

FEBRUARY 9, 1967

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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

JAZZ FIDDLE

A Tough Row To Hoe
With A Bow

Marion Brown: Top Side Underground
Portrait Of Punch Miller

Gabor Szabo Takes
Blindfold Test.



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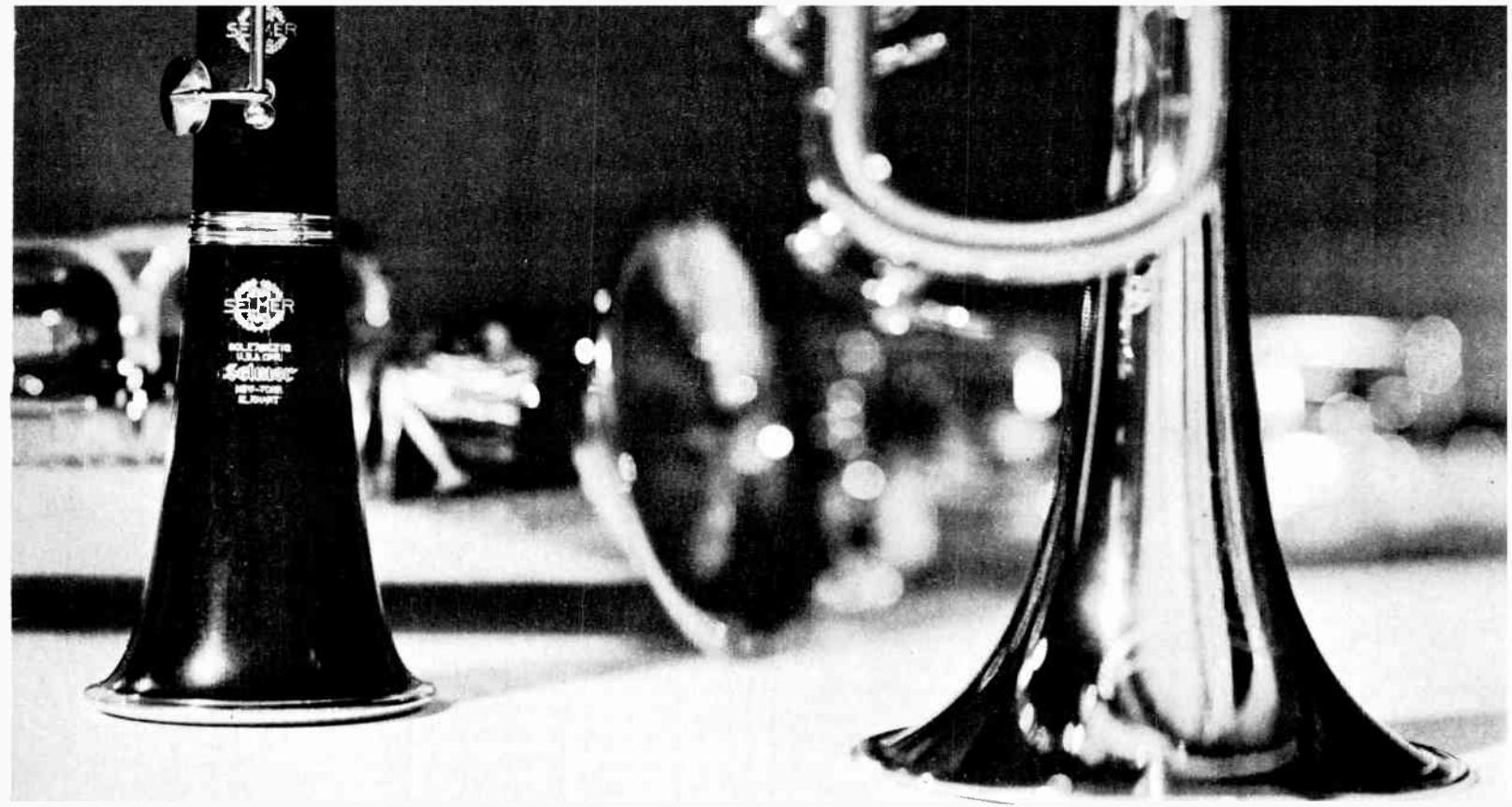
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down beat

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contents

- 8 Chords and Discords
- 11 News
- 12 Strictly Ad Lib
- 13 Feather's Nest: Black Blues in the Studio. By Leonard Feather.
- 14 Top Side Underground: Paving one of the diverse roads currently being explored by the avant-garde is alto saxophonist Marion Brown, who discusses his music in this interview. By Bill Quinn.
- 16 Jazz Fiddle—A Tough Row to Hoe with a Bow: Though few in number, and usually viewed with the same curiosity as purple cows, jazz violinists have continued to brighten the scene with their music since the early days. By Dan Morgenstern.
- 20 Portrait of a New Orleans Jazzman: Learning from old pro Punch Miller gives insights into more than just jazz technique, as this article by Tommy Sancton, a teenage student of Miller's, shows.
- 23 Caught in the Act: Phil Woods • Claude Hopkins/Sammy Rimington
- 24 The New Jazz—A Matter of Doing: A change in artistic viewpoint and a resultant alteration of quality standards have led to confusion among those who would judge new jazz players . . . at least according to this installment of Don Heckman's Sounds & Silences column.
- 27 Record Reviews
- 35 Blindfold Test: Gabor Szabo
- 36 Jazz on Campus. By George Wiskirchen, C.S.C.
- 44 Where & When: A guide to current jazz attractions.

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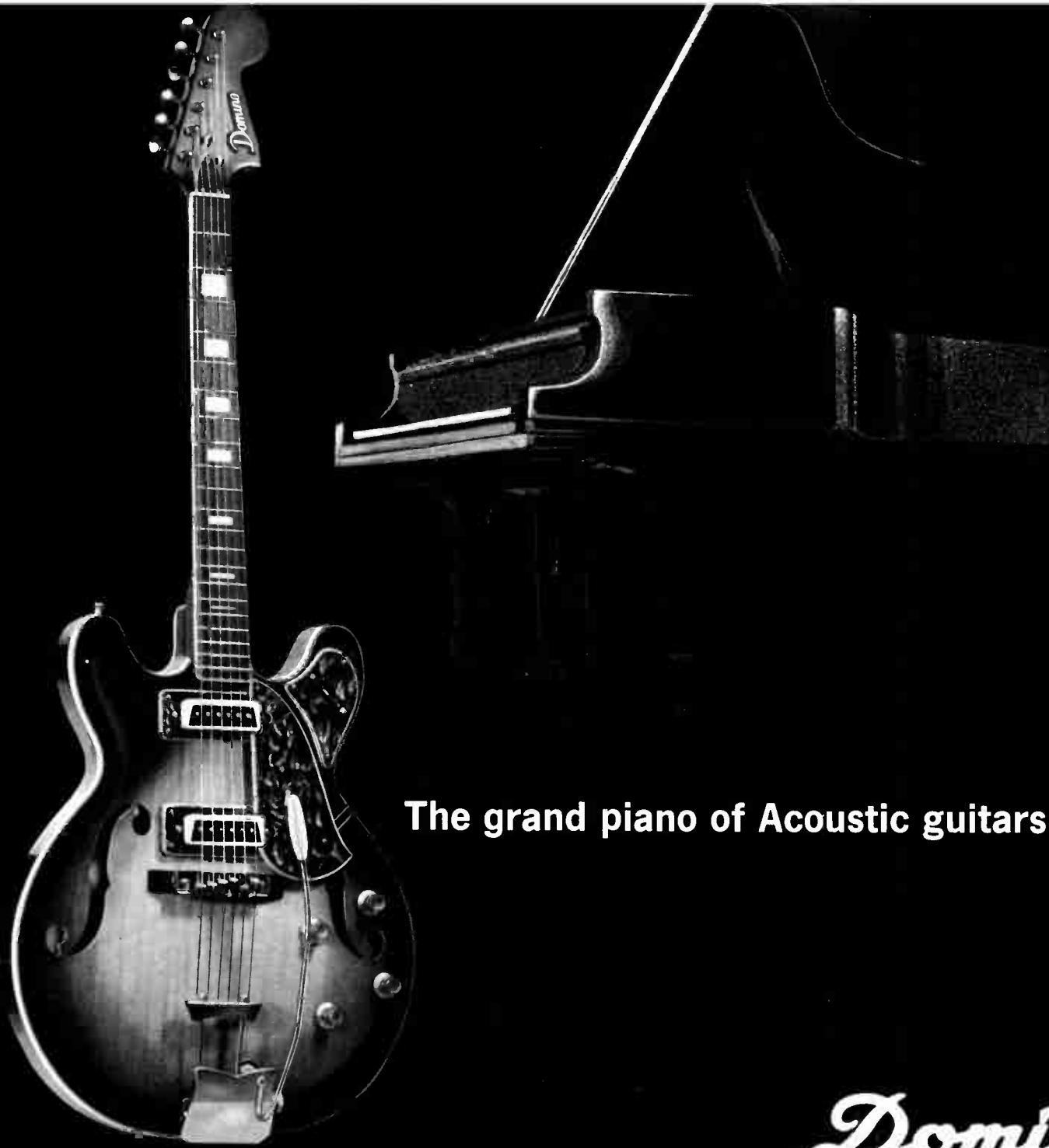
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Spirited Reply To Ayler

As the producer and manufacturer of Albert Ayler's three albums on the Debut label (*My Name Is Albert Ayler*, *Spirits*, and *Ghosts*—the rights now belong to Alan Bates of London, England), I would like to put in a few comments and corrections to a statement made by Ayler to Nat Hentoff (*DB*, Nov. 17).

Ayler told Hentoff: "I'm a new star, according to a magazine in England. Record royalties? I never see any. Oh, maybe I'll get \$50 this year. One of my albums, *Ghosts*, won an award in Europe. And the company didn't even tell me about that. I had to find out another way."

When I sold the rights and tapes to Bates this summer, Ayler had received very close to \$2,000 in prepayments, royalties, and air tickets to Europe (which the company gladly lent Ayler). So the "I never see any" royalties simply cannot apply to Debut. When Ayler made his statement, he must have forgotten this.

Regarding the Prix Jazz Hot award, I wrote Ayler as soon as I had seen him mentioned in the magazine and even mailed the issue to his Cleveland address. Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe ESP, for which Ayler now records, has got a prize in Europe, too, and Bernard Stollman, ESP's owner, never told Ayler?

Albert Ayler is such a nice person and should be too good to spread such rumors, and Hentoff should be ashamed to write that sort of thing without bothering to check.

Ole Vestergaard
Brande, Denmark

Boulou Personnel

About Marian McPartland's review of the Boulou LP (*DB*, Dec. 15), I want to give the record's personnel (I like to know when I buy a record who the guys blowing on it are): Pierre Gossez, tenor saxophone; Eddy Louis or Maurice Vandair, piano; Eddy Louis, organ; Danny Doritz or Guy Boyer, vibraphone; Michel Gaudry, bass; Andy Arpino, drums; Emile Sere, conga; and Daniele Licari, vocals.

Michel Gaudry
Paris, France

One For Two

To me there are two great drummers: Joe Morello, for what he can and does play, and Roy Haynes, for what he is able to play and his taste in knowing when to play it. Thanks to Don DeMicheal for his thoughtful article (*DB*, Dec. 15) on the Haynes' own particular style of greatness.

Dave Willard
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Bring Back Everything

The articles in the Jan. 12 issue of *Down Beat* by Dan Morgenstern (*Musings of a Jazz Critic*) and Stanley Dance (*Liner Notes, An Apologia*) point out one fact that has been a topic of conversation among the lovers of *real jazz* for quite

some time: critics are criticizing critics.

When bebop began in the '40s, the general public, as well as the critics, put it down as a lot of noise. Then the idiom went into its cool stage, then to progressive, and finally, into its modern phase. All this, with the aid of a Madison Avenue hard-sell, op and pop art on the album covers, but the same squealing, off-key notes inside the jackets. The "intellectual" theme was used, and the word was passed around that it took a powerful bit of brain power to really dig this new jazz.

The critics couldn't stand around and be called dense, now could they? An age-old solution came to their rescue: "If you can't whip 'em, join 'em." The critics have been trying to explain avant-garde "jazz" to each other ever since.

With the coming of "free-form music," however, they ran out of material. Now the critics are beginning to pick each other apart, and it's a welcome change. Still, they haven't hit upon something entirely new, because most of your readers have been doing that for a long time.

This year is the 50th anniversary of the first jazz record. When the Original Dixieland Jazz Band recorded a couple of sides for Victor and, a month later, the more famous Columbia selections, 1917 became the starting point for a national pastime. Since then, a lot of water has flowed under the so-called bridge, and not all of it crystal clear. In fact, some of it has been as clear as mud.

The '20s became known as the "Golden Age of Jazz," and there was music people could associate themselves with. You didn't have to explain it to enjoy it. You listened, and it hit you right here.

The era of the swing bands, during the '30s, became our most musical period, and once again, we listened and enjoyed.

Then a sour note rode in on a flattened fifth, and the public didn't understand the bop of the '40s. We listened and shrugged our shoulders, and today, 50 years after the first recorded example of jazz, we wonder what the next big change in music will be. How far afield can complex musical structures go? Where does it end, or have we already had it?

Basie, and Duke, and Woody Herman are proving that the big-band sound is not lost forever, and these bands are a welcome relief from the screeching, honking noises of our so-called modern jazz—the music that somehow got tagged as jazz. Some of our present-day combos are reaching back into the past and are playing pure rhythm-and-blues, but they don't call it that. They call it "soul," and it's supposed to be the *new* sound of jazz.

Jazz has progressed to the stage where even the critics are wondering where they've been all these years, and they're responding with an explanation for being. Maybe someday, the critics will have a reason to their madness, and someone will come along, blowing melodic, warm, and friendly notes again. Then they can jump on the bandwagon once more but *this* time in true, heartfelt praise, instead of making excuses for the music and the critics that review it. The change in tempo would be most welcome.

George Mercer
Washington, D.C.

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Japan Cancels Blakey Tour

The trouble began in November when Tony Williams, touring Japan as a member of a three-drummer show, was arrested and charged with illegal possession of marijuana. A few days later Japanese authorities arrested Elvin Jones, also a member of the touring group, charging him with the same offense.

Art Blakey was the third drummer on the tour, but he had no trouble and was



Blakey

Unfair to suffer for others

scheduled for a tour of the islands in January. On Dec. 29, however, the Japanese immigration department denied entry visas to him and the members of his Jazz Messengers. The reason for the denial was the "possibility of narcotics offenses by the group's personnel."

"I wish the Japanese could benefit from the American philosophy of considering a man innocent until proven guilty," said George Wein, producer of both the Blakey and the drummer tours. "You can't defend the musicians who did wrong. They were warned about it repeatedly and even had the people who were assigned to follow them in Japan pointed out to them. Still, Japanese police have done a lot to break down the good will towards their country among U.S. musicians, who used to love to go to Japan and told everyone in the world about it."

Blakey described the visa denial as "the biggest blow of my professional career." The drummer, who said the tour would have been his seventh in Japan, expressed the feeling that it was unfair for him and his bandmen to have to suffer for "the mistakes of other American musicians."

Besides citing the recent arrests of Williams and Jones, an immigration department spokesman brought up the January, 1964, arrests of trombonist Curtis Fuller, during a Messenger tour of Japan, and drummers Philly Joe Jones and Charlie Persip, during another drummer tour.

The aftermath of the earlier arrests was

that Japan, which had been a bonanza for U. S. jazz artists, was virtually closed to jazz groups for more than a year. In 1966, though, things seemed to be opening up again, and several groups, including the Modern Jazz Quartet and those of John Coltrane and Stan Getz, toured the country. It would appear now, however, that the freeze was back into effect.

Notre Dame Festival Adds Three Judges

Three well-known musicians have been added to the judging panel for the ninth annual Collegiate Jazz Festival, to be held March 3-4 at the University of Notre Dame, South Bend, Ind. The musician-judges are pianist Herbie Hancock, trumpeter Donald Byrd, and cornetist Thad Jones. Previously announced members of the panel are composer William Russo, Berklee School of Music administrator Robert Share, and *Down Beat* editor Don DeMicheal.

This year's competition will include approximately 20 groups, ranging from trios to 20-piece bands. The winning big band will receive a cash prize of \$300, and the first-place combo will win \$200.

In conjunction with the festival, the oldest and most important of the several collegiate competitions held in the United States, the university has scheduled a three-session seminar on jazz, to be held on the campus March 2-3. Participants will include all the judges. The general subject to be discussed is the current state of the jazz. It is expected that music educators also will participate in the discussions, which will be open to the public.

A high school stage-band clinic will be held during the festival weekend at the university. It will be conducted by the Rev. George Wiskirchen, C.S.C., noted stage-band authority and *Down Beat* columnist.

As a forerunner to the festival, the university's music department has scheduled an evolution-of-jazz concert by alto saxophonist Jamie Aebersold's group Feb. 12.

The 1967 Collegiate Jazz Festival is co-sponsored by the University of Notre Dame and *Down Beat* magazine.

Weston Off To Africa For U.S. State Dept.

Although it's his first tour under the auspices of the U.S. State Department, Randy Weston's latest visit to Africa, scheduled to begin Jan. 16, has the earmarks of a homecoming—it's his third trip to the continent.

On this one, the pianist-composer, who has long stressed the importance of the African influence in jazz, also will perform with his sextet in several countries in the Middle East.

Weston's sextet is made up of trumpeter-fluegelhornist Ray Copeland, tenor saxophonist Clifford Jordan, bassist Bill Wood, drummer Ed Blackwell, and Latin percussionist Chief Bey.

The musicians will perform in Senegal, Mali, Upper Volta, Niger, Ivory Coast, Ghana, Cameroun, Gabon, Liberia, Sierra Leone, Lebanon, Syria, United Arab Republic, Algeria, and Morocco. The group will spend an average of five days in each country, with the tour scheduled to end in mid-April.

Prior to the group's departure, the Weston sextet and vocalist Ruth Brisbane performed a New Year's Day concert at St. George's Church in New York City. The performance marked the first occasion in the history of the church, one of Manhattan's oldest, that secular music has been presented there.

Higgy Goes Home

On a drizzly winter Saturday afternoon in Atlanta, Ga., a group of jazz musicians came together for a recording session with trombonist J. C. Higginbotham. It was a gesture of affection for the 60-year-old jazz great, who has been in relative obscurity in recent years.

Tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman came from New York, and several dozen guests were invited to the recording studio, which had been fixed up like a night club with candle-lit tables. Drinks were served. It was a relaxed and amiable occasion that also produced some rich musical moments that will be preserved on an album to be called *Higgy Comes Home*.

"What we went in for was a piece of memorabilia," said Kenneth B. Lowenstein, the man who put it all together. "What we came out with was one hell of an album."

Lowenstein is a 37-year-old interior designer working in Atlanta. He has been a friend and admirer of Higginbotham's since he first saw him playing at the Downbeat Room in Chicago in the early 1940s.

A few months ago, when Lowenstein was in New York City on business, he looked up old friend Higginbotham, and they spent an evening visiting old haunts—Jimmy Ryan's and Eddie Condon's, where the trombonist sat in for a few numbers, among them. Before the evening was over, Higginbotham asked Lowenstein if there might be some work for him in Atlanta.

"That's my home town, you know," the trombonist said.

Lowenstein had not known that Higginbotham had been born in the little Georgia town of Social Circle, had grown up in Atlanta, and had attended Morris Brown College there.

But it gave Lowenstein the idea of a homecoming recording session. Rod Kinder of Kin-Tel Studios offered his recording studio and crew of technicians. Lowenstein called his cousin, Dan Havens, a



DE CRASSERES

Higginbotham, Havens, Lowenstein, Freeman
Home to Georgia and "one of the greatest experiences of my musical career"

cornetist who works around St. Louis and teaches American literature at Southern Illinois University; got Bud Freeman; picked up pianist Jimmy Weathers, who has been playing with small groups and as a single around Atlanta; and hired local bass player Bob Rix. Lowenstein himself played drums.

The first couple of numbers were taped by station WAGA-TV, which was getting footage for a 30-minute documentary, also to be called *Higgy Comes Home*. After a little get-acquainted noodling, the men kicked off *In a Mellow Mood*. As the session progressed, Higginbotham flashed his old greatness in such nostalgia as *Confessin', Dinah, and Rosetta*.

When the session broke up, the studio audience rose and applauded a smiling Higginbotham, who responded by lifting his horn from the table and blowing a few bars of *Georgia on My Mind* and *Dear Old Southland*.

After the session, Higginbotham spent a couple of weeks with relatives in his home town, where he had not visited since 1938.

Back in New York City, the trombonist said: "The reception I got in Atlanta was one of the greatest experiences in my musical career. I'll never forget it."

Potpourri

King Bhumiphol of Thailand retained his title as the world's hippest ruler last month when he sat in with vibraphonist Lionel Hampton's Jazz Inner Circle on the Hampton troupe's stop at Bangkok during an Asian tour. The king is a competent reed man and has played with several touring U.S. musicians, including Benny Goodman and Jack Teagarden. This was the second time the king and Hampton had jammed; last year the two had their first encounter, after which the vibist praised

the monarch's work and jokingly promised him a job in his band if he ever tired of ruling. Hampton is currently winding up the tour, which began Dec. 15 in South Korea, followed by performances in Japan, Hong Kong, South Vietnam, and Okinawa. Sidemen on the trip were trumpeter Blue Mitchell, saxophonists Ed Pazzant and Pete Yellin, organist Reynolds Mullins, guitarist Billy Mackell, bassist Lawrence Burgen, drummer Al Levitt, and singer Pinoeckio James.

As has been the case for the last several months in the fast-paced world of big bands, you can't tell who's on first without a scorecard . . . or something. For instance, Rufus Jones, until recently with Count Basie, has joined the Duke Ellington Orchestra, replacing Sam Woodyard, who is ill. But during Ellington's Mark Twain Riverboat engagement in New York City, Gus Johnson and Sonny Greer filled in. Basie featured Don Lamond during his Riverboat appearance (Buddy Rich sat in on opening night), but a permanent replacement had not been set at presstime. Meanwhile, former Basie drummer Sonny Payne is reported to have joined the Harry James Band. All programs, of course, are subject to change with two weeks' notice.

Europe usually is the site of summit meetings, though in recent times such gatherings have more often been musical than political. The latest was held in Baden Baden, Germany, and was attended by many of the Continent's new-things. Among those participating were the Rolf and Joachim Kuhn Quartet from East Germany, the Eje Thelin-Barney Wilen Quartet representing Sweden and France, Germany's Manfred Schoe and Albert Mangelsdorff quartets, Italian drummer Aldo Romano, French bassist J. F. Jenny-Clark, and Danish saxophonist Bent Jae-

dig. In addition, there were representatives from the free-jazz world of Switzerland and Belgium. One participant, German vibraphonist Karlhans Berger, who most recently has been working with cornetist Don Cherry in New York City, was flown over for the meeting. The event was recorded by Southwest German Radio for stereo broadcast.

"In the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit, we say Merry Christmas to all you cats," said the Rev. R. Vaughn Smith, minister of San Francisco's Glide Memorial Methodist Church, after a Yuletide service at which altoist John Handy and organist Richard Judd blended traditional hymns with jazz. "This happening of Christmas," explained the Rev. A. Cecil Williams, who conducted the service, "means being with men as they are and being able to participate where they are." And jazz tidings were shared by all.

The Hartford, Conn., Jazz Society, the Jazz at Home Club of Philadelphia, and Jazz Interactions of New York are attempting to get in touch with all jazz organizations throughout the world. Representatives of such groups may write to Jazz Interactions, Box D, Kensington Station, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11218.

FINAL BAR: Robert Brown, 56, a prolific blues recording artist who was better known as Washboard Sam, the name under which he recorded, died in Chicago Nov. 13. Born in Arkansas in 1910, Brown early embarked on a musical career, playing washboard and singing with blues groups in Memphis, Tenn., before he was 15. He moved to Chicago in 1931 and quickly became a prominent figure among the city's blues men. Brown often worked with singer-guitarist Big Bill Broonzy, who claimed Brown was his half-brother. Brown began recording in 1935, and by 1949, when he made his last record date, he had recorded more than 150 tunes, most of them of his own composition, among them *Diggin' My Potatoes*, *Move to the Outskirts of Town*, *Back Door*, and *Gonna Hit the Highway*.

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK: The Buddy Rich Band is scheduled for a European tour beginning in late spring . . . The recently formed Hampton Hawes-Jimmy Garrison Trio didn't work out, and the co-leaders went separate ways . . . Trumpeter-fluegelhornist-singer Clark Terry has formed a big band for concert and college dates in the East. The personnel, with one saxophone chair remaining to be filled, includes trumpeters Snooky Young, Ernie Royal, Marvin Stamm and Randy Brecker, trombonists Wayne Andre, Jimmy Cleveland, and Melba Liston, reed men Phil Woods, Jerome Richardson, Zoot Sims, and Danny Banks, pianist Patti Bown, bassist Ron Carter, and drummer Grady Tate. Arrangements will be by Miss Liston and Woods . . . A one-shot

big band was assembled by reed man arranger Bob Wilber for the Pharmaceutical Advertising Club's annual dinner dance at the Waldorf-Astoria in December. The band consisted of trumpeters Ruby Braff, Buck Clayton, and John Glasel, trombonists Vic Dickenson and Cutty Cutshall, saxophonists Rudy Powell and Bud Freeman, pianist Dave McKenna, guitarist Wayne Wright, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Morey Feld . . . Shephard's, one of the city's first and leading discotheques, continued its jazz policy, begun with pianist Dorothy Donegan, by bringing in pianist Joey Bushkin (with drummer Roy Burnes), who was followed by trumpeter Erskine Hawkins' quartet, featuring vocalist Lyn Roman. Bushkin is set for a return engagement in February . . . An impromptu Christmas jazz show, featuring alto saxophonist Lee Konitz, tenor saxophonist Teddy Edwards, bassist David Izenzon and drummer Oliver Jackson, was presented on WBAI-FM Dec. 24 by Ira Gitler, David Himmelstein, Don Schlitten, and Dan Morgenstern. Edwards, in New York to record, also guested with the Howard McGhee big band at Rev. John G. Gensel's Dec. 25 jazz vespers services . . . Alto saxophonist John Tchicai was named jazzman of the year by Denmark's Jazz Circle, an organization of leading critics and musicians . . . Pianist Kenny Drew, who makes his home in Copenhagen, made a lightning visit to New York at Christmas time to see his parents . . . A new jazz club, Jr.'s Cave, at Avenue A and 10th St., presented a year-end holiday jazz festival featuring the New Dimensions Workshop (Byard Lancaster, reeds; John Blair, violin; Stanley Cowell, piano; Casper Crumby, bass), alto saxophonist Noah Howard's ensemble (Ric Colby, trumpet; Dave Burrell, piano; Catherine Norris, cello; Norris Jones, bass; Bobby Kapp, drums), and trumpeter Dewey Johnson's group (Sonny Johnson, bass, Mohammed Ali, drums). Pianist Muriel Derr is featured nightly at the club . . . Peter's, Staten Island's only jazz club, has weekend music by trumpeter Donald Hahn, tenor saxophonist Charles Costa, pianist Vin Ruggiari, bassist Don Palma, and drummer Joe Corsello . . . The New York Improvisational Ensemble will be heard in concert at the Juilliard School of Music Feb. 14 . . . Tenor saxophonist Bill Barron recently played at Club Intrigue in Newark, N.J. With him were pianist Freddie Simmons, bassist Mickey Bass, and drummer Roger Blank.

CHICAGO: The Bramble Bush Lounge in Arlington Heights has become the major showplace for big bands in this area. Count Basie is scheduled for Feb. 23, Woody Herman Feb. 27, Duke Ellington March 20, and Stan Kenton April 3. The club also had the Dukes of Dixieland on Jan. 15-16. The Ramsey Lewis Trio is booked for March 6 . . . The Cannonball Adderley Quintet blew its way through the holiday season at the London House, with bassist Victor Gaskin and drummer Roy McCurdy in addition to the Adderley brothers and pianist Joe (Continued on page 41)



BLACK BLUES IN STUDIOS

Feather's Nest

By LEONARD FEATHER

IT CAME as a slight shock, a while ago, to see a statement attributed to Bud Shank that placed him in the middle of a cauldron of controversy.

The quote was part of a story by Whitney Balliett, who may well be the most gifted writer ever to bring jazz to life in print. This was one of those rare occasions when Balliett evidently had too little time for an in-depth study of his subject. Speaking of the expiration of West Coast jazz and the drift of its exponents into the movie and television studios, he added, "Los Angeles, like New York, has its share of starving jazz musicians, but they appear to be mostly Negroes, who, Shank says, are not proficient enough to work in the studios . . ."

Shank told Balliett: "The Negro saxophonists just play saxophone, and the trumpeters trumpet. In the studios, saxophonists have to double on everything, from flute to oboe, and the trumpeters have to play in three or four styles. So, in spite of all the screaming and crying, it's not racial. Benny Carter has grown rich in the studios, and so have other Negroes."

Parts of this statement are misleading, one part is borne out by the facts, and the last five words are to the best of my knowledge totally false.

If Carter has grown rich in the studios, he has made it at a cost not normally imposed on white musicians. As all of Hollywood knows, he wrote for motion pictures for many, many years but earned his first actual screen credit in 1966 with *A Man Called Adam*, a film with a jazz theme, made not in Hollywood but in New York. A Negro arranger with a background in jazz is the victim of a double stigma. As Johnny Mandel said recently, "Even today, if they [the film companies] associate you with jazz, they sort of let you in the back door."

Fortunately, in television there have been more enlightened music directors, such as Stanley Wilson at MCA, with whom Carter has worked on a number of projects in recent years. But where are the other Negroes who allegedly have grown rich in the studios? Can you name a few, Bud? Even one? Quincy Jones is just beginning to get there. Aside from him, the picture is utterly blank (from French *blanche*, meaning white).

About the "screaming and crying." If you were excluded from the studios for years, or forced to do ghost work and denied the credit due you, wouldn't you

feel like doing a little screaming and crying yourself, Bud?

Calvin Jackson has said, "I got an Academy Award nomination for *The Unsinkable Molly Brown*. The guys who got the same nomination with me have been working steadily; I haven't had a picture since. I was a staff writer at MGM for 4½ years and received screen credit for only four of the 14 pictures I worked on. I did the *Asphalt Jungle* TV series three years ago and haven't done any TV since."

On the doubling issue, Jackson says Shank is justified. Men like Buddy Collette and Bill Green, who do double, get plenty of studio work; so, presumably, would Harold Land, Teddy Edwards, et al., if they were so qualified.

On the other hand, it is not clear to me on what instruments Shank feels that Negro trombonists, pianists, and guitarists are supposed to double in order to crash the studio gates. I haven't heard of too many white trombonists doubling on sackbut or guitarists on zither.

There is a shortage of all-around trumpeters in Hollywood. I don't get the bit about playing in three or four styles, but I'm sure that if Thad Jones, Joe Wilder, Ernie Royal, and Snooky Young moved west, they would earn a comfortable living.

Similarly, men like Earl Palmer, Red Callender, and Ray Brown are in constant demand. ("If Leroy Vinnegar could read music and double on tuba," Jackson said, "he would probably be doing as well in the studios as Red Callender.") Such men may not be rich (at what point does rich start?), and they have to work almost around the clock in back-to-back sessions, but they are qualified and they get the jobs.

The West Coast scene was not like that 12 years ago, when I complained bitterly in this magazine about the whole Jim Crow setup, musical and residential.

Ironically, men like Carter and Quincy Jones, assembling a band for a film or TV background, usually hire mostly white musicians because of the situation cited by Shank. Similarly, a concert titled Art Music by Contemporary American Negro Composers, presented recently at UCLA, featuring the works of Ulysses Kay, Calvin Jackson, Clarence Jackson, and William Grant Still, was played by almost an all-white personnel.

"We tried to find adaptable Negro musicians," Calvin said, "and as things turned out, we found Ginger Smock, the violinist. She was the only Negro in the entire orchestra."

Next time anyone interviews a musician concerning the racial scene in Hollywood, I suggest he talk to Calvin Jackson, Phil Moore, Gerald Wilson, and to such sidemen as guitarist Johnny Collins, who are not members of the clique invariably selected by contractors. He will get a story much longer and sadder than that told by Shank, who no doubt believed he was telling the whole truth—but after all, how long has he been a Negro?





By day, New York City's East Village wears an unlacquered drab—olives, grays, maroons—a nearly monochromatic moraine of buildings that has the look of poor children with tear-stained cheeks. Fire escapes climb their faces with the organic persistence of some monstrous jungle flora, and most of their windows, like sleepy eyes, are lazily half-shaded against the dusty sun.

By night, the area takes on a mysterious chiaroscuro—blinking neon signs and prowler-car lights. There are sights, sounds, and scents to surpass a Persian market.

In the streets is as thorough a variety of humanity as can be found on Earth. Every occupational type, race, creed, personality, and political stripe bumps shoulders in the restaurants and book, wine, barber, and bagel shops—exchanging smiles or frowns—as part of the uncon-

Marion Brown TOPSIDE UNDERGROUND

By Bill Quinn

scious routine of "making it in the Village."

But behind the 20th-century baroque building fronts and beneath the beehive of commerce, another drama is unfolding: the Village is still the village of painters, poets, and musicians—there are still aspects of the restless cultural and artistic probing for which the area became legendary years ago.

In this milieu lives Marion Brown, alto saxophonist, quartet leader, avant-gardist. He has been recorded enough to warrant a two-week engagement in most of the city's jazz clubs. The reason he hasn't been a featured attraction in night clubs has nothing to do with whether or not he knows music—he has a bachelor's degree in music education from Clark College in Atlanta, Ga., and has studied with such men as Wayman Carver (one of the early jazz flutists) and guitarist Bill Harris. It is a matter of dollars and cents—the fact that his music, at this point, has little commercial value. The sounds the avant-garde fraternity creates have less worth in most night clubs than IOUs for drinks.

There are aspects of his music that are uncomfortable to jazz-club audiences—the kind of sound his group produces is unfamiliar to the majority of listeners. There is little musical precedent on which it can be judged. It must depend on that brave bit of self in most of us that struggles to establish listening perspective without the security of guidelines such as standard harmonic patterns or a steadfast rhythmic structure.

For those who have heard Brown's music, there is usually a polemic emotion in store: those attracted to his music might, like Detroit poet John Sinclair, be moved to write verses of praise; those against it are often vicious in their criticism.

On the way to Brown's apartment during the rush hour, it seemed St. Mark's Place was experiencing a plague of metallic locusts, nervously inching along bumper-to-bumper. Brown's apartment is

PHOTOS/JIM HINTON

at the top of one of lower Manhattan's ancient cliff dwellings, and on the floor below his lives tenorist Archie Shepp, just then returned from an engagement in Sweden. Brown stopped at his neighbor's door to greet him. (With all the jazz clubs in New York, a trenchant remark came to mind: "There's something about artistic acceptance in the United States that forces a Frank Lloyd Wright to go to Japan and build an Imperial Hotel before he can be accepted as a builder of prairie houses in Illinois.")

Brown's apartment is one of those warm places that speak of the enjoyment of being at home; it's simple, with shelves of books and some rather individualistic art on the walls, more books and magazines lying open on table tops and chairs. Not grand but functional and, more important, comfortable.

After pouring coffee, he talked of his music. Brown speaks softly, with some stridency at the corners of his voice. The comparison to his saxophone voice was irresistible.

"Yes, there is possibly more freedom of expression in this music," he said. "It should lead to a broader palette of expression because of the theoretical basis on which our music is played. There is total responsibility on these musicians to create their own harmonies, melodies, and rhythmic patterns within a given context. In other words, the way is not laid out in advance to be adhered to by all musicians—we have to pave our own way."

The works that Brown's group plays are the leader's compositions, and they are arranged by him and the quartet's pianist, Dave Burrell.

"The arrangements," Brown explained, "are there, but they are more like guides rather than a format that must be followed exactly. There's more emphasis on group improvisation. Everybody contributes toward the group effort more than to exhibiting his individual solo skills."

As he talked, his ideas came more rapidly, and different subjects briefly flitted through the conversation. One of the topics he engaged was the music's detractors:

"They say our music is not as beautiful as other forms that preceded it, but there is no one definition of beauty. It can be almost anything to anybody. The people who attack this music do so because, they say, the guys who play it don't know what they're doing and that they're crazy and accusations like that. But, being around these guys all the time, I know that they're not crazy. I know that their daily lives are very sound, physically and mentally."

"Part of the difference in our music is the fact that it developed in a differ-

ent set of circumstances. Previously, jazz grew up in night clubs and saloons; ours grew up in the lofts [lower Manhattan skylit rooms, usually above warehouses], without anything to drink, and the people came just to listen.

"It seems a contradiction to charge men who live soundly with playing sick music.... But time will take care of that. Right now the music is on trial, but eventually they'll have to throw the case out of court."

Brown is certainly in close proximity to the men of whom he speaks. The nucleus of the new music's protagonists is cradled in his neighborhood, and the rest are frequent visitors.

The altoist lives only a few blocks from his drummer, Robert Kapp, and pianist Burrell. He pointed out the window to Ornette Coleman's apartment, the building that Sun Ra occupies, and tenorist Giuseppi Logan's apartment.

"There are many other players of the new music in the neighborhood," he said. "Sonny Simmons, Burton Greene, Henry Grimes, Albert Ayler—nearly all of us have played together from time to time. Our approaches vary, but essentially we're after the same kind of thing—the thing that's bringing all the arts closer together: the expansion of consciousness, the widening of the individual's whole mental outlook."

Brown, who is a writer (one of the earliest articles ever to appear on Ornette Coleman, in 1959, as well as articles for *Change*, *Culture*, and the *Negro Reference Book*) and who has acted in the original production of LeRoi Jones' play, *The Dutchman*, is conscious of the ecumenical spirit that art is gathering.

"There is a great deal of reformation going on in the arts," he said. "For the individual who is looking in, it requires much more than just 'digging' something these days—it requires some element of involvement with the art form."

A couple of days later, Brown held a rehearsal of his quartet—Burrell, Kapp, and bassist Norris Jones (for whom the others waited—he was bringing his instrument by subway from Harlem). The rehearsal was held in Burrell's apartment, 1½ rooms large and three floors up but still with a grand piano wedged into the premises.

Brown explained how the group got together:

"I had known Norris back in Atlanta when he played trombone. He was playing in a manner that is becoming widely accepted as the way to play the instrument these days, but then the whole thing seemed very strange to me. Later, when I was going to school in Washington, D. C., I heard him on the bass, and I really liked what he was doing. After I had been in New York for a while, I ran into someone who knew how to get

in touch with him, and I called him long distance from a gig and asked him to come to New York and play with me—he's been here ever since."

Burrell and Kapp had been students together at the Berklee School of Music in Boston, Mass., Brown recalled.

"When I was working with Archie Shepp, I used to see Dave around the loft where we rehearsed," Brown said. "At first, I didn't think that he was a musician; he came on a little bit differently than most musicians—a little bit quieter. But I found that he was a piano player—a great piano player—and when I began a week at Slug's with Grachan Moncur's group, I told Grachan to hire Dave as the group's pianist. Then I met Bobby, since he was a friend of Dave's, and we've all been around here since that time—not always working together but working for the same things."

Jones entered lugging his bass, and the group got to work.

Brown's phrasing hasn't as yet solidified into a patentable approach. That is, his phrasing doesn't have the distinctly formed musical architecture of a Lucky Thompson or even the rather readily identifiable attack of a Pharaoh Sanders. Instead, there is a restless construction that still seems to be plumbing its own possibilities, changing directions in search of a subtler route. However, the melodic line appears to be aimed at catching a listener by the psyche with its flailing tentacles.

Herein lies his originality. There is a lyricism, though not confectionary, that is less harsh than that found in the playing of many of his contemporaries. He has a vibrato that is reminiscent of swing-era altoists.

His tone, he said, was influenced by his teacher, Wayman Carver, and by Johnny Hodges, who once called him aside on a set they were playing while the older altoist was on leave from Duke Ellington's orchestra.

"'I like your sound,' Hodges told me," Brown said. "Then he gave me a box of reeds and said, 'But get more vibrato.'"

Burrell, up under Brown's coiling sound with strong and light keyboard work, showed the influence of his well-developed classical training. Jones and Kapp provided a furious rhythmic bass.

After dissecting a few numbers—they were preparing to play an infrequent concert, one sponsored by Jazz Interactions at the Top of the Gate in the West Village—they brought a broiling selection to an abrupt halt. Satisfied smiles.

Brown, born Sept. 8, 1935, in Atlanta, Ga., recalled that his earliest musical influence was the sound of a jukebox that sat on the front porch of a neighbor's (*Continued on page 38*)

FROM
 VENUTI AND SOUTH
 TO PONTY AND ORNETTE
 —A SURVEY OF
 THOSE WHO PLAY

Jazz Fiddle

BY DAN MORGESTERN

To INSIST that jazz can be played on a violin is like insisting that it can be played on a bassoon. It can, of course, and it is. But the violin, perhaps the most expressive and highly developed string instrument, has not been much in evidence in jazz history.

Jazz grew out of brass-band music, and since the violin generally is too subtle and delicate an instrument to find a logical place among the brass, reed, and percussion instruments that have dominated jazz, those who have made so bold as to play jazz fiddle for a living and artistic fulfillment have generally suffered an outrageous fortune.

But the violin is worthy of more than just the footnote kiss-off of most jazz histories, and its intrepid players are worthy of something bigger than agate type.

It is often overlooked that the violin was a functional part of jazz bands during the early years of the music. Speaking of the typical ensembles that furnished dance music in pre-World War I New Orleans, the pioneer guitarist Johnny St. Cyr explained:

"No pianos were used until 1917. They used violin. The violin would play ensembles and [on] every strain [of the tunes]—playing softly when featuring the clarinet in lower register, playing very soft [when] featuring the clarinet and drums. The violin would pick up the ensemble."

"The violin was also the lead instrument with the cornet and would take over when the cornet player would 'take down' in order to save his lip. The violin would play along with the trumpet player, not getting off, for the clarinet player,



1. A fiddle summit meeting in Zurich last year: l. to r.—Stuff Smith, Svend Asmussen, Stephane Grappelly, and Jean-Luc Ponty (photo by Comet). 2. Joe Venuti—a peerless and swinging performer. 3. Asmussen—a penchant for showmanship and humor but a major creative artist, nonetheless. 4. Grappelly—pure tore, great facility, swing, exquisite taste (photo by Jean-Pierre Leloir). 5. Ray Nance—original and often surprising pizzicato effects that sometimes take on the expressiveness of a guitar (photo by Skeetz).

net was the fancy instrument."

By "getting off" St. Cyr meant improvising, and the role of the violin was indeed "legitimate," both musically and socially. The violinist (he was frequently the leader and almost always the front man) added an element of respectability to the early bands.

This status role, by no means confined to Negro bands, continued well into the 1920s. Dance bands of all shapes and sizes frequently were led or fronted by a man with a fiddle, the most famous of whom was Paul Whiteman.

Armand J. Piron, who took his polite New Orleans band to the Roseland Ballroom in New York before Fletcher Henderson played there, was one such violinist-leader from the early days. In his band was trumpeter Peter Bocage, who doubled violin.

There were many "hot" players who performed this dual role, perhaps the best known being the late Darnell Howard, more famous for his clarinet and alto saxophone work but a proficient violinist too. The best samples of his work on the instrument can be found on two versions of *Cavernism* recorded with Earl Hines' big band in 1933 and 1934.

A not at all legitimate style of violin playing was developing concurrently with the growth of New Orleans jazz. This was the earthy, blues-based approach, sometimes known as alley fiddle, practiced by folk and country musicians. Echoes of this style can be heard in contemporary bluegrass and hill-billy music; a rare opportunity to hear the parent style in pure form was offered at the 1960 Newport Jazz Festival in the playing of octogenarian Butch Paige.

Paige held the instrument on his chest, country fashion, but the music he played was closer to jazz and the blues than to country-and-western. Lonnie Johnson, the great blues singer and guitarist, is also an accomplished violinist; a rare example of his playing, much more sophisticated than Paige's, is on the 1925 Charlie Creath record of *Won't Don't Blues*. Another early hot fiddler was Shrimp Jones, featured with the Blackbirds revue in London in 1926, where he also recorded but not to good advantage. And trombonist Ike Rodgers plays moving blues violin behind singer Alice Moore on her 1934 Decca version of *Riverside Blues*.

BUT IN SPITE of these folk traces, the violin is essentially an instrument with a tradition rooted in European classical music. Thus, it is fitting that the two great early jazz virtuosos on the instrument had close ties to European music, one by birth and schooling, the other

by travel and study. These two men, born three months apart in 1904, are Giuseppe Venuti, better known as Joe, and Eddie South.

Venuti was born aboard the ship that brought his parents from Italy to the new world. He was raised in Philadelphia and at an early age began violin studies, along with the traditional Italian training in solfeggio.

A spirited youngster, Venuti soon became affected by the new trends in popular music and by the time he was in his late teens was playing with jazz-minded dance bands. In 1925 he formed a musical and personal partnership with a boyhood friend, guitarist Eddie Lang. Their recordings together, until Lang's death in 1933, formed a unique and exciting chapter in the story of jazz. Some of their duet pieces, such as *Wild Cat* and *Doin' Things*, remain classics, fresh and undated.

But those recordings were for fun. For a living, Venuti worked and recorded with a variety of famous dance bands, ranging from strictly commercial to jazz-influenced. Sometimes he found himself in excellent company, as in the Jean Goldkette Band, where his associates included Bix Beiderbecke, Frank Trumbauer, Lang, and bassist Steve Brown. He also was featured with Paul Whiteman and, at one time or another, worked with all the great white jazzmen of the '20s and early '30s.

Later, Venuti formed his own big band, discovering such talents as singer Kay Starr and drummer Barrett Deems, but by the late '30s, his band was featuring commercial dance music rather than jazz.

For the last decade, Venuti has been working, steadily but in relative obscurity, in lounges in California, Seattle, and Las Vegas. An album made for Grand Award in the mid-'50s proved he was still a master of his art.

Venuti's playing is peerless. He has a round, singing tone, perfect intonation, and a technique that allows him to perform near-acrobatic feats on the instrument—his occasional indulgence in tricks, for which he has been chided by some critics, is in fact an example of virtuosic playfulness that any listener with a sense of humor should enjoy.

More significantly, Venuti is a swinger. His rhythmic sense, even in his earliest recorded work, was far superior to that of most of his associates, including Lang. Furthermore, he was an inventive improviser, with a fine ear and great harmonic sophistication. Sentimentality, which has flawed the work of most jazz violinists, is absent from his playing.

Some of Venuti's best earlier work was reissued in a Columbia package, *Stringin' the Blues*, in 1962. He also

can be heard with Beiderbecke on Columbia's *Bix Beiderbecke Story, Vol. 3*. Other great performances are found on four records by the Lang-Venuti All-Star Orchestra of 1933, with Benny Goodman and Jack and Charlie Teagarden (especially *Farewell Blues*), included in Decca's *The Golden Horn of Jack Teagarden*, and four, especially *In De Ruff*, by his own Blue Six (with Goodman, Joe Sullivan, Bud Freeman, and Adrian Rollini aboard) that have not been reissued on LP. The Grand Award LP, of George Gershwin tunes, is hard to find these days.

Eddie South, Venuti's contemporary, did not, even at the peak of his career, gain recognition comparable to Venuti's at its height. He was born in Louisiana, Mo., moved to Chicago as a child, had intensive instruction from private teachers and later attended the Chicago College of Music. His musical temperament was varied, and had he not been a Negro, he would more than likely have embarked on a concert career.

But a Negro he was, and drawn to jazz as well, and his first jobs were with Chicago bands, including those of trumpeter Jimmy Wade (with which he made his first record in 1924) and Erskine Tate and Charlie Elgar, both of which played "symphonic" arrangements of light classics as well as jazz.

In 1926 South formed a combo of violin, piano, guitar, clarinet, and drums, which he took to Europe a year later. He studied in Paris and, fascinated by the great gypsy violinists he heard there, ventured to Budapest, where he was taught and adopted by some of the outstanding practitioners of this special kind of music, by no means unrelated to jazz.

South returned to Chicago in 1931, when the depression was at its worst, formed a group including guitarist Everett Barksdale and a young bassist named Milt Hinton, recorded for Victor, and, though working steadily, vanished from the jazz limelight until he returned to Paris in 1937.

There, for a year or so, South had his finest hour. Championed by one of his greatest admirers, critic Hugues Panassie, he made his best records (with that great gypsy jazzman, Django Reinhardt) and found appreciative audiences who respected his art.

Back in the United States, South continued to work the night-club circuit, playing with excellent rhythm sections (pianist Billy Taylor had one of his first name-band jobs with South). In 1945 he began a year's stay with the studio band at radio station WMGM in New York City; later, he was occasionally spotted on television but spent most of his time in Chicago working

more or less in obscurity.

South suffered a heart seizure in 1960 and was forced to retire. He died of a heart attack in April, 1962, forgotten by all but a handful of musicians and serious fans.

Billed at the height of his career as "The Dark Angel of the Violin," South possessed the finest tone of any violinist to turn his attention to jazz. Dark and sensuous, it was a sound that lent authority to his not infrequent performances of such gypsy standbys as *Hejre Katy* (his theme song) and various light-classical pieces.

He never had the chance to record serious classical works (excepting the very special case of a jazz version, for two violins and guitar, of a movement from a Bach violin concerto, with Reinhardt and Stephane Grappelly), but his superlative technique and musical versatility certainly would have equipped him for the task.

As a jazz player, South, like Venuti, had the essentials. He was a genuine improviser, and he could swing. As critic Leonard Feather, one of his greatest fans, has pointed out, South's approach to jazz was "never mitigated by condescension." He brought his full capabilities to bear when he played jazz, and he could play the blues as they should be played, as exemplified by perhaps his greatest record, *Eddie's Blues*, made in Paris with Reinhardt.

The other side of that disc, *Sweet Georgia Brown*, shows South at his best at up tempo. Other good examples of his work at fast tempos are *Lady, Be Good* (Columbia in 1941) and *C-Jam Blues* (from his last date, a late '50s Mercury release, his sole LP).

Playing blues and fast pieces, South was a jazzman to the core, but in a slower, more romantic vein, the gypsy and classical elements came to the fore, and his ballad playing, while certainly worth listening to and impressive from a technical standpoint, tends toward the sentimental.

The tragedy of South's life was that his unique talents could not find full expression within the limitations imposed on a musician of his race.

In a better society, South could have been a sensation, performing music of all kinds within a concert format. As it was, his rare gifts went largely unrewarded, and his life is yet another indictment of the U.S. racial system. The final irony is that not a single South performance is currently available on LP in this country. The Paris pieces cited, plus excellent versions of *Somebody Loves Me* and *I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me*, can be obtained in England on the recent HMV disc, *Django Reinhardt and His American Friends, Vol. 2*.

Few later jazz violinists are in a class with South and Venuti, but there are some. Among these are Stuff Smith (who is in a class by himself—and of whom more later) and two men who are direct descendants, respectively, of the two founding fathers.

The older of these is Stephane Grappelly, born in Paris in 1908. Inspired by Venuti, and even more by Louis Armstrong, Grappelly became internationally famous through his partnership with Django Reinhardt in the unique Quintet of the Hot Club of France, founded in 1934 and lasting until 1939, when the war ended the group's life.

This group, consisting of three guitars, bass, and Grappelly's fiddle, made a string of records that were the talk of the jazz world. In their great admiration for Reinhardt's work, critics and listeners have somewhat neglected Grappelly's contributions to the success of the quintet, for it was he who was the chief soloist and—because of the guitarist's lack of musical education and his own well-founded theoretical knowledge—the

strength of his violin playing alone. Like South, he studied at Chicago College of Music, under Max Fischel, the school's top teacher.

He led his own band in Chicago for several years before joining first Earl Hines and then Horace Henderson. With the latter, in 1939, he recorded his first violin solo, the remarkable *Kitty on Toast*. In the following year, he joined Duke Ellington's orchestra, remaining until 1963 as a key member of this great organization of individualists.

Nance's big, gorgeous sound is almost the equal of South's, and he is less prone to exaggeration. His use of unexpected pizzicato effects is wholly original and often startling; his sustained pizzicato flights have the expressiveness of a guitar. Nance is a soulful player, but his emotions are kept within bounds by an irrepressible sense of humor.

Nance's violin solos have graced numerous Ellington pieces. In rough chronological sequence, some of the



Jean-Luc Ponty

group's main arranger and organizer.

Grappelly, whose playing today, like Venuti's, is as good if not better than it ever was, has a sweet (but never saccharine), pure tone, great facility, swing, and exquisite taste. His finest work is balanced and logical, informed with great sensitivity, and combines the best of the French musical tradition and the legacy of classic jazz.

This is demonstrated by his most recent LP available in this country, *Feeling Plus Finesse Equals Jazz* (Atlantic), which includes a remarkable version of John Lewis' *Django*.

Of his earlier records, all unavailable in this country, *After You've Gone* (with the Hot Club Quintet—and the last chorus swings as hard as anything done on jazz violin short of Stuff Smith) and *Bill Street Blues* (with trumpeter Bill Coleman) are outstanding.

Inspired by South, and sharing some of his gypsy traits, is Ray Nance, born in Chicago in 1913. This amazing musician mastered the trumpet and is an accomplished singer and dancer as well. But he would deserve recognition on

most impressive are on *Moon Mist*, *C-Jam Blues*, *Change My Ways*, *Caravan*, the last movement of *Suite Thursday*, *Guitar Amour*, *Artistry in Rhythm*, and *Woodchopper's Ball*. In the words of Ellington, Nance "has perfect taste." That this unique and gifted musician has yet to record an LP under his own name is one of the grislier jokes of the music business.

One other truly great violinist must be mentioned before going on to Stuff Smith and the modernists. This is the Dane, Svend Asmussen, born in 1916. He made his professional debut in 1933 and a year later formed a combo patterned on Venuti's Blue Four. His first record, made in 1935, shows an already full-fledged jazz talent, with an unusual feeling for swinging (Denmark at the time was not noted for its hot musicians).

By the late '30s Asmussen had become the leader of the most successful small jazz group in Scandinavia and later went on to a format of comedy mixed with jazz, somewhat in the manner, if not the style, of Louis Jordan.

This penchant for showmanship and humor prevented Asmussen from gaining recognition as a major creative artist, but this he certainly is.

His tone has a unique, personal quality, a kind of veiled beauty, sensuous but never lush, and his facility and ear are amazing. He is capable of executing passages that would impress a classical virtuoso, and he has genuine melodic inventiveness.

Asmussen visited this country in 1955 as part of a cafe act called the Swe-Danes but did not work in any jazz clubs. With his longtime partner, guitarist Ulrik Neuman, he recorded a series of duets on a long-deleted Warner Bros. LP that includes a number of gems, chiefly a fantastic *Cherokee*, which ranks among the finest jazz violin performances on record.

His playing is also well represented on an album with pianist John Lewis, *European Encounter* (Atlantic). Asmussen's version of *Django* compares interestingly to Grappelli's.

One of Asmussen's great pleasures in

Smith spent several years in Buffalo, N.Y., going to New York City in 1936 on the strength of a novelty hit he had written, *I've A'Muggin'*. He always had been attempting to find ways of amplifying the sound of his instrument, but it wasn't until his '36 engagement at the Onyx Club on 52nd St. that he found what he had been looking for—an electric amplification system.

To use such a device was against the rules of the purists, for violinists tend to be very much concerned with achieving a beautiful, natural sound. To Smith, it mattered more that he could make himself heard, and he was not much of a man for rules, anyhow. Moreover, the sound he could now get, he said, was a good sound for jazz.

And he was absolutely right. Though just a bit metallic, Smith's amplified sound is very musical, and not at all distorted; it's a violin sound. To go with the sound, Smith has ferocious energy, a wild, unpredictable imagination, and a gift for swinging that has few equals (and no superiors) on any instrument.

Leading a small group that included trumpeter Jonah Jones and drummer Cozy Cole, Smith set New York on its ear, making devoted fans of classical musicians who couldn't at first believe what they heard. With a flair for comedy and Armstrong-like singing, Smith had a modest commercial success, in person and on records, until the mid-'40s, when his career began to wane.

Smith worked in small clubs and even operated a restaurant for a while and made no records until Norman Granz introduced him to a new audience in the mid-'50s, teaming him (on Verve) with an old admirer, Dizzy Gillespie. But nothing happened, though the record (and subsequent Granz releases) showed Smith still to be at the peak of his game. West Coast jazz was the rage, and Smith's music must have sounded odd to the Chet Baker fans.

Things finally took a turn for the better when Smith got a year's work in California in 1963 (making a record with guitarist Herb Ellis at the time), got a crack at television on the *Steve Allen Show*, and went to New York's Embers club with pianist Joe Bushkin. But the violinist's career became fully revitalized only when he arrived in Copenhagen in 1965, where his greatest fan, jazz critic and promoter Timme Rosenkrantz (who once dubbed him "The Palpitating Paganini"), had obtained work for him.

Since then, Smith has enjoyed growing popularity in Europe, reflected, among other things, in his *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll victory in 1965. In his homeland, however, Smith is still largely a prophet without

honor. His latest (and wholly excellent) LP, *Swinging Stuff* (Emarcy), has hardly made a dent, and most people still gape uncomprehendingly when told that Stuff Smith is one of the greatest of living jazz musicians. Plays the violin—amplified, yet.

IN VIEW of the less than universal acclaim for the pioneer jazz violinists, it should be no surprise that their followers have been even less smiled upon by fate.

Ray Perry, a gifted Smith disciple (amplified) who also played alto and baritone saxophone, died too young to establish a firm reputation. His only recorded violin solos are with Lionel Hampton's 1940-41 sextet; they are brief but swinging and interesting. Paul Nero, too, died early, famed mostly for his *Hot Canary*, a cute novelty by a man who also was an accomplished jazz violinist.

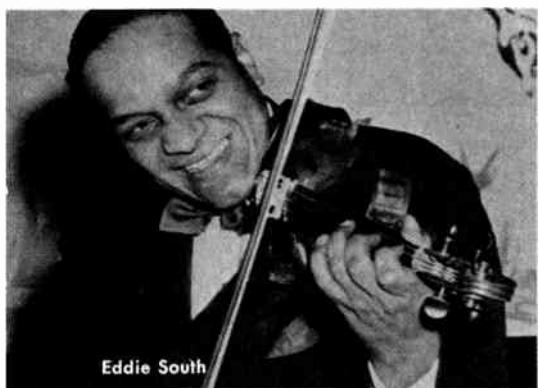
Emilio Caceres, older brother of saxophonist-clarinetist Ernie Caceres, made six excellent sides for RCA Victor in 1937, showing himself to be one of the best players in the Venuti-South school. But he returned to make his living by leading a Latin dance band in the Southwest.

Juice Wilson, according to Panassie one of the great early jazz violinists, recorded only a few bars of solo with Noble Sissle's 1927 band in England. He remained in Europe, switched to alto saxophone, and has made his home on Malta and in North Africa, becoming a minor jazz legend. Michel Warlop, a gifted Frenchman, died in 1947; among his few records still available are two sides with the Hot Club of France in Capitol's *Django Reinhardt* memorial set, on which he holds his own with Grappelli.

Harry Lookofsky, whose multitaped *Stringsville* album (Atlantic) is a technical tour de force, is not primarily a jazz musician; his solos on the album were written out by Quincy Jones.

Claude Williams recorded some pleasant, Venuti-like solos with the early Andy Kirk Band; the Australian Brian Lawrence made some good records in England in the '30s, and a female violinist, Ginger Smock, has been praised by critic Feather. The German Helmut Zacharias is able but mostly commercial in his orientation.

Some earlier players who have done nice work on records include Matty Malneck, Hal Otis, and Felix Orlowitz, while one of the best jazz violinists, John Frigo, doubles bass, which he plays much more frequently. Frigo's LP for Mercury has long been unavailable. Joe Kennedy, who teaches, recorded with Ahmad Jamal, his onetime sideman, in the early '60s, and has an LP available, *(Continued on page 38)*



Eddie South
recent years has been to sit in at the Club Montmartre in his home town with a distinguished visiting fireman, Hezekiah Leroy Gordon Smith—Stuff.

Stuff Smith, born in Portsmouth, Ohio, in 1909, is one of the great natural phenomena of the jazz landscape, a truly extraordinary musician.

Smith is unique. He was first taught, on a home-made violin, by his father, who played a number of instruments. By the time he was 7, Stuff was in the family band, playing a more or less orthodox style, but when he heard Louis Armstrong, something happened, and the rule book was soon forgotten.

Young Smith wanted to play jazz, and though he had won a music scholarship to Johnson C. Smith University, he quit school at 15 to join a traveling revue. After that came associations with the midwestern territory band of Alphonse Trent—considered by many musicians to have been the inspiration for Jimmie Lunceford's band—and Jelly Roll Morton, whose band Smith left because it was too loud for his violin to make itself heard.

Portrait of a New Orleans Jazzman

By TOMMY SANCTON



SUBJECT AND AUTHOR.

PUNCH MILLER LIKED TO COME down to the empty jazz hall in the afternoons. In his rented room uptown, he was always lonesome. Down in the French Quarter, at the jazz hall, he usually found company. He felt safe there. His anxieties cooled off, and his high blood pressure seemed to quit bothering him. For the sake of companionship, therefore, he would spend long afternoons at the hall, playing his trumpet in practice sessions with anybody who stopped by.

That's how it happened that I got a chance to sit in with an authentic old New Orleans jazzman in the first days of my struggle to learn the clarinet. And Punch, furthermore, was a teacher with a real gift. For a man whose speech was halting and inexact to the point of being mysterious, he was amazingly sharp-witted and terse in explaining the music. What he couldn't convey in words, he played instantly in crystal-clear phrases on his horn.

He was part of the jazz revival of the early 1960s, perhaps the last of the various resurrections of traditional New Orleans music. A few jazz halls had been organized where the music was offered nightly for \$1.

The national press had shown some interest in the movement, and so had television networks. These places had gotten enough publicity to keep a small but adequate stream of tourists passing through the gates. And since jazz had become "commercial" again in this small way, the few surviving active professionals were joined by others who had put their instruments down years ago. Before long they were all playing again as if nothing had ever happened to the music, or to their own lives, though, in some cases, it meant the return of white-haired old men to bands and friends they had left 30 years before.

Punch was in his late 60s when I met him. He was wiry,

dark, and still firm and handsome despite the physical wear and tear of his restless life. He dressed with a simple flair and assurance of an old man who knew he had once been a star.

His personality was a strange and appealing mixture of contrasts. Punch seemed, most of the time, to be full of life and hope, and he wrote an endless number of blues and ballads and thought of the future and waited for the breaks. But he was also full of brooding and sad memories of an orphaned childhood and of blunders and betrayals of his 30 aimless years of wandering with the carnivals and the minstrel shows.

He used to sit sometimes in his room and stare at a faded photograph of his mother. He scarcely remembered her, but what he did remember was deep in his soul. Punch might mutter vaguely, if a visitor came in, "She were somethin'," and then put his photograph back into a drawer and begin to talk show business and jazz.

Punch was patient and concerned for others, yet he was often short-tempered. It drove him wild when some kid drummer in our group tried to play the part of a blowing instrument. "Dat's da *horn* part!" he would scream. "Dat's da horn part! You can't play dat on no drum."

He seemed baffled at times, wandering through the carriageway of the old French Quarter building, looking for his Alka-Seltzer bottle, his chocolate-covered garlic pills (for high blood pressure), and his phonetically spelled list of songs he intended to play that night in the last set. He wrote down his list for the last set only, the last five numbers after the final 15-minute rest period as the evening drew to an end. He had his sentimental favorites, his new compositions, and experience had taught him that unless he wrote down and played what was in his heart and mind to play, the last set would end leaving him with a sense of incompleteness, as though he had not done his best for the people.

All these old men were proud, and they all did their best. It was part of the secret power of their music. It was not what they played but how they played that made the magic of jazz. In their minds and speech and repertoires, they linked the Civil War era to the Space Age. They grafted European notes and scores to the pounding and complex African tribal drumbeats of prehistory.

Punch's real fame as a jazzman had run its course back in the late 1920s and early '30s, and he knew that few people in New Orleans remembered that he had once had a big name.

He was, at that time, one of Louis Armstrong's rivals in Chicago. Armstrong, with greater talent as a showman, and with a better manager, had gone on to world fame, to be hailed as this country's cultural ambassador to all the world. Punch, on the other hand, was a victim of the depression and had lost his place in the night-club life of Chicago. He had then gone on tour with the minstrel shows and had traveled the back streets of the show-business world for 30 years. At last his failing health brought him back to New Orleans looking for old friends and a place to settle.

He had not been back long before he collapsed and was taken to Charity Hospital in critical condition. At the hospital the surgeons removed his gall bladder and did other major repairs. When Punch began to regain his physical health, he also snapped out of a long mental slump that had convinced him he could never play well again. His touch came back, along with his lip and his old high notes, and he reassembled several of the old players who had been in his band—"Punch's Bunch"—more than 30 years earlier.

He got bookings in the jazz halls on St. Peter and Bourbon streets. With his veteran's pension from World War I and his old-age pension, he had a livable income again and a decent room. He had a wife, an ex-wife, living somewhere

and a grown son somewhere else, an older sister in Plaquemines, a young grandnephew who played in a school band "in the country," whom he idolized and sent presents to. But these people rarely visited New Orleans. So he lived alone and lived with his music and obviously with his memories. He came to the hall to find company, usually several afternoons a week, and almost every Saturday.

That was my good fortune. I was 13 years old, and I was trying to learn jazz on a defective old clarinet. It was an Albert system instrument, a French type of clarinet with a shrill pitch, made before International Pitch was established in 1921. I could not tune it to the piano at the hall or to Punch's horn. It played true for just a few notes in the upper register and then gratingly sharp for the rest of the scale.

This didn't seem to bother Punch a bit. He seemed not to notice it, and it wasn't until a repair man at a music store explained the flaw to me that I realized what was wrong.

Probably Punch knew what the trouble was; he knew a great deal about music he never put into words. But his generation of Negro boys in New Orleans had learned their jazz on bottles and boxes, washboards, welded brass pipes, and fiddles made from cigar boxes. From this they graduated to the tarnished old horns and rickety drums of the pawn shops and finally to a good instrument bought on time. To Punch, my starting out on a manufactured instrument must have seemed like better than an even break.

ONE DAY I BROUGHT to the hall a trumpet-playing friend of mine, a boy who was in my home room at junior high school. When I had asked Punch earlier if I could bring him, so we could learn some tunes together, he jumped at the chance to teach us. Two kids were better companionship than one, it seemed. Since my friend had heard very little traditional jazz, we had practiced so we wouldn't seem as bad to Punch as we really were. At our first session with this great old trumpet player, we played our version of *Maryland, My Maryland* for him and then stopped after eight bars to wait for the master's reaction.

"Dat's too low," he said, after a long pause. "Dis da key it was written in."

He picked up his dazzling gold trumpet and ran through eight bars of *Maryland* at least two octaves higher and three times faster. It rang like a bugle on a battlefield. He said:

"Dat's da key. It's in one sharp."

After trying to play a few more numbers the way we had arranged them, we resigned ourselves to hearing Punch convert them all to their original keys and showing us the difference between children and old professionals. To me, the lesson was a very exciting experience; it taught me, through this fantastic contrast, what the professional sound was like and what my fingers and lips should be reaching for if I wanted to play New Orleans jazz. But my friend had a different reaction, and he lost interest completely. He never came back to the hall again.

My practicing with Punch on the weekends got to be a regular schedule. Sometimes other young players would join us. There were some visiting Englishmen from small London jazz bands, occasionally a Japanese or a Swede, a few from the University of Michigan and from New England schools, but almost never was there another boy from New Orleans. I could not understand that, and I still don't.

The only regular visitor from anywhere nearby was a trumpet player from Biloxi. He was one of the strangest fellows I ever met. He would stand listening in the doorway, puffing on a curved pipe, and staring very wisely through thick glasses. You would think that he heard every shading of every note, that he heard the drummer gaining time or losing it, and that he recognized licks that belonged to the

older players who were dead and gone.

But his look was misleading, for he had no ear at all.

He was, in fact, just a lonely, timid boy—which we did not realize—and the pipe was a prop that he used because he did not know what to do with his hands or his facial expressions. He was a bad stutterer.

"Ah," I thought after first meeting him, "here's a boy who has trouble communicating with words, but I bet he can make that horn talk."

I changed my mind a little later when he put his lips to the mouthpiece and blew the sorest run of notes ever heard in the hall.

Punch thought maybe this was because the Biloxi kid was playing on a battered old horn, so they exchanged instruments. The boy picked up Punch's golden trumpet and blew the same sour notes. Punch picked up the kid's trumpet and played a dazzling flourish of golden tones.

But this kid was never discouraged by anything. He managed to show up every week, and he put a drag on the whole proceedings. He was polite, generous, eager to learn, and nobody could stand his playing. And he wanted very much to be a jazzman. It was just one of those strange things. One Saturday, Punch summed it up with a typical remark.

"Is dat boy comin' 'round today?" Punch asked as we got started.

"Who?"

"Dat boy," he waved vaguely. "You know . . . dat Biloxi."

"Oh, him. He phoned that he can't make it today."

"Good," Punch said. "Biloxi ain't nowhere. And we can't get nowhere wit' Biloxi."

PUNCH ONCE TOLD ME THAT Louis Armstrong had come to hear him one night at a rival club in Chicago and said to him, "Punch, you're too fast for me, man. I'm going to New York." Punch was probably one of the fastest fingering trumpet players who ever lived, and since his makeup was too simple and honest for bragging or lying, I am certain that Armstrong did say that to him.

"Man, I was rough," Punch used to tell me, and since he was still rough at 67, he must have been hell on wheels at 25. But he was getting old, and he had not learned to change his style to conform to the limitations of age. George Lewis shortened phrases and stayed in the upper register of the clarinet on the nights he was feeling ill, or short of breath. Blowing that way took less air. Only the style changed, not the beautiful quality of the notes. Punch had never learned to do this kind of thing, and it infuriated him when his calloused old lip would muff a note he had hit all his life with virtuoso ease. He did not hit wrong notes. But sometimes the air just hissed by, and no note sounded at all. He would take the trumpet from his lip with a furious "goddam!" He would try again and again and stand up fighting that horn until at last he got what he wanted from it. These struggles didn't happen often, however, and when he was feeling good, he could still "raise hell." That was the only phrase he ever used for playing well.

Music was his life, his religion, and his only real medicine.

It was fascinating to see how he kept his trumpet case filled with pill bottles in the spaces between the parts of his horn and to realize, as Punch could not, that it was the horn and not the assortment of patent medicines that kept him going. But Punch held this stuff in awe and clung to it long after he had abandoned the professional prescriptitons given him at New Orleans' Charity Hospital. He had, in fact, lost all faith in "medical doctors," meaning surgeons, about a year after his gall-bladder operation. One night he ran excitedly into the hall and pulled his drummer, Joe Watkins, over into a corner.

"Listen at dis, Joe," he said ominously. Punch whapped himself several times on the right side of his stomach with a clenched fist. "Hear dat sound?" he asked. "Now listen at dis." He struck the other side several times, and then, with the look of someone who has just made a revolutionary discovery, he said, "Hear dat? It's a whole tone difference. It's a whole tone higher on the side dey worked on. Listen." He went through the whole thing again for Joe and then ran off looking for someone else to show his discovery to.

During every break, he was pounding on his stomach for some listener in a corner. As a musician, the two sounds interested him, but as a patient, the full tone difference seemed laden with danger and menace. The surgeons had not tuned him back up after taking out the gall bladder. He decided they were no good and from then on stuck to his home remedies.

When I first met Punch and the other jazzmen, I was too young to think about them except in connection with their music. As the months went by, I began to think of their personal lives, and their families, their relationships by blood and marriage, and the small, closely woven neighborhood friendships that had bound almost all of them together from their earliest years.

Even ones from the country, like Punch, Jim Robinson, and Papa Celestin, had arrived in New Orleans as children or in early youth, and they had been captivated by the crude jazz they heard being played on the battered horns and string-bass washtubs. And because they were outsiders, at first, they did their best to catch up and surpass the rest.

I myself was learning their music at about the same time of life they had first played it. As time went by, I began to see the meaning of their achievement, and of what they were as individuals, in terms beyond the music or the social patterns that produced them.

On the surface, they were simple men, and some were illiterate. Of those who could write, half of them did it only phonetically, so that they were capable of only the simplest communications, such as "please send money," or "mama die las night," or "playing 2 wks in K.C." Their deepest thoughts and reflections in most cases had to remain unexpressed. They had never been given a sufficient range of words to express them in flowing modern conversation. Their talk with one another, in the happy excitement of a trip or in the band room during the breaks at a big charity jamboree for the heart fund or some other enterprise, was a wild explosion of staccato phrases and strange, archaic usages. At first it all whizzed by me, but later I got to understand it. It was speech that had to be felt, by tones and intensities, as well as registered by words. But it communicated.

It communicated because they sensed, unconsciously, that they and their forebears in these backstreet New Orleans neighborhoods had taken the elements at hand, European music from the French opera, African drumming, and humming and dancing of the very old people, vaudeville tunes, hymns and harmonies from the churches and made them into a tremendous melodic language—jazz—that was greater than all its parts.

They had done it as a small group, a chosen people in terms of art, and they had so excited and inspired one another by the interplay of sounds, tempos, and effects that they had broken ground into a new dimension of musical possibilities. That it was great—despite its novelty, and despite the wretchedness of poor performers and bad imitators—the whole world recognized.

There probably is no test that would discover the IQ of these men. Even reading the newspapers was beyond most of them. But as a group, as creative people, they were at genius level. Besides the technical brilliance of their innovations, they had done the greater thing of giving a new experience of beauty to the world.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Phil Woods

Top of the Gate, New York City

Personnel: Woods, alto saxophone; Hal Galper, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Dotty Dodgion, drums.

Opportunities to hear Woods in person are far too rare these days, so it was indeed a pleasure to see him leading his own quartet at a Jazz Interactions Sunday session a few weeks ago.

On today's agonized (and often agonizing) jazz scene, Woods' playing comes as a ray of sunshine and sanity. He knows where he's at and isn't trying to prove anything, other than perhaps his desire and ability to communicate.

From the first (*What Is This Thing Called Love?* at medium-up tempo), the group struck a relaxed, swinging groove, sustained without letdown through three long sets. Everybody had ample room to solo, and there was a feeling of musicians coming together to play for their own pleasure and that of the audience.

Since this was not a permanent group, the material consisted mainly of staples. It was perhaps no coincidence that many of the tunes came from the Charlie Parker era.

Woods was inspired by Parker, and he is not ashamed of his ancestry. There are players who, in striving for originality, jettison what comes naturally, succeeding only in cramping whatever style they might have had. Happily, Woods is not among these, and because he is comfortable with his roots, he has achieved his own identity and become his own man within a great, lasting musical tradition.

He plays with conviction and fire and with a beautiful, ringing, singing tone. His command of the horn is complete, his ideas concise and coherent (but also full of welcome surprises), and he knows the all-important secret of building a solo. And his flowing music has muscle and sinew as well as beauty; Woods is never strident, never maudlin, always tasteful. He is an improviser as well as a melodist, and his playing has shape and contour as well as harmonic interest and rhythmic suspense. Best of all, it possesses warmth and life.

Woods was in top form on Miles Davis' *So What?*, taken at a crazy tempo that held together all the way. His relaxed phrasing on the melody would have pleased the composer; after that, he plowed into his long solo with rare balance between abandon and control. His "hollering" and rhythmic freedom indicated that he has not ignored recent jazz.

In a different mood, Woods shone on two ballad performances, *Lover Man* and *How Deep Is the Ocean?* On the former, his upper-register sound was lovely and perfectly controlled; he inserted a fitting quotation from *Parker's Mood* at the end. On *Ocean* his theme statement was superb; the ensuing improvisation was a masterpiece of construction, especially the second chorus, with an elegance of style reminiscent of Benny Carter.

Too Marvelous for Words, one of Woods' favorite tunes, was given a joyful workout. Woods demonstrated his ability to tie together choruses into a continuous statement, and here he played a little cata-

log of phrases that are his alone (every great player has such a vocabulary).

His solo on *Groovin' High* had a rhythmic strut that brought to mind the infectious 52nd St. jump style of such alto men as Pete Brown and Don Stovall—happy memories.

Everybody had fun with a long version of the group's theme, *Doxy*, at the end of the middle set, with all hands, Galper in particular, going into an "outside" bag.

Woods had excellent support throughout from Galper, Davis, and Mrs. Dodgion, Female drummers being something of a novelty, a number of customers registered initial surprise at seeing an attractive woman behind the drums. But Mrs. Dodgion's playing needed no visual aid. It is supposedly a compliment to say a female musician plays like a man; Mrs. Dodgion certainly had a swinging drive and confidence comparable to a male drummer, but her playing also had an intuitive quality that seemed distinctly feminine. With commendable modesty, she restricted her solo excursions to some good four-bar exchanges, taking only one long solo all night.

Davis played with his customary total command and presence. Of his several intriguing solos, perhaps the best was on *So What?* It was an index of bass history, from walking in four to some fabulous drones at the climax.

Galper is a promising young pianist, who, at present, hears more than he can play; i.e., his ideas are sometimes ahead of his fingers. But that is a positive quality. The obverse only leads to Peter Nero. Galper was excellent on *Ocean* and *Doxy*.

For the two final selections, guests were invited to join the group. Randy Brecker, a young trumpeter with a bold, bright sound and good ideas, was impressive on an up-tempo *There Is No Greater Love* but committed a sin common among young players—his solo was far too long. Woods, who followed, showed him how to say what one has to say succinctly.

For the concluding piece, a vintage Parker line, valve trombonist-fluegelhornist Brian Bate joined. The tempo was too rough for him, but he managed to make a kind of impression by playing simultaneous riffs on his two horns. Musically more to the point was Davis' astonishing solo.

The Jazz Interactions Sunday sessions, held in what has become, after numerous alterations, one of the most pleasant jazz rooms in the city, are commendably broad in their approach. With Woods, they scored a touchdown. —Dan Morgenstern

Claude Hopkins/Sammy Rimington

Holiday Inn, Meriden, Conn.

Personnel: Doc Cheatham, trumpet; Benny Morton, trombone; Scoville Brown, clarinet, alto saxophone; Hopkins, piano; Eddie Gibbs, bass; Jo Jones, drums. Sammy Rimington, clarinet, alto saxophone; Bill Sinclair, piano; Dave Duquette, banjo; Arthur Pulver, drums.

Presenting the Hopkins band was something of a departure for the Connecticut Traditional Jazz Club. Its music was "traditional" in a broader sense than that with which the club is usually concerned. All went enthusiastically well, however.

A couple of weeks earlier, the group had played on several RCA Victor recording sessions with Captain John Handy, the New Orleans alto saxophonist. This, and the fact of Hopkins' early association with Sidney Bechet and Edmond Hall, gave it an entree into traditional circles, although the nearest any of its members came to being born in the Crescent City was Nashville, Tenn., Cheatham's birthplace.

The program consisted of such numbers as *Honeysuckle Rose*, *Indiana*, *Sugar Blues*, *Keeping out of Mischief Now*, and Hopkins' own *I Would Do Anything for You*. The last choruses were occasionally jammed in a semi-Dixieland manner, but the idiom was basically that of the small swing bands of the '30s. By now, this idiom is also traditional: ensemble statement of the theme, sequence of solos with occasional background riffs, and an out chorus either riffed or "collectively improvised." The line of descent from the New Orleans formula is obvious.

The rhythm section was excellent. Always an economical but effective accompanist, Hopkins contrasted a light, laconic form of expression with formidable demonstrations of stride in his solo contributions. Gibbs, formerly known as a guitarist and banjoist, played some excellent walking bass and was featured from time to time in well-conceived and often witty solos. Jones, who was subbing for Gus Johnson (who was subbing for Sam Woodyard in the Duke Ellington Band), had no trouble adjusting to the prevailing climate. When the time came for a drum solo, he delivered a *Caravan* that was all subtlety.

What really distinguished the music, however, was the conception of the three horns, and particularly the lead as defined by Cheatham. He played cleanly and accurately, mostly open, and he phrased lyrically, logically, and smoothly without overtaxing his power and range.

Morton and Brown took their cues from him, and the result was a light, swinging ensemble sound that was ideally suited to the leader's easy, unforced piano style. In fact, anyone familiar with the airy grace of Hopkins' best band sides from the '30s could recognize the influence of his style.

Morton, as Dickie Wells claims, does play more like the late Jimmy Harrison than anyone else today. On such as *Basin Street Blues*, Morton's affinity with Jack Teagarden was also suggested, but his style and warm tone were essentially and recognizably his own. Little changed from the days of playing with Fletcher Henderson and Don Redman, his playing was firmly controlled and always appropriate.

Brown played mostly clarinet, emphasizing the fluid, graceful qualities of the instrument, and his infrequent solos on alto saxophone added welcome color changes.

The alternating group led by Rimington, an English clarinetist living in Connecticut, had a rhythm section that laid down a strong and energetic 4/4 in the manner of the old Joseph Robichaux Band.

Rimington is well versed in the New Orleans idiom, and his playing was full of enthusiasm and foot-stamping rhythms. To end the evening, the groups jammed together in a fashion that was traditional in several senses of the word.—Stanley Dance

THE NEW JAZZ A MATTER OF DOING

By DON HECKMAN

A complete esthetic and theoretical examination of recent jazz developments will have to wait until the dust begins to clear and a more accurate perspective of its definitions is provided by the music itself.

Despite this, a preliminary evaluation can be made, though it is necessarily subject to the potentially mitigating influences of time and perspective. This is the first of several Sounds & Silences columns examining the esthetic currents that are emerging in the new jazz and the relationships they bear to other contemporary arts and to changing cultural conditions.

STANDARDS OF EXCELLENCE—esthetic standards if you will—are always changing, and they do so in the artistic community long before the evidence becomes clear to the audience. What was a meaningful yardstick in 1945 simply no longer has the same relevance in 1967.

This is particularly difficult to accept today, a time when esthetic standards are no longer changing because of developments in technique. In nearly every jazz development prior to the '60s, change reflected, and appeared to be motivated by, a growing sophistication of musical technique. Logically enough, this change was manifest in the deepening ability of jazzmen to express rhythmic complexity and continuity—the elements that lie at the heart of jazz.

"Swing" became a primal definition. A special talent for it compensated for nearly any shortcoming; conversely, a player with fast fingers and a good ear got little real respect from his contemporaries if he could not "swing."

Yet "swing," as it was commonly conceived, referred to a limited and ex-

plicit conception of the use of rhythmic time, a limitation that has become especially apparent during the last few years. Further, even this notion tended to change quickly; much of what was "swinging" in 1929 was considered obvious and banal a decade later. The prevailing esthetic went through flip-flops trying to keep pace with rapid changes in rhythmic competency (whose time did you dig in 1938, Lester Young's or Coleman Hawkins'?).

Jazz is now confronted, therefore, for perhaps the first time in its history, with a developing esthetic resulting not from growing technical competency but from an intrinsic change in artistic viewpoint. This, more than any other single factor, is what has caused so much confused and hostile reaction to the new music.

Consider the rub that has bruised the sensitive hides of critics and musicians:

"Where are the standards of excellence?" they ask. "How do you know these people can really play their instruments?"

Predictably, the shade of Charlie Parker is revived and given a welcome so solicitous that it would probably frighten him back to the grave were he really to appear.

But Charlie Parker was no more a revolutionary than Johann Sebastian Bach. His achievement—like Bach's—was a masterly summing up of the musical chronology that preceded him. Parker was, in effect, an end, not a beginning. It must have taken an astonishing degree of insensitivity in the middle 1940s not to recognize the extent of his mastery. And publicity-motivated hostility between "moldy figs" and "boppers" to the contrary, most musicians were fully aware of Parker's excellence.

With Parker, even the nonmusician listener could hear that the premises were familiar, that despite Parker's great rhythmic subtlety and harmonic complexity and the profound technical advance they represented, he was working from a starting point that was known, using methods that were recognizable. The job of evaluating—and, of course, of understanding—his music was made relatively simple by the fact that its esthetic definitions (as opposed to its technical advances) were not substantially different from those of, say, Louis Armstrong.

But how can one say the same of Albert Ayler, Cecil Taylor, or Sun Ra? Assuming their music represents a changing esthetic, what does it offer the harmony/melody-grounded ears of most listeners?

Perhaps the only real answer is that sympathetic and continued exposure to the music (and preferably to in-person

music) will provide its own solutions. I am simple-minded enough to believe that, given a sufficient hearing, even an alien artistic esthetic will eventually reach a sympathetic audience. In order for it to do so, it must enjoy the critical advantages of adequate listening time and audience receptivity.

(A friend recently told me that Pharaoh Sanders didn't know how to play the saxophone. Rather than react with the annoyance his remark had provoked, I asked how often he had heard Sanders play. Aside from a minimal exposure to Sanders' few recordings, not at all. My friend had no conscious intention, I am sure, to be offensive, yet he was making a hasty and demeaning remark about a performer's work on the basis of almost no personal evidence. I suspect his is not a rare case.)

But sympathetic listeners represent the ideal solution, and audience receptivity always depends upon the ability to respond, either consciously or intuitively, to an art form's internal esthetic: It is a truism that listeners prefer the familiar. Not only is there little in the new jazz that sounds familiar, there also are—as noted above—few easily discernible reference points. The characteristic that made bebop accessible, even though the characteristic was on a relatively unconscious level—harmonic/rhythmic cadences, the recurring patterns of chord changes to popular songs and blues—was discarded in the late '50s by Ornette Coleman.

Younger players rarely consider the possibility of playing with the chord patterns of popular songs and certainly do not consider an ability to do so a real test of their talents; the idea is about as anachronistic to them as the thought of playing with a tuba instead of a string bass would have been to Parker. (The fact that Parker could have played with a tuba is not particularly germane to the argument; one did not evaluate his talent in terms of that ability.)

Unfamiliarity becomes an even more serious problem when seen in the context of the fact that the new music's changing esthetic seems to place so little value upon "technical competency." Forced to listen without the stabilizing qualities of this favorite magic charm, most listeners founder in a spell of confusion. And too many critics reveal the small, bourgeois nature of their minds when they hew to the idea that the true values of art are determined by the complexities of its mechanics and the degree to which it expresses "universals"—universals that are almost always culturally determined.

I do not, however, mean to imply that technical standards do not exist for the new music or that meaningful

audience reference points cannot be located. Coleman pointed out several years ago that his first real confidence in what he was doing came when he realized that he could make mistakes, that there were intrinsic limits (or standards—call them what you like) even upon “free” jazz.

Because they are the result of the profoundly altered esthetic that lies at the heart of a revolutionary artistic (and probably cultural) movement, the technical standards of the new jazz are not readily apparent. Since they do not represent a “school”—regardless of the lumping together that has characterized much critical commentary—the new jazz players must be considered individually; their techniques do not represent the working methods and tools of a classical style but the natural artifacts of a personal expression. To paraphrase critic Harold Rosenberg, the common elements in the new jazz are represented only by what the players do separately and individually.

Thematic improvisation, harmonic variation—all the appurtenances of the jazz that is familiar to us—are, in a musical sense, literal representations. They are descriptions, whether distorted or altered, in literal imagery. No matter how unlike the real sun Van Gogh’s swirling yellow orbs may be, there is never any doubt in the mind of the viewer about what his eye is seeing; similarly, Charlie Parker’s playing of *Cherokee* remains a literal projection, spontaneous to be sure, of a recognizable musical image.

If one single profound esthetic change has taken place in post-World War II art it has been what artist Hans Hofmann has called the discarding of the “representation of the artist’s psychic state or tension in favor of enacting it in physical movement.” Thus the *act* of playing, of painting, becomes its own representation.

To quote Hofmann again: “This was possible because an action, being made of both the psychic and the material, is by its nature a sign—it is the trace of a movement whose beginning and character it does not in itself ever altogether reveal . . . yet the action also exists as a ‘thing’ in that it touches other things and affects them . . .”

Hofmann makes the further point that the arrival of action painting signaled the demise of the alliance between architecture and painting. Similarly, the growth of the new jazz (action jazz?) heralds a departure from the use of architectural definitions of excellence for music.

The idea of the relationship of the whole to its parts, the concept of thematic variation and development, the commonly stated notion that an impro-

viser “builds” his solos from chord changes, scales, modes, etc.—all these are the residue of architectural ideas, of the belief that music is a structural entity that will somehow collapse if its component parts are not logically and causally related.

Here we find one of the important keys to the new music. The change we are witnessing is from conclusion to process, from the acquiring, molding, or alteration of materials toward a predictable end to the concept of the act—no matter how unpredictable it may be—as a justifiable end in itself. From this viewpoint a meaningful approach to the questions of technical excellence and esthetic standards (or whatever this new music provides as comparable alternatives) can be made.

It is for this reason, I think, that the word energy is used so frequently by the young jazz players.

Energy results from action; it is the force that powers doing, feeling, responding. If the new jazz can be seen as an action—even as a becoming—rather than as a making, then the importance of energy as a primal source of power (a power not unlike that of “swing” in more traditional jazz styles) can readily be understood.

Admittedly, the concept of “energy” may seem vague, but for the listener who can allow an honest response, the word is no more lacking in substance than is the imprecise term “swing.”

Since chords, harmonic cadences, and the specific rhythmic patterns they tend to provoke are among the most fundamental constructional elements of the architectural—cause and effect—approach to music, then their discarding at an early stage in the development of the new jazz was a virtual necessity. (This is not to suggest, by the way, that simultaneously sounding notes—densities, clusters, even harmonies, if you will—do not have a place in the new music.

But their use as part of a tonal system—that is, a musical means of organization in which specific combinations of notes imply a *predictable* movement to another combination of notes, and so on, is not satisfactory. In the work of Albert Ayler, however, one can detect the stirrings of a new method of handling harmony, a way of using it as a sound in and of itself that can be savored and experienced as an artistic action that has no further structural function. The achievement brings to mind a remark made by composer/conductor Pierre Boulez: “. . . it is now possible to move unimpeded toward a highly authentic form of being, which, in its autonomy, will no longer need to repudiate anything whatever.”)

With no particular desire to *represent* their “psychic state,” that is, to draw

a picture of it for us, players realized that specific harmonies, with the relatively predictable artistic qualities they possess, had to be eliminated in favor of a procedure that allowed the player to *enact* his psychic state—to offer as direct and unimpeded a path into his immediate self as was possible. Too often this action has been misread as a representation rather than an enactment and imparted with specific messages that distort and minimize its real powers.

The least significant—in a broad esthetic sense—aspect of the new jazz, and, characteristically, the aspect that arouses the greatest hostility from the unsympathetic audience, is the use of what might be called “noise components.” More accurately, however, the wildly colorful aural devices currently in use represent a logical, predictable stretching of instrumental resources.

To suggest that jazz players should limit themselves to sounds that are “beautiful” or which express love, sweetness, and light, or that certain sounds are somehow more “correct” than others verges on Tweedledumism of the most humorous sort. Artists always have reached beyond the limits that outsiders impose upon their tools; jazz players are no exception. Nor do I place much credence in the argument that insists artists must master the traditional repertory of their art before they “try their own wings.” Who is more technically inept: the player who haltingly and even fumblingly gives something that is truly his own or the player who gives a mechanically bristling version of someone else’s ideas? Jazz, after all, is a creative, not an interpretive art.

To provide a point of reference, then, even though comparisons of this sort always suffer the deadly flaw of lacking a common esthetic viewpoint, consider the following differences between the new jazz and the traditional styles:

Traditional Jazz

1. Swing/rhythm
2. Chords
3. Structure (melodic/harmonic variation, sectionalization)
4. Cadence
5. Tone, specific pitch, etc.

New Jazz

1. Energy/rhythm
2. Spontaneous invention
3. Action
4. Autonomy of individual sounds
5. “Noise” components, stretching of instrumental resources

Most of the above comparisons could apply equally well to current events in other art forms. But there are several factors that make them uniquely meaningful to the new jazz. I will discuss them in the next *Sounds & Silences* column.

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

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

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

Dennis Budimir

ALONE TOGETHER—Revelation 1: *Blues for Ray; Embraceable You; East of the Sun; No Cover, No Minimum; I Can't Get Started; All the Things You Are.*

Personnel: Gary Foster, tenor and alto saxophones; Budimir, guitar.

Rating: ★★★★

One of the busiest young guitarists on the West Coast these days, Budimir is heard here in a casual, unhurried program of lyrical celebration—alone and in duet with himself and with saxophonist Foster. The results are thoroughly engaging. The music is unpretentious, witty, elegant, and uncloyingly romantic, all qualities seemingly out of phase with the bulk of contemporary jazz.

Four of the tracks—*Blues, Embraceable, Sun, and Started*—find the guitarist engaging in duet with himself, thanks to electronic wizardry. First he recorded an accompaniment track, to which was added his melodic excursions—all on acoustic guitar. The results are remarkably free of gimmickry, though the performances are not without occasional rough spots. But these are to be expected in such a difficult procedure; what is surprising, in fact, is that they are so few and of such a minor nature (like small nubs in a rich, hand-woven fabric).

Throughout the album the music is low-keyed and reflective. Budimir demonstrates great skills as a thoughtful, ardent romantic in the best Bill Evans tradition.

His variations on *Embraceable, Sun, and Started* flow blithely and naturally, evidencing a great feeling for melodic development of high order and discipline. Budimir makes telling use of space in his solos. He knows how to shape a line sensitively, to develop it gracefully and inevitably, to shade with a knowing sense of chiaroscuro, to build quietly but relentlessly. Added interest is created by the two parts occasionally igniting into richly contrapuntal textures. One listens to these tracks with a growing sense of excitement and wonder.

But his *Blues*, for all its interesting moments, fails to compel as fully as his lyrical ruminations on the ballads, and one suspects that the guitarist's own romantic

proclivities are at the bottom of this.

Foster plays tenor on *No Cover* and alto on *Things*. Like Budimir, he is primarily a lyricist, and his liquid, graceful alto improvisations, played with a slightly thickened tone, are excellent, recalling nothing so much as a blending of Lee Konitz (structurally) and Paul Desmond (sonically). For those who are familiar with the alto work of Sweden's prime melodist, Lars Gullin, Foster's playing will strike a happily responsive chord. Foster, needless to say, is more impressive on alto than on tenor.

This is a set that calls for repeated listening—intelligent, open listening; its joys are not of the most overt type, but they are considerable nonetheless.

Being a new recording venture with limited distribution, Revelation records might be difficult to obtain, even in stores specializing in jazz discs. They may be ordered directly from 910 Rome Drive, Los Angeles, Calif., 90065. Producers John William Hardy and Jon Horwich are to be commended for their avowed intention of providing "unrecognized and deserving musical talents an opportunity to record in a relaxed setting under their own direction and choice of instrumentation." —Welding

Kenny Burrell

HAVE YOURSELF A SOULFUL LITTLE CHRISTMAS—Cader 779: *The Little Drummer Boy; Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas; My Favorite Things; Away in a Manger; Mary's Little Boy Child; White Christmas; God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen; The Christmas Song; Go Where I Send Thee; Silent Night; Twelve Days of Christmas; Merry Christmas, Baby.*

Personnel: Burrell, guitar; unidentified brass, string sections, organ, rhythm section; Richard Evans, arranger, conductor.

Rating: ★★★★

Christmas albums by jazz artists are no longer a novelty, but one as imaginative in choice of repertoire and as well realized musically as this one is a rarity. It's a pity this album was not received in time for pre-Christmas review, but it can be listened to any time of the year.

Evans has written unobtrusive, functional settings that never take undue attention from the soloist; unfortunately, the excellent rhythm section is not identified—and it definitely is not Burrell's regular section (Richard Wyands, piano; Martin Rivera, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums).

But this is Burrell's album all the way. He brings to what some musicians might have regarded as a routine assignment all his sensitivity and skill, and not a single selection is treated in a off-hand or unimaginative manner.

Among the highlights are *Things*, in a version that owes nothing to John Coltrane; *Manger*, with lovely unaccompanied opening and closing passages, and stirring, blues-flavored improvisation; *White Christmas*, which settles, after a straight exposition, into a relaxed swinging groove featuring imaginative melodic variations; *Send Thee*, a rousing spiritual in a soul setting with back beat and organ; and *Baby*, a big 1947 hit for Johnny Moore's Three Blazers, revived here in a version that would please B. B. King.

Silent Night is treated in a manner reminiscent of Mahalia Jackson—slow 3/4, and plenty of blue notes, a good example of how a familiar song can be transformed,

but not distorted, by an imaginative jazz musician. *Mary's* has a Latin lilt, which makes for a nice change of pace.

Burrell's sound, which never becomes monochromatic, like some amplified guitarists', is well recorded, and his good taste is in evidence throughout. Don't overlook this album; it is an excellent compendium of a great guitarist's work. —Morgenstern

Jackie Cain-Roy Kral

CHANGES—Verve 8668: *Dedicated to Love; Yesterday; Didn't Want to Have to Do It; In My Life; Bye, Bye; Counting; Changes; And I Love Her; The Word; Norwegian Wood; Can't Buy Me Love.*

Personnel: Miss Cain, Kral, vocals; Charles Calello, Oliver Nelson, Claus Ogerman, arrangers.

Rating: ★★★½

Who wins when top talent tackles mediocre material? Some artists cannot rise above the trash they record; others are only as good or bad as the tunes they attempt. Jackie and Roy are larynx and pharynx over this collection of teenage trivia. So meticulous is their collective approach that it probably won't appeal to the market for which it is doubtless intended.

If that be the case, they are their own worst enemies in terms of making a dent in the charts. They simply cannot sound bad. They'll never make a fortune among the longhair rockers because their vocal approach is much too rehearsed, too subtle, too sophisticated.

What we have here is a bridge, an explanation of today's sound for today's adults. Jackie and Roy have taken a good sampling of Beatle tunes, and others by Phil Ochs and Bob Lind, and extracted every meaningful note from them with their usual regard for blend and diction.

Highlights include Roy's tender passing tones on *And I Love Her*; the wordless instrumental approach to vocalizing on *Norwegian Wood*; Jackie's sensitive solo on *Yesterday*, with its disarming modulation in the final chorus, followed by the surprising blue notes of the tag; the independent vocal leads in *Dedicated* and *Didn't Want To*; the respect for, and the clarity of, the splendid lyrics in *Counting*; and the tongue-in-cheek humor of *Can't Buy Me Love*.

The arrangements are in the proper idiom but far from memorable, Nelson's being the best contributions. By no stretch of the imagination can this be called jazz, but it can be called a beautiful album.

—Siders

Dukes of Dixieland

SUNRISE, SUNSET—Decca 4807: *Sunrise, Sunset; Whispering; Michelle; Down by the Riverside; The Shadow of Your Smile; I've Found a New Baby; Who's Sorry Now?; Them There Eyes; If I Had You; Lazy River; Mame; That's A Plenty.*

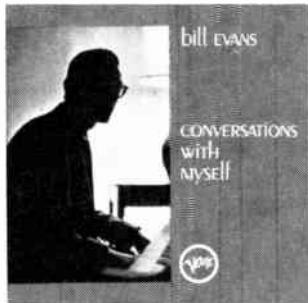
Personnel: Frank Assunto, trumpet, fluegelhorn, vocals; Jerry Fuller, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Ed Hubble, trombone; Gene Schroeder, piano; Papa Jac Assunto, banjo, trombone; Rudy Deutsch, bass; Barrett Deems, drums.

Rating: ★★★

"Dixieland," says the anonymous writer of the notes for this album, "is not easy to play well, and many accomplished jazz musicians cannot play it at all. It has its own subtleties and principles, its own traditions and conventions. . . ." This pithy statement should be tacked to the walls of all band rooms, should, in fact, be hung in recording studios.

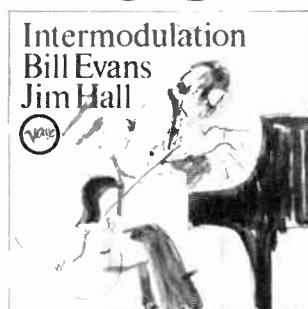
The Dukes can play Dixieland, can play

SOLO



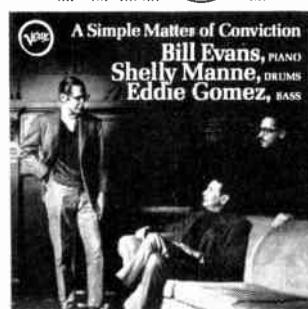
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it well, and if they don't burn with the crystal fire of early New Orleans groups or early Chicagoans, it is because economic survival has made them primarily an entertainment band. Devices that would be shunned by a Sidney Arodin or a Muggsy Spanier are commonplace, and the Dixieland roughhouse of the New Orleans Rhythm Kings has been replaced by slickness and polish.

Nevertheless, there is plenty of good jazz on these tracks.

Hubble's trombone rumbles solidly on *Sunrise*. Frank Assunto, in full command of his horn, is searing and driving on *New Baby*. Clarinetist Fuller has a full, round sound and an excellent grasp of the Dixieland idiom. Schroeder, a very good musician, is only given a few solo spots, and he makes the most of these; he shines on *Eyes*.

It's a bright, bubbling album. —Erskine

Clare Fischer

EASY LIVIN'—Revelation 2: *In Your Own Sweet Way; Glad to Be Unhappy; Aquarius; My Pretty Girl; Kerry Dancer; Goodbye; I'll Take Romance; Easy Livin'*.

Personnel: Fischer, piano; Bobby West, bass.

Rating: ★★½

Karl Boxer

SPLIT DECISION—Dot 3749: *The Shadow of Your Smile; Bluesette; It Was a Very Good Year; Liebestraum; Autumn Leaves; It Could Happen to You; Stella by Starlight; All the Things You Are; My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice; I Love You*.

Personnel: Boxer, piano; Rusty Gilder, bass; Mike Adams, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Fischer and Boxer are good pianists, excellent musicians, and they don't move me.

Although I receive nothing new from their music, I recognize its musicality. It's in the bag of Bill Evans.

Neither Boxer nor Fischer is anywhere near being a carbon copy of Evans—they are much better than that. There are other influences—Art Tatum on Fischer, for instance. But the approach to the jazz piano comes out Evans, the little decrescendo at the end of phrases, in the case of Boxer; the use of block chords at the same point in the solo as Evans would use them; Fischer's ruminative solo-piano voicings.

They do not copy his notes—please understand that—and are without a doubt worth listening to, particularly Fischer. I don't hear anything on either of these records, though, that makes me sit up and say, "Yeah! What did he do there? I want to hear that again—isn't that something?"

The Fischer album is the more "intellectual"—less physical—both in the material and the approach to it. His way with a melody is subtle. Some of the solo ballads—only three tunes have West's accompaniment—are beautifully Satielike in their pure simplicity, and I love the notes he doesn't play. *Glad* is particularly impressive in this respect. (Hemingway said that the most important things in his stories were the things he didn't say.)

On the other hand, Fischer plays almost the same chorus into and out of *Sweet Way*, which is redundant and bothered me.

Boxer can generate some good swing, and his rhythm section is sensitive, particularly Gilder.

The subtitle of the album is "a progression in jazz from moderate to modern in ten swinging stages."

The moderate side is just pallid and would have been better left out. For instance, I'm tired of hearing *Shadow*, as nice a tune as it is. There seems to be something in this country that makes people kill anything good in popular music by overworking it. In France, Jacques Brel and Charles Aznavour write their own songs—here Frank Sinatra sings *Winchester Cathedral*. Curious.

The "modern" side is more adventurous harmonically and swings nicely. I like the personal way he plays the melody on *All the Things*, but how many refreshing approaches can possibly be left for *Stella* or *I Love You?* Boxer doesn't find one.

They are both serious guys who have obviously put in their time in the woodshed, and, particularly with Fischer, their playing seems to be important to them. A thing not to be compromised or taken lightly.

However, I cannot change the fact that what they play on these albums is not important to me. Neither one alters my chemistry one little bit, which is what I expect from a work of art. And isn't jazz supposed to be an art form? —Zwerin

Stan Getz

STAN GETZ WITH LAURINDO ALMEIDA—Verve 8665: *Minina Moca; Once Again; Winter Moon; Do What You Do, Do; Samba da Sabra; Maracatu-too*.

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Almeida, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Edision Machado, Jose Soorez, David Bailey, drums; Luiz Parga, Jose Paulo, Latin percussion; unidentified piano.

Rating: ★★½

On paper it looks good—even great: Getz, the man who forged a signal comeback on the basis of superlatively lyrical playing of bossa nova, meets Almeida, native Brazilian guitarist whose 1953 quartet experiments (with altoist Bud Shank) might have been in large measure responsible for the incubation of bossa nova. But somehow this set—recorded in March, 1963, but only recently released by Verve—fails to ignite into the stimulating melodic celebration one might have expected.

The trouble is not with the saxophonist. Getz, in fact, cannot be faulted in his playing anywhere in the set. He drives, he sings, he soars, he swings with that unerring rhythmic thrust, he bullies, he confects airy, graceful lines. He is, in short, himself.

Almeida, on the other hand, does not seem himself. His playing early settles into lethargy, and even Getz' powerful, stimulating improvisations cannot rouse him. The guitarist seems tired, listless, merely going through the motions. There's not a spark of emotion, let alone excitement, in his work. Never once does he demonstrate the lyrical charm, the involvement, the effortless creation of beautiful melody that gave his collaborations with Shank such distinction. And the rhythmic quality of his playing is curiously wooden and inflexible, quite the opposite of the lithe, insinuating pulse that is at the heart of bossa nova.

The playing of the rhythm section, on the other hand, is impeccable. There is an unidentified pianist who turns in a strongly rhythmic spot on *Maracatu*.

The honors here fall decidedly to Getz. Even Almeida's strangely lackluster participation cannot completely ground that

soaring spirit. One can only wonder at what might have resulted had a true collaboration, a true meeting of hearts, taken place. As it is, we'll have to settle for the minutes of this token encounter.

—Welding

John Handy

THE SECOND JOHN HANDY ALBUM—Columbia 2567 and 9367: *Dancy, Dancy; Theme X; Blues for a High-Strung Guitar; Dance for Carlo B; Scheme #1*.

Personnel: Handy, alto saxophone; Jerry Hahn, guitar; Mike White, violin; Don Thompson, bass; Terry Clarke, drums.

Rating: ★★★

These pieces were written by Handy and reveal his eclectic approach to composition. *Dancy* is a simple, happy, up-tempo tune; *Theme X* is a Middle Easternish composition in 5/4; *Guitar* has a down-home flavor; *Dance for Carlo B*, a subdued selection, shows a Latin American influence.

Scheme #1 fills most of one side of the record. It is conservative, modern-classical chamber music with a jazz tinge. While *Scheme* seems to me to be an unpretentious, pleasant work, I can't agree with annotator Ralph Gleason's description of it as "important American music." In fact, while most of the compositions on this album are attractive, none is memorable.

The best thing about the LP is the soloing of Handy and Hahn.

Handy has been strongly influenced by Charlie Parker but also has learned from post-Parker saxophonists. He has an individual approach that is marked by his pure, attractive tone and his use of extremely high notes. He can swing violently

and also play lyrically, as he does on *Dance for Carlo B*. I've heard him play more inventively than he does here, but his work is still interesting.

Hahn is a complete musician, one who can play good single-string and chordal passages and even simulate the sound of a sitar.

White employs some rather unusual devices, such as rapid sawing (reminiscent of a country fiddler) and double stops but also plays plenty of simple, trivial figures. This leads me to wonder if he's had much experience as a jazz soloist. Clarke performs impressively—he's a busy but tasteful drummer.

—Pekar

Earl Hines

HERE COMES EARL "FATHA" HINES—Contact 6: *Save It; Pretty Mama; Bye, Bye, Baby; Smoke Rings; Shoeshine Boy; The Stanley Steamer; Bernie's Tune; Dream of You*.

Personnel: Hines, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

The revival of interest in Hines' playing at a time when some of his outstanding contemporaries have been almost forgotten is a phenomenon I won't attempt to explain.

Whatever the cause, it's wonderful that Hines has been given the opportunity to record so much recently, for the great veteran still plays creatively and with a world of vigor.

His style has not changed radically since 1940, but there are apparent differences. Some of his chord voicings here demonstrate that he's been influenced by modern pianists, and at some points on this LP,

he comps for himself like a modernist. The passages during which he uses his left hand rather sparingly might upset certain sycophantic traditional- and swing-oriented jazz writers if they heard them. Those writers, however, are apparently too busy praising Hines to pay much attention to his playing.

One of Hines' outstanding characteristics is his ability to produce a variety of colors and textures. On *Pretty Mama*, for example, he begins with restraint, but before the track is over he has employed some jarringly percussive chords.

Both his single-note and chordal work on *Baby* are fine. Near the end of this selection he plays delightfully in the upper register.

Hines' treatment of *Smoke* and *Dream* are warm and easygoing—good examples of pipe-and-slippers jazz.

Sparks fly on the up-tempo version of *Shoeshine*. Some of Hines' cascading runs recall a man who learned much from him, Art Tatum.

Bernie's contains fine, surging Hines improvisation, but the weird bell-like effects he creates at the beginning and end of the track are, for me, its selling point.

Stanley, done at a comfortable loping tempo, opens with Hines taking a series of full-bodied choruses in which he builds irresistibly. Davis follows with a characteristically brilliant solo, followed by excellent interplay between the bassist and pianist during the latter part of the performance.

Davis is outstanding on the other tracks



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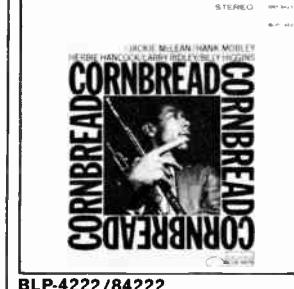
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too. In addition to his far-out spot on *Stanley*, he has an excellent walking solo on *Shoeshine*. He can play with anyone, from Kid Ory to Albert Ayler.

Nobody need be frightened by the thought of Elvin Jones playing with Hines. Jones is a model of taste. —Pekar

Richard (Groove) Holmes

MISTY—Prestige 7485: *The More I See You; The Shadow of Your Smile; What Now My Love?; Summertime; Misty; On the Street Where You Live; Strangers in the Night; There Will Never Be Another You.*

Personnel: Holmes, organ; Gene Edwards, guitar; George Randall, drums.

Rating: ★★

This is a pretty dull record, riddled with a repetitive Charleston beat for left-hand comping (heard, ad infinitum, on *Shadow*, *Now*, *Misty*, and *Strangers*). *The More I See* is treated as a bossa nova, and that lends itself to jazz samba as readily as *Stars and Stripes Forever*.

On the other hand, putting a bossa nova rhythm to *Never Be* was a fine idea—only the playing lacks fine ideas. Most of Holmes' improvisation is squandered on a never-ending, delayed-octave gimmick.

Street starts out with the best potential: a bright cooking tempo and some tight, cohesive playing. But during an exchange of fours with Randall, the tempo picks up noticeably.

Edwards has little to say, and when he gets a chance to solo, he still has little to say.

The title tune swings nice and easy, mainly because it contains the one element that stands out in this collection: some deft footwork by Holmes. —Siders

Herbie Mann

NEW MANN AT NEWPORT—Atlantic 1471: *Project S; Scratch; She's a Carioca; All Blues; Summertime.*

Personnel: Jimmy Owens, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Joe Orange and Jack Hitchcock or Jimmy Knepper, trombones; Mann, various flutes, tenor saxophone; Attila Zoller, guitar; Reggie Workman, bass; Bruno Carr, drums; Carlos (Patato) Valdes, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★★★★

The paradoxical thing about Mann is that his flute sounds anemic, but his ability to swing is bloody conspicuous.

With this album, most of it recorded at the 1966 Newport Jazz Festival, one doesn't have to wait long to hear the best illustration of that: the first track provides a dialog of fast thinking, wit, and brilliance between Mann and Workman. Like a moment of truth, flute and bass engage in an eloquent exchange of thoughts at the polar extremes of the tonal spectrum.

Theirs is a tough act to follow, but fluegelhornist Owens manages to rise above the competition with spectacular results. Switching to trumpet for *Scratch*, he challenges one of the two trombonists to an exciting brass duel while Valdes and Carr, the latter in particular, drive the free-for-all to new heights.

Carioca—a soothing bossa nova—is dominated by the solo work of Mann and Hitchcock, with the former showing greater comfort in the jazz-samba idiom.

The only track not from Newport is Miles Davis' *All Blues*, and the power of suggestion of the composer is evident as Owens gets a sound amazingly similar to that of Davis. Guitarist Zoller—in his only appearance in the album—makes a fine solo contribution, but the real highlight is the

seldom-heard tenor saxophone of Mann. His tone is supple and warm and seems to say "stop neglecting me."

The sensitive bowing of Workman establishes the season for Mann's mournful excursion into *Summertime*. Over Valdes' tasteful bongo playing, Mann puts the Gershwin classic through a fascinating series of variations on a mood—clearly Mann's finest solo statement in the album.

Considering the acoustical problems that turn up at outdoor festivals, Atlantic must be congratulated for producing an album of such clarity. —Siders

Shelly Manne

SHELLY MANNE & CO.—Contact 4: *How High the Moon; Penthouse Serenade; On the Sunny Side of the Street; Time on My Hands; Moonglow; Tea for Two; Them There Eyes; Sarcastic Lady; Night and Day; Flamingo; Step Steps Up; Step Steps Down.*

Personnel: Ray Nance, trumpet, violin; Aaron Sachs or Barney Bigard, clarinet; Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Don Byas, tenor saxophone; Eddie Heywood, piano; John Simmons, bass; Manne, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

Manne appears on all selections, which date from 1944, but was not designated the leader on any of them when they were originally released on the Signature label. He was a solid, economical drummer at the time but not the brilliant musician he has become. Apparently Contact, in reissuing these records under his name, is trying to capitalize on his current renown. I hope the gimmick works, because this is a fine LP.

Eight of the selections are by trios. *Sunny Side*, *Time*, *Night*, and *Flamingo* are by Hodges, Heywood, and Manne. *Moonglow*, *Tea*, *Up*, and *Down* have Bigard, Heywood, and Manne.

Surprisingly, though Hodges and Bigard are great musicians, Heywood's solos are at least as interesting as theirs. An intelligent musician whose style seems to have been drawn from Earl Hines, Teddy Wilson, and Art Tatum, he is at his best here. His solos are tightly structured and harmonically and rhythmically imaginative, and he achieves a full tone. Particularly good are his perfectly paced *Night* solo; his intricate, cleanly articulated spot on *Time*; and his earthy, ruminative playing on *Up*.

Hodges generally plays well within himself, but his work is still good, particularly on *Flamingo*. Bigard is closer to top form than Hodges. Note especially his building, lilting solos on *Tea* and *Down*.

Nance, Sachs, and Byas form the front line on the sextet tracks. Nance's trumpet work is excellent. In addition to displaying the melodic inventiveness, tastefulness, and rich tone for which he is noted, he plays as forcefully as he ever has on record, sometimes sounding strong enough to knock over a brick wall. However, his violin spots on *How High* and *Penthouse* are schmaltzy.

Byas' playing is warm and direct, although his solos are not as complex as some of the fantastic ones he recorded in 1945 and 1946.

Sachs turns in inspired Benny Goodman-influenced work.

Heywood's playing is as good with the sextet as with the trios. His firm, graceful solo on *Serenade* is one of the high points of the LP. —Pekar

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Music educators are welcome to add this brochure to their flute literature file—Copies are available through music dealers.

Walfred Kujala, noted flutist, piccoloist and teacher, has been with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra since 1954 and is a member of the Northwestern University School of Music faculty.

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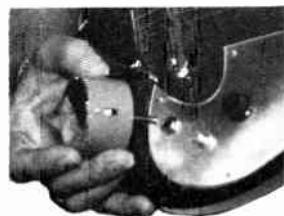
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Oscar Peterson

BLUES ETUDE—Limelight 82039 and 86039: *Blue Etude; Shelly's World; Let's Fall in Love; The Shadow of Your Smile; If I Were a Bell; Stella by Starlight; Bossa Beguine; L'Impossible; I Know You Oh So Well.*

Personnel: Peterson, piano; Sam Jones or Ray Brown, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★★★★☆

No, I will not answer the question: "Who is the better bassist for Oscar—Ray Brown or Sam Jones?" That's akin to figuring out whether Hart or Hammerstein was the better lyricist for Richard Rodgers. He wrote beautifully with both; Peterson swings just as beautifully on the first side with Brown as he does on the second with Jones.

The only thing that is permanent in the world of music is change. The only element in jazz that comes close to defying that axiom is Peterson. He overwhelms a keyboard no matter who is in the rhythm section. He doubtless could swing just as much if he were booked to back a Salvation Army brass choir at Hollywood and Vine.

The important question is not who is the better bass player for the trio, but does this transition recording show a noticeable difference in the trio sound as the result of changing bass players? The rating answers that. The trios swing with equal ferocity or subtlety, as the occasion demands.

Jones' most eloquent statements can be heard on the ballad *Shelly's World*. Brown offers some fascinating postscripts on *Bossa Beguine* and *L'Impossible*.

On both sides, Hayes shows that few other drummers can cook as quietly as he. To say that Peterson makes his presence felt would be a ludicrous understatement. So much passion and poetry issue from his fingertips that at moments he plays like a pianist possessed. What he does on *L'Impossible* is precisely that. And to prove that his perpetual-motion right hand is not alone in technique, he repeats some of the tortuous phrases in unison. The result is as flawless as if he played through carbon paper.

—Siders

Jim Robinson

BIG JIM'S LITTLE SIX—Jazz Crusade 2010: *South; Back Porch; Bye and Bye; Bye, Bye, Blackbird; In the Gutter; Song of the Islands; Lord, Lord, Lord; What Friend We Have in Jesus; Dippermouth Blues.*

Personnel: George (Kid Sheik) Cola, trumpet; Robinson, trombone; Sammy Rimington, soprano and alto clarinets, alto saxophone; Dick Griffith, banjo; Dick McCarthy, bass; Bill Bissonnette, drums.

Rating: ★★☆

This session was held to commemorate Robinson's 75th birthday, December 25, 1966. Robinson began recording in 1940 with the Kid Rena band for Delta, and he made numerous sides with trumpeter Bunk Johnson's band later in that decade. Rough, ragged, and powerful, Robinson likes to play on the beat, has something less than a good ear for anything beyond basic harmonic changes, but has great drive.

All his faults and virtues are apparent here. He flaps around like a wounded bird on *Porch*, a tune he seems not to have known too well, giving no useful support in the ensembles. On *South* his bottom note smears in the breaks are right there, and he does a beautiful job in the final ensemble. *Lord* and *Dippermouth* are in



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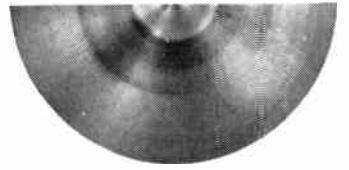
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the medium-fast tempo that best suits his playing. Blaring and lusty, he hammers out staccato lines, pushing the band along.

New Orleans trumpeter Cola has a round, singing sound, and he turns in a good performance. Rimington has his customary vitality. The rhythm section swings, but things get out of hand at times; on *Gutter*, for example, the tempo rushes considerably.

The album is available from Jazz Crusade, 135 Grey Rock Road, Bridgeport, Conn.

—Erskine

Various Artists

WOMEN OF THE BLUES—Victor 534: *Goin' Crazy with the Blues*; *What Have You Done to Make Me Feel This Way?*; *Moaning the Blues*; *Blood Hound Blues*; *I Got a Man in the 'Bama Mines*; *Cold in Hand*; *My Man O' War*; *Electrician Blues*; *Sugar*; *Beale Street Blues*; *Somebody's Been Lovin' My Baby*; *Hard-Hearted Papa*; *You Gonna Need My Help*; *I'm a Mighty Tight Woman*; *Dead Drunk Blues*; *Secondhand Blues*.

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2—Tom Morris, cornet; Charlie Irvis, trombone; Bob Fuller, clarinet; J. C. Johnson, piano; Buddy Christian, banjo; Mamie Smith, vocal. Tracks 3, 4—Henry (Red) Allen, trumpet; J. C. Higginbotham, trombone; Charlie Holmes, alto saxophone; Luis Russell, piano; Will Johnson, guitar; Pops Foster, bass; Victoria Spivey, vocal. Tracks 5, 6—unknown piano, drums; Addie Spivey, vocal. Tracks 7, 8—Harry Brooks, piano; Lizzie Miles, vocal. Tracks 9, 10—Fats Waller, pipe organ; Alberta Hunter, vocal. Tracks 11, 12—Rex Stewart, cornet; Ernest Elliott, clarinet; probably Phil Worde, piano; unknown flute, bass clarinet; Monette Moore, vocal. Track 13—Hess Grundy, trombone; Cal Smith, guitar; Sippie Wallace, piano, vocal. Track 14—Natty Dominique, cornet; Honore Dutrey, trombone; Johnny Dodds, clarinet; Miss Wallace. Tracks 15, 16—Phil Worde or Mike Jackson, piano; Robert Cooksey, harmonica; Bobby Leecan, guitar; Margaret Johnson, vocal.

Rating: ★★★½

As Pete Welding points out in his scholarly notes, the urban blues singers of the '20s and '30s have been neglected in the current blues revival, which has centered on the more rough-hewn country styles.

Though this LP does not concentrate exclusively on city singers, it includes a representative cross section of their work, though it must be noted that none of the worthy women heard here measure up to the immortal pace-setting Bessie Smith.

The city girls represented are Mamie Smith, Lizzie Miles (from New Orleans), Alberta Hunter, and Monette Moore. The other singers (Victoria and Addie Spivey, Sippie Wallace, and Margaret Johnson) are much closer to the folk roots of the blues, and their work is much less dated and "period" in quality.

The records, in almost all cases, are enhanced by the presence of excellent supporting instrumentalists, mostly jazz players but also some folk and blues musicians. In the '20s Victor was less active in the blues field than Okeh and Columbia, its major competitors, and to round out this album, Addie Spivey's 1937 recordings have been added to the '20s material.

From a jazz point of view, the Victoria Spivey coupling, *Moaning* and *Blood Hound*, and Miss Wallace's *Tight Woman* easily walk off with honors.

On the former, Miss Spivey's intense, almost hypnotic, singing is marvelously backed by a small group from the Luis Russell Band, Allen and Higginbotham much in evidence. Though there are no solos, the horn men take turns in creating fitting background phrases, and these performances have the message. (Clarinetist Albert Nicholas, listed in the liner personnel, is not present.)

Miss Wallace, who plays passable bar-room piano, has a full-bodied, earthy voice and a direct and simple style. The backing, by three first-rate New Orleans jazzmen, is remarkable, and Dodds plays a moving solo. On the singer's other selection, *Grundy*, an obscure trombonist, acquits himself well indeed, assisted by a country-flavored guitar.

The singing of the late Addie Spivey (Victoria Spivey's younger sister, not her cousin, as the notes state) is outstanding. In a straightforward, sincere style, she sings two classic blues, backed by rolling, gutty piano, and gutbucket drums. (Victoria Spivey says the pianist, listed as "unknown," might well have been her sister accompanying herself.)

Miss Johnson's tracks, on which she is backed by a capable pianist and the interesting guitar-harmonica teamwork of Cooksey and Leecan (who also recorded on their own), show a definite Bessie Smith influence in phrasing and projection. Her *Dead Drunk* doesn't measure up to the classic Sippie Wallace Okeh version, but, then, Miss Wallace had the notable assistance of trumpeter Louis Armstrong. On *Secondhand* Cooksey's reedy style is worlds apart from the contemporary sound of electrically amplified harmonica.

The "city" singers are less convincing. Mamie Smith, who was the first blues singer to record, had a light, pleasant voice and an easygoing style but little depth. Her *Goin' Crazy* is the blues, but *What Have You Done?* is a blues-flavored pop song. The accompaniment is undistinguished.

The two tracks by Miss Miles, an excellent singer, do her little justice, and their inclusion in the album is a mystery, unless someone thought that double-entendre material would help sell the record. Obviously, the singer doesn't have her heart in it, and Andy Razaf's lyrics are unsuited to her deliberate style. The piano, by composer Brooks, is nothing special. There is much better Miles material in Victor's files.

Miss Hunter is scarcely a blues singer at all, but since she doesn't sing any real blues here, it doesn't matter. Her clear, small voice is well projected, and she sings in tune. But the real treat on *Beale Street* and *Sugar* is Fats Waller's pipe-organ playing, beautifully recorded and prominently featured.

Miss Moore sings a pair of light-hearted pop blues in an unaffected manner with accompaniment by Elliott's somewhat corny clarinet and Rex Stewart's anything but corny cornet, which is unusually restrained in this case.

Vintage has done its customary excellent job of reproducing the sound of the old recordings; Don Miller, who well deserves a plug by now, should be a model to other engineers engaged in reissue projects.

But with all the treasures of jazz still resting in Victor's vaults, one wonders if an album like this, of interest primarily to serious students of the blues, was urgently necessary. The really first-rate material could have been included in other contexts (Dodds, Luis Russell, Waller), and Victor's '30s blues are much more rewarding.

—Morgenstern

GABOR SZABO □ BLINDFOLD TEST

BY
LEONARD
FEATHER



LEE TANNER

Gabor Szabo might be classified as our most important imported guitarist since Django Reinhardt visited the United States in 1946. Reinhardt's presence was temporary and his performance level below par, but the impact of Szabo on the U.S. jazz scene has been direct and far more variegated in its musical compass.

Szabo's route to his current eminence was a rocky road. Born in 1936 in Budapest, he was 20 when, for less than a week, he found himself in a free, neutral Hungary. Then came the turning point: "About 6 on a Sunday morning I heard the rumble of cannons

and knew the Russians were coming."

With the help of a railroad worker who knew some devious routes, he stole through the Iron Curtain into Austria and on to Munich, Germany; Camp Kilmer, N.J.; and to U.S. sponsors in San Bernardino, Calif. His big musical break came with a Chico Hamilton job offer in 1961.

Relative to *Blindfold Tests*, Szabo said, "I would rate very highly most of Wes Montgomery's work; even though people say it's commercial, I find it enjoyable. The last album I'd have given five stars was *Quiet Nights with Gil Evans and Miles Davis*."

1. COUNT BASIE. *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever* (from *Broadway—Basie's Way*, Command). Al Aarons, trumpet; Richard Boone, trombone; Basie, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Chico O'Farrill, arranger.

Well, you really got me with this one. This is the most nondescript kind of band and performers. . . . I hope it isn't somebody I should know. . . . It could have been anybody.

The arrangement struck me as a bit shallow, more like a show arrangement, and also the piano player struck me that way—something between Peter Nero and a Latin-type player. The best I enjoyed was the trumpet player, and him I really wouldn't guess. He sounded like a nice, modern, tasty trumpet player.

The trombone—again I don't know who it was. But the sound I really don't care for. I don't know if you remember George Bohanon, but I feel he and J. J. Johnson are the only players who have overcome the instrument, and you are never aware of the difficulties when they are playing, while with most trombone players, after the solo, they must feel something of a physical accomplishment.

For a while I thought you were going to play a guitar record for me, because it sounded like an unamplified guitar, but it was just part of the arrangement. . . .

All in all, two stars. It wasn't bad. . . .

2. DON FRIEDMAN. *Troubadours Groovedour* (from *Metamorphosis*, Prestige). Friedman, piano; Attila Zoller, guitar, composer; Richard Davis, bass; Joe Chambers, drums.

Again, it's very hard to say, but the only people who did this kind of music, with piano, guitar, drums, and bass, would be Attila Zoller and Don Friedman, but I'm sure it wasn't them. I could tell, because it wasn't Attila's touch; reminded me somewhat of Tal Farlow's touch, but I know it wasn't him either.

It could have been a foreign group, maybe European. In conception they sounded very American except when it comes to musicianship—they weren't quite up to par.

It has a few abstractions that I kind of enjoyed. . . . I usually don't care too much for brain music . . . with good musicians it's so hard to tell whether it was improvised or most of it written.

I never know how to evaluate this kind

of thing, because, I think, in between the arranged parts it's completely free. Since there's no system, I can't evaluate it on that, and if it's completely improvised, the only way I can say something good about it is if it did something to me emotionally, which this didn't.

I think this kind of thing should be limited to background music, to movies, because it definitely sets some kind of a mood, but it never goes any further than the mood.

The musicianship is good, and it does take some sort of knowledge and feeling for music, and you, therefore, feel kind of irresponsible by putting it down. But I decided about a year ago that I will evaluate music only on the same basis as an audience would, because the fact that I'm a musician should not interfere with the enjoyment of music. Therefore, just for the musicianship I could give two stars, but for the music I heard, I don't think I could rate it.

3. PAUL HORN. *Karen's World* (from *Monday, Monday*, RCA Victor). Horn, flute; Mike Lang, piano, composer; Bill Plummer, bass; Oliver Nelson, arranger.

I enjoyed this very much. Quite sure it was Paul Horn and possibly Bill Plummer on bass. The bass was beautiful. Kind of hard to hear him because of the rich orchestration, but whenever he came through, he sounded very inventive.

What I would like to say—in case it was Paul—is that this is the right kind of surrounding for him to be heard. Especially on flute, he has such a nice rich sound, and very lyrical. When he plays in a small group, it seems like he plays so little, which is beautiful, simple, that you kind of miss something, because obviously he hears the sounds in his head. It used to happen to me sometimes that I hear strings and harps and all those beautiful lyrical sounds in my mind, and I play according to that, but the audience can only get what is actually there.

This is the first time I feel that his playing was very effective, because there was so much happening and yet it was kind of neutral, somewhat like a French Impressionist—lots of music but not too much statement. And Paul just played, like, the highlights of the whole composition.

The composition was kind of nice. At

a certain spot it sounded like something Burt Bacharach would write, but, of course, today so many tunes sound like that, since many people are copying him. Three stars.

4. ART BLAKEY. *Hold On, I'm Coming* (Lime-light). Blahey, drums; Tom McIntosh, conductor, arranger.

I don't know, Leonard, it was such a mixture of bad things I don't think I could respond to it. I really don't know who it was, and I don't think he cared much, either, that people should be able to tell, because it was very unimaginative. It didn't do anything to me, I'm sorry.

5. JACK MARSHALL-SHELLY MANNE. *Charos* (from *Sounds!*, Capitol). Marshall, guitar; Manne, percussion.

That was very nicely done. I would imagine that was Laurindo Almeida. My only criticism was that it was stretched out a bit too long, I mean for this particular piece. I think it was actually stated in the first half of the tune and then kind of dragged on.

Percussions were used kind of imaginatively, maybe a little bit gimmicky, but as a balance. Almeida's playing—if it was him—is so nice and so valid that it kind of made up for that. And, therefore, the gimmick of the percussion was actually a kind of added spice.

For Laurindo's musicianship (I know he has done so many better things), for this particular performance, 3½ stars.

6. JAKI BYARD. *Ode to Prez* (from *Freedom Together!*, Prestige). Byard, electric piano, tenor saxophone; Alan Dawson, timpani; Byard, Dawson, composers.

Let's see how good my intuition was—I think it was Stan Getz, although he didn't play as much as he would. . . . The whole thing sounded like background music, and I know he did a whole movie sound track album—was it *Mickey* or something like that? It was either somebody copying Getz or Stan Getz not really playing.

If it was background music, which is the only way I could imagine it, if it fits the part, then it's some sort of achievement, but as music itself, it wasn't so much. Just for the suspicion that it was Getz I have to give it two stars, because I really admire him, but all by itself the music didn't do too much to me.

JAZZ ON CAMPUS

By GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

The newly accredited Northwestern University Jazz Workshop presented the first of three campus concerts, under the direction of theory teacher Ted Ashford, playing to a capacity crowd in the music school's Lutkin Hall Nov. 20.

The 19-piece group was hit by graduation and is in the process of rebuilding. Among the seven returning members are Paul Libman, piano, and Julio Coronado, drums, both of whom were members of the Ed Sheftel Quartet, which won the small-group award at Notre Dame's Collegiate Jazz Festival last year.

Leader Ashford introduced two new compositions, *Take Only Giant Steps* and *Thursday, Friday, and Saturday*. Soloists at this concert included Keith Williams and Lennie Morrison, trumpets; Bill Horn, alto saxophone; Charles Hawes, tenor saxophone; and Coronado, drums.

The New York State School Music Association has organized a stage-band division on the state level and selected Tom Brown, a high school teacher, National Stage Band Camp faculty member, and professional percussionist, as chairman. Its first formal presentation was a clinic Dec. 1 at the state meeting in Buffalo.

The Eastridge High School Stage Band, under the direction of Al Castle, served as a demonstration band. The Eastman

School of Music assisted in sponsoring the session.

Eastman has also joined the ranks of colleges with formally organized stage bands. The band is now officially scheduled at Eastman and is under the direction of Don Hunsberger, whose main function at the school is conducting the Eastman Wind Ensemble.

This marks a further commitment at Eastman to the field of educational jazz, since it already has its arrangers' workshop and the stage-band-procedures courses during the summer.

Don Cammack, director of concert and stage bands at the University of Portland, Ore., has announced the school's second annual stage-band festival for March 18. Information can be obtained from him at the university's music department.

The Inter-American University of Puerto Rico sponsored a jazz clinic in November at Colegio in Mayaguez, under the direction of Jerome Mouton, assistant professor of music. This was the first clinic of this kind held in Puerto Rico. Clinicians were Detroit trombonist Tom Wozniak and Cleveland pianist Tom Zale.

Jazz at the University of Missouri at Kansas City has been legitimatized under the direction of faculty member Irving Miller. It is now a recognized and scheduled part of the curriculum. The group has won first place for the last two years at the Missouri Jazz Festival in Joplin.

A sextet from the workshop won the Oread festival in 1965. The director said he feels that the program has helped the entire music program at UMKC, especially in the area of public relations and recruiting.

John Carrico, director of bands at the University of Nevada, has announced the sixth annual stage-band festival at the university's Reno campus March 10-11. There were 50 bands at the festival last year, and more than 60 bands from junior and senior high schools, junior colleges, and universities in six western states are expected this year. Drummer Louie Bellson will be guest artist for this year's festival. Information and application blanks can be obtained from Carrico at the university.

Glen Daum is in his first year as director of the Indiana State University Stage Band at Terre Haute. While the band is new, it already has full university credit and backing. Since the music department of the school is primarily teacher-training oriented, the program has a dual purpose of developing a performing group and of developing future teachers with skills in the stage-band area.

The Drury College Swingers of Springfield, Mo., under the direction of Don Verne Joseph, joined with the school's wind ensemble in a concert on Nov. 22 that featured trumpeter Doc Severinsen as soloist in classical and jazz works. The stage band also completed a tour to Tulsa, Okla., at the end of November. [5]

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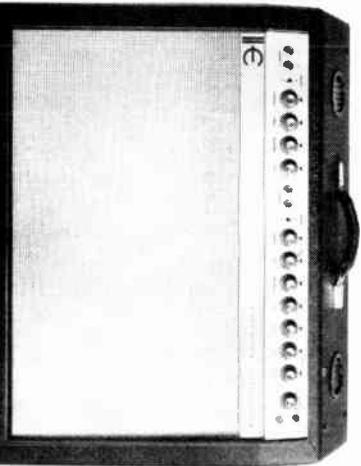


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JAZZ FIDDLE

(Continued from page 19)

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Other "doublers" who have played violin include reed man Frank Teschemacher, cornetist Bobby Hackett, guitarist Reinhardt, trombonist Lou McGarity, altoist Pete Brown, guitarist Ray Biondi, and arranger-saxophonist Edgar Sampson. Sampson recorded several interesting solos with Fletcher Henderson in the early '30s, among them *House of David Blues*. Reinhardt's two recorded violin solos, available on an Emarcy album, show a fine sound, delicate conception, and workmanlike technique.

Among the modern-jazz men there has been no rush to the fiddles. The late Ray Perry probably would have become a bebop violinist; the transition from Stuff Smith to bop wasn't that abrupt. But the first really modern jazz violinist probably was Bostonian Dick Wetmore. He plays unamplified and has a pretty, if rather tight, sound. His use of the sordine (mute) is effective, and he is an accomplished technician. A gifted, versatile musician, who also plays cornet, he has rarely ventured away from his home territory. A 10-inch LP for Bethlehem is his only recording under his own name. He also can be heard on Vinnie Burke's *String Jazz Quartet* (ABC Paramount, now out of print), on which his melodic pizzicato work is outstanding.

A young Frenchman, Jean-Luc Ponty, is at 24 one of the most promising European jazzmen of the day and a jazz violinist of the first rank. From a family of musicians, he is conservatory trained and has played with the internationally famous Lamoureux Orchestra, but he has developed an original jazz violin style that is not hamstrung by orthodoxy.

Like Stuff Smith, he plays amplified violin. His approach and sound are not as startling and vehement as the older musician's (nor does he have Stuff's swing), but the heritage is there. He has said that he "doesn't especially want to be a violinist, but a jazzman," and his future, at least from a creative standpoint, looks bright. Of course, no examples of his work are available on LP in this country.

More recently, there have been some notable violinistic stirrings among the avant-garde. Ornette Coleman, who should really not be labeled as belonging to any movement other than his own music, taught himself to play the instrument while in temporary retirement a few years ago and has recorded on it (*Snowflakes and Sunshine on At the Golden Circle*, Vol. 2, Blue Note).

Coleman's approach to the instrument makes Stuff Smith seem a model of orthodoxy. Coleman says of himself that he plays "left-handed violin," but whatever one calls it, it serves as an effective vehicle for his music. Coleman also has written a piece for string quartet, but it is quite conservative in comparison with his playing.

Alto saxophonist John Handy has used a violin in his quintet, which has been successful in person and records. The violinist, Mike White, had good ideas but rather uncertain intonation and recently left the group. At this writing, Handy had found no adequate replacement, but one hopes he will—the combinations of sounds in the group were fresh and interesting, and a violinist in a successful jazz group might lead to successes in an aspect of jazz that has been unduly neglected for too long.

CB

MARION BROWN

(Continued from page 15)

house. In addition, his mother was a Gospel singer, and many of her friends were musicians. By his high school years Brown was playing oboe, clarinet, and alto saxophone.

During a tour of duty in the Army, Brown concentrated on clarinet in order to fill the requirements for membership in the marching band. At Clark College, the oboe became a mainstay because of the concert band's needs.

After college, Brown's steadfast attention to music began to wander. He decided he would become an attorney and studied political science at Howard University in Washington, D. C., in 1959.

But the musician was still in him. He jammed as much as possible in Washington jazz clubs and friends' apartments, still listened to the latest LPs, and couldn't



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shake his intense attraction to the music.

"I thought of pursuing the guitar seriously at one time," Brown said. Indeed, he was ready to go off to London for more advanced study.

He patted his alto gently, saying, "But I came back where I belong."

Brown gave up the law career and headed for New York City. Already aware of the emergence of Ornette Coleman, he sought out this new influence. It was Coleman who lent him the alto saxophone with which he went back to work.

Archie Shepp was the first to hire Brown after he got to the city.

With Shepp, he recorded an Impulse LP, *Fire Music*, and appeared, but did not solo, on the tenorist's one track in a compendium, *The New Wave in Jazz*. Something of Brown's current approach can be heard on *Fire Music*, though his growing assurance can best be heard on subsequent albums.

John Coltrane chose Brown as one of the 10 men to record with him on *Ascension*. Amid the gargantuan sound of that album, Brown's presence is probably as much implied in the over-all emotional scheme as it is heard.

The altoist appeared as a leader on one track of an ESP-Disk album that purports to be waxed revelation of the New York cultural underground. In addition to Brown's group, the record included talent ranging from pop artist Andy Warhol and poet Allen Ginsberg to the Fugs, a rock combo.

By mid-1966 Brown had recorded his first full album as a leader, *The Marion Brown Quartet* on ESP-Disk—actually there were six musicians on the date. The fresh vitality of his conception is apparent, for there is a synthesis of influences in this recording in which one can see something of his future directions. Based on this album it doesn't seem likely that he'll be limiting himself to one approach.

As a result of his recorded work, Brown's name spread to points of receptivity in Washington, D.C.; Detroit, Mich.; and Windsor, Ontario. The altoist has been invited to play concerts in these cities and has found a warm welcome in each.

Brown said he is not too concerned with the lack of work for his group in night clubs: "Eventually, I hope to wind up performing under the same circumstances as people like James Brown and the Beatles. I want to play for large audiences in a concert setting that can include children as well as grown-ups. We're trying to put the music in an atmosphere that discourages some of the evils that have surrounded it in the past."

For his current group, Brown said he would like to keep it together "because I feel we can come up with something very nice. But if somehow I can't—like, we need to keep getting work to stay together—then I'm not worried about them succeeding with someone else, because they're all great musicians."

Walking down Second Ave. after the rehearsal, Brown glanced around at the buildings and said with a smile, "Right now the East Village is the place in the world where art is the most active—I'm glad to be a part of it."

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AD LIB

(Continued from page 13)

Zawinul. The Gene Krupa Quartet opened Jan. 10 for three weeks, to be followed by the Dorothy Donegan Trio Jan. 31-Feb. 19. The George Shearing Quintet opens March 28 for three weeks . . . The Plugged Nickel, closed during January, will reopen Feb. 1 with drummer Max Roach's quintet, featuring trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, altoist James Spaulding, pianist Ron Mathews, and bassist Jymie Merritt . . . A cultural-furtherance organization, the Pirandello Society, presented the Vocalaires in concert at Roosevelt University's Ganz Hall on Jan. 11 . . . Tenorist Eddie Harris and vibist Dick Catherwood co-lead a quartet at the Yellow Unicorn on Tuesday nights and on Sunday afternoons . . . The Contemporary Music Society, a University of Chicago-based organization led by Larry Bernstein and Sigmund Herz, recently presented classical guitarist Jan Arnold in concert on the campus. The organization's future plans include the importation of alto saxophonist Marion Brown and pianist Andrew Hill for one-nighters early in the spring . . . The Jaguars (James Wheeler, guitar; Johnny Howard, bass; Savage Boy, drums) are featured Mondays through Wednesdays at Peyton Place (116 E. Pershing Road) . . . The trio of guitarist George Vineyard is showcased on weekends at the Twilite Room . . . Pianist Art Hodes' group will be featured on the Jan. 24 segment of WTTW-TV's *Chicago Festival* series.

LOS ANGELES: The year-end holiday season was swinging in this area. Trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie played the Lighthouse, where his opening was enlivened by the scat-flavored antics of comedian Bill Cosby. The personnel drawing pay were reed man James Moody, pianist Mike Longo (who recently replaced Kenny Barron), electric bassist Frank Schifano, and drummer Candy Finch. At Shelly's Manne-Hole vocalist Helen Humes, an alumna of the Count Basie Band (1938-42), ended a two-year hiatus by working with the Gerald Wiggins Trio (Albert Stinson, bass, Bill Douglass, drums). The Bola Sete Trio shared the bill. Several singers were featured in the area at the same time. Betty Bennett was backed by the Jimmie Rowles Trio at Donte's, where they filled in for mainstays Ruth Price and the Dave Grusin Trio, who were out of town for two weekends. Ella Fitzgerald was at the Cocoanut Grove, backed by pianist Jimmy Jones, bassist Ray Brown, and drummer Ed Thigpen, as well as members of Dick Stabile's house band. Big Mama Thornton was throwing her weight around the Ash Grove. At the Troubadour the headliner was Miriam Makeba; Ann Richards was featured at the Playboy Club; Gloria Lynne worked the "breakfast shift" at the Guys and Dolls (till 6 a.m. Dec. 30-Jan. 1). Another breakfast-and-jazz combination was being served up at Devoe's on weekends, when pianist Phineas Newborn Jr. and tenorist Harold Land were featured. At the Tropicana, the Wes Montgomery Quartet and the Gene Russell Trio shared

the stand. And shortly after that, Montgomery and trumpeter Hugh Masekela's quintet appeared together at the International Hotel. Singer Ralph Green was at the Club Casbah, backed by pianist Dolo Coker's trio. The Kellie Greene Trio was at the Melody Room, and the Marv Jenkins Trio was at the Scene. At Memory Lane guitarist Gabor Szabo's group was followed by the Three Sounds. They, in turn, made room for the Gerald Wilson Band, which had just done a one-nighter at the Sports Arena. The only other big band in town for New Year's Eve was Woody Herman's, at the Chez. Tenor saxophonist Plas Johnson provided the sounds for a special event at the Troupers. Besides his regulars (Art Hillery, organ, John Kirkwood, drums), Johnson had trumpeter Charles Tolliver and altoist John Carter . . . Aside from the holidays, Donte's stand, as usual, runneth over. The Bob Edmondson Quartet, Jim Galante Trio (Galante, piano; Bill Plummer, bass; Elvio Ditta, drums), Steve Bohannon Trio (Bohannon, a drummer with the Don Ellis Band, was playing organ), and the Frank Rosolino Quintet all had turns. Rosolino had another trombonist, Mike Barone, in the front line, with pianist Frank Strazzeri, bassists Red Mitchell or Buster Williams, and drummer Nick Martinis in the back line. Rosolino also doubled euphonium . . . Melodyland Theater has booked guitarist Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66 ('67?) for its theater-in-the-round in Anaheim, Feb. 28-March 5 . . . La Duce, in Inglewood, keeps busy shifting local groups around on a seven-night basis. Pianist Phil Moore III, with bassist David Dyson and drummer Donald Dean, closed there after a series of Mondays and Tuesdays. Another group at the club for an indefinite stay is guitarist Cal Green's quartet with pianist-vibist Roland Johnson, bassist Bobby Haynes, and drummer Verner Barlow . . . The Al Reese Trio completed 10 weeks at P.J.'s. Meanwhile, the Eddie Cano Quartet goes on and on at P.J.'s and is now in its sixth year at the room . . . Accordionists Art Van Damme and Leon Sash appeared in concert together at Los Angeles' Shrine Auditorium . . . The Junior Neophonic Orchestra and the Cerritos College music department combined to present a special Christmas television show, which was shown twice over ABC. The show was co-hosted by Stan Kenton and actor Richard Basehart. The Junior Neophonic will give concerts for the purpose of raising funds for its scholarship program. It also is scheduled to record for RCA Victor . . . Composer Henry Mancini will have jazz violinist Stephane Grappelli, who gained fame with guitarist Django Reinhardt, prominently featured in his latest film score, *Two for the Road*.

PHILADELPHIA: Drummer Tony DeNicola has resumed his teaching and jobbing duties in Trenton, N.J., after playing with the Harry James Band for two weeks at the Riverboat in New York City. DeNicola played with James regularly several years ago . . . Two Philadelphia jazzmen have returned to the city after European jaunts: pianist Bernard Peiffer

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is playing at the West Point Inn, and reed man-bagpipist **Rufus Harley** is jobbing around town . . . Trenton's Club 50 featured three top arrangers as instrumentalists recently at Sunday night sessions: **Oliver Nelson** was featured on soprano saxophone one week, tenor man **Jimmy Heath** and trombonist **J. J. Johnson** on other Sundays. A snowstorm caused the cancellation of an appearance by trumpeter **Cat Anderson**, but he played the following week.

BALTIMORE: Duke Ellington starred at both the keyboard and on the podium in an appearance with the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra at the Lyric Auditorium Dec. 17. Conducting an all-Ellington program, he unfolded his allegory, *Golden Broom and Green Apple*. Ellington appeared despite a last-minute plea from the local chairman for the League on Human Rights, who protested that the symphony organization's president, an apartment builder, discriminated against Negroes . . . Pianist **Bobby Timmons** made his first local appearance in two years when he filled out the rhythm section of baritonist **Pepper Adams**' quintet at a Left Bank Jazz Society concert in mid-December. The quintet included tenorist **Frank Foster**, bassist **Cecil McBee**, and drummer **Freddie Waits**. Altoist **Jackie McLean** (with **Lamont Johnson**, piano; **Scotty Holt**, bass; **Billy Higgins**, drums) closed out the 1966 LBJS calendar on Dec. 18. The concert series resumes Jan. 29 with a quartet led by altoist **Sonny Stitt** . . . Drummer **Herbie Griffin** has joined vibist **Walt Dickerson**'s trio, with

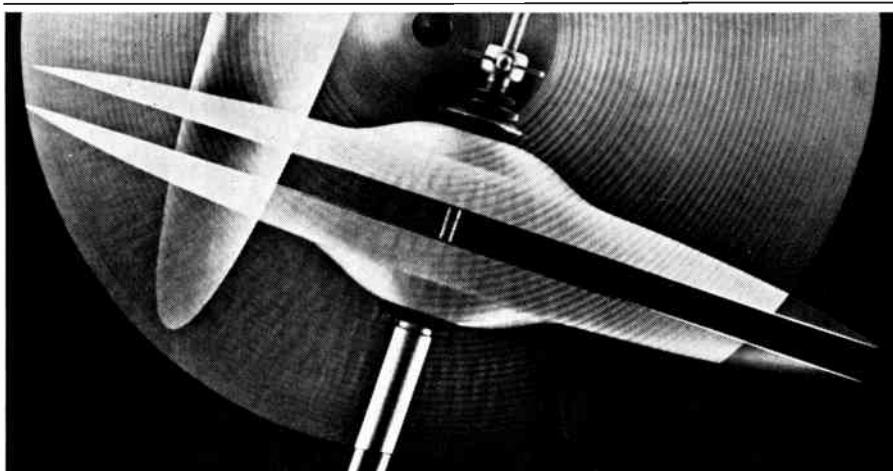
bassist **Phil Harris**, now in its third month at Peyton Place . . . Count Basie was scheduled for a Jan. 17 concert-dance at the Tail of the Fox.

DETROIT: The Drome, perhaps encouraged by the successful booking of pianist **McCoy Tyner**, has swung more toward hard-core jazz for the new year. Scheduled so far are groups led by drummer **Roy Brooks** (with alto saxophonist **Charles McPherson** and tenor saxophonist **George Coleman**), tenor saxophonist **Joe Henderson** (with trumpeter **Kenny Dorham** and vibraphist **Bobby Hutcherson**), multi-instrumentalist **Rufus Harley**, pianist **Horace Silver**, saxophonist **Sonny Stitt** and organist **Don Patterson**, and reed man **Roland Kirk** . . . A new weekly entertainment magazine, *Cabaret*, has appeared in Detroit. Unlike past efforts of this type, *Cabaret* will devote considerable space to jazz, including a jazz column. The first issue also featured a two-page picture spread on saxophonist **Bob Pierson**. Pierson recently rejoined the **Woody Herman** Orchestra, replacing tenorist **Sal Nistico** . . . Tenor saxophonist **Miller Brisker** was a last-minute replacement for **Ronnie Fields** in trombonist **George Bohanon**'s quintet for a recent concert at the Masonic Temple. At the same concert, Detroit drummer **Clifford Mack** backed organist **Richard (Groove) Holmes** . . . Pianist **Claude Black**, bassist **Rod Hicks**, and drummer **George Davidson** returned from a road trip with vocalist **Aretha Franklin** in time to do a short holiday stint at Baker's. WCHD disc jockey **Jo Rae** is hostess for the Sunday afternoon ses-

sions at the club . . . Vibraphist **Jack Brokensha** held a Monday night pre-Christmas party at his club. His group for the occasion included regular pianist **Bess Bonnier**, in addition to bassist **Ernie Farrow** and drummer **Bert Myrick**. A guest was pianist **Keith Drost**, in town with singer **Frank D'Rone** . . . Jazz Productions, Ltd., presented its second concert at Paige's Dec. 18. Two quintets were featured. One included alto saxophonist **Thomas Hale**, trumpeter **Ron Jackson**, pianist **Gene White**, bassist **Sam Scott**, and drummer **James Youngblood**. The other group had trumpeter **Wesley Fields**, tenor saxophonist **Charles Brown**, bassist **Hakim Jami**, drummer **Stanley Jackson**, and **White** . . . **Frank Vojcek** and **Ron Johnson** have replaced **Silas Morgan** and **Paul Ambrose** on bass and drums, respectively, in pianist **Bob McDonald**'s trio at Bobbie's . . . Pianist **Jeff Hollander**, bassist **Carl Hakes**, and drummer **Marty Zyskowski** have brought jazz to the Pin Room at Colonial Lanes in Ann Arbor Friday nights . . . **Stan Chester** is the latest in a succession of organists in tenor saxophonist-fluegelhornist **Dezie McCullers**' trio at the Hobby Bar. **Duke Hyde**, a 68-year-old drummer, has returned to the scene to play with organist **Ben Jones** and tenor saxophonist **Donald Owens** weekends at the same club.

CINCINNATI: Considerable big-band activity prevailed in Cincinnati during the last part of '66. The Living Room was host to the bands of **Count Basie** and **Woody Herman** and Lee Castle's **Jimmy Dorsey Band**. Also in town for New Year's Eve was **Ralph Marterie** . . . **Amanda Ambrose** continues to sing with the **Lee Stolar** Trio at the Buccaneer Lounge. Bassist **Alex Cirin** and drummer **Red Seward** are the sidemen with pianist **Stolar** . . . Across the street, the **Dee Felice** Trio continues to lay down good sounds at the Whisper Room, while farther down the street, the **Ed Moss-Jimmy McGay** Quartet plays the hardest jazz in town at **Babe Baker's Jazz Corner** . . . Drummer **Ron Enyeart**'s group has crystallized into a trio, with **Sam Jackson** and **Scott McKeene** on piano and bass, respectively. The group is working at Herbie's Lounge.

NEW ORLEANS: A couple of new clubs made appearances recently in New Orleans. The Living Room, a new downtown club, opened offering a six-night-a-week jazz policy. The current house band includes altoist **Earl Turpenturn**, organist **Willie-T**, guitarist **George Davis**, and drummer **David Lee**. Another organ-centered group, the **Gallaghers**, is working weekends at the El Dorado Lounge . . . Scheduled for opening by Jan. 15 was the Top of the Mart Lounge in the new International Trade Mart Building. Guitarist **Paul Guma**, a longtime sideman of clarinetist **Pete Fountain**, was to open the club . . . Another new drummer, **Arthur Reed**, is now with pianist **Joe Burton**'s trio . . . The **George Demme** Trio, with drummer **Darryl Prechter**, is playing at the west-bank Cellar Club.



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LAS VEGAS: The Tropicana's Blue Room brought in the Woody Herman Herd last month. The band, in addition to its own feature spot, supported singer Julie London . . . The Dukes of Dixieland, working with the Herman crew, were led by trumpeter Frank Asunto, with trombonist Eddie Hubble, clarinetist Jerry Fuller, pianist Don Ewell, bassist Danny Shapero, and drummer Barrett Deems . . . Congaist Mongo Santamaria completed his first gig at the Caesars Palace and again proved that jazz will draw on the strip under the right conditions . . . The Silver Slipper held over the ebullient sounds of the Ann Beverly Four, with tenor saxophonist Bob Hernandez, guitarist Jack Woods, bassist Bunky Jones, and drummer Emmett Bernard. Vocalist Bob Crosby and the Bobcats were the extra added attraction on New Year's Eve . . . Jazz dancer Jack Ackerman teamed with saxophonist Jimmy Cook's octet for several outings at the Black Magic. Jazzmen involved were trumpeter Jerry Van Blair, trombonist Carl Fontana, saxophonists Tom Hall and Tom Anastas, guitarist Don Overberg, pianist Ron DiFillips, bassist Jim Clements, and drummer Carl Kiffe.

SEATTLE: Tenorist Stan Getz played at the Penthouse through Jan. 21 and is appearing Jan. 28 on the "Las Vegas Nights" student show at the University of Washington . . . Following at the Penthouse are organist Jimmy Smith's trio until Feb. 4, the Modern Jazz Quartet Feb. 16-25, the Art Blakey Quintet March 9-18, and comedian Redd Foxx March 23-April 1 . . . Pianist Earl Hines will appear at the Olympic Hotel Marine Room Feb. 2-25 . . . The Edgewater Inn will have vocalist Della Reese Feb. 2-25 . . . The premiere U.S. performance of Bill Smith's *Concerto for Clarinet and Combo* was heard at a Seattle Jazz Society concert in the ACT Theater Jan. 15. Smith, now teaching in the University of Washington school of music, was solo clarinetist. Sidemen were trumpeter Al Meddaugh, French hornist Dave Forbes, trombonist Dick Robblee, alto saxophonist Bob Winn, tenor saxophonist Bill Ramsay, baritone saxophonist Sal Carabba, pianist Ed Creed, bassist Chuck Metcalf, and drummer Dave Coleman. Also on the program were the Winn-Ramsay Quintet with pianist Bob Nixon, bassist Metcalf, and drummer Dean Hodges.

TORONTO: Tenorist Archie Shepp took his quintet (trombonists Roswell Rudd and Grahan Moncur III, bassist Charlie Haden, and drummer Beaver Harris) to York University for a concert that attracted a capacity house . . . On the next night, singer Joe Williams opened at the Town with the Harold Mabern Trio, and the Salt City Six, featuring vocalist Georgia Brown, opened at the Colonial . . . The Lee Shaw Trio followed trumpeter Donald Byrd's quintet at the Park Plaza Hotel. Byrd and drummer Ed Thigpen are planning a musical drama on the history of the Canadian Negro for an Expo '67 production at Montreal this summer.

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WHERE WHEN

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

NEW YORK

Ali Baba: Louis Metcalf, Jimmy Neely.
The Apartment: Marian McPartland.
Basie's: Harold Ousley, Sun.-Mon. Wild Bill Davis to 1/29.
Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon, Mon., Fri.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gamba, hb. Sessions, Sun.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sat.
Crystal Room: Les DeMerle.
Dom: Tony Scott. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Eddie Condors: Bob Wilber, Yank Lawson.
El Carib (Brooklyn): Johnny Fontana.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six.
Five Spot: Donald Byrd. Sessions, Sun. afternoon, Mon.
Garden Dis-cafe: Eddie Wilcox, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry, wknds.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano, Ray Nance.
Half Note: John Handy to 1/29. Bobby Hackett, 1/31-2/12. Bob Brookmeyer-Richie Kamuca, 2/14-26.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson. Hugo's: session, wknds.
Jazz at the Office (Freeport, N.Y.): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.
Jilly's: Monty Alexander, Link Milman, George Peri, Sun.-Mon.
Kenny's Pub: Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Thur.-Fri.
Key Club (Newark, N.J.): name jazz groups.
Le Intrigue (Newark, N.J.): Art Williams, wknds.
Leone's (Port Washington): Dennis Connors, Tony Bella.
L'Intrigue: Joe Beck, Don Payne, Don McDonald.
Little Club: Johnny Morris.
Marino's Boat Club (Brooklyn): Michael Grant, Vernon Jeffries, Bob Kay, wknds.
Off Shore (Point Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.
Open End: Scott Murray, Wolf Knittel, Ted Kotick, Paul Motian.
Peter's (Staten Island): Donald Hahn, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Kai Winding, Walter Norris, Larry Willis, Joe Farrell, Bill Crow, Frank Owens.
Pitt's Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Leon Eason.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, hb. Don Frye, Sun.
Slugs: Yusef Lateef to 1/29. Grachan Moncur III, 1/31-2/5. 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: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun.
Tremont Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Jazz Vanguards, Tue.
Village East: Larry Love.
Village Gate: Herbie Mann, 1/27-28. Modern Jazz Quartet, 2/3-4; 10-11.
Village Theater: Synanon benefit, 1/30.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
Miles Davis to 1/28.
White Lantern Inn (Stratford, N.J.): Red Crossett, Sun.
Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

TORONTO

Colonial: Saints and Sinners to 2/4.
George's Spaghetti House: Moe Koffman.
Penny Farthing: Jim McHarg.
Town Tavern: Zoot Sims-Al Cohn to 1/28.

CHICAGO

Bernard Horwich Center: Sandy Mosse, 2/15.
Bramble Bush Lounge (Arlington Heights): Count Basie, 2/23. Woody Herman, 2/27. Ramsey Lewis, 3/6. Duke Ellington, 3/20. Stan Kenton, 4/3.
Bungalow Inn: Jimmy Burton.
Havana-Madrid: Bunkie Green, wknds.
Hungry Eye: Three Souls, Mon.-Wed. Jazz Organizers, Thur.-Sun.
Jazz Ltd: Bill Reinhardt.
London House: Gene Krupa to 1/29. Dorothy Donegan, 1/31-2/19. George Shearing, 3/28-4/16. Eddie Higgins, Larry Novak, hbs.
Mendous Club: Oscar Brown Jr.
Midas Touch: Judy Roberts, wknds.

Old Town Gate: Eddie Davis, Mon.-Thur. Franz Jackson, wknds.

Peyton Place: The Jaguars, Mon.-Wed.

Phamous Lounge: Anthony Braxton, Tue.

Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ron Elliston, Joe Iaco, hbs.

Plugged Nickel: Max Roach-Freddie Hubbard, 2/1-14.

Pumpkin Room: John Young, Paula Greer, wknds.

Yellow Unicorn: Eddie Harris-Dave Catherwood, Tue., Sun. afternoon.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, Lenore Paxton.

Apartment: Don DeAndre, Mon.-Sat.

Baker's Keyboard: Kenny Burrell to 1/29.

Big George's: Romy Rand.

Bobbie's: Bob McDonald, wknds.

Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, Tue.-Sat.

Caucus Club: Lenore Paxton.

Checker Bar-B-Q (Livernois): Bob Elliott, Mon.-Sat., afterhours.

Chessmate Gallery: Harold McKinney, Fri.-Sat., afterhours.

Diamond Lil's: Skip Kalich, Tue., Thur.

Drome: Roy Brooks, 1/27-2/5. Joe Henderson-Kenny Dorham, 2/10-19. Rufus Harley, 2/24-3/5. Horace Silver, 3/10-19. Sonny Stitt-Don Patterson, 3/24-4/4. Roland Kirk, 4/9-18.

Frolic: Don Davis, Thur.-Sat.

Grapevine (Dearborn): Dotty Dunn, Tue.-Sat.

Hobby Bar: Dezie McCullers, Mon., Tue., Thur.

Jack Brokensha: Jack Brokensha.

Jerry Libby's: Jerry Libby.

Momo's: Mark Richards, Keith Vreeland, Fri.-Sat.

New Olympia: Norman Dillard, Thur.-Sun.

Paige's: Ernie Farrow, wknds.

Playboy Club: Matt Michael, Vince Mance, Mon.-Sat. Jack Pierson, Sat.

Roostertail: Chuck Robinett.

Shadow Box: Wade Boykin, Tue.-Sat.

Side Door (Kalamazoo): Dave Ferguson, Sun.

Sirloin Inn: Kirk Lightsey, Mon.-Sat.

Tonga: Charles Harris, Mon.-Sat., Sun. afternoon.

Topper: Ted Sheely.

Twenty Grand: Levi Mann, hb.

Waterfall (Ann Arbor): Clarence Byrd.

Wilkins Lounge: Billy Stevenson.

LOS ANGELES

Bonesville: Don Ellis, Mon. Thur.-Sun. Dave Mackay, Vicki Hamilton, Tue.-Wed.

Buccaneer (Manhattan Beach): Dave Miller, Sun.

Charley Brown's (Marina del Rey): Dave Miller.

China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup.

Club Casbah: Dole Coker, Sonny Payne.

Donte's (North Hollywood): name groups nightly.

Ebony West: local jazz groups.

Frigate (Manhattan Beach): Marty Harris, Vic Mio.

Glendale Palms (Glendale): Johnny Catron, wknds.

Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner.

Jazz Corner: Charles Kynard.

La Duce (Inglewood): local jazz groups.

Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Richard (Groove) Holmes to 2/4. Willie Bobo, 2/5-3/4. Howard Rumsey, Mon.-Tue.

Marty's (Baldwin Hills): Bobby Bryant. Plas Johnson, Tue.

Melodyland (Anaheim): Sergio Mendes, 2/28-3/5.

Melody Room: Kellie Greene.

Memory Lane: name groups nightly.

Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson.

Lou Rivera, Mon.

Pied Piper: Ocie Smith, Ike Isaacs. Dolo Coker,

Sonny Payne, Sun.

Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): Vince Saunders.

P.J.'s: Eddie Cano.

Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Bob Corwin, Ron Anthony.

Reuben's (Newport Beach): Edgar Hayes, Fri.-Sat. (Whittier), Tue.-Thur.

Reuben E. Lee (Newport Beach): Jackie Coon, Tue.-Sat. Edgar Hayes, Sun.

Shelly's Manne-Hole: George Shearing to 2/5.

Art Blakey, 2/7-19. Shelly Manne, wknds.

Sherry's: Mike Melvin, Sun.

Sportsmen's Lodge (North Hollywood): Stan Worth, Al McKibbon.

Tropicana: local jazz groups.

Villa Frascati: Calvin Jackson.

White Way Inn (Reseda): Pete Dailey, Thur.-Sun.

Whittinghill's (Sherman Oaks): D'Vaughn Pershing, Chris Clark, Tue.-Wed.

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