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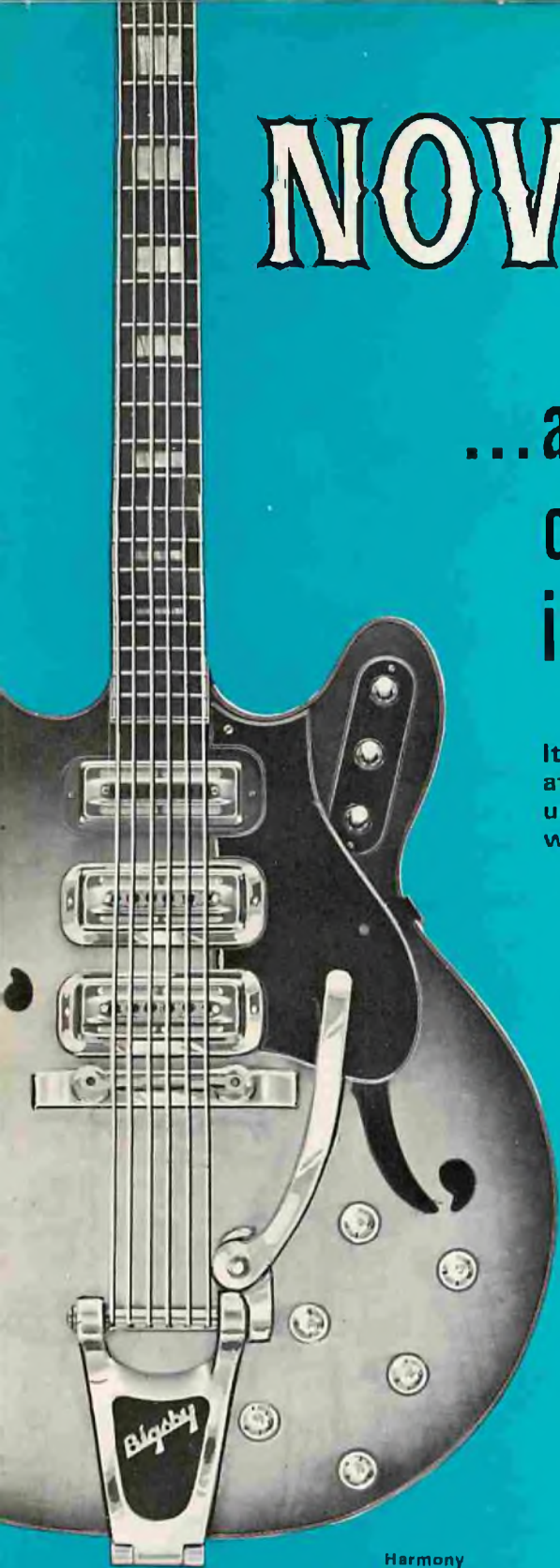


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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Zwerin An Asset

I would like to announce my satisfaction at the appearance of Michael Zwerin on the record-review staff.

I greatly enjoy the record reviews and especially Zwerin's somewhat new approach to the subject of the review. By correlating the records to past records or past times and situations, he gives a fuller meaning to his critiques. Thus, I seem to understand more clearly what he is trying to say.

Gary Campana
Notre Dame, Ind.

Cheers for Michael Zwerin! At last, meaningful record reviews. Thanks to M.Z. for completely omitting the usual track-by-track technical analysis that tells nothing about the over-all presentation, effect, and quality (in the true sense of the word) of the record. Instead of listening to new records, how about letting other DB reviewers read the writings of its latest (and best) reviewer?

Paul Jacobson
Louisville, Ky.

Conscience Of A Critic

One of the troubles with being a critic is that you set yourself up as a judge, deciding the "true" worth of this or that. It is pompous to be so presumptuous, but somebody has to do it, I suppose. (I wonder about that.) Anyway, I feel a responsibility to be as correct and thoughtful as possible about it, and since it is likely that reviews in this magazine affect the sale of a record as well as the reputation of the performer, I am compelled to offer the following apology.

I gave *The In Sound* by Eddie Harris three stars (DB, Feb. 24), saying that it didn't interest me very much, that it was "good cocktail jazz." I have listened to it often since writing that and find, to my dismay, that I like it more and more. Harris is an exceptional tenor saxophonist, and while I still think the record itself isn't terribly interesting as a whole, I would now give it four stars—mostly for Harris' playing. It is a record I am glad to own.

Michael Zwerin
New York City

Keeper Of The Flame

Just a few lines to tell you how much I appreciated Dan Morgenstern's article on Gary McFarland (DB, Feb. 24). McFarland is truly doing something about keeping jazz in the good groove. His high quality of music will certainly help keep jazz alive in the future.

John Sargent
Lenox, Mass.

Praise Due For Richard Davis

Congratulations to Harvey Pekar for his comments about Richard Davis' playing on Elvin Jones' recent album (DB, Feb. 24). It's about time someone has recognized the outstanding, superb, and

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brilliant ability of bassist Davis—it's been long overdue. Maybe with more exposure to Davis the jazz public will forget about cliques and "new thingers" and put Davis on top where he belongs.

Miriam Alumbaugh
Boone, Iowa

Another Half For Holman

In two references to the Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra concert of Jan. 10 (*Strictly Ad Lib* and *Caught in the Act*, Feb. 24), my contribution to *Music for Baritone Saxophone and Orchestra* was described as "orchestration." True, the program gave orchestration credit to me, but further inspection would have revealed my name listed, alongside Gerry Mulligan's, as co-composer, as, in fact, I am.

Bill Holman
Burbank, Calif.

Those Pop Charts Again

Does Doug Donaldson (*Chords*, Feb. 24) actually listen to the numbers and artists on the Top 40 that he is supporting? Obviously not, if he considers the Tijuana Brass and the Viscounts jazz. Not if he fails to note the difference between the praiseworthy work of Bob Dylan and the tripe which reaches popularity.

Donaldson says that Duke Ellington has recorded the works of the Beatles. He naturally assumes that this makes it excellent music, which, alas, is not true. (Nevertheless I do not see Ellington's name on Top-40 charts.)

He also cites the appearance of certain rock-and-roll groups' names in the *Down Beat* Readers Poll. I saw Gerry Mulligan on *The Ed Sullivan Show* once. Does this rank Mulligan along with the assorted jugglers that appear periodically on the same program? I think not.

Chuck Mintz
West Lafayette, Ind.

Wayward Dylan

When Doug Donaldson stated that Bob Dylan has been praised by many a jazz critic, among them Ralph J. Gleason, I found this hard to believe. How could anyone in his right mind say that the junk that Dylan is singing is jazz? He is nothing but a phony and a worthless bum. When will people realize that his screeching about this so-called evil world is actually his own confession of life? He is what is wrong with the world. To see him rated in the jazz polls is a disgrace to the entire vocal personnel in jazz.

William Donohue
New Hyde Park, N.Y.

Bean Second To Pres?

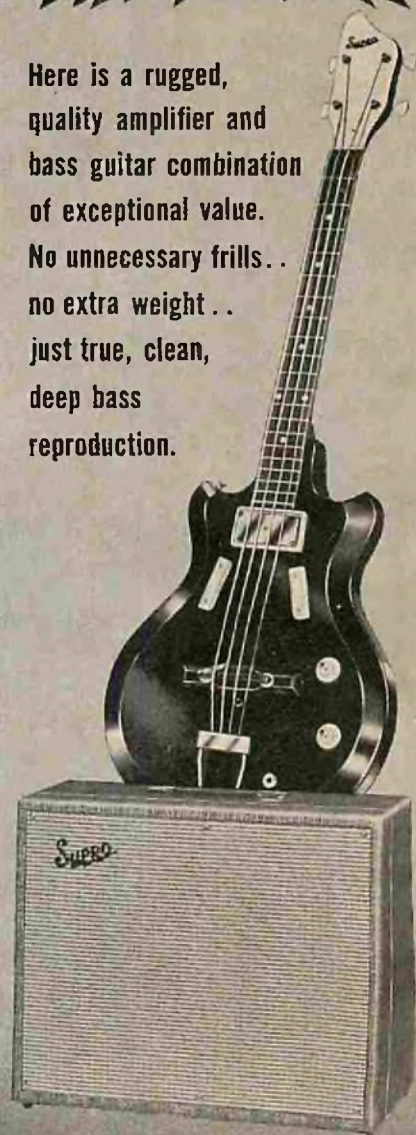
Upon reading Don DeMicheal's review of the Lester Young sides on Emarcy (*DB*, Jan. 13), I was both disgusted and angered. His praise of the cuts was well justified, but his contention that "Young was the greatest tenor saxophonist extant" was not. Hasn't he ever heard of Coleman Hawkins?

Robert Pete
Rahway, N.J.

DeMicheal wrote that Young was the "greatest tenor saxophonist extant" as far as DeMicheal was concerned. And, yes, he has heard of Coleman Hawkins.

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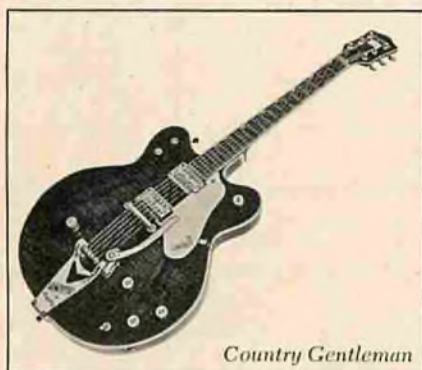
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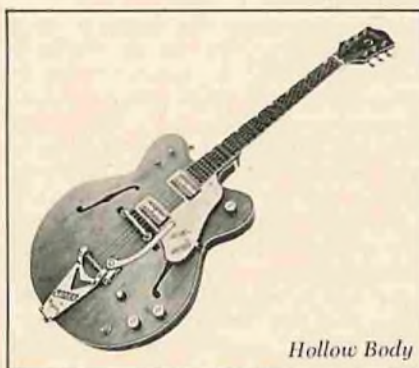
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news and views

DOWN BEAT: April 7, 1966

Down Beat Scholarship Winners Announced

Announcement of the 12 winners of the eighth annual *Down Beat* Hall of Fame scholarship competition was made this week by *Down Beat* publisher John J. Maher and Berklee School of Music administrator Robert Share.

Awarded top honors were bassist Milan Rezabak of Brno, Czechoslovakia, and saxophonist Richard Cole of Trenton, N.J., each of whom was awarded a \$980 full scholarship to the Berklee school. Winners of \$500 partial scholarships to the school are reed player James McMullen of San Mateo, Calif., pianist Sato Masahiko of Tokyo, bassist Bruce William Cale of London, and trombonist Curtis Berg of Des Moines, Iowa.

The six winners of \$250 partial scholarships are guitarist Henry Wiktorowicz, Fort Lee, N.J.; trombonist Albert J. Hall Jr., Jacksonville, Fla.; alto saxophonist Ron Taormina, San Francisco; guitarist Loren Bolinger, East Wenatchee, Wash.; bassist Yasuo Arakawa, Boston, Mass.; and guitarist Terry Bonnell, Rockville, Md.

This year's scholarships bring the number of student musicians aided by the Hall of Fame competition to 104 and the total value of the awards to more than \$37,000.

Final Bar

Pianist Billy Kyle, 51, died Feb. 23 in Youngstown, Ohio. He had been hospitalized almost a week earlier with bleeding ulcers complicated by pneumonia. Kyle had been a member of Louis Armstrong's All-Stars for the last 13 years and was admitted to Youngstown's South Side Hospital following an appearance with the Armstrong group at the city's Stambaugh Auditorium.

Kyle began his professional career in 1930 working with various bands in his native Philadelphia, Pa. He went to New York City with the Tiny Bradshaw Band and then replaced Edgar Hayes in Mills' Blue Rhythm Band in 1936. He made his first recordings with this group and remained with it when it became the Lucky Millinder Band.

From 1938 to 1942 Kyle was a key member of bassist John Kirby's sextet,

which featured intricate and unusual arrangements demanding a high degree of musicianship.

After three years in the Army, Kyle rejoined Kirby in 1946 but stayed only a short while, leaving to become a member of arranger Sy Oliver's short-lived big band. Kyle subsequently freelanced for several years in New York recording studios and Broadway pit bands, including a 2½ year stint with *Guys and Dolls*. He joined Armstrong in 1953.

Kyle's distinctive and personal style, marked by single-note improvisations in the right hand backed by full and extremely mobile left-hand chord patterns, was an important ingredient in the success of the Kirby unit, and his sensitive accompaniments enhanced many Armstrong performances.

Kyle recorded prolifically in the '30s and early '40s. Some of his finest work can be found on a 1939 trio session for Decca led by drummer O'Neil Spencer and on 1940 dates for HRS with groups led by Rex Stewart and Jack Teagarden. Kyle made only three dates under his own name: a small-group session for Variety in 1937, a pair of piano solos for Decca, and three solos for Disc in 1946. Ironically, Kyle was scheduled to record a trio album for Decca this summer. His compositions include *Handle My Heart with Care*, *From A-Flat to C*, *No Blues at All*, and *Pretty Little Missy* (the latter in collaboration with Armstrong).

Bob Maltz, 51, for many years a producer of jazz concerts and jam sessions in New York City, died Feb. 21 at Maimonides Hospital in Brooklyn after having suffered a heart attack Feb. 5.

Maltz, a native New Yorker, organized sessions in the mid-1940s under the auspices of the New York Jazz Society, which he founded. He went on to present weekend sessions at the Stuyvesant Casino and Central Plaza in downtown Manhattan from 1946 to the early '50s. In addition to well-known mainstream and Dixieland players, Maltz hired a number of legendary musicians and singers whose names were familiar only to record collectors and historians.

Subsequently, Maltz presented jazz concerts at Child's Paramount and Town Hall, was associated for several years with the Newport Jazz Festival, and produced numerous jazz and blues concerts in collaboration with Felix Gerstman, including the 1965 Charlie Parker Memorial Concert at Carnegie Hall.

Texas Fest Set

Adding another string to his bow, producer George Wein has scheduled the First Longhorn Jazz Festival on April 2 and 3 at Disch Field, a baseball park with a seating capacity of 10,000 in Austin, Texas.

Two evening concerts and a Sunday afternoon session featuring the North Texas State Lab Band will be staged. It will be the first major jazz festival held in the South. Last year, Wein's projected festival in New Orleans was cancelled because of segregation problems.

The scheduled lineup for the Longhorn opening night, Wein said, will include the groups of Dave Brubeck, Gerry Mulligan, and Teddy Wilson; a bop group featuring trumpeters Kenny Dorham and Howard McGhee, saxophonist Sonny Stitt, and pianist Toshiko Mariano; blues singer Lightnin' Hopkins; and the Newport Festival All-Stars, with Ruby Braff, Bud Freeman, Jack Lesberg, Morey Feld, and Wein.

The April 3 night concert will have the groups of Stan Getz, John Coltrane, and Pete Fountain; Maynard Ferguson at the helm of either a big band or a sextet; cornetist Bobby Hackett; and singer Chris Connor. Critic Leonard Feather will emcee all events.

"If the festival is as successful as we anticipate," Wein stated, "we hope to make it an annual event." The city of Austin and local business men are cooperating in financing the festival, Wein said.

Jazz And Watts Youth

Jazz played a large role in two recent projects meant to ameliorate some of the conditions that led to the bloody riots last August in Watts, the Negro ghetto in Los Angeles.

Joe Lutchter, a saxophonist who has worked with Nat Cole and Sammy Davis Jr. and is the brother of singer-pianist Nellie Lutchter, gave up jazz in 1953 to go into youth work. Last summer, just before the riots broke out, Lutchter opened a Youth Musical Opportunity Clinic in a former ballroom near the heart of Watts. Financed by funds provided by the war-on-poverty program, Lutchter has used

music to bring the youngsters of the neighborhood together.

He estimates some 500 youngsters have been helped by his clinic since it began. He hopes to organize concerts that will feature a chorus and a 16-piece band made up of youngsters from his clinic.

In the middle of the ghetto, a coffee house called Watts Happening opened last month. At the opening, a host of L.A. jazzmen took part in a six-hour jam session to raise funds for youth work. The participants included saxophonists Curtis Amy, Buddy Collette, Teddy Edwards, and Harold Land, pianist Phil Moore Jr., bassists Jimmy Bond and Red Mitchell, and drummer Shelly Manne.

Collette, enthusiastic about the project, told *Down Beat*, "It was a very successful affair. The money will be used to finance the little-theater workshop group. There are a lot of talented youngsters there. All they need is an outlet."

That the outlet of Watts youngsters interested in jazz is indeed healthy was indicated by the cries of "cook, baby, cook" at the session instead of the infamous "burn, baby, burn" heard last August.

Potpourri

Duke Ellington will play an unaccustomed role April 13, when he appears as a lecturer in Cincinnati, Ohio. Ellington will hold forth at both the rostrum and piano at the city's Music Hall. His talk is one of the Corbett Music Lectures sponsored by the University of Cincinnati. Last year composer Igor Stravinsky was one of the series' lecturers. The Ellington discourse, scheduled to last two hours, will be followed by questions from the floor. *Down Beat's* editor, Don DeMicheal, will serve as moderator of the event. Three days later, Ellington appears as guest conductor and soloist with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. On April 17, Ellington and his own orchestra will present a concert of the leader's religious music at the Fountain St. Church in Grand Rapids, Mich.

Officers and directors of Kansas City Jazz, Inc., are at work selecting musicians to perform at the third annual K.C. Jazz Festival, to be held May 1. Those already chosen include tenorist Al Cohn (who appeared at last year's festival), trumpeters Doc Severinsen and Clark Terry, trombonist Bob Brookmeyer (formerly of K.C.), and the big bands of Duke Ellington and Stan Kenton. As in past years, many local groups will be featured.

In its recent awards ceremonies, the French Jazz Academy bestowed its 1965 Prix Django Reinhardt, given annually to the French musician making the biggest contribution to jazz during the year, on 23-year-old violinist Jean-Luc Ponty. The academy's main record award went to Blue Note's *Life Time* by drummer Tony Williams for the year's best jazz recording. CBS' *An Art Tatum Concert* gained the Fats Waller prize for best jazz reissue, and Folkways' *Memphis Slim and the Real Honky Tonk* won as best blues LP.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT:

Eyes Of Villanova Upon Texas Band

Intercollegiate Jazz Festival
Villanova University, Villanova, Pa.

This was the most successful Intercollegiate Jazz Festival in the event's six-year history, from both artistic and boxoffice viewpoints.

Seven big bands, eight small groups, four female vocalists, and a vocal quartet comprised the lineup for the semifinals, and the big bands easily dominated.

Undismayed by a three-day bus ride, the 20-piece Lab Band from North Texas State University, led by Leon Breeden, roared into first place in the big-band category like a juggernaut.

In terms of precision, drive, and musicianship, the band was in a class by itself, but it had tough competition from last year's winners, the West Chester, Pa., State College Criterions, a fiery, swinging student-led group with a looser and more relaxed approach than the other entrants.

A small group culled from this band, the West Chester State Jazz Quintet, won the best-combo award. Its leader, trumpeter-fluegelhornist-mellophonist Jeff Stout, was voted the festival's best trumpeter, while its drummer, Gerry Gauger, repeated his 1965 victory as best percussionist.

The West Chester quintet reflected the musical outlook of the Criterions (led by pianist Jim Sullivan, who played in both groups). With a front line of fluegelhorn and valve trombone (Jim Lavendis) and bassist Frank Zuback rounding out the rhythm section, they featured excellent teamwork and good material, with an approach not unlike the Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer Quintet. Their arrangement of *Oleo*, with an a cappella brass chorale as the finishing touch, was excellent.

The festival award for best arranger-composer went to saxophonist Ladd McIntosh, leader of Ohio State's Lab Band No. 1, a 13-piece group featuring his originals. *The Naz* featured a first-rate soprano sax solo from McIntosh (perhaps the best conceived and executed solo of the festival) and richly scored reeds. His *Freedom* (from *A Suite for Jazz Orchestra*) was a composition worthy of inclusion in any top-level program of contemporary jazz-oriented music. His *Someone Else's Blues* featured good solos from trombonist Jim Huntzinger and fluegelhornist Bill Greenwald.

A big band that didn't make the finals deserves mention: the Phi Mu Alpha Band from Carnegie Tech, a student-organized and supported group from a school that offers no official encouragement to jazz. Drummer-leader Dennis Kahle's compositions and arrangements were promising, and the band was tight, although a little stiff. The trombones were outstanding.

Also impressive was Potsdam State's Carl Sullivan, leader of a John Coltrane-oriented quintet with a front-line of valve trombone and tenor saxophone. Trombonist Sullivan, a mature soloist, wrote the festi-

val's most interesting composition for small group, *La Raconteur*, which made use of Lydian and Aeolian modes. Overly emphatic drumming hurt the group, though.

The judges (*Billboard* publisher Hal Cook, Columbia records' John Hammond, Berklee School of Music's Bob Share, and this writer) decided that the festival's "most promising" categories should be interpreted literally and not as "the best," which further complicated the award picture, already confused because categories were tied to existing prizes, rather than based on logic. Thus, there could be no "best" pianist, bassist, or saxophonist because no prizes were available for them.

Awards for most-promising instrumentalists went to trombonist Rick Bogel, whose brisk solo enlivened a stodgy big-band set by the Quinnipiac College Stage Band; bassist Rich Levine of the Bruce Cameron Quintet from Bucknell (North Texas State's John Monaghan, the judges agreed, would have been "best"); and Texas' alto, soprano, and tenor saxophon-



North Texas Lab Band: Roaring juggernaut

ist Lou Marini (inconsistently, he was also by common judicial consent the best).

Marini was heavily featured in a quartet taken from the North Texas band and led by vibraharpist Bill Farmer. This group played better in the semifinals than in its final appearance. In the finals, Marini played soprano exclusively, but it was his earlier alto performance that had most impressed the judges. His tenor soloing with the big band was excellent, and he appears to have a distinctive style on each of his horns, as well as fine technical command and good tone. Farmer is a sensitive soloist, but the group's selections fell into a dulling sameness of pattern and tempo.

Best guitarist (there was a prize) was Cary Mann from the MIT big band; he was the festival's only featured soloist. Best vocalist was Donna Jean from Philadelphia's St. Joseph's Evening College, whose superior microphone technique, good intonation, and accomplished Anita O'Day-Chris Connor stylization outclassed the competition, though Texas' Janet Wildeman has an engaging lack of affectation and a nice voice. Last year's winner, Temple University's Trudy Desmond, scored with an excellent ballad, but the predominant up-tempo handicapped her.

But it was the Texas big band's bite and brilliance, climaxed by Galen Jeter's amazing trumpet pyrotechnics, that made the event's strongest impact. This band is comparable to top professional units, as

(Continued on page 35)

Popular
Delusions
And The
Madness Of
Crowds: A
Letter From
George Russell

To: The Editor and Publisher,
Down Beat Magazine

In responding to you, the powers of this magazine, regarding an article in your Dec. 16, 1965, issue, which presumes to judge how I relate to the struggles of my fellow man for the freedom and integrity he pursues in his society and his art, let me say that I have but two regrets: first, for geographical reasons, the article did not come to my attention till late January and, second, that it is necessary to address this statement to you or to any of the other individuals involved in this incident. Properly, my reply should not be addressed to any of you. It should be addressed to a philosophy, a way of life all of you seem to have embraced. You know the game well. It is called "Exploiting the Popular Delusions and Madness of Crowds."

It was with us when the first innocent human being, for the sake of expedience, was sacrificed to the madness of the crowd so that his accusers might parade among them as righteous men. It is a dreary hymn all can sing, regardless of race or reason, creed or claim, color or cause. There is only one qualification needed to join in the chorus and that is to have a gimmick . . . an angle.

America embraced it long before P. T. Barnum said, "A sucker is born every minute." But he popularized that notion, and acting on P. T.'s cue, America adopted it as a way of life . . . its "reality."

America uses it in the slick expedience of a Madison Ave. executive's decision to "give the public what it wants," or less subtly, in the tastelessness of *Time* magazine's "Man of the Year" popularity contest being won by the commanding general of the U.S. armed forces in Viet Nam. It appears in everything from selling cigarettes to the classic demagogical forms of Huey Long, Bilbo, Wallace, and Joe McCarthy.

It dictates the values that prevail throughout all areas of our culture. It asks all manner of people to compromise their highest standards and to participate in the murder of their own souls. It has little sympathy for those who would go it alone against the grain of the prevailing popular delusions. It is all degrees, forms,

and levels of distorting the truth so that the delusions can prevail.

The game was played on me when I naively expressed my views to one of your staff editors, Dan Morgenstern, last May. He proceeded to orchestrate them (*DB*, July 29, 1965) into a cantata of conservatism, which, I suspect, is a result of his having listened to me with a biased ear. To serve his reactionaryism, he lifted a phrase out of the little qualifying context he had allowed it in the article and used it as an eye-catching banner under a picture.

The phrase "the avant-garde is the last refuge of the untalented" is not a new concept, for in the history of avant-garde movements in any of the arts, it is axiomatic that some few novices with nothing fundamentally new or profound to say will penetrate a movement whose principles of good and bad are not so firmly established. This was the way I meant the phrase. However, lifted out of context, it can be interpreted to mean that I am making the absurd assertion that all musicians who consider themselves to be avant-garde are untalented.

That "classic phrase" was later used by Leonard Feather in segregating the musicians performing their new music at a festival into two groups . . . on the basis of the shallow and inflammatory thesis that one group of musicians had communicated with its audience while the other had not.

It could very well be that the use of this "classic phrase" by these two jazz critics might be designed to goad and bait the musicians who consider themselves to be involved in the avant-garde movement. To serve their own misoneism, and to sell a few more magazines, it might not be a bad idea to have the musicians still struggling to have their new say engage in an orgy of reciprocal denunciation, bringing discredit to their collective efforts and fomenting discord within the entire movement.

However, most of the avant-garde musicians must by now be aware of hostile intrigues surrounding them. They are, if they are deep in their art, oblivious to them, for they must live in that region of their minds where abstract ideas are born. They perhaps carry that laboratory with them, as I have done, on the dreary subway trips to Macy's or scrubbing floors and washing dishes in a Harlem, Bronx, or Brooklyn luncheonette (until last year I held a membership in Local 1199, Retail Drug Workers' Union of New York). It is a testament to their intelligent restraint that they did not take the bait that was intended for them and, thus, spare me the academic drudgery of having to reply to the attempt of two jazz writers to use me to exploit the popular delusions of people who are hostile to, or suspicious of, avant-garde jazz. I do not want to be anybody's darling. But I especially do not want to be the darling of a group of men who, after all these years, have suddenly found a use for me . . . to batter a segment of the avant-garde they don't like over the head.

And now I suspect another intrigue.

You have published an article in your

Dec. 16 issue by one of the above-mentioned musicians that makes insulting and derogatory statements against you and myself. I will not comment on the article at this point, except to mention that I presume that the "ill chosen" phrase that places me in that writer's "enemy camp" is the one concerning the avant-garde, referred to earlier.

What interests me particularly is your motive for publishing it. As I see it, you are the only party who would gain (and certainly not lose) for having printed it. Whether the author of the article is taken to be a modern Prometheus, riding the wind to warn us of the approaching storm, or just another storm of wind from Union or Trafalgar Square was, I believe, not your concern. However, the printing of the article at this particularly hysterical time in American history leaves little doubt as to where your sympathies lie on that matter. And whether I could be hurt as a musician and/or as a person by this assault apparently was of no concern to you either. At best, you may have thought that I am invulnerable to this kind of attack, and, at worst, you could not have cared less. Perhaps the writer of the article and myself go tumbling down the abyss together. Or perhaps he emerges as that Promethean giant and I take the fall, or I could just play it cool and let him sink or swim on the strength of his own statement.

However one looks at it, it is *you* who would walk away clean. For merely by having printed the article, you have at least, you think, established yourselves as an impartial party . . . the self-anointed angels of free expression. I suspect this image of you as righteous men is a delusion you have piously conferred upon yourselves and sought to impose upon the crowds. And I suspect (and this is the pathetic thing) that you will feel ever more pious for printing the statement I am now making. You have succeeded in converting yourselves to your own delusion.

If it was your intention to use me in the destruction of others, you shall not succeed in making me a party to that action. Whatever your intention, it seems that you are involved in the old popular-delusions game.

Since I was one of the persons to whom the Dec. 16 article was addressed, I should like to speak my feelings on some of the ideas voiced by it.

1. The arts are a part of the communications media. Therefore, they are a natural vehicle for those seeking to "make it" by exploiting the popular delusions and madness of crowds. The very reason I am in Europe is because I could find no camp or clique to join in the United States where I could express my music without having to embrace the form of popular delusion being sold to a crowd; that is, I could either become a commercial hack or I could play angry, or crazy, or assume one of those other postures that the jazz image-makers love to exploit.

I do not pretend to speak for anyone else, but there must be at least one other American musician famously associated

with American avant-garde jazz who is in Europe for that same reason. Here, as in America, the preferences are for the more established, better-known performers. But when they do ask us to play, they seem to want us to play our music and not play upon the delusions of our image that the publicity media has tried to sell them.

My group came to Europe in 1964 with a huge star-studded show. On an airplane bound for Geneva, I was reading a review of the Paris performance the night before when the producer said to me, "Don't let that go to your head, because you don't have an image."

When I do return to America and find that to "make it" I have to act like the jazz books say jazz musicians supposedly act, then I hope that I will have the strength to continue doing what most jazz artists find they eventually must do in the pursuit of their soul—go it alone.

2. There are in America some people I know whom I think are the most uniquely beautiful people in the world. They are this because they have resisted (and this in America is quite a feat) playing in the game of "Exploiting the Popular Delusions and Madness of Crowds" to "make it." They have survived hell without becoming dehumanized . . . perhaps as one musician I know, coming up from the lions' den of the American South to upset the world with his music. They are people who know that the art of living and the living of art is nurtured by a quest for the big truths and that even justifiable hatred can, at best, satisfy only an infinitely small measure of a big truth and will more than likely obscure the truth upon which great art is founded. They are people who daily fight quietly for their integrity (not for their existence) and who would not give an inch or a damn to "make it" in that good old American way.

Then there are others who feel that they must participate in the game of exploiting the popular delusions of others or accept the prevailing popular delusions themselves, and they come up with all manner of scapegoats and excuses.

3. America is an experiment in people. That is the greatest argument for its existence. It is not the Cadillacs, or TV sets, the Pop Art, the movie stars, or even the constitutional right that is granted the dissenter. The Scandinavian countries, for one example, provide all these things. It is that America can become (for it surely has had the experience) the first successful multiracial society. I do not mean to suggest by "successful" that it become merely a thoroughly integrated society where thoroughly integrated power groups exploit the popular delusions of thoroughly integrated crowds and everyone is equally colorless. I mean a society that recognizes that playing the popular-delusions game is the madness to be resisted. A society that ceases murdering those who would strive to be excellent.

Great political schisms in the world today accuse one another of exploiting the popular delusions of their own people and of trying to impose their form of madness upon the entire world. They are all possessed of a duality.

When African students return from Moscow with tales of harsh treatment and when one is killed for having an affair with a white woman, when jazz and free comment must be an underground affair, then it is a duality to preach Russian democracy abroad and not practice it at home.

When the Chinese flog American imperialism with every breath but are expelled from half a dozen African nations for meddling in those nations' internal affairs, it is a duality. And how is one to interpret the Chinese "excursion" into India?

What is it but a duality when, in the name of "democracy and freedom of expression," the United States supports a Saigon government headed by a general who names Hitler as his idol and whose first action upon taking office was to close the radio stations and newspapers? (And we have supported worse than this type throughout the world.)

Countries are people. They will be generous, cruel, helpful, neurotic, stingy, noble, and, quite often, wrong. A country has the right to protect its integrity just as the individual has when his integrity is threatened. But only until the leaders of America truly see and believe that America is an experiment in the peoples of the entire world . . . when McNamara, Johnson, and Bundy really see this as the chief aim of our society, then they, and the others in power, will find it impossible not to find other alternatives to war as a means of defending our national in-

tegrity, an integrity which, in the nuclear age, had better be based upon concepts bigger than a puritanical national pride and a paternal, provincial God. National pride based upon something less than concern for all the world's peoples is a false and dangerous luxury, and God is out to lunch.

Divisions on the basis of skin color or, for that matter, political color are superficial. For when it gets right down to it, there are but two groups of people in the world: those who will participate in the exploitation of the popular delusions and madness of crowds and those who will not.

Every country has someone who has a relative in America. So America, as an experiment in people, belongs to all countries. The realization of its goal as a successful multiracial, delusion-resistant society is the collective responsibility. It is up to all nations to save America from its popular delusions while being sure to rid themselves of their own. For I could absorb the shock of being called a "dirty Jew" in Sweden only for having been called a "nigger" so many times in the United States. When and where does the madness end?

When at last, irrelevant murder is done, what better thing can be said of a man than, "He would not participate in the exploitation of the Popular Delusions and Madness of Crowds"?

George Russell
Stockholm and Oslo
February, 1966

Points of clarification:

1. The Archie Shepp article, to which George Russell refers, resulted from a telephone conversation between Shepp and me, in which Shepp expressed great concern about the review of his performance at the Down Beat Jazz Festival (DB, Sept. 23, 1965). I asked him to write a reply to the review. My desire was to give Shepp an opportunity to express his views, not to "Exploit the Popular Delusions and Madness of Crowds." After his article arrived, I asked him about the reference to Russell, whether he referred to Russell's "classic statement," and Shepp said he did, adding that he thought Russell's statement had done great damage to the avant-garde cause.

2. If Russell felt that Dan Morgenstern had "orchestrated" his remarks into "a cantata of conservatism," he should have spoken out when the interview appeared (DB, July 29). For the most part, the comments in question were direct quotations from Russell. Morgenstern did not editorialize. Furthermore, Morgenstern used about 90 percent of what was said by Russell in the interview, omitting nothing of significance. Morgenstern was not responsible for the line appearing underneath Russell's picture accompanying the

story; the line was chosen by me.

3. Morgenstern did not listen with "a biased ear" while interviewing Russell. "When I function as a reporter," Morgenstern said, "my own views do not enter into my work. It is true that I found Russell's views, as he himself expressed them, sensible and accurate. But if he had said the opposite, that would have been what I would have written—and what Down Beat would have printed. The fact that the printed word often has an effect different from that of spoken commentary is something that a man of Russell's experience and sophistication should have considered when he spoke to me. I suspect that Russell's remarks, motivated by his then immediate experience of what he had heard in the United States, may have, in retrospect, struck him as too severe. But that is not germane to the issue at hand. I challenge Russell to show exactly where and how I distorted his remarks, and I deny any attempt on my part to inject personal views into my summary of his views."

4. Russell, is not, I believe, a naive person, particularly about interviews and publicity.

Don DeMicheal
Editor

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK: Trumpeter Ted Curson, who has been dividing his time between Europe and the United States for the last several years, leaves April 20 for a six-month tour of the Continent, including appearances in Hungary, Yugoslavia, Estonia, Finland, and Holland. On June 24, original compositions and arrangements by Curson dedicated to the late Eric Dolphy will be performed on television in Hamburg, Germany, by a specially assembled big band including Curson and trumpeters Art Farmer and Dusko Gojkovic . . . A benefit for the striking faculty members of St. John's University was held at the Village Gate Feb. 22. Among the participating jazz artists were flutist Herbie Mann and his group; the Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer Quintet; baritone saxophonist Gerry Mulligan; vibraphonist Mike Mainieri and his trio (Line Millman, bass, Steve Shaeffer, drums); pianist Bobby Timmons; saxophonist Charles Davis; singer Dave Lambert; and bassist Charles Mingus, who brought his sextet but restricted his sidemen's participation to an unaccompanied drum solo by Dannie Richmond . . . Memorial services for drummer Osie Johnson, at Universal Funeral Chapel, were attended by a multitude of musicians and friends, including drummers Cozy Cole, Panama Francis, Jo Jones, Don Lamond, Mel Lewis, Ed Shaughnessy, Zutty Singleton, and Ed Thigpen. The services were conducted by Rev. John G. Gensel . . . Jazz Interaction's Sunday jam sessions at Embers West have moved from the afternoon to a 6-10 p.m. slot. Reed men Roland Kirk and Jerome Richardson and their groups have been featured . . . Clarinetist Pee Wee Russell has taken up oil painting as a hobby and is contemplating a fall exhibition of his abstract canvasses . . . Bassist Jimmy Butts, heard on numerous vintage bebop recordings, leads a trio featuring pianist Juanita Smith and drummer Eddie Byrde; the group currently is touring Canada and will open at the Apartment here May 15 . . . Trumpeter Joe Newman, singer Sandi Brown, and blues singer-guitarist John Lee Hooker performed at recent Monday night "Festival of Stars" sessions, now regularly held at the Fairfield, Conn., Motor Inn . . . Pianist Jane Getz plays weekends at Stanley's in Greenwich Village . . . The New York Jazz Sextet (Art Farmer, fluegelhorn; Tom McIntosh, trombone; Benny Golson, tenor saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Richard Davis, bass; and Mickey Roker, drums) was featured at a concert-party at the Hotel Biltmore Feb. 25 . . . Pianist Jaki Byard, doubling tenor saxophone, replaced McCoy Tyner with clarinetist Tony Scott's group at the Dom, while Bobby Timmons took over for Byard at Top of the Gate, where he played with vibraphonist Dave Pike and bassist Mickey Bass . . . Pianist Walter Bishop Jr.'s quartet is at the Newark Key Club through April 4 . . . Clarinetist-saxophonist Louis

Brown is organizing a series of jazz concerts for the Harlem YMCA . . . Accordionist Angelo di Pippo led a jazz group at a recent accordion festival at Carnegie Hall; he had Joe Cain, trumpet; Sonny Russo, trombone; Richard Davis, bass, and K.C. Casino, drums . . . Vibraphonist Vera Auer's group at Slug's had Hugh Brody, tenor saxophone; Gary Bartz, alto saxophone; Bob Cunningham, bass; and J. C. Moses, drums, while trumpeter Manny Smith, also at the East Village club, featured pianist John Hicks, bassist John Ore, and drummer Hugh Walker . . . Trumpeters Henry (Red) Allen, Roy Eldridge, and Ray Nance were among the March guest stars at the Shore Cafe in Brooklyn. Eldridge also did a week at the Bovi Town Tavern in Providence, R.I., where other recent visitors have included tenor saxophonist Coleman Hawkins and clarinetist Edmond Hall . . . Clarinetist-tenor saxophonist Jimmy Giuffre's new quartet with pianist Don Friedman, bassist Ron Carter, and drummer Joe Chambers makes its New York concert debut March 25 at the New School . . . Gerald Wilson, leading an orchestra with personnel recruited from New York's top sidemen, made his first East Coast club appearance at Basin Street East, where he led the band as backing for singer Damita Jo . . . Trombonist Urbie Green led a Tommy Dorsey "ghost" band at the Mark Twain Riverboat in February. Among the sidemen were trumpeter Howard McGhee, saxophonist Budd Johnson, and pianist Dave McKenna . . . Beefing up his band for its European trip, Woody Herman added trombonist Carl Fontana to the lineup. Tenorist Sal Nistico was to join when the Herd arrived in London early in March.

LOS ANGELES: Bob Lan, ex-Stan Kenton reed man, is putting the finishing touches on his fourth symphony. Lan, who just completed a chamber trio for flute, oboe, and clarinet, also has been working on arrangements for his new combo, which includes guitarist Joe Pass. The group's book will feature Lan on English horn, alto flute, oboe, clarinet, and all the saxophones . . . Singer Carmen McRae was a victim of the Asian flu that severely hit Los Angeles last month. She missed a couple of sessions during her two-week stint at Shelly's Manne-Hole because of the bug. While at the club, the singer told *Down Beat*: "I consider myself a jazz singer, but if I was given a rock-and-roll tune to do—a good rock-and-roll number—I'd do it, but I won't prostitute myself." . . . Tenorist Archie Shepp, with trombonist Roswell Rudd, bassist Lewis Worrell, and drummer Beaver Harris, came into Shelly's for a March 8-16 stint . . . Marty Holmes, a tenor saxophonist who recently defected from New York, is wasting no time in Los Angeles. He's in the midst of organizing and writing the book for his new band, which includes Johnny Setar, Fred Cooper, Bill Hood, saxophones; Lou Oles, trumpet; Bob Enevoldson, trombone; Cliff Bryant, piano; Mort Klanfer, bass; and Allen Goodman, drums . . .

After Al McKibbin recuperated from his recent flu bout, he was hired to work with Stan Worth and Allen Goodman at Jack Sandy's. Organist-pianist Worth hurt his left hand in an accident, so McKibbin's bass was prescribed . . . Calvin Jackson fronted a 17-piece band for comedienne Phyllis Diller's week-long spiel at the Carousel in Covina. Jackson also wrote the arrangements. Billy Eckstine and Carmen McRae share a one-nighter at the Carousel April 4 . . . Turning to another theater-in-the-round, Melodyland in Anaheim, Duke Ellington and Sarah Vaughan have been booked for May 9 . . . Pianist Marvin Jenkins' trio moved from the Pied Piper to the Playboy Club. Singer Ocie Smith, backed by bassist Ike Isaacs' trio, was the replacement at the Piper . . . Vocalist Lorez Alexandria followed the Jazz Crusaders into the Living Room . . . Occidental College will present a concert by Clare Fischer April 15 in Thorne Hall on the college's campus. Accompanying the pianist will be bassist Bob West and drummer Larry Bunker. Tenorist Gary Foster also is featured on the bill.

NEW ORLEANS: Five brass bands played with marching societies and in parades at Mardi Gras festivities here Feb. 22. Harold Dejean and the Young Men's Olympian Brass Band marched in the Zulu parade. The Jefferson City Buzards, a marching society, were paced by Theodore Riley's band, while the E. Gibson Brass Band marched with the Delchaise Sports. The Corner Club had two bands, led by Doc Paulin and Anderson Minor. A relatively new but extremely popular marching society, Pete Fountain's Half-Fast Walking Club, used Paul Barbarin's Onward Brass Band. The Fountain club, true to its tradition, was followed by numerous jazzmen and show-business figures, including tenor man Eddie Miller, drummer Nick Fatool, singer Frankie Laine, and entertainer Merv Griffin. Other Mardi Gras action took place at the Autocrat, where blues singer Irma Thomas appeared . . . Le Ray's Lounge was the site of two concerts by altoist Hank Crawford's band in late February . . . Bass players were hit hard by a recent increase in union scale. Both bassists were fired from the Famous Door, one of the city's most prosperous clubs, and one was released from the Monteleone Hotel's band. In addition, trumpeter Al Hirt's new rhythm section is bass-less—just drums, organ, and piano . . . Pianist-singer Lavergne Smith is currently playing between acts at Hirt's club . . . Trumpeter Alvin Alcorn and tenor saxophonist Manuel Paul are playing with revivalist bands in England.

CHICAGO: Concert activity spurred the local scene as February ended. In addition to the previously reported concerts by Art Hodes at the Dorchester Club and the Interpreters at Crane and Loop junior colleges, there were within a week of each other concerts by the Jazz Prophets (Roy Crawford, alto saxophone, flute, leader;

(Continued on page 40)

THE JUMPING little tenor man from Houston, Texas, is the hottest thing since the Chicago fire, and there's a shambles of broken box-office records, wrecked ballrooms, and astronomical record sales to prove their point," was how Bob Bach described Illinois Jacquet in *Metro-nome* in September, 1947.

Almost 20 years have come and gone since Jacquet reached the zenith of his popularity, playing the tenor saxophone in an animated, straight-ahead style, combining visual and aural showmanship with solid musical value.

The compact, trim musician, still youthful at 43, has not been adversely affected by time and the changes that are so much a part of its passage. Though a bit more serious and reflective than in his youth, Jacquet remains friendly and outgoing, optimistic and affirmative about himself and the future of jazz.

"Nothing can really die" he said recently, "if it hasn't got where it's going."

He laughs freely, often at himself, and never verbally overplays his hand. Humor, which is very much a part of him, lightens his days, spices his evening performances, and generally has served as a stabilizing factor through the ups and downs of his colorful career.

Only one thing in his life has remained constant: his involvement in music.

"It's like my religion," Jacquet insisted. "I take it very seriously and always have."

This statement may seem paradoxical, considering the commercial excesses of which he was sometimes guilty during his plush years. But the freaky high notes, played with clarinet fingering, and the onstage body movements that tickled his fans are easily forgotten when one considers how memorably he often played.

First with Lionel Hampton in the early 1940s, when the tenorist was finding his way, but particularly with the 1945-46 Count Basie Band, it became apparent Jacquet could lift an entire band when he was right and had been stimulated by the men around him.

"The Hampton band had great excitement," he recalled. "The men were enthusiastic. I really started rolling



the new illinois jacquet

By BURT KORALL

after recording my solo on *Flying Home*. But the Basie band was a perfect union. I don't think there will ever be another band like that one.

"The charts were good. Each section had strength and balance. With men in the band like Sweets Edison and Ed Lewis in the trumpets, J. J. Johnson and Dickie Wells sparking the trombones, Buddy Tate in the other tenor chair, Basie's heartbeat Freddie Green on the guitar, and the great Shadow Wilson laying down the time, you came to work wanting to play and play and play!"

"On the best nights," he added, "Basie would sit at the piano and look up at the band with an expression that you can't describe."

Three hit recordings with Basie—*The King*, *High Tide*, and *Muttonleg*—literally pushed the tenor man out on his own. He had been a bandleader before; the difference, this time, was his following.

"My first job, as a soloist, after

leaving Basie," he said, "was at the Lincoln Colonnade in Washington, D.C. I'll never forget it. It was mid-winter; the weather couldn't have been worse. But the lines swung around the place. I had to fight my way in. I realized the time was ripe for forming a band."

The Jacquet octet, which played in a small-band jump style based on that of groups of the '30s, had distinctly modern leanings, or at least it seemed that way when the soloists had their say. Young, expressive, and decidedly future-minded, they spoke the language of Lester Young and Charlie Parker and paved the way for others.

Joe Newman and Russell Jacquet were the trumpets; J. J. Johnson, trombone; Leo Parker, baritone saxophone; Sir Charles Thompson, piano; Al Lucas, bass, and the irrepressible drummer, Shadow Wilson, rounded out the group, most often seen and heard opposite the Charlie Parker Quintet at the Three Deuces on New York's 52nd St. in 1947-48.

The big money was coming in. Jacquet had hit records like *Robbins' Nest* and *Bottoms Up*. He was happening!

"Those were the days—we had something nice going," he recalled with a wistful smile. "So much had led up to it, though; sometimes people forget you always have to pay some kind of dues.

"The scene doesn't just open up for you. I scuffled when I first came out of Texas. California was cold until I was heard in L.A. jamming with Nat Cole and Hamp.

"There's so much to a career—good things and bad. One of the nicer happenings was a two-week engagement with my own band in Hollywood in 1944 that lasted nine months. I made the famous jazz short *Jammin' the Blues* with Lester Young and Jo Jones for Norman Granz during that period."

Memories . . . Jacquet has a trunk full. He realizes, however, that nostalgia, though pleasant, is a trap.

"You have to look ahead and offer something new . . . not just for the listeners, you understand; for yourself," he explained. "I've been playing and studying the bassoon.

"I bought the instrument in 1959 in Berlin when on a European tour with Jazz at the Philharmonic. A

(Continued on page 43)

DEEP IN THE Petrified Forest of Arizona is a Louis Armstrong record, *Oriental Strut*, buried there in the Roaring '20s by Jack Teagarden and Wingy Manone to petrify it, preserved for posterity.

The trombonist has gone to play another gig, but Manone still is winging. So I would like to preserve, if not petrify, a few personal impressions of my friend, Joseph Manone.

Many jazz buffs know Wingy only as a legend. The press would have you know him mainly as a flamboyant character in the music business. Some agents and club managers, scorched by his invective, know him as a business tiger.

Louis Armstrong knows him as Armstrong's No. 1 Fan. Bing Crosby knows him as the court jester of Crosbyland. Gourmets know him as a connoisseur of Italian cooking and the originator of "feet" bragholi.

Former Bob Crosby Bobcat members like Eddie Miller, Ray Bauduc, Nappy Lamare, and Matty Matlock know him as the leader on many memorable record dates.

As his biographer and friend of 20 years, the Manone I know is all these Wingys and more. He's earthy, with a golden horn and a gravel voice, a philosopher and funny man, a loyal friend and proud father, a musician of integrity who never let "that fine gold" lure him from "righteous" music.

He's the Beau Brummel of the blues, a historian of the hip, commentator, critic, raconteur, and rhymester. He has so many faces and facets that any musical portrait of Wingy could go on for 99 choruses and one of Teagarden's extended codas.

In fact, should someone ask: "Will the real Wingy Manone please stand up?" the bandstand would be more crowded than the Hollywood Freeway at rush hour. Every Wingy who stood up, though, would be bigger than life. For Wingy Manone is the epitome of exaggeration.

His walk,

THE WINGY MANONE I KNOW

By PAUL VANDERVOORT II



talk, clothes, mannerisms, expressions—his very way of life—are all in the grand manner. So perhaps it is because exaggeration is the essence of humor that Wingy is such a natural humorist.

Nobody writes funny lines for him. His humor and wit spring spontaneously. It's too bad Wingy's humor was too hip for the masses. While mere joke-tellers got public acclaim, his audience was mostly musicians.

He gave me my first belly laughs when we collaborated on his autobiography, *Trumpet on the Wing*. I went to Wingy's place for long bull sessions and fell out, my stomach sore from laughing.

The ritual was always the same. Wingy, the gracious host, greeted me, ensconced me in a comfortable chair, fixed drinks, and took off his shoes, "I think better with my shoes off," he invariably explained.

Then I listened as Wingy talked and acted out each episode of his life with gestures, stage directions, and dialog, playing his own part and those of other characters too.

Telling a story about Armstrong, for example, he played himself, then Armstrong, miming his friend's voice and gestures perfectly. I still remember my enjoyment as he told me about Armstrong and himself catching a horror movie.

It seems they were walking along a New York City street, "dressed fit to the skin and gone with the wind" (Wingy strolled around his living room, dropping his shoulder to show they were "draped, man").

Then Wingy did Irving Mills, whom they met and who wanted to stop and talk. But Wingy was in a hurry, kept walking, and just hollered: "How do you double-do, Irving." Armstrong laughed so hard he fell into the street and almost got hit by a taxi. In acting this out, Wingy nearly fell over a chair, dodging the imag-

inary cab.

The scene changes. Wingy invites Armstrong to go to a movie. "How about us digging *Dracula*, Pops?" Armstrong suggests. At the movie, Wingy, acting himself and Armstrong watching the picture, reacts with appropriate grimaces to the horror on screen.

Suddenly, he leaped up, saying, "In about 20 minutes Louis got so scared he ran right out of there, me behind him." This is said as he races out of the room into the kitchen to fix another drink.

Returning, he continued: "We ran right into Buck, of Buck and Bubbles, and Louis said to him: 'Man, can you imagine us spending good loot to go in there and get scared? Ummmmp!'"

All Wingy's humor isn't visual, though. Jazz pianist Marvin Ash told this story. Wingy was sitting at the bar of a Hollywood club when the bartender told him, "That guy at the bar is a fan of yours. He came clear from Chicago to see you."

"So," Wingy growled, "if he came clean from Chicago to see me, can't he at least move up six more stools?"

Once, recalling his tough early days when his horn was in hock most of the time, he quipped, "One hock-shop guy had my horn so much he learned to play it and took jobs from me."

Another time, during an interview, Wingy told how he was going to get a new sound for his band—by using a bass drum ("played Salvation Army style"), portable organ, and a euphonium.

This was a put-on, but the reporter wrote it down and asked Wingy to spell euphonium. Wingy pondered for a moment and replied, "Man, if it's so hard to spell, I'll use a piccolo instead."

Asked by another reporter if he could read music, Wingy ad libbed, "Sure I can read notes. I just can't separate 'em." In his view, inability to read notes was an asset, as he elaborated: "Supposing I'm playing first trumpet with the New York Philharmonic, and the lights go out. All them note-reading cats is dead, and I'm the only one who can keep on playing."

Actually, Wingy reads music, as he puts it, "just good enough not to spoil my jazz."

AS A CRITIC and commentator, though, Wingy's humor tends to the sardonic. One night, as we watched a boring television show, he sarcastically defined the medium: "Television is just a bunch of people with nothing to do watching people who can't do nothing."

Understandably, many Manone critiques concern the square side of the music business. When someone remarked that an awkward, tuneless female vocalist didn't seem to know what to do with her hands, Wingy rasped, "Well, why don't she try putting 'em over her mouth?"

His philosophy is equally cogent. Although I am sure Wingy never heard of Antisthenes, founder of the Cynic school of philosophy, he would have dug that cat.

I recall Wingston philosophizing about how pull meant more than talent and ability in the music business. "Talent and ability don't mean nothing," he reflected. "If you want to be a success, you got to know the man that knows the man who knows the man that *really* knows the man."

Wingy also realized that fame is fleeting when he said, "You're only as big as you are where you are."

Other subjects also have provided grist for the Manone philosophical mill:

On "guys who are always borrowing but never loaning"—"How come they can owe you but you can't owe them?"

On fate—"When it ain't for you, it ain't for you."

On fair-weather friends—"Most of the time, in the music business, you never know who your friends are. And no matter how long you know people, you'll never know."

Wingy, himself, has always been my loyal friend. When I had eye problems, he was deeply concerned. When I underwent some expensive operations, there came a note from Wingy in his characteristic capital-letter typing: "PAUL, I STILL HAVE SOME LOOT STASHED AWAY. IF YOU NEED MONEY, LET ME KNOW."

I know, too, that Wingy has helped many musicians and singers. Some were less than appreciative. This hurt Wingy, a sensitive man for all his flamboyant facade.

"What gets me," he puzzled, "is that guys I've discovered got on bigger time than me with less ability. Then, when they got big, they passed me up like I used to pass Pasadena."

That won't happen with a young drummer Wingy discovered. He's Wingy's son, Jimmy.

Not many people, particularly child psychologists, would cast Wingy in a father's role. But few know of Wingy's concern and regard for his son. The story of how Jimmy was kidnapped when about 4 years old may be told in a movie some time. When law enforcement agencies could

not find the boy, Wingy became his own private eye and found Jimmy in a small Massachusetts town.

It was shortly after this bizarre episode that I was introduced to Jimmy, then nicknamed Pinky because of his pink cheeks. I still have painful if amused recollections of my introduction to Joseph James (Wingy) Manone Jr.

One morning, as Wingy was eating breakfast with Pinky standing nearby, I took a chair at the table opposite Wingy. I was barely seated when Pinky gave me a baleful look and kicked me hard on one shin.

Wingy's reaction wasn't what I expected. Instead of reprimanding Pinky, he said to me: "Get up, man, that's *his* chair."

I know Wingy always worried about going on the road and leaving Pinky behind. "Paul, I keep asking myself if I am doing right by putting my son in school while I'm away," he'd say. "But it's the best in Hollywood, the most expensive, and the kids in the school are all from rich families. Clean as a whistle. People I know, like Nappy [Lamare] and Doc [Rando], take him on weekends. I call him, but he don't know I'm on the road."

But even these careful arrangements didn't satisfy Wingy. Once he wrote me from New York: "I got angry at Hollywood, and me and the little boy, Junior, grabbed a plane and flew here."

It was about this time that Pinky began to show he had inherited his father's flair for the flamboyant.

I remember him "truckin' on down" in Wingy's garage, mimicking his dad's record of *Ghost Riders in the Sky*, gravel voice and all. Then, just a few years later it seemed, he was playing drums in his father's band.

I caught Wingy on television one afternoon and called to tell him he sounded great. "Yeah, yeah," he said, brushing aside the compliment. "But did you see the kid playing drums?"

AMONG THE OTHER Wingys I know, besides Wingy the father, I also very much like the Manone of musical integrity. Several million notes back, Wingy publicly expressed that integrity in a humorous sign he had put up during a date at the Hollywood Tom-Tom.

It read: "COME IN AND HEAR THE TRUTH."

To Wingy there's only one truth—the kind of music he's always played without compromise. Even when he had to record saccharine songs, he swung them. In fact, he swung *The*

Isle of Capri, as *Old Capra on the Isle*, so even the squares dug it.

Wingy won't take a job unless it's clearly understood his is a jazz band. "Does the boss know we're gonna swing?" he asks agents before taking a job. He's also been known to quit jobs because he couldn't play as he wanted to play.

He doesn't like club bosses much to begin with. "They stand there at the door, all night long, counting the house," he griped. "Do they ever say anything nice to the band, like: 'You sound great, boys'? No, the only time they speak to you is to tell you the band is playing too loud."

Naturally, then, club managers often are villains in the stories that raconteur Manone spins. But whether about clubowners or "feet" bragholi, the essence of each Manone yarn is exaggeration. Even the dialog is exaggerated. The characters "double-decide," they "jump straight up and go blind."

Wingy might even preface a story with the warranty: "I guarandouble-tee you this is the true." That makes it almost impossible not to believe such stories, for example, as his dog telephone-answering service.

"This pooch is so smart that when I ain't home," he explained, "if the phone rings, he takes it off the hook with his mouth and barks twice. That's to let my friends know I'm out. If it's some mother-grabbing agent, he snarls, meaning: 'Wingy said to go up in a 15-story building, jump out, and turn left.'"

Even in his cooking, Wingy stirs in exaggeration. His recipe for chicken cacciatora is unique:

"Pick out a chicken that's fat and sassy and tell him to jump in a pot of boiling water to get his feathers off nice and clean. Then, tell him to walk to the guillotine, chop off his own block, and fall into a little basket so you can manipulate him into fine chicken cacciatora."

"Feet" bragholi, a specialty of the Manone house, is prepared the usual way, with one notable exception. When the meat is tied in a roll, Wingy takes off one shoe, puts wax paper over the meat and holds it down with his foot while tying up the meat with one hand.

Wingy originated a great deal of "rhymed jive" during his tenure as jester to the Court of King Bing. He even wrote a lot of it down in an old loose-leaf notebook, decades ago. This, I think, gives him the right to be called the first historian of hip.

He, for example, was first to define

a nowhere guy as "a square from Delaware." He tabbed a stuffed shirt as a "Stiffin' Griffin," a fast talker as a "Jivin' Ivan," a double-dealer as a "Curvin' Irvin." His definition of a hepcat, "a fellow who knows the gracious way of living," still is valid, though the spelling has changed a bit.

WINGY MANONE has lived graciously even when things were so tough "the rats gave themselves up to the cats." His life and career can be divided roughly into six periods: his New Orleans days, when he dug Mardi Gras parades, fish fries, battles of bands, got his kicks playing *Stick Out Your Can*, *Here Comes the Garbage Man*; his Chicago days, partly starving on those days between Jewish and Italian weddings where food went with the gig, partly working in gangster-owned clubs, and playing "music to murder by"; his New York days and, finally, fame on 52nd St.; his unforgettable Hollywood years with Bing Crosby, doing movies and radio, playing on the Sunset Strip, and recording for Capitol; and in between, of course, were the "winging around" years when he was "in every place from Pismo Beach to No-People, Idaho."

A complete, unexpurgated biography of J. Wingston Manone is beyond the scope of these reminiscences, but I would like to recall a vignette from each of the previously mentioned periods and record some of his views on Las Vegas, his latest period.

Down in New Orleans, when he lost that right wing, Wingy switched hands on his horn and "hid out and fought it by myself 'til I caught it." When a teacher chided him for neglecting his studies, he told her: "All I want to know is how to count all that money I'm going to make playing my horn."

In Chicago, Wingy starved at first, surviving by playing weddings where some "cats stole from the buffet before meal-serving time." Later, working in a hoodlum-owned club, gangsters ordered him to "Play *Tiger Rag* and play it loud." Then they bumped off two other hoods and threw down their .38s, saying to their girls, "There's some souvenirs for you."

Another jam, in New York, was more hilarious than harrowing. Unable to pay a hotel bill, Wingy became a baby-sitter. "A lady at the same hotel took her baby out in its carriage, every morning," he recalled, "so I told her I would walk the baby so she could go shopping."

"While I was supposedly walking that baby, my clarinet man was mind-

ing the kid so I could use that baby carriage to get my stuff to another place."

Some of Manone's "winging days" were done disguised as an Indian with Chief Blue Cloud's Indian Jazz Band. "When some of the Chief's Indian friends came backstage, I would speak to them in jive talk," he recalled. "They thought I was from some Indian tribe and we got along fine."

It was in Hollywood that Wingy first became a homeowner and often was bugged by the attendant problems. When a termite inspector intimated that an expensive extermination job was in order, Wingy exploded:

"Hell, I'll just put my horn under the house and blow those so-and-so's out. You stand there on the driveway and count 'em when they blow by."

It was only natural that Wingy, facetiously or not, thought of using his horn to blow his troubles away, because his horn is his whole life. He left Hollywood for Las Vegas for lack of opportunities to play.

At first he loved Las Vegas, but now he hears clinkers in the music of the whirring slot machines and whirling roulette wheels.

"That's the only city in the United States where you won't see a musician running around with gals," he said. "They don't have the loot to spend on them like in other towns. The big wheels in Vegas spoil these young chicks by wining and dining 'em and giving 'em money to gamble with. These beautiful gals can't waste their time and good looks with no musician."

Wingy doesn't like the "10 bosses to every lounge who if any one of 'em don't like your music, out you go." He's bugged about "bartenders, who can learn how to make a drink in a few days, telling musicians to pipe down. Imagine, spending years to become a great artist and having the heartbreak of some clunk bartender telling you where to get off."

Actually, nobody really tells Wingy where to get off. When he can't stand "the shills, gamblers, jerk clerks, hill-billy bands honking and squonking, and square people not worth playing for," he hits the road.

"Take me off that bandstand, and I would die," he recently told a reporter. "If I didn't have all that aggravation from musicians and unions and stuff, I wouldn't know what to do."

Which pretty well sums up the Wingy Manone I know. A cat born to swing . . . with, at, and in everything.

THE REALLY GREAT jazz comes from the black man."

Grotesque exaggerations of this proposition lie at the heart of the latest crisis in jazz' long history of conflicts and self-destructive tendencies.

To focus today's controversy, it must be seen against the backdrop of that history, despite the protestations of those who seem to think mankind starts all over again whenever a new generation reaches the age of 20. One also must recognize that in spite of its well-established, even famed, conflicts, its suicidal and self-emasculative bent, jazz keeps throbbing and brooding and exulting and roaring its way through the 20th century.

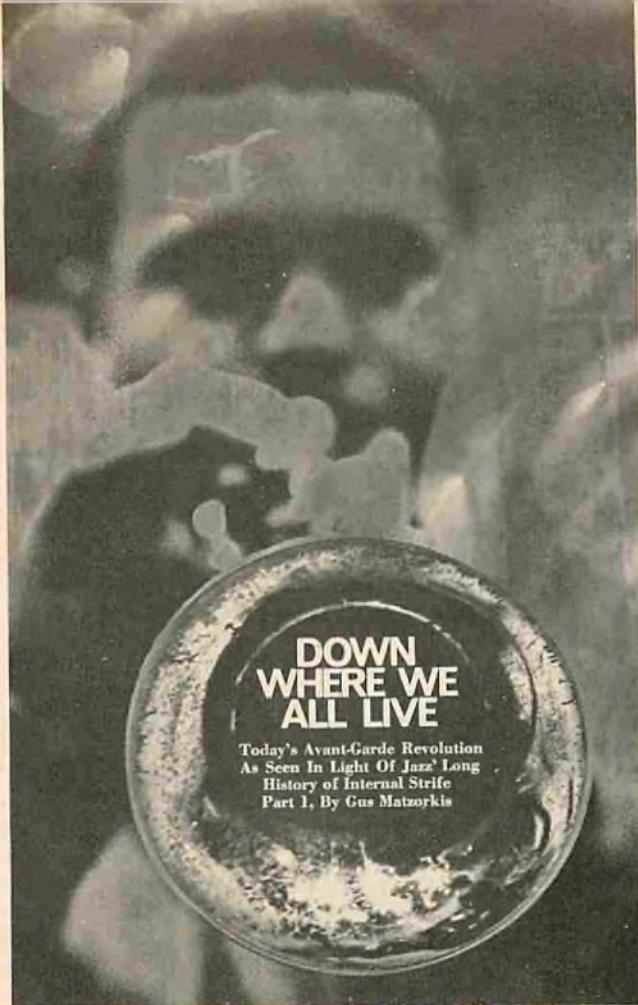
Conflicts? Petty jealousies, bitter animosities, and wild disagreements are woven through the fabric of jazz history.

In the 1920s: Many musicians from the East looked down on the rustic New Orleans pioneers and other jazzmen from the South, the Midwest, and the West. The deprecation was returned to the Easterners—particularly by the New Orleanians. For example, Jelly Roll Morton, the first great jazz composer-arranger and publicly its least modest voice (he frequently said he had "invented jazz in 1902"), belittled the talents and works and integrity of many leading jazz figures, including Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, W. C. Handy, and Fletcher Henderson.

In the 1930s: Traditionalists put down such bands as those of Count Basie, Jimmie Lunceford, and Benny Goodman as effete, over-arranged, and—unkindest cut of all—non-jazz. Such musicians as Art Tatum and Teddy Wilson were not considered jazz musicians by some early critics. Many swing musicians, in turn, ridiculed the traditionalists as crude, uninspired, and reactionary.

In the 1940s: Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk, and other innovators brought new approaches to jazz, and the emotional reactions and counter-reactions lasted for a decade, and vestiges remain today.

In the 1950s: West Coast jazz, a light, airy, sometimes wistful variant of cool jazz dominated. But the inevitable reaction set in by the late '50s, and many of its best players were neglected



HERB SNITZER

in the shift of interest to "soul," "hard bop," and "roots" and in the growing recognition of such musicians as Miles Davis, Clifford Brown, and Sonny Rollins.

In the 1960s: The battleground has shifted to a new plane as the avant-garde makes itself heard and felt. But deeper and uglier than the polarization of avant-garde vs. tradition are the racial controversies that permeate today's jazz world.

Self-destructive tendencies?

What is a better description of various pioneers refusing to make recordings because other musicians might steal their ideas?

Or consider the early hostility of some musicians toward the European writers interested in jazz.

When Hugues Panassie, the French critic, wrote a book about jazz in the '30s, guitarist Eddie Condon said, "We couldn't understand why a Frenchman would write a critical book about music that wasn't native to his own country; after all, we don't go over there to teach those Frenchmen how to jump on a grape."

Condon's line got some laughs but also reinforced the chauvinistic outlook of many American musicians and their

curiously snobbish attitude toward Europeans interested in jazz. This snobbishness sometimes generalizes to include any "outsiders" interested in jazz. For years, jazzmen have told of how they put on the "squares."

Another example of the jazz world's self-destructive bent is the attitude of the hard-core members toward a musician's acceptance by a wide audience: to their minds, crassness is included in any commercial success, and these persons are the very ones who despair the small jazz audience. One need not agree with arranger Sy Oliver's belief that "in the final analysis the music that lives is the music that the greatest number of people buy" to see the dogmatism and the folly of automatically rejecting every jazz musician who succeeds in building a large audience. Granted that some jazzmen who have won commercial success did so by compromising or reorienting the basic disciplines, standards, and values of their earlier work. But does it follow that all the current work of these men is facile and sterile?

THE APPEARANCE NOW of a bitter controversy is neither surprising nor a symptom of impending moribundity for jazz. This new controversy, too, will pass in time, will be rationalized and resolved. Meanwhile, however, it is here, influencing the attitudes and music of jazzmen and the ideas and psychology of critics and the jazz audience, and it must be dealt with.

"The really great jazz comes from the black man."

Today's angry young doctrinaire leaps from this generalization to a number of specific, highly emotional overstatements:

1. Only Negroes can play great jazz.
2. All the originators in jazz, the truly creative jazzmen, were and are Negroes.
3. Jazz is Negro protest music that only Negroes and a few white men infused with something of a "black" outlook can understand and appreciate.
4. All Negroes in jazz have been, and are now being, exploited by whites and the "white power structure."

It is difficult to develop a reasonable dialog with the militant activist who professes those views.

For one thing, a significant measure

'It is one thing to acknowledge the central role Negro musicians have played in jazz but quite another to conclude that jazz is Negro music.'

of what they say is true and badly needs to be said and understood. For another, much of what their critics say is trite, glib, evasive, and frequently reflects the sloganeering that generally has marred the historical position of U.S. liberalism, vis-a-vis race relations (so much so, in fact, that if one had to choose between the passionate wrongheadedness of the doctrinaires and the smug clichés of many of their critics, a nod would go to the doctrinaires).

The pat slogans of his critics notwithstanding, the doctrinaire is guilty of distorting facts to make them fit dogma and of reflecting a parochialism much like the provincialism in the middle class he so righteously and uncompromisingly rejects.

It is one thing to acknowledge the central role Negro musicians have played in jazz but quite another to conclude that jazz is "Negro music." That

conclusion is both erroneous and mischievous.

It is erroneous because it denies what our ears and sensibilities tell us about the best music of white jazz artists through the years: Muggsy Spanier, Bix Beiderbecke, Bunny Berigan, Bobby Hackett, Chet Baker, Don Ellis, Jack Teagarden, Bill Harris, Bob Brookmeyer, Bud Freeman, Zoot Sims, Stan Getz, Phil Woods, Lee Konitz, Paul Desmond, Art Pepper, Serge Chaloff, Gerry Mulligan, Pepper Adams, Pee Wee Russell, Irving Fazola, Jimmy Giuffrè, Benny Goodman, Bob Wilber, Steve Lacy, Red Norvo, Terry Gibbs, Joe Sullivan, Al Haig, Russ Freeman, Eddie Costa, Paul Bley, Bill Evans, Chuck Wayne, Charlie Byrd, Jim Hall, Chuck Israels, Scott LaFaro, Steve Swallow, Gary Peacock, Dave Tough, George Wettling, Buddy Rich, Louie Bellson, Shelly Manne, Mel Lewis, Gil Evans, and many others.

The catalog of great jazzmen who are Negroes is far larger than any white one, to be sure, but the jazz scene today would be much less marvelously variegated and richly complex without the contributions and influences of the foregoing. Each of us values the music of these individual jazzmen differently, of course, but the fact is that no reasonably experienced and sensitive jazz listener with an open ear and mind can deny the integrity and worth of the total musical contribution of men such as these and their influence on the development of the jazz language.

Those who do deny this plain esthetic and historical evidence reflect the same mischievous and self-defeating bias as they and others do in reducing jazz to the status of a protest music, a mere reflection of the position of the Negro in U.S. society.

One of the ideological leaders of the militant doctrinaires, poet/playwright/critic LeRoi Jones, has a character in his drama *The Dutchman* thunder:

"They say, 'I love Bessie Smith' and don't even understand that Bessie Smith is saying, 'Kiss my ass, kiss my black unruly ass.' Before love, suffering, desire, anything you can explain, she's saying, and very plainly, 'Kiss my black ass.' And if you don't know that, it's you that's doing the kissing.

"Charlie Parker? Charlie Parker. All the hip white boys scream for Bird. And Bird saying, 'Up your ass, feeble-

minded ofay! Up your ass.' And they sit there talking about the tortured genius of Charlie Parker. Bird would've played not a note of music if he just walked up to E. 67th St. and killed the first 10 white people he saw. Not a note!"

As an insight into the terrible anguish and rage of an American Negro, into *one* impassioned way of reacting to the music of Bessie Smith and Charlie Parker, this is a stirring and provocative passage. But taken as a revelation of the ultimate significance of that music—and many doctrinaires apparently take it this way, although I imagine Jones himself really does not—it would amount to an unwitting diminution of the depth and scope of the music and a smug and superficial swipe at the integrity and sensitivity of those who perceive and are genuinely moved by other planes of feeling and meaning in Bessie Smith and Charlie Parker and all great jazz artists.

There is a mocking quality and motivation in the expression of many, perhaps all, Negro jazz musicians. Inevitably and desirably, there is protest, too, sometimes subtle and masked, sometimes raw and naked. But there is more than this in great jazz. There is profound expression of truths about the *human* (not just the Negro, the white, the urban, the country, the American, the modern) condition. The greatest jazz transcends whatever "Negro-ness," or "white-ness," it might manifest, and if we have the capacity and the will to open ourselves to it, it reveals glimpses and apprehensions of *man* to us, whoever we are.

On one level, it is true there is an American Negro dilemma and a way of looking at and reacting to the world. To paraphrase something Miles Davis once said about Duke Ellington, Americans should get together on one certain day and get down on their knees and thank the James Baldwins and Martin Luther Kings (and the Richard Wrights and Langston Hugheses and Malcolm Xs while we're at it) for making us at least partially see that dilemma and perspective.

But on other levels of the ever-shifting unclassifiable conglomeration that makes up reality and the human condition, it also is true that there is no "Negro-ness," no "white-ness."

(Continued in the next issue)



LARS SWANBERG

RECORDING

Jazz Recording Past And



WITH REX

Present, By Rex Stewart

AS FAR AS I can recall, my first awareness of the phonograph came in 1917. I remember winding the contraption with such vigor that it had to be repaired. In those days, the selection of records was small, and ours at home was perhaps typical, consisting mainly of marches, Caruso, some light classics (which I loathed), and some Bert Williams comedy monologs.

On arriving in New York City a few years later, I did not pay any attention to records, perhaps because there was quite a bit of talk among the older musicians against making records. They felt that they could protect their natural gifts better by not letting anyone copy their licks off a record. An extension of that attitude was the fact that certain saxophone and trumpet players covered their fingers with a handkerchief when they played, so that possible copiers wouldn't know how certain passages were made.

The combination of the elders' advice and my natural shyness kept me from the record scene, even after I was asked to record, because I never felt that I was good enough. One night, I was blowing pretty well in Goldgraben's, a Harlem cabaret, when a fellow introduced himself, saying that he had a record date scheduled for the next week and that he would like to have me on the date. His name was Louis Hooper, and I remember telling him I would make it as he gave me his card. Actually, I didn't mean to accept, and immediately afterwards I was sorry I had. As the time drew near, I got more and more nervous. I knew that one was expected not to make any mistakes, and I also knew it was a rare thing for me to play an entire chorus without cutting a hog, as they called goofs in those days.

The day before the scheduled date, I phoned Hooper and told him to get somebody else, because I was not ready to record yet. Hooper just laughed and reassured me that it would be easy, just backing up a singer, and he was sure I could do it. So I let myself be talked into it.

When the great day arrived, I got up bright and early and started practicing on my horn (muted, of course). After about an hour, I got those buzzing chops that told me that I was as ready as I was going to get. Next, I was subway bound, after first stopping off at the bootlegger's to get some fortification. That was a good idea I found out after disembarking at Columbus Circle. I started looking for the address and hoped that the studio would not be in that tallest building across the street. But it was, and with quaking knees I took the elevator up, up, up (in those days, I was afraid of heights).

But once inside the studio, my fears vanished. Much to my delight and surprise, I found out that we were to accompany Rosa Henderson (no relation to Fletcher), who, with her husband Slim, was the cause of my leaving home with their ill-fated review *Go-Get-It*. In that show, I accompanied her vocals, so now I felt right at home.

I was fascinated by the 10 or 15 strangely shaped horns into which we were to blow. The horns resembled nothing I had ever seen before, made of wood, in various sizes, and all shaped like a violet. Shortly, we settled down to business, and I made my first record, way back in 1922.

During the next few years, I made several recordings with Monette Moore, Virginia Liston, and another one with Rosa Henderson. Then came the big time—recording with Fletcher Henderson, whom I joined in 1926. I shall never forget the thrill of playing solo on *Stampede* and *The Jackass Blues*. It was hard work, requiring considerable

concentration. However, there were humorous moments on some sessions.

One such moment concerned Coleman Hawkins, that celebrated creator of tenor saxophone style. With his customary reticence, Bean—as we guys in the band nicknamed him—had never mentioned his adulation for Adrian Rollini, who was the best performer of all time on the bass saxophone. We had, of course, noticed his interest in Rollini's hot bass sax licks whenever they'd meet at a session (which was quite often back in those days). But we never guessed the full extent of his admiration. So, we thought he was just kidding when he told trombonist Jimmy Harrison that he had enough money to pay cash for anything he wanted, including a bass sax. But he wasn't joking.

When he first turned up with a new bass saxophone, flourishing a receipt stamped "paid in full," Jimmy teased him by asking, "Who is going to play that thing? Bean, you must be crazy!"

Hawk answered, "What do you mean who's going to play it? I'm going to play it, of course."

That led right into their customary caustic kidding, each claiming to be the better musician.

We were to record the next day. Hawk beat everybody to the studio and was busy tuning up the monster when we arrived. The irrepressible Jimmy delayed the start of the session by exclaiming to Fletcher, "My God, Smack, you didn't tell me that Adrian was gonna make this date!"

Hawk, for once, refused the challenge and even pretended not to hear. We took our places and did not have to wait long for the unveiling of the new sound as Bean, featured as usual, started whomping away at his chorus right after the introduction.

Then pandemonium broke loose, triggered by Harrison's he-haws of derision. Jimmy laughed until he had tears in his eyes, but Coleman kept on playing, growing more agitated as he cajoled, coaxed, and did everything he could think of to make the beast sound musical. Finally, Fletcher broke down, too, and started laughing along with us, as he waved the rhythm section to a halt. Bean gave up. He packed up and stalked out of the session, muttering to himself something about the damn mouthpiece was no good. Exit Coleman Hawkins, dragging his nemesis with him. Later, I heard that he returned the bass sax that same day. And that was one of the few Henderson records without a Hawk solo.

Another session worthy of comment is the one that made a record producer the laughing-stock of Broadway. First, however, I should say that in those days most people felt that a musician played with more native abandon when he was full of alcohol. This producer believed this implicitly, so whenever he headed a date, there would always be plenty of whisky or gin. Back in those prohibition days, since all schnapps came from the same bathtub, the only difference would be the flavor. Gin, perhaps, was the most disastrous of the lot, for bootleggers laced the concoction of juniper essence and alcohol with a touch of ether.

When this particular record date was called, New York was in the grip of a heat wave, and the tiny studio felt like the lower regions of Dante's *Inferno*. As we cut the first two sides, sweat dripped from everybody in buckets. By that time, the gin had us feeling no pain, but when we took a break, somebody came up with the bright idea of continuing with iced gin. That was the beginning of the end, because the producer took a milk bottle full of iced gin to the sound



engineer, whereupon the two of them proceeded to reminisce about earlier records they had made together.

As they talked on and on, the musicians began to feel the effects of the hot room and the cold gin. One by one, they draped themselves on chairs or wherever they could find a spot to stretch out and go to sleep. The next thing we knew, it was daylight. As the fellows started to wake up, the producer was seen holding up the engineer by his snores alone. It seems that somebody had been a bit heavy with the ether in that batch of gin. Anyway, after coffee, we staggered through the other two sides and limped home to finish sleeping off our recording session.

FOR A MUSICIAN, the quickest entry into public acceptance as a composer is via the phonograph record. One of my unfulfilled ambitions was to join the ranks of those who made it. Although I have written a few tunes that turned out to be good vehicles, they were popularized by others, a turn of events that can be blamed on my stupidity and others' cupidity.

About 35 years ago I had the band in the Empire Ballroom, across the street from the Roseland on Broadway. We began broadcasting. Neldon Hurd (who played trombone in the band), Edgar Sampson (saxophone and arranger), and I cooked up a theme for the broadcasts. My contribution was the bridge; Neldon produced the theme, and Edgar came up with the obligato and arrangement. We played it in a ballad tempo, slow but with a beat. I had a chance to record the tune, among others, for Irving Mills, but I refused to accept the date because he wanted a smaller group than the 12 pieces that comprised my band at the Empire.

After 17 months at the ballroom, we went on tour, hoping that the fan mail resulting from the broadcasts indicated that we had built a name. But we didn't draw flies, and to make matters worse, our library mysteriously disappeared in a taxi in Washington, D.C. When, again, there was only a small crowd at the dance that night, I lost heart, gave up the struggle, and joined Luis Russell's band.

Two years later, in 1934, I joined Duke Ellington. Turning on the radio one night, I was amazed to hear Benny Goodman stomping out our old theme, now called *Stompin' at the Savoy*. The next day in a music store, I learned that composers' credits were noted as Goodman, Chick Webb, and Sampson! And they still are. That tune could have meant so much to my catalog of more than 50 unplayed songs. I really goofed in not making that record date.

Then there was the episode of the four deuces vs. the three aces. This happened in mid-Atlantic during one of the inevitable poker sessions in the Ellington organization. My luck was running as good as the seas were running high. One by one, the game had dwindled until only two players were left, just Duke and Fat Stuff (that's what he used to call me).

The first face-up card that he dealt me was an ace, and I didn't dare look at it hard because I had already peeped at my hole card, another ace. His up card was a deuce, so in order not to frighten him out before there was something in the pot, I bet in a very mild fashion. My next card was insignificant, but I bet a little stronger, despite his hitting himself with another deuce. The battle was really on when a second ace leaped off the deck and I had two aces showing against his two deuces.

I thought it best at this point to indicate my overwhelming supremacy by betting a sizable sum, and I fully expected Duke to say take it, but he didn't concede—he raised me! I might add at this point that Ellington's idea of strategy was to hang on until the last card and then attempt to overpower his opponent with a huge bet, unless his opponent's overlay was in sight. So, as I figured out his hand, he had

to have either two pairs or three deuces, and if he had deuces back to back, it would have been unlikely for him not to have demonstrated his strength by betting stronger. I deduced, therefore, that he had two pairs so the chances of his catching up with my three aces was remote.

Bet and raise, bet and raise until all the money on the table was in the pot. Then, he bet me \$50 more; being out of cash, I put the rights to one of my tunes in the pot. The last card was dealt, and Duke dealt himself another deuce. The boat seemed to stand still as I realized that I had lost the pot and my tune, *Morning Glory*.

The question "what was it like recording with Ellington?" is frequently asked me. My answer has always been that it is a unique experience, unlike anything I've ever encountered before or since. On reflection, it just doesn't seem possible that it has been 20 years since I recorded with Duke!

At this juncture, I no longer remember my first or last recording date with the organization, but I do recall with vivid detail the unorthodox manner in which Duke operates. His *modus operandi* has to be seen to be believed.

Sometimes at the recording studio, many pages of manuscript would be passed out, and we would proceed to run down the arrangements once or twice. Then, after a bit of reflection, Duke would tell us to get out the pencils. This meant there were going to be changes, and he would proceed with instructions such as, "We'll start this at Bar 2 of the original intro, then continue as is on down to Bar 16 of Letter F, segue back to the fourth bar of the intro and, this time, let the brass calm down while the saxes shout out that 'good-old-timey' feeling." Sometimes the final results bore little relation to the original arrangement.

Other times, we'd get all set up, and Duke would say, "C'm here, Barney. Remember what you played that night in Oshkosh? Oh, you remember, it was raining and that gal in the red dress got so excited she started dancing on the bandstand and the cops had to take her off."

If Barney Bigard or Johnny Hodges or whoever didn't recall the incident or the lick, Dumpy, as we called Duke, would play it on the piano, saying, "It went like this." After that had been straightened out, Duke might say, "I like that! Hey, Cootie, how about growling behind this? Then, we'll have the sax section creep in on a D \flat major chord. Harry, you tonic the chord at the top of your baritone. Saxes, hit the chord and hold it until Barney does the waterfall, then Brown will take over the melody."

The tune most times would evolve from a lick or a chordal sequence. Such is the genius of Ellington that these impromptu and imaginative methods resulted in pure gems.

An approximation of an Ellington type of session occurred in France in 1939. Hugues Panassie had proposed that I record for him the next time I was in Europe. That was when we had dinner in New York. I arrived in France with Ellington some months later. Panassie called me early one morning and said, "Let's make the date." I protested that I was unprepared, having nothing down on paper, though I had the tunes thought out in my head. However, Panassie explained that Django Reinhardt, the great gypsy guitarist, was going to record with us and could hear and play anything. I was dubious but consented.

We arrived at the studio (Barney Bigard, bassist Billy Taylor, and I) and were crushed to see how old and beat up the building was. We found Panassie and Django already there in the dilapidated studio. We looked at each other and couldn't figure how in the world anybody could record in a setup like this. But it was too late to back out, so we unpacked our horns, while wondering where the drummer was.

Deciding not to waste time, I began to blow a simple blues for Django to learn. Django spoke little English, if any, but there was no strain of communication between us,

but never having heard him before, I was unaware of his virtuosity and quick ear. To my astonishment, he proceeded not only to play the blues but to embellish them with an evocative gypsy quality. But still no drummer. Panassie felt things were good the way they were and said, "That sounded great! Let's make it." On this happy note, I decided to expose Django to a more complex tune of mine, *Finesse*. (In later years, this was renamed *Night Wind* and my buddy, Billy Taylor, was given composer credit.)

The rest of the tunes that I had composed for the date were recorded in quick succession. Once down for rehearsal, then on wax. And the drummer never showed. But all in all, it was a memorable experience, and I'll always be grateful to Panassie for giving me my first opportunity to record with the great Django. In later years, I recorded with him several more times, but the initial exposure was the greatest.

ONE OF THE MOST INTRIGUING facets of the recording business is the element of chance. Actually, it is like a crap game loaded with a larger amount of misses than hits. Many a proven artist, with a string of hits behind him, can sometimes be humpty-dumped off the popularity throne overnight by a neophyte. Conversely, a newcomer can rise from coffee and cakes to champagne and filet mignon in less time than it takes to write about his success. Nobody can guarantee what will happen in the record business.

This pertains particularly to the unexpected sounds that sometimes creep unwonted onto tape. Lionel Hampton's grunting, Erroll Garner's foot stomping, and Duke Ellington's eerie humming are well known, and every engineer who records these people is aware of their idiosyncrasies, takes them into account, and exercises caution by placing the microphones where they are least likely to pick up these extraneous sounds.

But over and above the known, there is always the unknown and unforeseen that can bollix up recordings. Among these are the vagaries of human personality. There may be the star whose mood is ever-changing, who one time wants to be one of the boys, working in the midst of his fellows, and another time will demand complete isolation in a booth. There can be the sweetie pie from whom you never know what to expect. When her fancy strikes, she'll waste time and studio money regaling her captive audience with dirty stories. At another time, she will swoop in, surrounded by her not inconsiderable entourage, and be all business, and woe betide any character who doesn't get the message.

The sound technicians and engineers have to be on their toes. It may be my imagination, but it seems that a lot of the time there's considerable one-upmanship played by the technicians and the leaders. I've seen them almost come to blows over how a certain sound should be reproduced. Many a time a leader has been infuriated when the guy in the control booth has arbitrarily balanced a group contrary to the leader's wishes. Somehow, they don't seem to hear sound in the same way. In more recent years, the split has become even worse, as producers, leaders, and technicians battle it out, and in these cases, it's a toss-up as to whose projection will emerge on the recording.

Back in the Henderson days, we had a strange situation in spite of a leader and producer who saw eye to eye. Leonard Joy, who really knew what recording was all about, was the producer, and he was in complete agreement with Smack's featuring Russell Smith, our first trumpet man. Russ played very beautifully in the upper register, and that day his chops were in fine shape. Everything started off perfectly—we were ready and on time for once, and we made what sounded to us in the studio like a master, a perfect performance, on the first take. But on hearing the

playback, 16 bars from the end, right in the middle of Smith's solo—as he soared like an angel and the saxophones intoned a lovely accord—we heard a foreign tweetering sound. Brows furrowed, frowns replaced smiles of satisfaction, and everybody looked around with a what-happened expression on his face. Fletcher jumped up from the piano to head for the control booth and was met by Joy, whose ever-present pipe was wigwagging signals of concern.

Joy, however, asked mildly, "What was the noise? Did someone move his chair around? Was it the drummer's foot pedal? Oh, well, let's make it again and try to be more quiet. That was a beautiful take, and I doubt that we'll get another as good."

But he was wrong. We proceeded to blow another beautiful take, almost holding our breath when we were not blowing. Then, when we listened to that playback, the distortion was present again, at the identical place. Fletcher, for once, lost his famed composure and said to Joy, "This noise has to be in the equipment because I know damn well that it wasn't out here." Leonard replied, "Okay, take time out while I have the engineer check."

This was done, and we returned to our places, kind of bored, since the edge had worn off, but we were still baffled about the weird sound continuing to crop up. It did again on the third take, and subsequently the tune was dropped, and we went on to something else. We never did find out where the unwelcome sound came from or why. My pet theory, which I've never dared mention before, is that there was a mouse in the studio that wanted to get into the act.

In the early days, such a thing was not impossible. The studios were quite primitive compared with today's. Air-conditioning was unknown. Separate horns (instead of mikes) for each instrument to blow into limited the drummer, for instance, to temple blocks, cymbals, and a few other effects. Snare drums and bass drums could not be recorded. The takes were recorded on acetate so if a flub was made, the entire effort had to be scrapped. Not so since the advent of tape, which makes it possible to snip from a great beginning, add it to the best middle, splicing perhaps a solo from another take, and finish off with the best ending from several, and wind up with a virtuoso performance.

This reminds me of a recent Duke Ellington session I attended as a spectator. The band was recording the music originally played at Grace Cathedral, in San Francisco. On a previous day, the band had recorded the bulk of the material from this concert and was now doing some tie-ins. Duke called out, "Get out ITBG [*In the Beginning God*]. We're only going to do bars 272, 273, and 274." The fellows leafed through their sheafs of music to find the part.

Johnny Hodges looked in vain and finally called out, "Hey, Duke, I don't have any music! Give me the notes."

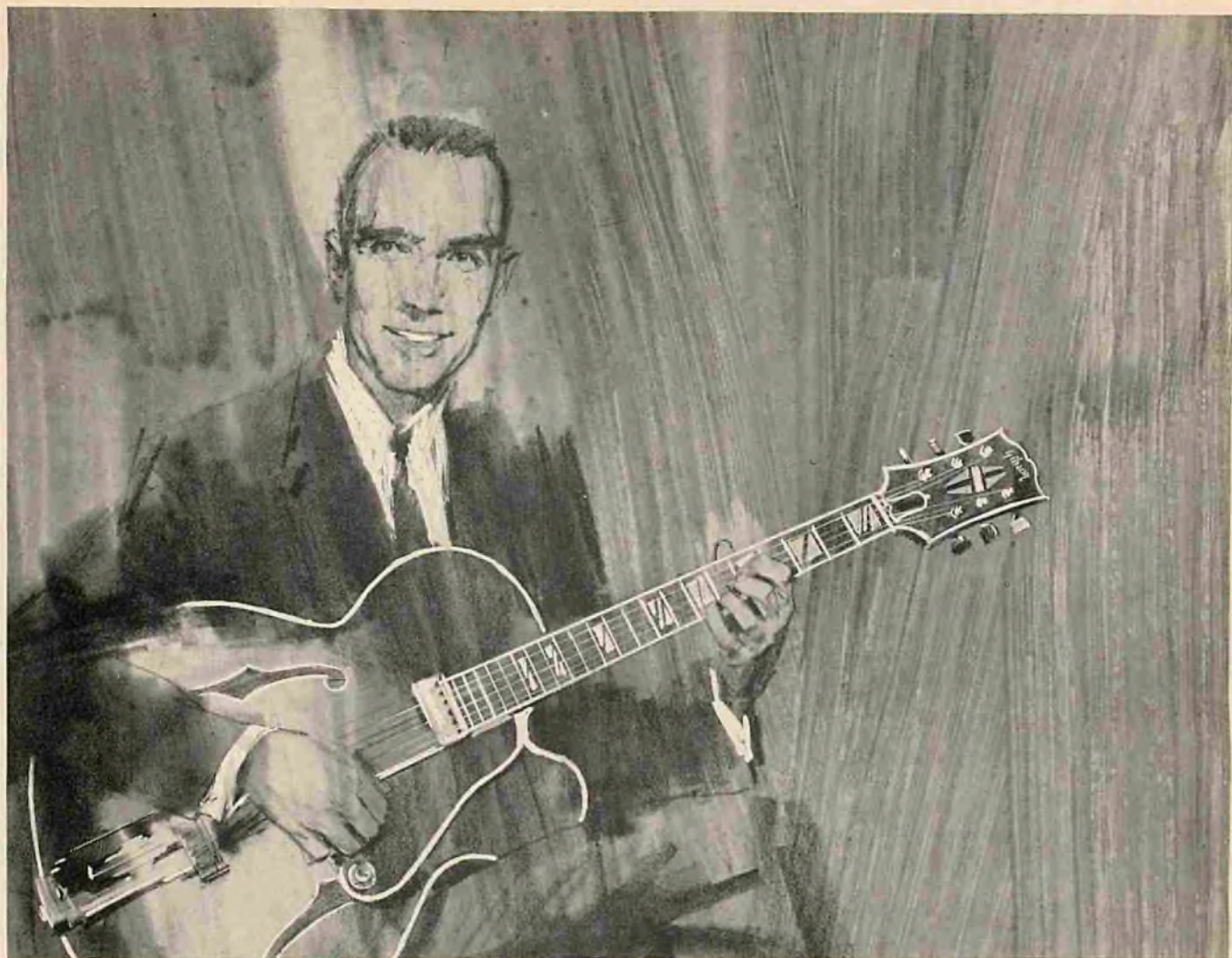
Duke answered urbanely, "It's only three notes. Just play the blues, man. Play the blues."

This brought great laughter from the fellows, and Duke never did give him any further clues. I presume he just played the blues, as instructed, and I am looking forward to this album's release so I can hear how Hodges' part fits.

Splicing tape is not the only innovation that has helped recording. Sidney Bechet perhaps inspired a great variety of potentiality in sound when he made his famous one-man band recording, playing piano, drums, bass, clarinet, and soprano saxophone. Later, Les Paul and Mary Ford parlayed a guitar and the human voice, by virtue of multiple recording, into a huge success. The echo chamber, too, has played its part in building a small voice into a big one.

Yes, the recording industry and techniques have come a long way since those early days of hand-wound phonographs and the dog who gazed adoringly into the big horn that reproduced the sound of his master's voice.





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RECORD REVIEWS

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Kenny Dorham, Barbara Gardner, Erwin Helfer, Bill Mathieu, Marian McPartland, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Harvey Siders, Pete Welding, John S. Wilson, and Michael Zwerin.

Reviews are initialed by the writers. When two catalog numbers are listed, the first is mono, and the second is stereo.

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

Charlie Byrd

TRAVELIN' MAN—Columbia 2435: *Mama, I'll Be Home Someday*; *Medley (Folks Who Live on the Hill; Yesterdays)*; *Blues for Felix*; *U.M. M.G.*; *I Hear a Rhapsody*; *In the Name of Love*; *I Will Wait for You*; *Do I Hear a Waltz?*; *Travelin' Man*; *Nuages*; *Squeeze Me*.
Personnel: Charlie Byrd, guitar; Joe Byrd, bass; Bill Reichenbach, drums.

Rating: ★★½

While it contains much to delight the guitar enthusiast, this album is vaguely disappointing. I must admit to a feeling of boredom with much of the proceedings memorialized in this set, recorded at Washington D.C.'s Showboat Lounge, Byrd's home base.

As usual, the guitarist plays impeccably, and the support he is furnished is adequate, but the music never seems to catch fire. For all his charm, prettiness, elegance, and the expertise with which it is so stunningly executed, the music—with few exceptions—is too flaccid and studied. There seems to be little spontaneity or involvement beyond the merely mechanical. The album is imbued with a feeling of perfunctoriness, the performances rarely achieving the level of interest musically that they possess in such abundance technically.

I do not wish to give the impression that Byrd's approach to these pieces is strictly one of bravura display, but his playing is so shot through with the kind of instrumental mastery to which few can attain that one can easily be beguiled into accepting these *means* as ends themselves. Byrd's playing elsewhere has often been much more stimulating musically than it is here, and so, in the absence of musical development of any high order, there is a natural tendency to fall back on the guitarist's effortless mastery of his instrument (as I'm sure Byrd himself realizes). After all, one can't always be at the top of his game in every respect.

There are, however, any number of delicious moments in this album. There is, among other joys, a fantastic improvisation in Byrd's most excitingly contrapuntal manner on *Yesterdays*, and his treatment of the intriguing *Name of Love* is consistently inventive.

Byrd remains one of the undisputed masters of the guitar in jazz today, and if this isn't up to his five-star work, there may be some consolation in the fact that even one-star Byrd is head and shoulders above most other guitarists' work. He's in a league where the only competition is his own past achievements. (P.W.)

Buddy Collette

BUDDY COLLETTE ON BROADWAY—Surrey 1009: *Joey, Joey*; *Why Can't You Behave?*; *All of You*; *Cool*; *Too Close for Comfort*; *If I Were a Bell*; *Baubles, Bangles, and Beads*; *A Sleepin' Bee*; *Guys and Dolls*; *Just in Time*.
Personnel: Collette, flute; Howard Roberts or Irving Ashby, guitar; Dick Marx, piano; Red Mitchell or Carson Smith, bass; Frank Capp, drums.

Rating: ★★½

This was first issued on Omegadisk in 1959 as *Marx Makes Broadway*. Somewhere in the process of reissuing from the other label, the accent shifted from pianist Marx to flutist Collette. But only in billing. Musically, the dominant voice still belongs to Marx, and therein lies the weakness. It is not Buddy Collette getting 2½ stars but Dick Marx for his unimaginative keyboard work and his bland arrangements.

All in all, the disc suffers from poor Marxmanship. His only interesting piano solo comes on *Bell*; his only clever arrangement is a honky-tonk version of *All of You*. As for the only slow tracks—*Behave* and *Baubles*—they border on the tedious.

The combination of flute with piano block chords, while the guitar steadily chomps in the background (especially on *Bee* and *Time*), creates a heaviness that impedes the smooth flowing swing laid down by the bass and drums.

Collette sounds fine, though his tone was a bit thinner in 1959 than it is now. His high points are on *Joey, Cool*, and, particularly, *All of You*.

It's difficult to separate the guitarists, but they contribute excellent solo flings on *Bell* and *Bee*. Mitchell, I think, comes booming through on *Cool*, and Smith contributes a great solo on *Bell*. The latter track also features tasteful brushwork by Capp.

Too Close for Comfort apparently is not close enough. The transition from Marx' piano solo to Collette's flute solo somehow adds half a beat. Sounds like sloppy editing of an insert. (H.S.)

Willis Jackson

SMOKING WITH WILLIS—Cadet 763: *Doin' the Mudcat*; *And I Love Her*; *Goose Pimples*; *Yesterday*; *Broadway*; *Who Can I Turn To?*; *A Hard Day's Night*.

Personnel: Franklyn Robinson, trumpet; Jackson, tenor saxophone; Butch Cornell, organ; Vincent Corrao, guitar; Bob Bushnell, bass; David Niskanen, drums.

Rating: ★★½

The line separating rock-and-roll from rhythm-and-blues is about as thin as this disc, and as on many tracks of this record, the sounds spill over onto both sides of that line. Pairing organ with electric bass practically guarantees that. So there's an odd mixture here, with the three Beatle tunes coming off best.

Love Her is done as a fast bossa nova and boasts some of Jackson's and Robinson's best moments. *Yesterday* is also Latinized, and Jackson's comments lose

nothing in the translation. *Night* is a fun track, punctuated by some lively, tongue-in-cheek staccato unison by Jackson and Robinson; even the incessant r-and-r guitar figures sound good.

For hard-driving rhythm-and-blues, *Mudcat* offers the best example and some of the worst listening. A high organ pedal point on the root tone has all the joy of a bagpipe drone.

Cornell dominates *Pimples*, a blues, and reveals some interesting melodic ideas. Spoiling his effort are the carbon-copy figures twanging from Bushnell's bass.

For sheer nausea, try Jackson's syrupy tones on *Who Can I?* It has all the wide-vibrato mush that tenor men love to conjure up when they're in a put-on mood. Surely Jackson is kidding.

The finest number in the album is *Broadway*. The voicing of tenor and trumpet, pushed by the full chords of the organ, is reminiscent of a crisp, biting big-band sound. It cooks and falls nicely on the ears, but it fails to rescue the generally slovenly sounds that come down the other tracks. (H.S.)

Yusef Lateef

1984—Impulse 84: 1984; *Try Love*; *Soul Sister*; *Love Waltz*; *One Little Indian*; *Listen to the Wind*; *Warm Fire*; *Gee! Sam, Gee*; *The Greatest Story Ever Told*.

Personnel: Lateef, tenor saxophone, oboe, miscellaneous instruments; Mike Nock, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; James Black, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

One would have to search Schwann's catalog with a scholar's dedication to find a jazz album with more diverse instrumentation than this. Besides "old-fashioned" tenor, oboe, and rhythm section, Lateef employs in this set flutes (Taiwan, Chinese wind, Czech, MaMa, cork), bells (tubular, Chinese, Indian), triangle, celeste, tambourine, and cow's horn. Being an old Jew's-harp man, I had hoped when reading about the instrumentation that Lateef might find among these exotica some place for that venerable resonator. No luck. Perhaps next time.

The album is oriented toward an avant-garde—or abstract—mode of expression, and perhaps the most adventurous of the selections is the title tune, a free-form improvisation that is more a collection of sound effects than it is music as we have come to expect it. The primary effect is that of wind rushing through containers of various design, producing strange, shimmering, shapeless sounds.

At several points, a ghostly semi-voice enters. Annotator Bob Hammer supplies the explanation:

"Perhaps the most intriguing instance of extemporization is Lateef's striking sub-vocalization, in which the human voice is projected through the opening at the large end of a cow's horn . . . this device is further modified by inserting the horn into the resonating holes in the piano, setting in motion a complex series of harmonics as the neighboring strings vibrate sympathetically."

Although my description of the track (plus Hammer's) may decide some readers that this is just more avant-garde lunacy, the over-all effect of the performance is gripping. Is it jazz? I don't know. What is, nowadays? Maybe everything. But we

Earl Hines



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can say that 1984 is a musical piece played by a jazzman.

Further, though 1984 runs more than eight minutes, it never palls, such is its musical variety. There are enough sounds going all the time to hold the listeners' interest, and so graphic are many that (like radio) the listener can read his own imagery into them. Quite a tour de force.

My main criticism is that the use of so many alien instruments makes the piece seem more tricked out, more exaggeratedly "new" than it might have been with more conventional instruments.

Try *Love*, though somewhat free-formish, is more traditional in development. And *Sister* is a traditional blowing performance. It's a good one, with Lateef pumping the tenor, but nothing unusual.

Waltz is a delicate pattern stitched by Nock, a New Zealander who came here on a *Down Beat* scholarship to study at Boston's Berklee School. He makes *Waltz* into a long, lilting, dancing excursion. Elsewhere, he projects the kind of moody, introspective lyricism Bill Evans is noted for. Nock is a very talented guy.

Hammer claims that *Indian* is "avant-garde humor of the highest order." It seems so, though it is frequently difficult these days to tell what is humor in so subjective and personal an art. Lateef's tenor solo—a wild running of notes against a sober, poker-faced, traditional rendering of the melody by the rhythm section—does at times seem like a put-on, particularly at the beginning.

There is much good music here, and all the musicians perform with enviable skill and rapport. Workman is superb.

It is men like Lateef, I think—men who are thoroughly grounded in their craft—who will make the greatest contributions to the furthering of their art. (D.N.)

Billy Larkin

HOLE IN THE WALL—World Pacific 1837 and 21837: *Hole in the Wall*; *Little Mama*; *Soul Beat*; *And I Love Her*; *A Taste of Honey*; *The "In" Crowd*; *Hot Sauce*; *In the Midnight Hour*; *Blue Satin*; *Close Your Eyes*; *Hot Toddy*; *Agent Double-O Soul*.

Personnel: Larkin, organ; James Daniels or Hank Swann, guitar; Jessie Kilpatrick or Mel Brown, drums; Ernest Nabetoo, conga.

Rating: ★★

Larkin and his Delegates are slick exponents of that "in crowd" sound, but what should be infectious comes out sounding tedious. The whole thing is a mere study in funk superimposed on a rock-and-roll vamp, the only exception being an up-tempo samba, *Hot Sauce*.

Solos occasionally enliven the proceedings: Daniels' guitar comments on the moody *Blue Satin* (interesting doubling of guitar, organ bass, and piano keyboard on this track), Larkin's organ on *Hot Toddy*, and Swann's guitar on *Eyes*.

On *Eyes* Larkin tends to shrillness; otherwise, his organ playing is of the soft-sell variety, with active but uninteresting bass-pedal work.

The only track that shows a spark of imagination in the bass line is *Mama*, but the rest of the performance is spoiled by Brown's insipid rock-shuffle. Kilpatrick does his best to get away from swinging with a quasi-military snare on *Soul Beat*, and *Love Her* is distorted by Larkin's twisted organ swells. *Agent* is much too gimmicked with an ostinato bass figure,

plus tasteless afterbeat cymbal crashes. And *Taste* suffers from a progressively slower 4/4 tempo, following the change from the opening waltz.

In general, the album boasts some good rock-and-roll and, from that frame of reference, would deserve a higher rating than two stars. But as jazz, the all-important ingredients of excitement and emotional involvement are lacking. (H.S.)

Gary McFarland-Clark Terry

TIJUANA JAZZ—Impulse 9104: *South of the Border*; *Acapulco at Night*; *Fantastic*; *That's You*; *Linehouse Blues*; *Tijuana*; *Marcheta*; *Granny's Samba*; *Soul Bird*; *Mexicali Rose*; *Tru Schwartz's Golden Dream*; *Mary Jane*; *Sweet Georgia Brown*.

Personnel: Terry, Joe Newman, trumpets; Bob Brookmeyer, trombone; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Toots Thielemans, guitar, harmonica; McFarland, marimba, arranger; Bob Bushnell, electric bass; Grady Tate, Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Shirley Scott

LATIN SHADOWS—Impulse 93: *Downtown*; *Can't Get over the Bossa Nova*; *This Love of Mine*; *Hanky Panky*; *Noche Azul*; *Dreamsville*; *Latin Shadows*; *Who Can I Turn To?*; *Perhaps, Perhaps, Perhaps*; *Soul Sauce*; *Feeling Good*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-6—Miss Scott, organ; Gary McFarland, vibraphone; Jimmy Raney, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Willie Rodriguez, Latin percussion. Tracks 7-11—Jerome Richardson, flute; Miss Scott, organ; McFarland, vibraphone, conductor; Raney, guitar; Richard Davis, bass; Lewis, drums; Leo Kruczek, Aaron Rosand, Harry Cykman, Charles Libove, Arnold Eidus, violins; Joseph Tekula, Edgardo Soderro, Charles McCracken, cellos.

Rating: ★

Lately I have been listening to a lot of rock-and-roll. I don't know why but I like most of it. Either my taste is degenerating or else the quality of popular music is improving. Maybe I am attracted by the simplicity and innocence of its spirit.

Whatever it is, my appreciation doesn't include Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass. All I can think of when I hear them is those poor guys having to play *A Taste of Honey* the same way every night. It's very depressing. Also, the arrangement is catching, and I resent it—I feel roped in, conned.

McFarland's *Tijuana Jazz* is considerably better than Herb Alpert, and, though it may sound like a negative reason, this is why I give it four stars.

I'll explain. If a track from this album makes the charts—which I think is possible—it would be important, in a very basic way. It would open doors.

Even Alpert's success is encouraging—so is Ramsey Lewis'. Apparently people are willing to listen to instrumental music again. Now McFarland follows with a more musical, and occasionally really exciting, version of instrumental pop. When the masses become accustomed to hearing popular music conceived and played intelligently, they might eventually support intelligent jazz. So, I suppose my four stars are as much for etymological significance as for musical quality.

"Quality" is the first word I think of listening to Clark Terry. Everything works—sound, time, intonation, sense of humor. I've never particularly cared for Bob Brookmeyer, but on this one he sounds fine... again, he's certainly better than Alpert's Tijuana Brass.

Forget the *Latin Shadows* album.

I admit to an irrational antipathy to the electric organ, which even Jimmy

Smith, as powerful as he is, doesn't completely overcome. But Shirley Scott doesn't come close. Although I worked hard on my objectivity listening to this album, I don't find anything in it to interest me. Its vacuousness reaches invisibility. I listened but couldn't hear anything. Judging from my 14-year-old daughter's reaction (she knows about such things), it doesn't even have commercial appeal. She said it wasn't "tough."

It is interesting comparing these two albums, to which I have been listening alternatively. On Miss Scott's record, McFarland writes and plays unimaginatively, sounding bored and even unmusical at times. But on *Tijuana Jazz*, he glitters—to quote Gerard Manley Hopkins—"like shining from shook foil." (M.Z.)

John Patton

OH BABY—Blue Note 4192; *Fat Judy*; *Oh, Baby*; *Each Time*; *One to Twelve*; *Night Flight*; *Good Juice*.

Personnel: Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Harold Vick, tenor saxophone; Patton, organ; Grant Green, guitar; Ben Dixon, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

This album offers some good solo work, but taken altogether it is something of a wet noodle . . . not very inspiring, not very spirited. The ensemble passages are lackluster, and the tunes are generally developed in a plodding medium tempo. For the most part, the music sounds as if the musicians were just not that interested.

The bright exceptions are Vick's fast-moving *Flight* and Patton's own *Juice*. On these the leader shows that he is one of the most tasteful and deft organists going.

He never smothers his sidemen under a blanket of sound. Comping, he supplies just the right amount of substance beneath the soloist. The rewards of such restraint become obvious when the solo voice is a guitar, which, lacking the robust personality of a tenor, could easily be buried. As soloist, Patton retains a light, though by no means anemic, touch, nicely balancing chorded and single-note improvisations.

Vick, a veteran of numerous organ-tenor encounters, does well on his own tune and contributes a strong segment to *Juice*. He, like the others, seems to find here the inspiration that is so lacking on the first four tunes. He also shows, especially on *Juice*, a growing power larger than many saxophonists who ride the organ-tenor circuit.

Mitchell's warm lyricism adds a depth here that not many organ groups offer.

In a sense, Green and Dixon are the most consistently rewarding musicians on the date. Green comes out freely, naturally, almost as if he never had to think about it. The same goes for Dixon. Though he does not solo, he creates constantly diverse percussive patterns. (D.N.)

Nina Simone

LET IT ALL OUT—Philips 200-202 and 600-602; *Mood Indigo*; *The Other Woman*; *Love Me or Leave Me*; *Don't Explain*; *Little Girl Blue*; *Chausseur*; *For Myself*; *The Ballad of Hollis Brown*; *This Year's Kisses*; *Images*; *Nearer, Blessed Lord*.

Personnel: Rudy Stevenson, guitar, flute; Miss Simone, piano, vocals; Lisle Atkinson, bass; Bobby Hamilton, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Originality is commendable, except when

there's a lack of motivation. In this album, Miss Simone approaches certain tunes with a little of both, but the results are unfortunate.

May Duke Ellington never hear this version of *Indigo*. It is a travesty, taken at a bouncy tempo, with a rinky-dink piano background. *Love Me or Leave Me* is about as inventive as *One-Note Samba*. Miss Simone seldom strays from certain key notes in her "improvisation." Her long solo on piano is just contrapuntal; it fails to swing. Talk about counterpoint, *Girl Blue* is inexplicably set against *Good King Wenceslas* from beginning to end. It's a worthy effort all right (how many singers can concentrate on one tune while playing another, which in many places is bitonal?), but the whole is not worth the sum of its parts.

Along the same lines, the nursery-rhyme ending to *The Other Woman* bears the same lack of motivation. The tune has a poignant lyric, and Miss Simone interprets it with sensitivity. *Don't Explain* is too deliberate in its evocation of Billie Holiday: it bears a conception that is better left to that singer.

A full orchestra suddenly emerges from the woodwork in *For Myself* and tends to add an unwelcome dimension of forced dramatics to a song already marred by poor intonation from Miss Simone.

Gratifyingly, *Images* reveals firm intonation. On this track, Miss Simone is completely on her own, singing a haunting poem a cappella. The Gospel flavor of *Blessed Lord* is nearer to the material in

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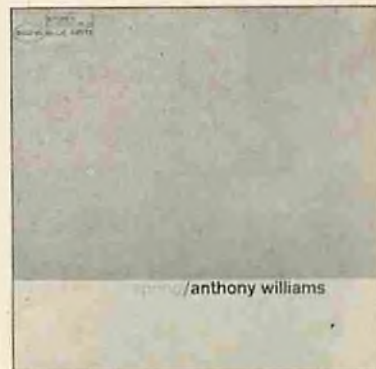
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which Miss Simone excels. Her traditional shouting is much appreciated after her experimenting with a whole mess of styles. *Hollis Brown* seems to be the custom-made bag in which her voice and her phrasing find fruition: folk-protest.

Miss Simone "lets it all out" in this LP, but she tries too hard to be too many things. She bites off what she really should eschew. (H.S.)

Johnny (Hammond) Smith

OPUS DE FUNK—Prestige 7420: *Opus De Funk*; *Almost Like Being in Love*; *Autumn Leaves*; *Sad Eyes*; *Gone with the Wind*; *If Someone Had Told Me*; *Shirley's Theme*.

Personnel: Smith, organ; Freddie McCoy, vibraphone; Eddie McFadden, guitar; Wendell Marshall, bass; Leo Stevens, drums.

Rating: ★★

More preparation went into this session than goes into most organ-led dates. Most of the arrangements are neat and airy, and *Sad Eyes* is an attractive original.

The date would have been better if the soloists had been at their best more consistently. Smith is quite good on *Sad Eyes*, demonstrating more harmonic ingenuity than most organists. His *Autumn Leaves* work is schmaltzy, however, and his *Gone with the Wind* playing trite.

There is a less striking contrast between the best and worst of McCoy's and McFadden's work, but neither is at the top of his game all the time. McCoy's spot on *Opus De Funk*, however, indicates that he may be one of the better contemporary vibists. His work here is buoyant and idea-rich and has very good continuity. McFadden does a competent job; his strongly

articulated lines are an asset on *Wind*.

The rhythm section performs well, with Stevens' quietly propulsive drumming especially notable. (H.P.)

Gabor Szabo

GYPSY '66—Impulse 9105: *Yesterday*; *The Last One to Be Loved*; *The Echo of Love*; *Gypsy '66*; *Flea Market*; *Walk on By*; *If I Fell*; *Gypsy Jam*; *I'm All Smiles*.

Personnel: Sadao Watanabe, flute; Gary McFarland, marimba; Szabo, Barry Galbraith, and Sam Brown, guitars; Albert Stinson or Richard Davis, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Willie Rodriguez or Francisco Pozo, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★★

Chico Hamilton

EL CHICO—Impulse 9102: *El Chico*; *People*; *Marcheta*; *This Dream*; *Conquistadores*; *El Moors*; *Strange*; *Helena*.

Personnel: Watanabe, alto saxophone, flute; Jimmy Heath, trombone; Szabo, guitar; Stinson, bass; Hamilton, drums; Victor Pantoja, Willie Bobo, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★★

The common factors in these albums are the gifted Szabo and Stinson, and, to a lesser extent, Watanabe. A further point in common is the unambitiousness of both albums' goals.

After one has remarked that Hamilton's LP is a pleasant set of Latin-styled performances that make few demands on either the musicians or the listeners, he, for all practical purposes, has said all that can be said about the album.

Szabo is virtually the album's only soloist, and his work is marked by a tasteful restraint that is a most welcome change from the usual welter of notes most electronic guitarists dispense as solo fare. Szabo is a most economical soloist who

appreciates the value of space and implication in constructing an improvisation. His work here is for the most part reflective and spare and more than occasionally provocative. His *People* rendition is thoughtful and his work on *Dream* quite appealing.

The superficially exciting *Conquistadores* is in some respects the weakest track in the album: for all practical purposes it consists solely of a lengthy guitar improvisation—and a none too cohesive one either—over thundering Latin percussion and vocal interjections from the percussionists. It's nothing more than the kind of routine jamming you'd hear at a late-night session among unfamiliar.

Carrying the bulk of the Hamilton album's solo chores, Szabo's guitar tends to induce a certain measure of monotony that could have been relieved easily enough by greater planning, fuller utilization of the other musicians, and more imaginative—and, in fact, just *more*—arrangements. The lack of serious preparation behind this date tells adversely.

Bassist Stinson is a rock in the rhythm section and, in fact, gives it the greatest portion of its subtlety and humor. He is as imaginative as he is agile, and it is a joy to follow his playing—never stale or merely routine but, rather, fresh and often whimsical. His figures in the *Conquistadores* ensemble provide that vehicle much of its excitement and interest (he outswings the three drummers), and near the conclusion of *Moors*, he interjects a swooning, shuddering figure that is chilling.

If the Hamilton album is a victim of insufficient thought and preparation, the album under the guitarist's own name falls prey to the opposite. Here, the emphasis of the producers is upon the generation of a sound that will be acceptable to the pop market—without, however, seriously jeopardizing the vitality of the music as jazz. They almost bring it off.

The Szabo collection is quite charming and makes for pleasant listening—but not for much repeated listening. Most of the material and treatments are too slight to sustain one's interest over the long stretch. There are some exceptions, though.

McFarland's pensive, ardent *Echo of Love* is a particularly effective vehicle for Szabo's reflectively probing guitar, and the mood that is sustained is telling and of a piece with the theme. Szabo's *Gypsy '66* is an interestingly varied and colored set of improvisations of a decided Hungarian cast, and during the course of his solo work the guitarist develops quite a bit of excitement through the use of drone effects similar to those used in classical Indian music.

Throughout, McFarland's arrangements are deft, imaginative (*If I Fell* and *Walk on By* are quite tastefully done), and pleasant—but rarely more than pleasant. The music soothes the ear, but rarely seizes the heart or mind; but then, solid craftsmanship has never been an effective substitute for inspiration. And this set has all the virtues of a craftsmanlike job done with taste, attention to detail, and thoroughgoing competence but, alas, all too little inspiration. (P.W.)

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Reviews Of Repackages

Recordings reviewed in this issue:

Miles Davis *Plays Jazz Classics* (Prestige 7373)

Rating: ★★★★★

Bunk Johnson, *A Legend* (Mainstream 6039)

Rating: ★★★

Mose Allison, *V-8 Ford Blues* (Epic 24183)

Rating: ★★★

Benny Golson, *Just Jazz* (Audio Fidelity 6150)

Rating: ★★★

Herbie Mann's *Big Band* (Surrey 1015)

Rating: ★★★

Never judge a record by its cover.

For example, *Herbie Mann's Big Band* has no big band and darn little Mann. It was first issued in 1963 on FM with the title *Jazz Committee for Latin American Affairs*. The music was recorded (rather badly) in 1961 at a Rio de Janeiro concert by a touring group of all-stars shepherded by Willis Conover. The musicians were flutist Mann, tenor saxophonists Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, trumpeter Kenny Dorham, trombonist Curtis Fuller, oud player Ahmed Abdul-Malik, pianist Ronnie Ball, bassist Ben Tucker, and drummers Dave Bailey and Ray Mantilla. None of this information is included on the Surrey album jacket.

The best track is a stomping performance of *Red Door* by Sims and Cohn, both of whom are in fine fettle. (The track also was included in Vee-Jay's *Giants of the Saxophone*, issued last year.) There is a thoughtful solo by Fuller on *Ismaa* (which features Abdul-Malik's fascinating oud work) and a flashy one by the trombonist on *It's All Right with Me*. Dorham is the spotlighted soloist in a short shot at *Autumn Leaves*, and Mann has *Lover Man* as a showcase (his alto flute is almost a quarter-tone flat). All hands have a turn on *Wee Dot*, Cohn taking the best solo.

Somewhat akin to the blatant misrepresentation of the Surrey release is Audio Fidelity's treatment of Golson's *Just Jazz*.

The material was first issued on Audio Fidelity in 1963 as *Pop+Jazz=Swing* and was heralded as a breakthrough in recording because the buyer got a "triple play" for his money: on one channel was a bank of strings prettily playing, say, *You're Driving Me Crazy* while on the other channel a small jazz group had at *Moten Swing*; the listener could play either version separately or merge them. Evidently record buyers were less enthusiastic about the concept than were Audio Fidelity officials, because the experiment was not repeated. *Just Jazz* is made up of the jazz

portion of the triple-play disc (evidently the strings were sent to limbo).

Despite an imposing array of talent—which includes pianist Bill Evans, trumpeters Freddie Hubbard and Bill Hardman, reed man Eric Dolphy, tenorist Wayne Shorter, and trombonists Curtis Fuller and Grachan Moncur III—nothing much happens.

Golson, who does not play on the record, wrote craftsmanlike arrangements for *Moten Swing*, *Autumn Leaves*, *Quick-silver*, and *Stella by Starlight*, all of which have Hubbard, Shorter, and Fuller—the frontline of Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers at the time. The other scores played by this group—*Out of Nowhere* and *Walkin'*—are not as interesting.

The album's remaining titles—*Groovin' High*, *Donna Lee*, *Ornithology*, and *If I Should Lose You*—are played straightforwardly by a quintet with Hardman and Dolphy and at times achieve a real bebop "float."

The short solos studding the album are well done, though no one plays with much heat except Dolphy in his rather mawkish treatment of *Lose You*, which also is the longest solo of the album.

Epic clearly marks *V-8 Ford Blues* as "formerly entitled *Mose Allison Takes to the Hills*," which, along with Prestige's listing of albums from which the tracks of *Miles Davis Plays Jazz Classics* are taken and Mainstream's giving credit to Commodore as its source for the Bunk Johnson LP, is a refreshing departure from the caveat emptor precept of most reissue programs.

The Allison album has 12 tracks that generally follow a vocal-piano solo-vocal formula, which, while not very imaginative, offers ample room for Allison's attractive singing and limits his sometimes uninspired keyboard flights. (Allison's vocalisms while he is playing a piano solo, however, are far from attractive.)

The tunes Allison chose for this 1962 effort were by such respected blues men as Lightnin' Hopkins, Percy Mayfield, Big Joe Williams, Willie Love, and Willie Dixon, plus five standards and a couple of originals. He brings to them all a sardonic sense of humor that is most evident in his own tunes—*Back on the Corner* and *Ask Me Nice*. The finest performances, however, are *Life Is Suicide*, *I Ain't Got Nobody*, and *Baby, Please Don't Go*. The others are almost as good; they are *V-8 Ford Blues*, *Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone*, *I Love the Life I Live*, *'Deed I Do, You're a Sweetheart*, *Mad with You*, and *Hey, Good Lookin'*.

Allison is supported by Addison Farmer, Aaron Bell, or Henry Grimes, bass, and Jerry Segal, Osie Johnson, or Paul Motian, drums. The recording sound is not all it could be; it is particularly disturbing when the echoes take on Grand Canyon proportions.

The Johnson performances, recorded in New Orleans by the late Eugene Williams in the summer of 1942 and released the following year on the Jazz Information label, are marred by a heavy and stiff rhythm section (despite efforts by bassist Chester Zardis to make it move) and a trombonist who plays as if he were a

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primitive machine. Yet there is a good deal to recommend, for trumpeter Johnson and clarinetist George Lewis play very well when the muse is upon them, and both have good moments in these performances.

At his best, Johnson's poignancy is moving, his tone fragile yet tart, his ideas tasteful, his accents intriguing, his phrasing relaxed. But while his spirit may have been willing on these records, evidently the same was not true of the sexagenarian's body. His frequent dropping out of ensemble passages is disconcerting (it is not uncommon for New Orleans bands to let the clarinet and trombone improvise together, the clarinet carrying the lead, but here Johnson just stopped playing seemingly whenever his mood or lack of stamina dictated).

Lewis' singing clarinet is at its best on *Franklin Street Blues*, a precursor of his later *Burgundy Street Blues*. In fact, Lewis is the most consistent musician on the date, his playing always containing much of interest.

The best all-around performances are *Weary Blues*, both versions of *Sobbin' Blues* (the first, at a faster tempo, has a better Johnson solo, though the second has better Johnson in the ensemble), *Dusty Rag*, and *Shine*. The other titles are *Thriller Rag*, *When I Leave the World Behind*, *Blue Bells Goodbye*, *Big Chief Battle Ax*, *Yaaka Hula Hickey Dula*, and *Sometimes My Burden Is So Hard to Bear*. Generally, these performances do not compare with the AM records Johnson made later.

The Davis album is a good companion to *Miles Davis Plays for Lovers*, issued a few months ago by Prestige. The previous album consisted of ballad interpretations by the trumpeter, the current one of up-tempo performances, except *'Round Midnight*, by his 1956 quintet with tenor saxophonist John Coltrane, pianist Red Garland, bassist Paul Chambers, and drummer Philly Joe Jones.

In short, the *Jazz Classics* album has some of the best recordings by the most important small band of the '50s: *Well, You Needn't* (finely constructed Davis, craggy, long-lined Coltrane, excellent Chambers section work); *Oleo* (telling contrast among smoldering-but-pretty Davis, hard-as-nails Coltrane, and bebop-ish Garland); *Tune Up* (graceful Miles, churning Trane); *Airegin* (calmer Coltrane); *Half Nelson* (effective use of quarter notes as simultaneous points of pause and take-off by Davis, plus well-done Jones drum work); *Woody 'n You* (the seldom-heard never-miss-a-note side of Davis in startling evidence); *'Round Midnight* (a good performance but lacking the deep melancholy of the Columbia version recorded about the same time); and *Salt Peanuts* (a wild treatment of Dizzy Gillespie's theme, a running Coltrane solo, and gusty Jones drum work, replete with a Big Sid Catlett roll-with-accents).

NEW BUT NOT SO NEW: Among the reactivated Riverside label's first releases are *Monk and Coltrane* (490) and *The-*

lonious Monk in Italy (443).

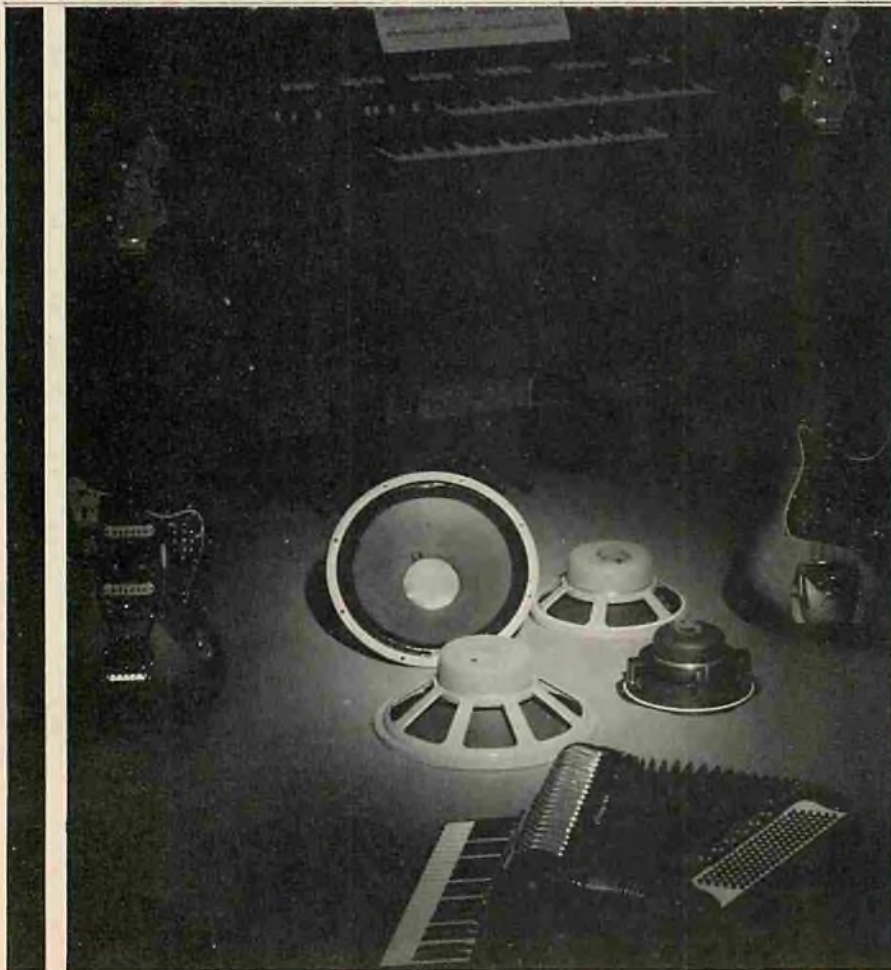
The former, an excellent album, includes three tracks by the 1957 Monk quartet with Coltrane (*Ruby, My Dear*; *Trinkle, Trinkle*; and *Nutty*) and alternate masters of *Off Minor*, *Epistrophy* (both by a large group that included Coleman Hawkins as well as Coltrane), and *Functional*, a solo-piano blues.

Monk in Italy contains half of the last Monk album released by Riverside (*Two Hours with Monk*, a two-LP set) before the company's collapse two years ago. Monk's quartet with tenorist Charlie Rouse, bassist John Ore, and drummer Frankie Dunlop play *Jackieing*, *Epistrophy*, *Body and Soul* (piano solo), *Bemsha Swing*, *San Francisco Holiday* (*Worry Later*), *Crepuscle with Nellie*, *Rhythm-a-ning*, and *Straight, No Chaser*. All Monk's solos are excellent, but there are too many ramblings by Rouse and Ore for blanket recommendation. All tracks were made at a concert in Milan.

Prestige has again repackaged some of its Stan Getz material, this time calling it *Stan Getz Jazz Classics* (7434). It was reissued about 2½ years ago as *Early Getz*.

The album contains four superb performances—*'Round Midnight*, *Lee, Motion*, and *Signal*—by Getz, guitarist Jimmy Raney (leader on the original date), pianist Hall Overton, bassist Red Mitchell, and drummer Frank Isola. The other tracks are by a 1949 Terry Gibbs group that spiritedly but shallowly runs through *T&S*, *Michelle*, *Terry's Tune*, and *Cuddles*.

—Don DeMicheal



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BLUES 'N' FOLK

By PETE WELDING

Recordings reviewed in this issue:

Muddy Waters, *The Real Folk Blues* (Chess 1501)

Rating: ★★★★★

Howlin' Wolf, *The Real Folk Blues* (Chess 1502)

Rating: ★★★★★

Sonny Boy Williamson, *The Real Folk Blues* (Chess 1503)

Rating: ★★★★★

With its new "Folk Blues" series, Chess appears finally to be directing its blues LPs to the audience that actually buys them. With these three welcome albums, the series is off to an excellent start.

The Waters album is especially fine, almost as good as the nonpareil *The Best of Muddy Waters* (Chess 1427), which remains—for this listener, at any rate—the Waters collection. This new set, however, is particularly valuable in that it again makes available some impressive items from the beginning of Waters' recording career.

Included in the album are Waters' powerful remake, marred only by a somewhat hysterical guitar solo, of Robert Johnson's *Walking Blues* (though composer

credit is given to Willie Dixon!), the excellent *Rollin' and Tumblin'*, *Canary Bird*, *Little Geneva*, and *Screamin' and Cryin'*. All are pretty much in pure Mississippi delta style, the Johnson influence paramount.

Another early item is the atypical *Gypsy Woman*, which features Sunnyland Slim's vintage blues piano.

Middle-period Waters is represented by the strong *Just to Be with You*, which boasts a stunning ensemble sound and a magnificent harmonica solo, and the striding *Walking through the Park*. *Same Thing*, a cleverly written blues about the ubiquity of the sex drive, takes care of more recent Waters stylings. A good set.

The hypnotic, overwhelming power that characterizes Howlin' Wolf at his best (heard in great abundance in his two earlier Chess LPs) rarely reveals itself in this new collection, which for the most part brings together some of Wolf's more commercial—but still fine—blues of the last several years. Wolf has been a particularly consistent performer during his recording career, and even his most market-slanted records possess an undeniable power and the stamp of a forceful personality.

On many of these tracks the singer's excellent little band has been abetted by a bank of keening saxophones, but such is the strength of Wolf's personality that the performances rarely descend to the trivial, though in the hands of another performer they easily might.

Among the better items are *Louise*, *Poor Boy* (patterned on Little Walter's greatly successful *My Babe*), *Country Sugar Mama*, *Natchez Burnin'* (a remake of Gene Gilmore's 1940 topical piece), *Three Hundred Pounds of Joy* (utterly delightful), and *Built for Comfort*. Guitarist Hubert Sumlin lends the album much interest through his inventive and feelingful solo work.

In any assessment of the greatest post-war blues men, Sonny Boy Williamson, No. 2—that is, Rice Miller—would be in the front ranks. As a blues poet, he is perhaps unparalleled in modern blues; his imagery is rich and pungent, and his songs, beautifully concise and imaginative, deal with human situations—particularly love—in realistic human terms.

As a performer, Williamson was magnificent, his voice sly, insinuating, intimate, his harmonica playing remarkably subtle, detailed, and, above all, sensitive to the mood of the song.

This disc is a perfectly apt memorial to Williamson's singular talents (he died last year). Every one of the pieces is a gem, among the brightest of which are *Trust My Baby* (a beautifully controlled, slow, and pensive number in which the harmonica comments with perfect economy), the sly but powerful *Checking up on My Baby*, the moving *Sad to Be Alone*, and the imaginative *One Way Out*.

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1. Shorty Rogers. **Echoes of Harlem** (from *Jazz Waltz*, Reprise). Rogers, arranger, fluegelhorn.

Sounds like some big band Shorty put together. The best part was Shorty's solo; they fell into a nice semblance of a groove there. Other than that, everything was a little hurried, it seemed. They missed the real feeling of what they were going for, probably because they'd never seen it before the record date. This happens all too often, but it's amazing that they came as close as they did. I didn't recognize the tune.

Three stars.

2. Red Mitchell-Harold Land Quintet. **Pari-Passu** (from *Hear Ye!*, Atlantic). Carmell Jones, trumpet; Land, tenor saxophone; Frank Strazzeri, composer, piano; Mitchell, bass.

I'm trying to figure out who that bass player was, because I don't think it's the kid that was working for Dizzy when Persip and Wynton Kelly were there. It's one of Benny Golson's compositions, huh?

I'll give it four stars, because the chart had nice development. It was one of those typical Golson originals where the changes are coming every two beats—very difficult. The bass player played just about the only kind of a solo you could play on a tune of that type structure and keep it swinging.

I think it was Persip and Wynton Kelly, but I don't know who the bass player was.

3. Maynard Ferguson Sextet. **No More Wood** (Mainstream). Ferguson, trumpet; Mike Abene, piano, composer; Ron McClure, bass.

I liked it to a certain extent. I'm sure glad Scott LaFaro was on it, because otherwise it would never have . . . well, it acted like it was going to swing, but it never did. If it hadn't been for Scott, it would have been a total loss. It was just a little too sterile; the repetition of the Charleston became boring and rigid.

I don't know any of the guys except Scott LaFaro, because it was one of those dates when he was in the middle period of his development, just before he ascended to the rank of stardom.

Scott was responsible for my becoming really interested in the bass again, because from the time Jimmy Blanton was my idol

until Scott came along, I was just really floating . . . I wasn't impressed. Scott used to come and sit in at the Lighthouse and he pulled my mind right back to the bass.

Two stars. Make it 2½ because of Scotty.

4. Ray Brown. **Cannon-Bilt** (from *Ray Brown with the All-Star Big Band*, Verve). Brown, bass, composer; Ernie Wilkins, arranger.

Four stars! That was Pettiford with Duke. He was trying his best to hold up Blanton's tradition, and he did a very admirable job. He didn't quite make it, but he came awfully close.

I don't recall the tune, but when you hear a chart like that, you know that's where jazz comes from.

5. Paul Bley. **Walking Woman** (from *Barrage*, ESP). Dewey Johnson, trumpet; Marshall Allen, alto saxophone; Paul Bley, piano; Eddie Gomez, bass; Milford Graves, drums; Carla Bley, composer.

Well . . . they made what they were going for, so it's a four-star record. It's hard to believe that new young players have to become so proficient and attempt to attract attention by exhibiting such fantastic virtuoso ability in order to become established in the music business today.

It's thrilling to me to think that here we have the result of diversion of bright musical talent in America. It started 20 years ago when it became evident that musicians could make more money playing jazz than concert music. From then on the bright prospective music talents gravitated toward jazz because they could make money faster and be more successful.

They are playing a form of music here where the two meet—your classical training and your jazz feeling. Where the railroad tracks come together, an exhibition of schooling. It was Ornette and his friends—Ornette's group and Scotty, or might have been Charlie Haden, I don't know. But the mere fact that they could do what they did shows extensive feeling for jazz.

6. Stan Kenton. **Artemis** (from *Adventures in Time*, Capitol). Marv Stamm, trumpet; Gabe Baltazar, alto saxophone; Kenton, piano; Johnny Richards, composer.

Howard Rumsey claims the distinction of having been running a successful jazz club continuously for a longer period than anyone else in the United States. Almost 17 years have passed since the day he walked into the Lighthouse at Hermosa Beach, Calif., and suggested to owner John Levine that they try out a Sunday afternoon jam session. Soon thereafter, the full-time jazz policy was started.

Rumsey's background as a musician goes back to the 1930s. A senior in high school at the time of the repeal of prohibition, he played drums in a city municipal band and at a saloon; later, moving to Los Angeles from the San Diego area, he switched to bass and joined a band led by tenor saxophonist Vido Musso. Musso's pianist was Stan Kenton. In 1940 Rumsey became a member of Kenton's first band and stayed until 1942.

Rumsey is still playing, leading the Lighthouse All-Stars five nights out of every 14; the rest of the time he oversees the operation that brings name bands and combos into the club.

This was Rumsey's first *Blindfold Test*. Except for the one by Kenton, all the records played featured artists who have played the Lighthouse at one time another.

Whew! It's a good thing Gabe Baltazar was on that. That's a Kenton band and a two-star record. There's nobody listening to that kind of music. When I heard the Long Beach Municipal Band with Herbert L. Clark as soloist-conductor, it was a better band than that.

This is dear Stan carrying on his tradition as the Wagner of American jazz, and he's hung with it and he'll never be able to get away from it, and it's okay with me. In another 30 years there might be a place for that band; but as it is right now it's just hanging out here with no particular place or rhyme or reason.

It started to get interesting, then it wound up with a marching-band ending. The piano sounded like an attempt to sound delicate, but it didn't come out that way. Very mediocre. Jeepers creepers!

7. Ramsey Lewis. **Something You Got** (from *Choice*, Cadet). Lewis, piano; ElDee Young, bass; Red Holt, drums.

Yeah. Ramsey and his boys. Three stars. The Ramsey Lewis Trio will always hold a fond spot in my heart; they have brought the drums, piano, and bass to a whole new generation of jazz listeners. They have done more for the cause of jazz with one hit record than anything in the last five, six years. Even the *pre-teens* know them! So now, with this crack in the fence, if the jazz players take advantage of it, they'll pick up a lot of new listeners.

This particular track is something he has been doing ever since he played the piano in church on Sundays. The thing it has above all else is the naturalness . . . it's the natural thing to do, and he did it every Sunday night all the time he was in school, and they had just as much fun then as they have now, but today more people are getting acquainted with the fun and the naturalness of it—which is why the young listeners can buy it.

More people have heard more good music under better conditions in the last 15 years than they did in all the time before. And half the people in America today are 25 or younger, so it's time for us to take advantage of these facts, and come through for those people that are ready to listen and are searching to find.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

(Continued from page 13)

the country's jazz public will soon be able to judge for themselves. At the festival's conclusion, Hammond announced that he would record the band for Columbia—an indication that collegiate jazz is now of age, as, indeed, the entire festival so tellingly proved. —Dan Morgenstern

Bill Evans

Town Hall, New York City

Personnel: Evans Trio—Evans, piano; Chuck Israels, bass; Arnie Wise, drums. Orchestra—Ernie Royal, Clark Terry, Bill Berry, trumpets; Bob Brookmeyer, Quentin Jackson, Bill Watrous, trombones; Bob Northern, French horn; Jerry Dodgion, George Marge, Eddie Daniels, Frank Perowsky, Marvin Holladay, reeds; Israel's, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Al Cohn, arranger-conductor.

Surprisingly, this was Evans' New York concert debut. The happy results made clear that the concert format is perfectly suited to Evans, whose work invites and rewards the kind of concentrated listening possible in such a setting.

Evans' music is a delight—in good measure so because it utilizes the basic traditional materials of jazz without distorting or abusing them and with almost classic restraint and simplicity. Because of his mastery of the song form, Evans is able to inject into his work a wealth of nuance, re-creating the familiar, and uncovering endless possibilities in a realm others have discarded in favor of a "freedom" that too often becomes self-indulgence.

This concert was a model of intelligent organization. It presented Evans in three distinct settings: at the helm of his trio (surely one of the best integrated units of its kind), as a soloist, and as a functional sideman and soloist in a big-band format.

The trio segment came first and consisted of eight selections—two originals, four standards, and two superior ballads of recent vintage. Of the latter, Evans wrought a near-miracle with the much-abused *Who Can I Turn To?*, avoiding all bombast and sentimentality in his delicate rubato exposition of the theme, accompanied only by arco bass, and then moving into tempo with relaxed and flowingly swinging ideas. *Make Someone Happy* also became a vehicle for discovery, from the unaccompanied introduction to the bracing Bud Powell-like run at the end.

The originals were *Very Early*, a gently melodic air with a light waltz lilt, and *My Lover's Kiss*, a beautiful ballad. *Spring Is Here* became a shimmering impressionistic canvas. *I Should Care* brought out the full contour of the fine melody at a surprising medium-bounce tempo. And *My Foolish Heart*, usually a cloying thing in the hands of singers, was the premise for a very free and ingenious improvisation that barely sketched in the outlines of the tune.

Beautiful Love concluded the first segment. It was taken at an up tempo and featured Wise. Originally an East Coast substitute for Larry Bunker but now a permanent member of the trio, Wise is the best drummer Evans has had. Working mostly with brushes, he was a model of good taste and comprehension of Evans' musical aims, unintrusive but always there.

Bassist Israels, with Evans some five years, has more than filled the shoes of

his illustrious predecessor, the late Scott LaFaro. Israels is a fine technician, with a full, rounded tone, but the most impressive aspect of his work with Evans is his seemingly intuitive feeling for the direction of the pianist's improvisations. Israels soloed on nearly every selection, and it is a compliment to his gifts as a melodic player to note that these spots maintained the lofty level set by Evans.

Evans opened the second half of the concert with a new composition for solo piano titled *In Memory of His Father, Harry L. Evans, 1891-1966*. A three-part piece, it consists of a prolog, an improvisational section based on two themes in song form (*Story Line* and *Turn Out the Stars*), and a brief epilog.

On the basis of a single hearing (it was the kind of piece one immediately wanted to hear again), it is Evans' most impressive achievement as a composer. The prolog, not in a strict jazz idiom, was reminiscent of a Ravel piano piece, without being in the least derivative.

The middle section, played with jazz feeling and time, introduced a theme (*Stars*) of astonishing loveliness, developed in what surely was Evans' most remarkable playing of the evening. The startlingly brief epilog, less than a minute in duration, crystallized the mood and feeling of the entire piece. It was the kind of music about which it is difficult to comment because it was a complete and totally absorbing experience. (The audience was asked to refrain from applause at the conclusion of this section.)

The orchestral pieces (*What Kind of Fool Am I?*; *Willow, Weep for Me*; and Evans' *Funkallero* and *Waltz for Debby*) were performed without interruption, with brief transitions between tunes by either woodwinds or piano. Cohn's writing for woodwinds was particularly attractive and imaginatively colored.

There also were brilliant brass passages sparked by Royal's immaculate lead.

Though Evans was well featured, the arrangements were not piano showcases. Solos by Terry, Daniels, Dodgion, and Brookmeyer added excitement, with Terry particularly outstanding in a vehement plunger spot on *Fool*. Daniels, an excellent tenorist and clarinetist, shone on *Willow* with a dramatic tenor solo, and the theme of *Waltz* was introduced by Terry and Brookmeyer in their inimitable duo style. Evans dug in on the bright *Funkallero*.

Don't come to Evans looking for flash, funk, and surface emotion. But when it comes to creating music at the piano, Evans has few peers. —Dan Morgenstern

Titans of the Tenor Sax

Lincoln Center, Philharmonic Hall, New York City

Personnel: Albert Ayler, Coleman Hawkins, Yusef Lateef, Sonny Rollins, Pharoah Sanders, Zoot Sims, tenor saxophones; John Coltrane, tenor and soprano saxophones; Carlos Ward, alto saxophone; Donald Ayler Clark Terry, trumpets; Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone; John Hicks, Roger Kellaway, Alice McLeod Coltrane, piano; Bill Crow, Waller Booker, Jimmy Garrison, bass; Rashid Ali, Dave Bailey, J. C. Moses, Mickey Roker, drums.

Though the original format of this concert—to present Hawkins, Sims, Rollins, and Coltrane as representatives of important and influential tenor saxophone

styles—was promising, the promise failed to materialize.

Instead of a concert, this was a chaotic, rambling, pointless "happening," seemingly designed to frustrate the audience and embarrass those artists who had come to play. If an enemy of jazz had plotted to make the music and the performers appear absurd and irresponsible, he couldn't have been more successful. To attend this event was an experience that made one doubt his own sanity.

It got under way with a brief but excellent set by Sims, who was accompanied by the rhythm section of the Terry-Brookmeyer group (Kellaway, Crow, Bailey).

Though Sims failed to adjust the microphone, and much of his work thus was barely audible, he produced a sequence of swinging blues choruses on Al Cohn's *Mama Flosey*, warming up the audience and the rhythm team. He followed with George Handy's pretty ballad *The Trouble with You Is Me*, playing with warmth, taste, and feeling.

Sims closed with an up-tempo version of *The Man I Love*, swinging in a relaxed and authoritative manner that was almost a definition of his Lester Young-based but personal style. Kellaway contributed a stomping, inventive solo, and Crow, a sturdy timekeeper not often heard in solo, held the spotlight for two excellent choruses.

Sims was followed by Terry and Brookmeyer, who did *Straight, No Chaser*. The horn men's work was swinging and humorous but seemed to lack their usual sparkle.

Next, Coleman Hawkins, looking the picture of a jazz patriarch with his flowing, grizzled full beard, joined the quintet. Immediately adjusting the mike (he was the only saxophonist of the night to do so), he launched *In a Mellotone* with a few well-chosen notes, instantly capturing the audience with his rich, golden, powerful sound. Hawkins unrolled seven flowing choruses, a tapestry of sound and rhythm that made his appearance the evening's undisputed highlight, though the great man was not at the top of his form.

Having made his mark, Hawkins begged off to enthusiastic applause, impervious to demands for more. (He had been contracted to do just one number.)

Emcee Dave Lambert, apparently slightly bewildered, remained on stage to sing *Hackensack* with the band and scattered with spirit, imagination, and wit. Lambert is a delightful performer; nevertheless, this was a rather anticlimactic ending to the first half of what still appeared to be a concert presentation.

The second part began with the entrance of Rollins' rhythm section (Hicks, Booker, and Roker), introduced by Lambert, who ended with: "And now—Sonny Rollins!" Nobody appeared. Undaunted, Lambert tried again. Still no Rollins. Lambert disappeared into the wings, and after a few suspenseful moments, Rollins emerged, dressed in a black turtle-neck polo shirt, dark slacks, and brown shoes. Horn in mouth, he produced a long, uninterrupted note while walking on stage.

Rollins had in tow an unannounced guest, Yusef Lateef. The two tenors launched *Sonnymoon for Two*, and Rol-

lins gave Lateef the first solo. While Lateef played (and very well), Rollins sauntered about the stage, occasionally testing the acoustics with fitting phrases from his horn. But when the time came for his solo, two or three tentative notes were all that happened. Hicks, expectantly, comped for an uneventful twelve bars, then started a solo of his own.

Meanwhile, Rollins had wandered across the stage. He now alerted the rhythm section for a downbeat, began *Hold 'Em, Joe*, abandoned the tune after a few bars, changed the tempo, began to play *Penthouse Serenade*, changed the tempo again, and then played a half-chorus of *Three Little Words*. While the rhythm section vamped, Rollins concluded this lightning

"medley" with thank-yous to the audience and the musicians. Then, with Lateef again in tow, he backed out into the wings, playing a tentative riff. The entire performance had lasted less than 10 minutes. Rollins returned briefly, quieting the cries of "more," to announce that he would be back later, with Coltrane.

After the confused sidemen had finally collected themselves sufficiently to leave the stage, Lambert announced Coltrane's group. Bassist Garrison, and drummers Ali and Moses caused no great surprise, though the group's new pianist did. But that was as nothing compared to what was still to come: Sanders, the Ayler brothers, and, a bit later, altoist Ward.

Sanders made his entrance carrying a

large brown shopping bag, subsequently found to contain tambourines, maracas, and other exotic rhythm accoutrements.

Coltrane, appearing relaxed and happy, gave his minions time to group themselves on stage while Garrison played nimble, flamenco-like solo bass. Coltrane then intoned *My Favorite Things* on soprano. A few restrained choruses was to be the sole reference to this point of departure during the following 35 minutes.

Coltrane soon yielded the solo spot to Sanders, who launched a gargling banshee-wail, which he sustained for the duration of his "solo." It was a grotesque display of willful ugliness. Sanders never touched the keys of his horn and was content with overblowing and creating no musical pattern of any kind, either melodic or rhythmic.

When it came to screaming, however, Sanders met his match in Albert Ayler, whose noises at least had some movement. Squeaking and squealing at lightning speed, he gave a convincing musical impression of a whirling dervish seized by St. Vitus dance.

Trumpeter Don Ayler came to bat next. Because he played with his horn's bell pointed at the floor, most of his solo was inaudible (the hall's poor acoustics, the racket set up by the two drummers, and the occasional "backgrounds" provided by the reeds didn't help either). What was decipherable seemed to be a series of rapid spurts of disjointed notes played with considerable frenzy but little else.

Ward's ensuing alto solo seemed a model of logic and restraint by comparison, though he didn't do much more than string together disjointed phrases taken from Coltrane and Ornette Coleman. He received no tangible assistance from the rhythm section—the two drummers never approached Elvin Jones in terms of excitement and drive, though certainly exceeding him in decibel count.

Ward now yielded to the Ayler brothers who fashioned a weird duet, a bit like the screaming contests little children sometimes indulge themselves in; it was scarcely more pleasing to the ear.

After this quaint interlude, Coltrane took to the mike and began to chant "Om-Mani-Padme-Hum" in a gentle singsong (while the other soloists played, he occasionally had joined the fray, three maracas in one hand). Coltrane concluded the set with a few relaxed moments of tenor. In this context, his playing sounded positively classic—but it was restrained Coltrane, by any standard.

The stunned audience collected its wits sufficiently to offer mild applause and scattered booing.

After this display one wonders what has happened to Coltrane. Is he the prisoner of a band of hypnotists? Has he lost all musical judgment? Or is he putting on his audience? Whatever the answer, it was saddening to contemplate this spectacle, unworthy of a great musician. It was not unlike watching Joe Louis wrestle, but then, Louis did that because he needed money. Coltrane, contracted for five pieces,

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undoubtedly paid his guests himself.

It is conceivable that Coltrane, an earnest and responsible man, has been persuaded that it is his duty to give musicians who presume to be his followers (though their "music" indicates nothing of the kind, aside from certain superficial mannerisms) the opportunity to be heard. For the last six months or so Coltrane has hardly made a single appearance without some member of the extremist faction. Thus, people who come to hear Coltrane are confronted with spectacles such as that which took place at Philharmonic Hall.

If Coltrane has an obligation, real or imagined, to these people whom he insists on carrying on his coat-tails, does he not also have an obligation to his audience? They come to hear him, not those others. They don't hear him. Will they come back? Coltrane is playing a dangerous game in which the risks are all his. The others, the have-nots, have nothing to lose. He does.

As for Rollins, one must assume that he intended to play with Coltrane but was scared off by the circus that ensued. His own set was hardly commensurate with his stature as a great player, but at least his guest was a man who can play his horn. As for Ayler and Sanders, they made a mockery of the use of the term "titans" in the concert's title. No one would envy these players the bookings they can get on the strength of their own work and following, but to ride on the reputation of others is deception.

—Dan Morgenstern

Hampton Hawes

Mitchell's Studio Club, Los Angeles

Personnel: Hawes, piano; Red Mitchell, bass; Donald Bailey, drums.

Pianist Hawes has been playing at Mitchell's (no relation to Red) Studio Club for several months, mostly with bassist Mitchell and drummer Bailey. The trio has developed a tight-ship sound and a repertoire that allows brisk but relaxed procedure of each set.

Hawes, I say disappointedly, has changed little since his mid-1950s prominence on the West Coast. Perhaps he is less blatantly a blues pianist of the pulpit-and-preacher sort; seemingly he has gathered some of the introspectively romantic more firmly into his ways, and he definitely has heard and begun to use some of the voicings that have grown out of the Bill Evans influence.

These last two additions to Hawes' playing modes surprise me. I would have predicted that he might have become an angry young Negro on the contemporary socio-musical scene, like Andrew Hill and Archie Shepp (I don't equate them). However, like Miles Davis, with whom he used to speak of playing cabbage and clabber instead of fruit salad like Dave Brubeck, Hawes has demonstrated a wish to withdraw musically from the overtly declamatory socialists and just play music, personal music. But whatever Hawes' intentions, conscious or otherwise, these two new inclusions that would help compose his new total musical concept are fitted together rather ungracefully—they do not blend and, instead, abut along uneven conceptual boundaries.

In part I must only guess what the trouble is. First, Hawes has more than

once stated that he is primarily a self-taught pianist. He attacks with tension and crispness (but occasionally brittleness instead of the latter). He is not afraid to push himself to his technical limits, but because of his mildly unorthodox keyboard approach, which might be analogous to a well-conceived but still hunt-and-peck method at the typewriter, there are strict limits beyond which speed and fluidity cannot proceed.

Second, although Hawes hears the voicings and technical feats (especially in block chording) that have become standard mechanics in the 1960s, he has apparently tried to incorporate these into his work without altering and improving his present pianistics in a formal way. I would guess he is relying solely on his ears and on-the-job practice. The result is that when Hawes tries to be something other than the rollicking blues-oriented pianist that many people thought quite satisfactory in the '50s, he is often ungainly and excitedly uncomfortable.

Hawes also uses a kind of corny format with anything but the blues. On every tune he played (except blues), he began out of tempo and alone, utilizing as always a frilly, flowery run that ended at the upper end of the piano as his principal device. He did not use the pedals in the punctuational damping and attenuation of a chordal sound that John Lewis and Bill Evans and so many others know as tellingly effective.

Hawes' best playing came on *Some Day My Prince Will Come*, but only after he got into tempo. Then he became freshly inventive and showed good control, unclichéd improvisation, and some interesting freedom in meter and rhythm.

Mitchell and Bailey worked extremely well together. The bassist's consummate solo abilities are marked by a biting clear rhythmic sense, a pungent humor, and a rambling lyricality that make his every effort total delight. Bailey used mallets very well and was appropriately quiet but still pulsingly alive in his support.

For Bailey and Mitchell this trio is worth hearing often, and although I have strong reservations about Hawes, there is an undeniable shout and excitement to his work.

There may be a better way of summing up all this, but the extent to which the late Carl Perkins was a more rewarding player than Hawes is related to the basis for my qualifications about the latter. The drawing of a comparison between them is all the more meaningful and might have heuristic value for Hawes if he were to consider it.

Perkins, like Hawes, revealed very strong blues influences, was largely self-taught, and suffered, or at least was limited by, even worse technical habits. Yet Perkins never got involved in corny formats, blended his blues and sophistication well, and never fell into cliché or scale-running habits. How he accomplished his excellence in the face of his technical shortcomings I have no idea—maybe Leroy Vinnegar could tell me, or better yet, tell Hawes, about whom I remain frustrated and intrigued.—John William Hardy



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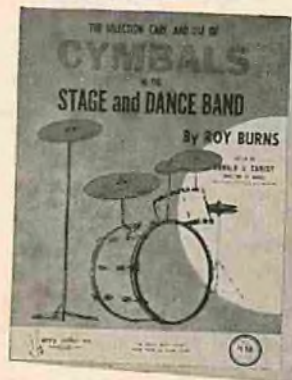
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JAZZ ON CAMPUS

By GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

The Mobile, Ala., Jazz Festival is getting set for its maiden effort. The event, to be held April 2 and 3, seems extremely well organized by a local advisory board, in conjunction with Spring Hill College and the University of South Alabama.

This competition for college bands, combos, and vocalists will be held in the 10,500-seat Mobile Municipal Auditorium. American Broadcasting Co. radio will broadcast the event.

Judges for the contest include Jerry Gray, John Hammond, Skitch Henderson, Dan Morgenstern, and this writer. Sixty-four college groups entered the contest this year; and from these, six big bands, eight combos, and four vocalists have been selected to appear as finalists.

The Millikin University Lab Band served as clinic band and guest band at the seventh annual Chicagoland Stage Band Festival Feb. 5 at suburban Oak Lawn High School. This competition is the largest one-day stage band festival in the country; 45 bands participated this year.

Head judge and clinician was Leon Breeden, director of the Jazz Lab Bands at North Texas State University, Denton, Texas. He was assisted in judging and clinic work by Roger Schueler, Millikin Lab Band director and brass and theory

teacher at the school; Robert Smith of Carroll College, Waukesha, Wis.; and Ted Buenger of Brookfield, Wis.

Best-of-show award in the AA competition went to the Melodons of Notre Dame High School, Niles, Ill., for the fifth time in the seven-year history of the contest. In the A Class the best-of-show trophy was won by the Libertyville, Ill., High School Band, directed by John Chambers.

The band from Millikin, located in Decatur, Ill., performed as part of the evening playoffs.

A statewide stage band competition at Louisiana Polytechnic Institute at Ruston, La., was won by the Broadmoor High School Stage Band of Baton Rouge. Trumpeter Lee Fortier, a onetime Woody Herman bandsman, is the director.

As part of their annual stage band clinic, the Houstonians of Sam Houston State Teachers College, Huntsville, Texas, sponsored a contest for original compositions for stage bands. Cash prizes were awarded to the best high school and college entry.

The high school division award went to James Beckel of Marion, Ohio, for his *Theme and Variations*. Robert H. Curnow, a graduate student at Michigan State University, won the college division prize with his *Passacaglia*. Curnow was formerly the director of the West Chester, Pa., State Teachers College band during his undergraduate years and has played with the Stan Kenton Orchestra. Currently he is

directing the stage band at Michigan State.

Runners-up in the college division were Curtis Wilson's *A Bonnie Lass Waltz* and John Hollifield's *A Jazz Suite*. Wilson attends Texas Christian University, Fort Worth, Texas, and Hollifield is studying at Abilene Christian College. Harley Rex, director of the Houstonians, deserves credit for sponsoring and encouraging these original compositions.

The University of Nevada stage band under the direction of Eugene Isaacs had its fifth annual high school festival March 18 and 19. Guest artists for this year's event were trumpeter Jack Sheldon and tenor saxophonist Raoul Romero. Romero was commissioned to compose a trumpet concerto for Sheldon and the university stage band.

Featured soloists in the band this year include vocalist Carol Roberts; Charles Bickhart, alto saxophone; Harry Massoth, trombone; Bob Montgomery, trumpet; and Ron Falter, drums. Bickhart also functions as assistant director of the band.

The band recently completed a week-long tour of California, Oregon, and Washington, playing for an estimated 20,000 high school and college students.

Besides the concerts, the band gave clinics along the route. Two colleges at which they played, Southwestern Oregon College, Coos Bay, Ore., and Lower Columbia College, Longview, Wash., set up clinics and festivals for local high school bands on the occasion of the Nevada band's appearance.



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Stereo Shopping With Coleman Hawkins

By Charles Graham

High above mid-Manhattan in a large, comfortable, modern apartment overlooking Central Park lives one of the few musicians rightfully ranked alongside Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington in the jazz hierarchy—Coleman Hawkins.

The spacious living room of his home is often the informal meeting place for musicians of all persuasions, from the royalty of jazz to unknown youngsters. Almost any evening when he's not working, Hawkins will be at home listening to records, most often the works of Verdi or Wagner, on his excellent stereo system.

The equipment he has now is a far cry from that on which he first listened to records—a wind-up Victrola in his parents' home in St. Joseph, Mo. Then as now, however, the music was mostly classical. The Victrola had a vibrating diaphragm, a heavy steel needle ("replace after each playing," its playing instructions admonished), and a long exponential horn buried in a large Chippendale cabinet. The pickup weighed up to 20 ounces, as opposed to the two to five grams of today's pickups.

Later, after having astonished every saxophonist who heard him with the Fletcher Henderson Orchestra in the '20s and early '30s and having been recognized as father of the tenor, Hawkins bought a Capehart phonograph, then the Rolls-Royce of listening machines. It had a wonderful tone, considering the era. By the time his children were listening to records a great deal, Hawkins had bought his second Capehart. It was just before the advent of LP records, and the Capehart company never adapted their machines for long-playing records.

He later bought a portable Motorola stereo set that he could take on the road. It was an inexpensive unit with two small, separate speakers forming the lid. With extension cords, the speakers could be set up 10 or more feet apart. His visitors were often amazed by the seeming realism of this early stereo set, despite its limited power and frequency range.

Hawkins usually thinks about something new for a long time before he acts. Then when he does, he acts so rapidly and with such economy of announcement or motion that others sometimes mistake it for haste or lack of proper consideration.

Thus, when he decided to replace his portable stereo set, he thought about it for several months, discussed what to buy with experts, salesmen, engineers, and those musicians who had put together their own home systems.



It is typical of Hawkins that he decided on buying expensive equipment. ("I just want the best," he said. "That's all.")

After listening to many systems and different combinations, both in audio salesrooms and in homes, he chose a heavy-duty, two-unit amplifier (preamplifier and power amplifier on separate chassis, which is still the practice in the best and most expensive units), a Garrard Model A changer, and J. B. Lansing loud-speakers. These amplifiers and speakers are similar to those used in the best recording studios and theaters and are very costly. In addition, he bought a Tandberg Model 64 tape deck (no power amplifiers or loud-speakers) to use with his amplifier. He also purchased a Scott 350D FM stereo tuner.

Unfortunately, he'd got a power amplifier that had excellent characteristics at first, but it burned out certain resistors in its output stages every few months. He replaced these resistors each time they burned out, carefully changing the bias of the output tubes with the simple screw-driver adjustments provided and checking them on the built-in bias meter. Nevertheless, the problem recurred. (Indicative of the quality of this amplifier was the fact that even with these key resistors burned out, the unit continued to function with only slightly audible distortion. Most other amplifiers would have gone dead.)

Finally deciding to get a replacement, Hawkins investigated other amplifiers for several months. He wanted an extremely high-powered amplifier that would nevertheless be long-lived and reliable. He recently chose the Acoustech Model 1A, which can deliver up to 80 watts into each of his speaker systems.

The Lansing speakers are extremely effi-

cient, delivering more sound for each unit of electrical energy input than most other speakers (they can easily fill a medium-size concert hall with sound by using only 10 or 15 watts of their total output).

Yet Hawkins' ears had told him that something was missing from systems using lower-powered amplifiers. Higher-powered amplifiers provide a shade more realism on sharp transients such as cymbal crashes, bass drum, and tympani. The instantaneous power required for accurate reproduction of these sounds may go as high as 50 to 75 watts a channel even when the power needed for the rest of the music is as low as five watts.

Hawkins kept his tuner, tape deck, and changer because they were operating well. He got a new magnetic pickup, the Stanton (Pickering) "longhair," which has a brush built into the stylus assembly in such a way that it removes most dust and lint from the record's grooves just ahead of the tracking stylus.

For recording piano and/or saxophone at home, Hawkins uses two Electro-Voice Model 664 microphones, which he plugs directly into his tape deck.

When checking out his new amplifier, he was in the midst of discussions with critic Stanley Dance and RCA Victor representatives on a projected album that is to feature his tenor with a large orchestra. With this in mind, Hawkins was picking tunes for pianist Tommy Flanagan to sketch out before final arrangements were set. He frequently sat down at the piano, turned on the tape deck and played a few phrases until he found something he liked and then taped a few instructions to Flanagan, who later would play the tape at his own home.

After Hawkins had balanced the speaker channels of the new amplifier, a copy of the recent RCA Victor Vintage series re-issue titled *Body and Soul* was put on to play. The title tune, of course, is the classic Hawkins performance, and though it wasn't stereo, it came through the two-speaker system almost the way it has sounded in clubs the thousands of times he has played it since he recorded it in 1939. Then Hawkins put on a Puccini opera, and everyone settled back to listen.

Coleman Hawkins' home music system costs:

Garrard Type A changer	\$ 89
Stanton "longhair" pickup	\$ 50
Dyanco PAS-3 preamp	\$110
Acoustech power amp	\$395
Scott 350D FM tuner	\$175
J.B. Lansing speaker systems, each	\$700
Tandberg 64 tape deck	\$500
E-V 664 microphones, each	\$ 75



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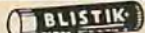
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AD LIB

(Continued from page 16)

Bill McFarland, trombone; Richard Brown, piano; Ron Patterson, bass; and Jimmy Taft, drums) at the University of Illinois' Chicago Circle Campus, by the Chicago Improvisational Ensemble (under the direction of pianist-composer Bill Mathieu) and the trio of pianist Fred Kaz at Second City, and by the Joe Daley Trio at Valparaiso, Ind., University. Daley followed his Valparaiso stint with an appearance at Chicago's Illinois Teachers College... Another college gig, this time at the University of Chicago's Mandel Hall, will find the Roscoe Mitchell Quintet, abetted by pianist-composer Richard Abrams, at a March 31 concert, as part of the university's ongoing 75th-anniversary celebration.

PHILADELPHIA: Stan Kenton, in town to help with the Intercollegiate Jazz Festival competition, took time out to receive an award from a Drexel Institute fraternity and to appear on a television program... Pianist Jimmy Wisner accompanied a troupe led by singer Bobby Rydel on a Viet Nam tour... Pianist Demon Spiro is leading a trio at the Capri... The big band of Artie Romanis is rehearsing Sundays in Trenton, N.J., after being disbanded for three years. It plans to play concerts at the Trenton Times Community Room... Philadelphia's 12th annual Bands of Tomorrow competition for high school stage bands will be held March 25. The contest is sponsored each year by the Philadelphia Junior Chamber of Commerce.

DETROIT: One local jazzman whose gig should last is vibist Jack Brokensha. Brokensha has bought the Living Room and will feature his own group, with Bess Bonnier, piano; Dan Jordan, bass; and Dick Riordan, drums, five nights a week. The club will now be called Jack Brokensha's... During Sonny Stitt's engagement at the Drome, large crowds were the rule. Accompanying the saxophonist were organist Don Patterson and drummer Billy James... Baker's Keyboard returned to a name-group policy after a brief post-holiday layoff. First to appear was vocalist Amanda Ambrose with the Dee Felice Trio. Baker's is now open every night. On Sundays the Claude Black Trio, with Ernie Farrow, bass, and Bill Hardy, drums, appears. Pianist Black will do a single on week nights between name bookings... Detroiters John Dana, bass, and Ronald Johnson, drums, who accompanied Andrew Hill in his recent Detroit appearance, journeyed to Toronto, Ont., to join the pianist for a weekend engagement... The Detroit Contemporary 4 (Dana, Johnson, Charles Moore, cornet, and Stan Cowell, piano) has tentatively scheduled concerts at the Artists Workshop featuring pianists Paul Bley and Burton Greene as guest artists... The newest group to appear at the Workshop is the Lyman Woodard Ensemble (Woodard, piano, organ; Charles Miles, alto and soprano saxophones; David

Squires, tenor saxophone; Ed Haod, trumpet; and Dana, bass)... The Wayne State University Artists' Society has worked out an exchange policy with the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians in Chicago, which may lead to several exchange appearances of Detroit and Chicago avant-garde jazzmen. The first fruit of the policy was tenor saxophonist Joseph Jarman's concert at Wayne March 19... Pianist Bob McDonald's trio, with Frank Vojcek, bass, and Doug Hammon, drums, was set to give several demonstrations of blues and jazz for Prof. John Schwartz' humanities classes at Wayne U.

LOUISVILLE: Jazz concerts have been figuring more heavily in local activities lately. Erroll Garner's mid-February concert at Memorial Auditorium was highly successful; the same hall rocked a month later, on March 15, with the Ramsey Lewis Trio. Lewis originally had been slated to play the auditorium in February, but the concert was canceled because of a severe snowstorm. Late in February singer Pearl Bailey and drummer-husband Lonnie Bellson took over the Convention Center for their "An Evening with Miss Pearl Bailey." March 5 saw the local Jamie Aebersold-Everett Hoffman Septet head south for a concert at Tennessee Polytechnic Institute; the group members also served as stage band clinicians. The school's Troubadors stage band also was featured on the concert program... A recent Sunday session at the Shack featured flutist Glenn Bradley, pianist Bob Lam, bassist Jack Brengle, drummers Buddy Charles, Dave Kaufmann, and Tommy McCullough, and vocalists Vanilla Thomas, Barbara Sodd, and Betty Mack... Two six-night afterhours gigs have supplemented the more normal jazz activity here. At Sheik's Diamond Horse Shoe, organist Billy Madison leads a group composed of soprano saxophonist-flutist Glenn Bradley, drummer Dave Morgan, and singer Vanilla Thomas. Bucket and Lena's—a rib house—has trombonist Tommy Walker, organist Freddie Robinson, tenor saxophonist Bill Aiden, and drummer Buddy Charles for an early-hours stint... The trio of organist Randy Sutton (Aiden, tenor saxophone, Charles, drums) plays a six-nighter at the Julep Lounge during regular evening hours, while bassist Jack Brengle has rejoined his old sidekick, drummer Charlie Craig, at the Executive Inn for a like gig... Bob Millard is set to leave his solo piano stint at Dixie's Elbow Room to take a trio into the Continental House. Only drummer Freddy Ferguson is definite for the new group... At Stouffer's Inn, pianist Don Adams and bassist Les Huey are heard six nights a week.

MIAMI: The Dukes of Dixieland closed Feb. 28 at the Band Box of the Doral Beach Hotel in Miami Beach... The Dave Akins Trio played to enthusiastic crowds at the Rancher Lounge. Akins opened there in mid-February... The Count Basie Orchestra played for the University of Florida Military Ball in Gainesville March 19... Dixieland

trumpeter **Phil Napoleon** is both host and star at his new club, Napoleon's Retreat, on the 79th St. Causeway in Miami Beach . . . A jazz trio under the leadership of drummer **Preacher Rollo** has been playing at **Paul Bleavin's Silver Spur** in northwest Miami. Featured with Rollo are **Don Ewell**, piano, and **John Dengler**, saxophones, tuba, and trumpet . . . Appearing at **Mother's Lounge** is the trio of bassist **Stan Musick**. He is assisted by **Lee Scott**, piano, and **Jerry Johnston**, drums. The management is hoping to continue the current Sunday evening jazz sessions . . . WMBM disc jockey **Alan Rock** produced a SRO jazz concert at the Crossway Airport Inn Feb. 13. The **Dolph Castellano Quintet** was featured, the pianist's group comprising reed man-trumpeter **Ira Sullivan**, tenor and soprano saxophonist **Pete Ponzol**, bassist **Conte Milano**, and drummer **Jose Cigno** (currently with **Paul Winter**). On the same bill was bassist **John Thomas' trio** (**Johnny Williams**, piano, and **Buddy Delco**, drums) with guest **Don Hieder**, vibraharp. **Jeff Adams** sang with the group.

LAS VEGAS: Under pianist **Dick Palumbi's** leadership, a strong band was organized for singer **Buddy Greco's** stint at the Sands lounge. It consisted of **Lee Jolley**, **Bob Shew**, **Carl Saunders**, trumpets; **Jimmy Guinn**, **Pat Thompson**, trombones; **Marv Koral**, **Raoul Romero**, **Buck Skalak**, **Dick Klein**, **Don Davidson**, reeds; **Mike Corda**, bass; and **Greco's** own drummer **Bobby Bennett**. The singer gave the band several chances to shout, and the jazz abilities of **Shew**, **Saunders**, **Guinn**, **Romero**, and **Davison** were spotlighted . . . **Naney Wilson** drew high-quality audiences to the Sahara for her two-week bash . . . **Phil Harris** brought along veterans clarinetist **Matty Matlock**, tenorist **Eddie Miller**, drummer **Nick Fatool**, and pianist **Stan Wrightsman** for his recent stand at the Desert Inn . . . **Sarah Vaughan** was featured at the **Riviera** and **Diahann Carroll** at the Sands recently . . . Singer **Joe Williams** displayed his considerable talents at the **Fremont Theater** . . . Following the highly successful appearance of the **Dick Grove Orchestra** at the **Colonial House**, the club had its license yanked by local authorities for non-notification of a change in the ownership. The situation was close to resolution at presstime . . . Singer **Helen O'Connell** was reduced to tears by the **Guy Lombardo Orchestra's** interpretation of her arrangements at rehearsal for their joint opening at the **Tropicana**. However, the gentlemen of that venerable organization sportingly realized their deficiencies in swinging and a "guest" lead trumpeter and drummer joined the crew for **Miss O'Connell's** portion of the act. The unseated players meanwhile consoled themselves with a further perusal of the *Wall Street Journal*.

TORONTO: Music composed and conducted by **Ed Summerlin** was featured on a three-part television series on CFTO. Titled *Celebrations*, the programs were produced for Religious Television Associates by the Anglican Church of Canada.

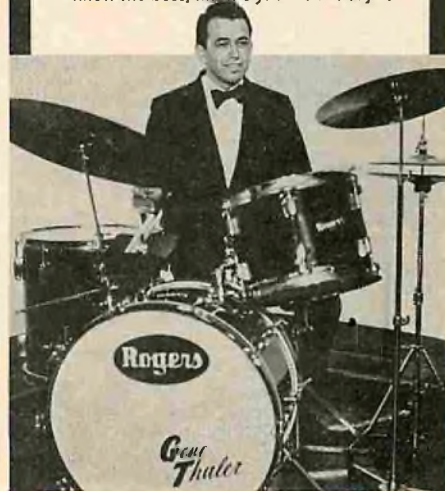
Each segment deals with a specific area of activity: work, love, and leisure. The music was played by saxophonists **Summerlin** and **Don Heckman**, with assists from Toronto musicians **Lenny Boyd**, **Ricky Marcus**, and **Fred Stone**. **Summerlin**, who has been writing experimental music for church services for six years, used hammer, saw, electric drill, and food blender in addition to conventional music instruments . . . Sunday afternoon concert-dances, sponsored by the Toronto Musicians' Association and held in a shopping center, have attracted large audiences. Big bands led by **Mart Kenney**, **Bert Niosi**, **Art Hallman**, **Benny Louis**, and **Trump Davidson** have provided the entertainment . . . Recent activity has included appearances by singer **Jon Hendricks** at the **Town Tavern**, the **Village Stompers** at the **Colonial**, and organist **Milt Buckner** at the **Embassy** . . . A CBC television show, *Festival Presents the Blues*, brought several top blues singers to town. Directed by **Paddy Sampson**, the one-hour program features **Brownie McGhee** and **Sonny Terry**, **Willie Dixon**, **Jesse Fuller**, **Mabel Hillery**, **Sunnyland Slim**, **Big Joe Williams**, **Bukka White**, and the **Muddy Waters Blues Band**. In the taped program they perform and talk about the blues with host **Barry Callaghan**, a lecturer at **York University**.

LONDON: **Steven Stollman**, brother of **ESP Disk** owner-and-chief **Bernard Stollman**, produced an avant-garde happening at the **Marquee Club** Jan. 30. Jazz at the event was provided by pianist **Pete Lemer's** trio (**Jeff Clyne**, bass, **John Stevens**, drums) and an experimental quartet co-led by guitarist **Keith Rowe** and tenorist **Lou Gare** with **Eddie Prevost**, drums, and leading classical composer **Cornelius Cardew**, piano. The **Gare-Rowe** combo plays Wednesday nights at the **Music Room** of **Kensington's Royal College of Art**. **Lemer's** group (with **Roy Kaye** replacing **Clyne**) plays regularly at **Stevens' Little Theater Club**. Other groups who have appeared there include the quartet of trombonist **Chris Pine** and fluegelhornist **Kenny Wheeler** and a group co-led by altoist **Trevor Watts** and trombonist **Paul Rutherford** . . . Altoist **Lee Konitz** and singer **Blossom Dearie** were the February billing at **Ronnie Scott's** club; they were followed by another saxophonist-singer duo, **Sonny Rollins** and **Ernestine Anderson** who were to open March 14 . . . Pianist **Stan Tracey's** recent musical interpretation of **Dylan Thomas' Under Milk Wood** has proved one of the most successful British albums to date. The suite had its first public performance Jan. 28 at **Scott's** club, and on March 6 it was taped at **Cardiff University, Wales**, for **BBC-TV's Jazz 625** series . . . Tenorist **Ronnie Beer** has replaced fluegelhornist **Mongezi Feza** with **Chris McGregor's** **Blue Notes**, who have been playing Friday evening sessions at the **Institute of Contemporary Arts**. The group has an engagement at the **Montmartre Club** in **Copenhagen, Denmark**, for the month of April, for which **McGregor** is busy writing scores for a 10-piece band, intending to add four Danish horns to his group . . .

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Chris Barber's Eagle Brass Band, co-led by drummer **Barry (Kid) Martyn**, toured Switzerland and Germany from Jan. 29 to Feb. 20; the band featured New Orleans trumpeter **Kid Sheik Cola**. Another New Orleansian, veteran reed man **John Handy**, joined Cola for a round-Britain tour with Martyn's band that began March 17. . . . **Woody Herman** recently completed a two-week tour of England that began with a concert at Croydon's Fairfield Hall on March 3.

PARIS: Tenorist **Dexter Gordon** was set for a six-week engagement at the Paris Blue Note club beginning March 1. . . In a further change in the **Art Simmons Trio** at the Living Room, **Rene Nan** has replaced **Charles Bellonzi** on drums. . . The **Oscar Peterson Trio** will give a concert here March 26. . . Guitarist **Rene Thomas** left the **Kenny Clarke Trio** at the Blue Note and took a quintet into the Jazz Land club for a February engagement. . . French radio taped a set of performances by drummer **Elvin Jones** while he was deputizing for **Clarke** at the Blue Note and broadcast the sequence the following day. With **Jones** were **Marc Hemmler**, piano; **Michel Gaudry**, bass; and **Nathan Davis**, tenor saxophone. . . Trumpeter **Don Cherry** has returned to Paris and is currently at the **Chat Qui Peche** club.

STOCKHOLM: Recent activity here has included a tenor saxophone workshop at the Golden Circle featuring **Don Byas**, **Sal Nistico**, and **Bill Barron**. Also appearing at the club have been organist **Shirley Scott** and her husband, tenorist **Stanley Turrentine**, who were followed by trombonist **Eje Thelin**. The trombonist played with his new quartet (**Lars Sjosten**, piano; **Erik Lundborg**, bass; and **Rune Carlsson**, drums). . . The Swedish Radio Network aired a show by the **Don Cherry-Brian Trentham Quartet** (**Cherry**, cornet; **Trentham**, trombone; **Cam Brown**, bass; and **Al Heath**, drums). The group played music by **Cherry**, **Trentham**, **Ornette Coleman**, and **Albert Ayler**. **Trentham** also is leading a trio which often performs at the **Club Surbrunn**. The other members of the group are bassist **Brown** and drummer **Carlsson**.

OSLO: This city's Club 7, which has been hiring local jazz musicians and folk singers, has begun to engage guest artists. On Feb. 24 the club presented its first concert, which featured tenorist **Dexter Gordon**. He was accompanied by pianist **Terje Bjorklund** and bassist **Per Loberg**. Also appearing at the concert were the **Jan Garbarek Quartet**, **Ditlef Eckloff Quintet**, and vocalist **Karin Krog** and her trio. Tenor saxophonist **Johnny Griffin** and drummer **Art Taylor** were tentatively scheduled to play the club for three weeks beginning in early March, depending on when they concluded an engagement at Stockholm's Golden Circle. . . Miss **Krog's** tour of East Germany was canceled the day before she and an orchestra made up of Norwegian and Swedish musicians were to leave. They received word that they would not be allowed to visit the country.

GERMANY: The annual workshop concert of the North German television and radio network took place Feb. 25 in the auditorium of Radio Hamburg. Under the title *New Faces from England*, producer **Hans Gertberg** introduced numerous English jazzmen to German jazz fans; among those participating were trumpeters **Greg Bowen**, **Les Condon**, and **Jan Hamer**; trombonists **Keith Christie** and **John Marshall**; saxophonists **Bob Burns**, **Peter King**, **Danny Moss**, and **Ronnie Ross**; pianist **Bill LeSage**; bassist **Spike Heatley**; and drummer **Tiny Carr**. . . The annual Ruhr arts festival, including the jazz workshop, will take place June 20-24 in Recklinghausen.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA: Recently, the Prague television network began a series of live jazz programs that will be shown every two weeks. The first show, seen Feb. 7, featured the big band of **Karel Krautgartner** and the **Jazz Studio Band**. . . The first showing of German critic **Joachim E. Berendt's** film, *Jazz from Czechoslovakia*, took place in Prague last month. . . The **Junior Trio** (**Jan Hammer Jr.**, piano; **Miroslav Vitous**, bass; **Allan Vitous**, drums) was dissolved after the drummer decided to end his music career and become a coal miner. **Hammer** and bassist **Vitous** joined the **Reduta Quartet** (from which group bassist **Jan Arnet** defected to West Germany recently). The two other members of the quartet are **Laco Deczi**, trumpet, and **Lazo Trop**, drums. . . The recording that trumpeter **Ted Curson** made with the **Junior Trio** and the **Gustav Brom Band** while at the Prague jazz festival last year has been released on the Supraphon label. . . A new magazine devoted entirely to jazz is being published in Czechoslovakia. Called the *Jazz Bulletin*, the magazine will be published monthly.

JAPAN: Reed man **Sadao Watanabe** returned to Japan in December after nearly three years in the States. He is appearing on weekends with a small group at the **Jazz Gallery 8**. . . Singer **Theo Lane** has been packing them in at military and civilian club dates throughout Japan. **Lane** also appears two or three nights a week at the **Hotel Okura's Emerald Room**. . . Drummer **Paul Togawa** has formed a new group and holds forth at the **Camp Zama NCO Club** on the outskirts of Tokyo on weekends. . . **John Coltrane** may tour Japan in July. The **Duke Ellington Orchestra** is another possible tour attraction here. . . **Oscar Peterson** reportedly was miffed at the "slave-driving" schedule during his recent tour. The other side of the story, however, is that the booker gave **Peterson** such a high guarantee that he had to work the trio every night, sometimes two gigs a night, just to break even. . . Singer **Helen Merrill** has been in Japan for several weeks. . . **Tommy Palmer**, a Tokyo jazz fixture for many years, has a weekend stint at the **Tachikawa Civilian Club** outside Tokyo. He has given many of Japan's outstanding young musicians a boost at the beginning of their careers by hiring them as sidemen.

JACQUET

(Continued from page 17)

member of the Berlin Symphony suggested I play bassoon. Because I blow saxophone out of the center of my mouth, he felt my embouchure would be right for it."

Prior to his recent engagement at Embers West in New York City, during which he worked with a quartet that included Richie Wyands, piano; Eddie DeHaas, bass; and Ron Lundberg, drums, Jacquet had been "in the woodshed" with the bassoon off and on for three years. In 1964 he performed only occasionally in public, devoting most of his time to perfecting his technique on the instrument.

Two weeks into the Embers West engagement last December, he brought his bassoon out in public for the first time and created a stir in the New York jazz community. Though he does not yet move on the instrument with startling facility, his performances indicate the bassoon will eventually be an extremely expressive vehicle for him.

He plays with restraint, carefully structuring his solo lines, establishing moods and feelings somewhat at variance with what is usual in his tenor work. The new instrument obviously calls upon a different set of abilities.

Because the bassoon is difficult to play, covers three octaves rather than the tenor's two, Jacquet must concentrate more deeply on what he is doing.

"I have to catch up to the bassoon, and it to me," he commented. "It is not an instrument that can be picked up and played. You *must* have instruction. I believe I've found the right man in Manuel Ziegler, the first bassoon player with the New York Philharmonic.

"I'm trying to bring jazz to the instrument. The longer I play, the more I realize that you have to adapt to the instrument's character, its nature. You can't overblow, bend, or slur notes. The only answer is to play correctly, yet out of your own experience. It takes a lot out of you to play this horn well, but when you're down with it the return is worth all the effort."

Jacquet said he intends to continue to spend the major portion of his time making himself a better bassoon player. This does not mean he will give up the tenor.

"Definitely not," he said of this eventuality. "I don't worry about the saxophone. I know what it can do and what I can do with it. But this bassoon is a great challenge. It's opening up new worlds for me."

He plans to have scores written for strings, oboes, and horns in the bassoon range and record with them as background to his bassoon as soon as he feels "prepared."

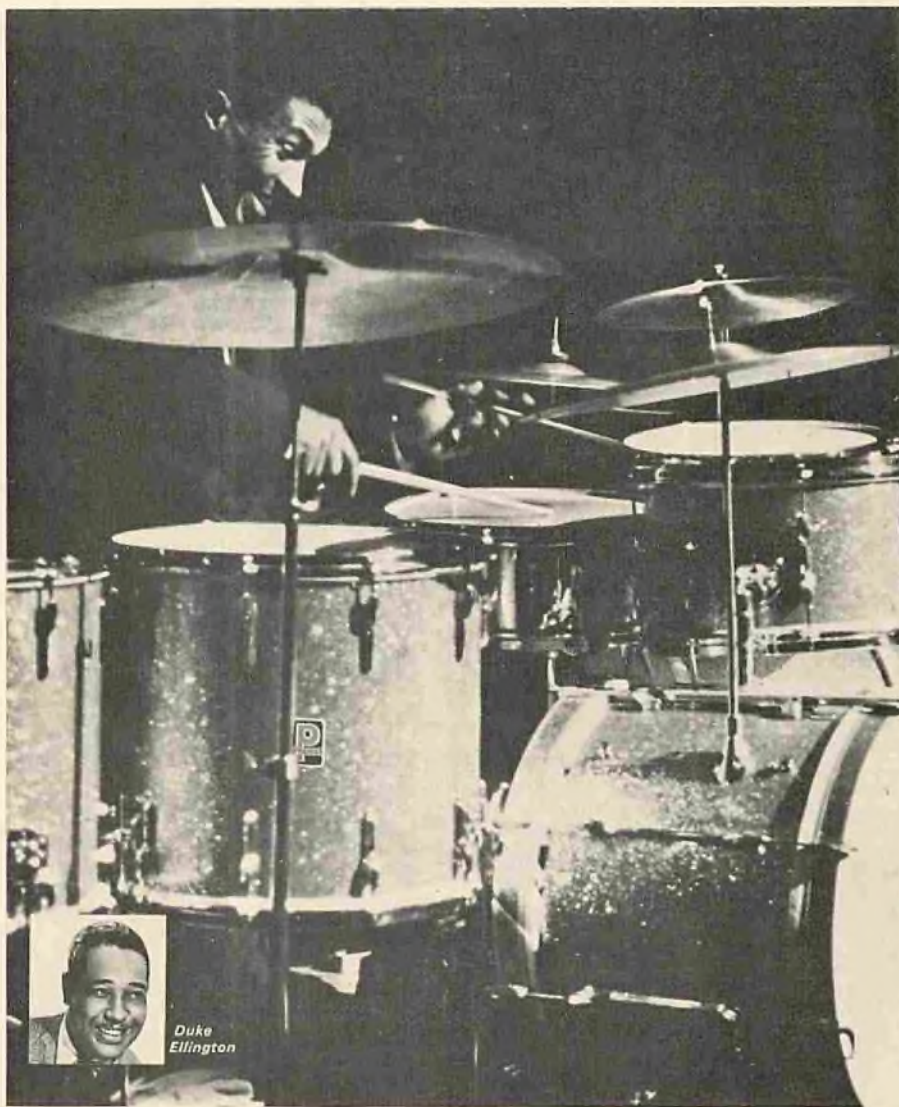
"Unlike some of the new players in jazz, I don't believe you should make records or appear in public before you're ready," Jacquet said. "Music must sound good, be played well. Professionalism is an absolute must.

"You can't come out of the house and onto the scene without having served an apprenticeship. That's why many young cats don't make it. They have no places to learn and no one to

pull their coats when they're doing wrong."

Jacquet elaborated: "I learned in bands, by listening to *professionals*. When I heard Herschel Evans and Lester Young with Basie, I knew I wanted to be a saxophone player. Making the decision to be a musician is one thing; playing well is another. It takes time to do that. You can cut short the learning period if there are people showing you the way. I was lucky. Older musicians took me aside and helped me cultivate my talent. People are still helping me because I'm open for it."

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WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing of where and when jazz performers are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to **Down Beat**, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago, Ill. 60606, six weeks prior to cover date.

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

NEW YORK

Ali Baha: Louis Metcalf, Jimmy Neely, tfn.
Astor Place Playhouse: avant-garde concerts, Mon.-Wed.
Aztec Village (Huntington): Jimmy & Marian McPartland, 4/3.
Basie's: Johnny Lytle to 3/27. Sessions, Mon.
Carlton Terrace (Forest Hills): Johnny Fontana, tfn.
Chuck's Composite: sessions, 3/27 and 4/10. Jazz at Noon, Mon, Fri.
Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gamba, hb. Sessions, Sun.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sat. Vinnie Burke, guest stars, Sun.
Dom: Tony Scott, Jaki Byard, tfn.
Eddie Condon's: Pennuts Hucko, tfn.
Embers West: Joe Shulman, hb. Sessions, Sun.
Five Spot: Charles Mingus, Toshiko Mariano.
Gallight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ullano, tfn.
Half Note: Roy Eldridge, Richie Kamuca to 3/27. Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, 4/5-17. Al Cohn, Zoot Sims, Jimmy Rushing, 4/19-5/1.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.
Kenny's Pub: Gene Quill, Mon.
Key Club (Newark, N.J.): Walter Bishop Jr. to 4/3.
L'Intrigue: Ronnie Ball, Jimmy Rowser, Nancy Steele, tfn. Guest stars, Sun.
Metropole: Mongo Santamaria to 4/2.
Nut Box: Sal Salvador, tfn.
Plantation (Ashbury Park, N. J.): Vinnie Burke, Don Friedman, wknds.
Playboy Club: Kai Winding, Walter Norris, Monty Alexander, tfn.
Prelude: Grasella Oliphant, Etta Jones, tfn.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton.
Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, tfn. Don Frye, Sun.
Sheridan Square Theater: Pharaoh Sanders, Cliff Thornton, Mon.
Shore Cafe (Brooklyn): sessions, Sun.
Sir Loin: Les DeMerle to 4/3.
Slug's: name jazz groups. Guest stars, Mon.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
Totent: Scott Reid, tfn.
Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Green, tfn.
Top of the Gate: Bobby Timmons, Mickey Bass, Dave Pike, tfn.
Village Vanguard: Bill Evans to 3/27. Miles Davis, 4/1-3 and 4/8-10. Sessions, Mon.
Well's: Lee Shaw, Dodo Greene, tfn.
Western Inn (Atco, N.J.): Red Crossett, Sun.
Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown): Tony Spair, tfn.
Club 50 (Trenton): Johnny Coates Jr.-Johnny Ellis-Tony DeNicola, tfn.
Krechner's: Billy Krechner, hb.
Latin Casino: Ray Charles, 3/28-4/10.
Pep's: John Coltrane to 3/26. Art Blakey, 3/28-4/2. Herbie Mann, 4/4-9. Jazz Crusaders, 4/11-16.
Pilgrim Gardens Lounge: Good Time 6, tfn.
Show Boat: Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer, 3/28-4/2.
Tremont Lounge (Trenton): Dick Braytenbuh.
Woodland Inn (Abington): Ron Parker, tfn.

CHICAGO

Jazz, Jld.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Lil Armstrong, Sun.
London House: Amanda Ambrose to 4/3. Mort Sahl, 4/28-5/16. Ramsey Lewis, 6/7-19. Mongo Santamaria, 6/21-7/10. Eddie Higgins, Judy Roberts, hb.
Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ralph Massetti, Joe Iaco, hb.
Plugged Nickel: Sonny Stitt, 4/6-17.
Sahara Inn: Art Hodes, Sun.-Mon., to 3/28.
University of Chicago: Roscoe Mitchell, 3/31.

DETROIT AND MICHIGAN

Act IV: Eddie Webb, Lenore Paxton, tfn.
Artists' Workshop: Detroit Contemporary 5, Sun.
Baker's Keyboard: Herbie Mann, 3/26-4/2. Vince Guaraldi-Bola Sete, 4/8-16.
Barbie's Lounge: Bob Turner, Sat.-Sun.
Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, Tue.-Sat.
Caucus Club: Lenore Paxton, Mon.-Sat.
Chessmate Gallery: Harold McKinney, Fri.-Sat.
Clic Chat: Earl Marshall, Thur.-Sun.
Domino's (Hamtramck): Don Dominguez, tfn.
Driftwood Lounge: Chris Peterson, tfn.
Drome: Richard Holmes, 3/25-4/2. Jazz Crusaders,

ers, 4/8-17. Rufus Harley, 5/6-15.
Frolic: Clarence Price, Thur.-Sun.
Half Pint's: Keith Vreeland, Fri.-Sat.
Hobby Bar: Ben Jones, Pixie Wales, Wed.-Sat.
Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha, Tue.-Sat.
Paige's: Ernie Farrow, Thur.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Matt Michael, Jack Pierson, hb.
Showboat: Wild Bill Davison, tfn.
Stage Bar: Stan Chester, Thur.-Sun.
Surfside: Dan Turner, Fri.-Mon.
Tonga: Charles Harris, Mon.-Sat.
Trade Winds: Romy Rand, tfn.
Zombie: Walter Hamilton, tfn.

LAS VEGAS

Flamingo Hotel: Harry James, 3/31-4/28.
Sands Hotel: Frank Sinatra, Count Basie, 4/20-5/17.
Thunderbird Hotel: Eddie DeSantis, tfn. Four Freshmen, Sue Raney, to 3/31.
Torch Club: Bobby Sherwood, tfn.
Tropicana: Si Zentner to 4/6. Mel Torme, Woody Herman, 6/15-7/13.

LOS ANGELES

Blinky's (Garden Grove): Southside Jazz Band, wknds.
Bonessville: Ray Graziano, wknds.
Carousel (West Covina): Carmen McRae, Billy Eckstine, 4/4.
Celebrity Lounge (West Covina): Joyce Collins.
Chico's (Long Beach): Gene Palmer, Fri.-Sat.
Dean-O's (Santa Barbara): Bill Dods, Hub Keefe, tfn.
Florentine Room: Dave Mackay, Vicki Hamilton, Sun.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, wknds.
Havana Club: Don Ellis, Mon. Sessions, Sun.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.
International Hotel: Kirk Stuart, tfn.
La Duce (Inglewood): Teddy Edwards, Dave Bryant, tfn.
Leapin' Liz's: Jack Langlos, Fri.-Sat.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Jimmy Smith to 3/27. Howard Rumsey, 3/28-31. Ahmad Jamal, 4/1-10.
Marty's: Bobby Bryant, tfn. Sonny Criss, Tue.
Melodyland (Annheim): Dizzy Gillespie, Dave Brubeck, 4/11. Duke Ellington, Sarah Vaughan, 5/9.
Memory Lane: Harry Edison, tfn.
Mitchell's Studio Club: Hampton Hawes, Red Mitchell, tfn.
Music Center: Neophonic Orchestra, 4/4.
Occidental College: Clare Fischer, 4/15.
Officer's Club (Long Beach): Johnny Lane, wknds.
Pied Piper: Ocie Smith, Ike Isaacs, tfn.
P.J.'s: Eddie Cano, tfn.
Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Marv Jenkins, Bob Corwin, hb.
Rum's Horn (Encino): Calvin Jackson, Chris Clark, tfn.
Reuben's (Tustin): Edgar Hayes, Thur.-Sat.
Reuben's (Whittier): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Wed.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Horace Silver to 3/27.
Modern Jazz Quartet, 3/31-4/10. Herbie Mann, 4/12-24. Shelly Manne, wknds.
Sheraton-Wilshire: Claude Maxwe'l, Otis Hayes.
UCLA: Denny Zeitlin, 3/26. Anita O'Day, Clare Fischer, 4/12.
Ward's Jazzville (San Diego): Leon Petties, Mon. George Semper, hb.
Whittinghills (Sherman Oaks): Bobby Troup.
Woodlake Bowl (Woodland Hills): Gus Bivona.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Joe Williams to 3/26. Carmen McRae, 3/30-4/10. Ahmad Jamal, 4/12-24.
Miles Davis, 5/10-15.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.
El Matador: Cal Tjader to 3/26.
Gatsby's (Sausalito): Lou Morell, wknds.
Half Note: George Duke, tfn.
Hearth: Jean Hoffman, Gus Gustafson, Sun.
hungry i: Eddie Duran, hb.
Jack's of Sutter: Merl Saunders, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: Jimmy Rushing, Junior Mance to 3/27. Horace Silver, 3/29-4/24. Wynton Kelly-Wes Montgomery, 4/26-5/8.
Juke Box: Monte Waters, tfn.
McKessios (Richmond): Vi Redd, wknds.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.
Playboy Club: Ralph Sharon, Al Plank, Merrill Hoover, hb.
The Scene: Flip Nunes, tfn.
Trident (Sausalito): Denny Zeitlin, Mon.
Zack's (Sausalito): Al Land, tfn.

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