

MAY 18, 1967

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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

REED ISSUE

**Roland Kirk
Speaks Out**

**Johnny Griffin:
Little Giant
With Feeling**

**Epitaph:
Willie Smith**

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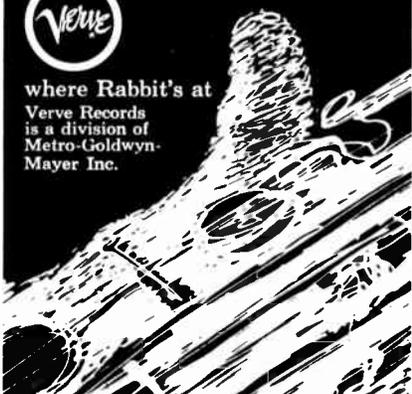
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where Rabbit's at

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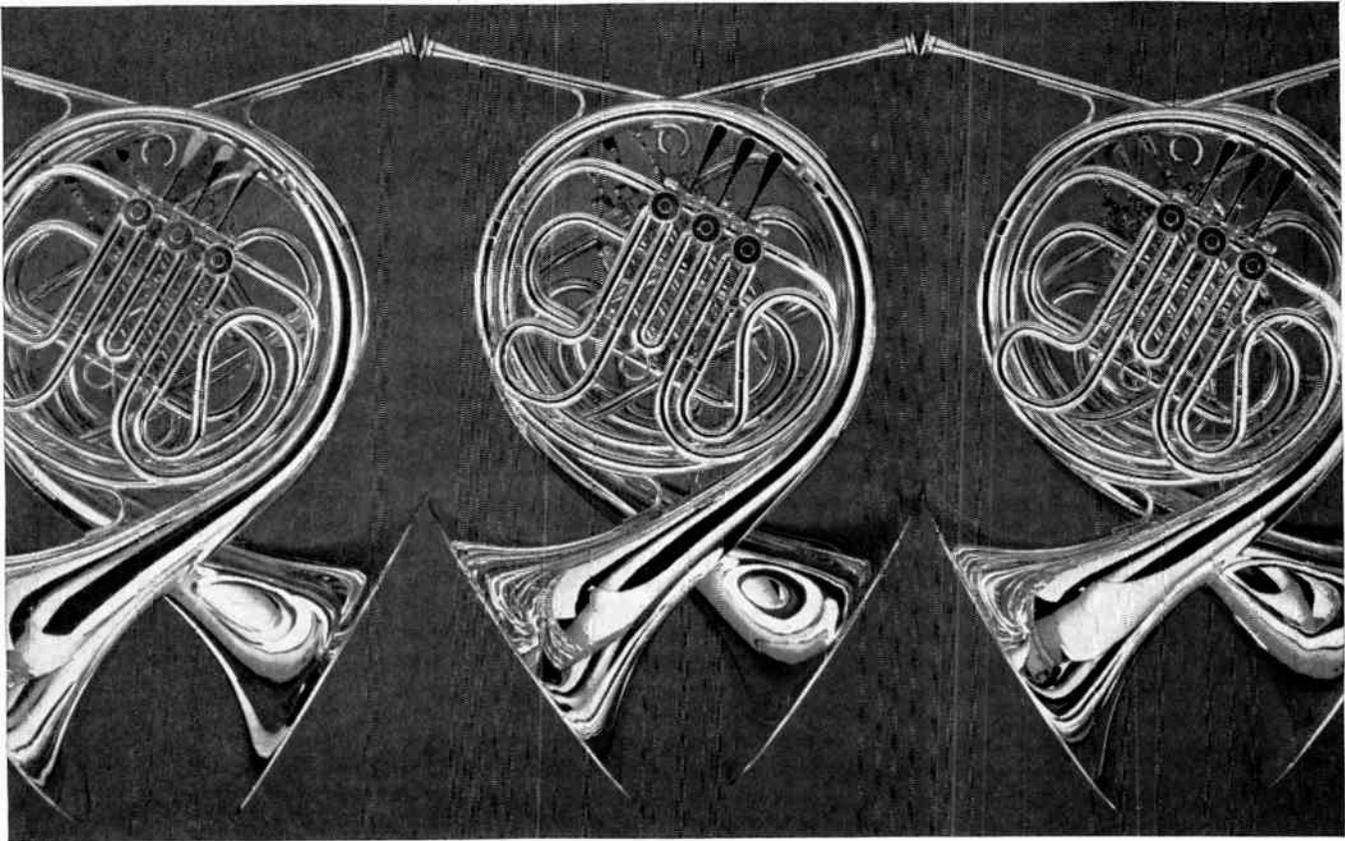
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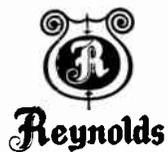


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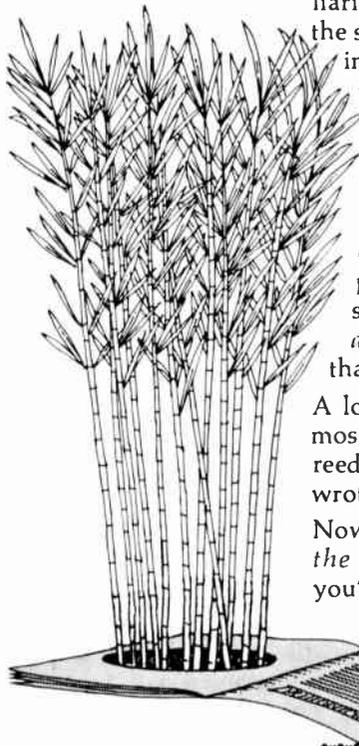
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A Forum For Readers

A Winner

Congratulations on the greatest *Down Beat* I've ever read. I'm speaking of the April 20 issue.

The article *The Nouveau Rich* was simply fabulous. A story on Buddy was long overdue. Harvey Siders is to be commended for his article. There were some great quotes of Rich's; I especially liked his comments on the avant-garde. I agree with him completely.

Rich, in my opinion, is the greatest drummer that has ever lived, and its time he got the coverage he deserves. His band is the swiftest thing to happen to jazz in a long time.

Once again, thanks to Siders and *Down Beat*.

Geoff Nelson
Garden Grove, Calif.

A Loser

Being a *Down Beat* reader for some time, I have seen the magazine on the verge of becoming a nonjazz magazine many times.

The Big Band issue (April 20) was too much. I didn't think it was possible to talk about big bands and not mention Duke Ellington.

If *Down Beat* had any real jazz critics and editors, they would know that the one thing the white man cannot steal from the black man is jazz.

Jazz drummer? Buddy Rich in his review of John Coltrane's *Chim Chim Cheree* really put the cap on the issue.

Lee Herron
Cincinnati, Ohio

Rich Wrong?

Regarding the article on Buddy Rich, wherein Harvey Siders quotes Rich in a reference to the music of the Charles Lloyd Quartet at the Pacific Jazz Festival last year, "That must have been the greatest put-on since the Four Stooges," the Charles Lloyd group received a standing ovation that evening. The Buddy Rich band, which followed, did not.

Vicky Cunningham
San Francisco, Calif.

Reading the article on Buddy Rich was a horrifying experience. How someone with such a success story can be so ignorant of true musical feeling seems to minimize the intelligence of the audience.

I am referring specifically to Rich's comments about the hysteria he experienced while listening to the Charles Lloyd Quartet. (Or did he just look?) The fact that Rich is not able to understand the complexities of Lloyd's music is in itself sad—so many young, nonprofessional people can—but his ignorance of the technology and skill involved in writing and executing this music is so indicative of Rich's 1940-jazz mentality.

Lloyd's drummer, Jack DeJohnette,

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HiFi/Stereo Review

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whom Rich ridiculed, has far surpassed the old man in the exploration of the instrument. Perhaps the reason Rich is still in the same old bag is because he has gone as far as he is able to go intellectually. This does not make him a qualified critic—but an incredible, unreliable one.

Keith Jarrett has created more music, more beauty, and more emotion by plucking the strings of the piano, experimenting with new sounds from an old instrument than Rich is willing to even hear. Perhaps Rich's laughter was to cover his embarrassment at not being able to listen.

The genius of Lloyd has been evident to many for years, and his overwhelming success wherever he has played with his own group points up Rich's lack of critical judgment. On the West Coast, Lloyd's quartet has become the most popular jazz-oriented group with the young people, and his appearances at both the Monterey and Pacific jazz festivals brought him huge standing ovations and demands for encores.

Lloyd cannot be categorized as one of the "new wave" or avant-garde; he has gone further than that. He has combined the freedom and experimentation of the avant-garde, his formal music education, knowledge of European classical masters, rhythms and sounds of the East and of Latin countries, a personal sense of beauty, gentleness, and love with his own blues-oriented heritage. But Lloyd has not had the same success story as Buddy Rich. He didn't grow up in show biz, and he has never played Las Vegas.

Robin Answet
San Francisco, Calif.

Peace!

Where will this hacking away at each other end? When something as enjoyable as music winds up in a continual battle of words, explanations, justifications, and criticisms, why even listen to it anymore? Let's all turn politician, newsman, clerk, or machine operator and forget music. Nothing is happening anyway, and who is getting rich?

The breach between the traditionalist or the swing man and the contemporary jazz musician is so great that neither listening to each other's music nor explaining it in words is going to promote mutual acceptance.

The modernist has just as much right to consider free form as jazz as the traditionalist has to consider some crude blues singer selling "jelly roll" to make a living as jazz.

Nobody made a statement in 1900 to the effect that during the next 100 years we were going to have new types of music: "This shall be called jazz and the following rules must be obeyed." Congress made no law!

Standards of good taste cannot be forced, but unless some agreement is established in music as well as in all other media soon, it will be enforced, and then what happens to freedom?

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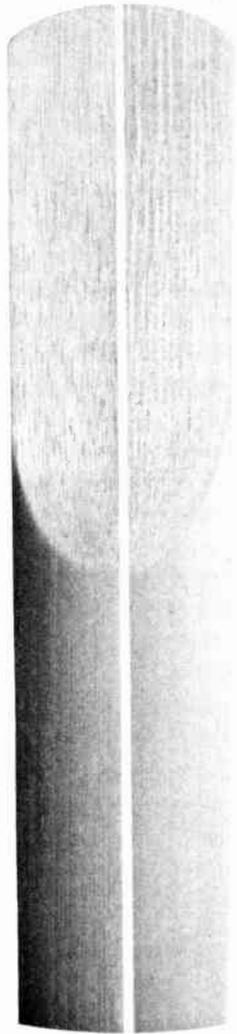
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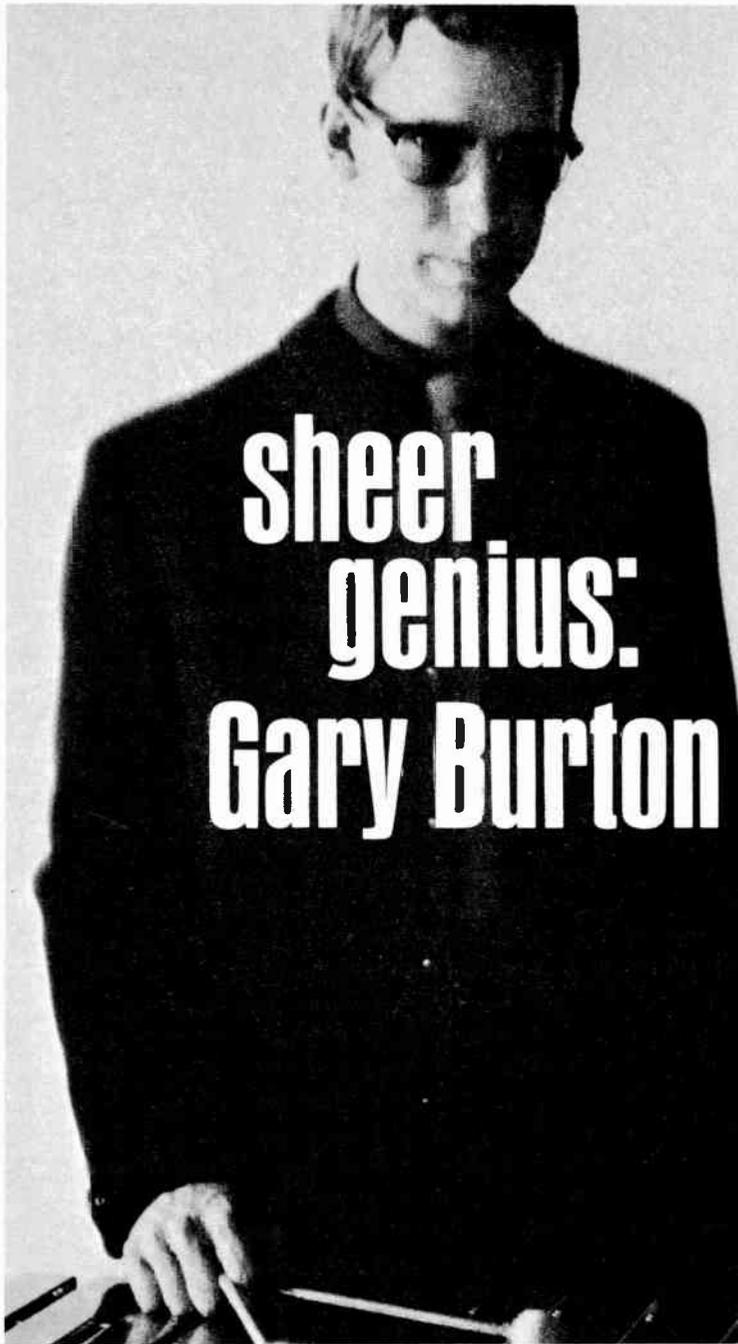
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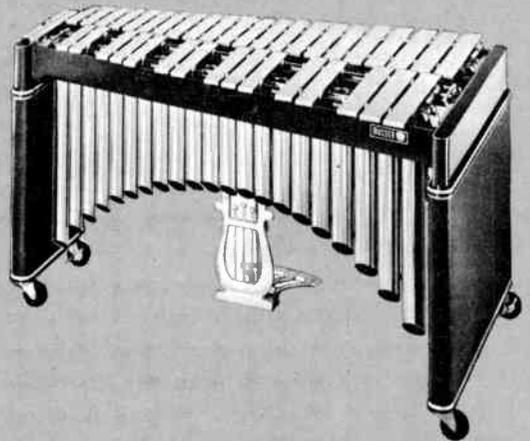
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ORNETTE GETS GRANT

Multi-instrumentalist and composer Ornette Coleman has received a fellowship for music composition in the field of jazz from the Guggenheim Foundation. The award, which is for one year, was announced in April. The foundation did not make public the amount awarded.

The award given to Coleman is the foundation's first for jazz composition only. Previous recipients have included Teo Macero and William O. Smith, who compose both jazz and classical music. The late Marshall Stearns received a Guggenheim grant to do research for his book, *The Story of Jazz*.

Guggenheim fellowships in composition are awarded on a competitive basis. Samples of the composers' work are presented to the foundation, and the final selection is made by a jury.

BUSTER BAILEY DIES

Clarinetist Buster Bailey, 64, died in his sleep at his home in Brooklyn, N.Y., April 12. He had just returned from a road tour with the Louis Armstrong All-Stars and had planned to go to the hospital for a checkup the next morning.

Born William C. Bailey in Memphis, Tenn., he studied clarinet with local teachers and made his professional debut at 14 as first clarinetist with W. C. Handy's orchestra. Bailey moved to Chicago in 1919, where he worked with Erskine Tate's concert band and studied with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra's Franz Schoepp, who was also teaching Benny Goodman at the time.

After working briefly with King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band, Bailey joined Fletcher Henderson in New York in 1924 and remained with him until 1929, when he toured Europe and the United States with Noble Sissle's band. He rejoined Henderson in 1933 but the following year went with the Mills Blue Rhythm Band. In 1936, he was again with Henderson and then with Stuff Smith's Onyx Club Boys. When Smith left the Onyx Club, Bailey remained as a member of the house band, which in 1938 became bassist John Kirby's famous "biggest little band in the land."

With the Kirby sextet until it was disbanded in 1946, Bailey spent the following two decades mainly in New York, working with Wilbur DeParis, Eddie Condon, Wild Bill Davison, and Henry (Red) Allen, his former Henderson colleague. During this period, Bailey made many festival and television appearances, played in the pit band of the New York production of *Porgy and Bess*, was seen on screen in *Splendor in the Grass*, and worked with symphony orchestras.

In July, 1965, Bailey left the Saints and Sinners to join the Armstrong All-Stars, working with the great trumpeter for the first time since 1925, when they were both with Henderson.

Bailey was one of the first major jazz musicians with a thorough academic back-



BUSTER BAILEY

From Creole Jazz Band to symphony.

ground in music. His clarinet work was graceful, fluent, and multinoted. An expert reader, he was at home in any musical environment. Though the clarinet was always his featured solo instrument, he doubled on alto saxophone in his big-band jobs. (He also made some impressive recordings playing soprano saxophone in 1924.)

Bailey was one of the most prolific recording artists in jazz. In addition to a multitude of records with all the bands he worked with, he also appeared with numerous studio groups, sometimes under his own leadership, and backed many singers, including Bessie Smith, Billie Holiday, and Mildred Bailey.

His best recorded solos include those on *Sensation*, *Hocus Pocus*, and *Stealing Apples* (Henderson); *Jazzbo Brown from Memphis Town* (Bessie Smith); *Rug Cutter's Swing* (Allen); *Rhythm, Rhythm and I Know That You Know* (Lionel Hampton); *Rose Room* and *Serenade* (Kirby); *Blues Triste* (Tommy Young); and a clarinet tour de force with his own group, *Man with a Horn Goes Beserk*.

HARLEM SCHOOL BOYCOTT PAYS OFF WITH JAZZ

P. S. 175, the Harlem school where the faculty, supported by the principal, recently boycotted a program of Western classical music (*DB*, April 20), played host to an all-star jazz group co-led by pianist Billy Taylor and trumpeter Joe Newman on April 13.

The concert-lecture, performed at an assembly and enthusiastically received by the students, teachers, and visiting parents, was sponsored and paid for by Jazz Interactions, the nonprofit educational organization that for the last two years has made valuable contributions to the New York jazz scene.

Taylor talked briefly about the history of jazz and, after a number by the band,

brought forward each member (Newman, trombonist Bill Watrous, tenor saxophonist-flutist Joe Farrell, bassist Ben Tucker, and drummer Bobby Thomas) to demonstrate his instrument. Newman's half-valve effects and Thomas' drum solo found particular favor with the youthful audience, which also responded with spontaneous hand-clapping on the afterbeat to the final selection, a gospel-flavored Taylor original.

According to the school's principal, Harvey Nagler, other cultural events are scheduled to take place at the school. These will include performances by drummer Olatunji and his program of African dances, music, dramatic readings, and a play.

In the wake of the boycott, Nagler told *Down Beat*, the school decided to present its own program of entertainment, including "all aspects of a multi-ethnic culture." Interest has been expressed, he added, by the Urban League and AFM Local 802 in helping to present a similar series throughout the city's public school system.

The interest and activity that have resulted from the boycott, Nagler said, "have been a gratifying experience. It proves that the school can work with the community to accomplish something. We have been able to work together and achieve progress."

PRIZES OFFERED FOR JAZZ COMPOSITIONS

The Union of Czechoslovak Composers and the Czech Music Foundation are soliciting previously unperformed and unpublished jazz compositions to be entered in the International Composers Contest in Prague. This, the second annual contest, is in conjunction with the International Jazz Festival that has been held for the last four years in the Czech capital. Contest organizers are accepting works until July 31. All professional and amateur jazz composers are eligible to submit scores.

All scores must be five to eight minutes long and fully arranged for either big band or small group. The contest organizers stress that, while the compositions may be structured arbitrarily, the main emphasis should be on the jazz characteristics of the material.

A jury nominated by the composers union will select the compositions to be performed before an international group of judges at the contest. Prizes of \$1,143, \$857, and \$571 will be awarded for the three winning works for big band. The prizes will be \$143 less, in each case, for winning small-group scores. All awards will be in Czech crowns.

Each of the prize-winning works is to be performed by the Karel Krautgartner Jazz Orchestra at the International Jazz Festival to be held Oct. 18-22.

For further information, write Union of Czechoslovak Composers, Valdstejanké nám. 1, Prague 1, Czechoslovakia.

Another composition contest, Jazz Com-

petition '67, has been announced by Associated Music Publishers, Inc. The organizers are accepting original compositions and arrangements of works now in the public domain. The competition is open to all composers and arrangers, regardless of age, except those belonging to any performing rights society other than Broadcast Music, Inc., an AMI affiliate.

Compositions of not more than five minutes' duration will be accepted in the stage-band, concert-band, small-group, and jazz-text categories. The last is defined as "educational material of significance, fully developed." The contest ends Sept. 1. Winners will be announced Dec. 1.

Details of the contest may be had from Ronald Herder, editor-in-chief, Jazz Competition '67, Associated Music Publishers, 609 Fifth Ave., New York City.

THE RIKERS SCENE

Carl (Bama) Warwick has played trumpet with many a famous band since his days with Frank Fairfax in Philadelphia, where his sectionmates were Charlie Shavers and Dizzy Gillespie. His leaders have included Lucky Millinder, Bunny Berigan, Woody Herman, Buddy Rich, Louie Bellson, and Gillespie; in addition, he has led his own groups and has been active as a teacher.

About a year ago, Warwick became music director of the adult division at the New York City Correctional Institution for Men and Adolescents at Rikers Island. Since then, he has persuaded a number of his friends in the music business to come to Rikers Island to perform for the inmates. Gillespie brought his quintet, Rich brought his band, singers Carmen McRae and Nina Simone brought a welcome touch of feminine glamor, and on March 28, alto saxophonist Cannonball Adderley brought his quintet (Nat Adderley, cornet; Joe Zawinul, piano; Victor Gaskin, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums) and a guest, his former bassist, Sam Jones.

An eager crowd of some 1,700 inmates—half from the adult division, the rest adolescents—were listening to the "house" band playing a cha-cha when the Adderleys arrived. On stage, a fancy backdrop painted by an inmate proclaimed "Welcome Cannon, Nat, Joe, Vic, and Roy." After a brief speech by Warden James A. Thomas, a stern but fatherly figure, the band filed on stage, and Cannonball expressed his pleasure at having been invited to play.

"We always enjoy playing to a large crowd," he said, refraining from any comments about captive audiences. The group swung into its first selection, and the inmates responded warmly to each solo. They seemed particularly impressed with the gospel-flavored *Why Am I Treated So Bad?*, for which Zawinul switched to electric piano, and with the group's current hit, *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy*.

After the warden had thanked Adderley and his men and praised Warwick for his efforts in bringing first-class music to Rikers, an inmate presented Cannonball with an oil painting—a good likeness of the alto saxophonist.

"It was a very rewarding experience to

play for the men," said Adderley, who'd never played for prisoners before.

Warwick pointed out to *Down Beat* that there is a shortage of instruments, reed mouthpieces, and sheet music at Rikers Island, and that donations of such items would be welcome.

TOGO ISSUES STAMP HONORING ELLINGTON

Duke Ellington, responsible for so many "firsts" in jazz history, recently became the first living American composer to be honored by the issue of a postage stamp bearing his portrait.

In April, the African Republic of Togo issued a set of four stamps dedicated to



the 20th anniversary of UNESCO, featuring great composers of different eras: Bach, Beethoven, Debussy—and Ellington. Each stamp also shows the instruments associated with the composer's music. The stamps were designed and printed in Israel.

JAZZMOBILE GETS AWARD

The Jazzmobile is among the winners of the New York State Council on the Arts' awards "in recognition of outstanding contributions to the artistic enhancement of the state" during 1966.

A bandstand on a truck, the Jazzmobile plays at various locations in New York City during the summer, bringing top jazz artists to the residents. The free concerts are paid for by the Ballantine Brewing Co. and the Music Performance Trust Funds of the Recording Industry, though the project is officially sponsored by the Harlem Cultural Council. All musicians play for scale.

Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, in announcing the awards, said they are "based on a philosophy that progress in a state which is big and vital and productive cannot be accompanied by blight, neglect, and an insensitive lack of conscience for either our artistic heritage or the appearance of anything to which we set our hands as enlightened people of the 20th century. . . .

"Too often, we have seen the best of our past destroyed only to have it replaced with something that reflects total disregard of the contribution we can make to the lasting beauty of our cities and open spaces."

Also jazz-tinged was the arts council's citation for the Department of Parks of New York City. In lauding the department for making the park a focal point of community activity, the council praised the Rheingold Central Park Music Festival—which featured such jazz artists as the orchestras of Duke Ellington and Count Basie—as one of the major cultural events in the park.

EARL HINES OPENING DRAWS U.N. DIPLOMATS

Earl Hines' opening night (April 10) at Shepheard's, the Park Ave. discotheque that recently began a policy of jazz for listening between the dance sets of recorded music, brought out an unusual array of diplomatic dignitaries and their wives.

With Seymour Finger, of the U.S. mission to the United Nations, and Mrs. Finger as hosts, the party included Evgeni Makeev, Soviet minister to the UN, and other members of the Soviet delegation, as well as Kurt Waldheim of Austria, Akira Matsui of Japan, and Piero Vinci of Italy, all UN delegates.

The guests enjoyed the music, staying for two sets and dancing to the discotheque sounds, though the diplomats, including the Russians, appeared to prefer dance music with a contemporary beat to the Viennese waltz played for them. The visit was a courtesy to Hines, who joined the party between sets, in recognition of his 1966 State Department tour of the USSR, but while the diplomats might have come out of politeness, they stayed because they liked what they heard.

POTPOURRI

Gerry Mulligan has won numerous awards for his baritone saxophone work, his quartets, and his big band, but now he's been cut in the trophy department by his wife. Last month, Mrs. Mulligan, nee Sandy Dennis, was awarded an Oscar as best supporting actress for her role in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

The first Nashville, Tenn., Jazz Festival will be held at the city's War Memorial Auditorium May 15. Headlining the event will be altoist Cannonball Adderley's quintet and guitarist-flutist Les Spann. Local artists will include the Andy Goodrich Quintet and George Tidwell's Orchestra XII among others. The concert is sponsored by the Patrons of Jazz, an organization of jazz enthusiasts headed by Fred Clond.

The band was playing *High Society*, when the trombonist lowered his horn, took a few faltering steps toward the leader, and collapsed. As the stunned audience of some 2,000 watched, Avery Loposer, 65, was given mouth-to-mouth resuscitation by a physician and then mechanical resuscitation by firemen. But the efforts were in vain, and the veteran trombonist was pronounced dead of a heart attack. Loposer's last date was with cornetist Bill Lagman's Dixieland All-Stars at Municipal Park in Mobile, Ala., on April 3. It was a free concert to promote the Mobile College Jazz Festival. The trombonist began his professional career in 1919, and recorded in 1924 and 1925 with the Crescent City Jazz Band and the Arcadian Serenaders. He had made his home in Mobile since 1927.

Organist Jimmy Smith's trio has been booked to make its annual tour of Japan June 5-25.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: The Central Park Music Festival, a highly successful series of low-priced (\$1), open-air concerts initiated last year, will begin this year's season on June 23 with **Louis Armstrong** and His All-Stars. Among the other artists already booked for the series, which includes rock-and-roll, folk music, ethnic music, and just plain pop, are **Dave Brubeck**, the **Duke Ellington Orchestra**, **Stan Getz**, the **Ramsey Lewis Trio**, and singers **Lou Rawls**, **Nina Simone**, **Odetta**, **Miriam Makeba**, **Dionne Warwick**, and **Mel Torme**. Most of this year's concerts will be double-headers, to accommodate expected heavy turnouts . . . Multireed man **Roland Kirk** went to Los Angeles last month to record as featured soloist in **Quincy Jones'** score for the **Sidney Poitier-Rod Steiger** film *In the Heat of the Night*. Kirk's schedule includes performances at the Norwegian Jazz Festival in Molde June 30-July 2 . . . Spanish pianist **Tete Montoliu**, considered one of Europe's outstanding jazz pianists, made his first visit to the United States in early April and performed at the annual dinner dance of the Spain-U.S. Chamber of Commerce at the Waldorf-Astoria. He was backed by bassist **David Izenzon** and drummer **Stu Martin**. On the following Sunday, Montoliu sat in at the Village Vanguard with bassist **Chuck Israels** and drummer **Dick Berk** and also played a set with alto saxophonist **Sonny Criss**, who was working there . . . Vocalist **Kim Weston** was featured with the **Count Basie Band** during its April stand at the Riverboat . . . Trumpeter **Jonah Jones'** quartet (**Andre Persiani**, piano; **John Brown**, bass; **Solomon Hall**, drums) began a five-week stand at the Rainbow Grill April 1. The group is scheduled for an August appearance at Montreal's Expo '67 . . . Trumpeter **Charlie Shavers**, after several years with the **Frank Sinatra Jr.-Sam Donahue** package, has returned to freelancing in New York . . . Pianist **Earl Hines'** quartet did two weeks at Sheppard's. Cornetist **Bobby Hackett** followed Hines and will be on hand through May 13. Hackett recently signed with MGM records as an a&r man as well as recording artist; his first venture as a producer was a solo piano date for **Dave McKenna**. **Oscar Peterson's** trio begins a two-week stand at Sheppard's May 15, the pianist's first New York night-club date in some time . . . Jazz Interactions has resumed its weekly workshop competition series (with a playoff every fifth week) on Friday nights at Rhythm Associates Studios, 101 W. 85th St. Winners will appear at JJ's regular Sunday matinees at the Five Spot, where recent attractions included multi-reed man **Ken McIntyre's** quartet, fluegelhornist **Art Farmer's** quintet, and vibraharpist **Vera Auer's** fivesome . . . A new jazz club, **La Boheme**, at Broadway and 69th St., features pianist **Gene Harris** (not the **Three Sounds** man) and singer **Joe Lee Wilson**. Wilson also recently appeared at the Club Ruby with trumpeter **Lee Morgan's** quintet . . . April sessions at the Blue Morocco featured the groups

/Continued on page 48



DON'T MOURN— ORGANIZE

Second Chorus

By NAT HENTOFF

AT EYE LEVEL over my typewriter is a poster distributed by the National Conference for New Politics. Looking at me are an angry young black child, an even younger Vietnamese child, and a harried white sharecropper. The call—in black and red letters—is "Don't Mourn for Us . . . Organize."

There are applications in the poster, it seems to me, to the jazz scene and to the bleak economics of that scene for a wide variety of players, old and new. Something, for example, like the plan described in the Feb. 11 *Melody Maker* by bassist **Danny Thompson**, who has started the Fellowship of British Jazz Musicians.

The fellowship is intended as a corollary organization to the British Musicians Union, because there, as here, the main union is not geared to the specific problems of the jazzman.

Among the new group's aims, **Thompson** told reporter **Bob Dawbarn**, is "to promote jazz on a national scale. . . . We want to promote jazz in schools, approach local authorities, and eventually get an Arts Council grant in the same way that bodies like the Orchestral Association does." (The U. S. equivalents would be foundation grants or a grant from the National Council on the Arts.)

The fellowship will be run entirely by musicians. With **Thompson** on the working committee are **Humphrey Lyttelton**, **Pat Smythe**, and **Bill LeSage**. "Our next move," **Thompson** added, "is to get premises in London where we can have our own club. Then we hope to open similar clubs in Manchester and Birmingham." (U. S. equivalents: first New York and then Chicago or San Francisco or Los Angeles.)

Musicians who join the fellowship will pay a subscription fee, and in addition, the fellowship has the promise of anonymous financial backing. (U. S. equivalents: the jazz record companies for a start, plus working jazz musicians.) The fellowship intends to be, among other things, a clearing house of availabilities.

"When we get known," said **Thompson**, "people will realize that they can get hold of any jazz musician or group through us." That's an important thing to have. I occasionally get calls from colleges and other institutions seeking the address and information about the availability of certain musicians, and it

often takes a lot of hunting to find these things out.

Another aim of the fellowship "is to spot a lot of underhand business that goes on in the jazz world—many musicians suffer from it. If people came to us, it would cut out the agents. And if there were any disputes over money, or anything like that, the fellowship would take it up on behalf of the musician."

A U. S. fellowship could—and should—have a lawyer who is expert in analyzing recording and booking contracts. Every musician-member could have his contract checked before signing. A U. S. fellowship could—and should—have its own accountant. Royalty statements thereby would be diligently examined and tax returns professionally prepared. Furthermore, a U. S. fellowship, like the Authors League for writers, could become involved in pressing for legislation—tax laws and others—of specific benefit to jazz musicians.

Another role for a U. S. fellowship of jazz musicians would be the preparation and advocacy of program ideas for television and concert series. It could also have a teaching adjunct and a music-publishing structure. And, eventually, its own journal written entirely by musicians.

A primary obstacle, as I expect most readers already have concluded, is that jazzmen are traditionally individualists. By temperament, they are not organization men. Besides, their experiences with the sharklike economics of jazz have made some of them justifiably paranoid so that they are suspicious even of organizations of their own.

And yet, despite the disintegration of the Jazz Composers Guild, I still believe that an organization of jazz musicians is possible.

One illustration of a lucid and determined organization plan already under way is that of the Jazz Composers Orchestra Association, Inc. (261 Broadway, New York City 10007).

That association's intent is to establish and promote the Jazz Composers' Orchestra as a permanent institution. I've seen a summary of the first meeting of its board of directors, and they obviously know what they're doing with regard to approaching the National Council on the Arts and foundations, along with plans for advance publicity, a rehearsal schedule, and possible locations for concerts.

The point is that if jazz musicians here do not organize for and by themselves, no one else is going to do it for them. This is a society of pressures and counterpressures. A single musician or a small group of musicians has very little power, but an organization of jazzmen could begin to change the economic structure of the profession and finally provide some minimal security for jazzmen while also expanding their chances to reach audiences, actual and potential.

Don't mourn—organize!

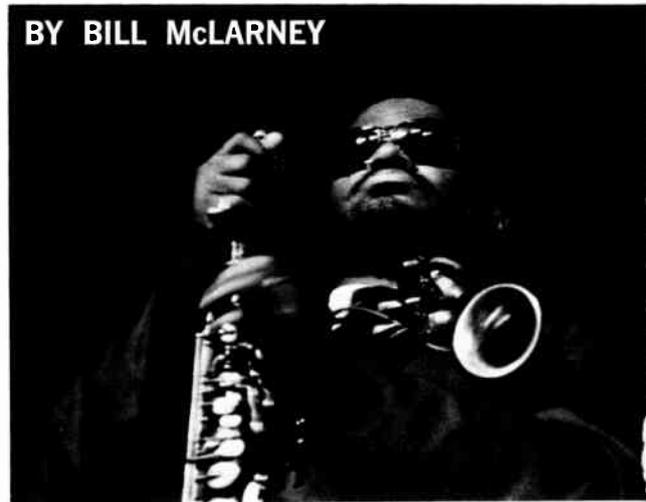


**roland
KIRK**



Telling It Like It Is

BY BILL McLARNEY



Since Roland Kirk first burst on the national jazz scene in 1960, he has been the subject of controversy. Most musicians and critics have come to accept his odd instruments and his playing two or three horns simultaneously. But in a world that pigeonholes artists, he has defied categorization.

His first recordings seemed to place him in the "soul" bag. Some of his later efforts brought him acclaim by adherents of the jazz avant-garde. The music he has recorded ranges from rock-and-roll hits to bop tunes to classical pieces by such composers as Saint-Saens and Villa-Lobos.

A conversation with Kirk on musical styles can quickly turn into a free-wheeling discussion of the ills of jazz and the music business today, as the interview beginning on the opposite page indicates.

McLarney: *Do you think the current crop of avant-garde or “new thing” players has contributed anything really new to jazz and if so, what?*

Kirk: All I’ve heard is a new approach. Take Illinois Jacquet—the way he extended the range of the tenor. That was new. I’ve always accepted Illinois Jacquet. How can you put people like that down and still go along with what’s happening today? You should accept the fact that people have done these things. Of course, these things are new to some young people and critics who never took time to listen to them. Fortunately, I took the time. The only new thing I’ve heard is harmonics. But even that. . . . Listen! [Lester Young’s recording of *Afternoon of a Basie-ite* was on the turntable.] Lester does something like that. Hear? He takes a C and makes it in two different positions to get sounds from that one note. I call it “squeeze saxophone.”

M: *At a session the other night, some saxophone players were startled by your breath control, the way you could play without taking a breath, and were questioning you about it. Do you consider that a new technique?*

K: It’s been done before but not the way I’m doing it. It can extend a saxophonist. He has the freedom to play beyond the bar line. I’ve heard people write this way, but I never heard them play this way, because they had to take a breath. I came upon this by listening to all the sax players from Don Byas on down and up. Take Johnny Griffin. He’s so fast. I thought, “If he were a piano player, he wouldn’t have to take a breath—he’d just go on and on.” If he was really conscious of this breath thing, he could play more.

M: *Is playing two or three horns at once new in jazz?*

K: There might be some guy in the woods somewhere who we never heard of who did it before me. I do know I’m the first to bring it to the public. I’d get more credit for it, but it’s too simple. It’s like the man who invented chewing gum. He was really into something. But it’s so simple nobody wants to say it’s something. They just overlook it. But I think that it will last through all kinds of music and will be recognized some day as a real contribution. I just hope that when the era comes that people are playing two and three horns, they’ll point back at me.

M: *How do you feel about the “freedom” school of jazz?*

K: I sat in with one of those groups in New York, and it was the first time I’ve ever been ashamed of being a musician. I felt like pulling my coat up over my head so no one would take my picture when I came off the stand.

People talk about freedom, but the blues is still one of the freest things you can play. If you know the changes, you can take them anywhere you want to go. I don’t say all of them, but I know a lot of them can’t play a melody for you. I’ll sit in with people, and we’ll play “freedom,” and then I’ll say “well, let’s play a tune,” and they can’t even get through the tune.

A person can’t appreciate freedom unless he’s been in prison. How can you know what it is to be free if you haven’t gone through all the changes of being unfree? A guy can’t tell me at 20 years of age that he’s going to be “free” when he hasn’t been through half the things I’ve been through as far as trying to play music—playing the blues, the torment of people telling you to get off the bandstand, telling you you shouldn’t do this or that. How can anyone be free from this when he hasn’t suffered through it? But guys go downtown, buy a horn, and say, “I’m going to be free.” And it’s worse in New York than anywhere. I’ve seen guys who don’t even know the scale, who wouldn’t make it in some

small town in the Midwest, come to New York, get on a record, and be an overnight success. New York is a very gullible place.

M: *As a nonmusician, I can’t separate the guys who bought the horn yesterday from the experienced players when they play “free.” How do you evaluate them? How do you tell the good players from the bad?*

K: Nobody can give you an answer. I can let my 2-year-old son play the piano, and that’s free. When I pass out the whistles at the club, that’s freedom. [When Kirk plays *Here Comes the Whistle Man* at clubs he passes out wooden whistles to the customers and invites them to participate.] But if I ask the people are they musicians, they say, “No.” They can’t really play the whistles. But if freedom is your standard, then it’s valid. They’re doing what they feel.

M: *Do you think the attitude of many young musicians, not necessarily just the freedom players, is not what it should be with respect to older forms?*

K: There’s not enough respect for the older players, and it’s getting worse. I call older musicians I’ve respected “sir,” and people think I want a favor from them. And I try to give older musicians credit. A lot of young guys feel if you give someone credit, you’re being phony. Take Roy Haynes. Most all of the young drummers have copied him, but they don’t want to acknowledge his name. That’s what hurts, when you go out and pay your dues, and nobody wants to accept you.

M: *Are some young musicians deficient in listening?*

K: Yes. One night I went down to Eddie Condon’s, and after the set somebody came over and said, “Say, aren’t you Roland Kirk?” I told him I was, and he said, “What are you doing here?” I said, “Stealing.” Most of the young musicians don’t think they can hear anything down there. But I think that’s the beauty of being in New York. I mean that’s why I moved to New York—to be near *all* the music. I didn’t go to be put in a box. Musicians and listeners tend to categorize themselves. One set of guys listen to one kind of thing. People come to my house, and they think they’re going to see nothing but new jazz records. But they see classical music, Indian music, Japanese music, polkas, ragtime music, all kinds of music, and they’re surprised. I like all kinds of music.

M: *Young musicians have said they don’t listen to certain things or to other people on their instrument because they’re afraid of being brainwashed or overly influenced. What do you think of that?*

K: If a musician doesn’t listen to other guys, it shows his lack of sureness. If you know something about stride, boogie, and all of these things, it opens your mind up.

M: *Do you feel that many musicians today are reluctant or even hostile when it comes to participating in sessions?*

K: Yes. Long time ago, guys used to get together and try to outwit each other on their instruments. This doesn’t happen any more. Now if you suggest this to some guy, he thinks you’re trying to test him, and maybe he’s not strong enough to be tested, so he rebels. It’s good for me to be tested on my instrument now and then. If I don’t have it, I’ll go home and practice and get it together. Or if somebody sits in at the club and you call a fast tempo, he thinks it’s out of malice. But it’s not—it’s for his own good. Speaking of fast tempos, I used to listen to 33-rpm records at 78. It put my ear at a different level.

M: *Do you deliberately try to communicate with your audience or do you just hope they’ll get the point?*

K: I think it’s wrong not to try to/Continued on page 42

LITTLE



LITTLE GIANT, they call him, and it's never been hard to see—and hear—why. But while Johnny Griffin's physical stature shows no danger of changing, he is having a time sustaining the international musical implications of the sobriquet. Not that his playing has deteriorated—he's still the fastest tenor in the West—but hardly anyone outside Parisian night life ever considers Griffin a force to be reckoned with these days.

The air is thick with cries centering on key names—Coltrane, Shepp, Ayler. Who gives a hoot for the Little Giant's progress? As Paris correspondent Mike Hennessey pointed out not so long ago, Griffin's decision to make his home in Paris has brought about "a case of 'out of sight, out of mind.'"

That's a pity, because Griffin is still blowing. By turns a free-wheeling, aggressive virtuoso straight out of the sounds-and-fury school and a sensuous interpreter of balladry, the saxophonist retains the individualism of a soloist who came up under the watchful eye of such tutors as Lionel Hampton, Thelonious Monk, and Art Blakey. But who cares when the guy's 3,000 miles away? And he's made only three record dates in four years away from home.

"They're recording in Europe, sure," said Griffin. "But it seems to be that the avant-garde has the stage."

He spoke without bitterness. He works regularly, or at least as regularly as his self-imposed exile allows and, with the

GIANT

By VALERIE WILMER

BIG FEELING

exception of a month at London's Ronnie Scott Club and a couple of other dates, always in the company of his favorite drummer, Art Taylor.

"I probably could work more than I do," he said, "but it's been expensive for both of us to go into small clubs and work together. And then there aren't that many clubs to work in Europe. I can still get as much or more, in fact, than when I first came over, but then again I could work more if I let my price drop."

Griffin's decision never to work for less than a stipulated minimum is probably a wise one, for several Americans in Europe have lost in respect proportionately as they lowered their price. Wise also was his decision to work with Taylor whenever possible because by so doing he can always be sure of at least one swinger in the rhythm section.

"European musicians don't play as well as their American counterparts, but that's only natural," he explained. "They're not inferior as musicians—they just play in a different way. They've come up under different systems, and they haven't had the same experiences that American musicians have had. I do find it hard at times to work with them—frustrating, you know—but then sometimes I find it frustrating to play with Americans too. It depends on the musicians."

"I really do miss playing with the musicians back home, even though I play with some wonderful musicians in Europe, like this band that I used to have. We all had the same feeling, and it was so easy to get together that language was no problem. Actually, some things you can't explain. It's a matter of feeling."

Although Griffin chooses to listen to little music on record, with the exception of the classics, he is sufficiently aware of the jazz revolution in the United States to know that it does not appeal to his sensitivities. But he is not disturbed by changes that have taken place behind his back.

"I've never been worried about what the saxophone players are doing," he maintained. "I like to hear 'em swing, but why should I worry? People are always talking about the Directions of Jazz and so on, but really that's just a whole lot of conjecture."

He speculated temporarily on the possibility of improvising alongside Archie Shepp or Albert Ayler with a rhythm section of *their* choice and admitted that he would be nervous.

"But," he said, "practically every time I get ready to play I'm nervous. But I wonder if I asked them to come up and play with *me*, would *they* be nervous? If the audience wanted to hear something in that vein, I imagine they'd



TOP PHOTO: BILL ABERNATHY
HERB SNITZER

affect me as all audiences do. It's just like starting all over, like the first time I ever went up on the stage—almost. But I imagine that there would be a certain amount of nervousness at first, whatever the type of audience when I do eventually get home."

IN SPITE of these speculative flights, it is most unlikely that Griffin will be found near the likes of Shepp and Ayler, for with the possible exception of John Coltrane and some of Ornette Coleman's writing, Griffin has little time for musicians of the so-called free-thinking persuasion.

"Trane I've been knowing since he was playing alto," he recalled. "He's quite a musician. Some of the things he does today I don't particularly like, but I know he can play. He's not like some of these other musicians I've never heard of before, people who were apparently known in Europe but whom I'd never heard of before I came here."

He raised his eyebrows quizzically as he voiced a conjecture: "I just wonder what their connections were with the jazz that came before them."

But Griffin, for whom music is his *raison d'être*, is understandably reluctant to pass judgment on the sincerity of other musicians. "I should hope they're sincere," he said warily, "but sometimes some of the sounds I hear could possibly be taken as putting the public on. But they talk about it so much, I see so much written and the critics seem to know so much about it—technically and soundwise—that I just don't know.

"The one thing I do know is that when they start soloing, it leaves me cold. I hear nothing there but their own frustration."

Griffin, usually an easygoing man and not at all the type to put down musicians out of hand, warmed to his subject.

"I'm amazed at some of the sounds I've heard saxophone players make, you know," he continued. "Some of it sounds like buffoonery, just like when they used to use saxophones in the circus to make animal sounds—until Coleman Hawkins came along and really gave the instrument some legitimacy. It sounds as though the music has reverted back to 1900 or something. But I don't know, because I have always played what I feel, and so these musicians are probably playing what they feel. It's what society's doing to them which is actually torture. It sounds like torture, anyway.

"You can really get an assortment of sounds out of the saxophone, it's a fantastic instrument for beautiful sounds, but I don't find too much beauty in the music I've heard recently. But then

there's very little beauty in the life that's being led in America today. These people feel hate, and I can't blame them if this is what they feel. That's what I hear in their feeling of frustration, and it leaves me cold, because it's a sound I hate to hear, like the cry of suffering animals who want to be put out of their misery. It frightens me."

Griffin has his own thing going and so is not afraid of being dubbed a reactionary by the jazz society. It's a good thing and a worthwhile, love-giving thing, and he knows it. But when it was suggested that the musicians who preach hatred through their horns might more accurately be termed reactionaries, he was quick to retort:

"It's hard for you to live a life of love if every time you come out somebody's cracking you on your head. And that 'turn the other cheek'—that philosophy was all right for Mahatma Gandhi or Jesus Christ, but in America it's pretty hard. Not only is society's pressure on the black people, it's on the white people also. The extent of the brain-washing is fantastic.

"When I see the tourists come to Europe, they come with these big package tours that have a guide and so they're all walking around together. They don't get a chance to be with the people because walking around in those crowds, they're actually still in America. They see all the architecture and things of historical significance, but they never actually get with the people, and that's where the life really is, not with the staid old buildings."

Griffin is fortunate in that choosing to stay for a while, he has found out where the European life is at. Meeting new people, seeing different places, not knowing the language sufficiently to get deeply involved in the country's problems, all these things have contributed to making him a more relaxed person who feels that as a consequence, he has been able to create a more personal music.

"I feel closer to my instrument," he said. "I think I've changed as a person, and my playing is my person, so that's changed too. What I play on the saxophone has to do with what happens to me daily."

So much relaxation perhaps has its adverse side, too, especially for a musician who cheerfully admits to an unambitious nature:

"I'm still lazy, although I practice more, but I don't have a real driving ambition to do anything like I had before. I just really feel relaxed, but I don't mean complacent about playing or anything like that. As far as the saxophone is concerned, I feel like I've just scratched the surface in music, but I feel much better playing. When that

rhythm section is swinging. . ." he snapped his fingers . . . "pow! . . . goodies!"

Europe also made the saxophonist aware for the first time of the universal nature of jazz in the mid-20th century. One of the three recordings in which he has participated was the international band co-led by Kenny Clarke and Francy Boland. Such events and experiences have proved considerable eye-openers for a man who, before leaving home, thought that once one crossed the Atlantic one was in Sticksville.

"Jazz really has expanded throughout the world," he noted, "and all the musicians have tended to try to play like the colored musicians in America. But I don't know what jazz is anymore, actually. It means many things to different people.

"One thing, though—I wish that European musicians would try to play more like themselves and less like American Negroes. Jazz is your means of self-expression, your own composition, how *you* feel. It's how you feel right now, spontaneously, not trying to copy what you've heard on a record."

THE CHANGE THAT Europe has wrought in Griffin is noticeable for anyone who has known him since he first left the United States. He is still the ebullient, bouncing little tearaway on the stand, but in conversation he exhibits a new, reformed sobriety. He is still an interesting person to talk with but no longer the live-wire extrovert who would illuminate a room with his presence. But he seems pleased with the metamorphosis and says that for anyone else who wants to simmer down a while, away from the rat race, there is still room for all comers in Europe.

"I'd advise them to do what they feel like doing," he said. "I mean not only musicians but people in all walks of life. It's their life, and they should live it according to the way they feel, whether it's coming to Europe or going to Japan or what have you. Of course, you can never tell—they may come to Europe and never want to leave, but I think it's good to see, anyway, to visit and spend a little time. I really do. Not only musicians but all Americans, I think, should leave America for a while and really get to meet people from other lands and stay with them for a while. It can be very rewarding."

On a more personal level, he added, "I imagine it's possible that I could be frozen out by an influx of American musicians, but it's nothing to worry about. In fact, I think the more musicians, the healthier the scene would be because more clubs would open!"

The Little Giant laughed gleefully at the thought.



"It WAS THE most precise saxophone section I ever heard, and I've worked in an awful lot of good ones. As a rule, there was absolutely no error at all. If a guy made the slightest mistake, he felt very badly."

Willie Smith was reminiscing about his years as lead altoist with Jimmie Lunceford's orchestra. Last December, in New York City, at Basin Street East with Charlie Barnet, he was again at the head of an excellent section, but characteristically he took no personal credit for its sound, preferring to dwell on the advantages of the lengthy rehearsals Barnet had made possible. The night before, however, Paul Gonsalves had paid a visit to the club and he was sure where much of the credit lay.

"And did you hear the way the saxes played Ben Webster's chorus on *Cotton-tail*?" the Ellington tenorist asked, an expression of astonished delight on his face.

In the years before Charlie Parker, Smith was a member of the reigning alto-saxophone triumvirate that included Johnny Hodges and Benny Carter. After World War II and forays with Jazz at the Philharmonic, Smith lived in Los Angeles, where he was in demand for recording when not working with Harry James. Although featured in the latter's band, the jazz audience of the '50s and '60s was decreasingly aware of him as a jazz soloist, and his fame, outside the profession, as a lead saxophonist suffered as a consequence of the long eclipse of the big bands.

Yet anyone who heard him at Basin Street East could recognize that Smith remained one of the great masters of his instrument and probably the greatest leader of a saxophone section that the business has known.

He was born Nov. 25, 1910, in Charleston, S.C. His grandfather on his mother's side was Scottish, whence came his second name, McLeish.

When Smith was a boy, he had two newspaper routes, which required him to get up every day at 4 a.m.

"I'd go out and carry my papers, come back, eat breakfast, go off to school, come back, get some exercise, and then back to the books," he said. "Later I got a job hammering down boards with my father, who was a contractor. I liked reading, and I used to read like mad, so that they had to take books away from me. But the books must have helped me, because I skipped a couple of grades and went to college when I was 14."

Smith's mother played piano, his father sang in the church choir, and his sister—now a teacher—was an accomplished pianist. While quite young, Willie decided he would like to play

clarinet, and his father bought him one.

"I was very diligent in my practicing," he said, "and when I was 14, I could play the instrument very well—if I do say so myself. I had an old German teacher, a very fine clarinetist, and he didn't have any trouble with me about practicing. My first real job was with a coloratura soprano. That is, my sister played piano and I played the obligato.

"That was how I started out, but I couldn't play any jazz at all. If it was something written down—okay, I could eat that up. But I couldn't take a chorus on *anything*. I started playing in a little band at college, but as I grew up I got to feel I'd like to blow some jazz. Then one night they talked me into going on a little job, and I borrowed a saxophone.

"Take the next chorus," the leader said, after we'd played a while.

"What do you mean?" I said. "What do I play?"

"I didn't know how to get off, how to improvise. I went through the scene, goofed up everything good, and struggled along. But I soon found a chord would fit here, and a few notes not written on the page would fit there. It's always bound to be a long, tedious process until you automatically see not just a note but the chord that goes along with it.

"Swinging is something else. Either you can swing or you can't. There are some musicians who can't but can make you think they can. When you listen to them a little more carefully, you find out."

The saxophone, he discovered, was

EPITAPH: WILLIE SMITH PT. 1 BY STANLEY DANCE

much easier to play than the clarinet.

"The clarinet is 10 times as hard," he insisted, "because as you change each octave, the fingering is different, whereas it remains practically the same on saxophone.

"I was playing Albert-system clarinet then, but there are several notes you can make in a simpler way with the Boehm system. Or, to put it another way, Boehm gives you a choice of making notes several ways, whereas on Albert you have only one. If you're facile enough, the Albert can be played very well, and some of the great old symphony guys preferred it. Then they used to say—and this is hard to pin down—that the Albert had a little bit broader or heavier tone. I play both systems now, but I still play Albert better and feel more at home on it.

"All I've done lately is to play a few parts in the kind of big band I work with in California. I don't really feel I

The Lunceford band as it appeared in the Warner Bros. feature, *Jimmie Lunceford and His Ed Wilcox*, Lunceford, Smith, Ed Brown, Joe Thomas, Earl Carruthers. Top: Russell Bo





HARRY LIM

play it well enough to solo, because clarinet is an instrument you have to play all the time to keep up on. They had a lot of clarinet parts in the Lunceford band, so I kept up and even took a couple of solos, including a chorus on *What's Your Story, Morning Glory?*"

(His clarinet is also heard on Lunceford's *I'll Take the South, On the Beach at Bali Bali, Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet, Rose Room, Black and Tan Fantasy, Rain, Hittin' the Bottle, Organ Grinder's Swing, and Raggin' the Scale.*)

The fact that the clarinet is hard to play may account for its current relative unpopularity, but Smith also referred to the dislike for it harbored by certain arrangers:

"Take Billy May, who I work with all the time—he doesn't like clarinets at all. Why? I haven't any idea. He likes the full sound of saxophones and brass at all times. He likes fiddles and cellos, too, but he doesn't like clarinets. I must

have played on hundreds of arrangements by Billy, but he's never written a clarinet part.

"It's different with Duke Ellington. I know I had quite a few clarinet parts in that band! Johnny Hodges never would play them, although at one time he played soprano."

JIMMIE LUNCEFORD was a senior at Fisk University in Nashville, Tenn., when Smith, a freshman, met him. After graduating, Lunceford accepted a post as a music teacher and athletic instructor at Manassas High School in Memphis. Out of the school band, he formed a jazz group, which soon began to show a great deal of promise. When Smith had finished his four years at Fisk, majoring in chemistry, he went to Memphis to help Lunceford.

"My parents were very strait-laced people, and they were completely disgusted," he said. "To be a saxophone player was about as low as you could get at that time. They didn't allow card-playing in the house, and even after college, I didn't have nerve enough to light a cigaret there. I finally got long pants the last year I was in school, and then I naturally got interested in women. The first time I ever had a drink was when I joined a fraternity, and then somebody got me drunk."

Lunceford had taught most of the men in the band, drummer Jimmy Crawford and bassist Moses Allen being among his high school students. The saxophones became Smith's responsibility, and pianist Ed Wilcox also came in to help when he was gradu-

ated from Fisk. These two also wrote most of the arrangements, and the band soon improved to such an extent that the 14 musicians decided to "make the big plunge."

A Memphis doctor owned a dance hall at Lakeside, Ohio, and in 1929 he gave Lunceford the job there for the summer. Playing every day, the band progressed steadily.

"We decided to forget about Memphis and go from there to Cleveland," Smith said. "We didn't have any money or any job, but we were all full of the exuberance of youth. We experienced a series of bad promotions. Although Lunceford was a good businessman, guys took advantage of us because we didn't know any better. They'd get us to try out, tell us we sounded pretty good, that something was sure to come of it, and in the meantime they'd be getting paid without letting us know.

"It got so bad after two or three months that we came as close to starving as anyone ever did. There were seven guys in each room at the hotel, and we always owed rent. Whenever anyone got a job, they shared out the money. Maybe I'd come back with five bucks, and I'd give everyone 30 cents, or however it would divide. Our regular meal was a glass of milk and a piece of raisin cake, which is why I don't like raisin cake right to this day. We had only two overcoats for the 14 of us, so sometimes we had to wait for guys to come back to get the milk and cake. And Cleveland was terrible that winter—blizzards and everything. Sometimes we had only a penny's worth of peanuts from a machine for a day's meal.

"But we were a bunch of friends, and we didn't care. It was just a lark. 'How're you getting along?' the folks back home would want to know. 'Fine,' we'd write right back."

Eventually, Lunceford and his men left Cleveland and went to Buffalo, N.Y., where they fared better. Despite their plight during the winter, they had practiced and rehearsed all the time. Now they made an impression and added tenor saxophonist Joe Thomas to their company.

"Stuff Smith was playing at a famous cabaret called Ann Montgomery's," the reed man remembered. "That was the day of chorus girls and the whole bit. She had a chorus line and entertainment, and there were about half a dozen night clubs within two blocks, for Buffalo was a real jumping town then."

The next significant engagement was at Lake Caroga, a resort in upstate New York. All that summer the band continued to rehearse and rehearse, until finally it received an offer to go to New York City. This was the opportunity

Orchestra, during the early 1940s. Bottom (l. to r.): Sy Oliver, Paul Webster, Eddie Tompkins, Ed Durham, Elmer Crumbley, Jimmy Crawford, Dan Grissom, Al Norris, Mose Allen.



for which they had worked, struggled, and suffered so long.

"We opened at the Lafayette Theater," Smith said, "and the band was *terrible*."

"The guys got stage fright and were scared to death. They messed up for the chorus girls—played the wrong tempos and even quit playing before they were through. They also goofed up the singers' music. We felt so bad, we all sat on the stand in complete darkness after they brought the movie screen down. We sat through the whole intermission because we didn't dare go off. The big and very good chorus there was known as the No. 1 Chorus, and what those girls were saying as they were going out was unprintable. They detailed what kind of little so-and-sos we were, and how we ought to be sent back where they found us. The whole works! Jimmie had goofed the show up, too, because he had been excited—the first time on a stage like that, in New York, the greatest place in the world. But it wasn't just his fault. The whole band was scared, because before that we had only played dances.

"This was when Jimmie Crawford got his first experience and lesson as a show drummer. He got his baptism the hard way, a way he could never forget. Right now, he's considered the best in the business, and he has played big Broadway shows for years."

But the band climbed out of its despair, got over its stage fright, and went on to play other theaters. With its glee club, vocal trio, and varied book, it was so entertaining that when it went into New York's Cotton Club, the entire second show was devoted to it. Sy Oliver, who had been playing with Zack Whyte's Beau Brummels ("the hot band around Cincinnati," Smith said), had come in as a trumpet player and arranger and was by this time responsible, with Wilcox, for most arrangements.

"I didn't do many after he arrived," Smith explained. "I used to like to write, but it took me so long, and I was much more interested in playing. Arranging is tedious work, but the more interested in it you are, and the more experienced, the less tedious it becomes. Sy wrote a lot of wonderful arrangements for the band and really became a great man at it, which he still is today. We always liked Wilcox, too, because he had the ability to write very good saxophone choruses.

"We made so many hit records, the record company would get mad, because there was a hit on both sides. We became one of the biggest theater attractions, and we used to make a circuit of theaters in New York, Baltimore, Washington, and Philadelphia.

"The same girls who had cursed us

out the first time used to cry when we left and ask us to write them. They even made up special routines to our records, so when we went into their theater, they'd ask, 'Can we do our routine to your *For Dancers Only*?' or to some other number they liked. 'Okay,' we'd say, very big, 'if you want to.' And it worked so well, the chorus used to take encores. They'd break up

This article was completed a week before alto saxophonist Willie Smith died on March 7. I hope the story as it stands is a tribute, however inadequate, to one of the great men in jazz.

Smith was exceptional not only in his mastery of his instrument but also in his humor, modesty, and courage. The last quality is evident in several understated episodes in the article. While he was in New York City with the band of Charlie Barnet—a good friend when it counted, incidentally—he had trouble swallowing, but he carried on as usual, and few persons knew about it. Back in Los Angeles, he went into a Veterans Administration Hospital for treatment of an ulcer of the esophagus.

"Agent 008," as he sometimes called himself, came on the phone from the hospital one afternoon.

"Hey," he said, "I want the address of the guy in England, so I can write and tell him how sorry I am I won't be able to make the tour."

He referred to Jazz from a Swing-ing Era, the touring show in which he was to have starred. The other members set out for London the day Willie Smith died. —S.D.

the show, just like the band did, and you didn't see that happen often.

"Our appearance meant a lot too. We had the most expensive clothes in the world. If we did seven shows, we wore seven different uniforms. That included shirts, socks, shoes, and ties, all made specially for us. We were getting good money then, and the clothes had to be sent ahead in wardrobe trunks."

Everything the band did was done with such precision that the musicians were often described by friendly rivals as "the trained seals." Smith explained how this precision was achieved:

"For example, we used to go to rehearsal and rehearse *bows*. We didn't take our horns. We had four different bows—a regular bow, a serpentine bow, and so on—and they'd call out a number for which one they wanted you to do.

"When we did a glee-club number, we had a diagram showing how to get

out of your seat and down to your spot on the stage without bumping into or crossing in front of anyone. It had to be accomplished in so many seconds, and it was.

"The saxophone section used to rehearse all by itself, and we'd play some real difficult music. 'Later for you,' we'd tell the brass. We might rehearse just three numbers all day. Start in the morning, go out for lunch, and then rehearse all the rest of the afternoon. There was no compulsion about it. We just wanted to have the best saxophone section in the world, and we did have. We worked on it, so it sounded like one guy playing five saxophones. Everything had to be marked, breath had to be taken at the same place, and all the crescendos were rehearsed over and over. So far as worry was concerned, the notes were the smallest part of it.

"The brass rehearsed in the same way. We'd join up and put it all together the next day. I may be prejudiced in favor of the reed men, but I don't think the brass quite reached our level, although they included some outstanding musicians and great showmen.

"Tommy Stevenson was about the first to start making all those screeches and high B's. There were the two Websters, Paul and Freddie. Freddie was a beautiful player. Then there were Sy Oliver and Gerald Wilson. Eddie Tompkins was one of the best first trumpet players I ever heard. At that time, if you took a first-trumpet part away from a first-trumpet player, he was insulted and likely to fight you. Nowadays, they say, 'Well, you play this, while I get my chops straight, and the other guy can play that.' Eddie Tompkins played first parts all night."

Harry Carney and other Ellington musicians have credited the Lunceford orchestra with giving them more competition than any other, but the result of the two bands' meeting on one celebrated occasion has long been a matter of debate.

"We only played one real battle of music with them," Smith recalled, "and in my opinion we won it. Another time, though, I *know* we had the edge and made Duke's guys mad.

"It was a big dance at Cornell University, where they had three bandstands. We had the biggest, the one in the middle. On the other two were Duke Ellington and Guy Lombardo. We were very hot then and had a lot of bookings, and we could only give them an hour of our very valuable time this particular night. So we came in there very sharp, in our best uniforms, played just the hour, and then stepped out again, very big-time."

(Continued in the next issue.)

MUGGSY

IT'S GETTING so it takes a special occasion for some of us to run into each other. You'll meet guys on gigs, but you won't see a lot of them except at a union election or possibly a funeral. That pulls them out.

Wasn't always this way, you know. Take Jimmy Ryan's sessions on a Sunday afternoon in New York City (in the '40s). Stop at the White Rose (we called it the One Rose) on the way and bend an elbow and really catch up with your mail—so many guys would be dropping in before the session just to clear their heads. And in Chicago, when John Schenck had his Sunday go-to-meeting get-togethers at Gaffers, you'd meet an outpouring. It happened once.

But we're down to big events now—like Thursday, Feb. 16: a "so long" to Muggsy Spanier.

Newspapers have to be brief. He was born, reared, lived, died. Cold turkey—the facts, man. But as always, there's more to a man than facts. Nobody is a vacuum, least of all Muggsy Spanier. The moniker alone should clue you. You'd never seen him? He sort of had a toy bulldog look. Certainly tenacious.

Well, now that I'm here at the funeral home, I have to go in. Gosh, how I hate these scenes. Man, I'm telling you now, when I go—close the book. That's it. Let the living gather; let the moment come alive. Let there be music, the music I lived by.

There's Buddy Charles, a warm cat. Plays piano, sings—you know, the "single" routine. Muggsy's stepson. He'd called me. "Art, would you be a pallbearer? You're such a part of his scene."

So I'm here, and we hug. And I feel for Spanier's wife, Ruth. Someone "hellos" me; it's Joe Musse of Associated Booking Corp., which handled Spanier's work. "I'm waiting for Joe Glaser," Musse says. "He should be here." That's the head man in that office.

And now I find others—Wally Gordon, drummer; Charlie Spero, union representative (onetime clarinetist and a fine one); Frank Holzfeind, who gave Chicago a class night club, the Blue Note (ran it for years and booked the greats, but it's gone, and Frank's doing publicity work); Bill Johnson, trombonist; Truck Parham, bass player (tops in my book). We are the pallbearers.

"Gentlemen, if you will follow me and take your seats in the limousine. . . ."

"Did you see Georg?" The speaker means Brunis. "Didn't look good; I told him he didn't have to hang around." Yeah, Georg is ailing, and Floyd O'Brien, another fine trombone man, just had his siege. Man, we're none of us getting any younger.

Well, it's just around a few blocks, and there's the church, cathedral—ancient.

"Gentlemen, if you have a favorite side, stand there, three to each side, and when I tell you to lift . . . good hold." Then

these words come from somewhere: "He's not heavy; he's my brother."

We lift, we walk up the stairs and down the center aisle. Faces on both sides look up. Joe Marsala, my 1939 New York leader (clarinetist), now in the tune business; Harry Graves, trombonist, who (if I remember correctly) did a stint for Spanier before he "retired" to a daytime gig; Bill Tinkler, trumpet man who's making it in insurance.

It's not a large house. The service starts immediately. Wish I understood what the priest was doing—all those rites. I'm lost. And the music from the organ and four voices is so unlike what the man lived by. But soon I hear "Francis Spanier came to us as a boy and studied here in the church's school."

Somewhere along this point Wally Gor-



don nudges me and says, "I can't help it; all I can hear is the verse to *Dinah*."

So I remember. . . .

The year 1939 wasn't a great one for jazz. The year before, I'd kissed dear ol' Chi' goodbye and headed east. New York wasn't jazz-mad, but compared with what I'd left behind, it was heaven. But now came word that there'd been an awakening in the Windy City.

Imagine: Muggsy Spanier at the Sherman Hotel! Unbelievable. Muggsy Spanier's Ragtime Band: Spanier on cornet; Brunis, trombone; Rod Cless, clarinet—what a front line. And George Zack was on piano (later to be replaced by Joe Bushkin); Don Carter, drums; Ray McKinstry, tenor sax; Pat Pattison, bass. The gig lasted 5½ months, which has got to be some kind of record. The band cut 16 sides.

It was one of the bright spots in a dark age of jazz. It didn't last? Well, what did you expect? We didn't have an audience. Glad it happened at all. Man, listen to those records. . . .

I knew what Wally meant when he said, "All I can hear is the verse to *Dinah*." Muggs did it ad lib. And if I may say so, on this disc, Joey Bushkin played some of the best piano I ever heard from him (and it's good, period). Muggs and his plunger mute. . . .

It's 1922. The Lincoln Gardens has announced the triumphant return of trum-

peter Joe (King) Oliver and His Creole Band. The new Lincoln Gardens was nothing but the same old Royal Gardens with slight remodeling and maybe a little dusting. Muggsy once recalled it as "a dreary-looking place."

"As soon as Joe was back, I'd be there every night," Spanier, who was all of 16 in 1922, later recalled, "glued to the spot nearest the bandstand which was available. Louis Armstrong came up from New Orleans to join the band for its reopening. This was my first meeting with Louis. I can say that from the very first he fell right in with the boys. He played melody mostly at the time and wasn't featured on solos much; Joe would take them. However, when they'd team up on duets, it would get so hot, there was no telling whether the roof would hold out or not.

"That band was composed of Lil Hardin (later Mrs. Armstrong), piano; Johnny and Baby Dodds, clarinet and drums; Honore Dutrey, trombone; Johnny St. Cyr, banjo; and Bill Johnson, bass. I got to know Oliver quite well; both he and Louis encouraged me in my playing. . . . Joe sometimes would teach me some of his tricks with the mutes. . . ." (Those quotes are from an article that appeared in my now-defunct mag, *Jazz Record*, and may appear in my "soon-to-be-released" book, *Folk Jazz*.)

I snap back to the present. . . . Walk back up the aisle. Faces I haven't seen before. Glaser made it. More musicians: Jack the Bear, Bobby Ballard (I heard his doc told him "no more blowing trumpet," so he's road-managing some band), Red Saunders. Into the limousine and the beginning of the last trek.

"Gentlemen," says Wally, "you are about to pass the famous place where I leave a pint of blood nightly; my place of employment." It's the Gaslight Club, where every customer, on entering, instantly becomes a drummer—he's handed two mallets. You know what a red rag does for a bull? Same thing for mallets in strange hands.

Then Frank Holzfeind starts to reminisce about Monday nights at the Blue Note:

"This was blues night. Studs Terkel handled the chores, and where Studs was concerned, Big Bill Broozy was the man. Sometimes we'd get lucky; only drop a hundred. I didn't mind. It was so much fun, enjoyable, worthwhile.

"I remember one night some customer called for a folk song. Bill remarked, 'What other kind of songs are there? Animal songs?' And one night, came time to hit, and no Bill. So I told Studs he'd better call him. But Studs wasn't worried. 'He'll be here,' he said. Well, another 15 minutes, and we were both concerned. Terkel called. 'Where's Bill?' His wife answered and told us he should be there by now. Another 15 minutes, and we called again. 'Ain't he there yet?' his wife said. 'He left last Friday. Should have reached Paris by now.' Somehow, Bill had forgotten to tell anyone about the gig."

It isn't a long trip to Mt. Carmel Cemetery. Just seems long when you're not talking. Truck, Johnson, and Spero

/Continued on page 46

**Ornette Coleman-
Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet**

Village Theater, New York City

Personnel: Coleman, trumpet, alto saxophone, violin, musette; David Izenzon, Charlie Haden, basses; Charles Moffett, drums. Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet (Mason Jones, French horn; Murray Panitz, flute, piccolo; John DeLancie, oboe, English horn; Bernard Garfield, bassoon; Anthony Gigliotti, clarinet, bass clarinet).

This delightful concert brought together diverse contemporary approaches to music and two outstanding ensembles of different types: the Coleman quintet, with its emphasis on improvisation and spontaneity, and the Philadelphia quintet (all first-chair players in the Philadelphia Orchestra), with its emphasis on interpretation and refinement—both, in their own ways, admirable examples of group interaction.

During most of the concert, the two ensembles performed separately. The first half consisted of four new Coleman pieces played by his group and a work by Heitor Villa-Lobos performed by the Philadelphians. The second half included the premiere performance of a composition for woodwind quartet (no French horn) by the young American composer S. A. Chambers; two Coleman quintet pieces; and a work by Coleman for the woodwind quintet, a piece in which the composer performed as trumpet soloist.

The Coleman group opened with *The Little Symphony*, on which the leader played alto. Its brisk, marchlike theme gave way to flowing saxophone improvisation and furious work by the bassists (Izenzon arco and Haden pizzicato).

Just for You, a beautiful new Coleman ballad, was played on the trumpet. Instead of the flurries and rapidity that have been characteristics of Coleman's trumpet work in the past, there was considerable use of legato in the middle register and a full, round tone.

A Cappella for Three Wise Men and Sage brought to the fore the Coleman violin, following the Philadelphians' expert rendition of Villa-Lobos' *En Forme de Choros* (French hornist Jones' impeccable intonation and warm sound were a joy). After this well-crafted, sophisticated, and somewhat polite work, Coleman's expressionistic violin seemed almost diabolic, charged as it was with energy and intensity. The piece had a recurring theme separated by brilliant solo flights.

A contrasting mood was displayed on *Buddha Blues*, for which Coleman switched to musette, an Asiatic reed instrument with a metal bell and a pinched, oboelike sound. The modal piece was plaintive, with a haunting sweetness.

Chambers' *Titles*, a kind of suite in three short movements, was graced with expert doubling by the Philadelphia players. The music seemed fragmentary, but the various combinations of woodwinds sometimes produced intriguing sounds.

Coleman's *Love and Sex*, for which he returned to the alto, juxtaposed a romantic, yearning theme played out of tempo followed by gutty, blues-flavored improvisation in swinging time. Izenzon's work was outstanding on this piece. (On the whole, there was in the Coleman group's work less emphasis than customary on the sidemen.)

Atavism, the only previously heard



LEE TANNER

COLEMAN: Expressive mastery.

Coleman piece on the program, had brisk, exciting alto and a sprightly solo by Moffett. It was the last scheduled piece by the quintet, but the audience demanded and got an encore: *European Echoes*, a lyrical theme that brought forth Coleman's most melodic alto work of the evening.

Throughout the group's performances, Haden added rhythmical and sonic interest, and he and Izenzon fashioned fascinating, interweaving lines and textures.

Forms and Sounds, the Coleman composition for woodwind quintet and trumpet soloist, held interest from the pastoral opening to the agitated finale. The piece was in the form of rather short, contrasting woodwind ensemble sketches, between which Coleman improvised a cappella. At times, there seemed a link between the thematic material and Coleman's inventions, but at other times, there was no such relationship. One was left with the impression that the piece was originally conceived without the solo interludes.

Most engaging were the several lyrical ensemble passages, chiefly a waltzlike melody of great charm. A distracting feature of the writing was the lack of rests—the music was continuous to the degree that detail was lost, at least at first hearing.

Coleman's trumpet contributions were sometimes exciting and well executed, sometimes marred by fluffs and the gurgling of saliva in the horn. But whatever the technical problems, there were frequently interesting musical ideas displayed.

The concert reinforced the impression that Coleman's music is becoming increasingly direct and concentrated. Like all the masters, he is gradually paring away from his work that which is not essential. And in his desire never to repeat himself, he continues to bring forth a startling flow of genuine compositions, varied in mood and character, but sharing that appealing and moving emotional (and almost always

strongly melodic) core that is all his.

One must be careful these days not to be misunderstood, so when I say that Coleman's music is a celebration of existence, I mean just that, with no political or sociological overtones. May I add, though, that the art that celebrates life has always been stronger than that which courts chaos? —Dan Morgenstern

Albert Ayler

Village Theater, New York City

Personnel: Donald Ayler, trumpet; George Steele, trombone; Albert Ayler, tenor and alto saxophones; Michel Sampson, violin, viola; Joel Friedman, cello; William Folwell, Alan Silva, basses; William (Beaver) Harris, drums.

This concert was the first time I heard the Ayler brothers in person.

Before going, I reread the interview with the Aylers that Nat Hentoff did (*DB*, Nov. 17, 1966) because I wanted to check the two major impressions I'd had when I first read the article: 1, the Aylers had been unusually articulate about what they were trying to do musically, and 2, they both expressed an interest in, and a knowledge of, New Orleans jazz. The few times I'd heard them perform on records had not led me to believe that they knew where they were going or had ever heard any jazz other than their own.

A chance to share either revelation or misery with someone else became possible when an artist, Phil Featheringill, agreed to go with me. (Older jazz fans will recall that Featheringill once operated a jazz record shop in Chicago and had his own label, Session, during the '40s.)

Featheringill and I, jazz fans whose involvement predates the swing era, have always had a similar feeling about old and new jazz. In the midst of the moldy fig v. bopper controversy, we didn't take sides—to us, an essential of jazz was the freedom it allowed a creative artist to express himself now, the way it is.

After hearing Ayler, we still agreed.

The group had a valid "sound" of its own. It's still experimental, far from perfect, and sometimes tedious (as in this concert's overlong performance of, I assume, *Truth Is Marching In*), but the over-all feeling we both had was that we had experienced moments of high stimulation and excitement.

I recalled the comments made by the brothers during the aforesaid interview.

"Don't focus on the notes," said Don in explaining how to listen to the music.

"You have to relate sound to sound inside the music and try to listen to everything together," Albert added.

In this connection a curious thing happened. While the group was playing *Light in Darkness*, Featheringill nudged me and said, "Try listening with your eyes closed." Upon following this suggestion, I began to understand what Don Ayler meant when he said, "Follow the sound, the pitches, the colors. You have to watch them move."

The entire program featured Ayler music. Printed sheets distributed to the listeners listed 10 compositions by Albert and three by Don, but only eight were played. Since no announcements were made, I'm not sure what the titles were,

but for the record, Albert's numbers listed were *Jesus, Light in Darkness, Change Has Come, Heavenly Home, Space Race, Ghost!!, Spirits Rebel, Truth Is Marching In, Passing Through, and Divine Peace Maker*; Don's were *Our Prayer, Spiritual Love, and Peace*.

Two-thirds of the concert was actually performed by a septet. The harpsichord player, Call Cobbs, listed on the program, failed to appear. For the last three numbers, trombonist Steele joined the group.

Absent from the music was the nihilistic impulsiveness that has been saxophonist Ayler's on some of his recordings. His harsh sounds are being replaced by a much more lyrical approach. His brother, with whom he is in close musical alliance, performs with thought waves that emulate, but also offer contrast to, Albert's playing.

But the most significant facet of Albert's current group is the rapport and inspiration between the horns and the strings. Albert is able to achieve a saxophone timbre that is near a violin's.

Sampson is a young Dutch violinist who joined the group last summer. He is a classically trained musician and was a soloist with the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra before his current association with Ayler. His work is especially effective on the viola, an instrument tuned a fifth lower than the violin. Sampson's best playing came in duets with the horns.

There also were fascinating improvised solos by cellist Friedman.

Albert used two basses, and when he was not soloing, he seemed to devote his time listening closely, with an appreciative smile, to the bass duets. Bassist Folwell, like Sampson, is a classical player. He played almost exclusively arco, while the other bass player, Silva, alternated pizzicato and bowing. Rarely have I been as intrigued by the use of strings in a jazz context; Ayler's music somehow seems right for their use.

AYLER: Impressive sound.



CHARLES SHABACON

Drummer Harris, who has played frequently with Archie Shepp, has been with the Aylers for several months. Although he is one of the new drummers of the Milford Graves-Sunny Murray school, he amazed Featheringill and me by playing in the swing idiom on his one solo.

As expected, Albert played frequently in the upper register of both tenor and alto—Featheringill remarked, "We used to call those 'freak tones'"—but the result was not jarring: he didn't shriek. One got the impression that the unfamiliar sounds could become quite pleasant when one is used to them through exposure. Only a saxophonist with mastery of his instrument could possibly play in this register with the control evidenced by Ayler.

Some of the group's work is based directly on the traditional polyphony of the old New Orleans brass bands. The front line of the two brothers and violinist Sampson playing collectively is apt to cause a listener to disbelieve his ears for a moment and think he is hearing a New Orleans parade band.

In fact, the sources for Ayler's music are likely to come from almost anywhere. There was Eastern European folk-dance music (polkas and schottisches) and mariachi music, as well as the marching-band sound.

It was encouraging to a couple of old-time jazz listeners to know that where it's at is still within reach. —George Hoefer

Alvin Fielder/Anthony Braxton Reynolds Club, University of Chicago

Personnel: Fielder Quartet: Maurice McIntyre, tenor saxophone; Richard Abrams, clarinet, piano; Lester Lashley, bass, cello; Fielder, drums. Braxton Quartet: Braxton, alto saxophone, clarinet; Leroy Jenkins, violin; Charles Clark, bass; Thurman Barker, drums.

A large clubroom, fireplace, mantle, Currier and Ives prints, overstuffed chairs—about 200 people (one or two babes-in-arms, teenagers, faculty families, and a good many students) sitting on the floor, tables, window sills, bumping into each other—and some contemporary Chicago music: this was the jazz event of the U. of C.'s 1967 Liberal Arts Conference.

The Fielder group—also known as the Abrams Quartet—offered Abrams' suite titled *Aleph the Fool*, a work that was mostly improvised. On the face of it, it is a fairly typical Abrams work; what was unique, though, was Abrams' impressionist conception, his skill, and this quartet.

The quartet, said the composer, represented *Aleph's* "personality," with McIntyre as his "consciousness," and the long-lined themes of three of the four sections suggested the consistency of *Aleph's* character.

McIntyre opened, improvising over held clarinet notes, plucked cello, and tinkling bells. A simple bop theme suddenly appeared, signaling a series of long solos. The third section had a tenor solo breaking the thematic rhythmic patterns into fragments, and the format of the opening section reappeared for a conclusion—but this time drummer Fielder underlined it with a very fast tempo. A long drum solo might have ended it, but happily, they indulged in some free-wheeling blowing.

The largest portion of the soloing was



BILL ABERNATHY

BRAXTON: Explosive lyricism.

McIntyre's. Few musicians can sustain interest over such a long period of time as he, and his lyricism, his rhythmic-melodic-sonoric variety, his innate taste and sense of form carried over well.

McIntyre has a deceptively graceful rhythmic command that enables him to incorporate elements of Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane, and Sonny Rollins into a personal (and probably Rollins-inspired) style. But his playing is not a pastiche of the modern saxophone. On the contrary, it is so powerfully controlled that he seems free to use a variety of consistent materials. At moments when inspiration lagged, his phrases scuttled over the pushing rhythm section and Abrams' rich, thick harmonic carpet. At other times, he soared with a fierce swing and a personal melodic magnetism.

In the course of *Aleph*, Lashley played two lyrical bass solos that stood out for their directness in the midst of everyone else's profusion—beautiful music.

As contrast, Fielder's solos were flashy displays of technique, and one might have expected him to overpower the other musicians with exhibitionism. Instead, his accompaniments were invariably sensitive and swinging, even subtle at times, without being at all restrained.

Abrams' piano work, using dissonant harmonies and constant inner movement, avoided two potential pitfalls for a style such as his—lushness and bombast.

Two long solos made their points by tensely opposing rhythmic ideas.

His first solo was completely unmelodic: despite his harmony and rhythmic idiom, nobody would mistake him for Cecil Taylor. His second began rather in a monotone but then built forcefully through sustained rhythmic contrast—a very personal conception, and Abrams made the whole unlikely idea work well. Mastery like this suggests why Abrams sparks the present generation of Chicago jazz men.

suggests just why Abrams' ideas sparked the present generation of Chicago jazz musicians.

After the rather formal Fielder-Abrams set, Braxton presented a formless, hard-blowing performance of a long work, *Ann and June*. Actually, it was just a series of solos at slow, medium, and fast tempos, with a composed theme for each tempo.

Drummer Barker was not up to snuff even at a fast tempo, which is usually his forte. His style is a mite formula-ized anyway, and here his usual good taste sometimes failed him—then the seams showed.

In Clark's first solo, his wide-ranging variety was concentrated and intense for for about two-thirds of the way—before his lack of form came to the fore. Elsewhere he demonstrated his flamboyant technique and vivid rhythmic imagination at length.

Jenkins' technical perfection and rhythmic force (his violin wasn't amplified) are special virtues, but his ideas tended to be muddy and repetitious, and, for me, his 19th-century Romanticism-cum-jazz is unsuccessful. Imagine a swinging Brahms shucking with a jazz rhythm section.

Braxton is obviously searching for a valid personal style that depends on shaping a Coltrane-like sense of harmony and rhythm into sustained melodic solos. At this concert, there was less of a sense of phrases tumbling over each other, but his bent for thematic improvisation was also under wraps: many of his solos were series of variations on single phrases, variations that followed one on another without rest and were based on ascending self-invented chord changes, until Braxton arrived at screaming held-note climaxes—this happened at length two or three times a solo.

One factor that makes his work so fascinating is its solid basis; Braxton's lyricism is explosive, his musicianship sure. His alto solos were as tense as they were intense, but his set opened with two sweet clarinet solos that showed his lyric gifts well. Perhaps importantly, the tempo was slow, the pressure low, and it may have been the first time that Braxton has chosen to solo at length on clarinet.

After the serious recital, Braxton called both groups together for a grand finale: a jam session on Coltrane's *Impressions* at a very up tempo, with pianist Rodney Crosby replacing Abrams. Crosby overwhelmed everybody else.

Between Crosby's sheer volume and the thunder-and-lightning rhythm section, Braxton and McIntyre were barely audible; Jenkins was smothered, until McIntyre shouted, "Hey, it's *his* solo." But that rhythm section's high-spirited energy, with a now-electrified Barker, caught everything up in its force—and it all rose to a long climax with Crosby's good McCoy Tyner-like piano solo and a wild all-in-together improvisation.

The result was warm satisfaction—not just for the free-for-all, but for all 3½ hours of music. Every college ought to hold a Liberal Arts Conference with a night like this to define the word "liberal" with high and low art.

—John Litweiler

Jazz from a Swinging Era

Fairfield Hall, Croydon, Surrey, England

Personnel: Buck Clayton, Roy Eldridge, trumpets; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Earle Warren, alto saxophone, clarinet; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; Budd Johnson, soprano and tenor saxophones; Earl Hines, Sir Charles Thompson, piano; Bill Pemberton, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums.

You'd think that anyone who took the trouble to assemble this impressive lineup for a full-scale tour would also commission some arrangements to give the artists involved the best presentation. But the jazz business isn't like that. Apart from a special session at the Ronnie Scott Club on Easter Sunday when three Buck Clayton originals had an airing, this swinging era was very much a jam session.

That might be construed as mere just-for-the-sake-of-it carping, especially since the concerts were enjoyable, but with the exception of Johnson and the rhythm team, British audiences have seen these musicians on many occasions and so are more than familiar with their gifts for spontaneous improvisation. That aside, all the participants—apart from a subdued Eldridge—played very well, with Hines and Clayton outstanding.

Thompson opened with his own *Church House Blues*—funk with bop overtones. He added an oddly meandering ballad

before Freeman came on to do *You Took Advantage of Me* in his typically dapper way. That Freeman ever has had a bad night in his life I doubt, and this virtue makes him hard to criticize. Consistency is his middle name.

Alternately sinuous, wily, and detached, Freeman's pre-Lester Young tenor is full of the elements that made him a suggested, though denied, influence on Young. He played a slow *Sweet Sue* and a honking *Just One of Those Things* before Eldridge and Clayton played a muted duet on the latter's *Tres Chaud*. Surprisingly, the composer's horn dominated an uninspired Eldridge, who, after a handful of cursory choruses, left Clayton alone with a blues.

Clayton was in excellent form on this and the ensuing *All of Me*, his punchy tone alternately as brittle as glass and as plush as velvet. He growled, he coaxed, he nudged meaty phrases and dainty triplets from his horn. Legs astride and confidence personified, Clayton is the happy man's trumpeter.

Eldridge's feature was a gruff but lifeless Latin number for which he stayed in the middle register, permitting none of his usual pyrotechnics. The otherwise excellent Thompson may have been partly responsible for this, because he forgot the bridge and thereby threw the trumpeter. Eldridge was joined by Clayton for *Indiana*, their contrasting tones in the theme statement resembling a busy street-corner chat.

Reed man Warren was next. A rather lush alto saxophone statement over stop chords of *Secret Love* gave way to stomping, his hypnotic, Earl Bostic-like tone breaking up the audience. A pretty *If I Had You* on clarinet preceded a melodramatic alto version of *Harlem Nocturne*.

Then it was Dickenson's turn, his lazy-summer-afternoon style contrasting admirably with the fireworks that had gone before. The trombonist had time only for his own *I'll Try*, on which his phrasing was uncannily reminiscent of Billie Holiday's, and a bouncy *Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone*, which also spotted a rollicking solo from pianist Thompson. The other four horns joined in for *Into the Blues Bag*, a Clayton arrangement

/Continued on page 47

PHOTO: VALERIE WILMER

ELDRIDGE, CLAYTON, DICKENSON, WARREN, FREEMAN: Plain old swing.



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.

Eddie Daniels

FIRST PRIZE!—Prestige 7506: *Felicidad*; *That Waltz*; *Falling in Love with Love*; *Love's Long Journey*; *Time Marches On*; *The Spanish Flee*; *The Rocker*; *How Deep Is the Ocean?*

Personnel: Daniels, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Roland Hanna, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Booker Ervin

STRUCTURALLY SOUND!—Pacific Jazz 10199 and 20119: *Berkshire Blues*; *Dancing in the Dark*; *Stolen Moments*; *Frances*; *Boo's Blues*; *You're My Everything*; *Deep Night*; *Take the A Train*.

Personnel: Charles Tolliver, trumpet; Ervin, tenor saxophone; John Hicks, piano; Red Mitchell, bass; Lenny McBrowne, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

While Ervin's name is well known to followers of modern jazz, Daniels' is a relatively new one; though there is little doubt, on the basis of this stimulating debut as a leader, that this will soon change.

In the International Jazz Competition held in Vienna in May, 1966, he was awarded first prize in the saxophone category; hence the album title. This set demonstrates just how much he deserved the award, for though Daniels has yet to fully transcend his influence in the development of a distinctive, personal approach, he is already a strong, assured player and a fertile improviser on both his horns.

On tenor he has effected an interesting synthesis of Stan Getz and John Coltrane. He moves gracefully from one to the other in his playing—*Felicidad* is a fine example—and so stunningly wedded are the two approaches that the listener is hardly aware of the transitions. The effect is much like two sides of the same coin, each benefiting from contrast with the other.

The Getz impression is most marked in Daniels' airy sonority, the feather-lightness of tone (particularly in the upper register), and the floating grace of his melodic work. When he moves into extemporization, however, the tonality is transformed into the congested liquidity of early Coltrane, and the contour of the line takes on the characteristic lunging energy of that period of Coltrane's development.

Daniels plays with great force and a fund of invention, neither of which lets up. He just soars and roars.

On clarinet he is his own man; neither his tone nor improvisational flow suggests the few current practitioners of the instrument. His tone is warm and woody; the shrillness of the upper register is eschewed for the more congenial reediness of the middle and lower ones, over both of which Daniels demonstrates excellent control. His lines on this horn are generally more conservative than on tenor, though they are not without interest.

Daniels receives impeccable support from his fellows—like him, members of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band. The underappreciated Hanna has a number of de-

licious, sensitively conceived solos throughout the program.

In all, Daniels makes a most auspicious debut here. His progress will be noted.

Ervin, a relatively old hand at recording, approaches this (and every) assignment with all the fervor one might bring to a maiden voyage. He seems always at the top of his game on record, playing with a sweeping, passionate conviction no matter what the milieu. His work is charged with tremendous energy, giving the impression of unleashed ferocity that is, however, controlled at all times, as though a mighty torrent were being channeled to a carefully planned end. As it is.

The formal setting here is neo-bop of the sort associated with such as Horace Silver, the Jazz Messengers, and the superb group of Max Roach and the late Clifford Brown, an impression reinforced by the unison horn lines and Tolliver's luminous, flaring trumpet. This is not to suggest that this music is in any way dated or reactionary; Ervin and Tolliver do not believe in living in the past, and both their solo styles and the matrix of the music are very much of today.

This is a carefully planned and beautifully executed set of performances in which strong, imaginative soloing is framed and enhanced by thoughtful, provocative thematic materials and ensembles. The balance of discipline and freedom achieves a mean that gives this group's music extraordinary force and effectiveness.—*Welding*

Chico Hamilton

THE DEALER!—Impulse 9130: *The Dealer*; *For Mods Only*; *A Trip*; *Baby, You Know*; *Larry of Arabia*; *Thoughts*; *Jim-Jeannie*.

Personnel: Arnie Lawrence, alto saxophone; Ernie Hayes, organ; Archie Shepp, piano; Larry Coryell, guitar; Richard Davis, bass; Hamilton, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

You know how it is in the morning sometimes . . . you feel okay—nothing wrong really—but you just can't seem to get started, get out of the fog. Whatever spirit you can muster, then, is somehow manufactured. That's the way this record sounds—like the reverse of the old story of the bandleader who said to his sidemen just before going on *The Ed Sullivan Show*, "Okay, guys, just relax—or else!"

Hamilton likes to build tension by the repetition of rhythm-section patterns. This works sometimes, but sometimes becomes mere pounding.

On *Dealer* Hamilton keeps going with a shuffle beat on tinny Indian cymbals until the millennium, or so it seems. Stop already—okay, we get the idea. Very interesting ethnic sound, baby—lighten up now.

Mod is better that way. Shepp's barrelhouse piano is touched with a Cannonball Adderley soul-feel. It is good and it is funny. In fact, I wonder if he isn't putting

everybody on with it. It works though.

Some of the best Lawrence on the album is fired by the swing on *Mod*. If it weren't more than four minutes long, it might make the charts.

Maybe that's what's wrong. The music is wild but not "irresponsible"—it won't alienate anybody. It says, "See, Mr. Producer, we are far out, but, you know, you can trust us—we won't start any riots or revolutions. Listen to the pretty melodies we can play. And we're not too loud, are we, sir?"

Coryell is a talented young player. He brings something new that sounds like it will grow, maybe to something super some day. He has a sure sense of melody and nice time.

Davis may or may not be the best bass player on the scene, but he always adds individuality to a group by playing more than the "parts." His presence causes the music to be just that much more interesting, if not better, than it would be if another bass player, who may or may not be the best, were on the date.

The only track on which everybody seems to let fly without reservations is *Jim-Jeannie*. There's a good bit of fire on it, and the groove grows. Mostly though, I'd describe the album as rank-and-file avant-garde music. —*Zwerin*

Johnny Hartman

I LOVE EVERYBODY!—ABC-Paramount 576: *If I Had You*; *When I Get the Time*; *Goodbye, Goodbye*; *I Cover the Waterfront*; *Go Away*; *As You Desire Me*; *Today I Love Everybody*; *T'ain't No Need*; *For the Want of a Kiss*; *Girl Talk*; *Old Black Magic*; *Introducing Matilda*.

Personnel: unidentified big band, Jack Pleis, Oliver Nelson, arranger-conductors; Hartman, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

It's too bad that this album has been dumped on the market. It's a good album. That isn't the point—all Hartman albums are good. And that is the point. This is another example of huge, overwhelming bands—violins and strings sighing all over the place—and that velvet voice simply singing, simply. As pleasant as it all is, it's been done. Hartman is the victim of a Poor-Johnny . . . Why-Isn't-He-Up-There-With-Them? conspiracy. It may very well be because of albums, arrangements, tunes, and liner notes like the ones on this album.

The entire thing is apologetic and ingratiating, beginning with its self-conscious title. Many of the tunes are badly chosen. And for the first time in his career, or at least since I began listening to him, Hartman sings out of tune.

His quiet, restful voice fairly purrs on *If I Had You*. All the wistful longing the song implies is skillfully projected with grace and ease.

Waterfront is a haunting lament, and

one hopes in vain for the singer to become more involved with the message, but he remains casual.

Generally, the tunes arranged and conducted by Pleis (Side 1) fared less well than those by Nelson (Side 2). At least, the Nelson side has up-tempo interest to its credit. My favorite here is *Girl Talk*. Hartman projects an image of an adoring, understanding husband/lover.

Frankly, in spite of the opening objections, which are still valid, there is only one fair summary for this album: Hartman has recorded a characteristic set, generally well done and pleasant to listen to. Yet in listening to this mature vocalist, one wonders why he has not received the recognition accorded far lesser talents.

—Gardner

Jazz Crusaders

THE FESTIVAL ALBUM—Pacific Jazz 20115: *Trance Dance; A Summer Madness; Young Rabbits; Freedom Sound*.

Personnel: Wayne Henderson, trombone; Wilton Felder, tenor saxophone; Joe Sample, piano; Jimmy Bond or Herbie Lewis, bass; Stix Hooper, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is a quintet that, among other things, is impressive for its spirit and drive—much as were the better hard-bop disciples of a decade ago.

Much of what the Crusaders do advances them far beyond any rudimentary period placement, however. Cut into any of these tracks, and these men will be found blowing a nondebatable brand of stomp-down jazz. In addition, Felder, Henderson, and Sample employ many of the devices of the transitional players (those between the bop period and what is now called avant-garde), such as tonally centered solo work and modal themes.

Trance Dance, written by pianist Kenny Cox, opens with a sturdy bass vamp that draws in the rest of the group inexorably. Henderson moves in to solo, and Bond refreshingly alternates ground figures within the same basic rhythmic design. Felder comes on rather Joe Henderson-ish, roiling and broiling, and there's nothing bad about that. Sample's comping is jagged, and his solo cascades liquidly to a climax.

Sample, Henderson, and Felder collaborated on *Summer Madness*, a new work, subtly mysterious, with a modal flair, around which Hooper's traps splash a fine spray.

The staccato theme of the *Young Rabbits*, possibly the group's most widely known work, races along with the rhythm section like a greyhound at the dog track. This previously recorded tune is, I believe, taken at a slightly faster tempo here, and the scythe-bladed horn work is firmer and more inventive. A thunder-and-lightning Hooper solo forms much of the track.

Freedom Sound, with a *Battle Hymn of the Republic-cum-Selma, Ala.*, sort of feeling, was also done on the Crusaders' first LP. Written by the pianist, the tune here moves ahead with an irresistible cadence that begs for the type of hard-hitting horn work the front line enjoys.

The first two tunes were recorded live at the Pacific Jazz Festival and the remainder at the Newport Jazz Festival. Bassist Lewis is heard on the Newport tracks,

Bond on those at the PJF. The sound is good, considering it was recorded outdoors.

—Quinn

Wes Montgomery

CALIFORNIA DREAMING—Verve 8672: *California Dreaming; Sun Down; Oh, You Crazy Moon; More, More, Amor; Without You; Winds of Barcelona; Sunny; Green Peppers; Mr. Walker; South of the Border*.

Personnel: Mel Davis, Bernie Glow, James Nottingham, trumpets; Wayne Andre, John Messner, Bill Watrous, trombones; James Buffington, French horn; Don Butterfield, tuba; Ray Beckenstein, Stan Webb, Walter Kane, woodwinds; Herbie Hancock, piano; Montgomery, Al Casamenti, Bucky Pizzarelli, guitars; Richard Davis, bass; Jack Jennings, vibraharp, percussion; Ray Barretto, Grady Tate, percussion.

Rating: ★ ½

Now that Montgomery has attained some measure of commercial success, I

wonder if he'll ever make another good album.

This LP is the worst I've heard by him. Compared with his best improvisation, his playing here is childishly simple and monotonous. The single-note lines that have been the most interesting aspect of his work are all but absent here.

At least he's consistent, though. There's not a good track on the LP. I can't blame Montgomery for wanting to make money, but I hope we haven't heard the last of him as a great jazz artist. Maybe he'll record serious music again under a pseudonym.

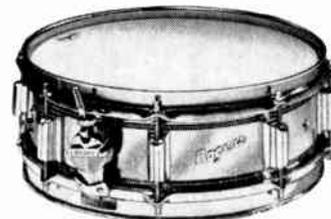
Don Sebesky provides the arrangements on this LP, and his writing is unpretentious and competent.

—Pekar

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Joe Pass

SIMPLICITY—World Pacific 1865: *You and Me*; *'Tis Autumn*; *Luciana*; *I Had the Craziest Dream*; *Nobody Else but Me*; *Simplicity*; *The Sands of Time*; *Sometime Ago*; *The Gentle Rain*; *Who Can I Turn To?*; *Where Was I?*

Personnel: Pass, guitar; unidentified piano, organ, vibraharp, bass, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

These relaxed, low-key performances display the mellow side of Pass, a guitarist with exceptional taste and musicianship. Aside from occasional brief solos by piano, organ (sensitively played—perhaps by Clare Fischer?), and vibraharp, it's Pass all the way, mostly at easygoing tempos.

There is, not surprisingly, a good deal of bossa nova (*You*, *Luciana*, *Rain*), which suits Pass' gift for melodic playing. There also is a pleasant original by the guitarist, the aptly named title track. But his best

work is on the standards: the lovely *Autumn*, the lilting *Dream*, the seldom-heard Jerome Kern *Nobody Else*, and *Who Can I Turn To?*, which has Pass' strongest playing.

This very listenable music is well recorded and the program well paced, but why no identification of the supporting cast?
—Morgenstern

Della Reese

ONE MORE TIME—ABC-Paramount 589: *Sunny*; *That's Life*; *Funny What Love Can Do*; *So Nice (Summer Samba)*; *It Was a Very Good Year*; *Good Times*; *Big City*; *What Now, My Love?*; *Don't You Know?*; *One More Time*.

Personnel: Bobby Bryant, trumpet, flugelhorn; Herman Riley, Hadley Caiman, tenor saxophones; Henry Cain, organ; Carl Lott, drums; Miss Reese, vocals.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

Miss Reese has come of age. Perhaps to

those who have followed her career through the years, this is no surprise. But to those who tuned her out a decade ago—for her shallow affectation and her oval bellowing—this album will be a pleasant surprise. The singer has developed an infectious sense of humor and a masterly command of her audience.

This LP is of a night-club performance. While it undoubtedly includes material from several separate sets, her easy rapport and spontaneous involvement are consistently in evidence.

That's Life receives an earthy, less formal treatment than it is accustomed to. Miss Reese injects not only self-confidence but also determination to make it.

Again, with *Good Year*, she breathes complete individuality into a tune that stands a good chance of becoming one of those standards every singer does that demands a bit of the creativity for proper interpretation. Miss Reese takes it at an up tempo and treats the entire tune as a wry, sly recollection of wicked little transgressions that made her life a ball.

One should note *Big City* primarily because of the frantic pace that Miss Reese and the band successfully engender. While they all seem busy convincing us that the city is the place to be, the total working combination makes us wonder why.

What Now? is another good tune, but it is too long.

While life has been kind and granted Miss Reese maturity and humor, her lack of a pleasing voice with which to sustain interest remains.

The weakest tunes, fortunately, are the two that would be musically weak no matter who did them: *Sunny* and *Funny* are noisy rock-and-roll intrusions.

The remaining tunes are well done by a self-assured artist who has learned much about limiting theatrics and pyrotechnics to a minimum.

There are several entertaining monologs by Miss Reese interspersed between tunes. She has a fine sense of comic timing and delivery.

Bryant has done a fine job with the accompanying band. It can sit there quietly, just laying the musical cushion, or it can blast its way out of the accompaniment category and swing for all its worth.

Give this album a try. It's worth it.

—Gardner

Shirley Scott

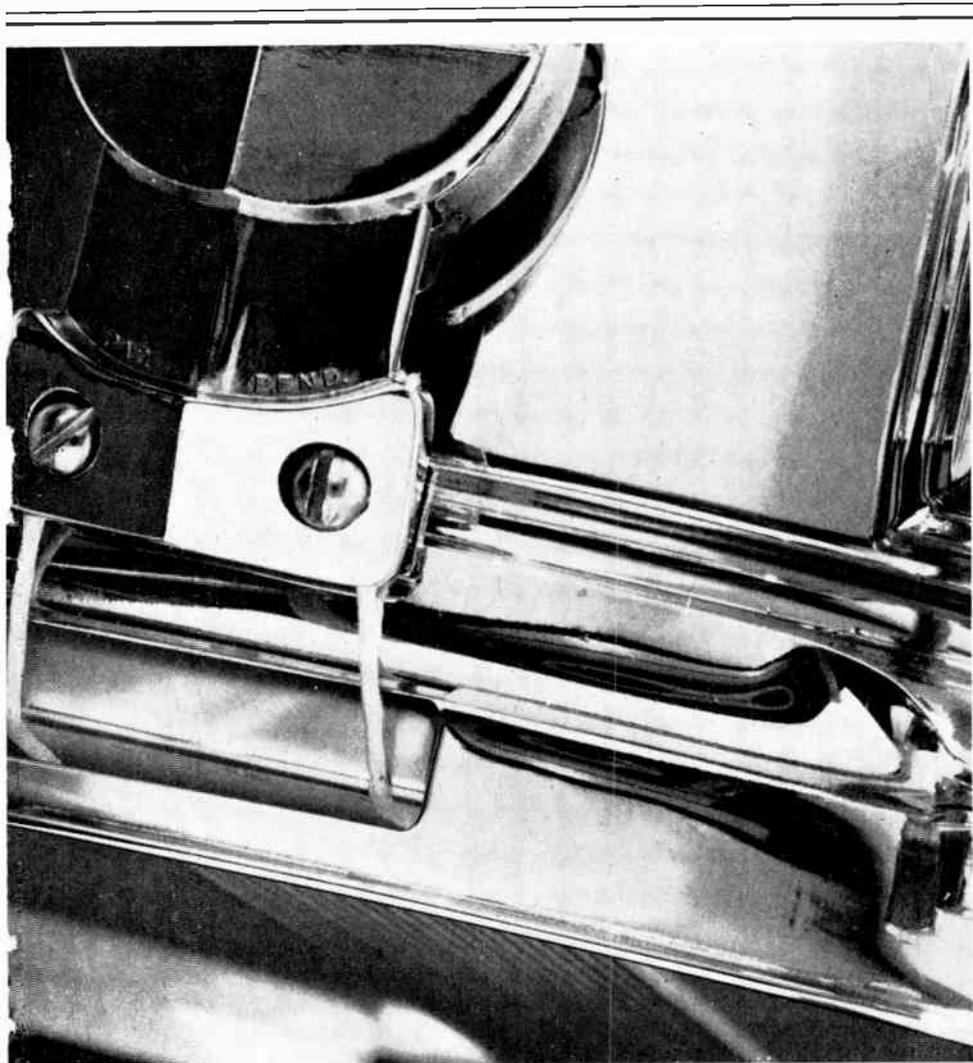
ON A CLEAR DAY—Impulse 9109: *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever*; *What'll I Do?*; *Cold Winter Blues*; *All Alone*; *What the World Needs Now Is Love*; *Corcovado*; *The Days of Wine and Roses*; *Instant Blues*.

Personnel: Miss Scott, organ; Ron Carter, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ ★ ½

In his urbane liner notes Stanley Dance characterizes Miss Scott's approach as "crisp and lucid," two terms that aptly describe her thoughtful, imaginative improvising. There also is in her playing an unhurriedness that comes only from knowing precisely where one is going and a command of the resources necessary to get there. As a result, her playing has a soft, easy flow that makes hers among the most delightful organ approaches.

The gentle, unforced nature of her attack (and her sound, too) does not, how-



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ever, imply any lack or insipidity of invention. Hardly—for she is decidedly a *thinking* musician with a bent for flowing, provocative lines, interesting rhythmic ideas, and a sinewy lyricism that is expressed in understatement. This combination is a refreshing change from the bombast and pyrotechnics of her fellow organists, who, with all-stops-out frenzy, seem bent on singlehandedly bringing about—or at least announcing—Armageddon.

Miss Scott's work on this set is low-keyed and ruminative, witty but not precious, and marked with taste and restraint—elegant, in short. For a capsule definition of her approach, I recommend the knowing simplicity and controlled spareness of her *Instant Blues*. For insinuating swing there's *What'll I Do?*; for sly wit, *Cold Winter*; for pregnant rhythmic and fluid melodic playing, *What the World Needs*; and for lyric celebration and inventiveness, *Corcovado*.

Carter and Cobb comprise a flawless, sympathetic rhythm team. With this pair in support of her, it is no wonder the organist could feel free to take wing, as she does in such effortless fashion here.

I concur wholeheartedly with Dance's remark: "The weaker sex has its own strengths." Its truth rarely has been more glowingly affirmed. —Welding

Horace Silver

THE JODY GRIND—Blue Note 4250: *The Jody Grind*; *Mary Lou*; *Mexican Hip Dance*; *Blue Silver*; *Grease Piece*; *Dimples*.

Personnel: Woody Shaw, trumpet; Tyrone Washington, tenor saxophone; James Spaulding, alto saxophone; Silver, piano; Larry Ridley, bass; Roger Humphries, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

Yusef Lateef

THE GOLDEN FLUTE—Impulse 9125: *Road Runner*; *Straighten Up and Fly Right*; *Oasis*; *Ghost of a Chance*; *Exactly Like You*; *The Golden Flute*; *Rosetta*; *Head Hunters*; *The Smart Set*.

Personnel: Lateef, flute, tenor saxophone, oboe; Hugh Lawson, piano; Herman Wright, bass; Roy Brooks Jr., drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ ★

Here are two familiar sounds. They are both strong. One I have to force myself to listen to after a while. The other is a growing pleasure. Why? Let's see. . . .

The first thing is to distinguish between a strong personality and a rut. The line dividing them isn't too clear, especially, as is the case with Silver, when the artist involved keeps a high quality within his bag. However, one can't separate a work from what the same artist has done before. And Silver has done *Jody Grind* before: *Cape Verdean Blues*, *Song for My Father*, *Jody Grind*—they all meld in my ears.

There is nothing wrong with them though. A lot is right, as a matter of fact, except that they are so much the same. Silver grinds out his personal and "musical" music without reference to styles or fads. I admire that. But ever since I can remember, he has had soloists who sound much like those who came before or followed them. Maybe the Silver setting makes them sound that way—to that extent he is like Duke Ellington, who seems to create his soloists as a good novelist his characters. Only with Silver, it doesn't stay fresh for me.

I find nothing wrong other than the predictability of his music. His bands are

always together. They always sound bigger than they are. They are in tune and well rehearsed. The music is certainly sincere, and it is happy. So what bothers me? All I know is that I am not particularly interested in hearing *Jody Grind* a fourth time.

Lateef, on the other hand, seems to be expanding and changing within his big style.

Possibly the fact that he keeps coming up with "pop art" material like *Straighten Up* has something to do with it. (Silver backs himself into a corner by playing only his own tunes.) Moreover, Lateef's familiarity is not from his group but from his own playing. His bands change stylistically, and his music remains interesting, especially with players of the quality of pianist Lawson, a major cat in my opinion.

Lateef plays tenor like an updated '50s Sonny Rollins. I'm just old enough to appreciate that. It's a good way to sound, especially since he doesn't cop out with cliches, either Rollins' or his own. There are few things I would rather hear than Lateef playing a standard on tenor. Listen to *Rosetta*, for example.

His flute gets heavier all the time, and I recently have even come to enjoy the way he plays oboe, although I am usually made itchy by that instrument.

What have we discovered? Nothing—other than that I listen subjectively—as who doesn't—and that one good old guy reaches me more than another. It's unfortunate that critics are taken so seriously because that's all any of them are—subjective listeners.

The only thing that separates them from a plain old listener is the fact that the critics' reactions are printed and people sometimes buy records according to what is published. That's basically a bad situation, but I know of no alternative. I would repeat this little sermon on every review—it is important enough—except that you might react to it after a while the way I do to Horace Silver.—Zwerin

Zoot Sims

WAITING GAME—Impulse 9131: *Old Folks*; *I Wish I Knew*; *Once We Loved*; *It's a Blue World*; *September Song*; *Over the Rainbow*; *Stella by Starlight*; *One I Could Have Loved*; *You Go to My Head*; *Does the Sun Really Shine on the Moon?*

Personnel: Sims, tenor saxophone, vocal; David Snell, harp; others unidentified; Jack Parnell or Kenny Napper, conductors.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

Most jazz horn players with a melodic bent and a good sound have eyes to record with strings—a desire often ridiculed by critics with a cultural inferiority complex. It is a natural desire, for a bed of massed strings sets off a horn like nothing else.

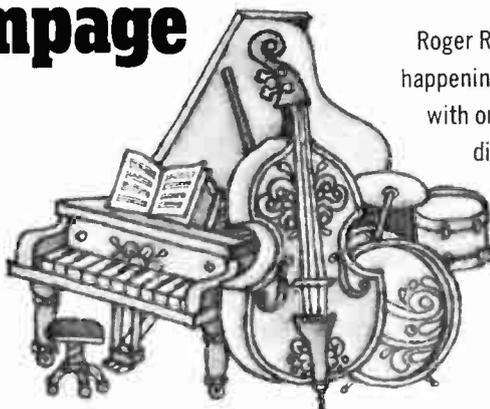
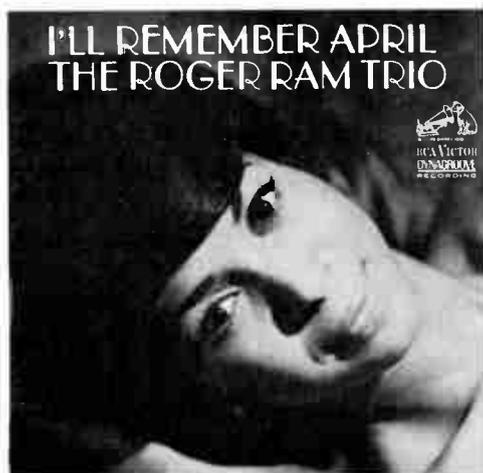
In the main, however, string showcases for jazzmen have been scored in a less than ideal manner. With the exception of Eddie Sauter's truly original and creative approach on *Focus* (for Stan Getz), string writing on jazz albums has hardly been musically significant.

On the other hand, even ordinary writing, if discreet and designed to set off a soloist, has worked very well for such diverse artists as Louis Armstrong, Charlie Parker, Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, and Dizzy Gillespie.

This album featuring Sims with strings

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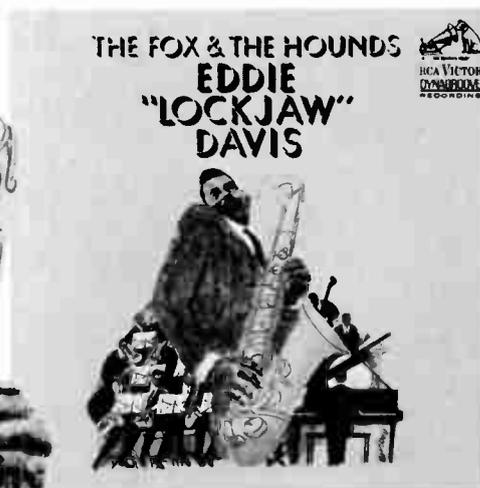


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and French horns in a program of ballads was a good idea. Too often, Sims is taken for granted as "just" a swinger, while the lyrical, singing side of his music is ignored. He is a fine ballad player, and, as holds true in this aspect of jazz playing, he gets better as the years go by.

Unfortunately, this is not the great album it could have been, though it has its moments, and Sims is consistently warm and creative. The fault, I think, lies with Gary McFarland's arrangements and, on monaural at least, also with the recording. There isn't enough presence on Sims' sound (except on *One I Could*), and the arrangements too often compete with the solo voice or attract too much ear to themselves.

Further, McFarland overuses certain devices, such as bossa nova interludes or (alas) that rapidly proliferating cop-out, the fade. Among the joys of jazz versions of ballads are the cadenzas fashioned by imaginative players—Sims can come up with some great ones, but he is rarely afforded the opportunity here.

Yet he comes through, especially when occasionally left alone with only rhythm accompaniment. He is particularly on form in *Rainbow*, *Stella*, the half chorus on *September*, McFarland's *One I Could* (where he gets into some nice modal things), and *Folks*.

Sims' playing has a rare quality of unaffected sincerity and directness. He never does anything for gratuitous effect or tries to be impressive—when he plays, it's real. His ballads are romantic, but with wistfulness and good taste that exclude sentimentality. And his remarkable time never falters.

His singing of *September Song* makes this album a must for Sims fans. He has sung on record before (on two long-deleted Storyville albums), but that was in 1956, and his voice has deepened a bit. No one would claim he is a great singer, but it is always interesting to hear an instrumentalist do a vocal. Here, he sings with an unpretentiousness and timbre that faintly recall Jack Teagarden—though obviously not with a similar ease and flair.

Albums featuring Sims are rare these days; therefore, this set, despite the unrealized potentials, is certainly worth hearing. If McFarland's string writing had been up to the standard he set himself on the recent *October Suite* (with pianist Steve Kuhn), this album could have been an unqualified success. —*Morgenstern*

Gabor Szabo

JAZZ RAGA—Impulse 9128: *Walking on Nails; Mizrab; Search for Nirvana; Krishna; Raga Doll; Comin' Back; Paint It Black; Sophisticated Wheels; Ravi; Caravan; Summertime.*

Personnel: Szabo, guitar, sitar; Bob Bushnell, guitar; Johnny Gregg, bass; Bernard Purdie, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

First off, let me state my real admiration for Szabo's playing. I love his tone, the way he shapes his melodies (particularly his use of space), and the great emotional depth of his music. Too, I am most sympathetic to the idea of a fusion of jazz and Indian musical disciplines: each has expressive and technical resources that can



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enrich the other. A true synthesis would seem to be possible and even desirable.

This synthesis does not take place here, however. On none of the nine performances to which Szabo dubs in the sound of sitar under his guitar improvisations is any meaningful marriage of West and East consummated. In fact, what we have here are the preliminary stages of a courtship that may or may not prove successful—eventually. For the most part, Szabo uses the sitar to furnish only a bit of interesting, suggestive tone color. In most instances, the interplay between the guitar and sitar parts is so rudimentary as to be no true interplay at all, the only exceptions being *Mizrab*, *Krishna*, and *Ravi*.

Mention of a further difficulty will not, I hope, seem mere carping, but I believe that guitar and sitar should be tuned to the same pitch. They are out of tune with each other on every track.

The extensive use of semitones (as *grace* notes) in Indian classical music does not represent any carelessness about intonation. Quite the contrary. Strict tuning is an absolute, a necessity, of both the Carnatic and Hindustani schools, as I'm sure Szabo knows. The poor intonation on this record is doubly surprising in view of Szabo's excellent musicianship. The intonation is a nagging distraction throughout, gravely impairing the relative effectiveness of *Mizrab*, *Krishna*, and *Ravi*.

Szabo's chanting of his lyrics on *Nails* was recorded with an electronic distortion that turned his voice into a kind of drone similar to that produced by the Indian tamboura. I suppose it's niggling to suggest that the lyrics aren't particularly good.

There is some exemplary guitar improvising on the LP. The most completely successful numbers are the two (not one, as the notes indicate) on which the sitar is absent, *Raga Doll* and *Comin' Back*. Though it is not specified in the annotations, I suspect that both the guitar lines on these two numbers were executed by Szabo by means of overdubbing. The textural density of the interplay is exciting and inventive. But his improvisations generally are balanced, fluid, and extremely sensitive.

Drummer Purdie, an erstwhile rock-and-roll sideman, makes an impressive jazz debut. On several tracks he produces a complex rhythmic excitement and a tonality that suggest more than a casual familiarity with Indian tabla drumming.

—Welding

Stanley Turrentine

LET IT GO—Impulse 9115: *Let It Go*; *On a Clear Day*; *Ciao*, *Ciao*; *It Ain't What You Do*; *Good Lookin' Out*; *Sure as You're Born*; *Deep Purple*.

Personnel: Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Shirley Scott, organ; Ron Carter, bass; Mack Simpkins, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

This is one of the most entertaining and musical tenor-and-organ albums to come my way in some time. Turrentine is a straight-ahead, swinging, full-toned saxophonist who enjoys himself when he plays and communicates that enjoyment, and he is in excellent form throughout.

Miss Scott (Mrs. Turrentine) doesn't overplay the organ; her work is pleasing

to the ear, and she comps effectively. Carter's big-toned bass and fine time are much in evidence, and Simpkins' solid drumming is never overbusy. A good recording balance helps, too, and the sound is much cleaner and crisper than on most albums with this instrumentation.

The title tune, *Ciao*, and *Lookin' Out* are Turrentine originals; the first, especially, is a good blowing line. On all tracks, the tenorist holds the spotlight, but there are good, short solos by Miss Scott as well.

Turrentine works out on *Clear Day*; his improvisations are melodic, have good continuity, and swing. His work on this tune, and on *Purple*, a tasty and uncloying ballad exposition, is sometimes reminiscent of Illinois Jacquet.

The old Jimmie Lunceford standard, *It Ain't*, is the album's happiest track. It's played with a rocking bounce that recalls the original version.

In all, this is uncomplicated, swinging music, played with conviction and good taste, and without the funk clichés that often mar the tenor-organ genre.

—Morgenstern

Mike Wofford

STRAWBERRY WINE—Epic 26225: *Kay Note*; *Steeplechase*; *Moment*; *I Know Your Heart*; *Semi-Gymnopedie No. 1*; *Night and Day*; *Strauberry Wine*; *Three for All*; *Whim*.

Personnel: Wofford, piano; John Doling, bass; John Guerin, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ ★

A most pleasant surprise: Wofford is a young pianist with a mind of his own, a fine touch, a very musical sound, and technique to spare (but used with discretion).

A young musician is expected to reflect certain influences, which holds true for Wofford—there are traces in his work of Bill Evans (but not in that fashionable, copycat way so prevalent), Monk (unexpected and welcome), and, perhaps, Phineas Newborn.

But Wofford has a style and doesn't make a pastiche or melange of what he's heard others do. His time is good, too, and he has a refreshing way of voicing chords. And (unusual in a debut album) he doesn't try too hard; the trio gets a relaxed, unstrained feeling. Doling and Guerin are excellent musicians, and the trio is always together.

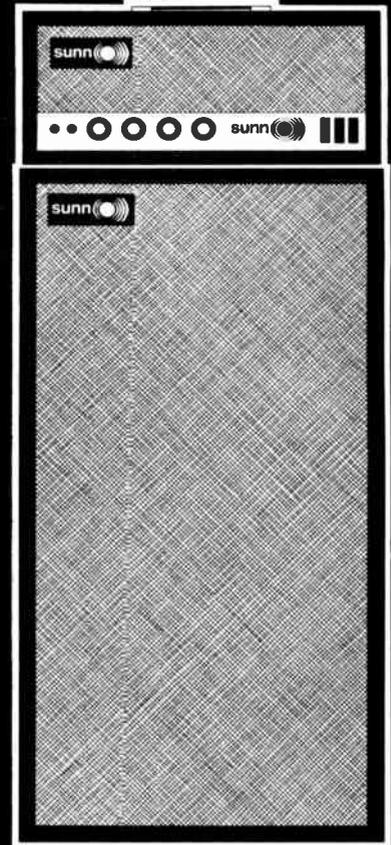
My favorite tracks are *Gymnopedie* (written by bassist Doling), with its Monkish theme and delightful semistride passages; the unusual version of *Night*, which has a skeletal theme statement and flowing improvisation; *Steeplechase*, faithful in spirit to composer Charlie Parker's intentions but without copying bebop style; and the brief *Moment*, a Wofford original that he plays unaccompanied and in a gentle, reflective mood.

But the other selections are good, too, and there isn't a dull moment on the album. Only *Heart*, a current Broadway tune, is a bit shallow, though it is played with flair.

Wofford is a real piano player, and one looks forward to hearing more from him. This album reveals his as a promising talent.

—Morgenstern

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Lester Young-Nat (King) Cole-Buddy Rich, *Giants 3* (VSP 30)

Rating: ★★★★★

Charlie Parker, *Bird Wings* (VSP 23)

Rating: ★★★★★

Various Artists, *The Art of the Ballad 2* (VSP 38)

Rating: ★★½

Sonny Rollins, *Jazz Classics* (Prestige 7433)

Rating: ★★★★★

Rollins, *Tenor Titan* (VSP 32)

Rating: ★★★★★

More of James Moody's Greatest Hits (Prestige 7441)

Rating: ★★½

The best bargain in jazz records is Verve's VSP series. For about \$2, one can pick up such superb performances as those on the Young-Cole-Rich album.

This session took place, according to the liner notes, in December, 1945 (I have a discography that says it was January, 1950), and the three men obviously were in a mood to play. Young and Cole made a great team, each bringing out the best in the other (for the most, Rich stays in the background laying down a solid base).

Young's lines sing as they flow effortlessly over the accompaniment. No note is wasted, no phrase dangles. The freshness of his graceful lines is a thing of wonder—how can a man think of so much music?

Cole's solos are meaty and, like Young's, full of unexpected twists. His right-hand figures reflect the influences of Earl Hines, but Cole's left-hand patterns are unique—they roll, they jab, they dart off in surprising but logical directions. And his accompaniment for Young (with one exception) is a lesson in how to support.

The interplay—and mutual respect—among the three results in a mellowness and warmth found only in the finest jazz.

The album includes *Somebody Loves Me, I Cover the Waterfront* (gorgeous Young), *I've Found a New Baby* (serpentine and soaring tenor, snapping piano, humorous drums), *Back to the Land* (poignant slow blues improvisations by Young and Cole), *I Want to Be Happy, The Man I Love* (too-flowery piano accompaniment but fine solos), and *Mean to Me* (strong empathy between Cole and Young, plus artful solos by each).

Though *Bird Wings* is under Parker's name, the main attraction of these Jazz at the Philharmonic performances is Young, even if he is not always in top form.

The outstanding track is *Embraceable You*. Young plays a chorus that is almost unbelievably beautiful—it is a whole piece of cloth. Astonishingly inventive lyricism. Pure. That chorus must be placed among the great solos in jazz. True art, as this solo is, is magical, and the magic of the chorus is that it seems to last longer than the other one-chorus solos on the track.

Parker solos extremely well on *Embraceable*, but as good as his improvisation

is, it does not come up to Young's or to his own studio version of the tune. Nonetheless, Parker's solo is well put together in the asymmetrical fashion he favored, and flowing lyric passages are separated by adroitly executed multinoted phrases. Occasionally, however, he displays poor taste.

The album's other tracks—*Lester Leaps In, JATP Blues, and The Closer*—have their moments, which most often are provided by Young, Parker, and trumpeter Roy Eldridge. Despite this, each of these masters gives in at some point to the hysteria that often surrounded JATP performances and plays with little of the grace of which he is capable.

Two JATP regulars at the time (the tracks are from 1945 and 1949 concerts), tenorist Flip Phillips and trombonist Tommy Turk, are present, but they add little to the musical quality of the performances. Turk is a heavy-handed player who sounds like a rough version of J. C. Higginbotham as interpreted by Bill Harris. Phillips has better taste, but, being the go-tenor of the troupe, he played too often to the crowd.

The Art of the Ballad 2 presents various reed men playing with salon-orchestra background. The best tracks are Parker's *April in Paris*, recorded at a 1950 Carnegie Hall concert; baritone saxophonist Harry Carney's *Frustration*, a little-known Duke Ellington ballad that has one of the composer's ingenious bridges; altoist Lee Konitz' *I Got It Bad*, as notable for Bill Russo's string writing as for Konitz' dry improvisation; and altoist Sonny Stitt's



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hard-as-nails *Try a Little Tenderness*.

Tenorist Ben Webster's *Blue Moon* begins promisingly but goes on too long without anything happening. Stan Getz' tenor work is flowing, as usual, on *It Never Entered My Mind*, but the music never really takes wing. Altoists Benny Carter and Johnny Hodges do little with *'Round Midnight* and *Soon*, respectively. *I Loves You, Porgy*, by clarinetist Buddy DeFranco and pianist Oscar Peterson, is antiseptic—there's practically no improvisation.

The writing for the string-heavy orchestras is too often shallow and obvious, the exceptions being Gerry Mulligan's well-crafted *Analyst*, which features his baritone saxophone and Art Pepper's alto; Russo's work for Konitz; and the uncredited (Billy Strayhorn?) arrangement of *Frustration*.

The material in the Prestige Rollins album was recorded in 1954, before the tenor saxophonist had fully developed his approach. There are several white-hot solos by Rollins (*Moving Out*, *Swinging for Bunsy*, and *Solid*) that show the great drive of his playing at the time. But he sometimes poured too much into a phrase then, though there certainly are signs of the pared-down, sometimes eccentric direction of the future. And there were the masculine tone, the Samsonian strength, the rocklike rhythm that have made his work so attractive through the years.

There are two ballads included: *Silk 'n' Satin* and *More Than You Know*. The latter has strong solos by Rollins and pianist Thelonious Monk (this is the only

track with Monk). Rollins' fine sense of construction is in evidence in his improvisation, which flows like a deep river. Monk lays bare the bones of the tune and then transforms it into something of his own as he plunges into the keyboard, tearing out thirds and full chords.

Moving, *Bunsy*, and *Solid* have crisp, inventive solos by trumpeter Kenny Dorham, and Elmo Hope's piano work sizzles on these tracks. Bassist Percy Heath and drummer Art Blakey drive the others hard.

The VSP Rollins album, originally issued on Metrojazz, consists of four tracks from a 1958 concert at Music Inn, Lenox, Mass., and one from a 1957 date led by trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie. At Lenox, Rollins was accompanied by bassist Heath, drummer Connie Kay, and, on two tracks, pianist John Lewis.

By the late '50s, Rollins had his style well in hand. It was marked by stark lines of dark beauty that seldom went in expected directions, an uncommon sense of thematic development, and an astonishing manner of phrasing that could take the most hardened listener by surprise as it carromed off the rhythm section. Much of this artistry was evident at the Music Inn concert, particularly on *I'll Follow My Secret Heart* and *Limehouse Blues*. But trepidation is also present, as if Rollins were not sure what was going to happen next. This is quite distracting on *You Are Too Beautiful*. Rollins' humor sometimes is too broad, as on *Doxy*.

The Gillespie track is a medium-slow

blues, *Sumphin*, on which Rollins plays a relaxed, melodic solo. Pianist Ray Bryant, always at home with the blues, improvises a warm, singing solo, as does Gillespie.

The Moody LP consists of tracks recorded in Sweden in 1951. Moody was not then the artful improviser he is now.

Playing alto and tenor with various-size groups, he gets off pleasant solos on these performances but only occasionally does his work rise above the merely competent. The best track is *Love Walked In*, on which his tenor takes on a cutting edge and his improvisation great heat.

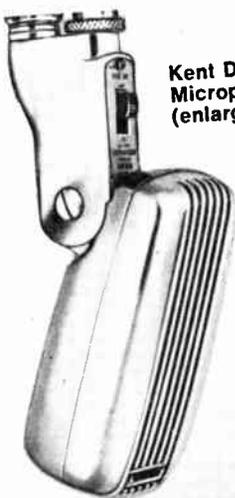
Their having been made in 1951 probably accounts for the dominance of "cool" in these performances: the arrangements, though well crafted, are generally bloodless, and Moody's tenor work often sounds much like Stan Getz' with overtones of Lester Young (which, of course, is not bad, but Moody was less inventive than they).

Moody plays alto on *I'll Get By*, *Cherokee*, *Am I Blue?*, *Embraceable You*, *Again*, *How Deep Is the Ocean?*, and *The Man I Love*. On most of these, he is accompanied by strings, but some are from an octet date. On none is there much inspiration.

Moody is more interesting playing tenor on the other tracks: *Hey, Jim*, a blues by a quintet that included baritonist Lars Gullin; a warm *Pennies from Heaven*, from the string date; *Two Fathers*, on which Gullin switches to tenor; and *Moody's Got Rhythm*, during which the leader charges through the chord changes.

—DeMicheal

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REEL JAZZ

By HARVEY SIDERS

COUNT BASIE: *Broadway Basie's Way* (Command CMC 905). Actually this is Broadway Chico O'Farrill's way, which, by implication, is Billy May's way. (O'Farrill's penchant for sliding saxes conjures up the warm waves of May.) The writing is tight, and the band sounds ebullient, especially on *From This Mo-*

ment On and *Baubles, Bangles, and Beads*. But no stretch-out room is provided for solos. Trumpeter Roy Eldridge and tenorist Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis can merely tease. Even in cramped quarters, they sound fine—particularly Eldridge's screeching on *Just in Time*. One thing that's overdone is Basie's trademark—staccato piano resolutions—in this collection he uses it to end no fewer than five tunes. The tenor solo on *People* is a put-on . . . hopefully. It has a saccharine quality reminiscent of Freddy Gardner. As for *On a Clear Day*, it should have been called *Rare Day*—it begins with a Freddie Green solo! It's just 1½ measures played twice in the introduction, but it's Green all by his one-sies.

STAN GETZ: *Stan Getz with Guest Artist Laurindo Almeida* (Verve VSTC 365). The mutual love affair that exists between jazz and bossa nova is the plot of this album, and each idiom is given considerable opportunity to be heard. While it is more accurate to say that Getz can swing with an accent similar to Almeida's than the converse, the rapport between the two is truly remarkable. Their thoughts alternate through a half-dozen jazz sambas, underscored by the sensitive, yet pulsating bass lines of George Duvivier. For the most part, the mood is extremely relaxed. Only in the final number, *Mara-catú-Too*, is any excitement generated by the five-man rhythm section. The rest is tranquility in tandem.

HERBIE MANN: *Our Mann Flute* (Atlantic ALX 1943*). While the level of artistry here never disappoints, the degree of satisfaction fluctuates. *Scratch, Philly Dog*, and *Our Man Flint* take aim at the teeming teens with an accuracy that is unfortunately deadly. More gratifying are Mann's satirical barbs: *Frere Jacques*, *Fiddler on the Roof*, *Skip to My Lou*, and *Down by the Riverside*. Humor with a Latin accent can be found on *Happy Brass* and *Good Lovin'*—the latter lubricated by Spanish grease. The most palatable dish from today's mod-stream menu is *Monday, Monday*. The only respite from all the foregoing is the theme from *This Is My Beloved*—a beautiful melody, sensitively scored for flute and trombones.

GARY MCFARLAND: *Soft Samba* (Verve VSTX 350*). The title tells all: a dozy dozen with McFarland's high-pitched humming. At times, he doubles what he plays on vibes; at other times, he blends his voice with Jimmy Cleveland's trombone and Seldon Powell's or Spencer Sinatra's flute. The best combination of voice, trombone, and flute can be heard on *She Loves You*. Or McFarland might whistle, with equal sensitivity, as he does in the intros of *California*, *Here I Come* and *La Vie en Rose*. Whatever the blend, the mood is consistent—almost to the point of boredom. What elevates it above the ordinary are the gap-filling guitar statements of Antonio Carlos Jobim and Kenny Burrell, plus that over-all sound, which is uniquely McFarland's.

DOC SEVERINSEN: *Live!* (Command CMX 901*). This is Severinsen's best recording to date, thanks to Dick Hyman's expanded sextet arrangements and, mainly, to Severinsen's trumpet technique and tone. In the funk department, *Down Home Melody*, *Sunday Morning*, and *Georgia on My Mind* are the most meaningful performances. *If He Walked into My Life* shows off Severinsen's tone at its clearest. The Latin-flavored rhythm on *Summertime* builds tremendous drive. Conversely, the sparseness of *Michelle's* orchestration complements Severinsen's Miles Davis-oriented solo. *Melancholy Baby* sounds like a "spock-and-roll" medley in which the musical Doc weaves *I Found a New Baby* and *Rock-a-Bye, Baby* into his improvisation and manages to go out with *Pretty Baby* in the cadenza.

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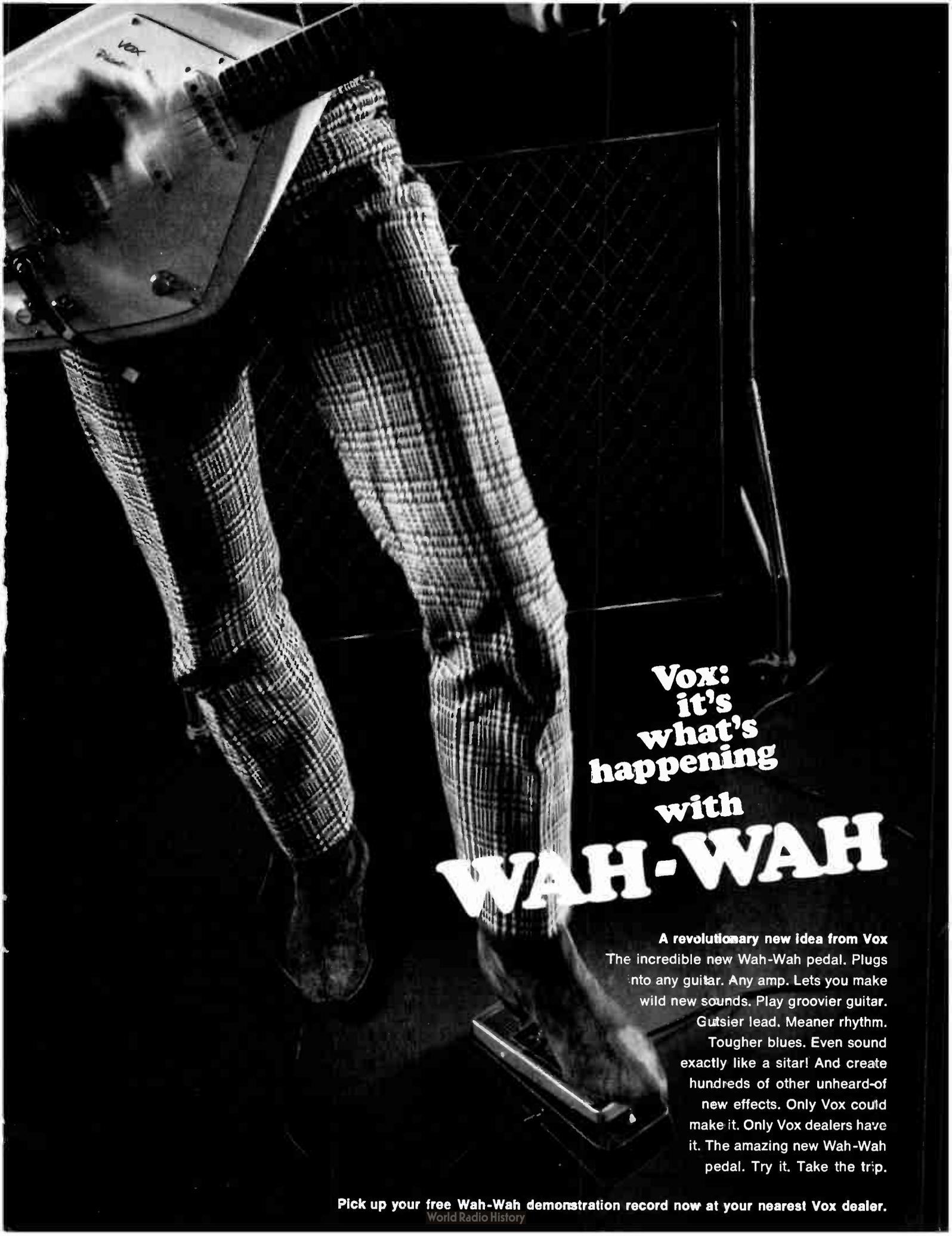
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World Radio History



CHARLES STEWART

BLINDFOLD TEST STANLEY TURRENTINE

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Stanley Turrentine of Pittsburgh made his first major impact on the contemporary scene as a member of Max Roach's combo in 1959-60. Prior to that pivotal job, however, he had gained valuable early experience with many other bands. In the early 1950s, while still a teenager, he played for a while with Ray Charles and Earl Bostic.

After settling in New York City, Turrentine was a familiar figure at the Playhouse (better known as Minton's). His own group included organist Shirley Scott, who became Mrs. Turrentine.

Stanley is an eclectic in the more positive sense of the term. As a review of one of his early records pointed out, he is one of those tenor saxophonists who has kept his ears open to the sounds of the '60s but has retained the warmth and full-toned passion of Don Byas and Coleman Hawkins and of such later influences as Sonny Rollins.

This was Turrentine's first Blindfold Test. He was given no information about the records played.

1. DON ELLIS. 3-3-2-2-1-2-2-2 (from 'Live' at Monterey, Pacific Jazz). Ellis, composer.

I have no idea who that is. I like the feeling; it had a good feeling to it. But what was happening? I'd have to listen to that a while to find out what was happening. The meter puzzled me. It felt like it was 7/4. Was it?

LF: No.

ST: I like it, though I didn't know what was going on with it. I like the over-all arrangement, but as far as soloists were concerned, not particularly. I'd give it two stars.

2. GEORGE BENSON. Bayou (from Cookbook, Columbia). Ronnie Cuber, baritone saxophone; Benson, guitar.

It swung all the way. That was played well, I thought. It was a good arrangement, and the solos were nice. It was Georgie Benson, I believe, playing guitar. I've known Georgie 10 years; we used to play together in Pittsburgh with the Joe Westrey Band. He was about 13 at the time and singing and playing guitar.

I was impressed with Georgie on that. I liked the baritone player, but I can't think of his name. I'd give it four stars.

3. CHARLIE BARNET. Rabble Rouser (from Big Band, '67, Vault). Willie Smith, alto saxophone; Jack Wilson, piano; Bill Holman, arranger, composer.

Yeah, that's a gas. I like that. I don't know whose band it is except for one soloist, and that's Willie Smith. Is it his band or Harry James'? I give up. I like the arrangement; I like the way it was played. I'd give that five stars. It knocks me out. The thing that impressed me was Willie Smith. The piano was fine.

LF: What big bands do you find interesting?

ST: Duke, Basie, Woody Herman, Thad Jones and Mel Lewis—that band. I've only worked in a big band when I was coming up—we had an 18-piece band around Pittsburgh. But other than that, I've never been fortunate enough to work

with a band. I recorded one big-band date with Oliver Nelson. I wish big bands would come back.

4. BLUE MITCHELL. Blue's Theme (from Bring It Home to Me, Blue Note). Mitchell, trumpet; Junior Cook, tenor saxophone; Gene Taylor, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Five stars! (later) I'm sorry, I have to take that five back. The rhythm section didn't seem settled to me. I don't want to blame the drummer, but the drummer is supposed to keep time. I guess he was a little too busy, and they had too many things going on for him.

That was Junior Cook and Gene Taylor. The trumpet, of course, was Blue Mitchell; I love Blue. He and I were in Earl Bostic's band together. My brother Tommy and Blue and the late George Tucker traveled on the road for about three years together, and I got to know Blue very well, and I've always admired him as a sincere musician and a wonderful person.

I'd give it two stars.

5. BEN WEBSTER. Accent on Youth (from Warm Moods, Reprise). Webster, tenor saxophone; Johnny Richards, arranger, conductor.

Give it all you got! If you've got more than five, give it more than that. That Ben Webster—he's the most lyrical tenor player I've ever heard in my life. He has always been an influence on me. I love this album—in fact, I think I have this album.

As far as the over-all playing and writing were concerned, I thought it was good. It complemented Ben. Ben has always been my favorite—I like the sound he gets. . . . Just about anything Ben plays knocks me out.

6. ANDREW HILL. Legacy (from Compulsion, Blue Note). Hill, piano, composer; Cecil McBee, bass.

(After three minutes) Take it off . . . I don't know what that is. It was getting on my nerves. If that's the direction—they got it! Whoever it is. There's a lot of avant-garde I don't like, but there's a lot I do like. The things that Coltrane does and

Ornette Coleman. Those type of things—I can hear something.

I'm not saying that I know what's going on 'cause I have no idea what's happening with some of the avant-garde things. As far as that thing that you just played, that's beyond me. I can't conceive it at all.

I have no idea who it was, and to be truthful, I don't care very much. I am curious. I think it was Richard Davis on bass, and you've got to respect him, but it didn't compensate enough. I give it no stars.

7. HERBIE MANN. Uskudar (from Impressions of the Middle East, Atlantic). Mann, flute.

That was Herbie Mann. He didn't kill me. I don't know what he was trying to do. He didn't play anything on it, to me. It didn't do anything. You better ask him what he was trying to do!

LF: Does this have any relationship to jazz, do you think?

ST: There's that word again—jazz! It has such a wide scope. To my conception of jazz, it didn't sound like it, to me. I didn't feel anything with that. I think that with jazz you should be able to feel a certain amount of emotion, but there's nothing happening to me. I can't give it anything.

8. THREE SOUNDS. The Frown (from Vibrations, Blue Note). Gene Harris, composer, organ.

I hate to sound this critical, but I wouldn't give anything for that either. I don't know who that was. I guess they're shooting for a commercial hit or something. To me, they didn't quite make it.

I am married to an organist, so I may be prejudiced too. I like Jimmy Smith and Larry Young, Jackie Davis, Bill Doggett, that's about it. Shirley and Jimmy are my favorites, because, I guess, I have played with them both.

There was nothing happening with the arrangement, for one thing—whatever the tune was, it did nothing. What they did, it was played well, but it really wasn't worth the effort. 

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BOOK REVIEW

Urban Blues, by Charles Keil. Published by the University of Chicago Press, 231 pp., \$4.95.

Since its publication some months ago, I've read this book at least five or six times, on each occasion finding any number of new, exciting insights into the blues, the role of the blues man, and the music's function and place in contemporary Negro life.

Keil turns his training in the fields of anthropology, sociology, and musicology to good account in this book and also reveals himself as a provocative and sensitive commentator on the blues.

One may often find himself in disagreement with Keil, but in the end the reader comes away stimulated and enlightened. The book primarily treats with what Keil chooses to call the "urban blues"—that is, the latest wave of modern blues styles, those that have elaborated and refined the music of the early modern blues men (i.e., Muddy Waters, Little Walter, Elmore James, et al.) into the sleek, sophisticated form the blues now assumes.

He turns his attention, in particular, to the work of B. B. King, Bobby (Blue) Bland, and to the whole corps of latter-day workers in the "soul" blues genre.

The book divides into three parts: (1) a general survey of U.S. Negro music serves as the background for (2) an extended analysis of the performance styles and, to a lesser extent, the music per se of King and Bland, which leads to (3) a discussion of "soul" music and "soul" itself and its implications for the current and future of the Negro in U. S. culture.

One might take exception to a number of his assertions (his undocumented statement that religious music is declining in popularity among Negroes; that Memphis served as the point of crystallization of the so-called urban blues style; that Memphis developed as a "blues center second only to Chicago" after World War II, an assertion ignoring the greater activity in New York City and Los Angeles). Nevertheless, the general line of his discussion of blues styles and historical development is correct.

However, I must protest the deprecating tone of his remarks on the contributions to blues scholarship of such men as Sam Charters, Paul Oliver, Harry Oster, Harold Courlander, and Mack McCormick, among others. To assert, as Keil does, that the work of these annotators, researchers, and folklorists in documenting the older, country-styled blues approaches smacks of a moldy-fig mentality does these men a great disservice and views their important research (work that Keil draws upon time and time again in his outline of blues development) as some sort of ax-grinding.

Despite whatever "romantic" fascination the old blues might have for these men, it must be remembered that they set out to investigate those areas that required the most immediate attention—and succeeded in documenting the important early development in the blues.

It seems strangely irresponsible conduct

in an investigator who is striving for scientific objectivity to brand Charters, for example, a reactionary because he stated in his book *The Country Blues* that the postwar electric band blues were "crude," "loud," "unsophisticated," and "monotonous" when, in comparison with the older country styles with which that book dealt, the newer blues styles were precisely those things.

The kindest thing I can remark of Keil's treatment of these men is that perhaps he misconstrued their intentions.

On the positive side, there is in Keil's discussion of blues history a masterful chapter—slyly headed "Fattening Frogs for Snakes"—on the blues recording industry. He discusses succinctly and knowledgeably the current production of blues recordings, the conduct of recording sessions, the role of the a&r man, and the dissemination of blues recordings. It is, by all odds, the best, most accessible treatment of a fascinating and complex subject—and not without humor either.

The purpose of *Urban Blues* is stated simply in the author's introduction:

"Regardless of the forces which have shaped Negro culture, it exists, and within this culture a number of individuals have already found viable identities as men and women. In this respect, the entertainers in general and today's blues men in particular are outstanding—they take a firm stance at the center of contemporary Negro culture. If black Americans are to be free and if white Americans are to learn something essential concerning themselves from the Negro's effort to identify himself, a good beginning can be made by attempting to find out what the urban blues are all about."

In the chapters that follow, the urban blues man, in Keil's analysis (primarily from the standpoints of performance, style, and content), is revealed as custodian and representative of that cultural identity. The blues singer, he argues, fulfills a kind of priestly role within the Negro culture, functioning as celebrant of a highly patterned and stylized ritual of racial (or at least group) solidarity and affirmation.

It is a provocative and tantalizing theory, and Keil has marshaled some interesting arguments in support of it. However, one could throw Keil's earlier statement that the blues have declined in popularity among Negroes back at him. It's manifestly true: the Supremes, Martha and the Vandellas, Ramsey Lewis, Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, the Impressions, the Toys, Dionne Warwick—all these currently popular performers—are far more representative of contemporary Negro popular culture than are the urban blues men Keil discusses. Young Negroes *aren't* interested in B. B. King or Bobby Bland, but they *are* drawn to Diana Ross and the Supremes. And this is a most significant fact Keil has chosen to ignore.

This rather sizable objection aside, it would appear that the ritualistic view is much more readily applicable to the current blues forms—with their glib, pat lyrics and situations and patterned orchestral accompaniments—than would be the case with older, more individualized blues

approaches. (It's easier to see Bobby Bland in the role than it is to visualize Hambone Willie Newborn or Mississippi John Hurt as such a ritual celebrant.)

It may be true, as Keil and, before him, LeRoi Jones have argued, that each successive assimilation of Negro musical styles into popular (read "white") musical culture has stimulated the Negro musician into the creation of yet another stylistic offshoot that is peculiarly "his."

In asserting this, however, one must not forget that Negro music is just as heavily indebted to the music of the larger U. S. culture. The gradual coming together of these two streams is an incontrovertible and significant fact of musical history. It's very much a two-way street—as much an index of the Negro's assimilation into the larger U. S. culture as it is the revitalization of the white culture by the Negro.

If so far I have been mostly negative, let me now state my admiration for *Urban Blues* and respect for its author. There is much in the book that is wise, thought-provoking, and challenging.

Keil's discussions of King and Bland as career-conscious blues men, as embodying for their listeners both a current concept of Negro masculinity and a kind of totemic, ritualistic affirmation of racial identity, are fascinating and closely reasoned.

The interview with King and the excellent descriptive analysis of the dynamics of Bland's onstage performance are easily the high points of the book.

Keil attempts to relate the concept of "soul" as an integrating emotional experience to the urban blues and its audience. It would seem, however, that a far more detailed and precise examination of the music's audience is called for than the cursory one Keil has provided, prepared from the result of a questionnaire given to the audience at a concert-dance at which King and Bland performed.

The concluding chapters of the book signal a return to the earlier provocative-ness of the King-Bland analyses.

Particularly illuminating is the chapter, "Talking About Music," in which Keil outlines a number of fruitful areas for further musicological investigation, areas that, if explored in depth and with sensitivity, could reveal much about the nature and viability of Negro musical expression.

The final chapter, "Blues Style: An Annotated Outline," delineates in a precise manner four major areas of blues stylistic determination (Country Blues, City Blues, Urban Blues, and Soul Music) and a fifth (Parallel and/or Derived Styles) that provide a sound, finely reasoned guide to blues development over the last 60 years.

The value of this guide cannot be overestimated, for it furnishes a framework against which may be viewed blues style and development and a sociological ground upon which this development may be set.

Urban Blues is an important groundbreaking work in an area that has largely been dominated by a romantic, often hazy, and perhaps excessively pseudo-sociological approach. Keil takes a scientific, wholly objective, interdisciplinary approach to the study of the music. Blues study takes a large step forward with the publication of this book.

—Pete Welding

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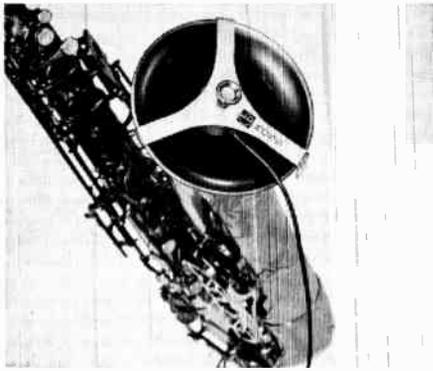
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ROLAND KIRK

(Continued from page 17)

reach out to your audience. I've been on the bill with big-name groups that people want to come out and spend their money to see, and the leader didn't even announce the names of the guys in the group. I'd hear people at a table saying, "I wonder if that's so-and-so on bass," and I'd tell them, "Yes, it is." I feel that when people spend their money to come out, we owe them at least this much. A musician who puts this down is wrong.

M: *You've been compared, both by your fans and your detractors, to Dizzy Gillespie, in that you dance and tell jokes and try to entertain your audience. Why do you do this?*

K: I'm just being myself. I don't tell my musicians they've got to entertain. They don't have to smile if they don't want to, although I think it's going to reflect on them in the long run. But I don't think they should feel a draft if I'm laughing and talking. I have had people with me who think I shouldn't do this. But I'm going to be myself, and I'm not going to have no musician with me who feels a draft about what I do as long as it doesn't affect his playing.

M: *You have certain tunes, either pop tunes like Walk on By or originals like Whistle Man, that are sure crowd-pleasers. Do you feel that playing these tunes helps bring the people into your music?*

K: Definitely. If you play two numbers in the set to get the house, no matter what you play the rest of the set, that house will be with you.

M: *What do you want the audience to get out of your music?*

K: I would hope you'd get some kind of laugh out of my music, some kind of joy. I think music should bring happiness—and sadness too. Anybody who thinks it should be strictly an intellectual thing—I guess that's the way he was brought up. But when you're working in a club, those people don't come out to be no intellectual, unless they're told that's what it is in front. But I don't think you should tell a customer that, that he's got to come in the club and be cool. That ruins the whole thing. The customer should come in to feel how he wants to feel. If he gets too loud, I think the bandleader should be strong enough to make him laugh his way out of it or to make him feel so bad he won't talk any more.

M: *Do you believe, as some of the new musicians claim, that music can or should be used for propaganda purposes? In other words, do you feel music should be used to further certain political beliefs or to bring about social change?*

K: Anything I've got to say I would like to say out of my lips rather than to get you to believe this is what I'm playing in a song. When you hear the song, I'll leave it up to you to get whatever you hear from it. I wouldn't want to tell you you're wrong if you don't hear what I wrote. I write tunes about different things and situations, but this doesn't say you have to hear the same thing.

M: *Do you prefer clubs or concerts?*

K: We need both. People should relax

in concerts as well as clubs. They should feel they're at your house and you're entertaining them. Trouble is, you can't get as loose at a concert. I might feel different about it 10 years from now. I'm not old enough yet to play one set and feel that's sufficient.

M: *Do you have any particular complaints about clubs or any part of the business side of jazz?*

K: For one thing, everybody thinks he knows what the musician should do. People should give the musician some credit for what he's doing with his art instead of dictating to him. And clubowners shouldn't complain if a guy goes over five minutes on a set. He's giving the people more music, and he's being true to his art.

Then there're prices. I feel embarrassed when I'm sitting next to someone's table and hear their bill is \$20 and they've stayed one set. I don't charge the owner that much that he should set the prices like that.

And people don't want to give jazz any credit. Look at Las Vegas. They say they don't like jazz there, yet they have hardcore jazz out there—Basie, Woody Herman, Buddy Rich. But they don't call it jazz. Then when some jazz group doesn't draw, they say, "Jazz doesn't draw." Let anything bad happen and they say, "Jazz." People in other kinds of music are coming in late, smoking pot, and falling off the bandstand. But when it's a jazz musician, they want to make it an example. . . . You know, any kind of write-up that's got anything to do with dope—if there's a musician involved, they say he's a jazz musician when he might not be.

M: *Has irresponsible behavior become such a part of the stereotype of the jazz musician that some clubowners and promoters expect it?*

K: Yes. They seem to like it—like torture. I don't be late just to be weird, but they like that. The more you do that's detrimental to the music, the more they like it, especially in New York. There they can get headlines for it.

M: *Where do you think the future of jazz lies? Musically, I mean.*

K: I wouldn't be willing to speak for anybody else, but for me I think I'd like to get into electronic music more. [Kirk used electronic sounds on two numbers on his album, *Rip Rig, and Panic.*] Electronics is all around, but the average musician doesn't observe it. Like take the telephone. When I was in Columbus, Ohio, if I wanted to know what key I was in, I could pick up the phone and the dial tone would be B-flat.

Edgar Varese has been doing these things since the '30s, but it hasn't been adopted too much in jazz. I met Varese in the Village, and he told me that Charlie Parker wanted to study with him. They really wanted to exchange ideas. But by the time they were supposed to get together, Bird had died or he couldn't find him or something.

M: *Besides exploring electronic music, what are your plans?*

K: I just want to play. I'd like to think I could work opposite Sinatra, B. B. King, the Beatles, or a polka band and people would dig it.



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World Radio History

a monograph regarding the holding of the flute

by Walfrid Kujala

Some good material has been available regarding proper techniques for holding the flute—but, as in any educational pursuit, there is always room for further study—further research—further reference. In this work, "The Flute: Position and Balance", Mr. Kujala has selected specific aspects on this subject that he felt needed greater emphasis.

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

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

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FROM THE TOP

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

Many new and acceptable stage-band arrangements have recently been published. Individual and complete reviews of most of them will appear in this column, but for now a few words about them in general.

Two publishers have instituted stage-band series that look particularly good.

Henry Adler long has been a publisher of fine percussion material. Under his new business arrangement with Belwin, he is now publishing *Relda's Stage Band Series* featuring Manny Albam originals. Six arrangements have appeared to date; they range from medium to difficult. All are excellent, swinging arrangements, well tailored for the school band. Albam's approach is professional and musically sound. Good tuba and vibraharp parts are included with the arrangements.

The Albam scores are *Six Bits Worth of the Blues* (Gospelish, funky 3/4), *The Seventh Son of a Seventh* (medium-up swinger with interesting contrapuntal section work), *Pennies for Evan* (medium-swing tempo featuring small band on the line, which seems to be a pattern for most of the series), *The Laugh's on Me* (medium swing), *Rose Bowl* (medium-up with trombone and trumpet solos), and *Hold It!* (moderate walk with lay-back feeling).

Hal Leonard Publishers has begun a stage-band series by Dick Fenno in which he has been given considerable freedom to write what he wants. I have not had an opportunity to examine them thoroughly, but the ones I have seen and heard seem very promising.

Barnhouse Publishing has added a couple of good Fenno originals to its series. The style of *The Lunceford Special* is obvious, and *Lazy Summer Day* is something different in the way of ballads featuring the sax section. I have just discovered a couple of older Barnhouse publications that are excellent: *Some Like It Cool* and *Uptown Groove*, both by Fenno.

Fenno also has written a very playable arrangement of Frank Foster's *Shiny Stockings*, published by Hansen.

Berklee Press Publications has three new good ones to add to its series: *Count Your Change*, written by Paul Horn, arranged by Bob Bockholt (a medium-fast tune with challenge coming from a 5/4 section); *Something Blue*, by Horn, arranged by Bockholt (as a modern-sounding concerto grosso); *Bright Journey*, written and arranged by John LaPorta (an up-tempo feature for tenor saxophone, though flute, clarinet, or vibraharp can be substituted).

Kendor has started its *Swingphonic Sound* series in the last year with arrangements by Sammy Nestico designed for an augmented stage band (orchestral winds added). These are fine, competent arrangements for special occasions.

The latest addition to Kendor's collection of public-domain classics is *Borodin-Bongos-Brass*. As part of its *On Stage* series, Bob Bunten has updated and re-arranged the Glenn Miller favorite, *Amer-*

/Continued on page 46

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ican Patrol. Rusty Dedrick's *Tijuana Rock* is an enjoyable big-band setting of some Tijuana Brass sounds.

Don Haddad has joined the stage-band arranging staff for Shawnee Press and has a good up-tempo swinger in *Ars Nova Blues*. His *Knit 1*, *Purl 2* and *Buffalo Stomp* also are quite good. All these arrangements are fairly difficult because of the brass range.

Southern Music-Peer International has in print 10 arrangements by Johnny Richards. They have now added two new series (as yet incomplete) by arranger Wade Denning and drummer Louie Bellson.

MCA (formerly Leeds) has introduced a novel idea of making available all the arrangements of a current Les Brown al-

bum on a special-order basis. They are a little more expensive than usual, but they are exact copies of the music recorded. They will provide interesting and, at times, colorful material for the advanced high school and college band. 

MUGGSY

(Continued from page 23)

seem lost in thought. So I mention Slim Evans.

Spero is the only one who remembers him: "He was around Chicago, played tenor sax and clarinet, good musician."

"Yeah," I continue. "There was Slim and Mrs. Tesch [Frank Teschemacher, the legendary Chicago clarinetist], Dave

Tough, me, and the Black Maria. We were in it; the cops said we were drinking gin on the premises. I'm sure we were, but that wasn't what brought us to the south side.

"We were listening to the music. I believe that's when Slim told me about the joint he had in Cincinnati. It was a beer joint. To improve business, Slim had a sign hung up in front: 'Free Beer Tomorrow.'"

That tickles Truck.

Then I add, "So if you want a set of my prints, go out to 11th and State [where Chicago police headquarters is located]," which is Brunis' line. That brings Frank out of it, and he remembers other Brunis lines.

Then we both talk about the all-star band (Brunis, Pee Wee Russell, Zutty Singleton, myself) that played his club for 11 weeks. We could have stayed six months, but we couldn't stand prosperity.

"When you guys left," Frank says, "I cleaned the lockers, and there was one door I opened and guess what—empties fell out all over me." Frank and I agree it was a painful time for both of us.

Wally looks up and says, "Man, I can hear the verse on *Dinah*."

We're getting there and the conversation has sure calmed the trip. Breathing seems normal. Arriving, we're conducted into a warm room and told the final service will be held in here. No one argues. Again we carry Muggsy in. The final words are spoken.

I think what I appreciate most is hearing the Lord's Prayer so many times. I know Muggsy would have dug that.

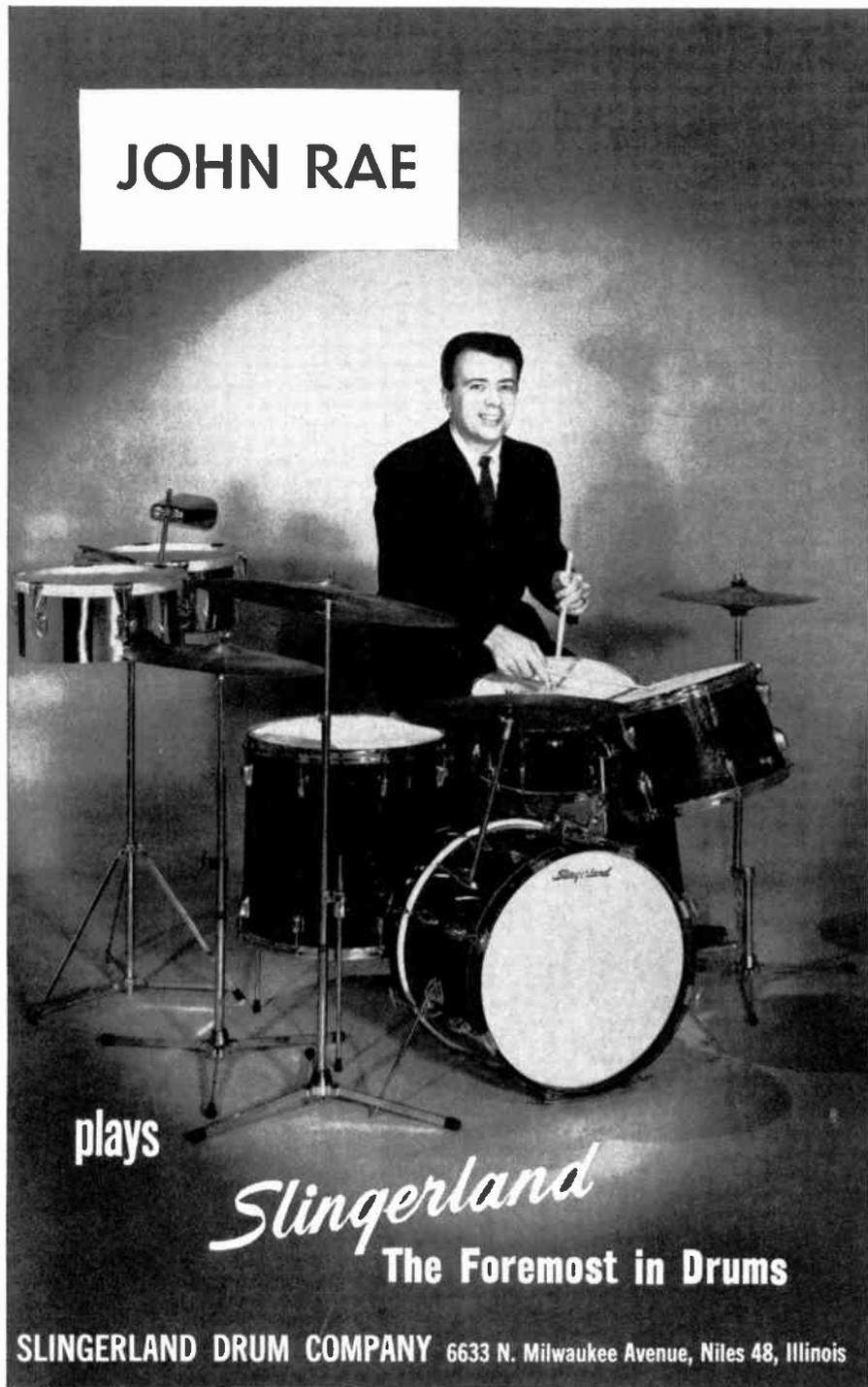
Finally, we walk out. Buddy Charles sticks his head in the car to express his gratitude. And then he says, "Let's keep in touch."

It seems quicker getting back. I have time for some silences. The things you remember about a guy. How Muggsy was willing to fight for this music he believed in although he himself wasn't under attack. How he picked me up in his car one early morning to take me riding when I was as low as I care to be. How strong he felt about integration; he hired Negro musicians and brought them on engagements where he knew the boss didn't go that route. Finally, Brunis showing me that letter he'd received from Muggs, in which he addressed Georg as "Dear Ironhead."

The things you remember about a man—1944, a Spanier quote from *Jazz Record*: "You know, I wish I were a bookkeeper. Nothing but little numbers to write down from 9 to 5. Then at 5, you close the office door and your brain with it—wouldn't that be the life? No worries, no music to suffer for, not even the shadow of the word 'commercialism.'"

In his lifetime Francis Joseph Spanier managed to play with a great many of the greatest in jazz. He lived 60 years. He had 45-plus years of music. He wouldn't have exchanged that for a day job; he was only kidding.

Think not? Tell you what: before you dispute the point, you go out and get his LP *The Great 16!* . . . Muggsy Spanier's Ragtime Band. Put the needle on *Dinah*, and dig the verse. . . . 



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CAUGHT IN THE ACT

(Continued from page 26)

replete with riffs and a rocking, locked-hands piano solo.

After intermission, Warren, Clayton, and Dickenson took two pieces associated with Count Basie—*Jive at Five* and *Swinging the Blues*—through their paces. The three horn men were, respectively, bubbling, juicy, and shaggy-doggish.

Then Hines. He filled the hall with 15 minutes of unrelenting, inventive solo piano that culminated in *Tea for Two*. Then he was joined by Pemberton and Jackson for a sprightly *Second-Balcony Jump*. How this man loves playing piano!

Suddenly, the hairs on our necks rose. We were hearing the huge, vibrato-filled sound of a soprano saxophone, pulsating from the rear of the hall.

Those same necks were craned to see Budd Johnson, in sound and stance vaguely reminiscent of Sidney Bechet, telling his story with a dash of showmanship. He joined Hines on stage for a driving quartet workout.

Announcing a tribute to his friend Lester Young, Johnson picked up his tenor saxophone for a jaunt on *Lester Leaps In*. Tributes are fine, but I could have done without quite so many of the President's own licks, especially since Johnson is a fine saxophonist in his own right.

—Valerie Wilmer

Sonny Criss

Village Vanguard, New York City

Personnel: Criss, alto saxophone; Barry Harris, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Lenny McBrowne or Eddie Locke, drums.

Criss' first New York engagement as a leader, and his first appearance in the city since 1961, was a welcome surprise.

He was a good, strong player when he first came to the attention of the jazz world in the mid-'40s (through Jazz at the Philharmonic and Gene Norman's Just Jazz concerts) and now has grown into a musician of the first rank, with complete command of his horn and a straight-ahead, no-nonsense approach to the music.

Playing opposite Thelonious Monk at the Vanguard, he established immediate and firm rapport with an audience that, in the main, had come to hear the pianist and was largely unfamiliar with the altoist's reputation. Playing with fire, emotion, and complete conviction, Criss elicited enthusiastic applause from the audience and warm support from his accompanists.

Criss used to be classified as a Charlie Parker follower, but though his playing is certainly touched by Parker, he has his own story. His elegance of phrase sometimes reminds one of Benny Carter, his powerful attack of Willie Smith—but the Criss style is no melange of influences; it is a mature and personal voice.

It was a pleasure to hear him tackle such material as *Wee*, *Scrapple from the Apple*, *Dizzy Atmosphere*, and *The Theme* with a verve and a swing and a flow of ideas that made the tunes come to new life.

He never lost continuity of thought or execution when charging ahead at cyclone tempos that would frighten lesser men. In

contrast, there was his lucid, singing ballad style, displaying the art of melodic exposition and improvisation at its best.

Criss' intonation is perfect, and when he executes his clean, rippling lines, each note is in place and clearly sounded. His taste is impeccable, and his tone is pure but never too sweet on ballads, biting but never too harsh on blues and up tempos.

Harris, one of the chief standard-bearers of the Bud Powell tradition and a player who has mastered the language of jazz and can express his individuality within it, was a perfect foil for Criss. They had no trouble understanding each other. The freshness and consistent inspiration of Harris' playing was impressively demon-

strated in his long, well-structured solos on *You've Changed* on two different nights—each was a gem.

Chambers is an even better bassist today than during his poll-winning years with Miles Davis. His section playing with Criss was strong and sinewy but utterly relaxed; in solo, his ideas were as pleasing as his sound, and he has his own subtle way of singing and bowing in unison.

McBrowne fit the group excellently. He was never too loud but always gave the group the needed bottom and lift; his brush work was outstanding. The more-assertive Locke was firm and steady at up tempos and added tasteful coloristic touches to ballads.

—Dan Morgenstern



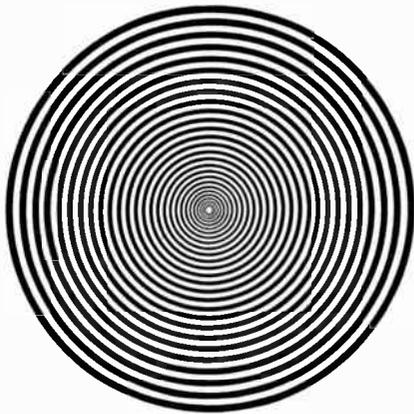
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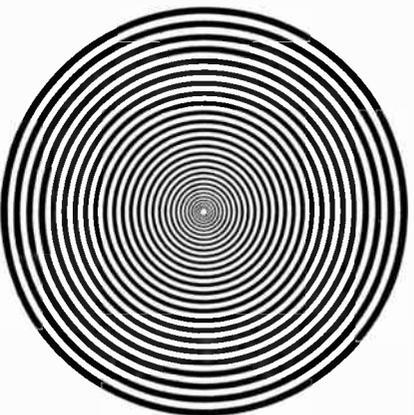
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AD LIB

(Continued from page 15)

of tenor saxophonists **Joe Henderson** and **Wayne Shorter**, trumpeters **Kenny Durham**, **Blue Mitchell**, and **Freddie Hubbard** (who also did two weeks at the Village Vanguard), the **Rudy Collins-Kenny Barron Quintet**, and the **Jazz Samaritans** . . . Singer **Betty Carter** began an open-end stay at the Five Spot in early April. She is backed by tenor saxophonist **George Coleman**, pianist **John Hicks**, bassist **Cecil McBee**, and drummer **Leo Morris**. The singer has formed her own record company, BC records . . . Last month, drummers **Max Roach** and **Art Blakey** brought their groups to the Village Gate and the Half Note, respectively . . . Trombonist **Jimmy Knepper** and pianist **Robin Clark** performed and improvised an interpretation of a Sunday sermon at the Morristown Unitarian Fellowship in New Jersey . . . **Phil Woods** was featured soloist in the premiere performance of **Chris Swanson's Concerto for Alto Saxophone** at Ithaca College last month. The composer conducted the **Ithaca Jazz Lab Orchestra**.

Los Angeles: After vibist **Terry Gibbs'** quintet and blues singer **Jimmy Witherspoon** closed at Marty's, the club's bandstand was enlarged for the slightly expanded (19 men) **Gerald Wilson Band**. While at the club, the band recorded an album. Some of the Wilson sidemen had to get subs for their regular gigs to work at Marty's: pianist **Tommy Flanagan** subbed for **Jack Wilson** with the **Ike Isaacs Trio** at the Pied Piper, and **Ed Thigpen** took drummer **Carl Lott's** place and **Peter Christlieb** reed man **Hadley Calliman's** in trumpeter **Bobby Bryant's** sextet at the Tropicana . . . Shelly's Manne-Hole offered a striking contrast in two recent bookings: trumpeter **Don Ellis'** big band followed by singer-pianist **Mose Allison's** trio (**Monty Budwig**, bass, and **Don Joham**, drums) . . . Budwig is also a member in good standing of pianist **Bob Corwin's** trio at the Playboy Club accompanying the antics of singer-tenor saxophonist **Willie Restum**. **Gene Palumbo** replaced **Joe Parnello** as the Playboy Club's entertainment director as well as leader of one of the two house trios. Parnello is arranging for, and traveling with, singer **Vic Damone** . . . **Teri Thornton** sang on several Sunday nights at Donte's, where she was backed by pianist **Bobby Leeman**, bassist **Don Prell** (usually first bassist for the **San Francisco Symphony Orchestra**), and drummer **John Guerin**. Following Miss Thornton, Norwegian vocalist **Karin Krog** was to appear at Donte's for three Sundays. Miss Krog is visiting the United States at the invitation of **Don Ellis**; she will record with the Ellis band and appear at its regular Monday sessions at Bonesville while in Los Angeles. Other activities at Donte's continue at a brisk pace. **Howard Roberts** has organized a "Guitar Night" series, which began May 1 with a rare appearance by **George Van Eps**. **Mike Barone** is scheduled to bring an 18-piece band

into the club. A new combo, the **Jazz Corps** (**Tommy Peltier**, trumpet, fluegelhorn, leader; **Freddy Rodriguez**, alto saxophone; **Lynn Blessing**, vibes; **Bill Plummer**, bass; **Maurice Miller**, drums) just closed at the club . . . Trumpeter **Ellis'** octet (**Dave Wells**, trombone; **Tom Scott**, alto saxophone; **Dave Mackay**, piano; **Ray Neapolitan**, bass; **Steve Bohannon**, **Gene Estes**, **Chino Valdes**, percussion) recently played a concert as part of UCLA's Chamber Jazz series. Another in that series featured the **Jazz Crusaders**, who will lead off a series of Sunday afternoon jazz concerts at the outdoor Pilgrimage Theater May 7. The Ellis big band is scheduled for the May 21 concert of the series, which is sponsored by the Los Angeles County Music Commission . . . Pianist **Mike Melvoin**, appearing at The Swing in Studio City, slipped in front of the club recently and dislocated his left shoulder. Undaunted, he showed up for work the following night at Sherri's, his left arm in a cast. (Quipped Melvoin, who had only 25 percent use of the fingers on his left hand, "I'm glad this isn't the boogie-woogie era.") . . . **Walt Flynn**, the owner of Bonesville, has revived his four-trombone group (hence the club's name) and is featuring it at the club on Sunday afternoons. Afterhours activity at Bonesville saw the **Buddy Arnold Quintet** (**Arnold**, **J. R. Monterose**, tenor saxophones; **Tommy Flanagan**, piano; **George Morrow**, bass; **Maurice Miller** or **Will Bradley Jr.**, drums) featured for two recent weekends . . . Celebrity night continues to be an effective Monday draw for the Parisian Room (where organist **Perri Lee** and drummer **Wayne Robinson** are in their fourth year), usually attracting tenor saxophonist **Clifford Scott**, drummer **Kenny Dixon**, and pianist-singer **Jimmy Vann**. Vann's trio just closed at Pier 52 in Hermosa Beach and moved to the Admiral's Dinghy in Playa del Rey, Calif. . . . A few doors from Pier 52, drummer **Art Blakey's** Jazz Messengers (**Bill Hardman**, trumpet; **Frank Mitchell**, tenor saxophone; **McCoy Tyner**, piano; **Junior Booth**, bass) were at the Lighthouse . . . Tenorist **Georgie Auld's** quartet just finished four weeks at Gigi's in West Covina. Singer **Melba Moore** closed there at the same time . . . Not much happens in the way of jazz in Beverly Hills, but at least one club manages to swing fairly regularly, Ye Little Club, where the house trio is composed of pianist **Dick Shreve**, bassist **Chris Clark**, and drummer **Stix Hooper** . . . A new jazz policy, with Latin overtones, has begun at the Hi-De-Ho in Pasadena. Flutist **Richard Moffat**, vibist **Matt Hutcherson**, bassist **Sal Hernandez**, and percussionists **Eddie Murga** and **Gene Cimarrusti** are featured . . . Singer **Ann Richards** just ended an engagement at Dino's Lodge. She was accompanied by the **Bill Marx Trio** . . . Vocalist **Helen Humes** was one of the recent attractions at comedian **Redd Foxx'** club (formerly Slate Bros.) . . . **Ciro's**, on Sunset Strip, which recently had singer **Arthur Prysock** and had scheduled **Ramsey Lewis** for late June, closed without explanation. The club's house band was **Curtis Amy's**.

Chicago: The nonclassical-music portion of the Ravinia Festival, held each summer in suburban Highland Park, will include such varied jazz entertainment as that provided by **Louis Armstrong** (June 28 and 30), **Pete Fountain** (July 12 and 14), **Duke Ellington** (July 19 and 21), **Ramsey Lewis** (July 26 and 28), and **Woody Herman** (Aug. 11). *Symphony No. 2* by **William Russo**, who works both sides of the musical fence, will be performed the afternoon of July 30. Former Third-Stream captain **Gunther Schuller's** *Violin Serenade* is scheduled for July 16 . . . Pianist-composer **Bill Mathieu's** **Chicago Improvising Players** gave a concert at Mandel Hall April 11. It was a farewell appearance by Mathieu (and some of the members of his quartet) before taking up residence in San Francisco, where he now serves as music director of The Committee, a satirical theater company . . . **George Shearing**, in town with his quintet for a London House engagement, was the center of a hubbub when he was refused service at a restaurant because he had his guide dog, Leland, with him. After the story appeared in the local press, an apology from the restaurant's manager calmed things down, and the pianist was given the red-carpet treatment the next time he went to the restaurant . . . Reed man **Roy Crawford's** **Jazz Prophets** played at an April 9 benefit to raise funds for the Afro-American Arts, a cultural organization. The sextet also played a children's concert at Roosevelt University last month . . . Pianist **Art Hodes** did a nine-day stint as solo pianist at the Abercrombie & Fitch store in the Loop. The firm was celebrating something called Yukon Days, and Hodes' south-side blues-jazz piano seemed just the right touch . . . Illness struck three performers the week of April 9 and caused last-minute cancellations of their appearances in Chicago. They were **John Coltrane** (scheduled for three college concerts), **Kenny Burrell** (set for a week at the Plugged Nickel), and **Lou Rawls** (who was to do a concert).

San Francisco: The Gold Nugget, an Oakland bar widely known as the "Kenton Shrine," has moved to a new site and is planning an expanded jazz program. The larger and plusher quarters are on Jack London Square, a heavily patronized waterfront entertainment area. The club marked the move by booking trumpeter **Don Ellis'** 22-piece orchestra for a four-night run. Next up will be singer **June Christy** backed by a group led by her husband, tenorist **Bob Cooper** . . . **Don Barksdale**, the former all-America basketball player, enlarged his Oakland club, the Showcase. His first attraction was singer **Red Prysock**, followed by altoist-pianist **Hank Crawford's** combo. Barksdale said he plans to alternate jazz and pop attractions . . . The **Charles Lloyd Quartet**, blues singers **John Lee Hooker** and **Jimmy Reed**, and the **Steve Miller Blues Band** did a concert at the Berkeley Community Theater last month . . . **George Jenkins**, former **Lionel Hampton** drummer, is ill in San Francisco General Hospital . . .

Pianist **George Duke's** trio, regularly heard at the Half Note here, recently played a concert at the College of Marin . . . The New Music Society, an organization of University of California students, has presented campus concerts by the 16-piece **Kent Glenn Band** and by bassist **Don Garrett's** quintet and the **Nova Big Band** . . . The duo of pianist **Chris Ibanez** and bassist **Vernon Alley** is currently playing at Lake Tahoe, following a long San Francisco run at the Villa Roma, and has a European tour coming up. Organist **Terrell Prude's** trio is now at the Villa Roma . . . **Harry James'** band played a one-nighter here recently . . . The Both/And has begun a series of Monday night specials featuring guest musicians. The first session found vibist **Milt Jackson** and drummer **Connie Kay** of the **Modern Jazz Quartet** playing with bassist **Wyatt (Bull) Ruther** and pianist **Nico Bunick**. The second Monday featured tenorist **Harold Land**, trumpeter **Charles Tolliver**, and pianist **Hampton Hawes** . . . Brazilian organist **Walter Wanderley** made his S.F. debut with a six-night engagement at Basin Street West, where he worked opposite a rock-and-roll quartet . . . College of San Mateo, one of the pioneers in scholastic jazz, presented the 17th annual concert by its stage band on a recent weekend. The band was directed by teacher **Dick Crest**, who himself was a student-musician under the late **Bud Young**, originator of jazz programing at the junior college . . . On the same weekend, Foothill Junior College staged the fourth annual concert by its stage band. Trumpeter **Marv Stamm**, formerly with **Woody Herman** and **Stan Kenton**, was guest soloist.

Boston: Tenorist **Stan Getz** fell ill and was unable to make his scheduled one-week engagement at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike. His rhythm section—pianist **Chick Corea**, bassist **Steve Swallow**, and drummer **Roy Haynes**—played one night alone and then two nights with trumpeter **Paul Fontaine** and altoist **Jimmy Mosher**. Toward the end of the week, when it became apparent that Getz would not be able to make it, trumpeter **Miles Davis** and his sextet were brought in. Davis' group played the balance of Getz' engagement plus another week. With the trumpeter were tenorists **Joe Henderson** and **Wayne Shorter**, pianist **Herbie Hancock**, bassist **Eddie Gomez** (taking time off from the **Bill Evans Trio**), and drummer **Tony Williams**. More recent Monday nights have found the big band co-led by Mosher and Fontaine at Lennie's . . . Guitarist **George Benson** and his group (baritone saxophonist **Ron Cuber**, organist **Lonnie Smith**, and drummer **Marion Booker**) returned to Boston for a week at the Jazz Workshop. Pianist **Wynton Kelly** followed, using **Cecil McBee**, bass, and **Jimmy Cobb**, drums. Both the Benson and Kelly groups were recent guests on the local television program *Jazz* . . . Vocalist **Marge Dodson** appeared for two weeks at Paul's Mall, where she was backed by pianist **Ray Santisi**, bassist **John Neves**, and drummer **Peter Donald**. Vocalist **Mamie Lee** and the **Swingmen** (pianist **Carl Schroder**,

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bassist Phil Morrison, and drummer Vinnie Johnson) are at the club Mondays.

Baltimore: Bandleader-composer Hank Levy unveiled this year's version of his big band at a Sunday afternoon concert at the Club Venus. The 21-piece band, which includes three drummers, two bassists, and a cellist, is patterned after trumpeter Don Ellis' big band on the West Coast, which has recorded Levy's *Passacaglia and Fugue*. Levy is hoping to do a series of concerts at the club . . . Trumpeter Eddie Henderson, a medical student in Washington, D.C., has been bringing his quintet up to Martick's Wednesday nights . . . Altoist Cannonball Adderley and singer Nancy Wilson appeared together at a Civic Center concert in early April . . . Tenor saxophonist Booker Ervin's quartet (pianist Horace Parlan, bassist Jan Arnett, drummer Lenny McBrowne) played in mid-March for the Left Bank Jazz Society. The following week, the LBJs brought in guitarist Kenny Burrell. Tenor saxophonists Jimmy Heath and Hank Mobley, accompanied by pianist Cedar Walton, bassist Walter Booker, and drummer Mickey Roker, appeared the following Sunday. The two tenorists played the rest of the week at Peyton Place with a local rhythm section made up of pianist Maurice Williams, bassist Sterlin Poynter, and drummer Reggie Glascoe . . . Baltimore vocalist Ethel Ennis, between tapings of the *Arthur Godfrey Show*, came down from New York City for two weekends at the Red Fox.

Pittsburgh: Surfside Four in McKeesport, Pa., has been coming up with top jazz action at its Saturday afternoon jazz concerts. One of the best was on April 1, when the floating boat advertised two saxophonists, and four showed up. They were Flo Cassinelli, Jon Walton, Al Morrell, and Lonis Schreiber. They were accompanied by pianist Reid Jaynes, bassist Bass McMahon, and drummer Jimmy Blakemore . . . Crawford's Grill had guitarist Kenny Burrell's group early last month. A local quintet, headed by pianist Carl Arter, had been working the club for several weeks previous to Burrell's opening . . . The Hurricane Bar brought in the Jimmy McGriff Trio . . . The Hollywood Club in Clairton currently features local organist Bobby Jones . . . The Walt Harper Quintet presented a jazz workshop for students of three Roman Catholic schools gathered at Mount Asissi Academy in Bellevue, Pa., in early April. Also featured was saxophonist Eric Kloss.

Detroit: The Dizzy Gillespie Quintet put in a recent appearance at Baker's Keyboard Lounge. With the trumpeter was Detroit drummer Candy Finch. Organist Richard (Groove) Holmes' group will close at the club May 7, to be followed by guitarist Wes Montgomery's quartet May 12-21 . . . Over at the Drome, owner Irv Hellman has booked the new Gene Ludwig Trio May 5-14 and drummer Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, with pianist McCoy Tyner, May 19-28. Following Blakey, multi-instrumentalist Yusef Lateef comes home with his quartet June 2-11 . . .

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Marian DeVore's quartet (**George Benson**, tenor saxophone, vocals; **Tom Braund**, bass; **Ted Linderme**, drums) did another weekend at the Circus Lounge . . . Pianist-vocalist **Jerry Libby's** club is defunct . . . Drummer **Frank Isola** has been getting a big band together in suburban Wyandotte.

Cleveland: The Americana has been featuring big bands. **Count Basie's** started the new policy with a two-nighter in mid-March . . . Tenorist **Stan Getz** quartet and pianist **Sergio Mendes** and **Brasil '66** were teamed for an April 7 concert here . . . The **Stan Kenton** Orchestra gave a concert April 12 at the Holiday Inn in Painsville, Ohio. This was the forth in a series presented by the inn and the Carlisle-Allen Co. . . . Moving into the Versailles' Celebrity Lounge May 14 are vocalist **Kay Martin** and **The Bodyguards** for two weeks. Featured drummer with the group is **Tony Bellson** . . . Trumpeter **Doc Severinsen** returns to the Theatrical Grill for one week starting June 6 . . . Trumpeter **Lee Castle** and the **Jimmy Dorsey** Band are to be in town May 16 for one night at the University Club . . . The **Duke Jenkins** Trio has taken over at the Four Oasis Lounge.

Cincinnati: Jazz promoter **Steve Reece** presented an afternoon jazz program and seminar at the University of Cincinnati recently. Several local groups played, and discussions were held on the economics and playing of jazz. Disc jockey **Diek Pike** was on the program, as were a concert jazz band from the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, the **Cal Collins** Trio, the **Roy Meriwether** Trio, the **Dee Felice** Trio, and **Ed Moss** . . . The Living Room booked the **Glenn Miller** Orchestra, led by clarinetist **Buddy DeFranco**. The date was the first in the club's series of name attractions for the spring and early summer. **Woody Herman**, **Amanda Ambrose**, **Oscar Peterson**, and **Gene Krupa** are expected to appear there soon. Currently, the **Lee Stolar** Trio is at the club.

St. Louis: Several alumni of the old **Jazz Central** group did a concert at Webster Groves High School recently. Present were trumpeter **Lee Hyde**, reed man **Fred Del Gaudio**, pianist **Dave Venn**, bassist **Ralph DeRousse**, and drummer **Bud Murphy** . . . Venn has taken a trio into the Golden Eagle. With him are bassist **Bob Stout** and drummer **Art Heagle** . . . Vibist **Jim Bolen** joins pianist **Herb Drury's** trio at the Montmartre on Thursday nights. Bassist **Jerry Cherry** and drummer **Phil Hulse** are Drury's regular sidemen . . . The **Ramsey Lewis** Trio was in town recently for a Kiel Auditorium concert with **Count Basie** . . . The Crest House, one of the plushiest eating spots in town, surprised everyone by recently featuring a jazz group, **Original Artists Five**, on Friday and Saturday . . . Starlite Ballroom continues to bring in the big bands. **Woody Herman's** was the latest.

New Orleans: The Bistro has expanded to two house bands. Pianist **Ronnie Dupont's** quartet is now joined by pianist **Pibe Hine's** trio . . . The New Orleans

Jazz Club began a series of Sunday concerts at the Royal Orleans Hotel. The **Eureka Brass Band** was first up . . . The Living Room reopened after a month of renovations to repair fire damage. The **Gallagher Trio** is in residence . . . Saxophonist **Don Suhor's** quartet is at the Sho Bar on Bourbon St. . . . Trumpeter **Sharkey Bonano** and drummer **Monk Hazel** both have recuperated from illnesses that hospitalized them . . . The New Orleans Jazz Club sponsored a concert April 9 at the Monteleon Hotel for the benefit of the American Cancer Society. A parade beginning at Jackson Square and proceeding through the French Quarter started off the evening. The concert featured the **Eureka Brass Band**, the **Last Straws**, and gospel singer **Sister Elizabeth Eustis** . . . Organist **Willie Tee** and his band opened up a new spot called the Nite-Cap Club . . . Vibist **Lionel Hampton** played two weeks at **Al Hirt's** Club. Clarinetist **Pee Wee Spitelera** fronted Hirt's band opposite Hampton. Guitarist **Bill Huntington** is scheduled to be the new addition to trumpeter Hirt's expanding group.

Dallas: The North Texas State University's lab bands were featured in a jazz extravaganza at Southern Methodist University April 14. The headliner was tenorist **Stan Getz**, who shared one of three stages in Moody Coliseum with the **NTSU Lab Band**, pianist **Diek Harp**, singer **Betty Green**, and trombonist **Bobby Burgess**, among others . . . Also on April 14, there was another concert on the SMU campus, this one at McFarlin Auditorium, with pianist **Sergio Mendes** and **Brasil '66** . . . Pianist **Red Garland**, who has been leading a trio at the Fink Mink for some time, received an emergency phone call, packed a few clothes, and split—no one knows where. Garland's replacement at the club is the **Paul Guerrero** Trio, with pianist-guitarist **Jac Petersen** and **Al Wesson** and clubowner **Jim Black** alternating on bass . . . The Club Lark has announced the booking of the **Sonny Stitt-Don Patterson** Trio, which opens June 28.

Toronto: The **Red Norvo** Quintet (**Eddie Daniels**, reeds; **Attila Zoller**, guitar; **Charlie Haden**, bass; and **Sonny Brown**, drums) opened for two weeks at the Town, and the **Mongo Santamaria** group at the Colonial Tavern, the same night that Jazz at the Philharmonic arrived for two performances at Massey Hall. Both JATP shows drew capacity houses . . . Vibist **Hagood Hardy's** trio, with bassist **Ian Henstridge** and drummer **Ricky Marcus**, is playing for late-night audiences in the Italian Room at the Dell Tavern . . . Trombonist **Albert Mangelsdorff's** quintet gave a concert in Eaton Auditorium in March . . . The **Modern Jazz Quartet** and the **Wilbur DeParis** Band will perform at the Stratford Festival in August . . . Blues men **Brownie McGhee** and **Sonny Terry** were at the Riverboat for two weeks last month and were followed by **Junior Wells** and his Chicago blues band . . . The **Duke Ellington** Orchestra and singer **Sarah Vaughan** have been signed for Montreal's Expo '67, Sept. 3-9.

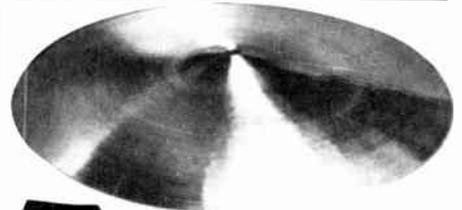
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WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing of where and when jazz performers are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to **Down Beat**, 222 W. Adams, Chicago, Ill. 60606, six weeks prior to cover date.

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

NEW YORK

Ali Baba: Louis Metcalf.
 Apartment: Marian McPartland.
 Basie's: Harold Ousley, Sun.-Mon.
 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.
 Countpoint (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: Betty Carter. 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: Charles Mingus to 5/14. Carmen McRae, 5/16-6/4.
 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.
 Kenny'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 Roberts.
 Marino's Boat Club (Brooklyn): Michael Grant, Vernon Jeffries, Bob Kay, wknds.
 Mark Twain Riverboat: Tommy Dorsey-Urbie Green to 5/20. Harry James, 6/6-24.
 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. Sessions, Sat.
 Piedmont Inn (Scarsdale): Sal Salvador.
 Playboy Club: Walter Norris, 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.
 Shephard's: Bobby Hackett to 5/13. Oscar Peterson, 5/15-6/3.
 Slug's: Sun Ra, Mon. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
 Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
 Tamburlaine: Bill Rubenstein, Hal Gaylor, Dottie Dodgion, Mon.
 Toast: 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 Vanguards, Tue.
 Villa Pace (Smithtown, N.Y.): Johnny Jay, wknds.
 Village Gate: name jazz groups, wknds.
 Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
 Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

TORONTO

Cava-Bob: Brian Browne.
 Clem's Room: modern jazz, wknds.
 Colonial: Don Ewell to 5/27. Joe Williams, 5/29-6/10.
 George's Spaghetti House: Moe Koffman, Art Ayrea.
 Lord Simcoe: Frankie Wright.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb. Lenore Paxton.
 Baker's: Richard (Groove) Holmes to 5/7. Wes Montgomery, 5/12-21. Redd Foxx, Claude Black, 5/26-6/4.
 Bandit's Villa: Terry Harrington, Fri.-Sat.

Black Hawk (Bay City): Arnie Kaine-Kent Wilson.
 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: Gene Ludwig, 5/5-14. Art Blakey, 5/19-28. Yusef Lateef, 6/2-11.
 Eddie's Latin American Restaurant: Ernie Farrow, afterhours, wknds.
 Frolic: 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.
 Lasalle (Saginaw): Sherm Mitchell, Fri.-Sat.
 London Chop House: Mel Ball, Mon.-Sat.
 Mom'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.
 Panther: Tony Thomas, Connie Graham.
 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. after-noon.
 Topper: Ted Sheely.
 Twenty Grand: Levi Mann, hb.
 Wisdom Tooth: Lyman Woodard, Fri.-Sat. after-noon.

CHICAGO

Baroque: Judy Roberts, Tue.
 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.
 Lurlean's: Johnny Gettons, wknds.
 Nite-n-gale (Highwood): Ted Ashtord, Fri.-Sat.
 Panda: Gene Esposito, Tue.-Sat. Larry Novak, Sun.-Mon.
 Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ron Elliston, Joe Iaco, hbs.
 Plugged Nickel: Joe Williams to 5/14. Dukes of Dixieland, 5/17-28. Sonny Stitt, 5/29-6/12.
 Pumpkin Room: Dave Shippy, 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.

CLEVELAND

Americana Lounge East: Hugh Thompson.
 Blue Chip Inn: Joe Cooper.
 Brothers Lounge: Harry Darius.
 Copa Lounge: Wayne Quarles.
 Esquire Lounge: Al Sweet.
 Music Hall: Ramsey Lewis, Dizzy Gillespie, Herbie Mann, Jimmy Smith, 8/6.
 Sahara: Duke Jenkins.
 Sir Rah's House: Weasel Parker.
 Tangiers: East High Jazz Trio + One.
 Theatrical Grill: Bob McKee, hb. Doc Severinsen, 6/6-12. Billy Maxted, 6/19-7/1.
 University Club: Lee Castle, 5/16.

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.
 Playboy: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells.

NEW ORLEANS

Bistro: Ronnie Dupont, Tony Page.
 Cellar Club: George Demme.

Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
 Famous Door: Roy Liberto.
 French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain.
 544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry.
 Golliwog: Armand Hug.
 Hollie's: George Davis, afterhours, wknds.
 Joe Burton's: Joe Burton.
 Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
 Living Room: Gallagher Trio, wknds.
 Nite-Cap Club: Willie Tee.
 Outrigger: Stan Mendelsohn.
 Paddock Lounge: Ernest Holland, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
 Playboy: Al Belletto, Ellis Marsalis, Phil Rundy.
 Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
 Red Garter Annex: George Lewis, Sun. after-noon.
 Sho-Bar: Don Suhor.
 Speakeasy: Gallagher Trio, wknds.
 Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.
 Top of the Mart: Paul Guma.
 Your Father's Moustache: Jim Liscombe, Sun.

LOS ANGELES

Admiral's Dinghy (Playa del Rey): Jimmy Vann.
 Aladdin: Ray Johnson, Thur.-Sun.
 Bonesville: Don Ellis, Mon. Walt Flynn, Sun. Sessions afterhours, Sat.-Sun.
 Brass Rail (Sherman Oaks): Jimmie Rowles.
 Buccaneer (Manhattan Beach): Dave Miller.
 Casa del Campo: Gabe Baltazar.
 China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup.
 Club Casbah: Sam Fletcher, Bob Coker.
 Coconut Grove: Lou Rawls to 5/8.
 Donte's (North Hollywood): Karin Krog, 5/7.
 Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Sonny Helmer.
 Frigate (Manhattan Beach): Dave Mackay, Vic Mio.
 Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner.
 Jazz Corner: Charles Kynard.
 La Duce (Inglewood): jazz nightly.
 Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): John Handy to 5/14. Three Sounds, 5/30-6/11.
 Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz nightly.
 Marty's (Baldwin Hills): Marlena Shaw to 5/5.
 Memory Lane: name jazz nightly.
 Outrigger Room (Van Nuys): Matt Dennis.
 Parisian Room: Jessie Davis, Ike Issacs. Gerald Wiggins, Sun., Tue.
 Pied Piper: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson.
 Pilgrimage Theatre (Hollywood Hills): Jazz Crusaders, 5/7. Don Ellis, 5/14.
 Playboy Club: Gene Palumbo, Bob Corwin, Willie Restum, hb.
 Prime Rib (Newport Beach): Jan Deneau.
 Redd Foxx's: Clarence Johnston, hb.
 Reuben's (Newport Beach): Edgar Hayes, Fri.-Sat. (Whittier): Tue.-Thur.
 Reuben E. Lee (Newport Beach): Edgar Hayes, Sun.
 Shelly's Manne-Hole: Thelonious Monk to 5/14. Jimmy McGriff, 5/16-28. Carmen McRae, 5/30-6/11. Shelly Manne, wknds.
 Sherry's: Mike Melvoin.
 Sir Michael's (Commerce): Calvin Jackson, Susan Roberts.
 Sportsmen's Lodge (North Hollywood): Stan Worth, Al McKibbin.
 Swing (Studio City): jazz, wknds.
 Tiki: Richard Dorsey.
 Tropicana: Willie Bobo to 5/8. Kenny Burrell, 5/17-30.
 UCLA (Pauley Pavilion): Los Angeles Jazz Festival, 5/12-14.
 Ward's Jazzville (San Diego): jazz nightly.
 Wit's End (Studio City): Joe Rotondi, Ted Hammond. Sessions, Sun.
 Ye Little Club (Beverly Hills): Dick Shreve.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Erroll Garner to 5/6. Four Tops, 5/11-20. John Lee Hooker, Jimmy Reed, 5/24-6/4. Mongo Santamaria, 6/6-18. Charlie Byrd, Jackie & Roy, 6/20-7/2. Ramsey Lewis, 7/3-9.
 Both/And: Bill Evans to 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 i: Clyde Pound, hb.
 Jazz Workshop: Cannonball Adderley to 5/14.
 El Matador: Barney Kessel to 5/6. Cal Tjader, 5/8-27.
 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.
 Trident (Sausalito): Vince Guaraldi to 5/7. Gary Burton, 5/9-6/4. Kenny Burrell, 6/6-7/16. Bola Sete, 7/18-8/27. Teddy Wilson, 8/29-9/17.
 University Hideaway: George Walker, Fri.-Sat.



Buddy DeFranco, new leader of the Glenn Miller Band

Clarinet is a different bag to be in. Because unlike some other instruments, it always sounds pretty much like itself.

Tenor horn is vocal; can croon, slur, honk, signify, shout.

Oboe has a snakey far eastern accent.

Clarinet though, blows strictly pure and round and comes through very unsmudged by local color. (You can't chew "soul" into a clarinet reed. What you've got to say has to go by way of the notes.)

For this reason, a lot of musicians have either dismissed clarinet as being too brittle to blend well with modern jazz, or have gone the historical route which is all right but the other way from avant-garde.

Congratulations then to Buddy DeFranco, musician's musician.

For playing clarinet modern when a lot of people weren't.

For doing a job of it that has consistently won him number 1 clarinet in the Down Beat reader's poll.

Buddy is making new room for the clarinet in the vanguard of modern jazz. And he's currently making it with Leblanc "wedded tone."

Tone matched to the individual artist; made to take the signature that is his sound and no other's.

Buddy's clarinet is the Leblanc Model 1176 "LL" B♭. He also plays a Leblanc Model 400 Bass Clarinet. Buddy says good things on (and about) both of them.

For More Information Write G. Leblanc Corporation, Leblanc Paris Division, 7019 30th Avenue, Kenosha, Wisconsin 53111

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