

JUNE 2, 1985

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down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

MONK ON MONK Or, Thelonious Revealed A Candid Interview

ERT R RINGER
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Double Record Review Section

Smack!, By Rex Stewart/TV
Jazz, Part 2, By Leonard
Feather/Commentary By Nat
Hentoff/Requiem For Big
Mike, By Art Hodes



Photo by John A. Tynan

Buddy DeFranco tells why **MODERN JAZZ NEEDS BASS CLARINET**

When Buddy DeFranco switched to bass clarinet attention was focused on this long neglected instrument for the first time in a long time. Here are a few of his views on why the bass clarinet belongs to modern jazz.

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"I'm surprised more jazz musicians don't play bass clarinet. It's a natural. Even more so than a Bb. (I still play both, of course.)

"The bass clarinet has a softer sound. And a softer sound is more appropriate for modern jazz.

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"I'm going to keep on playing my Bb, too, of course. (Incidentally, it's also a Leblanc. The Model 1176 "LL.") But I think the bass is going to do more to increase the popularity of the clarinet.

"And, man, that's great."

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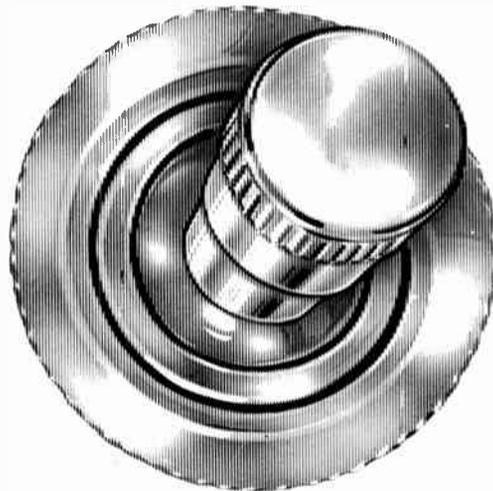
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

The Official Word

My attention has been called to the statement made by LeRoi Jones in the March 25 issue of *Down Beat* pertaining to the issuance of cabaret identification cards in New York City.

(Ed. note: The segment of Jones' column referred to read, "Would any musicians be willing to turn over the information they have regarding the filthy cabaret-card situation in New York City? Maybe we can get some of these graftsucking creeps in trouble.")

I am deeply disturbed by the implication contained in the statement. Any information that he or anyone else might have that in any way reflects upon the department of licenses concerning the issuance of cabaret identification cards or any other form of license by this department will be welcomed by me. I can assure Jones that any such information will be immediately investigated and action taken if there is even a scintilla of evidence supporting the same.

I appreciate the interest of Jones, but I feel that only too often such accusations are made without any proof and are grossly unfair to the many thousands of New York City employes who dedicate themselves to government work.

While I support Jones' right to express himself in his writings and in the theater, I do not believe that statements of this nature should be made unless substantiated by facts.

Joseph C. DiCarlo
New York City Commissioner of Licenses

Big-Band Fan Feast

I want to thank *Down Beat* for the wonderful big-band issue (April 22). This was a real feast for a jazz-hungry person like me. I especially enjoyed Dan Morgenstern's article on Lionel Hampton.

Hansgeorg Krause
Chicago

The Sideman As Author

Congratulations to Rex Stewart on *The Days with Duke* (*DB*, April 22). This is one of the most interesting articles I have read from any author lately. Coming from a sideman it also helps clear up how the artist acts and feels or perhaps what he is trying to accomplish in his music.

Bobby Woodfork
Minden, La.

Basie Corrections

I just finished reading Hsio Wen Shih's Basie story in the big-band issue (April 22). It is a good assembly of everything else that has been written before, but there are some glaring factual errors that must stand corrected.

Basie and Eddie Durham joined Bennie Moten in the summer of 1929 and can be heard in solo on Moten's Victor records of that fall. Jimmy Rushing joined in 1930, and Hot Lips Page joined in 1931, as did

Walter Page. Basie and Durham were the principal factors in Moten's decision to modernize his band. When Moten died in April, 1935, the band was taken over by his nephew, Ira (Bus) Moten, and stayed under his leadership until the summer months and then disbanded. Basie went in the Reno Club and built up to nine men by the end of the year.

Hot Lips Page was in the band at the Reno Club but decided not to stick it out and left shortly before John Hammond arrived on the scene. The trombonists in Basie's band when it left Kansas City to go to the Grand Terrace were Dan Minor and George (Rabbit) Hunt. Durham at that time was a regular member of the Jimmie Lunceford trombone section and arranging for them as well. Durham did not join Basie's band until it went to New York to play the Savoy Ballroom and the Meadowbrook.

A lot of people arranged for Basie's band right from the beginning, including Basie himself. Most prominent was Durham, and then Jimmy Mundy, Buck Clayton, Don Redman, Elton Hill, Skippy Martin. But Earle Warren? No!

Wen Shih didn't mention that Joe Newman, star of the Basie group of the '50s, was in the band as early as 1944. Lucky Thompson (1944-45), Illinois Jacquet (1946), and Paul Gonsalves (1947-49) were important soloists during their respective tenures.

Frank Driggs
New York City

'Sbout Time

Kudos to Dan Morgenstern for his article on the Lionel Hampton Band (*DB*, April 22). Hamp has been panned so often over the years for loud, blatant music that credit for some of his better moments has been long overdue.

George I. Hall
Laurel, Md.

New Thing Blues—Or Reds

The "new thing" has overthrown by force the basic elements of jazz, if not all of music—namely melody, harmony, and rhythm. Therefore the logical name for it will be "communistic jazz."

Rongway Fyter
Fairfax, Va.

Special One For Cole

The article on Nat (King) Cole (*DB*, March 25) was very interesting. I would like to suggest that *Down Beat* bring out a special issue in memory of this great singer. Through this column I wish to convey my condolence to his bereaved family.

D. A. Rodrigues
Bombay, India

Blues Column A Hit

I wish to express my appreciation for Pete Welding's *Blues 'n' Folk* column. If he says that a blues record is a five-star performance, you can be sure that I'll own it within a week—even if it's a collection of remastered 78s with more scratches than music.

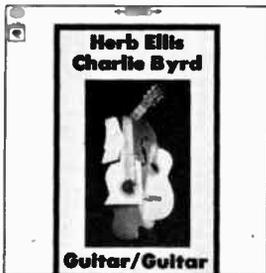
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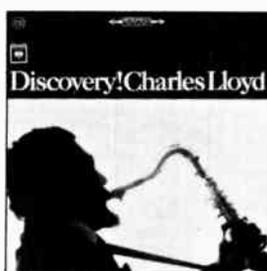
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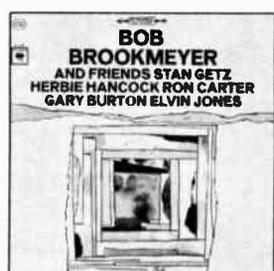
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June 3, 1965

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SEN. JAVITS ASKS THAT ARMSTRONG RECEIVE MEDAL OF FREEDOM

The last time a jazz musician's name had been mentioned in the U. S. Senate was several years ago when a lawmaker objected to the fact that the government paid the President less a day than it did Dizzy Gillespie for a State Department-sponsored tour of the Middle East.

But last month's speech by Sen. Jacob K. Javits (R-N.Y.) was of a more pleasing tenor.

"Louis (Satchmo) Armstrong, who has been touring the world winning friends for the United States for the past 15 years, scored another victory recently," Javits



Ambassador Satch

Time for honor from his own country

said, referring to the venerable trumpeter's March tour behind the Iron Curtain.

"With his gravel voice, his natural gift for human relations, and, most importantly, with his golden jazz trumpet, he was the first American entertainer to appear in East Germany. He played music which has been decried by the Communists for years as being 'degenerate,' and he was triumphant. Even the Communist daily newspaper was forced to review Louis' performance on Page 1 and to admit that it was an outstanding success.

"This is the work of an entertainer with so much humanity and so much talent that he has enthralled peoples of scores of nations and all races throughout the world. He has been called Ambassador Satch for his work in making the vitality of the American spirit and folk-jazz music known throughout the world, both through the State Department's cultural-exchange program and his own tours.

"He deserves the gratitude and the thanks of the U.S. government and all

Americans. I feel that Louis Armstrong, a son of New Orleans who delivered coal and played at funerals to get his start 50 years ago, should certainly be very seriously considered for a Presidential Medal of Freedom for his services to his country, and I have suggested it to the President. He [Armstrong] will be 65 on July 4, the day the presidential medal winners are to be announced. . . .

"Singing and smiling, shaking hands and signing autographs, he has won the admiration and respect of thousands throughout the world. It would now be appropriate if this admiration were reflected in an award of the U.S. government."

To receive the medal the recipient must have made "exceptionally meritorious contributions to the security or national interest of the United States, to world peace, or to cultural or other significant public or private endeavors."

ART IS DEAD, SAYS GERMAN CONDUCTOR

"Perhaps art is not the greatest reality. Perhaps there is no longer a great need for music. Perhaps science has taken its place."

The speaker was the German conductor, Hermann Scherchen, a champion of contemporary and avant-garde composers since the 1920s. In Toronto, Ontario, for a Canadian Broadcasting Corp. broadcast, the 74-year-old Berlin-born conductor said it is his belief that "art, at least in the sense of creative art that has dominated the last two centuries, is dead."

"Art as we have known it began to end about 1900," he said. "It has been killed partly by the quickness of time. Before a new development can become established, it is already outdated and something else has taken its place.

"Development of the 12-tone system was a desperate try, but it was already too

SOLID, JACKSON!

A Chicago public-relations firm for a large apartment building under construction has dispelled any thoughts that distorted press agency is a thing of the past in jazz with this quote, attributed to a local jazzman:

"This town has ears, man. Chicago's a city with sound. Like jazz got started here, man, and this is still the scene. When I walk around this town and listen, I say to myself, baby, you got to can that noise and wig it, or the world is never going to hear. Like we see the cats in this town are all hung up in a building bag. Shelter is in. We lamp this one gig with the uptown cats laying sidewalks in the air, and my bass man, he says to me, 'Clyde, you remember that old-time tune *Cement Mixer, Putty Putty?*' And I says, 'Yeah, man, there's our sound!' And we flip out over this groovy pad. So Wednesday we'll take the tools, man, and we go up there and dig that big doll house in person, with the sticks and the bass and me and my horn and climb around up there till the big noise makes it. . . ."

late in 1924. In a few years it will be possible to fly from Tokyo to Zurich in two hours. How can we be expected to listen to the *St. Matthew Passion* for four hours?"

Scherchen added that he thinks the much-discussed new music had not become a reality.

"Perhaps electronics will produce it, which is why we grasp at every new technical development," he said.

"The creative imagination is dominated by science rather than art, but so far science has not sufficiently developed electronic equipment, which is why today's electronic music is much like that of 10 years ago, when Paris was rioting over the *musique concrete* of Pierre Schaeffer.

"Electronic music can only come to have meaning when the composer dominates his electronic material. Meanwhile, we must keep alive the finest capacities of this dying art of music, which proved, as nothing else has been able to do, that it is possible to have at the same time two or more ideas, feelings, moods, as in Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*."

Scherchen, who made his North American debut at Philadelphia, Pa., last November, lives in Switzerland, where his home and electronics research laboratory are situated in the Alps at Gravesano above Lake Lugano. He has lived there since 1936 after Nazi opposition to his musical views compelled him to leave Germany.

DISNEYLAND GOES BOOM WITH SUMMER MUSIC

Live music hath charm to draw nighttime crowds to Disneyland. So the southern California amusement park management discovered when it stepped up evening band attractions five years ago.

This summer, therefore, the park is allocating a record budget for bands and groups—\$330,000.

The outlay will cover a spectrum of live music ranging from the big-band jazz of Duke Ellington to the Gospelizing of the Clara Ward Singers and the teenage beat of rock and roll.

Memorial Day sees the appearance of Sam Donahue's Tommy Dorsey Orchestra with trumpeter Charlie Shavers and singers Helen Forrest, Frank Sinatra Jr., and the Pied Pipers.

Then through the rash of June "grad nights" at school year's close come the bands of Les Brown and Si Zentner. Stan Kenton, assembling an orchestra for the occasion, will play the park June 29 through July 4. In quick order will follow the bands of Harry James, Duke Ellington, Woody Herman, and, for waltzers only, Wayne King. From Sept. 3 to 11 a show made up of the Tex Beneke Band, singer Ray Eberle, and the Modernaires play out the summer big-band schedule.

Closing the summer season at Disneyland will be the established two-beat extravaganza, "Dixieland at Disneyland," headlined by Louis Armstrong and His All-Stars and a representative collection of other exponents of tradition.

There also are nearly 100 additional musical performers working the park

through the summer months. These include staples such as the Elliott Bros. Orchestra, the Firehouse Five + 2, and the Mark Twain riverboat's Young Men from New Orleans, led by septuagenarian banjoist Johnny St. Cyr.

STRAVINSKY AND GOODMAN RECORD 'EBONY CONCERTO'

Igor Stravinsky composed *Ebony Concerto* in 1946 for the Woody Herman Orchestra, which recorded it that year under the composer's direction. On April 27, 1965, Stravinsky once again joined forces with a famous jazz clarinetist—Benny Goodman—for a new recording of the piece.

The orchestra assembled for the occasion included several of New York's first-call studio jazzmen: trumpeters Bernie Glow and Doc Severinsen, reed men Sol Schlinger and Bill Slapin, pianist Dick Hyman, guitarist Barry Galbraith, and percussionist Bobby Rosengarden.

Both conductor and soloist were in fine fettle. The 83-year-old Stravinsky, though slight and seemingly frail, became a commanding presence when he mounted the podium. Goodman, attired in one of his customary pullovers, was relaxed and jovial.

During a break, Goodman played over a tricky clarinet passage for Stravinsky, who approved his interpretation. "Nothing like asking the boss," Goodman quipped.

SON HOUSE RECORDS AS SKIP JAMES RECOVERS

One of the valuable aspects of the renewed interest in folk blues has been the rediscovery and recording of a number of the vintage blues men. These singers and instrumentalists recorded in the golden days of the 1920s and early '30s—but often under poor conditions.

Many old-time blues artists—Furry Lewis, Big Joe Williams, Mississippi John Hurt, the Rev. Robert Wilkins, Sleepy John Estes, among them—have been brought back to prominence.

The searching continues. Last year two of the foremost Mississippi blues men, Eddie (Son) House and Skip James, were rediscovered and in the last year have participated in a variety of concerts.

Last month in Boston, House, prior to embarking on a concert tour that eventually took him to the folk festival held at the University of California at Los Angeles, participated in a three-night recording session for Columbia records producer John Hammond.

It was the singer-guitarist's first commercial recording date in almost 35 years.

Singer-guitarist-pianist James has not been as fortunate. Shortly before a scheduled appearance at the 1964 Newport Folk Festival, he was taken ill and hospitalized. Later it was discovered he had cancer, and a series of operations to arrest the growth were undertaken.

At presstime James' doctors were satisfied that the growth had been arrested, and the blues man is recuperating in anticipation of a European tour.

strictly ad lib

POTPOURRI: Art Pepper, whose problems with narcotics seem endless, was arrested April 9 in an Orange County, Calif., jazz club for violation of parole. The altoist, released on parole last year after serving 3½ years for a previous conviction for violation of narcotics laws, was arrested when he stepped off the bandstand at the close of a set at the San Francisco Club in Garden Grove. Garden Grove Detective Fred Nourse told *Down Beat* he made the arrest on receipt of a warrant obtained by Pepper's parole officer, to whom Pepper failed to report for his twice-a-month naline test. (The test determines if opiates are present in the bloodstream.) Pepper must appear before the state Adult Authority, which is empowered to imprison parole violators. The authority may hand out a sentence of from six months to 10 years.

COMING AND GOING DEPT.: Tenorist **Dexter Gordon**, who returned to the United States in December after spending



Scott

From Hong Kong to Newport

about two years working in Europe, has left once again for the Continent; he is scheduled to open at Copenhagen's Montmartre jazz club in June for a three-month run. On the other side of the globe, in Hong Kong, Tony Scott will soon be packing his clarinet for his return home. According to producer **George Wein**, Scott has signed a contract to appear at this year's Newport Jazz Festival. If he comes back—Scott said he would play last year at Newport but didn't—it will be his first appearance in the United States since 1959, when he set sail for the Far East.

Gone to Europe, but not permanently, are drummer **Mel Lewis** and bassist **Richard Davis**. The two were added to the Belgian Radio Symphony Orchestra for a program conducted by **Gunther**

Schuller. The program, which was broadcast and telecast over the Belgian networks, was titled *The History of Third Stream Music* and included *In the Inn*, by **Charles Ives**; *Yamekraw*, by **James P. Johnson**; *Details*, by **Andre Hodeir**; *Concerto*, by **Bill Smith**, who also was featured on clarinet; and *Variants*, by Schuller. The program was done in conjunction with a jazz festival held May 17-18 at Ghent.

Humorist **Ed Sherman**, 29, died of a heart attack in New York City April 29. A frequent contributor to *Down Beat's Out of My Head* column under the pseudonym **George Crater**, Sherman had been a writer for numerous radio and television programs, including *Who Do You Trust?*, *Candid Camera*, *That Was the Week That Was*, and the **Mitch Reed** and **Pete Myers** shows. As **George Crater**, Sherman recorded an album of humorous monologs for Riverside. He also had his own show on WNCN-FM in New York and, at the time of his death, was preparing a series for the Pacifica Network. As **Crater**, Sherman originated the windup doll, which eventually achieved fad proportions.

A reunion of sorts took place this month at Melodyland, located next to Disneyland in California's Orange County, when **Peggy Lee** and **Benny Goodman** performed together. (Miss Lee was Goodman's vocalist in 1941-42.) At the Melodyland engagement, the clarinetist headed an 18-piece orchestra of top Hollywood sidemen. The inevitable *Why Don't You Do Right?*, which Miss Lee recorded with Goodman 24 years ago, was called for, and the team nostalgically obliged. Their engagement lasted only a week, however. Capitol records, reportedly ready to record the singer and clarinetist at Melodyland, didn't follow through.

Two members of New York City's burgeoning avant-garde establishment have received commissions to compose scores for films. Altoist **Don Heckman** is working on music for a segment of *The Creative Person*, a National Education Television film series. French photographer **Henri Cartier-Bresson** is the subject of the Heckman-scored program. Trumpeter **Bill Dixon** will write the music for a documentary film, *The Dissenters*, produced by the U.S. Information Agency. The movie surveys the role of dissenting opinion in U.S. history.

Pianist-composers **Duke Ellington** and **Dave Brubeck** and singer **Ella Fitzgerald** will perform at New York City's Lewisohn Stadium Concert Series this summer. Ellington and Brubeck will appear together at the open-air stadium June 28 and Miss Fitzgerald on July 10.

Some jazz may be heard at the New York World's Fair after all. Trumpeter **Dan Terry** was scheduled to open a discotheque at the former French Pavilion in late May. The establishment, called **Big Daddy's Danceotheque**, will feature Terry's 21-piece orchestra and a Latin group in

addition to the recorded sounds. Clarinetist **Sol Yaged** has been playing at Le Bistro, a small club located on Bourbon St., in the fair's amusement section. Yaged also worked at the club last year. With the clarinetist are vibraharpist **Mike Manne**, pianist **Dave Martin**, bassist **Mark Trail**, and drummer **Sam Ulano**. And though it's not a jazz group, **Paul Lavalle's** concert band, a regular feature at the fair, has former **Duke Ellington** cornetist **Ray Nance** in the brass section, a job Nance also had last year.

Jazz violinist-vocalist **Stuff Smith**, currently on a European tour, lost his voice while filling an engagement at the Metropolitan in Oslo. He played the engagement out, however, and was tagged with the name *Whispering Stuff*. Prior to departing for a scheduled appearance in Stockholm, the violinist experienced difficulty in breathing and entered a hospital in Oslo for treatment. At presstime, Smith reportedly was planning to fly to London, where he was booked at **Annie's Place**, the club operated by vocalist **Annie Ross**.

A Hollywood, Calif., jazz disc jockey, **Al Fox** of KNOB-FM, is bringing back authentic jam sessions at a series of Sunday bashes at the Edgewater Marina Medallion Room in Long Beach, Calif. Fox's first, featuring trumpeter **Conte Candoli**, tenorist **Teddy Edwards**, trombonist **Frank Rosolino**, pianist **Jack Wilson**, bassist **Leroy Vinnegar**, and drummer **Shelly Manne**, drew 305 customers. The second session had trumpeter **Bobby Bryant**, altoist **Sonny Criss**, vibist **Roy Ayers**, pianist **Hamp Hawes**, bassist **Red Mitchell**, and drummer **Donald Bailey**. "We're trying to show that all of today's jazz musicians are not angry young men," Fox said. "Every top-flight musician who is brave enough to work without the support of his own group and without the sound he's accustomed to—his own comfortable sound, his own particular sound-womb—will be invited to partake."

Big Miller, blues shouter and all-around singer who has been missing from the U.S. music scene since early last year, is now settled in Hawaii. The vocalist has been managing **Betty Reilly's** Copacabana Club in Honolulu as well as singing and playing trombone there since May, 1964.

With the fate of live music jeopardized by so many factors nowadays, not the least of them the rise of discotheque, the decision of the Los Angeles Statler-Hilton to reinstitute live entertainment, replete with a 12-piece dance band, in its Terrace Room has occasioned much joy. The band, dotted with jazmen, is headed by trumpeter **Allen Ray**, nee DeRienso during a stint with the **Stan Kenton** crew some years ago, and comprises trumpeters **Jack Laubach** and **Bud Billings**, trombonists **Dick Leith** and **Richard Boone**, saxophonists **Clifford Scott** and **Jay Miglori**, pianist **Fern Vashon**, guitarists **Charles Chiarenza** and **Adolph Jacobs**, bassist **Bobby Haynes**, and drummer **Freddy Potter**. The first show was billed as **H.B. Barnum's**

Great Sounds in Music. Besides headlining as singer and instrumentalist, **Barnum**, well known as a conductor and arranger, contributed heavily to the Ray band's book.

Composer-arranger **Manny Albam** will conduct the Eastman School of Music's Arrangers Laboratory Institute and direct the dance band at the school's 1965 summer session, July 19-Aug. 6. Highlight of the session will be **Mel Torme's** appearance as guest artist with a 45-piece orchestra conducted by **Rayburn Wright** at the Aug. 5 Arrangers Holiday Concert, at which the winning arrangement submitted by the educator awarded *Down Beat's* Stage Band Directors Summer Scholarship will also be performed.

The Monterey Jazz Festival, to be held Sept. 17-19, will have as its theme *Tribute to the Trumpet*, festival president **Mel Isenberger** announced. Among trumpeters to be featured are **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Miles Davis**, **Harry James**, **Bobby Hackett**, and **Louis Armstrong**. Gillespie, moreover, is to serve as festival host and emcee.

William C. Love, who organized the International Association of Jazz Record Collectors last year, reports that nearly 3,000 collectors have been given information about the organization. Love said there are plans to hold a general meeting this summer, probably in Pittsburgh, site of last year's two-day organizational meeting. According to Love, the association plans to use revenue from members' dues for publication of discographical research, record values, names and addresses of collectors, trade lists, and a newsletter or magazine. Further information is available from him at 1140 S. Negley Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., 15217.

NEW YORK: Pianist **Erroll Garner** and his trio began a limited engagement at the Village Gate May 20, the pianist's first New York night-club appearance in four years . . . Film and dance were included at the New York Art Quartet's April 16-18 performances at the Contemporary Center. The group (**John Tchicai**, alto saxophone; **Roswell Rudd**, trombone, euphonium; **Steve Swallow**, bass; **Milford Graves**, percussion) improvised the music for a film short, *Goofin' Off*, by **Don Calfa**, while Tchicai alone provided the background sounds for a ballet by dancer **Judy Dearing**. In addition, a second film featuring a soundtrack by a group including **Rudd** and **Tchicai** was shown. The setting included environmental paintings by **George Abend** . . . Trumpeter **Ted Curson** returned in April to Europe, where he toured for several months last year. He is booked through June 1 for a series of television and radio appearances in France, Holland, England, and Denmark. On April 25 he performed at a Paris benefit concert for the Student Nonviolent Co-ordinating Committee with fellow Americans pianist **Mal Waldron** and cornetist **Don Cherry** . . . A "Jazz Weekend" held at Bard College in Annendale-on-the-Hudson May 8 and 9 featured the groups of trumpeters **Art Farmer** and

Freddie Hubbard, bassist **Ron Carter's** trio, the **Ed Summerlin-Don Heckman** Improvisational Ensemble, and pianist **Ran Blake**.

Teenage music is providing some bread and butter for jazz musicians. In April alto saxophonist **Earle Warren** led the pit band at the Brooklyn Fox for disc jockey **Murray the K's** Easter show, while tenor saxophonist **King Curtis**, whose band included trumpeter **Rolf Ericson**, performed similar chores for the *Soupy Sales Revue* at the reopened Paramount Theater . . . Trumpeter **Kenny Dorham** played two consecutive weekends at **Slug's Saloon** in April. Dorham used pianist **Cedar Walton**, bassist **Richard Davis**, and drummer **Billy Higgins**. Tenor saxophonist **Bill Barron** played several recent one-night engagements there before the club initiated a six-day music policy April 27, bringing in drummer **Roy Haynes' quartet** (**Wayne Shorter**, tenor saxophone; **Ronnie Matthews**, piano; **Cecil McBee**, bass) for an indefinite stay . . . Tenor saxophonist **Coleman Hawkins** returned to the Village Vanguard April 20, with pianist **Barry Harris**, bassist **Buddy Catlett**, and drummer **Eddie Locke**, following bassist **Charles Mingus' abrupt departure** from the club the previous Sunday . . . Pianist **Elmo Hope** headed a trio at the **Cafe Crazy Horse** in Greenwich Village April 8-11. Playing with Hope were **Calo Scott**, cello, and **John Ore**, bass. The pianist also was heard in concert at **Kossuth Hall** April 26, with drummer **Billy Higgins** replacing **Scott**, and tenor saxophonist **Roland Alexander** added to the group . . . Pianist **Chuck Foldes** has joined trumpeter **Henry (Red) Allen's** house band at the Metropolitan, replacing **Sammy Price** . . . Saxophonist **Barney Wilen** returned to France in mid-April after a four-month stay in New York; he intends to come back this fall . . . Tenor saxophonist **Dexter Gordon's** group at the **Coronet** in Brooklyn included pianist **Al Dailey**, bassist **Herman Wright**, and drummer **Roy Brooks** . . . Tenor saxophonist **Billy Mitchell** headed a group including cornetist **Thad Jones**, pianist **Roland Hanna**, and drummer **Charlie Perry** at **Birdland** April 19, with vibraharpist **Vera Auer**, bassist **Bob Cunningham**, and drummer **Joe Chambers** sharing the bandstand . . . Singer **Dave Lambert** has been added to station **WBAI-FM's** roster of jazz disc jockeys . . . The **Modern Jazz Quartet's** benefit concert for the United Negro College Fund at **Philharmonic Hall** in April was the occasion for the premiere performance of the *Porgy and Bess Suite* by the **MJQ's** music director, **John Lewis** . . . Veteran blues singers and guitarists **Lonnie Johnson** and **Mississippi John Hurt** shared the bill at the **Gaslight Cafe** in April . . . Trombonist **Kai Winding's** scheduled April 27 opening at the **Half Note** did not take place; instead, the club brought in pianist **Toshiko Mariano's** quartet, featuring her husband **Charlie** on alto saxophone. Tenor saxophonist **Sonny Rollins' group** was added as a special weekend attraction . . . Multi-instrumentalist **Roland Kirk's** combo at the **Five Spot** featured **Horace Parlan**, piano; **Michael Fleming**,
(Continued on page 42)

Jazz On Television Part 2

By LEONARD FEATHER

ALTHOUGH MOST JAZZ on television is confined to segments of nonjazz programs, ever since the TV era began in the late 1940s, there have been attempts to launch specialized shows on a series basis.

During the last couple of years, after a long silence, the series picture has brightened.

Jazz Scene U.S.A., produced by the indomitable Jimmie Baker (of *Stars of Jazz* memory) for Steve Allen's Meadowlane Enterprises, began its tortuous syndication route early in 1963 after 26 programs had been assembled in Hollywood.

Most of the half-hours were devoted to a single combo (Cannonball Adderley, Cal Tjader, Shelly Manne, Paul Horn, Les McCann, Pete Fountain, Firehouse 5 + 2), a few to a singer (Nancy Wilson, Big Miller, Vi Redd, Lou Rawls) and one to a big band (Stan Kenton). Oscar Brown Jr. acted as emcee and, on one show only, as principal performer. The programs for the most part were musically first rate, with no commercial concessions at all.

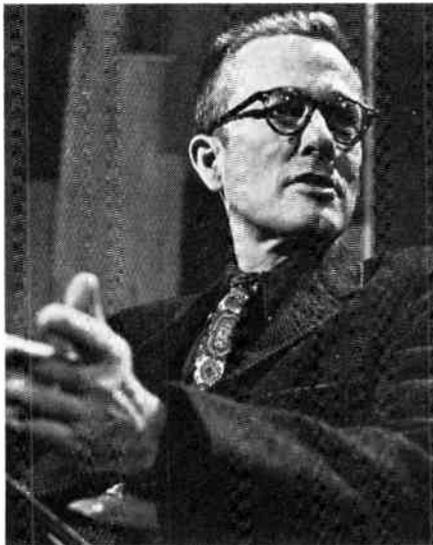
Jazz Scene U.S.A. has been seen in a large number of foreign countries, virtually all over Western Europe as well as in Czechoslovakia, Singapore, Ireland, Kenya, Sudan, Jamaica, and Nigeria.

Domestically, though, aside from the five Westinghouse stations (in Baltimore, Boston, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, San Francisco), it has been seen only in San Diego, Calif.; Indianapolis; Grand Junction, Colo.; Lincoln, Neb.; Seattle, Wash.; Washington, D.C.; New York City; San Bernardino, Calif.; and a handful of others. Possibly Allen's substantial six-figure investment in this project, clearly motivated more by his love for jazz than by a desire for profit, can yet be recouped.

More economically produced and more widely exposed domestically (but limited to educational channels only) is *Jazz Casual*, Ralph Gleason's



Guest Carmen McRae vocalizes to the accompaniment of George Shearing on the pianist's regular TV show seen in the Los Angeles area



Jazz Casual host Ralph Gleason

admirable series, which began almost three years ago as a local operation on KQED in San Francisco but later went the syndication route via National Educational Television's network of more than 80 stations. Some of the shows have been made available for school audio-visual use, and some have been exchanged with other programs in deals with noncommercial stations overseas.

Three series have been shot so far, and another 13 programs probably will be taped next fall. Directed by Dick Moore of KQED, the shows, like *Jazz Scene*, comprise about 25 minutes of music and one brief interview a show.

Gleason's interviewing style fits the title of the show perfectly, or vice versa. He acts effectively as square's-advocate, asking questions to which

The Woody Herman Band on *Jazz Casual*



he clearly knows the answers, but which need to be asked in order to inform the less hip listener.

His guests have included Dave Brubeck, Paul Winter, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Dizzy Gillespie, Cannonball Adderley, Art Farmer and Jim Hall, Muggsy Spanier, Turk Murphy, Earl Hines, Sonny Rollins, John Coltrane (with a 60-second introduction followed by continuous music), Louis Armstrong (no performance—conversation plus records), Jimmy Rushing, Carmen McRae, and Joe Sullivan. One particularly memorable show was devoted to Ben Webster and Jimmy Witherspoon. Woody Herman's band has done three programs. The musicians all receive syndicated-tape scale.

This summer Gleason plans a special documentary on Duke Ellington for showing in a fall series on master musicians.

Because of the expansion of educational TV, particularly on UHF channels (Gleason's show was aired for a while on KCET, Channel 28, in Los Angeles), the market for specialized programs seems at last to be opening up a little.

A series for which I acted as narrator and editor last fall was undertaken only because 13 short programs had been commissioned by West Germany. The material was drawn from Universal two-reelers produced in the 1940s and '50s with almost every name band, plus several leading jazz singers, as well as from old Paramount and Universal feature

films. The sale of these shows in the United States, Canada, and other English-speaking countries is pending at this writing; meanwhile, in Deutschland, it is Jazz Ueber Alles: the show is already on the air.

The advantage of the UHF channels, of course, is the assumption on the part of most station managements that the average listener has an IQ of more than 100, contrary to the beliefs of the network pap-peddlers.

This has resulted in some challenging UHF programs devoted to the arts. A typical recent example was *It's Modern—But Is It Music?*, a discussion in KCET's *Speculation* series, in which the panelists included Ernest Gold, Eudice Shapiro, and Nicholas Slonimsky, with Keith Berwick as moderator. (Slonimsky spoke like a relic of a school of thought I had fondly assumed to have disappeared; his remarks about the "jazz boys" as untutored illiterates were anachronistic enough to be more amusing than irritating.)

On the regular channels there is still hope for an occasional worthwhile series. A surprising recent addition was *The George Shearing Show*, which went on the air in Los Angeles in March with a view to eventual syndication.

The purpose of this venture clearly is to attract that segment of the public that is fed up with the Beatles and not yet ready for Coltrane.

Within his carefully established middle ground, Shearing has established a tasteful format, using his

quintet plus a guest each week—sometimes a singer such as Carmen McRae, sometimes an instrumentalist like Buddy DeFranco. Currently aired Fridays at 9:30 p.m. on KCOP, the half-hour, produced by Kip Walton, marks a welcome interlude in the dreary midevening diet normally found on the regular channels. Shearing's solo work, sometimes cautiously commercial, breaks out at other moments into cooking passages that remind one of his undimmed ability as a jazzman. Guitarist Joe Pass, a regular Shearingite for the last few months, is heard now and then to admirable advantage, and Hagood Hardy is a capable vibraharp soloist.

What justification can there be for the continued absence of a major national television jazz program? The answer can be found in a cogent article written a couple of months ago by Mike Gershman for the trade magazine *Music Business*. He quoted the following imaginary dialog:

"Why no TV jazz show?"

"There's not enough of a market."

"Why?"

"People don't understand it."

"Why not?"

"Because they haven't been exposed to enough of it."

"Why?"

"Because there's not enough of a market."

As Gershman pointed out, as soon as some way can be found to break that vicious circle, jazz will get on the air in the proportion to which many of us would like to become accustomed. 

Jazz Scene U.S.A. producer Jimmie Baker (2nd from l.) and staff supervise the filming of the Stan Kenton Orchestra





The Fletcher Henderson Orchestra at Roseland, 1927; author Stewart is at extreme right

SMACK!

MEMORIES OF FLETCHER HENDERSON, By REX STEWART

TODAY'S JAZZ LISTENER is likely to be unaware of the huge debt that current music owes to James Fletcher Henderson. Ragtime, swing, bop, and Third Stream all stem from the same tree. Fashions in music happen and change with such speed that it becomes increasingly difficult to realize what an infant jazz still is, in comparison with other art forms.

Further, there exists an explainable—but notwithstanding, total—lack of communication between our current favorites—Charlie Mingus, John Coltrane, Thelonious Monk, Miles Davis, and Neophonic jazz—and what has gone on before—Jelly Roll Morton, Willard Robison, Bix Beiderbecke, etc.—which makes this contemporary scene possible.

Fletcher Henderson was a bridge between the earliest forms and what later evolved. I consider myself blessed to have been there and a part of the action in the '20s in New York, when musical history was being made.

By strange coincidence, the two giants who I believe played the biggest roles in the development of jazz—Henderson and Duke Ellington—had a great deal in common.

Henderson, fondly known as Smack, was a chemistry major in his native Cuthbert, Ga. He arrived in New York City scheduled to do post-graduate work at New York University. However, he soon found it took much more money for school in swift-paced New York than he had anticipated back in the red-clay country of Georgia. Fortunately, he knew W.C. Handy and other popular songwriters of the day from back home and was soon playing piano background for record dates. What started out to be just a means toward finishing his education turned into a life's career.

Duke, on the other hand, went to New York from Washington, D.C., a fine-arts major with a scholarship to Pratt Institute of Art. He turned it down to continue his career as a musician.

Duke and Smack were pianists and possessed middle-class family backgrounds. Ellington's father was a white-collar government worker while Henderson's was a high-school principal. The resemblance continued as both Henderson and Ellington became bandleaders, equally

handsome, affable, and erudite. Henderson had preceded Ellington to New York by some years and was already a figure on the New York scene when Elmer Snowden, with young Ellington on piano, arrived in town.

New York at that period was piano crazy, perhaps because the combination of bootleg whisky and relief from the tensions of the war provided a happy-go-lucky atmosphere for most people. Harlem was the stomping ground for many pianists—Luckey Roberts, Willie (The Lion) Smith, James P. Johnson, and the up-and-coming Fats Waller.

Thomas (Fats) Waller always stood a bit apart from the other greats of the instrument, because somehow he thought in terms of an orchestra. At a party or social gathering, he'd play the rags, stomps, or blues like everyone else. But that was only one side of him. Often, sitting in a cafe musing at the piano, he would explain to his enraptured audience as he struck a chord "this is the sax section," another chord "now, here comes the brass." He always strove to weave some sort of musical fabric into a tune.

It was not strange, therefore, that Fats became both Duke's and Smack's tutor at about the same time.

Fats loved the big-band sound of our Roseland group, and he also enjoyed the imaginative smaller group that Duke led at the Kentucky Club. Fats sat in at Roseland, coaching Smack on orchestral speculations, and then went down to Duke's gig, where he also sat in.

Fletcher had a struggle with himself to start arranging—for one thing, he had Don Redman with his group who did arrangements and employed much of Fats' idiom in his writings.

Meanwhile, Duke absorbed Fats' teachings and proceeded to utilize them until he brought his own inventive mind to jazz. This is where Duke and Fletcher started going in divergent directions. Smack fell asleep at the switch, while Duke, perhaps under the prodding of his manager, Irving Mills, explored every possible angle to make his music identifiable. This is one reason that Ellington chose to write his own compositions.

In the mid-'20s, however, Henderson's band was the talk of the town among musicians. His was the second

Negro orchestra to play an all-season engagement at Roseland Ballroom on New York's Gay White Way. All the famous musicians hung around in front of the railing of our bandstand at Roseland, eager to hear (and borrow) from Smack. It seems like only yesterday when Frank Skinner, Archie Bleyer, Joe Glover, Georgie Bassman—to name only a few—would haunt Roseland in order to learn from the master.

Smack was not only the boss of his own bailiwick—New York—but of the entire country, for that matter.

The main reason was our broadcasts from Roseland during the winter months we were in residence. Along with this, there were the eastern tours for booker Charlie Shribman, where we did tremendous repeat business, especially in the coalfields of Pennsylvania. As a matter of fact, we opened up the area for dance bands, and it was on one of those early tours that we met Pa and Ma Dorsey and their two lads, Tom and James.

HENDERSON'S GREAT POPULARITY stemmed from the music, the many great musicians in the band, and the man himself. Smack was a man of imposing stature, about 6 feet 2 or so. His complexion was that of an octoroon, and in his youth he could have been mistaken for an Italian, as long as he was wearing his hat, because his hair was on the sandy side for his skin color. He was a pleasant man, gentle and thoughtful. He could be frivolous or serious, according to his mood. However, even in his zany moments, there would be overtones of gentility. His greatness also lay in his impeccable selection of sidemen . . . Louis Armstrong, Benny Carter, Coleman Hawkins, Don Redman.

Don played a most important role in the Henderson band. Short-statured, brown-skinned, this little giant arrived in New York in the mid-'20s from Piedmont, W.Va. At the time he joined Fletcher, the band was a Dixielandish outfit, like most groups of the time. This loose approach did not satisfy Don, who, having been a music major in college, recognized the beauty that could be obtained if music were organized harmonically.

Redman set out to prove his point, over the objections of many musicians who felt that arranged music would take away from their creative ability. On the other hand, Don received a lot of encouragement from Smack, from Will Vodery (who gave the jazz flavor to the Flo Ziegfeld's shows), Will Marion Cook, and other leading Negro musicians.

The Henderson band assumed another dimension with Redman's arrangements. When Smack heard Louis Armstrong, in Chicago, playing licks that emphasized the dancing of a team called Dave and Tressie, this was quickly orchestrated the Redman way. The new concept (featuring figures made by the brass that paralleled the syncopation of the dancers) was copied immediately by other bands.

Later, another of Don's ideas was paraphrased and parlayed into a career by Tommy Dorsey and others. Remember *Marie*, *Blue Skies*, and the parody of *On the Sunny Side of the Street* utilizing an obbligato countermelody with lyrics? Redman was the originator.

Actually, the Henderson band was a group of jazz giants—and about the biggest assortment of characters ever assembled to produce magnificent music. I was in my early 20s when Armstrong picked me as his replacement in Fletch's band. I joined reluctantly, and it took me a long time to overcome my awe at sitting in Louis' chair, playing the very same music and trying vainly to spark that band as Satchmo had. I almost had a nervous breakdown at first.

But Smack's easygoing attitude toward the men soon

made me feel at ease. This lack of aggressiveness in situations that called for a strong hand, however, was sometimes resented by the fellows.

To illustrate: Bobby Stark (my section mate on trumpet) developed the habit of demanding money from Fletcher at any time of the day or night when he was in his cups. This often-repeated scene was more than a little humorous, as Bobby stood about 5 feet 1 and didn't weigh 145 pounds soaking wet. Bobby would charge Smack, head to chest, and in a belligerent manner snarl, "Goddammit, Smack, give me some dough. It's drinking time, and I'm thirsty." The guys would howl with laughter as little Bobby bearded the larger man. Fletcher would smile tolerantly and say, "No money for you, Bobby. You are drunk already, so head for home."

Later, on a road trip, Bobby outdid himself. This was in Tulsa, Okla., and we were living at a hotel. Suddenly, we were awakened by what sounded like somebody shooting into the side of the hotel. Everybody jumped up and looked out the window. There stood Bobby Stark hurling bricks at Fletcher's window, punctuating each volley with a demand. It went like this:

"Smack, you SOB. I know you hear me."

Crash.

"Throw me 20!"

Crash.

"Smack, you hear me? Throw me some dough. Make it 10!"

Crash.

By the time we reached Bobby, he was down to \$5.

Bobby was a very quiet fellow until he got on the sauce, but Smack was undoubtedly reincarnated from another age or planet. He was just too gentle for his time. In my mind, he was the Mahatma Gandhi of the jazz age.

Redman had a pretty easygoing attitude toward life too. One time, he hit the Irish Sweepstakes for several thousand dollars. The Henderson band was playing a concert at the Renaissance Theater in Harlem, and the afternoon of the concert, Don bought a brand new Cadillac with the money and proudly parked it right in front of the theater. It seems to me that we had just started playing when the band boy frantically signaled from the wings. A drunken taxi driver, he said, had demolished the new Cadillac. Don paused for a few seconds but then continued playing, seemingly unruffled. When the concert was over, he didn't even go out to look at the damage but remarked with a shrug, "Well, I guess that buggy just wasn't for me." The next day, he bought a new Buick.

As a band, we were car crazy. Since there were so few good cars in Harlem during that period, our departures on a road trip took on the aspect of a three-ring circus.

Fletcher had a long black Packard roadster; Joe Smith, the trumpet player, had a chic, lean Wills St. Clair; drummer Kaiser Marshall sported a Buick. When these three beautiful cars were lined up in front of the Rhythm Club waiting for the rest of the guys, the pool players put down their cues, the poker games stopped, and all the other musicians gathered around to ooh and ah. I remember hearing Jelly Roll Morton, who seldom had a good word for anything, remark, "Damn, well, that's what I call a pretty sight."

Just about that time, Elmer Williams and Chu Berry, the tenor sax stars, rounded the corner of Seventh Ave. and 132nd St. on foot. Williams had his customary cigar in his mouth, but when he saw our classy caravan, he almost swallowed the cigar as he told Chu, "Now that's what I call the real big time. Those cats must be making *all* the money."

We weren't really making all the money, but everybody in the band was very well paid.



PHOTOS COURTESY DUNCAN SCHEIDT

Arranger Don Redman

In Atlantic City, 1932
Stewart and Henderson

WE ALL WELCOMED these road trips, because we were paid even more money on the road, and then, too, there were lots of new little chicks in each town dedicated to helping us pass the time away. But for Fletcher and his wife, Leora, these trips were a lot of hard work. Our tours preceded the days of booking agents. Therefore, the Hendersons wrote many letters, sent loads of telegrams, and telephoned all over the eastern seaboard to co-ordinate the trips and consolidate the bookings.

Even with all the advance planning, sometimes there would be a goof, such as the time we jumped from Louisville to New York, only to be met by Mrs. Henderson saying, "Fletcher, what are you doing here? You're booked in Lexington tomorrow night." So we gassed up immediately, stopped by the bootlegger's and got some whisky, and hit the road for Lexington, Ky. All of this in 2½ days, not over superhighways but bad roads. The guys in the band really earned the extra loot. We paid our dues.

Gradually, a few booking agents turned up on the scene. Along with Charlie Shribman, the next big operator was Ed Fishman, who started branching out from Harrisburg, Pa., and little by little more people entered the field. For groups that went on the road in later years with the aid and assistance of Music Corp. of America, Joe Glaser, and others, life was much simpler than for the Henderson band back in the '20s.

One experience I recall from our road tours is unforgettable.

We had given up the caravan of cars and were riding a chartered bus. We got caught in an early spring freeze in the mountains of New Hampshire. The bus was unheated, and we had no overcoats; so we improvised by using newspapers. We'd place a newspaper between the undershirt and shirt, and another layer between the shirt and jacket. It kept us warm, but when the bus broke down climbing a mountain, we had to get out and push. Unaccustomed as we were to exercise, it was a real backbreaker pushing that bus up that mountain. To climax the situation, the top of the mountain was covered with ice, and hot as we had become pushing the bus up, we cooled off with fright as the bus slithered down the other side of

the mountain. (Luckily, the bus was unharmed, and we were soon off and away again.)

During those road tours, we were notorious for not writing back home. Redman was one of the worst offenders. Days faded into weeks, and Don's wife began sending him telegrams, complaining because she had not heard from him. So Don bought a pretty box and some fancy wrapping paper, proceeded to gift-wrap several sets of soiled underwear, and mailed the box home. The telegrams stopped arriving.

On our return to New York, there would always be a lot of record dates for us because of the snowballing of popularity on the road. Along with the emergence of bookers for tours, the recording business picked up, since the tours produced new markets for the music.

Curiously enough, although the Henderson band played a variety of music on the tours, the record executives categorized Smack's band as a stomp band. They didn't accept the fact that a Negro band could play sweet, though, as a matter of fact, we used to get tremendous applause at Roseland and other places for playing waltzes beautifully. How unfortunate that we never recorded any of these waltz arrangements, and posterity can never know the greatness of the Henderson band in that field.

Of course, the record business was very different in its early days. I can't imagine a record executive today not being delighted to capitalize on the music that was delighting the public. But in the days of primitive recording, when each instrument would record into a separate horn and no bass drums were used, a lot of the real flavor of the music could never be captured.

Smack was very disappointed at not being permitted to record his famous *Rose* medley. This consisted of *Roses of Picardy* arranged by Charlie Dixon, *Broadway Rose* arranged by Benny Carter, and several other popular songs of the day with the word *rose* in the title, all in waltz tempo. Fletcher's disappointment was not solely because his waltz medley had been vetoed, but also because he had a predilection for rose. He wore rose-colored shirts and ties and even bought a rose-colored Packard, or at least ordered one. Unfortunately, Detroit didn't make cars in those colors then. But then, they don't make musicians like Fletcher Henderson today.

There is no question about Fletcher being the real big time for his era, which spanned the years 1923 until approximately 1944. At that time, he made his last significant effort when his *Jazz Train* was presented in a Broadway night spot. This was an attempt to depict and portray the evolutionary sequence of jazz. It was a production complete with singers and dancers and Fletcher's music.

Not only did Henderson achieve popularity and success from his music, but he also was the catalyst for the birth of another star. Record producer and critic John Hammond influenced Smack to give his book of arrangements to an unknown but talented young clarinetist. In large measure because of Fletcher's book, Benny Goodman became an overnight sensation.

Goodman is not the only musician who owes a debt of gratitude to Fletcher Henderson.

Jazz would not exist in its form today were it not for the many innovations, creativity, and contributions of Fletcher Henderson. He took the fundamentals of early jazz and molded them into a more permanent structure, from which our myriad contemporary forms of jazz have grown. Although many of our present-day jazz exponents may have forgot, or never knew, what it was that Fletcher Henderson gave to jazz, there can be no doubt that this man shall be immortalized as one of the founding fathers of the only American art form. 

DANISH MODERN

NIELS-HENNING ORSTED PEDERSEN, By JACK LIND

MANY HAVE BEEN the varieties of U.S. jazzmen who have gone to Europe to play in the last few years, whether permanently, occasionally, or just once. And all complain about the same thing: European rhythm sections leave a good deal to be desired.

The rhythm players have been described as stiff, unimaginative, noncohesive, and in other less-refined terms. But there is nearly complete unanimity that an 18-year-old Danish bass player named Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen is a striking exception to this rule.

Orsted Pedersen's musical fame has spread to the United States, and American musicians have been known to set as a condition for their playing in Europe his inclusion in the rhythm section.

Although only 18, he is an extraordinary musician. Many European musicians who play with the U.S. visitors seem to become awe-struck; they feel a compulsive urge to attempt to extend themselves beyond their capacity. The result is often disastrous. But Orsted Pedersen is a remarkably cool young man who refuses to be overly impressed by the musical company he keeps, be it a Dexter Gordon, a Bud Powell, or a Lucky Thompson. His refusal to be awed by the fame and stature of the American musicians has contributed to his remarkably self-assured playing.

"Niels-Henning is the best bass player I've played with in Europe," said drummer Art Taylor, who, along with tenor man Johnny Griffin, has been doing the European jazz circuit for more than a year. Coming from somebody not given to superlatives, this is a noteworthy accolade. But Taylor is far from the only one who appreciates Orsted Pedersen's strong, linear bass work.

"He's got great conception," said saxophonist Sahib Shihab, who has been living abroad for several years. "He is still developing, but even now he is one of the better musicians in Europe."

Last fall, when George Wein brought a large number of jazz stars to Europe, Roland Kirk's own bassist failed to show up. The multi-instrumentalist scurried around looking for Orsted Pedersen, with whom he had played earlier at the Montmartre club in Copenhagen, and he was near tears when the young bassist couldn't make the date. Kirk canceled his own part of the program.

ORSTED PEDERSEN's ascent has been rapid since, at the age of 15, he was heard by bassist Ray Brown, coming through Copenhagen with the Oscar Peterson Trio.

"That kid is unbelievable," said Brown, after sitting through a set in a bohemian hangout called the Vineyard, where Orsted Pedersen was performing with a local group.

During the intervening three years, the youngster has been the anchor man with nearly every group featuring a U.S. jazz musician. He has played with Lucky Thompson, Don Byas, Bud Powell, Kenny Drew, Sahib Shihab, Idrees Sulieman, Donald Byrd, Benny Bailey, Roland Kirk, Charlie and Toshiko Mariano, Jon Eardley, and Dexter Gordon, among several others.

He has been featured on nearly a score of records with U.S. jazzmen, and his playing has elicited favorable comments among U.S. record critics.

Count Basie has twice called him from the United States, asking him to join his band, but so far the bassist has turned down the offers.

One reason is that he wants to finish high school first.

"Basie sent me a wire from Detroit a few months ago and asked me to join him," Orsted Pedersen said. "I was supposed to play with the band and Frank Sinatra for two weeks in Las Vegas. He asked me to call him. I guess I actually said yes, but I was so tired at that point that I thought perhaps I ought to skip it. I took a couple of days off to think it over. It was a big jump for somebody my age and with my experience. I decided I didn't want it after all. Then I got another wire to call Basie in Jamaica, but at that time I was in Switzerland at a festival, so I never got around to it."

Oddly, it was Basie's band that got the young bassist seriously interested in jazz—and it was a Basie bassist, the late Walter Page, who was an early influence.

"My brother Paul, who used to play trumpet, started the whole thing when I was very small," Orsted Pedersen said. "I was only 4 or 5 when I first listened to his records. Then in the late '50s I heard some of Basie's 1939 records with Walter Page. That really did me in."

"At the time I was playing with some friends. I had been studying piano since I was 7—my mother is a church organist—but I didn't like it, and besides, one of the members of the group played piano better than I. So I switched to the bass. My first bass cost \$70. Now I have three—one at the Montmartre, one at the broadcast studio, and one at home."

Young Orsted Pedersen needs three basses with the workload he has.

During the morning and early afternoon he goes to school. Then he heads for rehearsals with the jazz group or the dance band at the radio studio and then shuttles to the Montmartre for the nightly stand. In between, he is busy with recording work, both in Denmark and elsewhere in Europe.

"Dexter is probably the one musician who has taught me most," Orsted Pedersen said. "He has done a fantastic lot of good, both for me and Alex [Alex Riel, an excellent young Danish drummer who plays with Orsted Pedersen in Montmartre and in the studios]. He spent a lot of time showing us about time."



Gordon, back in the United States, commented: "He's fantastic in all respects. He reads well, has great time. He can play with anybody. When I first heard him he was 16—and he was something then. And he's improved since then! A tremendously talented musician."

Orsted Pedersen said he also learned much from working with pianist Bud Powell. "He was one of the first American musicians I played with," said the young bassist. "I was only 16. It was a tremendous experience for me to play with a full-blooded American pianist. Bud taught me about bass lines. He leads you on the way. He never talks to you about your playing. Just listening to him was a great help.

"Playing with Toshiko and Charlie Mariano was another experience—especially playing some of her Oriental-flavored things."

But he admits that sometimes it is hard to learn something from all the traveling musicians, since they usually come only for two weeks at a time.

"First it's Roland Kirk—then maybe Mariano," he said. "You have to make changes all the time because they all have different views of music. With Dexter it was different. He *worked* with us, and he was here such a long time."

Has he ever had problems working with U.S. musicians?

"Yes, once—with John Handy III, the altoist. I was quite young then and couldn't read music. Handy came around with a big stack of scores. The parts for drums and piano were also largely written out, and none of us could read music. It wasn't too successful."

Among his more satisfying experiences has been playing with tenor saxophonists Lucky Thompson and Johnny Griffin and drummer Art Taylor.

"There's an enormous difference playing with American musicians," Orsted Pedersen said. "I prefer Americans. Griffin blows a style that I dig, and American drummers like Taylor are something else again. Lucky Thompson had the ability to make us give all we had. He had a beautiful sound—and he didn't play so loud that you couldn't hear your own instrument."

BASIE'S OFFERS to the young musician have received considerable publicity in the Danish press, and the bassist's colleagues are nonplussed that he would turn them down.

The first time was last year. Some of Basie's musicians had heard him playing at a Swedish jazz festival in Landskrona with a pickup band, fronted by Quincy Jones.

"Basie asked me if I could stay for a while," Orsted Pedersen said, "but I couldn't get a hotel room in Landskrona, and I had to take the boat back to Copenhagen. It wasn't until the next day that I discovered that he wanted me to *play* with the band."

Two weeks later, bassist Jimmy Woode called to ask him to come to Montmartre, where Basie was listening to a group.

"I had no driver's license and, besides, I had to go to school the next day, so I didn't see him," the bassist said. "Later he called me from London. He said he'd send the necessary papers, but nothing happened. Then a few months ago I got the second offer."

It is a good question whether U.S. audiences will get to hear the Danish bass player. A good student, he is bent on finishing schooling and plans to enter the University of Copenhagen to study music.

Meanwhile, he plans to keep playing in Europe and to develop musically. But one thing is certain: if Denmark's Jazz Musician of the Year, an honor he won in 1963, decides to cross the Atlantic, he should have little trouble finding work.



MONK ON MONK

By VALERIE WILMER

NOW IT'S MONK'S TIME. Times have been bad for the eccentric genius and the work all but nonexistent. But he's famous now. He appears in the slicks; he wears \$150 suits and stays at the best hotels. But as his wife, Nellie, says, "He's no more impressed with himself than he was in the dark days."

Music is his life, and he appears to be concerned with little else outside of it, himself, and his family. If he ever thinks of the way of the world, he rarely shows it. Speaking of Monk the composer, Quincy Jones summed it up: "Thelonious is one of the main influences in modern jazz composition, but he is not familiar with many classical works, or with much life outside himself, and I think because of this he did not create on a contrived or inhibited basis."

An interview with Monk takes patience, but while he was on a European tour recently, he had more time than usual to relax. In London, there was opportunity to find out the way he feels about his music and other subjects.

"I started to take up trumpet as a kid, but I didn't play it," he began tentatively. "I always wanted to play the piano, and jazz appealed to me. I just like every aspect of it. You can try so many things with jazz. I was about 11 or something like that when I started, and I used to play with all the different side bands when I was a teenager."

Did he ever think he might become a world-famous jazz pianist?

"Well, that's what I was aiming at."

Although he received classical training, Monk plays "incorrectly," with his hands held parallel to the keyboard. He doesn't stab at the keys the way some imagine. It's a flowing thing.

Was he ever taught to hold his hands in the formal manner?

"That's how you're supposed to?" he asked, wide-eyed. "I hold them any way I feel like holding them. I hit the piano with my elbow sometimes because of a certain sound I want to hear, certain chords. You can't hit that many notes with your hands. Sometimes people laugh when I'm doing that. Yeah, let 'em laugh! They need something to laugh at."

Monk lived with his parents off and on until his marriage, an unusual pattern for a jazz musician, although he claims, "I don't know what other people are doing—I just know about me. I cut out from home when I was a teenager and went on the road for about two years."

His mother, who was particularly proud of her well-behaved son, sang in the choir at the local Baptist church in New York City, where the family lived; whenever she had a leading part, Thelonious would accompany her on piano. And she would visit the dives where he worked.

"My mother never figured I should do anything else," Monk said. "She was with me. If I wanted to play music, it was all right with her, and Nellie is the same way."

"Yeah, I played in the Baptist church, and I'll tell you something else—I worked with the evangelists for some

time too. The music I played with them seems to be coming out today. They're playing a lot of it now. I did two years all over the States; playing in the churches was a lot of fun. When I got through, I'd had enough of church, though. I was in there practically every night. But I always did play jazz. In the churches I was playing music the same way. I wouldn't say I'm religious, but I haven't been around the churches in a good while so I don't know what they're putting down in there now."

Of Minton's, the Harlem club long held the incubator of bop, Monk, like others of his fellow iconoclasts of the time who played there, declared that the music "just happened. I was working there, so the others just used to come down and play with me. I guess they dug what I was doing. It was always crowded there, people enjoying themselves all the time. What I was doing was just the way I was thinking. I wasn't thinking about trying to change the course of jazz. I was just trying to play something that sounded good. I never used to talk about it with other people, but I believe the other musicians did. It just happened."

For a long time the pianist found it difficult to obtain work, but he says with typical Monkish nonchalance, "I didn't notice it too much. I had certain things to do. I wasn't starving."

Nellie, whom he married in 1947, was a great help and comfort through the lean years. She worked at a variety of clerical jobs and when she was pregnant with their first child, Thelonious Jr., used to take in sewing.

"Music to him is work," she said. "When he wasn't working regularly, he'd be working at home, writing and rehearsing bands that didn't have the prospects of a dog. He just did it to know what it'd sound like. In the 'un' years, as I call them, as far as he was concerned, he felt just as confident as he does now that what he was doing musically could appeal to other people if only they took the opportunity to listen."

"We live music every day. Thelonious has never attempted to do anything else except play music. He's always been optimistic."

Her husband confirmed this: "How can I be anything other than what I am?"

A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO soprano saxophonist Steve Lacy declared his intention to limit his repertoire to Monk tunes, of which there were almost 60 then.

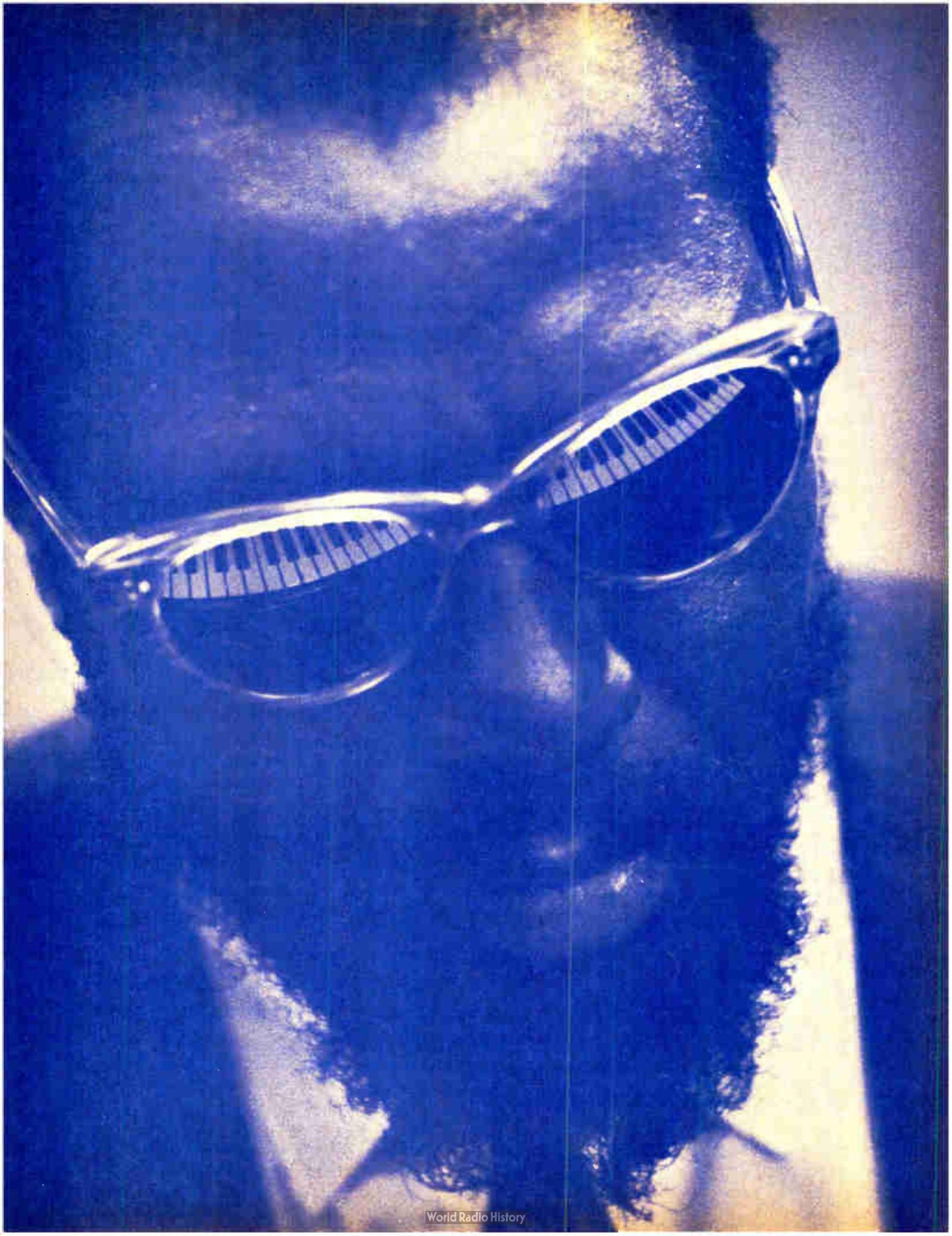
"Yeah, I heard he was doing that," Monk said. "But I haven't heard him yet. I guess if anybody wants to do that, it's okay."

He says he has no particular favorite among his many compositions and that the unusual names for many of them "just come to me." He composes at the piano sometimes, though more often than not he has a melody running around in his head. Although he said, "You have to stay home and relax to write the music," his wife commented, "He thinks about music all the time when he's not talking. He may be able to compose in a room full of people, just standing there. I don't know anybody else who can just withdraw like that. He has a marvelous capacity for withdrawal."

This withdrawal includes not speaking to his wife for days on end, "unless he wants me to fetch something," and she will only break the silence if she has something urgent to tell him.

"Even then he might not reply or show that he's heard," she said, "but in emergencies his reactions are very fast. He's more contained than most people and, therefore, more helpful than someone who falls apart and goes to pieces."

When he is writing, Monk said, he does not think of



the actual notes or of the effect his finished work will have on his audience.

"I'm just thinking about the music," he added. "You think about everything else automatically. I think about what anyone else does."

And what does he think of the public?

"I think very highly of the public. I think they're capable of knowing if something sounds all right. I figure that if it sounds all right to me, it sounds all right to them."

The pianist has lived in the same place for 30 years. It's a small, undistinguished apartment on New York's W. 63rd St., and he is very attached to it.

"There's nothing special about it," he said, "but I guess I'll always keep it."

He once remarked that if he couldn't live in New York, he'd rather be on the moon, but he denies this tongue-in-cheek statement:

"Did I say that? Can't remember it. I don't know what's happening on the moon, but I know what's happening in New York. I like New York City. I haven't been anywhere that tops it yet.

"I have to listen to New York; I live there. I wasn't born there, but I've been living there all my life. [Monk was born in Rocky Mount, N. C.] You can't shut the sound out too easily; you always hear some kind of noise going on. I guess all sort of things have an effect on what you're writing. But I was raised in New York, and it's home to me. That's what I dig about it. You want to know what sound I put into my music—well, you have to go to New York and listen for yourself. I can't describe them. How do you expect me to describe to you right here how New York sounds? How does London sound? Can you tell me how it sounds—huh?"

Onstage Monk often will rise from the piano stool and stand listening intently to the other soloists, swaying slightly in what has been termed Monk's dance. He gets exasperated over comment on such aspects of his behavior.

"What's that I'm supposed to be doing?" he demanded. "I get tired sitting down at the piano! That way I can dig the rhythm better. Somebody's got something to say about everything you do!

"I miss a lot of things that're written about me. I don't read papers. I don't read magazines. Of course, I'm interested in what's going on in music, but I'm not interested in what somebody else is writing or anything like that. I don't let that bug me. In fact, I don't see those 'columns' or whatever you call 'em. People write all kinds of jive.

"I've got a wife and two kids to take care of, and I have to make some money and see that they eat and sleep, and me, too—you dig? What happens 'round the corner, what happens to *his* family is none of my business. I have to take care of my family. But I'll help a lot of people, and I have. . . . But I don't go around . . . [asking]: 'What's the matter with you?' No! I'm not interested in what's happening nowhere. Are you worried about what's happening to everybody? Why do you ask me that? Why should I be worried? *You're* not! Why do you ask me a stupid question like that? Something you don't dig yourself? I don't *be* around the corner, looking into everybody's house, looking to see what's happening. I'm not a policeman or a social worker—that's for your social workers to do. I'm not in power. I'm not worrying about politics. *You* worry about the politics. Let the statesmen do that—that's their job. They get paid for it. If you're worried about it, stop doing what you're doing!"

And Monk does not concern himself with the racial scene in any way.

"I hardly know anything about it," he said. "I never was interested in those Muslims. If you want to know,

you should ask Art Blakey. I didn't have to change my name—it's always been weird enough! I haven't done one of these 'freedom' suites, and I don't intend to. I mean, I don't see the point. I'm not thinking that race thing now; it's not on my mind. Everybody's trying to get me to think it, though, but it doesn't bother me. It only bugs the people who're trying to get me to think it."

Monk is a self-willed person. Rarely does he do anything that does not interest him. He seldom goes to parties, and when he is neither working nor walking around New York City, he is at home with Nellie and their two children, Thelonious Jr., who is 15, and 11-year-old Barbara. Now, at 45, he seems hardly aware of the substantial increase in his income in recent years and says money makes no difference to his way of life.

"If I feel like it, I'll spend it," he said, "but I spend it on what anybody else spends it on—clothes and food. My wife and kids spend a lot of money, but I really don't know how much I make. I'd go stupid collecting and counting my money. I worked at \$17 a week when I was a kid—make thousands now. At 14, 15 years old I could do anything I wanted with that money. It wasn't bad for that age.

"I really don't want to do anything else other than what I'm doing. I like playing music. Everything's all right. I don't look like I'm worrying about anything, do I? I don't talk much because you can't tell everybody what you're thinking. Sometimes you don't know what you're thinking yourself."

A perceptive wife, Nellie added, "You wouldn't know whether he was happy or not at any time. He's always been very agreeable. Even in the direst situations you can't see if he's worried from looking at his face. Maybe, you can tell from a chance remark, but he isn't a worrier. We have a theory that worry creates a mental block and prevents you from being creative. So worry is a waste of time."

When he is not working, the pianist likes to walk. And when he walks, he says, he walks in a daze. And he and his wife are television addicts.

"I haven't been to the movies in a long time," he said. "I look at TV, see everything there just laying in the bed. You have to get up and go to movies, where you fall asleep in your chair. That way you're in bed already. But I never get enough sleep. I haven't slept eight hours through in a long time."

Monk is noncommittal about his favorite composers and musicians.

"I listen to 'em all," he says.

But it is hard to believe that he ever goes out of his way to listen to the music of other people. One evidence of this could be that his own work is so self-contained, so very personal. Today, however, he finds little time to write. His most recent composition, *Oska T*, was written more than a year ago, and he continually records the same tunes. Why?

"So somebody will hear 'em!" he replied.

For the last 10 years or so, Monk's music has become easier to listen to, though it is not necessarily any simpler. What he is doing is as engaging and profound as ever, though seeming to be less provocative than when he was upsetting rules.

"If you think my playing is more simple, maybe that's because you can dig it better," Monk said and laughed. "It takes that long for somebody to hear it, I guess. I mean for them to understand it or for you to get to them for them to hear it, because you might be changing and then stop playing, and they'd not get a chance to hear it.

"But I never be noticing these things. I just be trying to play."

45



LAWRENCE SHUSTAK

REQUIEM FOR BIG MIKE

By ART HODES

It was a cold Monday. In fact, March was a cold month. I don't know when I've ever got so tired of winter. After a while, your legs get exhausted hauling the rest of you around.

So this Monday the phone caught me at 4 p.m. The voice says, "Art, Bill Reinhardt. Earl Washington [he plays piano for Bill] called. His kid's been in an accident; doesn't look like he can make it to work. Can you make it?"

I could. It's nice getting a call, especially when you know your hands need the exercise. This being in between engagements fractures me, in more ways than one. So I was glad for the call. In fact, I'm glad there's a Jazz, Ltd. This is a civilized night club. An ex-dancer and a clarinet player, a married couple, Ruth and Bill Reinhardt, own the club, been running it some 17 plus years, been providing work for I don't know how many musicians. Year in, year out, they feature the same traditional type of music, and this provides some employment to the jazz player who doesn't make it with a band of his own.

So I'm there, and it's reunion time. Haven't seen drummer Fred Kohlmann

in I don't know how long. He's just back from New Orleans. "Art," he said, "they have mixed bands in New Orleans." Certainly welcome news.

And Quinn Wilson. Now, here is a bass player . . . and he also plays tuba. You'd like him. Years ago he worked in the Earl Hines Band. Then when the business went out the window, Quinn drove a streetcar. That must have been something. But he's been at Jazz, Ltd., for years now. It's a happy marriage. I say hello to Dick Oakley, trumpet, and Dave Rasbury, trombone. And there's a guy I'd never met . . . banjo-guitar player Emanuel Sayles, just up from New Orleans. The hellos and the warm chatter heat that chilly back room.

Then Fred tells me the news: "Art, did you know about Mike McKendrick? He died this morning."

The back room cooled again, and conversation lagged; you could cut the drag with a blade. But Kohlmann kept talking: "Funny how it happened. He got up this morning and called to his wife, 'Get me some orange juice.' And she said, 'Okay, right away,' and then Mike answered, 'Hurry up, I ain't got much time.' When she got back it was too late."

Yeah, we played. But the night dragged . . . and we had a crowd.

Mike McKendrick. Banjo-guitar-vocals. And I'd been knowing him from way back—like in the Louis Armstrong days. 'Course, knowing him back then wasn't like I got to know him when we both worked in the same band at Jazz, Ltd. You really get to know a guy when you play music along side him. That's when you reach an understanding.

I dug Mike, and I think it was mutual. He was a medium-built guy and didn't carry excess poundage. On stage he shaped up, held up his end. If Bill called on him to do a banjo solo, he did it. And then the vocals he sang! You know how when a baseball player retires (or dies) they take the number he wore and "retire" it? Let me tell you—there's a tune Mike did that ought to be retired—nobody's going to sing it like he did. A wonderful tune, too, a spiritual, *Just a Closer Walk with Thee*. Yeah, when Mike would sing, "I am weak, but Thou art strong," I'd get a real good feeling inside. That was his tune.

It's a funny thing about this music we play. . . . Say you're black, and the guy sitting next to you, he's dark too. But just to the other side of you sits a white player. Now, you and that white player could have more in common musically than you and your black neighbor.

Buddy Smith and I used to talk about

this quite often. He'd say, "If I had a brother, and he couldn't play music, I'd feed him and I'd give him money, but he couldn't play in my band." (Buddy played drums in groups led by such diverse leaders as Charlie Parker and Muggsy Spanier. And Buddy and I put in close to 10 years together; he's dead now.) Same color means nothing in my music. You could be worlds apart. It depends on when you come on the scene and where your tastes lie.

That's one of the things I especially like about the setup at Jazz, Ltd. Right now the band is led by a white player; but of the seven men onstage, four are Negroes. You don't make this music with your skin; it's deeper. And I'll tell you another thing. If there's any difference in salary at the Reinhardts', it's not based on color; you can bet on that. If you get more, you earned it one way or another.

Monday, March 22; and now it's Friday, the 26th. Get-away day, and I'm on Indiana Ave. on Chicago's south side. They're probably marching in the heat down in Alabama, but it's cold up here. This is one neighborhood I should know by heart. I've walked these streets and listened to the street sounds and smelled those fine food smells that would hit your nose. This is old home town, but by day it doesn't look the same. So much is changed around here. Progress . . . housing projects.

Well, there's the place. My timing is off, for they're bringing the casket out. Fred Kohlmann, Quinn Wilson, Emanuel Sayles are among the pallbearers, joined by another musician, bass player Truck Parham. That's right: the rhythm section takes care of its own. So, it's around the corner to the church and inside.

Pick a pew; I bet 85 people turned out even in that weather. Somehow, we all wind up on the same side of the aisle. Ruth and Bill and their bartender, Monty, are alongside. There's Al Wynn (trombonist from years ago who can still make those righteous sounds). And I see Little Brother Montgomery (piano man).

Let's listen; the minister is here: "I know and you know I can't help Mike, but I hope to bring some comfort and cheer and strength to those he left behind." Thank goodness no one really broke up; I know it probably happened again and again during the week.

On the same platform with the minister is a quartet. Between his words, they sing. There's one tune they do that made me feel in place. Something about "down in the valley." One of the male singers brings me up from the bottom. . . .

But I still don't dig funerals. Just
(Continued on page 41)



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RECORD REVIEWS

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

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

Lorez Alexandria

MORE OF THE GREAT LOREZ ALEXANDRIA—Impulse 76: *But Beautiful*; *Little Boat (O Barquinho)*; *Dancing on the Ceiling*; *It Might as Well Be Spring*; *Once*; *The Wildest Gal in Town*; *Angel Eyes*; *This Could Be the Start of Something Big*; *No More*; *That Far Away Look*.

Personnel: Wynton Kelly, piano; Ray Crawford, guitar; Al McKibbin, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums. Paul Horn, alto saxophone, added on Track 8. Large orchestra. Tutti Camarata, conductor, on some tracks. Miss Alexandria, vocals.

Rating: ★★½

Miss Alexandria continues to improve, cleaning up an undesirable mannerism here or an off-key note there and working her way toward the front rank of jazz-based singers.

Whether or not she will make it will depend, I believe, on how she develops in two areas—taste and individuality. On this LP she gives the impression that she has worked hard to drop the offensive details of her old style but that she is still without any positive notions of truly tasteful presentation.

Similarly, Miss Alexandria's failure to take a strong artistic stand leaves her work without much individuality at this time. She is, in a way, like a seasoned, highly skilled band vocalist.

Enough of a really good voice shows through on her ballads (*But Beautiful* and *Angel Eyes* are especially effective) to suggest that Miss Alexandria may yet happen on some personal quality that will make her a memorable performer. Meanwhile, she will have her hands full just avoiding tunes she can't help butchering—*O Barquinho*, for example.

There are some lovely piano fills by Kelly in the album, incidentally. (R.B.H.)

Eddie Bonnemere

JAZZ ORIENT—ED—Prestige 7354: *Ankle Bells*; *East of the Sun*; *When I Fall in Love*; *Mr. Lucky*; *Mountain High*; *Valley Low*; *Theme from "A Boy 10 Feet Tall"*; *Man in a Raincoat*; *Night Song*; *Lotus Land*; *Calm Beauty*; *Oriental Mambo*; *Why Run Away?*

Personnel: Bonnemere, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Joe Scott, bass; George Brown, drums; Moncel, conga, bongos; Jimmy Calloway, timbales.

Rating: ★★½

The best thing that can be said about Bonnemere is that he does not offend the

ear. While he is skillful in evoking moods of wistfulness and offers frequent glimpses of a strange, exotic landscape, he works in an area of low-keyed emotions and pretty, but scarcely challenging, improvisations.

He plays from the fountain of jazz, but it is a mere trickle of water, which tastes good but does not satisfy the thirst.

On *Night Song* he develops some fine phrasing, but often, as on much of *Lotus Land*, his melody lines seem vague. *Ankle*, like a piece of French pop-art, shows superior taste without any development in depth. *When I Fall in Love* has no jazz content at all.

The quintessence of Bonnemere's style is perhaps found in the wistful *Raincoat*, in which real emotion keeps alternating with artificial feeling while the pianist evokes a strange, lonely, and sometimes beautiful mood. (G.M.E.)

Bob Brookmeyer

BOB BROOKMEYER AND FRIENDS—Columbia 2237: *Jive Hoot*; *Misty*; *The Wrinkle*; *Bracket*; *Skylark*; *Sometime Ago*; *I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face*; *Who Cares?*

Personnel: Brookmeyer, valve trombone; Stan Getz, tenor saxophone; Gary Burton, vibraharp; Herbie Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Brookmeyer has nice friends: talented, swinging, and, above all, compatible. Aside from Getz, who is always the perfect partner in a musical duolog, there is an outstanding rhythm lineup that the liner notes remind us consists of Getz' vibist, Miles Davis' pianist and bassist, and John Coltrane's drummer.

Brookmeyer and Getz engage in melodic discussions without up-staging each other, while the rhythm section functions as if the entire combo had always been a working entity.

With such a profusion of talent, Burton, Carter, and Jones get little opportunity to display their solo wares. Hancock is allowed a few brief solos, but his familiar, expansive style is slightly cramped. His most eloquent moments can be heard on *Wrinkle* and *Sometime Ago* (an exquisite waltz).

Other highlights come from the instinctive interplay between Brookmeyer and Getz, especially on *Accustomed*. When Getz punctuates in staccato, Brookmeyer immediately picks up the cue and joins in, but when Getz trills behind Brookmeyer's

K.D.—Famous Initials

Kenny Dorham, trumpeter and composer of renown, turns to critical writing with this issue. He is the first major jazz musician to join *Down Beat's* staff of record reviewers.

Dorham's career is distinguished: he has worked with the big bands of Dizzy Gillespie, Billy Eckstine, and Lionel Hampton, but it is his small-band trumpeting that has gained him the accolades of musicians and critics. Dorham is perhaps best known for his work with Charlie Parker from 1948 to 1950, but he also was the original trumpeter with the Jazz Messengers (1955) and replaced Clifford Brown with the Max Roach Quintet after Brown was killed in June, 1956. Since '58 he has led his own groups.

legato thoughts, the valve trombonist decides to mind his own melodic business.

If there can be such a thing as "intense relaxation," *Skylark* epitomizes it. Credit for the sustained mood of polite pulsation must go to Carter, for his exploratory melodic comments, and to Jones, for his tasteful brush work.

Hoot swings mildly, culminating in an "amen" that ends on a tongue-in-cheek dominant seventh. *Bracket* is a rhythmic tour de force that features a series of lively "fours."

The only hard-driving track is the long-est—*Who Cares?* Its forward motion can be attributed to Jones, who is apparently awakened from the slumber induced by the Brookmeyer-Getz duets. (H.S.)

Gary Burton

THE GROOVY SOUND OF MUSIC—RCA Victor 3360: *Climb Ev'ry Mountain*; *Maria*; *An Ordinary Couple*; *My Favorite Things*; *Sixteen Going on Seventeen*; *Do-Re-Mi*; *Edelweiss*; *The Sound of Music*.

Personnel: Phil Woods, alto saxophone, clarinet; Bob Brookmeyer, trombone; Burton, vibraharp; Joe Puma, guitar; Steve Swallow, bass; Joe Hunt or Ed Shaughnessy, drums; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★★★★

I like the way the melodic line of *Mountain* eases into the 3/4 with the strings underneath along with the comfortable and well-placed bass line. There's good string writing near the end and going into the ending. This is a good resonating register for the cellos (or violas). If it is violas, it's a somewhat low register, or if cellos, kind of high (resonating register).

The performance is good. Near the end of the track, though, there is something I don't get: there is what seems an ending with the woodwinds, but instead there is a new start. Why make a new start for an ending?

Maria's introduction is an "out" attempt (good but avant garde) to launch an "in" thing. The player is an "in" (mainstream) person, and the valve trombone is even more "in" (as an instrument). In fact, it's so far "in" that it's "out" (personal opinion, of course). By this I mean there is an avant-garde setting for something fresh, followed by this Dixieland bit from the valve trombone (which kind of chills me), but then they go into a nice fugal type of structure of combined instruments and swinging rhythms.

Ordinary Couple's introduction is a romantic setting. After the introduction, Brookmeyer merges, then Puma, followed by Woods on clarinet with Burton lapping over and continuing through the composition. Shaughnessy's beat is very crisp here, continually performing one of a drummer's basic functions—keeping things moving and inspiring the groove (inspiring to groove). The performance is nice and buoyant. Harmonically, it is a fine composition.

Burton's fine performance of *My Favorite Things* is fresh. This is really "out going"—not necessarily trend-setting stuff but definitely in the direction artful music is headed.

Brookmeyer is very chic here (fashionable-contemporary?). His horn sounds like a slide trombone at times. Puma also sounds good in his interpretation of the melody; his accompanying gives the others

plenty of room—he's not smothering anyone. He sounds especially good along with Swallow and Shaughnessy in their accompanying roles. Swallow is really "chunking" here (throwing the long ball, hard ball).

The first part of *Sixteen's* theme sounds modal. It reminds me of *So What?* by the Miles Davis Sextet, but this is a fresh extension.

Do-Re-Mi really moves along after this stepping first eight bars (or more) on bass. It doesn't get a chance to get monotonous. Bassist Swallow sees to that. Background rhythm sounds good—the first strong percussive one. Swallow is burning here, singeing strings—that's what I call a bass that sounds like this. He's playing strictly "in" here, where it sounds best to me generally, but he sounds good when he goes "out." Doesn't sound lost.

Edelweiss is an unaccompanied vibe solo. Burton displays exceptional agility with more than two mallets.

Gary McFarland's arrangement (he arranged the tracks with strings) of *The Sound of Music* is very nice with its bossa nova backdrop. All McFarland's arrangements are vertically (harmonically) strong, but the horizontal structure, say, on *Mountain* leaves something to be desired for me.

The album as a whole: the material is good, and the presentation is very good, but it is not cut and dried enough for me. It is a good album in general for Burton—for a newcomer it's excellent. But he's not playing up to the caliber of the rest of the group. (K.D.)

Donald Byrd

I'M TRYIN' TO GET HOME—Blue Note 4188: *Brother Isaac; Noah; I'm Tryin' to Get Home; I've Longed and Searched for My Mother; March Children; Pearly Gates.*

Personnel: Byrd, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Ernie Royal, Snooky Young, Jimmy Owens, Clark Terry, Joe Ferranti, trumpets; J. J. Johnson, Jimmy Cleveland, Henry Coker, Benny Powell, trombones; Jim Buffington, Bob Northern, French horns; Don Butterfield, tuba; Stanley Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Freddie Roach, organ; Herbie Hancock, piano; Grant Green, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Grady Tate, drums; unidentified choir, Coleridge Perkinson, conductor.

Rating: ★★ ★

In the liturgy of the Negro Protestant churches of the United States it is sometimes difficult to separate the secular from the purely orthodox rites so far as musical expression of faith and devotion is concerned. Why this should be is not the concern of this review; suffice it that much of the Negro music to emerge in our predominantly white society originated in spirit and content in Negro churches.

Such is the clear case with this unabashed, big-band-cum-choir "soul jazz" album.

Whether the set is "devotional" music depends, I suppose, on what it is one is devoted to in a spiritual or religious sense. What emerges clearly is that Byrd is wholly devoted to his music. That this music is rooted in the religious worship of most of his people is equally obvious. That it is also jazz in large part—in Byrd's and Turrentine's solo work and in much of the charging brass writing—is beyond dispute.

In the parts where it is jazz it is very good jazz. In the sections where it is not (notably in the sentimental *Moither*) it

tends to backslide into quasi-underscore for an updated *Green Pastures* movie suggesting black faces and hands upraised to Heaven and De Lawd.

The compositions are divided three and three; *Isaac, Tryin'*, and *Moither* are Byrd's, and *Noah, Children*, and *Gates* are from the pen of arranger-composer Duke Pearson.

Lopsided in the soul-jazz genre, the set attains a preponderant character therefrom. This is a necessarily limited musical form with its primitively strong afterbeat and restricted harmonies; what musical freedom and invention worthy of note exists is found in the solo work of the trumpeter-fluegelhornist and tenorist, both of whom play at the top of their forms.

So far as the choral work is concerned, to these ears too much of it comes off as trite and rather dreary in the tired, old do-wah-doo-dah tradition of commercial recordings. It is as if the arrangers had never heard of Lambert-Hendricks-Ross/Bavan, the Swingle Singers, or the Double Six of Paris. (J.A.T.)

Kid Sheik Cola

KID SHEIK IN ENGLAND—Jazz Crusade 2003: *Careless Love; Tulane Swing; When Your Hair Has Turned to Silver; Baby Face; Willie the Weeper; Take Your Burden to the Lord; The Waltz You Saved for Me; Sheik's Blues.*

Personnel: Cola, trumpet; Jack Wedell, trombone; Sammy Rimmington, clarinet; Paul Seeley, banjo; Barry Richardson, bass; Barry (Kid) Martyn, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

Kid Sheik, one of the younger New Orleans veterans (he's 57 according to Sam Charters' *Jazz: New Orleans*, which also spells his last name Colar instead of the Cola used on this disc), plays with the calm, steady attack that is common to several of the New Orleans trumpeter men of his generation. It is essentially an ensemble style—playing that provides a firm focal point and can rise up to lift the band for the out choruses.

Placed in the context of the brash British revivalists with whom he is heard here, Cola's relaxed style seems, by contrast, almost diffident, and, in this somewhat echoing recording, he is likely to get buried under the hurly-burly of his hosts. Still, he can be heard to advantage in an occasional solo or when he is bringing a steady influence to bear on the English enthusiasts with his stately lead.

But even if the LP is not exactly a showcase for the trumpeter, the English group is well worth hearing, particularly for Rimmington's clarinet. He is, inevitably, of the George Lewis school, but he brings to his playing a dash and vitality that remove him from the stereotyped Lewis imitators. He is the focal point all through the performances despite the presence of Cola.

Trombonist Wedell stays in the background most of the time, but when he does step forward, he delivers in lusty but clean-cut fashion.

The rhythm section manages to achieve an appropriately heavy, driving beat without falling into the leaden qualities that plague most revivalist rhythm sections. This section steps out forcefully but with agility, somewhat like the Duke Ellington rhythm section of the late '20s. (J.S.W.)

Wolfgang Dauner

DREAM TALK—German CBS 62478: *Dream Talk; Bird Food; A Long Night; Daemmerung; Zehn Notizen; Soul Eyes; Free Fall; Yesterdays.*

Personnel: Dauner, piano; Eberhard Weber, bass; Fred Braceful, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

Dauner's technical virtuosity is enough to scare anybody. Equally frightening is the trend in jazz, exemplified here, that sacrifices the emotional quality of swing and, in some instances, swing itself. For the most part, the sounds of the Dauner trio approximate modern canvases of brilliant hues, thick pigments, and jarring collages.

This is especially true of *Dream Talk*, which seems to feature three painters going their separate ways, never consulting each other and coming up with a montage devoid of any identifiable outlines or shapes.

The other tracks conform grudgingly to jazz criteria. *Bird Food* and *Zehn Notizen* are up-tempo head arrangements, with the former a dazzling showcase for Dauner's two-handed excursion into bop figures and the latter highlighted by exciting fanfares.

Free Fall is extremely fast, and *Daemmerung* is in 3/4, but there is a common denominator of subliminal tempos running through both. Weber is apparently reluctant to state three or four obvious beats in any given measure. *Long Night, Soul Eyes*, and *Yesterdays* offer the finest moments because of their slow, introspective approaches. In each case, Dauner supplies an imaginative reharmonization of the melody, and Weber adds harmonic tension with searching bass lines.

Braceful can spout the freedom line as fluently as his colleagues, but his results are not as pleasing. Using mallets more often than sticks, he produces a steady rumble that sounds like a technical distortion on the record. Another irritant comes from the left hand of Dauner. When accompanying his single-note flurries in the treble, his left hand constantly hammers away at wearying chord clusters.

There is no denying the technical wizardry here, but the Wolfgang Dauner Trio ends up denying listeners the warmth and wit that belong to jazz. (H.S.)

Miles Davis

MY FUNNY VALENTINE—Columbia 2306: *My Funny Valentine; All of You; Stella by Starlight; All Blues; I Thought About You.*

Personnel: Davis, trumpet; George Coleman, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Tony Williams, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

No happier circumstances can exist in recording than to have an ensemble of instrumentalists who have something to say and an unhurried atmosphere in which to say it.

With no "single"-oriented producer to interfere with creativity here, Davis and colleagues take their sweet, eloquent time with five numbers recorded at a live concert in early '64. The shortest tune lasts nine minutes, which gives everyone ample opportunity to develop ideas, explore harmonic patterns and engage in conversation with like-minded swingers.

Davis' intense probing dominates. Each track bears the imprint of his swinging-steeped-in-pathos, his bent tones, and his linear excursions that alternately explode and subside.

Right behind him, or rather, right along side, is the amazing Hancock, by far the most sensitive and imaginative young pianist on the scene today. While his solos forever swing (his stint on *All of You* is a model of inspiration), it's his comping here that reveals an extrasensory anticipation of Miles' wiles.

Another magnificent display of rapport can be heard in the walking, the gap-filling, the pedal-point prodding, even the double-stopping of Carter.

Williams seems to be the victim of poor mike placement. On slow numbers he barely can be heard; on the up tunes, his contributions come through with less forcefulness than one is accustomed to hearing from this young phenomenon.

Of the five musicians, only Coleman leaves something to be desired. His Stan Getz-like tone is clean and crisp, but his ideas are too straight-forward to match the harmonic and rhythmic daring of Davis, Hancock, and Carter.

The title tune is given a wonderfully restrained treatment that captures the warmth of Lorenz Hart's lyrics. *Stella's* contours are etched impressionistically. In fact, this portrait of *Stella* is the most haunting account of a "woman" whose changes have always led musicians to put her on a harmonic pedestal. *All of You* shows Davis' penchant for tags, and they, in turn, elicit some muscular plucking from Carter. His glissandi behind Hancock's solo sound like a tailgating trombone.

Thought does not adapt too well to the demands of jazzmen. Its changes are trite, and the melody says less. What saves it from its own inherent mediocrity are Davis' introspective wailing, Carter's melodic solo, and Hancock's double-time solo.

All Blues represents a much-needed brightness in tempo. Considering that the total playing time of the disc exceeds one hour, more up-tempo tunes should have been included. As far as the instrumental quality of what is included, fast or slow, this album ranks with the best of Davis' recorded efforts. (H.S.)

Victor Feldman

IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD — Vee-Jay 2507: *Hard to Find; The Most Beautiful Girl in the World; Waltz Latino; Surrey with the Fringe on Top; Out of This World; This Is All I Ask; Swinging on a Star; Make Me a Present of You; It's a Wonderful World; Wild Is the Wind; Dream of Olwen; I've Thought of You; I Want to Be Rich.*

Personnel: Bill Perkins, flute; Feldman, piano, vibraphone; Monty Budwig, bass; Colin Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Feldman is a rare bird. He seems one of the few musicians who find it possible to make an entertaining album with commercial appeal while at the same time losing none of his jazz virility and imagination.

His wrists do not go limp when faced with the interpretation of old, and even decrepit, warhorses. For example, he gives *Beautiful Girl* a most pleasant ride. I can never hear this tune, basically a package of delicate hoke, without hearing the voices of Ted Straeter and Skinnay Ennis anemically whispering its lyric into the mike. With his vigorous vibes solo, Feldman charges it with refreshing vitality.

Though some tracks (*Present*, for example) do not offer much improvisatory development, there is more of this commodity than is usual on the ordinary 12-to-14-tune album. Further, the interplay among Feldman, Budwig, and Bailey is imaginative, especially in a rhythmic sense.

What keeps the music interesting, too, are the constant little surprises Feldman and company spring, such as the tempo changes on *Wind*, which move the tune from a slow but touching piano statement to a brisk vibes interlude, back to slow piano, step up the pace again, and then out. A fine performance by all.

Feldman uses more of the piano keyboard than many musicians, particularly those who view the ballad in terms of delicate little upper-register tinklings. He fashions some of his most effective sequences in the middle and lower registers. This comprehensiveness provides him a richer combination of sounds from which to create.

Perkins' flute does add to the group sound, but it appears only on *Waltz* and *Present*. On the former, Perkins merely states the theme. *Present* finds him slipping in a few improvisatory measures. It hardly seems worth the trip to the studio.

I dig Feldman more on piano than vibes, but this is solely personal taste. He is as deft on one instrument as he is on the other. (D.N.)

Golstain-Nosov/Yusef Wainstain

LENINGRAD JAZZ FESTIVAL—Vee-Jay 2504: *Rosinant in Andalusia; My Old Flame; Rosinant in Madrid; Polyushko-Polve; Rosinant in Toledo; Lament; Rosinant in Castilia.*

Personnel: Constantin Nosov, trumpet; Genadi Golstain, alto saxophone; Lev Boldirev, piano; Vadim Neploch, bass; Igor Crabar, drums; others unidentified.

Rating: see below

It would be unjust to assess this music by using, as a standard, the current technical fluency and imaginative resource of U.S. musicians. To appreciate the Leningrad undertaking, one must view its background. A letter from trumpeter Nosov to album annotator Leonard Feather, printed on the LP jacket, both indicates the kind of music offered here and places it in its proper perspective:

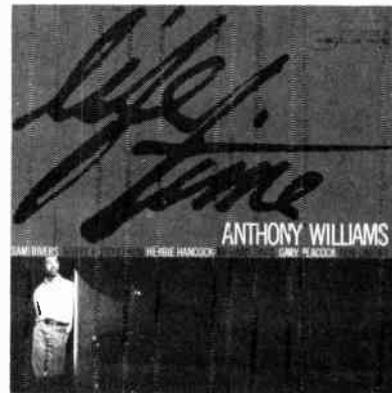
"I wrote my own composition *Rosinant in Andalusia* under impression of record Miles Davis *Sketches of Spain*, the playing of which I like much during many years. My composition is not so well, but if Miles Davis like it a little I'll be happy. I'd like to have his advice, as Miles is my favorite trumpet player. Please let me be acquainted in these famous men of jazz, and I'll be thankful to you. We ask you to help us; we know a little and have no material for improving our playing. We are like blind cats in jazz. . . ."

If one may judge from these words and the Golstain-Nosov music here, jazz in the Soviet Union is still in the bud; and since, according to Nosov, there are little means for improving its lot, its growth must necessarily be halting and painful.

This music sounds as if it were produced by students of nascent talent and unquenchable enthusiasm, who set out to imitate the only heroes they knew because they wanted so desperately to play.

The heroes are Miles Davis, Gil Evans,

The Soul of Jazz is on BLUE NOTE



WAYNE SHORTER
NIGHT DREAMER

BLP 4173



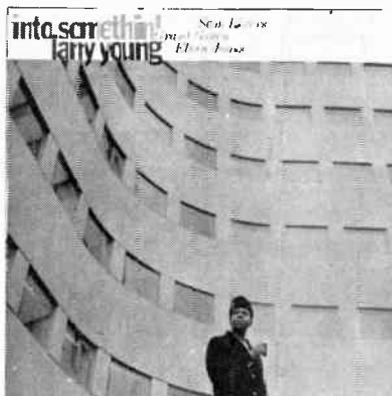
ANTHONY WILLIAMS
LIFE TIME

BLP 4180



JOE HENDERSON
IN 'N OUT

BLP 4166



LARRY YOUNG
INTO SOMETHIN'

BLP 4187

Charlie Parker, and Cannonball Adderley. The *Rosinant* tunes quickly establish the Davis-Evans debt, though only *Andalusia* showcases trumpet against big band.

Despite some muddy recording (it was cut in the Soviet Union), some technical uncertainty, and (to American ears) cliché interpretations, the compositions provide interesting and pleasant listening.

Nosov is a Davis carbon—sound, phrasing, favorite little runs, everything. Golstain is less Parker and Adderley than Nosov is Davis, but his debt to those estimable gentlemen is unmistakable.

Flame, over-all, strongly recalls Parker's performances with big-band backing. On *Toledo*, Golstain's most virtuoso outing, he utilizes the Cannonball Flutter, a sort of extended, multinoted trill. This track suggests, too, that he has heard John Coltrane, or at least Coltrane filtered through Adderley.

In general, Golstain appears more in control of his instrument than Nosov, though the trumpeter is by no means a poor player and turns in creditable performances throughout, particularly on *Madrid*. This tune is also a winner for Boldirev, who sounds to me like a talent with great capacity for growth. His sorties are imaginative and dextrously played. As a comper, he is first rate. In fact, the whole rhythm section is surprisingly good for talents nurtured in so barren a soil.

The small-group tracks are more successful than the two big-band productions. Nosov on *Andalusia* and Golstain on *Flame* do not seem able to muster a great deal of rapport with Wainstain's orchestra. (D.N.)

Grant Green

IDLE MOMENTS—Blue Note 4154: *Idle Moments*; *Jean de Fleur*; *Django*; *Nomad*.

Personnel: Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraharp; Green, guitar; Duke Pearson, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Al Harewood, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

In a time when jazz albums too frequently are slapped together with little thought for an over-all mood or feeling, this set is a happy exception. Not only are all the performances of high order, but the entire undertaking also has a cohesion, a unity of approach that is quite a delight.

The title track is almost an idyl (no pun intended). It recalls the renowned *Slam Slam Blues* session of some 20 years ago with Red Norvo, Teddy Wilson, Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, and Slam Stewart, among others, a date that achieved a similar level of peaceful jazz. It is the longest track in the set and is not to be played by listeners inclined to get jumpy if an LP doesn't start off up and blasting.

Jean and the closing *Nomad* are the sprightlier numbers, the latter clipping smoothly along on the excellent work of Pearson, Cranshaw, and Harewood.

Django is given the poemlike reading its beauty warrants. One is prompted to dandle the thought that the addition of guitarist Green to the Modern Jazz Quartet would have complemented that group's classic recording of the John Lewis composition.

Green, Henderson, and Hutcherson constitute an ideal team of soloists, none in

this context tending to overextend. The pace is too relaxed for any strain at all. (J.A.T.)

Milt Jackson

IN A NEW SETTING—Limelight 8206: *Sonny's Blues*; *I'm Gonna Laugh You out of My Life*; *Spanish Fly*; *No Moon at All*; *Slow Death*; *Clay's Blues*; *Lazy Melody*; *Project-S*; *Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye*; *That's In*; *Ineffable*.

Personnel: Jimmy Heath, tenor saxophone; Jackson, vibraharp; McCoy Tyner, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

As a style of swinging, "straight ahead" is most often put down by the jazz experimenters because it is considered old-fashioned. Well, if honest swinging ever gets laughed out of existence, jazz will fade away to that great rent party in the sky.

While there still are musicians like Jackson and the assortment of like-minded creators assembled for this album, advocates of the old order need fear nothing . . . except, ironically, freedom.

This relaxed treatment of standards, originals, and blues is as far removed from the new freedom as a tone row is from ragtime. Unfortunately, the promised "new setting" for Jackson is equally far removed. A slightly different context for Jackson—one with some challenge to it—would have been appreciated, but it is not forthcoming.

His taste and technique remain beyond reproach. His lines reveal the same logic and lyricism that enhance the Modern Jazz Quartet. Tyner's comping is slightly fuller than that of the MJQ's John Lewis, giving Jackson more of a foundation for building purposes. Cranshaw's walking resembles Percy Heath's; and the diet from the drums is still Kay-rations. Even Heath fails to alter the MJQ groove for Jackson. His tenor is mild and pleasant, creating a mellifluous blend for the occasional unison playing.

Thus the combination proves less of a new setting than advertised but no less a gem of straightforward swing.

Some of the best ensemble moments can be heard on traditional blues numbers like *Clay's Blues*, *Slow Death*, and *Sonny's Blues*. The latter contains Tyner's most impressive solo flurry. A slight change in format brightens *Ineffable*—the only 3/4 offering. What makes this track so refreshing is the simple expedient of passing tones from Heath's tenor.

Jackson's most eloquent statements are found on ballads such as *Lazy Melody*, *Ev'ry Time*, and *I'm Gonna Laugh*—tempo that give him an opportunity to indulge in one of his favorite effects: oscillating. (H.S.)

Damita Jo

THIS IS DAMITA JO—Epic 24131: *I Had Someone Else before I Had You*; *Love Is Here to Stay*; *Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out*; *Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe*; *I'll Get Along Somehow*; *Bye, Bye, Love*; *Alice Blue Gown*; *It Could Happen to You*; *If You Are but a Dream*; *Silver Dollar*; *I Could Have Told You*; *He Loves Me*.

Personnel: unidentified orchestra, Fred Norman, arranger, conductor; Kirk Lightsey, piano; Damita Jo, vocals.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Damita Jo, who has been around for quite some time (for seven years, she was the lead singer with Steve Gibson's Red Caps), does not claim to be a jazz singer. At its best, however, her work manifests

far more of the qualities essential to good jazz singing than much of the vocalizing currently marketed and accepted as "jazz."

If the entire album had been up to the standards set by Miss Jo's rendition of *Love Is Here*, it would easily rank among the best vocal jazz records in many a moon. The emphasis on demonstrating the singer's versatility, however, removes it from consideration and rating according to jazz criteria, and listeners not interested in superior popular singing must hopefully await future efforts more suited to their tastes.

Onstage, she is a bundle of energy, and her recorded work transmits a good portion of her bounce and exuberance.

Aside from the weepy *I'll Get Along*, and the pseudo-inspirational *But a Dream*, most of her material here is palatable and well handled. Her dramatic but tasteful way with a ballad is demonstrated on *Happiness*, which has an effective "Gospel" ending. Her voice is not very big, but she has good range and projects well; she also knows enough to avoid strain, even when belting and shouting.

Unlike most singers, she has a college degree in music, and her intonation is excellent. She has good, unmannered diction, and her phrasing and time are much above average.

Her version of the Bessie Smith classic, *Down and Out*, features updated lyrics but preserves the original mood of wry disillusionment, in spite of the rather bright tempo.

Speaking of tempo, her whirlwind version of *Love Is Here* is a tour de force few singers would attempt and even fewer could carry off successfully. It is a delight, and one hopes that Epic will see fit to issue it as a single.

The uncredited arrangements by veteran Norman (whose activities date back to the time he played trombone and wrote for Claude Hopkins' band and who is remembered for his excellent work with Gene Krupa in the '40s) are thoroughly professional, uncluttered, and helpful.

Pianist Lightsey, though not listed on the liner, does yeoman service throughout.

Damita Jo is definitely ready for a place in the top ranks of her profession; her gifts as an entertainer are such that she cannot be expected to concentrate on jazz. But let's hope that from time to time she'll throw us a morsel. (D.M.)

Billy Larkin

THE DELEGATES—Aura 3002: *The Peeper*; *Foxy Little Ghoul*; *There Is No Greater Love*; *Cristo Redentor*; *Hainty*; *Pigmy*; *Ice Water*; *Grooveyard*; *Old Country*; *Watch Your Motives*. Personnel: Larkin, organ; Hank Swarn, guitar; Mel Brown, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

This is an enjoyable set—nothing startling or profound but music easy and loose, prepared by three men who play very well together.

Larkin, for example, seems among those few organists able to control himself at the big machine. There are no massive barrages of sound. He does not bury, or ever really intrude on, his fellow musicians. This is something of a feat considering that the other melodic voice is a guitar.

Larkin has a light, almost delicate touch,

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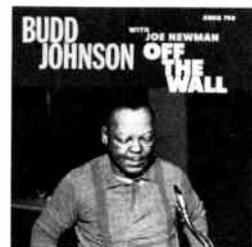
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delivering most of his solo comments in a single-note style that makes much use of the upper register. He can come on strong if he wishes, and though his sound is full and resonant in these instances, he never shatters the ears; even when he's loud, he's soft.

The most satisfying performances are *Cristo, Grooveyard*, and *Motives*.

The first two are slow-tempo explorations of some depth. Both plumb dimensions of instrumental color and texture that are scarcely touched on the other tracks. *Motives*, a faster-paced offering reminiscent of *Yardbird Suite*, features an excellent solo by Swarn.

The other performances, too, are attractive, though not as imaginative. They are good, workmanlike pieces that stimulate an added interest because of the rapport among the players. (D.N.)

Peggy Lee

PASS ME BY—Capitol 2320: *Sneakin' Up on You; Pass Me By; I Wanna Be Around; Bewitched; My Love, Forgive Me; You Always Hurt the One You Love; A Hard Day's Night; Love; Dear Heart; Quiet Nights; That's What It Takes*.

Personnel: Lou Levy, piano; Bob Bain, John Pisano, Bill Pitman or Dennis Budimir, guitars; Von Whitlock, bass; John Guerin, drums; Francisco Aguabella, Latin percussion; Miss Lee, vocals; unidentified big band.

Rating: ★★½

Miss Lee has become such a consistent quantity as a singer that the clean, intimate, throaty control and the swinging phrasing she projects all through this set is simply a realization of the expected.

Aside from this, it is a rather casual collection in which she coasts through everything except *Pass Me By*, a blithe music-hall march on which she brightens.

Her accompaniment includes three guitars and a Latin percussionist, who turn, respectively, twangy and clumpy-clump on some numbers but stay out of the way on such gentle essays as *Heart, Nights*, and *Forgive*.

The record is extremely skimpy—it runs only 24½ minutes, all of which could be grooved on one side of a 12-inch disc.

(J.S.W.)

Ray McKinley

GLENN MILLER TIME—1965—Epic 24133 and 26133: *Call Me Irresponsible; Chattanooga Choo Choo; Blue Velvet; Elmer's Tune; Serenade in Blue; Hello, Dolly!; The Girl from Ipanema; At Last; More; Moonlight Cocktail; Pennsylvania 6-5000; Canadian Sunset*.

Personnel: Bobby Hackett, trumpet; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★★

After more than 20 years, the magic of the Glenn Miller name may finally be fading. At least, it has faded enough in relation to Ray McKinley's contemporary Miller-oriented band to allow RCA Victor to let the band go to Epic.

The band's initial Epic release is a glossy performance with Miller-styled arrangements by George Williams and Stan Applebaum and with Hackett on hand to add some luster through his solos.

But for all its polish, the band is a lifeless, impersonal group that plods along competently but without showing any of the warmth and zest that the old Miller band had even when it was doing a slow ballad. This is particularly noticeable when it undertakes pieces out of the Miller book—*Choo Choo, Elmer*, or *Cocktail*.

Part of this dulling quality seems to

stem from a recording overbalanced on the drums, which gives them undue prominence.

Hackett's lyrical playing is the saving grace of the set, for he brings a touch of flesh and blood to what are otherwise machine-made products. As for McKinley, there is no evidence that he was even around—unless he is the overrecorded drummer. (J.S.W.)

Mark Murphy

A SWINGIN', SINGIN' AFFAIR—Fontana 27537 and 67537: *Ballyhoo; She Loves You; My Foolish Heart; Iceberg; Happy Days Are Here Again; In San Francisco; Hard-Hearted Hannah; Stablemates; I'll Be Around; From Time to Time; Come Rain or Come Shine; The Best Is Yet to Come*.

Personnel: Murphy, vocals; orchestras directed by John Dankworth, Les Reed, or Tubby Hayes.

Rating: ★

This is the camp record to end all camp records. Murphy has taken the worst of Sinatra, exaggerated it to the nth degree, mixed in some vocal mugging that would have been beyond Chris Connor at her nadir, decorated it with hip mannerisms, and has come up with a delivery that is a cross between Buddy Greco and Sophie Tucker.

If a more appalling record is released this year, I don't want to hear it. (J.S.W.)

Morris Nanton

PREFACE—Prestige 7345: *Theme from "Lawrence of Arabia"; Invitation; Gone with the Wind; The Pretty Time; Things Ain't What They Used to Be; Ja Da; I'll Know; The Theme from "Black Orpheus"; This Heart of Mine; The Theme from "A Boy 10 Feet Tall"; The Sweetest Sounds*.

Personnel: Nanton, piano; Norman Edge, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums.

Rating: ★

These are performances riddled with clichés of idea and execution and heavily larded with romantic goose grease. On *Lawrence Nanton* displays an authentic Carmen Cavallero touch. *Invitation* reveals him a master of corny Debussyesque runs. He occasionally climbs out of the molasses jar (*Pretty Time*), but such liberating forays cannot change appreciably the over-all emptiness of the album.

Edge and Jackson, who appear to be musicians of genuine talent, fight valiantly, but the material is too much for them.

I have been told by two critics whose views I respect that this album maligns Nanton's ability as an improviser. They have heard him in person and insist he is a jazz player of sizable talent and that the trio is a fine one. But there's no evidence of such on this record. (D.N.)

Oscar Peterson

CANADIANA SUITE—Limelight 82010: *Ballad to the East; Laurentide Waltz; Place St. Henri; Hogtown Blues; Blues of the Prairies; Wheatland; March Past; Land of the Misty Giants*.

Personnel: Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

Peterson's panoramic view of Canada is a melodic and rhythmic series of sketches in which his attention is so concentrated on his subject that he manages to avoid the superficial glibness that he is likely to fall into when playing music written by others.

Three of the selections are pleasant, pastoral ballads evoking fields and countryside in a rather anonymous manner, but the rest of the pieces have some

refreshing individuality. *Laurentide* is a waltz that develops a sense of sweeping grandeur, while on *Prairies* Peterson builds a strong, rolling piano figure into a very funky blues.

Place and *Past* are driving numbers during which Peterson plays with really swinging zest, although on *Past*, after sweeping joyously along with an exuberant roar, he seems to get so carried away that his solo falls apart.

Brown's bass is consistently brilliant. He plays in wonderfully close and resilient relationship to Peterson's piano lines, particularly on the up tempos and the waltz. (J.S.W.)

Mavis Rivers-Red Norvo

WE REMEMBER MILDRED BAILEY—Vee-Jay 1132: *Easy to Love; Georgia on My Mind; I Let a Song Go out of My Heart; Confessing; Please Be Kind; Lover, Come Back to Me; Rockin' Chair; It Seems Like Old Times; My Last Affair; Someday, Sweetheart; Ghost of a Chance; There'll Be Some Changes Made*.

Personnel: Harry Edison, trumpet; Bill Harris, trombone; Eric Dixon or Sam Donahue, tenor saxophone; Norvo, vibraharp; Don Abney, piano; Wyatt Ruther or Carson Smith, bass; J. C. Heard, drums; Miss Rivers, vocals.

Rating: ★★★★★

To remember any singer by singing her songs is always dangerous. Either the rememberer is so far away from the original that there is nothing to remember, or, if the superficial qualities of the original are caught, the inner qualities that made the original what she was are not.

Mavis Rivers, with what must be considered definitive guidance (the presence of Norvo, who was married to Miss Bailey), has managed to remember Mildred Bailey through her songs while skirting both of these dangers and producing an unusually good album on its own merits.

There are similarities between the two women—the over-all texture of their voices is much the same, and Miss Rivers shows some of the same lilting lyricism on top notes that her predecessor had. But in singing Miss Bailey's songs, she does not lose her own identity. Her musical personality just happens to be close enough to Miss Bailey's to make the songs sound very comfortable in her treatments.

The arrangements by Jack Elliott and Don Abney are, similarly, in the vein of the Bailey originals without directly copying (the more memorable touches on *Lover*, for instance, are avoided). And then, of course, there is Norvo—throwing in his airy touches in the background and moving in for an occasional short solo spot, just as he did with Miss Bailey.

Miss Rivers' greatest challenge may have been in singing *Rockin' Chair*, to do it naturally without seeming too overtly Bailey, a delicate operation she accomplishes admirably. But certainly the high points are *Confessing* and *Ghost*, during which Miss Rivers, accompanied only by Norvo's vibes, mulls her way through the songs in extremely affecting fashion. (J.S.W.)

Max Roach

THE MAX ROACH TRIO, FEATURING THE LEGENDARY HASAAN—Atlantic 1435: *Three-Four vs. Six-Eight Four-Four Ways; Off My Back, Jack; Hope So, Elmo; Almost Like Me; Din-Ka Street; Pay Not, Play Not; To Inscribe*.

Personnel: Hasaan Ibn Ali, piano; Art Davis, bass; Roach, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Known by influential musicians for

many years, Ali has finally made his disc debut. That Roach should have been instrumental in bringing it about is fitting. For as the legend of Ali gradually dissipates, what emerges into sharp focus is Roach's musical alter ego.

In fact, if Roach should ever switch to the keyboard, his approach would doubtless be that of Ali. Which is another way of saying that Ali's attack is hard-driving and percussive. This makes for the height of compatibility between Roach and Ali, but it also makes for a musical sameness that can become wearying.

There is not nearly as much sameness to Roach's playing. Although he shows a tendency to be drawn into Ali's gravitational pull, Roach displays his usual range of dynamic shadings, from subtle cymbalism and rapid-fire stick work to the cross-rhythms of his bass pedaling. There is no color lacking in Roach's contribution; the fault lies with his intense counterpart.

On each of the seven tracks (all originals by Ali), the pianist plays with the stream-of-consciousness befitting a compulsive swinger. And he swings—but with a vengeance that precludes finesse. His harmonic sense is as personal as his song titles. Its most pleasing aspect is the use of extended sequences, which create islands of predictability in a sea of nonlinear probing and unmotivated flurries.

Ali's sequential approach is reminiscent of Ahmad Jamal's; his forceful assertions conjure up the muscularity of Dave Brubeck. In the latter connection, Ali's heavy-handedness can raise hob with any keyboard. Indeed, on some tracks (*Three-Four*, *Almost*, *Din-Ka*) he seems to have pummeled the piano right out of tune.

In this album of high-powered repetitiousness, highlights are hard to come by, but they exist because of Ali's cathartic wanderings and Roach's busy support. Hasaan shows remarkable left-hand control with his unyielding figures on *Almost* and *Three-Four*. Davis provides sympathetic arco work behind the introspective *Elmo*. *Pay Not* shows promise with the only bright tempo—over a tonic pedal—but its briskness is confined to the theme.

Inscribe offers a fascinating dialog-in-comping behind Davis' solo, reinforcing the oneness of thought between Roach and Ali. As for *Din-Ka*, it is the most exciting track, featuring some provocative tremolos in the theme, a highly melodic solo by Davis, and a great exchange of fours between piano and drums.

Yet the rating, over-all, can be no higher than it is, for the recording is one-dimensional. If there is a poetic side to Ali, it has not been projected in this debut.

(H.S.)

Dick Ruedebusch

HAPPY HORN—Ascot 16017: *Meet Mr. Calaban*; *Little Girl Blue*; *The Happy Horn*; *Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans?*; *The Bilbao Song*; *Don't Worry 'Bout Me*; *Bye, Bye, Blackbird*; *Happy Times*; *Old Folks*; *Uh, Oh*; *Emaline*; *Spanish Rice*.

Personnel: Ruedebusch, trumpet; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★½

It is always a risky business to try to penetrate an a&r man's mind, but I have a suspicion that this collection represents

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an attempt to make Ruedebusch, previously known as a remarkably free-wheeling Dixieland trumpeter, into a profitably popular property by taking a liberal dose of Bobby Hackett and a soupçon of Al Hirt, rolling them out flat on a disc, and waiting to see if anybody yells, "Genius!" Genius is when you make records as unredeemably awful as Al Hirt's and get millions of people to buy them. In that sense, this disc probably won't make it.

The closest approach to Hirt is *Rice*, but it's a pale copy of the Hirt technique. Most of the set is made up of Ruedebusch playing slow ballads over strings in the Hackett manner. He does it pleasantly, and there are even trombone ensemble passages on *Worry* that add to the pleasantness. But Hackett has already recorded as much of this sort of thing as anyone could possibly need.

Then there are three pieces in a kind of Village Stompers vein that are cheerfully corny—*Callahan*, *Horn*, and *Bilbao*—involving a tacky piano, a banjo, and a burping baritone saxophone along with the leader's trumpet. If the disc has a saving grace, it's these three tunes, but it's a peculiarly graceless kind of saving. Surely something more can be made of Ruedebusch's talent than this type of something-for-nobody collection. (J.S.W.)

Bobby Scott

I HAD A BALL—Mercury 20995 and 60995: *The Neighborhood Song; Faith; Everything I Want; I Had a Ball; Think Beautiful; Fickle Finger of Fate; Soliloque; The Other Half of Me; Addie's at It Again.*

Personnel: Scott, piano, vibraharp; Michel Legrand, piano; Mundel Lowe, guitar; Don Payne, bass; Mickey Roker, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

A rather tepid reading of the music from the Broadway musical, this album is beset by a sameness that seems to curse so many piano trio interpretations of show tunes.

In this instance there is Scott's tasteful vibraharp solo work from time to time, but even that is not enough to prevent monotony. Scott does not make clear in the liner notes just how present guest Legrand is; one can discern for certain his brilliantly conceived and executed piano only on *Fickle* and *Soliloque*.

All on the date play with a high degree of technical competence and solid musical good taste. But it takes more than that to make a set catch fire. This one never does. (J.A.T.)

Bobby Timmons

LITTLE BAREFOOT SOUL—Prestige 7335: *A Little Barefoot Soul; Walkin', Wadin', Sittin', Ridin'; Little One; Cut Me Loose, Charlie; Ain't Thinkin' 'bout It; Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen.*

Personnel: Timmons, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Ray Lucas, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Well, at least the liner-note writer was honest when he explained that everything went wrong at the session and that it is remarkable anything at all was issued.

Timmons plays some pleasant single-note ideas, but the all-blues program (except for *Little One*, a cute but trivial tune) proves to be largely an exercise in unexceptional improvising.

Whatever honors accrue on this record

should go to Jones, whose big sound, positive pulse, and robust solos lend class to an otherwise perfunctory date. (R.B.H.)

Lucky Thompson

LUCKY STRIKES—Prestige 7365: *In a Sentimental Mood; Fly with the Wind; Midnight Oil; Reminiscent; Mumba Neua; I Forgot to Remember; Prey-Loot; Invitation.*

Personnel: Thompson, tenor, soprano saxophones; Hank Jones, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

With his second album since his return from Europe some two years ago, Thompson demonstrates beyond dispute that he must be counted among the masters—both as a peerless instrumentalist and as a creative musician of the first rank.

Because of his prolonged sojourn abroad and his unwillingness to compromise his personal and artistic integrity in even the slightest degree, Thompson's remarkable talents have met with less recognition by the U.S. jazz audience than those of many lesser men. One hopes that records such as this, and more frequent personal appearances, will serve to alleviate this situation.

Thompson is a perfectionist. Each track indicates the thought, skill, care, and preparation he brings to the studio. Each selection is a finely wrought piece of craftsmanship: there are introductions and endings, transitions between solos, and a remarkable economy of means. No note is wasted.

The program consists of six originals by Thompson, an Ellington evergreen (*Mood*), and a current favorite (Bronislau Kaper's *Invitation*). The selections are evenly divided between Thompson's two instruments.

To the soprano saxophone, Thompson brings his magisterial technique (it would not be too much to say that he is the technically best-equipped musician currently playing this demanding horn) and a wholly original conception. His tone is pure and singing, his intonation flawless. He seems to caress this instrument. His serene, lyrical interpretation of *Mood*, profoundly moving but free of all sentimental pitfalls, must rank as one of the finest versions of this beautiful melody.

On the other soprano features (*Mumba*, *Loot*, and *Midnight*), Thompson is fiery as well as lyrical, and speed is no obstacle to his command of the horn. *Midnight* is a particularly attractive piece.

Thompson's approach to the tenor has changed over the years.

He can no longer be labeled as a member of the Coleman Hawkins-Chu Berry-out-of-Don Byas school, for he has traded his early volume and vibrato for a smoother, softer sound, which makes for greater clarity and rhythmic flexibility. But his "new" sound is far from small; listen for a sample to the moody *I Forgot* (a fine ballad that someone should put words to). For a staggering display of controlled speed, try the double-time passages on *Reminiscent*, a catchy line with a mid-'40s flavor. And for singing warmth, there is *Invitation*—to romance.

An added bonus is the opportunity to hear Jones, a truly remarkable pianist, at greater length than customary. His solos on *Mumba* and *Fly* are particularly mem-

orable. He is an ideal accompanist for a musician of Thompson's degree of harmonic sophistication, never getting in his way but subtly underscoring and echoing the soloist's changes.

Davis, too, is outstanding. His ear is superb, and he contributes harmonically without neglecting his rhythmic obligations. Most self-styled "new thing" bassists could listen to him with great profit.

Kay is the sole weak link in the chain. Surprisingly, he is often heavy and unsubtle and seems perfunctory and uninvolved. Overrecording of his part doesn't help matters much.

One other minor reservation is that Thompson is perhaps too meticulous here and seems to be holding back a little, thus failing to give the listener the full flavor of his improvisatory gifts. But perfection is no minor virtue.

Reservations aside, this is an LP not to be missed. (D.M.)

Cal Tjader

SOUL SAUCE—Verve 8614: *Soul Sauce; Afro-Blue; Pantano; Somewhere in the Night; Maramoor; Tanya; Leyte; Spring Is Here; Joao.*

Personnel: Donald Byrd, trumpet; Jimmy Heath, tenor saxophone; Tjader, vibraharp; Lonnie Hewitt, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; John Hilliard or Bob Bushnell and Richard Davis, bass; Johnny Rae or Grady Tate, drums; Armando Peraza, Alberto Valdes, Willie Bobo, percussion.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Tjader's latest outing finds him on familiar ground: that delightful amalgam of Latin and funk devices for which he is perhaps best known. On all tracks but *Afro-Blue* the vibist is admirably supported by the excellent group of Hewitt, Hilliard, Rae, Peraza, and Valdes (with Bobo added only on *Soul Sauce*) in a well-played and invigorating program of pieces that generate a good deal of heat and rhythmic excitement.

The leader's strong, muscular playing is well showcased in the Latin features, on all of which he plays with a clean, incisive attack and bristling momentum. Hewitt shines in his piano slots (he has an excellent, building solo on *Leyte*, for example) and is most effective in his support of Tjader as he scatters clusters of notes to add to the already considerable rhythmic density (listen especially to *Tanya*).

In his ballad work Tjader vividly conjures up the image of Milt Jackson, and, in fact, the whole of his conception and playing on *Somewhere* and *Spring* is Bags-derived to the point of slavishness.

Gary McFarland arranged *Afro-Blue*, and it is an appealing rhythmic performance in which Byrd and Heath act as foils to Tjader's vibes for a pleasant sonic change of pace. Byrd has a short, somewhat bombastic solo segment that is not at all out of place in the general tenor of the piece.

This album succeeds admirably within the confines of the musical genre in which it is set and is certainly all one might reasonably ask of it. There is strong, pungent playing from both the leader and Hewitt; and, in the consistency, taste, and vigor with which the music is vested, the album must be considered a complete, if modest, success. And it is groovy partying music. (P.W.)

Carol Ventura

CAROL!—Prestige 7358: *Night Song; Lone-some Road; Bye, Bye; Waltz for Debbie; Lazy Johnny; If Ever I Would Leave You; Meditation; Everybody Says Don't; When the World Was Young; Think of Me; Say No More; He Lied.*
 Personnel: Benny Golson, arranger-conductor; unidentified orchestra; Miss Ventura, vocals.

Rating: ★★★★★

Miss Ventura, a onetime rock-and-roll aspirant who couldn't seem to get to first base in that genre, is one of the most exciting singers to emerge in a long time.

In this LP, her first for Prestige, she is well assisted by the inspired arrangements of Golson, who is turning out to be the writer for hip vocalists such as Miss Ventura. Hear his gorgeous chord at the close of *World* and his voicing on *Think*.

The material is sagely chosen both for its inner content and for the crystal showcase it provides for the singer's ability.

Such songs as *Night Song*, from *Golden Boy*; the delightful snippet *Bye, Bye*; the tender yet difficult *Debbie* with its sensitive lyric; the Brazilian *Meditation*; the too-seldom heard and less-seldom well sung *World*—these songs and others of like character pose a challenge for any singer; Miss Ventura more than meets the challenge.

She is a female Frank Sinatra in her sound and phrasing. This becomes quickly, and rather obviously, apparent in the opening *Night Song* and recurs throughout the set. If she has a fault, it is one also shared with Sinatra: a tendency to strain, or to impart a feeling of straining for some of the high notes. So far as the sound is concerned, one has but to listen to the vowels and the suggestion of the slightest bending of the note to hear the similarity in vocal approach.

But in this era of Animals and Kinks, is popular music ready for Miss Ventura? Ready or not, here she comes. (J.A.T.)

Leroy Vinnegar

JAZZ'S GREAT "WALKER"—Vee-Jay 2502: *Doing That Thing; You'd Be so Nice to Come Home To; If I Should Lose You; The Love Nest; Kick, Laugh, Crawl; Persuasion; They Say It's Wonderful; Bee Sees.*

Personnel: Mike Melvoin, piano; Vinnegar, bass; Bill Goodwin, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Track by track:

Doing That Thing, well—okay.

You'd Be so Nice has a beautiful introduction by Melvoin with Vinnegar and Goodwin stepping into an immediate groove. Vinnegar is an outstanding time-keeper, which is what gives the composition incentive to swing . . . fine walking. The notes he plays, however, are quite "in" (mainstream). It would have been nice to hear him play a little more uninhibitedly, which would have spread everything thinner, decreasing what becomes monotony. But with that exceptional drive and artistic touch, Vinnegar is unlikely to be anything less than tasteful. Of course, Melvoin shares in this contribution.

Lose You is handled with tender care by Melvoin. Gorgeous. There's fine brush by Goodwin too. I like this. Nice. This is that lush atmosphere in which Melvoin can play with the best.

The program progresses well with *Love Nest*. If they could keep building in this

order, by the end of the album one might need a fire extinguisher.

Kick, Laugh, Crawl . . . they open up here. This is really where Vinnegar starts to lay it on, where he excels. After the unaccompanied walking bass solo, there're solos by Melvoin and Goodwin. Then they give you the keys to the highway . . . open road right into the bossa nova section. Vinnegar hit a few Hollywood (strange) notes but not enough to upset anything.

Wonderful gets a warm treatment. I find nothing outstanding here, but the components (players) are cohesive—and percolating at a high level.

Bee Sees is in the wrong spot; also, the album tends to lose its fire at this point. This is poor programming. Though Melvoin is smoking as usual, fire extinguisher not needed. (K.D.)

Joe Williams

THE SONG IS YOU—RCA Victor 3343: *Yours Is My Heart Alone; I'll Follow You; Sleepy Time Gal; The Song Is You; Prelude to a Kiss; Then I'll Be Happy; People; I'm a Fool to Want You; That Face; My Darling; My Romance; You Stepped out of a Dream.*

Personnel: Urbie Green, trombone; Williams, vocals; unidentified orchestra, Frank Hunter, conductor.

Rating: ★★

They're going to drown poor Joe Williams in goo yet. Here he is with strings, some girls hallowing as from a distant mountaintop, trombonist Green doing an occasional Phil Wilson-like gliss, and tempos that, for the most part, weigh heavily on everybody.

Doing *Yours* at a funereal pace is murder on all concerned. Williams has more of a chance on *People*, but turning in a spit-and-polish job on a tune like this merely obscures his own individuality and reduces him to the level of capable anonymity.

The only time he manages to shake loose is in the easily swinging setting of *Face*, which he delivers as Frank Sinatra might if he had Williams' voice and Williams' taste. (J.S.W.)

Paul Winter

RIO—Columbia 2315: *Reza; Vagamente; Tristeza de nos Dois; Daniele; Alem da Imaginacao; Rio; Avion; Adriana; Inutil Paisagem; Zomba; Saudade; Ela e Carioca.*

Personnel: Winter, alto saxophone; Luiz Bonfá, guitar; Roberto Menescal Quartet (personnel unidentified); Luiz Eca Trio (Eca, piano; others unidentified).

Rating: ★★★★★

The rating is for bossa nova, not jazz—even though there is jazz in this collection of excellent contemporary Brazilian music played by saxophonist Winter and a number of that nation's foremost young musicians. Winter supplies it but does so in understatement and always with taste.

His alto sound is quite Desmondish much of the time; his approach is completely relaxed—so much so, in fact, that Menescal's *Alem* features both alto and flute played at somnambulist pace.

Deliberately, the stress here is on the compositions, the delicate, tropical-tinged melodies that dip and flow. *Rio* is one of the faster tracks in the set and permits Winter to indulge in some Getzian embellishment on the graceful tune.

For the most part he plays it straight, remaining in phase with the other musicians in this quite definitive bossa nova 1965. (J.A.T.)



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OLD WINE- NEW BOTTLES

Reviews Of Reissues

Records reviewed in this issue:

Benny Goodman: *Great Vocalists of Our Time* (Camden 872)

Rating: ★★★★★

The World of Maynard Ferguson (Roulette 52110)

Rating: ★★

Art Blakey: *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* (Fontana 27539 and 67539)

Rating: ★★★★★

Lee Morgan Quintet (Vee-Jay 2508)

Rating: ★★★★★

The Nat King Cole Trio (Capitol 2311)

Rating: ★★★★★

The contrast between Maynard Ferguson's band playing a collection of originals and showpiece arrangements for Ferguson's horn and the vintage Goodman band doing a set made up largely of routine pop songs of the '30s provides a vivid illustration of why the big jazz band has practically disappeared.

The Goodman band took whatever came its way or was jammed down its throat by record company edict and played it in an airy, unpretentious manner that swung along with superb ease. The epitome of the relaxed but tremendously propulsive quality of this Goodman band was the saxophones led by Hymie Schertzer. They are particularly impressive in the pop material that makes up the bulk of the Camden reissue. There is none of the pressure or furor that swirled through the Goodman killer-dillers—just a graceful flow that often becomes incredibly effortless, balanced by the crisp bite of a brass section in which Chris Griffin and Ziggy Elman were key men.

Through the ensembles, Jess Stacy's piano dances along delightfully, adding to the airy quality of the performances. Hearing these less-celebrated Goodman recordings, one appreciates all the more how much Stacy gave to this band. The disc is organized as a showcase for singers who recorded with Goodman (Ella Fitzgerald, Martha Tilton, Jimmy Rushing, Johnny Mercer, Helen Ward, and Buddy Clark), but the individual who emerges from the collection most impressively is Stacy.

The vocalists are, in general, blithe and disarming. Miss Fitzgerald, recorded in 1936, sounds very young and girlish, and it is startling to find how closely Martha Tilton patterned her work on Miss Fitzgerald's the next three years. Helen Ward makes up with bouncing enthusiasm what she may lack vocally. Rushing struggles with range requirements that are beyond his natural reach on *He Ain't Got Rhythm*, but he makes the piece a shouting powerhouse anyway, while Mercer is gaily Mercerish, and Clark is caught in the midst of his Crosby imitation period doing a

good copy of Bing's casually swinging style.

In contrast to the glow that emanates from what are, relatively, workaday performances by the Goodman band, the heavy, labored racketing by the Ferguson band is simply depressing. There is a constant shrillness, a mixture of pretentiousness (as in the hammy treatment of *Motherless Child*) and blatancy (as in the screaming brass on practically anything, but most irritatingly on *Frame for the Blues*), and on absence of either taste or imagination.

When this dismally dull set is compared

ANNUAL COMBO ISSUE



Three In One: The Oscar Peterson Trio as seen by critic Leonard Feather

Natural Flow: The spontaneity and simplicity of the Bill Evans Trio, by John A. Tynan

Structure and Freedom: An appreciation of the Modern Jazz Quartet, by Don DeMicheal

Framework for Blowing: A revealing look into the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet, by Dan Morgenstern

ON SALE THURSDAY, JUNE 3

to the Goodman band of the '30s (or practically any competent band of the big-band era) and when one realizes that Ferguson's was one of the better big-band efforts during the last 15 years, one can see why there has been so little interest in big bands since World War II.

Quite a bit of the swinging quality that once came from such bands as Goodman's has been taken over by hard-driving groups such as Blakey's Jazz Messengers. But for all the momentum that Blakey infuses in

the performances of any group that he is spurring from the drum chair, his group inevitably rises or falls on the merits of the soloists since Blakey and his associates are usually content to work in the context of an opening and closing ensemble with long solos sandwiched in between.

On the sound track from the French film *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, the Messengers include a visitor—Barney Wilen, the French saxophonist, heard on tenor and soprano—who is the only consistent element in the set, barring Blakey's drumming. The score, attributed on the record label to J. Marray although Duke Jordan has claimed it, has a pair of attractive themes—*No Problem* and *Prelude in Blue*—which are stretched out beyond record by being repeated in a variety of forms.

Wilen's tenor is strong and smooth, but he is even more impressive on soprano. Two Blakey regulars at the time, Lee Morgan, trumpet, and Bobby Timmons, piano, are erratic, wavering between forcefulness and aimless rambling. Jordan sits in on piano on one piece and adds an authoritative touch.

Recording as leader of his own quintet on Vee-Jay, but using what is essentially the Jazz Messengers on some pieces and using Blakey on all of them, Morgan is somewhat stronger, ranging from a very Miles Davis-like muted solo on *Bess* to a flowing, open-horn feature on *Easy Living*. Clifford Jordan's tenor saxophone work is uninspired, but pianist Wynton Kelly brings a much-needed enlivening quality to those pieces on which he plays. (Eddie Higgins is the pianist on some of the tracks.)

Capitol's memorial to Cole (who, as much as anyone, helped to get the label going when he gave it a hit, *Straighten Up and Fly Right*, at his first session for the fledgling company in November, 1943) is *The Nat King Cole Trio*, subtitled *The Original Recordings!* (whatever that means—Decca has trio sides that are more "original" in the sense that they were recorded three years before Cole began to record for Capitol; what's more, the *Embraceable You* included in this Capitol reissue is not the original 78-rpm version but an alternate master).

The performances are a mixture of easy-going vocals by Cole and placid instrumentals by the trio (Cole, piano; Oscar Moore, bass; Johnny Miller, bass). The period covered, 1943 to 1949, was one during which Cole was moving away from and ultimately abandoning his jazz background to concentrate on the stylized singing that brought him worldwide fame. Thus, in the earlier vocals heard here, Cole is not yet the polished stylist and is still singing with some sense of the jazz phrasing that colored his vocal work in the days when his trio was thought of as a jazz group. Even in the most recent vocal entry, *For All We Know*, made in 1949, the rounded Cole enunciation of the '50s and '60s had not yet been quite fully formed.

The instrumentals are pleasant but scarcely representative of Cole's abilities as a jazz pianist. This is soothing sleepy-time music but nothing more.

—John S. Wilson

BLUES 'N' FOLK

By PETE WELDING

Recordings reviewed in this issue:

Ma Rainey, *Mother of the Blues, Vol. 1* (Dutch Fontana 8807)

Rating: ★★★★★½

Tom Dorsey, *Georgia Tom & Friends* (Dutch Fontana 8803)

Rating: ★★★★★

Blind Blake, *Blues in Chicago* (Dutch Fontana 8804)

Rating: ★★★★★

A recent series, *Classic Jazz Masters*, on the Dutch Fontana label has been presenting material from the American Paramount "race" lists. The first three items in the series are made up of well-chosen selections, handsomely packaged, and fully annotated, for which credit is due producer Hans R. Rookmaaker.

The Rainey set is the first of five LPs that will present chronologically the complete recorded works of the great blues singer. It is an admirable undertaking, for certainly Ma Rainey deserved the title *Mother of the Blues*. Her voice in these 1923-24 recordings is strong and darkly heavy, her delivery forthright and marked by complete assurance. For the most part, she sings simply, with little embellishment or melodic liberty taking. Rather, she relies on her ability to infuse lyric and melody with utter conviction.

The material is generally good; there is little of the contrived or trivial that marred the work of many other women blues shouters. The backing of the small jazz groups—most of them including the jabbng cornet of Tommy Ladnier and the piano of Lovie Austin—is delightfully apt.

Two other albums in the series are worthy of praise if for no other reason than they fly in the face of the current penchant in folk circles for unadulterated back-country blues.

The music of Georgia Tom Dorsey and friends (guitarists Tampa Red, Big Bill Broonzy, and possibly Scrapper Blackwell, and vocalist Jane Lucas) is so sophisticated and purposefully light-hearted as to be poles away from the stark music of Ma Rainey; yet it possesses its own charm.

By the time he made these recordings in the late '20s and early '30s, pianist Dorsey already had had a notable musical career behind him, including a stint as music director of a touring Ma Rainey unit. The records were deliberately slanted at the "race market" and were designed to offset the despondency of the depression years with good-natured, often slyly salacious breeziness (to wit, the classic *Terrible Operation Blues*). Even the sound is light and graceful, with high guitar figures set against spare, "open" piano playing, the rhythms brisk and bright.

Dorsey was scarcely a memorable or moving singer, but his oblique delivery seems perfectly appropriate to the material, a music of decided urban manufacture, though strengthened by its ties to older sources.

Arthur Phelps, who recorded as Blind Blake, is another performer whose music, initially a product of rural life, was to a degree transformed by his years of city living. Blake's music remained close enough to the original source music so as to have meaning on that level.

The singing and playing of Blake, originally from Florida, are in the smoother, regularized, relatively sophisticated folk-blues style of the eastern seaboard. His harmonically rich guitar work is strong and sinewy, and he handled the decorative elements sensitively, with regard for varying effects within an accompaniment (double-time accents, for example) and the shaping of a number's over-all design.

In his music, a variety of Negro musical

styles come together delightfully: ragtime (as in the breakdown *Dry Bone Shuffle*), the shuffling rhythms of country dance pieces, the syncopated eccentricities of barrelhouse piano (Blake plays this instrument behind vocalist Bertha Henderson on an interesting *Let Your Love Come Down*), and the standardized patterns of urban jazz-inflected blues. As a profoundly musical blues man of the late '20s and early '30s, Blake—especially in his playing—was to exert a significant and lasting influence on the blues of Chicago throughout the post-depression years. Echoes of his music are found in all the blues recordings made in the city during the 1930s and early '40s. This set is a fine memorial.



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BLINDFOLD NANCY WILSON TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

"Let's get it straight about the jazz singer thing," said Nancy Wilson. "I don't appreciate the label, definitely, but let's face it: some things I do are very jazz-oriented and some are not. This is why I think the label is wrong."

"Let's just say I am not exclusively a jazz singer; I am not exclusively a pop singer. When you say you're not a jazz singer, some people take that to mean you don't like it. I happen to love it; it's just that I happen to know that on some things I am not singing jazz, because there's very little inventiveness. That's all I meant."

And so the perennial confusion remains as confounding as ever, while Miss Wilson comes closer and closer to toppling Ella Fitzgerald from a throne on which she has long seemed to have a permanent lease.

This was Miss Wilson's first solo *Blindfold Test*. In a previous interview (*DB*, Aug. 16, 1961), because her name value was not considered strong enough to justify her taking one alone, she undertook a joint test with George Shearing, whose quintet had just teamed with her on one of her first albums.

1. Ruth Brown. Here's That Rainy Day (from *Ruth Brown '65*, Mainstream). Peter Matz, arranger.

I'll give that one four. For the arrangement. Can't place the singer—I know the voice but can't tell who it is. But I like the quality; I like what I hear. It's a good tune. For the performance—I'll kill myself when I find out who it is—I'll give it, mmm, three stars.

2. Joan Shaw. Walk a Little Faster (from *Joan Shaw in Person*, Sue). Herman Foster Trio (unidentified sidemen).

I'll talk about the recording. How shall I put it? It was badly recorded, that's the best way of saying it. I've no idea who it is.

I won't rate the singer because, as I said, she is working under very bad circumstances. So I would prefer not to rate the record. But I have a feeling who it is. Shall I say? Ernestine Anderson?

As to the accompaniment, I couldn't really hear it. I didn't like the drums—that click, click. I just wouldn't want to rate the artists, because, like I say, they were working under very bad circumstances.

3. Buddy Greco. 'Round Midnight (from *Buddy & Soul*, Epic). Robert Mersey, arranger.

If I'm not mistaken—and I don't think I am—I'm not accustomed to hearing this artist sing this type song. When he sings the type of songs he's associated with and I normally hear him do, I love him. But I don't like this. And it's Buddy Greco. Right?

The arrangement is good; I don't know who it's by. I hear somebody, but I don't know whether it is he or not. Sounds like Marty Paich.

The diction bothered me. The t's were overemphasized; the low notes—although normally he's very good on low notes,

but possibly because it's a ballad—didn't come through. So I would only give it one star, because of the fact that generally he's a very good artist, and the arrangement was good.

4. Vi Redd. We'll Be Together Again (from *Lady Soul*, Atco).

Can't think of who it is. Don't know. Don't like the sound. Here again, it's not a good recording. I'm not talking about the artist or the music. I'm talking about the sound—period.

I know the voice—will kill myself again, because I should know the name. Spotty is what I would say about the complete record. It's good in spots. And bad in spots. So I'll give it two stars.

5. Lee Wiley. East of the Sun (RCA Victor). Recorded ca. 1957.

Well, I like it. But I don't know who it is. I think the reason I like it is because I hear an era in it. . . . Maybe it wasn't recorded during that era, but they were reaching for an era that I am not familiar with but have heard through the Billie Holiday records and what-not.

I would probably have preferred to hear Billie Holiday sing the same song with the same arrangement. I did like the arrangement very much; there were some very interesting things in it. I'll give the complete record three stars—don't know who the performer was.

6. Joanie Sommers. Carnival (from *Softly, the Brazilian Sound*, Warner Bros.). Laurindo Almeida, arranger.

Well, I know who that is. It's Joanie Sommers, who has an easily identifiable voice. I'll give it four stars for Laurindo Almeida, and I happen to think Joanie's a very fine young singer. I like to hear her do light, lilting things rather than somber material, because she carries out the other thing so very well.

Four for Laurindo, three for Joanie. So let's say 3½.

7. Charles Brown. Blueberry Hill (from *Ballads My Way*, Mainstream).

Well, I've been listening to him for I don't know how long. That's Charles Brown, and what more can I say? I'll just give that four stars for anything and everything—I just like Charles Brown.

I won't give it five, because you told me that if something absolutely knocked me out, then I could give it five stars. I would give five stars to Shirley Horn's *Ten Cents a Dance*; any number of the songs from the *Mr. Easy* album by Jesse Belvin, for the arrangements and the quality, and the warmth and feeling. And Anthony Newley's *Who Can I Turn To?*

Charles Brown comes closest, of what I've heard today, to five stars.

8. Clea Bradford. I Had a Ball (from *Now*, Mainstream) and *Don't Rain in My Parade* (same album). Osie Johnson, drums; Jim Tyler, arranger.

No, that's kind of mean. Give her another chance; play another record by her . . . take this one off.

. . . I'm in trouble. Well, this is definitely a different treatment. I really can't find anything to give a rating for, not the arrangement or the singer. I can't even give the drummer a rating, because all the times I've heard this song done, all the drummers have done a better job than that. Now some drummer in New York, probably Osie Johnson or somebody, is going to be very upset! But I just didn't like it—period.

L.F.: It is Osie Johnson.

N.W.: Osie played on my record of that! Well, I'm sorry, Osie. And I would like to say something nice about the record. I'm hurting deeply, because it's very unusual for me to say this, but I've got to say it—I didn't like anything about it. **DB**

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Reviews Of In-Person Performances

Al Hirt-Gerald Wilson

Carnegie Hall, New York City

Personnel: Hirt, trumpet, vocals. Small group—Gerald Hirt, trombone; Pee Wee Spitelera, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Fred Crane, piano; Jay Cabe, bass; Jimmy Zitano, drums. Big band—Bernie Glow, Marky Markowitz, James Nottingham, Clark Terry, Snooky Young, trumpets; J. J. Johnson, Jimmy Cleveland, Wayne Andre, Alan Raph, trombones; Phil Woods, Jerome Richardson, Leon Cohen, Seldon Powell, Sol Schlinger, reeds; Crane, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Jim Hall, guitar; Zitano, drums; Phil Kraus, percussion; Wilson, conductor, arranger.

Hirt's first Carnegie Hall appearance—a Thursday and Saturday night double-header—displayed the trumpeter at the helm of his regular sextet and in front of a truly all-star big band of the type rarely seen outside the recording studios. (The big-band portion of the concerts was, in fact, recorded for a future album release.)

Hirt's phenomenal success is due in large measure to his expert showmanship—a smooth blend of homespun sincerity, broad comedy routines, relaxed and self-assured stage presence, and a commanding appearance. But that is by no means all. Behind the beard and the bumps and



Hirt

The strengths and weaknesses of virtuosity grinds, there is a musician of undeniable accomplishment; a brilliant technician with a big brassy sound, exceptional range and control, and astonishingly consistent facility.

Hirt is a virtuoso, and his style displays all the strengths and weaknesses implied by that term. His mastery of the horn often takes precedence over purely musical values. Rarely does he allow himself to construct a simple, singing melodic line; instead, he produces cascades of runs, glissandos, and grace notes, which, impressive as they might be, constitute lapses in taste and gratuitous displays of technique. Yet he does what he does with such enthusiasm one tends to forgive him and enjoy the show he puts on as one would enjoy a display of athletic prowess.

The sextet is "showbiz" to the hilt, ranging in repertoire from Dixieland standards (*Tin Roof Blues*) through rhythm and blues (*Beer and Whiskey*, with a humorous Hirt vocal) to such set pieces as the concluding *Carnival of Venice*.

Spitelera, when given the chance, can play first-rate New Orleans clarinet, with

a warm sound and legato phrasing reminiscent of Irving Fazola. His stop-time choruses on *Tin Roof* were clean and pure, contrasting with Hirt's showy lead. (Though originally identified with Dixieland style, Hirt's approach to jazz is bop-pish.)

The surprise of the evening was pianist Crane, whose second featured spot was his tribute to Nat Cole, a moody, reflective solo piece called *I Remember Nat* played with taste, skill, and feeling in a style free of clichés.

Hirt's best work was with the big band. A Wilson original, *When I'm Feeling Kind of Blue*, seems sure-fire hit material, in a rocking afterbeat groove. *Sweet Georgia Brown*, at a brisk tempo, gave Hirt a chance to show that he can swing when he relaxes, and his breaks were exciting and well placed.

Wilson's arrangements featured crisp brass, beautifully executed by the top-notch trumpet section, and full reed voicings more reminiscent of his Jimmie Lunceford past than is customary. There were, unfortunately, no solo spots for the sidemen.

But then, this was Hirt's show, and there were no complaints from the packed house. As a jazz musician, Hirt leaves something to be desired, but as a jazz-touched popular instrumentalist, he is in a class by himself. Jazz musicians who complain about the lack of popular acceptance for their art might do well to study Hirt's way of "getting to the people," just as he, no doubt, has studied Louis Armstrong and Dizzy Gillespie.

—Dan Morgenstern

San Remo Jazz Festival

San Remo, Italy

Personnel: The Double Six of Paris, Martial Solal Trio, Wes Montgomery Quartet, American Jazz Ensemble, Thelonious Monk Quartet, Earl Hines, the Concert Jazz Band.

San Remo, the daddy of European jazz festivals, celebrated its 10th anniversary this year. It is produced by two businessmen from Milan, Pino Maffei and Arrigo Pollilo, who, during the 10 years, have maintained the Italian festival's unrivaled reputation for quality.

This year's festival took place on two evenings in the concert hall of the San Remo Casino. Support this year from the Italian radio and television network was not forthcoming, and of necessity the festival was somewhat shorter than in the past. Nevertheless the standard of the music was high, and the general presentation, lighting, and sound were excellent.

Featured first was the Double Six with its new rhythm section—Rene Ureger, piano; B.B. Rovere, bass; and Charles Bellonzi, drums. Although the Six was in as good voice as ever, the group's over-all impact was lessened by only average backing from the rhythm. Mimi Perrin was delightful, as always, and the six voices blended magnificently. All the numbers—*Early Autumn*, *Tickle Toe*, *Doodlin'*, *Rat Race*, mostly what is by now standard Double Six repertoire—were well performed.

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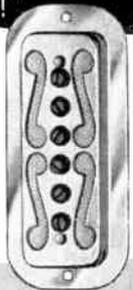
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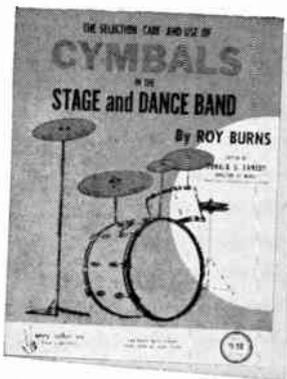


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using Rovere and Bellonzi) has yet to find the cohesion and empathy it had when Guy Pederson and Daniel Humair were members. Not that there is anything wrong with the new trio; it was just that it will take time for it to match the interplay of last year's trio. Solal's technique continues to amaze, but there is a certain lack of basic jazz in his playing. His tour de force, *Sous le Ciel de Paris*, was full of imagination and brilliantly performed, but *Lover Man* was rather unsatisfying.

Montgomery with his quartet was making his initial appearance in Europe. Backing him were Harold Mabern, piano; Arthur Harper, bass; and Jimmy Lovelace, drums. The rhythm section provided a light, unobtrusive, and relaxed backing for the guitarist, and the unit was a solid success. *Here's That Rainy Day*, with what the leader described as a Latin bossa nova rhythm, was given a beautiful reading. *Airegin*, *The Boy Next Door*, *West Coast Blues*, *Jingles*, and *Four on Six* all were impressive.

The second night opened with the American Jazz Ensemble. The group consists of expatriates Bill Smith, clarinet, and John Eaton, piano, with Nino Fabriano, bass, and Carmine Pepe, drums.

Then came Monk. This was Monk's last European date before leaving on a tour of Australia, and, in fact, he had his group close the first half in order to catch a plane from Nice, France. Although there is a certain sameness about Monk these days (a quartet is a quartet is a quartet . . .) his music is always stimulating. Sor.: highlights: Ben Riley's magnificent drumming; Monk's introduction on *I'm Getting Sentimental Over You*; and tenorist Charlie Rouse's choruses on *Sweet and Lovely*.

After Monk was the eternal Earl Hines. To Hines belonged the honors of the festival.

Playing solo piano, he stormed through a set lasting well over an hour, brilliantly paced and performed. Hines has lost none of the vitality or trademarks that made him famous. He did the old masterpieces, *Monday Date*, *You Can Depend on Me*, and *Tea for Two*; a portrait of Fats Waller (*Keepin' Out of Mischief Now*, *Two Sleepy People*, *Ain't Misbehavin'*, *Jitterbug Waltz*, *Squeeze Me*, *Honeysuckle Rose*); a tribute to Nat Cole (*Sweet Lorraine*); then *Canadian Sunset*, *Misty*, *Lullaby of Birdland*; a Duke Ellington medley; and finally his show-stopper, *Boogie Woogie on the St. Louis Blues*. A great performance by a great musician.

The Concert Jazz Band went on last, well past midnight, by which time most of the audience's appetite for jazz was on the wane. The band was organized especially for the festival and featured 15 of Italy's top musicians. A disappointing feature of the band was the lack of young faces, indicative, perhaps, of a declining interest in jazz among younger Italians. Nevertheless, the band swung competently through the varied book of arrangements by Bill Holman and Neal Hefti, with some noteworthy work from saxophonists Johnny Basso and Evaldo Volonte.

—Alan Bates

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SECOND CHORUS

By NAT HENTOFF

During a recent, inflamed panel discussion at the Village Gate in New York, Cecil Taylor and LeRoi Jones charged Art D'Lugoff, owner of the Gate, with being part of the white power structure running jazz.

D'Lugoff bristled, answering that he was just one clubowner and that, furthermore, he has been one of the very few owners persistently battling police and license-department harassment of clubs and the people who work in them. Also, D'Lugoff roared, "Ninety percent of the musicians I hire are Negro. Does that make me good or bad?"

"That," answered Jones, "makes you smart."

D'Lugoff's failure to understand the perspective of Jones and Taylor has long been shared by many whites in jazz who say "but I'm not prejudiced" when Charles Mingus and others also talk about the "white power structure" insofar as the economics of jazz are concerned.

Of course, D'Lugoff is not nearly so powerful as Joe Glaser, let alone GAC. But the focus of black resentment is on the fact that if you look at all the jazz-club owners in the country (what few remain), the large majority are white, and there always has been this disproportionate majority.

This is even more true of record companies, including a&r men as well as owners; and while a few Negro bookers are employed in second-echelon positions in some talent agencies, there is no question that the overwhelming booking power in this country is white. Among personal managers, there is a slowly increasing percentage of Negroes, but there, too, the disproportionate share of bread is in white hands.

On a person-to-person level, many of the whites in economic control are without prejudice. Not all. I've heard conversations in bookers' offices in which black musicians were referred to as if the booker were a functionary in South Africa. But in general, there is less conscious discounting of Negroes as "those other people" in the jazz business than in much of the rest of society. Not that the jazz field is as pervasively virtuous in this regard as it likes to think it is.

Furthermore, there have been those—pre-eminently Norman Granz—who are not only absolutely straight in their dealings with all musicians but who have insisted that everyone else in their economic orbit also draw no color lines when it comes to payment or who gets

seated where or who works in the company.

Nonetheless, from the viewpoint of many black musicians, the fact remains that while jazz has always been based on Negro roots and Negro innovations, the men who make out the checks and are in positions to give or deny work have been predominantly white.

Until recently, moreover, jazz criticism has been almost entirely white. Even now, although a few blacks—LeRoi Jones and A. B. Spellman among them—are writing criticism, the critical "establishment" is still nearly all white.

Part of the reason for this, incidentally, has been the Negro middle-class aversion to jazz as a purported buttressing of a stereotype (illustrations of which I gave in the May 6 *Second Chorus*). But young Negro intellectuals are finally breaking through that kind of internalization of white values about what "culture" is. However, even now, there is no Negro-owned jazz magazine. Nor, to my knowledge, has there ever been one on a national level.

So, it is hardly surprising that black musicians keep talking about the "white power structure" in jazz and, as a corollary of the rapidly rising pride in race, resent it more and more. For example, so long as there are so few Negro clubowners and critics, Art D'Lugoff and I are indeed part of that power structure. It's not a matter of how much power we individually exercise; it's that we, as whites, have a disproportionate amount of power.

That is where it's at. As for answers, one route is musicians' co-operatives, such as the Jazz Composers Guild. The guild is integrated, but as a co-op, and with a majority of Negroes, whatever power it can muster will not mirror the imbalance elsewhere in jazz.

Another route is Negro-owned record companies, like the Motown complex in Detroit. Motown is making a lot of profits in pop music, and it might well consider setting up a jazz division in which Negroes have the say in sales, advertising, engineering, etc., as well as in the music.

I'm not necessarily opting for all-black companies, although I don't think there's anything wrong with that so long as the economy is so far from being thoroughly integrated as it is now. But I am saying that it's long past time for a redistribution of the economic power in jazz.

This is not a matter of a quota system. One can walk into an office or a club and see quite clearly where the decisionmaking and managerial profit-taking lines are drawn. Those record companies, booking offices, and clubs that are now mostly white ought, therefore, to think quite consciously in terms

of race when hiring. It is too easy to say the Constitution is color blind when, in fact, Negroes have been so persistently kept out of sharing equitably in the main stream of the economy.

In this respect Whitney Young is right. Conscious redress has to be made. It is not enough to say you don't discriminate. You have to go out and *look* for Negroes.

And I continue to believe that among musicians, there ought to be an extension of the co-operative concept, this time including the big names. Set up musicians' booking offices; set up musicians' record companies, and, if necessary, only lease your masters with your own audit control over what happens to them. And set up musician-run night clubs and concert circuits. I'm not saying there is no place for whites in all of this, but whites should no longer have so outsize a role in policy-making and in the multiple functions of the middleman. 

BIG MIKE

(Continued from page 23)

don't feel at ease. And when that minister announces, "If there is anyone who would like to look at the late departed once more," I don't know why, but I make the walk and take the look. That whole part strikes me as barbaric. You and I have heard the bit: "Doesn't he look good," "Didn't they do a good job." I'm telling you, when the whistle blows, if you haven't already viewed me, forget it; don't bother.

Well, here they go; everybody's getting up. Now I see Red Saunders over there and Lil Armstrong. And there's a New York face—Kansas Fields, the drummer. We stop to talk; Kansas says, "Was I surprised when his wife called me. I was just over there last night; we were eating chitt'lins and playing cards. This was a fun-loving man, and he enjoyed his life."

I thought of that, and I thought of him making it to 64. And I thought of other things, like wasn't it a good thing our musicians unions (current administrations) are bringing about one union in Chicago? And wasn't it a good thing that we finally have some sort of pension-and-welfare plan? Have you any idea of the expense involved in hospitalization, etc., and how this union plan helped? And how about the money Jazz, Ltd., pays into the fund each week?

I'll remember March, 1965. That was the month that was. And I'll remember a certain tune, for it's going to be requested and played again and again—it's that kind of tune. But I hope no one sings it. 

AD LIB

(Continued from page 10)

bass; and **Steve Ellington**, drums, with pianist **Gildo Mahones'** trio sharing the spotlight.

TORONTO: Trombonist **Wilbur DeParis** and his band played a two-week date at the Colonial Tavern, following a one-week engagement by the **Chicago Style Ramblers**, which is really an all-Canadian group except for U.S. born bassist **Bill Britto** and clarinetist **Henry Cuesta**, who are now Toronto residents. (Cuesta also is featured with the **Ron Peek Quartet** at the Penny Farthing on weekends.) The Ramblers were headed

by trumpeter **Paul Grosney** and included **Jimmy Coxson**, piano; **Murray Ginsberg**, trombone; and **Mickey Shannon**, drums. Headlining the show was singer **Olive Brown**, who has left for New York City where she expects to be featured in a band led by alto saxist **Earle Warren**, another recent Colonial visitor . . . Featured at the Town Tavern were Cincinnati pianist **Lenore Paxton** and her trio, who were followed by singer **Johnny Hartman** . . . Ottawa pianist **Brian Browne**, who is now living here, followed organist **Jackie Davis** into the Plaza Room . . . Pianist **Sir Charles Thompson** continues at the **Chez Patee** . . . Drummer **Cozy Cole** played a two-week engagement at the **Savarin** last month.

BOSTON: Up Maine way, former **Maynard Ferguson** trombonist **Don Doane** has been rehearsing a 13-piece jazz orchestra. Former **Herb Pomeroy** arranger-pianist **Coolie Johns** has been writing most of the band's library. Featured soloists are the leader, altoist **Joe LaFlamme**, trumpeter **Bill Gaudet**, and drummer **Albie Dealaman**. The band is set to do a series of concert-dances in local colleges . . . Drummer **Tony Williams** brought bassist **Ron Carter** and tenorist **Wayne Shorter** to Connolly's for a week. Williams and Carter also appeared at the **Jazz Workshop** with tenorist **Charles Lloyd** and guitarist **Gabor Szabo** . . . Prestige recorded pianist **Jaki Byard's** quartet live at **Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike**. Featured with Byard were tenor saxophonist **Joe Farrell**, bassist **George Tucker**, and drummer **Alan Dawson**.

PHILADELPHIA: The **George Shearing Quintet** played a recent date at **Haverford College** . . . Former **Dizzy Gillespie** vocalist **Austin Cromer** will have one of his first comeback engagements at the **Cadillac Sho-Bar** since being re-discovered by **WHAT-FM** disc jockey **Joel Dorn** . . . Pianist **Ahmad Jamal** made his first Philadelphia appearance in some time recently at **Pep's**. Jamal also is scheduled to play this summer at one of **St. John Terrell's** Monday night jazz sessions at the **Lambertville, N.J., Music Circus**. The **Dave Brubeck Quartet** begins the series June 21. Also booked are **Count Basie**, **Louis Armstrong**, and **Duke Ellington** . . . Basie is scheduled for a three-day engagement in late June at the **Cadillac Sho-Bar** . . . **Muddy Waters**, veteran blues singer, appeared at the **Show Boat** late in April.

PITTSBURGH: The city enjoyed an unexpected weekend of jazz when motel owner **Ed Tessaro** opened his newly completed ballroom with three successive days of concerts. The **Woody Herman Herd** opened April 9 to a capacity 350 persons. On April 10 the **Billy May Orchestra** fronted by **Frankie Lester** appeared. The next evening the **Count Basie Band** played solid, exciting jazz for four hours. It was homecoming for two Basie men who are native Pittsburghers: **Grover Mitchell**, lead trombone, and trumpeter **Al Aarons**. Enthusiastic after his weekend of jazz, Tessaro promised to try to book any nationally known jazz artists available for a one-nighter . . . Trumpeter **Doc Severinsen**, in town to play for the **Duquesne University's** sixth annual **Mid-east Instrumental Music Conference**, joined the **Benny Benack** combo at the **Penn Sheraton Hotel** for some exciting sets . . . Mid-April also brought the **Illinois Jacquet Quartet** to the **Crawford Grill**.

CHICAGO: Jazz and painting got together for a pleasant Sunday afternoon merger last month at the **University of Chicago** when guitarist **Joe Diorio** and bassists **Melvin Jackson** and **Reginald Willis** played at an exhibition of **Carole Greenberg Nelson's** work. Among the

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37 examples on display was *Coltrane's Lady*, which was awarded a George Waite Jury Prize at last year's Festival of the Arts at the university . . . Altoist **Bunky Green** now heads the group playing for the shows at Gai Paris . . . The attendance at the Plugged Nickel's Sunday matinees has been encouraging, according to the club's owners. Most of the audience is made up of young listeners who cannot attend night-time sessions because of liquor-law restrictions; no beverages are served at the afternoon concerts. Flutist **Herbie Mann's** matinees at the Nickel were particularly well received. With Mann's octet were **Jack Hitchcock** and **Mark Weinstein**, trombones; **Dave Pike**, vibraharp; **Jane Getz**, piano; **Earl May**, bass; **Bruno Carr**, drums; and **Carlos Valdez**, conga drums. While at the Nickel, Mann revealed that he switched managers, from **Monte Kay** to **John Levy** . . . **Bob Koester**, owner of Delmark records and operator of the Jazz Record Mart, has acquired a number of old film shorts featuring jazz artists. Plans call for **Joe Segal** to present the collection in two programs, one traditional, the other modern. No dates for the showings have been released . . . The schedule at Bourbon Street now has the **Eddy Davis Band** on-stand during the week and the **Dukes of Dixieland** on weekends . . . "Chicago Soul in Concert" was the title of a May 16 benefit for Sullivan House, a south-side settlement. The concert was organized by **Erwin Helfer** and held at the First Unitarian Church. Featured were the blues trio of singer-guitarist **Johnny Young** (**Billy Boy Arnold**, harmonica, and **Jimmy Walker**, piano), jazz pianist **Art Hodes**, the **Chariot Singers** Gospel group, and pianist Helfer accompanied by a rhythm section made up of youngsters from Sullivan House. **Ray Flerlage** was emcee . . . There will be a pop-music series this summer at the Arie Crown Theater in McCormick Place. The series was booked by **Franklin Fried** of Triangle Productions and has the blessings of the city's fathers. The opening show, July 1-3, is made up of the **Count Basie** Band, singer **Tony Bennett**, and comedian **Bill Cosby**. Subsequent shows, however, hold little interest for jazz fans.

DETROIT: The Artists' Workshop experimental "big band," the **Workshop Music Ensemble**, is performing a series of compositions and arrangements by young musicians and composers from Detroit. The first in the series was **Jim Semark's** *Concerto for Charles Moore*, followed by **Lyman Woodard's** *The Pimp's Vision*. Future works scheduled for the ensemble are **John Sinclair's** *Adolescence*; **Charles Moore's** arrangement of **John Coltrane's** *India*, scored for two trumpets, two saxophones, organ, two basses, and two drummers; and Semark's *Emotional Organ* suite. Members of the ensemble are Moore, cornet; **Pierre Rochon**, trumpet; **Nathaniel Chillis**, **Brent Majors**, saxophones; **Woodard**, piano, organ; **John Dana**, **Jay Dana**, basses; and **Danny Spencer**, **Ronnie Johnson**, drums. The ensemble is directed by Semark and

Woodard . . . Drummer **Frank Isola** and saxophonist **Jimmy Stephenson** are rehearsing a quartet using **Frank Vojeck**, bass, and **Ed Nuccelli**, trumpet . . . Promoter **Lorenzo Brown** has initiated a new series of weekend concerts at his Woods Club in Jackson. The Friday night series, "The Forum," consists of jazz concerts and poetry readings; Saturday nights feature small groups from the area in afterhours dances and concerts; afternoon concerts are presented on Sundays . . . **Ed Love** has started his Sunday evening sessions at the east side Mr. Kelly's . . . Detroit's Wayne State University student radio station, WAYN, has added to its lineup two regular jazz shows. One is **Dan Milham's Jazz 1965**, which features avant-garde recordings with interviews of Detroit's "new thing" musicians. Already interviewed on the program have been cornetist **Charles Moore** on **Ornette Coleman**, **Cecil Taylor**, and **Archie Shepp**; **Lyman Woodard** on **Charles Mingus**; **Pierre Rochon** on **Eric Dolphy** and **Booker Little**; drummer **Danny Spencer** on **John Coltrane** and **Elvin Jones**; **John Dana** on the modern bass revolution; and drummer **Ronnie Johnson** on **Tony Williams**. Another student disc jockey, **Bob Scott**, has also featured interviews with Detroit jazz musicians on his weekly show.

CLEVELAND: The first pressing of altoist **Al Blaser's** polished Case Tech stage band LP quickly sold out, and a second batch was pressed. The band played a recent concert at Marietta (Ohio) College and also sponsored a stage-band clinic at Case's Strosacker Auditorium, which featured bands from Cleveland's Collinwood and Glenville high schools and a concert with guest trumpeter **Doc Severinsen** . . . The sextet of trumpeter **Al Hirt** appeared in a concert at John Carroll University, while Public Hall was the scene of an event featuring the **Woody**

Herman Band and singers **Brook Benton** and **Jimmy Reed**, among others . . . It was a swinging month at Leo's Casino, with singer **Gloria Lynne**, altoist **Lou Donaldson**, blues singer **Jimmy Witherspoon**, pianist **Les McCann**, singer **Lou Rawls**, and pianist **Ahnad Jamal** appearing at the club in successive weeks. After **Ramsey Lewis** (with singer **Jean DuShon**) and trumpeter **Dizzy Gillespie**, the club has booked the **Modern Jazz Quartet** for the end of June . . . The posh Lion and Lamb Inn in Pepper Pike, in its first big-band venture, did SRO business last month with **Count Basie** and has booked the **Ray McKinley-led Glenn Miller Orchestra** for May 25. The Basie crew also was to play on June 2 at Themley's Restaurant in Akron, site of an April McKinley concert. Themley's has booked the bands of **Billy May** and **Woody Herman** during the summer, and it is likely that these bands also will appear at the Lion and Lamb.

INDIANAPOLIS: Friday matinees at Jerry's Lounge, the Antlers Hotel bar, have become the place for visiting out-of-town jazzmen to sit in, along with musicians from local clubs . . . **Dick Dickerson**, piano; **Tiny Adams**, bass; and **Jack Koker**, drums, have moved into the 19th Hole for an indefinite stay . . . Tenor saxophonist **Pookie Johnson** is heading a quintet weekends at the Cactus Club . . . Singer **Sheryl Shay**, absent from the local scene for more than six months, performed at the Carrousel the last week in April and first week in May, backed by **Earl Van Riper**, piano; **Mingo Jones**, bass; and **Charlie Masterpolo**, drums . . . The **Dave Baker Sextet** played a concert April 22 for a student group at the Indiana University Medical Center in Indianapolis . . . The Pink Poodle booking of **John Coltrane** the last week in April fell through.

JAZZ GEOGRAPHY

THE HIPSTER'S QUIZ
By GARY A. SOUCIE

Throughout its history, jazz has been a far-ranging music. It has had its New Orleans, Chicago, New York, Kansas City, Dixie, and West Coast schools and periods. There have been foreign influences like Afro-Cuban and bossa nova. Jazz musicians' names reflect this cosmopolitan air. As an exercise in jazz geography, see if you can supply the missing first or last names or nicknames for each of the following musicians and singers:.

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1. _____ CLEVELAND | 11. _____ HOLLAND |
| 2. DAKOTA _____ | 12. MEMPHIS _____ |
| 3. _____ ALBANY | 13. _____ JORDAN |
| 4. _____ WASHINGTON | 14. TEX _____ |
| 5. ISRAEL _____ | 15. _____ ALEXANDRIA |
| 6. 'BAMA _____ | 16. TAMPA _____ |
| 7. _____ QUEBEC | 17. PHILLY _____ |
| 8. ILLINOIS _____ | 18. _____ MONTGOMERY |
| 9. PANAMA _____ | 19. KANSAS _____ |
| 10. _____ DURHAM | 20. _____ PARIS |

Answers to *The Hipster's Quiz* that appeared in the last issue of *Down Beat*: 1-G; 2-M; 3-A; 4-J; 5-H; 6-B; 7-C; 8-E; 9-K; 10-D; 11-F; 12-I; 13-L.

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CINCINNATI: The Dave Matthews Trio, playing every other Wednesday at Siddall Hall, a women's dorm at the University of Cincinnati, added every-other-Friday concerts at the campus YMCA. Matthews plays piano, Gordon Brisker, tenor saxophone; Mike Moore, bass; and Carmon DeLeone, drums . . . Other regular runs beginning recently are those of the Popeye Maupin Trio and the Dave Frerichs Trio. Drummer Maupin has Elwood Evans on piano at Herbie's Bar six nights weekly. Also headed by its drummer, the Frerichs group featured Lee Stoller, piano, for its Mahogany Hall opening April 23 and Brisker on tenor saxophone, flute, and piano for the second weekend appearance, April 30 and May 1. Mahogany Hall bookstore's Downstairs cabaret also retained Wilbur Longmeyer, guitar soloist on Thursday evenings and relied on its regular quartet of Jim McGary, saxophone; Ed Morgan, trombone; Ron Enyert, drums; and Mike Moore, bass, to power the Sunday night jam sessions . . . The Blind Lemon club promised regular jazz dates on its open-air terrace beginning late in May.

MIAMI: The Dave Brubeck Quartet played a concert at Stetson University in DeLand, Fla., April 29 . . . The jazz duo of Bert Wallace, organ, and Dave Atkins, drums, plays nightly at the Double Deck Lounge in Miami . . . Richard Thomas, bass and vocals, and Rudy Ferguson, piano and vocals, present the evening's swinging entertainment in the Stuff Shirt Lounge at the Holiday Inn . . . The vocals of Phyllis Branch have been an exciting attraction at the Beachcomber on Miami Beach . . . The quartet of Dolph Castellano, piano, and Wayman Reed, trumpet, has been featured for several months in the lounge of the Knight Beat . . . The Ira Sullivan Quartet has been appearing for a series of jazz concerts at the Rat Pack Lounge in Fort Lauderdale. Personnel of the trumpeter-saxophonist's group includes Vince Lawrence, piano; Stan Musick, bass; and Hank Brown, drums.

NEW ORLEANS: The award-winning St. Aloysius High School Stage Band, conducted by Clement Taco, gave a concert at the Mississippi Bandmasters' Association stage-band clinic in Jackson, Miss., in May. The band also did a television spot on a Jackson station in connection with the festival . . . Miami pianist Phil Reudy has replaced Buddy Prima at the Playboy. Prima will vacation in Los Angeles before activating his group again. Reudy's sidemen include drummer Lee Johnson and bassist Bill Huntington . . . Saxophonist Al Belletto's quartet, with Dave West, piano; Richard Payne, bass; and Louis Timken, drums, has been playing Sunday nights at Al Hirt's club . . . The new series of "Jazz on a Sunday Afternoon" concerts, sponsored by the New Orleans Jazz Club, began in late April with the Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls and Doc Souchon . . . Modern-jazz sessions at the Haven on Claiborne Ave. have been attracting the attention of musicians and jazz fans. Pianist Ed

Frank's trio, with Chuck Badie, bass, and June Gardner, drums, plus blues singer Angel Face, are featured on weekends. Afterhours sessions often include horn men from bands passing through town, as well as local modernists such as trumpeter Sam Alcorn . . . Two lab bands have been organized here in recent months. Fred Crane, pianist with Al Hirt, is leading one group, and trumpeter Wardell Quenze another. Both hope ultimately to find an outlet in concerts and spot jobs here.

LOS ANGELES: An ignominious end came to the famed Crescendo club on the Sunset Strip, for many years a Hollywood base for leading entertainers, including many jazz attractions—agents of the Internal Revenue Service padlocked it last month. Opened and operated until recently by onetime disc jockey Gene Norman, the club was closed because of federal taxes allegedly unpaid by the new owner, Bud Emerson. Emerson recently brought burlesque into the Crescendo in a last-ditch effort to attract business . . . Vibrant harpist Terry Gibbs and trumpeter Shorty Rogers formed their own music-publishing company, T&S Music, to operate out of Hollywood. Gibbs, with a larger group than the sextet he led on the *Regis Philbin Show* out of Hollywood, may rejoin Philbin on the latter's new program from Las Vegas, Nev. . . . For the third year in succession, Lee Katzman's quintet was invited to play at the La Mirada, Calif., art festival on May Day. The group consists of the trumpeter-leader; Gene Cipriano, tenor saxophone; Jimmie Rowles, piano; Max Bennett, bass; Nick Martinis, drums.

EUROPE: Pianist Earl Hines and tenorist Ben Webster gave a concert in Stockholm at the end of April; Webster had been playing that city's Golden Circle in previous weeks . . . Altoist-trumpeter Idrees Sulieman has left Stockholm and is now living in Copenhagen, where he has a job arranging for Ib Glindeman's big band . . . Saxophonist Lars Gullin's quintet will appear in Oslo May 30 for one concert . . . Singer Karin Krog appeared with the Oscar Peterson Trio at a concert in Goteborg, Sweden, April 30 . . . The Jazz Combo, a seven-piece group from Czechoslovakia, played a week at Oslo's Metropoli in May . . . At a recent student jazz festival in Wroclaw, Poland, young pianist and alto saxophonist Wlodzimierz Nahorny from Gdansk caused a sensation among critics, who called him one of the most promising musicians in Europe. He is now with the Andrzej Trzaskowski Quintet. The South American tour of the Trzaskowski group has been postponed until early next year . . . Polish pianist-composer Krzysztof Komeda returned home after playing in several Scandinavian clubs. In Denmark he recorded his own music for the Danish movie *The Cats*, directed by Hennig Karlson . . . The Polish recording company, Polskie Nagrania, has issued a series of jazz albums featuring Polish groups . . . The Riverboat Jazz Club in Vienna features the playing of trumpeters Otmar Kitzler and Ernesto Dworzak, trombonists Willi Meerwald and Rudi Josel, pianists Peter

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Hofmann and Fritz Pauer, guitarist Franz Bilik, bassists Bernie Gottlieb and Anton Barnthaler, and drummers Horst Biehler and John Greco. Gunter Schifter, radio and television personality, lectures on jazz and plays vintage recordings at the club . . . A new jazz club, called, of all things, the Uncle Tom, was opened recently in Rotterdam; the first group to appear was the avant-garde quartet of pianist Peter Snoei. The other major Rotterdam club, the B-14, recently featured tenorist Johnny Griffin (with Cees Slinger, piano; Jacques Schols, bass; Art Taylor, drums) and guitarist Wes Montgomery (accompanied by pianist Pim Jacobs, bassist Rund Jacobs, and drummer Han Bennik).

RECORD NOTES: Jackie Mills, who recently presided over the demise of Ava records, is now affiliated with Time and Mainstream records as head of West Coast operations. While the drummer-turned-recording-executive will concentrate on sales and promotion, he will also take care of some a&r chores . . . In the time between her recent illnesses, Pearl Bailey recorded a new album arranged by and featuring Benny Carter and conducted by her husband, Louie Bellson . . . Lionel Hampton's Glad-Hamp label will introduce a new "Gold Label" series, featuring the vibraharpist with all-star jazz groups. The first album was recorded in April with tenor saxophonists Coleman Hawkins and Sonny Rollins, trombonist J. J. Johnson, trumpeter Clark Terry, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Osie Johnson. Arrangements were by Hank Jones . . . Trumpeter Carmell Jones signed with Prestige . . . Audio-Fidelity Records has been sold to a group of investors, headed by Herman Gimbel, who is the new president. Gimbel formerly was associated with Riverside records . . . Mercury records has acquired the catalog of King records, including the Bethlehem jazz line.

THE OTHER SIDE: Composer Elliott Carter was a guest of honor at the recent Oberlin College Festival of Contemporary Music. Four of his works were performed, including the Pulitzer Prize-winning *Second String Quartet* and the *Variations for Orchestra*. Carter, 57, decried the difficulty of getting advanced compositions, such as his own, performed by the major orchestras in this country, as opposed to the situation in Europe, where, he said, the audiences clamor for contemporary U.S. pieces. Carter, back from a unique year as composer-in-residence in West Berlin under sponsorship of the Ford Foundation and the West German government, is completing a piano concerto commissioned by the foundation to be premiered by Jacob Lateiner with the Boston Symphony Orchestra . . . Also at Oberlin, pianist Leonard Stein, long the assistant and collaborator of the late Arnold Schoenberg, appeared in a lecture and recital, presenting Morton Subotnick's *Prelude No. 3 for Piano and Tape Recorder* and Morton Feldman's *Ixion*, played by an ensemble conducted by Kenneth Moore.

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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.
Baby Grand: Big Nick Nicholas, hb.
Basie's: Grant Green, tfn.
Basin Street: Ella Fitzgerald to 5/29.
Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn): Jonah Jones to 5/30.
Marian & Jimmy McPartland, 6/1-30.
Charlie Bates: Stan Levine, Sun.
Chuck's Composite: Bruce Martin, 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: Max Kaminsky, tfn.
Gaslight Club: Clarence Hutchenrider, Charlie Queener, George Wettling, Mike Shiffer, tfn.
Gordian Knot: Dave Frishberg, Leroy Parkins.
Half Note: Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer to 5/23.
Hickory House: Joe Castro, Eddie Thompson.
Himself: Danny Barker, Norman Lester, tfn.
Kirby Stone Fourm: Joe Mooney, tfn.
L'Intrigue: Ronnie Ball, Sonny Dallas, Nancy Steele, tfn. Guest stars, Sun.
Leaves: Joe Thomas, Bob LaGuardia, Tue., Thur., Sat. Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Wed., Fri., Sun.
Metropole: Henry (Red) Allen, hb. Village Stompers to 5/30. Dizzy Gillespie, 5/31-6/13.
New Colony Lounge: Howard Reynolds, tfn.
Open End: Scott Murray, Wolfgang Knittel, Garry Newman, Eddie Caccavelli, tfn.
Page Three: Sheila Jordan, Mon., Tue.
Playboy Club: Milt Sealy, Win Strong, Ross Tompkins, Harold Francis, Walter Norris, tfn.
Jimmy Ryan's: Will Bill Davison, Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, tfn.
Slugs: Roy Haynes, tfn.
Toast: Jack Brooks, Dick Carter, tfn.
Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Greene, tfn.
Village Gate: Erroll Garner, Leon Bibb, tfn.
Village Vanguard: Charles Mingus, tfn.

TORONTO

The Cellar: Norm Amadio, Maury Kaye, Sonny Greenridge, wknds.
Chez Paree: Sir Charles Thompson, tfn.
Colonial: Red Richards to 6/5. Wild Bill Davison, 6/7-26.
The Green Door: modern jazz, wknds.
George's Spaghetti House: Moe Koffman, 5/31-6/5.
Paul Hoffer, 6/7-12. Bill Goddard, 6/14-19.
Last Chance Saloon: Larry Dubin, tfn.
Penny Farthing: Ron Peck, wknds.
Town: Kenny Burrell, 5/31-6/7. Sam (The Man) Taylor, 6/14-21.

BOSTON

Barn: 1200 Jazz Quartet, Mon.
The Cave: Los Muchachos, tfn.
Chez Freddie: Maggie Scott-Eddie Stone, tfn.
Eliot Lounge: Al Drootin, tfn.
Gaslight Room: Basin Street Boys, tfn.
Gilded Cage: Bullmoose Jackson, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: Art Blakey to 5/23. Budd Johnson, 5/24-30. Cannonball Adderley, 6/1-6. Wyn-ton Kelly, 6/7-13. Jaki Byard, 6/21-27.
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: Joe Bucci to 5/23.
Woody Herman, 5/24-26. Jimmy Rushing, 5/24-30. Illinois Jacquet, 5/31-6/6.
Logan International Airport: Dave Stuart, tfn.
Maridor (Framingham): Al Vega, tfn.
Paul's Mall: Al Natalie, tfn.
Village Green (Danvers): Dick Creedon, tfn.

WASHINGTON

Anna Maria's: Tony D'Angelo, tfn.
Bayou: Eddie Dimond, hb.
Blues Alley: Tommy Gwaltney, hb.
Bohemian Caverns: John Coltrane to 5/23.
Cannonball Adderley, 5/25-30. Three Sounds, 6/1-6. Arthur Prysock, 6/8-13.
Charley's: Bill Potts, tfn.
Cousous: The New Breed, tfn.
Fireplace: Ann Read, Tommy Chase, tfn.
Place Where Louie Dwells: Shirley Horn, tfn.
Showboat Lounge: Charlie Byrd, tfn.
Stouffer's: John Eaton, tfn.

PHILADELPHIA

Cadillac Sho-Bar: Hank Crawford, Austin Cromer, 5/31-6/5.
Club 50 (Trenton): Johnny Coates Jr.-Johnny Ellis-Tony DeNicola, tfn.
Eagle (Trenton): Marty Bergen, tfn.
George Washington Motel (Valley Forge): Beryl

Booker, tfn.
Krechmer's: Billy Krechmer-Conrad Jones, tfn.
Lambertville Music Circus: Dave Brubeck, 6/21.
Metropole: Coatesville Harris, tfn.
Pep's: Yusef Lateef, 5/24-29. Frank Foster, 5/31-6/5.
Three Chefs: Terry Sawyer-Demon Spiro-Jimmy Rankin, tfn.

CLEVELAND

Brothers: Harry Damas, wknds.
Cedar Gardens: Ray Banks-Nat Fitzgerald, Thur.-Sat.
Club 100: Joe Alexander, tfn.
Corner Tavern: Marvin Cabell, wknds. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Cucamonga: Joe Alessandro, tfn.
Executive Inn: Vince Mastro, Vikki Lynn, Bobby Bryan, tfn.
Esquire: Eddie Bacucus-Lester Sykes, tfn.
Fagan's Beacon House: Dixieland, wknds.
Harvey's Hideaway: George Peters, tfn.
LaRue: Charlie Beckel, tfn.
Leo's Casino: Ramsey Lewis, Jean DuShon, 5/20-23. Dizzie Gillespie, 6/3-6. Modern Jazz Quartet, 6/24-27.
Lion & Lamb (Pepper Pike): Ray McKinley, 5/26.
Lucky Bar: Jose Harper, wknds.
Melba: Rudy Vincent, wknds.
Monticello: Herb Summers-George Quittner, wknds.
La Porte Rouge: Weasel Parker, wknds.
Punch & Judy: Labert Ellis, tfn.
Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, hb. Al Serafini, wknds.
Squeeze Room: Eddie Myers, wknds. Lanny Scott, Sun., Wed.
Stouffer's Tack Room: Eddie Ryan-Bill Bandy.
Tangiers: Bill Gidney, Vickie Kelley, wknds.
Theatrical Grill: Wilbur DeParis to 5/29. Billy Maxted, 5/31-6/12.
Thunderbird: Karen Durnat, tfn. Sounds of Three, sessions, Mon.

CHICAGO

Across the Street: Allan Swain, tfn.
Big John's: Paul Butterfield, tfn.
Bourbon Street: Dukes of Dixieland, Eddy Davis.
Hungry Eye: Three Souls, tfn.
Jazz Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn.
London House: Maynard Ferguson to 5/23. Peter Nero, 5/25-6/13. Village Stompers, 6/15-7/4.
Eddie Higgins, Paul Serrano, hbs.
Midas Touch: Judy Roberts, tfn.
Mister Kelly's: Lou Rawls to 5/29. Larry Novak, John Frigo, hbs.
Moroccan Village: Frank Shea, Joe Killian, tfn.
Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, wknds.
Playboy: Harold Harris, Willie Pickens, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Al Cohn-Zoot Sims to 5/30. Bill Evans, 6/2-13. Jimmy Smith, 6/16-27. Horace Silver, 6/30-7/11. Miles Davis, 7/14-25.
Sylvio's: Howlin' Wolf, wknds.

DETROIT AND MICHIGAN

Artists' Workshop: free concerts, Sun. afternoons. Detroit Contemporary 4, hb.
Baker's Keyboard: Three Sounds to 5/22. Dizzy Gillespie, 5/24-29. Jackie Cain-Roy Kral, 6/3-12.
Belmont Hotel (Flint): Sherman Mitchell, hb. Sessions, Fri.-Sat.
Black Lantern (Saginaw): Paul Vanston, tfn.
Blues Unlimited: Oscar Peterson, 7/5-10.
Brass Rail: Armand Grenada, tfn.
Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, tfn.
Caucus Club: Howard Lucas, tfn.
Chessmate Gallery: Pierre Kochon-Jim Hartway, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Chit-Chat: George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields, Tue. Don Davis, wknds.
Charade: Harold McKinney, tfn.
Checker Bar-B-Q: Dave Vandepitt, afterhours, Mon.-Thur. Mel Ball, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Danish Inn (Farmington): Pat Flowers, tfn.
Drome Bar: Barry Harris-Sonny Redd to 5/23. Wes Montgomery, 5/28-6/6.
Falcon (Ann Arbor): Max Wood, Mon., Wed., Sat. George Overstreet, Tue., Thur., Fri., Sun.
Fernwood: Teddy Anderson, wknds.
½ Pint's: Keith Vreeland, wknds.
Hobby Bar: Sessions, Tue. Ben Jones, wknds.
LaSalle (Saginaw): Arnie Kane, tfn.
Midway Bar (Ann Arbor): Benny Poole, tfn.
Mitchell's Keynote: Lawrence Vaughn, tfn.
Moby's: Jack Brokensha, tfn.
Odum's Cave: Bill Hyde-Norris Patterson, wknds.
Office Lounge (Flint): Oscar Osborn, tfn.

Paige's: Frank Morelli, James Hawkins, wknds.
Playboy Club: Vince Mance, Matt Michaels, hbs.
Lenore Paxton, wknds.
Sabo Club (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Sax Club: Charles Rowland, tfn.
Scotch & Siroin: Jo Thompson, tfn.
Sports Bar (Flint): Sherman Mitchell, tfn.
S-Quire: Carolyn Atzel, Lewis Reed, tfn.
Surfside Club: Tom Saunders, Wed., Fri., Sat.
Unstable Theater: afterhours sessions, wknds.
Detroit Jazz Quintet, hb.
Village Gate: George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields, wknds.

INDIANAPOLIS

Barrington Lounge: Jimmy Coe, tfn. Sessions, Thur.
Cactus Club: Pookie Johnson, wknds.
Crescendo: Dave Baker, Sat. afternoons.
Embers: Mel Torme, 5/31-6/5.
Embers Lounge: Claude Jones, tfn.
Hub-Bub: various groups.
Mr. B's Lounge: Yusef Lateef to 5/22. Roland Kirk, 5/24-6/5. Wes Montgomery, 6/7-19.
19th Hole: Dick Dickerson-Jack Koker-Tiny Adams, tfn.

MIAMI AND FLORIDA

Bon Fire: Myrtle Jones, tfn.
Hampton House: Charlie Austin, Medina Carney, wknds.
Hayes Lounge (Jacksonville): Bill Davis, tfn.
Knight Beat: Dolph Castellano, tfn.
Playboy Club: Bill Rico, hb.
Roney Plaza: Phil Napoleon, Don Ewell, hbs.

NEW ORLEANS

Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Mike Lala, Jan Allison, Santo Pecora, tfn.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, tfn.
Golliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.
Haven: Ed Frank, wknds.
King's Room: Laverne Smith, tfn.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, tfn.
Paddock Lounge: Clem Tervan, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Phil Reudy.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

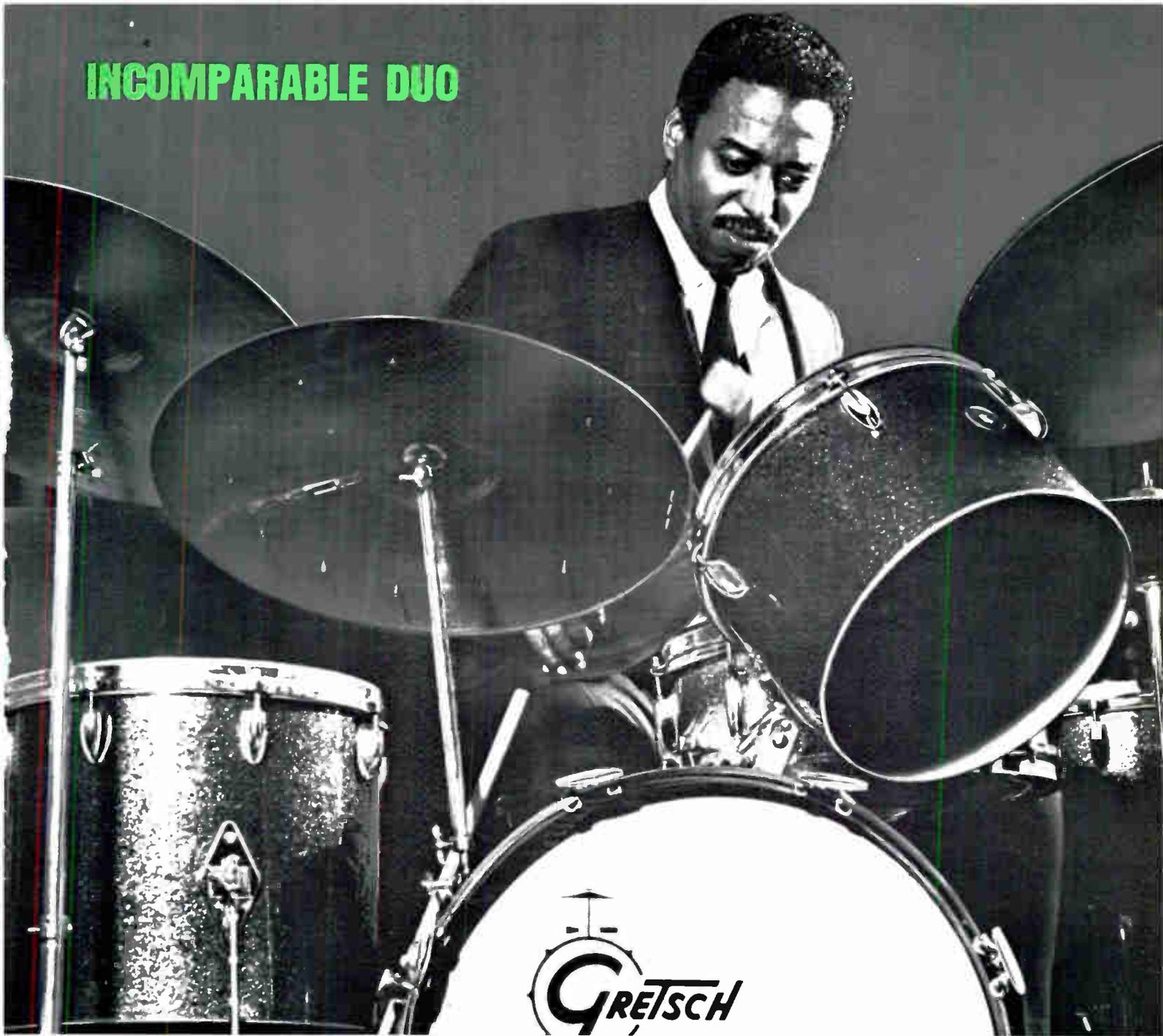
DALLAS

Bon Vivant: Gigi Galon to 6/9. Ernie Johnson, hb.
Gala: Juvey Gomez, Jac Murphy, Gil Pitts, tfn.
Fink Mink: Betty Green, Banks Dimon, Dick Shreve, tfn.
Levee: Ed Bernet, tfn.
Music Box: Shirley Murray, tfn. Jack Peirce, hb.
Nero's Nook: Don Jacoby to 5/30.
Pompeii: Richie Salicco, Bobby Burgess, Nipper Murrphy, tfn.
Red Garter: Phil Rubin, tfn.
Roadrunner (Fort Worth): Dick Harp, tfn.
Savoy: Roger Boykin, tfn. David (Fathead) Newman, James Clay, Sun., Mon.
Skynight: Ira Freeman, tfn.
21 Turtle: Linda Foster, tfn. Joe Azcona, hb.
Speakeasy: Dixie High Five, tfn. Sessions, Sun.

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 Guarnieri, tfn.
Hot Toddy's (Glendale): Hot Toddy's Dixieland Band, hb.
Jazz Go-Go: Curtis Peagler, tfn.
Jazzville (San Diego): Carmen McRae, 5/28-30. Three Sounds, 6/17-20. Lou Rawls, 7/15-18.
Cannonball Adderley, 8/5-7.
Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey): Johnny Lane, tfn.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Howard Rumsey.
Mardi-Gras (San Diego): Pete Jolly, 7/18.
Marty's: William Green, tfn. Barney Kessell, Mon.
Memory Lane: Gerald Wiggins, tfn.
PJ's: Eddie Cano, Jerry Wright, tfn.
Red Chinney (Silver Lake): Pete Jolly, Thur., Sat.
Royal Tahitian (Ontario): Rex Stewart, Fri., Sat.
San Francisco Club (Garden Grove): Ed Loring.
Shelly's Moon-Hole: Garv McFarland to 5/23.
Victor Feldman, Mon. Shelly Manne, wknds.
Sherry's: Don Randi, tfn.
Spigot (Santa Barbara): Herb Hicks, Wed.-Sun.
Stagg Inn (Reseda): Joyce Collins, Monty Budwig, tfn.

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