

JULY 28, 1966

35c

down beat®

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

benny & the boppers

OR . . . THE BRIEF FLIRTATION

**DON CHERRY'S
CATHOLICITY**

**BETTY
CARTER**

The 'In' Singer

**LIFE
WITH
FEATHER**

Part 8 Of A
Critic's
Autobiography



73978-1634300
ALBERT R RINGER
600 S THIRD ST
OAKLAND, MD

Excellence



that stands the test of time



For generations, **KING** background instruments have won the unqualified acclaim of distinguished artists

Time does not dim but enhances the work of a great artist like Shakespeare. And so it is, too, with the work of the great craftsmen who make King instruments. For more than 70 years, their skill has set the standard of excellence for discriminating musicians. King background instruments, for example, are renowned the world over for their rich, resonant tone... superb response... ease of handling. They're made with true artistry to give the artist everything he demands... and more. You'll be happier with King.



"THERE'S NO OTHER QUITE LIKE IT," says Alan Rapp, "charter" member of the Gerry Mulligan Concert Jazz Band and the American Symphony Orchestra. The King Bass Trombone has exceptional projection, superlative sound. Its slide glides with unequalled smoothness. Its Solid Sterling Silver 9" bell responds instantly, gives precise control, projects farther.



"IT PLAYS WITH SURPRISING EASE," says Brooks Tillotson, who has been soloist with the Little Orchestra Society, the Honolulu and Columbus Symphony Orchestras. The King French Horn has superb carrying power. Its valve action is a delight. And King's tone color, through a full range from dark to light, is nothing short of magnificent.



"IT HAS A TONE LIKE AN ORGAN," says Jay McAllister, who has performed with the Radio-City Music Hall and Indianapolis Symphony Orchestras. The King Sousaphone adds the depth and shading a fine band or orchestra needs. It's beautifully crafted, exceptionally well-balanced. Intonation? Wonderful.



KING ...the standard of excellence

TEMPO CLEVELAND The H. N. White Company Inc., 5225 Superior Avenue, Cleveland 3, Ohio

Art Blakey & that great Gretsch sound.

Best beat of a lifetime.

A pioneer in the modern school, Art Blakey has since 1949 been the leader of the Jazz Messengers on the scene (including Japan, England and France) and on records. One of his recent LP's is 'S MAKE IT with Lee Morgan and Curtiss Fuller. Another: **THE FREEDOM RIDER** on Blue Note.

Blakey has won much of his fame on drums by Gretsch, itself a pioneer in drum

making. Inventors of the 18" bass drum. Originators of the Wide 42 Power Snare and Micro-Sensitive snare strainer. Designers of the precision Floating-Action bass drum pedal and the unique snap-in key holder.

Gretsch, moreover, guarantees its drum shells to stay round for life (six-ply construction). Rim shots come off faultlessly, on die-cast, triple-chromed, fully-flanged and beaded, (not just stamped) counter hoops. Perma-Tone (plastic) heads hold their tension.

Consider Gretsch yourself -- for the beat of a lifetime.



Art's "Burgundy Sparkle" Gretsch outfit consists of 20" x 14" bass drums; 12" x 8" and 14" x 14" tom toms, 14" x 5½" snare; plus exclusive K (made in Turkey) Zildjian cymbals.

THE FRED. GRETSCHE MFG. CO.

60 Broadway, Brooklyn 11, N.Y. Dept. 1A-7

Please send me a copy of the following:

4-color Gretsch Drum Catalog

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

GRETSCHE

THE SHAPE OF JAZZ TO COME?



V/V6-8650

A jazz motif for "Moonlight Sonata"? Baroque for the baritone sax? Here's Brooks Arthur's free-wheeling version of what the jazz world's coming to.



V/V6-8663

Ed Thigpen's got a new kind of drum that doesn't just swing. It sings—in this wildly exciting album. With Clark Terry and Kenny Burrell for good measure.



V/V6-8654

For those who think Jung: Lalo Schifrin's schizophrenic tribute to the madhouse world of de Sade. Fermented wine in a new bag!



Verve Records is a division of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc.

July 28, 1966

Vol. 33, No. 15

down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

On Newsstands Throughout the World

Every Other Thursday

READERS IN 124 COUNTRIES

PRESIDENT/PUBLISHER
JOHN J. MAHER
EDITOR
DON DEMICHEAL
ASSISTANT EDITOR
BILL QUINN
ASSOCIATE EDITOR
DAN MORGENSTERN
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
LEONARD FEATHER
BARBARA GARDNER
HARVEY SIDERS
ART DIRECTOR
STU GROSS
VICE PRESIDENT
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR
MARTIN GALLAY
PRODUCTION MANAGER
GLORIA BALDWIN

CONTENTS

- 8 Chords and Discords
- 10 News
- 12 Strictly Ad Lib
- 13 Sittin' In, by Art Hodes
- 14 **Cherry's Catholicity:** Having the ability to hear music in any sound, trumpeter Don Cherry truly possesses a kaleidoscopic view of jazz, writes Mike Hennessey
- 16 **Life with Feather:** Part VIII of critic Leonard Feather's autobiography
- 18 **The 'In' Singer:** While Betty Carter has not always enjoyed mass acclaim, she has always been a success as far as her own goals are concerned, reports Bill McLarney
- 20 **Benny and the Boppers:** George Hoefler's chronicle of Benny Goodman's brief flirtation with bebop, and a look at Goodman today by Dan Morgenstern
- 24 **Caught in the Act:** Cecil Taylor • Bob Wilber • Jazz from Chicago to Kansas City • Olympic College Stage Band Festival
- 27 Record Reviews
- 35 **Blindfold Test:** Dave Brubeck
- 37 **Stereo Shopping with Ben Tucker,** by Charles Graham
- 44 **Where and When:** A guide to current jazz attractions

Address all correspondence to 222 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois, 60606.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, 222 West Adams St., Chicago, Ill., 60606, Financial 6-7811. Martin Galloway, Advertising Sales. Don DeMicheal, Bill Quinn, Jan Seefeldt, Editorial. Margaret Marchi, Subscription Manager.

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

WEST COAST OFFICE: 6269 Selma Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90028, HO 3-3268. Harvey Siders, Editorial.

Printed in U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1966 by Maher Publications, a division of John Maher Printing Co., all foreign rights reserved. Trademark registered U.S. Patent Office. Great Britain registered trademark No. 719,407. Published bi-weekly. We cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and photos. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Subscription rates \$7 one year, \$12 two years, \$10 three years, payable in advance. If you live in any of the Pan American Union countries, add 60 cents, for each year of subscription, to the prices listed above. If you live in Canada or any other foreign country, add \$1.50 for each year.

If you move, let us know your new address (include your old one, too) 6 weeks in advance so you won't miss an issue (the postoffice won't forward copies and we can't send duplicates).

POSTMASTER: Send Form 3579 to Down Beat, 222 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois, 60606

MAHER PUBLICATIONS: DOWN BEAT;
MUSIC '66; JAZZ RECORD REVIEWS;
N.A.M.M. Daily

CORRESPONDENTS

Boston, Bill Tannebring
Philadelphia, David B. Bilton
Washington, D. C., Tom Scanton
Baltimore, Don Buday
Miami, David Seltzer
Atlanta, Rose Dixon
Pittsburgh, Roy Kohler
Detroit, Bill McLarney
Milwaukee, Bob Gruel
Minneapolis, Leigh Kamman
Cleveland, Len Orclno
St. Louis, Jeanne Grosberg
New Orleans, Charles Suhor
Louisville, Dave Kaufmann
Kansas City, Richard Chesmore
Seattle, Lowell Richards
Las Vegas, Tommy Hodges
San Francisco, Russ Wilson
Montreal, Henry F. Whiston
Toronto, Helen McNamara
Europe, Alan Bates
Great Britain, Valeria Wilmer
France, Mike Hennessey
Switzerland, Gerard LeCoat
Netherlands, Hans F. Dulfer
Denmark, Leonard Malone
Norway, Randi Hultin
Sweden, Dick Idestam-Almqvist
Poland, Roman Waschko
Germany, Joachim E. Berendt
Central Europe, Eric T. Vogel
Italy, Ruggero Stissi
Argentina, Walter Thiers
Brazil, Sylvia Cardoto
Uruguay, Arnaldo Salustio
Japan, Max E. Lash
Australia, Trevor Graham



Don't be in the dark... when it comes to the sound of your guitar

(A Gretsch Powerhouse Amp Lets You Know Just What You're Missing)

It takes power to really deliver the sound from your guitar. All the sound. And if you've never heard yourself play through a Gretsch Powerhouse Amp, chances are you've never really heard all the sound your instrument is capable of playing. Sounds you never dreamt existed.

You see, Gretsch Amplifiers are the most powerful you can buy. They have all the sensitivity in the world, the mark of a great amplifier, but really put out, too. They're tremendous powerhouses. You'll scream trebles, yet whisper the softest, sweetest basses you've ever heard.

Take our Fury. This rugged amplifier has Tremolo and Reverb circuits for all kinds of special effects built right in. 70 watts of undistorted power.

Two independent channels, each with volume, bass and treble boosters, plus a wide variety of existing features, all at fingertip control.

So stop settling for half your sound. Come to your Gretsch dealer and plug your guitar into a Powerhouse. After all these years, it's the least you can do.

For your FREE copy of the full color Gretsch
Guitar and Amplifier Catalog.

name _____

address _____

city _____ state _____

zip _____ to The Fred. Gretsch Mfg., Co.,
60 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11211, Dept. 2A-7

GRETSCH



CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Neo-Neo Tomming

My compliments to Brooks Johnson for his article, *Toms and Tomming* (DB, June 16). It's a relief to read an article by a Negro who can view the present trend toward neo-neo-Tomism with intelligence.

The average jazz fan such as myself cares little whether the music we hear is considered "black" or "white." More important are the originality and emotional depth of the music and the talent of the musicians.

Ed LeShure
Watkins Glen, N.Y.

It was a pleasure to read Brooks Johnson's thoughts on the black-and-white situation. I would like to compliment him on his clear and far-seeing mind. He is obviously a man of unusual and great understanding concerning our life here.

Please keep these enlightened and simply honest people writing for you.

Robert P. Clark
Middlebury, Vt.

I have read *Down Beat* with increasing pleasure lately as it takes amazing strides toward a greater understanding. The article by Brooks Johnson was long awaited by

myself and many others. Johnson has the courage to name names and honestly attempts to do justice.

As a white musician of the young generation, I am well aware of the sterility of the white way of life. But I am witnessing a revolt of amazing power forming within the white world against this sterility. In years to come, this revolt will be felt in jazz, and maybe finally no one will have to justify his color before he can express himself.

Art Rosch
St. Louis, Mo.

It has been said that we Americans have more freedoms than any other people on earth, but, as Erich Fromm has pointed out, the quality of freedoms is greatly modified by public opinion, which very often hampers our development as plain human beings. Witness the white clergyman that gave up his adopted black child because his neighbors resented his adopting this child.

Consider, then, the white jazz musician who constantly withdraws from what he believes is right to accommodate the power structure. Is he not a white Tom? Why should he be allowed to function in comfort while his so-called black jazz brother suffers in a system designed to degrade him and limit his growth, not only as a musician but as a human being as well.

While this "white Tom" may claim to oppose these injustices, he tolerates them

pragmatically because the material rewards are so great. His conscience is assuaged by the long-standing tradition set by the Supreme Court (*Dred Scott*, 1857) that "from the founding of the country Negroes have been considered as a subordinate and inferior class of beings" who, therefore, "had no rights which a white man was bound to respect." If he is so smitten by conscience, he can always sell his story to one of various Negro publications under the heading: "How This Black Man Taught Me How to Play."

I must disagree with Brooks Johnson's thesis that Sun Ra's attitude places him in the category of a "neo-neo-Tom." I contend that Sun Ra's desire to "devise and develop a music that the white man could neither steal nor imitate" is not the thinking of a "neo-neo-Tom" but that of a naive black man—and wishful thinking at that—who chooses to ignore the lesson of Western history.

The white man has been collectively claiming credit for everything the black man has ever done or created that the former finds of any value. Hence, the Ethiopians are white; the Egyptians are white or Oriental; even the Russians claim that they invented jazz. While white musicians have made contributions to jazz, by whose standards can they be called "King of Jazz" or "King of Swing"? Why are they so lionized when many Negro musicians who play just as well or better are passed over? I maintain that it was, and

Heads up!

For heads up playing... for top quality precision craftsmanship... choose the finest guitar in the world. There's a Fender guitar and amp for you at your leading music dealer.

Fender
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA

FREE CATALOG / Write Fender Musical Instruments, Dept. DB-7, 1402 East Chestnut, Santa Ana, California

Berklee

School of Music

Summer
'66

for high school students:

offers the opportunity to evaluate musical facility on a pre-career basis. Special counselling service at end of course.

for college students:

intensive specialized study in practical aspects and techniques directly applicable to field of modern music.

for teachers and educators:

modern methods of effectively developing, training and arranging for dance or stage band.

for professional musicians:

increases earning power, adds career insurance by opening new musical areas.

6 week evaluation
course
begins July 25

for information and catalog
write to:



Dept. D
1140 Boylston Street
Boston, Massachusetts 02215

**For those who cannot attend
Berklee at this time . . .
a special
CORRESPONDENCE COURSE**

Includes:

- Modern Harmony
- Improvisation
- Dance Band Arranging
- Jazz Composition, etc.

For information write to:

BERKLEE SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Dept. D
1140 Boylston Street
Boston, Massachusetts 02215

still is, compatible with the doctrine of white supremacy to do so.

It is amusing that, after criticizing the "neo-neo-Toms" for clinging clannishly to their blackness, Johnson says, "I am black and proud of it." It would seem that this statement conflicts with all that he has been trying to say and is a reflection of what the late Richard Wright called the black American's negative loyalties that could be valid in a society without racism.

I would contend that the young black man can no longer live with the blind optimistic view that men of good intentions will rise and, if given enough time, will obliterate the conditions that have been the antithesis to truth and racial conciliation. It was the acceptance of this view on the part of Negroes of the past which prompted W. E. B. DuBois to call us "the mud-sills of the Western World."

Henry Bradley
New York City

The Don Ellis Article

Don Ellis' recent article (*DB*, June 30) is nonsense. He implies that the avant-garde should be "concerned about creating great art" rather than in "preaching political doctrine or expunging themselves emotionally."

However, music as an art has one legitimate purpose—to serve as a tool for human expression. To become obsessed with development of the tool, rather than to keep in mind the original purpose for which it was designed, is to become a hopeless bureaucrat. Human expression is more important to healthy human beings than "music," by anyone's definition.

Therefore, let us cling to music, literature, politics, Archie Shepp at *Down Beat* festivals—anything that will aid human communication, including just plain noise. And when a particular type of music, or music itself, no longer serves this purpose, let it be discarded.

Michael M. Jolley
San Jose, Calif.

Ellis' humorless attack on the avant-garde was embarrassing. Was this his attempt at revenging Archie Shepp for calling him "a hip Harry James"? For me, Shepp's is still the last word as well as the definitive appraisal of Ellis.

Christopher Hemphill
Hampton, Conn.

I liked Don Ellis' article, but I think that he is being overly kind when he states that the avant-garde started for sound musical reasons.

There is much that can be done to build upon the song form, and to do this well requires the ability to hear changes. Instead of being willing to discipline themselves, and finding themselves at the limits of their abilities, many "new thinkers" have escaped into the cop out of *cosa nova*. Although many in the avant-garde are talented, there are other directions besides "anything goes" with which to freshen up the song form.

Roece Markewich
New York City



The most
sensitive part
of our \$375
Selmer clarinet
is this \$13.50
mouthpiece

*Machined from hard rubber,
hand finished. You can buy
it at any good music store.*

In 12 facings. Also for Eb,
alto, bass, contrabass.

Selmer

H. & A. SELMER, INC.
Box 310, Elkhart, Ind. 46514
Outside U.S.A., Bach International
Box 310, Elkhart, Indiana 46514

Summer Jazz Flows Freely In New York

The slogan "New York Is a Summer Festival" promises to come true this year—at least as far as jazz is concerned. A staggering number of outdoor concerts have been scheduled this summer under a variety of auspices.

The Museum of Modern Art's "Jazz in the Garden" series, co-sponsored by *Down Beat*, began June 23 with trumpeter Ruby Braff's septet. On June 30 pianist Earl Hines and his Russia-bound septet made their only U.S. appearance prior to the State Department-sponsored tour, which began July 7.

Also saxophonist Lee Konitz performed July 7, and future concerts include pianist Dollar Brand's quintet (July 14), clarinetist-saxophonist Jimmy Giuffre's quartet (July 21), the Saints and Sinners group (July 28), flugelhornist Art Farmer's quintet (Aug. 18), and alto saxophonist Jackie McLean's quintet (Aug. 28). The concerts begin at 8:30 p.m.

A series of 47 concerts, including jazz, blues, folk, and rock-and-roll, began July 1 in Central Park's Wollman Skating Rink, where a 4,400-seat auditorium has been constructed. Sponsored and underwritten by Rheingold Breweries, the series is produced by Ron Delsener. All seats are priced at \$1.

Pianist Horace Silver's quintet and singer Arthur Prysock performed July 11, and other scheduled artists of jazz interest include Mongo Santamaria's band and singers Jackie Cain and Roy Kral (July 18), organist Jimmy Smith and singer Loretta Moore (July 25), tenor saxophonist Stan Getz and guitarist Kenny Burrell (July 30), pianist-singer Nina Simone (Aug. 5), the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra plus pianist Ray Bryant and singer Joe Williams (Aug. 8), pianist Erroll Garner and guitarist Wes Montgomery (Aug. 13), the Duke Ellington Orchestra (Aug. 15), blues singers-guitarists Muddy Waters and John Lee Hooker plus the Barry Goldberg Blues Band (Aug. 19), pianists Bill Evans and Thelonious Monk (Aug. 22), the Herbie Mann Octet and singer Teri Thornton (Aug. 27), the Count Basie Orchestra (Aug. 29), a blues night with the Rev. Gary Davis, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, and the New Lost City Ramblers (Sept. 2), a Gospel night with the Swan Silverstone Singers, the Original Five Blind Boys, and the Harmonizing Four (Sept. 4), and, to end the series, the Lionel Hampton Orchestra (Sept. 5). All concerts begin at 8:30 p.m.

The Jazzmobile, co-sponsored by the Harlem Cultural Council and Ballantine Breweries, with the co-operation of AFM Local 802, began its second year with a

July 7 performance by a big band led by pianist Billy Taylor. The site was 114th St. and Lenox Ave. Mayor John V. Lindsay was in attendance. A larger mobile bandstand has been built this year, and concerts will take place in all five boroughs. The Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band performed July 8 in Queens, pianist Duke Pearson's big band July 12 in the Bronx, and drummer Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers will play at 137th St. and Lenox Ave. July 13.

Other Jazzmobile concerts scheduled at presstime included ones by Lionel Hampton at Randolph (formerly Dewey) Square in Harlem (July 18), trumpeter Blue Mitchell's quintet at the St. Nicholas Houses (July 19), and clarinetist Tony Scott's big band at West Brighton Houses on Staten Island (July 21). Other artists expected to appear include Count Basie, Dizzy Gillespie, Carmen McRae, Al Cohn and Zoot Sims, Donald Byrd, Randy Weston, and Lee Morgan. The Jazzmobile is in operation Monday through Friday. The series ends Sept. 1.

Free jazz concerts are held each Wednesday night through August at St. Mark's Church at Second Ave. and 10th St. at 8:30 p.m. Pianist Lamont Johnson, with Garnett Brown, trombone; Howard Johnson, baritone saxophone, tuba; Herb Buschler, bass; and Warren Smith, drums, performed June 22.

On July 31 an outdoor jazz session will be held from 4 to 10 p.m. at the Club Ruby in Jamaica, N.Y., featuring multi-reed man Roland Kirk's quartet; trumpeter Lee Morgan's quintet with tenor saxophonist Hank Mobley; tenor saxophonist Joe Henderson's sextet with Kenny Dorham, trumpet, and Grachan Moncur III, trombone; trombonist Benny Powell's sextet with saxophonists Frank Foster and Frank Wess, and singer Joe Carroll.

In all, it should be a swinging summer in New York.

Johnny St. Cyr Dies

One of the pioneers of New Orleans jazz—Johnny St. Cyr—died June 17 at Los Angeles County General Hospital, exactly two months after his 76th birthday.

Born in New Orleans in 1890, St. Cyr played banjo and guitar and pursued an outside trade as a plasterer. For long periods, he freelanced around New Orleans and then periodically would leave music and work as a plasterer. He played with Armand Piron until 1909 and then spent two years with Martin Gabriel and with the Tuxedo Band.

In 1914 St. Cyr began his long and irregular association with Kid Ory. He subsequently played with Fate Marable's band on the Mississippi riverboats from 1917 to 1919. After spending two years

with trumpeter Ed Allen, St. Cyr returned to plastering for a while and then headed north, working with King Oliver, Jimmie Noone, Charles Cook, and Doc Cook in Chicago.

During his time in Chicago, he achieved his greatest fame, recording with Louis Armstrong's Hot Five, Jelly Roll Morton's Red Hot Peppers, and the New Orleans Wanderers/Bootblacks, a group that included fellow Orleanians clarinetist Johnny Dodds and trombonist Ory.

By 1930 St. Cyr was back in New Orleans working at his trade and taking



Johnny St. Cyr

occasional gigs during the depression years. In 1951 he won the *Record Changer* all-time all-star poll as a banjoist.

Three years later he moved to Los Angeles, where he founded his own plaster-contracting firm. His dozen years in L.A. were happy ones, as he worked with members of the New Orleans Jazz Club of California and the Southern California Jazz Society.

His kind of music still flourishes in Orange County. That's where Disneyland is located, and the amusement park was the scene of his last professional engagement, as a member of the Young Men of New Orleans, who play aboard a faithfully reproduced riverboat. That was Christmas, 1965. Aside from that, St. Cyr kept active musically with his own South Wall Street Barefoot Philharmonic—a group of amateur traditionalists who came to his S. Wall St. home for weekly jam sessions.

Last summer, St. Cyr fell asleep at the wheel of his car and hit an abutment on the Santa Ana Freeway. The car was wrecked, but St. Cyr managed to walk away from the crash. However, from that period on, his health declined. In the beginning of June, he was admitted to General Hospital, where his ailment was diagnosed as leukemia.

Bill Bacin, president of the New Orleans

Jazz Club of California, remembers him as being "fiercely independent." Bacin, on the occasion of St. Cyr's 73rd birthday, went to New Orleans and tape-recorded birthday greetings from 55 of St. Cyr's colleagues. It was one of St. Cyr's most treasured possessions, and he often played the half-hour tribute.

St. Cyr is survived by his widow, Flora, and eight children.

Little Jazz Joins Count Basie's Band

On July 1 two of the great names in jazz joined forces for the first time, when trumpeter Roy Eldridge became a member of the Count Basie Orchestra. It is Eldridge's first regular big-band job since he left Artie Shaw in 1945, though he led his own band for a while afterwards and worked with Gene Krupa's band for a few months in 1949.

"I'm looking forward to it," Eldridge told *Down Beat* a few weeks before joining Basie. "Naturally, I've always dug the band, and I think it will be a good thing for me, playingwise."

A strongly individualistic player, Eldridge expressed no concern about being absorbed in a big-band section: "I have to be myself regardless of where I go, right?"

On the prospect of having to read parts once again, the trumpeter expressed only mild concern.

"I just have to get used to it again," he said with a smile. "Fortunately, I have a couple of big-band record dates coming up—one with Ray McKinley and two with Jackie Gleason—so that will give me a chance to get in shape. But I don't think it could be any worse than working with Fletcher Henderson."

Eldridge was the Henderson band's featured trumpeter in 1936 and 1937.

"We used to call Fletcher 'the sharp king'—everything had sharps on it," the trumpeter reminisced. "I remember one arrangement that was written in eight sharps. When I first saw it in front of me, I thought I'd never be able to get it down. That band was a great school."

Prior to joining Henderson, Eldridge's big-band experience included jobs with McKinney's Cotton Pickers and orchestras led by Fletcher's brother Horace, Zach Whyte, Speed Webb, Cecil Scott, Elmer Snowden, Charlie Johnson, and Teddy Hill. In 1939 he formed his own big band and from 1941 to 1943 was featured with Gene Krupa as a soloist and singer and also was a member of the section.

On Eldridge's last night of a 10-week stand at New York's Embers West, some of his colleagues-to-be dropped in to catch the last set. "Hey, section!" Basie trumpeter Al Aarons called out to Eldridge.

"One of the reasons why I'm doing this," Eldridge said later that night, "is that I'm tired of being out on the road by myself. It's not that I can't get enough work on my own, but it gets pretty lonely out there sometimes. Now I know I'll always have good company when I travel."

Stan And The Pres

Stan Getz is becoming as familiar a figure around the White House as Pat Nugent.

The tenor saxophonist and his quartet performed June 7—the second time in less than a year—at the White House reception for the 1966 presidential scholars, 140 outstanding high school students.

With President Johnson's daughter Luci as the hostess and comedian Bill Dana as emcee, the event was held on the White



LEE TANNER

Getz
At home at the House

House lawn, and in addition to the other members of the quartet—vibraphonist Gary Burton, bassist Steve Swallow, drummer Roy Haynes—among the invited guests were Getz' wife, Monica, and his 17-year-old son, Steven.

Getz' quartet also performed at the White House last October at a similar reception for the nation's top college students. In between the gigs, Getz and his wife were among the presidential guests at a recent reception for Washington's diplomatic corps.

Jazz Musicians Group In Chicago Growing

When four young Chicago musicians originated the idea of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, they received far more enthusiastic response than any of them had anticipated.

More than 50 jazzmen, principally exponents of the avant-garde, joined pianist-composer Richard Abrams, trumpeter Phil Cohran, pianist Jody Christian, and drummer Steve McCall (the driving forces behind the group at its inception), in the establishment of a new concept in musical organizations.

Abrams, the president, explained that the group's intention is to provide an empathetic atmosphere for musicians who wish to extend the horizon of jazz. To this end, he said, they are in the business of producing "original music."

In other words, he said, "we are looking for a genuinely individual expression from

each musician. Not that I have anything against standards, but we could play a tune like *Body and Soul* forever and not express what we feel—only variations of what the original composer felt."

Within the AACM are various groups led by one or another of the members.

Notable among these, for their productivity, are the Joseph Jarmon Quintet, the Roscoe Mitchell Sextet, and the Artistic Heritage Ensemble. Another element of the larger group is the Experimental Band, under Abrams' direction, which gave a concert June 19, at the Abraham Lincoln Center. Members of this group include some of the leaders of the others. They are Mitchell, alto saxophone; William Van Allen, baritone saxophone; Maurice McIntyre, tenor saxophone; John S. Jackson, trumpet; Lester Lashley, trombone, cello; Charles Clark and Leonard Jones, basses; Thurmond Barker, drums; and Sandra Lashley, vocals.

Abrams said his interest in AACM's development is at least equal to his own desire to advance creatively. "I want to see that every man interested enough to work hard will get the recognition he earns," he declared.

The bandleader added that a program is under way within the nonprofit organization to finance the training of every young musician connected with the AACM—"as long as that man shows a desire to add something for himself as well as the group."

Abrams, a nonsmoker and nondrinker, was anxious about the stigmas many laymen attach to the private lives of jazz performers and said an aim of the organization is "to set an example of high moral standards for musicians and to return the public image of creative musicians to the level of esteem which was handed down from past cultures."

Hill Marches In L. A.

Like a suspended fourth, an important issue involving Andrew Hill and his quartet is waiting to be resolved.

Last month's projected two-week gig at the It Club in Los Angeles consisted of one week of music, plus one week of confusion. When Hill failed to get paid at the end of the first week, he pulled out his sidemen (Sam Rivers, tenor saxophone; Cecil McBee, bass; and Steve Ellington, drums) and led them on an oval tour of the sidewalk in front of the club.

The sporadic picketing continued for a couple of days, and, to make sure he would be heard, Hill made his own placards, reinforced his picket line with some local sympathizers (including his wife, LaVerne), called the news media and cooperated with a crew from KABC-TV by having his group chant a highly syncopated, free-form protest ditty called *We Want Our Money*.

Hill reports he finally got his money for the first week, but he turned the matter of his second week's work over to AFM Local 47.

It Club owner John T. McLean was not available for comment.

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK: The Five Spot is featuring vocalists as added attractions to the instrumental groups appearing at the club. Singer **Joe Lee Wilson** worked with drummer **Roy Haynes'** quartet, and **Betty Carter** did two weeks opposite trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard's** quintet in early June. Miss Carter was to return June 28, after a one-week stand by singer **Sheila Jordan** . . . The **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis** big band's Monday night appearances at the Village Vanguard have begun again following a short hiatus. The club's June bill featuring pianist **Thelonious Monk's** quartet and tenor saxophonist **Sonny Rollins'** trio (**Walter Booker**, bass, and **Frederick Waits**, drums) was a big success . . . A concert of compositions by **Joe Nedwidek** was performed by the composer at the piano, with **Lou Gluckin**, trumpet; **Norman Marnell**, tenor saxophone; **Joe Williams**, bass; and **Angelo Bruckner**, drums, at the Clark Center for the Performing Arts June 22. Nedwidek is a former arranger for trumpeter **Herb Pomeroy's** Boston band . . . A one-week concert tour of New York State colleges and universities, including Buffalo, Syracuse, Fredonia, Ithaca, St. Lawrence, and Delhi, sponsored by the New York State Council of the Arts and organized by ESP Disk's head, **Bernard Stollman**, took place in May, featuring **Sun Ra's Solar Arkestra**, multi-instrumentalist **Giuseppe Logan's** quartet, pianist **Burton Greene's** trio, and pianist **Ran Blake**. Greene, with **Byard Lancaster** (alto saxophone, flute, and bass clarinet), also did a Monday night at Slug's in June . . . The **Don Heckman-Ed Summerlin** Improvisational Jazz Workshop was featured in May at the Kalamazoo, Mich., College Contemporary Music Festival. The group played a concert and conducted a workshop on techniques, and Summerlin lectured and performed his *Liturgy of the Holy Spirit*, which also was performed, under Summerlin's direction, at the University of Illinois May 29. On June 5 Heckman, Summerlin, and **Ron Carter**, bass, and **Marty Morell**, drums, played at services at the First Congregational Church in Passaic, N.J., and Summerlin performed a new piece for solo tenor saxophone, *Lament*, at the Conference of the Councils of Churches, at Lake Geneva, Wis., on June 21 . . . Tenor saxophonist **Zoot Sims** began a month's stay at the Embers West June 13; also on the bill is pianist **Mike Longo's** house trio. Trumpeter **Clark Terry** is scheduled to follow Sims . . . Drummer **Walter Perkins**, pianist **Mickey Dean**, bassist **Joe Genere**, and singer **Donna Lee** are featured nightly except Mondays at a new club, 007, on Second Ave. and 56th St. . . . Bassist **Charlie Haden** has moved to New York from San Francisco to work at the newly opened Synanon House branch here and has been rehearsing with tenor saxophonist **Archie Shepp's** group . . . Texas trumpeter and ex-bandleader **Don Albert** visited New York in June and sat in with

fellow Texan **Buddy Tate's** band at the Celebrity Club . . . Pianist **Claude Hopkins**, with **Joe Thomas**, trumpet; **Scoville Brown**, clarinet; **Eddie Barefield**, alto saxophone; **Bill Pemberton**, bass; and **Jo Jones**, drums, did several weekends in May and June at the Longwood Casino in Oak Ridge, N. J. . . . Clarinetist **Peanuts Hucko's** house band at **Eddie Condon's** sports some new faces. Trombonist **Cutty Cutshall** is still on hand, with cornetist **Ruby Braff**, pianist **Ray Bryant**, bassist **Gene Ramey**, and drummer **Cliff Leeman** . . . Vibraharpist **Ollie Shearer's** quartet (**Jerry Dodgion**, alto saxophone, flute; **Gene Taylor**, bass; **Warren Smith**, drums, tympani) has joined with dancer **Vija Vetra** in a program of collective improvisations utilizing U.S., Indian, South American and European materials. The troupe performed at the Rev. **John G. Gensel's** jazz vesper services in May. The services, held each Sunday at 5 p.m., have moved to St. Peter's Lutheran Church at Lexington Ave. and 65th St. Trumpeter **Howard McGhee** is the music director and leads a big band including tenor saxophonists **Jimmy Heath** and **Clifford Jordan**, trombonists **Elmer Crumbley** and **Matthew Gee**, and bassist **Nelson Boyd**.

CHICAGO: Clarinet fans in the Chicago area had a feast June 15 and 16, when both **Benny Goodman** and **Buddy DeFranco** played two-nighters here. DeFranco, leading the **Glenn Miller Orchestra**, played for dancing at the Great Lakes Naval Training Center, while Goodman was featured at Orchestra Hall with the **Chicago Symphony Orchestra**, **Morton Gould** conducting. Goodman's symphonic vehicle was **Carl Nielsen's Concerto for Clarinet, Opus 57**, which was recorded by Goodman and the orchestra on June 17. The hit of the two concerts, however, was Goodman's sextet-minus-one, which played after the formal concerts were concluded. With Goodman were trumpeter **Doc Cheatham**, guitarist **Les Spann**, bassist **Al Hall**, and drummer **Morey Feld**. Pianist **Hank Jones**, who had been working with the Goodman group in New York City, did not make the trip to Chicago . . . **Joe Segal's** June 13 Modern Jazz Showcase session at Mother Blues was dedicated to the memory of Chicago tenor saxophonist **Nicky Hill**, who died three years ago. Featured were tenorist **Eddie Harris**, pianist **Jodie Christian**, bassist **Wilbur Ware**, and drummer **Wilbur Campbell**. Pianist **Joe Zawinul** and bassist **Herbie Lewis**, passing through town on their way to play an engagement with the **Cannonball Adderley Quintet**, were among the sitters-in . . . *Plain Ol' Blues*, which won an Emmy for WTTW, will be reshowed on that station July 13. The program is a solo performance by pianist **Art Hodes** . . . Trumpeter **Warren Kime's** 13-piece ensemble has been featured on Wednesdays at the Window, on N. Wells St. Kime uses six trumpeters, two trombonists, one reed man, two singers, a bassist, and a drummer . . . Last month's AFM Local 10-208 membership meeting voted against

melting the "freeze" on musicians working staff or five-night-a-week jobs. The rule remains that such musicians cannot work outside jobs, even though an exception is made in the cases of **Chicago Symphony Orchestra** members, who can work as many gigs as they want . . . **James Cotten**, normally the harmonica player with **Muddy Waters'** band, fronted what was called the **Chicago Soul Blues Band** for an engagement at the Bowery, located on N. Wells. . . **Dizzy Gillespie's** quintet did excellent business at the Plugged Nickel during its two weeks at the N. Wells St. club last month. . . The **Stan Getz Quartet** is set for a July 25 open-air concert at Old Orchard Shopping Center. No admission will be charged. The last time the tenor saxophonist played at Old Orchard, more than 15,000 persons attended . . . The **Rosecoe Mitchell Sextet**, one of the components of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, gave a concert July 3 at Abraham Lincoln Center. . . **Louis Armstrong** and his group played at McCormick Place June 23 . . . On June 24 and 25, McCormick Place served as the site for two concerts by the **Woody Herman Herd** and singer **Tony Bennett**. Herman followed with a June 26 dance date at Willowbrook Ballroom.

LOS ANGELES: The **Jimmy Hamilton Trio** filled a booking gap that followed **Andrew Hill** at the It Club . . . Comedian **Redd Foxx** vacated the Living Room, and in came pianist **Dorothy Donegan's** group for an indefinite engagement . . . Alto saxophonist **Sonny Criss** took his time looking for a musically compatible rhythm section to back him on his Sunday afternoon gigs at Shelly's Manne-Hole. He is now fronting the **Ike Isaacs Trio** for the matinees. Bassist **Isaacs**, plus **Gildo Mahones**, piano, and **Jimmy Smith**, drums, work with singer **Ocie Smith** at the Pied Piper the rest of the week . . . Dixieland is now being broadcast live every Wednesday over KRHM-FM in Los Angeles. The program originates from Jim's Roaring '20s in Downey, where the **Original New Orleans Jazz Band** holds forth. The personnel is **Andy Blakeney**, trumpet; **Al Jenkins**, trombone; **Sammy Lee**, clarinet; **Alton Purnell**, piano; **Ed Garland**, bass; and **Teddy Edwards**, drums . . . Pianist **Hampton Hawes** is back with bassist **Red Mitchell** at Donte's on weekends. The balance of the week is split between pianists **Pete Jolly** and **Jimmie Rowles** . . . **Louis Armstrong** romped through his week-long gig at the Carousel Theater in West Covina. With the trumpeter were **Buster Bailey**, clarinet; **Tyree Glenn**, trombone; **Marty Napoleon**, piano; **Buddy Catlett**, bass; **Danny Barcelona**, drums; and **Jewel Brown**, vocals . . . The Troubadour continues its policy of folk-oriented jazz (or jazz-flavored folk), with singers **Muddy Waters** in mid-July and **Odette** in early August . . . At the Sportsman in Newport, the **Mark Davidson Trio** is featured on weekends. With pianist **Davidson** are bassist **Red Callender** and drummer **Jack**
(Continued on page 41)

Sittin' In: By ART HODES



Something told me we'd got there way too early, but I'm a time man, and when I'm told "5:30 or 5:40," I try for that. We had made it—on time. Which meant we were way ahead of time. So Thelma (my wife) and I sat and gawked and tried to see who we could recognize as the "celebrities" arrived.

This was Drury Lane Theater. The date was last May 31, and the occasion the eighth annual local (Chicago) Emmy awards. A show I did the previous March 30 had been selected by the station I did it on, WTTW, an educational station, to represent it in competition. The moment of truth was arriving.

Somehow, I recalled by first Carnegie Hall appearance; I was to find out that though (in a way) you have to "arrive" to "get to" Carnegie Hall, actually you rent the place . . . it costs so much for the hall, the tuning of the piano, etc. Well, for this Emmy occasion, you pay your wine and food tab, plus the evening gown the wife should have on, and you make it in tux. (Boy, some garb. My go-to-work tuxedo—forget it.) By now, lots of people were filling the cocktail lounge, and some WTTW folks arrived, and so did the chit-chat. Finally 7 p.m. got here, and it was chow time. One hour and a half later we were in the theater. This is plush (red plush, seats and carpeting). The hall held 500, and it looked as if at least that many showed.

Here we go. Nervous? Not too much. My director-producer, Bob Kaiser, had warned me, "Art, I've had four shows up for awards and have been named personally three times but have yet to get that Emmy. So don't get set on it. Figure at best you have a 50/50 chance—and here's something you should know: there's never been a breath of suspicion about the blue-ribbon jury that views each film. If you make it, it's because they believe you deserved it. And I happen to know that they didn't take too long to scan our three shows; they looked at yours the longest."

There you have it. Nervous? Not yet. But in time the room tension gets to you. You can feel the involvement. So you read the "scorecard" just to be doing something. Now you realize how many big people and big shows you're up against. I feel fortunate that I have the only jazz show: *Plain Ol' Blues*. . . . "Now I wanna tell you 'bout the blues."

You remember Leadbelly? Huddie Ledbetter, the folk-blues singer, a great talent. And working at the Vanguard with him back in the '40s you could call him Leadbelly if you got to know him; but you had to get to know him. "Folks, you got chicken on yo'r plate, an' you can't eat; you gotcha a bed an' you can't sleep; you got a woman but you

can't think of . . . you got the blues." That's what we named the show. But crammed into the 30 minutes I had (and by the time you allow for opening and closing, there goes four) I'd tried to pack the jazz story:

"You see, this music all started with a beat, an African beat. There were some enterprising businessmen who were in the business of giving people the business. Well, they brought the slaves to our American shores. These people didn't have two weeks to get ready for the trip. About all the time they had was to bring what they had on their person. And one thing they had for sure was this beat. And the beat met the European music here in America. There was a marriage, and a child called jazz. And from its very beginning this has been an integrated effort, an integrated music."

When Bob Kaiser said, "I got an idea for an opening: you come on in tails; there's applause like in a concert hall. You walk in straight and make with the bows, shake the tails back as you sit down to the piano. Make a little concerto style and right into the plain ol' blues."

I bought Bob's idea, and that's the way it happened. And so I talked and played of spirituals and New Orleans marching style, the parades, the funerals. I got out of New Orleans the way the musicians did back in 1917 when the town shut down. I took it to Chicago, I recalled the young white (would-be) musicians who put on their dads' long pants so that they could crash the night spots. . . . The school of jazz was in session; the professors had arrived. Your admission was your tuition. You came and you heard—"and afterwards we gathered and tried playing this new jazz (just like the kids in high school band together today); and maybe what came out is what got tagged Chicago style."

No, you just don't tell the jazz story in 24 minutes. What you do is try to feel it as you relate. I like to believe I did a good job; immediately after the TV show, the phones were jammed, and most of the comment I got was that it was too short.

So here we go now at the Drury Lane. Bob Crane (of *Hogan's Heroes*) is the emcee. He eases the room. Now the awards are being handed out. No one does too great at the mike. Different people (names) pass out more and more awards. Right now Eddie Stanky, the White Sox manager, is onstage. He's saying, "An award to Art Hodds for *Plain Ol' Blues*." And as agreed before, there goes Bob Kaiser to the podium to pick up that Emmy.

I'm not with it. . . . I know we won.

The "Hodds" didn't bother me as much as it did my friend Bob Manshott, a producer-director. I heard him say, "You don't mispronounce Stanky." Of course I'd have liked to hear the cat call me correctly. But believe me, after you've seen ads with your name spelled anywhere from Hogan to Al Hodges, you kind of (after awhile) don't leap from behind the bar. Thanks to a kind friend, newspaper man Bill Leonard on the *Chicago Tribune*, the item made good reading and an extra dividend.

No, I wasn't with it. I don't know why. The next half-hour found me like a spectator. You know, when the first act appeared on tape, I just wouldn't hardly look (it wasn't my cup of tea anyway). But when the next and the next performer appeared only on tape, I said, "Brother, when will Chicago demand the best and settle for nothing less?" When even the mayor failed to appear in person, I'd felt like I'd been had.

I remember when I heard Bessie Smith—sure, we're going back a few. It's a rainy day, and I'm walking the streets of south-side Chicago all by myself. Mostly I'm digging street sounds, or something I'm remembering within. I look up, and there's a theater marquee and Bessie Smith. I'm inside now and it's warm. That gorgeous human being is singing. I very well might be one of the only whites in the house, but I'm at home. There on a neighborhood stage is one of the greatest, in person. Plain ol' blues. Like LeRoy Carr would sing; like Big Bill Broonzy would. This was an age when we had each other; it was all happening right around you. Maybe that's what I don't dig; we're getting so big. It was comfortable then. Nobody had much, but as I say, we did have each other. Chicago was a real mother. There was a time when Chicago came on with the come-on.

It was the night of the Emmy awards, really a big night for the TV industry of Chicago. This was the evening the Chicago chapter of the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences honored its best. But it remained for some 24 Negro youngsters who couldn't have been more than 8 years old—they called themselves "The Little Angels"—to come onstage and give meaning to the show. When these kids got through doing *Hello, Dolly!*, the good taste was back, the good feeling.

These little children swung a beat through a melody and warmed the entire room. It took away that second-rated feeling. But there was more to it for me. There was that white man's melody merged with the Negro swing—the result, unmistakably, a jazz sound; the product, American, the integrated child. It came from the mouths of children. They weren't screaming or speaking. Yet what they had to say spoke loud. Our music is everybody's language; if we listen, we'll find the way of making it, peacefully, together. Tell it as it is. That's what those youngsters did. They gave Emmy an award.





CHERRY'S CATHOLICITY

the kaleidoscopic view of jazz

By MIKE HENNESSEY

FOR DONALD EUGENE CHERRY, life without music would be lingering death. "It's hard," he said, "to explain what good music does to me. It gives me a beautiful feeling inside." Cherry, a splendidly amiable, quiet-spoken man, is fascinated by a world full of sounds, using ears as a painter uses eyes.

"I just like to sit in my room sometimes and listen to the sounds outside," he said recently in Paris. "There was some Frenchman in the street the other day spouting philosophy, and it sounded just like he was taking a chorus.

"Right after I came to Europe 18 months ago, I spent two months living in a Moroccan village, listening to the music and sounds. It was fascinating.

"I'm getting interested now in electronic music—this is going to be tremendously important in the future. Children today have all kinds of sounds around them, the sounds of our time, and they can take them in fast. They can watch TV, listen to records and radio, and assimilate it all.

"The early composers were inspired by natural sounds. But today mechanical sounds are a big part of our life. I love to mix sounds; I'm a great believer in using as wide as possible variety of forms and sounds.

"I want to absorb all the sounds I can and improvise around them. Improvising is a rare quality, and not everybody can do it—though an awful lot of people think they can. But now we are getting more and more classical musicians who want to improvise, and more and more musicians all over the world are learning how to do it. That's beautiful."

It is one of Cherry's contentions that not too many jazz musicians are able to see, or want to see, the whole spectrum of music.

However many there may be, trumpeter Cherry is one of them. His musical tastes are so extravagantly catholic as to leave him open to a charge of being indiscriminating even though, despite the range of inspiration, his playing is entirely individual, cohesive, and consistent.

While in Europe, Cherry has been leading a fiery, vital quintet that, as a miniature musical United Nations, testifies to the increasing universality of the jazz message.

Gato Barbieri, the saxophonist, lives in Italy and comes from Argentina. Pianist and vibraharpist Carl Berger is German. Aldo Romano, the drummer, lives in France and is Italian. And bassist Jean-Francois Jenny-Clark, a student at the Paris Conservatory of Music, is French.

"Jenny-Clark," Cherry said, "is another Scot LaFaro. He has a very good knowledge of jazz basics. And Berger is a fantastic piano player. I'm really very happy with the group, and I'm hoping to take it back to the States with me when I return.

"We have been playing together for about a year now, and it is really starting to sound good. All the musicians have the capacity to be leaders. When I was with Ornette Coleman, he always used to tell us to play as if we were leading the group."

The music the quintet plays, Cherry said with a smile, is "like spinning the dial on a radio. But each part is complete in itself—a sort of collage or mosaic."

Cherry detests the idea of pigeonholing music. He be-

lieves that musicians of all persuasions can make happy music together and says he is just as delighted to play with Stuff Smith as he is with Ornette Coleman.

"In any one set the quintet will play all kinds of music, from Dixieland to Ellington, from folk music to boppish things," he said. "When we play at a club, we try to make each set a complete concert in itself. But playing four sets a night means that the quality cannot always be good—and that's a lot of music, anyway, for people to absorb.

"But now people are listening when we play. That's very gratifying. We like to send them away whistling things we've played. Then we know we've communicated."

It hasn't been easy for Cherry since he hit Paris. When he arrived, he slept on floors and struggled to make a living. The people at first wouldn't listen to his music, he said, but, gradually, "if you stick to what you know you have to do, it builds up."

"First, I had to teach musicians what I wanted, but they were eager to learn," he said. "There are a lot of guys here who want to get into the so-called free-jazz thing.

"Cecil Taylor and Ornette had the same trouble when they first came. People didn't really know what to say about their music, so they applied the old principle: when in doubt, put it down.

"But the important thing is to get the music to the people. To show that it lives. That's what is beautiful about the music—it's 'nowness'; that's what gives it its vitality and brilliance."

BORN IN 1936 and brought up in the Watts section of Los Angeles, Cherry recalls how he spent quite a bit of time around night clubs because his father was a bartender. Young Cherry first heard Charlie Parker in California. When he was 14 in school, he played with altoist George Newman ("a fine musician") and drummer Billy Higgins. He recalls some "good trumpet players around then"—Harry Edison ("I got a chance to hear a lot of Sweets"), Jack Sheldon, Shorty Rogers, and Chet Baker.

"I used to go to school with the girl who became Ornette's first wife, and she used to lend us bebop records," Cherry said. "Later on, I played in various rhythm-and-blues and Latin bands. Then I went to the Lenox School of Jazz in Massachusetts, where people like John Lewis, Gunther Schuller, Max Roach, and Kenny Dorham were teaching.

"Before that, I'd been very much influenced by Ornette. He and I would rehearse and study theory together. I was with Ornette from 1957 to 1961, and I played with him on his first real jazz gig, for the Vancouver Jazz Society. Before that, he'd been playing rhythm-and-blues."

Coleman, Cherry says, was much influenced by Ed Blackwell, a drummer from New Orleans, whom Cherry described as having "a primitive and beautiful concept of rhythm and a wonderful feeling."

"A lot of people put Ornette down," the trumpeter said, "but I have a great admiration for him. You hear people saying that avant-garde musicians play the way they do because they can't master their instruments. But Ornette can play anything. He can play orthodox jazz, a straight blues. He did a set in honor of Bird at the Five Spot once—you can ask Percy Heath about that.

"But he wants to play his own way. It's his story he's telling and telling it the way it is. Everybody has his own way. It's so boring to hear everybody telling the same story. This is the worst feature of popular music. People borrow from somebody else's story because it's been a best-seller."

Cherry first went to Europe in 1963 on a tour with Sonny Rollins. He worked nine months with Rollins and profited a great deal from the experience.

"I like to practice on the outside—in the open air," he said. "That's how I first met Rollins. When he came to California, we used to go down to the beach and blow together."

Cherry's next visit to Europe, a few months later, was with the Contemporary Five, which included altoist John Tchicai, tenorist Archie Shepp, and drummer J. C. Moses. In late 1964 he went back with tenor saxophonist Albert Ayler, bassist Gary Peacock, and drummer Sonny Murray, but when the other three returned to New York, Cherry stayed on.

"I first heard Albert Ayler when I was touring with Sonny Rollins, and I got a big shock," he said. "I had the same feeling when I first heard Ornette. Its an unexplainable sensation. I also experienced it when I first heard Louis Armstrong and some of the old records of Freddie Keppard.

"All the jazz musicians I've liked have had a special quality of making me feel the wind in my face."

On the matter of the often bitter political overtones of the jazz avant-garde, Cherry smiled and said, "Yes, there has been a lot of talk about politics. I was always more interested in religion than politics—there are so many sects in California, so many cults, so much mysticism. I was a Jehovah's Witness once.

"But these days politics just slaps you in the face. As a Negro raised in a mixed neighborhood, white people put me down, and black people put the white people down. I soon discovered hate—and I soon learned that we have to fight hate. If you hate anything, you must hate hate.

"Even in Europe you can never really forget color prejudice. Things always happen no matter where you are. But I always try to think positive and sympathize with all the movements that are going on to help suppressed people everywhere.

"As far as music is concerned—well, I feel it belongs to everybody. Primitive people used to fight over food—they had to learn to get together. We shouldn't fight over music.

"People have to do good in life the best way they can. For some people it's politics; for me it's music. But, of course, you can only play what you are and the way you live."

Cherry loves the company of fellow musicians, whether he is playing with them, talking with them, or listening and learning from them. He says he has learned much from Coleman, Eric Dolphy, Rollins, and John Coltrane.

In his quest for a wider musical knowledge he came upon the redoubtable Miles Davis.

"When Miles was playing in Hollywood, I went up to him between sets and asked him to show me how to do a certain type of fingering," Cherry said. "He cut me dead.

"He said [Cherry did a wonderful husky impersonation], 'Work it out. Work on your own thing, man,' and turned away. I was really brought down, and I went to Trane and told him what had happened. Trane told me not to worry. 'Miles will come to you,' he said.

"Later when I was playing in California, Miles came up and tapped me on the shoulder. He asked to try my pocket trumpet. I was working with Leroy Vinnegar and Billy Higgins, and Miles really had a ball. Then he started talking to me about fingering."

While he has been in Paris, Cherry has continued to seek out musicians.

"I've been around Albert Nicholas quite a bit, and if I can go on like he's going on, I'll be quite happy," he said of the 65-year-old New Orleans clarinetist.

"And I still dig Armstrong. He is really fantastic. I'm also knocked out by Ravi Shankar [the Indian sitarist]. He's beautiful. You know, to me, that's as much jazz as any music I've heard."



THE WINTER OF 1939-40 is a memory hard to reassemble; it's like reconstructing a dream.

On a Friday evening the *Drottningholm* docked in New York City. I was rewardingly greeted by newspapers, which, for 2 cents, told me all I had been waiting to hear after the long weeks during which I had been out of touch with the world. I went directly from the pier to the apartment of an old friend, a music copyist, who looked as if he could not have been more startled if Bix had walked in. He and other friends had assumed that the war had delayed indefinitely my plans for moving to the United States; instead, the apocalyptic events of August and Hitler's invasion of Poland in September had precipitated them.

Benny and Inez Carter dropped by to see if I was for real. I told the story of the long, nervous crossing from Sweden and the events that had led up to it. It felt good to be among friends again.

The next day I went by Coleman Hawkins' house. He had called his shots as if by ESP, having arrived back a few weeks earlier after a five-year European residence. Hawkins had good news: he was organizing a nine-piece band to open at Kelly's Stable on 51st St. (Two weeks later, this group recorded *Body and Soul*.)

My *Down Beat* deal, it soon developed, was not ready. My finances were minimal, my future totally uncertain. I moved into a one-room apartment, a four-floor walk-up on W. 90th St., for which the rent was \$5 a week. In order to feel less unemployed I went to Hawkins' rehearsal and made notes in the hope that somebody would print them. But aside from *Down Beat*, there were very few outlets for printed words about jazz in 1939.

During the next few days there were many stops to make: at magazine offices, record companies, and music publishers. Everyone was very friendly, but it always ended with a come-back-next-week. The most sincerely helpful friend was John Hammond, who lent me a typewriter and offered several job tips. I remember dining, on my third evening as a permanent resident of New York City, with Hammond and Benny Carter at a big sea-food restaurant in the area of what is now Lincoln Center.

Soon we were in a long discussion about the Nazi-Soviet pact. Though Hammond always disagreed with me politically, the argument was more searingly inflamed than usual this time; I had recently read Eugene Lyons' *Assignment in Utopia* and found myself, as I would often during



Victor-Bluebird studio, December 1, 1939, the Sextet of the Rhythm Club of London: bassist Pete Barry, guitarist Al Harris, clarinetist Danny Pola, pianist Hazel Scott, Feather, altoist Pete Brown, drummer Arthur Herbert.

Life With Feather BY LEONARD FEATHER

the next few years, in the uncomfortable position of being attacked from the left as a Red-baiter and condemned from the right as a trouble-stirring pinko who was always raising the race issue when almost all of white America, even in our liberal profession, was content to go on sweeping it under the carpet.

The trouble with being an angry young man at that time was that, aside from a few militants like Hammond, one had very little company.

New York at that time was a dormant tiger. I learned a few under-the-carpet truths from the late Roi Ottley, the author (best remembered for *New World A-Comin'*), to whom I was introduced during those first confused days, and who was kind enough to invite an Englishman over for a spot of tea.

He amazed me by recalling that until Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia's administration, any interracial couple walking the streets of Harlem could be stopped and investigated by any white cop along the way. If he was not satisfied with the answers, he would dispatch the pair summarily on their separate ways. The Savoy Ballroom and other such halls where the races mixed freely had to pay substantial tribute to New York's finest for this privilege, I was told, for although no particular law could be invoked to prevent such goings-on, the place could always be closed under the vague pretext that it was a public nuisance. The Negro press at that time, Ottley said, was corrupt and staffed by ignorant men. He spoke much too convincingly to sound like a disgruntled outcast.

Musicians at the Savoy Ballroom

got union scale—\$35 a week. Even in those days of nickel phone calls and subway rides, dime breakfasts and 45-cent steak lunches, this was barely a living wage.

Conditions at the smaller Harlem spots were even more appalling.

The music world was sharply split. Downtown there were the major hotel locations where the bands of Benny Goodman, Harry James, Gene Krupa, and the like could be heard from time to time. Every few weeks, when a new band opened (with liberal network radio air time), it attracted a crowd of publishers and song pluggers and a fair number of jazz fans.

Downtown there also was still 52nd St., where the small clubs had just begun to use big bands as well as combos—most notably Count Basie at the Famous Door. Aside from the small groups within larger bands (the Benny Goodman Sextet, Artie Shaw's Gramercy Five) the combos of the day were mostly seminovelt, semi-Dixieland groups with no coherent ensemble value.

The only independent, organized combo of value in all of jazz was John Kirby's sextet, the Onyx Club sensation. The Kirby unit, with Charlie Shavers as trumpeter and writer of most of the arrangements, was unique in that it left plenty of room for improvisation but employed written music throughout every number. During the next year some of my most rewarding moments were to be spent at the CBS studios, where, in an unprecedented move, Kirby and his wife, Maxine Sullivan, were given their own weekly Sunday afternoon network radio show.



At a party celebrating the anniversary of Martin Block's "Make Believe Ballroom," January, 1940: standing, l. to r., Roy Eldridge, Benny Carter, unknown, Feather, Frank Fraeba, Gene Krupa, Bob Bach, Henry Jerome. Seated: writer Nita Barnet, vocalist Louise McCarrroll.

part 8 of a critic's autobiography

Kirby was a 52nd St. favorite, as were Art Tatum, Teddy Wilson, and Billie Holiday. But in some of the Swing Street spots, Negroes were discouraged as patrons, and in many of the clubs mixed couples (as I incredulously found out when Louise McCarrroll and I presented ourselves at the Famous Door one night hoping for a glimpse of Woody Herman's band) were verboten.

One place where such drafts never could be felt was the Savoy. The ballroom became a musical and social haven, especially when Benny Carter opened there fronting a magnificent band that included Vic Dickenson, Eddie Heywood, and Tyree Glenn. The Track, as the regular patrons called it, sold only beer and wine and attracted the young dancers who were concerned with the steady 4/4 pulse; those who wanted to concentrate on the music had to make nuisances of themselves by usurping a small space in front of the bandstand. I was one of the major nuisances at the Savoy four or five nights a week.

Occasionally, there were unexpected kicks downtown, like the Thanksgiving week dance for which Jimmie Lunceford's orchestra, sharp as a whip and twice as showmanly as any other band in town, drew a throbbing mob to Manhattan Center. And there was *Swingin' the Dream*, a hip version of *Midsummer Night's Dream* presented at the long-gone Center Theater in Radio City. Louis Armstrong played Bottom; two jazz combos, one the Goodman sextet and the other a Dixieland group, were heard playing from boxes in the mezzanine. Perhaps, seen again today, it would seem corny, but I dug it then. In fact, it was one of

the big disappointments of the season when the show folded after two or three weeks.

During that winter another plus factor enlivened the scene. A group of businessmen, headed by Jay Faggen (now a Hollywood press agent), decided the time had come to knock down the Savoy's monopoly on the Harlem ballroom trade.

They opened a vast arena called the Golden Gate Ballroom, at 142nd St. and Lenox Ave., two blocks north of the Savoy. During the months that followed and the bitter rivalry that ensued between the two managements, the public benefited. The Golden Gate always had at least two big bands, opening, I believe, with those of Andy Kirk and Teddy Wilson.

For the week of Feb. 4, 1940, having made too little headway in attracting customers from the Savoy, the Golden Gate went out of its mind. In a burst of generosity the like of which has never been repeated anywhere in jazz history, it booked in four big bands and a trio simultaneously for the full week, each occupying a different bandstand and alternating in 20-minute sets. There were Les Hite's, Claude Hopkins', and Coleman Hawkins' orchestras, plus Harlan Leonard's Rockets from Kansas City. Organist Milt Herth's trio occupied a bandstand at the far end of the huge, high-ceilinged room.

With programs like this, the Golden Gate played havoc with the Savoy's business for the first two or three months. The Savoy's capacity was 2,500; on its biggest night the Golden Gate squeezed in 6,200 souls.

"If my partners had been patient, we could have made it," Faggen said

recently. "Charlie Bartlet, who was the hottest thing in Harlem at that time, played a gig for us at half his regular price because of a grudge against the Savoy; but our payroll was generally heavy, and they decided we couldn't go on competing for the big-name bands."

During Christmas week of 1939, unable to compete by any other means, the Golden Gate gave away \$10,000 worth of Christmas gifts to its clientele. On another occasion, when Duke Ellington made one of his rare appearances at the Savoy, the Gate retaliated with the Lunceford band.

It was an era that should have been preserved somehow, but there were, of course, no tape recorders, and it seems doubtful that whatever beat-up disc recordings may exist of broadcasts from those days could give much idea of the excitement that prevailed.

Ultimately, the Establishment won. The Savoy had a booking agency tie-in that gave it first call on many of the bands; moreover, it had been there for 14 years. After five or six months of effort, the Golden Gate snapped shut.

All through this period, too, there was the Apollo Theater, playing a different big-name group every week, usually a jazz-oriented band. Next door to the Savoy there was the Brittwood, where alto saxophonist Pete Brown led a combo; nearby there was the Elks' Rendezvous, singer-altoist Louis Jordan's home base for his Tympany Five. Elsewhere could be found the Small's Paradise type of place, with elaborate shows featuring crooners, dancers, and a minimum of good music. (The Cotton Club by now had moved downtown, to the current site of the Latin Quarter at 48th St. and Broadway; Duke Ellington played there shortly before it expired forever early in 1940.)

Even if one simply stayed home, jazz could come at you all day long from any radio in New York—if you were selective enough in tuning stations. I hardly missed the 2,500 record collection that I'd left behind in London. Since I was eager also for some personal musical activity and could not afford a piano, guitarist Teddy Bunn found me a guitar in a hock shop for \$15. ("I always hock my clothes and things there," he said, "so the cat gave me a special price.")

Two weeks went by, and the nearest thing to a job was the possibility of working for an agency as road manager of the Ink Spots. ("I don't know what a road manager does," I wrote in my note book, "but I sounded full of confidence and eagerness, and

(Continued on page 38)



BETTY CARTER

the 'in' singer

By BILL McLARNEY

ONE PERSON'S JAZZ SINGER can be another's Robert Goulet. In a sense, this is a problem that has bedeviled the whole field of jazz for years, but nowhere is the elusive distinction more difficult to pin down than in a discussion of "jazz singers."

If it is possible at all to come close to determining who a jazz singer is—if not necessarily what—one good way probably is to ask some jazz musicians who they'd pick. Among female singers, one could expect upwards of a half dozen to be named, with maybe half that number well known. The remainder would be "musicians' singers," unfortunately acclaimed mostly among the cognoscenti. In that limited but select group would be Betty Carter.

Miss Carter, however, cares little for definitions of jazz singers. "Don't define it," she said. "It's not technical. It's a feeling you receive from a performer."

This attitude carries over into her selection of accompanists. What does she look for in a group? Her answer was succinct: "Jazz feeling."

To emphasize her point, she mentioned three of her favorite pianists—John Hicks, Harold Mabern, and Bobby Timmons, men generally better known as hard-swinging soloists than as accompanists for singers.

She admonishes groups who work with her: "Don't let the music control you. Let it guide you."

To this end, her arrangements are simple, consisting mostly of chord symbols. They are the sort of thing jazzmen use as guidelines, not as arrangements to be adhered to rigidly. She explained that this sort of approach is essential to her music. "Otherwise, how can you get up on the stand and create anything?" she asked. "Jazz is sup-

PHOTO BY BILL ABERNATHY

posed to be spontaneous. I don't want to do the same tune the same way night after night."

Of course, there are other requirements for working with Miss Carter. Like any good singer, she attaches importance to right changes and technical competence.

"First know where you are," she said. "Then improvise. And interpret, think, and play with taste."

Since she doesn't work regularly enough to employ her own group on a full-time basis, there are sometimes situations in which she and an unfamiliar trio try to get their music together. Sometimes after a week of rehearsals and work, she and a group will still be worlds apart. Other times things may swing beautifully from the first set. The vocalist acknowledged the problems that occasionally crop up and doesn't blame everything on the musicians if things don't work out immediately.

"I have to adjust to a group, too," she said. "It's not a one-sided thing. But if a group has a feeling for jazz like mine, we'll get a good interaction going."

One night, after a particularly bad set (by her standards), she came off the stand and said of the pianist she was working with, "Where is that man's heart?" She hadn't liked what she felt was an insensitive treatment of a tune about which she felt strongly.

Words like "heart" and "feeling" course through her conversation about music or any other topic. On or off the stand she gives the impression that her music is not just a job but something thoroughly integrated with her life, an extension of that life.

It's been that way ever since she started her career by winning an amateur contest at the Paradise Theater in her

native Detroit. Today, though she hasn't achieved commercial success, she still projects a feeling of delight in her job, of joy in creativity. To her, singing is an end in itself. She explained, "I always wanted to sing jazz and never thought about doing anything else."

Like many jazz artists who have emerged from the Motor City, she credits the Detroit atmosphere for helping her during her formative years along the road to artistic fulfillment.

"The Detroit environment was very good," she said. "When I started, Detroit was well on its way to receiving jazz. Detroit was aware, and I was really aware."

In 1948 she left Detroit to join Lionel Hampton's band, remaining with him for three years. It was the vibraharpist who nicknamed her Betty (Bebop) Carter. Even now the name sticks with her in some circles, and she feels that it detracts by suggesting a more limited singer than she is now. Recently, for example, when a clubowner put up a sign billing her as "The Bebop Girl," she told him she wanted it taken down although the owner insisted it might draw customers who otherwise wouldn't know who she was. By the time she went onstage the first night the sign was down.

"Hamp made that nickname predominant because of my ability to scat," she said. "I no longer want to be identified with this. Ella's not called Ella (Bebop) Fitzgerald, is she?"

Not that Miss Carter no longer scats. On a good night with a sympathetic group, she can maintain an amazingly high level of creativity, while achieving an excitement comparable in the idiom only to that generated by Miss Fitzgerald.

She usually scats the last tune of each set.

"It's a pleasure to close out a set way up," she said. "After 45 minutes of not scating, it's good to scat one tune. But if you're going to scat at all, it's got to be good. It's often a question of whether or not the musicians can feed me."

"When I scat, I'm not just doing it to do it. I've thought about it. I've put some work into it. Any of my scating is up to date. Too many people fall back into the bebop element when they scat. I've kept up with the young musicians. They've given me a lot of encouragement and inspiration. I want my music to be interesting to the musicians."

On leaving Hampton in 1951, the vocalist went to New York City, where she has spent most of her time since, except for a time with Ray Charles from 1960 to 1963. Although Charles relies more strongly on the blues than she does, Miss Carter didn't feel restricted with his band, adding, "It was the high point of my life as a jazz performer, because I had the chance to work to masses of people, doing what I wanted to do."

But, then, she has always been too individual an artist to worry about who else is on the bill.

"Anything that's swinging," she said, "the audience will dig it. I worked a package New Year's at the Apollo with John Lee Hooker, T-Bone Walker, Sonny Terry, and Brownie McGhee. They drew an older audience than mine. I guess I was there for contrast. But I had my own trio and was able to do what I wanted. And it went over with the audience."

More recently she worked a concert that featured groups from the other end of the jazz spectrum—such avant-gardists as John Coltrane, Archie Shepp, Albert Ayler, and Sun Ra—and scored with their audience.

But opportunities like these have been few in Miss Carter's career. Except for the period of touring with

Charles, she has been confined almost exclusively to jazz rooms but feels that she could win over audiences in all kinds of situations if given the chance. Anyone who has seen her in person and watched her take control of an audience will agree. But promoters and clubowners will have to accept her as she is and not expect her to dilute or alter her music.

"People try to force things on you," she said. "But if you make it on your own, they can't tell you this. Why do I have to sing *Bill Bailey* to work the Copa? They try to brainwash me. I don't think the audience is as fickle as people make them out to be. I refuse to believe it."

Miss Carter cut an LP with Charles in 1961, the only record she has made that reached a really large audience. About this date, she said, "To have recorded with Ray Charles was like an honor, because he could have used anyone he wanted."

She also has recorded five albums of her own over a 10-year period. None is easy to find in record stores, although all five received favorable reviews. Her favorites are her latest, *Inside Betty Carter*, on United Artists, and her second, *Out There*, cut in 1957 for the Peacock label in Houston, Texas. The 1957 album featured such musicians as pianist Wynton Kelly and bassist Sam Jones, plus arrangements by Melba Liston, Gigi Gryce, and Benny Golson. By that time the unique Carter taste for seldom-heard tunes was already well developed, and the album included selections as unusual as *Isle of May*, a pop tune of the '30s taken from a Tchaikovsky *Andante*.

Of this record, she said, "It was weak on engineering and rehearsals, but it had the best jazz ideas of any record I've done. The a&r man was a friend of mine. He cut it for his own kicks."

On record, as in her club and concert engagements, she is basically responsible for all her own arrangements. She had no formal training in music but picked up a reading and writing knowledge from musicians. When a date calls for a group larger than the trio she usually works with, she may tape an outline of what she wants to hear and gives the tapes to an arranger.

In addition to arranging in this manner, she writes an occasional tune. Like many musicians, she doesn't find as much time to write as she'd like. "I'd like to have one tune I wrote on each album I do," she said.

The vocalist also does her own booking, explaining, "Sure, I've had managers. They always got in the way."

She said of her first manager: "He sued me for anticipatory breach of contract because I went out and got work in order to eat, when he wasn't even trying to get work for me." She won the case, but "he told all the agencies not to book Betty Carter. For a long time I had an 'untouchable' reputation."

Then there was the manager representing a European film that was publicizing certain rock-and-roll groups. She reminisced ruefully, "I was traveling in big company. The way they wine and dine me, I thought I was going to be big."

He offered her a dream contract. Then, while she was on the road, word came that the manager had been arrested for embezzling \$500,000 from the firm. That ended the wine, the dine, and the contract.

Even after these scrapes, she doesn't rule out the possibility of acquiring another manager but points out that "they won't touch me. They think I've got it made. They think I'm working all the time and paying no dues."

"And," she added with a smile, "I'm told I have such an air of independence about me that they're scared to

(Continued on page 38)

benny & the boppers

By GEORGE HOEFER

IN MUSIC, as in all the arts, there always has been contention between the artist and his advocates, with the artist often dissenting radically from the views of his most rabid supporters. The critics and fans, with their pigeonholing and categorizing, try to freeze the musician, particularly the jazz musician, into a category; the artist usually is more interested in playing music.

Benny Goodman's flirtation with bebop, with all its attendant press coverage, is a case in point. The flirtation itself occasionally had about it the trappings of satire, but it shed light on the gap that often exists between the performer and those who would cast his talents in a preconceived mold.

It should be emphasized that Goodman did become deeply interested in the harmonic innovations and possibilities of bop, though he expressed no interest in its rhythms, and that several worthwhile records did result from his so-called experimentation, among them *Undercurrent Blues*, *Stealin' Apples*, and *Blue Lou*.

Up until late 1946, the clarinetist had been kept busy with his responsibilities as the monarch of the kingdom of swing. Although the big bands began to decline in popularity during the late 1940s, Goodman's was still a good draw, and he devoted much energy to his drive for musical perfection. For both relaxation and in the interest of musical achievement, he worked on classical clarinet studies, and appeared sporadically with symphony orchestras.

When advances in jazz were mentioned, Goodman averred that his 1940-41 band, with its Eddie Sauter arrangements, had been the most progressive jazz band of all time—so advanced, in fact, that Goodman had been impelled to drop the scores as being *too modern*.

It was during this period, when his band was playing at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City, that Goodman was reported to have visited Minton's, the Harlem incubator of bop, with his guitarist, Charlie Christian. The occasion would have been the clarinetist's first exposure to the emerging style, and according to this report, Goodman was catered to by the



'36



'46

A Chronicle Of A Brief Flirtation

Thelonious Monk-Joe Guy-Kenny Clarke house group when he sat in during a number.

The first direct contact Goodman had with bop in his own organization was in 1946, when Mary Lou Williams, the pianist-arranger for whom Goodman had utmost respect (her 1937 *Roll 'Em* had been a big number for him), presented him with a score of her composition *Lonely Moments*, which had tinges of bop. She later said Goodman had scoffed "oh, bebop" and refused to play the number until she told him he could just play the blues for his solo part. Still later she complained to intimates that Goodman cut out parts of her arrangements (particularly the flat-fifths) she especially liked.

Goodman's attitude toward bop at this time is well documented by an October, 1946, interview in *Metronome*:

"I've been listening to some of the rebop musicians," he stated. "You know, some of them can't even hold a tone! They're just faking and are not real musicians. From what I've heard, rebop reminds me of guys who refuse to write a major chord even if it's going to sound good. A lot of the things they do are too pretentious. They're just writing or playing for effect, and a lot of it doesn't swing."

Goodman continued, in the interview with writer George T. Simon, speculating, "The feeling of certain musicians, reboppers, especially, that the beat doesn't have to actually be put down, but can be implied, means there are various types of swing, I guess. But some of this so-called relaxed swing gets so relaxed that it just about collapses. Now, real relaxed style is like Ella Fitzgerald and Louis Jordan on that record of *Pootie Pie*. They are really relaxed."

At the same time Goodman was airing his opinion of rebop, the record reviewers were unmercifully roasting him for his old-fashioned playing. *Down Beat's* Mike Levin, in evaluating *Oh, Baby*, on Columbia, wrote, "Record should have been busted. BG is standing still due to his own stubbornness. He plays this Mel Powell arrangement as though it was 1933." Of Joe Bushkin's arrangement of *Benjie's Bubble*, all Levin would say was, "Gosh, man, where's the calliope?"

Barry Ulanov reviewed *Hora Staccato* for *Metronome* as follows: "For shame, Benny! What the hell does that *Hora* prove? That BG can play the famous Romanian gypsy fiddle piece correctly?"

In England, Edgar Jackson of the *Melody Maker*, joined in with "But after the vocal [Goodman's singing on *Oh, Baby*] it degenerates into such out-of-date clichés as the brass echoing demode type reed licks and vice versa . . . tricks that went out of fashion a long time ago."

Even fellow musicians were in the chorus. Coleman Hawkins, listening to

Swing Angel in a *Blindfold Test*, observed, "You know something about Benny? Every band he gets sounds the same, in spite of all the different musicians and arrangers he uses."

EARLY IN 1947 Goodman took his band and his family to California, where he bought a house at Westwood Station near Los Angeles and planned a less-demanding schedule of activities that would allow him to spend more time with his wife and two daughters. After playing a few one-nighters, he settled down to directing a studio band on a weekly radio show featuring comedian Victor Borge.

As if to emphasize the permanency of his move to the West Coast, Goodman signed a recording contract with the comparatively new Capitol label. According to that firm's house organ, Goodman was the first established artist to be put on the firm's roster (all other Capitol artists—Stan Kenton, King Cole, Ella Mae Morse, Bobby Sherwood, and others—had been discovered and developed by the label).

Goodman's first session for Capitol was made using his studio crew, consisting of such veterans as pianist Jess Stacy, guitarist Allan Reuss, trumpeter Nate Kazebier, trombonist Lou McGarity, saxophonists Skeets Herfurt and Babe Russin, and drummer Sammy Weiss. They cut two tunes arranged and composed by Miss Williams; a modern-oriented *It Takes Time*, scored by pianist Tommy Todd; and Kurt Weill's *Moon-Faced, Starry-Eyed*, arranged by Johnny Thompson.

There was a modern sound, bebop-tinged, on all the sides. The two Williams instrumentals, *Lonely Moments* and *Whistle Blues*, caused reviewer Levin to note: "Listen carefully and, as with most West Coast bands, you will hear bebop tendencies and a much fuller harmonic spread than is usual on Goodman discs. Yet on *Moments*, the clarinetist in duet passages with a tom-tom plays single intervals against the band in a framework of complex intervals. Although BG plays brilliantly, he uses the same old ideas." Levin went on to state that Goodman was playing an older style than his instrumentalists—a rather curious judgment when one notes the veterans in the personnel.

When accused by modern-minded musicians who said his playing was harmonically limited, Goodman replied, "I could play a lot of weird notes if I wanted to. I still like Mozart and Brahms. If someone else prefers Stravinsky, that is his privilege."

Up until the AFM recording ban started in early 1948, Goodman was busy in the Hollywood recording and radio studios, played an acting as well as a musical role in the movie *A Song Is Born*, made short trips to appear with symphony orchestras in New Orleans, La., and Buffalo, N.Y.,



and studied Russian with Mrs. Igor Stravinsky in order to do commentary in transcriptions broadcast to the Soviet Union under the auspices of the U.S. State Department.

His recording activity during the summer of 1947 included the inauguration of Capitol's classical catalog with a rendition of Weber's *Concertino for Clarinet*, accompanied by pianist Nadia Reisenberg.

His regular recordings consisted of a number of standards arranged by pianist Todd, and he experimented with using accordionist Ernie Felice in various groups.

As for the bebop influence, it showed up subtly in some of the scores, but Goodman himself tended to ignore it in his playing. His colleagues during the period included such men as pianists Jimmie Rowles and Mel Powell, guitarist Al Hendrickson, bassist Harry Babasin, vibraharpist Red Norvo (who was heard playing xylophone on several sides), and drummers Tommy Romersa, Don Lamond, and Louie Bellson. On the full-band sides the horns and woodwinds were usually Goodman contemporaries. There were two trio dates in New York City during November for which pianist Teddy Wilson and drummer Jimmy Crawford were used. And on a session in Hollywood several weeks later, the recording orchestra included a French horn, viola, and flute.

On the whole, the 1947 sides were undistinguished, but there seemed to be an attempt to try something different—tunes from Kid Ory's *Muskrat Ramble*, Goodman's own *Benny's Boogie* and *Tattletale*, to *Maid of Cadiz*, an adaptation from Delibes, were tried.

Noting a bop influence in the sextet's version of *Shirley Steps Out*, Powell's composition, a reviewer commented, "Not a bad side; it gets about as close to bop as BG will probably allow."

Charlie Parker, after listening to the Goodman sextet's *Nagasaki* in a *Blindfold Test*, stated, "That's typical Goodman. And Benny's always superb, that's natural. He's one of the few that never retards. I don't agree with people who think Benny's old-fashioned."

PROBABLY ONE of the most significant occurrences during the year was Goodman's exposure to the playing of tenor saxophonist Wardell Gray, a young modernist who was then gaining a reputation. With his regular rhythm section, Goodman appeared at several of Gene Norman's Just Jazz concerts during the year. Usually modernity at the concert was represented by Gray, trumpeter Howard McGhee, alto saxophonist Sonny Criss, and pianist Dodo Marmarosa.

An even more significant confrontation took place in February, 1948, when Goodman went to the Club 47 in Los Angeles and heard a young Swedish clarinetist, Ake (Stan) Hasselgard, who had assimilated the Goodman style in his native land. Hasselgard had been in the United States since July, 1947 (originally with the intent of continuing law studies at Columbia University), and in a short time he had modernized his clarinet approach to an

amazing degree.

Goodman invited Hasselgard to lunch the day after he'd heard him and proposed that they work together in a septet he was planning to take into Frank Palumbo's Click Restaurant in Philadelphia the following May. Prior to this, a clarinet player was lucky to get on the same stage with Goodman, much less in the same group.

At any rate, the spring of '48 was the time Goodman stopped winking at bebop and seemed to be moving into the modern field. Earlier in the year, he had asked tenorist Gray to join his group during a Norman concert to perform some Goodman specialties like *Air Mail Special* and *Flyin' Home*.

In May, Hasselgard flew to New York with Goodman. A septet was formed with Goodman and Hasselgard, clarinets; Gray, tenor saxophone; Teddy Wilson, piano; Billy Bauer, guitar; Arnold Fishkin, bass; Mel Zelnick, drums; Muriel Jayne (later replaced by Patti Page), vocals.

After playing a concert at Carnegie Hall on May 10, Goodman merely smiled when asked if his was a bop group but answered a question regarding his changing his clarinet style: "I'm not changing it at all. I couldn't. What for? It would be silly."

The septet, it was reported, got a good sound during its Philadelphia run. An Armed Forces Radio Service transcription recorded during the stay indicated that the septet was performing standards primarily—it included only one original, *Mel's Idea*, credited to Zelnick—and that the playing of the two clarinetists was confusingly similar. Yet a reviewer who caught the performances regularly during the two-week engagement said Hasselgard's role varied in size from night to night—Goodman being reasonably generous in allowing his protege solo space. The observer remarked on what he found to be the unusual contrast in clarinet styles, with Hasselgard's modernity very noticeable. The only sour note was struck by the fact that the Swede, comparatively untrained technically, had some difficulty in reading his parts.

During the following month, Goodman played for dancing on several weekends at the huge Westchester County Center in White Plains, N.Y. His group was featured, alternating with a local dance band, and comparatively low prices were set for admission.

The bop-styled group, with Clyde Lombardi in place of Fishkin and trumpeter Red Rodney added, was reviewed by *Down Beat* on the first Friday night session. The reviewer wrote: "A crowd of 1,500 [the center's capacity was 6,000] heard Benny Goodman on his new bop kick. The book was split between old standards and originals favored by the beret-goatee-rimmed-glasses set. The King rides along on the ensembles with his cohorts, but gives the solo spotlight to his protege, Stan Hasselgard. The star of the evening from the applause standpoint was tenor star Wardell Gray. Trumpet star Red Rodney was a one-man bop section. . . . The rhythm team avoided broken rhythms so the patrons could dance."

The second weekend found Mary Lou Williams taking over from Wilson—there had been a money dispute—and, because Patti Page had prior commitments, she was replaced by Dolly Houston and Jackie Searle.

After the third two-night session, Goodman cried, "Enough. As my costs rise, the crowds fall off." There was mention in the music press that BG was greatly disappointed. The attendance drop was attributed to an interracial policy.

After the termination of the White Plains dances, the new Goodman outfit was out of work. The recording ban was still in effect, but noncommercial records could still be made. Goodman's unit (minus Rodney) made a V-Disc of the leader's *Benny's Bop*, while a quartet—with Hasselgard, Gray, and Bauer out—made *There's a Small Hotel*.

It is likely that it was during this period that Goodman's small-group recording of Fats Waller's *Stealin' Apples* was made in New York. The personnel—Goodman; Fats Navarro, trumpet; Gray, tenor saxophone; Gene Di Novi, piano; Mundell Lowe, guitar; Lombardi, bass; Zelnick, drums—and the date given, Sept. 9, 1948, make it logical that this was the time of recording. Since it was made with the understanding that the proceeds would go to the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund, it was not in violation of the record ban imposed by the union.

A good deal of confusion exists as to when and where this version of *Apples* was recorded, a situation made doubly confusing by the fact that the tune also was recorded on the sound track of the movie, *A Song Is Born*, by a different group (Goodman, vibraharpist Lionel Hampton, Powell, Hendrickson, Babasin, and Bellson) during August, 1947.

In fall, 1948, Goodman was planning a modern big band for unveiling late in the year. Originally, probably through the influence of Gray, Navarro was set on trumpet, but as things worked out, Doug Mettome was hired.

Navarro, however, was the star on his one appearance with the clarinetist. The *Apples* side was issued in a Capitol *Giants of Jazz* album, including other recordings, made the summer before, of the music in the *Song Is Born* film. Tom Herrick of *Down Beat*, in his review of the album, said, "The *Apples* side, whereon Benny bops both individually and collectively with Gray and Navarro, is the best side. Navarro is great, and Gray's chorus is fine, but BG's solo excursions into the bop realm are not too convincing."

During late summer, 1948, Goodman again had an opportunity to discuss bebop with the music press. No longer antibop but blowing hot and cold on the subject, he said, "I like some bop. Curiously enough, I like that *Old Man Rebo* record made by Jack Parnell's band in England. And I like Dizze's stuff, especially *Emanon*. And, of course, I like Charlie Parker."

Of his own sidemen, Goodman said, "If Wardell Gray plays bop, it's great. Because he's wonderful." Of Hasselgard, whom Goodman talked of backing in a

small group of his own, the leader said, "He's the first clarinet player I've heard in a long time that I thought was good." After praising guitarist Bauer, "especially his ideas on solos," Goodman went on to say, "It [bop] certainly deserves to be encouraged. They're doing something different—not copying. And they sure must feel what they are doing."

As he continued, though, his opinions began to veer back to some of his former attitudes:

"But I don't like to listen to a lot of the bop. It seems that everybody is trying to see just how much he can put in. It's nervous, more than exciting, music. If some of them would just simplify their arrangements and solos, they'd come off better. And yet, you know, I think something good will come out of all this. The thing that bothers me most of all about some of these guys is their morals. Before you can give them a job in your band, you've got to screen them like they do in the FBI!"

Regarding his planned big band, the clarinetist observed, "What the business needs right now is a hit big band." He didn't think the Stan Kenton Band was the answer, saying, "He's not a big enough national hit. As for me, personally, I wouldn't go out of my way to hear the band. But I must admit that what they are doing, they are doing violently."

In Leonard Feather's *Blindfold Test* he had kinder words for the Woody Herman Herd. When *Keen and Peachy* was played for him, he said, "That's Woody. Isn't it? Playing *Peaches and Cream*, *Peach and Dandy*, something like that? Good backgrounds for the tenor solos. You know quite a few of those fellows have recorded with me (Stan Getz, Jack Sims, Don Lamond). That's a very good record. I like the arrangement. But I'm a little tired of those changes. . . ."

Along with his enthusiasm for some of the newer developments in jazz, Goodman continued to hark back to some of his older recordings and insisted bop was nothing particularly new. He would say, "Just listen to Charlie Christian on *Air Mail Special* . . . and don't forget Lionel Hampton—he was one of the original boppers."

When Feather played clarinetist Edmond Hall's version of Mary Lou Williams' *Lonesome Moments*, Goodman brightened and asked, "What label is that on? I want to take home a copy. That's quite a different version of *Lonesome Moments*, isn't it?"

Goodman frequently was seen spending his evenings at the Royal Roost during the fall of '48. It was reported he had discussed the possibility of having Tadd Dameron and Gerry Mulligan write arrangements for his contemplated band. As it eventually turned out, he hired Arturo (Chico) O'Farrill, who wrote the bulk of the modern scores for the forthcoming organization.

Hasselgard had worked out a Local 802 card and was to take his own small group, supposedly backed by his former boss,
(Continued on page 40)



GOODMAN 20 YEARS LATER

Rainbow Grill, New York City

Personnel: Doc Cheatham, trumpet; Goodman, clarinet, vocal; Les Spann, guitar; Hank Jones, piano; Al Hall, bass; Morey Feld, drums; Annette Sanders, vocals.

Playing jazz for dancing as well as listening, and setting an attendance record during his three-week stand, Goodman was in an exceptionally relaxed and jaunty mood.

There was no sign of the fabled "B.G. ray," even when one of the sidemen arrived late on the stand. The clarinetist joked with his musicians and with the audience and gave all the sextet members plenty of room to stretch out. He even offered an easygoing vocal (a humorous patter song, *Mr. and Mrs. Fitch*), interrupting himself with the aside: "What a voice!"

The music was warm and swinging. This was one of the best groups Goodman has led in some time, and his happy disposition seemed to inspire the sidemen. The audience, largely middle-aged Goodman fans but also including a number of youngsters, responded with enthusiasm.

Cheatham and Spann were prominently featured. The veteran trumpeter, whose appearance belies his 61 years, was with such bands as Chick Webb and Sam Wooding in the '20s, became one of the outstanding lead trumpeters of the swing era (his credits include Cab Calloway, Teddy Wilson, Benny Carter and Teddy Hill), was with the house band at George Wein's Mahogany Hall, and in the last 15 years has worked mainly with Latin bands, including Machito's.

This was a welcome opportunity to hear Cheatham at length in a jazz context. He has a clear, singing tone (sometimes reminiscent of Joe Wilder or perhaps Joe Smith), excellent control and range, and makes expert use of a variety of mutes.

Cheatham was particularly impressive on three well-clinched choruses on a fast *Sweet Georgia Brown* (with bucket mute), in a lyrical theme statement and tasteful improvisation (with open horn) on *I Can't Get Started*, and in a lively, rocking plunger-mute solo on *Broadway*.

Spann's frequent use of thumbed octaves spiced his comping and solo work. His sound, too, is quite his own: full, ringing, and never strident or harsh. His background to Cheatham on *Started*, based on the famous Dizzy Gillespie riff figure, enhanced the soloist's work, and his long outing on the up-tempo *Avalon* was consistently exciting.

Pianist Jones also had opportunities to shine. Fittingly, he played out of his Wilson-Tatum bag, frequently delighting Goodman with his pretty substitute chords and deft, sparkling execution. He was particularly impressive on *Sunny Disposish*, a '20s tune once in the old Goodman big-band book.

Both Spann and Jones contributed to the rhythm section, backstopped by Feld, a steady, clean drummer. Bassist Hall's supple, steady beat and flawless choice of notes were a constant asset.

Miss Sanders, who has done well for herself in the world of television commercials, has a big, well-controlled voice, good intonation, and an unaffected, straightforward style. Her good conception of time was evident on *Broadway*, and she showed a pleasant way with a ballad on George Gershwin's *Soon*.

As for the maestro himself, he showed that he has lost none of his famous fluency and command.

His tone is perhaps smoother and rounder than in the past (though Goodman always had that, too, when he wanted it that way), but the basic approach hasn't changed. And why should it have? After all, Goodman is a stylist, and though many have tried, nobody has ever bested the originator of the style.

It is a definitive style, and it wears well. Though it has become familiar, it can still serve as a vehicle for inventive playing, and on such numbers as *Georgia Brown* and *Avalon*, which Goodman must have done thousands of times, the old sparkle and elegance were still there.

Goodman opened the solo order on *Georgia* with two bright choruses and, apparently inspired by Jones' ideas, returned before the jam ending with an ebullient solo including a humorous quote from *Since My Best Gal Turned Me Down*. He was relaxed and swinging on the medium-bounce *Disposish*, leading off with a clean, uncluttered, melodically attractive solo.

Avalon, a rousing finale preceding the nostalgic *Goodbye* theme, displayed fine solo work by all hands, and the closing riff routine from the original quartet recording of some 30 years ago sounded surprisingly fresh.

It was an engaging and pleasurable experience to witness this 1966 edition of the Goodman sextet, tinged with nostalgia, perhaps, but also a reminder of the continued potency of the Goodman brand of happy, swinging music.

—Dan Morgenstern

Cecil Taylor

Town Hall, New York City

Personnel: Eddie Gale, trumpet; James Lyons, alto saxophone; Ken McIntyre, alto saxophone, bass clarinet, oboe; Taylor, piano, tambourine; Henry Grimes, Alan Silva, basses; Andrew Cyrille, drums.

A benefit for the New York University chapter of the Congress of Racial Equality in June was billed as Taylor's second annual Town Hall concert. The pianist introduced four new pieces, two utilizing the full group, one performed without the horns, and one by the group without trumpeter Gale. Each piece was approximately 25 minutes long and was followed by a lengthy intermission.

The intermissions were a good idea, for they allowed the listener to collect his senses between the often furious onslaughts of the music.

There can be no question that hearing Taylor's music is a unique and often compelling experience. I know of no other contemporary music of such immense and concentrated energy or comparable density of texture. At times, it has the force of an erupting volcano, and it is impossible to withstand its almost elemental power.

On the other hand, such sustained tension and high velocity may reduce the listener to a passive, nonreceptive state. Having been drained and exhausted, he no longer is able to respond and is left merely to marvel at the energy on display, without being moved by it.

This, however, may well be a matter of conditioning—for me, passivity did not come about until the last piece was underway. Prior to this, the music was fascinating, sometimes exhilarating, sometimes almost grotesque, and always full of surprises.

With the exception of the quartet piece, each selection included arranged as well as improvised passages.

The writing was most extensive and interesting in the opening piece, *Enter, Evening* (subtitled *Soft Line Structure*). It began gently, the reflective opening section scored for Harmon-muted trumpet, oboe, and alto saxophone. There ensued a partially unaccompanied dialog between Gale and Lyons; a transitional section with the piano and Silva's arco bass to the fore; a trumpet solo with remarkable backing by Taylor; a brief plucked bass solo by Grimes; some beautifully played oboe, with soft, mallet-struck drum backgrounds; a long solo from Lyons; and, in climax, an astonishing Taylor solo utilizing all the resources of the piano.

Taylor's solo grew from a subdued opening to a roaring crescendo of sound; then it leveled off to the opening mood, led into a return of the ensemble theme, ended on a long, sustained collective note.

This was the most nuanced and developed of the pieces heard. It was at times—especially in the ensemble passages and during those moments in Taylor's solo when he played delicately and shimmeringly—almost Debussyesque, creating impressionistic and haunting hues.

The balance of the concert displayed a different aspect of Taylor's personality.

Here, the emphasis was on constant, turbulent motion, physically reflected in the pianist's fantastic gyrations at the key-

CECIL TAYLOR



REX STEWART



PHOTOS: TAYLOR, BY BILL ADERNATHY; STEWART, BY VALERIE WILMER; WILBER, BY CHRIS STAMATION

board. At times, Taylor seemed to assault the instrument, but, significantly, his touch, even at its most violent, never failed to produce a pianistic and thoroughly musical sound.

He never descended to mere banging (as is sometimes the case with would-be avant-gardist practitioners), and he always maintained control. Even when great, roaring waves of sounds were produced, each note in the cascade was clearly and cleanly struck and articulated.

This amazing technique, combined with a quicksilver temperament, is perhaps behind Taylor's tendency to heap climax upon climax, to the point where the total effect becomes diluted, and one begins to long for some contrast and moderation.

This was most apparent on *Steps*, which featured Lyons and McIntyre in lengthy alto solo forays and Taylor at his most vehement.

McIntyre was the more agitated of the saxophonists. His solo was replete with hoarse cries, frenzied swoops, and vocal inflections—in interesting contrast to his work on oboe but similar to his later excursion on bass clarinet. McIntyre is a most accomplished musician, with expert command of all his instruments.

Steps also contained interesting unison passages for saxophones, a vigorous bass duet (throughout, Silva played arco, while Grimes plucked and strummed; both bassists performed with impressive dexterity), and some stimulating interplay between Taylor and Silva, including excursions into the uppermost range of the bass, which were often eerie but never shrill and scraping.

The quartet piece, *Tales* (subtitled *Nine Whisps*), began with Taylor shaking a tambourine and then venturing inside the piano for some strumming of the strings; the performance also emphasized the remarkable teamwork of the two bassists and their sympathetic communication with the pianist. During this selection, effective use was made of lighting, alternating between deep red and brilliant white.

Cyrille was functional; his role, for most of the concert, was mainly that of percussive colorist rather than time-keeper. The shifting rhythms were cued by Taylor, and there was no steady metric pulse as such.

Gale, a trumpeter with strong chops

and good facility, was heard on open horn in the final piece, which also featured McIntyre's bass clarinet and Lyons' alto.

Lyons, throughout, was the most melodically oriented of the horn men, projecting his fluent ideas with an attractive tone and with few of the extreme effects favored by most saxophonists of the "new" orientation.

Though it is certainly related to some of the current trends in jazz, Taylor's music is unique. It is perhaps the most striking example of the increasing inappropriateness of categorizations and labels like "jazz" and "classical," and Taylor's situation in American music today is one of the most lamentable results of this outmoded system of classification.

This is music that, for lack of better venue, belongs in the concert hall. Yet, while academic hacks and fashionable modernists reap the necessary grants and fellowships without which no "serious" musician can sustain himself in our time, Taylor, regarded by the establishment as a "jazz" musician, is left to shift for himself.

In view of this, it is not surprising that Taylor, when given the all too infrequent opportunity to present his music properly, attempts to pour everything that is straining to be expressed within himself into each performance, thus sometimes causing an overflow of creative energy uncontainable within such limitations of time and space.

Given his rightful opportunity to create and perform with that minimum of security that our society now grants talents much lesser than his, there is no telling what Taylor might accomplish, considering what he already has achieved in spite of the unfair odds against him.

—Dan Morganstern

Bob Wilber

Barbizon Plaza Theater, New York City
Personnel: Bob Wilber, clarinet, tenor and soprano saxophones, arranger; Dick Vanco, trumpet, flugelhorn; Quentin Jackson, trombone; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Jaki Byard, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; George Read, drums; Flo Handy, vocal.

The sixth annual Duke Ellington Jazz Society concert continued the high musical standard set by previous events; in some ways, it was perhaps the most interesting and gratifying of these concerts.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

BOB WILBER



L. TO R.: WILBER, VANCE, JACKSON, ADAMS

Subtitled "Masterpieces for Four Horns," the concert, conceived and executed by Wilber, was devoted to a re-creation of a baker's dozen of the fascinating (and by and large totally neglected) recordings from the period 1936-41 made by small groups from the Ellington orchestra under the leadership of Barney Bigard, Johnny Hodges, Rex Stewart, and Cootie Williams.

After a careful sifting of some 100 of these records, Wilber selected a repertoire representative of each of the four leaders and did a marvelous job of reconstructing and retouching the original arrangements. In some cases, solo work reflected the model with painstaking accuracy; at other times, there was considerable freedom of invention but always well within the Ellington sound-spectrum.

In a period in jazz development when the emphasis is almost entirely on so-called innovation, it is most refreshing (and instructive) to encounter work of this nature, which is genuinely creative in a quite different sense and clearly indicates that the jazz tradition is much more than merely nostalgia or simply history. The music at this concert came to life and sounded not the least bit dated or academic.

The program opened with three pieces from the Stewart canon: the delightful *Love in My Heart*, which featured the rich ensemble, Byard's Dukish rumbblings, and a warm tenor bridge by Wilber (his only solo on this horn); the weird and mysterious *Menelik, the Lion of Judah*, on which trumpeter Vance faithfully captured Stewart's eccentric half-valve and speechlike inflections; and *Subtle Slough*, the original version of what later became *Just Squeeze Me*, highlighted by Vance (flugelhorn), Jackson, and a saxophone duet.

A remarkable interlude featuring Marshall and Byard followed. The bassist, a cousin of the late Jimmy Blanton, performed three of the famous duets recorded by Blanton and Ellington with astonishing faithfulness to the originals, down to the somewhat doubtful intonation in the arco passages on *Body and Soul* and with a sound completely like Blanton's. *Blues* (from the lesser-known 1939 Columbia session and not to be confused with the later *Mr. J. B. Blues* on Victor), *Body*, and the lilting *Pitter Panther Patter* com-

prised this moving memorial triptych.

The piano's role in these performances was supportive, except in *Patter*, where Byard also came to the forefront. After the duets, Byard played his own variations on Billy Strayhorn's *Johnny Come Lately*, showing again that he is one of the most original and exciting pianists of the day (unfortunately, the piano was undermined).

The Hodges portion of the concert began with a masterly interpretation of *Daydream*, performed by Wilber on curved soprano, with a sound and feeling that completely captured Hodges' singing legato alto style, including the most subtle inflections and rhythmic displacements. *Junior Hop*, with solos by Wilber, Vance, and Jackson, was properly buoyant, with the trombonist doing a creditable Lawrence Brown.

Pyramid, a fine example of Juan Tizol's exotic vein, was based on the full-band rather than the Hodges version insofar as drummer Reed's background work, played with hands on a floor tom-tom, was concerned. He copied Ellington in the leader's only recording as a percussionist. Jackson was featured both in melody statement and solo development, using perfect intonation and control.

Things Ain't What They Used to Be, Mercer Ellington's classic blues, became a vehicle for freely inventive extended solo work by the horns. Jackson, with wawa plunger, and Adams, with a robust, Harry Carney-like sound, were standouts.

The Williams portion opened with yet another neglected Tizol composition, the catchy *Night Song*. Though some ensemble passages were a bit rough, Vance, who was a short-notice substitute for Harold Baker, acquitted himself well in the featured solo spot, backed by light, bouncy rhythm. (Reed throughout played ably in the style of Sonny Greer.)

Vance did a perfect Cootie in *Echoes of Harlem*, one of the better-known selections, followed by *Toasted Pickle*, a 1940 Williams piece with a hint of things to come. The solos, again quite free, were by Jackson at his best and by Adams, who inadvertently nipped the trombonist's planned third chorus in the bud.

Miss Handy, a singer with a husky-voiced delivery sometimes reminiscent of Lee Wiley's, was backed by the rhythm section. She handled the difficult *Prelude*

to a *Kiss* with taste and subtlety, hit a swinging groove on *I'm Beginning to See the Light*, and was at her best in an encore, *Do Nothing 'til You Hear from Me*.

(It would have been interesting to hear Miss Handy in the role of Ivie Anderson, with the horns behind her.)

The final segment was devoted to Bigard pieces. On them, Wilber played clarinet, catching Bigard's sound and nuances in the ensemble passages but improvising in his own style. His playing was very attractive and, like everything he does, indicative of musicianship of the highest caliber.

Charlie the Chulo, a sprightly piece loosely based on *Tiger Rag* and full of demanding ensemble passages, was a delightful performance. *A Lull at Dawn*, a romantic melody showcasing the clarinet, had the warm textures of Ellington mood music, and Wilber captured Bigard's lovely chalumeau sound.

The scheduled finale, *C Jam Blues* (originally recorded by Bigard as *C Blues*), was another occasion for relaxed jamming, the long solos by all climaxed by expert riffing.

The audience demanded an encore, and the septet offered *Mood Indigo*, with Jackson once again to the fore. The trombonist, best known for his Tricky Sam Nanton-styled plunger work, demonstrated remarkable flexibility throughout the concert.

It would be a pity if all the dedicated effort that went into the planning and execution of this concert should disappear with just this one performance. To hear this "old" music brought to new life with such freshness and inspiration was a rare and gratifying experience.

—Dan Morgenstern

Jazz from Chicago to Kansas City Royal Festival Hall, London

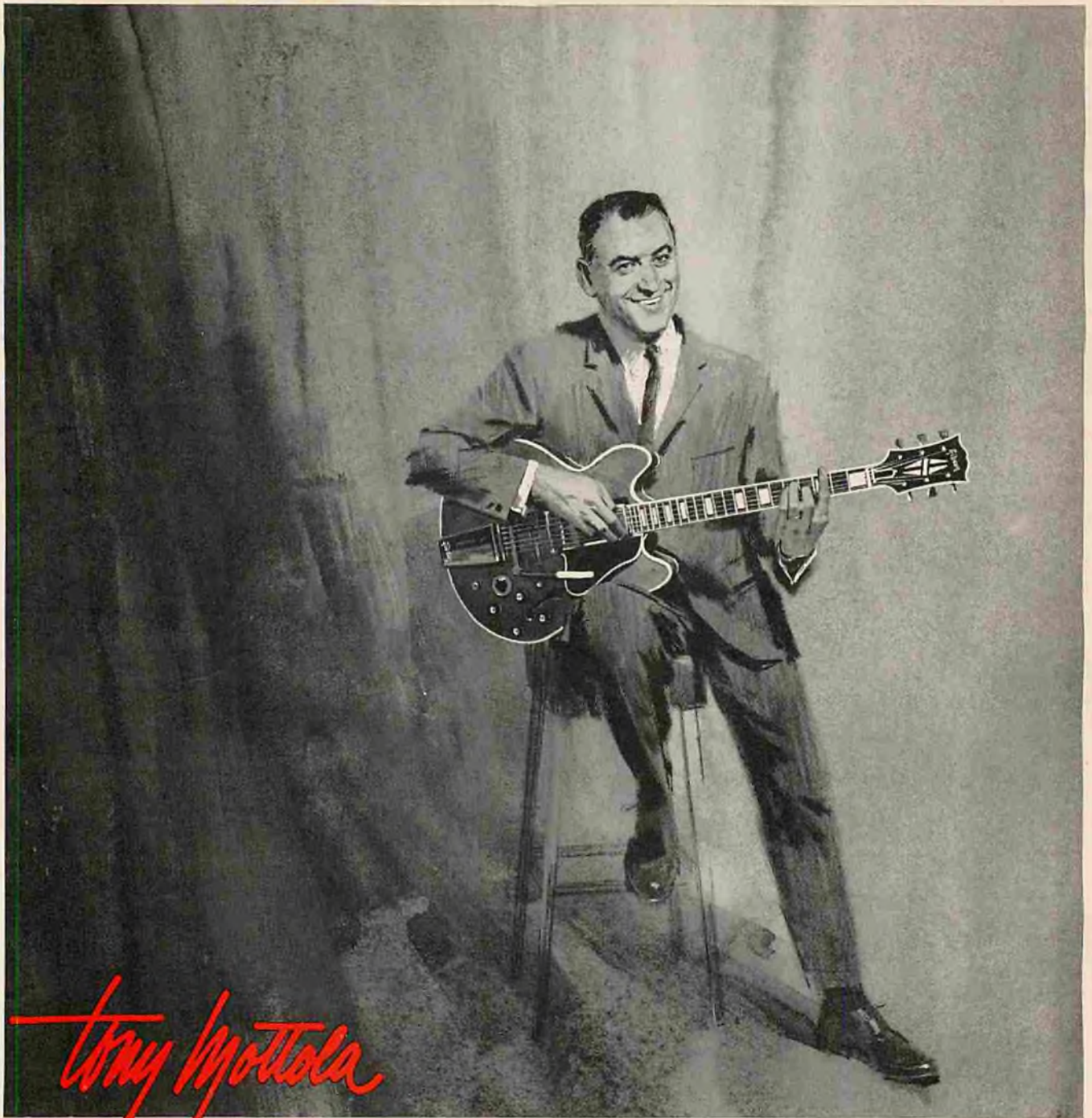
Personnel: Rex Stewart, cornet; Buck Clayton, trumpet; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; Earl Hines, piano; Alex Welsh Band (Welsh, trumpet; Roy Williams, trombone; Johnny Barnes, clarinet, baritone saxophone; Fred Hunt, piano; Jim Douglas, guitar; Ron Mathewson, bass; Lennie Hastings, drums). Humphrey Lyttelton Band (Lyttelton, trumpet; Chris Pyne, trombone; Tony Coe, tenor saxophone; Eddie Harvey, piano; Dave Green, bass; Tony Taylor, drums).

Outside London's Royal Festival Hall the sun shone brightly. "Don't bother to go in," pleaded the man from the National Press. "It's a lovely day, and anyway, we've heard it all before."

This was true to an extent, for three of the featured musicians had appeared in Britain on several occasions, while Stewart was winding up a three-week tour. Nevertheless, "Jazz from Chicago to Kansas City" was what they'd called it, and if only to see whether the concert could live up to its auspicious capsule-history billing, the sun's invitations had to be refused.

The combo led by Scottish trumpeter Welsh opened the program with a terse and forthright brand of Condonesque Dixieland. They were shortly joined by tenorist Freeman, who found himself announced as "the last of the great Chicagoans." The dapper tenorist went through his spot with customary facility, characteristically honking away in the lower register on *I Got Rhythm* before dismissing the other horns for *Sweet Sue*, a super-

(Continued on page 36)



He's a featured member of Skitch Henderson's Tonight Show orchestra—a favorite on the Perry Como Music Hall—and a mainstay of Mitch Miller's recording gang. He's the skilled and sensitive musician-composer-arranger Tony Mottola—The Guitar Player's Guitar Player. An exciting example of Tony's tremendous versatility is his latest Command recording, *Guitar Paris* (RS 877). You'll hear his tasteful phrasing in *Poor People of Paris*, the drama he creates in the *Boulevard of Broken Dreams* and the warmth and poignancy of *Dominique*. It is a flawless performance played by a masterful artist. Responsiveness, sensitivity and superb tonal quality were the reasons why Tony Mottola first chose to play a Gibson guitar more than 25 years ago—and why he still plays Gibson today with complete confidence. And that's why Gibson is the choice of professional artists—and acknowledged world leader in fine guitars.



Gibson

RECORD REVIEWS

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

Reviews are initialed by the writers. When two catalog numbers are listed, the first is mono, and the second is stereo.

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

Afro-Blues Quintet + 1

INTRODUCING THE AFRO-BLUES QUINTET + ONE—Mira 3002: *Moses; Liberation; Monkey Time; Summer Time; Jerico; Walk on By; Together; The "In" Crowd.*

Personnel: Jack Fulks, flute, alto saxophone; Joe De Agüero, vibraharp; Bill Henderson, piano; Norm Johnson, bass; Michael Davis, drums, timbales; Moses Obligation, conga.

Rating: ★

If there is such a thing as musical puberty, this group is caught up in its awkwardness. The combo is too good for teenage rock-and-roll but not good enough for mature jazz.

In terms of live performances, this puts the group in the less-paradoxical position of appealing to devotees of both. But in terms of this album, syncopated acne is no excuse for a feeble product, and the jazz pickings here are woefully slim.

Some of the playing is fairly interesting, but it never approaches a level of excitement worthy of the sextet's name.

Perhaps the main reason none of the tracks gets off the ground is the anemic writing. More often than not, the piano is assigned an insipid vamp—usually an emasculated rock figure—and then the others join in, but a sense of ensemble togetherness is never achieved.

The sole saving grace is the blowing of flutist-altoist Fulks. He is the only one in the group with consistent sensitivity. His best moments are heard on flute, especially on *Liberation*. That same track shows De Agüero at his best on vibes.

But the whole session sounds like a lackluster rehearsal. (H.S.)

Don Cherry

COMPLETE COMMUNION—Blue Note 4226: *Complete Communion (Complete Communion); And Now; Golden Heart; Remembrance; Elephantasy (Elephantasy); Our Feelings; Bismillah; Wind, Sand, and Stars.*

Personnel: Cherry, cornet; Leandro (Gato) Barbieri, tenor saxophone; Henry Grimes, bass; Edward Blackwell, drums.

Rating: ★★★

I found this record fascinating—fascinating rather than substantial, interesting rather than developed, suggestive rather

than complete, but nonetheless well worth having heard.

It recommends itself to the musician rather than to the layman, not so much because it is far out (a lay listener of modest receptivity should have no difficulty with the melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic materials used—these would, in fact, more likely unnerve the musician listener, who tends to be extraordinarily conservative in his preferences) but because its main value, seemingly, is as a source, rather than as a complete and palpable art object. It suggests some directions that jazz might well note, especially in construction of the many recitative passages.

These passages, as in opera, employ speech rhythms rather than measured rhythms—that is, they are a continuous rubato. They consist chiefly of a single line, played in unison and octaves by cornet and saxophone, and sometimes by cornet, saxophone, and bass.

The single line itself rarely rises above diatonic meandering, but it is used in a curious and original and wholly elegant manner, a manner that serves to redeem its deficiencies. First, each of the instruments plays the line a little ahead or behind the others, thus creating a very close canon similar to a tape recorder out of synchronization. Second, the players ornament and embellish the basic line, sometimes one at a time and sometimes collectively and usually at sustained points, thus establishing a quasi-contrapuntal texture.

The result is stunning indeed. But it is the way that these recitatives are placed in the compositions that interests me mostly. They serve as contrast to the fast swinging portions, the excitement of which they increase enormously. They break the monotony of the in-tempo portions (a monotony that jazz musicians ought to do more to avoid), and they help to define the architecture of the piece.

The out-and-out improvisation I found less attractive. Barbieri, particularly, strikes one as a "new thing" player less from conviction than from despair. He alternates between the clichéd conventional and the clichéd outre—from Dexter Gordon's less felicitous phrases to a series of spurious avant-garde honks, squeaks, and trills.

Cherry's best aspect was his use of a double tessitura (almost like Charlie Parker in this respect), but he often hung himself up by reaching the peak of his curve too early, finding himself with nowhere to go.

The percussion sound is excellent—and well recorded. Bassist Grimes has fast fingers. He is, however, a clumsy improviser (most bass players, it must be admitted, are unable to develop a first-rate melodic line). And his arco playing is dull and lifeless.

This record deserves five stars for its intent, the directions it suggests (only touched on here), and its intensity of feeling. But, alas, these qualities are substantially diminished by inept repetition, inconsistency of style in the writing as well as in improvisation, frequent banal-

ties, and that characteristic that has so frequently plagued jazz: pretentiousness.

In other words, the artist had a vision too grand to fulfill, too large to cope with. (W.R.)

California Ramblers/Red and Miff's Stompers

RARE VERTICAL JAZZ—Historical Records 5829-B: *Stampede; Alabama Stomp; Hurricane; Black Bottom Stomp; Five Pennies; Sidewalk Blues; Shake That Thing; I Ain't Got Nobody; Third Rail; Cot-Cot-Cotton; The Payoff.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-5—Red Nichols, cornet; Jimmy Dorsey, clarinet, alto saxophone; Miff Mole, trombone; Arthur Schutt, piano; Joe Tarto, bass; Vic Berton, drums. Tracks 6-11—Nichols, Chelsea Qualey, Mickey Bloom, trumpets; Tommy Dorsey, Abe Lincoln, Phil Napoleon, trombones; Jimmy Dorsey, Bob Davis, Sam Ruby, Adrian Rollini, reeds; Jack Russin or Irv Brodsky, piano; Tom Felling, banjo; Stan King, drums.

Rating: ★★

This album will not make anyone's list of indispensable jazz records.

The Red and Miff tracks were recorded for Edison in New York in 1926 and the California Ramblers tracks a year later, also in New York.

The orchestral writing is lumbering and ancient, and only of occasional historical interest (the whole-tone backing behind the soloists on the Ramblers tracks was a device that was carried forward to the swing era), and the soloists are second rate.

Nichols' playing is tidy, and he shows good technique on these early records, but he just doesn't have the vital drive that would have made him an important musician. Mole, likewise, has excellent control, but he hadn't, in 1926, learned yet how to swing.

Jimmy Dorsey, surprisingly, was playing things on the alto in 1926 that appear a decade later as stock-in-trade items of the great Kansas City tenor men. His *Stampede* solo is a good example of this. But his playing in general had the tinny and unswinging approach that was characteristic of the early New York jazz style.

There are some booming Rollini baritone choruses on the Rambler tracks, and Tommy Dorsey's trombone is featured throughout. He does not seem to have been as flexible then as Mole, but his sound was excellent.

Jelly Roll Morton's *Sidewalk Blues* and *Black Bottom Stomp* make interesting comparison with the Morton performances, recorded around the same time. The Morton band explodes, and there is a kind of chain reaction of artistic fury that is almost tangible; the playing on this album is neat and tidy but doesn't have a drop of creative energy. (G.M.E.)

Sonny Cox

THE WAITER—Cadet 765: *Come Rain or Come Shine; I'm Just a Lucky So and So; Soul-ero; The Retreat Song; Berimbau; The Waiter; For Sentimental Reasons; Hoggin'.*

Personnel: John Howell, Arthur Hoyle, Paul Serrano, trumpets; John Avant, trombone; Cox, alto saxophone; Rubin Cooper Jr. or Lenard Druss, baritone saxophone; Ken Prince, organ; Bobby Robinson or Roland Faulkner, guitar; Cleveland Eaton, bass; Maurice White, drums.

Rating: ★★

Cox has most of the solo space on this, his showcase album. He is strongly influ-

enced by Charlie Parker. He's a funky, very hot player with a thin, biting tone and fast vibrato. He swings infectiously and is a rather economical soloist.

On some tracks (*Come Rain*), his work is fairly attractive melodically. The trouble is that most of the devices Cox uses were stale in the late '50s. The intensity of his emotion is diluted because he conveys it with common-property ideas. The triteness of his work is especially apparent on *Wailer* and *Hoggin'*. Soul isn't enough; fresh ideas are needed too.

The arrangements, all by Richard Evans, are solid and devoid of gimmicks. He uses the unusual instrumentation to achieve a strong, yet airy ensemble sound. (H.P.)

King Fleming

THE WEARY TRAVELER—Cadet 4053: *Dear-ly Beloved; Weary Traveler; Snow Bound; Taking a Chance on Love; Green Leaves of Summer; I Remember You; Riff Aplenty; Walk Softly; One O'Clock Jump; Darn It*.

Personnel: Fleming, piano; Melvin Jackson, bass; William Cochran, drums.

Rating: ★★

Bobby Timmons

CHICKEN AND DUMPLIN'S—Prestige 7429: *Chicken and Dumplin's; The Return of Ghengis Khan; The Telephone Song; A Sunday Kind of Love; Ray's Idea*.

Personnel: Timmons, piano, vibraharp; Lee Otis Bass III, bass; Billy Saunders, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

Both trios forge straight ahead and simply swing, ignoring any of the gimmicks that might assure them representation on the pop-music charts. The point of departure, as far as ratings are concerned, is that Timmons shows imagina-

tion and a bit more virtuosity. Fleming says nothing memorable or even exciting.

Fleming owes a debt to Ahmad Jamal, whose influence most clearly asserts itself in the time extensions of *Beloved*. (The Jamal flavor is intensified with Cochran's tom-toms.) Again, on *Taking a Chance*, the stop time of the introduction and its interplay between piano and brushes recall Jamal's trio.

The title tune, a modal waltz, serves as a showcase for drums and bass, but only Jackson shows some originality. The redeeming feature in both *Walk Softly* and *Snow Bound* is the image of rhapsodic Erroll Garner they conjure up, while the humor of a plagal cadence saves *Green Leaves*. *I Remember You* has all the razz-ma-tazz of a funeral dirge. Jackson's persistent boogie-woogie figure prevents the medium-tempo *Darn It* from getting off the ground.

One O'Clock, though, shows Fleming's talent for making orchestral themes and riffs sound essentially pianistic. And *Riff Aplenty* is the kind of moving funk that is sorely missing in the rest of the album.

The only displeasing thing about Timmons is his vibraharp playing. He makes his recorded debut on that instrument on two tracks, *Ghengis Khan* and *Sunday*. The former is much too long—more than 14 minutes—and half of it is devoted to his cautious approach on vibes. A contrast in confidence is revealed when he returns to the piano in the last half. *Sunday* has the same spare approach, proving that at this point he needs more than bass and

drums for support.

As far as piano is concerned, Timmons is in fine form on the title track, walking stealthily on the introduction, adding a humorous staccato theme, and building to a solid internal climax before walking off.

Bass (are you ready for this?) on bass picks up the ostinato figure, leaving Saunders to carry the rhythmic load, and carry he does, in addition to adding a few tambourine-punctuated statements of his own.

Telephone, a fast jazz samba, shows Timmons' flashy technique to its best advantage; *Sunday* is notable for Bass' excellent melodic lines and occasional double stops behind vibes.

Ray's Idea is an excellent vehicle for bassist Bass. The only time his intonation falters on the Ray Brown tune is when Timmons joins Bass on the release of the theme. Other than that, his solo is first rate. Aside from the overstated interludes, Timmons bursts forth with some outstanding solo work.

Here's hoping Timmons sticks to piano until he's ready to tackle the vibes with more mallets aforesought. (H.S.)

Frank Foster

FEARLESS FRANK FOSTER—Prestige 7461: *Rumby Rita; Janie Huk; Thingaroo; Baby Ann; Jitterbug Waltz; Disapproachment*.

Personnel: Virgil Jones, trumpet; Foster, tenor saxophone; Al Dailey, piano; Bob Cunningham, bass; Alan Dawson, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

Partly because of the long time he spent with Count Basie, Foster became a fairly well-known musician. He left Basie in July, 1964, and has since been leading both a



MAX ROACH plays AVEDIS ZILDJIAN cymbals exclusively



big band and a small group.

Some of Foster's "originals" (*Rita*, *Janie*, *Ann*) aren't really very original, coming out of the Horace Silver soul bag. However, they are fresher melodically than most tunes of this type. His up-tempo compositions *Thingaroo* and *Disapproachment*, which have a stop-and-start quality, are attractive, and it's good to hear someone perform *Jitterbug Waltz*, the lovely Fats Waller piece.

Foster's tenor style resembles Sonny Stitt's, though he has a more brittle tone than Stitt. Recently he seems also to have picked up some ideas from John Coltrane.

Though he is reasonably inventive, Foster's forte is swinging; his solos here have a natural flow and continuity. He constructs well and can sustain listener interest during a long solo, as his spot on *Janie* illustrates. He has a sense of humor, too; on *Disapproachment* he blows a few phrases that suggest bagpipe music.

Jones has not been featured often as a soloist on record, but his performance here is more than competent. A post-bopper, he possesses a fat tone and strong lip, and his solos have substance—he doesn't depend on stock devices. Though Jones often plays complex lines, he doesn't waste notes. His double-timing on *Janie* is well set up and makes sense—it isn't just bravura. Most of his playing ranges from aggressive to violent, but on *Jitterbug* he plays lyrically. Although Jones can play fast, he doesn't always play cleanly. Some of his *Disapproachment* work is sloppy.

Aside from a mechanically funky spot on *Rita*, Dailey performs well. His solos are lucid and crisply articulated, and he uses his left hand effectively.

The rhythm section is strong. In the short time since he gained some national attention, Dawson has established himself as one of the finest modern drummers. His tasteful, authoritative work here shows why he is so well thought of. Cunningham performs capably in the section and takes a nice, easygoing pizzicato spot on *Janie* and a good-humored arco solo on *Ann*.

(H.P.)

Bunky Green

PLAYIN' FOR KEEPS—Cadet 766: *Playin' for Keeps*; *Yesterday*; *What Can I Do?*; *Mi Compasion*; *My Man's Gone Now*; *The Shadow of Your Smile*; *Brazilano*; *Mama*, *Looka Boo Boo*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-5, 7—Green, alto saxophone; Willie Pickens, piano; Cleveland Eaton, bass; Harold Jones, drums. Tracks 6, 8—Warren Kime, Paul Serano, trumpets; John Avant, trombone; Green; Kenneth Soderblom, saxophone, flute; Charles Stepney, piano; Cleveland Eaton; Eli Gutierrez, conga; Marshall Thompson, drums.

Rating: ★★

There's a lot of energy being generated here by Green and a competent group of Chicago area musicians. Most of the selections, in a Latin-jazz idiom, are played by Green with piano, bass, and drums, but on two, *Smile* and *Mama*, he is joined by a trombone, two trumpets, a saxophonist doubling flute, and conga drum.

Green, an altoist in the Charlie Parker-Phil Woods tradition, plays with a hot urgency, but in the main his ideas seem a little derivative, though he shows flashes

of originality in the long swoops and swirls with which he garnishes his solos, especially on the slower pieces.

He plays with a fierce, insistent drive throughout. Here and there he seems to have a slight problem with intonation; it takes the fine edge off some of his better choruses. He creates a tender feeling on *Compasion*, demonstrating his ability to play lyrically. These medium-tempo tunes (there are no up-tempo ones), despite occasional lapses of intonation, are well done. On *Keeps*, the title tune, Green digs in and gets a skirling, keening quality somewhat like the sound of bagpipes.

The rhythm section charges along, sparked by Eaton on bass, whose full, rich tone adds depth and excitement, as he plays a propulsive rhythm that helps to keep the tension going. (Eaton, as excellent as he sounds here, should be heard in person for the cumulative effect of his talent to be appreciated fully).

On *Shadow* and *Yesterday*, Green's solos strike one as being somewhat desultory rather than showing any real involvement with these lovely tunes, which would seem—to me, anyway—to be perfect vehicles for inspired improvising. The key change on *Shadow* is effective as a shift of mood, as the augmented group comes in for the last chorus with a soft and strangely nostalgic arrangement, written in a style reminiscent of the old Dave Brubeck Octet. There's something so completely different in character in this writing, compared with the rest of the numbers, that

On BLUE NOTE HERBIE HANCOCK's beautiful new hit album *Maiden Voyage*



with Freddie Hubbard, George Coleman, Ron Carter, Anthony Williams.

MAIDEN VOYAGE/THE EYE OF THE HURRICANE/LITTLE ONE/SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST/DOLPHIN DANCE.

All compositions by Herbie Hancock.

BLP 4195 (BST 84195)

other recent releases



SPEAK NO EVIL
WAYNE SHORTER
BLP 4194



INNER URGE
JOE HENDERSON
BLP 4189



SPRING
ANTHONY WILLIAMS
BLP 4216



THE RUMPROLLER
LEE MORGAN
BLP 4199



OUT OF THIS WORLD
THE THREE SOUNDS
BLP 4197

HARMONY'S

**Silhouette
Solid Body
Electric
Guitar**

with
Modern
Design
De Armond
Electronics
\$17750



HARMONY AMPLIFIERS

The tone quality—the "sound"—will do something for your performance.

Models from \$49.50 to \$400.00.

For Free Catalog of Harmony Guitars and Amplifiers address Dept. DS.

THE *Harmony* COMPANY

4604 S. KOLIN AVE. • CHICAGO 80632

IF YOU PLAY BASS

ask your dealer for our newest development

'MARI SUPERTONE' Gut
Bass G and D
Nylon Wound

will not fray—unaffected by perspiration of the hands

E. & O. MARI, INC. 38-01
23 Ave., Long Island City 5, N. Y.
REQUEST FREE CATALOG

A DIFFERENT KIND OF RECORD CLUB

with a Special Membership Plan...
Featuring JAZZ
Also, Popular, Folk, Classical, etc.
No purchase obligations—No list price purchases. Virtually all labels and artists available. Choose from catalog of over 25,000 albums. Write for free details...

CITADEL RECORD CLUB
545 Fifth Ave. Dept. D, New York 17, N. Y.

it is hard to believe that Green penned this as well as the other arrangements on the date.

Though a little monotonous, *Do* features some good playing by Pickens, who comps authoritatively, with a percussive attack, and on *Man* he demonstrates again his ability to play well in this Latin-oriented setting, his left hand inexorably maintaining a rhythmic figure while he solos around it with his right. *Braziliano* gives him a chance to execute some neatly-put-together boppish choruses.

Mama is a rather routine, almost tongue-in-cheek number on which everybody gets a chance to blow. As the horns come in behind him, Green weaves sinuously in and out of the figures they set down for him. After a chorus each by Serrano and Soderblom, the whole thing comes to a lively but banal finish.

Nevertheless, there is good spirited playing on this album by everyone concerned; these selections do not lack in raw energy, drive, and hard swinging. (M. MCP.)

Jonah Jones

TIJUANA TAXI—Decca 4765: *Tijuana Taxi*; *Jonah*, *Won't You Blow?*; *Dream of You*; *Baby*, *Dream Your Dream*; *Dulcinea*; *Opus One*; *Over the Rainbow*; *Moment to Moment*; *Secondhand Rose*; *It Makes No Difference*; *I'll Get By*; *Georgia on My Mind*.

Personnel: Jones, trumpet, vocal; Dave Martin, piano; John Brown, bass; Danny Farrar, drums.

Rating: ★★

Jones went commercial a long time ago, but it's hard to begrudge him the success he's achieved after considering that many of his talented contemporaries can no longer make a living as musicians. On the other hand, there's no use pretending that the things he plays these days have much merit, as certain swing-raphiles do.

Jones has found that the public goes for his muted playing and is moved by certain licks, which he repeats ad nauseam. And that's what this album is about—a skilled trumpeter stringing cliches.

There are a few rather good solos here among the dull, haphazardly thrown-together ones. Jones plays vigorously and constructs well on *Secondhand Rose*, and his *I'll Get By* solo is warm and tasteful.

Maybe the album would have been better if the shuffle rhythm often played behind the trumpeter had been eliminated. It may turn on the corporation executives, but it drives me nuts. (H.P.)

Roy Meriwether

POPCORN AND SOUL—Columbia 2498 and 9298: *Zib-A-Dee-Do-Dab*; *The Shadow of Your Smile*; *When You Wish upon a Star*; *Cincinnati Kid*; *Moon River*; *Never on Sunday*; *Help*; *Call Me Irresponsible*; *Over the Rainbow*; *Secret Love*; *What's New Pussycat?*

Personnel: Meriwether, piano; Lester Bass, bass; Philip Paul, drums.

Rating: ★

Like a sledge hammer. That's how subtle this trio is. Meriwether hails from the never-take-a-rest, keep-hitting-'em-with-big-chords-and-tremolos-and-loud-glissandos school. Either he disdains sharing solo space with his rhythm section or else he is a compulsive pianist. The result is like a conversation dominated by the speaker who has the least to say.

There isn't one redeeming quality in the album. Meriwether just never shuts up.

And to make a bad thing worse, he has monumental poor taste. Paul goes right along with him, punctuating Meriwether's harangues with rock-bound fusillades.

Bassist Bass has some interesting things to say, but he's caught in the crossfire of the up-tempo tunes. His best opportunities come on *Shadow of Your Smile* (which Meriwether manages to hammer into a total eclipse with some Latin funk and questionable chords) and on *Moon River*. He also shows some tasty walking on *Secret Love*.

As for the heavy-handed, tambourine-soaked *Cincinnati Kid*, the liner annotator claims "you can visualize a modern jazz ballet here." Sure, I could, too, if the principals were elephants and I were on LSD. (H.S.)

Saints and Sinners

THE SAINTS AND SINNERS—British 77 Records 12/31: *Yacht Club Swing*; *Lonesome Road*; *I'll Try*; *Some Day*, *Sweetheart*; *I Got a Right to Cry*; *Bourbon Street Parade*; *I Ain't Got Nobody*; *Easy Living*; *I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plans*; *Old Devil Moon*.

Personnel: Herman Autrey, trumpet; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Buster Bailey or Rudy Powell, clarinet; Red Richards, piano, vocal; Danny Mastri, bass; George Foster or Jackie Williams, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This versatile, swinging little band, co-led by pianist Richards and trombonist Dickenson, has been in existence since 1960. It is a sad commentary on the state of jazz recording in the United States that this excellent LP had to be made for a small British label. (The fact that an early effort, with different personnel, was issued in this country on a cheap drugstore label hardly mitigates the shortcoming.)

The Saints and Sinners have developed quite a following in the cities where they work with some regularity—Pittsburgh, Pa., and Toronto, Ontario, among them—and no wonder. Though the emphasis is on mainstream material, the band can handle the standard Dixieland repertoire, and its touch is light and musical.

In Dickenson, the group has an outstanding soloist and ensemble player; Autrey is a solid trumpeter, never less than capable and often surprising (that is, if you don't remember his work with Fats Waller). Powell, another Waller graduate, is flexible and competent, though his work on alto saxophone has always been more interesting than his clarinet playing.

The rhythm section swings and, in contrast to most other bands of this type, never gets too emphatic. Richards is a fine accompanist and band pianist, and his solo work is tasteful and flowing. Mastri (though underrecorded here) is steady, and Williams, one of the most underrated young drummers, is impeccable. (Bailey and Foster are no longer in the band; the tracks on which they are present—*Lonesome*, *Sweetheart*, *Bourbon Street*—were recorded in 1964.)

Autrey's delightful *Yacht Club* (recorded earlier by Waller) is among the record's best tracks. Played at just the right tempo, it has fine solos by the composer and Dickenson, the former with Harmon mute, the latter with plunger.

I'll Try, a Dickenson original, features

his unsentimental but moving ballad playing; the tune is a good one. Powell's showcase, *Cry*, spotlights his warm clarinet, and the arrangement is effective. Bailey is featured on *Sweetheart*, gracefully and airy, and there is a spot for Autrey with buzz mute.

Plans is by the rhythm section, Richards' melodic piano to the fore (a better piano would have helped). Richards also sings on *Living* in a relaxed, unpretentious manner, but the highlights of this track are Autrey's backgrounds and the solos by Dickenson and Powell, the latter at his best. *Moon* is a feature for bassist Matri, with tasty fills from the ensemble.

Bourbon Street is Dixieland with a difference: not heavy-handed but in good taste. Dickenson's ensemble comments are a gas, witty "asides" that are always in context. Autrey plays a clean, strong lead. *Road* is done with a relaxed touch; Bailey has a nice spot, and Dickenson's contribution is outstanding.

But the band's best effort is *Nobody*, done up with humorous (but never burlesqued) ensemble touches and perfect solos (wry Dickenson and growling Autrey), in a deliciously deliberate drag tempo, a kind of groove almost never encountered these days. It saunters along with seemingly effortless ease.

This fine little band proves that the forms of traditional jazz can still be invested with plenty of life and spirit when the task is approached with imagination, skill, taste, and experience. (The record

can be obtained from Dobell's Jazz Record Shop, 77 Charing Cross Road, London W.C. 2, England.) (D.M.)

Shirley Scott

BLUE SEVEN—Prestige 7376: *Blue Seven*; *Don't Worry About It, Baby—Here I Am*; *Nancy*; *Wagon Wheels*; *Give Me the Simple Life*.

Personnel: Joe Newman, trumpet; Oliver Nelson, tenor saxophone; Miss Scott, organ; George Tucker, bass; Roy Brooks, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

Those who enjoy a swinging, middle-of-the-road groove will love this album. It has a simple, straightforward quality about it; it is purely a blowing session that comes across artlessly and without sham (a refreshing change from some of the tortuous keening that is passing for music these days).

The organ isn't really my cup of tea, but the way Miss Scott plays it, it's impossible not to enjoy it. She can swing hard, and does, but with a delicate, jumping touch. Her percussive chordal attack is reminiscent of Joe Mooney's (and who better to be reminded of?) in its musicality, its low-key but intense feeling.

The title tune, a Sonny Rollins piece, and a good blues, sets the pace for the whole album, as Tucker walks, or rather prances, through the first chorus, setting up a finely swinging foundation for the rest of the group. He and Brooks play well together with an inexorable drive and power, yet their backing of the soloists is the epitome of restraint and good taste. Newman is in excellent form and builds

continuously during four choruses, all beautifully paced and put together. His last three notes are echoed by Nelson, who comes in strongly with a zestful, easy-going approach on tenor. It was a pleasant surprise to me hearing him in this element as he toots imperturbably with several musically impeccable choruses.

It's ladies last on this number, as Miss Scott comes in lightly, but she starts to dig in right away. The horns come in behind her, boosting her along with little riffs that heighten the over-all good feeling of the piece, and she gets off some stirring down-home choruses.

Shirley's own tune, *Don't Worry 'Bout It, Baby—Here I Am*, has a jaunty, strutting air. The title aptly describes her playing, which is confident but never overbearing. Miss Scott never falls into the trap of overplaying. She sails along blithely, whether soloing or comping with a light but firm touch, and on this tune she apparently plays without the bass fiddle. Her bass-pedal work is admirable (if Tucker is playing, he must have blended so perfectly with the organ that his playing is lost). Again Newman and Nelson take first-rate solos.

I think Shirley has a lyric quality in her tender, graceful reading of *Nancy*. She gets to the heart of the matter as she lingers reflectively over the song, ranging from the lightest possible touch (it was here that I thought of Mooney with his exquisite taste) to full-bodied chords and glisses, as the horns come in softly in the

STEREO

CADET 767

"GOTTA TRAVEL ON"
BY THE RAY BRYANT TRIO

The collage includes various travel-related terms and images: CRUISE, EUROPE, PACIFIC, IRELAND, BAGGAGE ROOM, TIME TABLE, SUN DECK, and others.

Available in Mono or Stereo

Send for Free Catalog



There's a world of Excitement on Cadet Chicago, Illinois 60616

July 28 □ 31

HOW MUCH
EXCITEMENT
CAN AN
ALBUM CREATE?
LISTEN!

background to act as a backdrop for her changing moods and musings.

Wheels is a long, long track, but when it gets rolling, the feeling is pleasant and easygoing. Newman, this time with Harmon mute (I love the sound he gets with it), prowls stealthily in and around the chord changes with catlike grace. Nelson takes the bridge, and then Newman sets a beautifully easy groove, and the whole thing lopes along, with Tucker contributing an excellent choice of notes, well-constructed lines, and a powerful, driving beat. (His untimely death last year was a great loss to music.) Brooks, who plays unobtrusively (but, oh, so sympathetically), seldom permits himself the luxury of a loud cymbal crash.

Simple Life doesn't seem to mesh as well as the other tunes. It isn't really quite as together, though Brooks pushes, urges, and propels the time along with well-placed accents, and the over-all feeling is one of excitement.

This is an ageless kind of music that will long be listened to and enjoyed. It has that intangible quality known as swing; it is good-humored and unpretentious. Its message, if any, is probably "relax and listen to us—we're having a ball." The notes don't make much sense, but the music does, and that's really all that matters. (M.McP.)

Billy Strayhorn

LIVE!—Roulette 52119: *Things Ain't What They Used to Be; Jeep's Blues; Mr. Gentle and Mr. Cool; In a Mellotone; All of Me; Sophisticated Lady; Passion Flower; On the Sunny Side of the Street*

Personnel unidentified.

Rating: ★★☆☆½

This has my vote as the most shoddily produced album of the year. Nowhere in the innocuous liner notes is it stated when this record was made or who the musicians are, which is, of course, nothing new for liner notes (especially Roulette's), but when a Duke Ellington session is involved, such matters take on importance. The only clue in the notes that this is an Ellington date is the statement that Strayhorn "took the nucleus of Duke's great band and went into the blue note." It is not clear if "the blue note" is the musical term or the Blue Note club in Chicago or the one in Paris, France, though one would assume the reference is to a club because an audience is audible.

Since *Mr. Gentle and Mr. Cool* is included, it is safe to guess that the recording was made in 1958 or '59, the time Ellington featured the number, which was a duet for violinist Ray Nance and trumpeter Harold Baker (who left the band in '59). If this deduction is correct, then the rhythm section probably includes either Jimmy Woode or Aaron Bell, bass, and Sam Woodyard, drums. (On *Jeep's* and *All of Me* the bassist is absent.) The pianist is either Ellington or Strayhorn; it is practically impossible to differentiate their playing, but I suspect that they take turns, even though the notes imply that Ellington is not present (in several places on the record, a voice very much like Ellington's is heard giving encouragement and instructions to the musicians).

Altoist Johnny Hodges and baritonist Harry Carney are readily recognized. I believe there is another alto saxophonist present, who would probably be Russell Procope. There may be a tenor saxophonist, too, but there are no tenor solos, and the recording quality is so muddy it's difficult to say if there are three or four saxophones in the section. By ear, there seem to be two trumpets (Nance and Baker) and two trombones (one of whom could well be Quentin Jackson, since he was with the band at the time and because the plunger-trombone figure near

black velvet sets off a diamond.

Carney has *Sophisticated Lady* to himself after a gorgeously voiced horn introduction and piano lead-in (during which the tempo slows). He gives the Ellington standard his normal—that is to say, excellent—treatment, including the held-note ending.

Nance and Baker are easygoing on *Mr. Gentle*. Baker's muted solo is notable for its control and taste. Nance's fiddle sings sensuously and romantically; the solo is the high point of the album.

Nance's poignant trumpet and Hodges' dancing alto grace *Mellotone*, along with the traditional bubbling sax-section background for the trumpet solo.

Even though this is not an Ellington milestone album, it's nice to have around. (D.DeM.)

Three Sounds

OUT OF THE WORLD—Blue Note 4197: *Girl of My Dreams; Out of the Past; Just in Time; I'll Be Around; My Silent Love; Sanctified Sue; Out of the World; You Make Me Feel So Young*.

Personnel: Gene Harris, piano; Andrew Simpkins, bass; Bill Dowdy, drums.

Rating: ★★★

This is a typical blues-bound, Three Sounds album. That is, three competent musicians have selected eight tunes and turned them over to Harris in performance.

There is much to be said for "unit cohesion" and "group sound," but translated in terms of this trio, they mean primarily that Harris plays very funky blues and the other two men support him.

Simpkins is a good, strong supporting bassist. He was when the trio first appeared, and he has not lost his touch. But he has not developed much further melodically or broadened his areas of contribution to the trio. Dowdy has simply become confident in his ability to reinforce the time and to chatter at will on his drums.

Essentially, each of the three has a good sense of time and an innate feel for blues. Therefore, the group has reached the point of working almost by formula—state the theme, restate the theme for harmonic and melodic variation, break into a building blues bash, allow room periodically for Simpkins and Dowdy to drop in neatly executed solos; then wrap it up.

This is another of those albums. Again the group has turned in a fine performance of its thing. (B.G.)

Various Artists

RARE BANDS OF THE TWENTIES, VOL. 6—Historical Records, Inc. ASC 5829-6: *Savoy Rhythm; Happy Pal Stomp; Down in the Gullion; 29th and Dearborn; Sweet Muntaz; Be Bo Bo; Dismal Dan; Wake 'Em Up; Just One More Chance; Daylight Savin' Blues; Georgia's Blues on My Mind; Band Box Stomp; Moanful Blues; Morocco Blues*.

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2—P. Trent, Slim Harris, trumpets; Tyree Glenn, trombone; Emmett Johnson, Silas Johnson, reeds; Leroy White, piano; Skinny Trent, banjo; Leroy Carrington, bass; (?) Allen, tuba; Roy Johnson, drums. Track 3—Henry McCord, trumpet; Bradley Bullett, trombone; John Williams, reeds; Mary Lou Williams, piano; Joe Williams, banjo; Robert Price, drums. Tracks 4, 5—George Mitchell, cornet; Kid Ory, trombone; Albert Nicholas, Barney Bigard, reeds; Luis Russell, piano; Johnny St. Cyr, banjo; unidentified bass; Paul Barbarin, drums; Richard M. Jones, vocal shouts. Tracks 6, 7—Jack Purvis, trumpet; J. C. Higginbotham, trombone; Greely Walton (on *Be Bo Bo*), Coleman Hawkins (on *Dismal Dan*), tenor saxophone; Adrian Rollini,

In the Aug. 11 Down Beat

NEWPORT REPORT

Associate Editor Dan Morgenstern
reviews the Newport Jazz Festival

COMPETITION IN VIENNA

An account of the international jazz
contest judged by such men as J. J.
Johnson, Cannonball Adderley, Fried-
rich Gulda, Art Farmer, Ron Carter

RE: ELVIN JONES

A technical analysis of the poll-win-
ning drummer's recorded improvisa-
tions

And a lot more!

the end of *Mr. Gentle* sounds the way he would play it).

The music is standard Ellington fare, and the band has been playing these tunes more or less the same way almost every night for years. Even though there is a casual air about the playing here, there is superb work by Hodges, the main soloist. He plays his usual showcases with the band—*Things Ain't, Jeep's, All of Me, Passion Flower, and Sunny Side*—in the usual way, which is superbly, but he succeeds in sounding as if it were the first time he'd attempted the tunes—the sign of a true musician. His version of *Passion Flower* is particularly flowing and graceful, and the lustrous texture of the horns in the background sets his alto off as

baritone saxophone; Frank Froeba, piano; Will Johnson, guitar; Charles Kegley, drums. Tracks 8, 9—Dave Page, trumpet; Ben Smith, Carl Wade, reeds; Eddie Miles, piano, vocal; Steve Washington, banjo, guitar; unidentified drums, washboard. Tracks 10, 11—Bubber Miley, cornet; unidentified trombone, clarinet, tenor saxophone, piano, banjo, and drums. Tracks 12, 13—Jabbo Smith, trumpet; George James (?), alto saxophone; Earl Frazier, piano; Ikey Robinson, banjo. Track 14—Ed Allen, William Logan, cornets; Joe Brown, trombone; unidentified clarinet, alto saxophone; Clarence Miller, tenor saxophone; Joe Jordan, piano; Mike McKendrick, banjo; Bergen Moten, bass; unidentified drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

This sixth volume of A. S. Caplin's historical jazz releases is the second to feature instrumental groups. The quality of the music is again uneven, ranging from cornetist George Mitchell's superb flashing breaks and solos (*Sweet Muntaz* and *29th and Dearborn*) to the sticky-fudge arrangements of Roy Johnson's *Happy Pal* and Joe Jordan's *Morocco*.

The most primitive record is John Williams' *Gallion* with its crude acoustical mastering and the technical limitations of the horn men. In spite of this, it is a deeply moving blues. There is an ensemble in the major-key section, an awkward interlude punctuated by overrecorded cymbal crashes, and a switch in a slower tempo to the minor, whereupon the horns solo with conviction. Williams' baritone saxophone chorus is especially good.

Be Bo and *Dismal* have all-star lineups, but nothing really gets started on either track. Trombonist J. C. Higginbotham solos on both, and tenorist Coleman Hawkins has a spot on *Dismal*, but it is trumpeter-leader Jack Purvis who makes the most of his solo space.

Daylight and *Georgia* feature Bubber Miley's cornet. Miley's presence has never been firmly established by any discographer, but the surging phrases and growling mute work seem to eliminate any other possibility.

Trumpeter Jabbo Smith opens *Band Box* with vigorous, biting lines, and he takes a brilliant stop-time chorus. Caplin credits Omer Simeon for clarinet work on these tracks, but there is no clarinet on either. According to Orin Blackstone's *Index to Jazz*, the alto saxophone work, which is undistinguished, is by George James.

Wake 'Em Up (which is *Bugle Call Rag*) and *Just One More Chance* feature musicians who play fast and cleanly but who don't swing. *Morocco* has a fair cornet solo—perhaps by Ed Allen?—but the band writing is stilted and pretentious.

Roy Johnson's *Savoy* and *Happy Pal* have long, lumbering, call-and-response instrumental lines, anchored on a rhythm tuba that manages somehow to sound like a disgruntled bullfrog. The soloists are uninspired.

Originally recorded in 1926 for Vocalion, the Luis Russell Hot Six tracks, *29th and Dearborn* and *Sweet Muntaz*, are prized collector's items.

Though their solo and ensemble work is not as searing as it could be when these musicians played separately on other dates of this era, the tracks nevertheless have moments of greatness. *Dearborn* borrows strains from King Oliver's *Riverside Blues*, and it moves along, polished and uneventful, with good solo work by Ory and

Nicholas—but then Mitchell livens things up with his jabbing ensemble horn. *Sweet Muntaz* has excellent stop-time choruses by Mitchell, Bigard, and Nichols; and, spurred by vocal shouts from Richard M. Jones, Ory and Mitchell punch hard in the last ensemble.

This album is a good investment if you're willing to do some needle-lifting.

(G.M.E.)

Various Artists

RARE BANDS OF THE TWENTIES—VOL. 7—Historical Jazz 5829-7: *Scratch*; *Memphis Sprawler*; *Laud, Laud*; *In a Corner*; *Memphis Scurch*; *Bear Wallow Blues*; *White Ghost Shivers*; *Make Me Know It*; *Georgia Bo Bo*; *Tiny's Stamp*; *Stompin' on Down*; *Doi' the Jug Jug*; *Blue Moon Blues*; *It's Tight Like That*.

Personnel: Track 1—Ted Colin, trumpet; Herbert Diemer, alto, baritone saxophones; Willard Buster, tenor saxophone; George West, piano; Gilbert Roberts, banjo; Seymour Todd, bass; Hurley Diemer, drums. Tracks 2, 3—Bill Coleman, Frankie Newton, trumpets; John Williams, Harold McFarren, alto saxophones; Cecil Scott, clarinet, baritone saxophone; Dickie Wells, trombone; Don Frye, piano; Rudolph Williams, banjo; Mack Walker, bass; Lloyd Scott, drums. Tracks 5, 6—Charley Williamson, cornet; Douglas Williams (?), clarinet; unknown trombone; James Alson, piano; unknown banjo; Booker T. Washington, drums. Track 7—Bill Padron, cornet; Benji White, Pinky Vidacovich, clarinets, alto saxophones; Lester Smith, tenor saxophone; Frank Neito, trombone; Sigfr Christensen, piano; Rene Gelpi, banjo, guitar; Dan LeBlanc, bass; Earl Crumb, drums. Tracks 8, 9—George Temple, trumpet; Jerome Pasqual or Craig Watson, clarinet, alto saxophone; Jelly James, trombone; Henry Duncan, piano; Ollie Blackwell, banjo; Ralph Bedell, drums. Tracks 10, 11—Punch Miller, cornet; Charles Johnson, clarinet, alto saxophone; Ike Covington, trombone; Tiny Parham, piano; Sam Tall (?), banjo; Quinn Wilson, bass; Ernie Marrero, drums. Tracks 12, 13—Miller, cornet; Omer Simeon, clarinet, alto saxophone; unknown tenor saxophone; unknown trombone; Parham, piano; Mike McKendrick, banjo; Wilson, bass; unknown drums. Track 14—Cicero Thomas, George Thigpen, trumpets; Irby Gage, Wilson Underwood, clarinets, alto saxophones; Walter Barnes, Lucius Wilson, tenor saxophones; Ed Burke, Bradley Bullett, trombones; Paul Johnson, piano; Plunker Hall, banjo; Louis Thompson, bass; Bill Winston, drums.

Rating: ★★ ½

In unearthing and releasing another batch of rare, little-known jazz recordings of the pre-swing era, Historical Jazz manifests how badly the mine is becoming depleted.

There are a number of outstanding early records that, inexplicably, are not currently available in the United States, but, as this album shows, there are many early recordings that have only minimal interest for the jazz listener.

The four Tiny Parham performances (Tracks 10-13) feature Punch Miller, the New Orleans cornetist. He is reputed to have been a superb blues soloist, but his work here is weak, and he doesn't appear to have had anything near the quality of a Tommy Ladnier or a Lee Collins, two of his contemporaries.

The New Orleans Owls on *White Ghost* give evidence of having been a sturdy, even dance band.

Scratch and *Memphis* are by the Blue Ribbon Syncopaters, a snappy, collegiate-sounding group. Trumpeter Colin appears to have had a jazz conception, but altoist Diemer missed the boat.

Williamson's Beale St. Frolic Orchestra is featured on *Scurch* and *Bear Wallow*, two dismal tracks. Recorded in Memphis early in 1927, the band had an unbelievably bad clarinetist, who apparently knew nothing about the blues, and a trombonist

SELMER PORTA-DESKS



- CONVENIENT
- COMPACT
- ECONOMICAL
- LIGHTWEIGHT
- HANDSOME
- DURABLE
- STALWART
- LOYAL



HOW COULD ANYTHING SO USEFUL COST ONLY \$3.90?

HOLLYWOOD MODEL, right, is even less—\$2.65
Porta-Light: \$2.75
Riser: \$1.50



Selmer
H. & A. SELMER, INC.,
Elkhart, Indiana 46514
Outside U. S. A. address
Bach International, Box 310,
Elkhart, Indiana 46514

who was almost as bad.

Bo Bo and *Know It* are given mild performances by Jelly James and His Fewscians. George Temple had a nice sound in the low register, but his trumpet lacked the drive this type of playing demands.

The Walter Barnes Band on *Tight Like That* is clean and well disciplined—and mechanical.

The two tracks that save the album from calamity are *Lawd, Lawd* and *In a Corner* by Cecil Scott and His Bright Boys. *Corner* has a good high-register solo by trombonist Dickie Wells but is hurt by Scott's foolishness on clarinet. *Lawd* has the best solo in the album, a rocking,

beautifully executed 32 bars by trumpeter Frankie Newton, but the rest of the track, unfortunately, is marred by horseplay.

This album is recommended only for those interested in all the historical aspects of jazz development and evolution.

(G.M.E.)

Nancy Wilson

FROM BROADWAY WITH LOVE—Capitol 2433: *Hello, Dolly!*; *Making Whoopee*; *Some-where*; *I've Got Your Number*; *Young and Foolish*; *You'd Better Love Me*; *Hey There*; *This Dream*; *He Loves Me*; *I'll Only Miss Him When I Think of Him*; *Here's That Rainy Day*; *I Had a Ball*.
Personnel: Miss Wilson, vocals; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★☆☆

The rough edges are gone, and in their

place there is sophistication and control. Nancy Wilson has perfected a style. The sweet girl singer is lost. Unfortunately, the emergence of a full-blown, confident star obliterates the spontaneity and excitement of the searching amateur. Only on *I Had a Ball* are we reminded of Miss Wilson's nasal beginnings.

The entire album is slick and smooth. The singer demonstrates absolute control—of voice, phrasing, mood, and, even, instrumental accompaniment. She lopes through *Dolly* and, with a couple of inventive ad libs, turns the jolly tune into a vehicle of feline spitefulness. *I've Got Your Number* harks back to her earlier Dinah Washington influence. But everything else is straight-ahead Nancy Wilson. The range of material is broad, and it makes diverse demands.

In all, Miss Wilson has developed magnificently into an assured, polished performer, capable of approaching any type of material and personalizing it.

There is some reservation, however. Her diction—once crisp—and her enunciation—once clear—are both loosening a bit. There is just enough slurring and dropped endings here to suggest carelessness. Her delivery of *Young and Foolish* is the worst example here. In the same vein, the bell-like voice is beginning to develop a vibrato. It leaps out of *This Dream* most unexpectedly. This is not necessarily unpleasant. From Miss Wilson, it is unusual.

A very good album from a good vocalist who is getting better at her craft all the time.
(B.G.)

Attila Zoller-Hans Koller-Martial Solal

ZOLLER-KOLLER-SOLAL—German Saba 15061: *Mr. Heine's Blues*; *The End of a Love Affair*; *Stella by Starlight*; *Afterglow*; *My Old Flame*; *Away from the Crowd*; *All the Things You Are*; *Stompin' at the Savoy*; *H-J Meets M.A.H.*
Personnel: Koller, tenor saxophone; Zoller, guitar; Solal, piano.

Rating: ★★★★★

John Cage once told me that he didn't like jazz because, among other reasons, there was no dialog. In an interview earlier this year, he said the music always seemed to him to be a monolog accompanied by an irrelevant ticking of a clock. He said that if he was going to listen to a speech, then he wanted some words. He should listen to this record.

My dictionary defines dialog as "a talking together," and that's what the three musicians do through most of these tracks. Some of the tunes are solos or duets. They are all melodic. And Solal is one of those few piano players who—like Art Tatum—can play a dialog with himself.

I don't miss a rhythm section at all, mostly, I suppose, because the players don't sound as if they miss it either. They stay free and relaxed in their own time. Solal, particularly, stretches out in a way I've never heard before. He has the ability to play self-sustaining piano, keeping the beat by the intensity of his interweaving lines. *Stompin'* is the best example of this.

There is a lack of hustle, panic, and tension throughout, which I, living in the frantic compulsion of 1966 New York, find eminently refreshing.
(M.Z.)

Ronnie Zito
with the
WOODY HERMAN BAND

plays
Slingerland
FOREMOST IN DRUMS
6633 N. Milwaukee Ave., Niles, Illinois 60648

DAVE BRUBECK

BLINDFOLD TEST

BY LEONARD FEATHER



This *Blindfold Test* took place after a somewhat unorthodox conversation.

One recent evening the Dave Brubeck Quartet split a concert with Dizzy Gillespie at a theater-in-the-round near Los Angeles. My review in the next day's paper was not too kind to Brubeck, describing the performance as lackluster and below standard.

Soon after the review had appeared, Brubeck called, and I expected some disputation. I was happy to find I was wrong,

since he had not even read the review but was calling on another matter. I told him what to expect, and he agreed that the quartet had not been at its best.

During the chat, the thought suddenly came to mind that Brubeck had only once taken a *Blindfold Test*, many years ago (*Down Beat*, Feb. 24, 1953). He agreed to a belated return trip, the results of which appear below. He received no information about the records played.

1. John Lewis. *I Remember Clifford* (from *The Wonderful World of Jazz*, Atlantic). Lewis, piano.

That is a strange tune because I kept waiting, thinking is this really a bridge? Then he'd carry right over the turnaround into, like . . . well, we'll escape the bridge. It kept going and going and sometimes I'd think, well it is a bridge and it isn't. The ending is very nice, where he finally got back to the key he started in, E-flat via up a half step, I think it was.

It was a very pleasant record. At first it sounded very much like an old Art Tatum intro, and then the double-thirds toward the end made me think maybe someone's listened a lot to Bill Evans. I couldn't say who it was—it was very pleasant; it didn't disturb me at all. It's the kind of music I like to hear. Four stars.

2. Ramsey Lewis. *Little Liza Jane* (from *Choice!, Cadet*). Lewis, piano; Eldee Young, bass; Red Holt, drums.

It's one of the real pleasant kind of bluesy things which wasn't a blues, with some kind of eight bars, basically F chord and then kind of a D-minor for four bars and back to an F, but still felt like the blues. Might even say some sort of 16-bar blues.

The bass player just fractured me on the intro playing the F out of tune, sliding down to the B-natural and hitting the A-flat and making you think it is going to be major or minor.

I like the way the drummer played; the use of that kind of tambourine-bell sound there. The piano player was just happy playing; I have no idea who it was. Another four stars.

I love to play on an out-of-tune piano when you're playing that kind of music. It helps. A perfectly in-tune piano on that tune wouldn't make it.

3. Teddy Wilson. *The Duke* (from *And Then They Wrote*, Columbia). Wilson, piano; Brubeck, composer.

That ending right there—that just killed me. I didn't write it that way. . . . It sounded like Teddy Wilson. I'd like to say that Teddy did something that I think is almost impossible, to play this tune at a session, not having known it before. He rehearsed another tune that he thought was *The Duke*, because of some mixup on the label, and when they got to the session,

they had a book of my tunes and here it's *this* tune.

Now, this is one of the hardest tunes I've ever written. In terms of playing on this tune, I can't think of many tunes that go through all the changes in eight bars. This tune touches home in every root in eight bars. It's marvelous that Teddy could play it this well, really. It takes a musician like Teddy to even want to tackle it. Four stars. Had Teddy really known this, he'd have played it a lot better, too, I'll bet.

You know, Teddy's one of the great musicians I cut my eyeteeth on. At that time, for me there was Art Tatum, Teddy Wilson, Nat Cole, and Billy Kyle. I was always listening to Teddy Wilson—he was marvelous, and he's still playing great.

4. Duke Ellington. *It's Bad to Be Forgotten* (from *Piano in the Foreground*, Columbia). Ellington, piano; Aaron Bell, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums.

Of course that was Duke. I was almost positive it was Duke right from the beginning. I was quite sure when he hit the high C on the D7 chord, because Duke goes up and touches that high C like that a lot, and then when he did the downward run, only Duke plays that.

This man is my favorite of all time for more than his piano playing; I love his composition, what he stands for. It sounded like it could have been Blanton on bass, or Joe Benjamin. Drums—very good brush work, just steady as a rock . . . it could have been Sonny Greer—I don't know. I don't think it's the old, old rhythm section, but it was reminiscent of things as far back as Jimmy Blanton. There are so many things of Duke's that are better, but I'll give this a four.

5. Ornette Coleman. *Snowflakes and Sunshine* (from *At the Golden Circle*, Stockholm, Vol. 2, Blue Note). Coleman, violin, trumpet; David Izenzon, bass; Charles Moffett, drums.

It has to be Ornette Coleman playing violin, and, well, it's wild.

I wouldn't want to judge him as a violinist, because I don't think anyone could, and I don't think he wants to be. This is just a way he has of expressing himself with a violin, and I don't think I've ever heard anyone express themselves that way on the violin; but after all, that's

what we're all doing, using music to say what we have locked up in us.

I don't think even Ornette is ever going to have a tear run down his cheek when he hears that back and thinks, "how beautiful." But he might; that might be beautiful to him. And when they finally established when the bass player hit an A and the trumpet player hit a C-sharp, which formed a nice 10th, and there was some kind of tonality, about a minute before the end; maybe they think that's the goof on the album—you know, you don't know what a guy's thinking—and then I could finally zero in and say, well, this is starting to be a tonal thing based around A and C-sharp, and then Ornette came in on violin and he hit a C-sharp and kind of stayed around in that area, and that was a relief—I had something to grab onto.

When you play like this, you lose a lot of the great qualities of music; you lose the quality of modulation, which is one of the most uplifting things in the world.

When I studied with Milhaud, he said the reason he didn't like 12-tone music is because you never have this great feeling of changing keys, rising and soaring into a new tonality.

This is not beautiful music at all, but it could serve Ornette and the musicians with him.

The trumpet player wasn't a good trumpet player; he didn't do things clean. I couldn't really judge him.

The drummer did some wonderful things, but at one time there, when he was going oom-chic, oom-chic with the sock cymbal and the brush, he wasn't steady. Now maybe he didn't want to be steady. Then he did some very nice 3/4 patterns and broke 'em right away where it was fine.

There's no way to judge this music. It'll have to be judged in the future. The musicians all sounded capable; the bass man was doing some very wild things. I wouldn't rate the record because it's not possible to rate this yet. I have nothing to judge it on. You *know* this can't satisfy many people, and you know it must satisfy Ornette and these fellows, or they wouldn't be doing it. So we'll keep listening. I think it's breaking the ice. It'll lead music somewhere—we don't know where yet.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT

(Continued from page 25)

lative essay in tenderness. On *Sue* the rhythm section was temporarily foiled by Freeman's almost painfully slow pacing but as soon as it recovered its usually good sense of time, helped the tenor man turn in an emotive performance.

Then came *Royal Garden Blues*, with those eel-like phrases so much the Freeman trademark sliding sinuously out of his saxophone hard on each others' heels, almost as if vying for pride of place. This was typical Freeman, which is spelled g-o-o-d.

Clayton, presumably embodying the Kansas City aspect of the billing, was next with the Lyttelton band. Pianist Harvey had arranged several numbers in an easygoing style well suited to the Clayton temperament, the opener being the old Jay McShann number, *Jumpin' Blues*.

The trumpeter blew well, though far below the possible level of his creativity, and was not helped by the accompanying musicians, who, with the exception of the leader, sounded curiously lifeless.

A pretty Lyttelton original, *Blue Mist*, showed off the composer's own Clayton-inspired approach when trading fours with his guest. On this, Clayton excelled in his manner of offering well-constructed phrases ready-made, as if they were wrapped in the finest satin.

The set finished with an untitled Clayton original, penned in his readily identifiable *Swinging at the Copper Rail* style, which had the urbane trumpeter backed by riffing horns, firing off fat, juicy phrases, one after the other.

The Welsh crew returned with a crisp rendition of *Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea* in the arrangement given to them by trombonist Dickie Wells.

Stewart replaced Welsh for a gentle version of *Mood Indigo*, which was played straight. He then sang *Don't Get Around Much Any More* in a style that lay midway between Louis Armstrong and Joe Turner, and it soon became obvious that we were to be treated to very little cornet. When he did play, there were so many fluffed notes and a general lack of taste and control that he turned in what was virtually a parody of his own style. Engaging as that style was when Stewart was on form, his playing at this concert was marred by his lip, which was sadly out of shape. He redeemed himself to a certain extent with the amusing talking effect *Conversation Piece*, which had the audience falling about.

It was left to Hines to claim the evening as his own. The pianist, who is currently enjoying a rediscovery in Britain, too, monopolized the stage from the minute he walked on.

Backed by drummer Hastings and the strong yet resilient bass of 22-year-old Mathewson, Hines took off with a medley of *You're the Cream in My Coffee, Tea for Two, and Sugar*. Then he did *Bernie's Tune*, in which he received some firm support from Mathewson.

Hines did one of his rounded, warm vocals on *Sweet Lorraine*, which also

touched on *The Girl from Ipanema, I Feel Pretty, and Maria*, before going into his version of *St. Louis Blues*, complete with engaging cross-rhythms, a sustained right-hand tremolo—the lot.

The pianist took over conducting chores for the final stretch, which had everyone joining in one of those diabolical jam-session types of finales. The former big-band leader was in his element, and the crowd left happy.

All in all, it was a successful concert. By the time it was over, though, the sun had gone.

—Valerie Wilmer

Olympic College Stage Band Festival Bremerton, Wash.

This was the seventh annual stage band festival held in the Student Center at Olympic Junior College, across Puget Sound from Seattle. It was also the most successful, according to all accounts, and certainly the most heavily populated. Close to 500 musicians were heard during the festival weekend, more than 90 percent of them accounted for among the 22 competing bands.

In addition to those in the competition, the performers included a guest big band, the NORAD Commanders; a guest soloist, guitarist Johnny Smith; and Olympic College's own stage band. The Olympic group is directed by Ralph Mutchler, the jazz-wise educator, who, as chairman of the college's music department, also is a faculty adviser to the committee for the festival, which is student-operated (and run with great efficiency).

The schedule that enabled this unprecedented number of performers to participate was a tight one, but it never ran more than a few minutes late. Ten bands played Friday evening, each doing three numbers. The next morning the same procedure was followed by a dozen more bands.

The judges (Mutchler, guitarist Smith, Dr. Leroy Ostransky, Mark Azzolina, and this writer) were required, during each segment, to rate the band from nine different standpoints (intonation, blend, arrangements, etc.), to write comments and suggestions concerning the three numbers performed, and to add a general footnote. Candidates for writer's cramp and nervous breakdowns are advised to break in by judging a stage band contest.

The general performance standard was astonishingly high when one took into consideration that these were high school bands. Some, of course, suffered from all the crudities of intonation and phrasing that one might expect from students in midteens; but several, notably the five who were selected to participate in the finals on Saturday evening, achieved a level of musicianship that ranked with some of the better college bands, and at least a half-dozen of the featured soloists were of professional caliber.

There were few attempts to present original material, but the stage-band arrangements selected were of a predominantly jazz character and provided excellent media for measuring the quality of reading and feeling.

The band that placed third in the finals, the Bremerton West High School Swingmasters, attempted a tough arrangement in Johnny Richards' *Waltz of the Armadillos* and brought it off with aplomb. All the bands, incidentally, were drawn from within the State of Washington. The Northwest, it seems, is becoming intensely stage-band conscious.

The judges had an additional task in the selection of an all-star band—a matter of picking the 20 best musicians out of some 440. When the names of the all-stars were called, they huddled for a brief rehearsal and played a couple of numbers as a unit during the final concert.

There were at least four potentially important talents uncovered. Jay Thomas, trumpet and fluegelhorn with the Shoreline High Band, played *I Remember Clifford* with a lyrical beauty and total command; he was also heard blowing loosely and lucidly on Oliver Nelson's *Miss Fine*. Robin Swenson, a pianist from Columbia River School in Vancouver, Wash., displayed a keenly developed harmonic sense and a seemingly Bill Evans-inspired articulation. Randy King, from West High, was an impressive lead trumpeter, and Bob Franklin of Fort Vancouver Stage Band, which won second prize, was an individual winner for his trombone solo work.

The winning band was Hudson's Bay Stage Band, directed by Don Cammack. Its victory was based not only on a powerful, driving ensemble and well-integrated section work (the saxophones behaved like five well-adjusted brothers) but also on its ability to play with relaxed phrasing and dynamics at a moderate tempo, which too many of the bands neglected to do.

It was interesting to relate the personalities of the directors to those of the bands they led. When the director seemed stiff, judges felt the same starch in the band's phrasing.

Two concerts were given by Smith, who first played solo and then with a second guitar and bass, and finally with the Olympic Band, which rivals North Texas State as one of the best-rehearsed and most mature college ensembles in the country. Smith, were he not a resident of Colorado Springs, where he owns a music store and spends most of his time, would still be acknowledged as one of the most gifted guitarists in and around jazz.

The two performances by the NORAD Commanders, founded by Col. Azzolina but now led by Maj. Vic Molzer, gave an illuminating idea of how much togetherness can be achieved under the enforced maximum-rehearsal conditions imposed on a bunch of servicemen. Both its programs were heavily jazz-oriented, running from big-band modern to small-group Dixie, with trumpeter Warren Luenning (ex-Lawrence Welk) distinguishing himself in both camps.

Incidentally, the reaction of the crowd to the Dixie numbers was ecstatic. Whoever believes that all that Dixie jazz is strictly for World War I veterans should be relieved to know that it can also reclaim refugees from the teen limbo of rock-and-roll addiction.

—Leonard Feather

Down Beat's Audio Basics

STEREO SHOPPING WITH BEN TUCKER



PHOTO BY JACK BRADLEY

Bassist-composer Ben Tucker, one of the busiest musicians in New York City, currently is working in the pit band of the Broadway show *Sweet Charity*, in studio bands during the day, and with various groups—such as Herbie Mann's and Billy Taylor's—when his schedule allows.

At the 1965 Newport Jazz Festival, Tucker appeared as a guest with Mann's group for a performance of the bassist's popular *Comin' Home, Baby*. During that weekend, Taylor, acting as a festival emcee, had been discussing modernizing his high-fidelity setup, and Tucker, joining the discussion, evinced interest in doing something about his own equipment.

After listening to several friends' stereo units during the next few months, Tucker decided that he preferred Taylor's Acoustic Research Model 3 loud-speakers so much that he wanted to get them. Having also been told that KLH speakers, like ARs, use acoustic suspension woofers to reproduce bass note with exceptional strength and clarity, he compared AF and KLH units side by side. He still preferred the AF-3 units and settled on them.

Tucker also had been impressed with the Fisher transistorized amplifier-receiver bassist Chris White had purchased and with the similar Electro-Voice unit composer Chico O'Farrill chose.

Both units were rated at 25 watts a channel at the eight-ohm rating that most loud-speakers carry. Tucker was concerned that these receivers should deliver enough power to drive the large AR-3 speakers he had selected.

It was explained that Fisher and E-V rate these receivers at 50 watts for eight-ohm speaker operation but that they guar-

antee 70 watts of clean output when used with four-ohm speakers like the AR-3. Tucker was impressed by the uncluttered control panel of the E-V unit, which included a switch for turning off his loud-speakers while listening with his stereo headphones.

As has been virtually every other musician, Tucker was pleased by the sounds coming from stereo headphones. After checking several makes and models, he bought the Koss Pro-4s at \$45. He recalled that these were the same ones the engineers at CBS-TV had used when he worked with tenorist Coleman Hawkins taping a program for the *Dial M for Music* program.

For a record player he wanted a changer, but when he realized that a person turns over almost 98 percent of the discs he plays, he decided to avoid the possible service difficulties that might arise more readily with a changer than with a simpler, plain turntable.

He liked the picture of the new Garrard turntable, meant to sell at \$37, but when he found he'd have to wait several weeks to get one, he got an AR turntable instead.

Tucker found that by shopping around with a list of components and package prices, he could save a substantial amount of the cost of his high-fidelity system.

He also found that various shops offered


Tucker's home-music system costs:	
E-V 1177 receiver	\$260.00
AR turntable	78.00
AR-3 loud-speakers each	225.00
Sony 500 recorder	300.00
Koss Pro-4's stereophones	45.00
Stanton Longhair pickup	50.00
Dust Bug	5.50

widely differing guarantees. These ranged from the 90 days that radio sets, tubes, and phonograph styluses carry, up to the two-year parts and labor warranties that some department stores now provide. (Acoustic Research has a five-year guarantee for its speakers.)

Tucker had bought a Sony 500 tape recorder a year ago and found it connected into his Electro-Voice receiver easily. He is now able to tape-record either LPs or FM programs and to play the tapes through his speakers.

Because Tucker had been told conflicting things by various engineers, audio salesmen, and record collectors about how to protect LPs, it was explained that a gentle, brief circular wipe with a damp cloth is better than 98 percent of the cleaners, liquids, brushes, and chemically treated cloths on the market.

An exception is a group of brushes and an antistatic liquid developed by the English engineer Cecil Watts after years of study of the interacting effects of lint, dust, stylus pressure, and the commonly used preparations and brushes. Watts' devices are called Dust Bug (or Dust Wand), the Record Preener, and the Parastat.

The bassist bought a Dust Bug to mount on his turntable and also one of the new Longhair cartridges marketed by Stanton (Pickering). He'd heard of this from altoist Paul Desmond, who had installed one in his turntable with excellent results. The Stanton Longhair has a small built-in brush that rides the grooves just ahead of the diamond stylus and catches much of the dust and lint before it gets to the stylus. Used in combination with the Dust Bug, Tucker finds it keeps his records in almost perfect shape. 

ALBERT HEATH'S TALENT DEMANDS Rogers

Al Heath, young-blood jazz talent, has "gigged" with the best in the business, including Benny Golson and Art Farmer. Al's drum finesse is as rare and fine as the set of Rogers drums that amplify it. Try Rogers Dyna-Sonic, with new floating snares and custom-built shell.



ROGERS
DRUMS
U.S.A.
Covington, Ohio 45318

8th Year! SUMMER JAZZ CLINICS

SIX LOCATIONS IN '66

- ★ SACRAMENTO STATE COLLEGE
(California)
August 7-13, 1966
- ★ TRINITY UNIVERSITY
(San Antonio, Texas)
August 7-13, 1966
- ★ LONG BEACH STATE COLLEGE
(California)
August 14-20, 1966
- ★ UNIV. OF CONNECTICUT
(Storrs)
August 14-20, 1966
- ★ UNIVERSITY OF UTAH
(Salt Lake City)
August 21-27, 1966
- ★ INDIANA UNIVERSITY
(Bloomington)
August 21-27, 1966

Send today for complete details and application form.

National Stage Band Camps
Box 221, South Bend, Indiana 46624 15
Please send full details and application form without obligation.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Age _____ Instrument _____

LIFE WITH FEATHER

(Continued from page 17)

they may fall for it. Fifty bucks a week and a chance to see America constitutes quite a temptation.") They didn't fall for it.

Through my friend Al Brackman of Mills Music I was able to work out a deal with Irving Mills, one that paid no money but gave me an office, desk, phone, and the chance to write some music and lyrics that might be recorded by one or other of the artists managed by the Mills office.

During those first months I found another nonpaying job, trying to sell advertising space and reviewing records for a magazine called *Swing*, which was heading in the right musical direction under the guidance of a bright Columbia University graduate named Barry Ulanov.

Swing, like all the other magazines that have come and gone through the years, couldn't compete with *Down Beat*. Finally the *Beat* came through with its long-awaited deal. I became New York correspondent at \$40 an issue. Nobody else around seemed interested in buying articles about jazz, so it was necessary to supplement my income through odd jobs such as producing an occasional record date.

I was a British jazz critic trying to sell a jazz session idea to a U.S. record company when, to all intents, there were only three major record companies in the United States—Victor, Columbia, and Decca—and two independent jazz labels—H.R.S. (Hot Record Society) and Commodore—for which Steve Smith and Milt Gabler respectively took care of whatever business was necessary. (I did succeed, though, in persuading Gabler to let me make a Fletcher Henderson alumni date. The products—*Smack*, *Dedication*, and two standards, one with Benny Carter on piano—were reissued in 1965 on Mainstream, under Coleman Hawkins' name. But Gabler at that time, along with an increasing majority of the few jazz experts then around, was concerned mainly with the perpetuation of Dixieland.)

One idea I managed to sell, perhaps because Leonard Joy at Victor took pity on me with my naive approach to the business and my heavy British accent, was the formation of a purportedly all-British group. As a switch on the Quintet of the Hot Club of France, I called it the Sextet of the Rhythm Club of London.

There happened to be three ex-Ambrose bandmen in town (two were actually Americans) and three other musicians whom I could use on the

flimsy excuse that they were of West Indian descent. One was Pete Brown, whose bouncing, humorous alto had completely captivated me, and whom I was to record several times during the next couple of years. Another was a 19-year-old-Trinidad-born pianist who was the new hit at Cafe Society Downtown, the only white club in New York with an interracial policy on and off the bandstand. The pianist's name was Hazel Scott, and it was her first record date. She sounded a little like Billy Kyle, which was good enough for me. She also looked too pretty to play so well, which was later good enough for Adam Clayton Powell, who married her.

For the sextet date I wrote an instrumental, *Calling All Bars*, which Mills later published and arranged for Cab Calloway to record. (The Calloway version was scored by Benny Carter and featured a full chorus by an imaginative young trumpeter named John Birks Gillespie.)

Miss Scott intrigued me, for it seemed to me that sex prejudice was as strongly operative in jazz as race prejudice. Through the years I arranged jobs and record dates, whenever I could, for whatever capable girl musicians crossed paths with me. The sextet session came off fairly well; the sides were released on Bluebird, and not long afterward I was able to arrange a date for a trumpeter I felt had been grossly underrated, the late Oran (Hot Lips) Page.

The budget was something like \$100 for the entire band, myself included. Scale was then \$20 for a three-hour session, \$40 for the leader. (Since there were practically no jazz albums, the custom was to record just one four-tune session.) The only way to provide Lips with a rhythm section under these conditions was to use bass and guitar and eliminate piano and drums. However, I surreptitiously sat in on piano for a couple of tracks, though several years were to elapse before my citizenship status would allow me to join the AFM.

Lips sang in the great guttural Armstrong tradition, played somewhat like Roy Eldridge, and doubled on mellophone for one number. On another track he let Teddy Bunn do the singing. The tune, one of three blues I had written for the date, was *Evil Man Blues*, to which Dinah Washington later gave far greater distinction in a rewritten female version.

Where could a Hot Lips Page turn for a living in that frozen winter of 1939-40? Like many Negro musicians, he was limited for the most part to jobs with pay rates not unlike those of the Savoy, to cross-country trips

via Jim Crow accommodations to towns that in many instances did not have a single hotel where Negroes were accepted.

White jazz musicians, unless they could read well enough to get a job in a big band, were very little better off. The Eddie Condon and Pee Wee Russells were scuffling; the public only knew and cared about the Goodmans, Shaws, and Millers and the handful of colored bands that had broken through: Ellington, Lunceford, Basie, Kirk.

The cost of catching big bands at the downtown hotels—except when I was reviewing on a press pass—was prohibitive. More significantly, downtown represented, for me and my circle, an aspect of the music world too instinctively business-oriented to be caught up in the love of the music. So the musical pleasures of 1940 were provided most regularly north of 110th St. and most often of all at Lenox and 140th.

My mind's eye sums up that whole year of 1940 in one typical scene. It is 2 a.m.; the Savoy and the Brittwood and the Golden Gate have all just closed, and I am alone, in near-zero weather, by the upstairs tracks of the iron-grilled Ninth Ave. elevated, 145th St. station. When the train finally comes, it will eventually

BETTY CARTER

(Continued from page 19)

approach me."

A high point of Miss Carter's career was her tour of Japan with tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins in 1963.

But she isn't particularly interested in the jazz avant-garde, with which Rollins lately has been associated. "It's theirs," she stated. "I don't know anything about it. I must stay with what I know and try to swing. As far as the intellectual thing goes, if I don't want to hear something that swings, I play the classics."

Nevertheless, her enthusiasm for Rollins' playing is clear. "He has the ability to swing," she remarked.

Like almost all American jazz artists who have visited Japan, she was delighted by the reception she received.

"If the audiences everywhere were like they are in Japan, I'd be a star," she said. "I'd be what I want to be. The audiences there made musicians from the States feel like being jazz musicians was something to be proud of. And the p.a. systems and lighting were always perfect."

To a suggestion that Japanese have sometimes been less than critical in their acceptance of things American, she said, "Their enthusiasm was sincere. I know about the Oriental tradition of politeness, but you can tell from an ovation whether it's just being nice or if it's sincere enjoyment."

In this country now she expressed pleasure over the growing number of college

curve around at 125th St. toward the West 90s and deposit one weary jazz fan, shivering but happy after a long night of incredibly wonderful music.

The year passed in a haze of erratic assignments, a song placed here, a record session set there, and from March on, thanks to the efforts of an old friend and occasional jazz writer named Bob Bach, a weekly jazz quiz show called *Platterbrains* on WNEW, Bob acting as emcee, with Gabler and me as regular panelists.

In those days, making a living out of jazz was possibly even rougher on the critics than on some performers, even though there were so few of us, for I was in a calling that, as far as the general public and most of the music business was concerned, simply did not exist.

It was a couple of months into 1941 before I conceded defeat and began a new venture that was to take up two slightly chaotic but musically eventful years of my life.

For the first time since becoming a resident of the United States, I threw away my illusions that prestige and promises were edible. I took on a full-time, five-day-a-week assignment. It was not time to start subscribing to the *Wall Street Journal*, but it was a start. The job paid \$15 a week—I was assistant to Cafe Society's publicity agent.


concerts she is being called for—"You've got to be sharp for those kids," she said—but she generally is unconcerned about what kind of gigs she works.

"I have no preferences because wherever I go I do what I want to do, and I'm satisfied," she said.

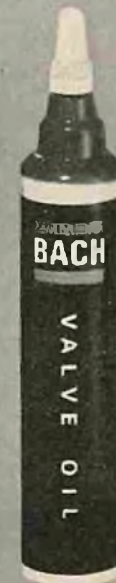
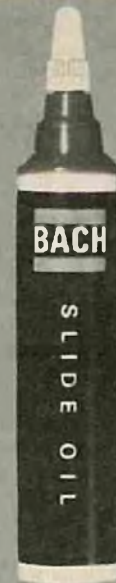
Why doesn't Betty Carter get more work, more exposure, more money? Perhaps it has something to do with the fact that she makes no pretense to glamour.

Perhaps she would achieve more financial success if she went "commercial." She undoubtedly has the vocal equipment and musicianship to crack the pop market, but she refuses to attempt it. "I'm not supposed to have a hit record," she said. "I've always been a jazz singer. If you're a jazz singer in the beginning, it'll stay. You can't get away from that feeling. I've tried to compromise and couldn't sleep. I'll stay with what I'm doing and be happy on the stage rather than compromise."

Miss Carter echoed the sentiments of many jazz musicians when she said, "I judge my jazz by the musicians. It's up to them."

If acceptance by one's fellow musicians is the criterion of success in jazz, then Betty Carter already has made it. Another criterion of success in any field is satisfaction in one's work. Again, she has made it. A few jazz artists have achieved fame and financial security going the uncompromising way Miss Carter has chosen. But usually they attained wide recognition long after they achieved artistic fulfillment. In between were years of dues paying. 

BACH
LUBRICANTS/MOUTHPIECE POUCH



SLIPPERIER
THAN OIL

50¢

PREVENTS DENTS

\$1.10-\$1.80

Distributed Exclusively by

Selmer

H. & A. SELMER, INC., Elkhart, Indiana 46515
Outside U.S.A. address Bach International
Box 310, Elkhart, Indiana 46515

BENNY-BOPPERS

(Continued from page 23)

into the Hickory House. There was a problem regarding the Swedish musician's immigration papers, and it became necessary for him to take a trip to Mexico to obtain their renewal. On the way to the border, the clarinetist was riding with Mrs. Billy Eckstine and her chauffeur. Near Decatur, Ill., the car ran off the road, and Hasselgard was thrown from the vehicle and killed.

THE NEW BAND was finally assembled and took off on a one-nighter tour of New England. The personnel was Howard Reich, Doug Mettome, Al Stewart, Nick Travis, trumpets; Milt Bernhardt, Eddie Bert, George Monte, trombones; Mitch Goldberg, Angelo Cicalese, alto saxophones; Gray, Eddie Wasserman, tenor saxophones; Larry Molinelli, baritone saxophone; Buddy Greco, piano; Francis Beecher, guitar; Lombardi, bass; Sonny Igoe, drums, and Terry Swope, vocals.

When the band settled down for a five-day date at the Hotel Syracuse, in Syracuse, N.Y., one of Goodman's severest critics, Levin of *Down Beat*, was on hand to cover it.

"They opened to a packed room playing a slower version of *Don't Be That Way* compared to other days," Levin wrote. "Benny's own playing was a curious mixture. When playing ideas written for him to play with the sextet or the slow figures designed for his work with the band, he moves a little too ostentatiously through elementary bop. But at an up-tempo over an ad-lib solo of any length, he goes right back to the essential Chicago style he always has used, garnished with his usual displays of technical ease. It gives a confused result."

Levin, after criticisms of each instrumentalist, concluded, "The band doesn't measure up to previous Goodman bands or to the good bands of today. O'Farrill's highly touted bop arrangements are pleasant Goodman-styled scores with interludes of bebop injected. However, the band is eager, and that is something BG hasn't had since 1941."

The band opened on Dec. 15, 1948, for a three-week engagement at the Paramount Theater on Broadway. It was part of an elaborate stage production devised by Sherman Marks to trace the history of jazz from New Orleans to Memphis to St. Louis to Chicago to New York. With commentary by Goodman, the presentation stopped at Davenport, Iowa, to pick up Bix Beiderbecke, and against a large photo on the curtain backdrop, Miss Swope sang *And the Angels Sing*. After the Goodman-Gene Krupa days were re-enacted, Greco sang *There'll Be Some Changes Made*, and the band went into O'Farrill's arrangement of *Undercurrent Blues* to close the show.

When it was announced that Goodman's band would be one of the four orchestras to play at President Truman's inaugural in Washington, D.C., gossip columnist Earl Wilson grabbed BG to try to find out

what was this thing called bop. The confrontation took place at the Paramount.

"How much bop do you actually play?" Wilson asked.

"I don't actually know," was the terse reply.

Wilson tried again: "Are you actually playing different?"

"Uh, well. I got a new band," Goodman answered. "There are some kids in it. Some of them are nuts about bop. If I like the way they play, I don't care what the hell they call it."

"But you do play bop?" Wilson pressed.

"I don't know," Goodman stated. "You'd have to ask them."

Wilson concluded, "Well, it's nice you're going to play bebop at the inaugural. 'Cause up to now so many people don't know what it is."

"Probably won't after we get through," the clarinetist quipped. "I've probably been doing it for years. Any kind of good bebop is swing."

After watching the show and listening to the band play *Buddy's Bop*, for which pianist Greco persuaded Goodman to don a beret, Wilson left the theater and headed for the Royal Roost.

After the inaugural dance, the band played one-nighters on its way to Los Angeles and a month's engagement at the Hollywood Palladium.

The West Coast arrival of the new Goodman aggregation was looked forward to with anticipation. Capitol was particularly interested, because the firm had begun its Bebop Series.

It was later announced that "Goodman's Palladium engagement was one of the most spectacular and profitable runs the dancery had enjoyed in years."

The *Capitol News* reported, "BG's band bops only on one out of 10 numbers. He himself never plays in the bop idiom. Only several of the full band's arrangements are boppish, and sidemen like Mettome, Gray, Greco, and Eddie Bert stand up and 'beep' sporadically."

That same month, March, 1949, Capitol released the first postban Goodman record, *Undercurrent Blues*, with Louis Martinez added on bongos. The words "bop instrumental" were imprinted on the label.

Reviewer Herrick wrote in *Down Beat*: "The first really progressive effort of the King's, *Undercurrent Blues*, is pure unadulterated bebop, sectionwise and solo-wise. It's a blues original by Chico O'Farrill taken at medium-fast tempo with good trombone by Bert and fine trumpet by Mettome and a couple of choruses by Benny that really strive for a bop flavor but don't approach it yet."

Eddie Condon got the record in a *Blindfold Test*. "Is that the Herman Band?" he asked. "No, for chrissake, it's Benny. How long has he been doin' that?"

Unfortunately, the 1949 commercial vogue for bebop was short-lived. However, Goodman recorded several other bop-oriented numbers during the year.

These records included such instrumentals as *Bedlam*, a composition credited to Goodman and Gray; *Shishkabop*, arranged by O'Farrill; (*In the Land of*) *Oo-Blau*

Dee, a Mary Lou Williams creation; and *Egg Head*, a nondescript vehicle for tenorist Gray. The record coming closest to *Undercurrent Blues* during this period was the sextet's version of *Blue Lou* with its bop overtones. Although a good record, it represented the fish-or-fowl enigma that pervaded the bop band's career. A reviewer ran the record through as follows: "It opens with a Goodman-Gray duet; Wardell takes over shakily; Doug Mettome follows firmly; Benny returns the group to an antiquated groove, and Buddy Greco comes up with some facile, modern piano."

The rest of Goodman's output during 1949 consisted of ballads and novelty numbers featuring the vocals of Greco, abetted by singing groups known as the Sportsmen and the Clarinaders.

A typical reaction to the band was expressed by writer Ralph Gleason after he heard it at a dance in San Francisco: "Even the nonboppers wish Benny would make up his mind as to what kind of a band he wants."

Plans for the band to tour Europe during the summer of 1949—it would have been among the earliest postwar visits to the Continent by American jazz artists—were dropped when Goodman learned the difficulties involved with getting currency out of the various countries at that time. Goodman, Greco, and several acts did go to London for two weeks at the Palladium. The British Musicians Union would not allow the band to play in England. So the English fans reported that all the bebop they heard was "Buddy Greco singing a couple of lines of *How High the Moon*." The British musicians selected to appear with the clarinetist helped him knock out his standards like *Rose Room* and *And the Angels Sing*.


The band re-formed after Goodman's return, but things were definitely taking shape in other directions. Gray soon lost interest and left while the band was in the East; Zoot Sims, who was working out a New York card, replaced him.

Goodman, in his annual interview with the music press, expressed perplexity as to why the public did not like bop. He said he liked bop—liked it more, he suspected, than the general public.

As if a fact had just dawned on him, he continued. "They like the novelty aspect of it, like the vocal sounds. Helen Kane did something like that years ago with her *Boop-Boop-a-Doop*."

"It's just too confusing to me. I don't know why they don't like it more. I don't think it has taken hold the way swing did in the '30s."

Goodman broke up the band and, taking Greco with him, headed for the Philippines, after which he returned to announce he was interested only in concert work in the future.

The following summer he took a small group—trumpeter Roy Eldridge, tenorist Sims, pianist Dick Hyman, drummer Ed Shaughnessy, and vocalist Nancy Reed—to Europe for a concert tour. In Copenhagen, Denmark, he told a jazz critic, "Bop is on the way out in America. And you know, I have never liked it." 

AD LIB

(Continued from page 12)

Lynne . . . The Jazz Crusaders followed Chet Baker's quartet at the Edgewater Inn in Long Beach. Pianist Gene Russell moved from the Intermission Room to La Duce, where his trio plays on Tuesdays . . . Trumpeter Jack Sheldon recently did a straight four-shows-a-night comedy gig at the Playboy Club . . . Singer Nancy Wilson is at work preparing a new act for her week's engagement at the Greek Theater, starting Aug. 22 . . . The letters A-N-B stand for the founders of a new Hollywood-based record company. They are Jack Ackerman (a radio-TV executive); alto saxophonist Lennie Niehaus, who does the arrangements; and trumpeter Bud Brisbois, the label's featured artist . . . Business should pick up in San Diego, thanks to the confidence shown in that city by Lola Ward who has moved her Jazzville Supper Club to a roomier location at 14th and Broadway. The grand opening brought the Dave Brubeck Quartet into San Diego for the first time. Booked for future appearances are pianists Ahmad Jamal and Ramsey Lewis, trumpeter Miles Davis, organist Richard Holmes, and Duke Ellington's band. Come late summer Ellington's band will play a fast three-day schedule beginning with the opening session of the Monterey Jazz Festival; then it will hop down to Hollywood for a concert at the Greek Theater; and, finally, it will move further north Sept. 18 for a concert of religious music in Oakland Auditorium . . . On the writing end: arranger Quincy Jones just received his second assignment in a row from Columbia pictures, where he recently did the score for *Walk, Don't Run*. The new one is called *Enter Laughing*. Simultaneously, Jones signed to score *Tobruk* for Universal Studios. Another perennial signature on studio contracts is composer Lalo Schiffrin. He is set to score MGM's *The Venetian Affair* . . . Note for rich commuters: pianist Joe Castro's trio is now at the recently reopened Dipper Lounge in the Clouds Club in Honolulu, Hawaii.

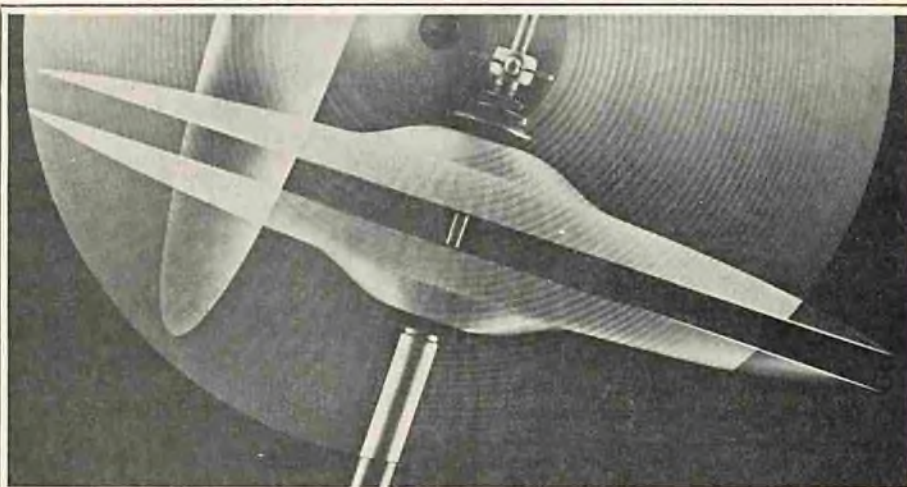
SAN FRANCISCO: Singer Aretha Franklin made her first bay-area appearance at the Jazz Workshop last month. She was accompanied by pianist Teddy Harris' trio . . . Duke Ellington's orchestra played the University of California senior prom in Berkeley and a couple of weeks later was at Basin Street West in San Francisco for a week . . . Dave Brubeck's quartet played two nights in late June at Basin Street West . . . The first concert by the San Francisco Bay Area High School Honor Jazz Band was staged at Oakland's Skyline High School in June. Members of the 19-piece band were from eight schools in the area. The concert was the idea of a Skyline senior, tenor saxophonist Dave Williamson, who also organized the band. Bob Soder, instrumental music director at Pleasant Hill High, east of Oakland, directed the band. The event will be held annually.

BOSTON: Tenorist Joe Henderson, with a quintet featuring trumpeter Kenny Dorham, recently played a week at the Jazz Workshop . . . Altoist Jimmy Mosher and trumpeter Paul Fontaine followed the Henderson group for one night and in turn were followed by the Modern Jazz Quartet . . . Jimmy Rushing sang a week at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike with a group led by tenorist Stan Montiero. Guitarist Kenny Burrell's quartet followed . . . The Village Green recently featured the trombone of Vic Dickenson and the tenor saxophone of Bud Freeman . . . WHDH-TV spotlighted reed man Roland Kirk and his quartet on *Dateline Boston*; another WHDH show, *Almanac*, featured Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, who did two weeks recently at Paul's Mall . . . Jazz on Channel 2 recently featured the Salt City Six . . . Tenorist Illinois Jacquet and organist Milt Buckner played two weeks at Connolly's last month . . . A benefit for singer Mae Arnette, recuperating from a long illness, was feted by a number of jazz groups. Among those performing were the Jimmy Mosher-Paul Fontaine Quintet, Jack Walrath Quintet, Don Moore Quintet, Freeman, singer Mamie Lee and the Swingmen, Peter Donald Quintet, Rushing, and Montiero.

PITTSBURGH: Saxophonist Sonny Stitt with organist Don Patterson's trio played a week to full houses at the Hurricane Bar in late May. Patterson's group had Pittsburghers Billy James on

drums. Organist Jimmy McGriff's trio followed on Memorial Day week . . . Saxophonist Al Morrell's trio finished May at Jay's Lounge in Braddock, Pa., and was to begin a gig at Lawson's Hotel in Harrisburg in early June . . . A "jazz exhibit" was a feature of Peoples Natural Gas Co. in its Gateway Center headquarters. It featured teenage saxophonist Eric Kloss and a combo consisting of other students at the Pennsylvania School for the Blind. The public was treated to noon-time entertainment for four consecutive Fridays (May 20-June 3) as the Pittsburgh firm saluted the school, which is headed by Eric's father, Dr. Alton Kloss . . . Duke Ellington brought drummer Sam Woodyard and bassist John Lamb to accompany his performance with the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra at the Civic Arena on May 31 . . . The Riverboat Room of the Penn Sheraton Hotel continues to be the most active downtown jazz room with the Hershey Cohen Quintet and Benny Benack Sextet playing Dixieland to fine attendance in late May and early June respectively. Both leaders are trumpeters . . . Organist Gene Ludwig's trio has been signed for a series of Monday-Tuesday night stints at the Fox Cafe in suburban Shadyside.

DETROIT: June brought a number of familiar faces back to town. Pianist Barry Harris and vibraharpist Abe Woodling returned to Detroit and were widely heard. Multi-instrumentalist Yusef Lateef did 10 nights at the Drome with an all-Detroit band (Hugh Lawson, piano; Her-

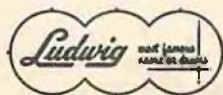


paiste . . . the brightest sound in cymbals!

(PIE-STE)

Paiste *Formula 602* Cymbals deliver a whole new world of sound. No other cymbals are as brilliant . . . as responsive. Each cymbal is hammered - by hand - to within a tolerance of 1/100 mm by Swiss craftsmen until it has the proper sound and solidity. And the sound and solidity are really there. It's the brightest sound around!

Paiste Cymbals are distributed exclusively in North America by the Ludwig Drum Company.



experience / imagination / craftsmanship

LUDWIG DRUM CO. 1728 N. Damen Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60647

Classified Ads

55c PER WORD—MINIMUM CHARGE \$8.25

DEADLINE: 30 days prior to
"on sale" date of issue.

Remittance must accompany copy
Count Name, Address, City and State

FOR SALE

PROJECT-A-TUNE—originators of projected sing
along words in piano bars. Slides or com-
plete projector installation. Write: 105
East Fifth Street, St. Paul, Minnesota.

METHODS

IMPROVISING JAZZ—Jerry Coker, forewords
by Kenton, Schuller . . . \$1.95. **LYDIAN
CHROMATIC CONCEPT OF TONAL OR-
GANIZATION FOR IMPROVISATION**—
George Russell . . . \$22.50. **MODERN
ARRANGING TECHNIQUE**—Gordon Dela-
mount . . . \$12.50. **PROFESSIONAL-AR-
RANGER COMPOSER**—Russ Garcia . . .
\$5.00. **SOUNDS & SCORES** (with 3-7" LP's)
—Henry Mancini . . . \$15.00. **THEORY
METHOD & WORKBOOK**—Phil Rizzo . . .
\$7.50. **GUITAR TUTOR**—Laurindo Almeida
. . . \$5.00. **HOW TO PLAY BLUES GUI-
TAR** (48 pp. book/12" LP) . . . \$3.98.
FLAMENCO GUITAR—Ivor Moirants
\$10.00. **MODERN STRING BASS METHOD**
—Bill Curtis . . . \$4.00. **MODERN DRUM-
MER'S MANUAL**—Don DeMicheal/Alan
Dawson . . . \$4.00. **CHORD STUDIES,
TRUMPET**—Ray Kotwica . . . \$4.00.
CHORD STUDIES, SAXOPHONE—Joe Vi-
ola . . . \$4.00. **SCALE STUDIES, SAXO-
PHONE**—Joe Viola . . . \$4.00. **OSCAR
PETERSON PIANO SOLOS, Books I, II,
III** . . . \$1.95 each. **DAVE BRUBECK
PIANO SOLOS, 160 pp** . . . \$3.95. **CON-
TEMPORARY PIANO STYLES, BOOKS I,
II**—John Mehegan . . . \$2.50 each. **DRUM
SIT-IN** (parts/LP)—Andy Lalino . . .
\$4.98. **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF JAZZ**—Leonard
Feather . . . \$4.95. **CLARINET STUDIES**—
Buddy DeFranco . . . \$5.00. **TROMBONE
GET-TOGETHER** (7" LP/score/parts)—
Buddy Morrow . . . \$3.95. **CATALOGS**
(hundreds of jazz titles) . . . 50¢ or free
with any order. We pay postage. **TODAY'S
MUSIC!**, Box 169-D, Libertyville, Illinois
60048.

MISCELLANEOUS

FIND RECORD REVIEWS in your file of **DOWN
BEAT** and other magazines. Write for in-
formation about Index to Record Reviews.
Polart, 20115 Goulburn, Detroit 5, Mich.

RECORDS & TAPES

FAST RELIABLE JAZZ record service—many rare
items—foreign orders welcome—send for
FREE LP sale list. **MODERN MUSIC**, Box
4935-4930 DELMAR, ST. LOUIS 8, MO.

**DONATE JAZZ LP'S FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION BE-
HIND IRON CURTAIN.** JAZZ-LIFT, BOX 980, BAT-
TLE CREEK, MICHIGAN.

WHERE TO STUDY

STUDY JAZZ TRUMPET with SY PLATT. Former
member JULLIARD Faculty, 6 years with
LENNY TRISTANO. 400 Riverside, NYC MO
2-7292.

From Milford, Mass., Mickey Jay, Jr. says:

I have been studying "METHOD JAZZ DRUMMING
with Stan Spector for three years. Before that time
I had put in a total of five years of study with two
other teachers. They were both excellent drummers
and teachers, and what I learned from them was
important and necessary. But it is amazing to eventu-
ally find out how confused one can get without even
knowing it. What I learned before working with Stan
was helpful up to a point. However, beyond that
point I could not use it all as a means of finding
myself in what I personally wanted to accomplish as
a jazz drummer. As a result of continuing with the
conventional type of drum practice, I became more
and more confused. I'm glad I had Bobby Clarke
as a friend. He found then, as I have found now,
that there are new, exciting and productive ways of
making order and clarity out of confusion, through
the study of METHOD JAZZ DRUMMING at the

STANLEY SPECTOR SCHOOL OF DRUMMING
1697 Broadway, Dept. 143, Room 302
New York, New York YU 9-4294

306 Stuart St., Boston, Mass., HU 2-1468
WHAT IS METHOD JAZZ DRUMMING ALL ABOUT?
For further information about our recorded home
study course, write to the Boston address. Foreign
inquiries are invited. "METHOD JAZZ DRUMMING"
trade mark.

man Wright, bass; and Roy Brooks, drums). Lateef's group, Harris and Wood-
ling (accompanied by bassist Will Austin
and drummer Bert Myrick), and trom-
bonist George Bohanon's quintet (with
Austin, Myrick, tenor man Miller Brisker
and pianist Kenny Cox) were heard at
one of Ed Love's Sunday concerts . . .
Vocalist Teri Thornton did a set with
Lateef's group at the Drome . . . Also in
town was former Detroit tenor man Joe
Brazil, now residing in Seattle, who sat
in with Bohanon's group at the Village
Gate . . . Pianist Lenore Paxton and
bassist Fred Housey, who brought jazz
to the cocktail hour at the Act IV, are
leaving that job for the summer. The duo
can still be heard six nights a week at the
Caucus Club . . . Pianist Howard Lucas,
with bassist Gino Biando, filled the gap
between pianist-vocalists Chubby Kemp's
and Bobby Laurel's bookings at the Shad-
ow Box . . . Baker's Keyboard used local
jazzmen for four nights when pianist
Kirk Lightsey took a trio into the club.
With Lightsey were bassist Ernie Far-
row and drummer Bill Hardy. The Light-
sey trio was followed by pianist Don
Friedman and guitarist Attila Zoller, who
were backed by local musicians Ron
Brooks, bass, and Ron Johnson, drums
. . . Brooks expanded his trio (Stanley
Cowell, piano, and Danny Spencer,
drums) to a quintet by adding trombonist-
flutist Sherman Mitchell and tenor saxo-
phonist Floyd Moreland for a free con-
cert in Ann Arbor June 5. Also featured
at the concert were the **Detroit Contem-
porary 4** (Cowell; Charles Moore, cornet;
John Dana, bass; and Ron Johnson,
drums). Moore, one of the leading forces
in the local avant-garde, plans to leave
for California this month.

MILWAUKEE: The Cannonball
Alderley Quintet played three days for
the opening of the new Ad Lib Supper
Club in June . . . The Joe Gumin Quartet
has been booked to play the summer sea-
son on the cruise ship the *Milwaukee
Clipper* . . . The jazz ensemble from the
University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee
will give a series of concerts at high
schools and colleges throughout the state
to raise funds for a prospective tour of
13 eastern states in the spring of 1967.
The 20-piece group will be headed by stu-
dent/musician Thomas Wright.

ST. PAUL: The Bureau of Parks and
Recreation recently presented its third
annual Jazz Extravaganza at Lake Como
Pavilion. Featured were bands led by Ed
Tolck, Don Thompson, Perry Peoples,
and Stan Haugesug. Programing ran from
modern to traditional. The musicians were
paid from AFM Local 30's share of the
Music Performance Trust Funds of the
Recording Industries . . . Historyland at
Hayward, Wis., embarked on a live music
binge for the summer with Franz Jack-
son's Original Jazz All-Stars, Buddy De-
Franco and the Glenn Miller Orchestra,
Woody Herman, Si Zentner, the Dukes
of Dixieland, Louie Jordan, Jimmy
Dorsey's band under Lee Castle, Cab
Calloway, and Duke Ellington.

KANSAS CITY: Cornetist Mugg-
sy Spanier recently spent a week in
Kansas City visiting old friends. A re-
union jam session at the suburban home
of drummer Art Smith brought together
Spanier and trumpeter Booker T. Wash-
ington, tenorist Arthur Jackson, pianist
Fess Hill, and blues singer Earl Robin-
son . . . Mother's is currently the home of
pianist Darrell DeVore's quartet, which
features tenor saxophonist Travis Jenkins.
The group appeared last month at a "cul-
tural revival" in Lawrence, Kan., sharing
the bill with modern poetry and an old
Humphrey Bogart film . . . Just up the
street, the Emmett Finney Quartet is the
current attraction at Benny's.

ST. LOUIS: Mr. C's, a new jazz
club, co-owned by Carl Carter and Gene
Cole, opened June 13 with a six-night-a-
week music policy, featuring various
groups on different nights. The current
lineup is, on Friday and Saturday: Bob
Graf, tenor saxophone; George Harlan,
guitar; Hilliard Scott, bass; and Terry
Schlemeier, drums. On Monday, Tuesday,
and Wednesday pianist Ed Fritz, bassist
Jim Casey, and drummer Jerome Harris
move in, while Thursday nights are re-
served for Sandy Schmidt, piano; Harold
Thompson, bass; and Schlemeier, drums
. . . The St. Louis Institute of Music is
presenting a six-week demonstration and
lecture series under the direction of St.
Louis pianist Herb Drury on the subject
of *Jazz and Its Development*. Drury dem-
onstrates the styles and approaches to jazz
with piano performances as well as re-
cordings . . . Stan Kenton's 17-piece or-
chestra filled many dates in and around the
St. Louis area in June: on the 13th a
cruise down the Mississippi River on the
steamer *Admiral*, the Starlight Ballroom
on the 14th, and a concert on the 15th
for the Eight O'Clock Dance Club at the
St. Nicholas Hotel in Springfield, Ill.

MIAMI: The Diplomats 3 (James
Calomeris, saxophone; Bob Estelle, piano;
and Joe Burch, drums) are playing at
the Viking in Dania . . . China Valles
sponsored and emceed a jazz concert at
the Red Road Lounge in Hialeah last
month. Among the groups were organist
Jesse Smith's trio (Dave Rudolph, drums,
and Chet Washington, tenor saxophone)
and pianist Vince Lawrence's trio (John
Mascelli, bass, and Red Holly, drums).
Mrs. Lawrence, vocalist Barbara Russell,
joined her husband's trio for part of the
program. The main attraction of the con-
cert was the Dolph Castellano Quintet
with tenorist Charlie Austin, trumpeter
Ira Sullivan, bassist Don Coffman, and
drummer Jose Cigno . . . Trumpeter Phil
Napoleon's Dixieland band gave a concert
at Miami Beach's Carib Theater before
the world premiere of *Around the World
under the Sea*, a movie produced in the
Miami area . . . "Jazzville at the Seville"
was the title that won in the contest to
name Alan Rock's new jazz room at the
Seville Hotel in Miami Beach. The name
for the area's only full-time jazz club was
suggested by Dr. Mort Zisk.

NEW ORLEANS: Trumpeter Al Hirt played a surprise two-night engagement at his Bourbon Street club in mid-June . . . Pianist Fritz Owens' jazz-tinged group left the Cellar in nearby Algiers, La., after a two-month engagement . . . Plans are in the making for a history-of-jazz college course featuring live music at each class; the course would be co-sponsored by Loyola and Tulane universities . . . The Playboy Club brought in vocal team Jackie Paris and Anne Marie Moss. Recent local acts at the club were blues singer Snooks Englin and modern pianist Ellis Marsalis.

LAS VEGAS: Buddy Rich and his band went to Los Angeles to record for the Liberty label. They also are scheduled to support Sammy Davis Jr. on his next album . . . Dave Brubeck continued the Tropicana's jazz policy last month but received a cool reception from the largely middle-aged audiences . . . Lou Rawls was in fine voice on his first appearance in Las Vegas. He worked at the Fremont Hotel's lounge, where such singers as Arthur Prysock and Carmen McRae have been successful . . . After a year with vibist Red Norvo, veteran trombonist Bill Harris joined the house band at the Tropicana . . . Singer Sarah Vaughan returned to the Riviera for her second four-week stand within three months, a sure sign of her popularity in these parts . . . Lionel Hampton, fronting a four-horns-and-rhythm group, took over at the Showboat

. . . Pianist-music director Bobby Stevenson, 43, whose ability far exceeded his fame, died recently of a heart attack. With fellow-pianist Henri Rose, he led a two-piano-and-rhythm jazz group during the '50s and early '60s. More recently Stevenson was director for several vocalists, including his wife, Sally Korby.

SEATTLE: The Penthouse has singer Aretha Franklin through July 16. Pianist Jack Wilson's quartet (with vibraharpist Roy Ayres) and comedian Redd Foxx follow July 21 through Aug. 6 . . . The Duke Ellington Band played June 7-9 to full houses at the D.J.'s, up to then a rock-and-roll parlor. Owner Dave Levy said he plans further jazz bookings . . . The Harry James Band did a one-nighter June 26 at the Bellevue Eastgate Auditorium . . . At the Edgewater Inn, a plush waterfront motel and lounge, the Rene Paulo group appear through July 16 and will be followed by the George Shearing Quintet July 21-30 . . . The Seattle Jazz Society's second concert took place in the Penthouse June 22. On the bill were the Don Lanphere-Bill Ramsay Quintet (the two tenorists plus Chuck Metcalf, bass, George Griffin, drums, and Mike Mandel, piano), tenorist Joe Brazil's quintet (Ed Lee, trumpet; Dave Friesen, bass; and Griffin and Mandel), and vocalist-whistler Woody Woodhouse . . . The second annual Jazz Workshop for teenage musicians was held under the sponsorship of the Seattle Park Department June 16 through July 14.

TORONTO: Willie (The Lion) Smith is featured on a CBC *Festival* telecast taped June 19. It also has another jazz pianist, Don Ewell, who will play and reminisce with Smith. The script is by Dave Gillman, a long-time admirer of Smith. The show will be called *Please Don't Strike That Lady Dressed in Green*, the title of a Smith composition, and will be shown next season . . . The Cellar Jazz Club brought in the Charles Lloyd Quartet and the New York Jazz Ensemble (with tenorist Charles Gayle and drummer John Bergamo) for short engagements . . . Baritone saxophonist Pepper Adams and trumpeter Donald Byrd played with the Charlie Rullo Trio for a week at the Town Tavern. The two horn men nearly stayed for a second week when singer Teri Thornton, slated to follow, was notified by AGVA not to appear at the Town. Miss Thornton decided to go on anyway. AGVA also ordered the Four Lads to cancel at the Embassy and Pearl Bailey (with the Al Hirt show) at the O'Keefe Center, but to no avail. The fracas resulted from the refusal of the big booking agencies (who represent the artists) to renew contracts with AGVA this year. Miss Bailey, by the way, moved to top billing when Hirt flew to New Orleans after the death of his father-in-law . . . Pat Riccio, back from a trip to Egypt, where he entertained United Nations troops, led his big band in a concert at Don Mills shopping plaza . . . Flutist Moe Koffman was on *Tonight* recently.

THE GREATEST NAMES IN JAZZ WILL HELP YOU BE A MODERNIST!

BILL EVANS' PIANO STYLING. Exploring tonal, chordal and lyrical beauty in jazz piano. . . \$2.00
OSCAR PETERSON: Fabulous styled jazz piano solos transcribed from his latest recordings. Exciting swinging jazz. Vol. 1, 2, 3 . . . \$1.95 ea.
OSCAR PETERSON: Jazz exercises and songs. The basic approach to jazz piano. 3 Vol's. . . \$1.50 ea.
ERROLL GARNER: Ultra modern jazz piano stylings as recorded. Vol. 1 & 2 . . . \$2.00 ea.
LENNIE TRISTANO: Jazz piano examples of his dazzling piano magic. Vol. 1 & 2 . . . \$2.00 ea.
BUD POWELL: The amazing piano artistry of this great star. Vol. 1 & 2 . . . \$1.50 ea.
PROFESSIONAL PIANO STYLING: Improvising, JAZZ accompanying, left and right hand ideas, walking bass, breaks, etc. . . \$1.50
NEW DIRECTIONS IN JAZZ PIANO—Harmonic innovations, styles, techniques, modern ideas \$1.50
INNOVATIONS IN FULL CHORD TECHNIQUE—How Brubeck, Shearing, Tristano use the full chord technique. Block minor, parallel etc. . . \$1.50
THELONIOUS MONK: First swinging piano originals by this great jazz innovator . . . \$1.50
1500 CHORD PROGRESSIONS: For a better technique in AD LIB playing—improvise jazz passages on these Progressions. For all musicians . . . \$1.50
CHORDS AND PROGRESSIONS:
 —Theory made easy! Learn Popular, Modern, Chromatic, Deceptive, Substitute and "Blues" progressions so essential for the modern musician. Vol. 1. Vol. II . . . \$1.50 each
CONTEMPORARY STYLES: For the jazz pianist. Stylings of Bill Evans, Ahmad Jamal, Winton Kelly, Oscar Peterson. Vol. 1, Vol. 2 . . . \$2.50 ea.
HOW TO IMPROVISE—Complete control of the subtle sounds is yours in everything you play from Dixieland to Latin for all instruments . . . \$1.50
SHELLY MANNE DRUM FOLIO: Original drum parts as written and played by Shelly. His special recording free, loaded with new ideas & techniques. Play and hear the drum parts! . . . \$3.00
DRUMMERS MANUAL: The only book with the direct approach to Jazz Drumming . . . \$4.00
SONNY IGOE: Modern Drum "Breaks & Fill-ins." So essential to the modern drummer . . . \$1.50
LOUIE BELLSON: Reading text. How to sight read the most difficult jazz drum parts . . . \$2.50

EUGENE WRIGHT: Brubeck's great bassist. 30 swinging modern choruses for string bass. . . \$1.95
MODERN JAZZ PIZZICATO STRING BASS: Direct approach to jazz lines for Basses, Progressions, improvisation, speed, etc. Complete course . . . \$4.00
STRING BASS MODERN CHORD CONSTRUCTION: Basis for AD LIB, fill-ins, breaks, sight reading, jazz lines, walking bass, etc. . . \$2.50
MILT HINTON & OSCAR PETTIFORD: Great Jazz lines for string bass. 2 Vol's. . . \$1.50 ea.
CLIFFORD BROWN'S Sensational trumpet solos from his greatest records. First time available . . . \$1.50
SHORTY ROGERS: Jazz method for trumpet. A revealing study in the art of improvising . . . \$3.50
JAZZ LINES OR PHRASES: Jazz styles for trumpet by Thad Jones, Art Farmer, Miles Davis, Joe Newman, etc. 2 Vol's . . . \$1.50 ea.
LEARN TO WRITE PROGRESSIVE SOUNDS—Now sounds through harmony, melody, 12 tone technic and rhythm, plus 6 modern jazz works . . . \$1.50
CHARLIE CHRISTIAN: Harlem Jazz Guitar. Ad lib solos and single string jazz . . . \$1.50
KENNY BURRELL: 18 ultra modern Jazz guitar choruses exactly as recorded . . . \$2.00
JAZZ GUITAR: All the new styles and secrets of famous guitarists. Every phase covered . . . \$1.50
JOHNNY SMITH'S Aid to technic. How to build a flawless modern jazz guitar technic . . . \$1.50
MUNDELL LOWE: Guitar Ad-Lib choruses on 10 standards, Tenderly, Rosetta etc. . . \$1.50
GUITARISTS: Analysis of the Blues. How to feel and play the new Blues stylings . . . \$1.50
JOHNNY SMITH GUITAR INTERPRETATIONS — You must know the modern guitar sounds. This book shows you how. Vols. I and II . . . \$1.50 ea.
CHAS. CHRISTIAN: The art of Jazz guitar. Plus 12 analyzed swinging recorded solos . . . \$2.00
DICTIONARY OF CHORDS: A reference book with over 1000 chords. For pianists, guitarists, arrangers etc. Every musician needs one . . . \$2.95
A COURSE IN MODERN HARMONY: — Begins where old fashioned books end . . . basic foundation for the study of arranging . . . \$1.50
AD-LIB—Basic Instruction in the art of creating AD LIB choruses and Improvising plus 24 analyzed AD LIB choruses . . . \$1.50

THE NEW TREND IN MODERN ARRANGEMENTS DESIGNED FOR ALL COMBO GROUPS
 15 ORIGINALS BY HERB ALPERT—THE TIJUANA BRASS. THE NEW SOUNDS . . . \$2.95
 23 ORIGINALS BY GERRY MULLIGAN . . . \$2.00
 27 ORIGINALS BY JIMMY GIUFFRÈ . . . \$2.00
 24 ORIGINALS BY PETE RUGOLO . . . \$2.00
 21 ORIGINALS BY DIZZY, SHORTY ROGERS, PARKER AND OTHER JAZZ GREATS . . . \$2.00
KEY TO MODERN DANCE BAND ARRANGING: A new book with progressive ideas for small or large groups. All styles fully explained . . . \$3.00
LENNIE NIEHAUS: Jazz conception for Saxophone. The new approach to modern articulation, phrasing, jazz rhythms. Vol. 1 & 2 . . . \$3.50 ea.
EAR TRAINING AND SIGHT READING—How to develop absolute pitch, sight singing and ear training for all voices and instruments . . . \$2.00
LEE KONITZ: JAZZ LINES. Exciting Alto Sax improvisations from his latest recordings . . . \$2.00
MILES DAVIS: Cool sounds for trumpet. Unique examples of the cool jazz. Complete . . . \$2.50
STAN GETZ: Tenor Sax Jazz. From his fabulous recordings come these jazz lines . . . Only \$1.50
CANNONBALL ADDERLEY: New exciting artistry and modern jazz styling for alto sax . . . \$2.00
GREAT TENOR SAX STYLES. STYLINGS: By Stan Getz, John Coltrane, Gigi Gryce, Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Sonny Rollins, etc. In one big book \$1.50
CHARLIE PARKER'S YARDBIRD ORIGINALS — Any alto sax man can take off on these original solos and ad-lib exactly as Parker . . . \$1.50
JAZZ IMPROVISING. Fresh new ideas fully analyzed to improve your AD-LIB playing . . . \$1.50
190 JAZZ PHRASES: Direct approach to modern Jazz ad lib improvisations on all chords . . . \$1.50
JAZZ AD-LIB CHORUSES: Modern jazz improvisations on 21 Famous songs . . . \$1.50
ZOOT SIMS: The art of Jazz. First written examples of his tenor sax improvisations . . . \$1.50
JOHN COLTRANE & GIGI GRyce: Ultra modern Tenor Sax improvisations they recorded . . . \$1.50
CHORD WORKSHOP: Everything there is to know about chords. FOR ALL MUSICIANS . . . \$2.00
MODERN JAZZ: How to play the new jazz styling. Every phase covered. All instruments . . . \$1.50

\$1.00 Deposit on C.O.D. Orders—C.O.D. Service on 3 Books or More
 Rush Your Order—Save Money by Payment in Advance.
 We Pay Postage on Prepaid Orders
 FOREIGN ORDERS GIVEN IMMEDIATE ATTENTION

R and M Supply Co. 105 LONGACRE RD. ROCHESTER 21, N.Y.

K. Zildjian

How it's made is a secret



How it plays is not

The big sound in cymbals comes from Turkey, where cymbals have been made for more than 300 years. How they're made is a secret known only to the K. Zildjian® family. And they do it with the same dedication to craftsmanship that has made their name famous for generations. Major American musical organizations have been benefiting from K. Zildjian® cymbals for many years.

The K. Zildjian® Cymbal, for instance is the heavier concert cymbal currently used by the Goldman Band, the Metropolitan Opera and many other famous musical organizations. Like all Zildjian® cymbals, they're hand-matched for perfect pairing.

In the jazz field, K. Zildjian® cymbals have no peers. Modern drums stars like Art Blakey, Elvin Jones and Mel Lewis have used them for years.

Remember, that's K. Zildjian®. It's a big family. But only the K. (made in Turkey) Zildjian cymbals are the genuine Turkish ones.

K. ZILDJIAN®

CYMBALS

distributed by **GRETSCH**

Write for Free catalog. Dept. 3A-7
The Fred. Gretsch Mfg. Co.
60 Broadway, Brooklyn 11, N. Y.

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**, 222 W. Adams, 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 Daba: Louis Metcalf, Jimmy Neely.
Basie's: Johnny Lytle to 7/31. Harold Ousley, Sun.-Mon.
Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon, Mon., Fri.
Club Ruby (Jamaica): Roland Kirk, Lee Morgan, Joe Henderson, Benny Powell, Joe Carroll, 7/31.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gamba, hb. Sessions, Sun.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sat.
Dom: Tony Scott, Wed.-Sun. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko.
Embers West: Clark Terry, Mike Longo.
Fairfield Motor Inn (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Mon.
Ferryboat (Rielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern.
Five Spot: name jazz groups. Daphne Hellman, Irma Jurist, Mon.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano.
Half Note: Zoot Sims, Al Cohn to 7/17. Jimmy Rushing, 7/15-17. Carmen McRae, 7/29-31; 8/5-7.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.
Jillys: Monty Alexander, Link Milman, George Peri, Sun.-Mon.
Kenny's Pub: Gene Quill, Mon.
Key Club (Newark, N.J.): name jazz groups.
Mark Twain Riverboat: name bands.
Museum of Modern Art: Jimmy Giuffre, 7/21. Saints & Sinners, 7/23.
Metropole: Mongo Santamaría, 7/22-30.
007: Donna Lee, Mickey Denn, Walter Perkins.
Off Shore (Pt. Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.
Peter's (Staten Island): Michael Grant.
Playboy Club: Kai Winding, Walter Norris, Larry Willis.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zotty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, hb. Don Frye, Sun.
St. Mark's Church: jazz concerts, Wed.
St. Peter's Lutheran Church: Howard McGhee, jazz vespers, Sun.
Slurp's: name jazz groups. Sessions, Mon.
Steak Pit (Paramus, N.J.): Connie Berry.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
Toast: Scott Reid.
Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Green.
Top of the Gate: Dave Pike.
Village East: Larry Love.
Village Gate: Herbie Mann, Lou Rawls, 7/12-31.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
Western Inn (Atco, N.J.): Red Crossett, Sun.
Wolfman Auditorium (Central Park): Mongo Santamaría, Jackie & Roy, 7/18. Jimmy Smith, 7/25. Stan Getz, Kenny Burrell, 7/30.
Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

TORONTO

Beverly Hills Motor Hotel: Larry Dubin.
Castle George: Tommy Ambrose.
Cellar: modern jazz, wknds.
Colonial: Ed Thigpen, 7/25-8/6.
El Matador: Jim McHarg.
Home of the Blues: Lonnie Johnson.
Penny Farthing: Arnie Chochoski.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb.
Artists' Workshop: Detroit Contemporary 4, Lyman Woodward, Sun.
Baker's Keyboard: Anita O'Day to 7/16. Oscar Peterson, 7/17-24. George Shearing, 8/1-6.
Big George's: Romy Rand.
Blues Unlimited: Jimmy Wilkins, Mon. Abo Woodling, Thur.
Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, Tue.-Sat.
Caucus Club: Lenore Paxton, Mon.-Sat.
Chessmate Gallery: Ernie Farrow, Fri.-Sat.
Chit Chat: Earl Marshall, Thur.-Sat.
Club Stadium: Hindal Butts, Sun.
Cobo Hall: Peggy Lee, Jimmy Wilkins, 7/12.
Drome: Horace Silver, 7/15-24. Richard Holmes, 7/29-8/2.
Frolie: Don Davis, Thur.-Sun.
Gene's (Inkster): Clarence Price, Fri.-Sun.
Hobby Bar: Ben Jones, Pixie Wales, Wed.-Sat.
Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha, Tue.-Sat.
London Chop House: Ron DePalma, Vivian Foster, Mon.-Fri.
Momo's: Danny Stevenson, Thur.-Sat.
New Olympia: Norman Dillard, Thur.-Sun.

Paige's: Ernie Farrow, Thur.-Sun.
Playboy Club: Matt Michael, Vince Mance, Mon.-Sat. Jack Pierson, Sat.
Roxy Bar: Clarence Beasley, Fri.-Sat.
Shadow Box: Bobby Laurel, Tue.-Sat.
Showboat: Tom Saunders.
Sophisticates Lounge: Harold McKinney.
Stage Bar: Stan Chester, Thur.-Sun.
Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, Mon.-Sat.
Village Gate: George Bohannon, Fri.-Sat.
Waterfall (Ann Arbor): Clarence Byrd.

ST. LOUIS

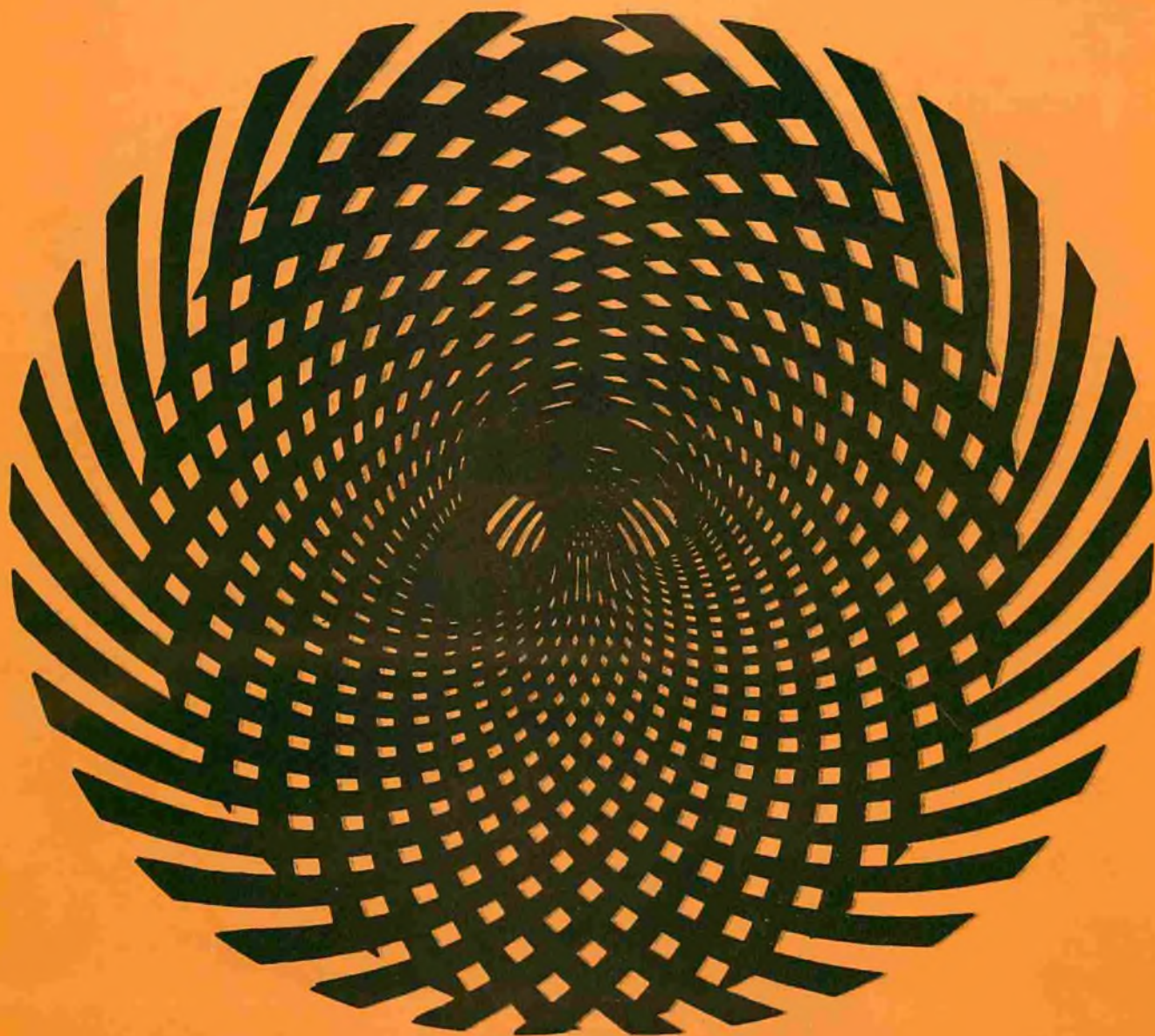
Crystal Palace: Sammy Gardner.
Iron Gate: Gene Lynn, Greg Bosler.
Mr. Ford's Allen Merriweather.
Mr. Mellow's: Terry Williams.
Opera House: Singleton Palmer, hb.
Parisian Lounge: Quartette Tres Bien.
Playboy Club: Don Cunningham, Jazz Salerno.
Puppet Pub: Herb Drury.
River Queen: Jean Trevor, Peanuts Whalem.
Silver Dollar: Muggay's Gaslighters.
Stork Club: Roger McCoy.
Upstream Lounge: Upstream Jazz Quartet, wknds.

CHICAGO

Big John's: various blues groups.
Edgewater Beach Hotel: Joe Montio.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, Lil Armstrong, Sun.
Imperial Inn: Judy Roberts, wknds.
London House: Erroll Garner, 7/12-24. George Shearing, 8/9-28. Gene Krupa, 9/13-10/3.
McCormick Place: Andy Williams, Henry Mancini, 7/22-23. Dave Brubeck, 8/14.
Old Orchard Shopping Center: Stan Getz, 7/25.
Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, Wed.-Sun. Jug Berger, Mon.-Tue.
Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ralph Massetti, Joe Iacu, hb.
Ravinia (Highland Park): Nancy Wilson, 7/20, 22. Ramsey Lewis, 7/27, 29. Miriam Makeba, Chicago Jazz Ensemble, 8/3. Amanda Ambrose, Cannonball Adderley, 8/10.
Window: Warren Kime, Wed.

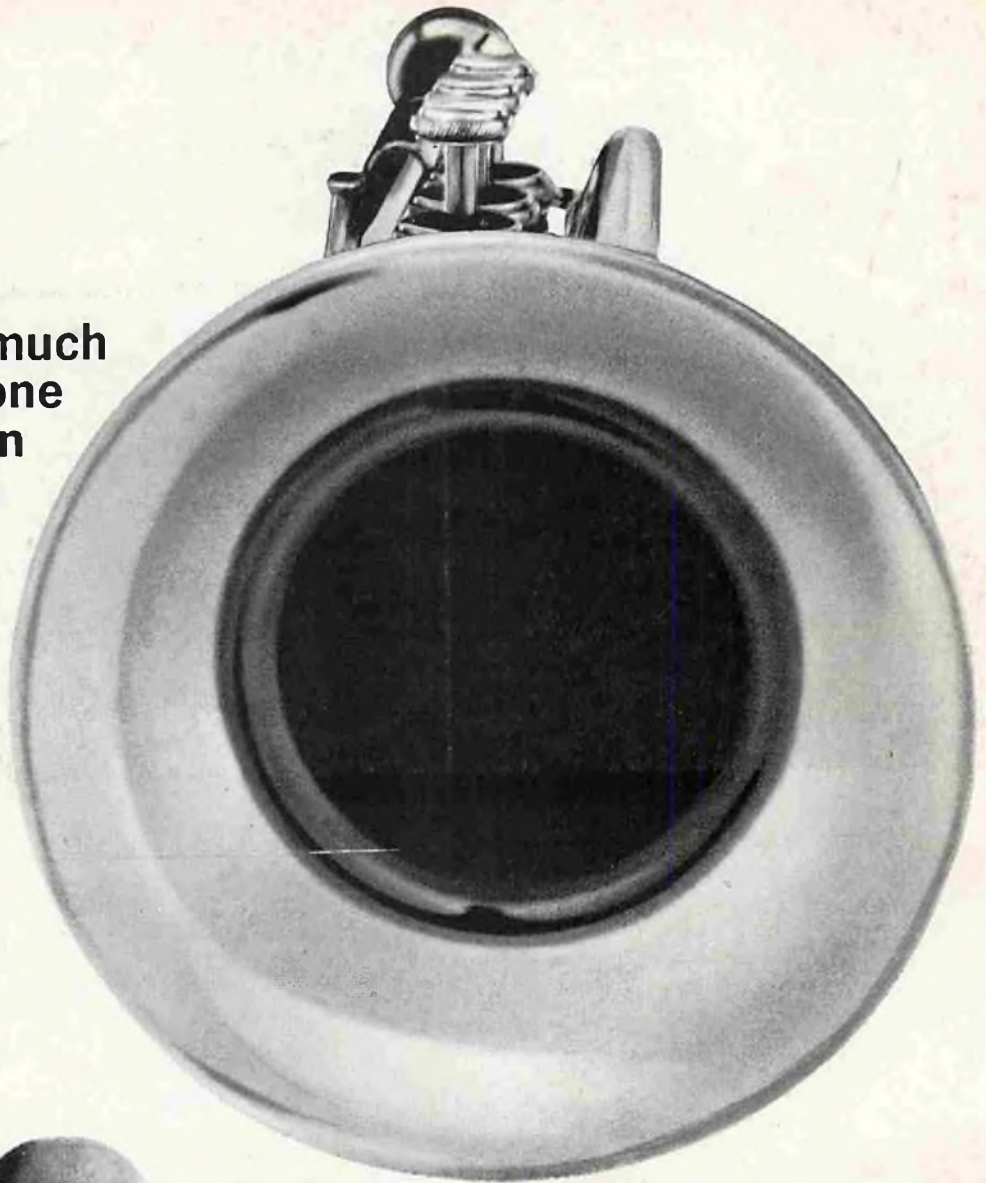
LOS ANGELES

Bonesville: sessions, Sun.
Chico's (Lynwood): Gene Palmer, Fri.-Sat.
Chinn Trader: Bobby Troup.
Cisco's (Manhattan Beach): John Terry.
Club Casbah: Dato Coker.
Donte's: Hampton Hawes, Red Mitchell.
Edgewater Inn (Long Beach): jazz, Sun.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, wknds.
Havana Club: Don Ellis, Mon.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner.
International Hotel: Joe Loco, Eddie DeSantis.
Jack & Sandy's: Stan Worth, Al McKibbon.
Jim's Roaring 20's (Downey): Original New Orleans Jazz Band.
Kiss Kiss Club: Jack Costanza.
La Duce (Inglewood): John Houston, Gene Russell, Tue.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Willie Bobo to 7/23. Bola Sete, 7/24-8/7. Jackie & Roy, 8/12-21. Gene Russell, Sun. Howard Rumsey, Mon.-Tue.
Living Room: Dorothy Donegan.
Marty's: Bobby Bryant, Henry Cain, Tue.
Melody Room: Kellie Greene.
Memory Lane: name groups.
Norm's Greenlake (Pasadena): Ray Dewey, Fri.-Sat.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson, Reuben Wilson, Mon.
Pen & Quill (Manhattan Beach): Clarence Daniels.
Pied Piper: Ocie Smith, Ike Isaacs.
P.J.'s: Eddie Cano.
Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Marv Jenkins, Bob Corwin, hb.
Prime Rib (Newport Beach): Jan Dencau.
Red Log (Westwood): Johnny Lawrence.
Sandpiper (Playa del Rey): Don Rader, Sun.-Mon.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Lea McCann to 7/17. John Handy, 7/19-31. Denny Zeitlin, 7/22-24, 7/29-31. Ahmad Jamal, 8/16-28. Ruth Price, Mike Wofford, Mon. Sonny Criss, Sun.
Sojourn Inn (Inglewood): sessions, Sun.
Sportsman (Newport Beach): Mark Davidson, wknds.
Troubadour: Muddy Waters to 7/24. Odetta, 7/26-8/7.
Ward's Jazzyville (San Diego): Andrew Hill, 7/15-17. Ahmad Jamal, 8/12-14. Duke Ellington, 8/26-28.

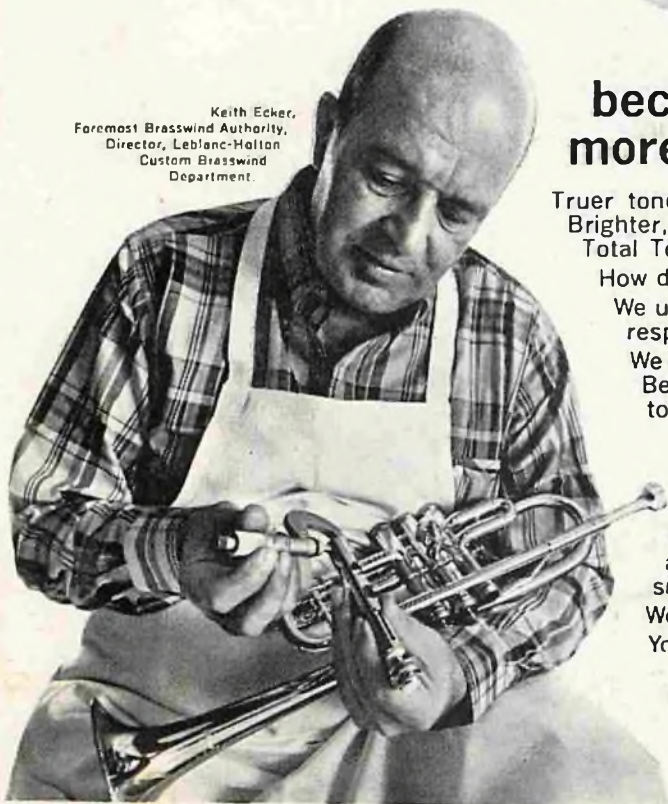


Down Beat has a worldwide news-gathering organization of 43 people keeping its readers informed of music news wherever it happens •••••

**You get so much
more tone
out of Holton
Instruments**



Keith Ecker,
Foremost Brasswind Authority,
Director, Leblanc-Holton
Custom Brasswind
Department.



**because we put so much
more tone into them**

Truer tone . . . Richer tone . . . Warmer tone . . . Mellower tone . . .
Brighter, more brilliant tone. Tone so wealthy in overtones we call it
Total Tone.

How do we do it?

We use metals that are more resounding, more resonant, more responsive. Metals created to our own unique Holton formula.

We craft bells that are more vibrant, more alive, more uniform. Bells that we taper from only the finest brass and hand-temper to micrometer tolerances.

We precision fit our slides and pistons so that the tone will be fuller and more complete.

And we endow our valve instruments with our exclusive perfectly round, perfectly concentric pistons and casings so there's no acoustical short circuiting. Not a breath of air wasted. And so the action will be the fastest and smoothest of any horn made.

Well, that completes our part of the story.

Your part begins when you see your Holton Dealer. Stop in today and play Total Tone by Holton. It'll make you sound like a totally different musician.

*For More Information, Write G. Leblanc Corp., Holton
Division, 7019 30th Avenue, Kenosha, Wis. 53141*

LEBLANC

Music's most respected instruments:
Leblanc (Paris), Noblet, Normandy, Vito, Holton, and Jeffrey