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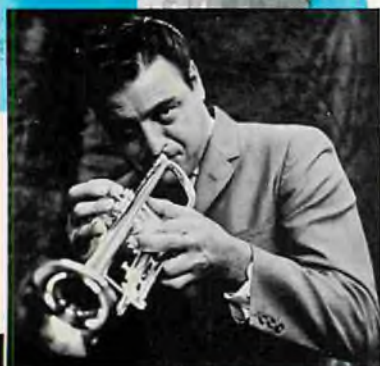
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CONTENTS

- 6 Chords and Discords
- 14 News and Views
- 15 Sittin' In, by Art Hodes
- 16 Strictly Ad Lib
- 17 Caught in the Act: Leningrad Jazz Festival • Kansas City Jazz Festival • Modern Jazz Quartet • Sounds for a Swinging Sunday • Count Basie
- 18 Detroit Jazz Conference: As a participant and observer at a weekend of lectures, seminars, and concerts, Don Heckman reports the event a significant step in bringing jazz to the university
- 19 Fingers and Feeling: While winning acclaim in both Europe and the States, French pianist and trio leader Martial Solal has never ceased striving for a more nearly complete mastery of his instrument, writes Mike Hennessey
- 20 Roots and Branches: Calling on a musical heritage that includes almost everything from blues to Bartok, reed man Charles Lloyd is developing his own unique voice within his own quartet, by Burt Korall
- 22 The Imperatives of the Small Group: Fluegelhornist Art Farmer discusses with Dan Morgenstern the pleasures and problems that arise in a small combo such as the ones he has led during his career
- 24 Toms and Tomming: A view of "black music," racism, and contemporary Uncle Toms, by Brooks Johnson
- 26 Record Reviews
- 36 Blindfold Test: Zoot Sims
- 37 Stereo Shopping with Benny Golson, by Charles Graham
- 54 Where and When: A guide to current jazz attractions

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

More Kudos For Rex

Thank you heartily for your continuing series of jazz portraits by Rex Stewart. I just glanced at the May 19 issue of *Down Beat* and was happy to see Stewart's feature on Coleman Hawkins. His articles are valuable jazz social history.

Robert S. Wesseley
New York City

Sampson's Side Of "Stompin'"

Rex Stewart's article, *Recording with Rex* (DB, April 7), was called to my attention, and I was particularly interested when he stated that Neldon Hurd wrote the theme and Stewart wrote the bridge to *Stompin' at the Savoy*. Stewart gave me credit for writing the obligato. I would like to refresh his memory by giving the true facts.

When I joined Stewart's orchestra, he needed a theme song, and I brought in a chorus of one of my compositions, which he accepted. We called it *Misty Morn* because we went on the air at midnight.

At the end of the summer I returned to Chick Webb's orchestra at the Savoy. It was there that I made a complete arrangement of *Stompin' at the Savoy*. Benny Goodman and Webb made recordings of the tune and became associated with it.

In the many years that I have been composing, I can truthfully say that I have never accepted credit for material that I didn't write. It seems strange that after 30 years, Stewart and Hurd would have illusions that they composed *Stompin' at the Savoy*.

Edgar Sampson
New York City

An Explorer Must Explore

After reading the May 5 *Down Beat*, I think that you should have an annual avant-garde issue. It was great.

And John Coltrane has again come out on top with another exciting record for all to enjoy.

Lately people have been condemning Coltrane for entering into another phase of his development. Those people don't listen. They don't follow him; they want him to stay at a certain stage and leave it at that. If he did that, he wouldn't be Coltrane—he wouldn't be the explorer he wants to be.

William Salter
White Sands, N.M.

Credit Where Due

In the article, *The Glorious Dizzy Gillespie Orchestra* (DB, April 21), George Hoefer stated that Ernie Henry made up the singing duo with Dizzy when Kenny Hagood remained in New York. This is an error, for Henry never sang with the Gillespie band.

Johnny Brown, who was the lead altoist and musical director of the band at that time, took over the singing chores.

Brown, who is now playing at the Gold-

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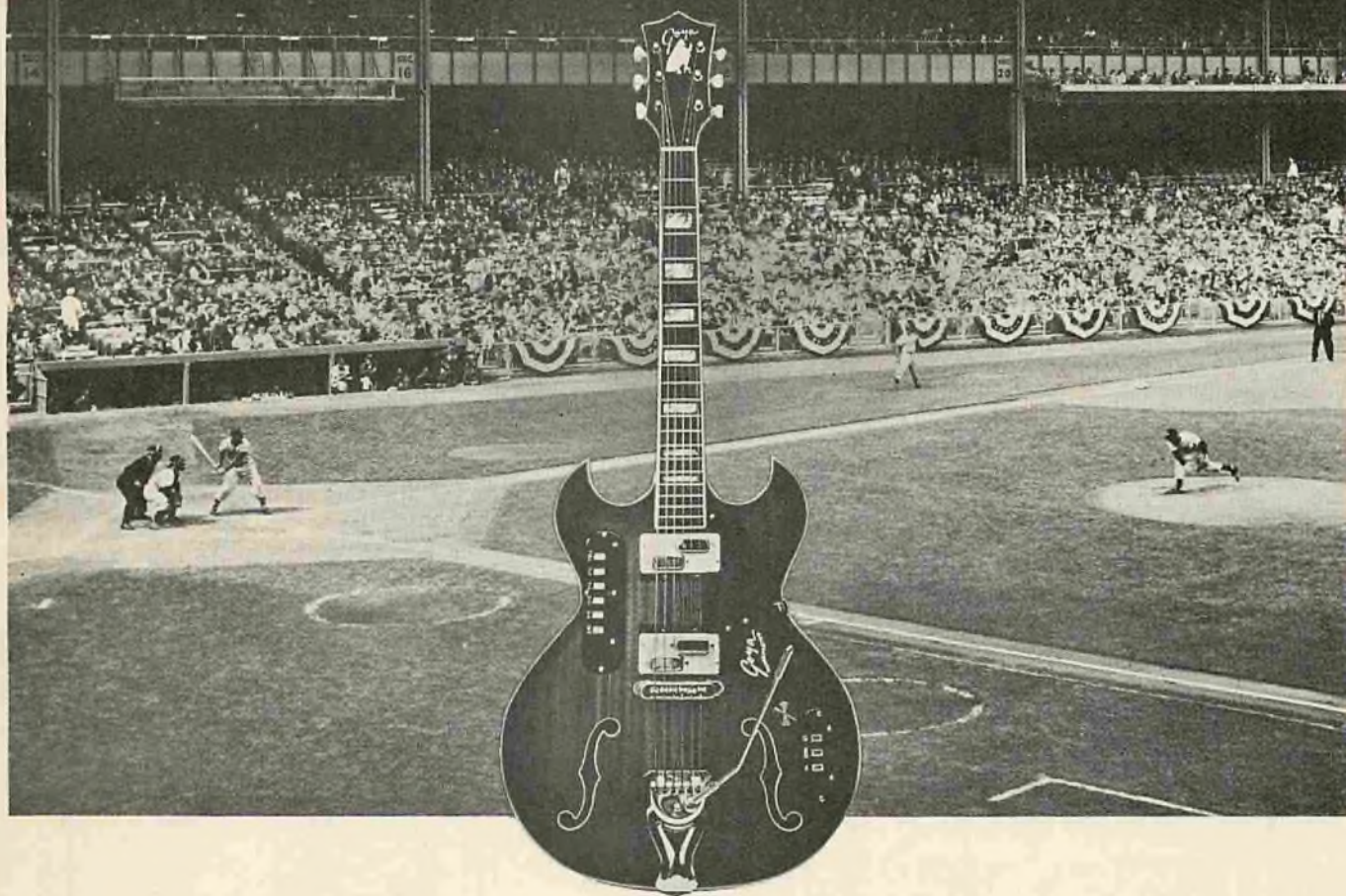
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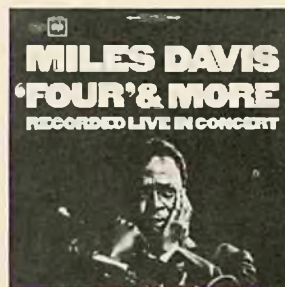
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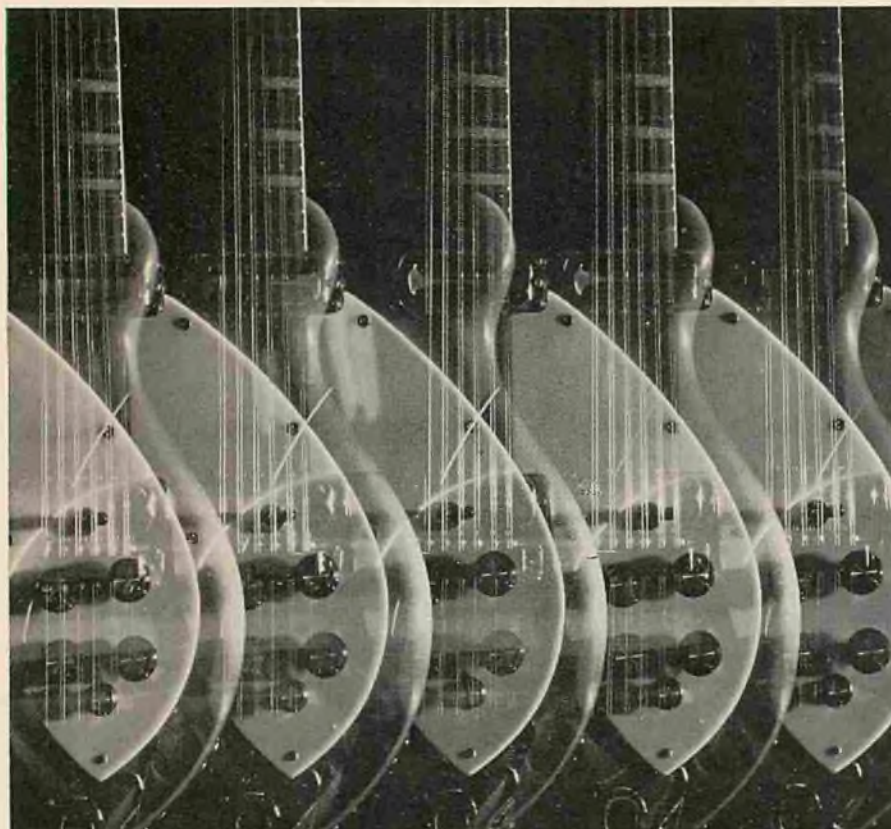
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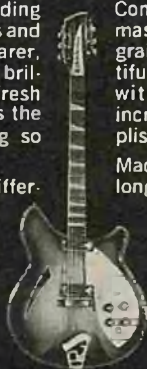


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rush Club in Washington, D.C., with the Eddie Dunn Trio, also recorded several fine alto saxophone solos with the Gillespie band during that time.

Charles Vennie
Washington, D.C.

Now Is The Time For All Good Men . . .

To the dormant readers of *Down Beat*—now is the time to wake up! The magazine is moving ahead with progress. But the world is passing by those of you who would have jazz divorced from social, political, racial, etc., matters.

Read, study, and learn from the writings of such men as Archie Shepp, LeRoi Jones, Nat Hentoff. Reason the implications, and if there be no social, political, and racial end, then you have reached the nadir of life (anti-life).

Vere Griffith
Montreal, Que.

Pekar Unfair To Woody

After reading Harvey Pekar's very sick review of Woody Herman's latest album, *Woody's Winners* (DB, May 5), I am convinced that a few comments are due.

Possibly Pekar's criticism of material involved in the album was objective; however, the statement regarding the misfortune of a spirited and powerful band being bogged down by a leader who is not looking toward the future as he was in the middle and late '40s is garbage. This is a gross discourtesy to the greatest, most important white jazz-band leader in the history of the music.

Woody has always been a straight-ahead leader, and he will continue to be as long as he stands in front of a band. And let's hope that's for a long while. His latest bands make the Herds of the '40s sound weak. Just listen.

If there were more Woody Hermans and fewer or no Archie Shepps, the state of jazz would be much healthier.

Dave Yost
Spokane, Wash.

White Rash

The terrible rash of pious antiracism and anti-Crow Jim sentiments expressed in the correspondence and articles of *Down Beat* recently is disconcerting. They bear a dull resemblance to letters one sees in newspapers extolling the wisdom of Justice, Law, and Sobriety just because some off-duty cop helped the writer of the letter change a flat tire on the freeway in the rain.

My point boils down to this: What is wrong with saying jazz is a black players' music? Hasn't it always been? Haven't white "innovators" been the musicians who were most able to subtly introduce extraneous "classical" influences upon the music?

I am not prejudiced. I dislike Bill Evans, Stan Getz, J. J. Johnson, and Miles Davis equally well. But whatever my jazz taste or anyone else's may be, every argument against Crow Jim is feeble; it ultimately degenerates into appeals for brotherhood, understanding, or name-dropping of a 1938 white drummer who was competent.

Hugh Walthall
Oakland, Md.

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GRETSCH

news and views

DOWN BEAT: June 16, 1966

Polish Writer Calls for More Jazz Diplomacy

U.S. jazz "could be a wonderful weapon in the hands of Lyndon Johnson if he knew how to use it," because it would lead to greater understanding between Americans and persons living in Communist countries.

Such is the opinion of Leopold Tyrmand, Polish novelist, journalist, and jazz aficionado, expressed in the San Francisco area during a nationwide tour sponsored by the U.S. State Department.

Tyrmand's remark, made during an informal speech at the University of California in Berkeley, is born of experience. Long interested in jazz—"it has infused me since my early childhood"—the 45-year-old visitor observed its development in central Europe as "an artistic and cultural phenomenon which was greatly neglected in the United States."

He recalled that jazz was outlawed by Hitler but that despite this there were clandestine gatherings in France, Germany, and Norway at which live or recorded jazz was played "as a symbol of resistance to dictatorship."

Tyrmand spoke from firsthand knowledge. At the outbreak of World War II he was on vacation (from the French Academy of Arts) in Warsaw. In 1942 he was deported to Germany for forced labor. Attempts to escape to England failed.

He was transferred to Norway, where, in 1944, he was caught by the Germans when he attempted to flee to Sweden and was put into a concentration camp near Oslo.

Tyrmand said that during the time he was held in Frankfurt-am-Main he could contact young Germans who were opposed to the Nazis "by whistling a tune of Count Basie."

After the war, Tyrmand was chief of the Polish Red Cross for the Scandinavian area and later became associated with the Polish YMCA. It was then, in the late 1940s, that he organized the first Polish postwar jazz concert. It attracted about 2,000 persons, including famed writers and artists and many university students, all at some risk to themselves because the government at that time frowned on jazz.

In 1955, with the beginning of the Polish "thaw," Tyrmand organized a series of concerts that eventually were to lead to the first Polish jazz festival. The festival was staged in Sopot in 1956 before an audience of 8,000 and began with a street

parade in New Orleans style, which, Tyrmand said, was denounced by the Communist Party as "subversive and pornographic." A second festival, equally successful, was presented in 1957. From that time the Polish jazz movement has developed impressively, he said.

Tyrmand now devotes almost all his attention to writing. He has published four novels, one of which, *The Man with the White Eyes*, has been translated into 16 languages.

Down Beat To Co-produce Museum Concert Series

Down Beat, co-producer of last summer's successful Jazz in the Garden concert series at New York City's Museum of Modern Art, will again join with the museum in presenting 10 concerts this summer.

The one-hour concerts, held in the museum's sculpture garden, will take place on consecutive Thursdays, beginning on June 23, when a group led by cornetist Ruby Braff appears. Each concert will begin at 8:30 p.m. The series will present a cross section of the current jazz scene.

Other groups to appear are those of fluegelhornist Art Farmer, pianist Dollar Brand, clarinetist-tenor saxophonist Jimmy Giuffrè, and multi-instrumentalist Roland Kirk. Admission charge to the concerts will be 50 cents for museum members and \$1.50 for nonmembers.

Stan Getz Rocks White House Party

Though jazz has been heard with increasing frequency at the White House, this august locale has not previously been noted for its jam sessions. On May 5, however, tenor saxophonist Stan Getz sat in with a band of red-coated Marine Corps musicians and, as the saying goes, rocked the joint.

The occasion was a White House reception for the 113 chiefs of the Washington diplomatic corps. Getz was among several nondiplomatic celebrities on hand, but he had been invited as a nonplaying guest. The spirit moved him, however, and he joined members of the Marine dance band for some impromptu swinging. According to diplomatic sources, the session was enthusiastically received by the audience.

Petitioning The Blues

To be recorded is still the goal of many a striving jazz musician, but gaining the ear of one of the busy a&r men in charge of such matters is not always easy.

Pianist Valdo Williams, who has led his own trio for a number of years, first in Montreal, Quebec, and more recently in New York City, has developed something of a following among fans and musicians, but though he has made several demonstration records, he has had no luck in attracting the attention of record companies.

Undaunted, Williams is now attempting an original approach. He drafted a petition, reading simply: "We believe that Valdo Williams should be recorded" and circulated it diligently among those who have heard his work.

He has collected several hundred signatures, among them those of musicians Thelonious Monk, Elvin Jones, Max Roach, Mary Lou Williams, Ron Carter, Randy Weston, and Ronnie Mathews; disc jockeys Mort Fega, Alan Grant, and Fred Brewster; actor Tony Randall; author Bob Reisner; and clubowner Joe Termini.

Williams is now circulating the petition with his new demonstration record among New York's jazz a&r men. "All I want is a chance to be heard," he said.

Final Bar

Trumpeter Paul Webster, 56, died May 5 in New York City of a respiratory ailment.

Born in Kansas City, Mo., Webster attended Fisk University and William Institute. After working with the bands of George E. Lee, Bennie Moten, and Andy Kirk, he became lead trumpeter with Jimmie Lunceford's band in 1935, remaining until 1943. Subsequently, Webster played with the bands of Cab Calloway and Charlie Barnet.

In 1954 he joined the clerical staff of the United States Immigration and Naturalization Service in New York City but remained active as a musician, playing club dates in the New York area. He also was a member of the pit band for Langston Hughes' short-lived Broadway show, *Simply Heavenly*.

One of the first high-note trumpet specialists, Webster was featured on numerous Lunceford recordings; his most famous solo was on *For Dancers Only*.

Potpourri

Flutist **Herbie Mann** played a recent one-nighter at Memory Lane in Los Angeles, but for the first 45 minutes it was an un-Manned sextet (**Jimmy Owens**, trumpet, fluegelhorn; **Joe Orange**, **Jack Hitchcock**, trombones [Hitchcock doubling on vibraharp]; **Reggie Workman**, bass; **Bruno Carr**, drums; and **Carlos Valdes**, conga). Finally toward the end of the first set, Mann joined in and explained to the SRO crowd: "I was just given a tour of Greater Los Angeles. I left my motel at 9, asked for directions and was told, 'Oh, yeah, I know where Memory Lane is—head south.'" Mann paused. "The Mexican authorities finally straightened me out, and here I am."

Politics has reared its syncopated head for **Bobby Troup**. The singer-pianist-songwriter recently returned from a Democratic campaign conference in Washington, D.C., the purpose of which was to play and sing a parody he wrote of his own *Route 66* at the request of **Willis Conover** of the Voice of America. He performed

for 3,500 women at a dinner for Vice President **Hubert Humphrey**.

JAZZ AND THE MARCH OF TIME: The Forum Repertory Theater of the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts in New York City was the setting for the mid-May premiere of what a press release from General Time Corp. described as "a major development in clocks" as well as the performance of *The Clock*, "an original jazz composition and other sonic sounds" by the **Grassella Oliphant Quartet**. The group, one was led to believe, would not perform its regular program of nonsonic sounds. All silent dog-whistles were to be checked at the door.

While most Los Angeles' jazz clubs are singing the blues, Marty's, in south-central L.A., is wailing, thanks to the hard-driving, rhythm-and-blues-flavored combo fronted by trumpeter **Bobby Bryant**. "I've been here since September, '65," Bryant said, "and I'll stay here forever as long as business keeps up like this." "Like this" meant three deep at the double bar, every table jammed under the ultraviolet lights in the rear of the narrow club, and a line of impatient patrons stretching around the

corner. Bryant's quintet plays long sets and long numbers with extended solos, and the shouts of encouragement reinforce the riffs from the sidemen. Bryant's co-workers are tenor saxophonists **Herman Riley** and **Hadley Caliman**, organist **Henry Cain**, and drummer **Carl Lott**.

Buddy Rich premiered his big band (*DB*, May 19) at the Alladin Hotel in Las Vegas, Nev. The Alladin has signed Rich to a 20-weeks-a-year pact and will be the band's headquarters. Other contracts at Reno and Lake Tahoe will assure good times in the always-critical first year. Rich left the **Harry James Orchestra** with the trumpeter's blessings. The Rich crew consists of **Tony Scodwell**, **Bob Faust**, **Chuck Foster**, **John Sottile**, trumpets; **Jimmy Trimble**, **John Boyse**, **Bob Braun**, trombones; **Tom Hall**, **Sam Most**, **Jay Corre**, **Marty Flax**, **Steve Perlow**, saxophones; **John Bunch**, piano; **Barry Zweig**, guitar; **Gary Walters**, bass; and **Bobby Morris**, drums. **Oliver Nelson** wrote most of the band's arrangements. In the band's appearances, Rich will play an occasional drum solo, sing, and dance. Most of the day-to-day direction of the group however, will fall to baritonist-manager Perlow.



SITTIN' IN:

By **ART HODES**

Life On The Road—Past And Present

Would you say everybody has an unfavorite town? Certainly show people will talk of one town they can't win in. And I guess it's true with musicians. I know Milwaukee was my nemesis for a long time. And I'm not blaming the town. But it seemed that every time I'd play there, the jazz fans would be on vacation. It wasn't till this last trip, my high school tour, that I felt good about playing there. It took the youngsters to bail me out.

Looking back, I remember the first trip to Sudsville. When I say "back," I'm talking about "ago." (Can you remember when fiddle players had combos?) I recall times were rough. I was in the mood to say yes when the Milwaukee call came. It was a drummer I knew, and we'd had kicks together, so why not? Fiddle, drums, guitar, and piano.

The agent assured us that "it's a brand new joint that should be open when you get there; you'll love it." It wasn't open, but it was pretty early in the night, so we found a hotel and checked in. Nobody was deep in loot so we tested our credit—we "tabbed." Pretty soon every-

thing felt much better; even our leader got into the spirit. He and the guitarist tuned up and decided the neighbors needed a concert. So up and down the hallway they went.

We were living high off the hog when the agent called to tell us that the boss was having trouble securing a license and the chances of the joint opening soon were dim and we'd better cool it. Our drummer, an enterprising soul, talked to the hotel manager and darned if he didn't make arrangements for us to play for our room and board. We had it made.

Earlier the leader had wired his wife and told her of our predicament. Now, I'd been in this cat's house. In fact, I'd roomed there about a week. Real clean place; if you sat down and pulled out a smoke, like magic an ashtray appeared. Real clean. I don't quarrel with cleanliness. That didn't bother me, but when I couldn't raid the icebox (I told you it was "ago"), somehow I lost interest and moved. They were a conservative couple.

So when this cat's wife wired back, the answer was to the point: "Pack stand, fiddle, and clothes; come home immediately." Man, we roared. And this poor soul had just begun to live. Drinking, he was funny.

I don't know how many times we called that agent. First we'd let him fall asleep. Then we'd call with: "This is Western Union—do you have a pencil? Does it have an eraser?" We'd give him the message (which told him what to do with pencil and eraser).

Of course, by this time the hotel people were hearing of us. We never did make that first set where we were to play for our keep. The agent came in to tell us that the management had decided on police and added that "the mayor'll hang

you." Though it was a close race, we beat the heat out of town.

For years Milwaukee and I stayed apart. Then one day a 10-percenter called with an offer for me to do two weeks. The money was right, I had a good group, and we were highly available. I don't recall the name of the joint, but I clearly remember the boss, rest his soul.

When we arrived, he made it a point to tell me that "in spite" of what he'd heard (his so-called friends had tried to steer him to another band), he was glad he'd chosen us. He remained glad two nights. From then on it was Sadsville. I guess about the only joyous thing was our trumpet player deciding to fall off the wagon. At the time, I didn't think it was funny, but I don't suppose I'll ever forget him telling the clarinet man, after hearing him take several choruses on some tune, "Man, you're too much. A couple of choruses too much."

Favorite towns? I've got any number of those. Detroit. There's a burg I feel is a working man's town. You get through working, and if you don't want to sack out, they have all-night picture shows going, 'cause this town has lots of shift-work. They don't roll up the streets and tuck in after 2 a.m.

Other favorites with me are college towns. I have found I usually can get fed pretty well without going broke in college towns. For me, they are refreshing. Of course, I'm in and out fast; maybe if I had to put in my time there, it'd be a different story. Which brings to mind the date I did in Michigan with a group of all-stars. . . .

I forget who set it up, but I'm sure it was one of the students. A Sunday concert. We had **Brad Gowans** on trombone

(Continued on page 42)

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK: Tenor saxophonist Albert Ayler's quintet (Donald Ayler, trumpet; Joel Freedman, cello; Lewis Worrell, bass; Ronald Jackson, drums) was joined by an unexpected guest, Dutch concert violinist Michel Samson, for a Sunday afternoon session at Slug's in May. Samson recently met Ayler in Cleveland, where, after appearing as guest soloist with the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, he went to hear the avant-garde saxophonist at a local jazz club . . . Clarinetist Benny Goodman's personnel for his three-week stand at the Rainbow Grill, which began May 19, is Doc Cheatham, trumpet; Hank Jones, piano; Sam Brown, guitar; Bill Lee, bass; Maurice Marks, drums; and singer Annette Sanders. The clarinetist recently signed a recording contract with Decca records . . . Pianist Earl Hines' septet, scheduled to leave the United States for a six-week State Department-sponsored tour of the Soviet Union July 7, will include trumpeter Snooky Young, trombonist Mike Zwerin, tenor saxophonist Budd Johnson, alto saxophonist Bobby Donovan, bassist Bill Pemberton, drummer Oliver Jackson, and singer Clea Bradford. Johnson is the group's arranger and music director . . . The annual Gretsch Drum Night, held this year at the Village Gate, featured drummers Art Blakey, Alan Dawson, Chico Hamilton, Mel Lewis, Max Roach, and Sam Ulano, with guest stars Philly Joe Jones and Charlie Persip. A combo of Thad Jones, cornet; Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone; Eddie Daniels, tenor saxophone; Hank Jones, piano; and Richard Davis, bass, provided the accompaniment. The star of the evening was Roach, who scored with three original solo pieces . . . Former Duke Ellington trumpeter-violinist-vocalist Ray Nance, who went to Copenhagen in April for a month's stay at the Vingaarden club, worked as a single in Scandinavia during May and currently is touring England with alto saxophonist Bruce Turner's Jump Band. Two American expatriates, trumpeter Carmell Jones and tenor saxophonist Ben Webster, joined forces in May at Copenhagen's Club Montmartre. Jones also was scheduled for concert appearances during June in Hamburg, Germany, and Bologna, Italy . . . Trumpeter Joe Newman made a one-week trip to Iceland in May with pianist Ross Tompkins, bassist Russell George, and drummer Ron Lundberg . . . A tribute to poetess Gwendolyn Brooks, held at the Village Gate May 22, featured trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie and tenor saxophonist Lucky Thompson between poetry readings by Ruby Dee and Ossie Davis . . . Drummer Max Roach's quintet and singer Abbey Lincoln gave a benefit concert for the United Community Centers, Inc., at Town Hall in May . . . Pianist Monty Alexander left trombonist Kai Winding's house quartet at the Playboy Club to take a trio into Jilly's. Winding replaced him with Larry Willis . . . Trumpeter Louis Armstrong and his All-Stars made one of their

infrequent appearances in the greater New York area May 22 at Iona College in Westchester . . . Trumpeter Donald Byrd led a quintet at Slug's for a week in May . . . Tenor saxophonist George Nardello's octet will be heard in concert June 12 at the Barn Art Center in Riverside, N.J. . . . Pianist Don Pullen and drummer Milford Graves concertized at Yale University April 30 as part of the annual Yale Arts Festival . . . On the same night, the New Jazz Quintet (Alan Shorter, trumpet; Grachan Moncur III, trombone; Marion Brown, alto saxophone; Lewis Worrell, bass; Beaver Harris, drums) performed at the Bard College Spring Festival of Art and Music . . . Pianist Teddy Wilson's trio was at Les Champs during May . . . Drummer Sonny Brown has formed an octet, which has performed at several of the Rev. John G. Gense's Sunday jazz services at St. Clement's Episcopal Church. The group includes Ray Copeland, trumpet and fluegelhorn; Garnett Brown, trombone; Kiane Zawadi, euphonium; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Harold Mabern, piano; and Bill Lee, bass.

LOS ANGELES: Guitarist Herb Ellis and bassist Ray Brown will form the nucleus of a trio or quartet and tackle some of the local clubs. Recordings are also on tap, but nothing has been set definitely . . . Fluegelhornist Chet Baker's quartet followed guitarist Barney Kessel's trio in the Sunday sessions at the Edgewater Inn Hotel at Long Beach. Baker has been gaining wider commercial acceptance since his World-Pacific recordings with the Mariachi Brass were issued. He was recently featured at the International Hotel for a one-nighter with the 12-piece mariachi group . . . "A Tribute to the Artistry of Nellie Lutcher" is scheduled for June 6 at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium. Miss Lutcher, who gained popularity in the '40s for her singing and piano playing, is now active in civic affairs. She does, however, play occasional dates and has been seen on local television twice recently, once on an arthritis telethon and on a CBS variety show, *It's Keene at Noon*. Last month she participated in a special show called *Operation Bootstrap* to help the poverty program. Assisting in the program was guitarist Joe Pass. (*Operation Bootstrap* took its theme of "Learn, Baby, Learn" from last year's Watts battle cry, "Burn, Baby, Burn.") . . . Don Rader has unveiled his brass-plated quintet at the Sandpiper in Playa del Rey. The group consists of Rader, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Dick Hyde, bass trumpet, trombone, tuba; Mike Wofford, piano; Frank DeLaRosa, bass; and Chiz Harris, drums. Rader and Wofford wrote most of the arrangements. The quintet has been booked for an indefinite number of Sundays and Mondays . . . Of equally indefinite length is the gig at Pen and Quill in Manhattan Beach for bassist Clarence Daniels and his trio, with Roland Johnson doubling piano and vibraharp and John Brown on drums . . . At another beach—Newport—the Prime Rib has initiated a new Sunday jazz policy,

with sitting in encouraged. The house trio consists of Jan Deneau, piano and vibraharp; Bob Gardner, bass; Steve Donaldson, drums. Leader Deneau recently left Detroit . . . The Living Room, surrounded on all sides by the topless craze of Sunset Strip, is continuing its jazz policy. Sunday afternoons finds the trio of pianist Phil Moore Jr. (George Morrow, bass, Doug Sides, drums) competing with the "big beat" that leaks through from an adjacent "long-hair" parlor. Bare chests and the big beat, however, offered no real competition when the Count Basie Band played a recent Living Room one-nighter . . . The Gerald Wilson Band backed comedian Bill Cosby at the Carousel Theater May 7 and 8 and went on to Los Angeles City College for a one-nighter. They're currently squeezed into Shelly's Manne-Hole. On June 9 Wilson and his band will play a one-nighter at the University of Utah . . . Record producer Albert Marx recently moved to a new location in Cathedral City, near Palm Springs, Calif. For his housewarming party, he hired the Wilson band and the Jimmie Rowles Trio . . . The School of Music at the California Institute of the Arts presented a May 1 concert featuring two student groups, the Alton Hammond Quartet and the Cal Arts Chamber Jazz Ensemble, directed by William Fritz, a faculty member at the institute. Vibraharpist Hammond's group included guitarist Ted Stanny, bassist Jimmie Powell, and drummer Lorenzo Green. The Cal Arts ensemble featured Laroan Holt, trumpet; David Roberts, trombone; Larry Goldman, tenor saxophone; Fritz, baritone saxophone; Stanny, guitar; John Duke, bass; Ross Pollock, drums; and Cindy Bradley, vocals. Arrangements for the ensemble were done by Fritz, members of the arranging class, and Bill Holman, Andre Previn, and Marty Paich.

CHICAGO: Following the appearance of the Archie Shepp Quartet (Roswell Rudd, trombone; Beaver Harris, drums; Howard Johnson, tuba) the quartet of drummer Elvin Jones concluded Mother Blues' Spring Jazz Festival series. Though Shepp and Jones did well, the festival did light business for the most part, forcing the cancellation of altoist Lou Donaldson's engagement and the trimming of reed man-bagpipist Rufus Harley's stand to two nights instead of the original four. The Wardell Gray Memorial Concert, which was to climax the month of split-week engagements, fell by the wayside. Tentative plans call for a June 12 memorial concert at Mother Blues in the memory of Chicago saxophonist Nicky Hill . . . Avant-garde jazz has found a regular platform at the University of Chicago's Reynolds Club, located in Mandel Hall at 57th and University Ave., Fridays from 5:30 to 10 p.m. Among the groups featured have been those of altoists Joseph Jarman, Roscoe Mitchell, and Virgil Pumphrey . . . The Club (formerly Club DeLisa) continues to veer between jazz and rock-and-roll, with blues singer B. B. King's early May one-nighter fol-

(Continued on page 50)

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Reviews Of In-Person Performances

Leningrad Jazz Festival Leningrad, USSR

A warm enthusiasm—the enthusiasm of the masses—could be felt at the second Leningrad Jazz Festival, held in late April. Since the USSR still does not have jazz concerts on a regular basis during the year, the importance of such a festival in the country is great, so much more so because there are still no satisfactory jazz clubs, literature, or records with which to stimulate interest in the music.

The festival drew jazzmen from such cities as Moscow, Tallin, and Riga. Altogether there were 24 different groups, including five big bands, five Dixieland combos, 13 small groups, and one vocal group (at the first Leningrad Jazz Festival last year only 14 groups appeared). This year both professional and amateur groups participated.

It is still too soon to speak about any distinguishing characteristics that seem now to be developing in Soviet jazz, even though the festival did produce some excellent individual performances.

Among these was that of a 29-year-old fluegelhornist, German Lukjanov, from Moscow, who made an incomparable impression. His style cannot be compared to anyone's with which we are familiar here. It has neither the spiritualistic experiments of Don Ellis nor is it of the Dizzy Gillespie school of playing (which is becoming traditional today).

On the other hand, the compositions of Andre Towmosjan, Lukjanov, and Genady Golstein contained more appreciable and specific colors and roots in the inexhaustible bosom of Russian folk music.

Perhaps the most eminent figures of the festival were Leningrad altoist Roman Kunsman, who played his composition *Loneliness* with his quartet, and Lukjanov, who was accompanied only by a drummer and pianist (which was all he needed) and who killed the listeners with *The Prayer*, his own composition.

As usual, trumpeter-fluegelhornist Konstantin Nosov was cool. He is, perhaps, one of the most successful offspring of Miles Davis in Russia.

The singing of Gilda Mazheikaite from Vilnius flared like fireworks; her performance of *Body and Soul* was reminiscent of the new American singer Bobbe Norris.

One of the best big bands in Russia, the Leningrad Orchestra under the direction of Joseph Vinestain, glittered with its stars of improvisation, reed man Golstein and trumpeter Nosov.

The first public performance of the Moscow orchestra VIO-66, conducted by Yuri Saulsky, was very successful. This band made use of an eight-voice chorus similar to the Swingle Singers (at times too obviously copying the French group,

as on a Bach prelude, for example).

There were some poor performances, as could be expected—for instance, that of the big band under the direction of Kolmanovitch, which began its performance with a completely copied version of Harry James' record of *You're My Thrill*.

The performance of compositions by such modern U.S. jazzmen as Thelonious Monk, John Coltrane, Ornette Coleman, and the late Eric Dolphy has become a ritual at Soviet jazz events. But at the same time the tunes of Soviet jazz composers are being heard more often. Among the latter should be mentioned the Leningrad jazz composer-trombonist, Anatoly Chimiris.

On the whole, the second Leningrad Jazz Festival showed once again that the standard of jazz in the USSR is steadily progressing. Such combos as the quartet of V. Sakun (two of whose sidemen, V. Bulanov, drums, and A. Egorov, bass,



Roman Kunsman: most eminent

were featured at the International Jazz Festival in Prague, Czechoslovakia, last year) and the Golstein-Nosov quintet (with D. Golschokin, piano; V. Smirnov, bass; and S. Streltsov, drums) could be exported with success onto the world jazz stage.

The quantity and quality of Soviet jazz festivals are improving. Since 1957 jazz festivals have been organized in Tartu or Tallin yearly. This year festivals are being planned for Moscow and Tallin, where the International Jazz Festival is to be held, in addition to the Leningrad festival. Perhaps not far distant is a time when Soviet and American jazzmen will perform together on a common stage.

—Vladimir Nikolaev

Kansas City Jazz Festival

Municipal Auditorium, Kansas City, Mo.

It was, as Stan Kenton said, an unusual jazz festival.

The auditorium was better suited for tractor exhibits or basketball; the acoustics were poor, and the seats were soft as Indian arrowheads. But 7,500 to 9,000 people—depending on whether you made a guess or listened to the sponsors—stayed for up to nine hours of continuous music in Kansas City's third annual jazz festival, held May 1.

It started in early afternoon with the piercing brass of the South Raytown, Mo., High School band—youngsters sounding better than they should because they felt Big Time—and it ended after 11 p.m.

with Duke Ellington's band, not sounding good at all.

In between there were Kenton fronting a pickup band called the Kansas City Neophonic Orchestra, Doc Severinsen's trumpet with the Kansas City Kicks Band, Al Cohn's and Phil Woods' saxophones with the Mike Ning Trio, Yank Lawson's trumpet with George Winn and the Storeyville Seven, and Bob Brookmeyer's valve trombone and Clark Terry's fluegelhorn with the Frank Smith Trio.

"This festival isn't like any other," Kenton told the crowd in the cavernous auditorium. "Others invite a bunch of names only, and it becomes a three-ring circus. You are showing off your own musicians."

"It's a fine way to recognize your own talent. People will go away from here extremely moved by something they didn't know they had in their home town."

And they were moved:

—To stillness as red-haired Marilyn Maye, a local vocalist finally making it on network television and out-of-town clubs, filled the far corners of the arena with *Mountain Greenery*, while pianist-husband Sammy Tucker provided a contrasting voice.

—To surprise as trumpeter Dick Ruedebusch seemed to start *C Jam Blues* but then drifted into a melodious *Rose Room* without ever sliding into the Dixieland expected of him.

—To nostalgia as old-timer Jay McShann (conducting a 15-piece band, as he did when Charlie Parker first joined him in the '30s) bounced into *Moten Swing* in honor of another great Kansas City jazzman, Bennie Moten.

—To ecstasy with Brookmeyer's *Uncle*, Cohn's *Terrazo*, and Terry's Bach-like triplets.

—To a hush, straining to hear the subtle phrases coming from the guitars of Herb Ellis and Don Winsell, the pianos of Darrell Devore and Pete Eye and their combos. (Unfortunately, even an ear-straining crowd found it difficult to appreciate the quietest of the 23 segments because of a poor sound system.)

Nothing, however, matched the excitement generated by Kenton with the Kansas City Neophonic. It came forward in waves from the seats at the uppermost reaches of the auditorium to the stage set up under a basketball clock marked "home" and "visitor."

And Kenton bounced it back, bringing delightful sounds with his own brand of body English from 27 men who had never played under his direction before. When it came to *Artistry in Rhythm*, the roar that resulted outdecibed the best that ever came out of an NCAA championship basketball tournament played in the hall.

When he went into the dressing room, sweat streaming down his face, Kenton happily embraced Ellington. "This is a great thing, isn't it?" he said.

Ellington replied, "What a day! What a day!"

But Ruedebusch, playing with the Pete Eye Trio, followed Kenton; and Ellington followed Ruedebusch. The crowd had been

(Continued on page 38)

THE DETROIT JAZZ CONFERENCE

By DON HECKMAN

Universities involve themselves with jazz only on rare occasions. This is not to say that important and responsible relationships have not been established, but for the most part they have been the exception rather than the rule. In part, this is because there has been no clear determination of just what the relationship of university to jazz can be.

Why this should be so confusing is rather hard to understand. Universities do not seem to lack forums for other forms of art, nor do they lack courses examining the history of music, sculpture, painting, literature, architecture, ballet, and practically every other artistic activity. Yet the fact remains—and this is perhaps the crux of the problem—that few educators are willing to view jazz as an artistic activity. This opposition no doubt will continue to exist despite occasionally enlightened efforts to find a common ground between the passion of jazz and the didacticism of the academy.

For this reason, the first annual Detroit Jazz Conference—held April 16-17 at Wayne State University with the blessing of the university's center for adult education—can be considered a success just for having got off the ground. The fact that it satisfied most of its stated objectives as well is doubly pleasing. These objectives were suggested, in the broadest sense, by the decision to hold a "conference" rather than a festival.

The intellectual and performance aspects of jazz were combined through a varied program of lecture-demonstrations, discussions, and musical presentations. Programs were designed to include "events of special interest to those who are new to jazz, as well as to musicians, scholars, and teachers and students of jazz and other music." Perhaps most important, the conference relied almost entirely upon talent in the Detroit community; Martin Williams and I were the only outside participants.

One can hardly quarrel with the range of events, although some were considerably altered from the original program.

On April 16, individual demonstration groups discussed A Layman's Introduction to Jazz (with Williams), Jazz Compared to Classical Music (with musician Don Palmer), The Relevance of African Music to Jazz (with Dr. Richard A. Waterman of Wayne State), Black Music (with the Detroit Contemporary 4), and a free-wheeling open discussion of jazz (with Dr. Betty E. Chmaj as moderator).

Panel discussions looked into Night-Club and Radio Jazz, and Jazz in the Church. Major lectures were given by Dr. Chmaj (The Hard and the Cool: Two Styles of Contemporary Jazz) and Williams (Jazz in the Church—The Church in Jazz). Interspersed among the talks were performances by the Howard Lucas Trio, the Ernie Farrell Quintet, the Detroit Contemporary 4, the Church of Christ Gospel Choir, and a premiere presentation of a new work by composer-pianist Harold McKinney.

As a participant in some of the events, it was impossible for me to hear all the demonstration group discussions, but I heard most jazz groups. The level of performance was remarkably high. The Lucas and Farrell groups were to illustrate Dr. Chmaj's Hard and Cool lecture, but, ironically, the tenor saxophonist with the Farrell group turned out to be a Lester Young-style player. Aside from this minor problem vis-a-vis the announced intent of the lecture—which was, of course, by no means a musical drawback—the group played with crisp drive and that special urgency one associates with Detroit rhythm sections. The Lucas group was well chosen to represent the Cool, although they sometimes verged uncomfortably close on mimicking the Bill Evans Trio, suggesting a comparison not necessarily felicitous for the Lucas group.

The Black Music demonstration devoted most of its time to a performance by the Detroit Contemporary 4, sans their regular pianist. For the 35-minute improvisation I heard, cornetist Charles Moore sat in on piano. Given the special circumstances, the group played with great élan but sounded less "out" than I had anticipated. Much of its material was harmonically based, and the meter frequently churned along for extended stretches in conservative 4/4. Drummer Ronald Johnson, however, was particularly impressive, especially in his ability to shift in and out of opposing, sometimes superimposed, meters.

The Gospel Choir was one of the high points of the day and, indeed, of the conference. As with many of the other performers, their performance time was limited—too much so, perhaps—but they filled it with stunning excursions through some of the basic jazz sources. McKinney's work, *Blue Job*, was rather difficult to evaluate, since it was performed by half the specified number of voices and with very little rehearsal time. McKinney seems able, however, to write especially effective blues-tinged lines, often underpinning them with startlingly rich harmonies. At the very least, it is a work that warrants a more definitive performance.

Nor can much be said about the panel discussion that followed. Panels seem to be the bane of jazz events. Like committee art, they rarely settle anything because everyone has a differing definition of the terms used for discussion.

Participating in them has often made me feel I was in the middle of an Ionesco play. This one was no exception; it suffered particularly in comparison with some of the better-organized demonstration groups, which clearly indicated the value of a strong, guiding hand.

The April 17 programs were equally varied. Demonstration groups included Historic Types of Improvisation (with McKinney, Lucas, and Michael Nader), Jazz and the Composer (with Dr. Ruth S. Wylie and Robert F. Lawson of Wayne State and jazz composer Jim Semark), The Swing Band Reconsidered (with musician Mack Pitt and arranger Jimmy Wilkins), and Listening to the New Music (with this writer).

After a program by local high school jazz groups, a panel discussed Problems of Teaching Jazz. Later in the afternoon alternating groups—the Jack Brokensha Quartet with the Detroit Arts Woodwind Quintet, the Detroit Contemporary 4, and the Detroit Artists Workshop Music Ensemble, led by Lyman Woodard—demonstrated differing aspects of the contemporary scene. This was followed by my talk on Third Stream and New Thing: Two Directions Toward the Future. The evening closed with a gala concert by most of the participating jazz groups and featuring, as a closer, the Detroit Showcase Orchestra.

The most remarkable thing about the various demonstration groups—which were almost always thrown open to audience discussion—was the great curiosity of the listeners. Nearly every participant in the program reported unusual responsiveness from the audience during the question periods. How often have listeners wanted to ask questions of jazz players but been intimidated both by the apparent coolness of the musicians and by their own hesitancy?

Curiously, at the Detroit Conference performers and listeners seemed to lose some of their self-consciousness. Musicians who started out with characteristic reserve and unresponsiveness more often than not began to open up and exchange ideas freely with the audience. It was an altogether exhilarating experience to see, for once, musicians talking about their own music without benefit of a critical intermediary.

In my own demonstration group, Listening to the New Music, I was surprised by both the incisiveness of some of the questioning and by the apparently genuine desire to find a meaningful route into some very thorny music. This was especially well illustrated after the Third Stream/New Thing program, when an impromptu discussion in the lobby of the Community Arts Auditorium rehearsed, in rather high temper, the relevancies of the music and the lecture. Whatever the resulting opinions may have been—and at least a few persons seemed shaken—it was one of the most stimulating moments of the weekend.

(Continued on page 43)

MARTIAL SOLAL TRIO: FINGERS AND FEELING

By MIKE HENNESSEY

IF I REALLY THOUGHT," said pianist Martial Solal, "that however hard European musicians tried they could never be as good as the best Americans, I would just go back home and sleep and give up the piano forever."

Since he arrived in Paris from his native Algiers 18 years ago, Solal has refused to be deflected from pursuit of a jazz career.

One of the fundamental problems of being a jazz musician in Europe—even for one described repeatedly as Europe's greatest jazz pianist—is that audiences are predisposed to regard native talent as automatically inferior to that from the United States. Certainly in many cases, European talent *is* inferior, but it is interesting to speculate on what kind of international reputation Solal might have had by now if he had settled in the United States after his stay in 1963.

As it is, had it not been for his prolific output of film scores—he has written the music for 20 films, including the successful Jean-Paul Belmondo/Jean Seberg feature, *Breathless*—Solal would have found it difficult to resist the lure of the pop recording industry.

The pianist has had a trio for six years, and the problems of keeping together a group with an uncompromising jazz policy can be judged from the fact that the Solal trio is the only French modern-jazz outfit working with any degree of regularity (this, of course, is apart from vocal groups like the Double Six and the Swingle Singers and one or two resident club groups).

Solal has in common with two other great European jazzmen—Stephane Grappelly and Django Reinhardt—an

individual style. While the majority of European modern-jazz musicians tend to play in highly derivative fashion, Solal has ignored the superficialities and concentrated on mastering the idiom.

His superb technique makes a great impression on those hearing him for the first time. He admits that technical mastery is his great preoccupation but takes exception to any contention that he is overconcerned with facility.

"I am afraid that the average listener only hears what is on the surface when I play and is not aware of what is underneath," he said. "Just because I may play a lot of notes does not mean that I cannot put any feeling into my playing. I think I play with my heart only. My fingers are just a means to express what I feel. I cannot understand how anyone can really play an instrument properly unless he has mastered it. . . . I do not think it is bad to have technique *and* be a jazz musician. Art Tatum, for instance, was a complete pianist, but he also knew what jazz was all about."

Asked if he felt that, with this orientation, there was a danger that technique could become an end in itself, he said forcefully, "No, there is no danger at all. Believe me. I can't stand this attitude. I have heard this so often, and it is just stupid. Look at classical musicians. All of them have wonderful technique—some of them play well, some play badly. When I have as much technique as it is possible to have, then I can forget about my fingers and concentrate on the feeling, the real spirit of jazz."

"When my technique is better, I shall be able to play better, because I shall have more control."

And that, for the 38-year-old Solal, is where it's at.

"Today I am practicing more than ever," he said, "a minimum of one hour a day, a maximum of eight hours."

For 10 years, from the age of 7, Solal had regular piano lessons, and this European classical background comes across in his playing. Asked about this classical flavor, he smiled and said, "Yes, there is music in my music. I am not trying to play only jazz—but music. Although, of course, I love jazz and consider myself first and foremost a jazz musician. I don't really see what else I could be."

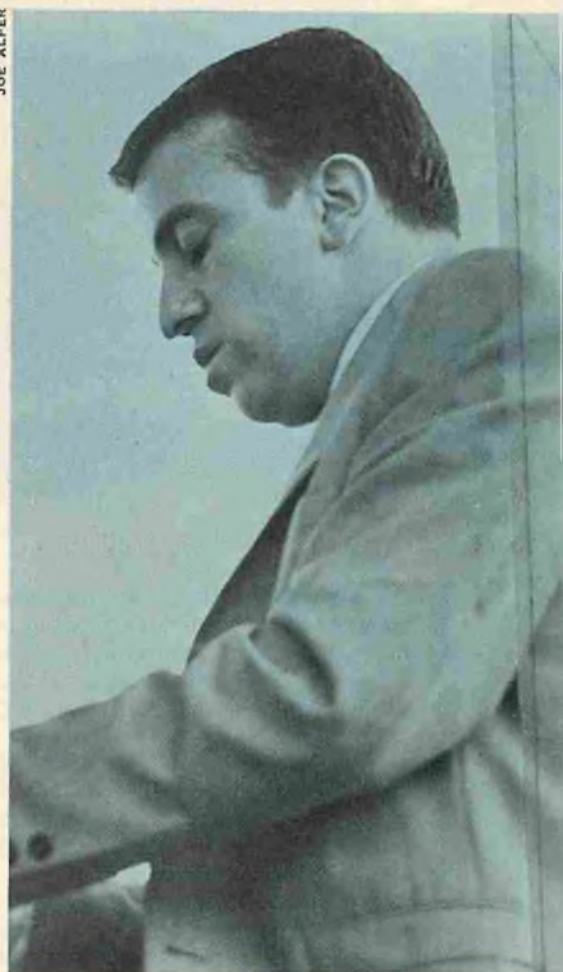
SOLAL DISCOVERED JAZZ through Fats Waller recordings he heard during World War II, and subsequent influences were Teddy Wilson and Bud Powell.

"I was also influenced by other musicians . . . like Django, Stan Getz, and, of course, Chopin—he wrote beautiful piano music," Solal said.

"After discovering jazz I went back to classical music because I wanted to be stronger as a piano player, to be able to play jazz better."

The question of technique is a recurring theme in Solal's conversation.

JOE ALPER



Solal at the 1963 Newport Jazz Festival

What does he consider his main fault as a pianist? "Lack of technique," he says. Concerning his current trio—together about a year—he says he thinks it can be the best he has led "when the bass player and drummer have improved their technique."

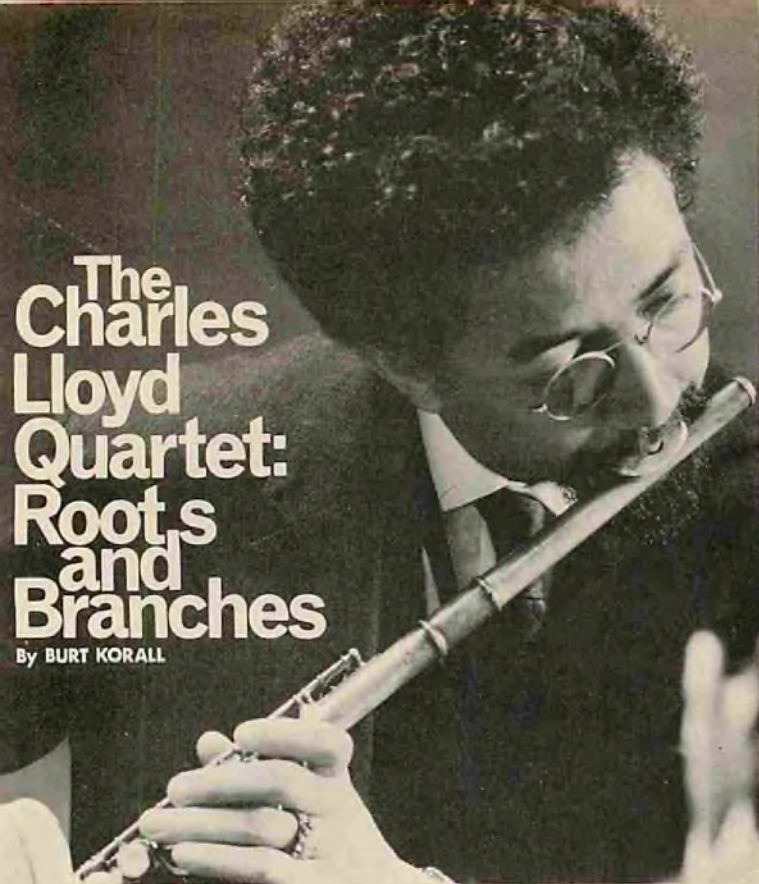
In bassist Gilbert (Bibi) Rovere and drummer Charles Bellonzi, he has two of the most gifted musicians in France, but Solal is a perfectionist. When we have all mastered our instruments, he says in effect, then we can get down to functioning as a good jazz trio.

Despite the acclaim he received in the United States when he played at the 1963 Newport Jazz Festival and during a subsequent 10-week engage-

(Continued on page 48)

The Charles Lloyd Quartet: Roots and Branches

By BURT KORALL



COLUMBIA RECORDS PHOTO

IT IS NOT Charles Lloyd's way to make public declarations about himself or to give sermons in print concerning the extramusical implications of what he plays and composes. Tall, lean, bespectacled, he carries himself with quiet dignity, speaks softly and without malice. In the tradition of musicians, he prefers to search within himself and reveal through music what is on his mind.

A composer, saxophonist, and flutist, Lloyd came on the national scene with the Chico Hamilton group in 1961 and then spent a year with Cannonball Adderley's before forming his own quartet last year.

Like many of the younger men in jazz, his music is couched in the terms of his time. It can be raw and restless, cutting and jolting to the nervous system. There are the moans and squeaks and screams, the rhythm running free, mixing and mingling with strands of sound.

Also, however—and this is crucial—there are many moments of beauty, for the music of Charles Lloyd has about it a singing quality, a lyricism, that defines many of the warmer, optimistic feelings of life ignored by or unknown to various of his contemporaries.

Most important, that which emerges from his cauldron of creativity is not overdone or without shape or sense of craft. Much concerned with the craft and art of making music, Lloyd feels that by ever-sharpening his skills as a writer and player, he can cut the distance to the listener and dredge deeper within himself to undiscovered springs. Communication, not alienation, is his goal.

"I want to involve people in my music, excite and bring them to me," he said. "Jazz must come to that—direct communication between one person and another, drawing them closer together."

It is Lloyd's contention that a musician should be able to touch people while finding his own words for the life he describes in his music.

"You have to let the world in, pass on what is sensed and felt, expressing yourself so that the cool of the head and

the warmth of the heart are blended," he said.

"I like to take people on nice little trips, using variety of color and dynamics. We experience many things; the fantasies and stories from which music is developed come from pleasant places as well as out of dark corners. There's got to be balance in music, as in everyday life . . . and adventure and movement too."

Lloyd's journey began in Memphis, Tenn., a city within the blues belt, with a blues tradition of its own. There he heard and played the blues for the first time and discovered his ethnic heritage and Charlie Parker.

"A beautiful feeling comes from that area of the country," he said. "Many fine musicians have come out of there. The soil is fertile for growth. I was raised with Booker Little; we were tight. He just about had it together before he died in 1962. And there were a lot of other cats around town. George Coleman, who coached me, Frank Strozier, Hank Crawford, Harold Mabern, Louis Smith, and Phineas and Calvin Newborn."

It was Phineas, the piano-playing Newborn, who meant the most to Lloyd during his formative period in Memphis.

"He talked about Bird, played his records, and showed me what was happening," Lloyd said. "Because he was a prodigy, he got into things before many of the other musicians."

Lloyd's teachers at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles took him beyond the blues and Charlie Parker into new areas of discovery. From the study of Bach came the realization of the value of order in music. The contemporary composers, including Bartok, Stravinsky, and Varese, provided a fuller understanding of musical color in its infinite variety and of the elasticity of musical materials.

His evenings in Los Angeles were spent in the company of such jazz musicians as Harold Land, Eric Dolphy, pianist Terry Trotter, Buddy Collette, and Ornette Coleman, and in playing alto saxophone and flute with various kinds of small groups and in the Gerald Wilson big band. The experience was invaluable. Lloyd made mistakes and learned.

With two degrees, the background and credentials to teach school or to play in a symphony orchestra or to further his jazz career, Lloyd left the USC campus in 1961 after six years and entered jazz full time.

"I joined Chico Hamilton when he was still working with the chamber jazz instrumentation—a reed player who doubled, a cello, guitar, bass, and drums," Lloyd said. "There was a lot of written music—too much discipline."

"I had been listening to Miles and Coltrane, Sonny Rollins, Monk, and Ornette Coleman. Music was moving into a new, freer phase, and I didn't have enough room to move around."

When Hamilton decided to change the format of his group, not long after Lloyd came into the unit, he gave the young musician the opportunity he had been seeking. With carte blanche, Lloyd created a new library and sought out musicians to play his music.

Gabor Szabo was brought in on guitar. Bassist Albert Stinson and trombonist Garnett Brown, who later was replaced by George Bohanon, also joined the Hamilton band. It had a new look and made new sounds.

As would become increasingly apparent, Lloyd drew from many sources in his compositions, calling on his Memphis blues heritage as well as the many worlds of music with which he had had contact after leaving home. His loosely woven frameworks motivated the players to take chances, challenged rather than strictured them, and often provoked striking interplay.

Some of the Lloyd pieces, like *Forest Flower*, were melodic, distinctly programatic, and simply wrought. Others,



a bit freer and more fragmented but with defined contours, assumed new shapes each time they were played. Solos of various lengths and improvised duets and instrumental conversations in other combinations were Lloyd's vehicles for achieving the newness. The soloist-rhythm section, theme-and-variations concept basic to jazz before this decade gave way in the Hamilton unit to a format of more flexibility. New and old concepts lived side by side, providing a sense of adventure but never a feeling of anarchy.

THE SAME BLEND of the roots and the branches, so to speak, carry over into Lloyd's own group and his playing. Essentially a tenor saxophonist since 1962—"I made the change over from alto because I realized I should have been playing tenor all along"—Lloyd reflects in his work the various phases he has been through, from the blues and Parker through Rollins and Coltrane. Progressively, however, his sound and manner on the instrument, as on flute, which he frequently plays during the course of an evening's work, are becoming his own.

As a leader of his own unit, Lloyd finds it easier to move as he desires, to set his own pace and guidelines, both as an instrumentalist and composer.

"I created a number of procedures during my three years with Chico," Lloyd noted. "With Cannon, however, the methods were more firmly established. Though I wasn't restricted and the group played my things and encouraged me to create, I felt I was going in another direction. In order to grow, I had to be on my own, no matter what the risk."

With the veteran record man and jazz writer George Avakian in his corner, Lloyd has had invaluable assistance in starting his own group. Two Lloyd albums were recorded by Avakian and released by Columbia before Lloyd signed with Atlantic. Work for Lloyd in this country and abroad has been plentiful if not bountiful.


Fortunately, he has not had to make commercial concessions. In many ways, his quartets, which at various times have included guitarist Szabo, bassists Ron Carter and Reggie Workman, pianists Don Friedman and Herbie Hancock, and drummers Tony Williams and Pete LaRoca, are logical extensions of the Hamilton quintets.

Lloyd's goal remains unaltered: "I want to extend music beyond its previous limits, while retaining the lyrical, earthy feeling that has been part of jazz since the beginning."

Experimenting with dissonances, often in combination with compensating consonant sounds, he and the unit move within and stretch basic material. While extending and reinterpreting this material rhythmically, harmonically, and melodically, through use of modulation and superimposition of one structure upon another, they retain the story content of the older jazz and its excitement, while adding innovations.

"We try to use all components of music," Lloyd explained. "Chordal composition and improvisation are not finished, nor is complete freedom the answer. It all depends on what you want to say. If you want more rhythmic freedom, working with modes, where there are no specific deadlines (as with chords), is logical. Another feeling might call for a chordally developed piece. . . ."

"When you think about it, however, the fact remains: having the craft is most important. You can be free and expressive within a II-V-I progression and make any kind of music work if you have the equipment. It's a matter of knowing and playing the music."

The latest Lloyd unit, which includes Keith Jarrett, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; and Jack DeJohnette, drums, makes the leader's point for him. The men play the music rather than the other way around. Freedom for Lloyd and his band is not a password, cry, or excuse for shamming. 

ART FARMER AND THE IMPERATIVES OF THE SMALL GROUP

By DAN MORGENSTERN

ART FARMER is not a garrulous man. His music is thoughtful, consistently clear and well structured, and warmly emotional without superfluity. His personality reflects these characteristics.

At 37, Farmer is among the very few trumpeters and flugelhornists to have carved out for himself a distinct and personal style in the wake of the dominant influences of Dizzy Gillespie and Miles Davis. He does not, as a result, readily fit into any of those categories of which critics are so fond. Remarkably timeless and mature, his playing is, above all, musical—and he can be himself in any given situation.

Thus, it would not be difficult for Farmer to find a place among the steadily employed elite of studio musicians; he is reliable and consistent, and his technical mastery of his horns is not to be faulted. Too, his name commands sufficient respect in jazz circles to make it possible for him, if he so desired, to support himself as a "single," touring and traveling without a steady group, playing with pickup rhythm sections in clubs and at concerts and with the familiar "all-star" lineups at festivals.

But Farmer, a dedicated artist with his own conception of jazz, has chosen the more demanding and problematic path of leading his own group. Since 1954, when he formed his first combo (with alto saxophonist Gigi Gryce as co-leader), he has been involved in this pursuit, though he has taken time out to work as a sideman with pianist Horace Silver and baritone saxophonist Gerry Mulligan.

The path has not been strewn with roses. The very promising Jazztet, co-led by Farmer and tenor saxophonist-arranger Benny Golson, foundered after three years of frequent personnel changes and fluctuating bookings—despite good recordings and critical acclaim.

After this experience, Farmer formed his own quartet, featuring guitarist Jim Hall. It was a remarkable group, and its records and personal appearances were well received. When Hall decided to leave in late 1964, Farmer replaced him with pianist Steve Kuhn, but, as he says, "Jim and I used to do a lot of counterpoint things, and that's hard to do with a piano—you can't bend the notes," and thus the distinctive character of the earlier group was lost.

Last summer, Farmer temporarily disbanded his quartet to go to Europe as a single.

"When I left," he recalled, "I was just planning on staying for a month, but then I had the chance to go to Stockholm, and I was able to postpone the one gig I had lined up in the States. So I just stretched out."

The stretch lasted six months.

"If you have a fairly decent name," Farmer said, "you have no problem finding work as a single in Europe. You're usually booked for a month in each club and can line up some concert and TV work while you're there. I worked every week and even had a couple of more months' work left. And by then, I could have started all over again on the circuit. But I came back here because I wanted to re-form a group of my own and get the best people I could. That's the only way you can really do anything."

Farmer's new group, a quintet featuring tenor saxophonist Jimmy Heath and including pianist Albert Dailey, bassist Walter Booker, and drummer Mickey Roker, made its debut at New York's Half Note in late February, and has had seven return engagements at the club since then. During one of these stays, the quintet recorded for Atlantic, concluding Farmer's obligation to that label, and in May he signed a contract with Columbia.

"I felt that I could widen the scope of my group with another horn," he said, "and it's working out very well. Jimmy has a whole lot to say, as a player and as a writer. He writes most of the things for the group, but a lot of our things are not written—somebody comes up with an idea, and we work it out. Everybody in the band has the freedom of making suggestions."

Farmer had heard drummer Roker, a musician well established on the New York scene for several years, but had never met Dailey and Booker until his return from Europe early this year. "That goes to show you," Farmer said with a smile. "You can still find wonderful people who really can play and who weren't here yesterday. At this stage, it's good for them to be with a steady group rather than playing catch-as-catch-can."

"There'll always be good players coming into New York, regardless of how bad things might seem economically. You can't stop them. There are so many people here who can play well. In Europe you have to take what's there and make the best of it. The clubs there have a different attitude . . . they'll hire one man with a name, but they don't pay the local guys very well, so it's hard to maintain a group there."

It's not always easy here, either.

"Having your own group has a great deal of musical advantages," Farmer claimed, "but financially, you can do better alone. If anyone is going to take a beating, it's the leader. After all, you can't expect your sidemen to play ball with you from the start. In most cases, it's just a job to them. And the money thing is a problem until you've reached that certain level of popularity. Good-selling records are important, but it's still more important to have your own group, even if it means that you might have to scuffle. Anyone who's done anything important in jazz has done it through a group. It's hard to develop by just playing around here and there."

In support, he went on to cite examples: "Take the Modern Jazz Quartet—Milt Jackson had to take whatever he could get before the MJQ really got going. Take Coltrane—he wouldn't be the influence he is today if not for the fact that he worked with a regular group over a period of time . . . he developed, and so did they. You help each other. Miles has certain people he likes to work with, and if he can't get them, he's not going to play."

In terms of leading a combo, Farmer said, "The main thing, other than getting work, is to maintain a stable group. Avoid turnover. When people start going in and out of your group, you spend too much time rehearsing old material, and when you do that, you may remember how so-and-so did a certain thing. What the new man does might be just as good, but it takes a while to get used to people."

"In having a group such as mine, it's very important to have people who can play, and it's very important to let them play. If they can play, you don't just want them to back you—you want wider scope, you want contrast. Besides, guys who can play are not going to stay unless they get a chance to develop, so you can't be too rigid."

THOUGH NIGHT CLUBS have their faults, they are still the proving ground for a jazz group, Farmer opined. "A group has to start out in a club," he said. "Though most clubs are too small to carry really big names, there are still very few groups who have

reached the point where they can do without them. Clubs are essential to the musical development of a group."

Why? "First of all," Farmer said, "you're not going to get concerts until you have reached a certain stage, and then, when you do, you might just get 40 minutes to play; whereas in a club, you have the time to work out problems . . . not that you should rehearse on the stand, but you can try out ideas in a club, and if they don't work out, you can change them. A concert is not the time or place to do this."

The economics of the jazz night clubs, on the other hand, still leave much to be desired, Farmer said.

"Most clubs bring in the big-name groups, groups that are very much in demand and get top dollar," he explained. "It's kind of hard to lower the prices then. But when they bring in a middle-priced group, they still charge the public the same. So most people wait until their favorite is in town and don't come out otherwise. It seems that the clubowners would rather see that little sign on the table saying '\$3 minimum' than have a club full of people."

Paradoxically, Farmer said, he has never seen "a club lower its prices when business is bad. I've seen clubs consistently raise their minimum until they close up. There must be another answer than raising prices when business is poor—in other fields, they have a sale when things get tight." And as for artists charging too much for their services, Farmer feels that though some do, many others would be co-operative. "If you're going to establish something musically," he said, "you have to be flexible. It's better to work three weeks in a month than one week, just for musical reasons. . . ."

"One thing that's good for jazz groups, and I wish there could be more of it," Farmer said, "are the jazz societies, like the Madison Club [the Left Bank Jazz Society] in Baltimore—cities where there are jazz fans, but not enough of them to support a night club on a weekly basis. So they organize, and bring in a group once a week, or twice a month, without having to stage a big-deal concert and going into all kinds of expenses."

The only mistake such organizations make, Farmer said, is "when they bring in a musician and put him with a local group. Either they don't know the same tunes, or there are only certain tunes that everybody knows, so the people wind up hearing the same thing every week." The solution, according to Farmer, is to bring in organized groups "or have the visiting horn player rehearse with the local group and get something together, so that the audience won't feel cheated."



LEE TANNER

THE QUESTION of repertoire is an important one to any regular jazz group. Farmer's new quintet includes such current standards as *The Shadow of Your Smile* in its book, and the leader was asked if this was a deliberate policy.

"It's very good to have current tunes in the book," he answered. "Nothing is more important than to find a current hit that you can bring something to . . . you can't do anything better, as far as programming is concerned. People are not dumfounded by the music—they can just sit back and listen to your interpretation. Regardless of how individualistic an artist is, it's to his benefit to do tunes that have been heard before."

Shadow, Farmer said, "is an exceptional tune. It's fun to play. It forms a link to the audience. If a group plays nothing but originals, and they haven't been recorded, there's no common ground between the group and the audience. A lot of songs have to be heard over and over again until they sink into people. We take advantage of a song. It was things like *If I Were a Bell* and *Bye, Bye, Blackbird* that really launched Miles. . . ."

Though Farmer is committed to the idea of the small group, he is sorry that the big bands have declined, explaining, "Not because it's such good training, as people always say; many good players have come up who've never been in a big-band section. But there are lots of people who can play instruments and would like to participate in jazz, but aren't strong enough as individuals to

play in a small group. Without the big bands, there just is no place for them."

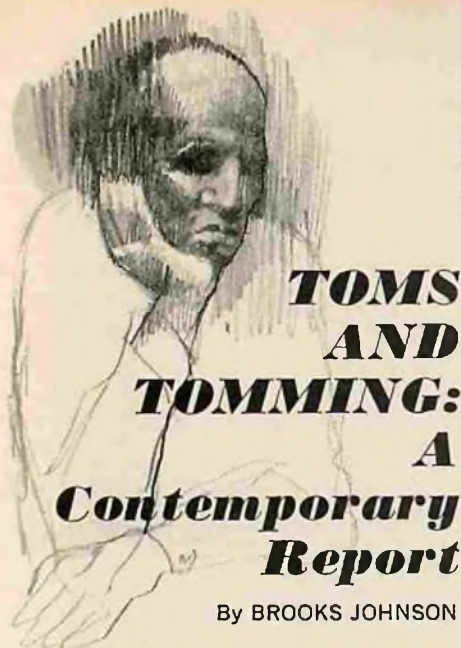
As for small groups, "the smaller they are, the better," Farmer said. "There is a big difference between five or six pieces. You have to give everybody a chance to play. Also, you might get a moment's intuition, and when you have to go around the bandstand and whisper to everybody, you might get your signals crossed. The less people you need to do the job, the better it is. You have more freedom to play."

Having used this ambiguous term, Farmer wanted to clarify what he meant by it. "Freedom is a much misused word nowadays—freedom and love are two very misused words," he said. "The better a player is, the more free he is; but if he's not a very good player, he's not very free, regardless of what style he is playing, or what he calls it."

He continued, "In jazz, the good players have always sounded free, regardless of what the year—it might be Dixieland or anything. That's what has always been so attractive about listening to jazz—the good players sound spontaneous. A lot of these guys who profess to be 'freedom players' sound as if they were scared to play a triad, a melody, a phrase. You can't afford to paint yourself into a corner. Where are you going to go? Regardless of what you call it, you are the victim of a style. You can build your own prison."

"If you're a jazz player," he summed up, "the best thing to have is an organized group. And then, if it doesn't give you enough room—get another one."





HOMER TREMULIS

TOMS AND TOMMING: A Contemporary Report

By BROOKS JOHNSON

BECAUSE THERE ARE Negroes playing jazz in the United States, and because this country hasn't matured racially, jazz has its share of racial problems. One aspect of "race" in jazz, is neo-neo-Tomism.

Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which has erroneously, but effectively, been interpreted to provide us with a term no self-respecting Negro wants applied to him. One of the main characters in the story is a foot-shufflin', head-scratchin', "Yassa, Mistuh Charlie" type for most of the book. The term Tomming, or Uncle Tomming, has been with us ever since to describe a type of Negro who generally accommodates the power structure. In reality, the term is something of a misnomer because Uncle Tom finally vindicates himself with a dignified stand. Regardless, the term carries a stigma.

Neo-neo-Tomism is a term that merely reflects the idea that there is more than one type of Tom.

There is the neo-Tom, who is somewhat like the Negro who allows himself to be used as the "necessary" Negro at business establishments, social gatherings, and the like. He somehow feels that he is something quite apart and separate from the mainstream of Negritude. This is best illustrated in the rather well-known joke about the Negro who pulls his Rolls-Royce up to the commuter train station in suburbia, gets on the train impeccably attired in his Brooks Brothers suit, and opens the *Wall Street Journal*. The little white woman sitting next to him turns in shock and yells, "Nigger! Nigger! NIGGER!" and he turns and

shouts in equal panic, "Where? Where? WHERE?"

The neo-neo-Toms are those Negroes who are perched at the opposite pole of the Brooks Brothers type. They, unlike the reluctant-to-be-colored man, make a crusade and career out of being black. The color of their skin is for them the common denominator of the universe. For the neo-neo-Tom jazz musician, everything musical is ultimately the product of, or reduces itself to, the color of his skin.

As a Negro, I know the color of my skin has a great significance both to me and to other people I meet. But I also realize that I was born a human being and acted as one for a while before I was aware that I was a hyphenated human being, more specifically, homo-sapiens-black.

For me, the wrong is having to become a hyphenated human being in my own eyes and in the eyes of others. The more desirable thing would be to have had the opportunity to continue my growth and development as just another human being. Period. Consequently, anything that stunts my development as just a plain human being is undesirable. It also would seem that anything that stunts the growth of Negro jazz musicians is undesirable as well. The kind of shrinking that comes from seeing only black in anything that is good in jazz is neo-neo-Tomism and likewise is undesirable.

Who are these neo-neo-Tomists in jazz? I have known certain musicians who now play what they call "black music." My relationships date back almost 10 years in Chicago, where I used to promote jazz programs and jam sessions. I remember Sun Ra exceptionally well because we spent long hours talking about his musical concepts and ideas. He was a man who was genuine, sincere, and greatly talented. I remember, even then, being equally impressed with the fact that the man was short-circuited in many ways because of the ideas he held about race.

He was restricted in the things he could realistically appreciate and produce because he was paranoid about his relationships with white people and the white race. As a result, he wanted to devise and develop a music that the white man could neither steal nor imitate. In the process of doing so, he left a great deal of his natural talent unexplored and undeveloped and, in a very real sense, abdicated areas to the white man with which he, Sun Ra, might have easily and effectively made a contribution. The extent to which he laid down the po-

tential of his talent to escape the white man measures the extent to which he has become a neo-neo-Tom. More explicitly, he has inadvertently bowed to the power structure by taking a rather unrealistic posture and—musically, at least—sticking his head in the sand.

But Sun Ra is a serious, dedicated artist. He has kept a cultlike following of first-rank musicians for more than a decade—men like Pat Patrick, Ronald Boykins, Marshall Green, and John Gilmore, all gifted and serious about their music, and all have benefited from their association and inspiration from Sun Ra.

I remember my first conversation with Sun Ra. I mentioned the fact that his name was that of the ancient Egyptian sun god, Ra. He smiled at my knowledge of the origin of the name and pegged me as one of the "intelligent" Negroes, and we have had a running exchange of ideas since then at chance meetings.

But all this does not alter the fact that Sun Ra is Tomming. He's helping and encouraging the very thing he abhors, the closed clique of power that controls his musical life. He does this not because he is too daring and creative in the sound he produces but because his view about life and how to beat it is distorted. Success is not based upon alienation, but accommodation. Even success in the purest artistic sense (i.e., removed from pecuniary considerations) is based upon accommodating the ideas and impulses of the artist to his manual and physical talents. Sun Ra, in attempting to alienate from his work the white man, stunts his own growth and potential. In short, he Toms away part of his contribution to jazz.

BUT JUST AS Sun Ra is serious, dedicated, and genuine, there are others who are shallow, short-talented, and insecure. I need not mention them by name because they seem to be so conveniently and abundantly present at any session where the "new" jazz, "black music," or "other stream" music is being played.

In days past they were considered hippies and were passed over for what they were—in an apt phrase, jive punks. But nowadays the more avant-garde music is so really new and experimental that it is quite difficult to separate the serious from the shams. But the less-talented ones of the group are almost inevitably the ones with the most arbitrary and backward views about music, men, and race. It

(Continued on page 44)

About The Author

A jazz listener for many years, Mr. Johnson produced jazz concerts in Chicago during the '50s. More recently he has resided in Washington, D.C., where he is a member of the Governmental Affairs Institute.


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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, William Russo, 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.

SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

Duke Ellington

THE ELLINGTON ERA 1927-1940, VOL. II—Columbia C3L-39: *Down in Our Alley Blues; Take It Easy; Move Over; Goin' to Town; Misty Morning; Syncopated Shuffle; Beggar's Blues; Flaming Youth; Rent Party Blues; Sweet Chariot; Baby, When You Ain't There; Jazz Cocktail; Rose Room; Swing Low; Creole Love Call; Five Stamp; In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree; I'm Satisfied; Sumpin' 'bout Rhythm; In a Sentimental Mood; Truckin'; Showboat Shuffle; There Is No Greater Love; Reminiscing in Tempo, Parts I-IV; Kissin' My Baby Goodnight; Uptown Downbeat; Exposition Swing; Azure; All God's Chillun Got Rhythm; Dusk on the Desert; Steppin' into Swing Society; Pyramid; A Gypsy without a Song; Dinah's in a Jam; Buffet Flat; Old King Doogie; Pussy Willow; Something to Live For; Way Low; I'm Checking Out; Goodbye; Serenade to Sweden; Little Possey; Weely; Tootin' through the Roof.*

Collective personnel: Bubber Miley, Louis Metcalfe, Arthur Whetsol, Freddy Jenkins, Charlie Allen, Wallace Jones, Harold Baker, Cootie Williams, trumpets; Rex Stewart, cornet; Joe (Tricky Sam) Nanton, Juan Tizol, Lawrence Brown, trombones; Otto Hardwicke, Rudy Jackson, Barney Bigard, Johnny Hodges, Ben Webster, Pete Clark, Harry Carney, reeds; Ellington or Billy Strayhorn, piano; Lonnie Johnson, guitar; Fred Guy, banjo, guitar; Wellman Braud, Billy Taylor, Hayes Alvis, bass; Sonny Greer, drums; Ivie Anderson, Jean Eldridge, vocals.

Rating: ★★★★★

This album, comprising three records and 47 tracks, is an indispensable addition to the library of the serious jazz listener. It is somewhat less attractive than the volume that preceded it (*The Ellington Era, 1927-1940, Vol. I*), in which there are such masterpieces as *Ridin' on a Blue-note, Battle of Swing, Boy Meets Horn, and Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue*, but it is, nonetheless, one of the most desirable sets of recordings available: Ellington is the chief figure in jazz, and almost everything he has done is of value.

One of the most interesting aspects of this volume (and of Vol. I as well) is what it shows of Ellington's development as a composer.

His orchestrational ability, for example, grows unmistakably. First, his disposition of the instruments improves; the instruments are used with increasing accuracy of intent and corroboration of the melodic-harmonic-rhythmic succession. Second, he comes to use orchestral combinations over

long periods of time, a process that tends toward smoothness and wholeness. Third, by 1939 he has acquired one of his most distinctive techniques: obtaining continuity through orchestrational plateaus. An example of this technique is to be found in *Stepping into Swing Society* (1938), where the use of trumpets in tight plungers throughout the piece serves to tie together disparate elements and to reveal similarities that might otherwise escape attention.

Additionally, Ellington's modulatory resources are considerably more advanced in the last years represented in this album than in the first, when he was occasionally guilty of thick-fingered and gratuitous changes of key. His later modulations are purposeful and logical, serving the total ends of the piece (but he takes two steps backward in *All God's Chillun Got Rhythm*, written in 1937).

But Ellington's greatest development as a composer during this period is to be seen in respect to form. By 1939 he is writing longer phrases, he is able to carry over material from one chorus to the next, he has acquired the asymmetry that is so congenial to his style, he can secure for his compositions logical and conclusive endings, and, at his very best, in pieces like *Exposition Swing, Stepping into Swing Society*, and *Pussy Willow*, he creates compositions that display extraordinary cohesion and integrity, compositions through which runs an inevitable succession of tones and chords and rhythms and tone color.

Ellington's remarkable capacity to rework the compositions of others and in so doing to make them his own, as he has done in recent years with *Peer Gynt*, the *Nutcracker Suite*, and *Mary Poppins*, is not exhibited among these records. It is, I believe, a later development of his talent. The reworked pieces included in this album, most of which were popular songs of the day, are distinctly beneath the level of Ellington's own compositions.

Other than with Ellington the composer—and his increasing success as such—I was most interested in this album by the improvisation, which struck me as remarkable. The sheer quality of improvisational skill exhibited by several of the players is of a very high caliber indeed.

Bigard, in particular, emerges as a jazz improviser of the highest order. I was especially impressed by his playing on *Azure, I'm Satisfied*, and *Dinah's in a Jam*.

The talents of Stewart and Williams are more generally recognized, so I shall not dwell on them here, except to call attention to the former's sensitive and musical solo on *Showboat Shuffle* and the latter's eloquence on *A Gypsy without a Song*.

Perhaps the most fascinating aspect of

(W. R.)

With this issue, composer William Russo joins *Down Beat's* staff of record reviewers. Russo first gained attention as arranger-trombonist with the Stan Kenton Orchestra from 1950 to '55. He has since spent considerable time in Europe, where in the early '60s he formed the London Jazz Orchestra. He now lives in his native Chicago and is composer-in-residence at Columbia College and director of the Chicago Jazz Ensemble.

the Ellington soloists in this album—the lesser as well as the greater—is their restraint. They are rarely turgid. They avoid excess of emotion and excess of technique.

Bigard on the bridge of *Kissin' My Baby Goodnight*, for example, plays several fast elegant phrases, each of which is separated by ample space, and this space is occupied by orchestral figurations. Bigard, in other words, recognizes the impressiveness of silence and has the further facility to wrap himself around the pre-established portions of the piece.

These qualities he shares with other Ellington soloists. They work themselves into the composition, they derive material from the composer, they suit their approach to the materials at hand, and they view themselves as part of the total musical flow rather than as self-contained luminosities. In these respects, they are radically different from the soloists in other jazz orchestras—of their day as well as now. And it seems ironic that because of these characteristics they achieve so much more originality and individuality than they might have if they had proceeded along more standard lines.

These records recommend themselves on both musical and historical grounds. Though one could ask for little more than the records themselves, it should be pointed out the essay by Sonny Greer is amusing and delightful, that the remastering (often done from old 78s, I would gather) is excellent, that the photographs are well chosen, and that Stanley Dance has done a first-rate job of providing the listener with accurate details about each of the tracks.

(W. R.)

Chet Baker

SMOKIN'—Prestige 7449: *Grade "A" Gravy; Serenity; Fine and Dandy; Have You Met Miss Jones?; Rearin' Back; So Easy.*

Personnel: Baker, flugelhorn; George Coleman, tenor saxophone; Kirk Lightsey, piano; Herman Wright, bass; Roy Brooks, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

A TASTE OF TEQUILA—World Pacific 21839: *Flowers on the Wall; Tequila; Mexico; Cuando Calienta el Sol; Hot Toddy; 24 Hours to Tulsa; Speedy Gonzales; Come a Little Bit Closer; El Paso; La Bamba.*

Personnel: Baker, flugelhorn; the Mariachi Brass; Jack Nitzsche, arranger-conductor.

Rating: ★

Baker has never been a consistent player, a fact brought home once again by these two records released about a month apart. *Smokin'* is the best album Baker has made since his return to the United States a couple of years ago; *Tequila* is easily his worst since that time, perhaps in his career.

Putting the introspective Baker with the Mariachi Brass (which is as harmonically and artistically impoverished as the Tijuana Brass) is ludicrous. It might have turned out better, though, if Baker had been in the studio at the same time the Mariachis were; his parts obviously were dubbed in. He sounds as if he's on the point of collapse; his solos are numbing meanderings, devoid of feeling or fire, and come nowhere near the level of invention he's displayed on other occasions. It's all like a green fog, which lifts briefly only during his first solos on *Hot Toddy* and *Gonzales*.

But Baker is as excellent on *Smokin'* as he is poor on *Tequila*. His improvisations flow effortlessly and combine the proper amount of muscle with wistfulness to achieve music of substance and conviction. His inventiveness, taste, and sense of construction are in full play throughout the album.

Baker's use of long phrases, which has been one of the most attractive characteristics of his work since he first gained wide attention, is most effective on *Gravy* and *Dandy*. It is this mastery of the long phrase used in conjunction with a strong sense of symmetry and melodic beauty that makes Baker an outstanding musician. He is not a technician, something quite evident in his *Jones* solo; but a singer, that he is.

Coleman, on the other hand, is a man of strong chops; he gets over his tenor with roller-coaster speed when he wants, which seemingly is often. He also can play with a lot of drive. Nor evidently are the blues unknown to him, for his work often has a nice touch of the earthy to it. But Coleman switches from one approach to the other as he builds his solos. It can get confusing.

Lightsey is quite impressive. He is a strong player, somewhat in the same way Oscar Peterson is—he has facility, a firm touch, and seems always in control of himself and his instrument. Most of his playing here is lighthearted and has a bright glitter to it. Unfortunately, most of it has been heard before.

Wright and Brooks are a good team; both are hard, yet tasteful, drivers. Wright also turns in some well-done, no-nonsense solos.

But the leader is the one who repeatedly draws the ear on this record. This is supposedly the first of a series of Baker LPs on Prestige; I hope the others find him in the same fettle as on *Smokin'*. (D.DeM.)

John Coltrane-Don Cherry

THE AVANT-GARDE—Atlantic 1451: *Cherryco*; *Focus on Sanity*; *The Blessing*; *The Invisible*; *Bemsha Swing*.

Personnel: Cherry, trumpet; Coltrane, soprano and tenor saxophones; Charlie Haden or Percy Heath, bass; Eddie Blackwell, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

The high level of musicianship and artistry maintained throughout this album, recorded in 1960, makes me wonder why Atlantic waited six years to release it.

Despite the album's title, the music is conservative compared to what is going on in today's avant-garde, though it is a good example of where the a-g was in 1960, which was almost completely in Ornette Coleman's corner. And the spell of Coleman is strong on this record: three of the compositions are his (*Sanity*, *Blessing*, and *Invisible*); Cherry, Haden, and Blackwell were his musical compatriots at the time; Heath and Coltrane were among his earliest and heartiest supporters.

Coltrane in 1960 was emerging from intensive exploration of harmonic possibilities and entering the brief period during which his playing became more lyrical than it had been in his sheets-of-sound

days. Both aspects—the sheets and melodic improvisation—are of almost equal strength in his work on this record.

Most often his solos consist of lyrical passages, structured usually of notes of long duration, alternated with multinoted, complex phrases. This type of construction is most pronounced on the Coleman compositions and Cherry's *Cherryco*. On Monk's *Bemsha*, however, Coltrane uses a simple-to-complex construction, in the manner of much of his pre-1960 work.

As always, the intensity, musicality, and sincerity of Coltrane's playing is starkly evident: despite the frequent cascades of notes, rarely do any of those notes seem improper or without purpose (only in his soprano solo on *Blessing*—supposedly his first recorded work on that instrument—is there a feeling of fingers confounding artistry); his dry tone conveys warmth of feeling but precludes any hint of sentimentality; and in all his solos, his fine sense of over-all construction is at work.

Cherry also constructs well on most of this record, though at times he seems to change course in the middle of a solo, making it difficult to see the design of the whole. He, too, plays with poignant lyricism, particularly at the beginning of his solos (he also almost invariably gets into more jagged improvisations, much of which, I suspect, is there because it falls easily under the fingers). He is at his most inventive in the first part of his *Invisible* solo, on *Cherryco*, and in his second *Sanity* solo (a touching, speechlike im-

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provisation in which he makes excellent use of the lower register). Cherry reveals the influence of Miles Davis in *Bemsha and Blessing*, his use of a Harmon mute making similarities to Davis all the more obvious. Despite the general excellence of Cherry's work on this record, however, I find his somewhat pinched and ragged tone slightly irritating after a while.

Some of the best music in the album is played by the rhythm section, particularly the one of Haden and Blackwell.

Blackwell listens closely to what is going on around him and enhances the whole handsomely. His cymbal work on *Sanity* is especially adroit. Besides his supportive work, Blackwell takes several well-executed solos; they are somewhat in the military-jazz tradition but, nevertheless, are a step away from that tradition because of the way their author uses varying planes of sound to add another dimension and "melodic" interest to his work.

Haden, who is present on *Cherryco* and *Blessing*, is very strong behind Coltrane and Cherry; his bass notes are like huge cushions for the horns to bounce off, while at the same time his lines constitute melodies in themselves. (So important is Haden to the success of the whole that I was led to reflect on the rarity of strong bass lines in recent avant-garde recordings, which might account for the difficulty some listeners, including musicians, encounter in following what's going on. An old—and in many cases, true—theory holds that the best improvisations are built off the bass line.)

Heath's most effective playing is in the slow section of *Sanity*; he offers not only superb backing for the horn men but also contributes a fine solo and adds his persuasive voice to a "conversation" between Coltrane and Cherry. Heath's playing on this track does much to make it the best in the album, to my ear.

Considering where Coltrane has gone musically since 1960, this record is an interesting and perhaps historic document. (D.DeM.)

Jean DuShon

FEELING GOOD—Cadet 4048: *Feeling Good; Take a Chance; What Now, My Love?; Watching the World Go By; If I Ruled the World; Make Him Your Own; Wild Is the Wind; Goodbye Is a Lonesome Sound; Out in the Cold Again; The Heather on the Hill; I'll Never Find Another You; You Don't Know.*

Personnel: Miss DuShon, vocals; unidentified orchestra.

Rating: ★★ ★

Miss DuShon is most convincing when she sings good rhythm-and-blues. She has recorded "jazz" before, has performed with jazz musicians, and has sung arrangements by competent jazz composers; they have been of significant help to her only when they laid down an r&b foundation.

On this album she flounders through her material, exhibiting assurance and imagination best when she sings in the rhythm-and-blues style. The only exception is *Heather*, on which she is quietly appealing.

As an over-all performance, this album shows development and command of natural equipment. Her delivery and creative contribution are satisfactory, but nothing more—unless she is singing basic rhythm-and-blues material. Then she becomes an interesting singer. (B.G.)

John Lee Hooker

IT SERVE YOU RIGHT TO SUFFER—Impulse 9103: *Shake It, Baby; Country Boy; Bottle Up and Go; You're Wrong; Sugar Mama; Decoration Day; Money; It Serve You Right to Suffer.*

Personnel: Dickie Wells, trombone (Track 7); Hooker, guitar, vocal; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; Panama Francis, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ ★

As a youth, Hooker listened to Blind Blake, Charlie Patton, Blind Lemon Jefferson, and other blues men who came to visit his father. He learned his lessons well.

In his long professional experience he has acquired skills beyond the wit of the ordinary rural musician, but just how well he has kept his heart intact for country blues is profusely demonstrated in this LP.

Country Boy is a stark and poignant tale of misfortune, and Hooker's shifting vocal timbres pump dramatic fervor into the narrative. *Shake It* opens with a sophisticated riff, but Hooker's shouts and

twanging guitar soon have the music back in the country. *Decoration Day*, a slow blues, is haunting.

The accompaniment is sympathetic on the slow tunes and moves with a whacking drive on the up-tempo ones. Wells had a supreme chance to blow on *Money*, but, inexplicably, he just noodles. (G.M.E.)

Shirley Horn

TRAVELIN' LIGHT—ABC-Paramount 538: *Travelin' Light; Sunday in New York; I Could Have Told You; Big City; I Want to Be with You; Some of My Best Friends Are the Blues; Had You Tried to Forget?; Don't Be on the Outside; You're Blase; Yes, I Know When I've Had It; Confession; And I Love Him.*

Personnel: Joe Newman, trumpet; Frank Wess or Jerome Richardson, flute; Miss Horn, vocals, piano; Marshall Hawkins, bass; Bernard Sweetney, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ ★

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ment—breathy, airy, close-to-mike purring—with a big lush chord at the end, while *New York* is given lightly driving swing, with excellent piano and singing by Miss Horn. On *Told You* Miss Horn seems to sing about life—experience, sincerity—as if this tune were written exclusively for her.

Big City has sancti-rhythm intro a la Ray Charles. Near the end of the track, the group changes gears for several bars of unadulterated 4/4. It's a good track... *Big City's* for me also.

On *Friends* Miss Horn shows she is not a belter, but she does have good delivery and sings in tune... she doesn't have to holler.

Had You is given a sultry, moody rendition by Miss Horn with fine backing by the Harmon-muted trumpeter of one of my teenage idols—Joe Newman of Harry

Edison likeness—and flutist Richardson or Wess, both giants. And the pianist is in great shape. *Outside* is a finger-popper with good band writing that never gets in the way. Miss Horn does some strolling on piano—laying out.

You're Blase is done with picturesque nonchalance, while *Yes, I Know* is light, gay, and just as blase.

On *Confession* Miss Horn plays a beautiful piano intro and accompaniment for her purring voice. Richardson's excellent flute is there too. *And I Love Him* is sung with a raspy, breathy voice—makes me think of Billie Holiday. Great spacing.

Afterthought: This is just too much of the same thing—singing, although the variety of material is good, and I like her singing. I imagine the number of tunes and brevity of the performances was meant to appeal to disc jockeys, but I would have

liked to have heard a little more stretching out by the horns or Miss Horn's piano. The album could have been a little more uninhibited. (K.D.)

Jazz Crusaders

LIVE AT THE LIGHTHOUSE '66—Pacific Jazz 10098: *Aleluia*; *Blues Up Tight*; *You Don't Know What Love Is*; *Miss It*; *Scratch*; *Doin' That Thing*; *Milestones*.

Personnel: Wayne Henderson, trombone; Wilton Felder, tenor saxophone; Joe Sample, bass; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Stix Hooper, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Having put in enough time wrestling with a trombone slide myself, I appreciate someone who has mastered it as well as Henderson has. He's done it without resorting exclusively to trick tonguing and false positioning, either.

Instead, he takes advantage of the lyricism only possible on the slide trombone, on which no mechanical devices intrude between the player's breath and the sound. Yet so many people try to make the slide articulate like valves, and this can't be done. But worse than the impossibility of the task that the machinegun school of trombone players sets for itself is the artistic error of overlooking the pure lyricism possible from blowing air into an unobstructed brass tube.

It's nice hearing a jazz trombone again. Henderson and Roswell Rudd may be the only post-J. J. Johnson players who are on to something of their own, using their heads imaginatively and their instrument properly. Their conceptions are different from one another—Henderson's is more "mainstream"—but they have in common an organic approach to the instrument.

Henderson's attack is clean, his sound rich. There are many definitions of freedom in jazz playing, but he plays that way according to mine. It sounds as if he is past the note stage, like he isn't thinking of chords, rows, modes, or anything like that. Just music. So, for me, this record is mostly Wayne Henderson.

Felder plays tenor in the Joe Henderson tradition. His sound bothers me—it is so much like so many others. Other-directed. Faceless. As when one girl gets a Sasoon haircut, and then every other chick in town has to have it also, whether it fits her or not. There is something basically unimaginative about that kind of imitation; so even though Felder's playing is interesting and swinging, I can't go entirely with him.

The rhythm section is fine and together. Sample's piano is fresh. Vinnegar's time is good, but he plays notes with questionable intonation sometimes. Hooper keeps things together with variance and good sound.

The technical quality is about as good as I've heard on an in-person recording. The excitement the Crusaders are generating with the audience is clearly strong, a fact that comes through without any sacrifice of balance or presence. (M.Z.)

Jack McDuff

HOT BARBECUE—Prestige 7422: *Hot Barbecue*; *The Party's Over*; *Briar Patch*; *Hippy Dip*; *601 1/2 North Poplar*; *Cry Me a River*; *The Three-Day Thang*.

Personnel: Red Holloway, alto, tenor saxophones; McDuff, organ; George Benson, guitar; Joe Dukes, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

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None of the originals is notable except *Hippy Dip*, which is melodically fresh and rhythmically intricate.

McDuff's solos, other than a fine one on *Dip*, aren't particularly imaginative, but at least he doesn't repeat himself excessively. Further, his improvisations build well and do not exceed the bounds of good taste.

Benson has a rather hard, unattractive tone but demonstrates fluent technique and a steady flow of ideas.

Holloway's tenor work has elements of Sonny Rollins, Sonny Stitt, and rock-and-roll in it. On this instrument he turns in good, multinode improvisations on *Party's Over* and *Dip*. He plays alto on a couple of tracks, turning in a rough, infectious solo on *Thang*.

This is one of the better records of its type available. (H.P.)

Wes Montgomery

PORTRAIT OF WES—Riverside 492: *Freddie the Freeloader; Lolita; Movin' Along; Dangerous; Yesterday's Child; Moanin'*. Personnel: Montgomery, guitar; Mel Rhyne, organ; George Brown, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Though it preserves some uncluttered, no-nonsense, unobjectionable—but not particularly memorable—performances by Montgomery's trio of some years ago, this album does not have a great deal to recommend it.

The trio the guitarist led at this time was cohesive, and what saves its work here from utter desultoriness is its tightness and the unpretentious inventiveness of its arrangements. Montgomery's themes are quite attractive (*Lolita*, *Movin' Along*, and *Dangerous* are all interesting and provocative), and the group's ensemble work reveals a sensitive awareness of the coloristic possibilities of the three instruments.

Too, there are always moments of interest in the solos. Montgomery makes most interesting use of a pedal point in his *Moanin'* spot, among other happy, provocative demonstrations of his art throughout the set, and Rhyne is a discreet and tastefully restrained organist who shapes his lines with logic, often picking up phrases from the guitarist's improvisations to use as points of departure.

The trio has recorded to better advantage—including these selfsame pieces—elsewhere. This set is only for the die-hard Montgomery collector who must have all the guitarist's recordings, even the routine ones. (P.W.)

Mongo Santamaria

EL BRAVO!—Columbia 2411 and 9211: *El Bravo; Cayube; Niedo; Black Stockings; Monica; Lucky Mambo; Cinderella; La Justicia; Ole Guajira; Estrado do Sol; Manteguero*.

Personnel: Marty Sheller, trumpet; Bobby Capers, alto and baritone saxophones, flute; Hubert Laws, tenor saxophone, flute; Rodger Grant, piano; Victor Venegas, bass; Carmello Garcia, drums, timbales; Santamaria, bongos, conga drums; Wito Correa, Nanchito Sanabria, vocals.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is an album of Latin dance music, not "jazz." Nonetheless, it contains music that would have to be considered jazz by any standards, and it has more vitality and conviction than much of the self-conscious jazz of our day.

This type of dance music is becoming increasingly popular in the metropolitan areas of the United States, and it isn't hard to understand why. It has the excite-

ment based on steady, swinging tempos that jazz of the "serious" type is losing; it allows the musicians room for improvised solos but assures that their work in this vein is disciplined both by the steady beat and the time requirements of dancing (you don't stay on the floor for 35 minutes without a break).

Furthermore, it is music designed to provide entertainment and recreation, not introspection or protest. No wonder, then, that it is finding the audience that jazz is losing.

From a listening standpoint, Latin dance music often engenders a climate of monotony. But Santamaria's group is one of the increasing number of exceptions to this rule. It offers not only the splendid drumming of the leader and the rhythmic drive of the assorted percussive instruments played by Garcia and other members of the group (all of whom intermittently double on claves, scrapers, maracas, etc.) but also a front line of superior jazz-oriented horn men.

Among the best jazz-oriented tracks is Laws' *Black Stockings*, on which the band appears to have been augmented by a second trumpet and at least one other brass instrument. The voicings are reminiscent of those used by Tadd Dameron (who liked Latin music), and there are nice solos by trumpet, tenor, and baritone.

Cinderella, also using the augmented instrumentation, is climaxed by some mean trumpet "shakes" and has solo spots for the three horn men. Sheller's solo on *Justicia* (a merengue) is a beautiful example of trumpet playing in the classic Gillespie-Clifford Brown tradition, full of fire and expertly executed. Sheller has chops and ideas to spare. Capers' alto solo indicates that he, too, is a player to watch.

Guajira, perhaps the most "authentic" performance, is far removed from jazz but has an exciting quality all its own. *Sol*, an Antonio Carlos Jobim composition, features beautiful, melodic flute solos by Laws and Capers, and *Lucky* has brief trumpet-alto unison passages that sound like vintage bop.

There is no reason why a group like this—certainly one of the best of its kind—should not be included in the programs at jazz concerts and festivals. This music has a lot more to offer than foot appeal. (D.M.)

Wayne Shorter

SPEAK NO EVIL—Blue Note 4194: *Witch Hunt; Fee-Fi-Fo-Fum; Dance Cadaverous; Speak No Evil; Infant Eyes; Wild Flower*.

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Shorter, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

There is a pervasive air of melancholy in this collection of pieces written by Shorter. I have noticed this melancholy quality in the work of many of the smaller groups, and I feel that it tends to create a lack of variety, a sameness of color and tone. This is doubtless partly due to the fact that the instrumentation is usually the same (rhythm section, tenor, and trumpet, sometimes just tenor), the use of compositions that seem somewhat alike in structure and harmonic content (minor tonalities predominate), and more often

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than not the same musicians appear, sometimes as sidemen, sometimes as leaders.

This has succeeded in producing a whole galaxy of almost identical-sounding units; at times it is quite puzzling to determine whose group is playing, even though individual soloists are soon recognized. It is like a sort of musical in-breeding . . . a closed shop. Nevertheless, because of the high caliber of performance, there is always much to hold the listener's attention, and on this particular album both the playing and the writing are interesting.

As usual, the ubiquitous Hancock, surely one of the most gifted and sought-after pianists today, plays inspirationally throughout. He has a never-ending flow of lyrical ideas, and the empathy among him, Carter, and Jones is a joy.

Hubbard, whose musical thinking seems to reflect the mournful, yearning quality of the compositions, plays beautifully controlled, singing solos, notably on *Witch Hunt* (where there is some interplay between trumpet and piano), on *Fee-Fi-Fo-Fum*, and again on *Speak and Wild Flower*. He manages to convey the feeling that one is being transported to a land of nostalgic reverie, where one can easily lose himself in pleasant sadness.

In particular, *Infant Eyes* and *Dance* project this quality; they are haunting, poignant melodies, and here particularly Shorter proves himself an imaginative and tasteful writer. His solo on *Eyes* is a poem of tender love for his little daughter, for whom the piece was written.

The time feeling sparkles on every selection, as well it might, since Carter and Jones, reinforced constantly with percussive chord clusters and light, airy figures from Hancock, play together superbly. Jones gets big, shining splashes of sound and at times creates an effect like the crack of a whip, flicking back and forth, combined with a sort of sound-on-sound effect as the rhythms overlap one into the other, without ever losing the strong pulsation that holds them together. It seems to me that he is playing with greater restraint, more taste, and subtlety than he has in the past.

Speak, to me the least inspiring piece melodically, nevertheless has flashes of interest as Hancock weaves little pearl-like phrases in and out of the various solo lines. His own solo and the cross-rhythms that evolve among him, Jones, and Carter are like wavelets breaking; they ebb and flow endlessly. Carter's tone is rich, low, velvety; he swings hard as Jones plays the cymbals in a burst of cascading sparks that scatter and fall like fiery particles of sound.

To me, this album is wrongly titled. It's all melodic, with a sort of lingering sadness; it is too low-key, too dreamlike for the suggestion of the macabre that some of the titles convey. *Dance Cadaverous*, in particular, seems a lugubrious name for such a gentle theme. Shorter's own explanation of some of his ideas ("I was thinking of misty landscapes with wild flowers. . .") seems more in keeping with the mood of the music. (M.McP.)

Sun Ra

OTHER PLANES OF THERE—Saturn KH-98766; *Other Planes of There; Sound Spectra; Sketch; Pleasure; Spiral Galaxy*.

Personnel: Walter Miller, trumpet; Ali Hassan, Teddy Nance, Bernard Pettaway, trombones; Byron Allen, alto saxophone, oboe, flute; Danny Davis, alto saxophone, flute; John Gilmore, tenor saxophone; Pat Patrick, baritone saxophone; Robert Cummings, bass clarinet; Sun Ra, piano; Ronnie Boykins, bass; Lex Humphries, Roger Blank, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★★ ½

SUN RA AND HIS SOLAR ARKESTRA VISIT PLANET EARTH—Saturn 9956-11-A; *Planet Earth; Eve; Overtones of China; Reflections in Blue; Two Tones; El Viktor; Saturn*.

Personnel: Art Hoyle, Lucious Randolph, Dave Young, trumpets; Nate Pryor, trombone; Marshall Allen, James Spaulding, alto saxophones, flutes; Patrick, alto and baritone saxophones; Gilmore, tenor saxophone; Charles Davis, baritone saxophone; Sun Ra, piano, solar piano; Ronald Boykins or Victor Sproles, bass; Robert Barry, William Cochran, drums; Jim Herndon, tympani, timbals.

Rating: see below

One must know first that Sun Ra and his musical family are probably aware of the aura of off-the-wallness akin to put-on that surrounds his use of words. The name Solar Arkestra invites snickers or Tom applause; worse, it invites the indifference of those more conservative with their images of themselves. The average reaction: Is this guy serious?

Without question, however, the otherworldly motif threading through Sun Ra's thought is quite whole in its poetic consistency. This cannot be known to the listener, however, unless he brings to the music a special openness.

Sun Ra plays from a place beyond everyday consciousness. He senses other planes of existence known to musicians,

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poets, and sorcerers for as long as there has been man. Sun Ra is unique in the way he has tied up this age-old transcendentalism with current jazz and current life. His "family" all play directly from it. If the music has any value to those outside, it is as a bridge to this other state of being.

I sense this other state as a place where all things flow, flow together and become one another capriciously, playfully, horrifically, without will or referential meaning. *That* is the meaning. When the music is successful, and this feeling of random flow is achieved, it is beautiful beyond all made things.

There are a few places in the *Other Planes* album where this happens. For the most part, one senses a spirit that informs the music, yet is rarely fully present.

The weakest link is, alas, the piano playing of Sun Ra. His pianistic style is not nearly so distinctive as the style of his arkestra. He sits at the keyboard with a kind of anti-facility, bringing to mind, as he plays, the playing of all hung pianists everywhere. But it's not quite a pastiche of our bumbling, emotive histories; there is an added quality of separateness which says "Sun Ra." Every now and then, even, he liberates a phrase.

Other Planes is remarkable for its freed sound. Where does all this space come from? There is space between lines, between notes, even in the thickest textures. In this space everything is absorbed and then re-emerges. There is human resonance.

The climax of the piece *Other Planes* (which takes up a whole side) is the sound of war: murdering, chopping, babies crying, the wounded screaming, the outraged dying—a beating, groaning pandemonium. Yet . . . it is all so deliberately contained. It isn't war. It's music.

But the music is uneven. *Pleasure*, for instance, is the victim of stylistic uncertainty—it sounds at times as if the kids are lost in *Laura*.

Some solos are outstanding, those by Gilmore and Allen especially. In *Other Planes* Allen plays an oboe solo that cuts anything I've heard on the instrument.

The rating is not only for the beauty of the music when the moment has been seeded; it is also for Sun Ra's persistent activism within the void—his undaunted perseverance in recording the unrecordable.

Transcendental as Sun Ra's music is, it somehow works to involve us more in the everyday. Always at the end of the journey we come down with the sanctified knowledge that here are merely men wandering around blowing through pipes and hitting stuff with things.

The album *Planet Earth I* do not consider reviewable. It is authentic early '50s Chicago style bebop. For the historically interested, the record indicates (sometimes beautifully) how these musicians came to play the later, more distinctive music.

Saturn is Sun Ra's own label, and records are probably most easily obtainable directly from the company, P.O. Box 7124 Chicago, 60607. (B.M.)

Various Artists

THE DECEMBER BAND—Jazz Crusade Vol. 1, 2007; Vol. 2, 2008: *Introduction Blues*; *Lil' Liza Jane*; *Ice Cream*; *You Are My Sunshine*; *Someday, Sweetheart*; *Bugle Boy March*; *High Society*; *Careless Love*; *Handy's Boogie*; *Uptown Bumps*; *You Tell Me Your Dream*; *Just a Closer Walk with Thee*.

Personnel: Kid Thomas Valentine, trumpet; Jim Robinson, trombone; Sammy Rimington, clarinet; John Handy, alto saxophone; Bill Sinclair, piano; Dick Griffith, banjo; Dick McCarthy, bass; Sammy Penn, drums.

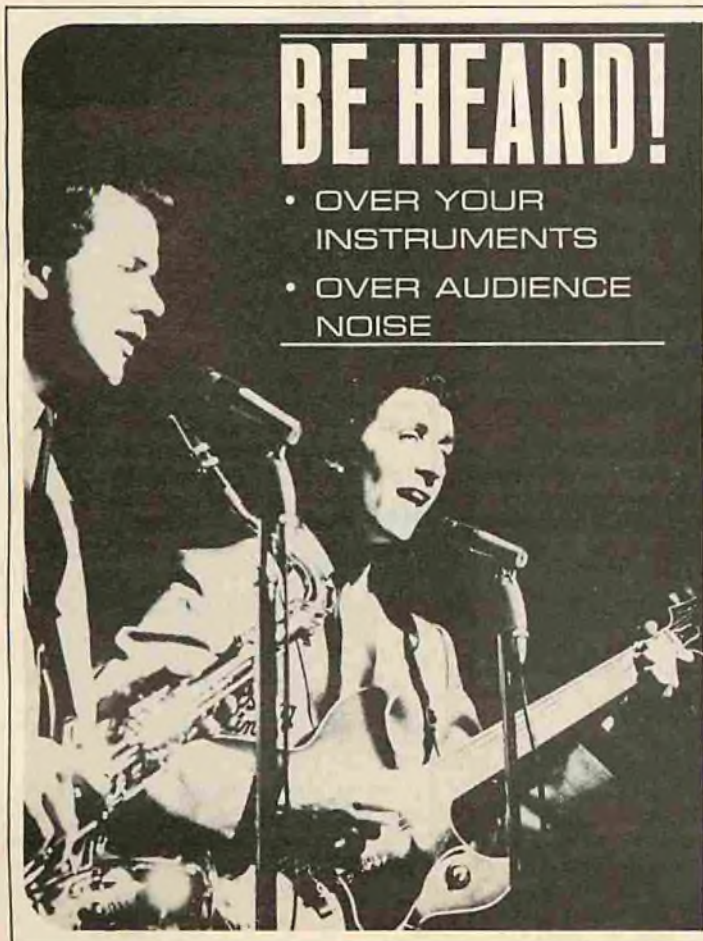
Rating: ★★

This two-volume set was recorded at a Connecticut Traditional Jazz Club concert last December and features Rimington, the excellent young English clarinetist, with four New Orleans veterans and three Connecticut musicians. The albums are of mixed quality.

The concert was played without rehearsal, but the musicians are all so conditioned by the New Orleans style that, with the exception of *High Society* with its tricky structure, the lack of preparation is not noticeable. Indeed, the point is well taken in the liner notes that it is difficult to tell which musicians are the veterans and which are the relatively new practitioners.

Rimington, who sounds better every time I hear him, plays with fire and vigor and has a rich store of ideas. He is heavily influenced by George Lewis, but has his own identity in that he uses Lewis' style but does not mechanically copy his phrases.

Kid Thomas (introduced by emcee Bill Bissonnette as the "world's greatest jazz musician") is in good shape, having his



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best moments in fast, driving ensembles. Robinson wobbles adequately through his solos and comes to life in the last ensembles, showing his ragged, down-home smears to advantage. Handy (not the young altoist of the same name) has drive and guts and holds his own with this hard punching front line.

The rhythm is very good. Griffith is like a rock, making his changes cleanly and keeping his strumming tight and swinging on the fast tunes. Sinclair seems devoid of ideas in his solos, but he keeps his background playing in good taste. Penn and McCarthy both swing.

Handy gets moving on *Boogie* with a long chorus, but the best tunes are *Liza Jane*, *Ice Cream*, and *Bugle Boy*, which feature wide-open New Orleans-style ensembles. (G.M.E.)

Various Artists

THE SOUND OF THE DELTA—Testament Records 2209: *Black Mary*; *Won't Be Troubled Long*; *Your Close Friend*; *Kokomo*; *Don't You Want to Be a Member?*; *Pearline*; *Uncle Sam Called Me*; *Bad Weather*; *Rising Sun*; *Shine On*; *Early in the Morning*; *Walkin' Ground Hog*; *Windin' Ball*; *Annie Mae*; *Louise*; *Let Me Drive Your Ford*; *Canary Bird*.

Personnel: Track 1—Ruby McCoy, vocal; Big Joe Williams, guitar. Track 2—Elijah Brown, vocal, guitar. Track 3—Williams, vocal, guitar. Track 4—Fred McDowell, vocal, guitar. Track 5—Bert Logan, vocal; Russ Logan, washboard; Williams, guitar. Track 6—Elijah Brown, guitar. Track 7—Arthur Weston, vocal, guitar; George Robertson, harmonica. Track 8—Avery Brady, vocal, guitar. Track 9—McCoy, vocal; Williams, guitar. Track 10—Arthur Weston, vocal, guitar; Robertson, harmonica. Track 11—Williams, vocal, guitar; Jimmy Brown, violin. Track 12—Elijah Brown, vocal, guitar. Track 13—Russ Logan, vocal, washboard; Williams, guitar. Track 14—McDowell, vocal, guitar. Track 15—Brady, vocal, guitar. Track 16—Andrew Cauthen, vocal, harmonica; Williams, guitar.

Rating: ★★½

This is one of six albums of Mississippi River country Negro music that are available on Testament. The traditional delta music—the old field shouts, blues, and reels—still exists, and it is Testament's project to capture what it can before the tide of urbanization destroys the tradition.

Unfiltered, sun-baked, uneven, and honest, the music is the fiber of Negro delta culture. Miss McCoy's gruff plaint on *Rising Sun* speaks of death, but the sound of her voice also conveys something of the impoverished lot of the tenant farmer, and Williams' *Ground Hog* is the paradigm of a man striving against huge odds to squeeze some joy out of a wretched existence.

Undoubtedly much of the music gives a good idea of some of the original substance that was leavened into instrumental jazz. On *Annie Mae* Russ Logan sets up a delightful clacking racket on his washboard that recalls Baby Dodds' woodblock drumming. Robertson's harmonica playing (*Uncle Sam* and *Morning*) and Jimmy Brown's violin (*Ground Hog*) serve as reminders that improvised accompaniment was common in blues groups much before the evolution of instrumental jazz.

Miss McCoy's tracks, because of her hard-driving phrases and poignancy, are the best of the album. The older singers—McDowell and Elijah Brown—have ringing authenticity but not the sting of some of the younger. Cauthen is intense on *Canary Bird*. Weston has an earthy appeal on his two tracks, and Williams is masterly on his. (G.M.E.)

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BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

ZOOT SIMS

Zoot Sims is one of those rare saxophonists who can claim to cut across party lines. Adherents and opponents to the cool school dig him (he was one of the original Four Brothers in Woody Herman's band of 1947); even avant-gardists find in his work a warm, unpretentiously swinging quality that has endeared him to students of every school.

Since his last *Blindfold Test* (DB, Feb. 5, 1959), Sims has toured Europe with Gerry Mulligan's Concert Jazz Band, has seen the Soviet Union as a member of Benny Goodman's orchestra, and has been a part of several jazz festivals at home and abroad.

He has continued to work in an intermittent partnership with Al Cohn. As visitors to the Half Note in Manhattan and Ronnie Scott's London club can attest, this is one of the most persuasively propulsive teams in jazz. Though he never mentions it even by implication in the comments below, Sims was also one of the first U.S. jazzmen to experiment with bossa nova; two of his best albums are *New Beat Bossa Nova*, Vols. I and II on Colpix.

Sims was given no information about the records played.



1. Woody Herman. *Northwest Passage* (from *Woody's Winners*, Columbia). Herman, clarinet; Bill Chase, trumpet; Sal Nistico, tenor saxophone; Ronnie Zito, drums.

That's a new arrangement on an old tune, huh? I've played that many times. It's very exciting, this one. It's a good showcase for Sal. I thought it was a good record . . . exciting, clean. Only thing, the high-note trumpet player at the end there, seemed like he left off too early.

I thought Sal Nistico was exciting—he's got a lot of lungs . . . kept it up. In comparison with the band we had, ours was more subtle—this is more show, I think; but it's good, it's exciting. The tenor players Woody's had lately have all been good. I liked the drummer . . . Jake Hanna, I believe. I'll give it four stars.

2. Randy Weston. *Portrait of Vivian* (from *Randy!*, Bakton). Weston, piano; Booker Ervin, tenor saxophone.

I loved the melody . . . I liked everything about it. Sometimes the performance wasn't pleasing to my ear, sometimes it was. . . . The tenor, I don't know who it was. It was an enjoyable record. It was such a pretty melody—sometimes that bending was a little . . . well, I'm just not used to that. All in all, it's a beautiful tune. I liked the tune better than the performance. Three stars.

3. Stan Getz. *Entre Amigos* (from *Big-Band Bossa Nova*, Verve). Getz, tenor saxophone; Gary McFarland, composer, arranger.

An old friend from Woody's band. Stanley. Very nice, well-played record. I have a few bossa nova albums, and I enjoy 'em. I like bossa nova. Stan played very well on this . . . except the pickup seemed to be a little zigzag. I only heard it this once; maybe he's doing something I didn't understand.

It was a great record. I liked the arrangement. Very well played and written. I'd say he's changed much in the many years since we were together musically.

. . . Stanley's a great saxophone player—he gets better all the time, I think. He plays a little harder than he used to. Remember they used to call him "The Long Island Sound" or something? I think it's a great album. I'd give it five.

4. Count Basie. *Doggin' Around* (from *The Count Basie Story*, Roulette). Basie, piano. Recorded in 1960.

I had no idea who that was, but I liked the original better. I missed Earle Warren on it. But it's a good band as a whole . . . I don't know—it didn't impress me much, because I grew up with that original. . . . I thought the solos were better on the original. I don't think it's possible to make anything as good as that; it seems like the spirit was on the original.

I have heard many records made over like this one—a lot of bands have done that; they never seem to be as inspired as the original. I'd give it 2½ stars—I can't say much about it. It didn't sound like Basie on the piano to me.

5. Bud Shank. *Umbrellas of Cherbourg Theme* (from *Michelle*, World Pacific). Shank, alto saxophone.

It reminds me of when I drive to work every night and turn the AM radio on. I don't like that at all. It sounds like they're trying too hard for a hit . . . maybe they got one. It sounds contrived, to please the mass, I guess . . . the big mass music lovers. But, man, I didn't dig that. It's not even worth talking about, really. . . . I just don't dig it. Got to give it something . . . 1½ stars.

6. Lucky Thompson. *On Tippy Top* (from *Lucky Is Back!*, Rivoli). Thompson, tenor saxophone, composer, arranger; Willie Ruff, bass; Walter Perkins, drums.

I loved that little arrangement. It was great. I liked the drummer very much on that and the bass player. I don't know who the saxophone player is, but I like him. Sometimes he lets go of what he's started . . . I don't know how you can interpret that. You know, how he gets going and then feels like he dropped a

little bit.

I liked the record very much, though. I mean it's a *pleasing* record. I like the way it moves. I'd give that four stars. Who is it, by the way?

7. Duke Ellington. *Big Fat Alice's Blues* (from *Concert in the Virgin Islands*, Reprise). Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Ellington, Billy Strayhorn, composers, arrangers.

There's a lot of story behind that kind of music. I could listen to that forever. Johnny Hodges just seems to get better and better all the time. It's a great thing. That's why Duke's been my favorite band most of my life, and Johnny's got so much control and so pretty a tone . . . vibrato and everything. It's a great record from beginning to end. It's a great mood. I'd give it *all* the stars.

LF: That's an interesting point you raised about tone. Maybe we can put some little afterthought in about sounds and saxophones. Because there's so much going on nowadays in the avant-garde, where they say tone in the traditional sense is out of date. . . .

ZS: Tone is out of date?

LF: Well, no, any sound is all right if it creates a mood . . . you hear these effects created by playing two notes at once and so forth.

ZS: That can create some nice sounds if you know how to do it. If you get it down. I've heard Coltrane do it a couple of times, where he gets two sounds going. If you can do it any time you want to and get it out, it's all right. The only thing I can say is that it does reflect the noises we hear around us today and all that. But I can't say it pleases my ears much.

Of the young musicians I've heard, I like Frank Strozier. I heard him for the first time at Shelly's. And I like Jerry Dodgion. He and Frank are doing something with the alto that I like. Personally, I haven't played alto in years. Friend of mine hocked it, and I just never bothered to play it again.

DB

Stereo Shopping With Benny Golson

By Charles Graham

Composer-arranger-tenor saxophonist Benny Golson, 37, said that when he was a boy in Philadelphia, his family had a wind-up Victrola on which they played early records of Andy Kirk, Jimmie Lunceford, and other big bands. He also remembers that he wasn't interested in their music then. When he was 9, he asked his mother to find him a piano teacher, and soon thereafter he began buying records, which he played on the family's "beam of light" Philco phonograph—a unit that had a small mirror attached to the needle assembly that reflected light onto a photoelectric cell in synchronization with the disc grooves passing underneath.

"Every night at 7," he said, "I was glued to the radio for Glenn Miller. . . . *His String of Pearls* was my favorite."

"Then when I was 13, I caught Lionel Hampton's band at the Earle Theater in Philly. I was almost knocked off my feet by it, and especially by Arnett Cobb's tenor blowing. He really turned me on to tenor, and the next year I started taking saxophone lessons."

The youngster started listening to every saxophonist he could find, on AM radio as well as on the family's new Zenith console. His interest in the saxophone was so all-consuming that, he said, "I even listened to, constantly, and *liked* Freddy Martin and his 'Singing Saxophone'."

Later, in high school, Golson not only studied tenor and clarinet privately with Roy Zeigler, who had played with Charlie Barnet's band, but also was a member of the school dance band.

"We weren't very good," he said of the band, "though we not only played stock arrangements but also jammed a little." The record he liked most at this time was one by Billy Eckstine's band that featured tenor saxophonists Dexter Gordon and Gene Ammons, *Blowing the Blues Away*.

Constant listening to late-night broadcasts of live dance music on AM radio got Golson more and more interested in the work of arrangers, and he was particularly impressed with Claude Thornhill.

"He always had that velvet sound," Golson recalled. "I suppose it was actually Gil Evans, but we didn't know about Gil back then. There was Boyd Raeburn, too, who was so far ahead of his time. . . ."

While in high school, Golson tried his hand at arranging but says the results were "pretty sad."

While at Howard University, where he later got a degree in music education, Golson listened to records on a small Steelman portable phonograph he bought

for \$19. "I kept that little box through school and right on up until after I got married," he recalled.

Trying to keep up with his studies, playing nightly gigs "until the school found out and made me cut down to just weekends, doing charts for our group, the Howard Swingmasters (I was earning \$7 an arrangement!), and listening to records, largely Monk, I was kind of busy!"

After college Golson went on the road with Bull Moose Jackson, the r&b leader whose group at that time also included pianist-arranger Tadd Dameron. Golson and his wife, Billie, settled in New York City in 1956, about the time he joined Dizzy Gillespie's big band. They finally replaced the Steelman portable with an RCA table-model radio-phonograph combination that served them well until they switched to stereo in 1960. Along with his friend and co-leader of the Jazzlet, trumpeter Art Farmer, Golson began to investigate stereo components.

He settled on a Pilot integrated amplifier (preamplifier and power amplifier together), a Garrard record changer, and a pair of big Wharfedale loud-speakers. This equipment produced satisfactory sound until recently when, moving to a larger home, Golson decided to upgrade his system. He had been waiting until his daughter Brielle, now 5, was old enough to handle the stereo set safely before getting a better unit.

Golson's new home includes a den that he uses as a workroom for composing and arranging. He decided to keep the big Wharfedale speakers in the living room and to add another pair of high-quality speakers in his den. He decided he'd need between 30 and 40 watts an amplifier channel to handle the four speakers all at once.

Looking over the field, Golson selected the Dynaco Stereo 70 power amplifier. It is driven by Dynaco's separate preamp-control unit, Model PAS-3, which is nearly as good as the highest-quality preamps but costs less than half as much.

For switching to the Wharfedale speakers in the living room or playing just his new speakers in the den, Golson bought a speaker switch costing \$3.50. This can be mounted almost anywhere and, since it is a three-set switch, has seven possible combinations—that is, it switches up to three separate sets of stereo speakers in seven possible combinations. When Golson found that he could add a third set of speakers, he decided to put EMI's smallest speakers in a small sitting room where his 17-year-old son, Reggie, often entertains friends.

Benny Golson's home music system costs:

Dynaco Stereo 700 amplifier	\$130
Dynaco PAS-3 preamplifier	110
Acoustic Research turntable	78
Empire 880P pickup	49
EMI Model 319 speakers (each)	49
Sony 500A tape recorder	300
Uher Model 4000 tape machine	400
Koss 727 Stereophones	36

For his new record player, Golson chose the Acoustic Research turntable, a simple yet sturdy machine so well designed that there is little that can get out of adjustment. Golson, who pointed out that about 95 percent of all classical, and all jazz, records must be turned over, had rarely used the automatic changing feature on his Garrard.

With at least 15 widely accepted stereo cartridges available from five manufacturers at less than \$20 today, opinions vary as to which is best, though it is agreed that most of them sound excellent, much better than most models of five or six years ago. Golson chose the Empire 880P on the recommendation of Farmer.

In addition to discs, Golson uses tape a great deal. One of his tape machines is a Sony 500A, used for making copies of tapes for friends. His second tape machine is an Ampex player; it has no recording electronics but just plays tapes back. In



Benny Golson and Art Farmer find stereophones best for concentrated listening

addition, Golson recently bought a Uher Model 4000 portable tape recorder while in Europe. It plays on batteries as well as house current, has three speeds as well as a number of other semiprofessional recording features, and is lightweight and compact.

Long a headphone user, Golson said he often uses stereophones when he is studying complex harmonies, such as the Bela Bartok works his current teacher, Henry Brant, has him investigating. Golson bought a pair of Koss' 727 Stereophones in addition to the standard Model SPX-3 headphones he'd had for several years.

The arranger's final purchase was a set of four remote speaker-volume controls, each of which was attached to the back of one of the loud-speakers—the Wharfedales in the living room, EMIs in the sitting room. (He doesn't need separate controls on the speakers in his den because he has the controls on the Dynaco unit right at hand.)

After connecting the speaker wires to the speaker switch, he put on a copy of Farmer's *Aztec Suite*. It was almost like being in Webster Hall, where the recording session was held.



DAVE BRUBECK— COMPOSER

The pianist tells why he feels he is more a composer than a pianist, by Leonard Feather

THE AVANT-GARDE IS NOT AVANT-GARDE!

By Don Ellis

THE JAZZ ARCHIVES AT TULANE

A report by Charles Suhor of the significant material being collected at the New Orleans university

SOUNDS & SILENCES

Don Heckman discusses the theory and application of 12-tone music

WARM ROOT

The career of cornetist-violinist Ray Nance—whom Duke Ellington has called a musician with "perfect taste"—is chronicled by Stanley Dance

On Sale Thursday, June 16

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

(Continued from page 17)

conquered already and was straggling from the field.

Ellington managed to rouse some enthusiasm with his opening *Take the A Train* and with the wonderful open horn of Cootie Williams. But the magic was gone, and the band hurried through its slot.

For the crowd, exhilaration had given way to exhaustion. —H. F. Rosenthal

Modern Jazz Quartet

Carnegie Hall, New York City

Personnel: John Lewis, piano; Milt Jackson, vibraphone; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums. String Quartet—Tom Zungola, Bruce Freilich, violins; Jack Katz, viola; Joseph Tekula, cello. Woodwind Quintet—Joe Farrell, flute; Don Ashworth, oboe; Eddie Daniels, clarinet; Don Stewart, bass clarinet; Walter Kane, bassoon.

I hate jazz concerts—physically, I mean. Sitting there. It seems to me an irrational way to listen to the music. You line up with a lot of other people, uncomfortably listening to supposedly loose music fettered in a formal setting. And the listener is fettered—you can't smoke, drink, or stretch your legs. It's a drag. Clubs are better—even records are better.

The first half of this one was titled "The MJQ and the Blues." The quartet played some of its familiar numbers, *The Cylinder*, *Bags' Groove*, *Ralph's New Blues*. These have been heard before, but they were played beautifully, perfectly, better than ever. Very good. Their ensembles seem to get tighter and more sophisticated as the years go by, without losing the original spirit. *Bags' Groove*, for instance, is still the same groovy old lady—but with new clothes on.

During the second half, though, I almost got seasick. A string quartet. A woodwind quintet. Later! The sound was straight out of the first-class lounge of the SS *Cristoforo Colombo*. The music itself was deep . . . "serious," you know. But the sound—bouillon at 4 p.m. in the main lounge.

Lewis' adaptations of two portions of J. S. Bach's *Musical Offering* were premiered. The *Musical Offering* may be one of the most perfect pieces of music ever written. Its symmetry is awesome. But it is stiff music—intellectual, complex, hard to get to. The MJQ and the string quartet didn't loosen it up, either. Jackson sounded as if he were wearing a ball and chain, playing even eighth notes. Bags in chains. No good!

After these, and an excerpt from Henry Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*, they played *Sketch*, by Lewis, a lovely piece of music. When Jackson hit his first note—one of his wonderful ringing ones—people applauded. So did I. Back from the Crusades, I thought.

Then, a woodwind quintet joined the string quartet, and they played two original pieces by Lewis, *Sascha's Fugue* and *Little David's Fugue*. The ship started rocking again.

You usually can tell when string players think they are "swinging" by the degree to which they violently shake their heads to and fro as they play. Two of these

guys were shaking like aspen leaves—but without Swing 1. Worse, their intonation was more than questionable more than once—as was Heath's, sorry to say.

But then, I thought, Lewis has given us that sound—a precious gift—the MJQ . . . BLUINGG! Those ringing, sensitive chords. That sound—the clear, clean, brilliance and taste of whatever its members do—pretentious or not!

I decided that I love them just the way they are. —Michael Zwerin

Sounds for a Swinging Sunday

Playboy Theater, Chicago

Personnel: Chicago Jazz Ensemble—Art Lauer, Chuck Kainz, Sandy Mosse, Bob Ericson, Ron Kolber, reeds; Gary Slavo, Warren Kime, Oscar Brashear, Bobby Lewis, Marty Marshack, Lenny Morrison, trumpets, flugel-horns; Cy Touff, bass trumpet; John Avant, Harry Lepp, Bill Dinwiddie, trombones; Fred Luscombe, bass trombone; Roberta Guastafeste, Marilyn Bechetti, Roberta Jacobs, Bob Lali, cellos; Robert Roberts, guitar; Jim Schipper, bass; Bob Cousins, percussion; William Russo, conductor. The New Colony Six—Ray Gaffia, Chic James, Craig Kemp, Wally Kemp, Jerry Kollenberg, Patrick McBride. The McLaurin Dancers—Kimberly Casey, Helen Durden, Barbara Hobley, Ivy Isen, Arnette Malbia, Vester Maxey, Carolyn Salzman, Beverly Wells; Jowell McLaurin, director. The Warren Kime Singers—Donna Kimo, Kimo, Loren Binford, Joanne Judson, Richard Judson, Wayne Rohlfson.

Bill Russo's "Sounds for a Swinging Sunday" was nothing if not a mixed grill. In addition to his own 23-piece Chicago Jazz Ensemble, there were featured a rock-and-roll combo, the New Colony Six; a dance troupe, the McLaurin Dancers; and a vocal sextet headed by vocalist-trumpeter Kime.

The music, from excellent to execrable, was in the main, however, engaging and diverting.

Russo's ensemble, which combines more or less standard large-jazz-orchestra instrumentation with four cellos, is spirited and disciplined. Made up of top Chicago instrumentalists, many of them active in various commercial music assignments around town, the band interpreted its arrangements with polish, solid musicianship, and élan. Russo, of course, furnished sensitive and attentive direction.

The music the group interpreted was, for the most part, unpretentious and warm-blooded if not particularly adventurous. To be honest, I had expected a bit more daring and unconventionality from the leader and his men; instead, however, we were served a heaping of what might be described as latter-day mainstream, with a mild Stan Kenton seasoning.

The fare was at least served piping hot and was readily digestible.

Tenor saxophonist Mosse, who was featured on the opening *Sweets*, got things off to a pleasantly swinging start with his airy Al Cohn-like playing. Trombonist Avant took things a bit further (and perhaps a bit further back in time as well) with his delicious growling on Tony Russell's 22-50 *Paris East*, which also had a brief baritone solo.

Richard Peaslee's *Black Pedro* drew not a little on the Spanish-influenced orchestral colorings of Gil Evans, but the composition was an effective mood piece that conjured up the sound of flamenco guitar through the use of pizzicato cello figures throughout.

Peaslee revealed a sensitive gift for orchestral coloration, and the piece was

nically varied in its effects. It further boasted short but telling solos by Avant and trumpeter Slavo, who played—not unexpectedly—in a Miles Davis vein.

Russo's *Club Gigi* was bright, an engaging up-tempo number that came off without hitch.

One of the more interesting performances of the day, in terms of illustrating the high level of all sections of the ensemble, was Jerry Mulvihill's provocative *Rags Old Iron*, which used as its thematic basis the melancholy cry of a street peddler. The orchestral sound was warm and burnished, with the dulcet cry tossed back and forth by each of the orchestra sections in turn.

Guitarist Roberts and trumpeter Kime were the featured soloists on *Dr. Bop*, by Edward Baker. Each acquitted himself well, Kime especially so as he constructed a solid and skillfully edited wide-open improvisation that was among the finest spots of the afternoon.

The piece itself was exciting and well paced, building to a shouting climax, the trumpets shrieking over a Latin-inflected rhythm. It got, expectedly, one of the best hands of the day from the audience.

The McLaurin dancers followed for two numbers, a Bach *Trio* and Robert Ragland's *Blues for My Father*, each of which featured three of the company's lissome dancers.

Knowing nothing of dance, I am in no position to comment on the success or failure of this portion of the program, but it was my impression that there was little real correspondence between the dance interpretation and the music to which it was set.

An unscheduled tenor saxophone solo by Mosse preceded the appearance of the New Colony Six. Mosse's improvisation over the support furnished by Roberts, Schipper, and Cousins on *Sweet and Lovely* was precisely as the title suggested, and his warm sound and airy variations provided a welcome change of pace after the full orchestral sound of the previous numbers. He received a huge ovation from the audience.

With the thunderous Armageddon sound that modern amplifiers generate, the New Colony Six roared and bullied its way through five rock-and-roll performances at peak volume.

Notwithstanding the high decibel count, the members are clever and thoroughly professional, with a sensitive and aware grasp of how electronic equipment can enhance their performances. And they were, most decidedly, very musical, with a good bit of variety and contrast to their singing and playing.

The group's final piece, *At the River's Edge*, on which it was joined by the Russo ensemble, generated a great deal of excitement and built to an almost unbearable climax, with the band screaming behind the repeated harmonica lines of the sextet's lead singer, McBride.

The inclusion of this fine contemporary group brought a breath of fresh air—the sound of today—to the program. The five invigorating performances by the New Colonists provided not only a delightful

contrast to the balance of the program but also demonstrated the vitality and imagination that often are present in the work of some of the more creative rock-and-roll groups. And the New Colony Six, a Chicago group, is surely among the more interesting rock units.

After a brief intermission, the Ensemble returned for two performances. *The Lion House*, a Russo composition, served as a showcase for the group's high-note trumpet specialist, Morrison. He brought it off fairly well but had a bit of trouble sustaining his playing at the upper reaches of the horn. It was more bravura than anything else. Morrison seemed more effectively deployed in other, less flamboyant numbers, on which his stratospheric abilities were used for effect rather than as an end in themselves.

Bass trumpeter Touff was featured on Gerry Mulligan's *Limelite*, arranged by Don Venable, and the soloist brought off a warm and flaring improvisation in his usual effortless, ingratiating manner.

The McLaurin dancers came back for two more performances, set to Stan Kenton's *Statues* and Russo's *Jazz in Motion*.

The program concluded with several performances by the Kime singers. Kime, with his wife, Donna, handled the vocal solos. A work titled *In Memoriam*, composed by Russo and dedicated to the memory of Philip Ball, consisted of musical settings to a number of poems: Langston Hughes' *Miss Blues*; Child; Barbara Gimbel's *Baby, Oh, Baby* and *Take Me, Death*; James Joyce's *Sleep Now*, and the *Sanctus*, *Requiem*, and *Kyrie* from the Roman Catholic mass.

It was vastly disappointing—even dismal. The music was too slick and flippant-sounding for the theme, and much of the poetry—especially that by Miss Gimbel—was vapid, embarrassingly so. To hear the jejune sentiments of her lyrics mouthed by the singers in properly buttery fashion was an experience to stagger the most hardened listener.

—Pete Welding

Count Basie

Golden West Ballroom, Norwalk, Calif.

Among the ruling royalty of jazz, perhaps none presents more of an enigma than the good Count Basie.

While the pride of Red Bank, N.J., does not possess the same creativity of Duke Ellington nor the pianistic skill of Earl Hines, he continues to prove, however, that he does have an almost indefinable gift that has successfully placed him firmly in the topmost echelons of music, where he reigns amicably among his peers, imperturbably watching the ebb and flow of others as they rise and fall. His self-effacing, easygoing manner not only is intriguing in itself, but it also might puzzle anyone who attempts to analyze what makes the pianist-leader's great organization tick.

At a public gathering, the question that invariably comes up is: how does he survive? If you ask Basie the question, he lifts an eyebrow, shrugs his massive shoulders, and says, "Oh, I don't know. I say my prayers every night and try to play the music that the people like."

I couldn't agree with him more, nor

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apparently could the throngs of fans who made it to the Golden West Ballroom where I had the pleasure of hearing Basie recently.

When I entered the ballroom that night, the sight and sound of drummer Sonny Payne nailing his drum spurs to the platform made me grow nostalgic.

My thoughts turned back to my first meeting with Basie, in Asbury Park, N.J., in 1923. I've retained the memory because his appearance contrasted so sharply with his ability. Way back then, Basie played a lot of piano but was wearing some unforgivably dirty white trousers. Bill, as he was known in those days, worked in a tiny bar across the street from where I was blowing with a fellow named Rudolph

Trusty, who turned out to be a most untrustworthy character, seeing that he disappeared with the payroll, leaving the gang stranded. We hung out in Basie's joint, playing for tips, so I got to know him very well.

But let's return to the present with the Count at Norwalk. Basie opened his first set with a light, bouncing *All of Me*. As he stroked the keyboard with his customary, easily identifiable touch, the floor quickly became crowded. It was a mixed, enthusiastic assemblage of dancers—I observed Mexican, Chinese, white, and Negro couples. As I expected, the audience was composed primarily of people in the 35- to 50-year-old bracket, though there was a potpourri of teenagers and even some old-

sters. (One rather ancient gentleman came up to me and said he remembered me with Fletcher Henderson at Roseland, back in the '20s! After this remark, he returned to the dance floor and did a mean "Balboa.")

When the first set started, it was for dancers only, and no one stood in front of the bandstand until the set was nearly over. Then the Count electrified the house by playing the rockabilly tune *I Can't Stop Loving You* with such verve and taste that all of the early subdued veneer vanished while the crowd yelled for more.

The next set began with a lovely ballad featuring the trombone of Bill Hughes, to the delight of those now entrenched in front of the bandstand. Basie, pacing his audience like a coach paces a star runner, unleashed tenor sax star Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, who had the joint jumping as he soloed with knowledgeable intensity on *Splanky*.

As far as I am concerned, one of the reasons Basie continues to hold his own is that he keeps a stable full of soloists: of the five saxophonists, four are better-than-average soloists; of the four trumpet players, three maintain a high standard. To be specific about the trumpeters, there's the workhorse of the section, Al Aarons, who plays with equal skill modern, growl, and lyrical-melodic styles, and there's a high-note specialist who also takes creditable solos downstairs—the lower range of his instrument. (There was so much going on, as these and the others displayed a jovial aspect of showmanship, that I may well have confused one man's efforts with another.)

However, there's no doubt that the Basie organization communicates fun, both in the members' playing and their actions. For example, Payne, while playing, is the antithesis of Freddie Greene, the metronome of guitar players. Fred's facial expression never changes and neither does his beat. Sonny, on the other hand, is one of those rare individuals whose every move is not only a picture, but he also has the ability to make intelligent punctuations that enhance whatever the band is playing. He is in complete comradeship with Greene and Norman Keenan, the bass man, who along with Basie, complete the rhythm section.

Of course, no commentary on the Basie band would be complete without mentioning the front-line troops. Fellows like Marshall Royal, lead altoist and concertmaster; Al Grey, whose plunger-muted trombone partially fills the gap that was left when Tricky Sam Nanton died; Lockjaw Davis, who makes more sense on tenor than a lot of other players that are around.

They are the major cogs in what one of my chums labeled "the perfect musical machine" and "the juggernaut of jazz." I disagree with my friend's terminology. To my mind, this band is a living and breathing collection of dedicated spirits who project pure joy in the music they make. Machine, indeed! In this era of twang-a-lang guitars and confused searchers for something new—which they hope will bring them bread instead of the breadline—it is good to hear and count on Basie.

—Rex Stewart

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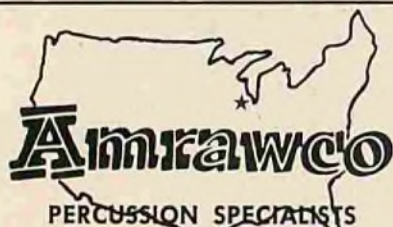
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HODES

(Continued from page 15)

and Tony Spargo on drums; Tony Parenti was on the gig on clarinet and, of course, Wild Bill Davison on cornet. This was the tail end of the '40s. Everyone made it on time, and we had people, and they were appreciative. Because it was Sunday, refreshments were soft. We were down to water. Along the line the sweat poured. The crowd loved it and let us know it. Davison played something that got a good response, and Bill hollered "whisky!" and, man, that broke it up. Incidentally, we made the whole gig on camel's juice.

Mentioning Parenti reminds me . . . he is an iron man. Last summer we did a Columbia, S.C., gig, and Tony comes in after his regular job at Ryan's in New York City. With two hours' sleep, he goes on at an outdoor festival, with a front line he'd never met. And produced. Then, after entertaining till the wee hours, he's up and fresh and doing this recording date. And this cat doesn't sluff off, even if he is 65.

Now you've got me thinking about another town: East Cape Girardeau, Ill. We're back to the early '50s, and I got a week's six-piece band engagement. We're on. But in the room there are no people. It turns out they're in the other room, gambling. That kind of joint. So we play, and we're supposed to come on, which under the circumstance wasn't easy.

But we're making it when what happens? The boss wants to know if I can't tell a few jokes maybe? Make like an emcee. Huh, jokes yet. Well, we need the gig, so quick I improvise. "A funny thing happened to me on the way to work," I say. And the bass player, Kenny White, asks, "What happened?" So, quick, I answer, "I ran into a bass player." Kenny says, "What's so funny about that?" I say, "He was walking; I was driving." . . . The boss didn't get it. But at least I went back to playing the music.

Toronto? I'll never forget that town; it's been good to me. But that first time I played there—boy. Going across the Canadian-U.S. border—no sweat. So I didn't figure about coming back. The cat at the gate asked a few simple questions, and everything was okay. Then he started asking us where we were from (like where were you born), and for some reason, when it came my turn, I remembered something I could very easily have forgotten. After all, I don't remember anything about when or where I was born—only what my folks told me later. By the time I was 2, I was a New Yorker. People ask, "Where were you born?" I usually say New York City. I've been in this country all my life. But I guess I was trip-tired and out it popped: "Russia." I almost never got back into this country.

You hear people talk, and someone will say, "I wouldn't live in New York if you gave me a gold mine," etc. And I stop to think of the years there, the ups and downs, the times when I couldn't have run away from there fast enough,

and the beautiful times I don't forget.

In my life, there have been two towns, cities that I've really spent time in: Chicago and New York. There have been scenes in the former I wouldn't part with for any amount of loot, and things I've lived through I never want to go through again. I can remember Hull House, and I can picture Jane Addams . . . and my sessions with Bix . . . and going out to the south side to see and hear Louie. You know, when you think of the beautiful people you've met in music, then the town brightens up. Towns don't mean real estate; they mean people. New York brings to mind Bechet and Lips Page, the sessions at the Riviera.

A drag can appear anywhere, though. For instance. . .

We (my wife and I) were on our way to do this two-dater in Little Rock, Ark. We're driving along a new highway, and you can make time. The fuzz comes along. My wife was at the wheel, and nothing she had to say worked. We had to take time to "follow me" into Osceola to pay the fine. So by the time we reach Little Rock, we're not Arkansas fans. But the crowd and the local musicians at the session make us forget all about that incident. And just so we do forget it. . .

Well, I'd told the guy who arranged the date that the reason I was there just on time was because such and such happened. Toward the end of the first evening there, someone announced that the piano was rented for this occasion and the time had come for all concerned to pay the rent. A shoebox appeared, and as it made the rounds, the same voice announced, "While you're digging, get something up for Art's ticket." They took that bad taste away, and by the time the session closed the following night we had a good feeling for L.R. and a real warm feeling for some of its people, and no matter how you slice it, when I think of that town (now), I feel good inside.

Unfavorite towns? I'm not sure I have any, not any more. Milwaukee? A year ago, January through April, I was on this high school tour, which took me to some 80 schools and possibly 100,000 youngsters. Talk about being surprised. They are the greatest—very receptive, which bears out what I've been thinking since '42. Give them a chance to hear jazz, and they'll take to it. So here am I, doing a junior high school appearance in Milwaukee at an almost all-Negro school. Boy, I had the feeling: "What am I gonna tell these kids about their own music?" But you're booked, and you've got to go on.

They're not quiet, but they're not unkind. Then you come to that part of your program where you play *Battle Hymn of the Republic*. And if I live to be a million, I'll never forget how those kids, and all at once, as if led by an invisible director, broke into song and sang along while I played. Man, it was beautiful, electric.

"Milwaukee? Two weeks? Sure, I'm open. I'll go if we can get together, but I better tell you that the last time. . ."

DETROIT

(Continued from page 18)

and strongly underlined the value of a conference of this sort.

The final program was excellent. If there were no groups that quite reached the level of current jazz headliners, there was a stylistic diversity and solid professionalism that often are missing in programs that feature one or two names and fall to pieces in the supporting groups.

The Farrell quintet played again, exhibiting a sure brand of straight-ahead, no-nonsense contemporary jazz. Farrell is an exceptional bassist who deserves more attention. The Detroit Contemporary 4 appeared again—although "appeared" may not be a completely accurate description, since the group chose to play with most of the auditorium lights dimmed. Lucas' trio played with customary precision, and the McKinney quintet featured McKinney and his wife, Gwen, singing an up-dated version of the Jackie Cain/Roy Kral scat style that was particularly entertaining. (The McKinney group is surely one that has great recording potential; listening to them, I was struck again by the self-defeating parochialism of so many major record companies.) As a change of pace, I played a brief alto saxophone solo.

The final event was the Detroit Showcase Orchestra, a solidly professional group that drove through a collection of material that ranged from good (if sometimes too boisterous) to poor (some sounded like stock orchestrations). For the last part of its set it accompanied singer Ursula Walker. Unfortunately, a badly handled sound system and too-thick arrangements made it difficult to hear this excellent young performer. I had, however, heard her the previous night at Brokensha's club and left with the impression that she deserves a wider audience.

All in all, considering the complexity of the various events and the elaborate planning required for their organization, the conference held surprisingly close to its original scheduling. The greatest danger of a program of this sort is that it can lean too far in the academic direction, sacrificing the gut part of the program—actual performance—to discussion alone. It is to the credit of the organizers that this happened only rarely and, most important, that it was considered a problem to be avoided.

Equally important, and a fact that should have relevance for other cities, this was a local Detroit production, planned and executed almost completely by people from the community. Detroit has, to be sure, more than its share of fine jazz players, but there is no reason why such a program cannot be considered by Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Boston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Miami—the list could go on.

If the universities really want to move toward an understanding of jazz, the Detroit Jazz Conference has provided a road map for that first tentative, but important, step.



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NEO-NEO TOM (Continued from page 24)

almost seems as if they have to be more way out on these subjects to compensate for their lack of talent.

At one time or another I have toyed with saxophone, piano, guitar, and drums. I know the sound that comes from mistakes that are the product of trying to play an instrument I don't really know. This is easily distinguishable from the sound that comes from a horn held by a man who does know the instrument but makes a mistake in getting the kind of sound with

which he is experimenting. All too often I hear the former sound from those claiming to play "black music."

To digress a bit, let me say I'm black and proud of the fact, but I really don't think I enjoy hearing music supposedly representative of me that is based in ignorance and a talent void. Further, I have heard these same men rant about how they have been taken advantage of, and yet they have been up on the stand faking it, taking advantage of the listeners.

Men like this are Tomming because they are trying to put something over on everyone for their own narrow

motives. They introduce a narrow, unattractive, negative element into a serious thrust in contemporary music and undermine the chances of acceptability of their more talented and representative brothers.

But perhaps men like this can be excused because they are ignorant and angry. But when a gifted man like LeRoi Jones becomes their pimp, it is indeed a sad thing. Jones has the amazing ability to see good in jazz only when it is practiced by black men. He is too aware to say that he thinks white men are not capable of playing good jazz—that myth has been exploded too many times—but he has latched onto the "black music" myth and gives it the attention of his considerable talents of articulation, almost to the exclusion of other jazz forms.

This, of course, is his right, but it's also a form of Tomming. He has shut his eyes to the broader concerns of jazz and art and blinded himself with racism. He would like to parlay the more sensational themes of "black music" into a personal podium and springboard for LeRoi Jones. Employing race as a protective device, he can strike out almost at will and whim, fending off criticism with the suggestion that those criticizing him are just prejudiced whites, or themselves Tomming Negroes. This kind of device is old and effective but totally misleading. It is too obviously like the racists in the South calling all civil-rights workers Communists or perverts.

But men like Sun Ra, Jones, and others are not really at fault. Mostly they are reacting against an inequitable social system that exists here in the United States. The fact that they are so deeply involved merely indicates just how sick the society is in some respects.

Jazz is an expressive art form, and there is room in it for all sorts of movements and veins, but these should be based upon genuine, enlightened motivations and not designed to separate and alienate the adherents and audience of the music. Like all art forms, jazz needs new life and impetus, but hate and prejudice—by anyone, in any form—is not healthy.

Tomism, be it neo-neo, or just plain bowing and scraping, is simply not conducive to the best growth and development of jazz. The sooner people in jazz get on with what jazz is all about and leave all forms of Tomism behind, the sooner jazz can again be a wholesale force for uniting and understanding and less a vehicle for frauds who think they have something new in plain old racism.



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SOLAL

(Continued from page 19)

ment at New York's Hickory House (with bassist Teddy Kotick and drummer Paul Motian), Solal does not regard living and working in America as a prerequisite to full development as a jazz musician.

"I like to work in America," he said, "but I have my family here, and I love Paris too much to live anywhere else."

When confronted with the examples of George Shearing and Victor Feldman—who had attained international jazz status after leaving England to settle in the United States—Solal said, "They might have achieved just as much if they had remained in England." That was that.

Solal described the future of jazz as being "the complete opposite of free jazz. Written jazz—with improvised passages . . . concert jazz, if you like."

"The trouble these days," he continued, "is that nobody seems to know what is jazz and what is not. And then, of course, for some people I am not supposed to play jazz because I'm not an American Negro. But I don't see why a white Frenchman born in Algiers cannot play jazz. France, after all, has produced great jazzmen like Django, Grappelly, Jean-Luc Ponty, Bernard Peiffer, and so on.

"But to get back to so-called free jazz. I don't believe in this at all. It is musical anarchy. What happened, I suppose, is that musicians got so tired of playing the same tunes, the same chords, the same phrases, that they thought nothing more could be done in the orthodox jazz format.

"I think this is quite wrong. I think we can play a blues in Bb for 2,000 years and still not exhaust all the possibilities.

"Music has to be organized. That is why I don't believe in free jazz."

To Solal, the essentials of good jazz are disarmingly simple.

"It has to be nice," he explained. "I like beauty. And there must be some discipline. I am sure that in five years' time there will be no more free jazz. I think jazz will finally get back to music."

Although Solal is currently scoring the music for an album he plans to make with a big band, he much prefers the trio format. "Really my only ambition now is to develop the trio's full potential," he said. "I would like to play more concerts and take the trio around the world.

"Other than that, there is only one thing, musically, that I want to do . . . improve my technique."



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(Continued from page 16)

lowed by a weekend gig by organist Jack McDuff, who was succeeded by singer Chuck Jackson's revue, which was then followed by Louis Jordan. Singer Little Willie John rounded out the month . . . Trumpeter Paul Serrano has started his own record label, P.S. records, with the first release a single by pianist Tommy Ponce. Serrano currently is featured with the Oscar Brown Jr. Joy '66 revue at the Happy Medium . . . The Artistic Heritage Ensemble was heard in performance of original works by its leader Philip Cohran in a program, "A Gift for Mothers," presented May 8 at Dunbar High School Auditorium. The program, which also featured vocalist Sue Denmon and street singer Arvella Gray, was a benefit concert to raise money for the Big Buddies Youth Service . . . A blues concert in the University of Chicago's Mandel Hall May 20 presented the groups of Junior Wells-Buddy Guy, J. B. Hutto, Little Walter, and Otis Rush . . . The Paul Butterfield Blues Band, returned for an early May week at Big John's, the Wells St. club where it got its start . . . Monday night jazz sessions were resumed at Mother Blues early in May, with altoist Bunky Green featured at the first one. The sessions are planned to be held on a regular basis, with one Monday night each month reserved for the folk music that is the N. Wells St. club's standard fare. Following his Monday night, altoist Green took his quartet (pianist Jimmy Drew, bassist Reggie Willis, and drummer Teddy Thomas) to Knox College in Galesburg, Ill. for a mid-month concert. Green has been working weekends with the Latin band of congaist Vitiñ Santiago at the Havana Madrid. Trombonist Larry Boyle and trumpeter Walter Strickland also are in the band . . . Bill Crowden of Drums, Unltd., will present Max Roach and Joe Morello in a drum clinic at Mather High School, 5835 N. Lincoln, on June 5. The demonstration, which begins at 1 p.m., will raise funds for the Kiwanis Boys Clubs. A donation of \$2 is asked.

SAN FRANCISCO: The University of California in Berkeley was the scene of two jazz events. John Handy was the musical highlight of the recent U.C. Arts Festival Week, and guitarist Wes Montgomery, in San Francisco with the Wynton Kelly Trio at the Jazz Workshop, used some of his free time on a Sunday afternoon to play a concert at the university; with him were his brother Buddy (piano, vibraharp) and drummer Frank Butler, who now is living in San Francisco . . . Pianist Bill Evans' trio preceded its current engagement at the Both/And with a May 22 concert at Stanford University . . . Guitarist Bola Sete's trio was presented in concert at the Berkeley Community Little Theater by the Explorers Club of San Francisco . . . Pianist Denny Zeitlin's trio played a concert at the University of California medical center in San Francisco as a benefit for the student union. Dr. Zeitlin is in his first

year of residency in psychiatry at the center . . . Vocalist Ella Fitzgerald and the Duke Ellington Orchestra appeared in concert at the San Francisco Masonic Auditorium . . . Saxophonist-flutist Musa Kaleem, who came here several years ago with the James Moody Octet and remained after the group disbanded, now heads his own quartet. His associates are pianist Bob Neloms, who attended the Berklee School in 1959-60 and was house pianist for Detroit's Motown records in 1962 and '63, bassist Benny Wilson, and drummer Sonny Curtis . . . Singers Ethel Ennis and Anita O'Day have been among recent bookings at the Cabana, a plush motel owned by Doris Day and situated in Palo Alto, 35 miles south of San Francisco . . . Tenorist Vince Wallace is playing with the Martha Young Quartet at Eva's Inn in Oakland. Miss Young, a pianist, is the niece of the late Lester Young.

BOSTON: The Miles Davis Quintet made its first club appearance in Boston in several years recently, packing Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike for six evenings and a matinee . . . Trumpeter Herb Pomeroy's sextet, with altoist Jimmy Mosher, trombonist Gene DiStasio, pianist Ray Santisi, bassist Nate Heglund, and drummer Joe Chambers, did a week at the Jazz Workshop. The Pomeroyans were followed by a quartet led by drummer Pete LaRoca; tenorist John Gilmore, pianist Chick Corea, and bassist Larry Richardson completed the group . . . Two ex-John Coltrane men fronted groups here recently. While pianist McCoy Tyner, with a trio that included bassist Henry Grimes, played a week at Lennie's, drummer Elvin Jones, still limping from a foot injury, fronted a quartet at the Jazz Workshop. Appearing with Jones were tenorist Joe Alexander, bassist Don Moore, and pianist Dollar Brand . . . Trombonist Phil Wilson found time between teaching assignments at the Berklee School of Music to prepare and present two concerts with two different orchestras. The first, a 10-trombone ensemble, performed at Harvard University, and the second, an 18-piece orchestra, was heard a few nights later at Philips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire . . . The Rev. Alvin Kershaw, rector of the Emmanuel Church, presented an original jazz mass written by Ed Summerlin. Herb Pomeroy's group and a choral ensemble under the direction of Diane Cullington performed the musical liturgy.

PHILADELPHIA: Duke Ellington made two appearances in three days in the Greater Philadelphia area. He followed a Saturday night date at Princeton University in New Jersey with one the following Monday at the Bright Hope Baptist Church in a benefit for a youth center, at which he played his sacred-music concert . . . Alto saxophonists had a big night recently in Trenton, with Sonny Stitt appearing at the Fantasy Lounge and Phil Woods at Henderson's Club 50 on the same Sunday . . . Across the river from Trenton in Levittown, Alvino's has resumed its Monday night name-performer sessions. Pianist Bernard Peiffer appeared

on two Mondays, followed by clarinetist Peanuts Hucko . . . John Mack, leader of the Pennsbury High School Concert Band in Bucks County, recently won the annual Philadelphia Jaycees High School Stage Band contest for the fifth year in a row. Mack has directed Pennsbury to the championship twice and also had won twice with the Woodrow Wilson band of Levittown and once with Philadelphia's Southern High School. The Pennsbury band is scheduled for a date at a New Jersey State Museum concert in Trenton sponsored by the Delaware Valley Jazz Society. Pianist-drummer Barry Miles, now attending Princeton, also will play.

PITTSBURGH: Vocalist Ella Fitzgerald is the latest artist to be signed for the American Wind Symphony-Catholic Youth Organization Music Festival to be held outdoors here July 2-4. The Rev. Michael Williams, CYO head, said negotiations are pending with a number of other jazz stars who will join the singer, Dave Brubeck, and Dizzy Gillespie. The three nights at Pittsburgh's Point Park are not firmly programed, but Father Williams has promised that jazz will be a part of each evening program and will be the predominant music. Quiney Jones and Bill Holman, he said, have promised to write orchestrations for the Wind Symphony to perform . . . Walt Harper's second month of Sunday jazz workshops attracted more than 1,400 fans to the Redwood Motor Hotel on four successive April weekends. Best attended shows were those featuring modernists Eric Kloss on saxophone and Joe Negri on guitar, and mainstreamers Reid Jaynes, piano, Hershey Cohen, trumpet, and Jon Walton, tenor saxophone. Ex-Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw sideman Walton received a standing ovation after his first solo. The applause was led primarily by musicians who have seen Walton infrequently of late because of his recurring illnesses . . . A new jazz spot in McKeesport, Pa., has gained a loyal following on Saturday afternoons. It's an old riverboat, dubbed the Surfside Four, which stays at anchor while tenor saxist Flo Cassinelli and his trio swing at weekly matinees. Guest stars have included pianist Bob Negri and drummer Jimmy Blakemore. The Cassinelli trio's regular gig is at the Aloysius Club in downtown Pittsburgh . . . Crawford's Grill had two winners in a row in late April and early May when Kenny Burrell's quartet was closely followed by organist Richard (Groove) Holmes' trio.

DETROIT: Saxophonist Sam Sanders replaced Melvin McCray in trumpeter Gary Chandler's quintet at Odom's Cave, but the gig lasted only a week, as owner Mary Odom discontinued her music policy . . . Pianist Clarence Beasley took a group into the Roxy Bar, which previously had featured country-and-western music. With Beasley are bassist Roderick Hicks, drummer Johnny Cleaver, and tenor saxophonist Donald Walden . . . Trombonist Norman O'Gara has been doing one-nighters around the city with his trio, fea-

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turing organist **Johnny Griffith** and drummer **George Davis** . . . Trumpeter **Eddie Webb** expanded his group at the Act IV to a sextet for singer **Mel Torme's** engagement. In addition to regular members—**Jim Voorheis**, piano; **Leo Harrison**, bass; and **Bob Pinterich**, drums—Webb used **Tom Ploeger**, alto saxophone, and **Martin Rifkin**, tenor saxophone . . . Pianist **Keith Vreeland's** trio (**Dick Wigginton**, bass, and **Jim Nemeth**, drums) has been devoting one afternoon a week to teaching jazz to a group of teenagers at Greiss Baptist Church in a depressed area on the city's east side. It is hoped that some sort of financing can be arranged to enable the operation, currently without funds, to expand to include concerts, formation of regular student groups, and more frequent lessons.

ST. LOUIS: Vocalist **Johnny Hartman** was backed by **George Hudson's** big band at a May 1 show emceed by jazz disc jockey **Spider Burkes** at the Riviera Civic Center . . . The **Herb Drury Trio** moved from **Al Baker's** new club to the Puppet Pub. Other members of the group are **Jerry Cherry**, bass, and **Phil Hulsey**, drums . . . "An Evening of Jazz" was the title of a May 1 concert and dance at the Panorama Bowling Lanes in Belleville, Ill. Featured were **Don Longust**, trumpet; **Sam Moore**, trombone; **Peanuts Morris**, **Emmett Carter**, saxophones; **Herb Drury**, piano; **Jim Bolen**, vibraphone; and **Jerry Cherry**, bass . . . The **Larry Elgart Band** backed singers **Steve Lawrence** and **Eydie Gorme** at a May 11 concert at Keil Opera House . . . The Dixieland bands of **Sammy Gardner**, **Muggsy Sprecher**, and **Singleton Pulmer** were among featured attractions on May 8 in a bicentennial tribute to St. Louis following the dedication of Civic Center Busch Memorial Stadium.

NEW ORLEANS: Pianist **Joe Burton** bought the Pompeii Club in the French Quarter and is playing an 11 p.m.-to-6 a.m. shift for afterhours jazz fans. His group consists of **Bob Teeters**, trumpet; **Jay Cave**, bass; and **Lee Johnson**, drums . . . Pianist **Ronnie Dupont's** trio, with bassist **Al Bernard** and drummer **Reed Vaughn**, played **Al Hirt's** club in May . . . Pianist-vibist-blues singer **Ronnie Barron** took his group to the Masque Lounge after a long engagement at the El Morroco on Bourbon St. Barron was reunited at the Masque with reed man **Jerry Jumonville**, who had played several road dates with **Al Hirt's** new combo.

MIAMI: Mickey's Cricket Club in Pompano Beach has been featuring the trio of pianist **Ron Miller**, with **Pete Hellman**, drums, and **Bob Schultz**, bass. **Marty Goldinher**, tenor saxophone and flute, joins the group on weekends. The Miller ensemble's book ranges from traditional to avant-garde compositions . . . The jazz-oriented **Diplomats**, with **Joe Burch**, closed May 12 at the Swanee . . . Vacationing tenorist **Stan Getz** recently sat in with trumpeter-saxophonist **Ira Sullivan** for a couple of sessions at the Rancher

Lounge . . . At a recent **Alan Rock** jazz concert at the Red Road Lounge the show was climaxed by **Charlie Austin's** original composition, *Karlheinz* (a new work inspired by German composer **Karlheinz Stockhausen**). The rhythm section—pianist **Dolph Castellano**, bassist **John Thomas**, and drummer **Buddy Delco**—propelled tenorist **Austin** and **Ira Sullivan** deeply into the realm of the avant-garde. Rock also emceed a concert at the V.A. Hospital in Coral Gables on May 3. **Sullivan**, **Castellano**, bassist **Jimmy Glover**, and drummer **Gene Gavin** made up one group on the bill. Also appearing were several singers and the **John Thomas Trio**, with **Dave Rudolph**, drums, and **Tony Castellano**, piano . . . A new jazz club, opening with pianist **Thomas' quartet**, will be located in the Seville Hotel in Miami Beach. **WMBM** disc jockey **Rock** will originate his jazz show from this spot . . . Jazz singer **Medina Carney** recently completed two weeks at the Playboy Club, after which she returned to the Hampton House as featured vocalist with **Charlie Austin's** group . . . A giant musical benefit was arranged May 1 at **Ed Myer's** Patio Club in Palm Beach by friends of ailing musician **Pic Gordon**, a pianist who has worked in the past with **Cannonball Adderley** and more recently with the local **Tab Trio**. Among the musicians who played at the benefit were **Jay Bankston**, **Clyde Davenport**, **Al (Father) Neef**, **Frank Schumaker**, **T. J. Griffin**, **Bob Nichols**, **Chuck Bailey**, and **Doc Van**.

TORONTO: Vocalist **Chris Connor** came in for a week's engagement at the Town Tavern. Pianist **Eddie Hazell**, singers **Shirley Horn** and **Jean DuShon**, drummer **Jo Jones**, and the quintet co-led by baritonist **Pepper Adams** and trumpeter **Donald Byrd** are the acts set to follow prior to the tavern's closing for renovations . . . The **Salt City Six**, with new personnel, played for two weeks at the Colonial. Led by clarinetist **Jack Mahieu**, the group now has **Dick Baars**, cornet; **Hans Kuenzel**, trombone; **Al D'Lano**, piano; **Bill Erni**, bass; **Tommy Swisher**, drums . . . **Gene Krupa's** quartet arrived at the Savarin for a week's run . . . **Ramsey Lewis** recently appeared in concert at Massey Hall, as did **Ella Fitzgerald** . . . **Eve Smith**, formerly of Toronto, is now singing on CBC radio network shows out of Vancouver, British Columbia.

LONDON: Backing trumpeter **Buck Clayton** during his two-week tour of England, which will end June 11, is a sextet led by trumpeter **Humphrey Lyttelton**. Other members include **Chris Pine**, trombone; **Tony Coe**, clarinet, tenor saxophone; **Eddie Harvey**, piano; **Dave Green**, bass; and **Tony Taylor**, drums. Clayton and the band appeared at a concert at London's Royal Festival Hall the afternoon of May 28, sharing the bill with pianist **Earl Hines**, cornetist **Rex Stewart**, and trumpeter **Alex Welsh's** group . . . Guitarist **Jim Hall** began a four-week engagement at **Ronnie Scott's** club May 30. Singer **Carole Ventura** shares the bill with Hall there. Negotiations were under

way to present **Ray Nance**, **Jimmy Rushing**, **Jon Hendricks**, and the **Horace Silver Quintet** at the club. Trumpeter-violinist **Nance** will be touring Britain with **Bruce Turner's** Jump Band this month . . . Alto saxophonist **Johnny Dankworth** was the featured soloist with the **London Philharmonic Orchestra** April 5 playing **Howard Brubeck's** *Dialogs for Jazz Combo and Orchestra*.

THE NETHERLANDS: Avant-garde pianist **Piet Kuiters** recently gave a concert in Utrecht; his sidemen were bassist **Dick Van De Cappelle** and drummer **Stu Martin** . . . The jazz club **Persepolis** in Utrecht has received a subsidy from the municipal government to improve the club . . . **Boy Edgar's** big band recently played at the Amsterdam concert hall with trumpeter **Ted Curson** as guest soloist . . . Tenor saxophonist **Booker Ervin** played the B-14 club in Rotterdam recently. He was backed by **Rob Franken**, piano; **Rob Langereis**, bass; and **Stu Martin**, drums . . . Vibist-flutist **Gunter Hampel's** quintet, with **Nedley Elstack**, trumpet; **Loek Dikker**, piano; **Victor Kaihatu**, bass; and **Pierre Courhois**, drums, toured The Netherlands recently . . . Singer **Rita Reys** and pianist **Pim Jacobs** have opened a club in their home town, Loosdrecht.

SCANDINAVIA: Reed man **Charles Lloyd's** quartet opened at the Golden Circle in Stockholm the last part of April and was the last group to play at the Swedish club before it closed. The quartet was to make a trip to Oslo, Norway, for a concert, arranged by Club 7 . . . **Kongsberg, Norway**, is sponsoring its second international jazz festival this year, from June 30 to July 3. The city, famous for its silver mines, plans to have a jam session 350 yards underground in an old mine. Already engaged for the festival are tenorist **Dexter Gordon**, backed by the Danish rhythm section of bassist **Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen** and drummer **Alex Riel**, a Swedish Dixieland band, the **Jazz Doctors**; and a Norwegian swing group. One concert will be held each day of the festival . . . Drummer **Art Taylor** and tenor saxophonist **Johnny Griffin** returned to Paris after three successful weeks at the Club 7 in Oslo. They also made several radio and television programs while in Oslo. The duo is scheduled to play at Copenhagen's Cafe Montmartre this month, where they will be accompanied by bassist **Orsted Pedersen** and pianist **Kenny Drew**. **Dexter Gordon** is scheduled to be back at the Montmartre for the summer months . . . Cornetist **Don Cherry** and his international quintet were the first avant-garde group to draw consistently well at the Montmartre. The group consists of bassist **Bo Steff** of Denmark, drummer **Aldo Romano** of Italy, vibraphonist **Karl Berger** of Germany, and tenorist **Gato Barbieri** of Argentina. It is scheduled for a Danish TV program . . . **Oliver Nelson** recently signed a six-month contract with Danish radio to compose and arrange for the radio jazz band. He is to begin his work this spring.

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WHERE & WHEN

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

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

NEW YORK

Ali Baba: Louis Metcalf, Jimmy Neely.
Barn Art Center (Riverdale, N.J.): George Nardella, 6/12.
Basie's: Wild Bill Davis to 6/5. Johnny Smith, 6/7-19. Richard Holmes, 6/21-7/10. Harold Ousley, Sun.-Mon.
Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon, Mon., Fri. Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed. 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.
Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko.
Fairfield Motor Inn (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Mon.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood.
Five Spot: Max Roach, Abbey Lincoln. Sessions, Mon.
Gaslight Club: Sal Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ullano.
Half Note: Zoot Sims to 6/12. Clark Terry, 6/14-19. Randy Weston, 6/21-26. Carmen McRae, 6/3-6; 6/10-12; 6/17-18.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson. Jilly's: Monty Alexander, Guy Fasiciani, Link Milman, George Perle, Sun.-Mon.
Kenny's Pub: Gene Quill, Mon.
Key Club (Newark, N.J.): name jazz groups.
L'Intrigue: Ronnie Ball, Jimmy Rowser, Nancy Steele. Guest stars, Sun.
Metropole: Gene Krupa to 6/4.
Off Shore (Pt. Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.
Plantation (Asbury Park, N.J.): Vinnie Burke, Don Friedman, wknds.
Playboy Club: Kai Winding, Walter Norris, Larry Willis, Teddi King.
Prelude: Grasella Oliphant, Etta Jones.
Rainbow Grill: Benny Goodman to 6/8.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, hb. Don Frye, Sun.
Shore Cafe (Brooklyn): sessions, Sun.
Sun's: Guest stars, Mon.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
Toast: Scott Reid.
Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Green.
Top of the Gate: Mitchell-Ruff Duo, Dave Pike, Cousin Joe.
Town Hall: Cecil Taylor, 6/10.
Village East: Larry Love.
Village Gate: Modern Jazz Quartet, Charlie Byrd, to 6/12. Ramsey Lewis, 6/21-26.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
Wells: Lee Shaw, Dodo Greene.
Western Inn (Atco, N.J.): Red Crossett, Sun.
Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

BOSTON

Chez Freddie: Eddie Stone-Maggio Scott.
Connolly's: name jazz groups, weekly.
Driftwood (Shrewsbury): Jeff Tones.
Fantasy Lounge (Framingham): Lovey-Ann Quartet.
Gaslight Room: Basin Street Boys.
Jazz Workshop: McCoy Tyner, 6/6-12. Charlie Mariano, 6/13-19. Jaki Byard, 6/20-26.
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: Sonny Stitt to 6/5.
Earl Hines, 6/6-19. Jon Hendricks, 6/20-26.
Joe Bucci, 6/27-7/3. Joe Williams, 7/4-10.
Maridor (Framingham): Al Vega.
Meadows (Framingham): Kenny Stone.
Paul's Mall: Dave Blume.

TORONTO

Bohemian Embassy: modern jazz, wknds.
The Cellar: modern jazz, wknds.
Colonial: Red Richards, 6/6-7/2. Buck Clayton, 7/4-22.
George's Spaghetti House: Dave Hammer, 6/13-18. Moe Koffman, 6/20-25.
Traditional Jazz Club: Dixieland, Wed.

BALTIMORE

Boar's Head: sessions, Tue.-Wed.
Buck's: Bill Byrd.
Club Casino: Brothers We.
Forest Manor (Jazz Society for Performing Artists): name groups, Mon.
Heritage House: Jerry Clifford.
Jockey Club: Jerry Coates.
Kozy Korner: Fred Simpson.
Krazy Kat: Sam Brown.
Lenny Moore's: Greg Hatza.

Madison Club (Left Bank Jazz Society): name groups, Sun.
Martick's: Brad Wines.
Moulin Rouge: Little Willie Goods.
Phillip's: Jazz Ministers.
Playboy: Ted Hawke, Jimmy Bailey.
Uptown: Lloyd Grant.
Well's: George Jackson.
Zebra Room: George Ecker.

MIAMI AND FLORIDA

Bon Fire: Myrtle Jones, hb.
Chez Vendome: Herbie Brock, hb.
Hampton House: Charlie Austin, hb.
Playboy Club: Bill Rico, hb.
South Seas Yacht: Harry Manlan, Jeff Carlton.

CHICAGO

Big John's: various blues groups.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, Lil Armstrong, Sun.
Imperial Inn: Judy Roberts, wknds.
London House: Ramsey Lewis, 6/7-19. Erroll Garner, 7/12-24. George Shearing, 8/9-28.
Gene Krupa, 9/13-10/3.
Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, Wed.-Sun. Jug Berger, Mon.-Tue.
Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ralph Massetti, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Nina Simone to 6/12. Dizzy Gillespie, 6/15-26.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb. Lenore Paxton.
Artists' Workshop: Detroit Contemporary 4, Lyman Woodward, Sun.
Baker's Keyboard: Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer, 6/3-12. Claude Black, hb.
Blues Unlimited: name groups weekly.
Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, Tue.-Sat.
Caucus Club: Lenore Paxton, Mon.-Sat.
Chessmate Gallery: Harold McKinney, Fri.-Sat.
Chit Chat: Earl Marshall, Thur.-Sat.
Drome: Yusuf Lateef, 6/3-12. Freddie McCoy, 6/17-26.
Frolie: Don Davis, Thur.-Sun.
Gene's (Inkster): Clarence Price, Fri.-Sun.
Grand Bar: name jazz groups.
Hobby Bar: Ben Jones, Pixie Wales, Wed.-Sat.
Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha, Tue.-Sat.
Momo's: Danny Stevenson, Thur.-Sat.
New Olympia: Norman Dillard, Thur.-Sun.
Paige's: Ernie Farrow, Thur.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Matt Michael, Vince Mance, Mon.-Sat. Jack Pierson, Sat.
Roxy Bar: Clarence Bensley, Fri.-Sat.
Royal Palm Hotel: Willie Metcalf, Jewell Diamond.
Showboat: Tom Saunders.
Stage Bar: Stan Chester, Thur.-Sat.
Tonga: Charles Harris, Mon.-Sat.
Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, Mon.-Sat.
Village Gate: George Bohanon, Fri.-Sat.
Viseount (Windsor): Romy Rand.
Waterfall (Ann Arbor): Clarence Byrd.

NEW ORLEANS

Black Knight: Fred Crane, Jan Allison.
Cellar: Fritz Owens, Betty Farmer.
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Bill Kelsey, Santo Pecora.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry.
Goliwog: Armand Hug.
Holiday House: David Lustee, afterhours, wknds.
Joe Burton's: Joe Burton.
Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
Masque: Ronnie Baron.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson.
Paddock Lounge: Ernest Holland, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Phil Reudy, hbs.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Red Garter Annex: George Lewis, Sun. after-noon.
Southland Jazz Club: George Finola, Wed.-Sat.
Dolly Adams, Sun.-Tue.
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.
Your Father's Moustache: Jim Liscombe, Sun. afternoon.

MILWAUKEE

Attic: Stan Kenton, 6/20-21.
Black Steer: Scot Johnson, Mon.-Sat.
Column's Room: Lou Lalli.
Dimitri's: The Jazzmen, Thur.-Sat.

El Matador: George Pritchette, Fri.-Sat.
English Room: Leigh Cowan, Fri.-Sat.
Green's Living Room: Will Green.
K.G.'s: Zig Millonzi, Mon.-Sat.
Ma's: Four Star Quartet, Wed., Fri.-Sat.
Mr. Leo's: Bev Dean, wknds.
Richard's Retreat: Frank DeMiles, Fri.-Sat.
Sardino's: Dan Edwards, Mon.-Sat.
The Scene: Skip Wagner, Fri.-Sat.
Tina's: Bob Uhlenberg, wknds.
Washington Park: Duke Ellington, 7/10.

MINNEAPOLIS

Big Al's: Dave Rooney, Billy Wallace, Thur.
Crystal Coach (Robbinsdale): Irv Williams.
Davy Jones Locker: Herb Schoenhohn.
Emporium of Jazz (Mendota): Hall Brothers, wknds.
Lighthouse (Spring Park): Lighthouse 5, wknds.
Mago's: Riverboat Ramblers.
Manor (St. Paul): Mel Torme, 6/13-23.
Markey Club: Buddy Davis, Carol Martin.
Mr. Nibs: Harry Blon's Dixie 5.
Prom Center (St. Paul): Stan Kenton, 6/22.
Buddy DeFranco, 7/13.
Walker Art Center: Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer, 6/26. Oscar Peterson, 7/24.

LAS VEGAS

Colonial House: various groups.
Fremont Hotel: Lou Rawls to 6/20.
Sands Hotel: Red Norvo, Ernie Stewart, hbs.
Torch Club: Bobby Sherwood.
Tropicana Hotel: Dave Brubeck, 6/7-7/4. Mel Torme, Woody Herman, 7/22-8/18.

LOS ANGELES

Blinky's (Garden Grove): Southside Jazz Band, wknds.
Carousel Theater (Covina): Louis Armstrong, 6/7-12.
Cerritos College (Norwalk): Junior Neophonic Orchestra, 6/3.
Chico's (Long Beach): Gene Palmer, Fri.-Sat.
Edgecenter Inn (Long Beach): various groups, Sun.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, wknds.
Golden West Ballroom (Norwalk): Duke Ellington, 6/2.
Havana Club: Don Ellis, Mon.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner.
International Hotel: Kirk Stuart.
It Club: unk.
Jack & Sandy's: Al McKibbon, Stan Worth.
La Duce (Inglewood): Harold Land, David Bryant.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Three Sounds to 6/4. Herbie Mann, 6/5-18. Eddie Cano, 6/19-7/2. Willie Bobo, 7/3-23.
Murly's: Bobby Bryant, Henry Cain, Tue.
Melody Room: Kellie Greene to 6/9.
Memory Lane: various groups, Mon.
Mitchell's Studio Club: Hampton Hawes, Red Mitchell.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson.
Pasadena Art Museum: Don Ellis, 6/12.
Pen & Quill (Manhattan Beach): Clarence Daniels.
Pied Piper: Ocie Smith, Ike Isaacs.
P. J.'s: Eddie Cano.
Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Marv Jenkins, Bob Corwin, hbs.
Red Log (Westwood): Johnny Lawrence.
Reuben's (Tustin): Edgar Hayes, Thur.-Sat.
Reuben's (Whittier): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Wed.
Rose Marie Ballroom (North Hollywood): Lionel Hampton, 6/10.
Sandpiper (Playa del Rey): Don Rader, Sun.-Mon.
Santa Monica Civic Auditorium: Nellie Lutcher, 6/6.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Gerald Wilson to 6/5.
Chico Hamilton, 6/7-19. Cal Tjader, 6/21-7/3.
Sonny Criss, Sun.
Sherry's: Mike Melvoin, Sun.
Sojourn Inn (Inglewood): sessions, Sun.
Whittinghill's (Sherman Oaks): Bobby Troup.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Oscar Peterson to 6/19.
Duke Ellington, 6/20-25. The Vagabonds, Redd Foxx, 6/28-7/11. Count Basie, 7/12-24.
Both/And: Bill Evans to 6/5.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes.
Half Note: George Duke.
Holiday Inn (Oakland): Merrill Hoover, Mon.-Fri. Bill Bell, Thur.-Sat.
Hungry i: Clyde Pound, hb.
Jack's of Sutter: Merl Saunders.
Jazz Workshop: Les McCann to 6/12. Aretha Franklin, 6/14-26. Mongo Santamaria, 8/30-9/18. Cannonball Adderley, 9/20-10/2.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson.
Playboy Club: Ralph Sharon, Al Plank, hbs.
The Apartment (Oakland): Ted Spinola, Tue.-Sat. Escovedo Brothers, Sun.
Soho Club (Burlingame): Norman Bates, Sun.
Trident (Sausalito): Roy Meriwether to 6/26.
Willie Bobo, 6/28-7/10. Joao Donato, 7/12-9/4. Denny Zeitlin, Mon.

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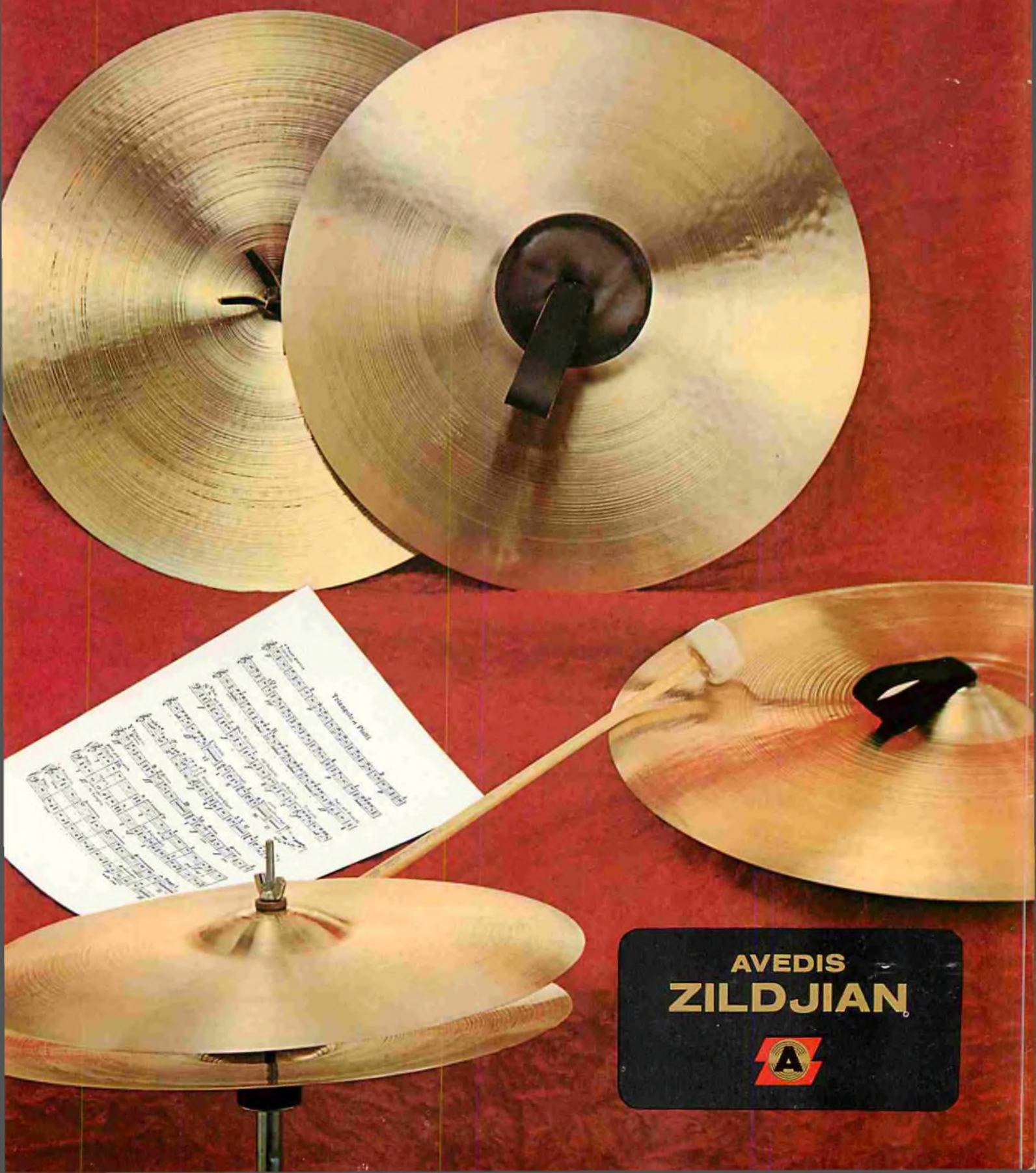
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