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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

JOHN TCHICAI, A CALM MEMBER OF THE AVANT-GARDE

By Dan Morgenstern

THE BIGGEST LITTLE BROTHER

An Interview With Nat Adderley,
By Barbara Gardner

THE ORIGIN OF A TERM, OR, JASS ME FOR A DONKEY!

By Charles Edward Smith

LeROI JONES ON BLACK MUSIC

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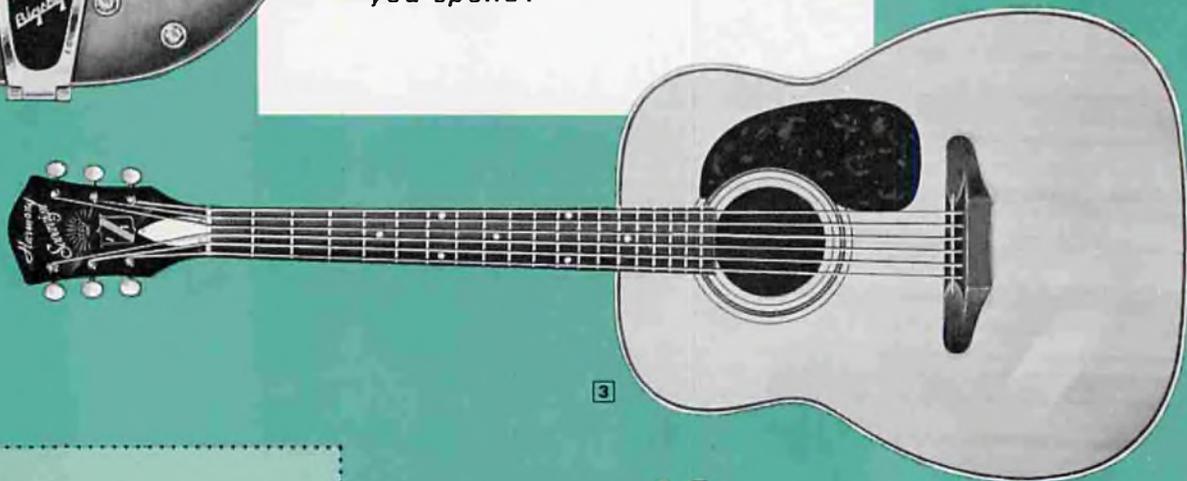
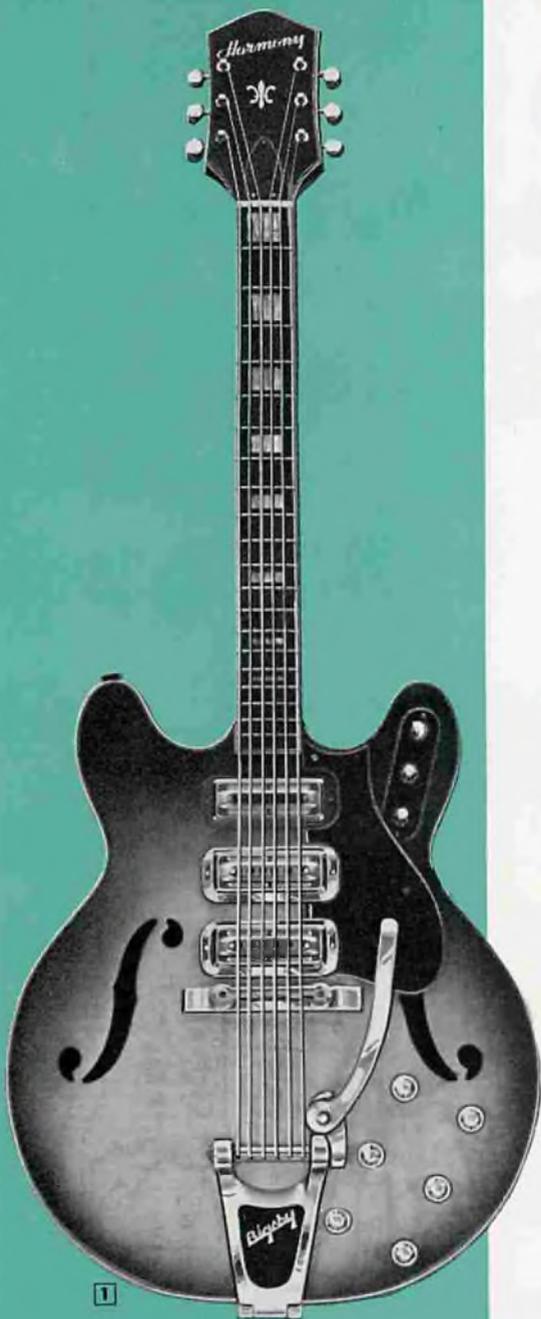
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PRESIDENT/PUBLISHER
JOHN J. MAHER

EDITOR
DON DEMICHEAL

ASSISTANT EDITOR/DESIGN
PETE WELDING

ASSOCIATE EDITOR
DAN MORGENSTERN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
LEONARD FEATHER
BARBARA GARDNER
HARVEY SIDERS

VICE PRESIDENT
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR
MARTIN GALLAY

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CONTENTS

- 8 Chords and Discords
- 12 News and Views
- 14 Bystander—The Windy Sidemen, by Martin Williams
- 15 Apple Cores—The Strong Black Voices, by LeRoi Jones
- 16 Strictly Ad Lib
- 20 John Tchicai—A Calm Member of the Avant-Garde: The young Danish-born altoist talks about his early years, his arrival on the New York scene, and his hopes for the new music, by Dan Morgenstern
- 22 The Biggest Little Brother: Though often eclipsed from the limelight by brother Cannonball, cornetist Nat Adderley casts his own particular influence on both of their musical careers, writes Barbara Gardner
- 24 The Origin of a Term, Or Jass Me for a Donkey: A fanciful, sometimes humorous investigation of where the word "jazz" came from, by Charles Edward Smith
- 26 Life with Feather: Pt. VII of the critic's autobiography relates how he discovered George Shearing, helped form an ill-fated big band, and fell in love
- 31 Record Reviews
- 41 Blindfold Test: Charles Lloyd
- 42 Caught in the Act: Gerald Wilson • Kenny Burrell • Nuit du Jazz
- 45 Stereo Shopping with Chico O'Farrill, by Charles Graham
- 46 From the Top: Stage-band arrangement reviews, by George Wiskirchen, C.S.C.
- 52 Where and When: A guide to current jazz attractions

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

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

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

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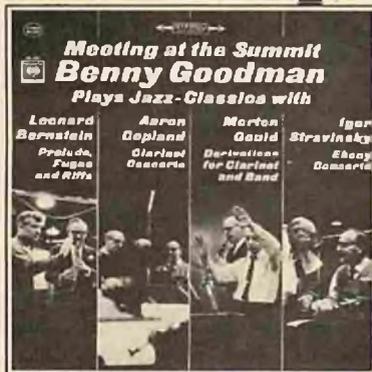
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CORRESPONDENTS

Boston, Bill Tannebring
Philadelphia, David B. Bliton
Washington, D. C., Tom Scanlan
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Kudos For Pekar

I have been reading *Down Beat* for over five years, and in all honesty I will say that I have had mixed feelings about it. But *The Critical Cult of Personality* (DB, Jan. 13) was perhaps the finest piece of writing that has appeared in your magazine in recent years.

Harvey Pekar deserves to be congratulated for his work on this article and also for his highly informative and honest record reviews. The man is a credit to the magazine.

Bob Standing
Minneapolis, Minn.

Why Duke And Basie?

The 30th annual *Down Beat* Readers Poll (Dec. 30) was, in my opinion, the worst ever. I do agree with the thousands who voted for Trane—there is no question about that.

But as for big bands, why did everyone go with Basie and Ellington? Woody Herman has done more for big bands in the last year than Basie and Ellington put together. The "Old Man" has produced more young talent than any big-band leader in the last 27 years.

Bobby Rhea
Long Beach, Calif.

Cap'n Feather, To The Fore!

When is *Down Beat* finally going to pay tribute to the only man responsible for molding and guiding the course of jazz for the last 25 years? I am, of course, referring to Leonard Feather.

Should you not believe it, ask Leonard; he'll tell you.

Dick Kivowitz
Los Angeles

Critical Scholarship, Anyone?

The recent increase in the panoply of critical clichés used to describe what was once music is absurd. And no less is the audacity of various members of the critical establishment in proclaiming some movement or individual as the prime repository of the best, the true, and the beautiful in jazz, a term which for some strange reason has fallen into disrepute.

What Archie Shepp (DB, Dec. 16) seems to be dying about is that the marketing orientation among critics is destroying criticism, jazz, and its performers. The moral and intellectual renegeing of almost all critics of their role—the rational reconstruction of music and music history—is attested to by the pseudo-humanization and/or pseudo-scientizing of what is primarily advertising copy written in the journalist format.

The explicit, self-conscious rebellion of much recent jazz seems to be but a dimly understood crisis of resistance to being classified as makers-of-things, which can be summarily acquired and possessed, by musicians. At the same time, many musicians are surrendering with a vengeance

to this same orientation in the best Pop Art tradition—hence, the "new thing."

The fluent guilt of Nat Hentoff, the polemicized self-defense of Ira Gitler, the arrogance of Frank Kofsky are irrelevant and preposterous next to Don Heckman's article on Ornette Coleman (DB, Dec. 16), though Heckman is not wholly exempt from the insidious disease of personality purveyance either.

LeRoi Jones' moralizing is the worst bastardization that the critical role can confront because the alienation which he induces with his bald promoting and his inevitable rebuff is used for the purpose of confirming his hatred. What a shame that his talent is being destroyed by the worst kind of bourgeois excess, price-cutting: "Man, forget those other cats—you don't need any brains to dig me."

Let the critics chart the music itself and its history and leave the theological disputes to the ecumenical councils, true confessions to the pulp magazines, personality sketches to the magazine sections of Sunday papers, and polls to the rating services. And how about some scholarship? (Yeah, but will it sell?)

Philip Appel
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Beatles Low-Brow

In an editor's note to a letter that appeared in the Dec. 16 issue, you claim that such nonsense groups as the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, and others have valuable qualities. Commercial appeal does not necessarily mean that such groups have made contributions.

A good jazz magazine should know that these groups have made popular music as low as it could possibly get. I'll listen to the great sounds of Louis Armstrong and Gerry Mulligan, and you can listen to the screams of the Beatles. Great classical and jazz musicians are starving while these people eat off a silver platter.

John Mooter
Cincinnati, Ohio

Keep Those Stars, Please

Max Harris' letter (*Chords*, Dec. 2) calls for a "reader referendum" on the abolishment of the star system of rating records. Much of what he says makes sense, but I'd prefer to see the stars retained.

First, no review, with or without some sort of measuring device, excuses the reader's obligation to make his own interpretive judgment, both of the comments and, later, of the music itself.

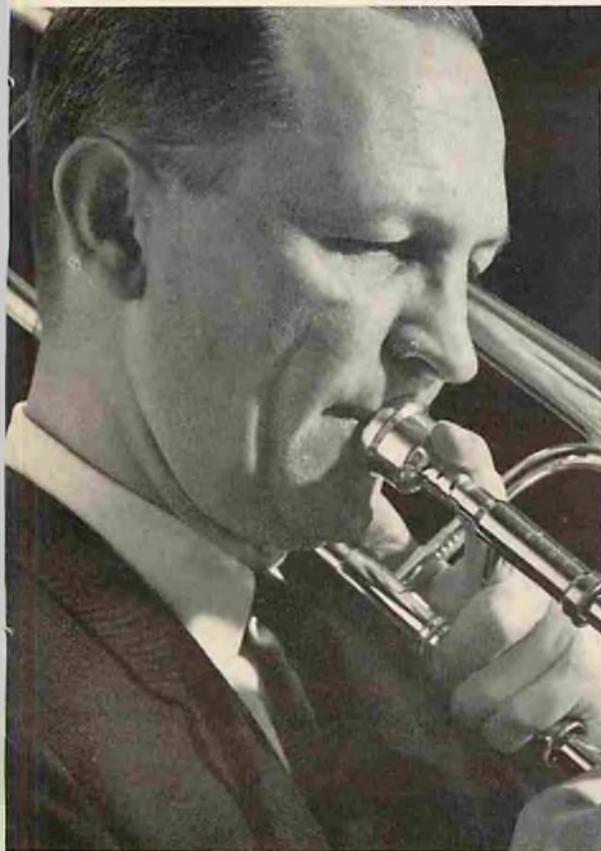
Second, all critics are human, despite popular opinion, and they're reviewing the efforts of other humans. Most records are full of many achievements and failures, and the critic will usually react with mixed feelings, which will be reflected in his review. And he often selects words which mean one thing to himself and another to the reader. Stars help to pin him down—and he's stuck with his decision.

Third, the star ratings thus teach us a lot about the critics over a period of time. Four stars from one critic may mean less than three from another.

Bill Fogarty
Leawood, Kan.

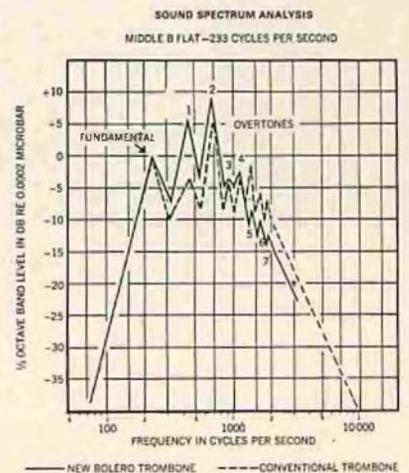
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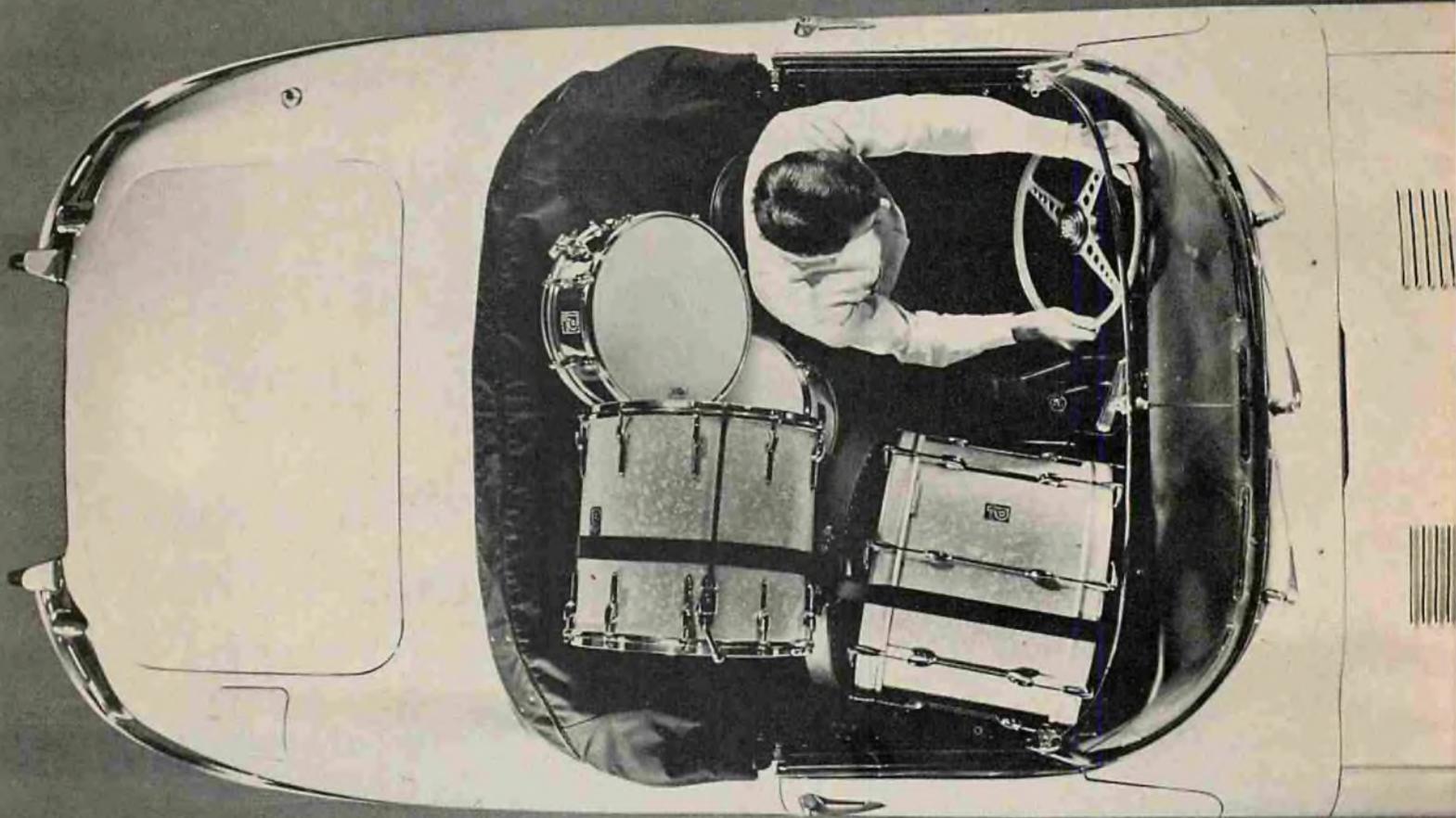


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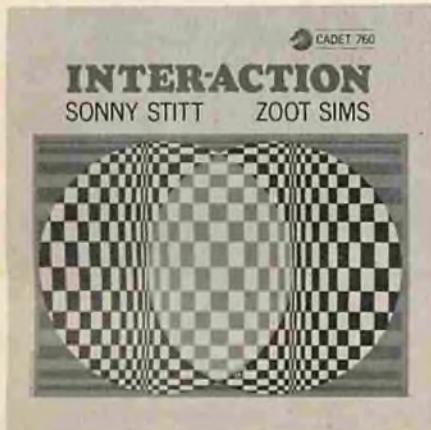
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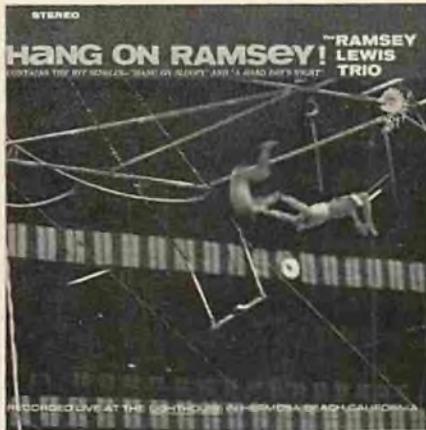


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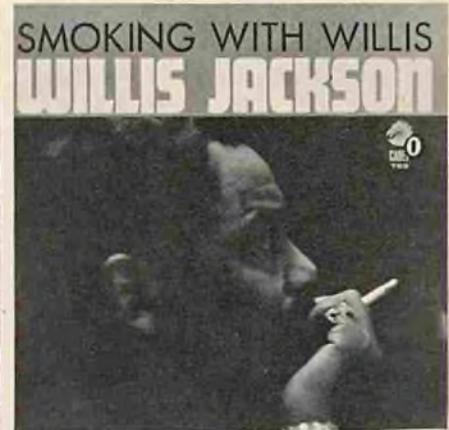
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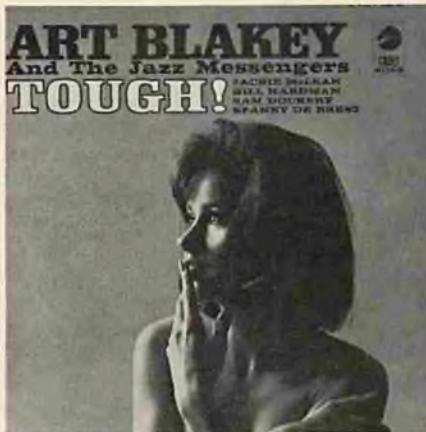
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DOWN BEAT: February 10, 1966

Woody Herman Herd To Tour Russia

After months of indecision, Woody Herman finally accepted the U.S. State Department's offer to tour the Soviet Union in the spring. It will be the first time since Benny Goodman's Soviet tour in 1962 that a U.S. jazz organization has been allowed inside Russian borders.

Rumors that Herman was to make the trip have been circulated for some time; two trade papers even published them as fact. But the leader and his men ex-



JIM TAYLOR

Herman: To Russia with trepidation

pressed great doubt to *Down Beat* about accepting the tour. The decision to go was not made until late in December.

Some trepidation on Herman's part stemmed from talks with Goodman.

"I was discussing conditions in Russia with him," Herman said, "and he told me things are still restrictive there. There's much less freedom to move around, and you can't get away from the feeling of being watched."

Herman also had told *Down Beat* that he and his men were a bit leery of the reported low quality of Russian hotels.

The tour also includes dates in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Yugoslavia. The Soviet Union is the last country on the tour.

Jones Joins Oscar

The long-standing rumor that Cannonball Adderley's bassist, Sam Jones, would be Ray Brown's replacement in pianist Oscar Peterson's trio was finally confirmed in early January. Jones will join Peterson and drummer Louis Hayes for three weeks

of rehearsal at the pianist's Canadian home beginning Feb. 1.

"It will be quite an experience working with Oscar," Jones told *Down Beat* some weeks prior to the big move. "I'm looking forward to it very much."

Commenting on his six years with Adderley's group, Jones said, "I had a wonderful time playing in the band. Cannonball is a great musician."

A quiet man, greatly respected by his colleagues, Jones worked with, among others, trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie and pianist Thelonious Monk prior to joining Adderley in 1959.

Things Get Crowded In Ramsey's Trio

The announcement was short and to the point.

"After closing a spectacular sellout holiday engagement at Chicago's London House," the press release read, "Ramsey Lewis announced a reorganization of the Ramsey Lewis Trio. It was disclosed that bassist-cellist Eldee Young and drummer Red Holt will now leave the trio to pursue and expand their individual musical careers."

The release went on to state that Cleveland Eaton and Maurice White would replace Young and Holt, respectively, in the Lewis trio, which has been enjoying considerable success as a result of two best-selling single records, *The "In" Crowd* and *Hang On, Sloopy*, in recent months.

Bassist Young said that difficulties arose when the trio discussed incorporating in late October, 1965. "It was mostly for tax purposes," he said, "but also to make more specific and concrete the terms under which we had been operating for the last 10 years. The group has been together for about 12 years, and we've had a formal agreement for the last 10 of them. The contract called for an equal sharing in profits and also stipulated that the partnership would be dissolved immediately if any member desired to do so."

Young went on to explain that discussion of the proposed incorporation came to a stalemate when both he and Holt rejected the percentage proposals offered by Lewis, which were considerably lower than they were used to receiving. Lewis then dissolved the partnership in late November and played engagements in Texas and California, using Eaton and White.

"When Lewis returned," Young continued, "our notice was extended until the completion of the London House engagement (Jan. 2), and we resumed discussion about keeping the trio intact."

When the pianist's proposals were again rejected by Holt and Young, the bassist reported, Lewis sent word by his lawyer that the matter was closed.

Not irrevocably closed, however, for the following weekend the three musicians, plus officials of Associated Booking Corp. (which arranges the trio's bookings) and attorneys met once again to discuss further an amicable settlement of the dispute.

This time negotiations went more smoothly, and on Jan. 10 the Ramsey Lewis Trio—that's Lewis, Young, and Holt once again—opened an engagement at Davey Jones' Locker in Minneapolis, Minn., to be followed by television appearances on the Ed Sullivan, Johnny Carson, and Sammy Davis Jr. shows, before initiating a tour of nearly 100 colleges and universities beginning Feb. 1.

Rumors that Eaton and White, formerly with the Ramsey Lewis Trio, will form a new trio have not been confirmed.

Buddy DeFranco Takes Helm of Miller Band

"I win all the awards; others make all the money."

With that sardonic summary of his career, clarinetist Buddy DeFranco offered his basic reason for accepting the offer to replace Ray McKinley as leader of the Glenn Miller Orchestra.

The change of conductors took place officially Jan. 6, upon the completion of McKinley's gig at the Mark Twain Riverboat in New York City. McKinley, who took over the Miller band in May, 1956, had been entertaining the idea of retiring for quite some time now, and booker Willard Alexander's suggestion to DeFranco did the rest.

Alexander has booked DeFranco for almost 17 years. In 1951, when DeFranco fronted a big band, Alexander advised against it. Reflecting on that abortive year, the clarinetist told *Down Beat*, "I guess I should have listened to him." Now Alexander and DeFranco are confident that the timing is propitious for another big-band venture.

Speaking of his plans for the band,

DeFranco said, "We plan to spunk up the band but very gradually. Basically the Miller sound will be preserved, but we will update the book considerably. Charts will be revised and added so as to showcase the clarinet and bass clarinet.

"There may be some harmonic changes. We'll fool around a little bit with the voicings, but the main changes will be rhythmic. A lot of people forget that the



JIM MARSHALL

DeFranco: Updating Miller sound

original Miller band went through a tremendous process of updating. You certainly can't compare the 1939 Glenn Miller sound with the 'military Miller' sound of the early '40s. So within a commercial framework, we will try to gear the band towards today's market.

"One way I plan to do that with common sense is to have Nelson Riddle and Dave Grusin contribute a large part of our book. They're two fine arrangers."

As in the past, the band will bear the same priority of names for booking purposes: "The Glenn Miller Orchestra, conducted by Buddy DeFranco."

Paris Blues Continue

As might have been anticipated, the Paris Musicians Union campaign to seek stricter enforcement of the laws governing the employment of foreign musicians (*DB*, Jan. 27) has run into misunderstanding, misconception, and malevolence.

One sensation-hungry Paris newspaper has even construed it as a racial purge aimed at securing more jobs for French white musicians at the expense of the Negro Americans who comprise the majority of U.S. jazzmen in Paris.

Guy Lafitte, vice president of the union's jazz section—the group specially formed to tackle this long-standing problem—said, "This is such unspeakable rubbish that it doesn't really merit a reply. We have, of course, many colored members of our own union."

Some musicians, including even Frenchmen, have interpreted the campaign as a manifestation of jealousy on the part of certain French jazzmen.

"This is a move to protect the native

incompetent from the foreign virtuoso," said one French jazzman, relishing the blatant exaggeration.

In the face of gratuitous insult and impetuous acrimony, Lafitte staunchly maintained, "We are only trying to obtain the same security for our musicians as other countries provide. We have absolutely nothing against Americans working in France. What we are trying to remedy is the situation where some clubs employ too high a proportion of foreign musicians to the detriment of French musicians."

In an atmosphere thick with recriminations, reason tends to get submerged.

When Ornette Coleman's short engagement at Jazz Land terminated unexpectedly recently, the new union rule was given as the reason.

Not so. The union had actually agreed to an extension of Coleman's engagement, but the letter of approval came too late for the extension to be publicized. Result: not enough paying customers for the owners to be able to afford the Coleman trio.

Similarly, when Johnny Griffin was given a week's notice by the club, it was assumed in some quarters that the union had been at work.

Again not so. Griffin and the group's drummer, Art Taylor, possess work and residence permits and had union approval to continue at Jazz Land with their French bassist and pianist. (Other French musicians are employed elsewhere in the club.) But the owners decided on a change of policy, and although Griffin had a 12-month contract, dating from last June when he opened the club, he was given the week's notice.

Where the union *has* acted is at the Blue Note, where they have agreed to let Kenny Clarke's all-foreign trio remain—as they have for some years—provided that a relative newcomer, tenorist Nathan Davis, goes.

And the situation isn't helped by the sorts of things that always seem to arise in these situations: the group that took over at Jazz Land when Griffin left was Michel Hausser's. Hausser is president of the jazz section of the Paris Musicians Union.

In a lot of Paris clubs lately you can't hear the music for the polemics.

IU Band Hits Road For State Dept.

The Indiana University Jazz Ensemble, a 16-piece jazz band under the direction of IU faculty member Jerry Coker, leaves the United States Jan. 29 for a 15-week tour of the Near and Middle East. Sponsored by the State Department's Office of Cultural Presentations, the assignment will take the student group as far east as India, where the junket begins, and then moves them across 12 countries to the west, including Egypt and Greece. The ensemble will be presented at university and public concerts, as well as at student clinics.

Coker stated that three different programs had been readied for the tour. The writing for the band comes mostly from

the pens of Coker and band members Whit Sidener, Chris Gallaher, and Jerry Greene.

"As was true of material played at Notre Dame [where the I.U. ensemble took first place in the Collegiate Jazz Festival's big-band division last April and where it came to the attention of State Department officials], the present library covers a wide range of compositional styles, both traditional and avant-garde," Coker stated. "Achieving originality within the idiom has not been a problem. Because every feature number is tailor-made, the ensemble's several brilliant young soloists are well-showcased. Often, lines are incorporated in the writing that are taken from previously taped solos played by the person featured."

Supplementing the big-band performances during the tour will be numerous ones by the IU Jazz Sextet, led by altoist Greene. All members of the sextet—with the exception of pianist David Lahm—also play in the larger ensemble. They include trumpeter Randy Brecker, tenor saxophonist Gary Campbell, bassist Brent McKesson, and drummer Stan Gage.

Gibbs and Allen Swim In New Third Stream

Maybe Gerry Mulligan was right. For the title of a recent album, he used that cliché of resignation: *If You Can't Beat 'Em, Join 'Em*.

Such has been the battle cry for a growing segment of the jazz community ever since Ramsey Lewis invaded the pop charts with his *The "In" Crowd*.

The most recent defection finds a type of integration considered unthinkable a few months ago: a combo fronted by Terry Gibbs and Steve Allen that boasts some good jazz names and noted rock-and-roll exponents.

With Gibbs on vibraharp and Allen on piano, the remainder of group includes Don Rader, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Jim Horn, tenor saxophone; Mike Melvoin, organ; Don Peak, guitar; Larry Knechtel, electric bass; Hal Blaine, drums; and Frank DeVito, percussion.

Blaine's background has been heavy on the Sonny and Cher and the Supremes circuit. Knechtel has been involved with the same kinds of dates.

The combo got together shortly before Christmas and rented the Californian Club in Los Angeles, ostensibly for a one-night session. But the main purpose of the gig was to rehearse for a Dot recording session the next morning.

At that recording session, jazz confronted rock and roll head on, and somehow—from the maelstrom of compromise, commercialism, put-on, infectious rhythm, and good musicianship—the twain merged.

Allen shared Dot officials' exuberance, saying, "We can get air time on jazz stations as well as the r&r stations."

There was no mistaking the enthusiasm of all concerned. Nor was there any doubt about the beat. All the tunes swung with an abandon that conjured up the



BYSTANDER
By MARTIN
WILLIAMS

The Windy Sidemen And Boredom

A friend of mine, sympathetic to jazz but not especially hip, called me recently. He said he had had a night on the town the previous week and had visited a couple of jazz clubs. He was considerably bothered by what he had heard and wanted to tell me about it.

My friend had been to a couple of places that featured groups led by established names in modern jazz.

He had liked what the leaders had played but was very bothered by the sidemen. He said they seemed capable enough musicians and they started off with plenty of ideas, but after they were into their second chorus, he sometimes found his attention wandering or found he was actually bored. And after two or three choruses, he was not only bored but quite annoyed at the leader for letting things go on so long.

I would like to have been able to say something to my friend either in defense or explanation, or at least I would like to have been able to question his attention span. But frankly I have little or nothing to say against such a reaction. I have felt the same way he did many times.

I don't want to put myself in the position of carping about long-winded solos, as some record reviewers do fairly constantly (there is a point at which I *do* begin to suspect the attention span of some of those gentlemen). During its second decade, modern jazz did meet the problem of extended solos, both on LP and in person, head on, meet it well and in some cases triumphantly.

Sonny Rollins' *Blue Seven* and *Blues for Philly Joe* are masterpieces because they are extended solos. The same holds true for solos on certain great "all-star" performances like the Miles Davis-J. J. Johnson-Lucky Thompson-Horace Silver *Walkin'*. Or the Miles Davis-Milt Jackson-Thelonious Monk *Bags' Groove*. And the Modern Jazz Quartet's *Django* is exceptional precisely because it is an extended improvisational performance. But for *Django* perhaps we are out of our province, because the structure of the piece as well as the quality of the group's solos helps sustain the performance.

However, only great players are capa-

ble of good extended solos. (That does not mean, by the way, that, conversely, all great players are, or have been, capable of long solos.) And many sidemen in currently established modern groups, although they may be very good players, are not great ones.

The most frustrating part is that I know that tenor saxophonist A or trumpeter B would be a much more enjoyable player if his leader, or he himself, were to limit him to a chorus on most pieces or a couple of choruses on the blues. If his solos were shorter, tenor player A would be a better soloist and would have a better reputation. Just because Sonny Rollins can play 10 or more choruses that are sustained and hang together is no reason that every tenor saxophonist has to take at least three or even five on almost every piece.

And here we come to a related point: whereas there are hundreds of merely competent players in jazz who work fairly steadily and hundreds of other competent players who don't work steadily, there are, at the same time, very important players from every style, period, and school of jazz who hardly work at all.

Take trumpet player C. He is one of the most original in his idiom after Gillespie and Davis. He puts out a couple of records a year and his name is, therefore, kept before the hard-core and inside jazz fans. But he rarely has a club engagement in New York or on the road and rarely a concert.

One reason I don't name him here is that I wonder if his admirers know how little he actually works, and I wonder if he would want them to know. Apparently he will not be a sideman anymore, partly because it would hurt his pride, partly perhaps because he would be forced (again by pride) to ask for more money than any leader could offer him, and partly because it would upset the petty "star" system that operates in jazz. So, he doesn't work.

Why isn't he a "star" performer with a big following? For a complex of reasons, some of them. I am convinced, his own fault, some of them the nature of his talent and his playing, and some of them the tough and fickle nature of the show world in which he works. But the point is that his career is not a rare example; it is frighteningly near to being a rule.

If he kept up his lip and kept up his ideas and worked regularly, it would be a distinct pleasure to hear him. As things are, one seldom does.

And to sum it up a bit: as things are, he hasn't the following to have his own group and keep it working. As things are, he somehow can't be a sideman any more. So, as things are, we seldom hear him "live."

And, as things are, what we do hear is several choruses by competent sideman X, who probably rattles off competent random borrowings from Dizzy, from Miles, and from trumpet player C who never works.



two-beat of traditionalism. During the playback of *Watermelon Man*, Gibbs, and particularly Allen, were screaming with delight. Every time they heard Horn's satirical, slap-triple-tongue phrases, they howled.

Allen was asked what he thought the reaction of serious, noncompromising jazzmen would be to this music. "I'm not too concerned about that," he said. "This is a good blend—a happy sound—and above all, it swings."

Jazz Jesuits Swing In Los Angeles

The musical rapport between jazz and religion has been explored quite extensively of late, especially by such jazz figures as Duke Ellington, Mary Lou Williams, Lalo Schifrin, and Vince Guaraldi. But what about the other half?

At Loyola University in Los Angeles there are a couple of priests whom students have labeled the Jazz Jesuits: the Rev. Richard Rolfs and the Rev. Patrick H. McNamara. The two often get together on drums and piano, respectively.

The more active of the two musically is Father Rolfs, who is also dean of students. He used to be a professional drummer, and during the 1940s worked with Stan Kenton, Teddy Powell, Charlie Barnet, Barney Bigard, Kay Kyser, and Hoagy Carmichael.

A change in careers, as well as a change in philosophy, resulted from a near-fatal traffic accident in the late '40s. Six months of hospitalization afforded the drummer time for introspection, and he decided on the priesthood.

Father Rolfs has successfully used jazz as a countermelody to his religious work at Loyola. He says it has enabled him to form a band with his students, and he also has lectured on jazz at various times.

Father McNamara lacks his colleague's professional background but has had experience on trombone as well as piano.

The Jazz Jesuits have been playing together mainly for relaxation. But they practice religiously.

Potpourri

Never let it be said that Stan Getz misses a gig just because he can't walk. Shortly before his Carnegie Hall concert last month, the tenor saxophonist fell while puttering around his home and severed a tendon in his foot. Getz did not heed his doctor's advice to lay off work until the foot healed but instead played the Carnegie concert seated in a wheel chair. Besides his quartet (vibraharpist Gary Burton, bassist Steve Swallow, and drummer Roy Haynes), the program featured singer-organist Joe Mooney and vocalist Dionne Warwick.

Louis Armstrong was awarded the Mary McLeod Bethune Medallion for outstanding achievements in music and human relations in a ceremony at Bethune-Cookman College in Daytona Beach, Fla., last month.



APPLE
CORES:
By LeROI
JONES

Strong Voices In Today's Black Music

ALBERT AYLER is who I have to write a long thing about. He is the dynamite sound of the time. He says he's not interested in note, wants to play past note, and get then purely into sound . . . into the basic element, the clear emotional thing, freed absolutely from antiemotional concept.

His records have been beautiful, at first frightening, because they tear so completely away; they are not at all "reasonable," i.e., have done away with the "explanation," the connection with the awe-inspiring popular song. When Ayler does want memory to furnish him with a fire source, he uses coonish churchified chuckle tunes. *Deedee-dedaaa*, going straight back to the American origins of African music. And it's all rhythmically oriented: the taps (vibrato) in his tone are rhythm hitches and pump the melody into the pure rhythm part.

When he uses drummer Milford Graves, the backdrop is great natural roars and chugs and stops and puffs and scrambling. Graves weaves and wheels in the back, the sound always changing—never the quickly dull, pre-felt tapping of the simply hip, but the sound, and sound devices, always changing, and the energy pushing it, unflagging.

When Ayler uses drummer Sonny Murray, the group has a completely different total sound. There are more things on Murray's mind, more sentimental precisions he tries to resolve like a violinist. Graves is more single-minded in intent. He simply wants to go straight ahead. Murray sometimes makes you think he might just want to disappear.

Don Ayler, Albert's younger brother, puts the style into trumpet playing. He roars and goes straight through note to wide-open horn sound. Don, now, has little respect for the reflective, but by the nature of his playing, when he does become more

analytical, the long blasts will be in profound black technicolor.

The group Ayler used several times at the Black Arts had Don and Charles Tyler, a wild Ayler-like alto player, who is also from Cleveland. Tyler is one of the best alto men on the scene right now, and he's just starting. Ditto Don Ayler, on his loud horn.

Other people are Graves and bassist Louis Worrell, who both played with the John Tchicai-Roswell Rudd group.

There was talk for awhile about an Ayler group featuring both Graves



ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES STEWART

Albert and Don Ayler: dynamite sound

and Murray. I hope it happens. Be completely out of sight. Graves the intelligent fist, Murray, the mysticism. Ayler has both elements in his music.

Ayler's newest album is *Bells*, on hip Bernard Stollman's ESP records. All the ESPs I've heard are worth having. I hope the musicians are benefiting as much from the recordings as the producer and the consumers. (A likely story.)

Another fairly recent Ayler record that should be mentioned on every page of this jive magazine is *Spiritual Unity*, with Murray, drums, and Gary Peacock, bass. Even you freaks with the paper ears should get this album, it might cool you out from hurting somebody!

More black music of our time: the Sun Ra Myth-Science Arkestra. Sun Ra has been on the general scene for a long time. In Chicago, quite a few years ago, I remember hearing his name and seeing a film, *The Cry of Jazz*, in which Sun's music was featured.

All the concepts that seemed vague and unrealized in the late '50s have

come together in the mature and profound music and compositions of this philosopher-musician.

The Arkestra varies in size, but it is usually about 10 to 12 musicians large. Sometimes two drummers (e.g., Roger Blank and Clifford Jarvis or Jimmie Johnson) plus all the other horn men doubling on all kinds of percussion instruments—bells, cymbals, African wood drums.

Sun Ra wants a music that will reflect a life-sense lost in the West, a music full of Africa. The band produces an environment, with their music most of all but also with their dress (gold cloth or velvet headbands and hats, shining tunics). The room lights go out on some tunes, and the only lights are those flashing off a band on Sun Ra's head or from altoist Marshall Allen's or some of the other sidemen's.

On one piece, the Arkestra moves, behind Sun Ra, in a long line through the dark, chanting and playing, with the lights flashing on and off . . . a totally different epoch is conjured.

The musicians also sing on quite a few of the songs, e.g., *Next Stop, Jupiter*, some of them pointing in the air.

The voice becomes more and more relevant to contemporary jazz. From the vocal quality of the most impressive horns to *A Love Supreme* or Archie Shepp's spoken *Malcolm* or

Sun Ra: restoring a life-sense



Albert Ayler's short biographical talk on *My Name Is Albert Ayler* or Sonny Murray's humming on *Witches and Devils* (ESP *Spiritual Unity*) or my own reading with John Tchicai.

Sun Ra's new record for ESP, *The Heliocentric World of Sun Ra*, is one of the most beautiful albums I have ever heard. It is a deeply filling ex-
(Continued on page 48)

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK: The Playboy Club was granted a New York City cabaret license in December after a lengthy litigation. The club's five rooms, hitherto restricted to a piano-and-stringed-instruments-only policy (because of no cabaret license), now feature nine acts, including trombonist Kai Winding's quartet (with pianist Monty Alexander) and the trios of pianists Walter Norris, Charles Dungey, Allan Marlowe, and Tension Stephens, plus singers Damita Jo, Anne Marie Moss, and Jackie Paris . . . Art D'Lugoff's Top of the Gate Restaurant initiated a piano workshop policy in late December, with Jaki Byard as the first soloist. He was followed by Earl Hines, who also doubled at the downstairs Village Gate for two weekends in January. The Gate will be open only on weekends until June, except Easter week, when it will be in operation weeknights too . . . Lionel Hampton and his big band began a three-week stand at the Mark Twain Riverboat Jan. 6. It is Hampton's second engagement at the room, which is becoming New York's leading outlet for big bands . . . A new rehearsal band, co-led by trumpeter Thad Jones and drummer Mel Lewis, was formed last month. Besides the co-leaders, the personnel includes Jimmy Maxwell, Snooky Young, James Nottingham, Jimmy Owens, trumpets; Bob Brookmeyer, Garnett Brown, Jack Raines, Cliff Heather, trombones; Jerome Richardson, Jerry Dodgion, Joe Farrell, Eddie Daniels, Pepper Adams, reeds; Sam Herman, guitar; Hank Jones, piano; and Richard Davis, bass. Co-leader Jones is the chief arranger . . . The Apollo Theater began the new year with an all-star blues show featuring singer-guitarists Bo Diddley, John Lee Hooker, Brownie McGhee, Muddy Waters, and T-Bone Walker; singer-harmonica player Sonny Terry; vocalists Betty Carter and Jean DuShon; pianist Lloyd Mayer's trio, and comedian Papa Spo-De-O-Dee (actually Sam Theard, composer of *You Rascal, You*) . . . Bassist Charles Mingus' Jazz Workshop at the Five Spot has been booked for an indefinite stay. Mingus, who doubles piano, currently features trumpeter Lonnie Hillyer, trombonist Tom McIntosh, French hornist Julius Watkins, alto saxophonist Charles McPherson, and tubaist Howard Johnson. Toshiko Mariano, also in for an extended stay, plays intermission piano . . . Cornetist Bobby Hackett followed trumpeter Jonah Jones into the Rainbow Grille in the RCA Building for a month's stay that began Jan. 3. With him are Ross Tompkins, piano; Russell George, bass; and Oliver Jackson, drums. The group plays for dancing as well as listening . . . The Cultural Jazz Guild presented a series of programs called *Eye Jazz* Jan. 7-11 at the Bridge Theater. The programs combined live jazz and visual images, including those on film and those created spontaneously by a "light machine." Trumpeter Dizzy Reece's band (John Gilmore, tenor

saxophone; Walter Davis Jr., piano; Herb Lewis, bass; J. C. Moses, drums) and singer Joe Lee Wilson provided the sounds . . . Disc jockey Alan Grant's stereo broadcasts of groups playing the Half Note, heard each Friday over WABC-FM, celebrated their first anniversary with a New Year's Eve triple-header featuring the group co-led by tenor saxophonists Al Cohn and Zoot Sims (Dave Frishberg, piano; Major Holley, bass; Mel Lewis, drums) and alto saxophonist Cannonball Adderley's quintet, plus singer Jimmy Rushing. The program is New York City's only location jazz show broadcast regularly . . . Among recent Sunday matinee performers at Slug's were tenor saxophonist Albert Ayler and trumpeter Manny Smith . . . Drummer John Lewis' quartet, featuring multi-instrumentalist Roland Kirk, provided the music for an autograph-signing party for Sammy Davis Jr.'s autobiography (*Yes, I Can*) at Small's Paradise. The party was sponsored by the Negro Book Club . . . Singer Babs Gonzales appeared at the Lighthouse in January backed by Horace Parlan, piano; Bob Cunningham, bass; and Al Drears, drums . . . Guitarist George Benson, with Ronnie Cuber, baritone saxophone; Lonnie Smith, organ; and Phillip Terrell, drums, played the Palm Cafe in December . . . Singer Tony Bennett and the New York Sound Stage One Orchestra, directed by trumpeter-mellophonist Ray Starling, performed at a youth benefit at the Westchester Community Center Dec. 30 . . . Tenor saxophonist John DiLello's trio (Richard Demino, chordovox, Angie Briggs, drums) made its New York night-club debut at a Village Vanguard Monday session, which also featured baritone and soprano saxophonist Charles Davis' quintet (Julian Priester, trombone; John Hicks, piano; Victor Sproles, bass; and J. C. Moses, drums) . . . Pianist Burton Greene, with Perry Robinson, clarinet; Marion Brown, alto saxophone; Frank Smith, tenor saxophone; Henry Grimes, bass; and Tom Price, drums, performed at a benefit for *Bluestone Poetry Magazine* at the Hotel Ansonia . . . Stan Levine's Southhampton, Dixie, Racing & Clambake Society Band performed at a pre-Christmas jazz liturgy service at Spencer Memorial Church . . . The New York Art Quartet (Roswell Rudd, trombone; John Tchicai, alto saxophone; Richard Davis, bass; and Milford Graves, drums) gave a concert at the Spectrum Gallery last month . . . Trumpeter Kenny Dorham and his quintet, featuring alto saxophonist Sonny Redd, was heard in concert at the School of Visual Arts Jan. 22 . . . Pianist-composer John Lewis was elected to the board of directors of the Manhattan School of Music, of which he is an alumnus . . . Bud Powell recorded for ESP.

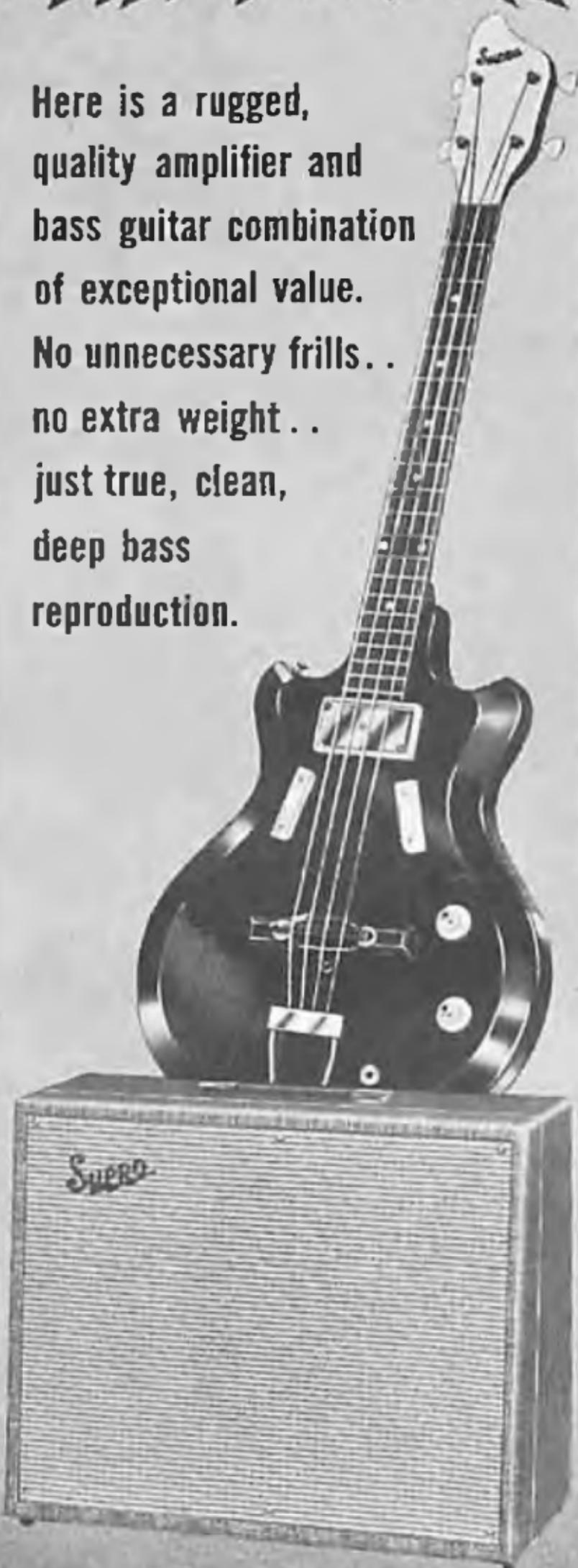
CHICAGO: Bassist Ron Carter rejoined the Miles Davis Quintet during its recent engagement at the Plugged Nickel. The trumpeter's crew drew overflow crowds throughout its two-weeker. The Sunday afternoon sessions, however, were played by what was advertised as the

"Miles Davis Quartet," which meant the quintet minus Davis—or tenorist Wayne Shorter, pianist Herbie Hancock, Carter, and drummer Tony Williams. Reed man Charles Lloyd's quartet, featuring guitarist Gabor Szabo, did 10 days at the Nickel after Davis. The Thelonious Monk Quartet is supposed to come in for a week at the Nickel (Feb. 9-13); however, when Monk was announced for the club last year, he never showed up. Organist Jimmy Smith's trio and singer Carmen McRae have been scheduled for spring showings at the club . . . Playing opposite the Ramsey Lewis Trio at the London House was trumpeter Paul Serrano's group while the London House's regular house-trio leader, Eddie Higgins, vacationed. The Three Sounds currently are working their first London House engagement. Pianist Ahmad Jamal is scheduled there Feb. 8-27, supposedly to be followed by tenorist Stan Getz' quartet March 1-12 (the last time Getz was said to be set for the club, negotiations between the club and Getz reached an impasse, and he did not appear). Despite his recent illness (*DB*, Jan. 27), George Shearing is booked to play the London House March 29-April 10 . . . In addition to the Count Basie Band, The Club, on S. State St., also had singers Jimmy Witherspoon and Roy Hamilton on tap for its New Year's Day breakfast dance. The singers were splitting the regular holiday bill there. Jimmy Smith was to do a week at The Club earlier this month, as was singer Arthur Prysock. B. B. King is scheduled for The Club Feb. 2-13 . . . The Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians presented the Artistic Heritage Ensemble, directed by Philip Cohran, and the Roscoe Mitchell Quartet in concerts at St. John Grand Lodge recently . . . Tenorist Joe Daley's trio will be heard in a free free-jazz concert at the Bernard Horwich Center, 3003 W. Touhy Ave., on Feb. 16. The concert is sponsored by the Music Performance Trust Funds of the Recording Industries . . . Pianist Art Hodes was featured at a concert at the Arkansas Arts Center Jan. 16. The event marked the formal opening of the John D. Reid collection of jazz recordings housed at the center.

LOS ANGELES: Notoriously slow Monday nights have been getting adrenalin shots from KBCA disc jockeys Les Carter and Tommy Bee. Their "Monday Night Jazz Society" has brought in some fine talent (and crowds) to Memory Lane, where trumpeter Harry Edison is usually to be found the other six nights of the week. One of the most recent Monday concerts featured the Gerald Wilson Band and broke attendance records for the sessions, which Carter and Bee launched last September. More than 300 persons were turned away at the Wilson wailing . . . Frank Sinatra, who has a knack for quietly pursuing charitable ways, recently underwrote the construction of a youth house in Nazareth—an unusual but lofty experiment in which Israeli and Arabian waifs can play and grow up together . . . Reed man Paul Horn's quintet

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and drummer Shelly Manne were part of a holiday show that entertained inmates at the California Correctional Institution in Tehachapi, Calif. . . . Four of the tracks of Dean Jones' new country-and-western album will be arranged by Benny Carter . . . Van Alexander substituted for bandleader Les Brown on *The Dean Martin Show* tapings while Brown toured Viet Nam with Bob Hope . . . The Woody Herman Band celebrated the first week of 1966 in the Penthouse of the Hollywood Playboy Club, first time Bunnysville (with three house trios) ever had a wall-to-wall band.

DETROIT AND MICHIGAN:

As usual, many former Detroit musicians were in town for the holidays, but there was less likelihood of hearing them than in past years. The Michigan liquor commission imposed a ban on liquor sales over the Christmas weekend. With no clubs holding midweek sessions, there were few places for visiting musicians to play. One musician who made it home in time to play for a local audience was tenor man Larry Nozero, who sat in with his former colleagues, the men in the Keith Vreeland Trio, at Half Pint's . . . The Drome revived the swing era for 10 days last month by bringing in trumpeter Erskine Hawkins and his quartet (Raymond Tunia, piano; Al Williams, bass; and Al Foster, drums). The club plans to feature occasional vocalists as well as instrumental groups this year . . . The Three Sounds did 10 days at the Grand Bar, capping it with a concert at the Detroit Institute of Arts Dec. 12. The group proved so popular that it was brought back the next weekend. The second time around, Kalil Madi replaced drummer Bill Dowdy. Dowdy now lives in his home town, Battle Creek, Mich. . . . Baker's Keyboard plans to have jazz seven nights a week starting in February. The Bobby Laurel Trio will fill in for the month of January, and then name groups will return. Baker's closed the year with guitarist Wes Montgomery and the Wynnton Kelly Trio. A playing guest one night was guitarist Bill Jennings, now working at the Frolic with organist Clarence Price and drummer LeRoy Carrington . . . The piano trio of Claude Black is at the Shadow Box. With Black are Ernie Farrow, bass, and Don Cook, drums and vocals. A recent sitter-in was drummer Bill Hardy, who freed Cook to devote full time to singing . . . The Act IV continues to present a large selection of jazz-oriented pop singers with backing by the Eddie Webb Quartet (Webb, trumpet; Jim Voorhies, piano; Leo Harrison, bass; and Bob Pinterich, drums) . . . The newest addition to the ranks of Detroit's jazz clubs is the Stage Bar, now featuring pianist Willie Metcalf's quintet . . . In Ann Arbor the music scene was quiet over the holidays because the Town Bar closed temporarily. The club was set to reopen this month with bassist Ron Brooks' trio, featuring Dunny Spencer, drums. Terry Bernhard is the pianist Monday through Wednesday. Pianist Stanley Cowell takes over Thursday through Saturday nights . . .

The Detroit Contemporary 4 (Charles Moore, cornet; Stanley Cowell, piano; John Dana, bass; and Ronald Johnson, drums) has secured several out-of-town bookings. On Jan. 9, the group, minus Cowell but with altoist Marion Brown, gave a concert for the Jazz Arts Music Society to Newark, N.J. On Jan. 11, it journeyed to Buffalo, N.Y. On Jan. 12, Cowell rejoined the group for four nights at the Bohemian Embassy in Toronto, Ontario. It was to return to Detroit Jan. 21 for a concert at Lower DeRoy Hall.

LAS VEGAS: Benny Goodman's band at the Hotel Tropicana during the holidays included Bobby Shew, Wes Hensel, Carl Saunders, Jack Sheldon, trumpets; Jimmy Guinn, Carl Fontana, Dick McQuary, trombones; John Bainbridge, Raoul Romero, Georgie Auld, Jay Corre, Steve Perlow, saxophones; Lou Levy, piano; Don Overberg, guitar; Monty Budwig, bass; and Colin Bailey, drums. Mavis Rivers was the vocalist. In addition to his instrumental work, Sheldon did humorous bits and sang comedy vocals. He also played a one-nighter at the Colonial House accompanied by Levy, Budwig, and Bailey . . . Nelson Riddle brought in a large unit to play for a convention at the Sands Convention Hall . . . The Paul Bryant Trio at Rubens on Owens Blvd. has been attracting attention from fans and sitters-in alike. The leader's organ is backed by James Daniels' guitar and Jesse Kilpatrick's drums . . . Singer Bunny Phillips has added her considerable talents to the strong line-up at the Colonial House . . . The Harry James Band did its annual New Year's Eve network broadcast from the Flamingo lounge.

SAN FRANCISCO: A jazz milestone of sorts was established at the University of California in Berkeley when vibraphonist Lee Schipper's quintet played a noon concert in Hertz Hall. Heretofore, the long-established concert series, which is presented free for students by the U.C. music department, has not included jazz . . . Ella Fitzgerald drew an overflow crowd to the opening show of her engagement at the Fairmont Hotel's Venetian Room, among them her personal manager, Norman Granz. Miss Fitzgerald's accompaniment was by pianist Jimmy Jones, bassist Jim Hughart, and drummer Gus Johnson, plus a beefed-up Ernie Heckscher Orchestra . . . Bassist Pops Foster is playing weekends at Giannini's, a plush restaurant in Cotati, Calif., with pianist Ray Jensen and singer Judy Jonlee . . . Pianist Erroll Garner was scheduled for his first night-club gig here in several years, at Basin Street West beginning Jan. 19 . . . Latin percussionist Mongo Santamaria's band packed the Jazz Workshop for its opening night. It was his first appearance here since 1961.

NEW ORLEANS: Most exciting news for modern-jazz fans here is the opening of pianist Fred Crane's trio at the Black Knight on Veterans' Highway. Crane, best known for his work with reed

man Al Belletto's original sextet, also has played with Woody Herman and, more recently, Al Hirt. Crane's sidemen are bassist Bill Huntington and drummer Don Hesterberg . . . Joe Mares of Southland Records is releasing an LP by pianist Armand Hug. The album was cut in 1960 with Joe Capraro, guitar, and Phil Darois, bass. One of the titles on the record is *Down Beat Theme*, a tune by the late *Down Beat* piano columnist Sharon Pease. The album will be released during the Mardi Gras season . . . Trumpeter Al Hirt's band performed in a special show for the Sugar Bowl football teams, Missouri and Florida . . . Another peripatetic Orleanian, singer Fats Domino, played a weekend date in December at the Sands club . . . Pianist Ramsey Lewis is set for a three-night stand at Al Hirt's Club in early March . . . Trombonist Milton Bush, a regular in Lloyd Alexander's big band, was conductor of the New Orleans Symphonette in a Christmas special on WDSU-TV.

MIAMI AND FLORIDA:

Pete Ponzol, playing tenor and soprano saxophones, and his quartet, featuring Johnny Williams, piano; John Thomas, bass; and Don Keiter, drums, have been playing at the Scene in the Beach Tower Hotel in Miami Beach . . . Monday evening is jazz night at the Happening Lounge in the Barcelona Hotel in Miami Beach. The featured attraction on Dec. 13 was trombonist Lon Norman's quartet. The next Monday night Sam Seavone's quintet was on hand . . . Singer Lisa Hall joined the jazz quartet of tenor saxophonist Flip Phillips at the Marlin Beach Hotel in Fort Lauderdale on Dec. 27 . . . Trumpeter Don Goldie and his band have been playing nightly at the Flight Deck Lounge of the Crossway Airport Inn in Miami . . . The most dynamic jazz-Christmas song played in the Miami area during the holiday season was reed man Charlie Austin's contemporary version of *God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen*. Austin was accompanied by Eric Knight, piano; Robert Thomas, bass; and Dave Nuby, drums . . . The Bayou-to-Bay Jazz Concert in Tampa late last month featured a band made up of cornetist Doc Evans, clarinetist Raymond Burke, trombonist Munn Ware, pianist John (Knocky) Parker, guitarist Edmond Souchon, bassist Sherwood Mangiapane, and drummer Paul Barbarin. The event, staged at Curtis Hixon Convention Center, was sponsored by the Hillsborough County Association for Mental Health . . . For the opening of the Royal Lion Pub in Tequesta-Jupiter, Fla., the club's management assembled a traditional-jazz band that included cornetist Jimmy McPartland; his pianist wife, Marian; former trumpeter-bandleader Sonny Dunham, trombone; and clarinetist Tony Parenti. Singer Gene Austin also appeared during the all-stars' two-nighter. The pub occasionally will feature jazz groups: Lionel Hampton appeared there Jan. 6 and 7, and the Dukes of Dixieland are scheduled Feb. 8-10. Singer Mel Torme has been announced for the club, (Continued on page 51)

JOHN TCHICAI: A CALM MEMBER OF THE AVANT-GARDE

By DAN MORGENSTERN

AMONG THE MANY diversified personalities in what is loosely termed the jazz avant-garde, alto saxophonist John Tchicai stands out in several respects.

Musically, his approach, though decidedly adventurous, has a more lyrical and melodic quality than the work of most jazz radicals.

Personally, he seems more relaxed and at peace with himself, less aggressive and aggrieved, than the self-appointed spokesmen and standard-bearers of the new music.

To a large degree, undoubtedly, this is due to Tchicai's background and upbringing, for the 29-year-old musician was born to an African father and a Danish mother in Copenhagen, was reared in the provincial Danish city of Aarhus, and did not settle in the United States until December, 1962.

"I grew up in very healthy surroundings," Tchicai said in his fluent English, tinged with the softness of a Danish accent. "I couldn't have asked for a better youth. . . ."

Tchicai recently returned from a four-month visit to Europe, his first since his tour with the New York Contemporary Five in the fall of 1963. The trip included work in Denmark, Holland, and Belgium with Danish, Dutch, and U.S. musicians, and Tchicai was generally pleased with the results.

"First, we appeared on Danish television, in a program broadcast from the Holbaek Jazz Club, which was celebrating its 10th anniversary," he noted. "A lot of musicians played—Dexter Gordon, Kenny Drew, Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, a traditional band—we were the only ones on TV."

Tchicai and his companions, two Dutch musicians, bassist Glenn Van Viedt and pianist Pete Curtis, received the kind of reception to which avant-garde players have become accustomed.

"It's the kind of club that people belong to so they'll have a place to go on Sunday night," Tchicai said. "They were scared when they heard us, but they treated us okay, though not many people stayed to listen."

Tchicai speaks highly of Curtis, who was befriended, early in his career, by the then Paris-based Bud Powell. But now Curtis is influenced by Cecil Taylor, the altoist said, adding that Curtis "is one of the few piano players in the avant-garde who really knows his instrument and is really creative."

At the Montmartre club in Copenhagen, where Tchicai was joined by trombonist Roswell Rudd, with whom he co-leads the New York Art Quartet, things were warmer. "The kind of music we play," Tchicai said, "is not the kind that attracts enormous amounts of people, but we had good audiences. The people who were there were there to listen."

But in Holland, where the group appeared in concert with Ornette Coleman and his trio at the famous Amsterdam Concertgebouw, the young musicians had their most encouraging experiences.

"We played the first half of the concert, and we had the largest and most enthusiastic audience of the trip," he said. "It made you feel good. It reminded me of the feeling in Poland. [Tchicai had played there in 1962.] The concert was well arranged, and we were treated in the best possible manner."

The following day, Philips records, which had just issued an album by the New York Art Quartet on the Fontana label, held a reception for the musicians and presented them with copies of the album. And then there was television and radio work at the Hilverman studios, where Eric Dolphy made his last date. "The whole time, the relationship between artists and writers, radio, and record people was what it should be," Tchicai said.

Tchicai and Rudd met shortly after the saxophonist's arrival in the United States. Rudd was playing a concert at Judson Hall with a group led by Bill Dixon, and Tchicai said he was very impressed with the way the trombonist played. Tchicai recalled: "Then I was on a job, and he came and sat in with us. In our present group, Ros and I have a relationship that's very good, and we work fine together."

In his notes to the group's Fontana album, Tchicai wrote that Rudd is "the only trombonist in the avant-garde today who has originality and his own personal way of expressing himself."

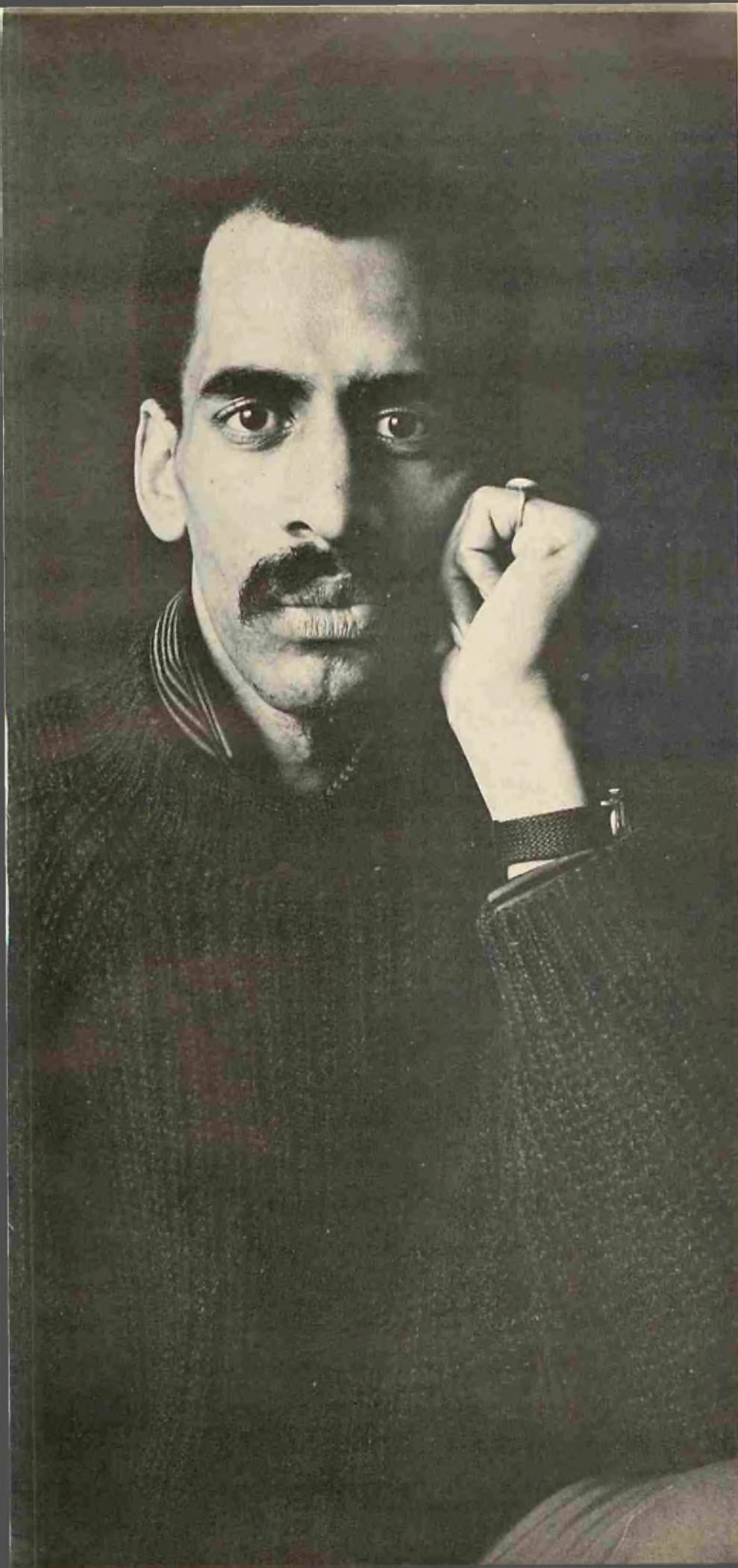
At the Montmartre, on their opening night, Lee Konitz sat in with Tchicai and Rudd. Though they had met before, the two alto saxophonists did not get to know each other well until they both found themselves in Copenhagen that summer. They met often, practicing duets upstairs at the Montmartre or outdoors, in one of Copenhagen's many parks.

"Lee is one of the best players in the avant-garde today," Tchicai said warmly. "He is so advanced. Next to Coltrane, I think he is the most advanced saxophone player today. It's a shame he doesn't have his own group; he could do such fantastic things. And he has to be a leader, because he is so far ahead of other players. The way he thinks indicates that he is a leader."

TCHICAI'S ENTHUSIASM FOR Konitz is not of recent vintage. In fact, it was hearing Konitz on a record that gave the first impetus to Tchicai's musical career.

"When I first started listening, I heard Moe Koffman playing alto on a record and was very impressed," he said. "Then I heard a Johnny Hodges record, a Lester Young record, and some things by Louis Armstrong's Hot Five. But I decided what I wanted to be—a musician—when I heard Lee on a record with Miles Davis, *Ezzthetic*.

"It's funny . . . I had a friend in Aarhus who had a record collection, and he had two records which impressed me: the one by Lee and Miles and *Perdido* by Stuff Smith. And



this summer, in Copenhagen, I got to know Lee well, and Stuff was in town, too—playing at Vingaarden while we were at the Montmartre. . . .”

Tchicai soon began to collect records himself, things by Konitz and Lennie Tristano, then ones by Charlie Parker.

“Lee and Bird were my main influences,” he said. “Since then, I’ve listened to all kinds of music.”

Live jazz was very seldom heard in Aarhus, which, despite its status as Denmark’s second largest city, is, as Tchicai says, “a provincial city.”

In Aarhus, there was little opportunity to play jazz. There was a pianist friend with whom he played, but Tchicai already was considered way out, he recalled, since “the other people on the scene were on a George Shearing kick. The jazz group that appeared most often even had the same combination of instruments as the Shearing quintet.”

Young Tchicai had to hitchhike to Copenhagen to hear American jazz in the flesh, and there he heard Louis Armstrong and Lionel Hampton’s band.

“I was very impressed with that band,” he said. “It had Clifford Brown, Art Farmer, Gigi Gryce, Tony Ortega . . . so much energy in one place was almost unbelievable.”

At 15, Tchicai first began to play the alto saxophone. He went to Aarhus Conservatory and took two years of a four-year course but decided that that sort of education wasn’t really what he wanted. (He was playing clarinet then, too, and “got so sick of playing those old embellishments,” he said with a smile.)

There were several private teachers after that, and, then, in Copenhagen, Tchicai studied with Denmark’s foremost legitimate saxophone player, Aage Foss.

Drafted into the Danish navy, and stationed many miles from Copenhagen, Tchicai tried to keep up his playing but could find nobody to practice or jam with.

“So my fiance wrote to the king,” he said, “and asked for a transfer for me to Copenhagen. She appealed to his musical inclinations [Danish King Frederik IX is an enthusiastic—and competent—amateur conductor].” The transfer went through.

“I was in Aarhus at the time,” added Tchicai’s wife, Annette, “so it didn’t look as if I just wanted to be with him.”

After his military service, Tchicai formed a group with trumpeter Willy Clausen. Their experiences in Denmark were unspectacular, but in 1962, they traveled to Finland and won a gold medal at the International Youth Festival in Helsinki. It was on this occasion

(Continued on page 49)



BOB PROKOP

THE BIGGEST LITTLE BROTHER

*An Appreciation Of
Nat Adderley,
By Barbara Gardner*

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY once weighed 300 pounds. He is considerably thinner now, but he still casts a deep and enveloping shadow. No one knows this more than Nathaniel Adderley, usually referred to as "his" brother.

Nat Adderley is easygoing, gregarious, and happens to like and admire his brother. He is proud of Cannonball and feels no need to compete for the attention of the jazz community—which is fortunate, because he wouldn't stand a chance of winning.

It is not the quality or quantity of Nat's talent that would determine the victor. Actually the issue of Nat, echo of Cannon, is more complex than that, and those bedeviling side issues muddy the water.

There is the chronological fact that Nat is three years younger than his brother. He is, therefore, little brother. Physically he is a small facsimile of the giant, economy-size Cannon. Standing onstage together, the two present an appealing picture, and more than one feminine heartstring vibrates at the sight of the massive Cannonball and the "cute little brother," a fact of which Nat is not entirely unaware. Then, there is the fact that he plays jazz with his older brother. Therefore, to some, he has become the abbreviated Cannon, the snub-nosed persuader of the Adderley clan.

Combined with these points is the problem of Nat's choice of instrument—the cornet. Some persons insist on saying he plays trumpet and analyze his performance in that light. Others make the distinction, but they relegate the cornet to some quaint, by-gone era or disregard its merit altogether.

And speaking of handicaps, one should also list those who trade in talent—record companies, night clubs, and writers—because they have made it difficult for jazz fans to forget that this musician has an older brother who is very good at playing jazz.

So, like it or not, Nat Adderley is locked in a box without a key. It appears he has accepted this and is, in fact, able to convert it to his advantage while maintaining an enviable degree of self-respect.

HE WAS A DEPRESSION baby, born in November, 1931, but was never poor. The Julian F. Adderleys of Tampa, Fla., have always lived comfortably, and sons Julian C. and Nat had few frustrations—about the largest perhaps was what they wanted to become in life. Yet to a certain extent, even this was predetermined.

Their father was a prominent cornetist in his day, and he expected and encouraged his sons to become involved in music. Their beginning was not unspectacular: they were renowned boy sopranos.

Cannon was the first to try an instrument—the trumpet. This was a concession to their father, who hoped the boys would follow in his instrumental footsteps. Cannon lost the trail when he was 14 and switched to the alto saxophone, dragging his brother behind him into music. Nat played baritone for a while but soon took up trumpet and became the brass hope of the family. The brothers eventually began playing with local bands and continued playing with them after graduating from Florida A&M College.

Nat's trumpet was stolen one night, and he used a cornet instead. He and the cornet have been together since.

Although Cannonball was a leader of his own group in 1954, it was local and relatively unknown outside Florida. It was Nat, rather than Cannon, who hit the big-time circuit first, when, in 1954, he joined Lionel Hampton's big band. He stayed with Hampton for almost a year.

Then Cannon came to New York City, made a big

splash, and the scale of prominence shifted into a position that Nat has not since been able to balance.

Cannonball's first quintet, featuring Nat, lasted from 1956 through 1957; then Cannon joined Miles Davis. Nat had no trouble finding work. His most significant stints were with the Woody Herman Band and trombonist J. J. Johnson's sextet.

When Cannon decided to launch another quintet, Nat was the first to join the ranks. On Sept. 21, 1959, the new Cannonball Adderley Quintet opened in Philadelphia. A tenor saxophone has been added now and again, but the two Adderley brothers have been the anchors of the front line for the last 6½ years.

WORKING FOR AND with Cannonball is so natural and habitual to Nat, that it transcends any discussion of the advantages or disadvantages of the relationship. It is the way it is. It is rewarding musically; it is comfortable financially.

Music is more than a way of life for Nat; it is a livelihood. He belongs to that new breed of entertainers who play not just for the passionate love of jazz but also as a professional preference. Because Nat is genuinely respected and Cannonball is generally admired, it is not often mentioned aloud that Nat is more a musician who plays jazz than a jazz musician. This subtle distinction makes a difference, and jazz musicians and critics are not prone to overlook it.

The most frequent criticism of Nat by critics and musicians is that he is not always a first-rate jazz musician. The critics are cautious enough to cloak their remarks in ambivalence. They are quick to praise; yet they reluctantly drag in the term "inconsistent." Seemingly none wants to state outright that Nat is either good or bad. Various writers have said glowing things about the cornetist while intimating that he was copying Miles Davis, Rex Stewart, Chet Baker, and Clark Terry.

Musicians are more brusque and less ambivalent in their attitude. "Well, Nat is a good musician—don't get me wrong," one jazzman begins. "But he's going to play what people want to hear. He's in the business to make a buck."

Another says, "Nat doesn't take the chances that a jazz musician like, say, Cannon will take. When Nat plays, he's sure of what he's doing, or he plays the things he knows will work. You take Cannon—he's all the time experimenting. Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't; but he's always trying new things. Nat is not like that."

It might be that Nat is deliberately not like that.

"The whole time I am playing," he said recently, "I have but one thing on my mind: just how I'm going to do the next thing. You know, it's kind of tricky. Sometimes you hear something in your head, but just try to get it out through your horn that way. Well, I don't think the public should have to pay to sit and hear you practice. You really ought to have that thing worked out pretty good before you try it."

And he does try to work it out ahead of time. He practices and studies constantly, but not to the exclusion of having a normal family life. He lives with his wife, Ann, and their two children in Teaneck, N.J. He takes part in community affairs because he feels he owes it to himself as "a citizen, a Negro, and an American" to do so.

"Whatever I do is personal," he said. "I don't feel I owe the community anything, per se. I owe it to myself to do certain things, to work for the things I believe in."

This ability to rely on self-appraisal of his responsibilities and contributions is the main reason for the continuing alliance of the Adderley brothers. Nat believes in his contribution to the quintet, and all the scuttlebutt and

misinterpretations in the world are not going to alter his reckoning of his value.

Beyond his musical contribution, he exercises a vital function in the quintet. He is a level-headed and steady influence on a leader who is idealistic, expansive, dramatic, and glib, as well as talented. Cannonball had acquired a tendency to burn bridges behind him and march on with imperial gait. Nat is a fence-mender, a ground-trodder, and the only man in the group who can tell the emperor he has no clothes on. An outsider witnessing a barrage of earthy exchanges between the brothers could never fathom the deep and abiding bond between the two. At other times, Nat will right the lurching boat with his crackling wit.

When Cannon griped about being locked into hit records, and the group was besieged to play the same tune every set, timid heads bobbed in sympathy and agreement, but Nat cut the air with a stinging expletive.

"Ain't that a bitch!" he exclaimed. "He's tired of playing the hit. Duke Ellington has been playing *A Train* for 40 years, and he's not tired. We're lucky to have a hit to play!" The discussion was summarily closed.

But Nat's function is not merely to deflate. At one point in his brother's career, following an illness, Cannonball's life almost depended on his brother's ramrod vigilance. After having lived all his life as a hearty eater of rich, spicy foods, Cannonball was restricted to a severely bland diet. The only person with the stamina and persistence to make him stick to the diet was Nat.

Compassion is an integral part of Nat's makeup, and his music reflects it. Even critics who often find him "inconsistent" are moved to remark on his lyricism, simplicity, and sensitivity. The warm, round tone of the cornet is especially good for his approach. His playing of ballads often emerges as a sensitive, mellow confession of the soul. His up-tempo work contains much of his wit.

Perhaps the best description of Nat's playing at its best was written by Dan Morgenstern:

"If there is a keynote to Nat's playing, it is the happy feeling he communicates. Not that he's all on one level—but when he projects sadness, it isn't despair, and when his mood is somber, it is free of self-pity. On faster tempos, he bubbles and crackles with good humor, never sacrificing time for speed. In a medium groove, his swing is infectious."

Nat is one of those rare individuals: a happy jazz entertainer. He is a craftsman. He knows his horn well, and he is developing musically every day, whether some choose to say so or not. In addition to playing his horn, he writes prolifically at times; then he goes for months writing nothing.

His first hit was *Work Song*, and he is still counting royalties from *Jive Samba*. Perhaps it is significant that *Work Song* was recorded by many entertainers other than jazz artists. (Oscar Brown Jr., who wrote the lyrics, has made an entire career of *Work Song*.)

Not all Nat's material has been commercially successful. Jazzmen who refer to Nat as a commercial jazz performer unblinkingly play his *Old Country* and *The Boy with the Sad Eyes*, as well as many of his lesser-known compositions.

Perhaps some feel that the easygoing Nat should be more aggressive in seeking a place in the sun. But he will not allow himself to become encumbered by opinions. He summarizes his personal philosophy quite simply:

"My own conduct of my life and career is a very personal and individual thing. I try to do it in a reputable manner at all times. I hope I succeed. But if some people don't understand or feel that I am wrong, then I just don't have the time or the energy to grieve over it." 

The Origin Of A Term, Or, Jass Me For A Donkey!

By CHARLES EDWARD SMITH

POPS," the young squirt squawked like an angry alto, waving the Dec. 16, 1965, *Down Beat* in my face, "there's a feather in the fig tree."

"Look," I told him, "I have my own Dec. 16th. . . ."

"Yeah. It's the new thing for the beat set, ain't it?"

He looked at my beaten features with, it seemed to me, a snicker in that phony dialect of his. I wondered idly if he was really trustworthy. It was all very well to have him collect autographs of traditional-jazz musicians for me, but suppose someone found out?

I brought my thoughts back to the little garden with the Basin St. tiles (stolen from collectors) and glanced speculatively at the gnarled, obstinate, and, in an odd way, beautiful fig tree, an instrument for the winds of time. Everything seemed much as usual. It could stand a trim, of course. Those eminent tree surgeons, Terry & Brookmeyer, had done a good job of putting life in the old limbs, but it still looked a bit forlorn.

My ears twitched like an old cat's. A wind from the bayous, perhaps? But now I saw it wasn't that. Someone was sitting cross-legged where the oldest graft, incredibly ancient, branched out from the main trunk. He was playing on an Albert system clarinet—I couldn't see it, but it does something to the vibrato, naturally—some dirty old warhorse that hadn't been curried since Buddy Bolden chased those funky butts off the boat.

I was genuinely pleased because I have long been a connoisseur of the ancient arts and of the styles that still had the creak of the wagons in their tones. But it was indeed difficult to determine this style or who was playing. It might have been Ed Hall or Tony Parenti or George Lewis—you couldn't see much in those shadows. But no matter. It was an old style, neither jass nor jazz but possibly a shade between. Nothing in this world is truly black or white.

I contemplated Archie Shepp's blunt and beautiful prose in my copy of *Down Beat*, wherein "jazz" was described as an ofay word. (No, you poor misguided blue-shins, "ofay" does not mean "soul brother.") The first musician to use "jazz" in an American book about jazz was, confusingly, Louis Armstrong. And he cited previous usage in a way that should have given the Benderites ammunition in their Battle of the Word with the Krappites, of which (or whom) more anon. Mr. Armstrong wrote about parade music of New Orleans as "jazz in brass." (Back in those days no one got around to telling him that "juke" was okay but "jazz" was ofay.)

I'm going to play fair and write from memory, even if I misquote Shakespeare, rather than dig up that old article of mine in *The Record Changer* on the origin of the term "jazz," which, to tell the truth, favors the Krappites. It's my honest conviction that both the Krappites and the Benderites have something going for them. Both professors have since passed into the happy etymological hunting grounds, little knowing that they'd left behind anything more controversial than a dangling participle or two. (I just can't see Prof. Bender dangling a participle, can you, you fellas with the ivy in your button-down ears?)

This Prof. Krapp—as with most of you unlucky people who were born with the word "jazz" a fait accompli—wrote

after long and laborious research, with scholarly citings and samples of octogenarian hearsay, that "jazz," yclept, "jass," was in Elizabethan writing (and so was "blues," you folk-rockers). Indeed, it went back to a time when the Romans put *rocks* on British roads and the Druids *rolled* stones at Stonehenge. (They somehow couldn't get the two words together until the kettle drum from Africa was introduced.)

You don't have to do out-of-the-way research on the word "jazz" these days. You can cut corners—for example, by looking up the piece by Alan P. Merriam and Fradley H. Garner in *Jazz Review* (April, 1960). Since Prof. Merriam is an anthropologist *and* a teacher, he can make the thing both simple and complicated. He mentions this English theory in passing (it happens so fast you can't tell who has the ball), but possibly because of an omission on my part (in some previous article), he credits not Prof. Krapp but C. E. Smith. He has in parentheses, "(Smith 1935-45)," which sure made me gloomy; he probably thought I was a casualty in that war Leonard Feather (*DB*, Dec. 16, 1965, p. 13) writes about. But I did, in fact, follow leads Prof. Krapp indicated—and a few of my own—like a heart-to-heart talk with Zutty Singleton and a mighty strange one with Nick LaRocca (whom I caught trying with little success to read music) and yet another, which I'll come to in a moment.

In those days, you understand, the French theory (e.g., *jasser*, *sashay*, change partners and Sagan down the middle) seemed pretty weak, and the jazzbo (this ought to have fascinated me more than it did with its possible relevance to the high style of low pimps), a reference from American slang, was possibly weaker. Actually, the further back one went, the less eager were people to claim the word "jazz" for their side. It became more and more like those diseases that were variously called "the English complaint," or "the Italian complaint," etc., depending on where you were.

Old New Orleanians—most of them—knew the term "jazz" as a four-letter word meaning the same thing as another four-letter word. Zutty—I'm pretty sure it was Zutty, for he's my favorite chronicler of New Orleans lore and folklore—seemed to recall Kid Ory having used the word on a sign, perhaps around 1911 or so. (I probably asked him some leading question like: "On a wagon, perhaps?" That would be fitting. Anyway, you students and jazz lovers of New Orleans, why not take on the tedious task of looking through microfilms of old Louisiana Negro newspapers? You'd at least learn that jazz was called ragtime in 1910, even if it wasn't ragtime, and called jazz in 1965, even if it wasn't a roll in the hay.)

According to LaRocca's source—to be frank, it happened to another band, not Nick's, as trad-lads are aware—an old drunk and a press agent in Chicago brought "jazz" forcefully into the American language. (No one but an old drunk, it was assumed, would use such a word in public, even in Chicago, a jazz-butcher's turf in more ways than one.) This old drunk used the word in relation to the music of a New Orleans band playing in a Chicago cafe; the press agent had his ear to the bar and had the word on a banner as part of the band's name the next night.

An even earlier incident was vouchsafed to me by writer Garrett Garrett. He remembered someone using the word in a Pittsburgh sporting house around 1900 in a remark to the piano player, saying, "Put some jazz in it," or "Jazz it up," though if Eddie Condon had been around, he'd have said, "That's music," and let it go at that. ("Music" means sounds made by courtesy of the Muses, who lived in a Charles Addams sort of establishment in ancient Greece.)

I might add that there are two words, both spelled j-a-s-s in authoritative dictionaries (three, counting the new Webster's, which I'll come to). One is of Latin, the other of Anglo-Saxon derivation. Among other meanings in ancient times, the word was applied to a wild falcon—a bird that flew high before being tamed to falconry—as in this advertisement in *London Gazette* (before your time, chum):

Lost, a jass falcon, with the king's varvels upon her jesses.

And what was it Shakespeare wrote? It seemed to have something to do with jass or jass falcons, or at least, sex: . . . yet that her jesses were my dear heart strings, yet would I whistle her off, and let her down the wind to prey at fortune. . . .

There are numerous examples in dictionaries and other reference works, of "jazz" in context. You could jass a donkey, an Esne or a Moldy Fig (if there were any around), meaning, whack him across the back. The same word could be used for exercising a donkey (in the paddock, friends—let's keep it clean), which, paraphrased in more modern English would be described as follows:

"He jassed the donkey up and down the yard."

Oh, those Englishmen, out in the noonday sun! You can see, of course, where all this begins to take us—back to that *other* garden and that snake with his fine talk of pollination and passion.

At about that point in my research I was truly and smugly satisfied. I honestly didn't care where the word came from—especially as our dear little chitinous friends, who don't care either, were here before us and will survive our nuclear ta ta's—but I was surprised that it hadn't been firmly traced to Africa, as "juke" and other words had been. As to why I was satisfied, this had nothing to do with the possible country of origin for the word but had to do with its possible etymology, which took much the same track even if you followed the African blazes traced by Prof. Bender. (To those who worry about such things, "black" is from Old English, "Negro" from Latin.)

In other words, "jass" had a lot of creating and begetting stored away in its potent syllable. Surely such a word, even if it came from Alabama (where Africans long ago irrevocably influenced the nuance of speech and song), is appropriate to an improvisational art in which, if it isn't creating and begetting, it simply isn't jazz.

To my eager and perhaps tactless inquiry to Prof. Bender with respect to confirmations of early usage *in music* of the word, that eminent scholar replied patiently that the fact of African etymology seemed firmly established. And he reminded me, though not in these words, that this etymology was being canonized in Webster's big fat International. What I had hoped for was a list of those



early sources, the names of *his* informants, octogenarian or otherwise. It was my sneaky intention to check them against the musician index of Sam Charters' book *Jazz: New Orleans*.

An act of God intervened, and our correspondence was cut off abruptly. After that I tried the publishers of Webster's big fat International, but whoever answered seemed to think that Prof. Bender's estate still had the relevant source material. And that's where my inquiries came to an end.

But as Mr. Shepp should know, the theory of an African etymology for "jazz" has at least as much weight behind it as that of an English one, perhaps a little more.

Since both theories fit in with the connotation of the word in good old basic American—that is, creating and begetting or at least going through the motions—it's truly moot and mysterious. I think anthropologists are frustrated archeologists—as I explained all this to an anthropologist friend, he puffed thoughtfully on his Sherlock Holmes pipe and observed that one couldn't rule out the remote possibility that the Africans, in pre-history, might have contributed the word "jazz," as they did the kettle drum, to peoples farther north.

"Really," he said, "it's possible."

"Well, jass me for a donkey," I replied. . . .

"Pops," my young friend said, interrupting my meditations and putting me on with that dialect of his, "there's a feather in the fig tree."

"What's it doing?" I asked mildly.

He squinted through Page 13 of *Down Beat*, shading his eyes from the bright southern sun.

"It seems to be loading dice," he said.



LIFE WITH FEATHER

Part VII Of A
Critic's Autobiography
By Leonard Feather

AFTER THE STIMULATION of my first recording session in the United States and my first meaningful encouragement here as a songwriter (Duke Ellington's recording of *Mighty Like the Blues*), it became more apparent than ever that my spiritual home on the western side of the Atlantic had to become my permanent residence.

Down Beat was then a relatively limited magazine with virtually no official New York coverage. I flew to Chicago to confer with Glenn Burrs and Carl Cons, the magazine's editor-owners, about the possibility of becoming their New York representative. Though they never offered a firm commitment, I convinced myself that the deal was as good as set.

There were to be three final developments in my professional or private life in London before the definitive break was to take place. I was to discover George Shearing; soon after, I was to attempt the launching of the first genuine British jazz orchestra; and I was to fall in love with an American girl.

In jazz-starved London there were several so-called rhythm clubs, or meetings at small halls around town, at which the faithful were convened and the latest imported Yank records played; also, if luck prevailed, a live music session might top off the evening.



George Shearing at 19

The British *zeitgeist* of 1938 can best be evoked, and the arrival of Shearing most accurately pictured, by reprinting a report that appeared one evening in a London daily paper called *The Star*. The quantity and quality of jazz press coverage at the time can be imagined from this quote:

Jazz bandsmen who specialize in swing music joined in a Leonard Feather jam session at a hall in High Holborn last evening, but no jitters were allowed. If there were any jitterbugs present they restrained themselves.

At a jam session the audiences yell their request tunes, and the bandsmen should improvise instantly. At this one a trombonist from Anroses's [sic] band [George Chisholm] gave an exciting demonstration of swing with eyes closed and cheeks puffed for minutes on end, but the most to which he could rouse his audience was a little foot-tapping. Nobody had the convulsions or the shakes. Jittery, in fact, is dead among swingsters.

The only man who displayed any clonic [sic] emotion at this gathering of swingmen was Mr. George Shearing, a remarkable blind pianist of some 19 years, who comes from Battersea and has played the piano since he was six.

He is self-taught, and after listening to American swing records, plays in the discordant style of negro pianists known as boogie-woogie.

Boogie-woogie baffles our crack jazz pianists, but Mr. Shearing sits at the piano in happy ecstasy swaying to and fro, crashing his feet on the pedals and his hands on the keys playing pure boogie.

Swingmen say he has a big future.

Actually, the young man who broke it up that night played a great deal more than secondhand Meade Lux Lewis. He also played secondhand Fats Waller, Teddy Wilson, Earl Hines, and Art Tatum. My enthusiasm was based mainly on the fact that most other pianists around town were not only secondhand but also third rate.

Carl Krahmer, a young drummer friend of George's, had brought him to the jam session and to my attention. After I had communicated my impressions of the Shearing sound to a producer at Decca who had previously indulged me with a few small swing-band dates, George cut a couple of piano solo tracks, accompanied only by Krahmer. In addition, he achieved what seemed to me like a rhythmic

(Continued on page 46)

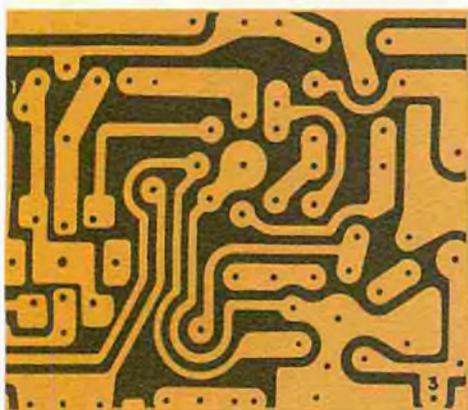


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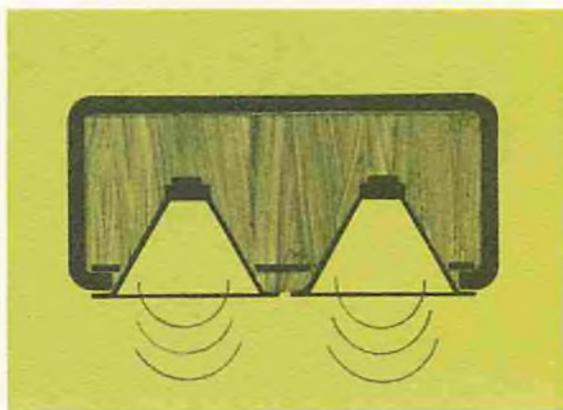
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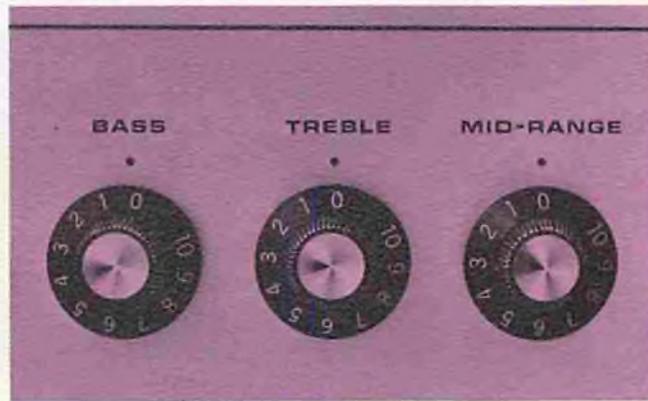
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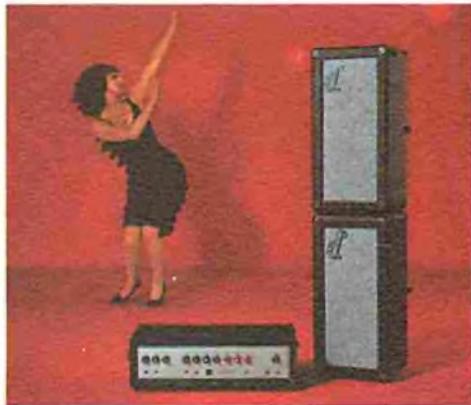
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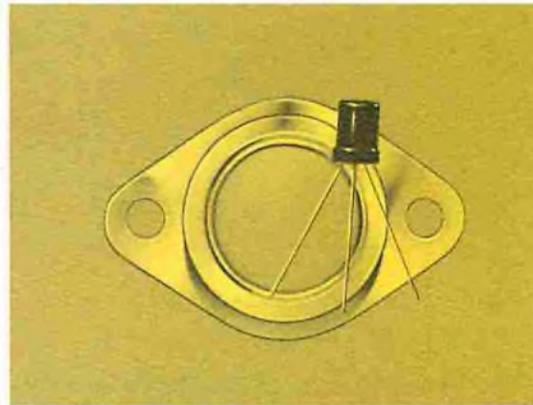
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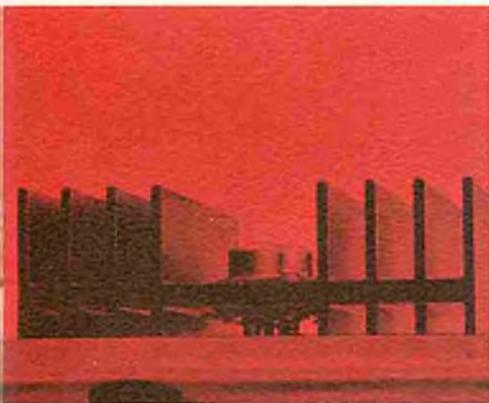
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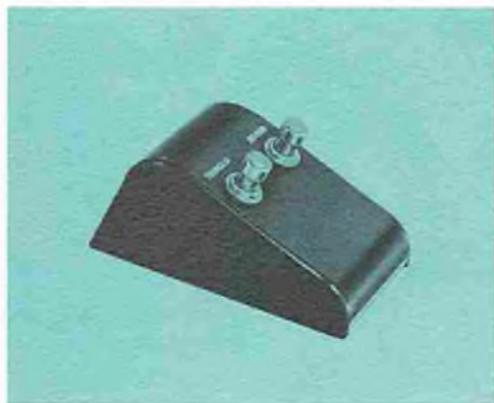
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RECORD REVIEWS

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Kenny Dorham, Barbara Gardner, Erwin Helfer, Don Nelsen, Bill Mathieu, Dan Morgenstern, Harvey Pekar, Harvey Siders, Pete Welding, John S. Wilson, and Michael Zwerin.

Reviews are initiated 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.

James Brown

TODAY AND YESTERDAY—Smash 27057 and 67057: *Papa's Got a Brand New Bag, Pt. I, Pt. II; Ob, Baby, Don't You Weep; Try Me; Sidewinder; Out of Sight; Maybe the Last Time; Every Beat of My Heart; Hold It; A Song for My Father, Pt. I, Pt. II.*

Personnel: Brown, organ; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★

On *New Bag, Pt. I* Brown plays melodic line and then solos, all with a punctuating band background. The tenor soloist has loose rhythm; the other horns continue underneath. Brown has good accompanying taste and leaves some silent spots. *New Bag, Pt. II* continues in much the same way. The baritone saxophone soloist plays nicely; he uses silent spots, too, and also broken rhythm while maintaining roots. He's got a crackling tone.

Weep is another blues—12 bars? Reminds me of the "new thing" concept when the chords go back and forth (or just simply remain). It's hard to find a separation between the 12s—if 12s exist. Very primitive. But for what it is—it's cooking. No front-and-center solos. A two-chord composition.

Try Me has churchy Ben E. King type of bass background.

Sidewinder is played with good feeling and excellent interpretation. There's an alto solo, well. . . . There's also a nice trumpet solo, especially so considering he's not from the New York City area. Fine potential. Does some Rex Stewart half-valves. The track is a little long.

This version of *Out of Sight* is not as effective as Brown's vocal version, which is dynamite. This is fair, over-all.

Last Time is not bad. Brown's is a hard-hitting small band. It sounds as if he uses four horns. Brown's organ sounds good on *Heart*. He doesn't use the organ's bass pedals. The tenorist is very good. The trumpet player is good. Sounds like Henry Boozier.

Hold It has an alto solo. It goes.

Father, Pt. I is happy. *Pt. II* is done with fine taste, considering that this type of band is basically rock, rhythm and blues. I'd give four stars were it original or had more variety. (K.D.)

Gals and Pals

GALS AND PALS—Fontana 27538: *Cast Your Fate to the Wind; Alley Cat Song; The Midnight Sun Will Never Set; Dai Dere; Autumn Leaves; 500 Miles; Satin Doll; Bossa Nova U.S.A.; I Left My Heart in San Francisco; Lullaby of Birdland; Soul Dance; Midnight Sun.*

Personnel: Pia Lang, Ulla Hallin, Kerstin Bagge, Svante Thureson, Gillis Broman, Lars Bagge, vocalists; unidentified piano, bass, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Andy and the Bey Sisters

ROUND MIDNIGHT—Prestige 7411: *Love Medley (Love Is Just around the Corner; I Love You; Love You Madly); God Bless the Child; Squeeze Me; Tammy; Hallelujah, I Love Her So; Everybody Loves My Baby; Solitude; Feeling Good; Everytime We Say Goodbye.*

Personnel: Andy Bey, piano, vocals; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; Osie Johnson, drums; Salome, Geraldine Bey, vocals.

Rating: ★★

Interesting comparison, these two. Neither is a particularly good album, but they offer certain lessons in the art of jazz singing that prospective vocal groups would do well to heed.

Basically, Gals and Pals do not swing—at least not genuinely. Theirs is an ersatz brand, an imitative jazz that shows meticulous rehearsal; clever, imaginative writing; and extremely pleasant results. But it simply doesn't swing.

Conversely, Andy and the Bey Sisters—muddy though their blend be—swing with a heartfelt bow to the Gospel sounds that spawned them. But soul is all they offer. Their three-part harmony is tasteless, devoid of dynamic variations, and irritatingly voiced with the lead in the middle.

Each of the Beys has a wide vibrato, and there seems to be no attempt to synchronize it with the others. Characteristically, each singer shows a natural tendency to bend tones—especially the blue notes. That's fine, except when all three decide to intensify the shade of blue. Then the result is the distortion that comes from quarter-tones.

The Gals and Pals devote a few fleeting seconds to solo passages—wisely. The Swedish six are individually weak. Together, they show a healthy respect for phrasing. Andy and his sisters are excellent soloists, and the most enjoyable of their solos are the opening *Love* medley—despite engineer Rudy Van Gelder's echo manipulations (at times it sounds like it was recorded live in Carlsbad Caverns).

The nadir is reached on *Tammy*. Each time the melismatic title is sung, one finds himself reaching for the crank to inject more life into the phonograph. Andy's scat fairly lifts *Hallelujah*. *Squeeze Me* is another happy track that shows a "brass"-plated penchant for falling and lifting at the end of certain phrases.

Highlights by the Swedish group are *Soul Dance* (a charming, churchy waltz in which the separation of the male and female voices simulates a cute call-and-response pattern) and an *Autumn Leaves* that shows off the group's skill with passing tones and wide-open harmonies.

Also shown to good advantage are the singers' diction and some fine walking by an unidentified bass player.

Interesting comparison, these two . . . but they're both in need of group therapy. (H.S.)

Gunter Hampel

HEARTPLANTS—German Saba 150 26; *Heartplants; No Arouss; Iron Perceptions; Our Chant; Without Me.*

Personnel: Manfred Schoof, trumpet; Hampel, vibraharp, flute; Alexander Von Schlippenbach, piano; Buschi Niebergall, bass; Pierre Courbois, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Joachim Berendt, in this album's liner notes, says this music is "un-American." But this is not so. I find Hampel's music to be archetypically eclectic. If these German musicians are distinctive, it is not because they have arrived at a unique musical personality but because they have developed an easy fluidity among many current styles of American jazz.

These styles have undergone disparate evolutions in the United States. Their cross-pollination is not yet evident. But distance has made some sort of mixing possible. This mixing might have been a good thing, but it appears like patchwork: a juxtaposition of preferred tastes.

The question becomes: "What is in this music that is not in its various models?" The answer: not much. Is this answer crucial? I do not know. I will assume, for purposes of this review, that the answer is not crucial and that the above remarks are oblique to the point. The point is: is the music good? It is.

The work ranges from very typical mainstream playing (*Our Chant*) to a deliberate (and pretty hip) attempt at the bona fide, turkey-farm insight that defines some of the current avant-garde (*Perceptions*).

There are flashes of remarkable brilliance. *Heartplants* is well written and demonstrates that they know that

↓ ↓
↑ ↑ ↑

is *one thing*, not a superimposition.

Pianist Von Schlippenbach plays a few truly fine solos. Drummer Courbois plays a good solo on *Without Me*. Everyone plays cleanly and straight out (though occasionally Schoof doesn't).

This is fine, promising, vibrant music, played by young men whose joy in *being* together is clearly audible.

And yet. . . .

The only truly distinctive quality about the music is lent by the nonmusical circumstances surrounding the record. I'm afraid I have been trapped by these.

The photograph of Hampel on the cover has trapped me more than anything. Judging by the photograph, Hampel would have been a national hero 120 years ago, a compatriot Schumann perhaps. What a German Romantic he would have made! Yet today this man has diverted his beautiful genius into the perfecting of U.S. eclecticism.

The bruteness of this fact stuns me. I hope other listeners have better luck than I in getting past it. (B.M.)

Coleman Hawkins

WRAPPED TIGHT—Impulse 87: *Wrapped Tight; Intermezzo; Out of Nowhere; Indian Summer; Red Roses for a Blue Lady; Marcheta; Beautiful Girl; She's Fit; And I Still Love You; Bean's Place.*

Personnel: Bill Berry or Snooky Young, trumpet; Urbie Green, trombone; Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Barry Harris, piano; Buddy Catlett, bass; Eddie Locke, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★½

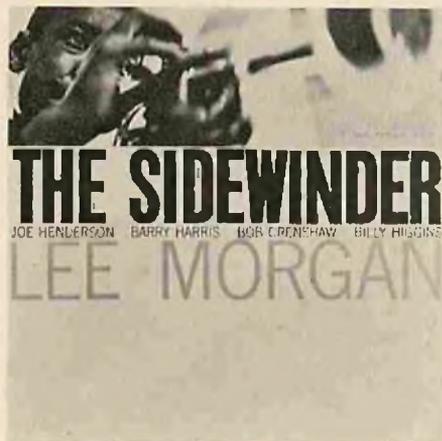
Six of these pieces develop out of close-

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ly knit Manny Albam arrangements (they recall the John Kirby Sextet) and manage to be casual, loping riffs even when the tunes are *Marcheta* and *Intermezzo*. Hawkins plays pleasantly but with little sense of involvement on these pieces.

When he is left alone with just the rhythm section to improvise on *Nowhere* and *Summer*, however, he becomes a completely different musician—forceful, inventive, and alert in a sense that he rarely is on the tracks arranged by Albam. Harris is magnificent on these two pieces, and, although he has less opportunity to be heard on the others, he constantly tosses in provocative bits of coloration.

(J.S.W.)

Clancy Hayes

HAPPY MELODIES—ABC-Paramount 519: *Fickle Finger of Fate*; *I Ain't Got Nobody*; *Copenhagen*; *A Good Man Is Hard to Find*; *Nobody's Sweetheart*; *Basin Street Blues*; *Don't Forget 127th Street*; *She's Just Perfect for Me*; *Fidgety Feet*; *After You've Gone*; *Tin Roof Blues*; *Dinah*.

Personnel: Yank Lawson, trumpet; Cutty Cutshall, trombone; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Dave McKenna, piano; Hayes, vocal, banjo; Bob Haggart, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

The well-worn saloon voice of Hayes is heard in very appropriate surroundings in this set—songs that are mostly standards from the '20s, a jazz band (Yank Lawson and his Yankee Clippers) that is in top-notch form, and an attack on the parts of both Hayes and the band that is relaxed and easy but not at all unalert.

Not everything is perfection, though; there are two very ordinary songs from Broadway shows, *Fickle* and *Forget*, and a cheap, tasteless lyric on *Perfect*. Beyond that, it is sheer joy, for Hayes takes a properly minor role as a singer, adds a helpful banjo to the rhythm section, and Cutshall, Russell, and Lawson play as though they are drinking from a deep, refreshing well. Cutshall, in particular, has rarely been heard to as good advantage as he is here on *Dinah*, *Good Man*, *Fidgety*, and *Tin Roof*.

(J.S.W.)

Eddie Higgins

SOULERO—Atlantic 1446: *Tango Africaine*; *Love Letters*; *Shelley's World*; *Soulero*; *Mr. Evans*; *Django*; *Beautiful Dreamer*; *Makin' Whoopee*.

Personnel: Higgins, piano; Richard Evans, bass; Marshall Thompson, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Higgins' clean, ringing attack might be considerably more interesting if he did not use it in much the same manner that Ramsey Lewis does. And "manner" is the word, because all these pieces are played within a relatively narrow stylistic area. They are rhythmic, showmanly but, overall, rather bland performances—after a while, everything sounds the same.

This is too bad because there are quite a few interesting ideas in the set—the tango basis for *Africaine*, the bolero setting for *Soulero*, the airy delicacy of *Dreamer*, and the finger-snapping (literally) approach to *Whoopee*.

But it all soon turns into what is presumably basic Higgins—a pleasant, flowing manner of playing but one that can't stand up for two sides of an LP.

Thompson and, particularly, Evans give strong and helpful support.

(J.S.W.)

Jonah Jones

ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET—Decca 4688: *Side by Side*; *Red Head*; *I Used to Love You*; *You're Nobody 'til Somebody Loves You*; *Down among the Sheltering Palms*; *There'll Be Some Changes Made*; *Angry*; *Anytime*; *Who's Sorry Now?*; *On the Sunny Side of the Street*; *Save Your Sorrow*; *I Want a Girl*.

Personnel: Jonah Jones, trumpeter, vocals; Hank Jones, piano; John Brown, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★★½

More than a decade of playing bland, muted versions of all the warhorses in the pop repertory seems to have taken its toll on trumpeter Jones.

First, however, it should be said that for the audiences he draws to the kinds of clubs he plays across the country, this collection should prove perfectly satisfactory. Beyond that, it is a labored, lackluster effort that stays very carefully in the narrow little rut that Jones has carved out. Once in a while his trumpet perks up a little, but mostly it is rote playing of an ordinary sort.

Only one member of his regular group worked this date—bassist Brown. The two ringers, Hank Jones and Johnson, bring plenty of experience to the date—but then Jonah has that, too, and look what he's doing. For all the skillful little fills that Hank Jones drops in, Jonah's regular quartet could have done at least as well and, considering the values to be gained from playing together regularly, maybe a little better.

(J.S.W.)

Gloria Lynne

LOVE AND A WOMAN—Fontana 27546 and 67546: *It's Just a Matter of Time*; *The Whispers*; *It May Sound Silly*; *Till There Was You*; *A Sunday Kind of Love*; *The More I See You*; *After All I've Been to You*; *I Understand*; *For Sentimental Reasons*; *I Love You, Yes I Do*; *All or Nothing at All*; *It Seems to Me I'm Just a Woman in Love*.

Personnel: Miss Lynne, vocals; unidentified orchestra; Hal Mooney or Al Cohn, arrangers.

Rating: ★½

Monotony is Miss Lynne singing Mooney arrangements. One gets the impression that Mooney set the metronome at "dirge"—and let it remain there. The *tempo funebre* permeates all 12 tunes, and if that isn't bad enough, Mooney's writing is about as lively. Small wonder Miss Lynne sounds bored with the whole thing.

She should not be completely absolved, however, from giving a dozen uninspired performances. Her voice quality is fairly pleasant, but she has yet to control a vibrato that tends to get wobbly if over-sustained, as in *Matter of Time* and *Yes I Do*. On the other hand, *Till There Was You*, ending with the usual "oo" sound, is much firmer and more refined.

She is guilty of faulty intonation, as well as shouting that is unnecessary and unmusical, on *All or Nothing*. Yet, on the very next tune, *Seems to Me*, she projects a soft, warm tone that shows a great deal of feeling for the tender lyrics. This is certainly the most satisfying track in the album.

The best arrangement, *Sunday*, by Cohn, stands out. It opens at the same, insipid tempo as the others, but the voicings for the strings at least show imagination (it also reveals an unmotivated quote from an *An American in Paris*).

A lack of creativity can be heard on

the consecutive endings of *Whisperers* (an atrocious song) and *It May Sound Silly* (appropriately titled), on which Mooney resorts to the tired, diatonic rise-and-fall progressions.

Even the so-so voice of Miss Lynne deserves a better break. (H.S.)

Morris Nanton

SOMETHING WE'VE GOT—Prestige 7409: *Something We've Got*; *Any Number Can Win*; *The Masquerade Is Over*; *Mood Indigo*; *My Man's Gone Now*; *Taboo*.

Personnel: Nanton, piano; Norman Edge, bass; Al Beldini, drums.

Rating: ★★½

The brand of jazz displayed here might be labeled frenetic funk. Nanton's keyboard approach is dominated by a low-down, deliciously dirty, Gospel-tinged blues style, to which is added a penchant for building from reverent whispers to explosive tremolos.

While there is no end to dynamic variety, there is a definite lack of stylistic color. The funk is too persistent. So, too, are the left-hand chordal jabs that rhythmically duplicate the right hand.

The only relief comes momentarily in *Masquerade*, when Nanton's single-note sortie, high in the treble, over the rim shots and bongolike comments of Beldini, conjures up an Ahmad Jamal airiness. The same track is distinguished by the only instance of walking from bassist Edge. To his credit must also go a humorous, and musically satisfying, descending glissando at the end of *Masquerade*.

As for the rest of the album, Edge's lack of originality proves to be the most irritating factor. The title tune and *Mood Indigo* are both long studies in crescendo. Yet Edge stays close to certain repetitious figures, seldom straying from them, even though Nanton and Beldini are generating well-controlled excitement. A little "walking music" would have been quite meaningful at these points.

An examination of the bass figures reveals that they are merely extensions of Nanton's left hand. Compounding is the fact that Edge's only solo in the album, on *Mood Indigo*, is merely a repetition of his opening motif.

Edge's best moments are bowed, behind Nanton's soulful *My Man's Gone Now*. The trio is most cohesive on *Taboo*, thanks to the ride given it by Beldini, and to Nanton's funky Latin declensions. (H.S.)

Orchestra U.S.A.

SONORITIES—Columbia 2395: *The Spiritual*; *Concerto No. 2 for Orchestra*; *Sonorities for Orchestra*; *Hex*; *Pressure*.

Personnel: Thad Jones, Joe Newman, trumpets; Jerome Richardson, alto saxophone; Dick Katz, piano; Richard Davis, bass; others unidentified; John Lewis, music director; Harold Farberman, conductor.

Rating: ★★★★★½

All honest music is rated high by me. Commercial music is rated low. By "honest" I mean music that has come into existence primarily from a desire to communicate, human being to human being. By "commercial" I mean music to make money. It is surprisingly easy to differentiate the two. Borderline cases are rare.

My sentiments come from a nonprofessional source. People are here first to share and then, perhaps, to gain. Music for economic gain has a well-earned reputation

for the dilution of beauty. If isolated cases are beautiful, they nonetheless do not deter me from the general practice of steering readers away from the species.

Conversely, music that comes from men who above all want to make music—and that implies the desire to share aspects of our human experience—such music, though it fails often, has a convincing history. My impulse is to direct attention to it, regardless, and ask the listeners to decide its value for themselves.

More and more I find it difficult to assess music, especially honest music. In one sense, at least, if it's honest, it's good. The best a critic can do is point out the honest men. Detailed critical assessment limits the range of the listener, especially in the case of new music. Response must be found within. The star-rating system undermines inner response.

However . . . star-rating systems are a fact of editorial life, as is the desire, on the part of the general record-buying public, to be persuaded. Hence my policy: all new, honest music deserves attention. Individual high ratings express this general point of view. They are not an indication of my inner response.

As a matter of fact, I respond very little to the music on this record. The difficulty is the same in all so-called Third Stream music: no man has yet been able to ingest the vitala from both "streams" and then re-present them vitally. The jazzier the music, the less informed it is by classical tradition. The more classical, the less jazz spirit. *Yin/yang*. This album doesn't bring the Messiah.

Lewis' *Spiritual* is so rear-garde on all sides that I can't understand its inclusion here. Nor is it especially well drawn. Or well played.

The *Concerto* by Miljenko Prohaska is simply big-band jazz of a somewhat original nature, competently constructed from a language now crystallized and conservative. It would have been revealing in 1948. Now, to me, it is strong and pleasant but not much more.

Pressure by Teo Macero sounds like a score Stan Kenton would have premiered in 1950, replete with screaming brass climaxes. To our current, less romantic, less self-involved ears (assuming we own them), it sounds overdramatic and pretentious.

Nevertheless, Macero uses the jazz language excitingly, as did the Kenton writers of the *Innovations* pieces; and one feels that Macero's musical spirit, though bloated and obscured, is engaged in some form of direct address.

The remaining two pieces speak more to our post-Bird, post-Schoenberg, post-Selma selves.

To those who have followed Jimmy Guiffre's tortured stylistic journey, this score is reassuring. *Hex* is well played, well conducted, and skillfully orchestrated; it has vision comparable to works by better-known composers played by better and larger orchestras. It is only a fragment of a piece, however. It is time for a large work of this kind by Guiffre. It is encouraging how he grows and grows.

The pick of the lot is *Sonorities* by

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Hall Overton. It is Third Stream in the best sense: the composer has assimilated a great range of music: yet this score is not a fusion of concrete elements—not a pinch of this and a pinch of that. The synthesis has occurred within the life of the composer, on a general, nonspecific level. It is the simultaneous living within the architecture of classical discipline and the living of the jazz spirit that allows a man to cross-pollinate in his work. Overton evidently is such a man, though I have reservations about this piece.

It sounds like a single movement only from a larger piece; it needs the rest of it.

It is too coloristic to stand alone. Its eclecticism is not of the most graceful sort; the harmony, especially, is not consistent with the originality of other aspects. But it goes forward and is certainly one of the most successful pieces of its type, to date, to my ears. It is remarkably well conducted and well played.

More to the point: Orchestra U.S.A. is committed, under the guiding hand of John Lewis, to strengthening our finest impulses toward a higher level of communication. If you are turned toward this light, listen to this album. (B.M.)

Dannie Richmond

'IN' JAZZ FOR THE CULTURE SET—Impulse 98: *High Camp*; *Sweet Sixteen*; *Freedom Ride*; *The Spider*; *Blowin' in the Wind*; *Pfoofnick*; *The Berkeley Underground*; *Mister Nashville*; *John Kennedy Memory Waltz*.

Personnel: Jaki Byard, piano; Jimmy Raney, guitar, or Jean Thielemans, guitar or harmonica; Cecil McBee, bass; Richmond, drums; Willie Bobo, Victor Pantoja, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★★ ★

High Camp is semi-Latin, reminiscent of

Mongo Santamaria, a kind of Latin Dixieland—ragtime—with everyone going for himself. Midway through the album it starts to be tiring.

Sweet Sixteen has Ramsey Lewis type of piano voicings by the versatile Byard. This guy plays numerous styles right through the "new thing"; he's everywhere—jerk, monkey, frug, etc.

On *Freedom Ride*, Raney is cooking on guitar, inside and outside. (He also wrote the tune.) Dannie does good solo work. I like this one the best—blues.

The Spider has Richmond in motion—old rumba beat. The guitarist, this time Thielemans, is playing some authentic single string here with the entire cast contributing.

Wind sounds like *Down by the Riverside*. I don't dig this too tough, but Byard plays very understandingly. This was boogie woogie, but it seems to go.

Pfoofnick has a sharply punctuated rhythm backdrop by Dannie and McBee for Byard's fine piano. I like the tightness of the Latin rhythm, and Byard follows through on it.

On *Berkeley*, Byard sets up shop with some down-to-earth mainstream, college campus, or just plain dance music. There's nothing fresh about this, though I like it all right.

Mr. Nashville is spearheaded by Thielemans' fine guitar and a sancti-Latin rhythm with all pitching in—Byard in the open spots and Dannie and McBee all the way.

Waltz has Thielemans front and center

—harmonica in drive. The bass plays loping 1 and 3 or on all three beats. Quiet, driving melody. (K.D.)

Frederick Roach

ALL THAT'S GOOD—Blue Note 4190: *Journeyman*; *All That's Good*; *Blues for 007*; *Busted*; *Cloud 788*; *Loie*.

Personnel: Conrad Lester, tenor saxophone; Roach, organ; Calvin Newborn, guitar; Clarence Johnston, drums; Phyllis Smith, Willie Tate, Marvin Robinson, vocals.

Rating: ★★

The concept behind this album is commendable, but the execution of the entire production smacks of contrived commercialism of such gross and heavy-handed proportions that any sincerity is obscured.

To their credit, the three voices deployed with the horns manage a full-bodied sound and project the presence of a larger group. Beyond that, their work is dull and plodding. The harmony is often strained and uncertain. The vowels and sounds selected are monotonous.

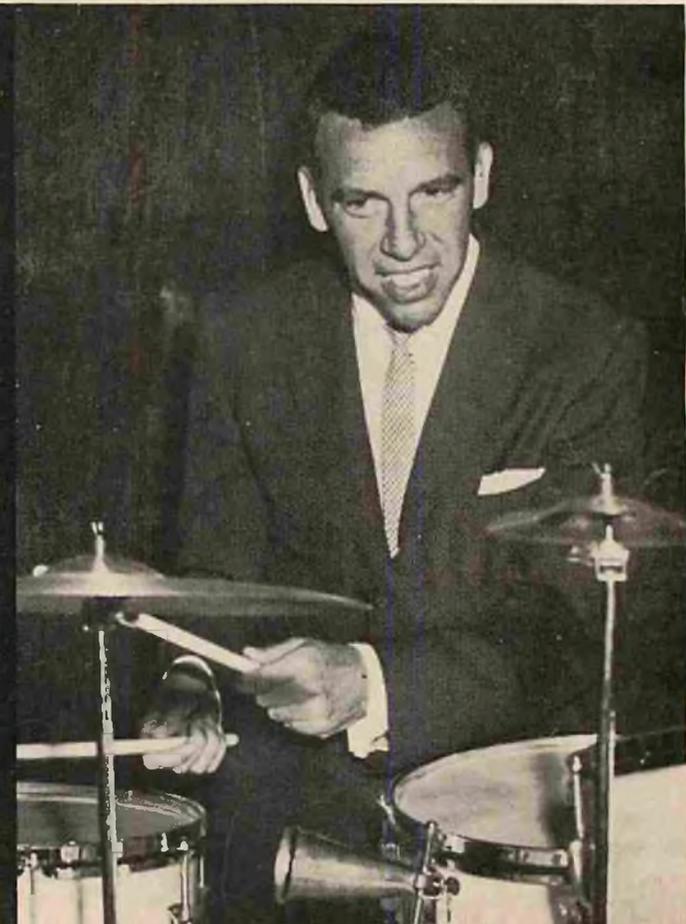
The singers' lack of unit experience is reflected in their awkward, fumbling attempts to mesh their entrances, pauses, and phrasing. They are locked into rigid structures, displaying no creative imagination.

Even so, the voices are better than the instruments, whose playing is riddled with clichés. *Blues for 007* is one continuous belching up of "most-played" runs and riffs.

Occasionally, though, Lester plays a straightforward blues chorus, and it works well. The same is true of Newborn. In addition, Newborn shows flashes of sensitivity foreign to most of the self-conscious album. (B.G.)

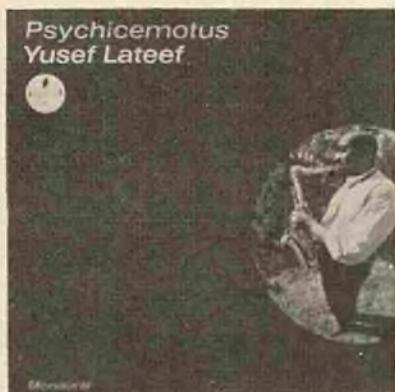


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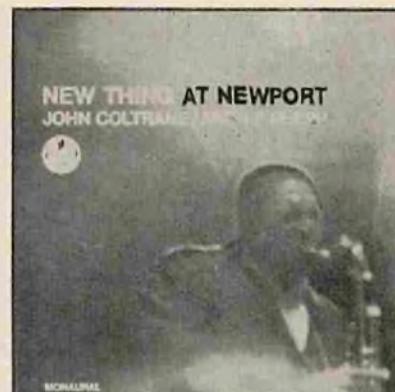
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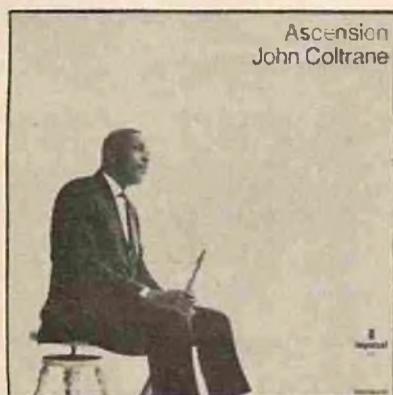
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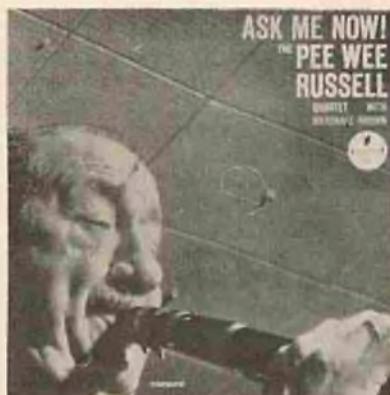
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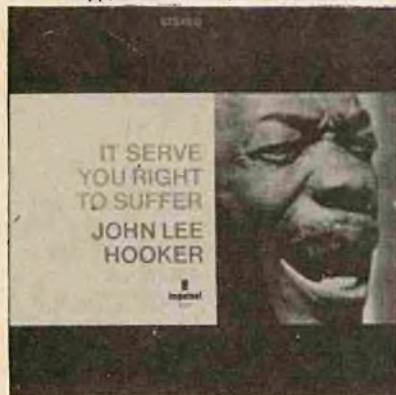
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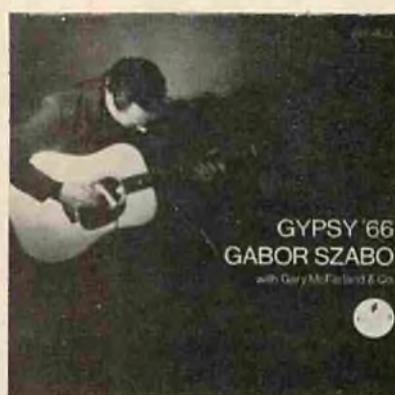
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Frank Sinatra

A MAN AND HIS MUSIC—Reprise 1016: *Put Your Dreams Away; All or Nothing at All; I'll Never Smile Again; There Are Such Things; I'll Be Seeing You; The One I Love Belongs to Somebody Else; Polka Dots and Moonbeams; Night and Day; Oh, What It Seemed to Be; Soliloquy; Nancy; The House I Live In; From Here to Eternity; Come Fly with Me; How Little We Know; Learnin' the Blues; In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning; Young at Heart; Witchcraft; All the Way; Love and Marriage; I've Got You under My Skin; Ring-a-Ding Ding; The Second Time Around; The Summit; The Oldest Established; Luck Be a Lady; Call Me Irresponsible; Fly Me to the Moon; Softly, as I Leave You; My Kind of Town; The September of My Years.*

Personnel: Sinatra, Dean Martin, Sammy Davis Jr., Bing Crosby, vocals; accompanied by bands led by Nelson Riddle, Gordon Jenkins, Billy May, Sy Oliver, Count Basie, Etnie Freeman, Johnny Mandel, Don Costa.

Rating: ★★ ★

MY KIND OF BROADWAY—Reprise 1015: *Ev'rybody Has the Right to Be Wrong; Golden Moment; Luck, Be a Lady; Lost in the Stars; Hello, Dolly!; I'll Only Miss Her When I Think of Her; They Can't Take That Away from Me; Yesterdays; Nice Work If You Can Get It; Have You Met Miss Jones?; Without a Song.*

Personnel: Sinatra, vocals; unidentified orchestra.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

Since *Down Beat's* readers have returned Sinatra to the top position among male singers in the magazine's annual poll, the editor has accepted the verdict and, with a shrug of resignation, decreed that we might as well go back to reviewing him again. Still, since *Down Beat* is primarily a jazz magazine and its readers are presumably jazz-oriented, it should be made clear that Sinatra is not, by any stretch of the imagination and 944 *Down Beat* poll voters to the contrary, a jazz singer. His forte is the ballad—and in that field he is one of the great craftsmen.

The two-disc *A Man and His Music*, a musical autobiography with Sinatra providing both singing and commentary, makes both points vividly clear. The ballads are immaculate performances, full of thoughtful shading and buoyed by that extra effort, that reaching-for-something-a-little-bit-more that Sinatra explains perceptively when he remarks, on the disc, "I respect every record I make as though it's the last song I'll ever sing." The challenge is to face that "last song" so many times and consistently make it seem as though this particular one were the final, all-out effort. He does it again and again on these ballads, and they, at least, rate five stars.

But there are a lot of other things besides ballads in this set. For one, there are up-tempo songs. Something drastic happens when Sinatra shifts gears from ballads to rhythm tunes. The care and polish that have gone into every aspect of the ballads, particularly the enunciation, disappear: the tone coarsens, the manner becomes pseudo-tough-guy, what appear to be attempts at hip interjections are tossed in. Rhythmically, his approach is often heavy-handed and plodding. There is one instance in this set when his approach to this sort of song really works—and works splendidly—primarily because he is dealing with the kind of song that needs the underlying suggestion of crudity he brings to it: *Luck, Be a Lady*. For the rest, he seems to be struggling in quicksand, and he even manages to destroy a ballad, *I'll Be Seeing You*, by applying his "up" treatment to it.

The third major element in this reprise of Sinatra's musical life is the commentary between songs. A great deal of this could be excused on the basis that he has been burdened with a dreadful script if it were not that the script appears to have been carefully tailored to his style of delivery. His speaking manner is, like his up-tempo singing, sloppy in a calculated fashion. From his ballad singing, it is evident that he knows how to speak the English language and even do it correctly without affectation. But when he talks, he sounds like a little boy who is afraid he might be considered a sissy if he failed to follow—and even wallow in—the jargon of his milieu. This makes the segments between songs somewhat stomach-turning, and when he adds to this such side forays as a Little Caesar declaration of patriotism or a vast plug for his record company, the gorge becomes dangerously deep.

Presumably to fill out the picture, the set includes a brief excerpt of dialog from *From Here to Eternity*, his disastrous attempt to sing the *Soliloquy* from *Carousel*, and an on-stage episode with Davis and Martin in Las Vegas, which, fortunately, is listed as "comedy routine," for otherwise it might remain a puzzle.

Yet the ballads survive—majestic, shining examples of pop singing at its very best, beautifully polished gems unsullied by the squalid surroundings in which, judging by this recorded report, they have been spawned.

My Kind of Broadway follows the same pattern as the two-disc set except that there is no commentary and no "comedy." Just singing—some good ballads, notably *Wrong and Yesterdays*, some up-tempo disasters (*Dolly, Work*), and a repeat of *Luck, Be a Lady* (Sinatra obviously knows when he's got a good song going for him). (J.S.W.)

Various Artists

THE DEFINITIVE JAZZ SCENE, VOL. III—Impulse 9101: *Vilia* (John Coltrane); *The Chased* (Archie Shepp); *One for Phil* (Oliver Nelson); *Five Spot after Dark* (McCoy Tyner); *Big Noise from Winnetka* (Chico Hamilton); *March for Igor* (Russian Jazz Quartet); *Time after Time* (Shirley Scott); *That Five-Four Bag* (Elvin Jones).

Rating: ★★ ★

This is the third of the Impulse something-for-everybody grab-bags, and it offers several good tracks mixed in with relatively trivial material.

Among the best is Coltrane's *Vilia*, recorded in March, 1963, with his current personnel of McCoy Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; and Elvin Jones, drums. Coltrane, on soprano saxophone, is in an uncommonly lighthearted mood as he gives the old Franz Lehar ditty its first jazz outing since Johnny Smith's. It's an attractive sample of the master in a vein he appears to be mining less these days.

Tyner's own track, with Garrison and drummer Al Heath, revives a good Benny Golson tune. The performance swings (Garrison can play 4/4 exceptionally well), but nothing very memorable happens.

Tenorist Shepp, accompanied by bassist David Izenzon and drummer J. C. Moses, has been more impressive than on this essay in repetitive turbulence. Izenzon's technically fascinating solo is the high

point of the Shepp track.

Alto saxophonist Phil Woods is showcased on the Nelson track playing a pleasant original ballad with a lovely, singing tone and lyrical conception. The background has Ellingtonian hues, and bassist Richard Davis makes his presence felt.

Drummer Hamilton, with timbalist Willie Bobo and bassist Al Stinson, revives the old Bob Crosby novelty, *Winnetka*, in appropriately tongue-in-cheek fashion. The humming and chanting that accompanies the bass solo would appear to be authored by Hamilton, not Stinson—the liner notes notwithstanding.

The Russian Jazz Quartet (and whatever became of that group?) features bassist Igor Berukshtis in an attractive composition by Boris Midney, who is heard briefly on clarinet, supplying the background, along with pianist Roger Kellaway and drummer Grady Tate. The bassist is impressive, playing in a direct, melodic style with a good beat. The piece bears re-hearing.

Stanley Turrentine's relaxed tenor saxophone blends well with Miss Scott's organ in a long but easy-to-listen-to rendition of *Time after Time*. Drummer Candy Finch gives good support.

Elvin Jones and his companions, alto saxophonist Charlie Mariano, pianist Roland Hanna, and bassist Richard Davis, seem rather uninspired by Bob Hammer's commonplace, hiply titled little line. Hanna, an interesting player with only sporadic exposure on records, has the liveliest spot, but this was definitely a lukewarm effort. (D.M.)

OLD WINE- NEW BOTTLES

Recordings reviewed in this issue:

Harry James, *Strictly Instrumental* (Sears 404)

Rating: ★★★½

Bobby Hackett with Strings (Sears 410)

Rating: ★½

Jumpin' with Jonah Jones (Sears 407)

Rating: ★½

Pete Fountain in *New Orleans* (Sears 412)

Rating: ★★

Jimmy Smith, *Jeepers Creepers* (Sears 418)

Rating: ★★

Ethel Ennis Sings (Sears 416)

Rating: ★★★

The Best of Art Van Damme (Sears 408)

Rating: see below

These bargain-priced records are sold by Sears but produced by Pickwick, which has the same material—in different jackets—available under its own name.

Of them all, the James LP is the most interesting. It was apparently cut in sev-

eral sessions (the notes on this and the other albums are uninformative). Some of the arrangements are reminiscent of those currently being used by Count Basie (*Cotton Pickin', Countin', One on the House*).

Autumn Serenade and *It's Been a Long, Long Time* have dated, corny arrangements that employ strings.

James is in good form. His phrasing might be a trifle stiff, but he builds well, is inventive, and plays with walloping drive. Like it or not, you can tell when Harry James is blowing. The man has presence. Only his characteristically schmaltzy ballad playing mars his performance here.

The other soloists—who are unidentified—play capably. Some of the tenor work may be by Corky Corcoran and Sam Firmature, and Willie Smith's mean alto can also be heard.

The Hackett album is mood music. He's backed mostly by ensembles playing lush, though bland, arrangements, but also by a combo, which includes vibraphone and guitar and emulates the George Shearing Quintet sound. The collection is made up of standard melodies—such as *Moonlight Becomes You, My Wonderful One, On the Street of Dreams, Mood Indigo*—which Hackett ornaments but stays close to.

The over-all effect is syrupy. Hackett's tone is pretty, but aside from a few brief flashes, he does not even hint at what he's capable of doing.

Jonah Jones also employs familiar tunes—*Cherry Pink, Rosetta, Dansero, Fascina-*

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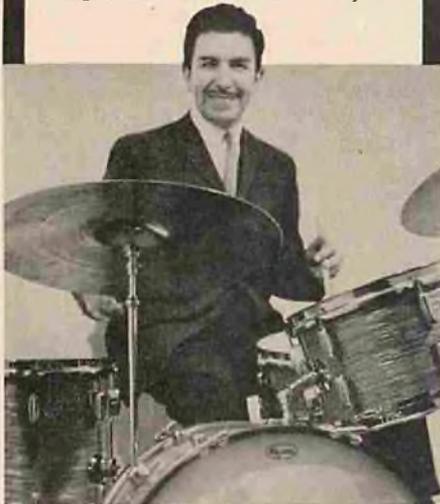
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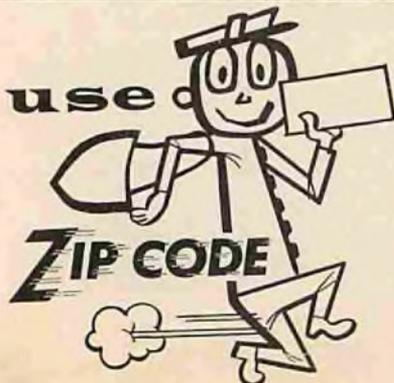
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tion, *Lisbon Antigua*. His playing is disappointingly pat; he relies excessively on stock devices. Though his solos swing infectiously, they have little substance.

The best track is *Similan*, which has good-natured growl work by the trumpeter. The annoying shuffle beat that his rhythm section often employs and the inane interjections of a vocal chorus on some tracks further detract from the LP's interest.

Spirited if not memorable Dixieland is offered by clarinetist Fountain and his men. The ensemble work is loose and relaxed, as are the solos.

Fountain and Jack Teagarden-influenced trombonist Jack Delaney (I know his name because it is shouted on one of the tracks) are fluent, pleasing soloists, but they're quite derivative; what they play has been heard many times before.

The trumpeter is tasteful enough but has a limited imagination; the pianist plays fairly well in a barrelhouse style. Most of the tunes are warhorses, e.g., *Shine*, *South Rampart Street Parade*, *Bugle Call Rag*, and *Hindustan*.

The Jimmy Smith LP sounds as if it could have been made before he earned his current fame. His solos are simple, rather graceless, and melodically stale, though they are not as repetitive as some I've heard by him in the last several years.

A tenor saxophonist is featured at least as prominently as Smith. He sounds influenced by Sonny Stitt and/or Dexter Gordon, and his raw playing indicates he's probably had some rhythm-and-blues experience. His medium- and up-tempo work is strong, if a little tasteless, but he descends to bathos on the slow tunes, *Stranger in Paradise* and *I Had the Craziest Dream*.

Three of the tracks have vocals. *Tell Me* and *I Hear a Rhapsody* feature a Billy Eckstine imitator. *Misery* is a bad rock-and-roll track. Other tunes are *Jimmy's Swing*, *Jeepers Creepers*, *Jimmy's Jam*, *It's a Sin to Tell a Lie*, and *I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby*.

Miss Ennis' ballad singing is highlighted on her album. She's not a particularly original or inventive stylist but is technically good and has a rich, warm timbre. She's somewhat reminiscent of a conservative Sarah Vaughan.

Her selection of tunes is intelligent—she doesn't stick to the standard repertoire. Among the good, not too often heard songs she uses are *Blue Willow*, *Off Shore*, and *Blue Prelude*. Her rhythm section provides discreet accompaniment.

Some might be tempted to say that accordionist Van Damme's album is not jazz. However, this type of condemnation is pointless. Van Damme's music, which is improvised and swings, certainly can be defined as jazz. The men who play it, however, do not seem as concerned with creating music of lasting value as they do with providing light entertainment.

Van Damme and the other soloists in his combo—a Lionel Hampton-influenced vibist and a Charlie Christian-inspired guitarist—perform fluently and with a certain amount of vigor. More than that cannot be expected of them.

—Harvey Pekar

In The Feb. 24 Down Beat

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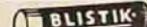
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in a special 31-page section, *Heretics' Brew*, including reviews of the same avant-garde record by 10 critics; a heated discussion among Cecil Taylor, Archie Shepp, Sonny Murray, Cannonball Adderley, Roland Kirk, Art D'Lugoff, and Dan Morgenstern; the meaning of the jazz avant-garde in relation to contemporary classical music; and a provocative view of the avant-garde from inside by one of its leading practitioners, Archie Shepp. □ Among the other illuminating features are Don DeMicheal's review of the year's jazz events; Nat Hentoff's candid survey of the jazz recording scene; Stanley Dance's long, hard look at the state of jazz reissue programs; Dan Morgenstern's appreciation of the neglected science of jazz discography; Rex Stewart's affectionate appraisal of the Monterey Jazz Festival; illustrator George Roth's incisive pictorial review of the *Down Beat* Jazz Festival; Pete Welding's portrait of blues poet Robert Johnson; an analysis of the teenage jazz fan by Leonard Feather; George Hoefer's in-depth reminiscence of the fabled father of 52nd St., the Onyx Club; Richard W. Fogg's account of jazz under the Nazis; a complete listing of *Down Beat's* 4- to 5-star rated records; and a complete index of all 1965 issues of *Down Beat*. □ *Down Beat's MUSIC '66* is now on sale at newsstands. Get your copy today! If your newsstand dealer is sold out, order your copy directly from *Down Beat*, 205 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill. 60606. Enclose check or money order. Only \$1 per copy.



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Heretics' Brew
• An Appraisal Of The Avant Garde

The Teenage Jazz Fan
• By Leonard Feather

Sticky Business
• The Jazz Recording Scene As Surveyed
By Nat Hentoff

**A Musician Looks At
A Jazz Festival**
• By Rex Stewart

Hellhound On His Trail
• Blues Singer Robert Johnson By Pete Welding

Golden Grooves
• The Wealth Of Reissues By Stanley Dance

**Discography—
A Thankless Science**
• By Dan Morgenstern

Father Of The Street
• The History Of The Onyx Club By George Hoefer

The Year In Jazz
• By Don DeMicheal

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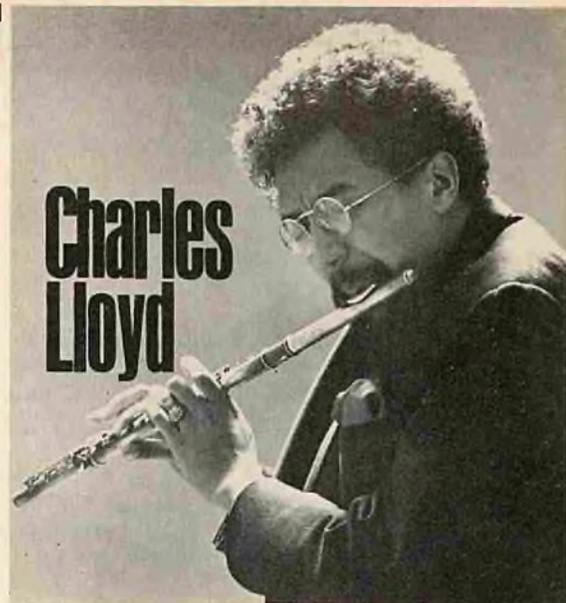
BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

Charles Lloyd is one of the most versatile instrumentalists in the avant-garde and one of the most fortunate. While other new voices were struggling to be heard, Lloyd in recent months was gaining national exposure through Columbia albums and a cross-country night-club tour with his own quartet.

When he first left Memphis, Tenn., in 1956 to study at the University of Southern California, Lloyd was an 18-year-old alto player who had listened to records by all the saxophone pioneers and had himself played in such blues bands as B. B. King's and Bobby Bland's. Three years with Chico Hamilton and a year with Cannonball Adderley prepared him further for his current role as flutist-tenorist-leader of a protean and challenging quartet.

"I like to surround myself with men who can make something out of a simple 32-bar chorus, then turn around and play the most complex works," Lloyd said. "It is vitally important for the young musician today to be grounded in basics, to function as a complete musician."



1. Paul Horn. Chim, Chim Cheree (from Cycle, RCA). Horn, flute.

It was a pleasant sort of a piece. . . . It was a modal piece, and I don't think the line withstood so many times of repeating it. The players were all very competent, but I don't think there was any deep involvement of anyone—I think they were striving for a group effort in the playing.

The modal thing is hard to sustain if one isn't really doing something with it, you know. It requires a great deal of involvement, maybe something that someone like Miles could bring to it. Maybe, on another extreme, someone like Trane delves into it in a certain kind of way. But these players are more chord-orientated. They didn't really immerse themselves in it.

But it was pleasant: three stars.

2. New York Art Quartet. Short (ESP). Roswell Rudd, trombone; John Tchicai, alto saxophone; Lewis Worrell, bass; Milford Graves, drums.

That's a way too. And I tend to like to hear someone working on that way of playing. They play the line together sort of well. I think those four people were really connected up together. That kind of music requires that you really have time to work on it, and it had a lot of spots where I had severe letdowns because of the emotional kind of tension it had.

I don't know what to say about that. . . . Hmm. Like, you know, the trombone player, he does some marvelous things with the instrument, and that opens up ways for people to look into the instrument. The trombone has had a rather limited kind of status.

The alto player had a kind of sliding intonation, but then sometimes he would play straight kind of phrases. He didn't really have a connection, it was like two different kind of things; sometimes it had an effect like Coleman but never the kind of impact—Ornette's music is really marvelous, the energy flow is always running through it—with this music, the energy flow wasn't always there, and it left a lot to be desired.

I don't know—say, 2½ stars.

3. Newport Jazz Festival All-Stars. I Found a New Baby (RCA). Bud Freeman,

tenor saxophone.

Was that *I Found a New Baby*? I dug that. Because that was happening. That music was happening at the time it was happening, and I felt something. I think it's a good thing that the scope is sort of broadened and we have more to work with now. But for that particular time, I think the music was happening; by that I mean, I listened to it, and it felt good.

The tenor player really sounded marvelous, and everyone played and fitted in somehow. I think it's the same sort of thing people are working on now but with more tools. Sometimes I thought it was Coleman Hawkins, but then he wasn't playing enough changes to be Coleman Hawkins. I give that 3½ stars.

4. Sonny Stitt. The Eternal One (from Shangri-La, Prestige). Stitt, tenor saxophone; Don Patterson, organ; Billy James, drums.

That sounds like Sonny Stitt. And it's filled with competency. However, the things that the drummer was doing behind the melody were kind of ridiculous—overuse of bebop playing that didn't fit with what was going on. Then Sonny Stitt came in on a more relaxed level to build to where he always goes, and the drummer was still . . . doing what he's doing.

If it had been swinging, I would have taken the trip and really dug it. But that wasn't really happening, and the drummer wasn't getting together with his conception and what Stitt was playing. That other record you played—it was almost more of a connection than what these people were playing.

I wouldn't rate that because. . . . Sonny Stitt was one of my influences—put him on my list. Put Charlie Parker on there, of course, and Johnny Hodges, and Harry Carney when you talk about the saxophone. Ornette also.

5. Herbie Mann. Nirvana (from Nirvana, Atlantic). Mann, flute; Bill Evans, piano.

It's my feeling that music should take people on a trip, and that approach—getting back to the modal kind of playing, the whole concept of using the ecclesiastical modes and using scales as a point of departure—really requires a kind of delving into . . . like Eastern music, when

they do a thing, they really develop it.

That, again, was very pleasant, and everyone sounded competent, but the piece needed some kind of tension, meaning dissonance in terms of the intervals, not just from the interval standpoint but from the creative standpoint of connecting up with the music, which doesn't happen.

I feel that people miss the boat when they just play modal kind of music and not really do anything with it.

That music couldn't be compared to Ravel or Debussy because it doesn't have the depth to it. I don't mean to knock what anyone's doing. . . . The flute player, he's a better flute player than I am, in terms of handling the instrument—sounded like maybe Paul Horn—but I think the commitment should be to the music. If you're going to play something modal, try to find some way of opening it up. I want to be *touched* when I hear music!

Two-and-a-half stars, I guess. It was just a pretty little piece.

6. Thelonious Monk. Light Blue (from Monk Misterioso, Columbia). Charles Rouse, tenor saxophone; Monk, piano, composer.

That was Monk, of course, and his quartet. I presume it's his present quartet. I think Rouse has a great feeling for playing Monk's lines.

I thought Monk sounded particularly good on his solo. . . . His is the sort of music that spans time . . . it's something that's happening, and it always feels good to me. I can always readily identify with it, and it always has a freshness about it because of the way he constructs his phrases and the kind of twists it has.

I sometimes would like to hear him in a context with some more adventuresome musicians, because his thing is one that has endured and is one of true beauty. More challenging people, who would make Monk really identify. I think he kind of disconnects. I'd really like to see him turned on by the whole thing. And I think there are some young players that could do that.

I liked it very much. I would give that. . . . I always have expectancy, that's the problem . . . for Monk. I would always give him five stars; over-all—four stars.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Reviews Of In-Person Performances

Gerald Wilson

The Lighthouse, Hermosa Beach, Calif.

Personnel: Al Porcino, Melvin Moore, Jules Chaikin, Freddy Hill, Nathaniel Meeks, Wilson, trumpets; Bob Edmondson, Lester Robertson, John Ewing, Fred Murrell, trombones; Tony Ortega, Curtis Amy, Harold Land, Teddy Edwards, Bill Hood, saxophones; Phil Moore III, piano; Buddy Woodson, bass; Mol Lee, drums.

Just how long can a great musician remain underrated? Gerald Wilson—among the brightest of the Lighthouse beacons—recently completed one of his flashiest 10-day gigs at the club.

If all he sold were musicianship, that would be cause enough to sing his praises. But Wilson also is a first-class showman—again underrated.

His brand of humor—an effective antidote to a bitterness that lies justifiably close to the surface—usually takes the form of irony, as on the night of review, when he told a jam-packed house (which included Sarah Vaughan and Stan Kenton), "We haven't been around; we haven't traveled anywhere. We just work here . . . annually."

Then, in contrast to his slow, deliberate announcement, he put on an explosive exhibition of big-band jazz: always driving, gaining momentum, blasting out riffs with pile-driver persistence, laying foundations for liberally sprinkled solo work, giving a full display of dynamics, and swinging . . . constantly swinging.

For *Viva Tirado*, he conducted with a pair of maracas as he coaxed the brass to swell from a whisper to a shout, an octave higher. In the process of building, the riffs used by the brass behind the soloists (Edwards on tenor, Hill on trumpet) assumed a different function and became the theme itself.

The fast-slow-fast arrangement of *El Viti* found Wilson in fine trumpet solo form.

An exciting change of pace, *Milestones*, took off at a jet-propelled tempo. The driving chant was punctuated by the identical rhythmic patterns of Moore and Lee.

Wilson: an explosive exhibition



The rapport between the two provided an ideal rhythmic foundation for the whole band.

Introducing the blues *The Moment of Truth* (Wilson looked over his audience and, with the patient charm of Duke Ellington, warned, "If you can't play the blues, forget it"), the band started the soft-sell, funky theme with deceptive ease. Moore tinkled while Woodson tiptoed, setting the stage for a concerted explosion that introduced the solo highlight of the evening: a preachment by Edwards. The shift to double-time provided a tremendous lift before the band went back to the slow drag, suffixed by a passionate cadenza in which Edwards not only continued his sermonizing but even blew an unmistakable "shut up" to some noisy patrons. Another outburst from the band, and the swinging scripture reading came to an end.

Watermelon Man wailed in spite of Wilson's apology for its "commercial groove." The number showcased excellent solo statements from Hill, Ortega on flute and piccolo, and especially Amy on soprano saxophone. Flavor was added by Moore's playing tambourine, and much drive came from Lee's tasteful slick work.

Wilson's arrangements are among the finest to be heard for any big band on the current scene. They swing with an honesty that is all too rare today. The only thing approaching a gimmick is a type of loose construction on some tunes that allows Wilson to talk over subtle vamps.

He's communicating; no doubt about that. But when are the people going to start listening? —Harvey Siders

Kenny Burrell

Plugged Nickel, Chicago

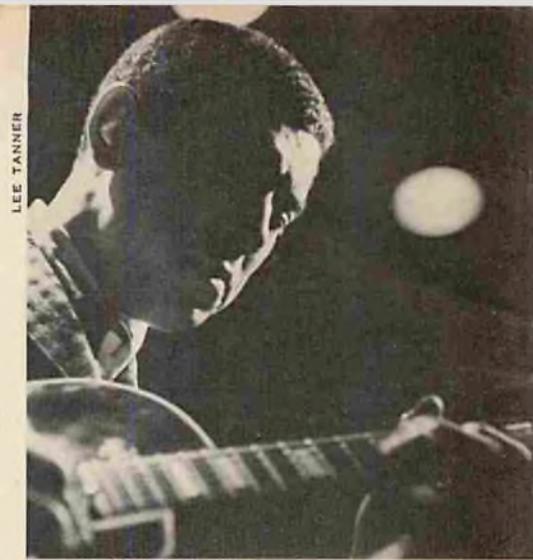
Personnel: Burrell, guitar; Richard Wyands, piano; Mark Revere, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums.

One of the most exciting events in jazz occurs when a man develops from an instrumentalist—that is, one whose music is largely shaped and colored by the mechanical characteristics and capabilities of his instrument—into a musician, one whose music-making is freed from the mechanical considerations imposed by his instrument and who, thus liberated, strikes out into the creation of pure music.

For a number of years I've considered Burrell one of the finest guitarists in jazz, but in the last year or so, it seems, he has ceased being strictly a guitarist. Now he's a musician, in the fullest sense of that word.

The arrival was signaled in his recent Verve LP *Guitar Forms*, in which his sensitive, agile instrumental work was matched by a fully matured musicianship that directed his playing flawlessly. As a result, his work on that set was among the most illuminating and lovely guitar music of recent years.

His work at the Nickel confirmed that the arrival is permanent, that the LP was no mechanically contrived fluke—i.e., the result solely of painstaking mechanical effort in the studio, where parts of numbers can be worked and reworked so that the final result is a far more "perfect" per-



Burrell: illuminating and lovely music

formance than the performer is capable of ordinarily. No, Burrell is firmly ensconced on the high musical plateau *Guitar Forms* signified, for he is able to summon up that strong, eloquent music every time, as several sets of breathtaking solo work revealed.

Almost every set included a blues, and more often than not it served as a vehicle for extended improvisation by the guitarist.

One of the blues performances on the night of review seemed almost a definition of jazz guitar blues, for Burrell ran through chorus after heated chorus of superlatively inventive, beautifully constructed extemporizing, alternately graceful and funky as all get-out.

He mixed single-note lines of stunning complexity and litheness (delivered at breakneck speed, of course, but never for the sake of speed alone) with clusters of full, richly colored chords like nodes. Several choruses employed an antiphonal technique like Negro religious song, with blocks of heavy, dark chords posing questions that were answered by fleet single-note lines. It was artfully, judiciously done—beautiful.

The solo built to a tremendous spiraling climax, with Burrell's lines whirling and swirling to an explosive peak, and then resolved into Wyands' piano, which was similarly structured and built to its own highly imaginative climax, though in shorter order.

If Burrell shone on blues, he was no slouch on ballads either, as his glowing, sensitive playing on *Last Night When We Were Young*, *God Bless the Child*, and *Greensleeves*, among others, bore eloquent, tender witness.

His ballad work is a model of restraint, with the placement of notes masterly. Burrell is not afraid of silence; he knows the effect rests can bring to a lyrical line, and he uses them knowingly. His music is never overbusy but, rather, is economical and always to the point—and the point is ever the creation of beauty.

In the creation of that, Burrell is a master.

The rest of the group proved to be thoroughgoing professionals who responded splendidly to Burrell's leadership.

Wyands is an extraordinarily accomplished pianist, who, like Burrell, is gen-

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erally spare in his approach to playing, especially in accompaniment. His solos, while delivered with authority and no let-up in melodic flow, were not particularly original or distinctive; however, he certainly has a masterly grasp of the potentials of the keyboard.

Jackson is a deft, sensitive, and above all, strong drummer with a big pair of ears; he's always listening, responding, prodding, pushing forward, and, as a result, this bright, sparkling group's music always courses with life. Bassist Revere, because of a poor amplification system, was felt rather than clearly heard, but the pulse was there.

If Burrell comes to your area, by all means get out to hear him. You'll have one of the most delightful and musical evenings with jazz you're likely to have had in many a moon. His playing makes abundantly clear that beauty—the singing melodic line, richly colored harmonies, graceful, elegant rhythms—has not completely disappeared from today's jazz.

—Pete Welding

Nuit du Jazz

Salle Wagram, Paris, France

One would have to search Paris quite exhaustively to find decor more drably abominable than that disgracing the old Salle Wagram.

But the 3,000 persons who packed the ancient colonnaded dance hall Dec. 18 weren't concerned with the decor. They had come to dance and listen to the extensive parade of jazz talent that characterizes Paris' annual *Nuit du Jazz*.

This is the gigantic, 9 p.m.-till-dawn, once-yearly fling of jazz critic and promoter Charles Delaunay. With the exception of the war years, Delaunay has been staging this jazz marathon every year since 1937.

This is the French capital's big jazz night of the year, and in addition to the best available native talent, it is invariably honored by the presence of all the foreign musicians who are working in Paris. Between sets at their various clubs they make a headlong dash for the Salle Wagram, and the uncertainty of their time of arrival makes program scheduling a persistent nightmare.

"Invariably," said Delaunay, "we have a gap of 20 minutes with not a single complete group available. Then four bands will arrive simultaneously. But between 9 p.m. and 5 a.m. we try to keep things going, with only one short interval at 2 a.m."

It is a firm principle of the *Nuit du Jazz* that the show must go on. And on, and on.

Long before 9 p.m., all available chairs in the hall had been grabbed and positioned as near as possible to the stage. Latecomers simply squatted on the floor, leaving a narrow strip at the back for the intrepid minority of dancers.

As waiters desperately weaved their tray-laden way through the lumpy, human mosaic, Claude Luter's Sidney Bechet-flavored soprano sparked the 23rd *Nuit du Jazz* into strident life with *Royal Garden Blues*.

The Luter band, a longtime favorite

with students on the Left Bank, was a sound choice to begin the proceedings.

But as the night wore on, it became evident that all factions of Paris' jazz-loving fraternity were represented. And all were catered for.

Modernists were able to hear much-improved French violinist Jean-Luc Ponty, the muscular and original tenor of Nathan Davis, Lou Bennett's powerfully swinging organ with the backing of the excellent Belgian guitarist Rene Thomas, and the free-ish jazz of the new Barney Wilen Trio.

The mainstreamers had the benefit of violinist Stuff Smith, playing with more swing and *panache* than ever—particularly inspired in a duet on *How High the Moon* with Ponty—and the booting tenor of Hal Singer.

There was excellent stride piano from Joe Turner (not the singer), a longtime resident of the Calavados Club in Paris, and the blues singing of Memphis Slim and Eddie Boyd.

The French New Orleans renaissance was well represented by Irakli's Jazz Band, Les Strapontins, Les Jazz-O-Maniacs, and the Marc Laferriere Band.

One of the biggest triumphs of this jazz marathon was the performance of the George Arvanitas Trio. Pianist Arvanitas, whose playing is in the Red Garland-Wynton Kelly style, nevertheless has a lot to say of his own and is a strong and commanding pianist.

His trio, completed by Canadian bassist Roland Haynes and French drummer Charles Saudrais, excelled in providing staunch and unflagging accompaniment to violinists Smith and Ponty and for tenorists Singer and Davis.

Easily the most encouraging moment of the night was the appearance of the Henri Briaval Quartet—four youngsters from Arles in southern France, all less than 19.

When one sees two teenagers emerge on stage with guitars and amplifiers, he is ready for the worst. But when they play superb, precocious, and remarkably swinging jazz in the superb tradition of Django Reinhardt, the delight is as great as the surprise.

The Briaval quartet of two guitars, bass, and drums is going to make a big mark on the French jazz scene.

Lead guitarist Briaval is an extraordinarily talented and mature musician for his 17 years and is the logical successor to Reinhardt. Of gypsy origin, like the rest of the group, he has a breathtaking facility, a remarkable grasp of chords and phrasing and is adept at the Wes Montgomery octave technique.

His brother, Rene, 14, plays rhythm guitar, and another brother, Gilbert, only 13, keeps excellent time on drums and solos impressively without missing a hi-hat beat. Diego Bernal, 18, plays string bass—in tune and on the chords.

This quartet, which has already recorded an album for Philips, was making its first public appearance in Paris. It played two sets and received an ovation each time.

This was undoubtedly the gratifying icing on a rich jazz cake.

—Mike Hennessey

Stereo Shopping With Chico O'Farrill

By Charles Graham

In the late 1940s Benny Goodman hired a young arranger named Arturo O'Farrill, recently arrived in New York from his native Cuba, to write arrangements and compositions for the Goodman band. Goodman had trouble remembering O'Farrill's first name one day. So he called him "Chico," the other musicians picked it up, and the name stuck.

Born and reared in Havana in the '20s, O'Farrill became interested in music when one of his friends played him Bunny Berigan's famous *I Can't Get Started* on Victor.

A competitor, Decca, had just brought out its first 35-cent record (previously the major companies charged 75 cents for 10-inchers). At this price, Decca offered Louis Armstrong, Bing Crosby, Glen Gray, Jimmie Lunceford, and a new group out of Kansas City, led by Count Basie.

These last two were the ones that most impressed O'Farrill—along with Goodman's work, of course. The young Cuban became so intrigued with big bands that he took up trumpet, sight-singing, notation, and elementary music theory.

Soon he was playing in local dance bands and between 1941 and 1948 graduated to membership in the top Cuban band, Armando Romeu's. With Romeu he worked all over the country, including many engagements at the Tropicana, the most elaborate club in Havana. Romeu's was Cuba's first big band, with the instrumentation of U.S. swing bands, though slightly larger than the classic stateside groups of that day. Romeu had six brass and five reeds, whereas the typical U.S. bands used five brass and four reeds.

In 1948 O'Farrill went to New York and discontinued his trumpet playing to concentrate on writing and to study with teachers Bernard Wagenaar, Stefan Wolpe, and Hall Overton.

He soon became well known for his big-band work. Goodman, for example, recorded his *Undercurrent Blues* and *Shishkabop* for Capitol. Machito—with a group that included Charlie Parker, Flip Phillips, and Buddy Rich—cut O'Farrill's *Afro-Cuban Suite*, an extended composition, for Verve in 1950. Later, Stan Kenton recorded his *Cuban Episode*, and O'Farrill wrote *Manteca Suite*, based on the Dizzy Gillespie composition, which Gillespie recorded in 1954.

At that time, Kenton described the young arranger as "probably the foremost creator of Afro-Cuban jazz rhythms today." In 1953 O'Farrill formed his own big band, with six brass, five reeds, and

five rhythm (two percussion), opened at Birdland, and toured the country extensively.

He continued writing and arranging here until 1957, when, he decided, the big-band business was declining too much. Yet he wanted to have a big band available to allow him to develop his writing capability. He knew Mexico was still big-band conscious, so he decided to see if he could do it there.

His stay there lasted eight years, during which time O'Farrill composed his first symphony and did a great deal of big-band arranging. He organized a dance band that played Mexico City night clubs, toured the country on one-nighters, and appeared on television. He became Mexico's best-known dance-band leader. At the same time, he formed another orchestra, a real jazz organization, for special concerts and tours.

In the summer of 1965, O'Farrill and his wife decided to return to the United States to enter their children in North American schools. They found a spacious apartment in New York City.

O'Farrill started arranging and conducting a big band for singer Paula Wayne, Sammy Davis' co-star in *Golden Boy*. He also began to get back into the big-band arranging business with arrangements for Count Basie and others.

Having left his listening equipment in Mexico, O'Farrill decided to get a new setup. He listened to the systems owned by a number of friends and was most impressed with the sounds of those having either KLH or Acoustic Research loudspeakers, both of which use the acoustic suspension principle developed several years ago by AR, Inc., and now used by many manufacturers. After careful listening comparisons, he chose AR-2ax speakers, at \$128 apiece.

He noted that many audio writers had for some years advised against the purchase of transistorized amplifiers and tuners. But now he was advised that in 1965 transistors turned the corner and are now practical for home equipment. They cost a bit more than tube amplifiers and tuners (usually about 15 percent), but they are smaller and likely to last even longer.

After listening to several different makes of tuners, amplifiers, and all-in-one receivers, O'Farrill chose Electro-Voice's new matching amplifier and tuner. These compact units have every facility the most discriminating audiophile might want, yet their front panels are surprisingly simple and uncluttered.

A headphone jack on the front panel permits O'Farrill to plug in stereo head-

phones when he wants to study a new arrangement on record or listen to FM while the children play. The E-V 1144 amplifier has a switch that permits him to silence the loud-speakers when using the headphones.

The tuner has a traveling red light for its station indicator and another red light that indicates when the station tuned is broadcasting stereo. It also switches automatically from mono to stereo.

The cost of the matching tuner and amplifier together comes to less than \$5 more than the \$280 price of the Model 1177 receiver, which combines the two units into one, side by side. O'Farrill felt it better to get the two separate units so he'd have the choice of stacking them or using them side by side. He also noted

JACK BRADLEY



that the price of the two units includes their walnut cases whereas most other equipment requires a separate purchase of metal or wooden cabinets, at from \$10 to \$25 each.

For a pickup he chose one of Stanton's (Pickering) new "longhair" cartridges. The Model 581 has a built-in brush, which automatically tracks directly in front of the diamond stylus, removing most of the dust and lint record grooves accumulate.

The loud-speakers were connected to the amplifier with extra long lengths of electric light cord and placed experimentally in the corners of the room. With only a four-foot-long piece of wire connected to one FM antenna-connecting screw, the tuner brought in every station in the New York City area. The two connecting cables from his turntable were then plugged in and a copy of Edgard Varese's *Ionization* put on the turntable. The sound was awesome!



Chico O'Farrill's home music system costs:

E-V 1144 FM tuner	\$124
E-V 1177 amplifier	\$160
AR-2ax loud-speakers (each)	\$128
AR turntable, including arm, dust cover	\$ 78
Stanton 581 pickup	\$ 49
Koss stereophones	\$ 24

FROM THE TOP

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

STROLLIN': *Composed and arranged by Dick Fenno; C. L. Barnhouse Co.*

When Neal Hefti composed *L'il Darlin'* for the Count Basie Band, he probably never dreamed he was spawning a host of arrangements in this style.

Strollin' is one of the better products. It is one among many fine Fenno arrangements published by Barnhouse. It opens with an easy-kicking saxophone soli, in which clipped and accented final eighth notes are vital to a good phrasing of the line. A compact, tightly voiced ensemble follows and demands a lay-back feeling and extreme precision.

An easygoing trumpet solo (written part provided) follows over a sustained saxophone background. The arrangement ends comfortably with a full-band tag.

This number, of easy-to-medium difficulty, is fine material for training a beginning band in the loose, relaxed, behind-the-beat style of phrasing.

Many of the basics of good stage-band interpretation are amply illustrated, but they must be played properly if the number is to have any musical value. It leads the students into an easy-swinging frame of mind. Besides being so extremely useful in training work, it would make an excellent change-of-pace number for concert presentation.

REED BLUES: *Composed and arranged by Gene Roland; Charles Colin Publishing Co.*

Reed Blues is one of the excellent new series of Woody Herman arrangements currently made available by Colin. The series is college level or advanced high school and is excellent.

The only reservation is with the poor editing job. In most cases, no lead sheet or tempo indications are provided, and the parts are full of mistakes—omitted measures, rehearsal letters in the wrong places, and a few wrong notes. Band directors should take the trouble to fix them, though, since they are fine arrangements.

Reed Blues is medium tempoed and cast, for the most part, in an easy shuffle rhythm. It opens with four bars of unaccompanied piano followed by a richly scored saxophone ensemble chorus. This use of saxes is one of the joys of this series of arrangements, since it marks a refreshing departure

from some of the saxophone voicings found in most published arrangements. (Incidentally many of the Herman arrangements come with two saxophone sections—one the usual two alto, two tenor, and baritone, the other the Herman section of three tenors and baritone.)

On the repeat of this saxophone chorus, the first soloist, the trombonist, makes his entrance with solo fills. He then continues for a full solo chorus. No written solos are included. There is a possibility of giving more solo space by opening up the arrangement.

An alto (or tenor) solo follows. The backings are interesting, with shaking brass used antiphonally with saxophones in a rather heavy accompaniment for the first four measures and then dissolving into saxophone chords.

The arrangement ends with a shouting ensemble chorus with drum fills and setups.

This is the type of arrangement that has plenty of built-in appeal and challenge for the musicians.

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD: *Arranged by Sammy Nestico; Kendor Music, Inc.*

Nestico, arranger for the U.S. Marine Band, has become one of the more prolific stage-band writers, and, more importantly, all his material demonstrates his solid, competent craft, and most of it is excellent musical fare for the stage band.

In this arrangement he has succeeded in making a good musical arrangement out of the trite, old camping song. Trumpets and alto saxophones begin with a relaxed swing phrasing of the melody in a cool, Henry Mancini-ish vein over a riff background by trombones and lower saxophones.

Things quickly evolve into a warmer, Count Basie-inflected swing style with some brass shouts and drum fills. A controlled ensemble chorus follows, which demands great attention to dynamics, tightness of phrasing, and final eighth notes.

A brief piano solo is interjected, and then the full ensemble returns to take the tune out quietly.

This arrangement, of medium difficulty, will be interesting to both players and listeners, and it can be used effectively to teach ensemble precision and jazz phrasing. It's a worthwhile contribution by an outstanding arranger.

MUSIC '66

Down Beat's exciting survey of the year in jazz—on sale now

FEATHER

(Continued from page 26)

miracle: he brought to the studio an accordion and, for just a single track, let me take over the piano. Fumblingly, I accompanied him as he boxed his way through *Squeezin' the Blues*.

There had been some dispute about the possibility of playing jazz on the accordion. When *Squeezin' the Blues* came out, a local magazine called *Accordion Times* printed a by-lined retraction of my earlier position in a controversy in its pages, under the headline: LEONARD FEATHER CHANGES HIS MIND! "All my arguments about the capacities of this previously impotent box," I wrote, "have been overcome by someone with sufficient feeling for jazz to surmount the obstacles. Why has this 19-year-old phenomenon never been recognized in accordion circles? Why did it take me, the archenemy of the accordion, to bring him to public attention?"

Shearing had been working with an all-blind band under a sighted leader, Claude Bampton; but once established as a soloist via records, he was soon on his way. Before long, he had a regular program on the only radio station in England, the then monopolistic BBC (using *Mighty Like the Blues* as his theme).

NOT LONG after the launching of George, I was involved in an ambitious project. The premise was simple. America had Ellington, Goodman, Shaw, Basie, Lunceford, and a dozen more great orchestras with a predominantly swing-music (i.e., jazz) policy. England had none. Even Ambrose, leader of the least corny band in the country, conceded to the fans only once in a while with a "hot" specialty.

The time had come, a group of us decided, to give Britain its first jazz orchestra. Soon the *Melody Maker*, which in those days was newspaper size, ran a huge six-column streamer announcing the birth of the Heralds of Swing:

MUSICIANS' IDEALISM RESULTS IN FORMATION OF FIRST ALL-STAR CO-OPERATIVE ORCHESTRA, said one headline. ENGAGED BY THE PARADISE, ran a second.

The Paradise was described as "a bottle-party club that normally hardly wakes up till midnight, but then remains open until the crack of dawn." Leslie Macdonnell, a powerful agent who had been persuaded to encourage the project, arranged an audition. My own role was a highly theoretical one as part of the dreamlike co-operative.

Several sidemen gave up lucrative, safe jobs with straight bands to join our venture. The whole brass section (Tommy McQuater and Archie Craig, trumpets; George Chisholm, trombone) was drawn from Ambrose's orchestra. Three brass, three saxophones, and four rhythm were all the traffic would bear, but this was, in more than one sense, a move toward paradise for those who had despaired of ever hearing a home-grown product creating music comparable with that of the great American swing bands.

A curious aspect of the story as printed in the *Melody Maker* was its stressing of the point that "the whole band is, racially speaking, practically 50-50 Scottish and Jewish." A series of capsule biographies at the end of the story each began with a racial denomination. "Tiny Winters, bass. English. . . . Sid Colin, guitar and vocalist. Jewish. . . . Dave Shand, lead alto. Scot. . . ." And, of course, "Benny Winestone, tenor. Jewish Scot. Many trips to and from America in ships' orchestras endowed him with the current American swing style. Plays hot tenor and clarinet with real transatlantic conviction." (Winestone, a warm-hearted cat with a great love of jazz, has been living in Canada for many years. He had a Scottish accent as thick as a winter kilt but looked like a prototype of a son of the Bronx.)

Everyone went into the Heralds of Swing venture with the highest of wishful-thinking hopes. With nobody in particular as leader, but with pianist Bert Barnes and trombonist Chisholm doing the arrangements, a sound was achieved that nobody had dared dream could ever be produced by an all-British band in a London club.

Only one factor was missing. We had assumed that the Paradise was one of the hipper clubs, and that there would be others clamoring for the band's services after its triumphal debut there.

To cut a short story shorter, the Heralds of Swing fell flat on their starry-eyed faces. They never even got a record date. Jazz history books make no mention of this venture, which for a brief moment brought joy to a few English (beg pardon—Scottish and Jewish) hearts.

AROUND THE TIME when the Heralds began, not long after my return from an extended stay in New York, I went one night to the London Palladium. An American act was opening. I had never heard the Dandridge Sisters, but their appeal to the eyes and ears was immediate and beguiling. Whatever qualified acceptance

might have been accorded by jazz fans to the Andrews Sisters, most recent of the pseudo-hip sister acts, was soon forgotten. The Dandridges, though still essentially a vaudeville act, had a charm that relegated Patti, Maxene, and LaVerne to the remotest recesses of Squaresville. (Though the Dandridges did not last long as a team, they were preserved for posterity on some 1940 Luncelford records.)

American acts with even the slenderest relationship to jazz were always the object of curiosity, especially since the almost total ban on all U.S. musicians had by now been in effect for five years. The Dandridge Sisters were doubly intriguing because of their beauty. When I met them at Elma Warren's Nut House club, it turned out only two of them were sisters. The third, Etta Jones (not related to the Etta Jones of recent vintage), had joined the act to give it that up-to-the-minute, three-high-feminine-voices-in-harmony sound.

Dorothy Dandridge was the immediate cynosure. An astonishingly lovely, bright-eyed girl, she was 16 and had been in show business almost from infancy; her mother was a well-known actress. But as the night and the music flowed on, I found myself in deep conversation with her sister Vivian. Taller than Dorothy, slender and attractive in a subtler yet less sophisticated style, she was a year older than her sister.

Up to that point, only one woman had touched my life meaningfully, an American several years older than I. Now with Vivian there was formed what seemed like an immediate affinity. How much of it was illusory, how much the product of our youthful pretense at being adults, probably neither of us will ever know.

Very recently I heard a Negro sociologist discussing the psychological gap between American Negroes and their African cousins and the lack of communication that can inhibit a romance between a black man from Chicago and a black girl from, say, Nigeria. I had long felt a comparable isolation from the girls of my own early social environment, who logically should have been part of my circle: the nice, middle-class Jewish suburban square types, who thought alike, acted alike, married alike. They had nothing to say to me and I nothing to them; but with Vivian it seemed that the vast chasm separating our backgrounds could not limit the hours we spent talking about mutual idols and ideals, about music and life and the future, about *Down Beat* and my plans to settle in the United States as soon as

I could.

One night stands out in my memory. After dinner at London's only Chinese restaurant, in Piccadilly Circus, Vivian and I gave a party in my Holborn studio. The guests were all musicians; they included two or three of the already moribund Heralds of Swing; one or two of the Mills Brothers and their guitarist, Norman Brown; Dorothy Dandridge and Etta Jones; Ken Johnson, the bandleader; David Wilkins, the trumpeter; and the five-year expatriate Coleman Hawkins, who planned shortly to return to the United States. It was the kind of night when one gets high on music and the pleasure of the company.

By the time Vivian went on tour with the trio, we had dated no more than a dozen times but were already talking seriously of marriage. (I was about as ready for marriage as Mickey Rooney was for Ava Gardner.) If we were at all aware of the international upheaval that was to tear apart the hastily matured relationship of two thoroughly immature youngsters, we preferred to hypnotize ourselves out of any thought of it, just as I filed away in the back shelf of my mind the social problems that could confront us or the reactions of our families. Once again the bond of music had profoundly affected two human beings' attitude toward life.

During the next couple of months, our only contact was an exchange of tender and self-deceiving letters. That summer I left for what I thought would be a brief music-and-pleasure-seeking trip to the Continent.

Paris was gay as ever when I arrived on that Bank Holiday weekend, Aug. 8, 1939. In one evening I covered Fred Payne's, Frisco's, the Swing Club, and one or two other spots. In the daytime one could sit around sipping a *chocolat glace* in the heat of the Place Blanche, or perhaps wander up the street and run into Django Reinhardt and Charles Delaunay at a sidewalk cafe.

For the next couple of weeks I ad libbed it. Running into two friends who were driving up to Deauville, I drove there with them, we went on to Knocke, in Belgium, and to Ostend, where I could look up Willy Lewis, in whose band Benny Carter had once played trumpet. A day or two later, I sailed from Dunkerque to Esbjerg, and a few hours later was in Copenhagen. That city had earned its place in jazz history if only as the home of that delightful and witty Dane, the "Barrelhouse Baron," Timme Rosenkrantz, for whom a profound devotion to jazz governed his life. Then, too, Copenhagen offered a

rare chance to hear a young dentist turned violinist, Svend Asmussen, whose performance at a jam session turned me around as violently as anything I had heard since Shearing.

From Copenhagen it was not a long haul to Stockholm, where my friend Nils Hellstrom, editor of the jazz magazine *Estrad*, suggested an ideal spot for a few days' vacation. Halsingborg, a beach resort, lay directly across a narrow sound from Copenhagen; I could go back and forth for whatever music might be available. Hellstrom gave me the names of several musician friends whom I could count on as swimming companions.

The night after my arrival in Halsingborg, the newspapers reported a pact between Germany and the Soviet Union. The shock was not easy to shrug off, but somehow, in the euphoric unreality of that summer, we convinced ourselves that a solution would be reached and Poland saved. All through my travels the feeling had prevailed, among those with whom I had discussed the extra-jazz world, that Hitler could be held off for at least a year or two more. I had not even been bothering to read the English papers.

It was just 8:30 a.m. a few mornings later when my hotel room telephone rang. A party of us had been to a late movie the night before, and I was surprised to be awakened so early.

It was a Swedish musician who had been at the movie.

"That was fun last night," he said.

"Sure was."

"Did you know," he said, "it is a war?"

"What?"

"War. *Krig*. It has begun."

"Who told you?"

"The porter. He just heard it on radio. What time will you be ready to come to the beach?"

I slipped into a robe and hurried downstairs, where fantasy soon became reality as I looked at a single-sided sheet of newsprint, a local daily with huge black letters across the top: KRIG! followed by a quotation of a declaration by Hitler.

Within hours, I learned that the North Sea was shut off; so was all telephone communication outside the country. Perhaps I would find myself in Sweden for the duration. The world had turned upside down overnight, and with it my own small, narrow world was to make a move that would change its course irrevocably. For what may have been the first time in my adolescent, one-track life, jazz was the furthest thing from my mind.



JONES

(Continued from page 15)

perience. And one realization that this album gave me was the fact that the Sun Ra Myth-Science Arkestra is really the first big band of the New Black Music. The Ornette Coleman Double Quartet and the feel of the Cecil Taylor compositions on the *Into the Hot* album were my first references of what the new music's big bands would sound like. And Sun Ra's manipulation of sound within this orchestral context is even more flexible in terms of spontaneous composition and the utilization of a "total sound" concept, i.e., when the music seems to take up all available sound space. Sun Ra's music in this term presumes it exists everywhere—all Nature—and is not merely the calm artifact lost in a world of silence. The popular song is clearly discernible as a thing in the world; its limits are blatantly finite. Sun Ra's music creates the arbitrary sounds of the natural world.

Sun Ra's Arkestra is really a black family. The leader keeps 14 or 15 musicians playing with him who are convinced that music is a priestly concern and a vitally significant aspect of black culture. Some of the musicians, such as tenor man John Gilmore or baritonist Pat Patrick, might have jobs with other bread bands, but their strongest dedication is to the beautiful black soundworld of Sun Ra.

Most of the players in Sun Ra's Myth-Science Arkestra are still too young to be known by more than a few people. But the *Heliocentric* album ought to change all that.

The Impulse record called *The New Wave In Jazz* was supposed to be called *New Black Music* . . . it is a live concert at the Village Gate for the benefit of the Black Arts Repertory Theater School. Featured on the album are John Coltrane playing an amazing version of *Nature Boy*, Archie Shepp's group, Albert Ayler's quartet, trombonist Grachan Moncur, and trumpeter Charlie Tolliver with a group made up of altoist Charles Spaulding, vibraharpist Bobby Hutcherson, bassist Cecil McBee, and drummer Billy Higgins.

Two other groups were supposed to be recorded: singer Betty Carter, who turned the place out, and Sun Ra's huge band. But due to some weird twisting by the a&r man, these two highlights of this really live concert were blanked out.

But this is the record to get. Trane, Ayler, and Shepp—the big horns of our time—plus people like Hutcherson, altoist Marion Brown, Sonny

Murray, Don Ayler, Louis Worrell.

The Black Arts will be releasing a series of albums soon. The first side in the series is called *Sonny's Time Now*. It's drummer Murray's first date as leader. Featured are Albert Ayler, cornetist Don Cherry, and two bassists, Worrell and Henry Grimes.

This album should really spring Murray loose. He's been out front for so long, it's time real light got focused on him. Perhaps the names of the tunes will give some idea of what the session was like: *Virtue, Justice, The Lie, and Black Art*. This album should turn everybody around. All the tunes are Murray's, and the last-named piece is poetry-jazz exploration.

Murray's drums are like strange pieces of sculpture, or at least the pieces he designs himself are. At this date, he only had two of his own cymbals. The ride cymbal hung from a wrought-iron structure, and the hi-hat cymbals were anchored by a wire device that altered the rate and angle of contact.

Murray's "flying" style is visually as well as musically provocative. He lunges and floats over the drums and cymbals, striking, near-striking, brushing, missing, caressing all the sound surfaces, while accompanying himself with a deep wailing that cuts down deep into the flesh.

Murray's rhythmic reorganization makes the drums songful. His accents are from immediate emotional necessity rather than the sometimes hackneyed demands of a prestated meter in which one cymbal is beat on coyly in the name of some fashionable soul-force.

The drums surprise, and hide, and are subtle, or suddenly thunderous. In some passages, Murray has both feet working, straight out, and the drumsticks (which are metal tubes, or knitting needles even, sometimes wood) are not even visible.

The drum "line" swoops, is loud, is soft, and sometimes seems to disappear. But it is a total drummusic Murray makes, not just ear-deafening "accompaniment."

A great many young and not so young drummers have learned from Murray, especially during his work with the Cecil Taylor Unit. Sonny is coming into his own now. And his weird graphic charts, some of which look like ingenious machines, will probably be hot stuff in the next few seasons.

Great White Liberals of The World, give all these young men a job, or at least some money! Until they learn, and all other black people learn, that they must finally support themselves.



TCHICAI

(Continued from page 21)

that Tchicai first met U.S. avant-garde musicians.

"Bill Dixon and Archie Shepp had a group there," he said, "playing at an outdoor concert near a lake. It was very windy, and their music was flying all over the place. I talked to Archie and told him I liked what they were doing."

This meeting decided Tchicai to go to New York.

"The possibilities for playing the kind of music I wanted were very limited," he noted regarding his homeland. "I was disgusted with the situation, so I put in for an immigration visa. Luckily, Annette got a job with the Danish Consulate in New York—she had been with the foreign ministry before."

On his second night in New York, Tchicai went to hear soprano saxophonist Steve Lacy, met trumpeter Don Cherry ("he was practicing Stravinsky's *Histoire du Soldat* at the time"), and on his way home met Shepp.

"We talked about playing together," Tchicai said, "and then I went to a WBAI studio concert, where Bill Dixon asked me to play with their group, which I did for some time."

The New York jazz scene was not

quite what the young musician had expected. "I had never imagined that jazz musicians had to live under such conditions," Tchicai said. "I was naive; I'd thought that jazz musicians must be famous and making money. American jazz musicians in Europe were always treated like little kings. But it wasn't that way at all.

"Still, that was a way of learning a little bit more about what it is like to be a human being in this big world. There's no use in getting discouraged. You've got to try to do the best you can. I hate to give up what I have decided to do."

Reflecting on the impact of such sobering experience, Tchicai continued, "Being educated in a European way, I had an easier time adjusting to this environment, more so, perhaps, than a lot of American Negro musicians, because they are in so many ways handicapped by being Negroes and not having the same opportunities as whites.

"But on the other hand, I think there is also a tendency among a lot of Negro musicians to only look at this—that they are Negroes and that there will always be more opportunities for white musicians. But I think that is wrong; I think that since we are in 1966, and especially here in New York, where the

race question isn't as extreme as in many other places. I think that if one wants to go outside of that question, it's possible."

"It takes a little work, of course," Tchicai said softly, "but that's nothing new. It always takes a little work if you want something, and a lot of Negro musicians are stuck in that position. They can only see that they are being mistreated; that seems to me to be the thing they are holding on to."

Moving to an area of personal experience, the now-defunct Jazz Composers Guild, Tchicai said, "I thought it would be possible for us all to play together, playing the same music, and I thought that it would be possible for us to wind up with something fruitful for all of us. But it wound up with a childish masquerade that seemed to have nothing to do with any of us and least of all with music."

Still speaking quietly and without animosity, Tchicai continued:

"Whether you are a black or a white artist, if you are playing the new music that people haven't been exposed to, it's obvious that you will meet a lot of resistance, and you can't fall back and blame it all on the black and white thing. I've heard Negro musicians talk about 'black music'. The music doesn't

(Continued on overleaf)

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have any color. You can't see music, so how can you give it a color?

"The music here today, the jazz music—it's not just any one thing; it's a combination of different influences from all over the world. You can't claim that it is any one kind of music."

Will this new music ever find acceptance?

Tchicai is certain that it will, but first "people have to be exposed to it, like anything else that's new. It takes time for a new art form to settle, but that's only a matter of evolution. People in the jazz audience who are still able to receive new ways of expression in music will become the new listeners to

this new music, but the ones who feel that they have reached the point where they can't go any further will not. Everybody has their limitations. Some are able to hear it, some aren't."

Can the music called avant-garde, or "new thing" jazz, or whatever label one prefers, really be grouped together under one heading?

"The avant-garde has this in common," Tchicai said, "that we are all young people and that we are all trying to find new ways of being creative and of expressing ourselves. Artistic values change, just as generations change and social attitudes change."

Tchicai says he can't claim that he's

playing jazz. He considers the word jazz just a label anyhow and would prefer to call what he plays simply music. But he concedes that there is a definite link to the jazz that went before—"that's what we grew out from."

He and Rudd include Charlie Parker's *Mohawk* in their repertoire, and Tchicai explains, "We did that to show that it is still possible to play the music that was before us, and possible to do it on our own terms, and for us to express ourselves in a new way, even if it's based on that form of music."

One of the new music's greatest problems is to find a place for it to be heard. Tchicai said he doesn't think that the current form of night club is where the music belongs.

"What's happening with this music is that it is crystallizing," he said, "and becoming more refined, and it needs attentive listening. It doesn't have anything to do with the kind of entertainment where people can talk and drink and eat; it's not background music."

Ideally, Tchicai said, "it should be presented in concert halls, or in a new kind of club, where you don't necessarily have to serve food and drink, and where people can sit quietly."

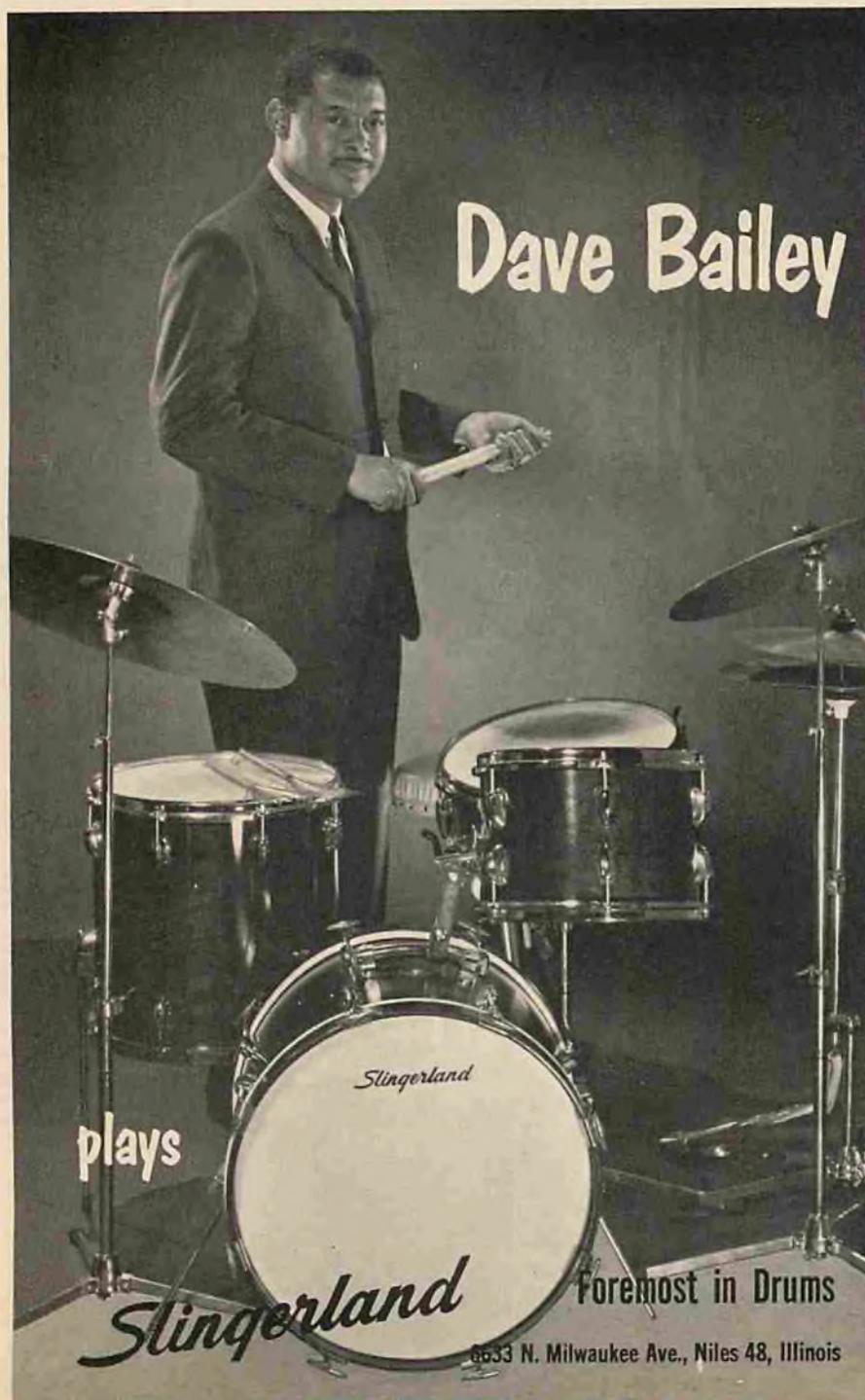
Though he is confident that the new music will find eventual acceptance, Tchicai is less optimistic concerning the possibility for unity and collaboration among its musicians.

"Unity seems hopeless," he said. "The most important thing in achieving this is friendship, and I can't see that it would be possible to establish that kind of thing among musicians. People seem too narrow, too one-sided. We couldn't get outside of the small things the last time we attempted to do a thing like that. Jealousy is ridiculous if you are working toward a common goal. It shouldn't be a problem."

But a problem it is, and Tchicai finds that it is not confined to musicians, saying, "It seems very hard for people to be friendly towards each other—to be just human beings." But this is a fact of life to which this genuinely friendly man is prepared to resign himself, for there is the music, and there are friends.

"Ros and I," Tchicai said, "plan to stay together. We are making plans to go to Europe next year; I hope to be able to take the whole quartet [bassist Walter Booker and drummer Milford Graves], not just the two of us." He also plans to use New York as a home base between tours.

Like so many of the city's adopted children, he seems to feel more warmly toward it than do the natives, asserting, "There is so much here of anything that you want to occupy yourself with that you can't find anywhere else, and especially in the art world." 



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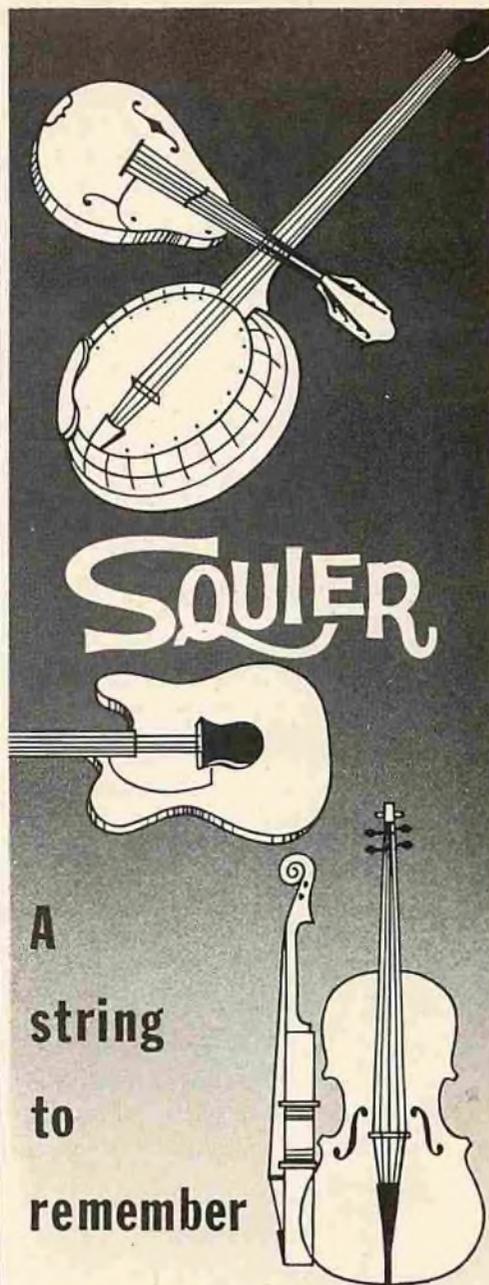
(Continued from page 19)

but no dates have been given for his engagement . . . The Salt City Six, featuring trumpeter Dick Ruedebusch and clarinetist Jack Maheu, opened a six-week stay Jan. 10 at Cape Colony Inn in Cocoa Beach.

ST. LOUIS: The Count Basie Band is booked for a February one-nighter at the London House East (in East St. Louis). The Ramsey Lewis Trio is also scheduled to appear at the club in the near future . . . In nearby Collinsville, Ill., AFM Local 350 is having a benefit dance Feb. 20 featuring Frank Kosna's 18-piece band and saxophonist Sam Andria's quintet . . . The Don Cunningham Quartet has replaced the Greg Bosler Trio at the Playboy Club's Living Room. Bassist John Mixon is a recent addition to the quartet; the other members are Cunningham, vibraharp, vocals; Arthur Relford, piano; and Manny Quintero, drums. Jazz Salerno 4 still appear in the Penthouse of the club . . . Frank Moskas' Gaslight Bar in Gaslight Square has proved to be a haven for aspiring jazz musicians; sessions are held there nightly.

AUSTRALIA: American clarinetist Alton Purnell was among the artists featured at Sydney's recent jazz festival (Jan. 7-9). Also appearing were the Judy Bailey Quintet, Terry Wilkinson Trio, Errol Buddle Quartet, Billy Weston's big band, and newcomer Kerrilee Male, a blues and Gospel singer . . . The Adelaide Art Festival will feature the Modern Jazz Quartet in March . . . Melbourne drummer Alan Turnbull has been working with the Lee Galligher Trio at the Miller Hotel in Manly Vale. Galligher had been leading a group at the Cockpit Lounge at Melbourne's international airport for the last 18 months . . . The Australian Broadcasting Commission is currently airing a series of radio programs featuring Hungarian modern-jazz pianist Janos Gonda, who recorded the programs during his recent visit to Australia . . . U.S. drummer King Fisher, who has spent four years here, returns to the States this month.

RECORD NOTES: Cornetist Don Cherry recorded for Blue Note . . . Scepter has acquired U.S. release rights to the jazz catalog of the French Vogue label. Scheduled for early issue are albums by trumpeters Clifford Brown and Roy Eldridge and pianists Thelonious Monk and George Wallington . . . ESP recorded the duo of bassist Henry Grimes and clarinetist Perry Robinson . . . Drummer Shelly Manne and guitarist Barney Kessel did a recording session with Harry Fields devoted to Fields' *Jazz Suite* (as Manne explained it, "a long work based on *I Got Rhythm* changes"). Pianist Fields, currently teaching in the Los Angeles area, is a former bandleader who once employed Stan Kenton as a sideman.



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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 Bnba: Louis Metcalf, Jimmy Neely, tfn.
Basie's: Johnny Lytle to 2/13. Sessions, Mon.
Carlton Terrace (Forest Hills): Johnny Fontana, tfn.
Chuck's Composite: Dick Garcia, Sy Johnson, Jack Six, Jimmy Roney, tfn. Jazz at Noon, Mon.
Concerto West: Jesse Wilks, hb.
Coronet (Brooklyn): name jazz groups
Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gumbah, hb. Sessions, Sun.
Dom: Tony Scott, tfn.
Eddie Condon's: Peannuts Hucko, tfn.
Embers West: Zoot Sims to 2/6. Joe Shulman, hb.
Five Spot: Charles Mingus, Toshiko Mariano, tfn.
Gaslight Club: Clarence Hutchenrider, Charlie Quener, George Wetting, Mike Shiffer, tfn.
Golden Dome (Atlantic Beach): Lee Shaw, tfn.
Half Note: unk.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson. Kenny's Pub: Gene Quill, Mon.
Kenny's Steak Pub: Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Wed.-Fri.
Lincoln Center: Gary McFarland, 2/6.
I/Intrigue: Ronnie Ball, Jimmy Rowser, Nancy Steele, tfn. Guest stars, Sun.
Luigi II: John Bunch, Mark Trail, tfn.
Mark Twain Riverboat: name dance bands.
Open End: Scott Murray, Wolfgang Knittel, Gary Newman, Eddie Caccavelli, tfn.
Playboy Club: Kai Winding, Walter Norris, Charles Dungey, Allan Marlowe, Tenison Stephens, Jackie Paris, Anne Marie Moss, hb. Dumita Jo to 2/6.
Rainbow Grille: Bobby Inckett to 1/30.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, tfn. Don Frye, Sun.
Shore Cafe (Brooklyn): Eddie Wilcox, Sonny Greer, Herb Gardner, Sun.
Slug's: name jazz groups. Guest stars, Mon.
Tomb: Jack Brooks, Dick Carter, Effie, tfn.
Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Greene, tfn.
Top of the Gate: piano workshop, tfn.
Town Hall: Bill Evans, 2/21.
Val Anthony's (Roslyn Heights): Sol Yaged, Mon.
Village Gate: Modern Jazz Quartet, Cannonball Adderley, 1/28-29; 2/4-5.
Village Vanguard: Miles Davis to 1/31. Sessions, Mon.
Well's: Betty Carter, tfn.
Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

BALTIMORE

Buck's: Bill Byrd, tfn.
Club Casino: Tommy Vann, tfn.
Colonial House: Dixie Alley Cats, tfn.
Heritage House: Jerry Clifford, tfn.
Jockey Club: Jerry Conates, tfn.
Judge's: The Progressions, tfn.
Keystone: The Admirals, tfn.
Kozy Korner: Fred Simpson, tfn.
Krazy Kat: Jimmy McKnight, tfn.
LeCocq D'Or: African Jazz Quartet, tfn.
Lenny Moore's: Greg Hatzka, tfn.
Living Room: Harry Steiert, tfn.
Madison Club (Left Bank Jazz Society): name groups, Sun.
Martick's: Brad Wines, tfn.
Moe's: Dave Ross, tfn.
Phil Burke's: George Ecker, tfn.
Playboy: Jimmy Wells, Ted Hawk, tfn.
Sperl's: Pier 5, tfn.
Surf: Dee Brothers, tfn.
Uptown: Lloyd Grant, tfn.
Well's: George Jackson, tfn.

MIAMI AND FLORIDA

Bon Fire: Myrtle Jones, hb.
Cape Colony Inn (Cocoon Beach): Salt City Six to 2/20.
Hampton House: Charlie Austin, hb.
Mickey's Cricket Club (Pompano Beach): Andy Bartha to 4/13.
Playboy Club: Bill Rico, hb.
Royal Lion Pub (Tequesta-Jupiter): Dukes of Dixieland, 2/8-10.
South Seas Yacht: Matty Cortese, tfn.

ST. LOUIS

Blue Note: Leo's Five, hb.
Corinthian Room: Jim Becker, Sandy East, tfn.

Fats States Lounge: Freddy Washington, Sat. afternoon, Mon.
London House Enst: Londonaires, hb.
Munlander: Marion Miller, tfn.
Mr. Ford's: Bernard Hutchinson, tfn.
Opera House: Singleton Palmer, hb.
Oyster Bed: Connie Morris, tfn.
Playboy Club: Jazz Salerno 4, hb. Don Cunningham, tfn.
Playgirl Club: Sammy Gardner, tfn.
Renaissance Room: The Marksman, hb.
Silver Dollar: Muggsy's Gaslighters, tfn.
Sorrentos: Herb Drury, Thur.-Sat.
Upstream Lounge: Upstream Jazz Quartet, wknds.
Vogue Club: Vogue's Rogues, hb.
Zodiac Room: Sal Ferrante, hb.

CHICAGO

The Bulls: Pieces of Eight, Sun.
The Club: B. B. King, 2/2-13.
Hungry Eye: Three Souls, tfn.
Jazz. Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Art Hodes, Thur.
London House: Three Sounds to 2/6. Ahmad Jamal, 2/8-27. Stan Getz, 3/1-12. George Shearing, 3/29-4/10.
Midus Touch: Judy Roberts, tfn.
Mister Kelly's: Larry Novak, John Frigo, hbs.
Moroccan Village: Kansas Fields, Joe Killian.
Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, tfn.
Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ralph Massetti, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Thelonious Monk, 2/9-13.

NEW ORLEANS

Black Knight: Fred Crane, Jan Allison, tfn.
Cellar: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, tfn.
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
El Morocco: Magnificent 4 + 1, tfn.
Famous Door: Mike Lala, Santo Pecora, tfn.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, tfn.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, tfn.
Goliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.
Haven: Ed Frank, wknds.
Holiday House: David Laste, afterhours 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, Effie, tfn.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Red Garter Annex: George Lewis, Sun. afternoon.
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.

DETROIT AND MICHIGAN

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb. Lenore Paxton, Mon.-Sat.
Artists' Workshop: Detroit Contemporary 4, Sun. afternoon.
Baker's Keyboard: Amanda Ambrose, 2/11-20.
Kenny Burrell, 2/25-3/5. Mose Allison, 3/11-20.
Black Lantern (Saginaw): Paul Vanston, tfn.
Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, Tue.-Sat.
Caucus Club: Lenore Paxton, Mon.-Sat.
Checker Bar-B-Q: jazz afterhours.
Chessmate Gallery: jazz afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Chit Chat: Earl Marshall, Thur.-Sun.
Danish Inn (Farmington): Pat Flowers, tfn.
Dragon Lady: Mark Richards, Ralph Jay, tfn.
Drome: name groups weekly.
Frolie: Bill Jennings, Thur.-Sun.
Half Pint's: Keith Vreeland, Fri.-Sat.
Hobby Bar: Ben Jones, Pixie Wales, Wed.-Sat.
The Hole (Oakland University): Jim & Ralph Delevan, wknds.
LaSalle (Saginaw): Arnie Kane, tfn.
Living End: Phil Marcus Esser, Mon.-Sat.
Momo's: Jack Brokensha, tfn.
New Olympia: Don Davis, Thur.-Mon.
Odom's Cave: Gary Chandler, wknds.
Paige's: George Bohanon, wknds.
Rouge Lounge: Richard Rountree, wknds.
Shadow Box: Claude Black, Don Cook, Wed.-Sat.
Stage Bar: Willie Metcalf, Thur.-Sun.
Surfside: Tom Saunders, Wed.-Sat.
Towne House (Dearborn): Carlyle Sisters, tfn.
Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, Mon.-Sat.
Waterfall (Ann Arbor): Clarence Byrd, tfn.
Woods Club (Jackson): concerts afterhours, Sat.
YMCA (Royal Oak): big band sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Zombie: Walter Hamilton, tfn.

LAS VEGAS

Colonial House: Steve Perlow, Carl Fontana, David Allen, tfn.
Flamingo Hotel: Russ Black, hb.
Fremont Hotel Theater: Nat Brandywynne, hb.
Riviera Hotel: Marty Heim, Jack Catcart, hbs.
Sahara Hotel: Louis Basil, hb. Nancy Wilson, 2/15-28.
Sands Hotel: Frank Sinatra-Count Basie to 2/1. Diahann Carroll, 2/16-3/1. Buddy Greco, 2/2-3/1. Sonny King-Vido Musso, tfn.
Torch Club: unk.
Tropicana: George Shearing to 2/9. Mel Torme-Si Zentner, 3/10-4/6.

LOS ANGELES

Beverly Hilton Hotel: Freddie Karger, tfn.
Blinky's (Garden Grove): Southside Jazz Band, wknds.
Bonesville: Bob Harris, Fri.-Sat.
Bowman-Mann Galleries (Beverly Hills): jazz concerts, Sun.
Cascades (Anaheim): Alton Purnell, Sun.-Mon.
Cavalier (Montebello): Al Morgan, Buddy Banks.
Chico's (Long Beach): Gene Palmer, Fri.-Sat.
Coronet Room: Dave Mackay, Sun.
Denn-O's (Santa Barbara): Bill Dods, Hub Keefe, tfn.
Gilded Cage (Anaheim): Lee Countryman, Tue.-Sat.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, wknds.
Hacienda (Fresno): Four Freshmen, Sue Raney, 1/27-2/9.
Havana Club: Don Ellis, Mon.
Hermosa Inn (Hermosa Beach): French Quarter Jazz Band, wknds.
Hollywood Plaza Hotel: Johnny Guarnieri, tfn.
Hot Toddy's (Glendale): Mike Riley, Fri.-Sat.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.
International Hotel: Kirk Stuart, tfn.
It Club: Jimmy Smith, 1/28-2/7.
Kabuki Theater: afterhours sessions, Sat.
Leapin' Liz's: El Dorado Jazz Band, Fri.-Sat.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Mongo Santamaria, 1/28-2/13. Howard Rumsey, 2/14-17; 2/28-3/3. Dizzy Gillespie, 2/18-27. Junior Mance, Jimmy Rushing, 3/4-13.
Marty's: Bill Green, tfn.
Memory Lane: Harry Edison, tfn. Various groups, Mon.
Mitchell's Studio Club: Hampton Hawes, Red Mitchell, tfn.
Officer's Club (Long Beach): Johnny Lane, wknds.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson, tfn. Roy Gaines, Mon.
Pasadena Civic Auditorium: Nancy Wilson, 2/19.
P.J.'s: Eddie Cano, tfn.
Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Kellie Green, Mike Melvoin, hbs.
Rm's Horn (Encino): Calvin Jackson, Chris Clark, tfn.
Raven Room (Westminster): June Derry, Tue.-Sat.
Reuben's (Tustin): Edgar Hayes, Thur.-Sat.
Reuben's (Whittier): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Wed.
Reuben E. Lee (Newport Beach): Jackie Coon, Wed.-Sat.
Roaring '20s (Beverly Hills): Hot Toddy's Dixielanders, Wed.-Sat.
Shakey's (Hollywood): Nappy Lamare, Carlo Duncan, tfn.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Cal Tjader to 2/6. Carmen McRae, 2/8-20. Zoot Sims, 2/22-3/6. Gerald Wilson, 3/8-13. Shelly Manne, Ruth Price, Mon., wknds.
Velvet Turtle (Redondo Beach): Louia Santiago.
Wagon Wheel Inn (West Covina): Rick Fay, Paul Gardner, Billy Devroe, tfn.
Ward's Jazzyville (San Diego): Adam Cato, Leon Petties, hbs.
Woodlake Bowl (Woodland Hills): Gus Bivona.
Yerba Linda Country Club: Gene Bolen, Fri.-Sat.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Erroll Garner to 1/30.
Woody Herman, 2/2-5. Count Basie, 2/7-8.
Jimmy Smith, 2/9-26.
Roth/And: Archie Shepp to 2/6.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.
Gatsby's (Sausalito): Lou Morell, wknds.
Hungry i: Eddie Duran, hb.
Jack of Diamonds: Vernon Alley, Shelly Robbins, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: Thelonious Monk to 2/6. Hank Crawford, 2/8-20. Sonny Terry-Brownie McGhee, 2/22-3/6. Zoot Sims, 3/8-13. Jimmy Rushing, Junior Mance, 3/15-27. Horace Silver, 3/29-4/24. Wynton Kelly, Wes Montgomery, 4/26-5/8. Mose Allison, 5/10-29. Herbie Mann, 5/31-6/12.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.
Playboy Club: Ralph Sharon, Al Plank, Merrill Hoover, hbs.
Trident (Sausalito): unk.

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