

APRIL 22, 1965

35c

down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

ANNUAL BIG-BAND ISSUE

Harry James-Happiest Band On The Road

By JOHN TYNAN

The Days With Duke

ANECDOTES AND INSIGHTS By REX STEWART

Lionel Hampton-The Band The Critics Forgot

By DAN MORGENSTERN

Portrait Of The Count

By HSU-LIANG SHIH

News - Commentary

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Bird Issue Huzzahs...

Congratulations on the Charlie Parker Memorial Issue (March 11). I especially enjoyed Joe Segal's *Bird in Chicago*. I was in the audience at the Pershing Ballroom on the August evening described by Segal when Bird appeared with Dizzy Gillespie's big band. As I recall, Bird was the bigger favorite of the two.

Herb Levinson
Indianapolis, Ind.

The Charlie Parker issue was great. All the writers were superb—even Martin Williams. But what happened to Red Rodney? He wasn't even mentioned, but he sure played with Parker.

George P. Godwin
Newport News, Va.

I want to compliment *Down Beat* on the wonderful issue about Charlie Parker. This not only is a wonderful tribute but gives younger readers the facts of his life and shows that he was a fine person and that his life was a triangle of trouble he could never quite get out of. But the courage that he showed in the face of trouble should be an inspiration to all.

Charles Preston
Newton, Iowa

Much of the credit for the excellent Charlie Parker issue should go to Don Heckman and Jerry Siddons for transcribing some of Bird's most representative solos. Through an undertaking of this sort, many musicians, both young and old alike, are given the chance to study the work of a master improviser who truly altered the course of music.

I only hope that Heckman will be given more assignments of this type since this is how *Down Beat* most fully serves its readers.

George Fox
Pittsburgh, Pa.

... And One Disappointment

I greatly anticipated the Charlie Parker issue. After reading it I have come to the conclusion that three-fourths of it can be used quite appropriately to line the garbage pail.

The only valid article was that of Leonard Feather. He knew Parker, and he had a hint of Parker's motivations, of Parker's lust for life, as it were.

Williams, Wilson, Levin, and Segal easily could have interviewed Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk, Charles Mingus (who in all probability could fill four magazines with Parker recollections), and a host of other musicians who were acquainted with Parker. This would have produced a very accurate and colorful account about the greatness of Parker.

The article by Cohen should be marked off as a dark area in the history of *Down Beat*. Heckman's writing mirrors his playing. He used to rattle his keys with Don Ellis, now he rattles his head with *Down*

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Beat. It is a shame that the task of remembering Parker on paper had to fall to such poor writers.

James McCormick III
 Chicago

A Correction

My name is Charles Baird Parker not Laird Parker as stated in *Down Beat* (March 11).

Baird Parker
 New Hope, Pa.

The Unidentified Now Identified

The "unidentified large orchestra" accompanying Nancy Wilson on her latest Capitol recording (*DB*, March 11) is, in reality, the band of Les Brown. Les had the house band at the Cocomanut Grove in the summer of '64 and worked with Miss Wilson, and others.

George Barton
 Hollywood, Calif.

The band was Brown's, but he was not the leader on the record.

An Invitation For Henahan

I read Donal Henahan's column in the March 11 issue with a considerable amount of dismay. As a music educator, I invite Henahan to come to my school and listen.

Our students are not yet artists, but a surprising number of them do "traffic in music." Our school has always sent a portion of its graduates to music schools. The band contains many youngsters who have a genuine interest in music and are receiving competent training. "School spirit" does not enter that often either. When a student can, through his and his teacher's efforts, earn a high rating playing, for example, Mozart's clarinet concerto, the school's fight song seems pretty colorless.

Come to Niagara County, Mr. Henahan, and I will show you all this and more. I will show you students selling their horns, too, in order to buy better ones. And I will take you to other schools, too, and prove that ours is not an isolated case.

Dana Mathewson
 Lockport, N.Y.

A Matter Of Semantics

Regarding Bill Wellon's questioning (*Chords*, Feb. 25) of my use of the word "sloppy" in connection with Tony Williams, I think it is a matter of semantics. Musicians tend to change the meaning of certain words around, so that, while a word may have one meaning in the dictionary, it means something else when used to describe a person's playing.

When I said sloppy I meant loose, free, relaxed, as opposed to precise, academic, stiff.

If I appeared to be maligning Tony, perish the thought. I love his playing—of all the younger drummers on the scene today, he is, to me, the one who plays the "new things" with the most taste and imagination. In fact, he's "something else!" (Or should I say "out of sight"?)

Marian McPartland
 New York City

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Vol. 32 No. 9

COMPOSER TADD DAMERON DIES OF CANCER

Composer-arranger and pianist Tadd Dameron, 48, died of cancer in New York City on March 8.

Dameron was plagued by ill health. He suffered several heart attacks and was hospitalized for lengthy periods. In the fall of 1964 he underwent surgery for cancer. On Nov. 8, 1964, Dameron made his last public appearance, at a benefit held for him at New York's Five Spot.

Born Tadley Ewing Dameron in Cleveland, Ohio, Feb. 21, 1917, he received his first musical instruction from his brother, Caesar, an alto saxophonist. He began his professional career as a singer in trum-

vised some of her most successful early recordings.

In 1948 he led an all-star quintet at New York's Royal Roost for 39 weeks. The group's personnel at various times included trumpeter Fats Navarro; tenor saxophonists Allen Eager, Wardell Gray, and Charlie Rouse; vibraharpist Milt Jackson; bassist Curly Russell; and drummer Kenny Clarke. This band introduced and recorded several Dameron originals that were to become modern-jazz staples, among them *Ladybird*, *The Squirrel*, and *Dameronia*.

Dameron went to the Paris Jazz Festival in 1949 as pianist in trumpeter Miles Davis' quintet and subsequently spent two years in England as staff arranger for Ted Heath's big band.

Returning to the United States in 1951, he organized a band for singer-saxophonist Bull Moose Jackson that included drummer Philly Joe Jones and tenor saxophonist Benny Golson; then in 1953 he formed his own band, which included Golson and trumpeter Clifford Brown. After a successful summer season at Atlantic City, N.J., and one recording date, Dameron disbanded. For the next few years he worked in relative obscurity, mainly in Philadelphia.

Since 1961 Dameron had scored record dates for trumpeter Blue Mitchell, Milt Jackson, and saxophonist Sonny Stitt, directed an all-star big band on an album of his own compositions, wrote a ballet score for a Mexican dance company, and wrote arrangements for Benny Goodman's band for its 1963 Russian tour and for singers Tony Bennett and Sarah Vaughan.

Dameron's contribution to jazz was a major one. He was among the first arrangers to incorporate successfully the harmonic and rhythmic discoveries of bop into big-band writing. He was an outstanding melodist with a lucid, flowingly lyrical conception.

His richly textured ensemble voicings, influenced by a fondness for Ravel and Debussy as well as Duke Ellington, had a personal and distinctive flavor. Dameron once summarized his credo: "There's enough ugliness in the world. I'm interested in beauty."

Funeral services were held March 11 at the Church of the Advent. The Rev. John Gensel officiated, and there were brief eulogies by disc jockey Mort Fega and pianist Billy Taylor, who also played his own composition *A Bientot*.

The services concluded with a performance of three Dameron pieces by trumpeter Johnny Coles, tenor saxophonist Benny Golson, pianist Cedar Walton, bassist Reggie Workman, and drummer Mel Lewis.

FIRE DESTROYS RED HILL INN

An important part of Philadelphia-area jazz history was wiped out March 11 when a fire destroyed the Red Hill Inn near Camden, N.J. Damage was estimated at \$150,000.

A roadhouse during the 1930s, the Red Hill became one of the East's best-known jazz rooms after disc jockey Harvey

Husten started his "Jazz in Jersey" sessions there in 1956. The spot was used as a break-in room for many jazz attractions, including the big bands of Gerry Mulligan and Johnny Richards.

When Husten died in 1957, Sid Mark, later to become Philadelphia's most popular jazz disc jockey, helped Joe DeLuca and his son, Joe Jr., in continuing the name-jazz policy. Business started to slump a few years ago after a highway project forced DeLuca to move the club to a different location.

Last fall, new owners abandoned the jazz policy. There was talk of reviving jazz, but then the fire hit.

ARMSTRONG SPEAKS OUT ON RACIAL INJUSTICE

The struggle for civil rights in Alabama had a strong effect on Louis Armstrong, who is not ordinarily given to public comment on racial matters. When last month's crisis in Selma reached the violent stage, Armstrong had just arrived in Europe for a tour.

He told reporters in Copenhagen that he



Dameron
A major jazz contributor

peter Freddie Webster's band. After a short interlude as a premedical student, he worked with Zach White and singer Blanche Calloway.

In 1940 he went to New York as staff arranger for tenor saxophonist Vido Musso's short-lived big band and then went to Kansas City, Mo., to write for Harlan Leonard's Rockets, one of that city's leading bands, which recorded several Dameron arrangements.

Dameron also wrote arrangements for the bands of Count Basie, Jimmie Lunceford, and Georgie Auld and organized, with singer Babs Gonzales, a vocal and instrumental quartet, Babs' Three Bips and a Bop, with which he made his recording debut as a pianist.

With the advent of bop, Dameron's career gathered momentum. He contributed heavily to the books of Billy Eckstine's and Dizzy Gillespie's big bands (*Our Delight*, *Stay On It*, *Cool Breeze*, *Soulphony*), and his compositions *Good Bait* and *Hot House* were among the first bop standards. At this time, he coached and wrote arrangements for singer Sarah Vaughan. He also served as her conductor and super-



Armstrong
'They would beat me in the mouth'

became physically ill after watching a television news program showing Selma police action against civil-rights marchers in the Alabama city.

"They would beat Jesus if he was black and marched," the 64-year-old trumpeter declared.

"Maybe I'm not in the front line," he continued, "but I support them with my donations. But maybe that is not enough now. My life is music. They would beat me in the mouth if I marched, and without my mouth, I would not be able to blow my horn. . . . Tell me, how is it possible that human beings treat each other in this way today? Hitler is dead a long time—or is he?"

When the trumpeter and his group arrived in Prague, Czechoslovakia, a few days later, the Alabama situation evidently still rankled Armstrong. He said that when he retired, he will live six months a year in Ghana. "It's the country of my ancestors," he said, "and I like it there."

A few days later in East Berlin, however, Armstrong had regained his composure. After a standing ovation for his performance of *Hello, Dolly* at the Fried-

richstadt-Palast Theater, he told reporters, "I love everyone. All through the South some of my greatest friends are white people. . . . I have been treated fine in the South. . . . We stay in the best hotels and get courteous treatment. We play to mixed audiences there, and some of my best audiences are in the South. . . . Both whites and blacks are my friends, and I am not going to abuse either one."

THE COLLEGE CIRCUIT—WHERE THE BREAD IS FOR JAZZMEN?

For some years, businesslike jazzmen have known that there is a large, virtually untapped market for jazz in the approximately 2,800 colleges in the United States. The musicians were eager to work schools, but the problem was how to get bookings. Some, most notably Dave Brubeck, have succeeded in making the right connections and profit handsomely from college concerts. Yet the majority of jazz groups only occasionally are able to break through, and then there is nothing like a circuit to tour.

There are signs, however, that all this may be changing.

"The folk thing is dying," said one of the most active college-concert bookers on the West Coast, Mike Davenport of General Artists Corp. Davenport said that the void left by a decreasing interest in "pop folk" will be filled by modern jazz groups. As a starter, Davenport booked March concerts by the Modern Jazz Quartet and pianist-singer Mose Allison at the University of California in Santa Barbara and by the Gerry Mulligan Quartet at that university's Berkeley campus. Davenport also has future college bookings for the Miles Davis Quintet, the Cal Tjader Quintet, and the Swingle Singers, the French singing group that has evoked "tremendous interest" among college students, according to Davenport.

Of possibly greater significance for most jazzmen because it could open the long-sought college circuit is the Paul Winter method of securing school dates. The alto saxophonist, an enterprising musician if ever there was one, works with regional bookers who control college bookings. "When I tell people in New York that there is a booker in Council Bluffs, Iowa, who books us in the Midwest, they don't believe me," he said.

Winter came in contact with one of these bookers about a year ago when several of them met in New York City to contract artists for concerts in their areas of the country. Winter said the agent wanted to hire a jazz group to play "cultural" dates—college and subscription concerts—but didn't know whom to sign. "They're not familiar with jazz," the altoist said, "and stories about some of the better-known characters in jazz scared them." But Winter said he assured the booker that the majority of jazz musicians were highly professional and eager to break into the college market.

After a few successful college concerts by his sextet in 1964, Winter was able to secure a string of dates—50 this season—mostly in small towns in the South and

Midwest. He and his group are winding up the 10-week tour this month and will embark on another this fall, Winter said.

Most of the 50 concerts have been at colleges, though a few were of the subscription-series type. He said his group has met with warm response—sometimes standing ovations—wherever it has played. The majority of any of the audiences is not made up of dyed-in-the-wool jazz fans, Winter pointed out, but "by presenting a program and talking to them, we reach them. A lot of it is in the musicians' attitudes toward what they are doing and toward the audience."

Winter said the strain of driving several hundred miles from one date to the next was a bit tiring, but "next year we'll fly." It would appear there is a lot to be said for monetary as well as artistic satisfactions to be found in colleges.

MASTERSOUNDS, DEFUNCT FIVE YEARS, RE-FORM

The sign on Seattle's Penthouse Club door was no April Fool's joke. It read "Opening April 1—The Mastersounds," and open they did to the delight of jazz fans who remembered the quartet's work from five years back, before the group had disbanded.

The faces on the bandstand were familiar—vibraharpist Buddy Montgomery, pianist Richie Crabtree, electric bassist Monk Montgomery, and drummer Benny Barth, the Mastersounds of yore—but much of the repertoire was new.

The group's reincarnation came about, said Monk Montgomery, as "a very freak thing."

During the latter part of 1964, he said, he had been commuting frequently to San Francisco from his Los Angeles home to work with such artists as pianist Hampton Hawes. The other three former members of the Mastersounds had settled in the bay area, so getting together there on a social and playing basis became a habit.

"It was almost like telepathy between the four of us," the bassist said. "Before we realized what was happening, we fell to discussing the real possibility of reforming the Mastersounds."

By last January, he said, their minds had been made up. They began to rehearse in private, their intention known only to a few close friends. "We wanted to hold back," Monk explained, "until we were sure of ourselves. We're sure now."

With the bassist commuting weekly to San Francisco for rehearsals, three months passed swiftly as Buddy Montgomery assembled new material for the group to work on. Buddy, according to Monk, has "sole control" of the music. So far as any change in the character of the Mastersounds' brand of jazz is concerned, Monk said, "the only change we hope to make is that the music be better."

Following their engagement in Seattle—the city where the group originated in 1957—the Mastersounds play the Light-house at Hermosa Beach, Calif., April 16-25 and then open at a San Francisco or Sausalito club. San Francisco, said Montgomery, will be the group's home base.

strictly ad lib

POTPOURRI: Pennsylvania Gov. William Scranton declared March 14-21 Jazz Week in his state. The declaration was in honor of the Intercollegiate Jazz Festival held March 19-20 at Villanova University, located near Philadelphia. The governor stated in the proclamation, "Pennsylvania is proud of the innumerable contributions made by Pennsylvania jazz artists to this important segment of American music."

In its ever-increasing socialization, Sweden has now extended its welfare-state policies to jazz subsidization, as well. In the recent announcement of government arts scholarships winners, eight Swedish jazz musicians were listed among the recipients of the government cash awards. Winners of three-year scholarships worth 12,000 Swedish kroner (about \$2,400) a year are altoist Arne Domnerus, baritone saxophonist-composer Lars Gullin, pianist-arranger Bengt Hallberg, pianist-composer Jan Johansson, bassist-composer George Riedel, and trumpeter-composer Bengt-Arne Wallin. Trombonist Eje Thelin and bassist-composer Kurt Lindren were awarded one-year scholarships to continue their work. The awards are determined by a series of committees on the arts representing, for example, painting, classical music, and entertainment music, under which category the jazz grants are made.

Neophonic music will raise its clarion call April 27 on the campus of North



Kenton

Texas styled neophonicism

Texas State University, in Denton, when Stan Kenton leads the school's 1 O'Clock Lab Band in a program of compositions initially performed by the Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra in its series of four concerts held earlier this season. Kenton, who directed the original concerts in Los Angeles, will select the works to be performed by the student group April 27 during the school's annual spring Lab Band Concert in the university's main auditorium. The orchestra leader has been associated with the North Texas lab band program since 1961, when he first heard it perform in collegiate competition. He has used the band and its members as

clinicians and counselors at his summer band clinics and, in 1962, donated his library of 300 musical scores—valued at \$50,000—to the school.

In another area of big-band music, one of the busiest performance schedules is the one clocked by the **Airmen of Note**, the official U. S. Air Force dance band that has been performing steadily in this country and abroad since 1950. It is stationed at Bolling Air Force Base in Washington, D.C. Following performances at McCoy Air Force Base in Orlando, Fla.; the University of Alabama at Tuscaloosa; Catholic University, Washington, D.C.; the Mideast Music Conference at Pittsburgh's Duquesne University; and New York State University in Buffalo, N.Y., the band will be heard April 28 at Cardozo High School, Washington, D.C.; May 1, 7, 8 at Andrews Air Force Base, Washington, D.C.; May 15 at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst; May 22 in Baltimore, Md.; May 28-30 at Charleston, S.C., Air Force Base; and June 4 at Ft. George G. Meade, Baltimore, Md.

In a Kobe, Japan, District Court, drummers **Philly Joe Jones** and **Charlie Persip**, arrested there Jan. 8 for illegal possession of marijuana while on a performance tour of Japan, received suspended prison terms on March 18. The court sentenced Jones, 41, to a one-year prison term with a suspension for three years, and Persip, 35, was granted a two-year suspension for his 10 month term. Persip pleaded guilty to the charges while Jones insisted he was innocent.

File under nights to remember—or forget: On the final night of **Count Basie's** appearance at the Doral Beach, a club in Miami, Fla., a full house cheered the combination of his band with **Guy Lombardo's** as the two alternated playing compositions associated with the other. Comedian **Jackie Gleason** led both bands in *South Rampart Street Parade* and *Johnson Rag*; **Joe Williams**, formerly featured vocalist with Basie, belted out *Every Day*; and to top off everything, Dixieland jazz trumpeter **Phil Napoleon** joined the fray for a solo turn.

Jazz Interactions, Inc., a nonprofit, educational organization dedicated to "foster a greater understanding and enjoyment of jazz" was founded in New York City last month. Its officers include social scientist **Charles Nanry**, president; trumpeter **Joe Newman**, vice president; baritone saxophonist **Jay Cameron**, chairman of the board; and trombonist **Julian Priester**, saxophonist **Jerome Richardson**, jazz critic **Rudi Blesh**, and record executive **Nesuhi Ertegun**, members of the board of directors. As a first step, Sunday jazz sessions are being presented at La Marchal, in Brooklyn. The address of the organization is P.O. Box Kensington Station, Drawer D, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Pianists **Earl Hines** and **Thelonious Monk** were among the featured artists at the 10th annual San Remo Jazz Festival, held at the Italian spa's casino March

20-21. Other artists participating in the event were the **Double Six** vocal group and the trio of pianist **Martial Solal** and a group headed by guitarist **Wes Montgomery** that included pianist **Harold Mabern**, bassist **Arthur Harper**, and drummer **Jimmie Lovelace**.

Hard on the heels of her annual European tour, which winds up in late April, vocalist **Ella Fitzgerald** will undertake a series of East Coast engagements that will give her and the **Tommy Flanagan Trio**, her accompanying group, scarcely time to catch their breaths. Concerts at Brown University in Providence, R.I., April 30, and the University of Maryland the following night will be succeeded by a four-week engagement at New York City's Basin Street East starting May 3, where the singer will share the bill with organist



Miss Fitzgerald
Busy . . . busy . . . busy

Bill Davis. Miss Fitzgerald is slated to play a week at Melodyland (adjacent to Disneyland in Orange County, Calif.) beginning June 28, with the possibility of big-band accompaniment in addition to Flanagan's trio. In July Miss Fitzgerald will give al fresco concerts at New York's Lewisohn Stadium and at the Ravinia Festival, near Chicago, as well as a concert at Washington's Carter Barron Theater.

While in England, by the way, Miss Fitzgerald participated in a 45-minute television spectacular for the British Broadcasting Co. as did **Duke Ellington** and his orchestra. For the latter's show, BBC producer **Yvonne Littlewood** traveled with the band during its European trek, compiling a documentary of the Ellington aggregation. The two shows will be telecast on successive weeks at the end of April on the network's UHF operation, BBC-2.

Ellington will make two appearances during the New York Philharmonic Orchestra's French-American festival in July at Lincoln Center. On July 30 he will conduct one of his own works as well as narrate **Aaron Copland's** *Preamble for a Solemn Occasion*. Sharing the program with him will be **Lukas Foss**, who will introduce **Charles Ives' The Steeples and the Mountains** and **Charles Wuorinen's Exchanges**. Ellington will repeat his performance the next night. Other concerts in the three-week festival will include

premieres of works by composer-conductor **Darius Milhaud**, pianist **Robert Casadesu**, and composer **John Cage**.

Alto saxophonist **Phil Woods** again will be in charge of jazz activities at the Rambleton, Pa., music camp this summer. Woods' wife, **Chan**, will conduct classes in jazz singing at the camp. Singer **Dave Lambert** has donated several arrangements from the defunct **Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan** group and will make a guest appearance during the camp's June 21-Aug. 22 season.

NEW YORK: Carnegie Hall was the scene of a **Charlie Parker** memorial concert March 27. Organized by promoter **Bob Maltz**, the event featured trumpeter **Dizzy Gillespie's** quintet; trumpeter **Howard McGhee**; trombonist **J. J. Johnson**; saxophonists **Coleman Hawkins**, **Sonny Rollins**, and **Sonny Stitt**; pianist **Walter Bishop Jr.**; bassist **Tommy Potter**; drummer **Roy Haynes**; and singer **Dave Lambert**. Pianist **Bud Powell** also was scheduled to appear. Cognizance of the 10th anniversary of Parker's death also was taken on March 14 at the Cafe Au Go Go when **Jim Harrison** presented a mammoth jam session. Among the participants were trumpeters **Blue Mitchell**, **Freddie Hubbard**, and **Richard Williams**; trombonist **Benny Powell**; alto saxophonists **Lee Konitz**, **Jackie McLean**, **Charles McPherson**, **Sonny Red**, **Clarence Sharpe**, **Bobby Brown**, and **John Jenkins**; tenor saxophonists **Lucky Thompson**, **Joe Henderson**, **Hank Mobley**, and **Roland Alexander**; baritone saxophonist **Cecil Payne**; pianists **Walter Davis Jr.**, **Andrew Hill**, **Barry Harris**, and **Paul Neves**; guitarist **Kenny Burrell**; bassists **Bob Cranshaw** and **John Ore**; drummers **Clifford Jarvis**, **Frankie Dunlop**, and **Walter Perkins**; and singer **Betty Carter**. Alto saxophonist **Cannonball Adderley's** sextet played its first engagement at the Au Go Go March 9-21. . . . New York's **Paramount Theater**, closed and slated for razing since mid-1964, has received a new lease on life. Night-club and record entrepreneur **Morris Levy** has leased the theater and will begin stage shows April 16. Levy plans to feature top names in the jazz, folk, pop, and country fields. Among the artists reportedly scheduled to appear this season are **Frank Sinatra**, the **Count Basie Band**, and **Peter, Paul & Mary**. . . . The Jazz Arts Society is presenting a series of concerts illustrating the history of jazz. Each concert features one type of instrument. Designed to raise funds to maintain the New York School of Jazz, the series is held at Junior High School No. 44, 100 W. 77th St. It began April 2 with a trumpet program featuring **Kenny Dorham**, **Freddie Hubbard**, and **Johnny Windhurst**. Subsequent programs are: reed instruments (April 9), with multireed men **Bob Wilber** and **Jerome Richardson**; piano and vibraharp (April 23), with pianist **Jaki Byard** and vibraharpist **Bobby Hutcherson**; trombone (April 30), with **J. C. Higginbotham** and **Grachan Moncur III**; string instruments (May 7) with cellist **Calo Scott** and bassist **David Izen**.

(Continued on page 48)

Lionel Hampton: The Band The Critics Forgot

By DAN MORGENSTERN

THERE CAN BE little doubt that Lionel Hampton's name is one of the most important in jazz. It is almost impossible to mention the vibraharp without instantly thinking of the man who "invented" it as an instrument worthy of jazz consideration, the man whose playing remains the mark against which others' efforts must be measured.

But Hampton is also a bandleader. For nearly 25 years—since September, 1940—he has led one of the most popular and hardest-working big jazz bands of all.

Nevertheless, the Hampton band is often omitted from those recurrent discussions about the decline of the big-band field, and one would have to search diligently in the pages of current jazz magazines to find it mentioned. With the exception of Hugues Panassie and Stanley Dance, few critics have given the band due credit.

Sad to say, even Hampton's own impassioned outburst concerning the unfairness of this attitude (*DB*, May 10, 1962) has had little effect on the consensus of printed opinion. The tendency to dismiss the band as "show business" remains dominant.

Admittedly, showmanship plays a large role in Hampton's approach to bandleading. "Trying to get to the people" has always been the No. 1 rule in Hampton's book. And that, of course, conflicts with the art syndrome that characterizes contemporary jazz criticism.

To be sure, no jazz listener who has witnessed the Hampton band at its most orgiastic could be expected to issue a blanket endorsement of its work on purely musical grounds. But even if the listener can't bring himself to accept a 20-minute whirlwind of *Flyin' Home* as sheer Dionysiac fun and games, the band always has had much more to offer than just that. In a club, hardly a set goes by without a lovely ballad featuring the leader's peerless vib work, and if the time is right, the band may relax and stretch out on one of the many fine instrumentals in its book.

In that mood (and at a dance, there are more changes in moods than in a club or at a festival) the Hampton band has few peers. There has never been a time during the band's existence when it hasn't been a band that could swing and one that had more than a few outstanding players in its ranks.

Look at the record and sift through just some of the talent that has passed through the Hampton ranks since 1940.

First, the trumpet players. Karl George, Ernie Royal, Snooky Young, and Joe Newman—that was the section on the band's first record date, in 1941. Among those to follow were Cat Anderson, Lamar Wright, Wendell Culley, Jimmy Nottingham, and Richard (Duke) Garrette; three fine players who are no longer living—Al Kilian, Joe Morris, and Dave Page; then

Teddy Buckner, Joe Wilder, Kenny Durham, Benny Bailey, Eddie Mullins, Idrees Sulieman, and Walter Williams. The last named was in the band when it boasted a trumpet section that also included Art Farmer, Quincy Jones, and the late Clifford Brown. More recently, there have been Virgil Jones, Floyd Jones, Richard Williams, and a man still with the band and who is probably one of the most underrated trumpeters around, Eddie Williams.

Consider the trombonists. The late Fred Beckett, J.J. Johnson's inspiration, was in that first band. Then came Michael (Booty) Wood, Al Hayes, Britt Woodman, James Wormick, and Paul Higaki, who was on board when his teammates were Jimmy Cleveland, Al Grey, and Benny Powell (and how's that for a trombone section?). Later, there were other good men, including Lester Robertson.

Now the reeds. Among the alto saxophonists were Marshall Royal, Earl Bostic, the late Ray Perry (a great violinist too), George Dorsey, the late Herbie Fields, 20-year lead man Bobby Plater, Pony Poindexter, Jerome Richardson, and Gigi Gryce.

When it comes to tenor saxophonists, a good case could be made for the Hampton band's being responsible for initiating the tenor vogue. That started with *Flyin' Home, No. 1*, which featured Illinois Jacquet in the solo he still plays today and which he bequeathed to several other tenorists and Hampton's full reed section. Then came Arnette Cobb, with *Flyin' Home, No. 2*. By that time, Dexter Gordon had passed through the ranks. Then there were Al Sears, Jay Peters, Johnny Griffin, the late Morris Lane, John Sparrow, Curtis Lowe, Johnny Board, and another long-timer, Andy McGhee (now with Woody Herman), whose place was taken by George Coleman.

There were baritone sax men too. Jack McVea, better known for his tenor work, was among the first. Basie's Charlie Fowlkes was around for quite some time. And then there were Ben Kynard, Pepper Adams, and Tate Houston.

Hampton's rhythm sections always had their work cut out for them. In this band, it's keep the rhythm going, no matter what else is happening. Hampton has never dropped guitar (excepting brief interludes), and he has had such stellar players as Irving Ashby and Wes Montgomery. But the man who, with a few interruptions, has been in the band since 1944, is without doubt one of the greatest jazz guitarists around, then and now—Billy Mackel, a modest man, one who doesn't hog the spotlight.

Currently on bass is another Hampton veteran, Lawrence (Skinny) Burgin, a fine player. Among his predecessors have been such men as Vernon Alley, Vernon King,

Charles Harris, Ted Sinclair, Joe Comfort, Monk Montgomery, and Charles Mingus, whose feature, *Mingus Fingus*, remains one of the band's outstanding records.

The piano, next to tenors and trumpets, got a large share of the spotlight in Hampton's earlier bands. Milt Buckner, the man credited with developing the locked-hands or block-chord style (though Hampton himself can be heard playing this kind of piano on his April, 1939, recording of *Denison Swing*) took care of business for some time. Douglas Duke, a superior organist, held the piano chair for a time, as did two other men better known today for their organ work, Bill Davis and Bill Doggett. And Hampton had a wonderful, unsung pianist in the late Oscar Dennard, who never was sufficiently featured.

Drummers must work hard for Hampton, himself a drummer of considerable accomplishment. Among the men on the spot have been George Jenkins, Fred Radcliffe, Curley Hamner (a master showman), Ellis Bartee, and, more recently, Oliver Jackson, who also is among those Hampton alumni who must be singled out for special mention—a marvelous musician.

There were singers too. Dinah Washington got her first big break with Hampton. Sonny Parker, not as well known as he should be, also had a way with the blues. And Annie Ross briefly sang with the band. For quite a while, the main vocalist has been Pinnocchio James, who, if he would be himself rather than try to decide if he is Joe Turner or Joe Williams, might accomplish more than giving the audience a good time.

All told, a roster of alumni second to few.

On records, the band often rose to the occasion. There were *Loose Wig*, *Tempo's Birthday*, *Goldwyn Stomp*, *Cool Train*, *Pigs' Ears and Rice*, and, if one likes jazz wild and wooly, *Air Mail Special, Pts. 1 & 2*.

Yet Hampton's own best recorded work has most often been done without the band, and that, perhaps, is the root of the Hampton band's problem. The leader, a musician of stature and a performer of vast and sometimes almost frightening energy, tends to overshadow the band. And he demands as much from his men as he does of himself, perhaps without realizing that his work is more fulfilling than theirs.

Yet Hampton's ferocious vitality and endurance is also the band's source of strength, and when everyone is right, it's something to hear. As a school for musicians, a talent incubator, a showcase for a great performer, a source of vital and exuberant rhythmic release, and often also as a source of first-rate, swinging orchestral jazz, the Hampton band's rightful place in the musical scheme of things could be denied only by snobbery or ignorance of fact.

ES

IF THERE IS A SECRET to keeping a big swing-jazz band alive these starveling days, Harry James is one of the few to cherish it.

Duke Ellington, Count Basie, and Woody Herman employ their own formulas for keeping their bands alive. All three readily acknowledge that today's operating costs present constant hazard to this existence. James does, too, but he doesn't seem fazed a bit. His reason for relative contentment could well be that his band is now booked well into 1966.

And James is not forced to do the month-in, month-out grind of one-nighters as the others are. While he does not entirely ignore touring, the bulk of his band's bookings these coming two years will be for listeners in gaming establishments in Las Vegas and Lake Tahoe, Nev.

The James band filled its first engagement of 1965 at Harrah's Club, a gambling house and showplace located in a thriving hamlet called Stateline on the south shore of vast and cold Lake Tahoe.

Glass-walled all around to shut out the clank and clatter but not the sight of the casino's slot machines, Harrah's Lake Tahoe lounge will be Harry James' base three times this year. His second engagement begins April 8 for three weeks; the third stand there is scheduled for September. From June 3 to 23, the band works Harrah's other casino in Reno.

Much of the band's book consists of relatively new material, a lot of it written by Thad Jones. Still, old favorites in fresh attire invariably open each set—*Don't Be That Way* at a medium-up tempo or a wild and tear-it-up *Jumpin' at the Woodside*.

But whatever the tune, this band is in shouting, happy mood from the beginning to the end of each night's playing. Off the stand, too, the musicians reflect buoyant frames of mind. Indeed, it is difficult not to leave bandsmen, leader, and vocalist Jean Turner without the positive conviction that this has got to be the happiest band extant.

JAMES, FOLLOWING EXTENSIVE AND LONG OVERDUE dental work, is still Ol' Iron Chops. His high, driving solos and his strong, clean lead work reveal the trumpeter to be as formidable a horn man as ever.

Disclosing his new recording contract with Dot records, James was plainly delighted with record-promotion possibilities in this new affiliation.

"Now you'll hear the band's records on the air," he said with evident satisfaction.

There is a strong possibility that the first James album for Dot will consist of Thad Jones arrangements.

"We have an entire album of Thad's originals we haven't even recorded yet," he said.

Put in Buddy Rich with a grin, "We haven't even rehearsed 'em yet."

Rich is the heartbeat and bulwark of time in the James orchestra. Long recognized by the vast majority of drummers as the greatest exponent of his instrument, Rich, now 47, is at the peak of his powers. His solo spots with the band are marvels of virtuosic execution. As a constant spark for a big-band ensemble, he has no equal.

But musical considerations aside, Rich as a person seems today far removed from the hot-tempered, arrogant youngster who was as well known for his fist ability as for his drumming with the Tommy Dorsey Band a quarter-century ago. Deservedly known as one of jazz' stormiest petrels in bygone years, Rich appears now to be a settled, mature person.

He said, last August he and his wife bought a home in Las Vegas, where they live with their daughter, Cathy, 11. Clearly Cathy is the apple of her father's eye, a primary factor in his present attitude of reserved bonhomie. A second factor in the drummer's changed personality could well have been the heart attack that felled him five years ago. He now takes life in considerably more easy stride.

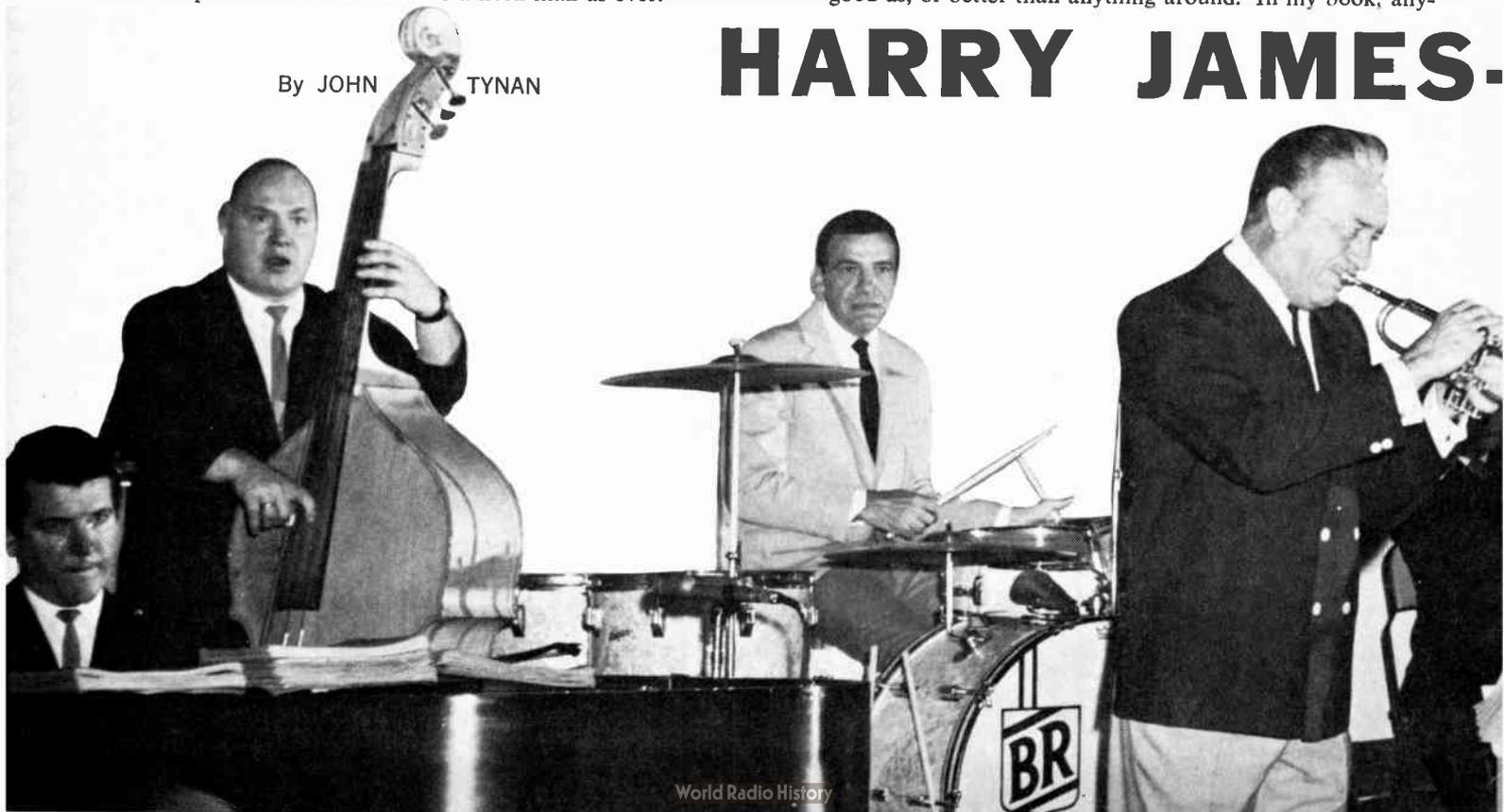
In his dressing room between sets at Harrah's, Rich spoke of many things musical and personal.

He mentioned that he has been with James since disbanding his small group some three years ago. In those years, however, Rich has taken a couple of brief vacations, reportedly while his salary was being adjusted.

"I have a ball playing with the band," he confessed. "Right now the band is at a level of consistent good performance. There are nights when it just soars, really rises above everything. When that happens it reaches a level as good as, or better than anything around. In my book, any-

By JOHN TYNAN

HARRY JAMES.



way." Of James, the drummer commented, "He's a gas to work for. A lot of these leaders have got to keep letting everybody know that they are the leader. Harry isn't like that.

"I'm completely happy. I can't ask for anything more."

As gracious offstage as on, vocalist Jean Turner is new with the James band. This musical experience is of a different stripe from her last job, which was with Stan Kenton's orchestra before Kenton disbanded in 1964.

"When we asked her to come with the band," James said, "Stan sent us all her charts—free. So we're playing the arrangements written for her by Lennie Niehaus, Bill Holman, and others. It was a hell of a nice thing for Stan to do. He's one of the real nice guys in the business, sincere in what he's doing and with real class."

With her warm, friendly sound and earthy yet polished style, Miss Turner communicates a richness reminiscent of Sarah Vaughan in the 1940s, something evident in her rendition of *Daydream* with the James band.

There are other new faces in the band these days. Trumpeter Tommy Porello, the section's high-note man, was discovered by James in the pit band of *Funny Girl*. ("I used to go through two magazines every night there," Porello said and laughed boyishly.) Tenor saxophonist Chick Carter is an alumnus of Hollywood's Swing, Inc., whose organizers, Bob Edmondson and Ollie Mitchell, are alumni of the James band. Carter is a forceful soloist in several arrangements and plays with a contemporary conception. Relatively new are trumpeters Fred Koyen and Tony Scodwell and second altoist Larry Stofall.

In the ranks of the more seasoned James veterans there is one real surprise and a genuine jazz discovery in lead altoist and soloist Joe Riggs. Four years with the band, Riggs, 29, had been playing third alto and clarinet while Willie Smith played lead and most of the solos. When Smith left the band for health reasons, Riggs took over his duties. Riggs is a soloist of passion and guts in the Charlie Parker tradition and is also a more than adequate clarinetist, though most of the clarinet solos are played by baritone saxophonist Bob Achilles. Riggs, a 1957 graduate of the music school at North Texas State University, served his apprenticeship in Dallas, Texas, for four years,

working with such local bands as Ted Weems, with whom he played lead alto for three years.

The James band, Riggs said, is "like a family. This is the first band I've been on that's like this."

Heavily featured throughout each set are trombonist Ray Sims and tenor saxophonist Corky Corcoran, both long-time James men, although Corcoran had been absent for some time before rejoining when tenorist Sam Firmature left several years ago. Sims, a horn man of great taste and self-assurance, teams with James for the muted lead in a rocking *Sentimental Journey*; joins fellow trombonists Joe Cadena and Dave Wheeler for a *September Song* that turns out to be quite a romper, what with Jack Perciful's piano solo and the riding sax section; or is featured alone in a number of ballads.

Corcoran gets his share of ballad calls too. He plays with deep feeling and a big, full sound, with a lot of Coleman Hawkins in evidence. His JATP-style solo on *Flyin' Home*, with a wa-wa trumpet section led by Nick Buono yelling behind him, is something to remember.

The team of Perciful and bassist Red Kelly, with Rich behind and underneath them, makes for one of the best rhythm sections in big-band jazz.

Kelly works like a Trojan, his bass lines almost physical things. Perciful has developed into one of the most tasteful and swinging pianists, an underappreciated musician whose jazz abilities are necessarily somewhat restricted within a big-band context but who demonstrates what he is capable of whenever he's given a chance to stretch out.

You Made Me Love You, *Sleepy Lagoon*, and *Trumpet Rhapsody* are consigned to their respective cubbyholes of history and are seldom played anymore. James still proves he has a convincing way with a ballad or with an oldie such as *Cherry*, but today he puts the accent on big-band swing-jazz.

And that, after all, is the real point here: the Harry James Band, with its book bedecked with the writing of Thad Jones, Neal Hefti, Quincy Jones, and other of like ability, keeps offering this swinging fare to its public. Its public keeps buying it. The band keeps working. Somewhere there's a message. Or a secret. db

HAPPIEST BAND AROUND



THE DAYS WITH DUKE

By REX STEWART



THERE IS NO GREATER NAME in musical Americana than that of Duke Ellington, who, over several decades, has innovated, created, and dignified American music with such skill and devotion that his name has become synonymous with the best of the art form.

Ellington's prolific pen has provided such imaginative scores, and the presentation of himself and his orchestra has been so urbane and sophisticated, that he is the obvious subject of reams of stories and interviews. But strangely enough, very little is known of his thoughts and dreams—the inside workings of Duke as a human being. This is not to imply that I know Duke better than anyone else, but I do feel that I have a different frame of reference from most people's. At various times I have been his barber, chef, valet, third trumpet man in his orchestra, and his poker opponent. From where I sit, Ellington fits the description of an iceberg: there's much more beneath the surface than above.

Our initial meeting was unforgettable, at least for me.

The scene was Washington, D.C., where we both lived in the northwest section. One hot summer day when I was fooling around the pool at the YMCA (where I had no business, since I couldn't swim), I slipped and fell in. It would have been curtains for Stewart that day, but an older fellow pulled me out. Edward Kennedy Ellington

was my lifesaver, and though he has forgotten the incident (and in fact swears that he can't swim), I well remember his rescuing me.

The next time our paths crossed there was an event we both remember with much amusement.

It was at Odd Fellows Hall in Georgetown, where there was always a dance on Saturday night. A lot of us youngsters used to hang around the hall, peeping in the windows at the dancers and musicians. This particular Saturday night there was a quartet working that sounded great to us kids because they played the popular tunes of the day, such as *It's Right Here for You*, and *If You Don't Get It, It's No Fault of Mine*; *Walking the Dog*; *He May Be Your Man*, *But He Comes to See Me Sometime*. We gaped over the fence, drinking in the bright lights, the pretty girls, the festive atmosphere, and the good music.

Suddenly, I yelled to my buddy, "Hey, that guy playing piano—I know him. That's Eddie Ellington!" And so it was. Although it was a small band, they sounded mellow, especially the leader, Tobin, who was playing the sax, an instrument we had never heard before. Duke was on piano, Otto Hardwicke on bass fiddle, and there was a drummer they called Stickamackum.

These dances always started sedately, but as the night wore on and the liquor flowed faster, the tougher element went into action, and the customary fight erupted. This time it was a real brawl, and the Georgetown toughs ran the band out of the hall.

Everyone took off but the drummer. Sticks just pulled his switch-blade knife and said, "I don't go nowhere without my drums, an' if you want to fight me, go right ahead. But touch them drums, an' somebody's got to die." Evidently they believed him because while the other fellows in the band were hotfooting it down 29th St. (with Duke in the lead), old Sticks just sat there chewing his tobacco unmolested.

A few years later, I got to know Duke better. At that time, I was rehearsing with a kid band. Our leader hung out on the corner of Seventh and T streets, which was THE hangout for Washington musicians then.

By tagging along, I got to see all the local big-timers: Doc Perry, Elmer Snowden, Sam Taylor, Gertie Wells, Claude Hopkins, and many others. Eddie Ellington had already acquired the nickname Duke by this time, and he, too, hung out on the corner. In fact, he had the added distinction of being "king" of Room 10 in True Reformers Hall, which stood on the same corner. Room 10 was where the teenagers held their get-togethers. I can still see young Ellington playing the piano and fixing that famous hypnotic smile on the nearest pretty girl.

IN SPITE OF KNOWING DUKE so long and so well, I almost missed out playing with his band. After we all landed in New York City, although I wasn't the only one he thought would enhance his group (he and Elmer Snowden carried on a tug-of-war over the services of Prince Robinson, who was about the best clarinet and tenor sax man in the city), it became almost a habit with him to ask me to join the band. But I never took him up on his offers. For one thing, I was playing with Fletcher Henderson's band, which I loved, and for another, I had no eyes for the Jungle Band and all that growling mess. During the seven or so years I played with Henderson, we got a kick out of catching Duke's band in a ballroom battle of bands because our shouting, fast tempos always overpowered Duke's more subtle, original efforts.

It was after I left Henderson and struck out on my own for a brief period that the chain of circumstances began that led me into the Ellington band.

Irving Mills, who was Duke's manager at the time,

caught my group at the Empire Ballroom and suggested I do a small-band record date for him. The date did not materialize for some time; meanwhile, my band folded, and I joined Luis Russell. After I finally did the record date, I went to Mills' office to collect my check and ran into Duke. There was the usual musicians' repartee when all of a sudden Duke fixed me with that hypnotic grin and said, "Fat Stuff, it's just about time you came home. Join my band!"

Mills tried to convince me, too, but I still didn't feel I would be happy with the band. Then when they told me the salary was \$75 a week, I laughed and walked out. Depression or no, I had been earning as much as \$125 a week.

When I arrived home later, I heard Jonesy, Duke's band boy, yelling up the stairs to my wife on the second floor, "Tell Rex to come down and get fitted for uniforms."

I was not the only one astonished by these words, having just refused the job. Standing in my doorway talking to my wife was Luis Russell's drummer, who gaped open-mouthed at Jonesy and dashed down the stairs past me. Apparently he rushed right down to Russell with the news that I was going to leave him and join Duke because that night on the job as I started to unpack my horn, Russell said, "Pack it up. You're fired. I've already got your replacement."

So jobless, I had no alternative—I went down the next day and got fitted for uniforms. I shudder to think of how close I came to not getting the job that made such a difference in my life.

It wasn't too long after I joined Duke that we embarked on a southern tour. Among the tobacco barns, skating rinks, cotton warehouses, and fields, there were some theaters. Our reception was tremendous, and we were compelled to do many extra shows. It almost seemed like a continuous performance because we would barely finish a show and take a smoke when Jonesy would be yelling, "All on!"

Everybody started looking shaggy behind the ears, which led to some of the braver lads getting a hair trim from each other. Wallace Jones, first trumpet man, was perhaps the most skilled among the amateur barbers, but his touch was too vigorous for Duke's tender scalp, so I was elected. After that, whenever we were caught in a situation where haircuts weren't available, I would be pressed into service as Duke's barber.

The fellows spent quite a lot of time making sure that they were well groomed. According to the high standards set by Duke, they could do no less, because only an idiot could have missed being aware of the great effort Ellington made to present perfection in every detail.

A memorable example comes to mind. For the very important Congress Hotel debut in Chicago, the governor (as the fellows sometimes called Duke) outdid himself, outfitting us in crimson trousers, special-made crimson shoes, which set off the white mess jackets, boiled shirts with winged collars, and white ties. Duke was overheard saying, "They may not like our music, but we sure look pretty." We received an ovation before we played a note. One newspaper critic devoted two-thirds of his column to our appearance and mentioned the incongruity of my battered metal derby. The rest of the brass section had bright and shiny derbies to play their horns into, but not Fat Stuff.

There also was the opening at the Roxy Theater in New York City that was outstanding enough to mention. This was an important date, as we could tell by the way Ellington conferred with so many people. In his dressing room, there were sketches of the stage set. Duke scanned these for days while we were playing the Apollo Theater uptown, and then we were told to go to the tailor for fittings on the new uniforms. Here's what he came up with: cinnamon-

brown slacks, chocolate-brown jackets, billiard-green shirts, pastel-yellow ties. Black shoes and socks completed the get-up.

However, at the dress rehearsal at the Roxy, Duke took one look at our color scheme and immediately dashed to the phone and awakened some shirt manufacturer with an order for several dozen shirts of a different color. Then, he explained that the original shirts muddled our features under the lights. But we used them for one-nighters later.

AS IMAGINATIVE AS ELLINGTON'S conception for the organization was, his personal attire was even more avant garde. I shall never forget one effect created when he stepped onstage wearing a black satin jacket, black satin weskit, black-and-white checkered slacks, a custom-made white shirt with a beautiful collar (self-designed), topped off with a beige cravat, and worn with black suede shoes.

Then there was the unforgettable, show-stopping ensemble he wore at the Downtown Cotton Club once. This had to be seen to be believed. It was on an Easter Sunday, and, as usual, the band played an overture. Then there came a pause as Duke made his dramatic entrance attired in a salmon-colored jacket and fawn-gray slacks and shoes. The



Cornetist Stewart with Ellington

shirt, I remember, was a tab-collared oyster shade and his tie some indefinable pastel between salmon and apricot. The audience cheered for at least two minutes.

While Ellington's sartorial *qui vive* has been duly noted and commented on from time to time, there has been no comment in depth about his profound influence on men's fashions.

Duke combines the luxurious aplomb of an Oriental potentate with the considered good taste of a true artist. It is not my intention to imply that our friend invented the wrap-around buttonless top coat, the square-toed soft-leather shoes, the large spread collar that became known as the Barrymore, or the other trends that I saw first as he wore them. But it is safe to say that he did, and does, lead, while others follow. Currently, it's the three-inch cuff on his trousers that will perhaps catch on.

It was long ago when Duke was making *Check and Double Check*, his first movie. En route to California, he met the people who ran a theatrical shoe firm in Chicago. He had them make a dozen pairs of a shoe he designed—feather-weight, thin-soled, square-toed. This evolved, over some 20 or so years, into what is now known as the Italian shoe. But at the time, this way-out footwear was a real conversation piece. Duke continued to order these shoes by the dozen, in every imaginable color and leather, and had soon accumulated so many pairs that he had to have special trunks made to accommodate them.

It was always his custom to change shoes between sets,

choosing between the blacks in calf and patent leather, the browns in crocodile, alligator, and suede, and all the other colors in the spectrum. When I attended a few concerts by the band recently, I was amazed that he didn't change shoes. Later I found out the reason. These were the pumps he had worn when he was presented to the Queen of England, and despite their shabby appearance, they now were his favorites.

Another of his idiosyncrasies is his extreme annoyance at losing a button off a garment. I have often seen him abruptly stride off stage to change after a button fell off. During that period when I was with the band, some lucky fellow would be the proud possessor of an Ellington suit or jacket, as Duke would not wear a garment after it lost a button.

In the past, it was always a source of amusement to me when certain newspapers and magazines would publish a list of the best-dressed men of the world. Cary Grant, the Duke of Windsor, etc., would usually lead the polls, but the elegant Ellington never made it, to my knowledge. This unquestionably was a case of being overlooked, or perhaps the arbiters of male styles are not hip enough to be hip to Duke.

WHILE ELLINGTON made no best-dressed lists, the band was winning music polls. Even his most loyal followers couldn't understand how the band could be so great with such seeming lack of discipline. They wondered how all of this inventiveness and beautiful music could be produced as bandsmen drift on and off stage, yawn, act bored, apparently disdaining the people, the music, and the entire scene.

I have seen what appeared to be a re-enactment of rush hour at Grand Central Station or the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace on Ellington's bandstand. I have been amused, in retrospect, at one of the bandsmen's chewing gum with great vigor, as he read a book while playing his part. That was my contribution to the disorder. Where else but in Ellington's band could that happen? The ground rules, per se, for musicians just do not apply to these special musicians nor to their leader. He chooses people who best portray his music, regardless of their social attitudes or habits.

This all seems indicative of Duke's character or lack of character, but it is only on the surface. Underneath the obvious, there sits this leader, calmly, analytically observing the various personalities of his troops, man by man. His approach differs with each individual. Right on the bandstand, decisions are pondered, punishments meted out, rewards given on the spot. But all that is evident to the audience is vaguely controlled chaos. I have observed with intense curiosity and awe how this master chess player manipulates the musical pawns on his scene.

It has been said that Duke never fires a man. That is substantially correct. However, once he has decided on a change, a change happens. Duke creates a situation that the fellow finds untenable, and he quits. He gets the message.

Despite the glamour of being with the organization and the generally easygoing atmosphere, there was still plenty to grumble about.

The constant travel, especially the one-nighters, was a sore spot with a lot of guys. The problem of eating was perhaps the biggest headache. Our fare was usually the quickly snatched, cooked-to-death hamburger or something equally vile from the local greasy spoon.

If we played a theater with enough time between shows, Wellman Braud, the Louisiana bass player, sometimes put on a pot of red beans and rice, smothered pork chops, or some other soul-satisfying dish.

The fellows were so delighted that Billy Taylor, the band's other bassist, and I decided to pitch in with the cooking. We bought pots and pans and sterno stoves and cooked up a breeze. I'll never forget the time we put on a big frying pan of onions and garlic just before show time, planning to cook liver as soon as the show was over and have a quick dinner. We gave Jonesy instructions to turn off the onions as soon as they were browned. Halfway through the performance, the faint aroma of fried onions began to waft on stage. I turned around and looked at Braud and Taylor, who both stood playing near Duke. Billy had a sickly grin on his face, and Braud was making violent gestures. It wasn't until after the show that I realized he was trying to signal me to go backstage and take the stuff off the stove. Jonesy had forgot, and the dressing room was full of smoke, while the theater virtually reeked of burned onions. The manager was tearing around backstage red-faced and furious. We never cooked in that theater again.

BESIDES EASING the pangs of hunger, musicians also have a need to ease the tedium of travel and kill time while waiting for the show to go on.

On trains, buses, or aboard ship, we Ellingtonians usually had several games of cards going—gin rummy, tonk (a form of rummy), black jack, bridge, red dog, pinochle, and especially stud poker. We favored stud poker over every other game. I held my own as a rule but never cleaned up like Ivie Anderson, the band's singer, or Duke did. They would "win the table" as the boys say, win so much that nobody would want to go on with the game.

My bitter experience came one morning in the middle of the Atlantic. I had won the table and sent almost everyone to his cabin. The game was over with the exception of Duke, who leered at me, sleepy-eyed, across the poker table, saying, "Why don't we have some wine to brighten us up? After all, you won't be able to sleep, winning all of that dough."

I was about \$1,500 ahead, so I agreed, feeling invincible. We began toasting each other between bets. That champagne started tasting better and better, and the bets grew bigger and bigger. The next thing I knew, I was in my cabin fully dressed, but I had lost my shirt—I was busted.

Duke is a natural-born winner.

He has won every conceivable musical honor and without question he has earned the tremendous homage that his genius has brought him. He wears his honors lightly and gracefully, never losing sight of his roots and heritage but yet transcending his environmental origins. I have been close enough to and also far enough away from Duke to see the inevitable change in him as a person. His transition from Washington and Room 10 to command performances for royalty was a long and arduous trail, speckled by the various joys and sorrows of life. And even Ellington is not exempt from the immutable law of change. He grows grander but more introspective. He has apparently learned to give more of himself in public but less in private.

The strain of constantly being on stage has taken its toll, the hassels with band personnel, with bookers, with schemers and parasites who attempt to pinch a bit off the top. These all have caused the famed bags under his eyes to grow baggier. The hail fellow, well met, who was a buddy to his boys is no longer there—and understandably so. As he sardonically proclaims "I love you madly" to his admiring followers, I wonder if he has not subconsciously hypnotized himself into really believing it. But I don't need to conjecture about those of us who played in the band he made great—to us he will always be the Boss, and we *do* love him madly. 

COUNT BASIE, the last of the great pianist-bandleaders of the swing era to gain popularity, was also the least obtrusive. He was not a composer of genius like Duke Ellington or a clever arranger like Fletcher Henderson or a virtuoso pianist like Earl Hines. He did not put his personality on display like Cab Calloway or “conduct” like Jimmie Lunceford. He sat at the piano, smiling modestly, giving out an occasional tinkle with so little fuss that a stranger might have asked what he *did*. Yet he was the leader of a band full of brilliant, individual soloists who swung together with a unique lift and power, a rhythmic unity that seemed like second nature. And almost all these individualists would have agreed that Basie was a great leader, though none could explain exactly why.

They would probably have agreed with what trombonist-arranger Johnny Mandel said many years later: Basie was a rhythmic catalyst. “The band doesn’t feel good till he’s up there,” Mandel said. “He makes everybody play differently.” Perhaps they would have agreed that he urged them to excitement by the tact and restraint of his own playing, by careful listening, by stringent control. At least guitarist Freddie Green recognized that “he contributes the missing things.”

His tact and restraint were also important to the everyday life of the band on the road. “We’ll be doing one-nighters,” said one Basie sideman, “and everything will be going wrong. The bus breaks down; there’s no time for dinner; we get to work late; the promoter is angry. Basie couldn’t be calmer or funnier.” He kept the tensions from the players in the band, so that, as trumpeter Harry Edison said, “No matter what went wrong, it never got to the point where anybody in the band wouldn’t feel like playing.”

He treated his musicians with the same tact and restraint, so that they felt, as Buck Clayton explained, “Basie, a contemporary of ours, just happened to be the leader.” All through the ’30s and ’40s, Basie traveled on the bus with his sidemen, hung out with them after work, and shared their amusements. “We were all like brothers,” singer Jimmy Rushing has recalled. And another man said, “Basie is still a sideman at heart. He doesn’t think like a leader, at



ROBERT SKEETZ

PORTRAIT OF THE COUNT

By HSIO WEN SHIH

least not in terms of laying down the law; he’s only the leader while he’s on the stand.”

Perhaps that was only natural. Basie had spent his journeyman years with the half-dozen men who became the nucleus of the band he brought out of Kansas City in 1936. They had all worked together as equals in the Southwest for nearly eight years. Basie’s association with this group of musicians began in 1928, when he joined Walter Page’s Blue Devils.

BILL BASIE was originally an easterner, born in 1904 in Red Bank, N. J. He was taught to play piano by his mother when he was a child, and after a fling at drumming, he continued to teach himself piano while he gigged around New Jersey and New York City. His family was poor but decent—his father was a gardener and his mother a domestic—so he went to work as a musician right out of high school. In his late teens, he played in New York with Elmer Snowden’s band at the Nest Club, with June Clark in a 14th St. dancehall, and with a band at Leroy’s in Harlem. During these years, he came under the influence of Fats Waller, the enfant terrible of the organ who played for the silent movies at Harlem’s Lincoln Theater. Through him, Basie picked up many of the stylistic tricks of the Harlem stride pianists. In 1923 he succeeded Waller as the pianist

with Liza and Her Shuffling Sextet, Katie Crippens’ vaudeville act, which included “a comic, singer, dancer, piano, drums, and maybe one horn.” Basie actually had to beat out Duke Ellington—Ellington made his second trip to New York from Washington in the hope of getting the same job.

For the next four years, Basie worked in vaudeville as, so he says, “just a kinda honky-tonk piano player.” He remembers hearing the Blue Devils for the first time in 1926, when he was passing through Tulsa, Okla., with Gonzelle White’s act on the Keith Circuit. He was astonished at their music. “At first I thought somebody in the hotel had some crazy records,” he recalled, “but then I saw it—an advertising wagon down the street, plugging a dance. It turned out to be Walter Page and the Blue Devils. I chased after the band and got to know some of the cats; I finally wound up sitting in with them at a breakfast dance. Believe me, that was some music.”

A year later, Basie was with an act called the Whitman Sisters that broke up in Kansas City, Mo. He found work for the better part of a year playing for the silent movies at a ragged little side-street theater called the Eblon. Sometime during the summer of 1928, perhaps in Dallas and perhaps in Kansas City, Basie joined the Blue Devils.

The Blue Devils had been a road-show band led by Texas trombonist Ermir Coleman. When Coleman decided to retire from music, he turned the band over to its tuba player, Walter Page, who managed to keep the band going as a small group even after the road show folded.

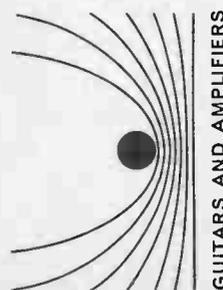
In 1925 Page persuaded a group of Oklahoma City businessmen to back him in expanding the group into a big band. The new band was ragged and undisciplined; some of the men could not even read music. But Page, a big, heavy-set, sober-minded man, was an unusually well-trained musician for that time and place; he had studied music at Kansas University. He began to teach the men in the band to read and rehearsed them until they became unusually accurate ensemble players with exceptional discipline and group spirit.

He had an eye for talent, too, and he gradually added fine soloists to the band as they traveled—the men who



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Gibson

Eddie Durham and, later, Buster Smith—to pass into the common knowledge of Kansas City musicians and to re-emerge in Basie's band five years later.

THE YEARS BASIE spent with Moten were the years that most Kansas City musicians remember so fondly, when jam sessions started after work and lasted until afternoon, when, according to Jo Jones, "You could be sleeping one morning at 6 a.m., and a traveling band would come into town for a few hours, and they would wake you up to make a couple-of-hours' session with them until 8 in the morning"; when it wasn't unusual for one number to go on for an hour or an hour and a half. Although the last of those good years, 1933, was in the depth of the depression, Kansas City, because of the relaxed attitude of the politically corrupt city fathers, remained an oasis in the dry central plains, the city lights for a dozen states. Prosperity continued for musicians.

But repeal cut the economic base from Kansas City musicians. In 1934 even Moten's band was beginning to feel the pinch. Work became scarce, and during a job at the Cherry Blossom, the sidemen's dissatisfaction focused on a dispute about some expenses charged to them. They rebelled against Moten. When the dispute was over, Basie was leading the band at the Cherry Blossom, which included all but two members of Moten's band. Basie took them to Little Rock, Ark., to play a location date, but they drew few people. Moten found work again. One by one, the men went back to Moten. But Moten held no grudge; he hired Basie again too.

When Moten died in 1935, Basie turned bandleader again, this time more modestly, starting with five pieces at the Reno Club and gradually expanding to nine. At this point, Basie's journeyman years were coming to an end.

He had spent nearly eight years among the group of musicians Page had assembled. Through his contact with them, he had absorbed their feeling for the blues to add to his background in New York jazz. Although Basie had started as a rather "full" pianist in the James P. Johnson tradition, Moten's records show that by 1932 he had turned himself into a linear, single-note, right-hand pianist in the Earl Hines style, who let Walter Page take care of the bass line with absolute confidence.

As a bandleader, he had inherited from Page a group of musicians who knew each other thoroughly after the

years with the Blue Devils and Moten. He had arrangers Durham and Smith. Perhaps most important, he had learned from Moten's example how to run a tight but happy band.

He was to have two years of scuffling with his band before his chance came. The band worked in a small club eight hours a night, six nights a week, and 12 hours on the other night. Leader's scale was \$21 a week, and sidemen got \$18. But the Reno Club did have a remote wire, and the band broadcast every Sunday night over a local independent station.

In 1936 John Hammond, at the time a jazz writer and, as now, an enthusiast, heard one of these broadcasts while he was traveling with Benny Goodman's band. He became so enthusiastic over the vitality of the Basie band that he worked to bring the band to national notice.

Hammond went to Kansas City and introduced himself to Basie. He persuaded Basie that the band had to be expanded to 14 pieces. One of the first new men was trumpeter Buck Clayton, who was passing through Kansas City with tenor saxophonist Herschel Evans on their way to join Willie Bryant's band in New York. Basie hired them both. The former Moten lead trumpeter, Ed Lewis, joined Clayton and Carl Smith in the trumpet section. Durham came back to join Ed Hunt in the trombone section. Evans joined Lester Young in the reeds. Jo Jones and Walter Page held the rhythm section together.

Meanwhile, Hammond persuaded Goodman to come and listen to the band. Goodman was enthusiastic and enlisted the help of his own booking agent, Willard Alexander. Alexander began to find the band bookings outside Kansas City; Hammond began thinking about record contracts. But Basie was still naive about the band business. He signed a contract with Decca to record 24 sides for a flat \$750 with no royalties.

The first job for the band outside of Kansas City was at the Grand Terrace in Chicago. It was a disaster.

The band was used to playing head arrangements of blues and riff tunes, and at the Grand Terrace it had to play a show.

"They had us playing *The Poet and Peasant Overture* as our big show number," Basie recalled. "The band just didn't make it, and there was nothing in the show that gave us a real chance to display ourselves properly."

Chicago audiences didn't take to Basie's blues, and the band was saved only by Fletcher Henderson's generosity—he lent Basie his whole book of pop tunes. (When Basie opened in New York City later, he had to buy stock arrangements of show tunes and Latin dance music.)

"Some of the Kansas City guys had to be fired," Buck Clayton remembered. "They faked pretty well until we had to cut the show music at the club. Then it was all over for them."

The rhythm section was solid, and Clayton and Evans were immediately recognized as fine soloists, but the musicianship of the band was severely criticized. One critic wrote, "If you think the trumpets are out of tune, you should listen to the trombones. If you think the trombones are out of tune, you should listen to the reeds."

Basie didn't panic. He coolly began to tinker with the personnel. He needed better musicianship, but he knew that he had to retain the best qualities of his Kansas City band—its looseness in ensemble playing, its best and most characteristic soloists, its blues-based riff style and surging rhythm. He began to hire some highly professional eastern musicians to stiffen up the musicianship. He brought in Billie Holiday as girl singer.

Hammond and Alexander sent the band on the road to tighten up, but conditions were hardly ideal for polishing a band.

Billie Holiday recalled, "We'd play a whole string of riff-raff joints, rough Negro dance halls in the South where people were sneaking in corn whisky from across the tracks, and then boom in the middle of this grind we

Trumpeters Buck Clayton, Ed Lewis, Al Killian, and Harry Edison



would be booked into some big white hotel.

"We didn't have the right uniforms, clothes, equipment — the cats in the band didn't have the right horns they needed—we'd all be beat from traveling thousands of miles with no sleep, no rehearsal, and no preparation—and yet we'd be expected to be real great."

Basie showed his quality as a leader then, keeping everyone happy, keeping the band moving, somehow holding everyone's loyalty through impossible disasters.

The New York opening at Roseland was another disaster. Fortunately, Goodman, Hammond, and Alexander were able to persuade the manager to keep the band on despite the obvious difficulties it had pleasing the white dancers. Basie stayed cool as ever and concentrated on the musical side.

Clayton said, "New York wasn't easy. The band scuffled, and it starved. But it didn't seem to matter. Playing was the important thing. Sticking together and making a go of the band was our ambition. We wouldn't think of leaving Basie no matter how good the offers were."

Finally, almost three years after Basie started scuffling with his band, they managed to satisfy the listeners at the Famous Door on 52nd St. During that year the band scored a dramatic victory over Chick Webb's band during a battle of music at the Savoy Ballroom. They were the first band to outplay Webb's on his home ground, and their future in New York was assured.

By the time the personnel of the band stabilized, the trumpets were Ed Lewis, Buck Clayton, Harry Edison, and Shad Collins; the trombones were Dan Minor, Benny Morton, and the witty ringer, Dickie Wells; the reeds were Jack Washington, Earle Warren, Lester Young, and Herschel Evans. The rhythm section still included Page and Jo Jones, but the guitarist was the rock-steady Freddie Green who joined in New York. Jimmy Rushing and Helen Humes were the vocalists.

DURING THE NEXT YEARS, this magnificent band recorded a series of records, at first for Decca and later for Columbia, that remain among the greatest delights of swing. The arrangements were usually simple—often no more than a sketch made up of riffs based on such jam-session favorites as the blues, *I Got Rhythm*, and *Diga Diga Doo*. The rhythm section was flexible and steady, with a delightful and novel subdivision of labor among the four men that sup-

ported and propelled the sparkling and ardent solo work of Clayton, Edison, Wells, Evans, and Young. The records have retained their vigor and luster. The earliest records such as *Roseland Shuffle* and *Pennies from Heaven* are marred by sloppy ensemble playing, but by late 1938—on records such as *Rock-a-bye Basie*, *Sent for You Yesterday*, and *Panassie Stomp*—the band was beginning to play with security and definition. The peak came in the magnificent Columbia series of 1939 and 1940.

By the time the United States entered the war, the band had begun to change. Evans had died; Young and Wells had left; Clayton and Jones were snatched eventually by the Army. But

Basie seemed to have the knack for finding exactly the right replacements; Buddy Tate for Evans, Don Byas for Young; Vic Dickenson for Wells; Shadow Wilson for Jones.

Basie managed to keep going all through the war, though records like *Taps Miller* and *Little Beaver* show a slight tightening in ensemble work. But men such as Young, who often contributed heads, or Clayton, who wrote arrangements, were gone. Basie began to rely on outside arrangers, and the rapid turnover of personnel during the war made written arrangements more important than ever. Arrangers, such as Buster Harding and Earle Warren, rather than the soloists, began to dominate the band, and the

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informal, improvised character of Basie's music started to evaporate.

Basie managed to survive the slump that flattened the band business after the war, but in 1949, he discovered that he was losing money, going into debt to keep the band going. He had always been careless about business matters, and he had no savings to fall back on. He disbanded.

By then he had in the band several young men who had been influenced by the beboppers, and in 1950 he formed an octet built around young soloists of similar musical conceptions—trumpeter Clark Terry, clarinetist Buddy DeFranco, tenor saxophonist Wardell Gray, baritone saxophonist Serge Chaloff. Working with the small

group, he managed to recoup his financial position.

Like the Reno Club band, this octet was primarily a soloist's band, but the few records it made during the next year show signs of a fresh approach to ensemble work that might have been developed. Unfortunately, when Basie decided to re-form a big band in 1951, he did not build on the possibilities of this small group as he had in 1936. The second Basie band was the work of arrangers, with Basie serving as editor-in-chief. The music varied with the arrangers. Johnny Mandel produced stiffer versions of prewar Basie arrangements; Neal Hefti, who had been with Woody Herman, produced some lyrical and

finely crafted medium-tempo scores; Ernie Wilkins contributed some kindergarten blues.

The expanded brass section, which gave the arrangers more chance for harmonic complexity, began to outweigh the reeds. The band became what Basie had promised it never would be—raucous. A chunky and stomping drummer gave the rhythm section a heavy, doughy sound. The soloists, except for trumpeters Joe Newman and, later, Thad Jones, were only competent players who understood their style rather than musicians of genuine individuality and expressive quality.

In 1955 Basie added a new blues singer, Joe Williams, and suddenly found that he had a hit record on his hands, a blues called *Every Day*. Although Williams is a leaden and heavy-footed singer, given to steady hammering rather than expressive phrasing, he gave Basie an enormous audience among the rock-and-roll fans who were the largest public for records. The success was followed by several more—another Williams blues, *The Comeback*, and a boring instrumental that belabored *April in Paris*. The band had become what Andre Hodeir called a machine for swinging, more like the precision drill team of Jimmie Lunceford than the collection of individualists Basie led during the '30s and '40s.

During the last few years, however, there have been new signs of life in the Basie band. Some of the men in the band began to accept the basically heavy quality of the band and wrote arrangements that exploit the density of sound. Before he left the band, saxophonist Frank Foster did several arrangements, beginning with *Shiny Stockings*, that contrast the heavy ensemble with the openness of the solos. Thad Jones also wrote a few brilliant arrangements for the band. It was a hint that there was a future for the Basie band beyond neo-swing.

But Basie has become increasingly conservative about trying out new tunes and seems to prefer to stick to well-tested arrangers. However, he commissioned several sets of arrangements by Benny Carter, and their collaboration seems to combine the mobility of the 1939 Basie band with the power of the postwar edition. But it may be too late. There are rumors that Basie is tired of the strenuous life of the road and is talking of retirement. But some of the men in the band say it is only talk.

"They'll carry him back from a road trip one day," one of them said. "He's like Louis. He's too used to the road to quit now." 



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RECORD REVIEWS

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

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

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

SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

Duke Ellington

ELLINGTON '66—Reprise 6154: *Red Roses for a Blue Lady; Charade; People; All My Loving; A Beautiful Friendship; I Want to Hold Your Hand; The Days of Wine and Roses; I Can't Stop Loving You; The Good Life; Satin Doll; Moon River; Ellington '66.*

Probable personnel: Herb Jones, Nat Woodard, Cootie Williams, Cat Anderson, trumpets; Lawrence Brown, Chuck Connors, Buster Cooper, trombones; Johnny Hodges, Russell Procope, alto saxophones; Jimmy Hamilton, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Paul Gonsalves, tenor saxophone; Harry Carney, baritone saxophone; Ellington, piano; John Lamb, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums; Ellington, Billy Strayhorn, arrangers.

Rating: ★★★★★

This album is miraculous. Nobody but Ellington could have done it.

There certainly will be some listeners who may find the five-star rating excessive in view of the material and the less-than-spectacular quality of some of the music. Perhaps by their standards, or by their special Ellington standards, this should be about a 3½-star album.

What must be taken into consideration, however, is the truism about judging a performance in terms of what it apparently set out to do. On this level the album succeeds exquisitely, as it does for me on the level of pure subjective reaction.

Secondly, it should not be assumed that this represents another attempt by Ellington to make commercial silk purses out of sows' ears. Two of the dozen tunes are Ellington's; of the other 10, none is of such low melodic quality, or so incapable of harmonic sublimation, that Ellington or Strayhorn could not do something constructive with it. Several are of superior melodic value and could just as well have been written by Ellington or Strayhorn.

In fact, if one were to play a monophonic version of these sides for a dyed-in-the-wool Ellington fan and inform him that this is a set of just-discovered previously unissued Ellington originals from the golden 1940-'42 period, it is not unlikely that he would swallow the story without a murmur.

Incidentally, it should be pointed out

that the level of this set is far above that of the often delightful but quite erratic *Ellington '65*. The band plays better; the material is better; the arrangements make more of the subject matter, whatever its musical value, than could those used by any other band, small or large, past or present.

Red Roses sets the pace gently. Trombonist Brown practically sings the lyrics in his velvet solo, beautifully backed; later Hodges enters the scene to add his voice to the superior ballad.

Charade is for Williams and Carney, with some rich reed-section work deployed against Williams.

People is notable for the build and sweep of the arrangement and for the eternally lyrical sound of Hodges. It would be interesting to know who played the little piano fills on this track. To this listener it would seem that this may have been one of Strayhorn's rare appearances with the orchestra.

All My Loving is the first of two Beatle songs in the album, and without derogating the songwriting abilities of Messrs. Lennon and McCartney one can still marvel at what this band has done with a comparatively flimsy piece of material. There is a rhumba touch throughout, with Procope and Hamilton featured on clarinets in the first part; later, Carney, Hodges, and Gonsalves are heard from.

Beautiful Friendship makes skillful use of the trombone and saxophone sections and again brings Brown into focus. Happily, he does not suffer from the lip trouble that plagued him during the recording of *Ellington '65*.

Hold Your Hand uses plunger-muted trumpet effects for a real old-Ellington sound. The fast tempo infuses the arrangement with a restrained but tense excitement.

Wine and Roses is a vehicle for Gonsalves. It is his kind of song. His handling of the theme is gentle and melodic and is fortified by some superb orchestral blends.

Loving You is accorded a lightly humorous treatment, with an interesting two-trombone approach in which Cooper answers the phrases stated by Brown. Williams and Hodges are also helpfully on mike.

Good Life has a similarly intriguing opening. Carney makes the first statement, and then Hodges enters to state the melody over Carney's counterpoint. This would have been even more effective (and so would the Brown-Cooper exchange in the previous track) if they had moved to separate channels.

Satin Doll is now a trifle faster than it was originally (but that's the way it always goes as familiarity breeds acceleration). Nothing much new happens here, but it's the same buoyant theme with the same neatly understated Ellington piano finale.

Moon River is built around Hamilton's clarinet and achieves a groovy swinging mood. It is typically Ellington.

Ellington '66 is the only new Ellington original in the set. Duke plays light-fantastic piano at buck-dance tempo; then the band builds, and Gonsalves is heard

against brass figures. It's no blockbuster, but does everything have to be?

This album should be required listening for a diversity of groups: Ellington fans; Beatle fans; people who don't dig jazz; arrangers who think they need five trumpets, four trombones, four French horns, and four flute doubles to achieve a variety of timbres or moods; people who think big-band jazz is dead; people who need people who swing; people. (L.G.F.)

Count Basie

POP GOES THE BASIE—Reprise 6153: *Your Cheatin' Heart; The Huckle Buck; Oh, Pretty Woman; Call Me Irresponsible; Walk Right In; Go Away, Little Girl; Oh, Soul Mio; Bye, Bye, Love; Do Wah Diddy; He's Got the Whole World in His Hands; Shangri-La; At Long Last Love.*

Personnel: Al Aarons, George (Sonny) Cohn, Wallace Davenport, Sam Noto, trumpets; Henderson Chambers, Al Grey, Bill Hughes, Grover Mitchell, Gordon Thomas, trombones; Marshall Royal, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, Bobby Plater, Eric Dixon, Charles Fowlkes, reeds; Basie, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Wyatt Ruther, bass; Sonny Payne or Louie Bellson, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

This is another in what seems a series of Basie offerings that are competently done but are generally undistinguished in material, arrangements, or solos. Practically everything seems ground out—production-line jazz, music by formula. Still, there are bits and pieces in any Basie album that reveal what the band is capable of doing. This LP is no exception.

Billy Byers' arrangements are craftsmanlike, simple but usually effective. One, *Irresponsible*, is excellent; it has an adroitly written background (Byers' use of flute is particularly deft) for Grey's rakish plunger trombone. Most of the scores have more than a dash of humor, which is always refreshing, but there is a bit too much on this record.

The band plays the arrangements very well; special commendation is due the lead men, especially altoist Royal, for a job well done. But while the horns cannot be faulted for their section work, the rhythm section can. It's hard to put one's finger on what is wrong, but when Payne is playing drums there is something spongy and undefined about the time. This is all the more noticeable when the tracks on which Bellson plays (*Walk, Long Last, and Diddy*) are compared with the others. In those three performances the rhythm is together, the beat sharply defined, and the band swings with vigor.

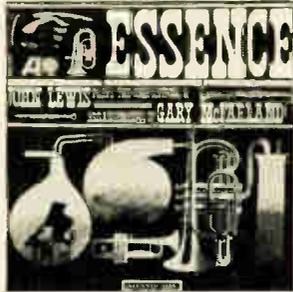
Though there is not a great amount of solo work in this album, what there is is hardly earth shaking.

Davis, tongue firmly in cheek, does well by *Shangri-La, Diddy* (Dixon's tenor also is featured), and *Long Last*; but he approaches *Hands* suspiciously, as if he weren't too sure what to play.

Grey, another slyly humorous player, is featured in several plunger-mute trombone solos, but it would have been nice to hear some of his driving straight-ahead work on open horn. He can be a musical comedian (which seems his primary function since he rejoined the band), but he also can be a highly stimulating soloist.

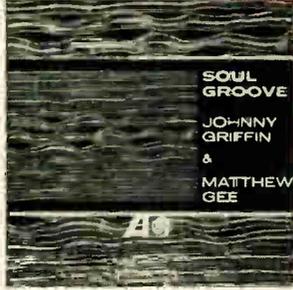
Basie has several solo spots; the best ones are on the driving *Long Last* (like old times) and *Bye, Bye* (which also

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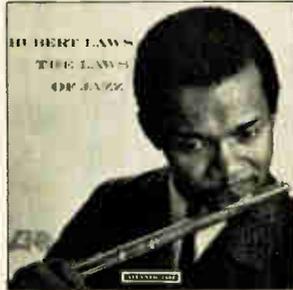
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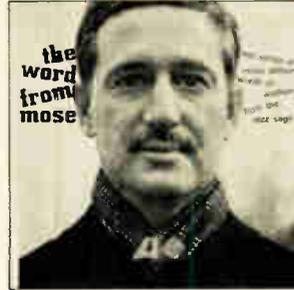
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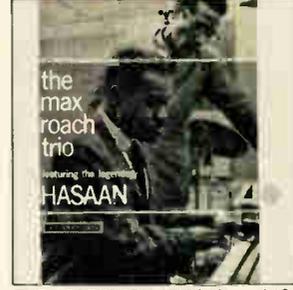
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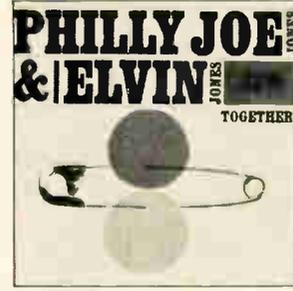
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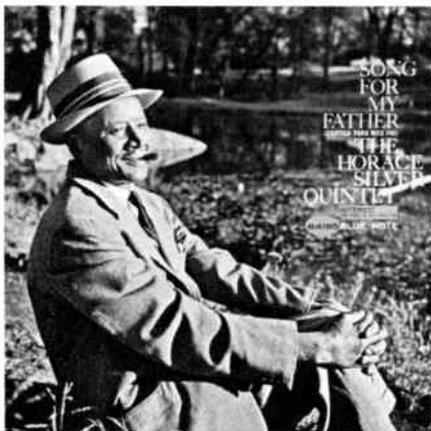


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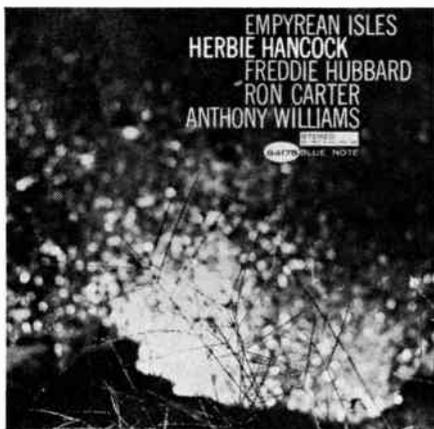
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sports a tasty Noto trumpet solo).

But all told, this is just another Basie record, sad to say. (D.DeM.)

Sidney Bechet
ARKANSAS ARTS CENTER JAZZ GEMS:
Blues; Ole Miss.
Personnel: Bechet, clarinet, soprano saxophone; Sonny White, piano; Charlie Howard, guitar; Stubby Sebastian, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums.
Rating: ★★★

Jimmy Yancey
ARKANSAS ARTS CENTER JAZZ GEMS:
35th and Dearborn; I Love to Hear My Baby Call My Name.
Personnel: Yancey, piano, vocal.
Rating: ★★★

These two 10-inch LPs consist of private recordings made by John D. Reid in 1939 and 1940 and are issued by the Arkansas Arts Center, which now houses Reid's extensive 78-rpm collection.

The Bechet performances, cut in 1939, are typical of the New Orleans master—warmly lyrical but rhythmically cutting, poignant but not maudlin. While they are below the quality of his best recordings, they are well done and of value to Bechet collectors.

Bechet's clarinet work is not as good as his soprano saxophone playing on the slow *Blues*, nor are things helped by the stodgy rhythm set up by guitarist Howard and pianist White (I can hear no bass or drums on this side).

Ole Miss—which is another name for *Bugle Call Rag*—is a jolly performance, one noteworthy for White's crisply prudent breaks and the majestic sweep of Bechet's playing. Clarke gives no indication in his breaks that a few years later he would be a fountainhead of bop drumming; his playing is solidly in the swing style, which, of course, is not surprising.

The better of the two Yancey sides is *Dearborn*, a fetching, rocking blues that divides itself between a gay, dancing mood and one somber and melancholy. The pianist builds the performance with sureness and artistry.

Yancey sings *Baby* in a slightly high-pitched voice that is reminiscent of Pine-top Smith's. Unfortunately, there is little invention, even within the limitations Yancey set for himself, on this track, particularly in his accompaniment.

A major criticism of both records is the brevity of the performances; the longest, Bechet's *Blues*, runs about five minutes, and the total playing time of both LPs is about 15 minutes. It would seem that there would have been other material from Reid's collection that could have been included in the albums. (D.DeM.)

Earl Hines
THE GRAND TERRACE BAND—RCA Victor
512: *Piano Man; Father Steps In; G. T. Stomp; Ridin' and Jivin'; Indiana; After All I've Been In; You; Gator Swing; Grand Terrace Shuffle; Deep Forest; XYZ; Riff Medley; Boogie Woogie on St. Louis Blues; Number 19; You Can Depend on Me; Tantalizing a Cuban; Call Me Happy.*
Personnel: Walter Fuller, Edward Simms, and Milton Fletcher or Shirley Clay, trumpets; George Dixon, trumpet, alto and baritone saxophones; Edward Burke, John Ewing, Joe McLewis, trombones; Budd Johnson or James Mundy, tenor and alto saxophones; Robert Crowder, tenor saxophone; Omer Simeon, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Hines, piano; Claude Roberts, guitar; Quinn Wilson, bass; Alvin Burroughs, drums.
Rating: ★★★★★

This Hines band of 1939 and 1940 must be the greatest unknown big band in all of

jazz. Oh, of course, Hines is a name—everybody knows Fatha Hines. They know him with Louis Armstrong on the Hot Seven records back in the '20s. They know him as leader of one of the great name bands of the early and middle '30s at the Grand Terrace in Chicago. The Hines band of 1942-'43, which was never recorded because of the AFM ban, is legend because it included Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Billy Eckstine, and Sarah Vaughan (to skim off only the biggest names). And there was the Hines of the Louis Armstrong All-Stars in the late '40s and early '50s.

But that still leaves this 1939-'40 band. It is remembered for the presence of vocalist Billy Eckstine (the focal point of an earlier RCA Victor 10-inch LP reissue) and for Hines' *Boogie Woogie on St. Louis Blues*. Aside from that, either you had the original 78-rpm discs, or you had no evidence that the band existed.

Well, it is just one of the most exhilarating swinging bands that ever recorded. The basis of much of it is the original Count Basie Band, a source that comes out very openly in some of Johnson's tenor saxophone solos (Lester Young) and Walter Fuller's trumpet (Harry Edison). It is a surprisingly disciplined band (surprising in that Hines was coming out of a desultory period at the time), and it cuts its arrangements with a clean and seasoned attack. Except for *After All*, a depressing ballad, there is not an inadequate number in the set.

Hines, of course, is constantly on hand with dazzling piano, not just in solos but also bouncing merrily through the ensembles in a manner that Jess Stacy (who learned from him) also used with the Benny Goodman and Bob Crosby bands.

All 16 pieces were recorded in less than a year, a telling indication of the consistent brilliance of the band at this time.

One should be warned that an alternate take is used on *Boogie*—it is basically the same as the familiar one except that the spoken and shouted interjections are omitted. That voice has become such a familiar part of the performance that one misses it even though the piece stands up quite well on its instrumental own. If you know the old version, however, you will find yourself mentally supplying the vocal pleas—especially, "Play it till 1951!"

To all indoctrinated Hinesians, "1951" will always represent the exotic, nebulous and totally unimaginable future. In 1965, that is an achievement. Would that we could as easily conjure up today a band that swings with the joy and drive of this great Hines band. (J.S.W.)

J.J. Johnson
PROOF POSITIVE—Impulse 68: *Neo; Lullaby of Jazzland; Stella by Starlight; Minor Blues; My Funny Valentine; Blues Waltz.*
Personnel: Johnson, trombone; Harold Mabern or McCoy Tyner, piano; Toots Thielemans, guitar; Arthur Harper or Richard Davis, bass; Frank Gant or Elvin Jones, drums.
Rating: ★★★★★

The irony of this set is that probably the best track of the six is the second, the one with a different lineup of sidemen—Tyner, Thielemans, Davis, and Jones. On the other five numbers the quality of the musicians is good, to be sure, but hardly

up to the level of accomplishment exhibited on *Jazzland*.

Few, however, would cavil at the premise: Johnson plus rhythm section equals better-than-just-good jazz. The foundation for this is obvious: Johnson remains the most important jazz contributor on trombone. Whether on a ballad such as *Valentine*, a lyrical and swinging *Stella*, or the burning *Blues Waltz*, Johnson is the superb personification of modern jazz trombone.

For the rest, *Minor Blues*, a Johnson original, contains a well-articulated bass solo by Harper; the Spanish accented *Neo* conveys many pensive, romantic moments; *Waltz*, written by Max Roach, has some driving piano by Mabern.

In the notes, Leonard Feather points out that Johnson "was the first trombonist to take the instrument beyond its specialized resources, to play not as a trombonist thinking in terms of the seven slide positions, but as an inspired soloist whose medium happened to be the trombone." Johnson's performances here make that point abundantly clear. That is why every student of the instrument as a vehicle for jazz playing should harken to this album. (J.A.T.)

Hugo Loewenstern

WHO SAID GOOD MUSIC IS DEAD?—Jazz Art Spectacular 1103: *Encantado*; *If I Had You*; *Catnip*; *When Sunny Gets Blue*; *Mary Lou*; *To a Sleeping Beauty*; *How Am I to Know?*; *Little Girl Blue*; *Flamingo*; *Spring Valley*; *A Gentle Breeze*; *Hu-Go's Theme*.

Personnel: Loewenstern, clarinet, alto saxophone; unidentified orchestra, Johnny Richards, arranger, conductor.

Rating: ★★½

We are faced here with what has become a familiar format in jazz: a soloist showcased against a large background of strings and percussion. In my view, very few jazzmen are able to bring this off successfully. They invariably seem caged, rather than liberated, by the strings.

Perhaps one reason is that they rarely work with such musical accompaniment elsewhere and thus find themselves on unfamiliar ground. What makes the situation worse is that most jazz arrangers seem to have difficulty handling strings. This double limitation breeds inferior performances.

Fortunately, this is not the case here—for two reasons: Loewenstern and Richards. Loewenstern has apparently worked in so many different musical milieus, from the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra to Stan Kenton, say the notes, that strings do not faze him. He is quite at home, which is half the battle.

Furthermore, Richards is an extremely adept and resourceful writer. He, like Loewenstern, can draw on a background that is broader and deeper than that of most jazzmen. The result of their collaboration is music that may not, in the improvisational, creative sense, be great jazz, but it is good music.

Two aspects of Loewenstern's playing are immediately impressive: the beauty of his sound and the control of his instruments. His sound is beautiful in the classic sense—full, rich, resonant, eloquent—with a timbre reminiscent of Johnny Hodges and, in another sense, of Art Pepper. Indeed, so enchantingly does he speak that one's attention is often seduced into listen-

ing to the sound of the instrument rather than to what is being played with it.

The reed man's warm, liquid, lyric style is ideally suited to romantic and/or impressionistic compositions, and there is much of that here. I think he could be a fine interpreter of, say, Debussy. His moody alto portrait of Ravel's *Sleeping Beauty* suggests his powers of evoking a kind of unworldly beauty.

Richards has salted the album with a variety of material, presumably to appeal to many tastes.

There are Latin rhythms (*Encantado*), traditional swingers (*Mary Lou*), ballads, and classically oriented reflections. Occasionally, Richards' strings seem ill-fitted to the time and material (*Mary Lou*), but this happens infrequently.

Again, despite Loewenstern's beautiful sound and his technical fluency, his improvisational talents, at least as evidenced here, are commonplace. The scene is full of men who could do just as well as he in this regard. But I do not think Loewenstern and Richards intended this album as a lesson in improvisation. I take it they just wanted to produce good music. And they have. (D.N.)

Junior Mance

STRAIGHT AHEAD—Capitol 2218: *In a Mellow Tone*; *Hannah Strikes Again*; *Li'l Darlin'*; *Diane*; *Happy Time*; *The Late, Late Show*; *Fine Brown Frame*; *Senior Mance*; *Stompin' at the Savoy*; *Trouble in Mind*; *The J.A.M.F.*

Personnel: Don Fagerquist, John Audino, Pete Candoli, Ray Triscari, Al Porcino, trumpets; Lew McCreary, Milt Bernhart, Vern Freiley, George Roberts, Kenny Shroyer, trombones; Mance, piano; Bob Bain, guitar; Monty Budwig, bass; Shelly Manne, drums.

Rating: ★★½

"In motion, direction is everything." When John Livingston Lowes wrote this dictum, he was discussing an aspect in the creative bent of a 19th-century English romantic poet, but the phrase can be universally applied—and most certainly to Mance's work in this album.

Accompanied by a first-rate brass ensemble and rhythm section (playing arrangements by Dave Cavanaugh and Bob Bain), Mance plays with the liveliness and the strong sense of the blues that have always been characteristics of his work. But instead of moving toward something vital and expressive, he is content to shoot at the near and easy targets. Melodies are stated and embellished with professional ease that makes pleasant listening, but nowhere is there the keyed-up, pounding sense of expression that Mance is capable of.

The arrangements are expert, and there is an exquisite balance to the whole ensemble. What a shame that all this talent is wasted on fudge material like this. (G.M.E.)

Toshiko Mariano

TOSHIKO MARIANO AND HER BIG BAND—Vee-Jay 2505: *Kisarazu Jink*; *Lament*; *The Shout*; *Israel*; *Laud of Peace*; *Walkin'*; *Santa Barbara*.

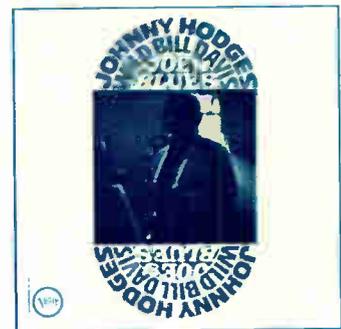
Personnel: Hisao Mori, Shigeru Takemura, Tetsuo Fushimi, Terumasa Hino, trumpets; Hiroshi Suzuki, Mitsuhiro Matsumoto, Teruhiko Kataoka, Takeshi Aoki, trombones; Hiroshi Okazaki, Shigeo Suzuki Akira Miyazawa, Hidehiko Matsumoto, Tadayuki Harada, saxophones; Mrs. Mariano, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

Rating: ★★½

The common denominator and energiz-

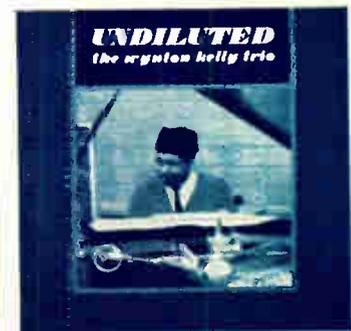
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Johnny Hodges is an example. This classic alto sax soloist has made another major and magnificent album with organist Wild Bill Davis built around the blues. *Joe's Blues* is as bright and as fresh as a spring breeze. It is filled with light, airy improvisations by Johnny, Wild Bill, Lawrence Brown and Grant Green—the brightest of blues.



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ing factor in these seven performances, including four big-band numbers—recorded in Japan at the end of last summer's World Jazz Festival—is the rhythm section of Mrs. Mariano, Chambers, and Cobb. The rest of the personnel is Japanese, and the performances reveal them as accomplished, though derivative, musicians who play with considerable expertise but little distinctiveness.

The big-band performances—*Kisarazu*, *Shout*, *Israel*, and *Santa Barbara*, the first arranged by Toshiko, the others by Charlie Mariano—are well played for the most part, though one might ask for a bit more fire and conviction. They are just a mite bloodless, and these arrangements—especially *Santa Barbara*—call strongly for much more than the literal readings they're given.

The total impression of the Japanese soloists is that, on the whole, they are bland and faceless, the notable exception being saxophonist Matsumoto, whose roiling, serpentine soprano improvisation on *Walkin'* is far and away the outstanding effort by the local men. Altoist Suzuki noodles pleasantly through *Israel* but never really builds to anything, which also is true of his work on *Kisarazu*. The two tenors featured on *Peace*—Miyazawa and Matsumoto—are interesting in that they both take pages from the early John Coltrane book and, save for a slight difference in tonal quality, might be the same soloist. Baritonist Harada is merely competent on *Shout*, and trumpeter Fushimi cannot get off the ground on *Barbara*.

Mrs. Mariano, on the other hand, plays with all the conviction, strength, and melodic invention the others so patently lack. Her out-of-tempo introduction to her appealing arrangement of the Japanese folk song *Kisarazu* is warmly, wittily lyrical and rhythmically fertile, and her solo is a sinewy, coruscating, multi-noted, yet always firmly directed improvisation. She gives J.J. Johnson's *Lament* an ardent and warm-blooded reading.

She, Cobb, and Chambers dominate the LP; the recording the rhythm section is given, in fact, often overshadows that of the rest of the orchestra, a situation that tends to emphasize even more dramatically the difference in performance quality between the three visitors and the home-grown musicians.

It is very much Toshiko's day, and most of the rating is for her vigorous, assured playing and for the sensitive, artful arrangements by her husband Charlie, the interestingly colored *Shout* being the most notable. (P.W.)

Oliver Nelson

MORE BLUES AND THE ABSTRACT TRUTH—Impulse 75: *Blues and the Abstract Truth*; *Blues O'Mighty*; *Theme from Mr. Broadway*; *Midnight Blue*; *The Critics' Choice*; *One for Bob*; *Blues for Mr. Broadway*; *Goin' to Chicago*.

Personnel: Thad Jones, Daniel Moore, trumpets; Phil Woods, alto saxophone; Phil Bodner, tenor saxophone, English horn; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Roger Kellaway, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Nelson, arranger, conductor.

Rating: ★★★★★

On the heels of some rather commercial efforts, this superior album once again does justice to Nelson's great gifts. He

does not play on this record, but it bears the stamp of his musical personality as arranger and conductor.

Though the lineup never exceeds eight pieces, Nelson's writing is so skillful that the over-all effect is that of a much bigger ensemble. This is accomplished without the aid of cheap engineering tricks; the trick, if any, is in the scoring. Nor does the big-band texture of the music cause any loss of the relaxed spontaneity made possible by the intimacy of a small group.

Nelson gets the best from both possible worlds, and his arrangements and backgrounds really make the soloists play.

As the title indicates, this is a blues album. Yet there are no two tracks in the same mood or mold. The three Nelson originals range from the modal modernity of the title track through the bouncy Twist flavor of *Critics'* to the minor but Basieish hues of *Bob*.

The canonic interplay between brass and reeds in the opening and closing passages of *Abstract* are fresh, delightful and wholly original, while *Critics'* shows how elements of rock and roll can be used as musically valid jazz ingredients without satire or irony.

The Mingus-like Gospel feeling of *Theme* (one of two attractive Dave Brubeck compositions inspired by the *Mr. Broadway* TV series played on this LP) is also handled by Nelson without tongue-in-cheek frivolity. The result is music with real gaiety—not a self-conscious pastiche.

The Brubeck *Blues for Mr. Broadway*, a cross between ballad and pure blues, generates a nostalgic mood, while Nelson's version of Neal Hefti's well-known *Midnight* (from the Basie book) is warmly romantic in feeling. Both these tracks are enhanced by the presence of Webster. The old master's long solo on *Blues* is a masterpiece that surely will take its place among his best recorded efforts. (That fifth star in the rating is for Ben.)

Mighty, based on a riff tune by Johnny Hodges, is a relaxed performance. Nelson reworks the Jimmy Rushing-Basie *Chicago* in a way that effectively retains the mood of the classic Basie band without seeming in the least like a copy.

While Webster is peerless, the other soloists also turn in sterling performances. Woods is much in evidence; all his solos are remarkably well-structured statements, played with the assurance and control of a master instrumentalist, yet retaining the fire and convictions of his early work. His spot on *Mighty* is outstanding.

Thad Jones is in rare form. His beautiful a cappella introduction to the Brubeck *Blues* is a gem; his solo on the same track, following Webster's, is good enough not to seem like a letdown. His clear, ringing sound has rarely been captured better on record.

Pianist Kellaway is noteworthy in all his roles: as a sparkling, consistently swinging and inventive soloist, as pacesetter and accompanist. He also plays excellent fills, notably on *Midnight*.

His solo on *Mighty*, building to a Garneresque climax, is invigorating, and his contribution to *Critics'* is a prime example of modern barrelhouse piano. Kel-

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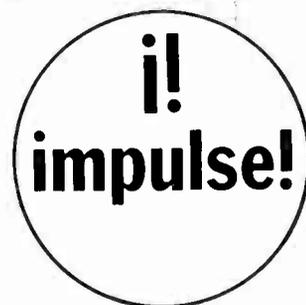
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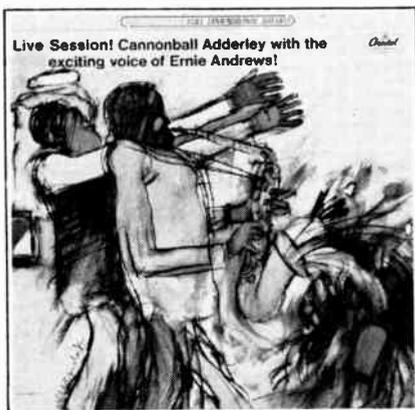
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laway is surprisingly flexible for so young a musician but avoids the depersonalizing pitfalls of that attribute. He is always himself.

Adams makes his presence felt with some driving, rip-roaring work, notably on *Theme* and *Mighty*. His sound still has that characteristic dryness, but it has grown in volume and in ease of projection. That he can also be relaxed is demonstrated on *Bob*, and his ensemble work throughout is excellent. Bodner's English horn ensemble-lead on *Blues* adds a pretty color to the band's tonal palette.

Bassist Davis is a remarkable musician. His only solo is a brief introduction to *Chicago*, but his section work is unmistakable (he is especially exciting behind Kellaway's solos). What Davis plays adds to each soloist's performance; it never attracts attention for selfish reasons.

Tate is rapidly becoming one of the best all-round drummers on the New York scene. He has a supple, swinging beat, good taste, superior craftsmanship, and excellent ears, and he knows what the situation requires—be it trio or big-band work, he plays for the group.

All told, this is a most rewarding and appealing record, put together with thought, skill, and care and reflecting credit on all participants. It is also a sterling example of contemporary jazz-making, informed and aware of the best values of the jazz tradition. Not much abstraction here but a good deal of ageless truth. (D.M.)

Si Zentner

MY CUP OF TEA—RCA Victor 2992: *Wishin' and Hopin'*; *Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying*; *And I Love Her*; *A Hard Day's Night*; *Forget Him*; *All Cried Out*; *The House of the Rising Sun*; *Ringo's Theme*; *Twist and Shout*; *How Do You Do It?*; *I Want to Hold Your Hand*; *My Cup of Tea*.

Personnel: Zentner, trombone; Bob Florence, piano; Bobby Harrison, drums; other unidentified.

Rating: see below

It would be unfair to give this album a jazz rating because there is not much jazz in it. The music is pleasant, danceable, and redolent of the big-band Golden Age. It will be most attractive for those whose allegiance to the early '40s remains unbroken by later developments in jazz.

I doubt that this cup of tea will appeal much to the practicing jazz fan, whose palate has undergone several renewals since the good old days.

The performances as a whole progress rather mechanically, the musicians blowing more out of a sense of duty than inspiration. It's as if they've all been over the road before. And probably they have. They get something moving on *Rising Sun* and *Cried Out*. *Hard*, conversely, is a rigid, unimaginative piece, and *Wishin'* contains as much corn as a grain elevator.

Zentner is the only real soloist, though Florence peeks in briefly and innocuously on *Ringo* and *Forget Him*. The trombonist's Dorsey-ish style should have old-timers nodding and smiling. At no time does Zentner or any other band member waste any measurable effort in improvisation.

It is not, however, bad music but, in view of the progress of jazz and big-band music over the years, uninteresting.

(D.N.)

OLD WINE- NEW BOTTLES

Recordings reviewed in this issue:

Zoot Sims, *Koo Koo* (Status 8309)

Rating: ★★ ★

Billy Taylor Trio *At Town Hall* (Status 8313)

Rating: ★★ ★

Ahmad Jamal, *The Piano Scene* (Epic 634)

Rating: ★★ ★½

Various Artists, *Lusty Moods* (Status 8319)

Rating: ★★ ★½

Various Artists, *My Fair Lady* (Status 8315)

Rating: ★★ ★

Of the four Status sets, drawn from the Prestige catalog, easily the most valuable is *Koo Koo*, recorded in 1956. Its value lies not in the presence of tenor saxophonist Sims, who swings through the set with typically forceful fluency, nor of altoist Phil Woods, who was just emerging from his Parker apprenticeship and showing the well-formed outlines of the superb musician we know today. There is chorus after chorus of good-to-brilliant Sims and Woods, but that is not what gives the disc its value.

What gives this record a special quality is the presence of trumpeter Jon Eardley, who has not been heard from in a long time. (Even the generally well-informed Ira Gitler can only say, in his liner notes, that Eardley is "reported" to be playing in Europe now.) His only period of real activity was in the middle 1950s when he was one of the early members of the Gerry Mulligan complex and when he was recorded to some extent. Eardley's work with Mulligan was provocatively erratic—that is, a few hearings might leave the impression that he was an adequate but undistinguished trumpet man, but the next time one heard him he might be electrifying.

Koo Koo is his album, hands down, despite the top-drawer work of Sims and Woods. (It was originally issued under Eardley's name.) All through the first side (*For Leap Year, There's No You, On the Minute*) he is magnificent. He has a bright, crackling attack that, when the improvisatory springs are welling, produces solos that leap and glisten vividly. This is what he produces on the medium-tempoed *Leap*, while on the fast *Minute* he enlivens this attack with a brash swagger that makes it that much more engaging. His major performance, however, is the ballad *There's No You*, which he dominates completely, building his solo beautifully and casting it in terms that range from a lustrous glow to a breath-tinged murmur.

He does not sustain this level on the remaining three numbers, but he still turns in quite respectable accounts. He also contributed three of the pieces—*Minute*,

Ladders, and Koo Koo.

The Taylor LP is taken from a 1954 concert. The pianist's technical skill and his competence shine through all five selections, but as one piece follows another, it becomes increasingly clear that Taylor is working from a few set devices and that he is being boxed in by the problem of sustaining interest during his long solos. Taylor always swings, but it is a glib, anonymous kind of swinging.

Glibness became one of Ahmad Jamal's difficulties, but even on his most machine-made efforts he always managed to leave his personal stamp, which helped to offset whatever blandness might creep into his playing. His *Piano Scene* on Epic was made in the early '50s using guitar and bass (usually Ray Crawford and Eddie Calhoun, respectively) instead of his later bass and drums. With this instrumentation, his playing was, of necessity, somewhat different from what it became later when he could let bassist Israel Crosby and drummer Vernell Fournier carry the rhythmic load while he explored accents and silences. Still, even at this early point, he was moving toward what became his style, and in doing this he gave himself an identification that even a pianist as capable—and as knowledgeable—as Taylor has never been able to achieve.

The most fascinating experience on *Lusty Moods* (the title is a very inaccurate description of the set; this is romance on a slow burner, not a hot flame) is Yusef Lateef's *Anastasia*, a magnificent run-through of Lateef's exotic sounds (the argol, the rebo, and the great, plangent gong) as well as a showcase for his strength on flute and Wilbur Harden's firm-bodied fluegelhorn. And there are a beautifully structured *Sweet Lorraine* by tenorist Wardell Gray, a typically nervously demanding *Diane* by Miles Davis (muted, with buoyant rhythm backing by pianist Red Garland, bassist Paul Chambers, and drummer Philly Joe Jones), and a *Charmaine* that is split between Dorothy Ashby's brightly swinging harp and Frank Wess' really muscular flute.

Lady, on the other hand, is an undistinguished jumble of performances of tunes from the Lerner-Loewe show, quite obviously brought on by the release of the movie—not, God wot, because the set makes any sense otherwise.

Tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins does a pleasant and fairly straight *I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face. Wouldn't It Be Lovely?* bumbles through solos by bassist Major Holley and pianist Tommy Flanagan until tenorist Coleman Hawkins comes on to establish his authority. *Show Me* gets by partially because of Roy Haynes' energetic drumming and less partially through Ted Curson's steadily dwindling Miles Davis-like muted trumpet. There is absolutely no excuse for singer Etta Jones' tawdry, Billie Holiday-derived *On the Street Where You Live*. Pianist Bobby Timmons takes 6½ minutes to run *I Could Have Danced All Night* into the ground. Shirley Scott and vibist Lem Winchester do a bit better with *Get Me to the Church on Time*, but not enough.

—John S. Wilson

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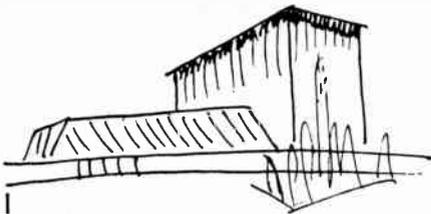
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COMMENTS ON CLASSICS

By DONAL HENAHAN

Stravinsky does not make a very satisfactory martyr. A young musician riding out in search of a neglected and misunderstood composer to defend hardly gives the venerable Igor a glance these days.

His newest serializations cannot be said to have aroused much love in the public, but respect, toleration, status, hero worship, cultural kingship—Stravinsky has them all now. The spectacle of network television presenting *Noah's Flood*, with shampoo commercials intersticed along the way, was sobering.

Verdi never reached so wide an audience, and such respectable artists as J.S. Bach and Mozart hardly got off the ground, by comparison. Yet, instant success is not the only kind. The *Brandenburg Concertos* were written, donated to one of Bach's patrons, put on a shelf, and never played during the composer's lifetime; but over the last 200 years they have been heard and applauded by billions.

Nonetheless, the Bach variety of horizontal, long-range popularity has limited appeal to a composer such as Stravinsky, who can afford to worry very little about his eventual stature among the great.

He wants as much fame now as possible. So, in the notes accompanying a new Columbia recording of his opera *The Rake's Progress*, Stravinsky pleads for a little current appreciation for this score. And he is sure to get it.

When *The Rake* was first presented at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1953, Fritz Reiner conducted a cast that included George Conley, Mack Harrell, Blanche Thebom, and Hilde Gueden. The results were not greeted with wild enthusiasm. Stravinsky had to swallow one of his few failures in a long career, and it obviously still rankles.

Hoping to present the score in its true light, he took over the baton himself when Columbia recorded the opera in mono. No luck, however; *The Rake* just lay there.

Columbia's new stereo version (M3S-710), latest in the *Stravinsky Conducts* series, should encourage more interest in it. For one thing, Stravinsky is a better conductor than he was a decade ago. And his newest cast is more aware of Stravinsky style than was the older one. Judith Raskin is a first-rate Ann Truelove, and the Rake himself, Alexander Young, is perfect. Regina Sarfaty as Baba the Turk and John Barker as the chorus master know their business, too, and the only frail reed is the Nick Shadow of John Reardon, whose talents are better suited to operetta than to the mordant wit of Stravinsky's Mephistopheles.

When it was new, in 1951, this score was put down sternly for its stylistic flirtings with Mozart, Handel, and many other composers, and for its old-fashioned use of arias, duets, and larger set pieces. Critics who had only recently caught up

with Wagnerian opera reform were upset to find Stravinsky rejecting the whole "modern" notion of opera as continuous drama.

But Stravinsky was more successful in unifying the conflicting styles in *The Rake* than previous performances led us to believe.

With its Faustian theme but its anti-Romantic comment, *The Rake* resembles *Don Giovanni* rather closely. As in Stravinsky's earlier *L'Histoire du Soldat*, the opera's hero puts himself in the hands of the devil, but this time is allowed to escape. The old charge of cold intellectualism cannot be dismissed, but for all its style-conscious manner and cool objectivity, *The Rake* refuses to leave the listener's mind once he has heard it well performed.

With his own hand, Stravinsky has once more struck a blow for his music. It would not be surprising to find a young breed of music listener hearing this score with understanding and sympathy.

Another backward glance, less rewarding, is afforded by RCA Victor's reissue of Virgil Thomson's *Four Saints in Three Acts* (LM-2756).

Listening with as generous an ear as possible, it is hard to discern now what our elders found so exciting about this bit of inverse snobbism back in 1934. The music makes a great show of being naive and simple, while Gertrude Stein's involuted text flaunts its self-conscious literary techniques.

Slightly repugnant now is Thomson's use of a Negro cast to embody simplicity and innocence; this was, and is, simply a genteel way of saying the Negro is a child. In a day that cheered *Green Pastures*, the opera found a superficially sophisticated audience. Today it is dead and done for.

Dead, though still thrashing around like a headless chicken, are two other current operas, issued by RCA Victor, Gian Carlo Menotti's ineffable *Amahl and the Night Visitors* (LM/LSC-2762) and *The Death of the Bishop of Brindisi* (LM/LSC-2785).

Both works are tailored scrupulously to appeal to a sentimental, matronly audience, and it is a tossup as to which one is a shoddier example of slick religiosity.

Like Benjamin Britten, but with infinitely less talent and taste, Menotti always seems to find room in his operas for God and small boys. If that sort of thing appeals to you, the new *Amahl* recording can be highly recommended.

The Death of the Bishop of Brindisi is a more pretentious but equally false effort, though it is played excellently by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Erich Leinsdorf and has George London and Lili Chookasian as soloists.

On the other side, the *Brindisi* disc contains the *Song of the Wood Dove* movement from Arnold Schoenberg's *Gurre-Lieder*. Leinsdorf's approach to this piece, a bloatedly Romantic summation of all that was eating the 19th century, is much too bland. For this music is required Stokowskian temperament; Leinsdorf, rather, has the temperament of a department store credit manager. A large, elegant department store, of course. [C]

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BLINDFOLD TEST

BILLY BYERS

'I like the human element. I like to hear people, while they're playing the melody, live the melody and sing it like they believe it.'

By LEONARD FEATHER

The esteem in which Billy Byers is held today (primarily as an arranger, though he still remains active as a trombonist on recording dates) is the product of 20 years of diligent contributions in the worlds of studio music and name bands.

After his release from the Army in 1945, Byers spent most of the next three years writing movie music in his native Los Angeles. Then came a period as a sideman with name bands—Georgie Auld, Buddy Rich, Benny Goodman, Charlie Ventura—and several years of record, television, and movie writing.

Byers is best known through his association with Quincy Jones. "We met around 1954," Jones said, "and worked together off and on, but we didn't become real close until he went to Europe as my assistant with the band in the Harold Arlen show *Free and Easy* in 1959-'60. Since then he's been involved in the same things I have—writing for my own record dates, Sarah's, Basie's.

"He's an incredible musician—well rounded, versatile—and he's the same way as a person. That's why we get along so well."

This was Byers' first *Blindfold Test*. He received no prior information about the records played.

THE RECORDS

1. COUNT BASIE-DUKE ELLINGTON. *Until I Met You* (from *First Time*, Columbia). Willie Cook, trumpet; Paul Gonsalves, tenor saxophone; Basie, Ellington, pianos; Aaron Bell, Eddie Jones, basses.

Naturally, I know it's Duke and Count, recorded at Columbia—30th St.? On the part of the record company, I don't know what they were doing, but they kind of mixed it up. Maybe it's a good idea, maybe it's a bad idea—I don't know what the motives were. But it seems very unsensible to put Count Basie on the left, with Duke Ellington's brass section, and Duke Ellington on the right, with Count Basie's brass section. The double rhythm section worked out fine, when they were operating; the two basses sounded great. It was a wonderful performance, and I liked it very much, particularly the dialogs between Count and Duke, behind the soloists, which were fantastic.

Of course, when a group like this gets together, they rub off on each other: sometimes you'll find one guy sounding like another, just because he's sitting there. I assume that Thad Jones, who's over on the right side here, was the trumpet soloist, and I assume that the tenor player was Paul Gonsalves, but it might have been anybody out of either band imitating the other. This is a definite five-star record. This is a success.

2. BOB FLORENCE. *Straight, No Chaser* (from *Here and Now!*, Liberty). Johnny Audino, trumpet; Herbie Harper, trombone; Bud Shank, alto saxophone; Florence, pianist, arranger, conductor; Tommy Tedesco, guitar; Buddy Clark, bass; Frankie Capp, drums.

This record contains two aspects. It contains a very healthy, living rhythm section that really makes full, warm-blooded music. The drummer is beautiful, the bass player is in the corner, the pianist sounds fine. The recording sounds like it's European. The arrangement sounds very theoretical to me—largely because of the way the band plays. The band plays without nuance. There's no warmth or looseness to it. It's excellently played, but this is my objection to a lot of European

playing. While it is precise, I like the human element. I like to hear people, while they're playing the melody, live the melody and sing it like they believe it.

The soloists both sounded very European. You hear in the alto player an amalgamation of several styles. He starts out like Lee Konitz, plays the interesting three-against-four kind of thing; then he runs out of gas after a while and starts doing Pete Brown with Lee Konitz' tone. The trombone player has a very nice technique and a good range, but he mumbles. He doesn't say anything. Which is my objection to the playing of the brass section. The saxophones sounded better than the brass did. . . . The drummer's great.

I'd give it three stars for effort. As far as the arrangement's concerned, it's hard to tell. It's probably a good arrangement, but the musicians don't bring it to life.

3. CURTIS FULLER. *Love Turned the Light Out* (from *Cabin in the Sky*, Impulse). Fuller, trombone; Hank Jones, piano; Manny Albam, arranger, conductor.

This was an ambitious project. There was a lot of love and tender care that went into this one on the part of the arranger. I think the trombone player is J. J. Johnson. Unfortunately, the strings sounded like they were going to another record date. They played without definition, and this was unfortunate, because the music is lovely.

If the strings had taken a little more care, I could go for five stars. As it is, I give it four. The piano's lovely; the trombone player, if it's J. J., is beautiful.

4. JOHN LEWIS. *Hopeful Encounter* (Part I of a three-part suite) (from *Essence*, Atlantic). Lewis, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Gary McFarland, composer, arranger.

From the way this ends it sounds like it's the first movement from something. It's ambitious without being pretentious, which is a pleasure to hear. Very nice.

As a trombone player I was a little disturbed when the brass finally came in, because they played with little conviction

and bad time. It might have been a lack of spelling—I'm sure it was some of my closest friends. I loved the piano, and the bass player was beautiful; they executed a retard in there that was fantastic.

The form of the piece was beautiful. I hope that it's the first part of something, because it did sound like it was going into something, at the end. Four stars.

5. QUINCY JONES. *Golden Boy* (string version) (from *Golden Boy*, Mercury). Bobby Scott, piano; Jones, arranger, conductor; Charles Strouse, Lee Adams, composers.

As a writer, this is the most impressive thing I've heard, with the possible exception of that one I thought was European, which I might have liked just as well or better if it had had a good performance.

This is Quincy Jones playing the theme from *Golden Boy*, and Quincy's managed to synthesize bop, pop, and classical music very well. The orchestration is fantastic! The high string unisons are marvelous; the texture is just right.

I'm very disappointed in the balance; sounds like there's a misplaced emphasis on the piano. The strings get submerged under it, and the strings are playing something very beautiful at that point, and I could have done without the barroom piano very nicely.

I think Quincy should be doing something like Andre Kostelanetz did. He has all of the elements of today—he's got the fine orchestration—and he could probably do a very modern kind of Mantovani. It would meet with general approval, because it would be a thing of the times. It's got contemporary rhythms in it; the textures are beautiful by any kind of a classical concept. . . . Ravel, Delius, Debussy.

I'll give it four stars because I don't like the balance at all.

6. BOB BROOKMEYER. *Ho Hum* (from *Gloomy Sunday*, Verve). Clark Terry, trumpet; Brookmeyer, composer, arranger, trombone; Al Cohn, tenor saxophone.

This is the first really complete thing we've played. This has all the elements in very good balance. It has the Count Basie thing to the point of redundancy, but it's approached with an attitude of humor, by interjecting a little light Sauter-Finegan. Everything in here is highly derivative, but it's done in a kind of slapdash manner that really comes off.

Brookmeyer plays a very nice counterpoint to the arrangement. The best soloist is that fellow with the real dark sound—the tenor player. Clark plays his little solo very nicely. The orchestra plays marvelously; there's a looseness and a liveness and a feeling in it that the fellows are aware of what they're doing. I don't ordinarily recommend the tongue-in-cheek approach, but this makes an interesting listening experience.

That's five stars. That's a hit on my jukebox! I particularly liked the first trombone player. [*This was meant tongue-in-cheek; Byers, who is on some of album's tracks, thought he was the first trombonist, but according to the liner notes, Bill Elton replaced him on this track—L.F.*]

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Reviews Of In-Person Performances

Johnny Richards

Village Gate, New York City

Personnel: Chet Ferretti, Dave Gale, Ray Copeland, Burt Collins, trumpets; Ray Starling, mellophonium; Bill Watrus, Jerry Whiggams, Garnet Brown, trombones; Jerry Dodgion, alto saxophone; Frank Perowski, tenor saxophone; Joel Kaye, baritone saxophone, flute, piccolo; Shelly Gold, bass saxophone; Johnny Knapp, piano; Chet Amsterdam, bass; Jay McAllister, tuba; Ronnie Bedford, drums; Warren Smith, percussion; Richards, conductor.

The above personnel was the starting lineup for the veteran arranger-composer's five consecutive weekends at the Gate, but good sidemen are much in demand in New York, especially on weekends, and there were many changes and substitutions during the course of this engagement. Richards' conception, however, was sufficiently strong and personal to give the band a distinctive and relatively stable character, no matter the personnel.

The band emphasizes brass with a broad bottom of bass saxophone, tuba, and frequent lower-register trombone passages blending effectively to anchor the strong trumpets. For contrast, the piercing piccolo often danced above the ensemble, cutting through the thick, massive harmonies of the band in full flight.

Starling's mellophonium was generally used to bolster the saxes, also emerging in effective solo passages. Starling has really made this instrument his own, and his tip is astounding.

Swing as such, in the Basic sense of the term, never has been Richards' focal point, and the rhythm section had a heavy load to pull. Of the three drummers heard with the band, Bedford and Mel Lewis got things off the ground more effectively than Steve Little; Lewis' performance was especially impressive, since he was unfamiliar with the scores, and the demands of this occasion were quite different from those of his customary role in the Gerry Mulligan Concert Orchestra.

Featured trumpeters were Collins and Copeland, the former excellent with Harmon mute and in an eight-bar chase with Copeland on *The Rain in Spain*, done with a samba feeling. Copeland, a sterling player with fine technique, range, control, and ideas, sometimes had his work drowned in a combination of massive competition from the band, ineffective solo miking, and the Gate's capricious acoustics (one can hear very well in some spots; in others, high notes seem to vanish).

The trombones (with Britt Woodman among the substitutes) had some good writing to work with and did handsomely. Brown is a very gifted instrumentalist with a big, fat, trombone sound and a virile conception.

The other featured soloists were alto saxophonist Dodgion, a lyrical swinger with a singing sound, who recently has

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shown signs of becoming much more than merely a very good player in the Charlie Parker-Lee Konitz mold, and tenor saxophonist Frank Foster, who was given more of the spotlight than his predecessors. His sure and strongly communicative playing seemed to give a lift to the band, and he is a man who can swing in any context. He was especially effective on *Dimples*, a light-hearted piece that is one of the best things in the book.

Also excellent was *Turn-a-Boot*, with its atmospheric opening, striking tympani breaks, and dramatic finale with tuba and piccolo to the fore. *Dance of the Lost*, displaying changes in time signature, some licks on the cow bell, a tympani solo, and a moody, unresolved ending, was also effective. All these were Richards originals.

To an observer who has always respected but never fancied the Richards-Kenton-Russo approach to big-band writing, it seemed Richards' current work is less prone to bombast and rhetoric and is more varied in texture and range of expression. But no matter what the listener's personal predilections, this is certainly a band to hear—for its power, excitement, and first-rate musicianship.

—Dan Morgenstern

Buddy DeFranco-Jimmy Smith- Neophonic Orchestra

Music Center, Los Angeles

Personnel: Conte Candoli, Ollie Mitchell, Ronnie Ossa, Al Porcino, Dalton Smith, trumpets; Gil Falco, Bob Fitzpatrick, Vern Filey, trombones; Jim Amlotte, bass trombone; Sam Rich, tuba; Jack Cave, Vince DeRosa, William Hinshaw, Arthur Maebe, Richard Perissi, French horns; DeFranco, clarinet, bass clarinet; Buddy Collette, Chuck Geatry, John Lowe, Bill Perkins, Bud Shank, reeds; Smith, organ; Milt Raskin, piano; John Gray, guitar; John Worster, bass; Shelly Manne, drums; Emil Richards, keyboard percussion instruments; Frank Carlson, various percussion instruments; Stan Kenton, conductor.

The third concert of the Neophonic's first season had more peaks and fewer low spots than either of its predecessors.

Jim Knight, a 25-year-old Louisianan and product of the celebrated North Texas State Lab Band, wrote the opening work, *Music for an Unwritten Play*, listed in the program as "a composition in three movements, allowing the listener to create his own imaginary drama." After a couple of minutes of contemplative mood-setting, it gradually broke into tempo, with some well-placed Raskin piano fills adding a welcome touch of spontaneity. Altoist Shank was featured later, his admirable sound and style punctuated by and enveloped in a profusion of orchestral developments around him.

The Knight piece generally made good use of the horns and brass and sustained a variety of colors and moods, leading unexpectedly (but not unpleasantly) to a simple bravura ending on the tonic.

Turtle Talk, written by Dee Barton, is a quixotic work based on the whole-tone scale. Perhaps this is a quibble, but its inclusion as a neophonic item seemed questionable when one recalled Don Redman's *Chant of the Weed* (1931) or Coleman Hawkins' *Queer Notions* (1933), which certainly were neophonic in their day. The solos by Candoli, Shank, and Falco main-

tained the spirit of the work very well.

Ralph Carmichael's *Color It Green* was a more original and stimulating piece. Opening with a hint of *Greensleeves'* mood, it built from a sequence played by four flutes and bass clarinet to some very Kenton-like brass. There was some interesting pyramiding of solos by Perkins, Shank, and Candoli; the cumulative effect of the blowing by one, then two, then three horns was one of the high spots of the evening. Manne, whose consistency was one of the stablest and most dependable elements of the concert, soloed the way into a bright and invigorating final movement.

After Carmichael's work there was considerable shuffling around as many of the musicians left the stage, and the French horn players walked over to join the trombonists. What was left of the orchestra then played Clare Fischer's *Piece for Soft Brass, Woodwinds, and Percussion*.

Fischer made sure that every possible

In The Next Issue Of
down beat

An evaluation of jazz on television, by Leonard Feather

An estimate of the value of the Jazz Composers Guild, by Robert Levin

An interview with India's master musician, sitarist Ravi Shankar, by John A. Tynan

A look at pianist Ramsey Lewis, by Barbara Gardner

Reports of two significant college jazz festivals, by Dan Morgenstern and Don DeMicheal

Columns by Nat Hentoff and Martin Williams

On sale Thursday, April 22

variation of timbre was employed in this almost endlessly diversified work. The sax writing was particularly brilliant, with occasional Ellington touches. There were many permutations to keep the attentive ear busily and happily engaged: Perkins and Shank with Richards' vibes backing them up; a blues waltz featuring baritone saxophone, then piccolo and baritone, piccolo-flute-alto-baritone, etc. There was enough substance here to make a full appraisal on one hearing impossible; but subjectively, the first time around, Fischer's work was a rewarding experience.

Some artists have antennae that are exceptionally sensitive to a draft onstage or in the audience. When they feel this draft, they cannot or will not give. This seems to be what happened with organist Smith, in his sometimes exciting but never optimum-level set of four tunes.

Slaughter on 10th Avenue, the Oliver Nelson arrangement, did not quite achieve the engaging mood of Smith's recording of it. At times Smith's sound did not stand out enough from the orchestra. Next, instead of the programmed *Wives and Lovers*, he played a very slow unaccompanied *The Days of Wine and Roses* that seemed less geared to Monday evening than to Sunday morning. Then came a blues, with Manne offering strong support,

Smith cooking briefly, and Raskin beaming and looking as if he wished he could sit in. The romping Nelson arrangement of Elmer Bernstein's *Walk on the Wild Side* ended Smith's portion of the program, and on it Smith and the orchestra seemed to jell, though again there was lacking a certain intangible magic that Smith brings to his best performances.

Barton's *Waltz of the Prophets*, which opened the second half, was replete with Gospel-funk clichés and relied so much on the whole-tone scale that it could as well have been called *Turtle Talk, Pt. II*.

Three excerpts were then presented from Shorty Rogers' ballet *The Invisible Orchard*. Over-all, this seemed the most successful, and perhaps even the most neophonic work of the evening. All three movements bristled with enough swinging spontaneity, at one tempo or another, to lend the performance an unmistakable jazz character.

Since the three parts offered were actually Scenes 1, 6, and 8 of the ballet, they cannot be assessed in terms of general continuity, but it was enough that they showed an inherent validity, and that in this orchestration Rogers put to full use the spectrum of instrumental sounds at his disposal, from tuba to bass saxophone to vibes to guitar to flute. There were occasional uncertainties of performances but not enough to mar the effect. Special credit is due Richards, Candoli, Perkins, and Raskin for their soloing in the work and Shank for his flute playing.

The finale was a showcase for DeFranco, written by his old-time Tommy Dorsey colleague Nelson Riddle and humorously titled *Il Saltimbocca*, with equally wry subtitles for the movements: *Il Vitello, Il Proscuitto, Il Spinace*. Somber French horns introduced the first movement before DeFranco moved in, his pure sound playing a melody mostly in half and quarter notes. The second movement teamed his clarinet with trombones in a puckish theme.

DeFranco switched to bass clarinet for the third movement and was backed by muted trumpets, three flutes, and two Bb clarinets. There was some fast waltz ad libbing on bass clarinet that offered opportunity to gauge how much DeFranco can and probably will accomplish on this instrument. For the finale he switched back to Bb clarinet to wail with a full ensemble, Manne and Worster lending considerable weight and movement to the whole. The closing bars provided a stunning showcase for DeFranco's matchless virtuosity.

The audience reacted warmly, and the performance deserved it; yet one was left with the feeling that what made DeFranco an international name—his gift for jazz improvisation—had been relegated to second place in a work that for the most part could have been played by any first-rate studio clarinetist. For the few moments in which the real DeFranco shone through, though, *Il Saltimbocca* justified its performance.

For all the shortcomings, though, the concert, on the whole, was the most successful and the most jazz-oriented of the three presented so far. —Leonard Feather

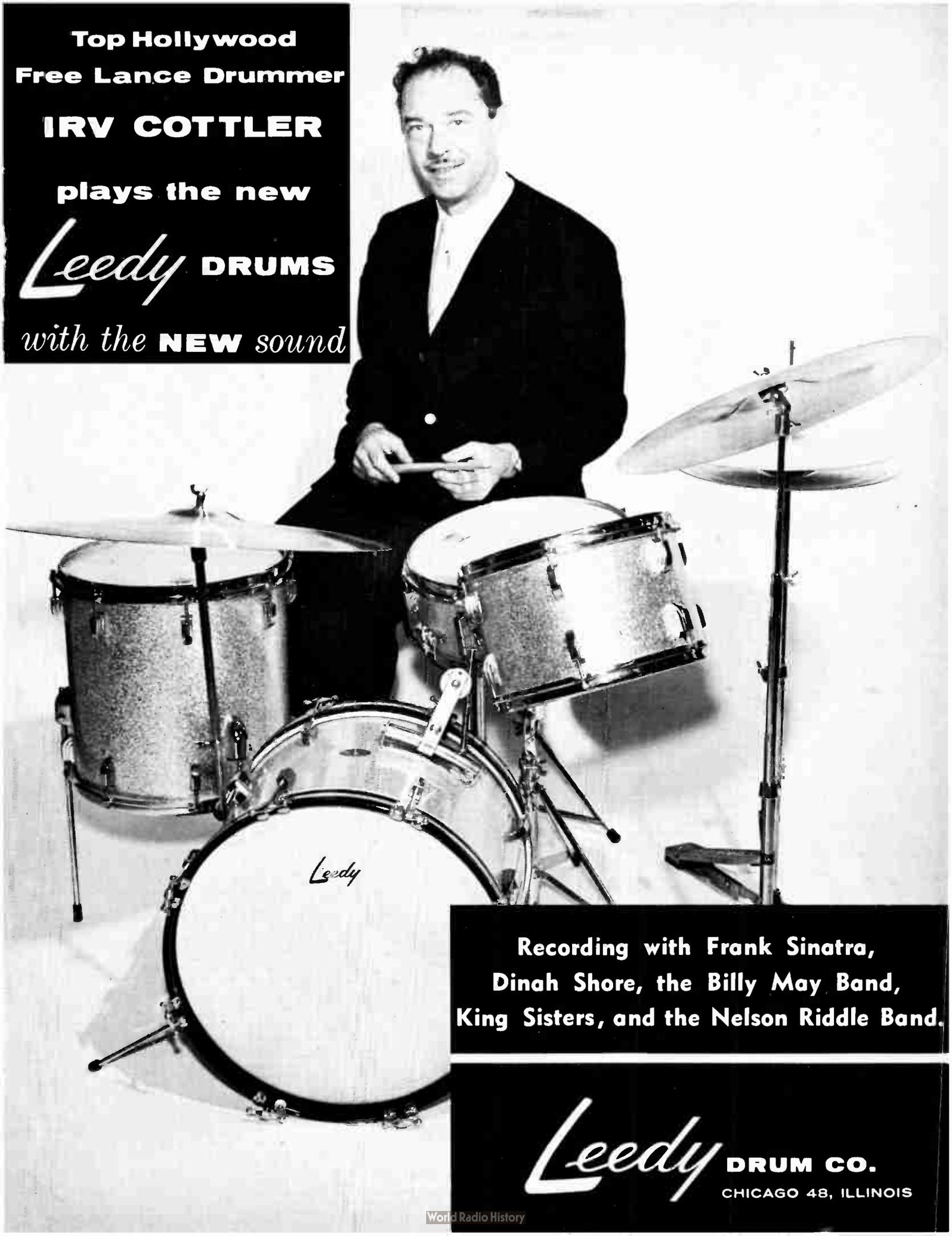
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FEATHER'S NEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

The existence of any firm criteria for evaluating the arts has been seriously brought into question during the last decade or two. During this period there has been a growing tendency to reject *good*, *bad*, and other such straightforward adjectives as irrelevant to an evaluation. A firm yardstick of standards, gained empirically and imposed with a firm hand, would appear to be nonexistent.

According to Marya Mannes, "This has been a popular approach, for it relieves the critic of the responsibility of judgment and the public of the necessity of knowledge. It pleases those resentful of disciplines, it flatters the empty-minded by calling them open-minded, it comforts the confused."

Miss Mannes is the author of a recent book called *But Will It Sell?*, published by J.B. Lippincott, a trenchant examination of our commercial, esthetic, spiritual, and social values.

The chapter that has most relevance for music lovers is "How Do You Know It's Good?" It starts with the interesting proposition that if there were no critics to tell us how to react to a picture, play, or new composition, if we wandered innocently into an art exhibit of unsigned paintings, we might have trouble deciding by what standards they could be appraised as good or bad, talented or untalented, successes or failures.

"Every age," writes Miss Mannes, "has its arbiters who do not grow with their times, who cannot tell evolution from revolution or the difference between frivolous faddism, amateurish experimentation, and profound and necessary change. Who wants to be caught *flagrante delicto* with an error of judgment as serious as this? It is far safer, and certainly easier, to look at a picture or a play or a poem and to say, 'This is hard to understand, but it may be good,' or simply to welcome it as a new form."

As she also points out, the word new, particularly in this country, has magic connotations; what is new must be good, and what is old may well be bad.

"And if a critic can describe the new in language that nobody can understand, he's safer still," she adds. "If he has mastered the art of saying nothing with exquisite complexity, nobody can quote him later as saying anything."

Of course, the more one practices the art of living, and of comparing and association, the more hope there is that one will come up sooner or later with a genuine set of values. Experience

shows us that there is some kind of universal pattern that can be applied to all the arts. Within this over-all order, as Miss Mannes points out, there exists an almost infinite diversity of forms. Without it, there is chaos. She also equates the order with health and the chaos with sickness:

"It is up to you to distinguish between the diversity that is health and the chaos that is sickness, and you can't do this without a process of association that can link a bar of Mozart with the corner of a Vermeer painting, or a Stravinsky score with a Picasso abstraction; or that can relate an aggressive act with a Franz Kline painting and a fit of coughing with a John Cage composition."

Perhaps Miss Mannes' most telling point is the observation that craftsmanship has become a dirty word these days because it implies standards.

Craftsmanship gets in the way of natural expression; you can do better if you don't know *how* you do it, let alone *what* you're doing. As a result, she says, we have a vast supply of actors who can't project, singers who can't phrase, poets who can't communicate, and writers who have no vocabulary.

The time has come, she says, to reverse the trend by trying to rediscover craft: the command of the chosen instrument, whether it be a brush, a word, or a voice (or, she could have added, a saxophone or a piano).

"When you begin to detect the difference between freedom and sloppiness, between serious experimentation and egotherapy, between skill and slickness, between strength and violence, you are on your way to separating the sheep from the goats, a form of segregation denied us for quite a while. All you need to restore it is a small bundle of standards and a Geiger counter that detects fraud."

I suspect that if she ever chose to specialize her interests, Marya could make an admirable jazz critic. Meanwhile, would she mind telling me where to find a Geiger counter like that? **LB**

SECOND CHORUS

By NAT HENTOFF

Having seen the film *Nothing but a Man*, I have somewhat renewed hope that we may yet get a convincing film in this generation about the jazz life. We haven't had one that comes anywhere near close.

Nothing but a Man has surfacely nothing to do with jazz, although Abbey Lincoln, a jazz singer, plays a leading role. Yet, because it is the most penetratingly accurate distillation yet in films of certain basic elements in the

life experience of many Negroes in this country, the picture does clarify some of the social context out of which many jazz players have come.

There is no point in summarizing the plot here, but it is important to focus on the nature of the script. Without polemics, without rigging situations for maximum horrific effect, writers Michael Roemer and Robert Young have translated in cinematic terms the enveloping day-to-day obstacles to full manhood—and womanhood—endemic to being black in the United States.

The film is so effective, moreover, because it is not unrelievedly bleak. There are humor and tenderness as well as rage and frustration in the interplay between the characters so that the people in *Nothing but a Man* are inescapably human. Their desires are universal; it is their color that makes life a continuous mine field for them.

The acting is the force that raises the picture well above documentary.

Miss Lincoln's performance as a young wife, inextricably caught in the tensions of her husband's determination not to be crushed into the white man's image of him, is consistently and compellingly convincing. Her excellence reinforces my conviction that acute intelligence is fundamental to any first-rate jazz singer, for her acting is clearly powered by disciplined intelligence as well as by emotional power. I can, for example, imagine Carmen McRae as

her own kind of mesmeric actress, but I cannot imagine Ella Fitzgerald in that function.

Ivan Dixon as Abbey's husband has the alternately wry and lashing strength, the vulnerability beneath the pride, and the impregnable stubbornness to be himself that I hear in the most durable jazzmen—Ben Webster, Dizzy Gillespie, and Cecil Taylor among them. His sense of pacing, moreover, is as attentive and resilient as that of a well-seasoned jazz improviser who has a lot to say but wants to be certain his message comes through in the order of his own emotional priorities.

Dixon will not be hurried, nor will two other remarkable performers—Julius Harris, as Dixon's disintegrating father, and Gloria Foster, as the resigned but still acutely sensitized woman who lives with him.

I do not intend to draw any factitious comparisons between *Nothing but a Man* and what a jazz film could be except in terms of the honesty of this film's approach and its further confirmation of the fact that we do have the actors to make a jazz film of power. We've had them a long time, for that matter.

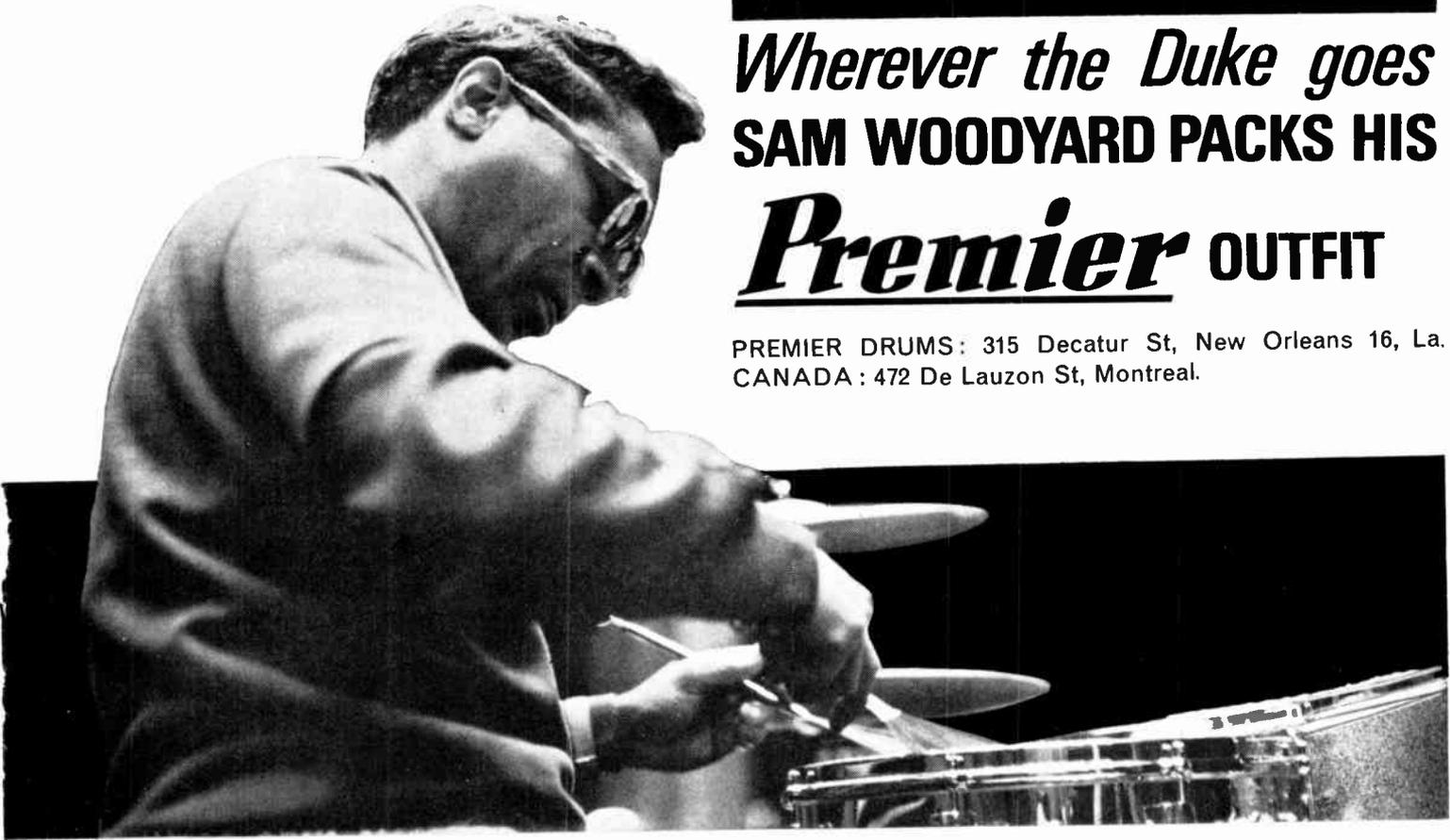
Nor am I saying that technically *Nothing but a Man* is a breakthrough in films. In technique, as a matter of fact, it's quite conservative, but so (compared with Ornette Coleman) is Johnny Hodges. For what it felt im-

pelled to say, the film works well.

I would be delighted to settle for that kind of technical conservatism in a jazz film that is as solidly and sensitively rooted in the way things are as this picture is. But in view of what a wide spectrum of young film makers are revealing as to the potential of the camera, I'm surprised that some of them have not yet been motivated to move their eyes as well as their ears into jazz.

In any case, I wonder when we'll see Abbey Lincoln and Ivan Dixon next in a picture. We are still very much in a period of tokenism so far as the inclusion of Negroes in films and television is concerned. But I am convinced that if you see *Nothing but a Man* it will take you a long time to forget who they are, both in the picture and with regard to the resources and lives that enabled them to make their roles so immediate and so palpably truthful.

In the meantime, there is still occasional talk about a projected film story on the life of Billie Holiday. If Abbey Lincoln wants it, I know of no other actress who would bring more to that role and, at the same time, do justice to all that Miss Holiday was. And if Charles Mingus, that larger-than-life-size mirror of our time (off as well as on the stand), does not ever play himself in a film, I'd stand in a line a long time to see Ivan Dixon try it. 



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(Continued from page 16)

zohn; and drums (May 14) with **Zutty Singleton** and **Frankie Dunlop**. Members of the house trio are pianist **Roland Hanna**, bassist **Art Davis**, and **Dunlop**.

Woody Herman brought his 16 men into the Five Spot and shook the walls for a weekend in mid-March. Guitarist **Les Spann's** quartet was an added attraction during the Herman stint. (Tenor saxophonist **Coleman Hawkins**, who has been the regular feature at the club, spent his week off at the Village Vanguard working with pianist **Earl Hines**.) The Herman Herd has been booked for the Antibes, France, jazz festival this summer and will

follow a July 22 appearance there with a 10-day tour of U.S. Army installations in Europe. A six-week world tour for the clarinetist and his band will begin in October . . . Jazz returns this month to Philharmonic Hall at Lincoln Center when tenor saxophonist **Stan Getz's** quartet shares the Philharmonic spotlight April 9 with singer **Tony Bennett**, who will be backed by pianist **Ralph Sharon**, bassist **Hal Gaylor**, and drummer **Billy Exiner**. The **Modern Jazz Quartet** gives a benefit concert for the United Negro College Fund at the hall April 23 . . . Pianist-composer **Sun Ra's** Solar Arkestra has changed its nomenclature and is now being billed as **Sun Ra and His Myth-Science Jazz**. His current lineup, heard at the Contemporary

Center March 12 and 13, features **Eddie Gale**, trumpet; **Farrell (Pharaoh) Sanders**, **Marshall Allen**, **Marion Brown**, **Danny Davis**, and **Pat Patrick**, reeds; and **Roger Blank** and **Jimmi Johnson**, drums. The leader calls his new music "a space-age presentation of hieroglyphics in sound" . . . Other current downtown activities include a series of Monday night Jazz Workshop and Speak-Out performances at vibraharpist **Oliver Shearer's** studio, 61 Fourth Ave. The house band includes Shearer, tenor saxophonist **Bill Barron**, trumpeter **Virgil Jones**, pianist **Andy Bey**, bassist **David Izenzohn**, and drummer **Bob Thompson**. Saturday night dance parties are also being held there.

In late February avant-garde trumpeter **Don Ellis** did a week at the Royal Arms Show Bar in Buffalo. It was one of the few club engagements he has fulfilled since becoming a "creative associate" at the Center of Creative and Performing Arts of the University of Buffalo, where he studies under composers **Lukas Foss** and **Allen Sapp**. Ellis, in addition, has been investigating the rhythms of Indian music, which he recently studied with **Hari Har Rao**, an Indian drummer associated with sitar virtuoso **Ravi Shankar** for 12 years . . . Trumpeter **Roy Eldridge** left **Ella Fitzgerald's** accompanying quartet at the conclusion of the singer's Hotel Americana engagement in March . . . Trombonist **Rod Levitt's** octet will give a concert at Carnegie Recital Hall April 17 . . . Guitarist **Atilla Zoller** initiated a jazz policy at Duke's, located at Sullivan and Bleecker Sts., March 30 with a duo composed of himself and pianist **Don Friedman** . . . Slug's Saloon has expanded its jazz policy from weekends to six nights. Trombonist **Graechan Moncur III** opened March 3 for a week. With Moncur were vibraharpist **Bobby Hutcherson**, cellist **Calo Scott**, bassist **Steve Davis**, and drummer **Joe Chambers**. The group was followed by one led by trumpeter **Charles Tolliver** and including in its personnel Hutcherson, alto saxophonist **James Spaulding**, bassist **Cecil McBee**, and drummer **Billy Higgins** . . . Pianist-composer **Chuck Mangione** has returned to New York City after a lengthy sojourn in his native Rochester . . . Composer-French hornist **David Amram** was commissioned by the American Broadcasting Corp. to write a one-hour Passover opera. Titled *The Final Ingredient*, the work has a libretto by playwright **Arnold Weinstein** and will be seen on ABC-TV April 11 . . . The **George Shearing Quintet** made its first New York appearance in three years at Hunter College auditorium April 4.

TORONTO: Recent visitors included organist **Shirley Scott**, the **Wes Montgomery Trio**, and trumpeter **Jonah Jones** . . . Blues singers **Mississippi John Hurt** and **Sleepy John Estes** played week-long appearances at the New Gate of Cleve . . . Flutist **Moe Koffman** is back at George's Spaghetti House after his recent appearance on the *Tonight TV* show . . . Singer **Olive Brown**, trumpeter **Buck Clayton**, and tenorist **Buddy Tate** headed a benefit show in aid of the Woman's In-

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ternational Liaison Committee for International Peace, which is sponsoring a peace mission around the world. Miss Brown is to head the delegation. Ian Bargh's trio and Jim McHarg's Dixieland band also appeared on the program . . . Proceeds from a jazz concert held at the Little Trinidad Club will go to Mrs. Betty Shabazz, widow of Malcolm X, and her children. Among the musicians taking part were Wray Downes, Dan Thompson, Paul Weidman, Alf Coward, Frank Wright, and Sonny Greenridge, plus singers Almeda Speaks and Ada Lee.

BOSTON: Bassist Gary Peacock has joined a local biochemical health food society and is living in Belmont, a Boston suburb . . . Drummer Eddie Marshall finished a week's engagement with altoist Sonny Stitt at Connolly's before joining the Stan Getz Quartet . . . Randy Weston's group, with congaist Big Black, packed Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike during its week's stay . . . Herb Pomeroy's sextet, with Miles Davis' drummer Tony Williams, trombonist Gene DeStasio, altoist Jimmy Mosher, pianist Ray Santisi, and bassist John Neves, did extraordinary business at the Jazz Workshop. Trumpeter Pomeroy, besides teaching at the Berklee School of Music, hosting a jazz television show, and fronting his own sextet, is now a faculty member at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He was recently appointed director of MIT's concert jazz band . . . Bad business forced Boston's only jazz-oriented supper club, Through-the-Looking Glass, to close its doors.

WASHINGTON: Butch Warren, formerly Thelonious Monk's bassist, joined the Tommy Gwaltney Quartet at Gwaltney's Blues Alley club. The first guest performer at the Georgetown spot, in late March, was Chicago singer Lurlean Hunter. Singer Victoria Spivey, who recorded with Louis Armstrong 35 years ago, is coming in for a week beginning April 19 . . . Pianist-arranger Bill Potts, best known for his big-band arrangements, is now heading a trio at Charley's in Georgetown. Keith Hodgson is the bass player, Vince Fabrizio the drummer . . . June Norton, former Duke Ellington singer, is now appearing regularly at the Cafe Lounge . . . The Thelonious Monk concert in Howard University's Cramton Auditorium last month was a sellout. It began late, but the group was well received by the crowd and local critics . . . Pianist John Malachi has been working at the XII Devils on Connecticut Ave., a comparatively new club that had not presented jazz before Malachi.

PITTSBURGH: Bassist Bobby Boswell, alumnus of the Louis Jordan and Max Roach combos, has left the Walt Harper Quintet to play weekend gigs at the Holiday Inn with pianist Bobby Negri and drummer Chuck Spatafore. He'll be replaced in the Harper group by Tommy McDaniels. Jazz buffs at Sewickley's swank Edgeworth Club heard Harper's group with guests at a recent one-nighter. Harper's guests were trumpeter Danny

Conn, guitarist Joe Negri, and tenor saxophonist Eric Kloss. Harper's engagements during the week are spread among a number of night spots: the Riviera, Kramer's, and Escapades in Pittsburgh, the Thunderbird Lounge in Greensburg, and the Bachelors Club in New Kensington . . . The Casbah took on a more jazz-oriented policy with bassist Jimmy DeJulio bringing in a trio on Fridays to alternate with the modern jazz of pianist Frank Cunimondo.

CLEVELAND: Perhaps the best jazz in town currently is heard on weekends at the Tangiers. Featured are the Bill Gidney Trio (Gidney, piano; Chink Stevenson, bass; Wayne Quarles, drums), and singer Vicki Kelly. Singer Willie

Smith, a recent guest with the trio, displayed fine scattling as well as an earthy blues style. Dick Hoge, the Tangiers' owner, now holds Monday night "shindigs" with various groups and plans to reinstitute Wednesday night jam sessions at the club . . . Drummer Leon Stevenson opened at the Continental (E. 128th and St. Clair) with organist Terrell Prude and guitarist Don Banks . . . The Tommy Dorsey Band led by Sam Donahue played a concert at John Carroll University recently.

CHICAGO: The Count Basie Orchestra was presented in concert at Highland Park High School by the Red Oak Junior High School Parent-Teachers Association late last month . . . A recent seg-



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ment of educational-television station WTTW's *Mosaic* series featured former jazz-club owner **Frank Holzfiend** and the **Larry Novak Trio** . . . The **Windjammers**, the local teenage Dixieland band, have been having informal Sunday afternoon sessions with jazz veterans at the band members' homes. Trumpeter **Jimmy McPartland** and his pianist wife **Marian** were the boys' guests at one session, and members of the **Dukes of Dixieland** participated at a more recent one . . . Percussionist **Bobby Christian** led a big band made up of top Chicago jazzmen at a March 28 concert at the Little Theater in McCormick Place . . . Singer **Bill Henderson** was a recent feature at the Playboy Club.

DETROIT: A blizzard canceled most jazz activity here for the last weekend in February, including **Miles Davis'** scheduled opening at the renovated Grand Lounge and part of **Pepper Adams'** stay at the Drome . . . Vocalist **Jean DuShon**, with **Henry Foster's** band, opened at the Grand early last month while singer **Lou Rawls** was at Baker's Keyboard and the **Jazz Crusaders** were at the Drome. Rawls was followed at Baker's by **Eddie Hazel's** outfit . . . The Detroit Jazz Society published its first monthly newsletter in March. Included were a discography of Third Stream records (to supplement the society's Third Stream concert), a listing of recordings by local artists (including **Dorothy Ashby**, **George Bohanon**, **Jack Brokensha**, and **Terry Pollard**), and a directory of the city's jazz activity. The club's third concert in its 1965 series featured the **George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields Quintet** and a lecture on post-bop music . . . **John Dana** has replaced bassist **Frank Vojcek** in **Bob McDonald's** quartet at the Chessmate Gallery afterhours Friday and Saturday nights. Saxophonist **Brent Majors** replaced trumpeter **Pierre Rochon** in the group, and **Rochon** is in the process of forming another edition of the **Workshop Arts Quartet**. **Jim Hartway** will be his pianist . . . A new group, the **Lawrence Vaughn Quintet** (**Gordon Camp**, trumpet; **Joe Thurman**, tenor saxophone; **Vaughn**, piano; **John Vincent**, bass; and **John Jones**, drums) is playing at Mitchell's Keynote Lounge, on Detroit's east side, weekends and at Sunday night sessions.

INDIANAPOLIS: Guitarist **Ted Dunbar**, regarded as the city's younger **Wes Montgomery**, moved to Dallas, Texas, in mid-March . . . Love's Egyptian Room, a restaurant next to the Hub-Bub Club, has been renamed the **Toast of the Town** and is holding afterhours sessions nightly with local jazzmen. The club also has Sunday evening sessions . . . Singer-pianist **Flo Garvin** has moved into Jerry's Lounge at the Antlers Hotel for an indefinite stay . . . **Jonah Jones** canceled his April 5-10 booking at the Embers because of an extended engagement in Las Vegas, Nev. He's been tentatively replaced by singer-pianist **Buddy Greco** . . . A number of veteran local musicians recently formed a group to play a week at Mr. B's Lounge. They were **David Young**,

tenor saxophone; **Melvin Rhyne**, piano; **Eugene Rouch**, bass; and **Dick Dickerson**, drums . . . Saturday jazz matinees at the Hungry Eye had to be called off because of conflict between union jazz musicians, who played at the session, and the nonunion rock-and-roll group that plays evenings. The jazz sessions were rescheduled to start April 3 at the Crescendo with **Dave Baker's** quintet.

LOUISVILLE: The quartet of tenor saxophonist **Bobby Jones** and pianist **Bob Lam** (**John Mapp**, bass, and **Preston Phillips**, drums) recently gave a concert at Seneca High School. **Jones**, **Lam**, and drummer **Sticks McDonald** have been holding forth six nights a week at the Iroquois Gardens . . . Working a similar stint at the Palladin Club are pianist **Ted Gall** and drummer **Freddy Ferguson**, while still another six-nights-a-week engagement finds organist **Boogie Martin**, soprano saxophonist-flutist **Glen Bradley**, and drummer **Buddy Charles** ensconced at the Diamond Horseshoe . . . Tenorist **Dave Wilson**, pianist **Bill King**, and bassist **Gil Jones** are holding forth on weekends at the Rebel Room of the Dixie Bowling Lanes . . . The Julep Lounge brought in vibraharpist **Johnny Lytle's** group for two weeks this month . . . Sunday night sessions continue at **Eddie Ewing's** Shack. Various local musicians sit in with the **Bobby Lam-Bobby Jones Quartet** . . . Tenor saxophonist **Tommy Purvis** went to Milwaukee with the **Odell Brown** organ trio for an engagement . . . Also in Milwaukee are tenorist **George Adams** and organist **Ron Burton**. They are at the Bamboo Club . . . The Continental House will institute a policy of jazz on Monday nights. The **Everett Hoffman Quartet** begins the series . . . The **Jamie Aebersold-Hoffman** group will play a concert at the Indiana University South Extension Center in New Albany May 1.

MIAMI: The Bon Fire is featuring vocalist-pianist **Myrtle Jones**, backed by the bass of **Grachan Moncur** and drums of **Bobby Chinn** . . . Trumpeter-saxophonist **Ira Sullivan** opened at Basin Street South in Fort Lauderdale with a group consisting of **Eddie Stack**, piano; **Walter Benard**, bass; and **Bill Ladley**, drums . . . During a recent avant-garde performance at the Hampton House, reed man **Charles Austin** spiced his improvisations with direct quotations from **Karlheinz Stockhausen's** *Zeitmasse No. 5* . . . Tenor saxophonist **Pete Ponzol** took his group featuring **Tony Castellano**, piano, and **Ned Mast**, drums, into the Hunt for weekend engagements . . . Trombonist **Ed Hubble** was featured with his group at the Exchange Lounge in Fort Lauderdale.

ATLANTA: Several new spots have opened that feature top local talent. Most notable are Basin Street South, which features music by the **Pipers**, the Playboy Club with the **Paul Mitchell Trio** (**Mitchell**, piano; **Harold Grissom**, bass; **Tony Ross**, drums), and the Turf Lounge, which features a new group, the **Sound Merchants** (**Fred Jackson**, tenor saxo-

phone; **Junior Harris**, piano; **Lymon Jackson**, bass; and **Buzzy Jones**, drums) . . . The **Modern Jazz Quartet** was presented in concert by the Atlanta Music Club recently . . . The La Carousel, one of the first jazz spots here to offer name-group entertainment, recently had **Horace Silver's** quintet and the **Three Sounds** . . . The La Cuisine now has the trio of **Darnell Edwards**, piano; **Pepper Himage**, bass; and **Allan Smith**, drums . . . The Builders Club has reopened with one of Atlanta's better tenor saxophonists, **David Hudson**, who is equally fluent on flute and clarinet . . . The Sans Souci has been presenting the **Bob Donato** Sextet and vocalist **Carol Waller** . . . **Sammy Duncan's** Dixieland jazz group is now at the Stage Door.

NEW ORLEANS: **Dizzy Gillespie** was quoted by the local press as comparing New Orleans to Paris in the warmth of the public's response to him during his recent engagement at **Al Hiirt's** club . . . Universal is making a short film, *Pete's Place*, which will center on the activities of **Pete Fountain** at his club, the French Quarter Inn, and on the clarinetist's walking tour with his bogus marching society, the Half-Fast Marching Club, on Mardi Gras Day. With the marching group this year were tenorist **Eddie Miller**, drummer **Nick Fatool**, and entertainer **Phil Harris** . . . The **San Francisco Ballet** included a specially choreographed interpretation of **Dave Brubeck's** *The Set* at its March performance here . . . Trumpeter **Murphy Campo** is back in town at the Sho' Bar after leading a Dixieland band on the road for several years . . . For the first time in recent memory, an integrated combo is playing full time in a New Orleans club—**Dave West's** trio at the Playboy, which now includes bassist **Richard Payne**.

LAS VEGAS: The **Marvin Koral** group continues to draw capacity business at Tuesday night jazz sessions at the Sneak Joint. Saxophonist Koral is featured along with bassist **Frank DeLaRosa**, pianist **Ronnie DePhillips**, drummer **Sandy Savino**, and guest artists. Singer **Ella Fitzgerald**, trumpeter **Roy Eldridge**, pianist **Tommy Flanagan**, and members of the **Count Basie** Band have performed with the quartet in recent weeks. Drummer Savino took time off from his regular job with **Russ Black's** Flamingo Hotel houseband to appear at the Portland, Ore., Jazz Festival, March 15, with the **Gus Mancuso** Trio, which features bassist **Bill Christ** and multi-instrumentalist Mancuso, who plays piano, bass, vibraharp, trombone, baritone horn, and also arranges. Former **Bob Crosby** trumpeter **Bob Goodrich** is now working with the **Benny Short** relief band, and ex-**Stan Kenton** drummer **Irv Kluger** has joined the **Ray Sinatra** house band at the Tropicana Hotel.

LOS ANGELES: **Phineas Newborn's** treatment at Camarillo State Hospital, which he entered last year, now includes occasional playing dates in Los Angeles. He recently appeared at the It Club for two nights and had listeners rav-

ing as of yore . . . Guitarist **Billy Bean's** California stay was brief. He reportedly returned to the East . . . San Diego's Mardi Gras club has been attracting growing attention since various Los Angeles jazz stars have been making regular appearances at the spot, located on Point Loma. Some of those who have worked the room include pianists **Hampton Hawes**, **Russ Freeman**, and **Pete Jolly**; bassist **Red Mitchell**; and reed man **Bud Shank**. Jolly returns there May 2 and July 18 . . . The Gaslight on La Cienega hired trumpeter **Jack Langlos** and the **Saints**, a Dixieland band, for a three-month stay. The band will play for singer **Duke Mitchell** and waitresses-entertainers in the club's Speakeasy Room.

SAN FRANCISCO: Three former students of the Berklee School of Music—flugelhornist **Peter Welker**, altoist **Harry Mann**, and tenorist **Barry Ulman**—have formed a sextet that is playing Mondays at the Jazz Workshop. The rhythm section is made up of pianist **George Duke**, bassist **Charles Price**, and drummer **Pete Magadini** . . . Several hundred dollars for the band-instrument fund of McClymonds High School in Oakland was raised by a benefit concert whose contributing artists included organist **Jimmy Smith's** trio, singer **Big Mama Thornton**, **Rodney Reed's** big band, and several r&b groups . . . While fulfilling an engagement at Basin Street West, Smith revealed that his trio will go to

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England in May to make a movie and do a concert tour that will include several appearances with the Beatles. Verve recorded Smith at the club during his stay . . . Trombonist Turk Murphy's band and saxophonist John Handy's quintet participated in Two Faces of Jazz, a program staged at San Mateo College (on the peninsula south of here) by jazz disc jockey-lecturer Phil Elwood.

ENGLAND: Pianist Bill Evans and his trio (Chuck Israels, bass, and Larry Bunker, drums) were the feature act at the Ronnie Scott Club in London during March. The group closed there at month's end. The trio had appeared at the Circle in Stockholm during February and also

gave a concert at Uppsala University with Swedish singer Monica Zetterlund . . . Forthcoming attractions at London's newest club, the Cool Elephant, include singers Marian Montgomery, Oscar Brown Jr., Mel Torme, Terri Thornton, Cleo Laine, and Georgia Brown . . . Singer Mark Murphy is at Annie Ross' night spot, Annie's Room. Resident at the club are the Tony Kinsey Quintet, organist Alan Haven, and drummer Tony Crombie . . . Trombonist Bob Brookmeyer and trumpeter Clark Terry recorded two Jazz 625 television shows for BBC-2.

SWEDEN: Young composer-cornetist Lars Farnlof is now studying for a master's degree in music at the University of

Southern California. One of his compositions, *Farfars Vals*, has been recorded by Bill Evans and Stan Getz . . . Poet-jazz critic Svante Foerster and composer-pianist Nils Lindberg are creating a piece for orchestra, solo vocalists, and vocal and speaking choirs. The piece may be performed on Swedish television this fall . . . The first concert of the year presented by Emanon, the Swedish society for jazz musicians, featured tenorist Bernt Roseingren and his big band and the Lars Gullin Quintet. Baritone saxophonist Gullin also gave a concert with strings recently in Gothenburg and played at the opening of a new Stockholm jazz club, the Impulse.

RECORD NOTES: Brad McCuen, head of the Vintage reissue series for RCA Victor, said the label will release five LPs this spring and summer, including ones by Bennie Moten's Kansas City band, Fats Waller, and Duke Ellington (the second in a series), plus albums titled *The Bebop Era* and *Bluebird Blues*. Also planned, McCuen said, are the third and fourth Ellington sets. McCuen, meanwhile, recorded in Hollywood, Calif., an album of the wacky conceptions of children's books' author Dr. Seuss with jazz background by drummer Shelly Manne and bassist Chuck Berghofer . . . Frank DeVol has been named West Coast music director for ABC-Paramount records . . . Orrin Keepnews is now working for Col-Pix records in the firm's main office in Hollywood. Formerly head of Riverside records, Keepnews is laying a&r groundwork for the firm's increase in jazz recording . . . Atlantic has signed drummer Elvin Jones, whose first album for the label will feature arrangements by Melba Liston . . . Pianist Roger Kellaway has signed with Prestige . . . Epic has signed drummer Ray McKinley's Glenn Miller Orchestra, whose first venture for the label will feature a Miller alumnus, cornetist Bobby Hackett.

THE OTHER SIDE: The world premiere of Gunther Schuller's *American Triptych: Three Studies in Textures* was held in New Orleans March 9. The work was commissioned by the Association of Women's Committees for Symphony Orchestras, which was convening in New Orleans at the time. The triptych is based on the works of artists—sculptor Alexander Calder and painters Jackson Pollock and Stuart Davis. The final section of the Schuller composition, depicting Davis' strikingly colorful abstraction, *Swing Landscape*, is the most strongly jazz-influenced, "couched in an expanded jazz language . . ." and reflecting "the title and nature of Davis' painting," according to Schuller . . . Igor Stravinsky will unveil two new compositions at a Chicago Symphony Orchestra concert April 17. The works are titled *Variations (1963-1964)* and *Intritus: T.S. Elliot, In Memory*. The composer also will conduct the complete score of his ballet *Pulcinella*. Robert Kraft, the maestro's close associate, will conduct some of the Stravinsky works scheduled for the program, which will also include compositions by Arnold Schoenberg.

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WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing of where and when jazz performers are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to **Down Beat**, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago, Ill. 60606, six weeks prior to cover date.

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

NEW YORK

Ali Baba: Louis Metcalfe, Jimmy Neely, tfn.
Basin Street: Ella Fitzgerald, 5/3-29.
Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn): Teddy Wilson to 4/30.
Jonah Jones, 5/1-30.
Broken Drum: Fingerlake Five, Fri.-Sat.
Charlie Bates': Stan Levine, Sun.
Chuck's Composite: Don Payne, tfn.
Clifton Tap Room (Clifton, N.J.): Modern Jazz Trio, tfn. Guest stars, Mon.
Concerto West: Jesse Wilks, hb.
Contemporary Center: Jazz Composers Guild, wknds.
Eddie Condon's: Eddie Condon, tfn.
Five Spot: Teddy Wilson, 5/4-tfn.
Gaslight Club: Clarence Hutchenrider, Charlie Queener, George Wettling, Mike Shiffer, tfn.
Gordian Knot: Dave Frishberg, Carmen Leggio.
Half Note: Horace Silver to 4/15. Cannonball Adderley, 4/16-28.
Hickory House: Mary Lou Williams, John Bunch. Himself: Danny Barker, Norman Lester, tfn.
Kirby Stone Fourum: Joe Mooney, tfn.
L'Intrigue: Ronnie Ball, Sonny Dallas, tfn. Lee Konitz, Warne Marsh, Sun.
Metropole: Henry (Red) Allen, hb.
New Colony Lounge: Howard Reynolds, tfn.
Open End: Scott Murray, Wolfgang Knittel, Garry Newman, Eddie Caccavelli, tfn.
Page Three: Shelia Jordan, Mon., Tue.
Playboy Club: Milt Sealy, Win Strong, Ross Tompkins, Harold Fransus, Walter Norris, tfn.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, tfn. Don Frye, Sun.
Slug's Saloon: jazz, Tue.-Sun.
Toast: Jack Brooks, Dick Carter, tfn.
Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Greene, tfn.
Village Gate: Dizzy Gillespie to 5/2.
Village Vanguard: Charles Mingus, tfn.
Your Father's Moustache: Souls of Dixie, Sun.

BOSTON

Barn: 1200 Jazz Quartet, Mon.
Chez Freddie: Maggie Scott-Eddie Stone, tfn.
Elit Lounge: Al Drootin, tfn.
Gaslight Room: Basin Street Boys, tfn.
Gilded Cage: Bullmoose Jackson, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: Muddy Waters to 4/11.
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: Zoot Sims-Al Cohn, to 4/11. Buck Clayton, 4/12-18. Junior Mance, 4/19-25. Dizzy Gillespie, 5/3-9.
Logan International Airport: Dave Stuart, tfn.
Maridor (Framingham): Al Vega, tfn.

WASHINGTON

Anna Maria's: Tony D'Angelo, tfn.
Bayou: Eddie Dimond, hb.
Blues Alley: Tommy Gwaltney, hb. Victoria Spivey, 4/19-24.
Bohemian Caverns: Jean DuShon to 4/18. Les McCann, 4/20-5/2. Ramsey Lewis, 5/11-16.
Cafe Lounge: June Norton, Billy Taylor Jr. Charles Hotel: Kenny Fulcher-Slide Harris, Thur.-Sat.
Charley's: Bill Potts, tfn.
Fireplace: Joyce Carr, Tommy Chase, tfn.
Place Where Louie Dwells: Shirley Horn, tfn.
Rotunda: Bobby Lester, hb.
Showboat Lounge: Charlie Byrd, tfn.
Sixth House: Jerome Hopkins, tfn.
Stouffer's: John Eaton, tfn.

PHILADELPHIA

Cadillac Sho-Bar: Jimmy Smith, 4/12-17. Lionel Hampton, 4/19-24. Roy Hamilton, 4/26-5/1.
Caribbean (Levittown): Dee Lloyd McKay, tfn.
Cellar: John Mack-Chuck Wicker-Kirk Nurock, tfn.
Club 50: Johnny Coates Jr.-Tony DeNicola-Johnny Ellis, tfn.
Drake Hotel: Arnie Ross, tfn.
Eagle (Trenton): Marty Bergen, tfn.
Krechmer's: Billy Krechmer-Conrad Jones, hb.
Metropole: Coatesville Harris, tfn.
Show Boat: Shirley Scott-Stanley Turrentine to 4/10. Jimmy McGriff, 4/12-17. Muddy Waters, 4/26-5/1. Ramsey Lewis, 5/3-8.
Three Chefs: The Pirates, tfn.

CLEVELAND

Brothers: Dave O'Rourke, wknds.
Bud's: Jimmy Jones, wknds.
Cedar Gardens: Ray Banks-Nat Fitzgerald, Thur.-Sat.

Club 100: David Wynne, tfn.
Continental: Terrel Prude, tfn.
Corner Tavern: Jose Harper, wknds.
Cucamonga: Joe Alessandro, tfn. Johnny Trush, wknds.
Esquire: Eddie Baccus-Lester Sykes, tfn.
Fagan's Beacon House: New Orleans Buzzards, wknds.
Harvey's Hideaway: George Peters, tfn.
LaRue: Spencer Thompson-Joe Cooper, tfn.
Leo's Casino: Jimmy Smith to 4/11. Lou Rawls, Les McCann, 4/22-25.
Lucky Bar: Joe Alexander, wknds.
Melba: Ray Anthony, wknds.
Monticello: Ted Paskert-George Quittner, wknds.
The Office: Jack McKee, wknds.
Punch & Judy: Lahert Ellis, tfn.
Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, hb. Al Serafini, wknds.
Squeeze Room: Ronnie Bush-Bob Fraser, wknds.
Roy Valente, Sun., Wed.
Stouffer's Tack Room: Eddie Ryan-Bill Bandy, hb.
Tangiers: Bill Gidney, Vicki Kelly, wknds.
Theatrical Grill: Fabulous McClevertys to 4/17.
Roy Libertor, 4/19-5/1. Bob McKee, Nancy Ray, hb.

DETROIT AND MICHIGAN

Artists' Workshop: free concerts, Sun. afternoon. Detroit Contemporary 5, hb.
Baker's Keyboard: George Shearing, 4/19-24. Ahmad Jamal, 4/26-5/1.
Black Lantern (Saginaw): Paul Vanston, tfn.
Brass Rail: Armand Grenada, tfn.
Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, Tue.-Sat.
Caucus Club: Howard Lucas, tfn.
Chessmate Gallery: Bob McDonald, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Chit-Chat: George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields, Tue. Don Davis, Thur.-Sun.
Checker Bar-B-Q: Dave Vandepitt, afterhours, Mon.-Thur. Mel Ball, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Drome Bar: Yusef Lateef to 4/11.
Falcon (Ann Arbor): Max Wood, Mon., Wed., Sat. George Overstreet, Tue., Thur., Fri., Sun.
Frolic: Norman Dillard, tfn.
Grand Lounge: Lou Rawls, Les McCann, 4/9-18. ½ Pint's: Keith Vreeland, Thur.-Sun. Sessions, Sun.
Hobby Bar: Ben Jones, Wed., wknds.
LaSalle (Saginaw): Arnie Kane, tfn.
Linford Bar: Emmit Slay, tfn.
Mermaid's Cave: King Bartel, tfn.
Midway Bar (Ann Arbor): Benny Poole, Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat.
Mitchell's Keynote: Lawrence Vaughn, wknds.
Momo's: Jack Brokensha, tfn.
Odon's Cave: Bill Hyde, wknds.
Office Lounge (Flint): Sherman Mitchell, hb. Sessions, Sun.
Paige's: Frank Morelli, James Hawkins, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Vince Mance, Matt Michaels, hb. Lenore Paxton, Thur.-Sat.
Sabo Club (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, Sessions Sat. afternoons.
Sax Club: Charles Rowland, tfn.
Scotch & Sirolo: Jo Thompson, tfn.
Sports Bar (Flint): Sherman Mitchell, tfn.
S-Quire: Carolyn Atzel, Lewis Reed, tfn.
Surfside Club: Tom Saunders, Wed., Fri., Sat.
Village Gate: George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields, Thur.-Sun.

INDIANAPOLIS

Embers: George Shearing, 4/12-17.
Embers Lounge: Pete Brady, Tom Hensley, to 5/1.
Jeff's Lounge: Dick Laswell, tfn.
Jerry's Lounge: Flo Garvin, tfn.
Mr. B's Lounge: Jazz Crusaders to 4/17. Yusef Lateef, 4/19-5/1.
19th Hole: Earl Van Riper, tfn.
Red Rooster: various groups.

CHICAGO

Across the Street: Allan Swain, tfn.
Big John's: Mike Bloomfield, tfn.
Bourbon Street: Dukes of Dixieland, tfn.
Hungry Eye: Three Souls to 5/8.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Art Hodes, Thur.
London House: Cannonball Adderley to 4/11. Ramsey Lewis, 4/13-5/2. Peder Nero, 5/25-6/13. Eddie Higgins, Paul Serrano, hbs.
McKie's: unk.
Midas Touch: Judy Roberts, tfn.
Mister Kelly's: Larry Novak, John Frigo, hbs.
Olde East Inn: Jodie Christian, tfn.
Playboy: Harold Harris, Willie Pickens, Gene

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Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.
 Plugged Nickel: John Coltrane to 4/18. Herbie Mann, 4/21-5/2. Modern Jazz Quartet, 5/6-16.
 Bill Evans, 6/2-13.
 Sylvio's: Howlin' Wolf, wknds.
 Velvet Swing: Harvey Leon, tfn.

MIAMI AND FLORIDA

Basin Street South (Ft. Lauderdale): Ira Sullivan, tfn.
 Beach Club (Ft. Lauderdale): Billy Maxted to 4/18.
 Bon Fire: Myrtle Jones, tfn.
 Carillon: Mel Torme, 4/10-25.
 Hampton House: Charlie Austin, wknds.
 Harbour Towers: various jazz groups.
 Hayes Lounge (Jacksonville): Bill Davis, tfn.
 Knight Beat: Wyman Reed, Dolph Castellano.
 Monseigneur's: Preacher Rollo, tfn.
 Playboy Club: Bill Rico, Sam DeStefano, tfn.
 Roney Plaza: Phil Napoleon, hb.

DALLAS

Arandas: Red Garland, tfn.
 Blue Chip: Juvey Gomez, Jac Murphy, tfn.
 Pink Mink: Dick Shreve, tfn.
 Gala: Ron Hawkins, Ira Freeman, tfn. Sessions, alternate Sun.
 Levee: Ed Bernet, tfn.
 Music Box: Shirley Murray, tfn. Jack Peirce, hb.
 Pompeii: Bernie Schmidt, tfn. Sessions, after-hours, Mon.-Sat.
 Red Garter: Phil Rubin, tfn.
 Roadrunner (Ft. Worth): Dick Harp, tfn.
 Savoy: Roger Boykin, James Clay, tfn. Sessions, Sun., Mon.
 Skynight: Derek Kirkby, tfn.
 Speakeasy: Dixie High Five, tfn. Sessions, Sun.
 Squires Club: Richie Salicco, tfn. Sessions, alternate Sun.
 Twentieth Century: Bobby Samuels, tfn.
 Twenty-One Turtle: Kelly Hart, tfn. Ralph Gibbs, hb.
 Venetian Room (Ft. Worth): Irma Brown, tfn.

LOS ANGELES

Beverly Cavern: Hal Peppie, Warren Smith, Fri., Sat.
 Beverly Hilton Hotel (Rendezvous Room): Calvin Jackson, Al McKibbin, tfn.
 Carriage House (Burbank): Jimmie Rowles, Sun., Mon.
 Gaslight Club: The Saints, Jack Langlos, Duke Mitchell, tfn.
 Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, hb.
 Frigate (Manhattan): Ben Rozet, Vic Mio, tfn.
 Huddle Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.
 Holiday Inn (Montclair): Society for the Preservation of Dixieland Jazz.
 Hollywood Plaza Hotel (Golden Eagle Room): Johnny Guarneri, tfn.
 Hot Toddy's (Glendale): Hot Toddy's Dixieland Band, hb.
 Hour Glass: Karl Baptiste, tfn.
 International Hotel: Kirk Stuart, tfn.
 It Club: various groups. Sun. morning sessions.
 Jazzyville (San Diego): Jeff Tyus to 4/11. Cal Tjader, 4/15-17.
 Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl - Downey): Johnny Lane, tfn.
 Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Howard Rumsey, hb.
 Mardi-Gras (San Diego): Pete Jolly, 5/2; 7/18.
 Memory Lane: Gerald Wiggins, tfn.
 P.J.'s: Eddie Cano, Jerry Wright, tfn.
 Red Chimney (Silver Lake): Pete Jolly, Thur. Sat.
 Royal Tahitian (Ontario): Rex Stewart, Fri. Sat.
 San Francisco Club (Garden Grove): Ed Loring, hb.
 Shelly's Manne-Hole: Mose Allison to 4/11. Bill Evans, 4/13-25. Victor Feldman, Mon.
 Sherry's: Don Randi, tfn.
 Spigot (Santa Barbara): Herb Hicks, Wed.-Sun.
 Stagg Inn (Reseda): Joyce Collins, tfn.
 Tops Restaurant (Santa Barbara): Connie Wills Sessions, tfn.
 Wilshire House Hotel: Lennie Bluett, tfn.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Louis Jordan, Big Mama Thornton to 4/11. Stan Getz, 5/12-23.
 China Doll: Fred Washington, tfn.
 Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco.
 Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.
 El Matador: Charlie Byrd to 4/10. Vince Guaraldi, Bola Sete, 4/12-tfn.
 Gold Nugget (Oakland): Stan Kenton alumni Fri.-Sat.
 Hungry i: Eddie Duran, hb.
 Jazz Workshop: Ahmad Jamal to 4/11. Mose Allison, 4/13-25. Thelonious Monk, 4/27-5/16.
 Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.
 Trident (Sausalito): Brasil '65 to 4/25. Bill Evans, 4/27-5/30.

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