

NOVEMBER 18, 1965 35c

# down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

## ELLA FITZGERALD TODAY

*An Interview With  
Leonard Feather*

## FEARLESS FRANK FOSTER

*The Former Count Basie  
Saxophonist Recounts The  
Pleasures And Pitfalls  
Of Organizing A Big Band  
These Days,  
By Dan Morgenstern*

## BOSS OF THE BLUES: JOE TURNER

*The Kansas City Blues Shouter  
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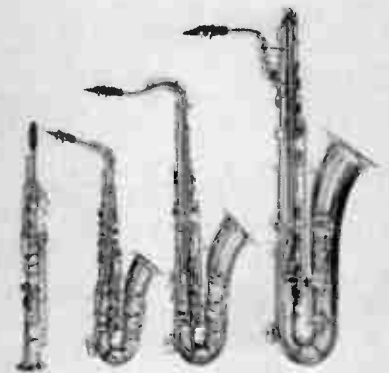
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November 18, 1965

Vol. 32, No. 24

# down beat®

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE  
On Newsstands Throughout the World  
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Cover photograph courtesy of Verve records

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Subscription rates \$7 one year, \$12 two years, \$16 three years, payable in advance. If you live in Canada or in any of the Pan American Union countries, add 50 cents to the prices listed above. If you live in any other foreign country, add \$1.50. If you move, let us know your new address (include your old one, too) 6 weeks in advance so you won't miss an issue (the postoffice won't forward copies, and we can't send duplicates).

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

## Jeers And Cheers For R&R

I enjoyed Martin Williams' article, *One Cheer for Rock and Roll* (DB, Oct. 7, 21) very much.

However, he should be set straight on one point; rock and roll is here to stay, but not because of its cultural, social, or musical reasons. I am a teenager, and I believe that rock and roll will survive mainly because of its loud, hard-driving beat, which makes it easy for teens to dance to and let themselves loose.

William Donohue  
Flushing, N.Y.

It's hard to believe that someone of Martin Williams' stature would write such a ridiculous article as the one he did on rock and roll.

Not only did he leave out the vocal quartets who were of extreme importance in rhythm and blues as well as rock and roll, but how can he discuss Ray Charles without mentioning Charles Brown?

Charles Hobson  
New York City

Martin Williams, whom I greatly respect, has stretched the truth a bit in trying to make a good point. Rock and roll is played on the air, pushed and shoved down our throats via high-powered advertising, and is bound to be well known compared to present-day show music.

Reese Markewich  
New York City

Thank you, Martin Williams, for your article, *One Cheer for Rock and Roll*. As a working rock-and-roll drummer and a subscriber to *Down Beat* for five years, I think it was one of the best articles I've seen. I hope to see more like it in future issues.

Bob Friedman  
West Orange, N.J.

Does it really surprise so many people why rock and roll enjoys such a high rate of success? With the so-called avant-garde jazz it is hardly a surprise that the American teenager accepts this type of music.

I have always judged myself to be a rather progressive jazz buff, but I am now on the verge of becoming a moldy fig. After attending some avant-garde concerts and buying some of their records, I still cannot consider this music.

So let's stop criticizing the many teenage rock-and-roll supporters, for as long as avant-garde jazz is supposed to make jazz fans out of them, we'll have more Freddie and the Dreamers than anyone can shake a stick at.

Hansgeorg Krause  
Chicago

## Decision By Committee?

Pete Welding's review of the ESP albums by Albert Ayler and Pharoah Sanders (DB, Sept. 23) brought to my attention the very unfair practice in *Down Beat* of



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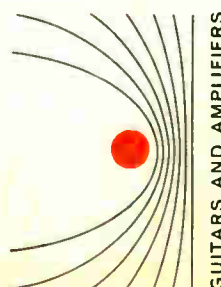




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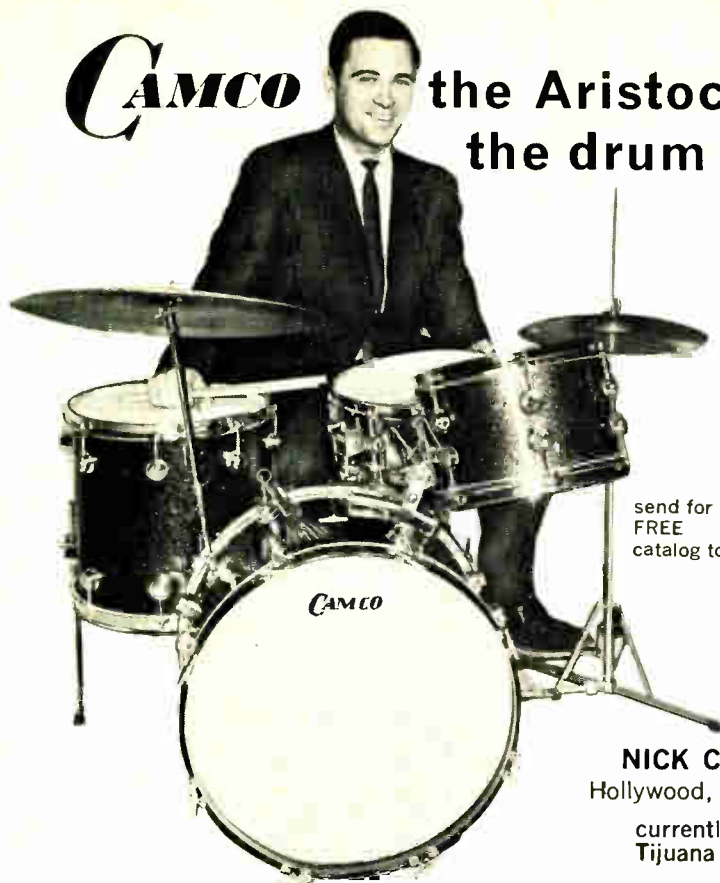
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World Radio History

having a record reviewed by only one person (qualified or unqualified) rather than by a "review board" comprised of all the reviewing staff.

I think a record review board would give the avant-garde musician a more just appraisal of his works, especially at a time when there is so much controversy about the "new music."

This approach would also be beneficial to the mainstream and traditional musicians and would provide the readers with a more diversified and less biased criticism of the records being reviewed.

I trust that when Archie Shepp's new release, *Fire Music* (in which I am a participant), is reviewed, it will not be subjected to the same merciless criticisms of one *Down Beat* reviewer as has been the case in the past.

Reggie Johnson  
New York City

### Brainwashed By Bags?

Regarding Don DeMicheal's review of Freddie McCoy's *Lonely Avenue* (DB, Oct. 7), are all vibraharpists, despite the degree of natural talent, ability, and technique, immediately classified as "Milt Jackson-like" upon hearing them play? Has Jackson so brainwashed the so-called jazz critics that they are no longer able to detect differences in sound?

The fact that McCoy's mallets are less than six inches long would in itself indicate a variance in technique and tone quality which even to the inexperienced ear would be clearly heard. In addition, Jackson employs an extremely slow vibrato on his instrument, in sharp contrast to McCoy's variable, moderate-to-rapid one.

Enid Butts  
Queens, N.Y.

### In Defense Of Old Wind Men

In the Oct. 7 issue of *Down Beat*, Erwin Helfer's review of Emma Barrett's *Preservation Hall* LP included an aggravating remark about trombonist Jim Robinson falling short of his playing on the Sam Morgan Band sides of 1927. Really, that was 38 years ago!

I have no quarrel with the rating. It certainly was fair, for these men are well beyond their best. True, guitarists such as Bukka White and Mississippi John Hurt have much of the playing facility they had long ago; but as we all know, wind instrumentalists can't, as a general rule, remain fluid at the same level of quality over the years.

In the future, I would like to see reviewers, where once-great wind instrumentalists re-record, omit such space-wasting words.

John D. Walraven  
Hoffman Estates, Ill.

### Correction In Trombone Section

There are very few things I am sure of, but one of them is that I played trombone with Miles Davis at the Royal Roost in the summer of 1948, and that it was not Ted Kelly, whom George Hoefer listed in the personnel in his article, *The Birth of the Cool* (DB, Oct. 7).

Michael Zwerin  
New York City



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# news and views

DOWN BEAT: November 18, 1965

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## Joseph E. Levine To Do Jazz Flick

---

There has yet to be a good film based on the jazz life, but periodically movie moguls try their hands at it. The latest is Joseph E. Levine, well known for his roundly panned *Harlow*, whose Embassy Pictures will begin filming *Adam* this month in New York City.

Sammy Davis Jr. has been announced as star of the epic, which, according to an Embassy spokesman, "deals with a gifted trumpet player driven to the brink of disaster by racial problems." The story is based on a screenplay by Les Pine, and the film will be co-produced by Ike Jones and Jim Waters. According to Embassy, Jones, a former associate of the late Nat Cole, is the first Negro producer of a major movie.

Bop singer-comedian Babs Gonzales has been signed for a supporting role, and it is expected that prominent jazz musicians also will have acting roles.

The film will be shot in New York City, and, according to trade papers, RCA Victor will have the rights to the soundtrack for release in album form.

---

## George Tucker, 38, Dies In New York

---

Bassist George Tucker, 38, died Oct. 10 of a cerebral hemorrhage at Knickerbocker Hospital in New York City. He was stricken during the night of Oct. 8 while working with guitarist Kenny Burrell's group at the Prelude Club and never regained consciousness.

TUCKER

Born in Palatka, Fla., on Dec. 10, 1927, Tucker went to New York in 1948 to study at the Conservatory of Modern Music. He had become interested in music

while serving in the Army. He soon became an accomplished player, working with the groups of saxophonists Earl Bostic, Sonny Stitt, and John Coltrane.

In 1957-58, he studied privately at Juilliard with Fred Zimmerman, and during this period he also worked as leader of the house band at Minton's Playhouse, where he subsequently became a member of a co-operative group, the Playhouse Four, with pianist Horace Parlan, tenor saxophonist Booker Ervin, and drummer Al Harewood.

In recent years, Tucker had worked with pianists Junior Mance, Gildo Mahones, Earl Hines, and Jaki Byard, saxophonist Lucky Thompson, and Burrell. A versatile, flexible musician, Tucker was also much in demand for recording sessions.

His playing was an asset to any rhythm section, whatever its jazz style. In modern contexts, Tucker was extremely effective in simultaneously enhancing the soloist with counterlines and maintaining the traditional role of the bassist as timekeeper. His solos were always imaginative.

He is survived by his widow, two small children, and a teenaged daughter by a previous marriage.

---

## Pepper's Progress

---

Art Pepper's disappearance from the scene has been a tragic one. The 40-year-old reed man, beset by the drug addiction that plagued him since the '50s, is currently at the California Conservation Camp in Susanville, 230 miles north of Sacramento. The camp, a minimum-security institution, is primarily a rehabilitation facility.

He was sent there in July after a parole-board hearing at San Quentin in May. Pepper had been returned to the state prison at San Quentin for violation of his parole in connection with the use of narcotics.

Upon Pepper's arrival at the camp, a series of physical examinations were made to determine if he could meet the rigorous demands of forestry, one of the chief work routines at the camp.

While Pepper's health was found to be good, doctors felt he was not strong enough for forestry, and he was assigned as clerk to the supervisor of the camp's education department.

An official at the CCC told *Down Beat* that Pepper is in good spirits and has been playing his alto saxophone quite frequently, sometimes in a combo composed of inmates.

Pepper's sentence is indeterminate, but next summer he will be given a hearing to determine his status for possible release.

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## Swiss Silent Night

---

They might have been able to fake it without their music—or have staged a jam session. But without their instruments, Count Basie and his men were out of it.

The scene was a concert hall in Geneva, Switzerland, and the band was present, willing, and able. But the instruments were in Puerto Rico. An airline had sent



BASIE: 'Well, uh, folks . . .'

them there by mistake. So the customers got their money back, and the musicians got a night off. Fortunately, the horns were shipped back in time for Basie's next scheduled concert in Zurich Oct. 5.

The mishap occurred near the end of the band's successful European tour, which concluded in Frankfurt-am-Main, Germany.

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## Curtains Call Jazz

---

A musical, believed to be the first created by a concert-dance company (the San Francisco Contemporary Dancers) and which has a jazz and jazz-oriented score, has set out from the bay area on a tour of the United States and Canada that is scheduled to end at a Broadway theater next February.



DON SCHLITEN



Titled *Love Is a Ball!*, the musical is described by its director, J. Marks, as a parody on the history of love that ranges from Adam and Eve and Orpheus to the contemporary scene.

Actress-comedienne Alice Ghostley, who won a Tony award for her performance in last fall's Broadway drama *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window*, is the featured performer, but the stars of the show are listed as the dance company. The musical is in two acts and has a cast of 35, plus eight musicians.

The San Francisco Contemporary Dancers Foundation, of which Marks also is the director, was organized 10 years ago as a nonprofit educational institution to sponsor activities in every art medium with an eye to the frankly experimental.

Marks said music for the show was written by Stan Kenton, Dave Brubeck, Henry Mancini, Berne Greene, and Franz Waxman. Composer Darius Milhaud contributed a 1927 work that has never been performed in the United States, Marks said.

According to the director, arrangements are by Kenton, Lennie Niehaus, Jerry Cournoyer, and Jon Belcher, and among them is a full-length ballet, *Orpheus*, based on five baroque pieces that incorporate a great deal of improvisation.

Bob Ayres, who plays trumpet and cello, leads the octet. The most widely known jazzman in the unit is Virgil Gonsalves, who has been with the Woody Herman and Tex Beneke bands. He plays baritone saxophone and flute and has had his own big band and combo in San Francisco. With the show orchestra he will play flute. Richie Crabbtree, a member of the defunct Mastersounds, is listed as pianist.

Saxophonist Vernon Carlson, reed man Bryan Girard, trombonist Bill Hannaford, bassist Bill Popp, and drummer Jack Edie complete the group.

The show began its tour in San Jose, Calif., last month and then was scheduled for Portland, Ore.; Seattle, Wash.; several Colorado and Texas cities; and the Midwest before heading to the eastern area.

## Back To Africa

In years past, a number of U.S. jazzmen have spent varying periods of time in Africa in attempts to establish personal links between their music and the African musical culture that is one of the roots of jazz.

Until recently the initiative in these searches for ties between the new world and the old has come from the visiting American jazzmen themselves. Now, however, it appears that there is some interest on the part of Africans in tracing that connection. Gana M'boa, a drummer from Senegal, currently is touring the United States under the aegis of the U.S. State Department to stir up interest in what is termed the first Festival of Negro Art, to be held April 1-24, 1966, at Dakar, Senegal.

During his stay in San Francisco, M'boa,

## Giuffre Returns From Space; Seeks Larger Audience

Times, they are achanging. Jimmy Giuffre, composer, clarinetist, saxophonist, and, for the last five years, one of the major figures in avant-garde jazz, is reorganizing his group and returning to a more conventional jazz framework.

"I'm going to have a rhythm section that keeps time and plays tunes and chord changes," Giuffre told *Down Beat*. "For some time, I've been trying to reach out and build my own sounds and feelings, but now I'd like to try a more definitive framework and play for a larger audience—start using the wider established vocabulary again."

Though he said he feels that there is an audience for experimental music, and that there are "some people who really understand it," Giuffre pointed out that "when tonality is broken and tempo taken away, you leave behind the majority of the jazz audience. You can do one thing, like playing atonally with a rhythm section, but when you throw out all guideposts, few people will listen."

It is not only a question of reaching an audience, Giuffre said, adding, "I've been out in space so long, and the new music is going off in so many different directions, that I felt the need to play in a different way again—to come back in and play something that's clear."

Giuffre is not becoming a tradition-



GIUFFRE: Wants to play something clear, in "a more definitive framework"

alist, however. "I've tried to reach out in all areas—rhythm, harmony, melody—and I'm going to try to work some of these elements into a more established framework," he said.

He isn't bitter about the minimal acceptance of avant-garde music. "After all, clubowners and promoters can't afford to experiment too much," he said. "They've got to keep the cash registers going. And unfortunately, there are no other places."

Giuffre's new group, in which he will be playing tenor saxophone as well as clarinet ("I've got a new B $\flat$  horn, not the A clarinet I've been using; that puts you in some bad keys when you're working with a rhythm section"), includes pianist Don Friedman and drummer Joe Chambers, with the bass position still open at presstime.

who has played in Europe with such jazzmen as Art Blakey, the late Sidney Bechet, Kenny Clarke, Martial Solal, Lars Gullin, and Dizzy Gillespie, sat in with Gillespie's sextet at Basin Street West and with altoist John Handy's quintet at the Both/And Club.

M'boa said he hopes that several U.S. Negro jazz groups will participate in the Dakar festival, which also will include examples of Negro achievements in painting, films, drama, and the dance.

## Jam For Lunch

Many are those who deplore the proliferation of the discotheque, but few do anything about the monster. Two who did mount a counteroffensive to the glorified jukebox are magazine writer Leslie Lieber and fashion expert Georganne Aldrich: they inaugurated "Jazz at Noon," a luncheon club of executives and professionals who are amateur jazz musicians. The protesters hold jam sessions each Monday from noon to 2:30 p.m. at Chuck's Composite, a well-known bistro on E. 53rd St. in New York City.

Among the other members are Phil Leshin, public-relations man and a former professional bassist; Wall St. broker John Booker, who plays cornet; advertising executive Dick Strome, a drummer; and Layton Guptill, publisher of *American Artist* magazine, a pianist.

## Symphony Suite: Such Sweet Plunder

Financially, it is much better to be a symphony musician than a jazz musician—at least in Chicago.

Following several threats of strike by AFM Local 10-208 and counterthreats of concert cancellations by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra Association, musicians in the Chicago orchestra won the following in a five-year contract with the association:

- A minimum annual salary (recordings and broadcasts extra) of \$10,750 this year, rising to \$12,740 in 1970.

- A guaranteed work period of 50 weeks this year and next, 51 weeks in the 1967-



FOTOGONNELLA

MOFFETT, IZENZON, COLEMAN: Head and shoulders above all others

## Ornette Sparks Lagging Lugano Festival

CAUGHT IN THE ACT:

**Fourth International Jazz Festival**  
Teatro Apollo, Lugano, Switzerland

**Personnel:** Kenny Clarke Sextet; Walt Dickerson Quartet; Ornette Coleman Trio; Lou Bennett Trio; Albert Mangelsdorff Quintet; Pim Jacobs Trio; Rita Reys; Lee Konitz; Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland Band.

The organizers of this year's Lugano festival put together what promised, on paper, to be a truly outstanding bill. However, only two of the attractions participating really lived up to their reputations—the Albert Mangelsdorff Quintet and the Ornette Coleman Trio.

To Coleman's trio belongs undisputedly the honors of the festival. The group had arrived in Europe some six weeks before but had played only once, at Coleman's privately sponsored concert at the Fairfield Hall in London at the end of August. The musicians (bassist Dave Izenzon and drummer Charlie Moffett) were relaxed and itching to play. Their music stood the audience on its ear and resulted in the biggest ovation—lasting 15 minutes—ever accorded a jazz group in Lugano.

But to take things chronologically, the first night opened with Kenny Clarke's sextet (Nathan Davis, tenor saxophone, flute; Fats Sadi, vibraharp; Francy Boland, piano; Jimmy Woode, bass; Joe Harris, timbales, conga; Clarke, drums). As the lineup indicates, this is basically a Latin-style group of the Cal Tjader variety.

The sextet nicely fills what otherwise would be a musical void on the European scene although the band does not possess the inherent swing and crossrhythms of the authentic Latin bands in the States. It was noteworthy that the "jazz" numbers with the basic rhythm section came off best. Highlights were the vastly improved playing of Davis (subbing for the unavailable Sahib Shihab), particularly his tenor on *Ya Ya Blues*; the intriguing Boland original *The Turk*; and the solid foundation maintained by Clarke and Woode.

Then followed a strangely unsatisfying set by the phenomenal vibraharpist Walt Dickerson with Nedley Elstard, trumpet; Benoit Quersin, bass; and Jacques Thollot, drums. Dickerson's technique seems in danger of becoming an end in itself, and the three originals performed lacked contrast in pace and mood. It also was un-

fortunate that there was virtually no communication with the audience, a situation not helped by Dickerson's habit of leaving the stage each time after his solo.

Next came Coleman. He quickly stamped his personality on the event. Coleman played four originals. The first was *Clergyman's Dream*. The impact was startling. The musicianship and projection of the players stood them head and shoulders above the other festival participants. The communication that Coleman achieved in person is immeasurably greater than has yet been captured on records.

It was at once noticeable that his sound has matured since his last studio recording session four years ago. His much fuller, rounder, singing tone emphasizes immediately his direct line of descent from Charlie Parker. Coleman gets a sound of majesty, beauty, and passion from the plastic alto saxophone he uses. His music impresses as being intense and logical.

On *Fallen Stars* he also played violin and trumpet. While there is no question that his command of these instruments scarcely rivals that of his alto, there is no denying their exciting impact, both visually and aurally. The combination of his violin played with a wild left-handed scooping motion and the fierce bowing of bassist Izenzon produced a stunning overall effect.

Coleman is fortunate in having two outstanding musicians to support him. The irrepressible Moffett was always inventive, pulsating, and ambitious, and bassist Izenzon, looking for all the world like Napoleon, played bass in a manner never heard before in Europe.

Possessed of an incredible technique, Izenzon is a major voice in the trio and the perfect foil to Coleman. He showed complete command of the instrument, plucked, stroked, strummed, or bowed. The variety of sounds he achieved was amazing, being like cello, violin, or even a whole string section. In the beautiful *Sadness* his dronelike bowed bass created the perfect mood.

All the tunes performed by Coleman (including the last number, *Doughnuts*) were also played at his London concert. Coleman himself recorded the London concert, and arrangements are being made

(Continued on page 34)

68 season, and 52 weeks in the last two years of the contract.

- Three weeks of paid vacation this season and five weeks in 1969-70.

- A raise in retirement pensions from the current \$1,800 to \$4,200 in 1970.

- A major medical program that costs each member \$25 a year now but by the end of the contract period will be free to the musicians.

- Increased participation by members in the hiring and firing of orchestra personnel.

- A reduction in services (i.e., rehearsals and concerts) to eight a week, of which only four can be concerts.

In the meantime, Chicago jazz musicians were working their six-hour jobs—the few who had them—in noisy clubs for a scale of \$26 a man . . . subject to two weeks' notice more theoretical than actual.

## Jazz To Soothe The Savage Beasts?

A gig with some unforgettable cats will long be remembered by British clarinetist Bobbie Douglas, who now makes Los Angeles his home. Booked into the Valley Gardens, in North Hollywood, to play for dancing, Douglas had to share the lime-light with a lion-wrestling act. If that weren't distracting enough, Douglas then was told he had to share the cage with the animals. At this point, Mrs. Douglas roared even louder than the co-stars and forbade the clarinetist to enter the cage.

Events proved Mrs. Douglas justifiably adamant. The animals' trainer, Mickey (King) Solomon, famed locally for stunts with the lions—e.g., putting his head into their mouths, wrestling with them—was turned on by one of them and suffered a gash that required a dozen stitches to close.

Following the injury to Solomon, the musical portion was short-lived. A hassle over pay soon developed, and Douglas has brought the matter before AFM Local 47.

## Potpourri

Kip Walton is gambling that hour-long, color television presentations of jazz will be picked up for national syndication. The first of a package of 13 shows, which he is producing and directing, was shown on Los Angeles' KTLA last month. Host for the series is singer Mel Tormé. The initial program featured singers June Christy, Lou Rawls, and Jennie Smith; drummer Shelly Manne, reed man Paul Horn, and trumpeter Teddy Buckner. The show is called *Color Me Jazz*.

Another hopeful, in terms of syndication, is a show called *Family Night*. It's not devoted exclusively to jazz, but apparently producer Horace Heidt, the former bandleader, will be using jazzmen on each



show. The one-hour color presentation, scheduled to air Nov. 25, on Los Angeles' KTTV, will feature trumpeters **Al Hirt**, **Pete Candoli**, and **Red Nichols**. The show was taped last January, before Nichols' death in Las Vegas, and Heidt hopes to prepare a live postscript to the tape.

**Duke Ellington**, according to his associates, has been asked by two New York churches—one Episcopal, the other Presbyterian—to present a concert of sacred music similar to the one he did at Grace Episcopal Cathedral in San Francisco in September. At presstime, Ellington's acceptance of the offers had not been confirmed. Something that was confirmed, however, was that the world premiere of *Follow Me up the Stars or Sugar City*, Ellington's musical, which was announced for Oct. 25 at Toronto's O'Keefe Center, has been canceled. The musical has been rumored ready to open in various places for several years now, but it never does.

**WHAT'S-IN-A-NAME DEPT.:** Argo records, after 10 years of releasing jazz under that name, is now Cadet. The switch came about after a British Decca subsidiary, also known as Argo, exercised its prior right to the name. The Cadet tag was chosen, according to officials of Chess Producing Corp., which owns the label, because of "its easy, euphonious assimilation into the Chess-Checker-Cadet billing." (Chess and Checker are also owned by the producing Chicago company.) No change in the Argo jazz policy is expected.

A number of jazzmen took part in a benefit program in Los Angeles for the family of **Michael Hannon**, the police officer who was suspended for taking part in civil rights activities in the City of Angels. Playing at the Ash Grove, the espresso emporium where the event was staged, were reed man **Buddy Collette**, bassist **Leroy Vinnegar**, pianist **John Houston**, vibist **Terry Gibbs**, and bassist **Ralph Pena**, among others.

Some shrewd definitions by **George Shearing**: a neurotic—a man who builds castles in the air; a psychotic—one who lives there; a psychiatrist—the one who collects the rent.

Disc jockey **Alan Rock** recently formed an incorporated organization known as the Jazz Association of Miami. **Neil Sonnett**, a University of Miami law student, is the new president, and the members are hoping to get an active membership consisting of local civic leaders. The purpose is to create a jazz atmosphere in the Miami area. The goal of the nonprofit corporation is to develop a \$1,000 scholarship to be awarded to a deserving music student in the southern Florida area. The eligible student may attend the school of his choice to study any form of music. The association plans to obtain name jazz groups that travel to southern Florida to help in presentation of concerts, profits from which are to go to the scholarship fund.

## Strictly Ad Lib

**NEW YORK:** *The Communist*, a play by tenor saxophonist **Archie Shepp**, was presented Oct. 5 by the Chelsea Theater Center, a repertory group of Equity actors with a "performance-reading" format. "This work needs work, but it has promise," said the New York *Post's* **Jerry Tallmer** in his review . . . A free "jazz happening" held at the Gansevoort St. Pier on the Hudson River Sept. 25 concluded the year's outdoor jazz activities, with pianist **Sun Ra's** Solar Arkestra, trombonist **Roswell Rudd**, clarinetist **Perry Robinson**, and the duo of tenor saxophonist **Fran Smith** and drummer **Gerry Tomlinson** among those on hand to provide the music. The Tomlinson-Smith duo also performed at the Kaymar Gallery Sept. 26 and Oct. 10 . . . Sun Ra's group was a feature at an avant-garde concert early last month in Newark, N.J. Also on the bill were pianist **Mack Anderson**, vocalist **Evelyn White**, and bassist **Art Williams'** quartet (altoist **Bernie James**, pianist **Bill Harris**, and drummer **Danny Daniels**). The concert, sponsored by the Jazz Art Society of New Jersey, also included poetry reading by **Stanley Meyers** . . . The **Duke Ellington** Orchestra is scheduled to begin a three-week stand at Basin Street East Nov. 12. Singer **Astrud Gilberto** opened at the club Oct. 21; she was backed by a quintet that included alto saxophonist-flutist **Jerry Dodgion**, pianist **Benny Aronov**, guitarist **Joe Beck**, bassist **Don Payne**, and Brazilian drummer **Do Um**. Singer **Marian Montgomery** preceded Mrs. **Gilberto**, with tenor saxophonist-arranger **Al Cohn** conducting the orchestra . . . **Slug's Saloon**, where bands are now booked on a weekly basis, featured the groups of drummer **Roy Haynes**, baritone saxophonist **Pepper Adams** and cornetist **Thad Jones**, baritone saxophonist **Charles Davis**, and trumpeter **Blue Mitchell** during October. Pianist **Walter Bishop Jr.'s** quartet, with tenor saxophonist **Harold Vick** subbing for **Frank Haynes** (convalescing from a recent throat operation), is at the club through Nov. 8. Recent Monday night artists included tenor saxophonist **Bill Barron** and trumpeter **Manny Smith**. Barron left New York Nov. 1 for Stockholm, where he plans to set up a

base of operations for an indefinite stay in Europe . . . A new quintet co-led by tenor saxophonist **George Coleman** and trumpeter **Richard Williams** makes its debut at the Coronet in Brooklyn Nov. 9 to 14. Saxophonist **Sonny Stitt** concludes a week's stand at the Coronet Nov. 7 . . . Out in Levittown, on Long Island, **Joe Coleman's** Big Four is playing Tuesday nights at the Zebra Club. Included in drummer **Coleman's** quartet are vibraharpist **Harry Sheppard**, pianist **Marty Napoleon**, and bassist **Chubby Jackson** . . . Pianist **Sergio Mendes' Brasil '65**, a bossa nova quartet, was aided and abetted by flutist **Hubert Laws** and trumpeter **Kenny Dorham** during a Village Vanguard stint in early October. **Dollar Brand**, playing solo piano, was also on the bill. Dorham, who now also plays fluegelhorn, is a regular at the club's Monday night sessions, hosted and organized by disc jockey **Alan Grant** . . . Bassist **Tommy Potter** was a new face with the tenor-saxophone tandem of **Al Cohn** and **Zoot Sims** during a recent Half Note engagement. Also on hand were pianist **Dave Frishberg** and drummer **Mousie Alexander**. Singer **Jimmy Rushing** was added on weekends. The group also gave a concert Oct. 17 for newly formed Huntington, N.Y., International Art of Jazz Club.

**BALTIMORE:** The Left Bank Jazz Society presented an all-star lineup of Baltimore players at the Madison Club early last month. Altoist **Jackie Blake** and tenorist **Dave Hubbard** headed the octet. The society has promised more such groupings later this winter. **IBJS** imports resumed on Oct. 10 with reed man **Yusef Lateef's** quartet, followed by saxophonist-flutist **Charles Lloyd** Oct. 17. Joining **Lloyd** were guitarist **Gabor Szabo**, bassist **Ron Carter**, and drummer **Pete LaRoca**. Altoist **Gary Bartz** was scheduled to return to his home town the following Sunday heading a quintet with trumpeter **Lee Morgan** . . . Vocalist **Jackie Paris** was heard locally for the first time in more than 10 years when he fulfilled a two-week engagement at the Playboy Club. Paris works with his wife, vocalist **Anne Marie Moss**.

**CLEVELAND:** An appearance by **Count Basie** is planned for Nov. 11 at the Lion and Lamb Inn in Pepper Pike . . . Singer **Joe Williams** is set to open at the downtown Versailles Motor Inn on Jan. 24 . . . The **Al Serafini** big band has been heard Saturday nights on CBS network radio from its location at the Sahara Motor Hotel . . . At Leo's Casino, now undergoing expansion and remodeling while business continues, **Mongo Santamaria's** combo has appeared, as did **Les McCann** and the **Jazz Crusaders** in October . . . The groups of trumpeter **Erskine Hawkins** and saxophonist **Earl Bostic** played recently at the Virginian Restaurant in Shaker Heights . . . Lakewood's Chateau Restaurant, like **Damon's** in Cleveland Heights, found after a three-month trial that the go-go policy didn't. The Chateau has returned to local acts with occasional names; appearing there in October was a trio made up of **Vicki Lynn**, bass; **Vince**

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### Mann And The Muses

From a recent *Billboard* review of **Herbie Mann's** new album, *Standing Ovation* at Newport:

"Herbie Mann's stint at the Newport Jazz Festival last summer was a highlight that demanded preservation on disk. It's here with all the excitement and musicianship left intact and points up in no uncertain terms that when Mann takes clarinet in hand memorable music is made."

And when a *Billboard* writer takes pen in hand, forgettable lyrics are added.

# THE BOSS OF THE BLUES

By VALERIE WILMER. It's rare to be able to dub any performer "the greatest" without fear of reprisal, but there are few contenders for the title of World's Greatest Blues Shouter. Even with men like Jimmy Witherspoon and Jimmy Rushing in the running, there is an authority to Joe Turner's brand of shouting that defies comparison.

In spite of his generally accepted status as Boss of the Blues, Turner sees himself more as a rock-and-roll performer than as the man who sang with Bennie Moten, George Lee, Andy Kirk, and Count Basie in the prewar heyday of Kansas City.

He continually recalls the mid-1950s, when he emerged from semiobscurity to figure in the popular record charts with such epics as *Shake, Rattle, and Roll* and *Chains of Love*, but although he associates himself with that era, it is not with nostalgia. Characteristically, he regards his short-lived success alongside the Bill Haleys, Elvis Presleys, and Fats Dominos cheerfully and somewhat philosophically:

"I made all those things before Haley and the others, but suddenly all the cats started jumpin' up, and I guess I kinda got knocked down in the traffic."

More than 6 feet tall and heavily built, Turner views the world from behind lazily drooping eyelids. He is not the kind of person one interviews; he's a man one sits down and drinks with. He's likely to laugh rowdily into the tape recorder or brush aside the notebook with a well-intentioned whisky bottle. One gathers Turner's comments at random, but they're usually quite succinct and amusing, so it is easy to remember them. The story of the blues takes on yet a new dimension in Turner's rambling, poetry-like speech.

**H**E WAS BORN IN Kansas City, Mo., "around 1911." His earliest musical recollections were of street groups. "A bunch of us used to get together in school, too, and go sing in the park," he recalled. "It was, you know, a little quartet, and we used to have a lot of fun. I never did play any instrument though I did try to play drums, but it didn't work out too good. Of course, then I had no idea of going into the business professionally.

"My brother-in-law's brother was a piano player called Charlie Fisher. He used to play a whole lot of piano. Every time he got a new tune, he used to come home and start banging on the piano, and we were all excited. As soon as we learnt the words, we'd sing and have a ball. Mostly I used to go sing songs like *Jada*—hit songs, you know. My mother used to take me to church all the time, but I really didn't think it was the proper thing to do—to sing in the church. But one time I was in there with this little girl, and while all the people were busy, we slipped

on over to the piano and started wailin'. So they said, 'What the hell is going on over there? Get those children offa those pianos and things—they's goin' to the devil right away!' And I never did sing in the church after that."

Schooling and Joe Turner did not go amicably hand in hand, and to this day he can barely write his name. Music was always more in his line, and as a teenager, Turner could often be found listening to the strains of music that filtered through the doors and walls of the Kansas City night clubs.

It was by regularly frequenting the doorway of the Sunset Club that his long association with pianist Pete Johnson began. Johnson was his idol and worked regularly at the Independence Ave. club. Though Turner was too young to enter a liquor-selling establishment, he had the courage and cunning of youth.

"Finally I got the big idea . . . I grew a moustache and everything and put on some of my brother-in-law's trousers," he said. "I was a little bitty fellow then, so small I looked like the wind could blow me away.

"I got by the door, slipped past the people, and made my way over to the piano. Pete Johnson was playing, and I stood around by the piano and asked, 'Let me sing with your band?' Well, he just laughed at me and said, 'Can you sing?' I said, 'Yeah, I can sing a little bit.' He said, 'We ain't got time for no little-bit singing.' So I said, 'You play what you wanna play, and whatever you play I'll sing.' 'Well,' he said, 'right now we're playing the blues. You ever heard the blues?' 'Yeah, I hear 'em every day.' So he asked, 'What key do you wanna hear?' and I said, 'I don't know about no key—let me feel around and see what's happening.' And that was it."

(Johnson must have been playing in the key of C, for Turner has stuck religiously to that key for most of his material, often to the displeasure of his accompanying musicians. Nevertheless, he protests, "That's an easy key to sing in. Most piano players can play in that key with me, and if I get out of that range, some of them don't seem to enjoy it that much. Once I had some arrangements made in A-natural, which is a very hard key to sing in. To me it was easy. Now when those boys got the arrangements, they said, 'A-natural—what is this?' So I said, 'Don't bother—just leave it alone and blow from your tops.' There's a lot of time wasted and a lot of energy carrying all that stuff [arrangements] around.")

Turner eventually landed a job as a bartender at the Sunset, but he appears to have spent more time singing than mixing drinks.

"After that, I kept on going, kept right on, and I'm still at it now," Turner said. "I guess I was around 19 when I started going all over with Pete's band, playing dances and breakfast parties. It was a six-piece band. I used to get a chance to sing with Bennie Moten when they'd come to town. I'd run up there and tell 'em that I'd like to sing two songs if they wanted me.

"And then I used to sing with Ben Webster, Jo Jones, and all the cats out of Basie's band. We had jam sessions every Friday night. I wasn't making much money, but look at the fun I was having! Now all the fellows have scattered out, everybody went

# JOE TURNER



their own way.”

When it comes to favorite singers, Turner names Witherspoon, Wynonie Harris, Roy Brown, and T-Bone Walker. And he speaks fondly of one of his great contemporaries from the Kansas City days:

“For a while Jimmie Rushing and I had it kind of sewed up. There wasn’t too many cats come jumping on the floor, in those days. If any new cat came to town and wanted to work out real good, we’d say . . . let’s go over there and see what he can do. And we’d run over to the joint and see him pulling all the things out of the trick bag. We’d listen to him do a number and see if we could make him a member of the club.”

But even in the ’30s a good big-band blues shouter was hard to find in Kansas City, or anywhere else for that

matter.

“There weren’t a *gang* of blues singers, you know, with the bands,” Turner remarked.

“Walter Brown was one. Jay McShann used to come up on the circuit to Kansas City, and that Walter Brown was always tryin’ to shoot me down a little bit,” he recalled without animosity. “He had just started, and he was giving me a hard time. But it seemed like I’d always come out a little bit ahead of him. Every time we’d get to one of those jam sessions, I’d do him in!”

“I was only interested in music then—I ate and slept that stuff. I’d be sitting on the side of the bed till late at night, thinking up some blues. And every time some new blues records came into town, the man would call me up, and I’d be right down at the store.”

*‘I’d get to singing, and it’d sound so good that I’d just keep on. I’d sing three, four hours and never sing the same verse . . .*

*I’d be writing that stuff as I go along. And I’d get the people all stirred up, just like a preacher. Stir ‘em up!’*



VALERIE WILMER

**L**ETHARGIC but good-natured offstage, Turner is continually impressive on the stand in his capacity for verbal inventiveness within the 12-bar blues format. At his age he still has the will and the energy to move from club to club throughout the course of the night, doing a set there, sitting in here, and he never appears to tire.

Like so many of the men from Kansas City, he worked into this system in the days when every night held promise of a jam session.

“You didn’t have microphones or nothing in those days,” he said, “and you got so that you could sing and fill one of them big dancehalls with one of them little paper horns. And that was something to do then, even if you could get the hang of it—singing to all those hundreds of people.

“I used to have a powerful voice before the mikes came in. But they was really a fascinating thing. I figured it would give me a nice little riff and save me a while so’s I could last out longer. But then I found out that it really made me sing harder. I’d get to singing, and it’d sound so good that I’d just keep on. I’d sing three, four hours and never sing the same verse. I keep all those things in my head, and they didn’t know how I’d do it. But all the time I’d be writing that stuff as I go along. Once I get started into a good blues song, I could carry on for hours. And I’d get the people all stirred up, just like a preacher. Stir ‘em up!”

Turner’s musically rewarding association with Pete Johnson lasted more than 10 years. Some of the pianist’s best-known tunes, things like *Roll ‘Em*, *Pete* and *Wee Baby Blues*, which have since become standards, were written in collaboration with the singer. “Roll ‘em, Pete!” was, of course, Turner’s favorite exhortation from behind the bar to Johnson.

In the early ’30s, when Johnson and Turner were working at the Sunset and making an occasional radio broadcast, they were heard by talent scout John Hammond.

In 1936 he invited them to New  
(Continued on page 42)

**F**OR MORE than a decade, Frank Foster was one of the bulwarks of the Count Basie Band—not only as one of its strongest and most consistent soloists but also as a gifted and prolific arranger and composer. Then, in July, 1964, the Cincinnati-born tenor saxophonist, whose youthful appearance belies the fact that he celebrated his 37th birthday Sept. 23, decided that 11 years on the road had been long enough and turned in his Basie uniform.

"In time," he told *Down Beat* then, "I may start a group of my own. But I'm not in a hurry."

No more than three months later, however, Foster found himself the leader of not one but two groups. In addition to leading a quintet (with which he has worked in Boston, Baltimore, Detroit, and New York), and keeping busy as a freelance arranger and composer, Foster had organized and begun to rehearse a full-fledged, 17-piece jazz orchestra, giving birth to a new member of a species that has nearly become extinct.

The Foster band is, of course, not yet a working unit of the kind led by his old boss. Only a millionaire or a madman would start that kind of big band today. It is, primarily, a rehearsal band, the members meeting twice a week, and which, so far, has worked a number of one-nighters in the New York area and whose biggest booking has been a one-week stand at Pep's in Philadelphia this summer.

It differs from the usual rehearsal band in more ways than one, perhaps most significantly in the complete professionalism of its attitude and capability. Maybe the big jobs won't come, but if they do, the band will be ready for them.

Foster, whose boyish good looks do not hide the mind and manner of a mature and eminently sensible man, has no illusions about the problems that confront a big band on today's jazz scene. But he does have ideas, enthusiasm, and the human qualities and organizational abilities to tackle his task.

"I'm still in doubt as to whether there really is a future for big bands," he said, "but I want to put in a bid while they still remain. I plan to do whatever little bit I can to keep the band going."

"I never got it out of my blood," Foster said about the dream of having a big band of his own. "Standing in front of the band, playing, is a thrill I've missed for more than 15 years. I had it then, when I was leading my own band in school. Sometimes I feel like a kid, and I might get carried away. . . ."

Foster's leadership abilities have surprised even some of his oldest friends and colleagues—such as trombonist Benny Powell, who was with Basie for the better part of Foster's tenure.

"I knew Frank was a wonderful musician and writer," Powell said, "but when it came to bandleading, which is

*You Don't Really Have To Be Crazy*

*To Start A Big Band Today—*

*You Just Have To Be . . .*

# FEARLESS FRANK FOSTER

By DAN MORGENSTERN

continued, "because I think they really have something that is worthy of being heard. I'd just be proud to pieces if I could be the one who would bring them out front, and anyone who'd acquire so much prominence that he would feel he could go out and make it on his own would go with my blessings. I'm sure there are enough able replacements out there who aren't active enough."

Is it difficult to find musicians willing to put in the time and effort required by a venture such as a big band with the highest musical standards?

"Not as hard as I expected," Foster said. "I found the fellows very enthusiastic. In fact, I hadn't planned to start rehearsing until the first of 1965, but Martin Banks, my lead trumpet player, suggested to me at the end of September, 1964, that we get started, and he ran down a list of brass men that would be glad to make it. So we started early."

A big band, of course, needs a library, and that is something not created overnight. But Foster had something to start with.

"I had to doctor up about 20-odd arrangements that I had pulled out of the Basie book," he said.

"Only mine—I didn't take any others," he said with a chuckle. "And I had Basie's blessings. Most of them were seldom played and hadn't been recorded—some of them were even unrehearsed."

For his first rehearsal, Foster had a standard full band of four trumpets, four trombones, five reeds, and three rhythm, but he soon decided to add a fifth trumpet, plus a guitar in the rhythm section.

"One of the many things I learned with Basie," he said, "was the value of a guitar. Freddie Green, of course, is something else. I don't want the band to sound like Basie; yet, without the guitar, there was something missing. . . ."

At first, there were just musical considerations, Foster noted, because he didn't know how the gigs were going to run and wasn't even thinking about that.

"All I wanted then was to hear some music played," he said, "and to have some sort of workshop for any further writing I might do. So I wasn't thinking about gigs for the band then, but it started shaping up so nice that I decided

something else again, I may have been a little skeptical. But he sure knocked me out—he is a natural leader."

One of the marks of a good leader is concern for his men, and Foster explained that one of his original purposes was to give as many musicians as possible the opportunity to express themselves, not so simple a matter these days when chances to play in the right setting are so limited. . . . "maybe a few record sessions . . . some may get a jingle now and then, or a gig in a studio as a sub, or a show."

But there's not much musical activity of the kind Foster knows they would love to be a part of.

"I really hope to be responsible for bringing a lot of musicians to the attention of the public," he



it would be fine to get a few gigs and play for some bread. The guys came faithfully; it wasn't hard to get them to make rehearsals. . . ."

So the band's current book consists largely of what Foster laughingly calls "Basie rejects," plus "several others that had become sort of Basie trademarks, like *Shiny Stockings*, for which we have a new arrangement, but with the same out chorus." That one has become a standard, and it is, of course, the Foster band's theme song.

"The style of the band will be changing gradually," Foster said. "Most of the arrangements I'll be writing won't be what's been heard already. What's been heard so far was originally done for Basie."

It doesn't sound like typical Basie, though, and when this was pointed out, Foster laughed and said, "Well, maybe that's why they didn't get heard in Basie's band . . . they are evidence of my later style, which gradually, about the early '60s, was beginning to break away from the traditional Basie pattern. More than one of them sound a little like the music I want for this band."

At this point in the band's development, Foster wants the book to be mainly his own work.

"We have a few things that are not mine—two of the songs that Norman Mapp, our vocalist [who is also a gifted writer of music and lyrics], does and a couple of instrumentals by Norris Turney, our lead alto man. But right now I want to further my own bag, though I'd be glad to accept arrangements from people the caliber of Melba Liston, Ernie Wilkins, Oliver Nelson. . . . Oliver did all the songs that Pat Thomas has been singing with us, and I'm proud to have things like that in my book."

**F**OSTER'S MAIN concern now, in addition to his writing, is his playing, and he agrees, as most observers do, that his playing has changed since he left Basie.

"I think I'm stretching out more," he said. "And I'm giving myself a lot of room for solos so far. I guess that's why a lot of cats get their own bands, so they can do as much of what they want to do. But that doesn't mean that I want to hog all the solo space. I want to give the other fellows a chance, but I want to get mine too. I'll use an old expression that I've heard for years: 'I'm the boss!' "—and he laughed.

"But I won't say that I'm satisfied with my own playing," he went on. "I've got a good way to go before I'll really be satisfied within myself that I'm saying something on that horn. Sometimes I become so preoccupied with how the band is supposed to sound—how *I* want it to sound—that I become all ears for the band, and what I'm doing may be only perfunctory—kind of automatic. At other times, I may be engrossed in what I'm doing and forget about the band. It's really hard to pour everything you've got into your own playing and be aware of everything that goes on behind you. . . ."

Foster is sure about what he does not want to happen: "I just refuse to go along with the philosophy that states that when a guy is going to do a lot of writing, it has to interfere with his playing. I have seen evidence of that happening, but I can't resign myself to it. A guy can write like crazy and play like crazy—if he wants to."

Benny Carter, the highly esteemed multi-instrumentalist and composer-arranger, was suggested as good supportive evidence for this dictum, and Foster concurred.

"That's right, 'cause he was playing like mad while he was writing all those beautiful things for his own band," Foster said. "One of my great thrills, when I was a kid, was to stand in front of that reed section when Benny's band was playing in town. . . ."

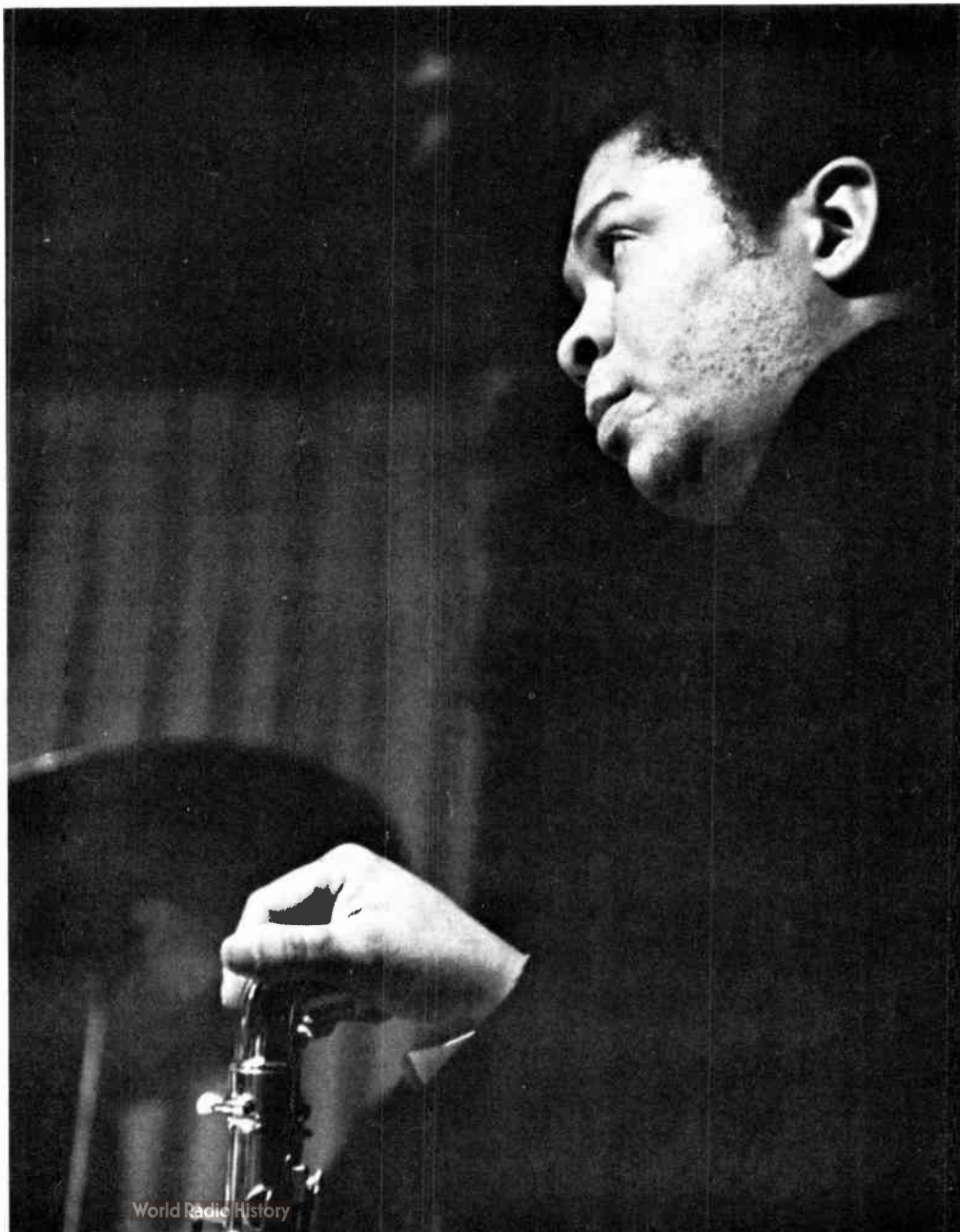
The dilemma can be resolved, then, and Foster is intent upon doing it.

"I would like to think that this band is a very strong vehicle for my own playing as well as for my writing," he said, "because I'm going to write things that I will want to play. As far as I can see, it will be a long time before I leave the horn out of what I'm doing."

Being able to get the regular personnel that he wants means a lot to Foster, too, and he takes pride in his side-

(Continued on page 43)

DON SCHLITTEN



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# ELLA TODAY

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(AND YESTERDAY TOO)

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By LEONARD FEATHER

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**I** DON'T KNOW what we're going to talk about," Ella Fitzgerald said a little testily as she closed the front door and walked me into her living room. "All I see is people putting each other down, and I sure don't want to get into anything like that."

Even when the interviewer is an old friend who met her when she was a gawky teenaged vocalist with Chick Webb's band, Ella Fitzgerald is scared of talking for publication. The possibility that conversation may become controversy is as unnatural and terrifying to her as the eruption of a flashbulb during the tenderest moment of a ballad. Demons like these have pursued her through a 30-year professional life, and she can never reconcile herself to such supposedly necessary accouterments of fame, any more than she can adjust completely to fame itself.

To put the afternoon on an informal basis we forgot the interview and talked about her house. A handsome, lawn-fronted Beverly Hills home, with another broad grassy area in the back and a pool beyond it, it offers a variety of creature comforts to which Ella has added a few special touches from time to time, among them some exquisite furniture imported from Denmark, the country she considered her second home for a couple of years. The paneled living room has a bar. On a wall facing us, directly above the stereo set, was a large color picture of Norman Granz; beneath it was a photograph of a good friend and admirer of Ella's, the late Marilyn Monroe. On either side were photos of Ella at a recording session.

She brought out an acetate of a newly recorded album, for which Marty Paich had written and conducted the music.

"You want to hear the way I messed up your song?" she asked. As we listened to *Whisper Not* I knew that Benny Golson would feel about her treatment of his composition—the tempo, the mood, the slight variations—just as I felt about my lyrics.

A few years ago I had learned, the lucky way, that a total understanding of what the Fitzgerald finesse can do for a tune is more easily reached if, like her, you are professionally involved in the writing and/or interpretation of songs. You realize instantly that she knew just what you meant by a certain phrase, that she dug your chord changes or sensed what lyrical point you were trying to make. You know at once that your few hours of effort have been sublimated by the touch of genius.

As the record played on, she sat with eyes closed most of the time, nodding gently, exhorting the musicians ("Yeah, Lou! Get 'em, Shelly!") and turning to me with an occasional comment. After *Thanks for the Memory*: "I

did this on the Sullivan show, and afterwards I got the cutest note from Bing Crosby." After one of the up-tempo tracks: "This album gets a little bit back to the jazz thing. It probably won't sell very well; there're too many tunes in it that I like." The remark, made without a trace of rancor, nevertheless had in it a touch of kidding-on-the-square.

"Some arrangements," she said as the conversation veered to Marty Paich, "can really push a singer and make a big difference in the quality of the performance. They can make you sound better than you really are, yet the arrangers very seldom get credit for it. Maybe I feel this way because I started out as a band singer.

"And you can tell whether a singer really likes a song or not—no matter how hard they try with something they do for commercial reasons, if it's a song they are enthusiastic about you can just feel them putting that little extra something into the performance."

During the *Lover Man* track she said, "Ram Ramirez, who wrote it, was in the room one night in New York, so I did it for him—I didn't even really know the words. I always felt that there was only one person this song belonged to, and I didn't want to follow Lady Day. But the audience response made me keep it in, so now finally, after 20 years, I've recorded it."

During another tune, one with an unusual harmonic shape, she smiled and commented, "I still like songs with changes, songs that present some kind of a challenge and make you say to yourself, 'What are you gonna do with this?'"

One of the tunes was a number I had heard sung by Ethel Ennis. Mention of her name brought a warm endorsement: "Yes, she did a fine job on this. Ethel has a lovely sound and phrases well; she's really one of the best singers coming up.

"You know who else I like? That girl that did *Somewhere in the Night*. Teri Thornton. Why haven't I heard much about her lately?

"There's another singer I liked from the first time I heard her, but not enough people appreciate how much she can do—little Joanie Sommers. She's cute as a button anyway, and aside from those novelty songs, I heard her sing some ballads somewhere, and I dug the feeling that she gets."

"Barbra Streisand I've never heard in person—I only saw her on the TV special, and that show was just something else. They need more of that kind of thing on television."

Though her own television exposure appears to concentrate on the type of mass-appeal vaudeville show in which she does not always seem entirely at ease, Ella hastened to point out the challenge presented:

"I've been fortunate that I was gifted with something whereby I could sing more than one type of thing. Now the *Bell Telephone Hour* was like a *Song Book* type of appearance; that was one side of Ella. The *Song Book* material is beautiful, but with these show tunes you have to stick to a certain type of material and a certain approach, and sometimes you can't do too much with these numbers before you get away from the essence of the tune.

"The *Dean Martin Show* was a ball. Les Brown has the band on it, and they had picked out a couple of things for me, but I always have to say to myself, 'What's it got that's gonna make me feel like I want to sing?' And so Les said, 'Just sing whatever you feel like singing,' so we wound up doing things like *Mean to Me* and *Time after Time*.

"Then on the *Andy Williams Show* I did *Sweet Georgia Brown*. I had a long way to go out on that, really felt I could work with it, and got a happy feeling going. Being



around Andy was a gas; he's a marvelous singer with fantastic breath control.

"On each of these shows I did something of a different type; yet each time I probably reached certain people who said, 'Now that's the way I dig her; that's the real Ella.' On another show I might do a little hopping and someone else will make the same kind of remark. Yet I don't want to feel that everything must be in any one of those grooves or that any one is the real Ella."

**A**S WE SAT quietly chatting in the Beverly Hills setting, I thought of the real Ella Fitzgerald as I had met her 30 years earlier one Wednesday night at the noisy, stomping, crowded Savoy Ballroom at 140th and Lenox in New York.

Edgar Sampson, the Chick Webb band arranger, had introduced me to the orchestra's recently acquired 17-year-old interpreter of rhythm songs. (Webb, for the first year or two, felt she was not ready to sing ballads. Once, when a song she liked had been arranged for her but was re-assigned by Webb to the male singer, Ella burst into tears on the bandstand.)

The clarion brilliance of the orchestra was interrupted now and then by the typically pompous male ballad singer, then one of Webb's proudest assets but now long forgotten. At similar intervals there would be a number that included a vocal by Ella, her voice higher and thinner in texture but not greatly dissimilar in style to the Ella of today.

At that stage, the path of her progress had reached its second major way station. Only a year or so had passed since the traumatic moment when she was booed off the stage during an amateur hour at the Lafayette Theater in Harlem—one of the few minor chords in the affirmatively orchestrated chart of her career.

The Hollywood producer, looking for a story in Ella Fitzgerald, will find nothing downbeat enough or neurotic enough to keep his scriptwriter's pen filled with bitter blue ink.

True, she never knew her father nor her home town of Newport News, Va., but she had pleasant memories of her childhood in Yonkers, N.Y., where her mother and stepfather raised her. Though she looked a little undernourished and constantly had to be prevailed on to drink more milk, she was a healthy youngster whose idea of a good time was dancing, singing, sneaking off during lunch hour at junior high to catch singer Dolly Dawn at the local theater with George Hall's orchestra, or listening to the radio for a show featuring the Boswell Sisters, one of whom, Connee, was to become her favorite and decisive vocal influence.

"Everybody in Yonkers thought I was a good dancer," she recalled. "I really wanted to be a dancer. One day, two girl friends and I drew straws to decide which of us would go on the amateur hour. I drew the short straw, and that's how I got started winning all those shows." Though dancing was still her first love, she sang on that initial appearance, and won. In the Apollo audience was Benny Carter, who with John Hammond took her to Fletcher Henderson's house. ("I guess Fletcher wasn't too impressed. He said, 'Don't call me; I'll call you.'")

Soon after, somebody at CBS heard the word, and contracts were drawn up for a show with Arthur Tracy, the "Street Singer," which at that stage of broadcasting history was equivalent to an opportunity today for an unknown youngster to make her debut on Andy Williams' show. At the crucial moment the plan collapsed with the death of Ella's mother. Orphaned, a minor, she had nobody to take the legal responsibility of signing a contract for her, and a week later she returned to the amateur-hour circuit.

It was during that brief period of gloom that she scored



CHUCK STEWART

her one miss. Looking slightly forlorn in a black dress, she walked nervously onstage and sang *Lost in a Fog*. ("The pianist didn't know the chords, and I really was lost.") She ran offstage to the accompaniment of catcalls. But it was not long until she worked her first professional week, for \$50, at the Harlem Opera House.

Tiny Bradshaw's band was in the show. "Everyone had their coats on," she said, "and was ready to leave when Tiny introduced me. He said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, here's the young girl that's been winning all the contests,' and they all came back and took off their coats and sat down again."

The band due to follow Bradshaw at the theater was Chick Webb's. Despite warm endorsements from Benny Carter and Bardu Ali, the showman who fronted Chick's band, the drummer refused to entertain the thought of supplementing his vocal department; he was happy with the since-forgotten male crooner.

"He just didn't want a girl singer, so finally they hid me in his dressing room and forced him to listen," Ella said. "I only knew three songs, all the things I'd heard Connie Boswell do: *Judy*, *The Object of My Affection*, and *Believe It, Beloved*. Chick didn't seem sold, but he agreed to take me on a one-nighter to Yale the next day. Tiny and the chorus girls had all kicked in to buy me a gown. The following week we opened at the Savoy, and I guess you know the rest."

THE ONLY PAUSES in the steady upward graph from that point were the death in 1939 of Webb, who had become her guardian and mentor (Ella then took over leadership of the band herself for two years), and two marriages that failed to work out. Yet a conversation with Ella today would seem to indicate that of all the nights she can remember—and they include thousands of triumphs in clubs, theaters and at festivals and concert halls around the world—the one that remains strongest in her memory is the night at the Lafayette. It would be melodramatic to claim she has a fear that it could happen again; yet her sensitivity to criticism, and to anything less than complete audience acceptance, has been a constant source of tension for her and for those around her.

A few months ago, working a typical European concert tour on a characteristically grueling schedule, the insecurities mounted to a point without precedent.

"We were running from one town to another, and I began to feel I just couldn't take it," she said. "One night I thought I was about ready to faint onstage. Gus Johnson [the drummer in her accompanying group] had to lead me off, and I was almost literally trying to climb the backstage walls."

A doctor, warning that she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown, advised Granz to cancel most of her engagements. For a while the word was around that she would not work for the rest of the year. Only a few weeks elapsed, though, before she was tired of resting at home and ready to take on a few television shows. It is doubtful, though, that she will ever again invite the emotional chaos that was brought on by the one-nighter rat race.

Ironically, the European scene basically was a morale booster. "With the trend like it is now," she said, "the teenage sounds and everything, it's almost like you're afraid. There's nothing worse in life for a performer than to go out there and do nothing with an audience. I'm very self-conscious about people not liking me. I had gotten in a rut for three or four months at home, and I just began to feel like, well, I don't have it, you know, when you don't have a big hit record going for you. It

took Gus and a lot of people to convince me that those things aren't everything."

Despite the depressing over-all trend in U.S. popular music as she diagnoses it from the Top 40 charts, Ella hears a hopeful note in the increased musical sophistication of the college audiences:

"I think we're building a bigger and better audience for the concert type show at colleges and universities. There is a more mature crowd ready to show that they feel something has been missing. Look at the concert we did last spring in Los Angeles with Count Basie's band and Tony Bennett: we had a packed house, and the audience was not only college age but people in their 30s and 40s.

"The audience really listened too. Back in the early days of the tours with Norman everything was just hollering. They didn't really listen to what you were doing; they just hollered. But today it's a pleasure when you do one of those concerts. With stereo and everything, people have become more music conscious instead of just looking for noise and excitement.

"I would like to see Norman bring back Jazz at the Philharmonic in this country, with the kind of show these audiences would go for today. I think this is the right time for it."

Her relationship with Granz has been the most durably fruitful of her career. When the band that Ella had inherited from Webb hit Los Angeles 25 years ago, some of the men earned an occasional extra \$6 a night for playing at jam sessions run by the youthful Granz in a small local club.

"Sure, he used my musicians, but he didn't want me—he didn't dig me," Ella recalled with a smile.

A few years later, when Granz had moved from the clubs to concert halls and had bassist Ray Brown as a member of his road company, Ella came to a concert to see Brown. Spotted in the audience, she was asked to do a number. Granz grudgingly agreed, and Ella proceeded to gas the entire assemblage, including Granz. He offered her a contract, and she has remained the staple of his entourage from that day in 1948 until now.

During the early 1950s, Granz moved closer and closer into the picture. Despite the fact that she was with a booking agency and had another manager, he was instrumental in helping her to attain many goals that seemed beyond reach. For several years, with mortifying reluctance, he had to cut all her parts out of the series of JATP concert albums, because she was still contracted to Decca (and was still recording, for the most part, conventional pop songs with conventional backgrounds that did little to advance her musically). Not until 1955, when he finally negotiated a release for her, was Granz at last able to place her on his own label, Verve.

Not too long afterward, on a handshake basis, a personal management setup was established. For the last few years, though he now lives in Switzerland, Granz has continued to do a magisterial job, much of it by long-distance telephone, of guiding Ella's career. He still flies to this country every time she has a record date.

Granz and Ella fight as much as most artists and managers, perhaps more than most. The disagreements, as often as not, concern choice of material.

"One time in Milan," Granz recalled, "she wouldn't sing *April in Paris*, even though it was her big record at the time; she let the audience shout her into *Lady, Be Good*. When she came offstage she yelled at me, and I yelled louder at her, and we didn't speak to one another for three days. Some night I may tell her to do six songs, but she feels good and goes out there and stays on for an



hour and a half. It's part of her whole approach to life—the desire to sing and to please people by singing.”

Her desire to stay as long as she is wanted can easily be understood. Onstage, in command of an audience, she reveals little of the inner tensions that have wracked her so deeply. Offstage she can relapse too easily into a self-concern for which there is rarely, if ever, any artistic justification.

A typical incident that shook her fragile composure was the *Life* magazine story on Frank Sinatra a few months ago, in which he assessed some of his contemporaries, including Ella, whom he had known and admired apparently without qualification for 25 years.

“Frank said I didn’t know how to breathe right, and my phrasing was all wrong,” she said. “I was so upset about that, I really couldn’t sing for a week.”

It was not enough for anyone to assure her that similar criticism made of Sinatra by a fellow-singer would roll off his back like Jack Daniels, and that his criticism of her, according to a heavy majority opinion, is not supported by the facts. But Ella’s thin skin made it hard for her to take this one little sprinkle of negative comment, from a place she looks up to as the peak of the mountain despite the continuous thunderstorms of praise that have fallen on her since long before Sinatra’s name was ever heard of in music. To her, the Sinatra putdown was just another reminder of the uncertainties of her profession and of a situation that accords her a mere 99.99 percent of universal acceptance.

“The music business is funny,” she said, “You hear somebody this year, and next year nothing happens. If you don’t know anything else in life . . . well, when you start out it’s a pleasure, but later on it becomes your livelihood. For anyone who loves music as much as I do, it’s a part of you, and you don’t want to ever feel defeated.”

Told that her worldwide public image over the last three decades was more important than one man’s opinion or her current position in the charts and polls, she replied, “Yes, you can keep telling yourself that, but you can’t always believe it deep down. I needed that boost overseas, because I felt like nothing was happening here. And it was great, until the overwork caught up with me. Paris was wonderful. Dublin this year was just unbelievable. I just stood there onstage and cried; the audience was just too much. We played Hamburg, and they wouldn’t let me off; of course, they are very, very music-conscious there.”

**T**HE SHIFTING AREAS of music-consciousness in her native land and the musical leanings of the younger generation give rise to mixed feelings in Ella, who has watched the problem impinge slowly on her own family life.

“Raymond is 16,” she said, indicating the strapping young man, an inch over six feet tall, who had just arrived home from Beverly Hills High School. “I’ve got a little problem trying to make up my mind what to do about his music. He had a fine teacher, Bill Douglass, who said he has a good feeling for drums. He’s got that edge, and I would like him to take advantage of it, not just play that Ringo beat, which is what I call it because that’s where it all started. But he does these little weekend gigs for a few dollars, and it’s very exciting to him; but I’d like for him to concentrate on learning to read music so that he can do more with his ability. It’s a good thing that his father [Ray Brown, who was married to Ella from 1948 to 1952] is coming to Los Angeles to live. He’ll probably stay behind him and make him realize he’s got to do more. I don’t think Ray is in favor of his playing with these types of groups.”

For all her reservations about the premature career of Ray Jr., Ella will not invoke a blanket putdown of rock and roll. She recorded a Beatle song, *Can’t Buy Me Love*, wrote one of her own called *Ringo* (“but the disc jockeys just wouldn’t play it”), and retains too much of a sense of humor to be unduly bugged by the musical and personal eccentricities she sees on television.

The Ella Fitzgerald who came home from Europe in a state of semicollapse is yesterday’s child. Today, though still easily bruised, she is more relaxed, seems to have a firmer sense of her own direction, and looks forward with enthusiasm to a greater measure of spare time.

“I’ve got music stacked six feet high over in that other room—songs people have sent me that I never got a chance to look at,” she said. “Thousands of them. I want to really go through them and find some fresh, unused, good-quality tunes. I’ve been running so fast for so long that I never got a chance before.

“I want to catch up on my music studies too. Sure, I can read music, but not as well as I’d like to.

“I’ve always wanted to play vibes and guitar. Well, you see that guitar case over there? That’s my guitar, and I really want to learn. Herb Ellis may be coming out with me on some dates, and I’d like to take lessons from him. I’ve got the chord books and everything.”

Did she plan to play jazz guitar, bossa nova, or just simple chord accompaniments.

“I could never play bossa nova style,” she answered. “Not that I wouldn’t love to. I love some of the things that Antonio Carlos Jobim does. He gave me a tune one day that nobody’s done vocally, at least not in English I don’t think.” She hummed a few bars of *So Danco Samba* (*Jazz ‘n’ Samba*). “You know it? It’s a real swinger the way he does it in the album. Yeah, I dig that! But I would just like to learn guitar because there are a lot of folk tunes, and other kinds of beautiful songs, where maybe I could just help out by adding a few chords of my own.

“We haven’t arranged a starting date yet for my lessons, because I’m all tied up now getting ready for a new album with Duke Ellington. By the time this article is printed it’ll be finished. Jimmy Jones—now there’s a great underrated talent—Jimmy is coming out to get my keys and work on some of the music for Duke. This ought to help smooth things out a little, because the last time, it was a panic scene, with Duke almost making up the arrangements as we went along. Duke is a genius. I admire him as much as anyone in the world; but doing it that way, even though it was a lot of fun at times, got to be kind of nerve wracking.”

As we made plans to meet again at one of the Ellington dates, Ella came to the door, stopping for a moment to show me the autographed photograph of her with President Lyndon Johnson, which he had signed when she made a recent appearance to aid the campaign against school dropouts. The pride and humility with which she talked about the meeting reflected the persistent paradox of her life. Catapulted into a world that demands more and more work, often intense egocentricity and bitter rivalry in the fight for the gold-plated plaque at the end of the rainbow, she has remained one of the few singers for whom the typical American goals remain normal. Because it has always been the singing itself that means most to her, and because her modesty and musical honesty remain deeply ingrained, there never was any danger that Ella would go the wrong route—the route taken by those who, hell-bent for financial gain, become artistic dropouts.

As she stood at the door she smiled broadly. Her parting remark seemed to be made almost to herself:

“Well, it wasn’t such an ordeal after all, was it?”



# 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.

## Albert Ayler

MY NAME IS ALBERT AYLER—Fantasy 6016: *Bye, Bye, Blackbird*; *Billie's Bounce*; *Summertime*; *On Green Dolphin Street*; *C.T.*

Personnel: Ayler, soprano, tenor saxophone; Niels Bronsted, piano; Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, bass; Ronnie Gardiner, drums.

Rating: see below

With the exception of one track, *C.T.*, this record is not so much listenable music as it is a document of an impossible meeting.

The tone for most of it is set not by Ayler (who even under impossible conditions is a wild, stimulating player) but by Swedish pianist Bronsted, who is a rigid, crystallized, highly skilled example of what bebop has become and, obversely, of what it never will become. To hear his neat, centered comping to Ayler's screaming and pleading-to-be-let-free is an experience only few would enjoy.

The other musicians are less guilty; that is, they are more responsive to Ayler's cries for help.

In *Billie's Bounce*, Ayler sounds as if he is deliberately trying to play directly from the Parker tradition. Though his ideas are not spectacular, his point of view is. (I suspect he sounded like this for quite a while until he broke through.)

On *Dolphin* he almost gets free, but he can't shake the group (what price freedom?). On *Summertime* he plays music that is pure sadness. And the cocktail rhythm section makes him seem more suppliant, more lonesome.

The result is like a planned, perverse irony. Ayler's truest impulses (some nihilistic) are operating behind these wobbling, whimpering comments on the music he grew up in.

The exception is *C.T.* With drums and bass only, Ayler improvises freely. The performance stands up brilliantly today and is even more remarkable when it is taken into account that it was recorded in Europe in early 1963.

The players are all closely tuned in to each other. Though free playing has become more sophisticated in the intervening 2½ years, rarely do musicians even at this late date listen to each other with such

sensitivity. And Orsted Pedersen was only 16 at the time. . . .

If the whole were on the level of *C.T.*, it would be subject to critical appraisal (mine would be favorable). But as it stands, it is a curio for collectors only. The record is true in the sense that it shows Ayler growing out of his boyhood.

If you want Ayler (he's big stuff), ESP record No. 1002 is recommended. (B.M.)

## Brasil '65

IN PERSON AT EL MATADOR—Atlantic 8112: *Reza*; *O Morro*; *Samba Do Astronauta*; *Tem Do de Mim*; *Jodel*; *Samba de Jose*; *Noa Noa*; *Black Orpheus Medley (Manha de Carnaval)*; *Butique de Orfeu*; *Samba de Orfeu*; *A Felicidade*; *Arrastao*; *Vai de Vez*; *Caminho de Casa*. Personnel: Rosinha de Valenca, guitar; Sergio Mendes, piano; Sebastiao Neto, bass; Chico Batera, drums; Paulinho Magalhaes, percussion; Wanda de Sah, vocals.

Rating: ★★★★★

## Joao Donato

SAMBOU, SAMBOU—Pacific Jazz 90: *Muito a Vontade*; *Tim Dom Dom*; *Pra Que Chorar*; *Sambu*; *Sambu*; *Jodel*; *Vamos Nessa*; *Minha Saudade*; *Naquela Base*; *Olhou Pra Mim*; *Tema Teimoso*; *So Se For Agora*; *Caminho de Casa*. Personnel: Donato, piano; Sebastiao Neto, bass; Milton Banana, drums; Amaury Rodrigues, bongos, pandeiro.

Rating: ★★★★★

## Charlie Byrd

BRAZILIAN BYRD—Columbia 2337: *Corcovado*; *Jazz 'n' Samba*; *That Look You Wear*; *The Girl from Ipanema*; *Samba Do Aviao*; *Engano*; *Amor E Paz*; *Dindi*; *Cancao Do Amor Demais*; *As Praias Desertas*; *Samba Torto*; *Someone to Light Up My Life*.

Personnel: Byrd, guitar; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★★★★

Though interest in bossa nova has abated quite a bit after the deluge of a couple of years ago, it hardly has withered on the vine of popular acceptance. The flood of b.n. discs apparently had the result of creating a stable core of fans for the delightful, airy, graceful music of contemporary Brazil. I, for one, am grateful that a sufficiently large coterie of aficionados does exist, for it permits the release of such albums as these three.

The Brasil '65 set is utterly charming, a happy, wholly enjoyable, and musical performance by the group of young Brazilians that since November, 1964, has been enchanting American audiences (though the most recent edition of the troupe employs a considerably changed personnel from that heard here). I do not know when these performances were taped at San Francisco's El Matador, but whenever it was, the tape recorders caught the group at the top of its game.

Miss DeSah (heard on *O Morro*, *Tem Do De Mi*, *Felicidade*, and *Arrastao*) fares considerably better in this all-Portuguese program than she did in the earlier Brasil '65 album on Capitol or in her own set for that label. In the latter she was out of tune, and her phrasing was wooden, but neither of these faults is present in the performances at hand. Here she sings with an appealing rhythmic resilience that suits the pieces perfectly, phrases easily and naturally, and brings these songs alive with a joyous exuberance and simple charm she was unable to muster for her own LP's performances (one can only suppose that her unfamiliarity with the subtleties and inflections of English is responsible for her lack of success in that set). The hard-edged tone that was so grating—when coupled with poor intonation—in those

performances is captivating here.

The unforced felicity and engaging charm of these four numbers make them, I feel, her best on record thus far. And among them is to be found a real gem—*Arrastao*, one of the most appealingly melodic songs to come out of Brazil in some time. Much of the performance's effectiveness resides in its pairing of opposites—the relatively static rhythmic accompaniment pitted against a gently descending, fluidly lyrical melodic line, for example.

The rest of the troupe turns in far more than competent performances. The rhythm section is tightly knit and capable of generating strength or delicacy with equal ease. And the members are masters of the supple, insinuating b.n. rhythms.

Mendes is an extremely accomplished pianist with a richly imaginative mind. Every one of his solos in this set is a well-shaped and flowing improvisation. His delicate, shimmering treatment of Joao Donato's *Jodel* recalls Bill Evans. It is beautifully, impressionistically colored, and Mendes' feathery touch imparts an air of ethereality to it. Yet it is never flaccid or mushy.

Mendes also is one of the most sensitive accompanists I've heard in this music. His comments behind Mles. DeSah and DeValenca are always apt, helpful, and economical.

I cannot bring myself to believe that Miss DeValenca is as musically naive as the liner notes make her out to be. They declare she cannot read music and does not even know the names of the chords she plays! In any event, she is a more than passable guitarist in the b.n. idiom. Her sense of swing is unerring, and she improvises well (there is more than a little blues in her playing, as her improvisation on *Carnaval* reveals); moreover, her ensemble work is intelligent and resilient.

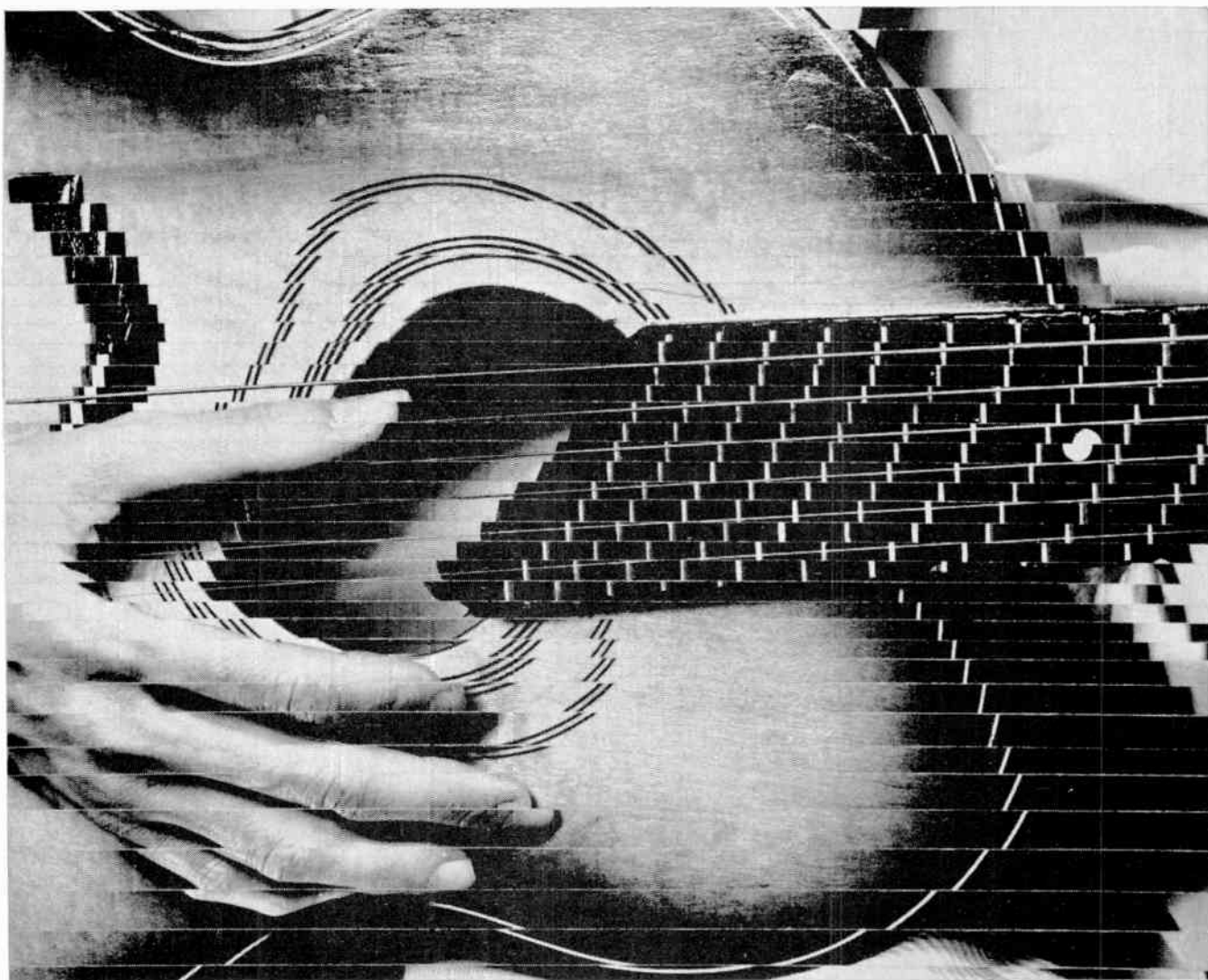
It would be hard to conceive of a finer showing of the varied talents of the Brasil '65 troupe than this seductive set.

The Donato album suffers, in comparison, from a lack of variety—sonically and improvisationally. Though he is an attractive melodist (as his 10 compositions in this set attest), Donato is not yet a sufficiently accomplished improviser to hold one's attention through an LP devoted to his piano work. And even the brevity of the tracks cannot make up for the paucity of invention.

A case in point is *Jodel*: Mendes' version is much more sensitive to the intent of the melodic line than is the composer's rendition. The Brasil '65 pianist colors it much more deliciously and brings out much more imaginatively the subtle, impressionistic beauty that is implicit in its contours than does Donato. The composer, in comparison, plays it rather inflexibly and—one is tempted to say—much less understandingly. And Donato has a far less interesting harmonic conception than does Mendes. It will be interesting, however, to watch his further development, for his compositions reveal that his is a potentially formidable talent.

Donato's set would have benefited greatly from the addition of several other solo





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voices, as his earlier, much more satisfying record with saxophonist-flutist Bud Shank makes clear.

The album of bossa nova compositions (most of them by the lyrical Antonio Carlos Jobim) played by Byrd is somewhat disappointing.

Byrd's playing is, as usual, impeccably detailed and harmonically rich, and his solos are shot through with the grace and delicacy we have come to expect of him. Particularly memorable are his renditions of *That Look You Wear*, his rhythmically interesting improvisation on *Ipanema* (especially the coda), and the complexity of *Cancao*.

The disappointment comes largely from the rather stickily sentimental and glossily heavy-handed arrangements by Tom Newsum. Three of the dozen were arranged by Byrd—*That Look*, *Engano* (which sounds more French than Brazilian), and *Cancao*—and they are by far the most effective in the set.

Three different orchestral settings are employed—strings, one woodwind, and French horn; brass and two woodwinds; and strings, woodwinds, and French horn—but through most of them blows the cold, clammy air of commercialism. Most of the settings are marred by overstatement. The brass settings are particularly inapposite to the warm, languid feeling of the music; they are much too strident and percussive. And the string arrangements are more saccharine than romantic, negating by their heavy-handedness the grace and ardor of Byrd's playing.

Five stars for Byrd's work, but an average of three for the set as a whole. (P.W.)

## Andre Benichou

JAZZ GUITAR BACH—Nonesuch 1069 and 71069: *Bourree; Minuet in D Minor; Prelude in C Minor; Prelude in E Minor; Gavotte; Minuet; Fugue in C Major; Minuet; Minuet; Prelude in A Minor; Chorale; Gavotte; Bourree; Prelude II in D Minor*.

Personnel: Benichou, electric guitar; unidentified harpsichord, bass, drums.

Rating: see below

This disc will be of slight interest to jazz fans, for, with the sole exception of a jazz-oriented rhythm section propelling leader Benichou's rather straightforward playing, its jazz qualities are all but nil.

Benichou engages in no improvisation on these small-scale Bach works but rather just states single melodic lines in strict transcriptions for the three instruments (his guitar, electric bass, and harpsichord—the latter of which, by the way, most often plays a mere single line as well). The transcriptions have been adapted for the most part from Bach keyboard works—the English and French harpsichord suites, the Anna Magdalena notebook, etc.

The results are rather disappointing. Benichou's guitar has a harsh, strident, metallic sound that is not well suited to these charming, delicate pieces. And the use of plectrum further hardens the sound.

Most of these pieces cry out for a more graceful, singing treatment of the melodic line than Benichou is able to give them—and much of the harshness in the music is doubtless due to the use of pick, though certainly Benichou's graceless, inelegant phrasing is no minor culprit. Moreover, there is no attempt at all at the dynamic variation that gives these pieces such

charm at the keyboard.

Modern guitar amplifiers are capable of a wide variety of sonic effects, and it seems to this listener that an approximation of keyboard registration effects could have been achieved through an imaginative use of the electronic capabilities of the amplifier. But, no, everything here is taken at the same dynamic and coloristic level. As a result of this and Benichou's ponderous handling of the melodic lines, there is no subtlety in these performances.

Classical listeners, as well, will be put off by Benichou's stiff, inflexible, heavy-handed playing (if not by the very idea!). One is left wondering whom this neither-fish-nor-fowl contrivance is designed to titillate. Best thing about the album is Edward Sorel's groovy cover painting.

(P.W.)

## Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis

THE LATE SHOW—Prestige 7357: *Dee Dee's Dance; Billie's Bounce; Epistrophe; Light and Lovely*.

Personnel: Davis, Johnny Griffin, tenor saxophones; Junior Mance, piano; Larry Gales, bass; Ben Riley, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

Davis and Griffin by now have collaborated on so many live and recorded performances that it seems impossible to conceive of a jazz fan who has not heard them enough to be familiar with the kind of sounds they deal in.

This album was taped at the famous Minton's in Harlem on Jan. 6, 1961, and is the third record of that night's music to be released by Prestige.

The first side is somewhat lackluster. The men go through the motions as if the hour were really late and they wanted to get home to warm covers. *Dance* and *Bounce* don't. They just lie there, and nobody bothers to pick them up. Even Mance, in my view one of the most consistently good pianists, couldn't bring them out of the yawns. Thelonious Monk's *Epistrophe*, however, kicks in a different mood. From Riley's rapid-fire tsing-a-ding intro, the listener knows this will be a different piece of pie. The brief Riley opener brings the tenors charging in tandem with the theme. Then Davis chalks up a sizzler, a buoyant, infectious romp. Mance follows in kind. Bass and drums keep stoking the boiler. Back to two tenors and out. This is the type of head-shaking jazz that pulls one from his seat.

*Lovely* isn't quite so impassioned, but considering its length (12 minutes plus), it is no less engaging. Mance provides a dextrous interlude between Davis and Griffin, a refreshing passage that once again whets the appetite for the tenor sound. Unfortunately, neither Gales nor Riley appears as soloist. A shame. (D.N.)

## Dukes of Dixieland

DUKES OF DIXIELAND LIVE AT BOURBON STREET (CHICAGO)—Decca 4653: *Opening Theme; China Boy; Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans?; Cbarade; I Will Wait for You; More; Struttin' with Some Barbecue; Hello, Dolly!; Red Roses for a Blue Lady; High Society; Fiddler on the Roof; Bourbon Street Blues; South Rampart Street Parade*.

Personnel: Frank Assunto, trumpet, vocal; Dave Remington, trombone; Jerry Fuller, clarinet; Gene Schroeder, piano; Papa Jac Assunto, banjo, trombone; Red Brown, bass; Barrett Deems, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

A better-than-average entertainment package, and a group that can deliver a



walloping jazz punch on occasion, the Dukes continue to show increments in taste and polish.

The key man, as Stanley Dance remarks in the notes, is Frank Assunto, a trumpeter with agile, free-flowing lines; a good sound; and an instinctive sense of the dramatic curve of a performance. He is surrounded with good men, but it is his horn, especially in the full-sail closing choruses, that charms.

Clarinetist Fuller, still very much in Benny Goodman's shadow, plays, nevertheless, with imaginative strength throughout. Remington, substituting for the then-ailing Fred Assunto, is an excellent musician and has had no problem fitting himself to this group. Schroeder is somewhat disappointing in his solos. He is fleet, and he swings, but here he does not seem to have the imaginative energy that the others do.

Recorded live, this album is free of the boxed atmosphere that many studio sessions usually have. *China Boy* opens light as a feather and billows into a rousing series of solos. *Do You Know What It Means?* has a winning trumpet spot after the vocal with tight, quiet lines. The standout of the album is the *Charade* track with its firebrand of Ellington colors in the introduction, Fuller's notable solo, and Frank's charged upper-register after a sudden key change.

All in all, a pleasing album. (G.M.E.)

#### Booker Ervin

THE SPACE BOOK—Prestige 7386: *Number Two*; *I Can't Get Started*; *Mojo*; *There Is No Greater Love*.

Personnel: Ervin, tenor saxophone; Jaki Byard, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Alan Dawson, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

I have mixed feelings about this record.

It has an intensity that is highly stimulating and gives the performances an almost inescapable attraction. But at the same time, the tension is what draws away from the album's effectiveness—when practically everything is played with equal intensity, the potential power and beauty are diminished by the lack of contrast.

Then there is Ervin's "cry," a moving thing to experience. He imparts to it all the connotations readily called to mind: sadness, exultation, fury, pain. All these qualities exist in his playing simultaneously.

On the other hand, though, Ervin often seems to be Jacob wrestling with the Lord, so wrought up is his labor. But that labor on several occasions brings forth a fruit of handsome shape, strong color, and tart flavor.

Ervin also has the ability to be indirect and direct at the same time, a seeming contradiction. His lines, arching and skating over the convolute accompaniment, are not easily charted, but the emotion he displays, the emotion he evokes, is immediately evident.

Ervin's fire-and-brimstone playing on *Number Two* seems to be straining at the limits of his horn and the composition. His *Mojo* work includes a few swing-era licks mixed with John Coltrane runs and is his least satisfying solo. Ervin indulges in almost-slapstick humor on *Greater*

*Love*, poking good-natured fun at the theme, flavoring it with bittersweet mawkishness; his second chorus, though, is an excellent example of his combining pain and joy in his playing.

*Started* is a gem, one of the most emotionally satisfying recorded performances issued this year. Ervin, in a magnificent 2½ choruses, is able to plead without self-pity, to weep but not sob. He pulls the chords asunder, touches this part and that, and then puts them back together—and does it all in such a way that there is never an effect of mere chord-running. It is an illuminating display of an artistic sense of construction and reconstruction.

Byard, whose solos on the other tracks are attractive, though a bit disjointed, is excellent on *Started*. His reflective, impressionistic 16 bars (there are times when he aurally suggests the illusion of mists rising from the moors) are in perfect counterpoise to Ervin's muscularity.

Davis, who adds much to each track with his sensitive backing, is beautiful on *Started*—his support is practically a conversation with Ervin and Byard. And his playing throughout is an almost constant dialog with Dawson's, which makes for some invigorating effects in the rhythm section. On *Number Two* they and Byard add immeasurably to the off-the-wall effect of Ervin's solo by providing a background that allows the tenorist to soar while they dart around him. On the same track, Dawson plays some blistering exchanges with Ervin. Dawson obviously is a man who knows exactly what he's doing every moment, a splendid musician.

Well, mixed feelings, but thankfully, *feelings*, something one is not always left with after listening to much of the current jazz record output. (D.DeM.)

#### Astrud Gilberto

THE SHADOW OF YOUR SMILE—Verve 8629: *The Shadow of Your Smile*; *Arianda*; *Manha de Carnaval*; *Fly Me to the Moon*; *The Gentle Rain*; *Nonstop to Brazil*; *O Ganso*; *Who Can I Turn To?*; *Day by Day*; *Tristeza*; *Funny World*.

Personnel: unidentified orchestra, Joao Donato, Claus Ogerman, Don Sebesky, arrangers; Bob Brookmeyer (tracks 2, 10), Urbie Green (tracks 4, 9), Kai Winding, trombones; Mrs. Gilberto, vocals.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Ambivalence is listening to Astrud Gilberto. She conjures up every image that can be called romantic, and part of her hypnotism can be attributed to a voice that *Time* magazine described as incapable of cutting through smoke.

She also violates the most basic precept of vocalizing: she simply cannot sustain a tone, a flaw that ingratiates her to that segment of the record-buying public tired of being pounded with decibels.

Oddly enough, her breathy, vibratoless softness stems from the same root: a lack of sustaining power that robs each note of it proper projection. The most serious result is her questionable intonation, with slow ballads her worst enemies, especially ballads in English. *Fly Me* is the most obvious example of distorted pitch. *Who Can I Turn To?*, *Day by Day*, and the title tune suffer in the same manner but to a much lesser degree.

Even her "own" tunes fail to permit her

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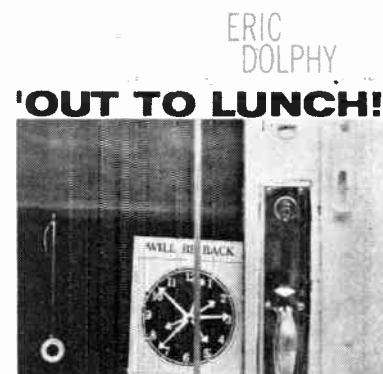
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to escape her shortcomings. *Gentle Rain* and *Manha* have hauntingly beautiful melodies, but Mrs. Gilberto's renditions soon become wearying because they're one-dimensional. Everything the girl sings is soft, and after a while, the lack of dynamics takes its toll.

Those tracks with some rhythmic interest account for her best moments. *Ganso* is an excellent scatlike romp through an infectious samba, heightened by the simplicity of arrangements with just rhythm, guitar, flute, and trombone, the horn sounding like Kai Winding's. The same comment can be made for another fanciful bossa nova, *Tristeza*.

This is not an indirect way of complaining about the more elaborate arrangements. On the contrary, each track—whether sparing or sumptuous—glows with thoughtful, tailor-made backgrounds. Only the voice they were designed for does not measure up. And the echo chambers certainly don't help. That's like writing mistakes on carbon paper. (H.S.)

### Dexter Gordon

ONE FLIGHT UP—Blue Note 4176: *Tanya*; *Coppin' the Haven*; *Darn That Dream*.

Personnel: Donald Byrd, trumpet; Gordon, tenor saxophone; Kenny Drew, piano; Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Gordon is a consistently satisfying jazz musician. Either in person or on records his playing is straightforward and emotional but always sculptured in flowing, unadorned phrases that wend through the chords in such a manner as to belie their great rhythmic strength. And it is Gordon's conception of time that makes him such an excellent musician—without it, his highly musical ideas would be less moving.

On *Tanya* and *Haven*, he constructs solos with his usual care and attention to the shape of the entire improvisation. Both compositions are similar in their reliance on modes a good deal of the time, but Gordon, unlike many other jazzmen, does not depend on "licks" that fit a particular sequence, no matter the theme; instead, he builds individual statements—the mark of an artist.

Gordon also is a master of the ballad. His first two choruses on *Dream*, his most moving solo in this album, maintain poignant sadness without dipping into sentimentality. His tone seems almost perfectly suited to ballad playing—full-bodied, warm but uncloying. The relaxation he achieves is never allowed to become flabby; he evidently has an inner voice that tells him when the line needs tightening.

Drew's solos, like Gordon's, are uncluttered (though not uncomplex) and reveal keen musicianship, one that considers the whole as well as the parts. On *Tanya* he builds a handsome solo that places chords in opposition to single-note phrases. But his most moving playing is on *Dream*, a lovely 16 bars between Gordon's statements.

Pedersen, not yet 20, is a strong, sure bassist. He is confined to section work on this record, but his underpinnings do much to vary the music's texture. He and Taylor work well together too.

Byrd is present only on *Tanya* and *Haven*, and while his solos are highly com-

petent, they lack the invention of his playing in the past. Both his lengthy improvisations are similar, employing in some instances the same phrases. Perhaps this would not have happened if either his *Tanya* or Drew's *Haven* had been dropped in favor of a more contrasting composition. (D.DeM.)

### Woody Herman

MY KIND OF BROADWAY—Columbia 2357: *I Feel Pretty*; *A Lot of Livin' to Do*; *Get Me to the Church on Time*; *Who Can I Turn To?*; *My Favorite Things*; *I Do Like You*; *Never Will I Marry*; *Warm All Over*; *This Can't Be Love*; *Somewhere*; *Hello, Young Lovers*; *The Sound of Music*.

Personnel: Gerald Lamy, Bill Chase, Dusko Goykovich, Don Rader, Bob Shew, Ziggy Harrell, Larry Ford, Billy Hunt, trumpets; Henry Southall, Bob Stroup, Phil Wilson, trombones; Herman, clarinet, alto saxophone; Andy McGhee, Gary Klein, Raoul Romero, tenor saxophones; Tom Anastas, baritone saxophone; Nat Pierce, piano; Chuck Andrus, bass; Ronnie Zito, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

This is disappointing Herman fare. With certain exceptions, the arrangements are routine, the blowing commonplace.

The scores sound as if they were written by young fogies. They take us back to the past without invoking even a sentimental nostalgia; they are strait jackets from which the band cannot tear loose. The exceptions are the three Bill Holman arrangements—*Marry*, *Warm*, *Can't Be Love*—and *Lovers* by Romero. Holman supplies the musicians an opportunity to swing buoyantly, freely, without rigidity.

This is not to say that these outings are masterpieces of originality. *Can't Be Love*, for example, opens with a by now trite Gospel bit, which continues behind most of Herman's vocal, his only one of the album. The device does not seem at all suited to the body of the arrangement; it is an appendage merely for effect instead of being organically related to the whole. Ignoring the Gospel flavoring, the rest of *Can't Be Love* is an exciting and tasty treat.

The solos are brief—more asides than they are statements. Only one draws more than a flicker of response: Goykovich's on *Lovers*.

Sounds as if Broadway was too big a crossing for this Herd. (D.N.)

### Bobby Hutcherson

DIALOGUE—Blue Note 4198: *Catta*; *Idle While*; *Les Noirs Marchent*; *Dialogue*; *Ghetto Lights*.

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Sam Rivers, tenor and soprano saxophones, bass clarinet, flute; Hutcherson, vibraphone, marimba; Andrew Hill, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Joe Chambers, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

It is possible to divide this music in two. *Catta*, *Idle*, and *Ghetto* are familiar, accomplished statements. *Les Noirs* and *Dialogue* go beyond the well-defined musical vocabulary.

*Catta* is modal and ostinato-ish, right in the main groove. Though undistinctive it is strong and alive. Good jazz.

*Idle* is dull compositionally but has some good counterpoint between Davis and Hutcherson. The vibist reveals a generous melodic gift.

*Ghetto* is of the neon-sign, cinematic convention but nevertheless has pretty trumpet by Hubbard, who plays well throughout the album.

*Les Noirs* is an adventurous hodgepodge



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of idioms. The tonality is freer, but the harmonic problem is not solved. The figures are repetitive and coloristic. The music does not advance nor does it cohere or sustain. But. . . It is not boring. Often it is intriguing. Within the freedom, everyone is trying hard for a meeting. Someone is always making it—or just barely missing it. So the music always leads somewhere. It always creates. But it doesn't reveal.

*Dialogue* is similar. It also is harmonically static. The music is generally polytonal and polymetric. Even so, one gets the sense that the musicians are trying to avoid key center and metric center, which would be fine, except that the individual creative spirit seems tonally and metrically generated. So layers of music are heard instead of music. *Dialogue* is not a piece.

This, Hutcherson's first date as leader, may not make the big thing, but it makes many smaller things. (B.M.)

#### New York Art Quartet

NEW YORK ART QUARTET—ESP 1004; *Short; Sweet; Rosmosis; No. 6; Black Dada Nihilismus.*

Personnel: Roswell Rudd, trombone; John Tchicai, alto saxophone; Lewis Worrell, bass; Milford Graves, percussion; LeRoi Jones, recitation.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

This is the cream of the avant-garde—four strong soloists who play together with the harmonic and contrapuntal cogency of good Dixieland.

I find Rudd the most exciting soloist. He is the most advanced trombonist on the scene, and he is prominently displayed here. His sound is so full of "edge" that

it is often difficult to tell in which octave he is most centered. His special use of harmonics seems to set in motion a wave pattern difficult to describe but not difficult to hear.

All his solos are good here; the most absorbing is on *Sweet*. It is made up of enormous intervals, which he uses constructively—yea, revealingly!

Tchicai seems more directed than usual (I sometimes get from him a feeling of randomness). *Short*, especially, finds him very lyrical, very receptive. He is a gentle persuader.

Worrell and Graves solo well. Graves has a limited repertoire, but within it, he is endlessly creative. His solos flow like a stream of undirected consciousness; they hold one because of their certainty, their undeniable presence. His metabolism, however, is consistently shallow and fast. One misses deep, slow breaths.

More impressive than the solos is the group playing. Even at its least efficient, one hears the group desiring that leap into being-one-together. The listening experience and the playing experience are similar here: a serious search through real or potential chaos for affirmation and order. This differs from some contemporary classical music (scanning the order to discover freedom) and some avant-garde jazz (digging the chaos for itself). The way presented here seems to have the greatest possibilities.

Some things don't make it in the group playing: there are many wasted notes; the textures don't change frequently enough in proportion to the organization of their detail; and the group doesn't breathe enough together. This question of breathing is crucial and must be met. Music cannot go on all the same for too long. Music wants silence.

One of the trends that mark the growth of this new music is the growing ability of musicians to change the over-all textures together easily. Another (more important) is the trend away from soloism into true group existence.

The New York Art Quartet fairly indicates how far these sensitivities have been developed. Still the music is given too much to solos, and there are long stretches of mono-colored terrain. Yet there are moments in *Short* when everyone hears pitches, circles, and everything else together. Here, as in other places, the direction of the new music is emerging without confusion.

*Nihilismus* is a setting of a LeRoi Jones poem recited by the poet himself.

Jones, a complex man, strikes me as a true lie. The lie is given, not voluntary. To get a sense of his misery, his fragmentation, listen to him pronounce the name of the painter Mondrian. Jones couldn't say "Mondrian" believably to save his soul; yet he needs the dead Frenchman in the same way that we need Jones—that need is inescapable. And to make it even deeper, Jones is a very good poet, possibly a great one. "May a lost god . . . rest or save us against the murders we intend," he says, adding, if I may say so, to the purchaseability of this record.

Recommended.

(B.M.)



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## Tony Parenti

TONY PARENTI AND HIS DOWNTOWN BOYS—Jazzology 11: *Railroad Man*; *Atlanta Blues*; *Wildcat Blues*; *Chantez les Bas*; *Ballin' the Jack*; *Eccentric Rag*; *Shreveport Stomp*; *Catact Rag*; *Star Dust*; *Alexander's Ragtime Band*.

Personnel: Parenti, clarinet; Dick Wellstood, piano; Sam Ulano, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This clarinet trio is out of the Jelly Roll Morton trio mold (particularly the Morton trio with clarinetist Johnny Dodds) rather than the Benny Goodman mode. And what fine, warm, full-bodied jazz Parenti and friends play!

Parenti, with his rich, woodsy tone, sounds like a rampant Pan cavorting in an especially bosky dell. He plays with tremendous pleasure and with obvious feeling for rags, blues, and stomps while Wellstood romps and strides along with him, spreading joy wherever he goes. Ulano is a suitably supportive drummer who listens and accompanies and gives relatively little thought to calling attention to himself (so he can be forgiven the peccadillo of one short solo on *Jack*).

Oddly, three of the selections (*Catact*, *Shreveport*, and *Jack*) were recorded four years after the rest. Yet, barring a slight thinning in Parenti's tone, there has been scarcely any change in the trio's playing during the intervening years.

Stylistically, the performances are all of a piece except for *Star Dust*, an odd inclusion on which Parenti gets so flowery he winds up seguing into *Rhapsody in Blue*.

The disc marks the 15th anniversary of George H. Buck's Jazzology records, and the choice of Parenti as the anniversary artist was deliberate and significant—he also made the first record released by Jazzology. (J.S.W.)

## Johnny (Hammond) Smith

THE STINGER—Prestige 7408: *The Stinger*; *There Is No Greater Love*; *Brother John*; *Cleopatra and the African Knight*; *You Don't Know What Love Is*; *Benny's Diggin'*.

Personnel: Houston Person, Earl Edwards, tenor saxophones; Johnny Smith, organ; Floyd Smith, guitar; John Harris, drums.

Rating: ★★★

Here's some good meat-and-potatoes music—not particularly fresh in concept but strong and infectious.

The LP is intelligently programed, offering a variety of selections. *Stinger* is a slow blues on which Floyd Smith sets down rolling bass lines, imparting a boogie-woogieish quality; *John* is a tasteful rock-and-roll performance; and *Knight* is an attractive misterioso piece underlaid by Latin rhythm. *Diggin'*, Johnny Smith's flagwaver, (he wrote all the originals) is taken way up, *Greater Love* at a bounce tempo, and *You Don't Know* at the usual slow pace.

The solos, as one might expect, drip with blues feeling. Smith is one of the more inventive organists on the scene—not a startlingly original musician, perhaps, but an honest one. He avoids sensational effects and doesn't depend on stock figures alone. I particularly liked his surging, well-organized work on *What Love Is*.

The tenorists perform competently; they have similar earthy styles. Person's charging spots on *Knight* and *Diggin'* are among the highlights of the record.

Incidentally, Don Schlitten's cover design depicting a comic book superhero (he looks like Green Lantern, though the color of his costume isn't the same) is a clever example of pop art. (H. P.)

## Lucky Thompson

HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN—Prestige 7394: *Happy Days Are Here Again*; *Safari*; *Cry Me a River*; *You Don't Know What Love Is*; *People*; *As Time Goes By*.

Personnel: Thompson, tenor and soprano saxophones; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Jack Melady, harp; George Tucker, bass; Walter Perkins, drums.

Rating: ★★★

The lithe, flowing elegance of tone that once was one of the most winning characteristics of Thompson's work has turned thin and strangely hoarse in these performances.

This is most noticeable in his opening choruses, when he tends to state a melody in somewhat static fashion. Once that is out of the way, his playing becomes considerably freer; but even when he is putting together a series of fleet runs, he still seems to be restricted.

Flanagan's work is much more loose and open, and he adds considerably to the group's effectiveness.

The five pop tunes that Thompson has chosen to play are not particularly enticing (despite annotator David Himmelstein's noble effort to attribute the whole thing to a Barbra Streisand syndrome). None of them is a match for Thompson's *Safari*, which has an engaging theme. (J.S.W.)



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# BLINDFOLD TEST

1. Donald Byrd. **6 M's** (from *Royal Flush*, Blue Note). Byrd, trumpet, composer; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone.

**H.C.:** They all got in a very good blues mood there. It had a nice feeling all the way. I don't know who the baritone player was, but he got a good, big sound.

**G.M.:** It was interesting to me in that this is essentially a very basic, three-chord blues thing, and under these circumstances, sometimes it's difficult for a soloist to keep his conception on a very elementary level harmonically. It seems to me that the trumpet player did this more completely than the baritone, who tended to become a little more complicated.

**H.C.:** I'd say it's worth four stars.

**G.M.:** I'll go along with that.

2. Woody Herman. **I Remember Duke** (from *Road Band*, Capitol). Herman, clarinet, composer; Nat Pierce, piano; Jack Nimitz, baritone saxophone. Recorded in 1955.

**G.M.:** Yeah! Woody!

**H.C.:** Right—you can't mistake that sound. It was a hard-swinging band too. There was a little Ellington touch when they used the plungers in that first chorus. . . . I liked the stride piano effect, but he didn't keep it going.

**G.M.:** I'm trying to figure out which Herman band this is. It could be from the early period. There was one passage that sounded like an awkward splice, but I wonder whether it wasn't made before they started using tape. Anyhow, the solo work was good. The baritone was effective toward the end, but he used some questionable changes. As far as his sound is concerned, he sounded like me; from the period this comes from, and the uncertainty about changes, it could be Serge Chaloff.

**H.C.:** I liked it 3½ stars' worth. Baritone was nice on the whole.

**G.M.:** I'd say about three.

3. John Coltrane. **Chim Chim Cheree** (from *John Coltrane Plays . . . Impulse*). Coltrane, soprano saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

**H.C.:** The tune itself is all right; we played it in the Ellington album of *Mary Poppins* tunes. I liked the part in front here, where they played the melody. Then it started going into those Eastern sounds, almost like an Oriental-type instrument instead of a saxophone. I've heard things like that played in the Middle East. It gets kind of monotonous after a while. The rhythm section was good. I'd give it maybe two to three stars.

**G.M.:** You're right, it did get to sound like a double-reed instrument. It wasn't exactly my favorite record. I'd agree with your rating.

4. Maynard Ferguson. **The Lady's in Love with You** (from *Color Him Wild*, Mainstream). Ferguson, trumpet; Ronnie Cuber, baritone saxophone; Don Rader, arranger.

**H.C.:** There seemed to be some difference between the balance on the saxophone section passages and the sound on the rest of it—it didn't match. But the trumpet player was good, and the arrangement built up well enough.

By **LEONARD FEATHER**

The Battle of the Baritones came about purely by chance. Harry Carney was in town; I had never conducted a *Blindfold Test* with him and made a solo appointment. Then Gerry Mulligan, who has visited this page three times before (but not in the last five years), became available on the same day.

As any student of the saxophone should know, Carney is to the baritone what Coleman Hawkins is to the tenor. In addition to his role as founding father, he has the unique distinction of being the sideman of longest duration in any jazz group now extant, having recently started his 40th year as a member of the Duke Ellington Orchestra.

Mulligan, though only 38, may seem to younger jazz fans like a senior citizen, almost two decades having passed since he went to New York from Philadelphia and joined Gene Krupa's big band.



## HARRY CARNEY-GERRY MULLIGAN

**G.M.:** The baritone player sounded like he had a hell of a lot to say, but. . .

**H.C.:** But he was trying to say it all at once.

**G.M.:** Right. And between the big sound and everything he was blowing, it got to be a bit overpowering. You can get a sound like that just by getting right on top of the microphone. He eased up a little later in the solo. I'd say three stars.

**H.C.:** Make mine 3½.

5. Elvin Jones. **Elvin Elpus** (from *And Then Again*, Atlantic). Charles Davis, baritone saxophone; Jones, drums; Melba Liston, composer.

**G.M.:** Boy, that just *had* to be a date where the drummer was the leader. There was no mistaking that. There sure was an awful lot going on, but it didn't jell too well. It just wouldn't be fair to judge the baritone player by what he does here.

**H.C.:** I think that what they were attempting here had some possibilities, but perhaps they should have devoted more time to it. Three stars.

**G.M.:** He gives it three stars because he's nicer than I am. I'll give it two. Incidentally, they didn't do very well with the 5/4 meter; it sounded more like an unswinging job of 3/4.

6. Gerry Mulligan-Ben Webster. **Chelsea Bridge** (from *Mulligan Meets Webster*, Verve). Webster, tenor saxophone; Mulligan, baritone saxophone; Billy Strayhorn, composer.

**G.M.:** Ten stars! Anything Benjie plays on automatically gets 10.

**H.C.:** Of course, Ben can do no wrong, and here he's playing this beautiful opening solo; yet you're forced also to listen to Gerry's obbligato. This commands immediate attention right at the beginning of the record, and all the way through there's something to keep listening for and you always know it's going to come off. Gerry does just about everything good that can be done on the baritone; in terms of mood, quality, taste, control, ideas, it was perfect; and the tune itself, of course, is beautiful.

**G.M.:** God, I love to play with Ben.

**H.C.:** I'm sure, by the same token, he had a ball.

**G.M.:** It's very hard for me to select

one album as the best of all I ever made, but this really does rate as my favorite.

**H.C.:** I'll go the limit on that one. Five and then five more!

7. Duke Ellington. **Rhapsody in Blue** (from *Will Big Bands Ever Come Back?*, Reprise). Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet; Paul Gonsalves, tenor saxophone; Harry Carney, baritone saxophone; Sam Woodyard, drums; George Gershwin, composer; Billy Strayhorn, arranger.

**G.M.:** What a wonderful opening. I'll give it five stars on its own and another five for Harry. I also love the beautiful, gentle tenor solo that Paul plays. Jimmy Hamilton's solo was fine, and the arrangement was great.

The only passage I wasn't too crazy about was where it got into the use of the kettle-drum effects, making it a very percussive thing. It was a little in the style of the way Whiteman played it when Ferde Grofe orchestrated it. I know what the intent was, but it's a really haunting melody, and I prefer not to hear that done to it. I never did like the Whiteman version.

On second thought, I don't even mind that part; I like the whole arrangement. Nothing associated with the Ellington sound ever needs any justification.

**H.C.:** The arranger was beautiful. The arranger is beautiful. And, of course, it comes out in this.

**G.M.:** That Sweet pea?

**H.C.:** Yes.

**G.M.:** It was gorgeous.

### Afterthoughts By H.C., G.M.

**G.M.:** Baritone players tend to have an inconsistency of sound between different parts of their register. Some baritone men can't work up a consistent sound because they use it as a secondary instrument.

**H.C.:** This session has been most enlightening and enjoyable. I've heard some fine baritone players.

**G.M.:** Yes, I heard some interesting things and some wonderful playing, but I still have only one favorite baritone player—even if he does happen to be sitting here.

**H.C.:** You must be getting into ESP—you just beat me to the punch, vice versa!

**[EJ]**

## CAUGHT IN THE ACT

(Continued from page 14)

to release two albums from the tapes.

Organist Lou Bennett's set followed, rounding out the first evening. Bennett used guitarist Jimmy Gourley and drummer Jean Louis Viale, with whom he frequently works in Paris. In all, it was a groovy set, with Bennett's organ mastery balanced nicely with the light, melodic playing of guitarist Gourley.

The second evening began with the quintet of German trombonist Mangelsdorff (Gunter Kronberg, alto saxophone; Heinz Sauer, tenor saxophone; Gunter Lenz, bass; Ralf Hubner, drums). This is one of the best modern jazz bands in Europe; it is well drilled and without a weak link. Mangelsdorff played mainly music from the group's albums. *Now Jazz Ramwong* featured some excellent soprano from Sauer, and Mangelsdorff himself played brilliantly on his original *Sara* and in his tour de force solo on *Lover Man*.

The Dutch trio of pianist Pim Jacobs (Ruud Jacobs, bass, and Wim Overgaauw, guitar) played a delicate *Autumn Leaves* as an introduction to the Rita Reys set. Miss Reys worked through eight tunes, displaying the usual professional assurance, perfect pitch, and control that have established her reputation. Her singing of *Stella by Starlight* and *Sophisticated Lady* were the highlights of an exciting performance.

Alto saxophonist Lee Konitz was backed by the Clarke rhythm section. After seemingly vanishing from the jazz limelight in the States, Konitz is currently enjoying a round of club, concert, and festival appearances in Europe. His appearance at Lugano was not especially noteworthy. He sounded as if he were hampered by lack of rehearsal. *Melancholy Baby* and *There Will Never Be Another You* came off best, but one expected better from Konitz.

Last on the bill was the Clarke-Boland big band, composed of top jazzmen from various countries.

It is a competent band that features a large number of originals in its repertoire, mainly by Boland. There are some outstanding soloists—trombonist Ake Persson, altoist Derek Humble, and tenorists Carl Drevo and Ronnie Scott. Trumpeter Snookie Young gives a tremendous bite to the brass, and baritonist Ronnie Ross gives it depth. However, the band is not a world beater. It lacks personality, and on this occasion (possibly because of the late hour and the fact that the rhythm section had already played a full set behind Konitz) it did not generate the swing of which it is capable and never once caught fire.

Its most noteworthy moments were on *Box 703*, *Washington, D. C.* (some excellent Humble and Persson), and on *Night Lady*. Drevo's ballad reading was well received as was Scott's booting solo on *J.J.*

Lugano is firmly established on the European jazz festival scene. Both nights were sold out, and most of the festival was broadcast by the Swiss radio and television networks. Bearing in mind the limitations of the talent available in Europe, the organizers deserve commendation for a job well done. Presentation, lighting, and sound were, as usual, first class. —Alan Bates

## Jazz Interaction Concert

Judson Hall, New York City

**Personnel:** HARYOU-ACT Youth Band, directed by Reese Taylor; Jay Cameron, baritone saxophone, guest soloist. Marian McPartland Trio—Miss McPartland, piano; Eddie Gomez, bass; Mousey Alexander, drums. Joe Newman Quartet—Newman, trumpet; Ross Tompkins, piano; Russell George, bass; Alexander, drums. Paul Jeffrey Quartet—Jeffrey, tenor saxophone; Sadik Hakim, piano; Jamil Abraham, bass; Steve Gordon, drums. Jerome Richardson Quartet—Richardson, soprano saxophone; flute; Richard Wyands, piano; Martin Rivera, bass; Walter Perkins, drums. Clem DeRosa and 16 college all-stars. Irene Reid, Leon Thomas, vocals.

The first in a series of concerts sponsored by Jazz Interaction, an active and youthful organization that also supplies New York City with useful information via their Jazzline telephone service, was long but entertaining. It presented professional and amateur talent, with the accent on swing and a minimum of pretentiousness.

The amateurs were represented by two big bands from opposite ends of New York's economic and geographic spectrum. The HARYOU-ACT band, which opened the concert, hails from Harlem; drummer-teacher Clem DeRosa's all-stars are based in Huntington, a prosperous Long Island community.

While the collegians (originally a high-school band, which now meets only during summer and Christmas vacations) had more polish and technical command of their instruments, the Harlemites showed a better grasp of such jazz essentials as swing and relaxation, and their soloists were considerably more original and interesting.

Outstanding among them was a young trumpeter, Arthur Capehart, who, while not yet a finished player, demonstrated solid musicianship and a good grasp of jazz fundamentals in his open and muted work on *Good Bait*, *Roots of Grass* and *Asphalt*, an original by director Reese Taylor, was highlighted by a three-way alto saxophone chase and powerful ensemble work. The band is still somewhat rough, but definitely ready, making up in spirit what it lacks in polish.

The DeRosa outfit approached every one of its five selections with the same relentlessly brassy overdrive and stiff rhythmic conception. The decibel count was too high for comfort in the small hall, and each clinker was magnified. On a Count Basie arrangement by Billy Byers, *Presidential Manor*, the band sounded like a parody of the model. Its style was better suited to Johnny Richards' *Dimples*, on which some semblance of swing was generated.

Again it was a trumpeter, John Gatchell, who was responsible for the best solo work, especially with Harmon mute.

The professionals offered few surprises.

Marian McPartland was at her best on *That's All*, a lyrical offering played with gentle swing and melodic taste. Bassist Eddie Gomez and drummer Mousey Alexander contributed impeccable support.

Alexander was on hand again for the next set, headed by Joe Newman. The trumpeter is a strong, clean player. His clear, well-articulated, and unforced sound; fine range; and uncluttered conception, combined with a pleasant infectious bandstand manner made his set one of the

evening's peaks.

The ex-Basie star shone brightly on an interesting arrangement of *The Continental*, with several tempo changes, and then waxed romantic with *Who Can I Turn To?*, highlighted by a moving, melodic solo by bassist George, and concluded with a bright blues called *Cuttin' Out*.

Paul Jeffrey, a full-toned tenor man with sound but unstartling ideas, offered two originals, a blues and a ballad, during which the audience had the opportunity to hear, briefly but tellingly, the remarkable pianist Sadik Hakim. It is a pity that this interesting and original player, whose career dates back to work with Charlie Parker and Lester Young in the mid-40s, is not heard more often and to better advantage. He has something to offer.

A pleasant singer, Leon Thomas, whose forte is a personal brand of scatting (including a kind of blues yodeling), joined the Jeffrey group for *Work Song* and *A Dragggy Groove*, an original blues. Personable and equipped with a smooth and well-projected voice, Thomas should be on his way.

Featuring two of his many instruments, Jerome Richardson's pair of selections—a modal march, played on soprano saxophone, and *Theme from Black Orpheus*, with flute to the fore—left the audience wanting more. An expert musician with perfect command of his horns, Richardson is one of New York's leading studio musicians. On this jazz holiday, he showed his ability to swing and improvise in no uncertain fashion, and his big-toned soprano work was delightful.

Walter Perkins, a drummer who loves to swing, added much to the group, both in support and solo. He trotted out his "bent cymbal" speciality and proved himself quite a showman without sacrificing musical values.

Richardson's group also supported singer Irene Reid, considerably slimmer and trimmer than in her Basie days but with no less vim and vigor. She belted a blues, *Muddy Water*, with fine, humorous backing from Richardson's soprano and *Save Your Love for Me*, on which she displayed strong lungs and good timing.

Jazz Interaction is off to a good start, but future programs might well offer fewer groups with more playing time allowed for each.

—Dan Morgenstern

## Hindustani Jazz Sextet

Ice House, Pasadena, Calif.

**Personnel:** Don Ellis, trumpet; Hari Har Rao, sitar, tabla, dholak; Gabe Baltazar, alto saxophone; Steve Falzone, tenor saxophone; Dave Mackay, organ; Chuck Domanico, bass; Steve Bohannon, drums.

This interesting assemblage has been appearing for more than a month on Monday nights at the Club Havana in Los Angeles; the performance under review here was a one-nighter at a club ordinarily featuring folk and quasi-folk groups.

When trumpeter Ellis came to UCLA's music department two years ago for post-graduate work, he encountered Hari Har Rao (a friend and sometime-associate of Ravi Shankar), who was and is teaching Indian music and drums at the university's



institute of ethnomusicology.

Anybody who knows Ellis knows that he would never let an opportunity like that pass without it at least providing him a learning experience and perhaps a playing one too. The first version of the group these two men organized had no saxophonists but instead boasted Emil Richards on vibraharp. The sextet played two standing-room-only nights at Shelly's Manne-Hole.

The exciting and musically rewarding combination of Indian rhythms, some Indian forms and melodies, some jazz lines, some lines written especially for the group, and jazz improvisation constituted the most intriguing ventures yet by Ellis.

There are few if any criteria for evaluating the musical result of these efforts for a listener who is unschooled or unacquainted with one or the other of the two parental musics.

Certainly my understanding of Indian music is limited. And even an academic appreciation of what the difficulties are in playing in 11/8 or 10 3/4 hardly equips one to know whether the job is being done really well or not. But the group with Richards communicated to me and apparently also to the packed houses. I—*we*—felt that it was singing and swinging.

If I hadn't heard and enjoyed that earlier version of the amalgamation, I'd hesitate to attempt an evaluation of the current saxophone-equipped one. But I did hear it, so...

The Hindustani sextet at the Ice House was less exciting, more excited, less powerful, as loud or louder (too consistently), equally as adventurous but less successfully so than its predecessor, and only vaguely suggested that a successful blending was occurring. It swung maybe five minutes out of the two hours it played.

At this writing Falzone and Baltazar have no more business in the Hindustani sextet than their principal influences, Sonny Rollins and Cannonball Adderley. Under the influence of the saxophones, trumpeter Ellis seemed less a good jazz player and more a well-trained legitimate brass man wedged uncomfortably between Indian percussion and middle-road jazz saxophonists who didn't seem to be listening much to each other, Rao, or Ellis.

Ellis is capable of slightly overblowing, and the result is that while intonation remains essentially true, there are hot, nagging overtones that to my ear mar the total sound and make me impatient for the player to stop.

But Ellis, as well as bassist Domanico and drummer Bohannon, played hard and well; the others sounded as if they were looking at their watches.

Bohannon in one solo played two slow and seemingly independent rhythmic figures, one with each stick, that were certainly well within the complex rhythmicity of the Indian music. He displayed great thrust and supporting ability all evening. Bassist Domanico is of the new school, and from what I could hear he may be one of the more apt followers of Scott LaFaro, Gary Peacock, et al.

I sympathized with Rao, the sole representative of the Indian delegation. To de-

lineate that music and also generate fire under a misfiring ensemble was predictably a job and a half. If he failed, it was not without at least playing fine solo sitar (with only Mackay strumming the dholak) and offering some excellent rhythmic patterns, vocally and on tabla drums.

Ellis and Rao, incidentally, were marvelously communicative verbally with the audience, patiently explaining, briefly and with humor, the strange rhythmic nuances and some of the traditions of performance of Indian music as well as the hybrid music they were attempting.

Ellis and Rao are engaged in an artistically valid endeavor. It is to be expected that the ups and downs of a unique group such as this will include sifting through perhaps dozens of musicians and giving clumsy performances that are sincere but inappropriate. The few bright moments each night should grow increasingly frequent.

—John William Hardy

### Herb Jeffries-Tony Bennett

Playboy Club, Hollywood, Calif.

Personnel: Jeffries, Bennett, vocals, Ralph Sharon, piano; Hal Gaylor, bass; Billy Exiner, drums.

The plush Penthouse of the Playboy Club was filled, lured by a rare combination of singers: the veteran Herb Jeffries and the advertised, "ad lib" appearance of Tony Bennett. In one way (one which must have touched on professional ego), it was an odd juxtaposition. During the week, Jeffries was the headliner. On weekends, when Bennett "dropped by," Jeffries started off the show—a warm-up to the headliner.

The reason Bennett worked the club on weekends was twofold: it assured his musical alter ego, Sharon (since departed), a gig while Bennett was making his first feature film, *The Oscar*; and, for scale, Bennett was given his only opportunity to sing during the daily film shooting schedule.

Jeffries began his set at an off-stage mike, chanting *Strawberries*, from *Porgy and Bess*. Then he strolled through the middle of the room, and as he reached the stage, segued into *Basin Street*. Following a Sharon quote from *Prelude to a Kiss*, Jeffries launched into a soulful *I've Got It Bad*, and *That Ain't Good*. Then he did the first up tune, *Jump for Joy*, which, like *Got It Bad*, was written during his time with Duke Ellington in the '40s.

If anything, Jeffries' baritone has become mellow with the years. His range is still surprisingly wide, the low register virile and resonant, the upper tones as smooth as a tenor saxophone. Even his occasional excursions into falsetto reveal an enviable control of intonation.

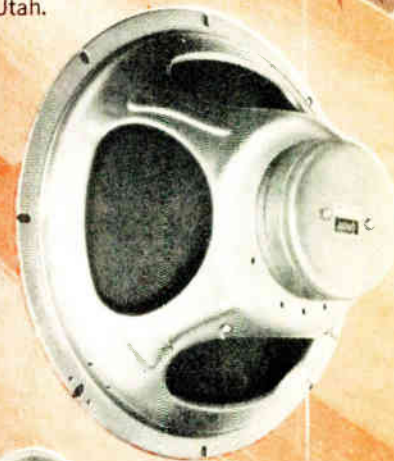
As for his rapport with the people, he had them in his palm on the night of review. His mike manners are carefully contrived. Patter between numbers is as urbane and automatic as Ellington's. A closer give-and-take with the "key"-set audience occurred with *I'm in the Mood for Love*. Jeffries meandered through the audience, not serenading the females but making them work. He would cut in the middle of a phrase and "challenge" the

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patron to complete the line. Very smooth.

He returned to the stand to belabor *People* with an overdramatic rubato but then acquitted himself with a belting *Old Black Magic*. With the tags building to a forceful climax, Jeffries showed he has lost none of his jazz flavor. Inevitably, he crooned his trademark, *Flamingo*.

Bennett came bounding on stage, all set to have a ball, and neither he nor his fans were disappointed. What followed was close to a vocal jam session. The informality of his unorthodox engagement seemed to pervade the set. If only more singers could be as relaxed. (If only more entertainers could work for scale.)

Conventions brushed aside, Bennett reeled off tune after tune, mixing them fast and slow until the glasses had to be off the tables. It was a mutual, nonstop love affair: he wanted to continue singing; his listeners wanted to stay for more. It made the lyric to *One More for the Road* meaningful.

To mention some of Bennett's highlights. *Taking a Chance on Love*, *The Best Is Yet to Come*, and *Anything Goes* were exceptional up tunes, with Bennett taking more melodic liberties than he usually does. On *Fascinating Rhythm*, the excitement ran so high that Bennett broke into scat for an entire chorus—a rare treat, indeed. Even on his rendition of *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*, he seemed to have switched cable cars. The tune swung, and what a refreshing change.

On ballads, Bennett's finest moments came on *Warm September of My Years*, *If I Ruled the World, It Amazes Me* (a great new tune), and *Who Can I Turn To?*, with a powerful, magnificently controlled ending.

Bennett, on stage, is still a bundle of nervous energy. He fidgets incessantly, never stops smiling, and squeezes the mike to his mouth with both hands as if he were playing a horn. His method provided an interesting contrast to the svelte, poised Jeffries. But neither proved more correct than the other. The results were equally gratifying: it was a grand night for singers.

—Harvey Siders

### Eddie Harris

Bohemian Caverns, Washington, D.C.

Personnel: Ray Codrington, trumpet; Harris, tenor saxophone; Charlie Hampton, piano; Steve Novasall, bass; Hugh Walker, drums.

If there are still those who doubt that Harris' is a major tenor voice, the reason may be that they haven't had the chance, as I had recently, to hear the Chicagoan for an entire summer. He played at Tony Taylor's eerie-looking underground jazz room in Washington, and the appearance served to prove again that an imaginative musician, given the chance to capture the feel of a room and to enjoy the added luxury of staying put for a while, can create and play superior music.

Pianist Bobby Timmons' trio accompanied him during most of the summer, and when the Timmons group left, Harris continued with some of the most vital, forthright, and fresh jazz I've heard in many months, even considering that Wash-

ington is admittedly no hotbed of jazz activity even in its wilder moments.

Harris' good work was in no small way helped by his choice of sidemen after the Timmons departure.

Hampton is a surprisingly good pianist. Fleet, interesting, innovative, unobtrusive, and velvety, his solo work sings with flowing new ideas, and his comping is outstanding.

If one were to choose an excellent new drummer, Walker would be it. An Oklahoman, he should be one of the finest drummers in jazz in a few years. He is already a cut above about 80 percent of the drummers out there now. He needs a little age, both musical and chronological, and he will be the man to watch.

Codrington hasn't stopped growing since his days with the now-defunct Washington-based JFK Quintet. He was an excellent choice for another horn.

Novasall, a no-nonsense bassist, is firm, strong, brief, and takes care of business straight through.

—Ben S. Page

### Ali Akbar Khan

Orchestra Hall, Chicago

Personnel: Khan, sarod; Sheela Mookerjee, tamboura, vocals; Shankar Ghosh, tabla.

On ears conditioned to the music of Western culture, with its tempered scale, harmonic sophistication, and relatively simple rhythmic development, the music of the East can ring strangely indeed.

It often comes as something of a shock to us in the West to discover that the elements given greatest attention in our music—harmony and contrapuntal movement—occupy positions of considerably lesser importance in the music of most of the rest of the world. (It is only the music of Africa that shares a comparable harmonic development, but even there rhyth-

mic sophistication takes precedence over the harmonic.)

In Eastern music the familiar elements of musical architecture have been combined in a way wholly different from ours. As a result, the superstructure of Indian music seems lopsided; we seek in vain for a "missing" element. But nothing is missing; it is all there, merely arranged in different order. Faced with this unfamiliar arrangement of the familiar, we must orient ourselves anew.

This is, however, not as difficult as might first appear. And for the jazz lover the music of the East is considerably easier of access than for, say, the follower of 19th-century classical music.

The basic precepts of Indian music are quite akin to those of jazz: melodic improvisation on a stated theme over a sophisticated rhythmic accompaniment. The extemporization in Indian music takes place, however, not over a recurring harmonic sequence—as does most jazz—but over a rhythmic cycle (called a *tala*) and is further ordered through the composed or improvised melody's being grounded in a framework for melodic development (called *raga*), similar to the mode or tone row in Western music.

After the statement of the *alap* (the initial delineation of the *raga* and the setting of the piece's emotional climate—one in the same, of course), which may involve 15 or more "movements" and which is stated by the unaccompanied sarod (or whatever melodic instrument is being used), the *tabla* enters, signifying the beginning of the rhythmic cycle over which the improvisation takes place.

At the beginning, the *tabla* more often than not keeps to the regular pattern of the *tala*, but soon a conversation between the sarod and the *tabla* evolves, with each of the instruments improvising on the rhythmic cycle in turn.

Simultaneous improvising may take place, or the two instruments may engage in *shawal jabab*—"question and answer"—in which the *tabla* imitates or replies to figures played by the sarod. As the piece moves into its final stage and leads to climax, the tempo quickens, the musicians engaging in flights of ever-increasing virtuosity display.

The interplay of the two instruments over the droning *tamboura* can make for a hypnotic, highly exciting, and emotionally rewarding experience that fully repays the close attention one must give the development of the music.

Khan, however, failed to enchant on the night of review. Most of the four *ragas* he assayed bogged down in disjunctiveness. Though there were flashes of brilliance in all four, they failed to ignite into the long, beautifully detailed, coherent, emotional experiences *ragas* can be.

The sole exception was the end of the second *raga* played, when Khan and Ghosh generated a brilliant and excitement-filled exchange that went on for several minutes, filled with consistent, flowing, high-level joint improvisation that never let up. As the tempo accelerated and the flurry of notes rushed on at an even higher peak of frenzied interplay, the crowd was literally

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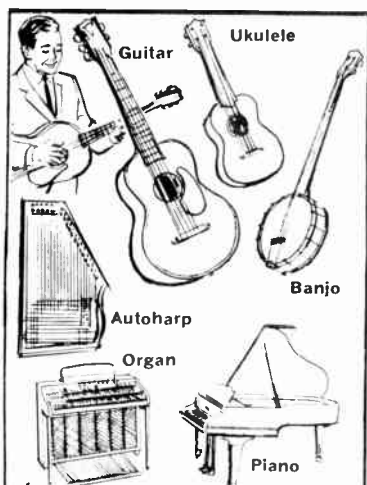


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on the edge of its seats.

After this rush of invention, however, Khan settled back to the studied, deliberate manner of playing that marked the bulk of his work this evening.

He was drawing his selections from a total of 27 ragas played during various programs on his U.S. tour, which was sponsored by the American Society for Eastern Arts. (It was Khan's electric, finely wrought playing at a pair of hugely successful concerts at the Museum of Modern Art in 1955 that made many persons in this country aware of the charm and potency of Indian music.)

He is an undeniably excellent performer in the highly demanding disciplines of classical Indian music, but his playing in Chicago rarely attained the heights of which it is capable.

Moreover, Khan seemed to be indulging far too often in the use of phrases that lay outside the raga; at least they rang very strangely on the ear in comparison with the greater part of the improvisation.

A number of these phrases gave rise to the thought that Khan has been listening to modern Western classical music and was synthesizing elements of it.

Ghosh is a fascinating and highly accomplished percussionist who responded sensitively and surely to the varying demands of Khan's music. The astonishing interplay achieved during the second raga was in no small measure due to the fluent and exciting work of Ghosh.

At the start of the second half of the program, Ghosh demonstrated some of the rudiments of Indian drumming, during which he gave a stunning display of the "drum language," verbalizing a drum solo in all its rhythmic and tonal variety and then playing it on the tabla.

Following Ghosh's percussion demonstration, Miss Mookerjee sang two Indian songs to the accompaniment of tamboura and tabla. In the variety of their tonal effects the songs recalled the nasal, ululating sound of Khan's sarod and gave an indication of just how "vocal" is the classical instrumental music of India. Far more so than our vocally infected native music, jazz.

—Pete Welding

### Son House

New Gate of Cleve, Toronto, Ontario

Personnel: House, vocals, guitar.

The re-emergence of House is an electrifying event in the blues world. Embodied in his work is all the essence of the "pure" Mississippi blues, a style that reached a summation point in the work of Robert Johnson. To hear House on a good night is to witness the blues in all their deepest, most personal form.

House's blues are loosely constructed but long in content. He will often utilize parts or whole stanzas from one song and insert them in another, in the process creating something fresh and meaningful. He moans and cries as he plays, often breaking off in the middle of a line, but the continuity and feeling of the piece remains unbroken, for his guitar will carry over the story line.

The images that he creates with his lyrics (and these go back to his earliest

recordings and to those of Charlie Patton, with whom he worked regularly) are widely varied. Many have been incorporated into the universal language of the blues. The strength and deep-felt fact of his blues singing, however, can make even such a time-worn verse as "the blues jumped the rabbit, run him a solid mile" starkly real and vibrant with immediacy.

It is this factor that helps make House's blues such a deeply moving experience. He is singing about the blues now, each verse coming from the bottom of his heart. His voice and his hands, which control the guitar, co-ordinate to tell a story that is, at times, overpowering.

The final set of his week-long appearance at the New Gate of Cleve was something that will live in the minds of those who heard it as long as they live.

He opened with *Preachin' the Blues*, delivered with calm authority, the humor of some of the situations coming across well. He followed with *Pony Blues*. On this number associated with Charlie Patton, House gave the impression he was digging back into his memory. What he produced was a cogent and coherent rendition that set the stage for the evening's masterpiece.

For a good 10 minutes he delivered a blues that incorporated all the wide variety of material he uses in his various songs about the sufferings of being rejected by a woman. It had opened with two choruses of guitar. The blues patterns were stark, high pitched, alternately plucked and strummed, with his bottleneck slides adding a haunting quality. All through this long blues, the variety of instrumental accompaniment and fill-ins intensified the feeling generated by House's agonized lyrics. He achieved a startling effect at one stage by just hitting one note at the completion of a line. This note resonated through the room, expressing all the frustration and despair explicit in the lyric—he was leaving but he *did* care about his woman.

It seemed impossible that anything could follow this tour de force. But House came through with a version of *Empire State Express* that was equally impressive. He does this number often but never quite the way he did it this night. The power of his guitar work gave the number an added dimension, one not witnessed before. Using thumb and first finger, he created a heavy but deep boogie pattern underneath the first two lines of each verse, to be released in the final one. It was a remarkable performance.

The combination of voice and guitar in Son House is astonishing. This was the deep down Mississippi blues that only a few years ago seemed lost forever, except on old 78-rpm recordings.

We are fortunate to be able to hear and experience something of the purity and magnificence of this music as a living force. It is something that cannot be recreated or imitated. It is the voice of a man who has lived his experiences and felt them deeply. Son House sings the blues because there is no doubt that he has had them—and still does.

—John W. Norris



# FEATHER'S NEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

As these words are read, it will be just five years since I pulled up stakes after 20 years in New York and headed for the West Coast.

At the time, my aims were twofold: to get away from the undesirable aspects of the Manhattan rat race and to find a physical and psychological climate more conducive to creativity, especially for songwriting.

The objective, stated at that time, of easing out of jazz criticism and into full-time composing, almost inevitably turned out to be beyond complete attainment.

The United States is very strong on images, and when one has retained a certain image for many years in a specific zone of activity, escape from its associations and demands is not easy. Equally remote is the chance of establishing another identity in a field with which one's connections have long been either ignored or held secondary. Nevertheless, the change in my locus operandi turned out to be one that I have never for a moment regretted.

The move in 1960 was regarded with surprise and skepticism by many friends in the East: "Southern California? You won't be able to take it—it's an intellectual wasteland. Besides, you'll miss the change of seasons. And, baby, ain't nothing happening out there in jazz. Mark my words, you'll be back here within a year." (One of those who admonished me along those lines was Quincy Jones, who now spends almost half his time in southern California.)

Well, Los Angeles and its environs are where Ray Charles lives, and Ella Fitzgerald, George Shearing, Gerald Wilson, Paul Horn, Shelly Manne, Lalo Schiffrin, Philly Joe Jones, Benny Carter, and dozens of other jazz people.

Intellectual climate? In New York I tried for months to get together a little informal club, a circle of friends with mutual interests who could meet at one another's homes at regular intervals to discuss a variety of topics and to listen to records. Everyone was too busy Sammy Glicking around to settle back and just talk or listen.

I began to suspect that a number of jazz critics in the East listen to records only when they are forced to by the necessity of writing a review or liner notes (and even then the extent and depth of their listening is open to question). Out here, on the other hand, I meet with just such a group as I'd hoped to form in New York. Our unofficial listening-for-pleasure society in-

cludes record company men, musicians, a lawyer, a librarian, a couple of writers—and the only problem that ever arises among us is, whose house shall we meet at next week?

Change of seasons? I have been back east half a dozen times—once through several weeks of snow-drenched New York winter. I find it no pleasanter than it ever was to stand on an icy sidewalk trying vainly to flag down a taxi.

Most recently I was in New York on my way home from Newport, R.I., and I saw the sign on the door outside Birdland that read "basement club for rent." No more Roundtable, no more Embers; the Jazz Gallery had come and gone; rock and roll at the Metropole; Basin Street was headed in the same direction; the Apollo Theater had almost completely given up on jazz.

In the Los Angeles area at one time or another almost every major jazz group I have wanted to hear has appeared here. Shelly's Manne-Hole, a more congenial jazz room than any in New York, has held up continuously. True, several clubs have disappeared, but others like the Scene have sprouted up or, like the Lighthouse, have enjoyed a renaissance by expanding to a name-group policy. Occasionally, 35 jet minutes away, San Francisco has filled a few gaps in the local musical diet. The Monterey festival has been an annual and consistently rewarding stimulus.

Jazzmen out here on a brief visit have agreed that there is something in the general mode of living that is more conducive to a mood of friendly cooperation rather than a bitterly competitive spirit among musicians.

It would be unrealistic to deny that cobwebs can form on the mind if one allows the temptation of *dolce far niente* to override the desire to make constructive use of a relaxed environment. But the steady advances in the quality and quantity of the output of a man like Lalo Schiffrin, for instance, should make it clear that the setting for creativity exists.

Ten years ago the term "West Coast jazz" denoted a somewhat pale or debilitated brand of music that was soon to dig its own grave. In 1965 the phrase and the music it defined are long gone, but jazz on the West Coast flows as regularly as the Pacific tides. There is, it seems to me, more happening in southern California than in Chicago, Seattle, Miami, London, or almost any other area in the world.

The decision made five years ago was, it seems now, a wise one. A love of jazz, an interest in people, and life in Los Angeles—these elements make a happy and highly compatible trinity.

LF

# BYSTANDER

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

The back pages of several literary publications regularly feature ads reading: "Authors Wanted! New York publisher wants books on all subjects. Free brochure shows how your book can be published, publicized, sold!" Or: "Join our successful authors in a complete, reliable publishing program: publicity, advertising, handsome books."

A frustrated writer, especially one who has sent his manuscripts from one publisher to another only to have them come back, might easily bite hard on such bait.

These are the ads of the so-called vanity publishers. There are quite a few of them, and they do a flourishing business.

When an author deals with these houses, he publishes, in effect, his own book at his own expense. For a fee, the vanity houses take his manuscript and make a book out of it. They agree to do publicity and distribution, but sometimes all the publicity the writer will see is a tiny ad in, let's say, the back pages of one issue of the New York Times Sunday book section.

The writer himself gets plenty of copies of his book. And no doubt his mother does too. And all their friends. That's about it. Oh, there are instances of a book published by a vanity house that took off and sold a few copies. But the law of averages, after all, is the law of averages.

Recently, with a boom going on in painting, there have appeared several vanity art galleries. For a fee, a man with an empty room and a sign on the door reading "(such and such) Gallery" will hang your paintings on his walls and publish a brochure listing them.

He will send this brochure around to various newspapers and magazines to "publicize" the event. But it will be a rare day when any reviewer shows up for an exhibition in such a gallery. A painter's mother might even have trouble getting in, for it has been reported that in some cases these galleries keep a semipermanent sign on the front door reading, "Out to lunch."

It may do some good to the reputation of an art instructor in a middle-sized town if he is able to claim truthfully that his work has had a New York showing. Nowadays he can buy one.

Apparently it does do good to the local reputation of hundreds of piano instructors to have a periodic recital in Town Hall or Carnegie Recital Hall or Judson Hall in New York. Therefore,

many a piano teacher saves his money and rents the hall and arranges, through one of the promoters who specialize in such deals, to have tickets and flyers printed. A few people show up. And probably the pianist has no illusions—back in Dayton, when the folks get to know that he appeared in concert in New York, more pupils will come his way.

Let that be background to a new vanity operation that is beginning to emerge and that probably will become established in a couple of years: the vanity record company.

There is at least one such rock-and-

roll operation in New York. I know of only two such that operate in jazz, both part time, and both so far are sidelines in more ordinary recording enterprises.

The field is not exactly clear—not as clear as it is in book publishing anyway.

In general, the established, non-vanity book publishers will take on a book only if its editors believe in it. But several major record companies will press and package a record that is subsidized by the artist, his manager, his family, friends, or whoever, no matter what they think of the music.

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What has happened recently is that a couple of smaller companies have begun to make more or less a specialty of such subsidized vanity releases. I think it's only a matter of time before there will be more such activity.

One such company began by producing jazz records in the 1940s. Within a few years, it was recording modern jazz and took down performances that are still classic. However, its jazz catalog has recently become virtually inactive, although the company itself has kept its name and distribution setup alive through issuing other kinds of music.

A couple of years ago, the outfit went tentatively into the vanity business. Some young jazz players approached the label's proprietor with their own tapes, and for a fee he issued these tapes on 12-inch LPs.

I do not know whether this man promises to pass out review copies to the press of these recordings, but I do know that he distributes few if any to jazz journalists. And I am told that if a musician pushes him a bit, he will sometimes agree to pay union scale for a recording date before issuing the record; perhaps he wants some sort of tax loss on such deals.


He has lately issued LPs by several avant-garde players, at least one of whom has subsequently become a fairly well-known musician.

Another tentative vanity record operation has appeared under the auspices of a well-established independent classical label. My knowledge of its procedures is sketchy and partly a matter of guesswork.

It has issued a couple of jazz recordings by artists who are certainly not "names" (and certainly not avant-garde, by the way) and whose LPs would obviously involve a financial risk. The recordings were fairly inexpensively packaged, but the company does distribute to reviewers.

In the future, besides more vanity record operations, there also will probably be more record "co-operatives," in which artists and production management share in expenses and profits.

There is already one company, recording the jazz avant-garde, that protests its intentions to *become* a co-operative, at any rate.

I hope that any musicians or singers who do become involved in future out-and-out vanity operations will be clear about what they're getting. No matter what a proprietor of a vanity company says about distribution, publicity, or whatever, what nine out of 10 who solicit his services are probably going to get is a nice stack of records, not very well packaged and produced but all ready to send home to mother. 





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## TURNER

(Continued from page 17)

York City, but work was scarce so they returned to Kansas City. In 1938 Hammond again invited them, this time to take part in his famous "Spirituals to Swing" concerts at Carnegie Hall. It was there that Johnson first teamed with fellow pianists Meade Lux Lewis and Albert Ammons, and shortly afterwards the Boogie Woogie Trio opened a residency at New York's Cafe Society featuring Turner's vocals.

Recalling the trio, Turner exclaimed, "That was really a bang-up time! Them cats could make up some noise. Sometimes we used a whole band or a rhythm section if the cats was feeling co-operative, but they didn't really need 'em. They had their own rhythm."

While Turner and Johnson were based in New York, they recorded on a number of occasions and achieved considerable success before going their separate ways. But with the rise of bop, Turner's brand of music fell into disfavor, and he drifted into obscurity. His considerable talents lay dormant for years before his fairy godmother, in the dubious guise of rock and roll, put him back on the map. With hit singles like *Shake, Rattle, and Roll* and *Honey Hush*, Turner captured the teenagers' fancy, and with his Atlantic

album, *Boss of the Blues*, which temporarily reunited him with Pete Johnson, he reminded jazz enthusiasts of his omnipotence in the blues field.

"I made *Honey Hush* down in New Orleans, and that kind of kicked off a different beat there," he said. "It was nothing but the blues with a good jump beat, but it kicked off and the others took me over the top."

Quite a long way over the top, in fact, because Turner has been working steadily since. These days he appears most frequently as a single in night clubs, but on occasion he cheerfully faces up to a round of one-nighters.

The struggle for top billing on package shows merely amuses the veteran blues man. "I just get out there and do my bit when everyone's hollerin' about who's supposed to be the star of the show," he said with a smile. "Competition—I call it the chopping block!"

He has few complaints about the musician's situation, apart from an extreme dislike of quiet drummers.

"I don't like people that're skippin' all around on the drum, or people who play too soft," he said. "It doesn't give the right effect. My favorite drummer was Chick Webb, but back in those days we had a whole lot of good drummers. People looked then like they was way ahead on the drums. They was

more fancy, you know? They'd play all up on the walls, everywhere. It would be pretty to look at them. But we still got a few of 'em left."

The singer lives quietly in New Orleans, La., with his second wife, and he recently visited England and Yugoslavia. A second British tour is being negotiated, and with luck he may be able to work throughout Europe for a few months. One thing for sure, though: he belongs to the gradually growing group of swing-era veterans earning a reasonable living across the Atlantic. He is achieving a different kind of recognition there than he would in the States, where he confines himself in the main to teenage audiences, though he was well received at the 1964 Monterey Jazz Festival. But praise neither bothers nor pleases Turner.

The blues genre came easily to Turner although he has experienced fewer hard times than the average blues singer.

"Blues I did mainly for the fun of it," he said. "I didn't really give much thought to what was behind the songs. Most of the time I pick out the songs where I feel that I can get the most emotion out of the people."

"I kind of work at the people in the audience, and once I get them on my side, I let 'em have it!"



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## FOSTER

(Continued from page 19)

men, especially those key men so important to the success of a big band. He said he wants a good lead player in every section—perhaps even two, so they can divide the lead book. Foster knows that unless he has them, he won't be able to write everything he wants to. The band's lead altoist, Turney, for instance, fills that need.

"I've known him since I was a kid . . . he used to play around the old Cotton Club in Cincinnati. He was an excellent musician even then. I played with him in jam sessions a couple of times, when I was a chesty young college kid. You know how kids are—they'll stand up and blow with anybody, so I tried it with Norris, and he whipped me all the way from here. I guess this is the first chance I had to get even with him—I hired him. He is a wonderful musician and deserves more recognition, and I'm going to try to see that he gets it, not only as a great lead alto player but also as a soloist.

"I think I have a very good lead trumpet player in Martin Banks, and I'm blessed with two fellows in the trombone section who can play very good lead: Britt Woodman and Garnett Brown. And Benny Powell plays some

fine lead trombone. I want to be able to write exciting music, and to do that you have to have those lead players. That, and every position in the rhythm section, are the most important things."

But lead players and the rhythm section don't constitute a band, just as a pitching staff and long-ball hitters don't constitute a baseball team. There has to be a spirit of unity throughout the organization, a spirit of enthusiasm, and with Foster's band one catalyst to enthusiasm is tenorist Russ Andrews.

There is a good cross section in the Foster band of older and younger men "that's on purpose," the leader said. "The older guys offer the experience, the musical wisdom, the maturity, and the ability to show the younger guys the way. And the younger guys can give us youthful vigor and fire. I think the combination of these elements will make the band very exciting. That's what has happened with Basie, with Woody Herman, with every band I can think of that was good. I'm glad to have that kind of cross section."

Concerning work for his band, Foster is "looking forward to concert-type performances more than to anything else," though he said he would also consider playing for dancers ("I'd love to play some of those things, but I wouldn't want to go to Indianapolis to play a

dance"). In fact, he would "consider working for anybody who would hire a band this large—and pay for them"—everything except one-nighters. "That's something I'd really like to avoid. You get on the bus, drive 200 or 400 miles, pile out and play, and then get on again. . . . I would like to do a tour of colleges—that or a two-week engagement at a club somewhere are about the only things that could make me leave town."

But Foster's town happens to be very big, perhaps even big enough to provide support for as big a band as his. In any case, he is a man committed to an idea, even though it may run counter to logistics in the music business. With his idea he has the hopes of every musician, but he is also realistic and having proceeded successfully this far does not expect miracles to follow automatically.

"The bulk of my living," he conceded, "will probably be made by writing for other people," among them, currently, Basie and Herbie Mann. There also will be work for his small group, which should help him get exposure for his name and thus help the big band. The response to Foster's idea of a big band has been heartening—from the musicians. One hopes that this artistic fulfillment will find a public echo. Meanwhile, he says, "I'm not about to give up." He sounds as if he means it. **AB**



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## FROM THE TOP

Stage-Band Arrangement Reviews  
By George Wiskirchen, C.S.C.

### THE SWINGIN' PREACHER:

*Composed and arranged by Jimmy  
Duffy; Swing House, Inc.*

Swing House recently augmented its more advanced series with an easier series for junior-high groups. The arrangements, however, are not geared to beginning groups. While ranges are moderate, there is considerable technical demand made. The series in general would fall between easy and moderately difficult.

*The Swingin' Preacher*, as the title would indicate, is Gospel-inflected in medium swing tempo.

Unison trumpets present the first statement of the melody, the rest of the band answering. This sets the whole style of the arrangement, which is basically antiphonal. The second statement is a melodic variation by the saxophones with trombones in the answering role. The brass leads the third statement with saxophone answers. One of the easier elements of the arrangement is the use of unison trumpets, brass, and saxophones.

The middle section is given to tenor saxophones and trumpet solos (written solos are provided). The arrangement concludes with a full ensemble recapitulation of the melody.

This is a fine arrangement to get the moderately advanced band to swing easily in a technically comfortable setting.

### 7/4 SHOUT: Composed and arranged by John LaPorta; Berklee Press Publications.

The Berklee Press arrangements have a new look: filing envelopes instead of the usual covers. And full scores for all their new publications are available. It is our understanding that these scores are also available as teaching and study aids for some of their arrangements already in print and that more will become available.

One of LaPorta's new releases for Berklee is a rather easy blues that derives most of its interest and unusualness from its 7/4 meter. Once the band has settled in on the time feel, the number can begin to swing with a down-home (complete with tambourine) motion.

The first chorus is given to establishing the meter, the rhythm section playing the chord changes. The second chorus reinforces this with the lower voices in the band. The theme appears in the third chorus, stated by the trum-

pets and alto saxophones in unison. This line employs considerable syncopation and may present some problems.

A tenor saxophone solo follows (instructions are included for adding choruses if desired, and a written solo is provided). The final chorus is played by the entire band with the brass playing a rhythmic variation of the opening background and the saxophones grinding out a funky melody. The rhythm section closes the arrangement with a fade-out ending.

This is something decidedly different for the band that has everything and an arrangement that is guaranteed to please the audience once the rhythm is convincingly and swingingly mastered.

### RINGIN' 'N' SWINGIN': Composed and arranged by Sammy Nestico; Kendor Music, Inc.

Many of the arrangements in Kendor's "On Stage" series are ideally suited to train the fairly well advanced band to swing, for so many of the fundamentals of the swing style are incorporated.

This arrangement opens and closes with bell tones (thus the title) and includes an effective part for chimes. The arrangement, however, can be played without the chimes. There are several spots of tenor saxophone lead, to give some experience in this style and sound. Effective dynamics are included, and they must be exaggerated for the best results.

While there is no solo space provided, the number tends to feature the saxes, particularly in a fine, full-sounding, long-phrased soli, which occurs in the middle of the arrangement.

Good ensemble sections will train the band in the proper lay-back of beats 2 and 4 and in precision. Proper legato tonguing can be taught also, since much of the impact of the number will be lost without it. Crisply tongued, delayed, and accented final eighths are also required, and the arrangement provides a wealth of examples for teaching purposes.

In short, practically all aspects of stage-band phrasing are included in this arrangement, and this alone, apart from its melodic interest, makes this medium-difficult arrangement valuable and useful for training and performance.

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# GRETSCH

## AD LIB

(Continued from page 15)

**Mastro**, piano; and **Bobby Bryan**, drums, who also are three of the town's best vocalists . . . Cosmopolitan Dept.: The Latin band of **Angel Sanchez** played a Yom Kippur dance, so advertised, at La Scala, Cleveland's best Italian restaurant.

**DETROIT:** The Wayne State University Artists' Society opened its fall concert series with the **Detroit Contemporary 4** and the **Lyman Woodard-Charles Miles Duo** in October. Other concerts in the series will feature the **Workshop Music Ensemble** (Charles Moore, cornet; Pierre Rochon, trumpet; George Garnett, trombone; Miles, Tony Harris, Gene Moore, reeds; Woodard, piano, organ; John Dana, bass; and Ronald Johnson, drums); the **Ron English Trio**; and reed man **Brent Majors'** quartet. The DC 4 played another demonstration at lecturer **Harvey Robb's** humanities class at the university prior to its October concert. Robb plans to make such appearances a regular part of his course . . . **Ron Brooks'** Town Bar gig in Ann Arbor has been the only consistent context for new music since the Artists' Workshop was burned out last spring. Brooks' trio (Stanley Cowell, piano; Brooks, bass; and Danny Spencer, drums) plays host to virtually all the forward-looking young musicians in the Michigan area . . . Drummer **Bud Spangler** has returned from 1½ years in Florida, where he produced a number of television jazz programs while working in educational TV there. He is now bringing jazz to the central Michigan area via his weekly programs on WKAR-FM in East Lansing. Spangler is heard Thursday nights with a three-hour, hard-core jazz show, and for four hours on Saturday mornings with his *Album Jazz* program. The drummer also has resumed his musical partnership with guitarist **Ron English** . . . Also in Lansing, the Tropicana Lounge has featured lately the **Benny Poole Trio** (Poole, saxophones; Reggie Roberts, organ; and Reuben Upelureh, drums) and guitarist **Eddie McFadden's** group . . . The **Curtis Fuller-Charles Davis** quintet played 10 days at the Drome Bar in October. Fea-

tured with the group were **John Hicks**, piano; **Larry Ridley**, bass; and **J. C. Moses**, drums. They were followed by the **Jazz Crusaders**. Scheduled for the Drome later this winter are the **Three Souls**, **Dizzy Reese-Sonny Redd-Barry Harris**, **Ersine Hawkins**, and the **Quartet Tres Bien** . . . Tenorist **Ronnie Fields** has terminated his year-long partnership with trombonist **George Bohanon**. Bohanon's quartet (**Kenny Cox**, piano; **Will Austin**, bass; and **Bert Myrick**, drums) continues weekends at Paige's Lounge . . . Drummer **Steve Booker's** semijazz group (featuring trumpeter **Gordon Camp**) is being broadcast live by disc jockey **Jack Surrell** (WJLB) from the Chessmate Gallery afterhours on Friday nights. The group is also featured afterhours Saturday nights at the popular folk-music club . . . Jazz jockey **Joe McClurg** has left his all-night jazz show on WDTM-FM and will now be featured on Detroit's "soul" station, WCHD-FM.

**CHICAGO:** Composer-pianist **Bill Mathieu** will present a unique concert of contemporary jazz Nov. 15 at Second City, where he is music director. The program will feature pianist **Fred Kaz'** trio (bassist **Sam Agres** and drummer **Roger Wanderscheid**) playing Kaz' compositions in addition to spontaneous performances by Mathieu's quartet, the **Chicago Improvising Players**. In the Mathieu group are tenor saxophonist **Rich Fudoli**, bassist **Clyde Flowers**, and drummer **George Marsh**. The CIP improvise without predetermined tempo, key, or chord sequence. Mathieu also was commissioned to compose a piece for the University of Chicago's **Contemporary Chamber Players**, conducted by **Ralph Shapey**. The composition, *A Perennial Recital*, was performed Oct. 26 at a CCP concert at the university's Mandel Hall. Clarinetist **Chester Milasovitch** was the soloist . . . Last month the **Woody Herman Herd** began a series of Orchestra Hall concerts produced by **Alan Berg** and **Stuart Katz**. **Duke Ellington** was set for Nov. 22 but canceled. **Count Basie** and **Sarah Vaughan** are scheduled to appear in the series in January . . . **Cannonball Adderley** is set for a two-week return engagement at the London House beginning Nov. 8. Three pianist-led

trios are scheduled to follow the altoist's quintet: **Oscar Peterson** (Nov. 23-Dec. 5), **Les McCann** (Dec. 7-19); and **Ramsey Lewis** (Dec. 21-Jan. 2). Trumpeter **Jonah Jones** is booked at the club from Jan. 4 through Jan. 23 . . . Vibraharpist **Dick Sisto** heads a trio Mondays at the Centaur on N. Wells St. With Sisto are bassist **Sam Agres** and drummer **Roger Wanderscheid** . . . **Judy Roberts** is back singing and playing piano at the Midas Touch on N. Wells, while next door at Across the Street **Sandy Mosse's Pieces of Eight** are the Wednesday and Sunday feature . . . For his one-day performance at the Window, the new N. Wells St. club, altoist **Jackie McLean** was supported by tenor saxophonist **Mosse**, pianist **Jodie Christian**, bassist **Cleveland Eaton**, and drummer **George Hughes**. Sitters-in included "new thing" altoist **Roscoe Mitchell**, bassist **Wilbur Ware**, and drummer **Robert Shy** (of the **Three Souls** trio playing at the adjacent Hungry Eye). The program was produced by **Joe Segal**, who hopes to bring **Kenny Dorham**, **Yusef Lateef**, and other leading jazz soloists into the area . . . A benefit for tenorist **Gene Ammons** was held last month at the Plugged Nickel. All funds raised will be used to hire an attorney to seek Ammons' release from prison, where he is serving a term for violation of narcotics laws. Contributing their talents were guitarist **Leo Blevins** (the benefit's prime mover), altoist **Roscoe Mitchell**, pianist-organist **Jodie Christian**, and drummer **Steve McCall**, among several others. The Nickel's owners, **Mike Pierpalais** and **Neil O'Donnell**, contributed the club and most of the money from the drinks sold.

**INDIANAPOLIS:** Clarinetist **Bob Snyder** returned to Indianapolis in mid-September for an indefinite stay at the Carrousel Lounge. He is backed by **Morris Pitner**, piano; **Don Baldwin**, bass; and **Leon Rix**, drums . . . After its return to a name-entertainment policy with saxophonist **John Coltrane** in early September, the Chateau de Count et Eve booked organist **Jimmy McGriff** for the last of the month, comedian **Redd Foxx** for the first week in October, and the **Ike Cole Trio** to follow him . . . Mr. B's Lounge, which for a year had carried the name-jazz banner, continues with lesser-known piano and organ trios. The **Spider Martin Trio** played the club the first two weeks in October. Clubowner **Herschell Buckner** said he still hopes to return to a name policy later in the fall . . . Music has a major part in the "New Directions in the Arts" series of Friday night programs planned by the John Herron Art Museum and School. Already heard have been "Avant-Garde Music for Piano," with a Butler University music professor, **Dr. John Gates**, playing works including those of **John Cage** and **Delos Puertos**, Oct. 3, and "Experiments in Electronic Music," with an Indiana University music professor, **Dr. John White**, Oct. 10. Next is "New Directions in Jazz," with the **Dave Baker Trio** Nov. 28 . . . The **Swingle Singers** gave a concert at plush Clowes Hall Oct. 26 . . . **Yank Rachell**, the city's veteran

## DOUBLES

A HIPSTER'S QUIZ BY GARY A. SOUCIE

Some jazz musicians gained fame not through their playing, but through their singing, their arranging and composing, or through the bands they led. Can you name the instruments played by the following?

- |                     |                  |
|---------------------|------------------|
| 1. Glen Gray        | 9. Mel Torme     |
| 2. Eddie Sauter     | 10. Boyd Raeburn |
| 3. Billy Eckstine   | 11. Billy May    |
| 4. Jon Hendricks    | 12. Quincy Jones |
| 5. Manny Albam      | 13. Dave Lambert |
| 6. Les Brown        | 14. Bill Russo   |
| 7. Neal Hefti       | 15. W. C. Handy  |
| 8. Jimmie Lunceford |                  |

ANSWERS: 1. Alto saxophone, 2. Trumpet, mellophone, drums, 3. Valve trombone, 4. Drums, 5. Saxophones, 6. Alto saxophone, clarinet, 7. Trumpet, 8. Saxophones, flute, 9. Drums, piano, 10. Saxophones, 11. Trumpet, 12. Trumpet, piano, 13. Drums, 14. Trombone, 15. Cornet.



blues mandolin and guitar player, made one of his infrequent local appearances the last weekend in September at the 11th Hour Coffee House. The **Jazz Merchants**, a young quartet, played the Coffee House the following weekend . . . The **Jimmy Coe Trio** recorded a performance at the Barrington Lounge in late September for a custom pressing . . . Vibraharpist **Teddy Charles'** quintet played a concert Oct. 4 at Rose Polytechnic Institute in Terre Haute, Ind., as part of the school's convocations series.

**MIAMI:** As a result of her successful run at the Diplomat in Hollywood, Fla., last season, singer **Peggy Lee** is due to return to the Cafe Crystal next March 10 for 10 days . . . Singer **Lana Cantrell**, in an exciting version of *Down with Love*, recently captivated the audience at the Playboy Club. **Bill Rieo** has been featured many months as the resident jazz pianist . . . A series of big-band concerts under the direction of **Gene Roy** were the recent weekly Sunday attractions at the Friendly Bull in Fort Lauderdale . . . Tenor saxophonist **Al Morell** appeared recently at the Apache Lounge . . . Pianist **George Shearing** has been contracted to appear for two concerts on the Miami-Dade Junior College campus on Feb. 17. Other performers signed to play for the school's cultural series include pianist **Peter Nero**, Nov. 4; and altoist **Paul Winter**, Nov. 20 (tenorist **Stan Getz** appeared Oct. 21) . . . Drummer **Dave Akins** and his trio opened Oct. 10 at the Doral Beach Hotel on Miami Beach. Akins' blues-oriented group is one of the most popular trios in town . . . The **Big Six Trio** has been featured in the Penthouse of the Harbour Towers on Miami Beach . . . The **Triangle** (**Walter Benard**, bass; **Terry Benard**, piano; and **Joe Rodriguez**, drums) was recently featured at the Opus #1 . . . The **Bill Ladley Quartet**, featuring tenor-trumpeter **Ira Sullivan**, opened for eight weeks at My Cousin's Place on Oct. 10.

**NEW ORLEANS:** **Lionel Hampton** brought an eight-piece combo, paced by drummer **Roy Burns**, to Al Hirt's Club last month. Hampton and several of his sidemen sat in afterhours with the blues-oriented **Ronnie Barron Quintet** at the El Morroco. Barron's group recently received a boost with the addition of **Ed Staehle**, one of the city's most promising young drummers . . . The Jazz Museum acquired several more items once belonging to **Bix Beiderbecke**. An autographed photo of the cornetist and a sheet-music copy of his composition *In a Mist* were donated by **Lester Arquette** (brother of **Cliff "Charlie Weaver" Arquette**), who once played with Beiderbecke. The museum already has one of Beiderbecke's cornets, donated some time ago by drummer **Ben Pollack** . . . A previously booked road engagement forced **Pete Fountain** to turn down an invitation to play for President **Lyndon B. Johnson** at the White House in October. The clarinetist would have been on the program with another native Orleanian, Gospel singer **Mahalia Jackson**, who recently returned to the music

scene after a year's convalescence in Chicago from a heart ailment.

**LAS VEGAS:** The new Fremont Hotel showroom, which was due to open Oct. 28, has signed for appearances singers **Joe Williams** and **Ethel Ennis**, a distinct change of policy for the hitherto stronghold of rock-and-roll and showbiz entertainment . . . Vocalist **Tony Bennett** and his regular combo, the **Ralph Sharon Trio**, parted company just before the singer opened at the Sahara. Trumpeter **Bobby Hackett** then latched on as a regular, just in time for a lavish premiere party at the hotel. The event, emceed by comic **Bob Hope**, saluted Bennett's debut as a dramatic actor in Paramount's *The Oscar* . . . **Si Zentner's** band was held over at the Tropicana after backing singer **Mel Torme** for four weeks . . . Trombonist **Bill Harris**, reed man **Sam Most**, trumpeter **Norm Prentice**, and the piano-bass-drums team of **Dick Boseck**, **Chuck Kovaacs**, and **Bob Molloy** are with vibraharpist **Red Norvo** at the Sands Lounge . . . **Esquivel!** (the exclamation mark is part of his billing) features **Tommy Vig** on drums at the Stardust. Vig's recent concert, showcasing his vibraharping, is having interesting repercussions among bookers and recording companies . . . Cornetist **Wild Bill Davison's** band with **Marshall Brown** on valve trombone was at the Mint's Sky Room, cooling it for the dancers but still showing class.

**LOS ANGELES:** For all practical purposes, **Stan Kenton** has disbanded the youthful aggregation he took on his extensive summer junket. For all musical purposes, however, the band will take on casuals until the leader mounts the podium for the second season of the Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra. Kenton also will work with the band between the six concerts of the Neophonic. That season gets under way Dec. 6. Tubaist **Red Callender** will bow out of the Neophonic this season because of his unusually heavy studio commitments . . . Pianist **Calvin Jackson** is music director of a new daytime variety program seen on the Los Angeles CBS outlet, KNXT-TV. The show's host is Australian **Brian Adams** and is called *Adams at Noon* . . . Singer **Nancy Wilson** is in the midst of a series of campus gigs that began in the Midwest in late October and ends at the University of Virginia on Nov. 7 . . . **Gerald Wilson** and band, along with vibraharpist **Terry Gibbs**, did a recent one-nighter at the Hacienda Hotel . . . Also for one night: tenorist **Teddy Edwards** and vocalist **Jon Hendricks** at Memory Lane . . . A "one-dayer" found a quartet fronted by flutist **Bud Shank** (**Dennis Budimir**, guitar; **Bob West**, bass; and **Frankie Kapp**, drums) closing a series of free concerts-on-the-green at Hollyhock House, in city-run **Barnsdall Park**. This was a cautious experiment by the city, which usually sponsors chamber concerts there . . . The **Jack Wilson Trio** provided the backing for flugelhornist **Clark Terry** and trombonist **Bob Brookmeyer** at Shelly's Manne-Hole. The pianist's trio will do likewise for singer **Lorez Alexandria** during her 10-day gig at the Penthouse in

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Seattle, Wash. The same combination—**Wilson trio** and **Miss Alexandria**—appeared recently at the **Kabuki**, formerly the **Adams-West Theater**, where live entertainment is featured every Sunday from 2 a.m. to 6 a.m. Sharing the bill during those wee hours was the **Ramsey Lewis Trio**... The **Art Graham Trio** is becoming a fixture at the **Melody Room** on **Sunset Strip**... A little farther down the strip is the **Afro-Blues Quintet**, which should be a fixture at the **Living Room** until the end of the year... Jazz can be found in the oddest places sometimes. The **Bowman-Mann Art Galleries**, in **Beverly Hills**, is trying an experiment with occasional Sunday afternoon concerts that showcase young talent. The most recent group to perform there was the **Ralph Gilbert-Larry Wolff Quintet**.

**SAN FRANCISCO:** **Louis Armstrong** drew a full house (2,100) to the **California State College** campus gymnasium at **Hayward** for a student-sponsored concert... The **Showcase**, an **Oakland** club owned by former **All-American** basketball player **Don Barksdale**, has begun Sunday concerts by trumpeter **John Coppola's** octet plus guests. The first session had trumpeters **Harry Edison** and **Al Porcino**... The **Gold Nugget**, the **Stan Kenton** shrine ruled over by **Don Mupo** and **Bob Frohm**, added to the **Oakland** jazz scene when it resumed **Friday-Saturday** sessions featuring **Kenton alumni**. The debut show was by trumpeter **Jack Sheldon's** quintet with guitarist **Howard Roberts**... **Rudy Salvini's** big band played a free outdoor concert in **San Francisco's Civic Center** as part of the annual city-sponsored art festival... **Pianist Chris Ibanez's** trio is playing at **Club Ho Tai** in **Chinatown**... **Blues** singer-guitarist **Lightnin' Hopkins** recently played a week at the **Matrix**, a new folk-blues club here... **Phil Elwood**, by vocation a teacher of **American history** at **Laney Junior College** in **Oakland** and by avocation jazz director of **FM radio station KPFA** in **Berkeley**, has replaced **Dick Hadlock** as jazz writer for the **San Francisco Examiner**. **Hadlock** is teaching at an **Indian school** in **northern California**. Besides his daytime history classes, **Elwood** also teaches a night course, "Jazz in the **American Culture**," which is good for two units of college credit.

**TORONTO:** **Woody Herman's** band made its seventh appearance in a year at the **Palais Royale Ballroom** and attracted a crowd of more than 1,000 fans... The second **Canadian Jazz Festival** will be held at **Casa Loma** on **Nov. 5**, with big bands and small groups taking part. **Trombonist Rob McConnell** (of the late **Maynard Ferguson Band**) will lead a big band plus his sextet; there'll be a battle of traditional jazz bands, led by **Jimmy Scott** and **Trump Davidson**, and small groups, led by **Paul Hoffert**, **Don Thompson**, and **Moe Koffman**. **Singer Ada Lee** also will be featured... **Drummer Ed Thigpen** made his debut as a leader at the **Town Tavern** with a quintet playing a variety of jazz from **bossa nova** to **hard-rocking blues**. Besides **Thigpen**, until re-

cently with the **Oscar Peterson Trio**, the group includes bassist **Bill Britto**; his wife, pianist **Carol**; **Ronnie Parks**, tenor saxophone and flute; and **Sonny Greenwich**, guitar. **Thigpen** said he intends to center his activities on **Toronto** but will take occasional engagements in other cities... **Tenorist Illinois Jacquet** was in for two weeks at the **Town Tavern**; pianist **Earl Hines** was at the **Colonial**, and singer **Olive Brown** opened at **Club 76**, where owner **Sam Berger**, formerly of the **Town**, intends to introduce a jazz policy... The **George Shearing Quintet** visited **Toronto** for the first time in several years for a concert at **Massey Hall**... **Blues** singer-guitarist **Lonnie Johnson** is back at the **Penny Farthing** for a long-term visit... **Pianist Sir Charles Thompson** continues at the **Chez Paree**, and pianist **Don Ewell** and clarinetist **Henry Cuesta** are sharing the bill at the **Golden Nugget** for the next few months... **Clarinetist Rudy Powell** replaced **Buster Bailey** in pianist **Red Richards's Saints and Sinners**, which recently completed a three-week date at the **Colonial**.

**PARIS:** The second **Paris Jazz Festival** takes place **Nov. 3 and 4** at the **Palais de la Mutualite**. Among the featured artists will be saxophonists **Lee Konitz**, **Ben Webster**, **Sonny Rollins**, **Ornette Coleman**, and **Gerry Mulligan**; trumpeter **Roy Eldridge**; pianists **Teddy Wilson**, **Lennie Tristano**, and **Bill Evans**; drummer **Art Blakey**; and singer **Dakota Staton**... The **Modern Jazz Quartet** played tunes from *Porgy and Bess* at its concerts **Oct. 2** (**Salle Pleyel**) and **Oct. 3** (**Maison de la Radio**). Another radio concert **Oct. 9** featured the **Three Lands** group of drummer **Daniel Humair** with trumpeter **Carmell Jones**, tenorist **Nathan Davis**, bassist **Gilbert Rovere**, and pianist **Rene Urteger**... **Ornette Coleman** spent **September** in **Paris**.

**RECORD NOTES:** **Prestige** has signed 16-year-old **Pittsburgh** alto and tenor saxophonist **Eric Kloss**, who was backed by organist **Don Patterson's** trio for his first recording date in **September**. The company also recently signed organist **Richard (Groove) Holmes**... **ESP** records held an open-house afternoon record date at **Judson Hall** **Sept. 23**. Players on hand included trumpeter **Don Ayler**, saxophonists **Charles Tyler** and **Albert Ayler**, harpsichordist **Call Cabbs**, bassists **Henry Grimes** and **Gary Peacock**, and drummer **Sonny Murray**... The **Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra**, **Stan Kenton** conducting, has been signed by **Capitol** records. The orchestra's first album will be released to coincide with the opening concert of the **Neophonic's** second season on **Dec. 6**... A new company, **Joda** records, has been formed in **New York City**. Jazz albums will be included in the output, and pianist-composer **Alonzo Levister** has been signed as arranger and composer... **RCA Victor** recorded singer **Marilyn Maye** on location during her recent **Living Room** engagement in **New York**... **Singer Anita O'Day** signed with **Clover** records and taped her first session with the company in **Hawaii**.



# 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: The Mad Hatters to 11/7.  
 Basin Street East: Astrud Gilberto to 11/11.  
 Duke Ellington, 11/12-12/2.  
 Carlton Terrace (Forest Hills): Johnny Fontana, tfn.  
 Carriage House: Ram Ramirez, Mon.-Fri.  
 Charlie Bates': Stan Levine, Sun.  
 Chuck's Composite: Dick Garcia, Sy Johnson, Jack Six, tfn.  
 Concerto West: Jesse Wilks, hb.  
 Coronet (Brooklyn): Sonny Stitt to 11/7. George Coleman, Richard Williams, 11/9-14. Jazz 'n' breakfast, Mon.  
 Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gamba, hb. Sessions, Sun.  
 Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko, tfn.  
 Embers West: Joe Newman, Joe Shulman, tfn.  
 Five Spot: Max Roach, tfn.  
 Front Room (Newark, N.J.): unk.  
 Gaslight Club: Clarence Hutchenrider, Charlie Queener, George Wettling, Mike Shiffer, tfn.  
 Half Note: unk.  
 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: Mongo Santamaria to 11/6. Gene Krupa, 11/15-20.  
 Minton's Playhouse: name jazz groups.  
 Open End: Scott Murray, Wolfgang Knittel, Gary Newman, Eddie Caccavelli, tfn.  
 Page Three: Sheila Jordan, Mon., Tue.  
 Plantation Room (Asbury Park, N.J.): Tal Farlow, Vinnie Burke, Don Friedman, Fri., Sun.  
 Playboy Club: Milt Sealy, Vin Strong, Milt Buckner, Ross Tompkins, Harold Francis, Walter Norris, hbs.  
 Jimmy Ryan's: Wild Bill Davison, Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, tfn.  
 Slug's: Walter Bishop Jr. to 11/7. Guest stars, Mon.  
 Toast: Jack Brooks, Dick Carter, Effie, tfn.  
 Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Greene, tfn.  
 Village Gate: Carmen McRae to 11/21. Swingle Singers, 11/23-28. Herbie Mann, 11/30-12/21.  
 Village Vanguard: sessions, Mon. Earl Hines, 11/9-14.  
 Wells': Abbey Lincoln, tfn.

## MIAMI AND FLORIDA

Bon Fire: Myrtle Jones, tfn.  
 Glenn's Lounge (Jacksonville): Bill Davis, tfn.  
 Hampton House: Charlie Austin, Medina Carney.  
 Miami-Dade Junior College: Peter Nero, 11/4.  
 Paul Winter, 11/20. George Shearing, 12/17.  
 My Cousin's Place: Bill Ladley-Ira Sullivan, tfn.  
 Playboy Club: Bill Rico, Sam DeStefano, hb.  
 Roney Plaza: Phil Napoleon, hb.  
 South Seas Yacht: Matty Cortese-Hamer Smith, tfn.

## BALTIMORE

Buck's: Fred Simpson, tfn.  
 Club Casino: Soul Brothers, Harold Adams, tfn.  
 Colonial House: Dixie Alley Cats, tfn.  
 Judges: The Progressions, tfn.  
 Kozy Korner: Earl Omara, tfn.  
 Krazy Kat: Monty Poulson, Count Lanz, Freddie Thaxton, tfn.  
 Le Coq D'Or: African Jazz Quartet.  
 Living Room: Harry Steiert, tfn.  
 Madison Club (Left Bank Jazz Society): name groups, Sun.  
 Marticks: Brad Wines, tfn.  
 Moe's: Clyde Crawford, tfn.  
 North End: Bill Byrd, tfn.  
 Phil Burke's: George Ecker, tfn.  
 Pimlico Hotel: Charlie Pace, tfn.  
 Playboy: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells, tfn.  
 Red Fox: Dolores Lynn, Claude Hubbard, tfn.  
 Steve's: Joe Allen, tfn.  
 Sweeney's: Sonny Richards, Tony Dee, tfn.  
 Well's: George Jackson, tfn.

## NEW ORLEANS

Al Hirt's: Gene Krupa to 11/14.  
 Black Knight: Bill Gannon, tfn.  
 Blue Room: Mel Torme to 11/11.  
 Court of Two Sisters: Smilin' Joe, tfn.  
 Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.

El Morocco: Ronnie Barron, tfn.  
 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.  
 Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole, tfn.  
 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 Lipscomb, Fri.-Sat., Sun. afternoon.  
 Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.

## CLEVELAND

Brothers: Harry Damas, wknds.  
 Cedar Gardens: Ray Banks-Nat Fitzgerald, Thur.-Sat.  
 Chateau: Vicki Lynn-Vince Mastro-Bobby Bryan, tfn.  
 Club 100: Winston Walls, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.  
 Continental: Chino Feaster, tfn.  
 Cucamonga: Johnny Trush, Sat.  
 Downtowner Motel: Eddie McAfee, tfn.  
 Esquire: Ed McKeta-Val Kent, tfn. Frank Wright, wknds. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.  
 Fagan's Beacon House: Bourbon Street Bums, Wed.-Sat.  
 Golden Door: Sal Gummings, Sat.  
 Green Tree: Angel Sanchez, Thur. Don Picozzi, Bob Santa Maria, wknds.  
 Harvey's Hideaway: George Peters, tfn.  
 Highlander Motel: Billy Vale, tfn. Angel Sanchez, wknds.  
 Impala: Ray Bradley, Wed.-Sat.  
 Jamaica House (Parma): Gene Toney-Chuck Rizon, Wed., wknds.  
 Judd's (Wickliffe): Jerry Altes, tfn.  
 Kinsman Grill: Chester High, wknds.  
 Leftue: Charlie Beckel-Bill Strange, tfn.  
 Leo's Casino: name jazz groups.  
 Lion & Lamb: Count Basie, 11/11. Jim Faragher, tfn. Phil Delgado, wknds.  
 Lucky Bar: Jose Harper, wknds.  
 Monticello: Two-Tones, Sat.  
 Moulin Rouge: Betty Robertson, Dick Trotter, tfn.  
 La Porte Rouge: Wayne Quarles-Players Three, wknds.  
 Punch & Judy: Labert Ellis, tfn.  
 Sahara Motel: Tamiko, Allan Praid, tfn. Buddy Griebel, hb. Al Serafini, wknds.  
 La Scala (Garfield Heights): Angel Sanchez, Wed. Gigolos, wknds.  
 Shakey's Pizza: various ragtime groups, nightly.  
 Shibley's Sahara: Bob DeMarco, Fri.  
 Somerset Inn: Bill Dinasco, tfn.  
 Squeeze Room: Spencer Thompson, Wed., Fri.-Sun.  
 Stouffer's Tack Room: Eddie Ryan-Bill Bandy, hb.  
 Tangiers: Sky-Hi Trio, wknds.  
 Theatrical Grill: Jonah Jones to 11/13. Billy Maxted, 11/15-27. Bob McKee, Nancy Ray, hb.  
 Thunderbird: Sounds of 3, tfn. Sessions, Mon.  
 Vanguard: Terry Richards-Mark IV, tfn.  
 Versailles Motel: Sally Blair to 11/13. Duke Hazlitt, 11/15-27. Fats Heard, hb.  
 Yankee Clipper Inn: Modernaires to 11/7. Lou Monte, 11/9-14.

## CHICAGO

Across the Street: Sandy Mosse, Wed., Sun.  
 Hungry Eye: Three Souls, tfn. Prince James, Mon., Tue.  
 Islander Lounge: Prince James, Wed., Sat.  
 Jazz Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Art Hodes, Thur.  
 London House: Wild Bill Davis to 11/7. Cannonball Adderley, 11/8-21. Oscar Peterson, 11/23-12/5. Les McCann, 12/7-19. Ramsey Lewis, 12/21-1/2. Jonah Jones, 1/4-23.  
 Midas Touch: Judy Roberts, tfn.  
 Mister Kelly's: Larry Novak, John Frigo, hbs.  
 Moroccan Village: Frank Shea, Joe Killian, tfn.  
 Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, wknds.  
 Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ralph Massetti, Joe Iaco, hbs.  
 Plugged Nickel: unk.  
 Second City: Chicago Improvising Players-Fred Kaz, 11/15.  
 Velvet Swing: Dukes of Dixieland, tfn. Beebe-Oakley Survivors, Sun.

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Artists' Workshop: Detroit Contemporary 4, wknds.  
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: Steve Booker-Gordon Camps, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.  
Chit Chat: Earl Van Dyke, wknds.  
Danish Inn (Farmington): Pat Flowers, tfn.  
Dragon Lady Lounge: Mark Richards, Ralph Jay, Fri.-Sat.  
Drome: Three Souls to 11/7. Dizzy Reese-Sonny Redd-Barry Harris, 11/26-12/5. Erskine Hawkins, 12/10-19. Quartet Tres Bien, 12/31-1/9.  
Frolic: Bill Jennings, tfn.  
Hobby Bar: Ben Jones, wknds.  
LaSalle (Saginaw): Arnie Kane, tfn.  
Momo's: Jack Brokensha, tfn.  
Odum's Cave: Bill Hyde, wknds.  
Paige's: George Bohanon, wknds.  
Playboy Club: Matt Michaels, Vince Mance.  
Sax Club: Charles Rowland, tfn.  
Shadow Box: Alex Kallao, tfn.  
Show Boat: Pee Wee Hunt, 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.

## CINCINNATI

Billy's Bar: Don Lewis, wknds.  
The Blind Lemon: Cal Collins, Thur.-Fri.  
Bonnevilla: Chris Brown, Fri.-Sat.  
Herbie's Bar: John Wright, Mon.-Sat.  
Inner Circle: The Good Sounds, Otis Williams.  
Mahogany Hall: Ed Moss, tfn.  
Playboy Club: Dave Engle, hb. Woody Evans.  
The Whisper Room: Lee Stoler, tfn.

## INDIANAPOLIS

Barrington Lounge: Jimmy Coe, tfn. Sessions, Thur.  
Carrusel: Bob Snyder, tfn.  
Cactus Club: Pookie Johnson, wknds.  
Count & Eve's Chateau: Count Fisher, hb.  
Eleventh Hour: various blues singers, wknds.

Embers: The Modernaires to 11/6. Oscar Peterson, 11/15-20.  
Embers Lounge: Judy Jae, tfn.  
Marott Hotel Patio: Larry Liggett, Wed.-Sat.  
38th St. Bar: Naptown Strugglers, wknds.

## MILWAUKEE

Black Knight Lounge: Dick Ruedebusch, tfn.  
Ciro's: Bob Erickson, Fri.-Sun.  
Column's Room: Lou Lalli, tfn.  
Dimitri's: Frank Vlasin, Thur.-Sun.  
English Room: Tom Marth, Fri.-Sat.  
Green Living Room: Will Green, tfn.  
Ma's: Tom Marth, Wed., Thur., Sun. Four Star Quartet, Fri.-Sat.  
Monreal's: Scat Johnson, Sun.  
Mr. Leo's: Bev Dean, wknds.  
Sardino's on Farwell: Dan Edwards, Mon.-Sat.  
Zig Millonzi, Sun.  
The Scene: unk.  
Tunnel Inn: Skip Wagner, Thur.-Sat.

## LOS ANGELES

Beverly Hilton: Freddie Karger, tfn.  
Blinkey's (Garden Grove): Southside Jazz Band, wknds.  
Bowman-Mann Galleries (Beverly Hills): jazz concerts, Sun.  
Caribbean: Reuben Wilson, tfn.  
Caravan (Redondo Beach): South Bay Jazz Band, Fri.  
Cascades (Anaheim): Alton Purnell, Sun.-Wed.  
Coronet Room: Dave Mackay, Sun. Gene Russell, tfn.  
Dean-O's (Santa Barbara): Bill Dods, tfn.  
Gilded Cage (Anaheim): Lee Countryman, tfn.  
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, wknds.  
Havana Club: Don Ellis, Mon.-Tue.  
Hermosa Inn (Hermosa Beach): French Quarter Jazz Band, wknds.  
Hollywood Plaza Hotel: Johnny Guarnieri, tfn.  
Hot Toddy's (Glendale): Rex Stewart, Fri.-Sat.  
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.  
Intermission: Phil Moore III, tfn.  
It Club: Aretha Franklin to 11/11.  
Kabuki Theater: sessions, afterhours, Sat.  
Leapin' Liz: El Dorado Jazz Band, Fri.-Sat.  
Great Society Jazz Band, Wed., Thur., Sun.  
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Arthur Lyman, 11/5-14. Howard Rumsey, 11/15-18. Gerald Wilson, 11/19-28.  
Living Room: Afro-Blues Quintet, tfn.  
Marty's: William Green, tfn.

Memory Lane: Harry Edison, tfn.  
Mitchell's Studio Club: Hampton Hawes, Red Mitchell, wknds.  
Nite Life: Bert Kendrick, tfn.  
Nite Life (Van Nuys): Don Brooks, tfn.  
Officers Club (Long Beach): Johnny Lane, tfn.  
Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson, tfn.  
Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Kellie Green, Mike Melvoin, hbs.  
Reuben E. Lee (Newport Beach): Edgar Hayes, Sun.  
Reuben's (Tustin): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Thur.  
Roaring '20s: Hot Toddy's Dixielanders, wknds.  
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: Charles Lloyd, 11/16-28.  
Swingle Singers, 11/30-12/5. Various big bands, Mon.  
Tang's: Gabe Baltazar, tfn.  
Tiki: Harold Jackson, tfn.  
UCLA: Swingle Singers, 11/5.  
Velvet Turtle (Redondo Beach): Louis Santiago, tfn.  
Villa Frascati: Calvin Jackson, Chris Clark, tfn.

## SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: George Shearing, 11/5-13.  
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.  
Both/And: John Handy, tfn.  
El Matador: Red Norvo to 11/6. Cal Tjader, 11/8-27.  
Gold Nuggett (Oakland): Stan Kenton alumni, wknds.  
Hungry i: Eddie Duran, hb.  
Jazz Workshop: Mose Allison to 11/14.  
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.  
Showcase (Oakland): John Coppola, Sun.  
Trident (Sausalito): Ethel Ennis to 11/7.

## PARIS

Blue Note: Nathan Davis, Kenny Clarke, Lou Bennett, tfn.  
Cameleon: Guy Lafitte, tfn.  
Caveau de la Huchette: Maxim Saury, tfn.  
Chat Qui Peche: Steve Lacy, tfn.  
Jazzland: Johnny Griffin, Art Taylor, tfn.  
Living Room: Art Simmons, Aaron Bridgers, tfn.  
Quatre Vents: Chet Baker, tfn.  
Riverboat: Mowgli Jospin, tfn.  
Slow Club: Marc Laferriere, tfn.

# 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.

Hall of Fame Scholarships  
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 \_\_\_\_\_

11/18/65

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 at left, 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.



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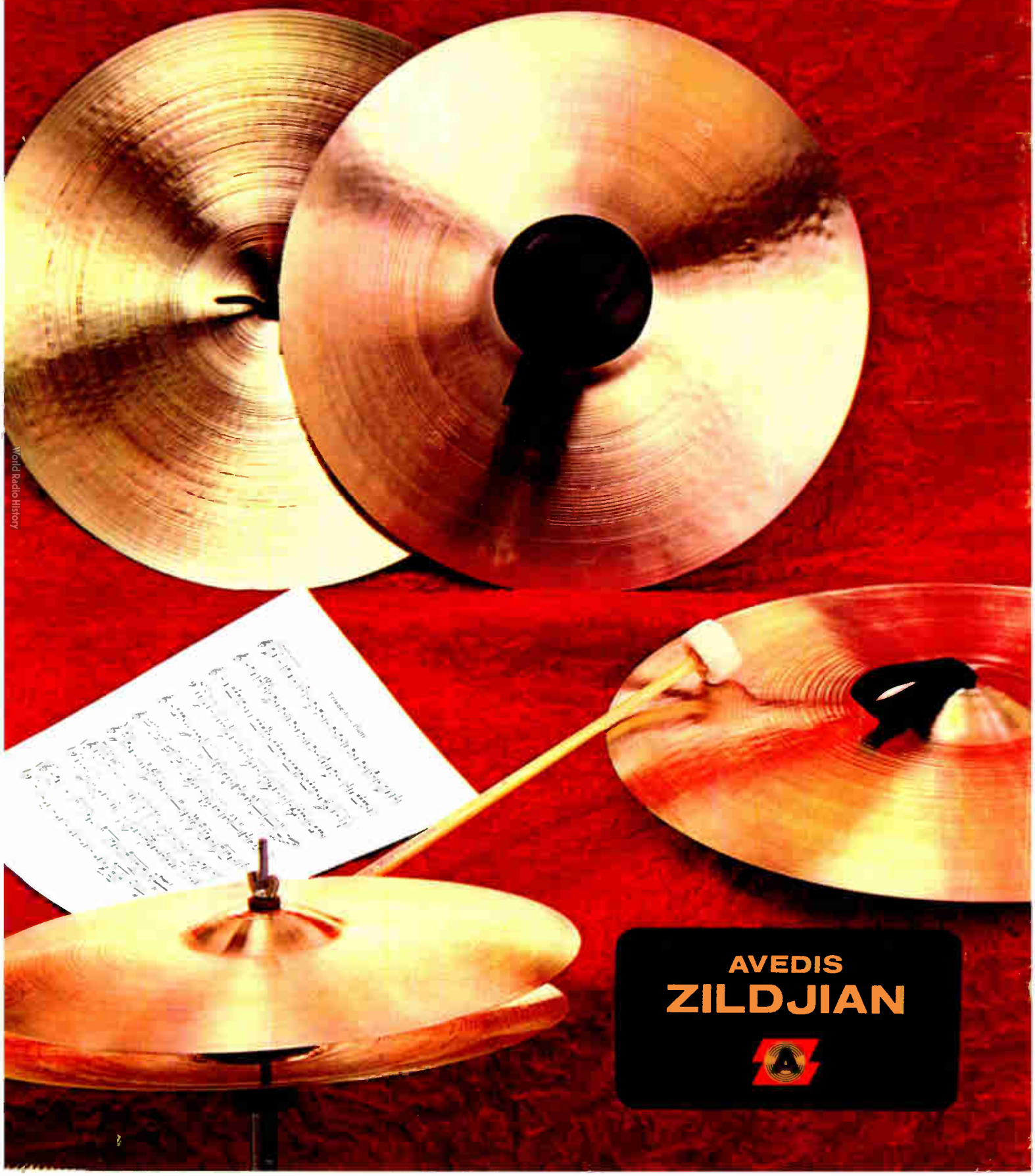
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