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Vol. 34, No. 9

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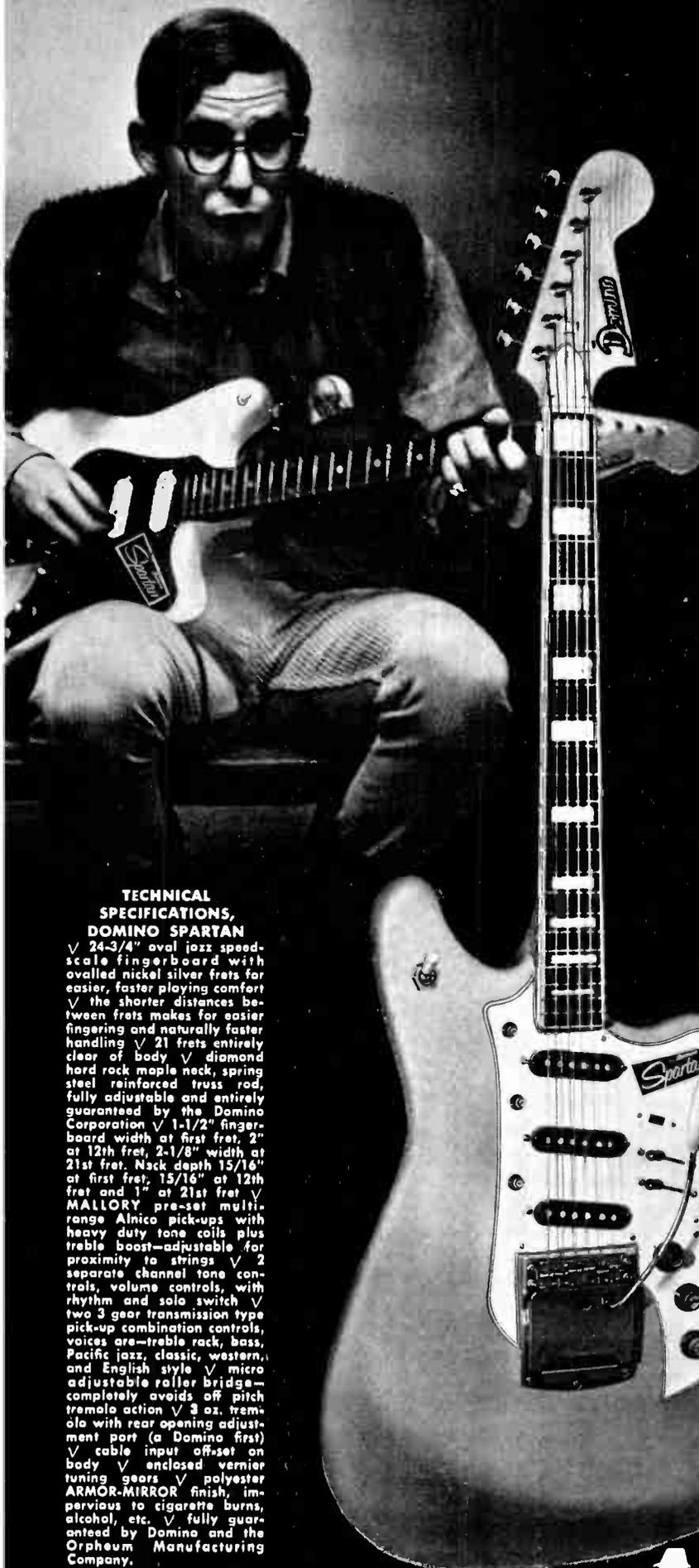
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Smoke Signals From Bent Eagle

Thank you for the lovely article about me (*DB*, April 6). I shall clarify a few points, since the last article about me appeared in 1946, and there is thus no danger of overexposure.

I do not remember having said, "There used to be dancing but hardly any more. This has led to troubles with tempos—everything is either fast or slow. The middle is what's missing." I don't understand what that means, and if I did, I don't think I would agree with it. It would probably turn out to be a trivial thought. I do lament the separation of jazz and popular music, but advanced rock and the "new thing" are showing signs of merging, so hopefully all will be well. And then what?

I enjoy almost any pianist. I forgot to mention Jaki Byard, Andrew Hill, and Jimmy Greene.

The house pianist at Tom Tillman's was Gimpy Irvis, brother to trombonist Charlie Irvis. He was called Gimpy because there was something wrong with his right leg. I know there was nothing wrong with his left because he used to take his left shoe off and play stride with his big toe hitting the bass notes. One of his big numbers was Friml's *Song of the Vagabonds*. The emcee there was Jimmy Mordecai, who had appeared in the movie *St. Louis Blues* with Bessie Smith. The piano was painted red. What finally drove me out of there were 20 consecutive amateur singers trying to sing *Prisoner of Love* like Billy Eckstine.

Contrary to what the article says, I have very little desire to make any more records, especially under my own name. Records lie. I'll make one, though, if somebody pays me scale. Also available for parades, fashion shows, and strawberry festivals.

Bent Eagle
(Dick Wellstood)
New York City

Wilmer Review Repells Reader

Valerie Wilmer's review of Duke Ellington's concert of sacred music (*DB*, April 6) was the most disgusting thing I have ever read.

By repeatedly referring to this great work as pretentious, Miss Wilmer is exhibiting her inability to be a judge of music and her totally bigoted outlook by condemning what she has neither the soul nor the heart to comprehend. I am also certain that she does not know Ellington or his music well enough to establish whether this is a true communication of the composer's faith or, as she puts it, "the composer's notorious pretentiousness."

The concert of sacred music is not what Miss Wilmer claims it to be but is rather a beautiful and moving communication of a great man to what he knows as God. If Ellington is guilty of anything, it is of attempting to bring a little bit of love and

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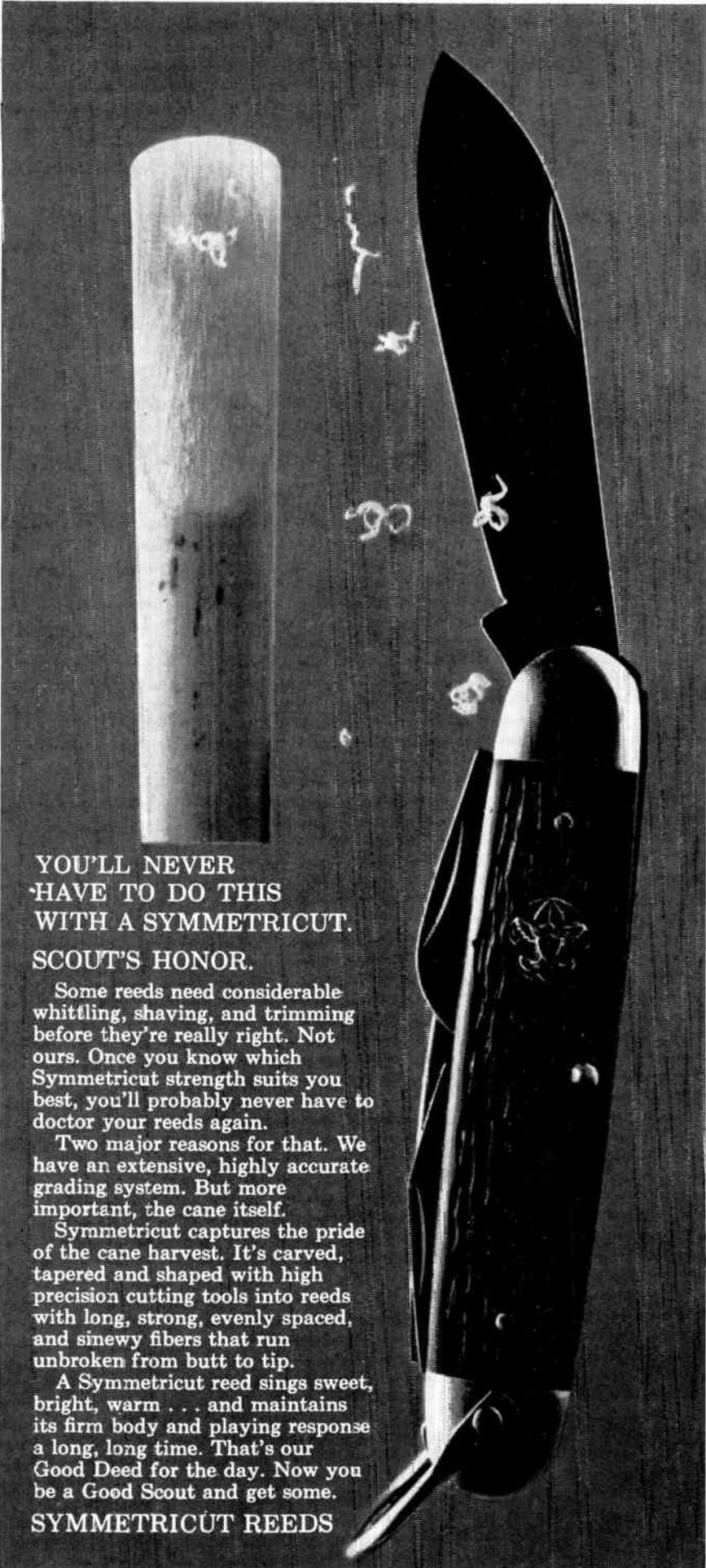
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beauty to a world full of hate and bigotry. I hope there are those who are willing to accept his gift.

Ruben J. Greenberg
Tucson, Ariz.

Concert Series Brings Joy

I mean to bring people back to life. I am a professional musician. At the present time, I am a victim of circumstances due to epilepsy and am a patient at Camarillo State Hospital. Nevertheless, I have never lost the soulful, inherent, irremovable love of music which wouldn't leave even if I wanted it to.

Therefore, I am still able to see the wonders that really great music can and does accomplish. I mean music played by Eddie Miller, Peanuts Hucko, Jay St. John, Bob Higgins, Bob Havens, Phineas Newborn Jr., Marvin Ash, Stan Wrightsman, Matty Matlock, and various others.

Our many thanks go to these musicians for the regular Jazz on a Sunday Afternoon concerts (*DB*, March 9) presented for the patients of Camarillo State Hospital. The audience's attitude was shown in the glow of their faces created by the happy feeling in their hearts. The happiness, joy, and the therapeutic value of this program accomplish a world of good for many, many people.

Ken Pettifer
Camarillo, Calif.

Now Cracks A Noble Heart . . .

Whenever two great men of the same craft die on the same day, one is struck by the coincidence. Mugsy Spanier and Edmond Hall were great men in the world of jazz (*DB*, March 23).

The Mugsy Bluebirds were indeed "classics of the genre"; they should be numbered among those rare recordings the excellence of which is unaffected by time.

Hall was the complete professional, always giving the best of himself to his art. Blue Note has some wonderful Ed Hall in its vaults. A memorial album would be a fine tribute to that great jazz artist.

Dr. George A. Boeck
Greeley, Colo.

A Little Respect, Please

I was rather suprised to read a quote of Miles Davis' in the article *Early Miles* (*DB*, April 6) which read: "I don't go with this bringing 'dignity' to jazz. The way they bring dignity to jazz, by wearing their formal clothes and bowing and smiling, is like Sugar Ray Robinson bringing dignity to boxing by fighting in a tuxedo."

Perhaps Miles has been putting us on for many years now. Does he consider himself an athlete or an artist? The "difference of dignity due" between an athlete and a musician is almost undeterminable. When an art like jazz is not treated with the dignity it so undeniably deserves, something should be done. To quote Marion Brown from an interview in *Newsweek* last December: "It would be nice to come home with some girl and have her parents say: 'Oh . . . a jazzman. How nice.'"

Don Fagenson
Detroit, Mich.

MAJOR JAZZ FESTIVAL SCHEDULED FOR UCLA

What could be the start of a jazz-festival-on-campus trend will be unveiled at the 14,000-seat Pauley Pavilion on the University of California at Los Angeles' campus May 12-14. Jimmy Lyons, West Coast jazz impresario, has added the Los Angeles Jazz Festival at UCLA to his growing list of annual, multi-performer productions, which already include the Monterey and Pacific jazz festivals.

Planned in co-operation with UCLA's committee on fine arts production, the three-day, four-concert festival grew out of Lyons' successful post-Monterey campus tours last fall and the more recent UCLA Jazz Chamber Series.

Lyons said he has felt for a long time that "there should be a festival in an academic setting. A lot of youngsters haven't really been exposed to jazz in their own areas. So Mike Davenport [the booking agent who organized the chamber series] and I talked it over, and we figured, since the students at UCLA had had some orientation to jazz, this would be the ideal locale to launch such a festival. Then we contacted Miss Ingalls, who heads up the Committee on Fine Arts Productions, and discovered that she had long wanted to stage a jazz festival. And here we are."

Before he could safely say "here we are," however, Lyons and UCLA had to go through a complicated contractual agreement. The contract stipulates that the firm Lyons represents (Trident Management, owned by Max Weiss of Fantasy Records) will guarantee the cost of the talent—approximately a \$40,000 budget—and split with the university on the profits from the presentation.

"The Tradition of the New" is the theme of the festival, which will focus on the contemporary and feature jazz artists who, said Lyons, "have become legends in their own time": Miles Davis, John Coltrane, and Ornette Coleman. These musicians are "major talents who have made a tremendous impact on young musicians—and they themselves are still young," Lyons added.

Programed for May 12 are the Bola Sete Trio, the festival orchestra led by Gary McFarland, the Bob Brookmeyer-Clark Terry Sextet with pianist Roger Kellaway, and trumpeter Miles Davis' group.

For May 13 the schedule is Stan Getz with McFarland's orchestra and Sete's trio, multi-instrumentalist Coleman with his trio and with the festival orchestra plus strings, and singer Carmen McRae.

On May 14 there will be an afternoon session of Eastern music, featuring an octet from India, McFarland, guitarist Gabor Szabo, and altoist John Handy's combo. Don Ellis' big band will also be featured. The May 14 evening program includes appearances by pianist Bill Evans' trio plus Evans with a string quartet, blues

man T-Bone Walker, and saxophonist Coltrane, who will play with the orchestra plus strings as well as with his own group.

Lyons has commissioned tenor saxophonist Wayne Shorter to write an 18-minute orchestral prelude to Davis' set on May 12; the piece is to incorporate several Davis themes. A similar "overture" is being written by McFarland for Coltrane.

McFarland is the festival's music director, and bassist Ray Brown is the contractor for local musicians.

So far the personnel for the festival orchestra includes John Audino, Ray Triscari, Clark Terry, Bobby Bryant, trumpets; Brookmeyer, trombone; Howard Johnson, tuba; Vince DeRosa, French horn; Buddy Collette, Bill Green, Zoot Sims, Gene Cipriano, Jack Nimitz, reeds; Kellaway, piano; McFarland, vibraharp; Szabo, guitar; and Grady Tate, drums, plus a Latin percussionist.

SHIPPING OUT WITH RAY CHARLES

Fly 36 persons, their instruments, wardrobes, and assorted equipment from Los Angeles to San Diego to put on a free show for the crew of a Viet Nam-bound aircraft carrier, and it's called patriotism. From a strictly professional viewpoint, it meant a ready-made, highly receptive audience for the new Ray Charles show that made its debut March 27 before 1,500 entertainment-hungry sailors (and some of their dependents) aboard the USS *Constellation*, anchored at North Island Naval Air Station.

At the start of the 45-minute flight to San Diego, Charles assumed his usual jump seat in the cockpit of his twin-engine Martin 404. After the plane was airborne the singer came back to join trombonist Fred Murrell in his favorite in-flight entertainment: chess. (Charles uses a specially constructed chess board in which the pieces are held firm by pegs and the squares are outlined by ridges.)

The singer would feel his chessmen, memorize their positions, and let out a victory cry each time he knocked off one of Murrell's pieces. The game continued on the bus that picked up the passengers at the base and even into the officers' ward room where a first-class meal awaited the visitors.

If the men of the *Constellation* were impressed by the sight of the musicians, the musicians were gassed by the sight of the floating city. The ship is the largest non-nuclear carrier in the world, nearly 2,000 feet long and displaces 86,000 tons.

The show was put on in Hangar Bay No. 1—long enough to hold two football fields. The performance lasted nearly three hours, and the audience yelled for more. Charles tried to comply with all the requests, but, if he couldn't satisfy everyone, he certainly charmed them.

When everyone had settled in his seat for the flight back, Charles' manager, Joe



RAY CHARLES
Coke time on a carrier.

Adams, announced: "I'd like to say to all of you, it was a job well done. And at the same time, may I remind you of the rehearsal tomorrow at 1 P.M."

TWO JAZZ FESTIVALS SET FOR NEW YORK

Jazz lovers in New York State usually have to live in or go to New York City to hear their favorite music. But perhaps now a small mountain or two is being brought to Mohammed. Anyway, two promising-looking jazz festivals are scheduled for the state's hinterlands.

The first will be held May 6-7 at the State University of New York at Albany and is sponsored by the Faculty-Student Association. On each day, there will be a 5 p.m. and an 8 p.m. concert at the new student center.

The lineup includes the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band, flutist Jeremy Steig's Satyrs (Warren Bernhardt, piano; Don Payne, bass; Don McDonald, drums; Adrian Guillery, guitar, harmonica, vocals), pianist Walter Bishop's trio, and five soloists—trumpeter Ted Curson, alto saxophonist Lee Konitz, baritone saxophonists Pepper Adams and Nick Brignola, and guitarist Kenny Burrell.

The soloists will be backed by both "inside" and "outside" rhythm sections. Pianist Don Friedman will be in—and "out"—both sections. Bassist Reggie Johnson and drummer Dick Berk are the insiders, to be replaced, respectively, by Charlie Haden and Elvin Jones, the outside cats.

In addition, a name singer and another name instrumental group will be presented, according to talent co-ordinator Phil Rezey.

Another festival is scheduled for July 20-22 at Greenwood Lake, a resort area some 40 miles from New York City.

Produced by bassist Hal Gaylor, publicist (and ex-bassist) Phil Leshin, and talent agent Bob Messinger, the Greenwood Lake Music Festival will feature trumpeter Clark Terry's big band, the groups of

pianist Bill Evans, tenor saxophonists Al Cohn and Zoot Sims, singer-guitarist Muddy Waters, clarinetist-saxophonist Jimmy Giuffre, and drummer Chico Hamilton, singer Jimmy Rushing, dancers Carmen de Lavallade and Baby Laurence, and other artists still to be signed.

A novel feature of the event, to be staged in the Mt. Peter Ski Bowl, is that patrons will be carried to the site in ski lifts.

FINAL BAR

Pianist Pete Johnson died of a stroke March 23 at Mayer Memorial Hospital in Buffalo, N. Y., just two days before his 63rd birthday. Johnson was stricken March 19 at his home while watching television and had been in a coma since then.

He was the last survivor of the piano triumvirate of Johnson, Albert Ammons, and Meade Lux Lewis—who made boogie woogie a household word in the late '30s.

Johnson was born in Kansas City, Mo., played drums in his high school band, and started on piano in 1922. He worked in many clubs in his home town, including the Hawaiian Gardens and the famed Sunset Cafe, where he teamed with singer Joe Turner, who then was working as a bartender. The two were discovered by John Hammond, who presented them at his 1938 Spirituals to Swing concert at Carnegie Hall.

The appearance led to a long run at New York's Cafe Society Downtown, where Johnson was teamed with Ammons, and, occasionally, also with Lewis. Subsequently, Johnson worked on 52nd St. and, in the late '40s, at the Central Plaza in New York City.

Later, Johnson moved to Buffalo, where he was musically active until suffering a heart attack in December, 1958. Ironically, an appearance at the Newport Jazz Festival earlier that year had promised to revitalize his career.

Johnson never fully recovered from the heart attack and was frequently hospitalized during the last decade. A book, *The Pete Johnson Story*, by Hans J. Maurer, was published in 1965 as a fund-raising project for the ailing pianist. A benefit session for Johnson was held at the Palm Gardens in New York in 1965, and he was honored on his 62nd birthday with a concert at Kleinhan's Music Hall, where the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra performed arrangements of his works.

Johnson's final public appearance was at Hammond's Spirituals to Swing '67 concert at Carnegie Hall last Jan. 15, where he was reunited with Turner in a performance of their greatest hit, *Roll 'Em, Pete*.

Though Johnson was one of the outstanding stylists in the boogie-woogie idiom, he was not limited to this genre and was, in fact, an excellent all-around jazz pianist. From 1938 to 1946, he recorded prolifically in a variety of settings, from solo piano to eight-piece combos. His many compositions include *Wee Baby Blues*, *Kansas City Farewell*, *Death Ray Boogie*, and *Roll 'Em, Pete*.

Randy Brooks, 49, a popular trumpeter-leader of the '40s, was found dead after



JOE TURNER and PETE JOHNSON
At their last public appearance together—Carnegie Hall, 1967.

a fire swept through his home in Springvale, Maine, in the early morning of March 21.

Brooks led his own big band after working with such groups as those led by Rudy Vallee (who discovered him playing with a Salvation Army Band—Brooks was 11 at the time), Hal Kemp, Claude Thornhill, and Les Brown. Brooks was known for his ballad playing, and his recording of *Tenderly* was a big seller.

In 1950 Brooks, then in his early 30s, suffered a stroke that crippled him, and he spent most of the following 16 years in a wheel chair. In June, 1966, after four months' therapy at a rehabilitation center in Greenfield, N. H., he was able to walk, with the aid of a cane, for the first time since suffering the stroke.

NORTH TEXAS LAB BAND FETED IN WASHINGTON

Following its successful U. S. State Department-sponsored tour of Mexico (*DB*, April 20), the One O'Clock Lab Band of North Texas State University was invited to Washington, D. C., for a round of official events.

The highlight of the trip was a meeting between the band's director, Leon Breeden, and President and Mrs. Johnson. Breeden, his wife, and the Johnsons discussed the Mexican trip for some time in the private quarters of the White House. Breeden said Johnson was pleased with the success of the trip.

The band played two concerts while in the capital.

On March 18, it performed at the Venezuelan Embassy for a select audience of some 150 persons. The band was invited to play at the embassy by the Venezuelan ambassador, Dr. Enrique Tejera-Paris, and his wife, both of whom are avid jazz fans, according to Breeden.

The second concert was for a luncheon meeting of the Texas State Society at the Shoreham Hotel. Among the more than 1,000 persons attending the event were retiring Supreme Court Justice Tom Clark and his son, Attorney General Ramsey Clark. The society, made up of govern-

ment officials and businessmen from Texas, sponsored the 20-piece band's trip to Washington.

The society cited the band for its "outstanding achievement for the state of Texas" by calling attention to the youth of the state.

POTPOURRI

Some dig 'em and some don't. **James Moody** doesn't. So when well-intentioned friends of the reed man, who suffered temporary paralysis of his jaw recently (*DB*, March 23), organized a benefit for him in Los Angeles, Moody said to forget it. He didn't like the down-and-out implications. However, he did agree to another event in his honor but with the stipulation that all the proceeds raised be donated to a needy family in Watts. The benefit, held on a Monday night at the Tropicana in Los Angeles, featured the **Gerald Wilson Band**, the **Three Sounds**, vibists **Terry Gibbs** and **Milt Jackson**, among others.

Pope Paul VI has done an about-face on the use of jazz and other nonsacred music in Roman Catholic services. The ban on such music (*DB*, Feb. 23) was lifted when the Pontiff announced a modernization of the rules governing music allowed in Catholic churches. The new rules are contained in a papal document, "Instruction on Music in the Liturgy." Though not specifying the types of music that may be used, the document is written in general terms, clearing the way for bishops to use their own discretion in accepting or rejecting music for worship.

Besides being involved in intermissions, the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co. is now moving into onstand jazz activities—with money. The company is planning a Salute to Jazz this year and intends to lend financial support to various events. The first to receive a Schlitz grant is the Longhorn Jazz Festival, scheduled for April 28-30 at Austin, Texas. The money will be used, according to festival and Schlitz spokesmen, for education scholarships to young jazz musicians. Other jazz events to be supported by the brewery were not officially announced at presstime.

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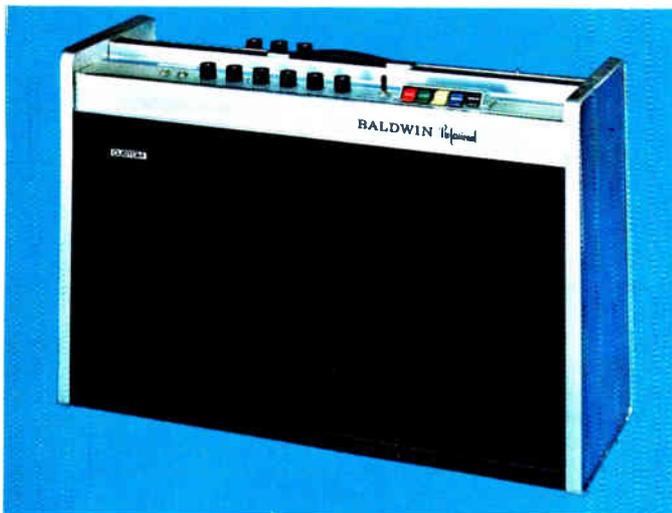
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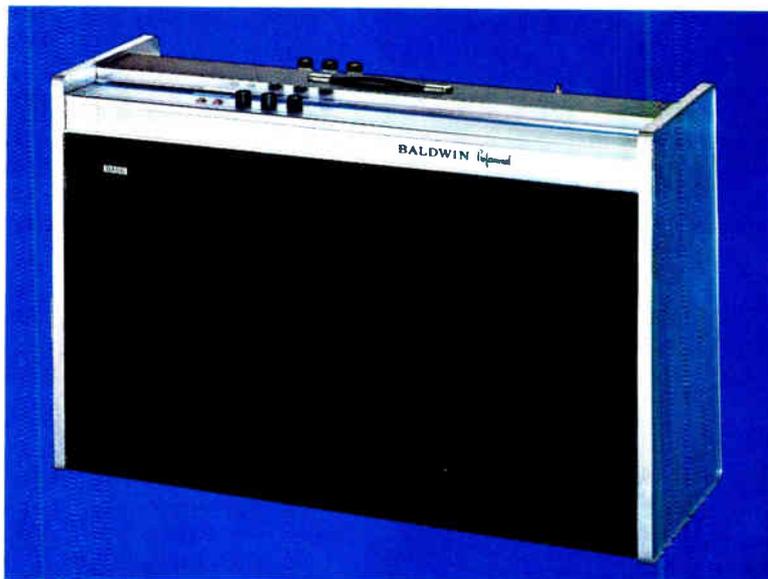
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STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: A new jazz club, Miss Lacey's, opened March 28 at 154 W. 57th St. with a bill that featured the singing of owner-operator **Barbara Lacey** and pianist **Wynton Kelly's** trio . . . Flutist **Jeremy Steig's** Satyrs moved from L'Intrigue to the Balloon Farm on St. Marks Place, hitherto a rock-and-roll stronghold. Steig, now playing electrically amplified flute, has **Warren Bernhardt**, electric harpsichord, piano; **Adrian Guillery**, guitar, harmonica, vocals; **Don Payne**, electric bass; and **Don McDonald**, drums. The repertoire includes jazz, blues, rock, and classical music . . . Trombonist **Kai Winding** resigned as music director of the New York Playboy Club so he can concentrate on recording activities. No successor has been named yet, but saxophonist **Sam Donahue's** quartet replaced Winding's group at the club . . . A series of free afternoon jazz concerts took place April 3-7 at New York University's Loeb Student Center. Groups led by trumpeter **Clark Terry**, alto saxophonist **Jackie McLean**, clarinetists **Tony Parenti** and **Sol Yaged**, and pianist **McCoy Tyner** provided the music. A similar series was presented last fall. Terry's quartet (**Don Friedman**, piano; **Reggie Johnson**, bass; **Dave Bailey**, drums) played the Half Note and also did a Jazz Interactions Sunday session last month . . . Other re-

cent JJ attractions were drummer **Sonny Brown's** group (with trumpeter-flugelhornist **Jimmy Owens**, trombonist **Garnett Brown**, baritone hornist **Kiane Zawadi**, tenor saxophonist **Benny Maupin**, and bassist **Bill Lee**) and the quartet of alto saxophonist **Marion Brown** (**Stan Cowell**, piano; **Norris Jones**, bass; **Rashied Ali**, drums) . . . Vibraharpist **Gary Burton's** quartet, featuring guitarist **Larry Coryell**, did a week opposite the **Blues Project** at Cafe Au Go Go . . . Trombonist **J. C. Higginbotham**, leading trumpeter **Joe Thomas**, clarinetist **Scoville Brown**, guitarist **Skeeter Best**, and drummer **Sonny Greer**, was a surprise weekend booking at the Purple Onion, a Village go-go joint . . . Pianist-singer **Blossom Dearie** began a two-month stand at the Top of the Gate March 21. Opposite her last month was the Indian music duo of **David Brown**, sitar, and **John Bergamo**, tabla . . . Singer **Morgana King**, backed by pianist **Benny Aronov**, guitarist **Jim Hall**, bassist **Steve Swallow**, and drummer **Ronnie Zito**, did three weekends at the Village Gate, where other early-spring bookings included those of trumpeters **Dizzy Gillespie** and **Maynard Ferguson** (the latter with a 12-piece band) and drummer **Chico Hamilton's** quintet . . . Trumpeter **Randy Brecker's** foursome, held over at L'Intrigue, has guitarist **Joe Beck**, bassist **Hal Gaylor**, and drummer **Steve Shaeffer**. Gaylor moonlights Mon-

day nights at the Tambourlaine, where he plays with pianist **Bill Rubinstein** and drummer **Dottie Dodgion** . . . Trumpeter-composer **Bill Massey's** first appearance after a recent illness was at Brooklyn's Studio O, where a concert of his works was performed by a group featuring tenor saxophonist **Bob Ford** and pianist **Richard Williamson** . . . A concert of music by pianist-composer **Joe Nedwideck** will be performed at Clark Center May 9 . . . The groups of tenor saxophonists **Frank Foster** and **Houston Person**, drummer **Grassella Oliphant**, and pianist **Cedar Walton** have appeared at recent Monday night sessions at the Blue Morocco . . . Trumpeter **Henry (Red) Allen**, fully recovered from a recent operation, returned to New York in late March after a three-week tour of England with the **Alex Welsh** band . . . The **Duke Ellington** Band, in New York to record after a tour of Europe, played a dinner-dance for the Mental Health Association in Washington D.C., and a one-night stand at the Stratfield Motor Inn . . . The quartet co-led by alto saxophonist **Lee Konitz** and valve trombonist **Marshall Brown** gave a concert and lecture-demonstration at Lehigh University in early April . . . RCA Victor recorded **Ornette Coleman's** *Forms and Sounds* at its premiere performance by the composer and the **Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet** at a recent Village Theater concert. The re-

/Continued on page 40



THE WORST OF JAZZ '66

Feather's Nest

By LEONARD FEATHER

IN MY PREVIOUS column (*DB*, March 23), I elaborated on my reply to Eric Vogel's question concerning the best thing that had happened to jazz last year, discussing the success of the Charles Lloyd Quartet. (I neglected to add that I also salute the emergence of the new Don Ellis and Buddy Rich bands.)

My reply to Vogel's other question (the worst thing that happened last year) was that jazz musicians were forced to record works in which they were not really interested, simply because they had been convinced that this was the way they could sell records (and, it must be admitted, they were often right).

An examination of last year's jazz LP releases makes it painfully obvious that our profession is in an unprecedented predicament. Artists in the top-name jazz bracket, who could once count on a fairly healthy five-figure sale, are now reduced to selling a few thousand LPs; many lesser names are lucky to sell even a couple thousand.

The consequences were inevitable. Protest though we may that the multimillion-

dollar companies can afford to record jazz at a loss for the sake of the preservation of art, our protests go largely unheeded. And so the instrumentalists and arrangers whom we have respected for years, and who would like to retain their self-respect, try desperately for something that will make the charts.

This is not to be construed as an indictment of the songs. It has become a cliché in jazz circles to point out that some of the Beatles' songs are really quite nice. Yet when Chico O'Farrill was confronted with a dozen such songs to score for Count Basie, his reaction in too many instances evidently was not "Now, this will be a good challenge to work with," but rather, "Now, how am I going to make this one sound like anything?"

Obviously no artist, whether writer or performer, is going to function at optimum level when he does not believe in what he is doing; the product is likely to reflect this attitude, and the expected mass sales will fail to materialize.

Admittedly, a few musicians, such as Bud Shank and Chet Baker, have compromised effectively, and their album sales have improved. The records are pleasant, easy listening, but the same artists are more truly represented by other performances made before the pressure was on.

Perhaps the most striking example of the effect of this trend is a recent Lime-light album by Art Blakey. The arrangements were written by two musicians for whom I have high respect—and who should have used pseudonyms. The performances were such that no dedicated Blakey follower would have the slightest

interest, nor would such a follower even believe, in a *Blindfold Test*, that it could be a Blakey record.

Throughout the history of recorded jazz, from Ory and Oliver and the Original Dixieland through Henderson and Ellington and all the way up to Mingus and Don Ellis, the most memorable works have been originals especially written by or for the leaders. This situation is not likely to change.

True, the quality of tunes now making the charts is showing a marked improvement, as are the standards of rock musicianship; but the rapprochement has not yet approached the stage at which Duke Ellington will reach a new esthetic plateau by assembling his own anthology of the Animals' greatest hits.

If only for this reason, Buddy Rich deserves utmost respect. Strongly urged by managers last summer to commercialize his band (even Oliver Nelson, brought in to write for him, was asked to descend to the teen level), Buddy decided to break up the management deal and tear up the fruits of their advice. He then proceeded to build a library based on his own convictions.

Honesty paid off; the band's success is too well known to discuss here, and at this writing the first Rich LP by this great, straight-ahead jazz orchestra is in its tenth week on the best-seller charts.

Just an exception that proves the rule, you may say. But it would be agreeable if we could count on a couple dozen record companies and recording stars to try to create other such cases. Who knows, the exception one day might turn out to be the rule. [CIS]

QUESTIONS 10 through 13 in my *Twenty Questions* column dealt with several aspects of the racial issues in jazz.

This subject having become highly inflammatory during the last few years, after being swept under our amoral carpet for so long, it produced a variety of answers that were heated, sometimes sarcastic, and sometimes confused. Inevitably, they contradicted one another at numerous points.

If one sweeping generality can be inferred, it is that most *Down Beat* readers tend to be slightly better informed on civil rights matters than the average white American, at least insofar as the problem affects the music world. True, there was a certain shallowness in a number of answers, along with a tendency at times to dodge the issues or confess ignorance.

Question 10: *Do you believe the Negro musician has a greater inborn feeling for jazz than the white?*

No45.6%
 Qualified No14.0
 Yes24.0
 Qualified Yes11.6

A fair number based their answers on the inclusion of the word "inborn" in the question. Many pointed out that a feeling for any art is the product of environment rather than of genes. On these grounds they offered a negative answer.

"Don't generalize," admonished Robert Gold of Los Angeles. "Which Negro jazz musician, which white jazz musician? Ramsey Lewis has more inborn feeling for music than Denny Zeitlin, but Bill Evans has more than Lewis."

Christopher Loekle, 17, of New York City, wrote, "The most satisfying experiences in my life have come while listening to black musicians. All the big innovators have been black. Jazz is a Negro's music that whites have made successful. With a few exceptions (Gary Peacock, Ros Rudd, Leandro Barbieri) white musicians playing jazz sound sterile in comparison to blacks, in my opinion (and Mezz Mezzrow's too)."

Respondents in Loekle's age group, when naming white jazzmen, ignored such pioneers as Bix Beiderbecke, Jack Teagarden, Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, Benny Goodman, Django Reinhardt, Dave Tough, Red Norvo, Joe Venuti, et al.

"The key word here," said Eugene M. Roberts of Kailua, Hawaii, "is 'inborn.' The answer is an unqualified Yes. It is necessary to observe children to come to this determination. A difference in rhythmic reaction is immediately apparent. No Caucasian child could approach the reaction of the 'Second Line'; no 'white' boy could ever collect pennies for a treat dancing as fast as the Negro. Watch the reaction of Negro children to the rhythmic presentation of a 'mainstream' group, and then notice the Caucasian—there is genuine difference in facial and bodily expressions. The difference is almost scientifically as provable as the difference between natural reflexes and artificial stimulation. As the individual grows older, the Caucasian acquires a reaction which, in some cases, exceeds the Negro, but not an 'inborn' response that belongs to the Afro-Indo deriva-

tive. The Negro knows."

Heritage, as well as environment, was cited by some respondents. Said Michael Rose of London, England, "Jazz is the musical product of various conditions imposed on the African (now American) slave in a strange, new environment, and the main streams of the music have always been formulated, consciously or not, by the Negro."

Only a small number of letters stated the writers' racial identity. Among them was that of Robert Joyce of Gurling, Newfoundland, who replied, "Generally, yes. I am white and sometimes wish I were black. I feel I am missing that extra touch that Negroes seem to have."

According to Hank D. Bordewijk of Rotterdam, Holland, "The American Negro, compared to the American white and/or other populations, has a different (original, therefore probably greater) inborn feeling for jazz, just because the (inborn) culture of the American Negro is different from any other (inborn) culture. One probably can be almost, but never completely part of a certain culture other than his own."

The answers from overseas tended more toward an affirmative answer than the domestic mail.

The following is from Sabirjan Kurmayev of Riga, Latvia, USSR: "It seems so. All innovators in jazz were and are Negroes. Also, most of jazz musicians are Negroes (especially that was so in the past). And jazz in Europe is a reflection of the American one. On the other hand, Negroes need whites, and their culture, for creating their music. Jazz was born in America, not in Africa. And the Africans don't seem to enjoy Third Stream."

In general, the reaction to this question showed that readers on the whole do not accept the patronizing theory (promulgated many years ago primarily by white Southern bigots but later, paradoxically, bolstered by French jazz fans and then by their American counterparts) that *All Dark People Are Light on Their Feet* (the title of a typical Tin Pan Alley song of the 1930s) or that the stereotype accurately defines the Negro's gift. The total of almost 60 percent for negative and qualified negative answers, as opposed to only 35.6 percent affirmative or qualified affirmative, reveals that most readers have thought this question through a little more deeply than might have been expected.

Question 11: *Do you think the Jim Crow situation has grown better or worse for Negro musicians in recent years?*

Better65.6%
 Noncommittal14.8
 Worse7.6

Perhaps the most succinct summation was expressed by Robert C. Morrison, Jr., of Everett, Mass., who wrote, "The situation has bettered in recent years; but it is now at the point where it can worsen, because of the tensions and pressures which have arisen from the recent racial situation."

A more specific qualification is offered by Wally Lavery of Beaver Falls, Pa.: "Jim Crow has always existed in music; it



THE JAZZ

By Leonard Feather



has become worse in the last few years because the Negro in a lot of cities still has to belong to a segregated union. This is where he is being hurt, because the AFM doesn't have the guts or the right leadership to bring this . . . to an end. Until the Negro is assimilated into one local, you'll always have Jim Crow jazz."

Several responses cited the better formal training that now enables Negroes to compete with whites for classical work and studio gigs. But, one reader observed, this may hurt jazz in the long run by diverting potentially great Negro artists out of jazz and into better-paying commercial jobs.

Russ Lane, of Wanamassa, N.J., (now *there's* a place to answer this question from) said that "Jim Crow unfortunately is growing better much too slowly. I am white, and it maddens me to live in a country that thrives on hate and war and worthless prejudice."

From Frederick S. Giordano of New York City: "The situation has grown better; however, as in the civil rights movement in general, everyone is just a little too self-conscious about the whole situation; perhaps in a generation or so, such self-consciousness will disappear."

In replies to Questions 11 and 12, Archie Shepp came in for a fair share of mentions. "I do not know," confessed Art Schattauer of Minneapolis, "but I think that people like Archie Shepp certainly do not build bridges." Even more emphatic is John Anderson Sorman of Orient, N.Y.: "The scene hasn't changed in the last 10 years. If you're great, if you have a good, inviting sound, you make it. The avant-garde does not have that kind of appealing sound. There is no demand for it. Archie Shepp screams discrimination! Discrimination, hell. Nobody likes the stuff. That's why he's not getting hired." (Sorman should have checked Shepp's increasing record sales before declaring that "nobody" likes his music.)

"Jim Crow is not entirely descriptive of the jazz scene today," wrote Scott Wickland of Bellingham, Wis. "Serious artists of all colors cannot and will not allow their music to be a commodity. The artists most readily prepared to prostitute themselves have been whites, enjoying their fortunes while others seek to play what they feel. The situation has only improved for those willing to sell out to the recording-and-entertainment establishment."

"Let's not kid ourselves. The good jobs, good clubs, and best salaries are still too often reserved for white musicians," wrote Bob Blazier of Crystal Lake, Ill.

On the other hand, Ronald Hall of Chicago declared: "Jim Crow is clearly becoming nonexistent. Whites have reached a point, due in part to rhythm-and-blues, where they will support what they like, regardless of its color. Negro musicians are enjoying the greatest prosperity in the history of jazz."

Michael Stephens of Miami, Fla. (whose answer to Question 10, by the way, was "Hell, no! Jews get the blues too"), feels that "racial hatred in jazz is shifting sides . . . there are more colored musicians hating whites than vice-versa."

The implication that white musicians in

great numbers have actively *hated* Negroes in the past is curious. The real problem has not been a matter of hate but rather one of apathy on the part of the whites and acceptance of the status quo, but this is more fully explored in the next question.

First, though, a final word for the negative point of view on Question 11. The comment came from Barbara Szatkowska of Warsaw, Poland, and her brief summation says it all admirably: "Worse. Just because you have put this question. The Jim Crow situation will grow better when there is no question like this in your questionnaire."

Question 12: Do you think there is such a thing as Crow Jim (antiwhite prejudice) in jazz?

Yes	57.2%
Qualified Yes	18.0
No	7.6
Qualified No	7.0

The overwhelmingly affirmative response to this question does not necessarily denote a disapproval of Crow Jim. Some even plead guilty to practicing it themselves.

"In all honesty," Ronald Hall confessed, "I, as a Negro, do not really care to hear most white musicians. With the exception of Brubeck, Herbie Mann, Morgana King, Sinatra, and Streisand, most of them seem pretty bland and uninvolved. I am aware of this bias within myself and, like the stubborn white racist, actually refuse to listen. I sometimes think that if I move too far away from what I shall call Negro-ness, I would lose something, something I can't define, but which seems a very vital part of my being—perhaps the ability to comprehend or appreciate the music with which I most naturally identify. In short, if I listened too much to Mose Allison, I would fear that I couldn't dig Ray Charles anymore."

This answer raises the obvious question: suppose he had first heard Mose Allison on a blindfold-test basis? Joe Williams once heard an Allison record on the air and took it for granted he was a Negro. On finding out otherwise, he did not see fit to change his opinion of (or emotional reaction to) Allison's performances.

"It [Crow Jim] could have been foreseen here as in other areas," wrote Maydene Crosby of Cincinnati, Ohio. "It's like a pendulum; unless forcibly interrupted, the swing goes all the way in both directions. Left alone, it will finally diminish to a point of rest."

From Reese Markewich of New York City: "Absolutely yes. And it is quite understandable—a retaliation and a hanging on to something that the Negro can claim as his, even though it belongs to all of us who can play. The Negro has been abused beyond belief, and it's incredible that Crow Jim has not been more violent—a tribute to the good sense and fine relationships existing between many black and white musicians."

"The Crow Jim situation is TERRIBLE," lamented Ed Mulford of Monroe, Conn. "It has grown into a cancer in the past 10 years and has driven fans and musicians away from/Continued on page 37

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John Handy & The Blues

John Handy & The Blues

John Handy & The Blues

By Jim Delehant

SOME PEOPLE SAY jazz is dying. They say the so-called avant-garde is biting off more than it can chew by losing sight of tradition. Well. . . . There certainly are some jazz musicians thrown into the avant-garde bin who know their roots. Saxophonist John Handy is one.

"I've run into many people, younger and older than I, who want to cast aside anything that has gone before," he said while in New York recently to play an engagement. "It involves everything, including music, and I feel sorry for them. I've heard guys say, 'Charlie Parker was *then*; let's do what's happening *now*.' I agree that things have to move, but, in the meantime, children learn from their elders. Without Charlie Parker, we wouldn't have some of the musicians today.

"As a matter of fact, whenever I play now, I try to go back as far as I can. Even Jelly Roll Morton-type things. Things like I did with Charlie Mingus. That's why Mingus and I got along together so well musically. My belief is that it's all music, and it's very necessary to know the history and be able to play a reasonable amount in all idioms.

"If they laugh at blues, I think they're just showing their stupidity. The blues are very beautiful, very valid, and very necessary. Blues will be here for a long time, whether we play it or not. Blues is more than just music. For some of us, blues is an everyday experience.

"Now, I'm from a blues city, Dallas, Texas, and I got to hear all those things firsthand. It's become a part of my heritage. I don't think I could ever go without my heritage."

Handy's first professional experience in music began with blues bands.

"As I grew in knowledge—understanding myself and life—I realized I had experienced something of great value by being able to play with these various groups," he said. "Guys in particular on the West Coast, like Roy Hawkins, Lowell Fulson, Jimmy McCracklin. I did my first record date with Fulson. I did record dates with McCracklin too. I also played with Pee-wee Crayton 15 years ago, and with several Little Willies that were floating around. One of them was very good. He could play the blues in all keys, and that was a challenge. Blues in D and E and A.

"I had an opportunity to play with a number of blues bands at dances. They were like battles between the bands. I heard Amos Milburn, who had fantastic musicians in his group. I did a two-week tour with Hank Ballard and the Midnighters in 1956. I enjoyed that very much. We were able to play what we wanted for the first half of the show. . . . They let us play until

they came on, and then we played their stuff. I started beating that in the mid-1950s. When I left the armed forces, I got gigs that didn't require r&b numbers. I did a lot of strip shows and popular songs, and, believe me, I learned a lot there."

The civil rights movement is probably as important to Handy as his music. Long active in the movement, he seldom lets his anger at the treatment of Negroes boil to the surface. He manages to remain outwardly calm and soft-spoken.

"Possibly it's just my nature," he explained. "However, sometimes under these soft tones, there are volcanoes erupting inside. I'm dissatisfied with a lot of things, and some of them aren't possible to live with. I feel this when I go into the hotel lobby or to the coffee shop. I've run across people in New York, particularly cabdrivers, and I wonder if they have any kind words left in them.

"My work takes a lot of energy out of me. It's easier to live with the world, being able to play. I think artists in general release a lot of private troubles in their work. Also, music is a field in which Negroes are more acceptable. That's probably why I didn't become a doctor or something else. Personally, I am unhappy most of the time. I'm not happy with many of the social and political ways here.

"I think jazz has played a great part in the social change. I feel that's why a lot of people suppress jazz. In jazz clubs, I've noticed that people in the audience don't care who's sitting next to them. Through black nationalism, I think a lot of black people are discovering that, first of all, they're human beings. Some white people are discovering that they're no more or less.

"I think that even the white person who feels he's 'making it' will realize he's being exploited, too, and he doesn't really have it made. He's just another little spoke in the wheel. He's making millions for somebody else. The guy we never see, who signs his name to the paper, throws us all together, and keeps us at odds with each other—he doesn't dirty his hands. He has somebody else doing it. When whites see they're being done in, too, we might have some rapid social changes. We're all human beings, and that's what's happening."

The racial situation also involves an age-old problem in the music field—whites gaining wide popularity by performing music developed by Negroes, most recently in the rock-and-roll field.

"I find it ironic," Handy said, "that these new groups are so popular for doing things that were done much better a long time ago. I give them credit for treating blues as something worthwhile,

but I find it very disappointing that the audience will enjoy what these groups are doing, yet they'll call a Negro an animal. This has been going on for years with the American public.

"I guess everything still has to have the white stamp of approval. I don't know who made it that way, but I wish they'd unmake it. . . ."

Handy added that the "rock-and-roll kids," as he calls them, have improved their musicianship in the last two years. And therein lies a danger for them, according to Handy:

"If they improve much more, they'll find themselves out of work. Usually, when they improve, they want to play jazz, and then they're competing with older, more experienced players. I think the Beatles are smarter to the extent that they're doing what they want to do and getting away with it. I feel my group is doing the same kind of thing in jazz."

Many rock musicians and the more serious followers of rock-and-roll are also fans of Charles Lloyd and Handy.

"Anyone who follows the involved art forms are better thinkers," Handy said about the overlapping. "They even read. They bother to think about things relevant to life. The kids who dig rock music and my music are that kind of people. They aren't only kids—they're oldsters too. They're concerned about Viet Nam and civil rights and are aware of us, as well as Coltrane, Archie Shepp, and all the others. We have a message for them. . . . They get something out of it. I suppose a lot of my sentiments are much the same as theirs.

"The rock people have made lyrics much more sophisticated than the older commercial songs. The messages in these songs are quite sophisticated and many of them are profound."

But rock-and-roll and blues are only small parts of Handy's experience with music other than jazz. He said he listens to all kinds of music.

"I know I'm doing things now that I'm not aware of," he said, "things that I've heard somewhere. I listen to a lot of African music and European music, particularly flamenco and gypsy music. I love Sabicas and Manitas and Segovia. I loved Carmen Amaya when I saw her at the Village Gate five years ago. That troupe is just fantastic. I have a feeling that's where my composition *Spanish Lady* came from. I like a lot of Russian music too. Unfortunately, I haven't heard any Eskimo or South American Indian music.

"There is a new generation in jazz that is very precocious. Fantastic players. To name a few: Tony Williams, the drummer with Miles Davis, and Keith Jarrett, the pianist with Charles Lloyd. Jack DeJohnette, Lloyd's drum-



mer, is young too. I remember [drummer] Cliff Jarvis, who was 17 when he came to New York. He was—wow!

"Now there seems to be a greater number of fantastically trained and talented, sensitive players who know more about the different idioms than the guys of my age. There's so much music now to draw from—the Beatles to Stravinsky, and everybody's doing it."

These young players are creating music that has been called avant-garde, but Handy doesn't particularly like the term.

"To me," he said, "music is in three streams—upstream, downstream, and extreme. Upstream is good music, something that moves me. Downstream would not make it. Extreme is primarily the music we're not sure of—whether we like it or not. The so-called avant-garde would be in the extreme.

"The term probably started with someone who wrote it and it sounded good to him. But what happens after avant-garde? Maybe ultra-avant-garde. I don't really understand what it is. A lot of people still consider Stravinsky avant-garde, and there are people who aren't ready for Bartok, from a listener's standpoint. Albert Ayler, Ornette Coleman, Coltrane, and Miles Davis, and sometimes myself, are often called avant-garde.

"But music is sounds. Whatever you're thinking of at the moment, that's what you're producing. I would find it very difficult to put into concrete, profound musical terms just exactly what my music is saying. We're word-oriented, and I would find it impossible to express our music in words. It's impossible to say music has a social protest unless there are lyrics. To one guy a group of sounds might be a waterfall. Another guy might see sex in it.

"At this point, I'm not sure what's happening with it. It would be easier to write words. You read it, and it makes sense to you. I'm not sure about music, though. It would be very difficult to draw a parallel between what Archie Shepp says verbally and what he says musically. I don't think anyone can tell whether I'm angry or not when I'm playing because I can play pretty when I'm angry. Many times I am not happy when I appear to be happy."

Handy returned to the subject close to his heart—the blues.

"The more sophisticated Negroes and whites become," he said, "the more they realize the importance of the blues. They see that it helped shape them into what they are. It helped make them aware of the sophistication they have attained. Blues will become something we collect, like Beethoven's symphonies. It's something we should all be proud of. . . ."



"BEAUTIFUL" IS Charles Moffett's favorite word. It sums up the way he feels about life and the considerable scope offered by holding down a plum job as one-third of the Ornette Coleman Trio.

"Musically speaking, the trio is the best thing I've been into as far as self-expression is concerned," the drummer said. "Ornette's music is outlined in a form to give each participant an equal part, not just a background part. Playing with Ornette, even the so-called background part is an equal part."

He explained that the trio plays in such a way that each member must have something to say and be able to say it all the time.

"Suppose one of us is playing, and, for no definite reason, the other two just stopped," Moffett said. "Say the two guys got sick at the same time and neither could make another sound. Whatever the other guy is playing, in addition to accompanying the others, must be strong enough to carry through on its own."

Moffett, who has been the propulsive force behind Coleman since 1961, is an exceptional and important drummer. His is a well-integrated, mature style, formulated from no one apparent influence. He sounds at times like an updated Sid Catlett, which surprises and amuses him when it's mentioned. At other times he sounds like nobody but Charles Moffett. That should make him happy.

"I listened to Max and to Art Blakey and I listened a while to Philly," he remarked. "But the drummer I like today is Charles Moffett. I'm trying hard to develop him."

An energetic, self-possessed man of 37, Moffett first met Coleman when they attended the same Fort Worth, Texas, high school. In those days trumpet was his instrument, Coleman's the tenor saxophone. Moffett switched to drums only when he could afford a set, and throughout the eight years he spent teaching music in Fort Worth schools he would alternate between the two instruments for weekend gigs.

"If it was a dance, I'd play trumpet on standards and pop tunes," he recalled. "But if it was a session, I'd take the drums."

From the age of 13 he worked in night clubs, accompanying singers like T-Bone Walker and Jimmy Witherspoon and, later, while studying for his master's degree, with Clarence (Gatemouth) Brown and Little Richard. Although this basic training shows through in his driving approach to drums, Moffett denies that a blues grounding is all-important to a jazz musician.

"The basic thing is *music*," he said. "It's important that

I accept the term 'jazz' because that's what it is, but I like the term 'music' better."

The first jazz musician to get Moffett's attention, "as far as listening and everything," was Louis Armstrong. And Duke Ellington's music, the drummer said, played an important part in his career—one of the first tunes he learned to play on trumpet was *Don't Get Around Much Anymore*. But Moffett is quick to defend musicians today who have not been exposed to Armstrong or Ellington—or even to Dizzy Gillespie.

"It's very challenging to suggest that if you don't have the basis of the blues you can't play jazz," Moffett said.

"For instance, David [Izenzon, Coleman's bassist] has not had the background in blues comparable to mine, yet without a doubt I would say that he is definitely playing jazz music.

"But to be perfectly frank," the drummer added with a twinkle, "I'm kind of partial to the minor sound of blues myself. It does put a little chill in me."

The benefits of working with the Coleman trio are many and varied, musically as well as socially, yet the leader's disinclination to accept any but the better-paying jobs disturbs Moffett.

"We don't work nearly enough for me," he said. "In the past, we would rehearse a lot between gigs, but lately the most we've rehearsed has been before a job or when Ornette writes a new tune."

Because of this, he maintained, his technical facility suffers and his creativity has tended to be nipped in the bud.

"When we did two weeks at the Village Vanguard recently," he said, "I was satisfied with the way the music was, but as far as my personal advancement—wow! And when I say 'personal,' it's not good for the trio, either. But at the end of the job it was a different story—beautiful, beautiful music."

Being an irrepressible bundle of energy is characteristic of many drummers, and the gregarious Moffett is no exception. For him, a two-week engagement is not nearly long enough.

"I feel that I have so much more that I want to say, and it's just reaching the point where I'm going to say it and then I have to come home," he said sadly. "So I have to play it there. And when I play it out at home, I'm by myself, all alone, and that makes it like practice more than anything. It's keeping you in shape, but at the same time not for what you're really doing or what you can do. Really, it means you're still looking for more music, which is one of the downfalls of some or, in fact, most of our musicians."

CHARLES MOFFETT

GETTIN' OUT THERE BY VALERIE WILMER

During layoffs, Moffett teaches at the school opposite his lower-east-side apartment in New York City. He led his own groups from time to time during Coleman's two years of not playing in public, but by an unspoken agreement he and Izenzon now feel more or less bound to limit their work to the trio. The secret of Coleman's success in keeping his faithful sidemen on perpetual call, Moffett said, lies in mutual respect.

"When the other musicians don't have confidence in you," he added, "it's just like how much fun or pleasure could you have talking to somebody you know is lying? You're gone—right? But if you're talking with a person you know is telling you the truth, you can afford to listen to him, and you can maybe talk and come up with some ideas.

"Now, I've heard other angles from musicians like, 'All of you must have love for each other.' And that's true, too, but it's still not the main thing. For example, I know there's love between Ornette, David, and me, but at the same time there is respect, which is even greater than the love. And there is the confidence we have in each other too. If the love part was really overruling, David would probably have been over at my pad now. As it is, we haven't seen each other since our last gig."

Confidence, the drummer said, is also the key to inspiring and accepting inspiration from fellow musicians improvising. "Everyone on the bandstand must listen to each other," he said. "In the past the drummer and the bass player were more like a machine. We had to listen to the soloist to help him express himself, but in the 'new thing' it's possible now for everyone to express himself at the same time and come out with one big picture."

Moffett is continually involved with the idea of exploration and in experimenting, both at rehearsal and on the bandstand, "though," he added with a smile, "I wouldn't exactly recommend that. But it happens very often when Ornette can be going in one direction and I go along in that direction and add to it for a while. Then I switch off and start into a new direction, and, provided what I play is strong enough, Ornette will switch and go right with me. Then sometimes he is playing something strong, and I am, too, and so we'll each continue in our own direction till it becomes like a beautiful counterpoint. And then we'll meet about eight or ten bars down the road where we'll join up and go back in."

"But," he stressed, "whenever you go off, you have to have something to say," and he added that, in his opinion, the trio onstage reaches the heights of saying something that its

records—even the ones that have received five stars in *Down Beat*—don't come near.

The exuberant Moffett is rarely at a loss for something to say, musically or otherwise. On the stand, however, it is his major regret that "you never say as much as you want to say, and that's why fundamentals and basics are so important. When you get up there, there's a certain limit you are not going to come up to. Even if you don't get a chance to express yourself fully at all times, there should at least be a certain level where you know you're going to play, and that's when you return to the technical know-how."

Moffett's experience in the music business has been wide and varied, and consequently, although working now in an area known loosely as free form, he realizes that it is up to him to use this freedom wisely.

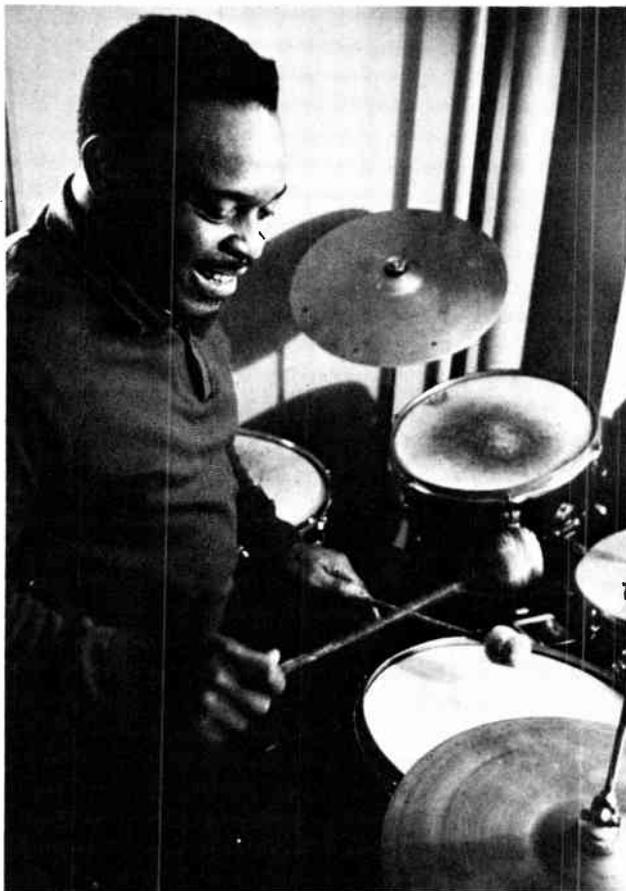
"I have more freedom here than I probably could have any place else," he said, "but the responsibility of the drummer today, as it was yesterday, is still keeping the group together. The new role of drums depends on the other musicians too. They are supposed to be so competent that a drummer can go off, even into a controversial rhythm, and he will still remember to respect the other members of the group in whatever they play.

"The only way I could have more freedom would be if I could play more, *musically* speaking. There are some times when you can lay out, and that's even playing more, and so you can see that the only way I could be freer would be to be more on the ball, be more alert. But you always have to

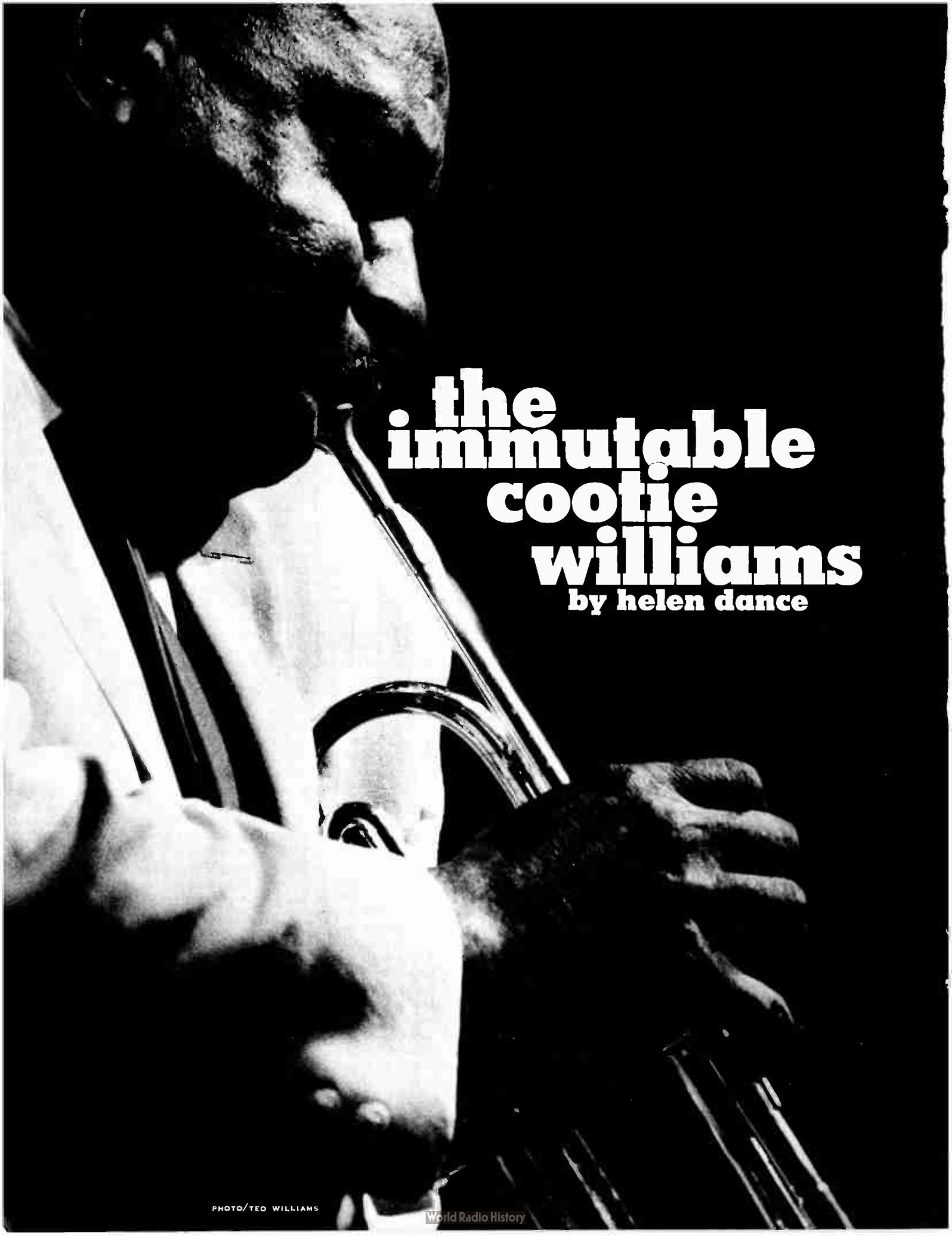
know what goes against what. In other words, you have to know how to make the best choice. And the three of us have this same responsibility. It's collaborating that counts.

"But the beautiful thing about freedom, for me, is that it gives you a chance to explore your musical ability. You take guys who have studied for years and years—they maybe never get a chance to express everything they've studied or whatever they feel. A lot of them waste their opportunities. They like to play certain things, and it comes off good, so they stop advancing—especially when the people like it too. A lot of times it doesn't matter whether the people accept it; it's just that it's nicer when they do. So that can make you stop studying and stay in a particular groove. I think it's a pity if you find something that nice."

As far as Moffett is concerned, he considers himself as much an integral part of the Ornette Coleman Trio as he considers himself a musician. The group is, for him, a way of life, just as constantly striving to/Continued on page 43



VALERIE WILNER



**the
immutable
cootie
williams**
by helen dance

PHOTO/TEO WILLIAMS

World Radio History

"IN THE BEGINNING, you didn't think about the money," Cootie Williams said recently, referring to his early years with Duke Ellington. "The idea was to have the ability to do something, to suggest something good for the band to play. That was the general feeling. Everyone would pitch in to give. It was exciting, and we were young. 'Do it like this, Duke,' we'd say. 'We want it this way and that.' Everyone made suggestions; it was a family thing."

Occasionally, one of the musicians might get peeved, he conceded; but mostly they had the band's interests at heart, and money had not yet entered into it. That came later, as they became more sophisticated.

"Most musicians today," Williams said, "have got pay-day on their minds. And they think, 'What is this going to bring me?' So this is something missing right now, where creative things are concerned: contributions from a number of minds."

Although Williams' career has had several unusually dramatic peaks, it has been characterized throughout by his steadfast dedication to music. He demands a great deal of himself and of others. This was the case from the first.

He was the youngest of four brothers, and he inherited the musical talents of his mother, a pianist and church organist in Mobile, Ala., where he was born in 1908. When he was 5, he began to study music and to play drums. He was allowed to join the school band at 7 because he could read. His first instrument was trombone, but he could not reach all the positions because his arms were too short. He was transferred to tuba. Trumpet was something he picked up on his own.

"They were having band rehearsal," he recalled. "During intermission I got hold of someone's horn and began playing *12th St. Rag* on it. How come I could do that, teacher wanted to know. 'That's your instrument,' he told me then, and from there on, it was."

Williams was 8 when his mother died giving birth to twins, of whom only one lived. An aunt came to rear the children. His father insisted the boys continue with their music studies.

"I was the only one, though," Williams explained, "who stayed with it, and when I got older, my father handed me to a teacher by the name of Charles Lipskin. He had a cleaning and pressing shop, but he also used to play with the Excelsior Band. He was a fine trumpet player. I worked for him, and he would teach me when I wasn't delivering clothes. But I stayed angry with him all the time, because he wouldn't let me play jazz." Williams grinned.

Since this arrangement lasted eight years, it gave Williams an excellent foundation. Although from the start he sneaked off to play jazz, he never got official permission until he had mastered the fundamentals.

"And in those days, if you had a teacher, you didn't dare fool," he reminisced. "If you hadn't learned your lesson, well, he had a right to plonk you on your head. This didn't bother me, though. I was madly in love with my horn. Dad used to have to take it away to keep me from blowing too much."

One of Williams' earliest musical experiences was a summer spent with a carnival band headed by Lester Young's father and built around the Young family. They all played saxophone—the mother and sister, as well as brother Lee, who later was a well-regarded drummer. The band would come onto a stage out in front of the tent and ballyhoo the show. After playing for a while, they would go inside and play the show, using trumpet, trombone, saxophones, and rhythm, accompanying singers in addition to doing their own spot.

Williams remembered how excited he became when his father took him to the carnival. "I sure would like to play with them," the youngest insisted. His father went back to talk to Mr. Young; his son was given a chance to blow.

"They took me," Williams remembered, smiling. "I was only 14, and my brother had to go, too, my father said. I

got 50 cents a day and ate with the family. It lasted a summer and was great."

By the time he was 16, he'd played with a number of bands around Mobile, and since New Orleans was close enough to allow the better known Crescent City orchestras to come in for occasional one-nighters, Williams got to hear musicians who impressed him, men such as trumpeters Sam Morgan and Punch Miller and clarinetist Edmond Hall, who was with the Pensacola Jazz Band. In turn, Hall was sufficiently impressed to get Williams a job alongside him when he switched over to Eagle Eye Shields, a pianist who had a job for a band in Jacksonville, Fla.

"My father, who ran a gambling house in Mobile, had a partner who lived in Jacksonville," Williams said, "and not until the partner said I could live with him could I take the job. Hall and I stayed about a year, and then he and I and Richard Fulbright on bass left and went with Alonzo Ross. He used to play Miami Beach and sometimes broadcast. That was how the owner of the Rosemount Ballroom in Brooklyn heard us."

Remembering how the band traveled north, Williams laughed and said, "We came up by boat, from Savannah, Ga. I guess no one else ever arrived in New York that way."

He could not remember how long it took to get there, but what seemed ridiculous to him even then was that the job lasted only two weeks. He made a droll face and said, "When the time was up—I had to tell them goodbye. Down south I used to listen to Louis Armstrong on the radio, playing with Fletcher Henderson from the Roseland. 'Boy,' I used to say to myself, 'if I could only get to New York and hear *him*.'"

"I was lucky, too," Williams went on, "because in time I got to see a lot of Louis. I had the good fortune to stay at bass player Wellman Braud's house, and he and Louis were longtime friends from New Orleans. In New York, he would stay with Braud, too, and when the band played the Savoy, I'd walk backwards and forwards to work with him. I was in my glory. That was 1929, and by then I was with Duke, so I'm getting ahead of myself."

Brought back to the subject of his first week in New York, Williams laughed. "I wasn't nervous," he explained, "because of that right upbringing. I was better at reading then than I am today. It helped me when I went with Fletcher Henderson too. Fletcher's band played in all hard keys, which you don't do now. Fletcher was very conscious of sound, and he'd think about the brilliancy of certain things being geared to certain keys. He played no favorites. It seemed like ABC then, and I remember Coleman Hawkins saying, 'Ain't that kid something?'"

Before going with Henderson, Williams discovered the Band Box on 132nd St., off Second Ave., where there were cutting contests. Finding out which was trumpet night, he sat in and impressed his listeners.

"It seems the word got around fast," he recalled, "and the first buddy I made was Chick Webb. I had to move in with him, although he was out of a job."

Their relationship was exceptional. Williams' obsession with music was at least matched by Webb's. There was a pact that called for neither to work unless the other was alongside. The first job Williams played with the drummer's band was at the Savoy and, among others, he remembers pianist Don Kirkpatrick, tenor saxophonist Elmer Williams, a trombonist called Slat, and Webb's closest friend, guitarist John Trueheart.

The band sounded great, the trumpet player said, but work was scarce, and there were frequent layoffs. It was during one of these periods that Henderson sent for Williams.

He was to replace Russell (Pop) Smith for a one-week road trip. The Henderson band was packed with stars: reed men Benny Carter and Coleman Hawkins, trumpeters Rex

Stewart and Bobby Stark, trombonists Big Green and Jimmy Harrison, and drummer Walter Johnson. Henderson stipulated he needed a replacement for only a week, and, typically, Williams was less daunted by the company he was to keep than by the necessity to part from Webb.

"Chick insisted, though, that I go," the trumpet player recalled. "So with them I went, trying to play it cool. The day we got back, there was a matinee at the Roseland Ballroom. I didn't show—I thought that was our arrangement. Was that band mad! They had no first trumpet. Uptown, Chick took the call and told me, 'Go down and help the man out. . . .' Big Green didn't see it like that, and he about scared me to death. 'I'm going to kill you, baby, when you get off the stand,' he threatened." Williams grinned. "That band took its music *real* seriously."

The going remained tough for Webb, and he wouldn't allow the trumpet player to stick to their bargain, especially since, after he'd been with Henderson a while, Williams was asked to take Bubber Miley's chair with Ellington. A choice had to be made.

"Fletcher had the greatest band around," Williams said. "But Duke's was coming up. 'You better show enough sense,' I told myself, 'to move in the right direction.' A funny thing was that Duke never asked me to play like Bubber. Night after night I sat up there and nobody said a word. When Tricky Nanton played, I laughed because it was funny-sounding to me. But it dawned on me, finally. I thought, 'This man hired me to take Bubber's place. And he played with the plunger—like Tricky Sam.'"

Williams began to listen to Nanton seriously. That was the way, he explained, he learned to use the plunger.

"For me it wasn't hard, learning to use the plunger," Williams said. "I'd never in my life thought to play like that, so it seemed funny at first. After I'd been doing it a while, though, it became *me*. Or I became it—although I always played open as well.

"Those were my two ways of being, open and plunger. Both expressed the truth. My plunger style was not like Bubber's. His soul wasn't my soul—and vice versa. The difference wasn't in technique, it was in range and color, I think. He only liked to play the one way."

Artie Whetsol and Freddie Jenkins were in the trumpet section when Williams joined Ellington in 1929. Whetsol played lead on all the sweet numbers; it was when power was required that the lead switched to Williams.

"Even outside the lead, if Duke had a note he wanted dominant," Williams said, "he would give it to me. If it were tender, Whetsol would be the one."

"It seems that Duke," Williams mused, "opens the way for you. He's done that for us all, I guess. I developed myself as well, though, because I was determined on doing a lot of things. I was serious about the music always and got mad at the rest if they fooled around.

"Even today I feel the same, but I've learned to control myself. I tell myself now that it doesn't matter much. If you've high blood pressure, like I have, you must gain control. A lot of times people see me sitting up there on the stand by myself and probably think I'm acting real mean. Not everyone knows I've a health problem to face. I've learned to cut everything off, close my ears to the noise, drinking, and everything else. You can take medicine for blood pressure, but keeping calm is the thing."

Working with Ellington taught Williams a great deal. The trumpeter would watch every move made and gain something from it. When he fronted his own big band in the '40s, this stood him in good stead.

When that time came, the most important understanding he'd acquired concerned certain types of musicians, such as altoist Charlie Parker or pianist Bud Powell, who both worked for him.

"One night maybe," Williams said, "they'd give me a lot of trouble. Maybe the next night too. But the one after they'd play so fine and great, it would all even out. That's when I came to see why Duke handles different guys the way that he does. . . ."

If any musician Williams hired was really talented, he explained, he would string along with him. A mediocre musician he could not put up with.

"I shouldn't say this, perhaps," he confessed, "but if a musician doesn't have talent, I'm his bitter enemy while we're working. After I get off the stand, if we meet on other terms, we're all right. But when we go to work—I don't like him.

"In Duke's band, even in the old days, there were some guys who didn't care. Sometimes for weeks they wouldn't play, just sit there not really blowing. And Duke wouldn't say anything. I'd be the one to scream and holler and do his work for him."

It amused Williams to reminisce about some of the things that happened in that band. For months, sometimes, Johnny Hodges and Barney Bigard sat side by side and never spoke. Then some odd thing might occur, and they would be the best of pals. The musicians had worked so long together, it was like a family.

In this unique Ellington world, Williams acquired an extra role of which he did not wholly approve. Certain vocals were entrusted to his charge. "I'm no singer," he explained. "Being critical myself, I can imagine how my delivery must have struck those who were. Just the same, Duke was boss."

Another thing that provoked his disapproval was remaking old numbers:

"It doesn't improve you. I always look forward to something new. Before I came back with Duke this time, I told him, 'I don't want to play *Black and Tan* and those things I did 40 years ago. My mind is different now.'"

"The public," he added ruefully, "doesn't understand that when you've played a thing for six months, it may be finished for you."

Nor did the public understand in 1940 when, after nearly 12 years with Ellington, Williams was lured away by Benny Goodman, or so it seemed to the world. Everywhere, Ellington fans were angered by Goodman. Williams himself received letters of vilification. The facts were not known at the time, but Ellington helped Williams make the deal.

"I didn't just jump up and leave—I wouldn't do that," the trumpet player stated. "Duke knew about it and helped set everything up. He got me more money, and I told him I'd be back in one year's time.

"But that Goodman band—I loved it. It had a beat, and there was something there that I wanted to play with. When it comes to music, I forget about the world—everything else leaves me.

"Benny is a great musician. He has talent, and I love him for it. Another thing, he's the same with everybody. He's just Goodman, not one way with this man and another with someone else; the same with everyone. I think I was happier in music that first year I was with him than I ever was."

Playing with the BG sextet offered the greatest kicks, Williams said. Sometimes Count Basie sat in at the piano with such regulars as Charlie Christian on guitar, Dave Tough on drums, and Georgie Auld on tenor saxophone.

"Each man," Williams said, "could take care of himself. The thing would just move; that's what I enjoyed. There was never a letdown. Soon as one guy stopped playing, here comes another right in on top. With Benny no one could sit back—and *he* couldn't sit back, either."

Going with Goodman fitted in with Williams' ambition to play with the greatest bands of his time. His thinking did not include the idea of going out on his own.

When the year was up, Williams/*Continued on page 35*

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Stan Kenton

Valley Music Theater, Woodland Hills, Calif.

Personnel: Dalton Smith, Ronnie Ossa, Gary Barone, Terry Jones, Rich Cooper, trumpets; Dick Shearer, Jim Amiotte, Bob Payne, Dave Roberts, Graham Ellis (doubling tuba), trombones; Ray Reed, Bob Dahl, Alan Rowe, Gene Siegel, Bill Fritz, reeds; Kenton, piano; John Worster, bass; Ray Price, drums; Chino Valdes, conga drums.

Class is a Kenton concert. Class is also a slowly revolving stage that allows an audience to see a big band from all angles. Adding warmth to the class, receipts from this concert "will help further the careers of aspiring young musicians."

This was a benefit to swell the coffers of the Ross Pollock Memorial Fund, administered by the San Fernando Valley Symphony Association. (Pollock, a drummer of much promise, was a member of that symphony orchestra. He also had played with Don Ellis' band and with Kenton's Junior Neophonic Orchestra. Pollock, 19, was accidentally killed last summer while on a European tour with Johnny Mathis.)

Kenton later claimed his band hadn't sufficient time in which to rehearse. Without that revelation, no one would have known. The band was cohesive, loosely swinging (yes, Virginia, it is possible to be both), and at the peak of responsiveness. The collective discipline was particularly noticeable. Kenton underplayed his role of leader, often remaining at the keyboard, watching more than comping, smiling benignly, fully aware that his sidemen could follow the dynamics of the arrangements.

In programing, Kenton is far from obvious. With more than 2,000 persons waiting expectantly, Kenton hustled on stage and quietly, almost secretly, indicated the tempo for a deliberately slow, nearly dirge-paced *Here Comes That Rainy Day*. A somber trombone choir intoned the ascending melody, each instrument fixed on its respective note, creating a rich pyramid.

Contrast followed with an exciting, bolero-punctuated arrangement of *Sound of Music*—from slow to fast to medium as Kenton introduced a funky blues (a facet of his piano playing he too seldom exposes) highlighted by Shearer's fine trombone solo and pushed, in a low-down fashion, by the drumming of Price.

Returning to the frantic tempo for a sparkling, brassy treatment of *Limehouse Blues*, Reed's alto and Barone's trumpet shared solo honors. One of Kenton's trademarks—the introspective cadenza, this one given considerable depth by Worster's firm bowing—led to the familiar *Artistry in Rhythm*, the first of many scores calling for an expanded rhythm section (each of the trumpeters played a different Latin percussion device). The reeds spun the familiar theme in unison, and the trombones passed their familiar comments, yet the whole thing sounded fresh.

Five against Four—a medium swinger in which three bars of 5/4 are alternated with two bars of 4/4—got off to a shaky

start in the byplay between Kenton and Worster. They gradually worked out the rhythmic kink and cooked happily ever after.

Barone shone, with Worster's tasteful backing, in *What's New?* It began and ended with haunting lyricism and swung in between from double to triple time.

One of the more memorable showcases was Kenton's arrangement of *Tabu*. Episodic brass outbursts (urged on by Smith's screech work and the pulsations of Valdes) made the arrangement blaze in high fashion. On the other hand, Johnny Richards' *Artemis and Apollo*, boasting a beautiful theme, was weighted down by some pretentious orchestration. It was

way to the Stars with his alto. ("Astonishing" because he looks so detached on the stand and plays with such warmth and virtuosity.) It began at a slow, provocative pace, often dissolving to funk. When the tempo quickened, ideas cascaded from his horn, yet with a clarity reminiscent of the hard-bop school.

A double closing was provided by *Peanut Vendor* and *Malaguena*. *Vendor* was as hypnotic as ever with a mounting intensity brought to fever pitch by the dissonant trumpet chord clusters. The number was Valdes' finest outlet. A standing ovation brought Kenton back for the best arrangement in his own library—and in terms of massive sound, if not rhythmic excitement, *Malaguena* outweighed *Vendor*.

The concept of a revolving stage had



STAN KENTON
Class.

saved by an outstanding trombone solo by Roberts.

The most theatrical offering was *Granada*, but its forced musical heroics were offset by the expanded rhythm section, the cross-rhythmic statements of Valdes, and, above all, by Barone's inspired montuna over the persistent figure of two eighth-note triplets followed by a quarter-note triplet.

Section work was featured in the next pair: *A Very Good Year* had a saxophone soli (bolstered by Fritz' bass sax) reminiscent of the sax soli in the early *Concerto to End All Concertos*, and there was tight trumpet playing on a Latin-flavored *Michelle* that not only lent an original sound to that newest of standards, but also underscored Kenton's current approach—just brass over hyperactive rhythm.

Such rhythm could be heard on *Tico-Tico*, a hard-driving, flashy number. And for good balance, *The Shadow of Your Smile* was sheer beauty, made even Shearer, thanks to his sensitive trombone chorus.

Intermission Riff provided a good vehicle for Siegel's baritone.

The astonishing Reed dominated *Stair-*

only one drawback: depending on the position of the band at given times, balance was less than ideal as certain sections and Worster's bass would fade slightly. But for theater-in-the-round, ideal acoustics had to be sacrificed for 360 degrees worth of fairness. Besides, the wrap-around audience enjoyed it. The crowd inspired the band, and the band played as if it were fired up, obviously enjoying the best of all possible whirls.—*Harvey Siders*

Erroll Garner

Carnegie Hall, New York City

Personnel: Garner, piano; Wally Richardson, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; Herb Lovelle, drums; Jose Manguel, bongos, conga drums.

Garner's first Carnegie concert in eight years was a resounding success—popular as well as artistic. It also was the pianist's first concert appearance in more than a decade with accompanists other than bassist Eddie Calhoun and drummer Kelly Martin.

There had been little rehearsing with the musicians present; so there was a welcome aura of the impromptu, though the accompanists had little difficulty adapting themselves to the pianist's requirements. Guitarist Richardson and Manguel did not

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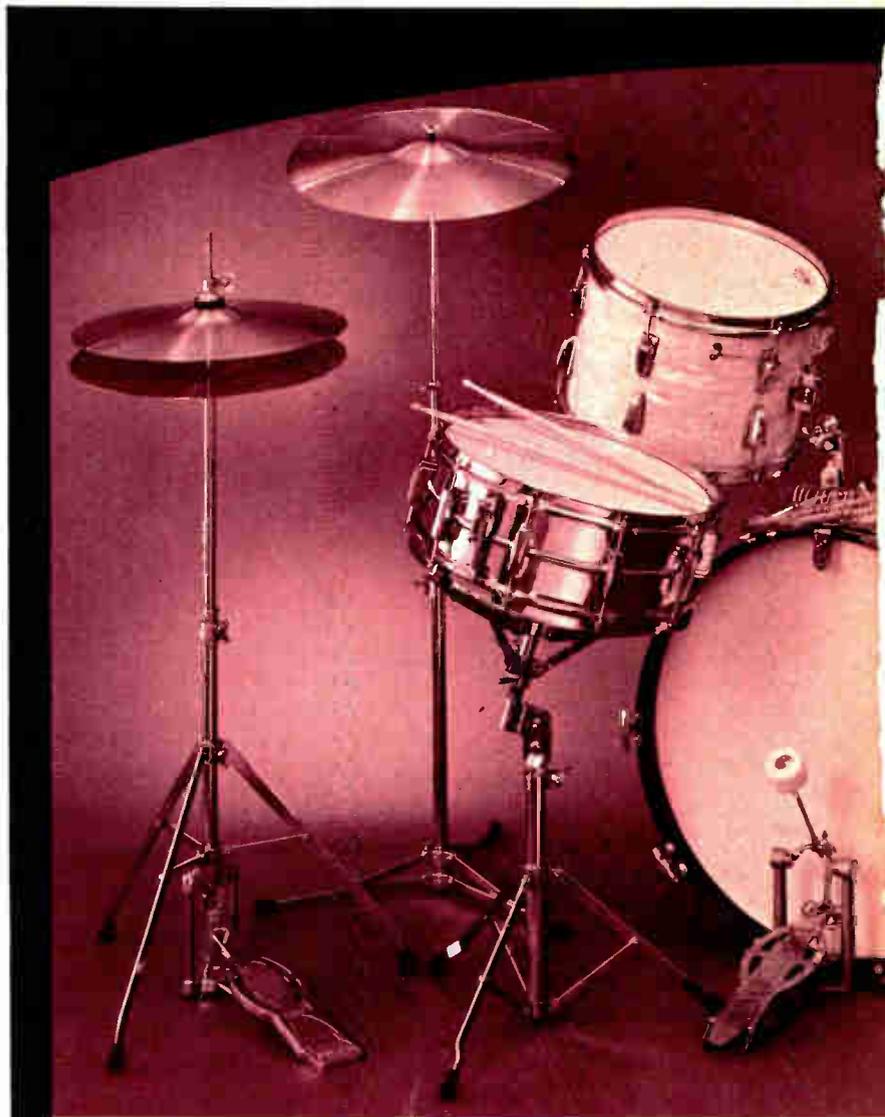
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ERROLL GARNER: Brilliant.

play on all numbers, and Richardson's amplifier failed early in the evening, so his contribution was more visual than aural. The promising opportunity to hear Garner's famous "guitar" left hand in conjunction with the real article did not really materialize.

Manguel, on the other hand, made his presence felt in a most tasteful and musical way; in fact, it was he, of all the sidemen, who seemed to have the most rapport with Garner. Hinton also did well; his fat sound and fine ear were much in evidence. Lovelle, on the other hand, was almost too self-effacing and tentative in his playing; working mostly with brushes, he was often nearly inaudible.

But Garner could have carried the night by himself. In fact, the high point of the concert was his two unaccompanied solos: a reflective, lovely *Someone to Watch over Me* and an untitled original, made up on the spot, that at times echoed *King Porter Stomp* and *Carolina Shout*.

On this second piece, Garner played all kinds of piano; a burst of stride, some delicate chording, a bit of near-ragtime, and a startling demonstration of hand independence that rivaled Art Tatum at his best. It was a condensed encyclopedia of jazz piano, an example of spontaneous invention that probably no other pianist today could equal.

If this was the peak, there were many other moments that scaled the heights. There were those delightful, often witty, and always surprising "free" introductions, which the listener always wants to hear again, once he knows what the tune is going to be. Among the finest were those to *That's All* and *Lulu's Back in Town* (a splendid performance from start to finish).

One of the joys in listening to Garner is that you can play the game of anticipating his ideas and still always be sur-

prised; this, in my opinion, is one of the great pleasures in hearing jazz, a much greater pleasure than merely being startled without a foothold in a familiar context.

Another joy is Garner's ability to choose the right tempo—right for the tune and for the creation of fully formed and freely flowing ideas. He never gets soggy on slow pieces and never rushes into the frantic and inchoate when the tempo is up. Each note counts, and each note is fully articulated.

And what a piano sound! There is a full range of dynamics, but at all volumes the sound is clear and round and musical.

As always, Garner relied on standards and current hits for the bulk of his program. No well-known melody is too hackneyed, no hit of the day too trite for him to use as a vehicle for invention and surprise. He is a romantic but not a sentimentalist, and even such a tune as *More* can serve him.

Such choice of material, unpalatable to the snob, is one of Garner's ways of keeping in touch with his audience. He does not play down to the people, but he helps them come up to him.

Garner has become an institution, but he has not stagnated. His formation of a new working group shortly after this concert, and his brilliant performance at the concert itself, indicate that there are still many surprises to come from the little giant of the piano, whose playing is one of the purest joys to be found in music today.

—Dan Morgenstern

Roger Kellaway

Pasadena Art Museum, Pasadena, Calif.

Personnel: Kellaway, piano; Red Mitchell, bass; John Guerin, drums; Paul Beaver, engineer.

That's right—trio plus engineer. The latter was in charge of a small array of gadgetry that included a tape recorder, a solovox device (referred to as a "canary") attached to the piano, and a piano amplifier containing an echo box. The concert was a juxtaposition of straight-ahead music and electronic detours. That it was still a success is another way of saying that pure jazz rose above extramusical sounds. The trio's collective musicianship, particularly Kellaway's amazing pianistics, overcame all.

Before Kellaway allowed his small audience to hear his keyboard capers, however, it had to sit through 15 minutes of tape-recorded sounds of subway trains and traffic and the blurred voices of people going about daily routines. Then Kellaway, Mitchell, and Guerin began playing long, exploratory phrases that blended in with the recorded sounds. Eventually, a pulse could be detected as the jazz itself came to life, interrupted occasionally by what were probably commonplace sounds played backwards.

Such was the menu for the concert: a number of swinging dishes, highly seasoned with rare splices. What made it palatable were the staple jazz items from the musicians, who cooked all evening. Their solo statements and, above all, their group efforts rendered the nonmusical sounds superfluous.

In only one instance did the pre-recorded sounds reveal a tonal center. It

came in the introduction to a theme written by Kellaway for an as-yet untitled movie. The pianist followed the taped sounds with a chorus built over an Erroll Garnerish left hand while Guerin superimposed a feeling of three against the pianist's four. Mitchell, using an amplified bass, carried on a nonstop obligato—an extremely melodic interlude over pulsating rhythmic interferences. Making the number even more enjoyable was the disappearance of the taped noises.

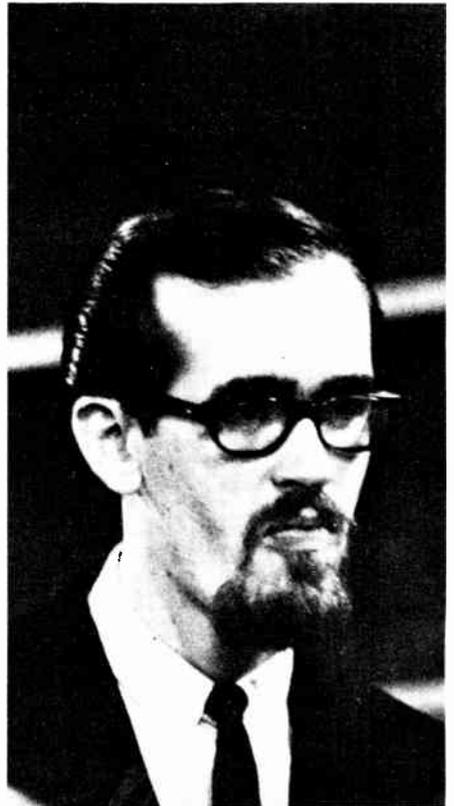
A similar electronic hiatus eventually occurred on *Interlude and Abstract Blues*—the interlude being an introductory happening involving all four. Piano, bass, and drums began with fragmented figures as the engineer turned on the piano amplifier. This contrivance is as necessary as a slide on a tuba, its only effect being to make the piano sound out of tune. Then again, it made little difference since Kellaway resorted at times to using his elbow or entire arm on the keyboard. Surprisingly, he launched into a rousing stride chorus a la Fats Waller that funneled all the angular, jagged pieces together into a not-so-abstract blues. Hard-driving, straight-ahead choruses followed until the temporarily dormant tape recorder intervened to signal the out chorus.

Street Runner with Child was a purely musical experience, beginning at a very fast tempo, slowing down to a dreamy crawl, and then progressing to a fast Latin pace. While Mitchell and Guerin retained the rapid Latin ostinato, Kellaway basked in the slow, almost impressionistic theme. For a final twist the piece ended in a medium tempo de funk.

Kellaway's most lyrical moments came during his solo offering of *Comme-Ci, Comme-Ca*.

The tape recorder was featured in a special number accompanied by Mitchell

ROGER KELLAWAY: Amazing.



and Guerin—the latter mainly using a suspended gong.

The best example of four-way integration came in Kellaway's episodic *Walk in Central Park*. The tape recorder emitted assorted grunts, groans, and growls, but the trio commented on them, filling gaps with afterthoughts that bore musical relevance, lending continuity to the entire composition, if not justifying its subjective title.

The concert ended with the trio getting an infectious, down-home thing going accompanied by an electronic buzzing best described as a pedal point on the tonic. Kellaway introduced it as "an old ditty which is a longtime favorite of mine," but whatever musical humor accrued as the number progressed was ultimately obliterated by an electronic assault on the ears.

Such *musique concrete* seems to have limited possibilities in the emotion-charged world of jazz. As presented by Kellaway and colleagues, its chief value seems to lie in scores for science-fiction or horror movies.

Jazz is not that other-worldly—but then, the way trends develop today, there may soon be a style of swinging known as down-ohm!

—Harvey Siders

Jazz at the Philharmonic Carnegie Hall, New York City

Personnel: Duke Ellington Orchestra (Cat Anderson, Herbie Jones, Mercer Ellington, Cootie Williams, trumpets; Lawrence Brown, Buster Cooper, Chuck Connors, trombones; Russell Procope, Johnny Hodges, Paul Gonsalves, Jimmy Hamilton, Harry Carney, reeds; Ellington, piano; John Lamb, bass; Rufus Jones, drums). Ella Fitzgerald (Jimmy Jones, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums). Oscar Peterson Trio. (Peterson, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums). Clark Terry, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Benny Carter, alto saxophone; Coleman Hawkins, Zoot Sims, tenor saxophones.

If the return of JATP to its homeland after an absence of 11 years was an occasion for nostalgia, it also was proof of the viability of Norman Granz' conception of what a jazz concert should be and an eloquent testimonial to the matchless pleasures of maturity.

Jazz, it has been said, is an art of the young. But among the stars of the current JATP, some were past 60, several in their 50s, others in their 40s, and none under 30. Yet, with a few unimportant exceptions, the music was full of vitality, creative energy, and freshness.

No beginners or amateurs here—only seasoned professionals. They showed that they still can't be beat when it comes to making music that swings and communicates and stirs the emotions. There wasn't a performer on the stage who hadn't mastered his instrument. Levels of inspiration, of course, varied; but nobody was shucking or jiving.

The concert—one of two in New York that were the beginning of a nationwide tour—was a jazz banquet. There were the JATP standbys: jam sessions (when Granz first made the inspired move of putting such sessions on the concert stage, it was said they were not the real article; now, the JATP sessions, and an occasional festival get-together, are about the only remaining examples of the genre), ballad medleys, and a set by the Peterson trio. But freshness was brought to the session

formula by adding Ellington saxophonists Hodges and Gonsalves, and a further innovation was the appearance of Sims and Carter with the Ellington band.

The Peterson trio warmed up the full and enthusiastic house with three numbers, best of which was the opening *The Lamp Is Low*. The trio has by now achieved that organic unity that has been the hallmark of Peterson's groups, and the leader was in excellent form. As is so often the case with Peterson, there was a bit too much dazzle and not enough



PAUL GONSALVES: Scissor-jump.

variety in mood and tempo—but it was brisk and swinging music.

Terry and tenorists Gonsalves and Sims joined the trio for *Perdido*, done without grandstand displays. Gonsalves, who was certainly one of the night's stars, was *Perdido's* sparkplug.

A ballad medley followed: Sims played a mellow, reflective, and very moving *Memories of You*; Gonsalves did an abstract, intriguing version of *Gone with the Wind*, Terry an impeccable *Misty*, Carter an elegant *I Can't Get Started*, and Hodges a most inventive *Don't Blame Me*. Hawkins ended the medley with *September Song* (first chorus unaccompanied, his big sound filling the hall with warmth). Hodges, Carter, and Hawkins then rendered *C Jam Blues*, each man telling his own story in front of the hard-working rhythm section.

Then it was the Ellington band's turn—and with a new program. Procope's bur-

nished, full-toned clarinet was featured on *Swamp Goo*, the latest entry in the Ducal jungle series; in contrast, Hamilton's sophisticated approach to the same instrument was showcased in an up-tempo swinger with pretty chords. For trombonist Brown there was the appropriately romantic *Rue Bleu* and for Harry Carney's masterly baritone saxophone a beautiful *Chromatic Love Affair*, a piece one immediately wanted to hear again.

After a sample of the standard Ellington—a brilliantly performed *Rockin' in Rhythm*—there was still another new piece, this one for Cootie Williams, who was introduced by Ellington as playing "the role of the shepherd who watches over the night flock." It was a piece in the manner of *Echoes of Harlem*, and Williams' majestic sound (mostly plungered, but also briefly open) and stately phrasing were something to hear.

Next it was guest time. Sims joined Gonsalves and Hamilton (on tenor this time) in an extended blowing session with long solos by each and closing rounds of fours. The band, aside from occasional punctuations, remained inactive, which was a bit disappointing.

But there was nothing disappointing about the two masters of the alto saxophone, Hodges and Carter, sharing solo honors on *Prelude to a Kiss* in the standard Ellington setting. Hodges, on home territory, had a slight edge, but after Carter plays this for a while, it will be hard to pick a winner. This masterpiece concluded the long first half of the concert. (According to Granz, there will also be Ellington showcases for Terry, Cat Anderson, and Hawkins as the tour progresses.)

Part 2 was devoted entirely to Miss Fitzgerald, who was backed by Ellington's band and her trio. It was readily evident that drummer Woodyard made the band sound better than Rufus Jones, though the latter had been most conscientious. Miss Fitzgerald was in rare form—even for her. Though slightly hoarse, she gave everything she had—which was plenty.

There wasn't an uninspired moment in the dozen songs she sang, which included a wondrously relaxed *Don't Be That Way*, an emotion-charged *You've Changed*, a leaping *It Don't Mean a Thing*, and a witty and charming *Let's Do It*.

But the climax was a fantastic version of *So Danco Samba*, on which Miss Fitzgerald gave a lesson in the art of vocal improvisation and displayed a sense of time, a range of imagination, and a variety of timbres and sounds that were the equals of any master instrumentalist's. Her duet with Woodyard, in which she imitated drum sounds and patterns, was a delightful and novel experience. It brought the audience to its feet. An encore was in order.

For that, Ellington reappeared to spell Jimmy Jones at the piano for a rousing *Cottontail*. Gonsalves, who had played brilliantly all night, outdid himself in an extended exchange of eights and fours with Miss Fitzgerald, topping off his performance with a scissor-jump, and the night ended in a burst of joy.

—Dan Morgenstern

Record Reviews

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

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

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

Nat Adderley

LIVE AT MEMORY LANE—Atlantic 1474: *On My Journey Now; In the Good Old Summertime; Lavender Woman; Painted Desert; Theme.*

Personnel: Adderley, cornet; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Joe Zawinul, piano; Vic Gaskin, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

At the helm of brother Cannonball's regular group, with Henderson replacing the leader, Adderley produces swinging, unpretentious music with a spontaneous flavor appropriate to a "live" recording session.

Adderley's playing often hints at such influences as Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie, and maybe Clark Terry, but his lively personality and engaging sense of humor give his music its own identity.

His best work here comes on *Summertime, Desert, and Theme* (on the latter, he does some funny mouthpiece "talking" a la Rex Stewart). He gets a good groove going on his own adaptation of a spiritual, *Journey* (the only track on which Henderson does not play), but the many fluffs would have made a retake desirable.

Henderson is the album's outstanding soloist. He has an abundance of ideas, and his playing is charged with energy. He knows how to build a solo (his *Lavender* bit is full of drama), and he knows the art of "kicking off" (dig his entrance on *Summertime*).

The Henderson vocabulary is up to date, in terms of harmonics, squeals, and vocal inflections, but he doesn't abuse the ear; in contrast, there is always evidence of his warm, natural tenor sound (at its best on the straight-ahead *Theme*).

The rhythm section is tight and well recorded, and pianist Zawinul, whose considerable writing talent is exhibited on *Lavender* and *Desert*, contributes well-conceived and fleetly executed but somewhat anonymously "modern" solos to all but the final track.

—Morgenstern

Gary Burton

TENNESSEE FIREBIRD—RCA Victor 3719: *Gone; Tennessee Firebird; Just Like a Woman; Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair; Faded Love; I Can't Help It; I Want You; Alone and Forsaken; Walter L.; Born to Lose; Beauty Contest; Epilogue.*

Personnel: Steve Marcus, soprano and tenor saxophones; Chatlie McCoy, harmonica; Burton, vibraharp, piano, organ; Buddy Spicher, fiddle; Ray Edenton, Jimmy Colvard, Chet Atkins, guitars; Buddy Emmons, steel guitar; Bobby Osborne, mandolin; Sonny Osborne, banjo; Steve Swallow, Henry Strzelecki, basses; Roy Haynes, Kenneth Buttrey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

In his notes to this album, Burton states, "I have been repeatedly reminded of the many similarities between country music and jazz. Both have the rare distinction of being native American music, and they have similar emotional content."

True, up to a point. Jazz ballads often tend to be as maudlin as country ballads,

and the hot-damn character of a hoedown is the same as that sometimes heard in an up-tempo jazz performance.

But there are significant, and perhaps irreconcilable, differences between the musics: the degree of musicianship needed to play jazz is greater than that needed to play country music ("musicianship" meaning something more than facility, which many country players have in abundance), and the jazzman's emotional involvement in his music is of a deeper sort, I believe, than that of the country musician (and the jazz emotion is less self-pitying and whining).

In combining jazz and country music, Burton has produced a mishmash of little or no significance. I cannot see the point he's trying to make. He does show that jazz and country musicians can play together, but that was done as long ago as the '20s, when Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines recorded with Jimmie Rogers.

Firebird, Gone, and Faded Love have country-dominated ensembles followed by a Burton vibes solo played with his usual deftness and quite often suffused with arpeggios. But he seems unaffected by the country men and they by him. If there is cross-pollination taking place, it's minute.

Burton and, I assume, Atkins play *Black Is the Color* as a duet—guitar lead, vibes accompaniment; it's quite pleasant, but that's all it is. The same can be said for Burton's unaccompanied performance of *Born to Lose*.

Can't Help It and *Beauty Contest* are just weird. The first consists of what sounds like a pre-recorded steel guitar solo slowed down, with off-the-wall improvisations in other keys superimposed. The second fades into and out of less than two minutes of lolling tenor saxophone, hoedown-style string instruments, "far-out" bass and drums, and chording vibes—all having at it simultaneously.

The most satisfying performances to my jazz ears are *I Want You*, which, after a rather dull saxophone duet (one line dubbed over another), has a fairly good Swallow solo, and *Walter L.*, a 12-tone-ish blues by Burton with excellent blues-harmonica fills and a warm vibes solo.

The whole project was summed up for me by the 23-second *Epilogue*, in which one hears a hodgepodge of voices (evidently the musicians were making sure of a routine) followed by a soft, almost-Satanic chuckle from Burton.

—DeMicheal

Happy Jazz Band

JIM CULLUMS' HAPPY JAZZ—Happy Jazz Records 93: *Willie the Weeper; Sunset Cafe Stomp; Someday, Sweetheart; Angry; Susie; Pelican Panic; Singin' the Blues; I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of This Jelly-Roll; All Night Blues; Lizard on a Rail.*

Personnel: Jim Cullum Jr., cornet; Gene Mc-

Kinney, trombone; Jim Cullum Sr., clarinet; Willson Davis, sousaphone; Cliff Gillette, piano; Curly Williams or Ben Valfre, banjo; Harvey Kindervater, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This fourth LP by the San Antonio, Texas, traditional group led by the Cullums is scarcely earth-shaking, but it is a pleasant set of straightforward performances in the genre played without fuss or gimmickry in a tasteful, musical manner.

The group's most obvious virtues are the lightness of its ensemble playing and a corresponding restraint in all facets of its work (arrangements, execution, and soloing), resulting in an air of understatement.

What is particularly nice is the delightfully elegant, controlled finesse of its ensembles, a welcome change from the maze of overbusy lines that passes for polyphony in many semiprofessional (and some professional) trad bands. The band obviously realizes the importance of clarity and crispness in this music, for it has striven to trim its ensemble work to a lean interdependence in which each voice contributes.

The soloists—the two Cullums and McKinney—hew to the same kind of economy in their improvising. The elder Cullum takes the album's solo honors, as far as this listener is concerned. But it must be remarked that in this department the band has no challenger to any of the great traditional jazz soloists.

This LP has the fullest measure of the excellent things that occasionally can come from re-creation, including craftsmanship, but it would be foolish to claim for it originality, brilliance of invention, or of any of the perquisites of creating. That's a virtue their charming music does not possess.

—Welding

Roger Kellaway

STRIDE!—World Pacific 21861: *Sunny; Hurry, It's Lovely up Here; Lazy 'Sippi Steamer Going Home; Porkette, My Love; Cherry; Cabaret; Ain't Misbehavin'; In Your Own Sweet Way; To My Way of Thinking; We'll Meet Again.*

Personnel: Kellaway, piano, arranger; Red Mitchell, bass; Johnny Guerin, drums; unidentified brass and strings.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Kellaway's approach to his instrument, and to music as a whole, is refreshingly original. He has the courage not to be fashionable, and though he is a man who takes his music seriously, he is not afraid of giving his sense of humor free rein when the occasion arises.

On this, his second album as a leader, Kellaway conjures up the spirit rather than the letter of the stride-piano tradition, though there are instances here when his playing would fit even the academic definition of the term. That spirit is a happy one, and the album, though it touches many bases, is a thoroughly enjoyable musical experience.

Kellaway is responsible for all the well-

done arrangements. For the most, strings and brass (trombones and perhaps a French horn or two?) are discreetly employed to underscore the piano work, but at times, the orchestral parts rise to equal prominence. The writing is especially fresh on *Porkette* and *Again*.

Porkette is one of the album's highlights. An ode to a departed pet guinea pig, it has a blues flavor as well as plenty of melodic charm. Kellaway digs in with both hands and builds to a rolling climax over Basieish ensemble stabs.

The album's other original, *Thinking*, is more complex, making use of a variety of time signatures and Gershwin-esque string touches. Kellaway pits his piano against the orchestra in a sophisticated way and makes effective use of out-of-tempo segments. Mitchell's bass, good throughout, is outstanding here.

The balance of the program is never dull. *Cabaret* is given appropriate ragtime touches; there is much humor in the treatment, including a "broken record" ending. Also full of comic touches is *Again*, a sentimental ditty of the Wayne King variety. From the straight opening to the mock-Wagnerian ending, the tempo keeps accelerating, Kellaway works out of his Zez Confrey bag here, and though it's all strictly for fun, it's also technically impressive.

In contrast, Dave Brubeck's *Sweet Way* is treated with respect and cast in a reflective, impressionistic mood. *Steamer*, a fine Louis Armstrong piece (vintage

1939), is taken a bit faster than the composer did it, but with no loss of melodic value. Kellaway obviously likes to play this tune, and he does it justice.

Cherry (inexplicably described in the notes as a "Dizzy tune") is done at break-neck speed, with plenty of pianistic fireworks. Guerin's drumming is in there. *Ain't Misbehavin'* comes closest to pure stride but also has Erroll Garner touches; Fats Waller would have approved wholeheartedly. *Sunny* and *Hurry*, two contemporary tunes, are pleasant and swinging; the former has a wild ending.

At this stage of the game, it is most encouraging to hear a young artist who can make creative use of the jazz tradition without patronizing it and who can be experimental without going overboard. This is a delightful album. —*Morgenstern*

Roland Kirk

HERE COMES THE WHISTLEMAN—Atlantic 3007: *Roots; Here Comes the Whistlerman; I Wished on the Moon; Making Love Afterhours; Yesterdays; Aluminum Baby; Step Right Up.*

Personnel: Kirk, flute, tenor and alto saxophones, manzello, strich; Jaki Byard or Lonnie Smith, piano; Major Holley, bass; Charles Crosby, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This variegated set, probably recorded before an audience at a Philadelphia jazz club, is a particularly effective testimonial to Kirk's power to mesmerize listeners with his all-embracing preoccupation with sound texture. The music is alternately zany, sprightly, warmly lyrical, somber, and visceral—but through it all courses

the fascinating, ever-musical personality of Kirk, that sonic sorcerer, master of many instruments.

Several of the pieces are rather slight, *Roots* and *Whistlerman* in particular, but even these are energized by the leader's communicative intensity and exuberant spirits.

On the other hand, *Moon* is simply masterly. Backed only by Byard's sensitive, understated piano, Kirk weaves a spell-binding romantic mood on tenor, breathy and ardent, recalling the days of full-bodied tenor, paying not a little homage to the instrument's great players—Ben Webster, Coleman Hawkins, Chu Berry—or at least their spirit (and for many of us, that of Billie Holiday, with whom this tune is so permanently associated). An air of quiet rapture suffuses the performance. Byard is gently prodding, firm, and ever-right. He, too, summons up the past with some quietly jabbing suggestions of stride piano.

The album's second side is of a fairly high consistency. Kirk essays a few brief, atmospheric flute forays on *Making Love* and generates much excitement with his multihorn ensemble playing behind Smith's piano solo.

Holley turns in a whimsical bit of latter-day Slam Stewart-ising on *Summertime*, pleasantly growling in unison with his bowed bass in a nicely turned set of variations, behind which Kirk's soft, breathy flute provides contrast.

Byard's witty *Aluminum Baby* is given

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an appealing treatment, Kirk demonstrating his personal, vocal approach to soloing on manzello with a long, liquid improvisation. The composer's beautifully controlled piano solo follows, its eddying currents creating overlapping layers of sound. But he knows where he's going—always. The side concludes with a straightforward piece, *Step Right Up*, with Kirk's alto generating searing, building excitement. There also are well-shaped but brief statements by Smith and Holley, with punctuations from the leader's one-man ensemble.

The Kirk quartet brings no little interest and excitement to the modern-mainstream groove to which it hews. The easy, good-natured feeling of the music further adds to its charm. The LP's playing time is about 33 minutes, however, and a portion of that is taken up with the leader's spoken announcements. While providing interest and color to the proceedings, Kirk's remarks are neither that deathless nor that germane to the music. I would have preferred another tune. —Welding

Henry Mancini

MANCINI '67—RCA Victor 3694: *Stolen Sweets: The Cat; The Shadow of Your Smile; Sain Doll; Cherokee; Stockholm Sweetin'; Conquest; Tijuana Taxi; Autumn Nocturne; The House of the Rising Sun; 'Round Midnight; Turtles.*

Personnel: Al Porcino, Ray Triscari, Pete Candoli, Bud Brisbois or Jack Sheldon, Frank Beach or Maurice Harris, trumpets; Dick Nash, Jimmy Priddy, John Halliburton, George Roberts or Karl DeKarske, trombones; Vince DeRosa, Dick Perisi, John Cave, Arthur Maebe, French horns; Ronny Lang, Ted Nash, Gene Cipriano, Harry Klee, Plas Johnson, reeds; Vic Feldman or Larry Bunker, vibraharp; Jimmie Rowles, piano; Bob Bain, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Jack Sperling, drums; Bunker, Milt Holland, miscellaneous percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

Outstanding—and they are mild. Such are Mancini's arrangements. As for the soloists scattered pell mell throughout this large conclave of top Hollywood studio men, they're outstanding and wild.

Trumpeter Candoli hypos *Conquest* with a tremendous outburst of energy over majestic-sounding French horns. Saxophonist Nash glides through *Shadow* with a tonal warmth that proves how satisfying a solo can be even if it does not stray from the melody. Lang's baritone saxophone adds some delightful forbidden fruit to *Stolen Sweets*. Tenorist Johnson adds some gutsy, meaningful thoughts to *Cat*, *Turtles*, and *Sun*. Nash's alto and Sheldon's trumpet achieve a lonely beauty on *Midnight*.

There also are some moments when a lot of wit is packed into a brief passage. *Doll* is the perfect example: Rowles begins his solo with a quote from the ascending triplets of *Rhapsody in Blue*; Brown ends the track with a four-octave postscript that says as much for his flawless intonation as it does for his musical sense of humor.

Mancini's writing is slick. *Cat*, *Conquest*, *Cherokee*, and *Sun* are his best and most original contributions. Otherwise, he seems to be serving *Breakfast at Basie's*, what with the loose, concerted section blend spiced by the Freddie Green shades of Bain's guitar.

Propelling the band with a cohesiveness so smooth that it might be taken for granted is the drive of Rowles, Brown, and Sperling/Bunker, proving that it's what's up back that counts. —Siders

Joe Masters

THE JAZZ MASS—Columbia 2598 and 9398: *Kyrie; Gloria in Excelsis; Credo; Sanctus; Benedictus; Pater Noster; Agnus Dei.*

Personnel: Gary Barone, trumpet; Tony Ortega, alto saxophone; Harold Land, tenor saxophone; Mike Wofford, piano; Bob West, bass; John Guerin, drums; Jerry Williams, tympani; Louie Jean Norman, Clark Burroughs, unidentified chorus directed by Allen Davies, vocals; Masters, composer-conductor.

Rating: ★★★★★

If there can be such a thing as "instant conversion," this is it, the definitive integration of jazz and religion, not as cathartic as Lalo Schiffrin's *Jazz Suite on the Mass Texts* but more correct in terms of liturgical construction. This latter quality makes it eminently suitable for performance in church, since Masters has fashioned a complete mass, expanding on what he originally wrote as a *Missa Brevis*.

Now that the ecclesiastical climate for jazz has improved, this work, hopefully, can gain acceptance in the milieu for which it is intended. Masters has created music of intense beauty and sustained lyricism without striving for effects or neglecting jazz. It swings reverently, and that reverence can be felt clearly.

Top honors must go to Davies' singers. Their diction is impeccable—no easy task considering that such phrases as "forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us" and "I believe in the Catholic and Apostolic Church" are sung in unison at rapid tempos and without loss to dynamics and phrasing. As for the wide-open harmonies, the chorus achieves an even blend at all times, and in their divided sections—such as the opening "Lord, have mercy"—their counterpoint still retains the jazz pulse. This is especially evident in *Gloria*, in which big chords are called for over alternating passages of 3/4 and 4/4. *Credo* shows Masters' penchant for simplicity of expression. While female voices intone the creed, male voices respond with "one God" sung as a Charleston beat on the plagal cadence (the "amen" bit).

The vocal soloists fail to match the chorus in terms of perfection—but not by much. Miss Norman and Burroughs have pleasant voice qualities and fine intonation but somehow come through as being too polite. More earthy sounds seem to be called for. Miss Norman's best contribution comes in an obligato during the moody *Agnus Dei*.

Instrumentally, Masters has made the most of his small groups. His writing is sparse and supports the chorus with considerable taste.

Pianist Wofford dominates each track with his sensitive backing—not only for the singers but for the jazz soloists. The best example is in *Pater Noster* when he answers Ortega's flurries with complementary arpeggios.

Benedictus allows for some secular stretching out, with West earning the honors with his excellent bass solo. Elsewhere, trumpeter Barone offers fine muted comments, altoist Ortega and tenorist Land contribute good solos, and Guerin lets loose with a sparkling drum salvo before *Sanctus* ends. The addition of tympani lends just the right measure of emphasis to various phrases throughout the work.

As for the Rev. Norman O'Connor's liner notes, here's hoping he is next year's Grammy winner for that category. His is a courageous defense of updating religion by calling for a contemporary frame of reference. —Siders

Carmen McRae

IN PERSON/SAN FRANCISCO—Mainstream 6091: *Sunday; What Kind of Fool Am I?; A Foggy Day; I Left My Heart in San Francisco; I Didn't Know What Time It Was; Let There Be Love; This Is All I Ask; Thou Swell; It Never Entered My Mind; Make Someone Happy.*

Personnel: Norman Simmons, piano; Victor Sproles, bass; Stu Martin, drums; Miss McRae, vocals.

Rating: ★★½

I don't care much for vocal music. But I love Carmen McRae's singing, and I'm not quite sure why. I enjoy her most in a club, because then I easily give myself up to her magic (she's an actress). I escape some of her sorcery on records, but she still reaches me. Most of all, I think she gets to me because I believe every word she sings, or, rather, she makes lyrics believable (as I say, she's an actress).

These performances were recorded in a San Francisco club (I suspect the now-defunct Sugar Hill, about 3½ years ago), and most of them are heart-warming. The best, to me, are *San Francisco, Fool, Time, Sunday, Love, Ask, and Entered*. On these, the marvelous way she has of shading the timbre of her voice is in evidence, as are her tenderness (when it's called for), her enthusiasm (when *that's* called for), and her elastic phrasing. Only occasionally does she sing flat or become strident and overly caustic.

But *Happy* is as poor as the aforementioned performances are good. She sings it in long meter over a monotonous boleroish Latin rhythm. Her vocal is too slow moving, and the performance is one of the worst I've heard by her.

Miss McRae's accompanists are sensitive to her needs, but Sproles sometimes offers more than that. He is one of the finest bassists in jazz, something easily discerned on this album's *Sunday* and *Love*. —DeMicheal

Jay McShann

McSHANN'S PIANO—Capitol 2645: *Vine Street Boogie; The Stagers; Yarbird Waltz; My Chile; Confessin' the Blues; Moten Swing; The Man from Muskogee; Blues for an Old Cat; I Ain't Mad at You; Doo Wab Doo; Dexter Blues.*

Personnel: McShann, piano, celeste, vocals; Charlie Norris, guitar; Ralph Hamilton, electric bass; Paul Gunther, Jesse Price, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Though McShann is mainly remembered in jazz circles for his big band of the early '40s, he has remained active as a pianist and as a leader of small rhythm-and-blues-flavored bands for the last 25 years.

The issuance of this album is a welcome event, for it brings out of undeserved obscurity a first-rate pianist with a talent for down-home blues and boogie woogie and more sophisticated mainstream jazz. Here, the blues and boogie are showcased, but McShann also gets a chance to show off the other side of his talent.

On such tracks as *Vine Street* and *Chile*, he proves to be a master of the Kansas City boogie-woogie tradition; his work brings to mind Pete Johnson in his prime. But even better are McShann's slow and medium blues, e.g., *Stagers* and *Confessin'*.

Old Cat is a delightful track on which McShann delicately plays celeste, ably backed by fills from Norris' guitar. His improvisations are based on *Darling, We Are Growing Older*. The pianist hums and grunts on several pieces, but on *Doo Wah*, he reveals himself to be a good, unman-nered blues singer.

The only nonblues-based track is *Moten*, on which McShann swings effortlessly, showing an affinity for the work of Erroll Garner in the process. His playing on *I Ain't Mad* (a big hit in the '40s for drummer-singer Jesse Price, who plays well on this album) and *Dexter* has modern hues and effective use of block chords.

Though Hamilton's electric bass sometimes gives an r&b flavor to the music, and the cover proclaims "brilliant rhythm and blues," this is a jazz album, and a fine one. If this LP's a&r man, Dave Dexter, who supervised the McShann band's first date in 1941, gets a chance for a follow-up, a little less emphasis on the blues would be a good idea. McShann is too inventive and interesting a player to be typecast, but it's certainly good to hear from him again. —Morgenstern

Roy Meriwether

THE STONE TRUTH—Columbia 2584 and 9384: *East of Nowhere; Things Ain't What They Used to Be; Sabya; But Not for Me; Watermelon Man; It Had Better Be Tonight; Climb Ev'ry Mountain; Feeling Good; Night Mist Blues; Loose Walk.*

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

Rating: ★★

It was nearly a year ago that I reviewed Meriwether's second album. At that time, I couldn't find anything kind to say about it—or him. One album later, I find his presentation thoroughly satisfying. Does it mean his musicianship has improved or my taste has worsened? Not necessarily either one.

This is simply a good album, a fine showcase for a variety of styles, with rock-flavored funk the most exciting, e.g., *Things Ain't What, Watermelon Man, and Feeling Good*. On *Night Mist* and *Not for Me*, the trio gets into a relaxed, straight-ahead groove. *Sabya* and *It Had Better Be* lean toward Latin, and *Climb Ev'ry Mountain* is just plain beautiful without being inspirational.

The dominant influence on Meriwether seems to be Ahmad Jamal, especially the



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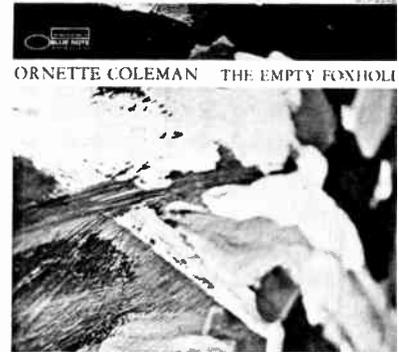
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jabbing, left-hand exclamation points that punctuate (appropriately) *Not for Me*.

There are few solos by Paul and Bass, though the latter manages to fill his brief statement on *Night Mist* with some meaningful thoughts. Paul has an even shorter interlude to himself on *It Had Better Be*, but his tastiest moments come on *Night Mist*—strictly brushes. Bass also cooks on that track, but the stereo balance on that track is not flattering to his instrument.

Hopefully Meriwether will allot more solo time to his sidemen in the future.

—Siders

Blue Mitchell

BRING IT HOME TO ME—Blue Note 4228: *Bring It Home to Me*; *Blues 3 for 1*; *Port Rico Rock*; *Ginger Bread Boy*; *Portrait of Jennie*; *Blue's Theme*.

Personnel: Mitchell, trumpet; Junior Cook, tenor saxophone; Harold Mabern Jr., piano; Gene Taylor, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

Everybody's doin' it, doin' it, everybody's doin' rock-and-roll. Somebody up there at Blue Note (the a&r man, I presume) must think that about half the LPs the company issues should contain a couple of *Watermelon Men* or *Sidewinders* just in case the rock set should accidentally go out and buy a jazz record. Here, there's blues-rock, waltz-rock, and Latin rock.

Bring It Home, written by Jimmy Heath, is a bright bit of funk with the old Jazz Messenger feeling. While the front line spins the rangy theme, the rhythm goes into sanctified vibrations.

A bright but cliched Mitchell succeeds the unison horn line on *3 for 1*.

Port Rico is a prosaic Latin-based theme, with the bridge taken in straight 4/4.

Generally, the second side is for the more mature jazz listener, but even Heath's *Ginger Bread Boy*—which has enjoyed a couple of fine interpretations lately—gets the obdurately back-beaten treatment here. However, the tune is worked over with somewhat richer musical ideas than the preceding tracks.

Jennie is like a drink of water after a hard day's work. Mitchell's unsentimental yet sensitive horn deftly probes the ballad's viscera in the mode of Clifford Brown. Cook's imaginative harmonics help to make this the most mature track.

Blue's Theme is an up-tempo showcase for the trumpeter's bright work. Cook, again, seems to catch a little of the spirit, and Mabern puts both hands to work as he has been known to do when the feeling moves him.

With the exception of a couple of tracks, this is a rather juvenile effort for these musicians. It's like hitching race horses to junk wagons.

—Quinn

Sonny Simmons

STAYING ON THE WATCH—ESP-Disk 1030: *Metamorphosis*; *A Distant Voice*; *City of David*; *Interplanetary Travelers*.

Personnel: Barbara Donald, trumpeter; Simmons, alto saxophone; John Hicks, piano; Teddy Smith, bass; Marvin Patillo, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★★

Simmons' music, while cast well within current "new music" precepts, is as lyrical now as it was several years ago when the altoist-composer made his recording debut with fellow West Coast avant-gardist Prince Lasha.

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The annealing of Simmons' essentially melodic impressionism with the expressionistic performance practices of the avant-garde gives his music both a texture and an esthetic that immediately set it apart from the run of the new music. This is not to imply, of course, that there is any lack of melodic interest in the new music (hardly!) but is intended to pinpoint the basic orientation of Simmons' music, which is more overtly lyrical than that of many of his fellow workers in the "new thing" vineyards.

The fundamentally impressionistic character of his approach is best heard in the *A Distant Voice*, a long, lovely mood piece in which Simmons' alto takes on the peculiar ululant tonality of a Macedonian or a Mideastern reed instrument (an effect reinforced by the musical patterns he plays). It also can be heard in the thematic materials with which he works and, usually, in the initial parts of his solos (before he embarks on more conventionalized avant-garde soloing patterns).

But Simmons has integrated the two—the personal and the conventional, the impressionistic and the expressionistic—rather well into a forceful, energetic, and strongly expressive style of considerable excitement. He is a fluent, inventive improviser.

Another interesting facet of his music is its bebopishness, particularly in texture and format: alto-trumpet unison thematic statements and riff playing, plus the gen-

eral texture of the solo segments. (This is not raised as a criticism, but as a comment on the group's characteristic approach. I found it lent interest and contrast to the music.)

Simmons' wife, trumpeter Donald, acquits herself equally well, playing with good control, a sense of direction in improvising, and with understanding of both Simmons' music and the impetus of the performance's development.

Hicks spins out fluent, honest solo lines and generates a good bit of melodic and rhythmic interest in the ensembles. His lines are lean and sinuous, though it's not always easy to follow them because the recording balance tends to favor the drums over the piano, which is thereby often obscured, particularly in passages of mounting intensity of climax.

The rhythm playing is crisp and well articulated. Patillo's percussion work is light, deft, full of color, and Smith's bass support is firm and intelligent. —*Welding*

Zimbo Trio

THE BRAZILIAN SOUND—Pacific Jazz 10114 and 20114: *Kao, Xango; Bocoxe; It Could Only Happen with You; Slum; Tomorrow; Veloso's Samba; Just to Hurt My Heart; Jequibau; To Live Happily; Goodbye, Sadness; Water to Drink.*

Personnel: Hamilton Godoy, piano; Luiz Chaves, bass; Ruben Barsotti, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

The Zimbo Trio has a lot going for it, not the least of which is its impressive fusion of jazz and popular Brazilian elements. Considerable rhythmic subtlety and complexity from its members' native Bra-

zilian musical culture serve as the foundation of its music, to which has been added the trio's solid, idiomatic mastery of jazz. The result is a most pleasing synthesis.

Godoy is a fluent and impeccably tasteful jazz pianist whose forceful, straight-ahead playing is infused with the Brazilian's love of delicious melody. As a result, his approach might be likened to a kind of lyrical funk: rhythmically solid, somewhat conservative harmonically, but particularly rich in melodic charm—all integrated into a flowing, resourceful, fully personalized style that is as light and airy as it is gutty. His rhythmic displacements are clever and knowing—to wit, his improvisations on *Bocoxe* and *Just to Hurt*—and his romanticism is delightfully uncloying, as *Jequibau* and *It Could Only Happen* attest beautifully.

All in all, the pianist turns in a most creditable account of himself. His solos are sinewy, full of inventiveness and contrast, and rhythmically incisive.

Bassist Chaves and drummer Barsotti complement Godoy's playing with agile, sensitive support. Barsotti's playing is a perfect alliance of Brazilian nuance and jazz pulsation, and Chaves drives mightily, all the while playing tasteful bass lines.

For an example of the restrained excitement the trio can muster, listen to *Live Happily* and *Goodbye*.

A fine, perfectly integrated group, this Zimbo Trio. It cuts a lot of U. S. piano trios with much bigger reputations.

—*Welding*

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BLINDFOLD TEST/FATHER TOM VAUGHN



The Rev. Tom Vaughn, a piano-playing Episcopal minister, represents the logical outgrowth of a trend that had been discernible in jazz ever since the Rev. Alvin Kershaw scooped up that bread in 1955 on *The \$64,000 Question*. Since that time, many men of the cloth have been contributing valuably to the advancement of jazz, but it was inevitable that a clergyman would come along who could practice what they had preached.

Born Thomas Wade Vaughn, Oct. 24, 1936, in Benton, Ky., Vaughn and his family lived in Pontiac, Mich., from the time he was 10. This brought him into early contact with Thad and Elvin Jones, who, he says, gave him great encouragement and incentive in his pursuit of a musical career.

After seven years in college, culminating in a Bachelor of Sacred Theology Degree from Yale Divinity School in 1964, Father Vaughn reinforced the theory established by Denny Zeitlin: that it is possible to walk simultaneously down two paths and enjoy a pair of productive careers. His pianistic jazz life got going in earnest after George Wein heard him in 1964 sitting in with Gene Krupa at Baker's Lounge in Detroit. —Leonard Feather

1. BUDDY RICH. *Critic's Choice* (from *Swingin' New Big Band*, Pacific Jazz). John Bunch, piano; Rich, drums; Oliver Nelson, composer, arranger.

I have really no idea what group that was. The drummer was reminiscent of Buddy Rich. I haven't heard the new Buddy Rich Band; it could have been that band, I don't know. Everybody was having a lot of fun.

It got to me—I'd give it about 2½ stars. I enjoyed the piano solo—very gutty and fun. I enjoyed the arrangement; it's the sort to wave your arms and have fun with.

2. CLARE FISCHER. *Aquarius* (from *Easy Livin', Revelation*). Fischer, piano; Joao Donato, composer.

That had a very, very pensive quality to it. The pianist, if I didn't know better . . . I would say that what I just heard was very characteristic, particularly with the use of the left hand, of some things that Art Tatum did. I hear also some elements of a player who was a very strong influence on me—Al Haig—and I hear elements of Lennie Tristano.

I thought it pleasing and thought-provoking. . . . I'd give that four stars.

3. JONES BROTHERS. *Three and One* (from *Keepin' up with the Joneses*, Metrojazz). Thad Jones, fluegelhorn; Hank Jones, piano; Eddie Jones, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

It's a Pontiac group! . . . My first impulse is to say that that was some sort of a combination of the Jones family, which I am rather close to, having grown up in Pontiac with—at various stages—Thad and Hank and Elvin. I would be willing to bet that that was Thad Jones on trumpet. It sounded like Elvin playing drums. And if it wasn't Hank on piano, it was Tommy Flanagan. The bass player, I'm not sure.

At any rate, that particular family always has and continues to knock me out for the contributions they have made.

I would give the piano player 4½ stars, the trumpet playing 4, the tune 3½.

4. CECIL TAYLOR. *Tales (8 Whisps)* (from *Unit Structures*, Blue Note). Taylor, piano, composer; Alan Silva, bass.

First of all, I very much liked the piano player. Based on some people I have heard, I would say that there are elements in what I heard of a young pian-

ist named Andrew Hill, and there are also certain elements, particularly in what I felt as the humor, of Cecil Taylor.

The bass player could have been a couple of people. I think the bass player was probably not fully in character in this particular setting.

A highly experimental thing—the whole selection. Of course, I have no idea what might be the title of what was played. That's probably irrelevant anyway, inasmuch as whatever that was was an attempt to communicate a mood, without what sometimes are the inhibiting factors of a tune or line, or changes, specifically leading somewhere.

For the work of the piano player, four stars—obviously able technically, and harmonically rather interesting to me, although there was very little to hook onto in bringing the usual canons of judgment to bear. I'd give the piano player four stars, and the trio and the selection 2½.

5. DUKE ELLINGTON. *Tell Me It's the Truth* (from *Concert of Sacred Music*, RCA Victor). Lawrence Brown, trombone; Ellington, composer, piano; Esther Marrow, vocal.

In the first place, let me qualify anything that I say with the statement that I never listen to singers, except on AM radio, so I never hear many jazz singers—particularly female. I would say, based on extremely scanty knowledge in the field, that that very well could have been Billie, but at times—if it was—it sounded like a rather late edition of her. The other girl . . . Ethel Ennis.

I've heard little of people like Mahalia Jackson and Ennis and, even, Billie, I'm sorry to say, as great an influence on everybody as Billie Holiday was. My growth was somewhat stunted by sort of being ushered into listening fast, a few years ago, and I don't have the historical perspective that I would like to have. I would guess that what I heard, for verve and feeling and honesty, which is what I felt, I'd give that five stars.

6. RAMSEY LEWIS. *Hold It Right There* (from *Wade in the Water*, Cadet). Lewis, piano; Richard Evans, composer, arranger.

My first indication is to say that's the Ramsey Lewis group. However, I'm fooled a little bit by the recording with the orchestra, though he's done things with an orchestra. But this time what

threw me was the fact that his piano was in tune.

Let's say definitely that it was Ramsey Lewis. I enjoy his work very much. When a Ramsey Lewis comes along and does as much for jazz, because of his commercial acceptance, and creates another audience for jazz or attracts a greater number of people to this kind of music, this can't do anything to hurt people like Cecil Taylor. As the end result, what this kind of commercial acceptance does is to make the whole jazz package in its entirety—to give it a greater acceptance. So I have to say amen to Ramsey Lewis.

I've heard him play more inventively. This was, I think, rather contrived, the arrangement, and full of a lot of his clichés, but Ramsey Lewis is a very, very good piano player; on the whole, however, I was not altogether happy or moved by this particular cut. I'd give it 3½ stars.

7. PAUL HORN. *Agnus Dei* (from *Jazz Suite on the Mass Texts*, RCA Victor). Horn, clarinet; Lalo Schifrin, composer, arranger.

That had a good kind of blended Eastern feeling to it in the orchestration. Again, I have not listened to a number of the things that have been done with respect to the appropriation of jazz into the liturgy. This doesn't mean that I am not amenable to the attempt. It simply means that we don't have time to do it all.

I would suspect—I'm going to play a hunch here—the nature of the orchestration was such that this could have been anybody. I did not find a characteristic sound in terms of a characteristic orchestral quality. I would say that the writing reflected some aspects of something that Lalo Schifrin might do.

The other thing that's been done recently with an orchestral sound, and I'm not sure whether a choral group was included or not, was a thing I heard about that Paul Horn did. If the clarinet I heard was Paul, I would be surprised. On the whole, that thing had a rather nice, ethereal, mysterious, Eastern sort of tamberine-y, starchy night, exotic feel to it, but it's hardly the sort of thing that a congregation could do responsively; therefore, this would pre-empt the communal aspect of the sacrifice of the mass.

I would have to say blessings on whoever it was for the attempt and give it 2½ stars. 



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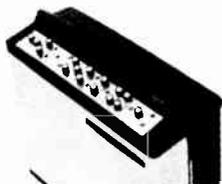


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COOTIE WILLIAMS

(Continued from page 22)

phoned Ellington to say he thought it was time to come back. Ellington urged him to go out on his own and make money.

Williams doesn't consider fronting his own band the greatest of all his experiences. His viewpoint always has been personal and inevitably based on his concept of music. That he evolved as a leader with a money-making proposition did not mean he became a true businessman. The foremost interest he had in his group was concerned with the talents he discovered and developed, but his perception and knack for uncovering latent capabilities are not as much a part of his reputation as they deserve to be. Charlie Parker worked for him in 1944, and Bud Powell joined him at 16, his first big-band job. Williams also discovered singer Pearl Bailey and put his heart into helping develop her full potential.

He discovered altoist and blues singer Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson in Texas. "I went out there," he recounted, "to find Arnett Cobb. He was working in a roadhouse outside San Anton', selling insurance by day, which meant his wife didn't want him to leave. I was at the place where they were playing, and, during intermission, they split up the band, half would play while the other rested. I was sitting in the kitchen with some of the boys. Then all at once, I heard Eddie Vinson; he was kidding around. The band never featured him as a singer, but he got up and started hollering the blues for fun. Going right out of that kitchen and down front, I said, 'That's what I want!'"

"Are you *sure* you want me in the band?" Eddie asked when I told him. I answered, 'Yeah.' But when he got to New York, he said, 'Man, I can't make it here. I want to go back home. I can't stand it here.' I had to take him up to my house, feed him, keep him, take him around. When he got off the train at Penn Station, he had a silver alto in his hand, no case or nothing, no paper 'round it. We were going to rehearsal, so I had to carry him past Manny's music store and get him a new saxophone, with a case. The boys would have kidded him, and then I knew he'd have gone back home. So I got him this brand new saxophone, but the boys kidded him, anyway, because he had a bald head.

"Man, I can't make it," he said, because he was scared. 'You all *right*,' I told him. 'Everything is all right with you. Come on, let's have dinner.' For the first week he was here, I had everything to do to keep him. Soon as he got to sing, though, the boys broke up, and that was *it*. He sang *Cherry Red Blues*, and after that he felt all right.

"Bud Powell was something else," Williams said emphatically. "I found him right here in New York. He was a genius. But he got into trouble while he was with me and got hurt. This was the first time he went into the sanitarium. We went to play a job in Philly, and he was a little late and all high when he got there. So he didn't come back with us that night

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when we finished work. The next day the FBI called and told me they had him in jail. I gave them his mother's phone number. She found they'd beaten him so badly round his head that she had to go get him. She couldn't bring him back on the train and had to hire a car. His head was so damaged he ended in Bellevue; his sickness started right there."

"I was real interested in Pearl Bailey, and had a contract with her. If you've got somebody with talent, you can do a lot of work with them. I can detect different things in a person, what gifts they may have. But I had to fight with Pearl. She didn't want to do this, or maybe that. If you find someone talented, they're all the same; you've got to fight with them

to get it out. Often it's the artist who himself doesn't know what he does best. Pearl, for instance. Maybe what she did best, she didn't want to do. She preferred doing something else instead. You can't see your own best points, or detect them fairly. It takes someone else to do that, and someone else to bring them out. If it's someone you have confidence in, whose judgment you trust, you have the battle won."

Williams maintained this was the ideal that should exist between artist and personal manager. It must be possible for the artist to place his confidence in his manager, so that even if he thinks the manager is wrong, he will, in any case, be guided by him. This, he thought, was the only way an

out-and-out musician could be a commercial success.

"Possibly this is what happened with Duke," he added, after deliberation. "He has lost a fortune in business because his mind couldn't go in two directions at once. And there's no one he has that much confidence in to allow a free hand."

Williams' orchestra was exceptionally successful for a number of years. During World War II, the band hit its peak and was in constant demand. Several hit records testified to its commercial success. The band's theme, *'Round about Midnight*, was written by Thelonious Monk, who was briefly the pianist, and Williams. The strain the trumpeter contributed is not often featured by Monk, but it can be heard on Williams' recorded version.

Eventually, big bands came to find the going too tough. With others, Williams broke his up. Then he led a six-piece house band for the Savoy Ballroom in New York.

The sextet maintained a steady popularity that persisted for seven years, until the Savoy was demolished to make way for a housing development.

After the demise of the Savoy, Williams became music director for Belle Barth, a singer of risqué ballads.

"She wasn't a very good musician," he noted, smiling. "She would jump the meter, and wherever we were playing I would get headaches from the musicians. During rehearsal I would tell them, 'Please, watch me at all times. This is the way we ordinarily do it. If she don't get high.' She might sing eight bars, jump to two in the channel, come back right in here, and end up somewhere else. The musicians would be tearing out their hair. I got no chance to blow, either."

This was the spring of 1962, and Benny Goodman, just back from his tour of Russia, persuaded Williams and Teddy Wilson to rejoin him. It was an amusing stunt, the trumpeter recalled:

"Sometimes Goodman would let you play, and other times he wouldn't. He has his ways, as everyone knows. At Freedomland one night there was no bass player—he'd forgotten he'd fired him the evening before. Benny, though, is a great musician. But I'd already been talking with Harry Carney. 'Tell Duke,' I said, 'that I'm ready to come back.'"

In late 1962 Williams returned to the Ellington fold.

Williams had had no qualms about returning. He was glad to be leaving a lot of drags behind. He'd learned that musicians are just people who, like a good part of the rest of the world, don't want to worry too much about someone else's responsibilities. "Like, musicians don't always show up on time," the trumpet player said, "or maybe they're high, when they do." On his last job before rejoining Ellington, at the Embers, there was just a rhythm section and himself. "Each night the piano player came in five or 10 minutes late," he said with a sigh. "And I got tired of having the boss on my neck."

Even a job as simple as that was a drag. "Going back to Duke," he volunteered, "made a happy man out of me." 

Ronnie Zito

JAZZ FANS

(Continued from page 15)

jazz. It helps no one, black or white."

A different view from Robert Melton: "Crow Jim had to exist; otherwise LeRoi Jones would be making even less bread than he is. He, Archie Shepp, and all the others just kind of make me sad. Inflammatory writing remains inflammatory writing, and it doesn't advance their music or anybody else's. They seem so flagrantly immature; I expected much more from Negro people in our racially more liberal society than to say, 'Okay, now it's our turn to be bigots.' We'd all be better off if they'd just blow their horns and not talk or write—hate and music don't mix."

John Duro of Shelton, Md., pointed to the political overtones of the problem: "Unfortunately, yes. The vocal expression of such men as LeRoi Jones and the Black Muslim jazzmen confirms this. It is an unhappy thing to make music a cause-expression vehicle. Hitler used Wagner for a cause, and Black Power is using Free Form to promote prejudice."

Robert Rubin, 12, of Hazlet, N.J., said: "There is quite a bit of Crow Jim prejudice, especially among the avant-garde. . . . It is only natural that the Negro resents a white man in a music that is basically all his."

Robert Joyce, himself white, said, "I am antiwhite to a certain degree. Although I like Peggy Lee, the Four Freshmen, and a few other white artists, I prefer the Duke, the Count, and Negroes in general. They have that something extra."

According to Morgan P. Usadell of Champaign, Ill., Crow Jim "has always had a basis of a certain kind—more so than most prejudice (which is by definition, of course, a bad thing—an extreme form of inductive reasoning). We all know that the real innovators in jazz have been Negroes (except maybe Tristano and Konitz—who have never made it big anyway, unfortunately) and that if a Negro musician wants commercial success (playing the London House) he can have it. But musicians, white or black, with real artistic integrity will always have grief. This is why the current extreme Crow Jim position of LeRoi Jones & Co. seems to me (1) unnecessary and (2) irrelevant—i.e., the problems of the current 'Black' avant-garde have an economic, rather than racial, basis. The Negro-on-the-street may have need of 'Black Pride.' The Negro jazz musician has had it for a long time."

Among the few on the negative side of this question, many qualified their answers along lines similar to those of the qualified affirmatives.

Robert Greig of Montreal blames the journalists: "There is not as much Crow Jim as publicity in the music press has made out. Negro musicians can and sometimes do put a white musician down, but if the guy can prove he can blow, has good chops, swings, and so forth, the Negro musicians often change their initial reaction and will then accept him."

Other negative reactions failed to examine the question in depth:

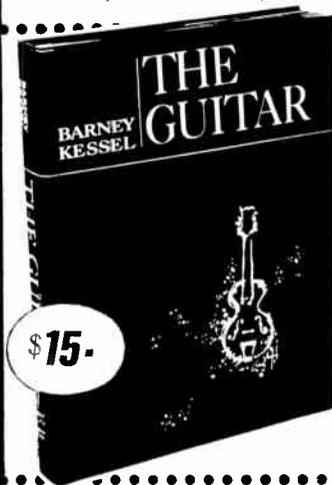
Benny Moss of Memphis merely said, "Well, no, I don't think there is such a

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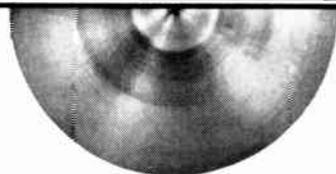
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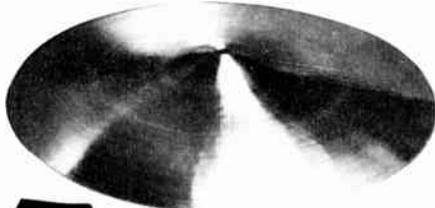
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thing as Crow Jim antiwhite prejudice in jazz." Miles Musil of Wolkerova, Czechoslovakia, cryptically remarked: "I think there is no Crow Jim situation in jazz, but I would not like to hurt the feelings of Archie Shepp." Mrs. Lucy Trucco of Santiago, Chile: "When it comes to jazz, one listens or one plays, and all that matters is how good you are." And from J. E. Periam of Hythe, England: "I feel it is completely the reverse; if anything, jazz is bringing black and white together on a much more friendly and mutual understanding." Vernon Griffin, a member of the U. S. Army, said, "No, but I think it is used sometimes as an excuse for lack of talent." And Richard Merli of Paris, France, wrote, "No. Only in the mind of racist white writers and in the action of a handful of Negro anarchists who are not jazz musicians (the avant-garde)."

Question 13: Which musician do you think has done the most for racial integration in jazz?

Benny Goodman	32.0%
Louis Armstrong	11.2
Duke Ellington	9.6
Dave Brubeck	5.6

The wording of this question, it must be confessed, left something to be desired. In the first place, it presupposed that all readers assumed integration to be a desirable end. A few pointed out that they are not interested in integration, per se. More inexcusably, I used the word "musician" instead of "person," thereby excluding inadvertently the man who really should have earned top honors, John Hammond. (Few readers know that Hammond is indeed a musician, a skilled violinist, though not a jazz performer. Nevertheless, he was mentioned several times by readers, as was Norman Granz, who also would have rated much higher had the question been more appropriately worded.)

However, the heavy vote for Benny Goodman is a tribute to the readers' knowledge of jazz history, since it was more than 30 years ago that he broke the unwritten law against integrated public performances by hiring Teddy Wilson. He did so, of course, at Hammond's instigation.

After the four names listed above, the votes were widely scattered. Dizzy Gillespie and Ornette Coleman each had 3.6 percent; Archie Shepp made 2.8 percent, which placed him just ahead of this writer, who tied with Granz at 2.4 percent. It was a disappointment to find only a few mentions of Charlie Barnet, whose role in the 1940s was, for its day, uniquely courageous. Charles Mingus, Woody Herman, Eddie Condon, Quincy Jones, and Clark Terry were among the dozens of others named.

Bill Bergeron of Santa Monica, Calif., saluted Goodman "for showcasing Teddy Wilson and Lionel Hampton during an era in which the Chicago *Defender* was contraband material in the southern states and when Negro farmhands had to address white mules as 'Mister Mule' in the presence of white foremen."

"Being a Negro I sometimes had to fight to express this opinion, but I'm stick-

ing to my guns—Benny Goodman," said Vernon Griffin.

"Duke Ellington has done the most," wrote J. E. Periam, "because he has given jazz a new and wonderful feeling for both black and white throughout the world. This I feel can be proved by his recent *In the Beginning God* suite."

It is important to note that in the cases of both Armstrong and Ellington, particularly the latter, readers seemed concerned less with the fact that both had used integrated bands than with the over-all impression created by these Negro leaders in a white-dominated society and the consequent improvement of interracial relationships.

Jerome W. Powell of Davenport, Iowa, for example, feels Louis Armstrong has earned credit simply "by traveling around the world."

According to Alan Twelftree of Peterborough, England, "Many musicians have taken a brave line (and financial loss) in not accepting segregated bookings. I think Dave Brubeck deserves special mention."

From a 17-year-old GI, John A. Beatty: "Ornette Coleman, to me, has done more for racial integration, because of the fuss stirred up about his always hiring a white bassist. His reply is always musician before color."

Dizzy Gillespie deserves the honor, said Fraser Nicholson of West Vancouver, B.C., for "leading an integrated group and preaching, through humor on and off the stage, the absurdity of prejudice."

"The man who really did the most," says Wally Lavery, "was Norman Granz, because he demanded and got respect for his musicians; and most important, he would stand for no segregated audiences."

An interesting selection came from Peter Stevens of Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada: "John Lewis, by taking Negro jazz with dignity and swing into concert halls, by bringing together Negro and white musicians at Music Inn School and in Orchestra U.S.A., by being an early champion of the New Thing, recognizing its significance to jazz, has integrated black and white in jazz."

The most obscure name among the many cited came with an APO San Francisco address from John P. Palmer. "Logan Walker," insisted Palmer, and for confirmation suggested: "Ask Tony Scott. Logan has also helped more Okinawan musicians to become musicians than all the governmental programs ever planned or executed." Perhaps Tony Scott can translate this somewhat cryptic comment.

The only comprehensive conclusion that can be drawn from the answers to Questions 10-13 is the self-evident generalization that jazz fans, in discussing the race question, are no more united than any other segment of the population. Despite the appearance in *Down Beat* of numerous articles directly or indirectly associated with the civil rights crisis, the black revolution, or whatever one may wish to call it, very little seems to have been resolved and no unity has been achieved.

There is a more affirmative aspect to the response. Whatever their degree of knowledge or ignorance, a vast majority



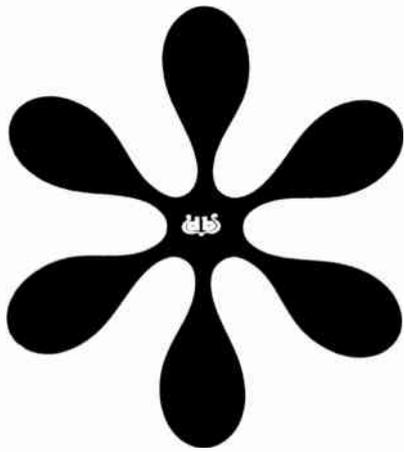
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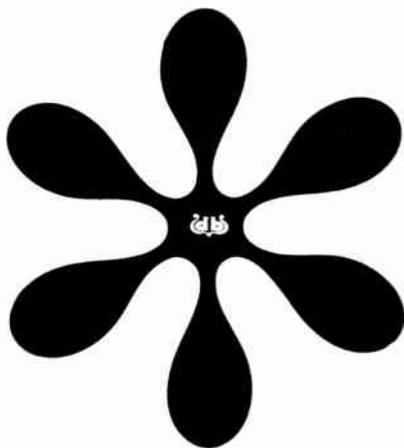
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of readers seemed willing to admit and discuss the existence of subjects that might have been ignored, or more frequently evaded, had a similar questionnaire been published 10 or 15 years ago.

If the inquiry failed to turn up a single letter that involved a discussion (or even implied a full understanding) of the phrase "black power," it can be argued that civil rights advocates are themselves divided on the exact meaning of the term. My own definition may differ from, say, that of Adam Powell or LeRoi Jones or Roy Wilkins or anyone else, but the sense of an urgent need for more power on the part of the Negro, in economic, social, or any other form, emerges unmistakably from the arguments of almost every reader, black or white, just as it is the common denominator among such disparate views as those of Jones, Wilkins, and the rest.

The catharsis that has grown out of the social and intellectual revolt of the 1960s has awakened countless observers—young, old, domestic, foreign, white liberal, white apathetic, even Negro—to certain hard realities. If there is confusion and disagreement among jazz fans today, it is a confusion based more on knowledge than on ignorance, a disagreement grounded more in honest discussion than in the process of pretending that a social cancer is nonexistent. For this, at least, we should be thankful—and thankful that in so many cases jazz was the agent that brought about this change of attitude.

(The concluding installment of Jazz Fan '67 will be in the June 1 Down Beat.)

STRICTLY AD LIB

(Continued from page 13)

cording is scheduled for fall release in the label's Red Seal series. Two works for string quartet by Coleman, which will be recorded in a studio, are also to be in the album . . . Soprano saxophonist Steve Lacy returned to New York in March after an 18-month stay in Europe and South America. Italian trumpeter Enrico Rava, with Lacy in Italy and Argentina, is also in New York . . . Pianist-composer Joseph Scianni is currently conducting a jazz orchestra workshop at the New York School of Music.

Los Angeles: A star-studded, black-tie event at the Century Plaza paid tribute to Nat (King) Cole on what would have been the singer's 48th birthday. With Stan Kenton and Steve Allen as hosts and Nelson Riddle fronting a huge chorus and orchestra (with special arrangements by Ralph Carmichael, Billy May, and Frank DeVol), the tribute helped raise funds to establish a medical library at UCLA . . . Trumpeter Don Ellis' octet followed altoist John Handy's quintet into the Manne-Hole. Altoist Art Pepper appears at the club on Sundays . . . Singer Della Reese ended three weeks at the Cocoanut Grove and on May 3 will be heading for her first appearance at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas, Nev. . . . Meanwhile, at the Sands in south Los Angeles, the Stanley Turrentine Quartet played a one-nighter following a successful stand at the Tropicana Club. With tenorist Turrentine were

pianist Joe Sample, bassist Leroy Vinnegar, and drummer Paul Humphrey. On the Monday night of their Tropicana gig, they were joined by singer Lorez Alexandria. Scheduled to follow Turrentine is trumpeter Bobby Bryant's sextet, a return engagement for Miss Alexandria, and then stands by pianist Les McCann, bongoist Willie Bobo, organists Jimmy McGriff and Jack McDuff, and singer Letta Mbulu. Miss Mbulu, her trio (Cecil Barnard, piano; Rafael Garrett, bass; and Varner Barlow, drums), and an African vocal quartet, the Bwanas, recently played four nights at the Californian, along with the Afro-Blues Quintet + 1, in a program called "Africa '67" . . . Afterhours activities at Bonesville recently included an appearance by the Horace Tapscott Trio (Tapscott, piano; David Bryant, bass; Everett Browne Jr., drums) followed by the Buddy Arnold Quintet (Arnold, J. R. Monterose, tenor saxophones; Tommy Flanagan, piano; George Morrow, bass; Jack Lake, drums) . . . Joe Torres took his Latin-jazz orchestra into Memory Lane. With Torres on timbales, the group consisted of Steve Hofstedter, Gary Barone, trumpets; Bill Hood, tenor saxophone; Mike Wofford, subbing for Victor Feldman, piano; Max Bennett, bass; Mario Tholmer, conga drums; Orlando Lopez, bongos; and Ric DeSilva, vocals. Another brief gig at Memory Lane found the MJQ in for a Monday night, but this time the letters represented what they did originally, before the Modern Jazz Quartet was formed: this was the Milt Jackson Quartet. With vibist Jackson were pianist McCoy Tyner, bassist Ray Brown, and drummer Connie Kay. In for a longer stay at the club was singer Arthur Prysock backed by the trio led by his tenorist brother, Red . . . Pianist Gene Russell's trio is appearing at The Swing in the San Fernando Valley . . . Lightning' Hopkins was recently at the Ash Grove for 10 days . . . Bob Crosby and his Bobcats, including trumpeter Johnny Best, tenorist Eddie Miller, clarinetist Matty Matlock, guitarist Nappy Lamare, and drummer Nick Fatool, played a three-nighter at the Golden West Ballroom in Norwalk . . . In the same genre, Louis Armstrong and his All-Stars just closed after three weeks at the Cocoanut Grove . . . The Quartette Tres Bien followed Art Blakey's group at the Lighthouse . . . Donte's had singer Mary Ann McCall, backed by Marty Harris' trio, and the Ray Brown-Victor Feldman Trio, with Frankie Capp, drums . . . Henry Mancini has taken some local jazzmen with him for his upcoming tour of Japan, which starts April 29: trumpeter Bud Brisbois, reed man Plas Johnson, and guitarist Barry Zweig. Mancini also is using a number of jazzmen for his scoring of the film version of *Peter Gunn*. To be heard on the soundtrack are trumpeter Pete Candoli, trombonist Dick Nash, reed men Ted Nash and Ronnie Lang, guitarist Bob Bain, pianist Jimmie Rowles, and drummers Shelly Manne and Larry Bunker . . . In other film-scoring assignments Lalo Schifrin is doing *Cool Hand Luke*; Johnny Dankworth, *The Last Safari*; and Gerry Mulligan, *Suppose Somebody Gave a War and Nobody Came?*

Chicago: The Plugged Nickel had organist Jimmy Smith's trio earlier this month and followed with a one-weeker by guitarist Kenny Burrell's quartet. Then big bands took over the small club's stand for three days; Woody Herman's Herd was there April 16, and Stan Kenton's aggregation followed on April 17-18. Vibist Cal Tjader is scheduled to be at the Nickel until April 30. Singer Joe Williams is next up, May 3-14, and then it's the Dukes of Dixieland, May 17-28, and saxophonist Sonny Stitt, May 29-June 12 . . . Tenorist Eddie Harris did a week at Stan's Pad, where he was accompanied by reed man Jimmy Ellis' house band (Phil Wright, piano; Wayne Bennett, guitar; Malachi Favors, bass; Phil Thomas, drums). Singer Bill Henderson opened on Easter Sunday and stayed a week, followed by a five-nighter by vocalist O. C. Smith . . . Pianist Ted Ashford's trio holds forth Fridays and Saturdays at the Nite-n-gale in suburban Highwood . . . Mister Kelly's, which burned to the ground more than a year ago, is scheduled to reopen May 15 at the same site. Vocalist Laine Kazan is to be the opening musical act . . . Alto saxophonist Sonny Cox, leader of the Three Souls (Ken Prince, organ, Robert Slye, drums), was invited to perform and lecture on the history and forms of jazz at three south-side elementary schools. The first program was given at John Foster Dulles school March 17. Sponsoring the series is Urban Gateway, Inc., a group whose purpose is to interest children in culture . . . In addition to its 26-school series of performances under auspices of the Board of Education, multi-instrumentalist Phil Cohran's Artistic Heritage Ensemble performed a jazz-history program at Coleman Elementary School March 24 . . . Altoist Anthony Braxton brought a quintet (tenorist Maurice McIntyre, violinist Leroy Jenkins, bassist Leonard Jones, drummer Thurman Barker) into the White Elephant for a run of Tuesdays, which began March 14.

San Francisco: The Both/And, a small neighborhood club that has brought the city some of its most provocative jazz, has booked the Miles Davis Quintet for two weeks this month. Davis is to be followed by the Bill Evans Trio . . . Pianist Wilbert Baranco's trio (Wyatt Ruther, bass, Earl Watkins, drums) had its eighth anniversary at the Terrace Room of Oakland's Claremont Hotel hailed by a huge cake supplied by the hotel's owner, Murray Lehr . . . Organist Merl Saunders' trio (John Bishop, guitar, Bill Elliott, drums) is playing at Lake Tahoe and Reno preparatory to a summer gig at Wilt's Paradise in New York City . . . Mel Torme sang at a recent concert produced by students of Diablo Valley College in Pleasant Hill. He was backed by a 10-piece band led by drummer Benny Barth. Also on the program was singer Ann Richards. Torme got a standing ovation from the full house . . . South African pianist Dollar Brand and his wife, singer Bea Benjamin, recently did concerts at University of California in Berkeley and Stanford Univer-

sity in Palo Alto . . . Pianist Denny Zeitlin's trio played a benefit concert for Mills College in Oakland . . . The Firehouse Five + Two made their annual appearance at Earthquake McGoon's April 7-8.

Boston: Trombonist Bob Brookmeyer teamed with vocalist Carol Sloane for a recent week at the Jazz Workshop. Backing them were pianist Ray Santisi, bassist Miraslav Vitos, and drummer Peter Donald. Altoist John Handy's group was at the Workshop next and was followed by organist Jack McDuff's combo . . . Singer Jon Hendricks (accompanied by pianist Larry Voukevich, bassist Henry Grimes, and drummer Clarence Beaton), with guest vocalist Mae Arnette, was featured for two weeks at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike. Organist Milt Buckner and tenor saxophonist Illinois Jacquet, with Alan Dawson on drums, followed for a fortnight at the club . . . Drummer Roy Haynes led a quartet for a week last month at Connolly's; he was followed by organist Johnny (Hammond) Smith . . . Paul's Mall presented vocalist Ethel Ennis, with guitarist Walt Namuth and the Sal Perry Trio (Dick Lamphier, piano; Rich Laird, bass; Perry drums) . . . Religious jazz is beginning to be heard more and more in the Boston area. Drummer Fred Gabriel presented *Jazz and Christ in Poetry* at the Union Methodist Church, and Duke Ellington presented his concert of sacred music at the First Presbyterian Church in Cambridge in late March . . . Altoist Cannonball Adderley's quintet performed at Kresge Auditorium at the second of a series of jazz concerts there. Tenorist-flutist Charles Lloyd and his quartet were the stars of the third Kresge concert . . . Boston University Radio and the German Center presented a performance by trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff's quintet in Jacob Sleeper Hall March 10.

Philadelphia: Ben Bynum, whose Cadillac Sho-Bar burned down last year, has renamed his Starlite Lounge the Cadillac and will feature jazz and rhythm-and-blues performers. Singer Aretha Franklin was booked for an early April date . . . Maynard Ferguson brought his trumpet and a 12-piece band to Herb Spivak's Showboat. Spivak had one of the strongest lineups in years for his recent Quaker City Jazz Festival at Convention Hall: singer Carmen McRae and combos led by flutist Herbie Mann, pianist Ramsey Lewis, congaist Mongo Santamaria, altoist Cannonball Adderley, organist Richard (Groove) Holmes, and guitarist Gabor Szabo. Comedian Dick Davy also appeared on the bill, which was emceed by Sid Mark . . . Brazilian pianist Sergio Mendes was in for a concert at Town Hall . . . In the area for one-nighters were Ella Fitzgerald at Princeton University, Ramsey Lewis at Norristown High School, and Dave Brubeck at Trenton State College . . . Sound expert Freddie Miles scheduled a Swing Club concert at the Ethical Society Auditorium; featured were tenorists Al Steele and Buddy Savitt, pianist Sam Dockery, and singer Evelyn Simms . . . Trumpeter-fluegelhornist

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Charlie Chisholm and his **Boss-tet** and the **Pennsbury High School Concert Jazz Band** from Bucks County were scheduled for a Sunday afternoon concert at the New Jersey State Museum in Trenton. In March, Pennsbury was the winner of the Philadelphia Junior Chamber of Commerce's Band of Tomorrow contest for the third year in a row . . . Tenorist **Charlie Ventura** was booked to back singer **Frank Sinatra Jr.** at an engagement at Palumbo's . . . German trombonist **Albert Mangelsdorff** brought his quintet to the University of Pennsylvania for a concert last month . . . Singer **Carol Sloane** made her first Trenton appearance, at a Sunday session at Henderson's Club 50.

Pittsburgh: The Jazz for Freedom concert at the Penn-Sheraton Hotel this month is scheduled to feature pianist **Charles Bell**, saxophonist **Eric Kloss**, guitarist **Joe Negri**, the **Walt Harper Quintet**, the **Silhouettes**, and vocalist **Sandy Staley** . . . Guitarist Negri, a fine jazz performer, has teamed with his brother, **Bobby**, a pianist, for occasional afterhours gigs. Joe's full-time job is music director and performer on WTAE-TV. Bobby's steady gig is at the Holiday Inn West . . . Trombonist **Jimmy Tucci** has left the **Benny Benack** combo to form a group of his own with his cousin, **Sonny Tucci**, also a trombonist. Their first gig was at Mancini's Lounge in McKee's Rocks . . . Pianist **Walt Harper** and trombonist **Harold Betters** are to conduct a jazz clinic at the University of West Virginia. Both leaders' groups will play at the clinic . . . Tenor saxophonist **Flo Cassinelli** has taken a combo into Sneaky Pete's, a downtown spot.

Buffalo: Organist **Jimmy McGriff's** trio did two weeks in March at the Royal Arms, Buffalo's main jazz club. Guitarist **Wes Montgomery** was due at the club for a two-weeker beginning March 13 . . . Trumpeter **Clark Terry**, here for a concert with the **Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra**, ended his visit by sitting in with trumpeter **Georgie Holt's** quartet at the Anchor Bar. Pianist **Mike Breen** recently left Holt to join trumpeter **Sammy Noto's** new quartet at David's Table, the area's newest jazz room . . . Trombonist **Eli Konikoff** and his Yankee Six Dixieland Band helped push WKBW's annual Variety Club telethon to record receipts. The group has added bass tubaist **Carl Conrad** to its weekend lineup at the Castle Supper Club . . . Former **Dizzy Gillespie** bassist **Louis Hackney** has replaced **Bassie Atkinson** with the **JaMan Trio** at the Three Coins . . . **C. Q. Price**, an arranger and former **Count Basie** altoist, is recovering from a slight stroke and is rehearsing his big band again.

Kansas City: The University of Missouri at Kansas City **Jazz Workshop Stage Band's** director, **Irving Miller**, lectured on Where Is Jazz Going? before an audience attending this year's Unitarian Forum on Jazz at the university. Miller's remarks were illustrated by the music of the **UMKC Resident Jazz Sextet** . . . The **Stan Kenton Band** was one of several

jazz groups that have appeared recently at the Tan-Tar-A, a resort at Osage Beach in southern Missouri. Other bookings have included trumpeter **Louis Armstrong's** All-Stars and pianist **Ramsey Lewis' trio**. Lewis also performed on March 14 at William Jewell College in Liberty, Mo. . . . The **Woody Herman Herd** will appear at an April 24 high school stage-band workshop in Chanute, Kan. Billed as the Southeast Kansas Jazz Festival, the program includes high school bands from the towns of Parsons, Columbus, Uniontown, and Chanute . . . Pianist **Bill Evans' trio**, folk singer **Odetta**, and the **Count Basie Orchestra** joined playwright **Edward Albee** and other artists in a weeklong Festival of the Arts at the University of Kansas in Lawrence . . . A quartet co-led by pianist **George Salisbury** and trombonist **Arch Martin** performed recently at the Jewish Community Center in Kansas City . . . A jazz-and-poetry program was given before a good-sized audience at the Gregg Community Center recently. Poetry was read by **Dan Jaffe**, and the jazz was provided by vocalist **Marian Love** and organist **Reginald Buckner's** trio . . . *Without Memorial Banners*, a jazz opera by Jaffe and **Herb Six**, was performed April 5 and 7 at UMKC. It premiered last year.

St. Louis: Organist **Don James** and his drummer, **Kenny Rice**, left the Blue Note Club after many years and are currently backing vocalist **Gene Lynn** at the Corinthian Room at the Parkway House . . . Vibist **Jim Bolen** has revamped his group at the Iron Gate. The new members are reed man **Fred Del Gaudio**, accordionist **Lou Viganò**, bassist **Hilliard Scott**, and drummer **Art Heagle** . . . The Delta-Sigma-Theta sorority brought in **Count Basie's** band and **Ramsey Lewis' trio** for a concert and dance at Kiel Auditorium . . . La Cachette continues to enjoy good business with its jazz policy. Featured Monday through Wednesday is the **Upstream Jazz Quartet**; vocalist **Jeanne Trevor** joins the group on Monday. Saturday afternoon sessions feature pianist **Ed Fritz**, bassist **Bob Stout**, and drummer Heagle. The week-ends feature various groups from in and out of town . . . Saxophonist **Roscoe Mitchell** led a sextet of Chicago avant-gardists in concert at Washington University March 25.

Miami: The **Alan Rock**-produced jazz festival at Surfside, Fla., was a success. The event was co-sponsored by the city and Air-Canada. The afternoon portion of the festival featured the **H&S Quintet** and the **Ira Sullivan Four**. The evening concert had **Jerry Coker's** University of Miami **Jazz Lab Band**, pianist **Guy Fasciani's** trio, and reed man **Charlie Anstin's** quartet . . . Drummer **Joe Burch's** trio is at the Hideaway Lounge in the Holiday Beach Motel in Hollywood. On Saturdays vocalist **Frank Vestri** joins the group . . . The Gaslight Inn in Coconut Grove is the site of Sunday concerts by tenor saxophonist **Pete Ponzol's** quartet . . . Vibist **Lionel Hampton** recently finished a date at Harry's American Bar . . . **Count Basie** trumpeter **Gene Goe** played and discussed music with **Miami-Dade Junior College**

Stage Band recently. The band, under the direction of **John Alexander**, was featured with the **Ira Sullivan Four** at the North Miami Fine Arts Festival April 14 . . . In Palm Beach, **Jonathan Klein's** jazz sabbath service was presented March 17 at Temple Israel. The service was sung by vocalists **Norma Lee Miles** and **Roberta Reusch**. Pianist **Dick Saylor**, bassist **Bill Bowman**, and drummer **Sy Pryweller** accompanied them.

Seattle: The **John Handy Quintet**, with vibist **Bobby Hutcherson**, played the Penthouse April 10-15 and followed that with a concert at the University of Washington April 16. The Penthouse will feature vocalist **Aretha Franklin** May 4-13 . . . The Seattle Jazz Society gave a first-anniversary concert April 19 in the Penthouse. Several local groups were featured . . . Some Seattle businessmen have been holding talks with SJS officers and local musicians about a Northwest Jazz Festival, tentatively scheduled for early September, possibly with reed man **Charles Lloyd** as music director . . . Lloyd's quartet was scheduled to play a concert at Reed College in Portland, Ore., the evening of April 18 and an afternoon workshop there April 19 . . . The **Ramsey Lewis Trio** is booked for a concert May 5 at the Seattle Opera House . . . Pianist **Sergio Mendes** and **Brasil '66**, plus the **Righteous Brothers**, are booked for a May 2 concert at the Arena . . . The Showbox, a big downtown dance hall that was long closed, reopened last month as **The Happening**. **Jimmy Hanna's** 16-piece blues band is featured.

London: Bassist-composer **Graham Collier** debuted a new septet at **Ronnie Scott's** Old Place in late February. The lineup included **Kenny Wheeler**, fluegelhorn; **Mike Gibbs**, trombone; **Tony Roberts**, **Karl Jenkins**, reeds; **Frank Ricotti**, vibraharp; and **John Marshall**, drums . . . Tenorist **Scott**, who toured Britain with trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard** last month, goes from strength to strength as a promoter. March 19 saw the premiere of his new jazz sessions at the Dog and Fox Hotel in Wimbledon; vocalist **Ernestine Anderson**, the **Tubby Hayes Quartet**, and organist **Mike Carr's** trio were featured. On March 26 the Jazz from a Swinging Era package, featuring **Roy Eldridge**, **Earl Hines**, and **Buck Clayton**, among others, played a gala session at Scott's club. The **Buddy Rich Band** was due into Scott's April 10-11. Currently scheduled at the club is tenorist **Sonny Rollins**, who succeeded **Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis** on March 27 for four weeks. Davis took part in the April 15 Tenors of Jazz concert, which also featured tenorists **Ben Webster**, **Bud Freeman**, **Eddie Miller**, **Alex Welsh's** band, and pianist **Lennie Felix's** trio . . . Klook's Kleek, of late a beat-music haunt, revived its jazz policy with a session by Davis April 5; he was backed by the **Harold McNair Quartet** . . . Singer **Ray Charles** opens a short tour of the country April 22 at Royal Festival Hall; he may play a few dates at **Brian Epstein's** Saville Theater in London . . . Vocalist **Annie Ross** teams up with **Tubby Hayes** for a tour of British

universities beginning April 28 . . . Singer **Tony Bennett** will join forces with the **Count Basie Orchestra** May 13 at Manchester's Free Trade Hall; Bennett will then tour the country with Basie, though the band will also be doing dates alone.

Denmark: The Danish Jazz Academy, composed of jazz musicians, critics, and writers, has selected tenor saxophonist **Bent Jaedig** as "Danish Jazz Musician of the Year." Jaedig, who has been working recently in Cologne, Germany, returned to Copenhagen to record . . . Arranger **Gene Roland** arrived in Copenhagen in the middle of February to begin a four-month stint as director of **Ib Glindemann's** New Radio Dance Orchestra. Guest conductors in past years have been **Oliver Nelson** and **Stan Kenton** . . . Tenorist **Nathan Davis** did two weeks in March at the Montmartre in Copenhagen and was replaced by tenorist **Johnny Griffin**, who also worked a fortnight at the club. Both saxophonists were accompanied by pianist **Kenny Drew**, bassist **Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen**, and drummer **Albert Heath** . . . Two English Trad bands, led by trombonist **Chris Barber** and clarinetist **Monty Sunshine**, toured Denmark during Easter time.

CHARLES MOFFETT

(Continued from page 19)

improve his drumming is a way of life. He listens rarely to other drummers, he says, claiming that he is hard to satisfy in this respect.

"But I do have a lot of respect for Max Roach," he said. "He is one of the best drummers in the world today. I also like **Billy Higgins** and **Edward Blackwell**, and I'd go out of my way to hear these guys play, because they play some very nice percussion, and, at the same time, they can be very musical. And that's a hard thing to do on drums. I've found that it's almost impossible to try to play musically and to really be progressive without having the fundamentals together."

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"I don't believe in ever destroying music," he said. "In this so-called free-form music, you have a lot of the young guys, especially the drummers, deliberately destroying some of the good music that's been played. I say give everybody their freedom. But sometimes the drum can kick so hard, while not saying anything, that in a lot of cases the drummer's destroying the beauty of what is being played."

"In playing drums, a rest is just as important as anything you are playing. It's as important to lay out or soften up at the right time as it is to play *fff* and try to play with everything you've got. You have to listen to everyone, and everyone has to listen to you."

"When you're doing that, you can keep the music totally together. And then you can really go outside."



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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.
Apartment: Marian McPartland.
Busie's: Harold Ousley, Sun.-Mon. Richard (Groove) Holmes to 4/23.
Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon.
Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon, Mon., Fri.
Cloud Room (East Elmhurst): Johnny Fontana, Pat Rebillot, Bucky Calabrese.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Cotton Club (Patterson, N.J.): Hank White, wknds. Sessions, Sun., afternoon.
Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gamba, hb. Sessions, Sun.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sat.
Dom: Sessions, Sun., afternoon.
Eddie Condon's: Bob Wilber, Yank Lawson.
El Carib (Brooklyn): Johnny Fontana.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenney Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six, Ed Hubble.
Five Spot: Elvin Jones, Jazz Interactions 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: Clark Terry, Mon.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.
Hugo's: sessions, wknds.
Jazz at the Office (Freeport, N.Y.): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.
Jr.'s Cave: sessions, wknds.
Judson Hall: N.Y. Improvisational Ensemble, 4/28.
Kennedy's Pub: Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Thur.-Fri.
Key Club (Newark, N.J.): name jazz groups.
Le Intrigue (Newark, N.J.): Jazz 'n' Breakfast, Sun.
Leone's (Port Washington): Dennis Connors, Tony Bella.
L'Intrigue: Randy Brecker.
Little Club: Johnny Morris.
Marino's Boat Club (Brooklyn): Michael Grant, Vernon Jeffries, Bob Kay, wknds.
Mark Twain Riverboat: Count Basie to 4/29.
007: Donna Lee, Micky Dean, Walter Perkins.
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.
Piedmont Inn (Scarsdale): Sal Salvador.
Playboy Club: Walter Norris, Larry Willis, Joe Farrell, Bill Crow, Sam Donahue.
Pitt's Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Leon Eason.
Pookie's Pub: Tony Scott.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown.
Slug's: Sun Ra, Mon. Sessions, Sun., afternoon.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
Tumburlaine: Bill Rubenstein, Hal Gaylor, Dottie Dodgion, Mon.
Tontat: Scott Reid.
Tomahawk Room (Roslyn): Ray Alexander, Mon.
Top of the Gate: Blossom Dearie to 5/20. Daphne Hellman, Mon.
Traver's Cellar Club (Queens): Sessions, Mon.
Tremont Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Jazz Vanguard, Tue.
Villa Pace (Smithtown, N.Y.): Johnny Jay, wknds.
Village Gate: Ahmad Jamal, 4/21-22.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

BALTIMORE

Bluesette: Ted Hawk, Fri.-Sat.
Chesapeake: Chuck Berlin.
Left Bank Jazz Society (Famous Ballroom): name groups, Sun.
Lenny Moore's: Greg Hatza.
Martick's: Joe Clark.
Peyton Place: Sonny Simmons, Barbara Donald, Thur.-Sun.
Playboy: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells.
Red Fox: Ethel Ennis.

PHILADELPHIA

Club 50 (Trenton): Johnny Coates Jr.-Johnny Ellis.
Flannery's (Pennel): Tony Inverso-Jack Caldwell.
Hansen's (Morrisville): sessions, Tue., Thur.

Jolly Roger (Pennel): Tony DeNicola-Count Lewis.
Last Way Out: Sonny Fortune.
Musicians Club: Jimmy Adams.
Pilgrim Gardens: Good Time Six.
Postal Card: Muhammad Habeeballah.
Red Garter: Dixieland.
Showboat: Cannonball Adderley, 5/8-13. Richard (Groove) Holmes, 5/15-20. Eldee Young-Red Holt, 5/22-27.
Tremont (Trenton): Dick Braytenbah.
White Lantern Inn (Stratford, N.J.): Red Crossett.

MILWAUKEE

Aladdin's: Frank DeMiles.
Black Orchid: Jimmy Colvin, Fri.-Sat.
Crown Room: Lou Lalli.
DeSalvo's: George Pritchette, Fri.-Sat.
Dimitri's: The Jazzmen, Thur.-Sun.
El Matador: Mike Rich, wknds.
Holiday Inn (Central): Dan Edwards, Tue.-Sat.
Green's Living Room: Will Green.
KG's: Zig Millonzi, Fri.-Sat.
Kohler's: Kenny Kwint, Fri.-Sat.
Ma's: Chosen Four, Tue., Sun. Four Star Quartet, Fri.-Sat.
Mr. Richards: Mr. Richards Quartet, Tue.-Sat.
Someplace Else: Dixieland, Tue., Thur., Sun.

CHICAGO

Chicago Airways Hotel: Judy Roberts, wknds.
First Quarter: John Klemmer, Sun., afternoon.
Havana-Madrid: Bunky Green, wknds.
Hungry Eye: Three Souls, Mon.-Wed.
Jazz Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
London House: Mongo Santamaria to 5/7. Joe Bushkin, 5/8-21. Les McCann, 5/23-6/4. Ramsey Lewis, 6/6-18. Eddie Higgins, Larry Novak, hbs.
Lurlain's: Johnny Gettons, wknds.
Nite-n-gale (Highwood): Ted Ashford, Fri.-Sat.
Opera House: Cannonball Adderley, Nina Simone, 5/5.
Panda: Gene Esposito, Tue.-Sat. Larry Novak, Sun.-Mon.
Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ron Elliston, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Cal Tjader to 4/30. Joe Williams, 5/3-14. Dukes of Dixieland, 5/17-28. Sonny Stitt, 5/29-6/12.
Pumpkin Room: Dave Shipp, wknds. Joe Boyce, Tue.
Robin's Nest: The Organizers, wknds.
Stan's Pad: Jimmy Ellis, hb.
White Elephant: Anthony Braxton, Tue.
Yellow Unicorn: Eddie Harris-Dave Catherwood, Tue., Sun., afternoon.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb. Lenore Paxton.
Baker's: George Shearing to 4/22. Richard (Groove) Holmes, 4/28-5/7. Wes Montgomery, 5/12-21. Redd Foxx, Claude Black, 5/26-6/4.
Bandit's Villa: Terry Harrington, Fri.-Sat.
Bobbie's: Bob McDonald, Sat.-Sun.
Breakers: Barbara Logan, Mon.-Sat.
Cafe Gourmet: Howard Lucas, Tue.-Sat.
Checker Bar-B-Q: Bobby Rodriguez, Wilbur Chapman, Mon.-Sat., afterhours.
Checker Bar-B-Q (Livernois): Bob Elliott, Mon.-Sat., afterhours.
Colonial Lanes (Ann Arbor): Jeff Hollander, Fri.-Sat. Bobby Rodriguez, wknds.
Drome: Mamie Lee, 4/21-30. Art Blakey, 5/5-14. Eddie's Latin American Restaurant: Ernie Farrow, afterhours, wknds.
Frolie: Don Davis, Thur.-Sun.
Grapevine (Dearborn): Bob Elliott, Tue.-Sat.
Hobby Bar: Dezie McCullers, Mon., Tue., Thur.
Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha, Tue.-Sat.
Ursula Walker, Fri.-Sat.
London Chop House: Mel Ball, Marlene Hill, Mon.-Sat.
Momo's: Mark Richards, Keith Vreeland, Fri.-Sat.
New Olympia: Norman Dillard, Thur.-Sun.
Pagoda (Clawson): Joe Grande, Wed.-Sat.
Paige's: Ernie Farrow, wknds.
Pier One: Dorothy Dunn, Mon.-Sat.
Pink Panther: Tony Thomas, Connie Graham, Tue.-Sun.
Playboy Club: Matt Michael, Vince Mance, Mon.-Sat. Jack Pierson, Sat.
Pontchartrain Hotel: Bobby Laurel, Dorothy Ashby, Ernie Swan.
Rouge Lounge: Bobby Koch, Fri.-Sat.
Shadow Box: Howard & Gwen McKinney.

Tonga: Charles Harris, Mon.-Sat., Sun., afternoon.
Topper: Ted Sheely.
Twenty Grand: Levi Mann, hb.
Wilkins Lounge (Orchard Lake): Billy Stevenson.
Wisdom Tooth: Lyman Woodard, Fri.-Sat., afterhours.

ST. LOUIS

Al Baker's: Jim Baldwin, Mon.-Thur. Gale Belle, wknds.
Brave Bull: The Marksmen.
Fats States Lounge: Freddy Washington. Sessions, Sat., afternoon.
HiHo: The Tempos.
Iron Gate: Jim Bolen.
King Brothers: Eddie Johnson.
London House East: David Hines, wknds.
Mainlander: Marion Miller.
Marty's: Sal Ferrante.
Montmartre: Herb Drury, Thur.-Sat.
Mr. C's LaCachette: Upstream Jazz Quartet, Mon.-Wed. Quartette Tres Bien, Fri.-Sat.
Mr. Ford's: Altan Merriweather, hb.
Muggsy's In Between: Muggsy Sprecher, hb.
Opera House: Singleton Palmer, hb.
Playboy Club: Jerry Doyle, Jazz Salerno, hb.
Renaissance Room: The Winners.
River Queen: Jim Becker, Jeanne Trevor.
Silver Dollar: Dixie Jesters.
Upstream Lounge: Upstream Jazz Quartet, wknds.

LOS ANGELES

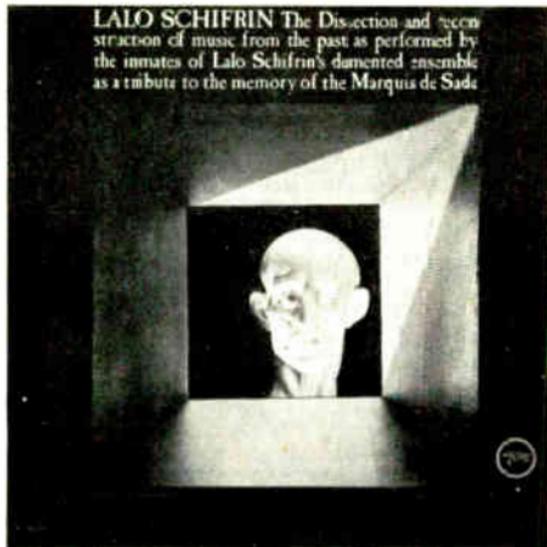
Alladin: Ray Johnson, Thur.-Sun.
Beverly Hills High School: John Handy, Bola Sete, Anita O'Day, 4/22-23.
Bonesville: Don Ellis. Sessions, afterhours, Sat.
Buccanner (Manhattan Beach): Dave Miller.
Casa del Campo: Gabe Baltazar.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup.
Ciro's: Arthur Prysock to 4/23.
Club Casbah: Dolo Coker.
Cocoanut Grove: Lou Rawls to 5/8.
Donte's (North Hollywood): name groups.
Frigate (Manhattan Beach): Dave Mackay, Vic Mio.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner.
La Duce (Inglewood): jazz nightly.
Lemon Twist: Don Abney, Linda Carol, Mon.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Afro-Blues Quintet + One to 4/30. John Handy, 5/2-14. Herbie Mann, 5/16-28. Howard Rumsey, Mon.-Tue.
Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz nightly.
Marty's (Baldwin Hills): name groups.
Memory Lane: name groups nightly.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson.
Pied Piper: Leon Thomas, Ike Issacs, Gerald Wiggins, Sonny Craver, Sun., Tue.
Pier 52 (Hermosa Beach): Jimmy Van.
Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Bob Corwin, Willie Restum.
Prime Rib: Jan Deneau.
Reuben's (Newport Beach): Edgar Hayes, Fri.-Sat. (Whittier): Tue.-Thur.
Reuben E. Lee (Newport Beach): Edgar Hayes, Sun.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Bill Evans to 4/23. Horace Silver, 4/25-5/1. Thelonious Monk, 5/2-14. Shelly Manne, wknds.
Sherry's: Mike Melvoin, Sun.
Sir Michael's (City of Commerce): Calvin Jackson, Susan Roberts.
Sportsmen's Lodge (North Hollywood): Stan Worth, Al McKibbin.
Swing (Studio City): jazz, wknds.
Tropicana: Les McCann to 4/25. Willie Bobo, 4/26-5/8.
UCLA (Schoenberg Hall): Big Mama Thornton, 4/22. (Pauley Pavilion): Los Angeles Jazz Festival, 5/12-14.
Ward's Jazzville (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Whittinghill's (Sherman Oaks): D'Vaughn Pershing, Chris Clark, Tue.-Wed.
Wit's End (Studio City): Joe Rotondi, Ted Hammond, Sessions, Sun.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Erroll Garner, 4/26-5/6.
Four Tops, 5/11-20. John Lee Hooker, Jimmy Reed, 5/24-6/4. Mongo Santamaria, 6/6-18.
Both/And: Miles Davis to 4/23. Bill Evans, 4/25-5/7.
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes.
Half Note: George Duke.
Holiday Inn (Oakland): Arthur Fletcher, wknds.
Hungry 13: Clyde Pound, hb.
Jazz Workshop: John Coltrane to 4/30. Cannonball Adderley, 5/2-14.
Nob Hill Room (Mark Hopkins Hotel): Steve Atkins.
New Orleans Room (Fairmont Hotel): Jean Hoffman.
Pier 23: Bill Erickson, wknds.
Playboy Club: Al Plank, hb.
University Hideaway: George Walker, Fri.-Sat.

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