

JULY 15, 1965

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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

SALUTE TO SATCH

In Celebration of
Louis Armstrong's 65th
Birthday and 50th Year
as a Creative Jazzman

The most-famous jazz master
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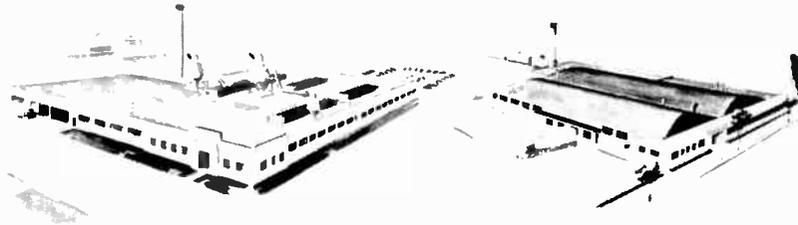
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JOHN J. MAHER
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DON DEMICHEAL
ASSISTANT EDITOR/DESIGN
PETE WELDING
ASSOCIATE EDITOR
DAN MORGENSTERN
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
LEONARD FEATHER
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Address all correspondence to 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois, 60606.

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A Forum For Readers

Praise Be To Diz And Moody

I'd like to compliment Dan Morgenstern on his fine article on Dizzy Gillespie's quintet in the June 17 issue of *Down Beat*. After hearing it, I can't praise enough the efforts of the quintet, especially James Moody. Why he isn't recognized as one of the greatest artists contributing to jazz today is something I'll never be able to understand. Let's give credit where credit is due; Moody's too much.

Wayne Demsey
Beverly, Mass.

Peterson Pro . . .

Congratulations on the article *Three in One* concerning the Oscar Peterson Trio (*DB*, June 17). To say the least, I feel it was long overdue. Ever since I started subscribing to *Down Beat* (two years ago), I have never seen any article of significance written about Peterson beyond the mention of his name, while relatively poor pianists such as Thelonious Monk and Bill Evans hog the spotlight.

Without a doubt, *Down Beat* has neglected to publicize the truly great musicians such as Peterson, Erroll Garner, and Andre Previn and has glamourized inferiors. The idea of Evans winning the poll is absurd.

Let's face it: when the inferiors are gone and forgotten, it will be the greats like Oscar Peterson who will still be winning the polls. Please, no more inferior glamourizing. We readers want just the best about the best.

Gregory A. Yuska
Windsor, Conn.

. . . Peterson Con

It was certainly illuminating for me to find that the Oscar Peterson Trio has arrived at the answer to jazz improvisation. Imagine that! After Art Tatum, nothing.

Personally I would rather listen to Cecil Taylor constructing a new shape and language for jazz than hear Peterson rehashing monotonous swing-era idioms.

George McPetridge
Edmonton, Alberta

It's gracious of Oscar Peterson to concede that Thelonious Monk is one of the greatest composers alive, but if his piano is as big as his mouth where are his renditions of any of Monk's exceptional output?

Malcolm Stone
Montreal, Quebec

In Memory Of A Humorist

He was a funny guy. The type of guy who was a musician without playing an instrument. Life is made up of lots of contradictions, lots of things that appear real until looked at closely. Ed found this absurdity—the contradictions—and commented upon them.

I knew Ed Sherman just a short while. Too short. But from the very moment of meeting you could feel a radiance of truth and warmth generated from this thin,

rather frail human being.

Some people feared this radiance. The people who were phony and insincere would feel discomfort and displeasure over Ed's penetrating honesty. If you knew yourself at all and were free from guilt, you would have loved Ed. But if you feared being shown as someone who was false, you would have despised him.

There were many of us, I am sure, who were with him in his view of life. We're going to miss him. And won't it be strange the next time we hear someone ask, "What-ever happened to Judge Crater?" We will immediately think of Ed Sherman (George Crater) and might feel discomfort, for perhaps we have lost the ability to laugh at the giant contradictions within ourself.

Herb Dexter
New York City

I was shocked to read of Ed Sherman's death (*DB*, June 3). Although I never met him personally, I was an ardent admirer of his television and magazine work. In fact, a great deal of the George Crater things I did for *DB* were merely extensions of Sherman's uncanny wit.

With an acute shortage of truly humorous writers in the United States, the loss of this man is indeed a tragedy.

Robert Peete
Chicago, Ill.

Peete contributed the George Crater Out of My Head columns that have appeared since January, 1963. Sherman had written the column from 1959 through 1962, except for two by Ira Gitler.

The Writings Of Rex

Congratulations to *Down Beat* for getting Rex Stewart as a contributor. His two recent pieces were highlights in your usually wonderful magazine. His articles were some of the most refreshing things that have happened to jazz writing in recent years.

His experience as a musician, his first-hand knowledge, combined with his witty and interesting style as a writer should make him a regular feature in future issues.

Hans J. Mauerer
Frankfurt, Germany

What a pleasure to read Rex Stewart's pieces on Duke Ellington (*DB*, April 22) and Fletcher Henderson (June 3).

Stewart shows the same flair for composition with words as he has always demonstrated with notes.

I am sure that I am one of many who would be delighted to hear more from this truly creative titan—in person, in print, and on record. Please, let's hear more from this great man.

John M. Dengler
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

See page 23 for Stewart's reminiscences of Louis Armstrong.

From The Mouths Of Babes

In the June 3 issue of *Down Beat*, Nancy Wilson took a *Blindfold Test*. I think she's an excellent singer, but I would not consider her to be a jazz singer. If you ask me, she sings strict pop (which I have

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nothing against if it's sung and played right).

But since *Down Beat* is a jazz magazine, why do you give a pop singer a *Blindfold Test*? Frankly I think it was a stupid move to take.

Jonathan Pollack
Age 9
Oak Park, Ill.

More Record Reviews

The June 3 issue of *Down Beat* contained a considerable number of record reviews—I like this. I would like to suggest an expansion of this section to this length in every issue.

James M. Corcoran
Palos Verde Estates, Calif.

Hooray For Stan!

At last I have read an article showing some real understanding of the musicianship of Stan Getz (*DB*, May 20). Congratulations to George Hoefler for a fine piece.

It's really maddening to continually hear Getz shallowly referred to as playing "too white," etc.

The vibrant and very real emotion that Getz expresses and more often implies in his work is indicative of a true artist and, more important, the result of long, earnest effort on the part of a man who sincerely believes in what he is doing, which is more than can be said of many currently successful musicians who employ gimmicks rather than artistry.

W. W. Bookheim
Philadelphia, Pa.

Jazz Still Alive

Though I can't comment on the club situation in, for example, New York City, I hope I'm seeing some fascinating uses for old jazz materials.

Leonard Feather has prodded fascinating new life out of Buddy DeFranco. If he can produce a healthy example like that, I look to him for some good cross-breeding.

And from what I read, Lucky Thompson and Earl Hines are finding exposure. May I suggest that it is a pleasure to see some of the bones and muscles moving?

Charles R. Burks
Seattle, Wash.

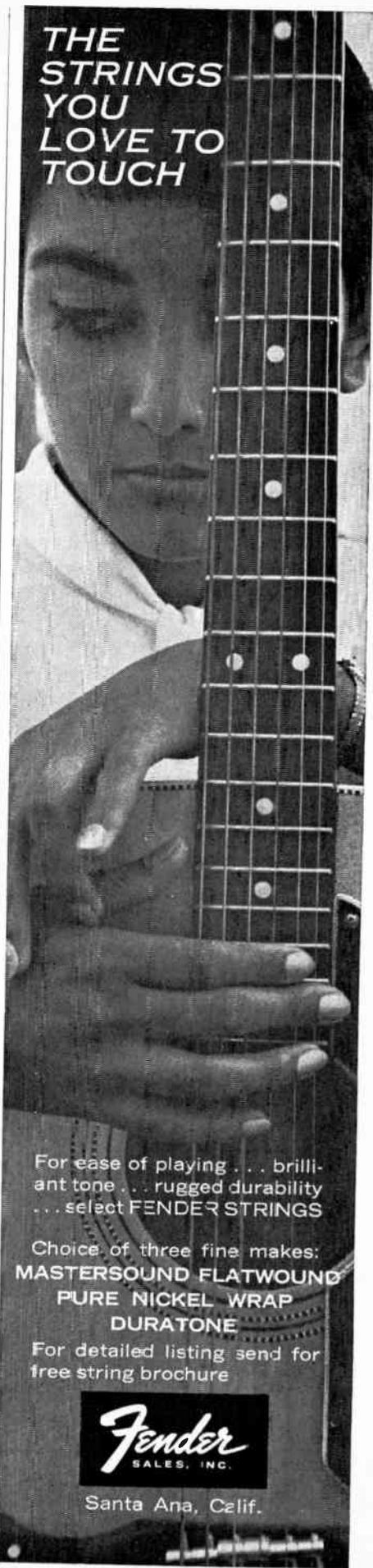
Taylor Remarks Pain

I am still amazed by the article written by Nat Hentoff about Cecil Taylor (*DB*, Feb. 25) and by Taylor's remarks, especially those statements about Bill Evans. That Taylor should be resentful about the success of Evans is only natural. Taylor at best is a very minor talent whereas Evans has become an influence of great importance to the music world.

As for Hentoff deciding to champion the cause of Taylor, he is entitled to his own opinion. However, one would think that he would choose musicians whose talent would deserve greater mention, perhaps someone like Lee Konitz. But perhaps ofay musicians just don't count anymore.

Dick Kivowitz
Los Angeles, Calif.

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July 15, 1965 Vol. 32 No. 15

AUSTIN HIGH GANG REUNION SET FOR DOWN BEAT JAZZ FESTIVAL

A reunion of charter members of the Chicago school of jazz will take place at the *Down Beat* Jazz Festival, to be staged in Chicago's Soldier Field Aug. 13, 14, and 15. The reunion will be a highlight of the festival's Saturday afternoon program.

The musicians, some of whom were among the so-called Austin High Gang of the '20s, are cornetist Jimmy McPartland, trombonist Floyd O'Brien, clarinetist Pee Wee Russell (the only non-Chicagoan in the group), tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman, pianist Art Hodes, bassist Jim Lanigan, and drummer George Wettling.

Other performers at the Saturday afternoon concert will be blues singers Big Joe Williams and Muddy Waters, the Franz Jackson Original Jazz All-Stars, and the Original Salty Dogs.

"The Saturday afternoon program is meant to show the evolution of 'Chicago-style' jazz," *Down Beat* editor Don DeMicheal said. "Big Joe will begin the program with country blues, and then Muddy Waters, with James Cotton, harmonica, and Otis Spann, piano, accompanying him, will demonstrate urban blues. This will be one of the rare occasions when Muddy appears without his full band, which will be heard at one of the festival's evening concerts. On Saturday afternoon Spann will also demonstrate boogie-woogie piano, an important, though often neglected, part of Chicago jazz history.

"Franz Jackson's band, which includes men who were active in jazz as long ago as 1920, will do tunes associated with King Oliver, Jelly Roll Morton, and Louis Armstrong, among others. The Salty Dogs will re-create some of the recorded performances of such jazzmen as Bix Beiderbecke, as well as perform in the manner of the New Orleans Rhythm Kings and Oliver's Creole Jazz Band."

Oliver, Armstrong, Morton, Beiderbecke, and the NORK are most often cited as key figures in the Chicago jazz scene of the early and middle '20s.

Down Beat's publisher, John J. Maher, announced that a group led by pianist-composer Cecil Taylor has been signed to appear on the Sunday afternoon program, which will feature modern Chicago groups and the avant-garde.

Maher also said the festival will be staged in the south end of Soldier Field, an area designated "Festival Park." The sound system, Maher said, will be the same as used at the Newport Jazz Festival. "This is the best sound-system in the world for a jazz festival," the publisher stated.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY PLANS JAZZ LECTURE-CONCERT SERIES

A nine-month series of jazz concerts, lectures, films, and exhibits, called "Stanford Jazz Year '65-66," has been organized by a student group at Stanford University in Palo Alto, Calif.

Louis Armstrong, Ella Fitzgerald, and Duke Ellington will headline the fall concert program, which begins in October. More than 50 other jazz artists, critics, and scholars are scheduled to appear during the school year.

Although the project is not officially sponsored by the university, it has the endorsement of the school's public-exercises committee and the financial backing of Stanford's student union.

Plans call for six concerts during the nine-month period, representing a variety of schools and styles. The fall and spring concerts will be staged Sunday afternoons in a 10,000-seat outdoor amphitheater. During the winter, concerts will be presented in the 1,700-seat Stanford Memorial Auditorium.

The lecture series will trace the history and evolution of jazz and encompass aspects from techniques and musical structures to economic and racial problems. Lectures will be in the student union, which seats 450.

Among those scheduled to take part are Marshall Stearns, director of the Institute of Jazz Studies in New York City; Ira Gitler, Leonard Feather, LeRoi Jones, Nat Hentoff—all critics; Jon Hendricks, singer and composer; pianist John Lewis, music director of the Modern Jazz Quartet; Billy Taylor, pianist and disc jockey; Phil Elwood, director of jazz programming for the Pacifica FM stations in New York, Los Angeles, and San Francisco; and Ralph Gleason, a critic who has been a consultant in the program planning. Columbia records a&r man John Hammond is tentatively scheduled to appear.

IT'S BACK TO THE STUDIO FOR O. COLEMAN AND O. MOORE

Two singular jazz voices, strangers for some time to recording studios, have plans for coming back to the track. One of them, guitarist Oscar Moore, already has finished one LP, and the other, Ornette Coleman, is reported ready to do an avant-garde album—a new kind of avant-garde album.

Moore, who left the scene voluntarily in the late 1950s at the height of rock and roll, and Coleman, who recently returned to public playing after taking two years off, are working in a similar format—small groups—if not in the same jazz milieu.

Moore, with a trio, has done an album of songs popularized by the late Nat Cole, in whose trio he played from 1937 to 1947, and Coleman is working on a duo idea with Jack Wilson, who told *Down Beat* that the album would feature Coleman's violin and trumpet and Wilson's piano in a new format.

After meeting three days during Coleman's recent visit to Los Angeles, the two agreed on the basic idea for the album.

Wilson said much of the three days

dwelt on reappraisal of the role of the piano in the new music.

Remarking that established methods of playing do not fit the new concepts, Wilson said the piano no longer should function solely in accompaniment or solo roles but should emulate the bass and drums and seek a new niche for itself. Specifically, he mentioned a unique concept in the use of the piano's soft, loud, and sustaining pedals.

Moore, for eight years by preference a bricklayer in the Los Angeles area, recorded his album with pianist Gerald Wiggins and bassist Joe Comfort.

The guitarist's last prior recording session took place 10 years ago for Dave Hubert's defunct Omegatape label, and it was Hubert who persuaded Moore to return to recording activity again. The head of several Hollywood music publishing firms, Hubert has signed Moore to a series of albums, but the name of the label on which they will appear has not been announced.

IN NEW YORK, IT'S DIAL JAZZLINE

If you are a visitor in New York City, or a native who would like to find out what's happening, dial 469-3335. The tape-recorded voice of a young woman will inform you that "this is Jazzline—a rundown of who is playing where in jazz." Approximately two minutes of detailed information follows.

Jazzline is the idea and property of the recently formed Jazz Interactions. "We felt," said its executive director, Allen Pepper, "that this was a worthwhile service that we could provide. The tape is revised every two days, or sooner if something important comes up. We mention not only clubs but also concerts and special events, and the number is working 24 hours a day."

The organization, dedicated, said Pepper, to the furtherance of jazz, has 107 members but needs funds to continue Jazzline, now financed from the directors' own pockets. Membership information can be obtained by writing to Box Kensington Station, Drawer D, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11218.

GIL FULLER NAMED MONTEREY MUSIC DIRECTOR

Gil Fuller has been named musical chief of the eighth annual Monterey Jazz Festival Sept. 17-19. As such, he will direct the festival orchestra and co-ordinate the programming with trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie and Jimmy Lyons, the festival's general manager. In addition to performing with his own quintet and festival orchestra, Gillespie will serve as emcee.

Fuller is recruiting members for the orchestra from around the country, Lyons said. The orchestra will perform several works especially written for Monterey, he added.

Fuller, who has a broad background in jazz arrangement and composition, began his music career in the 1930s after studying music at New York University. Through the years he has had a close association with Gillespie.

strictly ad lib

POTPOURRI: Louis Armstrong is scheduled to arrive in Hollywood this month to begin rehearsals for an MGM movie. The film was first titled *Girl Crazy*, the original name of the George Gershwin musical, but in true Hollywood fashion, MGM changed the title to *I Got Rhythm*. Armstrong, according to a spokesman for the film company, will have a "slight" acting role in addition to featured spots in many of the movie's musical sequences. The production's stars are Connie Francis and Harve Presnel. Singer Paul Anka also is featured.

Jazz writer and social critic Nat Hentoff, known to *Down Beat* readers for his commentary on jazz and the jazz ambience in his *Second Chorus* column, recently was awarded first prize for books for children in the 29th annual Children's Spring Book Festival sponsored by the New York *Herald Tribune's* literary supplement, *Book Week*. The award was made for Hentoff's novel for adolescents, *Jazz Country* (see page 39 for a review of the book), published by Harper & Row.

Pianist-composer Lalo Schifrin's *Jazz Mass (DB, Feb. 25)* will be released by a cautious RCA Victor this month as *Jazz Suite on a Mass Text*. Paul Horn is featured on woodwinds. The score will serve as background for a documentary art film that Schifrin is producing.

Singer Harry Belafonte is preparing four television programs, produced by his own company for distribution in the United States, Europe, and Africa. One of the programs, a special for the Columbia Broadcasting System, will take a look at Harlem in the 1920s, with Duke Ellington, singers Sammy Davis Jr. and Diahann Carroll, and comedian Godfrey Cambridge among those to be featured. Poet-novelist Langston Hughes is writing the script. Belafonte said, "The '20s was a black renaissance, but there is a lot about the time that hasn't been accurately stated. I was fascinated with the period. I feel that it can be on a high artistic level and entertaining."

Rock and roll continues to make inroads on jazz. The Five Spot in New York City now devotes Monday nights to rock, and the Gordian Knot has replaced pianist Dave Frishberg's quartet with a go-go group.

"Liturgical jazz" came to San Francisco's Grace Episcopal Cathedral at a Friday night Holy Communion service. The contemporary setting for the Eucharist, written by pianist Vince Guaraldi and played by his trio, was a feature of a weekend conference for senior-high youths sponsored by the Episcopal diocese of California. The

music also included a 68-voice choir. Except for the offertory hymn, an original composition with a pleasing, lyrical melody, Guaraldi utilized the ancient song lines of standard hymns as bases for his creations. The rhythms and harmonies of jazz, combined with medieval plainsong and Gregorian chant, produced several effective segments. More than 1,000 persons attended the services in the huge, vaulted cathedral. Participants included Bishop James Pike and the Rev. Malcolm Boyd, national field representative of the Episcopal Society for Cultural and Racial Equality, who gave the sermon.

George Shearing, often quoted as saying he was eager to expand his career in the direction of composing, arranging, and conducting, has written and recorded the music for *Dangerous Dan McGrew*, an animated film for Ed Graham Productions. "It was a lot of fun to do," Shearing said. "I just used the trio—Bob Whitlock on bass and John Guerin on drums—and for some of the appropriate background music to fit the poem, I played ragtime on a honky-tonk upright piano. The narration is being done by Walter Brennan."

A 12-week radio series, *The History of Jazz*, compiled and narrated by the Library of Congress' Ernest Dyson, recently won an award as an outstanding public-affairs show from Washington, D.C.'s Georgetown University FM station WGTB, which airs the programs. The series, which traced the musical development of jazz, drew the greatest mail and telephone response of all the campus station's shows during the last year and will be made available, via tape recordings, to other college stations.

Multitalented Andre Previn has signed a multifaceted contract with RCA Victor covering classical, popular, and jazz recordings. Besides being recognized as a classical and jazz pianist as well as an arranger and composer, Previn lately has become a television personality. At RCA his popular and jazz albums will be produced by Joe Reisman on the West Coast, his classical albums by Peter Dellheim, mostly in New York City.

The huge catalog of music built up by Norman Granz' music-publishing empire during the last 10 years has been acquired by Major Music Management, according to the company's president, Irving Mills. The catalogs, numbering close to a thousand copyrights, include originals by Lester Young, Johnny Hodges, Ben Webster, Oscar Peterson, Bob Brookmeyer, John Lewis, Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, and dozens of other jazz musicians. John Tynan, former *Down Beat* associate editor, is general manager for the Major office. Tynan said that in addition to printing many long-dormant tunes originally recorded by Granz for his various labels, Major will have lyrics set to a number of the songs and may do some recording.

The only jazz club in the world that is officially subsidized by the government is located in Prague, Czechoslovakia. The

Reduta, the only jazz club in Prague, receives the equivalent of \$30,000 a year, which keeps the club in operation. It presents three regular groups, the S & H Quartet of Karel Velebny, the quintet of bassist Jan Arent and trumpeter Laszo Deczi, and pianist Jan Hammer's trio, as well as many nonregular attractions.

In the first five months of 1965, according to Herman D. Kenin, American Federation of Musicians president, U.S. recording musicians amassed \$650,000 in royalties from their work. The royalties, based on the sales of records, are paid into a union-administered fund that was established at the first of the year. Qualifying musicians will receive their checks from the fund in October, Kenin said.

NEW YORK: Brooklyn's Coronet Club, completely redecorated and under new management, is featuring a "summer festival of jazz." Trumpeter Blue Mitchell's quintet featuring tenor saxophonist Junior Cook was on deck June 8-13 (and followed with two weeks at Slug's Saloon); alto saxophonist Al Doctor's foursome with drummer Walter Perkins played the week after Mitchell closed. Multi-instrumentalist Roland Kirk was on hand June 22-29. Drummer Max Roach's group currently is at the club and remains until July 11. Multireed man Yusef Lateef with pianist Georges Arvanitas is set for July 13-27, to be followed by organist Shirley Scott with tenor saxophonist Stanley Turrentine from July 27 to Aug. 1. The club also will present Sunday matinees and Monday night sessions featuring pianist Jaki Byard (July 4-5) and trombonists Grachan Moncur III (July 18-19) and Matthew Gee (July 25-26) . . . In June Manhattan's newest jazz spot, Embers West, brought in trumpeter Ruby Braff (with pianist Dave McKenna and drummer Jake Hanna) for two weeks with option. British pianist Joel Saye handles intermissions . . . Singer Sheila Jordan gave a recital at Judson Hall June 18. She was accompanied by pianist Jack Rielly's trio.

The 50th anniversary of the team Noble Sissle and Eubie Blake was celebrated at Town Hall June 3 with an ASCAP-sponsored salute. Among the guests were such personalities as diplomat Ralph Bunche and actress Jayne Mansfield . . . Another anniversary, the first on Broadway of the Pulitzer-prize winning play *The Subject Was Roses*, was celebrated May 25 at La Fonda del Sol. Music for the occasion was furnished by a band led by trumpeter Joe Thomas with J.C. Higginbotham, trombone; Eddie Barefield, clarinet; Don Frye, piano; Al Hall, bass; and Sonny Greer, drums. The band was booked by playwright Frank Gilroy, a Thomas fan . . . Pianist-composer Andrew Hill and bassist Richard Davis will perform at two European jazz festivals this summer, those at Antibes, France (July 18) and Comblain-la-Tour, Belgium (July 31) . . . Drummer Les DeMerle's trio with Ray Bryant, piano, and Paul Jeffries, tenor saxophone, plays at Bourbon Street East, in the World's Fair amusement section

(Continued on page 42)

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Reviews Of In-Person Performances

Bud Powell/Byron Allen/ Albert Ayler/Giuseppe Logan Town Hall, New York City

Personnel: Powell, piano. Eddie Gales, trumpeter; Allen, alto saxophone; Walter Booker, Larry Ridley, basses; Clarence Stroman, drums. Don Ayler, trumpeter; Charles Tyler, alto saxophone; Albert Ayler, tenor saxophone; Louis Worrell, bass; Sonny Murray, drums. Logan, bass clarinet, flute; Don Pullen, piano; Reggie Johnson, bass; Milford Graves, drums, percussion.

To the supporters of the jazz avant-garde—musicians, critics, and fans—there seems to be no middle ground. One is either for or against the new music, and any expression of reservations is interpreted, in the manner of political or religious movements, as a species of treason.

Furthermore, the insistence of those supporting the avant-gardists that the music is a socio-political act, and their habit of attacking even sympathetic criticism with such semantic bludgeons as “racial prejudices,” “backwardness,” “white power structure,” and other ideological catch phrases of dubious relevance, hardly has served a climate of reasoned objectivity.

To this reviewer—and let the chips fall where they may from assorted shoulders—the sole relevant issue is the validity of the new music as music, at least within the confines of a review such as this.

To agree that there is room in jazz for radical innovation is not synonymous with the abandonment of all prior esthetic standards, and to be sympathetic to new things in jazz does not mean that all that is new must be received with unqualified approval simply because it is new.

This concert presented, in addition to an honored jazz veteran, three groups of widely varying quality and orientation, having little in common beyond their affiliation with ESP Disks, a newly founded record company that presented (and, in part, recorded) the event.

Alto saxophonist Allen's group, which opened with a 25-minute set devoted to one piece, is rooted in Ornette Coleman's approach to jazz. Allen employs some of Coleman's speechlike phrases and some of his rhythmic and melodic patterns, but he does not as yet have a comparable sense of form and organization. A lyrical, rather gentle player, he still has to learn to edit himself, and his music now makes a rather unformed and tentative impression.

Allen's rhythm section, despite the presence of two bassists, was fairly conventional; i.e., it swung. Ridley, a fine player not exclusively affiliated with the avant-garde, and Stroman, who also is primarily a modern-mainstream player, took good care of the timekeeping, while Booker played fills.

Powell followed, playing solo piano. Though in considerably better form than at his distressing appearance at the Charlie Parker Memorial Concert at Carnegie Hall in March, Powell was far from his peak.

However, his final selection, *I Remember Clifford*, was extremely moving, and what had seemed to be faltering time on the faster pieces now became a nearly Monk-ish deliberateness, each phrase ringing out full and strong. What Powell hasn't lost is his marvelous touch and sound, and everything he played revealed a sense of balance and proportion not much in evidence elsewhere on the program.

Next came Logan, a multi-instrumentalist who restricted himself to a mere two of the nine horns this reviewer has so far heard him play.

Of his two compositions, the first featured him on flute, which he plays with an attractive tone but a technique far from virtuosic.

Percussionist Graves was much in evidence, opening the proceedings on an array of instruments including a large gong, bells, gourds, rattles, and African types of drums. For the second part of the piece, Graves switched to a regular set of drums. Straight time is not his forte; he uses percussion to embellish and punctuate, setting up a continuous barrage of sound, which can be striking when it does not overwhelm the efforts of the other players.

The second piece featured Logan's bass clarinet. The sounds he produced—shrieks, swoops, and gargles—brought to mind Eric Dolphy at his most extreme but lacked the latter's technical brilliance, emotional force, and sense of contrast. With this kind of playing, it is sometimes hard to decide which notes are voluntary and which are accidental.

In spite of his occasional wildness, Logan appears to be a musical eclectic with romantic leanings and a flair for melodic invention that he might profitably explore. In addition, his music has a kind of theatricality (both he and Graves are “showmen” of a sort), and he could become the first popularizer of avant-garde music, or rather, its surface characteristics.

Bassist Johnson was often inaudible (through no fault of his own) but was effective in a duet between arco bass and percussion, during which Graves bent and twisted a cymbal while beating it with a mallet.

Pianist Pullen is a technician with great dexterity, but his improvisations are those of a classically oriented musician—chromatic runs (not unlike a random medley of Scriabin fragments) without a trace of swing or rhythmic definition.

The concert concluded with by far the strongest and most unusual music of the afternoon. Albert Ayler is certainly original. His tenor saxophone sound, on fast tempos, is harsh and guttural, with a pronounced vibrato and a multitude of what used to be called freak effects in King Oliver's day. He plays with a vehemence that startles the listener, either repelling him or pulling him into the music with almost brute force. The effect can be oddly exhilarating.

On slow tempos, Ayler favors a vibrato so wide that it brings to mind Charlie Barnet's old take-off on Freddy Martin. It is an archaic sound, and the phrasing that goes with it—drawn-out notes, glissandi, sentimental melodic emphasis—is quite in keeping.

Trumpeter Don Ayler plays like his brother plays fast tenor: loud, staccato, and broadly emphatic. But his fingering technique appears elementary. He did not solo at slow tempo. Altoist Tyler fits the brothers. His sound is not unlike Albert's but more grating and less controlled—some of his overtones were involuntary, whereas the tenorist meant every note he played to be.

The music that goes with this definitive instrumental approach is no less personal. It resembles at times—in texture as well as voicings and melody—the music of a village brass band or a military drum-and-bugle corps. In spite of its abrasiveness, the music is quite gay and friendly—“country” might be the word for it. The harmonies are stark and almost primitive, with occasional forays into bagpipe effects.

Ayler's group played two pieces. The first, quite brief, ended with a prolonged bombardment by the full ensemble; a flurry of repeated notes played strictly on the beat. The effect was not unlike a surrealist parody of those famous Jazz at the Philharmonic finales, replete with screaming trumpet and honking saxophones. Or perhaps the image was of a rhythm-and-blues band gone berserk.

The second piece, though sprawling and too long, was nevertheless filled with exciting passages. A slow tenor solo was followed by a bass interlude and then a call to arms by the horns, a militaristic theme-statement, a fast tenor solo, ensemble interlude, solos by all the horns at very rapid tempo, a return to the theme, another call to arms, and a bansheelike concluding ensemble.

The horns—the leader especially—played with such rhythmic thrust that the role of the rhythm section was merely incidental. Murray seemed forever to be trying to catch up with the horns. Worrell was effective in solo, and his backing of Ayler's slow improvisations was particularly apt.

To this listener, there seems to be a great deal of wild humor in Ayler's music. Though often vehement, it is celebration rather than protest; much of it has the sheer “bad boy” joy of making sounds.

Whatever one's reaction to this music, there can be little doubt that it contained the spirit of jazz. Some may dismiss it as untutored, primitive, or merely grotesque, but it certainly has the courage of its convictions and is anything but boring or pretentious.

If one thing was made clear by this concert, it is that the so-called new thing is really many things: very different approaches to innovation (or novelty?) in jazz, having in common only a predilection for radical means of expression. If there is a jazz revolution, it has already developed its Bolsheviks, Mensheviks, Social Revolutionaries, and Trotskyites (I don't know of any musical Stalinists) and is definitely not a unilateral phenomenon. At its core, as always in jazz, lies the personal and individual.

Perhaps it is time to get away from the emphasis on categories and get back to the proper perspective—the individual one—which would eliminate the pointless and absurd debates about “modern” and “old-fashioned” music. —Dan Morgenstern

YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW

An Interview With Louis Armstrong, By Dan Morgenstern

THERE CAN BE little doubt that Louis Daniel Armstrong is one of the best-known and best-loved personalities in the world today.

His smiling face and unmistakable voice are familiar to millions, many of whom may have only the most nebulous conception of jazz—the music of which he is the very incarnation, but the confines of which he has long ago transcended.

Forty years ago, this remarkable man revolutionized jazz with the first records made under his own name—records that mesmerized musicians, young or old, who heard them. And there were few who didn't. Seven years later, Armstrong paid his first visit to Europe, becoming the first jazz musici-

an to play before royalty, to be reviewed by first-string music critics, to be recognized officially as an artist in a music that had hitherto been considered little more than entertainment.

A few years later, he became the first performer of his race to be consistently featured in class-A movies. After World War II, the trumpeter began his phenomenally successful travels to nearly every corner of the globe, spreading the Gospel of jazz to people of all ages, from all walks of life, and of every race, nationality, and creed.

And a year ago, Armstrong had the biggest record of his career, squeezing the Beatles from the No. 1 spot on the Top 40 lists and spawning a new generation of fans.

There are those (oddly, almost entirely to be found within the world of jazz) who envy Armstrong his achievement. They are to be pitied, for that achievement can be measured only in terms of spreading love, happiness, and beauty—and to be envious of such qualities and feelings is to have a barren heart. Nor can such people have any conception of the prodigious quantities of effort and energy that this man has put into his life's work. For there can be no question but that Armstrong is the most dedicated and hardest working of the great artists in what is so aptly called "show business."

ON JULY 4, Armstrong celebrates his 65th birthday. Characteristically, he will celebrate it by being on the job—for the opening night of a one-week stand at Atlantic City's Steel Pier. "From there," he said recently, "we go to do a TV show from the Hollywood Bowl, and then on to Las Vegas with Abbe Lane. . . ."

Armstrong was sitting behind the desk in his den, a comfortable room on the top floor of his comfortable house in Corona, N.Y., on Long Island. Rested and relaxed after an unusually long period away from his work (most of it, however, spent having dental work performed), he graciously shared with his visitors a sunny late-May afternoon perhaps better

spent in his pleasant garden.

"I'm feelin' fine," he said with a smile. "Chops are all repaired—I've been blowin' a few notes in the house, and it's comfortable. Lucille [Armstrong's wife of 23 years] is packing—we're getting ready to go to Europe this time; Denmark first, then England—for broadcasts, TV, and some concerts in London and a few of the provincial cities."

Not long before, the trumpeter had made an unprecedented tour of Eastern Europe, playing in several Communist countries where no major U.S. artist had performed since before World War II. Wherever he went, the reception was tumultuous, but Armstrong spoke of the experience with typical lack of vanity.

"We had a nice trip behind the Iron Curtain, and the people—well, they seemed pretty happy," he said. "Like they say, you can adjust yourself to anything. They seem to have everything they want—it's just that they can't come out to this side. . . ."

"The concerts were sold out every night," he continued. "Mostly, it would take about five minutes on stage before we even got to play that first note."

After the concerts would come a time-honored Armstrong ritual: the signing of autographs for hundreds of fans.

"I'd get dressed," Armstrong said, "they'd put a table at the door, and I'd autograph everyone's program who was in the hall—or that's what it seemed like. Some of them wanted eight or nine autographs—one for the family, and this and that, and I'd let them go . . . some of those names were rough!

"They gave us a lot of presents. In Prague they gave me a trumpet—a beautiful horn. I played it for them, of course. I'll keep that as one of my cherished possessions. And beautiful Polish and Czech crystal. In East Berlin they gave us a lot of things too. They also found out that I like Eisbein (we call 'em pigs' knuckles over here), and everywhere I went in Germany they had it waiting for us."

Politics were not discussed, accord-



JACK BRADLEY



Armstrong and Velma Middleton

ing to Armstrong. "We met on a common ground: music," he said. "We came to liven up the situation—not to depress anybody."

Armstrong's visit to Russia—long discussed and long awaited—did not materialize in this opening round. But, he said, "a couple of Russian ministers came to see us in Prague, and I met them, and they said we should do the same thing there. For a while, I thought we were going to go." Armstrong is confident, however, that he will someday play in Russia.

The Armstrong All-Stars played more towns in East Germany than anywhere else on the tour and thus had to travel by bus as well as plane. One of these side trips was the occasion for a revealing incident.

"The army was maneuvering," Armstrong recalled, "so we had to go an around-about way and saw a lot of towns we weren't really allowed to see, but they had put us off the autobahn. Still, we got caught in a convoy, and it was just like being in parade all day. The soldiers would be standing up there all stiff and everything, but then one would recognize us and they'd start to wave . . . 'Satch,' you know.

"The bus driver got hip while we

were going through some small town with a little square—the convoy was turning to the left—to turn right about a block away, and he went to the right to turn left, figuring he could cut them off. But he ran right smack into them and we had to stop and wait for the whole thing to pass! I got out to look for one of those German beers, and found out that we were going to stay for a long time, so I commenced looking for a delicatessen—and what did I do that for?"

"'Cause a lot of students who were sitting in these beer parlors recognized me and wanted autographs, and once I got started I was hours signing them, for they were coming from every angle of the town. The whole town came out for autographs. . . . Some cats were saying 'Supposing they keep you over here?' And I said, 'Well, as long as I can blow. I'd wait till they got together on it. . . . What else could you do?'"

"We finally found an opening and made a beeline to the town where we were booked. Got there about a half-hour before the concert. The place was loaded—everyone was waiting. But it turned out all right. You throw a little water up and run from under it, grab a sandwich, and go to the concert. And afterwards—oh boy, did I sign autographs! But I don't mind. You adjust yourself to it."

From time to time, rumors of retirement plans surround Armstrong, but he always nips them in the bud. There are things he would like to do, but, as he says, "you're still in business and you can't do everything at once." And there isn't much time to relax.

"When there are a few days off," Armstrong said, "Lucille and I kind of cool it at home. It's rough . . . mail stacked up here and there, records and tunes they want me to listen to. Sometimes I have time to do things and sometimes I don't. I must have a thousand records down in the basement—but I know where they are, and someday I'll listen to them all. I'll get to things."

At one time, there was talk of Armstrong's opening a club in his neighborhood.

"There's a place on the corner," he said. "We could go up there and have cats come from everywhere. But what would be the outcome? Stickups . . . handouts . . . I.O.U.'s . . . nothing to put in the cash register. Cats ain't going to tell you anything until they've drunk up all your whisky. Then what are you going to do? You can't siphon it out of them!"

"If you don't know business, you're in trouble. And if it was my club, I

feel I should be there. You can't go into that kind of thing unless you're at least there to greet the people. But maybe there'll be a day—when perhaps I'm not blowing anymore, just hanging around to sing on a record and stuff—when I'll open up a little 'hostel'. It won't be one of those big elaborate things in competition with places that are already in session—just something that will interest my fans."

Armstrong holds no brief with those who say jazz is dying. "As I see it," he said, "there's always some place to work, to exercise your music. That's how it was in the olden days—always some place to blow. Naturally, there are new styles in music today, and they display them on radio and TV, so the jazz musician doesn't get the chance to record the way he used to. Something is bound to get lost. But the main thing is to stay before the public. That's what the old-timers always told me."

Armstrong knows that "staying before the public" is not always easy. "The trouble is that all the good jazz players aren't getting the chance to prove that they can still play something good," he said. "It's not that they can't play anymore, but the public can forget you in a minute. It doesn't take long. . . ."

But if it should ever get to the point that people in general came to believe "that jazz is finished," Armstrong would not be at a loss: "I'd get me a record company and record nothing but what people said was finished—and we'd make a million dollars. You get those boys blowing out there—waitin' for that one gig, that one recording session, and we'd get together and set up, you know—we wouldn't go wrong. Everybody's looking for that top banana, but they're asleep on the good music that started all this."

Another pursuit that Armstrong has in mind when the time comes is the completion of his autobiography. (His first volume, *My Life In New Orleans*, was published in 1954.) He has accumulated considerable material, but so far only on the run.

"Someday," he said, "I'll write it all and let you read it and say, 'There it is.' There'll be days when I can just sit around and lay around and dictate. It might be to a young chick," he said with a twinkle. "But it could be a young boy too . . . as long as they can scribble in shorthand. You know, you run your mouth so fast!"

"It's got to be done some day—maybe that'll take care of my old age. Then they can pick up on old Satchmo and see what he's got to say."



JACK BRADLEY

IN THE MEANWHILE, there is still playing to be done. Throughout his long career, Armstrong has taken care of business to a degree matched by few, if any, in his profession. "The music comes first" is one of his golden rules, and he lives by it.

"Now, I never professed to be a saint," he said, "but I've always tried to do my work to the extent that I can have a ball when I finish. I don't know," he laughed, "if I'll have a ball too long after I finish for the next engagement—but I'll have a better chance, anyway. There are very few gigs that I've ever missed."

Until this day, Armstrong doesn't table-hop with his admirers during intermissions. "I never go to the tables—I never did believe in that. If they want to see me they can come to the dressing room."

Not that the trumpeter doesn't like to socialize. He loves it, and people love to be around him. So much so that the mere act of going out in public, even if the aim is only to relax and enjoy himself, can become problematic.

"When I go out to some joint—well, I won't call them joints; they are 'lounges' now—I seem to know everyone that frequents them," he said. "I

can't even drink my drink for shaking hands. And right where we sit, that's where we stay, with the table crowded with our disciples and our cats. Now, if some other people want to say hello, I can't get over there. That's another reason why I don't go to tables during my intermission. If you go to one table, you've got to go to the next one, and then, where's your intermission?"

"And don't start that autograph thing. . . . I was going to my doctor's the other day (he's on 55th St. between 6th and 7th Ave.) from my dentist (who's on 54th and 5th), so we go to 55th and walk straight down, and on 6th Ave. there are about 20 kids with two Sisters. One turns around, does a double-take and says: 'There is Satchmo!' And there I was, autographing and autographing, and finally the two Sisters come right up, look at me, and say: 'Love that man.' Naturally, some people have gathered to see what's happening, and now *they* have me scribbling, writing on shopping bags, anything that's handy. And you can't say no. Who wants to say no?"

Certainly not Armstrong. And that, he said, "is one reason why you don't see me out so much. If I go to the World's Fair and take that walk, I don't get to see anything. None of the exhibits. I go to a ball game [he loves baseball], and people start jumping over seats. 'You've got to autograph this for my little boy. He's your fan. He loves your *Hello, Dolly*.' Okay, you've got to do it. When I went to Freedomland—I was just a visitor there—I went just to see things for myself, like a kid would, you know? But I didn't get the chance.

"The night I went to see the first Liston-Clay fight, at a movie theater in Flushing, the people were so busy getting my autograph they didn't even see the fight. I didn't either. And after they turned on the lights, they had a line from here to around the corner for autographs. It's wonderful—to an extent. They say when they stop asking for autographs you're in trouble. I wonder how it would feel to know that they'd stopped? Do you think I'd be lonesome for it?"

Lest anyone doubt Armstrong's sincerity in asking this, let it be said that it simply does not occur to him that people would not stop even if he were to retire. He sees himself as a performer whose popularity is based in what he does, not as a celebrity whose popularity is synonymous with who he is. His fame has never gone to his head; perhaps this is one of the secrets of his fame. And he has not become blasé.

"I went to see *Hello, Dolly* . . . the

whole show was for Lucille and me. I went on stage just to take a bow with Carol Channing, and you'd have thought the walls would come in. . . . It's wonderful—but nobody lasts forever. But after 52 years of playing, I had a wonderful experience for a man who came up from New Orleans selling newspapers and who just wanted to blow the horn. . . . The people put me in my seat, and I'll never let them down. And there's no problem: they love music, and I love music too."

Armstrong's love of music as a form of communication between artist and audience is expressed in his attitude toward playing music "right."

"If a cat can play a beautiful lead nowadays, he's in business," he said. "He doesn't have to stand on his head—just play pretty. That's what bands need: a trumpet man with a tone who can phrase pretty. Anybody can stand up and squeal out a high note, and things like that. But when a cat can play a beautiful lead, he's in business at all times. You don't have to worry about his age."

Though he is one of the greatest improvisers jazz has known, a man who, when he just "plays that lead" puts his own indelible stamp on every note, the lead is what he believes in.

"That's the first thing Joe Oliver told me when he listened to me play," Armstrong remembered. "He used to come around the honky tonks where I was playing in the early teens.



Armstrong with Bunk Johnson

"Where's that lead?" I'd play eight bars and I was gone . . . clarinet things; nothing but figurations and things like that. Like what the cats called *hop* later; that was just figuration to us in the early days. Running all over a horn. Joe would say, 'Where's that lead?', and I'd say, 'What lead?' 'You play some lead on that horn, let the people know what you're playing.'"

Speaking of Oliver, his first idol, and the man who gave him his start in what was to become the big time, Armstrong remembered others from those early days.

"We lost a lot of good boys who will always be remembered when a story comes up about music," he recalled. "Like Sidney Bechet. You know, way back when in New Orleans, just he and I and a drummer would advertise the fights from the back of a furniture wagon—we had some good sounds. He did a lot for music, but in his way. He was very much loved in France. Oh, I'll always remember Bechet, Big Eye Louis Nelson, George Bacquet, Freddie Keppard, King Oliver. . . . I loved those boys. All soul musicians. And it was something nice for a kid to listen to.

"I remember them all, and others that you wouldn't know if I mentioned their names. . . . I heard them all when I was a kid, started lining in the parades, before I started blowing a horn. Those people *moved* me. Buddy Petit, Buddy Johnson, Mutt Carey, Jack Carey, Bunk Johnson. I thought that was a wonderful thing when they found Bunk and let him have a little more fun before he died. And he could have cooled it and probably lasted a little longer, but he was so happy and carried away over the things he'd missed even when he was in his prime. Life is a funny thing. . . . He came up on the stand the night I was playing in New Iberia, in 1949, the night before going to New Orleans to be King of the Zulus. He picked up that horn and played for hours. And Kid Ory. He still looks good. . . ."

Kid Ory—who alone of all the famous pioneers is still around, who was the trombonist on the famed Hot 5 recordings of 1925-27, and whom Louis does not in the least begrudge the fact that he is credited with a famous jazz standard that Armstrong claims is his own.

That piece of jazz lore was revealed when Louis asked if he had written any tunes since his lovely *Someday* from the mid-'40s. "I haven't really had the time," he answered, "but if anything comes to my mind, I just jot it down. I've got a few scripts and little scratches here and there. And there's always a time when you can sum them up and blow them up. You don't know whom to go to now when you do those things."

"Of course, in the early days," he continued, "we had no knowledge of royalties and things like that. I used to take a tune down to OKeh records and sell it right out, like Fats Waller did. I'd get a little change, so Zutty [Singleton] and I could go somewhere and ball. We were running together at the time. Just give me a little taste now—that was the way we looked at it. I wrote *Muskrat Ramble*. Ory named it, he gets the royalties. I don't

talk about it. A whole lot of things like that. . . . *Sister Kate* [which he wrote and sold to A. J. Piron]."

But Armstrong is stoical about such things. "You can't have everything in life," he reflected. "You can get yourself all riled up, but what good is it? I wasn't brought up to educate myself in that kind of business, like some cats were. But there will be other tunes. There's always another one coming along—like a streetcar. We can't get everything that's coming to us. . . ."

Such as a proper reception in one's own home town, for instance. Louis has steadfastly refused to play New Orleans for the last decade or so—not until it can be done right. But he remembers with some pride his triumphant return to New Orleans in 1931—nine years after he had left for Chicago to join King Oliver at the Lincoln Gardens.

In New Orleans, he played the Suburban Gardens. Armstrong, with his first big band (the previous ones had been Carroll Dickerson's and Les Hite's), stayed there for a couple of months.

"We were the first band on the radio down there—every night," he said. "I did my own announcements—that was the first time too. Cats were buying radios to dig my program, and, quite naturally, I would dedicate this one to old so-and-so and to places like the Alley, where Bechet came up from, and the Waif's Home, and the Zulus. I walked down Rampart Street one day, and a cat hollered from across the way, 'Man, *delegate* one for me tonight.' That first night, the ovation was something—50,000 Negroes were out on the levee listening. The place was right near the levee, so they could hear. . . ."

The only sour note of that visit came at the end. It had been planned that the trumpeter would play a giant concert in a big armory—for Negroes only. They came from miles around; some even came in horse-drawn wagons. "But the promoters pulled out on a technicality at the last moment," he recalled. "Seems there were some people in town who didn't want it to come off. So we left at midnight. To this day, there are people who think that I didn't want to play—that I pulled out. How about that?"

In Texas, things were better. "We arrived in Houston the next morning, and there were 8,000 people waiting for us. And they let everybody in. One dollar a head—no taxes. We played through all the states down there. One dance, in Arkansas, I'll never forget. Some little town down there—no roof on the place. Packed with people—and then the rains came.

And cats were dancing around with umbrellas, us standing right out there blowing with them. And they were dancing—just as if nothing had happened."

IF HE HAD to play standing in the rain today, Louis probably would. He hasn't lost his dedication to his art and craft. And while he likes to reminisce, his eyes are on today and on the future.

"I admire the youngsters and their way of life," he stated, "just the way they feel it. They're vivacious—with the Watusi and things like that. We can do a little of it, but not as long as they can. But it's nice to watch. I'm not going to do everything that they do, but I'm going to stay in there with them."

About criticism, Armstrong is again stoic—and quite perceptive. "I say, well, all right; at least they spell my name right. That's more than the other cat got—they didn't even mention him. If you perform, you're going to have your up and downs, but what is said about you, good or bad, is forgotten tomorrow. The public is ready for tomorrow's news. That's how fast our America is."

"I don't try to do the impossible," he said. "You know, we have a lot of greats out there, and they take care of their end of it. I just do the things I like and the things the people like for me to do, and I think there is a lot of room out there for everybody."

Not that he is taking a back seat yet—and he never will. "There isn't a thing anybody can sing or do with music, that I can't do," he said, "But I say, there's time to show that. I don't want to be egotistic. I just want to be among them. As long as you're among them, you can do good things. . . ."

And Louis is still among them, though he may say a bit wistfully: "The time will come when I'll just be a musical citizen—I mean, help some youngsters, and grab a little gig here and there. Probably I'll stop traveling so much—that's the main thing. I can always do something in New York, musically. There are a lot of songs, and a lot of things. . . ."

As for now, Armstrong is still out there, on the road, where he has spent so much of his life, bringing happiness to people who can take it home with them while he travels on. And he has no regrets, after 52 years of blowing.

"It's wonderful," he sums up at the threshold of 65, "to be around and to see so many things happening with the youngsters. And you're right in there with them. Today. That's happiness—that's nice. I don't regret anything. I still enjoy life and music." 



LIFE WITH FEATHER

Part V Of
A Critic's

Autobiography:

Remembering 'Pops,'

By Leonard Feather

extending his hospitality to a young Englishman whose knowledge of the United States up to that point had been limited to Manhattan and Chicago's Loop. I gladly accepted, and prepared to leave town in the bus with Luis Russell's band, the orchestra Armstrong was fronting. What follows is an almost verbatim transcript of a diary I kept at the time, written in the language of a wide-eyed visitor. (Bear in mind that this was in late July and before the days of air conditioning.)

DAWN WAS JUST intruding on our fitful sleep (I wrote) as the Transcontinental coach pulled across the vast bridge that separates East St. Louis from its brother city across the river. The all-night journey from Chicago had wearied us just as if each one of us had spent the entire eight hours at the wheel on the 300-mile route. Sitting bolt upright in the humid, panting heat of the night, with an interruption every hour or two for a wayside Coca-Cola, it had been worse for Luis Russell than any rehearsal or performance; worse for the others in the band than the thought of the one-night stand for which the trip had been made.

The morning and afternoon in the grey, flat city, with its few streets of protuberant skyscrapers, could hardly have been devoted to anything but sleep. Louis and Alpha arrived by train an hour ahead of us, dozing off in a room beaten by the blazing sun, while Louis' manager prepared details at the scene of the evening's fiesta.

The whole city seemed aware of Louis' advent. Cars streamed by with big placards attached to doors and spare tires; billposters had plastered the whole town with Louis' pictures, and in the colored quarters there was scarcely a shop that did not proclaim that the king of trumpeters was paying his first visit for many years to the Mound City.

The dance, catering to colored people only, was to be held at the Coliseum, a vast converted skating rink and swimming pool which now formed a stadium for 10,000. A second band was to start the evening, followed by Luis Russell with the band, and at 10 o'clock Louis himself would greet the multitudes like a prize fighter about to win the world's championship.

Over dinner in a little colored food shop, ventilated by droning fans, I showed Louis a clipping from the local paper telling of the trips run nightly on the "Colossal Excursion Queen," the *Saint Paul*, trudging down the Mississippi to the tune of "Creath and Marable and Their Famous Big Band." I wondered if this was the same Fate Marable whose name I had often heard in association with Louis' childhood.

"Sure, that's my boy Fate!" said Louis. "Charlie Creath's his partner. I used to work on them boats with Fate in—must have been 1919. We were the first colored band that ever worked the boats. Old Pop Foster was swinging along with us, too; and Babe Dodds on drums. Babe's running two or three taxis now—he's doin' all right. Say, would you like me to take you along there? I'll introduce you to Fate, and you can go on the trip and come back to the dance afterward."

Dinner finished, we took a cab down to the wharf, where

SINCE IT WAS *West End Blues* that had opened up the whole world of jazz for me in 1929, and since the 1932 London encounter with Louis Armstrong was my first meeting with any musician of consequence, every memory associated with this indestructible figure has been lodged in my mind through the decades.

On that 1932 trip to England, Louis and Alpha (his third wife, following Lil and preceding Lucille) were lionized wherever they went. The Armstrong band drew huge crowds at music halls all over the country. Louis encountered very little racial discrimination, though Negroes then were so scarce in England as to be a curiosity when seen on the street.

They had a small flat in Holborn where I would sit around playing records on their small portable, devouring every bit of news and gossip they could give me about the great music world across the Atlantic. I remember asking questions about some of the records Satch had made with the Les Hite Band. "Their drummer is a wonderful kid," he said. "Only 19, going to be a great musician, just you watch him. Name's Lionel Hampton." I never heard the name again until 1935, but this was one of many Armstrong predictions that were justified. He liked to find new talent and had far broader tastes than his admirers, including a taste for the records of Jack Hylton, who at that time was a sort of English Fred Waring.

Armstrong at one point (one of the non-Joe Glaser points) got into a lot of managerial difficulties. One American road manager who came over with him was a lush; later, in France, Louis got mixed up with a French manager and found himself torn between two contracts. One week the *Melody Maker* came out with a flaming headline to the effect that Satch, beset by all these troubles, had skipped out from under everyone's nose and had taken the first boat back home from France. That was in January, 1935, and it was the last Europe saw of him for well over a decade.

Our first reunion took place in 1936 in Chicago, during my initial visit to the city. He was playing a week at the Oriental Theater. During a chat backstage, he said: "We're going on a tour of one-nighters. Why don't you ride along in the bus with the fellows in the band so you can see what's going on? We'll be playing St. Louis for one night, then Kansas City."

The opportunity of making such a trip was as great a thrill as the realization that this living monument was

hundreds of cars were lined up, their roofs glittering in the sunset, alongside the great quay where the *St. Paul* lay anchored. Scores of St. Louis' fairest maids and sharpest youths streamed across the gangway as the time drew near for their trip in the cool river breeze.

Strange though it was to this crowd to see a colored person entering as a visitor, Louis felt no embarrassment as he looked round, seeking a familiar face. Suddenly he recognized an old friend, a uniformed man, and after warm handshakes he passed through into the low-decked dance hall where the dancing had already begun.

"See that guy that let us in?" whispered Louis. "He was just a deck hand when I was on the boat in 1919. Now he's the captain. And that fellow over there—gee, last time I saw him he was only a kid scrubbing the decks. Now he's the second officer." Louis grinned as he thought of the vast gulf of time that had brought about these changes.

At the bandstand Louis was hailed as a prodigal son returned in triumph. Fate Marable, a middle-aged man of very light complexion, gray moustache, and lips pursed into a smile of satisfaction, could hardly wait to leave the piano and start reminiscing with Louis. Creath, a darker and good-looking young figure, stood conducting as the band plowed through pop song after pop song.

Soon Louis returned to the Coliseum.

Until it started to feature its soloists and its better arrangements, the band might have been any English *palais de danse* group; but little by little the merits began to seep through. Carter Smith, a trombonist, soloed convincingly in the Benny Morton manner. Among the other sidemen was a 22-year-old saxophonist from Tulsa named Earl Bostic.

During an intermission Marable amazed me with the information that he had been on the riverboats for nearly 29 years, since he was 16.

After an hour or so we were on the homeward half of the trip, and soon it was time to join Louis at the Coliseum.

The entire colored population of St. Louis seemed to have turned out to greet Louis. Marable, Carter Smith, and I were soon knitted into a solid barrage of people who, from the loveliest of brown-skinned girls to the humblest rug-cutter, could imagine no greater thrill than to see their idol, beseech him for autographs, shriek for *Shoeshine Boy*, and roar the whole auditorium's structure into vibrations as they applauded Sonny Woods' rendering of *Ol' Man River*. The worse he sang it, the more frantic the reception.

Three o'clock found the huge hall in darkness, and Louis, with a party of old and new-found friends, made his way to a little tavern where, seated beside a nickel-in-the-slot electric gramophone, we could talk and listen alternately until we became tired.

Finally Louis broke down through those barriers of discretion and showmanship as, under the mellowing influence of appropriate circumstances, he bared his musical heart at last when Fate asked him why he didn't come back and play on the boats some day for old times' sake, and why he didn't play *with* a band, not just in front of it. And Louis, whom his critics and best friends alike have been denouncing as completely in the thrall of commercialism, confessed that the whole distorted setup is "strictly for the glory of the cash," and that he just has to comply with what he is told is best for him commercially, and that in his heart of hearts he would still, to this day, prefer to be just one of the trumpeters in a swing band, enjoying his music and "having a ball" just as he did years ago when he was not conscious that anyone believed it to be great music.

At last I felt that I knew the real Louis, the Louis that we all feared was dead; who, in fact, is nearly buried alive; the Louis who is just one of the boys, who talks and plays and acts as his heart dictates.

THOSE WORDS were written 29 years ago when I was an emotionally impressionable young jazz purist. It was not until many years later that I came to recognize the existence of three different personalities, all of whom at different times could be classified as the "real" Louis Armstrong. On this occasion I had caught a rare glimpse of Louis I, the back o' town New Orleans Negro among old cronies. More often exposed to public view were Louis II, Commodore Hornblower, the discographers' idol, the jazzman's jazzman; and of course Louis III, the beloved and inimitable show-biz personality, the comedic genius immortalized for the first time by Hollywood in *Pennies from Heaven*.

Some of the deepest insights into Louis' character have been gleaned by those of us lucky enough to have received letters from him. In the 1940s he would sit down at the typewriter for hours between shows, reminiscing ad lib. Though it was clear that he had not been blessed with the educational qualifications of the more fortunate, Louis' spelling, punctuation, and free-flow writing style had their own captivating character.

There was no place to go without Jim Crow, so Louis sat in hotel rooms and dressing rooms and typed. I have letters from him datelined Panama City, Fla.; Tulsa, Okla.; Anderson, Ind.; Augusta, Ga.; Opelousas, La.; Sioux City, Iowa, and other stops along the one-nighter grind. "Satchmo" was printed across the top left-hand corner of his stationary—no other name, no permanent address. Before the salutation there was usually a four-line verse (such as, *Planes fly/the birds flew/dig this jive/I'm writing you, or Blow your bugle/toot your trumpet/here's a load of news/where will I dump it.*)

The longest letter comprised 14 single-space typed pages, more than 8,000 words.

The subjects discussed included konking and the neatness of his musicians' hair (all of page 1); the GIs and program at Fort Barrancas, Fla.; a long joke about a Negro who wanted to join the RAF; a long tribute to the chaplain; descriptions of the dinner and the dance date and the fight that erupted around the bandstand; a very humble report of a tribute paid him by a young white trumpeter; details about the Ten Days Diet Chart, followed by three full pages on the weight problems of his sidemen, his road manager, his girl singer (Ann Baker), and the bus driver. Then an account of a visit (years earlier) to an alligator farm in Pensacola, Fla., and recollections of a show given in a hospital ward. (*Feathers you've never seen anything like it the way those soldiers colored and white all brightened up just at the sight of me . . . Gee—whata wonderful feeling to know that I cheer'd them all so. . .*) There also was a report on a night spent visiting Bunk Johnson in New Iberia, La., half a page about the correct pronunciation of pecan, chatter about musicians he had run into on the road, and a warm tribute to his grandmother. (*When I come to town you can see her right by the bandstand reeling and rockin and just enjoying that fine music we lay under her belt.*) The closing phrase, instead of the usual "Redbeans and ricely yours" or "Brussels Sproutsly Yours" is "Dietingly Yours."

ONE OF THE reasons Louis in those days had so many one-nighters, and so much time to kill on the road, was the comparatively low ebb to which his career had fallen. Most of those who bought his talents booked him as one more bandleader in a succession of swing-era figures. Louis, in fact, went along with the trend, boy and girl singers and all. His own musical level and that of the orchestra were two different worlds.

Louis was proud of his men and resentful of the slightest

aspersion cast on the band. Most of the rare occasions when he was required to work in a smaller and more informal setting, from 1943 until 1947, were events with which I was involved, and it was sometimes frustrating to find his loyalty to the band outweighing (in my view, at all events) considerations of musical compatibility.

The first occasion was the inauguration of the *Esquire* jazz concerts and polls. No matter how low he sank in the popularity polls (the *Metronome* readers gave him only 86 votes to finish a poor fourth in 1943), the critics who formed *Esquire's* panel never considered him *pas*. He won the Gold Award (first place) the first year the poll was held, and it was arranged to present a small group of the winners at the Metropolitan Opera House. At the rehearsal he seemed a little like a fish out of water, but soon he warmed to the invigorating company of Roy Eldridge, Jack Teagarden, Barney Bigard, Coleman Hawkins, Art Tatum, Al Casey, Sid Catlett and Oscar Pettiford. Nevertheless, it was not until the second year's concert, when he took part in a unique three-city jam session with Benny Goodman and Duke Ellington, that Armstrong showed signs of regaining the pristine form of his Hot 5 days.

I tried to bug Louis and Joe Glaser intermittently, but without success, about the expendability of the big band and the need to return the foremost virtuoso of jazz from the commercial forum of big-band swing into his natural habitat of small-combo music. Late in 1946 there came another chance to remove the trappings temporarily.

After 10 years at Decca, Louis had switched to RCA Victor, but there was still no a&r interest in removing him from dog tunes and big bands. However, Charles Delaunay, working through RCA to produce some material for the Swing label in France, deputized me to cut a date for him in Los Angeles.

I found Louis at the Dunbar Hotel on Central Avenue. He informed me that he was about to start shooting on the film *New Orleans*. I joined him the next day at the Hal Roach Studios in Culver City, and found him rehearsing with a small band that was to play and act in the earlier (1918) sequences of the story. The men were trombonist Kid Ory, clarinetist Barney Bigard, pianist Charlie Beal, banjoist Bud Scott, bassist Red Callender, and drummer Zutty Singleton.

Louis had been instructed to familiarize himself with music parts that had been taken off recordings of *When the Saints Go Marching In*; *Maryland, My Maryland*; *Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight*, etc. Some of them had been transcribed from primitive New Orleans music recorded by a research crew sent to Louisiana by the producer; others were regular records by Bunk Johnson. Soon the men listened to some of the records they were supposed to "learn" from. As Armstrong, Bigard, and the others gathered around the machine, they erupted in roars of laughter at the welter of wrong notes, out-of-tune horns, and generally unspeakable nonmusic.

The reaction was particularly interesting because Armstrong at the time had been placed in the middle of a controversy by jazz fans with antiquated ideas (Moldy Figs) who insisted that these Bunk Johnson works were masterpieces. It was instructive and ironic to observe the spontaneous reaction of Louis and the others.

Since the pieces were simple and familiar and the men were under orders to work until 6 p.m., the rest of the time was spent jamming and gabbing. Beal wasn't around, so I sat in. Zutty knocked me out by insisting that I sit in on the record date, due to take place the following day. Since Louis seconded the motion, I happily acceded.

Our recording group was slightly different and a more accurate indication of the momentous turn Louis' career was to take very soon. Ory was replaced by Vic Dickenson;



Armstrong, Billie Holiday, and Barney Bigard as they appeared in the motion picture, *New Orleans*

the rhythm section was strengthened by the addition of a guitarist, Allan Reuss. I played on *Blues for Yesterday* and *Blues in the South*, replacing Beal, who played on *Sugar* and *I Want a Little Girl*. Louis was in his element, using no arrangements, his tone purer than ever, his phrasing an exquisite blend of staccato and legato.

Nevertheless, the big-band business continued to rear its brassy head. A couple of months later I approached Glaser with the suggestion that it was about time for Armstrong, who a decade earlier had been accepted in concert halls all over Europe, to play a concert of his own in the United States. Incredibly, by the end of 1946 this had never been attempted.

Louis wanted to include his whole band (now under the direction of tenor saxophonist Joe Garland), including singers Velma Middleton and Leslie Scott. I preferred that the format be small-group jazz exclusively. A compromise was reached: the first half of the show would be played in a setting provided by clarinetist Edmond Hall's sextet. We set the date for Carnegie Hall, Saturday, Feb. 8, 1947.

With Bob Snyder and Greer Johnson, who co-produced the evening, a pattern was devised that split the show into four segments that geographically paralleled Louis' career: New Orleans, Chicago, New York, and Hollywood. The Hollywood segment was an escape hatch through which Scott and Miss Middleton could sing (and, despite the producers' almost tearful entreaties, Velma went right ahead and did the splits). By way of compensation for us, in this segment there was a surprise appearance by Billie Holiday, in a duet with Louis, and a guest shot by drummer Sid Catlett.

By the end of the concert it was fairly obvious to the most myopic observer which of these settings belonged naturally to Louis. Not long after the concert, the orchestra was disbanded permanently and the first great Louis Armstrong Sextet was born.

Once the die was cast, Louis took as naturally to this new context as if he had wanted it all along, and although he said little about this, it was gratifying to him that the combo, unlike the big band, was interracial. (Sidemen for the sextet are generally selected and hired by Joe Glaser.)

The combo was integrated even when the band penetrated the Deep South, as I recall in connection with a particularly memorable Armstrong trip.

Many years earlier in London, Louis had told me about his ambition to be King of the Zulus at the Mardi Gras parade in his native town. And I told him that I hoped someday to visit New Orleans, that it would be Mardi Gras time, and that Louis would be there.

IN MARCH, 1949, both of us saw our hopes fulfilled. The Zulu Social Aid and Pleasure Club, a welfare organization that had staged its all-Negro parade every year in the Shrove Tuesday celebrations, named Louis as the head man. When I arrived in town on Sunday, the Zulus were preparing to present Louis in a concert that night at the Booker T. Washington Auditorium. This was the beginning, for me, of a three-day wonder, a living dream spent in a carnival-crazed city, a visit packed with excitement and strange racial paradoxes.

At the concert, I saw Negro spectators seated in the left and center aisles while the whites were over in the right aisle; but on the stage I saw Louis and Jack Teagarden with their arms around each other, singing the happiest duet you ever heard; and I saw local white dignitaries shaking hands with Louis onstage, congratulating him and paying tribute to his talent—all this being broadcast over one of the biggest local stations.

I saw Louis bursting with pride at being given an honorary citizenship, and the keys to the city, by the mayor of New Orleans at City Hall; but I knew there were hundreds of places in the city where those keys could never get him in.

I saw Louis looking at me from the cover of *Time* on every white newsstand in town. I saw front-page stories in every local white newspaper about Louis, the Zulus, and the parade; but I also saw Negro citizens wearing the "Zulu King" lapel button on which was caricatured a Negro face so insulting that there would have been an uproar if whites had distributed such a monstrosity.

I was refused a ride late at night by a frightened Negro cabdriver who said he "couldn't drive white folk"; yet in broad daylight I followed the Zulus' parade with Lucille Armstrong and a mixed group of friends in an open car, and nobody said a word.

I saw Bill Monroe, a liberal young announcer from station WNOE, making a wire recording for a radio interview in Louis' hotel room. Before the recording started he told Louis very earnestly that he planned to ask a question about racial conditions in the South and Louis' reaction to them. "Now if I ask that question you can answer truthfully—say anything that's on your mind," said Monroe.

"Sure," said Louis, "you can ask it. I haven't had any trouble, everything's fine. I still get that good old gumbo, ha ha ha! And last night I was down to Leon Prima's white club to hear Louis Prima's band; they brought me on the stand and everybody was applauding like crazy. Now you take any unknown colored person, of course, if he went in there it would be different; but I'm lucky, I don't have any trouble at all. Sure, you can ask me about it."

Monroe started to record the interview. He didn't ask the question; that wasn't the answer he wanted.

On Monday night Louis and the band traveled by bus to New Iberia, La., 147 miles away, for a one-night stand. By the time they got back to New Orleans at 6 a.m., on Tuesday, it was time for Louis to start getting made up for the parade, due to begin at 9 a.m. After the parade he had a dance date in town all evening and next morning the band left for Jackson, Miss. It meant almost three days with little sleep for Satch, but he bore up magnificently.

Louis emerged from the make-up ordeal in blackest blackface, with huge white patches around his eyes and mouth, a long black wig, a crown, a red velvet gown trimmed with gold frills, and no personal identity left beyond the unmistakable Armstrong smile, which he flashed at the seething masses along the parade route.

Standing on a balcony at the funeral home where the parade was to make a stop for lunch, I saw the crowds packed so tightly together, as far as the eye could see, that people literally couldn't even raise their elbows to catch the coconuts that were being thrown. I was the

lucky recipient of the first coconut thrown by Louis. (Nobody got hurt.) As Louis joined the buxom Bernice Oxley, Queen of the Zulus, in a champagne toast, a frail little old lady edged her way through the crowd. She was Louis' grandmother, Mrs. Josephine Armstrong, 91 years old and about as happy as anyone I've ever seen at 91.

In a report on the event for a long-gone Negro newspaper, the *New York Age*, I wrote my conclusions:

"I've heard it said that the Zulu parade is Uncle Tommish, that it encourages chauvinism. All I can say is that race prejudice is so firmly embedded among the whites that no parade can do much either to encourage or discourage it; and if only for the happiness that it brought to a sweet-natured guy and great musician named Louis Armstrong, and to his relatives, friends, and admirers who had flocked from all over the United States to pay homage to him, I think the 1949 parade of the Zulus was an event worth staging and watching, and one of the few for which Negroes and whites alike found it at least temporarily worth while to submit to the humiliations of a Jim Crow city."

That evaluation, written 16 years ago, still seems to me to stand up. All through the three decades of our friendship my feelings about Louis Armstrong, as musician and man, have remained basically unchanged.

He has been criticized, harshly and frequently, sometimes by me and often by shriller and more impulsive voices, for some of his social actions and inactions. Yet in the final analysis it is a monstrous injustice to stigmatize Louis as a mere Uncle Tom rather than to see him as a product of his environment. What does the term mean, anyway?

When you scratch beneath the surface, there are no Toms. It's all a matter of how deep you scratch. Louis Armstrong is discreet, noncommittal much of the time, but the real Louis bubbles to the surface just often enough to remind us that this is still a man, vulnerable and sensitive and aware of the difference between right and wrong.

It is probably even more difficult for today's jazz fan to assess Louis correctly as a musician than to judge the human being.

If a young man who has spent most of his time completely steeped in modern literature from James Joyce to James Jones is suddenly exposed for the first time to Thoreau or Dickens, his subjective pleasure in reading the latter pair may be limited. Similarly a jazz fan who has teathed on Miles Davis, John Coltrane, and Ornette Coleman may react entirely differently to Louis Armstrong, on studying him later, than he would have reacted had he heard all the artists of the past three decades of jazz in the chronological order of their emergence.

I for one find it quite impossible to imagine how *West End Blues* would sound to me if I heard it for the first time today, with no previous exposure to any but the most modern of jazz forms. I have often expressed doubts that there can be any absolute values in art, any absolute and immutable beauty. But you only have to listen to the rest of what was being played during Louis Armstrong's golden youth to realize how much closer he has come than any other improvising pioneer to the achievement of absolute beauty.

And make no mistake: that beauty is still present. The horn blows more rarely in 1965, but like the emery-paper voice that has grated its path down two generations, it can still make its penetrating point. It still has the same pristine purity of sound that brought one naive young listener, long ago in a London record shop, a message that changed the course of his life, just as it has altered and immeasurably brightened the lives of uncounted others in the 36 years since then.





Louis Armstrong: "Always the lovable, mugging, blowing-up-a-storm Louis the Great."

BOY MEETS KING

By REX STEWART

SATCHMO'S TIME AND PLACE in the history of music is firmly etched, chronicled, and, thanks to the phonograph recordings, entirely documented.

Future students and researchers will certainly benefit from this fortunate circumstance. Consider how much of the other early jazzmen's influences have been lost, because of the sublime unawareness of the sociological impact of this music and its early creators.

But happily, Joe Oliver recorded the first true ragtime ensembles for Gennett—at least, he was the first one I ever heard.

In those early days of jazz, the real shape and substance of what was to be in music came from people such as Ford Dabney and William Grant Still in New York (they wrote the first ragtime arrangements back in 1910), from Doc Cook in Chicago, and from Joe (King) Oliver. These men, plus Dave Peyton and Erskine Tate in Chicago, helped comprise an atmosphere and proving ground for Louis Armstrong. There in Chicago, away from the catch-as-catch-can climate of New Orleans, putting himself past the rough-and-ready musical chaos of the

Some of the material in this article is from Stewart's forthcoming book *Boy Meets Horn*.

river, Louis came to maturity. He added his magic to the pastel of progress in music with his horn when he left New Orleans in 1922 to join Oliver's Creole Jazz Band.

During the period when Joe Oliver was around New York, which was after his Chicago days, I got to know him through his nephew, Dave Nelson. Joe's best playing days were over, but he recounted many tales of how he and "Dipper" (Louis) upset everybody when they played together. But Papa Joe's days of glory were fading while Louis' star was ascending.

Every record Louis made was a winner. On his personal appearances, he'd cream the crowd by hitting 100 high C's as the band counted them one by one. Then, the new King would top this effort with a high F. Often King Oliver would be in the audience, rooting for his pupil, along with everybody else. There was no jealousy despite the ironic turn of events. Fate had denied Oliver's sharing in the great acclaim.

I remember Joe's telling me how sorry he was that New York did not hear them together. I asked him why they had preferred Chicago, and he told me there had been two good reasons, both of them spelled "syndicate." No booker wanted to incur the ill will of the Chicago syndicate that

operated the club (Lincoln Gardens) where they played. Even if a booker dared attempt a New York deal, there was no place in New York where they could play. Later, Louis got so good that more and more offers came his way. Joe reluctantly bade Satchmo Godspeed, and the greatest team the world of jazz was ever to know was no longer.

When Satchmo left Chicago in 1924 to join Fletcher Henderson's band in New York, there was quite a bit of old New Orleans still clinging to him.

His was not the fictional, courtly, genteel New Orleans of moonlit nights tinged with romance and honeysuckle. What he carried with him was the aroma of red beans and rice, with more than a hint of voodoo and "gris-gris." He conveyed this to the world by the insouciant challenge of his loping walk, the cap on his head tilted at an angle, which back home meant: "Look out! I'm a bad cat—don't mess with me!" These, plus the box-back coat and the high-top shoes, all added to young Louis' facade in those days.

However, when Louis returned to his Chicago south-side stomping grounds in 1925, the youngster had changed into a worldly man, a sophisticated creator of music that people looked up to. He had arrived, and

a world was waiting for the king of the trumpet. The climate for his homecoming couldn't have been better, owing to the south-side theaters' emulating Paul Ash's successful band shows in the Loop.

Louis started drawing huge crowds that came just to be sent by his horn, whether he was playing with the theater bands of Dave Peyton or Erskine Tate, both of whom vied for his talent. They competed so vigorously that sometimes he would appear with both of them on the same night. The movie or the stage show took second place to Satch's specialty act in the overture.

Louis was quite an eater in those days, and for many years he carried a lot of weight, but he burned up a lot of that food in his musical exertions. Louis really had, and still has, great physical stamina, doubtless because of his love of sports during his formative years. Buster Bailey, the elegant delineator of the clarinet, used to tell about the fun around Chicago in the early '20s. Summers were spent at the beach with Darnell Howard, Guy Kelly, Johnny Dodds, and others cavorting like porpoises in Lake Michigan. Louis outswam almost everybody, doing at least a mile a day. This sort of training paid off later, as endurance, breath control enhanced his imaginative talents in scaling the ultimate heights of his instrument.

Our mutual friend, Luis Russell, told this one on Satchmo, which happened during those Chicago days. He and Louis were invited to dinner, and the hostess went all out preparing a sumptuous banquet for her distinguished guests. Russell said they sat down to a huge table loaded with roast beef, fried chicken, mixed greens, mashed potatoes, red beans, and corn on the cob—this feast was topped off with peach cobbler and ice cream. The guys paid proper tribute and ate and ate, while the hostess glanced from one to the other in pride at their appreciation. Finally, there was nothing left but the chicken bones. The woman said, "My, it sure is nice to have somebody enjoy my cooking like you boys did." Then Louis said, "I know what you mean, but if you *only* had some rice to go with those red beans, I could start all over again!"

ALTHOUGH IT HAS BEEN 40 years since I first met Ol' Dipper, as he was nicknamed then, I don't feel that I really know Daniel L. Armstrong. Somehow, I suspect that most of his disciples are no closer than I am to knowing this solid cornerstone of American jazz who is largely responsible for the shape and structure

of this art form. Nevertheless, Louis remains an enigma even to his close friends, presenting an ever-changing kaleidoscope-montage of moods.

Sometimes he is gregarious, extroverted, loyal, and considerate. He is the sort of person who buys a youngster a trumpet, or pays the rent for some unfortunate. These things he never speaks of. Then again, he sometimes behaves as if there were some compulsion to prove he is the same as the rest of us, excepting for his great talent. Then there are the times that he presents a withdrawn, glum attitude like a smoldering volcano primed to erupt at any moment; however, this phase is always temporary, and the sunshine inevitably beams in Satch's smile.

Before his audiences, he is always the lovable, mugging, blowing-up-a-storm Louis the Great. His feet may be killing him or that famed Swiss Kriss acting up, but all that he shows to his public is a handkerchief-waving, eye-popping *Hello, Dolly* type of communication—to the delight of most. Many a time I have sat in an audience, transfixed by the imagination, stamina, and, above all, the innate sense of timing Louis possesses in such superlative abundance. He can take one note and swing you into bad health on that same note. His rhythmic concept is *that* profound.

Despite these obvious attributes, there are those who do not understand or appreciate the master. These, of course, are far outnumbered by the legions who feel that Satch may well be the present-day personification of Moses whom they would gladly follow to the promised land of jazz.

How regrettable it is that, despite the current recognition and acclaim, simultaneously his name and great efforts are anathema to many. Some of the musicians who have succumbed to the siren song of contemporary commercialism project the belief that anything old is of no value. Others consciously resent Louis' antebellum Uncle Tomism. The youngsters object to his ever-present grin, which they interpret as Tomming. This I feel is a misunderstanding. No matter where Louis had been brought up, his natural ebullience and warmth would have emerged just as creative and strong. This is not to say that even today, in an unguarded moment, a trace of the old environment, a fleeting lapse into the jargon of his youth will make some people cringe with embarrassment.

There is justification for both sides of opinion on Louis today. I would not presume to pass judgment. However, I will say that I do feel grateful

to have existed in the same musical environment as the King.

This exposure started at the old Savoy Ballroom in New York City. I was playing with a now long-forgotten band, Leon Abby's Savoy Bluesicians. Louis was then with Henderson's outfit, and it was making one of its rare Harlem appearances.

Our trumpet section consisted of Demas Dean on first trumpet, myself, and another man whose name I've forgotten. We decided that the only proper way to enjoy Armstrong was to help the mood along with liquid refreshments. So we all filled Coca-Cola bottles with our favorite beverage. I chose gin, which was a mistake, because the combination of Louis' artistry and that gin caused me to be put out of the ballroom in the middle of the dance. This was a most humiliating climax to an eventful evening. For some reason, I was bounced out of the joint merely for showing my appreciations of Louis' high notes! Every time he'd end on a soaring F, I tossed a Coke bottle, and you couldn't even hear the crash over the applause. But the bouncers didn't understand.

While most of the musicians drank a good deal, Armstrong never was a fellow for hanging out in the bars much. In New York, on any given night, you could run into almost anybody who considered himself a real blower in Big John's or the Mimos Club when Bojangles ran it. But not Louis.

So I was pleasantly surprised one night when I fell into the Brittwood Bar, which was near the Savoy Ballroom, and I saw Satch sitting there. By this time, we knew each other on sight. I called him Pops and he called me Boy. He still calls me Boy, and I don't remember his ever calling me by name. But that night at the Brittwood, I had had enough whisky to make me sleepy. I went to a rear table, sat down, and promptly fell asleep. The next thing I knew, I heard a gravel voice saying, "Boy, get up and get you some Pluto water. Yeah, Pluto water, that's what you need. You should be 'shamed of yourself, young as you are drinking all of that whisky. I'm gonna tell you something. If you don't quit acting the fool with that juice, they gonna be giving you flowers, and you won't even smell 'em." Then Louis laughed and left. There was a hint of a sequel, though, because for the next few years, whenever our paths crossed, he'd say "hi, Pluto" as he passed.

From the time Louis catapulted onto the New York scene, everybody and his brother tried to play like him, with the possible exception of Johnny

Dunn and Bubber Miley. Now, with the passing years, Satch's impact has diminished to the point where no one consciously tries to sound like him, but at the same time, almost every player in the throes of improvisation plays something that can be traced to Louis Armstrong.

Louis was the musician's musician. I was only one of his ardent admirers. I tried to walk like him, talk like him. I bought shoes and a suit like the Great One wore. I remember a time that a few of us—Ward Pinkett, Gus Akins, and a couple of others—thought it would be a good idea to stand under Louis' window and serenade him. This occurred to us in the wee hours after we had emerged from a bar. We had just got started when the cop on the beat discouraged us by saying, "Get the hell off the streets before I run ya in."

There were so many fellows showering Satchmo with unblushing adulation that I didn't think he knew me from the rest of the young trumpet players.

One night, when I was playing with Elmer Snowden at the Nest Club, I was startled to spot Louis, Buster Bailey, and Big Green in the crowd. (Bailey and trombonist Green also were in Henderson's band.) Snowden had spotted them first and called a tune on which I was supposed to solo as long as I wanted to, set my own tempo, and show off. I must have played pretty well, because Louis and other fellows in Henderson's band took to dropping in from time to time. Since I was partly responsible for their attendance, I was really set up.

But the really big moment of my life came a month or so later. One evening at the Nest Club, an attendant came to the stand and said there was a phone call for me. I wondered who could be calling me on the job. I couldn't believe it when a voice said, "I've got a job for you, Boy." I thought I recognized the gravel voice but wasn't sure if maybe it wasn't a gag, so I played along. I think I answered, "Yeah? Where is this job?" The guy laughed and said, "This is Louis, and I want you to take my place with Smack. I'm going back to Chicago." It really was Louis, and the offer was for real! I took the job with Fletcher, but my heart wasn't in it. The horn wasn't born that could follow the King—and I still feel that way.

A few years after the Coke-bottle episode, Louis played the Savoy again. I wanted to hear him but had been barred from the premises because of my misbehavior. So I pulled my coat collar up to cover my face, bought a ticket, and slunk past Big George the



One of several large orchestras Armstrong led in the 1930s

doorman, determined to conduct myself like a gentleman this time.

Besides Louis with one band, Benny Carter was also leading a group, his first big band. I stood off to the side of the stand, trying not to be noticed by the floorwalker. All went well, and I was thoroughly enjoying Louis. Unfortunately, when his set ended, Benny spied me and beckoned me to come up on the stand. I shook my head no, meaning: "No, I'm not here." Benny would not take no for an answer, however, and before I knew it, I was on the stand playing *Tiger Rag*. To this day, I don't know why, but I received a very good hand from the crowd. Instead of being elated, I tried to get off the stand and become part of the woodwork again, but Benny struck up *Tiger Rag* again, and this time the crowd gave me a big hand. I wasn't put out, but I couldn't enjoy the rest of the evening; I expected every moment to be given the bum's rush.

A few days later, I ran into Louis on the street and went over to say hello, but he only grunted and walked away. We weren't tight like that anymore for several years, and I found out subsequently from Zutty Singleton that Louis thought that I had tried to cut him! Honestly, Louis, I have never tried to. As far as I am concerned, you are the Boss and always will be.

Jabbo Smith obviously didn't share my feelings, and as a matter of fact, Jabbo tried on several occasions to prove he was better on trumpet than King Louis. He was never able to convince any of the other musicians, but he certainly tried hard.

One such occasion comes to mind. It was an Easter Monday morning breakfast dance at Rockland Palace, Harlem's biggest dancehall. Jabbo was starring in Charlie Johnson's band

from Small's Paradise, but Don Redman's band, featuring Satch, from Connie's Inn was the top attraction. It was a beautiful sight—no flower garden could compete with the beauty of the gals' bonnets. There was also intense factionalism in the air, because no one from Charleston, S.C., would concede Armstrong's superiority over their home-town boy, Jabbo. We musicians tried to tell the Charlestonians that while Jabbo was great, Louis was King. We needn't have bothered. For weeks before the dance, arguments raged, bets were made, and, finally, the great moment came.

I rushed up from Roseland, as soon as the last note was played, intending to get a front-row view of the battle. But when I entered the hall, I found that more than a hundred musicians had beaten me to any choice spot, so I pulled out my horn and got on the stand with Charlie's band. Nobody said anything, which figured, because I always sat in with anybody around town in those days.

Jabbo was standing out in front, and I'll say this, he was *blowing*—really coming on like the angel Gabriel himself. Every time he'd fan that brass derby on a high F or G, Altis, his buddy from Small's, would yell, "Play it, Jabbo! Go ahead, Rice!" (Everybody from Charleston called each other Rice. It was the home-town nickname.) "Who needs Louis?" he yelled, "You can blow him down anytime." Although there were only about a hundred or so of the South Carolina contingent in the crowd of some 2,000, these people created a real uproar for their idol. When Johnson's set ended with Jabbo soaring above the rhythm and the crowd noise, everybody gave them a big hand. I could tell from the broad grin on Jabbo's face that he felt that once and

for all he'd shown Satch who was king.

Then, all of a sudden, the shouts and applause died down as Louis bounced onto the opposite stage, immaculate in a white suit.

Somehow, the way the lights reflected off his trumpet made the instrument look like anything but a horn. It looked as if he were holding a wand of rainbows or a cluster of sunlight, something from out of this world. I found out later that I was not the only one who had the strong impression of something verging on the mystical in Louis' entrance. I can still see the scene in my mind's eye. I've forgotten the tune, but I'll never forget his first note. He blew a searing, soaring, altissimo, fantastic high note and held it long enough for every one of us musicians to gasp. Benny Carter, who has perfect pitch, said, "Damn! That's high F!" Just about that time, Louis went into a series of cadenzas and continued into his first number.

Since everyone is not a trumpet player and cannot know how the range of the instrument has grown over the years, I should explain how significant a high F was. Back in the '20s, the acceptable high-note range for the trumpet was high C and to hit or play over C made the player exceptional. That is until Louis came along with his strong chops, ending choruses on F. We guys strained might and main to emulate him but missed most of the time. That is why we were so flabbergasted at Satchmo's first note. Lots of guys ruined their lips and their career trying to play like Satchmo.

Louis never let up that night, and it seemed that each climax topped its predecessor. Every time he'd take a break, the applause was thunderous, and swarms of women kept rushing the stand for his autograph.

They handed him everything from programs to whisky bottles to put his signature on. One woman even took off her pants and pleaded with him to sign them!

Years ago, Erskine Tate told me this story about the time Louis was doing a satire on something called *The Preaching Blues*. He was wearing a frock coat and battered top hat, singing a kind of ring-chant tune with Louis making calls like a Baptist preacher, while the audience made the responses. Eventually one sister became confused as the mood grew more and more frantic, and her voice could be heard above the crowd. She was easily spotted because when the number ended, she rushed down the aisle shouting, "Don't stop, Brother Louis, don't stop." The audience in the theater broke up.

LOUIS HAS RETAINED over the years his direct, uncluttered approach to his music, preferring to surround himself with competent people rather than easing the burden by choosing dynamic personalities or instrumentalists who would be able to give him the relief he has earned. The King still carries the ball.

This, of course, is a recent development, as the original Louis Armstrong All-Stars were just what the name implied. That was the group that at one time boasted Jack Teagarden, Barney Bigard, Earl Hines, Big Sid Catlett, and a phenomenal young star on bass, Arvell Shaw. It turned out

to be a wise move on the part of whoever made the decision when Satch shed the overwhelmingly ponderous big band of the '30s and early '40s and returned in 1947 to the Hot 5 concept with which he began. He regained the winning element of spontaneous freewheeling, a proper framework for his talents. Armstrong's big-band efforts were as a whole constricting him, reminding some observers of a champion race horse pulling a heavy junk wagon. This was the effect, whether the background was a fully manned Hollywood type of creation or the more sympathetic Harlem-trained big-band crew that had the verve and also the right feeling, but,

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unfortunately, usually played quite out of tune.

The question crops up invariably: why does Satch drive himself so hard on those interminable one-nighters? He still maintains a schedule that would wreck the health of a weaker musician, but lately there have been indications that the passing years are mellowing Armstrong. For example, I was surprised to read a recent statement credited to him in which he publicly came out strongly for civil rights.

My thoughts immediately went back to the period when a bunch of us, including Roy Eldridge, Erskine Hawkins, Cootie Williams, Dizzy Gil-

lespie, and myself tried to form what we tentatively labeled Trumpet Council of America. The purpose was to help gifted youngsters whom we would meet during our tours, recommending them to bandleaders, giving them encouragement, and also buying them instruments if necessary. This idea germinated in Los Angeles, where we had one meeting, but we planned to organize in New York. We felt that we needed Armstrong's name, to assure success. We wanted him to be at least our honorary president. I was nominated to get in touch with Louis about it.

When I went backstage at the Apollo to sound him out, Pops was in

good humor, asking about mutual chums, but when I brought up the idea about the association, his good spirits faded. He said gruffly, "You'll have to see Joe about that." As I vainly tried to explain that Joe Glaser, his manager, would not be interested and that all we wanted was the use of his name, his reply never changed. He still said, "See Joe."

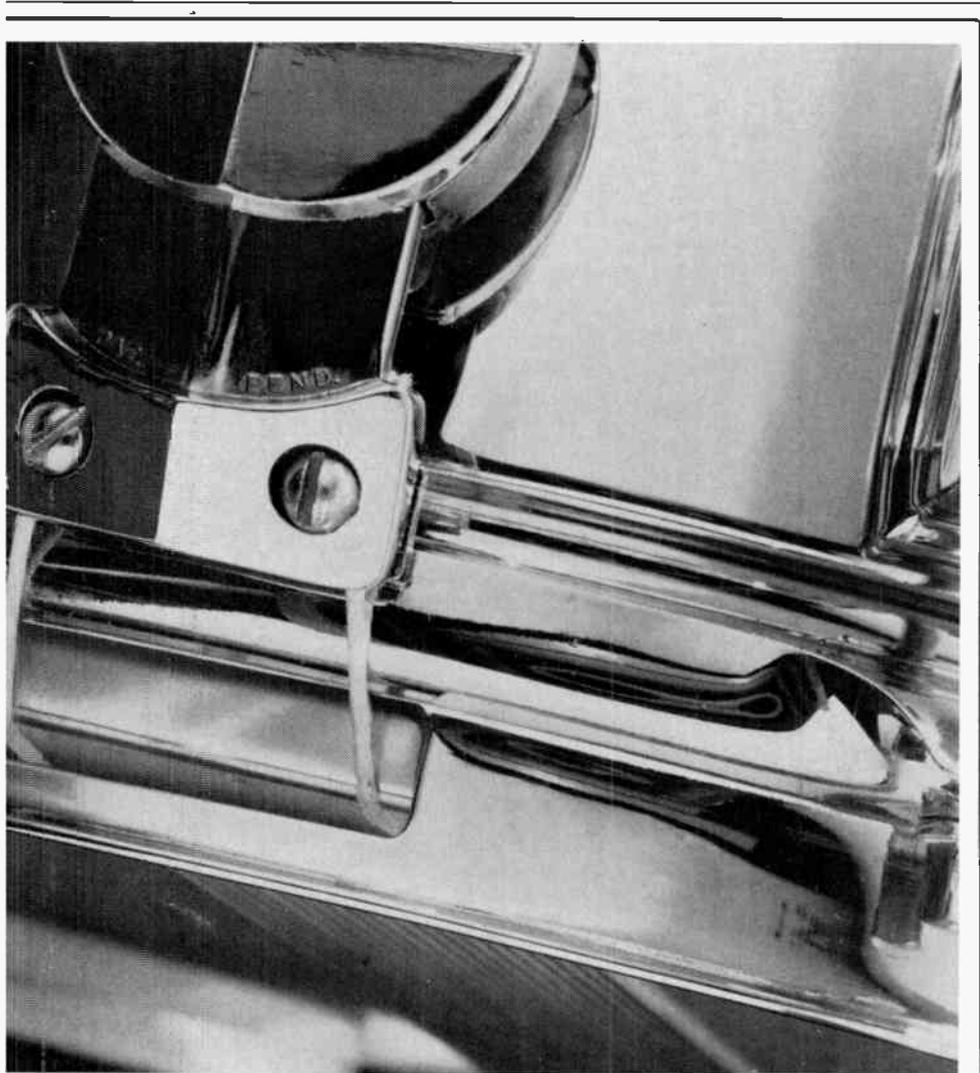
There's no doubt that Glaser has exercised a tremendous influence on Louis, and perhaps this is fitting and proper. However, it is refreshing to note that at long last, Louis has arrived at a point when he occasionally speaks his own piece.

LOUIS HAS BESTOWED SO many gifts upon the world that it is almost impossible to assess in which area his definitive impact has been most felt. My vote would be for his tremendous talent of communication. As profoundly creative as his trumpet ability is, I would place this in a secondary position. He was revered mostly by other professionals, whereas his gravel-voiced singing has carried the message far and wide, to regions and places where not only was the music little known, the language foreign, but where there also was the further barrier of a political system having labeled jazz as decadent. But when Satchmo sang, the entire picture changed. People saw the truth.

Another, perhaps curious, phenomenon is the reaction of some Americans abroad who, back home, never cared about jazz, Louis, or the Negro people. But when you meet them overseas, they say with pride, "That's *our* Satchmo." Sometimes, this inadvertent awakening leads to a permanent change of attitude—at least, the thinking Negro musician likes to believe so.

To some people, Louis projects the "ambassador" by acclamation, the creator by virtue of his God-given gifts. To me, it remains more than ample just to have existed in the same musical atmosphere as the King. The great debt I owe him for setting the stage, worldwide, for American jazz music, I can never repay. The New Orleans waif who in some ways never left home, who gave music more than he'll ever take from it, deserves further recognition from the American people.

Baseball has its hall of fame, other nations have places where statues of the noteworthy are exhibited, and I propose that we erect a suitable monument to Ambassador Louis. We really should pay homage to one of the immortals of this original American art form.



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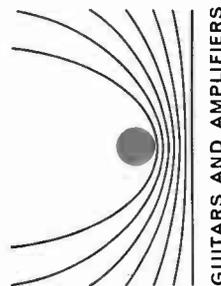


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RECORD REVIEWS

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Kenny Dorham, Barbara Gardner, Richard B. Hadlock, George Handy, Erwin Helfer, Don Nelsen, Bill Mathieu, Dan Morgenstern, Harvey Pekar, Harvey Siders, Pete Welding, John S. Wilson. Reviews are initialed by the writers. When two catalog numbers are listed, the first is mono, and the second is stereo.

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

TWO VIEWS OF THREE OUTER VIEWS

Albert Ayler

SPIRITUAL UNITY—ESP Disk 1002: *Ghosts: First Variation; The Wizard; Spirits; Ghosts: Second Variation.*

Personnel: Ayler, tenor saxophone; Gary Peacock, bass; Sonny Murray, drums.

Rating: no stars

Byron Allen

BYRON ALLEN TRIO—ESP Disk 1005: *Time Is Past; Three Steps in the Right Direction; Decision for the Cole-Man; Today's Blues Tomorrow.*

Personnel: Allen, alto saxophone; Maceo Gilchrist, bass; Ted Robinson, drums.

Rating: ★

Giuseppe Logan

THE GIUSEPPI LOGAN QUARTET—ESP Disk 1007: *Tabla Suite; Dance of Satan; Dialogue; Taneous; Bleecker Partita.*

Personnel: Logan, tenor and alto saxophones, Pakistani oboe; Don Pullen, piano; Eddie Gomez, bass; Milford Graves, drums.

Rating: no stars

It's clear to me that Ayler is from the avant-garde institution. But there is good and bad avant-garde.

From the beginning, *Ghosts: First Variations* is satirical comedy. In order to make this more successful, it seems he would apply the "fog horn" sound in a fuller context, at least making it parallel with itself. This track sounds as if it is an attempt at putting the listener on.

After the first chorus, Ayler does something—I don't know quite what he is trying to do—but it sounds kind of like a baby crying for candy with a whining ball in its mouth—wanting to play music and not wanting to, while holding a musical instrument.

After a bewildering solo by Peacock—who I didn't know had such want-to-get-away-from-it-all, high-minded, uninhibited aspirations—Ayler returns, this time turning the clock back (counterclockwise)—all the way back—to folk-country, Ozark, real 1920s Texas hillbilly musical gyrations. Then they go back to the melody and fade out. If the townspeople hear this, I'm sure that when the second variation of *Ghosts* is played, there will certainly be a ghost town. No one left but...

The Wizard is angry tonight, and from all indications he has the rest of the group boxed in. He and Gary. I wonder what the drummer would do with some precision sound, like a melodic instrument in hand. I like Murray best of all, but I also like Peacock for being a diehard.

There are a lot of unexplored territories in music (at the moment, that is) without going into areas that leave us earth people so far behind, or far away, or without leaving us so far "in." It must be awful to study for years to get away from the gravitational pull of inhibitedness to find there is nothing at the heights to which thou hast extended thyself.

Ayler seems to have a nice full tone on *Spirits*, but it's hard to tell. Is he playing with a mouthpiece? I heard Roland Kirk play without a reed and get sounds like this, but he had a conception of melody and chords. I don't have the spirit to listen, to more of this one.

I've heard Peacock play "conventional." so I know he can play more to my liking and that he knows chords, cycles, etc. A gig is a gig? If this thing isn't quarantined, we'll all be in the garment center pushing wagons.

Ghosts: Second Variation is about the same as *Variation No. 1*. Ayler is really stretching out here, and I'm convinced he doesn't know or care anything about conventional music.

A baby can do this if it can produce the air for the sound. A baby is free. Ayler is free. Free as a bird. Ayler is free of everything except melody and Father Time (the march of time itself—clock and cadence). He sounds like a very frustrated person. He is also playing a very controversial music. At this point it's not worth the paper it takes to review it. Too far out. He passed the moon and the stars.

The Allen record is a little better.

The bass does string and bow calisthenics on *Time*, so I don't suppose he was tuning up. Allen enters, playing a horizontal line that has nothing to do with chords or anything being played by the others except an occasional cadence. If these guys are going to play in time, then they should play some chords. This would at least form a design, but this is drama beyond conventional description.

Bass calisthenics and then drum calisthenics. But at least the drummer plays some good rolls. Then the alto comes back, and they're really trying to get something going. Whew! This track is trying.

On *Three Steps*, Allen comes closer to

G.H.—New Initials

George Hondy, who joins *Down Beat's* record reviewing staff this issue, is generally considered one of the most-gifted arranger-composers to emerge during the bop era of jazz. He gained prominence in the late '40s with his arrangements for the Boyd Roeburn Bond, one of the era's most musically advanced units. Hondy has studied composition at the Juilliard School of Music and with composer Aaron Copland. He also is a pianist whose experience includes working with the big bands of Roeburn and Buddy Rich.

playing something than Ayler does. Allen's tone is kind of "mousy," but he doesn't squeak. Robinson sounds all right on drums.

Gilchrist stretches out on *Steps*, but he doesn't seem to know where he's going—or does he? I can't hear where he's making any steps in a musical direction. I wonder if he ever heard of Ray Brown or Oscar Pettiford? Or even the more recent "spare bass" style exemplified by Scott LaFaro, Richard Davis, Charlie Mingus, Steve Swallow, and Ronnie Boykins, to name a few. After these spare bass players put you on, they play extraordinary combinations of "in" and "out" stuff; however, their put-on (I may be exaggerating a bit) is mathematical (precision) because it's right in some chord (it sounds such).

Cole-Man begins with a bombardment of synchronized rhythm section and horn ensemble before the three men battle it out. I like to hear some point of rest, unless the idea is to leave one hanging in suspense near the cliff's edge. Allen almost gets going here, but this music is ugly. There is enough of that in the world, even for those who seek perfection.

Robinson really pushes to make *Blues* go, but the bassist pushes a lot of strange buttons. Allen, however, plays some nice folk hollers. This is the best track, but the album as a whole passed this earth person and most of the stars.

The Logan album is the worst of the lot.

Taneous begins with a free-for-all conglomeration of noise, sounds, and tempos, with the drummer playing a synchronized cadence. I suppose this is an alto being blown into or blown around. A good grip on the instrument might have enhanced the aim. Piano follows the alto with a futile attempt to get some jazz going. Nothing happens. The bass follows with seemingly no idea of what to express; then the piano joins, in the same context. Finally Logan enters riding oboe, I think. The drummer does a few gymnastics, and they all join in for a free-for-all outgoing.

Pianist Pullen plays the introduction to *Bleecker*, laying a nice carpet for Logan's rendezvous with Satan on the oboe. The oboist doesn't like much that's conventional, and when he does, he reminds me of Jackie McLean on a freedom excursion. In other words, Logan is not original when "in." When "out," it's out for the sake of being out.

Contrasted with Logan's oboe, Pullen's piano solo is unusually pleasant, while drummer Graves keeps something going on, seemingly mostly for the sake of filling in. But when Pullen plays some block chords, Graves plays a nice roll on his hi-hat, which makes for a professional bow-out.

There is an ensemble goulash and then accompaniment for Logan, who bows out gracefully with all participating harmoniously. Quite a relief. The title is quite appropriate, assuming this is a party on Bleecker St. in New York's Greenwich Village. An "out" orgy.

Tabla Suite and *Dance of Satan* begin with oboe (?) and bass up front, with Graves playing sticks across the bass' strings. The pianist seems to be cleaning off his instrument's strings at this point.

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Rhythm is being played on the body of the bass, while Graves plays on the strings, seemingly below the bass' bridge. Logan enters on oboe (?); piano enters playing in 7/4 with Logan, but it doesn't stick to a set rhythmic pattern—seems to overlap. Smoke-screen 7/4 (can't exactly tell what it is).

A musical instrument didn't necessarily have to be used for this music, because such an instrument is a precision instrument constructed for a definite purpose. As very little is definite here, a bamboo cane, water hose, or a rubber ball with a hole in it would have sufficed. Then one could place all this in a category of its own—not jazz, not miscellaneous jazz, but something like miscellaneous (musical) vibrations.

Dialogue is basically a four-part, go-for-yourself thing. The pianist is very agile and flexible, however.

For some unknown reason, I could take Logan under specific conditions. But he better get out of that smoke-filled room, walk out on Blecker St., and catch some air. (K.D.)

Albert Ayler

SPIRITUAL UNITY—ESP Disk 1002: *Ghosts: First Variation; The Wizard; Spirits; Ghosts: Second Variation*.

Personnel: Ayler, tenor saxophone; Gary Peacock, bass; Sonny Murray, drums.

Rating: see below

Byron Allen

BYRON ALLEN TRIO—ESP Disk 1005: *Time Is Past; Three Steps in the Right Direction; Decision for the Cole-Man; Today's Blues Tomorrow*.

Personnel: Allen, alto saxophone; Maceo Gilchrist, bass; Ted Robinson, drums.

Rating: see below

Giuseppe Logan

THE GIUSEPPI LOGAN QUARTET—ESP Disk 1007: *Tabla Suite; Dance of Satan; Dialogue; Taneous; Blecker Partita*.

Personnel: Logan, tenor and alto saxophones, Pakistani oboe; Don Pullen, piano; Eddie Gomez, bass; Milford Graves, drums.

Rating: see below

These three records are best heard as a document from the center of contemporary jazz, not as finished, definitive performances. The music, however, is not merely experimental. It is fundamental to the lives of the many men making it. The ability to form rounded judgments of the music seems less appropriate than the ability to suspend that judgment willingly. The focus must be on the aperture of one's ear. Criticism of the usual sort (especially ratings) would be a burden all around.

The records sat around my house for a long time before I would let them get to me. And yet my immersion in making similar music is what sustains my days. How could these records be so close, so valuable to me, yet seem so unlistenable, so unattainable?

Let us begin with what is clearest. There are moments in this music when something happens so strongly together that there is a flash of brilliance and a lingering radiation. The best musicians get it brightest, oftenest. But all groups get it sooner or later; it is a condition of playing this music.

It also is clear that there are painful passages of alienation, note-swept, dry. The music bubbles like black broth and is just as repellent, just as empty of music. How

can these extremes be possible? What is happening to allow them?

The primary thing is this: many men are suddenly laboring very hard to find a new language that will express a new grace within the human condition. It is the labor that strikes us most. The lack of clarity of the language defines only the certainty of the toil.

When one senses that toil, one also senses those celebratory passages in which the work carries its own weight and the men ride it like hussars. But it is the toil, the necessity to toil, that comes first, and only after that can the music, sometimes, flow.

Now, are we to buy records just to listen to sweat? There is no answer except: here are the records at the listener's disposal.

It is not remarkable that so many men want to labor together so fiercely. (There are dozens in New York, dozens elsewhere, many of whom sound much the same.) It would be remarkable if any of these records sold over 2,000 copies. Society does not want to share in this particular act of labor. The work is too unproductive, in the understood sense, too liable to error, too hard. Society will wait till the work straightens itself out and then maybe take a peek. Meanwhile, society will water the lawn, perhaps the best thing to be done. Certainly critics aren't going to help matters by clearing away underbrush impeding the progress of short men.

The following remarks are written, then, as a musician, not as a critic. They are opinionated and intuitive; they spring from varied and contradictory tastes; and they have, I am confident, no corroborative rationale.

In the music of the Allen trio there is an evenness, not the usual intensity. The pieces generally begin and end well but often run into serious trouble along the way. No listener, however, could doubt that feelings pass between these men like circles pass through circles on water. One is present at the unfolding of the language.

The worst difficulties are textural. As in much of the new jazz, the textures are little more than textures (like the feel of a fabric, not its detailed construction). As such, they have only coloristic interest. When the textural phrases are shorter, the music becomes more interesting. Contemporary classical music learned this lesson the hard way, too, but a while back.

And formal problems: the solos seem out of place and too long sometimes—I mean especially the drum solo in *Blues* and the bass solo in *Cole-man*.

There are constantly recurring stylistic oddities. In the midst of so much melodic freedom, the rhythmic and metric rigidity is boring. This is similar to the texture problem.

Gilchrist is an inventive and dramatic bassist (lots of plot). He sustains without complexity—a rare talent.

Robinson is a good group player, but I don't find his work outstanding.

Allen is more openly indebted to the mainstream from Charlie Parker than are most avant-garde players. There is the desire to go beyond, but no tangible rebellion against, the old school. His boppish licks sound good, in a way they are an

affirmation of the old in the midst of the search.

On the whole, this music is not far out. At its best, it sounds quite natural, wholly at one with its makers, unaffected, unmannered—a direct song, like all good music. It is not of the highest inspiration, but it is strongly felt music.

One must be careful not to expect thunderbolts. The new jazz is far enough along so that capable players can make coherent nontonal music at will. Anybody can do it who wants to, in fact. It takes no super-feeling, no super-talent, no super-training—just immersion and belief. I feel that there are hundreds of musicians who could have recorded *Three Steps*, although this may not be so.

Again, this is not a record of rare moments, but of everyday life-activity in which rare moments, naturally, occur.

The Logan disc has some of the best new jazz (from Pullen) and possibly some of the worst (from Logan).

Tabla begins with a texture dominated by the piano strings being plucked and stroked. This accompanies Logan's laboring, wheezing oboe. The textures that this group has found are even less detailed, more coloristic than those of Byron Allen. The result is more hypnotic than musical and does not want repeated hearings. I ask more detail, more note choice, more thought. Some sections—the end of *Taneous*, for example—require different ears. There is a kind of LSD delight in the play of sound for its own sake. But music is more than that.

The prearranged material is bad enough to offend, in some cases revealing a simplistic and uncomprehending musicality. For instance, the return to E minor, in *Blecker*, is simply not the way to organize this music. The clichéd use of triads, modality, regular rhythms, endless melodic repetitions result here in a distortion of these conventional materials. This sense of willful distortion is at times so strong—as at the end of *Dialogue*—that one wonders what bizarre put-down is this of what by whom? If the music attempts this discomfort, it succeeds. Even if taken as exorcism—as in *Satan*—I wonder if Logan means to purge or enrage me. Perhaps these are the same? And maybe, too, I would feel less assaulted if Logan were a more accomplished player.

It is true, though, that one hears Logan's overcoming of seemingly impossible obstacles. And one never questions his reality.

Pullen plays an exciting solo in *Dialogue*. His work is very rangey, very notey, yet he goes far beyond mere contour into an enormous hive full of life. He is not consistent enough, however, to lift *Blecker* out of the pit.

Gomez has a terrific high sound. It's hard to believe he isn't playing a smaller instrument (he isn't). He is a sensitive player, a good soloist.

Graves, a good drummer, does not shine here.

The Logan quartet is best in uncharted seas, and even there it succumbs sometimes to a rambling search just below the mark of musical survival.

Ayler's music, like Logan's, also contains

distortion, but it is not a perverse force. And it is slightly wry, and slightly like Eric Dolphy's saying, "Can you touch the beauty in this ugliness?"

Ayler makes a great wobbling noise. Notes disappear into wide, irregular ribbons, fragmented, prismatic, wind-blown, undetermined, and filled with fury. Though the fury is frightening, dangerous, it achieves absolute certainty through being, musically, absolutely contained.

Ayler seemingly rarely hears one note at a time—as if it were useless ever to consider the particles of a thing. He seems to want to scan all notes at all times and in this way speak to an expanded consciousness. And the consistency in this outpouring is a reference point from which his music takes shape.

The second variation of *Ghosts* contains a solo that has no counterpart in intensity except maybe in the best of Archie Shepp.

Murray is in evidence mostly through the very fast common pulse he lays down for everyone.

Peacock is of the finest, consistently creative; on *Spirits* he plays a wonderful solo.

All of *Spirits* is well shaped; in fact, it is the best musical experience to be found among these three records. In it the organization goes beyond the momentary detail. And Ayler sounds like torture here, but self-torture, an often desirable, or at least necessary, thing. Somehow he has us share it.

Ayler's music, as well as most avant-garde music, is, at best, difficult to listen to. It is nevertheless a very direct statement, the physical manifestation of a spiritual or mystical ritual. Its logic is the logic of human flesh in the sphere of the spirit. Could it be that ritual is more accessible to some listeners than it is to others?

To those of us who think our brains are the center of the universe, this music will appear formless and antirational. The avant-garde is, in fact, rebelliously and stubbornly antibrain. When that repugnance of the brain goes away, the music will broaden.

Meanwhile, the musician asks: These men—are they real? Answer: Yes. (B.M.)

Bill Barron

HOT LINE—Savoy 12183: *Bill's Boogie; Groovin'; Now's the Time; A Cool One; Jelly Roll; Playhouse March; Work Song.*

Personnel: Bill Barron, Booker Ervin, tenor saxophones; Kenny Barron, piano; Larry Ridley, bass; Andy Cyrille, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is more of a blowing session than any I've heard by tenorist Barron. His originals are simple and infectious, depending on rhythmic or melodic repetition to strike a groove.

On *Boogie* and *Jelly* boogie-woogie-like bass lines are used. *Playhouse* is a jazz march by Ted Curson.

The quality of the solos ranges from good to excellent. Tenor saxophonists Barron and Ervin have similar approaches, reminiscent of John Coltrane and, to a lesser degree, Dexter Gordon and Sonny Stitt. Barron's style is somewhat more exotic, Ervin's earthier. *Now's the Time*, with its chase choruses, offers a good opportunity to compare them. Both im-

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provide with imagination and sinuous drive, as they do throughout the record.

Kenny Barron's solos are well thought out—particularly on *Cool*—and quite melodic. He's one of the finest young players of a fleet, clean, lyrical piano style that has its roots in the playing of Teddy Wilson. (H.P.)

Ray Brown-Milt Jackson

RAY BROWN-MILT JACKSON—Verve 8615: *Lined with a Groove; For Someone I Love; Dew and Mud; I Just Can't Fool Myself; Lazy Theme; Now Hear My Meaning; In a Crowd; Monterey Mist.*

Personnel: Clark Terry, Snooky Young, Ernie Royal, trumpets; Tom McIntosh, Urbie Green, Jimmy Cleveland, Tony Studd, trombones; Danny Bank, Jerome Richardson, Jimmy Heath, Romeo Penque, Phil Woods, Bob Ashton, saxophones; Jackson, vibraharp; Hank Jones, piano; Brown, bass; Grady Tate or Al Heath, drums; Oliver Nelson, Jimmy Heath, arranger-conductors.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

The challenge of writing big-band arrangements that serve as something more than a simple framework for solo instruments has been met with more than usual success by Nelson and Heath, who split the scoring on this disc. The arrangements are orchestral in concept, with the soloists (who include Terry as well as Jackson and Brown) moving through them as part of an over-all pattern rather than as individuals out on their own. (Nelson's writing on John Lewis' lovely *Crowd* is particularly noteworthy.)

Add two of the most tasteful and disciplined soloists around in Jackson and Brown to carry most of the solo space, with Jackson showing his special mastery in the tricky area of keeping a ballad moving and Brown plucking out his solos with clean, neat, rhythmic precision; throw in the spice of an occasional flurry from Terry and a group of tunes that are fresh and highly viable, and you have an album that has just about everything. (J.S.W.)

John Coltrane

BAHIA—Prestige 7353: *Bahia; Goldsboro Express; My Ideal; I'm a Dreamer—Aren't We All?; Something I Dreamed Last Night.*

Personnel: Wilbur Hardin, trumpet; Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Red Garland, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Art Taylor or Jimmy Cobb, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

For the sake of historical accuracy, this is not new Coltrane; for the sake of musical enjoyment, it makes no difference. The sounds have the timeless quality of excellence.

Coltrane is in a bustin'-out mood, reflecting the joys of unshackled creativity and providing the listener with an opportunity to exercise hindsight. The album is from a series of sessions Coltrane recorded for Prestige in the late '50s, prior to his departure from the Miles Davis group.

Davis' influence can be felt through the sidemen on the date (those who were then with him or soon were to be), but the fascinating study is Coltrane with his "coming attractions of a new context."

The title tune suffers from the monotony of the ostinato peculiar to *Bahia*. While its brief alternation with a straight-ahead approach does little to help, Coltrane's hard-driving solo compensates for the rhythmic rut.

Goldsboro is an up-tempo dialog between Coltrane and Taylor, and the rapport they establish foreshadows the current

musical relationship between Elvin Jones and Coltrane. The only serious defect in the track is that the "conversation" is interminable: more than four minutes of four-bar exchanges, mercifully relieved by Coltrane's cute, staccato cadence.

My Ideal and *Something* prove Coltrane is most eloquent on ballads. Closely matching the tenorist's lyrical thoughts on *My Ideal* is Garland's rhapsodic solo—one of the high points of the album—entirely chordal and beautifully sculptured. Hardin's chorus is in the same vein: contemplative and relaxed.

I'm a Dreamer, taken at a groovy up tempo, features Coltrane at his sharpest, with a relentless wave of well-aimed flurries. If Coltrane is in orbit, Hardin never quite gets off the ground with his solo. Chambers shows his versatility with a fine bowed solo that reveals an intonation as faultless as his pensively plucked portrait on *My Ideal*.

The album is a must for Coltrane fans. (H.S.)

Bill Evans

TRIO '65—Verve 8613: *Israel; Elsa; 'Round Midnight; Our Love Is Here to Stay; How My Heart Sings; Who Can I Turn To?; Come Rain or Come Shine; If You Could See Me Now.*

Personnel: Evans, piano; Chuck Israels, bass; Larry Bunker, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The more I hear of Evans, the more I become convinced that the propagation of the Evans mystique must be one of the major con jobs of recent years.

Evans' performances—and this one is fairly representative—are clean and polished, but they neither seize nor hold the attention; not mine, anyhow. There is a self-effacing quality about Evans' playing that makes the whole thing slip away from a listener so that steady listening has to be a deliberate, directed effort. This is great jazz? It's more like superior background music, music that forms a pleasant atmospheric setting but does not distract. There's nothing wrong with this sort of music, and Evans does it very well. But it scarcely seems the thing that jazz cults are based on. Still, Evans has managed to do it.

These are nicely turned performances with good support from Israels and rather noisy interjections by Bunker. (J.S.W.)

Maynard Ferguson

THE BLUES ROAR—Mainstream 6045: *Every Day I Have the Blues; Night Train; Mary Ann; I Believe in My Soul; What'd I Say?; Baltimore Oriole; All Right, Okay, You Win; I've Got a Woman.*

Personnel: Ferguson, trumpet, fluegelhorn, valve trombone; Bernie Glow, James Nottingham, Chet Ferretti, John Bello, Don Rader, trumpets; Wayne Andre, Paul Faulise, Urbie Green, John Messner, William Watrous, trombones; Ray Alonge, Jim Buffington, French horns; Don Butterfield, tuba; Charlie Mariano, Lanny Morgan, Willie Maiden, Frank Vicari, Romeo Penque, Phil Bodner, Stan Webb, Roger Pemberton, reeds, woodwinds; Mike Abene, piano; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Margaret Ross, harp; Richard Davis, bass; Mel Lewis, drums; George Devens, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

With this very big, imposing studio band, and the aid of arrangers Abene, Maiden, and Don Sebesky, Ferguson has produced one of his best albums in many years.

Though the program of four tunes associated with Ray Charles, two from the Basie canon, an Ellington classic (*Train*), and Hoagy Carmichael's *Oriole* seems to put the emphasis on blues and funk, there

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are no run-of-the-mill Basic imitations or pseudo-Gospel touches here. Fine craftsmanship, good writing, a sterling rhythm section, and good solos (mainly from the leader and alto saxophonist Mariano) produce excellent musical results.

The longest track, Sebesky's nine-minute management of *Train*, has such original touches as a theme statement by Butterfield's virile tuba, good use of the French horns to introduce the secondary strain, and an amazing bass solo by Davis, subtly underscored by soft ensemble punctuations and piano fills.

Oriole, a charming tune, is scored by Sebesky as an impressionistic tone poem, showcasing the Ferguson fluegelhorn, and using woodwinds, French horns, and harp with coloristic imagination.

Pianist Abene's two arrangements, *Mary Ann* (not the calypso tune but a Ray Charles opus) and *I Believe*, are refreshingly light and bright. The former is introduced by a unison figure played by piano and guitar, on a soft carpet of saxes, and when the shouting climax comes, it means something.

I Believe opens with Ferguson and Mariano in unison over Gil Evans-like ensemble textures and features a fine, bluesy solo by Mariano, who has listened well to John Coltrane and is able to utilize elements of that famous style without falling into stereotyped imitation. His sound, harder now than in the past, has real presence.

Every Day, scored by Maiden, opens with Ferguson's pleasant valve trombone over rhythm only, Davis walking like Walter Page, and builds to a good but not strikingly brassy groove. *All Right*, the other Basic-associated tune, receives surprisingly relaxed treatment, spotlighting swinging, muted Ferguson, and a humorous tuba ending. This and *Woman* were also arranged by Maiden. The latter has another fine spot for Mariano.

Ferguson's work shows more restraint than usual, especially on the lyrical *Oriole*, but there is no shortage of high-note pyrotechnics. As any trumpeter will tell you, there is no such thing as a "trick lip," and Ferguson works hard for those notes. Though his ideas are not startling, they are sound, and his time is good. His tone has mellowed, and he is a much more relaxed player—even when he's climbing a mountain of blasting riffs—than he used to be.

Vicari, whose tenor saxophone is well featured, plays in a straightforward contemporary style. His best moments come on *Mary Ann*. There's just enough of Abene's piano to whet the appetite for more—he's a gifted musician.

The team of Lewis and Davis deserves a large share of praise for the success of this venture.

Together they swing these acres of musicians with both buoyancy and sinew, never allowing the beat to lag, never playing too heavy or too light. On the two Abene arrangements, they have the opportunity to indulge in some "free" rhythm playing and do so with relish. Galbraith, whether playing excellent rhythm guitar or taking a role in ensemble voicings, is a good man to have around, too, and so is lead trumpeter Bernie Glow. (D.M.)



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Terry Gibbs

IT'S TIME WE MET—Mainstream 56048: *We Three*; *Bathtub Eyes*; 7F; *Settling Down Slow*; *The Tweaker*; *Baby Blues*; *Big Lips*; *No Chops*; *Movin' In*.

Personnel: Sal Nistico, tenor saxophone; Gibbs, vibraphone; Nat Pierce, organ; Turk Van Lake, guitar; Chuck Andrus, bass; Jake Hanna, drums.

Rating: ★★½

When I received this album, I played the first couple of tracks and was quite taken with the spirit of the playing, particularly that of the rhythm section. But when I listened more closely, I found that when I had heard those two tracks, I had heard the album.

With the fine feeling generated in the studio the day this was recorded, it's too bad that someone didn't suggest playing something a bit more challenging than blues and 32-bar tunes that differed mainly

in whether they used an *I Got Rhythm* or a Sears-Roebuck (say in F, basically an F7 to Bb7 to G7 to C7, two bars each) bridge. An exception is *Tweaker*, which is based somewhat on *Get Happy* (the bridge).

The sameness of the material is not helped by limiting keys to either F or Bb, the keys of all tunes except *Tweaker*, which is in Db.

The fact that all but one of the five blues are in F might seem inconsequential; but it isn't, because many jazzmen—and that includes Nistico and Gibbs, this album's main soloists—tend to play certain licks in certain keys, mainly because those phrases lie accommodatingly on the instrument in those keys. The result is repetitive playing, which is certainly discernible in

these performances, particularly in Nistico's solos.

Still, there is that whoop-and-holler spirit that makes much of this album enjoyable, at least in a foot-pounding, cathartic way. Most of the stomping results from Nistico's synthesis of the approaches of Gene Ammons, Sonny Stitt, and Dexter Gordon, which he plays with conviction and buzz-saw drive.

The rhythm section sounds like a Basie unit, with Pierce's organ counting for much of the similarity. Though the rhythm drives relentlessly, it does not always swing—Hanna's insistent chopping on the after-beat and Van Lake's on-top-of-the-beat chording hinder any suppleness the section might have.

Gibbs' playing is not up to what he can do when properly inspired; the appeal of his work here is more rhythmic than melodic. His most thoughtful work is on *Settling*, a slow blues in which he restricts his solo, for the most part, to octave lines. Gibbs also is the victim of bad engineering on the mono version of the album; the tenor and drums overwhelm his vibes throughout, which is particularly disturbing when Nistico riffs behind his solos.

It's a shame all that spirit wasn't applied to a more varied program. (D.DeM.)

Dizzy Gillespie

JAMBO CARIBE—Limelight 82007: *Fiesta Mo-Jo*; *Barbados Carnival*; *Jambo*; *Trinidad*; *Hello*; *Poor Joe*; *And Then She Stopped*; *Don't Try to Keep Up with the Joneses*; *Trinidad*; *Goodbye*.

Personnel: Gillespie, trumpet; James Moody, tenor saxophone, flute; Kenny Barron, piano, bass; Chris White, bass, guitar; Rudy Collins, drums; Kansas Fields, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★★★

The inner struggle that preceded the choice of rating went like this: should it be three stars in spite of the attempts at vocal humor, or 2½ because of them? The decision finally made was based on one criterion—Gillespie & Co. play their mischievous hearts out.

But the recording as a whole suffers because Gillespie's brand of humor is the spontaneous (and visual) variety that fails to hold up on repeated hearing.

Not so with the playing. His trumpet is particularly vibrant on each track, his best moments coming on *Mo-Jo*, *Jambo*, *Hello*, and *Goodbye*. Muted or open, Gillespie is in top form, injecting warmth and humor as well as pyrotechnics.

Moody shines on tenor in *Goodbye* and takes a couple of fine flute choruses on *Mo-Jo* and *Stopped*. Barron contributes some swinging Latin statements on *Jambo* and *Goodbye*, and White's booming bass fairly soars in *Hello* and *Goodbye*.

Jambo's infectious blanket of percussion is enhanced by a buoyant feeling of triplets for each beat, making the tune approachable from either 3/4 or 4/4.

But there's no option with *Hello*. It's intensely swinging 3/4 all the way. Intensity can also be felt in *Goodbye*; in fact, it rushes quite noticeably, which makes it all the more remarkable as a technical tour de force.

The vocals by the leader and White might be break-ups in person, but on disc they're tasteless, particularly the horrendous shriek after *Jambo*, which spoils an otherwise clever intermarriage of calypso

...You'd be playing a Yamaha, too!

and bop scatting.

For genuine humor, try the art work. Bucky Milam's sketches on and in the jacket are ingenious. (H.S.)

Benny Golson

STOCKHOLM SOJOURN—Prestige 7351: *Stockholm Sojourn; Tryst; Are You Real?; Goodbye; Waltz for Debby; My Foolish Heart; Swedish Villa; I Remember Clifford.*

Personnel: Bo Broberg, Benny Bailey, Bengt-Arne Wallin, trumpets; Grachan Moncour III, Eje Thelin, trombones Cecil Payne, Rune Falk, baritone saxophones; Roman Dylag, bass; Golson, composer, arranger.

Rating: ★★☆☆

I confess to a state of excited anticipation when I got this album—and to disappointment when listening.

Golson had been known to me as a man with exquisite taste in choice of tones to succeed one another in simple, yet subtle, melodies. His was a daring freshness of simplicity unheard of before his time; I now see that this ability concerned itself only with his melodic, innovational work and not with orchestration.

For this album he left himself behind somewhere and, instead, borrowed what has become the tedious strain of so-called avant-garde orchestra voicings. Constant masses of boredom are thrust upon the listener, and the soloists' breakthroughs cannot remove the pervading monotony. For the most part, the music is lifeless, states nothing, and goes nowhere.

It was disconcerting to find an orchestra whose instrumentation promises great possibilities for varied colors, changing textures, different thicknesses. Yet there are no butterflies in this album—only moths. Bearing in mind Golson's demonstrated ability, an honest appraisal of this work can only be: stilted writing and poor performance (and poorer recording).

The title tune opens easily in a lovely manner and promises all sorts of wondrous things, and it promised . . . and it promised. Until it ceased promising. It never fulfilled. It made me think of how deeply some writers are impressed by the Gil Evanses of this world, so strongly that their own personalities and abilities are lost. What a terrible waste.

Jean Sibelius wrote the beautiful *Valse Triste*, seen here through distorted lenses in a dusty mirror as *Tryst*. It is immersed in unimportant and loggy ensemble playing. Relief comes in the form of a refreshing interplay between Broberg and Moncour.

Are You Real? is what I would like to ask the man who took this wonderful tune and woodenly scored it into splinters. Melodically and harmonically, there is nothing more one could ask for, other than for it please to be presented in its own clothes.

Goodbye, the old Benny Goodman farewell theme, entertains the same ensemble blotch found on the other tracks. It is not until the Bailey trumpet solo, extremely worthwhile, expressed as it is by a man with great command of his horn, that any interest develops.

Debby is a graceful and lithe Bill Evans composition, but the melody statement here is angular and ungainly. It is not necessarily true that the addition of flutes and French horns will change a damp winter's day into sweet spring; it is not the presence of these instruments that is important

but the manner of their use (a flute can be used to imply heaviness, as can a tuba to imply grace).

Heart is a pretty song presented in bland manner, an almost exclusively ensemble performance tossed off in a nondescript way. It hurts to think of the possibilities of color and textures left unexplored. The arranger and the composer has a responsibility to be clear about his subjects and as creatively interesting as possible and, above all, to write himself into his musical statements.

Villa is an interesting Golson composition. The orchestra seems to come alive here, although why here specifically is difficult to say. The soloists also play more vibrantly than elsewhere in the album. Perhaps the tempo and the harmonic flow have a great deal to do with this.

Clifford is perhaps the most famous Golson composition. Bailey, in his solo, says much more than mere notes. He is the pure emotion, the color scale, the texture variations. This is only right in the performance of such a beautiful song.

It would seem that Golson is at his best when he deals with the simple song; this is where he belongs, and this is where he makes truly beautiful contributions. I won't belittle him by saying he cannot write for orchestra, for this is not true. But he is far from a creator as an orchestrator. The area of his talents, the world of song, is neither small nor unimportant, and he is needed there.

Will Benny Golson please come home? (G.H.)

Coleman Hawkins/Lester Young

CLASSIC TENORS—Contact 3: *The Man I Love; Sweet Lorraine; Get Happy; Crazy Rhythm; How Deep Is the Ocean?; Yoodie; Hello, Babe; Linger Awhile; I Got Rhythm; I'm Fer It Too; Hawkins' Barrelhouse; Stumpy.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-4—Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Eddie Heywood, piano; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Shelly Manne, drums. Tracks 5, 6, 11, 12—Bill Coleman, trumpet; Andy Fitzgerald, clarinet; Hawkins; Ellis Larkins, piano; Al Casey, guitar; Pettiford; Manne. Tracks 7-10—Coleman; Dickie Wells, trombone; Young, tenor saxophone; Larkins; Freddie Green, guitar; Al Hall, bass; Jo Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

These valuable performances were recorded in December, 1943, by Bob Thiele for his then-fledgling Signature label. They are valuable not only because they are exceptional performances—particularly some of the Hawkins tracks—but also because they offer a near-perfect situation for contrasting the two most influential tenor saxophonists jazz has produced.

Hawkins, his playing almost rococo in its ornateness, hardly lets a chord slip by without having a run through it. In contrast, Young sounds almost laconic and sees fit to flow along with the chords, never charging them head on as Hawkins does. Neither method of playing is better, merely different. Young's bone-and-marrow playing gained the same result as Hawkins' all-hands-on-deck method—stir up the music . . . and the listener.

On this LP, both are exciting rhythmically, though they use opposite approaches; Young floats atop the rhythm, munching phrases as he lets the rhythm section play him, while Hawkins, never leaving room for doubt of who is in command, robustly plays the rhythm section.

Though the four tracks with Young,



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originally issued under Wells' name (*Fer It* is an unissued master), do not contain his best work, they are nonetheless thrilling performances.

His solo on the humorous *Babe* is so flowing and lyrical it's like a song. On *Linger* and *Fer It* he is quite direct in his poignant message. He is more subtle on his two *Rhythm* solos. The first lasts only one chorus, in which he retains a seemingly unshakeable calmness. Later he comes back for four choruses; the first two find him fooling around with half-step figures, but on the third and fourth he spreads wings, soars, and plays a beautiful set of improvisations—it's as if time stood still when he played at this level of inspiration, so completely is the listener drawn into the music.

On the quartet tracks Hawkins plays at an equally lofty plane. His solo on *Man I Love* stands on the level of his best playing, including *Body and Soul*. The form of his solo, its construction, its power and swing are remarkable. It is the work of a true master. His *Lorraine* choruses are just slightly below the level of *Man I Love*—though more subdued and tender, their use of motifs and sequences make them almost as architecturally wondrous. *Happy* and *Crazy* also contain great Hawkins—hot, urgent, and filled with passion.

Except for *How Deep?*—which is Hawkins' balladry of the first water and a moving example of his *Body and Soul* style of heroic tenor—the sextet tracks are not as good as those by the quartet. Still there is plenty of gusty Hawkins to be heard on them.

Though Young and Hawkins are the main interests in the album, there is an uncommon number of excellent solos by their supporters.

Certainly Heywood's sparkling piano playing on *Man I Love*, *Lorraine*, and *Happy* make it clear that he was deserving of more praise than he usually got. And Pettiford's *Man I Love* solo opened new worlds for many bass men in the '40s; it's completely hornlike in phrasing, a fulfillment of Jimmy Blanton's promise. (When the original 78-rpm was issued, one critic was as taken with Pettiford's inhaling, audible between his phrases, as he was with the solo.) Pettiford also solos tellingly on *Crazy* and provides an interesting background to Hawkins' first chorus of *Happy* by playing a figure instead of just keeping time, something few, if any, other bassists were doing in 1943.

Manne was in the Coast Guard when he made the Hawkins records, and it was the first time he recorded, I believe. His brush work is particularly well done and is reminiscent of some of the things Big Sid Catlett played (Manne's introduction to *Man I Love* is almost pure Catlett).

Trumpeter Coleman, another underappreciated musician, is emotionally moving in all his solos, whether with Hawkins or Young. His playing has an appealing tinge of sadness and is graced with a flowing and lyrical conception, somewhat in the Buck Clayton vein.

Although not as ignored as Heywood and Coleman, Wells certainly is worthy of more renown than he has enjoyed during his long career in jazz. Like Coleman, he is a lyrical player who colors his work

with melancholy, but Wells also has an irrepressible sense of humor, which he injects at odd moments. On these four tracks, he perhaps injects it too much, particularly when he feels called upon to use the upper reaches of his horn to bring off the punch line. But he's a fine jazzman, nonetheless, especially on blues—his slow blues solo on *Fer It*, only slightly marred by a high-register scream, is reminiscent of his classic *Dickie Wells Blues*, made in France in the '30s.

This is a must record, not only for contrasting two important stylists but also for the enjoyment to be had from the music.

(D.DeM.)

Sam Rivers

FUCHSIA SWING SONG—Blue Note 4184: *Fuchsia Swing Song; Downstairs Blues Upstairs; Cyclic Episode; Luminous Monolith; Beatrice; Ellipsis.*

Personnel: Rivers, tenor saxophone; Jaki Byard, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Tony Williams, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

I wonder how many jazzmen there are like Rivers—men who deserve national attention but who, for one reason or another, never have gained prominence outside their home base. Probably plenty, including some who can't make a living as musicians. Certainly they represent a shameful waste of our artistic resources.

Take Rivers—he's a very good tenor man, at least as capable as a number of better-known saxophonists. Yet few listeners outside the Boston area, where he lives, are aware of him.

Hopefully, this album will do something to remedy this.

All the compositions on it were written by the leader. *Beatrice*, a moving modern ballad; the unusually structured *Monolith*; and *Episode*, a cyclical theme with a never-ending quality, are the most interesting pieces. *Fuchsia*, *Downstairs*, and *Ellipsis*, though less memorable, are good vehicles for improvisation; all three have a kind of updated bop quality.

Rivers' solo style is a mixture of traditional and avant-garde elements. He achieves a big, soft tone that seems to have been derived from premodern tenors of the Coleman Hawkins school. Harmonically and rhythmically, some of his phrases are reminiscent of the mid- and late '50s Sonny Rollins. However, he also employs vocal cries, dissonant intervals, and sheets of sound that are characteristic of today's most-advanced saxophonists.

He's impressive here at slow to moderately fast tempos, in which his rich tone can be heard to advantage. On Grand Prix-paced selections (*Monolith*) the continuity of his lines breaks down more often, and he sometimes runs out of ideas.

Byard has been more consistently good on several other LPs than he is here, but his solos still have their intriguing moments. Notable are his unsentimentally lyrical *Beatrice* spot and jagged, single-note work on *Downstairs* and *Cyclic*.

The rhythm section grooves beautifully. Carter, one of the most accomplished bassists in recent years, does nothing to detract from his reputation. His section work is resilient as well as forceful, and he produces a fine dark tone. Much of Williams' playing is complex and volatile, but he also brings off quiet passages well—

that he can play with a good deal of subtlety should not be overlooked. (H.P.)

Don Wilkerson

SHOUTIN'—Blue Note 4145: *Movin' Out*; *Cookin' with Clarence*; *Easy Living*; *Happy Johnny*; *Blues for J*; *Sweet Cake*.

Personnel: Wilkerson, tenor saxophone; Grant Green, guitar; John Patton, organ; Ben Dixon, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Wilkerson shows in his playing that he is aware of all the melodic and harmonic advances in jazz, at least through the post-bop period, and he has an earthy delivery that is satisfying. But his phrasing is choppy and predictable throughout most of these tracks, and he suffers from limited vision, a malady that strangely afflicts a large number of the current crop of soul musicians.

Movin' Out is an exercise in child's play, with the rhythm chugging along with the Beatle bounce. *Cookin'* is in a better groove and, with *Happy Johnny*, has the best Wilkerson of the album.

Patton continues to be an excellent accompanist, and Green, who should have been allowed to solo more often, is very good on *Cookin'*. (G.M.E.)

COMMENTS ON CLASSICS

By DONAL HENAHAN

Next year the 20th century will be two-thirds gone. The popular Cassandras to the contrary, it has been a rich time for music, as our increasing ability to take in its achievements in a fair perspective will show.

American music, to restrict our survey for a moment, has spawned its share of durable art in this period, as Mercury's new series of reissues, *Great Music of American Composers*, illustrates. These records are "electronic reprocessings" of performances that were staples of the pre-stereo catalog, mostly by Howard Hanson and the Eastman Rochester Orchestra. This series leans strongly toward the most conservative American idiom, but having the best of the old school again represented is worthwhile.

One disc, for example, is devoted to Samuel Barber's popular early music: the *Adagio for Strings*, the "Medea" Suite, *Symphony No. 1*, and "The School for Scandal" Overture (SR-90420). This is all very well, but it gives a stunted picture of Barber's talents, which reached greater heights in his *Piano Sonata* (available on records only in the breathtaking Vladimir Horowitz performance, despite its importance in American music).

Hanson's own honest conservatism drew him to such older American composers as Edward MacDowell and Charles Griffes, who share another record in the Mercury series (SR-90422).

The former's neo-Tchaikovskian "Indian" Suite No. 2 sounds quaint these days, though no more so than, say, the effusions of Edward Grieg. Griffes' *Poem for Flute and Orchestra*, gently unpretentious as it

is, has a lasting sound, at least as a flutist's specialty, and *The White Peacock* is authentically Impressionistic in a cut-rate Debussy manner. Griffes' *The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan* and *Bacchanale*, however, have slight interest even for an American music antiquarian.

The best of the *Great Music of American Composers* series features the third symphonies of Aaron Copland and Roy Harris, as well as Copland's evocative *Quiet City* (Mercury SR-90421).

Copland's most important symphonic

series is one containing Roger Sessions' *Suite from "The Black Maskers,"* Walter Piston's lighthearted *The Incredible Flutist*, Hanson's own "Merry Mount" Suite, and Alan Hovhaness' *Prelude and Quadruple Fugue*. The reissue serves to remind one how shamefully American conductors have neglected Sessions; in addition to this 1923 suite, only one other work of his has been recorded by a major American orchestra.

Hovhaness has done considerably better, for his style makes direct and immediate contact with a conservative ear, even while it exploits contemporary technique. His recent *Meditation on Orpheus*, for example, lends the music a mysterious tinge through a device that seems on the surface very *au courant* but is no more radical than Wagner's demand for unsynchronized bowing in certain of his scores.

The Hovhaness work, whether pigeon-holed under old or new music, makes its effect and justifies itself to the ear, which is the only sensible court. William Strickland and the Japan Philharmonic play it beautifully on a new Composers Recordings, Inc., disc (CRI-134), which also contains unexceptional music by Homer Keller (*Symphony No. 3*) and Joseph Wood (*Poem for Orchestra*). The contrast between the academicism of the latter two and the Hovhaness *Meditation* is instructive.

All this talk of American music in the 20th century, and no mention yet of Charles Ives.

Well, it is easy to ignore the man if one depends for enlightenment on concerts and records by the major orchestras. Even now, when Ives' importance is taken for granted, it is hard to come by recorded performances of his best music. Leonard Bernstein, with the *Second Symphony*, is a glorious exception, and Hanson's testimony in behalf of the *Third* and the *Three Places in New England* must be mentioned. But these works should be standard repertory, like the Tchaikovsky *Fourth*, not curios of the catalog.

This season, Leopold Stokowski's celebrated performance in New York City of the reconstructed Ives *Fourth Symphony* made so deep an impression that Columbia has promised a recording of it.

Why not turn one of the major American orchestras loose on a complete Ives? After all, there is a complete Anton Webern, and we will soon have the complete Igor Stravinsky and Arnold Schoenberg.

Columbia, always the pacemaker in new music, has issued a welcome Ormandy-Philadelphia version of Ives' *Three Places in New England* on an excellent disc along with Copland's *Lincoln Portrait* and *Fanfare for the Common Man* (MS-6684).

At this stage in the Ives revival, the sonic glamour that the Philadelphians lend to his music is as welcome as it is exciting, even though Ives partisans may quibble about Ormandy's glossy treatment of some pages, particularly in the wonderfully polytonal *Housatonic* at *Stockbridge* section.

Now, if a few globe-trotting virtuosos would only apply themselves to the "Concord" *Piano Sonata*, the Ives cause might be an overnight triumph. We don't need the *Appassionata* quite so often. 

In the Next Down Beat:

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George Hoefer surveys the
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down beat

effort, dated 1944, retains much of its remembered appeal in rehearing, though now one is more conscious of rhetorical hollowness at times and much undisciplined pattern-making in lieu of tight construction.

Harris' best-known symphony also sounds full of mechanical sequences these days, and its Thirtyish tone of speech grates a bit. But its importance can be heard plainly, despite all faults.

Also among the records in the Mercury

BLINDFOLD TEST

HAROLD LAND

By LEONARD FEATHER



WOODY WOODWARD

Harold Land is one of the most consistently inventive and invigorating tenor soloists on the contemporary scene. This evaluation could have been made with equal justification five or 10 years ago; yet his reputation never has been entirely commensurate with his abilities.

Part of the reason lies in the fact that except for a year of touring with the Max Roach-Clifford Brown Quintet in 1954-'55, Land has seldom moved out of southern California for any extended time. Born in Texas in 1928 and reared in San Diego, he is one of the most highly rated freelancers on the Los Angeles scene and has recorded as a leader on Contemporary, Atlantic, and other labels.

As a sideman he has been prominent during the last couple of years with the Gerald Wilson Orchestra and with a variety of Hollywood recording groups. Before trumpeter Carmell Jones joined Horace Silver's quintet last year, he and Jones were frequently partners on quintet gigs.

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

1. Gene Ammons. *In Sid's Thing* (from *Velvet Soul*, Prestige). Ammons, Frank Wess, tenor saxophones; Johnny Smith, organ.

Two tenors. One sounded very much like Jug; the other tenor player I didn't recognize. It sounded nice; I've always enjoyed Gene. . . . Some swing was generated, some excitement, though as far as the over-all idea, it wasn't anything too exceptional.

The organist could have left a little more space for the soloists. I don't object to the organ sound in general; at certain times it can be groovy. It depends who's playing the organ and what kind of group he's playing with. Three stars.

2. Harry James. *That's All* (from *In a Relaxed Mood*, MGM). Corky Corcoran, tenor saxophone.

I didn't recognize who that was. At first I was sure it was Ben [Webster]. Then I listened a little longer and decided it wasn't. It could have been someone like Vido Musso, but I don't think it was.

It was well enough played, but I can't say it was an overly interesting interpretation of that tune. I would just give it maybe two stars.

3. Archie Shepp. *Naima* (from *Four for Trane*, Impulse). Shepp, tenor saxophone; John Coltrane, composer.

I recognized the tune that Trane wrote—for his wife, I believe. And I wish he had been playing it, because it is a beautiful tune, and whoever this was didn't do justice to it. The great body of warmth in the tune was left out, in its entirety, to me.

I just didn't receive any message; all I heard was a lot of calisthenics to no avail.

For a moment near the beginning I was inclined to think of Paul Gonsalves, because of the sound and his technique, but I'm inclined to think Paul is always closer to the core of a message, harmonically or

otherwise, than this tenor player was.

As I said, this didn't do justice to a beautiful tune. I'm afraid I can't give it more than one star.

4. Roland Kirk. *Land of Peace* (from *Reeds & Deeds*, Mercury). Kirk, tenor saxophone; Virgil Jones, trumpet; Harold Mabern, piano; Rafik Abdullah, bass; Walter Perkins, drums.

That was nice. The trumpet player played well and the tenor player, as well as the piano. The rhythm section as a whole sounded nice too.

It sounded a little like the tenor player on the last record you played, but I don't suppose it was. I heard some influence of Trane but also of Sonny Rollins. I couldn't really pinpoint who it was. Three stars.

5. Booker Ervin. *True Blue* (from *The Blues Book*, Prestige). Carmell Jones, trumpet; Ervin, tenor saxophone; Gildo Mahones, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Alan Dawson, drums.

That was nice; it was swinging, groovy, and I liked the soloists. Carmell, of course, is always identifiable. We've played together so much that I recognized him after the first couple of phrases. That must have been Booker Ervin on tenor, wasn't it? I don't know him personally, but I've heard him on records.

I don't know who the rhythm section consisted of, but they sounded good together. Three and a half.

6. Coleman Hawkins. *My Ideal* (from *Meditation*, Mainstream). Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Art Tatum, piano. Recorded in 1943.

Five stars! Beautiful! This is the man that originally made me want to play the tenor saxophone. That was about 1946 or a little before; I was about to get out of high school.

He is one of the real masters of the tenor; the tenderness that he exhibited in that first chorus was extraordinary. This

track showed the warmth he gets from the instrument, the fluidness of his expression, the phrasing—everything. Things that you don't usually hear all together, for the very good reason that there aren't that many of them around.

I enjoyed that very tasty piano solo too. I'm inclined to think this was made several years back, though I can't be sure because Hawkins has always sounded good.

7. Stan Getz-Joao Gilberto. *So Danco Samba* (Verve). Getz, tenor saxophone.

Well . . . just pleasant. I've heard several tracks on that that I think were a little more musical. They didn't really arrive at too much here. Bossa nova is effective on certain tunes, but this didn't say too much to me. One or two stars.

8. Eddie Harris. *Dancing Bull* (from *Jazz of the Sixties: Giants of the Saxophones*, Vee-Jay). Harris, tenor saxophone, composer.

Sounds like it could have been Wayne Shorter. Was it?

The mood that this got, the color, came off well; and everybody played well. Three stars.

Afterthoughts by Land

Quite a few of the things that Miles has recorded I would classify as five stars. Either his approach will be particularly interesting or his interpretation of the tune. Not to mention the accompanists, the groovy soloists, he has with him.

I would say the same for a number of Trane's recordings. He's had his group together for such a length of time; the individuals are all of high caliber, and they have a very strong rapport. They generate a great deal of excitement and have some adventurous approaches, rhythmically and harmonically.

Ahmad Jamal has made some five-star things, too, and, of course, a lot of other artists—I don't want to slight anybody, but I can't name them all.



BOOK REVIEWS

Jazz Masters of the Fifties, by Joe Goldberg. Published by MacMillan Co., 246 pages, \$4.95.

The first in a series of five *Jazz Masters* books under the general editorship of Martin Williams, Goldberg's *Jazz Masters of the Fifties* is an unassuming, modest success. The author has assembled sober, solidly researched studies of a dozen jazz figures who built their reputations in the '50s, "players who," he writes in the introduction, "may be considered as artists. They have all come to prominence since the rise of Charlie Parker; in a sense, this book is a consideration of different uses to which Parker's discoveries have been put. To put it differently, bop, or modern jazz, is the common language of the 12 musicians discussed here, and each man speaks a different dialect. For there is, of course, a tradition involved. Too often, what seems a radical departure is that only within a jazz context; other musics have employed the startling new methods for years."

The jazzmen Goldberg profiles are Gerry Mulligan, Thelonious Monk, Art Blakey, Miles Davis, Sonny Rollins, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Charles Mingus, Paul Desmond, Ray Charles, John Coltrane, Cecil Taylor, and Ornette Coleman. For the most part, they are good, insightful portraits, journalistically sound pieces of reporting and research (one gets the impression, for example, that Goldberg has unearthed practically every significant article about each of his subjects that has ever appeared) that illumine the subjects' lives and work and set them in proper historical perspective.

Goldberg's assessments are sound, if cautious; there is, for example, a tendency to rely on the critical pronouncements of other writers when it comes to evaluating the work of his subjects. This, coupled with the many other attributions, gives the book a curiously detached, impersonal quality. Goldberg's prose often possesses much the same "chilled perfection" he ascribes to the playing of altoist Desmond.

But facts are there, even if they were originally gathered by others. And from them, his own observations, and conversations with the artists covered. Goldberg has assembled a gallery of (academic) portraits that are true to the lineaments of his subjects, good, workmanlike portraits.

A number of the profiles are quite well done, fair and readable accounts of the artists under discussion. Among these are the pieces on Monk (the "touring evangelist" the pianist accompanied, however, was his mother), Rollins (particularly good), Desmond, Coltrane, and Taylor.

As an introduction to the work of the influential jazzmen of the '50s, this book—balanced, carefully written, and well documented—will be most helpful to the newly initiated jazz fan. For the old hand, there is not a great deal that is new or that hasn't appeared elsewhere. In fact, the

book's chief virtue would appear to be that it has brought together much that has been available only in scattered sources until now. —Pete Welding

Jazz Country, by Nat Hentoff. Published by Harper & Row, 146 pages, \$2.95.

A few years ago, *Down Beat* published in *Chords and Discords* a long letter from the late Nick La Rocca, cornetist-leader of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band. It was perhaps 10 percent verifiable fact and 90 percent straight gall and wormwood. Seldom if ever had such openly anti-Negro bias been put into words by any musician. Such hatred has been very rare through-

out jazz history, but it has found its perhaps inevitable antipode in the racial climate of 1965. For every musician who insisted on seeing everything in terms of white-not-black, there are now a dozen whose perspective is black-not-white. The second wrong that makes nothing right has caught up with U.S. society.

Jazz Country, a reflection of this development, is a jazz novel but qualifies also as a primer on race relations. Designed ostensibly for the younger reader, it is suitable in fact for anyone who has deep concern for the subject matter.

Hentoff tells his story in the first person; he is a 16-year-old white high-school student who has earned the nickname "Young Dizzy" because of his ability to play

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Gillespie solos taken directly off records.

In the opening chapter the student, Tom Curtis, and his friend Mike are attempting to gain access to the Savoy, a night club, where Moses Godfrey is playing. Unable to enter, the youngsters hang around and soon, outside the club, get to meet Godfrey and his bassist, Bill Hitchcock.

The story gradually takes the reader (vicariously through Curtis) into the inside world of jazz. But it is a very specialized world rather than a whole cosmos, as we soon learn:

"It can't be that simple, Tom," Mike

said. "Look, what about the white guys who made real contributions to jazz—Bix Beiderbecke, Pee Wee Russell, Stan Getz, Jack Teagarden, Bill Evans? After all, when Miles Davis wanted the best piano player he could get, he hired Bill Evans, didn't he?"

I wanted to believe Mike, but the history of jazz showed something else. Everybody who had made the big contributions, who had started a major change that caused everybody to absorb and follow up on what he had discovered—all of those real creators—had been Negro: Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Lester Young,

Charlie Parker, Dizzy, Miles, Moses Godfrey. So Mary Hitchcock was right. Who did I think I was, trying to get into that league?

Moses Godfrey is a Thelonius Monk-like character; Mary Hitchcock is the bassist's bitterly anti-white wife. Later we meet Veronica, a wealthy patron of jazz, whose resemblance to the Baroness Pannonica de Koenigswarter is very thinly disguised and whose friendship with the Negro musicians Curtis finds hard to understand.

"How did Veronica break through?" I asked. "I mean, is she with CORE or one of the other civil rights groups or something?" Hitchcock looked at me as if I was from Mars. "Boy, you have a lot to learn. She 'broke through,' as you put it, very simply. By being herself. It may take time, but that's the only way to make it. In anything that counts."

Eventually, after Curtis has begun to break through, he receives an offer to join the Negro combo of George Dudley (Cannonball Adderley?). Hitchcock's reaction when Curtis tells him of the offer is: "What Dudley is doing isn't integration. It's exploitation. It takes a job away from a black man."

Curtis has to decide between taking the job and going to college. The story resolves itself, not altogether believably, but at least on a note of optimism.

One implication is that there are two worlds into which an aspiring musician can move: the white world and the right world. One wonders how much of Tom Curtis is Nat Hentoff. One wonders, too, why Hentoff made such an unpleasant character of Irving Weston, a bearded jazz critic. (Hentoff's middle name is Irving.)

But the implicit editorializing in *Jazz Country* is an advantage. It places before the reader, at one point or another, almost every attitude that can be encountered in the highly charged field of interracial contact. The characters, particularly Godfrey and Veronica, are drawn with great sensitivity; the dialog is the most convincing and stimulating I have ever found in a jazz novel.

It is not without significance that musicians like Dizzy Gillespie have read *Jazz Country* and have endorsed its extraordinary insight into the special in-group world it examines.

Whether Hentoff is attempting to lay the facts of life before his reader, or to line himself up with the second wrong, or merely to accentuate the evil of the original sin is not as important as whether he tells a convincing story and makes the reader reflect seriously on the complex sociological overtones of the story.

This is Hentoff's first attempt at a novel. He has a very sure gift for it and is far enough inside the subject to bring to it a warmth and reality rare in jazz novels. His characters are whole people; the dues Tom Curtis has to pay are very much like the dues any young musician entering jazz today may find at every turn.

Despite the "for young readers" qualification, *Jazz Country* is recommended to four groups: Negro, white, young, and old.

—Leonard Feather

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A Drop of Patience, by William Melvin Kelley. Published by Doubleday, 237 pages, \$4.50.

Most so-called jazz novels have been either luridly sensational or mawkishly sentimental; none has been particularly noteworthy as literature. There is reason to rejoice, then, at the discovery of this finely wrought, sensitive, and wholly convincing short novel, which has as its hero a blind Negro jazz musician, Ludlow Washington.

When he is 5, Washington is handed over by his father to a state institution in the Deep South. The boy studies music at "the home," because "music was better than a tin cup on somebody's corner." At 16 he is released in the custody of a local bandleader who has heard him play tenor saxophone.

At Boone's Cafe, a honky-tonk where the leader plays, Ludlow discovers he has unusual musical gifts, is introduced to the mysteries of sex, strikes up a lasting friendship with the band's trombonist, and is heard by a famous girl singer. But he is in the leader's bondage till his 18th birthday.

Ludlow marries his landlady's daughter and fathers a child. Soon thereafter, he is called to New York City by the singer, who has not forgotten his playing; but his wife refuses to leave with him.

Some years with the singer improve his playing and spread his fame among musicians. He joins a leading big band and then forms his own group and does well until an unhappy love affair with an upper-class white girl upsets his carefully constructed defenses.

He loses control, is institutionalized for a time, turns to drinking, and falls into obscurity. Restored by the affectionate concern of a young girl, the end of the book finds Washington refusing to take advantage of his "rediscovery" by a famous jazz critic and deciding to go back to the South to find peace of mind: "Perhaps a church on a dirt road . . . no more than a shack, with a congregation of 12 or so, without an organ to help their high, shaky voices carry the tunes of their hymns. A place like that would need a good musician."

Washington's story is told episodically, tied together with excerpts from an interview. Kelley, whose first novel, *A Different Drummer*, won a Rosenthal Foundation award, and whose collection of short stories, *Dancers on the Shore*, was highly acclaimed, spins out his tale with economy.

His style is clear and spare, yet poetic and evocative. It is a clean style, neither overly manneristic and self-consciously literary nor fashionably crude and vulgar. From beginning to end, this is the work of an authentic writer.

Perhaps the most remarkable achievement of the book is Kelley's portrayal of a blind person's way of apprehending life. Just as Washington never, even at the nadir of his career, feels self-pity, so Kelley avoids all traces of sentimentality. He depicts both the self-centeredness and the vulnerability of the blind with great psychological insight, but the book is free of editorializing; whatever is revealed

comes about through the action and reaction of the characters.

Kelley also has the novelist's gift of creating real people. Even incidental characters come to life, and he is remarkably successful with his women: Malveen, the prostitute (*not* with a heart of gold); Etta-Sue, the wife who forgets the needs of her man when her child is born; Ragan, the passionate but immature romantic; and Harriet, the good girl, homely and devoted, all ring true to life.

And so do Kelley's impressions of the jazz musician's life, speech, and attitudes toward his music. There is no lecturing about the meaning of jazz here, but a fresher, clearer, and more authentic revelation of that meaning than many a

labored exposition has conveyed.

But in the main, this is not a book about jazz, but a book about people. It is also a book by a Negro about Negroes (Ragan is the only fully developed white character), but because it is written by a real writer, it is not fictionalized sociology or politics, and it strikes no poses.

It is not a message book or a tract for our times, yet it illuminates, movingly and convincingly, the universality of human experience. Even the utter frankness of the book's sexual passages (and they are not infrequent) is not designed to shock or startle, and the effect of these descriptions is curiously tender and affecting.

A Drop of Patience is a book very much worthwhile. —Dan Morgenstern

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(Continued from page 11)

... The big band of brothers Les and Larry Elgart began a new dance policy at the Mark Twain Riverboat in the Empire State Building with a month's stay beginning June 1 . . . Composer pianist-percussionist George Abend with Ed Curran, alto saxophone, and Bob Pozar, drums, was heard in concert at the Contemporary Center . . . French vocalist Barbara Belgrave made her U.S. debut at Bard College in May and was accompanied by pianist Ran Blake . . . Trumpeter Kenny Dorham took his quintet from Slug's Saloon downtown to Minton's Playhouse uptown . . . Trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, on leave from drummer Max Roach's quintet, headed a combo that included tenor saxophonist Clifford Jordan and alto saxophonist James Spaulding at Slug's during the first half of June . . . Organist Don Patterson's trio holds forth at Basie's Lounge . . . The Apollo Theater, on a jazz kick in recent months, presented the groups of organist Jimmy Smith and vibraphonist Cal Tjader and a big band led by saxophonist Oliver Nelson in early June . . . Pianist Herbie Hancock's group at the Village Vanguard featured tenor saxophonist Wayne Shorter and drummer Tony Williams . . . Tenor saxophonist Bill Barron's quartet is working with Roberta Holden's children's theater, which presents playlets at public schools in New York City . . . Singer-pianist Nina Simone left for a six-week concert tour of Europe June 21 . . . Vocalist Dotti Mor, accompanied by pianist Bertha Hope, bassist John Ore, and drummer Billy Higgins, was heard in concert at Judson Hall June 10.

TORONTO: Jon Hendricks was in for two weeks at the Town Tavern, accompanied by pianist Flip Nunez, bassist John Hurd, and drummer Clarence Beckton. Guitarist Kenny Burrell was slated to follow . . . The Saints and Sinners (with pianist Red Richards, trombonist Vic Dickenson, clarinetist Buster Bailey, trumpeter Herman Autry) were back at the Colonial for three weeks . . . Vocalist Olive Brown and clarinetist Henry Cuesta joined pianist Don Ewell for an extended engagement at the Golden Nugget . . . Jim McHarg took his new traditional band, the Metro Stompers, into the Underground, a weekend establishment attached to the Penny Farthing, where rhythm and blues now prevail . . . Recent visitors at the Village Corner Club were one-man-band Jesse Fuller and folk singer Casey Anderson . . . Louis Armstrong has been booked for a week at the O'Keefe Center in July . . . Last month saw guitarist-singer Lonnie Johnson at the New Gate of Cleve, the Woody Herman Band at the Palais Royale, and Dick Baars' Dixieland band at the Park Plaza . . . Rob McConnell's big band appeared in a mid-night concert at the Bohemian Embassy.

BOSTON: Woody Herman blasted his way into Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike for three days late in May. Singer Jimmy

Rushing joined the band for the three days and then, with a group led by tenor saxophonist Stan Monteiro, with pianist Bob Pillsbury, bassist Tony Teixeira, and drummer Alan Dawson, finished out the week . . . The Jazz Workshop featured tenorist Budd Johnson with Ray Santisi, piano; John Neves, bass; and Joe Hunt, drums . . . Bill Tannebring, producer of the Channel 2 show *Jazz*, was host for a program that featured Rushing and Johnson . . . Young pianist Keith Jarrett is appearing at the Inner Circle with singer Paulette DeMello . . . Alto saxophonist Jimmy Mosher and trumpeter Paul Fontaine led a quintet that played the Providence, R.I., Arts Festival . . . Alan Rowe, a tenor saxophonist from England, who is at the Berklee School of Music on a *Down Beat* scholarship, is spending the summer working in Basin Street South's house band.

BUFFALO: The Eddie Harris Quartet appeared in mid-May at the Royal Arms and was followed by bongoist Candido and his group . . . Jacobbi's house band, which includes pianist Dick Fedale and vocalist Julie West, is appearing mornings on a local television show . . . Woody Herman with his big band appeared at the Castle for two nights in May . . . The jazz buffs in the area were offered a variety of swinging groups recently when the Ramsey Lewis Trio appeared at the Cold Springs Bon-Ton, and Les McCann had his group at the Royal Arms and was followed by the Thelonious Monk Quartet . . . The amount of jazz on Buffalo radio stations on the air from sun-up to sundown has increased with the advent of daylight saving time. WUFO, the local rhythm-and-blues station, now uses some of the additional time gained to air a few more hours of modern jazz weekly. WEBR is continuing Saturday's *Jazz Central* and *Jazz on a Sunday Afternoon* shows with Carroll Hardy as host.

PHILADELPHIA: The debut of jazz bagpiper Rufus Harley's new combo at the Jazz at Home Club was caught by a large New York contingent, including trumpeter Clark Terry, singer Gloria Lynne, record producer Bob Thiele, and jazz writer Pauline Rivelli. The club's 18-piece band, led by flugelhornist Charlie Chisholm, was to play its first concert at the club in late June . . . Several well-known pianists, including Bernard Peiffer and Dave McKenna, have been filling in for Trenton pianist Johnnie Coates Jr. at Trenton's Club 50 while Coates plays a job in the Pocono Mountains for the summer . . . Pianist Dick Grossman and a group of Philadelphia "new thingers" gave a recent concert at the Ethical Culture Society in the Quaker City . . . Pianist Demon Spiro backed singer Al Hibbler for his Show Boat date. Hibbler, who is blind, asked owner Herb Spivak for a television set for his room so he could "catch the soap operas" . . . Pianist Junior Mance replaced Europe-bound altoist Lou Donaldson for a Cadillac Sho-Bar date. Organist Bill Doggett will return to his home town for a Cadillac appearance in July . . . The Frank Foster big band's week at

Pep's was moved back a week to make way for reed man **John Coltrane's** engagement.

BALTIMORE: The seven-week newspaper strike was felt at boxoffices here. Only 1,000 persons turned out at the huge Civic Center for the **Dave Clark Five** last month. However, little ballyhoo has been needed to promote the touring package of **Frank Sinatra, Count Basie, Oscar Peterson, and Quincy Jones** coming to the 12,000-seat auditorium July 17. At presstime, the concert was almost sold out... Mainstay singer **Ethel Ennis** left the Red Fox for California and a western tour. Vocalist **Dolores Lynn** replaced her... A turnaway crowd greeted the **Yusef Lateef** group at a recent Left Bank Jazz Society concert, prompting a return engagement in September. The LBJ society's Sunday afternoon concerts continued at the Madison Club with the **Cliff Jordan** Quartet on June 6 and a **Clark Terry-Jimmy Heath** pairing on the following Sunday. The **Cannonball Adderley** Sextet played the Lyric Auditorium under the society's banner June 12... The Lexington West now offers a floor show with its headliners. In early June, after tenorist **Eddie Harris** was featured, the club sported the **Hank Crawford** Band with vocalist **Austin Cromer**, dancer-comic **Baby Lawrence**, and the **Soul Brothers**. Singer **Aretha Franklin** was the club's following act... Organist **Jack McDuff** held forth at the North End Lounge until multi-instrumentalist **Roland Kirk** came in mid-June. Organist **Jimmy McGriff** is booked at the lounge in July.

DETROIT: The Artists Workshop was badly damaged by fire and has closed its facilities until further notice. The location, at 1252 W. Forest, may be abandoned in the fall, when the artists' organization opens its jazz club in the Wayne State University area. Meanwhile, the workshop's house band, the **Detroit Contemporary 4**, continues to play concerts around the Detroit area... Drummer **Roy Brooks** was back in Detroit briefly before leaving again with guitarist **Wes Montgomery's** new group (**Hugh Lawson**, piano, and **Arthur Harper**, bass) after a stay at the Drome Bar. Tenorist **Billy Mitchell's** quintet followed Montgomery into the club... Blues Unlimited, the east-side soul station, has dropped its name policy until fall... The Grand Bar, the city's hard-luck club (two fires in the last two years), suffered major damage when vandals broke into the club and smashed furniture, bottles, and equipment in late May. Vocalists **Etta James** had just closed an engagement there when the break-in occurred... Singer **Lloyd Price's** big band (under the direction of trombonist-arranger **Slide Hampton**) was at Phelps' Lounge for 10 days in early June... Vocalist **Nina Simone** and **June Christy** were featured acts at the Charade Lounge in June. Pianist **Johnny Griffith's** trio has replaced that of **Harold McKinney** as house band there, and the **Allegros** are featured in the Lounge... Bassist **Ron Brooks** has taken his trio (**Stanley Cowell**, piano, and **Danny Spencer**, drums) into the Town Bar in Ann Arbor. **Tim Tomke** replaces Cow-

NAME'S THE SAME

A HIPSTER'S QUIZ
By GARY A. SOUCIE

In jazz, as in that cruel, square world beyond, the Smiths and the Joneses outnumber just about everybody else. There are many other family names that have produced a plethora of talent. How many of them can you identify from the following sets of four first names?

1. Jim, Gene, Edmond, and Tubby _____
2. Betty, Ron, Bob, and Benny _____
3. Joe, John, George, and Tony _____
4. Bill, Horace, Rick, and Smack _____
5. Arthur, Cecil, Billy, and Gene _____
6. Charlie, Norma, Jack, and Cub _____
7. Tubby, Edgar, Clancy, and Louis _____
8. Benny, Bill, Barry, and Eddie _____
9. Rex, Buddy, Slam, and Tom _____
10. Lee, John, Lester, and Webster _____
11. Dick, John, Shad, and Rudy _____
12. Bennie, Lil, Grant, and Benny _____
13. Shorty, Dave, Mickey, and Eddie _____
14. Jimmy, Johnny, Willie, and Floyd _____

Answers will be found in the July 29 Down Beat

Answers to the Show Biz quiz that appeared in the last issue of Down Beat: 1-J; 2-E; 3-G; 4-H; 5-K; 6-A; 7-C; 8-I; 9-B; 10-L; 11-F; 12-D.

ell on Fridays and Saturdays... **Dizzy Gillespie's** quintet drew SRO crowds to Baker's Keyboard during its May engagement there. The trumpeter was followed by the **Gene Krupa** Quartet.

CHICAGO: Composer **Bill Russo** will return to Chicago this month and begin lining up members for the **Chicago Jazz Ensemble** (DB, June 17). Russo said the orchestra will consist of four trumpets, four trombones, five reeds, four cellos, guitar, bass, and drums. The orchestra will be a major part of Columbia College's Center for New Music. Russo, composer-in-residence at the college, also will organize a choral group and offer private instruction in composition. Other plans call for Russo-led classes in what was called "musicianship"... Bourbon Street has become the Bourbon-A-Go-Go, with the rock-and-roll band and dancers that go-go with such establishments. The **Dukes of Dixieland** and **Eddy Davis'** traditional-jazz crew, long-time residents at Bourbon Street, now are featured at the Velvet Swing, which is around the corner from BS in the Rush St. entertainment area. Banjoist **Davis'** band is made up of **Jack Brown**, trumpet; **Bobby Gordon**, clarinet; **Jim Beebe**, trombone; **Jimmy Johnson**, bass; **Whitey Thomas**, piano; and **Jim Rios**, drums... Drummer **Harvey Leon's** band, which was at the Velvet Swing for about a year before the switch, is working in Toronto during the summer. Clarinetist **Frank Chace** was added to the Leonites for the Canadian sojourn. Other members are **Bill Dengler**, trumpet and bass saxophone; **Bill Johnson**, trombone; **Jack Bradley**, piano; and **Marty Grosz**, banjo and guitar... Bassist **Barre Phillips**, recently on tour in Europe with **George**

Russell's sextet and, later, **Jimmy Giuffre's** threesome, dropped his avant-garde long enough to work with **Peter Nero** during the pianist's recent London House three-weeker... Pianist **Flip Nunez'** trio backed singer **Jon Hendricks** at the Plugged Nickel last month... The group made up of guitarist **Joe Diorio** and bassists **Scotty Holt** and **Melvin Jackson** is working Monday sessions at the Crystal Pistol on N. Wells St. The trio also is featured on Sunday afternoons at the near-north establishment... Blues singer-guitarist **Mike Bloomfield** scurried to New York City for a June recording date with singer **Bob Dylan**.

INDIANAPOLIS: The Pink Poodle, the jazz club that has undergone a series of management changes in the last year, was taken over June 1 by drummer **Count Fisher**, leader of his own trio, a group that has played clubs around town for several years. The trio is providing entertainment at the Poodle, although there may be a return to name out-of-town performers later, Fisher said... The 19th Hole, which operated through the winter and spring on a weekend-only entertainment policy, returned in early June to full-time music, with the **Paulia Rhyne** Trio Tuesdays through Saturdays and **Sid Woods**, radio station WGEE's jazz disc jockey, in record sessions Mondays... A seven-piece group led by pianist **Tom Hensley** and tenorist **Al Cobine**, and made up of members from Cobine's big band, backed singer **Mel Torme** at the Embers the first week in June. The next two weeks, Hensley took a trio (**Don Baldwin**, bass, and **Stan Gage**, drums) into the Carrousel. Hensley, a resident of Nashville, Ind., in the scenic artists' colony in Brown County,

south of Indianapolis, also has been scoring an original *Brown County Suite*. He is to record it in midsummer with Baldwin and drummer **Jack Gilfoxy**, possibly augmented by members of the Indiana University folklore department on five-string banjo and fiddle . . . The **Roland Kirk Quartet** played Mr. B's Lounge the last week in May and first week of June.

CINCINNATI: Herbie's Bar brought back the **John Wright Quartet**. Wright is on saxophone, with **Champ Childress**, piano and trombone; **Teddy Weatherford**, bass; and **Slim Jackson**, drums. Pianist **Harvey Reed**, who holds down Herbie's on Monday nights, also plays the evening cocktail hour six nights a week . . . The **Blind Lemon's** outdoor terrace rounded out the spring with **Cal Collins**, guitar; **Jack Prather**, bass; and **Grove Mooney**, drums . . . The **Playboy Club's** Living Room brought in the **Woody Evans Trio**. Evans is the pianist, **Mike Moore** the bassist, and **Ron McCurdy** the drummer. Continuing as house group at the downtown key club are **Dave Engle**, piano; **Jack Prather**, bass; and **Carman DeLeon**, drums.

LOUISVILLE: Tenor man **Bobby Jones** and his quartet (**Bobby Lam**, piano; **Joe Taylor**, guitar, bass; **John Roy**, drums) are playing Friday and Saturday nights at **Brady's Lounge**, while the trio of organist **Billy Madison** (**Andrew Jackson**, tenor saxophone, **Duke Landers**, drums) plays the same nights at the **Climax** in **New Albany, Ind.**, plus Sunday evenings at **Snooky's** in **Louisville** . . . The **Ambassadors**, a group from **Dayton, Ohio**, are currently featured at the **Golden Barrel Lounge** of the **Champion Bowling Lanes** . . . Pianist **Betty Barry** is at the **Churchill Inn** Wednesdays through Saturdays. With her are **Neil Burris**, bass, and **Tommy McCullough**, drums . . . In addition to **Boogie Martin's** quartet (**Glen Bradley**, soprano saxophone, flute; **Martin**, piano; **John Mapp**, bass; and **Buddy Charles**, drums) a recent Sunday session at the **Blue Moon** had several guests sitting in, among them tenorist **Don Myrick** and pianist **Lou Forresteri**.

MIAMI: The **Knight Beat** was set to begin regular Sunday afternoon jazz concerts on June 20. The matinees cater to students and young adults, and no alcoholic beverages are served. The club features local and out-of-town talent . . . Pianist **Lugman Falana** and his trio moved in opposite the **Pete Ponzol Quartet** at the **Opus #1**. As an experiment, the management will feature continuous jazz . . . **Miami-Dade Junior College**, which previously has featured the **Paul Winter Sextet**, is planning a fall **Lyceum Concert** with tenorist **Stan Getz**, who will be followed later by pianist **Peter Nero** . . . The **Bobby Lenox Trio** was featured at the **Swinger's Lounge** in north **Dade County** . . . The exciting jazz-vocal group, the **Six Gospel Jazz Singers**, has returned to the **Castaways** in north **Miami Beach** . . . **WMBM** jazz disc jockey **Allan Rock** planned a concert at the **Mr. James' Club** for June

13 featuring the big band of **Don Ipolito** and the new **Sonny Payne Trio**.

NEW ORLEANS: Cornetist **Johnny Wiggs** came from retirement recently to join several of the groups playing at **Preservation Hall**. **Wiggs** has appeared with trumpeter **Punch Miller**, pianist **Sweet Emma Barrett**, clarinetist **Raymond Burke**, and others. The bands at **Preservation Hall**, like those at the **Playboy Club** and the **Haven**, have become integrated as a matter of course in recent months . . . Alto saxist **Harold Dejan**, leader of the **Olympia Brass Band**, left for **England** in June for an extended engagement with **Kid Martyn's** revivalist group . . . Blues singer **Babe Stovall** has been doing sporadic Sunday afternoon sessions at **730 St. Peter**, under the management of **Larry Borenstein**, owner of **Preservation Hall** . . . Trumpeter **Sharkey Bonano** played the June concert of the **New Orleans Jazz Club's** "Jazz on a Sunday Afternoon" series at **Lenfant's**. The July 18 concert will feature **Sweet Emma** and guitarist **Doe Souchon**, and on Aug. 15 pianist **Armand Hug's** trio appears. The artist for the September session has not been announced. . . The **Klaus Doldinger Quintet**, a modern jazz group from **West Germany**, played a concert in June at **Tulane University** under the sponsorship of the **Tulane German language department** . . . Singer **Jaekie Paris** dazzled musicians and jazz fans during his brief May appearance at the **Playboy** . . . The **Four Freshmen** were a surprise mid-June booking at the **New Orleans "Pops"** . . . **Stephen Lord**, best known as a TV scriptwriter in **Hollywood** but remembered here as **Steve Loyalano Jr.**, pianist and son of traditional bassist **Steve Sr.**, vacationed here recently and sat in with **Armand Hug** at the **Golliwog**. **Lord** is currently preparing a script for a Western version of *Hamlet*—to be filmed in **Spain** by an Italian producer.

LOS ANGELES: Singer **Joe Williams** will be reunited with the **Count Basie Band** in a show also including singers **Sarah Vaughan** and **Earl Grant** to be held Aug. 6 at the **Shrine Auditorium** as part of the "Music City Presents" concert series. Sponsored by the **Wallichs record shop**, the series was started June 11 with a presentation of **ABC's Shindig** at **Long Beach Auditorium**. The **Basie** concert will coincide with **Duke Ellington's** opening for a nine-day stand at **Disneyland** . . . **Shelly Manne** and leader **Onzy Matthews** played acting roles in a television play, *Connelly's Hands*, to be seen on *Kraft Suspense Theater*. **Matthews** played a bassist, but the prerecording was done by drummer **Manne**, bassist **Monty Budwig**, and pianist **Russ Freeman** . . . **MGM's Made in Paris**, shot in **Hollywood** with backgrounds from the **Left Bank**, has a featured role for trumpeter **Al Hirt**. Also seen in it are the **Count Basie Band** and **Mongo Santamaria's** combo . . . **Stan Kenton** addressed the **May** graduating class of the music department of **Los Angeles State College**. His off-the-cuff remarks centered on the new directions in contem-

porary music opened by his **Neophonic Orchestra** . . . Singer **Mel Torme** will score a segment of *The Lucy Show*, singing one of the songs, with **Lucille Ball** warbling the other . . . **Calvin Jackson** fronted a 36-piece band for the **Freedom Now Rally**, held at **Los Angeles' Sports Arena** on **Memorial Day**. Included on the program were singers **Georgia Carr**, **H.B. Barnum**, and the **Mills Brothers** and comedian **Bill Cosby** . . . **Gerald Wilson** and his big band recently did a weekend at **Adams West**, one of **Los Angeles' after-hours jazz rooms**. All gigs there run from 2 a.m. to 6 a.m. The next outing for the band will be at the **Beverly Hilton** on the **Fourth of July**. Singer **Johnny Hartman** will share the bill . . . On the club circuit, the **Slate Brothers**, in the middle of **Restaurant Row**, booked singer **Frances Faye**, backed by a group led by bongoist **Jack Costanza**, for a month, through **July 10** . . . **Nearby**, the **Losers**, despite its recent switch to a general rock-and-roll policy, plans to compensate for this defection with future bookings of the trios led by pianists **Ahmad Jamal** and **Ramsey Lewis** . . . On the **Sunset Strip**, the **Scene**, another consistent source of good jazz, followed drummer **Chico Hamilton's** trio and singer **Lorez Alexandria** with reed man **Paul Horn's** group and vocalist **Bill Henderson** . . . At the **Black Bull**, in **Hollywood**, drummer **Jack Sperling's** quartet plays Tuesday through Saturday . . . The **Four Freshmen** played a series of one-nighters in the area (**San Bernardino**, **Santa Ana**, **Pomona**, and **Long Beach**) in mid-June. They preceded each concert with a "30-minute, get-acquainted period." The audience was invited to "interview the Freshmen yourselves."

SAN FRANCISCO: Pianist **Burt Bales** is back at **Pier 23** after a hernia operation . . . A reshuffling of bookings at **Basin Street West** brought in organist-singer **Earl Grant** for two weeks following the **Gary McFarland Quintet**. The **Si Zentner** and **Woody Herman** bands each played recent three-nighters at the club. **KFRC** disc jockey **Jimmy Lyons** now broadcasts the first three hours (midnight to 3 a.m.) of his nightly show from a booth in **Basin Street West**. The segment includes records, interviews, and an occasional pickup from the bandstand. **Lyons** moves to the studio, 12 blocks away, for the final three hours of the show, which is aired Sundays through Fridays . . . When pianist **Bill Evans** broke off his engagement at the **Trident**, he was replaced by pianist **Abe Battat's** group with bassist **Wyatt Ruther**, drummer **Gus Gustafson**, and singer **Toni Lee Scott**. Trumpeter **Jack Sheldon's** quartet played the club May 25 to June 21 and included pianist **Pat Moran**, bassist **Joe Mondragon**, and drummer **Jerry Granelli** . . . Alto saxophonist **John Handy's** combo played at the **Both/And** jazz club in June. The **Jazz Ensemble** and **Monty Waters' big band** took over on Sundays . . . Recent bookings at the **Jazz Workshop** have included a quartet made up of altoist **Sonny Stitt**, pianist **Phineas Newborn**, and drummer **Philly Joe Jones**; organist **Jimmy McGriff's** combo; and **Jimmy Rushing**.

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: Willie Bobo, 7/13-31.
Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn): Henry (Red) Allen, 7/1-31.
Charlie Bates': Stan Levine, Sun.
Chuck's Composite: Dick Garcia, Sy Johnson, Jack Six, tfn.
Clifton Tap Room (Clifton, N.J.): Modern Jazz Trio, tfn. Guest stars, Mon.
Concerto West: Jesse Wilks, hb.
Coronet (Brooklyn): Max Roach to 7/11. Yusef Lateef, 7/13-27. Shirley Scott-Stanley Turrentine, 7/27-8/1.
Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gamba, hb. Sessions, Sun.
Duke's: Attila Zoller, Don Friedman, tfn.
Eddie Condon's: Eddie Condon, Max Kaminsky, tfn.
Embers West: name jazz groups, Joel Saye, hb. Five Spot: Roland Kirk, 7/6-8/1.
Gaslight Club: Clarence Hutchenrider, Charlie Queener, George Wettling, Mike Shiffer, tfn.
Half Note: Max Roach, 7/20-8/1.
Hickory House: Mitchell-Ruff, Eddie Thompson. Himself: Norman Lester, 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: Gene Krupa to 7/17. Mongo Santamaría, 7/19-31.
Museum of Modern Art: Muddy Waters, 7/8. Jazz Composers Orchestra, 7/15. Pee Wee Russell, 7/22.
New Colony Lounge: Howard Reynolds, tfn.
Open End: Scott Murray, Wolfgang Knittel, Gary Newman, Eddie Caccavelli, tfn.
Page Three: Sheila Jordan, Mon., Tue.
Playboy Club: Milt Sealy, Vin Strong. Ross Tompkins, Harold Francis, Walter Norris, tfn.
Jimmy Ryan's: Wild Bill Davison, Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, tfn.
Slug's: name jazz groups.
Toast: Jack Brooks, Dick Carter, tfn.
Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Greene, tfn.
Tower East: Don Payne, tfn.
Village Gate: Charlie Mingus to 7/4. Thelonious Monk, John Coltrane, 7/6-18.
Village Vanguard: unk.

TORONTO

Casa Loma: Benny Louis, tfn.
The Cellar: Norm Amadio, wknds.
Chez Paree: Sir Charles Thompson, tfn.
Colonial: Buck Clayton, 7/12-31. Earle Warren, 8/2-14.
George's Spaghetti House: Moe Koffman, 7/12-17.
Golden Nugget: Don Ewell, tfn.
Last Chance Saloon: Larry Dubin, tfn.
La Maison Dore: traditional jazz, Wed.
Old Mill: Jack Denton, tfn.
Town Tavern: Mark Murphy, 7/12-17. Wynton Kelly, 7/19-24.

BOSTON

Chez Freddie: Eddie Stone-Maggie Scott, tfn.
Fantasy Lounge (Framingham): Sal Perry, tfn.
Gaslight Room: Basin Street Boys, tfn.
Inner Circle: Keith Jarrett, tfn.
Gilded Cage: Bullmoose Jackson, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: Jimmy Mosher to 7/4. Wes Montgomery, 7/5-11. Junior Mance, 7/12-18.
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: Earl Bostic to 7/4.
Maridor (Framingham): Mae Arnette, Al Vega, tfn.

BUFFALO

Boar's Head: Sam Falzone, wknds.
Clardon: Jimmy Bucino, tfn.
Cold Springs Bon-Ton: Jimmy Smith, 7/5-11.
Freddie Roach, 7/12-18. Stanley Turrentine-Shirley Scott, 7/19-25.
Jacobbi's: Dick Fedale, tfn.
Pine Grill: Jack McDuff to 7/4. King Curtis, 7/5-11. Jimmy McGriff, 7/12-18.
Prince Edward: Sam Noto, wknds.

PHILADELPHIA

Cadillac Sho-Bar: Betty Carter, 7/5-10. Maynard Ferguson, 7/12-17. Bill Doggett, 7/19-24.
Club 50 (Trenton): Johnny Ellis-Tony DiNicola, tfn.

Eagle (Trenton): Marty Bergen, tfn.
George Washington Motel (Valley Forge): Beryl Booker, tfn.
Lambertville Music Circus: Count Basie, 7/5. Louis Armstrong, 7/12.
Metropole: Coatesville Harris, tfn.
Pep's: Blue Mitchell, 7/5-10.
Sans Souci (Wilmington, Del.): various piano trios, tfn.
Show Boat: Shirley Scott-Stanley Turrentine, 7/5-10. Milt Jackson, 7/12-17. Mose Allison, 7/19-24.
Three Chefs: Demon Spiro, Metronomes, tfn.

BALTIMORE

Burgundy Room: Charlie Pace, Carl Rice, tfn.
Club Casino: Winfield Parker, tfn.
Colonial House: Dixie Alley Cats, Peg Kern, tfn.
Gridiron: Jerry Clifford, tfn.
Judges: The Crossfires, tfn.
Le Coq D'Or: Donald Criss, tfn.
Living Room: Harry Steiert, tfn.
North End: Jimmy McGriff, 7/5-12.
Marticks: Brad Wines, tfn.
Moe's: Claude Crawford, tfn.
Playboy: Ted Hawk, hb.
Red Fox: Dolores Lynn, tfn.
Surf Club: Red Caps, Earl Bostic, 7/13-20.
Sweeneys: The Holidays, tfn.

CHICAGO

Big John's: Paul Butterfield, tfn.
Bourbon Street: Dukes of Dixieland, Eddy Davis.
Hungry Eye: Three Souls, tfn.
Jazz Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Art Hodes, Thur.
London House: Village Stompers to 7/4. Lionel Hampton, 7/5-18. Oscar Peterson, 7/27-8/22.
McCormick Place: Count Basie, Tony Bennett, 7/1-3. Frank Sinatra, Oscar Peterson, Basie, 7/18. Stan Kenton, Four Freshmen, June Christy, 8/8.
Midas Touch: Judy Roberts, tfn.
Mister Kelly's: 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: Horace Silver to 7/11.
Ravinia (Highland Park): Peter Nero, 7/9.
Village Stompers, Josh White, 7/14, 16. Ella Fitzgerald, 7/21, 23.
Sylvio's: Howlin' Wolf, wknds.

MILWAUKEE

Black Knight Lounge: Dick Ruedebusch, tfn.
Ciro's: Bob Erickson, Fri.-Sat.
Column's Room: Les Czimmer, tfn.
Dimitri's: Frank Vlasis, Thur.-Sun.
English Room: Tom Marth, Fri.-Sat.
Green Living Room: Will Green, tfn.
Holiday House: Lionel Hampton, 7/19-31.
Layton Place: Frank De Miles, Fri.-Sat.
Music Box: Bev Dean, wknds.
New Flame: Loretta Whyte, Fri.-Sat.
Pappy's: Ron Goldschmidt to 9/4.
Sardino's: Les Czimmer, Sun. Dan Edwards, Mon.-Sat.
The Ma's: Tom Marth, Wed., Thur., Sun. Four Star Quartet, Fri.-Sat.
Tumblebrook Country Club: Zig Millonzi, tfn.
Wisconsin State Fair: Al Hirt, 8/13-17.
Village Inn (Antigo): modern groups, Fri.

MINNEAPOLIS

Big Al's: Dave Ronney, tfn.
Blue Note: Bobby Lyle, tfn.
Blue Ox: Harry Blons Dixie 6, tfn.
Davy Jones Locker: Dizzy Gillespie, 7/15-25.
Down Beat (Spring Park, Lake Minnetonka): George Meyers, wknds.
Lighthouse (Orono, Lake Minnetonka): Dixie 5, Sun.
McGoo's: Herb Schoenbohm, tfn.
The Point (Golden Valley): Percy Hughes, Judy Perkins, tfn.
White House (Golden Valley): Eddie Hazell, 7/14-28. Jackie Cain-Roy Kral, 8/4-14. Buddy DeFranco, 8/18-28. Paul Horn, 9/15-25.

DETROIT AND MICHIGAN

Baker's Keyboard: Frank D'Rone, 7/9-16. Oscar Peterson, 7/19-31.
Black Lantern (Saginaw): Paul Vanston, tfn.

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Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, tfn.
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Chit-Chat: Don Davis, tfn.
Charade: Cab Calloway, Dorothy Donegan to 7/8. Treniers, 7/9-22. Carmen McRae, 7/23-8/5.
Four Freshmen, 8/6-22. Johnny Griffith, Allegros, hbs.
Charade: Harold McKinney, tfn.
Checker Bar-B-Q: Dave Vandepitt, afterhours, Mon.-Thur. Mel Ball, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Danish Inn (Farmington): Pat Flowers, tfn.
Dream Bar: Willie Metcalfe, tfn.
Drome Bar: Quartet Tres Bien to 7/4.
Frolic: Norman Dillard, tfn.
Grand Lounge: name groups weekly.
1/2 Pint's: Keith Vreeland, wknds.
Hobby Bar: Sessions, Tue. Ben Jones, wknds.
LaSalle (Saginaw): Arnie Kane, tfn.
Mitchell's Keynote: Lawrence Vaughn, tfn.
Momo's: Jack Brokensha, tfn.
Odom's Cave: Bill Hyde-Norris Patterson, wknds.
Office Lounge (Plint): Oscar Osborn, tfn.
Paige's: George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields, wknds.
Playboy Club: Vince Mance, Matt Michaels, hbs.
Sabo Club (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Sax Club: Charles Rowland, tfn.
Sports Bar (Flint): Sherman Mitchell, tfn.
S-Quire: Carolyn Atzel, Lewis Reed, tfn.
Surfside Club: Tom Saunders, Wed.-Fri., Sat.
Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, tfn.
Unstabled Theater: afterhours sessions, wknds.
Detroit Jazz Quintet, hb.
Woods Club (Jackson): concerts afterhours, Sat.

INDIANAPOLIS

Barrington Lounge: Jimmy Coe, tfn. Sessions, Thur.
B & B Supper Club: Naptown Strugglers, Thur., Fri., Sat.
Cactus Club: Pookie Johnson, wknds.
Embers: Susan Barrett, Casey Anderson, 7/5-10.
Four Freshmen, 7/12-24. Jonah Jones, 8/2-7.
Embers Lounge: Claude Jones, tfn.
Hub-Bub: various groups.
Island Lounge: Sheryl Shay, wknds.
Marott Hotel Patio: Vic Knight's Dixielanders, wknds.
Mr. B's Lounge: various groups.
19th Hole: Paula Rhyne, Tue.-Sat.
Red Rooster: various groups.

CINCINNATI

The Blind Lemon: Collins-Prather, tfn.
Bonnevilla: Jim Gates, wknds.
Diablo's Den: jazz, wknds.
Herbie's Bar: Jim Wright, Tue.-Sat. Harvey Reed, tfn.
The Living Room: Amanda Ambrose to 7/7.
Mahogany Hall: Moss-Hunt, Mon.-Thur. Ed Moss, Fri.-Sat. McGary-Morgan, Sun.
Playboy Club: Dave Engle, hb. Woody Evans, tfn.
The Top Shelf: Lee Stoler, hb.
The Whisper Room: Ray Selder, Mon.-Sat.

MIAMI

Bon Fire: Myrtle Jones, hb.
Hampton House: Charlie Austin, hb. Medina Carney, tfn.
Harbour Tower: Big Six Trio, tfn.
Hayes Lounge (Jacksonville): Bill Hayes, tfn.
Opus #1: Pete Ponzol, Luqman Falana, tfn.
Playboy Club: Bill Rico, Sam DeStefano, hbs.
Stuff Shirt Lounge: Rickey Thomas-Rudy Ferguson, tfn.

NEW ORLEANS

Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Mike Lala, Jan Allison, Santo Pecora, tfn.
French Quarter Inn: unk.
Goliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.
Haven: Ed Frank, wknds.
King's Room: Lavergne Smith, tfn.
Lenfant's: Sweet Emma Barrett, Doc Souchon, 7/18.
Municipal Auditorium: Pete Fountain, 7/2-3.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, tfn.
Paddock Lounge: Clem Tervalon, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Phil Reudy.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

DALLAS

Blue Chip: Juevy Gomez, Jac Murphy, Gil Pitts, tfn.
Bon Vivant: Ernie Johnson, hb. Wyona Winters to 7/21.
Fink Mink: Betty Green, Banks Dimon, Dick Shreve, tfn.
Music Box: Shirley Murray, tfn. Jack Peirce, hb.
Nero's Nook: Johnny (Scat) Davis to 7/25.

Pompeii: Joe Johnson, Bobby Burgess, Nipper Murphy, tfn.
Red Garter: Phil Rubin, tfn.
Roadrunner (Fort Worth): Dick Harp, tfn.
Savoy: Roger Boykin, tfn. Fathead Newman, James Clay, Sun.-Mon.
Skynight: Ira Freeman, tfn.
20th Century: Bobby Samuels, tfn.
21 Turtle: Linda Foster, tfn. Joe Azcona, hb.

LAS VEGAS

Black Magic: Gus Mancuso, tfn. Rick Davis, Sun.
Blue Heaven: Ann Hagen, tfn.
Desert Inn: Phil Case, Murray Arnold, tfn.
Duffy's: Sherry Kirk, tfn.
Dunes Hotel: Earl Green, Bobby Sherwood, tfn.
El Cortez: Paul Dino, Kathy Ryan, tfn.
Flamingo Hotel: Harry James, Bob Sims, tfn.
Gelo's: Bob Sullivan, tfn.
Guys and Dolls: Bill Kane, tfn.
Hacienda Hotel: Johnny Olenn, Danny Owens, tfn.
Mint Hotel: Tommy Cellie, Al Jahns, tfn. Red Nichols to 7/8.
Riviera Hotel: Marty Heim, tfn.
Sahara Hotel: Sam Melchionne, Cliff Duphiney, Jack Kent, tfn.
Sands Hotel: Ernie Stewart, Red Norvo, Vido Musso, tfn.
Showboat Hotel: Leo Wolf, tfn.
Sneak Joint: Marvin Koral, Tue. Lynne Keith, Sun.
Stardust Hotel: Jimmy Blount, Bobby Morris, tfn.
Thunderbird Hotel: Peter & Hank, Frank Opperman, tfn.
Torch Club: jazz groups, tfn.
Tropicana Hotel: Al DePaulis, Gloria Tracy, tfn.

LOS ANGELES

Anaheim Carriot Room: Teddy Buckner, tfn.
Beverly Tavern: Hal Peppie, Warren Smith, wknds.
Beverly Hilton: Calvin Jackson, Al McKibbin, tfn. Gerald Wilson, Johnny Hartman, 7/14.
Black Bull: Jack Spelling, Tue.-Sat.
Carriage House (Burbank): Jimmie Rowles, Sun., Mon.
Disneyland (Anaheim): Stan Kenton to 7/4.
Harry James, 7/23-31. Duke Ellington, 8/6-15.
Gaslight Club: The Saints, Jack Langlos, Duke Mitchell, tfn.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, hb.
Frigate (Manhattan Beach): Ben Rozet, Vic Mio, tfn.
Holiday Inn (Montclair): Society for the Preservation of Dixieland Jazz.
Hollywood Bowl: Dave Brubeck, 7/2. Louis Armstrong, Pete Fountain, 7/30.
Hollywood Plaza Hotel: Johnny Guarnieri, tfn.
Hot Toddy's: Hot Toddy's Dixieland Band, hb.
Jim's Roaring 20's: Johnny Lane, tfn.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Mongo Santamaria to 7/4. Brasil '65, 7/9-18. Three Sounds, 7/23-8/1.
Marty's: Barney Kessel, Mon.
Melodyland (Anaheim): Ella Fitzgerald, Nelson Riddle, Tommy Flanagan to 7/4.
Memory Lane: Gerald Wiggins, tfn.
PJ's: Eddie Cano, tfn.
Red Chimney: Pete Jolly, Thur.-Sat.
Royal Tahitian (Ontario): Rex Stewart, wknds.
San Francisco Club (Garden Grove): Ed Loring, tfn.
Setting Sun: Los Angeles Jazz Sextet, afterhours, wknds.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Jim Hall, Red Mitchell to 7/4. Horace Silver, 7/23-8/1. Charlie Byrd, 8/10-22. Frank Rosolino, Mon. Shelly Manne, wknds.
Sherry's: Don Randi, tfn.
Spigot (Santa Barbara): Herb Wicks, Wed.-Sun.
Ward's Jazzville (San Diego): Lou Rawls, 7/15-18.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Joe Bushkin, 7/1-21. Anita O'Day, 7/22-31. Duke Ellington, 8/18-28. Jonah Jones, 9/1-14.
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, hb.
Earthquake McGoons: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.
El Matador: Cal Tjader, tfn.
Gold Nugget (Oakland): Stan Kenton alumni, Fri.-Sat.
Hungry i: Eddie Duran, hb.
Jazz Workshop: Three Sounds to 7/5. Art Blakey, 7/20-8/1. Horace Silver, 8/3-8. Cannonball Adderley, 8/10-29. John Coltrane, 8/31-9/12.
Parker's Soulville: Dewey Redmon, afterhours.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Ericson, tfn.
Tin Pan Alley (Redwood City): Stan Kenton, 7/9-17.
Trident (Sausalito): Marian Montgomery to 7/18. The Mastersounds, 7/20-8/15. Denny Zeitlin, Mon.

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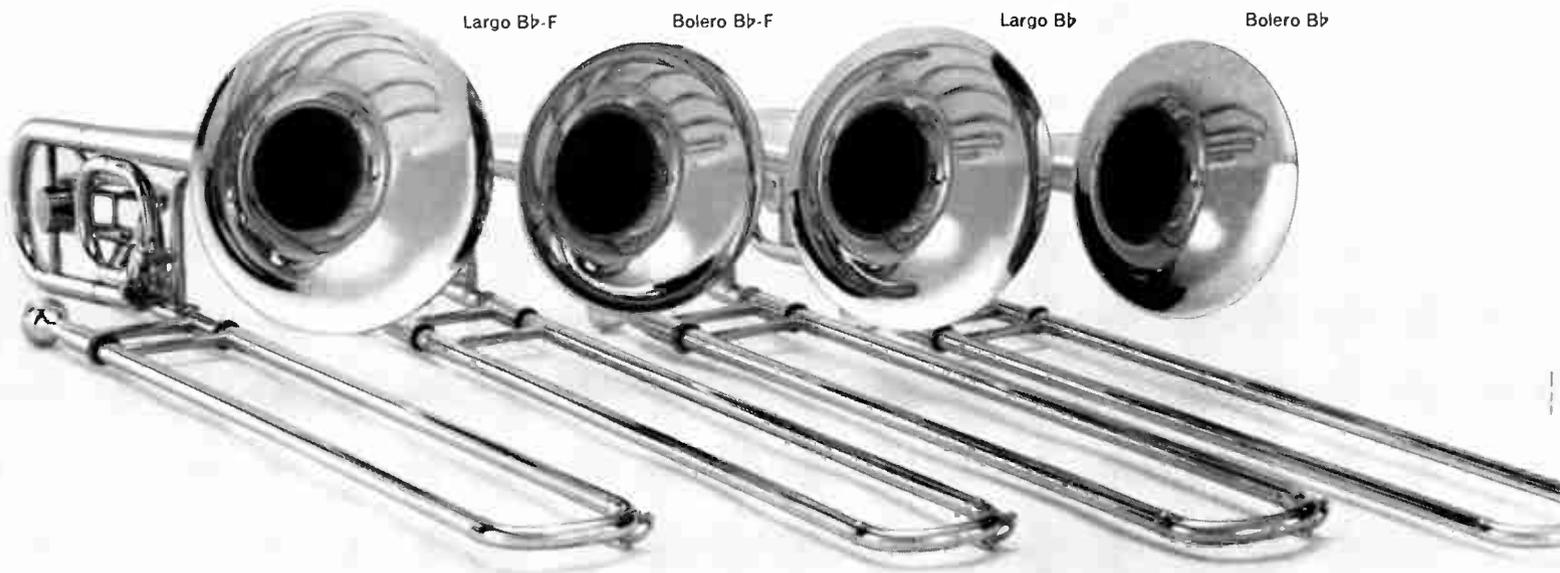
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John Coltrane Quartet
Gary McFarland Quintet
Muddy Waters Blues Band
Carmen McRae
Joe Williams
Woody Herman Orchestra
The Salty Dogs
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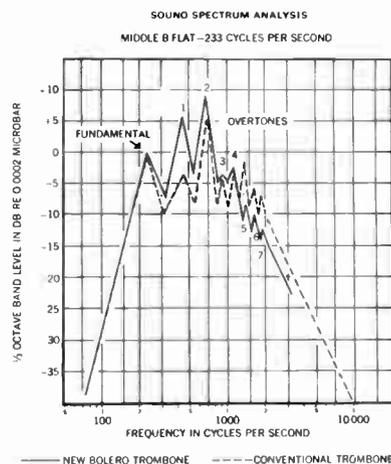


4 New Selmer Trombones with a sound so American it takes their light action to prove they're French!



Trombone sound so dark, so rich, so lush the difference can be measured!

Reproduced here is a sound spectrum of middle B \flat on a conventional trombone (dotted line) and on Selmer's new Bolero trombone (solid line) charted with a 1/3-Octave Band Analyzer. In the first overtone (or second harmonic), the Bolero registered 8 decibels higher — approximately 6 times as much acoustical power — as the conventional trombone and 3 decibels less — or one-half the power — in the fifth and higher overtones. That's why we say these new Selmer trombones sound so American it'll take their light action to convince you they're really French!



See for yourself what new tapers, bells up to 9", bore sizes as large as .547", and Bach mouthpieces have done for the sound of Selmer (Paris) trombones. Try one at your dealer's. The difference in your playing will be so great you and everyone else will hear it!

Selmer

H. & A. SELMER, INC., Elkhart, Indiana 46515

Outside U. S. A., Bach International, Box 310, Elkhart, Indiana