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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

NANCY WILSON: The Baby Grows Up

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Two-Career Man LOCKJAW DAVIS

An Earthy Tenor Man
Relates The Problems
And Satisfactions Of His
Life As A Booking Agent

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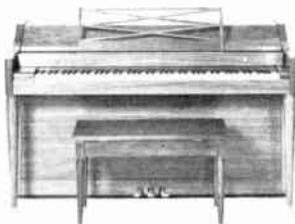
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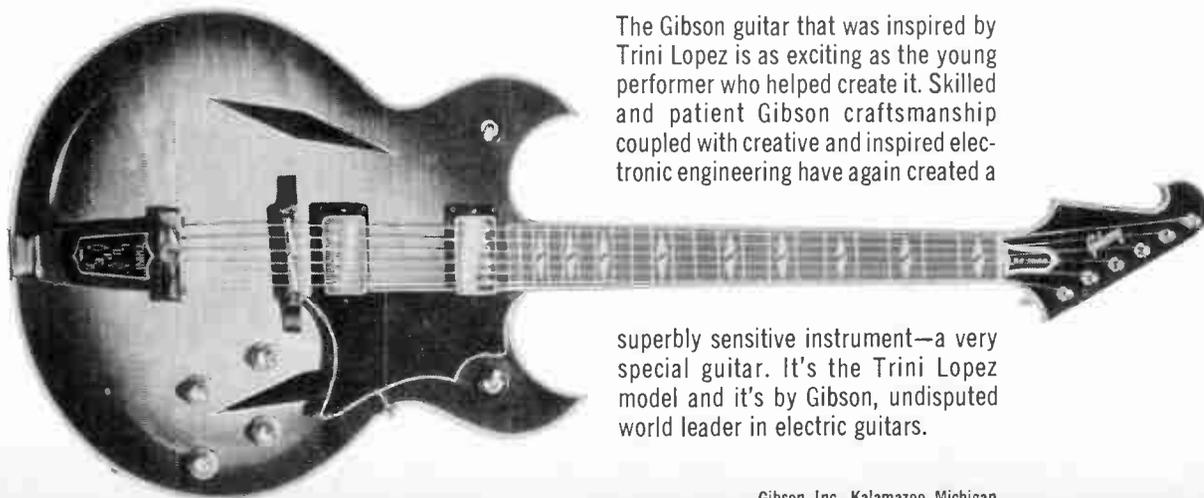
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Wright Replies

I am compelled to make this reply to Joachim Berendt's letter (*DB*, Sept. 10). I was astonished to read that an implication that a heaven on earth existed in Europe for American jazz musicians was ever made in the interview *Americans in Europe* (*DB*, July 2). Kenny Drew said, "It is no bed of roses here either..." I said, "If too many musicians come, you will have a bigger problem." Dexter Gordon said, "Yes, too many would constitute a problem."

No doubt the success of Gordon's album *Go!* and the novelty of his comeback contributed largely to his success in Europe. As for me, it is indeed a fact that I have been in and out of Europe for several years. I have met with my biggest successes in a country—Norway—where many people never even heard my name but have paid the most dues in the very country that I have visited the most—Germany.

I do not understand why Berendt found it necessary to include my private life. The fact that my wife is German-born, however, does not provide lesser problems for us here in Germany than it did for us in the United States. Indeed not!

Berendt mentioned that there was only the Blue Note Club in Berlin that could afford to pay U.S. musicians. Since summer several new clubs have opened here, and Americans are working in all of them.

In conclusion, the interview was one of personal opinions, personal problems, and personal experiences. We all miss the cats, but I am convinced that I can do the cats more good by delivering the jazz message throughout the world, thereby creating a larger audience and making possible more work for unemployed musicians, wherever they may be.

Leo Wright
West Berlin, Germany

Double-Reed Answer

The following was prompted by the *Woodwinds of Change* article (*DB*, Oct. 8). In view of the similarity between the saxophone and the oboe, I'm surprised no one (not even Roland Kirk) has contemplated fitting a double reed to the saxophone.

This would theoretically eliminate any fingering problems (for a proficient saxophonist) and leave the player free to concentrate on articulation and intonation.

Robert Reader
Hamilton, Ontario

Correction

Although I'm relying solely on my ear, I believe that Pete Welding has got his trumpet players mixed up. I'm writing with regard to his review (*DB*, Oct. 8) of the Bill Dixon and Archie Shepp album on Savoy.

I believe that Ted Curson plays on the



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first two numbers and Don Cherry on the last and not the opposite as Welding states.
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New York City

According to an observer at the session, Cherry did play on only the last track.

Coltrane's 'Safety'

In his review (*DB*, Oct. 8) of John Coltrane's most recent release *Crescent*, Bill Mathieu shows himself to be an over-demanding critic whose expectations, if fulfilled, could do jazz great harm.

Mathieu condemns Coltrane's continued use of the modal drone and feels that only when the saxophonist breaks away from this drone is he shaking himself of the "safety" it spells. But what Mathieu fails to realize is that a continuously searching artist such as Coltrane must stop for a while and safely sum up all that he has recently explored.

It has been very exciting to follow Coltrane on records as he grasped for new statements, but artistically speaking, Coltrane's finest discs have been those on which he has been able to employ all his new ideas in a well-organized, accomplished manner.

Robert Harrow
Huntington, N.Y.

Saying Something!

I have been reading *Down Beat's Blindfold Test* for quite a while. However, I've never dug one that was as down to earth or as hip as the one with Lorez Alexandria (Oct. 8). Hers, along with the one with Miles Davis (June 18), really said something. Let's have more!

Albert Hall Jr.
Jacksonville, Fla.

Mann Tells It Like It Is

In a recent issue of *Down Beat* (Aug. 27) I was astounded to read a frightfully true article on Herbie Mann.

Mann proves again that he is the critical questioner of society. The modern American jazzman is in a perfect position to give true commentary on our present modes of life, and I would like to see more of these independently expressed opinions.

Randall J. Stukel
Robbinsdale, Minn.

JIM HALL

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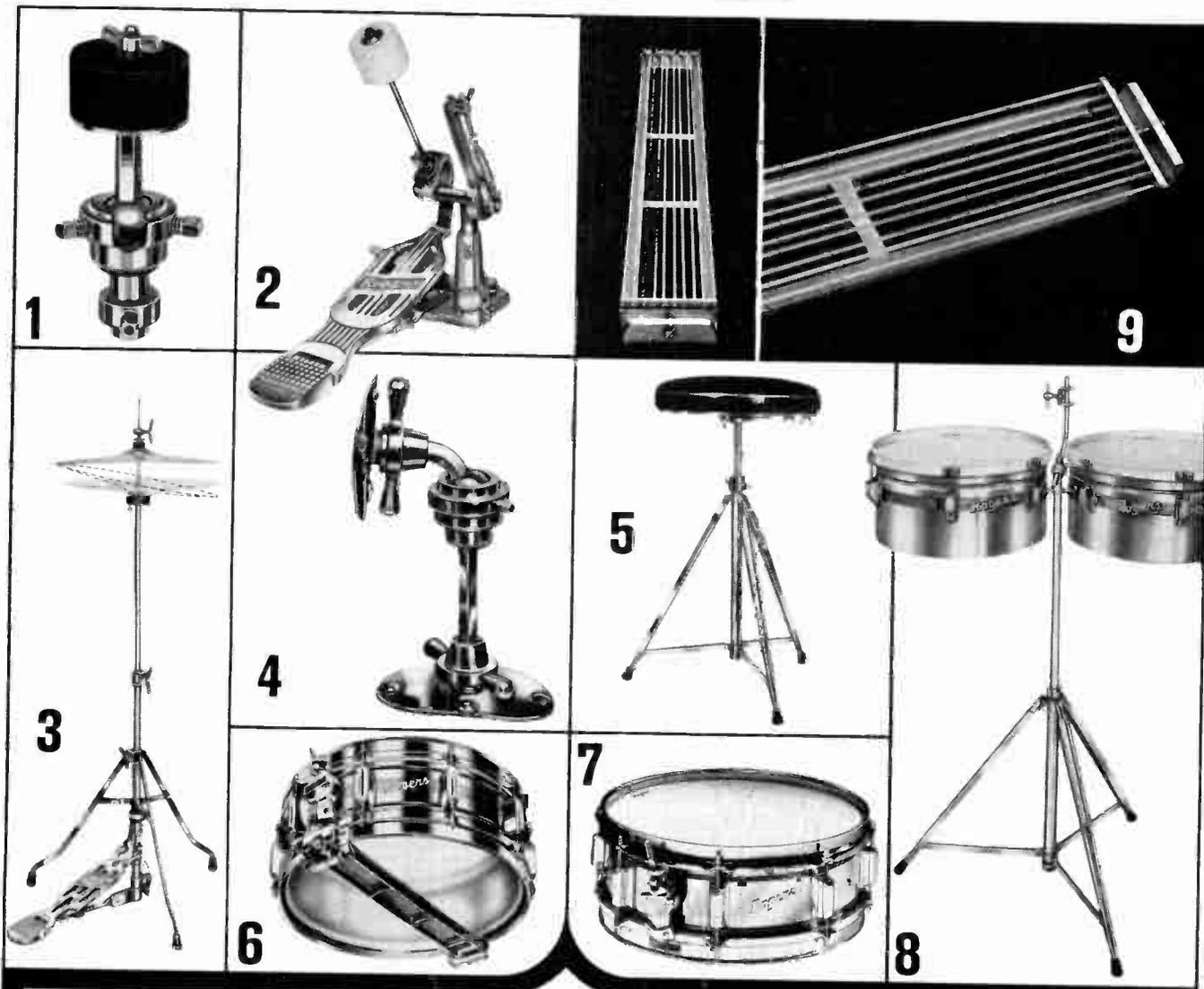
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Credit Due Wein

I very much appreciate Siegfried Schmidt-Joos' letter about my putting together the program for the Berlin Jazz Festival (*Chords*, Sept. 24). Siegfried is a friend of mine, and he wrote his letter out of friendship. But I want to say that the Berlin festival never would have happened without George Wein—who is also a friend—and his fantastic ability to switch whole plane loads of jazz musicians around the globe.

So, thank you to both. What counts most, anyway, is what the musicians gave, and they played great.

Joachim Berendt
Baden-Baden, Germany



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November 19, 1964 Vol. 31, No. 30

THREE STUDIO MUSIC MEN DIE IN THE SAME WEEK

within the same week, the horns of two top studio musicians, both jazz veterans, were stilled by death, and a noted studio leader died—trumpeters Conrad Gozzo and Nick Travis and leader and former trumpeter Russ Case.

Travis, 38, esteemed in jazz both as soloist and section man, died in New York City Oct. 7, shortly after having been hospitalized with a bleeding ulcer.

Born Nicholas Anthony Travascio in Philadelphia, Travis studied at the Mastbaum School of Music there and then worked with the bands of Johnny McGhee, Vido Musso, Mitchell Ayres,



Gozzo

A trumpeter's trumpeter

and Woody Herman before entering military service in 1944. After his release in 1946, Travis played with a large number of bands, including those of Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Ray McKinley, Gene Krupa, Tex Beneke, Elliot Lawrence, Jerry Wald, Bob Chester, Herman, and Ina Ray Hutton.

In 1953 Travis joined the Sauter-Finegan Orchestra, with which he worked for three years. In 1957 he became a staff musician at NBC studios in New York City. Travis also worked with Gerry Mulligan's Concert Jazz Orchestra and was recently with the Thelonious Monk 10-piece band at Lincoln Center and Carnegie Hall.

Like Travis, a trumpeter's trumpeter, Gozzo was best known for his lead work. He was a mentor to younger horn men and an example par excellence to all who aspired to trumpet proficiency. Gozzo's death Oct. 9 in Burbank, Calif., of a liver ailment de-

prived jazz of one of its foremost big-band exponents. He was 42.

A contracted player with the NBC staff orchestra in Burbank for the last decade, Gozzo settled in California in 1947 after serving with big bands since 1938, when he replaced one of his father's trumpet students in the Isham Jones Band. A native of New Britain, Conn., he subsequently worked in the bands of Tommy Reynolds, Red Norvo, Johnny (Scat) Davis, and Bob Chester from 1939 to '41 and with Claude Thornhill and Benny Goodman until 1942, when he entered the U.S. Navy and became a member of Artie Shaw's service band. Following his discharge, Gozzo rejoined Goodman and then played with the Woody Herman Herd of postwar fame until that band broke up in December, 1946. After hitches with the Boyd Raeburn and Tex Beneke orchestras, the trumpeter settled in the Los Angeles area.

The trumpeter is survived by his widow, Betty, and two sons, Jim, 18, and Conrad Jr., 14.

Case, well-known arranger and former trumpet player with the bands of Red Nichols, Benny Goodman, Raymond Scott, Don Vorhees, and Andre Kostelanetz, died in Miami Beach, Fla., Oct. 10 of a heart attack. At the time of his death, Case, 52, was the musical arranger for comedian Jackie Gleason's television show. Case also was a former director of popular music for RCA Victor records.

COLE PORTER DIES AFTER KIDNEY SURGERY

Cole Porter, born to wealth and earner of \$2,000,000 a year in royalties from some 500 songs, died Oct. 15 at his Brentwood, Calif., home from complications following kidney surgery performed two days before. The songwriter was 71 years old.

Porter had been a semi-invalid since 1938, when a fall from a horse resulted in leg injuries that resulted in

21 operations between 1938 and '48. In 1958 his right leg was amputated as a final resort to relieve his suffering.

In recent years Porter maintained a home in California which he annually deserted to spend the winter in New York at his suite in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

At his bedside when he died were his two valets, Henry Burke and Eric Lindsay, in his employ the past six years. Said Burke, "Mr. Porter went suddenly. He always wanted to go that way—just like that." The composer's last words, spoken to a publicist friend two hours before his death, were, "Don't leave me."

FTC TRADE-PRACTICE RULING TO AFFECT RECORD INDUSTRY

The Federal Trade Commission has promulgated its long-awaited trade-practice rules for the phonograph record industry. The rules, which become effective Nov. 9, warn manufacturers not to give special discounts or allowances to rack-jobbers (suppliers of record merchandise to retail outlets other than record stores) and one-stops (suppliers of records to the jukebox trade) who also engage in retail selling in direct competition with record retailers.

The rules prohibit such practices as discriminatory or special pricing, rebates, discounts, free goods, "quota" requirements, special allowances to large customers in terms of services, advertising tie-ins and equipment deals, unauthorized shipment to dealers of unwanted records, "dumping" of merchandise, and misbranding or misrepresentation of product as to quantity or quality.

Under the new rules, manufacturers are required to disclose fully artists, contents, and reissue status of their records on the labels or covers and in advertising and promotion statements. They also are prohibited from making false stereo claims for monaural recordings.

In a related development, the Columbia Record Club, largest of the mail-order record firms, won a suit brought against it by the FTC. In a decision handed down Oct. 13 by hearing examiner Donald R. Moore, all charges against the club were dismissed.

The 332-page opinion cleared the club of charges of engaging in monopolistic practices, illegally suppressing competition in the record industry, making deceptive advertising claims, and pursuing unfair pricing policies. The ruling stated that all the club's policies were lawful, and that there was no evidence of any attempt to monopolize the field. The

IN THE NEXT ISSUE:

A Day in the New Lives of Boris Midney and Igor Berechtis

An exclusive interview with the
two Russian defector-jazzmen

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club, organized in 1955, handles records produced by other manufacturers as well as Columbia Records.

TERRY GIBBS HEADS SEXTET ON PHILBIN'S LATE EVENING TV SHOW

It's back to California for vibraharpist Terry Gibbs, who got the job leading a sextet on the new *Regis Philbin Show*, the replacement for Steve Allen's late evening television program. Gibbs moved his wife and infant son from New York City to Los Angeles while he assembled a group for the initial three-month stint with two three-month options. The vibist was a Los Angeles resident for some time before moving east about three years ago.

In the sextet at presstime were pianist Mike Melvoin, reed man Carlington Visor, bassist Monty Budwig, drummer Colin Bailey, and guitarist Herb Ellis, who had been a member of the Donn Trenner group on the Allen show.

MANGELSDORFF PIERCES CURTAIN, TAKES JAZZ TO E. GERMANY

Jazz musicians are once again breaking down the curtain between East and West. One of West Germany's leading jazz musicians, trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff, and his quintet recently completed a tour of East Germany. It was the first such tour ever presented and was highly successful.

The Mangelsdorff quintet performed in Rostock, East Berlin, Potsdam, Dresden, Rathenow, and Leipzig, and every concert was sold out. In Dresden all tickets were sold in one day following a brief notice in a local paper about the quintet's appearance.

When the tour was over, East German officials immediately signed a contract with the group for a return visit next June.

JAZZMAN JAY CAMERON RUNS FOR LOCAL 802 OFFICE

What prompts a jazz musician to run for office in an American Federation of Musicians local? Baritone saxophonist Jay Cameron, a candidate for the executive board of New York City Local 802 on a slate opposing the incumbents in the November elections (balloting begins Nov. 15), attempted to supply some of the answers.

"After 18 years of watching opportunities in my profession deteriorate steadily," Cameron said, "I read a copy of *The Musicians' Voice* [a monthly newspaper published by a group of Local 802 dissidents] and felt that here, at last, was an intelligent effort to reshape our union."

Cameron said he had been con-

cerned with the problems confronting jazz for some time.

"The younger generation of listeners must be taught early to appreciate jazz and other quality music, so that they'll support it when they mature," he said. "The businessmen in the field must be shown that they can profit from promoting good music. The government should subsidize music that improves and enriches the cultural life of the nation. The musicians' union is the logical agency to undertake the co-ordination of all these tasks.

"The union must also provide new



Cameron
'If elected, I . . .'

areas of employment for its members. Every day, musicians are being forced by economic circumstances to leave the profession."

Cameron pointed out that he is not running for office "to become a union politician for the rest of my days." But he has become convinced, he said, that "the incumbents are not carrying out their tasks as I envision them."

"If elected," he continued, commenting with a laugh that he was already beginning to sound like a politician, "I would organize a committee of aware jazzmen; seek to improve existing facilities for publicizing live jazz; attempt to introduce jazz into the public schools with the prestige of the union as a lever; give deserving talent the chance it needs to be heard; and look for new areas where music—good music—can be played and heard and understood and enjoyed."

VILLANOVA COLLEGE FESTIVAL TO HAVE PARKER TRIBUTE

A tribute to Charlie Parker will be a highlight of the fifth annual Intercollegiate Jazz Festival, to be held at Villanova University in Villanova, Pa., on March 12, 1965, the date of the alto saxophonist's death 10 years ago.

Each competing band will be required to perform one piece related to music written or performed by Parker.

Applications for entry are being accepted now, and entrance requirements stipulate that all members of a competing group must attend the same

college and be registered for a minimum of six credits. In the past, it was necessary for entrants only to attend college.

Groups wishing to enter are required to submit a 15-minute audition tape. The tapes will be evaluated at a preliminary judging to be held at the Berklee School of Music in Boston, Mass., before Feb. 1, 1965. Applications for entry should be obtained prior to Dec. 1, 1965. Inquiries should be addressed to the festival, Box 1965, Villanova University, Villanova, Pa.

FOR LACK OF RECOGNITION, A LATIN TOUR IS LOST

As a result of its participation in the Collegiate Jazz Festival at the University of Notre Dame last spring, the 18-piece Jazz Workshop Band of Northwestern University was offered a U.S. State Department-sponsored good-will tour of Latin American countries.

In late July, a representative of the department's Cultural Presentations Committee met with members of Northwestern University's School of Music—including its dean, two assistant deans, and comptroller—and the Rev. George Wiskirchen, C.S.C., who serves as the jazz group's unsalaried director, to discuss the proposed three-month tour, to take place next spring. At the end of the meeting a tentative contract between the U.S. government and Northwestern University was left with the university officials, subject to approval of school authorities.

Everything seemed set, and band members spent the summer in a rush of preparation. One purchased a \$600 trombone so he might perform to the best of his ability on the tour; another student spent his vacation writing arrangements for the band.

Then, early in October, it was announced by university officials that the band would not be permitted to represent the school on the tour.

"The jazz band is not an official university organization," explained Payson S. Wild, Northwestern University vice president and dean of faculties. "It is not an integral part of the academic program, as are the opera workshop or the theater workshop groups, which are accredited and incorporated into the course of studies. The jazz group exists solely as a convenience to those students who wish to have the opportunity of playing the music available to them."

Unofficial though it is, the band has been in existence for eight years, has university facilities available to it, rehearses weekly, presents several concerts during the school year, and represents the university at such functions

as the Collegiate Jazz Festival.

Since the group is not officially sanctioned by the university, Wild explained, school officials are not legally empowered to effect a contract with the government for the band's services, nor could the school assume any responsibility for the group while on tour.

"Secondly," Wild said, "we could never authorize such a trip unless one of our faculty members were to accompany the group, and Father Wiskirchen is not a member of the university faculty."

"The trip was never officially authorized," Wild concluded, "because we *could* not authorize it. We were not empowered to do so, since the band is not officially connected with the university. If, however, the band members wish to make the trip on their own, we would certainly have no objections. But they could not officially represent Northwestern University."

Thus, in a welter of confusion about "official" sanction and recognition, a jazz tour was canceled. The Northwestern students who meet regularly as the Jazz Workshop Band continue to do so and are hard at work preparing to compete for the Collegiate Jazz Festival big-band award for Northwestern, officially recognized or not.

BASSIST-BROADCASTER DELIVERS JAZZ MESSAGE IN BELGIUM

Every summer for the last three years, Benoit Quersin, a soft-spoken Belgian, has come to the United States to survey the jazz scene and gather material for Belgian radio and television. Quersin not only is one of Europe's leading bassists but also the head of the Bureau du Jazz of Radio-Television Belge, which, like most European broadcasting operations, is state-owned.

Since Quersin persuaded Belgian broadcasting officials to set up a jazz section and unify jazz programming, he has been able to expand the time devoted to jazz on Belgian airwaves to 10 shows a week.

"We are able to do more with jazz," he told *Down Beat* recently, "because the response from average listeners has been so good. I try not to program just for the hard-core fans or record collectors but to reach out a bit—talk about the musicians and their lives, make the music more interesting. We also involve jazz with the other creative arts through panel discussions with painters, writers, scholars, and musicians from outside jazz. And as many shows as possible are done 'live,' which I find is much better. I spend a lot of time and

care trying to select the best jazz available—jazz of all kinds, but always the best. It attracts new listeners."

Quersin also works with U.S. promoters and is now co-producing most of the jazz concerts held in Belgium. Some portion of each concert is recorded for later transmission on radio or television.

While he was in this country last summer, Quersin taped a two-hour interview with Charlie Mingus, acquired the rights to selected material recorded at the 1964 Newport Jazz Festival, and gathered enough news and impressions for a number of shows.

He said he was especially pleased by what he saw and heard at WBAI-FM, New York City's listener-sponsored noncommercial radio station: "They do some wonderful things there—and the atmosphere, the attitude of the people, is very stimulating."

Quersin is still active as a musician. He worked with flugelhornist Chet Baker recently and often plays with Belgian guitarist Rene Thomas. He recently wrote the score for a documentary film about plastics and recorded the soundtrack with a group that included expatriate American trumpeter Jon Eardly.

strictly ad lib

NEW YORK: The big-band scene remains fluid, with sidemen coming and going. The latest new faces in the **Count Basie Band** belong to bassist **Wyatt (Bull) Ruther**, who replaced **Buddy Catlett**, and to **Sam Noto**, the former **Stan Kenton** trumpeter, a replacement for **Don Rader**, who left the band a few months ago. **Leon Thomas** is the



Peiffer

new Basie vocalist, replacing **David Allen**. **Lionel Hampton's** band had tenor saxophonist **Frank Foster** in its reed section during its recent stint behind the Metropole's bar. Drummer **Jake Hanna**, long a mainstay of the **Woody Herman Herd**, left the band after its appearance at the Monterey Jazz Festival. Last month, when the band played Shelly's Manne-Hole in Los Angeles, **Ronnie Zito** filled in for Hanna, but at presstime, no permanent drummer was set.

Bernard Peiffer kicked off a 46-city coast-to-coast concert tour for Columbia Artists Management with a concert in Philadelphia Oct. 3. Peiffer will give recitals in a number of small cities during the tour. The French-born pianist is the first jazz artist (save the sometimes jazz-tinged pianist **Don Shirley**) to be signed by the concert agency.

South African trumpeter **Hugh Masakela** (husband of singer **Miriam Makeba**) made his New York night-club debut at the Village Gate Oct. 1. Appearing opposite singer **Gloria Lynne**, Masakela was accompanied by **Larry Willis**, piano; **John Cartwright**, bass; and **Henry Jenkins**,

drums . . . The **Swingle Singers** also will make their local club debut at the Gate. They open Nov. 17. Last month the French singers gave a Carnegie Hall concert, at which the **Oscar Peterson Trio** was the added attraction . . . Blues and folk music come to Carnegie Hall Nov. 7, when producer **Bob Maltz** presents singers-guitarists **Lightnin' Hopkins** and **Mississippi John Hurt**, the **Dave Van Ronk** group, and country music artist **Doc Watson**.

An unusual booking for Birdland was the **George Barnes** and **Carl Kress** guitar duo with singer **Flo Handy**. They appeared opposite **Herbie Mann's** sextet and the long-run **Bud Powell Trio** . . . Pianist **Billy Taylor**, not wasting time since leaving his disc-jockey post, went to the Village Vanguard Oct. 1 with **Ben Tucker**, bass, and **Grady Tate**, drums. Pianist-singer **Mose Allison** and vocalist **Jean Boswell** shared the bill. At the club's Oct. 11 Sunday matinee, the Taylor trio was joined by guitarist **Kenny Burrell** and singer **Dave Lambert** for a history-of-jazz program, which combined music and lecturing. Burrell heads a trio at the Nags Head Inn. His sidemen are **Will Davis**, organ, and **Oliver Jackson**, drums. Lambert and his vocal group, the **Singers Five**, have been booked by **Harry James** for a Las Vegas appearance with the trumpeter's band. Taylor was the moderator at the fourth ASCAP symposium on American music, held at Judson



Lambert

(Continued on page 40)



Drummer Joe Hunt, altoist Don Heckman, bassist Alan Silva, pianist Don Friedman at the Cellar Cafe

PHOTO/RAYMOND ROSS

THE OCTOBER REVOLUTION

TWO VIEWS OF THE AVANT GARDE IN ACTION

By DAN MORGENSTERN

Early fall was briskly cool in New York City, but things were warm and cozy at the Cellar Cafe, on 91st St. near Broadway, where an event billed as "The October Revolution in Jazz" took place.

For four days (Oct. 1-4), more than 20 groups and solo performers, all more or less committed to what has been called the "new thing" or avant-garde jazz, drew audiences totaling more than 700 to the small downstairs coffee house where trumpeter-composer Bill Dixon had set out to prove that "the new music is not ahead of the people—all it needs is a chance to be heard."

Dixon, a tireless champion of the music he believes in, seemed to have proved his point. Off to a slow start at 4 p.m. on Thursday afternoon, the festival was in full swing by 10 p.m. that night, and during the following days' performances, people were asked to wait outside until someone left the packed house. The audience was made up mostly of youths, obviously attentive (in some cases, nearly frighteningly so) and enthusiastically appreciative.

There was music ranging from the solo clarinet of Jimmy Giuffre to the exotic octet of pianist-composer Sun-Ra, from lucid and neatly structured to seemingly formless and ecstatic, from swinging to beatless. There were panel discussions every night: "The Rise of Folk Music and the Decline of Jazz," "Jim Crow and Crow Jim," "The Economics of Jazz," and a composers' panel.

Among the performers were pianists Paul Bley, Lowell Davidson, Robert Wales, Barry Milroad, and Martin Siegel; alto saxophonist John Tchicai's quartet with Roswell Rudd, trombone, Louis Worrell, bass, and Milford Graves, drums; the duo of pianist-composer Joe Scianni and bassist David Izenson; tenor saxophonist Guiseppi Logan's trio; Dixon's own sextet; the quartet of guitarist Julian Hayter; the trio of bassist Ali Jackson; the Don Heckman-Ed Summerlin Quartet; singer Sheila Jordan; the Free Form Improvisational Ensemble led by pianist Burton Green; trumpeters Mike Mantell and Dewey Johnson; the trio of bassist Midge Pike; and the trio of tenor saxophonist-clarinetist Joe Mainira. The panelists included musicians Cecil Taylor, Archie Shepp, Steve Lacy, Rod Levitt, Hugh Glover, Andrew Hill, Teo Macero, Sun-Ra, and Don Heckman, as well as writers Nat Hentoff, Robert Reisner, Herb Dexter, and Martin Williams. Dixon served as moderator.

There was some of the purposeful rhetoric surrounding all movements in the arts (Dixon accused the critical "establishment" of being hostile to the new music, whereas Leonard Feather, in a recent article for *Show* magazine, accused the critics of overpublicizing it), but generally

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By MARTIN WILLIAMS

Jimmy Giuffre, Paul Bley, and Don Heckman are names familiar to readers of *Down Beat*. And probably many readers also have heard of drummer Charles Moffatt, pianist Valdo Williams, pianist-composer Sun-Ra, bassist David Izenson, alto saxophonist John Tchicai. But few will yet have heard of pianist Joe Scianni, drummer Milford Graves, or alto and tenor saxophonist Guiseppi Logan. Or of Dewey Johnson, Barry Milroad, Robert Wales, Alan Silva, Midge Pike, Ali Jackson, Julian Hayter, Martin Siegel, Lowell Davidson, or the Free Form Ensemble. However, I am sure that a few years hence, some of those names will be quite familiar to *Down Beat* readers.

My list and my musings are prompted by a remarkable jazz festival—"The October Revolution"—at a small coffee house, the Cellar Cafe, managed by Peter Sabino. The organizer of this singular event was trumpeter-turned producer Bill Dixon, who presented a festival of "new thing" or "free form" music that was obviously impressive in quantity and, at the sessions I attended, that was often impressive in intention or in quality as well.

I also was impressed by the audience. During the course of the evening sessions, there were sometimes well over 100 admissions sold to the small room, which has a capacity of about 90. And the Cellar Cafe, it is worth noting, is not a Greenwich Village coffee house, and, on W. 91st St., is pretty far removed from any other New York jazz clubs. This attendance came about, mind you, with relatively little publicity for the event as a whole and—for some sessions—without a "name" musician scheduled to appear. Yet people came, knowing what kind of music they were to hear. And they listened attentively and receptively.

Gil Evans also came to listen. So did Ornette Coleman. So did pianist Andrew Hill. And Ken McIntyre. And Cecil Taylor, Steve Lacy, and Archie Shepp came to listen as well as to participate in the midnight panel discussions—you just can't have a jazz festival without panel discussions apparently.

I cannot review the whole festival because I didn't hear it all. But I wish I had. If covered every aspect of the avant garde, as it should have, even if it did not include music by some of the major talents in the new jazz. Some of the music I heard was very good. And some of it only good. Inevitably, some of it was terrible—what passed for improvisation in one group of obvious conservatory students seemed only a kind of compulsive sloppiness that was quite outside the jazz tradition as well.

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TWO-CAREER MAN LOCKJAW DAVIS

By STANLEY DANCE



RICHARD SCHAEFER

YOU MUST BE KIDDING,' Count Basie said as he tore up the new business card he had just been handed.

This was not untypical of the reaction Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis met when he went to work as a booking agent in the New York office of Shaw Artists in June, 1963. Some musician colleagues would not take the move seriously. Some said the job would not last six months. Some said a year—that it would prove too boring, too tiring, and too monotonous.

"Another kind of reaction," Davis recalled recently, "was that I had a God-given talent and that I showed little regard for it by just stopping playing so abruptly. I had never considered it from a religious aspect.

"Then some people wanted to know if I was suffering from anything. Did I have some kind of bronchial disorder? Record fans kept dropping me cards. They were so disappointed, they said, and some suggested I was a defeatist. Did the popularity of other tenor players have anything to do with it? Some of the older musicians thought I had made a good decision, but they felt I should not have discontinued playing. They said I should have tried to arrange things so I could still play saxophone. . . . But generally the comedy bit prevailed, and Ben Webster even composed a poem for me called *Jaws the Booker*, which went like this:

*Jaws is booking now;
Jaws is booking now;
Don't offer him a gig
Or he'll blow his wig,
'Cause Jaws is booking now."*

Later, as people grew accustomed to the idea, the remarks were fewer and quieter. Just occasionally someone would ask Davis "are you still there?" or "have you touched the horn recently?" Doubt nevertheless remained in many minds. Why should such a popular musician have ceased playing?

"There are several reasons why I decided to withdraw," the tenorist said. "And I prefer the term 'withdraw' rather than 'quit' or 'retire'. When you say 'quit', you mean you give up entirely, and when you say 'retire', it usually means you have reached a comfortable financial plateau. Neither applied in my case.

"I withdrew because I found myself becoming stagnant so far as musical progress was concerned. I was repeating a lot. It had to do with the fact that I was playing the same circuit and the same rooms, and that *had* become monotonous. Then I found I had a double job. I had to try to mold the youthful musicians into the type I'd been accustomed to working with. Oversaturation of records with insufficient variety didn't help either.

"Anyway, I began to lack enthusiasm, and one club-owner openly said I had become lazy. So I decided I wasn't enhancing the industry by my performances, and I started thinking about getting into a different area, the booking agencies or the a&r field—working with musicians but not necessarily playing."

The period of transition proved difficult for one who had worked by night and rested by day for two decades.

"Acclimating to the other tribe—the 9-to-5ers—was a big question for some weeks," Davis admitted, but he had an initial advantage in his familiarity with most rooms he was booking into and in his knowledge of the general background of the business. The hardest part, for him, was learning office procedure, the way a firm functions, and understanding the minds of those with whom he was now associated.

"It's a different way of thinking," he declared. "When

you're working as a musician, you're in contact with people who are big spenders, busy drinking, gay, and out for recreation. In the office, the budget mentality rules, with its problems of lunch money and car fare. The people are more settled and determined and not as gay. You have to adjust to this, and it's quite difficult if you've been accustomed to bartenders giving away drinks and all that sort of thing. Here, it was something if anyone gave you a coffee, but they could tell you all about fringe benefits and paid holidays, things I'd never given any thought to before.

"So I became a member of the Budgeters Club, and when I went out at night, I'd become so inhibited about spending that I was afraid of being called cheap. I was taking my daytime mentality out at night!"

SHAW ARTISTS CORP. is one of the biggest talent-booking agencies and handles such jazz artists as Miles Davis, Horace Silver, Art Blakey, John Coltrane, Sonny Rollins, Sonny Stitt, Roland Kirk, Oscar Peterson, Wynton Kelly, Hank Crawford, Shirley Scott, Milt Buckner, Wild Bill Davis, Bill Doggett, and Jimmy McGriff.

Though well acquainted with them and their music, Davis found he also had to familiarize himself with a big roster of rock-and-roll performers. The Coasters, the Drifters, the Contours, the Vibrations, the Sensations, the Shirelles, and the Miracles were only names to him, but now he had to know what they did, not to mention all the singles like Chuck Jackson, Jerry Butler, Marvin Gaye, Percy Mayfield, Major Lance, B.B. King, Fats Domino, Mary Wells, Gladys Knight, Maxine Brown, Betty Harris, Baby Washington, and Doris Troy. He had to check the record charts to see what hits they had last year and what they had going currently. He had to find out how many were in each group, whether they had any musical accompaniment of their own, and whether they were male or female. He listened to them on records and in theaters.

"Rock-and-roll people," he said, "are active more in theaters and on one-nighters than in clubs. Some attractions appeal primarily to a colored clientele, others to a white clientele. We have one or two clubs with a basically white audience. We could send a rock-and-roll group that had a big colored following, and they would lay an egg there. And vice versa. We have expensive colored attractions that don't draw a colored audience. It's a matter of taste and desire, but you can't afford to make mistakes in that area, because it's costly for the clubowner, and it places the account in jeopardy. If you send the client a lemon, he assumes it was done deliberately just to raise the commission. When I had my own group, I used to say, 'You can afford a mistake on the bandstand, but you can't afford one on the highway.' Now I found you could make a mistake in the office but not one with the client.

"It was difficult, too, to sell an artist without a record. It didn't have to be a hit as long as he had made something. It's never a question, with a clubowner, of how good you are but of can you draw? A recording artist has a distinct advantage in that respect, but unfortunately there are a lot of good groups that haven't had the opportunity to record, and that makes it difficult to sell them. People used to call me as though I were a miracle worker, because I was aware of talent. When I found an artist with potential, the best I could do was to advise him on one or two record companies to approach."

The agency itself is divided into two sections, the location department serving clubs on a weekly basis and the one-night department handling dances and all jobs of less than three days. Each section has four agents, among whom the work is divided geographically. Davis is in charge of the East, as far north as Buffalo and as far west as Ohio,

in the location department.

A major objective is to route attractions in such a way that layoffs and big jumps are avoided. To this end, a booking slip is passed out every night to each agent and posted the next day in the route book. The agents can then see at a glance where each act is playing and know where and when to pick it up. In addition to the route book, there is a master book, which shows specifics—the time, place, and terms.

"My three basic instruments as an agent," Davis explained, "are the route book, the master book, and the telephone."

Because he has a bigger and more detailed picture before him than anyone else, the agent obviously knows best about the general health of the business.

"According to the older hands," Davis said, "they've never seen it this bad, jazz or rock and roll. Jazzwise, there's a combination of reasons. A lot of the clubowners have found very few winners. The conduct of many jazz artists hasn't helped—the same old problems like showing up late but a little more profound. Jazz at one time was a happy thing, but now it has become so serious, even depressing in some instances. And there are too many experiments going on now. The experiments should be in the studio, because you cannot expect an audience of musicians every night.

"Clubowners claim there's a lack of entertainment on and off the bandstand. The relationship with the patrons is so distant. The artists stay in the bandroom during intermission or leave the premises, and the patrons feel this. The effect of a small group in a night club was to bring the artist and the patron close, in a way big bands on a big stage never could. The patrons enjoyed this, and it was a success. Today, a lot of them say they're almost afraid to go and ask the name of the artist's latest record.

"This need for entertainment can mean that the music will go in one of two directions. Maybe the older musicians and their values will be accepted again, or maybe the younger musicians will be groomed to realize the need for entertainment. Either way, it doesn't mean you have to become a clown."

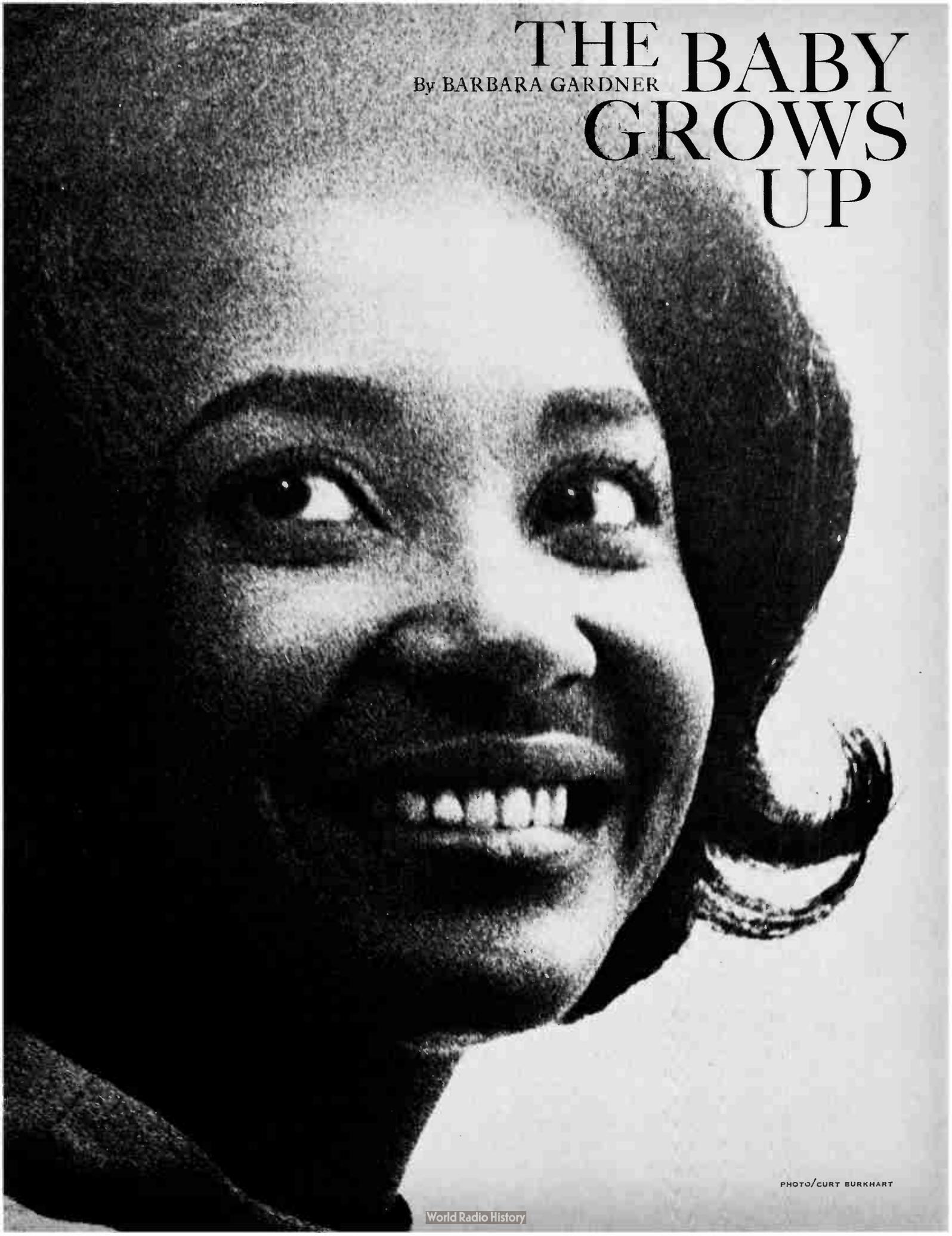
AS AN AGENT, Davis could not perform before a live audience, but he was able to record, and he thought a great deal about this as the backlog of his previously recorded material diminished. Then, in July, Basie notified him that Frank Foster was leaving, and he agreed to take Foster's place on a temporary basis. He secured a leave of absence and returned to his old chair in the band, pending the arrival of Sal Nistico.

"There's nothing, really, to compare with the musician's life for fulfillment and activity, and it will only take a few days to pick up on the horn," he said before beginning his sabbatical.

"My wife originally went along with the change of occupation because she felt it was important for me to have knowledge of another trade, in case I met with some accident or got so I didn't want to travel, but I think in some ways she prefers me to play. She says my personal habits have changed tremendously, that I have become more serious, more meticulous, and more grumpy. Acclimatizing herself to my grouchy appearance on a daily basis, after 20 years, has been quite a job."

Back with the day folk once more, Davis left the office at 4 p.m. on the Friday prior to Labor Day. Crossing New York City's Fifth Ave., he was full of weighty projects for the weekend.

"Think I'll do a little cheffing tonight," he said. "Some sea food, maybe some lobsters. . . ." 



THE BABY
By BARBARA GARDNER
GROWS
UP

PHOTO/CURT BURKHART

FOR ALMOST EVERYONE, it's a difficult trek against the ominous winds of time, which have swept up and side-tracked voyagers of sterner stuff; yet she breezes along like Constellation over Sovereign. Pretty female vocalists are going these days in lots of 12 and bringing little more than a 10th of a dollar. They come, they tarry a tune or so, and then they go, only a little sadder and wiser.

When Nancy Wilson first came into prominence, several qualities marked her immediately, and they all spelled "passing sensation—she'll never last."

To begin with, she shot out of nowhere on a hit record. She was physically attractive; she had both stage presence and personal appeal; she had not a single neurosis on display. She was friendly rather than withdrawn, co-operative rather than temperamental, poised but not blase, confident but not arrogant. In short, she was an agent's dream, and for too long this type of singer could be found only in dreams.

While she never made an obvious effort to avoid the glamor trap, she moved steadfastly, emphasizing her youth and beauty by understatement—little make-up, almost no jewelry, modest dress. Miss Wilson so consistently and naturally adopted the pose of the sweetheart down the block that she won the hearts as well as the respect and ear of a large following.

Nancy Sue Wilson was born to Lillian and Olden Wilson on Feb. 20, 1937. When 4, her parents were divorced, and Nancy and a younger brother, Michael, went to live in a big sprawling house with their grandmother. A bit wistfully, the singer remembers this early period and her first introduction to music.

"It was a wonderful old house, and I can still remember the happiness there," she said, "and music was everywhere. Two of my aunts played the organ as well as the piano, and everybody urged me to sing."

The first song she remembers singing was *Margie*.

"Boy, I guess I've always been a ham," she said and laughed. "I didn't need much persuasion to go into my whole little act." She was still less than 5 years old.

Her father remarried, regrouped his family, and moved to Columbus, Ohio. His second wife, Bertha, was deeply involved in music. She played the piano and sang in her church choir.

Like many vocalists before her, Nancy was involved in a religious quartet and church choirs in her early teens. Also like many of her predecessors, the youngster was unswerving in her determination to reach the night-club and theater stage. When a local television station sponsored a talent contest, she entered and won first place. The prize was a 13-week television show of her own called *Skyline Melodies*.

Almost immediately, she was in demand by local cafes and night clubs. The 15-year-old singer carried her television show, her school program, and her night-time career simultaneously.

"Nobody seemed to bother to check my identification for my age, and I just sang and stayed out of the way, and it worked out all right," she recalled.

After graduation from West High School in 1954, Miss Wilson entered a nebulous period of inhibition, indecision, and frustration. Working only sporadically as a vocalist, she held a number of clerical and routine jobs while she prepared herself mentally to make the decisive plunge into entertainment. Six months after she had enrolled in Ohio Central State College, she made the decision.

"I was just wasting my time," she said. "Really, I knew exactly what I wanted to do, and the courses I was taking would not help me. If I was ever going to be a singer, I would just have to stop stalling around and get out there

and try."

"Out there" proved to be a job as vocalist with Rusty Bryant's band. For more than two years, she traveled with the group. By the end of 1958, the ambitious 21-year-old was ready to move into the next stage of her career. She went east.

New York City was coolly indifferent to the Columbus singer hoping to begin a big-time career there. In spite of touting by established jazz artists who had heard her in Columbus or crossed her path on the circuit, the only exposure she could get was sit-in spots in various clubs where friends interceded. Altoist Cannonball Adderley, then riding the crest of his first popularity, became her mentor. He literally pestered his personal manager, John Levy, into hearing and signing the fledgling vocalist.

Still, after four months of selling handbags by day and making the fruitless rounds by night, young Nancy went back to Columbus to be with her ailing stepmother.

Still resolved to become a singer, she returned to New York in June, 1959, took another day job, and began the rounds again.

"The people at New York Institute of Technology were wonderful," Nancy said of her then employers. "They let me take long lunch hours to make auditions, and they gave me time off whenever necessary. And they were so encouraging! I stayed with them for a long time after I went to work in a night club."

In August, 1959, the break came. Vocalist Irene Reid, performing at the Blue Morocco in the Bronx, broke a leg in an accident. Miss Wilson was asked to substitute for the star for a few nights until something could be worked out. Because of the temporary nature of her engagement, the singer kept her day job and sang by night.

While she was working the Blue Morocco, Levy badgered Capitol records representative Dave Cavanaugh into going to the club. Audition tapes followed immediately, and within a few weeks the newcomer was signed to a long-term recording contract with the company, and a recording session had been arranged. Miss Reid got her job back in April of the following year, when Miss Wilson left to promote—and spiral upward with—*Guess Who I Saw Today?*, her first Capitol release.

MUCH HAS BEEN MADE of the help various musicians have been to her development. But just what did they do?

Miss Wilson hesitated as she pondered the question, opened her big eyes innocently, and haltingly answered, "Well, nobody really did that much for me... I mean, what could they do? They said nice things and introduced me when I came into the club or something, but actually, nobody took me seriously. They thought I was just kidding about being a singer, and by the time they began to believe, I was on my way."

She tottered briefly on the brink of becoming a blues belter in the mode of Dinah Washington. Not only did she possess the brisk, clear voice Miss Washington once owned, but she also phrased and spat out the lyrics with the same passionate conviction of Dinah at her best. This proved a false start, and either by her own decision or through the direction of Levy, Miss Wilson began rounding off the blues corners, running the phrases on smoothly past the arbitrary stops, lagging just behind or running slightly ahead of the beat, taking melodic liberties, and varying her repertoire to include the "pretty" tunes. There remained flashes of blues feeling, but more frequently jazz qualities cropped up, which transformed the Tin Pan Alley material into compelling messages.

Her ability to sing is a natural gift. At no point in her

life has she either doubted that ability or sought to improve upon its quality by formal study or training. She does not read or play music and relies primarily on a keen sense of hearing and her memory in learning and perfecting a new tune. This lack of technical training caused early problems. She was singing every night for hours. She plunged into her performances with abandon and drive, responding eagerly to audience reaction and enthusiasm. She pushed her vocal equipment to the limit.

She had worked to be heard, and now that she was, she tried to control her audiences from her larynx. She belted, shouted, screamed, whispered—and got laryngitis every time she played Chicago with its demanding listeners.

“I couldn’t have kept up that pace for 30 weeks,” she remembered. “Chicago was really the hardest place for me to work in those days. I knew I had to do something else or it would be all over for me before I really got started.”

The remedy she chose was to polish her material and delivery into a sleek supper-club attraction, resorting to the more strenuous delivery only infrequently. She never lost a fan, but the critics and reviewers began to lace their commentaries with words like “slick” and “mannered” and “superficial.”

But the die was cast, and the writers who had been goading the uncommitted vocalist to become either a blues, jazz-rooted singer or a lower-echelon pop singer got their answer: Nancy Wilson was not going to be a burned-out duplicate of Dinah Washington or a road-trotting female Jimmy Scott. She was going to select good special material, pull out of the bag of standards those tunes best suited for her, and sing them in the best jazz-oriented style that would not excessively tax her physical equipment.

That was the deliberate step she took, and it could have ended her brief career had not the subtle metamorphosis begun.

The subtle changes that have marked the vocalist’s style are more intriguing than the strides she has taken toward correcting the technical delivery of her material.

The 22-year-old singer who captivated listeners in the winter of 1959 and spring of 1960 was a haughty, carefree ingenue. She threw her torch lyrics down like a gauntlet. Her entreating tone was edged with defiance, and her manner hinted that this whole business of heartbreak and blues was an old joke she could afford to indulge and scoff at. She was good at the business of delivering a ballad, and she gave each torch song a deliberate twist that revealed more about her influences than about her own feelings. Writers said she often sounded like Dinah Washington, Sarah Vaughan, or Jimmy Scott, and she seldom disproved them.

There was no artistic temperament that would bridle at straightforward criticism. Miss Wilson’s disposition was, and is, even and co-operative. Her quick smile and warm, likeable personality have earned her a string of sacchrine appellations, including “Sweet Nancy” and “The Baby.”

In spite of the tags and labels, Miss Wilson is not a sweet singer. Sophistication and hauteur still are noticeable. Wilson approaches to certain lyrics, but perhaps what those critics and listeners are implying is that there is not bitterness in her approach. This is certainly true—even convincing sadness is only beginning to be transmitted.

The most obvious example of Miss Wilson’s complete re-emphasis of message may be seen in her recording of *I Don’t Want Him, You Can Have Him*, previously recorded by Nina Simone. Miss Simone’s quiet, pent-up delivery suggested despair, disillusionment, and heartache. Miss Wilson’s short, snappy phrases, well-paced dynamics, and glibly spoken ad libs transformed the tune into a challenge.

THOUGH IT is hazardous to speculate about the inner life of another, there does appear to be creeping into the songs of Miss Wilson a note of sobriety. Her singing rings of life in all its various manifestations. She can now deliver a compassionate lyric, and unhappiness is no longer a foreign mood. She has begun to savor her lyrics, and they fall from her lips tempered with urgency and entreatment. Her up-tempo tunes still crackle and vibrate, and she sweeps the listener along with energetic persistence. While she is most readily accepted as a ballad singer, her natural approach to ballads contradicts the torchy pathos of their message. She is gay, witty, cute, philosophical, defiant, appealing, tender, occasionally sad, but never bitter.

She may well owe a debt to Dinah Washington for her blues flavor and one to Sarah Vaughan for sophistication and poise. But Nancy Wilson pays her respects to a single vocalist.

“I owe so much to Little Jimmy Scott,” she said. “I think he’s fabulous. I guess if you can say anybody influenced me, it was he.”

Along with Miss Vaughan, Nancy Wilson is the only working vocalist whose natural and cultivated ability permits her to sing from one end of the spectrum to the other. She is at home with the blues, can deliver a Broadway show tune with zest and conviction, and sing any kind of tune in between.

Nancy’s voice is crisp and clear. She bites off phrases so sharply that the “s” sound is like a reptilian hiss. The tension-building break in her voice cracks off at will. In recent years she has shown increasingly better control when attempting to improvise.

Her ascent has been unspotted and steady. The popularity that sprang up around the young singer has developed into an almost inspirational love affair between Miss Wilson and her public.

The height to which she has risen in popular appeal seems to have taken everyone, including her manager and herself, unawares. Now, nobody knows exactly at what level the singer is.

In comparison with the seasoned professionals of her craft, she is overpaid and overexposed. But these are different times, and when her relative popularity and gate receipts are viewed alongside comparable young singers, she is underpaid and overworked. More than any established vocalist, she represents the young crop of entertainers for whom entertainment is a business, not a fad or a calling or a ball. She enjoys singing but looks at her profession with clinical eyes.

“I’m not expecting to ever just stop singing, but you never know in this business,” she said. “Right now, I want to make it pay while things are going well. Commercials . . . that’s where the money really is. A few hours’ work at the most, and the checks just keep rolling in all year.”

THE FAME and popularity she enjoys has altered the basic personality of the singer very little. As she becomes more established as a star, she seems to retreat farther into the realm of the commonplace and ordinary in private life. Traveling, she tries to avoid the posh hotels and, wherever possible, lives obscurely in the homes of her friends across the country. Offstage, she is a wife and mother, peering out from behind black-rimmed glasses, with little or no make-up, and wearing simple, comfortably fitted clothes. She melts inconspicuously into the crowd whenever possible.

It is easy to become a bit suspicious of her love and trust of people until one remembers that she has had no reason to do otherwise. Her life records a series of objectives, all easily reached. The few months she spent getting estab-

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APPLE CORES

By LeRoi Jones

Ed. Note: This column is the first of a series by LeRoi Jones dealing with avant-garde jazz activity in New York City. In addition to being an outspoken jazz commentator, Jones is well known as a poet, playwright, and author. In the last two years, he has become one of the most provocative spokesmen for the "new jazz."

Where, finally, will the new musicians find to play? The clubowners, who are, at best, hip bartenders, are not really responsible. They don't know anything (except the sound of falling coin, and, recently, unable to discover "where the jazz public went to," they haven't even been able to hear that, since weekend-only policies, rock and roll, ragtime comedians, literate *Porgy and Bess* poetry readings . . . all have added little to the kitty; wearily, they go back to their ol' jazz buddies).

It's too bad, because now's the time, really, for some of these owners to start booking the newer groups and pick up on an audience that's just waiting for some place to go. Coffee shops and lofts have taken up some of the slack, but there are still too many originals walking around with just about no place to play.

Slug's, a lower-east-side bar, recently got Paul Bley-Dave Izenon in for a weekend. The night I listened, Izenon was doing some beautiful things, playing the fiddle with all of his hands, at maniac tempos. Bley seems less able to give his melodic notions any rhythmic aggressiveness, and many times it is like listening to heavy smoke. But Izenon moved him, or provided a contrast that seemed to move him, enough times to make the whole sound come together prettily.

Some citizens have tried to organize jazz clubs, European style, to meet in lofts on weekends, with some kind of club structure, to make the whole thing legal. Until there are public places, the music will have to be heard underground. Another idea was to start a church. I think 17 citizens is all you need to start a religion or at least get a church to use as your covering story. The sanctified churches blow half the night. If you have a church sign, you can go into almost anything. . . .

One citizen a month or so ago gave

a party at the closed-up Jazz Gallery. (Since JG days, it has been umpteen unsuccessful coffee shops, the last being the Ski Lodge, with appropriate trappings.) Saxophonist Albert Ayler, with drummer Sonny Murray and bassist Gary Peacock, was one group. Trumpeter Don Cherry sat in with them a great deal, although he was leading another group. A lot of young musicians got a chance to play. Tenor saxophonist Archie Shepp had a group that featured Allen Shorter on trumpet (he's tenorist Wayne's brother and definitely, already, into as much as Wayne); Don Moore, who played bass with the New York Contemporary Five in Europe; and Edgar Bateman on drums.

Cherry's group featured a very strong, beautiful tenor player from Little Rock, Ark., Farrell Sanders. I'd heard him a few months earlier in an east-side coffee shop with drummer Charles Moffat's quartet, which featured Carla Bley on piano. Sanders is out of the John Coltrane bag, but that bag became bigger—a long time ago—than Coltrane knew. Sanders is putting it together very quickly; when he does, somebody will tell about it. But he can play now. Altoist Paul Allen was the other horn in the group, and he can blow—toward a smoother groove, but complicating. Billy Higgins was the drummer, and bassist Jimmy Garrison also sat in half the night. There was a lot of very strong playing, a lot of beautiful images. It was even a good night.

On Monday and Friday afternoons, a practice big band under the leadership of Cedar Walton meets at the Five Spot. Musicians such as Clifford Jordan, Roland Alexander, Pat Patrick, Don Moore, Frank Haines, Reggie Workman, Martin Banks, Clarence (C) Sharpe, Garnett Brown, Julian Priester, Tommy Turrentine, Farrell Sanders, J. C. Moses, and quite a few others have been coming by so far. One arrangement the band's playing is by Jordan—it's like complicated Basie. Some other near-Basie arrangements are being gone over too. The whole idea's good, especially when so many players don't have a place to play otherwise.

A few fine LPs have passed through my fingers recently. *Evolution* (Blue Note 4153) is a sextet led by trombonist Grachan Moncur III. This is the

core of the group (Jackie McLean, alto saxophone; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraharp; and Tony Williams, drums) that played on McLean's last album, *One Step Beyond* (Blue Note 4137), a marvelous thing. On *Evolution* Bob Cranshaw is the bassist, replacing Eddie Khan. Lee Morgan is added on trumpet, and he adds a lot—some of the best Morgan I've ever heard, with all those quick doodling phrases and tricky lipping he makes into useful musical artifice—and singing!

The whole group is strong and gives a fresh meaning to "swinging." McLean plays hard and raw, the way he does, muscular and right up on the beat. He's been strong for a long time now. Williams is already a master at what he does. Solos of his, such as the one on *Saturday and Sunday*, on the McLean side, or his work on *Air Raid* or *Evolution*, on Moncur's date, show that he is well into his own thing. Williams breaks up rhythm into personal intervals, as pulse, rather than beat, though the beat is there.

He's unlike another young drummer, Sonny Murray (who played with pianist Cecil Taylor for four or five years and with Albert Ayler, Gary Peacock, and Don Cherry), now in Europe. Murray takes the drums to, as far as I've heard, an even farther shore. Murray's intervals, his pulsations, are completely arbitrary. Williams' only seem to be. . . . To be sure, they are very different drummers, but each is saying something important. In fact, they are probably the most exciting young drummers on the scene now (some others, of course, are Billy Higgins, Dennis Charles, Eddie Blackwell, Joe Chambers, J. C. Moses, and Charles Moffat).

Where Williams "places" his sounds, i.e., arranges them in relation to the whole musical organism, his solos still seem at times almost completely autonomous (as on *Saturday and Sunday*), but there is always a carrying rhythmic drive, making the solo an ever-changing commentary on the rest of the music as well as serving to balance the improvisation.

Murray, however, does not place his sounds—he plays the drums as a musical entity, inseparable from the entire musical feeling, balanced only by the

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LIFE WITH FEATHER

Part II of a critic's autobiography
By LEONARD FEATHER

"Twelve Days in New York," read the streamer *Melody Maker* headline in the five-part series devoted to my maiden voyage to the United States. The series itself tells only those aspects of the story that seemed relevant then. It took years, even decades, to clear away the mist of youthful, naive exuberance and reveal some of the inner meanings of this impact.

I checked in at the President Hotel on 48th St., knowing nothing of it but the vital detail that it had a basement club, Adrian's Tap Room, in which Adrian Rollini presented small swing groups. But my first musical stop was the Apollo. I quote from *The Melody Maker*, Aug. 31, 1935:

"Last year it had one of Harlem's three stage shows, but now it is the sole survivor. . . . The biggest item in this week's show was Bessie Smith, billed as 'the world's greatest blues singer,' who proclaims racy lyrics in a strange, throbbing voice. . . . I was told that Bessie was not at her best; I confessed to having remained unimpressed."

This stuffy observation was early English for "Bessie was very drunk." When John Hammond introduced me to her after the show, she was in pathetic shape. It was my first and last glimpse of her. She was 10 years past her prime, and there were possibly a hundred Americans (95 of them white) who had even a slight realization of what she had stood for in the artistic history of the 1920s. To most whites, she was unknown; to almost all Negroes, she was a half-forgotten vaudeville performer.

From the Apollo it was a short trip to the Savoy Ballroom, at 140th St. and Lenox Ave.:

"Up one flight of stairs and straight into a very long, narrow and low-roofed hall with tables grouped along one side and two adjacent bandstands against the opposite wall.

"I wish I could explain how far removed I felt from any world we know as I walked into the Savoy. In the first minute I heard more music than you can hear on any record as long as you live. The fantastic contortions of the dancers, who have no respect for the conventions of ballroom dancing, and the intense excitement of the listeners as well as the

musicians made this an electrifying experience.

"Whose music? Well, the name may not mean much to you, but one day Teddy Hill and His Orchestra will be right at the top." (This started my career as the No-count Nostradamus.)

I went on to rave about the perfection with which they performed the "glorious" arrangements of Benny Carter and Fletcher Henderson. "Nothing since Duke has given me such a thrill as this brass section. The whole band has an unbelievable swing; the lineup includes 'Choo' Berry, whose tone has improved and whose phrasing is almost the equal of Hawkins'; Dickie Wells, who well may be the best-looking musician in Harlem but still means little as a trombonist; and a young trumpet player named Roy Eldridge who is really great." (My apologies, 29 years late, to Dickie Wells.)

Hammond and I stood glued to a spot near the bandstand, just out of the dancers' way, as the Hill band alternated until closing time (2:30 a.m.) with Gus Gay and His San Domingans, a group composed actually of Cubans who were capable, I reported, of "making a rumba sound the way a rumba has never sounded in England."

I commented that I never visited the Cotton Club during my evenings uptown, because of "the difference between a Harlem specially prepared for snobbish, sophisticated whites and the genuine, unselfconscious Harlem that I encountered at the Savoy Ballroom." But I did take in the Ubangi Club (formerly known as Connie's Inn), where I found "Erskine Hawkins and his Bama State Collegians, a group of young and promising coloured performers led by a trumpeter with almost unlimited range."

At the Mills Music offices, my unofficial headquarters, Al Brackman, a young song-plugger and cousin of Mills, became my good friend and guide. Through him I met men like Alex Hill, a friend and associate of Fats Waller. Alex worked at Mills as a staff songwriter and arranger. It was with him that I visited the top of the Empire State Building; characteristically, I combined rubbernecking with socializing among musicians.

Most of us believe we are free agents in determining the course of our lives; but once we have chosen a basic path, the patterns that emerge are all products of that decision.

As soon as music had become my vocation instead of an avocation, the middle-class English, intellectually sterile associations of my adolescence seemed square (a word that had just come into use) and incompatible with

my social life.

As jazz moves to the center of existence, political and social and racial concerns on which one might have remained uninformed or neutral become auxiliaries of the central concern for the art; even one's love life is governed by the logical associations within a specialized orbit.

By the time I had visited New York three or four times, the sense of belonging (and of wanting to participate) had become strong enough to make a permanent move to the States logical and mandatory.

It was an American publisher, Clarence Williams (I knew the name from his early records with Louis Armstrong), who was the first to encourage me by going to the trouble and expense of publishing some of my music. The day after I met Williams and placed two songs with him, I visited the offices of the New York *Amsterdam News* and arranged to become their London correspondent (and only white contributor, they told me). My fortnightly, unpaid *Uptown Lowdown* column concerned itself with the minuscule London Negro colony and with parties held for such visiting celebrities as the Four Flash Devils at such afterhours places as Jigs Club, the Shim Sham, and the Nest.

One report dealt with Negro musicians in British bands. Historians may note that before Benny Goodman hired Teddy Wilson, another colored pianist named Wilson (first name Garland) was featured with Jack Payne's British Broadcasting Corp. band; Ellis Jackson, a 42-year-old trombonist from New Jersey, was a member of Billy Cotton's palais-de-danse orchestra, and Leslie Thomson, a West Indian trumpeter, was working with Billy Merrin's band. Reginald Forsythe, London-born son of a West African lawyer and a German girl, who had pioneered in 1933 with his use of woodwinds in a jazz ensemble, led his own all-white group at the ritzy 400 Club in London. (Later he went to New York and recorded with a group that included Benny Goodman, John Kirby, and Gene Krupa.)

The trouble with England, it seemed to me, was the near-impossibility of selling anyone on the idea that jazz had any artistic merit or commercial value. Because of a musicians' union ban, no U.S. orchestra could visit us; because of apathy, no British jazz band existed; and there was no jazz combo except a commercial pseudo-Armstrong group formed by a trumpeter named Nat Gonella.

Very occasionally the silence was broken, as when the British Rhythm

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record reviews

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

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

When two catalog numbers are listed, the first is mono, and the second is stereo.

Al Cooper

JUMPIN' AT THE WOODSIDE: AL COOPER'S SAVOY SULTANS—Decca 4444: *Jumpin' the Blues; Jeep's Blues; Looney; See What I Mean?; Little Sally Water; Frenzy; Second Balcony Jump; When I Grow Too Old to Dream; Stitches; The Thing; Norfolk Ferry.*

Personnel: Pat Jenkins, Sam Massenberg, trumpets; Rudy Williams, alto saxophone; Cooper, clarinet, alto saxophone; Ed McNeil or Lonnie Simmons or Skinny Brown, tenor saxophone; Cyril Haynes, piano; Jack Chapman, guitar; Grachan Moncur, bass; Alex Mitchell, drums; Evelyn White, vocal.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

The Savoy Sultans played as the house band at the famous Savoy Ballroom in Harlem during most of the swing era. References to this group are practically nil in books on jazz history, but Stanley Dance has very nicely described their activities in the liner notes for this album.

All these tracks were made and released by Decca between 1938 and 1941. Swing bands played primarily for dancers, and since the Savoy had all of the hard-swinging dancers of that era, the Sultans were virile, hard-swinging musicians.

The writing is limited to simple, rhythmic unison passages mingled with the typical harmonic riff figures of the swing band. The emphasis is on swinging.

Williams and Massenberg were the most frequent soloists for the group, and both oscillate between very good choruses and those not so good. The fast-tempoed *Frenzy* has Massenberg booting along in fine form, but on *Stitches* and *The Thing* he has trouble with control. Williams' solo on *Looney* is a breach of conduct for a jazz musician, but he is in better shape on *See What I Mean?* The other soloists range between adequate and indifferent.

There is nothing here that can compare with such small-band swing-era gems as the Joe Sullivan Cafe Society sessions for OKeh records, the 1941 Art Tatum Deccas, or the Kansas City Seven items; but the distinctive force and flavor of the Harlem jump band of the '30s is captured on these tracks. (G.M.E.)

Dizzy Gillespie

DIZZY GOES HOLLYWOOD—Philips 123: *Main Theme from Exodus; Moon River; Caesar and Cleopatra Theme; Days of Wine and Roses; Walk on the Wild Side; More; Lolita Theme; Picnic Theme; Never on Sunday; Lawrence of Arabia Theme; Carioca.*

Personnel: Gillespie, trumpet; James Moody, alto and tenor saxophones, flute; Kenny Barron, piano; Chris White, bass; Rudy Collins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This is the kind of job one would normally expect to be handled with strings, woodwinds, and the like. Instead, Gillespie just uses his regular quintet instrumentation.

Luckily he had Billy Byers write some arrangements. The material is not always suitable—on *More* and *Caesar*, for instance, Byers and the quintet can do no more than make the best of a bad job—but on several tracks Byers managed,

through skillful use of the two horns and rhythm, to produce arrangements that are valid both as interpretations of the material and as vehicles for the men.

In some instances, such as *Moon River*, it was simply a matter of syncopating the melody. In others there was a need for much more imagination. The most notable success is *Wild Side*, which also happens to be the only track that stretches out a little—it runs to seven minutes—while the others are too short to give anyone much blowing room. *Wild Side* is done as a fast funky waltz, with Gillespie and Moody in fine fettle.

Thanks to the unquenchable talent of Gillespie, the sturdy support of Moody, the competent rhythm section, and the imagination of Byers, this two-star idea was turned into a four-star album. (L.G.F.)

Bobby Hackett

HELLO, LOUIS!—Epic 26099: *Don't Forget to Mess Around When You're Doing the Charleston; Lazy 'Sippi Steamer Goin' Home; Brother Bill; Butter and Egg Bossa Nova; If We Never Meet Again; Gatemouth Blues; Someday You'll Be Sorry; Where Were You Last Night?; Wild Man Blues; Swing That Music; Hear Me Talkin' to Ya; Satchelmouth Swing.*

Personnel: Hackett, cornet; Steve Lacy, soprano saxophone; Sonny Russo, trombone; Roger Kellaway, piano; Al Cernet, banjo; Harvey Phillips, tuba; Ronny Bedford, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Hackett has always insisted that Louis Armstrong is his favorite soloist, and with the backing of first-rate musicians, plus the collaboration of Marshall Brown (who did all of the arranging and, aided by Jack Bradley and Dan Morgenstern, picked the program of Armstrong compositions), this session appeared to have all of the winning elements.

But what a disappointment to hear these musicians ensnared in these tripe arrangements. Brown was given complete direction of this album; he has written as if he is only faintly aware of what Hackett can do and, apparently, with eyes fixed on the pop market.

Mess Around, a blithe and romping tune in the hands of Armstrong's Hot Five (which recorded it in October, 1926), is shackled here with a pronounced, insipid Charleston rhythm. The *Brother Bill* track would not be out of place on a rock-and-roll program. *Swing That Music* and *Hear Me Talkin' to Ya* are both given uninspired, pedestrian treatments.

Brown hints in the notes that there was the pressure of time in getting everything wrapped up before the studio date, and one wonders if the results might have been different if Lacy and Kellaway had been given part of the writing assignment.

Someday You'll Be Sorry, a beautiful tune, has Hackett moving along in good form, but then the listener is left in the air with an ending that is no ending at

all. I was surprised to hear Hackett try *Wild Man*, because the force and stark drama of the original, one of the masterpieces in jazz, is not quite Hackett's forte, but he manages very well by not trying to copy Armstrong and by forging something of his own.

Lacy, Russo, and Kellaway are not given adequate solo space and do not have much to say when they are heard. Lacy is horribly out of tune on *Satchelmouth Swing*. Phillips is a flexible musician, but Brown has him puffing away on 1 and 3 most of the time. Cernet proves the banjo can be used effectively as a rhythm instrument in the 1960s. Bedford is a solid drummer.

Two facts obvious in this album make the disappointment more keen: first, these Armstrong tunes are durable vehicles and deserve attention from contemporary musicians; and second, Hackett's sound is magnificent, but he is boxed in by the arrangements.

This could have, and should have, been a significant album. (G.M.E.)

Andrew Hill

JUDGMENT—Blue Note 4159: *Siete Ocho; Flea Flop; Yokada Yokada; Alfred; Judgment; Reconciliation.*

Personnel: Hill, piano, Bobby Hutcherson, vibraharp; Richard Davis, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Recordings such as this are valuable in that they demonstrate just how successfully and rapidly a new music is being synthesized from the innovations of the avant garde and the traditional jazz structures and procedures.

The work of Hill and Hutcherson is hardly as radically experimental as that of Ornette Coleman or other members of the "new thing" proper, but it does represent a significant and essential departure from the conventions of post-bop.

Their playing, as evidenced here, is ordered and controlled by a recognizable and easily followed formal design, which yet may vary considerably from composition to composition (in contradistinction to the more or less highly formalized harmonic structures of post-bop). As these performances reveal, Hill and Hutcherson want freedom within discipline (is it meaningful any other way?) but do not want their music to be stifled or constricted by an overdependence on structural considerations, be they harmonic or metric.

The ideal would appear to be total group interaction within clearly defined (and somewhat flexible), simple, but thematically challenging forms so that the players would never settle into the rut of merely playing on patterns (read: crutches). In their melodic explorations, they would be propelled by both the forces of the thematic material and the density of the

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group interplay.

This album—Hill's second for Blue Note—is an impressive step along the way.

The collective interaction is of a consistently high level throughout. Davis and Jones are all one might ask of them—and then some. They respond magnificently to the challenges of the pianist's and vibist's playing, making for a textural density and forceful swing that are always as interesting as they are passionate and disciplined. The group response is total, and it is consistently provoking, as in the powerful *Judgment*, a churning vital, four-headed improvisational effort; the rhythmically interesting *Reconciliation*; the swirling mass of *Siete Ocho* (the opening of which recalls a snowstorm); and the jagged *Flea*.

The thematic material Hill has provided is rewarding for the most part but is marred by a certain sameness of conception (no matter the very real freshness of that conception itself), depriving the music of a fuller impact that greater programmatic variety might have imparted.

There is, however, much for the listener to marvel at in these performances. It is a fascinating and illuminating experience simply to follow the remarkably sensitive, inventive interplay of the group, for its commitment to real collective playing is fully as successful as it is total. And listen especially to Davis and Jones. (P.W.)

Roland Kirk

GIFTS AND MESSAGES—Mercury 20939 and 60939: *The Things I Love*; *Petite Fleur*; *Hip Chops*; *Gifts and Messages*; *Vertigo Ro*; *March On, Susan Lake*; *My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice*; *Tears Sent by You*; *Where Does the Blame Lie?*; *Blues for C & T*.

Personnel: Kirk, tenor saxophone, manzello, strich, flute; Horace Parlan, piano; bassist and drummer unidentified.

Rating: ★★½

As the rating indicates, this record is worth owning, but it could have been better. Some of the tracks are short and don't give the soloists enough room. Longer stretches of Parlan's sometimes ruminative, sometimes earthy, always intelligent work would've been welcome.

Kirk doesn't always make the best use of the room allotted him; a few times he switches horns in such a manner as to interrupt his building. His "ensemble" playing is often startling, particularly on the humorous *Gifts*, where he sounds as if he's blowing a leaky bagpipe. One of the more notable tracks is *Fleur*. Here Kirk's singing, full-bodied flute work differs sharply from his normally savage playing of the instrument.

He splits his solo space, not emphasizing tenor saxophone enough for my taste; he doesn't play a bad solo on any instrument but is clearly at his best on tenor. He's improved a great deal over the years and now ranks as one of the better tenor men.

Sonny Rollins seems to have influenced Kirk's tenor work, but Kirk has developed his own identifiable style on the instrument. Though not a harmonic innovator, he makes a fresh choice of notes and employs vocal effects well. His tone has softened and mellowed until now it recalls Don Byas'. Kirk sometimes uses a charging, multinote approach on the up-tempo tunes, but his work falls within the bounds

of good taste. On Michael Fleming's lovely *Tears* he plays poignantly, at times almost crying through his horn.

I'd like to make a suggestion to Mercury: have Kirk record a collection of good standards and blues on tenor only—it could turn out to be the finest LP of his career. (H.P.)

Ramsey Lewis

AT THE BOHEMIAN CAVERNS—Argo 741: *West Side Story Medley*; *People*; *Something You Got*; *Fly Me to the Moon*; *My Babe*; *The Caves*; *The Shelter of Your Arms*.

Personnel: Lewis, piano; Eldee Young, bass, cello; Red Holt, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★★

The Lewis formula for mixing romanticism that out-Garners Garner with a dramatic use of any devices that happen along—Gospel, soul, bossa nova, jazz waltz, you name it—expressed with a very firm and deliberate touch reaches an apogee of polish in this set.

In the shorter selections, Lewis runs through a good sampling of his tricks, including a swinger of a pizzicato cello solo by Young on *Babe*.

But the real showcase for the whole Lewis arsenal is a long *West Side Story* medley in which the skillful theatricality of his development of three tunes (*Some-where*, *Maria*, and *Jet Song*) is carried out to perfection. For all its purple passionate climaxes and use of hoked-up ideas, for all the superficiality of its emotional appeal, this is the kind of glossy, kidding-on-the-square fun that has been sorely missed in jazz for the last couple of decades.

Lewis' trio has been building toward this sort of thing for so long that the three men carry it off now with a mutual sensitivity that enables them to milk every last lustrous drop of showmanship from it. (J.S.W.)

Oscar Peterson

OSCAR PETERSON TRIO PLUS ONE—Mercury 20975 and 60975: *Brotherhood of Man*; *Jim*; *Blues for Smedley*; *Roundelay*; *Mumbles*; *Mack the Knife*; *They Didn't Believe Me*; *Squeaky's Blues*; *I Want a Little Girl*; *Incoherent Blues*.

Personnel: Clark Terry, trumpet, fluegelhorn, vocals; Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★★

The first matter of business here has to do with the liner, not the record. Whoever is in charge of the production of Mercury's liners should have his yo-yo taken away from him for a week because he has placed Peterson in the ridiculous position of seeming so illiterate that he can't spell his own drummer's name. Peterson wrote (or, more likely, dictated) the liner notes and, in three references to Thigpen, his name is spelled Thickpen. Even worse are Peterson's efforts to make a point about Gisa King. King's name turns up several times, once in all-capitals, presumably for emphasis. If the name seems unfamiliar, try saying it aloud and with the realization that it is a concert pianist's. Mercury must have searched a long time to find someone who could perpetrate this.

As for the record, it is a delightful showcase for Terry, who romps through a rollicking display of his various trademarks, including the slyly bent note, the trippingly dancing phrases, and the warm, open-horn approach to balladic material.

On his own *Mumbles* and *Incoherent*, he unleashes a vocal style that is, simultaneously, a wonderfully swinging device and a devastating parody of a large body of wild-eyed vocalists.

The Peterson trio serves primarily as an accompanying group, although Peterson himself takes some solos, which are a bland contrast to Terry's gutty playing. (J.S.W.)

Andre Previn

MY FAIR LADY—Columbia 2195 and 8995: *You Did It; The Rain in Spain; Without You; I Could Have Danced All Night; On the Street Where You Live; With a Little Bit of Luck; I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face; I'm an Ordinary Man; Wouldn't It Be Lovely?; Get Me to the Church on Time.*

Personnel: Previn, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar; Red Mitchell, bass; Frank Capp, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Shelley Manne

MY FAIR LADY—Capitol 2173: *Why Can't the English?; Wouldn't It Be Lovely?; With a Little Bit of Luck; I'm an Ordinary Man; The Rain in Spain; I Could Have Danced All Night; Ascot Gavotte; On the Street Where You Live; You Did It; Show Me; Get Me to the Church on Time; I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face.*

Personnel: Don Sleet, Conte Candoli, Al Porcino, Ray Triscari, Jimmy Zito, trumpets; Mike Barone, Bob Edmondson, Frank Rosolino, trombones; Charlie Kennedy, Justin Gordon, Paul Horn, Jack Nimitz, reeds; James Decker, Richard Perissi, French horns; Russ Freeman, piano; John Bambridge, tuba; Monty Budwig, bass; Manne, drums; Irene Kral, Jack Sheldon, vocals.

Rating: ★★½

It was way back in 1956 that Manne and Previn, as two-thirds of a trio called Shelly Manne and His Friends (Leroy Vinnegar, bass, was the third man) recorded jazz versions of eight songs from the then new hit *My Fair Lady* (Contemporary 3527). This opened the door on a period in which no Broadway show could be considered officially opened until there was at least one jazz treatment recording of its score.

That day has passed, and one can only be grateful, because the situation was usually a two-way strait jacket—the jazz musician was burdened with tunes that were not particularly suitable for him while the score as a whole was deprived of any meaning or merit that it might have had.

But the release of the movie version of *My Fair Lady* has apparently started the whole business all over again. First in line are the two who were the inaugurators way back when, although this time they are going their separate ways.

Previn's approach is much as it was before except that what was once a trio has been expanded to a quartet by the addition of Ellis. Instead of doing eight tunes, Previn now does 10, repeating six.

All in all, the results are far more interesting this time. Previn has become a more secure and discerning jazz pianist than he was eight years ago. He is now more of a swinger, less of a skimmer. And over the years he has developed some amusing ideas about *Lady's* tunes, notably the tango that wanders in and out of *Ordinary* and the use of stop-time behind both piano and guitar solos on *Luck*. The presence of Ellis makes for variety, and the rhythm section, as a whole, cooks strongly behind the pianist.

Manne, on the other hand, has gone for something entirely different, and, while having a basically interesting approach, in one respect he has overshot the mark completely.

Involved is the five-piece group with which Manne normally works expanded on several selections to big-band proportions playing highly imaginative arrangements by Johnny Williams that are strung together so that one track on the disc moves directly into the next. So far, so good. In fact, excellent, for the performances are carried out beautifully, and Williams' writing is very provocative.

The unfortunate aspect was the decision to add vocals that are not only out of character with both the show and the style of Williams' writing but actually go against the character of both. Irene Kral's contributions merely are flat and colorless, but Jack Sheldon's are so totally wrong in every respect that they practically negate all the good qualities that the disc has to offer. His simpering pseudo-hipness not only destroys the original lyrics but offers nothing valid in their place. It is one thing to play a show tune out of the context of the show, but when the lyrics are delivered out of context, the whole idea becomes ridiculous.

The rating for the instrumental sections alone would be four stars. But for the whole disc, even 2½ stars may be high, since the listener has to pick his way through the shambles that the vocalists have made of the project. (J.S.W.)

Sonny Rollins

NOW'S THE TIME—RCA Victor 2927: *Now's the Time; Blue 'n' Boogie; I Remember Clifford; Fifty-Second Street Theme; St. Thomas; 'Round Midnight; Afternoon in Paris; Four.*

Personnel: Thad Jones, cornet (track 4 only); Rollins, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano; Bob Cranshaw or Ron Carter, bass; Ron McCurdy, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Rollins is a musician unafraid to plunge after the truth. He is *in* the world and feels its change. He evidently has been touched by something newer and deeper than the first truths by which his reputation was gained. And he is following its meaning for him. He is not afraid to grow.

Part of this record is conventional and predictable Rollins, but only a small part (*St. Thomas* and *Afternoon*). Other parts of it have jazz at its most stimulating level.

Time is played with great scope and authority and has some good piano by Hancock. *Theme* is played slightly on the fast side, but the group plays it, including cornetist Jones, who sounds fine. *Four* has some very far-out, very successful playing that serves to remind us: the quality of jazz is defined by the integrity of its search.

Rollins' sound seems deliberately hard and not full. In fact, it's ascetic, and this makes broad, expressive gestures all the more moving—as, for instance, on *Midnight*.

This LP is important and exciting music. (B.M.)

Three Souls

DANGEROUS DAN EXPRESS—Argo 4036: *Dangerous Dan Express; Our Day Will Come; Fannie Mae; Op' Man River; Milestones; Hi Heel Sneakers; Greasy Sonny; Past Due.*

Personnel: Sonny Cox, alto saxophone; Ken Prince, organ; George Eskridge or Gerald Sims, guitar; Robert Shy, drums; George Harris, bongos.

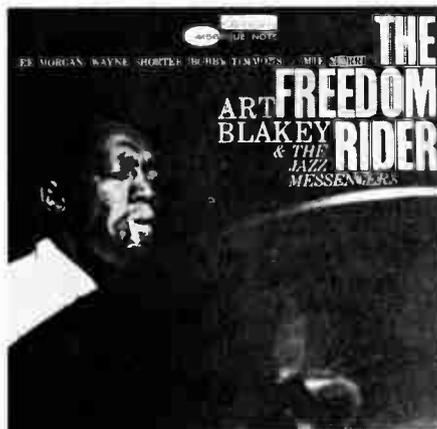
Rating: ★★½

Joe Segal, in his liner notes for this disc, describes the Three Souls' style as "a

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slightly tempered approach to jazz."

That's a fair enough appraisal. There's rock at the root, and Cox' saxophone usually becomes involved in cackles and cluckings and verges on squeals no matter how discreetly he starts out. But he has a full, warm tone when he feels like using it (*Come and Due*), and he shows on *Milestones* that he can bite off the phrases at a fast clip even though the tempo eventually gets him tangled.

Prince's organ stays in a moderate, whistling vein, like a placid calliope. The group riffs along in predictable, unimaginative fashion, producing music that will not necessarily start anyone grinding his teeth in agony but which is not designed to hold one's attention by other means.

(J.S.W.)

Stanley Turrentine

A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK—Blue Note 4150: *One O'Clock Jump; Midnight Blue; Blues in Hoss' Flat; Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most; Cherry Point.*

Personnel: Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Shirley Scott, organ; Earl May, bass; Al Harewood, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

The "old block" is the Count Basie Band, and the chip is definitely not on anybody's shoulder. All tunes but *Spring* are from the Basie repertoire, and the approach is straightforward and easygoing.

The best track is Frank Foster's *Hoss'*, on which the two-horn front line is utilized with sprightly results, while the suggestion of a shuffle beat keeps things jumping. Mitchell, who isn't heavily featured, gets off his best solo here, recalling Joe Newman's effort on the original version.

Turrentine's warm sound makes the lengthy *Midnight* pleasant listening, though his style could hardly be described as adventurous. He is, if anything, somewhat to the right of Gene Ammons. However, he has consistent good taste, doesn't honk or overblow his horn, and plays with a nice feeling.

Much the same can be said for Miss Scott, who also avoids excess, gets from her oft-maligned instrument a sound that is pleasing to the ear, and never strays far from the predictable in her solo work.

This is a kind of jazz that certainly has its place in the spectrum of things, furnishing entertaining and good-natured music for either dancing or backdrop-listening. It is probably at its best in a club atmosphere, with clinking glasses and tapping feet for accompaniment, so this record will serve you well at party time.

(D.M.)

Georg Reidel

JAZZ BALLET—Philips 600-140: *Conversation Symphonette; Three Dancers; Man, Woman, Child.*

Personnel: unidentified chamber orchestra and vocal chorus.

Rating: see below

This record contains ballet music that does not stand up, as music, by itself.

Much of the drama of the works here presented is created by a vocal chorus speaking and singing in Swedish, but no English translation is included with the record. This omission is fatal. The composer, Reidel, intended the text to have at least connotative meaning throughout the pieces, and this, plus the visual ballet, is essential to even minimal appreciation.

It is possible that someone at Philips

thought the music "provocative" enough to stand alone, even while being punctuated by 40 mysterious minutes of Swedish. That someone is wrong. I'm sure that in the theater, to a Swedish audience, these works impact considerable meaning and beauty. But the music cannot be separated from the text, and it loses at least half its value by being separated from the ballet.

Since this album represents such a small piece of the pie, I cannot assign it a rating.

It is possible, however, to say a few things about Reidel's score. It is consistently inventive. Though eclectic in the most dangerous sense, his style is believable. He has evidently been influenced by jazz and classical music of all eras.

I would like to hear Reidel's technique and dramatic scope in a more concentrated, more highly organized work. As this album's music stands, it is just too simple and too dry to be considered seriously alongside the complex classical music or fundamental jazz that was its source material. Yet it is not meant to be pure listening music; so the fact that it is boring is a comment on something besides the music.

Incidentally, just because a tone-row can be made to swing does not mean that its swing can replace the intellectual texture in which atonal music (and especially atonal serial music) has flourished.

Child is the most successful piece, partly because of the groovy 5/4, partly because everyone tries for an engaging, childlike simplicity, and succeeds.

If you have a Swedish friend who will take you to see a performance of these pieces, go. But until the Schubert Jazz Pallet Ensemble troupe arrives in your city, this record will satisfy only the most needy of Swedish ballet music fans. (B.M.)

Cal Tjader

WARM WAVE—Verve 8585: *Where or When?; Violets for Your Furs; People; Poor Butterfly; This Time the Dream's on Me; Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye; I'm Old-Fashioned; The Way You Look Tonight; Just Friends; Sunset Boulevard; Passe.*

Personnel: Seldon Powell, Jerome Richardson, tenor saxophones; Tjader, vibraharp; Patti Bown or Hank Jones or Bernie Leighton, piano; Kenny Burrell or Jimmy Raney, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Ed Shaughnessy, drums; Willie Rodriguez, percussion; string section; Claus Ogerman, arranger, conductor.

Bud Shank-Bob Cooper

FLUTE, OBOE, AND STRINGS—World-Pacific 1827: *When You Wish upon a Star; They Didn't Believe Me; Blues for Delilah; Danny Boy; Put Your Dreams Away; In the Blue of Evening; I Can't Get Started; Sunset and Wine; Tenderly.*

Personnel: Shank, flute; Cooper, oboe; others unidentified.

Ratings: see below

About all they do on these two string albums is play the melody. The result may not be great shakes as jazz (thus no jazz rating), but Tjader's, at least, is one fine piece of listening. Why so I am not quite sure.

Perhaps it is the assemblage of first-rate musicians, perhaps the attractive arrangements, perhaps Tjader's sensitive, haunting work, perhaps the virile rhythm section, and quite probably all of these. The production is certainly superior to that of most such albums, including the Shank-Cooper effort.

Tjader dominates the action on his album. His procedure is simple. He is the only soloist and either opens directly on the melody or precedes it with a short



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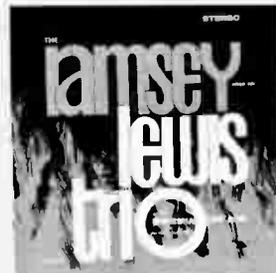
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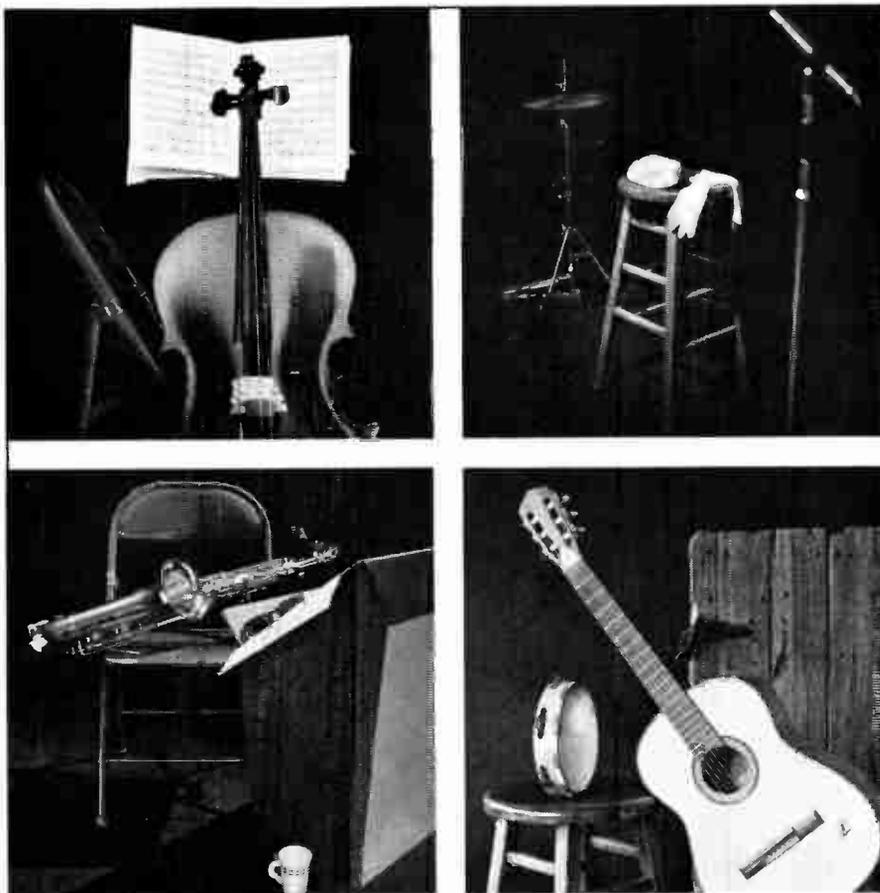
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introductory figure. He may embroider a bit, but except for brief improvisatory passages on *Where or When?*, *Goodbye*, *Look Tonight*, *Friends*, and *Boulevard*, he tells it straight.

Nothing to shout about, eh? It's been done countless times, and now it's being done twice again. But what holds the interest here is Tjader's sound, his subtle harmonies, his sense of dynamics and timing. The sound is shimmering, yet full and resonant, and tempered dynamically with shadings of loudness and softness. He times his notes with equal discrimination, delaying the mallet here, anticipating the beat there, building a structure of sound that is interesting for its variety.

Tjader plays nothing startling, and he offers no innovations; but what he does is done with obvious enjoyment and a good deal of insight into the tunes he is performing.

The vibist's string background is, in general, well handled, though at times I think it unduly intrusive. His rhythm section sings. Whether the piano is played by Miss Bown or Jones or Leighton, the guitar by Burrell or Raney, the comping is choice. Duvivier and Shaughnessy man bass and drums skillfully throughout.

Arranger-conductor Ogerman uses a bossa nova rhythmic base for some of the tunes. Although b.n. is overworked and totally inappropriate in many arrangements, such is not the case here. *People*, for example, is a gem and sounds as if it might have been born in this rhythm.

Ogerman also uses what the notes call a "well-known French jazz vocal group" (actually the Double Six) on *People*, *Butterfly*, and *Boulevard*. The group's contribution is slight, limited largely to rhythmic hums, but it does give the texture of the background more depth.

I had occasion a short while back to finger Ogerman for what I considered a poor arranging job. I'm glad I've got the opportunity to tip my hat to him—and Tjader—now.

The Shank-Cooper affair is mood music, nothing more, and, if one is in the right mood, okay. But the front line here does not play its material with the feeling or the imagination that Tjader reveals.

Shank's flute and Cooper's oboe primarily describe the melody, with a few variations, against a lush but undistinguished background of strings, percussion, etc.

There are moments in *Danny Boy*, *Tenderly*, and particularly *Delilah* (one of two Cooper originals) when something more improvisatory is attempted, but it is not enough to seriously impede the flow of goo. It is, however, pleasant goo and served rather tastefully.

The music is definitely enhanced by the lovely tones of the two men extract from their instruments. The trouble is that not much is done with them; the music, though lyrical and pretty, quite often drags because the musicians seem more concerned with sound for its own sake rather than as a means of individual expression.

In short, this album is ideal as support for romantic maneuvers, but it is of little help if one wishes to come to grips with jazz as a creative experience. (D.N.)

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

A COLUMN OF JAZZ REISSUES

Recordings reviewed in this issue:

Various Artists, *The Sound of Chicago: Jazz Odyssey, Vol. II* (Columbia C3L 32)

Rating: ★★★★★

Various Artists, *The Sound of Harlem: Jazz Odyssey, Vol. III* (Columbia C3L 33)

Rating: ★★½

Jelly Roll Morton, *Stomps and Joys* (RCA Victor 508)

Rating: ★★★★★

The Golden Horn of Jack Teagarden (Decca 4540)

Rating: ★★★★★

Of the 124 selections in these four albums (the Columbia sets contain three LPs each), fewer than half are more than mediocre, though the excellence of the minority raises the ratings. The time period covered among the four albums is from 1920 to 1953, but the bulk settles between '26 and '34.

It would seem we live in the age of too-much. Back in 78-rpm days, collectors would have given their eyeteeth for some of the rare performances reissued here.

For example, few collectors had *Savoyageur's Stomp* and *Symphonic Touches* by Carroll Dickerson's 1928 band, which included in its ranks trumpeter Louis Armstrong and pianist Earl Hines.

If memory serves correctly, the record was issued only in Argentina, making it unlikely that a U.S. collector would have a copy, unless he knew where to find a Latin American Salvation Army store. So now we old-timers can listen to these Dickerson items in the *Sound of Chicago* set. There's some top-notch Armstrong on both performances, particularly his majestically flowing *Stomp* solo, and interesting, off-the-wall Hines work.

But many of the collector's items reissued in Columbia's *Jazz Odyssey* series, especially the New Orleans and Harlem sets, are inconsequential, almost to the point of being bores.

Thankfully, this is not as true of the Chicago album.

There's a fine King Oliver Creole Jazz Band track, *Where Did You Stay Last Night?*, that has some beautiful Johnny Dodds clarinet and rocking ensembles. The other 1923 Oliver items in the Chicago set, *New Orleans Stomp* and *Tears*, are not as good, though each has its moments, including some Armstrong breaks (*Stomp*) and scampering Dodds clarinet (*Tears*).

Dodds and Armstrong are in even better form on *Droppin' Shucks*, made three years later, by Armstrong's Hot Five.

In addition, Armstrong is heard as accompanist to singers Hociel Thomas, Sippie Wallace, and Bertha (Chippie) Hill. *Pratt City Blues* by Miss Hill, a more moving singer than the other two, is blessed by an

exceptional solo and adroit accompaniment by the trumpeter.

Dodds, also heard in Miss Thomas' accompaniment (actually Armstrong's Hot Five minus trombonist Kid Ory), is at his heated, slashing best on the Chicago Footwarmers' *Get 'Em Again Blues*, a spirited performance. Trumpeter Natty Dominique, Ory, and pianist Jimmy Blythe also have solo turns, and Baby Dodds takes some washboard breaks on the track.

Another outstanding performance is Hines' *Monday Date*, a crisp unaccompanied piano solo made in 1928. His bass figures and runs are astonishing in conception and execution. It would be a good idea for Columbia to reissue all the material from the Hines solo date. These recordings, along with the ones he cut the same years for the QRS Piano Co., would open many ears to the great impact Hines had on the development of jazz.

There are two tracks by Hines' big band, *Sensational Mood* (1932) and *Take It Easy* (1933). The earlier performance is notable for a power found in many of the big bands of the late '20s, but the later example has the grace and subtlety of the swing bands of the middle and late '30s.

Easy was composed and arranged by Jimmy Mundy, a quite active writer during the swing era; later in the '30s Benny Goodman, a Chicagoan not heard in this collection, recorded basically the same arrangement, but it was called *Swingtime in the Rockies*.

Among the other pianists heard in the set, two in particular offer inspired playing—Jimmy Yancey and Jess Stacy. Yancey's *Bear Trap Blues* is a moving example of the boogie-woogie pianist's art. It was primitive, surely, but it also was beautifully simple.

Stacy's solo on Paul Mares' *The Land of Dreams*, which is based on *Basin Street Blues* chords, is strong and sure; it should be numbered among Stacy's finest solos. (There also are good choruses by altoist Boyce Brown and trombonist Santo Pecora on the Mares track).

The small swing band of the '30s is well represented by trumpeter Roy Eldridge's eight-piecer doing *After You've Gone*, *Florida Stomp*, and *Heckler's Hop*. *Gone*, the best of the three, has wonderful upper-register Eldridge, driving but controlled.

A surprise item among the album's 48 tracks is the Horace Henderson Band's *Chloe*, made in 1940 while the band was at the Grand Terrace Ballroom, for years the home base of the Hines big band. The track spotlights gorgeous, almost somber, Emmett Berry trumpet in a long—for the time—solo.

But the album's best tracks over-all are those by the so-called Chicago school—the white musicians who took to jazz in the '20s. There are three classic tracks by the Red McKenzie-Eddie Condon group—*Liza* (not George Gershwin's but Condon's), *China Boy*, and *Nobody's Sweetheart*.

Clarinetist Frank Teschemacher, the epitome of a Chicago-style musician with his edgy, clipped, off-the-wall, searing work, is exceptionally good on these

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tracks, parts of which he also arranged (*Nobody's* is the best arrangement). Cornetist Jimmy McPartland also shines brightly, particularly on *Nobody's*. The performances have a roll and wallop to them, thanks mostly to the piano of Joe Sullivan (a no-nonsense player), Jim Lanigan's bass and tuba, and Gene Krupa's driving drumming. The three tracks show how effective shading was to "hot" playing—a roaring ensemble drops down to almost a whisper, which is punctuated by two-bar "flare-ups."

According to the discography included in the set's handsome booklet (notes by John Steiner, noted Chicago jazz historian), the McKenzie-Condon records were cut at two sessions late in 1927 (it had been assumed before that they were all cut on the same day, Dec. 16). Mezz Mezzrow is credited in the discography as being the tenor saxophonist at the earlier session, at which *China Boy* was cut (Bud Freeman always had been given credit for the tenor work on the sides). It undoubtedly is Mezzrow who plays that ho gasping solo on *China Boy*, but if you listens carefully to the last ensemble, you can hear two tenors going at it; the conclusion to be drawn is that both Mezzrow and Freeman were present.

There are two other Teschemacher-dominated tracks in the album—*Indiana* and *Oh, Baby*—recorded in 1928 by a Condon quartet made up of himself, Teschemacher, Sullivan, and Krupa.

The two sides were originally recorded for Australian (!) sale, complete with vodo-de-o vocal efforts by Condon (which unfortunately have been cut out of these tracks). Tesch plays alto in addition to clarinet, but the tracks, while vigorous, do not have the interest of the earlier performances.

Nor do the Condon quartet tracks come up to the quality of Bud Freeman's *Crazeology* and *Can't Help Lovin' That Man*, made, for the most part, with a group of lesser-known Chicagoans—among them trumpeter Johnny Mendel, clarinetist Bud Jacobson, trombonist Floyd O'Brien, and pianist Dave North.

On the two performances there is fine Freeman—feathers-aflying on *Crazeology* but melodic on *Man*, which has an insipid vocal by Red McKenzie—but there also is some memorable work by O'Brien on *Man* and by Mendel in the ensembles of both tunes.

The rest of the tracks in the album have interesting moments, but none has the overall excellence of the records cited. Among the other musicians heard to advantage are clarinetist Jimmie Noone and a number of trumpeters: Freddie Keppard, Bob Shoffner, Doll Jones (a woman), Shirley Clay, Wild Bill Davison (in a rare performance, Benny Maroff's *Smiling Skies*, which also features a good piano solo by Jules Styne, later head of MCA), Ed Allen, and Jimmy Cobb.

The sins of too-much are even more evident in *The Sound of Harlem* than in the Chicago set—or its predecessor, *The Sound of New Orleans*.

In the Harlem album, almost half the 48 tracks feature vocals, generally inexperienced ones on novelty tunes more suited to

vaudeville than jazz. Certainly this was part of the scene in the '20s, but how many examples of novelty singing are needed to make a point?

This is not to say there is not some very good singing in the album—tracks by Bessie Smith, Billie Holiday, Ethel Waters, Fats Waller, and Gladys Bentley—but the amount of singing of lesser quality palls about halfway through the three LPs.

Even so, there are usually good accompaniments to the vocals; trumpeter Johnny Dunn's Jazz Hounds behind Edith Wilson on *What Do You Care?* and Rex Stewart's cornet with Monette Moore on *Take It Easy* are two examples.

There also is Victoria Spivey's *Funny Feathers* with Louis Armstrong's small band accompanying her. Armstrong's solo on this and his vocal on his big band's *Ain't Misbehavin'* (both made soon after he went to New York from Chicago in 1929) are not up to his '20s standard; there's a raggedness and nervousness that were absent from his Chicago work.

And though George Hoefer's detailed tunes—excellently done—have much to say about Harlem stride piano, there is surprisingly little of it included in the album. There are fine piano solos, though, by Eubie Blake on *Sounds of Africa* (more jerkily ragtime than jazz), James P. Johnson on *Keep off the Grass* (good but not as fine as his *Snowy Morning Blues* or *Carolina Shout*, both of which are included in the Johnson set reissued by Columbia a couple of years ago), and Lemuel Fowler on *Satisfied Blues*—all of which were made in the early '20s. Fats Waller's one performance in the album, *Draggin' My Poor Heart Around*, has more of his singing than his playing, though what there is of the latter is well done.

Other interesting tracks are *Down in the Mouth Blues* by the Texas Blues Destroyers (trumpeter Bubber Miley and reed organist Arthur Ray combine to produce a rather macabre-sounding three minutes of music); the Get Happy Band's *In Harlem's Araby* (there's some driving soprano saxophone by Sidney Bechet); *Keep Your Temper* by the Gulf Coast Seven (trombonist Jimmy Harrison is the outstanding soloist); Johnny Dunn's *Bugle Call Blues* (the 1929 seven-piecer had pianist Jelly Roll Morton in it, but the leader-trumpeter's rough-and-tumble playing and a tripping tuba break by Harry Hull provide the best moments); *New Call of the Freaks* by Luis Russell's big band (a fine band track spiced with solos by clarinetist Albert Nicholas, trombonist J.C. Higginbotham, and trumpeter Henry [Red] Allen, plus strong Pops Foster bass work); and *Hot Lovin'* by Clarence Williams' big band (with a good, but unidentified, trumpet solo, Gene Rodgers' piano, and James Archey's trombone, all buoyed by a smooth saxophone background).

The most valuable performances, however, are on the three-LP set's last disc. Most of its 16 tracks are by big bands.

The 1931 Cab Calloway band's *Corrine, Corrina* is not the best Calloway available to Columbia, though the band struts a bit on the going-out chorus. But there is no denying the beauty of Don Redman's

Chant of the Weed (it was the arranger-altoist's band even though Harlan Lattimore is given leader credit) or the grace of the Claude Hopkins Band playing Jimmy Mundy's 1932 arrangement of *Mush Mouth*.

Then there is the well-done *Wild Waves*, arranged by Father White for Baron Lee and His Blue Rhythm Band, and the smoothly performed Edgar Sampson arrangement of *Let's Get Together* by the Chick Webb Band. Another fine big-band track is *Blue Rhythm Fantasy* by the Teddy Hill Band, which had top-notch soloists in reed man Russell Procope, trumpeter Frankie Newton (also well represented in the album with his own small group doing *Brittwood Stomp*), and trombonist Dickie Wells. The Teddy Wilson big band is heard to advantage playing the pianist's arrangement of *Sweet Lorraine* (Ben Webster plays a lovely tenor solo on the track). An unissued master of a Benny Carter band doing his *When Lights Are Low* (with the right bridge) also is included on this third record, as are competent performances by Erskine Hawkins' band (*Uproar Shout*) and Jimmie Lunceford's powerhouse (*It's Time to Jump and Shout*).

The most intriguing track is the 1942 recording of Kenny Clarke's and Thelonious Monk's *Epistrophe* by trumpeter Cootie Williams' big band, unissued until now. The tune was scored by Dave McRae, and the performance has a fair piano solo by Ken Kersey, who seems puzzled by the changes, and a well-constructed chorus by trumpeter Joe Guy, who introduced the composition to Williams. (The leader also was the first to record Monk's *'Round About Midnight*.)

But even with the quality of performance heard on this third disc, the over-all impact of the set is less than shattering; there is simply too much dross to wade through.

RCA Victor cannot be accused of the sin of too-much. On the contrary, the company has been slow reissuing the many important performances it has in its vaults, though this is being overcome with its laudable Vintage series; the Morton record is the third jazz item issued in the series (the others were by Coleman Hawkins and Duke Ellington).

The Morton set is welcome—mostly because there are so few of the pianist's records available. But as good as it is to have a new Morton reissue in hand, there is no denying that *Stomps and Joys* is not the best Morton—the cream is in *The King of New Orleans Jazz* (RCA Victor 1649), which is made up, for the most part, of the records Morton cut in 1926 and '27 in Chicago.

Stomps and Joys contains performances recorded after the pianist left Chicago to live in New York City. The period covered is 1928-'30. Of the 16 tracks, 13 are by various instrumental groups (ranging from trio to tetet), two feature Morton accompanying singer Lizzie Miles, and one is a piano solo.

The best tracks are those made June 11, 1928—*Shreveport Stomp* (by a trio), *Mournful Serenade* (a quartet), and *Boo-*

gaboo (seven men).

Clarinetist Omer Simeon, who was on the '26 Chicago sessions, is heard on all three. His horn is munching and moaning, conjuring up the illusion of drunken reeling, on *Boogaboo*; his slurring and shading are well done on *Mournful*; and his low-register playing is effective on *Shreveport*, though his middle- and upper-register work are a mite stiff in the track's first half.

It appears that Simeon's excellence explains at least part of the difference in quality between these three performances and the later ones, all made in 1930, for none of the other clarinetists achieves Simeon's grace or matches his imagination, not even the veteran Albert Nicholas, who sounds ill at ease on *Low Gravy*, *Strokin' Away*, *Blue Blood Blues*, and *Mushmouth Shuffle*. The fault might not all be Nicholas', though, since parts of his solos sound as if they were written or directed by Morton, who did such things often, sometimes with brilliant results, as with, say, trumpeter George Mitchell on *Dead Man Blues*, made earlier in Chicago.

But weak personnel was not the only thing that plagued Morton in 1930. Judging by others' records made at the time, jazz fashion was passing the New Orleansian by, a sad commentary on the impermanence of style in jazz.

The New York sessions are generally looser, more sprawling, than the Chicago ones; the ensembles do not have the "rightness" of the earlier records, probably because the musicians were less ensemble players than soloists.

And the performances in the Vintage album do number some wonderful solos in addition to Simeon's—by Morton, who retained his pianistic aplomb no matter what was going on around him; trombonist Julius (Geechy) Fields, whose growling solo on *Mournful* and straight-ahead work on other tracks are delightful; trumpeter Bubber Miley, whose plunger-muted growling, though not much in keeping with the Morton style, is best heard on *Pontchartrain*; and, most especially, trumpeter Ward Pinkett, who, whether playing muted or open, turns in excellent solos on practically every track, particularly *Pontchartrain*—he sounds very much like George Mitchell, probably a result of Morton's direction. Pinkett, in fact, is as much the star of this record as Morton.

Morton's solo piano track, *Seattle Hunch*, similar to his *Mr. Jelly Lord* in construction, is a good example of his style—hot with plenty of breaks.

The two Lizzie Miles tracks, *Don't Tell Me Nothin' 'Bout My Man* and *I Hate a Man Like You* are uneventful, though Morton's rolling bass on the slow-tempoed *Hate* is interesting and Miss Miles' singing is highly competent.

In addition to the performances mentioned, the album contains *If Someone Would Only Love Me*, *Harmony Blues*, *Primrose Stomp* (which has three saxophones), and *Fickle Fay Creep*.

Whoever selected the material for *The Golden Horn of Jack Teagarden* should be congratulated for his taste and discretion; most of the 12 tracks have not merely "competent" Teagarden trombone playing or "representative" solos by him but some

of his finest recorded work.

The album's outstanding tracks are by a 1931 group of all-stars led by violinist Joe Venuti and guitarist Eddie Lang playing *Beale Street Blues*, *Farewell Blues*, *After You've Gone*, and *Someday, Sweetheart*. There is stunning work by all the soloists—in addition to Venuti, Lang, and Teagarden, there are clarinetist Benny Goodman and trumpeter Charlie Teagarden.

The trombonist's solos are almost classic in their beauty: his last eight bars of *Someday's* first chorus build upward, opening like a flower; his *Farewell* chorus is marvelously direct, with no lost motion or needless notes; and his brief solo on *Gone* is filled with short cadenzas that finally break into double-time, an example of the man's fine sense of construction.

Teagarden's ability to fit short cadenzas, not necessarily in strict tempo, into his solos also can be heard in *Body and Soul*, made in 1953 with his own small band. His loose-jointed, beautifully constructed solo on the track is a masterly piece of work.

The album has a 1929 performance of *Basin Street Blues* by a Red Nichols group that included some noted Chicagoans—tenorist Bud Freeman, pianist Joe Sullivan, and drummer Dave Tough. Teagarden's solo, played on 12-bar blues changes, is very much like his first chorus on *Knockin' a Jug*, made three months earlier with Louis Armstrong. Clarinetist Pee Wee Russell, though, has the best *Basin Street* chorus, an aspirate, emotional one, with a touch of Frank Teschemacher to it.

Armstrong also is heard on the album, in a 1950 version of *My Bucket's Got a Hole in It*. Both brass men are in fine form. Teagarden ably backs Armstrong's vocal, never getting in the way, and also offers a warm solo; and Armstrong's trumpet is movingly melancholy leading the ensembles.

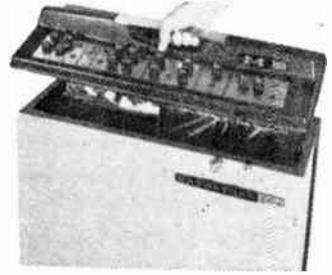
Riverboat Shuffle and *Davenport Blues* are from a 1934 session led by bass saxophonist Adrian Rollini. The tunes are deftly, though tamely, arranged and were meant, I imagine, as some kind of tribute to Bix Beiderbecke, since both tunes were associated with the cornetist. Goodman also is present on these tracks and solos well on *Davenport*. Teagarden is his usual flowing self on both tracks.

Teagarden's playing is more heated at a 1944 Eddie Condon session. The album includes *The Sheik of Araby* and *Somebody Loves Me* from the rather sloppy date, which, nonetheless, produced some great Bobby Hackett cornet work on *Somebody* and good Pee Wee Russell on *Sheik*, in addition to Teagarden's well-done tromboning. *Rose of the Rio Grande*, from a 1947 Condon session—this one better organized—completes the LP.

The music in the Teagarden album is so well done and stimulating that, after listening to it several times, I found myself wanting more. Which, they say, is the first rule of show business, and maybe those in charge of reissues at various record companies could learn something from the business there's no business like.

—Don DeMicheal

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LOUIE BELLSON

'Anything that Duke does, I like. He just seems to have a sixth sense about things turning out so good... he's great for getting guys to just come out with their personality.'



THE RECORDS

1. Max Roach. *Nica* (from *Parisian Sketches*, Mercury). Tommy Turrentine, trumpet; Roach, drums; Bob Boswell, boss.

The composition is very good, and the soloists are too. Liked very much the trumpet solo—he is so nice and lyrical; got a good selection of notes. The drummer too—I like his solo, the little idea he used instead of making a strict drum solo for one or two choruses, he let the fill-in, or the bass, ride through, and he just put in the important things. An excellent idea.

I'm still trying to identify the soloists—I'm afraid to say who they are, I may take a bad stab at it. It wouldn't be Art Blakey playing drums, would it? Four stars.

2. Duke Ellington. *Nonviolent Integration* (from *The Symphonic Ellington*, Reprise). Cat Anderson, trumpet; Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Paul Gonsalves, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet; unidentified oboist; Ellington, piano, composer. Recorded in Hamburg, Germany.

That sounds like *The Symphonic Ellington*, although I haven't heard that particular side. This sounds like Johnny Hodges on alto. . . . It sounds like Jimmy Hamilton, and then it doesn't sound like him. I can't identify the tenor saxophone because it's not Paul Gonsalves—doesn't sound like him anyway. Sounds like Cat Anderson on trumpet at the end. . . . This is probably one of the things Duke did in Stockholm.

Of course, anything that Duke does I like. He just seems to have a sixth sense about things turning out so good. . . . But I liked especially the marriage between the strings and what he did with the band. He didn't confine the strings to just whole notes and half notes, which most guys do, but he gave them little pizzicato things and little staccato things in there, which works out beautifully. I don't know who did the scoring, but I imagine Strayhorn and Duke did most of it, even for the strings.

That little oboe solo in there, at the beginning—was that one of the members of the Stockholm orchestra (or wherever it was)? He wasn't a jazz player, of course, but I imagine Ellington picked him out and said "there, you play that the way you hear it" because he's great for getting guys to just come out with their personality.

Five stars. All the solos are good, and the initial idea is tremendous.

3. John Coltrane. *Alabama* (from *Coltrane Live at Birdland*, Impulse). Coltrane, tenor saxo-

phone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

That's one of those free-form things I guess you'd call it, which I enjoy because the musicians still have form; they know exactly when to go into a little swing segment and when to make it a free form, and the musicianship is very good.

The drummer sounds very good, all the things he does are very clean. . . . The tenor saxophone I can't identify, but overall I think it's fine. Even though it's free form, there's still some texture there; they know exactly where they are and what they're doing. It has some continuity—sounds like the musicians are listening to each other, and, to me, that's good musicianship. I give it four stars.

4. Count Basie. *Amaroso* (from *The Legend*, Roulette). Frank Foster, tenor saxophone; Basie, piano, cowbell; Charlie Fowlkes, claves; Thad Jones, cymbal; Eddie Jones, bass; Sonny Payne, drums; Benny Carter, composer.

First of all, that's Benny Carter's *Amaroso*, and I think it's Basie. Benny did an arrangement for us on that tune. I'm inclined to think it's Basie, and then it isn't. . . . It's very, very good. Benny Carter is like Ellington, as far as I'm concerned—he can do no wrong.

It sounds like Sonny Payne had some help there; Freddy Green maybe played the little shakers, and somebody in the reed section played the cowbell, to give him a hand on the rhythmic thing, and the tenor solo is either Frank Foster or Frank Wess; can't tell which, but it's done very well.

As for comparing Basie's new band with his old, there isn't any one time that I've heard the band that it didn't impress me. Four stars.

5. Benny Goodman. *Dearest* (from *Together Again!*, RCA Victor). Goodman, clarinet; Gene Krupa, drums; Lionel Hampton, vibraharp; Teddy Wilson, piano. Recorded in 1963.

That's very interesting. My first impression was: this sounds like Pete Fountain playing. And I know he gets ribbed all the time where he sounds like Benny Goodman, but he's such an excellent clarinetist, he plays sincerely from the heart. . . . And I was going to say Jack Sperling until the solo, and then it sounds like Gene to me.

Then I thought, well, maybe this isn't Pete—it's got to be Benny. So I changed

BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

It had been a long time between visits. Louie Bellson's only other *Blindfold Test* was in *Down Beat*, April 22, 1953. That was a dual-control affair, with Mrs. Bellson sharing the reactions. The interview below is Bellson's first solo flight.

In the last few months, Bellson has fronted three different orchestras in New York, Chicago, and Hollywood. A consensus of critical comment from the three cities indicates that all were admirable groups. They used the same book, of course, with its strong compendium of arrangements by Al Cohn, Benny Carter, Marty Paich, Bellson himself, and several others.

Bellson, of course, is not only one of a handful of totally equipped drummers and a skilled, resourceful arranger but also a dogged believer in big-band jazz, with which he has been directly involved since his earliest gigs with Ted Fio Rito and Benny Goodman some 21 years ago. He is a tolerant and good-natured listener to almost every brand of jazz. He was given no information about the records played.

my mind—it's got to be the original quartet, but it sounds like maybe they did it in the last couple of years. The little introduction and the ending sounds like something they may have added to the things they used to do.

Gene's style, for one, has changed quite a bit. I appreciate his wonderful efforts—he's forever trying to do something different and stay with the modern kids. You know, he never puts anything down, which is great. Benny is probably a little more strict than Gene, but he still sounds great, and, of course, he's contributed so much, and he does have such a beautiful sound on clarinet.

Sounds like Teddy—he's another guy who can really play a multitude of styles.

I'd give it four stars, because it's good honest music.

6. Red Nichols. *New Orleans Blues* (from *Blues and Old-Time Rags*, Capitol). Nichols, trumpet; Jelly Roll Morton, composer.

Well, you know, the musicians themselves—I'm sure they're good musicians, but I don't get the idea of the tune. It sounds like maybe a bunch of good musicians were called in on a record date to try to get a hit record, and they were using a little bit of Latin—I don't know the purpose of the record, really.

The composition itself sounds like it could be almost anything, any commercial type of tune. . . . sounds pretty dry.

That isn't exactly my cup of tea. I'm sure they wouldn't reach the cha-cha dancers with it, or the jazz fans either. One star.

7. Woody Herman. *El Toro Grande* (from *Encore*, Philips). Herman, clarinet; Sal Nistico, tenor saxophone; Jake Hanna, drums; Bill Chase, composer, arranger.

Very interesting. Arrangement very different, good tenor solo, drums sound good. I can't identify any of the players or the band, though. Ensemble-wise I think the band played very good. They have a lot of fire, exceptional amount of spirit, and I thought the arrangement was very interesting. Three stars. Was it Woody?

8. Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland. *Sonor* (from *Clarke-Boland Big Band*, Atlantic). Ronnie Scott, tenor saxophone; Clarke, drums.

That sounds like Woody's band again, the new one, judging from the last track. Of course, the tenor man sounds a little bit different. The solos are very good; the rhythm section is fine. It's a very spirited band. . . . I'd give it four stars.

speaking, the musicians comported themselves in an unpretentious manner and chose to let their music speak for itself.

Not having attended the entire event, I can't give an evaluation of anything but a fraction of the music performed. But on this basis, it seems apparent that there are all kinds of approaches to the jazz heritage and the jazz future included in what is labeled the "new thing." Yet, what these different kinds of playing have in common is perhaps sufficient to justify the application of this generalized nomenclature—at least until a more fitting label is invented.

The "new thing" is an expression of dissatisfaction with the status quo, a refusal to accept existing conventions, a restless, often furious assault on the present and most of the past. But withal, it is infused with an underlying romantic yearning for joy, acceptance, and that indefinable something called "freedom."

It is often exasperatingly diffuse, verbose, undisciplined, and chaotic. But it is also frequently capable of producing moments of rare beauty, of breathtaking intensity, of surrealistic humor, and of that inspiring communication of musical discovery happening right here and now that is the charm and power of jazz.

But is it jazz? Some of the main elements are lacking. There is little of what we have come to know as "swing." There is often none of the formal organization found in most jazz—rhythm section and melody instruments, solo versus ensemble, strict time, etc. Yet, the sound and feeling is often of a kind peculiar to jazz as we have become accustomed to it, and it is certainly not "classical" music in any sense of that ill-defined word. Whatever it may be—and one often has the feeling that even the musicians don't quite know what they have hold of; it is a music in flux, if anything—it must not be burdened with comparisons that are unwarranted.

To accuse a drummer of not swinging when he doesn't want to achieve swing in the sense that his critic has in mind is unfair and pointless. To demand adherence to formal patterns that the musicians are obviously rejecting is as foolish as taking a painter of geometric abstractions to task for being nonrepresentational.

That old rules and standards do not apply does not mean there can be no standards and no valid criticism. The danger of the "new thing" is that it may lapse into musical charlatanism and incoherence, and it is incumbent upon those who have something to say musically to learn to say it as clearly

and convincingly as possible. One can always find an aura of uncritical acceptance for "rebellious" art, especially among the young and easily swayed. But such an atmosphere is not conducive to the rigorous demands of an art and craft such as music. And the "new thing" is by its very nature more obscure and less easily communicative than earlier forms of jazz.

The "October Revolution" has demonstrated that there is an audience for the new music. But the 700 people who were able and willing to pay \$1 to hear experimental and unconventional music in an atmosphere conducive to undisturbed concentration may not be willing or able to pay three or four times that much to sit in a noisy night club and hear one or two of the same groups perform in a setting less inspiring to the musicians as well, or to shell out the minimum \$2.50 required for concert tickets.

For with a very few exceptions (dependent upon instrumentation and/or content), this new music is not for casual listening.

To vent bitterness and hostility upon the jazz "establishment," which is far from being so well established that it can be considered a just target for such attacks, is a dead-end road for practitioners and supporters of the new jazz, which, by its own nature, is a form of 20th-century "art music" rather than that unique blend of popular and "true" art that has been (and is, and will be) jazz as we know it.

The new music needs special handling. Above all, if it is to survive, it needs to be subsidized, either by private foundations or by government grants. The new jazz players are as deserving—if not more so—than the painters, poets, classical musicians, and writers who are now among the recipients of such aid.

The fact that the two fountainheads of the new jazz—Cecil Taylor and Ornette Coleman—are not working steadily, or hardly working at all, is the clearest proof that this is the situation. This music cannot, and for its own future and sanity, should not, compete with Brubeck, Adderley, Peterson, and jazz-tinged vocalists in the marketplace.

Just as jazz spawned much of American popular music in one direction, it has now spawned an offspring in the other direction. In this respect, the "new thing" is a new thing indeed. And if anything was proved by the success of the "October Revolution," it is perhaps that the "new thing" needs to be viewed not as what is going to take the place of, but rather as what will independently exist (and must be helped to exist) alongside the music we know as jazz. For it is in its nature that it will go "further out" as it grows; it is not a music of compromise. 

One young player announced he was about to perform a piece inspired by the character of his wife. What came out was a piece inspired by a few bars of Ornette Coleman's *The Blessing* followed by a few bars of Coleman's *Tears Inside*. But that is the sort of thing we do when we are young and learning, the sort of thing we do without really knowing we are doing it.

In organizing the event, Dixon obviously brought off something that was worth bringing off for its own sake. But he also proved a couple of things.

Dixon proved there is an audience for the new jazz. It is young. It is attentive. It is growing. And it wants to hear the music live. And as I have said before, it seems that any club-owner who wants to stay in business had better become aware of this audience and start trying to curry its favor by booking some of these musicians. A few years from now, he may wish he had started to develop a younger clientele when the time was right.

Dixon also proved that the music is here—that young musicians are playing the new jazz. Of course, he presented only a couple of dozen groups which were available and willing to appear at a "showcase" festival in New York on a certain weekend in late 1964. But this much interest surely indicates that there are hundreds of other groups out there.

The music needs the return of Ornette Coleman to active playing, I know. Hundreds of young players are learning from his records, but his last public appearance—the Town Hall concert of a couple of years ago—had musical elements beyond anything on his records. (Incidentally, we should be straight about this: all that Coleman's return needs is his own decision to return. He gets offers all the time, but, for his own reasons, he chooses not to accept them.)

Meanwhile, the music is here. I heard a young drummer who played percussive lines through a performance, with no time-keeping whatever—no ride cymbal, no steady bass drum. Yet his work was continuous, sustained, and logical; his momentum never let up, his appropriate attention to the horn soloists never waned, and their sense of tempo was never interfered with. I heard horn players who accept the challenge of frameworks for improvising that are stirringly fresh and unhackneyed and who produce orderly melodies, without the crutch of bass lines or repeated chord patterns.

The new music is here. And any jazz journalists who don't like it—well, it looks like they can just lump it. 



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FEATHER *from page 22*

Club Federation presented a concert. (London *Daily Mirror*: "The dignified precincts of the Aeolian Hall in Bond St. will shudder visibly tomorrow. This stately seat of classical culture in music will be given over to a concert of jazz!")

When Benny Carter went to Paris in 1935 and took a job playing trumpet with Willie Lewis' band, I corresponded with him and spoke to Henry Hall, at BBC, about hiring Carter as a staff arranger. Benny arrived in London in March, 1936, and was soon revitalizing the Hall orchestra.

Although the union would not let Benny play in public, I succeeded in talking Decca into starting a new subsidiary label, Vocalion, exclusively for jazz; Benny was given permission to perform on a record session for which I assembled some of England's best musicians (we had Ted Heath in the trombone section). We started with *Nightfall*, an exquisite Carter original and his first recording on tenor saxophone. It sold well enough to justify some follow-up dates. Benny's phenomenal musicianship, personal charm, and his urbane, courteous manner endeared him to all of us who came to know him in those years.

We were not only starved for talent but also for information. One hard-working pioneer, Hilton R. Schleman, succeeded in getting *The Melody Maker* to publish a book called *Rhythm on Record*, "a complete survey of all recorded dance music from 1906 to 1936, and a who's who of the artists." One listing read: "Eddie Condon, white American banjoist, was born in Chicago, where he was discovered by Jimmy Noone; Eddie was with Noone for some considerable time." No birth date, wrong birthplace, wrong facts; but who knew how to find Condon or where to check? The first factual listing under Benny Carter was: "He has seven brothers." (He has none.) At times Schleman threw up his hands: "Andy Kirk—Very little is known of Kirk in this country. His orchestra has recorded extensively in America."

Little wonder that in desperation I accepted an assignment to return to New York as advertising solicitor for a special all-American issue of *The Melody Maker*. My immaturity, my unawareness of the harsh facts of U.S. music as big business, equipped me poorly for the job. Again Irving Mills came to my rescue; just as the trip looked likely to end in failure, he bought four pages.

My starkest recollection from that

period is that of meeting a noted sweet-band leader and his manager at the MCA offices on Fifth Ave. I had dummied up a page to show how the ads would look. The page I held up included a picture of Duke Ellington.

I remember the reaction as if it were yesterday. The bandleader stood silent, but the manager looked at me with incredulity. "You mean," he said, "you want to put _____ on the same page with a *nigger*?"

That was the United States in 1936. db

SECOND CHORUS

By NAT HENTOFF

Having already started to explore some of the lacunae in nonfiction writing about jazz, I'd like at least to begin to suggest fiction themes that are still either missing or have been just barely touched in novels and short stories with a jazz base.

We have not yet, for one example, a novel that really probes the acts of musical self-discovery that are endemic to any evolving jazz musician, those points at which influences are absorbed, then transcended, and finally a new stage of deeply individual potential reached. This kind of writing is possible—Thomas Mann's *Dr. Faustus* is a particularly exhilarating example—but it does not exist so far in jazz fiction. But then, most novelists who have tried jazz themes have known ridiculously little about the music.

Where is the novel about one of the magisterial survivors—a Ben Webster or a Coleman Hawkins—men who have not been drowned in the tidal waves of sudden changes in fashion but who are nonetheless still recognized only by a tiny minority of their fellow citizenry? They walk proud, as they should, but so far as most Americans are concerned, they are invisible. What is the jazz life like for those in their 50s and beyond? How pervasive and obstructive are their memories? Or are memories compressed out of consciousness to keep the present as vivid as possible?

Where are the life styles of the urban blues storytellers—the Muddy Waterses, John Lee Hookers, and Howlin' Wolfs? Representations of this area of the American experience are, so far as I know, nonexistent in fiction. And what of that other peculiarly American phenomenon—the sudden thrust into a new social context of native bards who have been "rediscovered"? The list extends from Bunk Johnson to Mississippi John Hurt.

The life of the jazz expatriate, more-

over, is also unknown ground for novelists. (*Paris Blues* had as much to do with life or art as *Young Man with a Horn*.) What does happen to a Don Byas or a Bill Coleman—as men and not only as musicians—after a decade or more in which to find new roots? How strong are those new roots?

The particular kind of mobile microcosm that is the traveling band is yet another field for searching fiction. Those units that have been together a long time—Ellington's, part of Basie's—become transmuted into a unique substitute for families, with much of the interdependence, rancor, and tangled ties of literal families. What is it like to spend your life ceaselessly as a sideman?

There is material as well among the young avant gardists, those jazzmen who are involved in a new depth of spiritual exile, who work for an audience so seldom that they have to simulate, so far as they can, the learning process of communication with transients. A loft, your own room, becomes your main stage, and how do you survive the pressing doubts that anyone ever really is going to listen?

As for techniques in jazz fiction, they need be no more limited than techniques in fiction of any kind, because to write of the jazz life is to write of life. No jazzman, not even the alienated avant gardist, exists apart from his society and a multiplicity of surrounding hang-ups. The kind of phantasmagoria that made William Burroughs' *Naked Lunch* so evocative of the way we live now is also a possible approach—individualized and particularized—to much of the jazz scene. So are the swirling suggestions of waking dreams in parts of Jeremy Larner's brilliant new novel *Drive, He Said*.

One daring, difficult technique is in process now in an as yet unpublished novel by William Melvin Kelley, author of *A Different Drummer* and *Dancers on the Shore*. As of June, the manuscript was titled *A Drop of Patience*, and it is about a blind jazz musician.

"Since it is told from his point of view," Kelley wrote me, "I have used no visual imagery. All things and people are described only in terms of smell, taste, touch, and most importantly, sound. Also, I don't think it's a JAZZ novel, if you know what I mean."

I think I know what he means because, as noted, if you really get to the core of any part of the jazz life, you're getting at much more than jazz. But my point here is that in the many ways there have been—and are—of being a jazzman, there is so much scope for a novelist. The stuff is there. Some of it is mellow, and some of it is rancid, and some of it is scarifying. And so very little of it has yet been told. 



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lished in New York were the only ones in which she met considerable frustration in her forward march.

While she freely admits that she has had none of the classic struggles or problems associated most often with creativity, she does not accept the blanket idea that her life has been free of serious problems.

"Let me just say that the ones I had were as serious as I felt I could stand at the time," she said simply. "They were nothing like many a lot of people have had, but they were real enough for me."

Without fanfare or publicity, she has contributed her talent and her time to the current civil-rights movement. Appearing at benefit concerts, dances, and rallies, she has participated in raising more funds and marshaling more people than any other female performer with the exceptions of Lena Horne and Mahalia Jackson. She is determined, however, to participate as an individual rather than as a performer.

"I feel that a performer has as much civic responsibility as anyone else," she explained, "but on the other hand, I don't believe a performer has any more responsibility than any other citizen just because he or she is an entertainer."

Even so, when she is sought for personal appearances in every city she works, she is more likely to accept the invitations extended by the community than ones proffered by the fun-loving "insiders." Consequently, when the miffed host of a glamorous show-business party at his mansion was calling frantically around Chicago trying to locate the singer, she was attending a high-school dance recital, as a spectator.

When civic leaders were reluctant to approach her to participate in a massive civil-rights rally because she was in town on a professional engagement, Miss Wilson startled them by telephoning a member of the sponsoring committee at 3 a.m. to ask if she could be of help.

And she is accessible to her fans.

"This sometimes gets to be a hang-up for my agents and things," she admitted. "But when people take the time to stop me and talk, I feel I ought to take time to talk back. Sometimes it throws schedules off and makes planning more difficult, I guess."

Ironically, the more people like her and demonstrate it by box-office receipts and record sales, the sooner the singer will be elevated beyond their reach and into that exclusive coterie of vocalists who work less often and command more money.

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READERS POLL BALLOT

The 29th annual Down Beat Readers Poll is in its final stage. For the next few days—until midnight, Nov. 15—Down Beat readers will have an opportunity to vote for their favorite jazz musicians.

Facing this page is the official ballot. It is printed on a postage-paid, addressed post card. Simply tear out the card, fill in your choices in the spaces provided, and drop the card in a mailbox. It is not necessary to vote in each category. It is necessary, though, to write your name and address at the bottom of the card. Letters and other post cards will not be accepted as ballots.

RULES, ETC.:

1. Vote only once.
2. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight Nov. 15.
3. Use only the official ballot. Type or print names.
4. In the Hall of Fame category, name the jazz performer—living or dead—who, in your opinion, has contributed the most to jazz. This is the only poll category in which deceased persons are eligible. Previous winners are ineligible. They are Louis Armstrong, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Billie Holiday, Bix Beiderbecke, Miles Davis, Jelly Roll Morton, Thelonious Monk, and Art Tatum.
5. Vote only for living musicians in all other categories.
6. In the Miscellaneous Instrument category there can be more than one winner. The instrumentalist who amasses the greatest number of votes will win on his instrument. But if a musician who plays another instrument in the miscellaneous category receives at least 15 percent of the total category vote, he will win on his instrument. A miscellaneous instrument is defined as one not having a category of its own. There are three exceptions: valve trombone (votes for valve trombonists should be cast in the trombone category), cornet and fluegelhorn (votes for cornetists and fluegelhornists should be cast in the trumpet category).
7. Vote for only one person in each category.

mer Kenny Dennis went through Columbus and met Miss Wilson. They exchanged the usual social amenities and promised to keep in touch. For the next three years, the 3,000 miles separating them (Dennis operated out of California, and Miss Wilson clamored for an audience in the East) permitted little opportunity for anything more than an occasional telephone call. In 1960, however, when Nancy was on the West Coast promoting an album, the two met again.

"This time, we got the glow," she said with a smile. In December, 1960, they married. They have one son now, but the singer hopes for a larger family. Expressing an honest apprehension, the young Mrs. Dennis admitted that her hope to combine marriage and a career successfully is an ambitious one.

"When Kenny and I first talked about getting married, we looked around, and there just weren't any good examples," she said.

That their four-year marriage has weathered the period must be credited in considerable measure to the analytical objectivity of Dennis. Emotional at heart, his wife, despite the glaring examples of wreckage around her, would have fallen into the pitfalls of many women entertainers before her. In attempting to demand of others her own respect for her husband, she shoved him into the forefront of her public life and attempted to subjugate her contribution to his. She hired him as drummer and leader of her trio. She kept reminding her audiences that he was her husband by references, looks, song dedications, and other attentions.

Sharp, observant Dennis began stabilizing the situation by suggesting that she avoid the public displays. He set up a corporation to manage their professional affairs and plans to leave the trio soon and devote his time to the corporation's functioning.

"It took a lot of getting used to being married to a woman as talented and as well known as Nancy," he said. "But her constant attention to her family is what makes it work. I know how she really feels, and she knows what I feel, and that's all that matters."

Currently, whenever the engagement is two weeks or more, the Dennises pack up baby Nancy, and the family is at home wherever mother is singing. Always, Dennis is the hovering diplomat, the tactful spokesman who, while appearing to converse casually, listens intently and, upon hearing any remark that threatens his singer's image, carefully redirects the discussion until he is able to reframe the offending impression.

Speaking rapidly and candidly, Miss Wilson seldom hesitates to reply to a question. She answers honestly, as does

a person who feels there is no harm in doing so.

Her first brush with professional disenchantment was disclosed in early September when manager John Levy announced his shocked dismay at the singer's legal action seeking to dissolve their contract. Declaring that he had no inkling of her displeasure, Levy has adopted the attitude of an injured parent experiencing a painful and unwarranted blow from a favorite child.

The story occupied little space and attention in the entertainment world. The abrupt and heated discharge of agents and managers, the suits and

countersuits involving contracts and services, are familiar stories within the trade. The only unique feature of this story is its principal. It is the first concrete action to demonstrate the evolution of "Sweet Nancy."

With or without Levy's management, her future seems dazzlingly bright. Her career is moving along at a steady upward pace. The poised, confident woman who glides onstage is the fruition of the child-woman of 1957. It is said that she handed Levy the legal document with the same sweet smile but a new glint of determination in her eye. It looks as if "baby" is coming of age.



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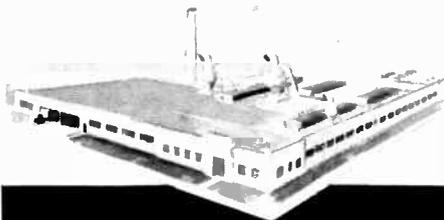


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orderliness of the musician's deepest musical sensibility. Murray plays the drums without thought to serving any function except the complete freedom and spontaneity of his improvising. That is, Murray improvises freely throughout the tune, playing all the time, without any recourse to, say, the formal idea of rhythmic accompaniment. He doesn't "keep time"; he makes, moves it.

One fine example of Murray's playing can be heard on Albert Ayler's new album, *Spirits* (Debut 146), which has Norman Howard on trumpet, and Henry Grimes and Earle Henderson alternating, as well as playing duets, on bass. This is Ayler's second album on Debut. Distribution has been wretched. The other was *My Name Is Albert Ayler* (Debut 140), which was recorded in Copenhagen, Denmark, in 1963, with Ayler on soprano as well as tenor saxophone, and Niels Bronsted, piano; Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, bass; and Ronnie Gardiner, drums.

Anyone interested in hearing what's happening right now in jazz ought to get these two albums. Ayler's playing is a revelation. His approach to music is similar to Murray's in that both men are trying to play themselves.

The other musicians on *Spirits* also seem interested in getting to where they, themselves, are, rather than just showing up "hip," playing all the accepted licks.

Trumpeter Howard will make a lot of people sit up and listen. His runs are piercing staccato blasts that leave little room for charming, ready-made quotes or fake displays of easy virtuosity. Henry Grimes (dig him especially on *Spirits*) can sound like a string quartet, but the complexity and subtlety of his playing never obscure the hot rhythmic core of his accompaniment. One of the tunes, *Witches and Devils*, should frighten anyone given to mystic involvement, or even simple impressionistic reaction. It is a scary tune, going deep beneath what we say is real to that other portion of ourselves that is, finally, realer.

On *My Name Is Albert Ayler*, Ayler plays with a surprisingly good rhythm section made up of two Danes and American Gardiner, who's been playing around the Scandinavian countries for a few years. Ayler's work on soprano is almost as valuable as his work on tenor (dig *Summertime* and *On Green Dolphin Street*). Bassist Orsted Pedersen shows up very well on this album. His playing on *C.T.* is fine (Ayler's fantastic). The entire group had strong empathy for Ayler, whose mad runs and huge exploding sound come off even wilder with a compatible rhythm section—witness *Spirits*. 

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Hall Oct. 1. The subject was jazz, and the panelists were composers Eddie Sauter and Mercer Ellington.

Bassist Buell Neidlinger received a Rockefeller Foundation grant to study and play with composer Lukas Foss' ensemble at New York State University in Buffalo. Cecil Taylor will write a piece for Neidlinger to perform as part of his program . . . The Institute of High Fidelity presented its 1964 Performing Arts award to baritone saxophonist Gerry Mulligan at a dinner at the Waldorf Astoria.

The Strollers' Club re-opened in early October with pianist Marian McPartland's trio (Eddie Gomez, bass; Ron Lundberg, drums) . . . The Champagne Gallery on McDougall Street in Greenwich Village initiated a Sunday afternoon jazz policy Oct. 18 when soprano saxophonist Steve Lacy's quartet, featuring trombonist Roswell Rudd, performed . . . The Copasetics' (a social organization of Negro entertainers) annual ball at Riverside Plaza featured the augmented orchestra of trombonist Milt Larkins. In the band were Hilton Jefferson, alto saxophone; Buddy Tate, tenor saxophone; and Buck Clayton, trumpet.

A bevy of pianists played at a rent party at a downtown loft in October: Randy Weston, Ray Bryant, Joe Knight, and Sadik Hakim . . . Drummer Elvin Jones' band at Sam Ulano's Nov. 2 Drum Fair at the Palm Gardens had Thad Jones, flugelhorn; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; and Jimmy Garrison, bass. Drummer Roy Burns' quintet and an all-star group headed by Ulano also performed.

Guitarist Sal Salvador's big band played the Terrace Ballroom in Brooklyn, a dance at Oswego State College, and a weekend at the Cork 'n' Bib during October . . . Singer Kay Starr did a month at the Hotel Plaza's swank Persian Room . . . Singer Mel Torme and Thad Jones are collaborating on a *New York Suite* for Lionel Hampton's band . . . Clarinetist Stan Rubin's band at the Mark Twain Riverboat in the Empire State Building adds guest stars on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Trumpeter Max Kaminsky and pianist Marty Napoleon were among recent guests . . . Reed man George Braith's trio did two weeks at Count Basie's Lounge in September . . . Tenor saxophonist Georgie Auld toured Japan Sept. 16-29 with a band that included Kenny Bright, trumpet; Carl Fontana, trombone; John Mullidore, alto saxophone and flute; Carson Smith, bass; and Eddie Buch, drums . . . Tenorist Stan Getz takes off for a tour of Japan Nov. 6, winding up the 19th . . . Pianist Walter Davis' trio

is at the new Celebrity Room in Great Neck. Davis' wife, **Mamie Watts**, is the group's vocalist. Singer **Sheila Jordan** is added on weekends.

Orchestra U.S.A. opened its third season Nov. 8 at Carnegie Hall with a concert dedicated to the memories of **Eric Dolphy** and **Nick Travis**. The program included works by **Beethoven**, **John Lewis**, **David Ward Steinman**, and **Harold Farberman** (who also conducted). **Gunther Schuller** has resigned from his post as the orchestra's chief conductor because of his pressing schedule of activities . . . A benefit for the Negro Action Group at the Village Gate Oct. 18 featured alto saxophonist **Jackie McLean** and his quartet, pianist **Billy Taylor**, trumpeter **Clark Terry**, trombonist **Benny Powell**, and saxophonist **Lucky Thompson**. Thompson, playing both tenor and soprano, made his first New York City night-club appearance, at the Half Note, Oct. 2-15 since returning to the United States more than a year ago. He used a rhythm section of **Paul Neves**, piano; **Richard Davis**, bass; and **Charlie Persip**, drums.

Louis Armstrong and His All-Stars did a week at the Town & Country in Brooklyn Oct. 30-Nov. 5. The trumpeter is scheduled to open at Basin Street East in late November . . . Branker's Showplace in Harlem features weekend jazz. Singers **Dakota Staton** and **Eddie Jefferson** and tenor saxophonist **Billy Root's** quartet appeared at the club in October . . . The Tap Room in Clifton, N.J., where trumpeter **Kenny Dorham** and guitarists **Tal Farlow** and **Chuck Wayne** have been among recent Monday night visitors, is moving to a full-time jazz policy with the **New Jazz Trio** (pianist **Mike Nelillo**, bassist **Ronnie Naspo**, and drummer **Herb Fisher**). The Monday night sessions will continue.

New York's educational television channel recently broadcast three programs produced by **Joachim Berendt** titled *American Jazz on German TV*. Originally shown in Germany on Berendt's *Jazz Heard and Seen* series, which has been broadcast continuously since 1954, the first program featured **Duke Ellington**, the second the American blues-and-folk caravan that recently toured Germany, and the third **John Coltrane**, **Albert Mangelsdorff**, **Ran Blake** and **Jeanne Lee**, and the **Zagreb Jazz Quartet** of Yugoslavia.

RECORD NOTES: Organist **Wild Bill Davis** has been added to RCA Victor's jazz roster . . . Soprano saxophonist **Steve Lacy's** quartet recorded a single for Verve in September. It was the group's recording debut . . . Tenor saxophonist **Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis** recorded with strings, for Mercury, and subsequently signed with Glover records, a label distributed by Roulette.

English alto saxophonist, band leader, and composer **Johnny Dankworth** was in New York in early October to record half of his new *Jazzodiac Suite*, with a group composed of **Clark Terry**, trumpet; **Bob Brookmeyer**, trombone; **Oliver Nelson** and **Zoot Sims**, reeds; **Chuck Israels**, bass; and **Osie Johnson**, drums . . . Pianist **Erroll Garner** recorded a concert at Amsterdam's Concertgebouw Hall during his recent European tour . . . Columbia has acquired Oriole Records, Ltd., of London. The deal includes a newly built pressing plant at Aylesbury and the Levy Sound Studios in the British capital.

A new label, ESP, dedicated to avant-garde jazz, has recorded tenor saxophonist **Albert Ayler**, with bass and drums, and the **Roswell Rudd** Quartet, which consists of the trombonist, altoist **John Tchicai**, bassist **Louis Worrell**, and drummer **Milford Graves** . . . Multi-instrumentalist **Roland Kirk** makes his debut as a singer on a Mercury single. The tunes are **Randy Weston's Berkshire Blues** and Kirk's *Dirty Money Blues*. Arrangements were by **Melba Liston** . . . Organist **Gene Ludwig**, a favorite in New Jersey, has recorded an album for Mainstream records.

Leroy Vinnegar signed an exclusive contract with Vee Jay records. The bassist, who previously was associated with Contemporary, will record an initial LP for Vee Jay immediately . . . It's **Johnny Mercer's** turn to be "song-booked" by **Ella Fitzgerald**, who began recording Oct. 20 with **Nelson Riddle** on the podium. Previous Fitzgerald song books were made up of music by **Irving Berlin**, **Cole Porter**, **George and Ira Gershwin**, **Jerome Kern**, and **Richard Rodgers** and **Oscar Hammerstein**.

TORONTO

Duke Ellington and His Orchestra, with singer **Joya Sherrill** and tap dancer **Bunny Briggs**, taped a one-hour television show for the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. To be shown in February on the CBC's *Festival* series (usually devoted to opera and drama), the program will feature early Ellington classics and excerpts from *My People*, *The Far East*, and *Timon of Athens* suites.

PITTSBURGH

Pittsburgh area radio and television fans are getting increased opportunities to hear jazz programming. The NBC affiliate, WJAS, has begun a two-hour nightly segment hosted by a knowledgeable veteran, **Hilary Bogden**. The 11 p.m.-midnight segment is called *Light Jazz Only* and the midnight-to-1 a.m. period, *After Hours*, includes a collectors' corner that accepts requests from Pittsburgh jazz lovers. The most requested tune so far has been **Bunny**



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Jazz guitarist Joe Negri has been named by WTAE-TV as its music director. He also is writing original scores for special shows and will act as the station's music librarian. His combo shared honors with the Nick Lomakin Dixieland group at the station's advertisers' party.

CLEVELAND

Recent visitors around town have been singers Ray Charles at the Music Hall, Sarah Vaughan at the Chateau in Lakewood, pianist Teddy Wilson and trumpeter Jonah Jones at the Theatrical Grill, Ray McKinley's band at Chippewa Lake, and Count Basie's at Leo's Casino. The Basie crew returns on Nov. 6 for a dance at the Carter Hotel, sponsored by Women in NAACP Service . . . Appearing currently are Roy Liberto at the Theatrical and organists Jack McDuff and Jimmy Smith at Leo's . . . Pianist Dorothy Donegan opens at the Theatrical Nov. 16 . . . Reed player Roland Kirk and pianist Ramsey Lewis will appear at Leo's during the second week in December.

Cleveland musicians leaving for Europe include sometime Maynard Ferguson trumpeter Rick Kiefer, who joined former Ferguson tenor saxophonist Don Menza in the Munich, Germany, studio band of Max Greger. Shortly after this, the Jazz Clique (Al Antonini, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Larry Salvatore, baritone saxophone, flute; Les Salvatore, piano; Jim Eterovich, bass; John Sciarrino, drums) left on a 19-week tour of U.S. overseas military bases, sponsored by the USO.

Outstanding piano trios around town include those of Buddy Griebel, appearing for more than a year now at the Four Oases Lounge in the Sahara Motel; Bud Wattles with bassist Bob Sykora and drummer Iggy Valente; Joe Howard, who followed Wattles' trio at the Brothers; Bill Gidney with bassist Chink Stevenson and drummer Wayne Quarles at the Casa Blanca; and, still exploring new ground at the LaRue Lounge, the East Jazz Trio (Bobby Few, piano; Cevera Jeffries, bass; and Raymond Farris, drums).

DETROIT

The Detroit jazz scene is fast returning to the hyperactive state it was once. Recent activity included a concert presented at Ford Auditorium Oct. 18 featuring the groups of guitarist Grant Green, alto saxophonist Jackie McLean, and trumpeter Freddie Hubbard. Lee Ivory, who put on the concert, and his associates are planning a series of similar concerts that will extend through the fall and winter . . . Drummer Roy Haynes' quartet, pianist Junior Mance's



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trio, and saxophonist **Lou Donaldson's** quartet all played engagements during September and October at the Drome Bar . . . Baker's Keyboard Lounge, a long-time showcase for middle-of-the-road jazz groups, is switching to a comedy format beginning Nov. 7. The last jazz act, appearing there now, is **Cal Tjader's** group.

Pianist-teacher **Harold McKinney** sponsored the **Six Lads** (Stanley Cleveland, trumpet; Ranell Wynglass, trombone; Johnny Hopkins, flute; Charles Eubanks, piano; Fulton Bradley, bass; and Randy Hicks, drums), vocalist **Johnny Rodgers**, and his own trio (Clarence Sherrill, bass, and Danny Spencer, drums) in a September concert at the Detroit Institute of Arts . . . The **Sam Saunders** Quartet, house band at the Unstable Theater's weekend afterhours sessions, has been expanded into the **Detroit Jazz Quintet**. Saxophonist Saunders remains, and is joined by **Herbie Williams**, trumpet; **Claude Black**, piano; **Dedrick Glover**, bass; and **Ike Daney**, drums. The new policy has been drawing a full house the last few weekends; owner **Edith Cantor** has tentative plans to bring in "new thing" jazzmen from New York on a regular basis soon.

Monday night sessions continue at Nancy's Bar, while Tuesday nights find a large crowd of musicians and listeners

at the Chit Chat's sessions. The latter club hires a different local band to host each week's session, and disc jockey **Jack Surrell** broadcasts from the club every Tuesday between 1 and 2 a.m. on WJLB . . . Disc jockey **Ed Love** has switched his Sunday workshop sessions from Mr. Kelly's to irregular meetings at the Detroit Institute of Arts Auditorium. Recent guests there have been organist **Jack McDuff**, pianist **Junior Mance**, reed man **Frank Strozier**, and vocalist **Marian Montgomery**.

CHICAGO

Disc jockey **Daddy-O Daylie** staged another of his regular concerts for inmates of Cook County Jail last month. Performers included the **Art Farmer** Quartet, singer **Joe Williams**, comedian **George Kirby**, and pianist **George (Stardust) Green**. Williams, by the way, was held over at Bourbon Street, usually a Dixie house . . . Ace studio man **Mike Simpson** pulled up stakes recently and moved to Los Angeles. Simpson, an able arranger as well as reed man, will concentrate on writing.

The case brought before the National Labor Relations Board contending that AFM Local 10's five-day work law discriminated against some union members was decided in favor of the union. Drummer **Harry Hawthorne**, a studio

musician, filed the suit . . . Pianist **Eddie Higgins** has returned as leader of the house trio at the London House. Higgins had served in that capacity for some time prior to the management's decision, now reversed, to balance its name jazz groups with nonjazz trios. Bassist **Richard Evans** is with the Higgins group at that club . . . Trumpeter **Bill Hardman**, in town with altoist **Lou Donaldson's** quartet for a two-weeker at McKie's, was the star of a recent **Joe Segal** Monday session at the Plugged Nickel. Backing Hardman were pianist **Jodie Christian**, bassist **Wilbur Ware**, and drummer **Wilbur Campbell**.

Tenorist **Eddie Harris** is back on the road with organ and drums. After several months at the Olde East Inn, Harris went to New York for a recording session and then began a four-week engagement in Pittsburgh . . . **Melvin Jackson**, bassist formerly with Harris' and other Chicago groups, joined reed man **Yusef Lateef's** quintet . . . Another Chicago bassist, **Don Garrett**, is currently living in Sacramento, Calif.

Chicago has had its share of fine vocalists of late. **Sue Raney** shared the bill at Mister Kelly's with comedian **Nipsey Russell** for three weeks last month. **Johnny Hartman** was at the Sutherland, where **Aretha Franklin** was featured recently. **Irene Kral** was a

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Complete Details

Down Beat's Eighth Annual Hall of Fame Scholarship Program

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

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

This year's full scholarships, valued at \$980 each, will be in honor of the Hall of Fame winner chosen by the *Down Beat* readers in the December 31, 1964, issue. The scholarships shall be awarded to the competition's winners, who will be selected by a board of judges appointed by *Down Beat*.

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

Who is Eligible?

Junior division: (\$3,480... one full scholarship of \$980; two partial scholarships of \$500 each; six partial scholarships of \$250 each.)

Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have graduated from high school and who has not reached his (or her) 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1965.

Senior division: (\$1,980... one full scholarship of \$980; two partial scholarships of \$500 each.)

Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have had his (or her) 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1965.

Anyone, regardless of national residence, fulfilling the above requirements is eligible.

Dates of Competition:

Official applications must be postmarked not later than midnight, December 31, 1964. The scholarship winners will be announced in a March, 1965, issue of *Down Beat*.

How Judged:

All decisions and final judging shall be made solely on the basis of demonstrated potential as well as current musical proficiency.

Terms of Scholarships:

The Hall of Fame scholarship as offered is a full tuition grant for one school year (two semesters) in the value of \$980. Upon completion of a school year, the student may apply for an additional tuition scholarship grant.

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

The winners of the scholarships must choose one of two possible starting dates: September, 1965, or January, 1966, or else forfeit the scholarship.

How to Apply:

Fill out the coupon below, or a reasonable facsimile, and mail to Hall of Fame Scholarship, *Down Beat*, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago, Ill. 60606, to receive the official application form.

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

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11/19/64

highlight at the Le Bistro in October. **Marian Montgomery**, backed by pianist **Bill Rubenstein's** trio, was heard at the first in a series of jazz events at Lake Forest College; also featured at this concert was the **Ramsey Lewis Trio** and emcee **Sid McCoy**. **T-Bone Walker** shared McKie's stand with the **Jazz Interpreters**, a local sextet; **B.B. King** is scheduled to come into McKie's later this month. And **Nancy Wilson** will be heard in concert at McCormick Place on Nov. 22.

Henry Mancini will lead a 40-piece orchestra in programs of his music at the Arie Crown Theater in McCormick Place Nov. 26-28. The concerts also will feature the **New Christy Minstrels** and vocalist **Jack Jones**... The recent benefit concert for the Lake Park Project House, held at McCormick Place's Little Theater, netted \$500 for the south-side community center. The **Muddy Waters Trio** (Waters, guitar, vocals; **Otis Spann**, piano; **James Cotton**, harmonica), the **Sallie Martin Gospel Singers**, pianists **Jimmy Walker** and **Erwin Helfer**, blues singer **Johnny Young**, and comedian **Jim Jackson** performed. **Ray Flerlage** was the emcee.

The **Jazz Organizers** (**Tommy Purvis** and **Duke Payne**, tenor saxophones; **Odell Brown**, organ; **Curtis Prince**, drums) hold sway at the Hungry Eye during the week... Farther up the street, at Big John's, the r&b band of **Mike Bloomfield** is now heard Thursday through Saturday, while the trio of tenor saxist-trumpeter **Tommy Ponce** (**Eddie Stepper**, bass, and **Martin Feldman**, drums) takes over Wednesday and Sunday evenings. A benefit concert for an orphanage in Momence, Ill., will be held Nov. 8, at the True Light Baptist Church, featuring such Gospel groups as the **Staple Singers**, the **Bright Stars**, the **Chords of Harmony**, the **Spencer Jackson Family**, the **Brittman Sisters**, and **Clifton Medley**.

LOS ANGELES

Famed altoist **Willie Smith**, recovered from his recent hospitalization, is now a regular member of the **Johnny Catron Band** at the Glendora Palms... Pianist **Gene Russell**, whose trio now consists of bassist **Dave Bryant** and San Diego drummer **Daxe Maxey**, signed with Associated Booking Corp. The trio completed six weeks at San Diego's Shoji/Jazzworld Club. That room then abandoned jazz, turning to burlesque... But a new San Diego jazz room has arisen. Called **Ward's Jazzville**, it has been in operation since earlier this year and is managed by **Lola Ward**, who has booked **George McCurn** (Dec. 24-Jan. 3), the **Ramsey Lewis Trio** (Feb. 12-14), and the **Jimmy Smith Trio** (March 12-14), among others. A regu-

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WHERE TO STUDY

Stanley Spector writes:

"You can lead a 'cat' to water but you can't make him drink (think) is a saying that tells me more about people than 'cats'. If a 'cat' ever put me in such an uncompromising position, the first thing I would want to learn is to tell the difference between satiated and thirsty 'cats'. I suspect that in more cases than not it is the person leading the 'cat' who is actually thirsty (for what is not certain) and is projecting his own unconscious needs onto defenseless 'cats'. Conclusions: let me make it clear that *METHOD JAZZ DRUMMING is only for those who want to be something more than 'copy-cats', who know that they are thirsty, and would like to find out the possible location of a water bubbler."

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SEE PAGE 36

lar house group of local jazzmen fills in between name bookings.

Pianist **Bob Harrington** took his quartet into the Kon-Tiki Club in Temple City with **Red Wooten**, bass; **Dave Wells**, trombone, bass trumpet, euphonium; and **Roy Roten**, drums . . . The toney Rendezvous Room of the Beverly Hilton Hotel inaugurated "a brand new policy of top jazz artists," starting with the duo of **Calvin Jackson**, piano, and **Al McKibbon**, bass. But nobody there seems to know who follows the duo when its eight-week engagement is up.

SAN FRANCISCO

A benefit concert, sponsored by the Eastbay League of Musicians Wives, was staged at Rheem, Calif., for reed man **Lenny Layson**, who is critically ill with bone cancer. Layson, whose 30-year career included stays with the **Hal Kemp** and **Ozzie Nelson** orchestras, had been for the last six years with **Benny Meltzer's** dance band here. The Meltzer band, along with the **Rudy Salvini** jazz orchestra, **Don Piestrup's** 20-piece rehearsal band, and **Shelly Manne's** quintet, played the concert.

Pianist **Clyde Pound**, onetime member of the **Dukes of Dixieland**, is now with guitarist **Eddie Duran's** quartet, the house band at the hungry i . . . **Phil Elwood**, jazz commentator for FM station KPFA in Berkeley and its affiliates in Los Angeles and New York City, is conducting an adult-education jazz course in San Leandro . . . Tin Pan Alley, the Redwood City club 25 miles south of here where **Duke Ellington** is playing a 10-day stand that began Oct. 29, has **Jon Hendricks & Co.** opening Nov. 25 and the **Count Basie Orchestra** coming in December. **Bernie Kahn**, himself a tenor saxophonist, is the club's owner.

Virgil Gonsalves, who doubles baritone saxophone and flute, played four weeks at Bustles and Beaus, a downtown bar that never before had used jazz. He began the gig with pianist **Don Alberts** but later expanded to a quartet (**Norman McKay**, bass, and **Kenny Shurland**, drums) . . . Fresh from 3½ months in Europe, singer **Jimmy Witherspoon** did a three-week stand at the Showcase in Oakland. During his overseas jaunt Witherspoon sang in Sweden, Germany, and England (including the Richmond Jazz Festival where he was backed by the **Chris Barber Band**) and recorded an album with 33 accompanists, including a vocal chorus. **Benny Golson**, who currently is living in Sweden, wrote the arrangements and directed the recording. Musicians on the date included trumpeter **Benny Bailey** and trombonist **Aake Perrson**. The album is to be released in November by Prestige, the singer said.

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WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing by urban area of jazz performers, where and when they are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to Down Beat, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago 6, Ill., six weeks prior to cover date.
LEGEND: hb.—house band; tfn.—till further notice; unk.—unknown at press time; wknds.—weekends.

NEW YORK

Baby Grand: Joe Knight, hb.
Basie's: Phil Austin, tfn.
Basin Street East: Della Reese, 11/30-12/12.
Birdland: John Coltrane, 11/10-11/15. Horace Silver, 11/17-11/22. Woody Herman, Les McCann, 11/24-11/29.
Blue Spruce (Roslyn): Jonah Jones to 11/24.
Broken Drum: Wilbur DeParis, tfn.
Celebrity Room (Great Neck): Walter Davis Jr., Mamie Watts, tfn. Sheila Jordan, wknds.
Cellar: jam sessions.
Champagne Gallery: sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Chuck's Composite: Don Payne, tfn.
Concerto West: Jesse Wilks, hb.
Cork 'n' Bib (Westbury): jazz, wknds.
Eddie Condon's: Peannuts Hucko, tfn.
Eleventh Hour East: Jay Chasin, tfn.
Five Spot: Charlie Mingus, Teddy Wilson, tfn.
Gaslight Club: Clarence Hutchenrider, Charlie Queener, George Wettling, Jimmy Carroll, Mike Schiffer, tfn.
Gordian Knot: Leroy Parkins, tfn.
Half Note: Tubby Hayes, 11/17-11/29.
Hickory House: Mary Lou Williams, John Bunch, tfn.
Horner's Ad Lib (Perth Amboy, N.J.): Morris Nanton, tfn.
Metropole: Henry (Red) Allen, hb.
Minton's: unk.
Mr. J's: Charles Cochran, tfn.
Open End: Scott Murray, hb.
Penthouse Club: Joe Mooney, tfn.
Playboy: Les Spann, Milt Sealy, Walter Norris, Mike Longo, Monty Alexander, hbs.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, hbs.
Strollers': Marian McPartland, tfn.
Village Gate: Swingle Singers, 11/17-11/29.
Herbie Mann, 11/24-12/13.
Village Vanguard: Max Roach-Abbey Lincoln to 11/19.
Wells': Buddy Henry, tfn.

LONDON

Ronnie Scott Club: Freddie Hubbard, Ronnie Scott, Ronnie Ross, Jimmie Deuchar, Dick Morrissey, 11/10-12/6. Ben Webster, Tubby Hayes, Scott, Ross, Morrissey, 12/8-1/3.

BOSTON

Beachcomber (Wollaston Beach): Duke Ellington, 12/3-4.
Chez Freddie: Eddie Stone, Maggie Scott, tfn.
Cottage Crest (Waltham): Paul-Champ Duo, Thur.-Sat.
D'Amatos (Hartford, Conn.): The New Breed, Wed.-Sun.
Fenway: Gerry Reiter, tfn.
Fenway-Commonwealth: The Jaytones, tfn.
Fenway North (Revere): Glenna Gibson, tfn.
Game Bar (Lynn): Rick Kaye, tfn.
Gaslight Room (Hotel Kenmore): Basin Street Boys, tfn.
Gilded Cage: Bullmoose Jackson, Hilary Rose, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: John Coltrane to 11/8. Mose Allison, 11/9-15. Modern Jazz Quartet, 11/16-22. Tubby Hayes, 11/23-29. Oscar Peterson, 12/1-6. Freddie Hubbard, 12/7-13.
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike (West Peabody): Rev. Gary Davis, Phil Ochs to 11/8. Dizzy Gillespie, 11/16-22.
Number 3 Lounge: Eddie Watson, Sabby Lewis, tfn.
Saxony: Clarence Jackson, tfn.
Wagon Wheels (West Peabody): Count Basie, 11/10-11.
Westgate Lounge (Brockton): Lou Colombo, Tue.

WASHINGTON

Anna Maria's: Tony D'Angelo, tfn.
Bayou: Eddie Dimond, hb.
Bohemian Tavern: Les McCann to 11/15. Lou Rawls, 11/17-29.
Cafe Lounge: Billy Taylor Jr., Ann Read, tfn.
Charles Hotel: Kenny Fulcher-Slide Harris, Thur.-Sat., hb.
Dante's Inferno: Lennie Cuje, tfn.
Fireplace: Tommy Chase, Joyce Carr, tfn.
PL's Cafe: Tommy Gwaltney, tfn.
Red Coach Inn: Charlie Schreier, Keith Hodgson, tfn.
Showboat Lounge: Oscar Peterson, 11/23-28.
Dizzy Gillespie, 11/30-12/5.
Stouffer's Restaurant: John Eaton, tfn.

PHILADELPHIA

Academy of Music: Dave Brubeck, 12/3.
Carousel (Trenton): Tony DeNicola, tfn.
Krechmer's: Billy Krechmer-Tommy Sims, hb.
La Salute (Trenton): Marty Bergen, tfn.
Latin Casino: Ella Fitzgerald, 12/3-16.
Metropole: Coatesville Harris, tfn.
Pep's: unk.
Pilgrim Gardens: Good Time Six, tfn.
Red Hill Inn: Skeets Marsh, hb.
Saxony East: DeLloyd McKay, tfn.
Second Fret: folk artists, tfn.
Show Boat: unk.

NEW ORLEANS

Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Mike Lala, Jan Allison, Santo Pecora, tfn.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, tfn.
Goliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.
Loyola Field House: Jimmy Smith, 11/21.
King's Room: Laverne Smith, tfn.
Messina's: Paul Ferrara, Sun. afternoon sessions.
Old Absinthe House: Marvin Kimball, tfn.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, tfn.
Paddock Lounge: Clem Ternalon, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Buddy Prima, hbs.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

CLEVELAND

Bird Cage: Carl Gulla, wknds.
Bola Kai (Southgate): Bud Wattles, Bobby Bryan, wknds.
Brothers: Joe Howard, wknds.
Capri: Modern Men, tfn.
Casa Blanca: Smitty Al, wknds.
Cedar Gardens: Ray Banks-Nat Fitzgerald, Thur.-Sat.
Club 100: Joe Alexander, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Corner Tavern: name jazz groups.
Cucumara: Joe Alessandro-Bob Lopez, tfn. Sal Bucari, wknds.
Esquire: Eddie Bacus-Lester Sykes, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Fagan's Beacon House: Bourbon St. Bums, wknds.
Harvey's Hideaway: George Peters, tfn.
LaRue: East Jazz Trio, tfn.
Leo's Casino: Jack McDuff, 11/5-8 (tentative).
Roland Kirk-Ramsey Lewis, 12/10-13.
Lucky Bar: Weasel Parker, Thur.-Sat.
Masiello's: Gigolos, wknds.
Monticello: Ted Parkert-George Quittner, wknds.
The Office: Harry Damas-Mike Charles, wknds.
La Porte Rouge: Ismael Ali-Billy Arter, wknds.
Punch & Judy: Eddie Nix, hb.
Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, hb.
Shaker House Motel: Angel Sanchez, tfn.
Stouffer's Tack Room: Eddie Ryan-Bill Bandy, hb.
Tangiers: Dave O'Rourke, wknds.
Theatrical Grill: Roy Liberto to 11/14. Dorothy Donegan, 11/16-28. Bob McKee, Nancy Ray, hbs.
University Lanes: jazz, wknds.

DETROIT

Baker's Keyboard: Cal Tjader to 11/7.
Caucus Club: Jack Brokensha, tfn.
Chatterton Lounge (Dearborn): Dorothy Ashby, tfn.
Chit Chat: Paul Bryant, tfn. Sessions, Tue.
Drome Bar: unk.
Falcon (Ann Arbor): George Overstreet, Fri.
Stanley Booker, Sat.
Hobby Bar: Jimmy Johnson, tfn.
Nancy's: sessions, Mon.
Odom's Cave: Teddy Harris-Bill Hyde, tfn.
Page's: Frank Morelli, James Hawkins, Fri., Sat., tfn.
Playboy Club: Matt Michaels, Vince Mance, Booboo Turner, hbs.
Sports Bar (Flint): Sherman Mitchell, tfn.
Trent's: unk.
Twenty Grand: unk.
Unstabled Theater: Detroit Jazz Quintet, hb.
Afterhours sessions, wknds.

CHICAGO

Al's Golden Door: Eddie Buster, tfn.
Big John's: Mike Bloomfield, Thur.-Sat. Tommy

Ponce, Wed., Sun.
Bourbon Street: Eddy Davis, tfn. Dukes of Dixieland to 12/5.
Figaro's: sessions, Sat. morning.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Dave Remington, Thur.
London House: Dizzy Gillespie to 11/8. Gene Krupa, 11/10-12/6. Jonah Jones, 12/8-27.
Eddie Higgins, Dick Reynolds, Rick Frigo, hbs.
McKie's: Sonny Stitt, 11/18-22. B. B. King, 11/27-29. Ramsey Lewis, 12/16-1/3.
Midas Touch: Judy Roberts, tfn.
Mister Kelly's: Larry Novak, John Frigo, hbs.
Moroccan Village: Baby Face Willette, tfn.
Olde East Inn: unk.
Outhaus: Pieces of Eight, Wed., Sun.
Playboy: Harold Harris, Joe Parnello, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Miles Davis, 11/11-22. Charlie Byrd, 11/24-12/6. Art Blakey, 12/9-13.
Showboat Sari-S: Art Hodes, tfn.
Sylvio's: Howlin' Wolf, wknds.
Velvet Swing: Harvey Leon, tfn.

LOS ANGELES

Adams West Theater: jazz afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Alibi (Pomona): Alton Purnell, tfn.
Bahama Inn (Pasadena): Loren Dexter, tfn.
Beverly Cavern: Rosie McHargue, Fri.-Sat.
Beverly Hilton (Rendezvous Room): Calvin Jackson, Al McKibbin, tfn.
Carrriage House (Burbank): Jimmie Rowles, Max Bennett, Nick Martinis, Sun.-Mon.
Chico's (Lynwood): Gene Palmer, Fri.-Sat.
Club Havana: Rene Bloch, hb.
Cocoanut Grove: George Shearing, Four Freshmen, to 11/22.
Frigate (Manhattan Beach): Ben Rozet, Paul McCoy, tfn.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, hb.
Hermosa Inn: The Saints, wknds.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.
Holiday Inn (Montclair): Society for the Preservation of Dixieland Jazz, tfn.
Hollywood Plaza Hotel: Johnny Guarnieri, tfn.
Hot Toddy's (Glendale): Hot Toddy Dixieland Band, hb.
Hunting Horn (Rolling Hills Estates): Paul Smith, Wilfrid Middlebrooks, tfn.
Intermission Room: William Green, tfn.
International Hotel (International Airport): Kirk Stuart, tfn.
It Club: unk.
Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey): Johnny Lane, tfn.
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, hb.
Lazy X (North Hollywood): Rick Fay, Charlie Lodice, Jack Coon, Tom Geckler, Sun. afternoons.
Mama Lion: Gabe Baltazar, Mon.-Wed.
Memory Lane: Gerald Wiggins, tfn.
Marty's: Charles Kynard, tfn.
McGee's (Westwood): Ted Shafer, Fri.-Sat.
Metro Theater: jazz concerts afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Palace (Santa Barbara): Gene Bolen, Mon.-Sat.
P.J.'s: Eddie Cano, Jerry Wright, tfn.
Red Carpet (Nite Life): Johnny Dial, tfn.
Red Chimney (Silver Lake): Pete Jolly, Thur.-Sat.
Roaring '20s (La Cienega): Pete Bealman, Charlie Lodice, tfn.
Royal Tahitian (Ontario): Rex Stewart, Fri.-Sat.
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Olivet Miller, Fri.-Sun.
San Francisco Club (Garden Grove): Ed Loring, hb. Sonny Simmons, Mon.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Yusef Lateef, 11/5-15.
Jimmy Guffre, 11/17-29.
Sherry's: Don Randi, tfn.
Storyville (Pomona): Ray Martin, tfn.
Strand Theater: afterhours sessions, Fri.-Sat.
Tiki (Hermosa Beach): Kid Kenwood, Goodtime Levee Stompers, Mon.-Fri.
Tops Restaurant (San Bernardino): Connie Wills, sessions, tfn.
Velvet Turtle (Redondo Beach): Don Abney, Buddy Woodsen, Ed Atwood, tfn.

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Algiers (Redwood City): Dick Maus, tfn.
Basin Street West: unk.
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, Fri.-Sat.
Dale's (Alameda): George Stoicich, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.
El Matador: Vince Guaraldi, Bola Sete, tfn.
Golden Cask: Byron Berry, tfn.
Gold Nugget (Oakland): Stan Kenton alumni, Fri.-Sat.
Jack's of Sutter: Richard (Groove) Holmes, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: unk.
Jimbo's Hop City: Norman Williams, Thur.-Sat.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.
Safari Room (San Jose): Pearl Bailey, Louie Bellson, 11/13-22.
Tin Pan Alley (Redwood City): Jon Hendricks, 11/25-12/6.
Trident (Sausalito): Jean Hoffman, tfn.

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