

JUNE 15, 1967

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THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

**14th
COMBO
ISSUE:
The Flexible
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•
Biggest Little
Band In The Land
John Kirby Sextet
•
Lauris,
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Cover photograph by Jim Marshall

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Subscription rates \$7 one year, \$12 two years, \$16 three years, payable in advance. If you live in any of the Pan American Union countries, add 50 cents, for each year of subscription, to the prices listed above. If you live in Canada or any other foreign country, add \$1.50 for each year.

If you move, let us know your new address with zip code (include your old one, too) 6 weeks in advance so you won't miss an issue (the post office won't forward copies and we can't send duplicates).

Address all correspondence to 222 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois, 60606.

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POSTMASTER: Send Form 3579 to Down Beat, 222 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois 60606



MAHER PUBLICATIONS: DOWN BEAT:
MUSIC '67: JAZZ RECORD REVIEWS:
N.A.M.M. Daily



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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

A Matter Of Count

While I defend the right of Dan Morgenstern to think whatever he might about the sound effects of my LP, *Soul of the City* (DB, April 6), how can you expect me to feel that he is a knowledgeable music critic when in his words, "Inside [A View from the Inside], a fast blues, hits a Basie groove...."

Well, Dan old boy, *Inside* is neither fast nor is it a blues. When I last counted the measures, I found the original 32 bars intact and the tempo, mm 104 or so, decidedly in a medium-slow groove.

I do agree with Morgenstern on his adjudgment of the soloists. I thought they were magnificent, all of them. Well, anyway, thanks for the four stars... stars don't grow on trees, you know.

Manny Albam
Nyack, N.Y.

The Adderley Bridge

A letter of congratulations to Bill Quinn for his review of the latest Cannonball Adderley record, *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy* (DB, March 23).

Appreciation of, and interest in, this form is rapidly developing the long-awaited bridge vitally needed to introduce many now following Ramsey Lewis, Mongo Santamaria, and Dave Brubeck to the various other streams less commonly known to the novice fan.

You can't take the average, inexperienced musician/listener, who has been exposed to nothing but rhythm-and-blues, throw him in a set with Ornette Coleman, or any of his peers, and expect him to work out of a bag like that.

The whole future of jazz depends greatly on the ability of a musician to reach inside someone and generate an intense interest that the newcomer can identify with, so that later he can become familiar with many other, entirely different schools.

The Adderley brothers, Joe Zawinul, Roy McCurdy, and Vic Gaskin are beautiful together. Their stuff is solid, without getting too basic—I mean they really got a thing that can be followed. It's got drive and beauty in the most perfectly balanced proportions. I am in full agreement with Quinn's statement, "This extroverted set will make more friends for jazz than it will lose...."

Kenn Christie
Visalia, Calif.

More Meat!

In reference to Leonard Feather's column, *The Worst of Jazz '66* (DB, May 4), I noticed an ad by Verve records in the same issue lauding Wes Montgomery's *Goin' Out of My Head* as the "best jazz performance of the year." The title might be very fitting indeed.

Verve is one of "those" companies exploiting "dining-room jazz" with big-band arrangements with the star of the album

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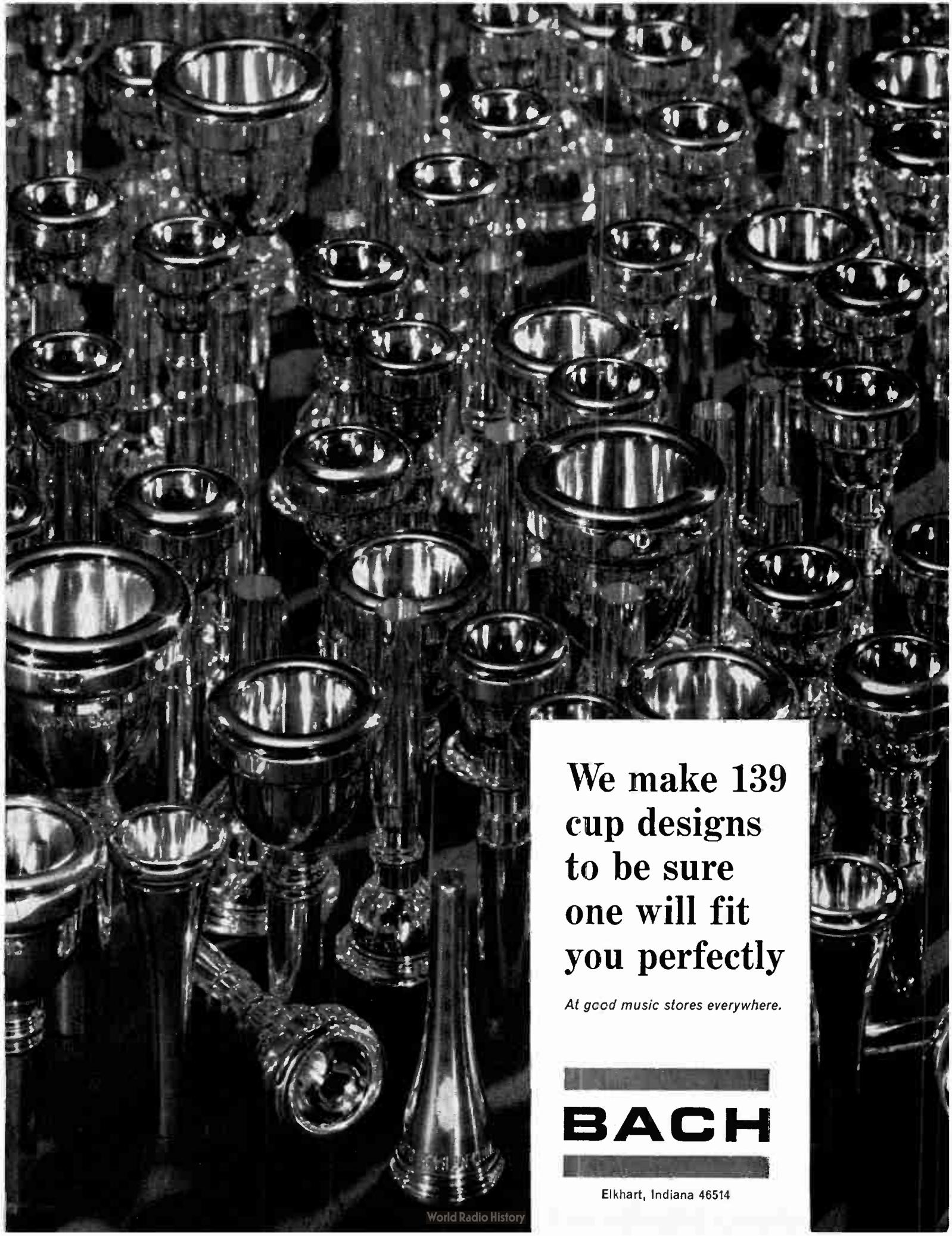
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Now then, I don't propose to take the food out of Wes' mouth, or even Verve's, for that matter, but why can't they get together on a meatier album to go along with this "marketable" album so that others of us might savor the real Wes Montgomery? Or the real anybody for that matter.

Such joint issues should enjoy financial success, since they are representative of two different markets, but it sort of makes one feel that some people actually don't like jazz—not even for "others."

Jon Poley
Elizabeth, N.J.

The "best jazz performance of the year" referred to the Montgomery record's being so named by members of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences—not by Verve.

Small Point Of Order

The pianist-organist on Joe Pass' *Simplicity* LP, who Dan Morgenstern in his review (*DB*, May 18) thought might be Clare Fischer, was Julian Lee, the blind Australian arranger who deserves much more publicity than *Down Beat* has given him. The Pass personnel, in fact, was the entire George Shearing Quintet (minus Shearing): Hagood Hardy was on vibes, Bob Whitlock on bass, and Colin Bailey on drums.

Leonard Feather
North Hollywood, Calif.

Listen, Baby, Listen!

I have been reading *Down Beat* since 1942, and it took a lot of listening, learning, and playing for me to discover a few basic facts about jazz that ought to be readily apparent to everyone. Or maybe, after all, it's just one fact: all forms of music can produce someone, sometime, with the talent, heart, and logic to move one's soul. This seems to have escaped far too many people, including some very good musicians and certainly a lot of dim-bulb record reviewers.

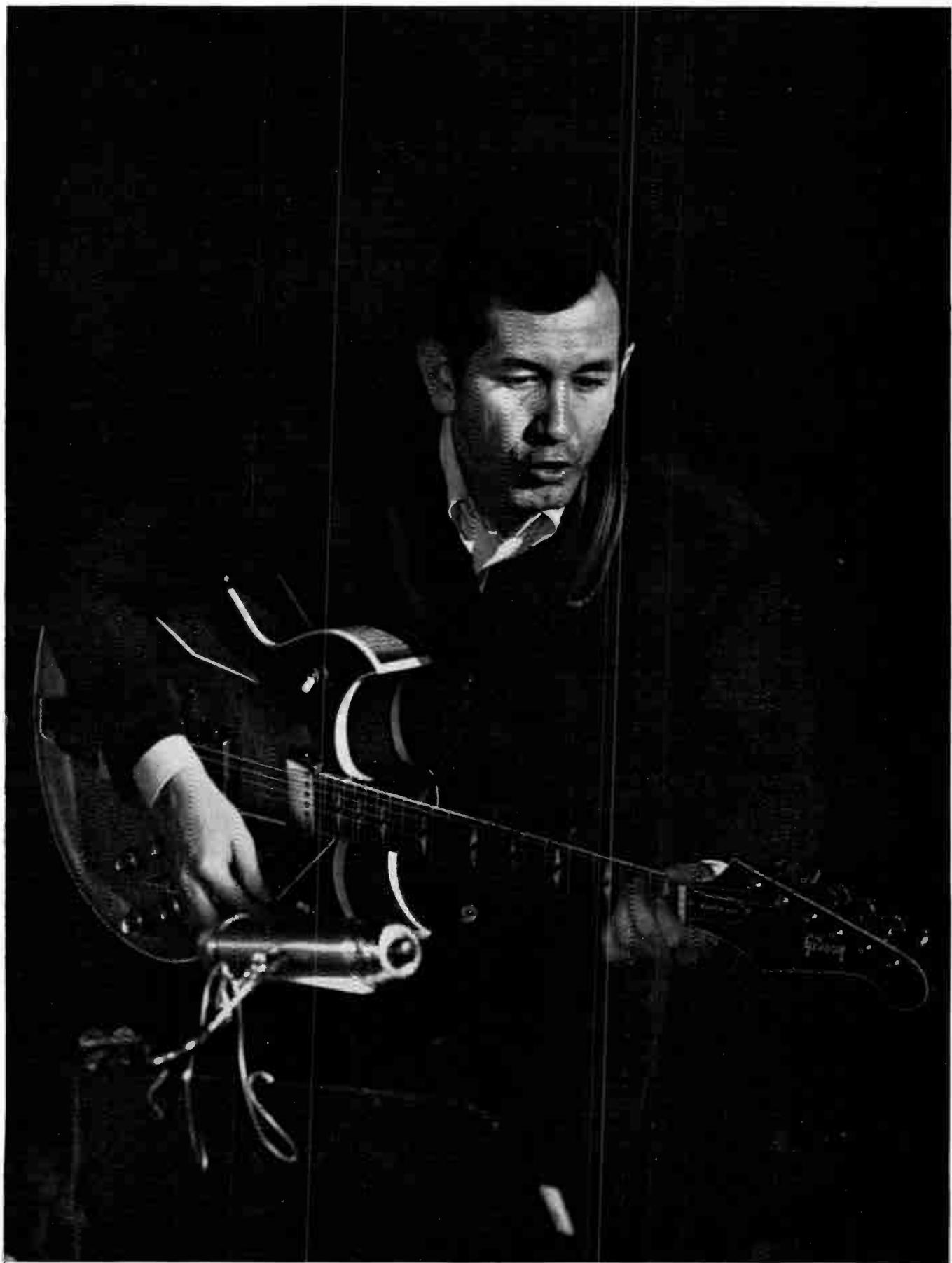
Which brings me to the real point of this letter. The article on John Handy (*DB*, May 4) really blew notes like mallets hitting chimes, to quote some forgotten writer I read in 1942. Handy's message is, "Listen, baby, listen," and I'll second that.

I've heard good, even great musicians put down a player or composer for one reason or another, and God knows there are enough uninspired, unoriginal hacks around who deserve putting down. But I've never heard anyone I thought was a great musician put down a whole style of music—even if he wasn't familiar with it.

I'm not suggesting *Down Beat* should clamp any restrictions on its writers and reviewers. They've got the same right to express their opinions, one way or another, that we all have and should exercise more often. But I do think that the magazine, as a matter of policy, might provide a little wider forum for the discussion of the many musical forms that have influenced, and will influence, jazz.

Don Ivers
Albuquerque, N.M.

Gibson, the workingman's guitar.



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June 15, 1967

JAZZ AT EXPO 67

Though early reports of cultural programs at the United States Pavilion at Montreal's Expo 67 made no mention of jazz, a capsule jazz festival was presented May 25 under the auspices of the Institute of Jazz Studies, which is now administered by Rutgers University.

According to Julius Bloom, executive director of the Carnegie Hall Corp. and co-administrator of the institute (with Dr. William M. Weinberg of Rutgers), the IJS was asked by the U.S. Information Service to produce a three-hour festival covering various aspects of jazz.

Scheduled to appear were the Muddy Waters Blues Band, the Newport All-Stars, trumpeter Roy Eldridge and tenor saxophonist Buddy Tate, Thelonious Monk Quartet, flutist Herbie Mann's group, and the Dave Brubeck Quartet. John Hammond was emcee.

The event was held at the 5,000-seat outdoor Place du Nations on U.S. National Day at the exposition. Each exhibitor nation is assigned such a day to feature the best of its artistic achievements.

The event was produced by George Wein, with Bloom acting as executive producer.

The list of other jazz performers to appear at the Montreal exposition is headed by the Duke Ellington Orchestra and singer Sarah Vaughan. They have been signed to perform at Expo Theater Sept. 3-9.

Canadian musicians to be featured at the Canadian Pavilion are Toronto's Ron Collier Jazz Group July 11-14 and Phil Nimmons 'n' Nine Aug. 1-4. Montreal groups scheduled are the Yvan Landry Quintet July 11-14, the Lee Gagnon Jazz Ensemble Aug. 8-11, and the Pierre Leduc Trio Sept. 5-8.

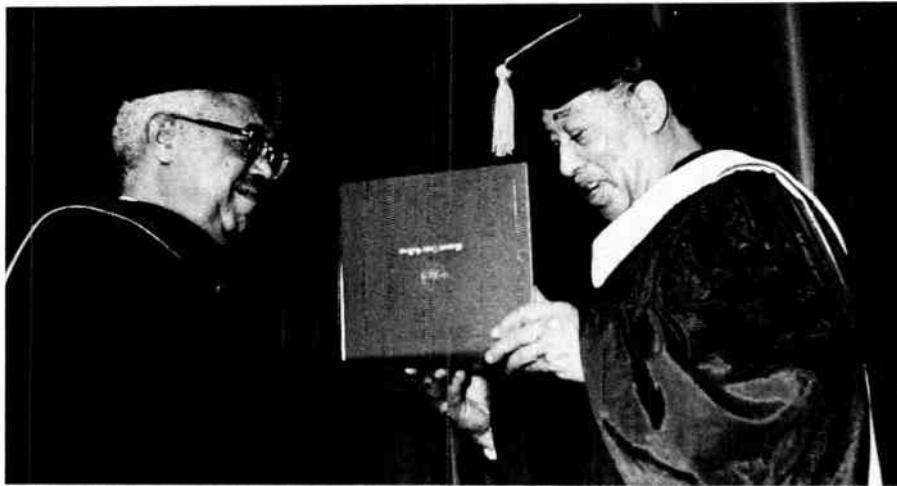
Composer Gordon Delamont has written a work that has been recorded and will be presented daily at the Ontario Pavilion.

Norman Symonds is collaborating with playwright Jacques Lanquirand on an audio-visual work that will be presented in the Man and His Environment pavilion.

The opening of Expo 67 was observed in New York City with a week of concerts at Carnegie Hall, Town Hall, Central Park, and Radio City Music Hall. The Oscar Peterson Trio appeared at Carnegie Hall May 4. Opera star Jon Vickers, folk singers Ian and Sylvia, and chanteuse Monique Leyrac also performed at Carnegie.

A variety show, featuring 10 Canadian performers, including jazz vibraphist Peter Appleyard, appeared in Central Park April 29 and 30 and May 1.

Trumpeter Donald Byrd, who was reported to be writing a comprehensive history of the Canadian Negro for presentation at Expo 67 (DB, March 23), was unable to complete the project because of pressing academic responsibilities at Columbia University, where he is working on his Ph.D.



DRS. JENKINS AND ELLINGTON
A reminder that giants still roam the earth.

ELLINGTON NAMED DOCTOR OF MUSIC

Duke Ellington, holder of innumerable awards and honors, received yet another on May 1 when he was made an honorary Doctor of Music by Morgan State College in Baltimore, Md.

In his citation, Martin D. Jenkins, the school's president, lauded Ellington as a creator and master performer of a new music, adding, "It is not only for the sheer joy in the perfection of your orchestra's performance that audiences clamor for your presence. It is because, through the years, you have been constantly creating and developing your music which seasoned critics place with Ravel's and Mozart's in style and execution. It is because each of your performances is a new creative experience, done with dignity and spirit. It is because, in you, audiences come face to face with the largest single body of art universally recognized as a uniquely American contribution to the world's cultural heritage.... You are a living reminder that giants are still in the earth and that the stuff of which legends are made is still with us."

DOWN THE RIVER

"Here's a comment on the music scene today," said the disc jockey, as he introduced the next record. "It's Little Junior Walker doing *I Want Money*."

The deejay wasn't attempting to endear himself to members of the rock-and-roll audience who might have caught the inference, for he was Dick Buckley of station WAAF in Chicago, one of the longest-tenured jazz disc jockeys in the city.

Because of the jazz station's recent sale to the Atlass Communications Corp., Buckley—who lost his 11-year-old WNIB-FM jazz program in 1966 for lack of a sponsor—and other WAAF disc jockeys, commentators, and management personnel face an uncertain future at the station.

Marty Faye, whose early-morning show featured much jazz and interviews with jazz musicians, was dismissed from the staff immediately after the sale was approved by the Federal Communications Commission.

"It would seem to me that jazz record companies would realize what is happening if nobody else would," Buckley said of the station's sale. "Here is the last outpost of jazz broadcasting in the nation's second largest city going down the drain. There's no outlet for the jazz-record maker's product—and he just sits by and watches it happen."

With 44 years on the air, WAAF is Chicago's oldest radio station, though it is licensed to broadcast only during daylight hours. From a classical-music format, the station switched exclusively to jazz 10 years ago.

Far from being in financial trouble when sold, the station's rating was high, and it sold for \$900,000. The new management, headed by Ralph Atlass, William Friedman, and Milton Salstone, appears to be programming to attract a part of the Negro listenership that has boosted station WVON well into seven-figure profits on the basis of a rhythm-and-blues format.

In addition to avowing that the station will continue to play "some jazz," as well as country-and-western, pop, and rock-and-roll, Atlass claims that educational activities and community affairs programming will increase under the new management. However, Lou House, WAAF's tireless trumpeter for community awareness and civil rights, was one of the first to be axed.

Daddy-O Daylie, the dean of Chicago's jazz disc jockeys; Jesse Owens, the former Olympian; and Buckley were, at press-time, scheduled to remain at the station—though Buckley's job in all probability will be only administrative. Moreover, though their voices are familiar to regular listeners, they were recently allowed to identify themselves on the air only as "Me," "You Know Who," and "Guess

Who," while the Atlass format was being solidified.

For months before the sale was sanctioned by the FCC, rumor had it that the station was to fall into hands eager to push the more commercial music. Many listeners, already bombarded with similar rock sounds on at least five other local AM stations, began casting about for ways to protest the fall of the last jazz station in Chicago, a position it assumed when WCFL, in pursuit of a rock-around-the-clock policy, dropped its *Sid McCoy Show*. McCoy had occupied the station's mid-night-to-5 a.m. slot for the last 5½ years.

Since the ultimate decision rested with the FCC, reasoned Daddy-O Daylie, "why not petition that body against granting further gains to the rock monopoly?"

Daylie, whose work as a fund-raiser for many of the city's churches, community centers, and charitable institutions has built him a large and loyal following, was rewarded for his efforts by more than 7,000 irate signatories who made it plain to the FCC that they wished to see neither jazz nor Daddy-O leave the AM dial.

"Even after 19 years in this business," said Daylie, "the main thing that kept the *Daddy-O Show* on the air was the many friends that I've made in this business."

"Good things come to those who hustle while they wait," punned the disc jockey. "I knew that the new management was going rock, and I knew that I had to rely on my audience to see to it that I didn't leave."

Whether the fans' gripes of wrath preserved the *Daddy-O Show* is uncertain. However, it is certain that in addition to his popularity, Daylie also carries the biggest advertisers on the station—and they also wanted to see that he remained.

In an age when *I Want Money* is the cry of the many, it doesn't hurt anyone to have a big bankroll in his corner—especially when he is playing that "noncommercial stuff" called jazz.

GIBBS MUSIC DIRECTOR OF NEW TV SHOW

CBS-TV is making sure the prime-time slot on its Wednesday night programming retains its present high rating for the summer when *The Steve Allen Comedy Hour* will replace *The Danny Kaye Show* on the network. The Allen series begins June 14.

Music will play an important role in the programs. Terry Gibbs has been named Allen's music director, and the personnel of the band consists of Ray Triscari, John Audino, Conte Candoli, Don Rader, trumpets; Vern Friley, Mike Barone, Frank Rosolino, trombones; Bill Perkins, Bill Hood, Carrington Visor, Gus Bivona, Gabe Baltazar, reeds; Mike Melvoine, piano; Ray Brown, bass; and Hal Blaine, drums.

The band will not be featured per se but, according to Gibbs, will provide a continuous supporting role—"similar to Les Brown's function on *The Dean Martin Show*." Neither of the first two shows has a solo band number, but Gibbs is confi-

dent that they will be forthcoming in later shows. Until then, he will be featured in some skits with Allen; they'll do their well-known vibes duet; trombonist Rosolino, a comic of some repute, also will be seen in routines with Allen.

The new series will of course be dominated by the multifaceted personality of Allen. Emphasis will be on comedy: not only will there be Allen monologs but also guest appearances by today's top stand-up comics.

Musically, according to Gibbs, the show "will have a Top 40 flavor to it—the best of the current singers and instrumentalists: Lou Rawls, Dionne Warwick, Father Tom Vaughn, Ramsey Lewis, the Fifth Dimension...."

Gibbs said he was pleased by the signing of Bob Florence to do the arranging for the first two shows.

"He's a great writer," Gibbs said. "If things work out well, he'll be the one to write all the shows."

Gibbs also has done some writing for the shows.

As far as hard jazz is concerned, Gibbs doesn't expect a Miles Davis to be signed, "but after we get off the ground, it's conceivable someone like Oscar Peterson will be booked for a guest spot."

Gibbs has been music director of a network variety program in the past: the ill-fated *Regis Philbin Show*, on ABC-TV. But this current series is more demanding, he said. "You know, I've been studying conducting—legitimate conducting, for the past three months," he added. "I really need it. I've got to cope with 4,000,000 cues. And if the show is renewed for the winter, we're going to add 16 strings. I can't give them cues the way I cue the fellows in my own band—you know, putting my hand under my arm and giving a downbeat, or kicking my foot up in the air. My guys know what I'm doing."

CHICAGO SCHOOLS GET JAZZ CONCERTS

Under Emil H. Serposs, director of the Chicago Board of Education's music division, the city's "underprivileged" school children had a chance at a bit of entertainment along with their education last month. Bandleader Red Saunders conceived and produced a show titled Evolution of Jazz, which was performed at 10 predominantly Negro high schools in the city.

The 40-minute program, held twice at each school, featured examples of most of the major forms of the idiom. In addition to Saunders' big band, the program included an African sequence by dancer Roger McCall; the Hutchinson Singers, a Gospel group; pianists Art Hodes and Lil Armstrong; singer-guitarist Bobby King; and contemporary alto saxophonist Bunkie Green.

Saunders said he was gratified with the results of the lecture-concert series.

"We are doing something constructive, beneficial," he said. "If the kids never hear of it [jazz], they never know of it, they never learn to love it."

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: A tribute to the late Henry (Red) Allen will be held at the Riverboat June 3. A host of New York's mainstream and traditional musicians are expected to participate; set at presstime were trumpeters Bobby Hackett, Clark Terry, and Joe Thomas and trombonist J.C. Higginbotham . . . Drummer Chico Hamilton and his new septet shared the Village Gate bandstand last month with trumpeter Maynard Ferguson, who fronted a 12-piece band that included saxophonists Willie Maiden and Lanny Morgan and bassist Ron McClure . . . Upstairs at the Top of the Gate, pianist Marian McPartland's trio (Line Milliman, bass, and Jim Kappes, drums) held forth opposite held-over solo pianist Tete Montoliu from Spain. Mrs. McPartland closed May 21 . . . A memorial service for pacifist A. J. Muste was held at Judson Memorial Church April 30. Pianist-composer Paul Knopf led bassist Jack Six, drummer Paul Motian, singer Sheila Jordan, and a five-voice chorus . . . Pianist Earl Hines brought a big band to the Riverboat for 10 days recently. Trumpeter Harry James' orchestra begins a three-week stand there June 2 . . . Tenor saxophonist Coleman Hawkins, with pianist Barry Harris, bassist Major Holley, and drummer Eddie Locke, worked opposite multireed man Roland Kirk's quartet (pianist Lonnie Smith, bassist Ronnie Boykins, and drummer Ray Appleton) at the Village Vanguard. They were followed by pianist Bill Evans' trio and, through June 4, guitarist Wes Montgomery's quartet . . . Pianist Al Haig's trio at the Apartment included bassist Jimmy Garrison and drummer Joe Chambers . . . Stan Kenton's band played a recent concert in Bridgeport, Conn. . . . Tenor saxophonist Harold Ousley and trombonist Bennie Green co-led a quintet (John Hicks, piano; Al Cotton, bass; Walter Bolden, drums) at Minton's recently . . . Jazz Interactions featured pianist Weldon Irvin's quintet and George Wein's Newport All-Stars at Five Spot Sunday matinees in May . . . A Thursday-through-Monday music policy was initiated by Charlie's on 52nd St. in mid-May with pianist Lee Shaw's trio (Jymie Merritt, bass, and Stan Shaw, drums) as the house band. Mondays are session nights . . . Six trumpeters (Freddie Hubbard, Blue Mitchell, Tommy Turrentine, Bill Hardman, Richard Williams, Lonnie Hillyer) paid tribute to the memory of Clifford Brown, Fats Navarro, and Booker Little at a recent Club Ruby session . . . Trumpeter Ted Curson left May 10 on his fourth annual summer tour of Europe, with stops first in Cologne and Amsterdam, followed by an engagement during June in Paris at Le Camelot (with pianist George Arvanitas' trio), and July 24 and 25 performances at the Antibes festival . . . Tenor saxophonist-flutist Charles Lloyd's quartet played at the United Nations Jazz Society's first 1967 concert, held last month . . . Drummer Dick Berk brought trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, pianist Larry Willis, and bassist Reggie Johnson to Albany's Persian Room

for a run last month . . . Guitarist Gabor Szabo's group at the Village Gate featured an unusual instrumentation: Jim Stewart, classical guitar; Louis Kabok, bass; Hall Gordon, Latin percussion; and Marty Morell, drums . . . The Jazz at Noon Monday sessions have moved from Chuck's Composite to the Tambouraine . . . Vibrapharpist Johnny Lytle's group was recently at Count Basie's Lounge uptown . . . Trombonist Lynn Oliver's quintet played for the Duke Ellington Jazz Society at Wells' . . . The Metropole is once again mixing jazz with rock-and-roll on a regular basis. The club recently had Mongo Santamaria's Latin-jazz group, which followed Dizzy Gillespie's quintet; then trumpeter Charlie Shavers held forth for 10 days. Drummer Gene Krupa's quartet is on hand through June 10, and vibrapharpist Lionel Hampton comes in for two weeks starting June 12. A concert by flutist Herbie Mann's group with guest artists, called Impressions of the Middle East, will take place at the Village Theater June 3 . . . Trumpeter Hugh Masekela gave a concert with his quartet at Philharmonic Hall May 12 . . . Benny Goodman played a benefit concert at George Gershwin Junior High School in Brooklyn with pianist Pat Rebillot, bassist Charlie Haden, and drummer Lennie Seed. The music was a surprise, since Goodman had been invited only as a speaker.



Feather's Nest THE NEW ESTHETIC

By LEONARD FEATHER

"SOUNDS PREVIOUSLY classified as noise are now being incorporated into the vocabulary of our music, just as the apparently random scrawls, lines, and blobs of abstract painting have become accepted parts of modern art."

Would you care to hazard a guess concerning the origin of this statement? Could it have been Albert Ayler? Possibly Pharaoh Sanders? Maybe Sun Ra?

If the quotation seems insufficiently indicative, let's try another.

"All sounds are music . . . music using all sounds is the music of today, not tomorrow, in our space age, where the movement, direction, and speed of sounds are calculated elements of a composition. The object is to refresh and renew our known world of sounds with the available means of our time, just as every period of history has done."

All right, let's try again. Is it Yusef Lateef speaking? Roland Kirk? Perhaps Ornette Coleman?

Still wrong.

Let's offer a third and last chance to pin down the answer.

"Now that man has learned to leave

Los Angeles: Two "master classes" in jazz were presented on a recent Monday. At Donte's, George Van Eps inaugurated the Guitar Night series, an idea conceived by guitarist Jack Marshall. Van Eps, accompanied by vibist Frank Flynn and drummer John Guerin, had an SRO crowd, including many of his fellow guitarists. Alternating with Van Eps was a quartet headed by Marshall and guitarist Tommy Tedesco, with bassist Chuck Berghofer and, alternating, drummers Nick Martinis and Guerin. On the same night, pianist Phineas Newborn Jr. was making a rare appearance at Memory Lane. Backing him on the one-nighter were bassist Ray Brown (George Morrow subbed until Brown finished a studio gig) and drummer Frank Butler. The Newborn gig came during saxophonist Hank Crawford's engagement. Also at Memory Lane for a one-nighter was multi-instrumentalist Roland Kirk, in town to record part of a new film score by Quincy Jones. Kirk was backed by pianist Joe Sample, bassist Monk Montgomery, and Butler. Sitting in briefly on piano was the Rev. Tom Vaughn . . . At Donte's the gigs continue hot and heavy. Vibist Emil Richards brings in his New Time Element group June 1-3 and 8-10; trombonist Mike Barone's 18-piece band has now switched to Wednesday nights; and pianist Pete

his planet and is probing outer space, music is outgrowing its 500-year-old bed of roses, whether we like it or not."

Is this the voice of Don Ellis? Archie Shepp? Or one of those pianists who has just discovered the harp technique?

By now you may have begun to suspect the truth. Every one of the above statements is drawn, not from an interview with a jazz musician of any school, but from an article about Karlheinz Stockhausen, the "new thing" advocate who was on the scene years before the jazz "new thing" took its first breath.

The 38-year-old German composer established these points during a recent visit to Los Angeles, but they have been the essence of his musical credo for more than 15 years. He has been accepted by many of his contemporaries as one of the pioneers of a new esthetic, a master of experimentation.

There are several lessons to be learned here.

First, the basic truth of the assertions must be accepted, including the final "whether we like it or not."

Stockhausen has been, since 1953, an associate of the Electronic Studios of Cologne in West Germany, a subdivision of the government-subsidized television and radio network. In this capacity he has had opportunity to experiment with the use of all kinds of electronic equipment, along with musical instruments and human voices, in the creation of new complexes of sound.

Stockhausen, John Cage, and others were many years ahead of jazz musicians, who only in the 1960s have begun to discover and toy with the potentialities of sound beyond the long-accepted boundaries of music. That they have been so

Jolly's Trio will be in June 15-17, 22-24, 29-July 1 . . . Horace Silver's quintet followed Bill Evans' trio into Shelly's Manne-Hole. Les McCann came in after Silver. Pianist Gene Russell's trio works the club Mondays . . . Guitarist Gabor Szabo will be at the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach June 13-25, the dates originally set for John Coltrane's engagement, which Trane cancelled. Looking ahead to other Lighthouse bookings, one of its biggest draws, guitarist Wes Montgomery, will be in for an extended period—Aug. 8-Sept. 3. Meanwhile, Herbie Mann's group recently completed its engagement there, following the John Handy Quintet . . . The Pilgrimage Theater, an outdoor theater similar to and directly opposite the Hollywood Bowl, has been putting on a good series of free jazz concerts sponsored by the County of Los Angeles. Recent concerts featured Don Ellis' big band and, later, Shelly Manne and His Men (and a woman—alto saxophonist-vocalist Vi Redd). On June 25 Lalo Schifrin will conduct his *Jazz Suite on the Mass Texts*, with saxophonist-flutist Paul Horn (just returned from India) as featured soloist . . . Signed for appearances at the Hollywood Bowl are Stan Getz, Wes Montgomery, Carmen McRae, and Michel Legrand July 22, and Lou Rawls, Cannonball Adderley, and the Count Basie

far in advance of even the greatest jazz artists seems less surprising when one examines earlier evidence. Around 1950 most jazz musicians had barely reached Stravinsky in their training and thinking. In the 1930s the harmonic borderlines of jazz were as limited as those of Bach.

We have always been behind, but it must be granted we have been catching up fast.

A second lesson can be learned when one examines Stockhausen's own musical origins. He went through all the conventional musical courses—harmony, counterpoint, composition, piano. For a graduation thesis in 1951 he dealt with Bela Bartok's *Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion*. In other words, he studied walking before he started running.

Although an advocate of aural shock treatment, Stockhausen also believes that the traditional curricula of music should not be forgotten or rejected in establishing these new concepts. This might be a valuable thought for those young students to bear in mind who seem to believe that the history of jazz began with Miles Davis.

Some of the creations of the Cages and Stockhausens may turn out to have led up a blind alley. So, of course, will some of the innovations of the New Wave that has recently tread comparable paths in jazz. We need more artists, both in jazz and in nonjazz New Wave music, with Stockhausen's breadth of background and his tolerance of (by which I do not mean condescension toward) his more conventional predecessors.

As long as we have such men, I believe that something valid and imperishably vital is bound to emerge, in both musical worlds.

Orchestra Aug. 11. On Aug. 12 Schifrin will conduct the L.A. premiere of his suite, *The New Continent*, with **Dizzy Gillespie** as featured soloist. Pianist **Erroll Garner** and singer **Gloria Lynne** will also be on the program . . . Singers have been dominating the local scene. At the Cocoanut Grove, **Lou Rawls** just completed three successful weeks backed by **Dick Stabile's** band and his own rhythm section of pianist **Gildo Mahones**, guitarist **Franeois Vas**, bassist **Bobby Haynes**, and drummer **Mel Lee**. **Al Hibbler** was held over at Marty's. The first week he was backed by a quartet consisting of **Wild Bill Davison**, cornet; **Jimmy Forrest**, tenor saxophone; **Henry Cain**, organ; and **Carl Lott**, drums, and the second week by **Georgie Auld's** quartet. Following Hibbler into Marty's were vocalist **Anita O'Day** and vibist **Red Norvo's** quartet (**Bob Harrington**, piano; **Whitey Mitchell**, bass; **Tom Albering**, drums). **Francis Faye** belted her way through two weeks at P.J.'s to the accompaniment of **Paul Lopez**, trumpet; **Jay Migliore**, tenor saxophone; **Ronnie Rowe**, organ; **George Kohler**, guitar; **Ray Siegel**, bass; **Dick Wilson**, drums; and **Jack Costanzo**, bongos. Norwegian vocalist **Karin Krog** followed **Teri Thornton** into Donte's for three Sundays before **Ruth Price** returned for her series of Sabbath songfests. **Ethel Ennis** just finished a three-week stand at the Hong Kong Bar of the Century Plaza Hotel. **Teddi King** came to Los Angeles' Playboy Club from the one in San Francisco for two weeks. She was backed by pianist **Gene Palumbo's** trio (**Gene Friedman**, bass, **Phil Durant**, drums). Singer-saxophonist **Willie Restum** has left the Los Angeles bunny hutch and moved up to the San Francisco Playboy Club . . . Singers **Lorez Alexandria**, **Al Hibbler**, and **Sam Fletcher** were featured at a recent NAACP Freedom Festival at Marty's, along with **Jimmy Forrest's** trio and **Hugh Masekela's** quintet. Masekela also did a short engagement at the Golden Bear in Huntington Beach before heading for London, where he will make his British television debut on *Sunday Night at the Palladium* . . . The Junior Neophonic Orchestra, under **Jack Wheaton's** direction, taped a one-hour show, *Neophonic Spring*, for ABC-TV. **Stan Kenton** was host and also conducted one of the scores from the Senior Neophonic's second season . . . Singer **Sonny Craven** closed out his engagement at 'Tis Ours, a club that will soon undergo extensive remodeling. Backing him were **Tommy Strode**, piano; **John Duke**, bass; **Alvin Troupe**, drums . . . **Ralph Green** began an engagement at the Parisian Room, where he is backed by the **Kenny Dixon** Trio (**Clifford Scott**, tenor saxophone, flute; **Art Hillery**, organ; **Dixon**, drums). Green and the Dixon trio follow a duo that had been ensconced at the club for nearly four years: singer-organist **Perri Lee** and singer-drummer **Wayne Robinson**, who now are on tour and will play the Century Plaza in August. The **Tyrone Parsons** Trio (**Parsons**, organ; **Cal Green**, guitar; **Curtis Kirk**, drums) is featured on Mon-

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By MICHAEL ZWERIN

State Of Mind FUN NIGHT AT NARAS

I'LL NEVER FORGET those dingy offices around Broadway or the people in them. Auditioning for a summer job in the Catskills or on a cruise ship, I always felt itchy and—too young to know why—wanted to wash my hands in those places.

Now that I know why, I still feel that way.

Please understand, though—there's nothing at all tacky about the grand ballroom of the New York Hilton. It's just that I saw a lot of the same Brill Building faces over there on the night the Grammy awards were made, and it brought back those memories.

You know those guys—bald or with Jeff Chandler gray hair, close-shaved with manicures and Dawn Patrol sunburns. They are the guys who couldn't sing, dance, or play the drums as youngsters, so they started managing their friend Scoopy Bernstein, who lived two flights down, hustled him up some Saturday night bar mizvahs in Brooklyn, and eventually changed Scoopy's name to something like Tony Curtis and their own from Marowitz to Miller.

There they were at the Hilton on March 2, wearing black ties, gold cuff links, and Canoe, eating roast beef that cost them anywhere from \$20 to \$200, proud not to be in the coat-and-suit business.

Others were there also. Musicians (Bill Evans, Thad Jones, Manny Albam, Mel Lewis) and songwriters (Cy Coleman, Burt Bacharach) and record-company executives, arrangers, music publishers, recording engineers, magazine people, and one guy named Miller who I don't know and to whom I must apologize for using his name by chance as an example of the more mercenary types in the room.

Now, Down to business. The Grammy is an award—a statuette of an early horn phonograph—given to winners in 42 categories of recording-industry productions. The National Academy of the Recording Arts and Sciences sponsors the whole thing, and the winners are chosen by its almost 2,500 members.

The more than 500 attending the presentations watched a flashback, consisting of a series of slides projected on a large screen, depicting the industry's heroes of yore, accompanied by snatches of their recorded hits—Glenn Miller, Kate Smith, Tommy Dorsey, Vaughn Monroe, Art Tatum, early Frank Sinatra, Billie Holiday, and so on. The last one was *Woodchopper's Ball* by Woody Herman, who emerged live, in front of his current

band, playing the same tune for dancing.

Then emcee Tony Randall took over. He said he was going to tell "a prolonged story. No—not really. Don't worry, I'll make it short. We'll get to the Grammy awards, although by that time you'll probably wish I had prolonged the story."

The story.

"Well—so much for humor. No! Actually not so much for humor. I have a telegram here from Sen. Javits, which I will read—if it takes all night."

Randall flipped the pages of the telegram for the audience to see and continued:

"Congratulations to the winner of the Grammy award"—hey, he thinks there's only one—"I regret that the pressure of Senate business prevents me from attending," and blah, blah, blah.

Then Randall introduced a man representing the firm of Haskins & Sells, which makes sure the balloting and presentations are kept kosher—"Look at that honest face."

The first presenter was the Rev. Norman J. O'Connor—a good priest. A regular guy. You know, he helps junkies in distress, serves on panels, is a jazz jockey on a church-supported radio station. And he jokes around a lot.

Randall brought him on with something about "our dear friend" as Woody's band played *The Preacher*. Father O'Connor said that was the first time he'd ever been called "dear." Funny priests really knock me out, especially when they joke about their own charmingly innocent foibles. "I'm going to do four categories," he said. "It's getting shorter and shorter each year—I feel like I'm being aborted." Ha-ha.

Father O'Connor announced the winners of Categories 35, "Best Album Cover—Graphic Arts"; 34, "Best Album Cover—Photography"; 33, "Best-Engineered Record—Classical"; and one other I didn't keep track of. I don't remember who won them either. Sorry, but the good Father temporarily threw me off my note-taking form. You probably don't care one way or the other anyway.

So much for religion. No! Actually not so much for religion. Randall escorted Father O'Connor offstage with the words "Father, you're a darling," backed by Woody's band doing the shout chorus from *Four Brothers*.

"Woody, don't you know anything but *Lohengrin*?" Randall asked.

Then Quincy Jones and the presentation of the award for "Best Arrangement Accompanying a Vocalist(s) or Instrumentalist(s)," if I remember correctly. Smiling, Quincy made the award and then said something about feeling a little silly flying in from L.A. just for that. He walked off to Woody's version of *Sister Sadie* and Randall said, "Now that's not *Lohengrin*!"

And so it went. Margaret Whiting presented the "Best Album Notes" award. "Best Album Notes!!?" Randall exclaimed, feigning disbelief. After the "Best Comedy Performance" was won by Bill Cosby's *Wonderfulness*, Randall said,

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The Future of Jazz:

JAZZ may take other forms and may be called by another name, but it is not about to die. This was one of the few points of general agreement developed during a panel discussion on the future of jazz, held at the University of California, in Berkeley as part of its recent Jazz '67 festival weekend. Staged in one of the university's smaller auditoriums, the forum attracted an overflow crowd of some 400.

Participants were pianist Bill Evans, saxophonist John Handy, critic-encyclopedist Leonard Feather, and columnist Ralph Gleason, whose attention has been chiefly devoted, recently, to rock-and-roll.

The discussion included a lot of talk about what jazz is.

Evans said, "Jazz is a mental attitude rather than a style. It uses a certain process of the mind expressed spontaneously through some musical instrument. I'm concerned with retaining that process."

Feather brought up the matter of improvisation.

"I believe it is necessary to jazz," Evans commented.

"Then how about Lawrence Welk?" Gleason asked. "He had a clarinet player who improvised."

"Then he was playing jazz," Evans replied.

No one mentioned that the clarinetist was Pete Fountain and that he finally quit Welk to form his own New Orleans-based combo.

Handy made the point that the spirit with which it is played has a good deal to do with jazz and went on to say it has influenced all kinds of music.

Evans agreed, but added "because of jazz' wide influence some people are playing bad jazz."

Gleason posed the question, "If it's jazz when it's improvised, can it be jazz when it's not—that is, when it's written?"

"I'd say not," Evans answered.

Feather, however, cited the fact that orchestras such as Duke Ellington's, Count Basie's, and Gerald Wilson's utilize written music, yet the way and the spirit with which they play it makes it jazz. On the other hand, he said, "the music of the Middle East or India is improvised, but it's not jazz because it comes from a different culture."

The panelists finally decided there's no absolute definition for jazz.

Feather added that he believes knowledge of music will some day be spread so wide that the noun "jazz" will have to be abandoned and it will be said only that this man or group plays good music and that one plays bad.

Turning the conversation in another di-



BILL EVANS

RALPH GLEASON

"I'm horrified to think there'll be rules or standards," said the critic.

"If they're going to abandon musical standards . . . let 'em slam a door," said the musician.

rection, Handy said that at this particular time he finds "more ego than talent between here and New York."

"There's an attitude of 'I . . . me . . . me; let me do my thing whether I'm capable of being a leader or not,'" the saxophonist elaborated. "There's not enough accent on love."

A few years ago, Handy added, "there was no doubt about who was leading this thing; now no one knows."

"That's why one can't define avant-garde," Feather declared. "There are so many different directions."

Handy said he believes "we're developing some standards of nomenclature that may establish absolute standards" for jazz.

"I think that today standards are being discarded," Feather countered. "The rules of harmony, for example. Some musicians today say, 'It's just feeling.' They forget the rules one learns in school and that have been developed in 500 years of music."

Reacting to this, Handy said he is irked "when someone 25 or 30 years old may decide he wants to play an instrument and within a few months he's on stage," regardless of his lack of training or ability.

Feather asked Gleason how he felt about the future of standards and rules.

"I'm horrified to think there'll be rules or standards," Gleason replied, going on to say there have always been unanticipated changes in jazz.

"If they're going to abandon [musical standards], then I want them to abandon instruments," Evans said wryly. "Just let 'em slam a door!"

"I don't care if they slam a door so

On The Rocks?

By Russ Wilson

long as they knock me out," was Gleason's rejoinder.

With the session thrown open for questions, a member of the audience asked, "Does jazz have to do with the Negro?"

"It has to do with everybody," Evans replied. "It can be traced to a variety of ethnic backgrounds. The Negro was trying to make music—not Negro music. He drew from this culture, just as I did."

Handy commented that the music is becoming less and less easy to define, particularly who's playing what style, and then added: "Racial pride is one of the things that has kept our heads above water."

"I think the music, rock-and-roll, say, is becoming very democratic, so much so it's wiping us all out." The audience joined in his laughter.

"Jazz," Gleason asserted, "was invented by Negroes, created by them, propagated and nurtured by Negroes. Only in recent years have white musicians come along who have contributed."

Feather's view: "Jazz resulted from a segregated culture."

Another listener wondered how Handy would feel about sitting in with a rock group.

"I like to think we [jazz musicians] have something special going on," Handy replied. "In the past, most commercial musicians who developed were not equipped to be classical or jazz musicians. I think there are a lot of good ideas going around [in rock], but the manipulation of the instruments is generally bad."

"A lot of things that go on now in rock are more interesting than in second-rate jazz," Gleason argued. "Some rock bands and some rock musicians can knock you right out of your mind—just like Miles."

Feather countered: "Jazz is far in advance of most rock-and-roll in rhythmic and harmonic subtlety. What they have in common is use of the blues structure."

Answering another question from the audience, Handy said, "I think jazz lost a lot when people stopped dancing. I think that's the appeal of rock-and-roll—audience participation. I think if they had to sit and listen to it, they wouldn't dig it."

Saxophonist-singer Vi Redd, who was in the audience, added the afternoon's final note. She felt the influence of the Negro church had been minimized in the discussion and added: "Many of the better singers in jazz and a good many instrumentalists have started in Sanctified churches."

Someone cognizant of soul music and the gospel beat murmured "Amen," and on this beatific plane the session ended. [CB]

flexible chico

BY DAN MORGESTERN

THE ADVERTISEMENT for a recent weekend booking at New York's Village Gate read CHICO HAMILTON TRIO, but inside there were seven musicians on the stand in addition to the drummer-leader himself. And it was no jam session—it was an organized group with its own arrangements.

The incident was typical of Hamilton's flair for the unexpected. Equally in character were the unusual instrumentation of the octet (two trombones, two alto saxophones, vibraphone, guitar, bass, and drums) and the presence in it of fresh and still unheralded talent.

After a stimulating set, the drummer came off the stand, perspiring but relaxed, pleased with his new group. "We're not trying to prove anything," he commented. "We just want to make happy music... music should be happy, and beautiful, not angry... at least, I think it should."

At 45, Hamilton presents a youthful and distinctly contemporary image. The touch of the showman is there, but it isn't strained, and neither is the music. Though it is definitely of today, with touches of current dance rhythms as well as elements of "freedom" playing, it comes across in a natural and unpretentious manner.

Hamilton is full of praise and enthusiasm for his sidemen, particularly the less-familiar faces: the two alto saxophonists, Steven Potts (who went to school with Hamilton's son and is, in the drummer's words, "a very diligent musician and a fantastic little player") and Arnie Lawrence ("he's going to be a big star—a very original and emotional player, and one of the nicest men you'd want to know"); the vibraphonist, Roy Ayers ("he's young Mr. Vibes—from my home town, Los Angeles—I used to hold him in my arms when he was a baby"); the guitarist, Ron Parker ("he's new on the scene—you're going to hear about him"); and bass trombonist-arranger Jimmy Cheatham ("we're Army friends—a fantastic arranger and orchestrator, and I got him to play again").

This was not meant to slight the other members of the group—trombonist Tom McIntosh and bassist Hal Gaylor—but they are well-established players, and Hamilton takes joy and pride in helping bring new talent to light.

That, of course, is nothing new. Since the drummer formed his first quintet in 1955, his name has been synonymous with talent-spotting. Reed man Buddy Collette and guitarist Jim Hall came to national and international attention with that group, and since then, there have been many others, including reed men Eric Dolphy, Charles Lloyd, Paul Horn, and Jimmy Woods, guitarists Attila Zoller, Gabor Szabo, Dennis Budimir, and John Pisano ("he's the richest," Hamilton cracks, "he's with the Tijuana Brass"), and bassists Carson Smith, Albert Stinson, and Ron Carter ("Carter had just graduated from the Eastman school when I hired him").

Thus, Hamilton can justly say: "My track record is pretty long and pretty heavy." And it continues to grow. On his latest album, the talents of Cheatham, Lawrence, and the amazing young guitarist Larry Coryell are most attractively displayed.

"The young musicians who have worked with me," Hamilton said, "have been the biggest influence on me for the past six or seven years. I got something from them—new thoughts, a different approach... Eric, Charles, Gabor; they had a foundation in music before going off in their own directions. They had a full understanding of music—as full as you can have when you're very young. When you're 20, you think 20, about music, sex, clothes—everything."

"I was fortunate to have them in my employment, and

I was able to help them develop in terms of their obligation to the audience, and to themselves, as musicians. You can't play for anybody anymore once you start playing for yourself—there is no turning back."

Hamilton recently attended Lloyd's Town Hall concert at the invitation of his former sideman. "I was thrilled," Hamilton said. "I was so happy and elated, I thought I was up there playing with Charles. He's arrived."

Going through Hamilton's groups must be good training, since a number of his erstwhile sidemen have become successful leaders in their own right. He attributes part of this to the fact that he tries to instill professionalism in his musicians, "respect for their fellow man, respect for their fellow musicians. It's paid off."

But he is quick to point out that "they've given me a lot, too—that's why I feel and sound (I hope) as young as I do." And he is pleased that a good relationship established in working together usually turns out to be a lasting one.

"All the guys that have been in my groups—to this day, they'll call up and inquire about my health and my family," he said. "And when I need a guy, they'll do anything to help... I look at all my guys through the years as my sons—you might say that I have a parental attitude—and when I see one of my sons go forth, it's like becoming a new father." After a moment's pause, he added: "And in my deceased son [Dolphy], we lost someone tremendously great."

HAMILTON'S 1957 group appeared in the film *The Sweet Smell of Success*, and he knows only too well the meaning of that title. He had been working for six years, on and off, with Lena Horne, when he decided, in 1955, to form his own group.

"That was the beginning of the big time for rock-and-roll," he said, "and I wanted to play some music. My original quintet was no fluke—it was an intentional thing. Fortunately, it clicked. I got hot. We were No. 1. We had a good run for a while. But I got carried away with myself, got into a show-business thing. I was so busy being Chico Hamilton... and soon, it caved in on me."

"I decided I'd had it. I broke up the band and went home to California to get myself together. I laid up for eight weeks, broke for the first time in my life. I had a long talk with The Man Upstairs and finally got back into wanting to play again—just at the time when Charles Lloyd graduated from the University of California. We got things together again. Yes, when you try for that big one, you get ridiculous...."

From such experience, Hamilton has something to say about success:

"Fans are fickle, friends are not. Look at Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington: one of the key reasons why they've been able to keep going for so long is that, years ago, they converted their fans into friends."

Talent, of course, has something to do with it, too, but not, Hamilton said, in terms of the market place.

"If it was a question of talent, Charlie Parker and Lester Young should have been making \$10,000 a day," he said. "But the promoters, and booking agents, they're only interested in a buck: can or can't you be sold. No jazz musician has ever made as much money as the Beatles. Never have so few contributed so much and received so little in return."

Today, Hamilton does not need to worry about the threadbare ethics of the music market place. Since Jan. 10, 1966, when he founded Chico Hamilton Productions, he has been his own man.

"I manage myself, I book myself, I'm not obligated to anyone but myself," he said with quiet pride, looking around

the cozy penthouse apartment in midtown Manhattan that functions as his studio, office, and New York living quarters. From here, he directs the work of his company, which is in the business of making music for movies, television shows and commercials, and industrial films.

Recently, Hamilton did the score for an ABC-TV sports special, *Portrait of Willie Mays*, the first program of this kind, he said, for which the network commissioned music from a source outside its staff. A New York sports columnist gave special praise to the score, calling Hamilton "a .400 hitter."

For the commercials, Hamilton and his partner, Jimmy Cheatham; work with scripts, animations, and story boards. It is exacting work, but there is room for creative music making, and Hamilton Productions utilizes the talents of first-rate jazz musicians, such as bassist Richard Davis, trombonist Britt Woodman, Ayers, Coryell, and Lawrence.

"You can hear a lot of good jazz music in television and radio commercials today," Hamilton said, adding that Madison Avenue refers to him as "the wild one."

One of Hamilton's finest achievements in recent years was his score for the provocative feature film *Repulsion*, a study in schizophrenia, produced in England and directed by a gifted young Pole, Roman Polanski. The score was recorded by Hamilton at the helm of a group of British musicians.

"When I walked in, I'd never seen them before in my life, but they did a fine job," he recalled. "The English musicians union wouldn't let me use my own men, but I was allowed to play."

Hamilton is proud of the fact that he did his own cues for the film.

"Cuing," he pointed out, "is the most important part of film writing. I had beautiful rapport with Polanski—he left everything about the music in my hands."

The drummer-composer's interest in the cinematic medium goes beyond music.

"I've been bitten by the film bug," he explained. "I'm studying photography, and some day I hope to do my own film—writing, scoring, directing, producing."

Meanwhile, it was through the work with his production company that Hamilton returned to leading a combo:

"My crew talked me into organizing another group. It wasn't hard—we all felt the need to play. That's why it is such a happy thing."

As his own booker, Hamilton only plays clubs he likes, where the musicians are treated with respect and can enjoy their work without encumbrances. He also is eager to play college concerts, since he loves to bring his music before young audiences.

HAMILTON'S CAREER as a drummer began in high school. Originally, he played clarinet, but when his brother, Tommy (who has been a close associate of Chico's for more than a decade), graduated, the younger Hamilton took over the drum chair in the school band. His fellow students included such illustrious jazzmen-to-be as bassist Charles Mingus, trumpeter Ernie Royal, Buddy Collette, and, somewhat later, saxophonist Illinois Jacquet (who had come to California from Texas). They formed a band which soon gave stiff competition to the local professionals.

Hamilton's baptism of fire came at 17, when he was called to substitute for Sonny Greer, who had been taken ill, with the Duke Ellington Orchestra.

"Duke called me because I was the only drummer available," Hamilton said modestly. "I made my way to the theater where the band was playing, and Herb Jefferies took me backstage. I was as nervous as a sissy at the YMCA. The band was romping... I was sure they had a drummer—

but no. Freddie Guy, the guitarist, was shaking some mean maracas. I was scared—but I could always sweep [use brushes]—even then."

Another famous figure who gave the youngster a break was tenor saxophonist Lester Young. Hamilton also fondly recalled "staying up to 7 and 8 A.M., jamming with Art Tatum." He attributes his concern for giving young talent an opportunity to the warm treatment he received from older musicians when he was a youth.

"Those people were wonderful," he remembered. "Young guys today don't get the opportunity to play like that.... We don't have the fellowship among musicians today that existed then."

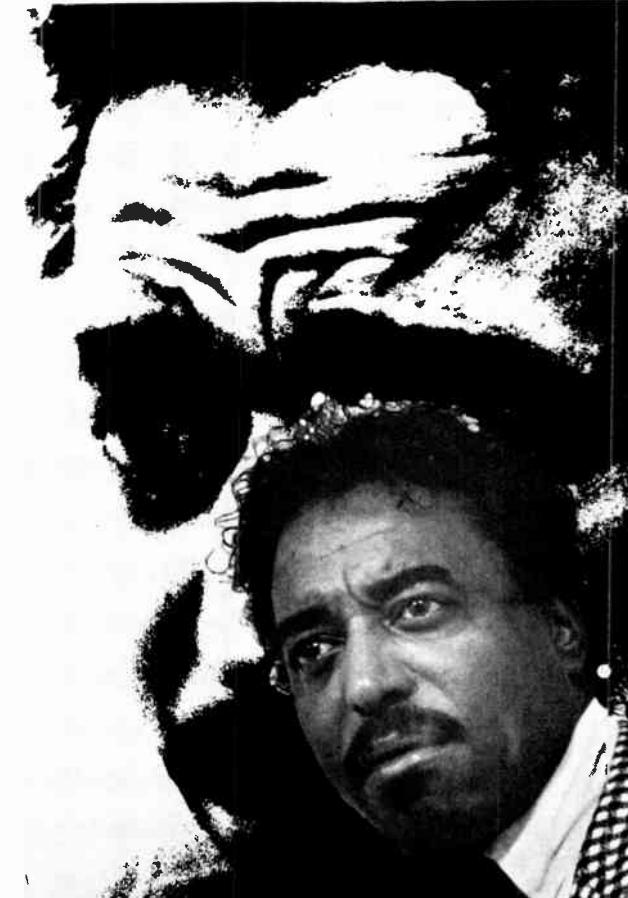
But Hamilton does not only want to acclaim the distant past.

"I want to pay tribute," he said, "to Max Roach, Art Blakey, Horace Silver, Miles Davis, Dave Brubeck... if I leave out the names of other compatriots, it's not because I haven't thought of them; we are all products of the same era of jazz, and they've kept their music going and have given employment to fellow musicians. As one bandleader to another, I know what they've gone through, and I want all the best for them, 'cause I know what it is."

Reflecting on his career, Hamilton finds that "music has been very good to me. The money I've made comes from investments and business—not music. I don't play music now to make money. But I can't divorce myself from music, and I want to dedicate the rest of my life to giving something back to it, to encourage people who are devoted to it, new and older talent that hasn't been appreciated. I've been very fortunate."

"I'm always going to play. Music is my avocation. And I have to attribute a lot of the way I feel about music and people and life to my wife, Helen, and to my family. [Hamilton has been married 25 years, has a son, 22, and a daughter, 19.] I have enormous respect for musicians' wives... it takes a hell of a woman to be married to man who is already married to music."

CB



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"WHO IS EDDIE HARRIS?"

Gene Lees, editor of *Down Beat* in 1961, asked that question and answered it—at that time—in a Harris profile. Harris was an extremely versatile instrumentalist, a profound stylistic synthesizer, though any national renown he enjoyed was as a maker of the commercial jazz hit of that year—*Exodus*. He was a loner, a leader without a permanent group, and, for some self-proclaimed esoterics as well as a few jazz musicians, he played his main instrument, the tenor saxophone, too "whitely" to be considered seriously as a force in jazz.

More than six years and a dozen LPs later, Harris is still a leader without a permanent group—a situation he has preferred until recently. Despite the fact that his recorded work testifies to as wide a range of playing styles as any tenorist now working, he seems to be unable to shed many of the vexing descriptions that have followed him.

There are those who grudgingly admit that he is a highly proficient technician on any of the several instruments he plays, but they hastily add that he is an eclectic, not an innovator. A few listeners still pigeonhole him in the ultramelodic school of the West Coast sound of a dozen years ago, this mainly on the basis of *Exodus*.

"I took it in stride at first," Harris said dryly, "until it started knocking me out of jobs. When clubowners in various cities

wanted to bring in artists, they thought about the Yusef Lateefs and the Coltranes, and maybe somebody would suggest Eddie Harris. The clubowners said, 'Who? That commercial cat!' Musicians might be standing around bars where I was standing, talking about the cats who were in town playing, and when my name was mentioned, they'd come up with the same reaction. Without letting them know who I was, I would ask them if they ever heard him.

"No."

"Well, you should get over to the club and catch him, man," I would say. "He might turn you around, because he's taking on all comers on any instrument."

"This would get to their egos, and they'd get down to the club, see me, and their faces would drop. If they came up on the stand to play, I'd blow them off in front of their boys—not to be mean, but they were killing my business."

Harris is noted as a tenorist, and of all his recordings, only *Mean Greens* has showcased him on another instrument, the electric piano. But he began his musical training on trombone, now plays vibraphone, organ, bassoon, and, in the opinion of many who have heard him, one of the most exciting pianos in jazz. On occasion, he also plays his tenor the way the saxophone's inventor, Adolphe Sax, played it originally in Belgium—with a trombone mouthpiece. Harris describes the sound as

being like that of a Sousaphone or a baritone horn, and, "with a good embouchure, it occasionally sounds like a trombone."

Harris feels fortunate that he usually has been able to work with excellent sidemen. For record dates in New York City, he employs, when possible, bassist Ron Carter, drummer Billy Higgins, and pianist Cedar Walton, a former U.S. Seventh Army Bandmate in Europe. In Chicago, he usually works with pianist Jody Christian, bassist Melvin Jackson, and drummers Richard Smith or Bucky Taylor. For his last West Coast tour, six years ago at the height of his *Exodus* fame, he used a rhythm section that included bassist Leroy Vinnegar and guitarist Ray Crawford.

"I've worked with some exceptionally good musicians around the country," Harris said, "but some others I've had to work with have been utterly ridiculous. In many cases the better musicians in smaller towns are already employed, and the other guys I have to choose from just haven't worked on their instruments as much as full-time musicians."

"Here's where I run into the thing that drags me the most about working as a single: the guy that really doesn't want to play—the kind of musician who is always complaining about the tempos being too fast or the key changes being too difficult. This gets under my skin, because

"I have worked with some exceptional musicians; some who are utterly ridiculous."

"Go down and catch Eddie Harris," I would tell them, "he's taking on all comers on any instrument."



LEADER

BY BILL QUINN

I'm there to play.

"Being a single has its drawbacks, but, on the other hand, I must say that I make more money this way, and the leader with a group is always worried about finding enough work to keep his men together."

Harris explained that the idea of working as a single, leading pick-up groups, originally came to him from Sonny Stitt.

"But even he's almost always with the same people these days," Harris reflected. "As a matter of fact, I don't know many guys getting anywhere for long working alone. By the end of this year I hope to form a permanent group myself and go on a national tour."

Harris now spends about five months on the road and the rest of the time in Chicago, his home town. Even at home, his pace around the city is equal to that on the road, where he may play 10 cities in 20 weeks; he has worked in as many as four different local clubs a week. Each club reflects a new atmosphere and has an audience with different musical tastes. Far from distracting him, Harris has found the situation stimulating.

"It helps my playing," he said. "It keeps me from being stuck in one groove. When I play on the west side, I come out of my *Mean Greens* bag," said the tenorist of his churchy approach. "It's what those hard-laboring Negroes want to hear—that funk."

"When I play on the near north side,

"Really, I'm so bad I come out of any bag."



I come out of the *In Sound* and *Study in Jazz* bag," Harris explained, describing the more experimental avenues he feels freer to follow in that arty, postgraduate, and mainly white setting. "And I come out of the *Exodus* feeling on the south side," he said of the second-generation urban Negro area, where his relaxed melodies are more in demand.

"I'm kind of Jekyll and Hyde all over town," Harris said with a smile. "I have to satisfy people from all levels of society, and I have to do it in the integrated areas, the blighted areas, and for the so-called wealthy elite.

"With the exception of one or two of the biggest clubs in town, nobody comes out of his element to hear me; the blues people stay in their neighborhoods, and the abstract people don't come out of theirs. Even if I just played in Hyde Park and Old Town, which are the integrated areas of Chicago, I would still get the same clientele night after night. Consequently, I would be obliged to come out of one bag."

"To be frank," Harris said with a degree of confidence he apologized for, "I'm so bad that I come out of any bag—just to shock cats. It depends on where I am at the moment. I'm influenced by the crazy cats in jazz—the Wes Montgomerys and Jimmy Smiths—and this is not taking anything away from the other guys who play well in one direction, but it's nothing for these guys to play their asses off one minute and then play down-home the next. Take Charlie Parker—he played outside, fast, and with hard changes. Then he turned around and played the blues, just as country and funky as a beginner. Dizzy Gillespie too. But if you thought they couldn't play, just get up on the stand and blow with them. We don't have to be so weird on the stand all evening; no one's personality is the same all the time. Some cats seem to feel that they can't be playing anything unless it's ultramusical, ultrahip."

This took Harris to the subject of alternatives to the present-day jazz business:

"Many youngsters want to take jazz out of the clubs. There's a pro and con to that subject. If you take jazz out of the clubs, where is a new guy going to serve his apprenticeship? The leaders would be the only ones to survive, because with concerts—if you have a family to support—I don't see you making it."

"Many guys tell me that there's enough colleges; but let's face it, if everybody goes into the college circuit, it will end up the same as the club situation is—because the supply is so much greater than the demand. Instead of having a group with Donald Byrd on trumpet, Paul Chambers on bass, Philly Joe on the drums, McCoy Tyner on piano, and myself on tenor saxophone, we're all out here leading groups of our own. So, for five weeks a clubowner loses money—because each of us comes in with a group of guys that are comparative nobodys. Who's coming out to see one of us each week when

he could possibly see all five of us at one time for one admission price?

"Guys tell me that times are changing, with jazz even going into churches these days. . . Well, we played jazz in churches around Chicago 10 years ago. That doesn't mean it has to leave clubs.

"I feel that the concert bag is fine for the Duke Ellingtons and the Miles Davieses—this is taking nothing away from the Roscoe Mitchells and the Archie Shepps—but if a guy is working a day gig or has only been playing for five years or so, how can he rate a concert?

"Okay, a guy can go to the library and read up on some topic and deliver a speech along with his playing; he can practice a few solos for that one performance. But you really have to have it together to play in clubs. You really get to learn your horn. When you play night after night, and a guy can listen for maybe five straight nights and not hear the same thing twice, then look at the guy who rehearsed all that time for that one concert—there's no comparison. But if a guy has played all through these years, through all of the hang-ups, then he can come out and give a concert—he should."

"With me, I could just have been a guy who made it making 45-rpm hits like *Exodus*—playing straight melody—then I could see guys across the country putting me down. I could have only played that kind of music and had concerts."

Harris said he hopes the clubs don't disappear and advises the new musicians who say people won't accept what they're doing in a club atmosphere to explain a bit—talk to the audience—about what they're trying to do, what they have on their minds.

"I think people will accept what they're doing," he said.

"I don't think a guy is right for wanting to just walk on the stage and be compensated in the same way as a Ray Charles or a Ray Brown—guys who have paid major dues."

"Many musicians are very spoiled, I think. They want to live in a building in the same block as the club they're playing in. They want to get down there when they feel like it, play what they want to for as long as they want to . . . and then want the clubowner to pay them as if it was at Newport with an audience of 5,000 people. What do these guys expect?"

DESPITE THE UNUSUAL extent to which the tenorist diversifies his style and his ability on so many instruments, only mild enthusiasm is exhibited by many for his playing ability, and Harris recognizes this:

"I haven't been given the stamp of acclaim—by whoever it is that does the stamping. This is primarily because I haven't worked with Miles Davis or another musician of that stature on a regular basis—as Cannonball or Coltrane did. People put a lot of emphasis on names and locations."

"At first I didn't mind this kind of categorization, but lately it's begun to bug

PHOTOS/BILL ABERNATHY

me. When I'm playing around the country—Louisville, Indianapolis—I've found that people look at me as less of a musician because, for instance, I'm from Chicago. If I said I was from New York, they'd look at me like I was hipper. This is really idiotic, because a lot of those New York horn players are glad I'm not in New York.

"It doesn't make any difference where you're from. I'm playing 52 weeks a year because I'm not too hip to take a Dixieland job or a big-band job, a studio or a bugaloo gig" [the latest rock craze].

Harris lived in New York for a few months, prior to the time he cut *Exodus* and found, he said, that there is a kind of aura about it in the music business; if you live in The City, you're where it's at.

Then Harris recalled a number of his former associates who have benefited from New York exposure, saying:

"Some of the guys who played with me are getting to be heard by being there: Jack DeJohnette, the drummer with Charles Lloyd, he's very talented; Sonny Phillips, the organist with Lou Donaldson; Andrew Hill; Sun Ra; John Gilmore."

He paused, smiled, and added, "But in most cases, they actually worked more frequently here in Chicago, though now they do have the acclaim. If a guy regurgitates in the corner in New York, somebody's there to write about it.

"Actually the readers are victims of their own thinking. Wes Montgomery still lives in Indianapolis, for instance, and look at all the cats that are making it on the West Coast."

Harris is somewhat less than enchanted with the state he finds jazz in these days but sees a distant light:

"If enough white groups get in power in jazz again, if one of those brilliant writers comes up with some inspired terminology—like mainstream, Third Stream, avant-garde; if the white man see fit to put Duke or Miles Davis, the Modern Jazz Quartet, on a weekly show like *Hullabaloo* or *Shindig*, we'll all be doing big business again.

"The same thing happened with rhythm-and-blues: Elvis Presley became the rock-and-roll king all of a sudden by playing and singing like T-Bone Walker. The Beatles came in with the Hank Ballard sound, and bam!—millionaires. The only thing different was that they were Englishmen with long hair. Colored people have been singing rhythm-and-blues all of their lives, but now it's called rock-and-roll."

Coupling a shrug with a smile, Harris said, "I'm not mad at whitey about it; I don't blame him. He was born into it, and I'm just trying to get it.

"A lot of what happened to jazz is the Negro's fault. It comes from the fact that many colored people don't accept what their own have to offer. We wait for whitey to come along and tell us what to like. By that time, some of his people have learned to play the same way. You can't blame them; we don't stick together.

"When I look at these rock-and-roll shows on television—*Shindig*, *Hullabaloo*, *Hollywood-a-Go-Go*—and see all those white girls dancing, with maybe one sepia chick in the back row just to prove that the show is impartial.... Hell, I'd rather

see another channel with all colored girls.

"All this talk of integration and open occupancy—there are some white people that I'd rather not have living next to me. Take the homes out in Cicero, that the integration marching was about: I've seen them, and, hell... I could have bought one of those brick foundations with frame tops, cash—and condemned it.

"I want colored neighborhoods to be like the Chinatown operation: businesses owned and operated by black people, instead of the way it is—white businesses taking all of the money out of black neighborhoods.

"I have been to numerous colored people's homes while they had the television on. Maybe there was some white guy on the screen who was hitting some sevenths or raised ninths—what people call 'blue notes'—and these colored people would get very excited about it. They say, 'O-o-o-h, isn't that amazing! He can really swing!' Now, why is that so amazing? If a colored guy gets up there, swinging like hell, they think it's no more than he ought to do. I've met some colored guys that couldn't carry a tune in their pocket, and some white cats who were excellent musicians."

"The thing that's such a drag about colored people disrespecting what we've done," Harris continued, "is that whitey does respect it. Nine out of 10 of the books written about colored musicians are written by whitey.

"He is very hip to what the Negro is doing. When we hear a new player, we say, 'Wow, that cat is squeaking out of key.' When whitey hears the same thing, he realizes that this cat is extending the range of the horn."

At this point, Harris took a different critical tack—the "system," as he dubbed it, which predestines groups and classes and races for certain occupations, in a manner similar to the way sons were bound into their fathers' footsteps in the feudal system of the Middle Ages.

"Since colored people seem so amazed when whitey sings gutbucket," he said, "whitey should accept bassist Richard Davis at the philharmonic—and Negro classical conductors also. A lot of the guys who are playing out of the so-called freedom school are not really jazz musicians—but they couldn't make it with the symphonies because of the system.

"The same system works in football, basketball, or baseball. We're not all athletes or musicians—we would also be engineers, bank presidents, and the like—if we were given the opportunity. The way colored people are channeled into so few fields, if they're not careful, when they talk about integrating one of these professional ball teams, they'll be looking for some white guy to do it with. It's not because all Negroes are such superior athletes; it's just that the majority of us can still only make it by going into these areas.

"When I was coming up, my folks encouraged me to be a musician. They pointed to Cab Calloway, Duke Ellington—these were the colored people that were making it. I didn't see any black engineers."

Harris foresees an interchange of the

traditional roles of black and white musicians in the United States, explaining that "today, more and more Negroes are relying on formal education in music. They're becoming more schooled. At the same time, more whites are coming out of the illiterate bag—rock-and-roll. This is one of the reasons for the drop in the jazz market."

This, he said, together with the layman's difficulty in understanding some of the contemporary efforts in jazz ("the audiences are becoming more intelligent, but the reason television is so popular is that it's geared to the mind of the 12-year-old"), have caused the reduction in jazz audiences.

"Also," Harris continued, "a lot of it has to do with the fact that many guys have put politics in jazz. This has frightened away a lot of customers.

"A lot of people have tried to get me to speak out against the avant-garde, but I look at it like this: here are some guys trying to figure out a way to make a living. It's not always good, but I can accept it for the same reason that I accept short pants on a grown man—it's just another way of life, just another guy trying to find a way to distinguish himself from the crowd, to get over."

"What I can't accept," Harris said, veering into the evils of loose journalism, "are the writers who take some of these guys—maybe someone that's only been playing five years—do an article on him saying he's the greatest player in the world. When this is done, it puts a guy that's been playing maybe 25 years in a bad light. It's discarding the years of work of the older musician. It also makes the younger guy think that since everybody's writing about him, he has no reason to develop any further. And he never goes any further, either."

Harris climaxed his critique with a final barb at what he said he considers the most lethal threat to jazz: "The record companies. That's what's killing the business. They want to give every new face an inflated ego by making a star out of him. Guys can hardly play with each other, because they all feel like chiefs—there aren't any braves.

"To the extent that I'm known around the country, I guess it's because of records. But I could have done without them. At some of the sessions I play, guys are sitting in the corner yelling, 'Go, baby, go!' But those same cats are the ones that are gone when it comes to buying the records."

Harris had a twinkle in his eye, despite the content of many of his remarks, and his comments seemed to come from the kind of musician he is: quiet but self-assured. Undefeated, he has an optimism that translates into somewhat acerbic satire:

"I think the jazz scene is finally going to evolve into a going thing again—Don Ellis [another of Harris' former bandmates in the Army] has his big band out on the West Coast, and there's Kenton, and Buddy Rich.... I'm pulling for them, because I consider them the Elvis Presleys and Bobby Darins of jazz—and once they make it, the colored musicians will naturally have to make it too." [CB]

FLOW GENTLY,

SWEET RHYTHM

Recollections of John Kirby, leader of the Biggest Little Band in the Land

/By REX STEWART



PROCOPE, BAILEY, KIRBY, KYLE, SPENCER, SHAVERS

Creativity, that intangible quality, sometimes bursts into flower out of the basic intelligence and ambitions drive of a have-not. Then fulfillment is achieved from the ashes of despair. Such was the remarkable story of John Kirby, who entered the world a discard, a foundling abandoned in the street.

Not the least of Kirby's problems was the dubious distinction of being born in 1908 in Baltimore, Md., then a city that refused to believe the South had lost the Civil War or that a person of color should be considered as anything other than chattel. John, who was too light to be colored and too colored to be white, caused considerable confusion among the authorities. Finally it was decided to place him in the Negro orphanage.

In later years, when John related his story to me, he declared the orphan home was hell and he could hardly wait until he was old enough to cope with the outside world. When the time came, he left and, following the customary adolescent pattern of those days, supported himself by selling newspapers, shining shoes, and grooming horses at the racetrack.

As he grew older, he realized that Baltimore was no place for him or any

Negro, so he wangled a job as a Pullman porter on the Pennsylvania Railroad. That was his work until he joined Fletcher Henderson's orchestra.

On thinking about Kirby, I've often wondered why he never mentioned any early musical background. Where, why, and how he got started playing tuba remains a mystery to me.

When he arrived in New York City, the big-town ways were a bigger mystery to him, because he was green and naive. To us would-be sophisticates in Smack's band, John's innumerable questions about every and any thing were at first a big joke, especially when he'd ask some question like what time could you catch the subway or why did some drugstores remain open all night. On looking back, I can appreciate his curiosity as an indication of the alert mind he later proved to have.

In his early New York days, John was a lonely person, and this stood out vividly as, one by one, he tried to ingratiate himself with us, without much luck, until he finally reached trombonist Jimmy Harrison. The way this came about bears retelling.

During that period, Smack's band was crazy with gambling fever, and our favorite game was blackjack, which we played for high stakes, betting \$5 or \$10 a hand. That kind of money was completely out of John's league, so we wouldn't let him play in our game. He'd stand around and kibitz, making everyone miserable with his coughing, giggling, and generally off-the-wall behavior. It was especially annoying when one of us lost a large bet. In desperation, Clarence Holiday, our guitarist, one night shouted, in effect, "Oh, let the bastard play. Maybe that will keep his mouth shut."

In any case, Kirby got into the game and within minutes had lost a week's salary. Jimmy felt sorry for him, and from then on, John became Jimmy's henchman. In effect, there

lacked formal education. He learned to cover up, but the hidden person emerged when he was in his cups. Moreover, his external appearance was nine-tenths Caucasian. But up in New York, ability counted, not color—quite the opposite from his home-town experience. As the crow flies, the distance from Baltimore to New York City is only about 190 miles, but the environmental and sociological barriers that Kirby had to overcome before making his mark as a musician, a bandleader, a creative force in jazz made New York seem a world away.

MY FIRST GLIMPSE OF Kirby still sticks in my mind. It happened while I was playing in the Roseland Ballroom with Fletcher. We were just getting onto the bandstand when a fellow who looked like an ofay from a distance furtively stumbled across the dance floor, loaded down with a big suitcase and a helicon tuba, the wrap-around type. What made his appearance so comical was the long green overcoat and the cap he was wearing. John's getup caused the fellows to snicker.

At first, we thought he was some kind of nut who had wandered into the place by mistake. As he drew closer, we could tell that he was not white. All eyes were on Kirby when we heard him say to Smack, "Well, here I am, Mr. Henderson. Where do I sit?" We were all amazed, because Smack had never mentioned a replacement for Coles, whom we were expecting—late as usual. The combination of our surprise and Kirby's manner broke us up, and for several seconds there was pandemonium on the bandstand as we rocked in uncontrollable gales of laughter. John just looked at us as if we were crazy, not quite realizing that he had caused the outburst.

I don't recall ever knowing where Henderson and Kirby met or how he happened to hire him, since there were many



The Kirby Sextet broadcasting in the early '40s.

was a threesome, for, at the time, Jimmy and Coleman Hawkins were inseparable. Kirby was in seventh heaven, hanging out with the big shots and aping their talk and telling their jokes. In his mind he also was a wheel.

In personality, John was quite different from June Coles, his predecessor in the bass department. June was a worldly, jovial, con-man type, at home under any circumstance, while John was a lonely, bewildered kid, who tried hard to be accepted by his peers. He finally succeeded because of his hail-fellow-well-met act, but when he was caught off guard, it was plain to see that Kirby really was introspective and a thinker.

Fate had dealt John a bollixed-up hand. The early years in the orphanage had left him without social graces, and he

superior bass players around town. But it did not take long for John to learn the book. Of course, playing in the band and hanging out with us established cats after the gig was another matter. The pecking order was maintained, and most of the guys avoided Kirby.

However, gradually after a few months with Fletcher, the butterfly began to emerge from the cocoon. There were signs that, for all of his gaucheness and unworldliness, Kirby was no dummy. This realization came to the guys only slowly. At the time he joined the band everyone was too busy with his own affairs to pay much attention to Country Boy, as we nicknamed him.

There was the night John barged into the dressing room at Roseland, resplendent in a new overcoat, plus a pearl-gray

homburg. We couldn't believe our eyes, and the questions outraced the exclamation of approval. John did not deign to answer any of us, although later, on the bandstand, he told Coleman Hawkins that he'd met some chick who had bought him the wardrobe. The truth came out later when we returned uptown and heard that Kirby had broken up a crap game, winning several hundred dollars—and blown it on the new togs.

An amusing episode involving John occurred when Wellman Braud, with Duke Ellington at the time, lent Kirby a bass fiddle. I suppose this was during the period when John was taking bass lessons from Braud. After John discontinued the lessons, he promised to return the instrument, but months passed, with Kirby making excuses and generally evading Braud.

When the inevitable confrontation took place, it was a beautiful spring afternoon. Crowding the sidewalks from the Rhythm Club to Seventh Ave. was a gang of musicians, blocking traffic. Braud was observed turning the corner, togged out like an English toff, immaculate from head to foot and carrying his customary gold-headed cane. He smilingly entered the Rhythm Club after saying hello to various buddies, including me. I don't suppose he was there more than two minutes before Kirby burst out the door with Braud in pursuit. Kirby spun around the corner and was heading south on Seventh Ave. when Braud's cane connected with his noggin. Then it was all over. Kirby was sitting on the sidewalk, looking up at Wellman, and saying in a pleading voice, "Let's quit this foolishness and talk it over." Braud agreed. All of the cats went wild with laughter.

On another occasion, John proved himself to be quite resourceful. The Henderson band was scheduled to play a dance in a Virginia tidewater town. As soon as we hit the burg, we noticed that there were no colored people flocking

seeming to have come from down the road. In real down-home accents, he demanded gas for his stalled car. The attendant took care of him at once, explaining that he only pumped gas for white folks and added that they'd lynched an uppity Negro two nights before. We drove down the road a bit, picked up John, and had a good laugh at Kirby's outwitting prejudice. Later, when we realized how close we had been to a dangerous situation, the laughter died down and turned into admiration for John.

After I had been fired from Smack's band for the last time, I did not see much of John because I'd gotten too involved with my own band at the Empire Ballroom on Broadway. Meanwhile, Kirby also had left Henderson and played with the little fellow who led the big band at the Savoy Ballroom, Chick Webb. It was with Chick that he really blossomed out and became an important bass player on the New York scene, recording many dates with artists like Mildred Bailey, the Andrews sisters, and Billie Holiday.

Perhaps it was during this period that he succumbed to that fatal disease that so many musicians contract—leaderitis.

WHEN I HEARD THAT Kirby was rehearsing a combo with Pete Brown and Frankie Newton, I couldn't believe it. To me, Kirby just did not seem anything like leader material. However, time proved how wrong I was. He forged ahead to become one of the biggest leaders of any combo in the business. The time apparently was ripe for something new in jazz, and Kirby's highly arranged, tightly knit group had a very original sound.

As a rule, any organization worthy of the name is the result of the pooling of ideas. A group with sufficient talent and also the intelligence to understand that together they are a strong, composite voice, able to project and communicate



Kyle, Shavers, Kirby, Pete Brown, Leo Watson, Spencer, Bailey at the Onyx.

Shavers and Kirby.

around our bus, which was strange, because usually when we arrived, it was like the circus coming to town. This time, however, what few folks we saw swept past us in a big hurry.

During the dance, we missed the customary hospitality. Although the dancers seemed to enjoy themselves, they made no requests and ignored the orchestra. One unpleasant thing I remembered was the attitude of the town policeman. During intermission, we headed for the men's room, but he barred the door, snarling, "ya-all cain't go in there. If ya gotta go, gwan out in the bushes."

The payoff, in which Kirby figured, came after the dance. We tried to buy gasoline for our bus only to find that our money was not acceptable. John spotted a five-gallon can, slipped out of the bus, and walked boldly into the station,

as an entity, frequently attains greatness. (Lots of musicians never do realize this.) Kirby was lucky because he had all these things going for him.

Let's pause and reflect on the caliber of musicianship in the group that brought him fame. Charlie Shavers, one of the most underrated trumpet players in the business (then and now), was all of 20 when he joined Kirby, replacing another tremendous talent, that of Frankie Newton. Charlie, full of fire and creativity, and possessing extraordinary arranging ability, was the quarterback and sparkplug who provided, in his imaginative scores, the proper backgrounds and platforms to display the talents of pianist Billie Kyle, alto saxophonist Russell Procope, and clarinetist Buster Bailey, plus the tasteful vocals and drumming of /Continued on page 52

WITH K.D. IN TEXAS

A Report on the
Longhorn Jazz
Festival in Austin
By Kenny Dorham



The author in his other bag

The first concert of the festival, held April 28-30, began about 8 p.m. with the Sam Houston State College Band. Yours truly arrived in time to uncase trumpet and rev up for five minutes before leaping onstage, where I played with the 21-piece band on three compositions: *Stella by Starlight* (my arrangement), *Mah Jong* (my composition and arrangement), and *Felicidade* (by Antonio Carlos Jobim and arranged by Charles Camilleri, trumpeter and arranger in the band that Joe Henderson and I have in New York City).

Mah Jong is the name of a Chinese game—and a rather unusual one, I'd say. The piece is rather "out" in thematic construction. We play an eight-bar intro and then 19 bars out, including one 5/4 bar, followed by eight bars in and eight outside, and an eight-bar interlude, which is a bit chaotic and exciting, arousing solo trumpet. Then there's a two-bar vamp-rhythm melody, two-bar trumpet solo—repeat same four; repeat that eight, improvise eight inside, vamp, outside eight . . . then: blast off! Solo K.D. The composition exits in precisely the same manner as entrance but with three fermatas at the end. Effect? Smashing!

Stella has an eight-bar intro with trumpet melody, open chorus, and then with background, open chorus, and solo by K.D. Effect? Soothing.

Felicidade, which means happiness, joy, a state of ecstasy, has trumpet for an open chorus with the band accompanying in, out, and then in. Fermata at end. Effect? Scintillating.

The band performed well, before and after my participation.

Next on the program was Thelonious Monk & Co., which opened with *Green Chimneys*.

After Monk's first chorus, he strolls (lays out), and at this point Monk is standing in front of the piano while Charlie Rouse continues to wail on his tenor. Monk is attired in a green sharkskin suit, two vents low, green shoes (?), a black leather Jewish skull cap with a red tassel, white shirt, and tie . . . odd but elegant (if possible).

Monk plays Monk, takes a grandiose bow, and then Ben Riley does some soothing brush work that brings applause. He continues to lay it down amid the applause, and then Rouse enters for some more excursions with free swinging rhythm.

On the second tune, *We See*, Monk follows the same routine: he solos first, bows, then stands with back to audience. The Texans dig it; there are many smiling faces among the puzzled, loathing ones. Rouse plays full and consistent. Bassist Larry Gales plays an exciting two or three choruses that bring only modest applause.

Monk next plays an unaccompanied, unique, nonchalant, and very personal rendition of *Don't Blame Me*. 'Tis lovely.

Monk's set was ended and highlighted by augmenting the quartet with drummer Elvin Jones and myself. We played a Monk blues in B-flat, *Straight, No Chaser*. The bass drum was sliding all over the place, so when I was not playing, I held the thing steady by placing a foot on the



PHOTOS/JOHN PELVETO

Monk in reverse



Youngster Blakey gassing 'em

front rim while Elvin cooked.

At the tune's conclusion, the Rev. Norman O'Connor, who was present and emceed from time to time, called Elvin back for an encore, unaccompanied. This time Father O'Connor held the bass drum. Elvin's solo brought screaming applause.

Dizzy Gillespie's rhythm section warms up with a long-meter bugaloo in double time, a sparkling section with electric bassist Frank Schifano, pianist Michael Longo, and drummer Candy Finch. Diz breaks out of the starters' gate with his first solo of the evening, followed by



Nina stopping the show



Elvin at 3/4 throttle

James Moody's tenor—and are they driving! Light and positive.

The outfit is casually attired for the evening, with Finch wearing a slick, black double-breasted suit. Moody's in gray plaid. From where I sit, it looks like Diz has on a green job with low vents, kind of like Monk's. (There are quite a few people around me wearing those green jobs—unusual in Texas. The terrain is mostly dry, and green really sticks out.) The upturned horn has a silver bell. That gives us green on silver on black-and-yellow socks. Wow!

Their second number is a hip, Latin/African-inspired, sambalike original (Dizzy's, I'm almost sure). Diz plays first and then Longo, etc. . . . a ring-around-the-rosie order of great artistic cohesion with a centrifugal whirlwind of rhythm. Applause is tremendous.

Now Diz goes into his comedy bag. It must be funny (he usually is), because he really kills 'em. This goes on rather long while the other headliners are waiting in the wings to go on. This long at the Apollo Theater in Harlem, and they would have got the hook for my man John (all in clean fun, John).

Moody does a great flute arpeggio and receives applause as he gives way to the trumpet solo of *The Shadow of Your Smile*. With pungent tone, bright but not brassy, Diz does some of his famous skyrocketing out of the upper register with a pianissimo ending on a major-7th-add-flat-5 chord. . . . One of the fine aspects of his style that has separated him from other trumpet players.

A calypso, *Run, Joe*, is next. Satirical, humorous vocal by Dizzy. Round robin of solos . . . aqui esta (that's it)!

Nina Simone enters to her rhythm section's (Gene Taylor, electric bass; Rudy Stephenson, guitar; Charles Corbett, drums) wailing of Miles Davis' *So What?* She does *Just in Time*, vocal and piano—really a rocker. Then *Backlash*, a blues, a poetic thing by Langston Hughes, with extra lyrics by Miss Simone. Excellent guitar solo and embellishments by Stephenson. Next is *Please Don't Let Me Be Understood*, a minor modal vamp—a blue thing with that tough, bugaloo, Philly-dog beat. Then *Little Girl Blue*—ecstatic. *Four Women* has a Latin boogie beat. Rhythm vamp, sultry, supper-club type with melodramatic double-fortissimo ending. *The House of the Rising Sun* included choreography—a very primitive dance that is a show stopper—and mugging. *The Blues*—a down-home blues a la Ray Charles, Lou Rawls, Charles Brown. *So What?* chaser. Voila (that's it)!

Saturday evening's program opened with the Woody Herman Band, which I unfortunately missed. (I also was unable to catch the band's Saturday afternoon concert.) I quote a friend and fellow musician, Jerry Storm: "Steve Marcus of the Herman Herd played a unique style of tenor, with roots in Coltrane, Ravi Shankar, and (ready?) the Beatles. . . ."

I also missed trumpeter Howard McGhee on the evening show, but I hear he was his usual self—professional.

When I arrive, the Gary Burton Quartet (Burton, vibes; Larry Coryell, guitar; Dan Jones, bass; Stu Martin, drums) is onstage. They are attired in Beatles dress.

Nix, Quix, Flix is good. *Sweet Rain* is fine, as is *Walter L. But My Funny Valentine* is the highlight of this set—and probably of the evening. Gary, unaccompanied, shows his touch of genius and agility using four mallets for approximately five minutes. Sounded better with four than with two mallets.

Martin is featured on the next tune, but Gary leads off, followed by Coryell's cooking guitar. Then it's Stu, who enters at

pianississimo, playing a very melodic ratta-tat-tat-toe (toe=big tom-tom) and proceeds to build from there to fortissimo and then back down to pianississimo . . . just kind of teases the audience with some rim-shot combinations.

The group really starts to build after a couple of minutes, and everything goes fine, with hearty applause through the last ensemble and out.

Emcee-producer George Wein enters and announces each individually, and aqui esta (you got it).

Wein announces that after its Newport Jazz Festival appearance, Gary's group will be picked as the No. 1 group in America. (Did I hear right?) That's George's perogative, his money, his opinion. That statement was as big as the state of Texas.

Herbie Mann, wearing a beautiful white-linen dinner jacket and almost royal-blue slacks, kicks off his set with bassist Reggie Workman vamping. Bruno Carr (drums), Workman, and Roy Ayers (vibes) howl.

Mann does jazz folklore with bass accompaniment. Makes 'em whoop and holler. The audience really goes for Herbie—like they knew what he was going to play.

Mann seems to have found himself in the perspective of knowing what he can actually do technically, and he effectively does it. That's what continual work can do for you. (They screamed for Kenny Dorham also, but with 21 pieces of young Texas White Power as supporting cast and those boss arrangements by K.D. . . . what else?) Oh yeah, back to Herbie—a six-minute cadenza broke 'em up.

They continue to keep rolling instead of the expected fermata ending. A long cadenza by Ayers gets 'em also . . . howls . . . yea . . . yea . . . yeah! (touch of genius). After about 25 minutes of steady rolling, they come to the fermata and end. Mann introduces oud player Chick Ganimiam, who plays a Turkish call. Turkish? . . . Maybe it's a sequel to the bugaloo, but whatever it is, it's driven by Carr and Workman's pulsating rhythm and playing in that hip NYC, Mideast contemporary bugaloo style.

From that point on, everything is really fundamental—on an up level. *Wishi Wishi*, a Latin-jazz thing (Cal Tjader style) with Ayers playing conga drum and cooking. Another bugaloo beat. This gets 'em every time. A rather long set. Tumultuous applause.

On Sunday afternoon there was a drum clinic, and after a question-and-answer period with Elvin Jones (Question: who influenced you? Answer: Jo Jones, Art Blakey, Don Lamond, Max Roach, and others), Elvin seats himself behind his drums and starts developing a theme . . . stops to make some imperative adjustments . . . sits down again, sets himself a brief theme with contrapuntal cross-rhythm . . . disregards theme and starts to lay it on at fortississimo. This brings a roar from the audience. Then he opens up at about 3/4 throttle (triple forte) and out. Bravo, bravo!

The next drummer up is from the University of Texas Experimental Ensemble.

He also answers some questions. Then he gives a drum thematic demonstration. Begins by walking rhythm, about eight to 12 bars of 4/4 . . . proceeds to jump out on the limb in a fiery contrast of well co-ordinated "all limbs working" . . . and then walks four and hits a cymbal crash for a corker . . . closes.

Jo Jones is brought on very much in the same manner as previous gents. He comments that young drummers are better today than were yesterday. Guys like Al Foster, Lou Hayes, etc. A demonstration by Jo . . . the old master drummer and showman. Begins at fortissimo with brushes, for which he is famous, I'm told. He burned. Burn, baby, burn! With the ease and grace that kings are made of—the king of drums, that he is. Pacesetter. Landmark! Mallets . . . builds the tension . . . sticks . . . long, soft press roll, an educated roll . . . builds to fortissimo . . . Rat-a-tat-a-tip-tat-toe, ol' man Jo. Then the fingers . . . I was sure this would be the corker . . . No? Sticks out and on . . . Rat-a-tat-a-tip-tap-toe and so on.

Leonard Feather introduces the youngest drummer in the world—Art Blakey, the primitive master as well as about the most dynamic drummer, a cross-rhythm player with exceptional control. He is seated, makes his adjustments, and goes into a press roll . . . into a walk with that fantastic rhythm . . . all four limbs working independently while still playing four to the measure. He never stops that great genius ride-cymbal beat. One is born with this, I suppose, for he probably wouldn't know what a note was if it came up to him and said, "beep, beep!" He's my favorite drummer in more aspects than any other I can immediately think of. *Fuerte y mucho fuego*. Gassed 'em.

Seated from right of audience to left are Elvin, Don Lamond, Blakey, and Jo Jones . . . start to work out simultaneously, as Don sets a great pace for them—a great pace! They work separately and then together. Yes, four of the greatest drummers in the world, endowed with various distinct, instinctive abilities. Now all together. The thunder! . . . with rain on cymbals, hail on the snare, chunks of ice on the tom-tom, explosions on the bass drum, and then a sudden roar from a four-man "hard press roll." Then suddenly it's spring, which is a roll on the cymbals. Fine.

George Wein cracks up with enthusiasm as he comes front center and gives each man his check (smile—joke).

Texas tenor man Arnett Cobb played both Sunday afternoon and evening. After the opener, he features trumpeter Charles Patterson on *Old Folks*, who does a very good job. *Houston Is Calling*, an original by another outstanding musician (altoist, great blues singer) Eddie Vinson, features Jimmy Ford's alto. He has improved tremendously since his New York days with Maynard Ferguson (baritone sax at that time). Cedric Haywood's piano is red hot—he's a very fine arranger too.

Singer Joy Ann Tobin does *Lover, Come Back to Me*, and *Shiny Stockings* (by Frank Foster) is done with the singing accompaniment of the group in the last half. She bows out amid roaring cheers from the hi-fi audience.

Arnett performs chiefly in a fine utility role.

On the evening set, Jim Ford blows first and is really hitting leather on this one—wearing his iron r-e-a-l, r-e-a-l low. The horns and rhythm play background accompaniment. Arnett's solo on *Sweet and Lovely* is very pretty. Judging by the applause, the audience might have been getting a bit fatigued.

Miss Tobin sings *All Is Well* up tempo; *Time After Time*, ad libbing one chorus followed by one at a medium bounce with a lot of drive; *Bill Bailey*, a buoyant bounce "please come home" with super-revved third chorus.

Emcee Rod Kennedy acknowledges the applause for Cobb's band and introduces

the George Wein group. Wein reciprocates verbally in that long Southwestern Texas drawl (unusual, as Wein comes from Boston). Pee Wee Russell leads off on clarinet in his very formidable style, which has made him a legend. This ol' cat is very modern and plays some changes that guys of his era would have called avant-garde. Russell is followed by Ruby Braff, probably one of the youngest Dixie style trumpeters in music. Then comes Texas tenor Tate (Buddy), who is probably best known for his late 1930s swing style. Lou McGarity does some straight-up trombone—pretty honest. He's obviously been playing for quite a while, but somehow I've missed him in person.

Wein plays a couple of straight-up

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choruses. Ernie Caceres on baritone sax is holding a powwow in the low register and stretching out. Bassist Jack Lesberg plays. George gets off a beautiful piano chorus on *If I Had You*. He only plays one chorus, but it is going great. McGarity really plays with marvelous control.

Caceres puts some nice chord combinations together—good spacing. (Those spaces make a lot of difference. Sometimes silence is golden.) Emilio Caceres, jazz fiddler and brother of Ernie, plays just fine—most men his age are probably in a rocking chair (if they can rock at all).

Tate is featured on an old Lester Young tune, *Lester Leaps In*, and Buddy leaps out in his own (out of Pres) personal style—jabbing, punctuating, swinging.

McGarity, incidentally, paid tribute to one of the greatest musician-singers ever to come out of Texas—the late Jack Teagarden—with *Stars Fell on Alabama*, a silky, velvet-toned, feelingful instrumentalist.

George plays a frolicking *Honeysuckle Rose*—gives it the smooth, red-carpet treatment.

Braff's *I Can't Give You Anything but Love* is real authentic Louis Armstrong type roots—feeling. Cracks 'em up with that crackling rich trumpet sound.

On the slow blues they sound like a soulful New Orleans going-away party, a r-e-a-l funeral in slow four. Don Lamond is beating the drum—a really chic, hip drummer when the time calls for it. On

Just You, Just Me Don plays very fashionable, in and out style, era to era. They all played great on this one. Oooh, but that funeral march—whew!

After the intermission of the last day's last program, guitarist Charlie (*One-Note Samba*) Byrd and his two-man battery (all dressed in natty grey ensembles, quiet and elegant and quite Brazilian-like) open with a composition (unannounced) in 10/4 for the most part. Hand vibrato used here and very simple chord progression. An odd rhythm pattern is used on *Pretty Butterfly*. I never did quite get the count as to meter but the audience seemed to like it So . . . ?

A tune by the late Django Reinhardt, *Nuages*, brings big applause. *Travelin' Man* is a real western type of hip hoedown—roll around the barrel, square-dance melody. On the second chorus Charlie hits some leather—ultra-mod for a chorus or so. Then he goes back to melody with an ending reminiscent of W. Lee O'Daniel's (former governor of Texas) Dough Boys in the early 1940s. Yeah!

If I Were a Rich Man is done as a Latin melody with Afro-rhythms. (It's got that psychedelic, India, B. B. King type of thing. Now that must be ESP. Oh, yeah, it's also got some of that bugaloo thing.) I was impressed by the bull-fight ending—like the gallant matador.

Manha de Carnaval is frolicking and basking in the Brazilian-Texas sun. I have a special affection for this music—seems to be the music of many languages—internationale.

Teddy Wilson begins with *Stompin' at the Savoy*, one of his solo excursions I've heard him play many times. Teddy is an Austin, Texas, alumni of the same high school I went to, and we had the same piano teacher, Mrs. Clara Brown.

Undecided is next—fast, light, and tasty. It isn't necessary to say a lot about a great pianist, and furthermore, I was fatigued. Some of the sets were really long.

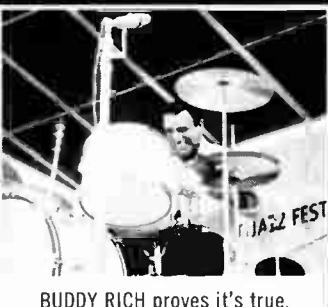
Tenor saxophonist Illinois Jacquet comes on with *On a Clear Day*, followed by *Ghost of a Chance* with lush organ accompaniment by Milt Buckner.

Then Jacquet is joined by Cobb and Tate for that famous (once famous) *Flying Home*. Jacquet first, then Cobb . . . clean-up spot for Buddy. Clean-up spot can be a hot spot, fun spot, cold spot in a competitive "play ball" type of atmosphere like this, as everything is already revved up.

After about 30 minutes of taking turns soloing, building, and soloing, they receive the only standing ovation of the three-day festivities, which leaves an exhausted house for Art Blakey and his group (Bill Hardman, trumpet; Joe Henderson, tenor; McCoy Tyner, piano; Junior Booth, bass). All play excellently, but the previous sets were so long they made me think about getting the hook.

There was a huge "Welcome Mr. Gillespie" sign at the Downtowner Motor Inn that should be seen for quite some distance. We all know how great Diz is—he truly is. Hope to play my way to that tremendous level or even write my way one day. Thanks to everyone.

STICK REBOUND



BUDDY RICH proves it's true.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Intercollegiate Music Festival

Municipal Auditorium, Miami Beach

One of the oddities of the first Intercollegiate Music Festival, held May 4-6, was that it was the culmination of five regional collegiate jazz festivals. Somewhere en route to Miami Beach the word "jazz" got lost at the request of some of the sponsors (among whom were TWA, Sero Shirts, and the City of Miami Beach). However, what had been "jazz" at the Villanova Intercollegiate Jazz Festival, the Mobile Jazz Festival, the Little Rock Jazz Festival, the Intermountain (Salt Lake City) Jazz Festival, and the Cerritos College Jazz Festival in Norwalk, Calif., turned out to be the same jazz at Miami Beach even though it was generalized as "music."

The five bands and six combos that survived the five regional tests (there was one extra combo because the Mitch Farber Duo of the University of Miami and the Lou Marini Quintet of North Texas State University tied at Mobile) indicated that the level of collegiate jazz performance is getting extremely high. Polish and precision in a big band is no longer unusual, and an accomplished soloist in a combo no longer startles a listener.

The judging seemed to reflect this development. A mere mastery of mechanics, which in past college festivals might have been enough to distinguish a group, did

State Studio Band, directed by Bob Delwarte, and the Ohio State University Jazz Workshop Band, under Ladd McIntosh. The Ohio State band eventually took the Duke Ellington Award as the best big band.

Both finalist bands depended entirely on student originals, compositions which showed that student writing is getting away from the Count Basie and Stan Kenton stereotypes that had been emphasized in earlier years of the stage-band movements. Though Kenton's influence hangs on, Terry Jones, Gene Siegel, and John Newsome of San Fernando Valley State, and Ladd McIntosh, who wrote all the Ohio State book, gave constant evidence of a probing exploration of fresh directions, fresh voicings, and fresh thinking. Both bands have dropped piano and, instead, use electric guitar, which opens possibilities of rhythm, solo, and ensemble coloration. John Morrell, San Fernando Valley State's guitarist, was particularly effective in establishing an organlike quality in some ensemble passages.

McIntosh has come a long way during the several years that his work has been heard at college jazz festivals. He uses the virtuosity of his reed men (who, in common with the other reed sections heard in Miami Beach, now triple as a matter of course—flutes are used as often as saxophones) with confidence and imagi-

for Keito by pianist Dennis Kalfas, won honorable mention). There were touches of a Lennie Tristano sound in some of the San Francisco quintet's two-saxophone passages, a good sense of group dynamics, excellent drumming by Bill Weichert (who was chosen best drummer at the festival), and an over-all feeling of variety engendered not only by the use of varying tempos and voicings but by Kalfas' brief use of a Pakistani flute and his equally brief dive into the piano strings.

The third competitive category, vocalists, was relatively unrewarding. It will be dropped at next year's festival and replaced by a category for vocal groups.

Winner of the Tony Bennett Award as the best vocalist was Joe DeVito of Rider College, Trenton, N. J., who revealed some potential as a pop-jazz performer, although, like the other singers, he was not on a level with the instrumentalists at the festival. The most interesting aspects of DeVito's performance were the original songs and arrangements by his pianist, Kirk Nurock, a Juilliard student who showed a promising flair as a songwriter, particularly in a lilting bit that made an effective opener for DeVito, *A Joyful Noise*.

In addition to the major awards, individual instrumentalists chosen for \$200 scholarships to the Berklee School in Boston were Gary Barone, trumpet, San Fernando Valley State Studio Band; Gary Campbell, tenor saxophone, the Mitch Farber Duo, University of Miami; Bruce Fowler, trombone, the Mike Johnson Octet, University of Utah; Jerry Green, alto saxophone, Indiana University; Lou Marini, soprano and tenor saxophones, North Texas State University; John Monaghan, bass, North Texas State Lab Band; Bill Weichert, drums, San Francisco State College Quintet; and Arno Marsh, tenor saxophone, University of Nevada Stage Band. (Marsh, who was featured with Woody Herman in the early '50s and has been playing for more than 20 years, recently decided to complete his education at Nevada.)

Other band and combo entrants were the Modern Jazz Ensemble of Milliken University, directed by Roger Schueler, and the Mike Pedicin Jr. Quintet of the Philadelphia Musical Academy. The other singers were Joe Restivo, Bradley University; Cheryl Olson, Brigham Young University; Kim Parker, Hofstra University; and Paul Walberg, University of Southern California.

The Intercollegiate Music Festival's first Hall of Fame Award was presented to Stan Kenton "for the work he has done in furthering the creative spirit in music."

Judges were Gary McFarland, Oliver Nelson, Phil Woods, the Rev. Norman J. O'Connor, and Robert Share. Willis Conover, Alan Rock, and Chuck Zink served as emcees.

The festival was taped by the Voice of America and by the American Broadcasting Company for radio and television. The final night was recorded by Impulse records.

The total attendance for the three nights was 3,900.

—John S. Wilson



OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY BAND: Top big band.

BRIAN MC NAMARA

not suffice in this instance. Originality and creativity, combined with a high performance level, were present in sufficient quantities to swing the emphasis to these aspects.

One consequence of this new balance between polish and originality was what must have seemed a shocker to some followers of college jazz: the vaunted North Texas State Lab Band did not even get into the finals. In the preliminaries, director Leon Breeden's group ripped through arrangements by Don Sebeskey, Bob Florence, Billy Harper, and Bill Stapleton that showed off the band's clean, precise ensembles (and, aside from reed man Lou Marini, its lack of solo strength), but the two bands the judges chose for the finals were the San Fernando Valley

nation, alone and in voicings with elements of the brass. There was a constant excitement of discovery in McIntosh's writing, an excitement that was conveyed by the band in performance. His *Forever Lost in My Mind's Own Eye*, an imaginative and climactically, guttily driving piece, won the Stan Kenton Award as best composition.

In the choice of combos, an able but relatively straight-forward blowing group, the Jerry Greene Quintet of Indiana University (alto, trumpet, piano, bass, drums) lost out in the finals for the John Coltrane Combo Award to the San Francisco State College Quintet (tenor, alto doubling flute, piano, bass, drums), which, like the big-band finalists, devoted itself to originals from the group (one of which, *Charisma*

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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.

Mose Allison

WILD MAN ON THE LOOSE—Atlantic 1456: *Wild Man on the Loose; No Trouble Livin'; Night Watch; What's with You?; Powerhouse; You Can Count on Me to Do My Part; Never More; That's the Stuff You Gotta Watch; Warhorse.*

Personnel: Allison, piano, vocals; Earl May, bass; Paul Motian, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Allison's music is up home. The country transplanted to a piano bar. Country music has become urban, city, and electronic music. There have been other offshoots and mutations based on individual personalities, and Allison is one of them. He has many fans who find him important and special.

However, I kept yearning for Mick Jagger and electric guitars, listening to this. The electrification of country and urban blues, started by Muddy Waters and still moving straight ahead through the likes of the Rolling Stones, is fantastically interesting, musically as well as socially.

There are three or four cultures colliding in that music, and it bubbles. The sound has captured me, and, except for Howlin' Wolf or other of the basic guys like that, I find country music empty now without amplification.

This album isn't particularly "authentic," it isn't very "contemporary," and although the tunes themselves are nice, the lyrics aren't nearly as interesting as what some of the long-haired kids have been getting into.

It's pleasant and personal music, though, and one feels Allison's charm and honesty. I can see why he grooves a lot of people. Sorry, not me though. To me, it's kind of in between everything and on top of very little. Although the rhythm section cooks nicely, at least in relation to the tight limits the material puts on them, fire and brimstone are not exactly leaping from *Wild Man on the Loose*. —Zwerin

Harold Betters

FUNK CITY EXPRESS—Reprise 6241: *Hot Tamale Man; Where Are You?; Born Free; The Glory of Love; This Year; My Blue Heaven; That's Life; Theme to Grace; Sunshine Superman; The Masquerade Is Over; There Goes My Baby; Sweet Sue.*

Personnel: Betters, trombone, vocals; Don Randi, piano; Al Casey, guitar; Larry Neal, electric bass.

Rating: ★ ★

Once you say Betters has a big, fat, roughhewn tone, you've practically finished the review.

To say that he lacks refinement would be erroneous: *This Year, Where Are You?*, and *Masquerade* show sensitivity but not much dynamic shading. *Glory of Love* and *Sweet Sue* can be added to that list, but with the warning that those tracks also contain his attempts at vocalizing.

How the same lips that can outdecibel an elephant stampede can sound so anemic

and listless when pursed to sing is odd.

As for the other tracks, little can be salvaged. *Tamale* (a Mexican Watermelon Man), *Born Free*, and *Sunshine Superman* are just raucous, and all attempts at high camp fall flat.

—Siders

Charlie Byrd

SOLO FLIGHT—Riverside 498: *Am I Blue?; Easy Living; House of the Rising Sun; Mood Indigo; You Took Advantage of Me; Lil' Darlin'; Tears; Nocturne; Satin Doll; Blue Mobile; Sweet Sue.*

Personnel: Byrd, acoustic guitar.

Rating: ★

HOLLYWOOD BYRD—Columbia 2652 and 9452: *A Time for Love; Georger Girl; Alfie; The Wishing Doll; Wish Me a Rainbow; Born Free; In the Arms of Love; Any Wednesday; Moment to Moment; I'll Be Back.*

Personnel: Byrd, acoustic and electric guitars; others unidentified.

Rating: see below

The best to be said of the Riverside set by Byrd is that there are occasional flashes of mediocrity.

The guitarist sounds listless, even bored, for the most part; the performances have an air of bland perfunctoriness about them—rhythmically sodden and rather dull in melodic development, what little there is of it.

These performances would have been better left unissued. They add nothing to Byrd's reputation.

There are evidences of a more committed approach to playing on the Columbia LP, but the title finally tells all. Byrd's playing is set in such a welter of gimmickry—syrupy strings, oohing-and-aahing from an anonymous chorus, arrangements of nauseating coyness, etc.—that there is nothing left for the serious jazz listener to grab hold of.

Yet there are some fine moments from Byrd—particularly on *Wishing, Moment, and Back*—when his playing is at least inventive and rhythmically resilient. It's just that everything else gets too much in the way of the listener's (jazz, that is) attention.

It gave me a headache. No kidding.
Charlie, come back. —Welding

John Coltrane

KULU SE MAMA—Impulse 9106: *Kulu Se Mama; Vigil; Welcome.*

Personnel: Track 1—Coltrane, Pharaoh Sanders, tenor saxophones; McCoy Tyner, piano; Donald Garrett, bass, bass clarinet; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Elvin Jones, Frank Butler, drums; Juno Lewis, vocal, percussion. Tracks 2, 3—Coltrane; Tyner; Garrison; Jones.

Rating: see below

This album contains three tracks, each quite different from the others in character. The first side is devoted to an 18-minute composition, described by the composer, Julian (Juno) Lewis, as a ritual dedicated to his mother. Accompanying the record is a biographical poem by Lewis that, in

part, proclaims his hopes for the Afro-American Art Center in Los Angeles, which "will be a home for homeless/Future sons of drums."

The poem continues:

*Francis de Erdely, the famous artist
Made his contribution to my
art center.*

*His sketches of me see into
and understand
Rhythm and Afro art.*

One of these sketches is reproduced on the liner and signed "To Juno, Francis de Erdely."

Lewis himself is a drummer, drum maker, singer (in Afro-Creole dialect) and poet. His meeting with Coltrane has resulted in this pastiche of his inner life.

The piece is chantlike, resting throughout on an Eb-minor triad. Its melodies are uncomplicated, the counterpoint subtle and reined in. The whole is surprisingly conservative.

The most interesting aspect for me is the sound of Lewis' instruments, including an eerie conch shell. All the drumming is stimulating. Best for the non-trance-oriented listener is the interplay between the drummers, their very loose, beckoning feeling.

To me, *Kulu Se Mama* sounds like good popular music. Popular music can be exquisite, of course. Who would care to put down *Strawberry Fields* because it spins the mass brain? Or the Grateful Dead! Or *Kulu Se Mama*. In fact, the only thing missing from *Kulu Se Mama* (nothing is wrong with it) is that it does not require from us the high level of consciousness we have come to expect as our ticket to Coltrane. It won't change you, though it will likely let you feel good.

Vigil, on the other hand, is not popular music. It is Coltrane at his best, his most difficult. Here is 10 minutes of Jones and Coltrane alone in duet, and every second has exploding jewels. There seems to be nothing missing from this music. I'm reminded of the great works of symbolical divination, like the I-Ching or Tarot—no matter what energy goes in, the thing coming out has your name written on it. Good music is like that. It is not merely the composer's biography; it speaks for everyone.

Coltrane in *Vigil* makes his breath ours. But only if we offer up our breath for sacrifice. Strong artists teach us to do that. For me, the "meaning" here is the absoluteness, the oneness in the Coltrane/Jones relation, the obliteration of their external boundaries. And it is for us that they are sustaining the intense illumination that comes to most men only in flashes.

Welcome is a five-minute arpeggio-

tremolo-Sunday church program-ballad—"feeling-of-peace" (in B major) I can't describe further, except to say that, musically, had it been anyone else's, I doubt if it would have been released. Considered as another chapter in Coltrane's biography, however, who knows?

So here we have an album containing an 18-minute collaboration with an interesting friend, a 10-minute transcendent shout, and a five-minute song of big-hearted triteness. Rating: None. All. —Mathieu

Bill Evans

A SIMPLE MATTER OF CONVICTION—
Verve 8675: *A Simple Matter of Conviction; Stella by Starlight; Unless It's You; Laura; My Melancholy Baby; I'm Getting Sentimental Over You; Star Eyes; Only Child; These Things Called Changes.*

Personnel: Evans, piano; Eddie Gomez, bass; Shelly Manne, drums.

Rating: ★★★

The three soloists in this album are among the best in jazz. Evans and Manne have substantial reputations that go back 20 years; Gomez, 21, has come to prominence in the jazz world during the last two years or so. I cannot think of three players for whom I have higher respect. Nevertheless, I am unable to recommend this album as highly as I should like to.

As usual, Evans is imaginative and obtains a piano sonority of the greatest elegance. Manne's performance is brilliant; his technique becomes more refined as the years pass. He is Drummer-Daddy: impeccable, restrained, and he knows when to do what—and yet he is also exuberant and

enthusiastic. His virtues are those of age and youth combined. And I have never heard him better recorded. Gomez, whose work I have been familiar with since he was a member of the Newport Youth Orchestra, has an incredible technical facility, rhythmic accuracy, splendid intonation (an attribute often lacking among the "new" players, of whom he is one), and a fresh vision of the double bass.

The repertory is partly at fault. Five of the pieces are standard tunes, and at least three of them (*Stella, Laura, Star Eyes*) are the sort that have never seemed wholly sympathetic to jazz. The other four pieces, all by Evans, lack the distinction of his earlier compositions.

And I find Gomez' solos less than totally convincing. They are of the tree-bear variety: that is, they locate themselves in the upper register within the first few measures, and occasionally, like a huge paw grabbing at the ground, they move on to the fourth string for a few notes and then back into the upper register. (But the eloquence of his upper-register playing is of an indisputable and extraordinary beauty.)

Perhaps the real criticism to be made is that old means of performing are being repeated rather than developed, that these three gifted men are employing the mainstream vocabulary of jazz without the architecture and the heightening that such a vocabulary, now no longer new, requires.

—Russo

Ella Fitzgerald-Duke Ellington

ELLA & DUKE AT THE COTE D'AZUR—
Verve 4072-2: *Mack the Knife; The Old Circus Train Turn-Around Blues; Lullaby of Birdland; Trombonio-Bustoso-Issimo; Going Out of My Head; How Long Has This Been Going On?; Diminuendo in Blue and Blow by Blow; It Don't Mean a Thing; All Too Soon; Misty; Jazz Samba; Rose of the Rio Grande; The More I See You; El Vito; Squeeze Me.*

Personnel: Cat Anderson, Herbie Jones, Cootie Williams, Mercer Ellington, trumpets; Buster Cooper, Lawrence Brown, Chuck Connors, trombones; Russell Procope, Johnny Hodges, Jimmy Hamilton, Paul Gonsalves, Harry Carney, reeds; Ellington, piano; John Lamb, bass; Sam Woodard, drums; Miss Fitzgerald, vocals. Tracks 5, 6, 12-add Ray Nance, cornet, violin, vocals; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone.

Rating: ★★★★

Recorded live at the famous French jazz festival at Antibes last summer, this two-LPs-for-the price-of-one set is a great bargain if you like your music warm, friendly, and full of fun and don't mind some of the rough spots common to location recordings.

To these ears, the occasional imperfections are well compensated for. Everybody involved—performers and audience—must have had a great time at this concert, and the spirit has been captured, though there are moments when one would have liked to see as well as hear what was going on. (This will become possible when the film Norman Granz made at this performance is released.)

There are several categories of selections here: Miss Fitzgerald with her trio; the Ellington band, alone and with guests Nance and Webster; Miss Fitzgerald and

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the band; and everybody together.

The impromptu get-togethers are the album's highlights. On *All Too Soon*, Nance's fiddling is superb, and Webster's solo, which follows, is a classic statement, filled with nostalgia. Trombonist Brown, the third soloist, doesn't quite recapture the mellowness of his original version, and Nance's cornet chops at the end are not quite up to par, but it doesn't matter at all.

Nance has a hilarious scat duel with Miss Fitzgerald on the wildly swinging *Thing*, which also has a fine Webster spot, plus tenor work by Gonsalves. The track is an excellent demonstration of the full title's axiom: it don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing.

The third party track is *Squeeze Me*, with Nance again sharing vocal honors with Miss Fitzgerald and a Webster solo that is a miniature compendium of his style.

Though Miss Fitzgerald is at her special best on these tracks, she is in fine fettle throughout. Her *How Long* is lovely; *More I See You*, rarely done these days, is a demonstration of how to sing a melody; and *Jazz Samba*, though she does it even better now, is delightful and inventive. The hardy *Mack* is revitalized by Miss Fitzgerald and the full band, whose combined swing could make a dead man dance.

The band is heard mostly in a supporting role. Gonsalves has the spotlight on *Diminuendo* (*Blow by Blow* is just a name for his extended solo). Though he must have played this piece thousands of times since its auspicious rebirth at Newport in 1956, this version is full of life. The band catches fire too.

Hodges is featured on *Circus Train*, which isn't much more than a simple blues pattern. The alto saxophonist is relaxed and witty, but unfortunately there is very little for the band to do on this 11-minute track.

Trombonio features Cooper's explosive trombone. It's a showpiece without much musical depth but of driving vigor. Anderson's trumpet showcase, *Viti*, also is not very substantial, but it is performed with much flair and elegance, and the contrasts in tempo and mood add interest. Brown answers a request for his old masterpiece, *Rose*, with aplomb and almost total recall. The ducal piano is in evidence here, and the band, too, seems to remember—at least in part.

Aside from a nasty tape-slip on the piano introduction to *Soon*, the recording is pretty good for a live festival session. The soloists are on mike, and the presence is adequate. A happy record, and a good buy at the special price. —Morgenstern

Hubert Laws

FLUTE BY-LAWS—Atlantic 1452: *Bloodshot*; *Miedo*; *Mean Lene*; *No, You'd Better Not*; *Let Her Go*; *Strange Girl*; *Baila Cinderella*.

Personnel: Jimmy Owens, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Marty Banks, trumpet; Tom McIntosh, Garnett Brown, trombones; Laws, flute, piccolo; Benny Powell, tenor trombone, bass trombone; Chick Corea or Rodgers Grant, piano; Sam Brown, guitar; Richard Davis, Chris White, or Israel Lopez, bass; Bobby Thomas or Ray Lucas, drums; Raymond Orchard, conga drums; Carmelo Garcia, timbales; Bill Fitch, percussion.

Rating: ★★

Everybody is talking about fusion these

days. Les Carter writes in the liner notes: "There are successful fusions of folk and rock, rock and classical, jazz and rock, Latin and r&b, country and jazz. Whatever two types of music you can come up with, someone has thought to combine them. . . . This album is typical of the changing times."

Flute By-Laws, however, fuses nothing that hasn't already been fused. Machito did it 20 years ago. Even Noro Morales has done it already. Latin-jazz can still be good, but new it isn't—at least this isn't.

All the tunes are by Laws. Some are nice, and they all sound like each other. I've heard tell that Laws is a heavy flute player, but you can't tell by this. He sounds okay, and that's all. I imagine he would do better in a looser, possibly less Latin setting.

There is no arranger credit, and the writing is somewhat good, though I wish more attention had been paid to fusing the intonation.

Strange Girl is, as they say "haunting," and for me the best track. It features Owens' tasty fluegelhorn, as well as a much more than just lyrical piano solo by Corea. The album as a whole, though, has a not-so-haunting sameness about it.

A word about the recording balance and presence: terrible. The trombones are often too loud in relation to the trumpets, and the latter sound as if they are playing through layers of burlap. This album was more pasted than fused together.—Zwerin

Living Jazz

THE SOUL OF BRAZIL—RCA Camden 2135: *Brazil*; *A Man and a Woman*; *A Day in the Life of a Fool*; *Mas Quo Nada*; *How Insensitive*; *The Soul of Brazil*; *I Want My Mama*; *Meditation*; *Summer Samba*; *Stay a While*.

Personnel: Bernie Glow, Mel Davis, trumpets, fluegelhorns; Buddy Morrow, trombone; Paul Faulise, bass trombone; Phil Bodner, tenor saxophone, flute, piccolo; John Pizzarelli, guitar; Derek Smith, piano, organ; George Duvivier, bass; Bobby Rosengarden, drums; Phil Kraus, percussion.

Rating: ★

Aside from a number of brief solo segments by flutist Bodner, organist Smith, and guitarist Pizzarelli, among others, there is no reason for recommending this low-priced recording by Camden's house jazz unit. The recorded sound is excellent, the playing generally expert (as befits these top New York studio men), the rhythms crisp and resilient—but nothing much happens in these performances to raise them beyond the level of the merely pleasant. Moreover, Bodner's arrangements are quite conservative and occasionally a bit heavy for the light, buoyant music they dress.

Neither bossa nova nor jazz is particularly well served—or disserved, for that matter—by these performances. They're neither good nor bad enough to evoke much reaction from the listener. Blandness is its own reward. —Welding

Roscoe Mitchell

SOUND—Delmark 408: *Ornette*; *The Little Suite*; *Sound*.

Personnel: Lester Bowie, trumpet, fluegelhorn, harmonica; Lester Lashley, trombone, cello; Mitchell, alto saxophone, clarinet, recorder; Maurice McIntyre, tenor saxophone; Malachi Favors, bass; Alvin Fielder, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

The liner notes, by J.B. Figi, are on top

of it much the same way the music is. Here is a selection of quotes:

"The Roscoe Mitchell Sextet is out to steal your mind, not merely with names, but with inner armaments. . . . They play their *selves*. . . . The predatory levitations of Alvin Fielder. . . . Favors' wood and earth. . . . Lashley's magic sewing machine. . . . Maurice McIntyre a lip-smacking Buddha. . . . Bowie's running architecture. . . . Roscoe Mitchell, the informing presence. . . . The holy artistic family that dances through the daydreams of certain seers of New York does exist. In Chicago."

There is emerging the sense of the holy tribal family as a primal artistic source. This is a regeneration from the ashes of a society that has just begun to burn.

In terms of style, *Ornette* is the most peggable of these pieces. Ornette the man is held in deep reverence with a satirical edge that surely would delight him. The music is full, the underlying pulse is fast and deep, and there is group ego only, even in the solos.

For *Little Suite*, bravo! What they are telling us is what happens when group consciousness appears. They are not proselytizing. They speak with a world-view and a knack for the diminutive. They are in it and away from it at the same time (O! Wonder!) as is all good abstract art. These musicians are further along because their music is more filled with human truth while at the same time being more abstracted from it.

There are no solos—just everybody there (sometimes silently) all the time. You can feel the rests being actively created: another indication of group consciousness.

Sound is different. This is a string of accompanied solos, a "head" at either end, and it is remarkable in that it is essentially a ballad, a very long one; yet it attains and keeps a high degree of stimulation. It is often sound for the sake of sound; music can be at best much more; but always there is just enough *thread*, and we are kept alive. Favors bows a superlative solo, certainly one of the most beautiful bass solos ever to suffer the burden of recording.

To quote again the liner notes: "This album is the first of a series Delmark will issue as evidence of the music and musicians that have come tumbling from the cornucopia of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians. In the future, there will be not only more Roscoe Mitchell, but recordings by Joseph Jarman and Richard Abrams as well."

This album is highly recommended for a) those who are beginning to sense the top cream from the thought of the newest generation (in leaderless tribal families we can best survive in this world) and want to hear a most persuasive musical actualization of this; b) those who are curious to see the new Chicago jazz spring up (it is stylized and identifiable, just as 40 years ago); c) those who want a groovy jazz record.

—Mathieu

Sonny Stitt

I KEEP COMIN' BACK!—Roulette 25346:
I Keep Comin' Back for More; Manhattan Fever;
I Will Wait for You; Lullaby of Birdland;
Swinging Shepherd Blues; Quintessence; Sunrise;
Sunset; Maybe; Yellow Rose of Texas.

Personnel: Clark Terry, Joe Newman, trumpets, flueghorns; Urbie Green, Richard Harris, trombones; Stitt, Jerry Dodgion, Hank Freeman, Selton Powell, George Berg, reeds; Ellis Larkins, piano; Mike Mainieri, vibraphone; George Duvivier or Milt Hinton, bass; Les Spann, guitar; Walter Perkins, drums.

Rating: ★

And the lone star belongs to Stitt, to acknowledge his always-dependable phrasing. End of positive part of review.

Beginning of informative segment. The electronic wind instrument Stitt uses here was devised for the purpose of amplifying the component sounds of alto and tenor saxophones. An attachment with seven control buttons is located where the player's right hand holds the horn. By adjusting these buttons, more than 60 instrumental effects can be fashioned. The most outstanding is the suboctave, which lowers an alto's range to that of a baritone, and a tenor's to a bass saxophone.

Beginning of my disownment by the record company, the instrument manufacturer, and the arranger for date. The record is an insult to Stitt's stature and makes a mockery of his talent. The only track that shows any imagination—not orchestrally—is *Manhattan Fever*. Stitt has said he likes the electronically amplified saxophone, but he must be aware that the lumbering sound it creates gives the impression of a track star trying to advertise new sneakers that have 10-pound weights built into the soles.

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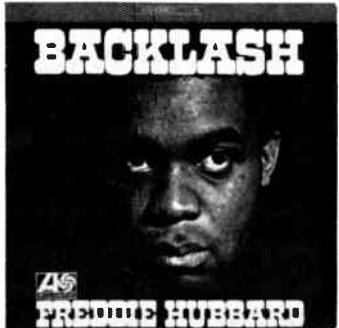
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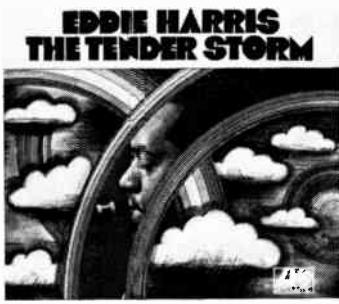
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And who did those arrangements? Better I shouldn't ask. Suffice it to say they have all the joie de vivre of a Meyer Davis date. Considering the caliber of the sidemen, someone has a sick sense of humor.

As for the electronic saxophone and its 60-odd sounds, Stitt runs its gamut from A to B. This wouldn't even make a good demonstration record for the instrument maker's salesmen.

—*Siders*

Swingle Singers-Modern Jazz Quartet

ENCOUNTER—Philips 200-225 and 600-225: *Little David's Fugue; Air for G String; Vendome; Ricercare a Six; Dido's Lament; Alexander's Fugue; Three Windows.*

Personnel: John Lewis, piano; Milt Jackson, vibraphone; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums; Swingle Singers, vocals.

Rating: ★★★★½

This is a superb album. The MJQ again pursues the path to perfection and Godliness, and the Swingle Singers, who have opened so many doors in the last few years, wordlessly but vigorously exalt in the humane and the divine.

Kay's playing is splendid throughout and of special interest on *Alexander's Fugue*, in which he uses sticks on the ride cymbal (and no hi-hat).

The voices are most attractive on *Dido's Lament*, the point at which Dido would sing "remember me" being particularly beautiful. They are also stunning in *Alexander's*, where they are used like a jazz brass section.

The flaws are relatively minor, but deserve attention nonetheless. First, the performance of successive eighth notes (i.e., whether they are to be even, very uneven, or moderately uneven, etc.) is often in disagreement between the quartet and the singers (*Vendome*) and in disagreement totally (*Ricercare*). Second, the use of the string bass first on the fifth voice and then on the sixth voice of the *Ricercare* is open to question, since it impedes the ear's ability to recognize these two voices as separate strands. Third, the tempo of *Three Windows*, 99 or 100 quarter notes a minute when the piece begins, slows down ever so slightly, until at the end it has become 95 quarter notes a minute.

Lastly, and of no great importance, I suppose, are the liner notes, which have been assembled hastily. *Dido's* and *Air for G String* are reversed in their listings on the cover and the label. The source of *Ricercare* is not given (it's from *The Musical Offering*), and album copy is credited to "John Lewis and Ward Swingle, as told to Morgan Ames," even though it includes remarks such as "Natural elegance. The phrase describes a quality rare among artists. Yet no other phrase describes so well the MJQ and the Swingle Singers."

But the defects are of little importance when compared with the virtues, and I recommend this LP enthusiastically.—*Russo*

Bobby Timmons

SOUL FOOD—Prestige 7483: *Souce Meat; Turkey Wings; Cracklin' Bread; Make Someone Happy; Giblets; Angel Eyes; Stolen Sweets.*

Personnel: Timmons, piano; Lee Odis Bass, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

Records devoid of gimmicks are as rare as records without Beatle tunes today. This album has neither. All it boasts is

honesty and imagination.

Four of the dishes on the menu are Timmons' own cuisine: *Souce Meat, Turkey Wings, Cracklin' Bread, and Giblets*. Generally, they are blues-plate specials, spiced with liberal doses of funk. *Giblets* leaves the most satisfying aftertaste. Part of the reason is its accent on individual ingredients, rather than total consistency.

Bass and Higgins have more to say, in solo terms, and each is worth listening to. Bass has a light touch, but his melodic ideas compensate for this. Higgins is a busy drummer but never obtrusive. His brush work on *Giblets* is especially good.

Not that any of this detracts from Timmons. This is his show; he's the chief cook, and he never disappoints.

His playing shows considerable variety of taste, with a slight rhythm-and-blues feel running through his originals; a happy, straight-ahead flavor in *Sweets*; and an introspective, almost philosophical, beauty illuminating *Happy* and *Angel Eyes*. *Happy* is Timmons' high point—it's filled with Tatumesque runs and reveals Timmons' deep-rooted romanticism, especially in the rubato passages.

The most relaxed and cohesive trio effort is *Sweets*. This is the last number in the album, but that does not necessarily mean it was the last number cut at the recording session. However, the level of comfort reached by the three gives the impression that, by then, they were very used to each other. It also gives rise to the hope that these three can stay together for an extended period.

—*Siders*

Various Artists

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF JAZZ (IN THE '60s), VOL. 1, THE BLUES—Verve 8677: *St. Louis Blues; I Remember Bird; John Brown's Blues; OGD; Blues for Eileen; C-Jam Blues.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-3—Ernie Royal, Nat Adderley or Burt Collins, Joe Newman, Joe Wilder, Clark Terry, Snooky Young, trumpets, flugelhorns; J. J. Johnson, Bob Brookmeyer, Jimmy Cleveland, Tony Studd, trombones; Phil Woods, Jerry Dodgion, Jerome Richardson, Zoot Sims, Danny Bank, reeds; Hank Jones or Al Dailey, piano; Eric Gale, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Bobby Rosengarden or Phil Kraus, percussion. Track 4—Jimmy Smith, organ; Wes Montgomery, guitar; Tate, drums. Track 5—Count Basie Orchestra (Al Aarons, Sonny Cohn, Wallace Davenport, Phil Guilbeau, trumpets; Henderson Chambers, Al Grey, Bill Hughes, Grover Mitchell, trombones; Marsall Royal, Eddie Davis, Bobby Plater, Eric Dixon, Charlie Fowlkes, reeds; Basie, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Norman Keenan, bass; Rufus Jones, drums). Track 6—Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Earl Hines, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Richard Davis, bass; Joe Marshall, drums.

Rating: ★★★

The first side of this LP is by an impressive big band assembled by Leonard Feather and conducted by Oliver Nelson, who also scored the selections. Despite the number of first-class jazzmen in the personnel, however, only Newman, Woods, and Terry are featured. Hopefully, other tracks were recorded by the band and will appear in later volumes of this series, for what's heard on *St. Louis, Bird*, and *John Brown's* is impressive.

St. Louis is a tour de force for Newman, who builds a brilliant solo that ranges from a poignant, almost hesitant beginning to a leaping, triple-meter climax that had me hanging on to my chair. An equal share of the credit for the success of the performance must go to rhythm-

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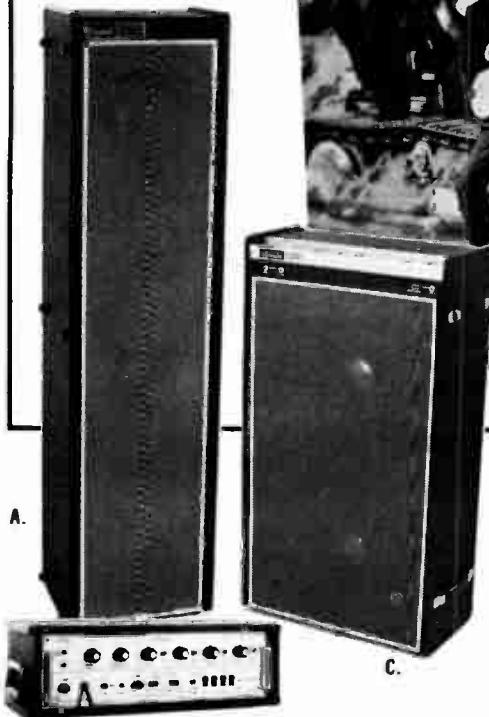
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section men Carter and Tate.

Newman and Terry split the solo honors on *John Brown's*. After a warm and amusing exchange section, the two trumpeters try some collective improvisation, but while it might have been great fun at the studio, it sounds a bit chaotic at home.

Woods is typically, and appropriately, fiery on *Bird*, a theme written by Feather. Woods is one of the most satisfying altoists in the hot Charlie Parker tradition, and he is in fearsome form here, as he eats up the changes.

Nelson's scores are, as always, well crafted, but they are sketchy and sound as if little time were put in on them. The most fetching is *John Brown's*, a semi-rock arrangement of *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*.

The second side of the record is made up of leftovers from previous sessions.

OGD has good Montgomery guitar—both single-string and octave—and romping Smith organ. It is a spirited, though not particularly memorable, performance.

Eileen, an Eric Dixon blues, is a typical example of the well-oiled, efficient Basic machine. Dixon has fashioned a familiar-sounding, "cute" theme for his flute and Aaron's tightly muted trumpet. Both solo competently, but the most satisfying soloist is the leader, who gets in a couple of to-the-point choruses to start things off and then comes back for another one before the band takes it out.

The Hines-Hodges track is nothing out of the ordinary. The co-leaders go through familiar motions in their solos, and the other soloists—Burrell and Davis—sound boxed in by the surroundings.—DeMicheal

Various Artists

BENNIE MOTEN'S KANSAS CITY ORCHESTRA, 1923-1929—Historical Records, Vol. 9: *18th Street Strut; Things Seem So Blue to Me; South Street Blues; She's Sweeter Than Sugar; Elephant Wobble; Crawford Blues; Let's Do It; Kater Street Rag; Sister Honky Tonk; Sugar; Dear Heart; Evil Mama Blues; Break o' Day Blues; Moten's Blues*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-4, 8, 9—Lamar Wright Sr., Harry Cooper, cornets; Thamon Hayes, trombone; Woody Walder, Harlan Leonard, reeds; Moten, piano; Abe Bolar, bass; Sam Tall, banjo; Willie Hall, drums; William Little Jr., vocals. Tracks 5, 6, 12, 13—Wright; Hayes; Walder, clarinet; Moten; Tall; Hall; Ada Brown, vocals. Tracks 7, 10, 11, 14—Ed Lewis, Booker Washington, cornets; Hayes; Leonard, Walder, Laforest Dent, Jack Washington, reeds; Moten; Buster Moten, accordion; Leroy Berry, banjo; Vernon Page, bass; Willie McWashington, drums.

Rating: ★★½

CHICAGO: SOUTH SIDE—Historical Records, Vol. 10: *Once or Twice; Endurance Stomp; Yearning and Blue; Georgia Grind; Stomp That Thing; Nancy Jane; Mississippi Wobble; Strugglin'; Easy Come, Easy Go Blues; If You Want to Be My Sugar Papa; It Must Be Love; I Like What I Like When I Like It; I Need Lovin'; When It's Sleepy Time Down South*.

Personnel: Track 1—Punch Miller, cornet; Junie Cobb, clarinet, alto saxophone; Buddy Button, piano, vocal; Harry Dial, drums. Tracks 2, 3—Junie Cobb, trumpet, alto saxophone, clarinet; Thomas Gray, Jimmie Cobb, trumpets; Ed Atkins, trombone; George James, Cecil Irwin, reeds; Jimmy Blythe, piano; Eastern Woodfork, banjo; William Lyle, bass; Jimmy Bertrand, drums. Tracks 4-6—Roy Palmer, trombone; Darnell Howard, clarinet, alto saxophone; Bertrand, drums, washboard; unidentified banjo and bass. Track 7—Jimmy Wade, Miller, cornets; Preston Jackson, trombone; unidentified reeds; Alex Hill, piano; unidentified banjo, tuba, drums. Track 8—Johnny Dodds, clarinet; Blythe; Bertrand. Tracks 9, 10—Louis Armstrong, cornet; Dodds; Blythe; Bertrand. Tracks 11, 12—George Dixon, trumpet; Omer Simeon, clarinet, alto saxophone; Irwin; Bill Culbreath or Zinky Cohn, piano; Woodfork; Walter Wright, bass; Dial, drums, vocal. Tracks 13, 14—Jimmie Noone, clarinet;

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COLLECTOR'S ITEMS, 1922-1930—Historical Records 11: *Frankie & Johnnie Blues; Mistreating Daddy; Get Yourself a Monkey Man; Louisville Blues; Red Hot Dan; Get It Fixed; Dark Gal Blues; Lou; What a Wonderful Time; 18th Street Strut; Black Horse Stomp; Hot Coffee; Sweet Jenny Lee.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2—L. Herriford, Paul Howard, saxophones; Harvey Brooks, piano; Tincan Allen, drums. Tracks 3, 4—Bubber Miley, cornet; Bob Fuller, clarinet; Charlie Green, trombone; Louis Hooper, piano; Elmer Snowden, banjo. Track 5—Tom Morris, cornet; Buster Bailey (?), clarinet; Jimmy Archey, trombone; Fats Waller, organ, vocal; Bobbie Leecan, guitar; unidentified drums. Tracks 6, 7—same as Tracks 3, 4, except Rex Stewart, cornet, for Miley; Jake Frazier, trombone, for Green. Tracks 8, 9—Ernest Coyle, cornet; unidentified reeds, rhythm. Tracks 10-12—Morris; Ted Brown, saxophone; Fuller; Hooper; Herb Brown, banjo. Track 13—Doc Cheatham, Edwin Swayze, trumpets; DePriest Wheeler, Harry White, trombones; Arville Harris, Andrew Brown, Walter Thomas, reeds; Bennie Payne, piano; Charley Stamps, banjo; Al Morgan, bass; LeRoy Maxey, drums; Cab Calloway, leader.

Rating: ★★★½

These latest albums in the Historical Recordings series will appeal to students of early jazz and, especially in the case of the *Chicago: South Side* volume, those who like jazz regardless of historical considerations.

The Moten band was disciplined and had good arrangements, even in 1923, but it suffered from a paucity of soloists in its early days. Except for some muted trumpet spots, it is not easy to see the roots of Kansas City jazz in these recordings. True, the band swings, but Ben Webster, Walter Page, Lester Young, Buck Clayton, and the other K.C. men were shaped by forces greater than what is apparent here.

The *Chicago: South Side* album is one of the best reissue albums available anywhere and shows what can be done when care is taken in choosing the material.

New Orleans cornetist Punch Miller had blown into Chicago around 1928, and he made the *Once or Twice* track with Junie Cobb a year later. Erratic and independent, Miller was a sensation on the south side, and this track gives a good idea of what the commotion was all about.

During Burton's vocal, Miller plays innocent wah-wah figures and then flares into a solo, fluffing a few notes. He takes out the last chorus with clipped, driving phrases, playing in a most thrilling manner.

Endurance Stomp has good Blythe piano and spirited Bertrand drumming. The *Yearning and Blue* track is the only dog in the album.

More independent than Miller was trombonist Roy Palmer, who left New Orleans before 1914 and knocked around on river-boats before settling in Chicago in the '20s.

He made several recordings with Jelly Roll Morton on which his work was poor. The recordings in this album, though, were made in 1932 for Perfect under the name Alabama Rascals—they come as a revelation. His sound is marvelous, he has a fine ear, and he plays with such great emotional power that he appears to be best of the New Orleans trombonists.

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volved, wheeling around with gutbucket figures that hit the heart with force. On *Stomp That Thing* he moves rapidly from the lower to the upper register, showing extraordinary control over the instrument. Darnell Howard plays well on these recordings, but he, as well as the others, are in the shadow of Palmer's horn.

New Orleans trombonist Preston Jackson makes a good showing with Miller on *Mississippi Wobble*, but the notable thing here is pianist Alex Hill's successful efforts to swing over a puffing tuba.

Johnny Dodds' playing on *Strugglin'* is in his earlier, less harsh style, and his blues lines spill out in great beauty. Again, Bertrand's drumming is effective.

Discographer Orin Blackstone does not list Louis Armstrong on the *Come Easy* and *Sugar Papa* tracks, recorded in 1927 and issued on Vocalion as by Bertrand's Washboard Wizards, but it is unmistakably Armstrong. *Come Easy* is a romp, Armstrong's burnished playing and Dodds' weaving clarinet joys to hear. *Sugar Papa* drives, too, with Armstrong and Dodds taking breaks together.

Discographer Brian Rust identifies the trumpet player on *Must Be Love* and *Like* as George Dixon; Blackstone lists Shirley Clay. Regardless of the identity, the playing is excellent.

The two final tracks are rare Jimmie Noone recordings made in 1931. The texture of the ensemble sound is startlingly like that of contemporary avant-garde jazz, with saxophonist Pollack's phrases giving the illusion of floating free of the time.

Hines is a tiger. His piano solo on *Lovin'* starts with harmonic whole and half tones. Then he charges like a fiend and breaks up the last part of the solo with things that sound like Cecil Taylor's playing.

Noone's clarinet playing is superb. On *Sleepy Time* he comes in after Pollack's solo on the bridge with a beautiful trill, and in the last chorus, he sings in the upper register, intense, impassioned.

The *Collector's Item* album is a mixed bag.

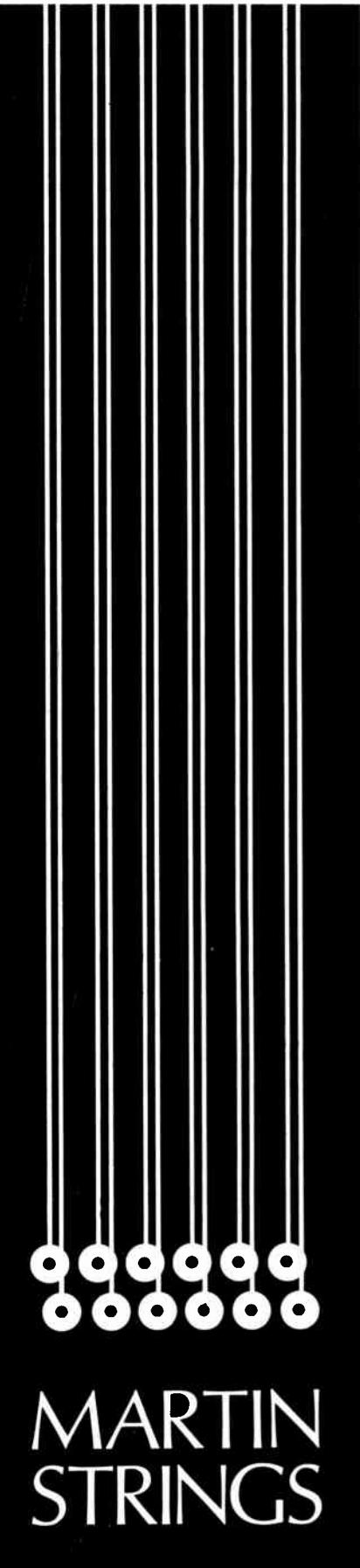
Lou was made by the California Poppies, a Sonny Clay group that features Ernest (Nenny) Coycault, a New Orleans cornetist who settled in California in 1914. He is a fine musician, not as blue as Punch Miller, Joe Oliver, or Louis Armstrong, but he plays with a driving swing.

The tunes—*18th Street Strut*, *Black Horse*, and *Hot Coffee*—featuring clarinetist Fuller and cornetist Morris are dull.

Get It Fixed and *Dark Gal* have young Rex Stewart, slightly unsure of himself, driving the lead. Guitarist Leecan and trombonist Archey are heard to advantage on *Red Hot*, which also has a scat vocal by Fats Waller. Rubber Miley's solid horn is notable on *Louisville Blues* and *Monkey Man*.

The Harvey Brooks tracks, recorded in Hollywood in 1923, sound much like early New York-style jazz. Cab Calloway's *Jenny Lee* reveals a Jean Goldkette influence, and Doc Cheatham takes a fine Bix Beiderbecke-like trumpet solo.

Vol. 11 is adequately annotated by Carl



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Kendziora Jr., but the other two have only the barest of notes. The technical reproduction job in all three albums is excellent. The records are produced by Arnold Caplin and are available at P.O. Box 1, Canarsie Station, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11236.

—Erskine

Chick Webb

THE IMMORTAL CHICK WEBB: STOMPIN' AT THE SAVOY—Columbia 2639: *Let's Get Together; Blue Minor; If the Moon Turns Green; Melancholy Baby; Sunny Side of the Street; Stompin' at the Savoy; If Dreams Come True; Louisiana Fairy Tale; Devil in the Moon; Darktown Strutters' Ball; Night Wind; Lonesome Moments.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2, 5-7, 10, 12—Mario Bauza, Taft Jordan, Reinald Jones, or Bobby Stark, trumpets; Sandy Williams, Fernando Arbelo, trombones; Pete Clark, Edgar Sampson, Elmer Williams, Wayman Carver, reeds; Joe Steele, piano; John Trueheart, guitar; John Kirby, bass, tuba; Webb, drums. Tracks 3, 8, 9, 11—Jordan, trumpet; Ward Sillaway, trombone; Johnny Mince, clarinet; Elmer Williams, tenor saxophone; Teddy Wilson, piano; Bobby Johnson, guitar; Kirby, bass; Eddie Dougherty, drums. Track 4—Frankie Newton, trumpet; Benny Morton, trombone; Jerry Blake, clarinet; Ted McRae, tenor saxophone; Wilson, piano; Trueheart, guitar; Stan Fields, bass; Cozy Cole, drums; Ella Fitzgerald, vocal.

Rating: ★★☆★

It's high time for a Webb reissue in this country (there have been several in Europe). However, this is a peculiar hodge-podge, and Webb is heard on only seven tracks.

The logical company to reissue Webb material is Decca, for which the little giant of the drums made most (and the best) of his records. But Decca is a lost cause, and Columbia, which has the rights to 12 Webb big-band sides from 1933-34, has now stepped into the breach.

Why not all 12, then? To be sure, some of the five titles not reissued here were "commercial"; but they would have rounded out the picture of the band and certainly were more logical choices than four average, small-band sides with Webb sidemen Jordan, Elmer Williams, and Kirby, and a solitary Wilson selection with Ella Fitzgerald, who was the vocalist with Webb.

The mystery is compounded when one knows that Columbia also has available four excellent sides by a studio band (the Gotham Stompers), which included Webb and trombonist Sandy Williams, and two by Jimmy Mundy's Swing Club Seven, which have superb Webb drumming.

Thus, the record at hand is a kind of lopsided tribute to one of the greatest drummers in jazz history. The big-band sides make the album, but in 1933-34 the band was still in its formative stage, and with a few exceptions, these samples don't fully show why it became so famous and what a remarkable drummer the leader was.

Still, this is better than nothing, and the exceptions are exceptional indeed: *Stompin'*, a classic-to-be in its first version; *Dreams*, another Edgar Sampson bull's-eye; and *Strutters'*, a sleeper issued in the United States for the first time in this set.

Though the band was only 11 pieces in 1933, it had a gifted arranger in Sampson, a great soloist in Sandy Williams, and a matchless drummer. Swing was in its infancy, and Webb was among those who

had helped to deliver the baby.

Stompin', in spite of the limited instrumentation, is already a performance equal to the best from the high-water mark of the style some four years later. Sampson knew how to score for swinging, in terms not only of flowing melody but also rhythmically apt phrasing. And Webb whipped the band into shape with his inspiring beat. In Kirby and Trueheart, he had excellent teammates, and the rhythm section was tight—but without the stiffness that marred most contemporaneous attempts at big-band swing.

Strutters' is an instructive lesson in just that difference if one compares it with the work of the Casa Loma Band of the time. The comparison is justified, since the ar-

rangement is in the then fashionable style: fast-paced and somewhat mechanical riff patterns, interspersed with brief solos. Webb & Co. make it swing where the Casa Lomans merely made it drive—and the difference is crucial.

Webb himself never overplayed; his aim was to make music, not noise. Here, in keeping with the size of the band and the restrictions of studio recording at that time, he often uses brushes, producing a fat, yet feathery, beat. He doesn't force himself on the band but makes everybody follow him.

One can hear on this record how well he cues the soloists and how he knows just what to play behind them to make them do their best. There are no drum solos, but there are a few spots where Webb plays

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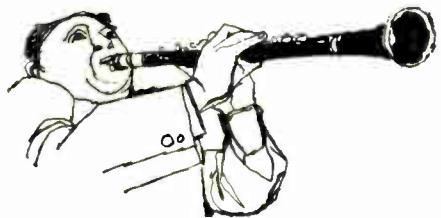
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fills and colorations, such as the last two choruses of *Strutters'*. (Webb recorded few solos; the most famous is *Liza*, on Decca.)

The band's featured soloists were trumpeters Jordan, Stark, and Jones, trombonist Williams, altoist-clarinetist Sampson, and tenor saxophonist Elmer Williams. *Sunny Side* is a Jordan showcase; he sings and plays in the manner of Louis Armstrong, and if imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then Satchmo must have been flattered indeed. Jordan is more himself (and more interesting) on his own small-band sides, but his best work was yet to come.

Stark, an inventive, underrated trumpeter, is heard too briefly to make a significant impression. Jones, later to become mainly a lead man, solos nicely on *Together* and *Ball*. Sampson's clean alto



(somewhere between Frankie Trumbauer and Benny Carter) and neatly phrased clarinet work is frequently heard (the liner credits Pete Clark with all clarinet solos, but he is heard only on *Strutters*). Tenorist Williams has an oozing sound and a rather bombastic style; on *Strutters*, he gets into a good Coleman Hawkins groove.

But the outstanding soloist, by far, is trombonist Sandy Williams. Though most of his spots are too short, he injects so much fire and emotion into them that one can tell, even by eight bars, that he was one of the greatest of swing trombonists. His muted solo on the pretty *Dreams* is masterly. On this track, Steele plays nice Harlem-style piano.

The small-group sides are of interest mainly for Wilson's excellent piano solos. In 1935, there was still a lot of Earl Hines in his playing, and those familiar only with his later, more restrained styled may be surprised.

Trombonist Sillaway, who has made few records as a soloist, plays pleasantly in a Jack Teagarden-Jack Jenny manner. Mince is tasty in a Benny Goodman vein, and the rhythm section is steady.

The tunes (except *Moon*, which is taken too fast) are nothing memorable, and the routines are the same on each title. With so many really first-rate performances from the period still unreissued, the world could have waited a while longer for these.

The Wilson-Fitzgerald track (already reissued on the currently available Harmony LP *Ella, Billie, Lena, Sarah*) is not up to the standard set by the Wilson-Billie Holiday collaborations, though young Ella sings pleasantly. Timme Rosenkrantz' liner notes, an excerpt from his book of jazz memoirs, are entertaining but have nothing specific to say about the music on this album or the strange rationale behind its contents.

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BLINDFOLD TEST

JACK SHELDON

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Jack Sheldon is a swinging, swimming anomaly. In recent years he has had four careers going—sometimes more or less simultaneously.

Born in Jacksonville, Fla., in 1931, he has been a Los Angeles resident since 1947. His mother, an aunt, and a cousin are all swimming teachers. Sheldon himself, a swimming instructor in Florida from the age of 12, has never given up the profession; he still occasionally gives lessons.

He has been playing trumpet since he was 13. After attending Los Angeles City College and serving in the Air Force, he played jazz gigs around town, not only with Shorty Rogers and the prevailing West Coast clique but also with Wardell Gray, Curtis Counce, Harold Land, Carl Perkins, and Frank Butler.

His third career started when, after big-band work with Benny Goodman and Stan Kenton, he toured with singer Julie London, developed some comedy and vocal routines, and broke them in as part of her show. Soon he clowned his way to the Steve Allen and Edie Adams television programs.

For a fourth life Sheldon became a professional television actor, working two regular series, *The Cara Williams Show* in 1965 and his own *Run, Buddy, Run!* in '66. Last month he was appointed music director of the new, syndicated *Las Vegas Show* on the United Television Network.

1. TED CURSON. *Reva's Waltz* (from *The New Thing & The Blue Thing*, Atlantic). Curson, trumpet, composer; Bill Barron, tenor saxophone; Herb Bushler, bass; Dick Berk, drums.

Well, I like the tune—I don't know who it was; it sounded like John Hardman on the trumpet. Or Blue Mitchell? The tenor player sounded a little like Coltrane.

I liked the theme. I liked the drummer, and I liked the bass player. The trumpet player was good; I liked him.

I'll give it four stars. I think it's very good—how old are these guys?

2. ENCYCLOPEDIA OF JAZZ ALL-STARS. *John Brown's Blues* (from *Encyclopedia of Jazz in the '60s*, Verve). Clark Terry, Joe Newman, trumpets; Hank Jones, piano; Eric Gale, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Oliver Nelson, arranger-conductor.

That's Clark Terry.... I don't know who that other guy is, unless it's Harry Edison; it seemed a little fast for Sweets, though. One of the guys is playing with a plunger—boy, that's really a hard one.

I give it five stars though; I like it. I can't stand the suspense of not knowing who it was!

I liked the rhythm section, and the saxophones sounded real good. It was kind of a rock-and-roll beat, wasn't it?

What was that, an original tune?

LF: No, that was *John Brown's Body*. JS: I thought I'd heard it somewhere!

3. HUGH MASEKELA. *From Me to You* (from *Hugh Masekela's Next Album*, MGM). Masekela, trumpet.

Who is that? Donald? No, maybe it isn't.... I don't know who it was. It sounded like a lot of young guys. The guy sounded like he had a real huge mouthpiece on the trumpet—he gets a big sound.

If it's Donald Byrd, I'll be.... No, it couldn't be Donald; I'm sure it wasn't.

I liked the tune, sort of. It went back and forth a fourth or something. I'd give it, maybe, two stars.

4. NAT ADDERLEY. *On My Journey Now* (from *Live at Memory Lane*, Atlantic). Nat Adderley, cornet, composer; Joe Zawinul, piano; Victor Gaskin, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums.

I give it about three stars. I like the rhythm section, and I like the trumpet player's sound. It just sounded like a lot of other stuff. It wasn't very different or anything. It wasn't very individual.

5. THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS. *Once Around* (from *The Jazz Orchestra, Solid State*). Bill Berry, trumpet; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Hank Jones, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Lewis, drums; Thad Jones, composer.

I thought first it was Miles' bass player, Paul Chambers. He sounds a little bit like him.

They sound a little bit white, but I give them five stars. Are they mostly white guys? I think it's Pepper Adams, and Thad Jones playing the trumpet. And Richard Davis—I've never seen him or heard him, but he's good. I could tell Mel, because I worked with him for years at the Crescendo with Dave Pell.

I hope it's that band. It's a very together band, perfect almost. In fact, I would have liked a mistake somewhere. I liked the piano player—liked the way he played alone. It's hard to do that.

6. GERALD WILSON. *Carlos* (from *The Golden Sword*, Pacific Jazz). Jimmy Owens, trumpet; Wilson, composer.

Now this is Donald Byrd.... It sounded like Donald Byrd to me, with Stan Kenton. I give it four stars because it was such a big sound.



It seemed at times like it was up in a rather high register to be Donald Byrd, but still that's the closest one I could think of.

On second thought, I don't believe it was Stan Kenton; although it could have been his band with this trumpet player added as guest soloist or something.

The orchestration was very Mexican, and I liked that. I also dug that one-note thing that he hit in here a couple of times. Very well done.

7. MARIACHI BRASS. *Phoenix Love Theme* (from *Hats Off*, World Pacific). Chet Baker, fluegelhorn.

I recognized who that was immediately, of course—it had to be Chet. He is just great.

I won't give it five stars, though; I'll have to keep it down to four, because on this particular thing he was just doing something commercial, going along with an idea for the money, I guess. But I think he's one of the real great, important musicians.

The first fluegelhorn Chet ever had—I got one from City College when we were kids about 15 or 16, and he had a silver Selmer, and he hit it against some car or something, and I loaned him this fluegelhorn, and that's the last I ever saw of it; I think he pawned it in San Francisco.

He sounds just great, doesn't he? He gets a beautiful tone. I recognized him right away because I've known him and his playing for so long—about 20 years. I've used him on records, too, and we played together on a lot of bands.

I haven't heard all these records—I mean in this particular album—but judging by this track, if it's typical, I'm sure they don't really show his full ability. [CB]

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(Continued from page 16)

days at the Parisian Room . . . The "after" afterhours activity continues at the Tropicana with two groups alternating between 6 a.m. and noon, or sometimes till 1 or 2 p.m. The main group there is **Bruz Freeman's quartet** (Herman Riley, tenor saxophone; Bill White, piano; Richard Taylor, bass; Freeman, drums). And a recent second group at the bloodshot bash was tenorist **J. R. Monterose's quartet** (Tommy Flanagan, piano; George Morrow, bass; Will Bradley Jr., drums). Sitting in with them was tenor man **Art Pepper** (he hasn't been heard on alto for quite a while) . . . The **Ray Johnson Duo** (Johnson, organ, vocals; Maurice Miller, drums) closed at the Aladdin after six months and moved to the Swing in Sherman Oaks . . . The **Art Graham Trio** remains at the Scene on Sunset Strip, but it finished its series of Friday night cocktail-hour sets at the Olympian. Pianist Eddie Cano followed Graham into the Olympian . . . Rabbi Sanford Shapiro, of Temple Emanuel in Beverly Hills (he brought **Duke Ellington** in last year to perform his concert of sacred music), has commissioned **Joe Masters** to write a "Sabbath Service," which will be premiered later this year or early next. The commission came about after Rabbi Shapiro heard Masters' *Jazz Mass* . . . The **Four Freshmen** received a special citation from the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors for their "contributions to the armed services" . . . The **Phil Moore III** Trio is doing four nights a week at the Intermision Room.

Chicago: Singer-altoist Eddie (Clean-head) Vinson closed at Stan's Pad in mid-May and was followed by singer **Jimmy Witherspoon**. Vocalist **Lorez Alexandria** is scheduled to open at the club June 14. On Mondays and Tuesdays local groups rotate. Reed man **Jimmy Ellis** leads the house band . . . The Contemporary Music Society, based at the University of Chicago, brought in pianist Andrew Hill for a May 7 concert. With him were bassist Charles Clark and drummer **Thurman Barker**. Sitting in were reed man Roscoe Mitchell and bassist **Wilbur Ware** . . . Altoist **Anthony Braxton** led his group (tenorist Maurice McIntyre, violinist Leroy Jenkins, bassist Clark, and drummer Barker) in concert at Ida Noyes Hall on the U. of C. campus May 12 . . . Tenorist **Sandy Mosse's quartet** (Stu Katz, piano; Fred Atwood, bass; Tom Kronquist, drums) is an attraction at the South Shore Open House weekend this month; the group will play a free concert June 11 at St. Margaret's Episcopal Church, 2555 E. 73rd St. . . Northwestern University's Jazz Workshop Band unveiled several new compositions by its members at a May 11 concert at Cahn Auditorium in Evanston, where the school is located. **Ted Ashford** is the 19-piece band's director . . . Singer **Teddi King** closed a two-weeker at the Playboy Club May 28 . . . Mister Kelly's reopened May 15. Backing the name singers and



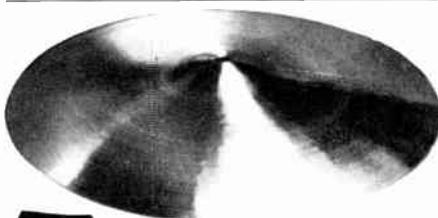
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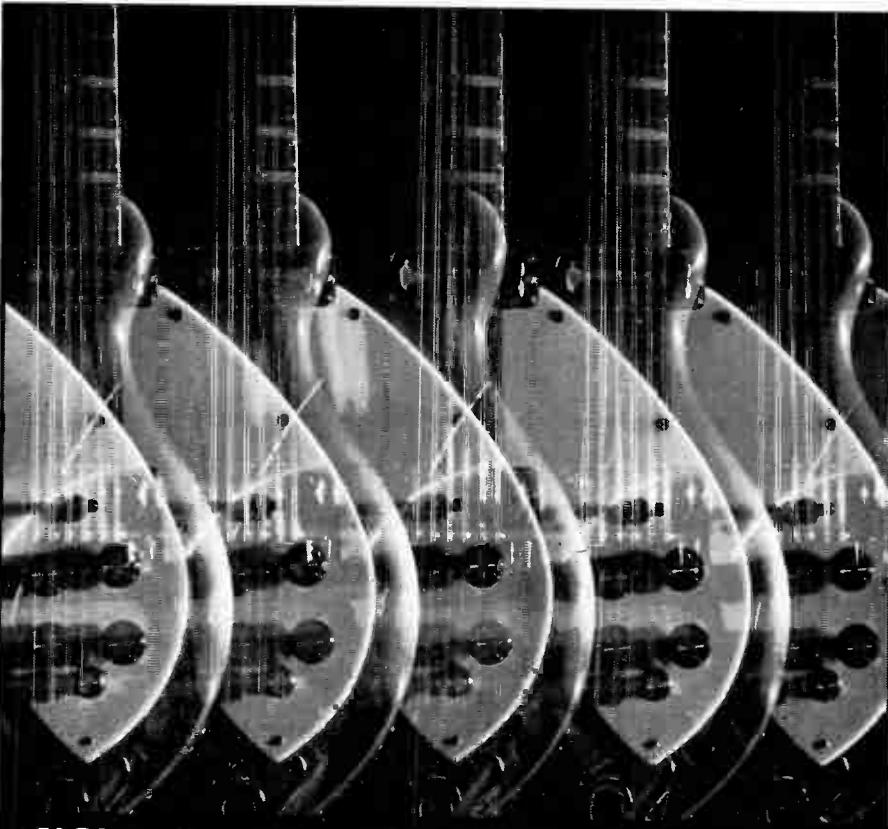
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comedians there are the trios of pianist Larry Novak (Friday-Tuesday) and bassist John Frigo (Wednesday-Thursday) . . . The Chneck Banks Sextet performed in concert at DePaul University May 11 . . . Altoist Troy Robinson led his 15-piece Jazz Musicians Workshop Band in concert May 7 at the workshop headquarters on Cottage Grove Ave. . . . The Organization of Afro-American Arts hosted a concert with reed man Roy Crawford's Jazz Prophets (Michael Davis, trumpet; Bill McFarland, trombone; Richard Brown, piano; Donnie Clark, bass; Al Watkins, drums) May 28. On May 26, the Prophets played a concert at Crane Junior College. The group also has been working Tuesday nights at the White Elephant Club . . . Multi-instrumentalist Philip Cochran's Artistic Heritage Ensemble played a concert May 2 at Loop Junior College and for the "Festival of Nations" celebration at the International House on the U. of C. campus . . . The Cannonball Adderley Quintet and singer Nina Simone drew a full house to their joint concert last month at the Civic Opera House.

Philadelphia: This city's 52nd St. is swinging these days, even if it doesn't rival the golden era of New York City's street of the same number. Paul Myers is booking name jazz artists into his Aqua Bar, leading off with reed man Yusef Lateef, who was followed by singer Irene Reid, backed by pianist Jimmy Golden; altoist Lon Donaldson; and tenorist Stanley Turrentine. Pianist Ahmad Jamal and trumpeter Hugh Masekela are also booked . . . Also on 52nd St., singer Liz Coleman appeared with pianist Demon Spiro at Scotty's Lounge . . . Singer Johnny Hartman shared the Cadillac Club stage with vocalist Cecil Miner for a week . . . Drummer Elvin Jones sat in with McCoy Tyner during the pianist's recent weekend at the Postal Card. Former West Coast bass man Earl Mathis, back in town, also played at the downtown club. Another recent Postal Card attraction was a Battle of Songs with singers Evelyn Simms, September Rice, and Eula Lawrence . . . Trumpeter David Phelps played at a Sunday Musicians' Club session . . . Trumpeter Charles Chisholm's new LP with saxophonist Frank Gatlin, recorded live at the Lee Cultural Center, has been released on the Quaker City Jazz label . . . The outdoor concert series at Robin Hood Dell ignores jazz, as usual. But the city-sponsored Philadelphia Arts Festival May 15-June 6 has scheduled a number of afternoon jazz concerts . . . St. John Terrell has several jazz attractions booked for his Lambertville Music Circus, including the Stan Kenton Orchestra and the groups of pianists Ramsey Lewis and Dave Brubeck . . . Reed man Byard Lancaster played a weekend date with his avant-garde group at the Gay Paree. Lancaster also was one of the musicians who took part in the Sunday afternoon sessions and morning services at St. John's Episcopal Church in Camden. The Collaborators are featured at the church concerts . . . Pianist Marian McPartland played a concert at Lower



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Moreland High School. Her husband, cornetist **Jimmy**, also played, with a big band led by **Clem DeRosa** . . . Alto saxophonist **Phil Woods** played a concert at Council Rock High School with the school's stage band . . . Accordionist **Art Van Damme** was featured at a concert at Lambertville (N.J.) High School . . . Tenor saxophonist **Charlie Ventura** appeared for three nights with drummer **Tony DeNicola** at the Jolly Roger in Penndel . . . Trombonist **Benny Morton** was a recent Sunday night attraction at Club 50 in Trenton.

Boston: The first annual Boston American Festival of Music was a success. Two of the evenings were devoted to blues and

jazz with **Muddy Waters'** blues band, **John Lee Hooker**, the Siegal-Schwal Band, **Carmen McRae**, **Buddy Rich**'s band, **Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers**, and the **Herman Stevens** Gospel group . . . Flutist **Herbie Mann** gave a concert at the New England Life Hall in May . . . Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike featured **Thelonious Monk**'s quartet for a week last month. The following Monday was a drum night, drawing the biggest crowd in the history of Lennie's. Featured drummers were **Alan Dawson**, **Jimmy Cobb**, and **Elvin Jones**, with altoist **Jimmy Mosher**, trumpeter **Paul Fontaine**, pianist **Berry Velleman**, and bassist **Rick Laird**. The next night Lennie's presented saxophonist **Sonny Stitt**, backed by pianist **Rollins Griffith**, **Laird**,

and **Dawson**. Pianist **Ahmad Jamal**'s trio was on hand for the following week . . . The Jazz Workshop presented vibist **Red Norvo** with altoist **Mosher**, guitarist **Attila Zoller**, bassist **John Neves**, and drummer **Peter Donald** for a week. Following **Norvo**, the **Cannonball Adderley** Quintet did a week at the Workshop, after which guitarist **Charlie Byrd** and his group (**Hal Posey**, cornet; **Joe Byrd**, bass; **Billy Rickenbach**, drums) came in for a week . . . Trumpeter **Joe Thomas**' quintet did three weeks at Estelle's . . . A new big band co-led by trombonist **Dick Wright** and bassist **Tony Eira** played two nights recently at the Starlight Lounge in Allston and one night at the Village Green in Peabody. Organist **Bill Doggett** and his group also worked a week at the Starlight Lounge . . . Connolley's featured tenorist **Zoot Sims** with the house rhythm section for a week, followed by a two-week appearance by tenorist **Houston Person** with organist **Walter Radcliff** and drummer **Frankie Jones**.

Milwaukee: WAWA-FM began broadcasts from the Brothers Lounge on Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday nights. The **George Pritchette** Trio is playing there. The club also has sessions on Sundays . . . Blues singer **Bukka White** did a weekend at the Avant Garde coffee house in late April . . . The **Si Zentner** Band played a one-nighter at Devine's Ballroom recently . . . The **River Boat Ramblers** were booked for a Sunday afternoon concert at the Merrill Hills Country Club in late May . . . The Ad Lib Club brought in trumpeter **Smoky Stover**'s Dixieland quintet and singer **Joe Williams** in May. Saxophonist **Sonny Stitt** begins an engagement there June 15. Guitarist **Wes Montgomery** is slated for a November date . . . The **Frank Sinatra-Buddy Rich** concert at the Dane County Memorial Coliseum in Madison on July 8 already looks like a sellout for both performances. Seating capacity at the hall is 8,500 . . . Educational station WMVS-TV featured two jazz groups from the University of Wisconsin in Madison May 5 and 12.

Detroit: During the appearance of multi-instrumentalist and raconteur **Roland Kirk** at the Drome, he sat in with bassist **Ernie Farrow**'s quintet (**John Hair**, trombone; **Joe Thurman**, tenor saxophone; **Teddy Harris**, piano; **Bill Hardy**, drums) at Eddie's Latin-American Restaurant on Grand River . . . Reed man **Yusef Lateef** has his quartet at the Drome June 2-11 and after that—if Detroit jazz fans don't come out—it may go go-go or psychedelic or rock-and-roll or rhythm-and-blues . . . Over at Baker's Keyboard Lounge it will be jazz all summer long. Pianist **Claude Black** will be featured on the same bill as comedian **Redd Foxx** through June 2. The **Ray Bryant** Trio and the **Monty Alexander** Trio will appear back to back for 10 days starting June 9. Also booked for Baker's in the near future are pianists **Ahmad Jamal**, **Ross Wells**, **Oscar Peterson**, and **Les McCann** . . . Drummer **Frank Isola** has been playing at the Whittier Hotel and is to open at the Sibley



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Gardens Restaurant in nearby Trenton on Fridays and Saturdays with tenorist **Dick Luzon**'s quartet. Isola also will be playing at **Cliff Morris'** Tropics Theater in the Wolverine Hotel in downtown Detroit afterhours on Fridays and Saturdays . . . Drummer **Ted Linderme**, pianist **Bob McDonald**, and bassist **Frank Vojeck** appeared in a recent concert for the Women's Committee for Peace. . . . The **Jack Hyde** Trio is now appearing six nights a week and Saturday afternoon at the Tropicana Lounge in Lansing . . . While the **Keith Vreeland** Trio (Vreeland, piano; **Dick Wigginton**, bass; **Jim Nemeth**, drums) was appearing at Bucknell University, its replacement to back vocalist **Mark Richards** at Momo's was a trio consisting of pianist **Tim Tomke**, bassist **John Miller**, and drummer **Geoff Smith**.

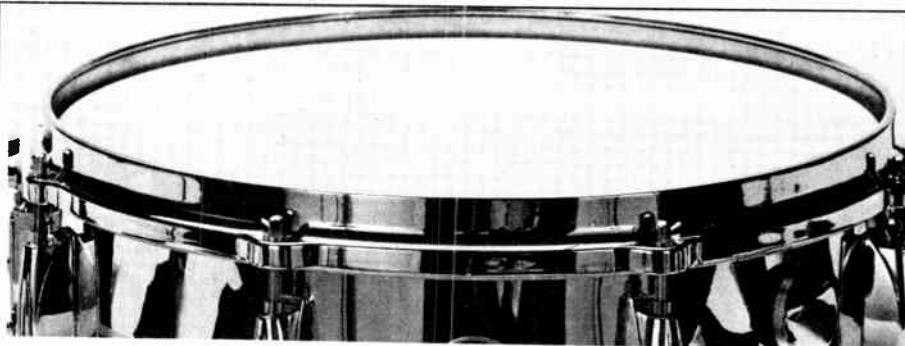
St. Louis: Guitarist-teacher **Dave Mortland** composed and recently recorded background music for a documentary film featuring **Vincent Price** . . . Arranger-composer **Oliver Nelson** was in town to conduct the Washington University Lab Band in concert. Unfortunately, it was booked on the same night as Jazz at the Philharmonic, and the attendance at both was obviously affected . . . Vibist-flutist **Gordon Lawrence** has a new group currently appearing at the Renaissance Room. The group includes pianist **Gordon Johanningmeir**, bassist **Harold Thompson**, and drummer **Howard Thompson** . . . The **Tony Connors-Binky Parker** Trio has things swinging at the Top of the Tower . . . The **Quartette Tres Bien** was back home last month for a date at Mr. C's La Cachette . . . Xitau Chapter of Phi Mu Alpha, the national collegiate music fraternity, presented its second annual jazz concert May 15 at Southern Illinois University's Edwardsville campus. Featured were the **Sam Andris Quartet**, the **Terry Van Septet**, and **Frank Kosman**'s 18-piece band.

Dallas: Late April saw one of the most active weekends for name jazz in Dallas when the **Woody Herman** Band, the Jazz at the Philharmonic troupe, and organist **Jimmy Smith** gave concerts. All three events took place the same weekend as the Longhorn Jazz Festival in Austin, but none seemed to suffer in attendance because of it . . . The **Preservation Hall Jazz Band** played a concert at the University of Texas at Arlington May 3. The band consisted of trumpeter **Dede Pierce**, trombonist **Jim Robinson**, clarinetist **Willie Humphrey**, pianist **Billie Pierce**, and drummer **Josiah Frazier** . . . **Hugh Lampman**, a former Dallas disc jockey turned promoter, booked pianist **Erroll Garner** for a May 28 concert. He announced that **Ray Charles** will give a concert here in mid-July . . . The **Ramsey Lewis** Trio was in town to give a concert May 19 . . . Sunday afternoon sessions continue to flourish at various clubs and at Woodman Auditorium . . . The trio made up of saxophonist **Sonny Stitt**, organist **Don Patterson**, and drummer **Billy James** is scheduled for a June engagement at the Club Lark.

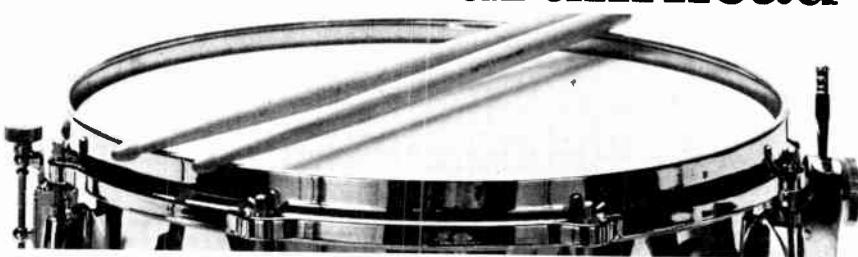
Las Vegas: Harry James' band returned to its home-away-from-home at the Flamingo for four weeks. Drummer **Sonny Payne** is featured . . . Gary McFarland conducted the house band for singer Julius LaRosa at the Sahara. McFarland did the arrangements . . . The Sands had another jazz first, booking congaist **Willie Bobo** for four weeks. The hotel followed with pianist **Sergio Mendes' Brasil '66** . . . Caesars Palace countered with the Latin-jazz offerings of the **Brothers Castro** from Mexico City . . . Pianist **Page Cavanaugh** revived his septet for a three-week gig in the Tropicana's Blue Room. With him were trombonists **Jimmy Guinn** and **John Boyce**, reed man **Joe Bonati**, guitarist **Charlie Pearson**, bassist **Chuck Kovacs**,

and drummer **Warren Bailey**. Singer **Anita O'Day** was also featured . . . Veteran trumpeter **Wingy Manone**, with son **Jimmy** on drums, is holding forth at the Silver Slipper.

Toronto: Pianist **Don Ewell** moved into the Colonial Tavern for a month's engagement. His group included clarinetist **Herb Hall**, drummer **George Reed**, and bassist **Jim McHarg** . . . **Big Miller** followed **Teri Thornton** at the Town Tavern . . . **Louis Armstrong** and His All-Stars, with clarinetist **Johnny Mince** making his debut with the group, attracted a crowd of 2,000 persons at the new Civic Center in Brantford, Ontario . . . **Helen O'Connell** sang at the Beverly Hills Motor Hotel for two



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JUNE 29

GUITAR ISSUE

ON SALE JUNE 15

weeks . . . Pianist Junior Mance's trio at the Park Plaza Hotel was followed by trumpeter Erskine Hawkins' quartet.

London: The Charles Lloyd Quartet will play two concerts at London's Queen Elizabeth Hall June 17 . . . Recently at

Ronnie Scott's club was the Johnny Dankworth Orchestra with vocalist Cleo Laine. They closed May 27. Preceding them at the club was tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman, who played two weeks with a trio led by pianist Lennie Felix . . . Pianist Mike Westbrook led an 11-piece band for a one-nighter at Scott's Old Place May 7. Pianist Chris McGregor brought his band into the club for a session during April. Other attractions at the club have included the Mike Scott Quintet, the Fat John Band, the Graham Collier Septet, and a quartet co-led by tenorist Bobby Wellins and trombonist Ken Wray. Singer Terri Quaye debuted at the Old Place with the Colin Purbrook Trio April 22. She will be doing a series of concerts at U.S. bases in Germany for two weeks in June and will be backed by vibist Dave Pike's combo . . . Trumpeter Bill Coleman opened his British tour with the Tony Milliner-Alan Littlejohn Sextet at the Osterley Jazz Club April 21 . . . For the week of April 17-22, pianist Michael Garrick's trio (Coleridge Goode, bass, Colin Barnes, drums), poetry reader Betty Mulcahy, and poets Jeremy Robson and John Smith were presented at the Mayfair Theater . . . A series of concerts of experimental music were held at the Commonwealth Institute in April. Among the musicians who appeared were baritonist John Surman and the Lou Gare-Keith Rowe avant-garde combo, AMM . . .

Pianist Teddy Wilson will play the Purcell Room, which adjoins the Queen Elizabeth Hall, June 13. He will be backed by the quintet of clarinetist Dave Shepherd. Clarinetist Peanuts Hucko appeared there with the Alex Welsh Band May 15.

Denmark: The Karavellen in the city of Aarhus is going discotheque, after an 18-month jazz policy, which brought in Yusef Lateef, Roland Kirk, Stuff Smith, and Don Byas, among others. The club is now being remodeled . . . The Montmartre in Copenhagen has had serious problems during the first months of this year, but things are beginning to look up. Tenorist Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis was featured during May, and tenorist Dexter Gordon will play through this month into July. In August, the owner of the club, Herluf Kamp Larsen, hopes to book reed man Lateef, who was the most popular soloist at the club last year. Pianist Kenny Drew and bassist Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen have been providing the accompaniment at the club . . . In August, Copenhagen will celebrate its 800th anniversary, and Danish radio is planning a jazz festival, with hopefully, either Miles Davis or Dizzy Gillespie as the main attraction. The festival plans also call for a performance of Johnny Dankworth's *Improvisations for Jazz and Orchestra* . . . Ray Charles, his orchestra, and the Raelets played Copenhagen April 24.

ZWERIN

(Continued from page 16)

"I have so many—so many—nominees for the best comedy record of the year."

I nominate Tony Randall as the best emcee of the year.

Intermission and more dancing with Woody Herman.

"Folks," Randall said. "Folks—excuse me, please—can we simmer down in the back of the house now? The sooner we get started, the sooner it's all over folks."

We simmered down, and things chugged along at about two-tenths of a revolution a minute until, after some confusion onstage, Randall said, "What can that be—that large object which so strangely resembles a piano? I know—it's a piano.

"And who can that strange man be?"

It was John Bunch, Tony (Benefit) Bennett's accompanist, getting the band started for his boss. As Bennett, dancing around with his microphone, sailed into *I Left My Heart in San Francisco* and the third hour of proceedings—I bade a premature fond farewell to the grand ballroom.

The next day I bought the papers to see who had won the jazz awards, but the *New York Times* didn't say, and the *World-Journal-Tribune* only carried a heartwarming story headlined "Steve Awards 'Granny' [sic]; It Goes To His Own Edie." So I called a friend of mine who had been there and asked him.

"I don't know, man," he said. "I was so bombed I can't remember a thing."

"You're lucky," I said. "I do."

JOHN KIRBY

(Continued from page 25)

O'Neil Spencer, whose excellent time-keeping kept them all on the ball.

John, in any other setting, probably would not have been chosen as the lad most likely to succeed. To the amazement of all who knew the man, Kirby's star as a bandleader began its ascendency. As a bandleader at the famed Cafe Society, a free-wheeling night club downtown, he was provided with the correct atmosphere to catapult the group into places that had had little or no swing music before—establishments like the Pump Room in Chicago, the Wedgewood Room in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York, and other such plush saloons all over the country.

Once the show was on the road, recording companies vied to get Kirby's name on a contract. Fan clubs sprang up. But he remained the same fellow from Baltimore. Although he'd become a big man, he still managed to give the appearance of an absent-minded professor staring at the world through rose-colored glasses.

Speaking of being absent-minded, the boys still enjoy relating Kirby's consternation when he arrived at a swanky club for an engagement, impeccable in his bowler, white scarf, and tuxedo, the total effect flawed only by his having on one black shoe and one brown.

Although musicians in general and the public adored the Kirby group, the jazz

critics did not care for his excellent and tasteful brand of music. The know-it-alls of the late '30s and early '40s felt that Kirby's approach was too stylized and overarranged, and this probably accounts for the regrettable lack of available commentary on his group.

As for John, he just laughed all the way to the bank. The jazz-band game is just about as uncertain as a horse race, but every now and then all the parts of the puzzle fall into place if one is lucky and also has an organization worthy of the chance. Lucky John at that time could have fallen into a sewer and found a diamond ring—and his fine group was eager to be heard.

Actually, Kirby's was not the first such group with this format. Kenneth Rhone, of Hartford, Conn., had formed a six-piece group in New York some years previously. Rhone, a trumpet player (and now an officer in Local 802) amazed Harlem with his avant-garde swinging and tight-knit arrangements. This excellent ensemble was unquestionably the forerunner of the Kirby approach and seemed to have a lot going for it, because all of the men doubled on instruments. This allowed a change of coloration that Kirby's group did not have. However, the element of luck must be considered, because Rhone didn't make it, and Kirby did.

The popularity of the Kirby records and the prestige of his theater and hotel dates opened still another door, and he was able to enter the even more lucrative field of radio. In 1940, Kirby's was the first Negro combo to be signed by a network (CBS), and it got a two-year contract for its own show—*Flow Gently, Sweet Rhythm*. The group also was heard on *Duffy's Tavern*, a popular program of the '40s.

His own show also featured a popular vocalist of the time, the extremely talented Maxine Sullivan. John and Maxine were married for several years, but the marriage ended in divorce. John's second wife, Margaret, married to him until his death, was very helpful in providing me with material for this article.

John's fame grew until the war years cast a blight, not only on him but also the entire band business. The decline in his fortunes began when his anchor man, pianist Kyle, was drafted. Kirby never recovered from this blow nor did he ever really replace drummer Spencer. Gradually, the odds changed, and every day became more dismal, as personnel problems, travel restrictions, and dubious bookings took their toll. Finally, Kirby gave up and resigned himself to poring over his scrapbooks, dreaming out loud of departed glory.

While he was in his heyday, John always encouraged others in the profession to take a chance. For example, the late Canada Lee, the noted actor, almost refused his memorable role as Daniel DeBosola in the 1946 Broadway production of *The Duchess of Malfi* because the part called for him to appear made up as a Caucasian. Kirby harangued Lee until he accepted the challenge and starred so brilliantly that he was summoned to Hollywood to appear in movies. Also, it is not generally known that it was Kirby who

played a significant role in convincing Lena Horne that she should accept her initial Hollywood offer. I am indebted to the late Buster Bailey for pointing out this facet of the Kirby personality.

Buster reminded me, too, about the days when he, John, and I were all members of the Fletcher Henderson Band. It may not be common knowledge that this band was one of the first, if not the first, eastern orchestra to make extensive road tours.

Touring was really a hassle those days and perhaps our biggest problem was the unavailability of food in the small burgs we played. This situation stemmed from the twin factors of discrimination and early closing hours in the smaller towns.

So when there was food to be had, we ate to make up for lost meals, which resulted in the Henderson band gaining a reputation for eating like a passel of hungry alligators. Kirby, being impressionable, fell into the pattern and tried to outeat everyone, especially when it came to the sweet stuff like pies and cakes. I remember the time he bought a dozen charlotte russes and devoured them at one sitting.

His craving for sweets over the years probably aggravated the diabetes to which he succumbed in Los Angeles in 1952. After the decline of "The Biggest Little Band in the Land" and despite being warned by physicians that Scotch and insulin were not compatible, John chose that way out. (CB)

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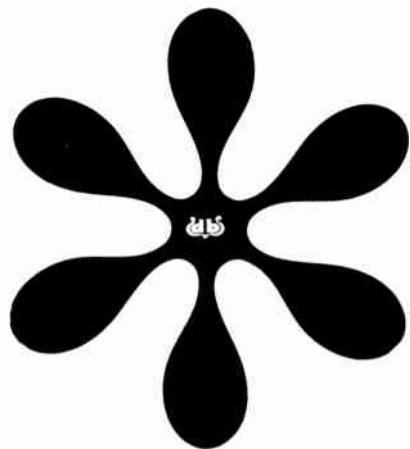
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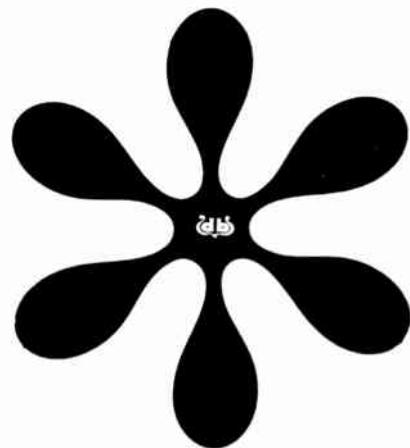
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WHERE & WHEN

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

NEW YORK

Ali Baba: Louis Metcalf.
 Apartment: Al Haig.
 Basie's: Harold Ousley, Sun.-Mon. Wild Bill Davis to 6/2. Charlie Erland, 6/4-16.
 Bear Mountain Inn (Peekskill): Vince Corozine, Fri.
 Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon.
 Charlie's: Lee Shaw, Thur.-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.
 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: Donald Byrd. Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun., afternoon, Mon.
 Forest Hills Inn (Forest Hills): Sonny Oliver.
 Garden Dis-Cafe: Eddie Wilcox, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry, wknds.
 Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano, Ray Nance.
 Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.
 Jazz at the Office (Freeport, N.Y.): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.
 Kenny's Pub: Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Thur.-Fri.
 Le Intrigue (Newark, N.J.): Jazz 'n' Breakfast, Sun.
 Leone's (Port Washington): Dennis Connors, Tony Bella.
 L'Intrigue: Jackie & Roy, to 6/4.
 Little Club: Johnny Morris.
 Marino's Boat Club (Brooklyn): Michael Grant, Vernon Jeffries, Bob Kay, wknds.
 Mark Twain Riverboat: Harry James, 6/2-24.
 Metropole: Gene Krupa to 6/10. Lionel Hampton, 6/12-25.
 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.
 Piedmont Inn (Scarsdale): Sal Salvador.
 Playboy Club: Walter Norris, Earl May, Nat Jones, Art Weiss. Mavis Rivers to 6/25.
 Pitt's Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Leon Eason.
 Pookie's Pub: Charles Mingus.
 Jimmy Ryan's: Don Coates, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown. Shephard'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.
 Toast: Scott Reid.
 Tomahawk Room (Roslyn): Ray Alexander, Mon.
 Top of the Gate: Daphne Hellman, Mon.
 Traver's Cellar Club (Queens): Sessions, Mon.
 Villa Pace (Smithtown, N.Y.): Johnny Jay, wknds.
 Village Gate: Miriam Makeba, 6/2-3, 6/9-10.
 Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon. Wes Montgomery to 6/4. Thelonious Monk, 6/13-25.
 Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

BOSTON

Chez Freddie: Maggie Scott-Eddie Stone.
 Driftwood: Jeftones.
 El Toro: Al Vega.
 Jazz Workshop: Count Basie, 6/26-28.
 Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: Stan Kenton, 5/29-6/1. Willie Bobo, 6/2-11. Rubin Mitchell, 6/12-18. Herbie Mann, 6/19-25. Wes Montgomery, 6/26-7/2. Joe Williams, 7/3-9.
 Maridor: Jay Conte.
 Village Green: Dick Creedon.

CHICAGO

Amphitheater: Frank Sinatra, Buddy Rich, 7/11.
 Baroque: Judy Roberts, wknds.
 First Quarter: John Klemmer, Sun., afternoon.
 Havana-Madrid: Bunkie Green, wknds.
 Hungry Eye: Three Souls, Mon.-Wed.

Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
 London House: Les McCann to 6/4. Ramsey Lewis, 6/6-18. Eddie Higgins, Larry Novak, hb.

Nite-n-gale (Highwood): Ted Ashford, Fri.-Sat.
 Office: Joe Daley, Mon.
 Opera House: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Joe Williams, 6/11.
 Panda: Gene Esposito, Tue.-Sat. Larry Novak, Sun.-Mon.
 Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ron Elliston, Joe Iaco, hb.
 Plugged Nickel: Sonny Stitt to 6/12.
 Pumpkin Room: Dave Shipp, wknds. Joe Boyce, Tue.
 Robin's Nest: The Organizers, wknds.
 Star's Pad: Jimmy Ellis, hb.
 White Elephant: Jazz Prophets, Tue.
 Yellow Unicorn: Eddie Harris-Dave Catherwood, Tue.

LAS VEGAS

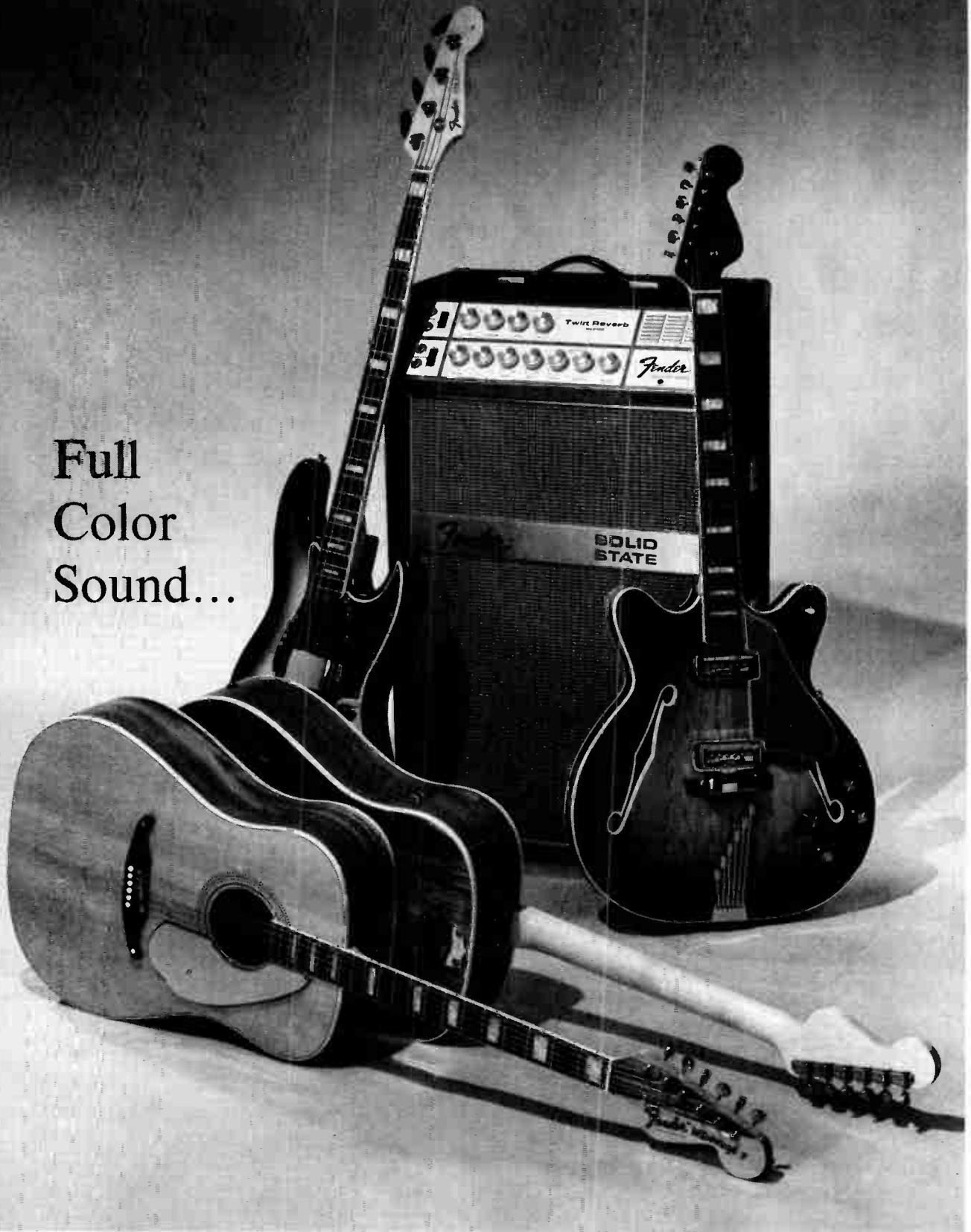
Aladdin Hotel: Billy Eckstine to 6/22.
 Flamingo: Ella Fitzgerald to 6/7. Harry James, 7/13-8/9.
 Sahara Hotel: Nancy Wilson, 8/22-9/12.
 Sands Hotel: Sergio Mendes to 6/6. Buddy Greco, 7/26-8/22.
 Tropicana Hotel: George Shearing to 6/8. Pete Fountain, 6/9-22. Maynard Ferguson, 6/23-7/13. Woody Herman, 7/14-8/10.

LOS ANGELES

Admiral's Dinghy (Playa del Rey): Jimmy Vann.
 Bonneville: Don Ellis, Mon. Walt Flynn, Sat.-Sun.
 Brass Ring (Sherman Oaks): Mike Barone, Frank Rosolino, Fri.-Sat.
 Buccaneer (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): Emil Richards, 6/1-3, 8-10. Pete Jolly, 6/15-17, 22-24, 29-7/1. Ruth Price, Dave Grusin, Sun. Mike Barone, Wed.
 Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Sonny Helmer.
 Frigate (Manhattan Beach): Dave Mackay, Vic Mio.
 Glenn's 374 Club: Maria Sayles.
 Hollywood Bowl: Stan Getz, Carmen McRae, Wes Montgomery, Michel Legrand, 7/22.
 Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner.
 Intermission Room: Phil Moore.
 Jazz Corner: Charles Kynard.
 La Duce (Inglewood): jazz nightly.
 Lemon Twist: Frankie Tamm.
 Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Three Sounds to 6/11. Gabor Szabo, 6/13-25. Mose Allison, 6/27-7/9. Cannonball Adderley, 7/11-25.
 Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz nightly.
 Marty's (Baldwin Hills): Oliver Nelson to 6/4.
 Memory Lane: jazz nightly.
 Olympian: Eddie Cano, Fri.
 Outrigger Room (Van Nuys): Matt Dennis.
 Parisian Room: Ralph Green, Kenny Dixon, Tyrone Parsons, Mon.
 Pied Piper: Jessie Davis, Ike Isaacs, Gerald Wiggins, Sun.
 Pilgrimage Theater: Lalo Schifrin, Paul Horn, 6/25.

P.J.'s: Eddie Cano.
 Playboy Club: Gene Palumbo, Bob Corwin, hb.
 Prime Rib (Newport Beach): Jan Deneau.
 Reuben's (Newport Beach): Edgar Hayes, Fri.-Sat. (Whittier): Tue.-Thur.
 Reuben E. Lee (Newport Beach): Edgar Hayes, Sun.
 Rudy Duck (Sherman Oaks): Stan Worth, Al McKibbon.
 Sandpiper (Playa Del Rey): John Sargent-Joanne Grauer.
 Shelly's Manne-Hole: Gabor Szabo to 6/11. Jack McDuff, 6/13-25. Three Sounds, 6/27-7/9. Gene Russell, Mon. Emil Richards, Sun. Shelly Manne, wknds.
 Sherry's: Mike Melvin.
 Sir Michael's (Commerce): Calvin Jackson, Susan Roberts.
 Swing (Studio City): Ray Johnson.
 Tiki: Richard Dorsey.
 Tropicana: Jimmy McGriff to 6/12. Jack McDuff, 6/28-7/10.
 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.

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