

DECEMBER 16, 1965 35c

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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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Successful Pianist-Combo Leader Horace Silver Discusses His Group, His Plans, And The Current Jazz Scene, By Dan Morgenstern

STUFF SWINGS ON

The Ongoing Saga Of Jazz Violinist Stuff Smith, By Stanley Dorce

INSIDE ORNETTE COLEMAN, Part 2

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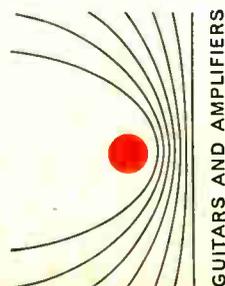


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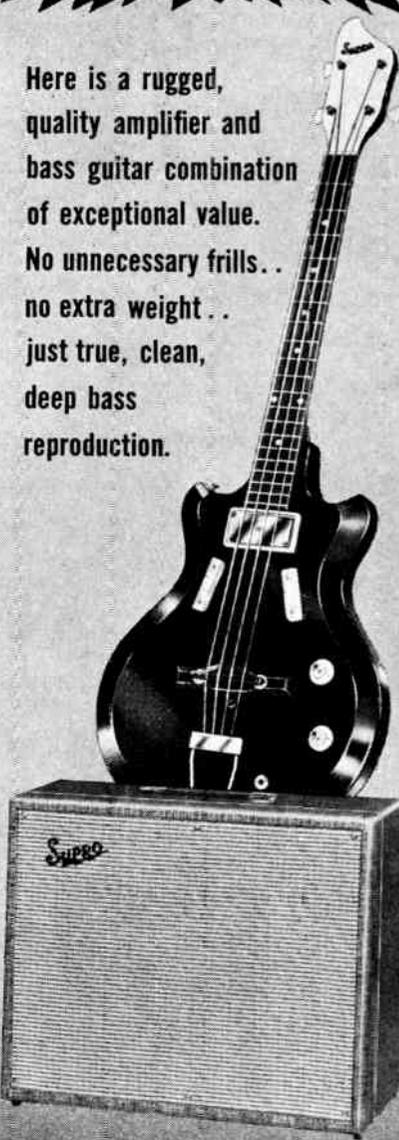
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Gitler In Pursuit Of Hentoff

I knew my letter to Nat Hentoff (DB, Sept. 9) would not sit well with the world's foremost authority (with apologies to Prof. Irwin Corey), but I did not expect him to belittle my writing abilities. I could bore you with a cluster of quotes (Mr. H.'s favorite device) in which he praised my work in the pages of *Down Beat*, but I would rather examine other parts of his reviews for this magazine in the 1953-57 period, as he suggested in his *Second Chorus* of Oct. 21.

How does a man who often used phrases such as "another horn would have helped over a 12-inch expanse" or suggested slower tempos to benefit "the whole LP in terms of program balance" relate these critical principles to the standards he now uses to praise the monotonous ramblings of the "new thing"? Is this the same Hentoff who wrote, "Another horn, a gentler trumpeter, say, would have helped complement the not always attractive Coltrane sound...?"

Of course, anyone is entitled to change his mind, but Hentoff was wrong about Sonny Rollins in the mid-'50s (it was not just *one* record) and, by his own confession, "wronger in fact in the mid-40s." Judging by this track record, it's entirely possible he could be wrong again, this time in the other direction.

He claims that my problem is that my "listening has become narrow and insular through the years..." To the contrary, my ears and mind are always open. There is avant-garde jazz I wholly enjoy, music that I feel speaks of these times but whose fidelity to the standards that jazz has established through all its phases is unquestionable.

Some of the men who are playing this kind of music, to name two, are Booker Ervin and Jaki Byard. They should be especially familiar to Hentoff since he recorded them in his capacity as a&r man for Candid records in the early '60s.

It is curious to find that Nat—who objects so strenuously to my suggestion that he sponsor a concert of "new thing" musicians by saying that "for a critic to promote a concert turns him into an entrepreneur, and I don't consider that to be a critic's function, just as I don't think a critic should double as a manager or booker"—had no compunctions about producing albums for one company while reviewing records of other companies.

Personally, I feel that if a critic promotes a concert (or produces records) of musicians he believes in, he is not being dishonest. Certainly a lot of great jazz would never have reached Europe as early as it did if not for its presentation by people like Charles Delaunay and Hugues Panassie. And many of Leonard Feather's concerts and record sessions were of great value and importance here.

I'm afraid Hentoff is conveniently coping out. After telling the clubowners how to run their businesses and which musi-



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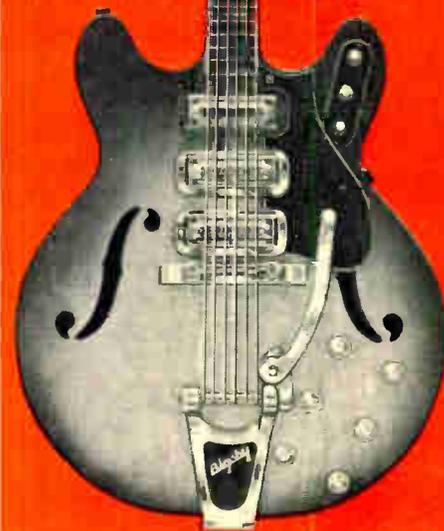
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cians to hire (your fantasy festival was not your "initial sin," Nat), he fails to back up his words and pulls up lame in the excuse department. In politics he is an activist; as a critic, he advocates the ivory tower.

His protests to the contrary, it is common knowledge among the jazz fraternity that he is seldom on the scene. And his description of his listening habits is the self-illuminating revelation of a robot.

Hentoff says that he doesn't expect to "learn anything of substance" from me about Cecil Taylor, but that I have been "knowledgeable about such as Bud Powell and" Sonny Stitt." This seems to me to contain contradictions of which I'm sure he is unaware. But if he will read an article I am preparing for future publication in *Down Beat*, on jazz since 1959, I hope he will be able to learn something about Taylor, Ayler, and Shepp.

Ira Gitler
New York City

No Two-Faced Compliments For Anita

One is moved to wonder (not to mention rage) at the fact that after 30 years as a jazz singer, Anita O'Day should still have to put up with critics who hand her two-faced compliments, the latest being Don DeMicheal in his report on the Monterey Jazz Festival (*DB*, Nov. 4).

Does he think he is being kind when he credits the lady with proving herself a jazz singer? She established herself as a jazz singer in Chicago in the mid-'30s, and in all the intervening years she has never sung anything except jazz.

Anita O'Day, Betty Roche, and the late Billie Holiday are really the only three singers who perform ballads without sounding like vanilla syrup, so I hope and pray that no one will ever be able to persuade Miss O'Day to change her method of singing ballads.

Donald S. Richardson
Goodwell, Okla.

Down Beat And Big Beat ... Ugh!

As a student at the University of Bridgeport and an ardent subscriber to *Down Beat*, I was shocked to find in the past issues of your magazine an increase in rock-and-roll material.

I thought, as did many of my fellow musicians, that *Down Beat* would never yield to the pressures demanded by the "new beat" generation. Have I been wrong? Is *Down Beat* gradually turning away from the good music—jazz—and incorporating rock and roll into its texts?

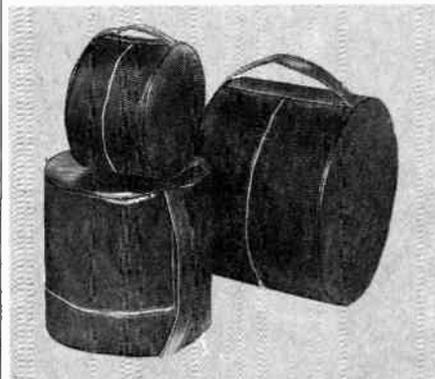
Howard Fisher
Bridgeport, Conn.

Down Beat is not turning away from jazz. The editors believe, though, that the social and musical significance of present-day rock and roll is of interest to the readers and that there is a growing awareness among jazz musicians of valuable qualities in the music of such performers as the Rolling Stones, the Supremes, Martha and the Vandellas, and the Beatles, not to mention such urban blues artists as Muddy Waters, B. B. King, and James Brown, among others.

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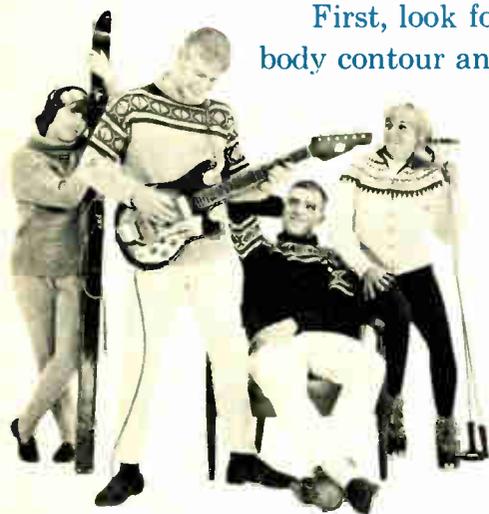
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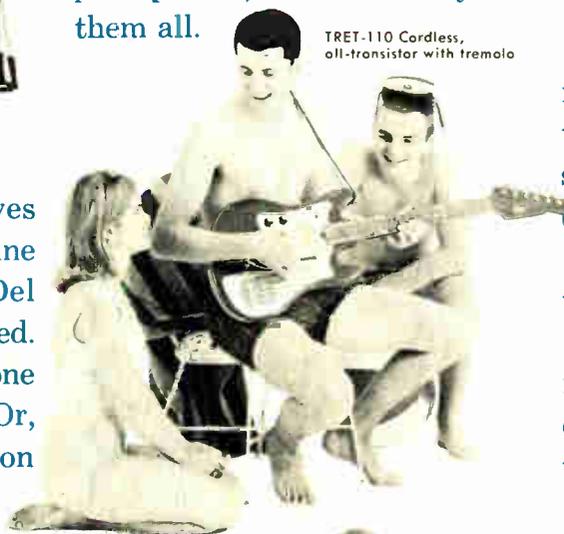
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news and views

DOWN BEAT: December 16, 1965

Ellington To Score New Sinatra Movie

Duke Ellington has been signed to compose the background score for the film *Assault on a Queen*, which stars Frank Sinatra. Ellington is scheduled to work on the score in Los Angeles from Dec. 20 to Jan. 20.

Most of the Ellington band dates for that period have been canceled, but for those that were not the leader will commute from Los Angeles.

It is not known whether the score will be soundtracked by Ellington's orchestra or by a group of Hollywood studio musicians.

The current assignment is the third major film score Ellington has composed; the other two were for *Anatomy of a Murder*, produced in 1959, and *Paris Blues*, done in 1961.

Assault on a Queen will be distributed by Paramount.

New Orleans Hails Conquering Hero Pops

New Orleans went all out to welcome Louis Armstrong back to his home town after an absence of more than 10 years. Mayor Victor H. Schiro declared Oct. 31 as Louis Armstrong Day, and the trumpeter was greeted by an old friend and former bandsman, drummer Paul Barbarin, and the Onward Brass Band at New Orleans International Airport.

Armstrong was given the key to the city by a representative of the mayor, who was recuperating from an emergency appendectomy. Armstrong also received the International Award of Merit from George W. Healy Jr. of the International House of New Orleans. In addition, John Carroll of the Louisiana Tourist Development Commission presented the trumpeter with a plaque of appreciation from Gov. John J. McKeithen. The latter is particularly significant, since Armstrong's long absence was in large measure prompted by state segregation laws that had prohibited performances by integrated bands in Louisiana.

Armstrong was cited for his contribution to music by Dillard, Loyola, and



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Xavier universities. He also was honored by a delegation of businessmen who awarded him a special memento. The Zulu Carnival Club, over which Armstrong presided as king in 1950, was on hand, too, with an award for the trumpeter.

Armstrong was reunited with Peter Davis, his former teacher at the Waifs' Home, where Armstrong lived in his early teens. The two reminisced at the New Orleans Jazz Museum, where Armstrong's first instrument, a bugle he played at the Waifs' Home, is preserved. Armstrong said he will bequeath his collection of instruments, tapes, and recordings to the New Orleans Jazz Club, sponsors of the museum.

Armstrong and his sextet played a Sunday afternoon concert at Loyola Fieldhouse, proceeds of which went to the museum. The concert drew a capacity crowd, which responded to Armstrong's music with a gusto that Orleanians reserve only for greatness and favorite sons—and no one fills both qualifications as grandly as Louis Armstrong.

Clarence Williams Dies In New York

Clarence Williams, veteran pianist and leader, prolific jazz composer, and an important force in the early days of jazz recording, died Nov. 6 in Queens General Hospital in New York City after a series of strokes. He was 72.

Born in Plaquemine, La., Williams, who also played guitar and organ, began his musical career as a youth in the clubs of New Orleans' Storyville, later touring with a number of minstrel shows and playing with various bands in Texas and Louisiana.

Composer of a number of enduring jazz standards, among them *Royal Garden Blues*—written with the late Spencer Williams (no relation)—*Sugar Blues*, *Gulf Coast Blues*, and *I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of My Jelly Roll*, Williams was active as early as 1913 as a songwriter and publisher.

Williams is best known in jazz circles for his direction of a great number of important recording sessions, primarily for OKeh records, in the '20s. He was responsible for many of the classic recordings by such artists as Louis Armstrong, Sidney Bechet, Buster Bailey, and singers Bessie Smith, Eva Taylor, Sara Martin, and Sippie Wallace. Williams participated as pianist in a good many of these sessions and acted as musical director on others. During this period he also served as accompanist for Miss Smith, who in turn recorded many of his compositions.

Williams was less active as a recording director after the '20s, spending most of his time directing his publishing activities. For the last 10 years he was largely inactive because of failing eyesight.

Williams is survived by his widow, Irene, three children, and six grandchildren.

A Brave Beginning

One of the more phantasmagoric inventions in Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* were the Feelies—in simple terms, movies one could feel.

"The house lights went down; fiery letters stood out solid and as though self-supported in the darkness," Huxley wrote in his book. "THREE WEEKS IN A HELICOPTER. AN ALL-SUPER-SINGING, SYNTHETIC-TALKING, COLOURED, STEREOSCOPIC FEELY. WITH SYNCHRONIZED SCENT-ORGAN ACCOMPANIMENT. [A scent-organ played smelly music.]

"Take hold of those metal knobs on the arms of your chair," whispered Lenina. "Otherwise you won't get any of the feely effects."

"The Savage did as he was told.

"Those fiery letters, meanwhile, had disappeared; there were 10 seconds of complete darkness; then suddenly, dazzling and incomparably more solid-looking than they would have seemed in actual flesh and blood, far more real than reality, there stood the stereoscopic images, locked in one another's arms, of a gigantic Negro and a golden-haired young brachycephalic

Beta-Plus female."

Back in the real world, the Finch College Museum of Art in New York City has issued a press release about things artistic, varying from sculpture to music, reading, in part:

"The Contemporary Study Wing . . . is exhibiting in its enlarged galleries the energy sculpture of Adrian Guillery and Dick Hogle, in which colored light and music activate the painted sculpture. . . . They have entitled these objects energy sculpture, as each piece is an experiment in moving light and sound. The reality of their T.V. boxes and their chairs converts to an aesthetic fantasy. Once the viewer turns the switch, he then responds to a phenomena of light, color, form, and sound that is detached from our man-made environment. His experience is real and unreal at the same time. . . ."

The release concluded with a note that Guillery's band—called Moe, Adrian, and the Hatreds—has recently signed with Columbia records. There was no mention, however, of scent-organ odors.

Jazz For Collegians: Boffo At Stanford; Bombo At S.F. State

Jazz went to college in the San Francisco area with widely differing results.

At Stanford University the first segment of "Stanford Jazz Year '65-'66" (*DB*, July 15) reached a heartening conclusion with a concert by Ella Fitzgerald and the Duke Ellington Orchestra, alone and together. Staged in an outdoor amphitheater on a sunny Sunday afternoon, the concert drew an overflow crowd of more than 10,000 persons.

On the preceding Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday afternoons an extensive program of jazz that featured several nationally known artists as well as outstanding bay-area musicians was presented at San Francisco State College, sponsored by the Associated Students.

Intended primarily for students, the concerts were held in the campus auditorium between 12:30 and 4:30 p.m. each day. Admission was \$1 for students and \$2 for outsiders. Though nearly 16,000 students are enrolled at State, attendance at the three concerts totaled only some 900. As a result, the student body's treasury had to be tapped for \$1,000 in addition to the \$3,000 subsidy previously allocated to meet expenses.

The biggest audience, 600 persons, attended the closing concert, which featured the Rudy Salvini big band and the John Handy Quintet. For the finale, the Shelly Manne Quintet joined the Salvini orchestra to play the arrangements of the Capitol album *Manne, That's Gershwin*. Johnny Williams, who did the arrangements and conducted the recording session, conducted the Salvini-Manne reprise.

Tuesday's opening program was presented by S.F. State's award-winning concert jazz band, vibist Jack Taylor's quintet,

An Artist Speaks Bluntly

By ARCHIE SHEPP



I address myself to bigots—those who are so inadvertently, those who are cold and premeditated with it. I address myself to those "in" white hipsters who think niggers never had it so good (Crow Jim) and that it's time something was done about restoring the traditional privileges that have always accrued to the whites exclusively (Jim Crow). I address myself to sensitive chauvinists—the greater part of the white intelligentsia—and the insensitive, with whom the former have this in common: the uneasy awareness that "Jass" is an ofay's word for a nigger's music (*viz.* Duke and Pulitzer).

I address myself to George Russell, a man whose work I have always respected and admired, who in an inopportune moment with an ill-chosen phrase threw himself squarely into the enemy camp. I address myself to Leonard Feather, who was quick to exploit that phrase and a few others, and who has asked me to be in his *Encyclopedia of Jazz* (I prefer to be in *Who's Who*; they at least know that reference works are about men and not the reverse). I address myself to Buck Walmsley, to Don DeMicheal and Dan Morgenstern, in short, to that entire "critical community" that has had far more access to this and other media of communication than I and fellows of my sort.

Allow me to say that I am—with men of other complexions, dispositions, etc.—about Art. I have about 15 years of dues-paying—others have spent more—which permits me to speak with some authority about the crude stables (clubs) where black men are groomed and paced like thoroughbreds to run till they bleed or else are hacked up outright for Lepage's glue. I am about 28 years in these United States, which, in my estimation is one of the most vicious, racist social systems in the world—with the possible exceptions of Northern Rhodesia, South Africa, and South Viet Nam.

I am, for the moment, a helpless witness to the bloody massacre of my people on streets that run from Hayneville through Harlem. I watch them die. I pray that I don't die. I've seen the once children-now men of my youth get down on scag, shoot it in the fingers, and then expire on frozen tenement roofs or in solitary basements, where all our frantic thoughts raced to the same desperate conclusion: "I'm sorry it was him; glad it wasn't me."

I have seen the tragedy of perennially starving families, my own. I am that

tragedy. I am the host of the dead: Bird, Billie, Ernie, Sonny, whom you, white America, murdered out of a systematic and unloving disregard. I am a nigger shooting heroin at 15 and dead at 35 with hog's head cheeses for arms and horse for blood.

But I am more than the images you superimpose on me, the despair that you inflict. I am the persistent insistence of the human heart to be free. I wish to regain that cherished dignity that was always mine. My esthetic answer to your lies about me is a simple one: you can no longer defer my dream. I'm gonna sing it. Dance it. Scream it. And if need be, I'll steal it from this very earth.

Get down with me, white folks. Go where I go. But think this: injustice is rife. Fear of the truth will out. The murder of James Powell, the slaughter of 30 Negroes in Watts, the wake of Chu-Lai are crimes that would make God's left eye jump. That establishment that owns the pitifully little that is left of me can absolve itself only through the creation of equitable relationships among all men, or else the world will create for itself new relationships that exclude the entrepreneur and the procurer.

Some of you are becoming a little frightened that we—niggers—ain't keepin' this thing simple enough. "The sound of surprise?" Man, you don't want no surprises from me.

How do I know that?

Give me leave to state this unequivocal fact: jazz is the product of the whites—the ofays—too often my enemy. It is the progeny of the blacks—my kinsmen. By this I mean: you own the music, and we make it. By definition, then, you own the people who make the music. You own us in whole chunks of flesh. When you dig deep inside our already disemboweled corpses and come up with a solitary diamond—because you don't want to flood the market—how different are you from the DeBeers of South Africa or the profligates who fleeced the Gold Coast? All right, there are niggers with a million dollars but ain't no nigger got a *billion* dollars.

I give you, then, my brains back, America. You have had them before, as you had my father's, as you took my mother's: in outhouses, under the back porch, next to black snakes who should have bitten you then.

I ask only: don't you ever wonder just what my collective rage will—as it surely must—be like, when it is—as it inevitably will be—unleashed? Our vindication will be black as the color of suffering is black, as Fidel is black, as Ho Chi Minh is black. It is thus that I offer my right hand across the worlds of suffering to black compatriots everywhere. When they fall victim to war, disease, poverty—all systematically enforced—I fall with them, and I am a yellow skin, and they are black like me or even white. For them and me I offer this prayer, that this 28th year of mine will never again find us all so poor, nor

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pianist Nico Buninck's trio, and guitarist Howard Roberts' quartet. On Wednesday, combos led by drummer Benny Barth, organist Richard Holmes, and pianist Denny Zeitlin, plus the Jazz Ensemble, a local quartet, played.

The boxoffice failure of the concert series was attributed by some to "competition with classes and midterm exams." Another theory was that jazz is too sophisticated for most of the students, that their interest is in rock and roll and folk music.

As for Stanford, the Fitzgerald-Ellington concert was even more successful than that presented three weeks earlier by Louis Armstrong's group. On the three Mondays between the concerts there were lectures by Marshall Stearns, John Hammond, and Phil Elwood.

Now in recess, the jazz year program will resume in January with more lectures, concerts, exhibits, and films.

Eckstine Recovering From Serious Surgery

Singer Billy Eckstine got more than he bargained for in recent surgery. He had been suffering severe stomach cramps for a long time but had ignored them until an attack forced him to cancel an engagement at Harrah's in Lake Tahoe, Nev.

Finally deciding it was time to seek medical help, Eckstine entered Mid-Valley Community Hospital in Van Nuys, Calif., where the diagnosis was polyps on the intestines. Surgery was scheduled, and Eckstine was confident that he would not be away from the scene for more than 10 days. But complications set in.

The singer was on the operating table for more than six hours, and in addition to removing the polyps, surgeons had to remove one-third of Eckstine's stomach when peritonitis developed.

A month's hospitalization necessitated some schedule changes for Nevada dates.

The singer was in good spirits after surgery and when asked if the operation might affect his professional career, said, "This won't affect the voice. Fortunately, I don't sing through my intestines."

Big T Film Bio?

A move to put the life of trombonist Jack Teagarden on film is in the works. A representative of Teagarden's widow, Addie, is in Hollywood to negotiate the screen rights to the story.

"I have a summary of the story ready right now," said Ray Callahan, an old friend of Teagarden, who managed the trombonist's big band for two years beginning in 1945. In 1947 Teagarden gave up as a leader and joined Louis Armstrong's combo.

Callahan, now a New York City public-relations man, said, "We have a great story—and a tragedy—much more of a tragedy than most people realize."

He said he is authorized to negotiate for the story as a screenplay, a television special or both and that Mrs. Teagarden would serve on any production as a technical adviser.

The Case Of Oscar's Not-So-Secret Secret

One of the top secrets in the ever-changing jazz world is the name of Ray Brown's replacement in the Oscar Peterson Trio. During the trio's recent engagement at Shelly's Manne-Hole in Los Angeles, the pianist told *Down Beat*, "I know who he is, but I'm not saying anything until January."

Early January will find the trio on tour in Japan, following which it will be sayonara for Brown, who first was scheduled to leave in December but decided to make the trip to the Far East. The bassist was equally evasive about his successor. "All I can say is I'm tired," he said. "I've been on the road now for 22 years—the last 15 with Oscar."

"I'm going to settle down in Los Angeles, do record dates and studio work, and concentrate on Ray Brown Music,



JONES
Is Sam the man?

Ltd.," his music- and book-publishing firm. (One of his initial projects involves a bass instruction book prepared by Red Mitchell.)

Asked if his replacement can expect to find it difficult to fill his spot, Brown replied, "Definitely not. Besides, nobody should do what I do. Each musician should express himself individually. It's been a long time, and I think it will be good for the trio. New blood is necessary. It's the only way you come up with new ideas."

Despite Peterson's and Brown's secrecy, *Down Beat* learned that Sam Jones will be more than likely be the new man. If he is, Jones, a member of Cannonball Adderley's group for the last six years, will rejoin his former Adderley confrere, drummer Louis Hayes, who left the altoist's group in June to join Peterson.

It also was learned that Peterson is seeking a guitarist to add to his trio, but at presstime negotiations with the leading contender, Wes Montgomery, had not borne fruit, mainly because Montgomery does not like to fly.

The new Peterson group, whatever its composition, is scheduled to debut in Europe late in January.

Vive La Tradition!

There is nothing to compare with a French traditional-jazz fan.

There have been feuds between factions, public denunciations, and more than a few punches thrown. A traditional-jazz fan in la belle France is a devoted cat—and when not arguing for his favorite or flooring his opponent, he and his breed can be heard reciting master numbers of the 1923 Genet series by King Oliver.

The true blue flame of New Orleans burns as bright in the souls of French traditional jazzmen as well.

Last month fans, musicians, and flame came together in a mammoth SRO concert at the Latin Quarter Town Hall in Paris. No casualties were reported, but the event was not without its exciting moments.

Sponsored by the French Association of New Orleans Jazz Fans, the six-hour Jazz Band Ball began with a parade by a 20-piece New Orleans-styled marching band through the streets of the Latin Quarter, which were lined with Left Bank second-liners. The concert itself featured nine traditional bands—the Black Sticks, the Bootleggers, the Red Beans, the High Society Jazz Band, the Jazz O'Maniacs, the Riverboat Rhythm Kings, the Royal Garden Band, the Hot Peppers, and the Yann Schiffer New Orleans Blue Notes.

As the concert progressed into the wee hours, the French bands, rather than striving for the musical dead end of slavish re-creation, opted for spontaneous creation in the spirit—not the letter—of the original groups they so admire.

The concert, with all its enthusiasm, demonstrated unequivocally that a proportionately large faction of Frenchmen will continue to retain and revel in their cherished moldier-than-thou attitude.

Potpourri

When the Ramsey Lewis Trio came on stage at a University of California concert in Berkeley Nov. 13, two of its charter members were missing—bassist Eldee Young and drummer Red Holt. In their places were bassist Cleveland Eaton and drummer Maurice White. Lewis' only explanation was, "Eldee and Red are on vacation. I don't know if it will be permanent or not."

After 10 years with Verve, Ella Fitzgerald is leaving. Though no official announcement has been made, the singer signed with Columbia records last month.

San Francisco bartender George Sims was a staunch traditional-jazz fan. He often said that when he died, he wanted a New Orleans funeral, with a band playing *When the Saints Go Marching In*. Late in October the body of the 35-year-old Sims was recovered 10 days after he had fallen overboard from his cabin cruiser into San Pablo Bay. His widow Dorothy and his close friend Otis Jarnau saw that his final wish was respected. As Sims'

coffin was carried from the funeral home, a group composed of trumpeter **Eddie Smith**, trombonist **Sam Blank**, clarinetist **Mark Teel**, and veteran New Orleans bassist **Pops Foster** was on hand to give Sims his desired sendoff. As the mournful strains of *Saints* faded, Jarman noted, "When it's the last thing you can do for a man, you do it."

Bassist **Paul Chambers** was operated on in New York City in November to correct internal bleeding caused by a piece of glass lodged in his foot. At presstime he was recovering satisfactorily. Among his substitutes in the **Wynton Kelly Trio** were **Sam Jones**, and on at least one occasion, when guitarist **Wes Montgomery** was featured with the group, pianist Kelly played highly acceptable bass when Chambers had to leave the stand because of his illness.

Benny Carter flew from Los Angeles to New York Oct. 26 to complete contractual negotiations to write the original music for *Adam*, a film based on the life of a jazz musician and starring **Sammy Davis Jr.** Though he has shared credits on previous pictures, this will be Carter's first solo flight as a movie composer-arranger.

The body of alto saxophonist **Earl Bostic** was taken to his adopted home of Los Angeles following his death in Rochester, N.Y., Oct. 20. Funeral services were conducted at Mt. Sinai Baptist Church, where **Sam Fletcher** sang *When I've Done the Best I Can* and *The Lord's Prayer*. Pallbearers included **Chet Baker**, **Teddy Edwards**, **Leonard Feather**, **Edgar Hayes**, **Plas Johnson**, **Joe Pass**, **Louis Prima**, **Rex Stewart**, and **Gerald Wilson**. Interment was in Inglewood Cemetery.

The cross-country tour of *Love Is a Ball*, the musical show created and staged by the San Francisco Contemporary Dancers (*DB*, Nov. 18), came to at least a temporary halt in Fort Worth, Texas, in late October. Most of the company, including the octet that played the jazz-oriented score, returned to San Francisco to await developments. Reports were that the tour was halted because of a dispute between Actors Equity and the American Guild of Variety Artists. Plans are to revamp the show and get it back on the road, perhaps with singer **Anita O'Day**.

Lalo Schifrin, whose two years as pianist with the **Dizzy Gillespie Quintet** were followed by success as a film composer, arranged for a reunion with his old boss at the Los Angeles MCA television studios Nov. 5. Writing the musical score for *The Small Rebellion*, a *Chrysler Theater* show starring **Simone Signoret**, Schifrin included a jazz sequence featuring Gillespie with an accompanying group of Hollywood studio jazzmen.

FINAL BAR: Drummer **Oliver Coleman**, formerly with **Ray Nance**, **Horace Henderson**, **Earl Hines**, and, briefly, **Duke Ellington**, died Nov. 6 in Chicago of cancer.



FEATHER'S NEST:
By
LEONARD FEATHER

A Plea For Less Critical Infighting, More Attention To The Music Itself

There has been a resurgence in recent months of a brand of literary wrangling that should have been extinguished permanently with the moldy figs-vs.-beboppers nonsense of the 1940s.

Jazz criticism, at best, like all forms of criticism, is a parasitical and totally dependent occupation. Without the powerful engine of art, the caboose of criticism would grind to an immediate halt. Yet one finds constantly that several of the better-known jazz writers, or at least those among them who are concerned more with abstractions than with the realities of the music itself, use their time not so much to listen to jazz as to turn the art into a literary soapbox.

Lately, in the pages of another jazz magazine, I found a rather pathetic series of endless tirades in the letters-to-the-editor department. I am not singling out the magazine for any blame in the matter; as you know, the same sort of nonsense has been going on in this magazine, but with at least a modicum of moderation and rationality.

The letters all bore such headlines as "Frank Kofsky to Ira Gitler," "Martin Williams to Frank Kofsky," and they accomplished about as much for the advancement of jazz as an evening with Lawrence Welk. The tone was generally abusive, petty, pretentious, and, of course, nit-picking. It would have been funny if it had not all been so deadly serious in intent.

Many readers of *Down Beat* are too young to recall that when jazz made a major step forward with the arrival of bebop, this same sort of thing was going on. While I was using the pages of *Metronome* for feature stories on **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Boyd Raeburn**, and their contemporaries, **Nat Hentoff** in Boston was on the air denouncing Gillespie, Raeburn, et al., as cold, unemotional, and harmful to the future of jazz.

But the argument did not end there. Both sides were on the offensive as well

as the defensive; both camps were slinging as much mud as they were receiving, thereby canceling out the value of whatever arguments they were trying to promulgate.

While **Ralph Gleason** and **George Avakian** were jumping on me for daring to claim that **Charlie Parker** and **Gillespie** were even jazzmen at all, let alone great jazzmen, I was wasting time needlessly denouncing as charlatans some innocuous and ineffectual old men of New Orleans whom the moldy figs had resurrected and who, to them, represented the only true jazz.

All of us were equally guilty of senselessly using up print with these silly squabbles; we should have realized that only time would determine the value of **Dizzy's** contribution and of **Bunk Johnson's**. All that came of the disputes was that a great deal of ill will was engendered.

Today the arguments tend to revolve around racial matters. Two or three white critics are trying desperately to prove, to Negro musicians, that they are totally in sympathy with the separationist theory. They want to show that they think just like soul brothers, that to all intents and purposes they *are* soul brothers. I do not believe that Negro musicians are naive enough to fall for such flagrant sycophancy. They are more likely to trust a man with whom they can agree on some points, disagree during a mutually stimulating polemic on others, and wind up shaking hands.

Note to all you white critics who want to identify with the Negro:

It isn't going to help to rail and rant about the white power structure. It isn't enough to show your sympathy by shedding crocodile tears for **Malcolm X**. Protest all you like concerning your disaffection from the white world and all its twisted values, there is still only one qualification that will get you by: be born black. Aren't you a little late for that?

Some of the critics who today are embroiled in angry debate over the social revolution of our decade are beginning to lose sight of the central reality out of which their entire racial postures took shape: the love and beauty and brotherhood inherent in the music itself.

The same argument applies to other forms of childish pseudo-intellectual divagations along nonracial lines (in one of those letters I saw a reference to "the hypothesis of Heliocentricism"). All this is a million light years away from the actual notes and chords and modes and rhythms of jazz.

I never yet have met a musician who takes these brawls seriously; I am not sure I have even met one who has read any of these diatribes. If he were ever to be caught helpless in a bus between one-nighters with nothing else to read, his reaction probably could be boiled down to that classic phrase that has been used as a squelcher ever since jazz (and the digressions from it) began:

"Play the music, man!"



NEW YORK: The Village Vanguard inaugurated a series of bookings under the heading "New Jazz Leaders" Nov. 16 with the quartet of pianist **Jaki Byard** and guitarist **Jim Hall's** trio. Multi-instrumentalist **Roland Kirk** is the chief catalyst at the club's increasingly popular Monday night jam sessions, which are organized by disc jockey **Alan Grant**. Featured on a recent evening, in addition to Kirk, were pianists **Randy Weston**, **Horace Parlan**, and **Mike Grant**, vibraharpists **Vera Auer** and **Dave Pike**, tenor saxophonist **Hugh Brody**, bassist **Bob Cunningham**, and drummers **Walter Perkins** and **Bob Moses** . . . Kirk, Weston, and pianist **Cecil Taylor** performed at a benefit for Mobilization for Youth at Slug's Saloon Nov. 7. Kirk's quartet was on hand at the club for one week beginning Nov. 9, followed by alto saxophonist **Jackie McLean** for two weeks. McLean was the recipient of Slug's first annual jazz award at a cocktail party at the club Nov. 15 . . . **Don Heckman** composed the music and played piano for the Hardware Poets Playhouse performances of *War, Part One*, an adaptation by **Jerry Bloodow** of the *Nibelungenlied*. The marathon music drama, running four hours, was performed on four consecutive weekends in October and November, thus rivaling, at least in length, **Richard Wagner's** assaults on the same source material . . . The Village Gate has been the scene of a potpourri of music and song. **Carmen McRae** did three weeks. **John Coltrane** was on the same bill Nov. 9-14 and added tenorists **Archie Shepp** and **Farrell Saunders** and drummer **Rashid Ali** to his quartet. Coltrane returned Nov. 30-Dec. 5. The **Swingle Singers** are also in for a split booking, Nov. 24-28 and Dec. 22-Jan. 1, with flutist **Herbie Mann's** sextet appearing Dec. 7-Jan. 1. Singer **Gloria Lynne** will be added on the first three weekends in December. From January through March, the club will resume, for the sixth consecutive year, its weekends-only policy. . . . A benefit for a new organization with the imposing name of Society to Prevent Excess Unemployment for Jazz Musicians was held at Brooklyn's Club Coronet Nov. 1. Performers included trumpeters **Dave Burns** and **Bill Hardman**, saxophonists **Gary Bartz**, **Frank Foster**, and **Frank Wess**, pianists **Al Dailey** and **John Hicks**, bassists **Jimmy Garrison**, **Larry Ridley**, and **Victor Sproles**, and singer **A. Leon Thomas** . . . **Gil Evans** currently is working on arrangements for a large-group **Miles Davis** recording. Evans also is scheduled to make another recording under his own name with a big band playing his scores . . . Pianist **Burton Greene** gave a recital at Hunter College Nov. 3 with **Marion Brown**, alto saxophone; **Henry Grimes**, bass; and **Rasheed Ali**, drums. Green also gave a Carnegie Recital Hall concert Nov. 7, which included the premiere of his *Solo Piano Suite* . . . The Connecticut Traditional Jazz Club presents New Orleans veterans **Kid Thomas**, trum-

pet; **Jim Robinson**, trombone; **John Handy**, saxophone; and **Sammy Penn**, drums, in concert at Moose Lodge Hall in Stamford Dec. 3 and at West Haven Motor Inn Dec. 6. The guests will be joined by young traditionalists . . . Pianist **Billy Taylor's** trio (**Ben Tuerker**, bass, and **Grady Tate**, drums), still incumbent at the Hickory House, gave a concert for the International Art of Jazz Club at Aztec Village in Huntington, on Long Island, Nov. 14. Drummer-teacher **Clem DeRosa** is the newly elected president of the organization . . . Pianist **Andrew Hill** plays weekends at the Concerto West on 125th St. near Broadway . . . The **Smith Street Society Jazz Band** can be heard Wednesday through Friday at Kenny's Steak Pub on Lexington Ave. . . . **Dick Meldonian**, better known as a jazz alto and soprano saxophonist, heads the Latin group at the Chateau Madrid, playing flute only . . . The **Count Basie Band** will play the Mark Twain Riverboat in the Empire State Building for two weeks beginning Dec. 15 . . . Alto saxophonist **John Tchicai** returned to New York in November after a four-month sojourn in Europe. His



TCHICAI: A busy European round

itinerary included radio, television, and concert work in Denmark, Holland, and Belgium. In October he was joined by trombonist **Roswell Rudd** for a three-week stand at Copenhagen's Club Montmartre, with accompaniment by Danish bassist **Finn von Eyben** and South African drummer **Louis Moholo**. This group also joined alto saxophonist **Ornette Coleman's** trio in a concert at Amsterdam's Concertgebouw Oct. 29 . . . Trumpeter **Henry (Red) Allen** joined pianist **Ronnie Ball** and bassist **Jimmy Rowser** at L'Intrigue for two weeks in November. The club also features owner-singer **Nancy Steele** . . . Drummer **Art Blakey's** Jazz Messengers had a new lineup for its Five Spot opening Nov. 9. The sidemen were trumpeter **Chuck Mangione**, tenor saxophonist **Frank Mitchell**, pianist **Lonnie Smith**, and bassist **Reggie Johnson** . . . A trio composed of pianist **Tommy Flanagan**, bassist **Major Holley**, and drummer **Eddie Locke** provided preshow music for the diners at Basin Street East during singer **Astrud Gilberto's** recent engagement. **Ram Ramirez** is now back as intermission pianist . . . A battle of music between Dixieland and rock and roll with a teen-age audience as jury will take place Dec. 12 at Sunrise Village in Belmore, on Long Island. Drummer **Morey Feld's** quintet (**Ruby Braff**, cornet; **Cutty Cutshall**, trombone; **Hank D'Amico**, clarinet; **Tony Aless**, piano) will represent jazz.

CHICAGO: Austin High School finally got around to honoring some members of the jazz gang that has been linked with the Chicago school. At the McCormick Place ceremonies marking the school's 75th anniversary Nov. 20, cornetist **Jimmy McPartland**, bassist **Jim Lanigan**, and trombonist **Floyd O'Brien** played. McPartland, Lanigan, guitarist **Dick McPartland**, tenorist **Bud Freeman**, clarinetist **Frank Teschemacher**, and pianist **Dave North** were the original Austin High Gang. (None of them, incidentally, ever graduated from the school.) Films made at the *Down Beat* Jazz Festival reunion of Austinites and other Chicago veterans were shown on the local NBC network Nov. 15. Included in the festival shooting were cornetist McPartland, Lanigan, O'Brien, clarinetist **Pee Wee Russell**, Freeman, pianists **Art Hodes** and **Earl Hines**, drummer **George Wettling**, and the **Franz Jackson Original Jazz All-Stars** . . . Altoist **Roscoe Mitchell's** avant-garde quartet played at the opening of the Griffon Art Gallery last month. Mitchell followed up with two midnight concerts at the Harper Theater in Hyde Park Nov. 26-27. Sharing the theater's stage with the group was electronic-music composer **John Cage**, who performed with **Joseph Jarman's** quartet . . . The **Three Souls** interrupted their long stay at the Hungry Eye for a SRO one-nighter at the Flamingo Club in South Bend, Ind., before a 10-day stand at the Drome in Detroit. Dec. 4 found them away from their Old Town home base once again: the trio appeared in concert at Grinnell College in Grinnell, Iowa. The Souls' leader, altoist **Sonny Cox**, has been working with **Richard Abrams** on arrangements for the group's next *Cadet* album, which will employ three added horns to the group's regular lineup (Cox; **Ken Prince**, organ; **Robert Shy**, drums) . . . Organist **Jack McDuff's** trio held forth for a week last month at The Club on S. State St. The establishment formerly was the Club DeLisa . . . **Woody Herman** canceled his two-nighter at the Plugged Nickel, but normality returned with the one-week stand of organist **Shirley Scott** and tenorist **Stanley Turrentine** at the N. Wells St. spa . . . Singer **Naney Wilson** is currently finishing a two-weeker at Mr. Kelly's. She closes Dec. 5 . . . **Ruth Brown** and **Toni Lee Scott** were the featured vocalists at the Playboy Club last month . . . Former Basieite **Joe Williams** did two weeks at the Blue Angel on S. Michigan Ave. in November. The club has recently featured acts other than its usual calypso singers. The new policy began with the booking of comedian **Diek Gregory** late in October . . . The trio of pianist **Ike Cole**, Nat's brother, has been playing at the Brass Rail in Sheraton-O'Hare Motor Hotel . . . The long-shuttered Sutherland Lounge, where jazz had often been heard in the past, reopened last month but as the Sutherland A-Go-Go. Four stage-to-ceiling bird cages will house, as a Sutherland press release had it, "gorgeous GO-GO-Girls (from various racial extractions) performing the latest dance creations." **Maynard McLean** returns as manager of the club . . . Another club

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that once rocked to jazz, the Archway on 61st St., recently was the scene of a Sunday afternoon session with the group of tenor saxophonist **Jay Peters** . . . Bassist **Scotty Holt**, one of the city's more promising young players, left for New York City early in November. But bassist **Donald Garrett** is back from California.

LOS ANGELES: The opening concert of the second season for the **Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra** has been set back from Dec. 6 to Jan. 10. The Neophonic's parent organization—the Academy of Contemporary Music—had been toying with the notion of beginning the new concert season at the stroke of midnight, New Year's Eve. Faced with the prospects of full moon and empty seats, or, at least, noisy seats, New Year's Eve was shelved. Besides, *Auld Lang Syne* loses something when it's neophonized. **Don Ellis** has been commissioned to write an extended work for the first concert. The composition will run "25 to 30 minutes," Ellis said, and will feature his trumpet work and the combo sound of his **Hindustani Jazz Sextet**, as well as that of the full orchestra . . . A 17-piece rehearsal band organized by former **Stan Kenton** sideman **Bill Fritz** gave a concert at the California Institute of the Arts. Fritz is on the faculty there, teaching arranging and reeds. Included in the pianoless band are **Bill Clark**, **Bob Faust**, **Chuck Foster**, **Mike Herrera**, trumpets; **Jim Amlotte**, **Lou Blackburn**, **Dave Roberts**, **Dick Shearer**, trombones; **Jack Gell**, **Frank Perry**, **Ray Reed**, **Gene Siegel**, **Jim Timlin**, reeds; **Ted Stanny**, guitar, **John Duke**, bass; **Ross Pollock**, drums; and **Cindy Bradley**, vocals. The book boasts an impressive list of arrangements by Fritz, **Mauney Albam**, **Bill Holman**, **Bill Russo**, **Bob Florence**, **Lenny Niehaus**, and **Dave Roberts**. The concert was made possible through the co-operation of **AFM Local 47** . . . **Lalo Schifrin**'s much-publicized jazz mass, recorded by reed man **Paul Horn** on **RCA Victor**, was to receive its first public performance Nov. 14 at the University of Southern California Methodist Church. It will be presented with a cast largely similar to that heard in the album . . . **Pat Collins** (the hip hypnotist) commissioned **Marty Paich** to write arrangements for her recent stint at the Royal Tahitian in Ontario, Calif. . . . The Troubador in Los Angeles reverberated for the better part of November to the sometimes jazz and other times folk singing of **Oscar Brown Jr.** . . . The theater in the round at West Covina, the Carousel, was no place for squares Nov. 15. A swinging one-nighter, billed as "Jazz Modern," featured the **Ramsey Lewis Trio**, **Anita O'Day**, and an orchestra led by **Les Brown** . . . Singer **Ella Fitzgerald** checked into Mt. Sinai Hospital for a few days in early November, suffering from fatigue. She underwent a complete physical checkup . . . Other vocalist news: **Nancy Wilson** will be seen on a **Bob Hope** Christmas television show over **NBC-TV** Dec. 15 . . . **Sarah Vaughan** will headline one of Four Star's syndicated one-hour specials called *Something Special*.

SAN FRANCISCO: Basin Street West, the bay area's newest and biggest jazz club, is finishing the year in a definitely nonjazz groove. **Arthur Lyman**'s tropicalush combo came in during mid-November and was succeeded by the *Shindig Revue*. After the current engagement by **Sam Donahue**'s version of the **Tommy Dorsey** sound, with **Frank Sinatra Jr.** on vocals, the **Nooney Rickett Four**, a rock group, takes over Dec. 7. A portable dance floor will be spread in the club during the rock-and-roll sessions. Co-owner **Jack Yanoff** said the club's shift in policy is temporary and was made "because we can't get any good jazz attractions at this time of the year." He said 1966 bookings include organist **Jimmy Smith**, singer **Carmen McRae**, trumpeter **Dizzy Gillespie**, vibist **Lionel Hampton**, and pianists **Ahmad Jamal** and **Ramsey Lewis** . . . The Jazz Workshop's scheduled booking of **Muddy Waters**' blues band fell through when a supporting gig in Los Angeles could not be set up. The Workshop got singers **Jon Hendricks** and **Lou Rawls** for a week each to fill the vacancy. They were followed by pianist-singer **Mose Allison** and then the **Quartet Tres Bien** . . . Among the recent guest stars who appeared with trumpeter **John Coppola**'s band at its Sunday sessions at the Showcase in Oakland were tenor saxophonist **Harold Land** and altoist **John Handy**, tenorist **Teddy Edwards** and trumpeter **Al Porcino**, and singer **Arthur Prysock** and his brother, tenorist **Red Prysock** . . . When **Bossa Brasilia**, described as a newly organized sextet of Brazilian musicians, bombed at the Trident, Oakland vibist **Jack Taylor**'s combo was brought in as replacement. Pianist **Denny Zeitlin**'s trio continues to play Monday nights at the Sausalito club.

DETROIT: Wayne State University Artists' Society put on a three-day Festival of Avant-Garde Music in Detroit on the Wayne University campus in November. The series of three concerts featured "Psychedelic Guitar Music," with guitarists **Jerry Lewis**, **Dick Keelan**, and **Ted Lukas** playing contemporary folk music; "Electronic Music/Electronic Poetry," with tapes prepared by **Henry Malone** and **Joe Mulkey**; and a concert of new music by the **Detroit Contemporary 5** (**Charles Moore**, cornet; **Stanley Cowell**, piano; **John Dana**, bass; **Ronald Johnson**, drums; and **John Sinclair**, voice), the **Workshop Music Ensemble** of the Artists' Workshop, and the **Lyman Woodard/Charles Miles Duo**. At an earlier WSU concert the DC 5 was joined by altoist **Byron Pope** and trumpeter **Warren Gales**, both of Los Angeles, now visiting Detroit . . . Another recent visitor was drummer **Anthony Williams**, in town with the **Ray Bryant Trio** (Bryant, piano; **Walter Booker**, bass; and Williams) backing vocalist **Jean DuShon** during her stay at Baker's Keyboard . . . Altoist **Sonny Cox** and the **Three Souls** played a successful stand at the Drome in November, but **Roy Haynes**, who was to follow them, canceled, and tenorist **Billy Mitchell**'s group filled in . . . The University

of Michigan's School of Music and University Activities Center is presenting the U of M Jazz Band in a series of four concerts during the school year, the first two of which drew upwards of 2,500 persons. The next two concerts will take place next term . . . The MacKenzie Union of Wayne State University sponsored a concert by the **Detroit Contemporary 5** in November, while the Phi Mu Alpha chapter at WSU brought in **George Bohanon**'s group, the **Jim Hartway Trio**, the **Wayne Ramblers**, and the Western Michigan University Big Band with vocalist **Dorothea Buchalter**. At the University of Detroit, the student board, in conjunction with the Northwest Folklore Society, presented five blues artists in a concert titled "The Detroit Blues," in late November. Heard were **Washboard Willie**, **Dr. Isaiah Ross**, **Little Sonny**, **Willie Blackwell**, and **Sippie Wallace**.

CLEVELAND: A fire at **Larry Hutner**'s Cleveland Heights club, **Harvey's Hideaway**, ended a long run by pianist-singer **George Peters** and his trio. The fire, which began in the storeroom of an adjacent restaurant, caused considerable damage, and the club is not expected to reopen for another month . . . **Siro's**, another Heights club, changed hands, changed its name to **Hers**, and changed its policy to increase the jazz influence in what had become strictly a twist spot . . . A benefit concert for the Congress of Racial Equality at Midland Lake featured the big band of drummer **Marque Davis** and a group that included **Ismael Ali**, trumpet; **Willie Smith**, alto saxophone; **Billy Arter**, piano; **Chink Stevenson**, bass; and **Jack Town**, drums . . . Star performer with the **Stan Kenton** aggregation in a recent appearance was the band's jazz trumpet soloist, **Gary Barone**, a graduate of Brush High School in nearby South Euclid, former student at Western Reserve University, and ex-member of the Hermit Club big band . . . **Les McCann**'s trio and the **Jazz Crusaders** appeared at Leo's Casino recently, but the owners report that they are forced to book fewer jazz acts in the next couple of months. **Ramsey Lewis** is set for the last week in January at the club . . . Pianist **Vince Mastro**, piano; bassist **Vicki Lynn**, and drummer **Bobby Bryan**—all vocalists as well—started the new jazz policy at the **Shaker Tavern**, where they are doing well . . . Good business also prevails at the **Copa** on Lee Road, where tenor saxophonist **Weasel Parker**'s trio (with **Billy Arter**, organ, and **Glenn Graham**, drums and vibraharp) is the attraction.

NEW ORLEANS: Singer **Joe Williams** was a surprise booking at **Al Hirt**'s club in late October. Williams was backed by trumpeter Hirt's versatile rhythm section of **Fred Crane**, piano; **Jay Cave**, bass; and **Jimmy Zitano**, drums. Trumpeter **Herb Tassin** has filled in with Hirt's band during Hirt's recent absence from his club . . . The **Red Garter Club**, best known as a Gay '90s emporium, now features clarinetist **George Lewis** on Sun-

(Continued on page 44)

TRENDS AND FADS may come and go, but for the last decade the music of Horace Silver has stood as one of the relatively few stable landmarks on the jazz scene. The 37-year-old pianist and composer formed his first group in September, 1956, at which time he already had gained a considerable reputation through his work with such groups as Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. Silver never has been out of the running since.

At the moment, though, jazz is in a commercial slump. But Silver is unworried.

"As long as I've been playing," he said, "as a leader and with others, I've found that public acceptance of jazz passes through cycles. It flourishes for a few years, with growing attendance in clubs and at concerts and big record sales—and then the bottom drops out. But after a year or two, it goes up again.

"What astounds me, though, is the scene in New York's being so bad. Before, things have been bad elsewhere, but something always seemed to be happening in New York. Now it's better on the road. It mystifies me. But the cycle will change. . . ."

When the Silver quintet was holding forth at New

Joe, who has been making his own records for a while, but is he talented! Only 20 years old, and full of beautiful fire, drive, imagination, and harmonic knowledge. I like him better than any other young trumpeter. He and Joe work so well together too. They really inspire each other."

Drummer Humphries gets his leader's blessings as well: "Another youngster—he's 21—he plays his butt off, has good technique, imagination, and swing. He's going to make his mark."

Silver said he feels enthusiastic when he goes to work with this group.

"We stimulate each other," he explained. "If you can find young musicians who are top quality, it's a gas to give them a chance. Youth is full of vim, vitality, and vigor. It's like having a young wife; they want to show what they can do and are a little more co-operative. And it's good to have excellent musicians who are also nice guys and can get along with you and each other on the road."

Though the group works steadily, Silver wisely avoids the long and strenuous road trips that have been the downfall of many musical organizations.

"I try to arrange schedules so that we are not on the road for too long a stretch at any time," he pointed out. "We go in and out—three weeks on, one week off. That also gives me the time to write and take care of my business obligations."

Most of Silver's writing is done at home, which for him is New York City. A prolific composer ("I haven't kept track . . . the last time I counted, it was about 75 or 80 pieces; I haven't reached 100 yet, but I'm getting there"), he said he finds the hardest part of composing is getting a start.

"Once you have a few notes," he commented, "two bars of something, you can go on right from there. Still, it sometimes takes me a few months to get a piece completed. But the tunes that have been most successful for me have come to me just like that. The ones I've labored over haven't done that much. . . ."

Silver's approach to recording his group is judicious and carefully planned; he never records more than two albums a year.

"This time around it has actually been a little longer than usual," he said about a recently completed album. "But it takes a while to get it down to what should be happening." One side of the LP was done with the quintet, the other with trombonist J. J. Johnson added.

"J. J. really cooked," Silver said, his eyes twinkling. "Lately, I find that I've been getting inspiration from folk music. The title tune, *Cape Verdean Blues*, combines Portuguese melody with a rhythmic conception from Brazilian samba music—that's different from bossa nova. For another tune, *African Queen*, some African folk music I'd heard on records gave me the direction. And *Song for My Father*, which has become quite popular, was also a mixture of Portuguese and Brazilian. And then there were the Japanese things, like *Tokyo Blues*."

Visiting different countries, Silver pointed out, has given him musical inspiration. "My vacation in Brazil gave me something," he remarked. "This time, right after New Year's, I'm going to Mexico, and I hope for something from that—a beat or a melodic or harmonic concept."

THE MIXTURE of influences utilized by Silver is part and parcel of his general approach to music. "I like to mix it up," he explained. "I try to write varied types of tunes. Musically, my conception is basically the same; I haven't changed my basic style. I dig playing chord changes, but I also like to take the music 'outside' a bit—and then come back in."

"Outside" is Silver's—and many musicians'—term for

THAT DURABLE SILVER STANDARD

By Dan Morgenstern

York's Village Vanguard last month, it seemed as if the cycle already had changed, as a full house responded enthusiastically to the drive and electricity being generated on the bandstand.

In the spring of 1964, Silver disbanded the quintet he had been leading without personnel changes for more than five years. A new Silver quintet made its debut in June of that year, and it is still new today. While tenor saxophonist Joe Henderson and drummer Roger Humphries have been aboard from the start, trumpeter Woody Shaw is a fairly recent face, having replaced Carmell Jones this summer. And the bass spot was still open three weeks ago.

"I have two guys I like," Silver said, "and I'm trying them both out here at the Vanguard. I'm hiring one of them, but I still don't know which; I dig them both."

With this one remaining problem about to be solved, Silver has no doubts about his band.

"I feel now that this is one of the best groups I've ever had," he said. "Everybody is really taking care of business. Joe Henderson is a future major name in jazz. He's playing so much horn now, when his time comes he'll be a major influence. And he's a fine composer too. The baddest young cat on tenor out here now."

As for Shaw, Silver said, "He's not as well known as



JOE ALPER

proaches, but not in throwing away the old. Some people can intermingle the new with the old. Some people might feel differently, but for my own personal taste, I might feel to a varied program of music—not all outside blues or all Latin but mixing it up. The audience listens to it more, and I should think the musicians aren't working not working all out of one bag but trying to get body and having some fun yourself.

"I prefer a framework. You can take liberties—from beginning to end. I also believe in a strong statement up front. In my writing, I strive for one that will linger in people's minds, something that catches with the listener."

The pianist concluded his line of thought with a reference to past and present: "Miles, Bird, Sonny Rollins; they were pretty outside years ago. I was listening to some old Bird records recently, and there he was, bobbing and weaving through those chords. It sounded beautiful..."

IN KEEPING WITH his philosophy of establishing audience rapport, Silver said he prefers night clubs to concert stages, "unless you have a concert all to yourself and can stretch out. But on package concerts—though they can be fun, being inspired by other groups and all that—the time is so short that you always feel you'd have liked to play a little longer. And in clubs, people can really get into the music with you, which is what I dig. You can feel the waves. Sometimes, on *Sister Sadie* especially, the audience and the group really get each other worked up."

Remembering his days with the Jazz Messengers, Silver opined that "Art Blakey was a master at that kind of thing. Sometimes we'd be swinging so tough, and the groove would be so mellow, that the people would actually be lifted out of their seats."

Recently Silver completed an assignment that assures his music reaching more ears throughout the United States than ever before, though, unfortunately, most listeners won't know who is playing: he did his first television commercial, a one-minute spot for Tab, the soft drink.

A jazz-fan advertising executive handling the Tab account offered him the job while Silver and his group were working in Seattle, Wash. Gerry Mulligan, Herbie Mann, and Jimmy Giuffre had done spots for the same account, and now they wanted Silver. Being in Seattle, he could not preview the film strip he was to score—it was being produced in New York—but it was described to him.

"They wanted a funky version of the Tab theme, which wasn't easy, 'cause the theme is far from being funky," Silver said with a smile. "But I solved that problem by putting it in 3/4 time, writing a really funky eight-bar introduction, and adding a 16-bar funky statement after the melody. I just saw it, and it came out real nice."

Silver regrets, though, that the commercial will not be shown in New York.

"The firm's New York bottlers," he explained, "claimed the film was too sexy. It shows a lot of chicks in bathing suits, and then in evening gowns, and it didn't look all that sexy to me. It was the first opportunity I've had to do a TV commercial, and I enjoyed it. One thing I'd really love to do would be a movie score."

Silver might be hard put, however, to find the time for such an assignment. A week after his Village Vanguard stint, he was at Newark's Front Room.

"From there we go to Buffalo, then Boston, and then Pittsburgh," he said. "That'll bring us to the new year—and my vacation. And in the spring, we do a concert tour of Europe."

Such a schedule is not unusual for the pianist—for despite the faddishness that riddles the land of jazz, Silver is still the realm's hard currency. 

what more formally is labeled "free," "avant-garde," or "new thing" playing.

"I couldn't have a group," he continued, "that stayed outside from beginning to end. I like to carry it in different directions. You should know what you're doing. We can go outside and be inside too.

"A number like *Filthy McNasty*—that's strictly an inside tune, and we know what to do with it and how to do it. You can't get ultra-hip on a tune that suggests an earthy mood. But on *African Queen* and other modal-type things, you can take liberties. The tune says you can."

Going outside is currently in fashion, Silver elaborated, "... but it's beautiful when a young musician knows what to do, and when. Some young cats want to go outside on everything. I don't want to tie a cat's hands when he plays with me—he should have his freedom. But he should also play solos that fit the mood of the theme, that are in context.

"I'm for progress in music, and I believe in new ap-

ds and Silences, By Don Heckman

ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT and original functions of the jazz innovator is adding new words, phrases, and even dialects to the jazz vocabulary. These contributions often only suggest new ways of approaching old ideas—familiar phrases played with unusual accents or with a different beat emphasis, inversions and distortions of traditional licks, elaborations on a harmonic usage of the moment—to produce an amalgam of traditional elements and unfamiliar, often disturbing, new ones.

At other times, however, such contributions, although superficially similar to past practices, proceed from starting points and artistic premises that change and redirect the flow of the jazz mainstream. No musician of the last decade has offered so many contributions as has Ornette Coleman.

Like most improvisers, however iconoclastic, Coleman uses certain recurring elements that are especially significant to the emotional and structural content of his music. Although it usually lacks a predetermined harmonic framework, which is the most common point of reference for the Western listener, his music provides other equally fascinating and—to the perceptive listener—viable guideposts; but they are not familiar ones.

A number of salient aspects of Coleman's improvisational style can be isolated and described.

First, although the rhythmic pulse beneath the improvised solos in the Coleman quartet recordings is only rarely specifically metric, Coleman tends to play phrases that are in themselves structured in 4/4 patterns. These phrases are placed freely in and out of the rhythmic flow, creating a feeling of continuing metric tension.

Second, Coleman is not a complicated harmonic player; his improvised melodies never approach the harmonically derived intervallic complexity (in terms of chromatic relationships) of Charlie Parker's music. But this does not mean that Coleman is less artistically complex than Parker—it simply means that he has chosen a different path. In place of complex pitch relationships, Coleman substitutes a more fluid tonal environment, one that could not support a style like Parker's, which necessarily requires symmetrical interval relationships (and a "tempered" scale). Coleman's more acoustically "natural" pitch expression identifies his playing with so-called primitive improvisation, but the material he expounds with this pitch expression, the character of his rhythmic expression, and the ensemble sections that support it mark him as an improviser of most complex character.

Third, these two aspects—metrically regular phrases, inserted into a free rhythm stream, plus melodies based on fluid pitch relationships—combine to produce the most identifiable characteristic of Coleman's playing. The listener who expects something based on different premises—a complicated harmonic improvisation, for example—will be mightily disappointed. Coleman's music is, in its most rudimentary sense, a melodic-rhythmic expression that draws its interest from the interaction of these two basic musical elements. Harmony is significant only as an occasionally provocative density factor or, through the selection of interval relationships, as the basis for improvisation.

Fourth, Coleman's conception of musical sentences is unrestricted by the Western European concept of phrase symmetry.

Many sections of his compositions, if composed by a more academically trained contemporary, would probably be fitted into regular, even-numbered phrases through the expedient of holding out the last note or extending a chord change so as to make things come out evenly.

Coleman, however, ends a musical phrase when it stops

breathing—the point at which it no longer sustains inherent musical interest of its own. This accounts for the unusual rhythmic quality of so many of his tunes, which seem to flow along in 4/4 and then suddenly drop or add an eighth- or a quarter-note. Obviously a musical consciousness that conceives written compositions in such a fashion can be expected to extend this thought process into improvisation as well.

To illustrate the first aspect, examples have been selected from Coleman's recordings. They clearly demonstrate the 4/4 character of the phrases even though, in some cases, the connecting rhythm links are of an indeterminate number of beats:

Tomorrow Is the Question (Contemporary Music)

Musical notation for "Tomorrow Is the Question" (Contemporary Music). The score is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) in 4/4 time. It is divided into four sections: "FIRST CHORUS PHRASE", "SECOND CHORUS PHRASE", "CHORUS BRIDGE", and "LAST CHORUS PHRASE". The notation shows various rhythmic patterns and melodic lines across several staves.

Tears Inside (Contemporary Music)

Musical notation for "Tears Inside" (Contemporary Music). The score is written on a grand staff in 4/4 time. It features two sections labeled "FIRST BLUES CHORUS" and "SECOND BLUES CHORUS". The notation includes complex rhythmic patterns and melodic lines.

C & D (MJQ Music)

Musical notation for "C & D" (MJQ Music). The score is written on a grand staff in 4/4 time. It consists of several staves of music, showing various rhythmic and melodic elements.

The second aspect is illustrated in melodic phrases that, although they seem deceptively simple, indicate the importance of the bending of notes and the near-vocal pitch variations in Coleman's playing:

Compassion (Contemporary Music)



Lorraine (Contemporary Music)



Less significant in the over-all sense perhaps, but equally important as a part of Coleman's musical vocabulary, are the smaller elements, the personal touches, that make his a unique style. Notice, for example, his frequent tendency to play broad declamatory statements, which are almost arhythmic in character, over extremely fast tempos:

Folk Tale (MJQ Music)



Poise (Contemporary Music)



The impact of such declamation is intimately related to the simultaneous propulsion of the rhythm section, which steams away under its own power, permitting Coleman the freedom to soar independently.

A concentrated dose of Coleman's recorded music reveals, surprisingly perhaps, few of the "noise" and "anti-jazz" elements that disturbed so many listeners at the time of his appearance on the national scene.

(A parallel with the early 1940s seems to hold. Unfamiliar with the rhythmic quality of Charlie Parker's melodies, his early detractors were not able to hear what

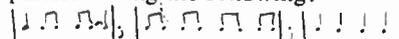
he was playing. Later, when the rhythmic flow became more readily assimilable as result of its dilution and repetition in the work of other players, listeners discovered the beauty of Parker's music.

(Today many of those listeners have remarkably nostalgic and romantic memories of music that, at first hearing, sounded unbearably foreign. It seems evident that the same kind of process has taken place in the minds of listeners who first heard Coleman in 1959 and 1960.)

The so-called noise elements, however, are worth noting. They are not particularly complex devices, nor are they very difficult to produce. One of the most common is made by playing a note without the octave key open and smearing the sound into a kind of combination of two notes, an octave apart. Coleman uses these notes frequently, usually as a kind of punctuation between musical thoughts.

Some good examples are included in his *Ramblin'* solo, notated in the last *Sounds and Silences* column (*DB*, Sept. 9). In certain cases this procedure can be extended to include a fifth and even more notes reaching up the overtone series from a given fundamental. Coleman elaborates on this technique by playing whole phrases with an embouchure so loosened as to produce a completely unsaxophone-like timbre. His choruses on *Forerunner* (one of Coleman's best solos), *Kaleidoscope*, and *Change of the Century* include interesting examples of this technique.

No improviser can escape the repetition of characteristic motivic and thematic material. In an article on Parker's music (*DB*, March 11), I pointed out a few of the devices he used. The same is true of Coleman's music, although his familiar devices tend to be rhythmic and procedural rather than melodic. A few that occur over and over are (1) rhythm patterns using the following:



(it is also interesting to note that Coleman's eighth-note accents are more regular and even in emphasis than those of the bop and post-bop players—which accounts for the uniqueness of his rhythmic language); (2) long, frequently uncontrolled streams of eighth-notes—a device that is typically employed in very fast-tempoed improvisations; (3) held notes, sometimes growled or played in octaves; (4) contrasting phrases of very loud and very soft volume; and (5) a strong reliance upon sequential patterns.

Moreover, Coleman's compositions always should be considered.

In certain cases—the two Contemporary recordings, for example—the solos are in the context of specific, pre-determined patterns, sometimes cadential, sometimes simply rhythmic. The way in which he responds to these patterns, following them or rejecting them, provides interesting insights into his improvisational technique.

The interested listener can discover much about Coleman's music by following the preset patterns and hearing what he plays in reference to them.

Some of the rhythmic complexity of Coleman's music also can be understood by a close hearing of compositions like *Forerunner*, *Ramblin'*, *Una Muy Bonita*, and *Compassion*, with their alternations of rhythm and melody and their unusual meter changes. The passionate, nearly chaotic intensity of Coleman's most demanding work can be heard by listening to the lines on pieces like *Free*, *Kaleidoscope*, *Poise*, *Folk Tale*, and *Change of the Century*. His roots in the blues are apparent in *Ramblin'*, *Tears Inside*, and *Giggin'*.

Only the most immediate aspects of Coleman's improvisational style have been examined here. His music, like that of all major jazz improvisers, is far too complex to be captured in simple notated form, so all the examples listed should be used only with reference to the actual recordings.



FESTIVALS AND SUCH

SITTIN' IN, By ART HODES

The letter stated plainly: "Meet at the Executive House for rehearsal." Without a doubt, the boys who make jazz have come up in this world. Executive House! It wasn't hard for me to remember when we met at Julius' bar and grill. I remember a meeting in New York City attended by Gloria Swanson, Eddie Nugent, Max Kaminsky, Fred Moore, and myself in some secluded upholstered night club in the middle of the afternoon with the stale beer smells nipping at our nostrils. A rehearsal for some transcriptions. We were glad to get the hall for free.

But if you've never been to Chicago, the Executive House is a new, plush hotel in the middle of where you want to be if you're on business and for a short stay.

Crossing Wacker Drive, I heard a familiar voice: "Hey, Art, I'm up here." And sure enough, it's Bud Freeman. Well, for the next 45 minutes it was "man-where-did-you-go-I-thought-I-told-you-to-wait-in-the-car" style. We covered everything from Zen to Bud's forthcoming book, *Three Little Words*. Floyd O'Brien came in, and the feeling got warmer. So we elevatored downstairs and into the pub; gee, I hadn't seen these guys in one room in years. There's George Wettling. And there's ol' Jim Lanigan, bass player (just about retired now, but in his day he not only played jazz with the Chicagoans but also did the symphony route); Jimmy McPartland, looking good. I don't see Pee Wee but I'm told he's waiting out at Soldier Field, where we're slated to play.

So we get ourselves out there; of course, we're there in plenty of time to "change socks," as Eddie Condon would say; fact is, I could have knit a pair. Actually, our rehearsal was a "talk down." You recall tunes we've played many times, discuss and remember keys, decide tempos, mention who takes what chorus when, endings—the usual bit. Jimmy McP takes

charge, and it's agreeable. The Austin High Gang have met before; but a thing like this is bound to stir memories. . . .

In '28 (or is it '29?) . . . there's Red McKenzie, the ex-jockey who rode the Mound City Blue Blowers for a winner, operating in behalf of jazz, and ditto Wingy Manone. Whatever jazz movement Chicago supported, these two guys are it. Sure, King Oliver and Louis Armstrong & Co. are on the south side. They're playing for their people—a built-in audience. We've got no audience—just a tiny movement, and it's centered on those two men. Red has entree with the recording people, and Wingy gathers the "jazz hot" fraternity and finds gigs.

It was Red who first played me Earl Hines' *Blues in Third*s. Man, that was music; nothing like it floating around then: how does Earl hear like this? This record I must have.

And Wingy. He made it possible for me to record with Tesch (the late, great clarinetist Frank Teschemacher); he introduced me to the beat of New Orleans music, showed me how to live music. Yeah, you see Bud and Pee Wee, George and Jimmy, and you think about those days, when you didn't ask "man, how much does the gig pay?" but only exclaimed, "Gosh, we're working!"

Soldier Field is massive; even the small part we possessed was huge. This was the *Down Beat* Jazz Festival; it was Saturday afternoon, a hot noontime under the sun. (I'd finished my second pair of socks, and the thing still hadn't started.) Backstage was under the grandstand—concrete. Plenty of room and showers and a small piano.

I hear music, and it's cooking "home style." It's the sure-enough; Big Joe Williams' guitar is ringing out, and Muddy Waters is joining in. I feel like I'm in the right place. And there's Diz, sticking his head in and helloing. Earl Hines walks in; boy, he looks younger. It's good to see him and know he's being appreciated. If ever a player deserved a place in the sun. . . .

The Franz Jackson Band is on; this I've got to hear. It's period-piece but well worked out, prepared, good musicianship. But the guy who gasses me is Muddy's piano man, Otis Spann. Breaks it up. (Meanwhile, like I'm starting on a sweater.)

Finally we're on, and let me tell you: whoever engineered what I found on stage deserves a hand. The piano was a dream, the mikes worked, the whole bit was healthy. It was kicks; it's been a long time between sets. In the last seven years we've done this three times, though with not quite the same guys. There was the multiple-sclerosis bene-

fit gig in 1959 (no Bud, but we had Jack Teagarden instead) and the *Playboy* festival (we had Georg Brunis).

Three gigs in seven years. Long intermissions. But come to think of it, I did see Bud in San Antonio this summer. The jazz club there had featured Bud and Ruby Braff in a group that I soloed opposite. Ruby, also at the festival, told me, "Man, I'm just off a plane, returning from a gig in England, and right on to another jet to Texas; I'm wondering how much dust my apartment has gathered." Nice wondering.

It's a crazy business and it's a nutty summer. All the way to Columbia, S.C., for a jazz festival and recording date with Tony Parenti and Cliff Leeman. I asked them how it was possible for them to get off their steady gigs and accept an outside job. They looked strangely at me and said, "Man, all you have to do is get the boss' permission, and he'll let you off if you can find a suitable replacement." It's that simple. Why don't we do it here in Chicago? Here if you accept a steady gig, you're frozen to the engagement you're on.

Tony was a sight for sore eyes; age hasn't impaired his playing ability, and he can talk tales. "Man, last night was my birthday, and, doncha know, Tony Scott, who's just got back to this country after staying away for years, drops in at Ryan's just to wish me well; so many people; things I won't forget." I don't know how that cat made it with barely any sleep; and there he was, blowing but good.

Cliff didn't have it any easier: he's at Condon's. But in spite of an impossible setup for drums, what came out reassured me that I was right all along when I claimed the drummers I was running into weren't majoring in the time department (now, now, not all of you).

But the big kick to me was when the two tenor sax men who were being featured in a different set joined us in our finale number, *Whenda* (aw, you've heard *Whenda*—*When the Saints Go Marching In*). No one twisted their arms; this was something they did of their own free will. I was impressed, both by the act and what came out of their horns. You know who these guys were? Al Cohn and Zoot Sims . . . and I only hope we meet, musically and as friends, again. As far as I'm concerned, I don't care what instrument a guy plays jazz with; that's strictly his and only his affair. A fine musician will always be in style.

"Do you know what it means to miss New Orleans?" Now I know. For this summer I was down there on a one-

(Continued on page 38)

At the *Down Beat* Festival: Chicagoans McPartland, Freeman, and O'Brien





OLE BRASK

STUFF SWINGS ON

The Ongoing Saga Of Jazz Violinist Stuff Smith, By Stanley Dance

LOUIS ARMSTRONG was my inspiration," Stuff Smith said. "I was supposed to be practicing classics, but I'd get my little Victrola and go into the woodshed and listen to Louis. And practice Louis!"

Born in Portsmouth, Ohio, Aug. 14, 1909, Smith was the son of a barber-musician and a schoolteacher. His father, who could play all the string and reed instruments, made his son his first violin and taught him to play. By the age of 7, he was dutifully in his father's band, but a couple of years later he heard Armstrong, and young Smith began his attempt to capture that trumpet player's style on violin.

"Joe Venuti and Eddie Lang came through our town," he recalled, "and I snuck in with my dad, into a saloon, and heard Joe. 'That's the way I'm going to play, dad,' I said. But he had other ideas for me. 'No, no,' he said. And as it turned out, it was just Louis who influenced me. I got some Venuti records, and they were pretty, but they didn't push me enough."

When he was 15, Smith left Johnson C. Smith University in Charlotte, N.C., to which he had won a musical scholarship, and joined the Aunt Jemima Revue band for a couple of years. It was during this period that Hezekiah Leroy Gordon Smith was nicknamed Stuff because of his habit of so addressing those whose names he could not remember.

He soon joined Alphonso Trent, who led an extremely successful band in Dallas, Texas. "I conducted it and was a sort of comic," Stuff chuckled. "This was when you might say I developed my act."

Trent played piano, and the brains of the band were James

Jeter, the alto saxophonist, and Edwin (King) Swayzee, the trumpet player, who was later with Cab Calloway. "Swayzee taught me a lot about music and how to read a manuscript," Smith added.

The band, a versatile one, played the Adolphus Hotel in Dallas for a year and a half. While Smith was a member, it included such musicians as Irving (Mouse) Randolph, George Hudson, Chester Clark, and Peanuts Holland, trumpets; Snub Mosley, trombone; Hayes and Chester Pillars, saxophones; and A. G. Godley, "a great showman and a fine drummer."

When he was 18 Smith could no longer resist the urge to go to New York, and he and Swayzee joined Jelly Roll Morton, who was playing in a dance hall there.

"Louis Metcalf and Foots Thomas were in that band," he remembered. "Jelly Roll just had men who could play choruses. He wouldn't have the whole band on each chorus, but as soon as one man finished a chorus, we'd go right into another number. They'd clean the floor off in between, and then it would be 5 cents more for another dance. They had about a hundred hostesses.

"When we got through, Jelly Roll would go on up to the Rhythm Club, and he and Chick Webb would get into arguments about who had the best band. Jelly Roll carried more money than Chick and sported more diamonds. He even had a diamond in his tooth.

"'Oh, you little shortstuff,' he'd say to Webb, 'you can't play nothin'! Your band—it stinks! If you want to hear something, you come up to the Rose Danceland and hear Jelly Roll's band. And see who it is on that big picture out-

side. That's me!"

"'You never will be able to outplay me,' Chick would say, 'you and your diamonds all put together!'"

"That was before Chick got Ella Fitzgerald, of course, but he always had a fine band. I remember he had Jimmy Harrison, Ward Pinkett, and, I think, Prince Robinson. I believe Rex Stewart was in it too. And Edgar Sampson, a great musician, who also played violin.

"After we had had our fifth of Gordon's Dry Gin, we would go to bed. One morning, I went to bed and set the whole place on fire. We were living above an undertaking parlor. When I woke up, a fireman was squirting water in my face. We burnt the whole apartment up, and everything went except the violin, the trumpet, and the saxophone. We grabbed them first—Swayzee, Foots Thomas, and me—but it left us without any clothes, so we had to go to the pawnshop to get something to put on."

Because Morton's band played so loud that his violin could not be heard, Smith left and rejoined Trent in Little Rock, Ark.

"I always had a problem before I had an amplifier," Smith continued. "I used to cut off my bridges to make the violin louder, and I would get the band to play soft so I could be heard. The Trent band used to play waltzes real sweet. Godley and I tried to make an electric amplifier, but when we got through, the guts of the amplifier were as big as a room. We had everything in it, and it would pick up what I was playing, but only a tiny sound would come out."

At first, Smith used a violin with a horn attachment coming out from beneath the bridge, like the horn on an old-time Victrola—about eight inches in diameter and maybe 14 long. There was a little disc under the violin bridge that took the sound and passed it through the horn. It wasn't too effective, Smith said, but it was louder than the regular violin. It was a quite common device in those days, although a funny-looking thing.

The fame of the Trent band was widespread. Dallas and Cincinnati, Ohio, were its main bases, so it traveled extensively. Smith reminisced:

"We traveled in cars mostly in those days—about four cars, for suitcases, instruments, and us. We had our troubles with bad roads, breakdowns, and accommodations, and we couldn't always sleep where we wanted, especially in the South, but we usually managed to get around those things.

"What made Trent so big was the comedy, and the fact that all of us could sing. We had a vocal trio—I was in it—and we used to sing those unison parts, and that's where I think Sy Oliver actually got some of his stuff for Jimmie Lunceford and Tommy Dorsey. Sy came in when I left and stayed about a year. He left a whole bunch of arrangements. They also had a lot by Fletcher and Horace Henderson, as well as others by guys in the band.

"When we played in Memphis, Lunceford used to come and stand right under the band, and that was when his band was still in college. Mary Lou and Johnny Williams would stand right there, too, when they were in Memphis. It was a terrific band, and McKinney's Cotton Pickers was the only one that ever blew us down. That happened in Port Arthur, Canada, right out from London, Ontario. . . . I never heard such a band in my life! Don Redman was in charge, and they had everything right."

The band started to go to New York, but Trent was afraid, Smith said.

"He had had a lot of success and was a wealthy man, though his band was paid better than the New York bands," he continued. "He was afraid to come East because of Duke Ellington. But the band wasn't. We wanted to come. And he wouldn't have lost his men, because we were all paid the same and were like brothers.

"The fact that we didn't record much held us back, but

I do remember making a record for Gennett in Richmond, Ind., of *Gilded Kisses* and *Louder and Funnier*. We had a nice long run at the Palais Royal in Buffalo, N.Y., right on Main St. I married a girl in Buffalo and eventually left Trent in Syracuse when my son was born."

SMITH STAYED in Buffalo for several years, working mostly with small groups. At one time he led a 16-piece band that played successfully against that of Lunceford, whose musicians Smith sometimes employed when Lunceford was not working. He was in a comfortable position, and he has remembered Buffalo as a great place for jam sessions. Among the fine musicians he met there was trumpeter Jonah Jones, who was to find fame with him in New York.

"Jonah's a sweetheart," the violinist said, "and in all my years with him I never had an argument."

What took them to the Onyx Club from Buffalo in 1936 was a song Smith had written called *I'se Amuggin'* and the intervention of saxophonist Dick Stabile, who persuaded an agent to hear the band and the number. The agent booked the group into the Onyx immediately.

"I didn't get the amplifier until I was in the Onyx," Smith said. "There was a girl from Chicago, a classical violinist, who was working for a company trying to sell electrical violins. She came to the Onyx and got me to try one. I fell in love with it, because Jonah and [drummer] Cozy Cole were playing awful loud in those days, and I used to have to hug the mike. But when I got this thing, I said to myself, 'Oh, oh, this is it, man!'"

"There isn't very much difference between it and playing the violin close up to a good mike. A classical violinist wouldn't use it, because he couldn't get the complete violin tone, but I think a jazzman should use it. You can relax more, because you don't have to press so hard on your strings and your chin, and you can develop more of a technique with your bow and your fingers. You can phrase better than with the ordinary violin, where you have to phrase with your fingers, *and* your bow, *and* your chin. It's much easier with the electric violin, but if you hit a bad note—it's hit!"

"People talk about the long tradition back of the violin, but there was a long tradition back of the horse and buggy too. It's the same with the guitar. Before, you couldn't really hear the guitar. Now look how the boys have advanced. And you can hear them! I imagine you'd hear more swing violinists if violinists would pick up the electrical violin, or just use the violin amplifier with a pickup. All the hoe-down boys use them, but a player like Eddie South never did. You do get just a slight metallic tone, but you have to learn how to tune up that amplifier to make it sound like a violin. It's a very good sound for jazz in my opinion."

The Stuff Smith Band was a tremendous success at the Onyx Club on 52nd St. The music was always exciting, particularly when Smith and Jones were backed by pianist Clyde Hart and drummer Cole. To this was added a full measure of the violinist's impish wit. The late violinist Fritz Kreisler became a friend and frequent visitor. Each found much to admire in the other's playing. "Man, when Fritz played," Smith told the *Melody Maker's* Max Jones in London recently, "that violin was barking. That big sound is what you want. I'm never going to be satisfied until I get it."

Records and wide publicity led to a call to make a movie in Hollywood, where the little band also proved a great hit at the Famous Door.

"We were packing 'em in there," Smith said, "and the people just wouldn't release us, so we had to stay out there another six or seven months. We returned to New York



Onyx days: (l to r) pianist Raymond Smith, guitarist Bob Bennett, trumpeter Jonah Jones, Stuff Smith, and drummer Cozy Cole in mid-act.

and then had to go back again to the Famous Door, where we stayed about a year. Same problem. We finally left the job without giving any notice or anything and got thrown out of the union before we came back to New York. It looked like the head of the union was never going to let me back in. until I sent my wife down there, and she was crying, telling him we were poor, had no money left for food, and please let her husband back in the union. So finally he did."

Jones and Cole joined Cab Calloway, and in 1943, after the death of Fats Waller, Smith took over leadership of Waller's band, with Sammy Benskin playing piano. They went out to Hollywood, where the violinist caught pneumonia. Eventually, he returned to his sister's home in Chicago to recuperate. There he formed another brilliant group, this time a trio with Jimmy Jones on piano and John Levy on bass, which went to New York and played the Onyx for six months. Then Jones left to back Sarah Vaughan, and Levy went with George Shearing.

"In their places," Smith said, "I got Lloyd Trotman and Erroll Garner. When Garner left, I got Billy Taylor. When Billy left, I said, 'I'm going back to Chicago and sit out.' I sat around in Chicago several years, playing sometimes, but not with a regular group. I had a restaurant, too, where we served nothing but chitterlings, pig feet, fried chicken, and barbecue. Then I decided I had better come into New York again, but somehow or other I just couldn't get my hands on the men I wanted for a trio or quartet.

"When my sister on the Coast got sick, I drove out and stayed there until 1964. I had a little group from time to time and used to do a lot of single work. It wasn't too rough. I like California for living, but not for working. It makes you real lazy, and you never feel like dressing up. You rarely see a guy walking around and looking real sharp in the daytime. They're lazy in their music too. Their ideas are mostly what New York did 10 years ago, and they love those cowboys and cowboy tunes. There are exceptions, of course, like Gerald Wilson, but he's not a Californian. He's got about the best thing out there."

IN the late 1950s, Norman Granz, impressed by Smith's work on recordings with Ella Fitzgerald and Oscar Peterson that he had supervised, invited the violinist to tour Europe.

"I had just had an operation and was feeling up to par," Smith said, "so that was fine with me, but unfortunately I got sick in Brussels. The trouble with me and my liver was that I just couldn't stand food when I was drinking. I used to float the Normandie, and when I quit drinking, it just turned over on its side. So I thought I'd better start drinking to raise it up again, and I started, but this time I was the one to turn over. I guess I had had my share."

Smith returned to California, making appearances at various Los Angeles clubs and at the Monterey Jazz Festival. In 1964 he went to New York City to work with pianist Joe Bushkin's group at the Embers. He set about organizing a

"nice little quartet" to play at the World's Fair, but the job didn't materialize; so, cheerful and indomitable, he returned to the West Coast until Timme Rosenkrantz, his long-time Danish friend, and Europe beckoned again.

His exploits in Copenhagen, Paris, London, Brussels, Stockholm, and other cities have taken on almost sagalike proportions in the last few months. His recovery from a serious operation to correct stomach and liver ailments has become almost a legend.

His musical endeavors have included two significant recordings.

The first of these, *Swingin' Stuff* (recently released on Emarcy), was recorded live at the Montmartre Club in Copenhagen with Rosenkrantz acting as supervisor. In his notes, that genial Dane accurately describes the album "as the best record Stuff Smith has ever made." More than that, it is probably the most exciting example of jazz violin ever recorded. Smith is accompanied by pianist Kenny Drew, bassist Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, and drummer Alex Riel, all three of whom play well, but it is the violinist's extraordinary dynamism, attack, swing, and imagination that compel delighted attention. Recorded with great presence in an excellent program of standards and originals, the bold, stirring tone of Smith's amplified violin emerges with a convincing vitality.

For a French album, *Stuff and Steff* (on French Barclay), Smith was in the company of fellow violinist Stephane Grappelly, pianist Rene Urteger, bassist Michel Gaudry, and drummer Michel Delaporte. On this LP the playing is more restrained, but there are very enjoyable exchanges, solos, duets, and obbligos, not to mention hilarious vocals.

In all, his current stay in Europe has been highly satisfying, and it is to be hoped that his triumphs there will lead to greater appreciation (and jobs) in this country when he returns.

SMITH TELLS about the ups and downs of his career, his illnesses and operations, without a word of complaint.

On the contrary, some of the gravest statements are accompanied by chuckles.

But it is about the violin—and it is always the "violin," never the "fiddle"—that he talks with animation and ardor.

"There's one thing about the violin I'll tell you," he said. "You can swing more on a violin than on any instrument ever made. You can play two strings all the time if you want, or, with the hair on top, you can play all four strings at once. You've got all those octaves on the violin, from D to altissimo D, way up there, a bigger range than the clarinet's. Once you perfect the knowledge of where jazz will sound good, you stay there, in that position, which is easy for you. After all these years, I've found out that I can get better jazz from the end of my bow than from the base of it. It leaves you with a free arm, and you can slur like a trombone, play staccato like a trumpet, or moan like a tenor. So you have all this to your advantage. But only experience will show you where to put it.

"There haven't been too many violinists who swing, and I'll tell you why: there's a wall between some of those classically trained musicians and jazz. Most violinists can only play what they see. I never took too many lessons, and I played violin the way I felt I should play it. And that's another thing the violin will do for you, more than any other instrument: it will give you a pair of the strongest ears in the world. When you know if you're playing flat or sharp, you've got it made."

Stuff Smith, who is credited with perfect pitch, has been called the "Palpatin' Paganini," and his music "barrel-house" and "demonic," but perhaps the best summing-up was by drummer Jo Jones, who described him as "the cat that took the apron strings off the fiddle." 

Stereo Shopping With Billy Taylor

By Charles Graham

WHEN PIANIST Bill Taylor Jr. played his first job on 52nd St. in the early '40s in Ben Webster's group, bassist Billy Taylor Sr. already had been on the scene for many years. Everybody assumed—incorrectly—that the new piano player was the bassist's son. Soon only the pianist's wife called him Bill; the musicians made it Billy. (Further compounding the confusion, the bassist's son, Billy Jr., also plays bass.)

Jobs with Dizzy Gillespie and violinists Eddie South and Stuff Smith preceded pianist Taylor's participation in a concert tour of Europe with Don Redman's big band, the first to tour there after World War II.

On returning, Taylor started his first group, and he's been a leader since, except for a year as the house pianist at Birdland in 1950-51, when he backed Roy Eldridge, Gillespie, Lee Konitz, Gerry Mulligan, Oscar Pettiford, and others.

His current trio, for some time now the feature at New York City's Hickory House, includes Ben Tucker, bass, and Grady Tate, drums.

In 1953 Taylor won the *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll as New Star pianist, and though he attracts a popular following in clubs, he has remained a favorite with musicians and critics. In the last two years the trio has appeared at the Newport and Pittsburgh jazz festivals, where Taylor also was moderator of the piano workshops.

He is well known to thousands of radio listeners and television viewers as a jazz disc jockey in the metropolitan New York area through his daily program on WLIB radio and his Saturday Channel 47 show.

Along with all this activity he has written articles for *Esquire*, *The Saturday Review*, and other magazines, plus a series of piano instruction books. His education includes a bachelor's degree in music, and he has taught piano, "but you know, I found I couldn't really afford the time I needed for my students. I discovered I was kind of busy."

Taylor was introduced to jazz when he was about 4 by two uncles, one of whom, Clinton Taylor, played "something like Fats Waller." His other uncle, Robert, introduced him to the music of Art Tatum and gave him the first record that "really upset me," Tatum's *The Shout*, an early Decca that is one of the few tunes Tatum composed.

Taylor's first phonograph was a windup portable, later replaced by a more up-to-date radio-phonograph console.

As he grew older, his favorite listening came to include the classics, and he names



Billy Taylor's home music system and costs:

Fisher 800-C receiver	\$400
Koss/Rek-O-Kut turntable	\$165
Koss/Rek-O-Kut arm	\$ 35
Shure V-15 pickup	\$ 62
Empire 888PE pickup	\$ 33
AR-3 loud-speakers (each)	\$225
AR-2ax loud-speakers (each)	\$128
Koss Stereophones	\$ 29

Debussy, Bach, and Stravinsky among his favorites. They shared turntable time with Tatum, Duke Ellington, and other jazzmen on a Capehart, the first Rolls-Royce of phonographs. (This monster of a machine could play both sides of 78s automatically—as well as chew them up when it got out of whack. It was made obsolete when LPs came out because the Capehart company never produced an LP-playing version.)

When Taylor and his wife, Theodora, got their first good phonograph, it was a component setup recommended by Rudy Van Gelder, widely known in jazz circles as a top recording engineer.

Taylor's setup had a Bell 2200 amplifier, a Garrard changer with a GE pickup, and an Altec 604C speaker. It was pictured on the front of one of his record albums. *Cross Section*, Prestige 7071, which shows him sitting in front of the rig. After a few years, he replaced the amplifier with a newer one, the Dynaco PAS-2 preamplifier control and the Dynaco 40-watt power amplifier. This was the setup he had until a few months ago, when he switched to stereo.

As he talked with recording and broadcast engineers about equipment, Taylor also listened to many different combinations of components.

He chose the Fisher 800-C receiver, which costs \$400. It includes AM in addition to FM, though most music listeners today in metropolitan areas don't need AM. Taylor wanted AM, too, because he appears on an AM station. Except for this

special requirement, he could have paid \$40 less for the Fisher 500-C, identical to the 800-C except that it has FM only. The Fisher receiver can deliver up to 37 watts a channel with very little distortion, which is more than enough reserve, even with so-called low-efficiency loud-speakers such as AR or KLH. In fact, the AR-2ax, the most popular speaker in its class for some years now, will work even in a large living room with an amplifier rated at 20 watts a channel.

In his years using his Garrard, Taylor found he most often kept it in the manual, nonchanger position because he frequently would lift the arm and set it back to replay one section of music.

Thus it was easy for him to decide on a manual turntable instead of an automatic. And because he'd seen many Rek-O-Kut turntables in recording studios and at radio stations, he chose the Koss/Rek-O-Kut B-12H three-speed manual turntable along with the Koss/Rek-O-Kut S-320 tone arm.

For his cartridges he again followed the professionals. He bought both an Empire 888PE and a Shure V-15 pickup.

Then he came to the most difficult decision—loud-speakers.

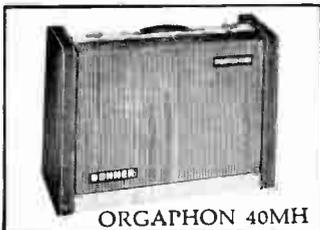
After much listening, he settled on Acoustic Research AR-3s, which cost \$225 apiece. He also ordered a pair of slightly less expensive ARs, the AR-2ax, for the bedroom. The Fisher has a switch on its front panel that lets him play music through the living-room speakers, the ones in the bedroom, or both sets at the same time.

"The AR-3s give me the most natural sound I've ever heard," Taylor said.

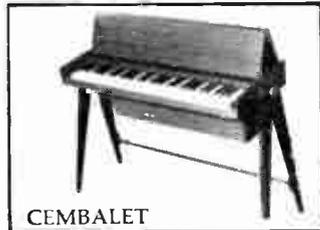
The Fisher also has a jack on the front for stereo headphones, and Taylor uses his Koss stereophones frequently when he wants to hear tape, discs, or radio at concert-hall volume. Like many other musicians, Taylor swears by his headphones. "They cost less than anything else in my system [\$29]," he said, "and I've used them for three years already. I love John Koss."

CT5

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RECORD REVIEWS

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Kenny Dorham, Barbara Gardner, Richard B. Hadlock, George Handy, Erwin Helfer, Don Nelsen, Bill Mathieu, Dan Morgenstern, Harvey Pekar, Harvey Siders, Pete Welding, John S. Wilson. Reviews are initialed by the writers.

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

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

Monty Alexander

SPUNKY—Pacific Jazz 10094: *Spunky; Naturally; Jamaican Shake; Heartstrings; Tiggie's Tune; Rattlesnake; Whisper Not; I'm an Old Cowhand; Little Children of Peru; Spirit of Foo Foo.*

Personnel: Alexander, piano; Gene Bertocini or Scott Turner, guitar; Victor Gaskin or Bob Cranshaw, bass; Paul Humphrey or Bruno Cart, drums.

Rating: ★ 1/2

This music is not without antique charm, but, simultaneously, it is almost devoid of originality or individuality. Alexander has a firm grip on all the fashionable procedures—funk here, Gospel there, Latin rhythms a la carte—and he retails them in performances of unflinching banality.

There is one break. Some rather moving moments occur on *Heartstrings*, but a tree doesn't make an oasis.

Alexander should feel at home in any nightery where the minimum is upwards of \$5 a person and listening is secondary to an audience. I gather from the liner notes that the pianist earns his bread primarily in chic supper clubs. Doubtless he will find a lucrative future there. (D.N.)

Rev. Robert Ballinger

SWING DOWN, CHARIOT—Peacock 119: *Swing Down, Chariot; The Life I Sing About; Poor Wayfaring Pilgrim; Don't Wonder 'bout Him; He's My Everything; Walk On by Faith; Somebody Saved Me; Walk the Streets of the City; Hold On Till Jesus Comes; God Rode in a Windstorm; New World; Sweet Lamb.*

Personnel: Rev. Mr. Ballinger, vocals, piano; unidentified bass, drums, vocal group.

Rating: ★★★★★

The Rev. Mr. Ballinger, a highly spirited Gospel singer, accompanies himself on the piano and is supported by jazz-inflected bass and drums and occasionally by a small vocal choir.

His singing, somewhat reminiscent of Ray Charles in timbre and attack, is forceful, guttural, and shouting. The vocal group—at times gentle, at other times dynamic—either sings behind him or responds antiphonally to his vocals.

As a pianist, Ballinger is nothing short of fantastic. He plays roughly and earthily, using jagged melodic motifs that are broken off now and then by short pauses. His piano solos—as well as his singing—

are quite often unpatterned; the choir responds beautifully to his irregular phrasing. And the rhythm players give excellent support too.

The performances are full of an ecstatic joy, which makes all the more sad the Rev. Mr. Ballinger's death soon after this record was released. (E.H.)

Lou Donaldson

MUSTY RUSTY—Argo 759: *Musty Rusty; Midnight Sun; Hipty Hop; The Space Walk; Ha! Mercy; Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White.*

Personnel: Bill Hardman, trumpet; Donaldson, alto saxophone; Grant Green, guitar; Billy Gardner, organ; Ben Dixon, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

There are critics whose attitude toward jazz seems to allow room only for genius. They tend to neglect or disparage players like Donaldson, who have labored long and well, always producing music that is listenable and tasteful—the kind of good, everyday sounds that are as necessary to the well-being of jazz as the work of the great pace-setters.

This is Donaldson's current working group, with Green added. It is a swinging group, and the emphasis is on a danceable beat. The alto saxophone-trumpet front line gives it a stronger jazz flavor than most organ groups, and in Gardner, it has one of the best practitioners of this oft-maligned but effective instrument.

The bulk of the tracks, not surprisingly, are blues. The title tune, a medium rocker, generates a good feeling, and Green, who is outstanding whenever he comes to bat, has a solo spot.

Sun, showcasing Donaldson, is played almost straight by the saxophonist, but with Charlie Parker sound and inflections. Green again shines; he is full of surprises. *Hop*, a bouncy track, demonstrates that rock music played with swing and jazz feeling still makes the best possible dance music—even for contemporary dance styles.

Hardman, who was heard with Art Blakey, Charlie Mingus, and Horace Silver in the late '50s but only sporadically on record since then, is a good trumpeter with his own conception and a story to tell. He seems a bit nervous on *Hop* but fares better on *Walk*, with strong support from Green. This is a nice, easy track with a good unison line.

Mercy, a slow blues, has good work by Gardner and Green, plus Donaldson in preaching mood. Surprisingly, *White* is almost the best track, with some real improvising from Donaldson and a relaxed, well-constructed solo by Hardman. *White* is Latin jazz, with a cha-cha beat, but it swings. (D.M.)

Art Farmer

SING ME SOFTLY OF THE BLUES—Atlantic 1442: *Sing Me Softly of the Blues; Ad Infinitum; Petite Bell; Tears; I Waited for You; One for Majid.*

Personnel: Farmer, fluegelhorn; Steve Kuhn, piano; Steve Swallow, bass; Pete LaRoca, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is the first album by the group Farmer has led since parting company with guitarist Jim Hall. The close rapport among the musicians makes it apparent that this is not just a studio session but the work of players who know each other intimately.

Yet, in spite of the excellent teamwork,

and the high caliber of musicianship displayed by all, the album as a whole is rather doleful. It makes fine music for a rainy November afternoon, but it will hardly lift you out of your seat. Of course, there is room in jazz for gentleness and understatement, but this music wears better if taken in small doses.

The title tune, by Carla Bley, is a charming melody, tinged with sadness. There is some splendid interplay among Kuhn, Swallow, and LaRoca, with a crashing keyboard climax. Here, the group displays one of its characteristics—an intentional acceleration of the tempo on slower pieces.

Infinitum, also by Mrs. Bley, is a repetitive theme, nicely stated by Farmer and Kuhn in harmony. It gives Farmer opportunity to display his flair for modal improvisation—he is one of the few brass men who have succeeded in incorporating John Coltrane elements in their playing. Appropriately, LaRoca gets into the Elvin Jones bag behind him, and there is an intriguing solo by Kuhn, a gifted and skilled pianist.

Petite Bell, a folk song in a bossa nova setting by Swallow, has a tender fluegelhorn and bass opening. Farmer shakes out of his melancholy mood during his solo, and his work here is outstanding.

Tears and *Majid* are by LaRoca. The former is a minor theme, again displaying acceleration in tempo. Kuhn builds his solo to a fine climax, and LaRoca's turn is simple but effective. *Majid* is an excellent blues, and the album's sole excursion into straight-ahead swinging. Swallow, playing time, becomes much more notable in the ensemble, and Farmer sounds almost happy.

The album's high point is *Waited*, the fine Gil Fuller ballad that was a Dizzy Gillespie big-band item. Farmer states the theme in a beautiful paraphrase and goes on to some moving improvisation. The rhythm section lets him down at times (even a ballad needs a little pushing), but everything jells again at the end.

Farmer plays fluegelhorn exclusively and makes it sound as mellow as a cornet. But one misses the muted trumpet work that gave birth to some of Farmer's finest moments. The recording balance is excellent (in clubs, the drums tend to dominate too much), and if you favor jazz in an introspective mood, the music will be gratifying. (D.M.)

Stan Getz

MICKEY ONE—MGM 4312: *Once upon a Time; Mickey's Theme; "On Stage (I'm a Polack Noel Coward)"; Mickey's Flight; The Crushout; Is There Any Word from the Lord?; Up from Limbo; If You Ever Need Me; A Taste of Living; Shaley's Neighborhood Sewer and the Pickle Club Rock; The Agent; The Stripper; The Succuba; Mickey Polka; "Where I Live"; The Apartment; Cleaning Up for Jenny; The Polish Landlady; I Put My Life in Your Hands; A Girl Named Jenny; Yes—The Creature Machine; Guilty of Not Being Innocent; Touching in Love; A Five-Day Life; The Syndicate; Ruby Lapp Is Dead; Who Owns Me?; The Big Fight; Darkness Before the Day; Morning Ecstasy; As Long as I Live; Is There Any Word?; So This Is the Word.*

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; unidentified orchestra.

Rating: ★★

Despite its origins as Eddie Sauter compositions and the presence of Getz as soloist, this collection of bits and pieces



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is little more than movie scoring of the most directly illustrative sort.

There is music for a 10th-rate nightclub show, a Salvation Army session, and a stripper at work. There is some rock, a polka, some sentimentality, some tension. Much of it is music that is deliberately bad. As movie scoring, it successfully evokes the proper images, but it is not very rewarding on a nonvisual listening basis. Getz tries to lift things up by the bootstraps on a few occasions (vroooooom!), but he is severely restricted by circumstances. (J.S.W.)

Benny Goodman

B.G. THE SMALL GROUPS—RCA Victor 521: *China Boy; My Melancholy Baby; The Blues in My Flat; I Know That You Know; Bei Mir Bist du Schoen; The Blues in Your Flat; Vieni, Vieni; Nobody's Sweetheart; Dizzy Spells; Exactly Like You; Vibraphone Blues; I Cried for You; All My Life; Stompin' at the Savoy; More Than You Know; I'm a Ding Dong Daddy.*

Collective personnel: Ziggy Elman, trumpet; Goodman, clarinet; Lionel Hampton, vibraphone, drums, vocals; Teddy Wilson, piano; John Kirby, bass; Gene Krupa, Dave Tough, or Buddy Schutz, drums; Martha Tilton or Helen Ward, vocals.

Rating: ★★★★★½

To most Goodman fanciers, all this material will be relatively familiar, but since only six of the pieces have previously been reissued on LP, it may have been a long time between hearings.

After almost three decades, these trio and quartet performances are not only as fresh as ever but—to make the most of a cliché—they seem even fresher than ever in the surroundings of contemporary jazz. Goodman was young and vital in those days, and Hampton had inner fire to go with the surface that he can still put on display. Wilson tended to seem inordinately prim and formal on the trio sessions when Krupa allowed his drumming to become lumbering, but the pianist responds readily to the lighter, more propulsive drumming of Hampton (on *Know*), and with the sinuously rhythmic Tough as part of the quartet, Wilson loosens up and goes.

This is an impressively consistent set of performances; almost the only weak entries are *Vieni* (despite some fine Wilson) and *Life*, which is presumably included as an oddity, for Helen Ward sings with the trio. One could carp about the strange programing ideas that crop up on reissues—in this case separating *My Flat* and *Your Flat*, actually two successive takes of a blues that, together, form an entity. But an end to nit-picking. This is a great record, and Brad McCuen deserves homage, devotion, appreciation, and the gratitude of all jazz fanciers for this and the rest of the discs he is producing in Victor's Vintage series. (J.S.W.)

Grant Green

HIS MAJESTY, KING FUNK—Verve 8627: *The Selma March; Willow, Weep for Me; The Cantaloupe Woman; That Lucky Old Sun; Daddy Grapes.*

Personnel: Harold Vick, tenor saxophone, flute; Green, guitar; Larry Young, organ; Ben Dixon, drums; Candido Camera, conga and bongo drums.

Rating: ★★

TALKIN' ABOUT—Blue Note 4183: *Talkin' About J.C.; People; Luny Tune; You Don't Know What Love Is; I'm an Old Cowhand.*

Personnel: Green, guitar; Young, organ; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★½

As the title indicates, the Verve set by

guitarist Green is an extended essay in funky, uncomplicated swing. By and large it is a disappointing collection, for it sacrifices invention and subtlety to gummy, unreflective overstatement.

The swing generated is powerful, but the bluesy, foot-tapping infectiousness of such groovers as *Selma, Cantaloupe*, and *Daddy Grapes* is not accompanied by any real melodic development. The latter piece, for example, has some good rolling ensemble playing that is quite exciting in a superficial sort of way—i.e., everyone keeps things moving along at a nice brisk clip, but they produce very little in the way of sustained development of a theme which is rather slight to begin with.

The album, however, does have its occasional moments. The most consistently successful performance is the easy, unforced—almost languid—treatment accorded *Willow*. Given a chance to stretch out over a slow flame (no pressure-cooking here), Green, Vick, and Young turn in a series of attractively low-keyed solos, the contents of which throw the shallowness of their efforts on the other tracks into deeper relief.

Vick generally acquits himself well when he's given the chance. His solo on the seemingly interminable *Selma* is the occasion for the only real imaginative development on the piece; the others just ride the chord changes. Vick's flute playing on *Lucky Old Sun* is kept for the most part to a running obbligato behind the work of the others.

Despite—or perhaps because of—the fact that there are only three men involved in the Blue Note collection, the results Green & Co. achieve are of a wholly different stripe. There's funk and drive aplenty, as belts men of the strong blues persuasions of Green and Young. They are of no mind to belabor the obvious, and prodded by the incendiary, explosive drumming of Jones, they generate such burning power and develop their lines with such imagination and intensity as to make it seem as if two different sets of soloists were involved in the two albums.

Green on the Blue Note sides plays with taste and built-in swing; his loping, easygoing solo on *Luny Tune* convincingly demonstrates that he does not need to play at breakneck tempo and spew out a volley of notes to generate rhythmic thrust. The way he places his notes, constructs his lines, imparts tension through repetition and intelligent use of delays and silence contributes to a flowing, sinewy swing that moves forward easily. He can do the same at up tempos too, as he demonstrates most strikingly on the tribute to John Coltrane, *Talkin' About J.C.*

The guitarist's ballad performances—*People* and *You Don't Know*—are likewise muscular, yet strongly lyrical in a direct, honest manner. His solos on these pieces are relatively simple statements, taking their greatest interest from the individual, knowledgeable way he rephrases the melodic materials. Instead of improvising on the harmonic structures, Green primarily engages in a process of rhythmic displacements of the melodic lines, giving the songs a slightly different emphasis, a change of focus.

Green has a tendency, however, to stay with a device—most often the repeated figure—until he runs it into the ground, destroying the tension he had built with it.

Young acquits himself well. He makes his best solo statements on *Luny and J.C.*

Jones is the perfect drummer in this context; his playing drives but never obtrudes. It is largely due to his prodding of the others that this happily unpretentious set achieves the high level it does. (P.W.)

Bob Havens

AND HIS NEW ORLEANS ALL-STARS—Southland 243: *Float Me down the River; Side-walks of New York; At the Jazz Band Ball; How Come You Do Me Like You Do?; Casanova's Lament; Sensation Rag; Who's Sorry Now?; Baby, Won't You Please Come Home?*

Personnel: Thomas Jefferson, trumpet, vocal; Havens, trombone, vocals; Louis Cottrell, clarinet; Armand Hug, piano; Joe Capraro, guitar, banjo; Chink Martin Sr., tuba, string bass; Monk Hazel, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

The ghost of Jack Teagarden flows eerily through this disc. Havens is a Teagarden disciple—not an imitator, be it noted—and an exceptionally good one. A disciple, as distinguished from an imitator, is one who follows in his own way and with his own creativity on a general path blazed by someone else.

Thus, Havens plays with Teagarden's vast, mellow, easy tone and has Teagarden's casually slippery way of phrasing. But what Havens plays is his own. He is the dominant figure among this mixed group of New Orleanians who have a relaxed and gracefully propulsive ensemble style but, on this occasion, are rather confident soloists.

Jefferson's trumpet is erratic although his vocal on *Float* is a pleasant instance of his natural, unforced Armstrong derivation. Hug, normally an enlivening pianist, perks things up here and there, but he is not heard to full advantage, while Cottrell is subdued in most of his spotlight appearances.

Havens sings on three tunes, showing a pleasant, relaxed vocal style but one that has no strong personal qualities about it. He wisely does not try to copy Teagarden's vocal inflections although he uses him as a model for phrasing. (J.S.W.)

Bob James

EXPLOSIONS—ESP 1009: *Explosions; Untitled Mixes; An On; Pleasant Boy; Wolfman.*

Personnel: James, piano; Barre Phillips, bass; Bob Pozar, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

For those unwaveringly committed to the divagations of the avant-gardists I hasten to recommend this highly stimulating collection. It is James' second LP (the first was *Bold Conceptions*, Mercury 20768) and represents as significant an advance over the first set as the first did over conventional jazz playing.

Four of the five pieces here find the trio shaping its music against, and in response to, prepared electronic tapes, a playing discipline that is exceedingly difficult to bring off with any degree of force or personal imprint. The musicians so engaged have only a limited control over the total musical entity being produced, for they can in no way order—i.e., pre-

determine—the consistent flow of a piece: they can merely respond to the more or less random sounds generated by the pre-recorded tapes and, hopefully, bring some semblance of order and musical intelligence to what easily could be chaos. It's quite different from completely free group playing; for even there the piece can be shaped or ordered collectively. It's a sizable challenge James, Phillips, and Pozar have set themselves, and they must be commended for rising to it so completely.

The unfolding of the performances and the excitement engendered by following the players' responses to the sounds emanating from the tapes furnish the album its chief virtues. Much of the music is organically disjunct, but it does not depend upon formal musical organization for either its effectiveness or its effects. It is the act of responding that is crucial to an enjoyment and appreciation of this kind of musical experience—both in playing and in listening.

James and his fellows consistently respond with such wit and sensitivity to their electronic stimuli that their progress through the uncharted is fascinating to follow. Their explorations result in a constant textural movement from light to dark, from silence to sonic explosions, from simple lines of quiet beauty to complex, convulsive knots of sound. What makes it so compelling, in fact, is that constant play of sound—spontaneous, unexpected, bristling, realized and unrealized. This play is so intriguing that even the group's failures to dominate the taped

sounds from time to time (often, in fact) are as rewarding as its successes in imposing order on them.

Among the more arresting performances are the title piece; the air of unearthly, quivering anticipation that permeates *Untitled Mixes*; and the very real quality of pop art that infuses *Wolfman*, in which the trio sets its funky improvising against a moving tape background that suggests the nightmarish collage of sound that might result if all a city's AM radio stations were to bombard one's ears at once (and *there's* an idea for a prepared tape or for a spontaneous performance background).

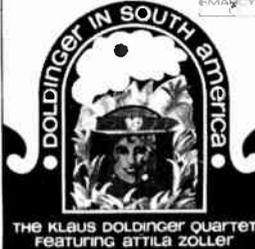
The electronic tapes were composed by James (*Explosions*), Bob Ashley (*Untitled Mixes and Wolfman*), and Gordon Mumma (*Pleasant Boy*, which has an eerie opening and closing use of reed flute or pipes that suggests a wild herds-boy). In stereo, the movement of the oscillating taped sounds from channel to channel makes for a wild, disturbing effect and adds an even wider dimension to the music.

The sole track that does not employ an electronic tape background is Phillips' composition *An On*. There is a wounded quality to the theme that is amplified in James' piano solo and reinforced even more strongly by the naked vulnerability of Phillips' arco solo that follows; a busily rhythmic dialog between piano and drums leads back to a brief suggestion of the sad lyricism of the theme.

Listen to this album, by all means; but

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listen to it note by note. It more than repays the effort of close attention. (P.W.)

Jazz Crusaders

CHILE CON SOUL—Pacific Jazz 10092; *Aqua Dulce; Soul Bourgeoisie; Ontem a Noite; Tough Talk; Tacos; Latin Bit; The Breeze and I; Dulzura*.

Personnel: Wayne Henderson, trombone; Hubert Laws, flute; Wilton Felder, tenor saxophone; Joe Sample, piano; Clare Fischer, organ; Al McKibbin, bass; Nesbert Hooper, drums; Carlos Vidal, Hunaria Garcia, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

There's plenty of carne mixed with the soul on this LP of Latin-influenced selections.

Some of the tunes are swung heavily, such as *Aqua Dulce* and *Tough Talk*. Fischer's originals—*Dulzura* and *Note*, a lovely bossa nova tune—are played with more restraint. Kenny Cox' *Latin Bit* is another pretty composition.

The Crusader soloists have attained a degree of originality within the modern mainstream and are strong players. Felder has a cruising, many-noted approach, and his improvisation is characterized by that husky, wailing quality known as the Texas moan.

Henderson seems to be an improved musician. He's found an attractive stylistic middle ground between J.J. Johnson and Bennie Green; he retains his warm fat sound, but his melodic lines seem richer. His solos on *Latin Bit* and *Bourgeoisie* are among the highlights of the album.

Sample's soloing is also notable. His chordal and single-note work are done with conviction and good taste.

Laws plays agreeably most of the time, displaying delicacy and an ability to fashion attractive songlike lines (as on *Note*). He sails along gracefully on *Soul Bourgeoisie*, but he uses too many stock devices on *Aqua Dulce*.

This is one of the Crusaders' best LPs. (H.P.)

Quincy Jones

QUINCY PLAYS FOR PUSSYCATS—Mercury 21050 and 61050: *What's New Pussycat?; The Gentle Rain; Blues in the Night; After Hours; Blues for Trumpet and Koto; I Can't Get No Satisfaction; A Walk in the Black Forest; Non-stop to Brazil; The Huckelback; Mack the Knife; Sermonette; The "In" Crowd*.

Personnel: unidentified orchestra; Jones, arranger-conductor.

Rating: ★★★

Q. Delight Jones has thrown together a blandly entertaining potpourri that has a little of something for almost everybody but not much for anyone in particular. The disc engenders a "what's next?" feeling as Jones reaches into his musical grab-bag and comes out with one gimmick after another.

Pussy is the cat's meow—literally. Two Luiz Bonfá pieces from a film, *The Gentle Rain*, get the lush orchestration treatment with violins, woodwinds, French horns, and a resonant, probing piano (by Bobby Scott?—there are no credits for anyone on the liner or in John Lissner's superficial notes).

Scooping saxes out of Billy May and out of Jones' working band of a few years ago turn up on *Blues in the Night*, along with shrieking saxophone and brass shakes. Claude Thornhill's hanging sound starts *Satisfaction* but then gives way to a twist. *After Hours* is a strongly played piano solo; *Huckelback* has been translated into big-beat terms; "In" *Crowd* brings in an

organ and more big beat while *Mack* features tinkly piano. Jones' farthest reach for an effect is an amusing conjunction of muted trumpet, blithe and driving, with the resonant string sound of a koto on *Blues for Trumpet and Koto*.

But this LP is all froth. With the slight exception of *Hours* and *Koto*, which have some unity and development, nothing really happens. It's slick, superficial, and glib, but at least it's better than the records that show no thinking at all. (J.S.W.)

Elvin Jones

AND THEN AGAIN—Atlantic 1443: *Azan; All Deliberate Speed; Elvin Elpus; Soon After; Forever Summer; Len Sirrah; And Then Again*.

Personnel: Thad Jones, cornet; Hunt Peters, trombone; Frank Wess, tenor saxophone, flute; Charles Davis, baritone saxophone; Hank Jones or Don Friedman, piano; Paul Chambers or Art Davis, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Give Elvin Jones credit for making an album with only one real drum solo—and that one relatively short. His skillful drumming is apparent all through the set, however, particularly on a lusty piece, *Soon After*, but it is kept in proper perspective.

Six of the selections were arranged and conducted by Melba Liston (the seventh, *Again*, is an ad lib performance that includes Elvin's solo). Miss Liston's writing ranges from the mildly interesting *Elpus* to the somberly haunting *Len Sirrah* and the exuberant force of *Soon After*.

On the last two pieces, flutist Wess and trombonist Peters combine to create unusually attractive colors and accents. Davis' baritone work is strong and urgent all through the set. Elvin's brothers, Hank and Thad, help fill things out, Hank unobtrusively, Thad quietly but persuasively, especially in his introduction to *Again* and on the engaging ballad *Summer*.

(J.S.W.)

Roger Kellaway

THE TRIO—Prestige 7399: *Organ Morgan; One-Night Stand; I'll Follow the Sun; Brats; Can't You See It?; Sweet and Lovely; Signa; O.N.; Ballad of the Sad Young Men; No More; The Fall of Love*.

Personnel: Kellaway, piano; Russell George, bass; Dave Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Kellaway is a prodigiously gifted pianist who apparently is comfortable in just about every area of jazz piano. Certainly he moves through the varying demands of this set with an ease and strength of invention that is staggering. And it all seems to come naturally, to breathe and flower inevitably.

The range of his material here is broad—from the delicately colored, impressionistic charm of *I'll Follow* (I was surprised to learn this was a tune by John Lennon and Paul McCartney) through the romping Phineas Newborn-influenced pyrotechnics of *Organ Morgan* to the wry, sardonically fragmented *Brats*, played on a piano "prepared" with objects fastened to some of the strings. Kellaway is equal to every challenge he sets himself.

The thing that initially impresses one about his playing is its sureness, the strength that comes of knowing one's goals and proceeding directly to them without obliquity or wasted motion (or emotion). Kellaway plays with blistering fire—when it's necessary—but even at the fiercest tempos there's no shucking when it comes



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to imagination. His lines evidently are directed by a rapierlike intelligence that is always fascinating to accompany on its extemporized journeys into interesting territory.

Second only to the thrusting strength of his invention are the warmth and great humor of his playing.

His ballad playing is lovely and lushly romantic—to wit *Sad Young Men* and *I'll Follow*—yet never descends to the merely bathetic; his is a sinewy kind of lyricism that never permits his playing to degenerate to the cloying or flaccid. It's controlled, but it's spontaneous and unaffected too. The bolero *Fall of Love* is a particularly ardent and unabashed statement; in Kellaway's hands it's given a beautifully sculptured, spare treatment that is quietly but intensely passionate. (On all his ballad performances he seems to voice his chords in such a way as to avoid the obvious; the subtlety of his harmonization is perhaps what keeps it from the sentimental, keeps it strong and true.)

Humor is ever present in his playing, but it is the humor of a sensitive, finely organized human mind. Perhaps wit is a better word to describe the light-heartedness that shoots through his work—gentle and compassionate, deft and unobtrusive. It's most evident on the up-tempo pieces; *Brats*, in fact, gives a performance-length sampling of it.

As to the playing of George and Bailey, suffice it to say that the album title is perfectly apt. The bassist and drummer work so closely in concert with the intentions of the pianist that the three seem one. George's complementary playing often gives the impression of being an extension of Kellaway's, and Bailey's drumming is impeccably right.

One hopes that these three men will get sufficient playing opportunities to develop even further in the promising directions this set so stunningly outlines. (P.W.)

Modern Jazz Quartet

PLAYS GEORGE GERSHWIN'S PORGY AND BESS—Atlantic 1440: *Summertime*; *Bess, You Is My Woman*; *My Man's Gone Now*; *I Love You, Porgy*; *It Ain't Necessarily So*; *Oh Bess, O Where's My Bess?*; *There's a Boat Dat's Leavin' Soon for New York*.

Personnel: John Lewis, piano; Milt Jackson, vibraphone; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

Rating: ★★★

The preciosity that has frequently threatened the work of the MJQ finally takes over on this collection of tunes from the Gershwin musical.

As long as the prodding, insistent beat that Lewis builds over the flowing rhythmic surges of Heath and Kay is providing a strong foundation, the quartet can get away with a great deal of finicky fiddling. But when the underlying rhythm becomes plodding and labored (*Gone* and *Ain't*) or the group starts taking a piece apart too self-consciously (*Woman*), things get pretty tiresome.

The disc starts out promisingly with a *Summertime* that centers around Lewis' marvelously sinuous and propulsive piano, and it ends with a moderately swinging *Boat*. But between these fore and aft points, there is an awful lot of delicate tinkle, relieved occasionally by Jackson's flights of fancy. (J.S.W.)

James Moody

COOKIN' THE BLUES—Argo 756: *The Jazz Twist*; *One for Nat*; *Bunny Boo*; *Moody Flooty*; *I Might As Well Be Spring*; *Disappointed*; *Sister Sadie*; *Little Buck*; *Home Fries*.

Personnel: Howard McGhee, trumpet; Bernard McKinney, trombone; Moody, flute, alto and tenor saxophones; Mush Kalem, baritone saxophone; Sonny Donaldson, piano; Steve Davis, bass; Arnold Enlow, drums; Eddie Jefferson, vocals.

Rating: ★★★★★

Moody is an extraordinary musician and must feel heartsick seeing lesser talents winning more recognition than he.

The intricacies of his work go over the heads of many casual jazz fans and possibly of some musicians as well; at least I've heard or read surprisingly few comments on him by other jazzmen. Why has he attracted so little notice? He's been nationally known for years as a leader and as a sideman at various times with Dizzy

ear-catching runs—and explodes on the up-tempo *Home Fries*.

His flute is showcased on *Moody Flooty*, a relaxed blues. He improvises quite melodically, producing a full, sweet sonority.

But the most dazzling tracks are the ones on which Moody plays tenor. He has the technique to translate his involved ideas into cleanly articulated lines. It's amazing that he can play those long, complicated passages and still project a relaxed feeling. It's one of the marks of a consummate artist. He employs relatively little vibrato and his tone is pleasingly warm. And swing? He lifts you off the ground.

Jefferson, a pioneer in attaching lyrics to improvised solos, is featured on *Disappointed* and *Sister Sadie*. These are pleasant tracks, but not in a class with the others. Still, Moody is so outstanding that the LP deserves five stars. (H.P.)

Jimmy Smith

ORGAN GRINDER SWING—Verve 8628: *The Organ Grinder's Swing*; *Oh, No, Babe*; *Blues for J*; *Greensleeves*; *I'll Close My Eyes*; *Satin Doll*.

Personnel: Smith, organ; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Grady Tate, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This album by the commander in chief of jazz organ has a wide range of well-programmed selections.

Smith plays 12 bars of ad lib blues (with vocal mumbling on Bars 11 and 12) before introducing the theme of *Organ Grinder*. Then it's Burrell for two choruses and Jimmy for three (with two-bar breaks at the end of each chorus—Jimmy mumbles again in one of them) and out . . . abruptly.

Babe has some satirical sing-talk by Smith (I don't think he really talks like this, but he's portraying some gent headed below the Mason-Dixon Line, where the North meets the South, to see his gal). Jimmy's got the blues here, mister. Real Holiness Church. Slow blues and move on down the line . . . nine minutes of outstanding blues playing by Burrell as well as by Jimmy, who's the fireman here, doing the oiling, keeping it going.

Blues for J is a medium-tempo tune by Smith. The melody and harmonic structure are nonstereotype as far as the contemporary styling goes. Burrell takes the first solo and builds up a good drive. Then it's fireman Smith. He really goes wild here. The gimmick: walking the bass line (customary) and soloing (also customary) but all the while holding a note for about two choruses.

Greensleeves is in 3/4 with a 16-bar introduction that also serves as a tag for each chorus—or rather the chords do. Smith builds an emotional tension in his long solo; there's one part that uses a drone, but then there's a let-up before the drone reappears—all of it has an emotional drive. There's no last chorus melody, just interlude and fade out. Nice.

J. S. begins right on the melody of *Eyes*; Burrell takes the last half of the first chorus. Another half-chorus is played expressively by Jim and then out.

Smith swings hard on his *Satin Doll* solo, with Tate grooving and prodding as only he can and Burrell accompanying in an unpromiscuous manner. There is a

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Gillespie. When I've seen him in person with Gillespie, he's floored the listeners, but later they seem to forget about him.

If additional testimony to his brilliance is necessary, this album supplies it. It is one of the greatest demonstrations of excellence and versatility by a woodwind player one will ever hear.

It was recorded live at San Francisco's Jazz Workshop in 1961. The arrangements are functional, designed to provide a springboard for Moody to leap from; he has almost all of the solo space.

His alto style is a variant of the Charlie Parker approach. He has a lighter tone than Parker and uses the complex rhythmic figures that are characteristic of his own work on any horn. In this LP he delivers an impassioned *Might As Well Be Spring*, constructs very well on *Jazz Twist*—contrasting simple, funky phrases with

"chew-out" chorus with Jim doing triple forte for 16, forte on the inside (bridge), and then triple forte out, with a Count Basie type of tag ending. This is a run-of-the-mill track but a good closer. (K.D.)

Bobby Timmons

WORKIN' OUT!—Prestige 7387: *Lela*; *Trick Hips*; *People*; *Bags' Groove*; *This Is All I Ask*.
Personnel: Timmons, piano; Johnny Lytle, vibraharp; Keter Betts, bass; William (Peppy) Hinnant, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆½

This is a real sleeper—don't pass it by without giving it some consideration. Timmons hasn't been attracting the attention he did a few years ago, and Lytle never has become a "name," but both are more than competent musicians. On this record they combine to produce warm, relaxed music that may not strike the peaks and depths of emotion but is extremely listenable nonetheless.

Throughout much of the LP, Timmons is as restrained as I've ever heard him. His neat, lyrical solos are reminiscent of Hank Jones or Tommy Flanagan. (I don't mean to imply that either influenced Timmons but to point out the similarity of their playing.) I particularly liked his fresh, darting *Bags' Groove* improvisation. On *People*, his feature, he gives a graceful demonstration of out-of-tempo playing.

Lytle's buoyant yet thoughtful playing is never less than good. He doesn't waste notes, structuring his solos with care and seeing to it that the momentum of his lines is sustained.

The tasteful, persuasive accompaniment

by Betts and Hinnant shouldn't be overlooked. Betts also is an impressive soloist, suggesting a Middle-Eastern influence on *Lela* and displaying a laudable disposition to take chances on *Bags' Groove* when he sounds almost like a "new thing" bassist.

Members of this quartet are individually talented and, beyond that, work so well together that another album from them would be welcome. (H.P.)

Various Artists

*INTERNATIONAL JAZZ WORKSHOP—Emarcy 26002 and 66002: *Knoedl-Walzer*; *Blazy Bones Revisited*; *Concerto for Benjamin and Jonathan*; *Waltz of the Five Cats*; *Hip-Hit*; *Conversation*; *Revelation*; *The Jamfs Are Coming*.

Personnel: Benny Bailey, Donald Byrd, Jon Eardley, trumpets; Johnny Renard, trumpet, mellophone; Idrees Sulieman, trumpet, alto saxophone; Albert Mangelsdorff, Nat Peck, Ake Persson, Eje Thelin, trombones; Klaus Doldinger, Johnny Griffin, Rolf Kuhn, Johnny Scott, Sahib Shihab, reeds; Ingfried Hoffman, piano, organ; Pierre Cavalli, guitar; Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, bass; Egil Johansen, drums; Hans Koller, conductor.

Rating: ★★★★★

This collection is made up of approximately half the numbers played by the North German Radio Network Jazz Workshop at the annual Ruhr Festival in Recklinghausen, Germany, in June, 1964.

They are all originals, most of them by members of the workshop orchestra. The lineup is an all-star assemblage of Europeans and Americans-in-Europe, and it

*This review first appeared in the Jan. 28, 1965, *Down Beat*; at that time it was available only in Europe on the German Philips label. The Emarcy LP was recently released in the United States.

contains several surprises.

The major eyebrow raiser is the appearance of the quondam trumpeter, Sulieman, as an alto saxophone soloist on the appropriately titled *Revelation*. He has a warm, bright tone and plays with a driving, flowing attack and with none of the intonation difficulties that have cropped up on some of his latter-day recordings on trumpet.

Eardley, long absent from the U.S. jazz scene, wrote *Concerto*, which features his trumpet along with Bailey's. Bailey's performance is superb—a glowing, lustrous sound in crisply stated, singing lines that swing beautifully. There are some delightful duet passages for the trumpets, but Eardley, on his own, still has the earnest but earthbound quality that used to plague him when he was with Gerry Mulligan's group.

Kuhn, back home after his unprofitable venture to the States, is featured on *Knoedl-Walzer* in a clarinet solo during which he achieves a shrill, oboelike sound that is, at the very least, distinctive.

Peck's *Blazy*, written for four trombones and rhythm, is much in the manner of some of the old J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding pieces with consistently capable solos from the band's four trombonists.

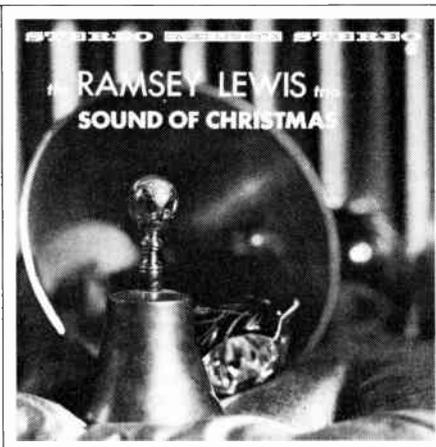
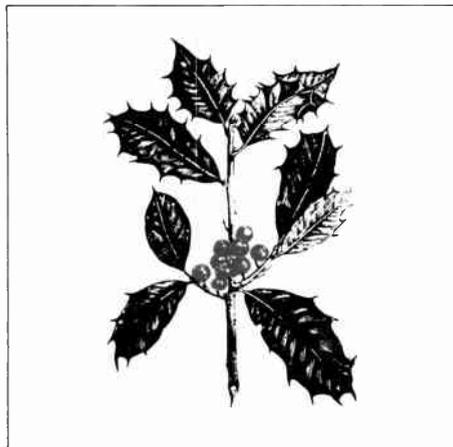
Griffin comes on with a very strong attack on *Hip-Hit* and *Conversation* and takes an interesting unaccompanied solo on *Jamfs*.

The whole set is played with great elan, and while the solo level is far from consistent, the good ones are well worth hearing. (J.S.W.)

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GRETSCH

SITTIN' IN

(Continued from page 22)

nighter (afternoon). Played the same spot Jack Teagarden did his last gig at, only the name was changed. The New Orleans Jazz Club made it possible. (Say, they have a Jazz Foundation there that's active; have their own place where you walk in, pick up a phone and it's Joe [King] Oliver and his music coming at you.) So, I was asked in the letter, "Do you mind playing an upright piano?" I really didn't, but when we met, I was surprised; it's been a long time. I haven't seen you around since the old days.

Because the Hodes family decided to take advantage of the out-of-town gigs and see a bit of the country, the living wasn't always easy. Like driving through Texas in July; well, most Texans we saw driving had air-conditioned cars. Baby, it's hot outside! But people were something else—warm. Austin, for example: I discovered I would be the third of three pianists to perform. After listening and waiting out Red Camp and Ralph Sutton, both knowledgeable, impeccable players, I wasn't exactly straining at the bit. But that audience made me feel wanted. Again, the finale and the rapport among all three of us made it a sweet evening.

People—that's the magic word. That cat who wrote the tune of that name (the lyrics, by Bob Merrill) really said something. From Detroit to New Orleans; San Antonio; back to Chicago Heights; Columbia, S.C.; Soldier Field—every one of those gigs was made possible by individual people, not agencies or 15 percenters.

"People—people who need people, are the luckiest people in the world." It's taken me a good many years to realize and live this truth. But that's how we made it; that's how the summer commenced. A guy I knew in Detroit who wants to surprise his wife on her birthday. So I'm part of a duo; clarinetist Jimmy Granata and I drive to the Motor City.

Well, you know; we make musician talk, and Jimmy tells me a Joe Venuti story. Now there's a cat about whom tales accumulated. Jim's bit was about the time ('49) Venuti calls Granata and asks him to line up a band for a short road tour. Joe is pretty happy with the result except for the drummer. The group is doing a stage show, playing behind the Mills Brothers as well as doing features. Venuti is directing (Granata claims Joe is one of the best with the baton). The Mills Brothers are performing when Venuti strolls over toward the drummer and address-

es him (Jim says all hands heard him): "You call yourself a drummer? If I played like you, I'd take my drums and climb the highest building and throw myself off. . . . And another thing—you're an Italian; What for you change your name? You ashamed?," etc., etc.

The only trouble with Venuti stories is that one brings another to mind. Like the time Joe put an ad in a Los Angeles paper: "Bass player wanted. Meet me at Hollywood and Vine at noon tomorrow. Bring fiddle." Picture that—39 bass players, basses and all, tying up traffic, waiting for Joe. The cat's too much.

It remained for drummer Barrett Deems to add his Venuti touch: "We were doing a gig in Lincoln, Neb. The owner was complaining to Joe, 'Everything's aw right, you understand; but why does your office send me a picture of a leader with lots of hair and when you get here, no hair? Why?' Joe didn't try to answer him. But the next night, come show-time, everyone's on stage except Venuti. In his place stood a big shaggy dog with a toy violin hung from his neck. The boss went looking. Joe was up in the balcony, looking on. 'Yeah, you want a Joe Venuti with hair? There—there's your Joe Venuti with hair.'" 



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A little more than 10 years have passed since Julian Adderley arrived in New York City from Florida. His background at that time consisted mainly of teaching; for some years he had been band director of Dillard High School in Fort Lauderdale.

Cannonball's career as a name jazzman began by accident when he sat in with Oscar Pettiford's combo one night at a long-gone jazz spot, the Bohemia, off Sheridan Square. The word soon spread that a fabulous new alto man was in town whose style might provide a logical replacement for that of the recently deceased Charlie Parker. Soon afterward, Bob Shad of Mercury records signed Adderley. The next spring, Adderley and his cornetist brother Nat were on their way, touring with a quintet not unlike the one they are leading today.

Over the years, Cannonball has developed into a figure far more important than his original neo-Parker inclinations seemed to portend. His playing in recent years has been touched by the "new thing," and his style has evolved and matured continuously.

Adderley and his brother have always been eager and voluble *Blindfold Test* subjects. Previous interviews with Cannonball appeared in *Down Beat* Nov. 28, 1956, Dec. 24, 1959, and (in a session done with Nat) April 12 and 26, 1962.

Following is the first of a two-part Cannonball interview, in which he received no information about the records played.

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY Pt. 1

1. Lucky Thompson. *People* (from *Happy Days Are Here Again*, Prestige). Thompson, tenor saxophone.

It's Lucky Thompson. Obviously, his playing has changed—first of all, his tone is more airy than it used to be . . . it used to be closer to, I guess, Don Byas and Coleman Hawkins in sound. I don't think it's a great Lucky Thompson record, but, to me, everything he does is good. It's superior to 90 percent of what you hear tenor saxophonists play today, because that's what Lucky Thompson is: superior.

The older musicians seem to have found something. It takes all of us all our lives to learn the most important things in life are simple. . . .

Dizzy Gillespie is a good example; the older he gets, the less he plays. And J. J. Johnson is the same way. When you get a little older, you find out, well, you have fooled around with all the complexities and demonstrated you know how to play, so now you can concentrate on just playing music.

I don't know about the rating system. . . . I would have to relate this to what else I hear today. All I can say is I enjoyed it very much.

2. Paul Bley. *Around Again* (from *Barrage*, ESP). Dewey Johnson, trumpet; Marshall Allen, alto saxophone; Bley, piano; Eddie Gomez, bass; Milford Graves, drums; Carla Bley, composer.

Sounds like those cats in England—Shake Keane and those guys—they seem to be better players than the avant-garde over here.

Can I give it two ratings? As related to the Lucky Thompson record, as jazz, I give it no stars because, unfortunately, I'm

a traditionalist. Unfortunately for them, I guess! But related to what I've been hearing lately from the avant-garde players, I imagine it's very good, because all the guys sound like they know how to play.

They prefer to play this way. I couldn't say that anybody I was listening to was not a player, because I could hear moments of obvious technical facility being displayed. So, according to the avant-garde music I've been hearing lately, I'd have to rate it five stars. But subjectively, it's not my thing—that style of playing.

In this type of music I always hear flashes of things I'd like to hear more of, but I don't know how it's developed, so I'm not in a position to say it's not good, or it is good, or I like this or I don't like it. I do hear things that I would like to hear, but I can't relate it to my jazz development. And I like to think that I'm still developing. Perhaps some day I'll reach this—maybe they just got there ahead of me. If I stay around long enough, I'll probably be playing it, because that's what's happening. We're all influenced by the world.

Like, I never thought I'd be a peace lover. Until this business of everything being destroyed makes us all want to retreat to our places.

So I'll give that two ratings—zero stars according to Lucky Thompson and five stars according to the avant-garde.

3. Yank Lawson. *Come Back, Sweet Papa* (from *Big Yank Is Here!*, ABC-Paramount). Lawson, trumpet; Bill Stegmeyer, clarinet; Bob Haggart, bass; Osie Johnson, drums; Dave McKenna, piano.

How about that! That's beautiful. Once again, talking about that related thing,

related to the avant-garde, I'll give it five stars. And related to Lucky Thompson I'll still rate it five stars.

I enjoyed the solos very much, and I liked the feeling throughout, because they were all obviously good musicians. There was a constancy, and if you've heard Dixieland, you understand what they're striving for. I think I know a little about it, although I'm not a serious listener of amateur Dixieland.

But I enjoyed that very much. That'll be five stars all the way around. I don't know who they were, but the clarinet player really slayed me. And the trumpet, of course. The rhythm section sounds beautiful.

4. Paul Desmond. *A Taste of Honey* (from *Glad to Be Unhappy*, RCA Victor). Desmond, alto saxophone; Jim Hall, guitar; Gene Wright, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

That's another example of why we have room for everything in jazz. Now we've had four different things, really: mainstream modern, avant-garde, Dixieland, and the kind of impressionistic . . . cool-feeling thing.

Paul Desmond is so beautiful. I like the idea very much. Was that Jim Hall? It sounded like Jim. And the drummer felt like Connie Kay. I don't know who the rhythm section was.

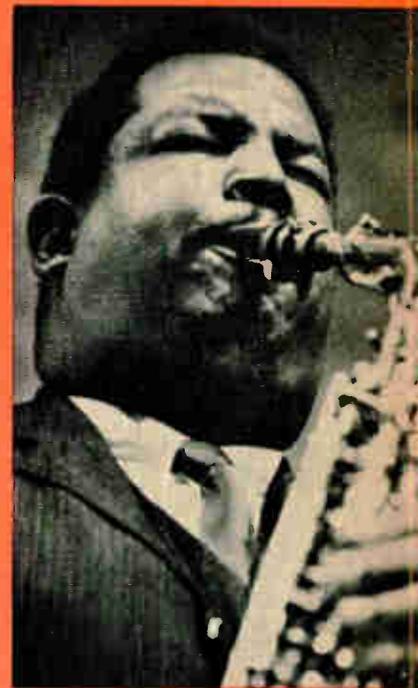
For its effect, five stars. For me, I'd like to hear the bass player play a little more. There's room for all, as long as it's good. Even good avant-garde (if it is). I guess all you can do is relate it to your personal emotional changes.

(To be continued next issue)

BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

'The older musicians seem to have found something. . . . When you get a little older, you find out, well, you have fooled around with all the complexities and demonstrated you know how to play, so you can concentrate on just playing music.'



CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Reviews Of In-Person Performances

Dollar Brand

Carnegie Recital Hall, New York City

Personnel: Morris Goldberg, alto saxophone; Brand, piano; Eddie Deal, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Sonny Brown, drums; Bea Benjamin, vocals.

Any doubts that Brand, the South African pianist and composer who recently took up residence in the United States, is a remarkably gifted musician were decisively dispelled at this concert.

With the exception of an interlude of songs featuring his wife, Miss Benjamin, the concert was entirely devoted to Brand's own works, which he performed as piano soloist and as leader of a quartet with Goldberg, Carter, and Brown.

As a composer, Brand has much to offer. He has a well-defined gift for original melody, a sense of form and development, and the true jazzman's ability to create exciting music from simple and logical structures. Moreover, he makes a music all his own—a very personal blend of elements including American jazz, African folk music, and the European hymns and liturgical music that, in South Africa as in the United States, were the first Western music made available to the Negro.

Brand is also a remarkable pianist. His

chief influences appear to be Duke Ellington and Thelonious Monk (who are themselves musically related), but he doesn't copy anyone. His approach to the instrument is pianistic—though he can and does play hornlike single lines, his style makes use of both hands and all the resources of the piano. He has a rich, full sound and a strong, virile touch.

Brand's solo offerings included *Anatomy of a South African Village*, an impressionistic piece alternating rubato and in-tempo passages, and incorporating all the aforementioned composition elements in a moving and coherent whole; *Ode to Duke*, a flowing and lyrical portrait of the master with distinct Ducal touches at beginning and end; and a triptych of unidentified pieces (announced by Brand as "a short excursion into some of my more mysterious compositions"), which included a tender ballad.

The quartet pieces included *Easter Joy*, a charming portrait of the gaiety and grandeur of a religious holiday. It has a happy, singing African theme (not unlike the kind of folk material that has influenced some of Randy Weston's more recent work) and interpolates a well-known Protestant hymn.

Sunday the 7th was a fast, blues-flavored theme featuring excellent work by Goldberg, a South African emigre with a singing, lyrical tone and a conception tinged by Lee Konitz, but expressed with more heat and abandon.

Goldberg was also featured on *Jumping Rope*, a piece dedicated to "all the beauti-

ful children of South Africa." Brown, a steady, solid drummer who demonstrated excellent musicianship (Brand's music demands subtle shadings and includes many tempo changes and solo interludes), was showcased on *South Eastern*, a rapid, flowing piece on which piano and alto unison passages were executed with verve and precision.

The most ambitious work was *The Dream*, a piece in two sections, the first part devoted entirely to a Carter bass solo, which he performed with commanding skill. An intriguing feature of Carter's interpretation was a passage combining arco and pizzicato playing, during which he plucked the open strings while fingering the bowed passages. Not merely an indulgence in technical bravura, it made musical sense.

Carter also had the spotlight on *Monk from Harlem*, a piano and bass dialog including a quote from Monk's *Misterioso*. Like Brand's Ellington tribute, it was an impression rather than a pastiche.

Miss Benjamin, accompanied by Deal, Carter, and Brown, offered three standards sung with taste and feeling. *I Love You* was particularly good, moving from an out-of-tempo first chorus to fast swing to bossa nova. *Prelude to a Kiss*, an Ellington song with a demanding bridge, was given a sensitive, fittingly lyrical interpretation. On *You Don't Know What Love Is* the singer remained unflustered when Deal's amplifier began to emit strange noises. Miss Benjamin's warm voice, faultless intonation, and unassuming stage man-

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ner make her the equal of many better-known performers.

The presence in this country of Brand, who hopes to form a permanent group, is a decided asset to the jazz scene. He has his own tale to tell. —Dan Morgenstern

Contemporary Chamber Players

Mandel Hall, Chicago

The argument over what jazz has to contribute to traditional music, and vice versa, has been carried on for many years without much sense being spoken on either side. Most of those interested in the question fan it into life now and then only because it has proven value as a publicity-getter. After much fanfare, what we usually hear is a mediocre classical work with a few swinging bars inserted or a jazz work that lapses into atonality or Webern *klangfarbenmelodie* periodically.

What jazz has to give traditional music, however, is not anything so simple as instrumental techniques, rhythmic ideas, or performance standards. The best jazz-trained performers and composers have something more valuable but less tangible to offer: joy in making music, a willingness to re-examine old ideas (whether academically respectable or not), and freedom of spirit—all of which traditional music needs urgently today if it is to live and grow.

That is why the appearance of any young jazz-oriented composer these days on the concert scene carries with it the hope of discovery, and that is why Bill Mathieu's *A Perennial Recital* caused a delighted stir at the season's first program by the Contemporary Chamber Players.

In a setting of skillful but emotionally constricted works by Donald Martino, Witold Lutoslawski, and George Rochberg, the Mathieu piece came through as a shout for life. Scored for soprano, solo clarinet, violin, cello, and percussion, it has a surface resemblance to certain works of Lukas Foss, Luciano Berio, and other avant-gardists. The soprano vocalizes glottal clicks, ahhs, hmms, humms, sustained ooohs, and even one ahem, while the clarinet makes possibly appropriate comments from the other side of the stage. The resulting colors alone stamp Mathieu as a man with a keen ear for piquant instrumental combinations and as a well-trained composer.

His professional associations began as composer-arranger with Stan Kenton; he later wrote for Duke Ellington.

In spite of, or more likely because of, the listener's ignorance of the highly personal program that Mathieu had in mind for this score, the success of the music was immediate. A piece in which the soprano ends one particularly passionate outburst by breaking down in sobs, and which ends with a long, pregnant silence, might be interpreted almost any way, like a Rorschach blot. But, as Mathieu's program notes pointed out, "The play is best discovered within the listener." The danger otherwise is that a universal idea will be narrowed down by the listener.

Whether or not Mathieu goes on from here, he proved in his *A Perennial Recital* that his instincts are sound: no one ought to be allowed to compose music of any

sort who does not do so from an overflow of musical high spirits.

Of the other pieces on the Mandel Hall program, only CCP conductor Ralph Shapey's 11-year-old *Clarinet Concerto* exuded the same kind of life, although in a more purple-posed style.

—Donal J. Henahan

Curtis Fuller-Charles Davis Quintet

Drome Bar, Detroit

Personnel: Fuller, trombone; Davis, baritone, soprano saxophones; John Hicks, piano; Larry Ridley, bass; J. C. Moses, drums.

Fuller's debut as leader of his own "road" group was a promising and interesting one—and for many listeners, somewhat surprising.

The whole story lies in the group's per-

sonnel. Davis' and Hicks' playing probably could have been predicted, although both have shown more advanced tendencies than Fuller, who since leaving Yusef Lateef's group and playing with the original Jazztet and Quincy Jones' band, has been shaped almost entirely by the hand of Art Blakey, whose group is one of the last bastions of bebop.

Davis, who has worked with the Jazz Composers' Orchestra, and Hicks, who has been rehearsing of late with trumpeter Charles Tolliver and drummer Roger Blank in New York City, are still close to Fuller's basic bop, and they work well with him. But Ridley and Moses are among those musicians who are committed to making wider and deeper impressions—and to do so in whatever context they find

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themselves—than most beboppers ever thought possible. It is their force that makes this group the listenable thing it is.

Moses is in the Billy Higgins-Eddie Blackwell-Charles Moffett line of drumming and is by now probably the most interesting of that very interesting school. He plays always with a huge infectiousness, a weird, frantic involvement in the music that catches up everyone in the room—musicians and listeners alike.

Ridley makes a perfect section mate. His time is big and fat, as his sound is, and he picks lines that are a constant stimulus, again, to everyone present.

Together they create a juggernaut rhythm that moves the soloists to play into themselves more and to move out from that point to their listeners' ears, not just to their feet.

Fuller continues, though, to listen with his older ears, and when the going gets rough and fast (with Moses and Ridley, whipping away at him on an up-tempo tune, e.g., Fuller's own *A la Mode*), he has the dull tendency to fall back on the mechanical rhythms and licks that have marred most of his past work.

When the tempo lets him relax and think a little more, however, he can construct solos of great interest and considerable imagination. On one such tune, a nice Davis original, Fuller seemed to be consciously striving to rid himself of his bebop conditioning and to manipulate the time, instead of letting it guide him.

Davis, for me, is the most engaging baritonist playing, though he has not yet

come to the whole of his own music. His solo work is consistently strong and moving, and I don't know of a better starting place than that. He seems to work in an opposite sequence to Fuller—his lines will often start out as a cliché and then develop along a more personal track as Moses and Ridley come in. They force the saxophonist deeper into his big horn, and at these times he creates a music of inspiring power and strength.

Fuller programs his sets well, offering a variety both in song selection and in personnel. The quintet would open a set with one of Davis' originals and then move to a quartet featuring Davis for a ballad (*Sentimental Lady, The Man I Love*), to a trio (featuring Hicks in depth) for a medium-tempoed standard (*Soon*), to the quintet again for *A la Mode*, to a Ridley solo piece (*Bluebird, Makin' Whoopee*), into the theme (*Davis' Half and Half*), and out.

Thus all hands got a chance to stretch out some, Hicks especially, on each set, and an occasional Moses solo would take care of the drum freaks in the room. It was imaginative programing for a "commercial" gig and especially valid as an introductory measure for these young musicians.

It will be valuable to watch Fuller in his new role. I'd like to hear him finally develop his early potential—and see him eating better too. If he does manage to get this new group of his out your way, listen. You—and these musicians—will be better off for it.

—John Sinclair

SHEPP

(Continued from page 11)

the rapine forces of the world in such sanguinary circumstances.

And you can tell Ira Gitler that he is a fool. "Repelled flies" indeed! What a thing it is to play God, snuff out yet born professional lives with impunity—worse, ignorance.

To Walmsley: one of the most thrilling musical experiences of my life was to play for the people of Chicago. You know it was amid cries of "MORE" that we were reluctantly allowed to leave that stage that night. You didn't seem to be able to muster the journalistic honesty to report that, though. Perhaps the jeers you heard were produced in that crabbed, frightened illogicality of your own post-R&B consciousness. Your patent opinions were predictable, your tastes alarmingly similar: Stanley, Woody, and Gary.

I leave you with this for what it's worth. I am an antifascist artist. My music is functional. I play about the death of me by you. I exult in the life of me in spite of you. I give some of that life to you whenever you listen to me, which right now is never. My music is for the people. If you are a bourgeois, then you must listen to it on my terms. I will not let you misconstrue me. That era is over. If my music doesn't suffice, I will write you a poem, a play. I will say to you in every instance, "Strike the Ghetto. Let my people go."

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AD LIB

(Continued from page 17)

day afternoons . . . Singer **Jan Allison** left the Famous Door after two years with trumpeter **Mike Lala's Dixie Six** and is now at the Black Knight with pianist **Bill Gannon's** trio . . . Bassist **Joe Hebert** was named director of the Loyola University Stage Band . . . Tulane University's music department established an electronic-music studio last month, presenting the first concert of such music in the Gulf-South area Oct. 31. The concert featured compositions by **Paul Epstein** and **Otto Henry**. Epstein, a music instructor at Tulane, will direct the studio. Henry is a graduate student in music . . . Pianist **Ronnie Kole** has opened his new club, **Kole's Korner**, in the rear of the Old Absinthe House . . . A documentary called *History of American Pop Music* is being filmed in part in New Orleans. The New Orleans segment, directed by one-time Orleanian **Jonathan Donald**, will feature a number of traditionalists, including trumpeter **Kid Thomas**, trombonist **Jim Robinson**, clarinetist **George Lewis**, banjoist **Marvin Kimball**, bassist **Aleide (Slow Drag) Pavageau**, and drummer **Cie Frazier**. Also scheduled for filming are **Billie and Dede Pierce** and the **Eureka Brass Band** . . . **Clay Watson**, director of the New Orleans Jazz Museum, is on a U.S. State Department-sponsored tour, lecturing on jazz, in Poland and Yugoslavia.

BALTIMORE: **Donald Byrd**, in the U.S. for a short stay before returning to Europe, teamed with tenorist **Jimmy Heath** for a concert at the Madison Club in mid-October . . . The Left Bank Jazz Society Sunday series resumed Nov. 14 with a group led by trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard** and tenor saxophonist **James Spaulding**. Guitarist **Kenny Burrell** was featured the following week . . . The Baltimore-Washington area will have its first full-time jazz station when **WHFS-FM** expands. According to program director **Matt Edwards**, the station will triple its power and expand its listening time to 6 a.m.-1 a.m., all in stereo.

LAS VEGAS: What's in a name? The show in the Flamingo Hotel's lounge, previously billed as "The **Tommy Dorsey** Orchestra, conducted by **Sam Donahue**, with **Frank Sinatra Jr.**, **Charlie Shavers**, the **Pied Pipers**," etc., is now "The **Frank Sinatra Jr. Show**." . . . **Donu Trenner**, conducting for singer **Frankie Randall** at the Sands, reported he will be in charge when the singer's show replaces **Dean Martin's** on television next summer . . . **Arnold Ross**, veteran jazz pianist and a director of Synanon House, was featured speaker in behalf of the famous narcotics addicts rehabilitation organization at a recent well-attended meeting sponsored by the local chapter of Musicians Wives Club . . . When vocalist **Tony Bennett** closed his Riviera Hotel engagement, he was joined onstage by singer **Judy Garland**, who made an unexpected but appreciated appearance . . .

The **Eddie De Santis Trio** seems to be ensconced in the Blue Room of the Tropicana Hotel, having just signed a long-term contract.

LOUISVILLE: The Shack is featuring piano soloist **Jack LaRue** five nights a week. The **Bob Lam Trio** (Lam, piano; **Jack Brengle**, bass; and **Boots Brown**, drums) plays there Sundays . . . Organist **Jimmy Smith** gave a concert at the Convention Center in late October . . . The Rooster Tail is supplying go-go dancers with the sounds of the saxophonists **Bobby Jones** and **Dave Wilson** trios; the groups split the week . . . The sextet of reed men **Jamey Aebersold** and **Everett Hoffman** played consecutive concerts at three Indiana schools on Oct. 5. The group included trumpeter **Diekie Washburn**, pianist **Lahm**, bassist **Brengle**, and drummer **Preston Phillips**. **Jim Morrissey** of the Louisville *Courier Journal* accompanied the musicians and wrote a feature article and comments on the concerts . . . The Louisville *Defender's* four-day exposition—Oct. 28-31—featured the local bands of **Billy Taylor** and **McI Owen**. The trio of organist **Jimmy Smith** (**Quentin Warren**, guitar; **Billy Harten**, drums) broke things up at the two concerts held on the exposition's opening night . . . **Bob Millard**, busy pianist-about-town, is heard afternoons at Riney's and evenings at Dixie's Elbow Room . . . Vibraharpist **Johnny Lytle's** trio was featured for two weeks at the Golden Barrel of the Champion Bowling Lanes in early October . . . On Halloween the **Jamey Aebersold Trio** (Aebersold, alto saxophone, bass; **Bill King**, piano; and **Dave Kaufmann**, drums) played for a religious group at the Opening, a coffee house on the University of Louisville campus . . . Following **Cannonball Adderley's** Nov. 27 program, jazz promoter **Martin Cohn's** winter and spring concert schedule lines up as follows: **Duke Ellington**, Dec. 15; **Jimmy Smith**, Jan. 7 (and possibly Jan. 8); **Ramsey Lewis**, Feb. 3; **Erroll Garner**, Feb. 12; and **Dave Brubeck**, April 22.

INDIANAPOLIS: Jazz has again faded from the Indianapolis club scene. The Chateau de Count et Eve is the only club booking name groups even sporadically, and it hasn't been doing too well drawing attendance. **Muddy Waters'** blues band and the **Gene Ludwig Trio** played the club the last two weeks in October, and the turnout, except on weekends, was disappointing . . . Mr. B's Lounge gave up jazz for good with a switch to a "go-go girl" show and the rock-and-roll trio of **Don Austin** in early November . . . **Earl Grandec**, teacher of many of the better jazz musicians to come out of Indianapolis and long-time member of the **Count Fisher Trio**, left the group to join the house band behind clarinetist **Bob Snyder** at the Carrousel Lounge in early November. Other members of the Carrousel group are **Jack Ireland**, drums, and **Jack Pheland**, bass . . . The **Carroll DeCamp Trio** began playing behind singer **Shirley Considine** at the Island Bar in suburban Carmel in early November . . .

Celloist **Dave Baker** is composing an original theme for the weekly television program *Brushstrokes of the Masters* produced by the John Herron Art Museum.

TORONTO: Trumpeter **Max Kaminsky** brought clarinetist **Bob Wilber**, drummer **Herb Gardner**, pianist **Dill Jones**, and local bassist **Jim McHarg** to the Colonial Tavern for a two-week date. On weekends McHarg leads his own Dixieland band at the Penny Farthing in the heart of the coffee-house belt . . . Clarinetist **Buddy DeFranco** played a week at the Town, where he was accompanied by **Archie Alleyne**, drums; **Maury Kaye**, piano; and **Lenny Boyd**, bass. Altoist **Sonny Stitt**, who was to follow, was replaced by reed man **Jimmy Giuffre**, who was accompanied by the Alleyne trio . . . Trumpeter **Erskine Hawkins'** quartet and singer **Anna Leslie** appeared at the Park Plaza for a month . . . **Brian Brown**, young Ottawa pianist now living in Toronto, opened at the Town Tavern soon after the release of his new RCA Victor album, *The Toronto Scene* . . . Blues shouter **Jimmy Rushing** and pianist **Teddy Wilson** were scheduled to return to the Colonial, where they were to be joined by drummer **Ed Thigpen** and altoist **Pat Riccio**.

LONDON: There might be hope yet: Jazz-inclined rhythm-and-blues man **Georgie Fame** recorded a jazz album with an 18-piece orchestra led by pianist-arranger **Harry South** and including saxophonists **Ronnie Scott**, **Tubby Hayes**, and **Ray Warleigh** and trombonist **Keith Christie**; and former jazz pianist **Mannfred Mann's** beat group has been adding jazzmen for occasional band-within-the-band jazz blowing . . . **Ronnie Scott** is scheduled to open a new, enlarged club on Soho's Frith St. on Dec. 17. Multi-instrumentalist **Yusef Lateef** will kick off the proceedings with a month's stint backed by the **Stan Tracey Trio**. U.S. vocalist **Ruth Price** will probably share the billing. The groups of tenor saxophonists **Scott**, **Tubby Hayes**, and **Dick Morrissey** and guitarist **Johnny Fourie** will appear as usual . . . The annual **Jazz Jamboree**, which raises funds for the Musicians' Social and Benevolent Council, was staged in November and featured 10 big bands, including **Johnny Dankworth's**, **Tubby Hayes'**, the **New Jazz Orchestra**, and the **London Jazz Orchestra** . . . The most exciting new combo in London is pianist **Chris McGregor's** multiracial South African group, the **Blue Notes**, made up of **Mongezi Feza**, fluegelhorn; **Dudu Pukwana**, alto saxophone; **Johnny Dyani**, bass; and British drummer **Laurie Allen**. The band plays every Wednesday at the Duke of York's . . . Arranger-composer **Benny Golson** recorded his score for German **Willy Bogner's** art film of Olympic skiing champions. Golson's score called for an 84-piece orchestra. The film, as yet untitled, is in color and Cinema-scope and is to be premiered in January . . . **Michael Garrick's** Poetry and Jazz Quintet flew to Ireland Nov. 15 to participate in the Belfast Arts Festival. The quintet—Ian Carr, trumpet; Joe Harriott,

alto saxophone; Garrick, piano; **Coleridge Goode**, bass; and **Colin Barnes**, drums—also waxed a new album, *Promises*, for British Argo, with **Tony Coe** added on tenor saxophone. Garrick also used his trio to take part in the Junior Music Festival in the county of Hampshire, playing jazz versions of such as *I Vow to Thee, My Country* for audiences made up of 8- to 11-year-olds. Further concerts for schools are to follow, which is practically unheard of in a country where children are officially reared on nothing but classics and folk songs . . . **Dizzy**

Gillespie shared a double bill with the **Jimmy Smith Trio** for a short British tour that opened at London's Royal Festival Hall Nov. 27 . . . Tenorist **Bud Freeman** is on a five-week tour with the **Alex Welsh Band**; the trek ends in late December . . . **Annie's Room** featured **Dakota Staton** for two weeks last month. Miss Staton, who currently is making her home in Europe, was followed by **Timi Yuro**. **Anita O'Day** opens Dec. 6; **Mose Allison** follows on Dec. 20, and **Ethel Ennis** on Jan. 3. Comedian **Dick Gregory** is scheduled after the New Year.

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WHERE & WHEN

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

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

NEW YORK

Ali Baba: Louis Metcalf, Jimmy Neely, tfn.
 Basie's: Sonny Payne to 12/5. Willie Bobo, tfn.
 Basin Street East: Duke Ellington, Mel Torme,
 Joan Rivers, to 12/4. Ram Ramirez, hb.
 Carlton Terrace (Forest Hills): Johnny Fontana, tfn.
 Charlie Bates: Stan Levine, Sun.
 Chuck's Composite: Dick Garcia, Sy Johnson,
 Jack Six, tfn. Jack Reilly, Sun.
 Concerto West: Jesse Wilks, hb. Andrew Hill,
 wknds.
 Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gam-
 ba, hb. Sessions, Sun.
 Dom: Tony Scott, Mike Nock, tfn.
 Eddie Condon's: Peanut Hucko, tfn.
 Embers West: Joe Newman, Joe Shulman, tfn.
 Five Spot: Art Blakey, tfn.
 Gaslight Club: Clarence Hutchenrider, Charlie
 Quener, George Wettling, Mike Shiffer, tfn.
 Half Note: Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer to
 12/14.
 Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson,
 tfn.
 Konny's Steak Pub: Smith Street Society Jazz
 Band, Wed.-Fri.
 L'Intrigue: Ronnie Ball, Jimmy Rowser, Nancy
 Steele, tfn. Guest stars, Sun.
 Luigi II: John Bunch, Mark Traill, tfn.
 Mark Twain Riverboat: Count Basie, 12/15-28.
 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 (Ashbury Park, N.J.): Tal
 Farlow, Don Friedman, Vinnie Burke, wknds.
 Playboy Club: Monty Alexander, Ray Starling,
 Nat Jones, Harold Francis, Walter Norris, tfn.
 Rainbow Grill: Jonah Jones, tfn.
 Jimmy Ryan's: Wild Bill Davison, Cliff Jack-
 son, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Marshall
 Brown, tfn.
 Slug's: name jazz groups. Guest stars, Mon.
 Toast: Jack Brooks, Dick Carter, Effie, tfn.
 Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Greene, tfn.
 Village Gate: John Coltrane to 12/5. Herbie
 Mann, 12/7-1/1. Swingle Singers, 12/22-1/1.
 Village Vanguard: Sonny Rollins to 12/12.
 Sessions, Mon.
 Well's: Abbey Lincoln, tfn.

TORONTO

Castle George: Alf Coward, 12/27-1/1.
 Chez Paree: Sir Charles Thompson, tfn.
 George's Spaghetti House: Moe Koffman, 12/6-
 18. Dave Hammer, 12/20-25. Paul Hoffer,
 12/27-1/1.
 Golden Nugget: Don Ewell, tfn.
 Last Chance Saloon: Larry Dubin, tfn.
 Lido: Norm Amadio, tfn.
 Penny Farthing: Jim McHarg, tfn.
 Town Tavern: Joe Williams, 12/6-11. Hagood
 Hardy, 12/20-1/1.
 Windsor Arms: Herbie Helbig, tfn.

BOSTON

Chez Freddie: Eddie Stone-Maggie Scott, tfn.
 Connolly's: name jazz groups, weekly.
 Driftwood (Shrewsbury): Jeff-Tones, tfn.
 Floral Steak House: Danny Camacho-Bill Tanne-
 bring-Bob Purcell, tfn.
 Gaslight Room: Basin Street Boys, tfn.
 Jazz Workshop: Muddy Waters to 12/5.
 Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: Shirley Scott to 12/5.
 Maridor (Framingham): Al Vega, tfn.
 Paul's Mall: Dave Blume, tfn.

DETROIT AND MICHIGAN

Artists' Workshop: Detroit Contemporary 5,
 Sun, afternoon.
 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: afterhours, Mon.-Sat.
 Chessmate Gallery: Steve Booker, afterhours,
 Fri.
 Chit Chat: Earl Van Dyke, wknds.
 Danish Inn (Farmington): Pat Flowers, tfn.
 Dragon Lady Lounge: Mark Richards, Ralph
 Jay, Fri.-Sat.
 Drome: Dizzy Reese-Sonny Redd-Barry Harris
 to 12/5. Erskine Hawkins, 12/10-19.
 Frolic: Bill Jennings, tfn.
 Hobby Bar: Ben Jones, wknds.
 LaSalle (Saginaw): Arnie Kane, tfn.

Living End: Phil Marcus Esser, tfn.
 Momo's: Jack Brokensha, tfn.
 Odom's Cave: Ernie Farrow, Fri.-Sat.
 Olympia Bar: Don Davis, tfn.
 Paige's: George Bohanon, wknds.
 Playboy Club: Jack Pierson, Sat.
 Shadow Box: Alex Kallao, tfn.
 Surfside Club: Tom Saunders, tfn.
 Towne House (Dearborn): Carlyle Sisters, tfn.
 Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, tfn.
 Woods Club (Jackson): afterhours concerts, Sat.
 Zombie: Walter Hamilton, tfn.

CHICAGO

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: Oscar Peterson to 12/5. Les Mc-
 Cann, 12/7-19. Ramsey Lewis, 12/21-1/2.
 Jonah Jones, 1/4-23.
 Maxim's: Paul Friedman, Fri.-Sat.
 Midas Touch: Judy Roberts, tfn.
 Mister Kelly's: Nancy Wilson to 12/5. Larry
 Novak, John Frigo, hbs.
 Moroccan Village: Kansas Fields, Joe Killian.
 Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, wknds.
 Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ralph
 Massetti, Joe Iaco, hbs.
 Plugged Nickel: unk.
 Velvet Swing: Dukes of Dixieland, tfn.

CLEVELAND

Bit-N-Bridle: Carl Gulla, tfn.
 Brothers: Harry Damas, wknds.
 Cedar Gardens: Ray Banks-Nat Fitzgerald,
 Thur.-Sat.
 Club 100: Winston Walls, tfn. Sessions, Sat.
 afternoon.
 Continental: Freddie Robinson, tfn.
 Copa: Weasel Parker, wknds.
 Cucamonga: Johnny Trush, Sat.
 Downtowner Motel: Eddie McAfee, tfn.
 Esquire: Eddie Bacucus-Lester Sykes, tfn. Ses-
 sions, Sat. afternoon.
 Fagan's Beacon House: Bourbon Street Bums,
 wknds.
 Green Tree: Angel Sanchez, Thur. Don Picozzi,
 Bob Santa Maria, Wed.-Fri.
 Her's: jazz, wknds.
 Highlander Motel: Billy Vale, tfn. Angel San-
 chez, 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.
 LeRue: Charlie Beckel-Bill Strange, tfn.
 Lion & Lamb: Jim Faragher, tfn.
 Lucky Bar: Jose Harper, wknds.
 Masiello's: Par Three, wknds.
 Moulin Rouge: Betty Robertson, Dick Trotter.
 La Porte Rouge: Wayne Quarles-Bobby Few,
 wknds.
 Sahara Motel: Tamiko, tfn. Buddy Griebel, hb.
 Al Serafini, wknds.
 La Scala (Garfield Heights): Angel Sanchez,
 Wed. Gigolos, wknds.
 Shaker House Motel: Al Smerkar, tfn.
 Shaker Tavern: Vicki, Vance, & Bob, tfn.
 Shakey's Pizza: various ragtime groups.
 Shibley's Sahara: Bob DeMarco, Fri.
 Somerset Inn: Carl Baum, tfn.
 Squeeze Room: Spencer Thompson, Wed., wknds.
 Stouffer's Tack Room: Eddie Ryan-Earl Sparks.
 Tangiers: Sky-Hi Trio, wknds.
 Theatrical Grill: Steve Gibson 12/11. Phil Pa-
 lumbro, 12/13-25. Bob McKee, Nancy Ray, hb.
 Thunderbird: Ed McKeta-Bob Lopez, tfn.
 Sounds of Three, sessions, Mon.
 Versailles Motel: Fats Heard, hb.

NEW ORLEANS

Black Knight: Bill Gannon, Jan Allison, tfn.
 Court of Two Sisters: Smilin' Joe, tfn.
 Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
 El Morocco: Ronnie Barron, tfn.
 Famous Door: Mike Lala, Santo Pecora, tfn.
 544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, tfn.
 French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, tfn.
 Goliwoz: 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 Reudy.

Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
 Ied Garter Annex: George Lewis, Sun. after-
 noon.
 Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night
 Owls, Sat.

CINCINNATI

Billy's Bar: Don Lewis, wknds.
 Blind Lemon: Ed Moss, tfn.
 Bonneville: Chris Brown, Fri.-Sat.
 Herbie's Bar: John Wright, Mon.-Sat.
 Inner Circle: The Good Sounds, tfn.
 Mahogany Hall: Bud Hunt, Adrian Rich, Tue.-
 Sat.
 Playboy Club: Dave Engle, hb. Woody Evans.
 Whisper Room: Lee Stoller, tfn.

BALTIMORE

Buck's: Fred Simpson, tfn.
 Club Casino: Soul Brothers, tfn.
 Colonial House: Dixie Alley Cats, tfn.
 Heritage House: Jerry Clifford, tfn.
 Judges: The Progressions, tfn.
 Kozy Korner: Earl Omara, tfn.
 Krazy Kat: Jimmy McKnight, tfn.
 Le Coq D'Or: African Jazz Quartet, tfn.
 Living Room: Harry Steiert, tfn.
 Madison Club (Left Bank Jazz Society): name
 groups, Sun.
 Mardi Gras: Gene Krupa, 12/7-12.
 Marticks: Brad Wines, tfn.
 Moo's: Claude Grant, tfn.
 North End: Bill Byrd, tfn.
 Phil Burke's: George Ecker, tfn.
 Pimlico Hotel: Charlie Pace, tfn.
 Playboy: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells, tfn.

LOS ANGELES

Beverly Caverns: L.A. Jazz Sextet, Sun., Mon.
 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 Rus-
 sell, tfn.
 Dean-O's (Santa Barbara): Bill Dods, tfn.
 400 Club: Mirth Francois, Frank Perry, 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.
 Kabuki Theater: sessions, afterhours, Sat.
 Leapin' Liz: El Dorado Jazz Band, Fri.-Sat.
 Great Society Jazz Band, Wed., Thur., Sun.
 Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Quartet Tres
 Bien, 12/3-19. Mongo Santamaria, 1/28-2/13.
 Howard Rumsey, 2/14-17.
 Living Room: Afro-Blues Quintet, tfn.
 Marty's: William Green, tfn.
 Melody Room: Art Graham, tfn.
 Memory Lane: Harry Edison, tfn.
 Mitchell's Studio Club: Hampton Hawes, Red
 Mitchell, wknds.
 Officers Club (Long Beach): Johnny Lane, tfn.
 Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson, tfn.
 P.J.'s: Eddie Cano, hb.
 Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Kellie Green, Mike
 Melvoin, hbs.
 Reuben E. Lee (Newport Beach): Edgar Hayes,
 Sun.
 Reuben's (Tustin): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Thur.
 Rumbleseat (Hermosa Beach): Good Time Levee
 Stompers, Fri.-Sat.
 Salvick (Anaheim): Alton Purnell, Fri.-Sat.
 Shakey's: Nappy Lamare, Carlo Duncan, tfn.
 Shelly's Manne-Hole: Swingle Singers to 12/5.
 Paul Horn, 12/6-13. Chico Hamilton, 12/14-
 26. Les McCann, 12/28-1/9. Shelly Manne,
 Mon.
 Tiki: Harold Johnson, tfn.
 Velvet Turtle (Redondo Beach): Louis Santiago.
 Villa Frascati: Calvin Jackson, Chris Clark, tfn.
 Wagon Wheel Inn (West Covina): Rick Fay,
 Paul Gardner, Billy Devro, hb.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Sam Donahue-Tommy
 Dorsey Orchestra, Frank Sinatra Jr., to
 12/4. Nooney Rickett Four, 12/7-30.
 Both/And: John Handy, tfn.
 Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy
 Hayes, tfn.
 El Matador: Cal Tajder to 12/18. Vince Guar-
 aldi, 12/20-1/8.
 Hungry i: Eddie Duran, hb.
 Jazz Workshop: Charles Lloyd to 12/12. Jimmy
 Witherspoon, 12/14-26. Mongo Santamaria,
 12/28-1/15.
 Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.
 Showcase (Oakland): John Coppola, Sun.
 Trident (Sausalito): Jean Hoffman to 1/23.

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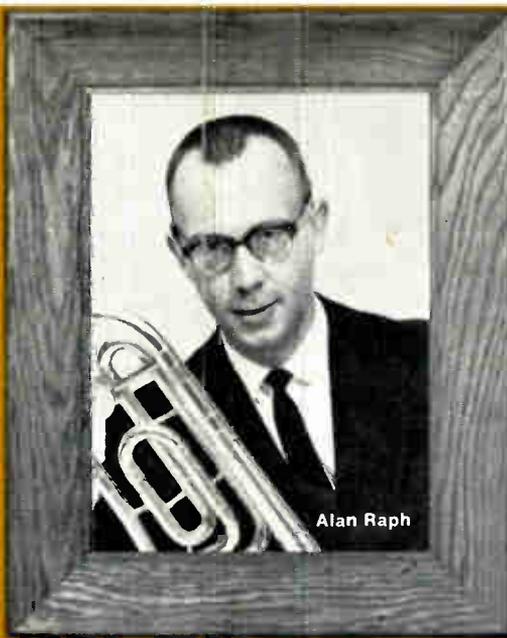
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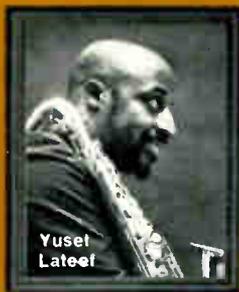
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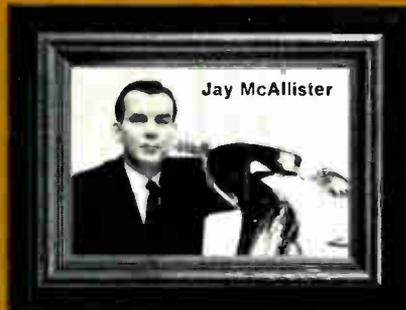
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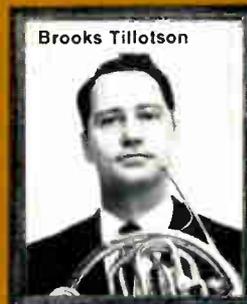
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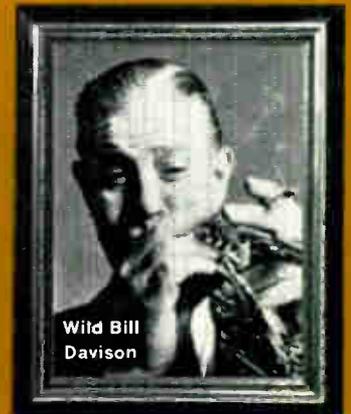
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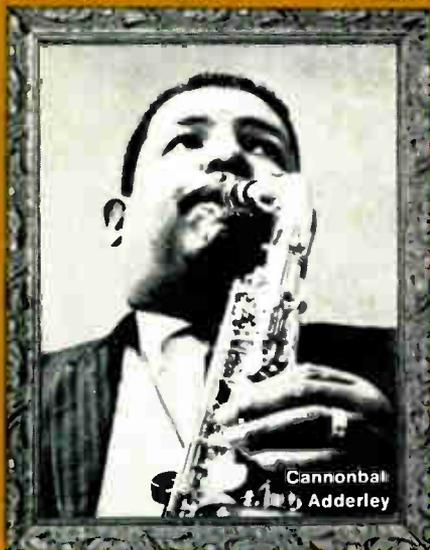
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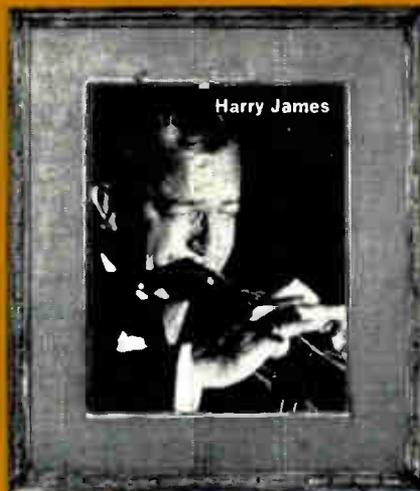
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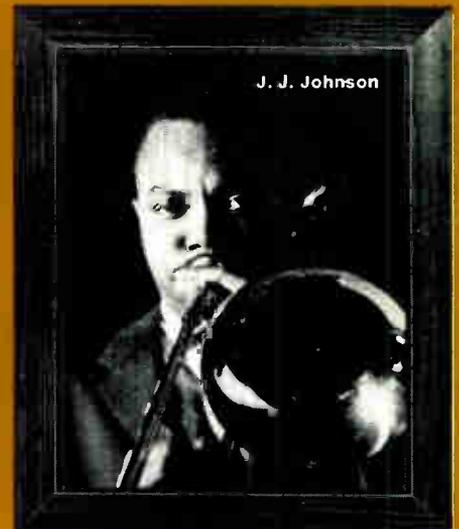
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