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Vol. 33, No. 20

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

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Subscription rates \$7 one year, \$12 two years, \$16 three years, payable in advance. If you live in any of the Pan American Union countries, add 50 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

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Comedy Of Errors, Act I, Scene 1

The International Jazz Critics Poll (*DB*, Aug. 25) was once again a magnificent comedy of errors. It has shown me through the years that jazz critics know as much about jazz as anyone else and nothing more. At times they display far less insight.

To use one of the many ridiculous examples to be found in this year's poll, is it possible that Earl Hines is the greatest living jazz pianist? At the same time is it possible that Denny Zeitlin is so lacking in talent that he deserves no mention in the top 15 jazz pianists?

Where is the Dave Brubeck Quartet? I didn't notice any mention of Brubeck or his group. Could it be that the jazz critics of the world have never heard of Brubeck? Or is it rather that Brubeck's immense and widespread popularity makes him unpopular with the jazz "elite"? Well, at least we are left with the freedom to ignore.

In my mind there is an obvious gap between the critics poll and the readers poll. The readers of *Down Beat* must, consequently, be lacking in the depth of musical appreciation necessary to vote for Louis Armstrong as the world's greatest jazz singer. It is with great shame and regret that I must tell you I fall in the group of musical illiterates known as "readers."

Michael Woolf
Wapakoneta, Ohio

Act I, Scene 2

Let me tell you that I was thrown by the results of the International Jazz Critics Poll, especially in the percussion department. Joe Morello was voted for only three times by the critics. I couldn't believe it. He's tops in my book.

John Harper
Indianapolis, Ind.

Act II

I have watched in recent months the decline of *Down Beat* as a jazz magazine. The increasing coverage and mention of various rock groups is beginning to become just a little disgusting, the recent critics poll issue being no exception.

I thought at least here would be a complete issue concerning jazz. But I was wrong. We see many "critics" voting for such exciting "jazz talent" as the Beatles, Rolling Stones, Byrds, Supremes, and the Blues Project. One even voted for the Beatles' *Rubber Soul* as record of the year.

It seems to me there are enough publications devoted to rock without *Down Beat* joining the parade. The space wasted on comments or articles on rock could and should be given to jazz musicians who deserve some recognition and publicity.

The way things have been going, I wouldn't be surprised to see a review of the new Beatles album or Ringo take the *Blindfold Test*.

Bill Moody
New York City

Act III

Having just read of the selection of Charlie Christian to your Hall of Fame, I am writing to congratulate the critics on a worthy choice (not that it will do Charlie any good, but it seems to refute, just a little, the gross stupidity that seems inherent in so many of the critics).

As a guitar player myself, the peculiar quirks of critical inanity became more obvious in their selection of Rene Thomas over Jim Raney as the guitarist most deserving of a wider screen, or something.

I have listened closely to Thomas' playing, and it seems to me that he is nothing more than a complete Raney copyist—a meticulous one, I may add, but nevertheless an imitator.

If you must dredge up the inevitable poll every few months, why not use the criticisms and viewpoints of jazz musicians themselves?

Bill Davidson
New York City

Fuel For Fire?

How many roads must a magazine blow down before it's good for something besides lighting a fire?

I've just finished reading *The Burton Greene Affair* by LeRoi Jones (*DB*, Aug. 25), and why you allow this two-bit, so-called playwright-critic to voice one-sided, black on black in black political views in a so-called music magazine rather than allow space for constructive criticism by white or black responsible, clear-thinking people is more than I can understand.

The column *Apple Cores* is no more than a reflection of LeRoi Jones' own bad taste. I suggest you rename the column *Reflections of a Bad Apple*.

Gary L. Snover
Bay City, Mich.

LeRoi Jones' writings are full of race hatred and ideas pertaining to superiority of the black race. This attitude reminds me of fascism and Nazism. In my opinion he should direct his energies toward fighting *not* the white race and white players but any and all persons regardless of the shades of their skins who are against freedom in the arts and in our everyday lives. The way Jones is now he is a greater enemy of art and truth than is a nightclub owner who hires Lawrence Welk instead of Albert Ayler, Thelonious Monk, Miles Davis, John Coltrane, Kenny Dorham—or Lee Konitz, for that matter.

Tommy Vig
Las Vegas, Nev.

Dull, Lifeless, And Russo

I think the *Blindfold Test* with William Russo (*DB*, Aug. 25) was the most useless one ever. Personally, it was a waste of my time reading it. This was definitely the low point of that issue.

Henceforth, I'll pay more attention to the records Russo reviews and the articles he writes to see if he is always that dull and lifeless. Or perhaps it's just the material he was presented with.

Vince Mason
Rochester, N.Y.

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No Fingerprinting For NYC Cabaret Cards

Thanks to Mayor John V. Lindsay, there is no more fingerprinting of cabaret-card holders in New York City. Before any person—including musicians—can work in a New York cabaret, he must have a card, which is usually withheld from those with arrest records. The fingerprinting has been among the many rankling aspects of the licensing system, which has been under fire for several years as unfair.

According to city License Commissioner Joel J. Tyler, the fingerprinting was required only by a departmental regulation and thus could be suspended, but the licensing of cabaret employees, he pointed out, was required by law.

To do away with this law, which has kept many musicians and singers, including the late Billie Holiday and Ray Charles, from working in New York night clubs, the City Council would have to repeal it, Tyler said. Lindsay's move was widely interpreted as a major step in this direction.

When he was a member of Congress in 1961, Lindsay tried to get the council to abolish licensing, and on Jan. 19 of this year, he announced he would support any effort to change the law. At that time, City Council President Frank O'Connor (now a Democratic candidate for New York governor) said he would move to repeal the law but "would like to study it a little closer." The council has been studying the question ever since.

Earl Hines Returns

Earl Hines, looking healthy and happy despite a strenuous return trip from a tour of Russia and the nuisance caused by cancellation (unexplained to the musicians, he said) of scheduled concerts in Leningrad and Moscow, was back in the States in late August proclaiming the unpolitical character of music.

The Hines sextet had done the six-weeker for the U.S. State Department at a time when the Communists were expressing their disapproval of the U.S. policy in Viet Nam by messing up schedules of cultural-exchange events.

"But wherever we went, we were warmly received," the pianist said. "We didn't show any resentment at the changes in the schedule, and the Russian officials were amazed that we played as well in the smaller towns as we did in the big cities."

Instead of the Leningrad and Moscow concerts, the group played the southern resort towns of Krasnodar, Sushumi, and Batum. "We played to SRO houses everywhere," Hines said, "including four concerts at the big auditorium at Kiev, which seats almost 10,000."

There were no restrictions placed on the movements of the musicians, Hines said. "We could go shopping, sight-seeing, etc., wherever we were, but when we did, we'd have hundreds of people following us, from the hotel and back, not saying anything, just looking."

The pianist found Soviet audiences very receptive. "They seemed to recognize the tunes," he said, "and I would have our interpreter repeat all my announcements, so they'd know what we were doing."

"If you are going to play for audiences not too familiar with your music," Hines



HINES TROUPE RETURNS FROM RUSSIA: l. to r.—H. Johnson, Donovan, Bradford, Hines, Jackson, B. Johnson, Pemberton.

continued, "do something in and around the melody, so they can follow you."

The members of his band—Harold (Money) Johnson, trumpet; Michael Zwerin, trombone, bass trumpet; Budd Johnson, tenor and soprano saxophones; Bobby Donovan, alto saxophone, flute, clarinet; Bill Pemberton, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums; Clea Bradford, vocals—"were as great offstage as on."

Hines had some advice for future jazz visitors to the Soviet Union:

"Have a lot of showmanship, select a familiar repertoire, leave all animosity at home, and pick people with good character. We were always on time for everything, which amazed the Russians."

Throughout the tour, the jazzmen met Russian musicians, who wanted to play for them and were hungry for news and records. After a reception at the U.S. Embassy on their first night in Moscow, some of the bandsmen went to a jam session and reception arranged by Russian musicians. "To my surprise," Budd Johnson said, "they sounded very good, especially one of the tenor players. All of a sudden, I heard one of my songs, *Memories of Lester Young*—they had learned it off the record. I was so elated. . . ."

When the group played in Tblisi, the local symphony orchestra "threw a great party for us," Johnson said. "Nobody at any time was even the slightest bit anti-American. They always gave us the best they had to offer."

Jazz Festival Heats Watts Celebration

Things were hot in Watts again last month when a jazz festival was held in that Los Angeles community on the first anniversary of the bloody riots of 1965. This time the heat was in the music.

It was part of a three-day event that was staged on the football field of Jordan High School—focal point of much of last year's tension. An estimated 5,000 persons attended the jazz concerts. Considering the fact that it was planned and co-ordinated by amateurs, the event went off smoothly. However, there were some ear-cringing moments because of the poor sound system and out-of-tune piano.

Among those who performed were the John Handy Quintet (which flew in from San Francisco, played gratis, and then flew back); the combination of alto saxophonist Bud Shank and pianist Les McCann's trio; altoist Sonny Criss, backed by bassist Ike Isaacs' trio; the Quartette Tres Bien; the George Duke Trio, making two appearances; a quartet led by pianist Hampton Hawes, with Charles Tolliver, trumpet, and Howard Rumsey, bass; a quartet fronted by cornetist Rex Stewart, with Leonard Feather, piano; singers Lorez Alexandria, Sam Fletcher, and David Bryant; and groups led by pianist John Houston (featuring altoist Frank Morgan and vibist Bobby Hutcherson) and Owen Marshal, playing his home-made hosophone, a long hose with a mouthpiece on one end and a bell on the other.

Czech Bassist Arrives

Shepherding his prize possession, a 150-year-old bass, 19-year-old Miroslav Vitous arrived by plane at New York City and started talking about music.

Vitous is the Czechoslovakian youth who was the youngest winner at the International Competition for Modern Jazz held in late May in Vienna, Austria.

Lugging his suitcase and a gift-wrapped bottle of cognac—in addition to his bass—Vitous seemed untired after the long journey and clapped his hands in delight upon hearing he was to visit the Village Vanguard club that night.

In halting but game English, he expressed his pleasure at being in the United States to Willis Conover of the Voice of

America, who had met him in Vienna and who was to be his host for the first month of his visit. (On Sept. 15 Vitous began his studies at the Berklee School of Music in Boston, Mass. A partial scholarship to the school was part of his victory purse.)

On his way from the airport to the city, Vitous talked about music, barely taking time out to look at the Manhattan skyline, which, he said, "I know from pictures."

Later, at the Vanguard, Vitous listened intently and with obvious pleasure to the groups of Bill Evans and Thelonious Monk.

Evans and his sidemen came over to say hello after the set and invited the visitor to a session the next day. Unfortunately, he noted, he had to go to Washington, D.C., but he was assured, there would be another opportunity.

A couple of weeks later, Vitous played with Ornette Coleman for two numbers at a Sunday matinee at the Village Vanguard.

Coleman's trio had been in rare form that afternoon, but the young bassist's playing was no letdown. He showed not only a fine technique but also a good grasp of Coleman's music.

"He plays nice, doesn't he?" Coleman commented afterwards. "He sounds like Scott LaFaro and Charlie Haden together."

And that, one might add, was no small compliment.

East Meets West In European Festivals

Indicating that the cold war crisis would be eased if only summit meetings were synopated, international jazz festivals lately have been growing in size and number—involving an increasing group of performers from all political quarters.

There is to be a large international get-together in Nuernburg, in West Germany, Oct. 21-23. It's called East Meets West, and jazz groups from both sides of the Berlin Wall, including the Soviet Union, are to attend. Poland's Andrzej Trzaskowski Quintet, with U.S. trumpeter Ted Curson, is to appear. Polish alto saxophonist Zbigniew Namyslowski and vibist Jerzy Milian also have been invited.

The ninth annual International Jazz Jamboree in Warsaw, Oct. 13-16, is expected to showcase a host of musicians from as many as 10 countries.

Among the list of artists scheduled to appear are the Charles Lloyd Quartet and violinist Stuff Smith's group. France's Swingle Singers and England's Johnny Dankworth Orchestra, with singer Cleo Laine, are also slated for performances, as well as Poland's Novi jazz band with trumpeter Herman Lukjanov, and Danish bassist Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen.

The relationship between jazz and other art forms will be the theme of the 1966 Berlin Jazz Festival, to be held Nov. 3-6.

The opening concert will present the world premieres of several works commissioned for the festival. Trumpeter Carmell Jones and alto saxophonist-flutist Leo Wright will be featured in works for chamber ensemble and jazz soloists by Gottfried

Von Einem and Boris Blacher, two leading German contemporary composers.

Kurt Edelhagen's orchestra will perform commissioned works by Czech composers Pavel Blatny and Jaromir Hnlicka. In addition, tenor saxophonist Albert Ayler's quintet (with Dutch concert violinist Michel Samson) and solo pianist Willie (The Lion) Smith will be heard.

The second program will include tenor saxophonist Stan Getz' quartet, singer Astrud Gilberto, a bossa nova documentation by several Brazilian musicians selected by producer Joachim E. Berendt on a recent visit to Rio de Janeiro, and a presentation by pianist George Gruntz (with four flutists) of "baroque" jazz.

On Nov. 5 saxophonist John Coltrane's quintet, the Berlin All-Stars (Jones, Wright, trombonist Ake Persson, drummer Joe Nay, and others), the Dave Brubeck Quartet, and clarinetist Rolf Kuhn's quartet will give a concert at the Sportpalast.

The festival's final program will be highlighted by a Harlem Tap Dance Festival, presenting jazz dancers Bunny Briggs, Baby Laurence, and Pete Nugent.

Privacy In Aspen

The annual private jazz festival at Aspen, Colo., was presented again this year, Sept. 16-18. The event—more a party than a festival—was organized by Mr. and Mrs. Dick Gibson, who put together their first jazz weekend in 1963.

As in the past, the 1966 conclave was called to order at Aspen's Hotel Jerome. The music was not for the public, however. It's a by-invitation-only party, each of the 300-plus guests contributing to the musicians' fees and expenses.

The musical lineup this year was much as it has been for the last three: trumpeters Buck Clayton, Yank Lawson, and Billy Butterfield, trombonists Cutty Cutshall and Lou McGarity, clarinetists Edmond Hall, Matty Matlock, and Peanuts Hucko, tenor saxophonists Bud Freeman and Eddie Miller, pianists Lou Stein, Teddy Wilson, and Ralph Sutton, guitarists George Van Eps, Eddie Condon, and George Barnes, banjoist-singer Clancy Hayes, bassists Jack Lesberg, Mill Hinton, and Bob Haggart, and drummers Morey Feld, Cliff Leeman, and Mousie Alexander.

MJF Tours Colleges

An extensive campus itinerary for a concert package titled Stars of the Monterey Jazz Festival got under way immediately following last week's Monterey event. The attraction features the John Handy Quintet, Bola Sete Trio, and Jean Hoffman Trio, with MJF's general manager, Jimmy Lyons, serving as emcee.

The performers are to appear at more than 40 colleges in California, Arizona, New Mexico, Wyoming, Colorado, and Oregon before the tour ends Oct. 23. The trek is almost nonstop, with many double dates included.

During the late '40s and early '50s, the

package's producer, Van Tonkins, set up the first college tours for Stan Kenton, Woody Herman, Duke Ellington, Dave Brubeck, Stan Getz, Gerry Mulligan, Herbie Mann, and Shorty Rogers.

Tonkins claims jazz is his first love, although he switched to promoting folk-music concerts in the late '50s. Of his return to jazz promotion he said, "I knew the college kids would sooner or later look for something when they grew tired of banjo players. Rock never took off on the campuses. I really believe jazz will be the No. 1 commodity in the college-entertainment field. It will come back stronger than ever."

The way the itinerary has been arranged, Lyons and Handy (the latter holds a degree in musicology) will present an afternoon symposium on each campus prior to the evening concert.

Potpourri

The Pacific Jazz Festival, scheduled for Oct. 7-9 at the Orange County Fairgrounds in Costa Mesa, Calif., will be a virtual repeat of the proceedings that took place last week at the Monterey Jazz Festival. Scheduled to play at PJF are the Dave Brubeck Quartet, Stan Kenton Orchestra, Don Ellis Hindustani Orchestra, Gil Evans Orchestra, John Handy Quintet, Bola Sete Trio, Charles Lloyd Quartet, Gabor Szabo Quartet, Cal Tjader Quintet, Afro-Blues Quintet, Vince Guaraldi Trio, and vocalists Nina Simone, Jon Hendricks, Jimmy Rushing, and Astrud Gilberto. Added attractions are a mixture of blues and folk-rock groups: the Paul Butterfield Blues Band, Muddy Waters Band, the Jefferson Airplane, and singers Memphis Slim, Shakey Horton, and Big Mama Thornton.

The Osaka Original Dixieland Jazz Band recently completed a five-day visit with their West Coast counterparts, the New Orleans Jazz Club of California, during which the Osakans were kept busy with a variety of activities. The meeting of the twain culminated two years of preparations by NOJOC president Bill Bacin and banjoist Junichi Kawai. The Japanese group had just completed a two-week visit in New Orleans. Kawai, boasting the same birthdate as his idol, banjoist Johnny St. Cyr, was saddened by the fact that St. Cyr had died shortly before the Osaka organization reached California. On the final day of their visit, the Oriental Dixielanders placed a wreath on St. Cyr's grave in Los Angeles. St. Cyr's widow, Flora, carried out one of his last wishes and was hostess at a luncheon for the Japanese musicians.

A weekly series, *The History of Jazz*, has been voted the outstanding program of the 1965-66 scholastic year by WGTB-FM in Washington, D.C. Compiled and narrated by Ernest Dyson, a Library of Congress employee, the program stresses schools of jazz, comparisons of styles, and developing influences.

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK: Cornetist **Don Cherry** recently returned from Europe and gave a concert at Town Hall Sept. 9. He played with a quartet, quintet, and large ensemble. The players included tenor saxophonists **Gato Barbieri** and **Pharoah Sanders**, trombonist **Brian Trentham** (also recently returned to the United States from Sweden), pianist **Karl-Heinz Berger**, bassist **Henry Grimes**, and drummers **Ed Blackwell** and **Aldo Romano**. The first U.S. performance of Cherry's *Elephantasy* was given at the concert. A feature film with a score by Cherry, *Zero in the Universe*, directed by **George Morris**, will be premiered at the Bleecker Street Theater Oct. 11 . . . Altoist **Ornette Coleman's** trio (**David Izenzon**, bass, and **Charles Moffett**, drums) did two weeks at the Village Vanguard recently. Coleman's 10-year-old son, **Danny**, sat in on drums . . . A memorial salute to **Lester Young** will be held at the Club Ruby in Jamaica, N.Y., Sept. 25. The concert features tenor saxophonists **Roland Alexander**, **George Coleman**, **Junior Cook**, **John Gilmore**, **Jimmy Heath**, **Joe Henderson**, **Clifford Jordan**, and **Hank Mobley**, two rhythm sections, and trombonist **Benny Powell**, whose Ben-Gee Enterprises is producing the event . . . Drummer **Sonny Murray** introduced his new Acoustic Ensemble at the Dom Aug. 21. The group has **Jacques Coureil**, trumpet; **Byard Lancaster**, alto saxophone; **Frank Wright**, tenor saxophone; and **Henry Grimes**, **Alan Silva**, basses . . . Vibraharpist **Mill Jackson** did two weeks at the Five Spot. With Jackson were tenor saxophonist **Jimmy Heath**, pianist **Cedar Walton**, bassist **Bob Cranshaw**, and drummer **Mickey Roker**. Jackson, his quintet, and a big band also performed in concert at Town Hall Sept. 2. Following the vibraharpist into the Five Spot was tenor saxophonist **Eddie Harris**, who used pianist **Walton**, bassist **Ron Carter**, and drummer **Billy Higgins** . . . After a summer hiatus, Basin Street East reopened Sept. 9 with the **Woody Herman Band** and singer **Mel Torme** . . . Bassist **Jimmy Butt's** duo, with pianist **Juanita Smith**, began a six-week stand at the Summit Hotel Sept. 6 . . . Tenor saxophonist **Danny Quebec's** sextet gave a concert at the Parent's Summer Day Camp on Rockaway Beach Aug. 24. Quebec, who recorded with pianist **Thelonious Monk** in the late '40s, spends most of his time teaching saxophone and flute . . . Tenor saxophonist **Booker Ervin**, with pianist **Jaki Byard**, bassist **Richard Davis**, drummer **Sonny Brown**, played at a Jazz Interactions Sunday session at Top of the Gate Aug. 28 and gave the final concert in the Museum of Modern Art's Jazz in the Garden series Sept. 1, with **Junior Booth** replacing Davis. The Sept. 4 Jazz Interactions session became the occasion for a reunion of former and current **Dizzy Gillespie** sidemen, when bassist **Chris White** and drummer **Rudy Collins** joined reed man **James Moody** and pianist **Kenny Barron** in a quintet co-led by the

pianist and trumpeter-fluegelhornist **Jimmy Owens**. The winners of the first Jazz Interactions competition showcase series, the **Jazz Samaritans**, performed the following Sunday. The group is led by trombonist **Arthur Simmons** and includes **Bernard Seavella**, tenor saxophone; **George Cables**, piano; **Clint Houston**, bass; and **Bill Cobham**, drums . . . Bassist **Ahmed Abdul-Malik** is music director of Youth in Action, a Brooklyn anti-poverty program. In addition to teaching music to children from the age of 4 through their late teens, Malik plans to present a concert series . . . Recent groups at Slug's: trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard's** quintet (**James Spaulding**, alto saxophone; **Ronnie Mathews**, piano; **Jimmy Garrison**, bass; **Clifford Jarvis**, drums); alto saxophonist **Lou Donaldson's** group, and multireed man **Roland Kirk's** quartet (which closes Sept. 25). Vibraharpist **Vera Auer's** group (**Gary Bartz**, alto saxophone; **Bob Cunningham**, bass; **Walter Perkins**, drums) did a Monday night at the club and a Jazzmobile concert . . . The season's final concert at St. Mark's Church, held Aug. 31, featured drummer **Bob Pozar's** Jazz Band, with **Ed Curran**, alto saxophone; **Pete Lazes**, tenor saxophone; **Steve Goldberg**, trumpet; **Dave Horowitz**, piano; **Dick Kniss**, bass; **Nicole Perri**, vocals . . . Singer **Joe Lee Wilson** appeared in August at a new club in the Bronx, *Mother Blues*, at 223rd St. and Bronxwood Ave. . . . Among the guest artists with trumpeter **Bobby Johnson's** quartet at the Nevelle Country Club have been trombonist **George Matthews**, alto saxophonist **Jimmy Powell**, and tenor saxophonist **Bobby Greene** . . . Alto saxophonist **Phil Woods** joined with pianist **Johnny Coates' trio** at a concert Aug. 23 in Trenton's Columbus Park. The event was sponsored by the city's Division of Parks and Recreation . . . With owner-saxophonist **Scott Murray's** group at the Open End are pianist **Wolf Knittel**, bassist **Teddy Kotick**, drummer **Paul Motian**, and guest flutist **Reese Markewitch** . . . Pianist **Marian McPartland** is set to open at the Apartment Oct. 3. She will use bassist **Jack Gregg** and drummer **Joe Cocuzzo**.

CHICAGO: A concert package called the World Series of Jazz is scheduled to play McCormick Place's Arie Crown Theater Sept. 23 and 24. The event's headliners are the **Count Basie Band**, singers **Gloria Lynne** and **Arthur Prysock**, organists **Jimmy Smith** and **Richard (Groove) Holmes**, and altoist-pianist **Hank Crawford's** band. Holmes is scheduled to follow his concert stint with a week at the Plugged Nickel beginning Sept. 28 . . . Singer **Lou Rawls**, a native of Chicago, was the star of two Arie Crown concerts early in September . . . There's no name jazz at the London House at the moment; a novelty singing trio, **Spanky and Her Gang**, followed tenorist **Stan Getz's** closing Sept. 11. The trio remains until pianist **Earl Hines' opening**, scheduled for Oct. 4 . . . **Mel Torme** was booked for **Ray Colomb's**, a supper club on the far south side, but the engagement was canceled a

few days before the singer's opening when the club's management announced it was dropping name acts because of "financial problems" . . . Drummer **Gerald Donovan's** quintet (**Lester Bowie**, trumpet; **Roscoe Mitchell**, alto saxophone; **Gene Dinwiddie**, tenor saxophone; **Claudine Meyers**, organ) holds forth on Monday and Tuesday nights at the Hungry Eye on N. Wells St. . . . Showman **Oscar Brown's** revue, *Joy '66*, which is supposed to close at the Happy Medium Sept. 25, will open Oct. 11 at Brown's latest project, the Alley Theater Workshop, 4649 S. Cottage Grove Ave. Brown & Co. will give a midnight performance at the Regal Theater Oct. 1 to raise funds for the workshop, which will be a place for training talented youngsters for roles in the revue.

LOS ANGELES: Trumpeter **Harry Edison** left the Melody Room for a brief stay with the **Dolo Coker Trio** and singer **Sam Fletcher** at the Club Casbah. Pianist **Mike Melvoin**, who was with Edison at the Melody, has just signed a five-year recording contract with Liberty. He will be featured on various keyboard instruments, including harpsichord and clavichord. His first release is scheduled for October; bassist **Jim Hughart** and drummer **Bill Goodwin** back him . . . Composer **Duane Tatro** conducted his *Soliloquy for Solo Clarinet and Orchestra* in its world premiere by the **Burbank Symphony Orchestra** . . . **Charles Tolliver**, trumpeter with percussionist **Willie Bobo's** group, has decided to stay in California when the group moves on . . . Since completing a gig at the Living Room with his trio (**Charley Smalls**, piano; **John Cartwright**, bass; **Henry Jenkins**, drums), trumpeter **Hugh Masekela** also has mentioned plans to settle here . . . Vocalists **Jackie Paris** and **Anne Marie Mosse** now call Santa Monica home, although the couple still maintains a New York City apartment . . . Trumpeter **Al Hirt** will make a cameo appearance playing himself at his New Orleans club in the film *What Am I Bid?* . . . Songstress **Judy Garland's** recent "no show" at the El Patio in Mexico City hurt more than her reputation: it was a disappointment to the 50 musicians in her show . . . Singer **Tony Bennett**, backed by the **Count Basie Band**, combined for a recent one-nighter at the Hollywood Bowl. They'll also be seen on the *Andy Williams Show* Nov. 13 . . . Recent television and movie scoring assignments for jazzmen include: **Neal Hefti**, for Paramount Pictures' *Oh Dad, Poor Dad—Mama's Hung You in the Closet, and I'm Feeling So Sad*; **Billy May**, for *Green Hornet*; **Lalo Schifrin**, for *Way Out* and a three-hour television documentary, *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*; **Nelson Riddle**, for *How to Succeed in Business without Really Trying*, plus radio and TV commercials and regular scoring assignments for *Batman*; and **Hugo Montenegro**, for the film *Hurry, Sundown* . . . The third annual Jazz on the Mountain concert featured the **Duke Ellington Orchestra** . . . Vocalist **Teri Thornton** made her debut at the Hollywood Playboy Club.

(Continued on page 42)

Sittin' In

By ART HODES

I'm not so sure you're going to believe this story—that such a cat existed in a time when so many rush-rushed to get ahead, make good, get somewhere, be somebody. And I'm not digging way back for this bit; I'm talking about 1950-51 period, when. . . .

Pee Wee Russell and I were hanging our hats at the Riviera on Seventh Ave. in the Village. We'd been there about a year when the offer came. It was a call from Chicago; Fred Williamson (a 10 percenter I called a good guy) wanted to know if I'd come there for an unlimited engagement at the Blue Note. The owner, Frank Holzfeind, was favorable toward an all-star group. I took in Pee Wee, drummer Fred Moore, and vocalist Chippie Hill. We were joined by trumpeter Lee Collins and trombonist Floyd O'Brien. In time, Zutty Singleton replaced Moore, and Georg Brunis took over for O'Brien. But shortly thereafter the all-stars had been there and gone.

I guess you all know I'm a family man, so when it became apparent that I might sit down in Chicago for a spell, we moved there. Now that we were settled, the gig was gone. But the town beckoned, and I'd given the move some thought before we made it. It seemed to me that Chicago had become more musically civilized; people were actually paying to listen and not so much to watch. The scale was bearable. I thought we could make out. But one thing was for sure: we'd need friends. Not a handout. And as it sometimes turns out, help came from a completely unexpected source and through the strangest chain of circumstances.

When the Blue Note engagement came to a close after an 11-week run, Chippie hurried back to New York City, and about a week later, she was no more. Run down by an auto. Well, there went a big chunk. This woman had moved me; she did so much for me when she sang. She had what hit me right, musically.

They brought her back to Chicago for burial; and there I sat, with Jimmy and Mama Yancey in a Negro funeral parlor, while a last tribute by the people was paid her. And let me tell you—when it comes to these events, the Negro funerals I've attended make lots of sense to me. Let there be singing; let there be crying; let it out.

From where I sat I noticed one other pale face. That was John Schenck, a young fellow, kind of slim but good height. Fair skin and had a nice smile, crinkly.

You know, every big city has its jazz lovers who pick up a pen or a tab, run sessions, find bosses who can be interested in jazz and jazz musicians. They're the doers. Men such as Bill Culter in Columbus, Ohio; Harry Godwin in Memphis, Tenn.; Art Smith in Kansas City, Mo.; the late Art Baillie of Toronto, Ontario (to name just a quick few). Chicago had its John Schenck (and its John Steiner). Boy, do names come to mind, but please excuse



L TO R: DARNELL HOWARD; NATTY DOMINIQUE; LEE COLLINS; MIFF MOLE; AND BABY DODDS AT A JOHN SCHENCK SESSION AT CHICAGO'S BEEHIVE.

me for not mentioning every one. I'd really like to concentrate on the late John Schenck.

Memories flow back. There was the date he gave me in the late '40s, a session that featured Edmond Hall and myself, plus the best Chicago jazzmen (who John believed were the best) available. That was the session that preceded the session at my brother-in-law's home, at which the police informed us, "You'll have to stop the noise."

Then there was a date at a north side club at which I was designated leader and brought in Tony Parenti, Tony Spargo, Brad Gowans, and Wild Bill Davison from New York City. From this date at the Club Silhouette the owner remembered me and later bought me for an engagement.

In one way or another Schenck was helping the morale of at least half the traditional jazz musicians in Chicago and providing them with some needed loot. When I'd returned to Chicago in '50, after having lived in New York for almost 12 years, John had an "in" at a place on E. South Water St. called the Gaffer's, an upstairs over-the-bar room, where Schenck held Sunday-late-afternoon sessions.

Mostly you'd see there the same (musician) faces because, like the rest of us, Schenck had his favorites. Piano man George Zack was one; drummer Fred Flynn was another. Usually, Lee Collins was on deck; and I can remember Dizzy Gillespie showing up and blowing next to Lee for a benefit for some musician, this at a time in jazz history when the modern was not to be seen with the trad.

Going back to New York days, Dale Curran (co-editor of our jazz magazine, *Jazz Record*, which is gone now) and I had got word that Schenck was coming to town to throw a concert at Carnegie Hall. My ears perked up. Carnegie Hall was a big thing with me even though I realized the place had to be rented, that it took more than just artistic merit.

Talk was that John was bringing Kid Ory and his band all the way from the West Coast, plus Little Brother Montgomery, a piano man from Chicago, and Chippie Hill. I thought to myself: this guy has got to be a millionaire (I learned later that Schenck just lived like one, that he'd come into an inheritance and now was doing the thing he most wanted to do, something for jazz).

Some things make good viewing (reviewing). Others are sadder bits—like Chippie's funeral. But remembering how she sang . . . she could start a tune off at the front of Jimmy Ryan's in New York, and by the

time she'd hit the piano at the rear, she had gathered up all her children. She owned the audience. Or she could stand in between the two rooms at the Riviera and hold both the bar-room audience and the back-room folks entranced. Or the way Sarah Vaughan would bring her to the stage at the Blue Note and then return to lead her off—the honor she paid her. Yeah, I'll remember Chippie.

On Chicago's north side there was a neighborhood restaurant-bar, Rupneck's, with the musicians onstage behind the bar. I don't make it a practice to audition. I'm an advocate of the New York school—get the gig first and then practice. But Frank Rupneck was a stickler for first hearing what he was going to buy. So, on John's advice (assuring me I had the gig), we auditioned and, in time, went to work there with a six-piece Dixie band. We did 13 straight months there the first time around. Schenck was the band's manager, and there were some funny scenes. He had all kinds of people (especially press) coming in. John was a great host; he picked up all kinds of tabs.

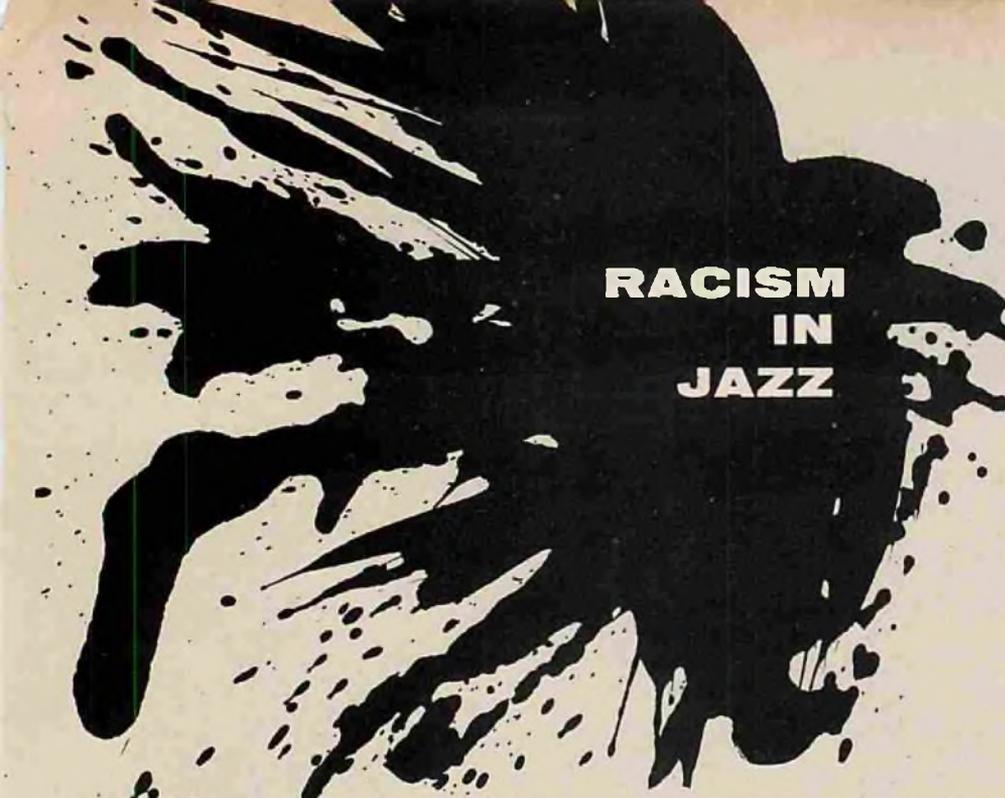
Business (this was June, 1950, into July, 1951) was up; the place stayed full on weekends, and the college kids gave us a good play at all times. I had some fine men there, Floyd O'Brien, Boyce Brown, etc. But it was a group effort; I was through with the all-star idea. Each set ended with a rouser, and Schenck could be heard above the crowd, cheering.

Funny scenes? We had Freddy Flynn on drums for a while; he'd played with the Harlem Hamfats, and, in my book, that was enough of a recommendation. Our bass player, Bill Foley, was a well-built, strapping guy who wore a beard a la Abe Lincoln and tried to play like Slam Stewart. Strange things would happen; he'd bow the bass behind a vocal on *Basin Street Blues* when we'd be looking for a beat. And what bowing . . . he wasn't easy to talk to.

Well, we went along with one another until one night Freddy got his fill, and out of the clear blue we heard him shout at Foley: "Not the bow, Bill, not the bow! That's like hitting a bull in the ass with a broom handle—not the bow." Well, we broke down. But after that, I explained to Foley that I appreciated his right to go his way and do what he thought best, only he'd have to extend the same privilege to me. We parted.

I'd been collecting withholding-tax money and Social Security money, and John was supposed to be taking care of it. I say "supposed" because one day a friend

(Continued on page 40)



RACISM IN JAZZ



■ The current racism and/or race pride (depending on how you see it) in jazz can be seen developing as far back as the late '30s. Since then, there always has been a certain presumption, which varies with eras, that the swingiest bands, the funkier groups, the most soulful jazz performers were Negro.

With so few provinces of pride left to us, Negroes became proud and sensitive about their acknowledged monopoly on "rhythm" and "soul." Whites, to a large extent, were happy to allocate this to us, diluting our need and desire to pluck pride from the mainstream.

Paradoxically, white musicians provided us with part of the basis for the new posture we see so prevalent in jazz today. It was one thing for Negroes to feel this pride in their musicianship but still another when men like Benny Goodman, Charlie Barnet, and Artie Shaw recognized this talent and used Negroes in their bands. To many, this was proof of Negro jazz superiority, because it was a common notion—with a basis in truth—that, in order for a Negro to receive this sort of consideration, he "had to be twice as good as a white man."

Still later, there were men like Norman Granz, who refused to take his extremely successful Jazz at the Philharmonic to segregated audiences.

Singling out men like Goodman, Shaw, Barnet, and Granz is not an attempt to imply that all white bandleaders and promoters were even approximately as liberal. There are many bandleaders and promoters to whom the opposite label would readily apply. The point is, however, that people other than Negroes took pride in the talents of black musicians. More, the acceptance by representatives of the white majority sealed for the Negro the fact that he was at least equal. The only thing the Negro musician needed, it was thought, was the chance and time to carry the point further.

But today there are many people concerned by the amount and the intensity of racism in jazz. For them, jazz is a progressive and liberal-oriented art form, basically devoid of reactionary encumbrance. To a large extent their impression is justified; jazz is liberal and open-minded. But jazz is played and paid for, and by, people.

People have prejudices.

In addition, jazz always has been a mirror of mainstream Americana. Many jazz musicians would like to think that they are above and beyond the current trends, but the truth is that most are the product of their times, and their works are the essence of the period.

But jazz, as a form of expression, must have a background from which to draw substance. Because the principal thrust in jazz is successfully concerned with capturing the contemporary and the current, it manifests and crystallizes the prevailing "isms" and the major concerns of the day. Thus, jazz mirrors much of what is today.

■ A short digression—with a superficial examination of the definite periods of development since jazz got its name—perhaps will bear this out.

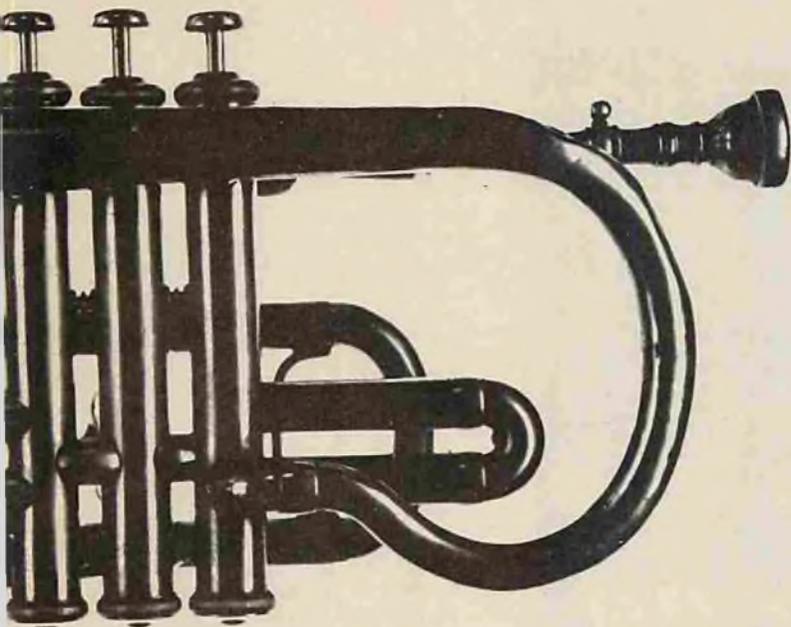
During the Roaring '20s, jazz caught the flavor and flair of that halcyon era. It was carefree, open (wide open), unstructured, earthy, and hedonistic.

During the '30s and the New Deal there was an aura of salvation through organization and group projects. Toward the end of the decade, there was a certain type of sophistication in the air as a result of having "experienced" a depression and survived. This was also the time when well-organized jazz bands reached their zenith. This was the time when jazz was structured and achieved sophistication through arrangements, organization, and sound.

During the '40s and World War II there was an emphasis on production. This was the day of "piece work." Staccato was the order of the day. The whole pace of the United States quickened. There was urgency in the air. Jazz moved into its heavy swing days and then into the bop phase, both of which amplified and reflected the emphasis of the times.

After World War II the United States underwent what might be called emotional bankruptcy.

It began to realize through the realities of the cold war that victory was not victory after all. The country further found that the former invocations of enthusiasm, patriotism, a we've-got-God-on-our-side morality, etc., didn't



BY BROOKS JOHNSON

seem to assure attaining the immediate goals or offer a solution to problems. We turned inward, and in our introspection we discovered "cool." Jazz also underwent a change. In the musical sense, it resolved into a cerebral "cool" of its own.

This aloofness was not to last too long. A new earthiness was about to mark history. This basic drive was Freedom. It was the thatched-hut-and-loin-cloth kind of freedom. It was the I-don't-want-a-Cadillac-if-I-have-to-use-a-segregated-bathroom-when-I-gas-up kind of freedom. It was a whitey-get-off-my-back kind of equality. It was real, mean, funky, and full of indigenous black pride. As artists capturing mainstream Americana and its principal domestic concern, these new musicians and their black music were merely mirroring their surroundings. They would be less than creative jazz musicians if they did otherwise.

■ The first overt rumblings of Negro racism in jazz were the white musicians' cries of "Crow Jim." It had always been generally accepted that whereas whites might be prejudiced against Negroes, Negroes were always open-minded and free of prejudice about whites. This, of course, was never the actual case. The Negroes' survival had depended on making whites see and believe what they wanted to see and believe.

Among the "angry young men" of jazz in the middle and late '50s (Miles Davis, Max Roach, Charlie Mingus), Negro musicians noted for their racial views also happened to be popular and were heralded as musical innovators. Miles, Max, and Mingus all made contributions to "freedom" in jazz expression. In establishing "freedom," a number of old forms were diluted or done away with altogether. The second wave of innovators, men like John Coltrane, Ornette Coleman, and Eric Dolphy, pushed consideration with traditional structure and form further into the background.

Their imitators were less gifted, less knowledgeable, and more extreme in ways that required no musical skill. Currently, there is a perversion of black pride in jazz; it is easier to be a racist than it is to be a good trumpeter.

The concern here is with those who exploit the music without bringing anything healthy or noble to it. Racism is not new. Racism is destructive, irrational, minor madness. There is no virtue in race per se, and those who seek to make it a virtue are blinded by greed, hate, and emotionalism. The whiteness or the blackness of a man's skin is not enough to excuse this madness. The fact that a man is a white policeman, clubowner, or promoter does not matter. The fact that a man is black and belligerent is not enough.

You need look neither long nor hard to find factual evidence of the racist way of life throughout the United States. You need not look deeply for it to repulse your sensibilities. For years, white America has attempted to maintain there is innate merit in a white skin. This idea has been discredited too many times to need further refutation or consideration. If the white man, then, is cut off from using skin color as a measure—will the black man be any less affected by the incontestable logic involved? Many jazzmen are forced to play "black music" because not every white American accepts the logic.

So, despite the fact that we can take issue with the black phonies and musical panderers in jazz, we must ultimately direct our attention to the whole. The United States has, at the least, a race-conscious society, and as long as race is a fact of life, then we are going to have race music. But it is possible to reflect race consciousness and still appeal to man's better instincts. It is still possible to be aware of your color and heritage and not thereby assume that every man of a different color is your inferior or oppressor.

The current reflection of race in jazz is inevitable.

To the extent it is honest, then jazz is fulfilling its function of capturing the contemporary. To the extent that it is dishonest, abused, perverted, and ugly, then it is reflecting the grosser ills of our society. All of this merely demonstrates that jazz, even in its basest terms, carries a message for those courageous enough to understand it. The question is: how can the United States understand Coltrane and the others when it doesn't even comprehend Watts?



FORGET EVERYTHING you've heard about Sonny Stitt if you haven't heard the saxophonist in the last year. A personality adjustment has been reflected in his playing, and he has never played better. He now has boundless energy and enthusiasm, thanks to a more temperate life. He is constantly plucking a new adventure from that life.

This summer, he found a plum that he believes will have a revolutionary effect on his music.

"It's a new and great creation," he said enthusiastically, "a completely new idea in instruments." He was speaking of an amplified saxophone, unveiled in July by an instrument manufacturer at the National Association of Music Merchants convention in Chicago.

"It really gives the saxophone player an advantage of being able to project and hear himself," Stitt said. "He can do so many things. I think he can get about 60 different sounds out of the horn."

The control box for the attachment fits on the bell of the saxophone and is connected to a large amplifier by a long cord, allowing the player greater mobility than he would have using a standard microphone for amplification. In addition to volume control, the device enables the saxophonist to achieve various tone variations and electronic effects (such as echo and tremolo). Most attractive to jazz players, however, is the octave effect—by pushing a button, the saxophonist can add a note an octave lower than the one he is playing in the instrument's normal range, or, by pushing another button, he can silence the top note and play only the lower one. In octaves, the sound is similar to that of string bass combined with saxophone—on complex passages a startling effect. With only the lower note sounding, the tenor saxophone timbre is like that of a bass played arco, and the alto takes on the character of a baritone saxophone. All electronic modifications are optional, though: the saxophone can be played in its natural, nonelectronic state as well.

"It's a revelation," Stitt said. "It enables you to probe and find. I notice when I put the octave on I can get another kind of groove altogether. Of course, you don't change it every five seconds. You might play 16 bars here, and in the middle of the ballad where you've been playing with a tenor sound, you decide you want a guitar sound. So you push the button and

the electrified Sonny Stitt

*By
Barbara
Gardner*

there it is. It sounds so pretty."

Does the invention do anything to a saxophonist's style?

"Yes," he said, "but it's what you want to do. Although all the sounds are there, you have to create something to go along with the sound. You've got to make the sound fit."

Stitt rejected the idea that all this mechanical help will make the instrumentalist lazy.

"The mind will never get lazy with that help," he maintained, revealing perhaps more about himself than other musicians. "You're thinking all the time what to do next. All this gives you is something more to work with. It doesn't help you to think better.

"The new saxophone has not changed as far as fingering is concerned, but it does develop your own sound. It projects your own tone—not a distorted tone. Your individual sound doesn't change. I love it. It's the most beautiful thing that's happened to me.

"Big bands, organs, electric guitars, loud drummers can be quite frustrating to a person who's trying to think while playing. With this new saxophone, a fellow can hear himself above anybody. He can play in a big ballpark and still be heard.

"Saxophone sections will be freer, even in big bands. I'm sure they get tired of saying, 'Turn up the mike a little bit so we can be heard.' Now a master switch can be developed to balance the sound without actually toning down the other sections."

This precarious relationship between soloist and rhythm section, or section against section, is long-standing. Invariably egos clash, and a soloist stamps off-stage in protest of a loud drummer, or a bass player sulks because a horn man can't keep time by himself. By sheer power, brass and percussion instruments hold their own in almost all circumstances, but the reeds are more vulnerable. At least they were until the invention of this new saxophone.

As far as Stitt is concerned, the instrument has no bounds. He is even jocular about its possible abuse by ill-prepared entertainers.

"The rock-and-rollers have no sweat now," he said. "The guitar player and the electric basses and organs will not drown him out anymore. He can take that one or two notes he plays and rock away. This instrument is good for the whole saxophone family. I would say it's the best thing that ever happened to the saxophone."

ALMOST EVERY STATEMENT he utters reveals Stitt's love of life and people. He objects to criticism of musicians as a group, particularly those of his generation. He passionately defends any musician's personal mode of life, even while the musician is standing amid the ash pile of that life.

Stitt always expresses love of humanity in the larger sense. Still he is a man who did not marry until his late 30s (he is now 42), who forms no permanent musical alliances, who has no contract with any record company (though probably more records are issued under his leadership than that of any other jazzman), who

does not believe in groups of jazz musicians, and who does not believe in rehearsal, even for a record date.

Stitt, in a word, is a loner. There is a touch of pride when he chuckles at his nicknames: the Freelancer, the Lone Wolf, the Storm Trooper.

"I don't want the responsibility of having a band," Stitt said slowly. "That's one thing. And I never could get enough money to pay the fellows what I thought they were worth. I wouldn't want a great big band under any circumstances. There's not enough freedom. I like a small band. It gives you a chance to play more. Big bands are confined to playing arrangements—big arrangements all the time. But with a small band, you can have a guitar player who is free to stretch out for 15 minutes if he wants to."

Music has been more than a vocation, more than entertainment to Stitt ever since he started in the business when he was 14. (Too young to enter night clubs unchaperoned and not old enough to be on the streets alone, his mother walked him to work and home five nights a week.)

"Music is food," he has said.

"Music is beauty," he says now.

To him, the sounds of the new breed of jazz musicians are incomprehensible as music. The anger he hears in the new jazz is foreign to music, according to Stitt.

He dismissed as absurd the flat statement that certain members of the avant-garde are expressing the anger and frustration of the Negro in their music.

"I wouldn't put it on a racial basis at all," he said. "I wouldn't like to believe that these guys are really hateful or haters because music is such a beautiful thing to be a part of. . . . If it is angry, that's terrible. They're not thinking about the music, they're just mad."

Stitt never belonged to the restless breed who vented frustration on others or even cried aloud. Many musicians of his generation turned their anger inward and destroyed themselves, or suffered the pangs of internal healing. Today, consequently, Stitt appears a contented Old Man of Jazz. He said he would never become an expatriate musician, a path many of his generation have taken.

"I'll tell you about that right now," he said heatedly. "I'm an American—all the way. I live in Washington, D.C., the capital, and I intend to be there for the duration. I wouldn't trade our country for anything. I like



PHOTO/BILL ABERNATHY

it over there [Europe and Asia] to work and to visit. It's very nice. The people are wonderful. But I love my country. I am really satisfied with my country because I see so many improvements being made. I see many things going on that are good . . . distasteful at times, but good."

THIS, THEN, IS Stitt today, and it's the way he wants to stay, personally and musically.

"I would say I'll be like I am the rest of my life," he said.

Does that mean he is satisfied with his own development?

"Are you kidding?" he answered. "I'm still experimenting. I would say I'm exploring. I have yet to see the

human being who is satisfied. I don't listen to my own records because I don't want to become satisfied with any little thing and try to repeat myself too much. I listen to records other fellows make, but not mine. My wife listens to my records."

Perhaps his wife tells him his style belongs to an era, a school of playing, epitomized by the work of Charlie Parker, modified by subsequent saxophonists such as Cannonball Adderley and extended by such experimentalists as John Coltrane and the late Eric Dolphy.

"I'm what you might call all the way 'round,'" Stitt said of his playing. "It comes from traveling and having a chance to hear guys in Kansas City, Detroit, Pittsburgh, New York, Chicago, and Boston. They're all different. The sound is different in each section of the country."

Everything he has learned he has filtered through his horn with one main goal in mind: communication with his listener.

"Music is beauty, rhythmical patterns," he said. "I don't want ever to become too abstract. I want to be able to play with diligence and perfect my saxophone so that I can play anything as fast as I want to play it and still be understood. I don't want to become weird to myself because that's not my nature."

Stitt said he hears no radical changes in his style and believes his major area of development will be the perfection of existing trends.

"Musically," he said, "I haven't changed in the past five years, say. I may have improved, but I don't think you can really *change* yourself. You have the same ideas, same pattern, the same road you've always traveled musically."

"Of course, I'm satisfied with quite a few little things; but I'm human too, and I'd like to see improvements made in certain directions. Everybody wants to make more money, and with this new saxophone, I think this is the right improvement for me. This is a boon. Right now, all I can say is I'm treated pretty good. I manage to pay most of my bills. I work quite a bit, and I like all of the business, concerts, night clubs, record dates, so long as it's music and I can play."

There is no question that this new instrument is more than a toy for the saxophonist. It represents new opportunities to be creative for a loner who has looked all his musical life for ways to stay free. 



BILL COLEMAN

no back home blues

BY VALERIE WILMER

PARIS, THEY TELL YOU, is a beautiful, lazy city. For Americans worn out by the hustling life, it can be a haven. But for many U.S. musicians who have made their homes there—or anywhere else in Europe, for that matter—the relative lack of competition is often conducive to a lackadaisical attitude toward playing.

One musician apparently unaffected by the easygoing atmosphere of his adopted home is trumpeter Bill Coleman, a resident of the French capital since 1948. Coleman, an important individualist 30 years ago, is today every bit as exceptional a musician as a much more fully documented contemporary like Buck Clayton. Both men epitomize good taste and share a similarity of conception, laying it on with crisp, matter-of-fact preciseness. Their muted work also has a lot in common, though on the open horn Coleman is likely to be more aggressive than the urbane Clayton.

Coleman, a calm, intelligent man, knows that many musicians have had to pay the deterioration dues in exchange for the advantages of European life. He also is aware that somehow he has managed to escape this debilitating process.

"Perhaps it used to be more true before the war that musicians deteriorated away from the United States," he said, "because then you didn't have the facilities for buying records and hearing radio programs, as you do now. And another cause was playing with musicians who were not up to your standard. Now you have plenty of European musicians who are up to that standard—not perhaps of the finest, but it's enough to keep you from going back."

The trumpeter is one of those relaxed gentlemen who seem to be an exclusive product of the swing era—Harry Carney and Dickie Wells are two others. Warm and generous, Coleman always has time to spare for anyone who is interested in his music. But he is not so easygoing that he allows his musical integrity to be impaired by any lack of competition he may encounter. He has been obliged to suffer many musical fools through his 45 years in the music business, yet a hint of annoyance is a rare thing (once it crossed his face when a British drummer missed an obvious break). Coleman's standards are as high as ever, which means perfection.

The trumpeter listens as often as possible to American jazzmen of every persuasion who visit Paris, and he continues to derive inspiration—if not conscious influences—while retaining his original concept.

"The musicians who come over are the tops, and so they have that real feeling about the music that some Europeans don't have," he explained. "They [Europeans] are not born that way, and so they copy a lot from records—they have to—but there's a certain sentiment that you can only get from being around the type of musicians who play

this music, and it's something that sort of grows in you.

"I think that my own style of playing would probably have stayed the same even if I had not left the States. It has nothing to do with not hearing enough American musicians to accept an influence to the degree where I want to change. I just think that my style is pretty well set, and it probably always will remain that way.

"I never did worry about competition. Some people take it so seriously—but me, I just love to hear a good musician whether he's from America or Europe or anywhere else. If he's good, I'll be listening."

COLEMAN WAS BORN 62 years ago in, as coincidence would have it, Paris, Ky. He went to New York in 1926 with reed man Cecil Scott and, in subsequent years, worked with a variety of big bands, including those led by Charlie Johnson, Lucky Millinder, Benny Carter, and Teddy Hill. Although he enjoys the freedom of small-combo work, he recalls the big bands with nostalgia.

"You do get inspiration when you're working with four or five trumpets," he said. "You have to be as good as the next one, and if you can't be, you just have to keep working harder. In a small group you know you're the trumpet man, and that's all there is to it; but the real joy of working together comes in the section. Most of the bands I worked with back in the '20s and '30s had so much enthusiasm."

The trumpeter's first chance to savor Europe came in 1933, when he spent two months in Monte Carlo with the Millinder band and another month in Paris.

"I think that's when Paris started to get into my blood," Coleman recalled. "But I never had any idea of going to live there until a dancer by the name of Freddy Taylor got a job as the leader of an orchestra in a Paris club called the Villa D'Este, and the musicians left him to go to India. He came to New York looking for musicians, and he wanted me especially because I had once given him an old trumpet of mine, and I guess I'd, you know, made an impression on him. So I spent six months with him in 1935 and then joined Willie Lewis in the following year."

With Lewis he visited Belgium and Holland and eventually formed a co-operative band that he took to Egypt in 1938. He stayed there until March, 1940, when World War II forced him to return to New York. There he worked with just about every big band except the Duke Ellington and Count Basie orchestras and recorded with Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins, Mary Lou Williams, and Benny Carter, among others.

But the war was not the only factor to upset the trumpeter's customary composure. Although he denies that the advent of bebop affected his playing, recorded evidence shows that he went through a rather unsettled period,

toying with some of the new ideas before finally settling on an updated approach to his original style. He does admit, however, that "unless you played modern, it was hard to get work" and this, combined with the demise of the big band—basically Coleman's home ground—accelerated his decision to remain in Europe the next time he was invited. The Hot Club of Paris provided the opportunity by offering him a three-month contract in 1948, but, he declared, "I had already made up my mind that I was going to stay."

"I was pretty well fed up with the situation when I left the United States," he continued. "Work was a little difficult to get, and I didn't have too much feeling to want to play. After having been in Europe once and forced to go back home, I found there were many situations in America that I didn't like. When I settled in France, I got my inspiration back."

Talk of the '40s led Coleman to a discussion of style.

"Bop hadn't exactly taken hold when I got back to the States in 1940," Coleman said. "It all came about a little later. Dizzy was still playing sort of on the style of Roy Eldridge with a little of Charlie Shavers in there. It was later, around 1943 or so, that things started to change a little, and even then it wasn't a too rapid change. Like every style of jazz, it takes time for a new school to spread. Eventually, the younger musicians take a liking to a certain thing that's going on, but for an older musician who's been playing his way for a certain number of years it's ridiculous to hold back on what he's got and try to play something else just because it's new."

"When I was coming up, everyone had someone they admired, but they still had their own style. Like me—I admired Louis Armstrong, but I tried to and have succeeded in developing a style of my own. It came through the influence of Armstrong, but that's the way everyone was at that time. Fats Waller, for example: he had the schooling of James P. Johnson and Willie (The Lion) Smith, but his playing was a little different. Everyone has his personality, and that's what comes out when you play an instrument. Some people will make an exact copy of the person they admire, but that's no good for them. It's not their real personality."

"This is why I can't understand why so many of today's musicians sound alike. It seems as though they all copy the same phrases or clichés, if not one particular musician. And then the critics say that this one has his own style and the other one plays this or that, but when I hear a lot of 'em, they sound exactly the same. I can't tell them apart, and I can't understand it."

"Experience changes you, though, because as a rule a jazz musician is never content with the way he plays. I always have the idea that I could have played it better. I don't plan my improvisation; it's very seldom that I work out anything except an introduction or an ending, but I play my choruses the way I feel."

"But some musicians can just stay with the style where they started and never change, whereas others just have to. Take my style. It's a little more progressive—I know it is—than when I recorded with Willie Lewis in 1936. I'd be worried if it was the same!"

WHEN QUINCY JONES took his orchestra to Paris with the ill-fated *Free and Easy* show in 1960, Coleman spent a lot of time listening to the band and became interested in the possibilities offered by the fluegelhorn, "especially through the influence of Clark Terry." That year he recorded a fine album, *From Boogie to Funk*, with two Jones sidemen, trombonist Quentin Jackson and tenor saxophonist Budd Johnson, but it was not until two years later that he finally acquired a fluegelhorn. Now he often

employs the instrument.

"It's easy to play, I find, and what I particularly liked about it was that I could get a different expression than I had on the trumpet because of the tone," he explained. "I would always have liked to get that big tone like Harold Baker has, but somehow I never could. I use the fluegelhorn mouthpiece, which has almost the same rim as the trumpet, and so it's a simple matter to switch from one to the other. Mostly I prefer using it on slow numbers, but there are certain fast ones where I find that my execution can sometimes be even better."

Because he is a conscientious musician who doesn't allow himself to be unduly hampered by unsympathetic rhythm sections, he finds that his popularity in Europe has remained at a consistent level, disproving the theory that familiarity breeds contempt, at least regarding employment.

"I don't know whether I would have retained this popularity had I stayed in the States, although there are some fellows from my era who still work regularly, but I might very easily have become discouraged," he said.

"The European musicians I work with are still enthusiastic," Coleman went on. "Most of them are obliged to play so many types of music to earn a living that they can't concentrate on jazz, which is what most of them would like to do. But occasionally you run across some who are able to play nothing but jazz, and so you get a better feeling—people like Bruce Turner, the British alto saxophonist."

"As far as working is concerned, a lot of American musicians tell me to stay here as long as I can because it's getting very difficult for musicians of my era in the States. Quite frankly, I doubt whether I could get back into that circle I left. I still get plenty of kicks out of playing."

And that probably explains why Coleman continues to be a lyrical yet forceful soloist of considerable merit. He is happy and conducts himself with a sprightliness that makes numbering his years seem almost silly.

After a recent successful tour of England with the Turner band, the *Melody Maker's* Max Jones wrote that Coleman will still be a trumpeter to be reckoned with when he reaches 70. The trumpeter laughed at this and observed, "I can't say exactly what it is—I just think it depends on how a person treats himself, not overindulging and so on."

"But sometimes it's just nature because I've drunk plenty in my day, and I still do, though not as much as when I was 35-40. I think you have to lead a regular life, and, living in Europe, I am fortunate enough to be able to do this. But take Kid Ory—I don't know how he did it—but he's in his 80s and still playing now and then. Pops Foster too. Basically it all boils down to being satisfied with life."

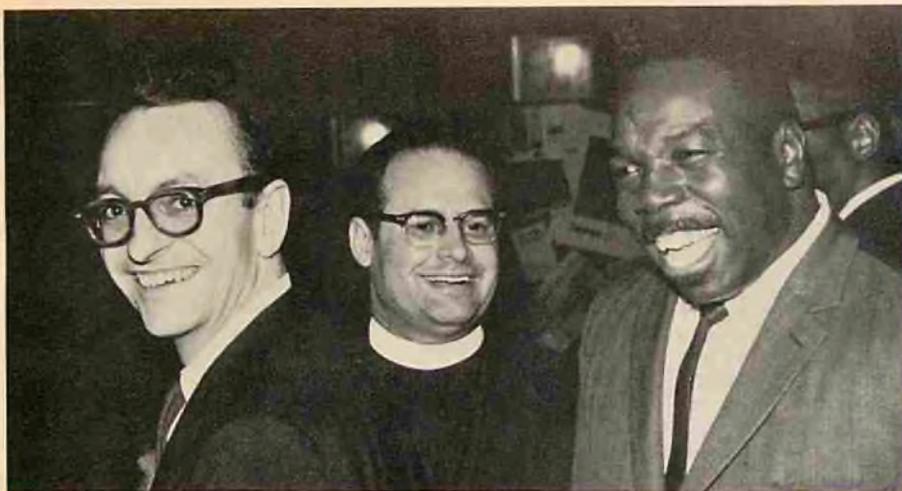
And that is Bill Coleman, a man happy, satisfied with life and the pleasure he can give to others.

"For the moment I don't have any retirement plans," he said, "though Lily, my wife, has some for us. And then I don't think I really want to stop unless I have an accident or something to put me out of the business. It never changes—one-night stands have always been the same ever since I started."

"I never had any real desire to go back—no back-home blues, you know. But I still keep my union card because I might have to go back one day. You never know, and this way I wouldn't have to go through all the formalities of being reinstated. I pay my dues yearly, and after a certain age you're supposed to become an honorary member."

"But," he said with a smile, "I haven't quite reached that age yet."

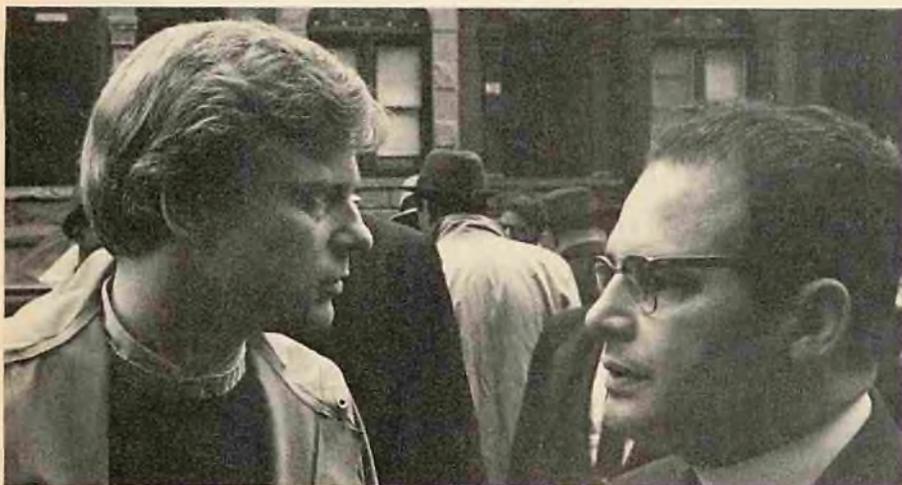




Minister to Jazz

JOHN GENSEL

By GEORGE HOFER



THE REV. JOHN GARCIA GENSEL once observed, with more than a kernel of truth, "Jazz originated in the church through Gospel singing, and when it moved out of the church into the night club, a divorce occurred that has not yet been reconciled." For more than a year and a half now the Rev. Mr. Gensel, at the behest of the board of missions of the Lutheran Church in America, has devoted full time to the challenge of erasing this mutual alienation. Realizing that the nature of their profession makes it difficult for jazz musicians to associate with the church, John Gensel has been taking the church to them.

On the surface, a pastorate of this sort would seem to be a lonely, thankless, and nebulous operation. Even in view of the ancient association of worship and music, the modern church has been inclined to remain estranged from the world of jazz.

The Rev. Mr. Gensel has been demonstrating every Sunday for the last several months, with his jazz vespers (from 5 to 6 p.m.) in New York City churches, that the creative person a jazzman is makes for a potential heightening of a church service that few other persons could offer. Such familiar jazz names as Howard McGhee, Joe Newman, Randy Weston, and Charlie Mingus have participated in these inspirational services.

At a recent service, the hour of devotion began with Pastor Gensel's announcement that the service would be opened by the musicians. There had been no rehearsal or prior agreement as to what was to be played. The instrumentation was unusual: four trumpets, a trombone, and a bass. Without hesitation, the players went into a beautifully dignified and relaxed version of *What Is This Thing Called Love?* What better or more apt introduction could have been selected?

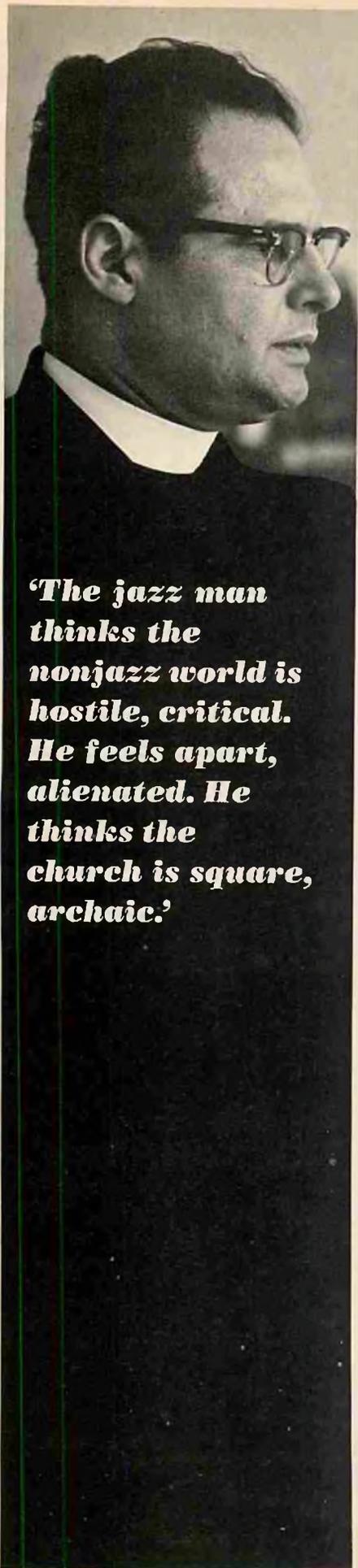
The Rev. Mr. Gensel, a jazz fan before he started to study for the ministry, conducted an eight-year informal ministry on the New York jazz scene before assuming his full-time post. He recalled some of the mild hostilities he encountered when he started to appear in jazz clubs.

At first the jazz players tended to look askance at the minister-listener—to avoid him. He laughingly recalled, "You know, I think they were afraid I'd push them in a corner and start reading Scripture to them, or try to make them sign a pledge of some kind, or, maybe, just bug them to go to church."

One night, during his early years in New York, Pastor Gensel walked into Count Basie's Lounge in Harlem. He noticed a tall man at the bar staring at him. After he'd taken his seat at a table and given his usual order, "Coke—straight, please," the man soon walked over to the table and lifted his hand toward the clerical collar, saying, "Is that for real?" When Pastor Gensel smilingly nodded yes, the man asked, "Then what are you doing here?" The minister replied, "I like the music." The man went back to the bar, scratching his head.

This period of unfamiliarity didn't last

TOP PHOTO: THE REV. GENSEL WITH PEPPER ADAMS (L.) AND THAD JONES. CENTER: WITH GERRY MULLIGAN. BOTTOM: WITH MRS. GENSEL AND AT A CLUB LISTENING TO DRUMMER MAX ROACH'S GROUP. PHOTOS BY RAYMOND ROSS.



'The jazz man thinks the nonjazz world is hostile, critical. He feels apart, alienated. He thinks the church is square, archaic.'

long. Pastor Gensel used to visit the clubs with Dr. Marshall Stearns and his classes on field trips—the pastor took the course on “The Influence of Jazz on Modern Culture” under Stearns at the New School in 1957—and the frequency of his attendance at jazz events helped break the ice. The Rev. Mr. Gensel's acceptance within the jazz fold can be attributed as well to his sincerity and friendliness.

He is of athletic build, medium height, and has a youthful appearance that belies his 49 years. He is an avid jazz listener, having succumbed to Duke Ellington's band at a 1932 dance in Berwick, Pa. But he leaves the criticism to others and lets the musicians ask the questions. An occasional “Yeah, man!” might come out unconsciously, but otherwise he makes no attempt to assimilate either the phony or the true jargon of the musicians' world.

Walking down Broadway one afternoon, he came face to face with a musician he had frequently seen but had never met. The musician smiled recognition and greeted Pastor Gensel with: “Say, aren't you the cat that thinks jazz musicians are human beings?”

Coming out of the blue, the greeting took the pastor by surprise. After thinking it over, he came to an important understanding: jazzmen have the problems that everyone has, but, in addition, they have many other vexations peculiar to the profession in which they function. All but the most successful jazzmen have financial insecurity. Marital troubles arise from necessary traveling. The musicians can be exploited in the market place. They can come to feel isolated as a result of the image imbedded in the public's mind. As the Rev. Mr. Gensel expressed it, the jazz musician “thinks the nonjazz world is hostile, critical. He feels apart, alienated. He thinks the church is square, archaic.”

Pastor Gensel soon realized that the people of the jazz world, the night world of upside-down living, vitally needed to talk over problems with someone outside their environment. But it would have to be someone who knows and likes the jazz milieu. As Pastor Gensel has said, “If you want to have a worthwhile relationship with those who play jazz music, you just better not be a square, and you'd best understand and be able to explain your faith. A jazzman believes in his music. It's his religion, and if a church member can't explain *his* faith, a jazz musician will be inclined to scorn him.”

Pastor Gensel's table in the jazz spots gradually became more of a focal point for the players during the intermissions than did the tables where jazz fans dispensed free drinks. The minister's conversation and his sense of humor were more relaxing . . . and a man could order a cup of coffee without being afraid of hurting someone's feelings. Sometimes they unburdened their troubles.

One night, drummer Max Roach, who was among the earliest Gensel musician-friends, observed, “You know, Reverend, I believe, but I don't belong. I began playing in the church because my mother was a Gospel singer in Brooklyn. But when I started to play jazz, I was told to stop because 'that's the devil's music.' You

see, I was, in a sense, asked to walk away from the church, and I've been walking away from it ever since.”

Attitudes similar to Roach's seemed to be the rule. The Rev. Mr. Gensel felt that old-fashioned methods of recruiting for the church were of no use. The all-night and full weekend schedule works to keep the jazz artist from attending church. Furthermore, as Pastor Gensel said, “The church, as it is, doesn't solve the jazzman's problems. He often looks on the church as an artificial group. If he has any religion, its core is a belief in God, not in the church.”

More and more, the minister got the feeling that the truth was that the jazz musician “believes in God, but he doesn't think much of the church liturgy. The hymns sound pompous to him. He wants to come to church to be in contact with God.”

The pastor understood that if the church hoped to serve the jazzman, it would have to adapt itself to fit his unorthodox working hours. He started thinking in terms of a Sunday service at 5 p.m. or maybe an early-evening service on weekdays, before the musician went to the club for his night's work.

“It seemed to me,” he said, “that a service designed to appeal to the musicians would have to be something special. Not a service in the usual sense but, perhaps, just a conversation about God.”

Then came the idea that was to prove to be the most significant of all: “Why not a service where the jazz musician's wonderful talent can be used?” But it would take time before Pastor Gensel could start to put his ideas into practice.

DURING HIS EARLY YEARS in New York, he was engaged in what he likes to call “moonlighting,” or serving two pastorates.

He had come to New York in 1956 to take over an assignment at the Lutheran Church of the Advent on Manhattan's upper west side. It was not the usual routine type of call, since Advent presented a challenge of its own. It had once been a well-established church, but the neighborhood had undergone considerable change. Most of the original congregation had moved away. The church had not had a pastor for more than a year and had been put on a mission status. Pastor Gensel, who had served as a mission pastor in the United States and Puerto Rico, was brought in to rebuild Advent to serve the residents, many of them Puerto Rican.

The Rev. Mr. Gensel was born in Manati, a village located a few miles west of San Juan, Puerto Rico, on Dec. 16, 1917. His family, whose name was Garcia, sent him to the United States to be brought up with an aunt when he was 6. The aunt's family name was Gensel, and they lived in the small coal-mining town of Catawissa, Pa., where, as John Garcia Gensel, the future minister was graduated from high school in 1936. He went to Susquehanna University, finishing in 1940. He entered the ministry and, in 1943, received a bachelor of divinity degree from the Lutheran Theological Seminary in Gettysburg. That year he married Audrey Dodge.

In 1946, Pastor Gensel was honorably discharged from the Navy after serving two years as a chaplain. There followed graduate study at Union Theological Seminary, and the year before coming to New York, Pastor Gensel spent in San Juan serving two churches simultaneously.

Development of an active parish at Advent went along at full pace for almost a decade. By 1960 the church had more than 200 regular communicants, from close to 20 nationalities and three races.

During his 10 years there, the Rev. Mr. Gensel convinced many jazz people that they could turn to Advent for help.

His ministry to the musicians had been growing as a sort of natural evolution. At first, bartenders in the jazz spots would approach him with "so-and-so's got a problem. . . ." The pastor found there were many ways in which he could help. His counseling and influence were of much assistance in solving problems such as moving to better neighborhoods, getting loans, baptizing children, marrying and burying musicians, and many other individual needs. He found that many jazz musicians had not grown up in any faith.

He soon found himself on 24-hour call. Musicians began to bring their problems to him directly. There was an early-morning phone call from a musician, known to have trouble with narcotics, who said, "Reverend, I'm at the Port of Authority Bus Station. I've had it, and I'm gonna do it!"

The pastor immediately told the caller to wait, "I'm coming down."

He didn't wait to find out whether the caller was contemplating suicide or taking a shot of heroin. He just got to the scene as fast as he could.

Afterwards he said, "You know, a jazz musician can be a very lonely person at 4 in the morning."

When composer-arranger Tadd Dameron died early in 1965, Pastor Gensel, who had been a frequent visitor at the hospital, was asked by the Dameron family to conduct the funeral service. Some 150 musicians and jazz notables, the Dameron family from Cleveland, and some of the regular congregation attended the service in the Advent Lutheran Church.

The pastor read Psalm 150, sometimes called the "musician's psalm" because it concerns praising God with various instrumental sounds. At the conclusion of the ceremony, Benny Golson's quintet performed three of Dameron's finest compositions, *The Squirrel*, *Lady Bird*, and *If You Could See Me Now*. The minister observed, "Jazz was Tadd's life. Why omit it at his funeral service?" Similar services were performed subsequently for trumpeter Nick Travis and tenor saxophonist Frank Haynes.

Another activity with which Pastor Gensel has been frequently concerned is that of getting together benefit concerts for musicians and their families. He has been involved in the organization of benefits for drummer Walter Perkins (who had suffered a serious injury), and the families of saxophonist Haynes and drummer Charles Smith.

One of the Rev. Mr. Gensel's noteworthy accomplishments, before he became a full-time minister to the jazz com-

munity, was to convince the board of missions to sponsor a three-day workshop on jazz at the Village Gate night club in Greenwich Village. Held in February, 1962, some 100 churchmen attended lectures and panel discussions at which well-known musicians, as well as critics and writers, spoke on such subjects as *Roots of Jazz*, *The World of the Jazz Musician*, *Jazz Giants*, *Jazz Today*, and *Jazz and Contemporary Culture*.

After the daytime seminars, the visiting clergymen and their wives were taken on trips to some of New York's jazz clubs to hear what the jazzmen were saying in their music.

Some visitors couldn't quite make the scene. One wife looked disapprovingly around a Village night spot and sniffed, "It's a good thing Martin Luther is dead. What would he think about all this?"

Mrs. Gensel retorted, "He just might have loved it."

Guiding people to jazz spots has become another regular pastoral activity, and the minister has taken many youth groups and clergymen from the United States and Europe to the scenes of the music action. Of late, there have been weekly jaunts to the Village Gate after jazz vespers to attend the Sunday early-evening sessions held by Jazz Interactions, Inc. A member of the "Rev. Gensel party" gets in for half price.

IN 1961 PASTOR GENSEL prevailed upon the board of missions to assign an assistant pastor to Advent. He jokingly recalled later, "The Rev. Karl Donfield did the work while I went night-clubbing until dawn."

The specialized ministry to the jazz community began to grow and, by early 1965, the board of missions recognized the need for a full-time jazz ministry. In announcing Pastor Gensel's appointment to function exclusively as a minister to the jazz fraternity, the board noted, "There is a jazz community which needs a Christian ministry, and, in Pastor Gensel, our church has a qualified and experienced missionary."

The desire to establish a meaningful worship service, making use of the emotional aspects of jazz, has been in the minds of clergymen for some time.

Some of these attempts have been fairly successful, others have come off not so well. It is a challenge.

Pastor Gensel has favored the use of modern jazz (although in early 1964 he preached a sermon, *Jesus and Jazz*, for a service featuring the Southampton Dixie Racing and Clambake Society Jazz Band at the Rev. William Glenesk's Spencer Church in Brooklyn).

He began holding "adventures in vespers" at the Church of the Advent, using the creative talents of bassist Charlie Mingus, with his group, as far back as 1962. Subsequently he presented groups led by Max Roach, Randy Weston, and pianist Ronnie Mathews. Pastor Gensel served as narrator for these first experimental performances.

During 1963 Thomas Vaughn, a senior in the Yale Divinity School since ordained into the Episcopal ministry, and the late

drummer Charlie Smith composed a jazz service, *A Musical Offering to God*. It had been commissioned by the Yale school and had a text edited by the Rev. Randolph C. Miller, professor of religious education. This service had all its components—prelude, call to worship, confession, affirmation of faith, doxology, sermon, benediction—performed with musical accompaniment furnished by piano (Vaughn), bass (Paul Brown and, later, Joe Bianco), and drums (Smith).

The work was premiered at the Church of the Advent in September, 1963. Poet and religion editor William R. Miller found it a mixture of ideas derived from the old-style Negro church, Debussy chords, and elements drawn from Duke Ellington and Thelonious Monk. He did not find it too well integrated, but "it was of interest chiefly as an imaginative attempt to adapt influences from the Gospel-blues tradition to a modern jazz setting."

Early in 1964 another project attracted the Rev. Mr. Gensel's attention. He selected scriptural passages to go with original compositions by pianist Randy Weston. This developed into a service called *The Bible Speaks to You* that was described as "a unique presentation of a contemporary jazz composer's music which has inspired Scripture readings reflecting the totality of man's experience."

The service was first offered at the Judson Memorial Church on Washington Square in New York's Greenwich Village during March, 1964, and was repeated in June for a conference on the arts and their relation to the civil rights movement. Both services featured Weston's group. The Weston compositions included *Where?*, *Congolese Children's Song*, *African Cook Book*, *A Portrait of Vivian*, *Freedom First*, *In Memory Of*, *Sketch of Melba*, and *Berkshire Blues*.

Here again the difficulties of a jazz-worship format were brought out by authorities in the field. The Rev. Norman J. O'Connor, the Paulist priest who, for well over a decade, has also been closely involved with helping and promoting the jazz musicians, wrote in the *Saturday Review*, in evaluating this program and other jazz liturgies, "[They] have not had sufficient urgency to them to communicate much more than the notion that attractive music was being played."

With the additional time made available by his full-time appointment, Gensel began in earnest to seek a meaningful service for the jazz community. He has worked on the concept of making the service entirely jazz-oriented, and he has had musicians compose, rehearse, and present written works, but, more important, he has used them in an improvisatory capacity.

This improvisatory presentation is of significance in light of the dismal history of jazz musician-employer relations. From the society matron who wants jazzmen to come in through the kitchen to the television producer who wants them "to play hot," the jazzman has had it rough.

Gensel's approach gives them dignity: at a recent service, there was a place under the "Joy and Sadness" section on the printed program that read "New Orleans Funeral

(Continued on page 48)

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, Bill Quinn, 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.

Willie Bobo

UNO-DOS-TRES—Verve 8648; *Boogaloo in Room 802; Come a Little Bit Closer; Goin' Out of My Head; I Remember Clifford; Rescue Me; Michelle; No Matter What Shape; Fried Neck Bones and Some Home Fries; 1-2-3 (Uno-Dos-Tres); Night Song; The Breeze and I.*

Personnel: Mel Lastie, cornet; Bobby Brown, alto, tenor saxophones; Sonny Henry, guitar; Bobby Rodriguez, Jon Hart, bass; Boho, timbales; Oswald Martinez, bongo, guiro; Carlos Valdes, conga drum; Jose Mangual, Victor Pantoja, percussion.

Rating: ★★★

Authenticity. There's no substitute for it. Therefore, the only complaint with this album is its occasional attempt to find a substitute. Fortunately, even the watered-down, commercial, pop-Latin sound is fairly infectious. And "infectious" is the key to the success of a group like Bobo's.

Repetitious rhythmic figures, found in *Little Bit Closer, Rescue Me, No Matter, Fried Neck Bones*, and the title track, generate considerable excitement, but they're used sparingly in an obvious attempt to attract listeners other than Latin aficionados.

The humor of *Michelle* comes through in a "screech" vocal on the title word. The guiro on *Fried Neck Bones* comes through like a squeaky shoe. (It must be a difficult instrument to record.) Lastie's cornet on that same track is one of the best solo efforts in an album that, by design, minimizes individual statements.

The voicings of Brown and Lastie provide the punch of an entire brass section, but they are seldom used with such crispness as is heard on *No Matter*. On the other hand, their unison on *Goin' out of My Head* is so sloppy another take should have been released.

Among the ballads, *Night Song* and Lastie's work on *Clifford* are the most beautiful. On the other end of the rhythmic scale, *The Breeze and I* and *Old Man River* do not lend themselves to fast Latin treatments. The latter track, incidentally, is percussion-heavy.

All in all, a&R man Creed Taylor did a good job of showing off the versatility of Bobo's group. The album is a cross section of styles and tempos that may not always hit their marks but at least take a dedicated aim. (H.S.)

James Bond

THE JAMES BOND SONGBOOK—Mirwood 7001: *Thunderball; Casino Royale; The Man with the Golden Gun; From Russia with Love; 007 Theme from "Dr. No"; Moonraker; James Bond Theme; For Your Eyes Only; Goldfinger; Live and Let Die; Diamonds Are Forever; You Only Live Twice.*

Personnel: Bobby Bryant, trumpet; Harold Land, tenor saxophone; Buddy Collette, flute, tenor saxophone; Joe Parnello, piano; Bond, bass; John Guarin, drums; Dick Grove, arranger.

Rating: ★★★

From the album photograph we might expect this James (formerly Jimmy) Bond to carry a tommygun in his bass cover. Considering the plethora of odd sounds in vogue these days, a steady rattle-tat rhythmic pulse might offer a certain engaging novelty.

This music is played straight, however—though obviously conceived to profit by the popularity of Ian Fleming's agent. Despite its gimmicky germination, the music here is quite enjoyable. Formula-prone, yes, and too tightly arranged for my tastes; but it is well executed, without pretension, and presents a pleasant assortment of melodies and rhythms.

My biggest lament is this: the producers built the entire undertaking on Bond's name, recruited five others for the date, and then allowed the poor fellow only one solo.

Altogether, the album represents what, in the '50s, used to be called West Coast jazz, a music technically polished in arrangement and execution, a cooler, more restrained presentation than the heated swinging of the East, a music laced with contrapuntal exploration and interplay among the instruments. Smooth. The original Gerry Mulligan Quartet is a good example, and, indeed, ensemble passages on *Royale* and *Eyes Only* strongly recall that great foursome.

Land, Collette, and Bryant handle most of the soloing, the former two contributing especially vigorous stanzas. The trumpet-flute passages by Bryant and Collette provide the ear with particularly refreshing tone colors. (D.N.)

Richard (Groove) Holmes

TELL IT LIKE IT TIS—Pacific Jazz 10105 and 20105: *Hittin' the Jug; Blow the Man Down; Denice; Later; This Here; My Secret Love; It Might as Well Be Spring; Licks Aplenty.*

Personnel: Track 1—Gene Ammons, tenor saxophone; Holmes, organ; Gene Edwards, guitar; Leroy Henderson, drums. Tracks 2, 3, 4, 6—Holmes; Edwards; Henderson. Tracks 5, 7—Holmes; Joe Pass, guitar; Lawrence Marable, drums. Track 8—Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Tricky Loftin, trombone; Les McCann, piano; Holmes, organ; George Freeman, guitar; Ron Jefferson, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

Thanks to either skillful selection by producer Dick Bock or a high general level of creativity by Holmes, this set nicely avoids the pitfalls that usually beset an LP made up of tag ends from an artist's earlier recording sessions. All material previously had been unreleased.

This set goes back to Holmes' first date for Pacific Jazz, more than five years ago, when it was felt necessary to surround him with more established names—notably Webster and McCann. On this track—*Licks*—the organist more than holds his own, turning in an improvisation that is by all odds the most interesting and intense of the four solos on the number.

Of the three others—Webster, McCann,

and Freeman—only the tenor saxophonist gives Holmes competition, but, then, the organist has twice as much blowing room as anyone else, allowing him to come to a full head of steam.

The track with Ammons, recorded on location at the Black Orchid Club in Los Angeles, is an unpretentious swinger, with the two men soloing competently—more heart than head, but that's what's expected under the circumstances. And the audience dug it.

I find the trio numbers much more satisfying all around.

Holmes is a soloist who constructs his improvisations carefully over the course of several choruses, and on these numbers where he has the chance to stretch out, he builds solos that cohere nicely and evince a fine feeling for understatement. He would rather chuck his listener under the chin than hit him over the head, and his extemporizations here are full of a gentle humor, an easy swing, and a musical intelligence that is more than competent.

He also uses register sensitively, and his ability to vary his effects intelligently is an effective factor in sustaining listener interest over the course of a long solo. The theme statement on *Secret Love* demonstrates this ability nicely, and the blues *Later* is handsomely set off by an organ register much like that of a vibraharp.

Though he's scarcely one of the heavyweight improvisers, there is plenty to admire and enjoy in Holmes' engaging, joyous music. There's an affirmation of vigorous, straightforward swing and the revelation of a heart that's full of warmth, humor, and, above all, music. (P.W.)

Giuseppe Logan

MORE GIUSEPPI LOGAN—ESP Disk 1013: *Mantu; Shebar; Curve Eleven.*

Personnel: Logan, alto saxophone, bass clarinet, flute, piano; Don Pullen, piano; Reggie Johnson, bass; Milford Graves, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Mantu and *Shebar* were recorded May 1, 1965, at a Town Hall concert. If someone alien to our culture asked, "How do you communicate?", I would not hesitate to play *Mantu*. The careful listener can fix his attention on any one of the players and experience that player's receiving of each of the other three. The more conscious listener can hear every player hearing every other player all of the time—this being the ideal in improvised counterpoint.

Part of the beauty comes from the projected feeling of peaceful conviction. In the sense that this music sets out to prove nothing, it is passive. In fact, there is no detectable ego here. It is a wonderful expression of musical space beyond the limits of individual consciousness.

Shebar is less perfect, longer, more ambitious. Pullen is revealed here, as on *Mantu*, as a major pianist to be studied and enjoyed by everyone. His playing is often compish here, but there is a certain contrapuntal integrity at work, which seems to indicate that his music becomes increasingly contrapuntal as he grows.

Graves makes clear his position as a leading drummer. He sounds as if he is constantly in contact with every possibility.

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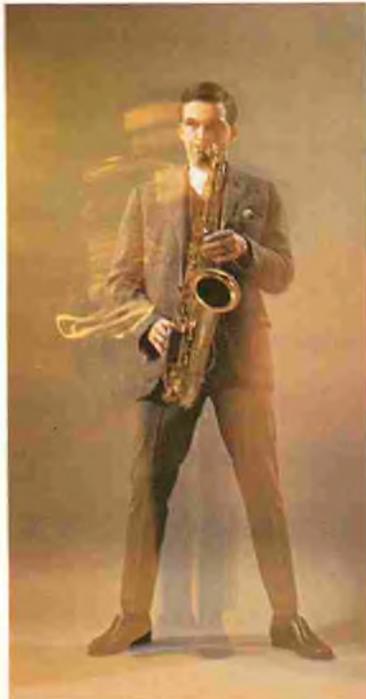
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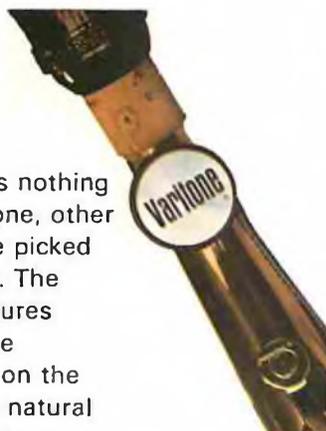
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And during a very creative bass solo by Johnson there is conversation between the players that is as good as recorded improvised music gets.

The gift (for me) is Logan. He plays all the winds with facility and authority. He never plays for long; he doesn't play often; but when he does play, the group is raised to a new intensity, and in this sense he truly leads the group.

All this singling out of men for praise is, however, against the point—surely against the music. The essence here is the commitment of the players to one another. This record documents the highest state of that art as of May 1, 1965.

The album is highly recommended, but be warned of two things:

1. Even though *Shebar* is a trip unto itself, there is something wrong. After a string of soloistic passages, it returns to an ensemble and then seems to hunt in a variety of directions before agreeing on a new texture, from which Logan's flute begins to spiral with growing energy. At the moment this idea has found what sounds like its first plateau, the record inexplicably fades out. If the engineer ran out of tape, or the ending was unreleasable for some other reason, the music could easily have ended at some better place. Whatever the explanation, the music is good enough to refuse to be ruined by a very unmusical decision.

2. Side B is a long piano solo by Logan. His playing is very musical (by that I mean it is true to its author, faithful to what he is). Though he is not a pianist by any means, his inability to favor the instrument does not crucially obliterate the flow of music, which is strong, varied, and quite real. Be assured, however, that there are (conservatively) 1,000 honest and eager pianists with a median age of less than 20 who could turn in an equivalent performance.

The Logan quartet heard on the first side is unique and the union of its players an important fact in contemporary music. But giving over the whole second side to a Logan piano solo seems to be a waste of valuable commercial recording space. (B.M.)

Jack McDuff

A CHANGE IS GONNA COME—Atlantic 1463: *Down in the Valley; A Change Is Gonna Come; Hotcha; What'd I Say?; No Tears; Gonna Hang Me up a Sign; Minha Saudade; Same Old, Same Old; Can't Find the Keyhole Blues.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2, 4, 6—John Grimes, Harold Johnson, trumpets; Richard Harris, trombone; Arthur Clarke, George Coleman, tenor saxophones; Danny Turner, alto saxophone; Buddy Lucas, baritone saxophone; James Oliver, guitar; Cornell Dupree, guitar, conga; McDuff, organ; Jimmy Tyrrell, bass; Bernard Purdie, drums; Warren Smith, percussion. Tracks 3, 5, 7-9—Coleman; Turner; Dupree; McDuff; Tyrrell; Joe Dukes, drums.

Rating: ★ ½

Good thing there are two sides to almost every record. You can take the whole of this LP's first side and dump it overboard in this ocean of organ swells and rock-and-roll riptide.

There isn't one groove on that side to justify laying down the cartridge. But for masochists, I call attention to the title tune. Never have so few musicians worked so hard to achieve so little. The whole track sounds like one big, overdramatic

fanfare for a slovenly stripper. The Sam Cooke tune is poorly written to begin with, but Purdie's drumming makes a bad thing worse.

On the other side, McDuff's vocal on *Gonna Hang* leaves much to be desired. It's a meaningless throwaway.

Minha Saudade is an interesting bossa nova, enhanced by the voicing of Turner and Coleman. The quality starts to slip during the percussion solo. Drummer Dukes has trouble distinguishing between jazz samba and rock-and-roll rhythm.

As for the final two tracks—pure poetry in blues—dirty, funky, down-home treatments that make owning the whole album almost worthwhile. McDuff is most eloquent with slow blues, and Tyrrell's bass

snobbishness that doesn't take into consideration that it is possible to make good music on any instrument.

McGriff is among the many competent players of jazz organ. Admittedly (and obviously) greatly influenced by Jimmy Smith, but without his idol's taste and inventiveness, he nevertheless has a good sound, considerable facility, and a driving beat. Stretched over an entire LP, however, his conception tends to wear thin and is best sampled in smaller doses.

On the *Big Band* set, McGriff is showcased in Manny Albam re-creations of Basic material, ranging from the late '30s to the early '60s. The arrangements are good, though there is hardly any solo space for the fine horn players used on the three dates.

In terms of setting off the organ, the scores with reduced instrumentation (no trumpets) are most effective. The mixing of organ and big band has always been a dubious enterprise. One of the strengths of the organ is that it has such a big sound and can simulate a full band; when the two "big sounds" are mixed, an aural sunfist, or simply a muddle, is the likely result.

On *Go Away*, however, the band lays down a pretty carpet of sound for McGriff to embroider on, and on *Avenue C*, a fine old Buck Clayton piece, the band is so groovy that the presence of the organ hardly matters. (A nice arranging touch is the scoring of Harry Edison's original solo for the entire trumpet section.)

Every Day contains some of McGriff's best playing, with some original staccato runs. *Cherry Point* maintains that fine Basie tempo. On *Swingin'*, the organ is too much on top of the band, obscuring, among other things, the sax section's fine reading of Lester Young's famous chorus.

Slow, the only Albam original for Basie included here, has a good muted trumpet solo, probably by Newman, and McGriff "worries" a note to good effect. The recorded sound is first rate, and so are the rhythm sections.

The trio album is made up of material suited for the jukebox trade. Excepting *DB*, the tempos are fast, and nothing memorable happens. Part 1 of *DB* is a thinly disguised *Danny Boy*; Part 2, on which a big band unexpectedly crops up in the background, has a good, bluesy tenor solo and is straight blues all the way.

McGriff treats *Waterfront* as a vehicle for up-tempo riffing, with monotonous results. *See See* also does not benefit from speeding up, and *Boston* and *Home* are routine, unexciting blues pieces, meant for dancing rather than listening.

Interestingly, *Red River*, which is none other than good old *Red River Valley*, is credited to McGriff, as is the *Danny Boy* portion of *DB*. These pieces are in the public domain, of course. Not so, however, *Hallelujah*, also "composed" by McGriff, which turns out to be Ray Charles' famous *Hallelujah 'Cause I Love Her So*.

Guitarist Schwartz, who used to be with Jimmy Smith, takes a good single-string solo on *River*. The sound, again, is excellent, but the abstract packaging is hardly suitable for this kind of album. (D.M.)

IN THE NEXT DOWN BEAT

ANNUAL PIANO ISSUE

Art Tatum, by Rex Stewart
Bud Powell, by Marc Crawford
Hamp Hawes, by Leonard Feather

lines and Dupree's comping add to the soulful atmosphere.

Same Old and *Keyhole Blues* are the kind of tunes one wishes would never end. But as far as the whole record is concerned, the damage is already done. (H.S.)

Jimmy McGriff

THE BIG BAND—Solid State 18001: *Hobnail Boogie; Cherry Point; Swingin' the Blues; Cute; Every Day; Blues, Go Away; Avenue C; Lil' Darlin'; Splanky; Slow but Sure.*

Personnel: Jimmy Nottingham, Ernie Royal, Joe Newman, Burt Collins, Markie Markowitz, Richard Williams, trumpets; Wayne Andre, J. J. Johnson, Paul Falise, Tom McIntosh, Dick Hixson, Tony Studd, trombones; Budd Johnson, Frank Foster, Seldon Powell, Jerome Richardson, Frank Wess, Billy Mitchell, reeds; McGriff, organ; Kenny Burrell or Barry Galbraith, guitar; Richard Davis, bass; Mel Lewis or Grady Tate, drums; Manny Albam, leader, arranger.

Rating: ★★★

A BAG FULL OF SOUL—Solid State 18002: *I Cover the Waterfront; D.B. Blues, Parts 1 & 2; See See Rider; Red River Blues; Hallelujah; Boston Bust Out; On the Way Home.*

Personnel: McGriff, organ; Thornell Schwartz, guitar; Willy Jenkins, drums. Unidentified band, Track 2.

Rating: ★★ ½

The ways of record companies are cryptic. Here, a new entry, with emphasis on high-quality sound (the packaging resembles the Command stereo lines), has included two albums by the same artist in its first release.

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Lee Morgan

SEARCH FOR THE NEW LAND—Blue Note 4169: *Search for the New Land; The Joker; Mr. Kenyatta; Melancholes; Morgan the Pirate.*

Personnel: Morgan, trumpet; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Grant Green, guitar; Herbie Hancock, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Morgan is something of an enfant terrible. Though barely 28, he is a 10-year veteran of the major leagues; possessed of a brilliant instrumental technique; great exuberance; a fine, brassy tone; and a considerable talent for composing and arranging.

But he has not applied himself consistently to his craft, and the great promise of his talent has yet to be fully realized. In the wake of his success with *The Sidewinder*, Morgan, content with occasional night-club appearances and recording dates, has not been working full time, and it appears that we will have to wait a little longer for the complete Lee Morgan to emerge.

This album, however, contains excellent writing—all the tunes are Morgan originals—as well as flashes of truly musical and imaginative playing, though one has the feeling that Morgan is holding back.

The title tune, alternating moody ad lib sections with in-tempo blowing passages, is a well-wrought and fetching piece of music. It is the album's only long track but holds interest all the way. Guitarist Green, most often heard in a "soul" context, shows how beautifully he can fit into this kind of bag, and Shorter has a fine, declamatory spot, using thematic materials to build his solo.

In contrast, *The Joker* is a happy, straight-ahead track, with a classic pop feeling. Morgan's solo has excellent continuity (in contrast to other modern trumpeters, he never merely strings phrases together, and he avoids clichés), and Shorter gets into a Dexter Gordon groove, sounding much more jovial than he does customarily.

Kenyatta, the album's fastest piece (no breakneck tempos here), has a Latin tinge, with a Morgan solo with a montuno quality and nice half-valve touches at the end. Green is in fine form too. *Melancholes* makes for a good change of pace. Relaxed and pensive, it is graced by a short but lovely Hancock solo (opening with Ellingtonish chords) and excellent ensemble fills by Green.

Pirate, a medium-bright swinger, is another nice line—Morgan manages to make familiar materials sound fresh and different—with an exceptional Hancock solo, employing rapid octave-doubling on the bridge. However, it isn't the pianist's technical facility but rather the wholly musical way in which he uses it that is impressive. Shorter has a very fleet solo, and Morgan is brief but succinct.

The rhythm section is faultless throughout. Higgins is exceptionally alert, always plays for the soloists, and generates maximum swing in any time signature or tempo. He teams very well with Workman, who is consistently right. Together, they manage to be both strong and restrained—a rarity these days.

An interesting aspect of the album is that though there is quite a bit of modal

playing, none of the musicians fall into the noodling trap that modality offers, nor do they allow themselves to stretch out beyond the point of sustained interest.

In all, this is contemporary jazz at its most appealing. One hopes that Morgan will continue along this path to the fullest of his capabilities; jazz sorely needs musicians of his orientation. (D.M.)

Sun Ra

FATE IN A PLEASANT MOOD—Saturn 9956-2-B: *The Others in Their World; Space Mates; Lights on a Satellite; Distant Stars; Kingdom of Thunder; Fate in a Pleasant Mood; Ankhuation.*

Personnel: Phil Cohran, George Hudson, trumpets; Allen; Gilmore; Sun Ra; Boykins; Eddy Skinner, drums.

THE MAGIC CITY—Saturn 711: *The Magic City; The Shadow World; Abstract Eye; Abstract*

Personnel: Miller or Chris Capers, trumpet; Ali Hassan or Teddy Nance and Bernard Pettaway, trombones; Gilmore; Allen, alto saxophone, flute, oboe, piccolo; Danny Davis, alto saxophone, flute; Harry Spencer, alto saxophone; Patrick, baritone saxophone, flute; Cummings, Boykins; Blank or Jimmi Johnson, percussion; Sun Ra, piano, clavichord, bass marimba, tympani, electronic celeste, sun harp, dragon drum.

THE HELIOCENTRIC WORLDS OF SUN RA II—ESP Disk 1017: *The Sun Myth; A House of Beauty; Cosmic Chaos.*

Personnel: Walter Miller, trumpet; Robert Cummings, bass clarinet; Marshall Allen, alto saxophone, piccolo, flute; John Gilmore, tenor saxophone; Pat Patrick, baritone saxophone; Sun Ra, piano, bongos; Ronnie Boykins, bass; Roger Blank, percussion.

Rating for all: ★★½

The first of these albums, *Fate in a Pleasant Mood*, comprises seven relatively short pieces. Of these, I found *Kingdom of Thunder* the most attractive. It is more or less a mambo and, although repetitive, conveys a sense of delight wholly absent from any of the other pieces in these albums. I don't mean to suggest that a sense of delight is the chief virtue of music, but it is a good one to start with.

The least successful piece in *Fate* is *Space Mates*. It begins with an impressionistic piano solo, self-indulgent and self-deceiving, which is followed by a species of melody that has gotten jazz composers into trouble for the last 20 years.

This melody, given to the flute, consists of a two-bar phrase that offers very little suggestion of anything to follow except itself. If such a theme could be developed to any extent, it would have to be forcefully shifted from its course early in its voyage, during the first four bars, say—although its utter and complete circularity makes me doubt this possibility. In its use here, it is allowed to realize its compulsive attachment to itself, and the entire eight-bar small theme consists of little else.

And the inevitable follows the inevitable: the theme is repeated (with echo effect added, to its further detriment), repeated again in a new key (again with echo), and repeated once more in the original key (without echo).

The flute melody is followed by the sort of percussion solo that is of little interest to nonpercussionists, a superbly played bass solo in double stops by Boykins, and an *agitato* piano solo rather in the idiom of the introductory piano solo. The connection between these sections is cavalier at best, and the work sadly lacks a sense of direction and wholeness.

The melody line of *The Others in Their World* is interesting, and the *organom* used later in the work is well employed.



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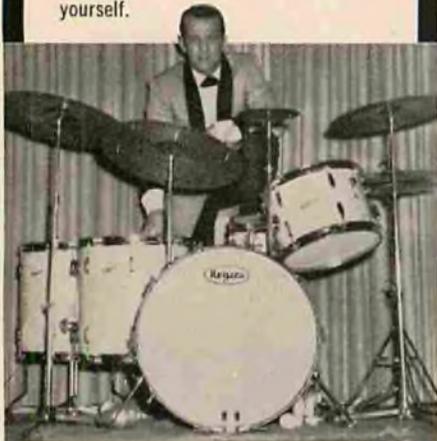
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Boykins again demonstrates his considerable skill in *Lights on a Satellite*, and the influence of Lennie Tristano can be heard in portions of Sun Ra's piano solo. (This is followed by a section in which Sun Ra's performance of eighth notes is curiously thick-fingered.)

The other two albums are far less conventional than *Fate*.

The works are longer and display a more complicated set of musical materials, including free collective improvisation; a predominance of speech rhythms, as opposed to measured rhythms; the use of standard instruments in unusual modes, such as saxophone honks and squeaks, double bass and saxophone harmonics, trombone sforzandos in straight mute a la Alban Berg, shimmering scale runs over two or three octaves; the use of relatively new instruments (tuned bongos, bass marimba); and the use of wholly new instruments, such as electronic celeste, clavoline, sun harp, dragon drum—the latter two, I suppose, inventions of the composer.

On *The Sun Myth*, in *Heliocentric Worlds*, the composer has superimposed what sounds like African singing (from somebody else's album presumably), which I rather enjoyed when I could hear it.

His playing of tuned bongos is exciting and appropriate here, and the bowed double bass (again by Boykins) is extremely well played, as is the pizzicato work toward the end of the piece.

After an alto saxophone solo, the work moves into an extraordinary collection of sounds. At first these are marvelously well organized—or fitted (I assume that they are improvised)—but as they proceed, they disintegrate, culminating in utter gracelessness and lack of form.

The remaining pieces in *Heliocentric*, as well as the four pieces in *Magic City*, demonstrate the same faults and virtues heard in the pieces already discussed. It would be pointless to treat them one by one.

But I should like to point out that in them Boykins is almost always very good, that the trumpet solo on *Abstract "I"* (by Capers) shows great flexibility (by which I mean the ability to lip slur with ease) as well as velocity, and that Sun Ra's playing of tuned bongos, bass marimba, clavoline, sun harp, dragon drum, and electronic celeste (these he plays not so much as solo instruments but as orchestral instruments—often in improvised or semi-improvised passages in conjunction with other instruments) constitutes the most impressive aspect of this album. It is here that Sun Ra demonstrates his compositional sense, and on many occasions it is of a high order. (W. R.)

Irene Reid

IT'S TOO LATE—Verve 5003: *It's Too Late*; *Why I Feel So Loved*; *Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe*; *So Long*; *Just for a Thrill*; *Smile*; *Guess I'll Hang My Tears out to Dry*; *Another Rainy Day*; *Goodbye*; *The Shadow of Your Smile*; *That's My Desire*; *Big Spender*.

Personnel: unidentified orchestra, Frank Foster, Mort Garson, arrangers, conductors; Miss Reid, vocals.

Rating: ★★ ★

Miss Reid could very well be the successor to Dinah Washington. She has a

forceful voice with good intonation and crystal-clear diction, although she tends to sacrifice dynamic variety on the altar of blues shouting. But there's no denying that she swings and, in the process, drives the whole band.

This album might have provided a better showcase for her vocal talents, but unfortunately Miss Reid seems to be the victim in a musical tug of war between arrangers Foster and Garson. That she overcomes it is a tribute to her artistry.

Basically, the trouble stems from overwriting. Foster is by far the busier, with the title tune and *Another Rainy Day* the most offensive examples. *It's Too Late* is bogged down in a completely unmotivated 3/4 Gospel bag. Foster's worst breach of taste is in his use of electric guitar with its 110-volt slaps on two and four of *Happiness*, while a (electric?) bass fills each measure with eight eighth notes in a perpetual motion of sameness.

Foster's arrangements have their positive side too. *Shadow of Your Smile* hits a relaxed groove, even though it's in a key that is too low for Miss Reid (her lowest note is understandably sharp). And *Big Spender* romps merrily, allowing Miss Reid to inject a Peggy Lee type of humor into the tune.

Garson's backgrounds are string heavy, but at least they offer a rhythmic flexibility that complements Miss Reid's voice.

The best of these is *Smile*, with its flighty piano figure behind Miss Reid's full-bodied vocal line. For unobtrusive arrangements that allow the singer enviable freedom, the ballads *Goodbye* and *Tears* come off best.

Miss Reid deserves a more straight-ahead, less-gimmicky approach in terms of backing. If it must be a big band, I'd like to hear what she could do with Count Basie's band behind her.

While we're still thinking out loud, couldn't Verve identify some of the instrumentalists? There is outstanding tenor work on *Smile*, *Just for a Thrill*, and *Tears*; a fine flute solo on *Goodbye*; and excellent muted trumpeting on *So Long*. The byplay between the tenorist and Miss Reid on *Thrill* is reminiscent of the give and take between Lester Young and Billie Holiday. So why the anonymity? (H.S.)

Memphis Slim

PINETOP'S BLUES—International Polydor 423211: *Pinetop's Blues*; *Blue T'bis Evening*; *Caught the Old Coon at Last*; *We're Two of the Same Old Kind*; *Don't Think You're Smart*; *Kansas City*; *Got a Little Old Mama*; *In the Evening*; *Rock Me, Baby*; *Me, Myself, and I*; *Memphis Slim U.S.A.*

Personnel: Slim, piano, vocal; Alexis Korner, guitar; Stan Greig, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

Slim, an excellent pianist and singer, has been among the most prolific and popular authentic blues performers for more than two decades. Known to jazz audiences in this country primarily as the composer of *Every Day* and *The Comeback* (Joe Williams' two big hits with Count Basie), he has acquired a considerable following in Europe, where he has spent much of his time in recent years.

Recorded in England in 1960, this album offers a good cross section of Slim's originals, a few classic blues, and a non-rock-and-roll version of a commercial hit

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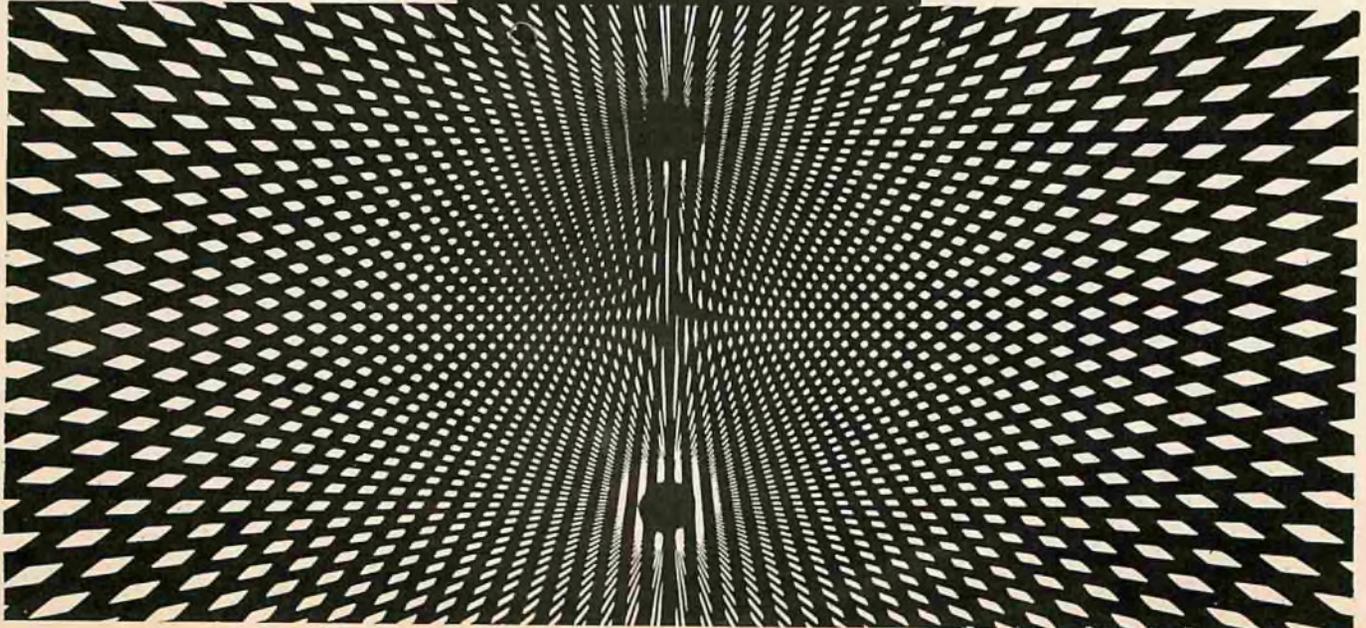
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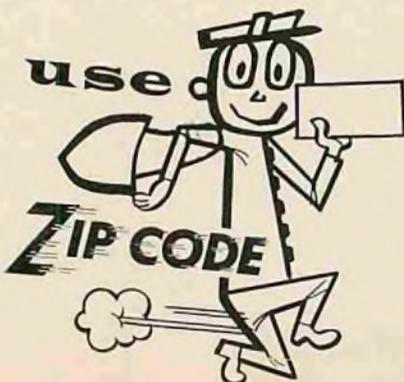
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of a few years ago, *Kansas City*.

Slim is assisted by two British musicians, whose contributions, perhaps luckily, are consistently underrecorded. Korner briefly takes the spotlight on *Me* (not the pop tune but an original blues) in response to Slim's "Play, Mister Guitar!", showing a good grasp of the idiom.

The most moving performance is *Little Old Mama*. In the spoken introduction, Slim explains that this is one of the first blues he ever heard, as sung by his father. He follows this with some comments about his big influence, Roosevelt Sykes, a tribute to his friend and mentor, Big Bill Broonzy, and then *Rock Me* and a fine version of *In the Evening*, dedicated to Leroy Carr, "the greatest male blues singer of all times."

Pinetop features Slim's rocking boogie-woogie piano; he is among the best living exponents of this genre, as he also demonstrates on the traveling blues, *Memphis Slim U.S.A.*

Two has the same feeling (and melodic line) as Jimmy Oden's *Goin' Down Slow* and is a poignant performance with excellent piano accompaniment. *Smart* is a stern but humorous admonition to a girl to mend her ways, sung and played with aplomb.

This is a nice taste of the blues, but Slim has done better, particularly with his erstwhile partner, singer-bassist Willie Dixon. (D.M.)

Various Artists

THE ORIGINAL NEW ORLEANS ALL-STARS—International Polydor 623217: *Gettysburg March; Sweethearts on Parade; Pop's Blues; Down in Honky-Tonk Town; Four or Five Times; In the Alley Blues; Ting-a-Ling; Angry; Jimmy's Blues; Indiana; Bugle Boy March.*

Personnel: Alvin Alcorn, Keith Smith, trumpets; Jimmy Archey, trombone; Darnell Howard, clarinet; Alton Purnell, piano, vocal; Pops Foster, bass; Cic Frazier, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

This album was recorded in Hamburg, Germany, in February while the band was on a Horst Lippmann-Fritz Rau tour, and the music and musicians were chosen to give European audiences a taste of real New Orleans jazz, as opposed to the pop-trad style of many of the revivalists. These men occasionally show thunder and lightning but unfortunately miss brewing a full-blown New Orleans storm.

There are, nevertheless, many satisfying moments throughout these tracks. Archey's muted solo on *Sweetheart* is smooth and swinging. British trumpeter Smith has a Freddie Keppard push in his playing on *Honky-Tonk*. Purnell, a staunch musician, is a joy in his solo work, showing a solid left hand, and his singing (*Sweethearts* and *Four or Five*) has the right touch of Louis Armstrong.

Howard is not too impressive in his solos on *Indiana* and *Angry*, which are built on easy phrases strung together without much imaginative force, but his low-register playing on *Four or Five* is a different matter. All the old passion and beauty come to the surface in a fine chorus.

Foster has, at 74, much music in him. On *Honky-Tonk* and the fast-tempo *Indiana* he solos with vigorous authority, and on *Alley* he carries on a moving dialog with Purnell. Alcorn has a good sound and

good control, and the right punch where it counts in ensembles. Frazier is a choppy, but steady, drummer. (G.M.E.)

The Rev. Tom Vaughn

JAZZ IN CONCERT AT THE VILLAGE GATE—RCA Victor 3577: *The "In" Congregation; I Get a Kick out of You; I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face; Chim Chim Chere; Mr. Cholly; Get Me in the Church on Time; Where Is Love?; Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise.*

Personnel: Father Vaughn, piano; Art Davis, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

Father Vaughn's basic calling is the priesthood. But to this reviewer's secular ears, his contributions as a man of jazz are quite meaningful. His approach to the keyboard is full-bodied, but he obviously prefers the sensitive to the hard-driving. He plays straight-ahead—a clerical compromise that makes him a musical middle-of-the-roader. Stylistically he's an eclectic, combining the divergencies of Oscar Peterson and Ahmad Jamal until he most nearly approaches their distillation in Andre Previn, with liberal doses of funk thrown in.

The funky cliches dominate *Congregation* to the point where it sounds like Ramsey Lewis with his collar on backwards.

I Get a Kick is belabored by a long, unmotivated introduction, but it's worth waiting for. Father Vaughn swings gently, and Jones provides a tasteful bit of brushwork.

I Get a Kick is belabored by a long, unmotivated introduction, but it's worth waiting for. Father Vaughn swings gently, and Jones provides a tasteful bit of brushwork. Harmonic anemia weakens *Accustomed to Her Face*, but the pastor manages to offset it with occasional funky outbursts. Davis gives him some imaginative bass lines to work with, but the padre never rises to the occasion.

Again a wandering introduction is wasted—this time on *Chim Chim*. Father Vaughn's 3/4 music-box effect would have sufficed. When the meaningful tempo begins, Davis and Jones lay down a driving foundation suitable for a big band. Vaughn's response is disappointing—especially his monotonous left-hand jabs.

Mr. Cholly is the high point of the album. The three sound as if they'd been playing together for years. Father Vaughn makes good use of tremolo and manages to control his dynamics effectively. But it's the rhythm section that is outstanding. Jones doubles Father Vaughn's phrasing instinctively and fills his gaps with meaningful comments. Davis times his "stroking power" with uncanny skill, coming off a high pedal point after two choruses and leaping down to his lowest notes to add a deliciously dirty drive to the blues.

Father Vaughn shows some flashy technique in an (autobiographical?) up-tempo *Get Me to the Church*. Ditto Jones' brushing. *Where Is Love?* serves as pretty cocktail-lounge doodling, but poor recording balance hurts Davis' bowing. *Softly* cooks with more than just solid musicianship; there is considerable "in" humor in the tentative introduction before the tune happens.

With Davis and Jones so groovily in support, the real paradox is their lack of solo statements. Davis gets one brief chance, in *Church*, and Jones, none at all. It hurts an otherwise good album. (H.S.)

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BY LEONARD FEATHER

John Handy, the co-winner of this year's *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll as alto saxophonist deserving of wider recognition, expresses great admiration for the unconventional challenge that Ornette Coleman has placed before jazz musicians, although Handy himself emphasizes facile technique rather than exploratory execution. He has high regard for Cecil Taylor and John Coltrane, as well as for Miles Davis (of whom he said, "I still think he's avant-garde"), Dizzy Gillespie, and Coleman Hawkins.

Born in Dallas, Texas, Feb. 3, 1933, Handy was self-taught on clarinet, which he began playing when he was 13. Later switching to tenor, he worked around Los Angeles and San Francisco. He began playing alto about the time he moved to New York, in 1958. There he worked with Charles Mingus and Randy Weston before forming his own group.

Handy's quartet recently began a prodigious amount of concert work—chiefly at colleges and universities on the West Coast. The following was Handy's first *Blindfold Test*; he received no prior information about the records played.



JIM TAYLOR

1. Randy Weston. *Willie's Tune* (from *Randy!*, Bakton). Ray Copeland, trumpet; Booker Ervin, tenor saxophone; Weston, piano, composer.

I believe that was Randy Weston on piano. He's an ex-boss of mine, and it sounded like some of his delightful music.

Booker Ervin on tenor saxophone, I'd say, and Ray Copeland, probably, on trumpet. The other members I'm not quite sure of. It was a very short number, and I would have liked them to have stretched out more on solos. I think they probably did the short version to get more air play. I think it was well played for the amount of time allotted. I liked the recording; I would like to have heard a little more bass.

A person I had a lot of fun playing with was Randy. I thought the composition was very easy, unpretentious . . . good-time music—well played, interesting too. Love Randy's playing and Booker's too. He was my old stablemate with Charlie Mingus, and I think he's improved. And Ray is a very fine musician; I've always liked what he plays.

I'd rate that four stars.

2. Charles Lloyd. *Love Ship* (from *Dream Weaver*, Atlantic). Lloyd, tenor saxophone, composer; Keith Jarrett, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums.

That's Charlie Lloyd. I don't recognize any of the other players. The bass player was hardly audible in most places. The pianist sounded to me like he should have let his left hand in more; he seemed to use it more in the rhapsodic part, where he was running some pretty arpeggios. I think the lines and ideas in his right hand were great.

This kind of composition I find more jazz musicians attempting; I don't think we quite have it mastered yet. I think it was a very beautiful interpretation; the lines were beautiful.

I'd like to hear more tenor saxophone players who sound more like John Coltrane and get a good sound out of the bottom register of the horn. You know, it's a little harsh, but it's created a style. Unfortunately, many of us are influenced by certain people to the extent that it's hard to distinguish the person from his influence.

I've heard a lot of Charlie's playing; he's still young enough to shed his influence and become more Charlie Lloyd. I

think he will, because he's improved at each hearing that I've had of him.

I'd say 3½ on that. . . . Charlie should have played more.

3. Gerry Mulligan. *Prelude in E Minor* (from *Night Lights*, Philips). Art Farmer, flugelhorn; Bob Brookmeyer, trombone; Mulligan, baritone saxophone; Bill Crow, bass; Dave Bailey, drums; Frederic Chopin, composer.

Well, nobody got excited on that one! It sounded as if everybody was playing with dry mouths, including the guitar player. There was hardly any resonance in any of the instruments—as far as tone quality goes, that is.

I think that was Gerry Mulligan on baritone; even he got that kind of dry sound. I think he was playing with a harder reed than I'm used to hearing him play with.

The trombone sounded as if it might have been Brookmeyer, and that sounded like Art Farmer. They all sounded as if they could have warmed up their instruments a little more. However, it *did* fit the mood. Everybody played pretty much with the same sound, kind of a yearning.

I couldn't say it was commercial; it was a very well-played thing, obviously done by top-notch professionals. But it was not a record that I feel *they* were excited about either, and as far as stars—I'd say two. I'd like to hear them play something else.

4. Attila Zoller. *Ictus* (from *The Horizon Beyond*, Emarcy). Zoller, guitar; Don Friedman, piano; Barre Phillips, bass; Daniel Humair, drums; Carla Bley, composer.

There was some interest in the head line, the chart. This group sounded as if at one time they were all listening to some Ornette Coleman records.

Emotionally, it didn't get next to me. The pianist, here again, used his right hand a lot. He did bring the left in on some lines, but the ideas didn't always seem to jell, and maybe it's because this thing is so new to all of us, and when we're trying to do this, I know that we sometimes fall into the same kind of confusion.

The drummer was most confusing at times—I find this with a lot of drummers that do this kind of thing. They seem to be at losses—"What do I do next? . . . will this be all right?" He had a very

wobbly sock cymbal, hardly ever distinguishable as to where he was making an accent. And some of the other things he was playing—well, this isn't my favorite kind of music, really.

The guitarist I couldn't distinguish—there might have been some well-known people on here, but I couldn't distinguish them. The bass player had some melodic things going, as bass players do who are able to play with a lot of virtuosity. The guitarist sounded like Jim Hall.

I'd like to hear them play something more familiar. I think that this is still kind of the touchstone for all of us, young and old players. I think this is "playing at" rather than playing it. Two stars.

5. Eric Dolphy. *Miss Ann* (from *Last Date*, Limelight). Dolphy, composer, alto saxophone; Misja Mengelberg, piano; Jacques Schols, bass; Hans Bennink, drums.

This sounded like an in-person performance, at a concert probably.

I might step on some toes here. It's not my favorite alto player; it sounded like somebody had gotten hold of some Siegard Rascher studies for the saxophone, combined with some Marcel Mule studies, and used a very hard reed.

That was Eric Dolphy, I'm sure; he had a lot of command of technique on his instrument, and at times—well, to be frank, I liked him very much when he was with Chico Hamilton and had a chance to play, when they gave him blowing space and the more traditional chord changes. And especially on pretty, slow things. I think he did *Passion Flower*; that was one of my favorite things by him.

The kind of things that he did in his later years I didn't like as much. Many of them, to me, were just erratic, didn't make any sense. That kind of music doesn't do anything for me emotionally or even technically. Seems as if it had very little to do with what was going on with the chords and even the rhythm; the rhythm section sounded like they were playing in an old idiom; the pianist sounded a little like Monk.

The recording was poor throughout; the composition didn't make a hell of a lot of musical syntax. I don't know who the players were—the drummer I liked best; he played more sensibly.

It's not something I'd buy. One star. 

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SITTIN' IN (Continued from page 13)

at the Internal Revenue Department called me and told me to come down.

When I got there, he showed me my file. From June to January not one dime had been paid Uncle, and I owed \$1,546.76! Of course, I explained that John had got the money, and the man said he believed me. But it was like this: if my bookkeeper absconds with the funds due the government, the government wants me.

So what to do? I couldn't find John. No one said he moved, but I can't reach him. I keep trying; I have no choice; I have no money. I believe I called John twice a day for 13 days and got no answer.

Then, miraculously, the phone rang, and it was Schenck saying, "Art, how the hell are you? Where you been?"

He heard me out, denying nothing. That entertaining he was doing was with our money, but he'd come down and explain it to the government.

And he did, but it didn't change a thing concerning their attitude toward me, except they did say that if I wanted to prosecute John, they'd appear as witnesses for me. Big help. What a bringdown.

Schenck thought a bit and then said, "Don't worry, Art." Sure, don't worry; but where does the money come from? John said, "Don't worry," and he meant it. "I'll call you tomorrow," he said.

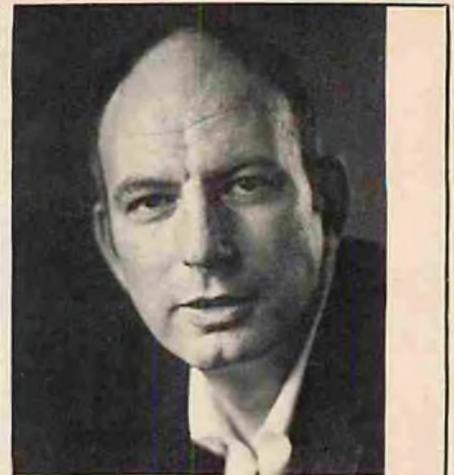
I'm not sure he did, but his sister did. She wanted to hear me explain the problem, and I explained it. Within two days I had a check for \$1,546.76. I was home free, just like the lyric, "if you've ever been down, you know just what I mean." Now I'm breathing.

So, I retain some pleasant memories of such a guy (by the way, that was some of John's inheritance money; it seemed Sis was hanging onto it so John wouldn't blow it).

In a recent letter from a buddy of Schenck's, Bob Downs, I'm reminded: "John's concerts were really an extension of the parties that were held the night before, usually at Mama and Papa Yancey's, the only thing going on on an otherwise dull Sunday afternoon. Everybody would be there; Baby Dodds, Don Ewell, Miff Mole, Albert Ammons, etc. Doc Evans was the sober one."

Chicago had its day. It didn't just happen. It had its people, its dedicated people, alive, electric, interesting. The town had a moment, and it had a beat, a time of greatness. You read the list of players who once hung their hats there, and it's a who's who in jazz. They're gone now. Either San Francisco or New York City have the biggest number (quite a few in Los Angeles too). But we had 'em at one time. Some are still around but out of the business or hiding out, like in caves.

It would take a John Schenck to unearth them, organize sessions, and give them a reason, an excuse, desire, assurance. Find people who'll come and listen and applaud. This, John Schenck did nobly. He was a magnet; in his way he carried a beat. Man, this cat couldn't blow a note, but he made so much music. You know how I know? I miss it. Gone. . . .



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AD LIB

(Continued from page 12)

where she was backed by pianist Joe Purnello's trio . . . At the Holiday House in Malibu Beach, pianist Bob Aleivar is back in town after a six-year residence in Las Vegas. Working behind singer Patti Casey were Aleivar, bassist Don Bagley, and drummer Roger Benniof . . . Holding forth at Marty's until owner-trumpeter Bobby Bryant officially opens the relocated nitery is the Luis Rivera Trio (Rivera, organ; Francois Vaz, guitar; Edgar Jones, drums). Featured with them is jazz singer Muria Sales . . . Singer Ray Charles will be a guest on ABC-TV's *Hollywood Palace* Oct. 8 . . . Reed man Georgie Auld was signed by vocalist Tony Martin to conduct Martin's recent Century Plaza Hotel stint. Ernie Freeman is to arrange Martin's special material.

DETROIT: This city's largest jazz concert in years took place Aug. 7 at Cobo Hall, featuring the groups of trumpeter Miles Davis; organist Jimmy Smith; pianists Horace Silver, Dave Brubeck, and the Rev. Tom Vaughn; and singer Sarah Vaughan. Father Vaughn was backed by local jazzmen Don Jordan, bass, and Dick Riordan, drums. Miss Vaughan brought two familiar faces back to the Detroit scene in pianist Bob James and drummer Omar Clay . . . Another room was lost to jazz when the Town Bar in Ann Arbor changed policy. Bassist Ron Brooks had long led the trio there . . . At Chic's, bassist Dedrick Glover pulled his group out after a dispute over the condition of the piano. Pianist Charles Rowland took over the gig. With Rowland were alto saxophonist Larry Smith, bassist Euman Broxton, and drummer Ike Dancy . . . Pianist Willie Anderson's trio at a recent Blues Unlimited session included bassist Millard Glover and drummer Joe Harris. Other groups appearing there last month were reed man Norris Patterson's quartet and the trios of pianists Babs Logan, Jimmy Dixon, and Teddy Harris . . . Drummer (singer-dancer) J. C. Heard returned to his native Detroit to front a revue at the Playhouse. Gino Biando has replaced reed man Bob Pierson's house band there. Between revues, Pierson's group brought jazz to the Playhouse. Guests at a recent session included pianist Claude Black, multi-instrumentalist Bruce Miller, guitarist Wayne Wright, bassist John Clark, drummer Frank Isola, and vocalists Peggy Kaye and Wilbur Chapman . . . Pianist Harold McKinney has reorganized his sextet at the Chessmate. The group now includes trumpeter Donald Towns, tenor saxophonist Donald Walden, bassist Rod Hicks, drummer Archie Taylor, and vocalist Gwen McKinney . . . The Side Door, a new coffee house in Kalamazoo, features the Dave Ferguson Quartet on Sundays (Ferguson, trumpet; Eddie Hollis, piano; Scott McKeon, bass; Harold Mason, drums) . . . Organist Rudy Robinson is the leader of the group at Jack Springer's Sunday sessions at the Webbwood Inn, not drummer Hindal Butts, as previously reported.

ST. LOUIS: The Northwest Plaza shopping center has booked a solid week of live entertainment, opening with vocalist Russ Carter and, in order, the In Men, vocalist Marty Bronson with the Sal Ferraro Trio, guitarist Jerry Jay and the Sheratons, clarinetist Sammy Gardner's Dixieland band, and Otto Shultz' German band . . . A local instrumental and vocal group, the Chasers Four, is touring the night-club circuit. It appeared at the Ivanhoe in Chicago Aug. 23 to Sept. 1 and then hopped to Lake Tahoe from Sept. 21 to Oct. 1, at the Sahara Tahoe in Nevada. The group is led by Vince Pavia, trumpet, drums; with Rich Lauenstein, accordion; Joe McCreary, bass; Sharon Andre, vocals . . . Singleton Palmer's Dixieland band (Bill Martin, trumpet; Leon King, trombone; Palmer, tuba; Norman Mason, clarinet; Gus Perryman, piano; Ben Thigpen, drums), continuing in its seventh year at the Opera House, keeps Gaslight Square swinging . . . The Andy Williams-Henry Mancini concert drew a capacity house at Kiel Auditorium . . . Sunday night events are being held at Mr. Ford's on the east side. The weekend house band has trumpeter Roswald Derby, alto saxophonist-flutist Allan Merry, organist Cary Jones, percussionist Larry Newsome, and vocalist Buster Jones . . . The owners of the successful jazz club, La Cachette, are talking about bringing in name jazz groups soon . . . The big band of trumpeter Gary Dammer worked a gig at the Tan Tara Lodge at the Lake of the Ozarks and is scheduled for return appearances.

BALTIMORE: The Left Bank Jazz Society, a nonprofit organization, featured pianist Walter Bishop's quartet, including tenorist Harold Vick, bassist Eddie Khan, and drummer Dick Berk, at a concert Aug. 28; Freddie Hubbard's quintet (James Spaulding, alto saxophone; Ronnie Mathews, piano; Jymie Merritt, bass; J. C. Moses, drums) came in to play a previously postponed engagement on Sept. 4; and an octet, which included pianist Jimmy Wells, bassist Donald Bailey, and baritonist Henry Levy came in on Sept. 11 . . . Pianist Donald Criss has replaced the quintet of pianist Yusef Salim at the Peyton Place. Criss' trio included bassist Phil Harris and drummer Jimmy Johnson . . . Pianist Jerry Clifford shares the keyboard with Dick Aitken weeknights at the Prime Rib. Clifford's old stand at the Roosevelt Hotel is now held by tenor man Ots Bethel.

MIAMI: Pianist Chet Cochran and his trio (John Thomas, bass, and Dave Rudolph, drums) have been bringing forth jazz sounds to the members of the private Quarterdeck Club Wednesdays through Sundays . . . On Aug. 20 Phil Napoleon and His Memphis Five were featured on *The Jackie Gleason Show*, which was being taped for television in Miami Beach . . . Tenorist Pete Ponzol's group (Eddie Stack, piano; Jimmy Glover, bass; Marty Marger, drums) recently played a Playboy Club concert . . . A large band has been rehearsing with jazz concerts in mind. Featuring Sam

Scavonne, trumpet; John Alexander, Ralph Hutchinson, Dan Ettinger, and Wesley Collings, trombones; Gus Moss and Eddie Gralea, tenor saxophones; Don Ippolito, piano; Chubby Jackson, bass; Jack Franklin, drums, the band generated excitement at a recent rehearsal at the Seville . . . A part of Leonard DePaur's pops concert at the Miami Beach Auditorium featured a Duke Ellington segment utilizing some Ellington compositions organized in an extended suite . . . Regular jazz concerts are being held every Sunday at the Seville's Jazzville as a result of the increased interest in jazz in this area. On Aug. 14 Pete Ponzol took his quartet, with Duke Schuster added on trumpet, into the club. The Rudy-Smith Trio, with Jessie Smith, organ; Chester Washington, tenor saxophone; Dave Rudolph, drums, played opposite Ponzol's group. Pianist Harold Mabern Jr. and trumpeter Ira Sullivan were guests. The following Sunday brought forth two powerful jazz quartets: the Charlie Austin Quartet with Eric Knight, piano; Jimmy Glover, bass; Bobby Chinn, drums, and the Ira Sullivan Four. Sullivan's group delighted the audience with his jazz medley abstracted from the *Sound of Music*. Pianist Guy Fasciani sat in with Glover and Chinn, and Frank Casciola, formerly a drum student of Chick Webb and the current president of AFM Local 655, played one number with the Sullivan group . . . On Oct. 31, the North Miami Beach second annual jazz concert will be held to commemorate the city's 40th birthday. The Sullivan quartet and a big band will be featured.

LAS VEGAS: Clarinetist Pete Fountain took over from the Woody Herman Herd at the Tropicana for a three-week stay. With Fountain were Godfrey Hirsch, vibraharp; Earl Vuiovich, piano; Paul Guma, guitar; Oliver Felix, bass; and Jack Sperling, drums . . . Herman's trombonist, Carl Fontana, joined Nat Brandwynne's band at the new Caesar's Palace when the Herd moved on . . . Abe Nole's Sliding Boneheads, consisting of Charlie Loper, Tommy Turk, Archie LeCoque, Dick McQuary, Bill Smiley, and the leader on trombones; Tommy Todd, piano; Ed Boyer, bass; and Karl Kiffe, drums, took over the Sunday night feature spot at the Black Magic. Bandleader Jimmy Cook followed the week after with an octet . . . Rubens on Owens Avenue, where Eagle-Eye Shields has the resident group, has a guest policy on Mondays, and tenor man Riek Davis was among those invited . . . The Silver Slipper lounge has two swinging trios back to back: bassist Walter Bernard leads pianist Ronnie Donath and drummer Jimmy Skomal, while pianist Bob Rozario, after many years with trumpeter-singer Louis Prima, leads bassist Connie Milano and drummer Jay Hearn. The two groups back singers Dick Hale and Lynn Davies, respectively . . . Singer Tony Bennett just finished an engagement at the Cal-Neva Lodge at Lake Tahoe. His opening night was highlighted by a number of bonuses, including Count Basie at the piano, scat vocalist Bill Henry, trom-

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bonist **Al Grey**, and drummer **Louie Bellson**. In addition, pianist **Tommy Flanagan** arranged many of the selections and sat in at the keyboard with the **Paul Horn Quintet**. Bennett moved his entourage to Caesar's Palace after closing at Lake Tahoe . . . Singer **Buddy Greco** recently completed a month at the Sands Hotel backed by **Buddy Rich's** band.

LONDON: Early autumn visitors to **Ronnie Scott's** club included tenorist **Johnny Griffin** and singer **Sheila Jordan**, who were followed by vocalist **Marian Montgomery** and alto saxophonist **Charlie Mariano**. Then the **Horace Silver Quintet** began its first British engagement at Scott's Sept. 19. The pianist's group will be there

for a month . . . New Orleans veteran clarinetist **George Lewis** is touring England this month, backed on most of his dates by drummer **Barry (Kid) Martyn's** combo; British trumpeter **Ken Colyer** will be accompanying Lewis for a couple of dates also . . . The **National Jazz Orchestra**, with its highly modern arrangements, upset conventions when it played a Sunday at London's 100 Club, long a stronghold of traditional jazz and, lately, rhythm-and-blues . . . Baritonist **Ronnie Ross** led a big band for the first time on BBC radio's *Jazz Scene*. Ross and tenorist **Art Ellefson** were featured blowing Ross arrangements; this setup will be repeated for a *Jazz 625* television program in October . . . The **Marquee Club**, which once featured jazz

and blues nightly, has dropped jazz completely except for occasional Sunday spots such as the one sax man **Sonny Stitt** played Sept. 18. He was backed by the **Dick Morrissey Quartet** . . . **Horst Lippmann's** American Folk Blues Festival will play only two British dates this year: Sept. 28 at the Royal Albert Hall and at Manchester's Free Trade Hall the next day. The package includes **Big Joe Turner**, **Roosevelt Sykes**, **Sippie Wallace**, **Little Brother Montgomery**, and **Robert Pete Williams** . . . The Fusions of Jazz concert, featuring altoist **Joe Harriott's** double quintet and the music of Indian composer **John Mayer**, will be held at the Mermaid Theater Sept. 25. *Jazz 625* is screening a version on Sept. 21, and plans are proceeding for a similar concert in Paris in October . . . The **Modern Jazz Quartet** played a concert at Portsmouth's Guildhall Sept. 18. Its visit, which is being split in two because of concert dates in France, also includes recording for BBC 2 on Sept. 25 . . . Pianist **Dave Brubeck** returns next month, opening at Central Hall Oct. 22 . . . News from the avant-garde is that photographer **John Hopkins**, jazz writers **Ron Atkins** and **Alan Beckett**, and recording man **Peter Jenner** have formed a record company called DNA. They intend to record music "the furthest out yet" and have already recorded the **Steve Lacy Quartet** and **AMM**, a combo co-led by tenorist **Lou Gare** and guitarist **Keith Rowe**. Hopkins also hopes to present a series of benefit concerts, including one at Battersea Park Concert Pavilion. The profits will be divided between out-of-work musicians of the avant-garde inclination and the London Free School, an independent organization that teaches a variety of subjects. The school put on a fair Sept. 18-24 at which soprano saxophonist **Dave Tomlin** and the groups of pianists **Pete Lemer** and **Mike Taylor** appeared. Lemer, who will be in the United States in October, is the exchange performer at a Judson Hall concert for pianist **Paul Bley**, who will be in London.

NORWAY: Tenorist **Ben Webster** has been playing at Oslo's Manhattan Club. He is also supposed to compose the music and play a background solo for a Norwegian film . . . Singer **Sheila Jordan** starts at the Down Town Oct. 5 after one month in London . . . The two international jazz festivals held in Norway this summer were both successes. In Kongsberg, saxophonists **Yusef Lateef** and **Bill Barron** and French violinist **Jean-Luc Ponty** stepped in at the last minute; Lateef was particularly well received, but the whole festival was of good musical quality. In Molde, the **Charles Lloyd Quartet** was the most successful, but great honor went to saxophonist **Wayne Shorter**, who made an appearance before other festival guests had arrived. He could stay only a day because he had to be back with **Miles Davis' group**. Trombonist **Kai Winding** and violinist **Stuff Smith** were the most popular with the public, and a great jam session took place with Winding, tenorist **Don Byas**, trumpeter **Art Farmer**, pianist **Kenny Drew**, bassist **Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen**, and drummer **Alex Riel**.

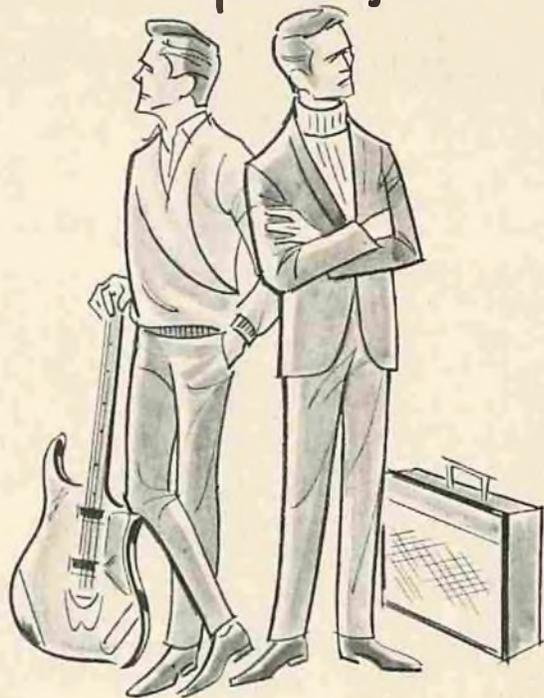
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LEGEND: hb.—house band; tfn.—till further notice; unk.—unknown at press time; wknds.—weekends.

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 Basie's: Harold Ousley, Sun.-Mon. Shirley Scott-Stanley Turrentine to 10/2.
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 Club Ruby (Jamaica): Jimmy Heath, Joe Henderson, George Coleman, Hank Mobley, John Gilmore, 9/25.
 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, Jaki Byard, Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
 Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko, Ray Bryant, Cutty Cutshall.
 Embers West: Mike Longo.
 Fairfield Motor Inn (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Mon.
 Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, Al Mannus, George Mauro, Jack Six.
 Five Spot: Elvin Jones, Sessions, Mon.
 Gnsight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano.
 Half Note: Zoot Sims to 10/23. Jackie Cain-Roy Kral to 9/25. Joe Williams, Harold Mabern, 9/27-10/2. Dizzy Gillespie, 10/7-15.
 Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.
 Jilly's: Monty Alexander, Link Milman, George Peri, Sun.-Mon.
 Kenny's Pub: Gene Quill, Mon.
 Key Club (Newark, N.J.): name jazz groups.
 Marino's Ront Chih (Brooklyn): Michael Grant, Vernon Jeffries, Bob Kay, wknds.
 Mark Twain Riverboat: name bands.
 007: Donna Lee, Mickey Dean, Walter Perkins.
 Off Shore (Pt. Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.
 Open End: Scott Murray, Wolf Knittel, Ted Kotick, Paul Motian.
 Playboy Club: Kal Winding, Walter Norris, Larry Willis, Howard Danziger.
 Red Carpet (Ozone Park): Lee Shaw to 10/11.
 Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, hb. Don Frye, Sun.
 Slug's: Roland Kirk to 9/25. Sessions, Sun. afternoon, Mon.
 Steak Pit (Paramus, N.J.): Connie Berry.
 Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
 Toast: Scott Reid.
 Top of the Gate: Dave Pike, Don Friedman, Chuck Israels.
 Village East: Larry Lovv.
 Village Gate: Herbie Mann to 10/2. Charles Mingus to 9/25.
 Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
 Western Inn (Atco, N.J.): Red Crossett, Sun.
 Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb.
 Baker's Keyboard: Wes Montgomery, 9/30-10/8.
 Les McCann, 10/19-28. Redd Foxx, 11/5-14.
 Joe Williams, 11/24-12/3.
 Big George's: Romy Rand.
 Blue Chip: Mark Richards, Tue.-Sat.
 Blues Unlimited: sessions, Thur. Claude Black, 9/22. Terry Pollard, 9/29. Jimmy Stefanon, 10/6.
 Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, Tue.-Sat.
 Caucus Club: Lenore Paxton, Mon.-Sat.
 Chessmate Gallery: Harold McKinney, Fri.-Sat.
 Chic's: Charles Rowland, Wed., wknds.
 Chit Chat: Earl Marshall, Thur.-Sat.
 Diamond Lil's: Skip Kalich, Tue., Thur.
 Drome: Rufus Harley, 9/23-10/2. Quartette Tres Bien, 10/7-16.
 French Leave: Jimmy Dixon.
 Frolic: Don Davis, Thur.-Sat.
 Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha, Tue.-Sat.

CHICAGO

Big John's: various blues groups.
 Jazz. Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
 London House: Earl Hines, 10/4-23. Frank Sinatra Jr., 10/25-11/13.
 McCormick Place: World Series of Jazz, 9/23-4.
 Midas Touch: Judy Roberts, wknds.
 Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, Wed.-Sun.
 Pershing Lounge: various groups.
 Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ralph Massetti, Joe Iaco, hbs.
 Plugged Nickel: Donald Byrd to 9/25. Richard Holmes, 9/28-10/9.
 Ricardo's Lounge: Virgil Pumphrey, Wed.-Thur.

MILWAUKEE

Attie: Woody Herman, 10/10.
 Black Steer: Scat Johnson, Mon.-Sat.
 Crown Room: Lou Lalli.
 De Salvo's: Frank DeMiles, Fri.-Sat.
 Dimitri's: The Jazzmen, Fri.-Sun.
 KG'S: Zig Millonzi, Wed.-Sat.
 M'n's: Four Star Quartet, Fri.-Sat.
 Sardino's: Dan Edwards, Mon.-Sat. Joe Gumin, Sun.
 1020 Club: Will Critts, Fri.-Sat.
 Tina's: Bob Uhlenberg, wknds.
 University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee: Duke Ellington, 10/11.
 Village Inn (Antigo): modern jazz, Sat.

MINNEAPOLIS

Big Al's: Dave Rooney.
 Chalet (Crystal): Rlo Pardo.
 Davy Jones Locker: Toni Lee Scott.
 Diamond Lil's: Harry Blons Dixie 5.
 Down Beat (Spring Park, Lake Minnetonka): George Meyers, Bobby Lyle, Wed.-Sun.
 Guthrie Theatre: Ahmad Jamal, 10/16.
 Emporium of Jazz (Mendota): Hall Brothers.
 Lighthouse (Orono, Lake Minnetonka): Howard Brown, Sun.
 Markey Club: Buddy Davis, Carol Martin.
 Park Terrace (St. Louis Park): Shirley Forewood, Hal Lichterman.
 White House (Golden Valley): Teddy Wilson, 9/22.

LOS ANGELES

Bahia Belle (San Diego): South Market Street Jazz Band.
 Bonesville: Don Ellis, Mon.
 Caribbean: Reuben Wilson, Fri.-Sun.
 Chico's (Lynwood): Gene Palmer, Fri.-Sat.
 China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup.
 Cisco's (Manhattan Beach): Allen Fisher, alternate Tue.
 Club Casbah: Dolo Coker, Harry Edison.
 Donte's (North Hollywood): Hampton Hawes, Tue.-Thur. Pete Jolly, Fri.-Sat. Jimmie Rowles, Sun.-Mon.
 Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, wknds.
 Greek Theater: Ella Fitzgerald, Duke Ellington to 9/26.
 Guys & Dolls (Sepulveda): El Dorado Jazz Band, Fri.-Sat.
 Holiday House (Malibu): Bob Alcivar.
 Huddle (Covina): Teddy Ruckner.
 International Hotel: Joe Loco.
 Jazz Corner: John Lemon.
 La Duce (Inglewood): John Houston.
 Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Mongo Santamaria, 9/25-10/15. Eldee Young, Red Holt, 10/16-29. Howard Rumsey, Mon.-Tue.
 Melody Room: Ocie Smith, Mary Jenkins.
 Memory Lane: name groups nightly.
 Nite Life: Jimmy Hamilton.
 Norm's Greenlake (Pasadena): Ray Dewey, Fri.-Sat.
 Orange County Fairgrounds (Costa Mesa): Pacific Jazz Festival, 10/7-9.
 Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson, Reuben Wilson, Mon.
 Pen & Quill (Manhattan Beach): Clarence Daniels.
 Pied Piper: Ike Isaacs.
 P.J.'s: Eddie Cano.
 Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Bob Corwin, hbs.
 Prime Rib (Newport Beach): Jan Deneau, Thur.-Sat.
 Ruma Room (Studio City): Paul Sorenson, Mon.
 Red Log (Westwood): Johnny Lawrence.
 Reuben's (Tustin): Edgar Hayes, Thur.-Sat.
 Reuben's (Whittier): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Wed.
 Sandpiper (Playa del Rey): Don Rader, Sun.-Mon.
 Shelly's Manne-Hole: Gil Evans to 9/26. Stan Kenton, 9/27-10/9. Afro-Blues Quintet + 1. Mon. Art Pepper, Sun. Shelly Manne, wknds.
 Sherry's: Mike Melvoin.
 Ship of Fools: Don Rader, Tue.
 Sportsmen's Lodge: Stan Worth.
 Tiki: Richard Dorsey.
 Vina's: LaVerne Hill, Thur.-Sun.
 Ward's Jazzville (San Diego): Kenny Burrell, 10/7-9. Cannonball Adderley, 10/21-23. Ramsey Lewis, 11/26-27. Hugh Parker, Fri.-Sat.
 White Way Inn (Reseda): Pete Dailey, Thur.-Sun.
 Woody's Wharf (Newport Beach): Dave Mackay, Chuck Donamico.



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JAZZ MINISTER

(Continued from page 23)

—*When the Saints Go Marching In.* This was a trumpet solo by Joe Newman, a latter-day New Orleans jazzman, who played briefly but with a feeling that lent the piece the beauty it deserves.

The co-operation on the part of musicians with the minister's efforts is heart-warming. One early morning the pastor approached a drummer as he was packing up his set and asked him if he could play at a 10 a.m. service, only a few hours away. The drummer said incredulously, "Ten in the morning! Are you . . .?" Then he smiled, shrugged, and said, "For you, reverend, I'll be there."

Since he started Sunday evening vespers from 5 to 6 p.m. last October in various churches in Manhattan, he never has had much trouble in getting together a worthwhile group of musicians to participate.

One of the most active co-workers he has had during the last year has been trumpeter Howard McGhee. McGhee and his wife have composed music for use during services. Last April, the trumpeter put together a special worship composition featuring four trumpets and organ. It was played by McGhee, Newman, Clark Terry, and Frank Williams with the organ part performed by Kenneth A. Hendron, the regular organist at Advent church.

Another more recent McGhee contribution has been his formation of the 16-piece Howard McGhee-Jazz Ministry Band, which has performed for several of the jazz vesper services, including a special performance last Easter.

Pianist Roger Kellaway, trumpeter Newman, and Pastor Gensel put together an hour-long vesper service last fall that has been performed in churches throughout the New York City area, as well as in Washington, D.C.; Philadelphia, Pa.; and Roanoke, Va.

The service, *O Sing to the Lord a New Song*, is in three sections: *Joy and Sadness*, *Love Is the Answer*, and *The Litany*. It opens and closes with Psalm 150, each instrument offering praise to the Lord. The *Joy and Sadness* part of the service also makes use of *Willow*, *Weep for Me*; *Body and Soul*; *When the Saints Go Marching In*; *Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child*; *Joy to the World*; and *Happy Blues*. For the musical accompaniment while the offering is being collected, the musicians play Charlie Parker's *The Hymn* or *Now's the Time*. For *Love Is the Answer* the tunes are *There Is No Greater Love*, *Tenderly*, *Stella by Starlight*, and *Were You There?* After the litany, improvisations or a musical reading of Psalm 150 are repeated by each instrumentalist before the benediction.

A rather hip minister in one of the out-of-town churches where the service was given, said, "The emotional appeal of the music was so great it cut my sermon."

The Rev. Mr. Gensel said, "I do not maintain that jazz *must* be brought into the church. But I do maintain that it *can* be, and, in the bringing, it can enrich that Christian realm which in time and space is set aside for worshipping God."



READERS POLL BALLOT

The 31st annual Down Beat Readers Poll is now under way. For the next six weeks—until midnight, Nov. 2—Down Beat readers will have an opportunity to vote for their favorite jazz musicians.

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

RULES, ETC.:

1. Vote only once. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight Nov. 2.
2. Use only the official ballot. Type or print names.
3. In voting for **Jazzman of the Year**, name the person who, in your opinion, has contributed the most to jazz in 1966.
4. In the **Hall of Fame** category, name the jazz performer—living or dead—who, in your opinion, has contributed the most to jazz during his career. This is the only poll category in which deceased persons are eligible. Previous winners are ineligible. They are Louis Armstrong, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Billie Holiday, Bix Beiderbecke, Miles Davis, Jelly Roll Morton, Thelonious Monk, Art Tatum, Eric Dolphy, Earl Hines, John Coltrane, and Charlie Christian.
5. Vote only for living musicians in other categories.
6. In the **Miscellaneous Instrument** category, a miscellaneous instrument is defined as one not having a category of its own. There are three exceptions: valve trombone (votes for valve trombonists should be cast in the trombone category), cornet and fluegelhorn (votes for cornetists and fluegelhornists should be cast in the trumpet category).
7. In naming your choice of **Record of the Year**, select an LP issued during the last 12 months. Include the full album title and artist's name in the spaces provided. If the album you choose is one of a series, indicate which volume number you are voting for.
8. Make only one selection in each category.



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