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67

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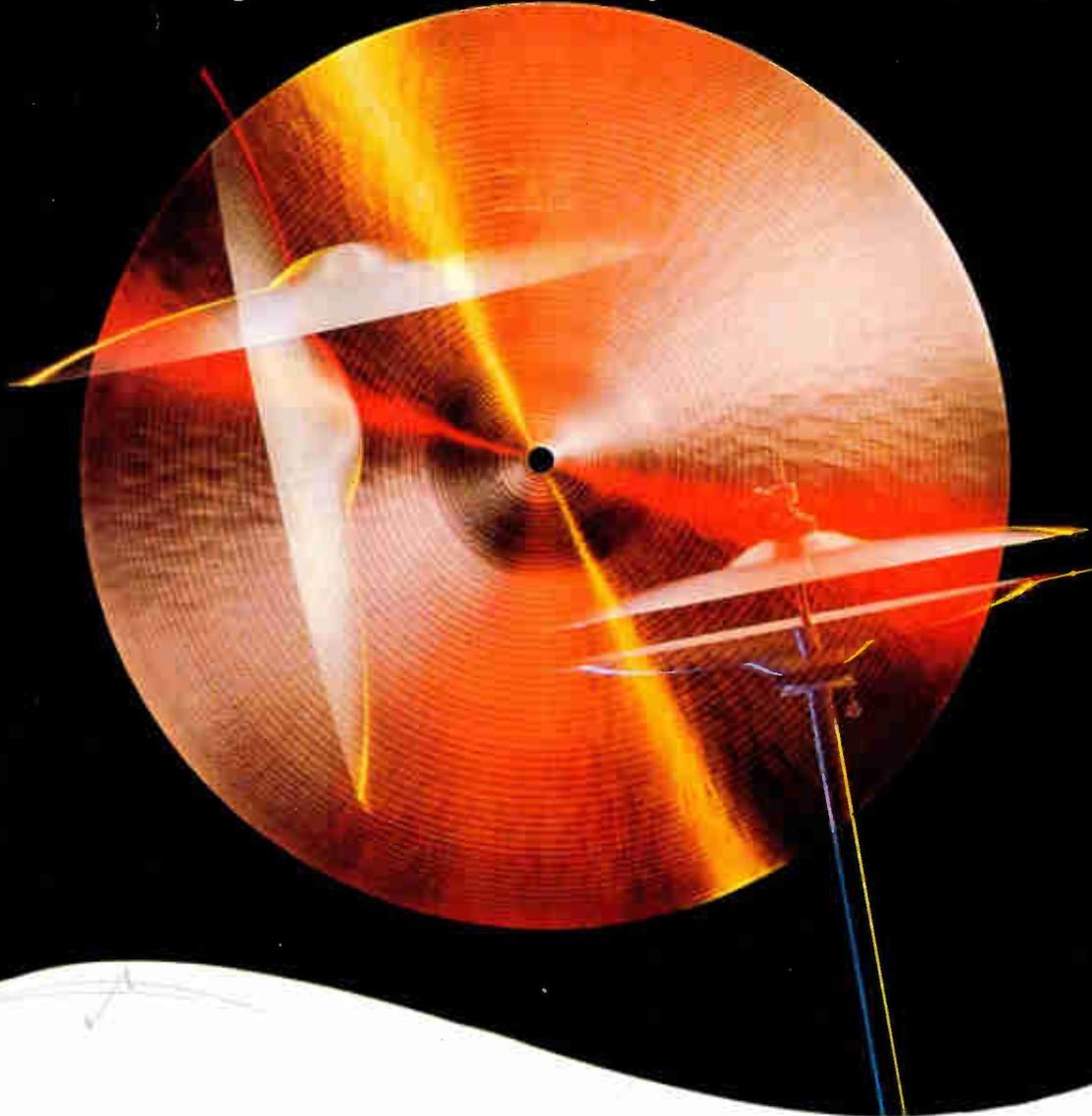


Is Jazz
Going Longhair?

THE LIFE PERSPECTIVES OF THE NEW JAZZ / BY NAT HENTOFF
 WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BEAUTY? / BY LEONARD FEATHER BLUES
 FOR THE WINDY CITY / BY BILL QUINN 31 YEARS OF DOWNBEAT
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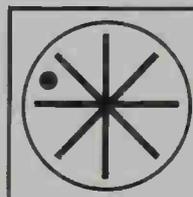
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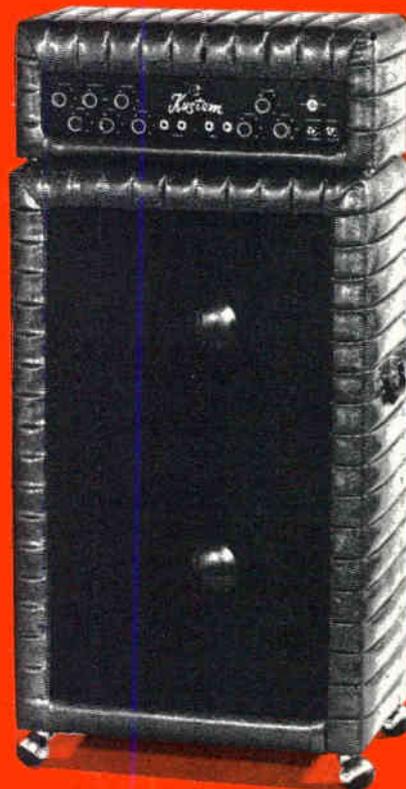
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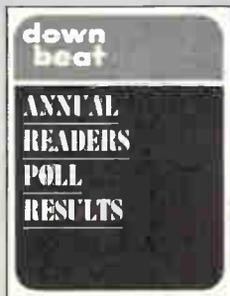
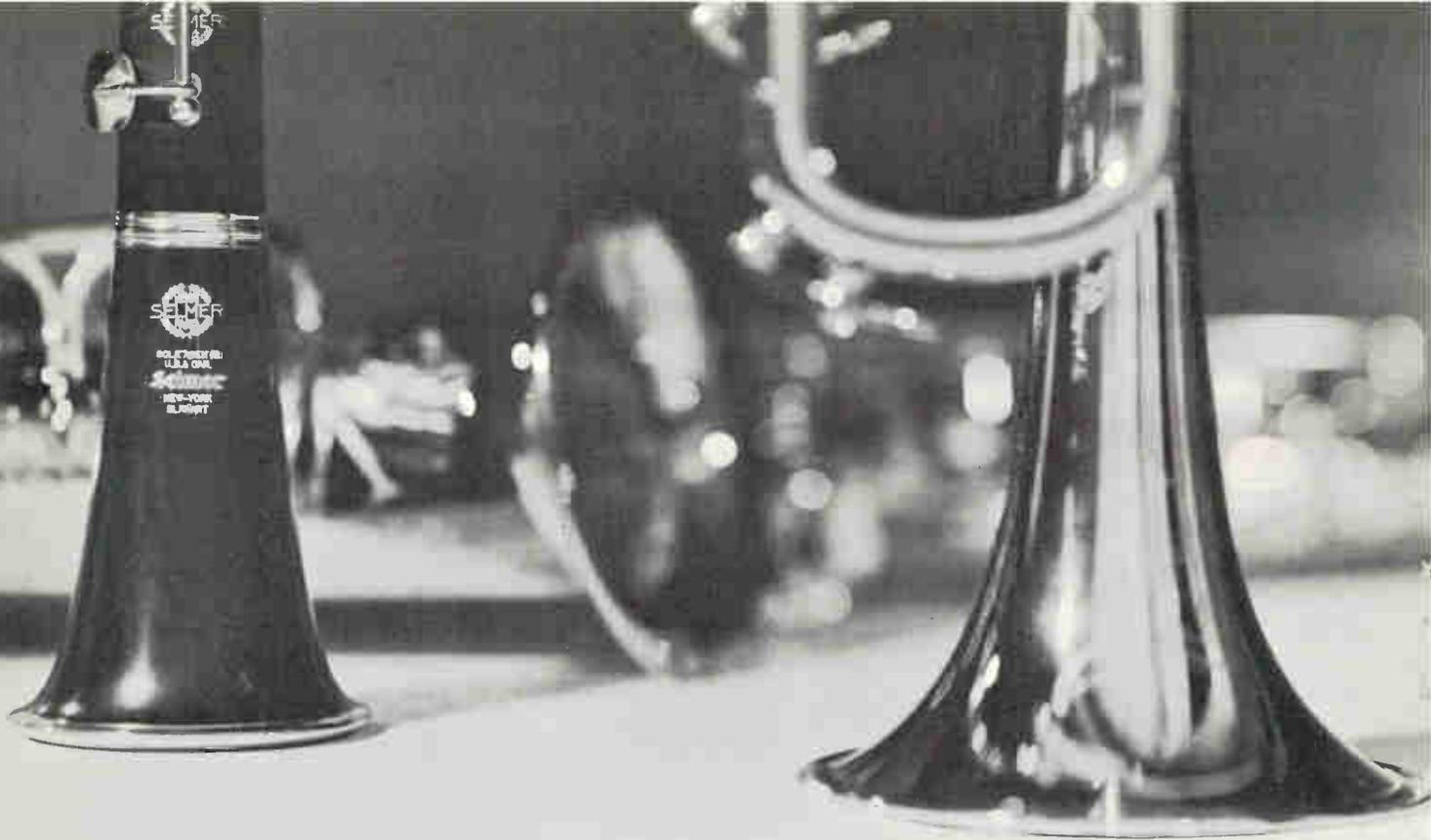
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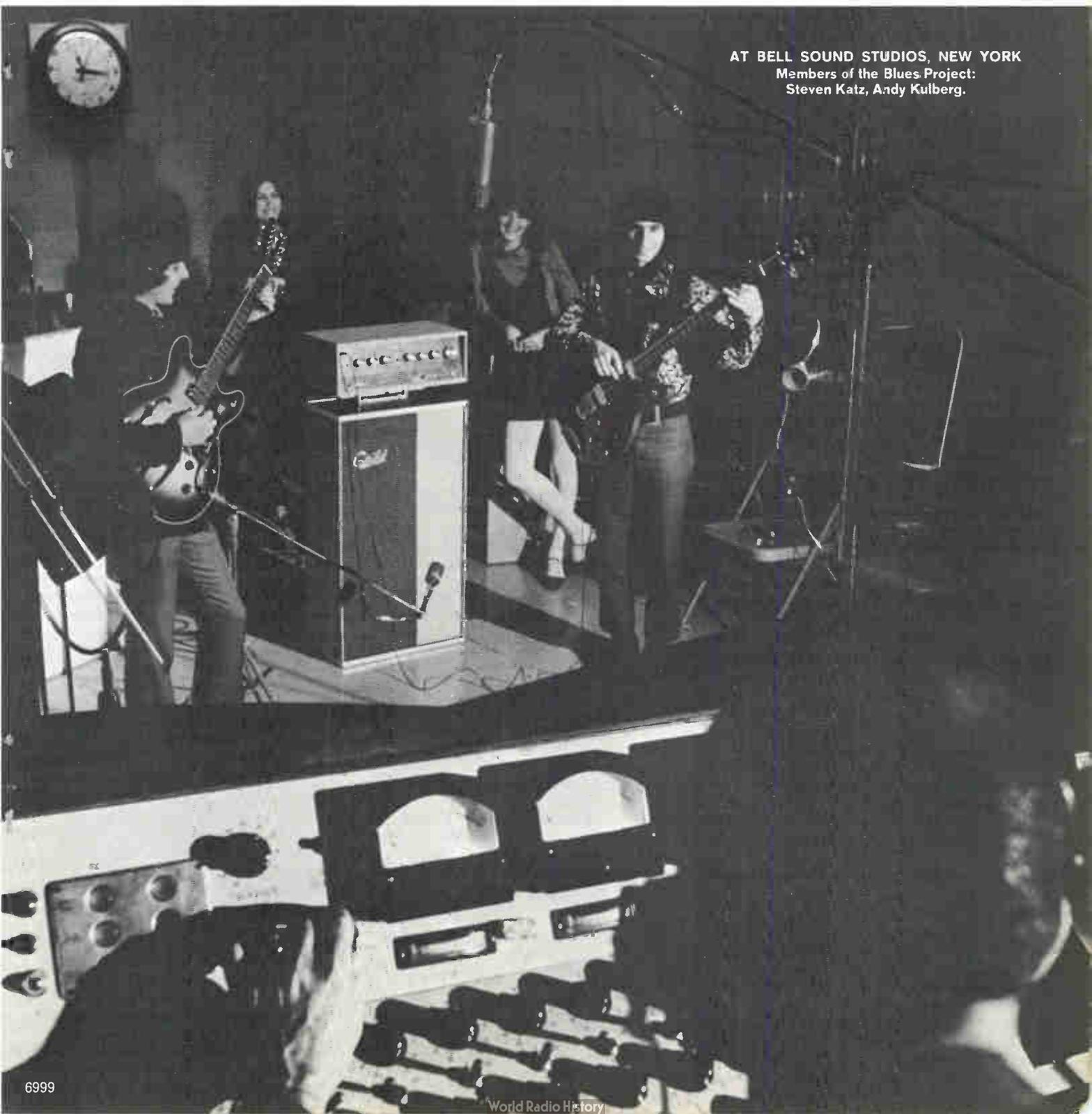
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THE GOVERNMENT should do something about the faltering state of jazz in the United States—during 1966 that was a growing sentiment among young jazz musicians and old critics. Most of those advocating federal aid to jazz had their eyes on the \$5,000,000 available for cultural projects deemed worthy of support by the National Council on the Arts. None of that money was given to jazz projects. And this, said the jazz boosters, was a crying shame.

Crying it was, but maybe not about the shame of it all. Only one formal proposal in jazz' name, as far as can be determined, was made to the council during 1966. Those who cried that jazz was being treated as a stepchild by the government were like children waiting for Santa Claus to hand them a bag of goodies simply because they were good children. Besides, the arts-council funds are limited to projects that raise matching funds, except in special cases. None of the criers made an attempt to raise such funds during 1966.

The arts council's \$5,000,000 was actually just a drop in the bucket compared with the amount of money available from other sources.

Numerous foundations never have been approached, formally, for grants to jazz projects. (It is not true that the big foundations have not helped jazz in the past—the Jazz Archives at Tulane University, for example, was the recipient of \$156,000 from the Ford Foundation.)

And in the government, there is the Office of Economic Opportunity—the wagers of the so-called War on Poverty. Only a tiny bit of the huge amount of money allotted for the government's fight on blight in the Great Society was used for jazz work during the year; there were a few concerts given in Chicago public schools during the summer, but that was about all.

It would seem that jazz musicians can make greatest inroads by an organized campaign to get poverty funds. Since most of this money is aimed at "uplifting" the Negro ghettos in large cities, jazz can be used as a source of cultural pride for Negro youths. Such a program would give work to indigent jazz musicians (and there were a lot of them in 1966). It could be expanded to include music workshops, which would offer even more work for the musicians and at the same time expose "culturally deprived" youngsters to an artistic discipline that they would find useful in other areas of life.

Given the unbelievable complexity of the federal government, it might seem that such a program could never be brought about, at least not without powerful friends in the government's red-tape structure. But even without friends—and jazz does have friends high in government—a poverty-fund program using jazz might come about in 1967. Such a program has been proposed to the Chicago public-school system, and there is a chance that it will be tried, even though there is fear of jazz within that establishment, which prefers to send string quartets to ghetto schools or think in terms of how best to teach Mozart when music culture is discussed ("jazz might get the kids too excited and then you've got a control problem," said one

public-school administrator).

That jazz can be helpful in the ghettos was shown by the work of bassist Ahmed Abdul-Malik in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn, the Jazzmobile program in New York City, and by several musicians in the Watts area of Los Angeles.

Abdul-Malik taught the area's children, organized them into various musical groups, and produced concerts that featured the youngsters as well as professional jazzmen. The organization sponsoring his work was the Bedford-Stuyvesant Youth in Action.

The Jazzmobile, co-sponsored by the Music Performance Trust Funds of the Recording Industries and Ballantine Brewing Co., played concerts throughout the summer at street-corner locations in the Negro and racially mixed sections of New York. The cream of the New York jazz fraternity played for scale on the truck-mounted bandstand.

In Watts, several bands of youngsters sprang up during 1966, thanks to programs directed by such musicians as Joe Lutcher, Henry Grant, and Edward Greenwood.

1966

In addition, many Los Angeles jazzmen gave concerts in the area. In August, on the first anniversary of the Watts riot, numerous jazz musicians participated in a three-day festival held in the area.

The ultimate solution to the use of jazz in socio-cultural matters would be an official jazz office within the federal government. Such an office could serve as a source of advice for the several government departments that use jazz—advice on what groups might be proposed for State Department tours, what jazz programs would help the War on Poverty, which writers might be asked to write government brochures on jazz, what jazzmen are playing overseas in the vicinity of trade fairs in which the Commerce Department is participating and would like to compete with the Russians' entertainment program, and so on. Such a jazz office also could co-ordinate jazz research projects now going on, particularly those at Tulane's Jazz Archives and the Institute of Jazz Studies, which was taken over by Rutgers University in 1966. Co-ordination would eliminate the possibility of duplicate research. Eventually the jazz office could make money available to fill the gaps in research.

But all that is something for the future.

In 1966 the government did find jazz of some use.

The State Department sent the Indiana University Jazz Band on a 15-week tour of India and the Middle East early in the year; Woody Herman's band toured Eastern Europe and Northern Africa for the department in the spring; and Earl Hines took a sextet to Russia, under State Department sponsorship, for eight weeks during the summer.

The way the government looks on jazz, however, was reflected in the sendoff it gave the Hines troupe and in the way it handled the tour. At a Museum of Modern Art concert, in a series *Down Beat* co-sponsored, a secondary government official gave a brief bon voyage speech. But earlier in the year, when the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra was about to depart on a State Department tour of the Soviet Union, U.N. Ambassador Arthur Goldberg gave the farewell speech, and the concert was at Carnegie Hall. When the Russians canceled Hines' appearances in Leningrad and Moscow, no protest was made by our government. The handling of the tour itself was botched, which is the normal

YEAR IN REVIEW

state of affairs on these tours—mail was seldom delivered to the members, baggage and instruments sometimes were missing en route, and there were other irritations, major and minor.

Another branch of the federal government came in for criticism when big-band fan and recording engineer Wally Heider stumbled upon the information that the Army planned to destroy 40,000 Armed Forces transcriptions, including many rare jazz performances. A chill went through jazz lovers, particularly Ralph J. Gleason, who bemoaned the proposed destruction in his syndicated column, *The Rhythm Section*. Help was quick in coming. A couple of senators put a few words in the right ears, and soon there was a statement from the Army denying the whole thing and stating that, in fact, the discs were being shipped to its communications facility in Los Angeles for redistribution. Still, such discs should be transferred to tape and placed in an official repository for the use of jazz researchers. But no one at the Library of Congress made a move to do so.

More pleasant than the State Department's or the Army's contact with jazz was President Johnson's personal use of the music.

Pianist Dwiki Mitchell and bassist Willie Ruff were taken along for musical relief during the presidential good-will visit to



Mexico, and the Stan Getz Quartet was flown to Bangkok to play for the King of Thailand near the end of the president's Asian trip. Getz also played at the president's White House reception for outstanding high school students and was a guest at Johnson's reception for chiefs of the Washington diplomatic corps.

BUT IF 1966 was a year of mixed blessings for jazz in Washington, it was a good one for big-band devotees, who thought they saw it all coming back.

Hines fronted a big band in public for the first time in two decades. Charlie Barnet came out of a five-year retirement to head a pick-up crew in Los Angeles and, later, in New York City; and Cab Calloway did his stuff in front of a large collection of top New York men. All these events, however, added up to *names* rather than *bands* coming back.

But the formation of two permanent bands—that of Buddy Rich and that co-led by Thad Jones and Mel Lewis—was not without significance.

The Jones-Lewis band limited itself to appearances in New York City, where its members make lucrative livings in the television and recording studios, and at the Newport Jazz Festival.

Rich's band, though, toured successfully. Early in the year, the drummer left Harry



James' band, with which he had worked on and off for a number of years, to form his own group. Based in Las Vegas, it worked engagements there and in San Francisco and Los Angeles before heading east for well-received runs at Basin Street East in New York and Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike near Boston.

Basin Street East was one of the havens for big bands during the year; besides Barnet's and Rich's engagements there, the Woody Herman Herd, singer Lloyd Price's 16-piecer, and a pick-up crew led by Ger-

ald Wilson made appearances at the bistro.

But the New York club that did most to give big bands a hand was the Mark Twain Riverboat, located in the Empire State Building. When the Mark Twain couldn't get permanently organized bands—such as Herman's, James', Duke Ellington's, Count Basie's, and the Glenn Miller Orchestra, which was taken over by clarinetist Buddy DeFranco early in the year—it hired former leaders, such as Hines and Calloway, and used local men to fill the sidemen ranks. Much of the club's policy was the result of booker Willard Alexander's enthusiasm for the big ones.

The Chez and Playboy clubs in Hollywood also were places of employment for big bands. The Chez, a new club, hired Rich, Barnet, and Herman, among others, during the year. The Playboy also had Herman, plus pick-up bands led by Maynard Ferguson, Terry Gibbs, and Red Norvo, in addition to the Gerald Wilson Band. The San Francisco and New York branches of the Playboy Club also occasionally featured big bands, though not as often as the Hollywood hutch.

Several clubs in Las Vegas spotlighted big bands, mostly ones made up primarily of local men (Las Vegas boasts a staggering number of excellent musicians) and fronted by such as Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, and Ferguson. But Basie and James

also worked in the gambling capital during the year, and there were occasional concerts by local rehearsal bands, such as vibist Tommy Vig's.

Trumpeter Don Ellis formed a large experimental band in Los Angeles and created a sensation with it at the Monterey Jazz Festival in September and the Pacific Jazz Festival, at Costa Mesa, Calif., in October. The band, which boasts three bassists and three drummers, specializes in odd time signatures and far-out compositions. Whether it is a harbinger of the shape of bands to come remains to be seen, however.

The Monterey festival also brought Gil Evans out of seclusion to lead a large group. The band did not receive as much praise as Ellis', but Evans kept it together a few weeks to play dates in the Los Angeles area and at the Pacific Jazz Festival.

Several one-shot big-band concerts took place in 1966, among them Gary McFarland's, Bill Evans', and Milt Jackson's in New York, Gerry Mulligan's (with Evans) and Cannonball Adderley's in Los Angeles, and Ramsey Lewis' in Chicago. Lionel Hampton, who broke up his big band in 1965 and formed a small group, led a large collection of his alumni—including such men as flugelhornists Art Farmer and Clark Terry, saxophonists Illinois Jacquet and Jerome Richardson,



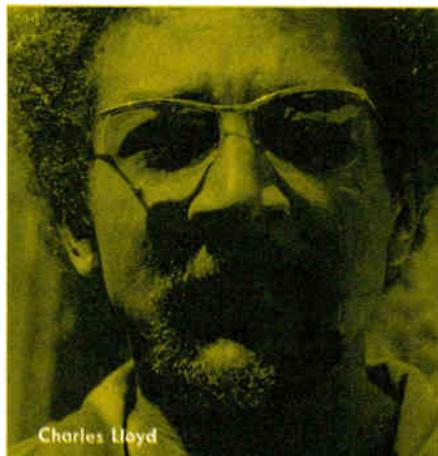
Don Ellis

pianist Milt Buckner, and guitarist Kenny Burrell—at a concert at New York's Lewisohn Stadium in the summer.

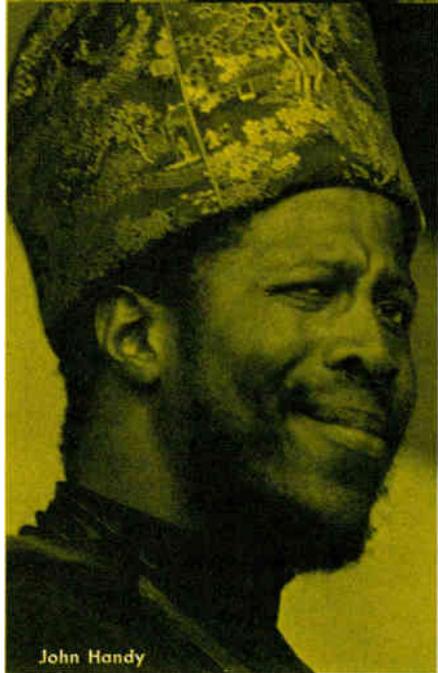
Ray Charles, as he has for several years, had a big band with him on his tours. Another popular singer, James Brown, also carried a big band with him.

Perhaps all this activity moved Stan Kenton to predict that the bands would return "in not less than three years," though he said they would be of a kind different from former ones. Kenton, who celebrated his 25th anniversary in music in 1966, toured the summer with a band of young musicians, mostly from the West Coast; he said that in 1967 he will increase the number of months he travels. But one of Kenton's pet projects, the Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra, seemed to have had it in the closing months of the year: after two seasons of concerts, the Neophonic was becoming too big a financial load to carry, and only two concerts this season were even talked about, and then only skittishly.

But if some saw the big-band picture framed in rosy hue, two veteran leaders did not—at least so far as getting musicians to endure the road for long. Woody Herman and Count Basie had so many changes of personnel that it was almost impossible to keep up with who was in the bands. Herman relied on young musicians, and hardly anyone knew their names. But Basie tried for established jazzmen, and when one came or left, it was news. Roy Eldridge took a trumpet chair with Basie in the summer but stayed only a couple of months. Sonny Payne and Rufus Jones,



Charles Lloyd



John Handy

with a bit of byplay from Louie Bellson, were in and out of the drum slot so often it was dizzying. Basie also lost two stars when trombonist Al Grey left to join Sammy Davis Jr.'s troupe and Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis decided to stay home for a while.

But if Basie, Herman, and Kenton had their problems during the year, Duke Ellington went his usual regal way. It was another vintage year for the master of them all: he toured Europe three times and Japan once; his concert of sacred music was well received everywhere he gave it, including Coventry, England, and

at Temple Emanuel in Beverly Hills, Calif. (where *Come Sunday* was sung in Hebrew by Tony Watkins); he and his orchestra were the main representatives of the United States at the World Festival of Negro Arts, held in the spring at Dakar, Senegal; his *Ellington '66* won a Grammy award as the best big-band album in the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences poll of its members; NARAS also gave him its highest prize, the Bing Crosby (Golden Achievement) Award; the California College of Arts and Crafts gave him an honorary degree as Doctor of Fine Arts; the mayor of Boston, Mass., honored him as "the greatest composer and interpreter of American music"; in Cincinnati, Ohio, where he performed with the city's symphony orchestra, he gave his first formal lecture, at the invitation of the University of Cincinnati; he and Ella Fitzgerald were the subjects of a film made by Norman Granz, who was undecided if the finished project would be released to television stations or movie houses; a two-part National Educational Television special built around Ellington's first concert of sacred music, at San Francisco's Grace Cathedral in September, 1965, and his Monterey Jazz Festival appearance of the same month is scheduled for showing this spring. The only dim spot in the Ducal scheme of things was the failure of *Pousse Cafe* (nee *Sugar Hill*), a stage production for which he wrote the music; it lasted three days in New York.

THE CINCINNATI SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, in addition to featuring Ellington, also served as a backdrop for the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet in a New Year's Eve (1965) concert and a Third Stream program with the Modern Jazz Quartet this past December—which made it the leader in the small jazz-and-symphony field.

The Chicago Symphony Orchestra was not far behind in 1966: it programmed Ralph Shapey's *Rituals for Symphony Orchestra*, which called for some segments to be played by jazz-oriented musicians; the Joe Daley Trio, an avant-garde group, did two concerts with the orchestra in which it followed the orchestra's reading of three Brahms *Variations on a Theme by Haydn* with variations of its own; Benny Goodman was guest soloist with the orchestra in a performance of Carl Nielsen's *Clarinet Concerto*, and his sextet played an after-concert jazz set; and Third Stream captain Gunther Schuller was commissioned to write and conduct a work in celebration of the orchestra's 75th anniversary, and though it was far from a jazz piece, the composition called for jazz spices.

In all, Schuller had a good year. He was named president of the New England Conservatory of Music, and his 12-tone opera, *The Visitation*, which incorporated a jazz band, was an outstanding success at its premiere in Hamburg, Germany.

Others who should count 1966 a good year include reed man Charles Lloyd, who was warmly received at several festivals both here and in Europe; alto saxophonist John Handy, whose quintet received a great deal of attention (and several bookings) because of the success of its album

John Handy at Monterey; and multi-instrumentalist Ornette Coleman, who, even though he did not work much after he returned to the United States from Europe in May, was named Jazzman of the Year in the *Down Beat* Readers Poll and whose *At the Golden Circle, Vol. I* was chosen Record of the Year in both *Down Beat's* International Jazz Critics and Readers polls.

Bud Powell's death was the saddest news of the year. The pianist's funeral was elaborate and included a procession through the streets of Harlem, replete with jazz band.

Deaths among New Orleans veterans were numerous: clarinetist Darnell Howard, bassist Wellman Braud, drummer George (Papa Jack) Laine, banjoist-guitarist Johnny St. Cyr, clarinetist Irving (Pinky) Vidacovich, trumpeter Avery (Kid) Howard, trumpeter Johnny Lala, and trombonist Robert (Buster) Moore.

Among the other veterans who died in 1966 were pianist Billy Kyle, trumpeters Harold (Shorty) Baker, Russell Smith, Johnny Mendell, and Paul Webster, leaders Boyd Raeburn and Lucius (Lucky) Millinder, guitarist-banjoist Lee Blair, and blues man Mississippi John Hurt. Deaths among musicians under 50 included those of drummers Osie Johnson and Charles Smith, singer Dave Lambert, and trombonist Fred Assunto. Among nonmusicians in the jazz world, death claimed booker Milt Shaw, concert producer Bob Maltz, and clubowner Art Auerbach, whose Jazz Workshop in San Francisco was one of the best jazz rooms in the country.

LESS-SOLEMN happenings during the year:

Benny Goodman received the Handel Medallion from the City of New York, the metropolis' highest cultural award... Dave Brubeck was given a Distinguished Alumnus Award from the University of the Pacific... Erroll Garner was named Man of the Year by Pittsburgh's Variety Club... Pee Wee Russell took up painting, and it appeared he might gain notice for his colorful canvases... Sonny Stitt and other sax men discovered new avenues of expression with an electronic saxophone, and trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie hired an electric bass player—"I'll be able to hear him," Gillespie said.

Jazz festivals were held in Moscow and Leningrad, and there were reports that the Russian government planned to encourage Soviet jazzmen, especially after they made less-than-spectacular showings at some European jazz festivals. But given the fact of the Earl Hines tour, one should bear in mind that there was a similar warming in the official attitude toward jazz in 1962, when Benny Goodman toured the Soviet Union—followed by a cooling.

Concert pianist Friedrich Gulda organized, and the City of Vienna sponsored, the International Competition for Modern Jazz. It was probably the best-run event of its kind ever held: the judges included Cannonball Adderley, Art Farmer, Mel Lewis, Joe Zawinul, J. J. Johnson, and Ron Carter; the competitors, who were not allowed to fraternize with the judges during the competition, were of the cream

of young musicians; and the prizes were cash.

Jazz as played by college big bands and small groups increased in both quality and quantity, as did concerts at colleges by professional jazz musicians... Cellist Dave Baker, who played trombone with George Russell's sextet until a jaw injury forced him to switch instruments, was named head of the jazz department of Indiana University, which was producing some of the best jazz to be found among the colleges... The top band in North Texas State University's Jazz Lab, another outstanding jazz incubator, was selected by the State Department to make a tour of Mexico, beginning in January of this year... Don Ellis taught at UCLA... The Detroit Jazz Conference, a three-day round of lectures, discussions, and concerts was held in the spring at Wayne State University. A similar conference is planned for 1967... Tulane University in New Orleans offered a nine-week jazz course... The New School for Social Research offered four courses in the fall semester. The teachers were reed man Jimmy Giuffre, composer Hall Overton, critic Martin Williams, and Dr. Douglas Bray, president of the Duke Ellington Jazz Society... The University of Washington established a jazz chair, which was filled by clarinetist-composer Bill Smith.

Several avant-gardists found work in Europe, among them Archie Shepp, Albert Ayler, Don Cherry, Paul Bley, Mike Mantler, Carla Bley, Steve Lacy, John Tchicai, and Cecil Taylor... Tenorist-clubowner Ronnie Scott reopened his old club in London as a showcase for Britain's avant-garde... Veteran jazzmen, such as Pee Wee Russell, Bud Freeman, George Lewis, Rex Stewart, Buck Clayton, and Wingy Manone, were warmly received in tours of the British Isles... In addition to European tours, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Jimmy Smith, Lionel Hampton, and Cannonball Adderley played concerts in Japan.

John Coltrane, who also toured Japan, upset many critics and not a few of his followers (and sidemen) when he added drummer Rashied Ali and tenor saxophonist Pharoah Sanders to his quartet of recent years, which included pianist McCoy Tyner, bassist Jimmy Garrison, and drummer Elvin Jones, all of whom left during the course of the year. The music of the new Coltrane group was definitely in the avant-garde camp, and one was either for it or against it—there was no middle ground.

George Wein, producer of the Newport Jazz Festival, bought land for his festival near the Rhode Island town and built permanent facilities. NJF had a fine year, artistically and financially. Besides Newport, Wein brought festivals to Austin, Texas, and Atlanta, Ga., in the spring; it was the first time big-name festivals were staged in the South. He also produced an indoor festival in Boston in January and a three-day concert series in New York's Lewisohn Stadium in August.

The Monterey Jazz Festival in California also did well at the boxoffice, but a number of critics put the music down. The MJF's manager, Jimmy Lyons, also organized the Pacific Jazz Festival in Costa

Mesa and toured California colleges with several groups that had been featured at the festivals. MJF, a nonprofit corporation, helped sponsor a jazz conference at Asilomar, Calif.; the University of California's extension division was co-sponsor. The attendees were elementary- and secondary-school teachers. The purpose of the conference was to show how jazz could be incorporated into school curriculums.

Altoist Johnny Hodges recorded with Lawrence Welk, and trumpeter Louis Armstrong and His All-Stars appeared with the Guy Lombardo Band in the Royal Canadian's variety show, *Mardi Gras*, held during the summer at Jones Beach on New York's Long Island... Ramsey Lewis' *The "In" Crowd* album was such a big seller it won a NARAS Grammy as the best jazz effort by a small group. Lalo Schiffrin received a Grammy for his *Jazz Suite on the Mass Texts*, which was voted best jazz composition... Liberty records added Blue Note to its acquisitions, which already included Pacific Jazz.

Without Memorial Banners, an opera "in the jazz idiom" dedicated to Charlie Parker, was staged in Kansas City, Mo. The libretto was by Dan Jaffe, the music by Herb Six. The opera was co-sponsored by the Kansas City Conservatory of Music and the University of Missouri... Sammy Davis Jr.'s jazz film, *A Man Called Adam*, met with critical rebuff, but there were no complaints about the music... Tenorist Sonny Rollins composed the score for a British import that most critics went wild about—*Alfie*... Pianist Art Hodes' solo television program, *Plain Ol' Blues*, won an Emmy award in Chicago.

European critics met at the Prague Jazz Festival and, with the urging of Swiss disc jockey Lance Tschannen, decided to form a federation. Such unity was not seen among U.S. critics during 1966. In fact, the proven critics found themselves under attack by a pretender to their company, Frank Kofsky. In *Jazz* magazine, Kofsky accused them of almost everything from dishonesty and supporting white supremacy to being pawns of record companies, the latter charge causing smiles among his targets, since it was well known to them, but perhaps not to Kofsky, that the magazine in which he made his attacks is actively supported by an official of a record company whose artists were always given prominent exposure in the magazine.

Two concert series of possible significance were announced for 1967. John Hammond will produce four Carnegie Hall programs under the general title of Jazz in the Great Tradition. The concerts, co-sponsored by the Institute of Jazz Studies and the Carnegie Hall Corp., will include a revival of Hammond's all-star *From Spirituals to Swing* concerts of 1938 and '39, as well as recitals by Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, and Erroll Garner. Duke and Louis will be joined by some of their alumni and other music guests. Norman Granz said he will make a Jazz at the Philharmonic tour of the United States this spring. It will be the first JATP tour since the '50s. Because both series concentrate on jazz styles prevalent before the '60s, it will be interesting to see what the reaction will be.



It was the year of the breakthrough for the jazz avant-garde. Small and imperceptible as it sometimes appeared, it was a breakthrough nonetheless, one that provided the most significant impetus the new music of the '60s has yet received.

Two factors played major roles. First, a remarkably widespread group of second-wave avant-gardists was heard from. They were for the most part not innovators but followers, the players who would secure and expand the ideas advanced by the pioneering musicians.

Most of these musicians have recorded; the few who have not have either appeared with relatively well-known avant-garde groups or represent areas outside of New York (and generally beyond my view) that have been similarly active. This in no way represents an inclusive list; New York is teeming with fine young players, and every trip I've taken outside the New York area underlines the fact that the new-jazz movement is the dominant style among the youngest generation of players. The names noted here represent a personal survey only.

Sun Ra has maintained what practically amounts to a new-music repertory company. To name only a few in the company: multi-instrumentalists (although anyone who plays with Sun Ra quickly becomes a "multi" performer) Pat Patrick, Danny Davis, and Robert Cummings; saxophonists John Gilmore and Marshall Allen; bassists Ronnie Boykins, Bob Cunningham, and John Ore; percussionists William Cochran, Clifford Jarvis, C. Scoby Strohman, and Jimmi Johnson; trumpeters Clifford Thornton, Hobart Dotson, Al Evans, and Eddie Gale; and trombonist Ali Hassan.

The quality of the new saxophonists is especially rich. Some of the more active alto players in New York are Charles Tyler, Marion Brown, Byron Allen, Carlos Ward, Byard Lancaster, Robin Kenyatta, Ed Curran, Jimmy Lyons, Ken McIntyre, Sonny Simmons, Marshall Allen, and Andy White. In Chicago there are Roscoe Mitchell and Joseph Jarman. Guiseppi Logan, one of the more original alto saxophonists, also has tried nearly every other instrument imaginable. John Handy, straddling avant-garde and mainstream, made a startling return to action in the last year or so.

Pharoah Sanders, John Gilmore, Joe Henderson, Sam Rivers, and Wayne Shorter are now fairly well-known tenor saxophonists; less familiar are Benny Maupin, Frank Smith, Marzette, Chicago's Joe Daley, and Miami's Charles Austin, Ira Sullivan, and Pete Ponzol.

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Clarinetist Perry Robinson has picked up where Jimmy Giuffre left off and taken the instrument firmly into the avant-garde camp.

Trumpeters were fairly rare among new-jazz players several years ago, but today they have begun to proliferate. Among the better known are Alan Shorter, Don Ayler, Charles Tolliver, Mike Mantler, Bill Dixon, Dewey Johnson, Mark Levin, Norman Howard, and Detroit-based cornetist Charles Moore.

Milford Graves, Rashied Ali, and Tony Williams are perhaps the most widely heard new drummers, but equally worth hearing are Andrew Cyrille, Roger Blank, Bob Pozar, Barry Altschul, Ronald Jackson, Dave Grant, Bobby Kapp, Laurence Cook, Randy Kaye, Beaver Harris, and standbys Charles Moffet, Billy Higgins, and Ed Blackwell.

The bass has enjoyed an extraordinarily talented group of young players recently. Gary Peacock is by now a well-established member of the avant-garde, as are Dave Izenzon, Jimmy Garrison, Steve Swallow, Ron Carter, and the newly active Charlie Haden. Henry Grimes, most often heard with Cecil Taylor, commands immense respect among his contemporaries. Others include Reggie Johnson, Barre Phillips, Cecil McBee, Eddie Gomez, Reggie Workman, Jack Gregg, Steve Tintweiss, Mark Levinson, Scotty Holt, Lewis Worrell, Norris Jones, Teddy Wald, and Doug Murray.

Perhaps, because of the powerful presence of Cecil Taylor, new-jazz pianists have taken a while to put in an appearance, but they have now begun to arrive. Andrew Hill, Herbie Hancock, Dollar Brand, and Don Friedman are well known, but also active are Don Pullen, Burton Greene, Dave Burrell, Stanley Cowell from Detroit, Bob James, Lowell Davidson (a multi-instrumentalist from Boston), and Ran Blake.

Lyman Woodward is the only organist who seems to be working out an approach on what would appear to be a particularly appropriate instrument for rejuvenation.

Grachan Moncur III and Roswell Rudd have had things pretty much to themselves on trombone, but other players include the excellent Garnet Brown, Brian Trentham, George Bohanon, Joseph Orange, Ali Hassan, and Marty Cook.

Howard Johnson has done the remarkable job of successfully doubling on tuba and baritone saxophone.

On the smaller stringed instruments cellist Joel Friedman and violinists Michel Sampson and Michael White have provoked interest. I have heard no guitarist who fits directly into the new-music category, although Ga-

bor Szabo, Attila Zoller, Dennis Budimir, and Toronto's Sonny Greenwich probably have the capacity to move in that direction.

Singer Patti Waters' one LP has revealed a promising talent.

The second factor in the avant-garde surge was almost as important as the arrival of new players: an audience finally began to show up. And it was no longer solely the hostile or disinterested listeners who had tended to dominate the scene in the first few years of the decade. With the early-'60s audiences, one was always aware of a kind of built-in show-me attitude that suggested they might have been more willing to accept Ornette Coleman if he had first played *Donna Lee* or *Scraple from the Apple* to demonstrate the validity of his musical credentials.

The sympathetic audiences of 1966 were made up of young people who more often than not seemed responsive to the music. It was difficult to determine the genuine involvement of their response, at least they did not demand that the musicians be anything other than what they were.

All this is not to imply, however, that financial parity has yet been achieved, even by such a group as John Coltrane's, which managed to find fairly consistent employment. Coltrane is almost certainly the biggest-drawing avant-garde player (perhaps because he is not usually so categorized), but I doubt that his income for the year approaches that of, say, Dave Brubeck. When that time comes, the millennium will indeed have arrived.

Surprisingly, the breakthrough was not reflected strongly in the 1966 *Down Beat International Jazz Critics Poll*. Most critics were willing to take chances in the new-talent division of the poll but tended to play it safe when voting for established players.

Even so, Coleman placed second to Duke Ellington in the composer category, second to Johnny Hodges in the alto saxophone listing, and third (behind Coltrane's second) in the combo division. Grachan Moncur III and Roswell Rudd tied for third place in the trombone category. Coltrane won the tenor saxophone listing (although I suspect his win was not predicated upon his more recent playing) with Archie Shepp fifth. Cecil Taylor placed fifth in the piano division and Bobby Hutcherson second on vibraharp. But aside from these names, the avant-gardists were few and far between in this section of the poll.

The Talent Deserving of Wider Recognition division was another story, with most instrument listings showing a substantial number of better-known young avant-garde players.

Since many critics necessarily must base their opinions on recorded performances and since—even at this stage—most avant-garde recordings have been either rare or else (with some notable exceptions) poorly produced, one can understand the absence on the listing of many of the lesser-known young players. As their work becomes more widely heard, their names will begin to appear, hopefully in the next year or so. Even the most hidebound critics (and there are a few) are coming to realize that these players represent not a form of musical/biological sport that will soon wither and disappear but—quite simply—the contemporary jazzman of the '60s.

Despite the breakthrough, it would be foolishly optimistic to suggest that opposition to the new jazz no longer exists. Among the musicians of an earlier generation, opinions ranged from violent hostility to guarded enthusiasm.

The differences are apparent in quotes from two of Leonard Feather's *Blindfold Tests*. Conte Candoli, on hearing Don Ellis' *Irony*, said, "I didn't understand hardly anything on this. It is a mood they were trying to create, and it's just not my cup of tea. I feel it has no validity as music. It's pointless—it really is." Dave Brubeck said of an Ornette Coleman record, "You know this can't satisfy many people, and you know it must satisfy Ornette and these fellows, or they wouldn't be doing it. So we'll keep listening. I think it's breaking the ice. It'll lead music somewhere—we don't know where yet."

It may seem pointless at this time to try to explain the new music. Certainly its exposure, if erratic, has been wide enough so that specific descriptions of major styles are uncalled for. Yet my own experience has shown that far more observers—even in the New York area—have heard music on recordings rather than, as it should be heard, in performance. So a few thoughts about general trends might be in order.

Consider, first, the question of titles. The labels placed upon the new music (and I am as guilty as the next writer)—avant-garde, new thing, new jazz, *cosa nova*, etc.—commit the common crime of overcategorization. They are as lacking in artistic specificity as the term abstract expressionism was when it was used to lump together the vastly different painting styles present in this country after the end of World War II. There are, to paraphrase a Mao-Tse-tung of earlier times, many flowers flourishing in the gardens of the jazz '60s, and they represent not just different styles but different esthetic

viewpoints as well.

Since labeling is probably unavoidable, it would be well to remember that one of the critical differences between contemporary jazz and the jazz preceding it is that the common esthetic among the players of today is defined by the differences between individual styles rather than by their allegiance to a common idea.

It seems particularly meaningful, in fact, to bear this in mind when examining the communicating elements of the new music. Most past jazz developments have been concerned with changes in what might be called musical dialect. Obviously this kind of change has often taken place in other art forms as well and probably represents the form of development with which we are most familiar. But the new jazz suggests a change not just in dialect but also in musical syntax, in the basic definitions of the musical language. The resulting confusion is not unlike what might take place if English were to become a language in which, as in Chinese, every word could be simultaneously noun, adjective, or verb. A music in which the familiar elements of melody, harmony, and rhythm have been similarly transformed is equally difficult to grasp.

But even if one accepts the fact that both a new dialect and a new syntax are being used, how does the listener approach it? How does he deal with an esthetic that is unfamiliar not just in content but in concept as well? Consider the following rudimentary corollaries between traditional jazz elements and what seem to be comparable elements in the new jazz*:

Traditional Jazz

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

New Jazz

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

Ideally, understanding these relationships might make it possible for the listener at least to allow the music to happen. (As perhaps the first truly revolutionary development in jazz history, the new jazz is not going to reach a wide and homogeneous audience without encountering severe resistance.

*The relationships between these elements are dealt with at greater length in a *Sounds and Silences* column in a forthcoming issue of *Down Beat*.

Anything that can help the individual bypass his personal resistance is worth using, since the demands of this music are so great upon the listener, the requirements of active and honest response so strong that the limits of its use as a popular art may have been exceeded. Only time will tell.)

In the new music's favor, fortunately, is the fact that somewhat more than halfway through this decade, major players and major styles have been established—lending optimism to the possibility that the music will survive and flourish.

The list of major innovators is dominated by saxophonists: Coltrane, of course, and Ornette Coleman; nor can one overlook the significance of Eric Dolphy's short but powerful contribution. More recently, the saxophonist's mantle has been shared by Archie Shepp, Pharaoh Sanders, and the player who well may be the most important musician of the second half of the decade—Albert Ayler.

Among pianists it would be virtually impossible for a young player to avoid some influence, direct or secondhand, from Cecil Taylor.

On trumpet, Don Cherry is finally beginning to receive the recognition he deserves for the influence of his original style.

As usual, it is more difficult to pick out specific major figures on the rhythm instruments, but the dominance of the percussion style first advanced by Sunny Murray underlines the importance of that still-too-seldom-heard musician. And bassists Gary Peacock, Charlie Haden, Ron Carter, and Henry Grimes, to name a few, have made their own transformations of Charlie Mingus' pioneering playing in the 1950s.

Two esthetic currents seem to be emerging from the activities of these major players. The first represents an extension of the continuing chronology of jazz—an expansion of vocabulary, dialect, and, to lesser degree, experimentation with musical syntax. Included are such players as Ornette Coleman, Archie Shepp, the early John Coltrane, Don Cherry, Don Ellis, and the group sometimes called the Blue Note (for the record company) avant-garde (with players like Grachan Moncur III, Joe Henderson, Wayne Shorter, Freddie Hubbard, Ted Curson, Andrew Hill, Herbie Hancock, Tony Williams). The majority of these musicians have made their familiarity and dexterity with traditional jazz styles amply clear. Some, of course, have moved into more experimental areas, while others have simply spiced the variety of their music.

These are the players who have reached the widest audiences and

achieved the most extensive critical acceptance. But important as the esthetic current of their work is, it does not—always allowing for individual exceptions both of performance and personality—flow in quite the radical direction as does the work of Cecil Taylor, Albert Ayler, and Sun Ra. For these musicians, the crest of the wave continues to offer a rough and unpredictable ride.

Of the three, Ayler seems to have the greatest potential for gaining a larger audience without a sacrifice of artistic quality. His music re-examines elements that appear almost rudimentary when compared with the complex excursions of such post-bop geniuses as Sonny Rollins. Yet the intrinsic miracle of great art is that in its constant renewal it never takes anything for granted, never excludes small or familiar elements from artistic re-examination. Ayler's music is a perfect example of the renewal of basic jazz elements through totally radical re-interpretation. I suspect, in fact, that a lot of critics are going to be grateful to Ayler for providing such an effortless pathway into the unfamiliar esthetic he proposes.

His performances are filled with simple spiritual-like tunes, march themes, all the varieties of melodies that recur in folk cultures throughout the world, melodies that are singable and communicate directly in feeling and spirit. These melodies establish a starting point for the listener that is undeniably appealing. (I should note that this is rarely apparent on records, since Ayler, Taylor, and Sun Ra have been sadly mistreated in their studio efforts. Only Taylor's performances on the Gil Evans Impulse LP *Into the Hot* escaped the atrociously bad balancing, inadequate recording, and mediocre production that has plagued these musicians. Ayler's recorded music simply offers no real reflection of the genuine beauty and stunning communication of his live performances.)

Like most artistic simplicities (sometimes referred to by culturally bound critics as "primitivisms"), the way in which Ayler uses basic musical elements opens up a new view of these elements, a new form of musical perception that is as radical for jazz as the transformation of visual objects into personal energy was for postwar painting. Ayler starts with melodies and somehow—mostly in a way that cannot be described in words—transforms them into nonmelodic sounds that follow naturally and feelingly.

Curiously, I think this works because he starts from such "simple" beginnings. That is, his "charge," the emotional (he would probably call it "spiritual") energy that bursts forth



1. Archie Shepp; 2. Albert Ayler; 3. Ornette Coleman; 4. Roz Rudd; 5. Sunny Murray; 6. John Coltrane with Jimmy Garrison, Rashied Ali, Pharaoh Sanders; 7. Sun Ra with Marshall Allen.



PHOTO CREDITS:
SHEPP: DAVID WILD
AYLER: CHARLES SHABACON
COLEMAN: FRANCIS WOLF

World Radio History

RUDD: DAVID WILD
MURRAY: VALERIE WILMER
COLTRANE: DAVID WILD
SUN RA: MARSHALL ALLEN

in such astonishingly powerful fashion, seems to build up during the tireless examination and re-examination of these "simple" melodies.

In one sense, it is not unlike the way ragas are used for improvisation in Indian classical music, since Ayler's melodies and the ragas both act as starting points and areas of energy from which the improviser starts his music. And also, as in Indian music, Ayler's playing tends to be melodic/rhythmic, unlimited by the harmonic cadences of European chord sequences.

In this respect, Ayler's rediscovery of the non-cadential aspects of harmonic densities is a major artistic achievement. He has shown that harmonies can be storage points of energy that do not necessarily generate connective movement or construction. (Other composers, from George Russell and Mingus to Coleman and Taylor, have worked out ideas with substantially the same effect, but they did not, it seems to me, manage to extract the simple, fundamental building block of Western music—the triad—from the elaborate crust of philosophic, esthetic, and architectural restrictions that covered it in quite the same direct and unerring way Ayler has.)

In an article for the *Down Beat's Music '63*, I suggested that Cecil Taylor might continue to have difficulty reaching audiences, partly because of his uncompromising music and the orchestral qualities of the piano. Regrettably, little seems to have changed in the intervening years, despite Taylor's victory as the composer most deserving of wider recognition in the 1964 *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll.

Recent criticism of Taylor's work suggests that he should not be strictly categorized as a jazz composer-performer. His music, it is said, can be described more accurately as contemporary concert music. The problem of labeling seems to be rearing its ugly head once again, this time in a manner that has little to do with the music. That Taylor's work does not conform to traditional melody/harmony/rhythm concepts is obvious but not all that relevant. In his use of energy/rhythms, improvisational action, and sheer spontaneity, Taylor is as much in the jazz tradition as any other contemporary player.

Since the textures of his work are so dense and since Taylor rarely chooses to adapt the familiar esthetic profiles of tension/release and of building to prepared climaxes, his music doesn't offer the listener the familiar step-by-step listening guide. It has, instead, a roaring intensity that must be approached on its own terms; as with most truly direct artistic ex-

periences, the reward offered by Taylor's music is commensurate with the openness of response one gives in return. The feelings communicated by Taylor's work (or, for that matter, by the work of Ayler, Coltrane, Coleman, Shepp, Sun Ra, et al.) are perhaps not the ones we are used to receiving in music—at least not without a mitigating intermediary formal structure or procedure—but I have no doubt that most listeners will be better off for having experienced them—and I'll accept responsibility for that value judgment.

Sun Ra for years has had an almost legendary aura in the jazz world, although earlier recordings do not sound nearly as "far out" as his work of the last few years. Nonetheless, he has made some of the most forward steps in contemporary jazz with his remarkable ensembles.

The large jazz group has been a sticky problem for years—no less so for the new musicians—and the solutions eventually reached will certainly be effected by the long toil of Sun Ra and his musicians.

The influence of his orchestral sound upon the widely heralded Coltrane recording *Ascension*, for example, is apparent to anyone familiar with Sun Ra's music. Like Ellington and Mingus, the two composer-leaders who probably have most affected his music, Sun Ra maintains a spontaneous interrelationship of improvised and notatable sections. At times, soloists will be allowed what seems an inordinately large amount of solo space; at other times, the ensemble's simultaneous textures become almost unendurably thick. But Sun Ra is always in control. And as with the music of Ayler and Taylor, an almost trancelike emotional flow often takes over, the music seeking out interior emotions that can be reached only by the most intense aural purgatives.

No leader of a large jazz group can totally bypass techniques of the past. The fact that choices must be made about how many instruments are to play at what given point, where a solo should be placed, etc., tends to place the leader of the large jazz group at a kind of special disadvantage, since the prevailing esthetic winds are so strongly directed against traditional constitutional precepts. But Sun Ra (and Taylor, too, in his recent performances with larger groups) manages to circumvent most of these problems. Like Taylor and Ayler, Sun Ra is a prime candidate for some decent recording sessions.

The avant-garde breakthrough of 1966 will require considerably more growth before effects begin to show in the kind of livelihood the music

provides for its players. Most of the employment they have had in the last year has been low paying (if at all) and intermittent; it has almost always come only from clubs uniquely responsive to the new music.

Although most of these places are operated on different bases—in some cases as nonprofit organizations—all have a special sympathy for the new music and may eventually form the nucleus of a circuit of jazz clubs. They include Baltimore's Left Bank Jazz Society and the Jazz Society for the Performing Arts, Detroit's Artists' Workshop, Toronto's Bohemian Embassy, Slug's Saloon in New York City, the Both/And in San Francisco, and, recently, the Showboat in Philadelphia.

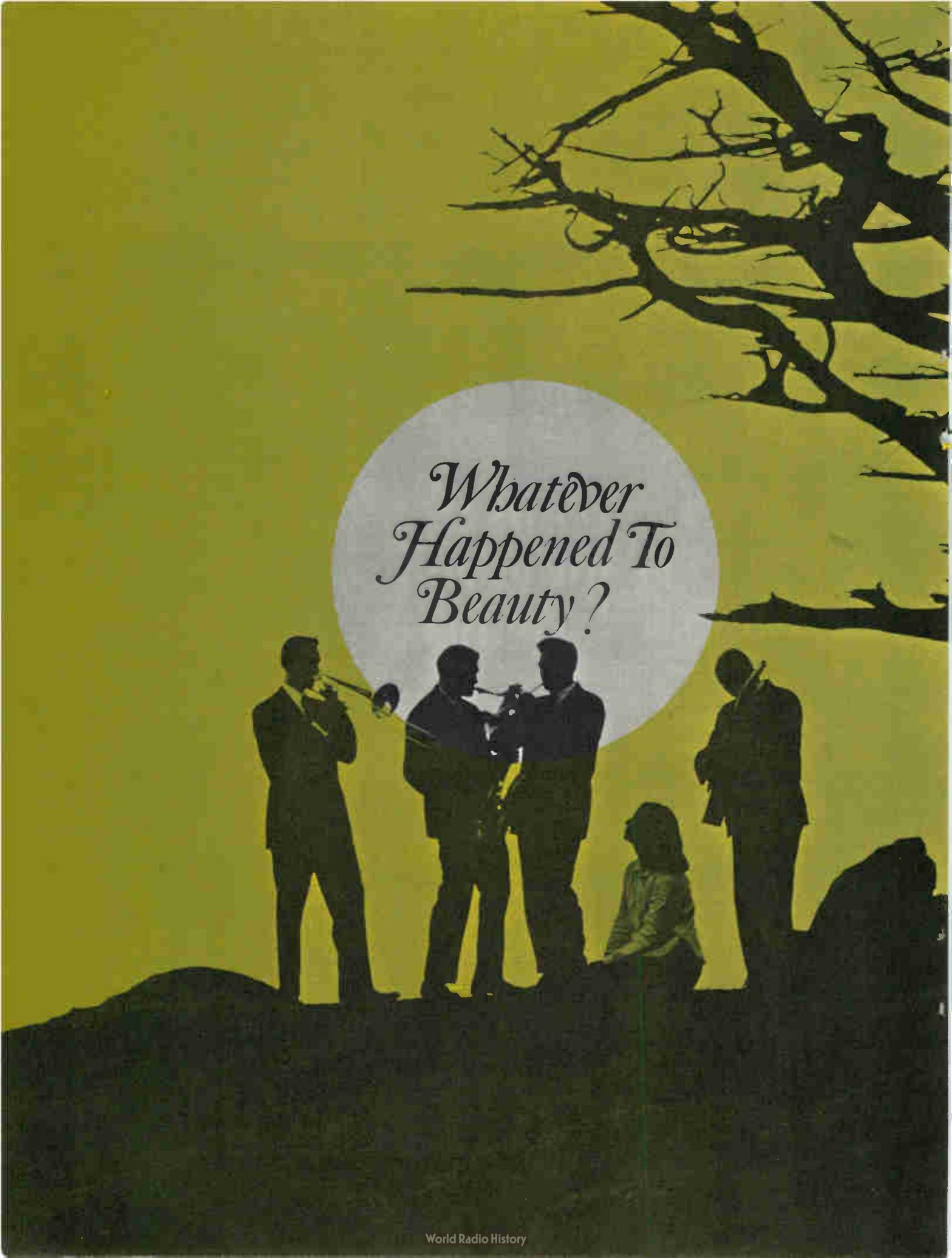
Concerts, often under the auspices of universities and colleges, have become another important forum.

A brief sampling of such activities last year includes Albert Ayler at New York University; the Johnny Eaton-Bill Smith Micro-Tonal Ensemble at Columbia University; Pharaoh Sanders and Clifford Thornton at Jersey City State College and Bard College; Joseph Jarman at the University of Chicago; Sun Ra, Giuseppe Logan, Burton Greene, and Ran Blake on a tour of New York colleges under the sponsorship of the New York State Council of Arts; John Coltrane at Stanford and Temple universities; a series at Hunter College in New York City that included Bill Dixon, Giuseppe Logan, Ric Colbeck, and Burton Greene.

In addition, this writer along with Ed Summerlin, appeared on three half-hour television programs in Canada early in the year and will redo them for CBS' *Look Up and Live* in January, 1967. Other TV programs—usually on a local or syndicated basis—have begun to turn up throughout the country. The recent New York Festival of the Avant-Garde, which included the groups of Cecil Taylor, Bill Dixon, Sunny Murray, Marion Brown, and this writer, was filmed for telecast on the British Broadcasting Corp. network.

The recording picture in 1966 was not as good as one might have hoped, but even so, the top three finishers in *Down Beat's* record-of-the-year category of the critics poll were Ornette Coleman's *At the Golden Circle, Vol. 1* (which also won in the 1966 Readers Poll), Miles Davis' *E.S.P.*, and John Coltrane's *Ascension*. Impulse, Blue Note, and ESP-Disk continued their activity; there also were stirrings from the two giants, Columbia and RCA Victor.

All this makes a promising picture. The jazz avant-garde has not yet "arrived," but its breakthrough in 1966 has confirmed its growing eminence as the jazz of the decade. 



*Whatever
Happened To
Beauty?*

In the fall of 1966 there appeared in the London *Melody Maker* an interview by Max Jones with Charlie Mariano, then visiting for an engagement at Ronnie Scott's club. A statement made by Mariano caught my eye.

He was discussing the clarinet, which he said had been neglected, or mishandled, in jazz, except by Jimmy Giuffre.

"Most clarinet music—not Pee Wee Russell, of course, but most of it—is still based on what Benny Goodman was doing years ago," Mariano said. "In its way it's still valid, like a lot of old jazz. And much of it still sounds pleasant."

So far, his comments seemed just mildly debatable. (Do Jimmy Hamilton, Sam Most, Phil Woods, Buddy DeFranco, Tony Scott, Paul Horn, Bob Wilber, Bill Smith, or Rolf Kuhn really sound that much like Benny Goodman? Or like one another?) The next paragraph of the quote, however, went far beyond mere debatability, into a realm of provocation.

"But," Mariano went on, "I don't want to hear pleasant music today. I want to hear screaming and hollering and kicking and biting. That's what the world's about today. And I believe the music should reflect life. Life is a bit chaotic, and I think jazzmen should express something of the way life is lived."

Taken at face value, this may seem like a harmless and logical comment, just another reiteration of one of the commonest cliches concerning the need of art to express life. It represents a growing attitude, in all the arts, especially among the more militant young artists. But below the surface lies what is, it seems to me, a basic denial of the freedom of art to remain art, pure and inviolate.

The statement calls for careful examination, since it implies certain postulates that necessitate a long retrospective glance at the annals of jazz. To check their validity, one must go back to the earliest history of the idiom as we know it.

Jazz probably began to take shape during the first two or three decades

Or Who
Wants To Hear
Pleasant Music?

by LEONARD FEATHER

following the Civil War. It was a period of chaos for both Negroes and whites in the South. The southern states, one by one, started withdrawing voting rights from the Negro. The separate-but-equal doctrine, finally established on a legal basis by the Supreme Court in 1896, had actually been in use on a de facto basis for many years earlier as schools, railroad stations, trains, hotels, barbershops, theaters, restaurants, and churches extended the patterns of separation of the races.

How did the music of the times reflect these heartbreaking, frustrating developments? Brass bands marched in the streets. Buddy Bolden and his contemporaries indulged in what were probably some of the most apocalyptic carving contests of all time. The pattern developed throughout the South and in some eastern states of playing melancholy music on the way to a funeral and bright marches on the way home. In general, the brass bands and ragtime bands revealed the backgrounds of Gallic melodies, African rhythms, and other elements that were entirely musical and reflecting their ethnic sources.

Most important of all, of course, during the same era ragtime evolved, a music that cannot by any stretch of the imagination be classified as anything less than jubilant. It relied on technical skill, melodic ingenuity, and rhythmic innovations.

The hundreds of compositions by Scott Joplin, James Scott, Joseph Lamb, Eubie Blake, Jelly Roll Morton, Tony Jackson, and their contemporaries achieved immortality not through a reflection of the social climate and racial repressions of the times but through works like *Maple Leaf Rag*, *Elite Syncopations*, *A Summer Breeze*, *Excelsior Rag*, *The Big Jubilee*, and *Heliotrope Bouquet*.

Very occasionally—particularly when words had been attached to a ragtime song—there would be a hint of Mariano's premise, as in *Draw That Color Line*, an 1898 ragtime song by Benjamine Robertson Harney. But even here the social significance lay in the words rather than the music. The subject essentially under discussion here, I assume, is instrumental jazz.

Ragtime, of course, relied heavily on syncopation. All the characteristics that brought it ultimately to mass popular attention and enabled it to survive as a nationally popular medium for two or three decades (the 1890s through World War I) were qualities inherent in the music and not perceptibly related in any way to the miserable lives many of its creators and interpreters were forced to live.

In other words, ragtime was an instrumental, a technical, and a pianistic music reflecting nothing of the tremendous pressures that weighed on the U.S. Negro social structure throughout its life time. Though thousands of Negroes protested violations of their constitutional rights, though the Ku Klux Klan was gaining power by the day, one will never hear it in a single note or chord of a single ragtime composition.

It might be argued that the field holler, the pre-blues and primitive blues forms, and certain early religious forms, were born of the Afro-American's years of suffering. Yet even here there are qualifying factors. The bent tones, later known as blue notes, may have developed before the slaves reached this country; moreover, a very early book of spirituals shows that the flatted thirds and sevenths were in relatively infrequent use in Negro church music. The musical content of the spirituals rarely shows any direct relationship to life as it was lived by the composers and interpreters.

Of the other early forms, minstrelsy can be dismissed as a rather ironic attempt by Negroes to imitate the whites' imitations of themselves. It was sheer entertainment, with very few constructive social implications.

Did the early blues reflect what the world was about? The answer here is a qualified yes.

Frankie and Johnnie is essentially a blues in construction; it is said to have been sung at the siege of Vicksburg, and some authorities date it as far back as 1840. It is difficult to draw any deep social inferences from its simple 12-bar verses of a man-woman story that could have characterized any period in the history of mankind. Handy's *Mr. Crump* (later known as *Memphis Blues*) was an election campaign song—hardly a significant contribution to our understanding of the confusions of life in the pre-World War I years.

The earliest meaningful evidence of any real relationship between music and the society that nurtured it can be found in the primitive folk blues.

The singers who wandered the streets of Texas, Louisiana, and a dozen other states sang stark, haunting reminders that their lives were brutalized and often bereft of hope or meaning. Many of the verses they sang were improvised and bore autobiographical overtones.

The country blues of the first quarter of the century, and to some extent for another decade or so after this period, were work songs sung by field hands and sharecroppers; they were songs by and about hobos; songs about the bitter-sweet lives of men and their women; songs about religion, superstition, gambling, social evils, crime, fire, air, earth, water, disasters, war and peace, segregation, diseases, epidemics, and death. Above all, they were songs that sprang from troubled minds, songs that reflected anxiety, depression, and all the poignant hurts inflicted on them. But again, these qualities lay principally in the words. Moreover, despite a growing social consciousness on the part of ex-slaves who were slowly learning to accept themselves as full human beings and to reject the Uncle Tom image, the blues very rarely touched on socio-political problems, and then usually in the most glancing fashion.

TOWARD THE END of the ragtime era, the word "jazz" came into general use and the music began to earn a reputation as a utilitarian form, designed mainly for dancing.

During this time, the United States was plunged into a devastating world war. These bitter years produced wartime songs that were either cornily sentimental or flippily humorous. Jazzmen played many of them. Even if the lighter songs reflected an attempt at laughing just to keep from crying, their techniques at best sounded shallow and were aimed at popularizing the music, not at making a valuable social point.

As for the instrumental music, jazz rarely took itself seriously. Kid Ory's *Muskrat Ramble* and the Original Dixieland Jazz Band's *Tiger Rag* were representative of the period not only in their titles, but in the music's good-natured modesty.

The 1920s were not merely years of postwar hysteria, of the flappers, and the F. Scott Fitzgerald pseudo-jazz age; they were also years when the Ku Klux Klan was rampant, when Jim Crow was a hundred times even more vicious and pervasive than it is today, when innocent Negroes (and a fair number of whites, too) were lynched.

I have before me, as I write this, a photograph almost too horrible to contemplate. It shows the body of a Negro burned to a crisp, lying on the ground in hell-knows-what southern town, surrounded by a crowd of whites, many of them grinning, leering, smiling, even posing for the camera. The photograph was taken in 1923—the same year when, to mention a typical example, Jelly Roll Morton recorded *Someday*, *Sweetheart*, Sidney Bechet waxed *New Orleans Hop Scop Blues* and *Tain't Nobody's Business If I Do* with Clarence Williams' Blue Five, Fletcher Henderson regaled his dancing fans at the Roseland Ballroom with *Just Hot*, *Charleston Crazy*, *Dicty Blues*, and the even more socially significant *Do Doodle Oom*.

I cannot recall that any observer of the jazz scene has ever reprimanded the jazzman of those days for failing to scream, holler, kick, or bite in his music.

Jazz as an art was beginning to stand up very well on its own. During the 1920s the first great jazz virtuosos who had emerged—Louis Armstrong, Earl Hines, Bix Beiderbecke, Joe Venuti, Eddie Lang, even the early Benny Goodman—made it clear that here was an autonomous idiom with its own esthetic and without any need to lean on outside social forces for its content or character. Its beauty was no more due to beautiful conditions in the lives of the players than the nature of the early instrumentals could be attributed exclusively to the hardships suffered by the players, whether they were Negro or white.

As for ugliness and hate, bitterness, screaming, kicking, and the like—although there hardly can be any question that such emotions were latent in certain musicians of the 1920s—it is impossible to detect them in the jazz of the day. This observation is based on the evidence provided by thousands of records made during that period.

IF THE 1920s failed to produce any such relationship between life and jazz, surely the 1930s had to effect a change. Our society had survived the political scandals, the farm-labor problems, and the isolationism of the 1920s; but 1929 and the rest of the Hoover years, even the first few years under Roosevelt, brought social changes that the average American, musician or layman, could not avoid observing.

How could art in general, and jazz in particular, fail to reflect the fate of millions who lost every penny they had ever earned, factories and stores closed down, business paralyzed, trains empty, foreign trade halted? How could our indigenous music go in any direction but that which mirrored the 6,000,000 unemployed in 1930 and the 12,000,000 in 1931, the 5,000 banks that failed, the despair of once-proud men who now sold apples on the streets, ate in soup kitchens, and slept in "Hooverville" shacks?

While every American, black or white, was touched by these events, there were additional burdens for the Negro: the shame of the Scottsboro boys' trial, the continued lynchings, the Italian rape of Ethiopia in 1935, the appalling slum conditions faced by the 1,500,000 Negroes who went north in the late '20s and early '30s.

Searching through our record files corresponding with the drastic period in U.S. history, what do we find? The exquisite tonal individuality of Johnny Hodges and Benny Carter, the unalloyed lyricism of the style established in the late 1920s by Bix Beiderbecke, the silken threads of Barney Bigard's clarinet weaving through an Ellington ensemble, the warm romanticism of Coleman Hawkins and Chu Berry, the matchless symmetry of Bud Freeman, the gentle touch of Red Norvo's xylophone, the biting, driving vitality of Roy Eldridge and Red Allen, the unprecedented ease of Teddy Wilson, and so on ad infinitum.

On the orchestral level the same evidence presents itself: Duke Ellington produces a *Creole Rhapsody*, Louis Armstrong introduces Hoagy Carmichael's *Rockin' Chair*, among the great instrumentals of the era are *Moten Swing*, *Blue Lou*, *It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing*, and, of course, the great Fats Waller standards, performed by others as well as their buoyant, high-spirited composer.

This is not selective reporting. Nowhere in the entire repertoire of the darkest depression years can one find a jazz work that shows the Zeitgeist in the sense apparently meant by Mariano. In fact, to find even the flimsiest musical representation of those days, one has to turn to Tin Pan Alley, which came up with *Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?* and later with the premature *Happy Days Are Here Again*, neither one a very successful work in terms of acceptance in jazz circles.

Moving past the depression years to the 1940s, one sees the pattern continuing. World War II, the race riots in New York and Detroit, segregation in the armed forces, a

world in conflict, and what do we find? Dizzy and Bird are trying to figure out new chord changes, Klook has developed a bass-drum technique to draw percussion away from four-beat monotony, and we get *Groovin' High*, *Dizzy Atmosphere*, *Salt Peanuts*, *Hot House*, and the rest. Neither in the sounds produced by Gillespie, Parker, Kenny Clarke, and their contemporaries, nor in the titles or the arrangements, is there a relation to the brutal conditions that persisted through the bebop years.

Up to this point the only major jazz work to offer a direct reminder of the social conditions of those days was a song, *Strange Fruit*. But this was a case of admission by the back door, for *Strange Fruit* was not a jazz composition. Originally it was a poem about a lynching; music was added later.

Duke Ellington's *Black, Brown, and Beige* in 1943 was not a form of contemporary social commentary; in Ellington's own words, it was a "tone parallel to the history of the American Negro."

The 1950s were the decade of the Negro's full expression of impatience with the progress of racial justice.

In 1955 the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. resorted to direct action in Montgomery, Ala.; in the same year, the Adderley brothers formed their quintet in New York, playing a brand of neurosis-free jazz that was typical of the period and carried no audible social overtones, though years later Oscar Brown Jr. added socially significant words to Nat Adderley's *Work Song*.

Occasionally in the late 1950s, more often after 1960 with the establishment of John Coltrane and Ornette Coleman, the concept of trying to reflect life in music gained some currency. This period, too, brought the freedom works, some expressing their frustrations and aspirations in words and music, others more directly delineating them in the character of instrumental performances.

It would be childish to question the validity of such motivations. It is equally immature, however, to imply that there must be, or always has been, a connection between the manner of playing and the conditions that existed in the world around the player. If this were indeed the case, Ben Webster's tenor might have sounded like a cry of ghetto misery instead of the expression of natural beauty one finds in *All Too Soon*.

The simple fact of the matter—and every young musician owes it to himself and his listeners to bear this in mind—is that music reflects the personality of the individual who plays it, that this personality may change as he matures, and that it is in no way obliged to represent an esthetic parallel to the life he has lived or is living.

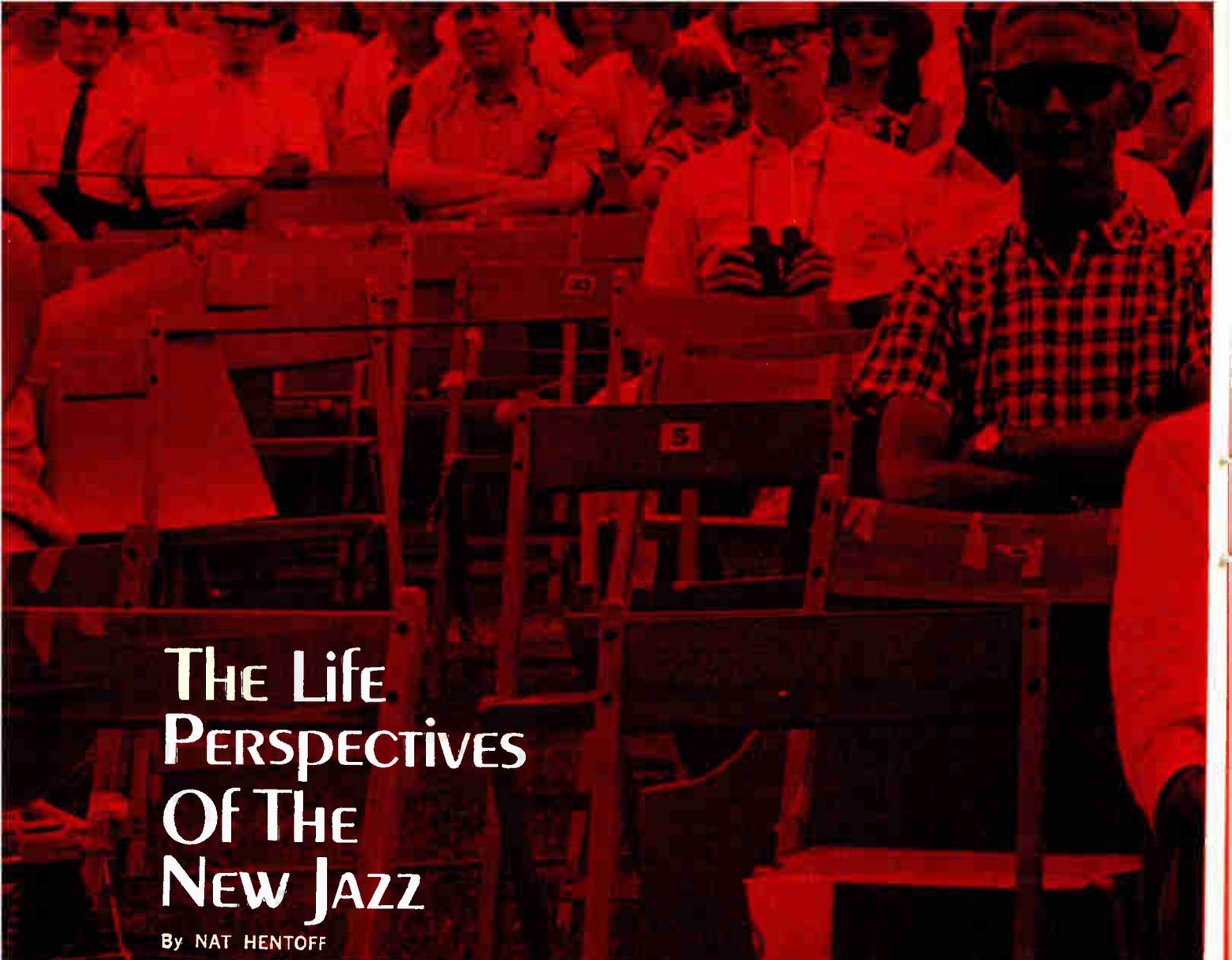
One final point: the headline on the article quoting Mariano read: "Who Wants Pleasant Music Today?"

Pleasant means "giving pleasure, pleasing, agreeable; characterized by pleasing manners, behavior, or appearance." It does not mean "bland, innocuous, unworthy of serious consideration, superficial," which is Mariano's implication.

Much of today's jazz is designed with objectives beyond mere pleasure, but it is axiomatic that an art form as broad and fast-developing as this should have no less room for the pleasant than for the unpleasant, no fewer opportunities for music that is soothing, caressing, warming—yes, and plain, straight-ahead swinging—than for screaming, hollering, kicking, and biting.

When music reaches the stage at which it *has* to be programmatic, *has* to become exclusively a mirror of the vices and horrors of the period that produced it, we shall have arrived at the point where everything from Palestrina to Gil Evans may as well be consigned to the trash barrel. Even in 1967, along with art that expresses life, there must be, it seems to me, room for art that expresses nothing more or less than the self-supporting beauty and grace of artistry itself.

45



THE LIFE PERSPECTIVES OF THE NEW JAZZ

By NAT HENTOFF

LETTERS COME TO *Down Beat*, I get letters, and musicians are sometimes asked by listeners: "Why mix politics and black nationalism and rage and hate with music? Let music be music, and keep the rest outside of jazz!"

And in September of 1966, Ralph Gleason reported that the Monterey Festival had "refused to let SNCC and other civil rights groups have booths on the grounds in order to 'make the weekend one of fun, relaxation, and the enjoyment of good music.'"

As if jazz can somehow be insulated from life. As if Charlie Parker had been living when he said: "Music is your own experience, your thoughts, your wisdom. If you don't live it, it won't come out of your horn."

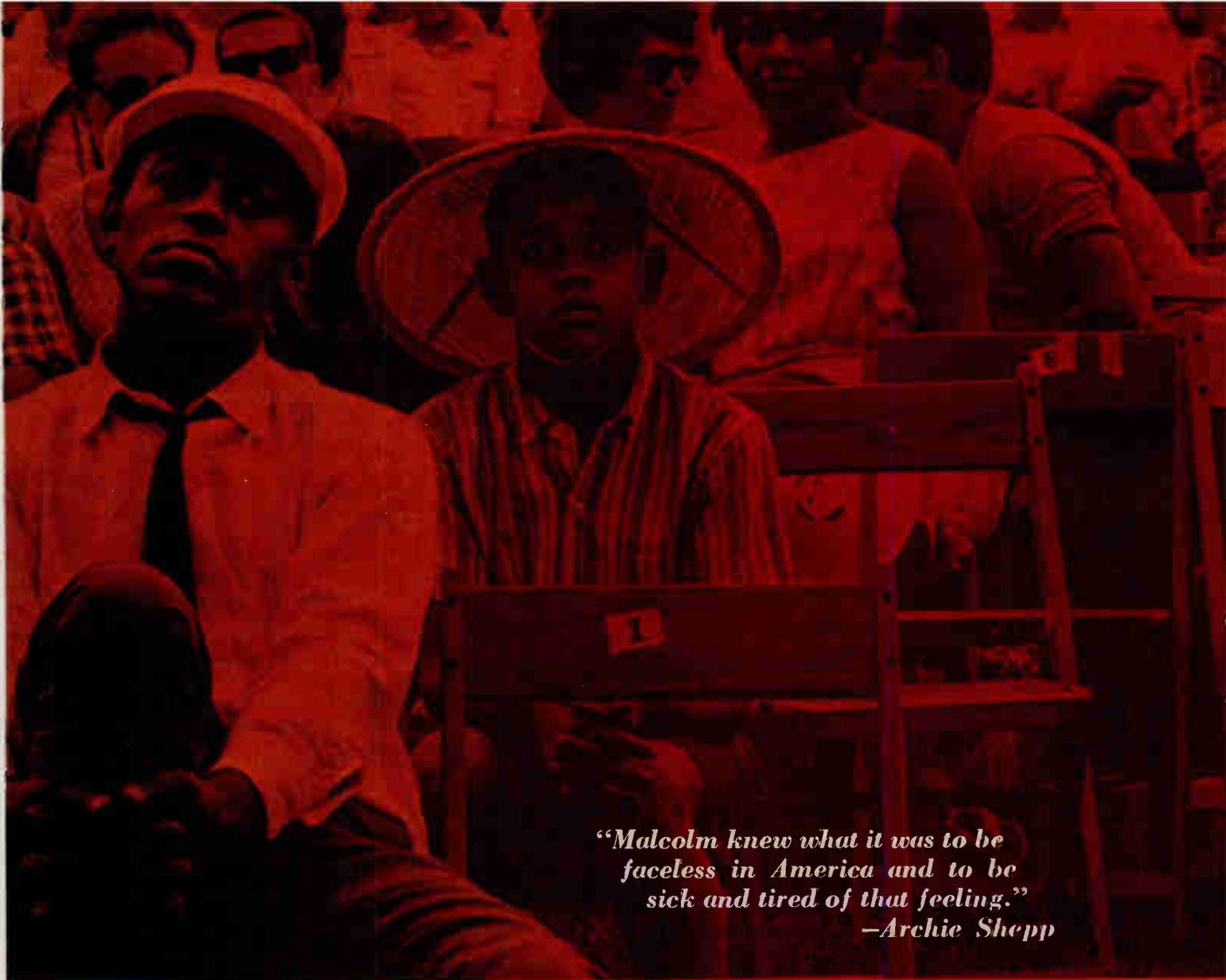
And in the new jazz, the key innovators, with few exceptions, are black. Therefore, their music comes from their experiences as black men in the United States. The effect of those experiences on their music differs, and their conception of the function of jazz differs. But they are linked by the consciousness of being black in a white-powered society.

As obvious as this is, large sections of the white jazz community have yet to understand the inevitability of the heightened black consciousness in much of the new music during a period when, throughout the country, much of the pietistic rhetoric of recent years has shriveled before the mounting reaffirmation that Malcolm X was right, that this is a fundamentally racist society.

The United States need not continue to be racist, as is evidenced by the attitudes of many of the white young. But we are speaking of now, and of jazzmen in this country now. When Sen. James Eastland of Mississippi said with satisfaction in September of 1966, "The sentiment of the entire country now stands with the southern people," he was not engaging in much hyperbole. Read the papers, read the polls, look at the statistics showing that in the North and West residential and school segregation is increasing.

This is the society in which the black jazzman must function as a man all those hours he is off the stand. Consider further the status of his life's work, jazz, in that society. The unprecedentedly comprehensive Rockefeller Report on the Performing Arts, which tried to explore the entire situation of the performing artist in the United States while proposing ways of improving it, made no mention whatsoever of jazz. The initial subsidies by the new federal commission on the arts ignored jazz entirely. Allocated because he is black, the Negro jazzman is doubly stigmatized because he is a jazz musician. How on earth is he to keep that feeling out of his music?

Among some blues jazzmen, black consciousness becomes an explicit desire to reflect, to distill the black experience in music. Stokely Carmichael, addressing Tuskegee Institute students this past October, told them: "We can never be equal under a system that forgets our blackness. We must



*“Malcolm knew what it was to be
faceless in America and to be
sick and tired of that feeling.”
—Archie Shepp*

accept our blackness and make white people respect us.” And, he added, in explanation of the need to organize and politicize as blacks, “You can no longer afford the luxury of being individual. You must see yourselves as a people.”

This is difficult advice for an artist, for obviously the base of the artistic drive is individuality. And yet, within that individuality, more and more younger musicians regard their music as also the expression of a people.

Speaking of those in the ghetto, Albert Ayler has emphasized: “I’m playing their suffering whether they know it or not. I’ve lived that suffering.” And Cecil Taylor said: “Everything I’ve lived, I am. I am not afraid of European influences. The point is to use them—as Ellington did—as part of my life as an American Negro . . . Music to me was in a way holding on to Negro culture. . . .”

Archie Shepp has written a composition, *Malcolm, Malcolm—Semper Malcolm*, explaining: “Malcolm knew what it is to be faceless in America and to be sick and tired of that feeling. And he knew the pride of black, that negritude which was bigger than Malcolm himself. There’ll be other Malcolms.”

BUT WASN’T this thrust to reflect the black experience always been endemic to jazz? Implicitly, yes. From the blues on, a black jazzman played how he felt, and how he felt depended in large part on how he coped with his blackness in a racist society. Explicitly, too, there were

statements—in some of the blues, in Ellington’s *Deep South Suite* and other compositions, in the rising use of African titles for pieces in the 1950s.

But the consciousness of being black, the pride in black, has never been more acute than now because jazz could not be isolated from the renaissance in the 1960s of the unfinished revolution that began with the first slave revolts.

What, however, is the function of the music emerging from this black consciousness? In this respect, many of those in the new jazz—though otherwise disparate in their philosophies and in their music—are convinced that music can be a unifying and liberating force.

For Shepp, it seems to me, the music has two imperatives. One is to confront those in the white society who will listen with as full and deep a spectrum as possible of black feelings, from rage to pride, so that there can be much less misunderstanding of black convictions, black needs, and black strength. The other imperative is to reach into and invigorate as many of the black masses as possible with the sustenance of a music that, after all, is an essential element in their heritage and in their way of opposing total conquest by the white society through its destruction of their culture (see LeRoi Jones’s book, *Blues People*).

But here a triple alienation sets in. So far it has not been easy, or without peril, to try to make the new jazz an integral part of the black ghetto, to make jazz an element that can help unify for black power, political, social, and eco-

monic. There are a number of intersecting reasons for this third dimension of alienation. In *Four Lives in the Bebop Business*, A. B. Spellman writes: "By the arbitrary determination of the jazz industry, the music has been available only to serious students (many of them white) in neutral zones . . . never produced in black night clubs or concert halls unless the names were very big. What jazz jobs there are in the Harlems of America go invariably to the safest performers. And the young musicians who are interested in the new music almost always have to take their music 'downtown' in order to find a receptive atmosphere."

"In this way," Spellman continues, "the black jazz musician has had to take his alienation alongside the black poet and painter, and on the occasions when this prodigal music has returned home, the reception has been anything but predictable. The mobile avant-garde jazz performances that LeRoi Jones' Black Arts group put on in the streets of Harlem during the summer of 1965 received a generally favorable audience response, but eggs were thrown at one group. And Archie Shepp, who plays a more gutbucket style of tenor saxophone than most of the new modern tenor saxophone players, received a better welcome at a down-home-type bar in Baltimore than he had on most occasions in New York."

There is, then, a distinct possibility that an audience does exist for the new jazz in the black ghetto, particularly among the young, whose own consciousness of black as a force for unity is accelerating.

But for this music to stay and grow in ghetto communities will require bypassing the traditional middle men—the clubowners and the booking agencies. A musicians' co-op, with roots in community-action groups in the ghetto, may be one way. If jazz can become an organic part of various indigenous units based on leadership from within the community, it may be able to function in this sense as a unifier and as a catalyst of energy.

"My goal," says John Coltrane, "is to uplift people, as much as I can. To inspire them to realize more and more of their capacities for living meaningful lives."

For this to happen, Coltrane says, the musician can never stop exploring and clarifying his own needs and motivations. "There is the need," Coltrane adds, "to keep purifying these feelings and sounds so that we can really see what we've discovered in its pure state. So that we can see more and more clearly what we are. In that way, we can give to those who listen the essence, the best of what we are. But to do that at each stage, we have to keep on cleaning the mirror."

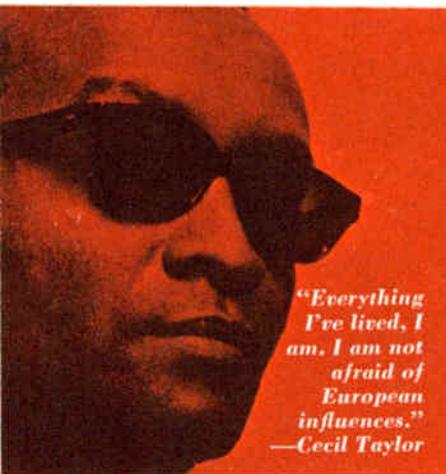
In similar language, Albert Ayler proclaims: "We are the music we play. And our commitment is to peace, to understanding of life. And we keep trying to purify our music, to purify ourselves so that we can move ourselves—and those who hear us—to higher levels of peace and understanding. I'm convinced, you see, that through music life can be given more meaning. And every kind of music has an influence—either direct or indirect—on the world around it so that, after a while, the sounds of different types of music go around and bring about psychological changes. And we're trying to bring about peace."

These men, then, are contemporary converts to Shelley's conviction that artists are, or should be, the real legislators of mankind. And the psychiatrists of mankind too.

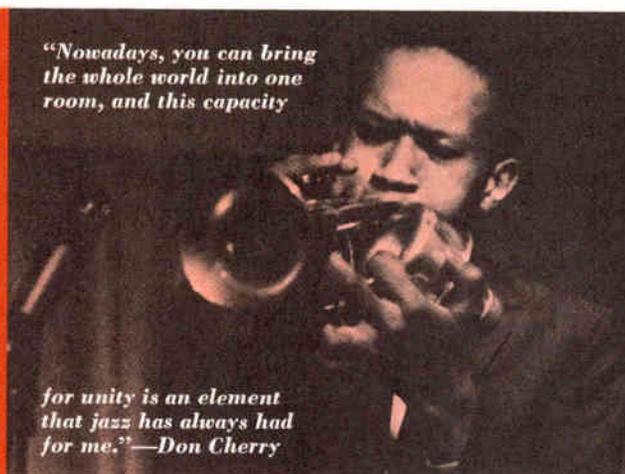
Marion Brown says: "There are people who have told me that they no longer go to their psychiatrists since they've heard Sun Ra, Ayler, or Shepp. This is a music that can regenerate people, cure them. It has a cathartic power."

FOR MYSELF, I DOUBT that in this society, as it is, music can significantly either help accelerate social change or raise people to new plateaus of understanding of themselves and others. But I am trying to describe the new degrees of social commitment that help define much of the new jazz.

In an increasingly rationalized society, in which spon-

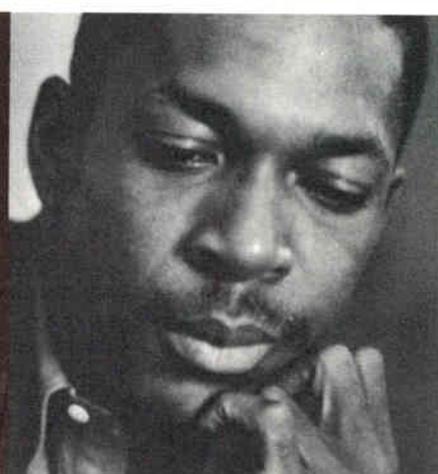


"Everything I've lived, I am. I am not afraid of European influences."
—Cecil Taylor



"Nowadays, you can bring the whole world into one room, and this capacity

for unity is an element that jazz has always had for me."
—Don Cherry



THERE ARE others in the new jazz who, while conscious and proud of their roots in the black experience, see music as a force that can change all kinds of lives, within and outside of the ghetto.

Don Cherry, for instance, insists that the openness of feeling at the core of jazz can bring people of widely different backgrounds together. "Nowadays," Cherry says, "you can bring the whole world into one room, and this capacity for unity is an element that jazz has always had for me."

And that reaching for universality characterizes those in the new jazz whose social commitment ranges beyond color—even though the initial and basic impetus of their music comes from the experience of being black in the United States.

taneity and directness of emotion are constricted from kindergarten on to assure the maximum manipulative effectiveness of the directors of society, jazz has become one of the relatively few reservoirs of human warmth, human unpredictability, rawly human sounds, and faith in the perfectability of man as controller of his own life.

It is an intriguing evolution, in terms of purpose, for a music that began as field hollers by slaves. And whether these claims for jazz as a unifying and liberating force, either for ghettos or for men at large, are fulfilled, this quality of intent is, for me, seizingly and often exhilaratingly evident in a great deal of the new jazz. And its presence makes all the more absurd the contentions of those who dismiss the new music as hokum, as antijazz, as removed from life.

In any case, jazzmen who feel this way will not be able fully to prove their thesis as long as they are forced to expend so much of their energies on simple physical survival. A few, to be sure, are getting work; but most are scuffling, and it is a wonder that they still have so much energy to pour into their music.

Except for a few, the jazz industry, as writer A. B. Spellman calls it, is simply not geared for the new music. I mean nearly all its entrepreneurs, bookers, and clubowners. When one sees, for example, some of the contracts the new jazzmen are signing, it is impossible to contradict Ornette Coleman's point that "in jazz, the Negro is the product. The way they handle their publicity on me, about how far out I am and everything, it gets to be that I'm the product myself. So if it's me they're selling—if I'm the product—then the profits couldn't come back to me, you dig?"

"You see this piano?" Cecil Taylor asks Spellman. "Not more than half of it works. In a way, this piano is me: it half works, I get to work half the year. Everything's that wrong with it, I did it to. I knocked those keys out. I can look at that piano and see my work from the last few years. But you know, a cat playing classical music who had come this far would be getting free pianos, because it's good for the industry. Not me, baby. The pianos I get to play on are never more than 60 percent in, have most of the ivory off the keys, and they are never in tune."

WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

I would think that the new jazzmen, if they are to liberate others, must first liberate themselves. And that is exceedingly difficult, because they have learned from being in this society to distrust others' motives and often to distrust themselves. That's why the Jazz Composers Guild disintegrated. But those who speak of unifying blacks or the world have to unify themselves into some kind of co-operative organization that will mass their potential, economic as well as

has said, "has taken on a tribal concept. Music that is called jazz should be expressed more personally, with fewer tribal restrictions. The one essential quality is the right to be an individual."

That quality of insistent individuality has been attained by John Coltrane, Sun Ra, Cecil Taylor, Albert Ayler, and others. And it is essential. But for effective counterpower to be assembled against the life-deadening and homogenizing impact of the society as a whole, there will have to be a unity of certain kinds of individuals. That's Stokely Carmichael's message to the black community. And it is a message implicit in what many of the new jazzmen say about the goals of their music.

If the new jazzmen can achieve an organic, growing sense of community among themselves, they will then be able to reach many more people and discover whether their music can indeed make a difference in how their listeners feel, think, and ultimately act. If they do not create a community, they will remain singular—and isolated—avatars of an otherwise largely disappearing life force.

For, as it is going now, society in the not-too-distant future will, as John Wilkinson of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions predicts, be immune in its mass to the quality of change in human beings of which Coltrane, Ayler, Shepp, Sun Ra, and others speak. That complex, pervasively rationalized society, Wilkinson says, "will be able to tolerate groups living at different paces and styles, if they show no deliberate intent to alter significantly the drive or direction of the prevailing social processes. . . . Isolated and insulated from major and majority preoccupations of the society, and thereby offering no threat to the status quo, these enclaves will provide opportunities for more whimsical, personally paced styles of life."

"We ought perhaps," Wilkinson goes on, "to establish human sanctuaries as we establish refuges for condors and whooping cranes."

"My goal is to uplift people as much as I can."—John Coltrane

"We are the music we play. And our commitment is to

peace, to understanding of life."—Albert Ayler

"In jazz, the Negro is the product. The way they handle their publicity on me, about how far out I am and everything, it gets to be that I'm the product itself."—Ornette Coleman

expressive, and enable them to hire and control their own middle men when middle men are needed.

It is a great deal to ask, but a great deal is always asked of revolutionaries. If they really believe their music can change men and thereby society, they have to become less insular themselves, less suspicious of each other. They have to be better than we are, we who have lost a sense of community, we who hold on fiercely to whatever niche we've found in the society, in the economy, and to hell with everyone else.

Is this asking too much of the jazz frontiersmen? In view of what their music demands of themselves and in view of what it promises as a cleansing, awakening force, I think not.

They are caught in a paradox. "Jazz," Ornette Coleman

It may be that by 2000, if there is much of a world at all, there will be such sanctuaries for poets, painters, writers, and the Aylers and Coltranes of that time—unless somehow there is a unification of them and others who recognize the need to change social values, to change the way we educate our young, to place priorities on human needs.

There are signs of such attempts at organization—black power, Students for a Democratic Society, the National Conference for a New Politics. But the new jazzmen so far are lagging far behind. They have kept their individuality, but they may eventually be exercising it in a vacuum. However, they need not lose individuality to join communally for certain basic goals.

How to start and how to sustain such a unity of individuals? Only they can answer that question.

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- Feellin' So Good ... V/V6-8669

LALO SCHIFRIN

- Once A Thief V/V6-8624
- Marquis de Sade .. V/V6-8654

COUNT BASIE*

- Basie's Beatle Bag. V/V6-8659
- Prysock/Basie (w/Arthur Prysock) V/V6-8646

GARY McFARLAND

- The In Sound V/V6-8632

TONY SCOTT

- Music for Zen Meditation V/V6-8634

OSCAR PETERSON*

- Put On A Happy Face V/V6-8660

ED THIGPEN

- Out Of The Storm.. V/V6-8663

WALTER WANDERLEY

- Rain Forest V/V6-8658

IRENE REID

- It's Too Late V/V6-5003

JIMMY WITHERSPOON

- A Blue Point Of View V/V6-5007

HOWARD ROBERTS

- The Velvet Groove. V/V6-8662

BROOKS ARTHUR ENSEMBLE

- Sole Forms V/V6-8650

JACKIE & ROY

- Changes V/V6-8668

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Where It's at



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- Another Time, Another Place VSP/VSPS-22
- Stan Getz Blues . VSP/VSPS-31

JOHNNY HODGES

- All The Duke's Men ★★★★★ *Down Beat* VSP/VSPS-3
- Alto Blue ★★★★★ *Down Beat* VSP/VSPS-20

NAT (KING) COLE

- Nat Cole at JATP VSP/VSPS-14
- Nat Cole at JATP, Vol. 2 VSP/VSPS-25

WOODY HERMAN

- The First Herd at Carnegie Hall ★★★★★ *Down Beat* . VSP/VSPS-1
- The Woodchoppers & First Herd at Carnegie Hall VSP/VSPS-26

GENE KRUPA

- That Drummer's Band VSP/VSPS-4

BILLIE HOLIDAY

- Lady ★★★★★ *Down Beat* VSP/VSPS-5

GERRY MULLIGAN

- Gerry's Time VSP/VSPS-6

DIZZY GILLESPIE

- Night In Tunisia ★★★★★ *Down Beat* VSP/VSPS-7
- Soul Mates (w/Roy Eldridge) ★★★★★ *Down Beat* . VSP/VSPS-28

HERBIE MANN

- Bongo, Conga & Flute VSP/VSPS-8
- Big Band Mann. VSP/VSPS-21

GEORGE SHEARING

- Classic Shearing (All new to LP) VSP/VSPS-9

OSCAR PETERSON

- Stage Right VSP/VSPS-11

ART TATUM

- The Art of Art .. VSP/VSPS-33

BUD POWELL

- The Jazz Legacy of Bud Powell VSP/VSPS-34

EARL (FATHA) HINES

- Life With Fatha. VSP/VSPS-35

SONNY ROLLINS

- Tenor Titan VSP/VSPS-32

LESTER YOUNG

- Pres And His Cabinet VSP/VSPS-27
- Giants 3 (w/Nat Cole, Buddy Rich) VSP/VSPS-30

COUNT BASIE

- Inside Basie Outside VSP/VSPS-12

HOWARD ROBERTS

- The Movin' Man. VSP/VSPS-29

COLLECTIONS:

- Two For The Blues (Cannonball Adderley & Ray Brown) ★★★★★ *Down Beat* . VSP/VSPS-10
- The Art Of The Ballad (Stan Getz, others) ★★★★★ *Down Beat* VSP/VSPS-17
- The Jazz Round (Ella Fitzgerald, Louis Armstrong, others) VSP/VSPS-24
- Piano Modern (Cecil Taylor, John Lewis, others) ★★★★★ *Down Beat* VSP/VSPS-13
- How High The Moon (JATP All Stars) VSP/VSPS-15
- Perdido (JATP All Stars) VSP/VSPS-16
- Little David's Fugue (Modern Jazz Ensemble) ... VSP/VSPS-18
- Soul Source (Charlie Parker, others) ★★★★★ *Down Beat* VSP/VSPS-19

Who Says Great Jazz Has To Be Expensive?



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The first major blasts in the Great Avant-Garde (GAG) promotion were felt only a little more than six years ago. Since then, the pressure has been unrelenting, and many unwary souls have succumbed. Among the musicians of stature, whose reputations were assured before the beginning of what some choose to call the Jazz Revolution, only John Coltrane fell, his descent being

bridge which someday one may come along and complete. On the other hand, it is possibly a display of their social philosophy and frustration set to music."

"I really hate to put people down," Clark Terry told Mike Hennessey in Paris for the Sept. 17, 1966, issue of England's *Melody Maker*, "but some of that so-called free jazz just has nothing at all to do with jazz. And a lot of those cats are a little shy on their instruments.

"They set themselves up to change the whole face of jazz, but

idiom) on jazz, one that will have the same economic effect on "modern" musicians that bop had on their "mainstream"—or swing-era—counterparts.

Although the biggest names, like Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, and Thelonious Monk, presumably will survive as Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, and Count Basie have done, lesser talents will be faced with the manufacturing problem of "outdated merchandise." This is ridiculous, of course, but these musicians and their problem only emphasize the urgency of the graver one confronting the older men of the swing era.

The current vogue for big bands may have genuine vitality and momentum, or it may be the last leap of flame before the candle gutters

mainstream predicament

quickly followed by the secession from his quartet of two important associates, pianist McCoy Tyner and drummer Elvin Jones.

The previous revolution in jazz was similarly marked by dissent, bitterness, and confusion, but in far fewer than six years, bop had obtained a secure hold on jazz policy, artistically and commercially, for better or worse.

It is still too early to tell what effect the free-form movement will have—whether it will maim, become the route to estimable discoveries, or wither and die, dragging jazz down with it.

Aceptance by critics has in this instance far exceeded that of musicians. A couple of examples, typical of the profession's attitude, merit consideration. Both, incidentally, were expressed away from home.

"It's ridiculous," Bill Evans was quoted as saying in the Aug. 30, 1966, Toronto *Telegram*. "I haven't heard anything in their playing that sounds complete. Perhaps they are building a

they haven't been around long enough to know. . . . A lot of what they're doing is like building a house and starting with the fifth floor.

"You know what Eric Dolphy told me once? He said he thought this avant-garde thing was going to be big. 'So I'm going to get in on this trend with the rest of these bums,' he said. 'It seems to be happening.' That's exactly what he said."

As their music testifies, neither Evans nor Terry is a musical reactionary, yet Dolphy's opportunism can easily be explained by reference to the history of jazz fads and fancies, to the business process by which the music is labeled and promoted like so much merchandise.

It therefore seems probable that regardless of whether it proves decisively influential, the mere existence of free form will impose an interlude (if not an

out. In any event, it is gratifying that a number of seldom-seen veterans have been returned momentarily to public prominence. They have sounded good, and they have clearly relished the opportunity to appear and be heard once more. At rooms like the Mark Twain Riverboat in New York City, it has been quite evident that this was the music that patrons of the same generation wanted. These middle-aged patrons, moreover, are the ones with the money.

Why doesn't this money talk on records? Has it been scared away by other, more nearly ubiquitous forms of jazz?

These are relevant questions, because the middle-age citizen, who has

reached a plateau of comfortable affluence, isn't likely to be out on the town very frequently. He is much more likely to sit down before his stereo equipment after dinner (as an alternative to television), and it seems beyond belief that he would not often want to hear music in the styles that delighted him in his youth. Addiction to any kind of jazz is not easily eradicated.

For at least a decade, it has been claimed that recorded "mainstream" jazz doesn't sell. Exceptions in this loosely defined area may include Ellington, Basie, Erroll Garner, Johnny Hodges, Coleman Hawkins, and Jonah Jones. They almost invariably have had to compete with their past in the form of reissues, but regularity of their new releases indicates satisfactory sales.

The fact that other artists in this field have sold less well has been the

even, modest fortune.

The percentage of failures in "modern" jazz has been extremely high, but the output and promotion of this kind of material has continued unabated. It is unlikely that much of it will warrant reissuing 30 years from now, and with few exceptions its exponents have been decidedly overexposed.

"A lot of us who pioneered in this business still have something to say," remarked Edgar Battle, the trumpet player, arranger, and composer.

Now a successful electronics engineer, Battle decided a year or so ago to prove that he still had "something to say." With friends like Eddie Barefield; alto saxophone, clarinet; Eddie Durham, arranger, guitar; Lloyd Phillips, piano; and Slick Jones, drums, he privately made a series of albums that have the same impact—but for a different cause—as the famous King Jazz

Battle was largely responsible for **Topsy**, Cozy Cole's hit of a few years back, and he said he believes he could create others, as he did in the past, if he had the opportunity.

"But you have to look to Europe for recognition," he said "It's been that way a long, long time. I remember when Noble Sissle couldn't get himself arrested in New York. Until he went to Europe and played at the Ambassadeurs in Paris, nobody would listen to him. Even Duke Ellington had to go, before people in the U.S. would really recognize the kind of musician he was."

Domestic record producers do not seem to value the European market very highly, perhaps because it is broken up into too many small entities. The eventual creation of a broader Common Market may forcibly change the outlook, but, meanwhile, the application of the U.S. "festival" mentality is apparent in the European tours

excuse for nearly all the companies to desert it. Most of the few attempts that have been made have been half-hearted and cheap, permitting the musicians a minimum of time in the studio and a minimum of money for arrangements and outside preparation. In other words, there seldom has been any serious interest or intent on the part of the producers. This is in striking contrast to the pains, time, and money devoted to building new talents. Often these new talents have been mediocre, but skillful promotion has sometimes pushed them to fame and,

records by Sidney Bechet and Mezz Mezzrow. Battle's **Harlem House Hop** by a quartet has the feeling, integrity, tempos, and appropriate material that one no longer expects in a jazz album. No exotica, no flagwavers, no lousy movie themes, no bongos. Another unusual album features seven saxophones with rhythm—men like Barefield, George Kelly, Harold Ashby, Russ Andrews, Babe and Pete Clarke—playing honest, ungimmicked jazz the way the times no longer permit them to do publicly.

organized in late 1966 by George Wein and Norman Granz.

It will be interesting to see how a third tour, put together by Jack Higgins of the Harold Davison booking office in London, will fare in comparison with Wein's and Granz' attractions. It has been designed to cater to a relatively specialized taste, and it has been titled Music from a Swinging Era. Headed by pianist Earl Hines, it will feature trumpeters Buck Clayton and Roy Eldridge, trombonist Vic Dicken-

son, saxophonists Budd Johnson, Bud Freeman, and Willie Smith, and pianist Sir Charles Thompson. The increasing popularity of such musicians in Europe must ultimately be reflected in record sales, but is there really no demand in this country for uncompromising jazz albums in their idiom?

Some of the best music ever made by Budd Johnson was recorded for Bell several years ago with four horns (including that of trumpeter Clark Terry) and rhythm. Johnson wrote and arranged all the numbers and played all the saxophone solos (baritone, tenor, and soprano). He even included a jazz waltz and a heady Afro piece, but the album was evidently considered too serious overall for contemporary tastes. It is still on the shelf. So is one tenor saxophonist Paul Gonsalves made for RCA Victor's subsidiary label, Camden, in 1960 with fellow Ellingtonians trumpeter-violinist Ray Nance, altoist Johnny Hodges, and trombonist Booty

company produced two albums of pop songs by his band, the music from **Mary Poppins**, and a collection of band themes, neglecting entirely some of his finest work in recent years, **The Far East Suite**, which is, alas, no longer a part of the band's regular repertoire. Moreover, there is no sign at all of the excellent music he wrote for the film **Assault on a Queen**, although meaningless soundtracks from meaningless movies are profusely issued on record.

Basie, somewhat similarly, seems to have been relegated to backing pop singers and recording pop songs. In between James Bond, the Beatles, and Broadway, some enterprising company may yet find a new jazz album by him to be mysteriously "commercial."

“**T**o hell with it!”—that’s what a lot of guys said,” Edgar Battle insisted. “I think Ed Durham is one of the greatest guitar players in the country, but he lives like a kind of recluse.”

So do many other jazz musicians who have become disgusted with the

have the chance, particularly since the little circle of the recording contractors grows narrower and narrower.

The neglect of the swing-era men has been a scandal and a disgrace for nearly 20 years. It is more than ever necessary that something should be done now.

It is not a question of a revival or of remaking old hits but of giving them perhaps a last chance to express the ideas that have been dammed up by the course of events. Battle has shown what can be done with modest means, demonstrated the potential, but it is absurd that he should have to look to Europe when the foundations are pouring out money on art forms derived from Europe.

Since jazz is good enough to represent this country on State Department tours, it deserves official help at home, at the source.

The danger is that help will come too late, as it did in the case of the New Orleans veterans. No one wants another delapidated revival of that kind. The mainstream men are not

Wood. There was a shift of power and policy, and it was shelved as "uncommercial" at a time when the trade was still talking about the parent company's amazing contract with Sonny Rollins. Under the current, more-enlightened regime, there is more hope for its appearance.

On a grander level, the period in Ellington's career when he was under contract to Reprise is illuminating. After the brilliant **Afro-Bossa** set, the

music business. Some have day jobs and work weekend gigs. Others, again, went reluctantly into rock-and-roll. No change in their musical beliefs was involved, only the matter of making a living, supporting a family. Men like drummer Panama Francis and tenor saxophonist Sam Taylor speak bitterly of how other musicians brand them as rock-and-rollers. They would like to play in jazz contexts, but they seldom

waiting for anyone to hold out false teeth. They can play. They are waiting for the chance to show that they still have something to say, something to communicate. Who knows? It might prove valuable to a younger generation that is about to be backed into a similar predicament.

In any case, sympathy is not enough; time is running out. 



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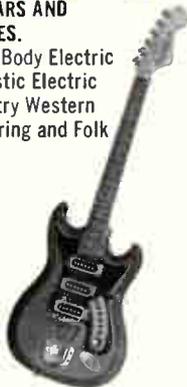
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THERE COMES A TIME when sitting still becomes irksome, especially if your entire life (or most of it) has been spent on the road. So when I received a bid to play in a Paris club this fall, I quickly said, "Oui."

Having lived in France for several years, back in the middle '40s, I looked forward with keen anticipation to my return to that scene. How well I remembered Budons, a saloon where the guys used to hang out, and Rue Pigalle, where the street gals hung out. I could not imagine that any real change had taken place in Paris—after all, World War II had hardly dampened the magnificent joie de vivre of the city.

I was wrong, because what the rigors of war had not been able to uproot, the prosperity of peace had completely changed. Gone was the fun for fun's sake. The new attitude was the familiar "get a buck." Where in the past there had been many clubs, there now remained only a handful. France, today, is only a shadow of its former self, in a jazz sense, even though Paris still has more jazz clubs than any other European city—and most American cities.

Yet there's more than a ray of hope in many other European countries. England, Switzerland, and Germany are holding their own. In Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Belgium, and Italy, there is more than occasional activity. Meanwhile, there's a glimmering of great potential in Czechoslovakia, Russia, Yugoslavia, Austria, and Spain (Barcelona and Madrid boast several jazz spots).

There's every style represented in these bistros—Dixieland, swing, avant-garde—and the forms are interchangeable. By that I mean the clubs play whatever and whoever is available. One week, the marquee will feature Bud Freeman and the next week, Ted Curson. In Copenhagen I played the Club Montmartre following Yusef Lateef, who had succeeded Stuff Smith. The settings, as a rule, are quite imaginative and picturesque, although the acoustics frequently are rather spotty (as in the United States). But the fans dig their jazz hot or cold.

Paris has its caves, which are more literally basements. These were built 800 to 1,000 years ago out of chunks of stone, with the curved, arched ceilings, reminiscent of old Roman architecture. Today, several clubs are located in these caves in the colorful Latin Quarter, with the advantage that the music does not disturb the neighbors, nor is there any possibility of outside noises filtering in—not hardly, through those six-foot-thick walls, below street level. Among the five or six caves (all featuring jazz) are Le Trois Mailletz and Le Chat Qui Peche. Other clubs are in the Rue Pigalle section, where in former years the apache (meaning hustlers and pimps) made their headquarters, and where currently trumpeter Jack Butler and saxophonist Benny Waters are appearing in the largest of a half-dozen bistros in that neighborhood.

Several countries have fine local musicians. England's Alex Welsh Band plays with an infectious enthusiasm. Trumpeter Welsh plays an Armstrong-styled horn, and his fellow bandmen boast a variety of stunning swingers: baritone saxophonist Johnny Barnes, trombonist Roy Williams, drummer Lenny Hastings, guitarist Jim Douglas, and pianist Fred Hunt.

Copenhagen musicians tend to be avant-garde, so I do not feel qualified to assess their virtues or flaws. However, there's a great semipro trombonist, John Darville, who plays jazz as his hobby (he makes a good living in the chocolate export-import business). If he wanted to make jazz a full-time occupation, I think he could compete with the best.

In Switzerland the most advanced and swinging outfit is that of Henri Chaix, an urbane, thinking pianist who writes and leads his eight-man crew through the music of Jelly Roll Morton, Count Basie, and Duke Ellington. Chaix plays many styles of piano but is especially adept at a James



rex in europe

1. Cornetist Stewart at the Prague Jazz Festival; the accompanists are pianist Jan Hammer, bassist Jimmy Woode, and drummer Pierre Favre. Photo by Lubos Svatek.

2. Stewart leading the Alex Welsh Band at a concert in London; the others are trombonist Roy Williams, bassist Ron

P. Johnson-Fats Waller sound. A listener could close his eyes and never believe that this is a Swiss playing in Geneva—it's perfect stride piano, right out of Harlem in the '20s. The fellows in his group and the arrangements are all top notch.

Another outstanding talent is Tete Montoliu of Barcelona.



Mathewson, and paritone saxophonist Johnny Barnes. Photo by Valerie Wilmer.

3. The author relaxes between sessions. Photo by Robert Skeetz.

4. Spanish pianist Tete Montoliu. Photo by Jean-Pierre Leloir.

5. Trumpeter Alex Welsh. Photo by Patrick Gynn-Jones.

Here is an imaginative blind pianist, who in many ways is reminiscent of the late Art Tatum. He frequently changes keys in midchorus with stunning effect and has a fine left hand and terrific sense of the jazz idiom. These are the outstanding ones—and I am sure that there are many more I missed.

MUSICAL CHAUVINISM, however, has grown in many of these countries over the years as more and more American players appear on the scene. It remains well hidden most of the time, but it can be felt, especially when certain musicians are caught glaring with undisguised jealousy at a soloing Yank. Happily, this is the exception now, not the rule. Most players act as if everyone belongs to a great fraternity, which is true as far as I am concerned. This consideration between musicians has followed a pattern throughout the years, and quite recently I had occasion to be grateful again for the togetherness that exists among musicians.

At Cologne, Germany, where I was to do a concert, the train pulled into the station at 7 p.m. Surrounding the depot were a large number of hotels, and I didn't think there'd be any trouble finding a room. I started out on foot, through a heavy downpour, and it was only after I had been told "no room" at six or eight of them that I began to feel uneasy. I didn't know a soul in town, the office that had booked me was closed, there was the language barrier, and it was raining buckets.

Then I had an idea. I hailed a taxi—the driver fortunately spoke English—and he informed me that the room shortage was the result of a fair in town. I asked him if there was a jazz club, in hopes of finding a kindred spirit who would at least let me sit up somewhere out of the rain. Sure enough, the driver knew of a jazz club. On arriving there, the fellow at the door recognized me and after hearing of my plight, escorted me to a rooming house. So, I had a bed to sleep in that night, thanks to the fraternity.

This camaraderie was evident even behind the Iron Curtain in Prague, Czechoslovakia, where Englishmen imbibed with Russians, Austrians talked shop with Yanks, etc. As a matter of record, everybody behaved as if the Prague festival were a reunion of one big happy family—which in a sense it was.

In many ways, going from city to city in Europe, for one who has made prior visits, is always a reunion with somebody. One can fall into any major European city and not be surprised to find a chum, whom he hasn't seen for years, ensconced in the community and earning a living. The Continent is loaded with expatriate Americans who are able to "make it" in music, without digging ditches or running an elevator part time. Scandinavia, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, and Holland—all these countries offer a haven for the talented.

Germany, in particular, with its well-paid radio and television networks, is studded with American arrangers and musicians.

The list of the well-known jazzmen who have left this country to settle on the Continent is quite long, and the names familiar. But there also are people whom I've never heard of (including several good West Indian musicians) and fellows I had long ago lost sight of—they all mingle with well-known jazzmen. On my last trip, I was happy to meet a bass man who played in my band 20 years ago and whom I hadn't seen or heard of since!

Several of these "new Europeans" now speak two, three, or more languages fluently, and they know the whole scene intimately—plane schedules, hotels, bookers, conversion of currency, night clubs—all over Europe. They hop about from city to city as comfortably as any native-born European.

A jazzman is revered in Europe almost as much as he is disliked in the United States. Here, it seems that the average American thinks a jazz musician is a junkie, or at least a lush, a person of low morals. In Europe a jazzman is considered an artist, unless he proves himself otherwise. I signed untold numbers of autographs in Europe, many for sincere fans, who told me which of my records they had in their collections. The European jazz buff takes his music

seriously, has his collection carefully cataloged, speaks authoritatively on records, personnel, etc., and listens to jazz without talking.

My fellow Americans have settled in Europe for more reasons than just the steady paycheck and the admiration. For the Negro musicians, Europe is a refuge from Jim Crow and all the discomforts of racial prejudice. As a matter of fact, the Europeans believe that only Americans *really* play jazz and that the Negro is the only true creator and disseminator of this music. So there is actually a Crow Jim, with colored Americans getting first crack at (and higher pay for) the gigs.

This goes for every country I visited, although I was amused by the attitude of the Spanish buffs. They are pre-occupied with color in jazz. Reporters and fans asked questions I found difficult to answer. For instance, one interviewer asked, "Who understands jazz better, Negroes or white people? Who performs the music better? Who danced to the music first?" Such questions would never be asked by the more sophisticated people in other countries, and, to me, it indicates how far behind the international mores Spain is, blanketed by censorship as it has been. However, Spain is coming on, as demonstrated by its first jazz festival, held this year at Barcelona.

JAZZ FESTIVALS have become the thing in Europe, and there were at least a dozen last summer. Strangely enough, here, too, Americans dominate the scene, not just as musicians but also acting as co-ordinators, advisers, and bookers. Among these entrepreneurs there seems to be a power struggle for the market.

While the Americans are unquestionably more experienced in promoting jazz festivals, one can only hope that the clash will not work to the detriment of the jazz market for musicians. At this time, some of these gentlemen present the same faces year after year, to the point that, if it continues, attendance at jazz festivals will start falling off. In my talks with Europeans involved, the hope has been voiced that they get a chance to hear their favorites, not just the musicians preselected for them in the United States.

At one of the European jazz festivals, an American musician almost caused an international incident. Learning that the programs were being taped (for use by the Voice of America and the government-run radio) our countryman, who had been bitten once by having such a taping subsequently released as a commercial disc, refused to have his stint recorded. The local engineer felt insulted, the government of that country said the implied contract had been violated, and embassies had many an anguished hour of discussion to resolve this unpleasant situation. The musician was correct in protesting, but the snafu resulted from the failure of someone to stipulate that the taping was part of the contract between the festival backers and the government. Who could believe that international relationships could be strained over a jazz festival?

Of the many festivals, I was able to attend only two, because conflicting bookings prevented me from making any more. I was in Prague as a performer and in Barcelona as a writer. There was such a contrast between them that it is worthy of mention.

It was the third year for the Prague festival, and it was extremely well organized. All English-speaking personnel were met at the airport by a bilingual guide, escorted to the hotel (where reservations had been made), and given local currency by the committee, as well as a schedule of rehearsals and performances. The government extended every effort to make us visitors comfortable, except for paying off in U.S. dollars. However, the great variety of music from many nations that was flowing, along with the good beer and delicious food, almost (but not quite) made up for the

small oversight with the bread.

On the other hand, in Barcelona, there was great confusion throughout. Hotel reservations were made, with blocks of rooms reserved for the participants in each of three hotels. The men arrived, their itineraries calling for one hotel but being whisked off to another. Then, the festival heads did not speak English, and they had neither provided translators for the men nor any kind of briefing material. Many a misunderstanding arose with this lack of communication, including the times for performances. Matinees in Spain are at 6 or 7 p.m., evening shows at 11 p.m., and several of the participants grumbled loudly when they discovered that they would finish a concert at 1:30 a.m. and were scheduled to leave Barcelona in a couple of hours.

When I checked in with press credentials and asked for a press kit, I was told it would be forthcoming pronto, but it turned out that that meant manana. It was only about two hours before the first concert when the kit, with tickets for the performances, finally turned up. The carefully stapled press releases were in Spanish (no translation provided).

While none of the American musicians actually spoke Spanish, it was good to notice that several of them made the effort to greet the audience, and express their thanks, in Spanish. Luckily, the sound system was behaving itself during these verbal gestures, though it tended to go on and off during the concerts in a disconcertingly spotty fashion. The lighting was also unpredictable.

Another contrast with Spain was that in Czechoslovakia a bar was set up backstage during the performances, dispensing sandwiches and beverages, which was greatly appreciated. After each concert, there was a designated place for the musicians to jam, if they wished, in a restaurant with a bandstand. Everyone was invited to attend, and the room was swinging every night after the concerts as musicians visited with one another and enjoyed the music in the impromptu setting. In Barcelona there was no such gathering place nor provision for food. One irate musician came off the stand after playing and was furious to find that the Coca-Cola he had brought had been consumed while he was onstage, and there was no place nearby to get another.

In Barcelona only one group was scheduled for each day (on matinee days two groups each played both performances). This was in contrast with the customary presentation of several different combos, bands, etc., in all the other festivals. Who knows? Perhaps the Spanish have the right idea after all. Sometimes it is maddening to have a group get into a groove, only to be yanked off for another act in the shuffling to "get it all in."

These remarks about the Barcelona festival are not offered in condemnation but only, I hope, as constructive criticism, for I bow deeply to the gentlemen who conceived and put on this festival. They did not have the co-operation of the Spanish government, either in publicity or financial matters. I'd say that all the trials and tribulations of undertaking such a project were experienced in Spain's first attempt and that any mistakes certainly will not be repeated in later years. Without question, Barcelona's first jazz festival was most entertaining, and, while it was not a complete artistic and financial success, it was still a strong step in the right direction.

I'm glad that I caught the festival in Barcelona and had a chance to go behind the Iron Curtain, to meet some interesting musicians, and generally to become acquainted with Europe today.

Europe's jazz now seems a close extension of the U.S. scene, and the Continent has picked up where the United States left off. It's a swinging, lively scene, where TV and rock-and-roll have not been the disrupting forces that they have been in the States.

I look forward to returning soon and often.

CB

We used to think Charlie was a good guy.



That was a long time ago, when we started out together to develop our new pickups and amplifiers. Then we found out just how uncompromising and demanding a guitarist could be.

You see, we knew that Charlie didn't know a transistor from a transformer. But that didn't matter. What we wanted Charlie to do was listen after we put them together.



Well,
Charlie
listened.



And he listened.



And he listened some more.

We could never seem to get just the right sound for Charlie but he was patient with us. In all fairness we should say that Charlie is just as uncompromising and demanding upon himself as he is on us.

Then one day Charlie heard what he was listening for all this time; his music played back to him through our Super-sound amplifier exactly the way it went into it.

Now Charlie uses our amplifier. He says it's probably the best one made anywhere in the world.

And if Charlie says so, we know from experience that he means it.

Maybe you'll like it too.



We don't think Charlie is a good guy anymore, though. Now we know what a great guy he is.

You might say, we're as happy as a Byrd with our new amplifiers too. You can hear them at your Baldwin dealers', . . . you can see them just by turning the page.



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Baldwin

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Baldwins are meant to be seen (as well as heard.)

You'll be proud to put these Baldwin Supersound Amplifiers right out front. They are that good-looking.

You'll be proud the way they put your music right out front, too.

No fuzziness here. Every note is crisp and sparkling. And you can get your kind of sound just by flicking a switch.

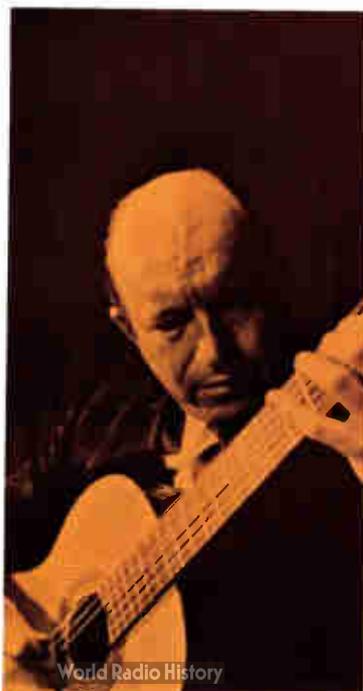
Three models to choose from. All are solid state, two-channel and have four input jacks and power outlet for accessories. Supersound models have reverb and tremolo.



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Charlie Byrd, Jazz and Classical Guitarist, uses Baldwin Amplifiers exclusively.

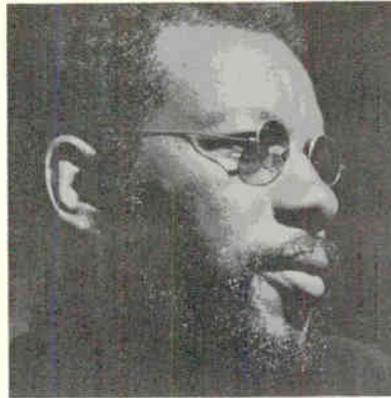
HALL OF FAME

JAZZMAN OF THE YEAR

RECORD OF THE YEAR



THE AMAZING BUD POWELL
BUD POWELL BLP 1503/4

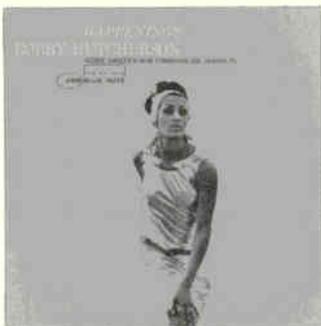


ORNETTE COLEMAN



AT THE "GOLDEN CIRCLE"
STOCKHOLM BLP 4224

*The Down Beat Poll Winners
are on BLUE NOTE
The Jazz Sound For Everyone*



BOBBY HUTCHERSON
HAPPENINGS BLP 4231



LEE MORGAN
CORN BREAD BLP 4222



ART BLAKEY
INDESTRUCTIBLE BLP 4193



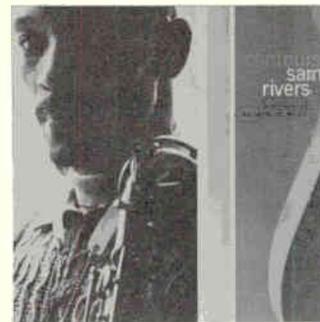
FREDDIE HUBBARD
BLUE SPIRITS BLP 4196



ANDREW HILL
COMPULSION BLP 4217



BLUE MITCHELL
BRING IT HOME TO ME BLP 4228



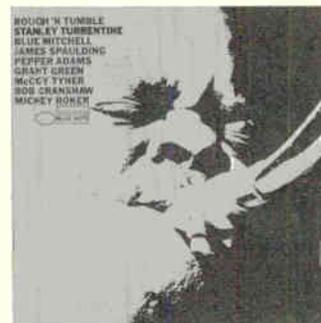
SAM RIVERS
CONTOURS BLP 4206



HORACE SILVERS
THE CAPE VERDEAN BLUES BLP 4220



CECIL TAYLOR
UNIT STRUCTURES BLP 4237



STANLEY TURRENTINE
ROUGH 'N TUMBLE BLP 4240



JIMMY SMITH
BUCKET BLP 4235

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

BLUE NOTE

43 West 61st St.
New York, N. Y. 10023



So what's new? you ask. In every jazz magazine going, at home and abroad, they wrote about Newport 1966, the highs, the lows, the good points, the bad points, how appreciative the crowd was (they didn't riot), the weather, the new setting, the special insights into the whole thing, the "in" backstage views, the photographs—thousands upon thousands of sensitive, creative, soulful, capturing-the-mood photographs.

Well, I want to take you to another Newport, the one the other writers never see and probably don't even know exists. Instead of going through the back door—the stage entrance—when you go with me, you'll go through that other door...the front one, the people's portal.

Before I start, I want to make it clear that I'm sure I was no typical paying member of the Newport festival audience. I had a lot of preconceived notions, such as it would be too crowded, the acoustics would be terrible, the whole thing would be superficial and the like; but, in spite of this, I—and my sister, who shared my preconceptions and my desires and who was my companion throughout the whole thing—wanted above all to hear the music, to get an idea, musically, of what Newport was like.

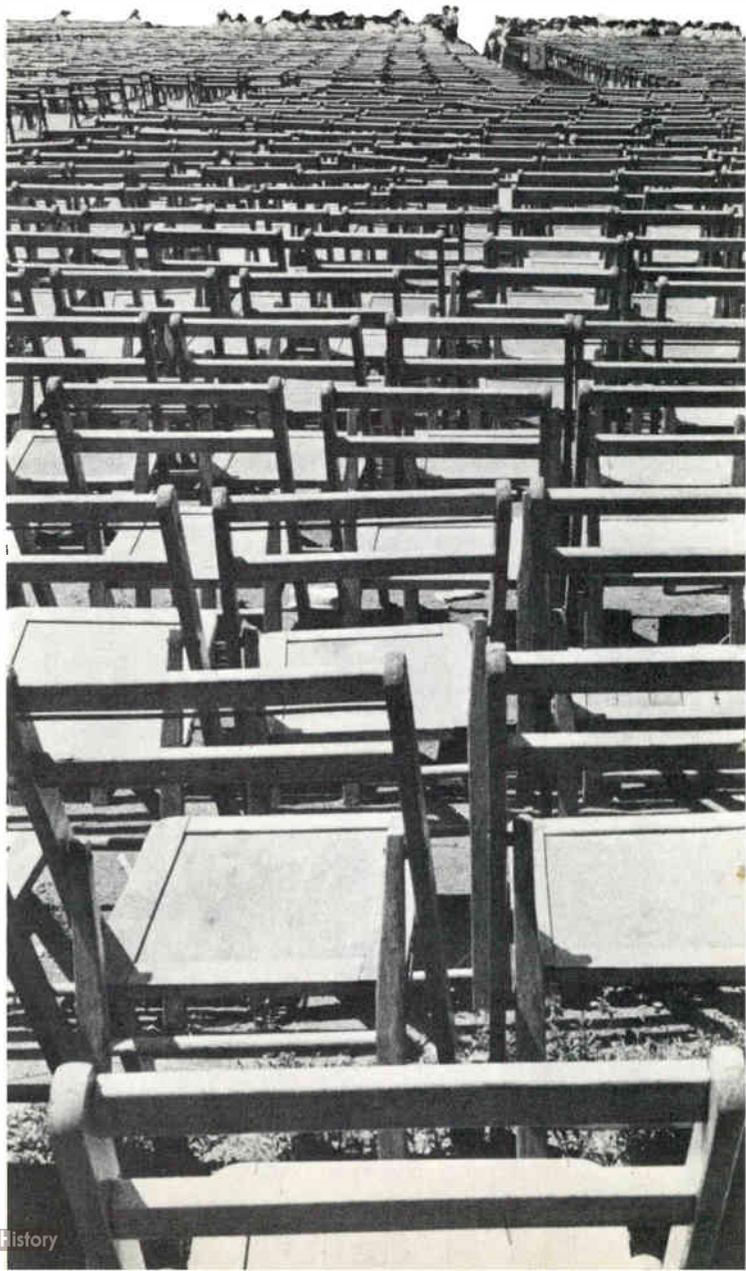
Start with the location, Festival Field. A more appropriate name, as far as the paying customers' only means of entrance and exit are concerned, would be the Festival Dust Bowl. No matter how you arrive—car, bus, motorcycle, bike, on foot—there is no way to get into or out of the festival except to trudge across a dusty, dirty, barren sort of pasture and up (and I mean up) a dusty, pebble-strewn path about four feet wide. The dust was a good two or three inches thick. (It just occurred to me: what if it had rained?) Try it once, along with a lot of other people, in the dark, wearing sandals. And every time a car drove from the parking lot across the pasture, great, billowing clouds of dust came sweeping in its wake. Breathing it all in somehow made New York City's smog seem bearable.

Upon arriving at the summit of this God-forsaken path and crossing more barren pasture, you are subjected to an inspection at Gate No. 1 to make sure you're not hiding any firewater ("no liquids of any kind") on your person. You hand in your tickets at the next gate, and you are at last inside.

Now that they've checked you to make sure you're not carrying any alcoholic beverages, the first thing you see inside the gates is a gigantic concession selling a name-brand beer, and it's selling very well indeed. One gets the impression that it's not drunkenness the festival authorities are against; they just want to make sure that the money spent getting that way goes to the right people.

**Let me
take you
by the hand
and together
we shall go
to the Newport
Jazz
Festival**

By GEORGIA GRIGGS



So you cross another pasture (still dusty) and, eventually, find your assigned seats. If you're really one of the proles, as we are, you get an amazingly uncomfortable, slatted, wooden folding chair, jammed next to its neighbors with no room to spare on either side and with very little room in front, the ideal setting in which to relax and enjoy two or three hours of music—right?

After all this, you become vaguely aware that—yes!—there is a stage off there in the distance. But wait. Is it a stage or is it a grounded UFO? From three blocks back, that's the impression it gives, especially at night, with its lights.

And—yes!—there is music being played. Our first visit was Saturday night, and we were located in dead center, Section C, and I use the term "dead" advisedly. Either we were between speakers or something was amiss with the sound system in general, but whatever the reason, we could hear only indistinctly and separately. The groups didn't sound like groups. The drums seemed to be on one track, piano on another, horn on another, like a very badly synchronized stereo system, with occasional feedback from speakers farther back. Well, what did we expect?

The girl jammed in next to us put it very accurately when she said she felt as if she were on a stationary horse on a merry-go-round while everyone else was bobbing up and down, back and forth, around her. It was true. People were constantly walking back and forth in front of us and up and down the aisles in the section ahead of us. That beer—they just couldn't get enough of it—and back and forth they went. Even with field glasses we couldn't see the stage, just people's sides and backs, moving, moving, MOVING!

Now, you'll get the critiques of the music elsewhere, for I'm no critic even when I can hear what's happening. Although on other occasions at the festival (we went again Sunday afternoon and evening and Monday afternoon) the sound was better—or we were located in more auspicious spots—the music was always the last thing we could pay attention to, no matter how pure our motives were. There was just so much else to distract us it was impossible to listen—or hear—attentively.

But I would like to comment on all the "standing ovations" other accounts of the festival have mentioned and the response to what was happening on stage among that vast audience—the one well in back of the press section.

I can't imagine what it would take really to move that mountain of an audience. Granted that they wanted to be moved by certain performers, such as Nina Simone, but I will argue with anyone who wants to take me on

about whether they came "roaring to their feet."

The reason for this seeming apathy probably has many causes, but we feel that the performers would have to be superhuman to reach that audience. An ordinary excellent performance could never do it; even an extraordinary performance couldn't do it. Back there, with everything else that was happening, it would be very hard to distinguish a run-of-the-mill from an inspired performance, and, frankly, the great majority of the audience probably wouldn't have felt moved by an inspired performance if conditions had been amenable. They were there more to make the scene than to hear the music.

All things considered, however, their motivations were much more appropriate to the festival than ours, because the "scene" was omnipresent and the music was a backdrop to it, as far as the masses were concerned.

The high point of our festival experience, as you might expect, was not a musical one, but it crystallized the whole scene back there where the paying customers lived.

About midway through Saturday night's program three girls finally found their seats, during Thelonious Monk's set. The first thing they wanted to know, from someone near them, was if Nina Simone had already appeared. When informed that she had, they expressed their dismay and started discussing whether to leave or not, as Miss Simone was evidently the only presentation being officially offered at the festival that they cared to see. But probably because they needed to rest before they undertook the arduous task of getting out of the place so soon after they had managed to get in, they stayed for a while.

"Who's that up there now?" one of the girls asked one of her companions.

"I think that's the Modern Jazz Quartet," her friend replied.

My sister and I rubbed our eyes and ears. As hard as it was to see the stage and hear well, it seemed obvious to us that anyone who would take the trouble to go to a jazz festival just couldn't confuse the MJQ with Monk. However....

"Are you sure?" the first girl responded.

"Well, I'm not absolutely sure. Why don't we ask someone?"

So the first girl inquired of someone and then informed her friend, "That's Thelonious Monk."

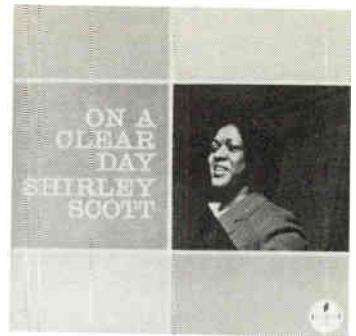
"WHO?" was her friend's reply. "Who's he?"

Well, after a few more minutes—before the end of the set and after again bemoaning having missed Miss Simone—they decided to leave, because it seems there was an even bigger disappointment than missing the singer: "I thought we were going to meet people here." [15]

12 reasons why this is the year of jazz on Impulse.



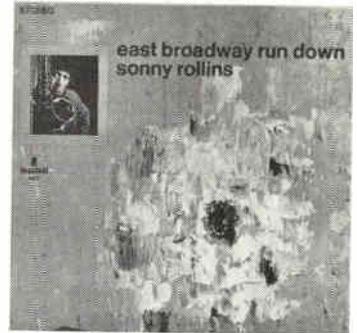
1. KULU SE MAMA
John Coltrane A-9106



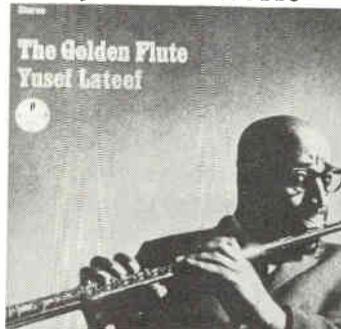
2. ON A CLEAR DAY
Shirley Scott A-9109



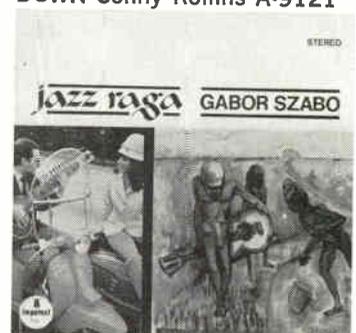
3. LET IT GO
Stanley Turrentine A-9115



4. EAST BROADWAY RUN
DOWN Sonny Rollins A-9121



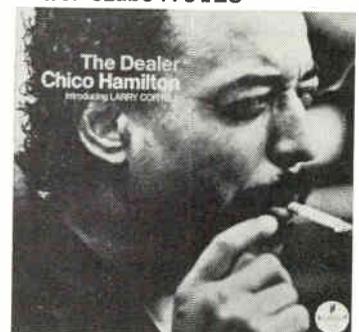
5. THE GOLDEN FLUTE
Yusef Lateef A-9125



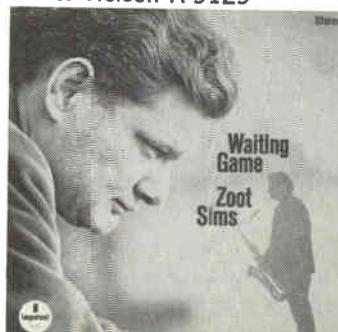
6. JAZZ RAGA
Gabor Szabo A-9128



7. SOUND PIECES
Oliver Nelson A-9129



8. THE DEALER
Chico Hamilton A-9130



9. WAITING GAME
Zoot Sims A-9131

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11. CHICO O'FARRILL A-9135

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THE WINNERS OF *DOWN BEAT'S* READERS POLLS *1936-1966*

FAVORITE SOLOIST

1936	
1937	Benny Goodman
1938	Benny Goodman
1939	Benny Goodman
1940	Benny Goodman
1941	Benny Goodman
1942	Harry James
1943	Benny Goodman
1944	Benny Goodman
1945	Benny Goodman
1946	Benny Goodman
1947	Benny Goodman
1948	Duke Ellington
1949	Benny Goodman
1952	Charlie Parker

HALL OF FAME

1952	Louis Armstrong
1953	Glenn Miller
1954	Stan Kenton
1955	Charlie Parker
1956	Duke Ellington
1957	Benny Goodman
1958	Count Basie
1959	Lester Young
1960	Dizzy Gillespie
1961	Billie Holiday
1962	Miles Davis
1963	Thelonious Monk
1964	Eric Dolphy
1965	John Coltrane
1966	Bud Powell

Continued on overleaf

	TRUMPET	TROMBONE	ALTO SAXOPHONE	TENOR SAXOPHONE
1936	Bix Beiderbecke	Tommy Dorsey		
1937	Harry James	Tommy Dorsey	Jimmy Dorsey	Chu Berry
1938	Harry James	Tommy Dorsey	Jimmy Dorsey	Bud Freeman
1939	Harry James	Tommy Dorsey	Jimmy Dorsey	Coleman Hawkins
1940*	Ziggy Elman	Jack Jenney	Johnny Hodges	Eddie Miller
1941	Ziggy Elman	J. C. Higginbotham	Johnny Hodges	Tex Beneke
1942	Roy Eldridge	J. C. Higginbotham	Johnny Hodges	Tex Beneke
1943	Ziggy Elman	J. C. Higginbotham	Johnny Hodges	Vido Musso
1944	Ziggy Elman	J. C. Higginbotham	Johnny Hodges	Lester Young
1945	Ziggy Elman	Bill Harris	Johnny Hodges	Charlie Ventura
1946	Roy Eldridge	Bill Harris	Johnny Hodges	Vido Musso
1947	Ziggy Elman	Bill Harris	Johnny Hodges	Vido Musso
1948	Charlie Shavers	Bill Harris	Johnny Hodges	Flip Phillips
1949	Howard McGhee	Bill Harris	Johnny Hodges	Flip Phillips
1950	Maynard Ferguson	Bill Harris	Charlie Parker	Stan Getz
1951	Maynard Ferguson	Bill Harris	Charlie Parker	Stan Getz
1952	Maynard Ferguson	Bill Harris	Charlie Parker	Stan Getz
1953	Chet Baker	Bill Harris	Charlie Parker	Stan Getz
1954	Chet Baker	Bill Harris	Charlie Parker	Stan Getz
1955	Miles Davis	J. J. Johnson	Paul Desmond	Stan Getz
1956	Dizzy Gillespie	J. J. Johnson	Paul Desmond	Stan Getz
1957	Miles Davis	J. J. Johnson	Paul Desmond	Stan Getz
1958	Miles Davis	J. J. Johnson	Paul Desmond	Stan Getz
1959	Miles Davis	J. J. Johnson	Paul Desmond	Stan Getz
1960	Miles Davis	J. J. Johnson	Cannonball Adderley	John Coltrane
1961	Miles Davis	J. J. Johnson	Cannonball Adderley	John Coltrane
1962	Miles Davis	J. J. Johnson	Paul Desmond	Stan Getz
1963	Miles Davis	J. J. Johnson	Paul Desmond	Stan Getz
1964	Miles Davis	J. J. Johnson	Paul Desmond	John Coltrane
1965	Miles Davis	J. J. Johnson	Paul Desmond	John Coltrane
1966	Miles Davis	J. J. Johnson	Paul Desmond	John Coltrane

	BARITONE SAXOPHONE	CLARINET	PIANO	GUITAR
1936		Benny Goodman	Teddy Wilson	Eddie Lang
1937		Benny Goodman	Teddy Wilson	Carmen Mastren
1938		Benny Goodman	Bob Zurke	Benny Heller
1939		Benny Goodman	Jess Stacy	Charlie Christian
1940		Irving Fazola	Jess Stacy	Charlie Christian
1941		Irving Fazola	Jess Stacy	Charlie Christian
1942		Pee Wee Russell	Jess Stacy	Eddie Condon
1943		Pee Wee Russell	Mei Powell	Eddie Condon
1944	Harry Carney	Pee Wee Russell	Mei Powell	Allan Reuss
1945	Harry Carney	Buddy DeFranco	Mei Powell	Oscar Moore
1946	Harry Carney	Buddy DeFranco	Mei Powell	Oscar Moore
1947	Harry Carney	Buddy DeFranco	Mei Powell	Oscar Moore
1948	Harry Carney	Buddy DeFranco	Erroll Garner	Oscar Moore
1949	Serge Chaloff	Buddy DeFranco	Oscar Peterson	Billy Bauer
1950	Serge Chaloff	Buddy DeFranco	Oscar Peterson	Billy Bauer
1951	Serge Chaloff	Buddy DeFranco	Oscar Peterson	Les Paul
1952	Harry Carney	Buddy DeFranco	Oscar Peterson	Les Paul
1953	Gerry Mulligan	Buddy DeFranco	Oscar Peterson	Les Paul
1954	Gerry Mulligan	Buddy DeFranco	Oscar Peterson	Johnny Smith
1955	Gerry Mulligan	Buddy DeFranco	Erroll Garner	Johnny Smith
1956	Gerry Mulligan	Tony Scott	Erroll Garner	Barney Kessel
1957	Gerry Mulligan	Jimmy Giuffre	Erroll Garner	Barney Kessel
1958	Gerry Mulligan	Tony Scott	Oscar Peterson	Barney Kessel
1959	Gerry Mulligan	Tony Scott	Oscar Peterson	Barney Kessel
1960	Gerry Mulligan	Buddy DeFranco	Oscar Peterson	Barney Kessel
1961	Gerry Mulligan	Buddy DeFranco	Oscar Peterson	Wes Montgomery
1962	Gerry Mulligan	Buddy DeFranco	Oscar Peterson	Wes Montgomery
1963	Gerry Mulligan	Buddy DeFranco	Oscar Peterson	Charlie Byrd
1964	Gerry Mulligan	Jimmy Giuffre	Bill Evans	Jim Hall
1965	Gerry Mulligan	Buddy DeFranco	Oscar Peterson	Jim Hall
1966	Gerry Mulligan	Buddy DeFranco	Oscar Peterson	Wes Montgomery

*Leaders were ineligible in instrument categories from 1940 through 1949.

	BASS	DRUMS	ARRANGER/COMPOSER	VOCAL GROUP
1936	Pops Foster	Gene Krupa		
1937	Bob Haggart	Gene Krupa		
1938	Bob Haggart	Gene Krupa	Larry Clinton	
1939	Bob Haggart	Gene Krupa	Fletcher Henderson	
1940	Bob Haggart	Ray Bauduc	Fletcher Henderson	
1941	Bob Haggart	Buddy Rich	Sy Oliver	
1942	Bob Haggart	Buddy Rich	Sy Oliver	
1943	Artie Bernstein	Gene Krupa	Sy Oliver	
1944	Bob Haggart	Buddy Rich	Sy Oliver	Pied Pipers
1945	Chubby Jackson	Dave Tough	Sy Oliver	Pied Pipers
1946	Eddie Safranski	Dave Tough	Billy Strayhorn	Pied Pipers
1947	Eddie Safranski	Shelly Manne	Pete Rugolo	Pied Pipers
1948	Eddie Safranski	Shelly Manne	Billy Strayhorn	Pied Pipers
1949	Eddie Safranski	Shelly Manne	Pete Rugolo	Pied Pipers
1950	Eddie Safranski	Shelly Manne	Pete Rugolo	Mills Brothers
1951	Eddie Safranski	Shelly Manne	Pete Rugolo	Mills Brothers
1952	Eddie Safranski	Gene Krupa	Ralph Burns	Mills Brothers
1953	Ray Brown	Gene Krupa	Ralph Burns	Four Freshmen
1954	Ray Brown	Shelly Manne	Pete Rugolo	Four Freshmen
1955	Ray Brown	Max Roach	Pete Rugolo	Four Freshmen
1956	Ray Brown	Shelly Manne	John Lewis	Four Freshmen
1957	Ray Brown	Shelly Manne	Duke Ellington	Hi-Lo's
1958	Ray Brown	Shelly Manne	Duke Ellington	Four Freshmen
1959	Ray Brown	Shelly Manne	Gil Evans	Lambert-Hendricks-Ross
1960	Ray Brown	Shelly Manne	Gil Evans	Lambert-Hendricks-Ross
1961	Ray Brown	Max Roach	Gil Evans	Lambert-Hendricks-Ross
1962	Ray Brown	Joe Morello	Gil Evans	Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan
1963	Ray Brown	Joe Morello	Duke Ellington	Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan
1964	Charles Mingus	Joe Morello	Duke Ellington	Double Six
1965	Charles Mingus	Elvin Jones	Duke Ellington/Gil Evans ¹	Double Six
1966	Ray Brown	Elvin Jones	Duke Ellington/Gil Evans	Double Six

	COMBO	BIG BAND	FEMALE SINGER	MALE SINGER
1936		Benny Goodman (Ray Noble) ²		
1937		Benny Goodman (Hal Kemp)	Ella Fitzgerald	
1938	Benny Goodman	Artie Shaw (Casa Loma)	Ella Fitzgerald	
1939	Benny Goodman	Benny Goodman (Tommy Dorsey)	Ella Fitzgerald	Bing Crosby
1940	Benny Goodman	Benny Goodman (Glenn Miller)	Helen O'Connell	Bing Crosby
1941	Benny Goodman	Benny Goodman (Glenn Miller)	Helen O'Connell	Frank Sinatra
1942	Benny Goodman	Duke Ellington (Tommy Dorsey)	Helen Forrest	Frank Sinatra
1943	Roy Eldridge	Benny Goodman (Tommy Dorsey)	Jo Stafford	Frank Sinatra
1944	Nat King Cole	Duke Ellington (Charlie Spivak)	Dinah Shore (Anita O'Day) ³	Bing Crosby (Bob Eberly) ²
1945	Nat King Cole	Woody Herman (Tommy Dorsey)	Jo Stafford (Anita O'Day)	Bing Crosby (Stuart Foster)
1946	Nat King Cole	Duke Ellington (Duke Ellington)	Peggy Lee (June Christy)	Frank Sinatra (Art Lund)
1947	Nat King Cole	Stan Kenton	Sarah Vaughan (June Christy)	Frank Sinatra (Buddy Stewart)
1948	Charlie Ventura	Duke Ellington	Sarah Vaughan (June Christy)	Billy Eckstine (Al Hibbler)
1949	George Shearing	Woody Herman	Sarah Vaughan (Mary Ann McCall)	Billy Eckstine (Al Hibbler)
1950	George Shearing	Stan Kenton	Sarah Vaughan (June Christy)	Billy Eckstine (Jay Johnson)
1951	George Shearing	Stan Kenton	Sarah Vaughan (Lucy Ann Polk)	Billy Eckstine (Jay Johnson)
1952	George Shearing	Stan Kenton	Sarah Vaughan (Lucy Ann Polk)	Billy Eckstine (Tommy Mercer)
1953	Dave Brubeck	Stan Kenton (Les Brown)	Ella Fitzgerald (Lucy Ann Polk)	Nat Cole (Tommy Mercer)
1954	Dave Brubeck	Stan Kenton (Les Brown)	Ella Fitzgerald (Lucy Ann Polk)	Frank Sinatra (Tommy Mercer)
1955	Modern Jazz Quartet	Count Basie (Les Brown)	Ella Fitzgerald (Ann Richards)	Frank Sinatra (Joe Williams)
1956	Modern Jazz Quartet	Count Basie (Les Brown)	Ella Fitzgerald	Frank Sinatra
1957	Modern Jazz Quartet	Count Basie (Les Brown)	Ella Fitzgerald	Frank Sinatra
1958	Modern Jazz Quartet	Count Basie (Les Brown)	Ella Fitzgerald	Frank Sinatra
1959	Dave Brubeck	Count Basie (Les Brown)	Ella Fitzgerald	Frank Sinatra
1960	Modern Jazz Quartet	Count Basie (Les Brown)	Ella Fitzgerald	Frank Sinatra
1961	Modern Jazz Quartet	Count Basie (Count Basie)	Ella Fitzgerald	Frank Sinatra
1962	Dave Brubeck	Duke Ellington (Count Basie)	Ella Fitzgerald	Frank Sinatra
1963	Dave Brubeck	Duke Ellington (Count Basie)	Ella Fitzgerald	Ray Charles
1964	Dave Brubeck	Duke Ellington (Count Basie)	Ella Fitzgerald	Ray Charles
1965	Dave Brubeck	Duke Ellington (Count Basie)	Ella Fitzgerald	Frank Sinatra
1966	Miles Davis	Duke Ellington	Ella Fitzgerald	Frank Sinatra

¹Arranger and composer were separate categories in '65 and '66, Ellington winning as composer, Evans as arranger in both years.

²Names in parentheses indicate dance-band (or sweet-band, as termed in the early years of the poll) winners during the years this was a separate category.

³Names in parentheses indicate singers-with-band category.

	MISC. INSTRUMENT	VIBRAHARP	FLUTE	ACCORDION/ORGAN
1950	Terry Gibbs			
1951	Terry Gibbs			
1952	Art Van Damme	Terry Gibbs		
1953	Don Elliott	Terry Gibbs		
1954	Don Elliott	Terry Gibbs		Art Van Damme
1955	Don Elliott	Milt Jackson		Art Van Damme
1956	Don Elliott	Milt Jackson		Art Van Damme
1957	Don Elliott	Milt Jackson	Bud Shank	Art Van Damme
1958	Don Elliott	Milt Jackson	Herbie Mann	Art Van Damme
1959	Don Elliott	Milt Jackson	Herbie Mann	Art Van Damme
1960	Don Elliott	Milt Jackson	Herbie Mann	Art Van Damme
1961	John Coltrane	Milt Jackson	Herbie Mann	Art Van Damme ⁵
1962	Jimmy Smith*	Milt Jackson	Herbie Mann	
	John Coltrane			
	Roland Kirk		Herbie Mann	
1963	Roland Kirk	Milt Jackson		
	Jimmy Smith		Herbie Mann	
1964	Roland Kirk	Milt Jackson		
	John Coltrane			
1965	Roland Kirk	Milt Jackson	Herbie Mann	Jimmy Smith ⁵
1966	Roland Kirk	Milt Jackson	Herbie Mann	Jimmy Smith
		Milt Jackson	Herbie Mann	Jimmy Smith

THE WINNERS OF DOWN BEAT'S INTERNATIONAL JAZZ CRITICS POLLS 1953-1966

TRUMPET

TROMBONE

ALTO SAXOPHONE

1953	Louis Armstrong (Chet Baker) ⁶	Bill Harris (Bob Brookmeyer, Carl Fontana, Frank Rosolino)	Charlie Parker (Paul Desmond)
1954	Dizzy Gillespie (Clifford Brown)	Bill Harris (Urbie Green)	Charlie Parker (Bud Shank)
1955	Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis (Ruby Braff)	J. J. Johnson (Jimmy Cleveland)	Benny Carter (Herb Geller)
1956	Dizzy Gillespie (Thad Jones)	J. J. Johnson (Benny Powell)	Benny Carter (Phil Woods)
1957	Dizzy Gillespie (Donald Byrd)	J. J. Johnson (Frank Rehak)	Lee Konitz (Art Pepper)
1958	Miles Davis (Art Farmer)	J. J. Johnson (Jimmy Knepper)	Lee Konitz (no contest)
1959	Miles Davis (Lee Morgan)	J. J. Johnson (Curtis Fuller)	Johnny Hodges (Cannonball Adderley)
1960	Dizzy Gillespie (Nat Adderley)	J. J. Johnson (Al Grey)	Cannonball Adderley (Ornette Coleman)
1961	Dizzy Gillespie (Freddie Hubbard)	J. J. Johnson (Julian Priester)	Cannonball Adderley (Eric Dolphy)
1962	Dizzy Gillespie (Don Ellis)	J. J. Johnson (Dave Baker, Slide Hampton)	Johnny Hodges (Leo Wright)
1963	Dizzy Gillespie (Don Cherry)	J. J. Johnson (Roswell Rudd)	Johnny Hodges (Jackie McLean)
1964	Miles Davis (Carmell Jones)	J. J. Johnson (Grachan Moncur III)	Johnny Hodges (Jimmy Woods)
1965	Miles Davis (Johnny Coles)	J. J. Johnson (Albert Mangelsdorff)	Johnny Hodges (Charlie Mariano)
1966	Miles Davis (Ted Curson)	J. J. Johnson (Buster Cooper)	Johnny Hodges (John Handy, John Tchicai)

⁴From 1962 to '64, miscellaneous-instrument were winners chosen on a percentage-of-votes-received basis.

⁵In 1960, accordion category was dropped; a separate category for organists was begun in 1964.

⁶Names in parentheses throughout critics poll results are winners of the New Star or Talent Deserving Wider Recognition divisions.

TENOR SAXOPHONE		BARITONE SAXOPHONE	CLARINET
1953	Stan Getz (Paul Quinichette)	Harry Carney (Gerry Mulligan)	Buddy DeFranco (Tony Scott)
1954	Stan Getz (Frank Wess)	Harry Carney (Lars Gullin)	Buddy DeFranco (Sam Most)
1955	Stan Getz (Bill Perkins)	Gerry Mulligan (Bob Gordon)	Tony Scott (Jimmy Giuffre)
1956	Lester Young (Bobby Jaspar)	Harry Carney (Jimmy Giuffre)	Benny Goodman (Buddy Collette)
1957	Stan Getz (Sonny Rollins)	Gerry Mulligan (Pepper Adams)	Tony Scott (no contest)
1958	Stan Getz (Benny Golson)	Gerry Mulligan (Tony Scott)	Tony Scott (no contest)
1959	Coleman Hawkins (Benny Golson)	Harry Carney (Ronnie Ross)	Tony Scott (Bob Wilber)
1960	Coleman Hawkins (Johnny Griffin)	Gerry Mulligan (no contest)	Buddy DeFranco (Pete Fountain)
1961	John Coltrane (Charlie Rouse)	Gerry Mulligan (Sahib Shihab)	Buddy DeFranco (Rolf Kuhn)
1962	Sonny Rollins (Wayne Shorter)	Gerry Mulligan (Cecil Payne)	Pee Wee Russell (Jimmy Hamilton)
1963	Sonny Rollins (Dexter Gordon)	Gerry Mulligan (Jay Cameron)	Pee Wee Russell (Phil Woods)
1964	John Coltrane (Booker Ervin)	Gerry Mulligan (Charles Davis)	Pee Wee Russell (Bill Smith)
1965	John Coltrane (Archie Shepp)	Harry Carney (Jerome Richardson)	Pee Wee Russell (Paul Horn)
1966	John Coltrane (Charles Lloyd)	Harry Carney (Ronnie Cuber)	Pee Wee Russell (Edmond Hall)

PIANO		GUITAR	VIBRAHARP
1953	Oscar Peterson (Billy Taylor)	Barney Kessel (Johnny Smith)	
1954	Art Tatum (Horace Silver)	Jimmy Raney (Tal Farlow)	Lionel Hampton (Teddy Charles)
1955	Art Tatum (Randy Weston)	Jimmy Raney (Howard Roberts)	Milt Jackson (Cal Tjader)
1956	Art Tatum (Hampton Hawes)	Tal Farlow (Dick Garcia)	Milt Jackson (Terry Pollard)
1957	Erroll Garner (Eddie Costa)	Tal Farlow (Kenny Burrell)	Milt Jackson (Eddie Costa)
1958	Thelonious Monk (Bill Evans)	Freddie Green (Jim Hall)	Milt Jackson (Vic Feldman)
1959	Thelonious Monk (Bill Evans)	Barney Kessel (Charlie Byrd)	Milt Jackson (Buddy Montgomery)
1960	Thelonious Monk (Ray Bryant)	Kenny Burrell (Wes Montgomery)	Milt Jackson (Lem Winchester)
1961	Thelonious Monk (Junior Mance)	Wes Montgomery (Les Spann)	Milt Jackson (Mike Mainieri)
1962	Bill Evans (Cecil Taylor)	Wes Montgomery (Grant Green)	Milt Jackson (Walt Dickerson)
1963	Bill Evans (McCoy Tyner)	Jim Hall, Wes Montgomery (Joe Pass)	Milt Jackson (Dave Pike)
1964	Bill Evans (Don Friedman)	Jim Hall (Gabor Szabo, Attila Zoller)	Milt Jackson (Bobby Hutcherson)
1965	Bill Evans (Andrew Hill)	Jim Hall (Bola Sete)	Milt Jackson (Gary Burton)
1966	Earl Hines (Jaki Byard)	Wes Montgomery (Rene Thomas)	Milt Jackson (Roy Ayres)

FLUTE		MISC. INSTRUMENT	ORGAN
1953			
1954			
1955			
1956			
1957			
1958			
1959		Frank Wess (no contest)	
1960	Frank Wess (Les Spann)	Julius Watkins (Steve Lacy)	
1961	Frank Wess (Leo Wright)	Julius Watkins (John Coltrane)	
1962	Frank Wess (Eric Dolphy)	John Coltrane (Roland Kirk)	
1963	Frank Wess (Roland Kirk)	John Coltrane (Eric Dolphy)	
1964	Frank Wess (Yusef Lateef)	Roland Kirk (Yusef Lateef)	Jimmy Smith (Freddie Roach)
1965	Roland Kirk (James Moody)	Roland Kirk (Stuff Smith)	Jimmy Smith (John Patton)
1966	Roland Kirk (Charles Lloyd)	Roland Kirk (Jean-Luc Ponty)	Jimmy Smith (Larry Young)

	BASS	DRUMS	ARRANGER/COMPOSER
1953	Oscar Pettiford (Charles Mingus, Red Mitchell)	Buddy Rich (Art Blakey)	
1954	Ray Brown (Percy Heath)	Buddy Rich (Osie Johnson)	
1955	Oscar Pettiford (Wendell Marshall)	Art Blakey (Joe Morello)	
1956	Oscar Pettiford (Paul Chambers)	Jo Jones (Chico Hamilton)	
1957	Oscar Pettiford (Leroy Vinnegar)	Max Roach (Philly Joe Jones)	
1958	Ray Brown (Wilbur Ware)	Max Roach (no contest)	
1959	Ray Brown (Scott LaFaro)	Max Roach (Elvin Jones, Ed Thigpen)	Duke Ellington (Benny Golson)
1960	Ray Brown (Sam Jones)	Max Roach (Billy Higgins)	Duke Ellington (Quincy Jones)
1961	Ray Brown (Charlie Haden)	Max Roach (Louis Hayes)	Duke Ellington (George Russell)
1962	Ray Brown (Art Davis)	Philly Joe Jones (Ray Haynes, Mel Lewis)	Duke Ellington (Oliver Nelson)
1963	Charles Mingus (Gary Peacock)	Elvin Jones (Pete LaRoca)	Duke Ellington (Gary McFarland)
1964	Charles Mingus (Steve Swallow)	Elvin Jones (Tony Williams)	Duke Ellington (Cecil Taylor, Gerald Wilson)
1965	Charles Mingus (Ron Carter)	Elvin Jones (Alan Dawson, Dannie Richmond)	Duke Ellington (Ornette Coleman) / Gil Evans (Clare Fischer) ⁷
1966	Charles Mingus (Richard Davis)	Elvin Jones (Sonny Murray)	Duke Ellington (Carla Bley) / Gil Evans (Rod Levitt)

	BAND	FEMALE SINGER	MALE SINGER
1953	Duke Ellington	Ella Fitzgerald (Annie Ross, Jeri Southern)	Louis Armstrong (Jackie Paris)
1954	Count Basie	Ella Fitzgerald (Carmen McRae)	Louis Armstrong (Clancy Hayes)
1955	Count Basie	Ella Fitzgerald (Teddi King)	Louis Armstrong (Joe Williams)
1956	Count Basie	Ella Fitzgerald (Barbara Lea)	Louis Armstrong (Joe Turner)
1957	Count Basie	Ella Fitzgerald (no contest)	Frank Sinatra (no contest)
1958	Duke Ellington	Ella Fitzgerald (no contest)	Jimmy Rushing (Ray Charles)
1959	Duke Ellington (Maynard Ferguson)	Ella Fitzgerald (Ernestine Anderson)	Jimmy Rushing (Jon Hendricks)
1960	Duke Ellington (Quincy Jones)	Ella Fitzgerald (no contest)	Jimmy Rushing (Bill Henderson)
1961	Duke Ellington (Gerry Mulligan)	Ella Fitzgerald (Aretha Franklin)	Ray Charles (Jimmy Witherspoon)
1962	Duke Ellington (Terry Gibbs)	Ella Fitzgerald (Abbey Lincoln)	Ray Charles (Lightnin' Hopkins)
1963	Duke Ellington (Gerald Wilson)	Ella Fitzgerald (Sheila Jordan)	Ray Charles (Mark Murphy)
1964	Duke Ellington (Harry James)	Ella Fitzgerald (Nancy Wilson, Jeanne Lee)	Ray Charles (Muddy Waters)
1965	Duke Ellington (Johnny Dankworth)	Ella Fitzgerald (Cleo Laine)	Louis Armstrong (Johnny Hartman)
1966	Duke Ellington (Thad Jones-Mel Lewis)	Ella Fitzgerald (Carol Sloane)	Louis Armstrong (Lou Rawls)

	VOCAL GROUP	COMBO	HALL OF FAME
1953		Dave Brubeck	
1954		Modern Jazz Quartet	
1955		Modern Jazz Quartet	
1956		Modern Jazz Quartet	
1957		Modern Jazz Quartet	
1958		Modern Jazz Quartet	
1959		MJQ (Mastersounds)	
1960	Lambert-Hendricks-Ross	MJQ (Art Farmer-Benny Golson)	
1961	L-H-R (Double Six)	MJQ (John Coltrane)	Coleman Hawkins
1962	L-H-R (Staple Singers)	Miles Davis (Al Grey-Billy Mitchell)	Bix Beiderbecke
1963	L-H-Bavan (Stars of Faith)	Miles Davis (Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer)	Jelly Roll Morton
1964	Double Six (Swing Singers)	Thelonious Monk (Art Farmer)	Art Tatum
1965	Double Six (no contest)	Miles Davis (Al Cohn-Zoot Sims)	Earl Hines
1966	Double Six (no contest)	Miles Davis (Denny Zeitlin)	Charlie Christian

⁷Arranger and composer were separate categories in '65 and '66; the first two names listed in each year won as composers, the second two names as arrangers.

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Charles Lloyd
saxophone



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French horn



Ray Sasseti
trumpet



Lin Blaisdell
trumpet



Fred Lawrence
trombone



Dennis Good
trombone



Kent Larsen
trombone



Si Zentner
trombone



John Swallow
trombone



Grover Mitchell
trombone



Don Rader
trumpet



Danny Repole
trombone



Stu Sanders
trombone



Tony Studd
trombone



Tom Shepard
trombone



Phil Wilson
trombone



Max Kaminsky
cornet



Rex Stewart
cornet



Ralph Flanagan
trumpet



Bob Heinrich
trumpet



John Simonelli
French horn



C. E. Van Norman
French horn



Abe Aaron
saxophone



John Amoroso
trumpet



Keith Brown
trombone



Byron McCulloh
trombone



Bill Berry
trumpet



John Tchicai
saxophone



Joe Skrzynski
trombone



Jim Tamburini
trumpet



Marion Albiston
trombone



John "Ned" Meredith
trombone



Jimmy Alu
saxophone



Miles Anderson
trombone



Andy Bartha
cornet



Tom Ervin
trombone



Larry Philpott
French horn



Harold Yelton
French horn



James Biddlecome
trombone



Bob "Waldo" Carter
trumpet



Jimmy Coombes
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trombone



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trombone



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trombone



Monte Bleu
trumpet



Dick Gable
trumpet



Herbie Jones
trumpet



Eddie Preston
trumpet



Rick Nelson
trombone

*a
closer
look at*

THE BLUES

By ROD GRUVER

BLUES STUDIES have been concerned primarily with providing the background necessary for a proper understanding of the blues. Sam Charters, for example, has supplied many interesting biographies of country blues artists and much valuable information about early recording sessions. Paul Oliver has written an excellent documentary of those various conditions that helped produce the blues: working conditions in many areas of the South; the railroad and bus as means to "make my getaway"; the pleasures and disappointments of love and sex; the effects of gambling, good luck charms, drink, and narcotics; and, finally, the threat of jail and southern prison farms. Their research has helped further a deeper and more scholarly interest in the blues and brought to the songs a recognition long deserved.

A writer trained in literary criticism will disagree, however, with their autobiographical approach to songs, the belief that in the blues, as Oliver says, a singer gives "a direct expression of his immediate experience."

Oliver and Charters persistently identify authors of blues with their dramatic speakers, the ubiquitous



"I's" in the songs, thus denying the authors' distance from the experiences their speakers relate and detachment from the emotions they produce. Robert Browning is not denied distance from the "I's" in his dramatic monologues—is never confused with the Duke, for example, in *My Last Duchess*. Blues poets deserve the same treatment from their critics: the right not to be identified with their fictional characters.

The classical scholar C. M. Bowra opposes identifying poets with the speakers of their poems. After studying the origins of poetry in primitive song, he said, "The mere act of singing induces a dramatic frame of mind . . . takes its singers out of themselves by making them act a part . . . gives that distance from the immediate scene which is the foundation of all the arts."

What the autobiographical theory does to the blues as poetry, how it functions as a method of criticism, will interest both literary critics and blues enthusiasts.

Leading up to the quoting of Maceo's 32-20 Blues, Oliver writes, for example, that competition for "notorious women" often drives men in crowded slum areas to crimes of passion. To keep the esteem of their friends, a man quickly waylays a rival lover or an unfaithful woman. In these areas of big cities, Oliver says, a man "is not to be compromised in an affair of honor and prestige, as Big Maceo Merriwether explained to Tampa Red:

*I walked all night long with my
32-20 in my hand . . .*

Looking for my woman; well,

I found her with another man.

*When I found that woman,
they was walkin' hand in
hand . . .*

*Well, she didn't surprise me when
I found her with another man.*

*She started screamin' 'Murder'
an' I never raised my hand . . .*

*Tampa, she knew I had them
covered*

*'cause I had the pistol right
there in my hand.*

*I ain't no bully, an' I don't go for
the baddest man in town . . .*

*When I catch a man with my
woman,*

*I usually tear his playhouse
down."*

Looking only for social data, Oliver's comments reduce Maceo's poem to a personal report, a literal case study of one man's revenge. He says nothing about Maceo's song as a poem, a work of art.

He misses the humor in the speaker's rather simple response to his woman's infidelity, walking all night long and not even raising his hand when he finds her. Knowing full well that he will find her with another man, there is humor in the speaker's tongue-in-cheek: "Well, she didn't surprise me. . . ." Oliver misses the apt comparison between an extramarital love affair and the play of children. And he misses the additional implication of childish behavior in the tearing down of playhouses in furious acts of revenge. Thus, Oliver fails to realize that Maceo's poem is not a personal report of his own immediate experience but a subtle satire of love and revenge.

Maceo's phrasing of the last sentence shows the distortion possible in poetry, how poetry differs from case studies and should never be confused with them. There is "truth" in the statement, but it is "poetic truth," a truth to the context of the poem, to the character of the dramatic speaker.

Oliver quotes *Mr. McTell Got the Blues* to show how liquor can degrade unfortunate men. Identifying Blind Willie McTell with the "I" in his song, Oliver says that "with a pathetic catalog of humble vices, the Atlanta street beggar, Blind Willie McTell, explained why he had 'got the blues':

*I got drunk last night, mama,
and the night before . . .*

An' if my luck don't change,

*Mr. McTell won't get drunk no
more.*

Cigaretts is my ruin;

whisky is my grave . . .

*Some of these nice-lookin' women
gonna carry me to my grave."*

McTell wrote the song, named himself in the title, and mentioned himself by name in the song. The poem itself, however, reveals a dramatic frame of mind, shows that McTell is not projecting himself directly or even indirectly.

The song reveals a dramatic speaker called "Mr. McTell," a man who obviously likes his vices and enjoys bragging about them. He has been

drunk two nights in a row, the expectation is that he will get drunk again. Unlikely but possible is the hope that he will see his problem and reform. But both of these possibilities are upset. What he means in that complicated second line is that he won't be able to afford getting drunk again if he doesn't have a change of luck.

That the "I" is not McTell but a speaker using that name is clearly evident in the last stanza: the manner in which he tolls his vices, showing his unmistakable fondness for them, especially for the "nice-lookin' women." The last line is impossible to read without feeling what McTell wanted us to feel: the supposed exquisite joy of dying in the act of love, a favorite theme of metaphysical poets.

To insist that blues are autobiographies, direct "projections of suffering," is to deny blues singers both distance and detachment—the undeniable powers of their imaginations. There is poetic technique in the blues, rhythm, distortion, structure, organization—in short, literary form. But the autobiographical theory seems to force an exclusive discussion of content, forcing attention away from technique, those aspects that make a poem an art.

That blues, a creation of southern Negroes, are dramatic in form should occasion no surprise. For many have already commented on the Negroes' skill in acting. The noted Negro scholar, Margaret Just Butcher, has said, "The Negro has a marked, almost intuitive, skill in mimicry, pantomime, and dramatic projection." Marshall Stearns has discussed the prevalence of the mask among Negroes as a means of equipment for living. The literary critic, Stanley Edgar Hyman, has noted, "A smart man playing cumb is a characteristic behavior pattern of Negroes in the South (and often in the North) in a variety of conflicting situations."

Recognizing their need for acting, fully aware of its protective value, the country blues singers inevitably dramatized their songs, found in the dramatic form an outlet to express their creative urges. An older singer has told Alan Lomax how a worker in a pre-blues form of expression could

*An ellipsis (. . .) indicates the preceding phrase is repeated.

dramatize his revenge by swearing at a nearby horse instead of the boss.

Dramatic form is shown in *Somebody Done Changed the Lock on My Do'*, a late city blues by Wynonie Harris:

*Well, somebody done changed, yes,
done changed the lock on my do'.*

*Somebody done changed, yes,
done changed the lock on my do'.
Well, the key that I got don't fit
the same lock no mo'.*

*Well, I come home this morning
about half past 10;*

*I pulled it out, but I couldn't stick
it in.*

*Somebody done changed, yes,
done changed the lock on my do'.*

*Well, the key that I got don't fit
that lock no mo'.*

*Well, I went around to my window
to see what I could see.*

*Someone was in my bed, and I know
it wasn't me.*

*Somebody done changed, yes,
done changed the lock on my do'.*

*Well, the key that I got don't fit
that lock no mo'.*

*Well, then I walked down the street,
lookin' where I used to go.*

*She's got a mean little jitterbug,
and I can't go there no mo'.*

*Somebody done changed, yes,
done changed the lock on my do'.*

*Well, the key that I got don't fit the
lock no mo'.*

Harris shows himself a competent dramatist in his humorous treatment of the rejected lover. Having rejected his

woman by staying out until 10 the next morning, the speaker has overearned his own rejection. But the man is so egotistical that he cannot imagine such a possibility; he simply assumes, despite the lateness of his arrival, that his rights are still intact. Harris works out his theme of "poetic justice" by giving the speaker one example of rejection after another and displaying in the process Freudian symbolism.

Thus, the general form of blues—as performed in song and read as poetry—is the form of drama. As with characters in plays, the dramatic speakers initiate and carry out their own actions as autonomous personalities; blues dramatists never comment on or interfere with the actions their speakers relate. The ever-present "I's" of the songs, the *dramatis personae* of blues dramas, assure the dramatic form by preventing an author's intrusion.

As poetry, blues reveal two other forms: one for individual stanzas and one for the dramatic poem.

The three-line stanza of the blues has the unusual rhyme scheme of AAA with a caesural pause in each line. Stearns says that this stanza form is rare and may have originated with the American Negro. The second line usually repeats the first one, though it may include such interjections as "Oh," "Now," and "Well," words added for rhythmic variation. The third line completes the stanza by commenting in a variety of ways—ironically, humorously, sardonically—on the conditions stated in the first two.

Poetic devices as used in blues poems can be illustrated by examining a stanza from *I Sent for You Yesterday*:

*Don't the moon look lonesome/
shinin' through the trees? . . .
Don't your house look lonesome/
when your baby's packed to
leave?*

Scansion shows a basic iambic pentameter line. But the first foot in each line is an "imperfect" iambic with the unaccented syllable missing, a common practice. Variation from the basic iambic foot is also achieved by the caesural pause between "some" and "shi," the weak and strong syllables of the third foot. The pause forces a heavier stress on "shi" than those given to the other strong-stressed syllables. Variations also occur in the longer third line, which varies from the pentameter length of the first two.

There is a double use of assonance in the long "o" sounds in "Don't" and "lonesome" and the "oo" sounds in "moon" and "through." There is also alliteration in the "l" sounds in "look" and "lonesome." The end-rhymes of "trees" and "leave" is indicative of the

modern poet's search for fresh and unusual rhymes, as shown in Richard Wilbur's *Statutes* in which he rhymes "planned" with "hand" and "trees" with "metamorphoses."

Literary form is experience so organized as to arouse and release tensions in the audience. According to literary critic Kenneth Burke, a writer achieves literary form by arousing an expectation, say, the appearance of the ghost in *Hamlet*. But for maximum effect he cannot satisfy the expectation immediately; he must prolong it, build suspense, by introducing intervening material. Thus Shakespeare, for example, has Hamlet discourse so learnedly on the state of morals in Denmark that the ghost is almost forgotten. Just then Horatio says, "Look, my Lord, it comes."

As the two following stanzas show, blues dramatists also organize their material to create and then satisfy expectations.

*I'm goin' down and lay my head on
the railroad track.*

*I'm goin' down and lay my head on
the railroad track.*

*When the train comes along,
I'm gonna snatch it back.*

*Well, the sun going down;
moon begin to rise in blood.*

*Well, the sun going down;
moon begin to rise in blood.*

*Well, now life ain't worth livin' if
you ain't with the one you love.*

As these stanzas show, literary form is present in each three-line blues stanza. Blues poets arouse expectations in the first line, prolong and build them in the second, and then release the built-up tensions in the third. The function of the repeated second line is now clear: it is an ingenious method of building tension, a marvel of simplicity and economy.

Because of their compact, organic structure, each blues stanza seems to have an autonomous existence, a capacity to stand alone as a minute gem. Yet, by thematic associations, these blues stanzas can also become parts of larger forms, sections of whole poems. Whatever a poet's purpose—to display a mood or an attitude, narrate a plot, reveal an experience, or develop character—each stanza becomes a related piece in the mosaic of the whole. Thus each stanza can be enjoyed by itself, or they all can be viewed collectively as integral parts of a completed frame, a poem.

An excellent example of literary form can be found in Sleepy John Estes' *Fire Department Blues*:

*Now, I'm gonna call the fire
department,
for my house is burning down . . .
You know that must be li'l Marthy
Hardin,*

BO DIDDLEY



what lives on the north side of town.

I see the people is runnin',
an' I wonder who could it be . . .
You know that must be li'l Marthy
Hardin;
I saw them turn down ol' Western
Street.

When you see the chief, boys,
please clear the street . . .
'Cause you know he's goin' down to
save Li'l Marthy Hardin's home
for me.

She's a hard-workin' woman;
you know her salary's very small . . .
Then when she pay up her house rent,
that don't leave anything for
insurance at all.

Now I wrote li'l Marthy a letter—
five days it returned back to me . . .
You know li'l Marthy's house burned
down;
she done move on Bradford Street.

Estes associates such elements as a house burning down, calling the fire department, people running toward the fire—all these and others showing relationship to the problem of inadequate fire protection and suggesting collectively that life is a hardship for Marthy Hardin. But Estes has enriched the hardship theme, adding to it a relationship between Marthy and the speaker.

In the first line, for example, the speaker, too excited for cool thinking, says that "my house is burning down," thus admitting that he lives there. The ponderous, slow-moving third line, so different rhythmically from the first two, shows the speaker trying to regain his composure, recover his mental lapse—he knows perfectly well whose house it is. He continues this ploy by saying in a puzzled tone, "I wonder who could it be"; but his slip, the second mention of Marthy Hardin, shows clearly what he was trying so hard to conceal. The secret no longer secret, he pleads with his friends to clear the streets for the fire trucks; and in a post-ambivalent attitude, he admits he wants the firemen "to save li'l Marthy Hardin's home for me."

There is a capsuled history of Negro economic conditions in the fourth stanza. For it is Marthy who has a job, but her pay is low and the rent so high that she cannot afford the insurance rates demanded in Negro districts. That Marthy will lose everything seems inevitable.

Estes prolongs the climax by repeating the first line of the last stanza, building suspense effectively with a minimum of effort. As foreshadowed in the first line, Marthy's house is destroyed, thus completing this round of the hardship theme. But Estes indicates at the end a possibility of the cycle's return, because Marthy has another

house and the speaker has her new address.

Bo Diddley's tune *I'm a Man* has three levels of meaning. Besides announcing itself as the title, it indicates the content: demonstrations of the speaker's manhood. But the title also shows the speaker's maladjustment, shows that his demonstrations will fail, for a man would not have to make the claim:

Now, when I was a little boy at the
age of 5,

I had something in my pocket keep
a lot of folks alive.

Now I'm a man, made 21.

You know, baby, we can have a lot
of fun.

I'm a man; I spell M-A-N Man!
OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH!
[rooster crowing]

All you pretty women, stand in line.
I can make love to you, baby,
in an hour's time.

I'm a man. Spell M-A-N Man!
I'm goin' back down to Kansas soon,
Bring back my second cousin,
Little John, the Conqueror.

I'm a man. Spell M-A-N Man!
OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH!
[rooster crowing]

The line I shoot will never miss.
The way I make love to 'em they
can't resist.

I'm a man. Spell M-A-N Man!
OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH!
[rooster crowing]

The speaker represents a common type, the young man bragging about his sexual powers. Caught in a mesh of confusing erotic promptings he can think of nothing else. Lacking self-confidence and maturity, he indulges in the youthful fantasy of satisfying numerous women. He hopes that his rooster's crow is convincing, that it proves his virility.

Mention of needing Little John's help brings him close to self-awareness, to realizing his lack of self-confidence. But that passes. At the end, he is still crowing, still trying to compensate for the absence of manhood. Diddley's *I'm a Man* exemplifies the *miles gloriosus* theme, the Boastful Soldier having been transformed into the Sexual Braggart.

THE DEPENDENCE of literary works upon critical attention has been proved repeatedly. Recognition of Herman Melville's genius, for example, waited until 1921, when Raymond Weaver's groundbreaking study first appeared. Blues songs as sung by the masters of the art can survive on their own merits, but the poetry of the blues is as dependent as any other on critical attention. Blues poetry so far, however, has been analyzed by men without either knowledge

of or training in the art of literary criticism. Consequently, blues poetry has been hurt rather than helped by the analysis it has received.

The autobiographical school, as shown earlier, illuminates blues backgrounds but leaves its poetry dark.

That criticism ought to elucidate the poem rather than the critic's moral and political beliefs is a tenet that few would oppose. Yet Charles Keil does oppose it in his recent book *Urban Blues*. He writes, "White liberals, black militants . . . hear in the blues essentially what they want to hear, find . . . what they expect to find. I claim no exception from this pattern."

But the subject of literary criticism is always the poem itself. A critic's



SLEEPY JOHN ESTES

political views serve the same function in criticism as "noise" in communication. The one distorts information, the other poetry.

Charters illustrates yet another of the misrules of criticism when he says that he writes with "a personal emotional involvement in the blues." But criticism that displays emotional involvement will more than likely only show reasons for such involvement rather than what is in the poem.

Blues poets have supplied the necessary grounds for recognition of the blues as great poetry—a body of poems humorous and frank, witty and wise, ironic and sly, all emotionally mature and expertly crafted. What is needed now for public awareness of their value as poetry is capable criticism. 

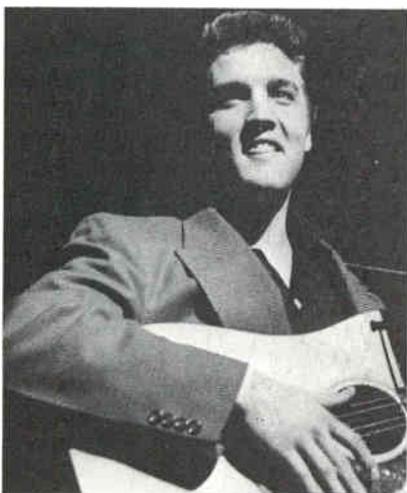


THE BEATLES



CHARLES STEWART

GARY McFARLAND



ELVIS PRESLEY

IS JAZZ GOING LONGHAIR ?

By Jim Delehant



LIGHTNIN' HOPKINS

"I hate jazz with such a passion I had to leave whenever they began to play. You know what? They never played the same song the same way twice."

A clubowner who switched from jazz to rock-go-go said that. It's narrow-minded. But so is this from *Down Beat's* letter column:

"I have watched in recent months the decline of *DB* as a jazz magazine. The increasing coverage and mention of various rock groups is beginning to become just a little disgusting."

These certainly aren't new views. Didn't rock-and-roll cause juvenile delinquency? Didn't jazz? In fact, doesn't "rock me, roll me" have the same meaning as "jazz me"?

Rock is being criticized now for blatant sexuality, idealizing various forms of drug addiction, and other Sunday school topics. But did *Time* magazine ever probe the meaning in Dinah Washington's "my dentist thrills me when he drills me" or a ditty about a viper during the swing era? Someone must have.

Despite the hoary sensational aspects, rock and jazz thrive in the United States. Why? First, big business, money; second, youth-glandular, stimulating, fun; third, the worldwide youth movement demands honesty and realism. The music speaks to them and for them. Something in it says to

throw off the chains of everything.

The best part of rock and jazz cannot be overlooked—the pleasure part. It's a magical something—wit, humor, sadness, gaiety—that cuts into the center of being, pierces vital organs, and explodes, causing chills, uncontrollable laughter—strangely, a substitute for weeping.

One person will find it mainly in the blues of Chuck Berry, Muddy Waters, B. B. King, Bobby Bland, Otis Redding, and Joe Tex—another in the Lovin' Spoonful, Ray Charles, Coleman Hawkins, the Paul Butterfield Blues Band, Thelonious Monk, Billie Holiday, Lester Young—actually there are too many, so let's stop. But don't leave out Dizzy Gillespie. Onstage, this man must be the greatest performer of any music. Youngsters who might never have heard jazz before will watch a Gillespie performance with their jaws hanging open.

This shows that to love jazz one needn't hate rock-and-roll and vice versa. Although there are still definite cultlike prejudices in rock people and jazz people, a warming spell has appeared since the advent of the Beatles.

The respected jazz composer-arranger Gary McFarland has said, "I've become quite a fan of rock-and-roll since the Beatles began. I liked the Beatles the first time I heard them. Visually, I dug them too. You can tell they're having a good

time. They don't repeat themselves album after album. That's what gasses me about a lot of pop records. These rock-and-roll people are looking for different sounds. Actually, I've always dug rhythm-and-blues and boogie woogie, so I've always had an affinity for certain rock sounds."

Like McFarland, many successful rock-and-roll stars dug the blues, the blues of the 1950s. Certain records by Chuck Berry, Fats Domino. Elvis Presley, Little Richard, Buddy Holly, Carl Perkins, etc., were real head-kickers for any youngster with a good ear.

Two—of many—enthusiastic listeners from that era are Mike Bloomfield of the Paul Butterfield Blues Band and Danny Kalb of the Blues Project.

Bloomfield has said, "I had been hearing blues records since I was 13. I really like them, but I didn't know they were blues. There were Chuck Berry songs I especially liked—*Deep Feeling* and *Wee Wee Hours*. It was the sonority of those blues notes. I could hear them in Gene Vincent guitar solos and Fats Domino songs."

This same generation is responsible for the folk-music fad (remember *Hootenanny?*). As jazz became more rhythmically complicated, college students got bored with it and turned to folk music. Jazz became more difficult to perform. There were a lot of college Dixieland bands, so the switch to jug bands and folk guitar or banjo was easier than to modern jazz.

Bloomfield continues, "One of my main influences was Lightnin' Hopkins, and for a long time I played a lot of folk guitar—Travis style, finger picking and a lot of country blues. My main influence today is B. B. King. Enough cannot be said about B. B. I consider him a major American artist."

Folk music and country blues, mainly solo guitar forms, nurtured hundreds of young players on that instrument. The electric Beatles and their folk melodies (the Animals' *House of the Rising Sun* helped, too) went straight to the hearts of folk enthusiasts and made them think, according to Danny Kalb. "Folk music was a straitjacket for someone who's not out of the tradition," he said. "I felt something much more external about playing rock music—electric music. It was much more worldly and 'today.' Also the rhythm gassed me."

Those folkies who couldn't afford to trade up to the electric solid-body guitars slipped a pickup on their old, beat acoustic instruments and stepped into a really-not-so-new phase of pop called folk rock. The folk players brought tasty, imaginative guitar styles into rock and made it better music. An ex-folk, jug-band, and country-blues guitarist who has made his background work excitingly in the rock-and-roll idiom is Zal Yanovsky of the Lovin' Spoonful; he's perhaps the best rock guitarist today.

"One of my main influences," he said, "was Josh White. I still play like that a little. Our own John Sebastian helped me improve my timing. He played like Robert Johnson. Also Mike Bloomfield's blues playing and Floyd Cramer's piano playing have influenced me. This was before I knew there were things called steel guitars. Boy, I'd sure like to play steel guitar. I always dug Chuck Berry, too, but I don't think I try to play like him."

Roy Orbison, recalling the early days of rock, tells how the blues and country-and-western music merged to become rock-and-roll.

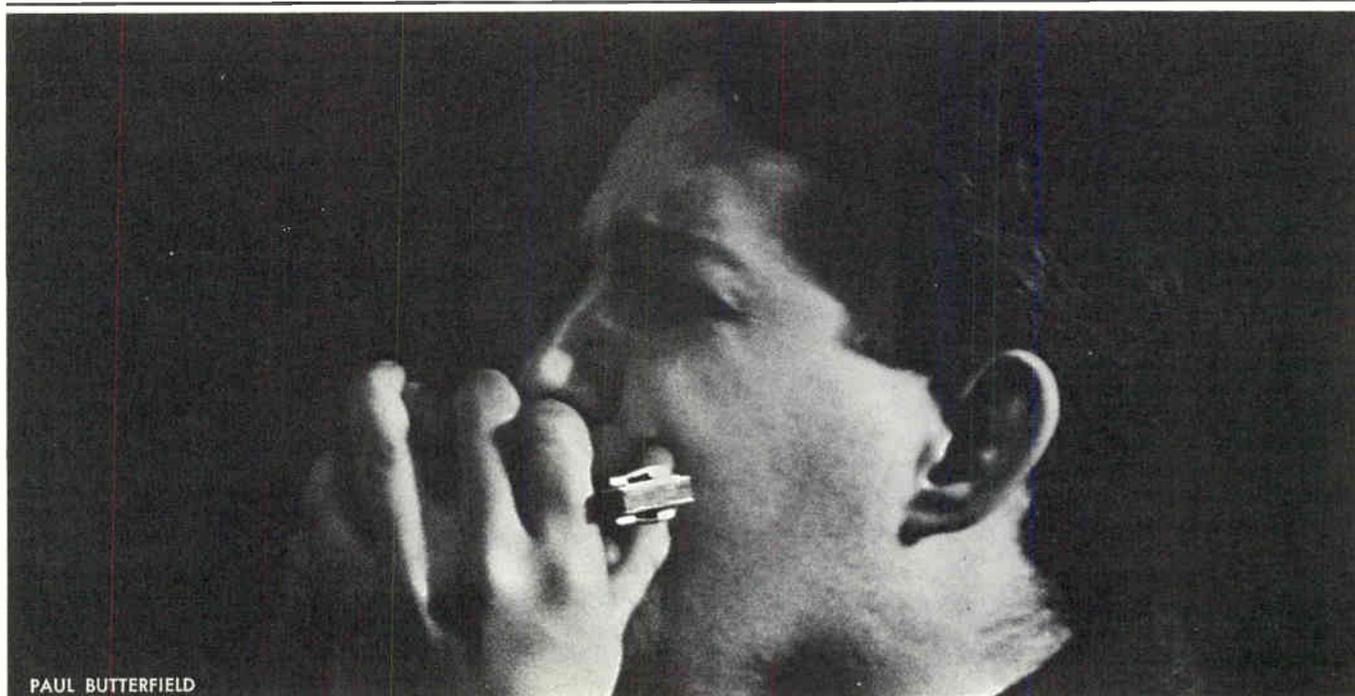
"Actually, the main influence of country music was in the mechanics of the business," he said. "Before 1955 there was a complete country circuit. The promoters were all country promoters and nothing else. They had their own halls and auditoriums. Elvis Presley had been doing the country circuit, Jerry Lee Lewis, the Everlys, Carl Perkins—all of us played these shows. I mean, it was two different worlds: the country world and the world with the people like Ella Fitzgerald.

"Sam Phillips, owner of Sun records in Memphis, was the most important catalyst at the time.

"Until 1955, all r&b was colored. In fact, Presley's style comes from Arthur Crudup. You'd go over to Sam's, and he'd bring out piles and piles of old blues 78s, and he'd say, 'Listen to these, and then do the same thing yourself.'

"The first white rockabilly record was *Rocket 88*. Or maybe it was *Rock around the Clock*, in the late summer of '55. Anyway, *Rock around the Clock* was the first that was accepted by all the white artists.

"Then in '55, September or October, Presley had his first



NORMAN DAYRON

record. Of course, Sam Phillips handled Elvis Presley. So Sam was definitely an influence. He 'whitened' r&b. And the artists he started are still going. He got me started."

Despite the similar origins of jazz and rock, there hasn't been any merger of the two worth talking about.

According to jazz critic Stanley Dance, "I think the 'artiness' of jazz has destroyed much of its warmth. Rock-and-roll might get jazz [musicians] thinking more about the blues again. Although rock and jazz are both heavily infiltrated by blues, present attempts at fusion are tasteless. What it boils down to is trying to sell jazz by just throwing in a rock beat. You don't want to downgrade the music."

However, Dance pointed out two recent albums on which the pop-jazz fusion was successful. One is by June Gardner on Mercury, and the other is guitarist George Benson's *Uptown* on Columbia. "The Gardner LP is very musicianly," Dance said, "and any jazz or rock musician could listen to Benson, particularly on a track called *Jaguar*. This is a good example of how the fusion would be profitable for jazz."

"Because of this stress on commercialism, we must be suspicious of its use in jazz. Normally, it's not adding anything to jazz . . . but Benson is doing it with taste. Jazz musicians have often said to me that much of rock-and-roll is terrible, but they express admiration for the rhythms that these kids come up with. The fusion must be handled with taste, so both forms will have a renewed strength."

Critic Dance also has heard electric-bass players using rock changes in jazz bands, noting, "A few years back I saw a Buddy Tate band play for dancing in a Harlem club. He had Everett Barksdale, a very popular session man, playing this style of bass. It was very exciting."

Now that jazz drumming is concerned less with strict time-keeping, Dance explained how the electric bass fills an important role:

"Jazz drummers don't use the bass drum like they used to. That 'thump, thump' was an integral part of the rhythm. The



FRANK SCHIFANO AND DIZZY GILLESPIE

DONALD M. SCHWARTZ

electric bass can fill this function when playing simple changes, and it can do it better than a standup bass because the electric one thumps. It's especially effective in a large club. . . ."

Electric bass, because of its association with rock, has developed a stigma among jazz musicians. Frank Schifano, electric bassist with Dizzy Gillespie, said, "We're trying to get away from its connection with rock-and-roll *only*. These kids limit themselves. They don't go beyond the standard lines. They don't want to play faster or find new things to do with it."

Composer McFarland added, "If a jazz musician doesn't like rock-and-roll, it's because he wouldn't want to be a rock musician. It's strictly from their involvement with it as a performer. Most jazz players like to listen to rock, though, which is all that is necessary. You don't have to play it to like it. I'm sure rock musicians feel the same way about jazz."

On the other hand, Danny Kalb of the Blues Project observed, "Chico Hamilton's group with Charles Lloyd and Gabor Szabo was on the border line of jazz-rock with that record that has *Forest Flowers* on it. It's very close to jazz-rock. I heard Charles Lloyd in person the other night, and I could see many similarities in his music and the flute thing we do with the Blues Project. This is one of the aspects of our music. The difference is we have a heavier undertone of rhythm, bass and drums, and our top certainly isn't as sophisticated as Lloyd's. He's a highly proficient musician. Yet Lloyd is going toward something, and we're going toward something in that area."

"A lot of jazz guitarists do a thing totally with chords—running up and running back—and it's very boring. This is one of the reasons I'm interested in going from blues into whatever other things I do—call it jazz, if you want—because of the strength of the primary sounds, the melodic things. Szabo uses tonality in a very exciting way with a far-out mind. The arrangement of the composition by Charles Lloyd, *Forest Flower*, is exquisite. I'd like to hear Lloyd play with a rock group behind him. In fact, I'd like it to be the Blues Project."



CHUCK BERRY

Jim McGuinn and Dave Crosby of the Byrds were among the first to notice that: "A couple of years ago, jazz started to go Eastern. A friend of ours who is a jazz musician told us that rock music would go Eastern because jazz ideas had been filtering down to rock-and-roll. Another major trend will be the jazz of John Coltrane. It's sort of anti-Establishment music: the note-cluster concept, random improvisation. He's going against the Establishment."

Another observation comes from Lovin' Spoonful drummer Joe Butler:

"Early jazz was taboo just like rock-and-roll, and it wasn't considered a legitimate music. For a long time, musicians who had great musical imaginations were in other things. Then people came along who had a leaning toward rock-and-roll but went into jazz because, to them, rock-and-roll was dumb music. It wasn't challenging enough. Back a few years, rock-and-roll was like daytime television. Suddenly, people like the Beatles, who had good musical imaginations, worked within the rock-and-roll structure and made it a bigger thing. Now it encompasses more, and better people are getting into it.

"It's going to get a lot better. Who can predict? But I'd say rock-and-roll will become a legitimate thing. There is going to be more and more trading of ideas in all areas of music. Different people will be meeting each other. Music is getting more like music, and it's getting harder to categorize a piece of music."

The nearest thing to mixing of rock and jazz thus far has been the more intricate arrangements of rock songs recorded by jazzmen. Perhaps Quincy Jones has handled this in the best way. And the better rock groups—the Byrds, the Lovin' Spoonful, the Yardbirds—dare to improvise and change tempos. However, it would be difficult to say how this relates to jazz because folk musicians do the same thing. In a few cases, rock bands have utilized riffing horn sections on recordings—the Beatles and the Rolling Stones, for example—but it wasn't anything to shout about.

B. B. KING



THE LOVIN' SPOONFUL

The only way to mix is through the good old jam session. (What ever happened to them anyway?) Didn't Gillespie play with the Muddy Waters' band? Wouldn't it be exciting to watch the Byrds and the Gillespie band jam together? But then it might cause coronaries among purists of both schools.

Speaking of coronaries, Ramsey Lewis seems to have caused quite a few. His critics seem to pass over the fact that he's getting youngsters to listen to jazz.

Danny Kalb has experienced this in other areas of music: "One of the encouraging things to me—I saw this in folk music, too—has been the growth in taste of an audience. In folk music many people started out with the Kingston Trio and ended up with Robert Johnson. This is a fact. I saw this evolution in a lot of people. I think the same good thing is happening in rock. People who are really going into rock are finding the blues. It's very encouraging."

The blues bands of the 1950s also helped people find jazz, and one such was Fats Domino's. He has described his music thusly:

"There's nothing really new about it. I've been playing it ever since I can remember, only we know it as rhythm-and-blues. Actually, it started in New Orleans. It comes straight out of Dixieland jazz and has the same beat. And it's the strong beat that's made it so popular with the kids. A few years ago, progressive jazz took the beat away from popular music, and the kids couldn't dance to it. Rhythm-and-blues put the beat back in, and the kids love it."

The tenor solos by Herbert Hardesty on Domino songs like *When My Dreamboat Comes Home* were irresistible. As far back as 1948, Domino's boogie piano, riffing horns, and rock-bottom bass and drums lured a million record buyers with *The Fat Man*. Unfortunately, the bland melodies of that day are still with us. So is Domino, who can hardly keep up with nightclub and theater engagements.

But that's rhythm-and-blues—and that's another part of the story.



The Cream Of The 1966 Record Crop

Following is a list of very good (★★★★) to excellent (★★★★★) records as rated in *Down Beat*, 1966; reissues are denoted by an asterisk:

★★★★★

- Louis Armstrong, *Louis* (Mercury 21081)
- Ornette Coleman, *At the Golden Circle Stockholm, Vol. I* (Blue Note 4224); *Vol. II* (Blue Note 4225)
- John Coltrane, *Ascension* (Impulse 95); *Meditations* (Impulse 9110)
- *Miles Davis *Plays for Lovers* (Prestige 7352); **Plays Jazz Classics* (Prestige 7373)
- Duke Ellington, **The Ellington Era, 1927-40, Vol. II* (Columbia C3L-39); *Concert of Sacred Music* (RCA Victor 3582)
- Herbie Hancock, *Maiden Voyage* (Blue Note 4195)
- *Johnny Hodges-Rex Stewart, *Things*

- Ain't What They Used to Be* (RCA Victor 533)
- *Billie Holiday, *The Golden Years, Vol. II* (Columbia C3L 40)
- Skip James* (Melodeon 7321)
- Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, *The Jazz Orchestra* (Solid State 17003)
- Yusef Lateef, *A Flat, G Flat and C* (Impulse 9117)
- Rod Levitt, *Solid Ground* (RCA Victor 3448)
- More Giuseppe Logan* (ESP 1013)
- **The Modern Jazz Quartet Plays for Lovers* (Prestige 7421); **Plays Jazz Classics* (Prestige 7425); *Blues at Carnegie Hall* (Atlantic 1468)
- Carmen McRae, *Woman Talk* (Mainstream 6065)
- Sonny Rollins, *Alfie* (Impulse 9111)
- Pee Wee Russell, *Ask Me Now!* (Impulse 96)
- Lalo Schifrin, *Schifrin/Sade* (Verve 8654)
- Stuff Smith, *Swingin' Stuff* (Emarcy 26008)
- *Various Artists, *The Art of the Ballad* (VSP 17)
- *Various Artists, *Chicago Blues—The Early 1950s* (Blues Classics 8)
- Various Artists, *The New Wave in Jazz* (Impulse 90)
- *Fats Waller, *Valentine Stomp* (RCA Victor 525)
- Ben Webster, *Blue Light* (International Polydor 423209)
- *Bukka White, *Sky Songs, Vols. I & II* (Arhoolie 1019, 1020)
- Sonny Boy Williamson, **The Real Folk Blues* (Chess 1503); **The Original* (Blues Classics 9)
- *Lester Young, *Pres at His Very Best* (Emarcy 26010)
- Denny Zeitlin, *Live at the Trident* (Columbia 2463)
- Attila Zoller-Hans Koller-Martial Solal* (German Saba 15061)

★★★★½

- *Louis Armstrong, *Satchmo at Symphony Hall* (Decca 195)
- *Nat King Cole, *The Vintage Years* (Capitol 2529)
- John Coltrane-Don Cherry, *The Avant-Garde* (Atlantic 1451)
- Wild Bill Davison, *Blowin' Wild* (Jazzology 18)
- Duke Ellington-Ella Fitzgerald, *Ella at Duke's Place* (Verve 4070)
- Sleepy John Estes, *Brownsville Blues* (Delmark 613)
- *Coleman Hawkins and the Trumpet Kings (Emarcy 26011)
- Earl Hines, *Paris Session* (French Ducretet-Thompson 40262)
- Mahalia Jackson, *Mahalia* (Columbia 2452)



- Milt Jackson, *For Someone I Love* (Riverside 478)
- Thad Jones-Pepper Adams, *Mean What You Say* (Milestone 1001)
- Charles Lloyd, *Of Course, Of Course* (Columbia 2412)
- Orchestra U.S.A., *Sonorities* (Columbia 2395)
- Bud Powell, *Bouncing with Bud* (Delmark 406)
- Max Roach, *Drums Unlimited* (Atlantic 1467)
- Horace Silver, *The Cape Verdean Blues* (Blue Note 4220)
- Sun Ra, *Other Planes of There* (Saturn 98766)
- *Jack Teagarden (RCA Victor 528)
- *Muddy Waters, *The Real Folk Blues* (Chess 1501)
- Frank Wright Trio (ESP 1023)
- ★★★★
- *Cannonball Adderley-Ray Brown, *Two for the Blues* (VSP 10)
- Henry (Red) Allen, *Feeling Good* (Columbia 2447)
- The Fantastic Jazz Harp of Dorothy Ashby* (Atlantic 1447)
- Chet Baker, *Smokin'* (Prestige 7449)
- Art Blakey, *Indestructible* (Blue Note 4193)
- *Dave Brubeck's *Greatest Hits* (Columbia 9284)
- Kenny Burrell, *Man at Work* (Cadet 769); *The Tender Gender* (Cadet 772)
- Jaki Byard, *Live!, Vol. I* (Prestige 7419)
- Don Byas, *Ballads for Swingers* (International Polydor 623207)
- Ornette Coleman at *Town Hall, 1962* (ESP 1006)
- John Coltrane, *The Last Trane* (Prestige 7378)
- Hank Crawford, *After Hours* (Atlantic 1455)
- Nathan Davis, *The Hip Walk* (German Saba 15063)
- Paul Desmond, *Easy Living* (RCA Victor 3480)
- Joao Donato, *The New Sound of Brazil* (RCA Victor 3474)
- Booker Ervin, *The Space Book* (Prestige 7417)
- Bill Evans-Jim Hall, *Intermodulation* (Verve 8655)
- The Maynard Ferguson Sextet* (Mainstream 56060)
- *Ella Fitzgerald-Louis Armstrong, *Porgy and Bess* (Verve 4068)
- Stan Getz, **Eloquence* (VSP 2); **Another Time—Another Place* (VSP 22)
- Astrud Gilberto, *Look to the Rainbow* (Verve 8643)
- Dizzy Gillespie, **Night in Tunisia* (VSP 7); **Dizzy Gillespie* (RCA Victor 530)
- *Dizzy Gillespie-Roy Eldridge, *Soul Mates* (VSP 28)
- Milford Graves-Sunny Morgan, *Percussion Ensemble* (ESP 1015)
- Grant Green, *I Want to Hold Your Hand* (Blue Note 4202)
- Chico Hamilton, *The Further Adventures of El Chico*, (Impulse 9114)
- Gunter Hampel, *Heartplants* (German Saba 15026)
- John Handy (Columbia 2462)
- Bill Harris, *Caught in the Act* (Jazz Guitar 100)
- Johnny Hartman, *Unforgettable* (ABC-Paramount 574)
- Clancy Hayes, *Happy Melodies* (ABC-Paramount 519)
- Jimmy Heath, *On The Trail* (Riverside 486)
- Joe Henderson, *Inner Urge* (Blue Note 4189); *Mode for Joe* (Blue Note 4227)
- Woody Herman, **The First Herd at Carnegie Hall* (VSP 1); **Woody Herman's Greatest Hits* (Columbia 9291)
- Earl Hines, *Grand Reunion, Vol. II* (Limelight 82028); *Hines '65* (French Black & Blue 33001)
- *Johnny Hodges and *All the Duke's Men* (VSP 3); **Alto Blue* (VSP 20)
- Johnny Hodges-Earl Hines, *Stride Right* (Verve 8647)
- *Billie Holiday, *Lady* (VSP 5)
- John Lee Hooker, *It Serve You Right to Suffer* (Impulse 9103)
- Shirley Horn, *Travelin' Light* (ABC-Paramount 538)
- The Legendary Son House* (Columbia 2417)
- Jazz Crusaders, *Live at the Lighthouse '66* (Pacific Jazz 10098)
- Ahmad Jamal, *Extensions* (Argo 758)
- Wynton Kelly-Wes Montgomery, *Smokin' at the Half Note* (Verve 8633)
- Barney Kessel, *On Fire* (Emerald 2401)
- Roland Kirk, *Slightly Latin* (Limelight 86033)
- Introducing Eric Kloss* (Prestige 7442)
- Steve Kuhn, *Three Waves* (Contact 5)
- *Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, *Sing a Song of Basie* (Impulse 83)
- Yusef Lateef, *1984* (Impulse 84)
- *Yusef Lateef with Donald Byrd (Delmark 407)
- Yank Lawson, *Ole Dixie* (ABC Paramount 567)
- *Harlan Leonard and *His Rockets* (RCA Victor 531)
- Rod Levitt, *Forty-Second Street* (RCA Victor 3615)
- Ramsey Lewis, *Hang On, Ramsey* (Cadet 761)
- Mance Lipscomb, *Vol. 3* (Arhoolie 1026)
- *Machito, *Soul Source* (VSP 19)
- Herbie Mann, *Monday Night at the Village Gate* (Atlantic 1462)
- Gary McFarland-Clark Terry, *Tijuana Jazz* (Impulse 9104)
- Jackie McLean, *Right Now* (Blue Note 4215)
- Dwike Mitchell-Willie Ruff, *After This Message* (Atlantic 1458)
- Wes Montgomery, *Goin' out of My Head* (Verve 8642)
- Lee Morgan, *The Rumproller* (Blue Note 4199); *Search for the New Land* (Blue Note 4169)
- *Gerry Mulligan, *Paris Concert* (Pacific Jazz 10102)
- Oliver Nelson Plays *Michelle* (Impulse 9113)
- Tracy Nelson, *Deep Are the Roots* (Prestige 7393)
- *King Oliver in *New York* (RCA Victor 529)
- Roger Ram, *Fine and Mellow* (RCA Victor 3616)
- Lou Rawls, *The Pilgrim Travelers Featuring Lou Rawls* (Capitol 2485)
- *Don Redman, *Master of the Big Band* (RCA Victor 520)
- Sammy Rimington, *George Lewis Classics* (Jazz Crusade 1005)
- The Saints and Sinners* (British 77 Records 12/31)
- Mongo Santamaria, *El Bravo!* (Columbia 2411)
- Joseph Scianni, *Man Running* (Savoy 12185)
- Bud Shank and the Sax Section* (Pacific Jazz 10110)
- Jimmy Smith, *Softly as a Summer Breeze* (Blue Note 4200); *Hoochie Cooche Man* (Verve 8667)
- Otis Spann, *Nobody Knows My Trouble* (Testament 2211)
- Sylvia Syms, *Sylvia Is* (Prestige 7439)
- Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer, *Gingerbread Men* (Mainstream 6086)
- Lucky Thompson, *Lucky Is Back!* (Rivoli 40)
- Bobby Timmons, *The Soul Man!* (Prestige 7465)
- *Various Artists, *Out of the Herd* (Emarcy 26012)
- George Van Eps, *My Guitar* (Capitol 2533)
- Various Artists, *A Musical Exchange* (RCA Victor 3499)
- Various Artists, *Chicago/The Blues/Today!, Vols. 1 & 3* (Vanguard 9216, 9218)
- *Various Artists, *Piano Modern* (VSP 13)
- Muddy Waters, *Down on Stovall's Plantation* (Testament 2210)
- Tony Williams, *Spring* (Blue Note 4216)
- Gerald Wilson, *Feelin' Kinda Blues* (Pacific Jazz 10099)
- Nancy Wilson, *From Broadway with Love* (Capitol 2433)
- Mama Yancey-Art Hodes, *Blues* (Verve-Folkways 9015) 

BLUES FOR THE WINDY CITY

by bill quinn

*I used to visit all the very gay places,
Those come-what-may places,
Where one relaxes on the axis
Of the wheel of life
To get the feel of life
From jazz and cocktails. . . .**

IT DOESN'T LOOK much like Dresden or Hiroshima in 1945, but to many Chicago jazz fans similar devastation has occurred at 63rd St. and Cottage Grove Ave.

During the last decade, within a four-block radius of the intersection that had been dubbed "Sin Corner," 10 jazz clubs have closed their doors. In fact, the once-swinging south-side intersection sadly represents, in microcosm, the conditions on the contemporary-jazz scene throughout the Windy City.

In terms of jazz-club attrition rates, a similar lament can be sung in any U.S. metropolis, but even New York City can't complain that more than 50 houses of modern jazz have died in its environs in such a short time.

The 63rd-and-Cottage clubs that glowed their jack o'lantern welcomes less than 10 years ago included McKie's Disc Jockey Lounge, the Crown Propeller, the Casino Moderne, Cadillac Bob's Show Lounge, the Kitty Cat, Swingland (formerly the Cotton Club), Basin Street, the Pershing Lounge, Budland, C. & C., plus the Trianon, Grand, and Pershing ballrooms. Moreover, the Tivoli Theater, between 63rd and 64th on Cottage Grove, periodically featured live stage shows with such top jazz talents as Miles Davis, Gloria Lynne, Ahmad Jamal, Lionel Hampton, and emcees Redd Foxx or Dick Gregory—sometimes several on the same bill.

Leon R. Forrest, feature editor of a south-side weekly newspaper, wrote after the passing of the Tivoli in late 1963:

"In an era of great glamour, she was one of the few hostesses of the cinema who featured the 'big name' stage shows."

The Regal Theater, still operating at 47th and South Park

—though it features no more all-star jazz bills—vied with the Tivoli during the late '50s and early '60s to present the most name-studded jazz lineups.

A partial list of musicians who worked the clubs around that thriving intersection within the last 10 years would include trumpeters Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, Chet Baker, Ira Sullivan, Paul Serrano, Red Rodney, Booker Little, and Kenny Dorham, clarinetists Buddy DeFranco and Woody Herman, altoists Frank Strozier, James Moody, John Jenkins, Sonny Stitt, and Louis Jordan, tenorists Lester Young, Gene Ammons, Johnny Griffin, Nicky Hill, John Gilmore, Clifford Jordan, Sonny Rollins, and John Coltrane, pianists Bud Powell, Billy Green, Billy Wallace, John Young, Jodie Christian, Wynton Kelly, Herbie Hancock, Andrew Hill, Paul Bley, Richard Abrams, Wade Legge, Dodo Marmarosa, Norman Simmons, Gene Esposito, Ahmad Jamal, Triggs Morgan, Irv Craig, Willie Pickens, Chris Anderson, and Les McCann, trombonists Bennie Green, J. J. Johnson, and Kai Winding, bassists Wilbur Ware, Victor Sproles, Bill Lee, and Israel Crosby, drummers Max Roach, Vernell Fournier, Roy Haynes, Guy Warren, Buddy Smith, Marshall Thompson, Wilbur Campbell, and Art Blakey.

It would take too much space here—and still there would be many important players missing—if everyone who had jammed around that corner since 1957 were listed.

Seven blocks east along 63rd St. was the Stage Lounge, where baritonist Serge Chaloff or altoist Lou Donaldson or flutist Sam Most might be found. A few blocks west of the jazz junction, on 64th, was the Avenue Lounge, which framed the efforts of a rising group called the MJT Plus Three. Out of that aggregation came drummer Walter Perkins, pianist Harold Mabern, bassist Bob Cranshaw, and altoist Frank Strozier.

Three blocks north of the Avenue was the Archway—home to tenor saxophonist-pianist Eddie Harris and his Jazz Jets until 1960. Many other performers, including Carmen McRae, Mose Allison, Jimmy Witherspoon, and Johnny Hartman played engagements at the intimate room.

A short walk farther on was the 204 Club, where Billie Holiday gave one of her last Chicago performances, in '58.

Three blocks south of the Avenue was Roberts' Show Lounge, which, with a seating capacity of 800 to 1,000 persons, was billed as "The World's Largest Negro Night Club." A feature of this cavernous room, in its prime from 1957 to '61, was a hydraulically operated bandstand—installed at a cost of more than \$25,000—that moved up, down, forward, and backward to accommodate the various shows in appropriate performance areas. Dinah Washington's Christmas revue, at which the late singer would raise the roof each holiday season, is vivid in the memory of many a Chicagoan.

In addition to Miss Washington, such lights as Count Basie, Billy Eckstine, Sarah Vaughan, and Sammy Davis Jr. —and with them, house bands or featured smaller units—commanded center stage. Upstairs at Roberts' were some spirited local sessions that included groups led by Eddie Harris, Ira Sullivan, and Sun Ra, among other local champions.

Out at 74th St. and Cottage, at the Wunder Inn, Sun Ra and His Arkestra performed in spacesuits, alongside the Northern Jazz Quintet, led by baritonist Les Rout and vibist Joe Boyce. Sometime later came the Olde East Inn, the Bowler's Lounge, Mister Lucky's, and the Sultan, all on Stony Island Ave.

The Sutherland Lounge, a grande dame of Chicago jazz clubs during the second half of the '50s and into the '60s, enjoyed notable success in bringing front-rank jazz stars to the south side.

During its life the room had the Windy City debuts of such performers as Jimmy Smith, Wes Montgomery, Nancy

*Lush Life. By Billy Strayhorn (Tempo-ASCAP).

Wilson, Les McCann, Slide Hampton, and the first groups that Philly Joe Jones and John Coltrane ever led, as well as the first club engagement by Stan Getz after his return to the United States from Denmark in 1961. And it presented the only Chicago appearance to date of Ornette Coleman. Though it was primarily set up for combos, the bandstand also once held the big bands of Gerry Mulligan and Maynard Ferguson on different occasions.

During the late '50s, at Roosevelt University and the University of Chicago, jazz entrepreneur Joe Segal produced concerts that included John Coltrane, Ira Sullivan, Wilbur Ware, Jodie Christian, and Phil Thomas on the same bill.

TED WILLIAMS



son, George Shearing, Hampton Hawes, Charlie Byrd, and the Art Farmer-Benny Golson Jazztet.

Though primarily a Dixieland emporium, the Brass Rail in the Loop occasionally presented modern players in the late '50s—Tony Scott and Bill Evans were a couple.

In the mid-'50s the Modern Jazz Room opened above another longtime traditional-jazz house, the Preview Lounge, a block from the Brass Rail. It featured such groups as the Modern Jazz Quartet and those led by Cannonball Adderley, Charles Mingus, Miles Davis, Art Blakey, Jimmy Giuffre, and Oscar Peterson. The Rendezvous, a block the other side of the Brass Rail, had an occasional modernist, such as



Two of the best Chicago Clubs: the Sutherland Lounge (l), where the Cannonball Adderley Quintet was often featured, and the Blue Note, where the Art Farmer-Benny Golson Jazztet debuted with McCoy Tyner, Golson, Farmer, Addison Farmer, Lex Humphries, and Curtis Fuller.

Liquor wasn't sold at these sessions, and there was nominal admission charged—usually \$1 or less.

Segal, often a busy man with jazz presentations during the last 10 years, has seen his ventures severely reduced in number, to the point where there is a concert every few months. But in 1959 he ran as many as three sessions a week: Sundays at the French Poodle, Mondays at the Gate of Horn, and Tuesdays at the Sutherland, plus periodic sessions at other north- or south-side clubs on other nights.

Recalling a few of the players who enlivened the 1959-61 evenings, Segal quickly came up with Sahib Shihab, Wynton Kelly, Lee Morgan, Red Garland, Bennie Green, Gene Ammons, Nicky Hill, Andrew Hill, Roland Kirk, Denny Zeitlin, Yusef Lateef, Herbie Hancock, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, Blue Mitchell, Junior Cook, Sandy Mosse, Wilbur Campbell, Bunky Green, Jodie Christian, Stu Katz, George Coleman, Bob Cranshaw, Walter Perkins, Willie Thomas, Harold Mabern . . . the list could extend another yard.

These men just got up and blew, together or with lesser-known sidemen, and there was an atmosphere of playing for the hell of it that was its own catalyst and fuel.

PROBABLY THE PREMIER jazz club in Chicago was Frank Holzfeind's Blue Note. Though its doors closed for the last time on June 13, 1960, for nearly 15 years preceding that the room, at two different locations, had featured virtually every star in the jazz galaxy.

Some of the performers who stood in front of the bandstand's blue-satin drapes included Charlie Parker (with strings) and the big bands of Dizzy Gillespie, Woody Herman, Count Basie, Duke Ellington, Stan Kenton, Harry James, Benny Goodman, and Lionel Hampton.

The Blue Note had been the first Chicago club to feature the Modern Jazz Quartet, Phineas Newborn Jr., Dave Brubeck, Cannonball Adderley's post-Miles quintet, Oscar Peter-

pianist John Wright or altoist Frank Strozier, during those days.

Sometime after Ahmad Jamal scored a smashing success with his album *Ahmad at the Pershing* and was among the most popular jazz artists, he opened a club, the Alhambra, at 18th and Michigan, which served exotic Islamic food and drink in place of alcohol and featured the host's trio as entertainment.

Another club to open during this period ('61) that initially served no liquor was the Bird House. It was a large near-north side room that attracted many teenagers because of its soft-drinks-only policy and thrived for a short time presenting such headliners as the Adderley quintet, Thelonious Monk, Quincy Jones' big band, Getz, Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie, Art Blakey, and Herbie Mann.

The focal point for jazz on the near north side, however, was Rush St.

Along Rush, from Chicago Ave. to Division St., were the Blue Angel, Mister Kelly's, the Cloister Inn, the Rathskeller, and the Scotch Mist. These clubs mingled local musicians, national celebrities, and big-name variety acts in one heady brew that attracted a bustling trade every night of the week.

Off Rush, but in the vicinity, were the new Gate of Horn, which replaced the old one in the Rice Hotel; the French Poodle; Easy Street; the S.R.O. Room, which showcased the fledgling talents of the Ramsey Lewis Trio; Figaro's, which had Saturday morning sessions; the Scene; Swing Easy; Playroom; Catfish Row; the Compass; Ain-El-Turk; and the Silver Dome.

There was always jazz to be heard in the city. An article on the growth of Chicago jazz clubs in the June 25, 1959, issue of *Down Beat* declared:

"Ten years ago [1949] it was fairly accurate to say: 'Jazz is dead in Chicago.'

"Only in two or three night clubs could you hear jazz,



The jazz audience at a session in the basement of the Sutherland, and the Blue Note, the Streamliner, and Jazz, Ltd., waged unsung battles to keep at least that much going."

The item took note of the rapidly increasing number of clubs that were switching to a jazz policy during '59 and climaxed on a slightly overenthusiastic estimate from Freddie Williamson, then vice president of Associated Booking Corp., "... there are now about 100 night clubs in the city that feature jazz or a reasonable facsimile thereof."

The estimate obviously hinged on someone's conception of jazz' reasonable facsimiles, but, in any case, there were enough jumping rooms to keep the average buff up to his ears in good music the year around. More importantly, there was enough work during this period so that a large number of local players could make a living. Seemingly, doors flew open on new spots as fast as they could be set up for performances.

Chicago disc jockey Dick Buckley said he felt that many clubowners during the period opened rooms with "the sole purpose of cashing in on the 'jazz boom' and provided a minimum of comfort or atmosphere for listeners, while soaking them as much as possible at the same time."

Not surprisingly, the backlash from such an operation slapped those clubowners with good reputations. And as the crowds got larger, it was more difficult for even the most congenial host to be as considerate of each patron as he formerly had been.

Buckley added that the attitude of some of the musicians toward the public didn't help the situation.

It was—and occasionally still is—the experience of some patrons to be kept waiting for the session to begin, sometimes until the owner reluctantly returned the price of admission when it became apparent that the group was not going to show.

Fortunately, a jazzman's dependability is much better today. But in those earlier times, the customers might have lined up outside to get in and stood up all night just to be able to hear the music. Now, if anything, in the few clubs left, the musicians are there but the crowds aren't.

Several former clubowners cited the fact that musicians or their agents or managers decided that the time had come to demand higher salaries, especially since the music had the audiences queuing up around the corner to get into the rooms. Two examples of this situation were provided by the Blue Note's Holzfeind and the Sutherland's former manager, Maynard MacLean. Holzfeind, whose tone was more wistful than perjorative, recalled having seen the trend toward the drastically rising cost of talent as far back as 1949, but, in later years, performers' prices seemed to skyrocket.

"Even Ahmad Jamal, who would come to me at a cheaper rate than he would work for just about anybody else in town, was a \$300-a-week bargain when I first brought him in," Holzfeind said, "but he was up to \$3,500 per week shortly thereafter—that's better than a 10-fold increase.

Dave Brubeck I got for \$575 in 1950, but a little later he cost me \$6,000 per week."

MacLean felt the same biting salary demands; the performer would drastically increase his price for each return appearance, he said.

"At one point we got the Miles Davis Sextet, with Coltrane, Cannonball, Wynton Kelly, Paul Chambers, and Jimmy Cobb for \$2,000 a week," he remembered.

"Later on we couldn't get his quintet, with not nearly as many well-known musicians, for under \$4,200 a week.

"We started Nancy Wilson for \$1,000 a week; six months later it was \$1,750; and eight or nine months later it was \$3,500. Once Dinah Washington cost us \$12,000 for two weeks, and we lost a bundle on that one."

The rising costs had only one absorbing agent: the jazz-club patron.

"We had to raise prices and start a cover charge," MacLean said. "The audience just couldn't support it."

The audience at the Sutherland, MacLean said, was almost always 50 percent white, and during its later years was sometimes 60 to 70 percent white. During its final year, 1963, MacLean reported that the period's racial tensions seemed to frighten away much of the white listenership. "We had always depended on volume," he added. "The modern jazz listener never was a spender."

McKie Fitzhugh, the owner of the Disc Jockey Lounge, cited similar cases and said simply, "The musicians priced us and themselves out of business."

The ideal situation, obviously, would have been to arrive at an optimum figure that both clubowner and musician could agree upon contractually and then freeze the purchase price at that figure for all future dates. But the possibilities for inequities to arise are all too obvious.

Ramsey Lewis started at the Sutherland for \$700 a week. He would have been foolish to agree to a frozen salary anywhere in that neighborhood. And a clubowner couldn't be expected to obligate himself to pay a performer on the basis of third- or fourth-time-around salary. How to strike a happy medium? The problem is nearly unresolvable, for a jazz performer's popularity is highly unpredictable in all but the rarest of cases, and some predictability is exactly what's needed to assure everyone's getting a fair share.

From the owners' point of view, it would seem that musicians and their managers and agents acted to pressure clubowners, and the owners in turn were obliged to take it out on the customers. Finally the customers could not stand the cost of an evening's entertainment very often.

However, Joe Mussey, of Associated Booking Corp., a booker of jazz groups around Chicago for the last 18 years, said, "Jazzmen and/or their managers have constantly jacked up their prices in the belief that they were worth it."

Mussey directed his attention to the less-experienced own-

The jazz musicians at work at the same session.



PHOTOS/TED WILLIAMS

ers and said that many of them bought attractions "just to keep their doors open—these acts weren't in any way proven to be true boxoffice draws."

"It is the duty of the booking agent to get the most money for his client," Mussey asserted, and, indeed, that's why musicians bother to hire booking agents in the first place."

But it was the commodity that suffered most in the exchange between the buyers and the sellers.

"Many owners wouldn't give the musicians proper equipment—a well-tuned piano or adequate PA systems to work with," Mussey added. "Many clubowners felt they had the right to abuse musicians—push them around—just because they'd hired them. In cases like this, even though the money was right, the musicians would refuse to play the rooms."

Clubs began to fall along the wayside, only memories in the minds of their former patrons and the more sentimental musicians who played them. One of the first of the important rooms to go, in late 1956, was the Beehive, near the University of Chicago. It was this room to which Clifford Brown and Richie Powell were going when they met their tragic deaths.

The groups of Miles Davis, Charlie Parker, Gene Ammons, Dizzy Gillespie, Wardell Gray, Sonny Rollins, Art Farmer, Thelonious Monk, Cannonball Adderley's original group, and many more giants of jazz had been headliners there.

For the next few years, not many clubs stayed in operation for more than a short while. Though there were many that attempted a name-group policy, few had the reserve cash to get over the financial shock of the initial months.

An intimate supper club opened on Hyde Park Boulevard in early 1961. Known as the Counterpoint, it was inaugurated by a group led by trumpeter Kenny Dorham. He was succeeded by Donald Byrd. It was an elegant but briefly lived spa. The same fate was shared by B.B.'s and the Nob Hill, two other Hyde Park jazz rooms.

AROUND 1963 THE NEAR-NORTH center of gravity for jazz shifted to Wells St., slightly northwest of the Rush St. clubs. Where Rush had been studded with clubs and purveyed a chrome-plated atmosphere that magnetized an adult go-crowd, Wells St. was mostly a stylized facsimile of an Old West mining town. A younger and less-affluent group of people began to show up on the street, many of them not old enough for night clubs and not too inclined toward jazz.

Several notable exceptions to the usual clubs that lined Wells were the Centaur, Midas Touch, Either/Or, Mother Blues (which had a stirring set of split-week jazz engagements in the spring of 1966), and Hungry Eye. Most of these clubs have either folded or changed their policies.

Today, Chicago's modern-jazz coccyx bone, sitting like the Alamo with a painted marquee, is the Plugged Nickel. This house still features hard-line jazz groups as its only attraction.

The London House celebrated its 20th birthday in 1966. Standing as something of a happy enigma, just north of the Loop in an area where there is no other entertainment for several blocks, it has seen the comings and goings of two decades of the city's clubs and grown fatter with time. The club employs such leaders as Les McCann, Ramsey Lewis, Ahmad Jamal, the Quartette Tres Bien, Stan Getz, Oscar Peterson, Jonah Jones, Gene Krupa—and the crowds keep coming. This may be because the patrons enjoy the food and are partially oblivious to the music. Whatever the explanation, the result is fine for those who are still looking for live music in Chicago clubs.

The south side recently experienced a small flurry of

openings and reopenings, but the ships sank nearly as fast as they were christened.

The Sutherland, which had been a discotheque in the interim since its closing in '63, became a jazz room again for one month in the fall of 1966; Stan's Pad on east 47th St., featured live entertainment briefly during the past summer; the Sultan, on Stony Island Ave., featured Eddie Harris and crew for a brief term; the Olde East Inn became the Robin's Nest but slowly began to showcase more rock than jazz.

The jazz-club situation in Chicago is practically the same as observers saw it in 1949, with only a few clubs hanging onto music in the flesh. Perhaps this illustrates the cyclic view of the progress of jazz, wherein it is philosophically accepted by concerned observers that jazz must have its popular waxings and wanings—or perhaps it reflects the entry of a new attitude on the part of the musicians as well as the audiences.

Longtime Chicago pianist Jodie Christian sees the approach of a new era in live jazz performances.

"I think the coming thing, insofar as jazz presentation is concerned, is the concert form," he said. "This is where the younger musicians are aiming."

Christian said he thinks shopping centers, art festivals, and privately sponsored concerts, in addition to the formation of associations of musicians who promote their own performances, will fill the current vacuum on the club level.

"In the next 10 years, much more of this will happen," he said. "Older musicians like myself will just have to adjust to the new areas, and as more young players come up, there will be less questioning of why there aren't enough clubs to play in anymore."

Richard Abrams, president of the nonprofit, state-chartered Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, said, "I envision the association's growing to the point where there will be enough money in the treasury to buy a building, with an auditorium, that we could use for our groups' performances or rent to others for cultural performances."

"With all of the money that's going to the performing arts, none of it is coming to the jazz musician. It's down to the nitty-gritty—nobody's going to do it for us, so we've formed the association to do it."

"It might not benefit the present group of musicians too much, but the next crop will get it."

Pianist-vibist Stu Katz said, "This is the best way out, especially if they can get the audiences the way the clubs used to."

Katz, who works with the Sandy Mosse group, is now an attorney and no longer depends on music to earn his living but agrees that the healthiest sign lately has been the cooperative organizations that musicians are beginning to form around the country.

Perhaps this is the sowing time for the seeds of a new era in jazz presentation. It's happening in New York, Detroit, Baltimore, and numerous other cities, as well as in Chicago. The players have begun to assume the entrepreneurship of their product.

Certainly, though, in retrospect it seems that the old days were the richest period in jazz, there were many musicians who came out of the period with much less than they had put into it. But for the listeners, even the inflated cover and drink minimums were worth it, considering the many never-to-be-forgotten sessions. Whether huge crowds are ever seen in jazz clubs again is a matter of as much uncertainty as the return of big bands, but no less awaited by many who still hunger for the neon and brass atmosphere of the lush life.

In any event, as Dick Buckley said, "As long as there is one man left alive to play, sing, or whistle jazz the music will always have an audience." 



jazz on film

by Dan Morgenstern



JAZZ AND FILM—the two arts truly indigenous to our time—should, by rights, long since have consummated a fruitful marriage. They have much in common: humble and obscure origins in the final years of the 19th century, a long and noble line of ancestors, and belated official recognition as legitimate forms of artistic expression. Most important, they are both popular arts, in the best sense of that stigmatized term.

It is through jazz and the motion picture, at their best, that the feeling and spirit of our century is most tangibly captured and reflected. Both, in their different ways, are story-telling arts that most effectively have their say through movement in sequence. That is to say, they are dependent upon time and timing, and in this, too, they are very much of our time.

Furthermore, both depend on mechanical reproduction—one entirely, the other to a great degree. (The diffusion of jazz would have been impossible without phonograph records and the radio, and had there been no diffusion, jazz would not have developed.)

Of course, it was not until the advent of “talking” pictures that conditions for this logical relationship between jazz and film existed. But even here, the parallel holds: the invention that made sound film possible also liberated jazz from the prison of acoustic recording. Both, of course, had achieved greatness before then.

Ironically, these preconditions for mutual inspiration have resulted in little.

Not a single jazz film—whether documentary or fictional—that could be called a masterpiece has been made. What does exist is almost purely of interest from a historical point of view. Whatever artistry shines through is almost wholly due to the marvelous “presence” and unquenchable communicative powers of the jazz musician with a message.

A detailed and accurate listing of jazz in film does not yet exist. Scattered information is available, from various sources. Only a few persons have seriously concerned themselves with the subject, chief among them two U.S. jazz film collectors, John Baker and Ernest Smith.

If not for the efforts and enthusiasm of such men, much irreplaceable footage might already have been lost. Much of the film is perhaps already gone, though their search often bears unexpected fruit. But, as has been the case with other important aspects of films and with jazz recordings, irresponsibility has already ravaged unchecked. We have a mania for collecting, cataloging, and preserving trivia, while squandering the major creations of our own time.

Yet, in spite of the absence of organized research and preservation, the list of existing film jazz documents is unexpectedly long. It has many facets and holds many surprises—as well as disappointments. This survey, which makes no claim to completeness or authoritativeness, will attempt to give an overview of a fascinating field in which much further research is needed.

BY THE LATE '20s, when jazz and film first touched significantly, both forms already had created a viable language of their own, without benefit of theory or academic schooling. Though serious work was being done, and though there were people who took this work seriously, neither jazzman nor film maker could afford the luxury of pure creation, since both forms were popular entertainments, tied to the market place.

Not surprisingly, then, the first manifestations of film jazz took the most easily marketable forms. Jazz was used either in the “short subjects,” which were employed as program fillers, or as special acts or attractions within the framework of a full-length feature, almost always in the “musicals” that were then just beginning to develop.

The first major talkie was *The Jazz Singer*, but this Al Jolson vehicle had jazz only in the title, which reflected the parlance of the times: the last days of “the jazz age.” But it wasn't long before actual jazz came into film use.

Among the 1929 Vitaphone short subjects was one featuring Ben Pollack's band with Jack Teagarden and Benny Goodman in the lineup. Even earlier, Chick Webb's band, seen on screen, provided the music for a lindy hopper's contest in a feature film starring James Barton, a famous vaudevillian. Barton was white, but the dancers were Negro.

In these cases—there must have been others—jazz was incidental. But in two short films made in 1929 by an imaginative director named Dudley Murphy, jazz played the lead.

These works, *St. Louis Blues* with Bessie Smith and *Black and Tan Fantasy* with Duke Ellington and his orchestra, stand out in the annals of jazz films. It would have been difficult to miss with such artists, but Murphy did an excellent job besides.

Both films were created for the Negro market, and both have story lines: sentimental vignettes that could have become tawdry in lesser hands. Both also contain dialog situations and characterizations that may offend contemporary viewers. (Throughout this article, references will be made to situations and circumstances that raise the specter of Uncle Tom. To deal here with the historical, sociological, and cultural aspects of these phenomena

would take us too far afield. The general comments made in passing should not be interpreted as reflecting unawareness of the issues involved.)

In spite of this, we must be grateful that the films exist. Ellington would be seen on the screen again—not enough but quite often. But this was his earliest appearance. Miss Smith was never in another movie.

The story of *St. Louis Blues*, the stronger of the two films, is simple. Bessie (this is the name of the character she portrays) is in love with and keep-



BESSIE SMITH IN *ST. LOUIS BLUES*

ing Jimmy (dancer Jimmy Mordecai), who is two-timing her. Returning to her boarding house (where a crap game is in progress in the hall—Perry Bradford is one of the players), she surprises Jimmy and the other woman in her own room.

Bessie chases the rival out and then pleads with Jimmy to stay with her. He is contemptuous. Trying to block his exit, Bessie is shoved to the floor. Jimmy leaves, laughing, stepping on Bessie as he goes. Still on the floor, she reaches for a bottle and begins to sing the blues, a cappella: "My man. . . My man. . ."

The scene shifts to a night club. Bessie stands at the bar, still singing the blues: ". . . my man's got a heart like a rock cast in the sea." *St. Louis Blues*. As she sings, she is backed by a band led by James P. Johnson (including trumpeters Joe Smith and Sidney DeParis and drummer Kaiser Marshall) and by the Hall Johnson Choir, whose members portray the club's customers.

The singing ends, and the band breaks into double tempo. A waiter does an acrobatic dance while twirling a tray on one finger. Bessie, morose, stares at the glass before her. Jimmy, sharp as a tack, enters, seen by all but Bessie. The band breaks the time in half, and Jimmy greets Bessie. She is overjoyed. He grabs her, and they begin to dance. While holding her tight, Jimmy gropes for Bessie's bankroll in her stocking-top. As soon as he has the

money, he pushes her roughly away and saunters out.

Bessie returns to the bar and picks up her song, which rises to a crescendo. And the film is over—barely 10 minutes. This rather sordid tale—yet so well put together—is all we have, in a dimension beyond records and photographs and dim recollections, of this great artist's persona.

To understand the significance of even imperfect films of great jazz artists, one must have seen this example, above all others. Since Bessie Smith was an artist whose personality comes through amazingly well on records, the impact of seeing her on the screen, especially if one has become attached to her music, is even greater than anticipated.

Here she is, for a few moments, immortalized in that unique fashion that is the magic gift of films—a big, strikingly handsome dark woman with a range of facial expressions and a unique presence that communicate emotions fully and directly with the economy of gesture and ease of movement that characterize a great performer; and here is that voice, captured better than on any record, with more than an inkling of its enormous power. This, in a fleeting glimpse, and yet complete, is Bessie Smith as she really was.

After the elation, of course, comes the anger at the shameful waste of such a talent—what an actress she could have been if given the chance. And why wasn't that chance given?

This is a theme that runs throughout our story, and the lesson hasn't yet been learned.

Murphy's Ellington film, starring a sleek, youthful Duke and dancer/actress Fredi Washington, also has a sentimental story. She is a dancer, in love with the struggling young bandleader. Both work in a place closely resembling the Cotton Club. She has a heart con-

dition, but Ellington has written a new piece that features her.

One sees Ellington, Miss Washington, and trumpeter Arthur Whetsol putting finishing touches to *Black and Tan Fantasy* in Ellington's room. The janitor and a comic moving man arrive to repossess the piano but are bribed off with a bottle. Comes opening night at the club and a brilliantly photographed band sequence, in which young Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney, Cootie Williams, and other famous-to-be Ellingtonians can easily be recognized.

The girl comes on for her dance, against Ellington's pleadings. She dances. Ellington worries. She falters. She collapses. Pandemonium. The manager insists that the band keep playing. Ellington refuses and quits.

The girl, on her deathbed, is surrounded by the musicians and other friends. In a feeble voice, she requests, "Play the *Black and Tan Fantasy*, Duke." With Whetsol, trombonist Joe (Tricky Sam) Nanton, and clarinetist Barney Bigard featured, and the Hall Johnson Choir again on hand, the piece is played, ending with the *Funeral March* quote—and the girl's death.

I HAVE DESCRIBED these two films at some length because they both remain extraordinary and because, in many ways, they are typical, in story line, of what was to come: sentimental melodrama with a touch of comedy—this was to be the recipe for many films when Hollywood turned "serious" about jazz.

In other ways, however, these early films were far from typical. Few subsequent short subjects had a story line; they were simply filmed stage presentations in which, more often than not, the featured band was saddled with several vocalists and dancers or acrobats. The results were often self-con-

THE DUKE ELLINGTON ORCHESTRA IN *BLACK AND TAN FANTASY*



scious and unintentionally funny, but one or two band numbers, and scattered solos, made up for the stiffness and the unimaginative photography.

This was one of the uses to which films put jazz, but this kind of short subject is no longer made. The others can be broken down into basic categories, which I will list and briefly examine.

Related to the shorts was the aforementioned and still current use of jazz artists in cameo performances within the loose framework of film musicals. Some use was (and is) also made of jazz as nonfeatured atmosphere, chiefly for night-club scenes in dramatic pictures, a habit inherited by television.

Sometimes a famous jazz performer would be utilized not only musically and incidentally but also in a bit acting part tied in with the story line; Louis Armstrong was the first and most frequently used performer in this, as in so many other categories.

The fifth, and most notorious, way in which jazz has been used on the screen is the dramatic film with a jazz theme, either a faintly recognizable biography of a famous musician or a purely (and always thoroughly) fictitious screen play with a jazz setting.

An exceptionally rare form is the jazz documentary, a straightforward, or arty, presentation in which the music is in the spotlight, or else an attempt is made at historic or critical illumination of the music.

The final category of visual film jazz is the Negro film: either an all-Negro, all-star production for the general market or a film made exclusively for the "race" market.

Last, and really a subject unto itself, is the use of jazz purely as musical underscoring for a film with little or no jazz aspects in story or content.

To begin with the short subjects, many of these were produced, especially in the '30s. Most well-known name bands made at least one, and such bands as Artie Shaw, Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey, Charlie Barnet, Stan Kenton, etc., made several. In these, aside from normal period interest, famous sidemen can often be seen at the beginning of their careers (sporting the hair styles of the day).

Of more generic interest are the shorts by Armstrong, Ellington, Fats Waller, and Count Basie, plus some films made by more obscure or forgotten bands. In the latter category are the bands of Eubie Blake, Noble Sissle, and Claude Hopkins.

Armstrong and his 1930 band appeared in *Rhapsody in Black and Blue*, a comedy short in which they are seen in a dream sequence, clad in leopard skins and floating in a sea of soap bubbles. Despite the hokum, Armstrong

has a chance to play some fantastic trumpet, notably in a whirlwind version of *Shine*, with a staggering display of high notes. This is Armstrong on the threshold of world fame.

The great trumpeter and singer's only other short was also slightly surrealistic. It was a Max Fleischer cartoon, in which Louis' face, disembodied, chases a cartoon creature through the jungle, singing, "I'll be glad when you're dead, you rascal you," his first great hit. At the end, Louis and the entire band are seen in a brief shot.

The year 1930 also brought an interesting short made by a fine band that never recorded, the Elmer Snowden Band, which at that time included trum-



BENNY GOODMAN IN HOLLYWOOD HOTEL

peter Roy Eldridge and trombonist Dickie Wells. Both can be seen and heard soloing on *Bugle Call Rag* in this opus, called *Smash Your Baggage*, which is otherwise taken up mainly by song-and-dance routines. The film predates Eldridge's recording career by a full four years and thus has a special interest on this count alone.

Ellington, who always benefited from intelligent management, made two interesting shorts in the early '30s. The first, *Bundle of Blues*, dates from 1933. The dancer, Bessie Dudley, is a good one, and the tunes—heard in versions quite different from recordings issued at the time—are *Lightnin'*, *Rockin' in Rhythm*, *Bugle Call Rag*, and *Stormy Weather* (featuring vocalist Ivie Anderson).

The second, and more ambitious, Ellington short, *Symphony in Black*, received an Oscar nomination in 1935. It purports to introduce a major Ellington work, commissioned by "the philharmonic" (of course, a fiction), which depicts various aspects of Negro life in the United States. The music includes pieces known from other contexts (*Ducky Wucky*, *Merry-Go-Round*, and *Saddest Tale*), as well as material heard nowhere else and segments that

were later incorporated in *Reminiscent in Tempo*.

But the most notable element of the picture is the brief appearance of a young and astonishingly beautiful Billie Holiday, who, in a cameo about unrequited love, sings the blues (she, like Bessie, is knocked to the ground by a faithless lover). Since this great artist was to be seen only in two other films, a short with Count Basie's sextet (ca. 1950) and the 1947 feature film *New Orleans*, this brief, early glimpse is among the treasures of jazz in films.

A subcategory of the shorts was the "soundies," films of approximately three-minute duration, made for coin-operated machines in penny arcades. Fats Waller made at least four of these with his fine small group in 1940 or '41, doing such famous numbers as *Ain't Misbehavin'*, *Honeysuckle Rose*, and *The Joint Is Jumpin'*. These films also had a line of chorus girls and dance interludes.

Basie, too, made several soundies (unfortunately, after Lester Young's departure), as did Ellington, Gene Krupa (with Eldridge and Anita O'Day), and, undoubtedly, other jazz artists.

Cameo spots for jazz performers in Hollywood musicals were not infrequent.

Cab Calloway had several; he and his 1933 band do *Reefer Man* in the W. C. Fields' comedy *International House* and also were seen in one of the first of the annual *Big Broadcast* films, variety shows with thin story lines. Ellington pioneered in this category, with two featured numbers and background sequences in the 1930 Amos 'n' Andy vehicle *Check and Double Check*. A swinging *Old Man Blues* is the standout (as an ironic sidelight, Juan Tizol, a Puerto Rican, is made up in heavy blackface so as not to contrast with the rest of the band; it only makes him much more obvious).

In 1934 Ellington had spots in two major films, *Murder at the Vanities* (starring Carl Brisson and Kitty Carlisle) and *Belle of the Nineties* (starring Mae West). In the former, the band disrupts the performance (by an orchestra in 18th-century costumes!) of Liszt's *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2* with its jazz version, *Ebony Rhapsody*.

In Miss West's film, the band was heard and seen to better advantage, both as featured pit band behind the star's vocal on *Memphis Blues*, and in an afterhours session, draped around Miss West as she sings *My Old Flame*. The band appeared (doing *I Want to Be a Rug-Cutter*) in *Hit Parade of 1937* and in *Reveille with Beverly*, a 1943 all-star compendium starring Ann Miller as a girl disc jockey spinning



LOUIS ARMSTRONG AND BING CROSBY IN *PENNIES FROM HEAVEN*

“hot platters” for the boys in uniform (doing *Take the A Train*—on a train, yet).

Basie was similarly featured in *Stage Door Canteen* and *Hit Parade of 1943* and much more recently, in Jerry Lewis’ *Cinderfella*. The Jimmie Lunceford Band’s only known movie appearance was in *Blues in the Night* (Elia Kazan portrays a clarinetist who wants to “play hot”).

Benny Goodman was seen, with big band and/or small groups, in a number of films, most notably the 1937 *Hollywood Hotel*, in which, with Teddy Wilson, Lionel Hampton, and Gene Krupa, the clarinetist headed the first integrated musical performance on the U.S. screen.

Jack Teagarden was featured (with Mary Martin and Bing Crosby) in *Birth of the Blues* and also appeared with his big band in a number of ‘40s “B” pictures, among them one with the unlikely title *Twilight on the Prairie*.

Expatriate American jazzmen were sometimes seen in French films. Among these, in the ‘30s, were pianist Herman Chittison (in *Pepe Le Moko*) and trumpeter Bobby Martin’s band, with drummer Kaiser Marshall (*L’Alibi*); in the ‘50s trumpeter Bill Coleman appeared in *The Respectful Prostitute* and *Printemps a Paris*, while soprano saxophonist Sidney Bechet was seen in two mysteries, *Serie Noire* (with the great Erich Von Stroheim) and *Blues* (with Viviane Romance).

Bechet’s reference to his work in these films in his autobiography, *Treat It Gentle*, sums up an attitude that must have been shared by many of his fellow jazzmen through the years:

“I suppose they weren’t the best films ever made, but in both of them, I got to play some music the way I like, and I don’t care how the hell it comes about—that’s what I’m there for, and that’s what I want to do.”

Louis Armstrong had several cameo

bits unrelated to story line in *Artists and Models*, *Dr. Rhythm*, *Every Day’s a Holiday* (another Mae West film; Armstrong leads a street parade, doing *Jubilee*, while Miss West plays the drums, riding in an open carriage), *Pillow to Post*, *Atlantic City*, and *Jam Session* (Louis is a bartender). But the acting talent of this musical genius was too obvious even for Hollywood to overlook. Thus, Louis acted as well as played in *Pennies from Heaven* (with Bing Crosby) and *Goin’ Places* (in which singer Maxine Sullivan also was featured) in the ‘30s and, later, in *The Strip*, *Glory Alley*, and *High Society*.

Cab Calloway had good acting parts in Al Jolson’s 1936 *The Singing Kid* and in the recent *The Cincinnati Kid*, which also includes a New Orleans-style funeral parade. Wingy Manone was featured in Crosby’s *Rhythm on the River* (1940), and Ivie Anderson and members of the Ellington band performed in the famous “Gabriel”

sequence in the Marx Brothers’ *A Day at the Races* (1937).

In the ‘50s Ella Fitzgerald sang a little and acted quite a bit in *Let No Man Write My Epitaph* and was cast in the same vein in *Pete Kelly’s Blues*, which also featured Peggy Lee and some quite decent Dixieland music.

JAZZ AS BACKGROUND atmosphere crops up in numerous films, new and old. For an early example, an excellent unidentified Negro big band plays *Dinah* in *Taxi*, a 1932 James Cagney vehicle. Coleman Hawkins and his 1945 small group are seen in a mystery, *The Crimson Canary*. In 1952 Jack Teagarden, in the unlikely company of reed man Jimmy Giuffre, trumpeter Shorty Rogers, and clarinetist Bob Keene, appeared in *The Glass Wall*, while clarinetist Buddy DeFranco made music in *The Wild Party*, decidedly a B picture.

Olsen and Johnson, the zany comedy team, spotted Slim Gaillard in *Hellzapoppin’* (he also made several other films) and Jimmy Rushing in the sequel, *Funzapoppin’*. Clarinetist Jimmie Noone made his only film appearance in *Streets of New York*, a vehicle for the East Side Boys, a rival film company’s answer to the Dead End Kids; and altoist Benny Carter, who usually is involved in scoring pictures, can be seen in *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* and *The View from Pompeii’s Head*.

Trombonist Roswell Rudd and clarinetist Kenny Davern are in the Dixieland band that can be heard (but barely seen) in *The Hustler*; Gerry Mulligan and Art Farmer, among others, were on view in *I Want to Live!* and *The Subterraneans* (Mulligan also acting in the latter), while Charles Mingus, of all people, pops up in Frank

GERRY MULLIGAN AND JANICE RULE IN *THE SUBTERRANEANS*





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Sinatra's *Higher and Higher* (holding a saxophone) and in Bing Crosby and Bob Hope's *The Road to Zanzibar*. Kid Ory and his band, with whom Mingus once worked, provide barroom atmosphere in *Crossfire*, a fine 1947 film.

But the pioneer in this field, as well as in jazz recording, was the redoubtable Original Dixieland Jazz Band. The group appeared in a 1917 two-reel comedy, *The Good for Nothing*, filmed at Reisenweber's Restaurant in New York City. (H. O. Brunn, in his book, *The ODJB*, claims this was a Chaplin picture, which is an error.) Other jazz bands appeared in silent pictures, but



LESTER YOUNG IN JAMMIN' THE BLUES

COURTESY JACK BRADLEY

this is a subject a bit too esoteric for these concerns.

The ODJB, as re-created in 1936 (with all the original members excepting pianist Henry Ragas, who was dead), was the subject of the first jazz documentary, a 1937 installment of *The March of Time*.

A clip from this film was seen in the same long-lived and influential series' *Music in America* (1944). This workmanlike survey of classical, popular, and jazz musics had a surprisingly strong jazz segment, including a glimpse of pianist Art Tatum at work on 52nd St., one of only two film appearances by the master pianist; a glimpse of drummer Dave Tough with an Eddie Condon group; and Benny Goodman and his band.

Perhaps the best jazz film, from an artistic standpoint, was made in the same year. Gjon Mili, the famous photographer, and Norman Granz, a young film editor, joined forces in the production of *Jammin' the Blues*, a short subject featuring tenorists Lester Young (his only film) and Illinois Jacquet, trumpeter Harry Edison, drummers Jo Jones and Big Sid Catlett, guitarist Barney Kessel, pianist Marlowe Morris, bassist Red Callender, and singer-dancer Marie Bryant.

A slow blues, a fast blues, and *On the Sunny Side of the Street* (featuring Young and Miss Bryant) comprise the

picture. There is a dance sequence, but it is remarkably photographed and integrated with the music, which is superb throughout. Young is much in evidence, both visually and aurally, coming through on the screen in the same startling way Bessie Smith did, and Catlett is also large as life.

Mili is a great photographer, and he was fascinated with jazz. His use of strong contrast in lighting and his careful composition of individual frames recalls the still photograph rather than the work of a man thinking in cinematic terms, and sometimes he gets too tricky, but while these considerations keep the film from being perfectly realized, it is as close to a masterpiece as exists in the genre.

More ambitious in scope is *Jazz on a Summer's Day*, the feature-length, technicolor film shot at the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival. This, too, was directed by a famous photographer, Bert Stern, who specializes in still fashion work.

Not surprisingly, the film was a bit flashy in visual approach and emphasized entertainment and theatrical values (Chuck Berry and Big Maybelle in place of some of the considerably more jazz-oriented and important artists available), but there was much good music and photography, notably Louis Armstrong dueting with Jack Teagarden. This film was more widely distributed than any other jazz movie and on this count alone marks a milestone in jazz-film history.

An excellent documentary, with music and biographical commentary, is the Belgian Yannick Bruynoghue's *Big Bill's Blues*, starring Big Bill Broonzy.

A documentary, *Jazz Dance*, was made on location at the Central Plaza in New York City in the mid-'50s and features pianist Willie (The Lion) Smith, cornetist Jimmy McPartland, clarinetist Pee Wee Russell, trombonist Jimmy Archey, bassist Pops Foster, and drummer George Wettling. It has had some theater showings but is rather amateurish in quality. Nevertheless, it is the only film showing Smith and Russell, two important musicians.

The only propaganda film involving jazz is the 1950s documentary, *The Cry of Jazz*, made in Chicago and featuring Sun Ra. There is little music but much talk (simulated living-room discussion) about the nature and meaning of jazz. The film, with a definite black nationalist tone, is, in its own way, as muddled an approach to the subject as Hollywood at its worst and was not widely shown.

WE HAVE NOW reached the pieces de resistance in this survey, the "jazz" (Continued on page 88)

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WHEN JOHNNY ST. CYR died in Los Angeles in June, 1966, friends and admirers tried to categorize and summarize the content and meaning of his life. They failed, for none knew all the many parts of the man. I would like to indicate a few of the parts as I knew them, including some that were passed over or missed in the obituaries and eulogies.

When I met St. Cyr in 1961, I thought of him in terms of his public image: New Orleans jazz pioneer born in 1890 and on the scene when so much was beginning to happen (Alphonse Picou, Sidney Bechet, Freddie Keppard, pre-resurrection Bunk Johnson, Joe Oliver, Louis Armstrong, marching bands, Storyville, Mahogany Hall) and in Chicago during the 1920s (Royal Garden Cafe, King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band, Armstrong's Hot Five, Jelly Roll Morton's Red Hot Peppers). This dimension of his life was a kick to me and to St. Cyr himself. A genuinely modest man, he nonetheless delighted in the attention and recognition that came to him late in life.

He deserved what satisfaction his reputation finally brought to him, for he had paid fat dues through years of Jim Crow.

As a youngster in New Orleans he had heard those two unrecorded legends of the trumpet, Buddy Bolden and Manuel Perez and had seen a young Sidney Bechet struggle to master the clarinet he had sneaked away from an older brother. Sometimes he heard them in the St. Cyr home. He played banjo and guitar with many local bands, but most important, he recorded with Louis Armstrong's Hot Five and Hot Seven (1925-1927) and with Jelly Roll Morton's Red Hot Peppers ('25 and '26) when he was in Chicago.

Then came 30 years of relative obscurity, of a good deal more work as a plasterer than as a musician. In 1930 he had fled the dying Chicago scene and chose to return to New Orleans rather than go on to New York City with many of his well-known contemporaries. In 1954 he moved to Los Angeles, where he remained until his death.

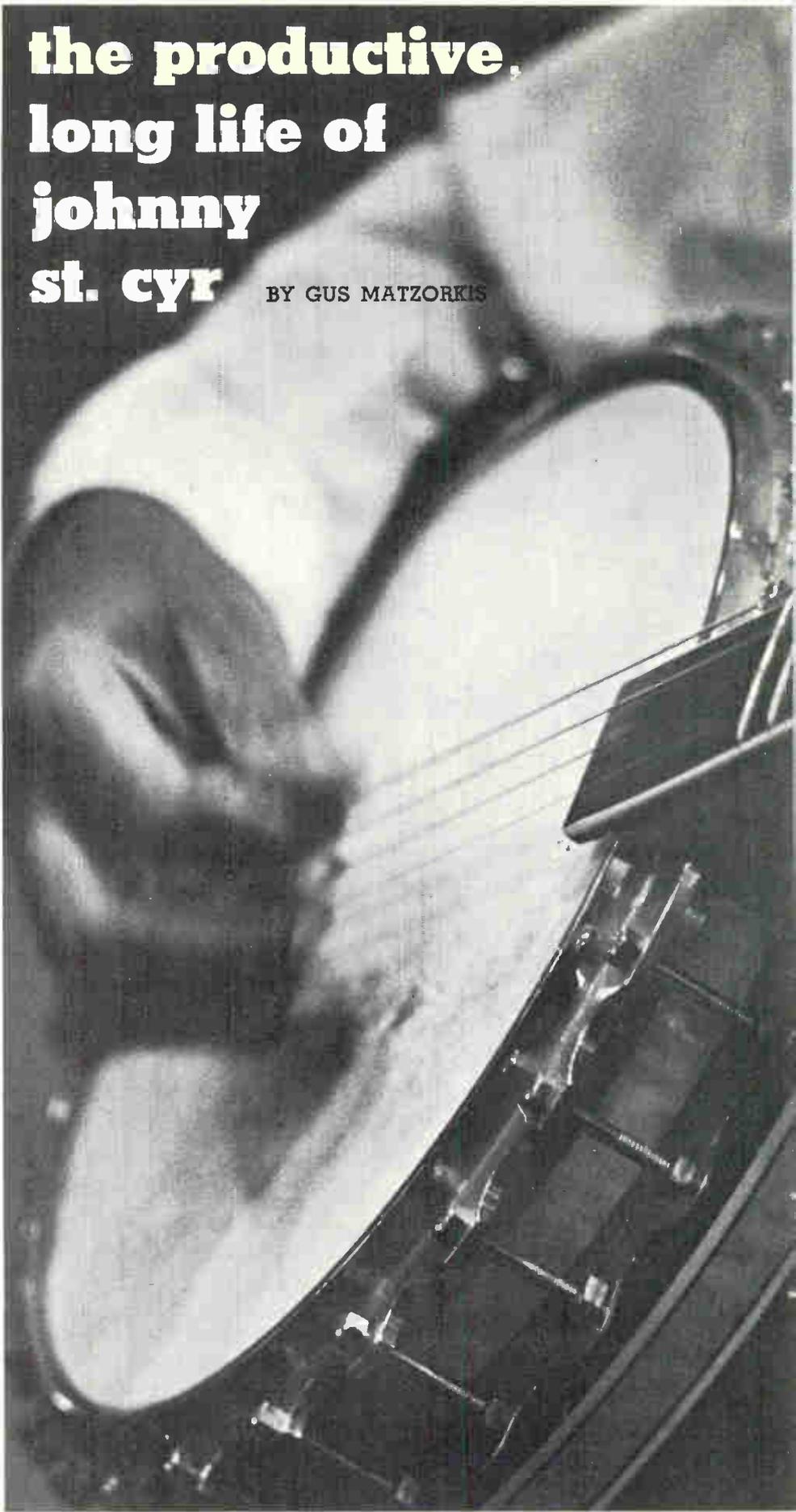
He had a pride of craftsmanship about his work as a plasterer. That side of the 30 years did not bother him. Rather, the dues he paid were in not being able to play music regularly and publicly and of seemingly being forgotten, even during the New Orleans and "trad" revival of the 1940s.

In 1961, at 71, St. Cyr started playing regularly again, with a group called the Young Men from New Orleans (Mike DeLay, trumpet; Paul Barnes or Joe Darenbourg, clarinet; Harvey Brooks, piano; and Alton Redd, drums).

the productive, long life of johnny st. cyr

BY GUS MATZORKIS

LAWRENCE N. SHUSTAK



This group regularly played on the riverboat attraction at the Disneyland amusement park and also worked in clubs in California.

A sentimental and sometimes rewarding extra was provided on the few special occasions when guests Louis Armstrong and Kid Ory sat in with them, reuniting three-fifths of the classic Hot Five group of 35 years before. During this time, St. Cyr appeared on the *Chicago and All That Jazz* television show and again on national television in 1965 on a segment of the *Ed Sullivan Show*. Thus he made his first trip to New York City, where the *Chicago* show was taped, while in his 70s ("I finally made it," he said jokingly).

So the news got out that John St. Cyr was still around and playing. He was surprised and delighted by the reawakened interest of so many people in him and his opinions and experiences and particularly in his role in those classic Armstrong and Morton recordings that had been made so casually and unself-consciously in the '20s.

"You know," he once commented, "it was just another record date then. We got together and had a ball playing together, collected our few dollars, and never, never, never dreamed some professor from Belgium or Australia would be writing me 30 years later, askin' all kinds of questions about the records."

He recalled having taken his wife, Flora, to a club in West Los Angeles to listen to music. Sitting in the half-darkened room, they noticed a fellow at an adjoining table staring at them. After a few minutes, the man walked over and said, "Say, you're not the banjoist John St. Cyr, are you?"

"He was shy," St. Cyr said, "and he spoke in a very thick British accent.

"Yeah, I guess I'm what's left of John St. Cyr," I said, and I shook his hand and introduced him to Flora.

"Well, the man just sat down at our table and didn't say anything for a minute. All of a sudden he slaps himself on the forehead, real hard, and says, 'Goddam! . . . Goddam! I can't believe it. I come here halfway around the world just to visit, and here I am shaking the hand of John St. Cyr!' He kind of shakes his head, and then he hits that forehead again and yells, 'Goddam!' He notices Flora sitting next to me and says, 'Pardon me, Mrs. St. Cyr . . . but this man played with Jelly Roll and Louis. I didn't even know he was alive, and here I am . . . Goddam!'"

"The whole thing was silly," John concluded, "but I enjoyed it."

Was St. Cyr that good a rhythm man or was it all a matter of luck, of being in the right recording studio with the

right people at the right time?

The recorded musical evidence reflects a driving beat, a strong rhythmic presence, and intelligent shading of dynamics that indicate he was a good deal more than just another banjo player and that he had earned his way into those studios.

Listen to him on Armstrong's *Gut Bucket Blues*, for example—not just his brief opening solo but his work in the ensemble passages. Note how much difference he makes when he comes in behind Ory's trombone solo after laying out during Lil Armstrong's preceding piano solo. Or feel the strength of his playing throughout the instrumental passages of *Heebie Jeebies* and listen to his attractively rough-hewn accompaniment during Armstrong's vocal chorus on that number. And on these, as on all the Armstrong Hot Five records, St. Cyr's banjo was the rhythm section (with help from Lil Armstrong's piano); there were no drums or bass or tuba.

Numerous years later, St. Cyr's playing with the Young Men from New Orleans on the Disneyland riverboat still reflected that drive and strength and *snap* that sometimes had one listening to him more than to the horns.

"He plays just the same as he did in the old days in New Orleans and Chicago—good," Armstrong commented between sets after one of his reunions a few years ago.

Armstrong is prone to say nice things about virtually anything having to do with music when his opinion is solicited, but in this case he spoke with obvious sincerity and warmth—and nobody had asked him.

Many critics who have paid serious attention to the older forms of jazz have praised St. Cyr's playing, and some have singled him out as a progenitor of modern rhythm playing.

These things and more made up the public image of St. Cyr, which was all I knew when I met him. More substantial and valuable than the legend and reputation, however, were other dimensions of the man.

St. Cyr really *was* many of the things that are said more frequently than appropriately in formal eulogies: gentle, dignified, warm, cheerful. But still other aspects of the man come to mind.

There was, first of all, an ageless quality about him. I first met him when he was 71, and I last saw him a few days before he died at 76. Yet I never thought of him as an "old" man, grand or otherwise. This was not so much a matter of some sort of eternal youthfulness (although he was physically and mentally vigorous and thus youthful in that sense) as it was a matter

of his quality of manhood. He was a whole man, a human being first.

There was a certain aliveness, a kind of free-flowing hipness about St. Cyr too. He was tuned in to the vibrations and flow of life around him. On one occasion, he grinned and then grunted and shook his head in delight over Jimmy Blanton's bass work on a number of Ellington records he was listening to, particularly *Jack the Bear* and *Pitter Panther Patter*. (There was a sweet-and-sour gladness in seeing the obvious boot this man in his 70s got from the playing of a long-dead 20-year-old bassist, and there was something of a refutation here, too, of the "generation gap" that is so glibly talked about today in music, politics, and life in general.)

On other occasions, the music of non-traditionalists, such as Charlie Byrd, Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Christian, and Zoot Sims, drew strong and sure but not always positive responses from him. Not only in musical settings but also in ordinary things (like the pizza he learned to like so much or the cement driveway and patio he'd put in his yard himself) and in the less simple things (like the black man's life in the Deep South of New Orleans and in the Far West of Los Angeles, or Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and civil rights, or the flatness of some reflections of respectable middle-class living), St. Cyr's presence and involvement was real and stimulating to those who knew him.

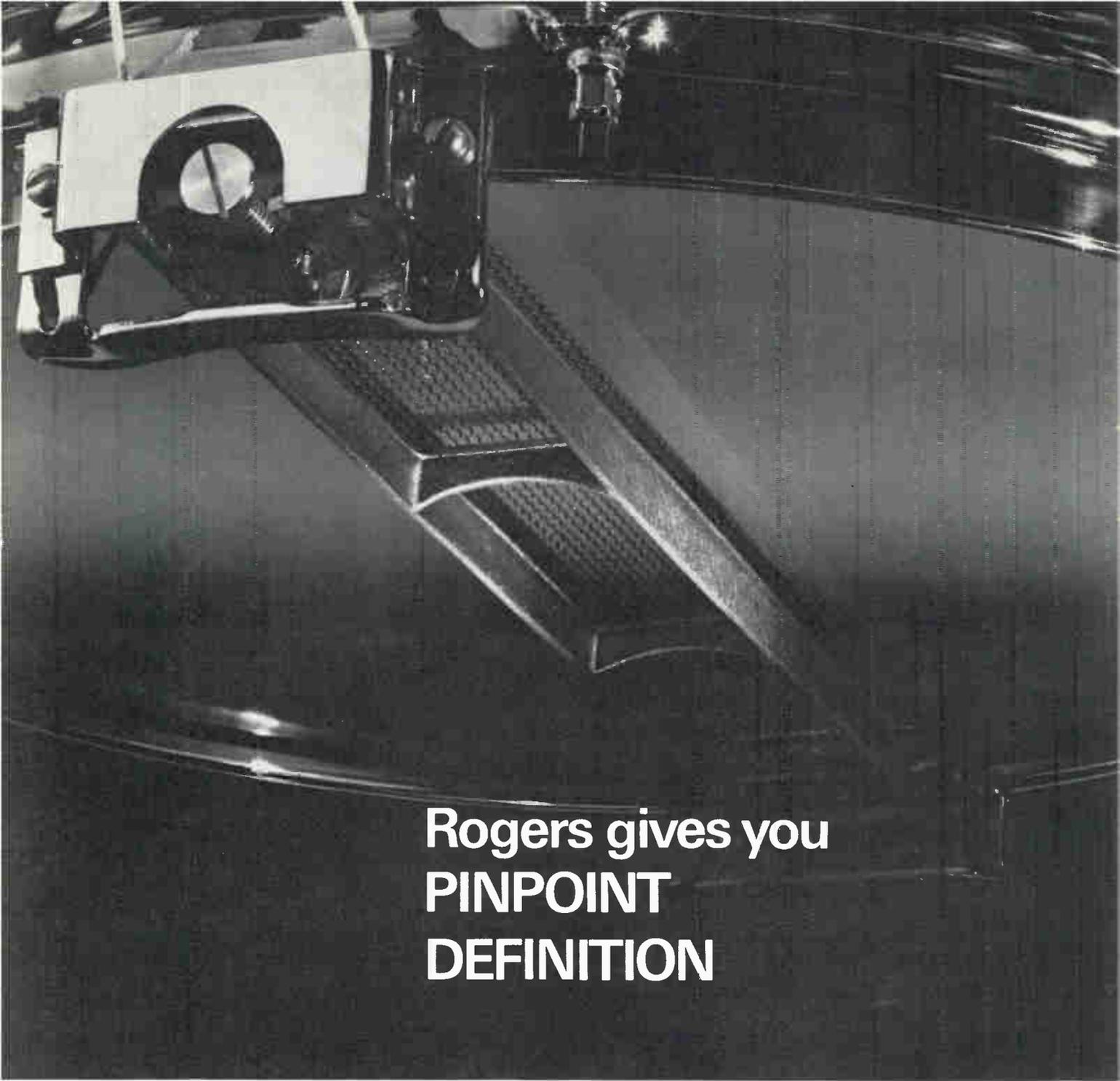
One of the stories he told about himself indicates the sense of proportion and wit that were parts of the whole man.

One night on the Disneyland riverboat, he looked up and noticed Walt Disney standing in the audience in front of the bandstand together with somebody he apparently was personally escorting. When the number ended, Disney, in high spirits, vigorously joined in applause. Then with his arm draped around his guest's shoulder, he leaned into the bandstand and shouted over the continuing applause, "There's one of the greatest New Orleans jazz pioneers who ever lived—a living legend, Johnny St. Cyr!" And he pointed directly into the face of a startled Mike DeLay, who almost dropped his trumpet trying to dodge out of the way of the grand gesture.

St. Cyr broke up when he told this story and every time it later was mentioned.

The death of a man at 76 generally evokes a feeling of sad resignation, rather than one of pointed grief. The death of John St. Cyr was the occasion of genuine grief.





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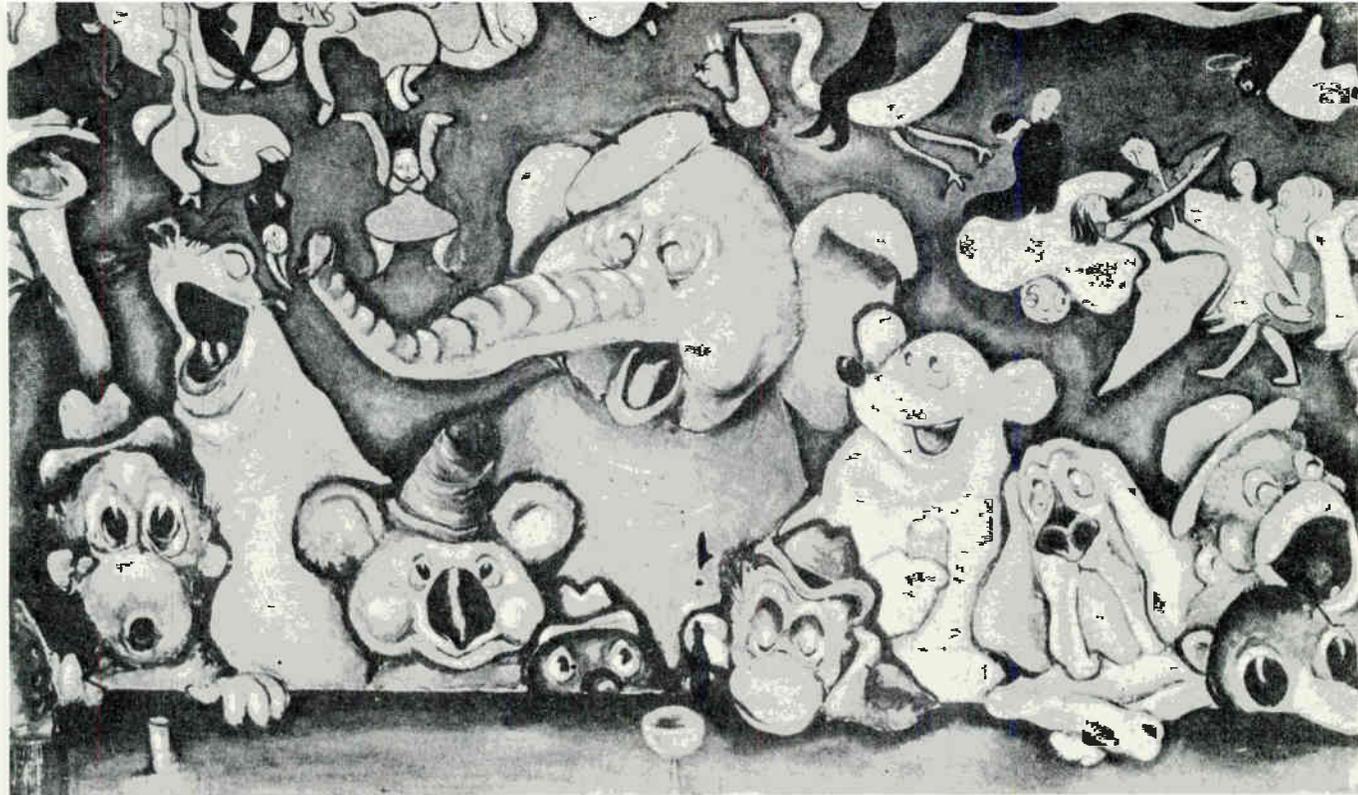
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CAFE SOCIETY MURAL BY SAM BERMAN

CAFE SOCIETY DOWNTOWN AND UPTOWN—THE WRONG PLACE FOR THE RIGHT PEOPLE

By GEORGE HOFFER

BARNEY JOSEPHSON'S CAFE SOCIETY operation in the late 1930s and early '40s, consisting of a club in uptown Manhattan and another downtown, was one of the most significant talent-building efforts in cabaret history.

Performers and musicians went into one or both cafes as little-knowns and emerged as stars, among them Billie Holiday, Lena Horne, Art Tatum, Hazel Scott, Sarah Vaughan, Josh White, Zero Mostel, Imogene Coca, the Golden Gate Quartet, Georgia Gibbs, Eddie Heywood, the Boogie Woogie Boys (Meade Lux Lewis, Pete Johnson, and Albert Ammons), and Joe Turner.

Established performers, especially in jazz, worked the two cafes regularly. They included Mildred Bailey, Teddy Wilson, Henry (Red) Allen, Edmond Hall, Joe Sullivan, Frankie Newton, Mary Lou Williams, John Kirby, Eddie South, James P. Johnson, Cliff Jackson, Stuff Smith, Willie Bryant, Nellie Lutcher, Timmie Rogers, Sister Rosetta Tharpe, Rose Murphy, Bill Coleman, Phil Moore, Lester Young, Eugene Sedric, Ida Cox, Big Bill Broonzy, Ellis Larkin, Helen Humes, J. C. Heard, Thelma Carpenter, Django Reinhardt,

Kay Starr, Zutty Singleton, and Count Basie.

Cafe Society Downtown (2 Sheridan Square) and Cafe Society Uptown (128 E. 58th St.) were unique because the boss was unique.

Josephson, whose family came from Latvia, spent his early years in the shoe business around Trenton, N.J. Although a successful businessman, he was intellectually inclined and found that life in the Bohemian areas of New York City was preferable to the existence he led in south Jersey.

Late in the '30s the Jersey shoeman came to New York to live with his brother and sister-in-law, Leon and Lucy Josephson, and had a vague idea of getting into the supper-club business. On visits to Manhattan's night spots he found many things he didn't like, things not only involved with club operation but also with the conduct of the average patron. He toyed with the idea of opening a night club and running it the way he thought it should be run. In a tongue-in-cheek fashion, he was determined his club would make fun of the playboys and their partners in cafe society.

Putting down one's customers—however adroitly—might not seem a very smart approach in any business venture. However, those were the tag-end days of the depression, and many gimmicks were being used, in desperation, to bring in customers. Several cabarets around the country operated on this idea—insult the clientele. One such place, the El Dumbo in Chicago, did a huge business as the waiters spilled soup intentionally and were impolite to the guests, and the emcee frequently spirited away and danced with a customer's wife or girl friend.

Although he may have got a glimpse of an idea from this short-lived vogue, Josephson was not about to operate in such a crude manner. He took a more subtle approach—he decorated the walls of his club with satirical cartoons based on the foibles of cafe society.

During the fall of '38, Josephson leased a basement (with concrete walls) located in a building that sat on the blunt tip of the triangular block where W. Fourth St. merges with Washington Place in Greenwich Village. This, the site of the original Cafe Society—the uptown branch was not opened until



Meade Lux Lewis, Joe Turner, Albert Ammons, and Pete Johnson.



COURTESY DUNCAN SCHEIDT

Joe Sullivan's Band: Johnny Wells, Sullivan, Andy Anderson, Edmond Hall, Danny Polo, and Henry Turner.

October, 1940—is Sheridan Square.

The cellar room had been a speakeasy, the Four Trees, until prohibition was repealed. An attempt to operate legally, in competition with the long-established Greenwich Village Inn at 5 Sheridan Square, fell flat, and the space had been vacant for some time before Josephson found it.

His first step was to ask the federal government's Works Projects Administration for a group of artists and cartoonists to work on wall murals.

Josephson, currently owner of a Greenwich Village restaurant, told a reporter for *The Villager* in 1965, "We were still in a depression. I gave them [the artists] all the same amount of money and a due bill, so they could come in and eat. They kept coming long after the club, which was given the name Cafe Society by Clare Booth Luce, was opened."

Among the artists who left their handiwork on Josephson's walls were Anton Refregier, Sam Berman, Abe Birnbaum, Sid Hoff, and Adolph Dehn. They all worked on the motif suggested by Josephson: "spoof the high-society night-lifers."

Although most of these murals have been destroyed or auctioned off, two of them were restored by artist David Moon and still are visible in the basement that is now known as the Downtown Discotheque.

One of the restored murals is Hoff's *The Fan Dancer*, a four-by-eight-foot panel showing a group of elderly, haughty characters refusing to watch a fat, walrus-mustached gentleman, garbed in long red underwear, perform a dance with a feathered fan.

The other remaining painting was Refregier's *Big Butter and Egg Man*, depicting the storied tycoon as a large, balding man seated at a night-club table with an enormous arm encircling a demure blonde, at whom he leers covetously, while his large paws are open to catch eggs dropping from a chicken suspended overhead. A tub of butter sits on the table in front of him.

Among the missing murals is Refregier's satire on the debutante. It was a floating figure on a stairway, a willow maiden with a Gramophone for a head, the artist's representation of a deb's turn-on-able and repetitious small talk.

Behind the bar was a large mural by Sam Berman showing a group of animals, standing or seated at a bar in various states of hilarity. An elephant with an ice pack on his head served as grim reminder to the cafe's bar-standees of what might be in store for them in the morning.

Everyone seemed to be having a ball during the preparations. In her autobiography, Billie Holiday recalled going down to the basement with John Hammond to meet Josephson.

"The cellar was full of people cleaning, dusting, and painting murals," Miss Holiday remembered.

While talking with Josephson, she also learned of the significant feature of the club. He told the singer, "Everybody's going to be for real in here. There'll be no segregation and no racial prejudices, whatsoever."

In this policy, the two cafes were truly important pioneers on the Manhattan night-life scene. It was Josephson's steadfast rule that his places ignore all considerations of color, religion, and social standing, not only in the talent they employed but in the clientele they served. He later explained to an interviewer who wondered why 90 percent of his talent was Negro:

"We specialize in jazz music, and it just so happens that Negroes are the ones who perform best in that field. It's a matter of talent selectivity."

The city's famed 52nd St. clubs mostly employed colored artists, but never in its history did the street operators go along wholeheartedly with Josephson's policy on who should be permitted to listen to the music.

Josephson once told an *Ebony* reporter, "I have always had strong feelings of social consciousness. I guess I just had a democratic upbringing." He

also mentioned that during his youth he once served as a picket against a Jim Crow theater in Atlantic City, N.J.

The third factor that made Cafe Society a standout was its involvement with jazz. Josephson wanted, he once said, "to get away from the plush, velvet-draped east-side rooms with the whining sound of violins." He laughingly remarked, "The only piece of velvet I had was hung behind the bandstand."

There is evidence that Josephson had a liking for jazz during his youthful years. He once told writer Leonard Feather of musical experiences he had during the 1920s: "I'd go to the old Cotton Club in Harlem to dance. Duke Ellington was on the stand, and I stood there, sandwiched between the dancers and out of my mind with excitement when the band played that frantic arrangement of *Tiger Rag*. You don't often get thrills like that."

Although he liked and appreciated jazz, Josephson did not fancy himself an authority on either music or show business. Fortunately, he became quite friendly with John Hammond, who, by 1938, was well known for his discoveries of worthy talent and for the battle he was waging for interracial good will. The two men were kindred spirits, and Josephson was always adamant on the point that Hammond be credited for the high caliber of Cafe Society's performers.

THE SCHEDULED OPENING was set for the Christmas holidays of 1938. Hammond brought in Billie Holiday, who had left the Artie Shaw Band a few weeks prior to the opening, as the leading attraction. Along with the singer, the Frankie Newton Band was signed, with Newton's pianist, Sonny White, assigned to accompany Miss Holiday. Trumpeter Newton also featured Tab Smith on alto and soprano saxophones and clarinet; Ken Hollon, tenor saxophone; Stanley Payne, alto saxophone; Ken Kersey, piano; John Williams, bass; Ed Dougherty, drums.



Hazel Scott and Billie Holiday. Proprietor Barney Josephson is seen between them.



Frankie Newton's Band: Ram Ramirez, George Jones, Eddie Robinson, Newton, Floyd Williams, and Vic Dickenson.

A comic, Jack Guilford, emceed the show, bolstered by the blues shouting of Joe Turner from Kansas City and three boogie-woogie pianists—Meade Lux Lewis and Albert Ammons, both from Chicago, and Kansas City's Pete Johnson.

Originally, Johnson had been booked at the Famous Door on 52nd St. In his autobiography, he explained how he went into Cafe Society instead:

"I was supposed to go into the Famous Door, while Albert and Meade were promised jobs at Cafe Society. Joe Turner, who had been working with me in K.C., was to go with them. On the opening night at Cafe Society, Hammond wanted me to be there in order to show Ammons the keys in which Turner sang. When I got there, Hammond came backstage and asked if I would like to work the spot. Of course, my answer was yes, because I liked to work with Turner. Over-all we played at Cafe Society for around four years, and I count them as the happiest years of my life."

Another who helped establish the new club was publicist Ivan Black, who had been an emcee at the old Four Trees and was a knowledgeable man around the Village. His credo for the new club was "Jazz will be presented for the first time with dignity and respect."

There was a delay in the opening, however. When the doors did open on Jan. 4, 1939, everything was not yet ready. The cuisine was supplied by the hot-dog stand across Sheridan Square on Seventh Ave., and though the liquor license was nicely framed and hung on the wall, the cabaret license had not yet arrived.

Miss Holiday recalled in her book, "It got to be 11 p.m., and the floor show couldn't go on until the cabaret license got there. Everybody was panicky. The joint was packed with 600 people (there were seats for 210), and I told Barney let's go ahead and make it, even though there were cops standing by."

Finally, at 11:30, the license was brought in, and things got started. As Miss Holiday wrote:

"Meade Lux Lewis knocked the crowd out; Ammons and Johnson flipped them on a battered old piano [this was an old-fashioned mechanical piano with a mandolin attachment that Hammond had dug up—the backboard had been removed so the customers could see the hammers]; Joe Turner just killed them; Frank Newton's band sent them; and then, I came on, and, man, this was a real audience."

The cosmopolitan opening-night audience was made up of celebrities, artists, show and society people, and just plain night-clubbers. They all loved the outlandish murals, as well as the table cards and menus that guffawed at the idiosyncrasies of cabaret patrons. Everywhere was the slogan "The Wrong Place for the Right People." Emcee Guilford derided snobbishness as part of his act.

The New York press greeted the new club with praise. It was called "New York's heppiest jazz-oriented night club . . . The Jazz Man's Stork Club." It was pointed out that the club had "no girlie line, no smutty gags, no Uncle Tom comedy." Another reviewer observed, "The boogie-woogie piano is emphasized and is the king of the show." *Down Beat's* February, 1939, issue noted that "the new Village nitery promises to be a mecca for the music moocher and the swingomaniacs."

Actually Cafe Society did not become quite the mecca *Down Beat* anticipated. The jazz fans of the day, many of them record collectors, usually found the place too crowded with too much time taken up by the floor show. One-beer standees were not encouraged. But few jazz fans ever put down the club's music policy.

George Avakian, writing in an Australian jazz magazine in 1943, gave a rather clear picture of what was required for the serious jazz listener. He wrote, "One of the beauties of the cafe is that if you can wangle your

way down to the end of the bar, you are right on top of the bandstand. True, the floor show is always in profile to you, but you can almost reach out and touch the performers, something like being in the wings and on-stage at the same time."

Pianist Art Hodes, who played intermissions at the club during its early days, wrote in his magazine, *The Jazz Record*, "Cafe Society Downtown was badly designed for a night club. The orchestra sits on a ledge along one wall; the room is irregularly shaped, and from a seat at the back or along the wall you can neither see nor hear. To make it worse, there are some fine, big, square pillars, strong enough to hold up the Empire State Building, and if you get stuck behind one of them, you might as well give up and look at the wall decorations."

The seating arrangements were not conducive to serious jazz listening. It was Josephson's policy to seat celebrities at ringside. Thus, they became part of the floor show.

Avakian, however, approvingly noted the cafe's racial policy: "The cafe was one of the 'good' places in which Negroes were permitted, and if possible, they would be given the best tables, while anyone in evening clothes would be placed behind a pillar or almost in the kitchen."

The prices were not exorbitant by today's standards, though they were stiff for an era that was just emerging from the depression. A beer was 65 cents, while the cheapest drink with hard liquor was 70 cents. There was a minimum charge of \$2 on weeknights and \$2.50 on weekends and holidays.

Such prices were a little too steep for the usual denizens of Greenwich Village. The late author-poet Maxwell Bodenheim wrote, "We villagers couldn't pay the tariff at places like Cafe Society. We gave our own parties."

It was the uptown set that accounted for 65 percent of Cafe Society's business during its first two years. At the front tables could be seen Burgess



Cafe Society's list of excellent pianists included Eddie Heywood, Art Tatum, Mary Lou Williams, and James P. Johnson.

Meredith, Paul Robeson, Carole Landis, Merle Oberon, Don Ameche, Billy Strayhorn, Benny Goodman, and Gregory Ratoff. Sometimes the guests performed: Lionel Stander did a take-off on the vendors in burlesque houses selling "French post cards."

The opening show, a solid hit, stayed intact for almost a year. The main features were the singing of Miss Holiday and the playing of the Boogie Woogie Boys.

It was at Cafe Society in 1939 that Miss Holiday met poet Lewis Allan, who performed for her the music and lyrics he had composed as an adaptation of one of his poems, *Strange Fruit*, a protest against lynching. Josephson and Robert H. Gordon, a director of the performers at the club during the early days, thought the song suited Miss Holiday's style. But she was not so sure and at first disliked the song. Allan in recent years has said Miss Holiday didn't quite understand the lyrics' full import.

Nevertheless, she went ahead and prepared the number, helped by pianist White and her arranger, Danny Mendelsohn. In her autobiography, Miss Holiday recalled how she was sure she had made a big mistake when she sang *Strange Fruit* for the first time:

"After it was over, there was not even a patter of applause, until one person nervously started to clap. Then an avalanche of hand-clapping got started."

It was also while at the downtown cafe that Miss Holiday met Arthur Herzog, a composer who helped her work up another of her famous numbers, *God Bless the Child*.

The act put on by the three pianists, coupled with Joe Turner's blues shouting, was an equally potent drawing card. Until these boogie-woogie specialists hit New York, the boogie blues piano had been mainly a house-rent party style heard on Chicago's south side and in the gin mills of the South.

During the week between the Carnegie Hall *From Spirituals to Swing* con-

cert, and opening at the cafe, the three pianists helped inaugurate Blue Note records.

Boogie woogie was to become as much a fixture at Cafe Society as the wall murals. Pete Johnson, probably the best all-around jazz pianist of the three, once said, "At Cafe Society, people came to hear us play boogie woogie and nothing else. You could hardly dare to play a slow blues with a striding left. It was those eight-to-the-bar that the people came to listen to."

Working in the boogie mecca had its disappointing aspects to Johnson, who remained with Josephson longer than Lewis or Ammons. He has lamented, "My arrangement of Benny Carter's *Blues in My Heart* used to impress quite a few musicians while I was working at Cafe Society, but no one else seemed to be interested."

Meade Lux Lewis rebelled while performing at the downtown spot early in 1941. He was playing intermission piano, alternating with Red Allen's band, and decided that boogie woogie wasn't commercial enough. At floor-show time he put on a corny dance act. The emcee then, Willie Bryant, would come out and introduce the roly-poly pianist, who then strutted around the floor, doing his steps. Lewis, short but heavy, pleased the crowd, and he told a critical interviewer, "It's dance or go hungry, and I'm human. What the hell—it gets laughs."

The vogue for boogie woogie and its identification with the Cafe Society operation was slow in dying out. It was expected that all the many pianists working the two clubs play at least a smattering of it. It worried Mary Lou Williams, who, starting in 1942, was a member of the Josephson "family" for four years. She said, "Once you get known as a boogie player, you've got to play boogie, boogie all the time."

Probably the most ridiculous of the boogie manifestations was the booking for several weeks in early 1940 of novelist Elliott Paul as an accompanist on the

floor show. The bearded Paul had been studying boogie piano under Ammons, and it was decided to display his progress as a feature of the floor show.

As one reviewer stated condescendingly, "... he got frisky at the piano and beat out a mean boogie." Paul later wrote a book entitled *The Story of North American Jazz* that has become known as one of the least erudite tomes on the subject. He told of his nights playing at Cafe Society Downtown and described two contemporaries as follows: "Ted Wilson played an ornate and conventionally styled piano, while Hazel Scott played with a great left hand."

Actually, Miss Scott's five-year tenure at Josephson's two clubs marked a jazz level that rivaled Paul's. One jazz critic wrote, "You can forget Hazel Scott, a rapidly pretty girl, who has made a tremendous hit with her astonishingly superficial piano playing."

Her specialty was called "swinging the classics." She also attempted to apply the boogie style to Scarlatti's *Sonata in C Minor*, Chopin's *Nocturne in B-Flat Minor*, and other classical works, including those of Bach and Liszt. Although she failed to reach the jazz fans, Miss Scott became one of the highest-paid performers in show business, and Josephson took on her personal management without a written contract. She shuttled between the Hollywood movie studios and the two cafes until August, 1945, when Josephson gave her in marriage to Rep. Adam Clayton Powell.

After the wedding, a reception at Cafe Society Uptown, with Josephson as host, tied up traffic for blocks. The United Press reported, "Fifteen hundred invitations brought 2,000 guests—most of them from Harlem—to a wedding reception for the Rev. Adam Clayton Powell Jr., New York congressman, and Hazel Dorothy Scott, cabaret blues singer."

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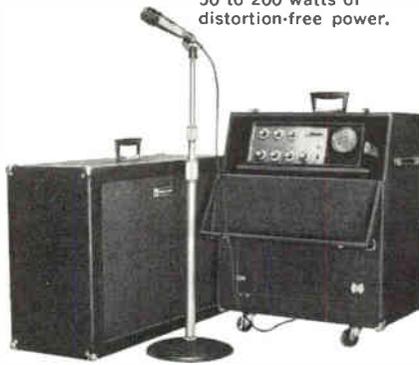
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Ken Kersey, who was the pianist with the Red Allen Sextet (and whose artistry may have driven Lux Lewis to his dancing episode).

Kersey won a floor-show spot for his rendition of his original *K. K. Boogie* (later recorded with the Andy Kirk Band as *Boogie-Woogie Cocktail*), which he played at a race-horse tempo. Other than on this featured work, Kersey was pointed out as one of the most musically advanced artists employed at Cafe Society during the opening years of the bop decade. (Bebop had very little place in the Josephson scheme of things and did not invade Cafe Society Down-

town—the uptown branch closed in late 1947—until a new management took over in the spring of 1949.)

In later years, Leonard Feather wrote of Kersey's work. "He was an exemplification of the fact that jazz was fighting it way out of a harmonic and melodic blind alley."

Adjuncts to the early boogie-woogie activities were the blues shouting of Big Joe Turner and the attractive sound, like that of a harpsichord, of the old piano with the mandolin attachment. Avakian recalled how Turner would stop by the bar to down his "peppermint stick" (a hefty belt consisting of

a large quantity of rye) and stride out on the floor and quicken the entire atmosphere with rousing versions of *Shake, Rattle, and Roll*; *Cherry Red*; *Roll 'Em, Pete*; and *Goin' Away Blues*, accompanied by the Boogie Woogie Trio. In the summer of 1939 the trio and Turner recorded *Cafe Society Rag*, as well as other examples of their solo and combined presentations.

THE DISINTEGRATION of the initial Cafe Society bill started late in the summer of '39. One of the first to want to leave was trumpeter Newton, who preferred a more leisurely life of painting (he was a regular inhabitant of the Village) and playing when he felt like it. He later told a writer for a small jazz magazine, "That Cafe Society job damn near drove me nuts. I hated the damn uniform, the damn regularity, and the damn spot-lights."

The Boogie Woogie Boys and Billie Holiday took a break from Cafe's routine to play engagements in Chicago. Filling in at the club were violinist Stuff Smith's band, featuring trumpeter Jonah Jones and pianist Sam Allen, and bassist Slam Stewart's trio, with vocalist Jean Eldridge.

When Miss Holiday returned, she was unhappy that she had been making only \$75 a week at Cafe Society. She said she could earn that much in a Harlem joint, and because of success and exposure at the club, she was aware she could command a higher fee on the road and in theaters.

Ida Cox, a blues singer from the Deep South, who had enjoyed a good reception at John Hammond's *From Spirituals to Swing* concert, was to come in for the fall show but kept postponing the opening date.

With Miss Holiday wanting out, Josephson began to worry about a vocalist for the new season. A bartender at the club suggested that Josephson audition the young girl who had been filling in as the intermission pianist—Hazel Scott.

Miss Scott was 18, had been born in Trinidad, and had arrived in Harlem some years before, determined to make good in show business. She was talented, but she also had a bang-up press agent.

Early in 1939, clarinetist Charlie Dixon organized a band to open the new State Palace Ballroom uptown as a relief unit to alternate with Lucky Millinder's band. Young Miss Scott was put at the head of the band and billed as the "Glamorous Darling of Harlem." The large State Palace folded after a few weeks but not before Miss Scott had got her picture and a press story in *Down Beat*, hailing her as a girl who spoke seven languages, arranged and composed music, played piano, wrote short stories, designed



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hats, made etchings, and played the trumpet.

Josephson hired her, and Miss Holiday was free to make from \$175 to \$250 a week in clubs and theaters, while Miss Scott reportedly received \$40 a week as a featured attraction (this was eventually to grow to \$2,000 a week). Miss Scott later said, "Why should I work for any other night club? I'd be a jerk!"

During that rather mixed-up fall of 1939, the cafe seemed to have a hard time getting a good show under way. Stuff Smith lasted two weeks. There followed a short period in which the club was essentially in competition with Nick's, a nearby club that had been using Chicago-style jazz bands. So Cafe Society brought in pianist Joe Sullivan with a band made up of Sullivan's Chicago cronies (trumpeter Murph Steinberg, clarinetist Pip Villani, trombonist Chuck Maxon [soon replaced by Glen Long], tenorist Charles Berg, bassist Jules Cassard [later replaced by Burt Nazer], and drummer Johnny Craig) and a band led by Chicago clarinetist Joe Marsala, featuring his trumpeter brother Marty and pianist Joe Bushkin. This period was the only time in the club's history that the entertainment was predominantly white, and it was short-lived.

The next development, also involving Sullivan, was to be significant: it was the first time a racially mixed band was signed for a lengthy stay at a New York night club. The white contingent consisted of leader Sullivan; tenor saxophonist Danny Polo, just back from several years of playing in Europe, and Steinberg, soon replaced by Negro trumpeter Ed Anderson. The rest of the band was Negro and had Edmond Hall, baritone saxophone and clarinet; Henry Turner, bass; and Johnny Wells, drums. One of the pleasant developments during this band's stay, which lasted seven months, was the discovery of Hall's artistry, which had been largely indiscernible in Claude Hopkins' big band, with which he had played from 1930 to '35. He was to stay on at Cafe Society for a long time after the Sullivan group closed, first with the Teddy Wilson and Red Allen bands and then with a small group under his own name.

Ida Cox finally showed up around Christmastime. She stayed only three or four nights. Ill at ease and not used to the formality of an urban night club, Miss Cox failed to catch on with the club's mink-coated clientele.

Her reaction was similar to that of Willie (The Lion) Smith's. In his autobiography, Smith told how he left the cafe in a huff when he found the piano buried under fur coats and heard the insistent chattering in the room.

He went home and phoned Josephson to tell him: "The Lion doesn't roar with those hostile vibrations hitting him."

Hammond's second *From Spirituals to Swing* concert, held on Christmas Eve, 1939, at Carnegie Hall, furnished several more acts for the cafe. There was the inimitable sharecropper-blues singer Big Bill Broonzy, a tall man with a subtle smile and a huge glittering stick pin holding down his tie. His blues singing—*Louise, Louise; I'm Gonna Move to the Outskirts of Town; Truckin' Woman*—and his self-accompaniment on the guitar fared better

than did the similar work of Miss Cox. But Broonzy seemed eager to get back to his beloved Chicago and stayed only a couple of weeks. Another addition from Hammond's second concert was the half-blind blues harmonica player Sonny Terry (later paired with Brownie McGhee), who performed his *The Fox Hunt* with Bull City Red accompanying him on washboard. Theirs was a short run. But the third addition, the Golden Gate Quartet, proved to be a commercial discovery. These four men (Willie Johnson, Arlandus Wilson, Henry Owen, and Clyde Riddick) from Norfolk, Va., were to

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start at \$160 a week for the group and remain, singing uptown and downtown, until they were getting \$1,500 a week.

IT WAS DURING THE spring of 1940 that Josephson decided to expand and open a club up on 58th St. He found a site between Park and Lexington avenues that had been considered a night club hex (four previous attempts had failed). Unconcerned, Josephson leased it, and by 1942 bought the whole building outright for \$87,000.

Unlike Cafe Society Downtown, it was a street-level room with high ceilings and plenty of room for a dance floor. Art Hodes described it in *The Jazz Record*: "It looks like strictly a joint out of a Hollywood production, with all the fancy trimmings straight from a wild exhibit at the Modern Museum of Art." Pianist Hodes also informed his readers that the bar "is a long sleeper jump from all the gay goings-on." Jazz fans also were warned to take a cab because "they have a doorman who throws rocks at pedestrians." Minimums were 50 cents higher uptown, and all drinks started at 85 cents.

When Sullivan's band closed at the Village spot in mid-1940, the pianist was promised a gig at the new location when it opened in September. Publicist Ivan Black told *Down Beat* the new spot would be called the Pago Pago Club. Sullivan was quoted by the same magazine as saying, with tongue-in-cheek enthusiasm: "It will be a gas uptown. A place with a real Jeanne Eagles spitfire background in its new 'Rain' room."

To this the pianist added, "Of course, by the time they get it open, my band will be scattered all over town."

Artist Anton Refregier was called in to decorate the walls of the uptown room. Over an eight-year period he was called back twice to redo the scheme of the wall decorations. Originally, in the mood of Downtown's motif, he covered the walls with champagne-guzzling, ticker-tape-reading, and poodle-walking characters seen around the east-side neighborhood.

By 1943 Josephson had decided that times had changed and the gay, fun-making pictures were not appropriate for his wartime patrons. He dangled \$30,000 before Refregier, and an entire new display was wrought. This time the artist went back to the Gay Nineties and depicted old-timers attending a riotous state fair. The walls were laced with chromium pipes holding pennants, and tin mobiles were hung from the ceiling. After a year of trying to explain to unimpressed patrons that the pipes represented the bars of a birdcage and the tin on the ceiling

constituted a flock of birds, Josephson dug down for another \$30,000 and again summoned the artist. This time (1946) Refregier returned to satire, predicated on the restless moods of the postwar period. The fair was covered over with Pennsylvania Dutch hex signs, mail orders for love potions, and commentary on the uselessness of it all—one large mural showed a wrecked ship of hope in suspension with evening-clothed riders trying to fill the sails with a bellows and plotting a course with a ouija board.

When Sullivan left Downtown, pianist James P. Johnson took a band in that included Joe Thomas, trumpet; George James, alto saxophone; and Manzie Johnson, drums. Although Johnson, whose publicity called him "The Gargoyle of the Piano," would have a short run, his sidemen would show up frequently in future Cafe Society bands.

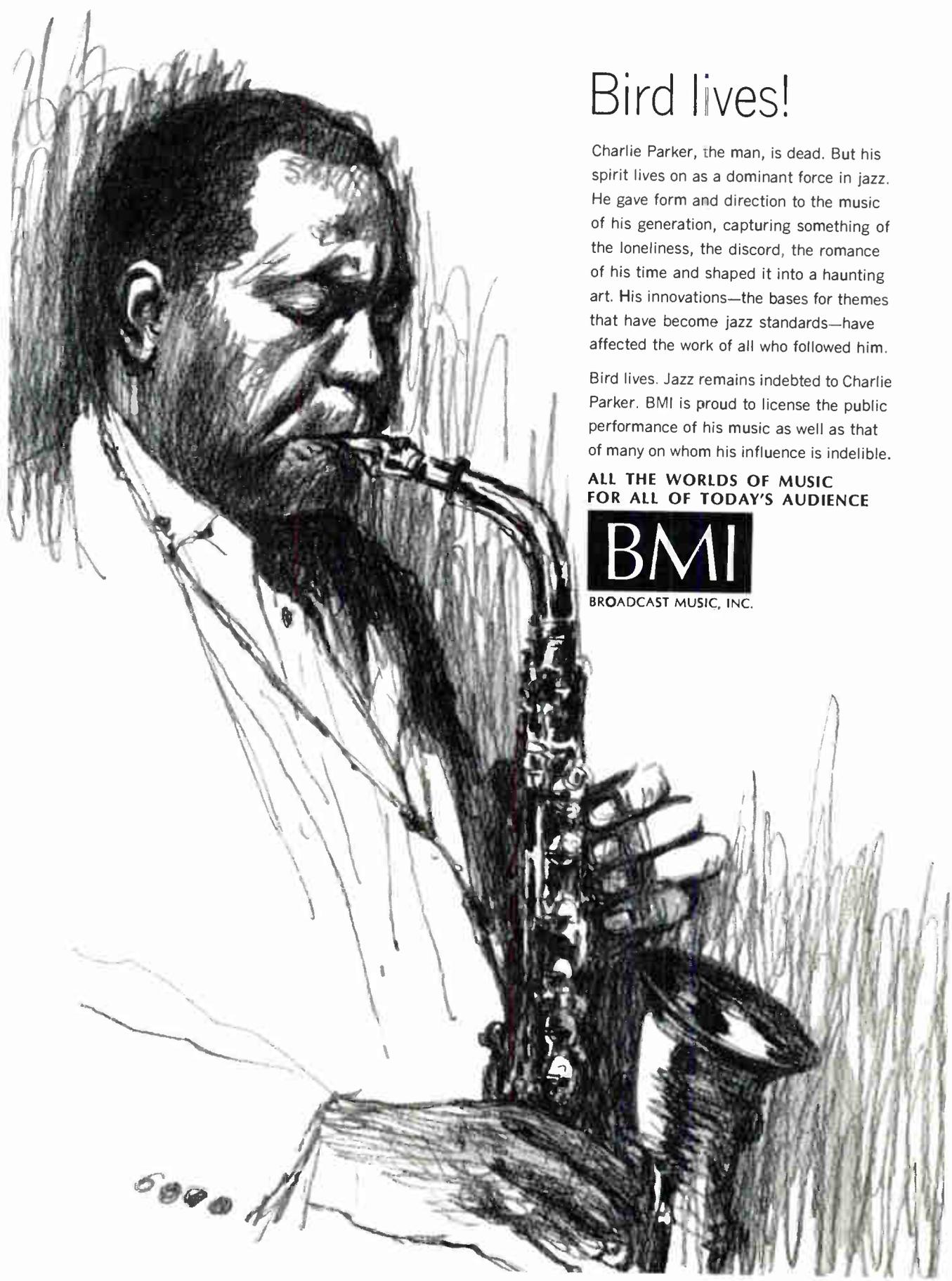
Pianist Teddy Wilson decided to break up his big band in June, 1940, and though there was talk of his returning to the Benny Goodman fold, he formed a sextet and went into Cafe Society Downtown. His would be a long run at both of the cafes. The first Wilson group had trumpeter Bill Coleman, trombonist Benny Morton, clarinetist Jimmy Hamilton, bassist All Hall, and drummer Yank Porter.

The uptown spot, with its more elaborate furnishings, finally opened on Oct. 8, 1940. It had 55 employes, exclusive of entertainers. Josephson himself moved to a more spacious office over his new club.

Josephson's opening Uptown show was made up of Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, Pete Johnson and Albert Ammons, and band music for listening and dancing produced by Wilson's sextet and, a bit later, the "Dark Angel of the Violin," Eddie South. South didn't open until Oct. 22, and the relief unit was Frankie Newton's mixed band, so-called because of the presence in it of a young clarinetist, Joe (Flip) Phillips.

Meanwhile, downtown Billie Holiday joined what was already a strong bill for the fall show. It included Art Tatum, well known among musicians but hardly known at all by the public (he played Cafe Society Downtown for several months but never was brought back because Josephson didn't want to pay Tatum's price), Sister Rosetta Tharpe, Meade Lux Lewis, and Joe Sullivan, who was just as happy to have his new band in the Village—he now had trumpeter Joe Thomas, clarinetist Hall, trombonist Claude Jones, bassist Billy Taylor, and drummer Eddie Dougherty.

After about six weeks, Sullivan left to go to the Famous Door on 52nd



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St. His replacement was a sextet led by trumpeter Red Allen. Three of Sullivan's men stayed to play with Allen: Jones (later replaced by J. C. Higginbotham), Hall, and Taylor. Pianist Ken Kersey and drummer Jimmy Hoskins filled out Allen's group, and they embarked on a nine-month run.

A group known as Josh White's Singers, a quintet, played a short engagement at the downtown cafe late in 1940. Nothing much happened, but their leader returned a few years later as a solo entertainer. Josh White became one of the cafe's name stars.

When Teddy Wilson was scheduled to leave the uptown spot in February, 1941, another experiment was tried—an all Negro band with a white leader.

The socially prominent, Illinois-born Bobby Burnet, who had been a featured hot trumpet man with Charlie Barnet's band, was selected to lead a new unit to replace Wilson's. Leonard Feather, whose apartment was upstairs over Cafe Society Downtown, was by this time Ivan Black's assistant. Besides writing releases on the cafe's jazz artists, he helped select musicians for Burnet's new band, wrote some arrangements for it, and took over management of it. The personnel had Burnet, trumpet; Albert Nicholas, clarinet; Charlie Holmes, alto saxophone; Sammy Benskin, piano; Hayes Alvis, bass; and Manzie Johnson, drums.

But the band put in only two weeks at Cafe Society Uptown and a week at Nick's in the Village before disbanding. Burnet returned to the Barnet band.

The original John Kirby Sextet (Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Russell Procope, alto saxophone; Billy Kyle, piano; Kirby, bass, and O'Neil Spencer, drums) was the next in line at Cafe Society Uptown.

THE SPRING OF 1941 saw the Cafe Society enterprises expand into various extra activities. Sunday afternoon jam sessions were begun at the downtown branch; a different jazz writer was slated to produce the concerts each week. There were sessions held under the supervision of Mike Levin and Feather of *Down Beat* and George Simon of *Metronome*. A smaller jazz publication, *Hot Record Society Rag*, took a comparatively dim view of the proceedings. One of its writers observed, "Breaches of jam-session etiquette are still in evidence. Critics try to bring friends in on the cuff. Jitterbugs still gawk. And glamor girls still talk of fur coats during the ride-outs."

Parties and benefits were staged at the clubs, sometimes on rather slim excuses. The radio program *Lower Basin Street Society* held an afterhours party to promote a new Victor album by the show's regular participants. A

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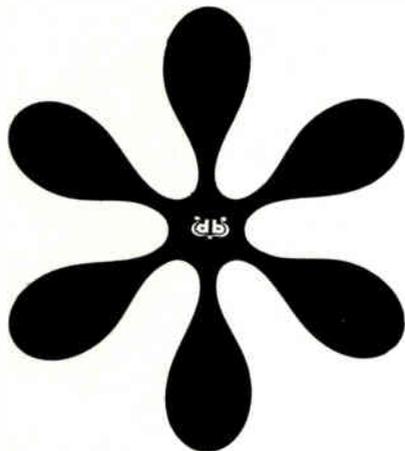
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Fletcher Henderson reunion was held, in which many of the leader's sidemen gathered to jam some of the older tunes with their onetime leader. There was a "testimonial musicale" given for blues performer Huddie (Leadbelly) Ledbetter after he had recovered from a short illness. A 1941 "blues night" honored W. C. Handy, "father of the blues," and leader Woody Herman, whose band was billed in those days as "the band that plays the blues." The day after Fats Waller's funeral in December, 1943, a memorial program, which was broadcast, was given at the downtown club with the proceeds going to the New York *Amsterdam News* children's fund.

On April 23, 1941, Josephson, with helpers Black and Feather, produced the first Carnegie Hall jazz concert sponsored by a night club. The current Cafe Society artists were featured along with Count Basie's band. The trade press felt the event was an artistic failure—up until the end, when Basie's band was joined by such men as Bunny Berigan, Charlie Shavers, Max Kaminsky, Will Bradley, and Henry (Hot Lips) Levine for the usual, final, all-out jam session. At any rate, the concert netted almost \$2,000 for the New York AFM Local 802 medical fund.

It was the spring of 1941 when another new star of considerable stature was discovered. John Hammond took singer Helena Horne to see Josephson after she left Charlie Barnet's band following a Paramount Theater engagement. She wanted to go out as a single, and Josephson immediately booked her into the downtown cafe.

One reviewer noted on Lena's opening night that "she closed her eyes in youthful nervousness to avoid seeing the audience." The beautiful Miss Horne was an immediate hit and played Cafe Society Downtown from April to October. Like her rival at the time, Miss Scott, she went from the cafe to Hollywood.

After Josephson started operating the two clubs simultaneously, the usual order of things was to start a new act or artist at the downtown branch and, if he thought they warranted it, bring them uptown. Most did. Although there were exceptions. Lena Horne was one. She rose so fast that when Josephson got around to offering her a gig up on 58th St., she was able to fluff it off with: "Downtown's groovy. Uptown is kinda snooty for a girl like me."

Another exception was Sarah Vaughan, who, after working for six months at the Village club in 1946, wanted to be transferred uptown—at the time her fiancé, trumpeter George Treadwell, was with J. C. Heard's band, and the band was being moved to the newer club—but Josephson didn't feel

she was ready. Miss Vaughan quit.

An unusual event at Cafe Society Uptown was the late-1941 engagement of Count Basie's orchestra. Basie honored the spot by recording an original entitled *Cafe Society Blues*. Although there were press releases to the effect that Basie broke all attendance records, Josephson later observed, "Basie was a tremendous success musically but not well fitted for the east-side ickie clientele which frequents the spot."

THERE WAS A DEFINITE pattern to most Cafe Society show bills. At first there was a floor-show emcee, but this practice disappeared in later years, and the name artists would announce their own programs. Top billing was usually given to a name singer. Next in importance would be the pianists, who sometimes were presented in featured numbers but were more frequently used as in-between entertainment. From time to time there were special acts that included dancers, comics, and individual instrumentalists (harp, harmonica). There were usually two bands, one a sextet and the other a trio, that would perform in concert, for dancing, and serve as accompaniment for the singers.

Zero Mostel, at the time an unknown Village character who dabbled in painting, proved to be the most significant discovery in the emcee category. Among others were Phil Leeds, Bernie West, Timmie Rogers, who also doubled as a featured comic. For a long time Josephson barred Negro comics from his clubs, saying he felt their acts were derogatory and offered a stereotyped concept of the Negro race. He said, "I have never seen a funny Negro comic who did not try to make white people laugh at Negroes."

One of the most outstanding vocalists was Mildred Bailey, who played long stints at both clubs. She nightly sang *Rockin' Chair* and convulsed her fans with *Scrap Your Fat*, a novelty song written for her—she was a heavy woman—by Sonny Burke.

Another star was made at Cafe Society Downtown in 1943. A girl from Massachusetts—Fredda Gibson, who had not made it despite a spot on the *Lucky Strike Hit Parade* and experience singing with the Richard Himber Orchestra on radio—was brought to Josephson's Village club with a new name—Georgia Gibbs—and a buildup. Her accompaniment marked the return of Frankie Newton, who headed a fine band that included trombonist Vic Dickenson, altoist Floyd (Horsecollar) Williams, and pianist Ram Ramirez. A review mentioned, "Newton, who plays fine trumpet, will likely come over to your table and play you a private serenade." Miss Gibbs stayed about three months and then went to the West



Coast to join the Jimmy Durante radio show.

Cafe Society's management constantly tried to develop new talent, especially vocalists. The list of female singers who worked the clubs is long and dotted with names never heard again. One of the most unusual of these was Moune DeRivel, an exotic singer of French Creole ballads, who came from wartime Paris after being discovered by a GI friend of Josephson's. The young Parisienne arrived in New York sans wardrobe, and Josephson staked her to a supply of evening gowns.

Quite a few established singer-entertainers enhanced their reputations with Cafe Society appearances. There were the singer-pianists like Nellie Lutcher, whose rough-toned style and barrel-house piano earned for her many return engagements, and Cleveland's Rose Murphy, with an infectious smile and giggles as she whispered her lyrics.

Among singers who played Cafe Society were Linda Keene, Helen Humes, Lil Green (whose *Why Don't You Do Right?* was recorded by Peggy Lee to good advantage), Anita Boyer, Kay Starr, Ginnie Powell (singing arrangements by her husband, Boyd Raeburn), Thelma Carpenter, Ida James, and Patti Page (whose songs at the Downtown led *Down Beat's* reviewer Mike Levin to write, "This may have been partially an effort by Barney to try less sophistication in his club").

There were headliners in the male vocal department, too: the bass-baritone, Kenneth Spencer, who had a long run at the Uptown; Josh White, who as a single scored heavily with virile renditions of *One Meat Ball* and *Sam Hall*, gentle performances of *Waltzing Matilda*, and engendered some criticism for appropriating Billie Holiday's *Strange Fruit*; Burl Ives; Cisco Houston; and David Brooks.

Also impressive was the parade of pianists: Mary Lou Williams, who sometimes sang ballads of her own composition; Sam Price, a Texas-born blues piano man who was brought in for his boogie—he was teaching the idiom to harpsichordist Sylvia Marlowe at the time; Connie Berry, a boogie-woogie specialist; Calvin Jackson, whose potential was called that of "another Tatum" in 1938 but who disappointed *Down Beat's* Levin at Cafe Society in 1948 for playing "all the clatter-trap evident in most movieland music" (Jackson had already become an arranger for MGM); Gene Rodgers, who performed the *Ritual Fire Dance* as an encore; Erskine Butterfield; Clarence Profit, the co-composer of *Lullaby in Rhythm*; Walter (Fats) Pichon, the longtime pianist at the Absinthe House in New Orleans; Eddie Heywood, whose harmonically ingenious piano headed a

trio when he first played Cafe Society and who eventually left the cafes with a fine jazz sextet, featuring Vic Dickenson's trombone; Ellis Larkin, whose first position at Cafe Society was as arranger and pianist for Edmond Hall's first band and who wound up as the leader of a trio there; Sonny Thompson, a Chicago pianist; Dorothy Donegan, the last featured pianist at the Downtown cafe during the Josephson regime; and finally, Cliff Jackson, who opened with a trio (Everett Barksdale, guitar, and Ernest Hill, bass) in 1944 and the next year began a record-length solo stand at the Downtown. He, like the fixtures, remained well into the days of the new owners.

One of the most outstanding of the Cafe Society presentations was the more than two-year engagement of Jimmy Savo at the Uptown spot. Savo, a small, clownish man, wore a derby and a long coat and breathlessly intoned his own satirical versions, with pantomime, of popular songs like *As Time Goes By*, *Don't Get Around Much Anymore*, and *That Old Black Magic*. He and Mostel were the best male comedians to work for Josephson. Probably the best comedienne was Imogene Coca and Patricia Bright.

Unusual acts were frequently presented at both clubs. In 1943 there was much discussion of a marvelous interpretive dancer, Pearl Primus, who danced with no facial expressions, her eyes modestly cast down. She performed in bare feet and wore a plain, formless costume. Her outstanding number, performed with Josh White accompanying her with guitar and voice, was *Hard Times Blues*, in which she visually depicted the hardships of the Negro people during the depression. In 1942 two sisters, Beatrice and Evelyn Kraft, gave a program of East Indian dances to what was known as hep music in those days. This musical accompaniment ranged from Duke Ellington's *Pyramid* to boogie woogie.

Folk artists often appeared as featured acts, and Mrs. John Hammond was responsible for the discovery of an unusual balladeer named Susan Reed. Miss Reed, a demure 19-year-old from the North Carolina mountains, perched on a stool in the center of the dance floor and sang ancient ballads, accompanying herself on a zither or an Irish harp.

John Sebastian, a concert harmonica player, had a stand at Cafe Society Uptown, performing *Rhapsody in Blue* as well as Bach.

Another prominent artist in the unusual category was harpist Olivette Miller, who performed swing versions of classics at both the uptown and downtown branches.

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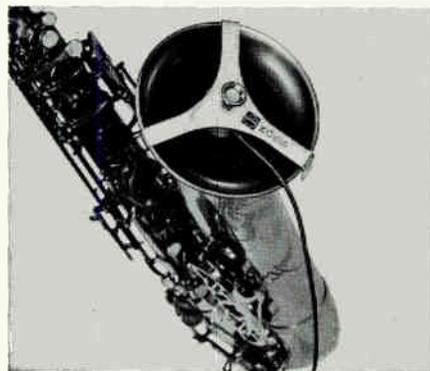
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Django Reinhardt spent at the uptown cafe in early 1947 were disappointing, mainly because he had left his own instrument in France and was unable to find a satisfactory substitute during the six weeks or so he spent in the United States.

Generally, the bands at the clubs were almost always of a high caliber in what today would be called mainstream jazz, though several groups were Dixielandish. Even Teddy Wilson's sextet was known to get off exciting performances of such tunes as *Clarinet Marmalade*, *Panama*, or *High Society*, usually early in the morning, when the stragglers were obviously jazz-oriented listeners.

Probably the most advanced music heard at either club was offered by a new John Kirby Sextet at the Downtown during the summer of 1945. Although it played familiar Kirby numbers, such as *Opus Five*, the personnel included such modern players as pianist Bud Powell, who had just left the Cootie Williams Band; trumpeter Little Bennie Harris, who was replaced by Freddie Webster during the run; and alto saxophonist Rudy Williams.

Other fondly remembered small bands were those headed by Bill Harris (the trombonist who led an unsuccessful sextet, with Zoot Sims on tenor saxophone, for several weeks between his Benny Goodman and Woody Herman days), Lester and Lee Young (with tenor saxophonist Bumps Meyers), trombonist Benny Morton (the last group with which the late trumpeter Bobby Stark played), drummer J. C. Heard (with young Joe Newman from New Orleans on trumpet), Gene Fields (a Georgia guitarist who had been featured with Eddie South), trumpeter Buck Clayton, tenorist Eugene Sedric (whose unit was graced by trombonist Dickie Wells), Ed Hall (who held the record for tenure with Josephson), pianist-composer Phil Moore, pianist Dave Martin (whose group featured guitarist Mundell Lowe and bassist George Duvivier), altoist Georgie James (whose band included ex-Louis Armstrong trombonist Fred Robinson), and trumpeter Bill Coleman.

BY EARLY 1947 *Down Beat's* Mike Levin accused Josephson of "abandoning the jazz policy he had pioneered on the upper east side." There was a tendency for the Uptown's shows to be weighted on the "continental" side, as was usual in the area. French singer Lucienne Boyer was the top attraction, and a society unit, the Abbey Albert Quartet, played for dancing.

When violinist Eddie South, who had played a long jazz-oriented engagement with reed player Rudy Powell during

Uptown's early days, returned with a Latin American type of unit, the writing was definitely on the wall. It was an attempt on the part of Josephson to counteract a sharp decline in business. Le Ruban Bleu and the Blue Angel were getting all the quasi-jazz attention. And they were using some of the former Cafe Society Uptown acts, such as Imogene Coca. Josephson gave up in December, 1947, and closed the Uptown.

During the next 16 months, he concentrated on Cafe Society Downtown, but business there was not good either, and a tipoff came when the house bandleader, Dave Martin, had to let clarinetist Tony Scott go for reasons of economy.

In one of the March, 1950, issues of *Down Beat*, a story announced the sale of Cafe Society Downtown.

The new proprietors instituted a dinner show and valiantly tried to regain some of the former prestige and business success of the Cafe Society heydays. They retained a jazz policy as they had promised—their opening bill was the first engagement played by the original George Shearing Quintet—but the spot was no longer an "in" location. The owners began to use a more-modern jazz approach to try to get the bebop crowd, although they did bring back quite a few of the stars of yore, such as Nellie Lutcher, Josh White, Cliff Jackson, Sarah Vaughan, and Art Tatum. They also featured singers—Ruth Brown, Dolly Dawn, Johnny Hartman, Billy Daniels—with a view to building them, as the old operation had. They used a lot of jazz talent including Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Parker, Tony Scott, Illinois Jacquet, and alto saxophonist Johnny Bothwell's band (a wild one), with the members wearing kilts.

In a word, they tried everything, including Dixieland bands, such as Phil Napoleon's Emperors. Fletcher Henderson was leading a sextet at Cafe Society when he suffered a stroke during the year-end holidays of 1950.

After about a year, the cabaret began to operate spasmodically, and there was another change of ownership. It continued to be opened—or closed—as a more-or-less jazz club until 1956, when Duke Ellington's band played a few nights.

During the '60s the place has been a coffee-shop type of room known as One Sheridan Square, an off-Broadway theater, and, currently, a discotheque. The discotheque's decorations combine Pop Art and the Roaring '20s. But there are still those two satirical paintings on the wall to remind any of an earlier generation who should happen to brave the modern scene.

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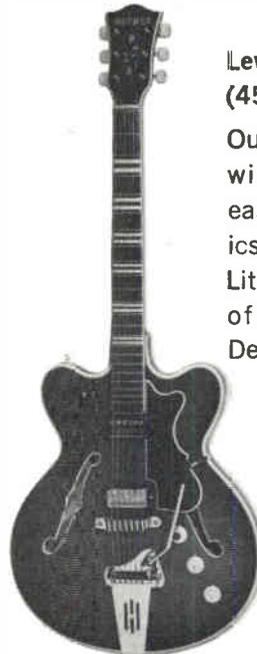
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JAZZ FILM (Continued from page 69)

dramas." One central point concerning them: neither the dramatized biographies nor the original stories can be cited for accuracy and care.

To take a typical example, there is *The Rat Race*, a 1957 Tony Curtis-Debbie Reynolds movie written by Garson Kanin. The hero, Curtis, is purportedly a "jazz" musician (he reads *Down Beat* on the bus to New York, doubles an arsenal of reeds and is heard playing once, and sounds like a watered-down, vintage Bud Shank).

The jazz in the picture is jazzy indeed: pianist Joe Bushkin and tenorist Sam Butera portray two thieving musicians, who steal our hero's horns during a rehearsal that is unlike any rehearsal

trumpeter Ziggy Elman, drummer Ray Bauduc, and the brothers.

The Miller story (with James Stewart, a personality as unlike Miller as could be, in the title role) was partially redeemed by a jam-session sequence with Louis Armstrong, Trummy Young, and the All-Stars. Miller himself, and his band at its peak of fame, can be seen in *Orchestra Wives*, a picture with little jazz content but a fair sampling of Miller's style.

Goodman, as portrayed by Steve Allen, also lived a screen life somewhat removed from reality. But there was, at least, a considerable amount of good music, with flashes of Kid Ory, Teddy Wilson, Buck Clayton, Harry James, Lionel Hampton, and a host of ex-Goodmanites. Wilson gave a particularly good acting performance. (In feature films, all music is dubbed. Ziggy



FATS WALLER'S GROUP IN STORMY WEATHER

any living musician ever will attend or conduct, and that's about all.

But to indicate the level of accuracy, a further incident from this epic: Curtis gets a job (on the phone) as an *alto* saxophonist, his chick buys him a *tenor*, and on the job, he is seen playing *baritone* (the bandleader happens to be Gerry Mulligan, and *he* is playing *tenor*). That kind of thing is about par for the course.

Consider the biographies: *The Benny Goodman Story*, *The Glenn Miller Story*, *The Fabulous Dorseys*, *The Gene Krupa Story*, *The Five Pennies* (the Red Nichols story), and *St. Louis Blues* (the W. C. Handy story).

Of these, only the Dorsey picture had some degree of authenticity, mainly because the battling brothers portrayed themselves, doing excellent acting jobs. Thus, though the story was often nonsensical, there was a touchstone of reality. This picture contains the only other screen appearance of Art Tatum (aside from a glimpse in *The March of Time*) in a jam-session sequence with

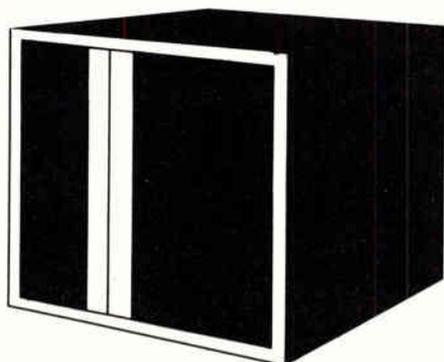
Elman's featured solo was actually played by Mannie Klein; this is typical, as we shall see.)

Krupa, played by Sal Mineo, fared worse in terms of scripting and historical accuracy. Bix Beiderbecke, who died in 1931, walks into a 1935 party. Bobby Troup portrays Tommy Dorsey. (A little closer was Shelly Manne as Dave Tough, a role he also played in *Five Pennies*.) Roy Eldridge was sorely missed, but Anita O'Day took care of what little business was offered her.

By far the most unreasonable of these bio-pics was *Five Pennies*, in which Danny Kaye played Red Nichols. The only thing the two men share is hair color, and about the only thing the script had in common with Nichols' life and career was his name. Again, Louis Armstrong supplied the only redemption, carving Nichols gently but definitively, and singing a jolly *Saints* with Kaye. As for the rest, let us merely point out that Nichols was conscientious and diligent to the point of peevishness but is shown as being a

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crazy cutup who gets himself consistently fired from studio gigs for his antics. Of course, he is dedicated to "jazz" to the point of being unable to force himself to stick to an arrangement. Ah, Hollywood! But the film did trigger a comeback for Nichols.

Handy, played by Nat Cole (who had a number of good, nonjazz acting parts in other films), was also made into more of a jazzman than he ever was or claimed to be, and the script had next to nothing in common with the life of this earnest, eminently respectable businessman-musician.

Eartha Kitt and Pearl Bailey provided good entertainment, but for jazz fans, the participation of Barney Bigard, trombonist George Washington (a good actor), and trumpeter Teddy Buckner (a Hollywood veteran, and Armstrong's stand-in for several films) was more to the point. Handy did not live to see the film, which perhaps was fortunate.

That is the extent to which Hollywood has concerned itself with biographies of jazz artists (though there was *The King of Jazz*, in 1930, starring Paul Whiteman, of course—without Bix Beiderbecke). No *Louis Armstrong Story*, no *Duke Ellington Story*, no *Charlie Parker Story*, and no likelihood that a major studio will ever do any of these. Persistent rumors of Bessie Smith and Billie Holiday bio-pictures have failed to materialize, and an independently produced film loosely based on Parker's life, with Dick Gregory in the lead, has not been released.

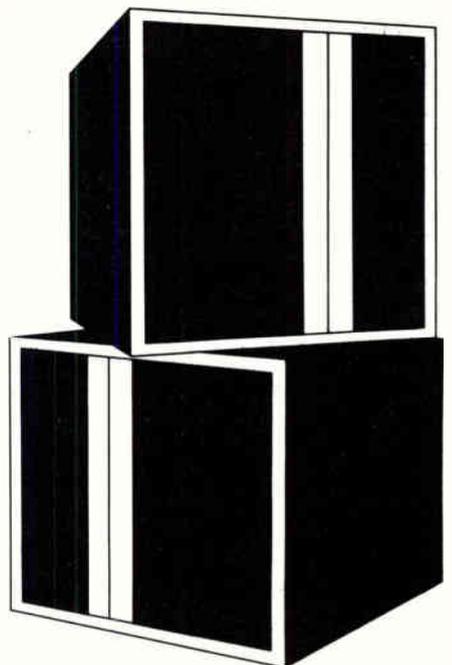
Armstrong had his innings, however, in *Satchmo the Great*, a documentary originally made for television but later released as a film. Edward R. Murrow narrates, and Armstrong reminisces about New Orleans days, is seen on the road and backstage, in concert in Europe, at Lewisohn Stadium with Leonard Bernstein, and, most interestingly, in Africa. Though not very imaginatively done, the film is an honest job, and the Armstrong personality comes across.

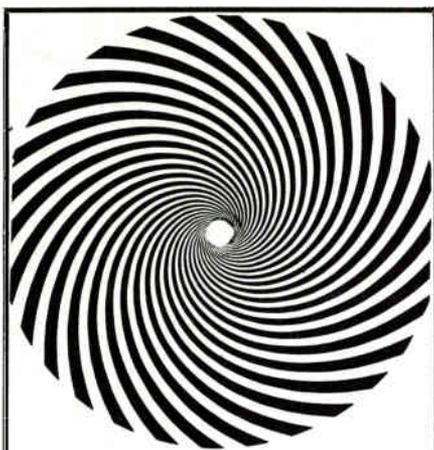
Armstrong was also featured in two Hollywood musicals concerned with jazz, *New Orleans* (1947) and *A Song Is Born* (1948). The former, a trite soap-opera story, has the virtues of the trumpeter with a fine small group that comprised Ory, Bigard, guitarist Bud Scott, pianist Charlie Beal, bassist Red Callender, and drummer Zutty Singleton and has Billie Holiday's only major film appearance—predictably, in the role of a chambermaid. Her unaccompanied blues singing is worth the whole picture, which, by the way, also spots Woody Herman's band in the finale—as well as, of course, a "symphony" orchestra.

Song, a Danny Kaye movie, had a good acting part for Benny Goodman

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and featured an impressive array of name jazz talent. Armstrong, Tommy Dorsey, Charlie Barnet, Lionel Hampton, and pianist Mel Powell were on hand, as well as Buck and Bubbles, pianist Page Cavanaugh, and the Golden Gate Quartet. But almost the best jazz in the film came as background to a night-club scene, in which Benny Carter, trombonist Vic Dickenson, Singleton, and Bigard could be seen and heard. The story, dealing with "jazz history," was mostly pleasant nonsense.

When Hollywood, on rare occasions, got serious about jazz, the results were, to say the least, disappointing. *Syncoption*, a 1940 film starring Jackie Cooper, Bonita Granville, Adolphe Menjou, and Todd Duncan, cast Rex Stewart in the role of a trumpet player patterned, to some rather vague extent, on King Oliver.

Typically, Stewart's trumpet solos were soundtracked by Bunny Berigan (whose sole known film appearance is in an early '30s Fred Rich short), and there was an all-star jam sequence based on the results of a *Saturday Evening Post* swing poll.

This conglomeration featured Harry James, Jack Jenny, Charlie Barnet, Joe Venuti, Alvino Rey, Eddy Duchin (!), Bob Haggart, and Gene Krupa. Duchin's solo was played by Howard Smith, and Benny Goodman, who couldn't make the gig, prerecorded his solo, which was simulated on camera by a stand-in with his back to the audience. Connee Boswell and our old friends, the Hall Johnson Choir, were also on hand. The story was silly.

Young Man with a Horn, starring Kirk Douglas as an ill-fated trumpeter, and loosely based on the Dorothy Baker novel loosely based on Bix Beiderbecke's life, had little to offer in the way of musical value. Harry James, playing well, soundtracked Douglas' trumpet simulations, and Jimmy Zito, a competent studio man, did the ghosting for Juano Hernandez, whose moving performance as the Negro trumpeter who inspires and befriends the hero was the best thing in the film.

The rest, excepting a brief jam-session sequence, was strictly Hollywood, with Doris Day on hand as romantic interest. Once again, jazz had been submerged in phony trappings.

A few months ago, *A Man Called Adam*, a jazz film with more promise than most, was released but quickly withdrawn. I did not see it, except in the form of unedited sequences in the cutting room. This, however, was enough to indicate that, in spite of a somewhat melodramatic story, the film, starring Sammy Davis Jr., was an honest effort with meaningful things to say about a jazzman's life. Louis Armstrong

turned in a fine acting performance and played very well (with his All-Stars). Nat Adderley soundtracked Davis' trumpet, and Benny Carter composed and arranged the music, using first-class New York musicians for the soundtrack.

One hopes that the picture has been only temporarily withdrawn (the reviews, ignorant of jazz matters, were generally negative in criticizing the storyline and some acting) and that it will be better promoted when it reappears. But, in spite of its virtues, this, by all odds, is still not the great jazz film that could be made.

Perhaps *Adam's* lack of initial success was rooted in its predominantly Negro cast, though all-Negro films, in the past, have occasionally been commercially successful.

The earliest, and most famous, of these was King Vidor's 1930 *Hallelujah*, which contained plenty of spiritual and Gospel singing, but no jazz and only a little blues, ably handled by singer Victoria Spivey and a rough-and-ready small band.

In 1942 an all-Negro film with more jazz emphasis, *Stormy Weather*, was released. It starred dancer Bill Robinson and Lena Horne, and featured Cab Calloway and his band, but its true star was Fats Waller.

Waller had a bit part in the 1935 *King of Burlesque* (he played an elevator operator and did one number *I've Got My Fingers Crossed*), but in *Stormy Weather*, he was better used. With a band, that had Benny Carter on trumpet, Slam Stewart on bass, and Zutty Singleton on drums, he did *Ain't Misbehavin'*; an instrumental, *Moppin' and Boppin'*; and accompanied blues singer Ada Brown in *That Ain't Right*.

In addition, Waller stole every dramatic scene in which he appeared and made such an impact that he was slated to be featured in other major films. Unfortunately, death intervened. While much of *Stormy Weather* is now dated, Waller's performance continues to shine brightly.

The next year, another all-star Negro production, *Cabin in the Sky*, was made. It starred Ethel Waters, and the story, a fantasy, was considerably more "Tommy" than *Stormy Weather*. However, it did have Armstrong in an acting role (as a devil), and it did have a good deal of Duke Ellington and his orchestra, notably in a swinging, never-recorded *Goin' Up*. (Miss Waters also has starred in several films without jazz content.)

Armstrong and Ellington joined forces in a more recent venture, *Paris Blues*, for which Ellington also wrote a beautiful score. The story is about two jazz musicians (Paul Newman and Sidney Poitier, ghosted by trombonist Murray



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McEachern and tenorist Paul Gonzales) and their loves and, as jazz films go, was better than most. Armstrong is featured, again, in a jam session.

THIS BRINGS to an end the survey of jazz seen in films. There remains the matter of jazz scores, concerning which there is room only to provide undetailed comments.

Ellington, in addition to *Paris Blues*, wrote a first-rate score for *Anatomy of a Murder*, which worked well in the film and is good enough to stand on its own as music. Last year, Ellington was commissioned to score a Frank Sinatra vehicle, *Assault on a Queen*. The results did not compare with his two earlier

or less, a filmed stage play and employed the original cast and Freddie Redd's score as performed by a quartet including pianist Redd and altoist Jackie McLean, both of whom had fat acting parts as well.

Several musicians with a jazz background have written film scores of straight movie music with few or no jazz elements, among them Lalo Shifrin, Andre Previn, John Mandel, and Quincy Jones. Britain's Johnny Dankworth, who also has numerous scores to his credit, generally keeps the jazz flavor in; one of his best jobs was *Sapphire*.

That, by and large, is the record, so far, of jazz in films. It is certain that discoveries of valuable material remain



PAUL NEWMAN AND LOUIS ARMSTRONG IN *PARIS BLUES*

ventures, but the film is so ridiculous that it was almost an insult to Ellington to ask him to do the job.

Some of the best jazz scores by U.S. musicians have been for foreign films. These include Miles Davis' improvised score for the French *Elevator to the Gallows*, Duke Jordan's for *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* (with Art Blakey and Thelonious Monk on screen), Blakey's for *The Disappearing Women*, Kenny Dorham's for *Witness in the City* (also French), Chico Hamilton's for *Repulsion*, and Sonny Rollins' for the current *Alfie* (both British). Hamilton also scored, and was seen in, *The Sweet Smell of Success*. West Coast jazz (remember?) had its innings in *The Wild One* (Leith Stevens, assisted by Shorty Rogers) and *The Man with the Golden Arm* (Elmer Bernstein, with Rogers and Shelly Manne on screen).

John Lewis has composed two excellent scores, for *No Sun in Venice*, a French mystery, performed by the Modern Jazz Quartet, and *Odds Against Tomorrow*, a heavy U.S. melodrama, performed by a studio orchestra that included Milt Jackson and Bill Evans. Charles Mingus did *Shadows*, a semi-experimental film, and Erroll Garner (with Leith Stevens) did *A New Kind of Love*, a 1963 romantic comedy starring Joanne Woodward.

A special case is the film version of *The Connection*, Jack Gelber's play about narcotics addicts. This was, more

to be made—recently, Norman Granz unearthed some Charlie Parker-Coleman Hawkins footage and is searching for the sound track, and collectors like Baker and Smith periodically come up with new finds.

As for the future use of jazz in films, the prognosis is none too hopeful. Dedicated amateurs generally have little real knowledge of either art, and when the professionals get into the act, commercial considerations always seem to override the artistic. Television, so far, has not taken up the challenge and is content with routine endeavors reminiscent of Hollywood in the '30s. One outstanding exception was the 1957 *The Sound of Jazz*, never shown again and nearly scrapped some years ago. It had Billie Holiday, Lester Young, and many others.

Hopefully, a film record of the great players now alive will be made before it is too late. That is a project with which such establishments as the Institute of Jazz Studies, the New Orleans Jazz Museum, and, if they ever awaken to jazz, the major foundations might well concern themselves.

The wedding of jazz and film offers unique possibilities. It is tragic that so little has been done to realize them and that so many opportunities are now forever lost. Yet, we must be thankful to have the few glimpses of the past that do exist. To preserve and protect them should be the first consideration. 



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AN INDEX OF DOWN BEAT 1966

Many jazz fans, historians, and writers save each issue of *Down Beat* as valuable reference material. To make research easier, *Down Beat* publishes an annual index of the material appearing in the magazine during its calendar year. The 1966 listing follows. This year, record reviews are included in the index; only *Strictly Ad Lib* items have not been listed. The key, indicating type of item, listed (news, etc.) is as follows:

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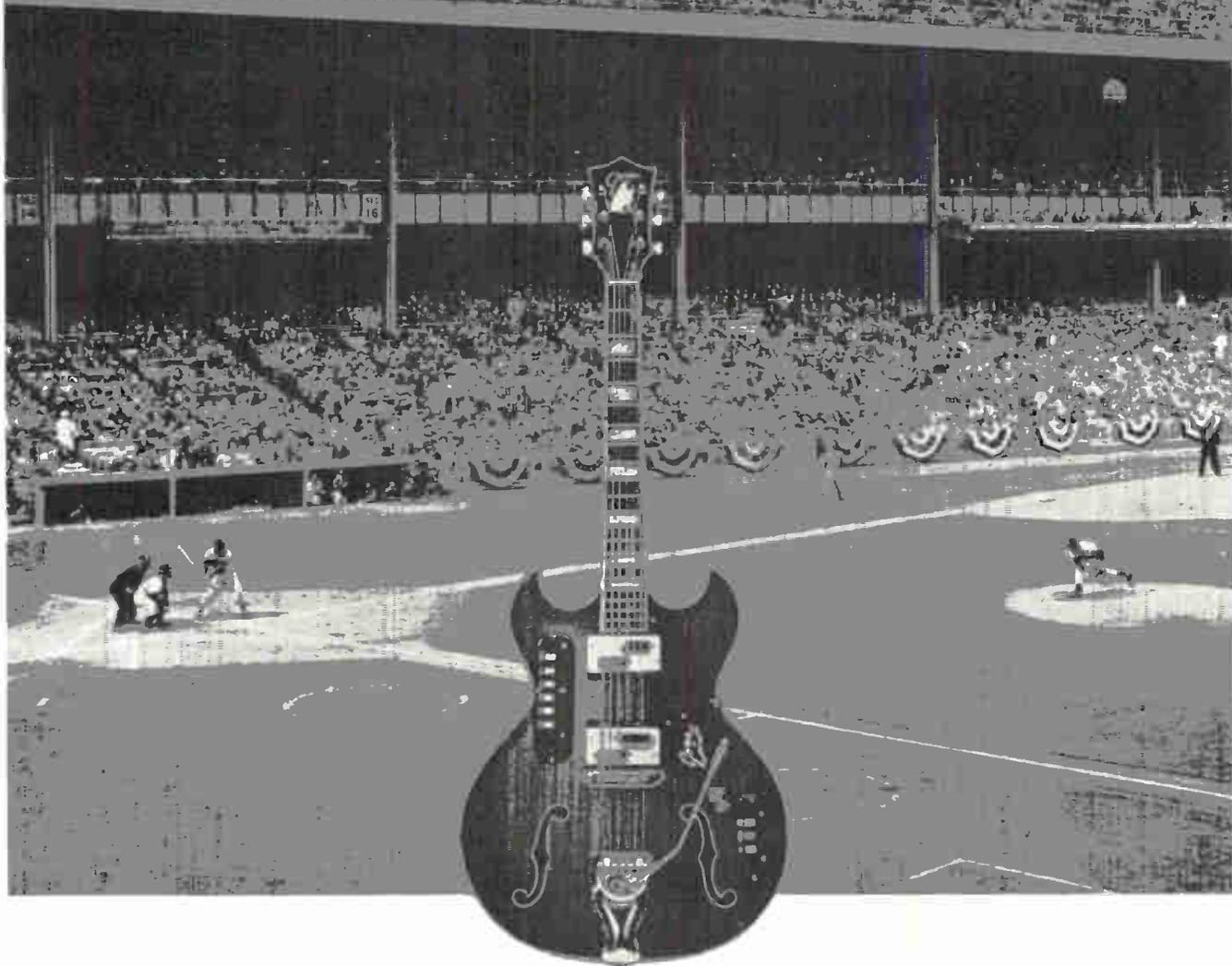
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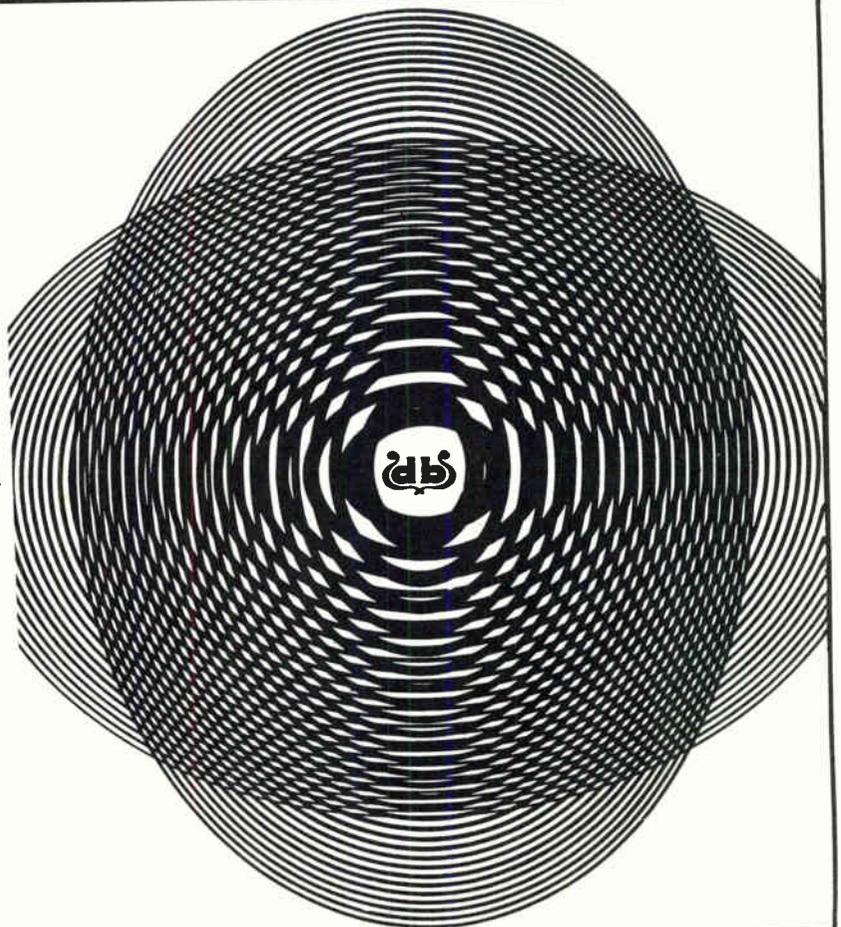
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- MONTEREY JAZZ FESTIVAL *Festival Philanthropy*, N, Jan. 13, p. 12; *Gil Evans to Head Monterey Orchestra*, N, Aug. 11, p. 11; *Latest on Monterey*, N, Sept. 22, p. 15; *Monterey Safeway*, A, Nov. 3, p. 14.
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- MOORE, OSCAR *We'll Remember You*, Nat, RR, March 10.
- MOORE, ROBERT (BUSTER) *Trombonist Dies* Dec. 15, p. 11.
- MORGAN, LEE *The Rumproller*, RR, March 24; *Search for the New Land*, RR, Oct. 6.
- MORTON, JELLY ROLL *Hot Jazz, Pop Jazz, Hokum, and Hilarity*, RR, March 24.
- MULLIGAN, GERRY *If You Can't Beat 'Em, Join 'Em*, RR, Jan. 13; *Feelin' Good*, RR, March 24; *Something Borrowed, Something Blue*, RR, Dec. 15.
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GARY McFARLAND'S ORIGINAL SCORE OF THELONIOUS MONK'S STRAIGHT, NO CHASER

The image shows a handwritten musical score for the jazz standard "Straight, No Chaser" by Thelonious Monk. The score is written on a series of staves, with a conductor's part on the left and instrument parts on the right. The conductor's part includes a tempo marking of "Rit." and a "DOWN BEAT" instruction. The instrument parts include Piano, Trumpet, Trombone, Guitar, Piano, Saxophone, and Drums. The score is written in a clear, legible hand, with various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamics. The word "Rit." is written in a box at the top left. The word "DOWN BEAT" is written in a box at the top right. The word "Rit." is written in a box at the bottom left. The word "DOWN BEAT" is written in a box at the bottom right. The word "Rit." is written in a box at the bottom left. The word "DOWN BEAT" is written in a box at the bottom right.

Gary McFarland's arrangement of the Thelonious Monk blues, *Straight, No Chaser*, is one of the most outstanding scores yet written by the youthful arranger. It was commissioned for the 1965 *Down Beat* Jazz Festival and was written with Monk in mind as the featured soloist. There is five-chorus piano solo from Letter D to Letter F, but this space can be filled by another instrumentalist or repeated so that several soloists play.

The climax of the arrangement comes with the repetition of the theme after the piano solo; the horns are actually playing in several keys at once, producing a startling effect.

The score is reproduced here with the permission of McFarland. The theme of *Straight, No Chaser* is copyrighted by Bar-Thel Music Corp. and is used with permission.

Handwritten musical score for "Straight, No Chaser" by Gary McFarland. The score is written on ten staves, grouped into four systems. The first system (staves 1-5) is for the Saxophone section, with a tempo marking "(medium) tempo" and "Ritard." written above. The second system (staves 6-8) is for the Trombone section, with a tempo marking "Tempo" and "Ritard." written above. The third system (staves 9-11) is for the Trumpet section, with a tempo marking "Tempo" and "Ritard." written above. The fourth system (staves 12-15) is for the Piano section, with a tempo marking "Tempo" and "Ritard." written above. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

A

Handwritten musical notation for five staves, labeled 1 through 5. Each staff contains rhythmic markings and notes. Staff 1 has a circled note with 'E' written below it. Staff 2 has a circled note with 'E' written below it. Staff 3 has a circled note with 'E' written below it. Staff 4 has a circled note with 'E' written below it. Staff 5 has a circled note with 'E' written below it.

Handwritten musical notation for three staves, labeled 1 through 3. Staff 1 contains rhythmic markings and notes. Staff 2 contains rhythmic markings and notes. Staff 3 contains rhythmic markings and notes.

A

Handwritten musical notation for three staves, labeled 1 through 3. Staff 1 contains rhythmic markings and notes. Staff 2 contains rhythmic markings and notes. Staff 3 contains rhythmic markings and notes.

Handwritten musical notation for two staves, labeled 1 through 2. Staff 1 contains rhythmic markings and notes. Staff 2 contains rhythmic markings and notes.

Handwritten musical notation for two staves, labeled 1 through 2. Staff 1 contains rhythmic markings and notes. Staff 2 contains rhythmic markings and notes.

Handwritten musical notation for two staves, labeled 1 through 2. Staff 1 contains rhythmic markings and notes. Staff 2 contains rhythmic markings and notes.

9 10 11 12

8

Hand 1
Hand 2
Hand 3
Hand 4
Hand 5

Trumpet 1
2
3

Trumpet 1
2
3

Cello

Flute

C-1
Bass
Drum

The image shows a handwritten musical score for a band. The score is organized into several systems, each with multiple staves. The instruments listed on the left side of the page are:

- Brass:** Five staves numbered 1 through 5.
- Trombone:** Three staves numbered 1 through 3.
- Trumpet:** Three staves numbered 1 through 3.
- Clarinet:** One staff.
- Piano:** One staff.
- Bass:** One staff.
- Drums:** One staff.

The notation is handwritten and includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The score is written on a grid of horizontal lines. The overall style is that of a working draft or a composer's sketch.

PLAY 4 Chorona

ON CUE

(C)

Handwritten musical notation for five staves. The staves are labeled on the left as: 1. tr, 2. tr, 3. tr, 4. tr, 5. tr. The notation includes various notes, rests, and dynamic markings such as *pp*, *mf*, and *f*. There are also some circled annotations and arrows pointing to specific notes.

PLAY 4 Chorona

ON CUE

(C)

Handwritten musical notation for three staves. The staves are labeled on the left as: 1. Trumpet, 2. Trumpet, 3. Trumpet. The notation is mostly blank with some light pencil lines and a few notes.

PLAY 4 Chorona

PLAY 4 Chorona

Handwritten musical notation for four staves. The staves are labeled on the left as: 1. Center, 2. Piano, 3. Bass, 4. Drums. The notation includes notes, rests, and dynamic markings such as *pp*, *mf*, and *f*. There are also some circled annotations and arrows.

Handwritten musical score for a band. The score is divided into two systems, each with a circled '4' and a bracketed measure range '1-2-3+5'. The parts are labeled on the right as Drum, Snare, Piano, Clarinet, Trumpets, and Leads. The Clarinet part includes handwritten notes like '267', 'F', and '0-7'. The Trumpets part includes notes like '1-2-3+5' and '4'. The Leads part shows rhythmic notation with stems and beams.

Handwritten musical score for a band. The score is organized into systems for different instruments:

- Drum**: Shows a rhythmic pattern with a wavy line.
- Bass**: Shows a rhythmic pattern with a wavy line.
- Piano**: Shows a rhythmic pattern with a wavy line.
- Guitar**: Shows a rhythmic pattern with a wavy line and chord symbols: E_b7 .
- Trombones**: Shows a rhythmic pattern with a wavy line and performance instructions: "BUCKET-NITE" (written in a box and underlined), "BUCKET-NITE" (with an arrow pointing left), and "BUCKET-NITE".
- Trumpets**: Shows a rhythmic pattern with a wavy line.
- Band**: Shows a rhythmic pattern with a wavy line and performance instructions: "Laf 4/4".

Handwritten musical score for a band, featuring staves for Drums, Bass, Piano, Guitar, Trombones (1, 2, 3), Trumpets (1, 2, 3), and Reeds (1, 2, 3, 4). The score is divided into three sections, each with a circled instruction: "PLAY 6 X'S", "PLAY 6 X'S", and "PLAY 6 X'S".

Key annotations include:

- Drums:** "Change symbols" written above the staff.
- Piano:** "Solo End" written above the staff.
- Guitar:** Chord symbols F_9 , F_9 , and F_9 are present.
- Trombones:** Circled numbers 1, 2, and 3 are placed above the staves.
- Trumpets:** Circled numbers 1, 2, and 3 are placed above the staves.
- Reeds:** Circled numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4 are placed above the staves.

The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like f and mf .

Handwritten musical score for a band, featuring five systems of staves. The instruments are labeled on the left side of each system.

- Band:** Five staves (1-5) with handwritten musical notation. A bracket above the first staff is labeled "1, 2, 3, 4, 5".
- Trombone:** Three staves (1-3) with handwritten musical notation.
- Trombone:** Three staves (1-3) with handwritten musical notation.
- Guitar:** One staff with handwritten musical notation.
- Piano:** One staff with handwritten musical notation.
- Drum:** One staff with handwritten musical notation.
- Drum:** One staff with handwritten musical notation.

The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The drum staff contains rhythmic patterns and some numerical notations like "1.", "2.", "3.", "4.", "5.". The piano staff has some notes and a "p" marking.

Handwritten musical score consisting of multiple staves. The notation includes notes, rests, and various markings. Annotations include:

- Repeat* (written vertically at the top of the first staff)
- Proodic* (written vertically in the second staff)
- Repeat* (written vertically in the fourth staff)
- Repeat* (written vertically in the eighth staff)
- Staff labels on the right: *Drum*, *1*, *2*, *3*, *4*, *5*, *6*, *7*, *8*, *9*, *10*, *11*, *12*, *13*, *14*, *15*, *16*, *17*, *18*, *19*, *20*, *21*, *22*, *23*, *24*, *25*, *26*, *27*, *28*, *29*, *30*, *31*, *32*, *33*, *34*, *35*, *36*, *37*, *38*, *39*, *40*, *41*, *42*, *43*, *44*, *45*, *46*, *47*, *48*, *49*, *50*, *51*, *52*, *53*, *54*, *55*, *56*, *57*, *58*, *59*, *60*, *61*, *62*, *63*, *64*, *65*, *66*, *67*, *68*, *69*, *70*, *71*, *72*, *73*, *74*, *75*, *76*, *77*, *78*, *79*, *80*, *81*, *82*, *83*, *84*, *85*, *86*, *87*, *88*, *89*, *90*, *91*, *92*, *93*, *94*, *95*, *96*, *97*, *98*, *99*, *100*

EACH NOTE IS "ON ONE"

film

Drum

Bass

Piano

Guitar

Trombones 1, 2, 3

Trumpets 1, 2, 3

Saxophone 1, 2, 3

ON CUE

ON CUE

ON CUE

ON CUE



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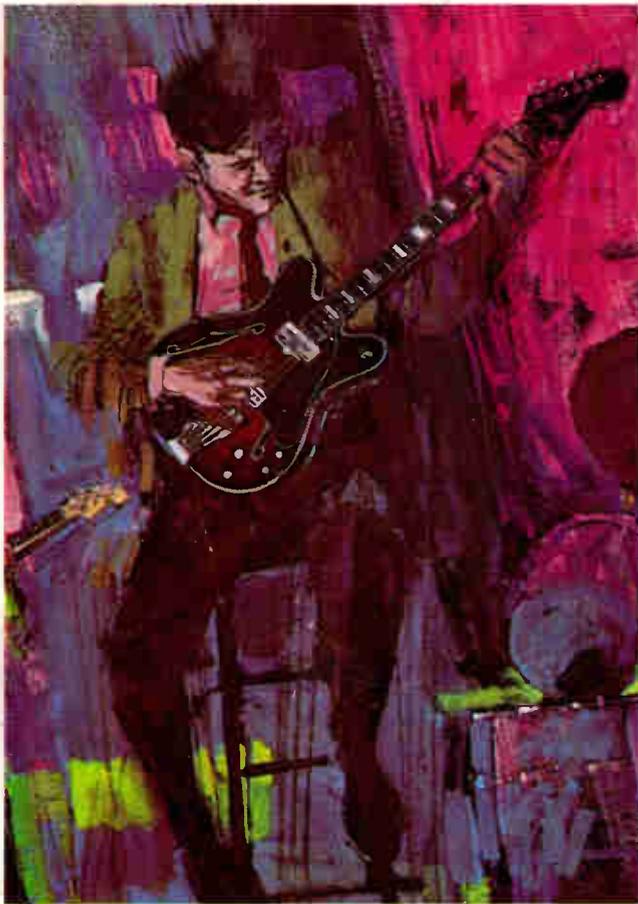
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