

OCTOBER 7, 1965

35c

down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

Louie Bellson— Back To Ellington

The Celebrated Drummer
Discusses His Return
To The Ducal Fold,
By Leonard Feather

One Cheer For Rock And Roll!

Critic Martin Williams
Discovers Significant Virtues
In Teenage Music

Wess Points

A Revealing Portrait Of The
Former Basieite, By Stanley Dance

Rex Stewart On Benny Carter

An Intimate, Candid View Of
The Multitalented Carter By
Friend And Associate Stewart

Birth Of The Cool

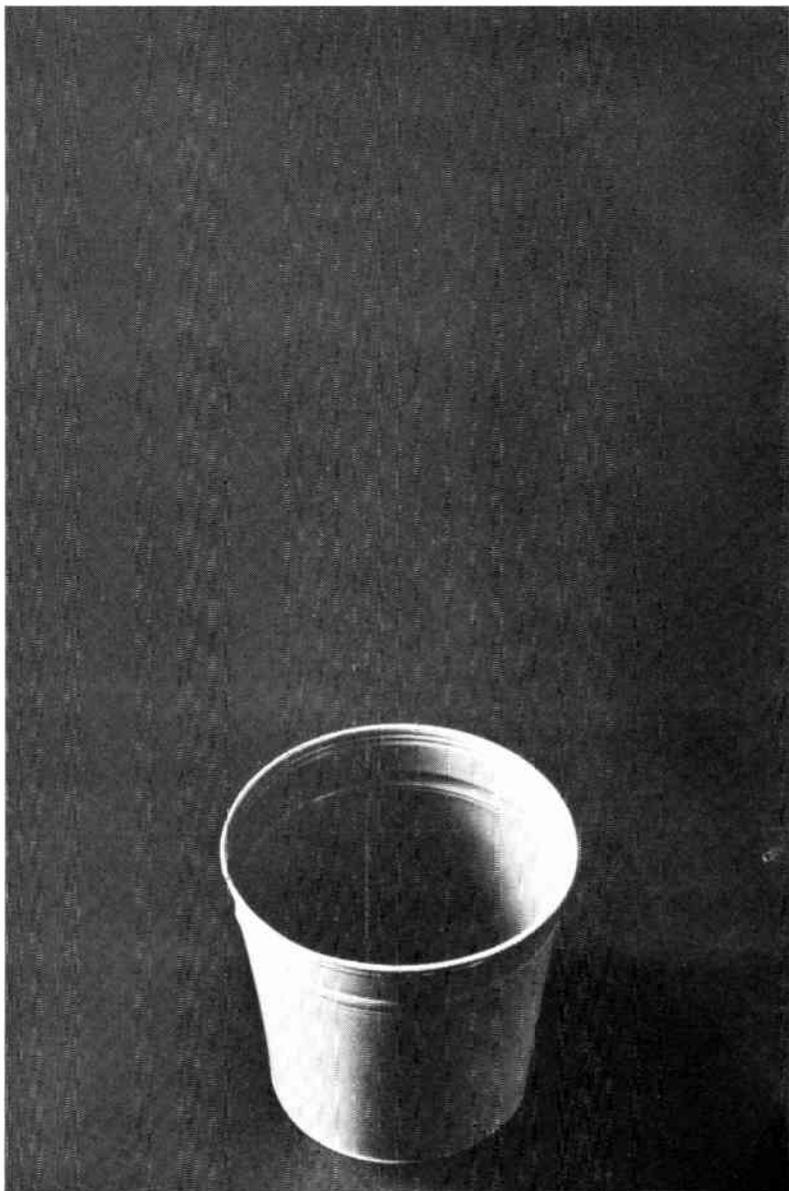
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Every Other Thursday
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Cover photograph by Joe Alper

Address all correspondence to 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois, 60606.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, 205 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill., 60606, Financial 6-7811. Martin Gallay, Advertising Sales. Don DeMicheal, Pete Welding, Jan Seefeldt, Editorial. Margaret Marchi, Subscription Manager.

EAST COAST OFFICE: 1776 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10019, PLaza 7-5111. Dan Morgenstern, Editorial. Robert B. McKeage, Advertising.

WEST COAST OFFICES: Editorial, Harvey Siders, 6269 Selma Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif., 90029, HO 3-3268. Advertising Sales, Publishers Representatives International, 356 S. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., 90005, 386-3710.

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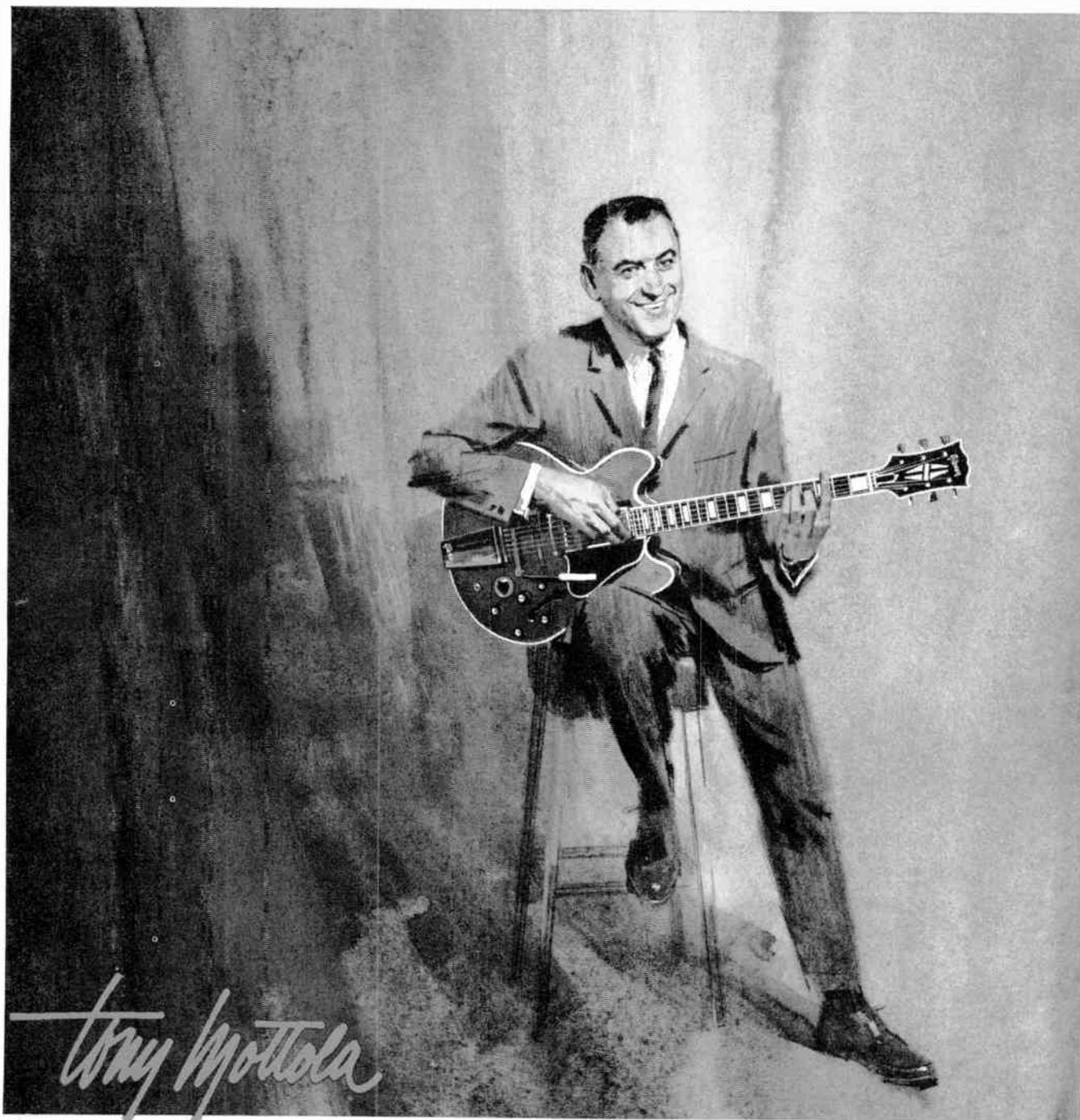
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POSTMASTER: Send Form 3579 to Down Beat, 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois, 60606

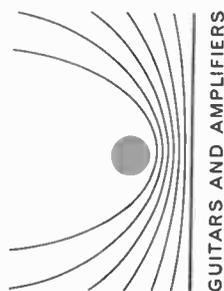
MAHER PUBLICATIONS: DOWN BEAT;
MUSIC '65; JAZZ RECORD REVIEWS;
N.A.M.M. Daily

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

That Phantom Tenor . . .

Joe Goldberg's interview with Sonny Rollins was certainly a revealing one, especially since Rollins speaks of a young-tenor player who played better than he (Sonny) did.

If Rollins, who is and will always be the greatest, speaks of this young man in such glowing terms, certainly his name deserves mention. Who is the phantom tenor man who "played his tail off"? The jazz world has a right to know.

Leslie Perlman
Spring Glen, N.Y.

I was lucky enough to be present in the Village Vanguard the night that the "young tenor man" Joe Goldberg mentioned in his interview with Sonny Rollins (*DB*, Aug. 26) sat in.

It was fascinating to read about the events backstage that led to this exciting evening of jazz, and I'm sure that many readers would like to know just who this new player who "played his tail off" is. Vanguard owner Max Gordon told me he was Eddie Daniels, and he plays trombone nearly as well as he does tenor.

Goldberg did a magnificent job of revealing the human personality behind the musical genius that is Sonny Rollins, and I'm looking forward to more of his perceptive writing.

Bill Spilka
New York City

Woodshedding, Sonny, Not Zen

I was in attendance at the Jazz Gallery the night in 1961 when Sonny Rollins came out of retirement. It was my opinion at the time that he should have stayed on the bridge, and he has done nothing since to change my opinion.

Joe Goldberg's fantasy aside, the reason Rollins slipped from the scene was merely the ascendancy of John Coltrane. Over the past four years, Coltrane has widened the gap, leaving Rollins with a shaved head, a lot of muscles, and a horn that is saying nothing.

Rollins constitutes one of the jazz shibboleths, along with Stan Getz, Miles Davis, and Louis Armstrong. The fact of the matter is that all of these artists have very definite weaknesses as performers and as people. But why impute superhuman facilities to people who possess none?

Sonny doesn't need Zen; he needs a few solid hours in the woodshed. If one concedes that he is master of the put-on, then it must also be obvious that his most willing victim has been himself, with Joe Goldberg right behind.

Al Fisher
Wantagh, N.Y.

Rollins' Poll Correction

I enjoyed Joe Goldberg's article on my man—Sonny Rollins. But didn't Rollins go into retirement around August, 1959,

Les Spann prefers Guild



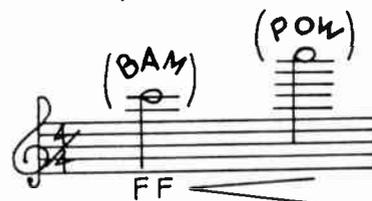
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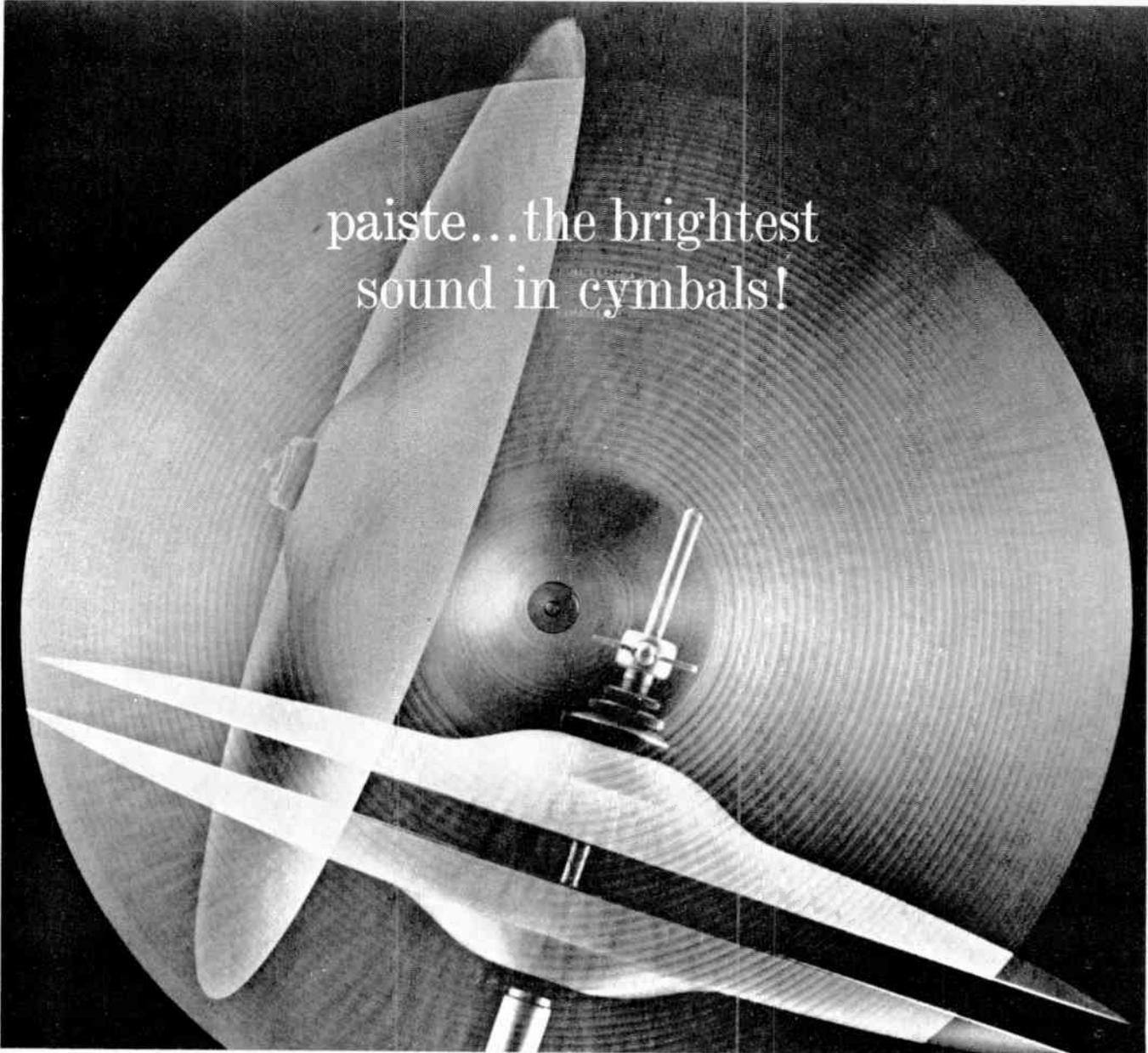
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and return to the scene the latter part of '61 or early '62? If so, then Rollins won the *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll in 1962 and not in '61.

A. Saahoud
Miami, Fla.

Reader Saahoud is correct.

Berton Rushes In. . .

I must comment on the "excellent" quality of criticism by the renowned Ralph Berton (*DB*, Sept. 9). His brilliant, witty, frank, etc., "analysis" of the avant-garde is a masterpiece. . . .

In jazz today there seems to be a split between those who view jazz as entertainment and those who view it as a creative art form. The entertainment fans seem to be too busy trying to get fun out of life to take the time to get any meaning out of life. They do not understand anyone who tries to make some meaning out of existence and consequently laugh at such attempts.

If the avant-garde does not suit the shallow entertainment seekers like Berton, they have no reason to condemn it. If Berton doesn't like it, why doesn't he stay away from it?

Maybe he should stay home and listen to his Al Hirt, Andy Williams, and Johnny Mathis records.

Robert A. Backus
South Haven, Mich.

In three years of reading *Down Beat* I have never been so outraged as I am now after reading Ralph Berton's review of the Jazz Composers Orchestra. Did I say review? The nearest it came to being a review was its listing of the personnel.

Berton obviously hasn't an inkling of what's happening in jazz, so why let him review jazz, especially the "new thing"? The "fog of sound" he writes of is really his own fog of incomprehension.

Berton is entitled to his own opinion; but now could someone less narrow-minded please report on the performance so that we may know something about it?

Miles L. Kierson
Baltimore, Md.

. . . Where Angels Fear

Hooray for Ralph Berton and his brilliant, scathing review of the "new thing" concert. I never harbored the dream that *Down Beat* would ever print this kind of no-nonsense, uncluttered criticism. Are we witnessing a new day of enlightenment? Let us hope it has not arrived too late to save jazz from the slow, insidious strangulation at the hands of the avant-garde.

George W. Kay
Washington, D.C.

Not Buck's Mural

I am writing this letter in regard to an item which appeared in the Washington *Ad Lib* column (*DB*, Aug. 26). It mentioned that the new Ed Murphy supper club in Washington featured a mural by jazz artist Buck Clarke. The mural was not painted by Clarke but by Joseph Ross Jr. and myself, who have been studying at Howard University.

Bernard W. Brooks
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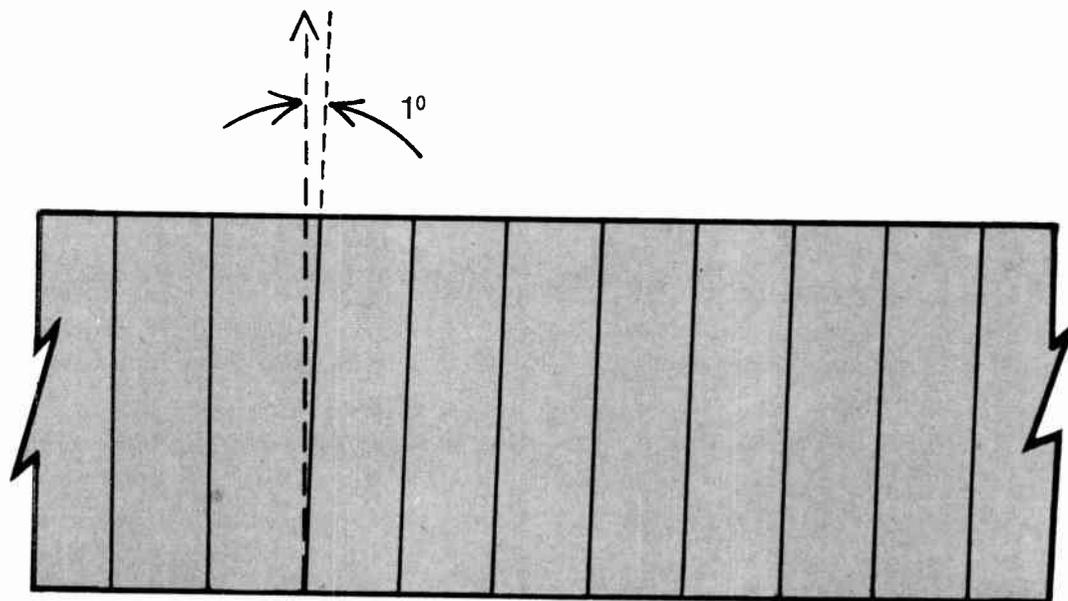
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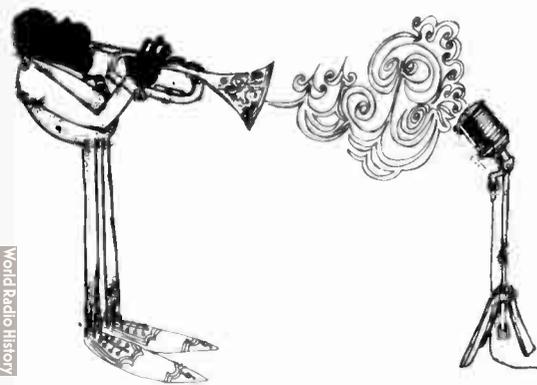
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[Oh, yes, the ballot is opposite page 44]

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October 7, 1965 Vol. 32 No. 21

S. F.'s GRACE CATHEDRAL SITE OF UNIQUE ELLINGTON CONCERT

A new landmark in Duke Ellington's prestigious career was to be marked Sept. 16 with a concert of sacred music in Grace Episcopal Cathedral in San Francisco.

Ellington, commissioned by the cathedral to produce the concert, termed the assignment "my greatest opportunity."

Besides the Ellington orchestra, participants were scheduled to include a 17-voice choir directed by Herman McCoy, tap dancer Bunny Briggs, singer Tommy Watkins, and others, Ellington said.

Announcement of the concert was made by the Very Rev. Julian Bartlett, dean of the cathedral, at a press conference in which Ellington had the leading role.

The cathedral commissioned Ellington to produce the concert as part of its year-long Festivals of Grace, commemorating the completion last November of the edifice—the first major Anglican cathedral to be finished and consecrated in the Western Hemisphere.

"Duke Ellington's genius is widely acclaimed," Dean Bartlett said, "and his profound contributions to his field have made the Ellington idiom appreciated by millions. Grace Cathedral considers it an honor to present this concert of sacred music to the community. . . . I know that there will be those who will be critical of us for the program, but we are trying to get away from the idea that the church is a place where one always has to be quiet. . . . There is a wrong idea that anything enjoyable or entertaining is somehow sinful and profane."

Ellington told the assembled newspaper, radio, and television representatives that he accepted the commission because "it's an opportunity to say something we wanted to—make our religious statement."

The "total theme" of the concert, he said, "is embraced in the first four words of the Bible: 'In the beginning, God. . . .'"

"We always hope, when we perform, to find people who understand our perspective," Ellington told the reporters. "In the cathedral concert we'll say something about our feeling about those four words from the Bible."

During the press conference, Ellington, the elegant, fashionably dressed bon vivant, permitted a rare glimpse into his heart and soul.

"When I was a child, I had to go first to my mother's church, which was Baptist, and then to my father's church, which was Methodist," Ellington said, as he recalled his boyhood days in Washington, D.C.

"Do you," a newsman asked, "consider yourself a religious man?"

"I don't know what a religious man is,"

Ellington replied. "There are a lot of people in the world who demonstrate their religious belief more than I do, but I don't know any who are more serious in it than I."

"I say my prayers regularly, I believe in them, and I believe I am helped."

"My mother has told me that I've been blessed, and I have found it so in the experiences that have come to me."

Ellington said the concert would include "a little bit of new and a little bit of old" from among his works, drawing upon such as *My People*, *New World Acoming*, and *Black, Brown, and Beige*.

"And, of course," he added, "I'm not going to deny those who want to hear something from the old, standard spirituals."

DIZZY AND BOP SUBJECTS OF NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL TV SHOW

The first in a series of television programs dealing with developments in the arts in this country since World War II was taped by National Educational Television at the Village Gate in New York City in late August.

Titled *Jazz Goes Intellectual: Bop!*, the program features trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie and his quintet (James Moody, alto and tenor saxophones, flute; Kenny Barron, piano; Chris White, bass; Rudy Collins, drums), novelist Ralph Ellison, and critic Martin Williams.

The half-hour program was filmed at the Gate during the afternoon, with the club's chairs stacked on tables and without an audience, "to give the effect of an after-hours setting," according to producer Jerome Toobin.

The Gillespie group performed *Salt Peanuts*, *Manteca*, *A Night in Tunisia*, and a medley of *Stomping at the Savoy*, *Lover*, and *Whispering*. The medley, in which bop countermelodies are heard alongside the original lines, was included to indicate the transformation of standard jazz material characteristic of bop.

Gillespie also taped interview segments with Ellison and Williams, discussing the social and musical aspects of the bop era.

A second jazz program, dealing with more recent developments, will be included in the series, which will also cover contemporary concert music, rock and roll, and musical theater.

The show was directed by John Desmond, with Williams and writer Albert Lee Murray as music consultants. It will be seen nationally on NET outlets in December.

GEORGE LEWIS HEADLINES JAPANESE JAZZ FESTIVAL

A two-day jazz festival featuring the George Lewis New Orleans All-Stars and some of the top Japanese contemporary and Dixieland jazz talent was held in August at the officers' and noncommissioned officers' clubs at Yokota Air Force Base on the outskirts of Tokyo, Japan.

It was the first such event at a U.S. military base in Japan in memory. The groups and vocalists taking part appeared on a rotating basis.

Club patrons, beginning at 5 p.m. on Friday, saw a steady parade of Dixieland groups, including the Dixie Dukes, the New Orleans Seven, the Dixie Kings, and the Creole Six, plus appearances by Japanese girl singers Yoko Irie and Sanae Mizushima.

Saturday was the modernists' day, led by the Hideo Shiraki Quintet, Hidehiko (Sleepy) Matsumoto and the Kuni Sugano Trio, and George Kawaguchi and his group.

Shiraki's exciting young trumpeter, Terumasu Hino, nearly stole the show from his leader. Matsumoto performed on tenor saxophone, flute, and soprano saxophone.

Two other groups that barely qualified as modern jazz groups, the Six Joes and the Six Lemons, rounded out the group roster. Girl vocalists Terry Mizushima, Miyoko Hoshino, Mitsuko Miyake, Hiroko Takekoshi, and Yoshiko Goto also appeared.

Clarinetist Lewis and his all-stars appeared twice at each club on both days, and though interest was moderate for both the Dixie and modern sessions at the officers' club, the turnout there for the Lewis appearances was excellent.

At the NCO club, however, the second and final day, the 500-seat capacity main ballroom was full during most of the show.

The modern jazz portion began at 3 p.m. Saturday, and there was music at both clubs on Friday and Saturday until 3 a.m.

The festival was billed as the first annual jazz festival at Yokota base. Interest among NCO club patrons alone should encourage the clubs to make plans for the second one, perhaps with a name modern jazz group from the United States taking part.

strictly ad lib

POTPOURRI: Clarinetist **Tony Scott** has been anything but inactive since his recent return from the Far East. On Aug. 23 he began a series of Monday night jam sessions at New York City's Village Vanguard, attempting to resurrect some of the "old spirit." The first night, which drew a packed house, featured **Jimmy Giuffre** on clarinet and tenor saxophone ("the first time I've played chord changes in three years," Giuffre quipped), trombonist **Jimmy Knepper**, pianist **Roger Kellaway**, bassist **Chuck Israels**, drummer **Roy Haynes**, and **Howard Johnson** on baritone saxophone and tuba. There was also a birthday celebration for drummer **Elvin Jones** highlighted by a wildly "free" rendition of *Happy Birthday*. Next, Israels, Haynes, flutist **Jeremy Steig**, singer **A. Leon Thomas**, and pianist **Dick Hyman** appeared with Scott at Sterling Forrest Gardens Aug. 25. The clarinetist is currently finishing a week at Slug's Saloon and

follows with two weeks at the Half Note starting Sept. 28.

Business fell off appreciably during last month's Los Angeles riots, but anyone attending Ella Fitzgerald's concert at the Hollywood Bowl, backed by Nelson Riddle's band, would never have known there was hell in the City of Angels. The singer attracted a near-capacity audience (the Bowl holds more than 17,000) and put on an exhausting show, singing nearly 30 tunes. Shortly before that concert, another one-nighter reverberated through the Hollywood hills when the Bowl presented "New Orleans Night" in tribute to Louis Armstrong. That concert featured groups fronted by the trumpeter, clarinetist Pete Fountain, and pianist Earl Hines. Miss Fitzgerald was in the audience and received a standing ovation following a glowing tribute from Armstrong. A more elaborate 50th anniversary tribute to Armstrong was held at the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas, Nev. The highlight of the celebration, attended by all the names appearing in town at the time (Aug. 19), was a 20-foot, trumpet-shaped cake.

The Harlem Jazzmobile (*DB*, Sept. 23 and Aug. 26) continues to draw enthusiastic crowds. Trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie and his quintet performed at a special event Aug. 27 on 122nd St. between Seventh and Eighth avenues, where Gillespie spent his early Harlem days. Trumpeter Howard McGhee led an octet Sept. 1. and pianist Erroll Garner was scheduled to perform Sept. 7 on 133rd St. Meanwhile, HARYOU-ACT and the Black Arts Society also are sponsoring free outdoor jazz concerts nightly in the Harlem area. Pianist Andrew Hill is music coordinator for the events, which so far have featured several groups, including those led by saxophonists Albert Ayler, Charles Davis, Roland Alexander, Charles Lloyd, and Sonny Redd; pianists Walter Davis Jr., Randy Weston, and Sun Ra; cellist Calo Scott; and organist Sharlie Hill as well as the Carl Beam Gospel Singers.

A new television series, NBC's *Run for Your Life*, with Pete Rugolo scoring, has done one segment, *Our Man in Limbo*, using the Gerry Mulligan Quartet. Others to be seen on camera in the series will be Benny Carter and Brasil '65.

During a recent two-week stay at the Showboat Lounge in Washington, D.C., the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet passed up an afternoon off and played a special, free concert for some 150 enthusiastic 12-year-olds. The concert was held on a typically steamy Washington August day at Bundy Elementary School. Most of the youngsters, voluntary participants in a special reading improvement program, were not familiar with the Gillespie wit and music before the concert, but by the last number, when the trumpeter issued an invitation to one and all "to come up on the stage and dance for us," he had won a number of new fans. At the conclusion of the dancing, Gillespie and his group spent a half-hour signing autographs and talking to the youngsters about music. Gillespie later

disclosed that he had been investigating the possibility of a nationwide tour of various cities to play for high-school students and to encourage them to remain in school and graduate.

Virginia Beach, Va., ended the summer season with a jazz festival Sept. 5 at Convention Hall, with Virginian Tommy Gwaltney, clarinetist-owner of the Blues Alley Club in Washington, D.C., producing a jazz show that featured tenorists Al Colin and Zoot Sims, harmonica and vibraharp player Jean (Toots) Thielemans, trumpeter Billy Butterfield, singer Maxine Sullivan, and pianist Cliff Jackson, plus the Blues Alley regulars—pianist John Philips, guitarist Steve Jordan, bassist Keter Betts, and drummer Eddie Phyfe. The Gwaltney rhythm section was busy throughout the event, backing all the guest performers in the style(s) to which they are accustomed.

A proposed amendment to the Copyright Reform Act is being prepared by lawyers of the American Federation of Musicians. It is intended to seek royalty payments for musicians whose recorded efforts sound from the nation's jukeboxes. Local 47, in Los Angeles, is trying to help the cause by whipping up interest in a write-your-congressman campaign. The local angle took on meaning when Rep. James C. Corman (D-Calif.) sponsored a measure that would guarantee royalties to composers whose songs are played on jukeboxes. The Local 47 president, John Tranchitella, asked Corman to seek jukebox royalties for musicians too. The representative agreed to look into the matter.

Al Rose, long-time jazz aficionado in New Orleans, is preparing two books of considerable interest. One, a pictorial history of New Orleans, will be published by the Louisiana State University Press. The other, a pictorial history of Storyville, centers on the red-light district of the Crescent City that was closed by order of the secretary of the Navy in 1917. The Storyville book will include dozens of previously unpublished photographs of the district's buildings and habitués. No publisher for the Storyville book has been set.

NEW YORK: Pianist Ramsey Lewis had to cancel his scheduled Aug. 31 opening at the Village Gate when he suffered a dislocated shoulder while bathing in Atlantic City, N.J., where he was appearing at the Wonder Gardens. Pianist Ahmad Jamal and his trio were brought in to substitute at the Gate . . . Jazz Interactions, the nonprofit organization that sponsors New York City's Jazzline telephone information service, presented its first benefit concert Sept. 14 at Judson Hall. Among the scheduled participants were trumpeter Joe Newman's quartet (Newman is the president of the organization), reedman Jerome Richardson, baritone saxophonist Jay Cameron, cornetist Jimmy McPartland and his pianist-wife Marian, Clem DeRosa's 16 College All-Stars, and the HARYOU-ACT Youth Band, directed by trumpeter Kenny Dor-

ham . . . Tenor saxophonist-flutist Charles Lloyd's quartet was held over for a third week at the Village Vanguard in late August. Lloyd and his group will appear in concert at Columbia University's Wollman Auditorium Oct. 8, sharing the stage with pianist Jaki Byard's foursome. The concert, first in a scheduled jazz series, is presented by the board of managers of Ferris Booth Hall and George Klabin, jazz disc jockey at WKCR, the university's FM station . . . Cornetist Wild Bill Davison and valve trombonist Marshall Brown took a month's leave of absence from Jimmy Ryan's in September to go to Las Vegas, Nev., where Davison was to front the late Red Nichols' rhythm section at the Mint. Trumpeter Herman Autrey and trombonists Jimmy Archey and Vic Dickenson held the fort at Ryan's . . . The Jimmy Giuffre Trio, the Charles Lloyd Quartet, vocalist Sheila Jordan, and the Don Heckman-Ed Summerlin Improvisational Jazz Workshop were the featured jazz attractions during the 18-day, third annual New York City Avant-Garde Festival, held at Judson Hall Aug. 25-Sept. 11. An ambitious affair, the festival embraced the music of John Cage and Erik Satie, electronic music, modern dance, film, poetry, drama, and such as "action music," "events," and "happenings."

South African pianist Dollar Brand, who now makes his home in New York City, will give his American debut recital Oct. 10 at Carnegie Recital Hall. His singer-wife Bea Benjamin also will appear . . . Drummer Max Roach's quintet at the Five Spot features trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, tenor saxophonist Clifford Jordan, pianist Ronnie Mathews, and bassist Jymie Merritt . . . Pianist Ram Ramirez plays daily except Saturday and Sunday, 5:30-11 p.m., at the Carriage House, 38th St. and Third Ave. . . . The Front Room in Newark, N.J., continues its name jazz policy. Pianist Horace Silver, saxophonist Sonny Stitt, organist Jimmy McGriff, and baritone saxophonist Charles Davis recently played the club . . . Pianist-composer Joe Seanni has composed the music for an experimental film study of psychological states by Lou Jacobs, *Another Time, Another Voice*, which has been shown at the Venice and San Francisco film festivals. Scianni employed electronic music to depict the subconscious and "natural instrumentation" for the episodes dealing with the waking mind . . . The Staple Singers headlined at the Apollo Theater in August . . . Saxophonist Dick Meldonian's quartet was heard in concert Aug. 18 at St. Mark's Church . . . Singer Ethel Ennis appeared at the Living Room Aug. 23-Sept. 4 . . . Chris Connor sang at the Phone Booth for two weeks starting Aug. 30 . . . Singer Thelma Carpenter is starred in a new musical, *For Heaven's Sake*, which will make a national college tour beginning Sept. 17. Pianist Reginald Beane, long-time accompanist for Ethel Waters, will be music director . . . French jazz singer Barbara Belgrave, pianist Ran Blake, and Dominican vocalist Ricardo Gautreau will be featured in concert at the Hartford, Conn., Institute of Living Oct. 24.

(Continued on page 41)

BACK TO DUKE

Drummer Louie Bellson Returns To The Ellington Fold, By Leonard Feather

THE WHEEL has come full circle. Louie Bellson is back home. At least, that is the way it seemed—to Bellson, to Duke Ellington, to the Ellington band, and to thousands of approving listeners—when the man who has been called the fastest drummer alive, and who by all odds is one of the most skillful, took his place early in August in the rhythm section of the Ellington orchestra.

“It feels wonderful,” said Bellson, exuding the same boyish enthusiasm and open-faced good will that always have been the essence of his personality.

“Duke and I were talking about it the other day, and it’s a funny thing,” Bellson said. “He was thinking maybe I’d been gone seven or eight years. When I reminded him it was more than 14 years ago that I originally joined the band, he could hardly believe it.”

Bellson, altoist Willie Smith, and valve trombonist Juan Tizol, colleagues in Harry James’ band, left together in March, 1951, to go with Ellington. It was an event that made front-page *Down Beat* headlines. The lay press took over in November, 1952, when Bellson married singer-entertainer Pearl Bailey. Two months later he left the band.

“I was always in touch, though, and followed what was happening with Duke,” he recalled. “Duke called me in on record dates—I did a thing with Sam Woodyard on *A Drum Is a Woman* in ’57—and in ’63, when Duke assembled that ‘second Ellington band’ for the *My People* show in Chicago, with Billy Strayhorn in charge and Jimmy Jones conducting, I was with them for three weeks.”

A curious aspect of Bellson’s return is that it came on the heels of reports that he had joined Count Basie.

“My association with Basie is very close, just as with Duke,” Bellson said. “I spent four weeks with the band when they toured Sweden a couple of years ago, and I’ve made record dates with them. Well, in June, when we shook hands on a deal for me to join Basie in time for the tour with Sinatra, part of my reaction was: ‘Gee, you’ve got a fine drummer with the band right now, Rufus Jones.’ I think maybe Basie just wanted me temporarily and wanted to hold on to Rufus. Anyhow, the thing never materialized because it turned out that Basie had a contract with Rufus all along. Soon after Basie told me this, I had to stick close to Pearl because she had become ill again. And in any case, Rufus is doing better and better.”

Bellson, who the last few years has been heading, for the most part, pick-up bands, occasionally in shows starring his wife, said he found working for Ellington “different—and exciting—from the start.” Ellington plays the sorts of dates and to the sorts of audiences that differ considerably from what the drummer has become accustomed to.

Bellson recalled that his first actual playing dates with Ellington this time were the special appearances with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the New York Philharmonic late in July. On these dates the only Ellingtonians involved were Duke, Bellson, and bassist John Lamb. The full band’s first date was at Aspen, Colo.

“It’s an indescribable feeling,” he said. “Being a part of the Ellington band is an indescribable feeling for anyone, at any time. The band is quite different, of course, in actual personnel from the last time I was with it. The first time around, the trumpet section was three-fourths different, with Ray Nance and Nelson (Cadillac) Williams and Harold Baker, plus Cat Anderson, who’s still there. Britt Woodman and Tizol were in the trombone section, and Lawrence Brown wasn’t there. Neither was Johnny



Hodges [who was leading his own group at the time]; but the rest of the sax section was the same. And Wendell Marshall was playing bass.

"Musically, of course, both bands can only be described as first-class; but this time is the first time I've had the pleasure of working with Cootie Williams, and he's one of those Ellington phenomena, a true original. I can see now where Nance almost patterned himself after Cootie. He's tremendous in the section, and I'm sitting right in front of him, so I know. That big sound! He sounds like about four trumpet players all by himself.

"Cat, of course, always adds a great deal of color to the band. Johnny Hodges is amazing. I can't compare him with Willie Smith except to say that they're both great in the section and as soloists; and after all these years, every solo Johnny plays is beautiful and perfect—he never falters.

"John Lamb is what I'd call a Ray Brown-type bass player. He never lets up. Wendell was like that too. John and I have already had a lot of discussions about music; he's had some college music education and plans to continue, and he's interested in opera, symphony, all kinds of music. We hit it off together personally and musically; each of us seems to feel what the other is doing."

On the second of the two nights with the New York Philharmonic, Bellson recalled with relish, he, Ellington, and Lamb did, as an encore, the version of *A Train* that starts out as a waltz, plus *Satin Doll*. Ellington gave solos to Bellson, and the drummer said some of the members of the Philharmonic apparently were intrigued by what he was doing with the two bass drums; they stood up to catch a glimpse. The concertmaster came over later and congratulated him personally. "He said it was one of the most marvelous things he'd ever heard," Bellson added. "It was quite a thrill for me."

Bellson has found an odd contrast between the Ellington band he formerly played in and the current one. It results from the fact that his predecessor this time, Sam Woodyard, does not read music. Hence, Bellson has inherited no drum book.

"I have to watch Duke constantly," he said, "for changes in volume and so forth. Cat Anderson brought in an arrangement yesterday, for which he'd included a drum part. He said, 'Well, at least you've got one part to start a book with.'

"This kind of thing could only happen in Ellington's band. The other evening, for instance, Duke decided to try out the *Impressions of the Far East* for the first time since I'd come back. Well, this is a fairly long work, maybe 20 minutes. All Duke said to me before we played it was: 'It's in three movements. In the first part you do this Charleston beat thing; in the second, where Lawrence plays, give me some exotic drumming; and when Carney starts, play with the hands; and at the end, accent the fourth beat.' That was all!

"We got through it beautifully. Knowing him and his little codes, and his complete trust in me, and my complete trust in him, it was no sweat, and I knew it wouldn't be. It's getting better all the time. The whole band is very happy; the morale is good. Everybody likes having Mercer Ellington [Duke's son, playing trumpet] in the band and respects him as a good road manager too."

REMINISCING about the interim years, Bellson noted that most of his bookings had been centered in Las Vegas, where he worked several times with a big band. There also were joint concert tours with Miss Bailey.

Ballrooms were not easy to book, nor were European dates, much as Bellson would have liked to play them

when he had a big band together.

"In fact, nowadays," he said, "it's hard to book any kind of a group, large or small, unless it's just something that came up and got to be a big name for a lot of the clubs, like Coltrane or Miles.

"It's been very rough for people like Terry Gibbs and myself, who like big bands and want to keep one together. One time, during a very short period, I had three different big bands, a New York personnel and a Chicago one and then one in Hollywood, all using the same book; that was the only way it was economically feasible. The cost of maintaining a payroll is staggering; living conditions are getting more expensive all the time, and it becomes harder and harder to keep a steady personnel on the road."

The bad part of it all, in Bellson's estimation, is that the great bands, those of Ellington, Basie, Woody Herman, Stan Kenton, can't go on forever—and who will there be to keep the big-band sound going?

"Basie was saying something to me one day along those lines," Bellson related, "telling me I ought to try to get something going, but right now I can't see any way of making it—and I sure tried for a long while."

When Bellson was not playing big-band dates, or working with his wife, he would lead a smaller group or occasionally do drum clinics.

"I had a book for trumpet, trombone, alto, tenor, baritone, and rhythm," he said. "We had some good little groups in Vegas; at one time or another there were men like Sweets Edison, Conte Candoli, Frank Rosolino, Carl Fontana, Sam Most. But even though there has been a gradual modification of the musical attitudes in Las Vegas, they still have a long way to go. In fact, often it's kind of frightening to walk into one of those lounges and hear what's happening. There usually isn't much of a very musical nature. They're always looking primarily for entertainment.

"I did find a lot of delight, though, in going into schools and colleges, giving lectures on music and drumming, playing with high-school bands and stage bands.

"The standards in these areas are improving noticeably, and I thank God for the existence of this kind of musicianship and enthusiasm.

"The youngsters I talked to at these visits were interested in listening to bands like Duke, Basie, Woody, and Stan, and in addition they are concerned with Mozart quintets, string quartets—in other words, their minds are on good music. It was reassuring to visit those places, believe me. And it was a kick to listen to or play in the bands. Six or seven years ago you would have to make sure the brass parts weren't written too high. Nowadays it seems you can bring in just about anything, and they can cut it."

The standard of drumming in the stage bands is generally high, Bellson added, but there is a gray area of semiprofessional, semiserious drumming, on the fringes of jazz, that was a source of occasional concern to him.

"There are so many young drummers who play just rock and roll," he said, "and they all tend to say the same thing: 'Well, I can't really play. I've never studied. All I can do is play these few beats, but I'd really like to be able to play.' And I have to tell them, 'If you're really anxious to continue, you have to understand what you are doing, not just play instinctively. Learn to read. Learn to play with brushes. Do the whole job, conscientiously; there are no short cuts.'

"Duke feels the way I do about these kids and the kind of music they're involved with. He doesn't put the whole thing down. He concedes that this is their kind of music, that there is some excitement with the beat and everything. But he also feels that they have to learn some musi-

cal ability along with it. These guitarists who don't know any chords could just as easily sit down and learn a little about harmony. It would help to make their music so much better.

"As Buddy Rich once said to me: 'I don't want to listen to a drummer and hear him doing something with the right hand and nothing with the left hand or the right foot.'"

Bellson, superior drummer though he is, insists that he still is learning new things every day. He still has a teacher—for playing and for writing. Bellson wants to keep up with what's going on.

"Freedom of playing is fine," he said, "but there still must be discipline and rules."

An example of the kind of thinking Bellson said he likes to find in the younger players is the attitude of Johnny Hodges Jr. The altoist's drummer son is a teenager who "really loves music and wants to understand more about it," Bellson said. "He went to the Berklee School of Music, acquired a thorough knowledge of drums and arranging, and is very intent on becoming a well-rounded percussionist.

"He's been on the road with the band lately, and on a number of occasions when Sam Woodyard couldn't make a gig, he played with Duke. It's been great experience for him, traveling with the band. I think he's going to be one of our important players and writers in the future."

ONE OF BELLSON'S most stimulating experiences was the drum matinee at the Newport Jazz Festival this year. There were six drummers there—Art Blakey, Buddy Rich, Roy Haynes, Elvin Jones, Jo Jones, and Bellson—and it might have seemed that so many drummers all at once would be quite a mishmash.

"But we paid close attention to each other," Bellson said, "and kept the same tempo, and it came off remarkably well, I thought.

"I was talking to Joe Morello about it later on, and I told him my reactions: I'm used to Buddy's tremendous solos, and, of course, he really broke it up. I'm familiar with original Jo Jones. He was the first guy I ever heard play drums in a band that really helped materially to make the band sound like something, back when he was with the old Basie orchestra. And great as they are, I'm used to Blakey and Roy Haynes. But on this occasion I had the extreme pleasure of sitting right next to Elvin Jones and really hearing him extensively for the first time.

"Elvin is not the Buddy Rich type of drummer in the sense that he's that much of a technician, but the things he did with his right hand on the cymbal, and with the bass drum—the wonderful jungleistic rhythms he achieves—this really knocked me out. He has a great melodic sense, too; he follows the melody pattern, and right when you think he's lost, he isn't. Of all the modern drummers I've heard, he is the one who has impressed me the most so far."

Bellson said that in several contemporary groups he has heard, the drummer has a tendency to overpower everyone, but he can't understand why they do it.

"The bass player, after all, needs to hear what the piano player is playing," he said. "It is also necessary for him to be aware of what Coltrane, or whoever the soloist may be, is playing. In Duke's band, too, the same rules apply; if we don't all listen to one another, it isn't a unit any more."

Bellson pioneered the use of two bass drums, and though he says he has detected a definite influence made on other drummers, he won't say exactly how widespread he feels it is. Sam Woodyard was one of the first to take it

up, he pointed out, and also Dave Black, who played with Ellington after Bellson left.

"From what I understand, interestingly enough," he added, "there seem to be more musicians in England using two bass drums than there are in this country."

The facility demanded by this technique was not an easy matter for Bellson to explain:

"You have to be very careful, and one of the secrets is not to overdo it. It's not a nerve thing; you have to flex your muscles properly and get that co-ordination going between the right and the left.

"I've got to the point where I actually keep the heel of the pedal down; sometimes I raise the heel and do it with the toe, until I can get it to where it's like a fast single-stroke roll. . . ."

The question, inevitably, on the minds of many Ellington and Bellson admirers since the reunion is: will he stay indefinitely or not?

"It's not temporary," he replied. "At present, Pearl plans to take at least three or four months off until she's



well enough to go back to work safely. During almost all of that time, luckily, the band will be in and around California and Nevada.

"Pearl feels this is right for me, just as I do. If, in a year or two, conditions warrant my trying something with my own big band again, well, I'd like to try. I won't forget what Basie said to me about upholding the traditions of the great bandleaders.

"I have another ambition that I think I should be able to realize, possibly while I'm still with Duke. I'd like to make appearances with symphony orchestras in various parts of the country, the same kind of thing Andre Previn has been doing."

Bellson said he feels he is equipped to do this kind of work now, having completed four major works. He worked on the most recent piece for two years. It's like a percussion concerto, he said, but instead of a piano or violin up in front of the orchestra, there are drums—five different bass drums, five snares, tom-toms, and various other percussion instruments. The work runs to 107 pages of score paper and lasts about 20 minutes.

He's wanted to do it for years. During the New York Philharmonic appearance, he met composer Lukas Foss and told him about it. Foss asked for the score, and Bellson said that if he likes it, there may be a possibility of performing it next summer.

"Meanwhile," he said, "I'm as happy as I can possibly be with what I'm doing right now; I have something unique. I feel I have the best job in the world, and I'm looking forward to many more happy days." 



SIDEWALK BLUES

Singer-guitarist Jimmy Brewer (1) leads a rousing sidewalk evangelist group

Chicago is a blues town. It has been a center of blues recording activity since the early 1920s, and over the years practically every blues musician of any importance has lived, worked, or recorded there.

Many of the leading figures in the current revival of interest in folk blues make Chicago their headquarters . . . Muddy Waters, Junior Wells, Howlin' Wolf, Willie Dixon, Sunnyland Slim, Little Walter, and Jimmy Reed. Others

Vendors' stalls line both sides of Maxwell St.



—John Lee Hooker, Chuck Berry, Sleepy John Estes, Big Joe Williams, and many more—record there.

Numerous clubs and taverns on Chicago's teeming south and west sides feature the hard-driving, no-holds-barred blues with which the city has been identified since World War II. The sound of the old-style blues occasionally can be heard in coffee houses, on concert stages, and at collegiate folk festivals.

And the blues can be heard on the city's sidewalks. Any warm Sunday morning, a visitor to Chicago's colorful open-air flea-market area, Maxwell St., on the city's near west side, can hear a variety of blues and Negro religious music—of surprisingly high quality too.

Some of the performers, such as Arvella Gray, have been active in the area for decades. Gray, whose strong, husky singing and ringing resonator guitar signify the music of Maxwell St. for many, has been performing there since 1922 and remembers when the streets in the area were made of wooden blocks.

Many of the current idols got their starts there—Waters and Little Walter, for example—and in recent years such

To the ringing strains of *John Henry*, balladeer Arvella Gray walks with measured tread down Maxwell St., as he has done for decades

ALL PHOTOS BY PETE WELDING





Summoning up the spirit of the delta blues are singer-guitarist Maxwell St. Jimmy (Charles Thomas) and drummer Porkchops



Trading harmonica solos are John Wrencher (1) and Charlie Musselwhite, both members of the Johnny Young band



Religious singer Thomas Swain



singers and instrumentalists as Robert Nighthawk, Johnny Young, John Lee Granderson, John Wrencher, Carey Bell, Maxwell St. Jimmy (Charles Thomas), the late Daddy Stovepipe, Willie Hatcher, Robert Whitehead, Big Walter Horton, and others have been heard on the street.

Religious song is heard, too, especially in the fervent, moving work of singer-guitarist Jimmy Brewer and his sidewalk Church of God in Christ group that sometimes numbers 10 members, and solitary street evangelists Gray, Thomas Swain, and Fannie Brewer (Jimmy's wife).

In many cities, municipal legislation and compulsory licensing of peddlers

have led to the gradual decline and virtual disappearance of street singing, but in Chicago this vital folk art happily flourishes. Just how long it will continue to do so, however, is questionable, for as urban renewal draws closer and closer to the traditional street market, it is not unlikely that the area soon will be cleared for progress.

Carried away by the exuberant, earthy blues of drummer Houston Phillip, singer-guitarist Johnny Young, and bassist Carey Bell is harmonica player John Wrencher, here seen in an impromptu dance, his back to the camera

Mississippi spiritual singer Marie Bean



THE BENNY CARTER I KNEW

By REX STEWART



JIM MAZUCCI

FREQUENTLY RECOGNIZED jazz musicians of years' standing have had considerable coverage in publications during their lifetime, even though the publications may not be of huge national circulation. However, a rave review in a trade magazine or a brief accolade in a newspaper column does not give a nearly satisfying or complete picture of the individual as a human being—his motivations, character, or environmental influences. With such depth reporting growing more and more important to the world of the scholar, to the jazz buff, to posterity, and to me personally, I invite you to a word portrait of Bennett Lester Carter.

Carter's countenance is deceptively mild. His ready wit, smile, his soft, quick speech also give slight indication of the iron will encased in his brilliant mind. Of imposing stature, he moves with the poise and grace of those accustomed to walking with kings. Perhaps that explains why those who know him best call him "king."

Carter is an affable, courtly gentleman. His gentility almost seems to be out of a forgotten age. This is not to imply that Benny is in any way a placid person—quite the contrary. When the occasion merits, the warm brown eyes can change in a flash to a cold, darker, indescribable color that virtually shouts, "Look out!" This metamorphosis happens rarely, but when it does, everyone involved knows it.

I first met Benny about the first part of 1922, to the best of my recollection (he quibbles with me over the exact year but not the details).

During that period, I was a disciple of Bubber Milcy, the trumpet boss of Harlem. Bubber got carried away with some good right-off-the-boat whisky one morning and, as a result, was unable to make the matinee at John O'Connor's club on 135th St. in New York City. Since neither Gus Allen nor Bobby Stark could be found, I got the job to play in Bubber's place.

As I walked in with my little cornet, I could see that O'Connor didn't particularly relish the substitution, but he didn't say anything to me. I sat down and started to play along with the guys. Let's see . . . in that band were trombonist Geechy Fields, T-Bone Spivvy on guitar, Fats Smitty on piano, Crip the drummer, and myself on cornet. Some kid was supposed to substitute for the sax man Ben Whitted, too, but hadn't shown up at starting time.

Ten minutes after we began to play, a fellow with a skinny body and a big head (at least his head seemed to belong to another body at that time) ambled across the dance floor, up to the bandstand, and unpacked a sax. We looked at each other, wondering who this was, what was the sax, and if this was Whitted's substitute. It turned out that this was the first time any of us had laid eyes on Benny. The saxophone was a C melody. And Whitted *had* sent him.

I guess that two ringers replacing his regular bandsmen was just too much for the boss, especially since they didn't cut the mustard too well. After two numbers, O'Connor called Benny over and handed him some handbills advertising the club, saying, "You'll do my place more good standing on the corner passing these out to the people than tooting on that hornpipe."

Rest in peace, John O'Connor, rest in peace. You couldn't have known how Benny would turn out. It's too bad you will never realize that you once sent one of the world's greatest saxophonists to the corner to pass out handbills.

That was my introduction to Benny Carter. I was not impressed. Neither were the other fellows, but fate must have got a large-size chuckle.

After that episode, I didn't see Carter for quite some time. I lived up in Harlem while he lived downtown in a

Note: Part of the material in this article has been taken from a book now in work, tentatively titled **Boy Meets Horn**.

neighborhood nicknamed “the jungle.” I seldom ventured down there. It was the kind of section you had to be well known in. Otherwise it was better to stay away, unless you liked the idea of carrying your head in your hand as you exited on the run.

I didn’t run into Benny again until about a year later when Happy Caldwell (a great and unheralded influence on tenor saxophone) talked me into going on a job in Asbury Park, N.J.

I went because I trusted Caldwell’s judgment—he was older and more experienced than I. We hied ourselves to the Park, seeking fame and fortune. There, we met Carter and Bobby Stark. But Happy and I got canned after the first week, and there followed my first real panic. I’d been stranded before—when our home-town band didn’t get paid in Richmond, Va., and later in Philly with the ill-fated *Go-Get-It* show, but both of those times I had been part of a group, and there were lots of ways to console each other and share the misery.

This time it was different—it was Happy and Rex against the world. No buddies, no relatives, and no job. The panic didn’t last too long because Happy knew his way around. We spent part of each day finding a sheltered place to sleep (on a pool table, in somebody’s basement, etc.) and the rest of the time hustling hot-dog money. Sometimes we’d split one hot dog between us and then drink a tomato-juice cocktail, made of catsup and water. This was for free.

Stark and Carter joined us for a while when they also got the ax, but their situation was not the same as ours. They had gotten into a fracas, because Bobby drank so much the boss had to fire them, which resulted in their being told by the law to get out of town. That was a drag to them, as it was to us, since none of us wanted to return to New York in the dead of summer, a failure, after bragging that we were good enough to spend a whole season playing Asbury Park.

IN THE LATE ’20s and early ’30s, the times were right, and despite the throngs of musicians flocking to New York, there were still not enough skilled men to go around all of the clubs, dance halls, and joints. Most of these places were quite happy to have us blowing in them, because our jamming not only provided atmosphere and free music for the customers but also considerable revenue—the tooters were notorious spenders. It was real cozy for everybody, and we were never at a loss for a place to tab drinks, to experiment, let off steam, and enjoy ourselves with our fellows.

Mind you, we were also learning all of the time. One thing soon became clear to me: the best players were the best listeners. Jimmy Harrison, Coleman Hawkins, Tommy Dorsey, Bix Beiderbecke, Benny Carter, and numerous others all listened, and all of them later emerged as top performers in the profession. This supports my contention that a large part of genius lies not only in ability, comprehension, and imagination but also in the willingness to listen and learn—along with an innate sense of propriety. Carter possesses this combination of qualities to such a degree that his place among the masters is assured. Attaining that place, of course, took time.

When next I heard anything about him, we were playing in Newark, N.J., with a fellow named Bobby Brown, who had rescued both Happy and me from Asbury Park.

Brown had a good group, was ambitious, and always traveled to New York to hear the latest in music and musicians. After one such jaunt, he returned raving about some guy who played with Charlie Johnson at Ed Small’s new place called Small’s Paradise. To hear Brown tell it, this alto sax man was the greatest since high-button shoes,

and his name was Benny Carter! Happy looked at me, and I looked at Happy. We both thought the same thing. Is he kidding? We’d known Carter for some time, and he’d never baked beans for us, not real Boston style (in the early days, taking a solo chorus was termed “taking a Boston” and/or “getting off”).

Anyway, Happy and I had our curiosity aroused, and on our night off, we visited Small’s. I felt right at home, since I had not only worked for Ed at his Sugar Cane but also was on close terms with him, since I had roomed at his home on 137th St. There was a small section right next to the bandstand where the musicians used to congregate and listen to the band without having to pay the usual tariff for drinks, which was great with us.

Johnson’s band was in fine form and really rocking the joint. Everybody, that is, except Carter, who was leaning in his chair against the railing of the bandstand with his eyes closed. He didn’t even see us at first. I remember turning my head to Happy and then hearing a cascade of notes in a brief alto saxophone solo that was unbelievable.

Sure enough, it was Benny Carter. Bobby Brown had not exaggerated a bit.

Benny was truly outstanding, although it was hard to believe that he was in a musical climate that produced such stalwarts as Eugene Fields, Ben Whitted, Fess Edmonds—all formidable exponents of the alto for their time. There were also the great Carmelito Jejo, who played liked greased lightning, and among the younger lads there was competition from Harvey Boone, Lester Boone (no relation), Johnny Hodges, Charlie Holmes, Pete Brown, and Edgar Sampson. But Benny Carter was the boss!

That night, after we’d had our ears opened, George Stafford, the drummer, remarked, “Benny sure sleeps a lot on the stand, but he always comes in at the right places for his solos.”

“I never saw anything like it,” Johnson echoed.

SHORTLY THEREAFTER, I saw Benny sleep a whole lot more when he and I both roomed in the apartment of Billy Taylor, the bass player. One day, Benny said, “I think I’ll learn to arrange.” Well, Taylor had been studying arranging a lot and had become discouraged. As for me, I was having so much trouble reading the music with Elmer Snowden that I felt Benny was just day-dreaming. He wasn’t.

It was about two years later, after I had joined Fletcher Henderson. I usually stopped by Small’s after I finished my night’s stint at Roseland, and Benny, Billy, and I went home together. One night, business was slack at Small’s, so the group was rehearsing a splendid arrangement of a popular tune of the day.

When they finished the rundown, I was amazed and delighted to learn that Benny had made the chart. What I couldn’t figure out was when Benny had studied arranging. After all, we lived in the same apartment, and neither Taylor nor I was aware of his developing talent. In any case, that night up in Harlem, the torch was lit, the child was born. Carter had started on a long and illustrious career.

This gift smoldered for quite some time, with bright emissions through the bands of Fletcher Henderson, Chick Webb, McKinney’s Cotton Pickers. But the real big time proved elusive until Benny was summoned by the British Broadcasting Co. to become staff arranger in 1936. Leonard Feather, a perceptive observer and chronicler of the jazz scene, had passed on the word to the powers that be at the network that Benny Carter was the man for the position.

After three years at BBC, Benny returned home to the then healthy big-band field, in which he consolidated his

position as an ranking peer. Already established as a better-than-average clarinetist (which he prefers not to acknowledge) and a consummate delineator of the beauties of the alto saxophone (he says that the late Frankie Trumbauer was his inspiration), Carter astonished everyone by playing a moving and articulate trumpet. Such talent would seem enough for two persons, but not for Bennett Lester Carter—he then demonstrated his virtuosity by playing piano and trombone too.

There are so many incidents regarding Benny that are etched in my memory. . . .

In Taylor's apartment, my room was adjacent to Benny's. He would knock on the wall, "Stew, are you asleep?"

If I answered, he'd continue: "What note is this?" Then he'd hit a high note on his horn or even whistle a tone.

I'd speculate and answer what note I thought it was.

Then he would play a devilish trick on me. By plotting with Taylor, they succeeded in convincing me that I was tone deaf. They always agreed with each other as to what note was being hit or played over a period of weeks. For instance, they'd call a concert D, E, and so forth. But I finally got wise when I started bringing my cornet home every night so that I could check.

Later, during the time Benny was leading the Horace Henderson Orchestra, he again got on a sound kick. Every sound had to be identified and related to its proper place on the scale. We were touring at this time and had ample opportunity to hear train whistles, fog horns, and even bull frogs croaking. Many times Benny would stop that big old Studebaker and have someone pull out a trumpet or clarinet to sound a note he would stipulate just to see if he had heard the tone of, say, a train whistle right.

The Henderson band headquartered at Wilberforce University in southern Ohio. One Sunday morning, we received a phone call telling us to open at a place called Blue Island Lake, 35 miles from Detroit and 225 miles from Wilberforce, as I recall, and we were to be there by Monday at 8 p.m. This took quite a bit of doing, since we had only two cars, one of which was the jalopy Benny owned at the time. Eleven of us, plus gear, had to be squeezed in.

Henry Hicks was driving a fairly new Chrysler with good tires, and Carter drove that big, old Studebaker touring sedan, with rubber bands and spit for tires. To make everything dandy, that year we were having an early fall, so it was unseasonably cool.

We left the Force early and had got only as far as Columbus when the first of many tire blowouts happened. After that, they occurred with such frequency that we started to make bets as to how far we would get before the next one. Oh, what fun to be young!

When we finally limped into Detroit at about 6 p.m. on Monday, we were plenty tired, dirty, and hungry, with still another 40 miles to go to Blue Island Lake. We stoked up on food and booze, changed into clean shirts, and were on time, ready to blow like mad all night, which we did.

The climax of the trip came when we were happily trekking back to Detroit and bed. Rrrr. Sirens and flashing red lights appeared suddenly. Squads of police headed us into the curb, lined us up, searched the car, and questioned us for about half an hour. It seemed like an eternity, tired as we were. When they let us go, they explained that a car just like ours had been identified as a getaway vehicle in a bank holdup earlier that night.

BENNY AND I, having played together in Fletcher's band, Horace's Wilberforce Collegians, and McKinney's Cotton Pickers, used to eat together most of the time, and we became famous as trenchermen almost everywhere we went. This is what happened in Cin-

cinnati, at Uncle Henry's:

We would come in and give our usual chant: "Good bread, good meat, good God, let's eat." Uncle Henry shuddered as we thus blessed the bounteous table for the "wrecking crew," composed of Joebeatus McCord, Talcott Reeves, Henry Hicks, Benny, and me. As I look back to that table of Uncle Henry's, my taste buds water . . . mountains of mashed potatoes, platters of roast pork, fried chicken, flanked by corn on the cob, salad, hot rolls, hot biscuits, corn bread, and gravy. This kind of spread was an everyday affair with the gentleman, but to us every-hungry bandsmen, it was a treat to play Cincinnati just so we could get the wrinkles out of our stomachs at Uncle Henry's. However, like all good things, it had to end somewhere, and after we had annihilated his table every day for a week, he finally said, "Sorry, fellows. I can't afford to feed you for 50 cents a meal. From now on, you will have to pay me double."

Our pleas for leniency because of hardship fell on deaf ears.

Oh, we had fun in those days . . . talking music, playing together, rehearsing, living the life of the world as seen through the eyes of 20-year-olds. Every town beckoned to come and enjoy its newness.

We thrived on playing practical jokes on each other. One they played on me I'll never forget. It happened on a Sunday morning and I had just fallen into bed like a ton of bricks. The next thing I knew, the bed started doing the rhumba, awakening me with a terrible start. My first thought was that we were having one of those rare earthquakes. But this was too violent. My next thought was that I had succumbed to delirium tremens, for I remembered hearing from other brothers that too much whisky could bring them on. To my great relief, I discovered two ropes attached to the bottom of the bed, one leading to Billy Taylor's room and the other to that playful prankster, Benny Carter. We all found this so hilarious that we woke up the house with our laughter and almost got put out.

On the other side of the scale was Benny's strong sense of dignity when the occasion demanded.

One such incident was the confrontation of Benny by Uncle Bo, as we called Bill (Bojangles) Robinson.

Bojangles was quite a figure in the '20s and '30s. Creator of a unique style of tap dancing and a rather influential fellow in some circles, Uncle Bo was a capricious and sometimes good-hearted soul. His greatest flaw, perhaps, was his mouth, which, as I recall, he could never turn off. There would always be a lecture, whether the subject was baseball, women, gambling, the church, or whatever. Uncle Bo always had a lot to say, and most people humored him. If by some chance, they did not agree with his view, he enjoyed making a production out of flashing his gold-plated pistola to emphasize the point. The fact that the weapon came with a deputy sheriff's badge made Uncle Bo kind of catankerous at times.

The time I remember was in a rehearsal hall next door to the old Lafayette Theater in Harlem. The cast of the next week's production was being shaped by the producer, Leonard Harper. Benny was leading the band for the show, and I was playing third trumpet. Rehearsing in one corner of the huge cavern of a hall, a trio of tap dancers was thundering through complex routines. In another corner, Ristina Banks, captain of the dancing chorus, was guiding and cajoling her girls through the dances. In a third corner, Tom Whaley, Harper's music director, sat at the piano coaching some females with their songs. The band was in the center of this pandemonium. It was 4:30 a.m., and everybody was dead tired. I was dozing and almost asleep, so I missed the start of what happened, but suddenly, the

room grew quiet, and that woke me up in time to hear someone say, "Here comes Uncle Bo, looking like Faust! That's all we need this morning."

Whoever said that must have been a fortune teller with a real working crystal ball. Sure enough, Bojangles took over. First, he criticized the tap dancers, telling them that they were not to do a certain step without his permission, since he had invented it. They left after promising to take the step out of their act, and next came a demonstration for the chorus girls on how to make an exit. All this interference coming from Bojangles was not unusual. We knew that, despite his crude way of taking over, as a rule he meant well. But when I saw Benny Carter's left eye begin to twitch, I recognized it meant danger for somebody. The somebody was Bojangles Robinson.

Before going further, I should point out that Bojangles was not a bad fellow, and his egocentric compulsions doubtless resulted more from a significant lack of formal education in a self-made man than from any calculated mischief making. Adored as he was by the white audiences of his time, Robinson was pretty hard to take among his own people, especially the younger ones.

The tableau that unfolded proved a memorable one. There in a brief span of minutes, we witnessed the oldster slowly becoming aware that his day had waned and the baton had passed on to the younger folk.

The opening salvo started when Uncle Bo told Benny that the tempo of the production number was too slow. Benny didn't answer but gave Robinson a long hard stare. Producer Harper, anxious to continue his rehearsal, called out, "Okay, Benny, take down the opening. Places, everybody!" We shuffled through our music, Benny stomped off the tempo and then gave the downbeat. All of the guys seemed relieved and quite happy to be playing, tired as we were, feeling the sound of music would either appease or drown out the haranguing of Bojangles. But he had other ideas. We'd played only about eight bars when he rushed up to Carter shouting, "Oh *no!* Good God amighty, what kind of tempo do you call this? Stop 'em, stop this damn band. I'll give you the right time for this number." Benny never took the horn from his mouth, and the band kept playing as Uncle Bo grew more exasperated. After a few seconds, he grabbed Benny's arm, and that did it. The band stopped, the rehearsal fizzled like a wet firecracker. Dancers, chorus girls, and musicians suddenly had business somewhere else. In my time, I've heard some fine choices of the customary words employed in that type of encounter, but never have I seen the air turn blue and then pink, almost as if it were blushing.

The disagreement went on loud and long, culminating in a tussle in which Benny was forced to take Bojangles' gold-plated revolver away from him, to avoid being shot. Harlem buzzed for days over the news that a young musician had not only stood up to the mayor of Harlem (as Uncle Bo was known at that time) but had, by disarming him, humiliated and irretrievably damaged Bojangles' image.

ANOTHER INCIDENT concerning Carter comes to mind, but first I would like to explain and qualify any impression I may be creating of him as a brawler. Now, and for many years, he has been the antithesis of a rowdy person, though in his younger days there were times when exacerbated circumstances propelled him into action he probably would have as soon forgot. Further, in an article of this sort—not, I hope, the usual glamorous treatment accorded great figures that leaves the reader feeling something is missing—I chose material I hope will present a rounded picture.

It was during a sabbatical leave of absence from Duke

Ellington, in 1943, I think, that I happened to be in Los Angeles. Wanting to keep my chops in shape, I played several dates with Carter's band. This was, of course, previous to the decline of the big bands. The war was on, and this unforgettable experience took place in a San Diego club, where we were playing a dance.

The night was balmy, the girls were gay, the pride of our Navy was in the mood for frolic. Benny's band was a good one, as always, and this evening all the vibrations of the fellows were attuned to the music. They were cooking. Everything was groovy until one of the sailors, evidently carried away by the magic of the moment, yanked Benny's trouser leg as he danced by the shoulder-high bandstand and yelled, "Play *Stardust*, Sambo!"

Everybody on the bandstand who heard the remark shuddered. The band played on, as Benny nodded, acknowledging the sailor's request. However, apparently the lad didn't, or couldn't, get the message because after making a turn around the hall, he repeated his words and action. This was a mistake. Benny unhooked his alto, jumped off the stand, threw three punches to floor the big redhead, jumped back on the stand, picked up his horn, and resumed playing. The entire sequence took only about eight bars in a medium-bounce tempo. As his buddies poured water on the sailor and took him away, I was sorry about the whole episode; I always enjoyed playing Benny's arrangement of *Stardust*.

The years have been kind to Carter, and Carter's music has unquestionably been kind to the world's ears. Music like *Cow-Cow Boogie*, the late Freddie Slack's tour de force; *Blues in My Heart* (his first published effort); Peggy Lee's singing of his tune *Lonely Woman*; *The Caring Kind*, *Rainbow Rhapsody*, *When Lights Are Low*, *Blue Star* highlight his extensive catalog with ASCAP.

As a result of Benny's affinity for good comradeship and the social graces, his mail abounds with invitations, and his phone rings with others. Despite his heavy schedule, he still tries very hard to enjoy life away from the grind of work. Perhaps Benny's greatest regret is having to leave a party at its height. But "those schedules must be met," he'll smilingly yawn as he leaves.

Most fellow musicians know that he stays busy enough for two men, arranging music for this movie sequence or that television show (currently, he is involved with the Chrysler show). Sandwiched in between, he conducts and arranges record dates for Peggy Lee, Sarah Vaughan, Lou Rawls, Pearl Bailey—there are too many to mention.

A little-known fact about Carter is his consistent search for talent—but I hasten to advise young hopefuls: don't call him. He's too busy. But maybe if you are lucky, fate will beckon if your paths cross, as it did for both Felicia Saunders and Ruth Olay. Some 12 years ago, Benny took his band to San Diego for a month's booking and took the two then unknown vocalists along. Voila! The band clicked and the girls were launched on their talented careers.

The most valid record of a major musician's contributions are found on phonograph and tape machines. The great innovators are passing away—Jack Teagarden, Don Redman, Claude Thornhill—and many others remain only as memories. In the foreseeable future most of the vitality and beauty of this U.S. art form will be found only in other countries, in an adulterated form. It would be a great service to music and the United States if someone would commission Benny Carter to compose, arrange, and choose personnel for a recording of his music for posterity. Though he is composing, arranging, and recording now, he does not have free rein to write the music of his choice or to select the artists in many cases. It will be a pity if the world loses the opportunity to hear the entire spectrum of the talents of Benny Carter.



The Birth Of The Cool

HOT BOX, By GEORGE HOEFER

This is the story of a jazz album, *Birth of the Cool* (Capitol 1974), recorded more than 15 years ago. The music on it, although neglected by most listeners at the time, eventually became the inspiration for a new trend in jazz—the so-called cool school.

No one individual was responsible for the innovation, though the record is under Miles Davis' name; it was the culmination of a group effort involving such prominent modern-jazz figures as Davis, Gil Evans, Gerry Mulligan, and John Lewis.

In actuality, the seeds of the cool style had been planted a decade earlier by the late pianist-arranger-bandleader Claude Thornhill when he started with his own band in 1940.

After having made a name for himself as arranger for Hal Kemp, Ray Noble, Bing Crosby, Benny Goodman, and the Bob Hope radio show (one of his most famous early accomplishments was the arranging and conducting of Maxine Sullivan's *Loch Lomond* recording), Thornhill established a band that has gone down in history as one of the most outstanding "musician's bands" of the swing era.

Thornhill had a definite conception of a band sound, and at first he did most of the arrangements himself. As Gil Evans told Nat Hentoff in a 1957 *Down Beat* interview, Thornhill's basic premise was "a sound based on the horns playing without vibrato, except for specific places where Thornhill would indicate vibrato for expressive purposes."

One of the great soloists with the early Thornhill band was Irving Fazola, the blues-oriented New Orleans jazz clarinetist with the liquid tone. Thornhill wrote an obbligato for French horns to accompany a Fazola solo, and the first time the band ran through the number Fazola was unaware of the addition until the pianist signaled the two French horn men to mount the stand—the leader wasn't sure what his clarinetist's reaction would be and decided to spring the innovation as a surprise. Fazola was so intrigued with the new sound that he went out and bought himself a bassoon. The French horns became an integral part of the Thornhill bands until 1948.

These two major concepts—the vibratoless horns and the addition of French horns—were well established before Evans joined the band in late 1941 as arranger. The two men had worked together on the arranging staff of the Hope radio program, and Evans had been quite taken with Thornhill's ideas.

He told Hentoff, "Even then, Claude had a unique way with a dance band. He'd

use the trombones with the woodwinds in a way that gave them a horn sound."

Within a year, Thornhill and Evans went into service, but the band had reorganized in late 1946, and Evans, as well as many of the original sidemen including the French hornists, returned. Evans now was the chief arranger, and many of the band's outstanding scores were his (*The Thornhill Sound*, Harmony 7088); he later was responsible for adding baritone saxophonist Mulligan to play and arrange.

A tuba (Bill Barber's) was added to the sound in mid-1947. Evans also gives credit for this innovation to Thornhill, though in fact, the use of the instrument was a bone of contention between Evans and his boss. The leader liked the static

sound of the tuba on sustained chords, while Evans wanted to use it for flexible, moving jazz passages.

Evans was responsible for getting arrangements of *Anthropology*, *Yardbird Suite*, and *Donna Lee* into the Thornhill book, and this resulted in the significant meeting of Miles Davis and Evans: the arranger went to the trumpeter to get clearance for the use of *Donna Lee*.

Davis at this time was a great fan of the Thornhill band. He told a *Down Beat* reporter in 1950, "Thornhill had the greatest band, the one with Lee Konitz, during these modern times. The one exception was the Billy Eckstine band with Bird."

When Evans approached Davis on

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Donna Lee, the trumpeter agreed to the clearance if Evans would give him some instructions on chord structure and let him study some of the Thornhill scores. Davis was fascinated by Evans' arrangement of *Robbins' Nest* with its unusual superimposition of chord clusters. He once commented, "Gil can use four instruments where other arrangers need eight."

By mid-1948, the jazz business was at low ebb, partly because of the second record ban. Thornhill's band was doing badly on a financial basis, and the pianist disbanded for a while. Evans' one-room apartment on W. 55th St. in New York City became an informal salon and workshop with the participants including Davis; Parker; Mulligan; Lewis, then pianist and

arranger with Dizzy Gillespie's big band; and composers George Russell, John Benson Brooks, and Johnny Carisi.

Mulligan said in later years, "We all gravitated around Evans." Davis pushed the idea of getting a nonet organized, as suggested by Evans and Mulligan, whose basic idea was an experimental band with the smallest ensemble that would still give the writers the maximum possibilities. They decided on six horns plus rhythm.

Davis, who had enjoyed a comparatively long stay at the Royal Roost during the summer of 1948, was able to get a two-week date for the nonet at the Roost in September as a relief unit during Count Basie's engagement. He broke precedent by insisting the sign in front of the club

should read "Miles Davis Band, Arrangements by Gerry Mulligan, Gil Evans, and John Lewis."

The personnel for the date was Davis, trumpet; Ted Kelly, trombone; Lee Konitz, alto saxophone; Mulligan, baritone saxophone; Junior Collins, French horn; Bill Barber, tuba; Lewis, piano; Al McKibbon bass; Max Roach, drums. Kenny (Pancho) Hagood, a former Gillespie vocalist, sang with the band.

This two-week engagement was the only time the band performed outside the recording studio or Nola's rehearsal hall. Basie was tremendously impressed and told a music journal writer, "Those slow things sounded strange and good. I didn't always know what they were doing, but I listened, and I liked it."

When the record ban ended in December, 1948, two major labels, RCA Victor and Capitol, decided to go all out with bebop recording programs. Capitol had the more definitive and less commercial approach; it signed Davis, pianist Tadd Dameron, singer Babs Gonzales, pianist Lennie Tristano, singer Dave Lambert, and clarinetist Buddy DeFranco.

Trumpeter Davis had a contract calling for 12 sides, which were recorded in New York City at three separate sessions—January, 1949; April, 1949; and March, 1950—with Pete Rugolo as A&R man.

On the first session, there were three changes in personnel from that heard at the Roost: Kai Winding, with whom Davis had been playing in Oscar Pettiford's group at the Three Deuces on 52nd St., replaced trombonist Kelly; pianist Al Haig replaced Lewis, and bassist Joe Shulman replaced McKibbon. Five of the participants—Mulligan, Konitz, Collins, Barber, and Shulman—were Thornhill alumni.

They cut two arrangements by Mulligan and two by Lewis. The opener was *Jeru*, composed and arranged by Mulligan (the title derived from Davis' pet name for Gerry). This was followed by a Lewis scoring of a 1947 tune, *Move*, written by George Shearing's drummer, Denzil Best, who originally titled it *Geneva's Move*, in honor of his daughter; a Mulligan treatment of George Wallington's *Godchild*; and the closing number, Lewis' arrangement of Bud Powell's and Davis' *Budo*.

The Capitol brass must have been pleased with the results because they put out the pairing of *Move* and *Budo* on the label's popular 78-rpm series (Capitol 15404) within several weeks. The other two sides were held for their first bop releases in April.

On April 21, 1949, the second session was held with revised personnel: J. J. Johnson, who had just left the Illinois Jacquet Band, was the trombonist; Sanford Siegelstein (ex-Thornhill) played French horn; Lewis was the pianist; Nelson Boyd, who had replaced McKibbon with Gillespie's band, was on bass; and Kenny Clarke, then using his Moslem name of L. A. Salaam, was the drummer.

This date brought forth the Gil Evans arrangement of *Boplicity*, a number composed by Davis under the pseudonym Cleo Henry. When asked in 1950 for his favor-

(Continued on page 40)

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ONE CHEER FOR ROCK AND ROLL!

Part I—There Are
Some Compensations

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

SURELY LITTLE in contemporary culture is as much deplored as the music currently favored by adolescents. It has been dismissed as the caterwauling of a disturbed generation. It has been called the result of a conspiracy of payola doled out by record companies to disc jockeys who keep their hands under the turntable, palms up. In the more far-out reaches of right-wing politics, it has even been called a subversive plot.

But there seems to be no escape from the Top 40 rock-and-roll hits; more and more they assault our ears wherever we turn. And it becomes increasingly evident, in British life as well, and in French life, in Japanese life—even in South African life.

Periodically show-business trade papers like *Billboard* and *Variety* declare that the “trend” is dead. But rock and roll has endured for more than 10 years now, and it seems more firmly entrenched than ever. Still, scorn for the state of popular music continues, a scorn sometimes accompanied by a vague nostalgia for the glorious, good old days of (let us say) Glenn Miller.

The good old days are not coming back, and rock and roll is not going to go away. All things considered, there may be very good cultural, social, and even musical reasons why it will not go away. In any case, rather than register more outraged complaints about it, we might do better to ask where it came from and why it is so tenaciously meaningful to young people.

ONE THING that is often overlooked in the self-perpetuating controversy over rock and roll is that the style not only determines hit records, but it also actually provides popular music with vitality and leadership of a sort. Doubtters (probably legion at this point) are invited to ask themselves where the leadership in U.S. tunesmithing came from in the past.

Clearly it came from Broadway and its nearby streets and avenues, either directly or by example. It came from our popular songwriters who worked, by and large, in the musical theater—George Gershwin, Jerome Kern, Irving Berlin, Cole Porter, Richard Rodgers, Harold Arlen.

Well then, what sort of leadership does Broadway currently provide? To be entirely blunt about it, none at all. Lerner and Lowe's *My Fair Lady* may be the last Broadway musical to give the American people a collection of tunes it wants to hear on the air, sing in the shower, and try out on the parlor upright.

When Steve Lawrence appeared recently on national television, he chose to introduce himself with the title song from *Hello, Dolly!* But try naming one other song from that show. And try naming even one song from Lawrence's own show, *What Makes Sammy Run?* Or name one song from Irving Berlin's most recent musical, *Mr. President*. Or name more than one song from Richard Rodgers' *No Strings*, or from Lerner and Lowe's *Camelot*, or from Frank Loesser's *How to Succeed in Business without Really Trying* or from *Baker Street*. Or name a song from *Fiddler on the Roof*, from *Fade Out, Fade In*, from *Golden Boy*, or from *Ben Franklin in Paris*.

If Broadway does not set an example for new music, can one at least find solace by turning to the so-called “good music” stations of FM radio? Not if “good” popular music means, as it seems increasingly to do, the Melachrino strings, the middle-brow Musak of Norman Luboff and his oohh aahhh choir, plus (in moments of real daring) the quasi-jazz of Peter Nero, Al Hirt, and Henry Mancini.

Situation hopeless perhaps? Well, not entirely.

Although the choices of teenagers have dominated popular music for the last 10 years, they have not, as is



RAEBURN FLEHLAGE



often contended, shoved all else aside. In the last year or so a singer named Jack Jones has established himself without riding rock-and-roll mannerisms. Tony Bennett has built himself a solid career during the last 10 years. So has Andy Williams. So have Eydie Gorme and Steve Lawrence. And so—admittedly with the help of Broadway—has Barbra Streisand.

There is also the fact that many young singers who made their initial success only among teenagers go on to a broader success and a more varied repertory, for example Paul Anka, Bobby Rydell, Bobby Darin, even Chubby Checker. (But on the other hand for some of those youngsters, broader success may mean only that Frank Sinatra is not as hard to imitate as one might think.)

What about the state of our popular music when rock and roll first took over? One of the earliest attacks directed against the style called it "smut." *Variety* for a long time waged a campaign against lewd lyrics, or *leer-icks* as it called them, of rock and roll, its editors suspecting that a line like "we're gonna rock all night" was a double entendre. What they seemed to have overlooked was that Jo Stafford's *Teach Me Tonight*, one of the last big before-rock-and-roll hits, had an entendre that was somewhat less than double. And *Variety* apparently forgot, when one of its writers attacked a recording of *Love for Sale* by Dinah Washington, that it was only the latest version of a tune that the renowned Cole Porter had written for Broadway in the 1930s.

Other high-culture events in popular music at the time the rock arrived included the ascendancy of Lawrence Welk and the fact that thousands of middle-aged American women were panting over the simperings of Liberace. Perhaps the strident energy of the rock is the expectable reprisal to a culture that wants Musak in its elevators.

THERE ARE SEVERAL musical compensations in the rise of rock and roll. It would make matters simple if we could condemn it all out of hand, but the truth is that we can't. It should be fairly common knowledge by now that the first stylistic forebear of rock and roll was Negro rhythm and blues and that the second was a secularized version of Negro Gospel music. But a national news magazine recently gave a glowing description of Britisher Petula Clark's *Downtown* with no reference to the U.S. religious idiom from which the piece partly derives. The early popularity of rock and roll drew attention to some exceptional blues performers such as Joe Turner, Big Maybelle, Ruth Brown, and LaVerne Baker.

Very soon r&r was presenting the fine parodies put together by a pair of young composers, Jerry Lieber and Mike Stoller. They wrote for the group called the Coasters, and their songs included *Yakity Yak*, on the grumbling responses of a teenage boy being ordered to do his household chores ("put out the papers and the trash or you don't get no spendin' cash!" and "get those clothes to the laundromat!"). And they included the narrative of the class cut-up *Charlie Brown* ("why is everybody always picking on me?") and a youngster's disbelieving responses to the heroics of a traditional movie cowboy as seen on the "late show," *Along Came Jones*.

Rock and roll also brought Ray Charles, one of the most remarkable popular artists this country has ever produced.

In his earlier days, Charles had been a follower of the even-tempered balladry of the late Nat (King) Cole. But in 1952 when he was encouraged to turn to the blues, he remembered the exultant Gospel music of his youth. Through that memory, he arrived at a starkly arresting,

(Continued on page 39)

WESS POINTS

By STANLEY DANCE

YOU CAN PLAY JAZZ on any instrument," Frank Wess said, "but you've got to have the feeling and conception for it. Where jazz and the flute are concerned, there's a whole lot more to be done on the instrument. The greatest flute players I've heard don't play jazz, but if we ever arrive at a really good academic flutist with an outstanding jazz conception, then the flute will really be appreciated in jazz."

Since he left the Count Basie Band last year for the pit band of *Golden Boy*, Wess has been studying again, and he reluctantly confessed that he had "made some progress." He was equally reluctant to discuss his role in establishing the flute in jazz, but there can be no doubt that the instrument's acceptance and popularity today are due in large measure to his flute soloing in the Basie band a decade ago.

"Basie didn't know I played flute when I joined," Wess said, "but I used to practice during intermission all the time, and he couldn't help hearing me."

"So he told me to go ahead if I wanted to play any of my tenor spots on flute. The first number I was featured on—and that we recorded—was *Perdido*. Of course, in a band like that you don't have time to warm up. You've just got to pick the instrument up and blow."

Wess was born in Kansas City, Mo., in 1922. He began playing alto saxophone in 1932. His parents were schoolteachers, and his father headed a family band. "They were not professionals," Wess said, "but there were always a couple of cornets around."

When the family moved to Washington, D.C., he got a job playing alto in Bill Baldwin's dance band at the Colonnades. After that, he went into the house band at the Howard Theater under Coleridge Davis' leadership.

"It knocked me out to see in that Charlie Parker issue of *Down Beat* that somebody had heard and remembered Bidley Fleet," he said. "I



AVE PILDAS

heard him in Washington, and he was a helluva guitar player. He came to New York and played with Bird, and all around; but now everybody seems to have forgotten him. I guess if he'd had more recognition, he would still be playing, but he was something else. . . . The guitar went out, but it's back now."

It was in Washington, too, that pianist John Malachi heard Wess playing alto and suggested he should be playing tenor saxophone.

"When I started on tenor, I found I liked it better," Wess said. "I went back to alto later only because Basie asked me. I liked Chu Berry and Ben Webster, and I'd known Don Byas from the time I was 10 years old. . . . He went to Langston University [in Oklahoma], and I went out there during the summer, studying saxophone. He had a band there—Don Carlos—and he always played the same way. But Lester Young impressed me more than. He was my inspiration."

"I jammed with Lester in Washington, and he showed me a lot of things about the hora and how to make some of the sounds he got that other people were not making. For a long time I played more like him and sounded more like him than anybody, and I played nearly everything he recorded. Then one day a friend of mine, just a guy who liked music, came around where I was playing matinees in Baltimore."

"You know what?" he said. "You sound like Pres. You'll never get any credit for that. Everything you play just makes him bigger."

"That made sense to me, and I gradually changed."

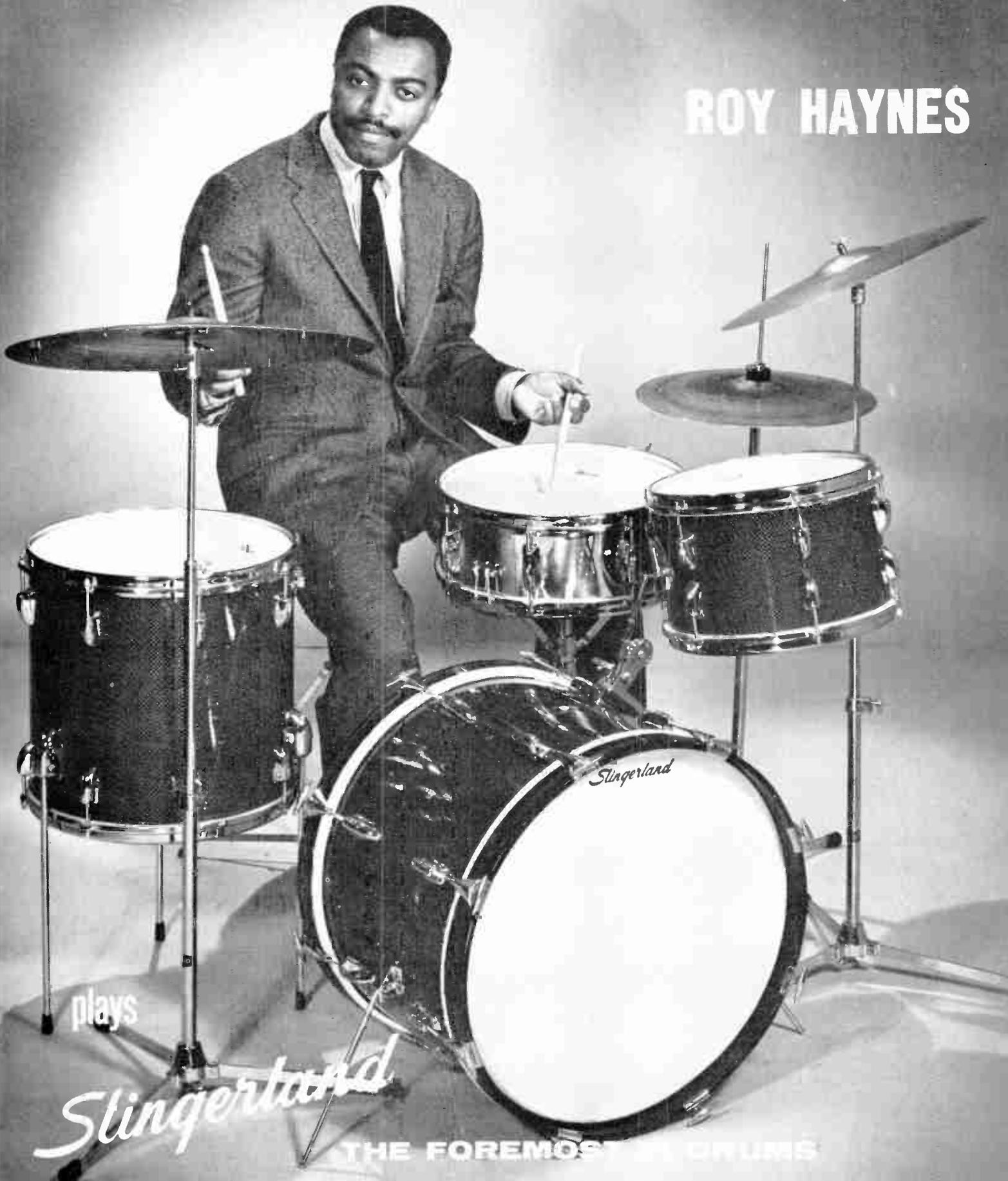
BLANCHE CALLOWAY's was the first widely known band in which Wess worked. At that time, it included Ray Perry, the violinist and alto saxophonist, and George Jenkins, the drummer. Wess was in the Army from 1940 to 1945 and with Billy Eckstine during 1946-47. Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker had left the Eckstine band by then, but Gene Ammons, Fats Navarro, Doug Mettome, Shorty McConnell, and for a while, Miles Davis, were in it while Wess was. There followed a few months with Eddie Heywood, playing alto, tenor, and clarinet ("I had played solo clarinet in the Army, but I didn't care for the instrument"). Next, he played in Lucky Millinder's band and then for a year with Bull Moose Jackson. In 1949, under the GI Bill of Rights, he began to study flute in Washington with Wallace Mann, the flute soloist of the National Symphony Orchestra, and eventually he got a degree on that instrument.

"I had heard Wayman Carver when those records by Chick Webb and His Little Chicks first came out," Wess said, "and I was always interested in flute, but then I didn't have a teacher. Carver did quite a bit of flute playing with Chick, but I don't think too much of it was recorded. Cats have really been playing flute forever, you know."

He went on to speak with respect of Socarras ("a beautiful flute player, a legitimate flute player"); of Esy Morales and his flutter-tongued *Jungle Fantasy* ("that was beautiful"); and of contemporary players he likes, such as Sam Most, Jerome Richardson, and James Moody.

(Continued on page 39)

ROY HAYNES



plays

Slingerland

THE FOREMOST IN DRUMS

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.

Louis Armstrong

I LOVE JAZZ—Decca 4227: *I Love Jazz; Twelfth Street Rag; Basin Street Blues; Skookian; Frog-I-More Rag; Otchi Tchorny; Medley: Tenderly, You'll Never Walk Alone; Pretty Little Missy.*

Collective Personnel: Armstrong, Charlie Shavers, Taft Jordan, Abdul Salaam, trumpets; Jack Teagarden or Trummy Young or Elmer Crumley, Al Cobbs and Paul Seiden, trombones; Barney Bigard, Edmond Hall or Peanuts Hucko, clarinet; Omer Simeon, soprano saxophone; Eddie Miller, tenor saxophone; Earl Hines, Billy Kyle or Dave Martin, piano; Danny Barker or George Barnes, guitar; Squire Gersbach, Mort Herbert or Arvell Shaw, bass; Danny Barcelona, Cozy Cole or Barrett Deems, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The ways of record companies are notoriously mysterious, but Decca's way with Armstrong might well be the most mysterious of all. For years, this label has repackaged and reshuffled material recorded by the trumpeter in the period from the late '40s through the '50s while scrupulously ignoring the wealth of riches from the years 1935-42. (The sole exception is the album *Louis Armstrong Jazz Classics*, which barely skims the surface.)

Among these unreissued performances are some of the very greatest this genius of jazz ever put on wax (*Swing That Music, Struttin' with Some Barbecue, Jubilee*, and on and on), but one would think that those in charge of Decca's jazz reissues had never heard of them. But we must be thankful for small favors; and for this album, Decca at least has taken the trouble to unearth some unissued Armstrong material from the '50s and placed some Armstrong singles from that period on LP for the first time.

Over-all, this is not one of Armstrong's greatest albums, but there are several gems. Among them is *Otchi* (a previously unissued version), which contains a majestic exposition of the theme and a marvelously funny vocal (during which Satchmo breaks himself up on two pieceless occasions). There is also his beautiful bridge on *Missy*, an Armstrong original, and his powerhouse work on *Skookian*, a South African theme that was a pop hit in 1954 and is presented here in an edited version of Armstrong's two-sided 45-rpm original (this current version omits the vocal but

does preserve some of Simeon's interesting soprano saxophone work).

Frog-I-More, issued here for the first time, stems from the *Autobiography* session; it has fine ensemble work and a brief but fiery Hall solo (wrongly attributed in the liner notes to Bigard).

The long *Basin Street* is also new to records. It follows the pattern of the version issued in conjunction with the film *The Glenn Miller Story* but differs in personnel and execution. Armstrong's vocal, mostly scat, is beautiful.

The corn grows tall on *Twelfth Street*, what with a purposely slapstick solo by Bigard and some uncharacteristic satire by Teagarden. Hines' solo, though, is brilliant, and the trumpet breaks and ensemble leads are anything but corny. While Armstrong often indulges in humor and burlesque vocally, he is incapable of playing a single note not touched by the beauty of his conception. (This also is evident on the medley, in which he transforms the Hollywood bathos of *Walk Alone* into genuinely touching music.)

Various editions of the Armstrong small group are included here, with Kyle and Young turning in the outstanding jobs. Kyle, especially, is a pleasure to hear. Tenorist Miller also contributes a few brief but well-conceived solos. (D.M.)

Sweet Emma Barrett

SWEET EMMA AND HER PRESERVATION HALL JAZZ BAND—Preservation Hall 2: *Basin Street; Clarinet Marmalade; Chimes Blues; Just a Closer Walk with Thee; Little Liza Jane; I'm Alone Because I Love You; Ice Cream; When the Saints Go Marching In.*

Personnel: Percy Humphrey, trumpet; Jim Robinson, trombone; Willie Humphrey, clarinet; Miss Barrett, piano; Emanuel Sayles, banjo; Alcide (Slow Drag) Pavageau, bass; Josiah Fraizier, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

This set contains fair down-home partying music presented in a servile and humble manner (thanks to emcee Percy Humphrey's Tomming introductions and announcements).

The album was underwritten by the Minnesota Jazz Sponsors, a group of traditional jazz fans, and in justifying the album, the Sponsors' president, Dr. Henry Blackburn, writes in the notes: ". . . it [the society] respects the fact that the experience of New Orleans music is a highly individual, personal, sensual, selfish, and, on occasion, fanatical thing, but one which provides satisfaction at all levels of understanding and that the real reason for any success of jazz is the validity of the music itself." Certainly, it would appear, an excellent reason for issuing the record.

To my mind, however, the music does not hold up. There are a number of reasons why the music does not cohere. Miss Barrett, the album's nominal leader, is a

pianist in the rough New Orleans traditions, who could probably cut some very good sides by herself. She plays uneventfully with this group, though.

The other members of the band—with the exceptions of banjoist Sayles and bassist Pavageau, who provide strong playing throughout—further contribute to the album's undistinguished tenor.

Willie Humphrey is at times unable to control his clarinet adequately, with the result that both the notes and the tone get away from him. Robinson, an adequate trombonist otherwise, has fallen extremely short of his playing in earlier years—as, for example, with the Sam Morgan Band—but this is, of course, the inevitable concomitant of passing time. Trumpeter Percy Humphrey's vibrato is too heavy for my taste, and his phrasing is awkward. And drummer Fraizier, for the most part equal to the demands of the music, is often too noisy.

Possibly I have been spoiled by the work of Bunk Johnson and George Lewis. (E.H.)

Jaki Byard

OUT FRONT!—Prestige 7397: *Out Front; Two Different Worlds; Searchlight; European Episode; Lush Life; When Sunny Gets Blue.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-5—Richard Williams, trumpet; Booker Ervin, tenor saxophone; Byard, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Walter Perkins, drums. Track 6—Byard, alto saxophone; Ron Carter, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Byard cuts a curious figure on the contemporary scene. More open-minded than most jazzmen today, he draws on all kinds of musical sources, from Fats Waller and Earl Hines to Charlie Parker and Bill Evans.

Such eclecticism is refreshing in a way, but unfortunately it doesn't produce a clear picture of an individual artist, at least not in this album. One is reminded of many stylists, even to Art Tatum, but the music never reveals much about Byard himself.

Byard displays a fine keyboard touch on ballads like *Worlds*. Here there is pleasing, lolling semi-impressionism, but it doesn't seem to go anywhere. Again, the blues called *Searchlight* is a relaxed and attractive mainstream affair, but it adds up to nothing very special. Ervin plays stock blues phrases (amazing that Bix Beiderbecke's 40-year-old *Davenport Blues* licks are still being used), and Williams sounds downright amateurish on this one.

The high point of the set is Byard's *Episode*, a six-part piece featuring Willie (The Lion) Smith-like stride passages mixed with contemporary ideas not unlike those of, say, Cy Coleman. An intriguing brew of themes and moods, *Episode* permits Ervin and Williams to dig in and play a little. Ervin's short, explosive solo here is the best moment in the whole date.

Sunny, recorded several years ago, has Byard on alto, which he plays in a Birdish way without unusual distinction.

The rhythm team of Cranshaw and Perkins, by the way, is a joy all the way. Perkins includes his bent-cymbal business, a delightfully eccentric device, on *Episode*.

A good set in some ways but one that seems to promise more than it delivers. (R.B.H.)

VOTE!

Readers Poll Ballot on page 44

Jimmy Cleveland

RHYTHM CRAZY—Emarcy 26003 and 66003: *Crazy Rhythm; Old Reliable; We Never Kissed; Tom-Kattin'; Our Delight; Reminiscing; Tricotism.*

Personnel: Art Farmer, trumpet; Cleveland, trombone; Benny Golson, tenor saxophone; Jerome Richardson, woodwinds; Hank Jones, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Some of the finest musicians to come to the fore in the '50s participated in this session. Strong, functional arrangements were provided by Gigi Gryce (tracks 1, 3, and 6) and Golson (the remaining selections). The veteran rhythm section offers propulsive, uncluttered accompaniments, Johnson's crisp drumming standing out.

Farmer, Jones, and Golson, all exemplary soloists, perform very well. Unfortunately, they don't always have—*or take—enough space.* Richardson's *Old Reliable* flute spot is nice, and he takes a strong, gutty baritone solo on *Tricotism*.

Cleveland is disappointing; he blows some good lines but phrases rather stiffly. Sometimes he resorts to displays of technique for technique's sake, playing bursts of notes that have little melodic substance and making use of the upper register tastelessly.

His ballad style is featured on Gryce's pretty *Kissed* and *Reminiscing*. He's restrained here, exhibiting an attractive, slightly muffled sound.

If the leader had been consistently interested in playing musically instead of just fluently, this album might have rated five stars. (H.P.)

Eddie Condon

CONDON CONCERT—Jazzology 10: *At the Jazz Band Ball; Squeeze Me; Sentimental Journey; High Society; Limehouse Blues; Snowy Morning Blues; Love Me or Leave Me; Mean to Me; I Can't Give You Anything but Love; I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of My Jelly Roll; When the Saints Go Marching In.*

Personnel: Wild Bill Davison, cornet; Cutty Cutshall, trombone; Bob Wilber, clarinet; Gene Schroeder, piano; Condon, guitar; Leonard Gaskin, bass; George Wettling, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆½

One of the theoretical attractions of a Condon concert is the persiflage that Condon dispenses between and during numbers.

This recording of a Condon concert misses the boat to some extent because Condon is off-mike, and what he says comes through only as a background mumble. The inadequate balance also has an effect on the music, although this is not drastic—Schroeder's piano and Wilber's clarinet are usually at a disadvantage against Davison's cornet and Cutshall's trombone.

The lusty spirit that one expects of Condon's groups is, however, constantly evident in Wettling's rousing pacing of the rhythm section, in the cutting edge of Davison's playing, and particularly in the full-bodied attack of Cutshall. Cutshall, in fact, is a prime point of interest all through the set, ranging from an aptly blowsy counterpoint for Davison's forays to a mellow languor that is very much in the Jack Teagarden tradition on *Squeeze*.

The selections are, in general, the automatic Condon repertory. One noteworthy exception is *Sentimental*, which, possibly

because the Condonites have not played it to death, is attacked with tremendous zest and enthusiasm. There is nothing in the least bit sentimental about this treatment. They rock it, cuff it, and then tear it apart in a marvelous passage in which Wilber plays for dear life to keep his head above the rising attack of Wettling's rolling drums. (J.S.W.)

Duke Ellington

WILL BIG BANDS EVER COME BACK?—Reprise 6168: *Tuxedo Junction; Smoke Rings; Artistry in Rhythm; The Waltz You Saved for Me; Woodchopper's Ball; Sentimental Journey; When It's Sleepy Time Down South; One O'Clock Jump; Goodbye; Sleep, Sleep, Sleep; Rhapsody in Blue; Don't Get Around Much Any More.*

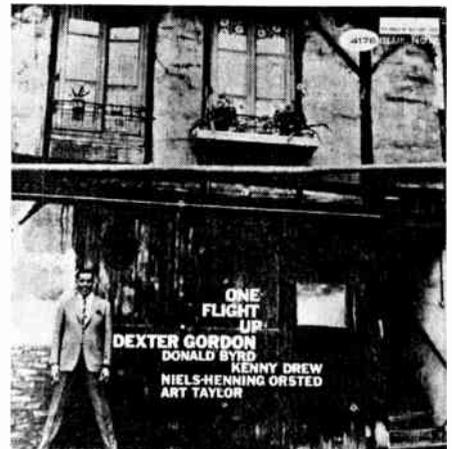
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Rating: ★★☆☆

Jazz people, especially critics, seem to dread the thought of diminishing their personal hero-images with even the hint of mortal fallibility. Like Charlie Parker, Bix Beiderbecke, and Louis Armstrong, Ellington often is regarded as something of a supermusician and, thus, incapable of significant error.

This album, built on an idea that is all too obvious when one looks over the titles, both supports and rejects such notions, depending on which tracks you listen to. Those who believe that any slice of Ellington is instant magic will find what they want in *Rhapsody in Blue*, that naive concert piece that was once supposed to have made dirty old jazz into a lady. With the help of baritone saxophonist Harry Carney, trumpeter Cootie Williams, and

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tenor saxophonist Paul Gonsalves, Ellington not only rejuvenates the old bag, but he gives her warmth and sensuality, too, which no one else I can think of ever has managed to do.

Similarly, Ellington has reshaped Stan Kenton's slightly pretentious *Artistry* into a piece of some consequence. Ray Nance's violin is combined with Williams' horn to striking effect here. Ellington, who is not without a touch of pomposity himself at times, can and does work wonders with material such as this. (And where was it that this theme came from, anyway?)

Superior ballads like *Smoke Rings* and *Goodbye* are easy—just turn altoist Johnny Hodges loose on them, and there's the instant magic.

Woodchopper's is another example of Ellington's ability to apply unlikely twists to familiar material and come up with a result that seems inevitable.

Elsewhere the trite packaging idea bogs down in routine, surprisingly boring band performances. The Ellington orchestra has never been a great stomp-blues outfit, and its versions of *Junction* and *Jump* are closer in spirit to Larry Clinton or Glenn Miller than to Erskine Hawkins or Count Basie. Except for a touch here and there, these numbers aren't even very Ellingtonish.

The heavy drumming in *Journey* and the Dixieland overtones in *Sleepy Time* are a bit embarrassing.

Embarrassing, too, is the failure of Reprise to list the band's personnel. After all, without the eloquence of Williams, Nance (on trumpet as well as violin), Hodges, and Gonsalves, even Ellington's occasionally brilliant scoring here would not offset the long dull spells. (R.B.H.)

Chico Hamilton

CHIC CHIC CHICO—Impulse 82: *Chic Chic Chico*; *Corrida De Toros*; *Tarantula*; *What's New?*; *St. Paddy's Day Parade*; *Carol's Walk*; *Swampy*; *Fireworks*.

Personnel: John Anderson, trumpet; Lou Blackburn, trombone; Henry Sigismonti, French horn; Bill Green, flute, piccolo; Harold Land, tenor saxophone; Gabor Szabo, guitar; Albert Stinson, bass; Hamilton, drums. Track 1: Charles Lloyd, flute; Jimmy Woods, tenor saxophone; Szabo; Stinson; Hamilton; Willie Bobo, percussion.

Rating: ★★ ★

This is a good album but, even so, probably the least interesting one Hamilton made during his association with Lloyd. Part of the reason is that none of the original compositions was written by the skillful Lloyd; they are generally slick, rather dull pieces.

Chic Chic featured some effective contrapuntal noodling by Woods and Lloyd. Szabo contributed *Corrida*, a melodramatic Spanish-influenced piece, the funkily stale *Swampy*, *Fireworks*, and *Tarantula*. The last-named, a skittering boppish theme, is the best of the four.

Hamilton wrote both the best and the worst originals on the date. *Parade*, probably meant to suggest the progression of a parade, plods along relentlessly. *Carol's Walk*, though, is a delightful piece. It opens with a pastoral section, containing Gil Evans-like orchestration, which is followed by a gentle, up-tempo theme.

Land and Szabo are the album's featured soloists, and they perform commendably. The former plays complex phrases and

organizes his ideas thoughtfully and well. As usual, his work is notable for its vigor.

Szabo's angular lines, bent tones, and unique voicings mark him as one of the most original jazz guitarists. He articulates cleanly and constructs his solos with care. Try *What's New?* or *Fireworks* as examples of his lyrical work and *Walk* for his inventive, unhurried improvisation at a fast clip.

The horn soloists, aside from Land, are unimpressive, but bassist Stinson has a good, spare spot on *Walk* and displays bull strength in the section.

Hamilton's accompaniments are clean, authoritative, richly complex, and tasteful. He's much better now than he was in the mid-'50s but, ironically, is less popular. (H.P.)

Godfrey Hirsch

GODFREY HIRSCH AT PETE'S PLACE—Coral 57475: *Ja-Da*; *Quiet Nights*; *Muskrat Rumble*; *Debbie*; *Red Roses for a Blue Lady*; *Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans?*; *Love for Sale*; *Panama*; *Willow*; *Weep for Me*; *Momma Was There*; *Josephine*; *Tin Roof Blues*. Personnel: Eddie Miller, tenor saxophone; Hirsch, vibraharp; Earl Vuiovitich, piano; Paul Guma, guitar; Oliver Felix, bass; Nick Fatool or Paul Edwards, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

For the most part, this is innocuous music. Almost everything is in its proper place, and in that lies one of the record's major faults: the musicians seem more concerned with precision (and novelty) than with feeling.

However, three tracks—*Ja-Da*, *New Orleans*, and *Tin Roof*—rise above the mechanical, no doubt because of the presence of Miller (and Fatool, though the notes do not make it clear which tracks he is on). Miller, who is deserving of much more attention than he has received in the last 15 years or so, is excellent in all his solos—warm, melodic, and inventive. His *Tin Roof* solo is especially moving.

The rhythm section also is more supple and swinging on these tracks, which is why I suspect Fatool is the drummer. (The performances without Miller are marred by unbending, and sometimes dragging, drumming.)

The remaining tracks are mostly given over to Hirsch's vibes, and though he plays the instrument well, his solos are weak in invention and rhythmically stiff.

The record's saving grace is Miller's playing. I wish some label would record him in a quartet setting playing ballads and blues—that might really be something. (D.DeM.)

Art Hodes

PLAIN OLD BLUES—EmArcy 26005 and 66005: *Washboard Blues*; *How Long Blues*; *Mister Blues*; *Chimes Blues*; *Pine Top's Blues*; *By A and T*; *Call to Attention*; *Randolph Street Shuffle*; *Basin Street Blues*; *Snowy Morning Blues*; *Royal Garden Blues*; *Buddy Bolden's Blues*.

Personnel: Hodes, piano; Truck Parham, bass.

Rating: ★★ ★★ ★

This is a most welcome release. It has been far too long since Hodes' warm, personal, and remarkably authentic playing has been adequately showcased on records, and this wholly excellent collection should do much to focus renewed attention on this gifted but generally neglected musician, who has always remained true

to his convictions.

The blues always have been Hodes' forte, since the days of his youth in Chicago when he learned them from the source. His playing brings to mind Bunk Johnson's saying, "Jazz is playing from the heart—you don't lie." Though Hodes' style is distinctive and immediately recognizable (those rolling bass figures are like a signature), it is entirely unmannered and free of the stock clichés that mar so much of the contemporary "funky" blues approach.

There are several different kinds of blues in this album. In fact, it would make an excellent primer on the many ways of this endlessly fascinating form. *Mister*, one of three Hodes originals, brings to mind (as the pianist's liner notes point out) the simplicity of Jimmy Yancey. *By A and T* shows that Hodes has kept up with more recent interpretations of the blues. And his *Randolph Street* is a gem.

Hodes finds new possibilities in such often-played pieces as *Basin Street* and *Royal Garden*; on the latter, his slow opening passage is especially interesting. *Chimes*, one of the loveliest blues themes, is played the way King Oliver would have liked it; and *Snowy Morning* does justice to its composer, James P. Johnson. Hodes also resurrects *Washboard*, an attractive early Hoagy Carmichael effort.

One could cite them all—but this is music to listen to, not to talk about.

Parham is a brick throughout. He has a few brief solo spots, but mainly he confines himself to supporting Hodes with his big, fat sound and fine time.

The feeling of this album is not unlike the kind of afterhours music that musicians used to play for their own enjoyment, and thanks is due the artists (and a&r man Jack Tracy) for this opportunity to share it with them. (D.M.)

Paul Lingle/Bill Mitchell

VINTAGE PIANO—Euphonic 1203: *Good Gravy Rag*; *Muscle Shoals Blues*; *Maple Leaf Rag*; *Birmingham Blues*; *I've Found a New Baby*; *Ace in the Hole*; *Original Jelly Roll Blues*; *A Tennessee Tantalizer*; *Harlem Blues*; *The Pearls*; *Ragtime Nightmare*; *Blues for Paul Lingle*; *Ragtime Dance*; *Grandpa's Spells*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-7—Lingle, piano. Tracks 8-14—Mitchell, piano; Ken Peterson, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ 1/2

Lingle, born in 1902 in Denver, Colo., followed ragtime piano playing all his career, listening to such pianists as Mike Bernard, Jay Roberts, and Jelly Roll Morton and to groups led by such as King Oliver. He has worked with an imposing array of musicians, including Larry Shields, Glenn Miller (in Jimmy Grier's band), singer Al Jolson, and the Lu Watters band during the traditional revivalist movement of the 1940s and '50s.

Over the years, Lingle has picked up a small but solid core of admirers, but I must confess I have never been one of them. I find his playing dull and wooden-shoeish, with a hackneyed, banged-out, unswinging, and unoriginal approach to playing traditional jazz. His work on this LP does not alter my opinion.

Mitchell, a high school English instructor and ragtime enthusiast, has played piano with many of the West Coast traditional groups. His playing is more interest-

ing than Lingle's, ranging from adequate to good.

For the most part, however, this album is uninteresting and the recording quality bad (producer Paul Affeldt does remark in an enclosed letter that the sound quality suffered considerably at the hands of an inept engineer who mastered the disc).

(E.H.)

Freddie McCoy

LONELY AVENUE—Prestige 7395: *Lonely Avenue; Roell; Collard Greens; When Sunny Gets Blue; Harlem Nocturne; Willow Weep for Me; Belly Full of Greens; Feeling Good.*

Personnel: Gil Askey, trumpet; Richard Harris, trombone, or Napoleon Allen, guitar; Tate Houston, baritone saxophone; McCoy, vibraharp; James Thomas, organ; Martin Rivera, bass; Ray Lucas, drums.

Rating: ★★

McCoy has two things going for him: his playing is quite strong rhythmically (his use of rubato is especially well done), and it has the appealing quality of melancholy. But there are serious drawbacks to his playing: there is a propensity to over-use Milt Jackson licks and to do what amount to time-steps when melodic invention flags, and, moreover, his solos often do not have a direction—they fill the allotted space but often fail to build to a climax (a solo should have at least a beginning and an end, to say nothing of contour). McCoy's most inventive solo is on *Feeling Good*, but, unfortunately, the track lasts only three minutes.

Still, I find this record generally enjoyable, mainly, I suppose, because of my fondness for the Jacksonian concept. (And I can understand why a vibraharpist would pattern his playing after Jackson's—it's an extremely pleasurable way to play.) Another attractive quality is the Ray Charles touch, particularly in trumpeter Askey's scores, which successfully capture the simplicity and dark sound of Charles' arrangements.

I hope that McCoy's next release maintains this one's good qualities but reveals more musically inventive work by the leader. (D.DeM.)

Django Reinhardt

LE JAZZ HOT!—EmArcy 26004 and 66004: *Distraction; Studio 24; Only Tonight; Place de Brouckere; You and I; Minor Blues; Nuages; Begin the Beguine; Djangology; Django Rag; Dynamism; My House at Six O'Clock.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2—Reinhardt, Eugene Vees, guitars; Ivon DeBie, piano; Emmanuel Soudieux, bass; Andre Jourdan, drums. Tracks 3, 4—add Maurice Giegas, Janot Morales, Luc Devroye, trumpets; Nic Frerar, Lou Melon, trombones; Bobby Naret, Lou Logist, alto saxophones; Victor Ingevelde, Benny Pauwels, Fud Candrix, tenor saxophones. Tracks 5, 6—Reinhardt, guitar, violin; DeBie, piano. Tracks 7-12—Paul d'Houdt, George Clais, Raymond Chantrain, trumpets; Jean Damm, Sus Van Camp, Jean Doulliez, trombones; Louis Billen, Jo Magis, alto saxophones; Jack Demany, Arthur Saguet, tenor saxophones; John Ouwerckx, piano; Reinhardt, Chas Dolne, Van Der Jeught, guitars; Tur Peeters, bass; Jos Aerts, drums; unidentified eight-piece string section on tracks, 7, 8, 9.

Rating: ★★

Recorded in Brussels, Belgium, in April and May of 1942, these performances were originally issued on the short-lived Belgian label Rythme; the current recordings were obtained from clean shellac pressings of the original releases, the masters having long since disappeared.

The sound is rather tubby and ill defined. It's almost impossible, for example, to hear the string section that backs the

guitarist for the first half of the long version of his celebrated *Nuages*, and the balance often leaves quite a bit to be desired.

The recording is valuable primarily for the playing of guitarist Reinhardt, whose work throughout is generally exciting and executed with the taste, invention, and built-in swing that characterized his mature playing. Secondarily, the record gives an insight into the condition of Belgian jazz in the early 1940s, which—as the 12 selections reveal—was hardly very daring or even accomplished.

Chief of the faults of the Belgian musicians during the period was the generally sodden and heavy-handed rhythm playing.

Distraction and *Studio 24*, which featured the guitarist backed only by a rhythm section, offer perhaps the most glaring examples of the stiff, inflexible, and stolid rhythm work. That these tracks come alive at all is due solely to Reinhardt's bright redemptive playing. He had to generate an almost unbelievable swing to counteract the heavy-footed, lifeless rhythm support he was furnished.

The two big-band tracks that follow, *Tonight* and *Brouckere*, suffer from the same lack of resiliency and are further hampered by the uninspired, overly sweet, dance-band-styled arrangements employed, which allow only glimpses of the guitarist.

Of the two, the brisker-paced *Brouckere* is the better, simply because it permits Reinhardt greater blowing room; he has on this piece a trio of strongly executed, flowing solos that are most effective.

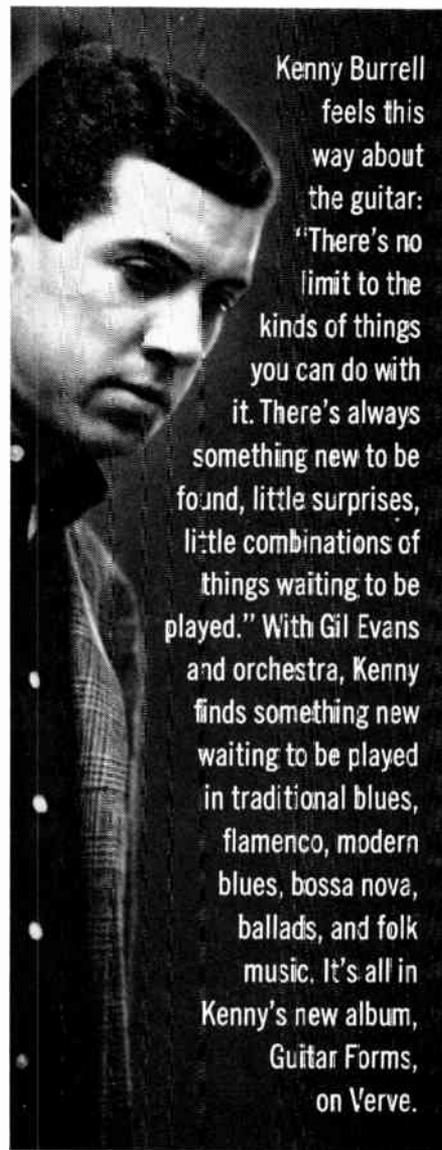
Two interesting selections are *You and I* and *Minor Blues*, on both of which the guitarist switches to violin, the instrument with which he began his musical career. The former is a rather stickily romantic piece that is saved from banality only by Reinhardt's strong, emotional playing of the theme on violin and his vigorous double-time guitar solo. Pianist DeBie is for the most part graceless and inflexible in these duets, though his solo interlude on *Minor* displays a pleasant amalgam of Teddy Wilson and Jess Stacy.

The album's second side—tracks 7 through 12—results from a second recording session, which finds the guitarist in the company of another dance band, this one styled on the Artie Shaw Orchestra (replete with a string section on three of the titles) and under the direction of Stan Brenders.

The band playing is a little more supple, though again the rhythm is a mite sluggish. Reinhardt's playing shines a bit more brightly against this more musical setting.

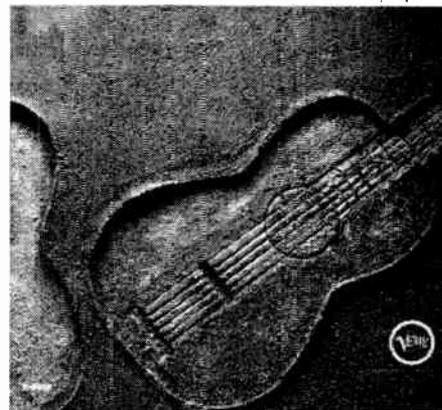
Beguine, by the way, is almost a note-for-note reading of the piece as recorded by Shaw, with the guitarist taking the place of Shaw's clarinet. *Djangology* generates a nice pulse, with the band swinging along almost exuberantly after Reinhardt's solo. *Django Rag* is, expectedly, built on the changes of *Tiger Rag*, and Reinhardt offers a series of brilliantly incendiary improvisations that ignite the piece, even if the band—which plays a decidedly minor role—does not.

The sound on the recording is a bit dated, with a rather narrow frequency



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KENNY BURRELL GUITAR FORMS



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range. Surprisingly, Emarcy has given the old recordings some electronic sprucing, with the result that we now hear the disc in a simulacrum of stereo, with Reinhardt's guitar on one channel and the bulk of the band on the other. It's not too successful. (P.W.)

Shirley Scott

QUEEN OF THE ORGAN—Impulse 81: *Just in Time*; *Squeeze Me*; *Rapid Shave*; *That's for Me*; *The Theme*.

Personnel: Stanley Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Miss Scott, organ; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Otis Finch, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Here's another solid effort by Miss Scott's combo, this one recorded live at the Front Room in Newark, N.J.

Just in Time has some fine Turrentine. He steps out with an abundance of authority, riding a groove all the way. Miss Scott follows his first solo with driving, tasteful work, and before the track ends, there are good fours exchanged by the tenor, drums, and organ.

Turrentine is less impressive on *Squeeze Me*; he wanders along without much direction, but Miss Scott takes a warm, nicely sustained spot.

Shave, a cute tune by Dave Burns, and *That's for Me* are swung buoyantly by the quartet. Turrentine contributes relaxed, virile work, and Miss Scott plays agreeably, though her ideas aren't always the freshest. (It should be mentioned that she comps strongly and well, joining Cranshaw and Finch to form a propulsively kicking rhythm team.)

The Theme lasts only a minute; the melody is stated, and the track fades out during Turrentine's solo. Too bad, because he was cooking. (H.P.)

Otis Spann

THE BLUES NEVER DIE—Prestige 7391: *The Blues Never Die*; *I Got a Feeling*; *One More Mile to Go*; *Feelin' Good*; *After Awhile*; *Dust My Broom*; *Straighten Up, Baby*; *Come On*; *Must Have Been the Devil*; *Lightnin'*; *I'm Ready*.

Personnel: Spann, piano, vocals; James Cotten, harmonica, vocals; James Madison, Muddy Waters, guitars; Milton Rector, bass; S. P. Leary, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is the Muddy Waters band as it was about six months ago (Waters used the pseudonym "Dirty Rivers" for this date), and the Waters group cannot be surpassed in the urbanized country blues area.

Waters does not sing on this album, but Spann and Cotten split the vocals and do commendable jobs. Though neither is as accomplished a singer as Waters, there is much of appeal in their sometimes rough singing. I liked Spann best on *Never Die* and *I Got a Feeling*; Cotten's most attractive singing is on *Mile* and *I'm Ready*.

But as good as the vocals are on this record, I was most taken with the instrumental playing. There is only one out-and-out instrumental track, *Lightnin'* (a Cotten feature marred by bad intonation), but the solos by Cotten, Spann, and Madison and the backing for the vocals offer much to the jazz-oriented listener. Cotten is a particularly able instrumentalist; his harmonica solos on *Straighten Up* and *I'm Ready* are beautifully conceived and high points of the album. Spann's solo on *Devil*

and Madison's chorus on *Come On* also are moving statements.

Above all, though, there is that wonderful rock this band brings to everything it plays. For it alone, I recommend this album to all who would be moved by the blues. (D.DeM.)

Sonny Stitt-Don Patterson

SOUL PEOPLE—Prestige 7372: *Soul People*; *Sonny's Book*; *C-Jam Blues*; *Medley (I Can't Get Started, The Masquerade Is Over)*.

Personnel: Stitt, alto, tenor saxophones; Booker Ervin, tenor saxophone; Patterson, organ; Billy James, drums.

Rating: ★★½

The title track comes in with a couple of blues choruses by organist Patterson with drummer James playing an even, vibrant four beats to the bar on his cymbal. After a series of two-bar breaks by the horn men, Ervin hits the saddle and starts to ride on the blues. It's a real swinging, building solo.

Patterson's organ solo, which follows, holds the interest until Stitt enters the corral door with that big tenor saxophone swinging at his side. After lassoing (roping, herding) a series of choruses, he really drives out the door on his last two choruses before the horns hook up for another series of two-bar solo breaks before playing the dal signa chorus out.

Sonny's Book is real down-home blues with all the throaty inflections and musical ingenuity intact—like 18th and Vine (Kansas City), mythical, legendary or not.

This is what I call reaching all the way "in" and bringing out that emotional quality that says we're here on planet Earth—the last four bars of Stitt's alto solo could also suggest that this is the jet age leaving the Wright brothers' laboratory. Then there is Ervin's deep-throated stanza. Stitt rides herd on the last round-up of a mopped trail.

C-Jam has a melody statement by Stitt on tenor, which introduces Ervin, who executes some driving thematic development of the composition and goes on to work on some of the so-called freedom sounds. Freedom phonetics? Swinging, however, and no bathroom sounds. I like that. Then Stitt enters at a very low volume, at an emotional and musical level on which it is easier to build. He goes through quite a few of his musical gymnastics while building up his drive—and finally driving into a two-horn, two-chorus ensemble on out.

The medley begins with Ervin setting up shop playing with a slightly sharp edge near the beginning of *Started*. But that's all right. Good organ. When the *Masquerade* is over (is it?), one has heard beautiful sound and control and feeling—which identifies Stitt.

What I don't like about this album is that it is commonplace. With a large number of the younger musicians going "out" (trying anyway), this is quite contrastingly "in."

It's another quickie date—"meet me at the studio later." The choice of personnel is good, but the preparation I can't rate very high. Musical accomplishment? What Stitt has done already is all well and good, but I would like to see him really

become interested in music, life, for he is an excellent innovator—pacesetter. Five stars for Sonny but 3½ for the album.

(K.D.)

McCoy Tyner

McCOY TYNER PLAYS ELLINGTON—Impulse 79: *Duke's Place*; *Caravan*; *Solitude*; *Searchin'*; *Mr. Gentle and Mr. Cool*; *Satin Doll*; *A Gypsy without a Song*.

Personnel: Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Elvin Jones, drums; Johnny Pacheco, Willie Rodriguez, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★★

John Coltrane's gifted pianist is here joined by his teammates in the saxophonist's quartet, and there is considerable empathy in the musical results. (The addition of Latin percussion neither helps nor hinders; Rodriguez, a sly fox who also is a fine jazz drummer, knows how to swing and remain discreet.)

Tyner gets a lovely sound from the piano. His conception is quite melodic, not at all "far out." If there are discernible influences, they would seem to be Ahmad Jamal first and Bill Evans second, but then, these things are in the air and have been for some time. His time is good, and he has attractive ideas. His major weakness at this stage is an over-reliance on certain chord patterns and voicings, which tends to engender monotony when he stretches out. Greater variety in choice of keys might also help. As it stands, this album is best heard in segments rather than at one sitting.

The program is well chosen, with a balance between familiar and lesser-known items from the vast and varied canon of Ellingtonia. *Solitude*, taken at an unaccustomed medium tempo, is perhaps the most satisfying track. There are Ducal piano touches in the exposition, and Tyner really improvises. Jones' dancing brush work is a delight—what a musical drummer he can be.

Gentle and *Cool*, originally conceived by Ellington as a duet for Harold (Shorty) Baker's trumpet and Ray Nance's violin, features fine work by Garrison, who can run all over his instrument but who also can play simple and straightforward musical ideas when they fit.

Duke's Place is *C-Jam Blues* with lyrics; since nobody sings, the earlier and better-known title might have been more appropriate. Tyner digs in on this track.

Searchin', a 1959 Ellington opus, is described as previously unrecorded, but it is hauntingly familiar. Perhaps under a different name? Anyhow, it's a good piece, and Tyner states the theme clearly before adding his pretty embellishments.

Doll, perhaps the current favorite among Ellington tunes, is investigated with refreshing inventiveness by Tyner—an accomplishment.

Less successful is *Gypsy*, a vintage 1938 romantic ballad not really suited for piano interpretation—the line calls for legato phrasing a la Cootie Williams, Lawrence Brown, and Johnny Hodges. Tyner breaks up the long phrases with Latin accents but doesn't really get at the melody. *Caravan*, on the other hand, moves at a nice clip, and the Latin touches fit.

This is a pleasant and musical album—but excepting *Solitude*, hardly more than that. (D.M.)

BLUES 'N' FOLK

By PETE WELDING

Recordings reviewed in this issue:

Memphis Minnie, *Blues Classics by Memphis Minnie* (Blues Classics 1)

Rating: ★★★★★

Sonny Boy Williamson, *Blues Classics by Sonny Boy Williamson* (Blues Classics 3)

Rating: ★★★★★

Peetie Wheatstraw/Kokomo Arnold, *Blues Classics by Peetie Wheatstraw and Kokomo Arnold* (Blues Classics 4)

Rating: ★★★★★

Though she is one of the most important women blues singers to have recorded, Memphis Minnie until recently has been poorly represented on LP. Had she been able to record, she would doubtless have emerged as a significant contributor to the current blues revival, but she has been inactive for all practical purposes since the late 1950s, when she last recorded. A stroke in 1962 left her partially paralyzed.

Born in Algiers, La., in 1900 and brought up in Memphis, Tenn., Minnie Douglas picked up the essentials of guitar playing on the streets of Memphis and by the time she married blues singer-guitarist Kansas Joe McCoy in the late 1920s was an accomplished instrumentalist, as the early recordings in this set well demonstrate (the earliest number, *When the Levee Breaks*, sung by McCoy, was recorded in 1929 and contains a stunning sample of the two-guitar work of the husband-and-wife team, and their 1934 *You Got to Move* finds them trading vocals).

As a singer, Minnie was perhaps one of the finest exponents of the strong, heavy-voiced shouting style often associated with the Tennessee area. It is not the brooding, introspective manner of the emotion-charged delta singers, but rather the strident, harder-driving style in which Minnie excels.

There are any number of superior examples of her powerful, expressive vocal style in this generally well-assembled set, which spans the years 1929 through 1942 and which offers a representative sampling of her recorded output (she recorded more than 200 titles in her career).

It might have been more meaningful to arrange the selections in the album in chronological order, so that one might get an idea of her development over the years, but by skipping the tone arm from band to band the interested listener can do this for himself.

One curious inclusion and exclusion: why include *Joe Louis Strut*, which is really a nice showcase for Black Bob's pungent, raggy piano with only occasional spoken interjections by Minnie (she doesn't even play guitar on the number), and exclude the important *Bumble Bee Blues*, her earliest and perhaps most durable popular hit? But small matter.

Another even more influential Tennessee blues artist was John Lee (Sonny Boy)

Williamson, born in Jackson, Tenn., in 1921. His recording career was from 1937 to 1947 (he was murdered in 1948), and his early recordings display a singer-harmonica player only lately removed from the country.

The harmonica work is tart, gritty, and generally spare, though highly expressive, in a style not appreciably different from that of Hammie Nixon, another fine Tennessee harmonica player whose work reveals close kinship with older field blues.

During the course of his performing career in Chicago, Williamson's harmonica playing became increasingly supple, rich, and complex—as is evident in this sampling from his 120 recorded performances—without, however, diminishing in force or impact. The development of his style, in fact, was to have far-reaching effects on all postwar blues harmonica players.

If his instrumental work underwent refinement, Williamson's vocal style did not, and through his career his recordings are to be readily identified by his forceful, swooping vocals. Sung in a lean, incisive manner in the middle-to-upper register, his vocals are notable for their half-swallowed syllables and strange, irregularly placed emphases (a thickening of the tone that is like a knot in a string) that gave his performances an oddly compelling stamp.

Another highly individual blues stylist was pianist-singer William Bunch, known professionally as Peetie Wheatstraw and variously as "The Devil's Son-in-Law" and "The High Sheriff of Hell."

An accomplished instrumentalist with a personal adaptation of the style of Leroy

Carr, Wheatstraw had a unique singing style that was one of the most interesting and effective in the urban blues of the 1930s (he died in a car accident in 1941).

He sang in a thick tone with a clipped, staccato delivery that gave his words force and emphasis, with greater impact added by a falsetto swoop. And he created a memorable singing style that has been emulated by many blues men since his time. *Road Tramp* is a fine sample of one of his better-known blues melodies, which he used on a number of recordings.

Present as accompanist on two of the Wheatstraw items and represented by eight selections of his own on the disc's second side is singer-guitarist James (Kokomo) Arnold, born in 1901 in Lovejoy, Ga. Arnold was a powerful, declamatory singer with a rich fund of songs but is perhaps best known as an individual exponent of the bottle-neck style of blues guitar playing.

Personally, I have never found the style Arnold perfected particularly interesting—and certainly not in light of other, more expressive modes of slide playing. It tends to pall after a few numbers. There was not a great deal of variety in his accompaniments, for one thing, and he seemed most often to be engaging in pattern playing. Still, this is a nicely representative set of Arnold performances and includes two of his classic statements, *Old Original Kokomo Blues* and *Milk Cow Blues*, plus the bizarre, slyly sexual *Let Your Money Talk*.

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BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

HAMPTON HAWES



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Some years ago John Mehegan, in *Down Beat*, described Hampton Hawes as "the key figure in the current crisis surrounding the rhythmic [funky] school of jazz piano." This appraisal was made during the early days of the Horace Silver Quintet and about three years before Les McCann came to light.

Hawes' relationship to the funky school, if such a hierarchy exists, seems questionable. What is beyond question is the fact that his very considerable talents have gone largely unnoticed by the general public for far too long.

Born and reared in Los Angeles, Hawes is the son of a clergyman, and as a child he tried to reproduce on the piano some of the sounds he heard in church spiritual music.

Later he paid some rhythm-and-blues dues with Big Jay McNeely; went through the bop scene with Dexter Gordon, Wardell Gray, and Howard McGhee; and then for a while was a part of the West Coast jazz movement back in the Shorty Rogers days. After a year at the Lighthouse club with Howard Rumsey he entered the Army; two years later, in 1954, he formed his own trio, and for several years, off and on, was teamed with bassist Red Mitchell.

Hawes and Mitchell were happily reunited in a new trio when the following, Hawes' first *Blindfold Test*, was made recently. He received no information about the records played.

1. Horace Silver. *Que Pasa* (from *Song for My Father*, Blue Note). Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Silver, piano, composer; Teddy Smith, bass; Roger Humphries, drums.

Well, I don't know the name of that tune, but it had to be Horace Silver. I liked the feeling on this, and I like his music. There could have been a tempo change somewhere along the way; that same feeling, stretched over that long a period, tends to become a little monotonous. But I'm going to give it four stars anyway, because the feeling was good, the rhythm section was beautiful, and the tenor solo was nice.

Horace himself plays true jazz—very uninhibited playing and fine musicianship. I've been an admirer of his a long time.

2. Thelonious Monk. *Sweet and Lovely* (from *Solo Monk*, Columbia). Monk, piano.

That piano player sounded honest as a little child. I think the left hand during the first part was a little hard. It could be Monk. Also it could be Mingus playing piano—sometimes he plays piano like that.

I liked the record, the honesty of it and the good feeling it had. However, I think it could have been a little better; so I'll give it three. I'd rather hear wrong notes being played by a person with good feeling than another person playing perfect, like a typewriter, and sound cold.

3. King Cole Trio. *The Man I Love* (from *The Nat King Cole Trio*, Capitol). Cole, piano; Oscar Moore, guitar.

That sounded to me like Nat Cole in an old album from the King Cole Trio days. That was a very beautiful record. Nat was one of my prime influences. In fact, if that was Nat Cole—although there were moments when it suggested the Teddy Wilson school. . . . Oscar Peterson can play like that, too, but he plays a little more strongly than that.

Nat Cole was a very great pianist, and a lot of people didn't realize that, because he acquired so much prominence as a singer. But he had a very remarkable feeling as a piano player.

If that was Nat Cole, I'll give it five stars. If it was Oscar, I'd give it four.

4. Ramsey Lewis. *Since I Fell for You* (from *The 'In' Crowd*, Argo). Lewis, piano; Red Holt, drums.

I wasn't too much impressed by that. I don't know who it was, but it must have been a live recording because I heard people talking in the background.

One thing I noticed was that it might have been better if they had recorded the drummer right; it was too loud. I don't know who the pianist was, but it might have been Les McCann or it could have been Gene Harris—I don't know. I do know one thing, though; there were too many licks in there. One blues lick after another and no imagination. Actually, it was kind of sad.

To be honest, I have to give it one star.

5. Cannonball Adderley. *Mystified* (from *Domination*, Capitol). Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone; Nat Adderley, cornet; Joe Zawinul, composer; Oliver Nelson, arranger, conductor.

I'm not familiar with that tune. I don't know whose band it is, but the alto player sounded a little bit like Cannonball. I don't know who the trumpet player was, but probably some fool at a recording company got a bunch of people together and said, "Let's make a bossa nova album, and maybe it'll turn out good."

If it was Cannonball . . . although the orchestra and orchestration were good, there seemed to be a lack of sincerity. Seemed like it was a recording made to sell records instead of to expose good music.

If it was Cannonball, I'd give it three stars, but something was funny about that record. I don't know what it was.

6. Duke Ellington. *One O'Clock Jump* (from *Will Big Bands Ever Come Back?*, Reprise).

Well, I remember a long time ago, in the jitterbug era, Count Basie made a record of that same tune, and it was very nice; people used to dance by it.

That's not the record, though. If it was Count Basie's band, I don't know why

they would record something that they had done so well before; and if it's not Basie's band, then it's somebody else just trying to capitalize, to make some money.

I wasn't too impressed with the whole thing. It was too long; it was too drawn out. It would be all right to put on in your living room, if you wanted to have dancing, but certainly not just to sit down and listen to as a jazz performance. So I have no alternative but to give it two stars.

7. Denny Zeitlin. *We'll Be Together Again* (from *Carnival*, Columbia). Zeitlin, piano; Charlie Haden, bass; Jerry Granelli, drums.

I don't know who that was. I thought it was Bill Evans for a minute, and then again, I don't know. One thing that made it difficult to tell was that the bass player was playing very quiet, or sounded that way; I think he may have been under-recorded. And there wasn't too much interplay between the piano and bass, whereas in Bill's group they have interplay.

However, the harmonic structure was nice, though at times it sounded a little too much as if it was worked out beforehand, which I have nothing against, but it can take away from the uninhibitedness of a tune.

Excellent piano playing, though, and whoever it is, is going to be very good; he's on his way. If it was Bill, I've heard him do better things; but I liked it, and I'll give it four stars.

Afterthoughts By Hawes

There're some cats I think are very sincere in their playing—I like Oscar, I like Bill Evans, I like Hank Jones, and I like Tommy Flanagan; they're all very honest in their approach to the instrument, regardless of their differences in style, and, to me, they're very good for the music business. There should be more cats like that on every instrument, plus more on piano.

I don't like people jazzin', playing for effect, and laying on one thing, you know? I like people that play sincere, and, to me, that's jazz. The rest is nothing. 

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Reviews Of In-Person Performances

Roy Eldridge

Jazz in the Garden

Museum of Modern Art, New York City

Personnel: Eldridge, fluegelhorn, trumpet; Richie Kamuca, tenor saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Ben Tucker, bass; Eddie Locke, drums.

With the usual capacity-plus crowd on hand, the Eldridge quintet provided some of the best music, and certainly one of the most spirited evenings, in this summer series co-sponsored by *Down Beat*.

Whether he is playing, singing, or just announcing a number, Eldridge projects an irrepressible life force that has caused more than one writer to exclaim, "Little Jazz is big jazz!" He proves—obliquely—the saw about jazz being a young man's music by continuing to be one of jazz' youngest elder statesmen.

On this night, Eldridge concentrated most of his playing on fluegelhorn. Whatever he played displayed great control and abundant warmth, and—above all—it swung like Willie Mays in the middle of one of his streaks.

Kamuca, who has his own sound and style within a strong Lester Young groove, has sometimes lacked sufficient power. In this situation, with Eldridge and the direct, together rhythm section as spurs, his well-rounded blowing left little to be desired.

As for Flanagan, he continues to be one of the very best pianists in jazz, one who can invent convincingly at any tempo and accompany with skill and taste. With Tucker and Locke, he helped form as benevolent a trio as any soloist could hope for.

The evening opened with a crackling variation of *I Never Knew* (Eldridge fans know it as *The Heat's On*) that contained some good fours. This was followed by a head-shaking blues that Eldridge has recorded under the title *King David*.

On this night he called it *O for Two* and dedicated it to the Mets, who had just lost a double-header. His horn was muted and then searingly open in a genuinely hot solo that quoted from *D.B. Blues* along the way. Flanagan played some slow bebop and then doubled up effectively. Both men know how to pace a solo.

After Eldridge humorously sang the blues in French (the English translation is *A Little Tomato, A Little Lettuce, A Little Mayonnaise*) with some scat growls that echoed his horn style, the group whipped into the version of *Oh, Lady, Be Good* that has appeared under a number of names such as *Riffride* and *Hackensack*.

Kamuca burned brightly here, like a steady pilot light with a center of great heat and a cool perimeter. Eldridge made one of those notes that sounds like someone running his thumb and forefinger rapidly down a shower curtain. Flanagan, however, took the honors with a series of choruses that in their intense continuity can hang one by the ganglia.

Eldridge's sound filled up the big garden in a slow-drag blues, which turned out to be *Have You Ever Loved a Woman?* when he began his vocal, during the course of which he broke himself up.

The closer was *Caravan*, a feature for Locke, as it has been for Eddie many times in Coleman Hawkins' group. His solo began with mallets, shifted to sticks, and into some finger popping, back to sticks, a big roll, a mama-daddy train, and some Art Blakey-like elbowing. Trying to be objective, because I have seen it so many times, I was almost on the verge of enjoying it again, but Locke made the trance too long. A little editing would have been in order.

After an abbreviated version of Eldridge's theme, *Yard Dog*, the musicians were besieged for autographs by a good part of the predominantly young crowd. This enthusiasm was not in great evidence while the music was going on. Perhaps the sedate atmosphere of the museum is inhibiting, for it was certainly hard to sit still and completely silent behind the kind of music made by Eldridge and his men.

—Ira Gitler

Milt Jackson Quintet

Jazz in the Garden

Museum of Modern Art, New York City

Personnel: James Moody, flute; Jackson, vibraharp; Cedar Walton, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Otis Finch, drums.

This concert, bringing together two well-seasoned jazz stars whose friendship and musical association goes back to the Dizzy Gillespie big band of 1947, proved to be one of the most unusual and intriguing presentations of this series.

There was something special going on—inspired, perhaps, by Limelight records' taping the concert—in that Jackson and Moody, who share a similar subtle sense of humor, offered a program especially designed for the occasion. The evening's repertoire, all originals, was: *Picasso's Blue Period, To El Greco, Matisse, Gauguin, Nude by Rodin, Modigliani and Soul, Frugal Brueghel, Whistler's Daddy, and Flying Saucer*.

The music was airy, melodic, and blues-tinged, with a shade too much similarity from one number to the next. Yet within the time limitation, this sameness did not seem to pall on the audience.

Jackson and Moody opened the first tune—as they did several others—with a duet that brought immediate crowd approval. One's first thought is that flute and vibraharp are too much alike in sound to offer good contrast. But with the individuality and artistry of Jackson and Moody—both of whom get an identifiable sound—there was plenty of contrast. Both play with a warmth of tone, humor, and a fertility of ideas.

The pace of the concert was relaxed, and it flowed gently along with only an occasional unwanted intrusion from the automobile horns on 54th St.

Accompanying artists of the caliber of Walton, Carter, and Finch (now regularly associated with the Shirley Scott-Stanley Turrentine group) enhanced the over-all

musical atmosphere too.

Finch offered two tune introductions with full use of cymbals and sticks-on-rim technique.

Carter, a superb bassist, was heard and felt as the integral part of any group with which he becomes involved.

Uniformly enjoyed and appreciated by the capacity crowd was the next-to-last number—the subtly hilarious *Flying Saucer*. Moody, who put it together, opened with a vocal chant and after his flute solo went into a vocal chorus made up of silly but funny lyrics of his own devising that seemed spontaneously composed on the spot. To top it off, Jackson joined him to make an even more humorous duet.

This proved one of the most entertaining concerts of the series, with enticing music, fun, and ideal co-operation from the elements.

—George Hoefler

Buddy Tate-Jimmy Rushing

Jazz in the Garden

Museum of Modern Art, New York City

Personnel: Pat Jenkins, Emmett Berry, trumpets; Eli Robinson, Dicky Wells, trombones; Ben Richardson, alto and baritone saxophones, clarinet; Tate, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Harold Ashby, tenor saxophone; Sadik Hakim, piano; George Baker, guitar; Thomas Barney, bass; Bill Jines, drums; Rushing, vocals.

Like the first, the final concert of Jazz in the Garden was a rainmaker, but the unwelcome downpour failed to move the crowd, and the band played on. "Hurry down sunshine," Rushing sang at one point, and though the hour was too late for his plea to be answered literally, by the time the concert ended, so had the rain.

The Tate band plays regularly at the Celebrity Club on 125th St. and for social-club dances throughout New York City, but it is seldom exposed to an audience of the size and composition of that present at the museum. It is, however, normal for the basic personnel to be reinforced as the situation demands, and on this occasion the reserves were Berry, Wells, Ashby, and Hakim (all of whom are well acquainted with the book), and Rushing.

The program opened with Robinson's *149*, an energetic warm-up that featured Jenkins, Tate, and a rugged, shouting ensemble. Then Duke Ellington's *The Mooche* was given the full treatment, Richardson and the leader using clarinets and Jenkins and Robinson plunger mutes for the misterioso statements. Richardson's long, well-conceived clarinet solo was executed with the requisite range and drama. Baker and Hakim also had solos. And Jenkins excelled in growling over the clarinets in the last reprise.

One O'Clock Jump was a reminder of some of the members' Count Basie affinities, and there were solos of special authority from three of the Basie alumni—Berry, Wells, and Tate. Wells' superb tone, daring ideas, and ease of execution were particularly impressive on this.

For a change of pace, Tate demonstrated the effectiveness of his big tone and unhurried phrasing on a ballad, Mel Torme's *Born to Be Blue*, to which Robinson contributed a thoughtful chorus midway.

Blues Stomping, another Robinson cre-

ation, featured Jenkins, Hakim, the composer, Richardson (clarinet), and the leader's stirring tenor, together with some happy band riffs.

Rushing came on next. He was in great voice, with never a hint of hoarseness, and he quickly inspired his accompanists, who were given a chorus or two to themselves on each of his numbers. Berry blew thoroughly distinguished choruses on *Goin' to Chicago* and *I Want a Little Girl*; Ashby was very exciting on the former, and Wells was warmly serene on the latter. The leader's tenor took command of the instrumental portion of *Every Day*, but it was when Rushing went into an up-tempo blues, shouting "We're gonna rock the joint!", that the full potential of the band was perhaps best realized.

None of the tempos, however, was quite as sure as when the band plays for dancers. Certainly, a largely immobile audience was new to the band. The addition of Hakim to the normal three-piece rhythm section and the occasional over-amplification of the piano were often responsible for an uncomfortable rhythmic foundation. Hakim is an unusual and arresting soloist, but his comping belongs stylistically to another era than that primarily represented here.—*Stanley Dance*

Various Artists

Northern Mississippi Folk Festival
Mileston, Miss.

The first Northern Mississippi Folk Festival, held in Mileston, Aug. 6-8, wasn't

a regular festival but drew upon local talent. Willie Peacock explained the purpose: "To bring about some appreciation on the part of the Negro of ourselves." Peacock and Sam Block, both native Mississippians and former field organizers for the Student Nonviolent Co-ordinating Committee, co-organized the festival.

The Rev. K. C. Pitts, 85, and Jake McCraney, 65, both of Itta Bena, led in song an audience of more than 100—elderly Negro men and women, young Negroes interested in their past as a result of their work in the freedom movement, and a few white civil rights volunteers from the North.

They sang familiar Gospel songs and were joined by Robert Lee Coleman, also of Itta Bena. The 45-year-old Coleman accompanied them with a harmonica. McCraney then got out a harmonica, and the two played a duet as the program turned to the blues.

McCraney played and did a buck dance, hands on hips, legs twisting together from side to side, as Coleman sang and played the blues—*Sugar Mama, I'm Sittin' on Top of the World*, and others.

The program returned to Gospel music, led by Fisher Booker of Mileston, and then turned to a bongo drum session played by Billy Johnson of Greenwood. The night closed with another program of Gospel music.

Saturday afternoon was devoted to displays of art by U.S., Haitian, and African Negroes; talks by an African student, Paul-Albert Emoungue, on Africa; and talks on

art by members of the art departments at two of the state's Negro colleges.

Saturday night had a talent show by those who had performed the previous night and by new performers. The Rev. Mr. Ledbetter, of Greenwood, led a prayer, sang, and played piano.

Part of a group, including Emoungue, which had spontaneously developed a drum session during the fish fry, returned, playing bongos, pop bottles, and the bottom of a large can. And several boys in their late teens sang and played on the piano well-known songs of Ray Charles, Clyde McPhatter, and Sam Cooke. The young girls in the audience squealed approval while the older men and women sat and stood quietly.

The older boys, all active in the freedom movement, smiled, nodded, and tapped their feet as they had also done to the older blues and Gospel music.

The festival ended Sunday with an old-time prayer meeting led by the Rev. Mr. Pitts and Jake McCraney.

The blues are still very much alive in the delta; the festival showed this, but the days of the great original stylists are perhaps gone. The festival was also an attempt to see to it that the old blues and Gospel music do not die through the Negro's lack of interest in, or sense of shame for, his past. Such attempts could only come out of the civil rights movement, which has given many Negroes new strength and dignity.

Peacock is planning another festival late in the year.
—*Jerry DeMuth*

Down Beat's Ninth Annual Hall of Fame Scholarship Program

Down Beat has established two full-year's scholarships and 10 partial scholarships to the famous Berklee School of Music in Boston, the present home of Down Beat's Hall of Fame and one of the nation's most prominent schools in the use and teaching of contemporary American music.

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

This year's two full scholarships, valued at \$980 each, will be in honor of the Hall of Fame winner chosen by the Down Beat readers in the December 30, 1965 issue. The scholarships will be awarded to the competition's winners, who will be selected by a board of judges appointed by Down Beat.

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

WHO IS ELIGIBLE?

Junior division: Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have graduated from high school and who has not reached his (or her) 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1966.

Senior division: Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have had his (or her) 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1966.

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

Scholarships to be awarded are as follows: two full scholarships of \$980 each; four partial scholarships of \$500 each; six partial scholarships of \$250 each.

DATES OF COMPETITION:

Official applications must be postmarked not later than midnight, December 31, 1965. The scholarship winners will be announced in a March, 1966, issue of Down Beat.

HOW JUDGED:

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

TERMS OF SCHOLARSHIPS:

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

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

The winners of the scholarships must choose one of two possible starting dates: September, 1966, or January, 1967, or else forfeit the scholarship.

HOW TO APPLY:

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

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

Hall of Fame Scholarships _____ Date _____
DOWN BEAT
205 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Illinois 60606

Please send me, by return mail, an official application for the 1966 Down Beat Hall of Fame scholarship awards. (Schools and teachers may receive additional applications upon request.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

10/7/65

ROCK AND ROLL

(Continued from page 27)

sometimes poignant, sometimes humorous blues style. And in this style, Charles has been able to transmute everything from *Swanee River* through the country-and-western *I Can't Stop Loving You* into stark musical experience. From one point of view (a wrong one, I believe), Charles' music dramatizes the cry of the damned, but the remarkable fact is that so uncompromising and unadorned a style, so unmitigated a flow of musical emotion, could have such widespread acceptance and popular success.

Then there is Elvis Presley. Clearly Presley has established his presence as a fact in American entertainment. He will be a part of it probably for the rest of his life—unless he should get bored with it and retire, a millionaire many times over. What is not so evident is the remarkable cultural synthesis that Presley has wrought.

He has musical roots that are striking indeed. First, he belongs with the so-called country-and-western singers, who find their business headquarters in Nashville, Tenn. Actually, these performers are neither country nor western in outlook, and their music is more or less southern in style. It presents the longings of the new-urban man; he is uprooted from the country, where he sang about the hills and true love, and transplanted to the city, where he sings about loneliness and the false love of a cold, cold heart. But the appeal of this musical idiom is widespread and particularly successful in (of all places) eastern New Jersey and western Canada.

As a white southerner, Presley had other roots, however, with other implications. Presley also knew his Negro rhythm and blues and knew them well. One of his early influences (an influence both on his singing and his pelvic wiggle) was the Negro blues bard whose colorful professional name is Bo Diddley.

The music trade papers were quick to recognize the nature of Presley's style and coined the portmanteau term "rockabilly" for him and his imitators. Sociologists were perhaps less aware of the remarkable fact of his music's widespread popularity, of the social implication in this alliance of a Negro and a southern white musical idiom, and of what it obviously might mean for future race relations in the United States.

When Presley first arrived he was treated as shocking and horrendous by everyone except his teenage followers. But now that it seems that he is not

going to go away and has some talent to support him, he is at least tolerated. Besides, he doesn't wiggle as much as he used to.

Perhaps that growing tolerance of Presley is evidence of a larger tolerance toward rock and roll in general.

Take the twist. This dance—or is it only a pseudo-dance?—came along about four years ago and was quickly discovered by certain influential adults. The more relentless midtown Manhattan night-club-goers—a bizarre amalgam of press agents, actors' managers, and what are usually called, probably by default, "socialites" and "celebrities"—took their jaded tastes to a west-side bar called the Peppermint Lounge.

Very soon adults everywhere began to get into the act. "I've never seen anything like it," said Duke Ellington, who has been around since before the Charleston. "No dance has ever captured so many different kinds of people. Society people are doing it. The kids are doing it. The rich people and the poor people, the fancy and the frumpy—everybody."

And now the Beatles. The very same people, from gossip columnists to grandmothers, who thought that Presley was revolting, but who were somewhat titillated by the twist, now find the Beatles utterly charming.

I do not suppose that anyone who has seen their films, *A Hard Day's Night* and *Help!*, could deny that they are (or can be made to seem) talented comedians. To be sure, the Beatles are rather bizarre—and bizarre in curious ways. They stand for irreverence and individuality, but they sport a version of stuffy Edwardian dress and have the long Faunteroy hair of turn-of-the-century schoolboys—or perhaps of scrubbed-up, midcentury beatniks. They are frolicsome and seemingly self-contained, but at the same time they deport themselves like restless 12-year-olds, vaguely running away from—well, one knows not what.

However, at least two of the Beatles are talented musically. The rock-and-roll style to these two seems a matter of a general tone, an occasional tune, and a more than occasional set of mannerisms. Paul McCartney is a rare popular composer, and a great deal of the Beatles' repertory consists of ditties that might have been researched in Elizabethan song books or in collections of English and Irish airs. McCartney's ballad *And I Love Her* has already been recorded by pop singer Keely Smith, jazz singer Carmen McRae, and orchestrator Gary McFarland. Similarly *She Loves You (Yeah, Yeah, Yeah)* and *I Wanna Hold Your Hand* are being passed around among pop singers and studio arrangers of all persuasions.

John Lennon, the Beatles' frequent lyricist, uses a wildly humorous, punning, parodying verse in his books *In His Own Write* and *A Spaniard in the Works* that has had reviewers comparing him to the most sophisticated literateurs of this century. "Mary Atkins pruned her shelves in the mirrage," goes a recent Lennon opus, "running her hand wantonly through her large blond hair. . . ."

Faced with his book's notices, Lennon bought a copy of James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* and was quoted as saying, "It was fantastic. Incredible. It took me half a day to get through half a chapter, but it was like finding daddy."

With McCartney, the promise of a refreshing popular tunesmith is at hand and with Lennon, the sartorial conservatism aside, the possibility of a truly contemporary lyricist. 

(Continued in the next issue)

FRANK WESS

(Continued from page 28)

Wess was always at pains to make clear a distinction between what is acceptable as jazz flute and what is good flute playing from the academic viewpoint. He said he likes the alto flute: "It's a little different to play, and it has a nice, warm sound in the lower register, but it doesn't carry as well as the C flute."

When he joined Basie in 1953, Wess already was quite well known to musicians, but his was a new name to the public.

"I think Basie first heard me when I was with Bull Moose at Ciro's in San Francisco," he recalled. "We had a pretty nice band then."

He and Frank Foster together perpetuated the image of two contrasting tenor soloists that was an established feature of Basie's presentation, but soon something new was added in the sound and shape of the flute. It was heard increasingly and effectively, but the maximum impression on the public was probably made in *The Midgets*, written by Joe Newman, in which Wess' flute was complemented by Newman's fast, muted trumpet.

Scores by Wess also came to occupy an important part in the Basie book. Wess had started writing arrangements in the early '40s, went to the Howard University's music school, and also took private lessons, so he knew what he was doing. *Perdido* was his first arrangement for Basie, and he says *Segue in C* was probably one of the more successful ones. He did another on *Dancing in the Dark* that he thought was "pretty nice," and among the last before he left were a bossa nova and a couple of blues that haven't been recorded.

"The more you do, the better you can do it," he said of arranging. "It makes a difference when you're in a band, because you have that orchestral sound in your mind, and you know what each guy can do. A band personality takes time, but if you grow in it, that helps too. I'll get back to arranging eventually, but there are a few other things I want to get straightened out first—my instruments, my doubles, clarinet and bass clarinet. I want to be proficient on them rather than a soloist."

When he left Basie, he knew he was going into the pit band of *Golden Boy*. It has been like a new life to him, and he likes it. The band, which includes bassist Aaron Bell, trombonist Eddie Bert, drummer Jimmy Crawford, and trombonist Benny Powell, is good. And he can live at home. He has three children, the youngest of whom will be going to high school next year.

"The chief difference is not so much in the regularity," he observed, "but in the absence of all that traveling. I'd been on the road since 1939, most of the time, and if there were an opportunity for me to go into a studio band, I'd like that. It's mostly section work in the pit, although I have a few little fills on flute here and there. But no jazz. Clarinet is required as well as flute and tenor, and I hadn't played clarinet for almost 20 years. The only reason I can think of why that instrument has gone out of favor is that it is rather difficult to play. Many of the guys who are really proficient on it are not on the road. Marshall Royal can play it, but I don't know that he wants to. I heard that record of *Kansas City Wrinkles* recently, and his clarinet sure sounded good on it.

"Most of the recording I've done since leaving Basie has been transcriptions. I have ideas I want to record. I'd like to do an album of swinging things on flute with muted brass, and tenor with strings, but I've been thinking instrumentally rather than in terms of writing lately."

Conscientious, thorough, versatile, and well-schooled, Wess is one of those undemonstrative musicians who are the backbone of the profession and of any band they are in. (At one Basie recording session, when Marshall Royal was away, he played all the lead alto parts on a series of new arrangements by Benny Carter. He was quite unruffled, despite the fact that Carter was playing third alto beside him.)

The present period of consolidation will undoubtedly prove to be the prelude to a new advance. 

BIRTH OF COOL

(Continued from page 25)

ite example of his own work on record, Davis answered, "*Boplicity*, because of Gil's arrangement," and in the same interview he cited the bridge he played on *Godchild*. His reaction regarding the composition is interesting. Once asked why all the boppers hadn't recorded *Boplicity*, he replied that "the top line isn't very interesting, but the harmonization is," thereby giving all the compositional credit to Evans' scored ensembles.

The second number recorded on that April day was *Israel*, a blues in a minor key, written and arranged by Carisi. This number, along with *Godchild*, evoked the most praise at the time of their release.

Two other originals, one by Mulligan and the other by Lewis, completed this session, made while Capitol was still happy with the bebop idea. These were *Venus de Milo* by Mulligan and *Rouge* by Lewis.

Israel was paired with *Boplicity* and was released with the second and last batch of the bebop series of 78s in October. Mulligan's *Venus* was held and released in late 1950, backed by *Darn That Dream*, recorded during the third session. *Rouge* did not see the light of day until 1954.

That the third date, to permit Davis to complete the remaining four sides called for by his contract, did not take place until March 9, 1950, would indicate there may have been some arm-twisting necessary. The personnel changes for this last date included Gunther Schuller on French horn in place of Siegelstein, McKibbin back on bass, and Roach again as the drummer. Hagood was added to do the vocal on *Darn That Dream*.

This time the scores used included two Evans arrangements of popular tunes, Johnny Mercer's *Moon Dreams* and the Van Heusen-Delange *Darn That Dream* (the only side not included in *Birth of the Cool*); a Miles Davis original, *Deception*; and the now well-known Mulligan score of *Rocker* (first titled *The Coop*).

The first of these sides released (in November, 1950) was *Darn That Dream*, backed by *Venus* from the previous session. Mike Levin, *Down Beat*'s reviewer of the time, thought Hagood's vocal was "too tense," but he praised Evans' background scoring. "Here is an arranger who has learned the individual instruments and their sound possibilities," was Levin's comment. It never has been issued on LP.

The other Evans score, *Moon Dreams*, along with *Rocker* (this Mulligan original was later recorded by the baritonist's tentet and released a year before this initial recording of the tune), and *Deception* were put on a Miles Davis 10-inch LP in May, 1954 (Capitol 459).

Prior to the *Birth of the Cool* LP, several of these classics had been issued singly in jazz LP collections. Davis was represented in *The Modern Idiom* (Capitol H-325) by *Budo* and in *Trumpet Stylists* (Capitol H-326) by *Move*, both released in mid-1952. A year later *Boplicity* appeared in *Cool and Quiet* (Capitol H-371).

The 1954 Davis LP included re-releases of *Jeru*, *Godchild*, *Israel*, and *Venus de Milo* in addition to the initial offerings of *Rouge*, from the second date and the three tunes already mentioned from the third session. In 1957 this set was expanded to include *Budo*, *Move*, and *Boplicity* for the 12-inch LP *Birth of the Cool* (Capitol 762, recently re-released on 1974).

It is not true that these historic recordings went unnoticed at the time of their original release. *Down Beat*'s Levin said *Jeru*'s "sounds are extremely earable, far mellower than many bopped sounds" and that *Godchild*'s "sounds blend, and somebody actually worried about dynamics." He wrote equally favorable about the other tunes released in 1949-50. *Metronome*, too, gave the releases high ratings, but their comments were tempered by their reviewer's high enthusiasm for Lenie Tristano's group. *Jeru*, the review read, "sounds, with tricky accents, a little like a tune of the '30s in its use of instrumental ensemble. And why didn't Lee Konitz get a solo?"

During 1950-51 Bill Russo and Lloyd Lifton used four columns in their *Jazz on Record* feature for *Down Beat* in analyzing the Davis solos on *Godchild*, *Israel*, *Move*, and Konitz' alto solo on *Move*.

Many musicians expressed praise at the time. The late pianist Herbie Nichols wrote a letter to *Down Beat* saying, "Miles proves melody and harmony in sufficient amounts will win out in the end." Band-leader Elliott Lawrence, who employed Mulligan as an arranger in 1950, said, "There is so much bad music that it is a relief when you come across something like those great Miles Davis sides on Capitol. Mulligan made up some of the numbers for us." Even antibopper Eddie Condon was impressed on a *Blindfold Test* when he heard *Move*: "There's a lot of stuff going on; the arranger exercised his imagination. I like the whole sound—can't make much out of the solos. It's the ensembles that hold this bebop performance together."

Andre Hodier, the French critic and musician, devoted part of a chapter of his 1956 book, *Jazz: Its Evolution and Essence*, to this Davis band. He was greatly impressed by the arrangements, and in his summation of the band's importance he wrote, "Men like Evans and Mulligan seem to have understood that the principal objective of the arranger should be to respect the personality of each performer while at the same time giving the group a feeling of unity."

A lot has happened in the last decade that can be traced back to the experiences derived from the collaborative effort of the nonet: the Miles Davis-Gil Evans musical partnership, John Lewis and his Modern Jazz Quartet, the Gerry Mulligan Concert Band, to name only a few.

Jazz record buyers may have missed the boat back in 1949, but today there are many who listen to the *Birth of the Cool* with the same affection the old-timers have for the Louis Armstrong-King Oliver duets on Gennett. 

AD LIB

(Continued from page 14)

MONTREAL: Response to the four August concerts in the Montreal Jazz Festival series was mixed, ranging from excellent for **Dave Brubeck**, very good for **Count Basie**, mediocre for **Thelonious Monk**, and back to excellent for home-bred **Oscar Peterson**. Peterson's concert was recorded and presented on the CBC French language AM and FM radio networks Sept. 15 and is scheduled for the English language CBC AM network Oct. 1 . . . The recent **Niek Ayoub** Quintet LP for RCA Victor's Canadian catalog is selling well. Tenorist Ayoub is one of Canada's best jazzmen . . . There's live jazz back on the stand above the Windsor Steakhouse on Peel St. below St. Catherine St., Montreal's version of Times Square. Heard there are **Doug Richardson**, tenor saxophone; **Nelson Symonds**, guitar; **Charlie Biddle**, bass; and **Clayton Johnson**, drums.

BOSTON: An August benefit was held for the family of **Charles (Chick) Beaman**, a bassist who died in July. The big bands of **Dick Williams** and **Frank Leslie** were spotlighted, and smaller groups included the **Jose Silva** Quartet, the **Holidays**, and the **Eddie Winniker** Quintet. **Bill Tannebring**, producer of Channel 2's *Jazz* show, and **Norm Nathan** of radio station WHDH were emcees . . . **Danny Fullerton**, drummer with the **Keith Jarett** Trio, was drafted last month. His chair was filled by **Neal Bernson**. The trio, with singer **Marge Dodson**, can be heard nightly at Paul's Mall . . . The **Wynton Kelly** Trio plus one (guitarist **Wes Montgomery**) made its first appearance in this area at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike. Singer **Dave Lambert** sat in at Lennie's during tenorists **Zoot Sims** and **Al Cohn**'s week there. Sims introduced him as the "oldest jazz singer in the business." Lambert was working a single at Orleans on Cape Cod . . . Pianist **Steve Kuhn**, most recently with **Art Farmer**, was joined by drummer **Steve Ellington** and bassist **John Neves**, to form the rhythm section for trombonist **Gene Distasio** during his week at the Jazz Workshop . . . Another Farmer sideman, drummer **Pete LaRoca**, joined Neves and pianist **Ray Santisi** behind alto saxophonist **Jimmy Mosher** at the Workshop.

WASHINGTON: Bassist **Keter Betts**, formerly with **Charlie Byrd** and more recently with **Ella Fitzgerald**, is now a permanent member of the **Tommy Gwaltney** house band at the clarinetist's Blues Alley club. Tenorist **Bud Freeman** will be at Blues Alley Sept. 20-25, and Chicago singer **Lurlean Hunter** will return Oct. 10-23 . . . Trumpeter **Joe Newman** and pianist **Roger Kellaway** played jazz in the Luther Place Memorial Church on Thomas Circle Aug. 22 as the Rev. **John G. Gensel**, of New York City, conducted a service combining Psalm readings and jazz. The offertory music was **Duke Ellington's** *Come Sunday* from *Black*,

Brown, and Beige . . . It looks as if *Playboy* is going to get its Washington club after all. The D.C. commissioners snipped some red tape to enable *Playboy International, Inc.*, to get a restaurant liquor permit without first obtaining an occupancy permit for 25,000 square feet of space at 1122 19th St. N.W. . . . The Bayou in Georgetown, once an afterhours club (where a gangster was murdered), then for almost 10 years a Dixieland club, then a combination of Dixieland music and "exotic" dancers, has decided to switch to a rock-and-roll policy. In recent years, clarinetist **Joe Rinaldi**, pianist **Eddie Dimond**, and trumpeter **Hal Posey** have been the club's musical attractions. Before that, cornetist **Wild Bill Whelan** made the huge place known for traditional jazz . . . Pianist Dimond found a new job with a smart new restaurant, the *Black Rose*, with bassist **Tommy Moultrie** as accompanist . . . Singer **Joyce Carr** is back at the Fireplace with **Dick Young** at the piano . . . In addition to the discotheques, Washington now has a "cinematheque" (feature-length movies such as *Captain Blood* and *King Kong* with the booze). The club in Georgetown is called *Groovy's* . . . The Air Force Dance Band (*Airmen of Note*), based in D.C., will be at the University of Oklahoma Oct. 29 and the University of Illinois Nov. 4.

BALTIMORE: The Left Bank Jazz Society sponsored a Jazz-on-the-Chesapeake concert early in September that featured guitarist **Wes Montgomery** with the trio of pianist **Wynton Kelly** (bassist **Paul Chambers** and drummer **Jimmy Cobb**). Regular Sunday concerts continued with a quintet headed by trombonist **Graehan Monour III** and trumpeter **Lonnie Hillyer** at the end of August. Baritone saxophonist **Charles Davis** also was a recent guest and received a citation from the society "for his contribution to the Baltimore jazz scene" . . . Altoist **Jaekie McLean** opened late last month at the North End Lounge with trumpeter **Charles Tolliver**. Baritonist **Davis**, reed man **Charles Lloyd**, and **Art Blakey's** Jazz Messengers were on tab for early autumn bookings . . . Jazz action

was to resume at the Lexington East the end of August with organist **Jack McDuff** coming for one week followed by vocalist **Betty Carter**.

DETROIT: Reed man **Roland Kirk's** quartet played 10 days at the Drome in August . . . The *Detroit Contemporary 4* (**Charles Moore**, cornet; **Stanley Cowell**, piano; **John Dana**, bass; and **Ronnie Johnson**, drums) played concerts at the Bohemian Embassy, in Toronto, Ont., and the Jazz Art Society of New Jersey, in Newark, during late August. Moore also was featured, with **Harold McKinney**, **Jack Brokensha**, **Dr. Betty Chmaj**, and others, on a Wayne State University television program titled *New Directions in Jazz* Sept. 8 . . . A number of Detroit and Lansing musicians working in the Petosky resort area in northern Michigan banded together as the Northern Michigan Jazz Society and were offered the use of the area's Victory Lounge for concerts and sessions by the club's owner. The group is co-led by pianist **Bob McDonald**, bassist **Frank Vojeek**, and trombonist **Dave Holdeman**.

CHICAGO: A series of Monday evening concerts on the south side have been attracting a good deal of attention from musicians and listeners interested in the avant-garde. The series is sponsored by the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, which has staged concerts at the South Shore Ballroom and, more recently, St. John Grand Lodge. The quartet of altoist **Rosecoe Mitchell** was heard at the lodge Aug. 30; with Mitchell were trumpeter **Frederick J. Barry**, bassist **Melachi Favors**, and drummer **Alvin Fielder**. On Sept. 6 the **Joseph Jarman** Sextet performed at the same site. Altoist Jarman's group included **Bill Brimfield**, trumpet; **Lester Lashley**, trombone; **Fred Anderson**, tenor saxophone; **Charles Clark**, bass; and **Arthur Reed**, drums . . . **Joe Segal's** *Charlie Parker Memorial Concert*, held Aug. 29 at Mother Blues, drew several hundred listeners. Among the musicians participating were trumpeter **Kenny Dorham**, trombonist

WHO'S BOSS?

A HIPSTER'S QUIZ BY GARY A. SOUCIE

Whether out of modesty or some other reason, some leaders of famous bands have chosen to identify their groups by names not their own. In some cases even, the leader's name has remained relatively unknown. Try your hand at these bands; do you know the leaders?

1. Twelve Clouds of Joy _____
2. Lighthouse All-Stars _____
3. Jazz Messengers _____
4. The Giants _____
5. The Big Four _____
6. Clambake Seven _____
7. The Mastersounds _____
8. The Four Souls _____
9. Gramercy Five _____
10. The Blue Devils _____
11. Summa Cum Laude Orchestra _____

ANSWERS: 1. Andy Kirk. 2. Howard Rumsey. 3. Art Blakey. 4. Shorty Rogers. 5. Charlie Ventura. 6. Tommy Dorsey. 7. Monk Montgomery. 8. Lenny Mc-Browne. 9. Artie Shaw. 10. Walter Page. 11. Bud Freeman.

Julian Priester, tenorists **Jay Peters** and **Vaughan Freeman**, pianist **Richard Abrams**, bassist **Melvin Jackson**, and drummers **Gerold Donovan** and **Robert Barry** . . . A week previous to the Parker concert, Priester led a quintet at Mother Blues in a Sunday afternoon concert dedicated to the musical accomplishments of pianist **Bud Powell**, who is still, at press-time, seriously ill in a Brooklyn, N.Y. hospital. With the trombonist were tenor saxophonist **Gene Dinwiddie**, pianist **Abrams**, bassist **Scotty Holt**, and drummer **Steve McCall** . . . A benefit for the Rev. **Robert Owen**, Chicago's Night Pastor, raised about \$400; the concert took place at the Velvet Swing Aug. 29. Among the many participants were trombonist **Jim Beebe** and trumpeter **Dick Oakley** (who co-lead the *Survivors* who play Sundays at the Swing), pianist-trombonist **Dave Remington**, banjoist **Eddy Davis**, and the teenage Dixieland band known as the *Windjammers*. (The *Windjammers*, incidentally, enrolled together at Princeton University earlier this month.) Father Owen also participated in the teletaping of a proposed CBS-TV documentary titled *Religious Revolution in Chicago*, sponsored by the Illinois Bell Telephone Co. The pianist-priest led a group of Chicago jazzmen, including trumpeter **Bobby Lewis**, trombonist **Remington**, clarinetist **Chuck Hedges**, bassist **Lennie McKee**, and drummer **Jerry Coleman** in a performance of his setting for the *150th Psalm* . . . Vocalist **Johnny Hartman** worked a week with pianist **Junior Mance's** trio at the Plugged Nickel last month. Pianist-singer **Mose Allison** followed for two weeks; then it was organist **Jack McDuff's** trio at the N. Wells St. club. **Miles Davis**, who has had to cancel his Nickel engagement twice within the last three months, is again scheduled at the club—this time from Oct. 19 to 31 . . . The **Dizzy Gillespie Quintet** was a surprise booking at the Playboy Club. It was the first time the club had booked a name jazz group for more than a one-nighter; the Gillespie crew worked 10 days there earlier this month.

INDIANAPOLIS: Tenorist **Zoot Sims** played Mr. B's Lounge the week of Aug. 16; he was backed by the local trio of **Earl Van Riper**, piano; **Mingo Jones**, bass; and **Charles Masterpolo**, drums . . . Chicagoans **Cleveland Eaton**, bass, and **Curtis Prince**, drums, played with pianist **Marian** and cornetist **Jimmy McPartland** at the Embers the last two weeks in August . . . The 11th Hour Coffee House, predominately a blues-and-folk room, went on a jazz "vacation" the last two weeks in August with **Dave Baker**, cello, playing weekends and the **Progressive Jazz Ensemble** present weeknights. The ensemble, a relatively new local group, is made up of **Jack Simon**, trombone; **John Whittemore**, piano; **Michael Kern**, bass; and **Michael Berkowitz**, drums. All but Simon are students at Butler University's Jordan College of Music.

CINCINNATI: A musically active summer was further bolstered at its close

with the opening of the Inner Circle, a new night spot with a jazz policy. The Living Room, meanwhile, was promoting new interest by an announced move to renovated quarters and fresh bookings: trumpeter-humorist **Jack Sheldon**, followed by the trio of pianist **Oscar Peterson**. The Inner Circle's starting outfit, though christened the **Good Sounds**, was readily recognized as the **Group**, recently and sorely missed from the Mount Adams picture: **Ed Morgan**, trombone; **Jim McGary**, tenor saxophone; and **Ron Enyert**, drums. The addition of **James Madison** on organ is not expected to alter importantly the strong performance of this combination of experienced local men.

MIAMI: The most energetic promoter of jazz in the Miami area these days is disc jockey **Alan Rock** of WMBM. On Aug. 15 he produced a successful jazz concert sponsored by the City of North Miami Beach, at which 1,500 spectators listened to the **Dave Akins Trio**; the **Nilo Afro-Latin Jazz Quartet** (**Nilo**, trumpet; **Dolph Castellano**, piano; **Boll**, bass; **Blanco**, conga; and **Fred Bell**, drums); **Don Ippolito's** big band, including **Ira Sullivan**, trumpet, tenor saxophone; **Wayman Reed**, **Duke Schuster**, trumpets; **John Alexander**, trombones; **Cee Major**, **Jimmy Vincent**, **Teddy Rosen**, **Ed Moore**, reeds; and **Jimmy Glover**, bass. Rock has in the works a Miami jazz festival utilizing all local talent . . . My Cousin's Place has recently featured, in addition to the regular attraction of the Akins trio, Tuesday midnight jazz sessions. The first two featured pianist **Castellano**, trumpeter **Reed**, bassist **Walter Benard**, and drummer **Bill Peoples**. **Phyllis Branch** sang . . . The **Sprinter's Lounge** recently featured the **Jack Wyatt Trio**, which included **Sam Krupit**, piano, and **Joe Signo**, drums.

NEW ORLEANS: Reed man **Al Belletto** will have his own television show on WVUE in New Orleans shortly. The program will feature Belletto's quartet (**Dave West**, piano; **Richard Payne**, bass; and **Louis Timken**, drums) plus variety acts. Belletto is also working with singer **Frankie Laine** on a special program for next year's New Orleans Pops series. Laine and Belletto will perform several numbers together, among them a 32-bar version of **Jack Martin's** *Divertimento*, an alto saxophone solo adapted by Belletto for the concert . . . **Al Hirt's** club is booking **Lionel Hampton** for a return engagement late this month. **Gene Krupa** is set for a November spot at the club. New Orleans trumpeter **Herb Tassin** has been leading a neo-Dixieland group at Hirt's on Sunday nights . . . Singer **Mel Torme** will do a month at the Blue Room starting in late October. Orleanians have not heard Torme since 1958 when he played the now-defunct Safari Room with pianist **Buddy Prima** . . . Trumpeter **Dutch Andrus** closed the summer series of Jazz on a Sunday Afternoon concerts sponsored by the New Orleans Jazz Club. Andrus' band featured **Harold Cooper**, a fluent clarinetist from nearby Slidell, La. . . . The **Crawford-Ferguson Night**

Owls are booked until the end of the year for the Saturday night jazz-and-dance sessions on the steamer *President*.

LOS ANGELES: The *Rendezvous* at the Beverly Hilton, closed for the summer, recently reopened, but **Calvin Jackson**, one of its most frequent attractions, was never wanting for gigs during the hiatus. The pianist shifted his duo (**Al McKibbin**, bass) to the *Villa Frascati* on Sunset Strip . . . A more serious hiatus has occurred along the Strip: the *Scene*, last refuge of jazz on that segment of discotheque-infested Sunset Blvd., succumbed to the trend and went topless. Its final chord was played by the **Quartet Tres Bien** . . . Meanwhile, jazz flourishes elsewhere. The Pasadena Art Museum was the scene of a recent jazz concert, sponsored by its newly formed membership council. Playing in the garden of the museum were reed man **Buddy Collette**, guitarist **Al Viola**, bassist **Leroy Vinegar**, and drummer **Milt Turner** . . . Pianist **George Shearing**, who just finished two weeks at Huntington Beach's Golden Bear, moves up to Seattle, Wash., for a week at the Edgewater Inn, starting Oct. 25 . . . Closer to home, but not touching the mainland, a place called *Jack's for Steaks*, on Catalina Island, features Dixieland concerts every Sunday afternoon. Clarinetist **Johnny Lane** fronts the group that includes **Bill Stumpp**, trumpet; **Al Jenkins**, trombone; **Bill Campbell**, piano; and **Bill French**, drums . . . **Buddy Bregman**, recently returned from London, where he produced two BBC-TV spectacles, is working on some special arrangements for South African singer **Miriam Makeba** . . . Meanwhile, Miss Makeba's protegee, **Letta Mbulu**, spent three weeks at the Ash Grove backed by **Paul Neve's** trio . . . Singer-pianist **Nellie Luteher** completed a five-week engagement at the key-type Gaslight Club . . . **Barbara McNair** must have impressed at Harvey's in Lake Tahoe, Nev. The singer was signed for a return engagement . . . **Elmer Bernstein**, currently scoring the film, *The Silencers*, was re-elected president of the Young Musicians Foundation for a fifth term. The foundation is a nonprofit organization that serves as an outlet for young musicians. It provides financial aid as well as performance opportunities. Five concerts are scheduled for the coming season . . . British clarinetist **Bobbie Douglas** recently sat in with **Gus Bivona's** group at the Nightlife in Van Nuys. Douglas is trying to stir up interest in ballroom dancing to jazz and hired the Terrace Room of the Statler-Hilton to present his quintet in a "Shades of New Orleans Night" . . . Another type of one-nighter (during banker's hours) found **Sid Weiss**, the swing-era bassist; clarinetist **Abe Most**; and accordionist **Frank Marocco** playing for a special opening celebration of a new bank in Hollywood . . . Trumpeter **Don Ellis**, forever innovating, opened an indefinite engagement at the Havana Club with his Hindustani Jazz Sextet . . . **Stan Kenton** and **Pete Rugolo** scored a 15-minute, color, public-relations type of film for Tau Kappa Epsilon fraternity.

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.
 Basie's: Sonny Payne to 10/3.
 Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn): unk.
 Carlton Terrace (Forest Hills): Johnny Fontana, tfn.
 Charlie Bates': Stan Levine, Sun.
 Chuck's Composite: Dick Garcia, Sy Johnson, Jack Six, tfn.
 Concerto West: Jesse Wilks, hb.
 Coronet (Brooklyn): name jazz groups. Jazz 'n' Breakfast, Mon.
 Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gamma, hb. Sessions, Sun.
 Eddie Condon's: Eddie Condon, Max Kaminsky, tfn.
 Embers West: Joe Newman, tfn. Joe Shulman, hb.
 Five Spot: Max Roach, tfn.
 Front Room (Newark, N.J.): Walter Bishop Jr., 9/27-10/3. Wes Montgomery, 10/4-10.
 Gaslight Club: Clarence Hutchenrider, Charlie Queener, George Wetting, Mike Shiffer, tfn.
 Half Note: Tony Scott, 9/28-10/10.
 Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson, tfn.
 L'Intrigue: Ronnie Ball, Jimmy Rowser, Nancy Steele, tfn. Guest stars, Sun.
 Luigi II: John Bunch, Mark Traill, tfn.
 Metropole: unk.
 Minton's Playhouse: name jazz groups.
 Open End: Scott Murray, Wolfgang Knittel, Gary Newman, Eddie Caccavelli, tfn.
 Page Three: Sheila Jordan, Mon., Tue.
 Playbox Club: Milt Sealy, Vin Strong, Milt Buckner, Ross Tompkins, Harold Francis, Walter Norris, tfn.
 Jimmy Ryan's: Wild Bill Davison, Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, tfn.
 Slug's Saloon: unk.
 Toast: Jack Brooks, Dick Carter, Effie, tfn.
 Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Greene, tfn.
 Tower East: Don Payne, Bill Russell, tfn.
 Village Gate: unk.
 Village Vanguard: Tony Scott, Mon.

TORONTO

Chez Paree: Sir Charles Thompson, tfn.
 George's Spaghetti House: Alf Coward to 9/25.
 Golden Nugget: Don Ewell, tfn.
 Last Chance Saloon: Larry Dubin, tfn.
 Town Tavern: Buddy DeFranco to 9/25.

BOSTON

Chez Freddie: Eddie Stone-Maggie Scott, tfn.
 Floral Steak House: Danny Camacho-Bill Tannebring-Bob Purcell-Al Dunlop, tfn.
 Gaslight Room: Basin Street Boys, tfn.
 Jazz Workshop: Sonny Rollins to 9/26. Jimmy Rushing, 9/27-10/3. Herbie Mann, 10/4-10.
 Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: Junior Mance to 9/26.
 Yusef Lateef, 9/27-10/3. Phil Woods, 10/4-10.
 Maridor (Framingham): Al Vega, tfn.
 Meadows (Framingham): Sabby Lewis, tfn.
 Motel 128 (Dedham): Champ Jones-Paul Broadnax, tfn.
 Paul's Mall: Keith Jarrett, tfn.

WASHINGTON

Anna Maria's: Tony D'Angelo, tfn.
 Black Rose: Eddie Dimond, tfn.
 Blues Alley: Tommy Gwaltney, hb. Bud Freeman to 9/25. Lurlean Hunter, 10/11-23.
 Bohemian Caverns: Bobby Timmons, Eddie Harris, tfn.
 Cafe Lounge: Billy Taylor Jr., Bobbie Kelley, tfn.
 Embers: John Malachi, tfn.
 Jazzland: Buck Clarke, tfn.
 Mr. Smith's: Dixieland, tfn.
 Murphy's Supper Club: Ellsworth Gibson, Butch Warren, tfn.
 Red Coach Inn: Phyllis Cope, tfn.
 Showboat Lounge: Charlie Byrd, tfn.
 Stoniffer's: John Eaton, tfn.

BALTIMORE

Blue Dog: Eddie Stringer, wknds. Ted Hawk, Sun.
 Burgundy Room: Charlie Pace, tfn.
 Club Casino: Soul Brothers, tfn.

Colonial House: Dixie Alley Cats, Peg Kern, tfn.
 Green Derby: Monty Poulson, tfn.
 Judges: The Progressions, tfn.
 Le Cou D'Or: Donald Criss, tfn.
 Living Room: Harry Steiert, tfn.
 Madison Club (Left Bank Jazz Society): name groups, Sun.
 Marticks: Brad Wines, Ricky Bauer, tfn.
 Moe's: Clyde Crawford, tfn.
 Phil Burke's: George Ecker, tfn.
 Playboy: Ted Hawk, tfn.
 Red Fox: Earl O'Mara, Dolores Lynn, tfn.
 Steve's: Joe Allen, tfn.
 Sweeney's: The Holidays, tfn.
 Wine Cellar (Wilmington, Del.): Sy Nathan, hb.

DETROIT AND MICHIGAN

Baker's Keyboard: name groups weekly.
 Black Lantern (Saginaw): Paul Vanston, tfn.
 Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, tfn.
 Caucas Club: Howard Lucas, tfn.
 Charade: Johnny Griffith, Allegros, hbs.
 Checker Bar-B-Q: Ronnie Phillips, afterhours, Mon.-Thur. Mel Ball, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
 Chessmate Gallery: jazz, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
 Chit Chat: Earl Van Dyke, wknds.
 Danish Inn (Farmington): Pat Flowers, tfn.
 Dragon Lady Lounge: Mark Richards, Ralph Jay, Fri.-Sat.
 Dream Bar: Willie Metcalfe, tfn.
 Drome: unk.
 Frolic: Bill Jennings, tfn.
 Hobby Bar: Ernie Farrow, Tue. Ben Jones, wknds.
 LaSalle (Saginaw): Arnie Kane, tfn.
 Left Bank: Alex Kallao, tfn.
 Momo's: Jack Brokensha, tfn.
 Odom's Cave: Bill Hyde, wknds.
 Paige's: George Bohannon-Ronnie Fields, wknds.
 Playbox Club: Matt Michaels, Vince Mance, wknds.
 Sax Club: Charles Rowland, tfn.
 Surfside Club: Tom Saunders, tfn.
 Towne House (Dearborn): Carlyle Sisters, tfn.
 Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, tfn.
 Woods Club (Jackson): afterhours concerts, Sat.
 Zombie: Walter Hamilton, tfn.

CHICAGO

Hungry Eye: Three Souls, tfn.
 Jazz. Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Art Hodes, Thur.
 London House: Herbie Mann to 9/25. Gene Krupa, 9/28-10/17.
 Mister Kelly's: Larry Novak, John Frigo, hbs.
 Moroccan Village: Frank Shea, Joe Killian, tfn.
 Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, wknds.
 Playbox: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Willie Pickens, Joe Iaco, hbs.
 Plugged Nickel: Miles Davis, 10/19-31.
 Robin's Nest: Jimmy Ellis, wknds.
 Velvet Swing: Dukes of Dixieland, tfn. Beebe-Oakley Survivors, Sun.

MILWAUKEE

Ciro's: Bob Erickson, Fri.-Sun.
 Column's Room: Lou Lalli, tfn.
 Dimitri's: Frank Vlasis, Thur.-Sun.
 English Room: Tom Marth, Fri.-Sat.
 Green Living Room: Will Green, tfn.
 Holiday House: Gene Krupa, 10/18-25. Louis Jordan, 10/29-11/6.
 Ma's: Tom Marth, Wed., Thur., Sun. Four Star Quartet, Fri.-Sat.
 Sardino's on Farwell: Dan Edwards, Mon.-Sat.
 Zig Millonzi, Sun.
 Sardino's Swing Club: Frank DeMiles, Fri.-Sat.

CINCINNATI

The Blind Lemon: Cal Collins, Thur.-Fri.
 Bonneville: Chris Brown, Fri.-Sat.
 Herbie's Bar: John Wright, Mon.-Sat.
 The Living Room: Dee Felice, Jack Sheldon, tfn.
 Mahogany Hall: Ed Moss, tfn.
 Playbox Club: Dave Engle, hb. Woody Evans, tfn.
 The Whisper Room: Ray Selder, Mon.-Sat.

INDIANAPOLIS

Barrington Lounge: Jimmy Coe, tfn. Sessions, Thur.
 Carrousel: Sheryl Shay, tfn.
 Count & Eve's Chateau: Count Fisher, tfn.
 Eleventh Hour: various blues singers, wknds.

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38th St. Bar: Naptown Strugglers, wknds.

KANSAS CITY

Barbary Coast: Priscilla Bowman, tfn.
Bellerive Hotel: Ray Harris-Bob Simes, hb.
Blue Room: The Derbys, wknds.
Castaways: Pete Eye, tfn.
Club DeLiza: Reginald Buckner, tfn.
Horse Shoe Lounge: Betty Miller, Milt Abel, tfn.
Majestic Steak House: Bus Moten, tfn.
Mel's Pompeii Room: Jolie Harris, tfn.
O.G.'s: Louis Chachere, tfn.
Pepe's: Rich Dickert, wknds.
Playboy Club: Frank Smith, Vince Bilardo, hb.

MIAMI AND FLORIDA

Bon Fire: Myrtle Jones, tfn.
Hampton House: Charlie Austin, Medina Carney, hb.
Hayes Lounge (Jacksonville): Bill Davis, tfn.
Michael's Airport Lounge (Key West): Davy Lee, tfn.
Mother's: various groups.
My Cousin's Place: various groups, nightly.
Oceania Lounge (Fort Lauderdale): Andy Bartha, hb.
Opus #1: various groups, wknds.
Playboy Club: Bill Rico, hb.
South Seas Yacht: Matty Cortese, tfn.

NEW ORLEANS

Al Hirt's: Lionel Hampton, 9/27-10/10. Ronnie Kole, hb.
Court of Two Sisters: Smilin' Joe, tfn.
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Mike Lala, Jan Allison, Santo Pecora, tfn.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, tfn.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, tfn.
Golliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.
Haven: Ed Frank, wknds.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, tfn.
Paddock Lounge: Thomas Jefferson, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Phil Reuay.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Red Garter Annex: Jim Lipscombe, Fri.-Sat., Sun. afternoon.
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.

LOS ANGELES

Bill Bailey's (Encino): Pete Daily, tfn.
Blinky's (Garden Grove): Southside Jazz Band, wknds.
Caravan (Redondo Beach): South Bay Jazz Band, Fri.
Cocoanut Grove: Buddy Greco, 9/28-10/11.
Coronet Room: Dave Mackay, Sun.
Direct Line: sessions. Mon.
Disneyland (Anaheim): Louis Armstrong, Muggsy Spanier, 9/24-25. Young Men from New Orleans, Firehouse Five+Two, Clara Ward, tfn.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, wknds.
Hermosa Inn (Hermosa Beach): French Quarter Jazz Band, wknds.
Hollywood Plaza Hotel: Johnny Guarnieri, tfn.
Honeybucket (Costa Mesa): Rex Stewart, Fri.-Sat.
Hot Toddy's (Glendale): Hot Toddy's Dixieland Band, Fri.-Sat.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.
Jack's (Catalina): Johnny Lane, Sun.
Jazzville (San Diego): Maurice Stewart, tfn. Ahmad Jamal, 10/1-3.
Knickerbocker Hotel: Charlie Morris, hb.
Leapin' Liz': El Dorado Jazz Band, Fri.-Sat.
Great Society Jazz Band, Wed., Thur., Sun.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Ahmad Jamal to 9/26. Howard Rumsey, 9/27-30. Ramsey Lewis, 10/1-17.
Marty's: William Green, tfn.
Memory Lane: Harry Edison, tfn.
Mitchell's Studio Club: Hampton Hawes, Red Mitchell, wknds.
Newporter Inn (Newport Beach): Frankie Ortega, Gloria Tracy, tfn.
Officers' Club (Long Beach): Johnny Lane, tfn.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson, tfn.
Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Ralph Sharon, Kellie Green, hbs.
Reuben E. Lee (Newport Beach): Ray Bauduc, Jackie Coon, Wed.-Sat.
Reuben's (Tustin): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Thur.
Rumbleseat (Hermosa Beach): Good Time Levee Stompers, Fri.-Sat.
Salvick (Anaheim): Alton Purnell, Fri.-Sat.
Shakey's: Nappy Lamare, Carlo Duncan, tfn.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Stan Kenton to 9/26. Shelly Manne, wknds. Sonny Criss, Mon.

READERS POLL BALLOT

The 30th annual Down Beat Readers Poll is under way. For the next several weeks—until midnight, Oct. 31—Down Beat readers will have an opportunity to vote for their favorite jazz musicians.

Facing this page is the official ballot. It is printed on a postage-paid, addressed post card. Tear out the card, fill in your choices in the spaces provided, and mail it. It is not necessary to vote in each category. It is necessary, though, to write your name and address at the bottom.

RULES, ETC.:

1. Vote only once. Vote early. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight Oct. 31.
2. Use only the official ballot. Type or print names.
3. In voting for Jazzman of the Year, name the person who, in your opinion, has contributed the most to jazz in 1965.
4. In the Hall of Fame category, name the jazz performer—living or dead—who, in your opinion, has contributed the most to jazz during his entire career. This is the only poll category in which deceased persons are eligible. Previous winners are ineligible. They are Louis Armstrong, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Billie Holiday, Bix Beiderbecke, Miles Davis, Jelly Roll Morton, Thelonious Monk, Art Tatum, Eric Dolphy, and Earl Hines.
5. Vote only for living musicians in all other categories.
6. In the Miscellaneous Instrument category, a miscellaneous instrument is defined as one not having a category of its own. There are three exceptions: valve trombone (votes for valve trombonists should be cast in the trombone category), cornet and fluegelhorn (votes for cornetists and fluegelhornists should be cast in the trumpet category).
7. In naming your choice of Record of the Year, select an LP issued during the last 12 months. Include the album title and artist in the spaces provided.
8. Make only one selection in each category.

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