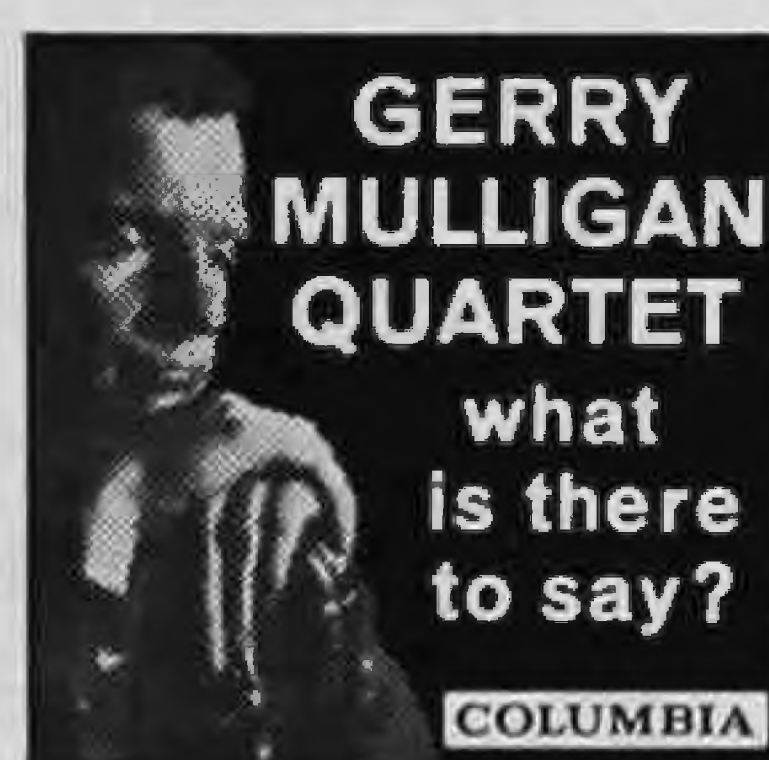
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Indiana



67. Also: I'm in the Mood for Love, Easy Street, Laura, etc.



133. My Funny Valentine, Just in Time, plus 6 more hits



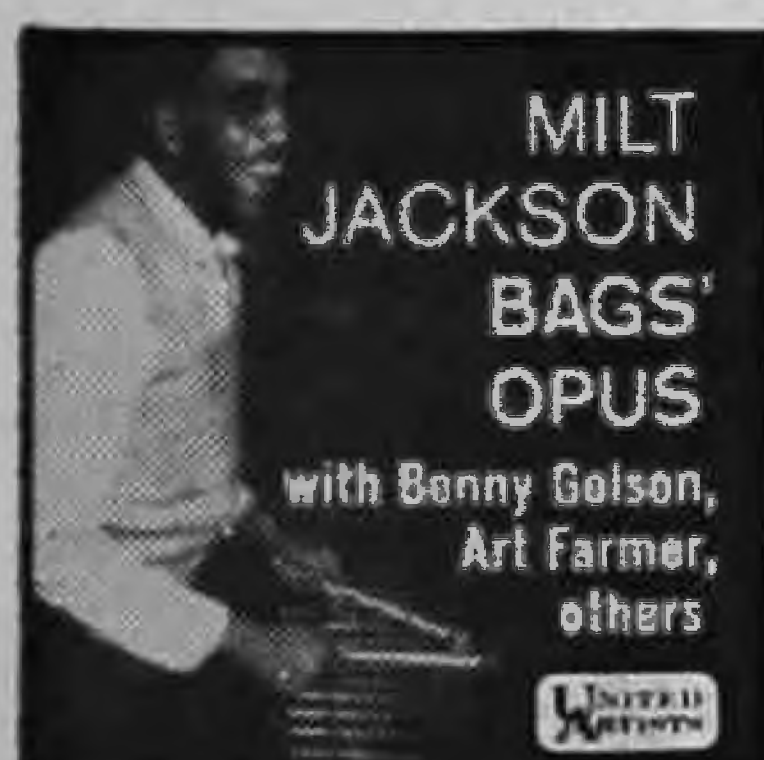
131. Meet B.B., Evening in Paris, Lester Leaps In, etc.



56. "Exquisite . . . glitters throughout" —Playboy Magazine



290. Freddie Freeloader, Flamenco Sketches, etc.



341. Whisper Not, I Remember Clifford, Ill Wind, etc.



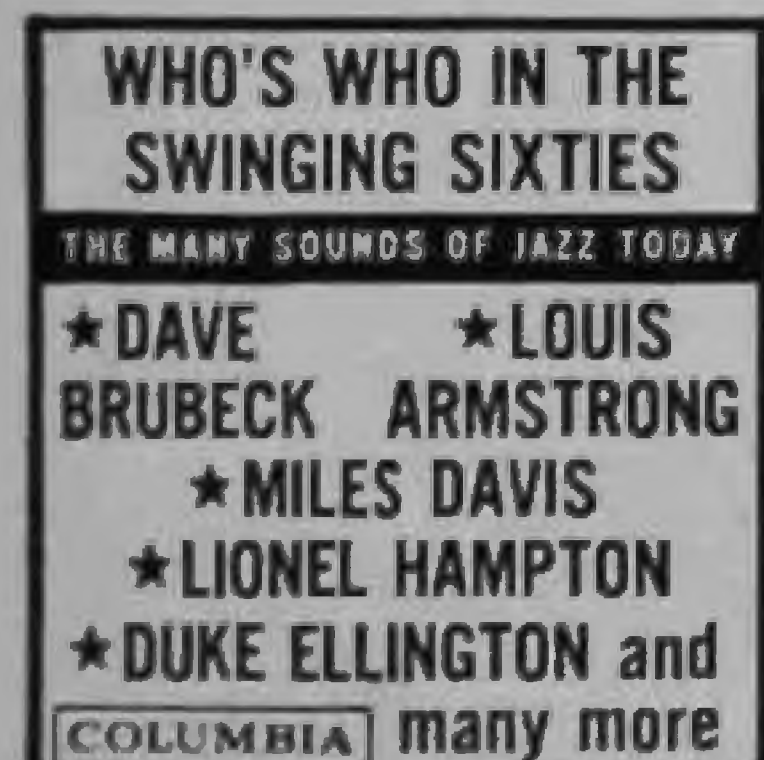
298. Love For Sale, Awful Lonely, On the Alamo, etc.



289. Mox Nix, Jubilation, Like Someone in Love, etc.



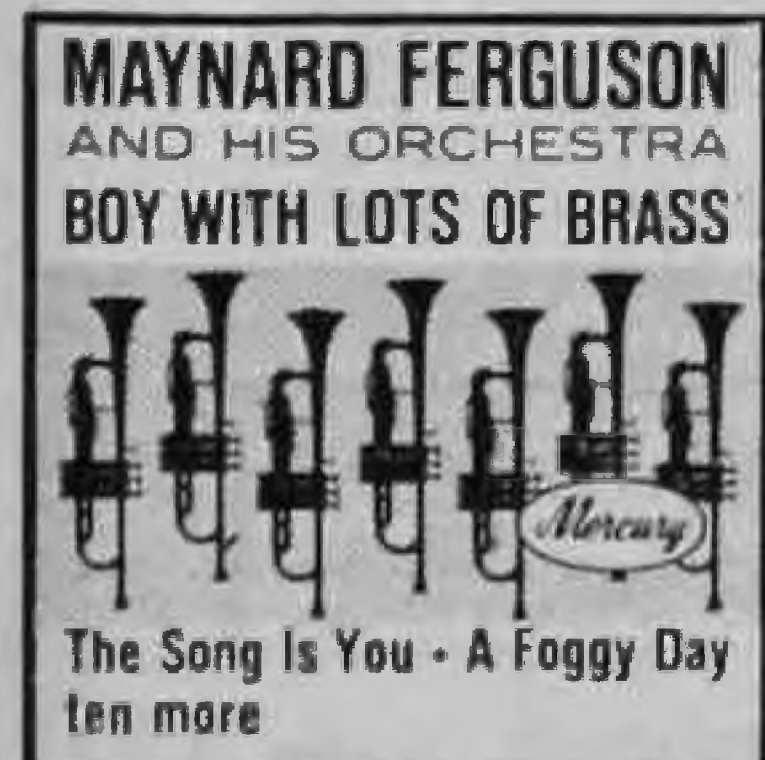
1. Also: Great Pretender, Enchanted, Magic Touch, etc.



229. Also: Lambert, Hendricks and Ross; Carmen McRae; etc.



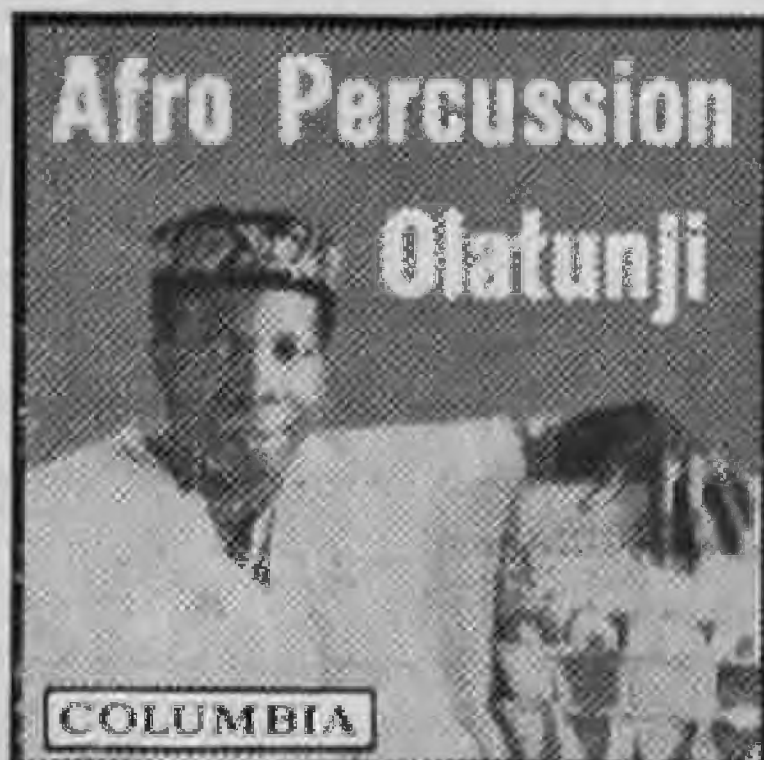
348. This is "unique." —Hi Fi Rev. (Not available in stereo)



296. Also: The Lamp is Low, You'd Be So Easy to Love, etc.



297. To Beat or Not to Beat, etc. (Not available in stereo)



340. "It swings, it's full of excitement." —Downbeat



165. Nite, Take the "A" Train, Mood Indigo, 7 more.



347. "The leading trombonist of jazz" —Ralph J. Gleason

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343-344. Two-Record Set (Counts as 2 selections—write one number in each box.) Here's the famous 1938 Jazz Concert featuring Harry James, Count Basie, Teddy Wilson, Gene Krupa, Lionel Hampton, Cootie Williams, Bobby Hackett and many others. (Not available in stereo)



31. Also: So Close, Hurtin' Inside, So Many Ways, etc.



134. Also: Stairway to the Stars, Once in a While, etc.



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READERS IN 86 COUNTRIES

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JULY 19, 1962

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JOHN J. MAHER
PUBLISHER
JOHN E. MANDABLE
EDITOR
DON DeMICHEAL
ASSISTANT EDITOR
PETE WELDING
ASSOCIATE EDITORS
BILL COSS
JOHN A. TYNAN
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ADVERTISING PRODUCTION
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THINGS TO COME You'll not want to miss the next exciting issue of *Down Beat*—for in the August 2 issue, which goes on sale at newsstands Thursday, July 19, will be found the results of *Down Beat's* International Jazz Critics Poll. In addition will be *Down Beat's* many regular features. Don't miss this important issue.

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OFFICES: 205 West Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill., Financial 6-7811. Richard Thierhalt, Advertising Sales: 1776 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y., PLaza 7-5111. Mel Mandel, Advertising Sales: 6269 Selma Boulevard, Los Angeles 28, Calif., HOLlywood 3-3263, Raymond Ginter, Advertising Sales.

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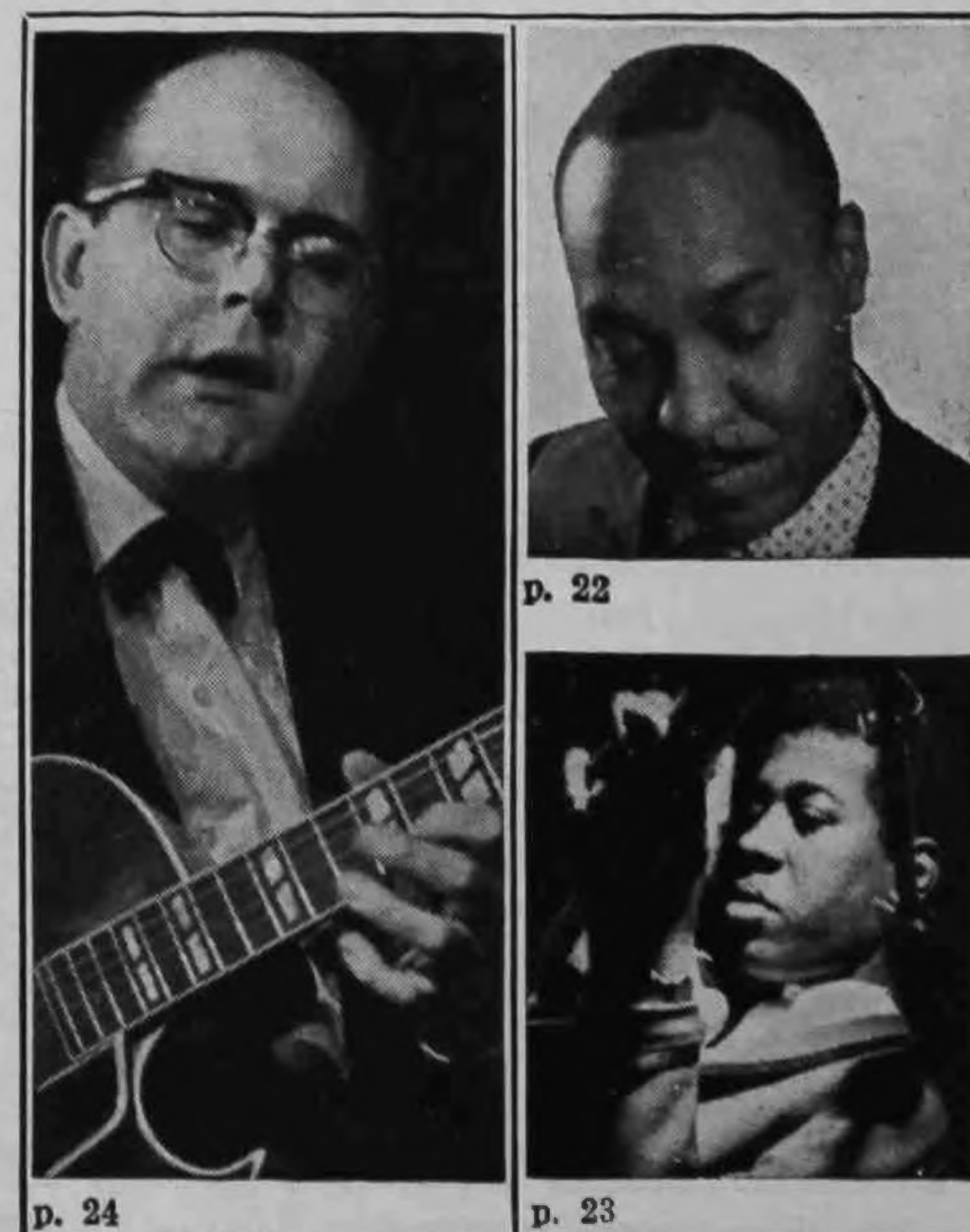
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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Down Beat Confidential?

I'm mad! For many years now I have held the belief that anyone who takes the time to write to a magazine to foster an opinion of a controversial matter is some kind of a you-know-what. Coincidentally, my psychiatrist agrees and further asserts that these nuts are only trying to fulfill some kind of superiority manifestation by ogling their names in print. Plus, as he points out, who cares what they believe or what their opinion is? Do you? Do I? Does anybody?

I blame your magazine, *Down Beat*, for giving these sick people food for nourishment. In the past few months your magazine has proved to be nothing more than a rhetorical hotbed of contrived controversy. Why do you constantly inflate uncontroversial matters simply for controversy sake? Such articles as *Coltrane-Dolph*, *Lionel Hampton—Bothered and Bewildered*, and *Prejudice in Jazz*—who cares?

If your aim is to sell more subscriptions by offering juicy tidbits of controversy, then why don't you do it right? If controversy in the modern jazz idiom is to be handled properly, that is, made thought-provoking and not just "you take this side—I'll take that side, and let's disagree," why not print more articles concerning the true controversies in jazz?

Feature articles such as *What Is Cannonball Adderley's Tailor's Definition of Vast Wasteland*; *Who Is Ahmad Jamal and Why Do We Remember Him?*; *Jutta Hipp, Is She Really?*; *Is Arnett Cobb Corny?*; *Never Invite Horace Silver and Don Gold to the Same Office Party*; *Why Dinah Washington, Nancy Wilson, Abbey Lincoln, and Rutherford B. Hayes Will Never Be Invited to a Gig at Mount Rushmore* not only evoke true controversy but stimulate reader interest as well.

Chicago

Hobart Crump

Or perhaps reader Crump would prefer an erudite discussion of Yusef Lateef's and Hank Mobley's Influence on the Compositions of Gunther Schuller by George Wetling and Louis Hayes?

Bravo, Brunis!

Congratulations to Gilbert Erskine and *Down Beat* for the excellent, long-overdue article on Georg Brunis. Though Ben Pollack and Santo Pecora might dispute his title as the "last" of the NORK, no one can question the fact that in the welter of traditional and revivalist recordings of recent years Brunis has been sadly overlooked.

Of the older New Orleans trombonists, only Ory, Jim Robinson, and Preston Jackson are even faintly comparable to Brunis in ability. And Ory and Robinson have been amply waxed in recent years, while Brunis only shows up occasionally.

In traditional jazz, Brunis has the mis-ther, and some letter writers examined Ira

fortune of falling between two schools. Too vigorous and technically competent (and a white "Dixielander," to boot) to appeal to the archpurists who find all musical truth in Preservation Hall, he is also too rambunctious an individualist to fit into the swing-Dixie of Hirt-Fountain-Matlock-Miller, et al.

I hope your article will spur some company to capitalize on the still-potent Brunis name, surround him with such sympathetic stylists as Ed Hall or Al Nicholas, Wild Bill Davison, or Thomas Jefferson, and cut an LP which may convince the doubting that the New Orleans trombone needn't sound like a bazooka played under the water.

Broomall, Pa.

Alan C. Webber

Deeds, Not Words

Since I first became interested in jazz, I've heard the same complaint from jazz fans, musicians, writers, critics—I've even repeated it myself hundreds of times: jazz has no status in its own homeland; jazz, except for we dedicated few, is unloved, unappreciated, and unwanted.

I hope from now on to be spared any more of this drivel, the anguished cries of the few true believers who are striving heroically to spread the jazz Gospel in the hostile land of the unbeliever, because it just ain't so.

For a year and a half station WJZZ-FM, Fairfield, Conn., broadcast jazz—good jazz—for a full 12 hours a day, seven days a week. No Top Forty Hits, no Mantovani or Lawrence Welk, just good pure jazz. About three months ago they began broadcasting an appeal to their listeners. Financially they were hurting bad and would have to raise \$30,000 by the end of April or close up shop. Would just 3,000 of their listeners contribute \$10 each, to at least keep them going for the rest of the year?

They begged for help. Recorded announcements were played countless times daily. There were printed appeals. I saw one in this magazine and another in *Cue*, and there must have been others that I didn't see. Just a measly 10 bucks from a mere handful out of the many thousands of people there must be who know and love jazz.

Sunday evening, April 29, WJZZ switched off its turntables and went off the air. Monday morning I tuned to WJZZ's frequency on my radio and heard rock and roll.

New Canaan, Conn.

Dick Cavalli

Two Views of Martin

I was delighted recently to receive your first annual critics issue, although it wasn't so heralded on the cover. In the issue (*DB*, May 10), Coss examined his conscience, Martin Williams examined Leonard Fea-

We Put Up Our Dukes

The hottest Dixieland either side of the Mason-Dixon Line comes from the Dukes, who combine New Orleans style with the best jazz from all points east and west.



Taken in Stride

From James P. Johnson, father of the stride piano, come 16 memorable tracks, some issued for the first time. Included are solos, small band numbers and notes of appreciation by Duke Ellington.



Hendricks, Hendricks and Hendricks

Temporarily trisecting Lambert, Hendricks and Ross, Jon Hendricks, poet laureate of jazz, sings and scats. He's backed by an octet including Al Grey, Billy Mitchell, Joe Newman, Freddie Green and Pony Poindexter.



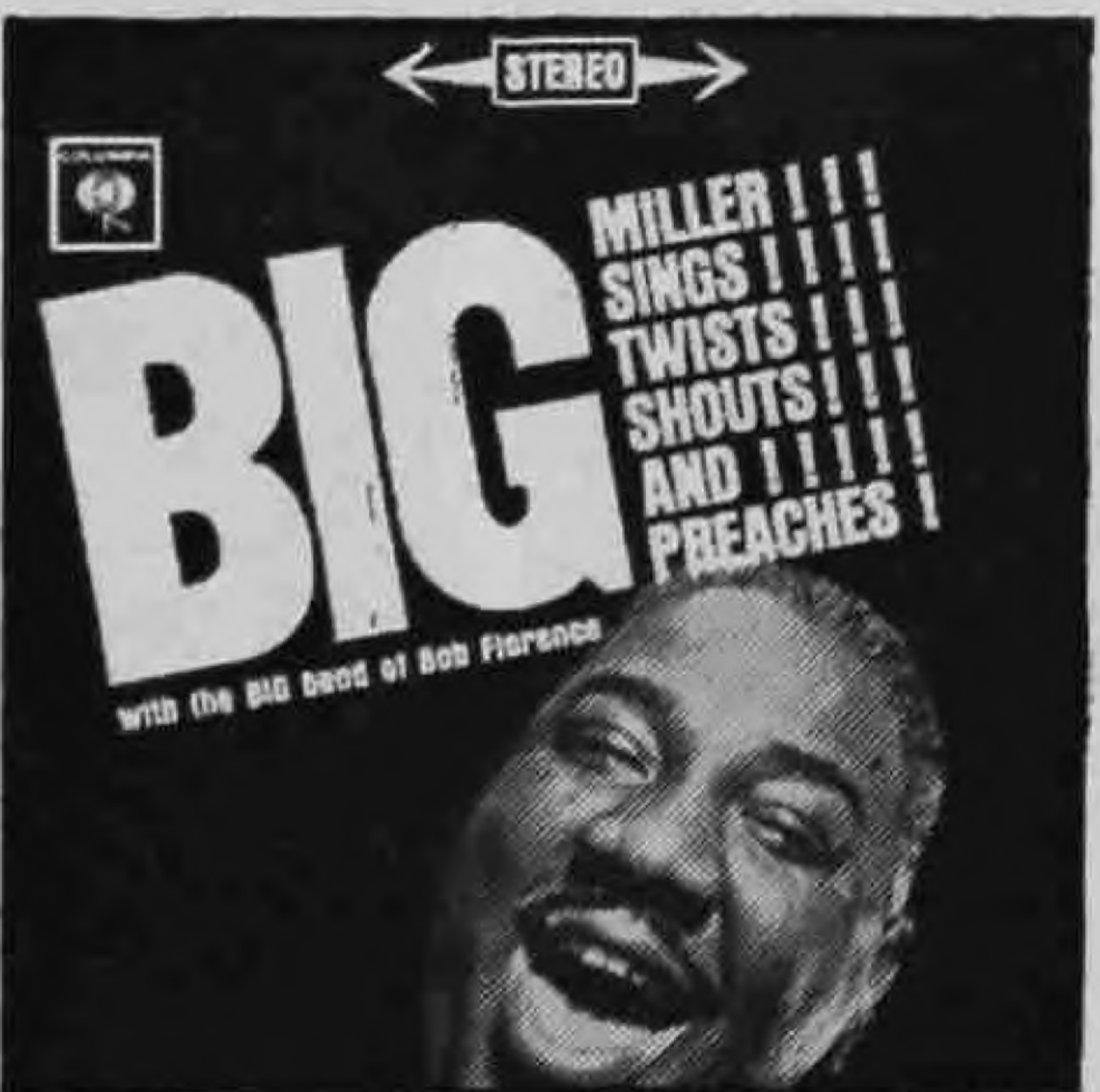
Watch Hamilton

Chico's drums have a new sound: free, yet with beautiful control. And his group's new emphasis is on soloists who are most emphatic.



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JAZZ

SOUNDS THE

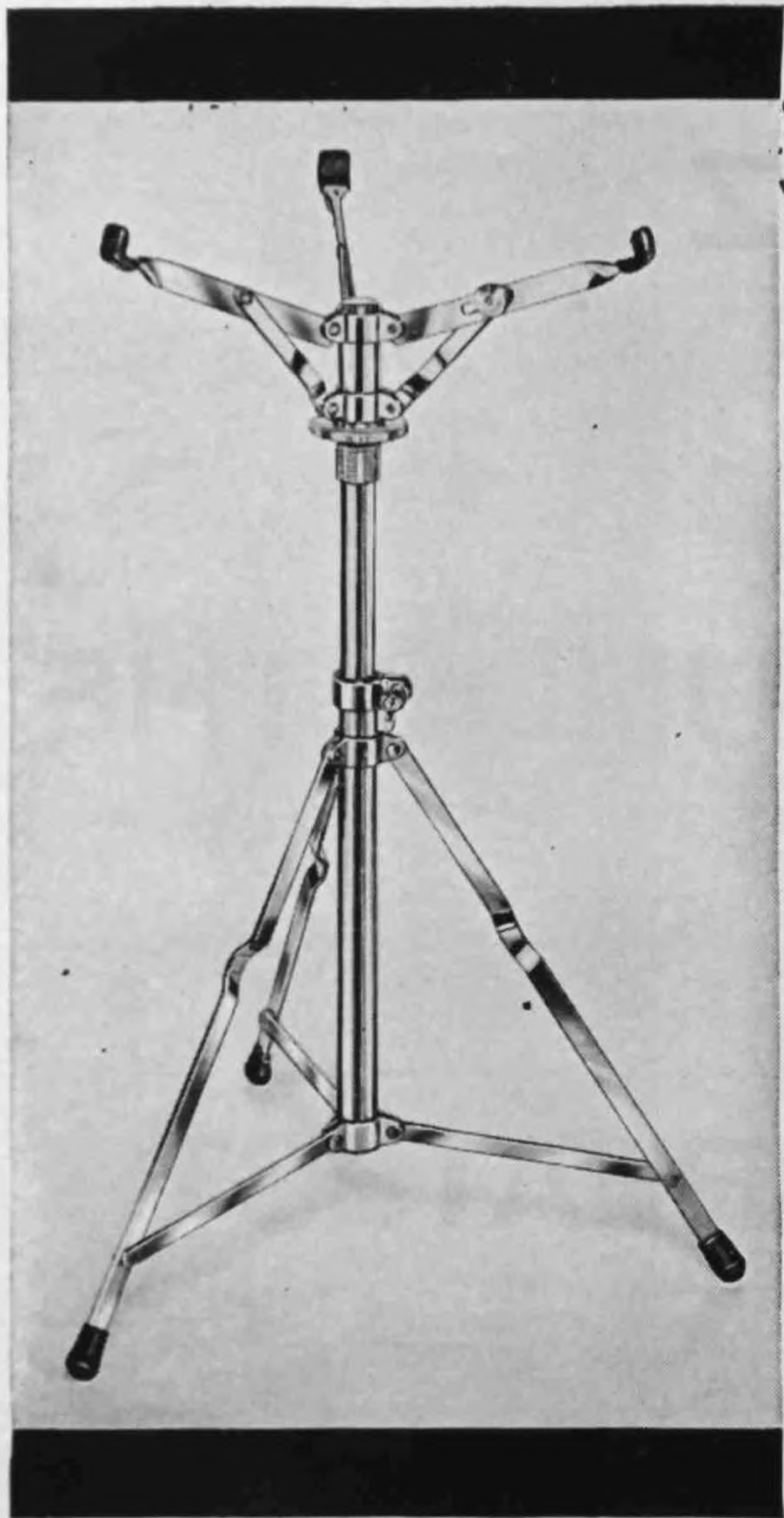
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Critics have an important role in any art form, and sooner or later, for better or worse, they have their impact not only on the success or failure of individual artists but also on the direction of the art form itself. This is because art forms need audiences, and audiences usually need help.

I'd like to see some musicians' comments on what a jazz critic should be and what they think of the practicing critics of today. I have a hunch they would frequently tend to blame critics for a "failure to understand" rather than to admit to inadequacies in their own music.

What would the critics offer as a summary of what a critic ought to be? I wonder what they'd agree on as being essential, valid, superfluous, or inadmissible criteria in making judgments. What could they come up with in the form of an ethical code relative to mixing the writing of liner notes for money and the writing of critical opinions?

If you want my opinion, I think the best jazz critic now functioning is Martin Williams (excuse me, Leonard), despite some stylistic lapses which could perhaps be corrected by his editor (excuse me, Don). In fact, I give him 4½ stars! Now I expect to get letters from other critics telling me I don't understand what they're trying to do. You'll notice, though, that I haven't put down Ralph Gleason for being syndicated, which should prove how much integrity I have.

Leawood, Kan.

Bill Fogarty

I write concerning Martin Williams' column *The Bystander* in the May 10 issue of *Down Beat*.

It seems that Williams, along with a few other critics, is trying to foist Ornette Coleman on the jazz public, regardless of the consequences. These avant-garde critics don't seem to realize that in their zeal to be the first to discover something new they are doing jazz a disservice by suggesting implicitly that if one is original, nothing else matters.

Now, Williams is entitled to his point of view, just like everyone else, but the disturbing thing about his viewpoint is that it follows a familiar pattern that has become apparent in his writings, both in this magazine and in others, which pattern is: that it really doesn't matter how a musician plays, but what he plays—and the more unconventional the better. "Unconventional," the way Williams uses it, means any departure from the harmonic form of improvising.

Previously, Williams has devoted literally hundreds of words to explaining Sonny Rollins' method of "thematic improvisation," without telling his readers anything about the quality of Rollins' playing, the thing that a jazz critic is supposed to do. Now he comes up with a rave review of Coleman's "modal improvisations" and again neglects to mention quality. Instead, he asks us to place the mantle of greatness on the heads of these men, not because they are great players, but because they are original.

Chicago

Jesse McLendon



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NEW YORK

The two major jazz stories of last month were undoubtedly the first International Jazz Festival, held in Washington, D.C., and the continuing **Benny Goodman** tour of Russia. Both are reported on elsewhere in this issue. But a number of sidelights deserve brief and immediate notice.

Despite the traditional Soviet government opposition to jazz, all observers applauded Premier **Nikita Khrushchev's** attendance at the first Goodman concert. His words to reporters: "I enjoyed it. . . . I don't dance myself, so I don't understand these things too well." His personal note to Goodman explaining why he had to leave before the concert was over: "I had business of state to deal with."

That in contrast to the culture-climbing climate of Washington where more than 11 concerts and several other exhibits or such were neglected by President **John F. Kennedy** and Mrs. Kennedy. Some in Washington insist that the President's Music Committee, which organized and ran the concerts, was not JFK's committee. It had been appointed by his predecessor and, hence, would have no support. Whether that story is true is not known, but the usually vocal White House was unusually mute during four whole days.



Avakian

Four corollaries to all this:

George Avakian of RCA Victor succeeded in recording Goodman in Russia. NBC-TV's *The World of . . .* will probably present *Goodman in Russia* for the second of its proposed series this summer. **Herman Kenin**, president of the American Federation of Musicians, approved, and so did the U.S. State Department, an invitation from the Las Vegas Jazz Festival for an outstanding Russian jazz musician to perform there (July 7-8).

Finally, jazz resounded in a satellite country with a festival in Karlovy Vary, Czechoslovakia, last month with groups from Czechoslovakia, Romania, Poland, East Germany, and Hungary. The significance of this could only be grasped in light of last year's official line, when the party paper wrote that jazz fans were liable to bring in hostile ideological attitudes along with the music. The festival followed usual standards with concerts, panel discussions, and afterhour jam sessions. Officially, it was a trial affair, perhaps leading to an annual fete.

Chet Baker, recently released from prison in Italy after serving a 16-month term for violation of that country's narcotics laws, was arrested last month in Munich, Germany, on suspicion of violating Germany's narcotics statutes. A police spokesman said that Baker, who was appearing at a Munich jazz concert, was arrested for allegedly forging a prescription containing narcotics.

For the first time in the long run of the Philadelphia Arts Festival, June 9-24, jazz played a prominent part. Philadelphia-based jazz musicians such as **Bernard Peiffer**, **Billy Root**, **Billy Krechmer**, a variety of other professional jazz



Baker

(Continued on page 61)

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Shear

Chris Connor

TV COMES ALIVE WITH SUMMER JAZZ

A garden of jazz has begun to bloom on television in happy profusion.

The syndicated, 30-minute series called *Jazz Scene U.S.A.*, produced by Steve Allen's company, Meadowlane Enterprises, is now for sale to TV outlets in this country and abroad and will debut in the fall.

Allen's own 90-minute late-night show, now regularly programed on the Westinghouse five-city network in eastern states and sold to independent stations elsewhere, is regularly featuring jazz.

Though a special 60-minute program starring Duke Ellington and band with actor Raymond Burr as host seems to have run aground temporarily because of script problems, the plans remain intact, and there is a fair chance it will be produced later this year.

Thanks to the summer-replacement idea, a new series heavily featuring jazz makes its bow on NBC July 26. Entitled *The Lively Ones*, it will be seen every Thursday for eight weeks at a time normally occupied by the vacationing *Hazel* program. *The Lively Ones*, now being taped in color in Burbank, Calif., and from various locations such as the beach at Paradise Cove and a missile base near Malibu, Calif., is the brain-child of a jazz-loving NBC producer, Barry Shear. It will be sponsored by the Ford Motor Co. and will present "contemporary jazz, comedy, singing,

and dancing."

"It is not," Shear stressed, "a variety show." He explained his motivation for producing — and also directing — the new series:

"When the young people of today grow up and tire of rock and roll, they turn to other entertainments, some of which are very sophisticated. We'll take our viewers out to location to the places where the young set of today, 'the lively set,' goes.

"Our off-beat approach won't stop there, either. Vic Damone, who will host the program, will seldom introduce a guest in the regular way. Our introductions and transitions between performers will be done with audio-visual devices.

"We'll present some entertainers who are nationally known and also some who are best known to a special group of aficionados. We're looking for a special quality of entertainment, not just for famous names."

Much of this "special quality" will be disseminated by the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet, Gene Krupa's group, Louis Bellson's, Stan Kenton's and Si Zentner's bands, the Dave Brubeck Quartet, Andre Previn, Buddy Greco, Shelly Manne and His Men, Peter Nero, Dorothy Loudon, Chris Connor, and Frank Gorshin.

Shear said he plans to get 50 performers in front of his cameras during the eight weeks the show will be aired. The entire series is being taped in less than two weeks.

MEXICAN JAZZ HERITAGE TO BE HEARD IN TEXAS

Texans likely would agree that if Texas does it, it at least has to be different even if it isn't bigger. Witness the July 8 second annual South Texas Jazz Festival, to be held in Corpus Christi.

Bigger than most it can hardly be because it lasts only from 5 to 8 p.m., and the groups are ones drawn from neighboring cities in Mexico, as well as those from Houston, San Antonio, and Galveston.

Different it is, because the concert is free, facilities provided by the city of Corpus Christi and musicians provided by Terry Ferrell, secretary-treasurer of Local 644 and the city's chamber of commerce.

The city is on the Gulf of Mexico, is palm-studded, and more of a seaport than anything else, though it is surrounded by ranches and farms. The festival's originator is drummer Al Garcia, who drew 2,000 spectators there last year with practically no advance planning.

For him the unique quality of the area and of the festival is the predominance of a Mexican influence on jazz.

"We think," he said, "Latin rhythms are ideally suited to both a steady beat and a wide range of creative improvisation. And we find the Latin mood adds a new dimension to our sounds. It's jazz all the way, but you can still feel the influence of our Mexican heritage. We feel the South Texas Jazz Festival will make Corpus Christi the center of jazz influence in the Lone Star State."

JAZZ FESTIVAL MAY BE TEST OF VEGAS INTEGRATION

Jim Crow as an issue has been injected into the Las Vegas Jazz Festival, scheduled July 7 and 8.

Writing from San Francisco, in that city's *Sunday Chronicle*, columnist Ralph J. Gleason recently noted that "Las Vegas, beneath the glitter and tinsel of its show-business world, has traditionally been a Jim Crow town." He pointed out the inherently interracial character of jazz festivals and then cited "numerous incidents of extreme difficulty with housing, eating, and general social activity."

A week after the appearance of Gleason's column, Las Vegas replied—in the form of an editorial in the city's *Review-Journal* daily newspaper.

The jazz festival, said the editorial, "must be considered indicative of the tremendous cultural growth of our city, indeed of our entire state" and coupled the forthcoming event in importance with an appearance there by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.

"Music—classical or contemporary," went on the editorial, "knows no barriers. It reaches into the hearts of men of all races, creeds, and colors."

In his column Gleason observed, "A little over a year ago, the NAACP worked out a reduction in the degree of Vegas discrimination which, according to NAACP representatives, has resulted in a 'much better situation' in that city. Just what this means in terms of interracial groups finding accommodations for the festival remains to be seen."

Responded the *Review-Journal*, "In recent years there has been good, sound, steady progress in the field of human relations in Las Vegas.

"We feel that as of today, our Negro visitors will find a situation no better and no worse than San Francisco when it comes to public accommodations, hospitality, and welcome."

The editorial, however, made no reference to the crux of the problem—the

mixing of Negro and white, men and women, who presumably will be seeking accommodations together during the festival.

"A jazz festival should," Gleason wrote, "if nothing else, bring it all out in the open by the very nature of the affair. Negro talent makes up at least 50 percent of the Vegas program at this point, and it is certain to attract numerous Negro fans."

To Gleason's comment that holding the festival in the first place "should bring it all out in the open," the Las Vegas editorial responded, "We agree.

But we doubt if he'll find it as bad as many outsiders seem to believe."

Gleason's trepidation was summed up this way:

"The racial overtones of the housing and other accommodations will put a pall on the entire affair unless people have some official indication (similar to the Monterey commitments) that Jim Crow will not be present. An endorsement from the Las Vegas chapter of the NAACP might help."

Then, continuing in a broader social context, Gleason concluded, "Jazz, of course, has been one of the most potent

forces for integration for some time. It could be that by scheduling the jazz festival, Las Vegas musicians will provide the leverage for a final solution of this problem in their city."

In an apparent attempt to resolve the essential uncertainty expressed both by Gleason and the *Review-Journal* as to the actuality of the present racial situation in the city, Jack Eglash, assistant to the president of the Las Vegas AFM musicians union and an organizer of the festival, was quoted by Gleason in his column as stating, "It's not too much of a problem now."

Who Is On The Right Track?

More than a year ago, Herman Kenin, American Federation of Musicians president, appointed saxophonist Georgie Auld as a special assistant to stop the advances of tracking in the recording industry.

Tracking is a method by which record companies could record any number of background tapes that could be used repeatedly for singers or instrumentalists, depending on what was needed. The union opposes it because it means a reduction of work for musicians.

Auld's appointment was heralded widely in the industry because he had been a professional musician for many years, an important sideman, bandleader, and recording star. At the time, Auld said, "I have put away my saxophone to devote all of my time and energy to correcting the multiple abuses whereby musicians are being exploited to the tune of hundreds of thousands of dollars by employer coercion."

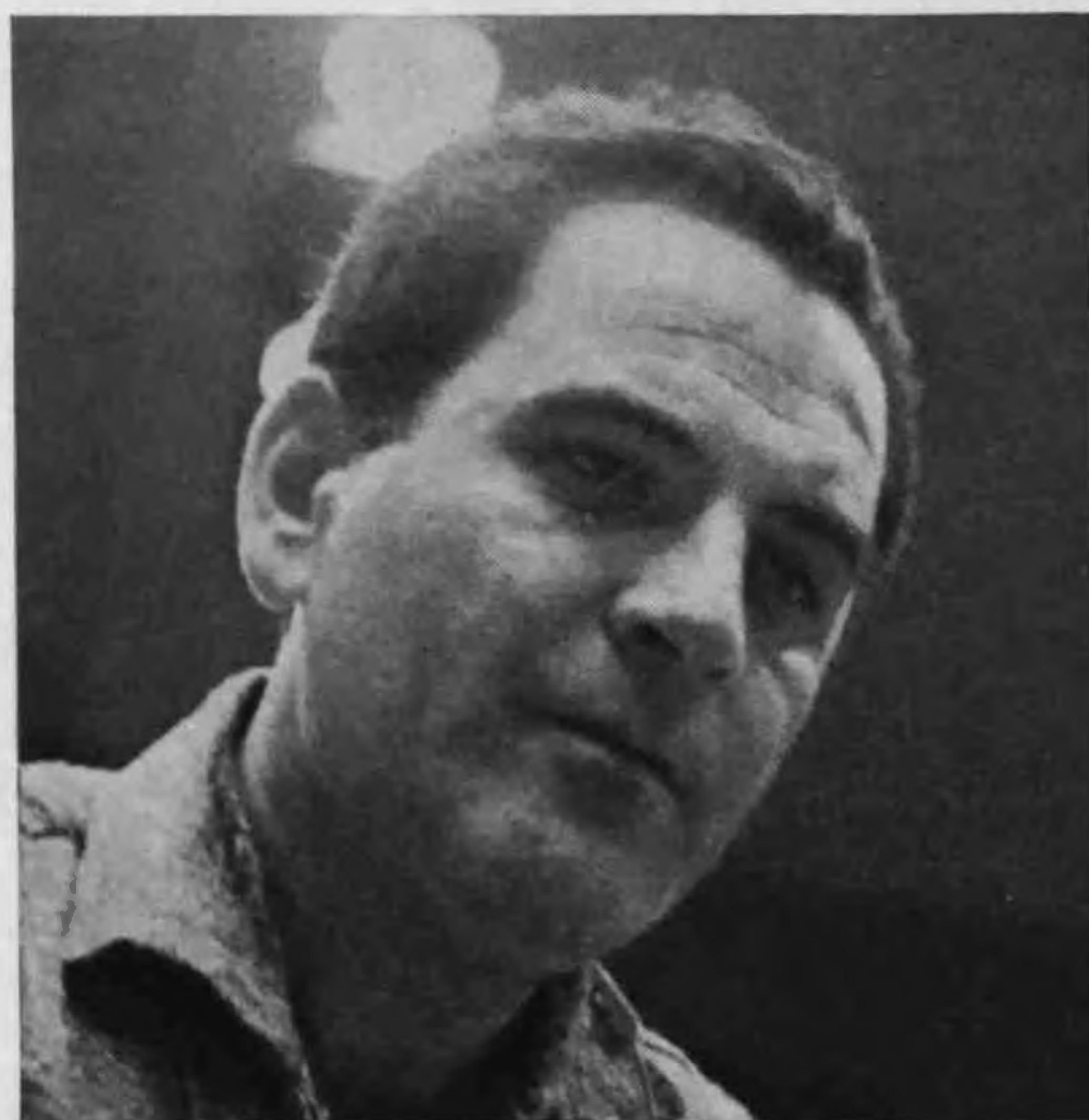
In the months following, Auld analyzed cases that were tried and employers found wanting. In some cases, union discipline was enough to correct abuses. On two occasions, federal courts brought rulings against employers.

Then, late last summer, Auld and his assistant, Bert Fisher, were suddenly relieved of their duties and subsequently brought to union trial where their suspension from the job—but not from union membership—was made official.

Since then, Auld and Fisher say they have had no right of appeal and "were literally ostracized by officials and many members of AFM. . . . Reputations were ruined by reasons of defamations."

They are suing Kenin for \$500,000.

The federation is in a no-talking mood. Thus, the present state of the case is mostly outlined in the original



Auld



Kenin

allegation against Auld and Fisher and the statements by Auld and Fisher in their suit against Kenin.

The original AFM case involved a question of whether Auld and Fisher were blackmailers.

According to them, they had, in the course of their duties, discovered that hotel executive Paul Grossinger, and the Grossinger Hotel, in New York's Catskill mountains, "were, and had long been, in serious and flagrant violation of AFM rules and regulations in a number of respects. . . ." This concerned an allegation that Grossinger had taped hundreds of live performances for later public replay, something against union rules.

Auld and Fisher said they had prepared written and oral reports on the matter for presentation to the AFM, that Grossinger had asked them how he could rectify the matter, and that they had told him either to turn over 500 unauthorized tape recordings to the AFM or pay the musicians involved something like \$900,000.

They say Grossinger threatened them.

Grossinger claimed differently, complained to the federation, and Auld and Fisher were called into Kenin's office to discuss the matter. Grossinger said he had evidence that the two had offered to be silent if he would pay them \$25,000.

At that point, according to the Auld-

Fisher suit, Kenin "relieved them of their positions, without previous adequate investigation, written charges, and exhibition of any evidence." They say that Kenin also notified them that there would be a subsequent union trial.

According to the Auld and Fisher suit, they attended the trial "without having received any written charges, and after having been told that the persons who would attend were to be limited to Jack Ferentz, assistant to Kenin; Jerry Adler, a federation attorney; Paul Grossinger; and themselves."

They charge further in their suit that Ferentz, who was to have been their witness, was not there. No one to whom they had reported their findings on the Grossinger case was there, they charge. Instead, there were the secretary of the AFM local in which jurisdiction of the Grossinger Hotel lies; his wife; an attorney for Grossinger; and the hearing officer, Isaac Groaner.

Auld and Fisher assert that no minutes of the meeting were kept. Seven days later they were asked to appear before Kenin, they say, and were formally dismissed from the jobs on the basis of the material presented at the meeting and the letter sent by the hearing officer.

They say they have asked to see the letter, or the evidence on which the letter was based. Both, they say, have been denied to them.

MOSCOW DIARY

By LEONARD FEATHER

By the time these words are read, the historic Benny Goodman Band tour of the Soviet Union will be almost over. Judging by the way things have gone up to the time of writing there can be little doubt that the unprecedented venture has succeeded in its major objective—to create an avenue for jazz in the USSR, to bring to the Soviet people music unlike anything they have ever before heard in person, and to pave the way for other such endeavors.

The report following is mainly one of facts and incidents. A more serious analytical study of the Moscow and Leningrad jazz scenes, of what jazz means to the Soviet people, will appear in a later issue.

MONDAY, MAY 28

Night falling, but still light, as my plane landed in Moscow at 9:30 p.m. First Russian I spoke to, a young customs officer, said he tried to get tickets to one of three Goodman concerts, but all are sold out. Learned I was staying at Ukraina Hotel (no tourist ever knows, until he arrives in USSR, at what hotel the Intourist Travel agency has billeted him). Ukraina is described in official U.S. Embassy visitors' guide as "Moscow's newest skyscraper and largest hotel." Opened in 1957, but looking like 1857, it is an enormous wedding cake, with World War I style bathroom fixtures. No place to go tonight; Moscow folds up around 11 p.m.

TUESDAY, MAY 29

Awakened 6 a.m. by repeated wake-up bell signal on radio, which I'd accidentally left on. Followed by wake-up exercises (*ras, dva, tre, chetyreh!*) with piano accompaniment; then xylophone solo with piano, followed by circus-style band music. Turned off radio.

Taxi to Leningradskaya Hotel. Found Goodman in car outside hotel, waiting to leave for rehearsal; band in bus. Joined band, drove long distance to rehearsal to TCKA (Central Sports Club of Army), a light, bright, 4,600-seat hall, quite a fair distance from the city, used for sporting events and concerts.

Personnel of band: John Frosk, Jimmy

Maxwell, Joe Newman, Joe Wilder, trumpets; Jimmy Knepper (just recovered from mumps), Willie Dennis, Wayne Andre, trombones; Jerry Dodgion, Phil Woods, altos; Tommy Newsum, Zoot Sims, tenors; Gene Allen, baritone; John Bunch, piano; Vanig Hovsepian, alias Turk Van Lake, guitar (he shouldn't have any language problems when they hit Armenia); Mel Lewis, drums; Bill Crow, bass; Joya Sherrill, vocals; Teddy Wilson, pianist with sextet only; Victor Feldman, vibes with sextet only.

Benny ran through a few numbers desultorily. After two hours of rehearsals a 2½-hour lunch break is called. Everybody traipsed back into town for meal at the hotel.

Band rehearsing things they all know well already; on the bus, I learned that the modern arrangements commissioned by Benny are not being used, and it's back to Fletcher Henderson and the rest of the old guard.

Benny surrounded by large retinue: Hal Davis, his manager pro tem; a road manager; a secretary; an amiable State Department cultural attache named Terry Catherman; three interpreters; later, two charming and attractive BG daughters. (Benny's wife due in later.)

Incident during rehearsal: Benny to Joya during the fine Ralph Burns arrangement of *The Thrill Is Gone*: "What's that you're ending on—a major seventh? Don't do that. End it on the tonic." Joya bit her lip; in next run-down ended on tonic. BG unusually *distract* today, even by BG standards. One of his more remarkable remarks: "Teddy, don't smoke at rehearsal."

On bus, I noted variety of reactions of musicians to their strange new envi-

Wilson

Feldman Crow



ronment. Jimmy Maxwell, veteran of the 1939-42 Goodman band, who brought his young son along, is the only one who seems to have prepared seriously by studying Russian extensively. Joe Wilder is the most interested in observing sights and preserving them with a Hasselblad camera; his passport lists him as musician and professional photographer. Teddy Wilson the most interested in explaining Soviet system to colleagues. Mel Lewis the most sanguine about Benny: "He's treated me great so far."

Everyone agrees: "The man to see about jazz in town is Alexei Batashev. He was out at the airport to meet us." Through Ted Shabad, N.Y. *Times* man here, I met Alexei, a gaunt, intense, friendly 27-year-old physicist who is president of the jazz section of the Kirov Musical Youth Club. Officially sanctioned two years ago, the club has been promoting jazz as played by a growing circle of about 50 musicians, to most of whom jazz is not a full-time profession but a serious hobby.

Alexei, who gave up playing tenor three years ago because he felt he could never be another Rollins, is now a local John Hammond, endlessly devoted to the promotion of jazz. "I seek the essence, the meaning, the philosophy of jazz," he said.

Dinner with Shabad, Joya, and Alexei at the National Hotel, where the food is less disturbing than at other hotels but the music guarantees gastritis—a beginner clarinetist, guitarist playing all wrong changes, bass, and snare drum. Bass drums, it seems, are as easy to come by locally as the *Wall Street Journal*.

After dinner we visited the Cafe Aelita, one of Moscow's two Youth Clubs. There will be 10 or 12 by the end of the year. This is the closest Moscow comes to a night club. Brightly but not garishly lit, the cafe serves only wine, closes at 11 p.m., and is decorated in a style that might be called Shoddy Modern, though radical by Moscow standards.

First group we heard was a Dixieland combo featuring altoist Michail Zuritchenko, 18, who has been playing jazz only a year but has developed a remarkable technique and an energetic extrovert style. Igor Voronov, the clarinetist, asked me: "You like him? He plays in our style, but likes Cannonball Adderley. I hope the music is not too loud. I'm sorry we don't have the regular Dixieland instrumentation, but our trumpet man is in Sochi, and our trombonist is playing a dance tonight." (Musicians at the youth cafes play for kicks, not money. Regular gigs pay from six rubles a night up to an occasional 12 or 15.)

Next, Alexei stood up to introduce a

modern group. First tune he announced was a composition of "Milesa Davisa" (in Russian even proper nouns decline) entitled *Chetyreh*, which as my three hasty weeks of Berlitz Russian reminded me, means *Four*.

This was the shocker of the day. The trumpet, Andre Towmosian, who is 19 but looks about 14, plays with the maturity of a long-schooled musician, though in jazz he is self-taught.

"He first earned critical and public attention," Alexei told me, "in the fourth annual jazz festival at Tartu, Estonia, in 1960." (Why, hadn't I known? There have been USSR jazz festivals since 1957.) "He was also featured with this combo at the recent Leningrad University Jazz Festival."

In addition to Towmosian, in whom the Miles Davis influence was unmistakable (his regular setting is a large Soviet youth band), the group included a good modern pianist, Vadim Sakun, whose composition *With Inspiration* was a highlight of the set; a drummer named Valeri Bulanov, bereft of bass drum but doing well in the top-cymbal department; and a bassist named Leonid Schitoff.

Batashev pointed out that most of the material played by this combo, which could acquit itself admirably by any standards at any U.S. jazz festival, consists of originals rather than standards. He feels this policy will point the way toward a genuine Soviet school of music, which will remove from local jazzmen the stigma of being mere imitators of Americans.

When, tired from the long day, we had to leave before the final set, Alexei said sadly: "You are losing music." But we had gained more than we ever expected to in this remarkable exposure to a new, young, vibrant aspect of our host country's culture.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 30

At the GUM department store on Red Square, I picked up a couple of LPs, but there was nothing of jazz interest available. Ten-inch LPs in plain paper sleeves for a ruble; 33-rpm singles for 45 kopeks.

In the evening, Alexei and I sat in a taxi humming Monk tunes in unison, as we made our way to the auditorium for Benny's premiere. Alexei had had great difficulty in getting a ticket. They were placed on sale only at certain factories; many were made available to diplomats, composers, and various influential figures, so that the young people who constitute the real jazz audience had been trying vainly for weeks to buy seats for the opening. A thousand had to be turned away tonight.

At 7:30 p.m., when the concert was scheduled to begin, daylight still streamed through the big glass panels

that run the length of the house.

At 7:50 a rustle in the hall. Everyone stood up and applause broke out as two completely unexpected guests, Premier and Mrs. Nikita S. Khrushchev, walked in. They took their places, along with Kozlov, Kosygin, Mikoyan, minister of Culture Ekaterina Furtseva, and Ambassador and Mrs. Llewellyn Thompson, in the front row of seats ranged along the side of the hall, facing center.

At 7:55, Goodman walked onstage to quiet, conservative applause. After *Let's*



Alex Batashev beside a poster reading "Benny Goodman & Jazz Orchestra."

Dance, applause was followed by complete, awkward silence as Goodman prepared to start John Carisi's *Greetings to Moscow*, based on a Russian folk song. Youngsters next to me were calling out names of men they recognized: "Phil Woods!" "Bill Crow!" Various European and African diplomats, dotted among first few rows, applauded for Joe Newman's *Moscow* solo.

The next tune, *Meet the Orchestra*—a fast blues giving each man a few bars to blow as Benny called his name—was grinningly announced by Benny in his only attempt at Russian of the evening, other than the closing *Spasibo*.

Fine solos by Zoot and Newman on *King Porter Stomp* received a good hand, but the audience still seemed cautious, perhaps awed by Khrushchev's presence.

The first substantial applause came for Joya's set. On *The Thrill Is Gone*, I was delighted to note, she ended very deliberately on the major seventh. To end her set she announced a medley of "songs by Mr. Gershwin." If Benny felt obliged to cater to the USSR taste for Gershwin as an alleged jazz giant, he could certainly have picked better songs than *Fascinating Rhythm*.

Joya looked lovely, sang well, and soon had the audience breaking into slow, insistent, unison applause. The first and only artist to stop the show

tonight, she returned as the band faked a background for her on *I'm Beginning to See the Light*. Band began to sound happy, as if it too were beginning to see light. (Russians were puzzled by Joya's appearance; one NBC man told me his chauffeur had asked: "Is she Benny Goodman's daughter?")

The sextet played a passable medley of old tunes, with Benny in very good form on *China Boy* and *Body and Soul*, Teddy playing with his perennial aplomb, Feldman seemingly tense, Crow's walking chorus on *China Boy* well received.

To conclude the first half, Benny announced *One O'Clock Jump*, then turned to face the band and stood there for an even longer pause than had preceded other numbers. ("What does he do during those lulls, with his back to the audience?" I asked one sideman. "Nothing; just stares into space and gets everyone nervous.") Goodman finally beat off *One O'Clock*, in which Newman shone.

Khrushchev, who had loosened up with Joya's set, seemed to be enjoying himself.

During intermission, backstage, much speculation regarding the reaction. Lewis and Feldman assured me that this was the best they had heard the band sound.

After intermission, no sign of Khrushchev, who had slipped away by a side door. Band played *Don't Be That Way*.

Audience seemingly amused by Alec Templeton's *Bach Goes to Town* and impressed by the lyrical Joe Wilder feature number, *I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good*, played with simple rhythm-section background. Zoot's several solos tonight all seemed to get special attention too.

Next a so-called *Anthology of Jazz*, arranged by Bob Prince, during which the artists portrayed were represented by a series of large photographs on an easel at side of stage. A highly questionable potpourri in which Goodman, by saluting Paul Whiteman and Glenn Miller, helped foster an old Soviet illusion, which he should have helped destroy, that these are major jazz names. The anthology, which Goodman said included "all the known figures in jazz in America" omitted Jimmie Lunceford, Fats Waller, Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Gerry Mulligan, and even Fletcher Henderson—but for whom there might never have been a Benny Goodman Story. The announcement of Charlie Parker, which I naturally assumed would give Phil Woods a chance to shine, merely led to 12 bars of trumpet-alto unison on *Billie's Bounce* in which the alto part was played by Dodgion. On the other hand, in the *Take Five* tribute to Dave Brubeck, the Paul Desmond part was played by Phil!

The medley concluded with an ex-

tended rundown of *Poi, Poi, Poi* (didn't you know *Poi* was Russian for sing?), featuring Zoot, Newman, Wilder, Benny, and Mel.

Happy birthday greetings to Goodman by interpreter, thanks by Benny, another awkward pause, and then *Meadowlands* by the band and flowers lugged onstage for BG. Reaction strong enough to lead to another encore, *Stealin' Apples*. Finally, after a chorus of *Goodbye*, Benny made a brief thank-you speech and walked off.

Backstage, tumult. U.S. and British newspapermen and news-magazine representatives gathered in Goodman's dressing room as Benny sprawled out, exhausted, trying to find answers for all the questions. Press seemed to treat him as if he were a heavyweight who just won on points in a split decision.

"How do you think it went, Benny?"

"Ah . . . wonderful."

"You liked the audience?"

"Great."

Somebody carefully explained that Khrushchev had a very good time and had left early only because of urgent state business.

"I believe it," said Sol Hurok, the well-known impresario.

"I believe it," said Hal Davis.

"Get me my glasses," said Benny.

Many photographs were taken and many opinions exchanged. General feeling (confirmed by events of the following night) was that the audience had been too handpicked to be representative, and that Mr. K's presence had inhibited applause, and that future crowds would be younger and warmer.

With Preston Grover, Moscow bureau chief of Associated Press, I repaired to the United States Embassy, where a big party had been arranged.

I got into a conversation with a chubby, blondish aggressive young man who was discussing President Kennedy, through an interpreter, with a couple of guests. Chatted briefly with him, but didn't catch his name.

As Phil Woods walked up, the chubby man suddenly made a grab at the top button of Phil's coat and said, "You shouldn't wear it like that, with the top button buttoned!" He was then introduced to Woods. The chubby man was Alexei Adzhubei, editor of *Izvestia*—Khrushchev's son-in-law. A few moments later I saw Adzhubei snapping his fingers at me impatiently; it was his way of saying "Come over and be introduced to my wife." Adzhubei is an uninhibited young man. He is said to speak more English than he cares to use.

I asked Ambassador Thompson whether he felt that as a result of cultural exchanges like the present one, involving jazz, some substantial good might be accomplished. "It already has been," he answered. "Khrushchev's presence at



Bunch

Crow

Sims

Goodman

the concert tonight was a very significant and helpful event in itself."

Piano and drums (including bass drum!) being conspicuously available in a corner of the vast high-ceilinged ornate room, a session seemed bound to develop. After everyone had been to the next room to dip into the huge buffet and accept drinks, Phil and Zoot and the rhythm section (first with Bunch, later with Teddy) began to blow gently, and Goodman joined them. It was the best music that had been played all evening.

After a while, Bunch played *Happy Birthday* and a cake was brought in for Benny to cut. Dancing resumed; Joya dancing with Somali ambassador, Benny putting down horn to dance with Mrs. Thompson, Joe Newman chatting about the Twist with Ambassador Thompson, Ghana Ambassador John Leslie, and myself.

It will be a long time before another gathering of this kind occurs at the U.S. Embassy in Moscow, or anywhere else. Consensus about the concert, as discussed at the reception, was that it had made musical and diplomatic history.

THURSDAY, MAY 31

Moscow has a dozen daily papers, but the only report of the concert was at the bottom of the third page of *Pravda*—a few paragraphs with no critical analysis, merely a statement of facts and a list of dignitaries who attended. (There was a longer, analytically favorable review later in *Soviet Culture* magazine.)

This evening's concert showed a definite improvement in the quantity and quality of the applause. Audience familiar with tunes like *Come Rain or Come Shine*—broke into applause when Joya began singing it. Joya did so well tonight that Benny had to bring her back for another appearance in the second half of the show. When she sang *Katasha* in Russian the house really broke up. Cheers, laughter, and applause all the way through.

"It was wonderful—so funny!" one Russian girl told me. "She sounded like a Russian woman who has had a few drinks!"

Interesting to note that whistling, long considered derogatory in USSR, was heard tonight along with prolonged applause; evidently Soviet fans have learned that whistling in U.S. is used as expression of approval. When Benny finally got to *Goodbye*, a segment of the audience began to surge toward the stage but was stopped by militiamen. Even after the band had begun to pack instruments, almost the entire audience remained standing, apparently reluctant to believe the show was over.

FRIDAY, JUNE 1

Conference called this morning between Goodman and leading Soviet composers at headquarters of Union of Soviet Composers. George Avakian of RCA Victor, who arrived in town last night, conversing animatedly in Armenian with Aram Khachaturian. Finally Tihon Khrennikov, head of the organization, got the informal interview under way.

Some members of the composer's union have had listening and/or performing experience in the world of popular dance music; some tend to equate this with jazz. Others gradually are becoming aware of the newer names. Benny was bombarded with questions about various U.S. figures.

What did he think of Miles Davis?

"Well, he's very advanced," he answered. "People like that have a particular style, and it's liked by many people. There's room for anything in this field, even if one doesn't like it."

How about big-band versus small-band jazz?

"It's just a question of technique," said Benny, and went into a long disquisition about various styles.

"It is," he said, "a whole megalomania of so many different things. Duke Ellington is popular. . . . Count Basie is popular. . . . Bill Haley is popular. The small groups play for listening, not for dancing. I've always felt that jazz has something to do with dancing; the concert hall is not the real place for this kind of music."

Coming from a man who had just flown 8,000 miles to do a tour com-

(Continued on page 59)

Report From WASHINGTON

First International Jazz Festival

By PETE WELDING

High in the air in the center of the Washington Coliseum is a large four-sided scoreboard used for the basketball and hockey games that normally take place in the cavernous building. A number of times during the course of the several programs of the International Jazz Festival held in the Coliseum last month, my eyes wandered to the scoreboard. The board was darkened; the score read HOME—0; VISITORS—0. One had merely to substitute the words "artists" and "audience," and he'd have a fairly good summation of what took place in this arena, the scene of the large-scale programs.

The four concerts held there were nothing short of disastrous. To begin with, the Coliseum was swelteringly hot on Friday and Saturday evenings and only slightly less so during the two Sunday programs. The few small ventilating fans that one saw desultorily turning at the far ends of the building were wholly ineffectual in combating the stultifying heat. It seemed that by the end of each program half of the audience had left.

But the heat, bad as it was, was only part of the problem. Much, much worse was the inexcusably poor sound. The acoustical properties of the Coliseum are terrible; it was virtually impossible to hear with any clarity anything that was sung or played.

Dinah Washington



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOE ALPER

Friday night was a waste, for on this night the amplification system was utterly useless. The little sound that reached the audience was hopelessly distorted by reverberation.

Following spirited—but largely unheard—Gospel performances by the Staple Singers, Alex Bradford, and Marion Williams groups, there appeared in succession: Dinah Washington for three brief numbers backed by her trio; Chicago blues singer Howlin' Wolf (Chester Burnet), whose singing could not be heard at all, and the blame must be laid at the feet of his heavily over-amplified accompanists; the Cannonball Adderley Sextet for four extended numbers, including a highly effective oboe solo on *Trouble in Mind* by Yusef Lateef; the Eureka Brass Band playing a ragged *Saints* from the auditorium floor. Sonny Rollins & Co. came next and brought from the audience a standing ovation for the quartet's two blistering, bullying numbers. The program was concluded by the Lionel Hampton Band, whose bellicose brand of swing came across in all its driving, heavy-handed power, poor acoustics or not.

Thanks to some midnight oil burning by Atlantic records' sound engineers, the sound system was a bit better for the Saturday evening program. Only slightly better, however—but at least one could hear the general contours of the numbers, if not their subtleties.

Again Gospel music led off the evening's lengthy festivities, this time the rousing six-piece, all-female Clara Ward Singers. After them came a Polish quintet, the Wreckers of Warsaw, who played capable hard bop of the Horace Silver-Art Blakey persuasion. The Herbie

Mann Sextet came alive only on Charlie Parker's *Au Privave*, thanks mainly to percussionists Willie Bobo and Patato Valdez. Horace Silver's five funkmasters were predictably earthy for two interminable numbers.

Then the Oscar Peterson Trio romped through a quartet of pieces, the effectiveness of which was wholly destroyed by the fact that so little of what they were doing onstage reached the audience. Two giants then ambled onto the platform, trumpeter Roy Eldridge and tenor saxophonist Ben Webster, to join the Peterson trio for four delightful,



Thigpen Brown Webster Eldridge

singing performances. Some only slightly lesser giants followed in the persons of Gerry Mulligan and Bob Brookmeyer; their relaxed, pungent joint improvisations proved a splendid, updated continuation of what had preceded them.

The Thelonious Monk Quartet, with tenor saxophonist Charlie Rouse, played three numbers, including a splendid *Blue Monk*, before the Duke Ellington Band was unleashed. And that's the proper term, for the bandsmen were jus-

tifiably angered by the long wait they had endured, and they gave vent to their feelings by playing with an incisive, biting passion that caused their material to spring to sudden life. All told, the program had lasted five hours.

The Sunday programs consisted of a morning Gospel concert that provided some of the most exciting moments of the festival, and another marathon of jazz acts in the afternoon.

The fervent abandoned singing of the Gospel groups provided not only a splendid illustration of some of the folk roots of jazz, but it had the unex-



Clara Ward Singers

pected result of sending several of the singers and the audience into a trance-like state of deific possession. There were vivid examples of the "holy dance," as the passionate, sweeping music proved too much for some participants and spectators.

On the afternoon program, the local big band of drummer Fred Merkle played several Bill Potts compositions in a driving, heated manner in the best Basie-out-of-Herman traditions. The Dave Brubeck Quartet followed in a program of three attractive pieces. It was succeeded by the lusty, stomping English Trad band of Chris Barber, which romped through its five numbers with gusto and conviction.

The Ellington band was on hand again, and offered a program of eight pieces of its standard concert fare, including two delightful Johnny Hodges solos. British tenor saxophonist Tubby Hayes led his quartet through three numbers in his best simulacrum of early Sonny Rollins, though it must be admitted that Hayes plays with passionate intensity, power, sureness, and a sense of direction. The mannered, tortuous singing of Gloria Lynne seemed to go on forever; she sang flat through several numbers, and her difficulties with a key change in *This Little Boy of Mine* were embarrassing.

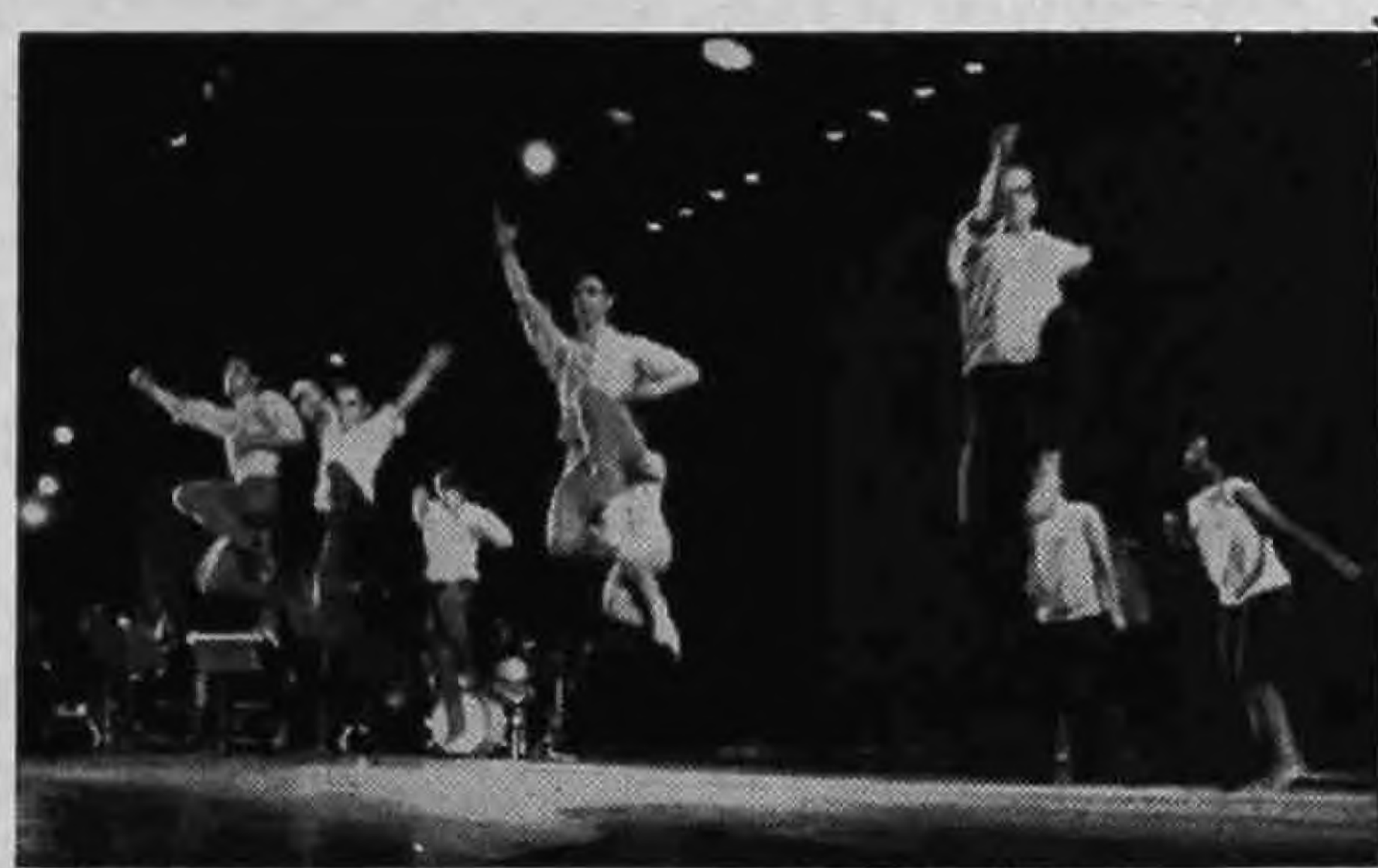
Slide Hampton's arrangements for his octet displayed obvious taste and intelligence, but the group tended to minimize its strong points by turning everything into furious up-tempo demonstrations of facility and little else. The George Shearing Quintet, in its customary shimmering fashion, rounded out the five hours' torture of the Chris-

tians in the Coliseum, to quote emcee Willis Conover out of context.

The Coliseum programs attracted the crowds, as might have been expected, and they more or less symbolize the International Jazz Festival to the majority of jazz fans. Yet there was little to differentiate them from the usual bursting-at-the-seams, thoughtlessly contrived festival program. Indeed, the *Jazz at the Coliseum* programs were little more than Newport under glass.

But they justified their existence simply by underwriting the smaller, more ambitious and worthwhile programs that were the real jewels in the festival's crown. It was in these smaller programs that one could hear and see thoughtful, provocative programing of the type that festivals should propagate but too seldom do.

The *Jazz Ballet Theater* program is a case in point. Here was a vastly stimulating, fresh presentation of three art forms in conjunction: dance, painting,



Jazz Ballet Theater

and jazz. While the 10-piece Lee Becker dance troupe was engaged in simultaneous expression—partly improvised, partly choreographed—with an onstage group of improvising jazzmen, young abstract expressionist Paris Theodore was executing a painting on a large backdrop. The dances were of a brittle, jagged character that well complemented the music furnished by Don Ellis, Eric Dolphy, Eddie Costa, Ron Carter, and Charlie Persip. The program was most alive when the dance was most improvisatory, as in the final episode. The dance impressions of several recorded jazz works—Sidney Bechet's *Summertime* and a Jelly Roll Morton Red Hot Peppers piece, among

Mulligan Brookmeyer



them—were interesting revelations too.

An equally provocative venture was the Saturday afternoon *Jazz for the Small Ensemble*. Starting with the ebullient contrapuntal noodling of the Mulligan-Brookmeyer quartet, the program moved on to the startling work of George Russell, whose sextet (including trumpeter Ellis and trombonist Dave Baker) offered four challenging numbers. Chief among these were *In A Lonely Place* with its feeling of desolation and uncertainty achieved through tonal vacillation, trombone smears, and pinched half-valve trumpet effects, and *D. C. Divertimento*, commissioned specifically for the festival by Broadcast Music, Inc. It had as a theme a sort of soul parody in march time which was set against an eccentric piano obligato; its development ranged from tightly arranged to freely improvised ensembles, moving in and out of tempo.

Duke Ellington, accompanied by Aaron Bell and Sam Woodyard, offered five charming pieces, including a lovely *Single Petal of a Rose*, and acted as a sort of buffer between Russell and pianist John Benson Brooks. The latter's music, executed by himself, altoist Don Heckman, and drummer Howard Hart,



Heckman Brooks

seemed even more far out than Russell's. The aptly titled piece *The Twelves*, was a blistering, tortured excursion into atonality in which Heckman, playing brilliantly, dredged up just about every sound of which the alto is capable.

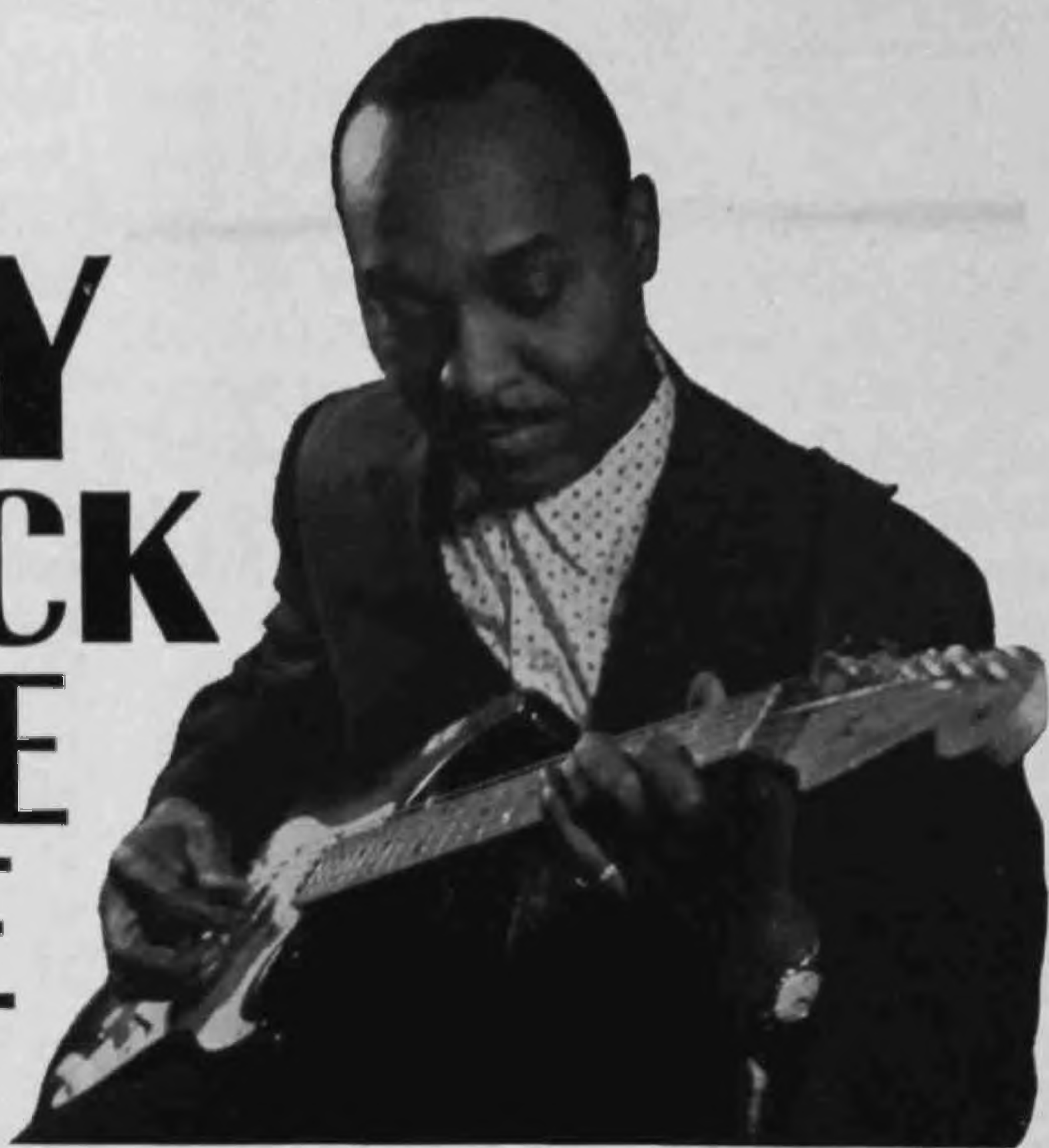
The Rollins quartet again played with sustained brilliance, and the two principals, Rollins and guitarist Jim Hall, seemed to ignite one another. Hall contributed one of the strongest, most fully achieved solos I have yet heard from him, and Rollins led the way.

In view of the splendid accomplishments of the small groups at this concert, the program of "symphonic jazz" held on Thursday evening at Constitution Hall was doubly disappointing.

(Continued on page 60)

AL CASEY BACK ON THE SCENE

By STANLEY DANCE



A COUPLE OF Prestige albums issued last year served to bring guitarist Al Casey out of obscurity, an obscurity linked to the fickle and wasteful emphasis on "fashion" in jazz. Critics, who with others had lost sight of Casey, one of the important men of the late swing era, were enthusiastic in praise of the records. His was clearly a talent undiminished.

Casey was born in Louisville, Ky., in 1915, and when he was 5, his mother began giving him violin lessons.

"But that didn't last long," the guitarist said recently, "because I didn't like that screeching sound, and none of that tuition stuck."

When Casey was 15, the family moved to New York City where, with a cousin, he used to "fool around, playing guitar by ear."

Meanwhile, two uncles and two aunts who formed a vocal group that sang spirituals, had struck up a friendship with pianist Fats Waller while working with him on *Moon River*, a nightly radio show over station WLW in Cincinnati, Ohio. One of his uncles later introduced Casey to Waller.

"One day, I made an appointment and went over to Fats' house and sat down and played a little," Casey said, "I always could swing a bit, and Fats said, 'I'm going to put you on one of my record sessions.' I still had two years to go in high school, but when a man like that said he liked the way I played, then I really got interested in guitar. I guess I had a pretty good ear to begin with, and now my uncles sent me to the Martin Smith music school for three years."

When he began to record with Waller in the early '30s, Casey said he became even more excited about music and wanted to join the pianist's band on a regular basis, but Waller already had a

guitar player.

In the summer months Waller augmented his seven pieces to big-band size and would tour the South.

"I wanted to quit school and do that," Casey recalled. "But he told me, 'If you finish high school and get your diploma with decent grades, you've got a job.'"

"In June, 1933, three weeks after graduating, I was in the bus and riding with Fats. I was 17, and I had the luck to be in the small band that played all the big clubs, like the Yacht Club in Chicago, and I was also in the big band that toured. I made nice money and had no ties. I had a ball, and it was a time I'll never forget, but Fats saw to it that I didn't go overboard. He was really like a father to me. And not only him, but the other guys kept an eye on me too. It was Gene Sedric [reed man with Waller] who took me down to the union and stood for me.

"Once I was in the band, there was the end of tuition and the beginning of experience. That was the reason I never got to be the technician I wanted to become, but Fats told me what I played swung. He wanted me to swing and tell a story. He didn't want a whole gang of notes.

"I was with him over a period of 10 years except for the time when Teddy Wilson put a big band together. I wanted to try it—no solos, just rhythm. That was one of the best bands that ever was. It could play in tune, it could swing, and it could really play ballads."

Recording with Waller was a light-hearted business, according to Casey. The recording people would give Waller pop tunes that other artists refused. Waller would look through the music, Casey said, and then he'd say, "We'll try this one."

"Then we'd make the record—just

like that," Casey said. "Sometimes we cut seven or eight numbers in three hours. That was a matter of working together. I knew what Fats was going to do, what Gene Sedric or Herman Autrey [trumpeter with the group] were going to do. It's different when you go into a studio today, without rehearsal, with people you maybe never worked with before."

Casey's time with Waller, who died in 1943, resulted in a storehouse of funny stories, but it's more a touching one that stays freshest in his mind.

"Two or three times we were in Chicago at Christmas," he said, "and Fats would have an organ put in his sitting room in the Sherman Hotel.

"'Come on by when you get off work,' he'd say to musicians and entertainers. He'd be calling people to come on up at 4 or 5 in the morning. He would play that organ then—carols and things like that—and not loud. He would really play, and make you cry."

CASEY, whose chord style was an influence on other guitarists, was, in turn, not without influences.

He said he used to listen to all the guitar players of the time but that Charlie Christian was his god. "He brought something new to what we were already playing," he said.

Casey mentioned that he liked the late Django Reinhardt very much and had heard and enjoyed the blues style of Lonnie Johnson.

"Teddy Bunn influenced me too," Casey recalled. "That group he was in, the Spirits of Rhythm, was the swingiest group I ever heard."

"I didn't start all the single-string stuff I do now until after Fats died [December, 1943]," he said. "I was upset, laid off for a while, and then went down to George's Tavern, a little beer joint in the Village, and worked with Clarence Profit and a bass player for quite a while. Later on, the owner asked me to form a trio, and I had Teacho Wiltshire on piano and Al Matthews on bass. I think a trio of that instrumentation has so much more to offer than piano, bass, and drums. By this time, I was playing amplified guitar, but I wasn't in love with it. In fact, I had begun to play it with Fats' big band, and all I knew was that it was louder. I played with a pickup at first and couldn't get the full guitar effect, but later I bought a whole electric outfit."

Guitar became more popular because of amplification, Casey said, because a man could work in quite large rooms with it and still be heard.

There was plenty of steady work for
(Continued on page 61)

GRANT

FOR MORE than three decades, New York City has been the place where a jazz musician had to establish himself if he wanted to be reckoned with. Or as Coleman Hawkins once remarked, "I don't care how good a man sounds in his home town—when he first comes to New York, he sounds funny."

One exception to this rule is Grant Green, a brilliant young guitarist who came to the big town from St. Louis, Mo., in the late summer of 1960. Within a few months of his arrival, Green had a recording contract with Blue Note, and both musicians and critics were remarkably unanimous in singing his praises.

"I dig New York," said Green, a tall, lanky young man of 31. "It's good to be off the road. I wouldn't want to be anywhere else—that's for sure."

We were talking between sets at Branker's, a Harlem club where Green was working with the Gloria Coleman Organ Trio.

Working with an organ trio is nothing new for Green. He has been with organists Sam Lazar and Jack McDuff and doesn't share the prejudice of some listeners against the instrument.

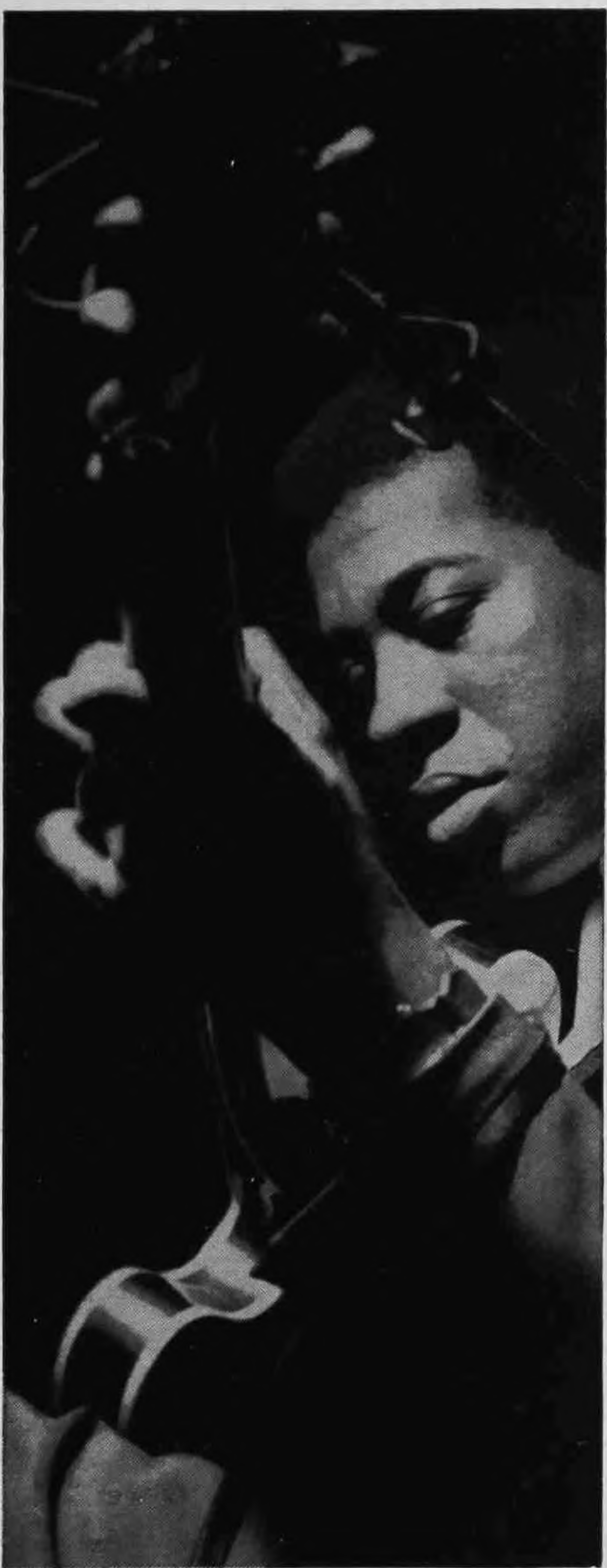
"Guitar and organ go well together," he said. "But my favorite trio is guitar, bass, and drums. You can really stretch out, and nothing gets cluttered up."

What first strikes the listener about Grant Green's playing is its remarkable relaxation. Sitting on the stand, eyes closed and legs crossed, Green seems utterly absorbed in his music, unfazed by the loud conversation and laughter at the bar.

His style is a single-note one, directly descended from Charlie Christian. His sound is full and singing, his conception clear and lucid.

He is versatile. After driving home a fast, jumping blues on which he employed one of the characteristics of his style—the repetition, with slight but subtle shifts in accent, of a single phrase—Green embarked on a lyrical exploration of *You've Changed*. Like all jazzman of stature, Green can state the melody without distortion and yet make it his own, and his improvisations proved him to be a ballad player of the first rank.

"I don't listen to guitar players much," Green said. "I dig horn players. I was very much influenced by Charlie Parker, very much. And among guitarists, there was Jimmy Raney. I liked his style of improvising, and he gets a good sound. I hear he's back with Stan Getz now—I'll have to hear that. I also like Kenny Burrell very much . . . and, of course, there was Charlie Christian. I



FRANCIS WOLFF/BLUE NOTE

NEW GUITAR IN TOWN

By DAN MORGANSTERN

love his records. You can't get around him."

IN ST. LOUIS Green was playing guitar while in grade school and was a professional musician at 13.

"The first thing I played was boogie woogie," he said. "Then I had to do a lot of rock and roll. It's all the blues, anyhow. Everything comes in handy in music. Now I can do it without any hassel. A musician should be able to play anything when the situation calls for it."

Green is the kind of musician who never tires of playing, but he has dif-

GREEN

ficulty finding musicians who share his desire to play as much as possible.

"Musicians don't get together like they used to," he said. "That good feeling seems to be gone. We had it back home, and I understand it used to be that way in New York too . . . guys would get together and jam, have fun. Look, a friend of mine has this great big loft, with a good piano and everything, and nobody wants to come by. If there are guys who'd want to, I don't know where they are. The other day, I asked some cats to come by, and they acted real suspicious, asking all kinds of questions. So I just froze and told them later. What it is, I don't know. Maybe there are too many musicians and not enough work, and people get jealous of each other—that might be it."

Another thing that Green said disturbs him is the continued lack of real acceptance of jazz: "Take Lincoln Center. They've got every kind of room there except a jazz room. Why is that?"

And living conditions in New York also leave much to be desired. "I've got a family, but how can I bring them to stay with me if I can't find a decent place to live in a neighborhood where you can bring up kids?" he asked. "I've been looking ever since I got here. I haven't even had a chance to see my youngest boy yet."

But Green doesn't let these things get in the way of his music. His playing is free and relaxed, without bitterness or hostility. His spacing and selection of notes is adroit. He seems more concerned with sound and melodic feeling than most young musicians, and whatever context he may be in he is always able to get a good groove going.

"My greatest ambition is to record with strings," he said. "I don't know if I'll ever get around to it, but I would love to get with some violins."

This ambition may come as a surprise to those who think of Green mainly as a blues-based swinger, but his lyrical vein flows strong. And most purists tend to forget that Charlie Parker's favorite records were those he made with strings.

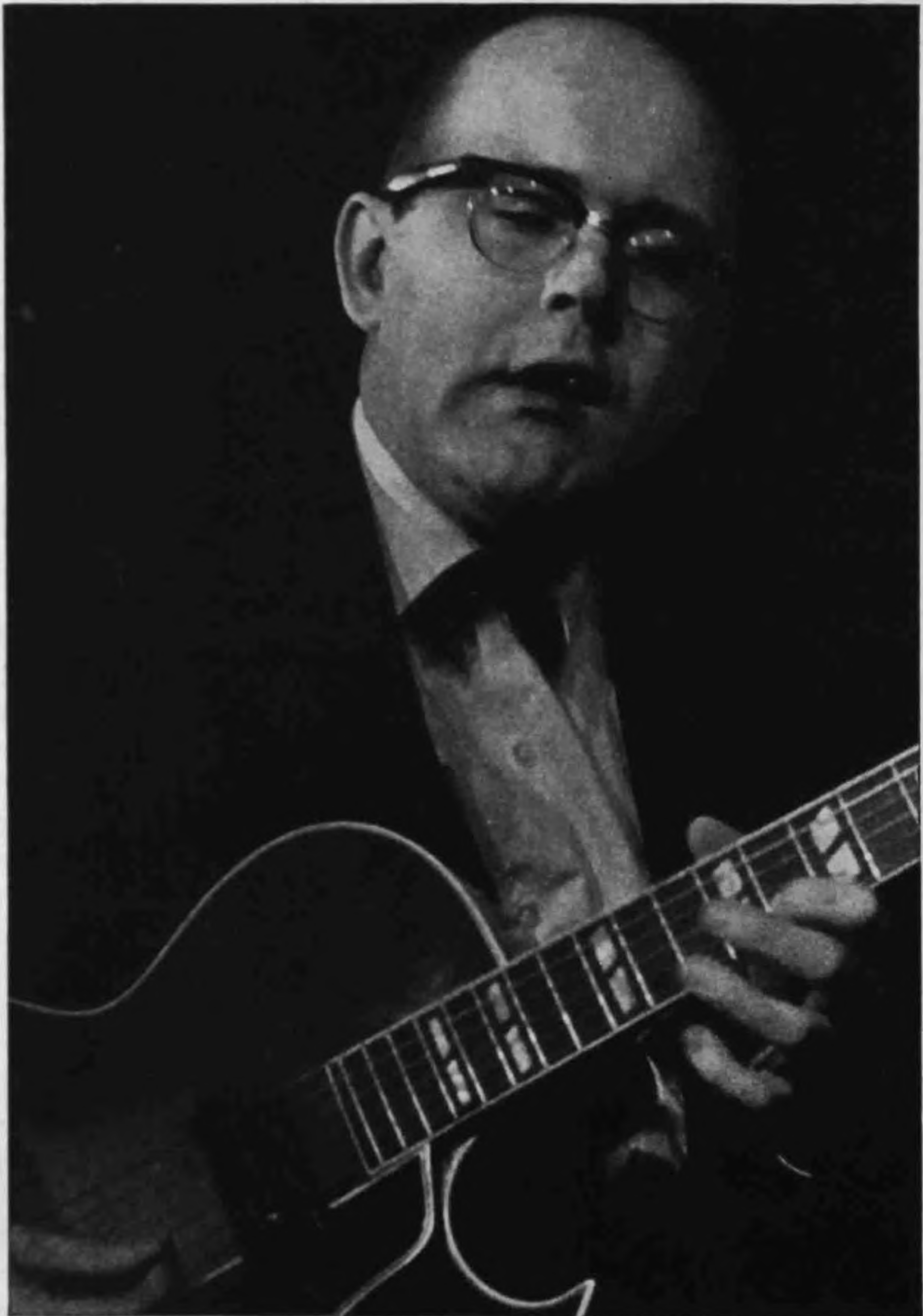
Each year many young musicians come to New York City from all over the country—and even from across the ocean—to prove themselves in the place where competition is toughest. Some give up and go back home, others fall into obscurity and disappear in the jungle of the city. Others make it.

Grant Green, with his easygoing ways, big sound, warm feeling, and genuine joy of playing surely will join the latter group.



The Musical Philosophy Of JIM HALL

FORM / FUNCTION / FULFILLMENT



JOE ALPER

By BILL COSS

FOR A MUSICIAN who has been the guitar bulwark of three most interesting jazz groups (those led by Chico Hamilton, Jimmy Giuffre, and Sonny Rollins), Jim Hall is oddly self-effacing, almost deprecating in assessing himself.

In 1958 he said, "I'm not really a jazz guitarist. I'm a composer who just happens to play guitar."

As a consequence, he's had a somewhat fitful musical life, trying to decide what to do. He's been forever going to return to school to complete requirement for an M.A. in composition. He hasn't returned. He's been forever going to retire from the music business. He hasn't done that either.

But perhaps he has moved, at least as he puts it, "away from the business part of the music business. Of course, that's only a part of it. I still get bugged now and then, just with the strain of playing jazz. So much goes into a good jazz performance that the strain becomes to overcome you. It's something you have to fight to overcome all the time. That's one of the reasons why I can understand the extremes that some musicians go to sometimes; otherwise they'd buckle under."

Perhaps the reason Hall has not buckled and has stayed in music results from his doubts about himself as a soloist, strange as that may seem. He has some competitive spirit, but this, with characteristic peculiarity, takes the form of humor. Some years ago he returned from San Francisco

where he had heard guitarist Wes Montgomery. Montgomery's talent was not too well known at the time, but Hall recognized it and made it clear by explaining how he spent most of one week trying to catch Montgomery's thumb in a car door.

Giving credit where it's due is a Hall mark. He has great admiration for such as Jimmy Raney ("he's a unique player"), Howard Roberts ("he's very overlooked"), and Tal Farlow ("he's amazing, and a great man too"), but he seems always, and many think erroneously, to exclude himself from that class.

"I'm not far out," he said. "I guess you should call me kind of middle of the road. Anyway, I think my playing is still very much in the embryonic stage. I suppose I'm really a swing kind of musician. I play the wide, broken phrases and have the easy time conception you usually associate with swing. Sure I've heard and I value Charlie Parker highly, but I don't aim to play that way—that long eighth-note line. My personality seems to lead me into an easier, looser, maybe Lester Young kind of conception.

"I think what I do best is listen. No, don't laugh. Listening is a hard thing, and I think I do it well. If you can't do it well, if you can't hear the group as a whole, you can't do your job right. My job, as I see it, is to help make the parts fit the whole. You see what I mean about listening? For example, the thing I pay the most attention to when I'm on the stand is the time-feeling. In other words, I'm listening to the rhythm section all the time. I guess that also puts me in the old-style jazz class.

"I'm always most interested in the blending, no matter who I'm playing with. So my idea is to fill out, to add color to what's going on around me. Even when I don't make it individually, I feel I add something—a spark, a feeling, that generates excitement."

Naturally enough, Hall is interested in sound too. If he doesn't get the right sound, he said he feels that he doesn't really play very much. He likes a natural guitar sound, a mellowness, and he said he thinks that almost all guitar players would say the same thing—"they all want the natural guitar sound, and yet they all arrive at something different. Very few of them sound alike."

Part of Hall's distinction lies in the fact that his guitar is tuned a perfect fourth below the usual guitar tuning. "It gives me a better sound all around," he said, "especially when I'm trying to blend with reed instruments."

Another part of the difference probably rests on his aforementioned concern about what he wants to do in music even though he now says, "I've committed myself—I've decided that the best thing I can do is to do the best I can do with a jazz group."

HIS EARLY life seems notable mainly for the conspicuously, seemingly inexorable fashion in which every step followed the one before, all leading to only one point.

Born in Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 4, 1930, Hall was surrounded by music as an infant. Most of his immediate family lived in one large house, where he heard his grandfather play violin, his mother play piano, and an uncle play guitar. Hall remembers the uncle "as a kind of semiprofessional guitarist. He was a very talented guy. He played the kind of music they call 'folk' nowadays."

The uncle interested Jim in guitar, and he began taking lessons when he was 10. "I was lucky," Hall said. "I've always been lucky with teachers—that first one was a good one—and with the guys I've played with."

He started working professionally when he was 13, which was against the union rules. He remembers now that for some reason he would always tell people he was 15 when they'd ask him—even though that is just as illegal an age.

"That was when I got interested in jazz," Hall said. "The

guys in the little band fooled around with what little jazz they knew, and they listened to records all the time. I remember I bought my first jazz record then: *Air Mail Special* by Benny Goodman. Charlie Christian, you remember. He was the first jazz guitarist I ever heard. You know his *I Found a New Baby*? That's one of the most perfect things I've ever heard.

"Then we moved to Cleveland when I was 16. I was lucky again—with a new teacher and with the guys I played with. It's funny, practically none of them stayed in music. But all of them were tremendous. They influenced me as much as anything else that happened, and because of that, and the kind of guys they were, they saved me a lot of time I might have wasted.

"I'd like to mention some of them. Tony Dinardo: he played tenor and he was the first to interest me in Prez. Bill Dinasco: a pianist who was playing like Lennie Tristano even then. Fats Heard: you remember him, the drummer. Brenton Banks: he played piano, violin, and he was a composer too. He's teaching now. He taught Les Spann for example. And Joe Dolny: I studied arranging with him.

"Joe is out in Los Angeles now. He works well and he usually has a great rehearsal band. He was one of the first people I worked with when I got out there."

Hall went to Los Angeles after he got a degree from the Cleveland Institute of Music. At the same time he was studying guitar privately in Cleveland with a teacher who introduced him to the way Django Reinhardt played. Hall then started working for his master's degree, but Cleveland "is a funny town," he said. He could see, he explained, that he never would get performed there, and the whole thing began to upset him.

In Los Angeles, he figured he could go on with his studies at some place like UCLA. But before that happened, he began playing with Dolny's rehearsal band. He met the late French hornist John Graas there when Graas brought in some arrangements for the band. The two began to rehearse a small group, but before it could get off the ground, Chico Hamilton came up with a job, and Graas recommended Hall.

Hall worked for Hamilton for 1½ years and went from there immediately into the first Jimmy Giuffre Three, near the end of 1959.

In 1960, he left to work on European and South American tours with Ella Fitzgerald and then for 10 weeks with French entertainer Yves Montand, whereafter he rejoined Giuffre for most of the summer, leaving him to go to Los Angeles, where he worked with his own trio (pianist Russ Freeman and bassist Chuck Berghofer) and also with a group about which he constantly raves: tenor saxophonist Ben Webster, pianist Jimmy Rowles, bassist Red Mitchell, and drummer Frank Butler.

By Christmas, he recalled, "much against the tide—everybody told me not to go to New York right then," he went back east.

He worked with Lee Konitz for about four weeks, he said, and then "everything got very cold—the weather, the chances of jobs, everything."

THE WINTER had really set in. There were several tours and some occasional work otherwise, but Hall found himself in that position musicians know so well: the unexplainable absence of work—unexplainable, because you were working so much only last month, and suddenly, you can't find a job anywhere.

His customary habit of laughing at things stops here. It obviously was a bad time, replete with rehearsals that were supposed to pay off and never did.

"I got so far in debt," he said, "that I thought I'd never get out. I just am now. There'd be a rehearsal. I knew I

had to go just on the chance there'd be some bread, but I couldn't afford the transportation to the place.

"Pressures just began to mount, from every direction. Then, too, it isn't as easy as just being a kid beginning. You work up a certain pride in what you do. You just can't work with just anybody. I almost went to work days. I really would have. I believe in that, rather than doing music you shouldn't."

One thing and another—the tour with Montand, some weeks with vocalist Morgana King at the Versailles—kept him going until September, 1961. Then the chain reaction began again, as it has so many times in the past for Hall.

"I came home one night," he said, "and there was a note in my mailbox. It said something about I want to talk to you about music, and it was signed 'Sonny Rollins.' Well, I knew who Sonny was, of course, but I didn't really know him. But of course I was interested.

"It was like some mystery play from then on. He didn't have a phone—by choice. I didn't have one. Mine was disconnected—not by my choice. So we wrote each other notes. Usually I was so broke, I'd walk all the way down to his place and leave a note in his mailbox. Then I'd find one in mine from him. I don't know whether he was walking or not. Funny, I never asked him.

"Finally he sent a couple telegrams. We got together. We talked about music, and the group began to rehearse. We still had to contact each other with the notes or the telegrams. I guess by choice, Sonny is a pretty hard guy to get hold of, even now that he's got a telephone."

Then, of course, it was Sonny Rollins & Co., with Jim Hall as a principal director of the board. Not so strangely, he still functioned as he claims he always has: "superintending the rhythm section and watching the blend."

It is kind of like a Gestalt guitar that Hall plays, according to his own description, but was it even more so with Rollins than usual?

"Yes," Hall said, elaborating: "Sonny plays odd phrases, odd meters, so it's very easy for a rhythm man to get lost. I try to watch what the section is doing, help them to find out where they are.

"It's exciting. You can't ever second guess Sonny. With lots of other people, you know where they are going, and you kind of sneak along to there. Maybe you even beat them to it. But with Sonny anything can happen. Playing with Sonny is exciting."

THOSE WORDS were spoken just before the International Jazz Festival held last month in Washington, D.C. It was agreed that Hall and Rollins would have more to say when they returned to New York from the festival.

Days passed.

Finally Hall called: "Sonny's breaking up the group."

Rollins called. "I've finished with that group. We may have to fulfill a few engagements, but it's over. After a short time, I found we just couldn't get what I wanted. The original enthusiasm disintegrated. Once that happened, there was nothing else to do. I had to stop it."

Hall doesn't find himself stopped. He expects that a new Sonny Rollins group might include him, but if it doesn't, he said, "I have no eyes for being an itinerant musician again."

"Maybe," he continued, "if Sonny doesn't form a group right away, I may go back to my studies, depend on recording in New York, and concentrate on writing. I've been wanting to do that for a long time."

Whatever the time, occasion, or things to come, one personal opinion holds that Hall still doesn't know how good he is, how far he can go, or how sheer the artistry with which he illuminates the sparest of lines.

He is the compleat musician—with strings attached. 



focus on: **RAY CRAWFORD**

By JOHN TYNAN



RAY CRAWFORD'S best-laid plan as a high school student in Pittsburgh, Pa., in the late 1930s was to become as great a tenor saxophone player as Lester Young. But Scot poet Robert Burns' words about what often happens to such plans of men rang true again; Crawford is gaining recognition as a jazz guitarist, one of the challengers of the established greats on the instrument.

Three years in a tuberculosis sanitarium—from 1942 to 1945—nullified Crawford's ambitions to excel on tenor. Yet, by a quirk of fate, his hospitalization gave jazz another eloquent spokesman on guitar. His playing on two Gil Evans albums attracted considerable attention to his talent, and in February, 1961, Crawford was recorded by Candid records in the first LP of his own, leading Johnny Coles, trumpet; Cecil Payne, baritone saxophone; Junior Mance, piano; Ben Tucker, bass; Frankie Dunlop, drums. The album has not yet been released.

Now a quiet, settled 38, Crawford recently recalled the circumstances leading to his long and wearing illness and to his choice of guitar as the vehicle for jazz expression.

Orphaned and reared by an aunt in his birthplace, Pittsburgh, Crawford contracted double pneumonia and chicken pox as a child. The illness proved serious, and he was left with a residual weakness of the lungs.

"My aunt wanted me to go to medical school," he related, "and I went along with that until one night I heard Chu Berry with the Cab Calloway Band in a Pittsburgh dance hall. That changed everything."

He was attending Herron Hill High School at the time, and there he began studying piano and tenor sax. But by the time he had transferred to Fifth Avenue Senior High, he said, he had come to realize that "jazz was what I wanted—so I quit."

By 1940 Crawford was playing professionally in his home town with trumpeter Tom Enoch's nine-piece band that included Art Blakey on drums.

"In 1941," he said, "Fletcher Henderson was starting a new band, and he took the whole Enoch band with him. That included Blakey, Linton Garner, William McMann, and me on tenor."

But the rigors of the road proved too much for Crawford. He caught cold; complications resulted, and the tubercular bacilli went to work. Before he knew what had hit him, Crawford was bedded in Leech Farm Sanitarium, where he was to remain for three years. Today he shudders at his memories of the place and is loath to discuss them.

"So that was that," he shrugged. "Tenor was out from then on. But when I got stronger, I figured I could try again. My brother, Howard, who was in the Army, wanted to buy a horn for me, but he couldn't send it through the mails. So he sent me the money and told me to buy an instrument."

"I guess I chose guitar," he mused, "because I figured I'd have a better chance if I picked an instrument that the music field wasn't saturated with at the time. There just weren't any guitarists around then."

About the time Crawford said a glad goodbye to Leech Farm, a group called the Three Strings was formed by jazz violinist Joe Kennedy in Pittsburgh. The trio consisted of Kennedy; Fritz Jones (now Ahmad Jamal), piano; Tommy Sowell, bass.

In 1946 Kennedy decided to add a guitar. Crawford had been building a local reputation around Pittsburgh, so Kennedy chose him. The group became the Four Strings, did fairly well in the Pittsburgh area, and in 1949 moved to Chicago for an engagement at the Blue Note—"which was a disastrous move," according to Crawford. Soon after, the Four Strings broke up.

"We played lots of written arrangements," Crawford remembered, "with the guitar filling the part of drums rhythmically." This meant much chordal playing for the guitarist, and for him it was a new experience.

Crawford explained, "Till 1949 I didn't play chords—just single string. See, during those days you didn't think about chords; you were thinking about solos. I heard chords only as background for what I had wanted to say as a saxophonist."

With the Four Strings disbanded and Joe Kennedy retired to teaching music at a school in Virginia, Crawford, Jamal, and Sowell stayed together to form the first Ahmad Jamal Trio. Sowell stayed with the group about a year and then, according to Crawford he "dropped from the music scene."

THE AHMAD JAMAL Trio was born in 1950; Crawford stayed with the pianist until 1956. In the interim he recorded with Jamal on Okeh and Epic records.

After an engagement with the trio at New York's Embers, Crawford decided to leave. He remained in New York when the pianist finished at the Embers and returned to Chicago.

"At the time," Crawford explained, "I felt I could go further in New York."

"Now," he added emphatically, "I feel that the only scene to be on is the California scene."

After leaving the Jamal trio, the guitarist said, he worked around New York with organ groups "and a rather long stand with Tony Scott's group before taking a three-month stint at Minton's with George Tucker on bass and Craig Olliphant on drums."

Crawford paid his New York dues for four years — then, in February, 1960, he moved to Los Angeles.

"Because of the union waiting period for transfer members," he explained, "I didn't do anything very much at first."

In August, he flew back to Chicago for what he fondly remembers as a record date with Joe Kennedy that turned into a reunion. Kennedy had come up to Chicago from Virginia, "and we all recorded an LP," Crawford said. "There was Joe, Ahmad,

(Continued on page 57)

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

JAZZ

Gene Ammons-Sonny Stitt

BOSS TENORS IN ORBIT!—Verve 8468: *Long Ago and Far Away*; *Walkin'*; *Why Was I Born?*; *John Brown's Body*; *Bye, Bye, Blackbird*. Personnel: Stitt, alto, tenor saxophones; Ammons, tenor saxophone; Donald Patterson, organ; William James, drums; Paul Weeden, guitar.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Any record by this tenor duo is welcome, but it's unfortunate that on this release an organ muddies up the rhythm section. Patterson does, however, take vigorous and well-developed solos on *Walkin'* and *Born*. If his playing on these two tracks is typical, he is one of the best organists in jazz.

Ammons' style has evolved considerably since the middle 1940s, when he was one of Billy Eckstine's star sidemen. At that time he was influenced by Lester Young—although his tone was harder, and he was more aggressive. Since then his sonority has become full and husky and his playing more staccato.

An this album Ammons is in very good form. His lines are not as relaxed as Stitt's, so he doesn't, in my opinion, swing as much. Few tenor men, however, can match the sheer power of his playing, and he can finger rapidly when he chooses. Listening to him double-time is like watching a 230-pound fullback dance through a broken field for a touchdown.

Both men are outstanding on *Long Ago*; Ammons' virile, low-register work contrasts nicely with Stitt's equally soulful but more delicate playing.

Stitt's other tenor spots are good, but he has recorded much better solos on this horn—in the quartets with Bud Powell on Prestige and with Sonny Rollins and Dizzy Gillespie on *The Eternal Triangle* for Verve. He doesn't play with his usual fire, and after a promising beginning, his lines on *Body* wander.

His only alto solo, on *Born*, is possibly the best single feature of the album. He displays the slashing drive and dazzlingly rich rhythmic imagination that are his trademarks. (H.P.)

Curtis Amy

WAY DOWN—Pacific Jazz 46: *Way Down*; *Liberia*; *24-Hour Blues*; *Lisa*; *A Soulful Bee*; *a Soulful Rose*; *All My Life*; *Bells and Horns*. Personnel: Marcus Belgrave, trumpet; Roy Brewster, valve trombone; Amy, tenor saxophone; Ron Ayes, vibraharp; Victor Feldman or John Houston, piano; George Morrow, bass; Tony Bazley, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Amy's hard, lean tone, sounding at times almost like that of an alto, swings through these pieces in a refreshingly easy manner. Both his own solos and the ensemble playing of the group are forceful and positive.

Feldman is a helpful contributor to

four numbers on piano, and he adds a supplementary line to the background instead of simply feeding chords to the soloists. Brewster has a wriggling, lusty manner of swinging on valve trombone, using a tone that is somewhat reminiscent of Bob Brookmeyer's, while Ayes' vibes work is in the Milt Jackson tradition.

The tunes are not particularly distinctive, but this group has an aggressive style that keeps them moving forcefully. (J.S.W.)

Harry Arnold

GREAT BIG BAND AND FRIENDS—Jazzland 65: *Sister Sadie*; *Tea for Two*; *On Easy Street*; *That Old Black Magic*; *Image*; *The Young Man Who Wouldn't Hoe Corn*; *On the Sunny Side of the Street*; *Pennies from Heaven*; *Frosty Summer*; *I Remember You*.

Personnel: Nat Adderley (tracks 1, 6), cornet; Benny Bailey (tracks 5, 10), trumpet; Coleman Hawkins (tracks 2, 7), tenor saxophone; Lucky Thompson (tracks 3, 8), tenor, soprano saxophones; Jean (Toots) Thielemans (tracks 4, 9), harmonica; other personnel unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Everyone now knows that a respectable big-band date can be produced by throwing 17 men into a recording studio for



six hours in New York City. Not the least interesting aspect of this LP is that it demonstrates that it's possible to do much the same thing in Sweden with very nearly comparable results. The "friends" in the LP title are listed by name in the personnel; each makes a pair of solo appearances backed by the full Arnold band.

Excepting some strange mutations in the tempo of *Tea*, the band responds with both precision and spirit, though the rhythm section is a bit stiff in spots, perhaps because it's working with the unfamiliar soloists.

The arrangements, some of them at any rate, sound as if they were done by Quincy Jones or one of his Scandinavian admirers. I would like to single out for praise the trumpeter who handles the high notes. Unfortunately for him, the band personnel is not included.

The album gets an additional half star for the presence of Hawkins, who comes traneing in with some dense, sheetlike

harmonic explorations, particularly on *Tea*. (F.K.)

Billy Byers

IMPRESSIONS OF DUKE ELLINGTON—Mercury 2028: *Take the A Train*; *Sophisticated Lady*; *Just Squeeze Me*; *Chelsea Bridge*; *Caravan*; *Mood Indigo*; *I'm Beginning to See the Light*; *Solitude*; *Don't Get around Much Anymore*; *All too Soon*.

Personnel: Ernie Royal, Doc Severinsen, Clark Terry, and Joe Newman or Al DeRisi, trumpets; Jimmy Cleveland, Melba Liston, Tony Studd, and Wayne Andre or Jack Rains, trombones; Jimmy Buffington, Ray Alonge, Bob Northern, and Don Corrado or Julius Watkins, French horns; Jerry Dodgion, Sol Schlinger, and Eric Dixon or Spencer Sinatra, reeds; Patti Bown, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Harvey Phillips, tuba; Osie Johnson, drums; Ed Shaughnessy, Eddie Costa, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Byers' impressions of Ellington are an interesting mixture of what is discernibly Ellingtonian and something else that is lustily in the Ellington groove without being an identifiable part of the Ellington tradition. The result is a stimulating reworking of an indestructible set of tunes.

The set has been recorded on 35-mm. film and the sound is—quite literally—tremendous. The arrangements are full-bodied and swaggering, and the recording captures this feeling brilliantly.

Aside from the sound itself, the most impressive thing is the playing of Dixon, who moves through the disc with a series of virtuoso performances. Particularly notable is his entrance on *Sophisticated* sounding like the spit and image of Johnny Hodges and then moving on into himself, and a masterly solo on *Indigo* that runs through the piece in sly and gentle fashion once and, as the brass builds behind him on the second chorus, changes to a hard, cutting tone that sets him wailing.

There are also some fine spots by Terry and Newman. Occasionally Byers goes overboard—*A Train* starts out like a sound-effects special, and Johnson tries to simulate a sand dance (on *Don't Get Around*) by using Miss Bown's shoes on his hands but succeeds only in sounding like a loud soup-eater. (J.S.W.)

Dukes of Dixieland

BREAKIN' IT UP ON BROADWAY—Columbia 1728: *Runnin' Wild*; *Old-Fashioned Love*; *How Are Things in Glocca Morra?*; *Oh, Lady Be Good*; *Ain't Misbehavin'*; *Hey, Look Me Over*; *The New Ashmolean Marching Society and Students' Conservatory Band*; *Lida Rose*; *If I Were a Bell*; *I Can't Give You Anything but Love*; *From This Moment On*; *Adrift on a Star*.

Personnel: Frank Assunto, trumpet; Fred Assunto, trombone; Jac Assunto, trombone, banjo; Jerry Fuller, clarinet; Gene Schroeder, piano; Jim Atlas, bass; Jim Hall, guitar; Charlie Lodice, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The presence of Hall and Atlas in the rhythm section is an improvement (and a surprise), but you must still take a great deal of care in listening to these

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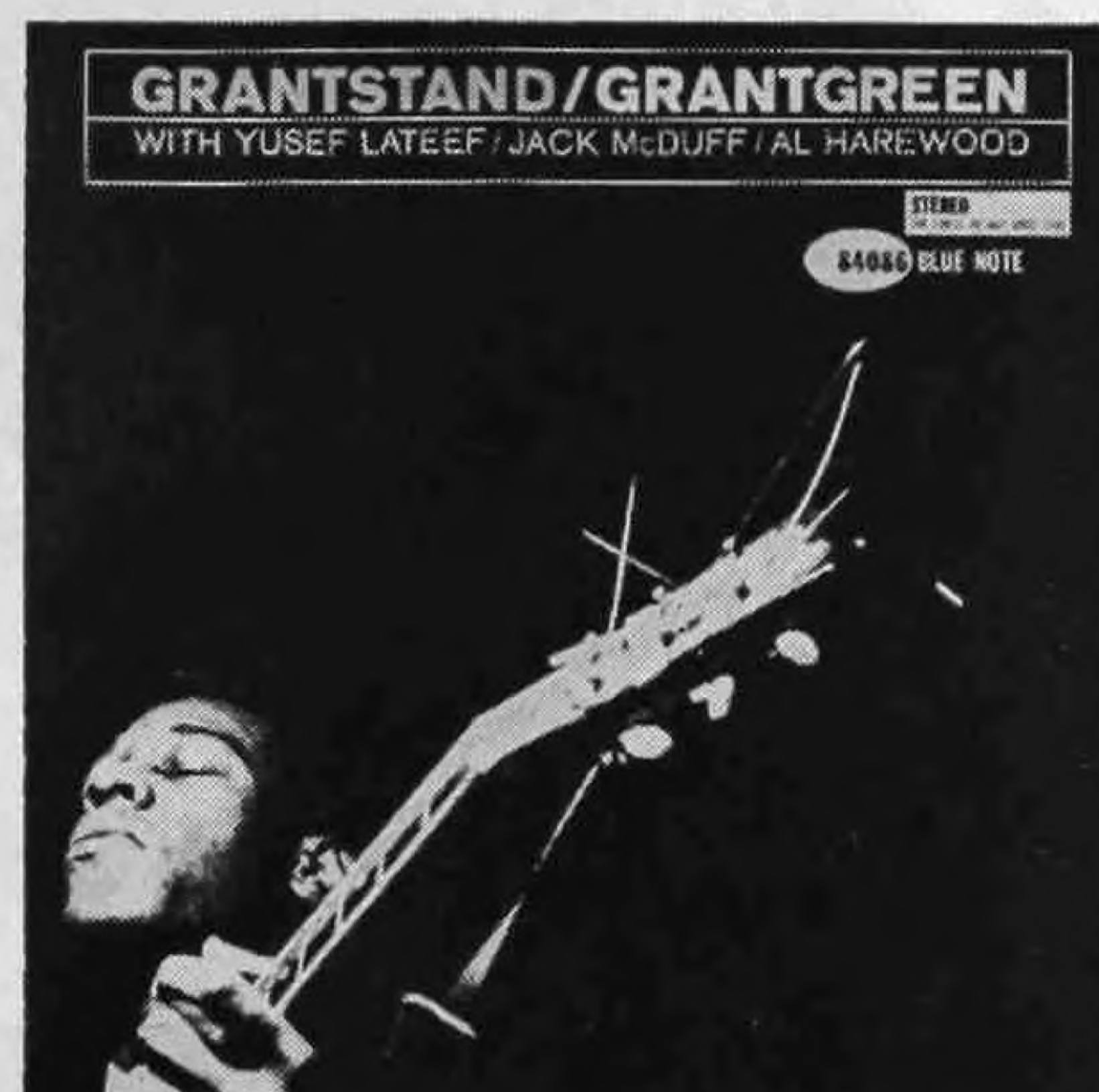
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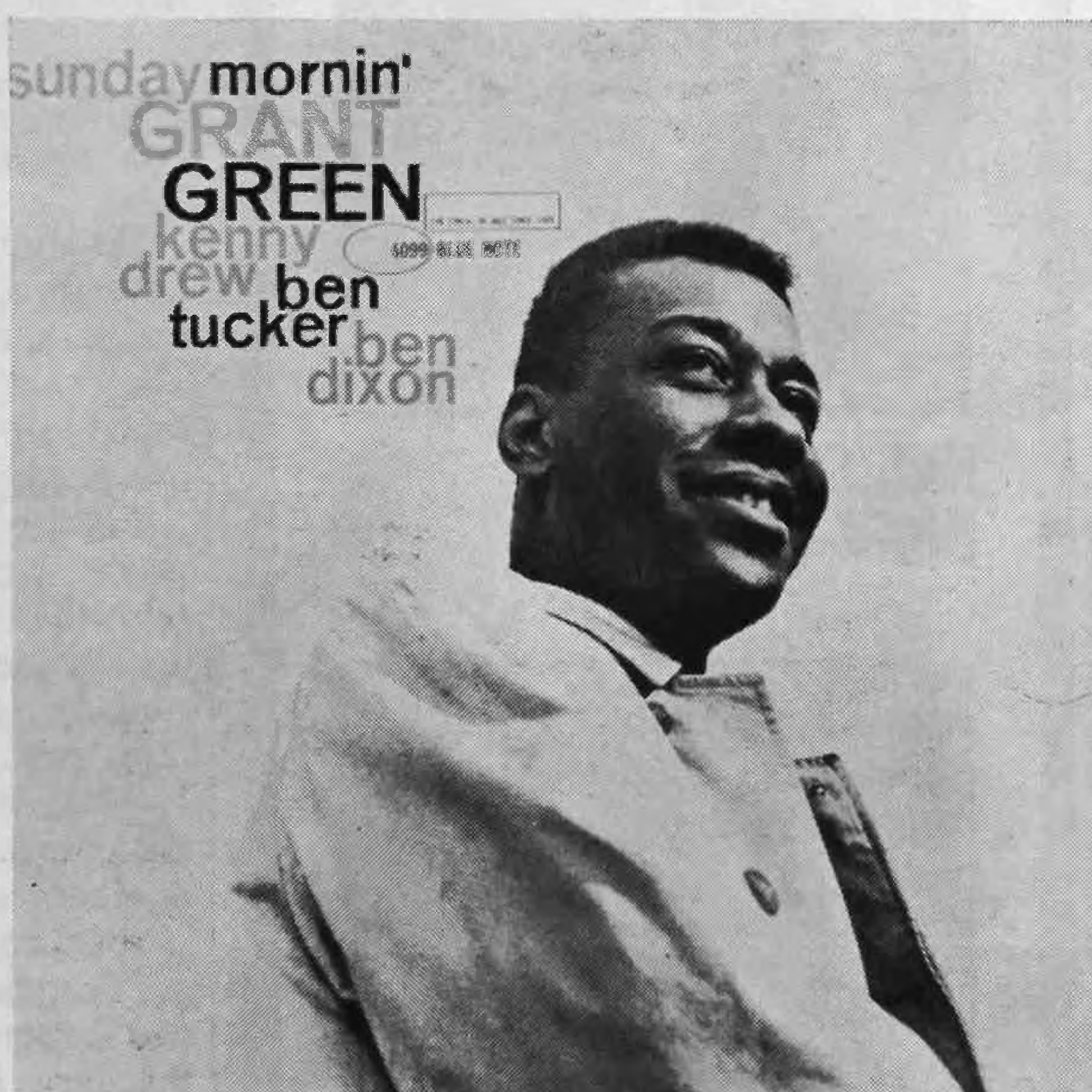
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tracks, for the few, brief spots of worthwhile jazz that occur are likely to be gone before they are noticed.

Many Dixieland bands have, from the beginning, used a bag of vaudeville tricks to sustain the interest of the number of marginal listeners. This accent on entertainment might be necessary, but when it is used excessively as a crutch, it becomes a fault.

Many of the bad habits of playing caused by this approach—unwieldy ensembles, frivolous solos, contrived emotional effects—are entrenched in this band, and unnecessarily so, for this group is capable of excellent performances.

There are many awkward moments on *Bell*. Frank plays well on *Adrift*, but this track is marred by Fred's (or is it Jac's?) trombone solos, solos that would make Eddie Edwards blush. The ensemble structure throughout the hapless *Ashmolean* is weak and aimless.

Clarinetist Fuller shines on *Moment*, and there are occasional sprightly solos from Schroeder, but most of these tracks wallow in the mire of commercial Dixieland. (G.M.E.)

Pete Fountain

MUSIC FROM DIXIE—Coral 57401: *Bye, Bye, Bill Bailey*; *Sister Kate*; *High Society*; *Darkness on the Delta*; *Song of the Wanderer*; *Dixie Jubilee*; *Struttin' with Some Barbecue*; *Shine*; *Chlo-E*; *Milneberg Joys*; *When You're Smilin'*; *Hallelujah*.

Personnel: Charlie Teagarden, trumpet; Moe Schneider, trombone; Eddie Miller, tenor saxophone; Fountain, clarinet; Stan Wrightsman, piano; Bobby Gibbins, guitar; Morty Corb, bass; Jack Sperling, drums; unidentified vibes.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Fountain's small-group performances have become so cut and dried that it's rather hard to get very interested in them. They are smooth, pleasant, and warm-toned but almost as predictable as a robin in spring or a bubble in welktime.

Eight of these 12 selections are by small groups that seem to range from quartets to sextets (guitar and vibes show up occasionally) and they show Fountain running through his Benny Goodman repertory with slick ease.

What makes the ear perk up a bit in the course of this disc is a group of four numbers by an eight-piece group that is sparked by the brilliantly fiery trumpet of Teagarden. This group roars through two ensemble choruses of *High Society* that are just about the most enlivening thing in this idiom that has been recorded in years. Teagarden adds spirit to *Bailey* and does what he can in a brief appearance on *Barbecue*.

Unfortunately this group's fourth number, *Jubilee*, an original by Fountain and Bud Dant, is such an uninspired dog that not even willing talent can do anything with it. Still, we get so little of Charlie Teagarden these days that one must grab for whatever dribbles come one's way. (J.S.W.)

Earl Hines

A MONDAY DATE—Riverside 398: *Monday Date*; *Bill Bailey*; *Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans?*; *Lonesome Road*; *Squeeze Me*; *Limehouse Blues*; *West End Blues*; *Yes, Sir, That's My Baby*; *Caution Blues*; *Mandy, Make up Your Mind*; *A Closer Walk with Thee*; *Clarinet Marmalade*.

Personnel: Eddie Smith, trumpet; Jimmy Archey, trombone; Darnell Howard, clarinet; Hines, piano, vocals; Pops Foster, bass; Earl Watkins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

As evidenced on these numbers, Hines is leading a cohesive, well-disciplined, and wholly musical little band. The group works a middle area between Dixieland and swing, with tightly written harmonic ensembles, arranged riffs, and occasional polyphonic effects behind soloists.

Considerable thought and a careful attention to detail have resulted in a musical approach that is expert, subtle, and joyously unpretentious, if not particularly adventurous.

Though the greatest emphasis is placed on ensemble, everyone gets ample opportunity to solo. Trumpeter Smith is especially impressive, playing with a passion and thrust that are carefully controlled and with a bittersweet edge to his piercing tone that readily suggests Red Nichols. Smith has any number of bright moments here, as does veteran clarinetist Howard. His wry, acid low-register work is effective throughout, being particularly well displayed on *Squeeze Me* and *Yes, Sir*. Hines' brief solos (the only lengthy ones are on the title piece and *Caution Blues*) are models of order and grace.

Several of the arrangements, however, veer dangerously close to the corny. These, however, are neatly offset by the sweeping grace of *West End*, the plaintive charm of *Lonesome Road* and *Squeeze Me*, and the warmth and beauty of an unexpectedly Ellingtonian treatment of *Closer Walk*, where clarinet and arco bass develop the melody line against a muted trumpet figure. This short piece is a perfect gem.

It was fortunate for Riverside that Hines, a long-time West Coast resident, happened to be in Chicago during the week the Living Legends series was being recorded there. He, if anyone, deserves a prominent place in any survey of the Chicago jazz scene. The results here are delightful, albeit a bit lightweight. (P.W.)

Elmo Hope

HOPE-FULL — Riverside 408: *Underneath*; *Yesterdays*; *When Johnny Comes Marching Home*; *Most Beautiful*; *Blues Left and Right*; *Liza*; *My Heart Stood Still*; *Moonbeams*.

Personnel: Hope, piano; Bertha Hope (tracks 2, 5, 7), piano.

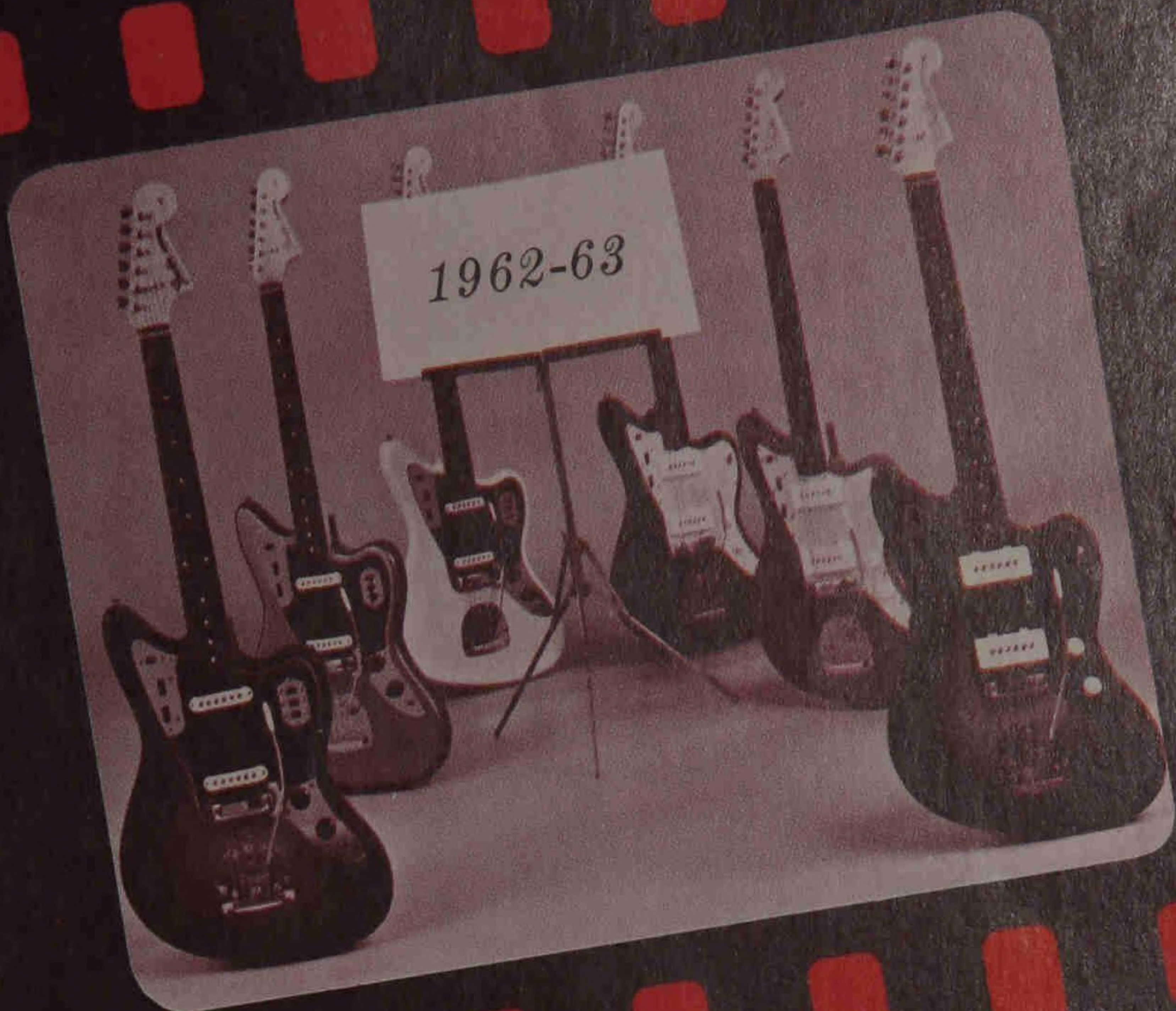
Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

There are some pianists who, deprived of the support of a rhythm section, become disoriented; others find the presence of bass and drums an encumbrance and in their absence can't let their creative muse soar. Still others, such as Bill Evans and Thelonious Monk, function well with or without accompaniment.

Hope clearly belongs to the second category. According to the notes, one of the factors leading to the production of this album of solo (and duo) piano by Hope and his wife was saxophonist Johnny Griffin's observation that many bass players and drummers do not match well with Elmo's idiosyncratic conception. However apocryphal the story, there is truth in the statement.

The album is uneven in quality. I would rate the faster pieces such as *Johnny* and *Heart*, and particularly the two blues,

the
choice of
professional
and student
musicians
everywhere



Fender

FINE ELECTRIC
INSTRUMENTS

SOLD BY LEADING MUSIC DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Neil LeVang



Paul Guma with Pete Fountain



Speedy West



Kings IV



Jerry Murad's 'Harmonicats'



Lowell Miller with Al Hirt



The Ventures



Mary Kaye Trio



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Elvino Rey



Fender Fine Electric Instruments

New!



JAGUAR

FENDER JAGUAR The Jaguar, Fender's newest addition to their line of Fine electric Instruments, presents a new and exciting concept in the field of solid-body guitars. The neck of the Jaguar is a short 24" scale containing 22 frets, and may be ordered with a size narrower or one of two sizes wider than standard neck width at the nut. A new "Fender First" in the Jaguar is the Fender Mute. This movable string Mute is attached to the bridge and may be activated or disengaged by a light touch of the finger. With the Fender Mute it is no longer necessary to remove the bridge cover and dampen the strings with the hand to shorten the sustaining period of the notes. Other features of the Jaguar are: newly designed wide-range pickups, on-off pickup switches with controls making possible six different tone selections plus standard tone and volume controls, rhythm circuit, Fender "Floating Tremolo", "Off-set" waist design, and adjustable neck truss rod. The new Jaguar is unhesitatingly recommended to those desiring complete instrument versatility.

FENDER PRECISION BASS

One of the most popular of modern instrument developments, the Fender Precision Bass has rapidly become the choice of bassists in every field. Requires only a fraction of playing effort as compared with old style acoustic basses; compact in size allowing freedom of movement on stage, in addition considerably more volume is obtainable. The fast action neck facilitates playing technique, playing in tune and is extremely comfortable. Adjustable neck truss-rod assures perfect alignment. Individual

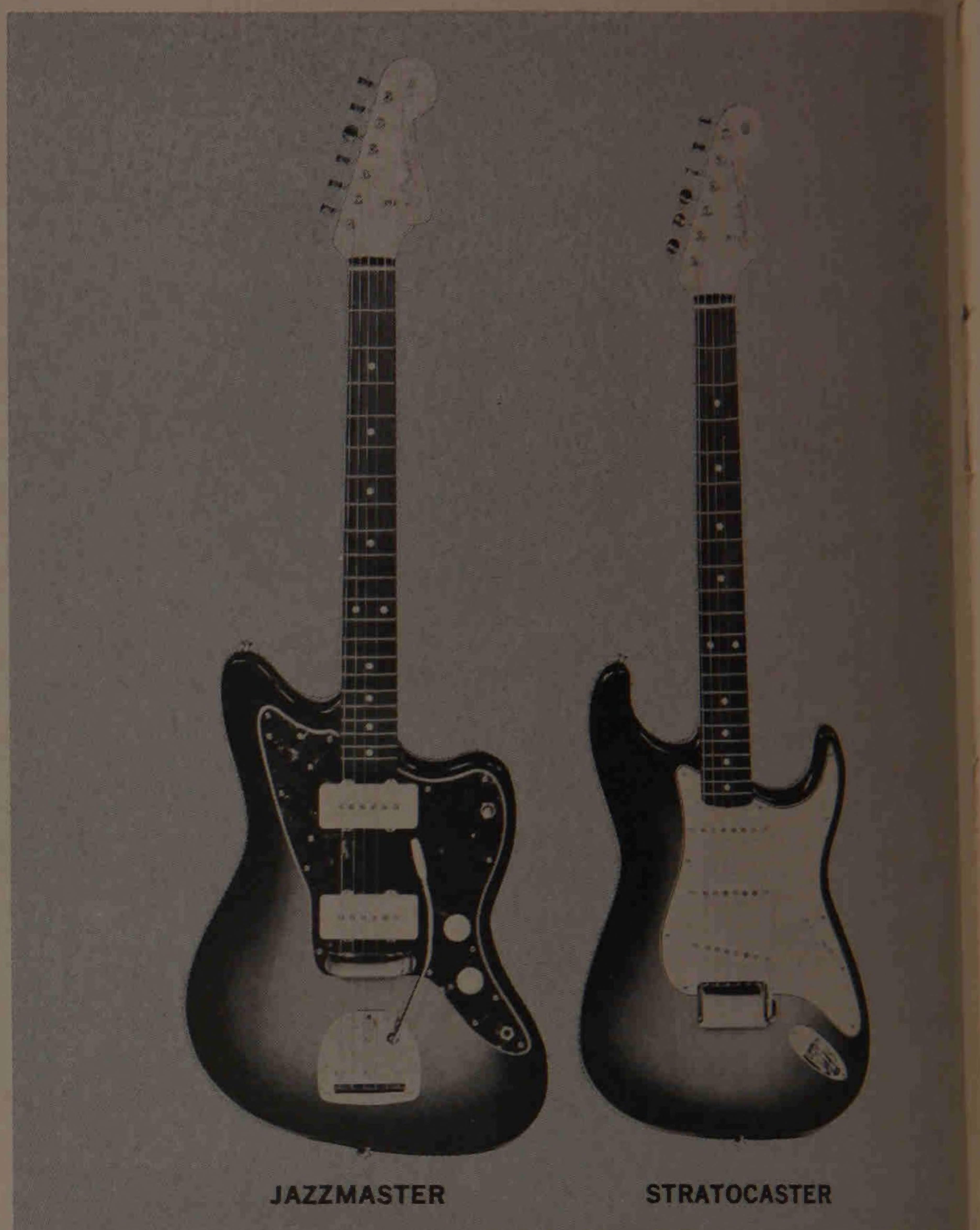
bridges are adjustable for custom string heights and perfect string length between bridges and nut. Split pickups produce true bass tones. These qualities have made the Precision Bass a stock item in many of the nation's top musical organizations.

FENDER JAZZ BASS

This is Fender's newest addition to the field of electric basses and represents the standards by which others will be compared. The two pickups have two pole pieces for each string giving excellent and true string tone response. Individual volume controls for each pickup, and one tone control permit mixing for wide bass tone selection. In addition, it features Fender's new faster-action neck with rosewood fingerboard and adjustable truss-rod for perfect neck alignment. For playing ease and comfort, the body is comfort-contoured and shaped with the "offset" waist design, fitting the instrument to the player's body and placing the player's arm in a natural position over the strings. Individual bridges are adjustable for both accurate string lengths and comfortable string heights. Every bassist will find the Fender Jazz Bass is truly an artists' instrument, combining all the fine features of the original Fender Bass plus these many developments and improvements which make it the most advanced electric bass on today's Market.

NEW FENDER BASS VI GUITAR

The New six-string Bass Guitar is the finest on today's market. It is tuned one octave below that of the spanish guitar. This instrument incorporates three pickups that can be used together or in any combination, making a total of seven tone changes plus separate tone and volume controls. The Bass Guitar has a 21 fret, extra-slim faster action neck with rosewood fingerboard and



JAZZMASTER

STRATOCASTER

adjustable truss-rod for perfect neck alignment. This remarkable new guitar incorporates all the Fender developments including the comfort-contoured "off-set" body design, and smooth tremolo action. Every convenience is provided including the "floating-bridge" with six individual bridges each adjustable for string length and height, and individually adjustable high fidelity pickups. The Bass Guitar is a fine addition to the Fender line and answers the demand for a high-quality six-string bass.

FENDER JAZZMASTER There is no more convincing proof of the fine playing qualities of the Fender Jazzmaster than its rapid acceptance by guitarists throughout the world during the past few years. This remarkable guitar incorporates all the well-known Fender developments including the new "off-set" body design, smooth tremolo action plus separate rhythm and lead tone circuits. In addition, it offers a comfort contoured body and truss-rod reinforced fast-action neck with rosewood fingerboard for effortless playing and faster playing technique. Every convenience is provided including the tremolo lock, adjustable master bridge channel with individually adjustable two-way bridges and completely adjustable high fidelity pickups. The Jazzmaster represents one of the finest additions to the Fender line and far surpasses other instruments in its price class.

FENDER STRATOCASTER GUITAR

Perfection in a solid body comfort-contoured professional guitar providing all of the finest Fender features. Choice hardwood body finished with a golden sunburst shading, white maple neck with rosewood fingerboard, white pickguard, and lustrous chrome metal parts. Three advanced style adjustable pickups, one volume control, two tone controls and a three-position instant tone change switch. The adjustable Fender bridge insures perfect intonation and softest action. The neck has the famous Fender truss-rod. The Stratocaster is available with or without the Fender built-in tremolo.



PRECISION BASS

JAZZ BASS

BASS GUITAR

New!

FENDER TELECASTER CUSTOM AND ESQUIRE CUSTOM GUITARS

The dual-pickup Telecaster Custom and single-pickup Esquire Custom guitars offer all the fine playing and design features of the regular Telecaster and Esquire models plus custom treatment of the body.

A beautiful highly polished Sunburst finish is used and the top and bottom edges of the solid body are trimmed with white contrasting binding. The necks of the Telecaster Custom and Esquire Custom feature Fender's new fast-action design permitting rapid playing technique and comfortable full chords. The adjustable truss-rod reinforced necks have beautiful rosewood fingerboards.

Each model features the well-known Fender adjustable bridges enabling the player to set the playing action to his own touch, and adjust string lengths for perfect string intonation. The pickups are wide-range and adjustable, allowing any desired string balance and response.

TELECASTER AND ESQUIRE GUITARS

The originals of solid body guitars and the favorites of countless guitarists. Both feature natural blond-finish hardwood bodies, hardmaple necks with rosewood fingerboards. The two-pickup Telecaster and the Esquire with a single-pickup afford wide tone response from ringing "take-off" to very soft rhythm tones. Cutaway body design allows comfortable fingering right up to the highest fret. Two-way adjustable bridges permit custom string heights and perfect string length adjustments. Their fast-action necks feature an adjustable truss-rod which maintains perfect neck alignment and can be set for varying string-tension requirements. Both the Telecaster and Esquire tone circuits employ a three-position tone selector switch. Their pickups are also adjustable for any desired string response. Each is trimmed with a white pickguard and all metal parts are heavily chrome-plated for lasting beauty.

FENDER ELECTRIC MANDOLIN

A most outstanding instrument on today's musical market: true Mandolin tone, graduated neck with 24 frets provides fast comfortable playing actions, plus double cutaway body design for convenient access to top frets. Solid wood body is of choice grain hardwood, beautifully finished in shaded Sunburst. The body is contoured for complete playing comfort.

Micro-adjustable bridges provide separate adjustment for both string lengths and string heights assuring perfect intonation and playing action. New pickup is adjustable for string balance and affords the finest Mandolin tone.

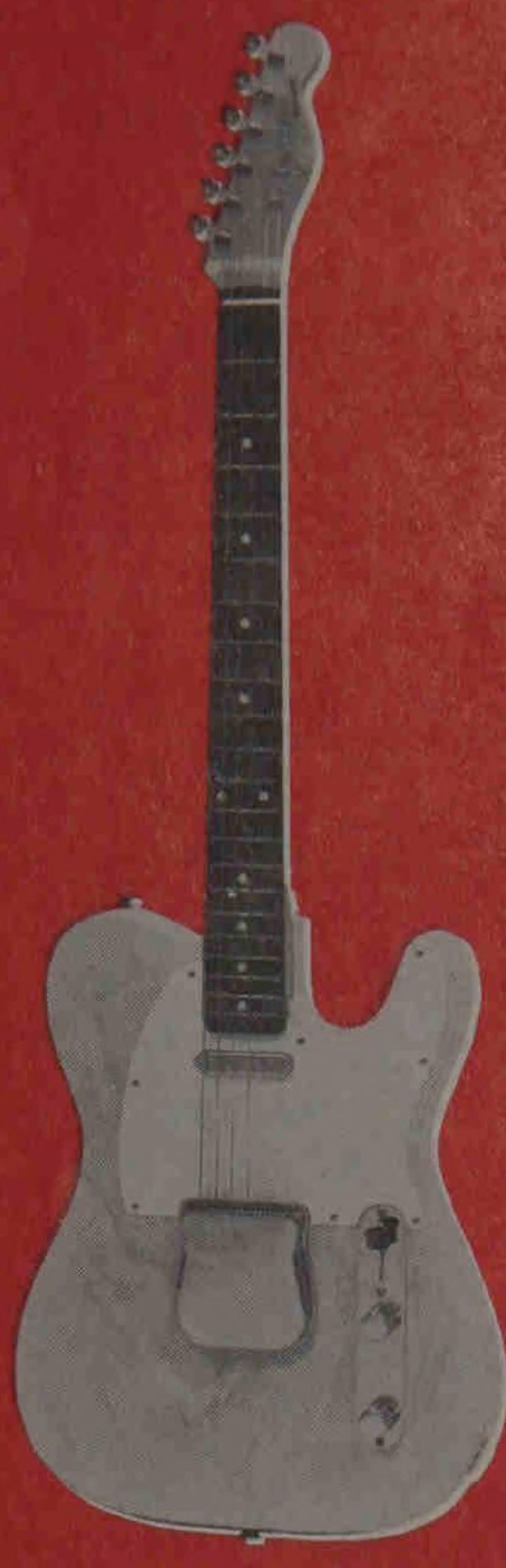
MANDOLIN



TELECASTER CUSTOM



ESQUIRE CUSTOM



TELECASTER



ESQUIRE

FENDER DUO-SONIC THREE-QUARTER SIZE GUITAR

This is an outstanding addition to Fender Fine Electric Instruments. It is especially designed for adult and young musicians with small hands, featuring Fender fast-action neck with adjustable truss rod, two adjustable wide-range pickups and three-position pickup selector switch. Two-way adjustable bridges assure perfect intonation and comfortable playing action.

FENDER VIBROLUX AMP

The newly designed Vibrolux Amp features a fine Vibrato circuit assuring outstanding amplification qualities and performance characteristics. The circuit incorporates the latest control and audio features to make it the finest amplifier of its type in its price range. A 12" heavy-duty speaker is used in this amplifier. Front-panel controls include separate volume, treble and bass controls for each channel plus speed and intensity controls functioning for both. The back panel includes ground, fuse holder, on-off switch, speaker jack, extension speaker jack, and jack for vibrato foot control supplied with the amplifier.

TUBES: 2-7025 2-12AX7 2-6LC6C 1-GZ34



DUO-SONIC

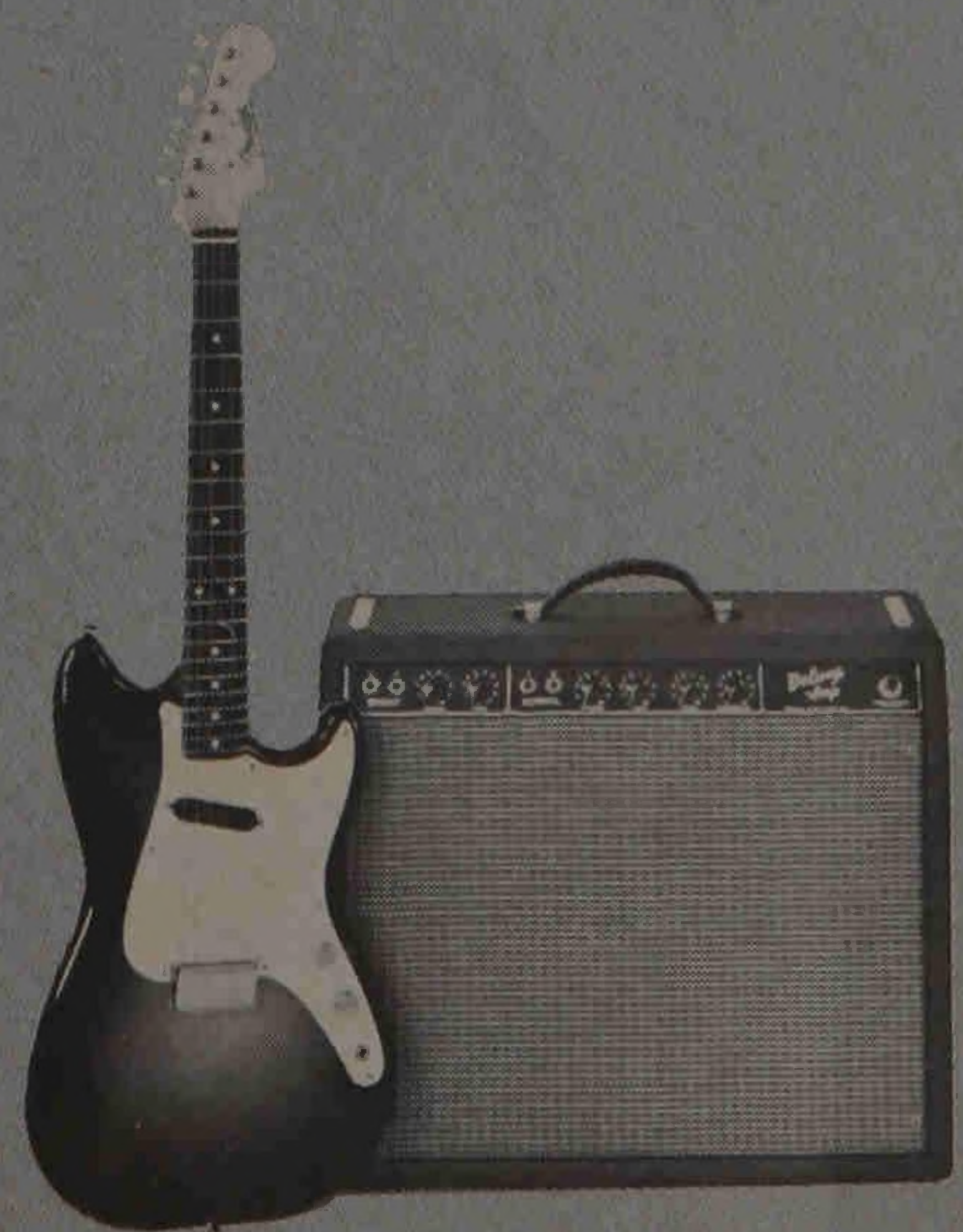
VIBROLUX

FENDER MUSICMASTER THREE-QUARTER SIZE GUITAR

The Musicmaster Guitar incorporates many outstanding features to make it the favorite in the low-price field. It is beautifully finished and features the comfortable, fast-action Fender neck with adjustable truss rod and modern head design. Adjustable bridge affords variable string height and length for playing ease and perfect intonation. Ideal for students and adults with small hands.

FENDER DELUXE AMPLIFIER

The modern designed Deluxe Amp with tremolo is outstanding in its price class and incorporates the following features: Two channels; bright and normal, front control panel with two volume controls, two tone controls, speed and intensity controls for tremolo and jeweled pilot light. The back panel includes: ground switch, AC on-off switch, fuse holder, speaker jack, extension speaker jack, and jack for remote tremolo control pedal. A 12" heavy duty speaker is featured on the Deluxe Amp. This amp is an exceptional performer in its price range and represents one of the finest values available. Size: Height 17½", Width 21", Depth 9".



MUSICMASTER

DELUXE

The Choice of Leading Artists Everywhere

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Fender Professional Amplifiers

FENDER SHOWMAN 15" AMP The Showman 15" Amplifier is believed to be the finest amp on the musical market, producing the ultimate in musical instrument amplification. The amp is of the "piggy-back" design featuring an enclosed 15" J. B. Lansing Speaker which produces unexcelled brilliance of tone. The speaker is mounted in a special design baffle making the Showman distortion-free with ample volume and full tone reproduction. The chassis, or amplifier portion may be top-mounted or may be used as a separate unit. An additional feature of the Showman is the use of "tilt-back" legs for complete sound distribution. The Showman 15" features the following controls for each of the Normal and Vibrato Channels; volume, treble, bass and presence; plus speed and intensity controls for the Vibrato Channel. The back panel includes; ground switch, extractor-type fuse post, AC on-off switch, standby switch, speaker jack, extension-speaker jack, jack for the remote control vibrato foot switch supplied with the amp. The Showman 15" Amp is recommended for those who desire the finest in musical instrument amplification.

TUBES: 4 - 7025 (each dual purpose), 2 - 12AX7 (each dual purpose), 4 - 5881, silicon rectifiers. SPEAKER: 1 - 15" Lansing High-Fidelity enclosure.

SIZE: Chassis Unit: Height 8", Width 26", Depth 11½".

Speaker Unit: Height 24½", Width 36", Depth 11½".



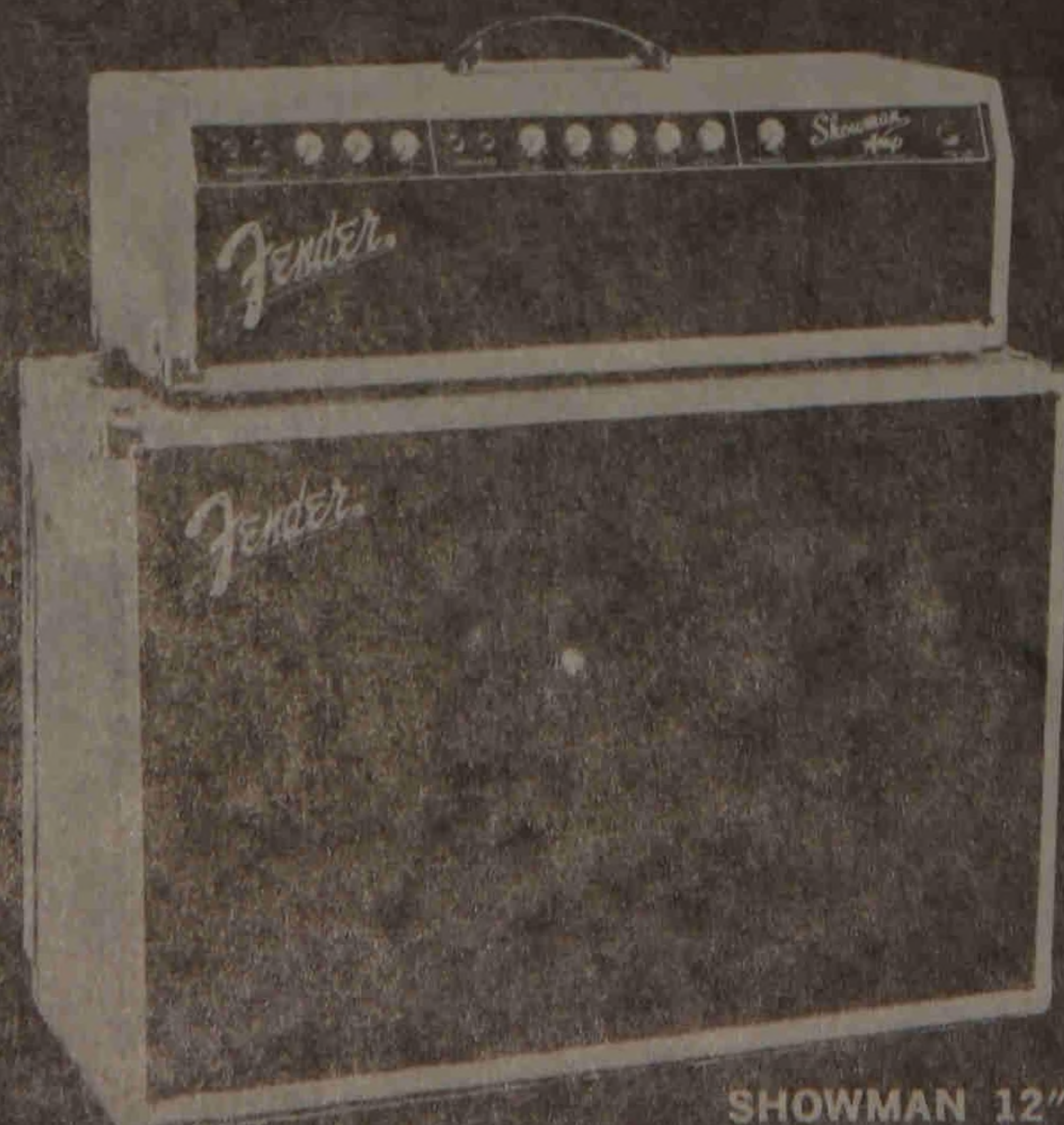
SHOWMAN 15"

FENDER SHOWMAN 12" AMP The Showman 12" Amplifier contains all the features of the above Showman 15" Amplifier except that it is equipped with the J. B. Lansing 12" enclosed high-fidelity speaker. The Showman 12" Amp is considered to be one of the finest amplifiers available, and is recommended to those desiring wide-range high-fidelity tone with ample volume.

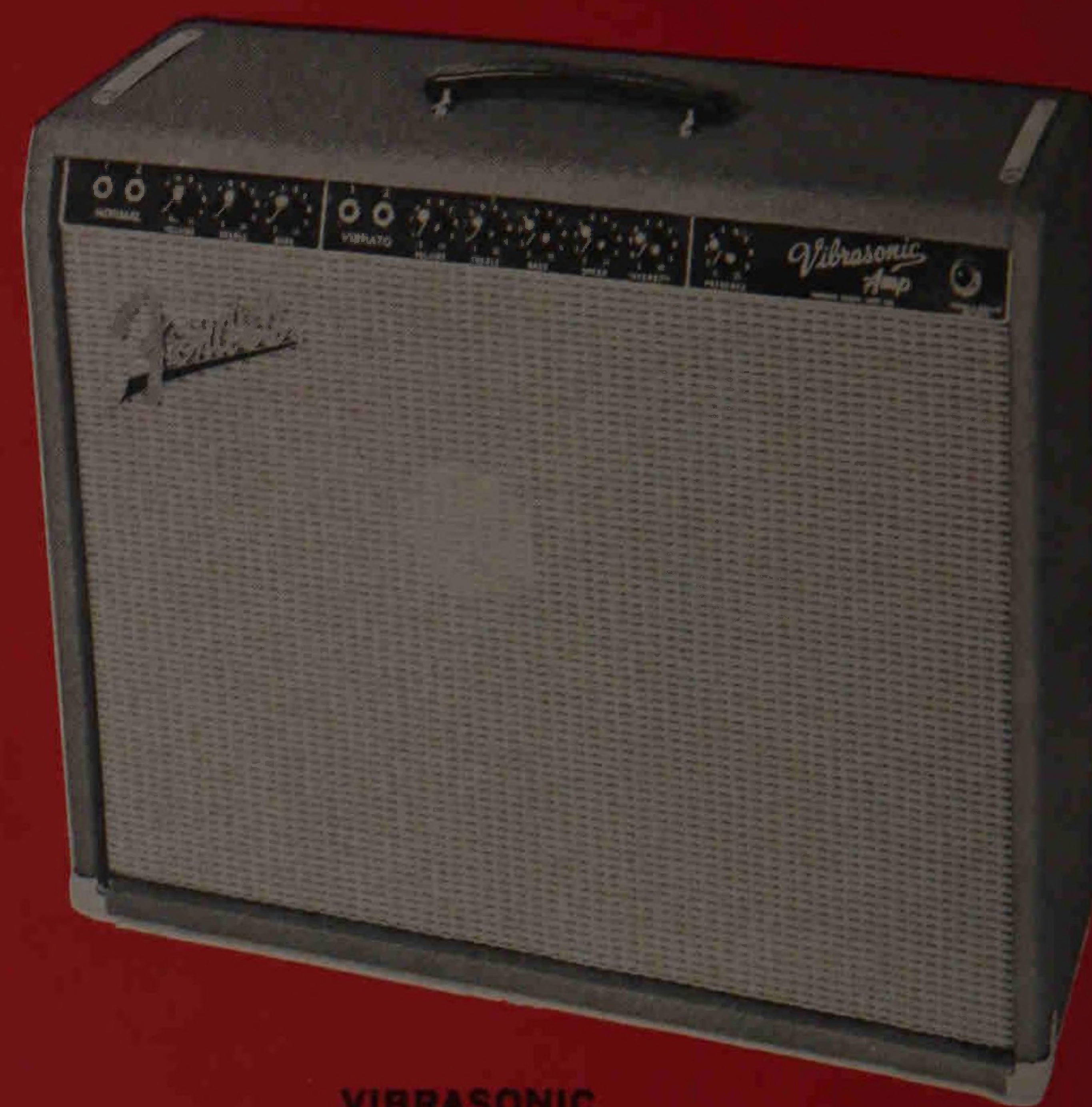
TUBES: 4 - 7025 (each dual purpose), 2 - 12AX7 (each dual purpose), 4 - 5881, silicon rectifiers. SPEAKER: 1 - 12" Lansing High-Fidelity enclosure.

SIZE: Chassis Unit: Height 8", Width 26", Depth 11½".

Speaker Unit: Height 21", Width 30", Depth 11½".



SHOWMAN 12"



VIBRASONIC

FENDER VIBRASONIC AMP The design and construction of the Vibrasonic Amp features the most up to date two-channel (Normal and Vibrato) circuit. Not only does it produce tremendous distortion-free power, but it also offers exceptionally clean amplification through the use of the Lansing D-130 15 inch high-fidelity speaker. This speaker is considered to be one of the finest available for musical instrument amplification. It is capable of producing high fidelity sound at various volume levels. The Vibrasonic Amp features the convenient front panel on which are located two inputs for each channel plus separate volume, treble, bass controls for each channel; plus speed and depth and controls for vibrato settings. A presence control functions with either channel. The Vibrasonic Amp is highly recommended to those musicians desiring fine musical instrument amplification.

TUBES: 4 - 7025 (each dual purpose), 2 - 12AX7 (each dual purpose), 2 - 5881, silicon rectifiers. SPEAKER: 1 - Lansing 15" Model D-130 High Fidelity.

SIZE: Height 20", Width 26", Depth 10¼".



TWIN

FENDER TWIN AMP The Fender Twin Amp is an amplifier featuring the latest in electronic advances plus offering advantages of modern styling and outstanding performance. This amplifier is capable of tremendous distortionless power with wide tone range characteristics which make it a favorite among toflight musicians. It is housed in the new modern cabinet with light-colored "Tolex" vinyl covering, and constructed for hard professional use. In addition, the Twin Amp features "Tilt-back" legs. Sound distribution is also greatly improved through the use of its two 12" heavy-duty speakers. The Twin Amp is highly recommended where high fidelity sound is required at high volume, and is truly one of the outstanding amplifiers on today's market.

TUBES: 4 - 7025 (each dual purpose), 2 - 12AX7 (each dual purpose), 4 - 5881, silicon rectifiers. SPEAKERS: 2 - 12" Heavy Duty Custom Design.

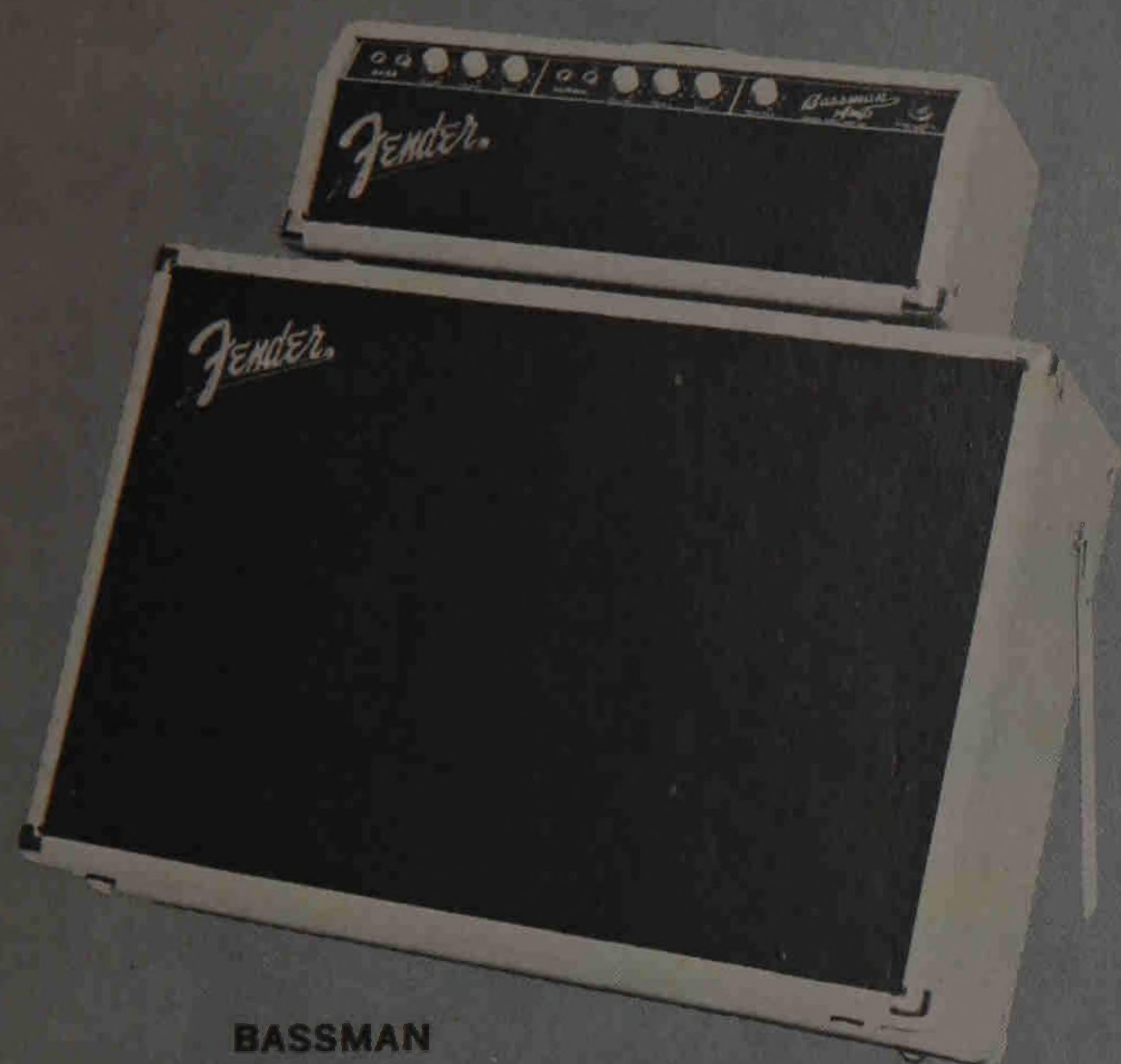
SIZE: Height 19", Width 27½", Depth 10½".

FENDER BASSMAN AMP The new "Piggy-back" Bassman Amplifier replaces the single-unit style Bassman. This new design incorporates two enclosed speakers with a separate amplifier chassis unit. The use of the enclosed 12" Heavy-Duty Custom Design speakers with their special design baffle makes the Bassman distortion-free, allowing the player to use his full bass notes and ample volume. Another new Bassman feature is the incorporation of dual channels; one a Bass channel, and the other Normal which may be used with guitar, accordion or other instruments. In addition, the Bassman is equipped with "tilt-back" legs enabling the sound to reach the farthest point in the room or hall in which it is being played. The new Fender Bassman has rapidly become a favorite with bassists throughout the world, and is recommended to those players who desire the finest in electric bass, bass guitar, and guitar amplification.

TUBES: 4 - 7025 (each dual purpose), 1 - GZ34, 2 - 5881. 2 - 12" heavy duty speakers.

SIZE: Chassis Unit: Height 8", Width 22 $\frac{1}{4}$ ", Depth 9".

Speaker Unit: Height 21", Width 32", Depth 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ ".



BASSMAN

FENDER BANDMASTER AMP The Dual Channel (Normal and Vibrato) "Piggy-back" Bandmaster Amplifier is the result of much effort on the part of Fender Engineers to combine in one amplifier the desirable features which have been suggested by dealers, teachers, and players, at a moderate price. Two 12" heavy-duty enclosed speakers are utilized, mounted in a special design baffle. The use of this enclosure greatly improves tone and volume without distortion, and permits optimum performance of the speakers. The Bandmaster may be used with guitar, accordion or microphone. In addition, the Bandmaster is equipped with "tilt-back" legs for better sound distribution.

TUBES: 4 - 7025 (each dual purpose), 2 - 12AX7 (each dual purpose), 2 - 5881.

SPEAKERS: 2 - 12" Heavy Duty Custom Design.

SIZE: Chassis Unit: Height 8", Width 24", Depth 9".

Speaker Unit: Height 21", Width 32", Depth 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ ".



BANDMASTER

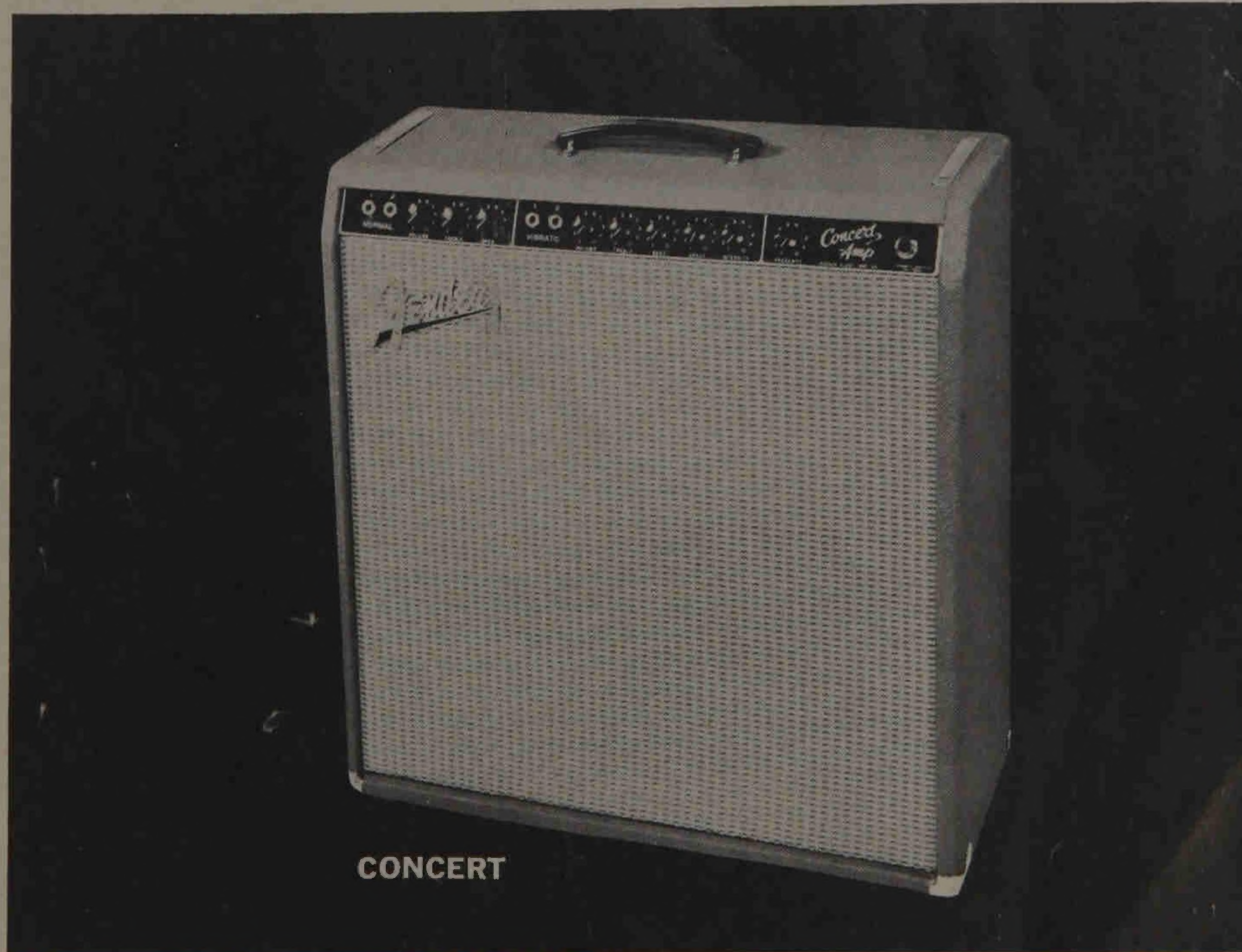


TREMOLUX

FENDER TREMOLUX AMP The dual-channel Tremolux Amplifier combines the tonal qualities of the "piggy-back" design with compactness. The Tremolux produces superb, distortion-free amplification with ample volume for guitar, accordion and microphone through the use of its 2-10" enclosed speakers. These custom heavy-duty speakers are mounted in the Fender special designed baffle. Incorporated in the Tremolux are Bright and Normal channels with a tremolo circuit functioning for each. The chassis, or amplifier portion, may be top-mounted or may be used as a separate unit. The Tremolux is equipped with "tilt-back" legs and is constructed for hardest professional use. It is made of three-quarter inch wood, lock-joint corners, and covered in new, light-colored, vinyl "Tolux". Comparison will prove the Tremolux to be one of the finest amplifiers in the lower price range.

TUBES: 2 - 7025 (each dual purpose), 2 - 12AX7 (each dual purpose), 2 - 6L6GC, 1 - GZ34. SIZE: Chassis Unit: Height 8", Width 23", Depth 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ ".

Speaker Unit: Height 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ ", Width 27", Depth 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ ".



CONCERT

FENDER CONCERT AMP The Fender Concert Amplifier provides the musician with high quality musical amplification plus economy of operation. It features a dual channel circuit (Normal and Vibrato), with both channels capable of producing tremendous power, free from distortion. The circuit employs silicon rectifiers, vented cabinet, and single unit parts panel. It is completely modern in styling and is built to take the hardest professional use.

TUBES: 4 - 7025 (each dual purpose), 2 - 12AX7 (each dual purpose), 2 - 5881.

SPEAKERS: 4 - 10" Heavy Duty Custom Design.

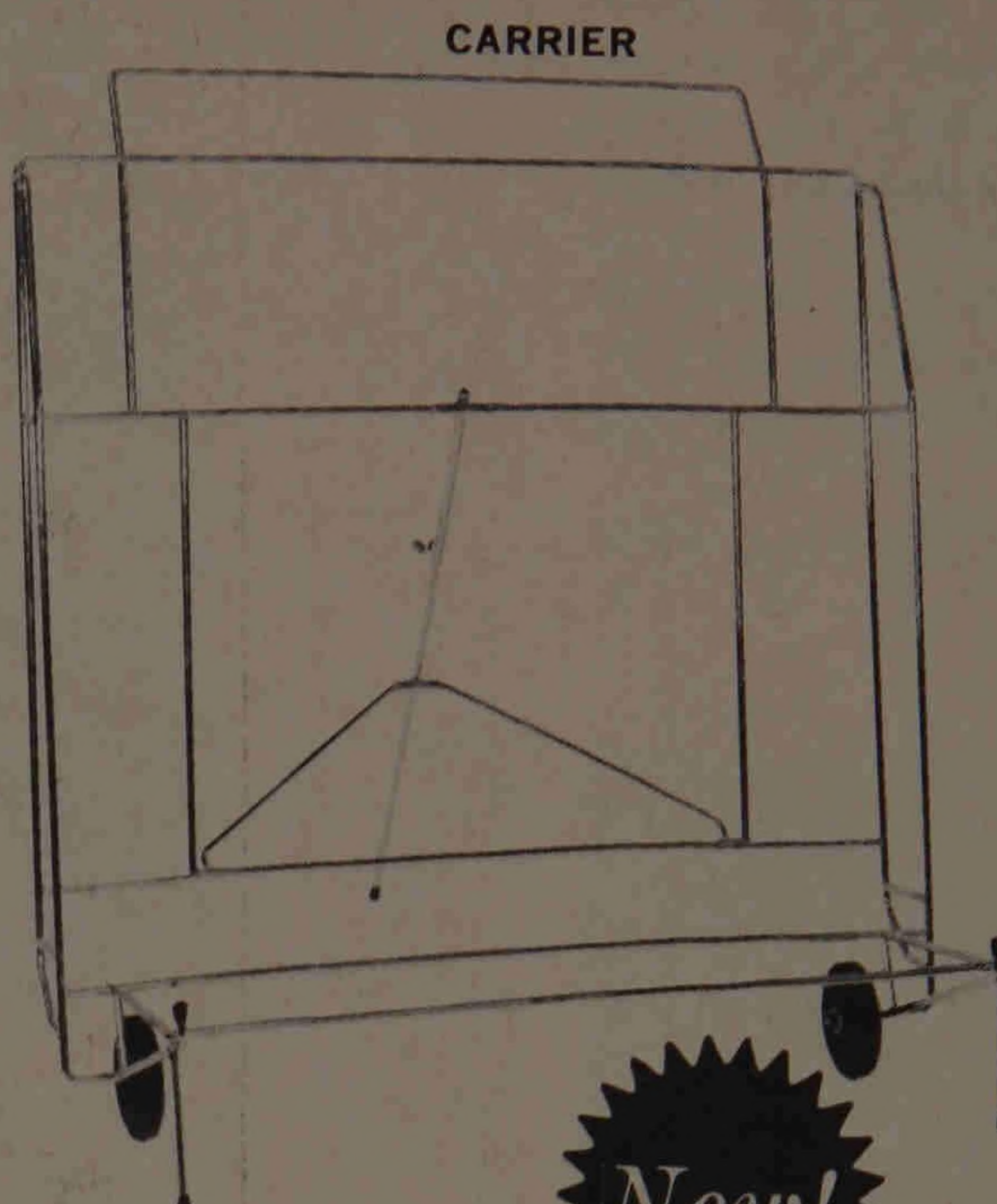
SIZE: Height 24", Width 24", Depth 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ".

Compare Fender... you'll agree they're the finest available anywhere!

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PRO



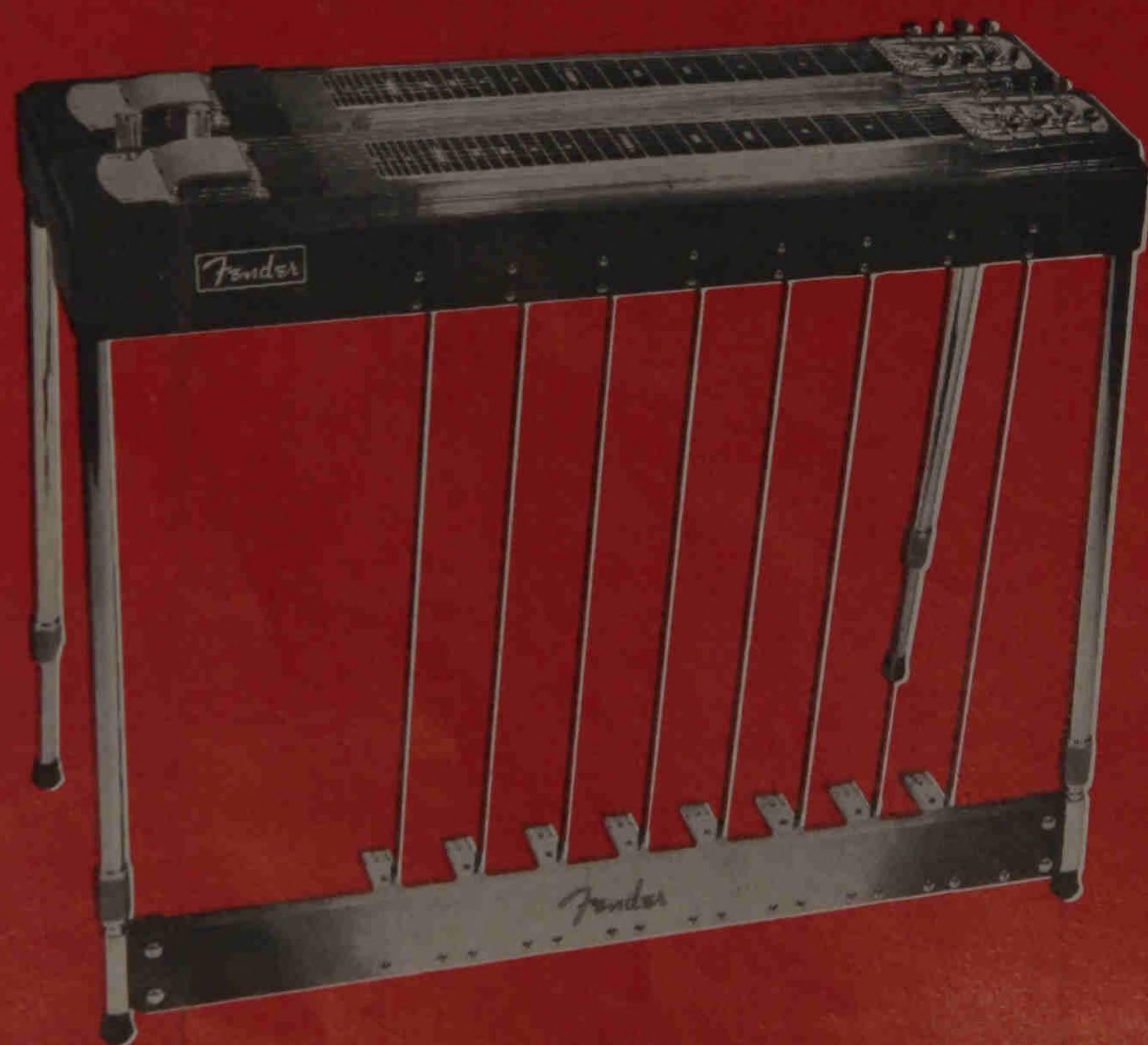
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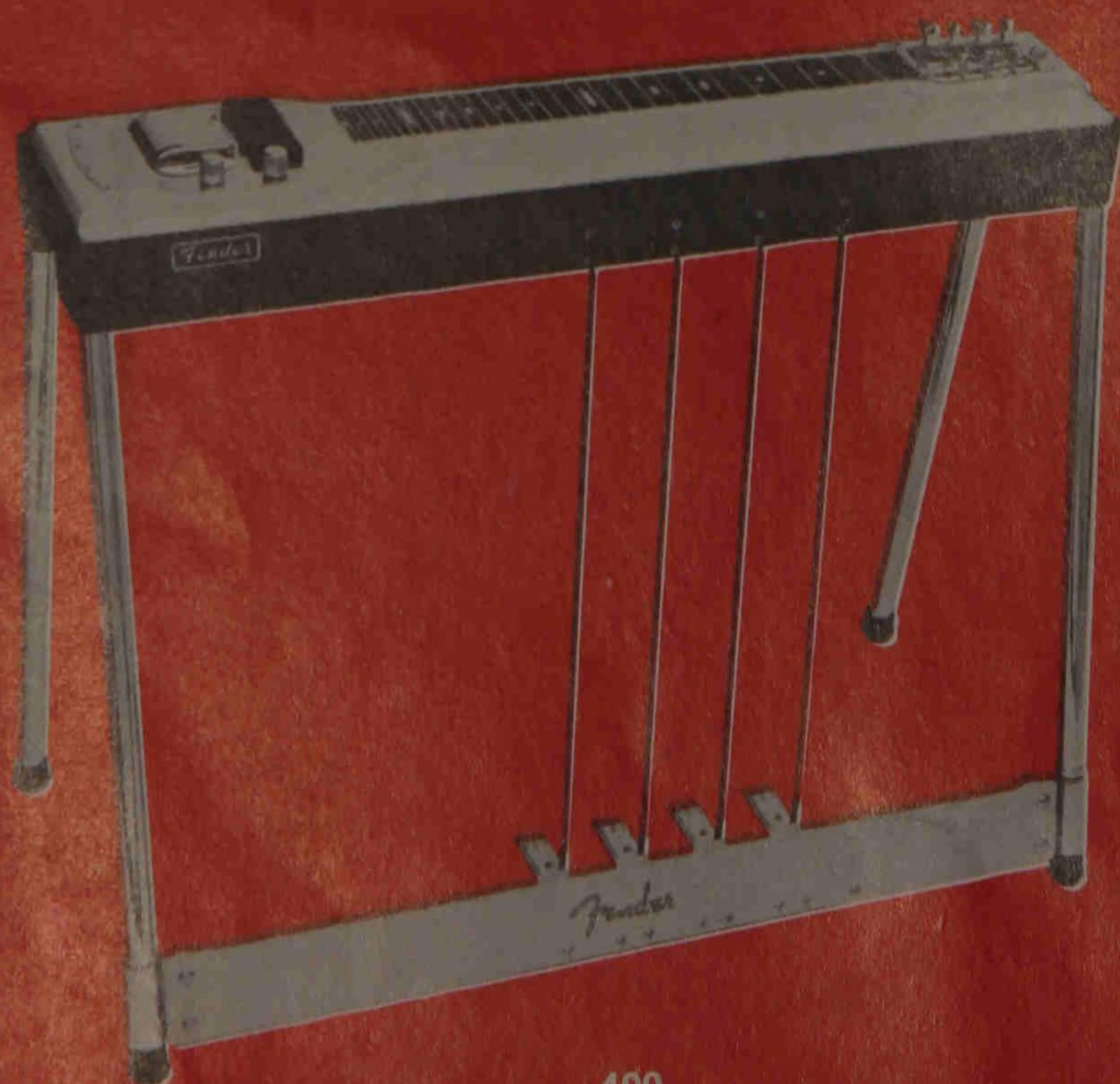
New!



SUPER



1000



400

FENDER PRO AMP The Pro Amp has become one of the most popular among musicians and with its modern styling and dual channel (Normal and Vibrato) circuits has proven itself to be extremely durable even when subjected to hard amplification requirements. It is capable of excellent power and fidelity and employs a heavy duty 15 inch speaker. The Pro Amp is an exceptional buy in its price class inasmuch as it offers the most up to date circuits, cabinet styling and the finest components for long trouble-free service.

TUBES: 4 - 7025 (each dual purpose), 2 - 12AX7 (each dual purpose), 2 - 5881, Silicon Rectifiers. SPEAKERS: 1 - 15" Heavy-Duty Special Design.

SIZE: Height 20", Width 24", Depth 10½".

FENDER SUPER AMP This extremely popular amplifier has found wide spread use among all classes of players and is especially suited for broadcasting use. It features the new Fender Professional Amplifier cabinet styling with dark vinyl "Tolex" covering and gold colored grill cloth. The Super Amp features dual channel (Normal and Vibrato) circuits with full controls for each. The Super Amp employs two 10 inch heavy duty speakers, and its power and tone leave nothing to be desired.

TUBES: 4 - 7025 (each dual purpose), 2 - 5881, 1 - GZ34 Rectifier.

SPEAKERS: 2 - 10" Heavy-Duty Special Design.

SIZE: Height 18", Width 24", Depth 10¼".

FENDER AMP CARRIER Available for each Fender Amplifier from the Showman 15" to the Vibrolux, and most other brands also, is a new Amp Carrier designed to make each amplifier the ultimate in portability. These new carriers are of strong, durable tubular steel with welded construction and heavily chrome plated. The wheels, made of neoprene for quiet, easy rolling, carry a 100-pound test rating each. The adjustable tailpiece on each carrier, allows the carrier and amp to be tilted back while playing. When the carrier is in motion, the tailpiece moves snugly against the frame allowing the player to leave the amplifier in the carrier at all times.

FENDER 1000 AND 400 PEDAL STEEL GUITARS The Fender 1000 and 400 are the most advanced pedal guitars on the market today. Both are designed to meet the changing requirements of steel guitarists brought about by the advances made in the music world, and are strikingly beautiful, employing the highest quality materials for dependable performance. Each has a 24½" string length and offers great flexibility of pedal tuning selection. The Fender 1000 double neck in sunburst finish with 8 pedals provides as many as 30 usable tunings. Each of the 16 strings may be sharped or flatted 1½ tones. Pedals may be used singly or in combinations and in addition, the pedal tuning patterns may be partially or entirely changed at any time in only a few minutes. The Fender 400 is available with 4 to 10 pedals and is ideal for professionals as well as students inasmuch as it provides many of the design features found on the Fender 1000. The Fender 1000 may be obtained with 9 or 10 pedals by special order.

Both models, equipped with new Fender Roller Bridges and nuts, ruggedly built to take the hardest use, are convenient to carry and can be set up or disassembled in 3 minutes. Working parts are of case-hardened steel, and parts exposed to the player's hands are heavily chrome plated. The Fender 1000 with its great variety of tunings and the Fender 400 offer the finest in pedal guitar performance and unexcelled tuning accuracy.

FENDER REVERB UNIT Designed for use with all amplification systems, the Fender Reverb Unit offers the finest distortion-free reverberation. It is highly portable and provides the "expanded sound" effect sought by guitarists and accordionists. In addition, it is an excellent unit for microphone, phonograph and tape recorded program material. The Fender Reverb Unit employs a professional amplifier section and the popular Hammond Reverberation adapter. It can be used with the player's existing amplifier to provide normal sound amplification to which Reverberation is added by use of the remote on-off reverberation control. Every musician desiring the latest and finest portable professional reverberation equipment will find this Fender unit to be unsurpassed in design and construction. Comparison will prove it to be unexcelled in overall performance.

FENDER STUDIO DELUXE SET The Studio Deluxe Set represents the finest of its kind on the market today. The Studio Guitar provides these outstanding features: fully adjustable bridge with swing-type bridge cover, fully adjustable high fidelity pickup, hardened steel bridge and precision grooved nut, top mount input jack, recessed one-piece patent head and three chromed inset leg flanges. Heavily chromed legs provided are adjustable to varying playing heights. The Fender Princeton Amp with Tremolo supplied with this set has the following front controls; volume, tone, speed and intensity and pilot light, and is equipped with a heavy-duty 10" speaker. The Studio Guitar case has a separate leg compartment, and is covered with the same durable "Tolex" covering used on the amplifier to make a matching set.

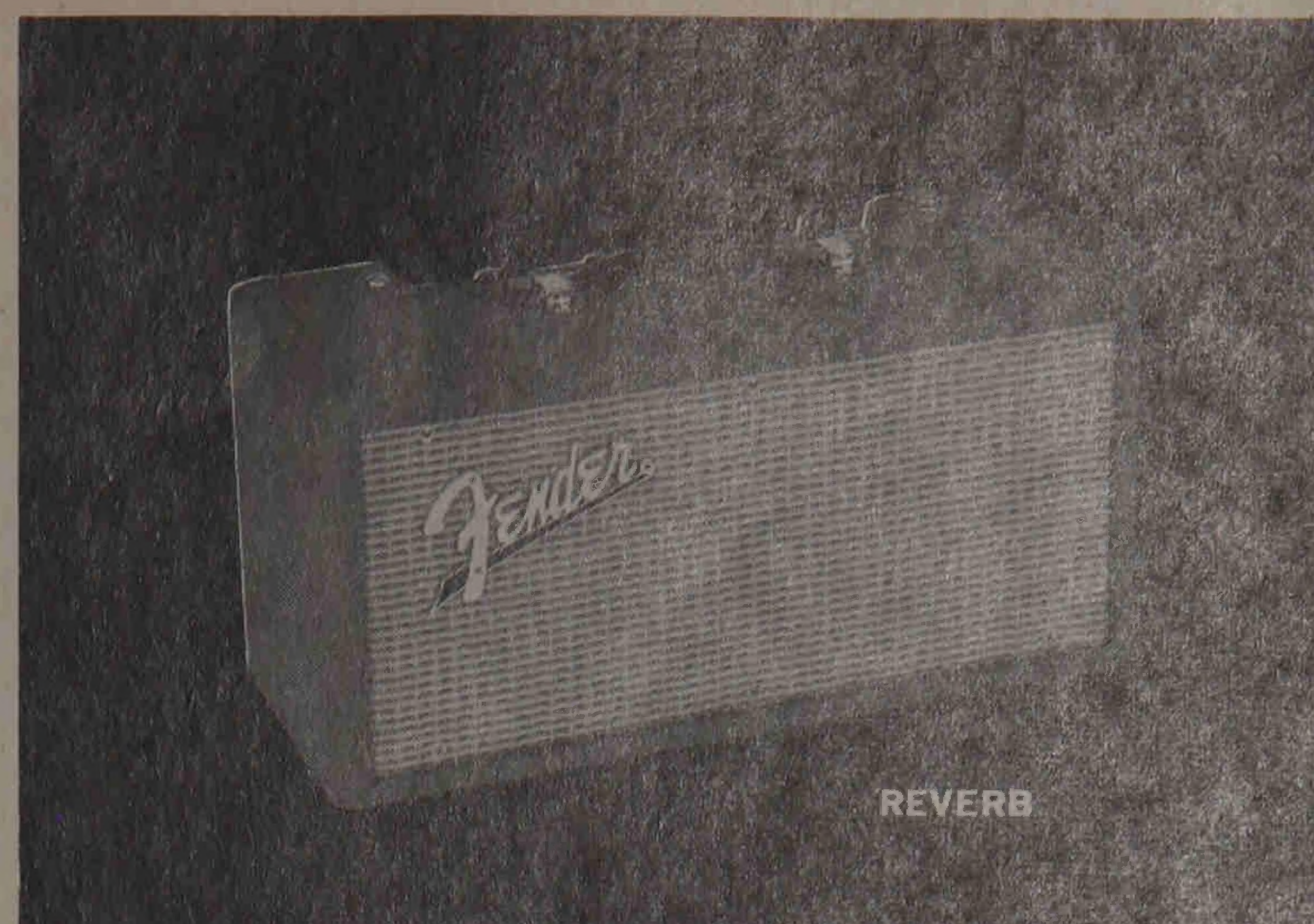
FENDER CHAMP STUDENT SET The Fender Champ Set is one of the finest low-priced guitar and amplifier combinations on the musical market. The Champ Guitar has a solid hardwood body, beautifully finished and distinctively designed. It has a replaceable fretboard and detachable cord, and tone and volume controls. It features both the adjustable bridge and high fidelity pickup. The Champ Amp is sturdily constructed of the finest cabinet design. Circuit provides extremely pleasing reproduction. Speaker is a fine quality permanent magnet type. The Champ Amp has two instrument inputs, volume control, jeweled pilot light and extractor-type fuse holder. The amp covering is striped airplane luggage linen which is both durable and washable.

FENDER STRINGMASTER STEEL GUITARS Fender Stringmaster Steel Guitars incorporate the latest and most advanced developments in multiple-neck steel guitar design. They feature dual counterbalanced pickups which eliminate hum and noise and provide wide tone range by use of a switching and mixing system enabling the player to obtain any tone from low bass to high staccato. The pickups are adjustable so that any tone balance can be achieved. These instruments are fitted with adjustable bridges in order that intonation may be adjusted any time to compensate for different string gauges. It is possible to string one of the necks with special bass strings, allowing a tuning an octave lower than the ordinary steel guitar tuning.

The Stringmaster is mounted on 4 telescoping legs providing a variable height for sitting position or standing position. All critical parts are case-hardened and designed to prevent ordinary wear from occurring.

FENDER DELUXE 6 AND 8 GUITARS The Deluxe Steel Guitar is one of the finest single-neck instruments available on today's market and is highly recommended for both professional and non-professional use. It incorporates many of the same outstanding features found on Stringmaster Guitars.

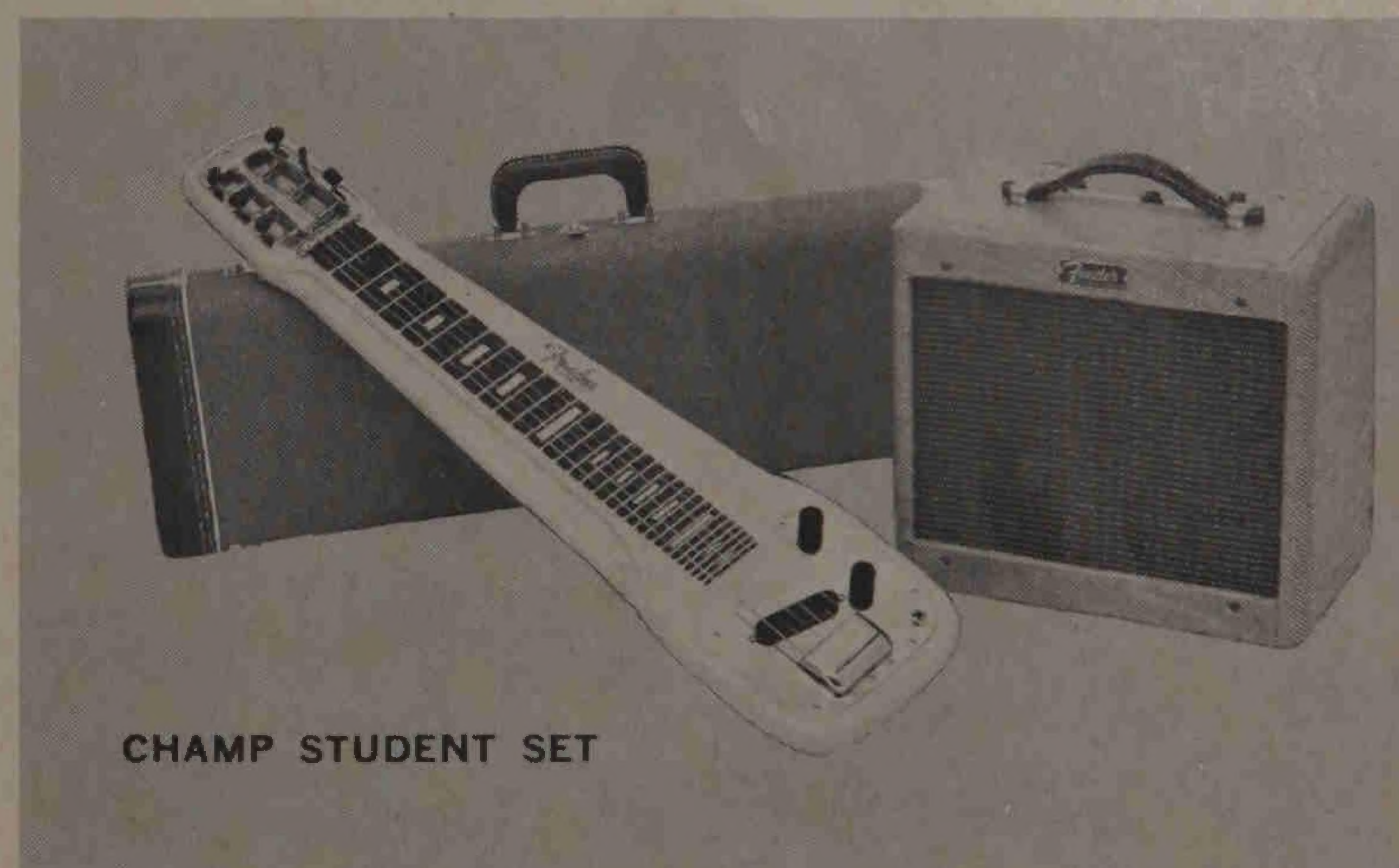
It employs the counterbalanced dual pickups with mixing control, the Fender adjustable bridge for correction of intonation variations and the precision grooved nut of case-hardened steel, assuring level strings at all times. These special features, plus excellent playing qualities and unique body design, combine to make the Deluxe model guitar outstanding among present day instruments. The Deluxe 6 and 8 Guitars are mounted on 3 telescoping legs for variable instrument height and playing position.



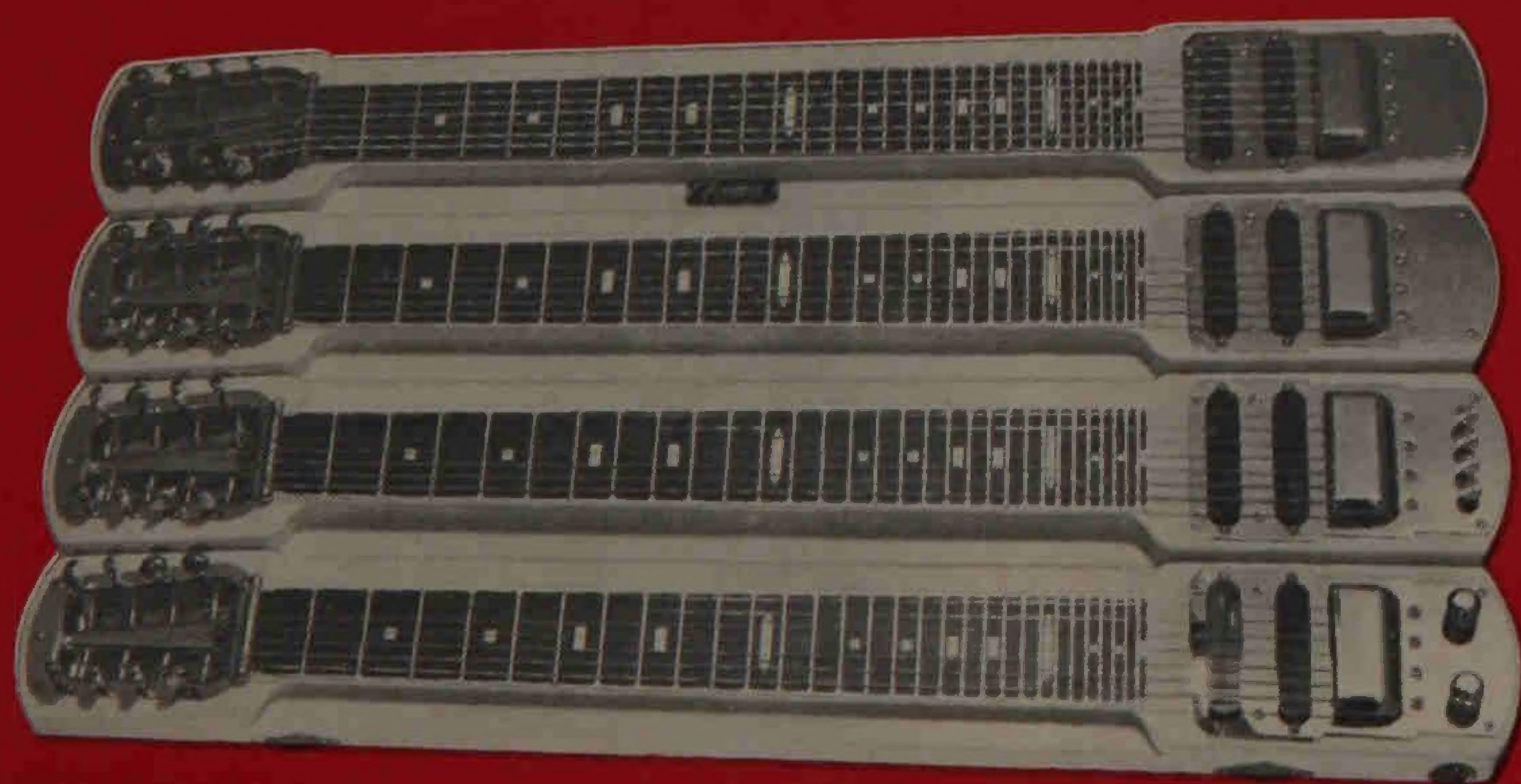
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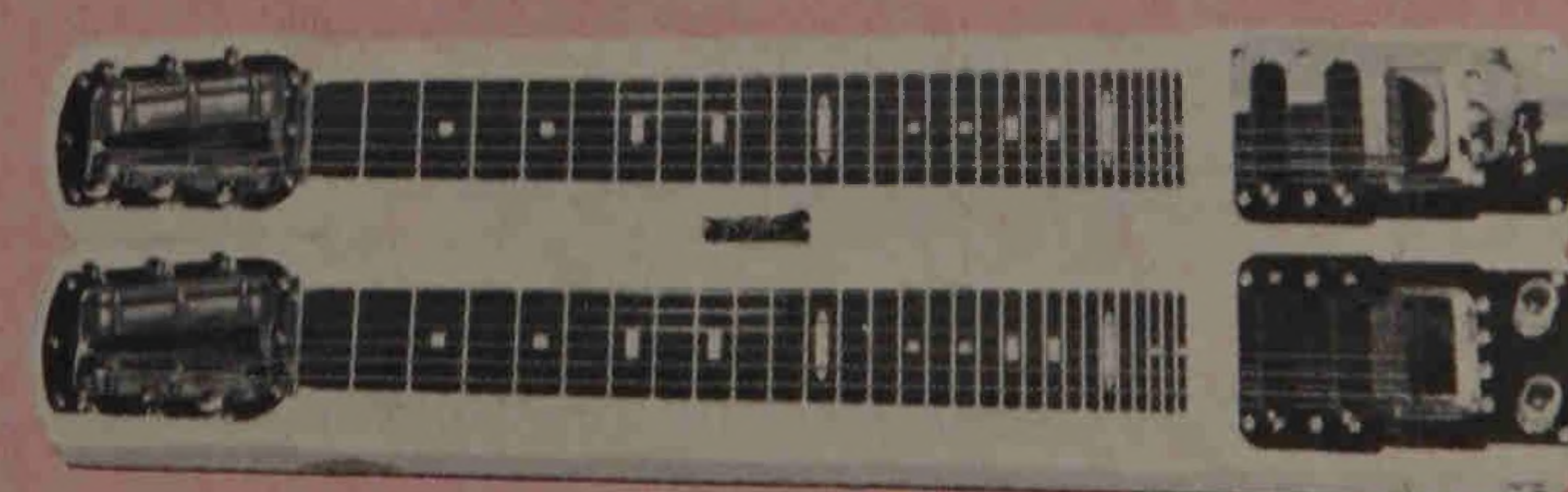
STUDIO DELUXE SET



CHAMP STUDENT SET



4-NECK



2-NECK



DELUXE 8



3-NECK



DELUXE 6

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New!



THE FENDER-RHODES PIANO BASS The revolutionary new Fender-Rhodes Piano Bass used in conjunction with any heavy-duty amplifier may be used by pianists, organists, and small combos lacking a bass player in its instrumentation. In addition, the Piano Bass may be used in groups where the bass player doubles on a second instrument.

The Piano Bass is a keyboard instrument possessing the tonal characteristics and the pitch range of the standard string bass. There are thirty-two keys starting with low "E" and extending upward to "B" below "Middle C". The action is similar to that of the standard piano in that when the keys are depressed the damper releases enabling the player to achieve sustained notes. When the keys are released quickly, the player will have shortened or non-sustained notes.

Available for the Piano Bass is a heavy-duty adjustable stand that enables the player to use the Piano Bass at any level from a seated to standing position. The top of the stand tilts at any angle for maximum player convenience.

Musicians have found that by adding the Piano Bass to their instrumental group, they have achieved the complete and finished sound that is important to every musical organization.



FENDER CASES Fender cases are made of the finest materials and covered with rich, scuff and abrasion resistant attractive fabrics. Case interiors are fitted to protect the instrument at all times and lined with beautifully textured plush lining. Where possible, suitable pockets are provided to hold strings and accessories. Case ends are bound with leather and double stitched. Handles, polished metal hinges, locks and other hardware are securely mounted and will give long satisfactory service. Fender cases are recognized for their durability and ability to stand up under hard use.



AMP COVERS These water proof, tear and abrasion resistant Fender Amplifier covers afford protection to the amplifier and are extremely serviceable. They are made of gray brown covert cloth, lined with soft flannel and bound with a plastic binding. A neatly fitted cover is available for each Fender Amplifier... Prevents damage to the amplifier cabinet... keeps out dust.

**FENDER MASTERSOUND
FLATWOUND STRINGS AND FENDER
PURE NICKEL WRAP STRINGS**

for Electric and Acoustic Spanish Guitars, Electric Hawaiian Guitars, Electric Bass, Electric Mandolin and the Classic Guitar

For many years, the Fender Company has continually experimented with every conceivable kind of electric, non-electric and nylon strings that would provide guitarists the finest strings on today's musical market.

Today, Fender offers a complete selection of the finest strings, both electric and non-electric fretted instruments... strings which offer:

- Perfect Balance for evenness of tone
- Controlled Diameters for perfect intonation
- Tightly-applied Windings preventing loss of tone
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Underneath and *Left and Right*, very highly. *Yesterdays*, *Beautiful*, and *Moonbeams* tend to bog down in an out-of-tempo mass of chords, which, while undeniably lush and complex, are not fascinating. (F.K.)

Harry James

REQUESTS ON THE ROAD—MGM 4003: *Ciribiribi*; *Sleepy Lagoon*; *Strictly Instrumental*; *If I'm Lucky*; *Moanin' Low*; *Ultra*; *You Made Me Love You*; *Crazy Rhythm*; *Velvet Moon*; *Cherry*; *Sleepy Time Gal*; *Back-Beat Boogie*.

Personnel: James, trumpet; band personnel unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

James' trumpet style has held up remarkably well over the years. In fact, after a period of apparent regression, it has improved until, today, he seems to be able to play as well as he ever did—which, if you go back far enough, was mighty good.

James is reviewing his past in this collection of his most popular arrangements, played by his current band. His own performances are crisp, full-bodied and forceful and show an unexpected feeling for shading.

To a degree, this is a good big-band set but not as good as it should be. James' rhythm section is often static, and the band as a whole is not nearly as fluid in performance as James is (none of the occasional soloists is identified, but altoist Willie Smith is quite evident on *Ultra* and *Back Beat* and trombonist Juan Tizol appears briefly on *Lucky*).

The recording is heavy on the bottom

and poorly balanced, something that might be attributed to the location recordings suggested by the title. But the obviously canned applause implies that this is just a doctored studio session despite the assertion that it was "recorded live on tour."

Even with its drawbacks and the fact that all this is material that James has recorded more than once or twice or even thrice, it's still a pleasant set, for James' horn still has a tremendous amount of vital, driving power. (J.S.W.)

JFK Quintet

NEW JAZZ FRONTIERS FROM WASHINGTON—Riverside 396: *Aw-ite*; *Eugly's Tune*; *Hominy Grits*; *Dancing in the Dark*; *Cici's Delight*; *Nairod*; *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*; *Delories*.

Personnel: Ray Codrington, trumpet; Andy White, also saxophone; Harry Killgo, piano; Walter Booker Jr., bass; Carl Newman, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This is a young group that has been playing in Washington, D.C., for the last year. Its name does not seem to have done it much good because the most prominent owner of those initials in Washington has paid them no more mind than he did the International Jazz Festival put on there in June by his own music committee of the People to People Program.

The prime figures in this group are Codrington and White. They deliver some crisp, frequently boppish ensembles in which their horns blend neatly even though their soloing styles are quite different. Codrington's trumpet is inclined to be stiff in its phrasing, and his ideas

are rambling and vague.

White is a much more flowing and channeled soloist, who has a harsh, wailing attack that shows considerable Eric Dolphy influence. At times, his tone gets so weird that you may check your turntable to make sure it hasn't wilted. But he has such assurance and presence that even though you may cringe at some of his sounds, you still respond to the strength of his musical personality.

The group has a lot of rhythmic vitality except on *Polka Dots*, which is taken at a deadly, self-defeating tempo.

(J.S.W.)

Ahmad Jamal

ALL OF YOU—Argo 691: *Time on My Hands*; *Angel Eyes*; *You Go to My Head*; *Star Eyes*; *All of You*; *You're Blase*; *What Is This Thing Called Love?*

Personnel: Jamal, piano; Israel Crosby, bass; Vernell Fournier, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Jamal is Jamal, and this is a further ladling of the pleasant, innocuous cocktail-jazz he dispenses so adroitly with the aid and comfort of the excellent Crosby and Fournier.

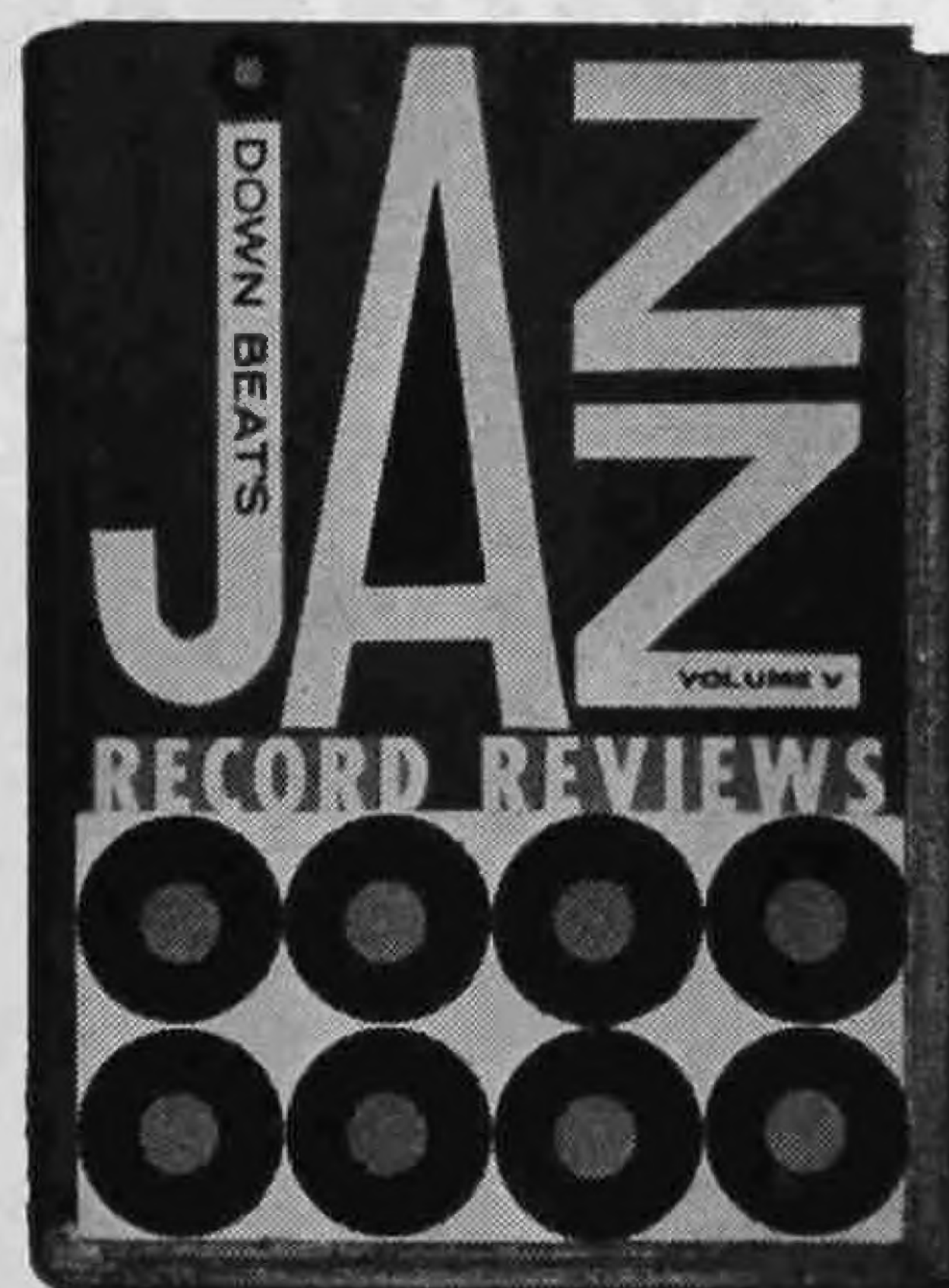
On several tracks Jamal appears in skittish mood, quoting liberally and amusingly from this or that fragment of assorted (and, on the surface, unrelated) tunes.

In the liner commentary, Jamal refers to his now-shuttered club, the Alhambra, the location of the recording session, as being conducive to a "happy result." It apparently was—and this is a *happy* album. (J.A.T.)

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"In a sense, jazz critics aren't made, they're born. They are born in a passionate love of the music, which usually leads as early as adolescence to writing about it, sometimes in school papers. This deep love of the music is the distinguishing characteristic of all jazz critics, even the most misguided of them. It is little recognized by the musicians, but each jazz critic harbors within him a deep loyalty to the music, manifested in his hot defense against attacks on it, and even in his willingness to work both at night, when the musicians are working, and in the day, when the musicians are comfortably sleeping. Such men are vitally important to jazz, vitally necessary to its future."

These are the writers of Jazz Record Reviews Vol. VI.

Yusef Lateef

EASTERN SOUNDS—Prestige/Moodsville 22: *The Plum Blossom; Blues for the Orient; Ching Miao; Don't Blame Me; Love Theme from Spartacus; Snafu; Purple Flower; Love Theme from the Robe; The Three Faces of Balal.*

Personnel: Lateef, tenor saxophone, oboe, flute, Chinese flute; Barry Harris, piano; Ernie Farrow, bass, rabat; Lex Humphries, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This would be a thoroughly enjoyable collection if only for the virtuoso display by Lateef, whose array of instruments is indeed formidable. Yet, the album is satisfying for deeper reasons.

There is an air of reflective, unhurried calm about the disc, resulting from the quiet assurance of Lateef's playing and from the unity of his musical conception.

His is a fully realized, wholly personal approach, an effective synthesis of a variety of stylistic sources, not the least of which is the Middle Eastern one, which dominates here, as the title might indicate. Yet there is nothing gratuitous in Lateef's usage of these Eastern-sounding devices; they form an innate component of his approach and are never used indiscriminately or for the mere evocation of a quasi-exotic feeling. Any "exoticism" that the listener feels he hears results from the restrictive harmonic character of Western music. The odd intervals and the unusual construction of Lateef's melody lines merely require some getting used to.

There is a charming obliquity, a pleasant warmth and languor to the bulk of the material in this album. A gentle, ruminative mood predominates, which is shattered only by the visceral John Coltrane-derived tenor work on *Snafu* and, to a

lesser degree, *Ching Miao*.

Lateef's tenor reshaping of *Don't Blame Me* is lovely, being fashioned along the lines of Coltrane's earlier ballad style. It is on tenor, by the way, that Lateef's approach shows the Eastern influence least (except for the brief use of harmonics at the end of *Don't Blame Me*). Like Eric Dolphy, Lateef mines a different vein with each of his instruments.

Barry Harris is a model of grace and limpidity both as accompanist and soloist, and the rhythm support is admirable throughout. (P.W.)

Meade Lux Lewis

THE BLUE PIANO ARTISTRY OF MEADE LUX LEWIS—Riverside 402: *Hammer Chatter; You Were Meant for Me; Celeste Bounce; Bear Trap Stomp; Frompy Stomp; Rough Seas; Madame Vod's Celeste Blues; C-Jam Blues; Fate; Breezing at the Celeste.*

Personnel: Lewis, piano, celeste.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Boogie-woogie pianist Lewis, for those readers who may have wondered, is not dead, though on the basis of this recording the same might not be said for his music. Most of the performances are turgid, sluggish, and surprisingly lifeless.

I say "surprisingly," because Lewis had long been one of the more exciting and vigorous exponents of boogie woogie and earthy blues piano, as his earlier recordings attest. Save for several of the more rousing boogie-woogie tunes, the playing on this set is boring, repetitious, and singularly unadventurous.

It's as though the boogie and stomp numbers were the only ones Lewis could invest with any degree of conviction and

credibility. The slow blues soon wear thin, and the two ballads, *Fate* and *You Were Meant*, are disastrous in their fumbling. They are grotesquely awkward examples of the worst kind of ricky-ticky back-room piano.

The three celeste pieces are charming in a limited way, most of the charm resulting from the dulcet sound of the instrument rather than anything unusual that Lewis does on the keyboard. The three are so similar in mood, theme, development, bass pattern, etc., that it's difficult to tell one from the other.

The highlight of the disc, as far as I am concerned, is the gusty, exuberant *Bear*, a no-holds-barred boogie that never lets up. *Hammer* is not too far behind it in driving intensity, and *Frompy* is easily the best of the slower blues pieces. With more tracks of this quality, this collection could have been stunning. As it is, it's no more than an exercise in nostalgia that failed to ignite. (P.W.)

Tricky Lofton

BRASS BAG—Pacific Jazz 49: *Canadian Sunset; Ow; Moten Swing; Bluer Than That; Brass Bag; Angel Eyes; Celery Stalks at Midnight; Mood Indigo.*

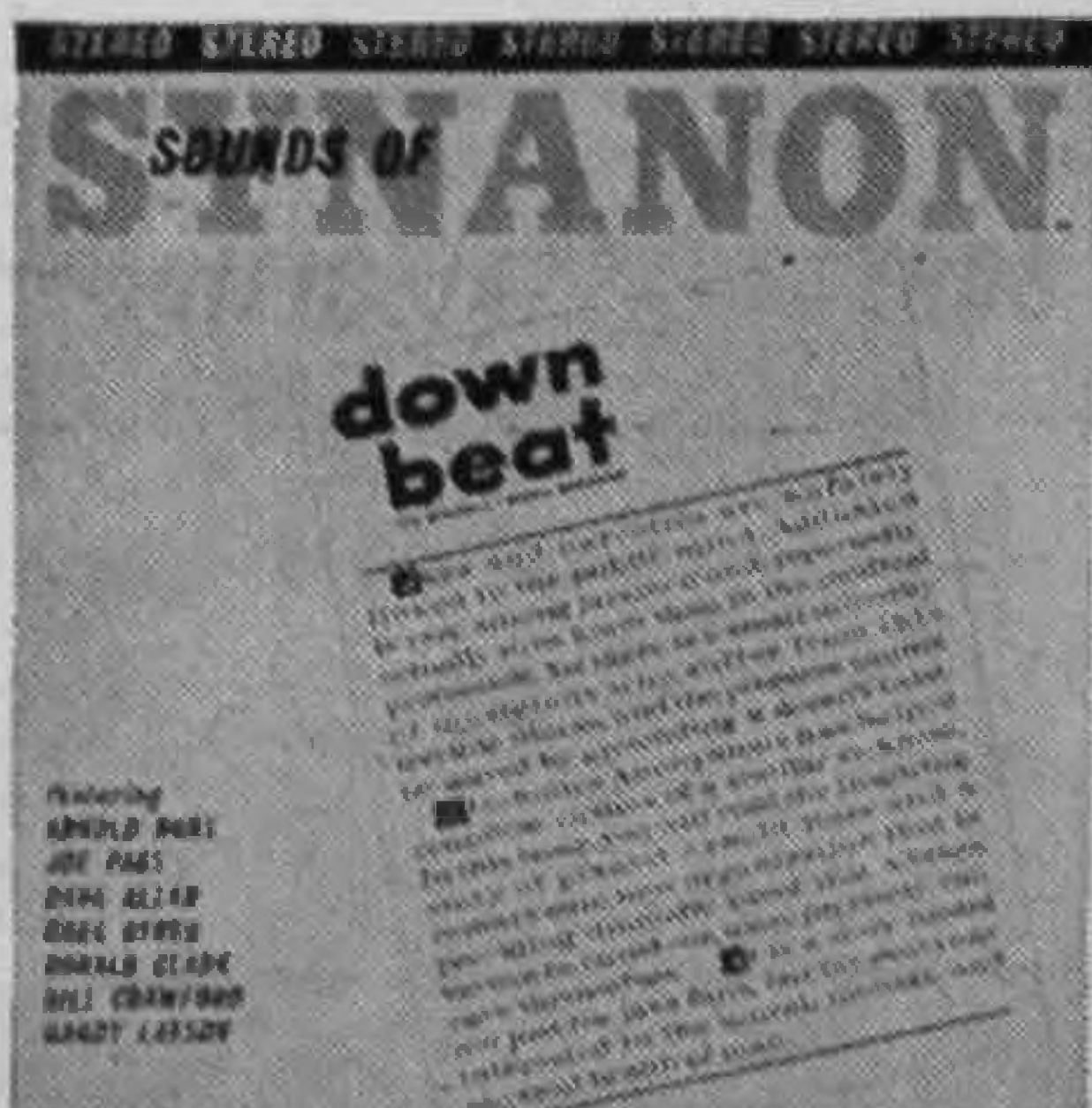
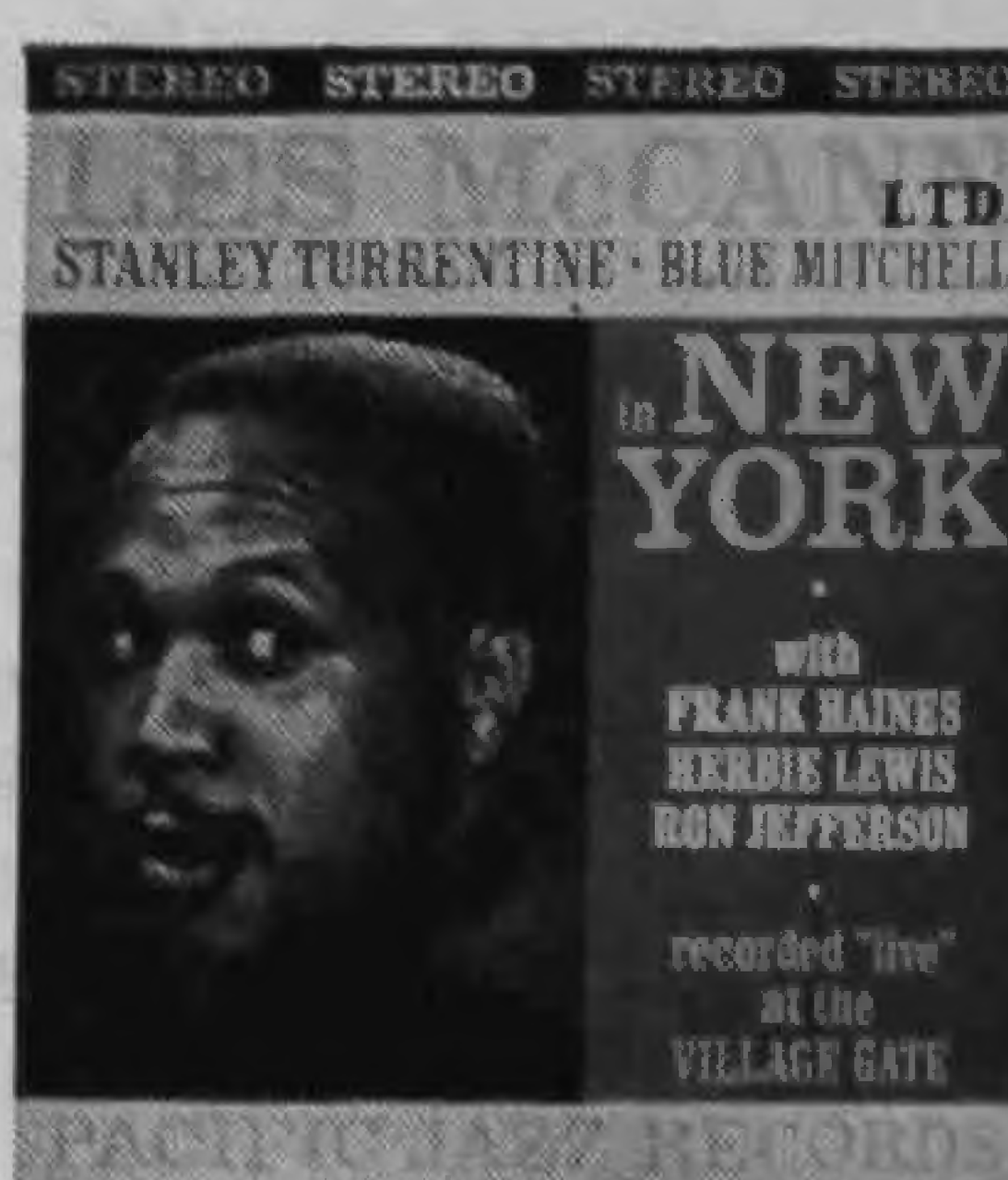
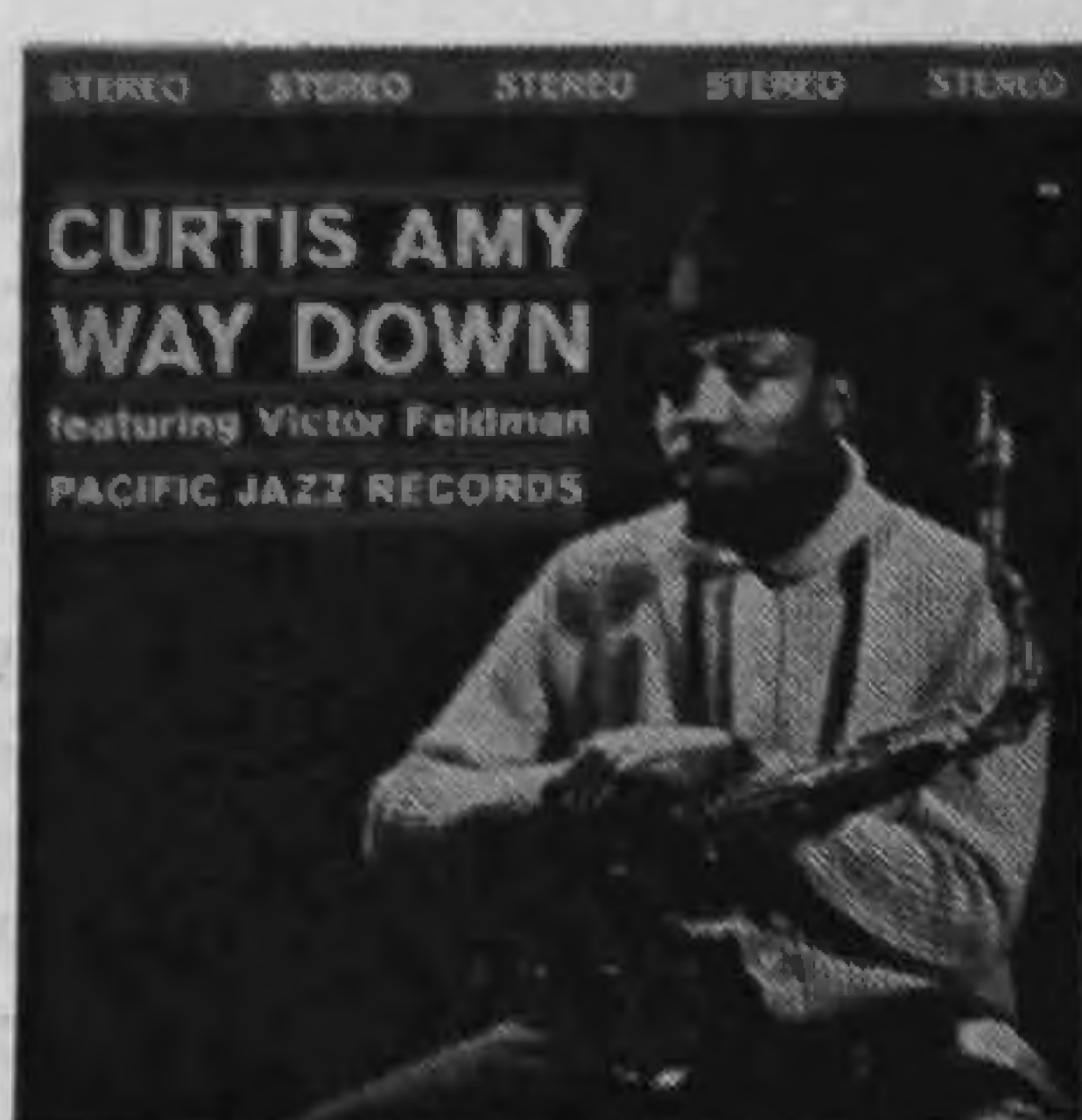
Personnel: Carmell Jones, trumpet; Lofton and Louis Blackburn or Lofton, Bob Edmondson, Kenny Schroyer, Frank Strong, Wayne Henderson, trombones; Frank Strazzeri, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Ron Jefferson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Lofton is spotted in half these pieces with a four-trombone ensemble and in the other half shares solos with Blackburn. Arrangements for both sets are by Gerald Wilson. Wilson has drawn a lot of rich,

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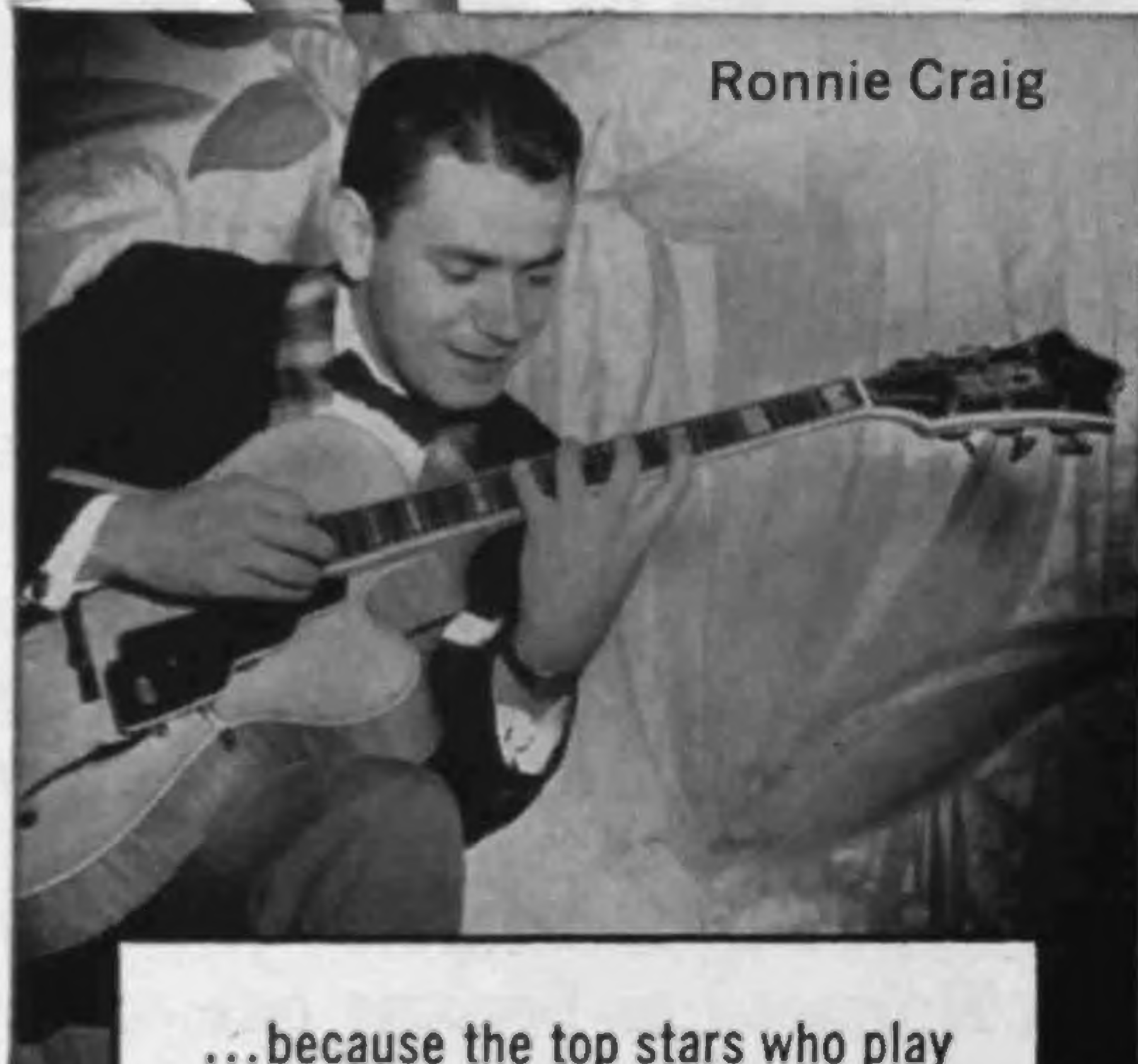
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dark sound from his trombone choir, but in treating established tunes such as *Celery*, *Indigo*, and *Moten* he has so drained them of their inherent individuality that the performances might be based on almost anything. His arrangements are best on his own originals when he is not hemmed in by other people's ideas.

The most consistently attractive soloist through the disc is Jones, who maintains a warm, full trumpet tone and sings out his solos. Strazzeri's piano contributions are bright and lively. Lofton is getting away from the flowing ease that he showed on his earlier recordings and is playing with more calculated mannerisms, which is too bad because he has a wonderfully robust tone and can play with guts when he wants to. On the two-trombone pieces (*Sunset*, *Ow*, *Moten*, *Bluer*), the trombone solos are not identified so it's anybody's guess who's doing what. (J.S.W.)

Junior Mance

BIG CHIEF!—Jazzland 53: *Big Chief*; *Love for Sale*; *The Seasons*; *Filet of Soul*; *Swish*; *Summertime*; *Ruby*, *My Dear*; *Little Miss Gail*; *Atlanta Blues*.

Personnel: Mance, piano; Jimmy Rowser, bass; Paul Gusman, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

THE SOUL OF HOLLYWOOD—Jazzland 63: *Never on Sunday*; *Maria*; *Tara's Theme*; *Fanny*; *On Green Dolphin Street*; *One-Eyed Jacks*; *Exodus*; *Invitation*; *The Apartment*; *Goodbye Again*; *Spellbound*.

Personnel: Mance, piano; Clark Terry, trumpet; orchestra including harp and woodwinds, personnel unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Mance is classed as a good funky pianist, but *Big Chief* demonstrates that this is only a partially valid designation. He does spice his lines with chord voicings resembling Horace Silver's, but his touch is much lighter than that of the majority of soul-vendors, and he can project a variety of moods. And nothing could be less funky than Mance's gentle playing on Sara Cassey's exquisite impressionistic composition, *Seasons*.

His solo on *Swish* is impressive; the tune is taken at a rapid tempo, and Mance remains inventive where many jazzmen might fall back on clichés.

Summertime is well constructed; Mance begins with percussive right-hand chords over a repeated three-chord bass figure, builds to several meaty double-time lines, and closes with the initial chordal approach.

The effortless swinging of Rowser and Gusman are a joy. They contribute their share to the album's success.

The Soul of Hollywood doesn't measure up to *Big Chief*. Mance's solos are usually close to the melody, though on *Exodus*, *Goodbye*, and *Apartment* he stretches out a bit.

Terry plays buoyantly on *Apartment* and on *Green Dolphin*.

That this album of background music comes off as well as it does is a tribute to the ability of Mance and of arranger Melba Liston. Her arrangements are never overlush; her writing for reeds is particularly fresh. (H.P.)

Albert Nicholas

THE ALBERT NICHOLAS QUARTET—Delmar 207: *Digga Digga Do*; *Winin' Boy Blues*; *Song of the Wanderer*; *Ain't Misbehavin'*; *Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gave to Me*; *Lover, Come Back to Me*; *I'm Comin'*, *Virginia*; *Rose Room*; *Etta*; *Anah's Blues*.

Personnel: Nicholas, clarinet; Art Hodes, piano; Earl Murphy, bass; Freddy Kohlman, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Nicholas is one of the New Orleans musicians who migrated to Chicago in the '20s. He arrived in 1924, a year after Omer Simeon, and a year before Barney Bigard, and left a few years later for work with Jack Carter's band in China. Nicholas is not as well known as either Simeon or Bigard, but this seems more the result of his long absences from this country than because of his ability.

These tracks were made in the summer of 1959, during Nicholas' brief visit here after having spent nine years in France. Delmar's investment was fortunate, for, on tracks like *Sweetie* and *Digga Do*, Nicholas plays with a passion and fire that seem, on this first hearing, to be as fine as anything he has done.

Like Simeon, Bigard, and Jimmie Noone, Nicholas studied with Lorenzo Tio Jr., and Nicholas' phrases have the subtle, flowing arpeggios that identify all of Tio's pupils. But he also has, like Simeon, a slashing attack that he knows how to use effectively.

Digga moves with a nervous force from the first note on. *Virginia*, done easily and simply, has a haunting beauty. *Winin' Boy* and *Anah's Blues* have very good spots of Hodes' piano and moving clarinet work throughout. On Noone's old *Naughty Sweetie* Nicholas balances his slashing force with quiet, rapid figures for a telling performance.

Wanderer and *Misbehavin'* sound like first-take tests and should not have been included. But the balance of the album is well worth the price. (G.M.E.)

Jimmy Smith

BASHIN'—Verve 6-8474: *Walk on the Wild Side*; *Ol' Man River*; *In a Mellotone*; *Step Right Up*; *Beggar for the Blues*; *Bashin'*; *I'm an Old Cowhand*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-4—Smith, organ; Joe Newman, Doc Severinsen, Joe Wilder, Ernie Royal, trumpets; Tommy Mitchell, Jimmy Cleveland, Urbie Green, Britt Woodman, trombones; Babe Clarke, Robert Ashton, Gerry Hodgion, Phil Woods, George Barrow, saxophones; Barry Galbraith, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Ed Shaughnessy, drums. Tracks 5-7—Smith, organ; Jimmy Warren, guitar; Don Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Although more than a few organists have happened onto the scene since Smith first began his explorations into post-bop jazz, he is still, to my taste, the undisputed boss of the instrument.

More, he is among that select group of soloists who are consistently exciting, as he is on *Wild Side*, and—if the word hasn't been compromised by this time—soulful. What more may one legitimately ask?

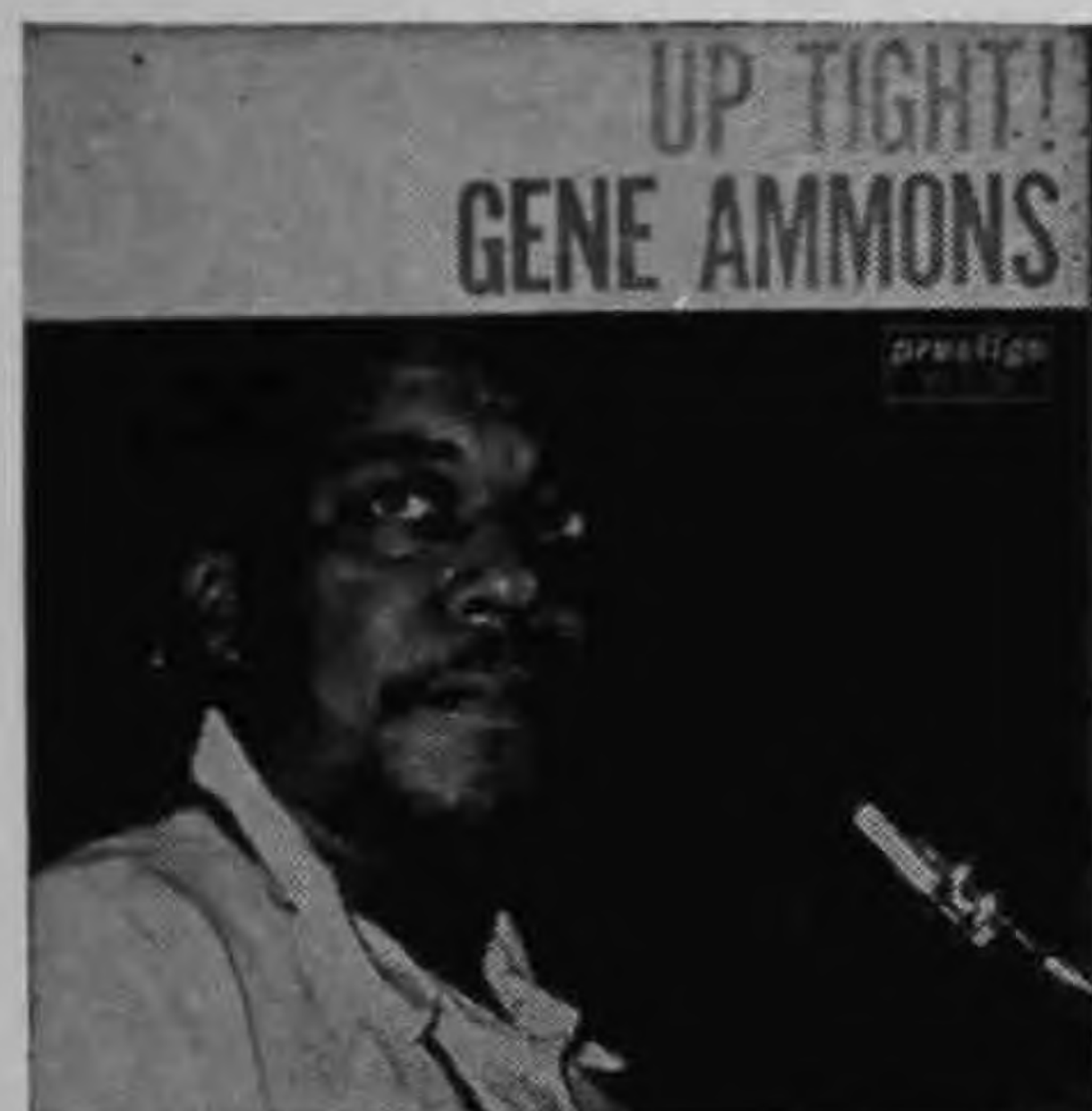
Oliver Nelson has fashioned a set of arrangements for Smith's debut with a big band, presented on the first side. They are unobtrusive, and no obstacle whatsoever to the kind of straightforward wailing at which Smith excels.

I prefer the trio tracks on the second side, for in Warren and Bailey the organ-

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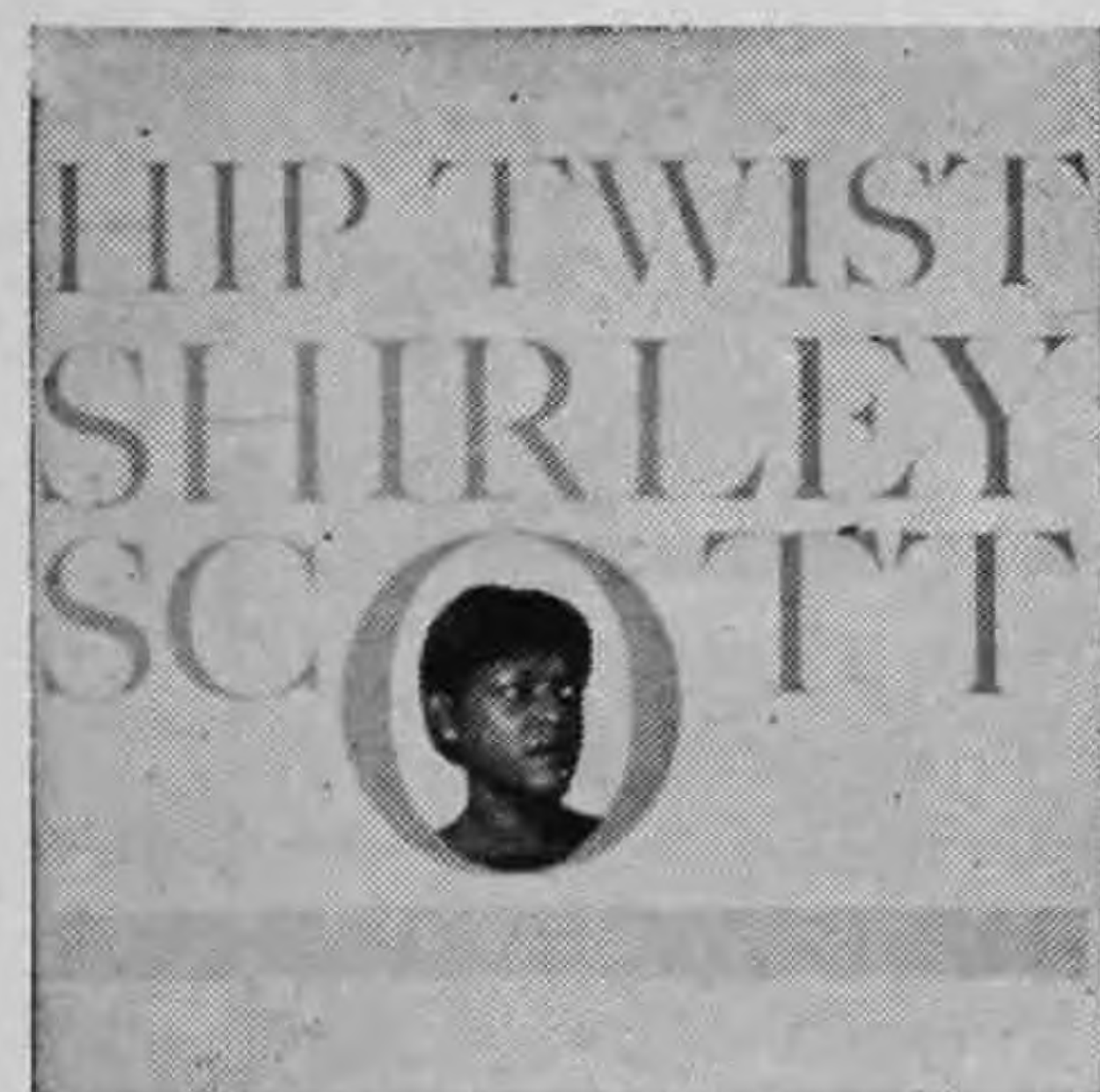
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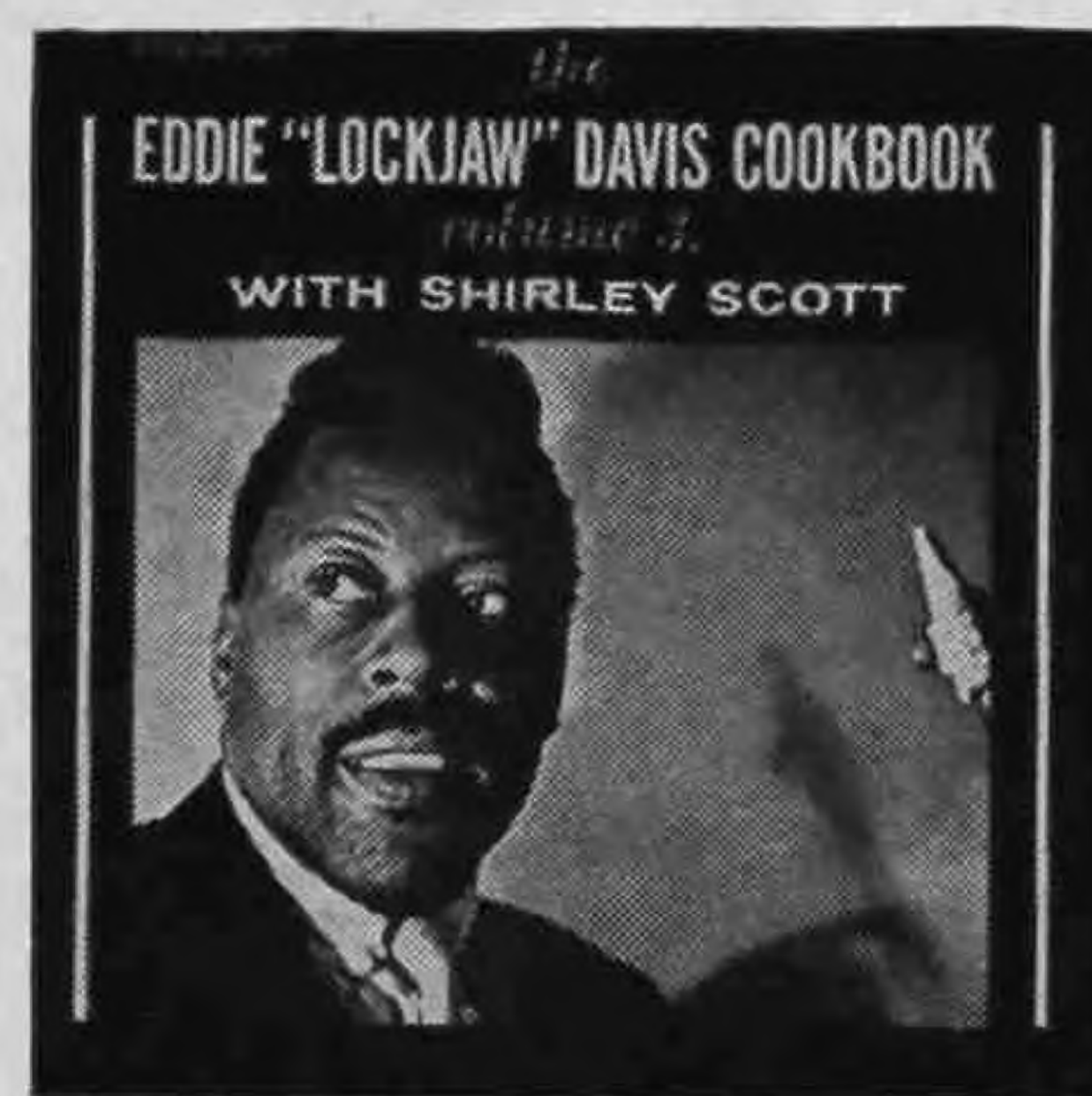
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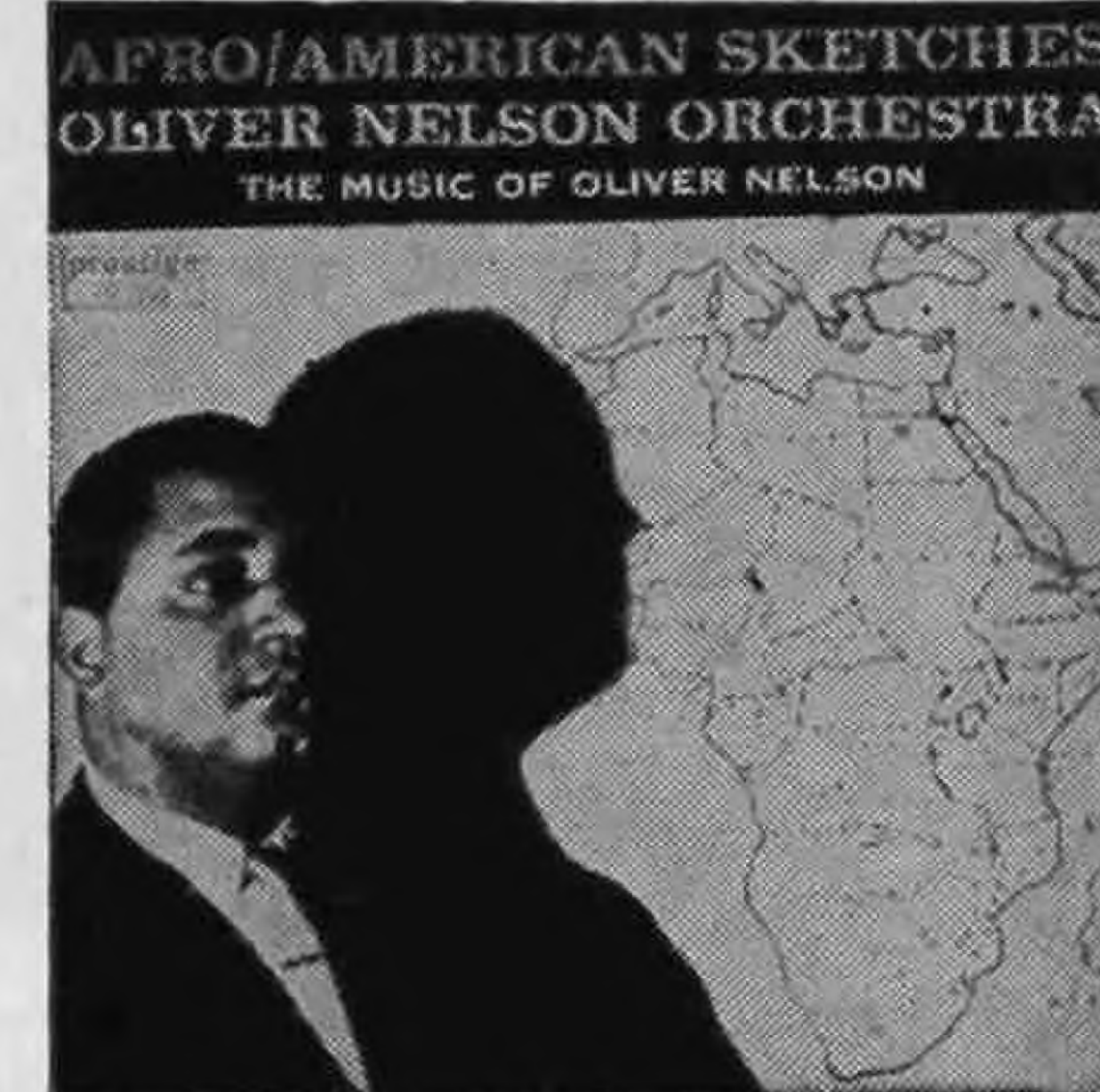
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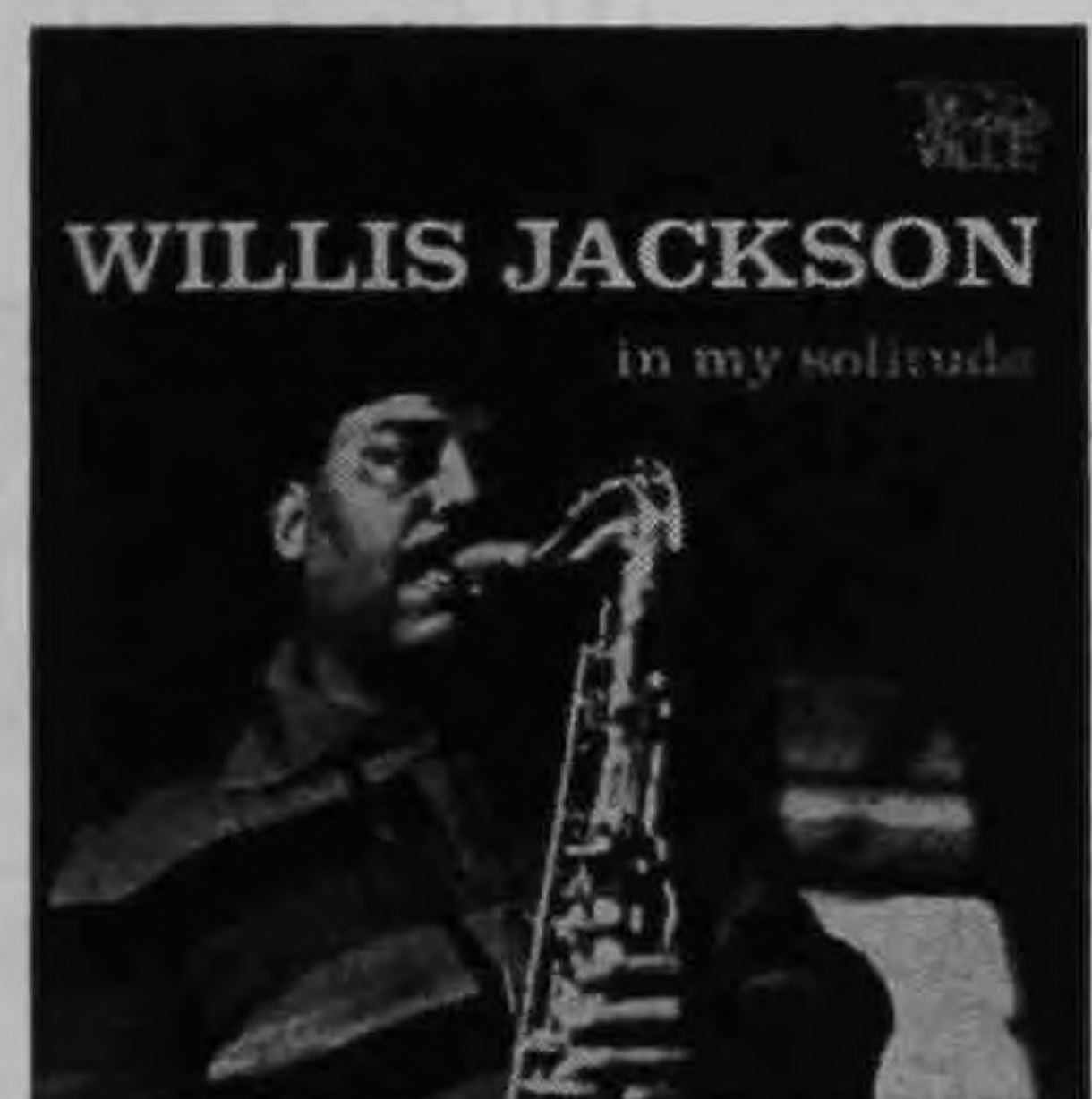
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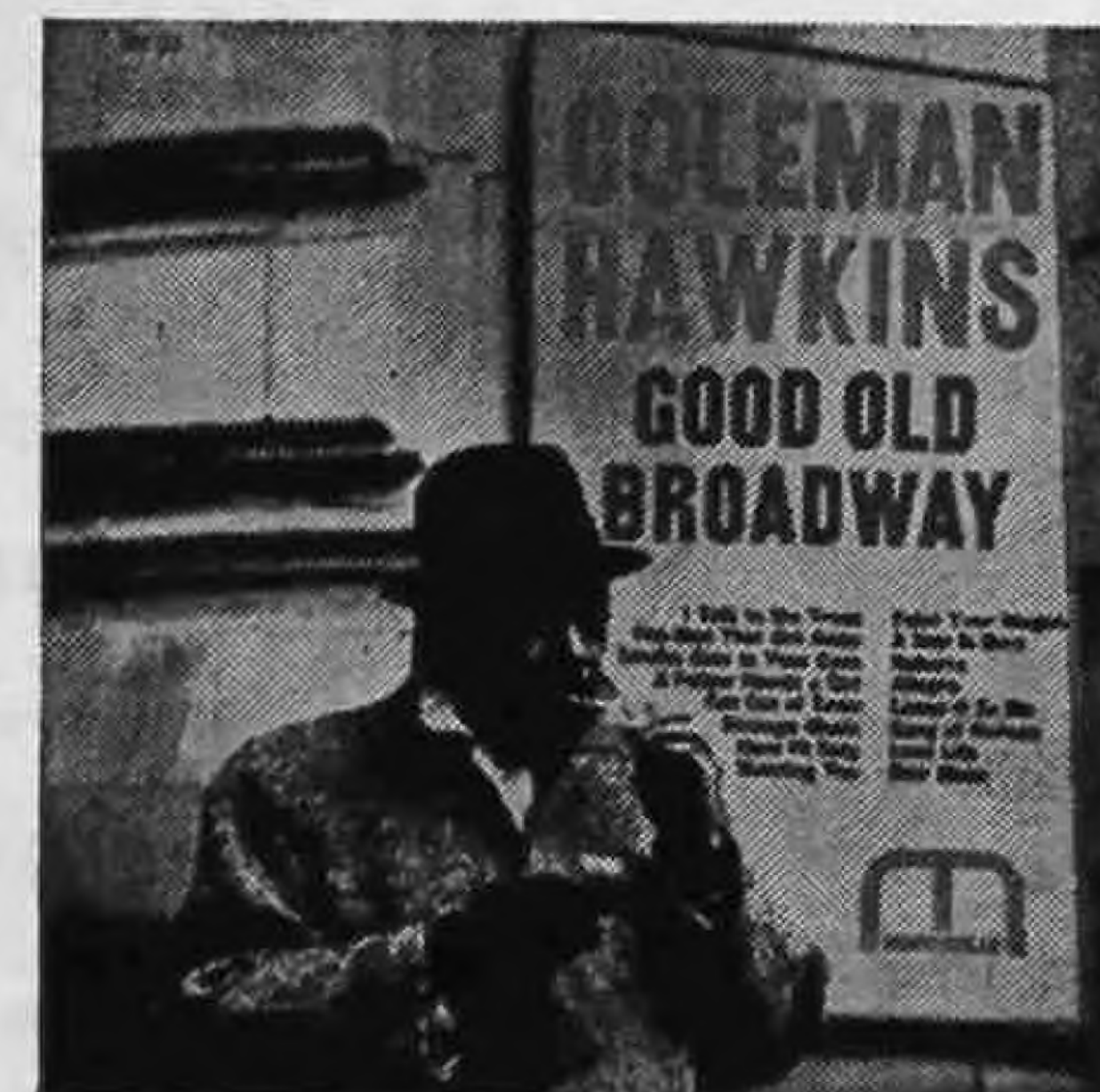
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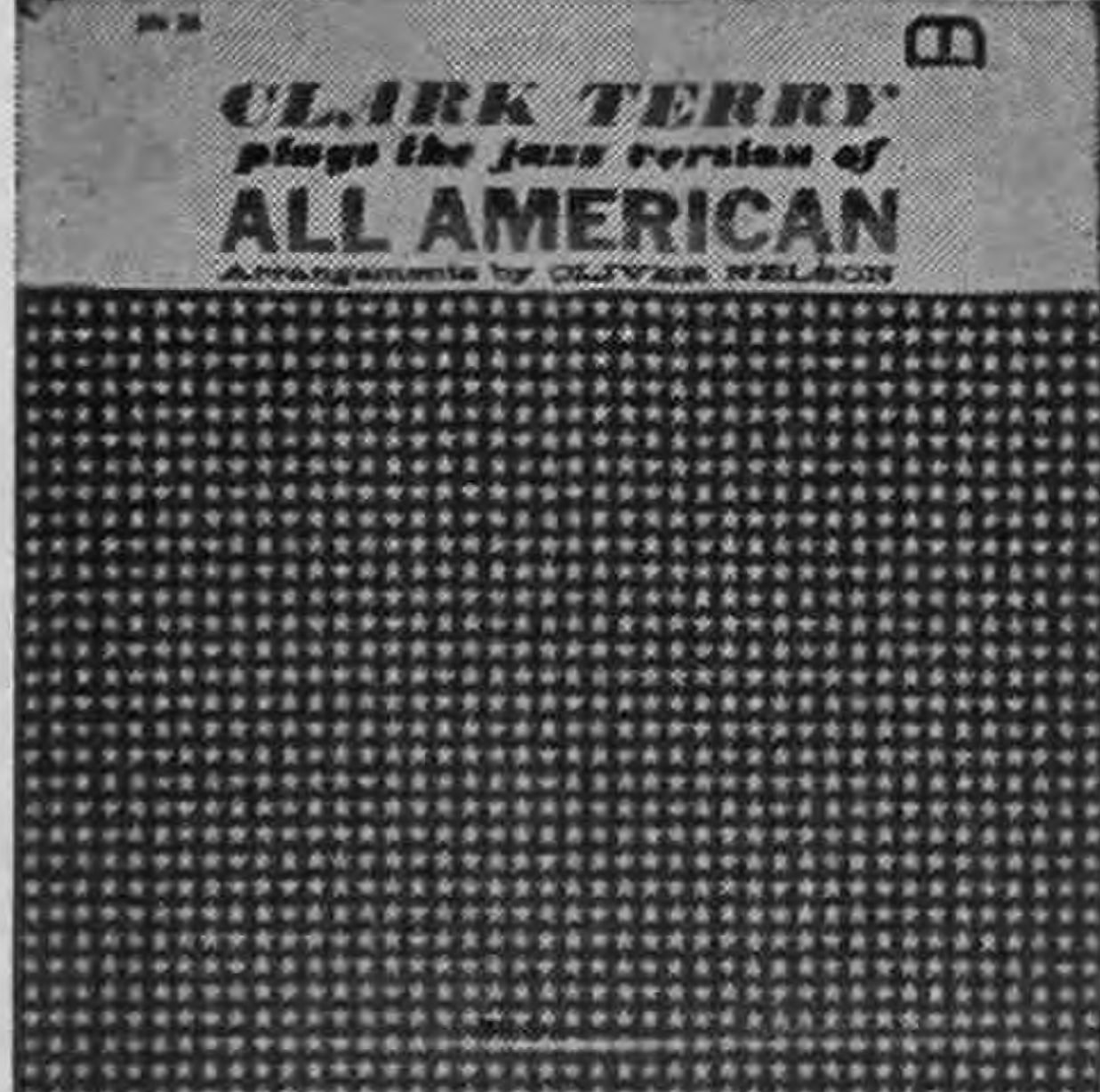
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VOCAL

Ella Fitzgerald

ELLA SWINGS BRIGHTLY WITH NELSON — Verve 4054: *When Your Lover Has Gone; Don't Be That Way; Love Me or Leave Me; I Hear Music; What Am I Here For?; I'm Gonna Go Fishing; I Won't Dance; I Only Have Eyes for You; The Gentleman Is a Dope; Mean to Me; Alone Together; Pick Yourself Up.*

Miss Fitzgerald, vocals; Nelson Riddle, conductor; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

That contemporary jazz writers still bicker in public about Miss Fitzgerald's standing as a jazz singer suggests a need for judging this remarkable woman with a slightly different method from that one might apply to, say, Billie Holiday. The latter was a story-teller who made most of her fans fall in love with her; Ella is a musician, to be enjoyed much as one would enjoy Johnny Hodges or Bobby Hackett. She thinks notes rather than words and is, in a way, less a singer (in the story-telling sense) than is a highly emotional instrumentalist such as Ben Webster. It is not unusual to enjoy her work thoroughly without giving a passing thought to her womanhood.

All this is made quite clear in the present collection of songs. For example, *Lover Has Gone*, a splendid tune with superior words rooted in melancholy and despair, is performed at a merry bounce, and Miss Fitzgerald fairly bubbles with good cheer as she sings "life can't mean anything. . . ."

But the way she handles her voice is a joy to hear. Not surprisingly, she is at her best on traditionally instrumental selections like *Don't Be That Way* and *What Am I Here For?* As a superb musician whose instrument happens to be voice, Miss Fitzgerald is without equal. A few may match her fine intonation and technical command, but none combine it with so pleasing a tone and with such excellent taste. It's as simple as that.

Assigning Riddle and his burping trombones to this date was not a particularly brilliant move. It is something like mounting a flawless pearl in a setting of high-grade commercial steel. A kind of perfection is achieved, but who wants it?

(R.B.H.)

Jeanne Lee-Ran Blake

THE NEWEST SOUND AROUND — RCA Victor 2500: *Laura; Blue Monk; Church on Russell Street; Where Flamingoes Fly; Season in the Sun; Summertime; Lover Man; Evil Blues; Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child; When Sunny Gets Blue; Love Isn't Everything.*

Personnel: Miss Lee, vocals; Blake, piano; George Duvivier, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Miss Lee and Blake are making debuts with this record. For newcomers they are distinctly unusual because they make no attempt to be anything but themselves

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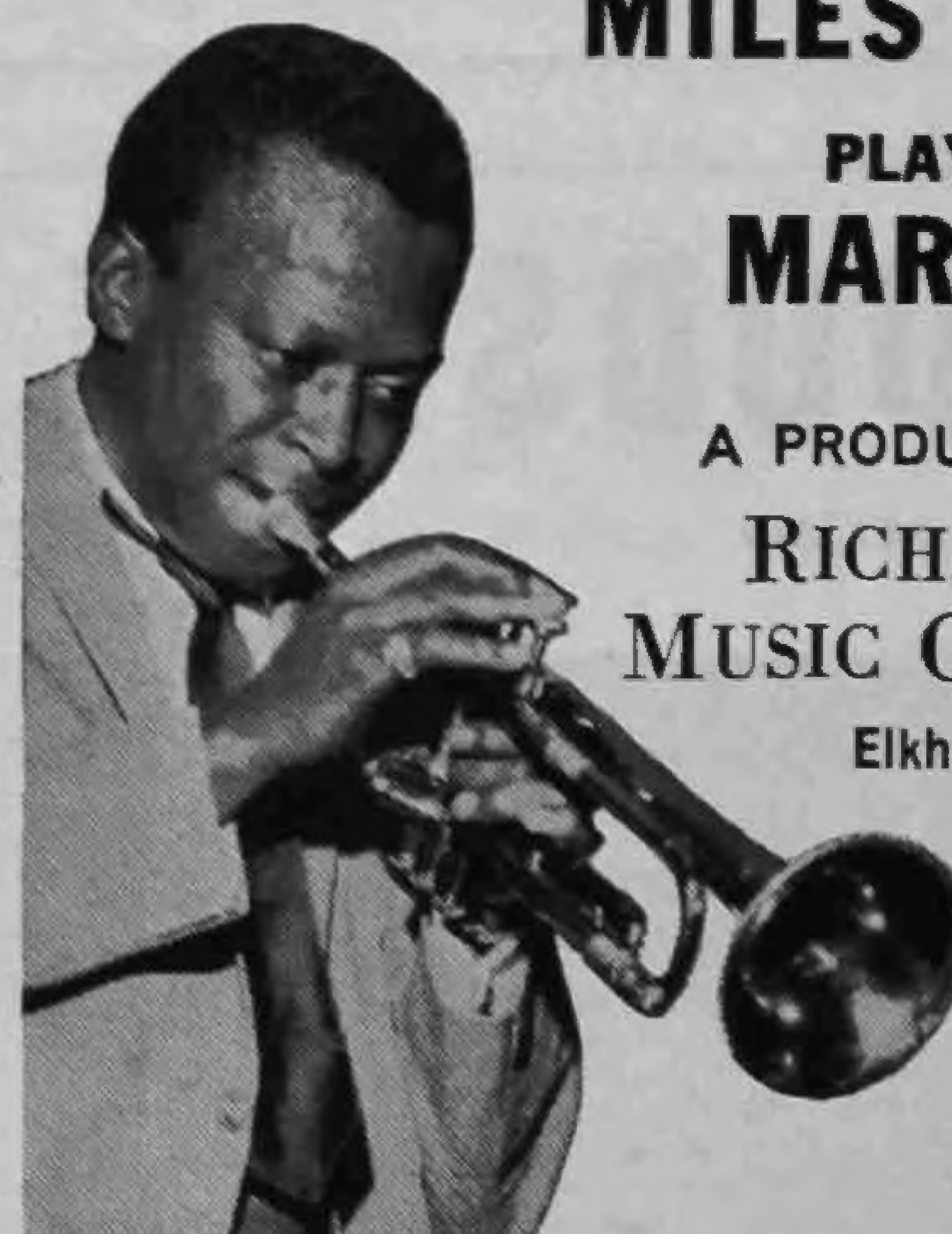
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—or what one must presume are themselves.

Influences, and a few can be spotted, have been assimilated. Miss Lee has a dim, misty, other-worldly singing style that is very effective on mood pieces such as *Laura*, *Blue Monk*, and *Flamingos*. And she can shift to a brighter projection—the evidence is on *Evil Blues*. But when she tries the clever lyric area (*Season in the Sun*) she misses.

Behind her, Blake skillfully sketches a variety of wryly apposite lines that aptly underscore whatever feeling a song may suggest. He has a fondness for Gospel phrasing and is inclined to throw it in wherever it is feasible. His one solo, *Church*—quite logically—is built out of such an effect.

The texture and manner of both Miss Lee and Blake are sufficiently out of the ordinary to make this initial disc interesting, but even in the course of this one set, it becomes apparent that they are hoeing a very narrow row. It would seem that they will have to develop a broader style if they are to sustain the momentum with which they have launched themselves with this album.

(J.S.W.)

Peggy Lee

BLUES CROSS COUNTRY—Capitol 1671; *Kansas City*; *Basin Street Blues*; *Los Angeles Blues*; *I Lost My Sugar in Salt Lake City*; *The Grain Belt Blues*; *New York City Blues*; *Goin' to Chicago Blues*; *San Francisco Blues*; *Fisherman's Wharf*; *Boston Beans*; *The Train Blues*; *St. Louis Blues*.

Personnel: Miss Lee, vocals; Quincy Jones, conductor; Benny Carter, William Green, alto

saxophones; Plas Johnson, Bill Perkins, tenor saxophones; Jack Nimitz, baritone saxophone; Al Porcino, Conrad Gozzo, Manny Klein, Jack Sheldon, Bob Fowler, Frank Beach, trumpets; Lou McCreary, Frank Rosolino, Vern Friley, trombones; Bobby Knight, bass trombone; Lou Levy or Jimmy Rowles, piano; Dennis Budimir, guitar; Max Bennett, bass; Stan Levey, drums; Francisco (Chino) Pozo, conga.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The astonishing thing about Miss Lee's many-faceted creative personality is that the well never runs dry.

She appears to spend at least as much time at the typewriter composing lyrics and verse as she does before studio microphones or on night-club stages. It is as a unique vocal stylist and as a distinguished lyricist that her creativity is again revealed in this latest album.

All the arrangements except *San Francisco*—the work of Carter—are from Quincy Jones' pen, and the latter is also conductor of the set. The orchestra is first-rate, composed as it is of the cream of Hollywood studio musicians and some capable jazz specialists as well.

Of the dozen songs, seven have Lee lyrics—those on tracks 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, and 11. They are uniformly good; they make sense; they contain humor and little lyrical twists and turns that point to the quality of her composition.

Miss Lee is in fine voice and spirit. *Kansas City* gets a rocking beat going and is followed by a slow and reflective *Basin Street*. *Los Angeles*, in addition to adding up to some cheerful propaganda for the town, is a pretty good song. Jones wrote the music for that and for *New York City*. In particular, dig the lyric to *San Francisco*. It relates the romantic tale of a painter working on the Golden Gate bridge. Miss Lee has a sense of humor that won't quit.

(J.A.T.)

Ann Williams

FIRST TIME OUT—Charlie Parker 807: *Serenade in Blue*; *Just Squeeze Me*; *Now You're Leaving Me*; *The World Doesn't Care*; *I Wish You Love*; *You and Our Lullaby*; *When the Sun Comes Out*; *Moonlight in Vermont*; *I Wish I Were a Witch*; *When a Woman Is Blue*; *Deep in a Dream*; *Everything I've Got*.

Personnel: Clark Terry, Paul Webster, trumpets; Seldon Powell, flute; George Dorsey, reeds; Harry Lookofsky, George Ockner, Janet Putnam, Dave Sawyer, strings; Frank Williams, piano; Barry Galbraith or Joe Puma, guitar; Milt Hinton or Al Hall or George Duvivier, bass; Osie Johnson or Bobby Donaldson or Herb Lovelle, drums; Miss Williams, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★

Miss Williams is an average supper-club singer whose work has little to do with jazz.

Her timbre can sometimes be a trifle harsh; her diction and phrasing are precise to the point of academicism. This is most apparent on *Sun Comes Out*, on which her vocal is strident. I liked her happy mood on *Everything I've Got*—it came through well in spite of her shortcomings.

Jimmy Jones' arrangements are very good ones of their kind. They never get in Miss Williams' way and provide her with attractively airy backgrounds. Terry plays well in his brief appearances.

Six songs on the album are originals, an unusually large number for such a date. Give whoever is responsible for this a pat on the back for creative executive work.

(H.P.)

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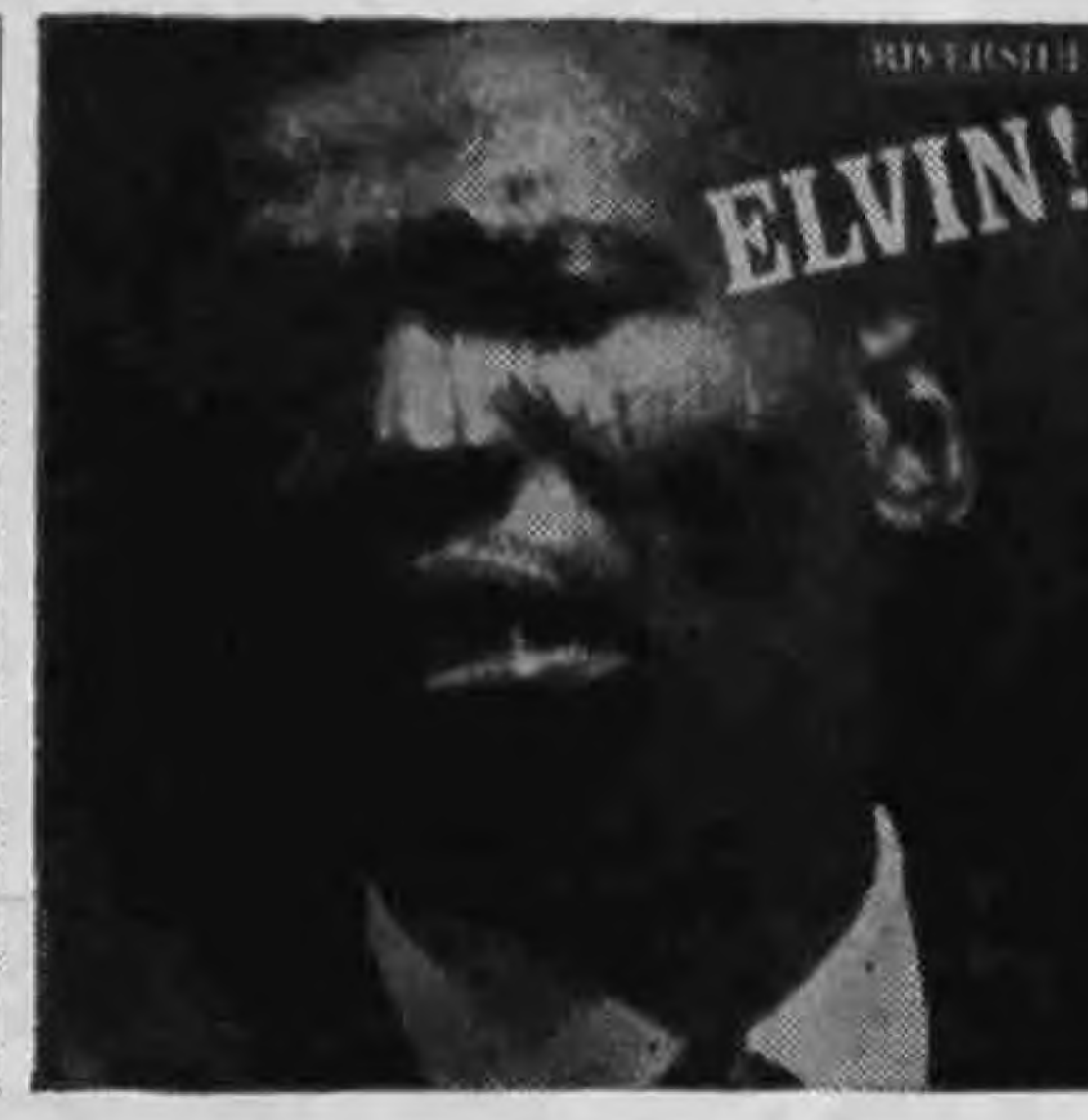
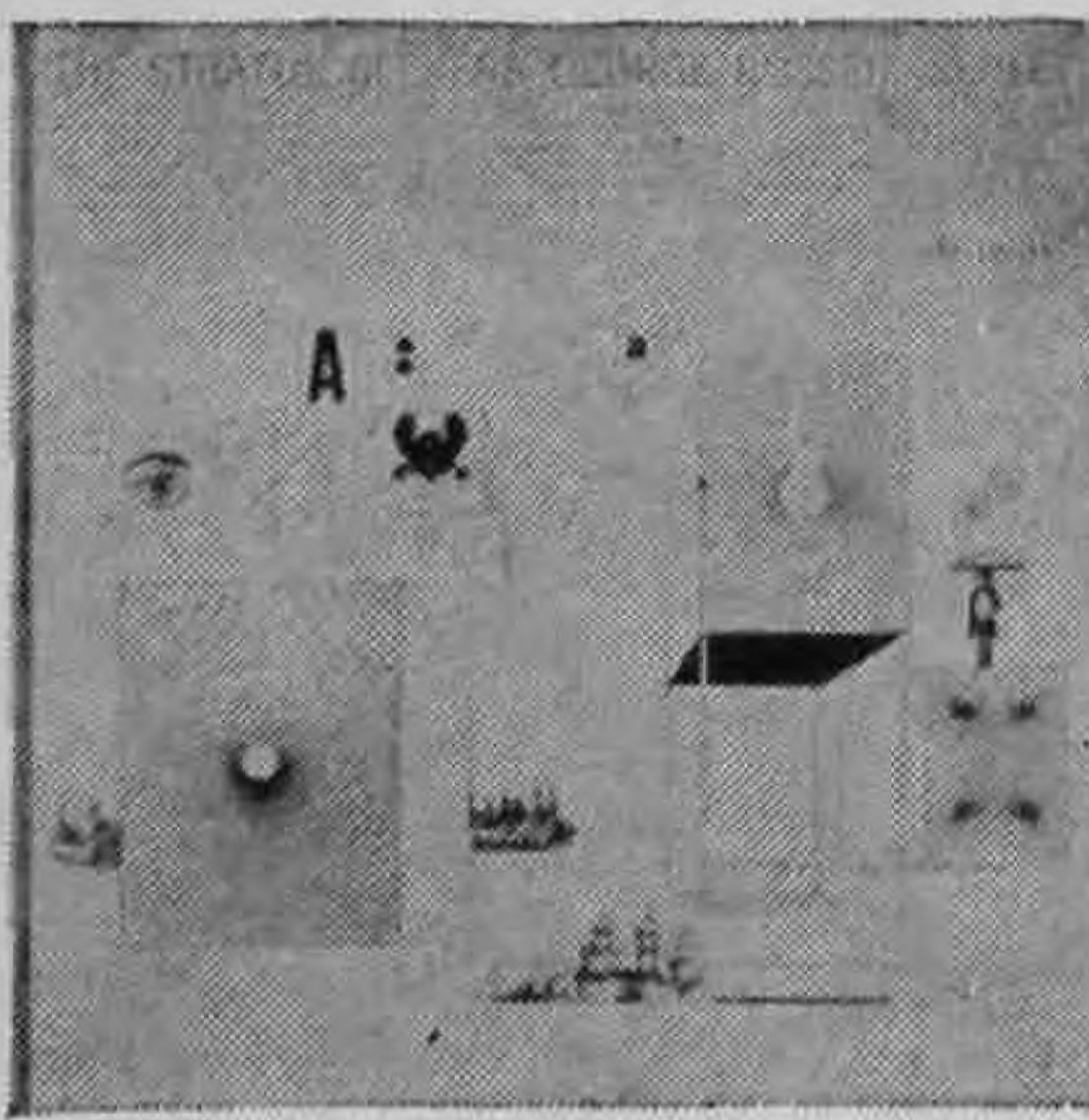


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HERB
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BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

To quote a Wes Montgomery title, the *Blindfold Test* seen below represents a double deal. The records were played at two separate interviews, so that neither participant, Montgomery and Herb Ellis, knew what the other had said, or would say, about the same performance.

Though Montgomery has been in the public ear a far shorter time, he and Ellis are of the same generation, both born in the early 1920s and, therefore, both old enough to have been strongly influenced by the original guitar impact of Charlie Christian. Ellis, a Texan who attended North Texas State College, had some name-band experience in the '40s (Glen Gray, Jimmy Dorsey) but first came to prominence as a member of a too-soon-forgotten vocal and instrumental trio known as the Soft Winds.

Except for his 1948-50 tenure in the Lionel Hampton Band, Montgomery was almost unknown outside Indianapolis, Ind., until three years ago, when he went to San Francisco, Calif., and recorded with his brothers and the Mastersounds. Like Ellis, he is an extraordinary technician; unlike him, he uses no plectrum.

Neither participant was given any information about the records played.



WES
MONTGOMERY

THE RECORDS

1. George Shearing and the Montgomery Brothers. *Double Deal* (Jazzland). Wes Montgomery, guitar, composer; Shearing, piano; Buddy Montgomery, vibraharp.

Ellis: That's Wes Montgomery and George Shearing. I know they did an album together, but I've never heard anything from it. It's beautiful. I've got to give it four stars. I think George composed it, though I'm not sure, because he and Wes think melodically alike as composers.

It's well recorded; all the solos come off. And Wes, of course, is definitely one of my favorites.

2. Herb Ellis. *Thank You, Charlie Christian* (from *Thank You, Charlie Christian*, Verve). Ellis, guitar; Harry Babasin, cello.

Montgomery: That started out swinging. It sort of died down toward the end; the last part didn't amount to much, but it had a lot of feeling all through the guitar solo part. It began to lose something during the cello part.

But on the whole it had a lot of fire to it, and the guitarist, whoever he was, sounded fine. Three stars.

3. Woody Herman. *Prelude a la Cha Cha* (from *Moody Woody*, Everest). Charlie Byrd, guitar, composer.

Montgomery: I heard Charlie Byrd not long ago when we were in Washington; he was playing at the Showboat, I think. He's a very good and versatile musician, but on this record it seems to me that the band and the guitar don't fit well together. It sounds like two different grooves, and it just didn't make it, in spite of the good musicianship.

I couldn't give that more than two stars, for the performance, though the artists themselves may be worth three.

Ellis: It sounded very much like Charlie Byrd, one of my favorite players. But the

tune and the arrangement were a little trite for his standard. His performance was very good, but they didn't get too good a sound on him. A little too much metallic and finger noise. Three stars, just because it's Charlie.

4. Art Farmer-Benny Golson Jazztet. *Bel* (from *The Jazztet and John Lewis*, Argo). Farmer, trumpet; Golson, tenor saxophone; Tom McIntosh, trombone; Cedar Walton, piano; Tommy Williams, bass; John Lewis composer, arranger.

Montgomery: I think I'm in trouble again, but it does sound like Benny Golson, and Curtis Fuller on trombone, with maybe Art Farmer or Blue Mitchell on trumpet. Sounds like a Benny Golson arrangement too.

I thought it was kind of cute. Naturally, the solos are up to date. They did well with the little time they had to work with; it could have stretched out a little more, possibly. The feeling didn't drop, and I think it wouldn't have dropped if they'd gone a little further. But, in general, this represents a type of music I like, and I have to give it four stars.

Ellis: The bass player sounded very good, and I like the tenor player. Trumpet solo was good, but I thought it was a little too obvious a copy of Miles; not that that's not good, but he's copying a little too much. Trombone didn't come off too well; piano came off fair. And it's a pretty nice little composition. I'd rate it about three stars.

5. Les Spann. *Stockholm Sweetnin'* (from *Gemini*, Jazzland). Spann, guitar; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Julius Watkins, French horn; Quincy Jones, composer.

Montgomery: Well, we can say for sure that this is Les Spann on guitar. He did a particular octave run there, and his line of octaves I can always tell. That's such a touchy thing to do—if you don't have it just right, you get a real clash.

I think that was Sam Jones on bass, and I recognized Julius Watkins on French horn. I couldn't tell who the pianist was. On the whole it was a very good performance. Four stars.

Ellis: First of all, the composition is beautiful—I used to play it with Oscar Peterson. Can't think of the name, but I love it.

This record has a pretty nice feel. The French horn player tries some very adventurous things, and some of them came off. That's a hard instrument, and I know, because that was my first instrument. I started it too late, though, and I know how hard it is, so I've got to give him skin for it.

The guitarist—well, he plays with the thumb, and he plays with chords, and he plays the octaves and everything, yet I'm not sure that it's Wes. If it is, it wasn't one of his days. But for anybody else this would be a pretty good day! And the bass player sounded excellent. Not a bad record at all—three stars.

6. Joe Puma. *Like Tweet* (from *Like Tweet*, Columbia). Puma, bass guitar; Puma, Eddie Hall, composers; Dick Hyman, arranger.

Montgomery: Well, my impression of that is just a series of riffs and different gimmicky sounds. It sounded like a bass guitar, and I don't think bass guitar, and those types of arrangements, really amount to too much. Everybody played their parts all right, but nothing really managed to stick out, for me. Two stars.

Ellis: Well, from that bass guitar it's hard to tell who played it—I just don't particularly like the sound of it. The arrangement sounds like Barney Kessel, and a couple of times the comping behind the solo work sounded as if it could be Barney. He's one of my favorites too, but this is certainly not one of my favorites of his records. I don't like that type of record.



Reflections Reflections Reflections

on LOUIS ARMSTRONG

By TIMME ROSENKRANTZ

The first time I met Louis Armstrong was in Copenhagen, Denmark, in 1932. It was a sunny summer day, and I joined hundreds of Danish jazz fans at the railway station to greet the king of trumpeters. He was arriving for a series of concerts in the Scandinavian countries. The reception given him was royal indeed, cheers galore and a Danish jazz band playing on the train platform. When Louis and his wife got off the train, the ecstatic fans carried them on their shoulders up the street and across Town Hall Square to their hotel. There was no need for taxicabs.

Overwhelmed, Louis had tears in his eyes; in his own country, at best, only his manager would meet him at the railway station. He had never expected that he, and the music he had mastered, would be that popular in Europe.

Eight years later a war raged in Europe. I found myself in New York. I had to find some way to make money; I had no more in the bank. One day, as I walked up St. Nicholas Ave. in Harlem, I noticed a little basement shop with a sign in the window: SHOP TO LET. I spoke to the landlord. When I left him, I had rented the shop. The rent was only \$15 a month, and he let me have it with a \$10 down payment.

So I had a shop, but what was I going to use it for? Music. Jazz, of course. I had a collection of a hundred records, and I figured that if I sold those, I would be able to buy another couple of hundred, sell those, buy 400, and so on until I had a million records and was a very rich man indeed.

The shop was on the main stem of Harlem, in an area known as Sugar Hill. Here most of the well-to-do Negro musicians lived, and since I already knew a lot of them, I felt certain I could start a good little business. I did. It was *little* all right, but it lasted a year, during which time I had plenty to eat and drink and even enough to pay the rent.

I called the shop the Mel-O-Dee Music Shop. In the back room I had an almost upright piano that was given

to me by my grocer. Here I made a rehearsal hall for small jazz bands. Stuff Smith, Bill Coleman, John Kirby, and many other small orchestras availed themselves of it. I shall never forget it—they still owe me money.

The day I opened was a great one, for my first customer was none other than Louis Armstrong. He came in the early morning and as usual he brought nothing but sunshine.

"Pops," he said, "I'll never forget the day the two of us first met, the day I came to Copenhagen and was carried to my hotel by you people. Never have I had such a reception, and I would like to reciprocate just a little bit. I'm going to open your place. Give me right now about 50 bucks worth of records—then I can always

apart from all that, Bunny was such a wonderful trumpet player.

"By the way," I said, "it surprises me that you yourself have never made a recording of that song. *I Can't Get Started* is a natural thing for you."

"No," Louis replied, "that's Bunny's. It belongs to him. You just don't touch that one since he made it!"

This is the sort of thing that makes Louis the great man that he is.

A few years later I ran into Louis in Paris. He was on one of his European tours with what he called his "dream sextet": Earl Hines, Barney Bigard, Jack Teagarden, Cozy Cole, and Arvell Shaw.

The New York *Herald Tribune* gave a luncheon in honor of Louis at one of



The subject converses with the author.

come back down here and get some more!"

In those days most American jazz records cost 35 cents apiece, so that was quite a large order, in fact it was much more than I could handle.

"Pops," I said to him—he prefers that everybody else also call *him* Pops—"I don't think that I have that many records in the store. However, if you'll give me the money and look after the store while I'm away, I'll rush downtown to the wholesale house and get everything you want."

"All I want is some good jazz, Pops," he replied, "because I have no more records left. My wife sat on my whole collection the other day. But there's one that I know I want especially, and that's *I Can't Get Started* by Bunny Berigan, 'cause that's my favorite record. Let me have five copies of that one!"

Five copies? That seemed quite a lot, but Louis explained that he felt sure his wife would sit on a couple of them; besides, it was nice to have an extra couple for wear and tear. And,

Paris' fashionable restaurants, and a number of prominent people from the theatrical and literary world were present, as well as French and American music critics and reporters from all over the Continent. Louis had asked me to come along.

A lot of speeches were made, and Louis was praised in many different accents. Then it was Louis' turn to say a few words. Someone asked him what he considered the greatest thrill of his European tour.

"It happened last week when we were in Rome," he answered. "We had a great concert, and those Italian cats went wild. We sure could have filled the Forum if it had been repaired! Well, the next day my wife, Lucille, and I had a private audience with the Pope.

"What a beautiful wife you have," the Pope said. 'Do you have any children?' 'No, Pops,' I answered, 'not yet, but we're still working at it!' The Pope fell out!"

And so did everybody at the luncheon party.

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TAKE



By JOHN TYNAN

Let it never be said of Ernest Gold that he shies from a challenge.

The 40-year-old composer of the

music for the film *Exodus*, for which he won his first Academy Award last year, has embarked on a risky undertaking in his next picture. Gold will mix three musical elements—jazz, the 12-tone row, and a battery of unorthodox electronic instruments—in his underscore for a picture called *Pressure Point*.

In essence, *Pressure Point* is a psychological study of the warped mentality of a German-American Bund member during the years 1928 through 1940. In what can hardly be described as type-casting, singer Bobby Darin

plays the U.S. Nazi. In the picture, his story is told in flashback by the bundist's prison psychiatrist, portrayed by Sidney Poitier.

Speaking with a soft Austrian accent that 24 years of living in the United States have barely altered, Gold discussed his assignment.

"I plan to present an atmosphere of jazz," he explained, "which is based on the styles that were played here during that era. But rather than use an obvious jazz style of 1928 vintage, I'll most likely take a basic Charleston beat and build on that. And the same concept will apply as the story moves along into the swing era up to 1940."

In much of the score Gold will use in part the 12-tone row with the sounds played upon a stereo harp, played by



Ernest Gold

its inventor, Dick Barnett; an electronic organ, played by Jack Cookerly; an electronic violin, played by Elliott Fischer; and a cembale, also played by Cookerly.

Along more conventional lines, though, the composer will augment the electronic lineup with a combination of three saxophone players doubling on flutes, oboe, clarinets, and bassoon. In addition, he will employ a jazz group consisting of three saxes, one trumpet, one trombone, a piano, and drums.

"The stereo harp," Gold said, "looks somewhat like a large glockenspiel. It is played with mallets, and the tonal qualities resemble . . . certain Eastern instruments, such as are found in India and Indonesia."

The cembale, which slightly resembles a harpsichord, was imported from Germany by Cookerly.

"Incidentally," the composer added with a grin of understatement, "the stereo harp is the only one in existence. If anything happens—like in a traffic accident—to it or to Barnett, who's the only person able to play the thing, we're cooked."

In integrating jazz with the electronic sounds, Gold's idea is to create a "wandering, aimless type of music" symbolizing the unbalanced mind of the bundist character.

"In other words, the thematic mate-

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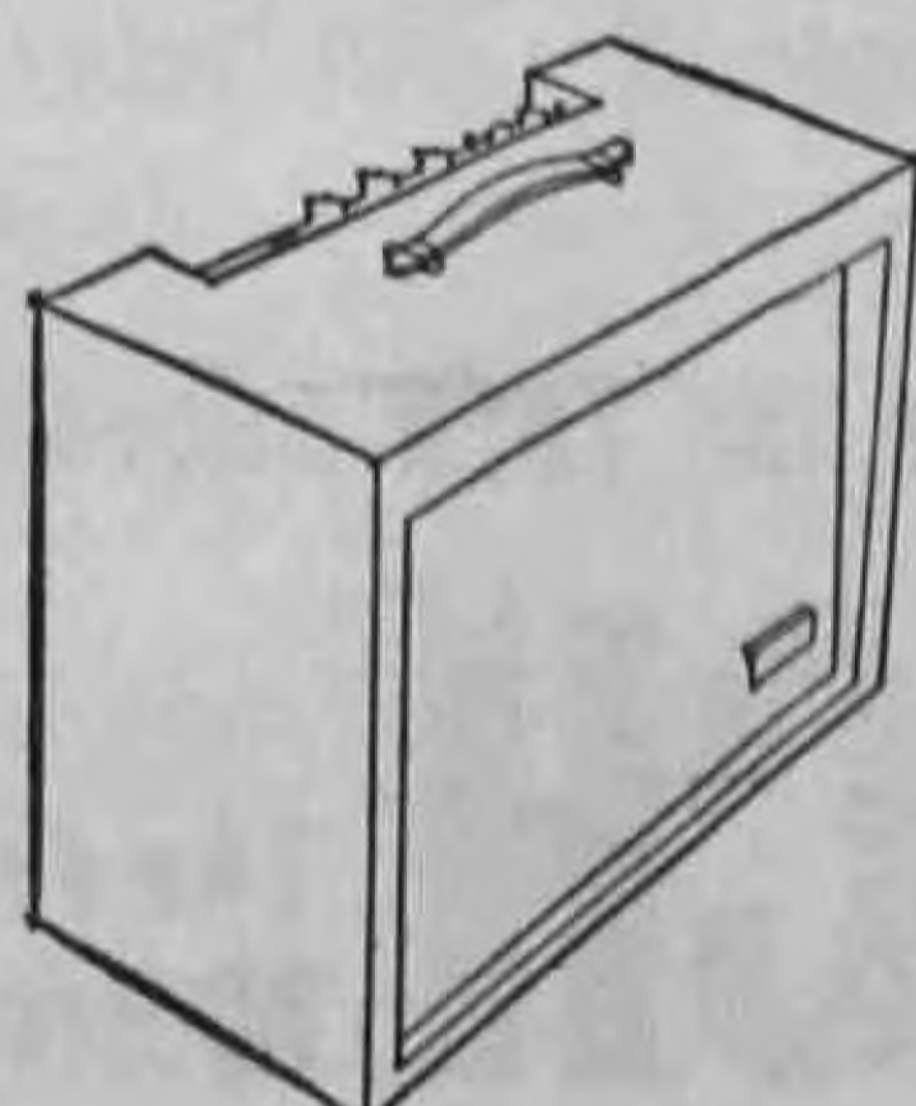
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rial will be a little off-center, corresponding with the bundist's thinking," he said. "I'll use it sparingly and introduce it carefully so that the audience will not become aware of the musical changes all at once. I feel that the jazz group will put a rhythmic base to the unconventional 12-tone row mode and to the electronic instruments.

"So in a sense, jazz will be a sugar coating for the 12-tone medicine."

Gold went on to explain the comparison between the jazz group's music and that of the electronic devices:

"There is a curious similarity between the two widely separated instrumental groups. In each instance, I will sketch out arrangements for the instruments, and the performers will, in many cases, improvise their actual solos.

"Therefore, I could conceivably say that I will be the first composer to utilize electronic jazz." He smiled as he said it.

One of thousands of refugees to flee Nazi terror before Adolf Hitler proceeded with his "final solution" of exterminating the Jews of Europe, Gold, at 17, emigrated with his immediate family to the United States in 1938.

A native Viennese, he had studied piano and composition at that capital's music academy.

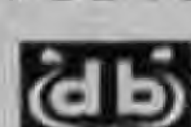
"I always wanted to be a movie composer," he said. "Before the *anchluss*, I used to see American pictures all the time. Sometimes I'd go to see the same movie again and again, just to study the underscore. I became very familiar with such composers as Franz Waxman, Max Steiner, and Al Newman."

In New York, Gold first tried his hand at songwriting but abandoned it as "too limiting." He studied conducting and composed a piano concerto.

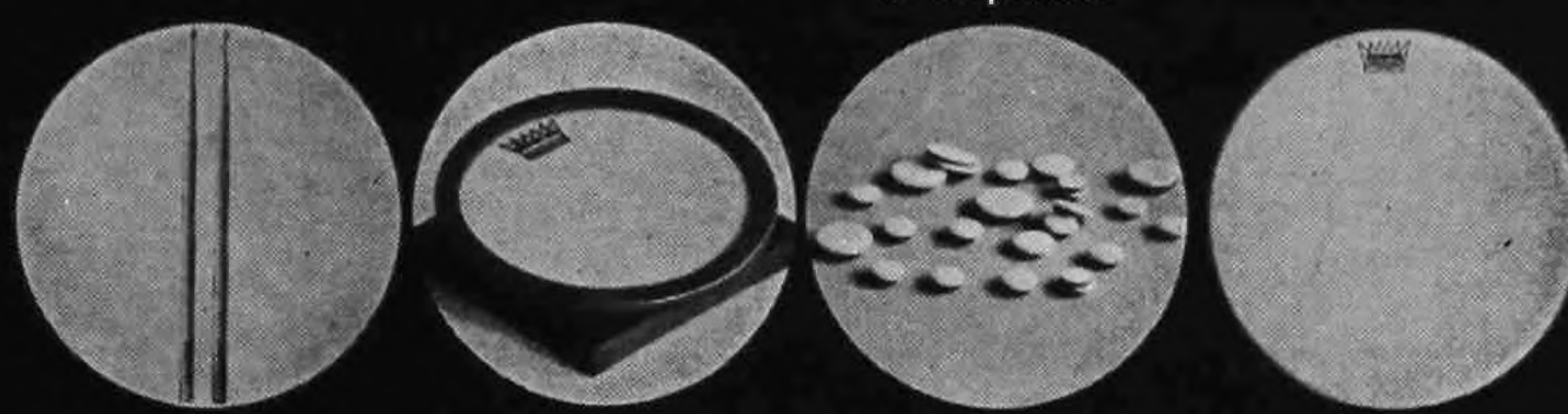
"How the critics panned my concerto!" he laughed. "They hurled the ultimate epithet by sneering at it as 'movie music.' I was pretty crushed at the time, but I figured, 'If they call it movie music, why not take it to California?'"

In June, 1945, Gold arrived in Hollywood. "I took my concerto to Morris Stoloff at Columbia and played it for him," he said. "He liked it very much. 'Why, this is movie music!' he exclaimed. So, he gave me my first picture writing assignment. It was recorded Aug. 6, 1945. I remember the date so well because that day they dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima."

He grinned broadly and added, "By the way, when I examined my piano concerto with somewhat of an objective ear years later, I had to admit that it was movie music — of the worst sort."



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HELD NOTES

EDDIE DURHAM

By GEORGE HOEFFER

EDDIE DURHAM, an easygoing Texan, was an important man in the days of the big swing bands as an innovator on guitar, as an arranger and composer, and as a trombonist.

He served in many name bands—those of Bennie Moten, Willie Bryant, Jimmie Lunceford, Count Basie, to name the better known. And though Durham is the composer of such tunes as *Moten Swing*, *Lunceford Special*, *Every Tub*, and *Topsy*—and the arranger of many memorable performances—most persons won't associate his name with name bands any more than they will be aware of his contribution to jazz of the amplified guitar.

The first jazz solo on a record using an amplified guitar was played by Durham in 1935 on a Lunceford disc, *Hittin' the Bottle*. Durham used an aluminum resonator attached to his guitar. After this record, he was the first jazz guitarist to use an electrical amplifier, and he personally demonstrated it for Charlie Christian.

It was in the spring of 1935 that Durham joined the Lunceford band. He was hired to add a voice to the trombone section, for Al Norris was the band's guitarist. Durham was hired, as well, for his arranging talent. He was in fact described by another arranger with the band then, trumpeter Sy Oliver, as "probably our best jazz arranger at the time."

But Durham's attraction for amplifying techniques at the time appeared to have nettled Oliver, who has been quoted as saying that once Durham had contributed an arrangement, "his big trouble seemed to be that he lost interest" in it.

Oliver added, "When someone, at rehearsals, made an error in playing the chart, Eddie would just sit there fooling with that gismo [the aluminum resonator]. . . . It was up to me to straighten out the guy who made the mistake."

Durham himself recalled, "Lunce-

ford was crazy about the resonator and used to bring the microphone right up to the F hole of the instrument." Because of Lunceford's fascination with the device, Durham, the arranger, was writing amplified guitar solos into the arrangements as well as trombone trio parts.

The resonator was a piece of aluminum in the form of a shell, like a loud-speaker, that fitted in the center hole of the instrument under the strings.

"To make it work," Durham explained, "you had to have an instrument with a hole the size of a 45-rpm record. Things were great until it broke, and I found that the guy who had been making them had gone out of business."

He then learned of a manufacturer who was making an electrically amplified guitar system, and he obtained one of the units.

"When I took it on the road with me," Durham said, "the ballroom operators were always afraid I'd blow out the lights. But my biggest problem was that the amplification worked on AC current, and in those days there was still mostly DC around the country."

It was while he was on the road with Lunceford in early 1937 that Durham met young Charlie Christian in Oklahoma City. Christian was playing piano regularly then, but he showed up at a local jam session with "an old, beat-up, wooden guitar that had cost him \$5," Durham said.

When Durham demonstrated his amplified guitar to Christian, the latter was surprised and pleased with the sound, Durham said, adding, "He had big eyes to sound like a saxophone, and I showed him how, by using down strokes, we could get a sharper tone and how, on a down stroke only, the player could get a more legato effect while the strings were bouncing back as the hand was on its way back up." This was a departure, because guitarists at that time played by alternating up and down strokes across the strings.

From this meeting, Christian made rapid progress. Durham said, "Man, I never saw a fellow learn so fast, nor have I ever seen anyone rise to the top so quickly. The next thing I knew Christian was a star with the Benny Goodman Band." That was in 1939.

On the same road trip, Durham met Floyd Smith in Omaha, Neb. Smith had been playing banjo and ukelele, and Durham interested him in the electric guitar. But Smith's mother did not want him to spend any money for what she called a "new-fangled" instrument.

"I took him downtown anyway," Durham said, "and talked him into buying one and showed him how to tune it. He went up like a rocket too. When I turned around, he was featured with Andy Kirk's band."

Smith joined the Kirk band in January, 1939, and recorded the celebrated *Floyd's Guitar Blues* two months later, using an electric steel guitar.

DURHAM WAS born in San Marcos, Texas, on Aug. 19, 1909. Though his first instrument was the guitar, he picked up trombone in his relatives' Durham Brothers Orchestra.

This all-Durham aggregation was a regular professional band that barnstormed throughout Texas. However, Eddie married in his teens and took a better-paying job with the 101 Ranch Brass Band, a marching band that played circuses.

It was while he was with the circus band that Durham learned to score for four trumpets and four trombones, so that the band could play for dancers after the show.

The years 1926-'29 saw the trombonist working in the different bands traveling in Texas, Oklahoma, and Missouri he left the circus band in '26 and went with the Dixie Ramblers, a 12-piece band led by trumpeter Edgar (Puddin' Head) Battle and including tenorist Herschel Evans; he then joined Gene Coy's Happy Aces, leaving after a short stay to go with Walter Page's Blue Devils; by 1929 Durham was in Bennie Moten's Kansas City band.

When Durham went with the Moten band, it was playing straight two-beat with public-pleasing gimmicks.

"The style," Durham said, "was set by Thamon Hayes' trombone; Woodie Walder's clarinet, which he would take apart and play in sections; Harlan Leonard's alto sax; Vernon Page's tuba; and Bennie's brother Ira [Buster] doubling on piano and accordion."

Durham went to work on Moten to improve the caliber of their music. It was at Durham's suggestion that Moten hired trumpeter Hot Lips Page, vocalist Jimmy Rushing, and pianist Bill Basie in spite of the fact the band already had two pianists, including the leader himself. Durham desperately wanted Walter Page's string bass, but the Blue Devil leader resisted until 1931, when he finally joined.

From the beginning of his tenure with Moten, Durham submitted written arrangements, and reed man Eddie Barefield once said, "When I joined Moten, 80 percent of the book was written by Eddie Durham."

The Moten recordings made between

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October, 1929, and December, 1932, show the slow conversion of the band from a chugging group to an orchestra that retained the rock-solid rhythmic foundation but with a lighter touch and greater versatility.

The deepening of the depression brought on a serious decline in work. So between Moten engagements, Durham sometimes worked with Basie in a small 12th St. club in Kansas City.

Finally, he was hired by Cab Callo-way, who bought him a new trombone. The band went into the Main St. Theater for a week. The result was negative. As Durham puts it, "Cabell couldn't see me. I just left the new trombone on the stage and cut out after the week was over."

Then came the Lunceford job in 1935.

Durham was still holding down one of the trombone chairs in the band when, in January, 1937, the Count Basie Band made its initial trip to New York City—and an inauspicious big-city opening at Roseland Ballroom. Durham joined his Kansas City colleague two months later.

Music Corp. of America, Basie's booking office, had become worried about the band's lukewarm reception, and it was rumored that MCA had hired Durham to build up the Basie band. When questioned about the circumstances of his hiring, Durham merely said, "I'm just going to work for my old friend, Bill Basie."

The first Basie recording date using a Durham arrangement was made in July at the session that produced the famed *One O'Clock Jump*. Durham's contribution to the date was *John's*

Idea, a tribute to John Hammond for bringing the band to New York.

While Durham was with Basie there were several interesting small-band dates. Along with seven other Basie-ites plus Jess Stacy on piano, Durham participated in trumpeter Harry James' first recording under his own name. Durham did the arrangements and played trombone.

The most exciting date of the period, however, was a John Hammond-inspired session at Brunswick on March 18, 1938, the records to be released under Durham's name. But the records, along with five more tunes cut in September, 1938, eventually were released on the Commodore label as by the Kansas City Five and Six. Durham's electrically amplified guitar solos, especially noteworthy on *I Know That You Know* and *Way Down Yonder in New Orleans*, were the first of their kind on record.

Durham left Basie in August, 1938, to try his hand at freelance writing. He did arrangements for a variety of bands, including Artie Shaw's, Ina Ray Hutton's, Glenn Miller's, and Jan Savitt's.

In 1940, he formed his own band, with such as trumpeter Joe Keyes, altoist Buster Smith, and drummer Arthur Herbert included in the personnel. This band made only two records, both in an anthology titled *Kansas City Jazz* on Decca. But Durham found it difficult to keep the band together after World War II began.

He finally gave up and went on the road as music director of the International Sweethearts of Rhythm—an all-girl swing band. He and the girls

were assured work—and some privileges—because the band played an extensive war-bond drive for the government.

After the war, the band business began to decline. Durham kept busy as music director for several tour packages. He had an all-girl orchestra of his own. He also was a member of Jimmy Evans' *Cavalcade of Jazz—1947* package made up of musicians who had been leaders at one time or another—men such as Jack Teagarden, Hot Lips Page, Lee Castle, and Georgie Auld; Dinah Washington was the band's vocalist. In 1952 and '53 he led a small combo accompanying blues singer Wynonie Harris and vocalist Larry Darnell on a long tour.

He is currently leading his own quartet on weekends at the Copague Supper Club on New York's Long Island.

When asked if he had ever taken an outside job, Eddie answered, "Man! Are you kidding? I couldn't take that. I've been a working musician since I was 10 years old, and I'm pushing 53 now." He laughed and went on, "With the big bands gone, I've sorta like been on a five-year vacation, but my past sins support me pretty good."

Durham's "sins" are royalties that have accrued from his most successful compositions.

"Man, I'm going take some of the fuzz out of some of these old originals of mine and record them over in modern dress," he said. "I'd like to have a big band with four-horn sections to get a good blend, but, maybe I'd just better figure on about nine pieces to stay in vogue with the times."

It's a good idea.



CRAWFORD

from page 26

Vernel Fournier, Israel Crosby, and myself. Like old times."

After this, he returned to New York to play on a record date arranged by Gil Evans to feature trumpeter Johnny Coles. (The album of jazz standards was released on Pacific Jazz PJ-28 under the title *America's Number One Arranger*.)

Impressed by Crawford's performance and professionalism, Evans hired the guitarist for a second LP on the ABC-Paramount subsidiary, Impulse, entitled *Out of the Cool*. Evans featured the rhythm section, and Crawford made the most of the opportunities given to him. For the general body of jazz record buyers, the guitarist's playing on *Out of the Cool* boosted him to prominence and importance overnight.

Crawford went into the circumstances. "Because of my principles," he said, "I've more or less been in the background for years. Until the last three years or so, I just didn't feel that I was qualified to lead my own group, for example. I felt I should do more studying, experimenting. So I waited to get the experience."

Almost offhandedly, he interjected, "I have aspirations to be one of the greatest soloists."

"But on the date Gil pushed me in front," he continued. "He said, 'You're gonna play, man; I'm putting you in the band so you can play.' As far as I'm concerned, Gil is the greatest influence in modern music."

For some time Crawford has been working around Los Angeles with his own group.

"The group is different from anything else that's been done," he went on. "Its projection is in playing softly

but swinging, always swinging. The book is all mine; I wrote the whole thing. I guess the voicings are reminiscent of George Shearing's, but these charts are modern."

Explaining his move to Los Angeles and his decision to settle there, Crawford said succinctly, "Musically, New York is saturated. That's the condition. There's so much room on the West Coast for good, organized jazz groups. I find quite a bit happening."

And, projecting, he views the steady buildup of industry in the southern California area as a good sign of economic expansion. "And this," he said, "means more money circulating and hence more places to work for musicians."

Today, Crawford may look back on his years at Leech Farm more with distaste than regret, but those years of isolation and discovery have produced a jazzman of stature.





CAUGHT IN THE ACT

KENNY BALL

Bourbon Street, Chicago

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

This British Trad band is not a group that plays sets—it plays shows. Its two-week stand was spirited.

Many times the Ball band played three or more opening ensemble choruses and then continued into the soloist's choruses much the way a relay runner keeps running after he's passed on the baton. This everybody-helps spirit

prevailed throughout the band's engagement, its first in the United States.

As to repertoire, nothing was sacred. Dixieland warhorses, Ellington compositions, spirituals—they all got a workout.

A typical set (show) started with *Wabash Blues*. Rhythm works hard . . . banjo plucking. Three, four ensemble choruses. Three choruses by clarinet. Horns keep going behind him. Once started, the movement is continuous. The tempo is brisk. Pianist plays ragtime style on his solo. Ensemble choruses well worked out, front line phrasing together.

Chimes Blues is slow. Clarinet very fluent (he's listened well to the old records). All the horn men get around on their horns. The arrangement is worked out so the front line handles the chimes effects.

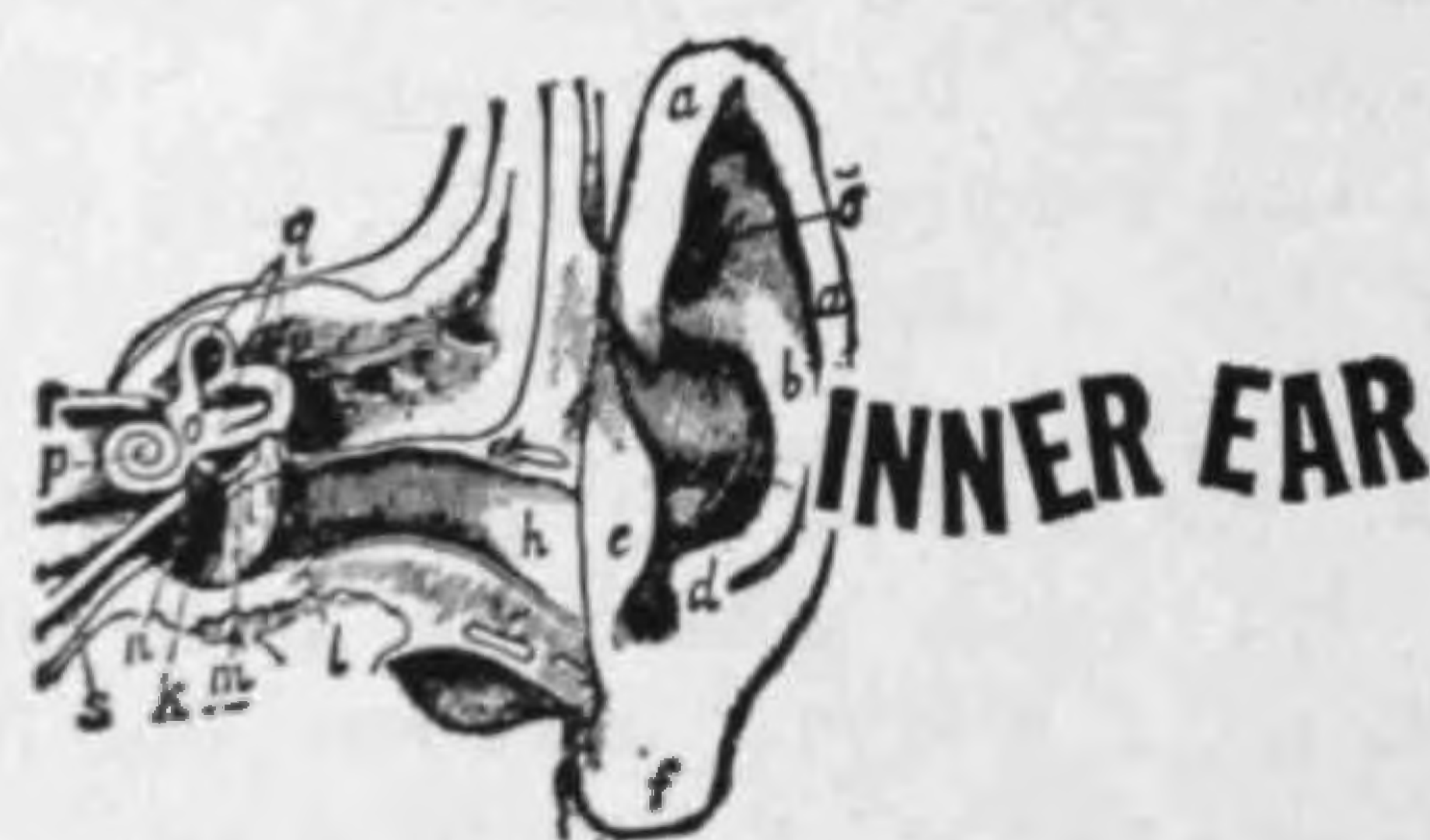
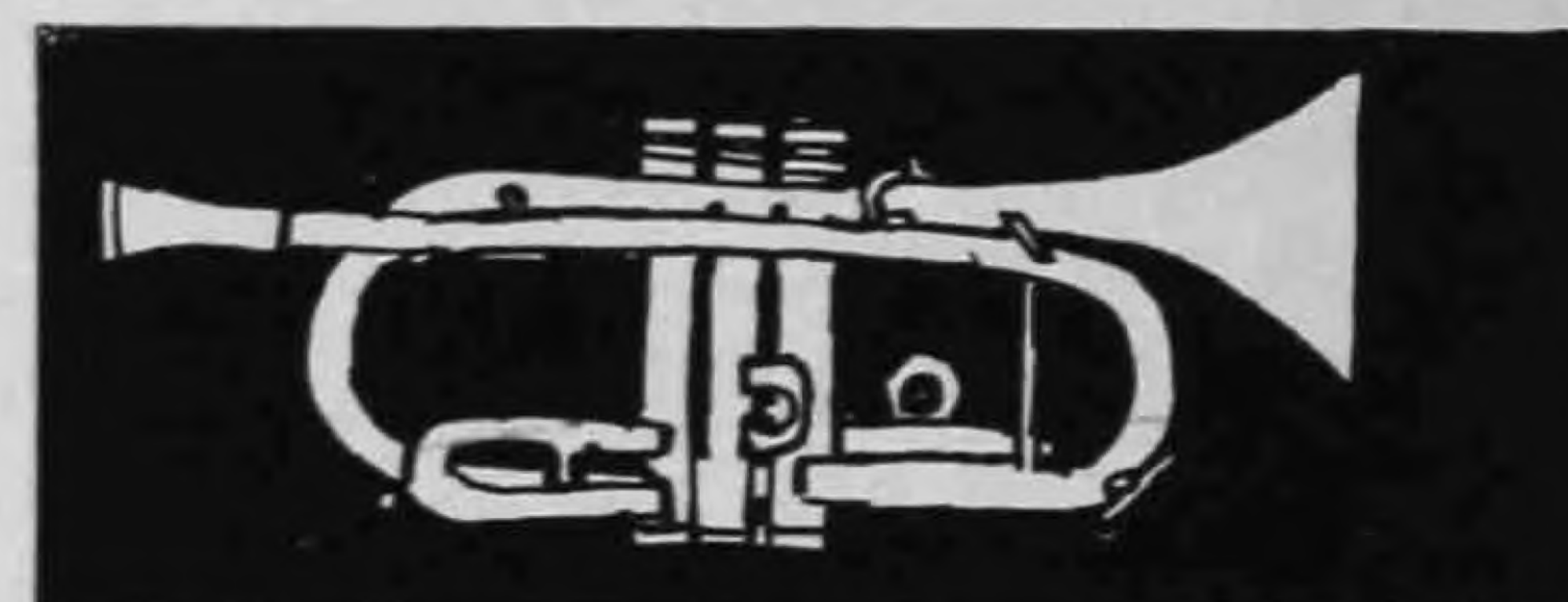
Alexander's Ragtime Band opens on the chorus, medium tempo. The guys sing the verse and clap hands. Another ensemble, and then back to vocals and answering shouts. A bugle call—all the trimmings.

Dippermouth Blues is bright. The Oliver arrangement. Bass works very hard, drives the rhythm section.

On it goes. *Waltzing Matilda*, *Black and Tan Fantasy*, *My Mother's Eyes*, *Ole Miss Rag*, *Kansas City Stomps*.

Oh, yes—every set (I mean show) featured *Midnight in Moscow*.

—Art Hodes



By BILL MATHIEU

"I want to write an arrangement, and I have a lot of ideas, but where to begin?" asks the young arranger long on talent but short on knowing what makes an arrangement click.

There is no correct procedure for writing an arrangement, just as there is no correct way of signing your name. What works best for you becomes correct. But there are some suggestions which may arm the student for the battle against the blank page.

When writing an arrangement of a tune, first learn perfectly the melody on your instrument. Learn everything about the song: the harmonic construction, the rhythmic quality, the over-all construction of the melody. Change some notes of the melody. Does the tune improve or not? Can you figure out why? Are there other than the standard harmonic possibilities? Familiarity with the *other* composer's thought will clarify your own.

Nothing yet has been written down, but there are important things to decide. How long are the arrangements to be? And how fast?

A good operating procedure would be to organize your thoughts: "The piece should be between 3½ and four minutes long, and go at a moderate tempo (say, a quarter note = 120). At this tempo there is room for a short introduction, three 32-bar choruses with perhaps an interlude somewhere in the middle, and maybe some sort of extension at the end."

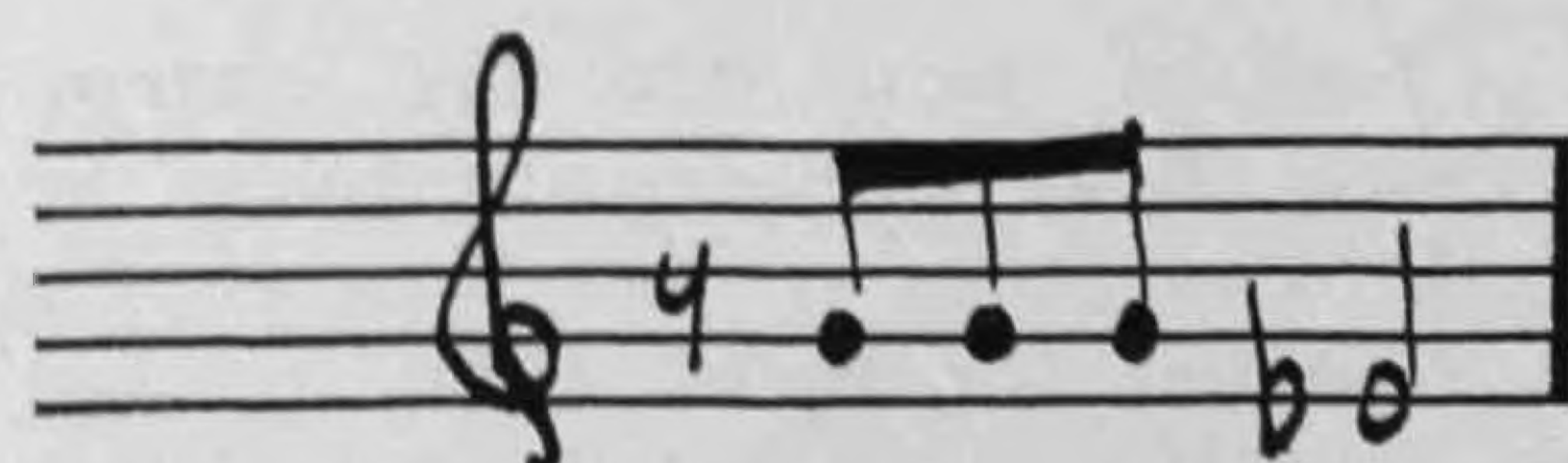
At this beginning stage, also give some thought to the prevailing mood of the arrangement. The last preliminary question to decide is the approximate location of the arrangement's high point. And how high should it be in relation to the rest of the piece?

Once these questions have been asked, the shape of the arrangement begins to emerge. Now the note writing can begin.

First, explore every facet of the material at your disposal. Several aspects of the tune, whether they be rhythmic, harmonic, or melodic, should divulge numerous possibilities for development. Experiment with a dozen. If one of these "developments" strikes your fancy, it can serve as the groundwork for the whole work.

Here are some examples.

In the ballad *The Thrill Is Gone* the simple melodic motif



offers enough possibilities for variation and extension to generate a whole arrangement.

A similar motif



generates the entire *Third Symphony* of Beethoven.

In *Jordu*, one of the distinctive rhythms of the tune is ♩ ♩ ♩

Such a figure can be used to glue together all of the pieces of an arrangement.

Now comes the most important step: planning the arrangement in detail.

By this time the arranger knows enough about the tune and its possible developments to hear many combinations in his head. The job now is to select and organize. This mental planning is the most creative, the most musical process an arranger goes through, but it is often omitted by students who are satisfied to leave their ideas in the same order that they think of them. Ideas are cheap; the higher organization of ideas is dear.


Arrangements in a bright tempo can be broken down to eight-bar segments to facilitate the organization of ideas. Ballads can be thought of in four-bar sections.

At this point it often helps to verbalize the shape and texture of the arrangement. Write down what you plan on a piece of scratch paper; the sounds in your head somehow become more clear.

Now the sweat begins: note-by-note construction over the skeleton. This work depends more on technique, less on creativity, and you will find it easy or difficult depending on how well you have mastered your craft.

Should you work at the piano? It doesn't hurt to do the working-out part of the arrangement at the keyboard as long as the more creative thought preceding this does not depend on an instrument. The orchestra is your instrument.

It's a good idea to write out the first draft at concert pitch, on two or three staves, with all instruments indicated. Next comes the actual score, with all the parts written out in full at their transposed pitches.

These are suggestions, not rules. But I believe the basic thought is true: once you can hear the rough organization in your head *before* the bar-by-bar working-out is complete, arranging becomes less of a task, more of an art. 

MOSCOW

from page 19

posed exclusively of concerts, this was an impressive statement.

"There'd be more happening with jazz," he concluded, "if it were more closely associated with dancing."

Had he heard anything of Soviet jazz?

"I'm more interested at the moment in your classical players."

Out of this question the idea developed of bringing Soviet musicians together with the Goodman band on some future concert. Benny agreed readily and refused a suggestion that he "take his time" before making up his mind about it.

Benny motioned to Hal Davis to bring over the gifts, "a few little things for students at the conservatory." Goodman produced a number of musical instruments and presented them to the Union, carefully mentioning brand names of horns. (A Goodman employee had passed out to all sidemen, with instructions to distribute them, dozens of lapel buttons on which were inscribed in Russian with BG's name and the name of a musical instrument manufacturer. There was trouble about this later in Sochi, where police tried to stop distribution of the buttons.)

This evening went with Alexei to Cafe Molodozhnoe (Youth Cafe), larger than the Aelita but with a similar atmosphere.

In one corner, not far from the bandstand, a TV set. Moscow has two channels; on one, a speaker explaining the price rise in meat and butter; on the other, a typically exciting Soviet show, depicting a "socialist competition"—two teams engaged in a race in production of raw material.

A quartet began to play and the TV set was turned off. Sakun again on piano; Anatoli Kastshejav, drums; Valentin Naveskin, bass; but the star beyond any doubt was the guitarist, 24-year-old Nikolai Gromin.

Gromin has been playing four years, has heard nothing but a few Django Reinhardt and Barney Kessel records and one Wes Montgomery tape, but unless I was thinking wishfully—and I doubt it, since Avakian joined us later and was no less amazed—this is an extraordinary jazz talent.

Listening to Gromin and Sakun playing their pretty changes and ideas on 'Round Midnight and Django, I marveled again at the ability of jazz to penetrate the unlikelyst of corners, and of musicians to seek it out against the toughest of odds.

Late tonight, over to the Leningradskaya to say goodbye to the band

members; tomorrow they leave for Sochi, and I take off for Leningrad. Still much griping about Benny's failure to use all those arrangements by men like Oliver Nelson, Tadd Dameron, Gary McFarland, Bob Brookmeyer. Best quotable comment came from Joe Wilder: "This band doesn't think big; it thinks back."

SATURDAY, JUNE 2

Back to the Union of Soviet Composers, this time for my own interview. I asked them questions about working conditions and for statistics on Soviet musicians, but figures are vague. Much of the playing takes place not at con-

certs but at social clubs, workers' clubs, student clubs, open-air dances; there are many semi-professional ensembles.

I played them some U.S. jazz records; they then played me some Soviet records, all of the Gershwin-type concert school or, in the more modern instances, 1940-ish dance-band music—virtually no jazz as we understand the term. Yet they eagerly asked me questions about Charlie Mingus, Andre Previn, and J. J. Johnson's *Poem for Brass*.

AFTERTHOUGHTS

Moscow was an unforgettably rewarding experience. Despite the end-



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less frustrations of having to grapple with the world's most monolithic bureaucracy, of being at the mercy of In-tourist even when I wanted to make the slightest change of plan (but for the agency's rigidity I could have gone to Sochi with the band), I found the city warm, stimulating, and friendly, because the people with whom I dealt on a personal rather than an official level were hospitable and sincere.

I never once got into a political argument. When you're dining out, you don't criticize your host's furniture; besides, the friends I made were too intent on talking about what we had in common to devote any time to our differences. They, in turn, rarely criticized any aspect of U.S. society.

Admirable though the Goodman band's ice-breaking success has been, it would have seemed far more fitting and timely had it taken place before Stalin and the big bands died. Even

reports by non-jazz-oriented observers for such conservative publications as the *New York Times* relayed the general sense that the band sounds old-fashioned and not especially inspired.

Instead of a new, ad hoc orchestra with such a mixture of styles, it would have been more logical to send a group that had worked together for years, that could display the teamwork and ensemble spirit that only long collaboration can produce. Duke Ellington, of course, would have been the ideal choice.

But regardless of who happened to come first, this trip has served to point up dramatically the existence, the musical validity, and the problems of the young Soviet jazz musician, to whom this event was made doubly meaningful by the endorsement of jazz implicit in Khrushchev's attendance.

Ironically, a government booklet, *Welcome to the USSR!*, claims that

the Soviet state and all its activities are "directed towards the establishment of a peaceful, materially secure life for the people." The key word is "materially." It is in the material requirements of their careers that the musicians I met are almost unbelievably short of the barest necessities. I am not speaking of the rickety elevators, Avenue C style apartment buildings, food shortages, expensive clothes, and the rest; the Soviet jazzman, having been a part of no other life, accepts everything on the basis that things are slowly getting better.

But the marvel is that, deprived of adequate tools of his trade, of the chance to record, of most communications media, even of the sympathetic ear of those in his own country who could aid him the most, he has been able to surmount these staggering handicaps and develop a viable, affectionate, indomitable expression of the music he loves. **db**

WASHINGTON

from page 21

Duke Ellington's 1955 opus *Night Creature* was given new dress for the occasion but proved one of the composer's more expendable items, lightweight and tedious. Done as a concerto grosso, with the Ellington band pitted against the National Symphony Orchestra conducted by Gunther Schuller, the work made no attempt to fuse the two disciplines. The orchestra was used merely to implement and expand the band's themes in a lush Ravelian manner, and there was none of the inner musical vitality and orchestral play between the two ensembles usually associated with the concerto grosso form.

Of three works for soloist and ensemble introduced that evening, only one impressed with its charm and vigor, J. J. Johnson's *Scenario for Trombone and Orchestra*. The most conventional of the three in its conception and scoring, the piece was a poignant, romantic work of large proportions. The composer was featured soloist and played with the superb control and sweeping grace that stamp his best work.

Andre Hodeir's *Details*, despite excellent playing by featured soloist Eddie Costa on vibraharp, failed to come alive at any time and seemed a loosely organized, singularly dispassionate exercise. Larry Austin's ambitious *Improvisation for Orchestra and Jazz Soloists* seemed an aimless, sputtering composition that achieved some surface excitement toward its conclusion, as the orchestra and soloist Don Ellis built to a climax. Ellis displayed his remark-



Gunther Schuller

able technical and emotive powers admirably, but this was hardly the best expressive vehicle for him.

The Saturday morning children's *Introduction to Jazz* concert was conspicuous for the absence of children but offered a further survey of small-group playing. The Brubeck quartet presented a musical world tour that was effective, if somewhat labored. The Charles Bell Contemporary Jazz Quartet offered some of the most intriguing jazz of the festival; this was an excellent group, with superb interaction and response, purposeful discipline, consistent taste, and a rush of invention on the part of pianist Bell and guitarist Bill Smith, its two main soloists.

It was somewhat difficult to determine to what age group the Gunther Schuller-Nat Hentoff collaboration *Journey to Jazz* was directed. Hentoff's narrative tended to alternate between coy oversimplification and an assumption of musical sophistication on the part of the audience. The music itself

was appealing, and the two soloists, Ellis and tenor saxophonist J. R. Monterose, played their roles admirably.

The Chris Barber Band brought the program to a rousing close.

The final festival event was also one of its most illuminating. This was the Sunday evening jazz liturgical service composed and conducted by Ed Summerlin. The small audience-congregation in the Church of the Epiphany witnessed an unorthodox prayer service that had the small jazz group (trumpeters Ellis and Lou Gluckin, saxophonists Dolphy and Monterose, trombonists Slide Hampton and Dick Leib, guitarist Barry Galbraith, bassist Carter, and drummer Persip) pitted against an organ continuo and the singing of the choir. Against this dense texture were set darting solos and exciting improvised duets. Still, it was hard to equate the thorny, difficult music of these soloists with Rector Charles D. Kean's statement that the service was a serious attempt to utilize jazz in worship as the contemporary musical expression of the people. Few in the audience could identify with the jazz Summerlin and cohorts played. Their brand of jazz could hardly qualify as a people's art, yet the program was a stimulating and convincing attempt to employ the music as a dynamic adjunct to worship.

It was in the presentation of such programs as this that the festival performed its most valuable service.

All told, there was a great deal of forceful, stimulating music to be heard in the nation's capital over the festival weekend. It's a shame that the chief executive missed it all. **db**

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CASEY

from page 22

Casey's trio, and when Wiltshire went into the Marines, Casey hired Sammy Clanton as pianist. Clanton sang and played in the manner of Nat Cole, and Casey calls that trio the best he ever had.

"Fifty-second St. started jumping," he said, "and we were in the Onyx Club for 11 months. We were in the midst of all those beboppers. We stayed at the Onyx while they brought in groups like Dizzy Gillespie's, Don Byas', and Big Sid Catlett's every two weeks.

"After a spell in Baltimore and Washington, we came back to the Downbeat, right across the street from the Onyx. We stayed there a long time. They used to call us 'the Nat Cole group of the East Coast'."

AD LIB

from page 12

groups, and two high school jazz bands performed.

Sadao Watanabe, regarded as Japan's foremost altoist, has been "adopted" by the Hartford, Conn., Jazz Society. At the suggestion of pianist **Toshiko Mariano**, who was reared in Japan, and the Rev. **John G. Gensel**, the Hartford club decided to serve as sponsor for Watanabe when he comes to this country this summer to study at Boston's Berklee School of Music.

German pianist **Jutta Hipp**, once much praised by American critics, but now in retirement, is working in a tailor shop on E. 44th St. in New York City. Holding fast to her several-year-old decision to play no more, Miss Hipp earns \$55 a week where she works and says she "will never again appear in public. I only want to write and draw for my own pleasure."

Irving Mills, a pioneer in the publishing business, Mills Music (his name is on dozens of compositions by **Duke Ellington**), and the recording field, has announced his re-entry into jazz. For the next three months Mills intends to record jazz musicians in most foreign countries, eventually releasing them on American Recording Artists, a label subsidiary to Mills Music.

Buddy Rich has again been warned by his doctor not to perform . . . **Dexter Gordon** sat in with the **Jazztet** during a recent appearance at the Jazz Gallery. Everyone thought he sounded better than ever . . . **Cannonball Adderley** flies to Antwerp, Belgium, on Aug. 5 for a one-shot appearance at the Belgium Jazz Festival . . . **Billy Eckstine** will play one week at the Apollo Theater beginning

Things were beginning to swing well for Casey in the middle '40s. There was a good job in California that lasted about a year. In 1944 and '45 he won the *Esquire* jazz poll and played at a famous Metropolitan Opera House concert in January, 1944. The concert featured the winners of the first *Esquire* poll, and other top jazzmen, artists such as Louis Armstrong, Sid Catlett, Roy Eldridge, Coleman Hawkins, Art Tatum, and Billie Holiday. Those years were a happy time for Casey.

"I think interest in instruments goes in cycles," Casey said. "At one time there was nothing but tenors on the Street. The guitar had its day too. You consider all the fine guitarists who were around like Oscar Moore, Jimmy Shirley, Teddy Bunn, and Leonard Ware. Some of them are working in post offices now."

When his group returned to New

York from California in 1946, the sledding was rough.

"It was all kinds of jobs," he said. "Weekend gigs, and so on. . . . I joined King Curtis for four years in 1957, and to begin with we played pure rock and roll, but after a time he began to turn around a bit."

It was when he was with tenorist Curtis that Prestige rediscovered and recorded him. But critical acceptance aside, after the records' release there was no flood of work offers coming to the once influential and poll-winning guitarist. He left Curtis, however, and lately has been working with Curley Hamner in New York's Bronx.

But the Bronx is far from 52nd St.—as far as Casey's lush days are from today.

"I'd like to have my own group again," he said, "but meantime I have to eat and support my family." **ED**

Aug. 17 . . . Actor **Donald O'Connor** says he has bought a biography of **Bunny Berigan**. He plans to produce it with himself playing the lead. The trumpet parts would be by **Dick Ruedebusch**.

The musical using a **Duke Ellington** written score, due next fall on Broadway, will be titled *Red Petticoat*, a variation on *The Blue Angel*, once portrayed by **Marlene Dietrich** . . . **Lionel Hampton's** recent trip to Nigeria has resulted in two scholarships in his name being established at Yaba University in Lagos, the capital of Nigeria . . . **John Lewis** was a featured artist with the **Eastman Wind Ensemble** in Rochester, N.Y. . . . New York's Wagner College held a jazz panel discussion during which **Cliff Jordan** presented some original liturgical music . . . **Dave Brubeck** is working on his first film-scoring assignment: a musical adaptation of *Melantha*, by **Gertrude Stein**.

Mercer Ellington, musical adviser to and director of the Jazz at School Scholarship program for the Jazz Arts Society, has announced the granting of 97 scholarships to New York City teenagers. The scholarships include free tuition to study instruments, composition, theory, jazz history, and ensemble playing under qualified teacher-musicians.

Four jazz arrangers—**Al Cohn**, **Ralph Burns**, **Gil Evans**, and **Ralph Sharon**—created the arrangements for **Tony Bennett's** Carnegie Hall show in June. Capitol records recorded it . . . Westbury Music Tent, on Long Island, will feature jazz all summer, ending Sept. 10 . . . Organist **Jimmy Smith** will play the French Riviera Jazz Festival this summer . . . **Billy Taylor** was the most recent lecturer at the New York Chapter of the Duke Ellington Society . . . **Pep-per Adams** is leading a group at the

Gaslight in Jackson Heights, on Long Island, with pianist **Tommy Flanagan**, bassist **Herman Wright**, and drummer **Roy Brooks**.

The next **Jack Teagarden** album for Verve features Academy Award themes, and playing by **Bobby Hackett**, **Bob Wilbur**, **Bud Freeman**, **Gene Schroeder**, **Hank Jones**, **George Duvivier**, **George Wettling**, and **Eddie Shaughnessy** . . . Philips records has signed **Meade Lux Lewis**, nearly the last of the boogie-woogie pianists popular in the early '40s . . . Artia-Parliament Industries will release 10 albums (97 selections by 34 artists), encompassing early works by **Sarah Vaughan**, **Count Basie**, **Dinah Washington**, **Billy Eckstine**, **Maynard Ferguson**, **Erroll Garner**, **Louis Armstrong**, **Duke Ellington**, **Harry Belafonte**, **Charlie Parker**, **Chris Connor**, and **Dizzy Gillespie**.

TORONTO

Charlie Mingus arrived in Toronto in a chauffeur-driven, air-conditioned limousine for his guest appearance at the Midnight Jazz Spectacular, sponsored by Rank Films. Featured was the British-made film *All Night Long*, in which Mingus appears with **Dave Brubeck**, **Johnny Dankworth**, **Tubby Hayes**, and several other British musicians, along with a stage show starring the **Don Thompson Eleven**, the **Pat Riccio Quintet**, and singer **Don Francks** . . . The busy Thompson band starred a week earlier at the Blues Ball with **Big Miller**, who flew up from Los Angeles for the evening, as guest star. **Eve Smith**, who also sang that evening, is now working at the Seaway Hotel.

BOSTON

Connolly's has abandoned its swing-era policy and is on a modern

In The Next Issue

DOWN BEAT'S INTERNATIONAL JAZZ CRITICS POLL

The August 2 Down Beat goes on sale at newsstands Thursday, July 19.



STAN KENTON CLINICS at

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kick. Former Bostonian drummer **Roy Haynes** brought in a quartet that included **Tommy Flanagan**, piano; **Reggie Workman**, bass; and **Frank Strozier**, alto saxophone, flute. This group was followed by **Toshiko Mariano's** quartet featuring **Jimmy Mosher**, sometime Woody Hermanite, on tenor saxophone. Tosh's husband, altoist **Charlie Mariano**, is with the **Stan Kenton Band**.

Drummer **Tony Williams** debuted his quartet on Father **Norman O'Connor's** show on WGBH-TV. The group consisted of **Leroy Page**, a Berklee School of Music student, alto saxophone; **Phil Moore Jr.**, another Berklee pupil, piano; and **Phil Morrison**, bass . . . Trombonist **Gene DiStasio** now fronts his own quintet for Sunday afternoon sessions at the Jazz Workshop. The personnel is **Sam Rivers**, tenor saxophone; **Hal Gelper**, piano; **Phil Morrison**, bass; **Tony Williams**, drums . . . **Ken McIntyre**, now living in New York City, has signed a two-year contract with United Artists records. His first recording date featured himself, flute and alto saxophone; **John M. Lewis**, trombone; **Ed Stoute**, piano; **Tommy Williams**, bass; and **J. C. Moses**, drums.

WASHINGTON

Jazz came to the posh Shoreham Hotel recently when the **Buck Clarke Quintet** moved in for regular weekend duty. The Clarke group, featuring versatile **Charlie Hampton**, will be replacing the popular satirical revue *The Premise*. Unlike some contemporary musicians, bongo player Clarke is greatly concerned with his audience. "I'm hurting when I feel I haven't satisfied the people," he said.

The Rev. **Carl J. Breitfeller**, prison chaplain at Lorton Reformatory nearby in Virginia, organized another annual jazz show for the prison on the opening night of the International Jazz Festival here. In a matter of hours he got the bands of **Duke Ellington** and **Lionel Hampton** and singer **Gloria Lynne** to perform for the prisoners the next afternoon.

During the big festival here, management of the Showboat Lounge, where guitarist **Charlie Byrd** and company work regularly, added this line to the club's ads: "See and hear jazz in its proper setting." **Tommy Gwaltney**, on vibraphone and clarinet, is now a regular at the Showboat.

CHICAGO

Singer **Dakota Staton**, in town recently for a Sutherland Lounge engagement, announced that she and her husband, **Alhadji Talib Ahmad Dawoud**, were filing a lawsuit "seeking to enjoin **Elijah Poole**, who calls himself **Elijah Muhammed**, from claiming to be a Muslim.

. . . " She and her husband, both Muslims, said they would do anything to stop Poole. They have filed another suit against a Philadelphia newspaper for linking her name with the so-called Black Muslim movement headed by Poole.

When evangelist **Billy Graham** held a weeks-long revival last month at McCormick Place, the people flocked from miles around. One of the thousands who came to hear Graham was **Ethel Waters**, last reported seriously ill in Los Angeles. She appeared in good health as she sang enthusiastically in the congregation.

Disc jockey **Sid McCoy** was scheduled to begin a half-hour program on WTTW-TV, Chicago's educational station. The show, *Sid McCoy and Friends*, will be telecast Tuesdays 9:30-10 p.m. The first show filmed featured the **Ramsey Lewis Trio**. McCoy said there will be a minimum of talk and a maximum of music. Future guests will include jazz groups and jazz-oriented entertainers . . . **Joe Segal** has begun sessions at the Sutherland on Monday nights. He said he intends to feature such musicians as **Jimmy Forrest**, **Ira Sullivan**, **John Young**, and **Eddie Harris**.

The Chicago Tribune Charities will hold its 33rd annual Chicagoland Music Festival in Soldier Field on Aug. 18. So far no jazz groups have been announced as being on the program. Last year the **Louis Armstrong All-Stars** were one of the attractions . . . **Ella Fitzgerald** will star at the Ravinia festival on July 18 and 20.

The Midwest Jazz Festival in Bloomington, Ind., Aug. 17-19, announced that in addition to the **Stan Kenton Band** and the **Cannonball Adderley Sextet**, the event will feature the **Franz Jackson Original Jazz All-Stars**, **Four Freshman**, guitarist **Johnny Smith**, trumpeter **Donald Byrd**, and composer **Johnny Richards**. Proceeds from the festival will go into a fund to provide scholarships for young musicians to attend the Kenton Clinics held at the National Stage Band Camps on the campus of Indiana University.

DALLAS

Quincy Jones and **Don Elliott** recently recorded a series of instrumental interludes for the Commercial Recording Co. These brief musical bridges are used on radio between commercials, station breaks, etc. Dallas has long had the possibly dubious honor of being a center for the production of this as well as other types of musical jingles and radio commercials.

Blues man **Bo Diddley** played a recent one-nighter at Louanns . . . A downtown club, the Carousel, has supplemented its girl shows with nightly jazz

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shows featuring the **Frank Fisher Trio** . . . The Levee has some new competition down the street in the Castaway. The **Sherry Lynn Trio** appears week-nights, the **Garner Clark Quintet** on Sundays . . . **Al Nilsen**, veteran of the Chicago jazz world of the 1920s, is leading a band at the Sheraton Hotel's Town Room . . . The **Red King Trio** is enjoying a long run at the Balamiki Jazz Room . . . **Dave Brubeck** is tentatively set for a September concert here . . . **Cannonball Adderley** played one of those curious dates that occur here now and then, wherein a Negro jazzman is quietly booked into a club with publicity directed solely to the Negro community, which usually turns out in force along with the few white listeners who happen to get the word.

LOS ANGELES

The jumping locality in town is now the Adams "Strip," with jazz purveyed from the Watkins Hotel west to Dynamite Jackson's and the Intermission Room. **Les McCann** and company moved into the Watkins' Rubaiyat Room; **Richard Holmes** took over from **Curtis Amy** at Dynamite's; and the Intermission now houses the jazz organ of **Bill McAfee**, **Teddy Edwards'** tenor saxophone, and **Paul Togawa's** drums.

Dave Axelrod signed up to head the a&r department of Plaza and Pride labels . . . **Tennessee Ernie Ford** cut two **Oscar Brown Jr.** lyrics for Capitol—*Rags and Old Iron* and *Worksong*, the music for the latter written by **Nat Adderley** . . . **Phineas Newborn**, **Leroy Vinnegar**, and drummer **Milt Turner** played a jazz brunch recently for California's Gov. and Mrs. **Edmund Brown** at the Beverly Hilton . . . That big-band concert at Disneyland (*DB*, July 5) grossed a whopping \$66,635, drawing 13,581 admissions at \$5 apiece (\$4.50 advance around 2,400). In the light of the event's success, the amusement park now plans to increase further its music budget for the season, raising it to \$320,000. Plans now call for a post-USSR appearance of **Benny Goodman**, for the **Harry James Band** to play there July 26-28, and for a two-beat event in September starring **Louis Armstrong**.

Calvin Jackson starts his European tour in late October with the first fortnight in England. He'll play with and conduct a symphony orchestra in addition to performing with a trio. Jackson's NBC-TV show, *Rehearsing with Calvin*, will be taped July 8 at the network's Burbank studios with the music of **George Gershwin** featured.

Peggy Lee narrowly escaped serious injury recently when a grease fire broke out in the kitchen of her home. The blaze caused extensive damage . . . **John Gray**, guitarist with the **George Shearing**

Quintet, makes his solo record debut in September with a Capitol album on which he is assisted by **Herb Ellis**, rhythm guitar; **Don Bagley**, bass; and **Bob Neel**, drums . . . Former **Chico Hamilton** cellist **Fred Katz** has been named music director of **Bill Kozlenko's** production, *Girl Talk* . . . Synanon's jazz septet is slated for a 30-minute appearance on the to-be-syndicated *Jazz Scene U.S.A.*

SAN FRANCISCO

A twist of fate kept **Red Norvo** from touring Russia with **Benny Goodman's** orchestra, the veteran vibist said during his quintet's stay at the Flamingo club in Oakland. Asked by Goodman to join the band he was organizing for the State Department mission, Norvo said, he was forced to decline because of rearranged bookings for his combo. The irony of this situation was that Norvo had reshuffled his dates to accept an earlier bid to accompany **Frank Sinatra** on his world tour, and several weeks later it became necessary to postpone its beginning. The upshot was that Norvo could go overseas with neither Sinatra nor Goodman.

While here for his quintet's engagement at the Black Hawk, **Dizzy Gillespie** participated in a panel discussion on race relations that was taped by the local ABC station, KGO-TV for later telecast.

So successful was guitarist **Wes Montgomery's** appearances as a guest star at the Sunday-Monday jazz symposium at the Tsubo coffee house in Berkeley that he was brought back the following week. Altoist-flutist **Leo Wright** of the Gillespie unit also sat in at the Monday night session. Wright has taped a new album for Atlantic with a quartet that includes guitarist **Kenny Burrell**, bassist **Ron Carter**, and drummer **Rudy Collins**, another Gillespian.

Turk Murphy's band now is ensconced in its new location, a room that formerly featured folk dancing. The move was necessitated when the previous Murphy club was ticketed for demolition as part of a new downtown housing project.

SEATTLE

The **Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis-Johnny Griffin** Quintet opened at the Penthouse recently to a rapt audience of 19 persons. Business picked up thereafter, however. Also in the group were drummer **Art Taylor**, pianist **Horace Parlan**, and bassist **Buddy Catlett**. **Oscar Peterson** broke all attendance records at the club the week before the Davis-Griffin opening. The pianist drew more than 4,000 people into the 200 capacity club in 12 days. **Dizzy Gillespie** closed there late in June. **Ernestine Anderson** is the current attraction, this being her third

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JAZZ COLLECTOR'S ITEM! What true jazz fan will ever forget the 1960 Newport Jazz Festival? The editors of Down Beat prepared a special magazine for the occasion to report the on-location action of the happenings and the people who made them happen. Included is a review of the highlights of previous Newport Jazz Festivals, penetrating and revealing stories by top jazz writers on famous personalities like **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Cannonball Adderley**, **Gerry Mulligan**, **Oscar Peterson**, **Bill Evans**, and the **Lambert-Hendricks-Ross** trio. There's **John S. Wilson's** story on "What Do We Mean by Jazz?", **George Crater's** view of Newport, **Charles Edward Smith's** report on "25 Years of Jazz" . . . and more, much more. Originally published at \$1.00 a copy, we offer "Newport Jazz Festival, 1960" now, while the supply lasts, for just 50c. Don't be disappointed. Send for your copy today, to DOWN BEAT, 205 W. Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill.

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engagement at the club since its opening. **Miles Davis** is scheduled to open July 4. Others scheduled for the club, which has been following a name-jazz policy since the World's Fair opened this spring, are the **Montgomery Brothers**, **George Shearing**, **Carmen McRae**, **Cal Tjader**, **Cannonball Adderley**, and **Ramsey Lewis**.

Martin Denny and his music from the South Seas packed them in solidly at the Hardwick Club . . . **Joe Klose** and trio are gigging around town, looking for a permanent base of operations . . . Drummer **Neil Sherman** heads a group at Pete's Poop Deck with **Duke Harris**, bass, and **Dave Todd**, piano . . . Altoist **Bill Ramsay** is teaming with

guitarist **Ray Ray** and a local rhythm section at The End, a Tacoma espresso house . . . And that city's skilled guitarist **Don Ober** is still turning down big money to stay in Tacoma and teach. At the World's Fair it is reported that **Benny Goodman** drew good crowds but **Count Basie's** stand was something less than spectacular.

WHERE & WHEN

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

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

NEW YORK

After the Ball (Saddlebrook, N. J.): **Teddy Charles**, *tfn*.
Birdland: **Dinah Washington**, **Horace Silver**, to 7/11.
Condon's: **Tony Parenti**, *tfn*.
Five Spot: **Roland Kirk**, *tfn*.
Half Note: *unk*.
Harout's: **Steve Lacy**, *tfn*.
Hickory House: **Marian McPartland**, *tfn*.
Jazz Gallery: *unk*.
Kenny's Steak Pub: **Herman Chittison**, *tfn*.
Metropole: **Dick Ruedebusch** to 7/18. **Red Nichols**, 7/20-8/9.
Museum of Modern Art: **Blossom Dearie**, 7/5.
Nick's: **Wild Bill Davison**, *tfn*.
Sherwood Inn: **Billy Bauer**, *wknds*.
Teddy Bear: **Gil Melle**, *tfn*.
20 Spruce St.: **Ahmed Abdul-Malik**, *wknds*.
Village Gate: **Sonny Rollins**, **Mose Allison** to 7/31.
Village Vanguard: *unk*.

TORONTO

Colonial Tavern: **The Partners**, 7/9-7/14.
First Floor Club: **Don Thompson**, **Wray Downes**, *wknds*.
Town Tavern: **Joe Williams-Harry Edison**, 7/9-7/14.

BOSTON

Jazz Workshop: **Varty Haroutunian**, Wed., Fri.-Sun. **Herb Pomeroy**, Tues., Thurs. **Gene DiStasio**, Sun., Mon.
Danny's: **Dick Wetmore**, *tfn*.
Inman Square Club: **Dick Wright**, *tfn*.
The Upstairs: **Bill Kehoe**, *tfn*.
Green Frog Coffee House: **Frank St. Peter**, Sun.
Crystal Room: **Boots Mussulli**, *tfn*.

PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): **Bobby**, **Tony DeNicola**, Mon., Fri., Sat.
Dixie Room: **Beryl Booker**, *tfn*.
Krechmer's: **Billy Krechmer-Tommy Simms**, *hb*.
Music Circus (Lambertville, N.J.): **Count Basie**, 7/16.
Paddock (Trenton): **Capital City 5**, Fri., Sat.
Pep's: *unk*.
Picasso Room: **Johnny April**, *tfn*.
Show Boat: **Oscar Brown Jr.**, 7/23-28.

WASHINGTON

Bayou: **Big Bill Decker**, *hb*.
Bohemian Caverns: **JFK Quintet**, **Shirley Horne**, *tfn*.
Brass Rail: *unk*.
Charles Hotel Lounge: **Booker Coleman**, Thurs.-Sat.
Shoreham Hotel: **Buck Clarke**, *tfn*.
Showboat Lounge: **Charlie Byrd**, **John Malachi**, *tfn*. Folk music, Sun.

NEW ORLEANS

City Park Stadium: **Lloyd Alexander**, Sun.
Dan's Pier 600: **Al Hirt** opens 7/2.
Dixieland Coffee Shop: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: **Sharkey Bonano**, **Santo Pecora**, *tfn*. **Leon Prima**, Sun., Tues.
French Quarter Inn: **Pete Fountain**, *tfn*. **Leon Prima**, Mon.
Icon Hall: various traditional groups.
Joe Burton's: **Joe Burton**, *tfn*.
New Orleans "Pops": **Jazz Week—Pete Fountain**, 7/6-7.

Paddock Lounge: **Octave Crosby**, **Snookum Russell**, *tfn*.
Prince Conti Motel: **Armand Hug**, *tfn*.
Pepe's: **Laverne Smith**, *tfn*.
Playboy: **Al Belletto**, **Dave West**, *hbs*. **Rusty Mayne**, Sun.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

DETROIT

Au Sable: **Jack Brokensha**, *tfn*.
Checker Bar B-Q: **Ronnie Phillips**, afterhours, *tfn*.
Club 12: **George Bohanan**, *tfn*.
Drome: **Dorothy Ashby**, *tfn*.
Falcon (Ann Arbor): **Bob James**, Mon., Wed., Sat.
Hobby Bar: **Terry Pollard**, *tfn*.
Minor Key: **Oscar Peterson** to 7/8.
Momo's: **Mel Ball**, *wknds*.
Topper Lounge: **Danny Stevenson**, *tfn*.
Trent's: **Bess Bonnier**, *tfn*.
Unstabled: **Sam Sanders**, afterhours, *tfn*.

CHICAGO

Black Eyed Pea: **Judy Roberts**, *wknds*.
Bourbon Street: **Art Hodes**, **Clancey Hayes**, **Toni Lee Scott**, *tfn*.
Edgewater Beach Hotel: **Dukes of Dixieland**, **Julie Wilson**, 7/23-29.
Gaslight Club: **Frankie Ray**, *tfn*.
Happy Medium (Downstairs Room): **Cy Touff**, Mon., Tues. **Cliff Niep**, Weds.-Sun.
Jazz, Ltd.: **Bill Reinhardt**, *tfn*. **Franz Jackson**, Thurs.
London House: **Erroll Garner** to 7/22. **Jonah Jones**, 7/24-8/12. **George Shearing** 8/14-9/9.
Jose Bethancourt, **Larry Novak**, *hbs*.
McKie's: **Horace Silver**, 7/18-29.
Mister Kelly's: **Marty Rubenstein**, **John Frigo**, *hbs*.
Pepper's Lounge: **Muddy Waters**, *wknds*.
Playboy: **Nipsey Russell** to 7/18. **Jimmy Rushing**, **Teri Thornton**, 7/19-8/8. **Tony Smith**, **Jim Atlas**, **Joe Iaco**, **Bob Davis**, **Harold Harris**, **Hots Michels**, *hbs*.
Ravina Festival: **Ella Fitzgerald**, 7/18-20. **Benny Goodman**, 8/1-3.
Sutherland: **Gloria Lynne** to 7/15. **Arthur Prysock**, 7/17-29.
Velvet Swing: **Nappy Trottier**, *tfn*.

LAS VEGAS

Carver House: **Calvin Shields**, *tfn*.
Dunes: *unk*.
Flamingo: **Harry James** to 7/25.
New Frontier: **Mattie Matlock**, **Eddie Miller**, **Deacon Jones**, *tfn*.
Riviera: **Sammy Kaye** to 7/31. **George Young**, *tfn*.
Silver Slipper: **Charlie Teagarden**, *tfn*.
Thunderbird: **Dick Stabile** to 8/3.


LOS ANGELES

Azure Hills Country Club (Riverside): **Hank Messer**, *tfn*.
Beverly Cavern: **Teddy Buckner**, *tfn*.
Carolina Lanes: **Bob Harrington**, **Vikki Carr**, *tfn*.
Cascades (Belmont Shore): **Jack Lynde**, **Joe Lettieri**, **John Lassonio**, *tfn*. Sun. morning sessions.
Charleston (Arcadia): **Bob Russell**, **Southland Seven**, *tfn*.
Crescendo: **Sarah Vaughan**, 8/1-12.
Comedy Key Club: **Curtis Amy**, afterhours, *tfn*.
Dynamite Jackson's: **Richard (Groove) Holmes**, *tfn*.
El Mirador (Palm Springs): **Ben Pollack**, *tfn*.
Encore Restaurant: **Frankie Ortega**, **Don Greif**, **Walt Sage**, *tfn*.
Green Bull (Hermosa Beach): **Andy Blakeny**, **Alton Purnell**, **Alton Redd**, *tfn*.



Hermosa Inn: **Jack Langlos**, **The Saints**, *wknds*.
Intermission Room: **Bill McAfee**, **Teddy Edwards**, **Paul Togawa**, Weds.-Sun.
Jerry's Caravan Club: **Gene Russell**, **Henry Franklin**, **Steve Clover**, Thurs.-Sun. Sessions, Thurs.
Joani Presents (Lankershim): **Stuff Smith**, **Ira Westley**, **Dick Cary**, Weds.-Sun.
Lighthouse: **Howard Rumsey**, *hb*. Guest groups, Sun.
Lucey's Licorice Lounge: **Tacey Robbins**, **Don Peterson**, *tfn*.
Mardi Gras Steak House (Orange): **Johnny Lane**, *wknds*.
Marty's: **William Green**, **Art Hillary**, **Tony Bazeley**, *tfn*.
Metro Theater: afterhours concerts, Fri., Sat.
Michael's (E. Washington): **Johnny White**, *tfn*.
Montebello Bowl: **Ken Latham**, **Hank Henry**, *tfn*.
Nickelodeon: **Sunset Jazz Band**, *wknds*.
Page Cavanaugh's: **Page Cavanaugh**, *hb*.
Pickwick 5 Horsemen Inn (Burbank): **Charlie Blackwell**, **Ron Lewis**, **Bill Malouf**, *tfn*. After-hours sessions, Fri., Sat.
PJ's: **Eddie Cano**, *tfn*. **Barney Kessel**, **Trini Lopez**, Sun.-Tues. **John LaSalle**, Tues.-Sun.
Red Carpet Room (Nite Life): **Vi Redd**, **Laverne Gillette**, **Richie Goldberg**, Mon.
Red Tiki (Long Beach): **Vince Wallace**, **Buddy Prima**, **Jim Crutcher**, **Clyde Conrad**, Thurs. Sessions, Sun.
Roaring '20s: **Ray Bauduc**, **Pud Brown**, *tfn*.
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): **Les McCann**, Thurs.-Mon.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: **Shelly Manne**, **Betty Bennett**, *wknds*. **Red Mitchell**, Mon. **Phineas Newborn**, Tues. **Paul Horn**, Weds. **Shorty Rogers**, Thurs.
Sherman Bowl (Reseda): **Ruth Price**, **Russ Freeman**, **Don Bagley**, **Stan Roth**, Mon.
Signature Room (Palm Springs): **Candy Stacy**, *tfn*.
Sherry's: **Pete Jolly**, **Bill Plummer**, *tfn*.
Slate Bros.: **Kay Stevens** opens 7/13 through August. **Herbie Dell**, *tfn*.
Spigot (Santa Barbara): sessions, Sun.
Storyville (Pomona): **Ray Martin**, **Tailgate Ramblers**, *tfn*.
Summit: **Lionel Hampton** to 7/20.
UCLA: band workshop, 7/31-8/6.
Winners: **Don Randi**, *tfn*.
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): **Rosy McHargue**, *tfn*.
23 Skidoo: **Excelsior Banjo Five**, *tfn*.

SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: **Gerry Mulligan** to 7/22. **Cal Tjader**, 7/24-9/9. **Ramsey Lewis**, 9/11-30.
Black Sheep: **Earl Hines**, *tfn*.
Burp Hollow: **Frank Goulette**, *tfn*.
Coffee Gallery: **Sonny King**, *wknds*.
Earthquake McGoon's: **Turk Murphy**, **Claire Austin**, *tfn*.
Executive Suite: **Chris Ibanez**, *tfn*.
Fairmont Hotel: **Lena Horne**, 7/26-8/15. **Sarah Vaughan**, 8/16-9/5.
Hangover: **Ralph Sutton**, *tfn*.
Jazz Workshop: **Les McCann** to 8/5. **Chico Hamilton**, 8/7-19. **Jimmy Smith**, 8/21-9/2. **Cannonball Adderley**, 9/4-23.
Mr. Otis: **Jim Lowe**, *wknds*.
Pier 23: **Burt Bales**, **Frank Erickson**, *wknds*.
Sugar Hill: **John Lee Hooker**, **Wynona Carr** to 7/21. **Lightnin' Hopkins**, 7/23 *tfn*.
Suite 14 (Oakland): **Gus Gustavson**, *tfn*.
Monkey Inn (Berkeley): **Dixieland combo**, *wknds*.
North Gate (Berkeley): **Grover Mitchell**, *wknds*.
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): various jazz groups Sun.-Thurs. **Jack Taylor**, *wknds*.
Tsubo (Berkeley): **The Group**, *tfn*. Sessions, Sun.-Mon.
The Palate Restaurant (Mill Valley): **Lee Konitz**, *wknds*.
Trident (Sausalito): **Vince Guaraldi**, *tfn*.
The Dock (Tiburon): **Steve Atkins**, *wknds*. 

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