JUNE 1, 1967 35c

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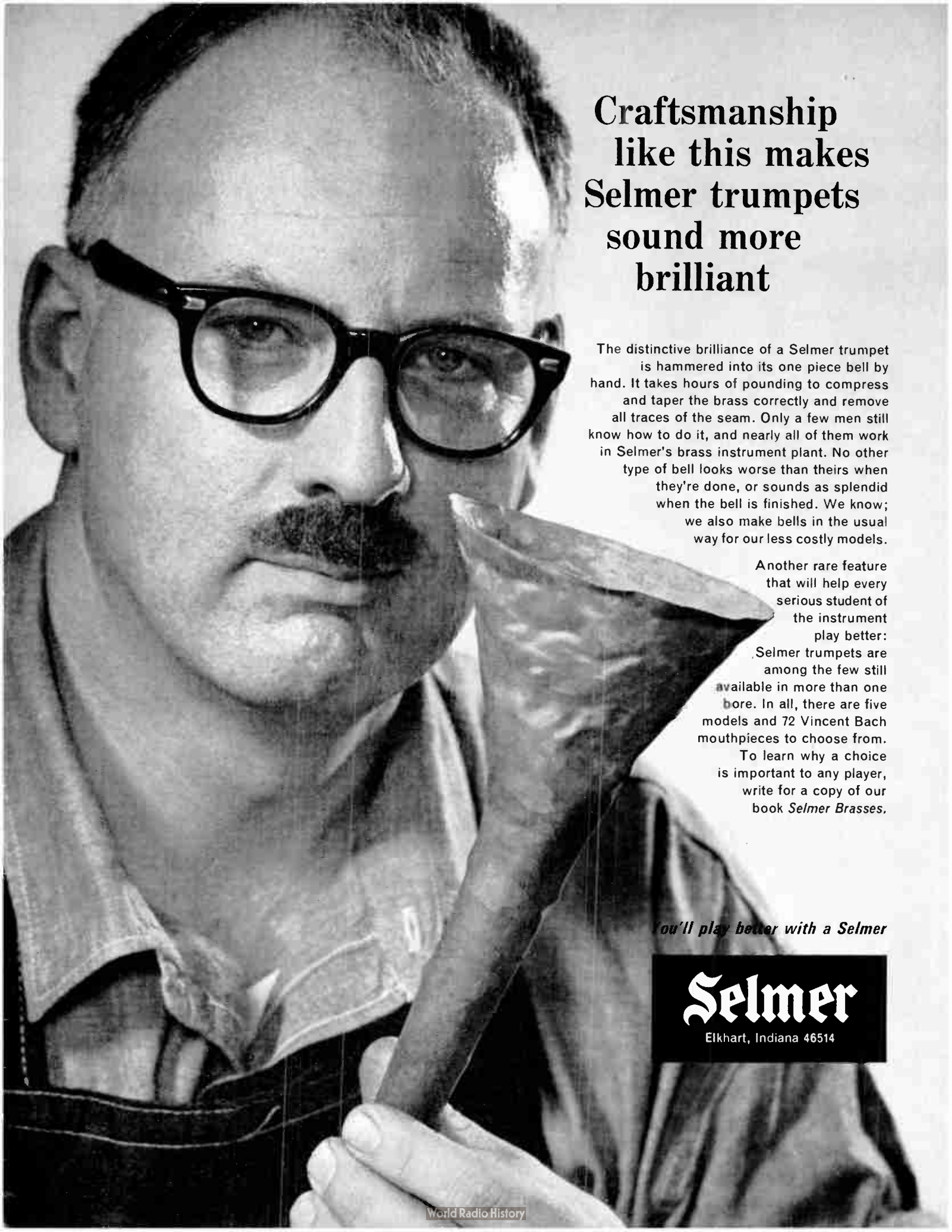

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EXECUTIVE OFFICE, 222 West Adams St., Chicago, Ill., 60606, FInancial 6-7811. Martin Gallay, Bill Greener, Advertising Sales. Don DeMicheal, Bill Quinn, Jan Seefeldt, Editorial. Margaret Marchi, Subscription Manager.

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

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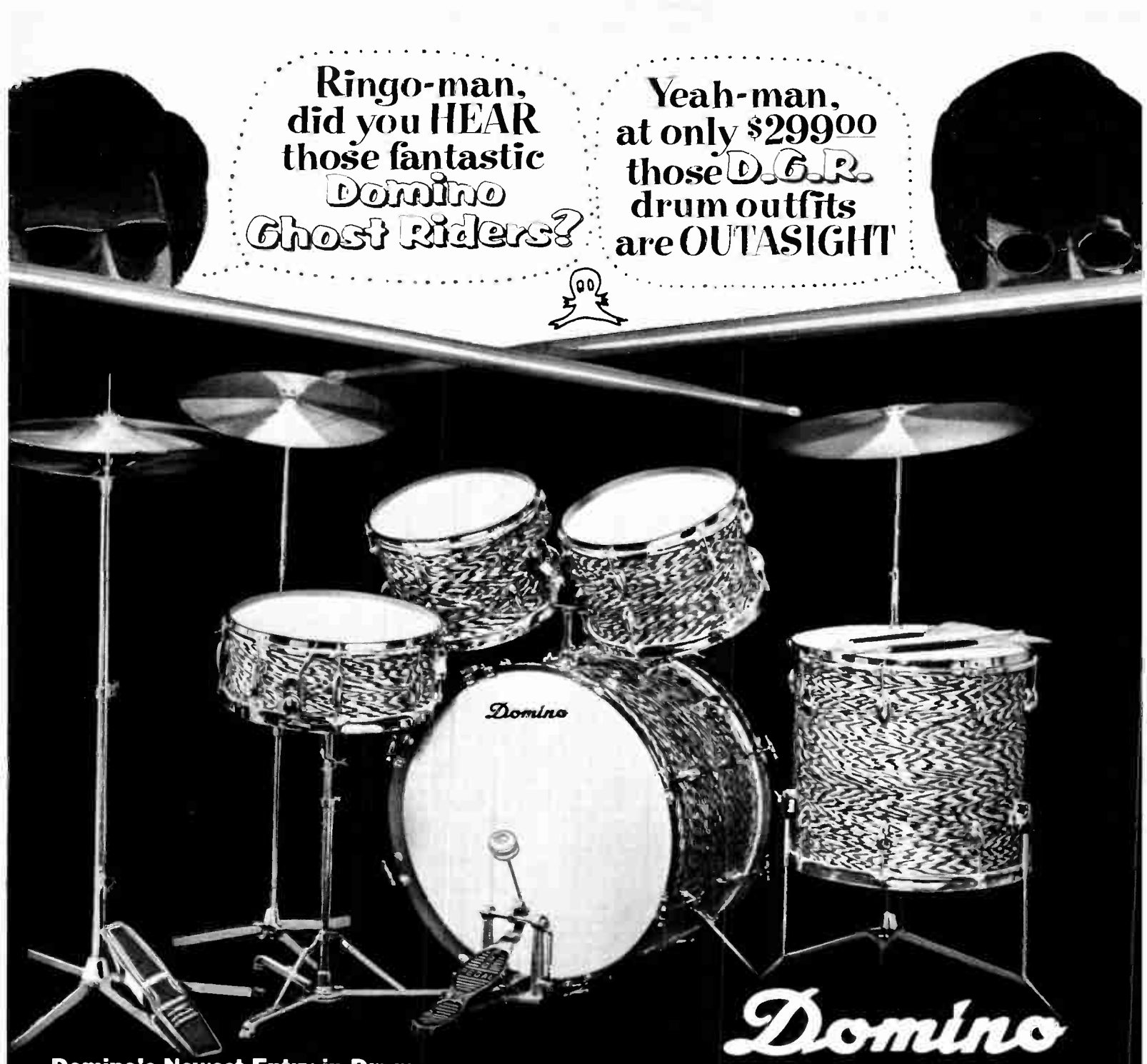

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Computer Jazz?

In a time when free jazz is in such vogue —and I strongly feel this is a good thing— it is refreshing to find a band such as Don Ellis' gaining the recognition which *Down Beat* has shown it (*DB*, April 20). Few will deny the sincerity of the leader, the virtuosity of the musicians, and the importance of the band's exploration into new rhythms and harmonies.

Yet at the same time, this music has a major weakness: it lacks the soul (there is no other word to describe it) of men like John Coltrane or John Handy and the beautiful introspection of Bill Evans. It is very difficult music to play or listen to, and a striking aspect of the crowd at the Los Angeles club where the band plays is the preponderance of whites, representing the more educated segment of society. A Negro fan is a rarity for Ellis, and I find this significant.

Ellis and his band rely on a degree of virtuosity and power which is intended to virtually knock the listener off his feet. That the band is able to achieve this is indeed a compliment; yet it is clear to me that such an approach is not entirely desirable. What the Ellis band lacks is the more subtle genius of Evans, the modesty and genuine fun of Gerald Wilson, and the drive of Trane.

Ellis perhaps forgets that he is performing for human beings and not computers, for the jazz layman as well as the trained musician. Not until pretentiousness is dropped and a bit of soul and life is assumed will the band be a true success.

Kyle Magee
Groton, Mass.

Gold Points A Finger

Regarding Marian McPartland's review of Frank Foster's *Soul Outing* (*DB*, April 20), I must point out that she misquotes my liner notes, which she calls banal.

The notes do not say that "Foster plays some turgid solos. . . ." The sentence reads, "Frank wrote [*Chiquita Loco*] with his little boy (he's one-and-a-half) in mind. I've not met him, but from what Frank has told me, and from the strong weaving Latin line (embellished by some turgid solos), he is quite a strong personality, even at this early age."

My dictionaries are quite adequate. Turgid I wrote, turgid I meant. Miss McPartland's criticism of my notes, followed by a quote, albeit incorrectly given, from those notes, does not ring true. Or perhaps she believes that the use of criticism in liner notes *is* commonplace.

Perhaps I have an argument with her statement which reads: "On this track [*Skankaroony*], Foster and Jones dig in with a funky feeling, while Rebillot, reaching into his blues bag, plays his McCann off." I wonder whether my local garden supply store could supply me with one of these "funky feelings" with which I can

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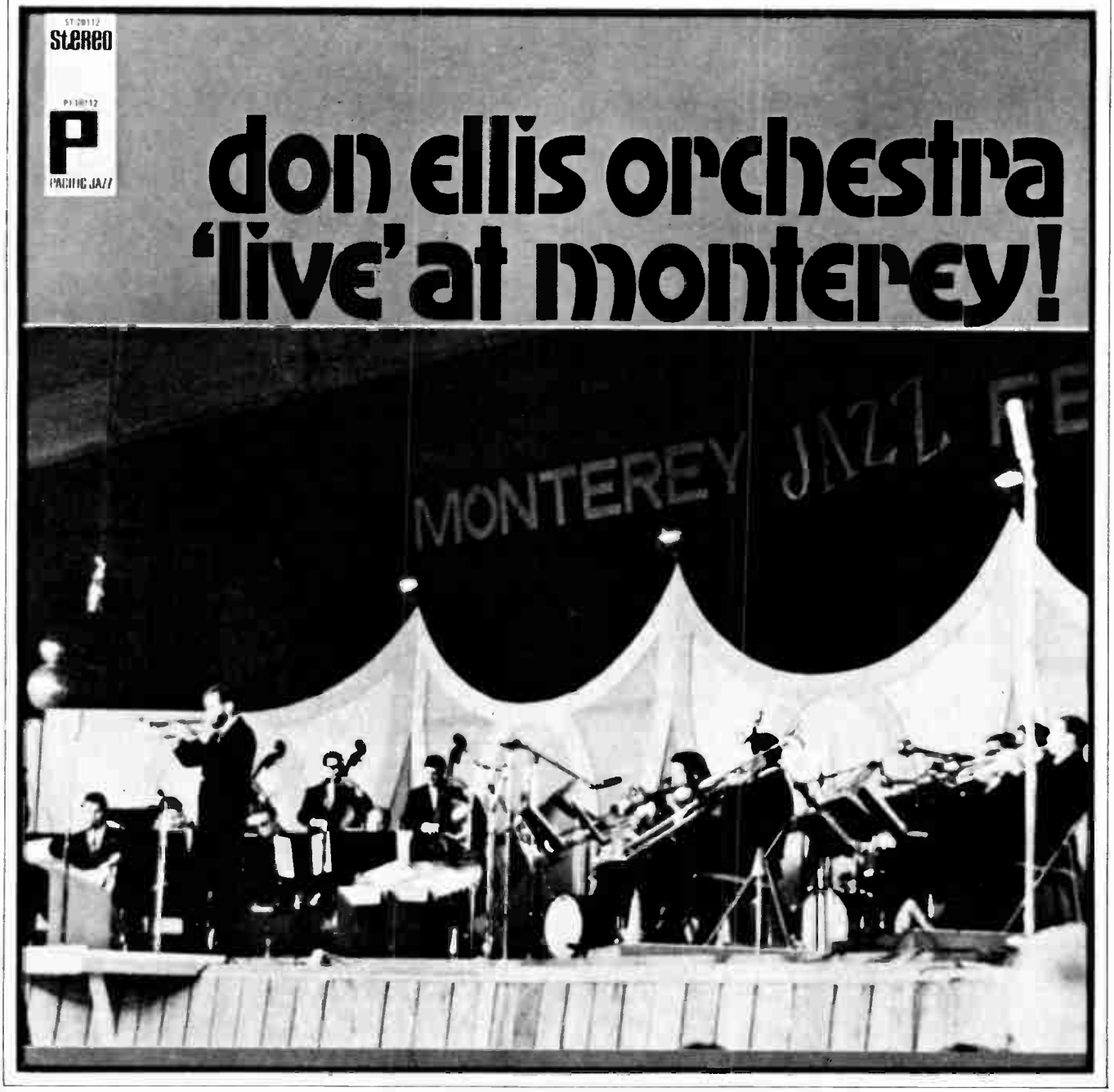

do some digging (in)? I strongly dislike the cheapness that Miss McPartland uses to sluff off Rebillot's playing. If anyone hears a similarity or imitation vis-a-vis Rebillot-McCann, he (in this instance, she) has wax in the ears.

Michael Gold
New York City

Does that dictionary list "sluff"?

Goldkette Revival

Now that Rex Stewart has partially retrieved the Jean Goldkette era from the obscurity in which it has languished for 40 years (*DB*, April 20), perhaps we can hope for an RCA Victor Vintage reissue featuring Goldkette's orchestra.

Though Victor recorded only a fraction of this great band's book, there exist more than enough numbers with Bix, Lang, and Tram to make an outstanding LP.

Unfortunately, the powers at Victor in 1927 decided not to issue three Goldkette recordings: *Stampede, Lily,* and *Play It Red.* As a consequence these are lost forever, since I understand that the masters were destroyed in the '40s. Which sounds like another good reason for rescuing the Goldkette orchestra from the silent depths of the Victor archives.

Norman P. Gentieu
Philadelphia, Pa.

Three Qualities Of Thigpen

I was overjoyed to see drummer Ed Thigpen on the cover of your magazine (March 23). I also would like to congratulate Helen McNamara for writing a first-class article on Thigpen.

It seems to me that Thigpen is a drummer who is very much pushed to the background and kept out of sight, as it were. In my estimation he possesses three rare qualities in his playing: taste, variety, and control.

A. P. Chalomoieff
London, England

Life With Father

I am 16, and during the last year or so, I have become very interested in avant-garde jazz, such as Archie Shepp's and especially John Coltrane's. Each time I listen to their music I pick out more and more things about it which I think make it beautiful music. It excites me.

My problem is this: my father joins me in saying that people like Coltrane are great musicians, but he thinks that avant-garde music is not music at all. He thinks it's just a bunch of noise that is probably simple for the musicians to play. He thinks people go for it just to be different or to be nonconformists. He thinks this so-called noise is just a racket, as if people like Coltrane are laughing in his listeners' faces for saying they like this junk.

When he talks like this, it bothers me. I tried to explain what I think makes it beautiful, but I'm not getting through. I wonder if someone could tell me how to explain avant-garde jazz to my father in a way that he might understand.

Bruce Freedman
Van Nuys, Calif.

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RED ALLEN DIES

Another of the vibrant old voices of jazz, trumpeter Henry (Red) Allen, 59, died April 17 in New York City. An outstanding stylist on the horn, Allen underwent surgery in January for a cancerous stomach ailment, recovered sufficiently to tour England for three weeks in March, but suffered a rapid decline in health after his return.

Allen was born in Algiers, La., near New Orleans, on Jan. 7, 1908. His father, Henry Allen Sr., also a trumpeter, was the leader of a famous brass band in which most of the legendary New Orleans musicians, including King Oliver, Sidney Bechet, and Louis Armstrong, played on occasion. The senior Allen died in 1952.

When he was 8, Red began studying trumpet with his father and often participated in the band's parades. In 1923, he had his first important job, with clarinetist George Lewis, and then worked with Capt. John Handy, and in 1926 joined Fate Marable's famous riverboat orchestra. Following a time with pianist Fats Pichon, Allen was called to Chicago in 1927 by King Oliver but soon returned to New Orleans and the Marable band.

In 1929, Allen went to New York to join pianist Luis Russell's band, one of the outstanding big bands of the time. Allen's reputation was firmly established during his four years with Russell.

Allen became the featured trumpet soloist with Fletcher Henderson's band in 1933. When Henderson disbanded the next year, Allen joined the Mills Blue Rhythm Band, declining an offer to become its leader. In 1937, he returned to Russell, whose band was then fronted by Louis Armstrong, remaining until 1940, when he formed his own small group, which opened at Cafe Society Downtown with trombonist J. C. Higginbotham, pianist Kenny Kersey, and clarinetist Edmond Hall in the lineup.

Allen continued as a combo leader through 1953, playing long engagements in Chicago, Boston, and on New York's 52nd St. In 1954, his group became the house band at the Metropole in New York, a job that lasted seven years. He took a leave in 1959 to make his first visit to Europe, as a member of trombonist Kid Ory's band. During this period, Allen was also featured in the television specials *The Sound of Jazz* and *Chicago and All That Jazz*.

In recent years, Allen continued to travel with his own group, worked another lengthy stint at the Metropole, appeared at several Newport Jazz Festivals and once at the Monterey Jazz Festival, and toured England in 1964 as a single. In 1966, he appeared on the television program *Profile of the Arts* and was the subject of a profile, by Whitney Balliett, in *The New Yorker*.

Allen was one of the most original and venturesome trumpeters to follow in the wake of Louis Armstrong, by whom he was strongly influenced. His bold, bright sound and strong attack were in the classic New Orleans tradition, but his approach to improvisation, and his advanced harmonic conception, presaged, from as early as 1929, what was to become "modern" years later.

Allen was also a gifted jazz vocalist, and his outgoing personality made him a natural entertainer. He composed a number of attractive instrumentals, including *Biffly Blues, Pleasing Paul, Red Jump, Algiers Stomp*, and *Siesta at the Fiesta*.

DUNCAN SCHIEDT

HENRY (RED) ALLEN
A true original.

His biggest hits were two novelty numbers, *Ride, Red, Ride* (his theme song), and *Get the Mop*, which became famous as *Rag Mop* and engendered litigation over royalty rights. Allen won.

From the late '20s on, Allen participated in a vast number of recording sessions, including a long series under his own name from 1935 to 1938. Among his greatest solos are *Mule Face Blues* (King Oliver), *It Should Be You, Jersey Lightning, Feeling Drowsy*, and *Panama* (Luis Russell), *Yeah Man, King Porter Stomp, Wrappin' It Up, Big John Special* (Fletcher Henderson), *Heartbreak Blues, Jamaica Shout* (Coleman Hawkins), *Harlem Heat, Red Rhythm* (Mills Blue Rhythm Band), *I Got Rhythm, Honeysuckle Rose* (Kid Ory), and, with his own groups, *Body and Soul, It's Written All over Your Face, Algiers Stomp, When Did You Leave Heaven?, I Cover the Waterfront*.

In 1965, avant-garde trumpeter Don Ellis wrote a tribute to Allen in *Down Beat* in which he said, "Red Allen is the most creative and avant-garde trumpet player in New York. . . . No one is more subtle rhythmically and in the use of dynamics and asymmetrical phrases than Henry (Red) Allen."

A requiem high mass was held for Allen April 21 at St. Anthony's Roman Catholic Church in the Bronx. Allen's survivors include his widow, Pearlie Mae; his mother, Mrs. Juaretta Allen of New Orleans; a son, Henry Allen III, and two granddaughters.

NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL PERFORMERS ANNOUNCED

As usual, the Fourth of July holiday weekend—this year a little before the fact—will bring the sounds of jazz to Newport, R.I., site of the world's most famous jazz festival. The 1967 Newport festival, the 14th, will take place June 30 through July 3, and will include four evening and three afternoon concerts.

The lineup, subject to change, is as follows:

June 30—evening: The Schlitz Salute to Jazz, with Olatunji, Earl Hines, Roy Eldridge, festival producer George Wein's Newport All-Stars (cornetist Ruby Braff, clarinetist Pee Wee Russell, tenorist Bud Freeman, pianist Wein, bassist Jack Lesberg, and drummer Don Lamond), Buck Clayton, Buddy Tate, Willie (The Lion) Smith, Don Ewell, Thelonious Monk, Dizzy Gillespie, Max Roach, singer Joe Williams, Charles Lloyd, Albert Ayler, and Count Basie's band. It is expected that Eldridge and Hines will play together, as will Monk, Gillespie, and Roach. Smith and Ewell will form a piano team, and Clayton and Tate will perform in tandem. The concert is meant to show the evolution of jazz.

July 1—afternoon: The Five Faces of Jazz, organized by Herbie Mann, a survey of African, Afro-Cuban, Middle Eastern and native U.S. aspects of jazz. It will include drummer Olatunji and his African ensemble, a Latin American group, Mann's own group, and trumpeter Gillespie.

July 1—evening: the Buddy Rich Band, Nina Simone, Mann's group, the John Handy Quintet, the Hines quartet with tenorist Budd Johnson, the Gary Burton Quartet, and Gillespie's quintet.

July 2—afternoon: Saxophone Workshop, featuring the Booker Ervin Quartet, saxophonists Handy, Tate, Freeman, Johnson, Illinois Jacquet, and drummer Roy Haynes.

July 2—evening: the Woody Herman Band, the Miles Davis Quintet, Roach's quintet, the Sonny Rollins group, the Blues Project (a rock-and-roll group), singer Marilyn Maye, and the Bill Evans Trio.

July 3—afternoon: the Milford (Mass.) Youth Band, directed by altoist Boots Mussulli, the Rolf Kuhn Quartet from Germany, the Don Ellis Orchestra, others to be announced.

July 3—evening: the Dave Brubeck Quartet, the Wes Montgomery Quartet, singer Sarah Vaughan, the Lionel Hampton Alumni Band, the Illinois Jacquet-Milt Buckner Trio, and the Red Norvo All-Stars.

Tickets, available by mail order from Newport Jazz Festival, Newport, R.I., are scaled from $2.50 to $4.50 for opening night, from $3.50 to $5.50 on all other nights, and at $3 for the afternoon performances. Box seats are $10.

THE JAZZ CONFERENCE

Despite sparse attendance, the second annual Detroit Jazz Conference, held last month at Wayne State University, lived up to the expectations of its sponsors, as expressed by conference director Dr. Betty Chmaj: "Our aim was not to present the largest jazz event ever held but one that would promote genuine understanding of the music and would be—in every sense—a responsible addition to Detroit's cultural awareness."

In that, the conference appeared to have succeeded.

With performances by trumpeter Donald Byrd and multi-instrumentalist Roland Kirk heading the final evening's event, there was substance enough to attract the marginal jazz listener. The host of local talent also on hand was not added merely to bulk the night's concert.

Except for Kirk, who began the show, and Byrd, who ended it, the program ran through jazz history in chronological order.

Trumpeter Tom Saunders' Surfside Six, an energetic Dixieland group, followed Kirk. Trombonist Jimmy Wilkins' (arranger Ernie's brother) big band represented the swing era, notably augmented by pianist Terry Pollard and vocalist Ursula Walker. Vibist Jack Brokensha, formerly with the Australian Jazz Quartet, led his Concert Jazz Quartet in examples of the West Coast genre. Bassist Ernie Farrow piloted a driving quintet in a hard-bop groove and cornetist Charles Moore's Detroit Contemporary 5 + 1 separated some from their seats with a tense avant-garde performance that climaxed with the leader's demonstration of his sentiments for U.S. policies—presumably foreign and domestic—in a "happening" with the American flag.

Taken together, the performances offered convincing evidence to support Detroit's reputation as a prime spawning ground for jazz musicians.

In other performances, Joseph Jarman brought his battery of reed instruments and three sidemen from Chicago as a last-minute replacement for pianist Cecil Taylor. Jarman's group and the Wayne State University Improvisation Ensemble, directed by flutist-composer Dr. Ruth S. Wylie, united for a lecture-demonstration titled Contemporary Idioms of Improvisation.

After this opening program, a panel discussion—with vitriolic social critic Frank Kofsky, an instructor at the University of Pittsburgh; A. B. Spellman, author of *Four Lives in the Bebop Business;* vibist-clubowner Brokensha; jazz promoter Beverly Beltaire; and moderator Dr. Milton Stern from the university's Center for Adult Education—began with an examination of the business side of jazz and ended with Kofsky's damnation of the evils of capitalism.

The first day's events concluded with a program of jazz on film. Lester Young and Dizzy Gillespie were among the "movie stars," and during the silent screening of examples of experimental filmmaking, the Jarman quartet and pianist Howard Lucas improvised accompaniment.

To begin the second day of the conference, a Sunday, a jazz-in-church program was held at St. Andrew's Church. Two local trios, led by pianists Keith Vreeland and Harold McKinney, were featured.

Spellman returned that afternoon to lead a lecture-demonstration titled The Roots and Aims of the Current Revolution in Jazz. The Jarman quartet provided musical examples loosely related to Spellman's discussion.

Immediately thereafter, a rash of events broke out simultaneously. Harpist Dorothy Ashby lectured on and demonstrated Listening for More in Jazz, and pianist McKinney offered an Illustrated Dictionary of Modern Jazz Technique. Critic Kofsky played and discussed tape recordings he made of musicians' answers to current social questions. His talk, A Social Profile of the Jazz Revolutionary, and a lecture-demonstration with musician-teacher David C. Hunt and the Jack Pierson Trio, The Role of Bass and Drums in Modern Jazz, ran concurrently with the Ashby and McKinney lectures.

To make matters more complicated, in the same period trumpeter Byrd conducted a stage-band clinic with the Northville (Mich.) High School Band; pianist Lucas answered questions on Present-day Influences on Jazz; and John Chmaj and Peter Friedman conducted a symposium about The Evolution of the Jazz Saxophone—From Hawkins to Ayler.

At this last event, multi-instrumentalist Kirk took the floor from the audience to defend prior musical idioms, "the music that made it possible for me to play."

The imagination and hard work of the conference's organizers and performers were not rewarded with large gate receipts, but, if idealism isn't out of date, some of those attending must have gone away with a greater knowledge of jazz—its internecine strife and its artistic importance, its techniques and its forms—than they came in with.

MONTEREY FESTIVAL ANNOUNCES GRANTS

The Monterey, Calif., Jazz Festival board of directors has voted to appropriate $9,000 for various grants to other nonprofit music activities during the year, festival president Mel Isenberger said.

Gross revenue for the 1966 festival was $148,000, he announced.

The appropriation included $2,000 for bringing jazz artists to the Monterey Peninsula area for performances at school assemblies and to the Soledad Correctional Facility to play for inmate gatherings. Artists who already have appeared as part of the program are Cal Tjader, Bola Sete, Roland Kirk, Willie Mae (Big Mama) Thornton, and the Bold Brass.

The festival board also appropriated $5,000 for the Monterey County Symphony Association and $2,000 for the Carmel Bach Festival. The board had previously allotted $5,000 for a music-education grant to a young, talented jazz musician. The recipient has not yet been named.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Bassist **Charles Mingus,** back in town after a stay in California, began a scheduled two-month engagement at Pookie's Pub in late April with a group of old sidemen: trumpeter **Lonnie Hillyer,** alto saxophonist **Charles McPherson,** and drummer **Dannie Richmond** . . . **Cecil Taylor** played solo piano last month at the Village Vanguard opposite the groups of trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard** and multi-instrumentalist **Roland Kirk.** Between these bookings, the **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis** Band held forth at the club for a full week, during which it made its first "live" recording . . . "Jazz for the Masses" was the double-edged title of a May 7 Town Hall concert of church jazz featuring the groups of trumpeters **Howard McGhee, Joe Newman,** and **Art Farmer,** pianist-composer **Eddie Bonemere,** and singer **Robert Edwin** . . . Other recent concerts have included one by tenor saxophonist-flutist **Charles Lloyd's** quartet, also at Town Hall; a Carnegie Hall package combining the talents of the **Cannonball Adderley** Quintet, singer **Carmen McRae,** and organist **Richard (Groove) Holmes;** and a Carnegie Recital Hall evening with singer-guitarist **Muddy Waters'** Blues Band. Miss McRae (backed by pianist **Ronnie Ball's** trio) also did two weeks at L'Intrigue, followed by pianist-singer **Hazel Scott,** who will be there through May 22. The duo of **Jackie Cain** and **Roy Kral** then takes over until June 4. The Waters band also headlined at an Apollo Theater blues show, which included **B. B. King, Bobby (Blue) Bland, Odetta,** and **Sonny Terry** and **Brownie McGhee** . . . **Stan Kenton** brings his new big band to the Village Gate for two nights May 26 and 27. Guitarist **Gabor Szabo's** quintet was a recent incumbent at the club . . . A small jazz festival at Connecticut Wesleyan University last month featured the groups of pianists **Sun Ra** and **Andrew Hill** and alto saxophonist **Jackie McLean** . . . The **Duke Ellington** Orchestra performed its concert of sacred music April 23 at Mother A.M.E. Zion Cathedral in Harlem, a benefit for the church. Ellington's 68th birthday on April 27 was honored by WRVR jazz jockey **Ed Beach,** who devoted an entire week's programs to Ellingtonia from 1926 to the present . . . Pianist **Al Haig,** long absent from the New York scene, began a 6-to-8 P.M. Monday-through-Friday engagement at the Tamburlaine in late April, with bassist **Phil Leshin** and drummer **Jim Kappes.** Haig and his trio are now doubling evenings at the Apartment with singer **Donna Lee** . . . Trumpets abounded in Manhattan in May: **Dizzy Gillespie** was at the Metropole, **Donald Byrd** headed a quintet at the Five Spot, and **Thad Jones** (with co-leader **Pepper Adams**) and **Roy Eldridge** each played a week at the Half Note . . . Tenor saxophonist **Archie Shepp's** quintet was at Slug's for a week in April . . . Tenor saxophonist **Frank Foster's** big band did a Jazz Interactions Sunday session at the Five Spot . . . Piano trios are the current fare at the Playboy Club. **Art Weiss** has bassist **Frank Krohn** and drummer **Bob**

Fuhlrodt; Walter Norris features **Bill Crow** and **Ray Mosca;** bassist **Earl May** leads pianist **Larry Willis** and drummer **Al Foster;** and pianist **Nat Jones** does a single . . . Tenor saxophonist **Booker Ervin's** new group includes pianist **Al Dailey,** bassist **Herbie Lewis,** and drummer **Lennie McBrowne** . . . Trombonist **Urbie Green** led the so-called **Tommy Dorsey** Band at the Mark Twain Riverboat . . . **Benny Goodman** was a judge at the Miss Universe contest in Miami Beach . . . The duo of reed man **Ed Curran** and pianist **Dave Horowitz** is playing Fridays at **Al Sirate's** Stage Cafe in the Village . . . Alto saxophonist **Arnie Lawrence** and trumpeter **Marvin Stamm** have been featured at the Continental in Fairfield, Conn. . . . The **Duke Ellington** Jazz Society's annual concert, held at the New School May 7, was scheduled to feature pianists **Marian McPartland, Mary Lou Williams, Jaki Byard, Junior Mance, Willie (The Lion) Smith,** and **Billy Taylor,** all performing Ellington music of their choice, with and without rhythm backing . . . Pianist-composer **Charles Bell** will be featured in concert at Carnegie Recital Hall May 26. With him will be bassists **Ron Carter** and **Richard Davis** and drummer **Tony Williams.** The concert will include the premiere performance of Bell's *Second Quintet* (subtitled *Brother Malcolm*) for which guitarist **Les Spann** will be added to the group.

Los Angeles: A jazz concert climaxed a week-long festival called Focus on the Arts, '67, at the University of Southern California. A disappointingly small audience saw the groups of pianist **Clare Fischer,** saxophonist **Sonny Criss,** and reed man **Tony Ortega** . . . The 17-piece band of trombonist **Mike Barone** will be featured Sunday afternoons at Donte's in North Hollywood for an indefinite period. Barone has been putting a big-band book together for a number of years and began rehearsing in earnest in the last few weeks. The band's opening concert, a huge success, featured trumpeters **Buddy Childers, Gary Barone, Larry McGuire,** and **Bud Billings,** trombonists **Charlie Loper, Dick McQuary, Pete Myers,** and **Vern Friley,** reed men **Med Flory, Bill Perkins, Bill Hood, Bob Enevoldsen,** and **Jack Nimitz,** pianist **Jimmie Rowles,** bassist **Jim Hughart,** and drummer **John Guerin** . . . One of the wildest Latin jam sessions ever to hit Donte's occurred during pianist **Joao Donato's** gig. His quintet included fluegelhornist **Chet Baker** and three of Donato's Brazilian colleagues, bassist **Pablo Perez Chorot,** drummer **Jack Navarra,** and congaist **Wally Fernez.** The group turned in memorable sessions, especially when **Paulinho** sat in on drums and **Bill Hood** played flute . . . Afterhours business at Bonesville has picked up. The latest group to work the bloodshot circuit was **Art Pepper's** quartet (**Tommy Flanagan,** piano; **Hersh Hamel,** bass; **Ed Thigpen,** drums). Pepper played tenor saxophone instead of his usual alto. The quartet also just finished a series of Sunday afternoon concerts at Shelly's. Manne-Hole at Shelly's (Continued on page 41

FOR RED

Feather's Nest

By LEONARD FEATHER

THE DEATH OF RED ALLEN brought back long-dormant recollections of a personal friendship that goes back to the first days I ever spent in New York City, fresh off the boat from England and eager to meet the great men who, until then, had been distant, revered names on record labels.

One of the first whose tireless hospitality helped make me feel less of a stranger in town was Red Allen, who suggested that I join him after a record session and spend an evening listening to records in his apartment near Sugar Hill.

"My chief surprise at Red's place," I wrote in the London *Melody Maker,* "was the huge pile of records he has in which he is featured as bandleader. Under his own name he has made literally scores of titles on Vocalion, Melotone, and other low-price labels, featuring J. C. Higginbotham, Luis Russell, and Pee Wee Erwin, the little trumpet player from Ray Noble's band." (These pickup combo dates, recorded off and on from 1933 through '37, would make a splendid subject for a Columbia reissue project.)

On that night, Red's charming wife showed me his press-clipping books, and I glanced at some of his fan mail.

"Most of this comes from Europe," I wrote, "and it is fascinating to study the techniques employed by fans to secure photographs, biographical details, and answers to all sorts of questions concerning records that Red forgot about years ago.

"Red Allen is such a fine artist and such an agreeable, gentlemanly fellow that it seems a shame he hasn't yet quite reached the top. The Mills Blue Rhythm Band doesn't really 'send him,' but he has to make money. The other evening he was off to play a one-night engagement with Ellington, filling in for an absentee. I commented that many of us would be delighted if he could fit in permanently with the Duke."

That affiliation, of course, never materialized; had Ellington hired him, the quality and quantity of Allen's recorded legacy would have been immeasurably greater, for he was just the type of individualist for whom Ellington could have designed perfect settings (the miniature jazz concerto concept was pioneered by Duke in 1936).

Allen was never to earn the security of an Ellington setting. For three years he was virtually buried in the big Louis Armstrong band; then his career as a combo leader began, and none of us who heard it will ever forget the "wamp! wamp!" with which he beat off his sextet at Cafe Society Downtown.

It was a rough-and-tumble, gutty little band, with Higginbotham and Edmond Hall in the original front line. We all sensed then what Whitney Balliett put into words many years later: that Allen was the first major New Orleans horn man to follow Armstrong, one of the first to extend the linear concepts of improvisation, and, in effect, was a premature avant-gardist.

In later years, like many survivors of the swing bands, he was identified with Dixieland, playing at New York City's Metropole in a setting oddly different from that of his own band of the '40s.

But this was nothing new for him. I recall another priceless night. It happened during the hottest week in Manhattan's history, with 52nd St. jazz temperatures to match. The Hickory House unveiled a new group billed as Joe Marsala and Eddie Condon's Chicagoans. A brilliant 19-year-old find was playing piano; his name was Joe Bushkin. And on opening night, wearing the same uniform as the white musicians, not just sitting in but an actual member of the band, was Red Allen. Such sights were astonishing in those days of total segregation.

But it was only a one-nighter for Red, as things turned out; he was obliged to return to the Blue Rhythm Band. (His replacement was another Negro trumpeter, Otis Johnson. Marsala was the first in his field after Benny Goodman to buck U.S. society.) But Red came back and sat in whenever he could, "creating noises," I observed, "the quantity of whose volume is equaled and surpassed by the quality and perfection of his style."

When a man of Red Allen's stature is lost to jazz, one is tempted to plunge into scholarly analyses of his style and influence. This will no doubt be the course followed by many of us who knew the size of his contribution. But for the moment, all I can recall is that sad smile—Balliett called his face "a study in basset melancholy"—and that friendly arm around my back, and the nights of glory at 1 Sheridan Square and all the other clubs whose gloom he assuaged. It was a joy to hear him as an artist but, more than that, an honor to know him as a friend. db

Why Is This Man So Happy?

He Doesn't Sleep Much.

He Has A Big Band.

He Has A Little Band.

He Teaches Kids.

He Makes Records.

He Is A Studio Man.

He Mumbles.

Why Is This Man So Happy?

Because He's Clark Terry.

By Dan Morgenstern

CLARK TERRY IS A MAN OF MANY PARTS. He is a staff musician at NBC in New York; he is one of the city's most sought-after trumpeters for record dates of every description, from jazz to jingles; he leads his own quartet and has recently formed a big band; he does college and high school band clinics; he tours with Jazz at the Philharmonic; he is president of a new music production company—and he is, of course, one of the most original and personal trumpet stylists in jazz.

The man behind these varied activities is warm, relaxed, and outgoing, never harried in spite of his busy schedule. To say that he is well liked would be an understatement—even those who are envious of his success can find nothing bad to say about him and have to content themselves with sneering at his commercial activities.

To Terry, there is no conflict between his commitment to jazz and his more worldly musical involvements.

"I made up my mind when I came into town that I would answer as many calls as I could," he said recently. "I like to do a variety of playing. I never did feel that an instrumentalist should settle too much in one groove—you should be able to do anything on the horn. Some ultramodernists look down their noses at studio work and say it's not creative. On the contrary, I find that it is . . . it keeps you ready."

It was in late 1959 that Terry, then 39, decided to come off the road and settle in New York. His last job had been with the Quincy Jones Band in the ill-fated *Free and Easy* touring company that traveled in Europe. Before that he had put in eight years with Duke Ellington, three with Count Basie, and shorter time with Charlie Barnet, Lionel Hampton, Eddie Vinson, and various other bands, beginning with George Hudson in Terry's home town of St. Louis, Mo.

Thus, he brings considerable first-class experience to his new avocation of big-band leadership. The Terry band was formed early this year.

"People had been saying to me 'why don't you get a big band,' and it looked like it might be a good idea," he said. "It seems like big bands are coming back. Thad Jones and Mel Lewis have been pretty successful, and New York should be big enough for two jazz bands.

"With the personnel we have, the main problem is getting everyone together at the same time. They're all pretty busy people. But we've had beautiful results in this short period."

The busy people in the band include trumpeters Ernie Royal, Marvin Stamm, Jimmy Owens, and Randy Brecker, trombonists Melba Liston, James Cleveland, Tony Studd, and Wayne Andre, reed men Phil Woods, Bobby Donovan, Zoot Sims, Frank Wess, and Danny Bank, pianist Don Friedman, bassist Ron Carter, and drummer Grady Tate.

Arrangements are by Miss Liston, Woods, Allan Faust, and Rick Henderson, a former Ellington colleague of Terry's and the band's "utility reed man—we always seem to be short one man."

"The music is very fresh," Terry continued. "Phil's approach to writing is especially exciting."

At rehearsals, Terry's lively sense of humor keeps the atmosphere happy and relaxed, and his complete musicianship is fully evident. He has a unique, extremely effective way of counting off: "One, two you-know-what-to-do." It's funny, it works, and one wonders why nobody thought of it before.

"The enthusiasm in the band is tremendous," Terry said with pride. "And we have good subs—we're developing a bench like a baseball team."

The band's first official booking is at the Greenwood Lake, N.Y., Jazz Festival July 20-22, but Terry hopes to have the band ready to perform in public some weeks before then:

"We'll probably do some Monday nights at the Half Note; they've enlarged the bandstand. We had some rehearsals there, but now we start them so late that it isn't practical. We've been approached for some social-club dances in the fall, and we intend to play for dancers. If you hope to bring back big bands, that's one sure way of getting to the kids."

PHOTO/RAYMOND ROSS

Terry described his music company, Etoile Music, Inc., which he operates in partnership with Miss Liston and Woods, as "the backbone of the band." In its offices in the Times Square area, the writing and copying of the arrangements are done.

"We're also set up to record, manage, produce, provide any kind of service in the line of music," he added. "We've even done a couple of rock-and-roll things that will hit the market soon. And we booked our first date recently—a thing in Pennsylvania for Phil, with my rhythm section."

Currently, Terry is commuting to Jazz at the Philharmonic dates, mostly on weekends. He gets back in time to do the *Tonight Show* taping on Mondays.

"It's a ball to go back on the road," he said. "It gives me a few more hours for sleeping than I'm used to. I get a chance to rest up; with only two concerts a night you can sleep in the daytime. Traveling conditions are much better than they used to be—when we got to where we were staying, they used to have to carry the iron lung from door to door!"

Terry's chronic lack of sleep arises from his busy schedule when he stays in town. He knows that when a musician is called for a record or jingle date "you can't say no—if you do, you get scratched off a number of lists. Going out of town, of course, is a good excuse—provided you don't stay out too long."

He also does quite a bit of night-club and concert work with his quartet and, occasionally, with his old partner, trombonist Bob Brookmeyer ("in fact, we're going to the London House in Chicago in August for two weeks"). He was a judge at the Villanova Intercollegiate Jazz Festival in March. He has done a few clinics this year and has a few more coming up in Illinois and Iowa.

"They're fun to do," he said of the clinics. "Most of them include a concert as well. I get on well with the kids, and there is lots of interest in big bands. I get requests from all sorts of places, but to accept them all would be a physical impossibility."

As an indication of the kind of talent that can come out of the collegiate music scene, Terry cites trumpeters Brecker

and Stamm, both in his band, and "both fantastic players."

Terry is, naturally, pleased that his services are in demand:

"To see this acceptance by the public is heartening. It's very gratifying, and it makes me work harder and try harder."

A contributing factor to Terry's popularity has been his singing—particularly the humor-filled wordless blues patter he calls "mumbles." He'd never expected this joking to take hold. He explained how the original recording came about:

"I was doing the *Oscar Peterson Plus One* date, and it went down so smoothly—we finished all the numbers in one take—that we were just sitting around gassing, with plenty of time on our hands. I wanted to make a party tape; just put it on and see people's reactions, and Oscar was for it. So we worked out a routine, and when we did it, Oscar fell on the floor. 'This has got to go on the album,' he said. So we worked out two numbers. . . .

"It was really my version of a put-on of old blues singers —St. Louis had lots of what you might call blues festivals, get-togethers where one singer after the other would come up and do his blues. Feeling mattered more than what was being sung about. Some guy would start singing about a chick in the audience, and it didn't matter what the words were, as long as the groove kept going.

"I've always loved to listen to blues singers, from way back, but even on my records at home, there'd always be one or two lines you couldn't make out. The feeling is what counts. From just fooling around like that, I decided to do some straight-life singing, on tunes that don't require a balladeer's voice, like *Gee, Baby* or *I Want a Little Girl*, and I found that there was a little market for that too. We have some arrangements in the big band for that."

Terry's singing, like that of other fine jazz instrumentalists, is a happy and engaging reflection of his personality, and *Mumbles*, when done in person, comes out just a little differently each time. At benefits or festivals, after lengthy sets of "serious" jazz, the singing is a delightful change of pace.

In addition to playing trumpet and singing, Terry doubles on fluegelhorn. He has used it since his Ellington days and even does a specialty, alternating phrases on trumpet and fluegel. But he does a lot of serious playing on the large-bored horn too.

"I found it to have a more intimate feeling and sound," he explained. "You don't have to use the same vicious attack as on the trumpet. I use it for a change of pace, like a pitcher with a fast ball and a curve. It's really an extension for one's expression."

The big horn is becoming increasingly popular, Terry noted with pleasure, adding:

"They allow it on staff as a double now; before, it wasn't quite recognized as a legitimate instrument. Many of the new sounds in jingle music are geared to the fluegelhorn sound. It can be used in many combinations: with winds, with trombones; there are so many ways to use it effectively."

The use of fluegelhorns is not the only positive factor Terry finds in today's commercial jingles. "They seem to be writing better music for jingles now than you hear on a lot of the jazz programs," he said. "You can turn on your radio and hear some good jazz on the commercials. Jazz seems to be a good medium for selling—it doesn't have to be corny."

Terry said he also enjoys some of the challenges involved in the careful timing required for this kind of functional music:

"It has to be worked out to the precise second. You may have to make a 5/4 bar out of a 4/4 bar, cut bars, put in irregularities. And when you get the chance, it's good to get that little bit of your own in. . . ."

AS A NETWORK staff musician, Terry is a member of the still far too small minority of Negro musicians in such jobs—roughly a dozen among the 195 men employed by the three major networks in New York. To Terry, the job means more than mere security.

"I like to think," he explained, "that I'm supposed to prove to nonbelievers that they *can* believe—that we can do what's required, and that proving this has made things just a little more comfortable. . . .

"I have to think of more than just my gig. I'm representing all the people who'd like to do the kind of work I'm doing. I have to think ahead—I feel that I'm not doing it just for myself, but that I'm representing the Negro in my field. . . ."

Asked his opinion of the current state of jazz, Terry replied that he finds it difficult to evaluate. "It seems great for some, bad for others," he said. "I guess it's always been that way. But in some cities, there are no places now to hear jazz. It's terrible if a town can't support at least one or two places, even just for the local musicians."

But on the whole, Terry is optimistic:

"I don't think that jazz will ever die. There'll always be somebody playing some kind of jazz somewhere, and somebody will come and listen to it. The kids have been smothered with rock-and-roll, but it looks as if they're getting tired of that and want to hear good melodies with a good swinging feeling—it may be old hat to us, but it's new to them."

In Terry's opinion, "jazz goes through a lot of phases, but it always come back to foot-patting music. I like to hear some of the new things that are being tried—I don't mind a cat going way out, as long as he comes back. Some of it is successful, some not.

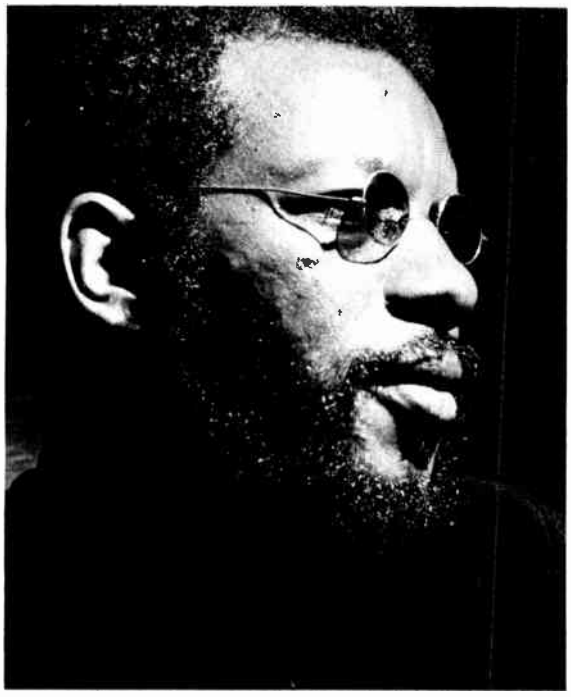
"I just like to stay abreast of everything that's going on. A house doesn't have to be a home. A lot of times it means that I have to subsidize my own yen for jazz. I do benefits and small-paying gigs or take a sideman's fee for the sake of someone who needs it more. I think of those things primarily because nobody was thinking of them in my behalf when I was coming up."

Terry is aware of the danger of becoming stale and stagnant:

"Being satisfied and just grooving is an unwise thing to do. As the old saying goes, the only difference between a groove and a grave is the dimensions. You can't let the world go by.

"I learned many things from the older guys, like Duke and Coleman Hawkins. They always managed to keep themselves surrounded with youth and to keep their minds open. Not necessarily in the sense of accepting everything that comes along but in keeping open to it. You shouldn't close your mind and your ears to everything that's going on; you should at least hear it out. Bean or Maestro wouldn't be as fresh and interesting in their ideas as they are if they had closed their minds to youth."

It is clear that success has not spoiled Clark Terry. db



FRANCIS WOLFF

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

BY ORNETTE COLEMAN

Down Beat has printed many articles about the music business, dealing with almost all the things musicians are faced with. Here are a few of today's questions and problems with which my brothers and I are faced.

What should be the goal of a musician who must suffer the results of the music-business attitude which holds that musicians should be starving artists who must never feel that the music business is merely another market in which the goals are only social for those whom the business approves?

What about the value of that musician's work to the less social, who have no way of knowing what the musician's value is to other musicians or to an audience—on all levels of music outlets and intakes?

How does one play or write music today, since there is a vast number of nonwriters and nonperformers who might not like music and whose only connection with it is to make money and gain social prestige from it?

Example: I was once told by a very social record producer that a musician shouldn't expect to make a living from records. Yet as he told me this, *he* was making a good living from records that musicians had made for him.

I don't want to bring hate into the reader's mind or make musicians hate the business. I do wish, though, to speak of my own experience, since critics, record companies, booking agents, magazines, and the press in general have caused me to investigate my own goals as a human, because my life is in a part of living that allows all to attack or praise that which has as its title the word Art and as its heart love.

Music is classless, but races, knowledge, and life-condition are not. I do not believe in any form of government under which a person cannot be, or have the right to be, an individual. We all are enjoying the life we have been given—but not without a fight to live a life with which we are constantly trying to improve the thing we find that gives us pleasure. Whatever it is that makes some of us smarter or more fortunate than our fellow human brothers, I don't believe God wants one human to destroy his brother because that brother is less fortunate.

This is why I am writing this to my musical brothers and audience, so we will learn the meaning of living with all without trying to get away from those who feel only socially connected to us because they can *use* us.

The tragedy of today's jazz composer and player—as well as of those in other categories of music—is that we all are suffering from the devaluation of our work in the music business. Take Leonard Bernstein, for example. He is a great musician who found that his talent must live in its own time, and he couldn't find enough time for his own music; so he did what any musician would do—he returned to creating.

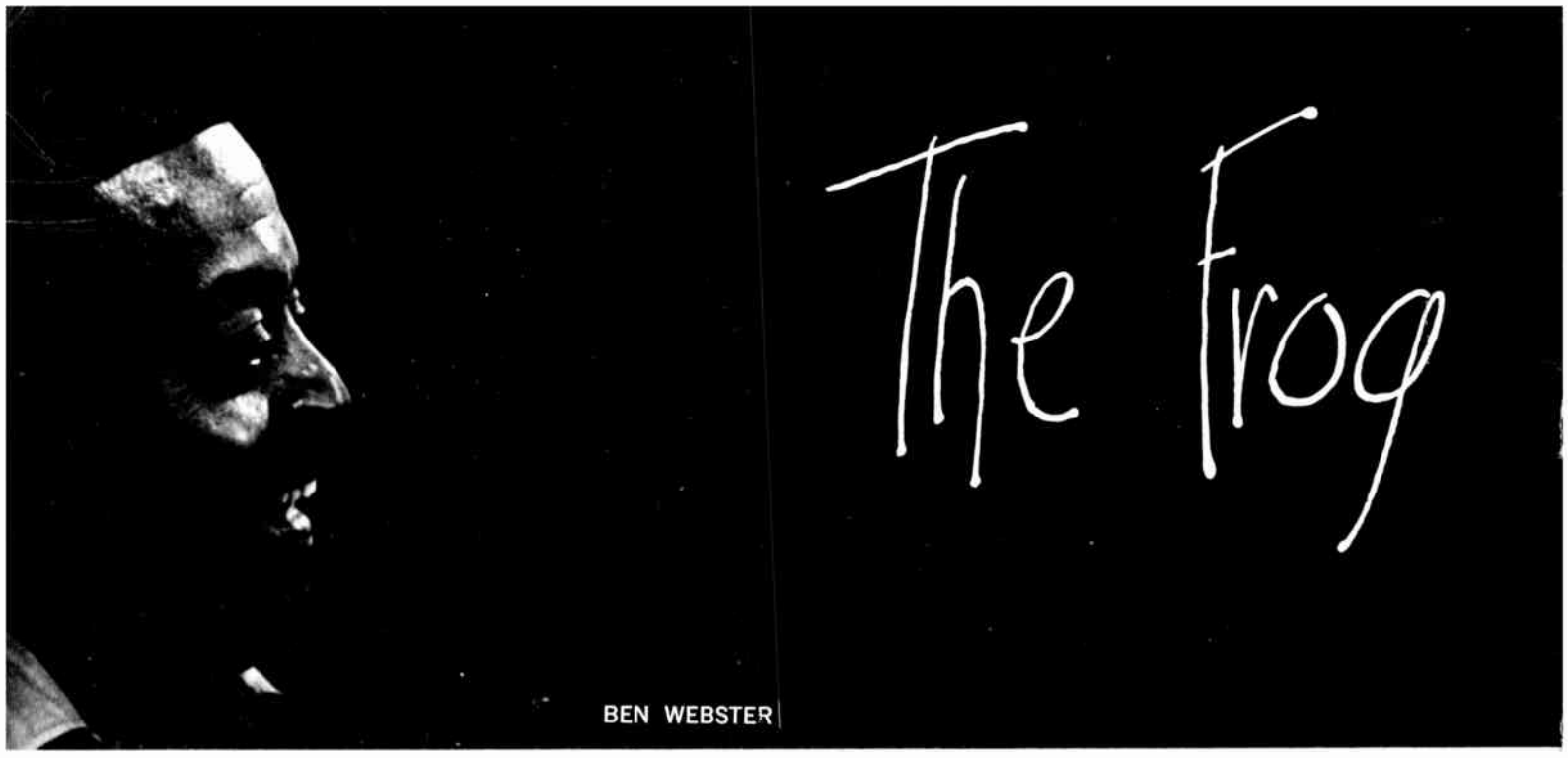
How many of us would like to find a way to have all of the many chances to serve in their most useful and most productive environment? But one cannot find or learn how to reach these goals, because the music life of today, as it happens to us, has robbed the musician of his own values of searching for how, why, and where.

His values must not cause others to hate, cheat, and misunderstand. I don't know who my personal enemies are or why I feel that they exist in and out of the music world, but I hope my talent and beliefs won't offend any sex, religion, or political and social pleasures.

I have always searched in myself before accusing another for something that I suffered from, before I acted to cure the cause. One who is suffering from an imperfection of any music expression has only his own conviction to accuse. But when that expression has had an outsider decide its value, and the outsider uses that musical expression to condemn a social thought, the result is only hate, cheating, and loss of music value.

So why don't we Americans, who have a duty to our neighbor and our mother country, get off this war-jazz, race-jazz, poverty-jazz, and b.s. and let the country truly become what it is known as (GOD country)—unless we fear God has left and we must make everyone pay for His leaving? I am sure if we prayed, He'd at least give the place back to the Indians because it isn't going to mean anything to us anymore if we find that we are hating each other.

Maybe God will let us all go back home.



The Frog

BEN WEBSTER

I RESENT THE treatment that musicians customarily are given by the press and other news media. The reporting, especially if the person is well known, is so often biased and slanted. Though sugar-coating distorts the picture and robs the subject of a semblance of reality, at the same time, gossip and inaccurate reporting can equally twist the facts. To a degree, Ben Webster has suffered this misfortune. It is my intention to examine the diverse, and sometimes contradictory, facets of Webster.

Ben Webster is not only one of the greatest exponents of the tenor saxophone but he is also a talented arranger, composer, billiard player, and photographer. Each of these things Ben does almost well enough to be considered a professional if he decided to work at any one of them. Still, throughout his career, he has followed a destiny as a communicator on his instrument. Everything else has been relegated to a hobby.

With an intriguing character that, at times, is almost Jekyll and Hyde, Ben is a strange one. This duality, of course, exists within everyone to some degree, but in his case, it is remarkable. However, I have noted these extreme shifts in more than one musician, and for some reason, they follow a pattern. I am struck by the similarities between Ben and Thelonious Monk, for example. Both, when in good spirits and in a congenial atmosphere, can break into a sort of ritual dance, consisting of a series of short glides, a shuffle, with an occasional tap thrown in. They also present a similarly morose attitude when unhappy.

The personality similarity persists even to playing the piano. This is not to imply that Ben is in a class with Monk on the instrument, since Webster does not play a really acceptable professional piano. Yet it is common knowledge that he loves to play the instrument. Ben plops himself on a piano stool every chance he gets.

According to historians, Webster started his professional career as a pianist with a man named Dutch Campbell. This may be true, but, if so, it must have been a pretty rugged outfit even for those times, since Ben's playing is confined to a honky-tonk stride style.

This was typical Kansas City barroom piano that Ben had heard from the time he was a small lad. According to most Kansas City musicians, the customary gathering place was the corner of 18th and Vine. The town was wide open in those days, and there was a concentration of various restaurants, pool halls, pawnshops, and speakeasys, plus other assorted places of questionable business around this intersection. It's where the sports, pool hustlers, pimps, and musicians could be found, and there were lots of ragtime piano players around for Webster to pattern himself after.

I can sense what it must have been like, since there was the same scene in my home town, Washington, D.C., during that period of the early '20s.

How intriguing that type of atmosphere was to a youngster as he lurked around the fringes of the big fellows' conversations, all eyes and ears, trying to pick up on the mysteries of life! I can remember the agony I went through trying to be a part of the gang on the corner. It took some doing. First came the fighting, which was the initiation for all youngsters.

Ben had special problems to overcome—he was the only male in a household of females, who had dressed him better and taught him to speak with more polish than the other youngsters. Children being quick to resent anyone who is different, the street corner understandably was a traumatic introduction to the other side of life for young Benjamin Francis Webster.

Born Feb. 27, 1909, in Kansas City, Mo., Ben was a product of the wild prohibition days. It may explain why he has tried to project the image of a tough guy until the facade became so much a part of him that few people regard him as anything other than a brusque, loud-talking fellow who loves his liquor. However, underneath this contrived image lies a warm, thoughtful, kindly person. Ben is hung up on the ambivalence of his inner self and the man he wants the world to think he is (which, I assure you, is only a cover).

For years, as far as I was concerned, the tender,

PHOTO/SKEETZ

and Me

BY REX STEWART

warm side of Frog, as he is called by his intimates, was never apparent. I knew him only as a good drinking companion, a hell of a musician, and a swimming buddy. So when I had occasion to go to his home in Los Angeles years later, I was astounded to observe the love and affection with which he regarded his gentle little mother, a former schoolteacher, and his grandmother. The two elderly women were quiet-spoken and refined. With them, Ben was the soul of solicitude. He even combed his grandmother's hair!

Watching him with the family, it dawned on me that there was another side to this man I had prided myself on knowing so well. He also made me aware that he was my real friend, by looking after me when I arrived on the West Coast. If the going was rough for me, Ben put some money in my pocket, and he'd take me on the occasional gig that popped up. When we played golf, he always picked up the tab. These generous gestures came from his heart, not from my asking him for help.

Then, looking back, I recalled that this regard and concern were not confined to me. I remember very well how many of his other friends all over the country, particularly in New York City and Los Angeles, always received the same consideration.

One of these friends, O. D. Thompson, or Slats, as Ben always calls him, has proved an invaluable source of material in this recapitulation. They grew up together in Kansas City. Slats played in Ben's first band (later Ben had quartets and combos from time to time), and they have been friends through the years.

Slats recalls that early band, which they called Rooster Ben and His Little Red Hens. At that time, Webster was playing that honky-tonk piano of his, after going through the motions of violin lessons and playing clarinet in the high school orchestra. These striplings started playing for youngsters' dances after school and worked their way up until they began to compete with George Lee's band and other local, established groups.

Then, all of a sudden, the town got too small for Ben, so he cut out for Albuquerque, N.M., with Clarence Love. He subsequently worked for Jap Allen, Gene Coy, and Dutch Campbell. Then Lester Young's father engaged him to play with the Young family band. Were it not for this, Ben might never have learned the tenor saxophone. It was Lester who introduced him to the instrument (he'd started on alto) and tutored him. The two of them would go down to the river and blow by the hour.

One day, the lessons were almost broken off for good when Lester decided to dive into the river, although he was not a good swimmer. I have never been able to find out the exact facts—whether Lester got beyond his depth, had a cramp, or what—but Ben had to jump in and save his life. This was a feat that he was to repeat years later, rescuing someone he didn't know. These acts are unknown to most people, and Webster makes no attempt to show the better side of himself.

The person Ben was most devoted to outside of his mother and grandmother was the late Jimmy Blanton. It was Ben who first heard the young bass player and hounded Duke Ellington until he went to hear this phenomenal musician. After that, history was made. Jimmy developed the modern style of bass playing. Ben was a different man as he watched over Blanton like a mother hen. For the first time since I'd known Ben, he cut way down on his whisky and would sit by the hour counseling young Jimmy on the facts of life. It is mere speculation—and I may be wrong—but I can't help feeling that if Blanton had followed Ben's advice, he might still be with us. A humorous bit of the association between Blanton and Ben comes to mind:

The Ellington band was up in the far northern part of the country playing a theater, and just as we finished our last show, we noticed that it had begun to snow like mad. Everybody decided to head for home immediately, instead of making one of the jam sessions that was our customary after-work amusement. I recall going to bed without stopping to eat, only to be awakened by hunger pangs a few hours later. I got up and stumbled through the blizzard to a nearby restaurant. As I drew

near, I saw a strange sight. At first there appeared to be a group of primitive monsters trudging through the snow. But it was Ben carrying Blanton piggy back, with Jimmy's bass fiddle under one arm. Jimmy was doggedly hanging onto Ben's neck with one arm, while the other clutched Ben's saxophone.

I don't believe I ever have seen any two musicians closer to each other than those two. There was mutual admiration for one another as musicians and a sturdy friendship that I think permitted Jimmy to give Ben the nickname Frog. It fit well enough, what with Ben's slightly protruding eyes, to become permanent among his friends. Ben is a fairly tall, broad-shouldered man, with a definite Indian cast to his face, and a reddish-brown coloring. In recent years, his hair has begun to recede, and his huge chest has gracefully slid below his waist.

THE FIRST TIME I saw Ben was when I was with Horace Henderson's Collegians of Wilberforce University. We had returned to school after being on tour during summer vacation, and lack of sleep and irregular meals had exhausted us bandsmen. So instead of joining the other upperclassmen in the hazing and usual initiation festivities, we all went to bed right after supper. Later, we were rudely awakened by a sound that seemed to be a cross between the mating call of a bull moose and the frightened honking of a southbound goose that has lost its bearings. Everybody jumped up and ran to the window. Looking out, we saw a big gang of fellow students surrounding a fellow sitting on a tree stump, blowing either an alto or soprano saxophone. The next morning when we asked about the commotion, we found out that freshman Ben Webster from Kansas City had avoided being paddled by blowing the sax.

No doubt we would have gotten to know Webster better, but soon after that meeting, the Collegians decided to leave school permanently. The next time our paths crossed was years later.

When Ben arrived in New York City, all the tenor-playing cats around town were talking about his big sound. I remember there was quite a bit of plotting and planning by the musicians as they tried to inveigle Webster into a cutting session. Ben had no eyes for that kind of action. He'd be in and out of the Rhythm Club or other spots where Chu Berry, Elmer Williams, Happy Cauldwell, Big Nick Nicholas, and the other tenors hung out. They'd be jamming, but Ben would just sip and listen.

I well remember hearing of an incident that took place just about that time. I heard it from one of Ben's boon companions, a fellow whom I knew only as Slim. He told me that early one morning, while they were getting the air in Slim's car, on Harlem River Dr., a young woman jumped into the river. Ben yelled to Slim to stop the car, and as soon as he did, Ben dived in, clothes and all, and saved her. Ben is modest; he even denies remembering this incident.

Later in our friendship, I discovered that Ben was equally skilled with a pool cue. One night in the Rhythm Club, I heard him challenge one of the gambling fraternity who frequented the place. All the musicians knew that this fellow (who shall remain nameless) was a pool hustler, so we tried to dissuade Ben from betting money against him. But once Ben has made up his mind, there's no stopping him.

The game was on—"50 no count," meaning that the winning player had to run 50 balls (that's three racks plus five balls). They tossed a coin and the pool hustler lost. He had to break the balls, which he did very professionally, making the two end balls touch a cushion and then return to the stack, leaving Ben's cue ball in Siberia against the far cushion.

We all expected Ben to retaliate by playing safe, which would have been the smart thing to do, with 10 bucks at stake. But not Kansas City Ben—he'd hung around with Odelle and Piney Brown on 18th and Vine too long to let a little thing like Siberia faze him. He said something like: "Gee whiz, you sure are hard on a man, leaving him safe like this on the very first shot. My, my. What am I supposed to do from here? Tell you what—I'll give you $2, and let's start all over. Okay?" As he made these and other choice remarks, much too salty to repeat, he circled the table looking for a possible combination.

Ben squatted for a few seconds, got up, and yelled, "Rackman, don't go away! There's going to be some balls to be racked in a minute."

Then he called a ball in the stack in the left corner pocket. (This shot, we thought, was impossible because it was a two-cushion combination bank shot.) Ben made it. Then he proceeded to run the table, three racks, plus five balls and out.

According to Odelle and Montell Stewart, who grew up with him in Kansas City, Ben came by his skill on the green naturally, because as a yearling he was happiest when he hung out with them as they loafed around the pool hall at 12th and Pasco—until they all discovered that girls were more fun.

Ben was quite a daredevil in his younger days. As a joke, he once thumped Joe Louis on the button while riding an elevator in the old Brill Building. Few people would have had the temerity to trifle with the champ, but Ben figured he knew him well enough to kid around—Louis was an Ellington fan. However, the Brown Bomber was not amused and returned a tiny jab to Ben's ribs, doubling him up.

I was not present, but I've heard another story from several fellows who were there. Ben once challenged Keg O'Nails, a gent who had a terrible temper, wore two guns, and enjoyed whipping a joker's head, which he did with impunity since he was a policeman. Inviting Keg to step outside, Ben spiced his threats with impolite name-calling. However, a good fairy must have been watching over him because the policeman refused to take offense, and, laughing, bought Frog a drink. They became fast friends and soon were patrolling Keg's beat together.

One year, when the Ellingtonians were in Denver, Barney Bigard, Ben, and I each had rings custom-made by a goldsmith. Barney and I still have ours, but Ben's underwent constant changes of ownership because of his attraction to "the church."

Some of Ben's Chicago cronies introduced him to

"the church." Although these "churchgoers" often knelt to pray, it was over dice—this former house of worship had become the scene of one of the biggest crap games in Chicago. We fellows in the band could always tell when Ben had been to "church" and also if it had been a good or bad session. The clue was Ben's pinky finger. If his snake ring adorned his hand, he had won and was in good financial shape. But if he was not wearing it, disaster had set in during the game and the snake was in pawn again. Eventually, it disappeared forever.

Nobody seeing Ben hanging out on the corner of 47th and South Park, or 18th and Vine, or at the Braddock Bar in Harlem would ever suspect that he was anything other than a corner roustabout. His yelling and laughing fit right into the picture, as did his attire. His high-priced shoes were just like those affected by gamblers, hustlers, and pimps, while his expensive hats were worn cocked in such a manner that they were a blatant gesture of defiance to the conventional world. Somehow his headgear always seemed to antagonize lawmen, who'd spot Ben and invariably stop him and request identification.

Is Ben Webster saint or sinner? Sometimes his behavior borders on the eccentric, and, as we all know, musicians are placed in an atmosphere where the sauce flows. For Webster, in an attempt to be sociable, this represents a continuing battle with the bottle (which he has been known to lose). On the other side of the coin, Ben has been kind and generous in situations where most fellows would just refuse to get involved.

LEE TANNER

I recall one incident as an example. It was around 7 a.m. in a theatrical rooming house, and it was snowing outside. Inside, there were vague rumblings heard, like someone moving furniture. The noise woke everybody up, but it soon grew quiet again. Later, it was discovered that there had indeed been some furniture moving as a certain band brother had shoved the bed, the dresser, and several tables between himself and his irate spouse.

The summary of this touching domestic scene came to light when this brother caught up with the band again in Chicago, two days later. He was wearing Ben's clothing, including shoes and hat. Good Samaritan Webster had helped the brother out with both clothing and money.

There are some parallels between Ben's playing and his personal life. Over the years, his style has undergone a complete turnabout, which is obvious to a discerning listener. During his early period, he blew with unrestrained savagery, buzzing and growling through chord changes like a prehistoric monster challenging a foe. With the passage of time, this fire has given way to tender, introspective declamations of such maturity and reflective beauty that he has acquired a large number of new fans all over the world.

Among those of us who knew him, there was considerable bafflement when his style changed, but the question was answered to my satisfaction as I started this article and the facts began to assemble themselves. Ben has returned to his cultural roots, by chance or design. In either case, these latest musical extensions are not in keeping with the mores of his former hoodlum companions.

Fortunately, Ben has recorded extensively, so that gamut, from rough to mellow, is available to the jazz buff. He played with many bands, recording with most of them. He was with Bennie Moten, Blanche Calloway, Fletcher Henderson, Benny Carter, Cab Calloway, Raymond Scott, Teddy Wilson, and Duke Ellington. He also recorded with Art Tatum, Billie Holiday, and other pickup groups.

As a composer and arranger, Ben's most significant contribution was *Cotton Tail,* for which he also wrote the now-famous saxophone-section chorus.

Ben is a nonconformist. He has developed a personality facade that is the antithesis of what he is, for Ben is also warm and generous, a true friend, a great musician, and—taking into account the total picture—a tremendous human being. I fail to understand why a distinction should be made between his behavior in a public bar and that of a celebrated Welsh poet who was such a cutup a few years ago. The latter's antics did not tarnish his image as an artistic force. The fact that a fellow earns a living as a musician should not condemn him.

It is my hope that in Europe, where he has lived and worked for the last few years, he will find the inner peace that his restless soul seeks. Viva Ben Webster, our Frog. db

THE JIMMIE LUNCEFORD BAND had begun as a co-operative, and its spirit as a group effort continued for years. When Lunceford decided to build a casino at Larchmont, N.Y., the musicians' regular salaries were discontinued, and they worked for just room-rent and board. Although the roof was not finished, they opened at the casino as scheduled.

"We had to," Willie Smith said, "because we couldn't disappoint our legions of fans. And it rained! There were inches of water on the floor, but all the people were there. They stayed and danced in the water. We got wet, too, but we didn't care."

Tommy Dorsey, one of the band's greatest admirers, went out to Larchmont one night. Afterwards, he gave Smith a lift back to New York City.

"I want to talk to you a minute," he said when they stopped outside where Smith was living. He pulled out a checkbook, signed his name on a check, and said:

"You see this line up here—Pay to the Order of?"

"Yeah," Smith said.

"Put whatever you want on that line, and it's yours."

The saxophonist, the outstanding lead alto of the time, had to tell him that he couldn't leave Lunceford, even though all he was getting was room and board.

"I felt it would be a terrible breach on my part," Smith recalled. "That was the spirit we all had. Nobody would quit regardless of what happened."

Later, the musicians began to be dissatisfied when they felt Lunceford was not treating them fairly in view of their past sacrifices.

"We knew he was making a lot of money," Smith said, "because he was buying airplanes, wrecking them, and buying new ones. The places we played were still packed, but it got that we never knew what money they made. Before that, we used to know. So when Tommy Dorsey offered Sy Oliver a big salary, he quit. He couldn't be blamed, in view of what was happening. I always understood, too, that he got just $5 for making the arrangement of *My Blue Heaven,* which was a big hit, and he did the copying himself. Work like that may have made his reputation, but he deserved 20 times that much money, because the band was on pretty big time by then [1935]."

In early 1942, Smith left to join trumpeter Charlie Spivak's band. Trombonist Trummy Young and drummer Jimmy Crawford left Lunceford soon after, and the band rapidly deteriorated.

"Not that Lunceford didn't get good musicians," Smith reflected, "but the spirit wasn't there. That do-or-die-for-good-old-Boopadoola was gone. I went to hear the band a couple of times, and it was like day and night."

Spivak played at the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York City, and Smith was with him for almost a year. Although it was a more commercial band, Spivak had a lot of swing arrangements by Jimmy Mundy and Sonny Burke. Dave Tough was the drummer, and Nelson Riddle played fourth trombone and wrote the "sweet stuff." Spivak left jazz to others, but Smith admired his trumpet sound on ballads.

Before the end of 1942, Smith went in the Navy and to the Great Lakes Naval Training Center, where 100,000 men were stationed.

"Our job was to train bands to go other places," Smith explained. "We'd look over the recruits, find likely prospects, put them together, teach them a few marches and pop tunes, and send them off to Guadalcanal or some place.

"Music was a big deal up there. They had a huge symphony, and there were four separate bands in the barracks I was in. We had everything to work with, including arrangers—Gerald Wilson was ours—and our own repair shop for instruments. You could get any size group you wanted. All you had to do was call Administration and say, 'I want 20 fiddles and 30 singers. Send 'em right over.' Herman McCoy, who worked with Duke Ellington on his first sacred concerts, was in charge of the choral groups.

"We had continuous leave, because we belonged to what they called Ship's Company, which gave us privileges the rest of the guys didn't have. Chicago was only 40 miles away, and we went there nearly every night. We musicians were really very fortunate, but at least we provided handsome entertainment for the massive concentration of people they had there."

WHEN SMITH CAME OUT of the Navy in 1944, he had no job and decided to call Harry James to see if he needed a saxophonist. As he picked up the phone to dial, a voice on it said, "Hello!" It was his old friend, trombonist-composer Juan Tizol, calling from New Jersey to ask him to join the James band. As a result of this remarkable coincidence, Smith's long association with James began at Frank Dailey's Meadowbrook in New Jersey. It was interrupted only by engagements with Duke Ellington, Billy May, and Jazz at the Philharmonic.

"Duke and Tizol are lifelong friends," Smith said. "They're almost like brothers. Tizol and I are too. Anyway [in 1951], Duke asked Tizol if he, Louie Bellson [James' drummer at the time], and I would like to go with him for a year. We accepted. We had no contract. The four of us just shook hands, but

PHOTOS, CLOCKWISE FROM LOWER LEFT: SMITH AT GREAT LAKES NAVAL CENTER, 1942; AS A MEMBER OF THE JIMMIE LUNCEFORD BAND; WITH HARRY JAMES; WITH TROMBONIST JUAN TIZOL AND GUITARIST HAYDEN CAUSEY; WITH CHARLIE BARNET, 1966 (LOU BLACKBURN PHOTO).

EPITAPH: WILLIE SMITH
PT. 2
BY STANLEY DANCE

In the first part of *Epitaph*, Willie Smith recounted the early days of his career and the formation of the Jimmie Lunceford Band, of which he was a charter member. The interview with the altoist was held in December, 1966, while he was playing with Charlie Barnet Band at Basin Street East in New York City. It was his last interview; Smith died March 7.

then we had to go tell Harry.

"He wasn't working very steady then, sometimes taking off a couple of months at a time, but we needed to keep blowing to meet expenses. When we went to see him, nobody wanted to speak up first, but somebody very haltingly explained how sorry we were, that we needed to make some money, and had this chance to go with Duke for a year.

"Louie had the hardest time saying anything. He's one of the nicest men I ever met in my life. He never changes, morning, noon, or night. He, Billy Strayhorn, and I used to room together. We'd get a suite, and while Billy and I were drinking up all the whisky, Louie would be eating apples and having more fun than we were. He had good taste and always wore good clothes. If you said to him, 'Gee, I like that sports shirt you're wearing,' he'd go out of his way to say how much he hated it and how sorry he was he bought it—so that he could give it to you. He'd insist that you take it. And that's the kind of man he is."

With its new members, the Ellington band went east and played Birdland, where it created a sensation that is vividly remembered by many.

"For some reason or other, the band decided to wake up and really play," Smith said. "Great as they are, it's very seldom you can get all those guys to want to play together at one time. Some spark got into them, and for six months the band was unbelievable. It had so much fire and determination—every set, no lulls, no letdowns. People used to get up in the middle of a number at Birdland and start yelling. They couldn't contain themselves and wait until the end of the number to applaud. *Diminuendo and Crescendo* was one of the numbers on which this used to happen. I couldn't believe what I was hearing either. . . .

"After about six months, they went back to their old habits, and I went with them. It seemed as though I would always be at the bar with Paul Gonsalves during intermissions, and sometimes we would be just about to wend our way back to the bandstand when we'd hear Duke play his little band call. 'Hey, it's almost time for us to go back,' Paul would say. 'Let's get us another double!'

"Then Cat Anderson would sometimes lean over and tap me on the shoulder when someone got up to take a three- or four-chorus solo. 'Let's go back and have a drink,' he'd say. 'No, we can't do that,' I'd answer, from force of habit and training. 'Don't worry, we'll be back in time,' he'd say. So I got like the rest of them, and when I felt like it, I'd go out in the wings and have another drink.

"This sort of thing used to make Tizol so mad, because he is the most punctilious man in the world. He gets everywhere a half-hour early, rarin' to go. So when I got into these bad habits, he was really disgusted. It was one of those things. But I had a lot of fun playing with Duke—great music and everything. And he was always real nice. He told me once that he made up his mind a long time ago that he wasn't going to let those guys worry him to death."

Smith left at a time, 1952, when the Ellington band was spending nearly all its time on the road. He joined an old friend, Billy May, who was living in California and had had a number of hit records. May took a band out on a cross-country tour but didn't like the experience. When he got back, according to Smith, he said to hell with it and broke up the band.

A tour with Jazz at the Philharmonic followed. "Fun" is a word Smith often uses in reference to musical experiences, and to him that was what the Norman Granz JATP tours were.

"I enjoyed them," he said, grinning and falling into the laconic humor familiar from his vocals on records. "No music to read. Easy. Go out on the town every night. Big deal."

He had been a star of the first enormously popular JATP album with trumpeter Howard McGhee, tenorists Illinois Jacquet and Charlie Ventura, and drummer Gene Krupa. Subsequently, he found himself playing alongside such saxophonists as Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, and Charlie Parker. Mention of their names provoked a series of reflections on the art of the saxophone.

"When I first heard Charlie Parker," he said, "I thought the style was very unusual, and it was a little while before I could understand it. He and Dizzy Gillespie evolved a much more intricate method of expressing this music, and it required a lot of study and a lot of practice, which they must have done. So far as modern music is concerned, they were a couple of this century's geniuses.

"My favorite players when I was coming up were Johnny Hodges and Benny Carter, and I used to steal their stuff off the records. In their way, they are just as much masters as Charlie Parker was. What Parker played required a vast knowledge of chords and also a great technique, but the style has been prostituted to quite an extent by guys attempting to play it who didn't really know what they were doing.

"I've heard Ornette Coleman, and I have to be honest and admit that I don't understand him. He seems to be interested in making a lot of strange sounds, but Charlie Parker wasn't. Everything Charlie played can be analyzed,

and it is what was supposed to be there.

"The way I see it, if you're going to run a race, you've got to accept certain conditions: to run a certain distance on a certain track at a certain time. You can run any *way* you want, but you have to observe those conditions. The way it was with Parker and all the others was that you said, 'Here's the track, here are these chords. All you guys who are going to play will have the same chords. Let's see what you can do with them!'

"This has nothing to do with the guys who just make strange sounds. My honest opinion is that most of what is going on is a promotion. I don't believe it when they claim the touch of genius. I could take my horn, go out there, look straight up in the air, act real strange, blow anything I wanted, and say I'm getting a message. Who's supposed to believe that? And I've got to know what a man is trying to play. Is he trying to play *Body and Soul* or *I Think I'll Go Back to the Mountains Tonight*?"

Smith also likened much of the new music to abstract painting, and its fans to those who pretend to see images on a canvas that are not there. He spoke of DaVinci and Van Gogh:

"They didn't just walk out there and say, 'I'm going to paint me a picture.' There was technique involved, and they spent a lot of their lives acquiring it. A lot of the new guys can't really play their horns. It would be impossible to use them in a section. If you asked them to play the melody—nice, pleasant-sounding—they'd be completely lost. No tone. No technique. Ask them to just play the melody as Johnny Hodges would. Just play the tune—don't run the changes. They couldn't do it. And it even took Johnny a long time to learn to play melody like that. Tommy Dorsey the same way. He wasn't what you'd call a jazzman, but every trombone player in the world was trying to get a bit of that sound. If you could play melody half as well as he could, you didn't have to worry about jazz.

"Tone takes a whole lot of time and practice. What the modern guys mostly play doesn't require a good tone, because everything goes by so fast. Everything is eighth notes, or sixteenths, or 32nds, and tone goes inversely to the number of notes you play. When you forget about tone, you are losing something valuable, because the first thing you're supposed to learn is to get a good sound. When you've got that, you go after something else. And when you put a whole lot of notes before sound, you're getting into a mathematical area.

"You can tell whether a guy has any sound when he has to play a few whole notes. If he hasn't, he may try to hide it by never playing any and just keep running all the time."

On the other hand, Smith regarded Lester Young's sound and what he played as an unusual combination, one that nobody else could have put together so well as he did.

"Coleman Hawkins' tone was big, heavy, and strong, the kind that should be," he said. "It was full of force and power, and he was fortunate in having the technique and imagination to go along with it. Although Lester's tone was small, it fitted what he played perfectly. From Coleman, you always expected a big, pretty note every now and then, and then he would go into the runs. Lester never did that—or very seldom. Up until his time, all the big guys had beautiful tones—Coleman Hawkins, Benny Carter, and Johnny Hodges. So in a way Lester paved the way for bop, although Charlie Parker had his own thing."

WHEN HARRY JAMES began playing in Las Vegas, Nev., it opened up a new field for his band, which soon found itself working almost half the year on a circuit of Las Vegas, Reno, and Lake Tahoe. This suited the musicians, including Smith, well. The short trips in between were nothing like the long stretches of one-nighters that everyone dreaded.

"There were times with Lunceford," Smith recalled, "when we'd go on the road for 364 days and play in New York one night—at the Renaissance. That night, you'd have to be somebody special to get in, and there would be a whole lot of famous musicians sitting along at the back of the stage listening to us. When we were young, the traveling was a lot of fun, and nobody cared. After a time, the novelty wore off, and you knew which hotel and which restaurant to go to, even the names of the streets, in every town you visited.

"I think drinking enters into it partly from boredom and lack of sleep. Up to a certain point, too, it speeds you up a bit, so far as your feelings are concerned. You feel more like playing. Then you find you need more and more whisky to reach the same level. Over a certain point, it destroys your co-ordination, your thinking, and everything else. You finally end up a drunkard. I think it was some freakish thing about my physical system, but I never had a headache, and, Lord knows, I should have had some big ones. It would probably have been better if I had, because drinking is an insidious process that finally traps you.

"Without the whisky, I was a nervous wreck. It took about a fifth to get me to normal. It was just like dope. The nerves start to scream, and you've got to cool 'em off, so what do you do? You take a double shot and another double shot until they stop shaking. Then you need more and more to stop them from shaking, until the day comes when they don't stop. I got to the point, too, where food was distasteful, and I ate maybe just a hamburger every other day."

Eventually, he said, he got so sick he had to quit drinking and go into a hospital. There never had been anything wrong with his stomach, but now he found he had an ulcer, malnutrition, anemia, an enlarged liver, "and a few other assorted ailments."

He was in bed quite a while, because he was so weak he couldn't stand up. "I'd just been starving myself to death," he said. "It was as simple as that." He was off whisky and was taking tranquilizers two or three times a day.

"I lay there trying to make it back," he said, "to get me an appetite. I finally did too. The doctor couldn't understand it. He said he never knew anyone to stay alive who drank that much and ate so little."

Back on the scene and the wagon, Smith found plenty of band and recording work in Los Angeles, where he preferred to live.

"There's not so much hurry and bustle," he said, "and the climate is a lot better, but coming to New York now is fun."

IT WAS TIME to go down through the hotel into Basin Street East where he was working with the Charlie Barnet Band. Soon the band began to blow—an excellent ensemble with esprit de corps. Smith led the saxes with enthusiasm and energy, hunching and twisting his shoulders to indicate shading and accents, the section's phrases issuing with an accuracy that implied two years of togetherness rather than two weeks. Halfway through the set, Barnet called a waiter:

"Sidney, you know what we want?"

"Yes, sir."

When Sidney returned, he carried a large tray on which were 18 drinks, one for each man on the bandstand. Smith, seated in the middle of his section, gravely handed them up one by one. Then, as Nat Pierce played *Cocktails for Two* at the piano, the band toasted the customers, and Smith grimaced over his ginger ale.

There weren't many people in the room, because it was a few days before Christmas. When Smith came off at intermission, he said, "You know what they always used to say in show business? Watch out for Christmas Week, Holy Week, and St. Paul! I never played in St. Paul, but they said it was like Holy Week every week there."

THE JAZZ FAN—1967

By Leonard Feather

pt. 3

QUESTIONS 14 through 20 in my *Twenty Questions* column (*DB*, Aug. 11, 1966) are dealt with below.

The replies to Question 14 showed indisputably that *Down Beat* readers prefer to listen to recorded jazz under the best possible technical conditions.

Question 14: *Do you own (a) a stereo record player, (b) a tape recorder, (c) stereo-tape player, (d) automobile stereo-cartridge player?*

Stereo-record player 75.2%
Tape recorder 41.6
Stereo-tape player 19.6
Auto cartridge player ... 2.8

Record sales in general do not lean nearly as heavily to stereo as do jazz-record sales. Over-all, stereo LP sales have just about pulled even with mono; some companies claim the figure may be as high as 60 to 65 percent stereo. Among the rock-and-roll fans there is, of course, less concern for the best in sound; about 60 percent of the album sales are still monaural.

The ownership of a stereo-tape player by almost one reader in five indicates a marked advance in recent years. The low figure for auto stereo cartridges will no doubt be corrected when a new machine is marketed that can be transported with ease from auto to home and be started at any point on any particular track, instead of obliging the listener to resume exactly where he left off last time.

The next question might be categorized as the fight of the optimists vs. pessimists, with the former winning handily, as the following figures reveal.

Question: 15: *Do you believe jazz is enjoying more general acceptance today than it was a few years ago?*

Yes 44.8%
Qualified yes 21.2
No 20.0
Qualified no 10.8

The evidence adduced for the affirmative side of the question pointed to the emergence of jazz from night clubs into concert halls and festivals; its acceptance as a cultural instrument of good will, and its use in many media, including TV commercials and the like. The qualified and negative answers often quibbled about the exact meaning or value of "acceptance" and questioned whether large-scale popularity could necessarily be equated with esthetic impact.

William H. Engelleitner of Coraopolis, Pa., said, "It is less of a quasi-underground movement for esoteric fans than it was earlier. The jam session of yesterday has given way to festivals. Some of the music may be watered down, but it reaches a wider audience."

"What used to be called 'the devil's music' is now being played in churches and for the President of our country," wrote Mark Taylor of Pittsburgh, Pa. "It is also being used in cultural-exchange programs, which certainly means that it is enjoying wider acceptance than ever."

Jean-Philippe Epitaux of Lausanne, Switzerland, said, "Yes, but not from a commercial point of view. For me, acceptance in this case means respect, and respect does not necessarily harmonize with opulence. Bela Bartok, to take one example, was very respected, but he died in New York in . . . misery."

A qualified answer is given by Louis Delpino of Philadelphia, who said he feels that the masses are no more sensitive to what is happening than they ever were, but just more tolerant. "The whole 'culture boom' has affected the mass attitude towards jazz," he continued, "but it is an ennui-sired scene rather than something brought about by increased personal interest."

George T. Dogias of Memphis, Tenn., declared, "With the recent popularity of the 'mod' sound, the English rock groups, the Nashville-country sound, and all the rock-and-roll TV shows and even commercials, I would have to answer no."

Mick Pontier of Saratoga, Calif., said, "Not necessarily. More people today claim to like jazz, but few of them ever realize what it's all about. I don't consider people like Jonah Jones, Chet Atkins, or Peter, Paul & Mary as being jazz musicians in any sense of the word; yet these people have all won in jazz polls, because of 'general acceptance'. . . . Jazz, like a cult, does not need to have general acceptance in this country; it would only invite more squares and pseudo-hippies."

Peter Riley of New London, Conn., stated, "Sometimes it might seem that more people are listening, but this is probably only because the population has continued to increase; the percentage hasn't changed. However, I think there is a larger audience now for the blues than there was a few years ago."

Question 16: *In what country do you think jazz enjoys the best understanding and acceptance?*

United States 31.2%
U.S. (qualified) 6.4
Scandinavia 18.0
France 16.8
England 8.8
Japan 6.8
Germany 6.4

(For those who object to the lumping together of Scandinavia as if it were one country, it should be added that most of the respondents named Sweden, but some simply opted for Scandinavia in general.)

The most fascinating aspect in sorting out the answers to Question 16 was the oddly mixed response from overseas. Many non-Scandinavians picked Scandinavia. Few overseas voters selected their own country. Following are a few samples, followed in parentheses by the sources of the votes:

"Naturally in the U.S.A. In Hungary there are no more than 50 people who

really, deeply know and understand jazz." (Budapest)

"In the States." (Santiago, Chile)

"The U.S.A. and France." (Riga, Latvia, U.S.S.R.)

"On a percentage basis, either Sweden or Denmark." (Australia)

"Probably Britain, Sweden, and Japan; certainly not the U.S." (Belgium)

"I suspect Poland, West Germany, and a few other European countries." (New Delhi, India)

"England." (Italy)

"Germany, Denmark, Sweden." (England)

"U.S.A., Japan, Germany." (Japan)

"Scandinavian countries." (Holland)

"U.S.A." (Ghana)

"U.S.A. and Czechoslovakia." (Czechoslovakia)

Among answers from Americans, despite an abundance of qualified comments or outright rejections of the United States, Jon Goldman of Shaker Heights, Ohio, spoke for many readers when he commented: "Certainly there are many problems, but here is where the music grows and is nurtured. The myth of Europe should be done away with. The understanding . . . is on a very minor scale and the enthusiasm is not often marked with an objective evaluation."

From Louis Delpino of Philadelphia: "I've gigged and lived in France, Belgium, Germany. They *are* more polite and attentive, but this serves more to betray their traditional etiquette than any special hipness per se."

Also pro-U.S. was Mike Bourne of St. Louis: "No matter how many musicians seek the sanctuary of Europe, jazz remains an American commodity."

On the other hand, Mick Pontier of Saratoga, Calif., wrote, "Probably France, Sweden, Denmark, or Japan . . . It is saddening to realize that U.S. citizens can . . . mask out jazz by brainwashing the people with garbage music such as rock-and-roll."

Robert C. Morrison Jr. of Everett, Mass.: "An American cultural environment is partially composed of jazz, thus there is a greater understanding; but the Scandinavians accept it more . . . they are more culturally aware than Americans."

According to Art Schattauer of Minneapolis, "German boys and girls receive a solid music-appreciation training . . . which gives them the alertness and understanding of music in general and jazz in particular. The fact that many Germans love Bach and jazz is no coincidence."

In addition to the countries tabulated above, there were isolated votes for Canada, Holland, Poland, Thailand, Hungary and the U.S.S.R.

Question 17: *Did you learn about jazz mainly through (a) listening, (b) reading, (c) performing?*

Listening	95.6%
Reading	67.2
Performing	32.4

The figure for (a) should of course have been 100 percent, since any fan who learned about jazz entirely by reading and/or performing, without listening, is in trouble. The mere act of creating music does not necessarily connote an understanding of what it is all about.

An interesting case history is that of Ray T. McDonald Jr. of Bridgton, Maine, who said, "Reading, and *thence*, listening. I began to read *Down Beat* in high school. *Down Beat* taught me what to listen to. While I still read it, it ain't the mag it used to be. It tries too hard to be arty. . . ."

Leslie Rodricks of Jabalpur, India, learned through listening, reading, and through U.S.I.A. jazz film shows.

Robert T. Brown, from Count Basie's home town (Red Bank, N.J.), cited (a) and (c) and added: "There is almost as much bad writing about jazz as about classical music *ca.* 1400-1700. It took me years to get out of my head some of the stuff that was pumped in when I was younger, less selective, and even more stupid than I am today."

"All three," wrote Warren N. Kellogg of Exeter, N.H. "I met Pee Wee Russell in the fall of 1932 in Ridgewood, N.J., and the next night he steered us to a subterranean joint in Harlem, where we each bought a bottle of gin for $1 and spent the rest of the night listening to Willie the Lion play piano. From that moment on I was hooked, but good. . . . Now I'm 56, and I do insist on hearing the roots."

Question 18: *Do you believe that jazz was born in New Orleans?*

No	37.2%
Qualified no	13.2
Yes	21.6
Qualified yes	20.8

The figures add up to less than 100 percent because some answers were noncommittal or humorous ("You mean Mr. Jelly Lord didn't invent it?"—Hugh Walthall, Oakland, Md.).

The evidence seems to be mounting that the oversimplified single-city theory is no longer (if it ever was) accepted without reservations. Of the one of five who offered an affirmative answer, few had anything worth quoting to add; most said that this was what they had heard or read, but they did not elaborate.

An exception was Charles McClellan of Long Beach, Calif.: "New Orleans was a teeming Southern metropolis with a great Negro concentration. With money easy to come by and lower-class oppression on the decline, the common people were making the most of it. From the endless celebrating, the Mardi Gras, music in the streets, barrooms, dance halls, and brothels came the men who first shaped something of stature from the vagaries of American folk music."

More cautious was Peter Stevens of Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada: "Who can categorically agree or disagree? Certainly because of French, Spanish, and African elements gathered there and the wide-open nature of the city . . . perhaps New Orleans can claim to be the birthplace. . . ."

"Yes," agreed William Lowry of Geneva, Switzerland, "but its African mother was pregnant on arrival."

"No," objected Hank D. Bordewijk of Rotterdam, Holland, "jazz existed since there existed a Negro population in the U.S.A. New Orleans just happened to be one of the big historical centers with much Negro entertainment available."

Of the more than 50 percent who offered an outright or qualified no, many stated that jazz was born in the hearts, souls, and minds of the musicians; that its original source was Africa; or that it was born all over the South or all over the United States.

"New Orleans just happened to have an excellent Chamber of Commerce around the same time," said Jack Hartlet of Waldwick, N.J.

"New Orleans musicians were the most developed and most publicized, but I'm positive that similar forms were being developed in Kansas City, Chicago, and Harlem at the same time," wrote Christopher Loekle, 17, who apparently is unaware that Harlem in the early 20th century was a white neighborhood.

Bill Bergeron of Santa Monica, Calif., said, "A type of jazz may have jelled in New Orleans, but if jazz was 'born,' then its conception must lie in the rhythmic accompaniments given to forgotten tribal dances in forgotten tribal lands. Assuming the birth of jazz in New Orleans forces one to assign its infancy to Louisiana, its childhood to Chicago, its adolescence to Kansas City, and its young adulthood to Harlem. I'd hesitate to do this."

"My father was listening to early jazz in Memphis, and the Mississippi Delta, at the same time it was developing in New Orleans," reported 49-year-old Mabry L. Anderson of Clarksdale, Miss.

Question 19: *It is this writer's opinion that Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker were equally important figures in the birth of modern jazz. Do you agree or disagree? Give reasons.*

Agree	71.2%
Parker more important	11.2
Gillespie more important	3.2
Disagree (misc. reasons)	5.2

Clarification of my own position: Gillespie and Parker were both creative forces of immeasurable importance. The tragedy of Parker's life and death, and the cultism that subsequently grew around his memory, coupled with Gillespie's inclination in recent years to lean so heavily toward comedy, has tended to lend a disproportionate cast to their acceptance. Having been there when it happened, I can attest that each was a genius, and the style of each was substantially matured before the two joined forces.

Mr. Dogias wrote: "They were equally important; both broke away from the . . . triplet-feeling way of phrasing and played 16th-note runs, utilizing passing chords, eventually 'fathering' many great jazz musicians with their ideas."

From Robert S. Wessells of New York City: "Most definitely so. Parker, a great genius, needed Gillespie, as Gillespie needed Parker."

Michael Rose of London, England, said, "Charlie Parker was a highly intuitive musician who used virtually the same style from the beginning of his career until his death. Dizzy started as a Roy Eldridge

imitator, then consciously developed the modern style he used during the bop era. I believe Dizzy's conscious harmonic knowledge to have been greater than Bird's . . . He was able to channel the outpourings of Bird's genius into a cohesive and highly influential style which developed as modern jazz."

According to John P. Palmer of Okinawa, "The statement is one of the absolutes of jazz and is not arguable; one must accept it just as one must accept some absolutes in physics to go beyond a basic premise."

"True to a certain extent; but do not forget that Lester Young was already playing with that cool sound and with the chord extensions and alterations," said Jack Garellick of Barre, Vt.

Other readers cited the roles of musicians they felt were equally important, among them Thelonious Monk, Charlie Christian, and Stan Kenton.

The pro-Parker theory is hinted at by James McNeely of Chicago: "I haven't read or listened enough to formulate an opinion, but I have never seen 'Diz Lives.' " (One wonders how the graffiti would have read if Diz had died tragically and Bird had survived.)

On the pro-Dizzy side is Alan D. Nasberg of West Warwick, R.I.: "Dizzy influenced more future musicians by being consistent and reliable."

One of the best answers came from Jack Shadoian of Coventry, Conn., who wrote: "Early recordings show the evolution and transformation of Diz' style more clearly than they do Bird's, but that does not necessarily mean that Bird was 'ahead' of Diz. The Minton recordings reveal a chaos of styles. Bird was a good deal more rhythmically flexible than Diz at the beginning. . . . Both were equally sophisticated harmonically. In short, both seem to have discovered the new idiom simultaneously, and the degree to which they interacted makes choosing one over the other as *the* 'originator' an exercise in splitting hairs."

A reader who was around at the time, 48-year-old Al Fisher of Wantagh, N.Y., feels that Fats Navarro was far more important than Gillespie, who "played pyrotechnics that were unattractive. Parker's schtick was the music rather than technique. . . . In the sense of influence on contemporaries, Dizzy was probably the top trumpet man, but certainly not of the stature of Parker over-all. Pres cut them both."

Question 20: *Do you think the following, all rated in the top 10 of their respective categories in the 1965* Down Beat *Readers' Poll, are in fact jazz artists: (a) Frank Sinatra, (b) Mel Torme, (c) Nancy Wilson, (d) Barbra Streisand, (e) The Four Freshmen, (f) The Hi-Lo's, (g) Peter, Paul & Mary, (h) The Beatles?*

The readers who cast those poll votes evidently did not turn out in full force this time to back up their views, since almost one-third of the respondents felt that none of those artists belongs to jazz. In fact, only one of the eight singers or groups received a majority vote, as the following figures make clear:

Mel Torme	51.6%
Nancy Wilson	42.4
Frank Sinatra	27.2
Four Freshmen	21.6
Hi-Lo's	21.6
Barbra Streisand	9.6
Beatles	6.4
Peter, Paul & Mary	4.8
None	31.2

Had the inquiry been conducted a year earlier, I suspect that Nancy Wilson would have made the strongest showing. "Nancy started out real fine," said Mick Pontier of Saratoga, Calif. "In fact, she used to be my favorite, but she has gone too commercial. Her material is terrible now, compared with the earlier things."

Torme's fans cited his long career as singer, pianist, drummer, composer, and arranger. Many Sinatra supporters cited his associations with big bands like Basie's and Tommy Dorsey's, as well as his phrasing and natural beat.

The most interesting answers were those of the 31.2 percent who felt that none of the artists named could be classified as jazz performers.

"Jazz is an instrumental music," declared Lee Mitchell of New Orleans. "There is no such phenomenon as a jazz singer. There are only two jazz-oriented singers on this list: Nancy Wilson, who has turned out to be one of the nation's top pop singers, and Mel Torme, who still has his jazz-oriented feel."

According to Oliver F. Blackshire of Los Angeles, "The heart and soul of jazz is improvisation; therefore, most singers don't qualify. Just phrasing like a horn man doesn't do it. The closest thing extant to a true jazz singer is Eddie Jefferson or King Pleasure."

Said Matthias Geiger of Zurich, Switzerland: "If Sinatra, Streisand, Torme, why not Bing Crosby, Frankie Laine, or Rosemary Clooney too? Because they are less popular nowadays? . . . All the great jazz singers, such as Rushing, Armstrong, Teagarden, Holiday, Louis Jordan, Joe Williams, Lou Rawls, can sing the blues, [which] makes them true jazz singers. It is very funny to observe that in the polls a nonjazz instrumentalist is practically never rated—yet the vocal category is always overcrowded with names from the pop field."

There were strong views on the Beatles, pro and con. Some readers said that their material is valid as jazz though their performances are not. But Mel Tichik of Detroit wrote: "The Beatles, I hate to admit, are in a way jazz artists. I use the word 'artists' lightly. Vocally they have no understandable association with jazz. There is a line from rock-and-roll to modern jazz to bop to swing, through instrumental music, and it is this line that associates the Beatles with jazz. In the use of their instruments, they employ jazz styles and techniques that are a part of jazz."

"The Beatles are the greatest put-on ever witnessed by the planet Earth," declared James McCormick III of Chicago, who also put down Miss Streisand as "a lonely shouter," the Freshmen as "a remedial school group," Miss Wilson ("made it on looks with some of the hippies"), and denounced not only the others listed but the entire readers' poll as "a farce."

One of the rare permissive responses was that of Bill Thrash, Oklahoma City, Okla., who wrote, "With the exception of Peter, Paul & Mary, all these performers utilize jazz elements—some more than others and in different ways. Sinatra's impeccable phrasing is jazz-rooted. Torme is probably the most musical person around and is more a jazz singer per se. Streisand definitely uses special phrasing and substitute melody lines. . . . The instrumental backgrounds for these artists add to the jazz influence. As for the Beatles, the songs they are associated with are perhaps the closest thing to jazz they offer. . . . The Freshmen and Hi-Lo's have played an important part in modern vocal harmony and for sure belong to the jazz world."

As a closing note, I'd like to quote a reader who volunteered an answer to a mythical Question 21. "No, I never answer polls," said Don Schraier of Huntington Beach, Calif. "This is the first one. I'm glad you wanted to communicate with someone. Somebody should."

THE SELECTION of a winner was difficult. The qualities I looked for in the finalists (after much sifting and searching, I narrowed down the pile to some 20 outstanding letters) were perception, relevance, succinctness, broadmindedness, good writing style, a sense of humor (or more correctly a lack of humorlessness), and opinions that were firm and interesting, whether I agreed or disagreed with them.

I finally decided on Bill Bergeron of Santa Monica. He is 28, plays no instrument, has been a jazz fan since 1953, prefers avant-garde and hard bop, spends about $7.50 a week on records, listens 12 hours a week to jazz and 12 to classical music, thinks Sinatra is sometimes a jazz singer, Mel Torme occasionally, Nancy Wilson used to be, and says of Peter, Paul & Mary, "What is that—a candy bar?"

His answer to the question about changes in Jim Crow was: "Probably better (generally speaking, with qualifications that would exceed 50 words by about 30,000 words). Didn't Charles Mingus score an NBC-TV documentary on urban renewal? The Cocoanut Grove booked Nancy Wilson; would they have booked Bessie Smith?"

He said he feels that jazz seems to be reaching "a wider, more varied and responsive audience. . . . Factors: the American 'cultural explosion'; kids graduating from the Top 40; the soloist as existential man in action; Father O'Connor's endorsements; Voice of America, etc."

To his comments I might add a postscript: jazz will be in good health as long as it can continue to attract the interest and support of men like Bill Bergeron and of the many others who made the conducting of this inquiry such a rewarding and enlightening experience. DB

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

PHOTO/GEORGE HALL

JOHN HANDY QUINTET: *Shared stardom.*

University of California Jazz Festival

Harmon Gymnasium, Berkeley, Calif.

Student-sponsored Jazz '67, the University of California's first major venture into this musical area, reached a triumphant peak April 7 and 8 with concerts that were artistically and financially successful. After evaluating results, the student board decided to stage a similar festival next year.

Originally scheduled for the outdoor Greek Theater on the Berkeley campus, rainstorms made it necessary to stage the concerts in cavernous Harmon Gymnasium. Some 8,000 listeners jammed the gym for Friday night's concert and 7,300 were present Saturday.

The quintets led by Miles Davis and John Handy were, in that order, the stars of the event.

Friday night's show was opened by the Modern Jazz Quartet, which played a pleasing 40-minute set that included some delightful solos by, and interplay between, pianist John Lewis and vibist Milt Jackson, especially on *What's New?* So strongly did the quartet register, particularly on a swinging *Bags' Groove*, that the audience insisted on an encore. It got a bright version of *Django*.

The Davis quintet, next up, played an electrifying set that continued for 62 minutes, almost without pause. The leader opened with *Agitation*, a jagged, explosive rendition from his new semi-avant-garde bag. *Gingerbread Boy*, which followed, maintained the excitement.

'Round Midnight had one of tenorist Wayne Shorter's finest solos. The piece was taken at a rather fast tempo, but *So What?*, which followed, raced like a demon.

So superb was drummer Tony Williams' playing on *So What?* that Davis, after ending his monumental solo, walked over and patted him on the back. Bassist Albert Stinson, a member of the Handy group, filled in with Davis and was more than taking care of business.

Apparently inspired by all this, Shorter created a complex of meters and sounds. A bit later, after a delightful Herbie Hancock piano solo, the quintet went into *Walkin'* and then concluded with *The Theme*. Davis played the entire set without using a mute.

The Gerald Wilson Orchestra followed by playing a disappointing set. The band lacked fire, except on a couple of its bullring numbers, and its soloists played far too long.

The next night's concert ran six hours and 20 minutes—much too long—but Wilson's band was a bit better than before.

Then came Handy and his new combo. Vibist Bobby Hutcherson and bassist Stinson had been with him only a month, while drummer Doug Sides and guitarist Pat Martino had joined just days before this concert. The group displayed a cohesiveness remarkable under the circumstances. They started with Handy's *Suggested Line*, which allows for a lot of free blowing, and continued with *Naima*, by John Coltrane. *Senora Nancye*,. a new Handy composition with a Spanish tinge, followed.

Handy's solos were stupendous, and Hutcherson outdid himself. Sides did a first-rate job, Martino came through creditably, and Stinson was very good.

At the end of the set, the crowd gave the quintet a standing, shouting ovation—the only one of the festival—that recalled a similar incident at the Monterey Jazz Festival in 1965. The turmoil ended only when the combo came back onstage and played a bossa nova as an encore.

Pianist Bill Evans' trio played some of the festival's most delightful music, but, despite a fine sound system, its impact was lost in the vast reaches of the gym.

Horace Silver's quintet gained the doubtful distinction of playing the longest single number of the two nights—*Dimples*, which ran 30 minutes. The "new thing" solos by tenorist Tyrone Washington and trumpeter Woody Shaw did not touch a responsive chord in the listeners and, additionally, were too long. *The Jody Grind*, pianist Silver's newest addition to his funk bag, was something else. The crowd began finger-popping and smiling and produced such a storm of applause that the combo had to provide an encore. The choice of *Filthy McNasty* was apt.

It was 12:40 a.m. Sunday before Big Mama Thornton came onstage. In a gold suit and red blouse, she made a spectacular appearance, and her rocking blues, the vocals interspersed with her harmonica solos, were equally exciting.

After singing seven numbers with her able trio, Miss Thornton was joined by the Wilson band for their first joint venture, billed as a festival highlight. Unfortunately, there had been no rehearsal so the band could only riff behind the singer and her trio. It was disappointing.

Vibist Lee Schipper's quintet opened both nights with 45-minute sets that confirmed the good judgment of the Notre Dame Collegiate Jazz Festival judges, who picked it as No. 1 combo at that collegiate competition. —*Russ Wilson*

Mobile Jazz Festival

Municipal Theater, Mobile, Ala.

The second Mobile Jazz Festival was an improvement in some respects and a disappointment in others.

Six big bands, five combos, and two vocalists competed to become semifinalists at the Intercollegiate Music Festival in Miami Beach, Fla. In addition, there were 10 individual awards for outstanding performers. Judges were alto saxophonist-arranger Al Belletto, music director of the New Orleans Playboy Club; guitarist-composer Mundell Lowe, a former resident of Mobile; educator-drummer-arranger Clem DeRosa; and this writer.

To nobody's surprise, North Texas State University swept the field, winning in the big-band category with its redoubtable One O'Clock Lab Band led by Leon Breeden, while a small group from the band, saxophonist-flutist Lou Marini's quintet, tied for first-place combo with the Mitch Farber-Gary Campbell Duo from the University of Miami. In addition, North Texans Marini, bassist John Monahan, trumpeter-trombonist-arranger Bill Stapleton, and drummer Ed Soph won individual awards.

Last year's winners, the Florida Jazz Quintet, with new members in the piano and drum chairs, were in the running, but though their performance in the semifinals was impressive, their finals set was off form—an impression in no way affected by the fact that the curtain was lowered before they had finished playing. (Each group was limited to 13 minutes' playing time. Some time limit, of course, is necessary, but the inflexibility with which this is often applied is picayune and irritating, especially since it is not 100 percent consistently applied.)

Trombonist Al Hall, the Florida quintet's leader, and bassist Rudy Aikels received individual awards. The group's exclusive reliance on originals was com-

mendable but caused some monotony.

The Marini quartet played such standards as *Israel*, *All Blues*, and *Autumn Leaves* with verve and polish. Marini, doubling soprano saxophone and alto and soprano flutes, has mastered his earlier tendency to overplay and is now a thoroughly accomplished soloist with his own sound and style, especially on soprano sax. The rhythm section was admirable, notably in the finals, in which drummer Soph resisted the temptation to show off his considerable technique at the expense of the group.

The duo of pianist Farber and tenor saxophonist Campbell was the most original of the festival's groups. With only a couple of exceptions, they performed interesting and unusual originals.

A lack of rhythmic interest was apparent in some of the duo's work, but at other times it generated a surprising drive. Campbell is a very gifted musician, with a remarkable sense of dynamics, excellent control of his horn, and a pleasing, warm sound. Farber, an accomplished pianist who seemed influenced by George Russell in his approach to composition and improvisation, was sometimes a bit florid, but this criticism, as any other of the groups, is applied in terms of professional standards. As a college group the duo was remarkable in every respect.

The other competing combos fell far below the level of these three.

Among the big bands, North Texas was in a class by itself. Brilliant ensemble work, notably from the reed section, drive, balance, and first-rate over-all musicianship make this band the equal, from an ensemble standpoint, of the best professionals—though the band is weak in soloists of stature. Marini, who played alto and tenor saxophones with the band, was the sole exception among the horns; bassist Monahan is also a gifted soloist and had a showcase to himself. But big-band soloists of exceptional interest are not exactly common in professional bands either.

The most impressive of the other big bands, the one from the University of Southern Mississippi, was led by a North Texas graduate, Raoul Jerome. In a few months he has whipped the band into fine shape. Excellent was drummer Sergio Fernandez, perhaps the most swinging percussionist of the festival. He and trombonist-arranger Tom Malone took individual awards.

A student-led-and-organized band from a small Alabama school, the New Wavemen from Troy State College, did a surprisingly clean job. More a show and dance band than the other finalists, it was not their equal in jazz interest and excitement, though leader-trombonist Rod L. Henley was deservedly singled out as best student leader.

The inevitable vocalists were, as usual, the least interesting aspect of the proceedings. The winner, Joe Restivo from Bradley University, easily won over Southwest Mississippi Junior College's Patsy Prevost, who was backed by an unbelievably antiquated big band.

Collegiate jazz festivals are still new to the South, and it will take time before they reach an over-all level comparable to those in other areas. But the best groups were as good as any in the field, and honest attempts are being made by the festival's directors to attract talent from hitherto untapped sources, such as the area's many Negro colleges.

—Dan Morgenstern

Max Roach

Half Note, New York City

Personnel: Jimmy Owens, fluegelhorn, trumpet; James Spaulding, alto saxophone, flute; Ronnie Mathews, piano; Jymie Merritt, bass; Roach, drums.

A night at the Half Note with Roach proved to be a rewarding experience. The quintet, which Roach has called the "best I ever had," recently underwent one major personnel change. Trumpeter Freddie Hubbard left to reactivate his own small group and was replaced by Owens, an outstanding new voice on fluegelhorn and trumpet.

It is fascinating to watch and hear Roach tend to business. As Hubbard once said, "He knows such a wide area of music—dynamically, musically, and in terms of the drums. He doesn't drown you out like most drummers do."

This inherent awareness of his unit makes Roach an ideal conductor. He leads from his drums and has something happening every instant.

The evening opened with a short piano introduction to *Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise*, followed by a long solo at up tempo by Owens on the fluegelhorn. The Owens style and sound on both horns is his own, but with a fleeting hint of Miles Davis. Owens, comparatively new in New York, has recorded with Gerald Wilson's orchestra on the West Coast, played at the Newport Jazz Festival with Herbie Mann's group, appeared at the Monterey Jazz Festival with Charlie Mingus, and toured Japan with the Elvin Jones-Art Blakey-Tony Williams percussion package. In New York, he has appeared at the Five Spot concerts sponsored by Jazz Interactions and rehearsed with a big band led by bassist Chuck Israels. He also teaches at the Rudy Collins-Chris White jazz school.

For the second number, the rhythm trio performed an original by Mathews, *Dorian*, a light, airy number. There was a marked contrast between the usual sound of a piano trio and the Roach presentation, and the difference was in the leader's work, especially with brushes.

Roach soloed then on *Drums Unlimited*, an intriguing demonstration of a drummer in full flight, building to an exciting crash of cymbals that brought a wave of applause.

Owens returned with his fluegelhorn for a sensitive *Stella by Starlight*.

The set closed with *Blues*, Owens leading off on trumpet, at rapid tempo, and getting a nice rocking feeling going with repeated phrases and an occasional flight, like a jab, into a higher range.

During this number, Spaulding made his first appearance and played a lyrical flute solo.

Spaulding got most of the attention in the second set. He proved to be the most adventuresome of the group, sometimes dipping into free form. His supple, lean-toned alto playing was featured on the opener, *Variations on Thelonious Monk's 'Round Midnight*, and there was a slight John Coltrane influence discernible.

The group next did a stabbing version of Hubbard's *For B.P.*, dedicated to the late Bud Powell. It was on this tune that Spaulding came closest to the "new thing." He played rapid runs, Roach providing punctuations and drive. Owens contributed some fast trumpet runs, and Roach took a machinegunlike solo.

A pretty rendition of *There Is No Greater Love*, featuring Spaulding and Mathews, followed. Although the altoist's tone seemed hard and dry, it did not detract from the beauty of the ballad.

Merritt's *Nommo* ended the set. Owens soloed in the fluegelhorn's lower register, and Roach followed with a typical rapid-fire solo until the horns picked up the theme with a joyful sound. Roach came off the stand a happy man.—*George Hoefer*

MAX ROACH: *An ideal conductor.*

PHOTO/TROMBERT THIERRY

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.

George Benson

THE GEORGE BENSON COOKBOOK—Columbia 2613 and 9413: *The Cooker; Benny's Back; Bossa Rocka; All of Me; Farm Boy; Benson's Rider; Bayou; The Borgia Stick; Return of the Prodigal Son; Jumpin' with Symphony Sid.*

Personnel: Bennie Green, trombone; Ronnie Cuber, baritone saxophone; Lonnie Smith, organ; Benson, guitar, vocal; Jimmy Lovelace or Marion Booker, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Benson has promise, but it is doubtful whether he'll realize his artistic potential if this LP is a typical example of his work.

Formerly a rock-and-roll guitarist, he seems as concerned about becoming a successful popular entertainer as he does about being an outstanding jazz musician. *Boy* and *Rider*, tracks with a rock-and-roll flavor, illustrate his concern, as a leader, with pleasing pop fans. So does his strident vocal on *All of Me*.

Benson is a fairly good soloist. His tone is sometimes unattractively hard, but he swings forcefully and is an excellent technician. He's seldom at a loss for ideas, although he employs too many funk cliches. His best solo—lyrical and tasteful—is on *Bossa*.

Cuber is a competent baritonist, whose gutty solos remind me of Pepper Adams'. Green appears only on *Back* and *Sid* and turns in relaxed, pleasant improvisation on both selections. Smith's solos are loaded with triteness. —*Pekar*

Dave Brubeck

ANYTHING GOES!—Columbia 2602 and 9402: *Anything Goes; Love for Sale; Night and Day; What Is This Thing Called Love?; I Get a Kick out of You; Just One of Those Things; You're the Top; All through the Night.*

Personnel: Paul Desmond, alto saxophone; Brubeck, piano; Gene Wright, bass; Joe Morello, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Brubeck plays Porter—the pedant of the piano meets the sophisticate of song—and they both come out winners. Too many musicians regard Porter as singers' property, but apparently Brubeck realizes that Porter's chord changes are as challenging as his lyrics are literate. Thus it sounds as if the quartet's instrumental approach brings the mood of the lyrics to swinging fruition.

The best example of that integration can be heard in the introduction to *Night and Day*. Porter's metronomic "tick tick tock" of the verse is wound up by Brubeck and Desmond in a semi-spoof orgy of repetition that threatens to turn into the *One-Note Samba* but instead evolves into a hard-driving excursion that ends with a suggestion of the introduction before dangling on an unresolved 11th chord.

Love for Sale seduces the listener with provocative pianistics before some curvaceous, single-note bop lines are heard. The tempo—or is it the pulse?—quickens, and Brubeck grins broadly, taking everything in (Tatumlike) stride, before returning to the tantalizing mood of the opening.

As they used to say in the old remotes, "the quartet asks the musical question, *What Is This Thing?*" with a philosophical expression, and the tune cooks on a low flame. Brubeck manages to quote from the second movement of Ravel's *G-Minor Piano Concerto*, and the inclusion adds great beauty. Brubeck's heavy-handed humor provides a remarkable contrast to the gossamer wings of Desmond—a juxtaposition especially underscored in *Things*, *Kick*, and *Top*.

The remaining tracks—*Anything* and *All through the Night*—point in a straight-ahead direction, with good solos by Brubeck and Desmond. The only detraction is Brubeck's accompaniment, which is a bit too rough for Desmond's velvet sound.

There are no complaints about Morello and Wright. They're right there, every beat, every track, laying down a rhythmic foundation so dependable one nearly takes them for granted. —*Siders*

Lionel Hampton

JAZZMAN FOR ALL SEASONS—Folkways 2871: *The Price of Jazz; C-Minor Blues; Tenderly; Akirfa; Estranho; Bossa Nova Jazz; How High the Moon; Jazz at the Fair; Sakura; Vibe Boogie; Wine Song; Midnight Sun.*

Personnel: Hampton, vibraharp, with various groups.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

During the years Hampton has had his big band, he's become one of the most tasteless entertainers in the world and, paradoxically, a better musician than ever.

His work here is further out harmonically and more complex rhythmically than it was around 1938. And he swings with as much energy as ever. Some of his many-noted phrases could be termed sheets of sound.

Hampton's playing doesn't get much attention from serious jazz fans today. Most of his recent LPs have been commercial (though I doubt if they sell well, at least in the U.S.), and a lot of people aren't taking the trouble to investigate his solos on them.

This album is drawn from five LPs first issued on the Glad Hamp label and also includes three previously unreleased in-person performances from last summer. These three selections—*Price*, *C-Minor Blues*, and *Tenderly*—were done by a quintet of Hampton and a rhythm section.

Price, a rock-and-roll track, is pretty much a waste. Hampton is excellent on *C-Minor*, playing brilliant, cascading runs. Pianist Zeke Mullins and guitarist Billy Mackel also solo well on this selection.

Hampton's *Tenderly* solo is well constructed, effectively contrasting simple phrases with sheets of sound.

Estranho, a pretty tune by Teo Macero and Hampton, and *Bossa* are from the album *Bossa Nova Jazz* (Glad Hamp 1004), on which Hampton and reed man Bobby Plater are backed by a six-man rhythm section. Hampton's solos on both selections are supple and tasteful. Plater contributes delicate flute work to *Estranho* and takes a gutty baritone saxophone solo on *Bossa*. Judd Woldin has a pretty piano spot on *Estranho* and a forceful piano solo on *Bossa*. Someone also contributes a good organ solo to that track, but no organist is listed in the personnel.

Fair, by a combo, is an easy-to-take performance with a driving Hampton solo. The track is taken from the LP *Jazz at the Fair* (Glad Hamp 1009).

The remaining selections are big-band performances from three LPs. The best of them is *Akirfa*, a surging selection written by Lester Robinson, which features powerful trumpet work by Virgil Jones as well as typically intense Hampton improvisation.

Hampton's solos range from good to very good in quality on the other big-band tracks, all of which are showcases for him.

This leads me to mention that the major charge that can be brought against Hampton is that he has not featured the sidemen in his big band enough. He's had some great musicians over the years but has not taken advantage of their talents because he's been so busy hogging the spotlight.

I wonder how many people today would have heard of Clifford Brown if he'd stayed with Hampton. Benny Bailey, a brilliant trumpeter, is an extremely underappreciated musician because he spent so many years buried in Hampton's band. The 1953 Hampton outfit, which contained Brown, Art Farmer, Gigi Gryce, and Benny Golson, could have been one of the greatest big bands in jazz history if someone other than Hampton had led it.

Hampton, then, has been and is one of jazz' greatest soloists but also one of its poorest big-band leaders. —*Pekar*

Herbie Hancock

BLOW-UP—MGM 4447: *Main Title; Verushka, Pts. 1 and 2; The Naked Camera; Bring down the Birds; Jane's Theme; Stroll On; The Thief; The Kiss; Curiosity; Thomas Studies Photos; The Bed; End Title.*

Personnel: Hancock, piano, arranger-composer, conductor; unidentified trumpet, trombone, alto saxophone, tenor saxophone, guitar, organ, bass, electric bass, drums. Track 7—the Yardbirds (vocal and instrumental group).

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This is the soundtrack album of Hancock's score for the much-discussed Michelangelo Antonioni film shot (and probably recorded) in London.

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from later studio versions using thematic material from a film (e.g., Sonny Rollins' *Alfie* LP), is always fragmentary, since the pieces are timed to the length of the scenes they underscore and often fade in and out without development. It is not music designed for listening first.

Thus, the rating is a bit unfair, because as functional movie music, Hancock's score is easily worth five stars. There generally are two kinds of pieces here: idiomatic contemporary blues featuring organ and a strong electrified beat, and romantic love music performed by a small jazz group of varying instrumentation. The one track by the Yardbirds, a British rock group, was not composed by Hancock.

The composer's excellent piano playing is featured only on *Bed*. That track, *Jane's Theme*, and *Kiss* are among the best (and longest) selections; the last two have nice guitar work and tasteful organ.

A good alto saxophonist plays in a Phil Woods manner on the second part of *Verushka* and *Kiss*. A hard-blowing tenorist is starred on *Camera*, playing "free," and on *Birds*, playing rhythm-and-blues. There are nice trumpet solos on both versions of the title theme and good funky organ here and there. The unamplified bassist is first-rate.

This album is probably more enjoyable if one has seen *Blow-Up*. Perhaps there will be another album expanding on some of the worthwhile themes heard here. Certainly, it is gratifying that Hancock was given the opportunity to write this score and that he acquitted himself so well. This score is another indication that today's best music for films is written (and performed) by musicians with a jazz background. —*Morgenstern*

Clancy Hayes

LIVE AT EARTHQUAKE McGOON'S—ABC-Paramount 591: *Ace in the Hole; Tishomingo Blues; I'll Be in My Dixie Home Again Tomorrow; Pretty Baby; If I Could Be with You; Ja-Da; Oh, You Beautiful Doll; Mother to Me; Whitewash Man; I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of This Jelly Roll; Coney Island Washboard; Paddlin' Madeline Home; Baby Face; Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue; Yes Sir, That's My Baby; Auntie Skinner's Chicken Dinner; My Little Bimbo down on the Bamboo Isle; Blues My Naughty Sweety Gives to Me; Down Home Rag.*

Personnel: Bob Neighbor, trumpet; Turk Murphy, trombone; Jack Crook, clarinet, bass saxophone; Pete Clute, piano; Frank Haggerty, banjo; Bill Carroll, tuba; Squire Girsback, bass; Thad Vandon, drums; Hayes, vocals, banjo.

Rating: ★★★

Hayes was an original member of the Lu Watters Yerba Buena Band in 1938, played and recorded with Bunk Johnson in the '40s, and can swing both singing and playing banjo. But in spite of all this involvement in jazz, his heart and talent belong to vaudeville, which is not intended to be disparaging: he is a superb entertainer and a thoroughgoing musician.

Hayes' musical temper is spotlighted in this album. *Coney Island* opens with a banjo splash, and there is a section featuring a quartet singing in unison that brings images of beer, bicycles, and turn-of-the-century moustaches.

Madeline, Beautiful Doll, and *Bamboo Isle* drip with nostalgia. Hayes sounds like a man trying to come to grips with fleeting memories of his vaudeville boyhood.

There is also the nonchalant *Naughty Sweety,* in which Hayes bends his vocal notes, pleads, goes into a vocal double-time, and comes up with a stirring jazz performance.

Trombonist Murphy's band takes on a vaudeville-ragtime sound to fit the Hayes performances, but despite some good efforts by Murphy and clarinetist Crook, the band is wooden. —*Erskine*

Andrew Hill

COMPULSION—Blue Note 4217: *Compulsion; Legacy; Premonition; Limbo.*

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet, fluegelhorn; John Gilmore, tenor saxophone, bass clarinet; Hill, piano; Cecil McBee or Richard Davis, bass; Joe Chambers, drums; Nadi Qamar, African drums, thumb piano; Renaud Simmons, conga drums.

Rating: ★★★½

My original thought, after listening to this collection several times, was to dismiss it as lacking cohesiveness. The more I listened to it, however, the more it came to crystallize in my mind a number of developments that have been taking place in jazz recently.

It may seem fatuous to make the obvious remark that for the last several years jazz has been going through a period of upheaval, but it seems to me that this transitional phase has been less a revolution than a new learning process.

Again, to state the obvious, younger jazzmen have begun to reassess the traditional roles—in Western music—of the elements of music in an effort to expand the expressive palette of jazz. As a result, some reordering of these elements has taken place, chief among which has been the gradual subjugation of the harmonic to a decidedly minor position. It has been replaced in the hierarchy by concerted attempts to formulate more meaningful relationships of melodic and rhythmic elements. This is the common bond among all four performances in this stimulating album.

The parallels with the practices of various non-Western musics are obvious, the most influential of these being those of India.

New techniques, no less than new ideologies, have had to be acquired as the jazz player has discarded the practices of a half-century or more of jazz development, and it is scarcely surprising, then, that much of the new jazz has had an unfinished or even jerry-built air about it at times.

Every young player or group of players has been finding his/its own way, and the surprising thing is not so much that a number of highly interesting individual solutions have been worked out but, rather, that a body of successful *group* performances—in which various pragmatically evolved approaches have developed into an over-all, unified design—is slowly being built up to serve as models or prototypes of the new music's principles.

The most interesting thing about this album, I feel, is the fact that these musicians *can* work together with a degree of common understanding of the methods, techniques, and desiderata that have been somewhat painfully articulated by predecessors.

Already it seems a number of the tech-

nical problems are near solution. These men, for example, have a more than fair idea of how to keep the energy flow moving. The playing of the rhythm section is, in fact, superlative.

The problem here is in maintaining an emotional coherence, a melodic flow that, despite the succession of solo voices, possesses its own integrity, is stamped with a shared sensibility and common purpose.

In this album, *Premonition* alone seems to possess this shared emotional flow, with Hubbard, Gilmore, Davis, and Hill committing their imaginations to a common point, all sighted on a single target. Oh, how it works! If the other tracks had jelled as successfully as *Premonition*, this would have been one hell of an album.

It is unrealistic to expect these men to produce on all the numbers the kind of seamless, totally unified performance this music requires for optimum effectiveness.

They have demonstrated that it *can* be achieved, however. Now, can we assure them—and others like them—the group stability necessary to develop the rapport and shared skills to continue in their striving? That, it seems to me, is the real problem. —*Welding*

Charles Lloyd

FOREST FLOWER—Atlantic 1473: *Forest Flower—Sunrise; Forest Flower—Sunset; Sorcery; Song of Her; East of the Sun.*

Personnel: Lloyd, tenor saxophone, flute; Keith Jarrett, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums.

Rating: ★★★★½

Lloyd's quartet—and its quick rise to international recognition—provides an antidote to the disparaging commentary floating around about the current state of jazz. The tenorist's dialectical approach, and that of several others who come to mind, has done a commendable job of promoting appeal for jazz by *doing*, not merely ballyhooing.

This album, recorded at the 1966 Monterey Jazz Festival, is charged with audience approval (a standing ovation, I'm told—and how many times do the hippies get off their behinds for a jazz performance?). The remarkable thing is that it was done without degrading the music with gimmickry or patronizing rock messages.

The opener, *Forest Flower,* is actually two themes—*Sunrise* and *Sunset*—played without interruption; it's difficult to tell on first hearing where the first ends and the second begins, unless one checks the groove separation on the disc. On tenor, Lloyd takes *Sunrise* sotto voce, in a wind-blown upper register over a pulse that alternates between Latin and straight 4/4. The DeJohnette-McBee bottom moves interestingly, as it does throughout most of the selections.

A lazy montuna builds Lloyd's tenor on *Sunset*. Jarrett next surrounds the pulse with waves of piano—the force of his attack must have approached intimidation at the festival. Lloyd adds wisps of melody, like afterthoughts, to the proceedings, but then comes a lull that is supported by nothing but the repeated rhythmic figure, threatening to drag the work, until Lloyd picks up his flute. Then Jarrett invades the piano's entrails, flexing the strings until bass and drums analogously vamp into night.

A swift, ominous pulse scurries along on *Sorcery*, broken by four-bar ensemble gymnastics. Jarrett's piano and Lloyd's flute rush against the rhythm to an abrupt finish.

An arid nostalgia permeates *Song*, a lyrical McBee ballad.

Lloyd, playing tenor, is unaccompanied in the introduction to the brisk-tempoed *Sun*. The pace is driving, but the sound floats airily above it, the tenor lines building until they reach a scream that disintegrates the tempo and splinters the harmony. Slipping into waltz time for eight bars, the performance gathers steam again in 4/4 for Jarrett's statement. The piano reflects chaos after the fast pace and drifts toward balladry to usher in McBee, who solos with the fluency of a sitarist.

Lloyd's group is one that disproves the impossibility of concurrently playing jazz straight, no chaser, and being successful. It's done with a great deal of musical imagination and originality. More of the same would harm nobody. —*Quinn*

John Patton

LET 'EM ROLL—Blue Note 4239: *Let 'Em Roll; Latona; The Shadow of Your Smile; The Turnaround; Jakey; One Step Ahead.*

Personnel: Bobby Hutcherson, vibraharp; Patton, organ; Grant Green, guitar; Otis (Candy) Finch, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Patton is a straightforward organist, in-

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fluenced by early Jimmy Smith. He swings, but his work lacks tonal variety and, after a while, tends to bore.

In spite of the unusual instrumentation, little happens to distinguish this album from the run of organ LPs. Green is the only exciting soloist, and though he tries hard, things rarely get off the ground. Most pieces are blues of one kind or another, which doesn't add variety to the spectrum, either.

Hutcherson's style is a bit too neat for this groove, and his solos have a somewhat listless air. Finch keeps the pots on and is rock-steady, but bottom alone is not enough to save the day. For dancing or background music, this isn't bad, but strictly for listening, there is much more interesting organ fare around. —*Morgenstern*

Duke Pearson

SWEET HONEY BEE—Blue Note 4252: *Sweet Honey Bee; Sudel; After the Rain; Gaslight; Big Bertha; Empathy; Ready, Rudy?*

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; James Spaulding, alto saxophone, flute; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Pearson, piano, arranger; Ron Carter, bass; Mickey Roker, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

Of the several albums Pearson has to his credit, this is the best I've heard. A gifted pianist and composer-arranger, Pearson has a talent for creating attractive melodies, a talent fully displayed on these seven originals of varied hues and moods.

An understated lyricism (rare these days in albums with this kind of instrumentation) and a relaxed feeling prevail. Nobody seems out to prove anything, and the results are pleasant and musical.

The title track is the only concession to the back-beat funk Blue Note likes to include in its non-avant-garde albums, but even here, there is no sense of strain or use of obvious devices. Spaulding's pretty flute and Pearson's articulate piano have the solo space, lending a light touch to the blues.

My favorite tracks are the gentle, reflective ballad, *Rain*, flute and piano again prominent; *Gaslight*, with its very playable melodic line (nice intervals) and solo work by Hubbard and Henderson that stays with the tune and enhances it; and *Rudy*, a swinging track that features excellent integration among the soloists.

Hubbard, an exceptional trumpeter, shows he can express his individual ideas in relatively short, succinct statements. His ensemble work is impeccable, and his radiant sound a joy.

Henderson is also at home in this setting, more tranquil than customary. His solo work is lithe and elegant, with a smooth tone and ease of execution that are sometimes reminiscent of Lucky Thompson's.

Spaulding plays clean, thoughtful alto on several tracks in addition to good flute.

Pearson accompanies expertly, and his intelligent solos are well structured. A delightful moment comes on *Rudy* when he picks up Spaulding's concluding phrase and has fun with it for the next eight bars.

The rhythm section is tasteful. Unexpectedly, there are no bass or drum solos, excepting a short Carter spot, and they are not missed. Carter's sound adds fullness to the ensemble, and Roker is discreet yet propulsive. —*Morgenstern*

Oscar Peterson

SOMETHING WARM—Verve 8681: *There Is No Greater Love; I Remember Clifford; Autumn Leaves; Blues for Big Scotia; Swamp Fire; I Love You.*

Personnel: Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums.

Rating: ★★★

A long time has elapsed since this collection was recorded (1962, at Chicago's London House). Peterson has a new group now, and this record, pleasant though it is, seems anticlimactic.

To me, the release of a Peterson album should be a much-heralded event, and I think that record companies do a disservice to their artists by releasing material long after it was recorded, without mentioning this fact, and when the artist has possibly changed many of his arrangements, ideas, and personnel. Then, too, some pieces that sound good in a club (i.e., *look* good, since most night-club habitues tend to watch rather than listen) don't always wear well on a record.

This is not always taken into consideration when recording live—the heady excitement in a room full of people cannot always be transmitted to LP. This record is a case in point.

Scotia gets the best feeling of anything in the album. To me, this is Oscar's happiest groove—a medium-tempo blues that gives free rein to his inexorable, relentlessly swinging drive. The trio sets up a momentum here that is a joy to listen to.

Clifford is not as satisfying. I'm sure Oscar has great reverence for this tune; nevertheless, he sounds at times as if he is indulging in technique for technique's sake (some of the Art Tatum-like runs seem inconsequential through repetition, coming across in a rather perfunctory way). Yet there are moments (before the trio goes into double time) when a beautiful mood is created, a yearning quality. This is soon dispelled, though, when the three men charge into a long exposition of the melody, ending with a bombastic, night-club climax after about 10 minutes of the rolling, reverberating, thunderous buildups that are a Peterson trademark.

Swamp Fire is almost unbelievably fast and serves as a tour de force for the group.

Brown has always played the most beautifully constructed, logical, musical bass lines I have ever heard. There are certain key places in a melody where the root actually gives more meaning to the tune than any other note would, and Ray knows exactly where and how to build his line so that all the notes fall in the right places—to a pianist, depending to a great extent on what is played behind him or her, this is beautiful.

I love Oscar's playing, the sheer brilliance of it, the honest, straight-ahead approach. He communicates directly with a listener's basic feelings, reaffirming the validity of a hard-swinging brand of music that is part of a balanced musical diet.

His style hasn't changed much over the years, but he has honed and perfected it until it has a sharp, glistening edge. Highly polished, swift, and smooth, it is an established sound, familiar and predictable, easy and pleasant to listen to.

At times its predictability is a detriment

—there are few surprises to quicken the senses or unexpected twists and turns to titillate the imagination. Though Oscar is playing as brilliantly now as he was when he made his U.S. debut 17 years ago, listening habits have changed since then in much the same way that music has changed over the years. Inevitably, new and different sounds have opened up and conditioned our ears to different and more complex rhythms and harmonies. Consequently there is more of a feeling of nostalgia in a Peterson recording—the enjoyment of hearing something pleasing, identifiable, unchanging, but still valid.

But listening to Oscar is always a rewarding experience, and there are moments on this record that confirm the fact that he is still an integral part of the musical spectrum, a bright light, strong, vital, organized, and dependable. This is live music in the true sense of the word.

—McPartland

Sonny Stitt

DEUCES WILD—Atlantic 3008: *Deuces Wild; My Foolish Heart; Blues Ahead; Sittin' in with Sitt; In the Bag; Me 'n' You; Pipin' the Blues.*
Personnel: Robin Kenyatta, soprano and alto saxophones; Stitt, alto and tenor saxophones; Rufus Harley, tenor saxophone, bagpipe; Wilmer Mosby, organ; Billy James, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

The first side of this album contains tracks recorded by a trio made up of Stitt, Mosby, and James. Stitt plays tenor on *Deuces, Heart,* and *Sittin' In* and alto on *Ahead.* His solos are relaxed and lyrical. His alto on *Ahead* has a more Lester Youngish quality than usual.

On the second side, Stitt is joined on *Bag* and *Me* by Kenyatta, a competent musician whose style lies between those of mainstream modern jazzmen and "new thing" musicians. He may have been influenced by Eric Dolphy, but his style isn't a carbon copy of anyone's. His alto solo on *Bag* and his soprano spot on *Me* have much in common: on both instruments, he produces a small tone but swings violently and uses the upper register frequently.

Stitt plays alto on the tracks with Kenyatta and turns in fine hot solos.

Harley appears on *Pipin';* his bagpipe work is simple, his ideas trite, but Stitt contributes effortlessly swinging tenor improvisation on the track.

Mosby's style has been strongly influenced by bop and post-bop pianists. On the basis of his work on this record he seems to be one of the better jazz organists on the scene—a tasteful musician who does not rely mainly on stock devices.

—Pekar

Quartette Tres Bien

WHERE IT'S AT!—Decca 4822: *The End of a Love Affair; Feeling Good; On a Clear Day; Moon River; Harambee; Somebody Loves Me; Polonaisia; St. Louis Blues; It Was a Very Good Year; Lucky "28"; Amor.*
Personnel: Jeter Thompson, piano; Richard Simmons, bass; Albert St. James, drums; Percy James, conga drums, bongos.

Rating: ★★★★

This is the seventh and best album the Quartette has recorded for Decca. The personnel is the same on each—the group has been together for nearly eight years—but the collective excitement has reached new heights on this one.

In terms of format, nothing is new, but, again, in this collection, the group manages to cook with an intensity that gives the impression that more than four are playing.

Thompson's playing has strengthened. His chordal approach is fuller, his attack harder, and his tremolos overwhelming. In Simmons, he has a weaver of bass lines that cut through the percussive pairing of James and St. James.

Specific delights are *Somebody,* for Thompson's excellent reharmonizations and St. James' deft brush work; *Polonaisia,* with Thompson's clever reworking of a Chopin theme; the emergence of an unswerving version of *St. Louis* after a high-pressure opening; the up-tempo excitement of *Love Affair,* a tune seldom taken at such a pace; and *Feeling Good,* which is dirty and low down; and the relaxed groove of *Moon River.*

—Siders

OLD WINE— NEW BOTTLES

Johnny Griffin, *The Little Giant* (Jazzland 993)

Rating: ★★★

Ray Barretto-Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, *Alma Alegre* (Jazzland 997)

Rating: ★★★½

Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis-Johnny Griffin, *The Breakfast Show* (Prestige 7407)

Rating: ★★★½

Herbie Mann-Machito, *Afro-Jazziac* (Roulette 52122)

Rating: ★★½

John Handy, *Quote, Unquote* (Roulette 52124)

Rating: ★★★½

Handy, *Jazz* (Roulette 52121)

Rating: ★★★

Saxophonists are in the spotlight in these recent reissues, dating from 1959 to 1961. None is exceptional, but there is some swinging music here and there.

The Griffin album, formerly on Riverside, was made a couple of years after his 1957 arrival in New York with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. Trumpeter Blue Mitchell, trombonist Julian Priester, pianist Wynton Kelly, bassist Sam Jones, and drummer Al Heath are the tenorist's colleagues, and most of the material and the arrangements are by Norman Simmons.

Griffin is fleet and sure-footed in his solos, though he had not yet fully developed the high-speed fireworks that characterize his more recent work. The best track is Babs Gonzales' *The Lonely One,* on which Griffin, in a reflective mood, is backed only by bass and drums. The five band tracks have competent solo work by all hands and pleasantly melodic and well-scored charting in a typical 1959 hard-bop/mainstream groove.

Tenorist Davis, Griffin's partner a couple years later, is in good form on the 1961 album previously issued on Riverside as *Afro-Jaws.* Three trumpeters (Clark Terry is featured) and the Davis-Griffin rhythm section of that time (pianist Lloyd Mayers, bassist Larry Gales, drummer Ben Riley), plus Barretto's conga drums, bongos, and quinto are on hand to back Davis, with arrangements by Gil Lopez.

The accent, of course, is on Latin-flavored material, with a relaxed version of *Tin Tin Deo* and a gently swinging *Star Eyes* outstanding. Davis is brusque and rolling; Terry has several brightly melodic spots; and Ernie Royal, who leads the trumpets with his customary brilliance, trades fours with the saxophonist on *Afro-Jaws*.

Davis and Griffin get together on *The Breakfast Show*, one of four albums recorded at Minton's in Harlem. (This LP was first issued as *The Tenor Scene*.)

Theirs was a lively, hard-swinging group, with a friendly rivalry between the leaders that sometimes caught fire, as in the chases here on *Straight, No Chaser*. Their version of this Thelonious Monk tune acquires interest in retrospect, since bassist Gales and drummer Riley joined Monk's group.

Junior Mance had replaced Mayers with Davis-Griffin when this session was cut. He plays several inventive solos, evidently disregarding the tinniness of Minton's piano.

The other tunes are *Light and Lovely* (a pleasant blues), *Woody'n You* (featuring Riley), *Bingo Domingo* (featuring Gales), and a brisk *I'll Remember April*.

The two tenors had enough in common and enough to set them apart to make their teamwork apt and interesting, and this LP is a full serving of their meaty, full-toned mainstream tenors.

Griffin gives *Afro-Jazziac* most of what little jazz interest the album holds, but a majority of the 12 tracks are too short for him to get into anything special. Trombonist Curtis Fuller and flutist Mann are the other soloists. All are routinely backed by the band of Machito (the album was originally issued under his name, not Mann's).

Mann's flute work is pleasant when he plays melody, but his improvisations are boring. The best tracks are the slow *Afternoon Death*, the melodic *Bacao*, and *The Davis Cup*, a straight-ahead jazz track. Machito's trumpets, as usual, are excellent, but this is not a very exciting album.

The two Handy records, obviously issued to cash in on the saxophonist's recent success, deserve some kind of booby prize for poor packaging. What little personnel information is given is almost all wrong on *Quote, Unquote*, which consists of tracks from the 1960 *In the Vernacular* (Handy's debut album as leader) and the 1961 *No Coast Jazz*. The other album, as far as I have been able to ascertain, is from a previously unissued session.

Quote's liner notes list three musicians who are not present on the album and mentions pianist Don Friedman as on *No Coast* only, but he also plays on *Boo's Ups and Downs*. The other identifiable musician on these two tracks is bassist Bill Lee; the drummer listed is Edgar Bateman, which may or may not be correct.

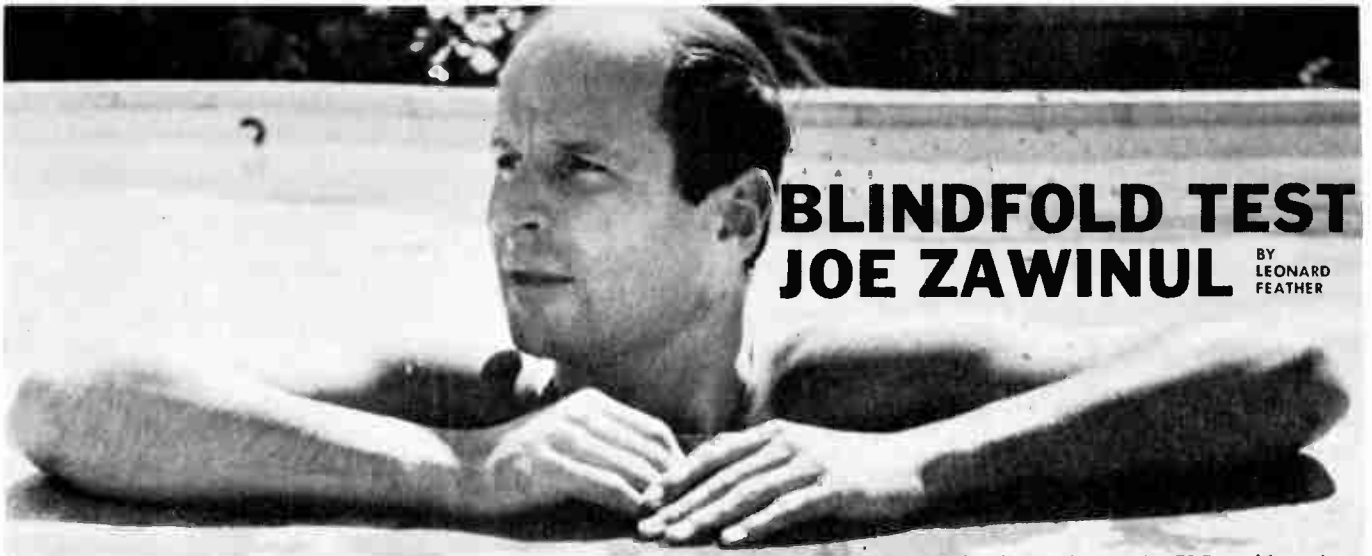
These tracks show Handy on his way toward his current style. His lines sing, his tone is bright and brilliant, and the characteristic high notes are there. *Boo's* is a bit long, but *No Coast* swings all the way. Friedman already indicated the good taste and fleet fingering he shows today, but his imagination has deepened since.

The other four selections, by a typical hard-swinging small band of the day, feature Richard Williams' multinoted, bold trumpet work (he has since rid himself of the cliches evident here), Roland Hanna's piano (he, too, has grown), George Tucker's wonderful bass playing, and Roy Haynes' impeccable drumming. Handy's sound is rougher, and his conception less personal than on the later date, and nothing much happens, except on the gutbucket *Blues in the Vernacular*. (Handy plays tenor on some tracks.)

The other album, if the liner can be trusted, has Walter Bishop Jr.'s musicianly piano playing, Julian Euell's steady bass work, and Edgar Bateman's drumming (unusually subdued, if it's he). The six lengthy tracks include five Handy originals and a standard, *East of the Sun*.

Handy need not be ashamed of his efforts here. He was already a player of substance, and, especially on *Sun, Blues for M.F.*, and *From Bird*, he has something to say and says it well. But the originality and excitement of his more recent groups is missing from these pleasant quartet performances, though any listeners interested in Handy's development will find the album a useful adjunct to his earlier work with Charles Mingus and to his current output.

However, in throwing two Handy albums on the market, without clear indication of when they were recorded, Roulette has done both the artist and the consumer a disservice, not to mention the personnel goofs on *Quote*. —*Morgenstern*



BLINDFOLD TEST
JOE ZAWINUL

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Joe Zawinul recently celebrated his sixth anniversary as a member of the Cannonball Adderley group. The occasion was a doubly joyous one, since, as composer of *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy*, Zawinul recently played a central role in propelling the group back to the best-seller charts.

Mercy was a blues-rooted piece that served as a sort of updated, slowed-down equivalent of Adderley's first hit, *This Here*. The latter was recorded in the fall of 1959, when Adderley's composer-pianist was Bobby Timmons and Zawinul had just begun his 18-month incumbency as Dinah Washington's piano accompanist.

A protege of pianist Friedrich Gulda, and a U.S. resident since early 1959, the Viennese funk-finder sees an odd irony in the success of *Mercy*: "I like it, and I'm happy it sold, but there are so many other things I've written that are more representative of what I'm trying to do nowadays. Pieces like *Painted Desert*, which I recorded with Nat Adderley, and *Requiem for a Jazz Musician*. And wait till you hear my new piece! It's called *The Rise and Fall of the Third Stream*."

Charles Lloyd and Yusef Lateef were formerly colleagues of Zawinul in Adderley's group, hence their inclusion in this, Zawinul's first *Blindfold Test*.

1. CHARLES LLOYD. *Sorcery* (from *Forest Flower*, Atlantic). Lloyd, flute; Keith Jarrett, piano, composer.

This was Charles, of course, with Keith. I liked this first melody line very much. What they did with it was very interesting. It's too much conglomeration—is that the right expression?

I very much respect what they are doing; I heard Charles' band on several occasions, and I think he has a great formation. What really got me is that they project such love of the music they play. And I think that Keith is a phenomenal young piano player.

They have a long way to go. Charles seems to play more maturely and with more happiness now. With us it was a lot of different things, and he couldn't really—he always had to fit in the part.

Charles was the most important thing that happened to our band, as far as opening the band to play certain things which we can play now, which we couldn't play before. As far as opening, it was not the playing which was outstanding in those days. He opened for me the *writing* for the band, mainly.

This is a live thing and sometimes there's a little bit too much excitement, but they are all fantastic musicians. The performance itself is good. Three-and-a-half stars.

2. ROGER KELLAWAY. *Hurry, It's Lovely up Here* (from *Stride!*, World Pacific). Kellaway, piano.

This I didn't really like too much. I don't know the tune.

The pianist who played well on this thing—if I can take a wild guess—I think was Roger Kellaway. As far as the attack of the piano, that was all I could deduct. It was kind of commercial—it was performed well—but I wouldn't go out of my way to buy this thing. That's about it. Two-and-a-half stars.

3. PAUL BLEY. *Around Again* (from *Barrage*, ESP-Disk). Dewey Johnson, trumpet; Marshall Allen, alto soxophone; Bley, piano; Carla Bley, composer.

I like this piece. It reminds me of the things Ornette did with Don Cherry a long time ago, but it was not Ornette. I don't really know who that could be, but there's one group in England that plays this kind of way. I forgot the man's name, an alto saxophone player. Is it Joe Harriott?

It seems a very energetic music, and some of it I like very much. I like this performance. I would say three, three-and-a-half stars.

4. JAY McSHANN. *Yardbird Waltz* (from *McShann's Piano*, Capitol). McShann, piano, composer.

I really don't know who this could be. A nice little commercial thing.

I didn't recognize who that could have been humming, but I guess it was the same person playing the piano, right? I don't have too much to say about this. Nice little waltz, didn't excite me too much. The whole thing is nice, but that's all it is. About two stars.

5. YUSEF LATEEF. *Feelin' All Right* (from *A-Flat, G-Flat and C*, Impulse). Lateef, alto saxophone, composer; Hugh Lawson, piano.

I don't really know what to say about this. This is a beautiful bebop thing, which I love very much. The performance I didn't like too much. I don't think it had too much life and spirit.

It sounded to me like whoever was playing the saxophone had some kind of the Detroit influence of playing. I would define the Detroit influence—for instance, I worked a long time with Yusef, and Yusef used to be a great influence on some of the musicians in Detroit. There's a whole way that the thing was played. The piano player sounded a little bit like Hugh Lawson.

I don't think this was a very great performance, but it's nice to hear things like that now and then. So I would say about two-and-a-half stars.

6. FRIEDRICH GULDA. *I'll Remember April* (from *Ineffable*, Columbia). Gulda, piano.

That must be Fritz! Can you play the introduction again?

[*Later*] This was Fritz, of course—Friedrich Gulda, whom I recognize at any time, I think. He did a marvelous job playing *I Remember April*. He has really come a long way. I really liked the way he played this ballad, and I hope to hear some more of his playing.

I had the honor to do a duo-piano piece with him in Europe. He was my mentor for me to become a jazz musician, and I have great respect for him. He just recently played a Beethoven concerto with the New York Philharmonic, and it was outstanding. Then you listen to a thing like that, it's almost unbelievable how fast he can change, because it is definitely a great big change to do that and play with a beautiful feeling like he does here.

He is one of those musicians who I don't know how many stars you would give him. This performance I would say—I can't rate it any higher than Charles' performance, so I will say it's also about three-and-a-half stars. This about the highest I have said, and Charles' performance was really beautiful.

LF: What would you give five stars?

JZ: There are things I have heard recently, like a violin player in New York, a young Korean fellow. I would give five stars to. I think that some of Sonny Rollins' things lately I would give five stars to. Freddie Hubbard. It has nothing to do with the personnel. I think anybody you played for me today could make a five-star record, as they are all excellent musicians.

PHOTO/PETE WELDING

AD LIB

(Continued from page 15)

have been devoted recently to the **Gene Russell** Trio, just returned from the Colony Club in Monterey. The regular attraction at the Manne-Hole was pianist **Bill Evans'** trio (**Eddie Gomez,** bass, **Joe Hunt,** drums) . . . With his left arm still in a cast (*DB,* May 18), **Mike Melvoin** continues alternating between the Swing and Sherry's. Lately, the pianist has been using **Jim Hughart,** bass, and **Ed Thigpen** or **Bill Goodwin,** drums . . . The Lemon Twist, in Hollywood, has been leaning more and more toward jazz. Ensconced there is the **Frankie Tamm** Trio (Tamm, piano, vocals; **Paul Breslin,** bass; **Mel Telford,** drums) . . . Also fairly new in terms of continuous jazz policy is the Sandpiper in Playa Del Rey, Calif. At the club now for an indefinite stay is the **John Sargent-Joanne Grauer** Trio (Miss Grauer, piano; Sargent, bass, flute; **Dick Sternberg,** drums) . . . A couple of house groups offering fine jazz sounds when they don't have to do the shows are at Dino's and Redd Foxx'. At Dino's is pianist **Bill Marx'** trio (**Steve LaFever,** bass, **Chuck Flores,** drums), and at Foxx' are pianist **Willie Jones,** bassist **Vance Matlock,** and drummer **Paul Humphrey** . . . Bassist **Henry Franklin** left Latin percussionist **Willie Bobo's** group after its Memory Lane gig in order to "stay in the Los Angeles area and just play jazz." Franklin then joined the **Afro-Blues Quintet** during its two-week gig at the Lighthouse when its bassist, **Norman Johnson,** left to form his own group . . . **Ella Fitzgerald** received the fourth annual Bing Crosby Award of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences. The singer received a unanimous vote from the academy's 17-member board of trustees. On May 24, she'll be seen on the Grammy Show special, *The Best on Record,* over NBC-TV . . . **Gerald Wilson's** orchestra gave a concert at Mt. San Antonio College recently, and **Don Ellis** took his 20-man crew to San Marino High School for a concert . . . **Mike Barone** and **Frank Rosolino** took their "Trombones Unlimited" into the Brass Ring, in Sherman Oaks for a series of Fridays and Saturdays. In the rhythm section are pianist **Frank Strazzeri,** guitarist **Mike Anthony,** bassist **Jeff Castleman,** and drummer **Nick Martinis.** The **Jimmie Rowles** Trio works the Brass Ring on Sundays and Mondays.

Chicago: The current edition of Jazz at the Philharmonic packed the Civic Opera House twice on April 14. Featured were trumpeter **Clark Terry,** saxophonists **Coleman Hawkins, Zoot Sims,** and **Benny Carter,** the **Oscar Peterson** Trio, the **Jimmy Jones** Trio, the **Duke Ellington** Orchestra, and singer **Ella Fitzgerald** . . . The avant-garde trio of tenor saxophonist **Joe Daley** is playing Mondays at the Office, located on N. Wells St. . . . WAAF disc jockey **Daddy-O Daylie** is importing the **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis** Band and singer **Joe Williams** to play the annual fund-raising benefit for Marrilac House, a west-side orphanage. The concert takes place June 11 at the Civic Opera House . . . Altoist **Bunky Green** can be heard during the week in a new show at the Happy Medium . . . The **Judy Roberts** Trio has the weekend spot at the new Baroque Lounge, on E. 53rd St. . . . Altoist **Joseph Jarman** led 13 pieces at Abraham Lincoln Center April 16. With the altoist were trumpeter **Michael Davis,** trombonist-cellist **Lester Lashley,** reed men **Anthony Braxton, Nate Vincent,** and **Fred Anderson,** violinist **Leroy Jenkins,** cellist **Carolyn Revis,** pianist **Christopher Gaddy,** bassists **Leonard Jones** and **Charles Clark,** and drummers **Thurman Barker** and **Alvin Fielder.** Poet **David Moore** also read from his works. Jarman took a quartet to Cranbrook Institute in Detroit April 29 and the University of Illinois' Circle Campus May 12 for concerts . . . Pianist **Richard Abrams** leads a group in concert at Northwestern University May 24 . . . The **Joe Boyce** Quartet (Boyce, vibraharp; **Henry Morrison,** piano; **John Whitfield,** bass; **Bill Quinn,** drums) holds forth Tuesdays at the Pumpkin Room, on E. 71st St. The **Dave Shipp** Trio still is there weekends.

San Francisco: Drummer **Elvin Jones,** who recently was in the area and reportedly planning to buy into a small Broadway-area club (*DB,* April 6), decided instead to stay east . . . The Jazz Workshop brought drummer **Shelly Manne's** quintet from Los Angeles for its first Frisco booking in many a moon . . . Bassist **Buster Williams,** whose regular gig is with singer **Nancy Wilson's** accompanying trio, played with **Miles Davis'** quintet during its two weeks at the Both/And. Both Davis and pianist **Horace Silver's** quintet (at the Jazz Workshop) had filled rooms on their simultaneous opening nights and did good business thereafter . . . Drummer **Johnny Rae** and bassist **Kelly Bryan** were with pianist **Vince Guaraldi** for his recent engagement at the Trident in Sausalito. This was Guaraldi's first club appearance in this area in many months. He has been spending much of his time writing new television shows and commercial material . . . Pianist-singer **Mose Allison** was backed by bassist **John Mosher** and drummer **Pete Magadini** at El Matador . . . Drummer **Linton Jacquet,** of the noted jazz family, has begun a projected series of Sunday afternoon concerts at the Chi-Chi, a club in east Oakland. The basic group includes saxophonist **Jules Broussard,** organist **Ed Kelly,** guitarist **George Freeman,** and drummer **Eddie Moore,** with Jacquet sitting in occasionally . . . The New Orleans Jazz Club of Northern California drew nearly 300 listeners to its Sunday session at the Lazy V Restaurant in San Bruno recently. Highlight of the afternoon was presentation of lapel pins to winners of the club's all-star band poll. Receiving pins were clarinetist **Bob Helm,** pianist **Wally Rose,** and drummer **Bill Dart,** all members of the original **Lu Watters'** Yerba Buena Jazz Band that sparked the traditional revival of the 1940s; **Pops Foster,** the great New Orleans bassist, who just turned 75; trom-

bonist **Bob Mielke,** onetime associate of **Bob Wilber** and **Sidney Bechet** before moving here from New York and forming his own band; tubaist **Bob Short,** a Watters and **Turk Murphy** associate; trumpeter **Bob Neighbor,** most recently with Murphy's band; soprano and alto saxophonist **John Smith,** a protege of **George Probert,** who flies here from Los Angeles for the club's bimonthly sessions; and banjoist **Red March.** The presentations were made by **Russ Wilson,** jazz writer for the Oakland *Tribune* and *Down Beat's* San Francisco correspondent. Club president **Marshall Peterson** and treasurer **Joe Walton** and their wives left a few days after the session for Japan, where they were to be entertained by the Osaka traditional band that visited here last year.

Boston: Jazz at the Philharmonic sold out Boston's Symphony Hall for its two Saturday shows last month . . . Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike, continuing an outstanding spring/summer lineup—even building an addition to accommodate 60 more people—featured the **Dizzy Gillespie** Quintet. Vocalist **Mamie Lee** and Her Swingmen played the following Monday. On Tuesday, the **Eldee Young-Red Holt** Trio (**Don Walker,** piano; Young, bass, cello; Holt, drums) came in for the balance of the week . . . Vibist **Roy Ayers,** with a rhythm section that included pianist **Chick Corea,** bassist **Reggie Workman,** and drummer **Steve Ellington,** performed for a week at the Jazz Workshop. The group of guitarist **Gabor Szabo** was featured the next week at the Workshop . . . The **Eddie Piper** Quintet, featuring vocalist **Pepi Mitchell,** completed an engagement at Estell's and was followed by pianist **Dan Gardner's** group . . . Vocalist **Marge Dodson,** a favorite in this area, was backed by pianist **Ray Santisi,** bassist **John Neves,** and drummer **Peter Donald** during her three-week engagement at Paul's Mall. The **Sal Perry** Trio also did two weeks at the Mall . . . Drummer **Alan Dawson** led a group consisting of pianist **Rollins Griffin,** saxophonist **Rocky Boyd,** and bassist **Calvin Jones** at Connolley's for a week . . . The Picadilly in New Bedford has been featuring jazz every weekend. Bassist **Don Caviano** heads the house rhythm section. Among the featured soloists appearing there have been tenorist **Junior Cook** and trombonists **Bennie Green, Curtis Fuller,** and **Slide Hampton.**

Pittsburgh: After nearly a year away from Pittsburgh, tenor saxophonist **Jon Walton** has returned, to the delight of his many fans, who date back to the days when Walton was a **Benny Goodman** and **Artie Shaw** sideman. Most recently he has teamed with an old friend, tenorist **Flo Cassinelli,** for Saturday matinees at Surfside Four in McKeesport . . . Pittsburgh's Shady Side and adjacent East Liberty sections continue to have good jazz. Trombonist **Harold Betters** is still a fixture at the Encore, while pianist **Reid Jaynes** keeps the Tender Trap jumping six nights a week . . . Jai's Lounge in Braddock recently featured drummer **Spider Rondinelli's** quartet. He was joined in mid-April by tenorist **Eric Kloss** . . . Up in the Hill District, saxophonist **Sonny Stitt** was held over two weeks at the Hurricane . . . The groups of guitarist **Kenny Burrell** and pianist **Ray Bryant** recently worked at Crawford's Grill . . . The **John Bartell** Quartet has been gaining a good following at the Rendezvous Lounge and the Hollywood Club in Clairton . . . Pianist **Walt Harper's** quintet just completed its ninth consecutive month at the Hilton Hotel.

Buffalo: Trumpeter **Georgie Holt** played a graveside tribute to pianist **Pete Johnson,** who died here March 23. Among the pallbearers were local disc jockey **Carroll Hardy; John Norris,** editor of the Canadian jazz magazine *Coda;* and **Jimmy Wertheim,** who collaborated on a biography of Johnson. Pianist **Ray Bryant** also attended. Final services for Johnson were conducted by the Rev. **Lauriston L. Scaife,** Episcopal bishop of the diocese of western New York . . . The University of New York at Buffalo celebrated Emphasis on Jazz week in early April. Trombonist **Kai Winding's** group performed at the opening concert. The next night, **William Tallmadge,** a teacher at the school; **H. O. Brunn,** author of *The Story of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band;* and local Dixieland cornetist **Jim Koteras** conducted a panel discussion on the evolution of traditional jazz. Others taking part during the week's activities were the **Yankee Six Dixieland Band, Fredonia College Jazz Workshop, Millow Nep's** avant-garde group, and the **University of Buffalo Lab Band** . . . The **Ahmad Jamal** Trio was at the Royal Arms for a week last month. The **Maynard Ferguson** Orchestra followed for a week and, in turn, was followed by pianist **Rubin Mitchell.**

Baltimore: The **American Jazz Ensemble,** composed of flutist **Jeremy Steig,** pianist **John Eaton,** bassist **Don Payne,** and drummer **Donald MacDonald,** combined the works of **Paul Hindemith** and **Bela Bartok** with electronic music and jazz at its concert in early April at Goucher College . . . The **Count Basie** Band played a one-nighter at the Eastwind April 7 . . . Tenor saxophonist **David (Fathead) Newman** opened on the same date at the Alpine Villa on Harford Road. The next weekend drummer **Max Roach** brought in his group. Set for successive dates at the club through the end of May were altoist **Lou Donaldson,** multi-instrumentalist **Roland Kirk,** and organist **Jack McDuff.** Kirk played early in April for the Left Bank Jazz Society. He brought with him pianist **Lonnie Smith,** bassist **Ronnie Boykins,** and drummer **Bob Thompson.** The following Sunday the LBJS featured guitarist **George Benson's** quartet (baritone saxophonist **Ronnie Cuber,** organist **Lonnie Smith,** drummer **Marion Booker**). Multireed man **Yusef Lateef,** accompanied by pianist **Hugh Lawson,** bassist **Cecil McBee,** and drummer **Roy Brooks,** played the most recent LBJS concert . . . Washington, D. C., trumpeter **Eddie Henderson's** quintet has

taken over as the house band at Martick's Friday and Saturday nights . . . Sponsored by the Johns Hopkins YMCA, the **Ramsey Lewis** Trio played a concert in mid-April at Eastern High School.

Detroit: Drummer **Gene Krupa's** quartet spent eight days at Baker's Keyboard Lounge. Krupa also appeared at a local high school concert and on several local television shows . . . Multi-instrumentalist **Roland Kirk's** appearance at the Drome was a huge success . . . South Macomb Community College student **Donald Bracket** organized a concert by tenorist **Stan Getz'** quartet at a theater in suburban Warren . . . Pianist **George Shearing's** group recently broke attendance records at Baker's Keyboard Lounge . . . The Showboat has become the main Dixie house in Detroit. Trumpeter **Smoky Stover's** successful engagement there was followed by pianist **Billy Maxted's Manhattan Jazz Band** . . . Singer **Chubby Kemp** is at the Blue Chip. Her husband, bassist **Clarence Isabelle,** has a trio at the Wonder Bar . . . Trombonist **Si Zentner** and his orchestra played a one-nighter at the Latin Quarter . . . Local trombonist **Bill Borby** is now touring U.S. Army bases in Korea with an avant-garde group.

Milwaukee: **Duke Ellington's** is the first band signed for a summer series of big-band concerts at Old Hayward, Wis. The Ellington orchestra will play July 18 . . . The **Tijuana Brass** and the **Skitch Henderson** Band will be featured performers at the Wisconsin State Fair in August . . . Pianist **Erroll Garner** will perform with the **Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra** in November . . . The **Marty Wilk** Trio was presented on the state radio network program, *Jazz, Wisconsin Style* . . . Trombonist **Bob Knutzen** was guest soloist with the Carroll College Band at a recent concert . . . The trios of pianist **Dorothy Donegan** and organist **Jimmy Smith** were recently at the Ad Lib . . . Other recent engagements were those of blues singer **Fred McDowell,** at the Avante Garde coffee house; **Stan Kenton,** for the Wauwatosa Junior Women's Club annual jazz concert and a City of Hope benefit; and the **Sammy Davis Jr.** Show, featuring the **Si Zentner** Band. Kenton returns in June for a night-club engagement . . . The **Muddy Waters** Blues Band will be among the free concert attractions slated to start off the Old Milwaukee Day festivities July 1 . . . Singer **Frank Sinatra,** backed by the **Buddy Rich** Band, will appear at the new Dane County Coliseum in Madison July 8 . . . Vocalist **Lou Rawls** will do a May 27 concert at the Auditorium . . . Trumpeter **Dick Reudebusch,** who recently left the **Woody Herman** Band, has returned to this area and expects to start a group again.

Louisville: Guitarist **Jimmy Raney** made his first public appearance here since he ventured from Louisville in 1945. Leading a quintet featuring former **Woody Herman** tenorist **Bobby Jones,** Raney was presented by the Louisville Jazz Council at the Port O'Call Art Gallery April 11 . . . The LJC also presented concerts at the Port O'Call Feb. 28, featuring the quartet of trumpeter **Al Kiger** (Jones, tenor saxophone; **Trotty Heck,** piano; **Gene Foulkes,** bass; **Donald Mooreman,** drums), and March 28, featuring the quintet of altoist **Jamey Aebersold** (**Keith Spring,** tenor saxophone; **Earmon Hubbard,** piano; **Brent McKesson,** bass; **Stan Gage,** drums). The LJC is offering a national scholarship to a deserving music student to this summer's National Stage Band Camp at Indiana University in Bloomington. Auditions are being held this month . . . The Aebersold quintet was presented in a concert sponsored by the school of architecture at the University of Kentucky on April 2 . . . Trumpeter **Louis Smith's** quartet currently cooks at the Sunday sessions at the Shack. With Smith are pianist **Michael Allen,** bassist **Russell Hill,** drummer **Erwin Thompson.**

Las Vegas: Breaking all attendance records, pianist **Erroll Garner** played three weeks at the Tropicana Blue Room with bassist **Ronnie Markowitz,** drummer **Walter Perkins,** and Latin percussionist **Jose Mangual** . . . Singer **Sarah Vaughan** returned to the Riviera lounge, supported by pianist **Bob James,** bassist **Herbie Mickman,** and drummer **Omar Clay** . . . Pre-taping for the new *Tonight* type of television show emanating from Hotel Hacienda began with trumpeter-comedian **Jack Sheldon's** band stretching a bit. The personnel is trumpeter **Billy Hodges,** trombonist **Carl Fontana,** reed men **Dick Palladino, Jim Mulidore,** and **Steve Perlow,** pianist-organist **Ron Feuer,** guitarist **Don Overberg,** bassist **Billy Christ,** and drummer **Tom Montgomery.** Comedian **Bill Dana** is the show's host.

Seattle: The **Miles Davis** Quintet played at the Penthouse late last month and was followed by the **Herbie Mann** group. The **Cal Tjader** Quintet will be at the Penthouse June 1-10, and the **Cannonball Adderley** Quintet comes in June 15-24 . . . An outdoor concert will be given Memorial Day on the shore of Bitter Lake by the Seattle Jazz Society and the Four Freedoms Retirement Home. The tentative lineup includes **Ralph Mutchler's Olympic College Stage Band** and the newly expanded **Northwest Jazz Sextet,** a teenage group . . . Drummer **Chuck Mahaffay** and his **Individuals** opened last month at Ivar's Captain's Table, with bassist **Tammy Burdett** and guitarist-pianist **Ralph Towner.**

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: **Al Haig, Donna Lee** to 5/28.
Basie's: **Harold Ousley,** Sun.-Mon.
Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon.
Cloud Room (East Elmhurst): **Johnny Fontana, Pat Rebillot, Bucky Calabrese.**
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Cotton Club (Patterson, N.J.): **Hank White,** wknds. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): **John Gamba,** hb. Sessions, Sun.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): **Morris Nanton,** Thur.-Sat.
Dom: Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Eddie Condon's: **Bob Wilber, Yank Lawson.**
El Carib (Brooklyn): **Johnny Fontana.**
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): **Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six, Ed Hubble.**
Five Spot: 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: **Carmen McRae** to 6/4.
Hickory House: **Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.**
Hugo's: sessions, wknds.
Jazz at the Office (Freeport, N.Y.): **Jimmy McPartland,** Fri.-Sat.
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: **Hazel Scott** to 5/22. **Jackie & Roy,** 5/23-6/4.
Little Club: **Johnny Morris.**
Marino's Boat Club (Brooklyn): **Michael Grant, Vernon Jeffries, Bob Kay,** wknds.
Mark Twain Riverboat: **Tommy Dorsey-Urbie Green** to 5/20. **Harry James,** 6/2-24.
007: **Mickey 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, Earl May, Nat Jones, Art Weiss.**
Pitt's Lounge (Newark, N.J.): **Leon Eason.**
Pookie's Pub: **Charles Mingus.**
Jimmy Ryan's: **Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown.**
Shepheard's: **Oscar Peterson** to 6/3.
Sulky (Roosevelt Raceway): **Dick Norell, Hap Gormley,** Mon.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): **Wendell Marshall,** sessions, Sun.
Tamburlaine: **Al Haig, Phil Leshin, Jim Kappes. Bill Rubenstein, Hal Gaylor, Dottie Dodgion,** Mon. Jazz at noon, Mon., Fri.
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: **Stan Kenton,** 5/26-27. **Miriam Makeba,** 6/2-3.
Village Vanguard: **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis,** Mon. **Bill Evans** to 5/28.
Your Father's Moustache: **Stan Levine,** Sun.

TORONTO

Clem's Room: modern jazz, wknds.
Colonial: **Don Ewell** to 5/27. **Joe Williams,** 5/29-6/10.
Dell: **Hagood Hardy.**
George's Spaghetti House: **Moe Koffman, Art Ayres.**
Swiss Bear: **Bernie Black.**

PHILADELPHIA

Aqua Bar: **Hugh Masekela** to 5/20.
Club 50 (Trenton): **Johnny Ellis.**
Hansen's (Morrisville): Sessions, Tue., Thur.
Henry's: **Bill Duke,** Fri.
Lambertville Music Circus: **Dave Brubeck,** 5/19.
Lanza's (Trenton): **Tony Inverso-Jack Caldwell.**
Pilgrim Gardens: **Good Time Six.**
Postal Card: **Muhammad Habeeballah.**
Red Garter: Dixieland.
Show Boat: **Eldee Young-Red Holt,** 5/22-26. **Mongo Santamaria,** 5/29-6/3. **Oscar Peterson,** 6/6-10. **Gabor Szabo,** 6/12-17.
Tremont (Trenton): **Dick Braytenbah.**
23 Skidoo (Cherry Hill, N.J.): **Red Crossett.**

BALTIMORE

Alpine Villa: **Jack McDuff,** 5/25-30.
Bluesette: **Ted Hawk,** Fri., Sat.
Chesapeake: **Chuck Berlin.**
Famous Ballroom (Left Bank Jazz Society): name groups, Sun.
Lenny Moore's: **Greg Hatza,** wknds.
Martick's: **Eddie Henderson,** Fri., Sat.
Peyton Place: **Henry Baker, Ruby Glover.**
Playboy: **Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells.**
Red Fox: **Ethel Ennis,** wknds.

CHICAGO

Baroque: **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: **Joe Bushkin** to 5/21. **Les McCann,** 5/23-6/4. **Ramsey Lewis,** 6/6-18. **Eddie Higgins, Larry Novak,** hbs.
Museum of Science & Industry: **Philip Cohran** to 5/26.
Nite-n-gale (Highwood): **Ted Ashford,** Fri.-Sat.
Office: **Joe Daley,** Mon.
Opera House: **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis,** 6/11.
Panda: **Gene Esposito,** Tue.-Sat. **Larry Novak,** Sun.-Mon.
Playboy: **Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ron Elliston, Joe Iaco,** hbs.
Plugged Nickel: **Dukes of Dixieland,** 5/17-28. **Sonny Stitt,** 5/29-6/12.
Pumpkin Room: **Dave Shipp,** wknds. **Joe Boyce,** Tue.
Robin's Nest: **The Organizers,** wknds.
Stan's Pad: **Jimmy Ellis,** hb.
White Elephant: **Anthony Braxton,** Tue.
Yellow Unicorn: **Eddie Harris-Dave Catherwood,** Tue., Sun. afternoon.

MILWAUKEE

Aladdin's: **Frank DeMiles.**
Black Orchid: **Jimmy Colvin,** Fri.-Sat.
Carriage House: **Del Miller.**
Crown Room: **Lou Lalli.**
De Salvo's: **George Pritchette,** Fri.-Sat.
Dimitri's: **The Jazzmen,** Thur.-Sun.
El Matador: **Mike Rich,** tfn.
Green's Living Room: **Will Green.**
Holiday Inn: **Dan Richards.**
Kg's: **Zig Millonzi,** Fri.-Sat.
Kohler's: **Kenny Kwint,** Fri.-Sat.
Ma's: **Chosen Four,** Tue., Sun. **Four Star Quartet,** Fri.-Sat.
Mr. Richard's: **Mr. Richard's Quartet,** Tue.-Sat.
Nauti-Gal: **Bill Otten. Walt Ketchum,** Wed., Fri., Sat.
Old Hayward (Hayward): **Gene Schroeder. Duke Ellington,** 7/18.
Someplace Else: Dixieland, Tue., Thur.-Sun.

DETROIT

Act IV: **Eddie Webb,** hb. **Lenore Paxton.**
Baker's: **Wes Montgomery** to 5/21. **Redd Foxx, Claude Black,** 5/26-6/4. **Arthur Prysock,** 6/9-18.
Bandit's Villa: **Terry Harrington,** Fri.-Sat.
Blue Chip: **Chubby Kemp,** Tue.-Sat.
Bobbie's: **Bob McDonald,** Sat.-Sun.
Breakers: **Barbara Logan,** Mon.-Sat.
Cafe Gourmet: **Howard Lucas,** Tue.-Sat.
Checker Bar-B-Q: **Bobby Rodriguez, Wilbur Chapman,** Mon.-Sat. afterhours.
Checker Bar-B-Q (Livernois): **Bob Elliott,** Mon.-Sat. afterhours.
Colonial Lanes (Ann Arbor): **Jeff Hollander,** Fri.-Sat.
Drome: **Art Blakey** to 5/28. **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: sessions.
Jack Brokensha's: **Jack Brokensha,** Tue.-Sat. **Ursula Walker,** Fri.-Sat.
London Chop House: **Mel Ball,** Mon.-Sat.
Momo's: **Mark Richards, Keith Vreeland,** Fri.-Sat.
New Olympia: **Norman Dillard,** Thur.-Sun.
Pagoda (Clawson): **Joe Grande,** Wed.-Sat.
Paige's: **Ernie Farrow,** wknds.
Pier One: **Dorothy Dunn,** Mon.-Sat.
Pink Panther: **Tony Thomas, Connie Graham.**
Playboy Club: **Matt Michael, Vince Mance,** Mon.-Sat. **Jack Pierson,** Sat.
Pontchartrain Hotel: **Bobby Laurel, Dorothy Ashby, Ernie Swan.**
Rouge Lounge: **Bobby Koch,** Fri.-Sat.
Shadow Box: **Howard & Gwen McKinney.**
Tonga: **Charles Harris,** Mon.-Sat., Sun. afternoon.
Topper: **Ted Sheely.**
Twenty Grand: **Levi Mann,** hb.
Wisdom Tooth: **Lyman Woodard,** Fri.-Sat. afterhours.
Wonder Bar: **Clarence Isabelle,** Mon.-Sat.

LOS ANGELES

Admiral's Dinghy (Playa Del Rey): **Jimmy Vann.**
Aladdin: **Ray Johnson,** Thur.-Sun.
Bonesville: **Don Ellis,** Mon. **Walt Flynn,** Sun. Afterhours sessions, Sat.-Sun.
Brass Ring (Sherman Oaks): **Jimmie Rowles,** Sun.-Mon. **Mike Barone-Frank Rosolino,** Fri.-Sat.
Bucanneer (Manhattan Beach): **Dave Miller.**
Casa del Campo: **Gabe Baltazar.**
China Trader (Toluca Lake): **Bobby Troup.**
Club Casbah: **Sam Fletcher, Dolo Coker.**
Dino's Lodge: **Bill Marx,** hb.
Donte's (North Hollywood): jazz nightly. **Mike Barone,** Sun. afternoon.
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.
Lemon Twist: **Frankie Tamm.**
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): **Herbie Mann** to 5/28. **Three Sounds,** 5/30-6/11. **John Coltrane,** 6/13-25.
Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz nightly.
Marty's (Baldwin Hills): **June Christy, Red Norvo,** 5/21. **Oliver Nelson,** 5/26-6/4.
Memory Lane: jazz nightly.
Outrigger Room (Van Nuys): **Matt Dennis.**
Parisian Room: **Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson.**
Pied Piper: **Jessie Davis, Ike Issacs. Gerald Wiggins,** Sun.
Playboy Club: **Gene Palumbo, Bob Corwin,** hb. **Willie Restum.**
Prime Rib (Newport Beach): **Jan Deneau.**
Redd Foxx's: **Willie Jones,** hb.
Reuben's (Newport Beach): **Edgar Hayes,** Fri.-Sat. (Whittier): Tue.-Thur.
Reuben E. Lee (Newport Beach): **Edgar Hayes,** Sun.
Ruddy Duck (Sherman Oaks): **Stan Worth, Al McKibbon.**
Sandpiper (Playa Del Rey): **John Sargent-Joanne Grauer.**
Shelly's Manne-Hole: **Jimmy McGriff** to 5/28. **Jack McDuff,** 6/20-7/2. **Shelly Manne,** wknds.
Sherry's: **Mike Melvoin.**
Sir Michael's (Commerce): **Calvin Jackson, Susan Roberts.**
Swing (Studio City): jazz, wknds.
Tiki: **Richard Dorsey.**
'Tis Ours: **Sonny Craven.**
Tropicana: **Kenny Burrell** to 5/30. **Jimmy McGriff,** 5/31-6/12.
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,** hb.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: **Four Tops** to 5/20. **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. **Joe Williams, Wes Montgomery,** 7/11-16.
Both/And: **Ornette Coleman** to 5/28.
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): **Wilbert Barranco,** wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: **Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes.**
Half Note: **George Duke.**
Holiday Inn (Oakland): **Arthur Fletcher, Merrill Hoover,** wknds.
Hungry i: **Clyde Pound,** hb.
Jazz Workshop: **Dizzy Gillespie** to 5/21.
El Matador: **Cal Tjader** to 5/27.
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): **Gary Burton** to 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.

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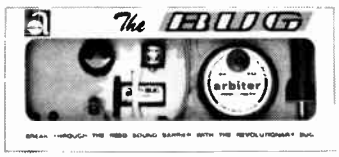

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