

MARCH 9, 1967

35c

# down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

## *Focus On Bassists*

*Featuring:*

*Ray Brown*

*Charlie Haden*

*Jimmy Garrison*

*Chris White*

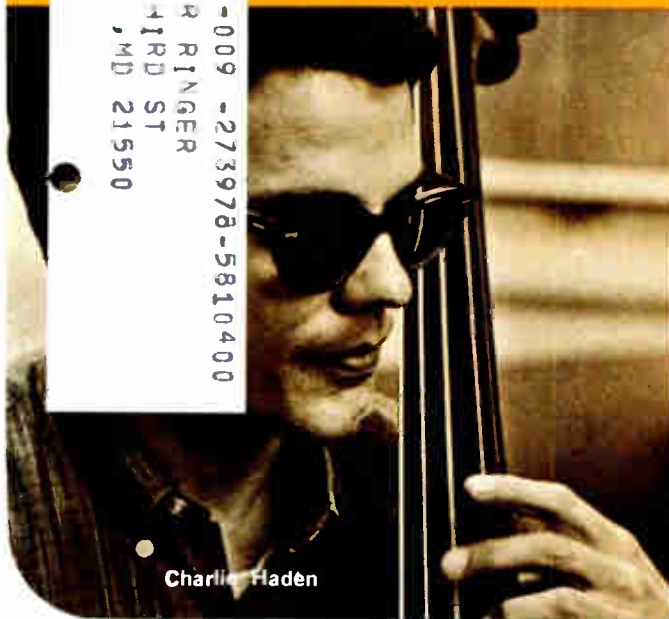


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## contents

- 8 Chords and Discords
- 15 News
- 16 A State of Mind. By Michael Zwerin.
- 16 Strictly Ad Lib
- 17 Movie Review: Sweet Love, Bitter
- 18 After Coltrane: Bassist Jimmy Garrison tells writer Don Heckman of his musical experiences with the John Coltrane Quartet and Ornette Coleman, as well as his views on the current state of jazz and what's needed for its future.
- 20 From Hillbilly to Avant-Garde: Charlie Haden, born to a singing country-music family but who eventually became the bassist with Ornette Coleman's quartet when it first went to New York, discusses his career with Dan Morgenstern.
- 22 The Advantages of Gregariousness: Chris White, Dizzy Gillespie's bass man until last year, holds forth on the advantages of and need for a pleasing personality in the music business. By Valerie Wilmer.
- 24 The New Life of Ray Brown: Exchanging life on the road for a more settled pattern of living in southern California, the poll-winning bassist discusses how the changes have affected him. By Leonard Feather.
- 27 Caught in the Act: Charlie Barnet • Joseph Jarman • From Spirituals to Swing—1967.
- 30 Record Reviews
- 39 Blindfold Test: Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis
- 46 Where and When: A guide to current jazz attractions.

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## **The Stops Are as Easy to Finger as Saxophone Keys**

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## CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

### Jones Brings Sadness

How sad that the *Down Beat* obituary for Marshall Stearns should appear on a page preceding LeRoi Jones' *Apple Cores* (DB, Jan. 26). Professor Stearns, with a firm academic background and too little time (in life and for life) to give to jazz, still gave. The contrasts with Jones are too glaring to have to point out.

Must a music of the heart and soul now be represented by such selfish, uninformed babbling as *Cores*? What connection can Coltrane's hymn to his Lord, his affirmations of love, possibly have with the snarling, baseless hate spewed by Jones?

Charles Fero  
Utica, N.Y.

### Jones And Quinn Bring Joy

*Down Beat* maintains a mellow literary groove with LeRoi Jones and Bill Quinn.

Though Jones runs through his own subjective gamut of neo-"new thing" nonsense, his poetic brilliance is still illuminating. His insight is sharp, his knowledge acute and firsthand.

Quinn deserves hurrahs as well, for he surely has ears. I hope *Down Beat* never loses critics with his perception and sensitivity.

Al Padovano  
New York City

### How 'Bout Howard?

I'm sick and tired of seeing Howard Roberts get two stars on every record he puts out. What have you got against the guy?

Concerning the latest review (DB, Jan. 26), your reviewer hit a familiar low. He sounds like a rookie critic trying to impress his peers. I haven't heard the new album, but it seems that I never hear anything complimentary about Roberts' technical ability or style, both of which he has in the fullest sense. And as for the tracks and the album title—well, what should he expect on Capitol records? Those boys like to operate at a profit.

Roberts has found a great groove, generally speaking, and his tasty, well-timed, and original solos balanced against the organ are usually superb. This is only opinion, of course. What's more, the novice jazz listeners are buying his stuff, and liking it, and learning a little bit about jazz. I'd like to believe that you are interested in extending the influence and beauty of this unique art form.

Rusty Saunders  
Walla Walla, Wash.

### Music '67

*Down Beat's* annual, *Music '67*, was a pleasure to read, by and large. Particularly commendable were the articles *A Closer Look at the Blues*, *Rex in Europe*, and *Let Me Take You by the Hand*.

The last article was especially refreshing because it said what most feel at and about

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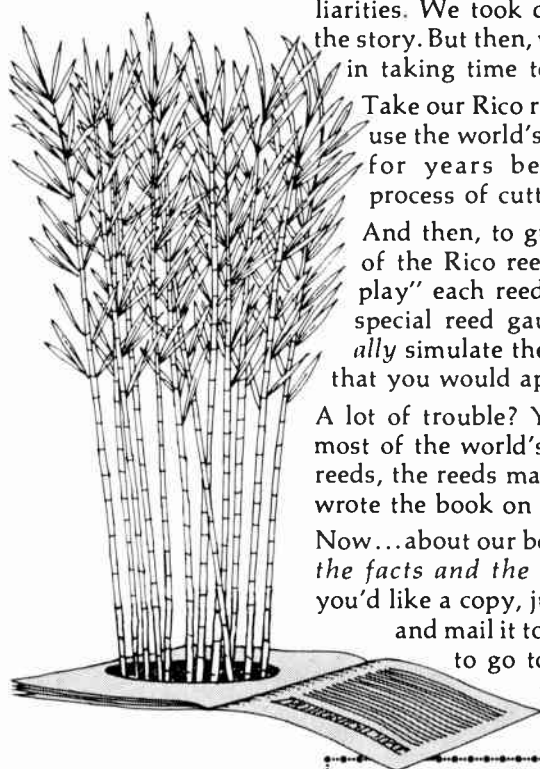
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such events as the Newport Jazz Festival but fear to admit for social reasons, in marked contrast to the propagandistic efforts of the official reporters.

I also cast a jaundiced eye on the photo-journalistic pieces which emanate from these festivals. It grossly pains and annoys many in the audience when the stage area is continually being swamped by those visual vultures looking for the really down shots of sweating musicians. And when the pictures appear in the various jazz journals we are confronted once again with a shot of Gerry Mulligan sagging under his brass burden, or the veins on Elvin Jones' forehead, or a bewildering array of saxophone keys, or the urbane, Liberace-like outfits of Duke Ellington underneath a bemused and slightly agonized expression, or the tinted glasses of Archie Shepp. And please spare us the endless beads of sweat, wrinkled ebony skin, wrinkled white skin, and tight shots of mouthpieces!

And must we have another in those interminable rounds of Feather vs. Hentoff on the avant-garde? Must we read about "free expression" and "swing" and "I play what I am" and "anything goes 'cause I AM AN ARTIST" and the rest of this garbage? Please!

Philip Appel  
New York City

God bless Georgia Griggs for her outstanding article on the Newport Jazz Festival in *Music '67*. She has described the festival location and environmental holocaust quite accurately.

Newport is basically a poor customer investment due not only to the air pollution but also to an artist-listener juxtaposition poor beyond description.

For the cost of obtaining what are supposedly good seats, we can purchase records by most of the artists and enjoy them in the tranquility of our homes with as much of any type of refreshment we choose.

William J. McEneaney  
Coventry, R.I.

After reading *Down Beat* for more than 30 years, for the first time I really find it necessary to write you.

Yesterday I bought *Music '67*. How could you put a—pardon the expression—rock-and-roll "musician" on the cover of such a world renowned jazz magazine's yearbook? I bought it, but I wonder how many other real jazz enthusiasts will be scared away by the phony character kid on the cover!

Sorry you goofed this time, but we all make mistakes. . . .

Larry Parker  
New York City

It was greatly refreshing to read articles on the blues (*A Closer Look at the Blues*) and the jazz/rock influences on the record industries (*Is Jazz Going Longhair?*) in *Music '67*.

I have been an avid listener of jazz and an even greater fan of the blues and rhythm-and-blues, and your magazine is undoubtedly the best and most informed magazine (as far as trends in music are concerned) in America.

Robert Lucke  
New York City





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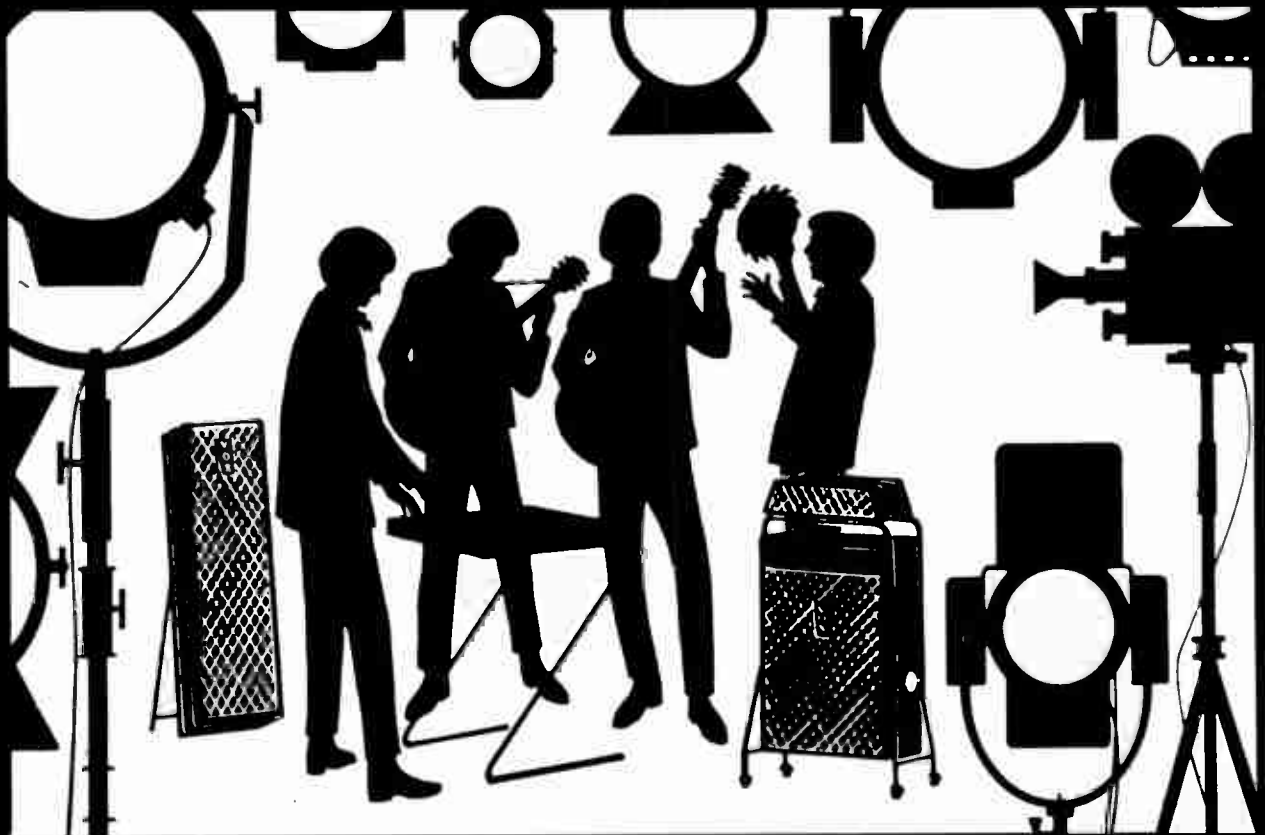
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## JATP To Ride Again

Those familiar letters, JATP, will be seen once again on U.S. marquees beginning March 25. On that date Norman Granz, who produced Jazz at the Philharmonic in cities across the United States from 1945 to 1957, will unveil the first domestic edition of his touring concert package in a decade (there have been several European tours in the interim).

At presstime, the following had been signed: Duke Ellington's orchestra, the Oscar Peterson Trio, trumpeters Roy Eldridge and Clark Terry, saxophonists Zoot Sims and Benny Carter, and vocalist Ella Fitzgerald.

Impresario Granz, in Europe on an Ellington-Fitzgerald tour until late this month, was not available for comment, but his brother, Irving, said that the format had been very carefully considered.

"Norm and I have talked this over," the younger Granz said. "We don't want any avant-garde musicians in the troupe. We want those musicians who will play with others. You know, we like to end each show with a huge jam session."

"Fellows like Ornette Coleman, Roland Kirk, Archie Shepp, and John Coltrane want to bring their own groups—and play only with those groups. We can't afford that."

At presstime the itinerary was March 25, Eastman Theater, Rochester, N.Y.; March 26, Carnegie Hall, New York City; April 1, Penn Theater, Pittsburgh, Pa.; April 2, Place d'Arts, Montreal; April 3, Massey Hall, Toronto; April 7, Kleinhans, Buffalo, N.Y.; April 8, Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass.; April 9, Cobo Hall, Detroit; April 10, (Miss Fitzgerald only), hall not set, Lansing, Mich.; April 13, (Miss Fitzgerald and Ellington), Butler University, Indianapolis, Ind.; April 14, Music Hall, Cleveland; April 15, (Miss Fitzgerald), hall not set, Columbus, Ohio; April 16, Music Hall, Cincinnati; April 21, hall not set, Chicago; April 23, hall not set, Baltimore, Md.; April 25, University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.; April 28, Music Hall, Dallas, Texas; April 29, Music Hall, Houston, Texas; April 30, Kiel Opera House, St. Louis; June 24, Portland, Ore.; June 25, Seattle, Wash.; June 26, University of Oregon, Eugene, Ore.; July 1, Hollywood Bowl, Los Angeles.

## National College Festival Planned For Miami Beach

Intercollegiate jazz festivals and competitions have been a feature of the musical landscape for nearly a decade. The oldest is the Collegiate Jazz Festival at the University of Notre Dame (March 3-4), now in its ninth year.

Though this year's Collegiate Jazz Festival is co-sponsored by *Down Beat*, these events in the past have been organized mostly by individual educational institutions with little or no nationwide co-ordination.

This year, however, the Intercollegiate Music Festival, a nonprofit corporation headquartered in Miami Beach, Fla., is conducting a national college jazz competition, consisting of six regional festivals, plus a final event in which the regional winners will meet.

First on the IMF schedule is the Villanova Intercollegiate Jazz Festival, to be held Feb. 24 and 25 on the Villanova campus near Philadelphia, Pa. This is a well-established event, now in its seventh year.

Cerritos College in Norwalk, Calif., site of the second IMF event, held a jazz festival last year, but the 1967 competition will be expanded. It will take place March 3 and 4. Competitors are from the West Coast area.

The third event is a first. It will take place March 10 and 11 on the campus of Northwestern University in Evanston, Ill. It will be followed by another new festival, in Little Rock, Ark., March 24-25. This is a civic event not sponsored by an educational institution.

The last two preliminary festivals will be held on the same dates, April 7-8, in Mobile, Ala., and Salt Lake City, Utah. The Intermountain Collegiate Jazz Festival on the campus of the University of Utah is a first, but Mobile had a college jazz festival last year.

The finals will be held May 4-6 at the Municipal Auditorium in Miami Beach. Bob Yde, a public-relations man who directed and organized the 1966 Mobile Jazz Festival, is president of IMF and will produce the Miami Beach festival.

According to Yde, more than 200 finalists are expected to compete. They will be selected from some 3,000 participants in the regional festivals. A scholarship fund of \$3,500 for "outstanding achievement by individuals" has been established, and additional grants for awards to participants are being sought.

Bandleader Stan Kenton is chief adviser to IMF and will be present at Villanova, Cerritos, and Miami Beach. Clem DeRosa, well-known music educator, former professional jazz drummer, and music director of the Cold Spring Harbor School District on Long Island, N.Y., is director of clinics and workshops for the festivals and will conduct clinics at each of the six participating events as well as at the finals.

The ABC radio network is scheduled to carry excerpts from all seven events over its nationwide facilities, either as a sponsored series or as public-service specials. ABC will make tapes available to the Armed Forces Network and the Voice of America. The winners of the big band, combo, and vocalist categories at the finals will be recorded by ABC-Paramount.

According to Yde, the Intercollegiate Music Festival "is designed to encourage excellence in music, provide national recognition and awards for outstanding accomplishments by young musicians, and, while providing entertaining competition on the collegiate level, also strive to provide educational opportunities."

## Dancing Jazz Comes To Life In New York

Is dancing—the old-fashioned, nonfrug kind—coming back? Evidently, yes . . . if one is to judge by the amount of it in Manhattan these days when physically touching (!) couples can be found gliding across dance floors at such jazz-oriented spas as Shepheard's (which is mending its discothequing ways), the Mark Twain Riverboat, and, especially, the Rainbow Grill atop the RCA Building in Rockefeller Center.

Since November, 1965, when trumpeter Jonah Jones brought his quartet to the Grill, jazz-flavored music for dancing has been the primary fare at the spacious and scenic room.

Though there have also been such decidedly nonjazz attractions as Carmen Cavallero, Vaughn Monroe, and Peter Duchin, these, too, have directed their efforts at getting the dancers on the floor. But the Grill has gained most attention in the last year, when it has featured such jazz stalwarts as Benny Goodman (with a sextet that many felt was his best group in years), Bobby Hackett, Jones (booked for several stints each year), and Bob Crosby with a Dixieland contingent that included several of his original Bobcats.

On Jan. 30 singer Joe Williams opened at the Grill with tenor saxophonist Big Nick Nicholas added to his regular trio (pianist Harold Mabern, bassist Arthur Harper, and drummer Hugh Walker). It will be Williams' first appearance at the helm of a group playing for dancing since an engagement in Chicago in the mid-'40s. The repertoire aimed at the dancers emphasizes blues and ballads at moderate and slow tempos.

Vibraharpist Red Norvo, who in recent years has worked mainly in Las Vegas lounges without dancing facilities, follows Williams Feb. 27, after which Cavallero comes in for two weeks, to be succeeded by Jones for a month. Then, playing his first New York City dance date since the break-up of his big band in 1947, Louis Armstrong will be on hand at the helm of his all-stars from May 15 through June 10.

Tony Cabot of Cabot Associates, booking agents for the club, said that since the Jones engagement replaced a policy of dance music by non-name bands, the emphasis has been on hiring leaders with previously established reputations.

"The reaction to a type of music that can be both listened and danced to has been excellent," Cabot said.

Most of the groups, he added, have been no larger than sextets, and the audience feels a rapport with the musicians in the relaxed atmosphere of the club. "No audience should feel that a performer is unreachable or divorced from his public," Cabot said.

An addition to the club's growing roster of artists may be pianist George Shearing, with whom, Cabot said, negotiations were under way at presstime.

## Potpourri

Guitarist **Ron Anthony** recently returned to his Los Angeles home from a two-week Viet Nam tour with comedian **Bob Hope** and declared the troops there appreciate, know all about, and want more jazz. Anthony spent his time as a member of **Les Brown's** band and in a small combo backing singer **Vic Damone**. Among the jazz soloists added to Brown's band for the tour were trumpeter **Dick Collins**, trombonist **Dick Hyde**, tenor saxophonist **Lou Ciotti**, and bassist **John Worster**.

Both floors of Los Angeles' Paramount Ballroom swung simultaneously at the recent benefit for **Ric DeSilva**, guitarist-vocalist with the **Joe Torres Band**. DeSilva's foot was cut off in a freak accident last July, but an operation rejoined the member. Participants gathered by Torres to defray the expenses of the sidelined DeSilva included the **Don Ellis Octet**; the **Lee Katzman Quartet**, with trumpeter **Conte Candoli**; the **Vic Feldman-Ray Brown Trio**, with drummer **Frank Kapp**; the bands of **Paul Lopez** and **Torres**; plus various combos featuring or fronted by such as pianists **Hampton Hawes** and **Eddie Cano**, pianist-singer **Bobby Troup**, and reed man **Gabe Baltazar**.

The poll-winning **Double Six of Paris** is on the inactive list at the moment. The French vocal group will not appear in concert until after April, when its guiding light, **Mimi Perrin**, is expecting a baby.

The **Bob Maltz** collection of historical jazz materials was recently donated to the New York Public Library. The collection, consisting of several hundred pamphlets, books, periodicals, and photographs of jazz musicians, as well as a number of letters from such jazz personalities as **Lizzie Miles**, **Lil Armstrong**, and **Muggsy Spanier**, was recently deposited in the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center, in which the public library's music division is housed. Maltz was the organizer of a series of jazz concerts in the '40s and '50s at the Stuyvesant Casino and the Central Plaza Hotel.

**FINAL BAR:** Mrs. **Edna Thompson Ellington**, 67, wife of **Duke Ellington** for 52 years, died Jan. 15 at St. Barnabas Hospital in Washington, D.C., of pneumonia. Mrs. Ellington had undergone a series of operations for cancer and had been hospitalized for the last 13 months. She had been active in charitable works in Washington for many years. Her son, **Merceer**, was at her bedside when she died.

## Strictly Ad Lib

**New York City:** Basin Street East, after closing briefly in early January, reopened with a chorus line but abandoned the idea and brought in flutist **Herbie Mann's** group, Latin percussionist **Joe Cuba's** sextet, and singer **Tamiko Jones** for two weeks beginning Jan. 27. No definite policy has been announced for the future . . . Clarinetist **Tony Scott's** 15-month stay at the Dom ended Jan. 30, and the club has abandoned jazz in favor of an **Andy Warhol** discotheque installation. But disc jockey **Alan Grant's** Sunday afternoon sessions at the club will continue. Argentinian trumpeter **Rudolfo Bruno's** Jazz Perspectives made its debut at a recent Dom session . . . The Village Vanguard began a Thursday-Sunday policy in February. Monday night sessions with cornetist **Thad Jones'** and drummer **Mel Lewis'** big band continue. Trumpeter **Miles Davis'** sextet was first for the four-day schedule, followed by alto saxophonist **John Handy's** quintet, which shared the first of its three weeks with drummer **Pete LaRoca's** quartet and the other two with pianist **Bill Evans'** trio. The **Horace Silver Quintet** opens March 2 . . . Prior to his Vanguard gig, Handy did an additional week at the



## A STATE OF MIND: THE EXCELLENCE OF ORNETTE

By MICHAEL ZWERIN

THERE HAVE been honkers and screechers before. They have received cheers before. Now, however, there is a trend to intellectualize them, even to revere them sometimes. They are given serious attention by people who should know better. These people talk about "release of energy," "life force," and about playing "directly from the heart" without being hung up by notes or instrumental limitations.

Honkers always have communicated energy, and I always have been bored or insulted when I heard only that.

On the other hand there are those who are afraid of losing the comfortable conclusions of their economic status, and pointing to the honkers, they say that all the new jazz is a joke. It reassures them to say something like that.

These are the extremes—it's all good or it's all bad.

Amid all this, jazz is changing. It is spreading out across previously closed boundaries and is being invaded at the same time. Music is increasingly becoming just music, and that's difficult to handle for those who require the security of definitions.

Some players who think themselves in

the avant-garde are in reality running for cover—the cover of the hard sound, the honk, and the flurry of noise. But not Ornette Coleman, whom I heard in concert Dec. 27 at the Village Theater in New York.

It's interesting to recall how many people said "but that's the way he *wants* to sound" years ago when Ornette played out of tune or with wavering control. Apparently that wasn't so, because he now plays in tune with ferocious control and does so without sacrificing any of his original warmth or energy. He can honk also—but when he chooses and not because he knows no alternative.

"Wow! Have you heard Ornette play violin? That's somethin' else!" The honk-consumers used to say that, hopping on what they hoped was a hip bandwagon. But the fact was that he couldn't play the violin when he came out of "retirement" two years ago. He could produce a mountain of excitement with it, but that was all. Now, however, his screams are woven among patterns, sequences, and melodies. On the trumpet he has come along that way also.

At the Village Theater he played piano too. It's obviously impossible for anyone to play piano as well as Ornette did at that concert without practicing on the instrument for long hours every day for years.

As far as I know, he hasn't done that—but he did it. The influences of **Thelonious Monk** and of **Cecil Taylor** were apparent. Wild cascades of notes in both hands simultaneously, which I suspect were produced by the same kind of intelligent luck he had on the violin a while ago. Triads behind the drums. A fast four-octave unison indicated some kind of keyboard placement. He'll play

even better a year from now.

Variance. Ornette's group is paced like no other today. Fast until fast should end; loud until loud is superfluous and then no longer; 4/4 time when appropriate; wails and honks where they belong. And space. Space and silence is lacking in our lives. The artistic reflection of these precious and vanishing elements is just as important—maybe more so—than the hammering away at tension, which seems to have become a holy word with the avant-garde.

Coleman reminds me that there are still trees in places like Vermont and that the air remains relatively unpolluted over the ocean.

Dave Izenzon, bass, and Charles Moffett, drums, were supple and loose, their thick, throbbing textures framed by periodic sequences of regular pulse, which they moved in and out of with mysterious and thrilling precision.

Moffett can explode quietly, a rare treat in these days of abstract drummers, many of whom seem to feel that "free" means "fortissimo." Izenzon's extraordinary technique is all the more impressive because he doesn't become buried under it.

None of the group soloed to a length beyond his statement. The conversation on stage was never redundant. Coleman isn't afraid to play a triad (remember them?) on the piano, a melody on the saxophone, or a consciously musical sound on the violin. Consequently, he will be criticized by those on both extremes because he doesn't fit into their neat bags. That's really being avant-garde, seeking no safety in the shelter of any "club."

He is truly original. Nobody else plays like him, and he plays like nobody else.



Half Note, where he was spelled by alto saxophonist Cannonball Adderley's quintet on Friday and Saturday. The Adderleys remained on hand for two more weekends, with trumpeter Clark Terry's quartet handling weeknights and Sundays . . . Albert Ayler, playing tenor, alto, and soprano saxophones, will lead an octet (Don Ayler, trumpet; Michel Samson, violin; Joel Freedman, cello; Call Cobbs, harpsichord; Henry Grimes, Bill Folwell, basses; William Harris, drums) at the Village Theater Feb. 25 . . . Bassist Reggie Workman and drummer Bobby Thomas subbed for Ben Tucker and Grady Tate with pianist Billy Taylor's trio at the Hickory House while the regulars were in San Juan and Miami with singer Peggy Lee . . . A concert of works by pianist-composer Jack Reilly was performed at Carnegie Recital Hall Jan. 23 by Reilly, bassist Jack Six, drummer Chuck Spies, and singer Sheila Jordan, whose accompanist Reilly has been for several years . . . Pianist-composer Sun Ra's Solar Arkestra began a series of Monday night appearances at Slug's in mid-January . . . Alto saxophonist Jackie McLean, with pianist Lamont Johnson, bassist Scott Holt, and drummer Billy Higgins, did a Jazz Interactions matinee . . . A discotheque hosted by blues singer Lloyd Price is scheduled for a mid-March opening on the site formerly occupied by Birdland . . . Pianist Barbara Carroll came out of several years of retirement to do a month at Sheppard's. She used bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan . . . Singers Trudy Desmond and Teddi King were recently featured at the Playboy Club . . . Clarinetist Sol Yaged celebrated his first anniversary at the Gaslight Club in early February. His group includes cornetist-violinist Ray Nance, pianist Dave Martin, and drummer Sam Ulano. Yaged also led the band for *Cue* magazine's annual Performer of the Year award ball at the Hotel Pierre. In the band were trumpeter Roy Eldridge, trombonist Marshall Brown, saxophonists Bob Wilber and Russell Procope, vibist Mike Mann, pianist Chris McLaine, guitarist Joe Puma, bassist Mark Traill, and drummer Roy Burnes . . . A&R man Milt Gabler's 25th anniversary with Decca records was celebrated at a January luncheon at the Hotel St. Regis. Louis Armstrong serenaded the guest of honor with *Hello, Miltie*, and there were speeches by Charlie Shavers, Sy Oliver, and the Rev. Norman O'Connor . . . Pianist Walter Bishop Jr.'s quartet at Minton's included tenor saxophonist Junior Cook, bassist Reggie Johnson, and drummer Dick Berk. The group also worked at Rafael's and the Persian Room in Albany, N.Y., recently . . . Woody Herman's band begins a three-week engagement at the Riverboat March 6 . . . Drummer Gene Krupa's quartet will compete with the Go-Go scene at the Metropole for two weeks starting March 17 . . . Trumpeter Louis Ware, with pianist Jane Getz, bassist Wilbur Little, and drummer Marvin Petillo, plays weekends at the Webster Ave. Bowling Alley in the Bronx . . . Tenor saxophonist Joe Henderson was recently featured at L'Intrigue in Newark . . . Trumpeter Clark Terry, reed

(Continued on page 43)



MURRAY AND GREGORY

## Movie Review: *Sweet Love, Bitter*

The hero of this film, which conforms closely in story line to John Williams' novel *Night Song*, from which it was adapted, is a brilliant, dissipated, and totally unpredictable alto saxophonist named Richie (Eagle) Stokes, convincingly portrayed by Dick Gregory.

So many things in Eagle's life, character, and even speech suggest the late Charlie Parker that the film creates a dilemma in the mind of a viewer familiar to some degree with the model. For, as a portrait of Bird, the film is a failure. But if one can disregard the parallels, it is a sometimes moving, sometimes grotesquely funny dramatization of the last stages of a jazzman's wasted life, with occasional flashes of genuinely creative film-making.

Though Eagle is the central figure of the drama, the plot revolves around a white college teacher (played by Don Murray), who, while on the skids, encounters the musician. Through Eagle, Murray meets a disillusioned young Negro intellectual (Robert Hooks), who runs a hip coffee shop in Philadelphia.

Murray eventually recovers through the friendship of the two men, but a crisis of conscience ensues when Eagle, on his way to visit the small-town college where Murray teaches, is accosted and brutally beaten by a cop. Murray watches frozen and inactive; later, he confesses to Eagle that he was there—and failed him.

Murray returns to Philadelphia and makes his confession to Hooks, who gets word that Eagle is in bad shape. By the time they find him, he is dead.

Intertwined with the main story is an interracial romance (Hooks and Diane Varsi). Insufficiently developed and marred by Miss Varsi's wooden acting and unbelievably poor delivery, it is the film's weakest element (heavy editing is apparent).

The film's best sequences are incidental: Eagle being revived by Murray and Hooks after an overdose of narcotics; Eagle getting high during a road trip; Eagle giving advice to a young white musician; a fantasy episode in which Eagle lectures a college faculty on jazz and introduces them to marijuana in the process;

a merry bit of jousting in a back yard with broom-handle swords and garbage-can-lid shields; an effective night-club scene; Eagle leading Murray on a crazy chase through the streets of New York.

It is scenes such as these, rather than the story, that make the film worthwhile.

Gregory reveals first-rate acting skills. His characterization is wholly believable, and he makes Eagle a more sympathetic character than he was in the book. In the few scenes in which he is called upon to play the alto saxophone (well soundtracked by Charles McPherson), he is sufficiently convincing.

Murray, in the early alcoholic scenes, recalls the agonies in his performance as a narcotics addict in *Hatful of Rain*; he is more believable as his clean-cut self later in the picture. Hooks does a good job in an unspectacular part; Jeri Archer is plausible as Eagle's aging, wealthy mistress, and Osborne Smith is so good in a bit part that there should have been more of him.

Though the story of a jazz musician, this is not a music film. Mal Waldron's score is excellent and, as good movie music should be, so functional that it never attracts attention to itself. In the night-club scene, trumpeter Dave Burns, pianist Chick Corea, drummer Al Dreares, bassist Steve Swallow, and McPherson are briefly seen and heard.

The film was shot on location in Philadelphia and New York, and the cinematography is good. Editing, however, is not always smooth and indicates that the film underwent considerable recutting. Still, it marks a promising debut for its director, Herbert Danska, a painter and experimental film-maker who, with the film's producer Lewis Jacobs, also wrote the screenplay.

There will undoubtedly be voices of protest raised against this film as yet another presentation of jazz musicians as drug addicts, irresponsible citizens, and sex fiends. But Gregory makes Eagle so obviously a man superior to his surroundings and so definitely sinned against rather than sinning, that such criticism becomes irrelevant.

—Dan Morgenstern

**W**HEN A JAZZ GROUP has reached that rare stability indicated by three or four years together, even a gradual disassembly is unexpected. When the group has been one of the most adventurous and influential in the jazz world, the surprise is intensified. So the departure in the last year of the rhythm section mainstays of the John Coltrane Quartet—bassist Jimmy Garrison, drummer Elvin Jones, and pianist McCoy Tyner—raised eyebrows among jazz critics and listeners alike.

For Garrison, at least, the move was motivated by complex reasons. Recently, in his pleasant Manhattan apartment, he discussed them, along with his feelings

what might be called the working conditions. Coltrane's relationship with his sidemen created a mutual respect that was beneficial to all.

Garrison explained, "John had confidence in the men he had with him, and that gives you confidence in return. You say to yourself, well, if a fellow like John Coltrane thinks you can do it, then you *can* do it, and you put out a little bit more and find that you really can do it.

"John's an amazing man. He feels that he was called to do what he's doing, and that's something—to realize your purpose on this earth. And it's a marvel being with him, because some of it rubs off on you—you stop think-

tonic, I would start on, say, a raised 9th and resolve it back to the tonic. Since I was part of a rhythm section, I had to realize—without stifling myself, of course—that I was playing with two other guys and that the bass fiddle had a particular function. Many of the new things that I attempted really came about when I was playing alone."

What about the problems of playing with Elvin Jones, a drummer who produces an incredibly complex flow of rhythm?

"Elvin plays in such a way that you can play four if you want or not play four if you don't want to," Garrison said, "so there was nothing that said you had to play a timekeeping four

JIMMY GARRISON

# AFTER COLTRANE

By DON HECKMAN



DAVID WILD

about his experiences in last few years.

"After five years with John, I thought the time had come for me to try to do the things that I hear now," he began.

The departure was not made without mixed feelings. In Garrison's tenure with Coltrane (and earlier with Ornette Coleman) he had established himself as one of the influential young bassists on the new-jazz scene. In addition, the almost insurmountable problems of making a living in an economically hazardous profession had been solved.

"When I joined John," Garrison said, "we worked at least 40 weeks out of the year, and that's something."

Garrison was equally impressed by

ing superficially, and it comes through in the things you're trying to do musically."

Confident that he has made the right decision in leaving Coltrane to search for a more direct expression of his own ideas, Garrison is quick to acknowledge the developments in his playing that came during the Coltrane years:

"I found that I could play more than one string at a time and have it make sense. Also, a lot of bass players play, for example, from the tonic to the seventh; I found there was so much after that seventh—flat 9ths and raised 9ths and 13ths. And I found I could use them. Instead of starting on a

beats. But I did find that it usually was better for the quartet as a whole if I played four—with an occasional something else if I felt it—and there were so many other beautiful things happening around me that I think I really discovered exactly what it meant for a bass to play in four."

Garrison came to the instrument indirectly. As a clarinetist in his school band his change of instruments was sudden and unexpected.

"One day," Garrison explained with a laugh, "the bass player in the orchestra got tired while I was sitting next to him and said, 'Man, would you play this, please?' So I did, and I liked it.



Of course, it took a while before I really got serious about it; I had to get dragged a few times and embarrassed a few times."

BORN IN Miami, Fla., March 3, 1934, Garrison and his family moved to Philadelphia when he was 9. He was one of many fine jazz players who came out of the city in the late '50s.

"Al Heath and I went to school together," he noted, "and I played with, among others, Bobby Timmons, a good altoist named Sam Reed, C Sharp, Cal Massey, and Owen Marshall, one of the better writer-arrangers in Philly. There was a big band down there in '55 or '56 that I wish I'd had more experience with; Tommy Monroe was the leader and most of the young cats used to play with it. Monroe would give concerts once a week and invite cats from New York to come down; Coltrane was one of the starring attractions; then there was Cannonball and Kinny Dorham. It was a storehouse of experience."

In August, 1958, Garrison made the move to New York City.

"I was going to school at the time," he said. "Philly Joe Jones had just left Miles and was thinking of forming a band, and this friend of mine—a drummer named Buddy Enlow—told me that Joe was looking for a bass player. Then Joe called me from New York and told me he had some things in mind. So, since I had been planning to come anyway, I thought it was a good time to do it, since at least I had some kind of gig."

"Of course, it wasn't any more than a couple of Monday nights at Birdland, but it gave me a chance to get here, and that was an important thing. As a matter of fact, I was very fortunate, because the first night I was here Curtis Fuller was working a Monday night at Birdland and asked me if I wanted to play. I did, and Curtis then offered me a Wednesday night gig at the Cork 'n' Bib. I made that, and the guys in the rhythm section, who had been making the gig regularly without a steady bass player, asked me if I'd like to make it regularly. I had a little room that was costing me \$9 a week, and the gig paid \$17 or \$18 every Wednesday, so it was a godsend."

New York jazz watchers who were around in the late '50s will recall that Garrison was quick to make his mark. After the first relatively uneasy months in which he established his credentials, Garrison worked with Bill Evans, Stan Getz ("crossing paths," as he puts it, with Scott LaFaro), and a momentous period with Ornette Coleman.

Garrison views his experience with Coleman as an enlightening one.

"With Ornette I learned how to resolve notes instead of chords. Ornette writes phrases the way he feels them; if it comes out 3½ bars, then that's it. His playing sometimes leaves you hanging in the same way, leaves you wanting more, leaves you thinking, 'Is there anything else to come?' But it just means it's the end of the phrase and he's moved on to another one."

Had Coleman given Garrison any special instructions when he joined the group?

"He just told me to play," Garrison replied, "and John was the same way. Ornette had enough confidence in my musical ability to believe that when I felt I wasn't contributing enough I would ask, 'What should I do?' He said, 'Well, James, just play, and listen, of course, and if there's anything that you want to know, just ask.' So that's primarily what I did."

"Even before I played with Ornette, I heard all the pros and cons over whether his music was valid or not, but I just didn't believe that anyone could get on the bandstand and play with so much spiritual insideness and be jiving. And then, too, Ornette had three other guys with him who believed in him, and they weren't guys who were jiving either."

But Garrison does not feel that enthusiasm alone is enough for understanding and performing Coleman's music. He described the problems confronting him as bassist with the Coleman group: "You can only go so far in his music without *knowing* about it, and one night I just exploded. I *had* to find out what was really going on by writing things down, studying his ideas, and finally after I got hold of just a small part of his theory, it helped. After I started playing with Coltrane, I heard some tapes I'd made with Ornette, and I couldn't believe what I was playing; it was really amazing."

"Ornette's ideas and theories should be made available to the guys who try to play in the Coleman style. A lot of the avant-garde players don't understand what they're doing, and that's a bad thing for music. Some guys think you just put your horn to your mouth and screech; I've seen bass players attempt to do the things I do, and they don't know how much time I've spent trying to get it together. And when they don't understand, there's no substance to what they're doing, and that doesn't help the art form at all."

IN VIEW OF Garrison's unique position as a member of the two most important new jazz groups of the 1960s, were there any changes in outlook during his time with Coleman and Coltrane?

"I felt a change before I joined

John," he said. "I had spent six or seven months with Ornette Coleman and felt there was a definite transition taking place because I had grown sort of independent of time. I developed a dislike for playing time, not when I was playing with the rhythm section, of course, but when I played alone. I liked the idea when I soloed of not having any accompaniment. The bass has been stifled for so long; I don't think people have really been aware of the possibilities of the instrument, and I think we are now finally becoming aware that the bass can be just as melodic as any other instrument."

What about the influences?

"I listened to guys like Charlie Mingus, of course—in fact, I studied with him for about a month—and Red Mitchell, but my main influence as far as the bass in the rhythm section is concerned was Percy Heath. When I first heard Scotty LaFaro, I said, 'Well, there are a lot of things he is doing that are as fast as greased lightning.' Now I don't feel that way about the bass; so there's no need for me to get hung up with it. Because that style is what was really catching on then, and, as you know, a lot of bass players are playing that way now."

"During that time I was interested in chords, in ragas, in scale things; so, since Scotty's playing *did* have an impact on me, I said, 'Now what can I do with it?' And I had to spend a lot of time thinking about it, because there was the competitive thing involved as far as bass playing was concerned, too, and I wanted to make my own contribution. So I thought this—'Since he's going a mile a minute, so to speak, why not try to slow things down?' And this is primarily what I've been trying to do; not slow things down just for the sake of slowing them down, but—thinking about chords and triple stops and even quadruple stops—to see how they work if they're slowed down so you can really hear what's happening. I even figured out a way in which I can play scales with all four strings stopped."

Having become a celebrated former member of the Coltrane group, now seeking his own way, how, in pragmatic terms, did he propose to do so? Since he had advanced such strong feelings about playing the bass, what about the possibility of teaching?

"I don't consider myself a teacher," he said. "I've had lots of guys ask me if I would teach them, and I always tell them if they want to come up and play and exchange ideas, well, that's okay. But I figure a guy really should learn the instrument by going to a fellow who teaches the bass fiddle exclusively. It's bad when you go to a player who has his (Continued on page 40)



WHEN Ornette Coleman arrived in New York City in 1959 with his quartet, reactions to the music of the leader and trumpeter Don Cherry ran from ecstatic approval to surly ridicule. But almost all listeners were full of praise for the group's drummer, Billy Higgins, and bassist, Charlie Haden.

Haden, then 22, was practically unknown. He had met Coleman while working with pianist Paul Bley at the Hillcrest (now the It Club) in Los Angeles. Vibraharpist Dave Pike and drummer Lennie McBrowne were also in the group.

"One night," said Haden, a soft-spoken young man with an open and friendly manner, who gives the impression that he really means what he says, "Lennie brought a gentleman into the club and introduced me to him. It was Ornette, and he invited me to come over to his house and play some. I did, and he started playing music that I'd never heard in my life.

"It was very exciting to me. There was a feeling there that I was sure was very, very valid. I was startled by his music because he wasn't playing on the chord changes—and in 1958, everyone was still doing that. To play with Ornette, you really had to listen to everything he did because he was playing off the *feeling*."

After several weekly get-togethers, Bley hired Coleman, Cherry, and Higgins for the job at the Hillcrest.

"Ornette hadn't had a chance to work playing his music before because of the way people reacted to it," Haden recalled. "And it was the same kind of situation there. The owner got bugged at the music, and in a couple of months, it was all over."

Yet, the experiment was fruitful, for when the time came for Coleman to go to New York, Haden was with him.

When that first encounter took place, Haden had not been playing jazz for very long. But he had been surrounded by music since birth. Born in August, 1937, in the small Iowa town of Shinden, he grew up in a family of professional singers and musicians. Haden spent his childhood years performing on the circuit where hillbilly music was the thing. He, his parents, brothers, and sisters were known as the Haden Family. Charlie was the youngest. In addition to singing, his two older brothers played guitar and bass, respectively; one of two sisters was also a guitarist; his mother sang; his father acted as emcee and manager.

"We were all self-taught," Haden said, "singing harmony parts by ear. When I was 2 years old, I was singing hillbilly music on the radio. We were like the Carter Family. My mother sang old folk tunes, like *Barbara Allen* and *The Great Speckled Bird*—all

those numbers now being recorded by college students."

When Haden had reached his teens, his bass-playing brother became interested in jazz and in the kind of modern, four-part harmony featured by the Four Freshmen. ("He had us learn the records, and we started rehearsing things of our own, but then my father decided to retire.")

Haden listened to his brother's records, but the greatest impression was made by his first contact with live jazz. It was a Jazz at the Philharmonic concert in Nebraska. Lester Young and Charlie Parker were in the JATP troupe.

"I didn't know what jazz was, but I knew I liked it," Haden said, smiling. Nor did he know who Parker and Young were, "but it was a fantastic experience." He wanted to learn to play an instrument, but there was no opportunity.

"I always had a feeling for my brother's bass fiddle," he recalled, "but he had no time to show me and was afraid I'd drop the instrument." But after Charlie was graduated from high school in Forsythe, Mo. ("population 400, with 34 kids in the class, mostly farmer's children from the Ozarks"), he got a bass of his own and began to take music lessons.

"My teacher told me about Oberlin College," he said. "And though I couldn't read, he made an audition tape—bass and piano—with me. He showed me the notes on the bass, how to hold the bow, etc." The young man must have shown an indication of things to come, for the tape resulted in acceptance, with a scholarship, at the music college in Ohio.

But Haden turned it down; he wanted to be around jazz. He decided to go to Westlake College of Music in California.

"I sold shoes for one year and went out there," he said, "but I found it wasn't what I wanted. I stayed for a half semester."

At Westlake, Haden played club dates with other students, but his first real break came through a chance meeting with an early idol.

"I always did my homework in a drive-in, and one night, Red Mitchell was there," Haden remembered. "I walked up to him, introduced myself, and asked if he had some advice. He invited me to come over to his house. He didn't want to teach me bass, but he played piano, with me on bass, and told me to come whenever I could."

Not too long after, Mitchell, who had been working with altoist Art Pepper at a local club, found that he couldn't stay on the gig and asked Haden to come by and sit in.

"I was very scared," Haden said,

"but I did it. I can't remember what we played, but as soon as the tune was finished, Art asked me if I wanted to work with him for the rest of the gig."

The answer, of course, was yes. After four weeks with Pepper came the job with Bley at the Hillcrest ("on and off for about two years"), the meeting with Coleman, and, before the trip to New York, some work with pianist Hampton Hawes.

There was also, before New York, a significant friendship with another brilliant young bassist—the late Scott LaFaro. "Scotty was in Los Angeles, and we met and became very close," Haden said. "We shared an apartment for a while, and he went to New York about the time Ornette's group did." Later, of course, LaFaro was to play with Coleman's group, and he and Haden would record together on Coleman's famous *Free Jazz* double-quartet album.

WHEN COLEMAN had told Haden that they were going to New York, the bassist's response had been "beautiful." But what followed was anything but.

"I was already pretty mixed up personally," Haden said, "and after coming to New York, it got worse and worse. It finally reached the point where I was coming late on the gig every night. Ornette was upset, told me please to try and straighten out, but then one night I was two hours late, the second set was already on, and I told Ornette, 'You don't have to say it—I'm going to a hospital.'"

After unsuccessful attempts to be admitted to a New York hospital for narcotics addiction ("they had no addiction programs then"), Haden went to Lexington, Ky., and entered the U.S. Public Health Service hospital there.

"After a couple of months, I was back in the city, started working again, and made the double-quartet album," he said. "Right after we'd finished, Ornette told me that George Russell was looking for me for a Birdland gig. But the day before the opening, I was arrested and had my cabaret card taken away."

Unable to work in clubs, Haden played concerts and coffee houses while on probation, which he evidently broke by going back to Los Angeles, where he worked with, among others, Buddy DeFranco and Charlie Barnet, "trying to stay clean by drinking."

Ironically, that was the year Haden won the *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll New Star Award. ("I had no address to which they could send my plaque.")

Things got worse. Finally Haden—"like a walking dead person, doing nothing constructive, not playing any more," scuffling back in New York, resting up at home in Missouri, trying

**CHARLIE HADEN—  
FROM HILLBILLY  
TO AVANT-GARDE—  
A ROCKY ROAD**

**By Dan Morgenstern**



the cure in the federal hospital in Fort Worth, Texas (where he had the chance to play daily with Hampton Hawes), and sliding back again—decided to go to Synanon House, the independent, unorthodox narcotics rehabilitation community in Santa Monica, Calif.

"It was a last resort," Haden said. "I went in September, 1963, and I didn't plan on staying. It was just like any other hospital, I thought. But soon I found out it wasn't. I saw people I'd known completely changed, grown up, matured. And some, like Joe Pass, were instrumental in getting me to stay."

Gradually, he began to make progress, discharging various communal responsibilities. First, there were such chores as being breakfast cook for 150 people; later, he became a public-relations man for Synanon.

For a year, Haden stopped playing entirely, but when he was transferred to the Synanon chapter in San Francisco, alto saxophonist John Handy, who'd heard that he was staying there, asked the bassist to join his group.

"We discussed it," Haden said (discussion plays a large part in Synanon therapy), "and decided I should play one night a week to start."

That was the beginning of a new career. Haden next joined the trio of pianist-psychiatrist Denny Zeitlin, who was interning at a San Francisco hospital and working Mondays at the Trident in Sausalito, Calif., as well as playing concerts and jazz festivals.

In May, 1966, Haden went to New York City to help establish a Synanon House. When the job was successfully completed, Haden moved into his own apartment, and, though he no longer lives at Synanon, he keeps in close touch and helps whenever he is needed.

HADEN is convinced that the Synanon approach to the problem of addiction is the only right one.

"I tried every kind of hospital and psychiatric care," he said, "but Synanon was the only solution. Their work should be recognized much more. They are doing something that the government has never been able to accomplish . . . millions are being wasted, while right under their noses, Synanon is doing the job. But the Establishment bureaucracy has a vested interest in the drug problem; so nothing happens."

Before returning to New York, Haden had worked with Archie Shepp in California, and being able to play with the tenor saxophonist again was an additional reason for coming back, he said. Last year, Haden made his first visit to Europe, with the Shepp quartet, which he described as "one of the most exciting musical (*Continued on page 42*)



**F**OR JAZZ musicians, according to bassist Chris White, a firm belief in one's ability—and the feeling of well-being that this brings—is as important to a musician's progress as the copybook exhortations about consistency, making the gig, staying sober, being neat, etc.

With this feeling of self-assurance as an underpinning, one more item important to a musician's makeup may come perhaps a little more easily: "You should be good to get along with," White stresses. He sees the insecurity shown by many jazzmen to be rooted in an inability to communicate well except with their instruments. They work in an atypical environment and sometimes react atypically when their lives parallel those in a standard society. The reaction of an introspective person—in which category White includes most musicians—who can't easily express himself may seem hostile and will evoke a similar reaction from, as White says, "people who are aware and conscious of the whole scene." At this point, White becomes almost gently understated: "Consequently, the observers tend to minimize what you do."

White himself is an outgoing person, one of rare warmth and good-naturedness for the jazz business, one who surely must be good to get along with.

An observer might well be pardoned for wondering why a comparatively unknown bassist, whose work with Dizzy Gillespie helped him to gain a measure of prominence, should choose to forsake one of the safer jobs around for the precariousness of gigging.

White, a New Yorker who had previously worked with singer Nina Simone and pianists Billy Taylor and Bernard Peiffer and had done "odd rock-and-roll gigs" with Cecil Taylor, said that early last year he felt the time had come for him to move on if he was to use the pointers he had learned from master teacher Gillespie.

His decision to return to New York was a wise one, for he has had a full schedule ever since. One of the major factors in his acceptance was his self-assurance. This impressed such established freelancers as Richard Davis and Ben Tucker, and, as a result, he found himself recommended here and called in to sub there.

"The encouragement of two people, so firmly entrenched on the scene, was a vote of confidence," White said.

"Working with Dizzy—according to which particular camp you're from—tends to be either the epitome of achievement or it can be just another job," he continued. "For me it was somewhere in between. It was a good job and something I wanted very much, but on

## THE ADVANTAGES OF GREGARIOUSNESS

BY  
VALERIE WILMER



the other hand, although to work with Dizzy the musicianship must be 'up', you don't get the same respect that you would get from working with some of the other players who are popular now."

Respect from his fellow musicians, the bassist said, is what he is seeking.

"I had come to the juncture where I had ceased to digest what was happening," he said. "It was being thrown at me. It's like having a meal of filet mignon all the time—you have to have hamburger for a while in order to appreciate it. Also, Dizzy is an institution, and one of the very definite reasons why is the fact that he never outprices himself, and so the finance involved in working with him is steady. It's not a thing where you're making a fast buck.

"So, financially I was at the point where I felt I could maintain the same level staying in town, and New York seemed like it was the normal and natural place to cut it. But if it's at all possible for me to work again with Dizzy, maybe in five or six years' time, I'd love to do it when I've digested what I've got now."

White, who describes himself as "a very gregarious person," wanted also to spend some time off it the road in order to devote part of it to study. He is very interested in helping others through music, especially "children and people of all ages who have the desire to learn. And so I came back, primarily to go to school and also to work in psychology which is the area where I feel I can do the most good and be the most help to people."

He'd like, he said, to go on to do graduate work in psychological applications of music, and to this end he is currently enrolled at the Manhattan School of Music—"mainly because I have so many deficiencies in the areas that are prerequisites for graduate school."

At the same time, he and Rudy Collins, who was Gillespie's drummer for almost the same length of time White worked with the trumpeter, are devoting a considerable part of their energies to a clinic known as Rhythm Associates. The idea of the clinic also stemmed from what they had learned during their four years with Gillespie, mainly because, stressed the bassist, "that job is a rhythm player's job more than anything."

Rhythm, he feels, is important, and he says it is being neglected in today's jazz revolution: "Not to say that this is bad, but in



order to *not* play rhythm you have first to have rhythm under control. Discipline is freedom—that kind of thing. Dizzy's job was a freedom job in a way, but also, for anyone who doesn't wish to play free, it was *the* job. I don't think there is any other leader who knows more how to get what he wants from his rhythm players. Not only does he know how to get it, he knows how to tell you what to do, and being with this man for four years gave us a lot of insight into just *playing*. So we felt: why not do something about it? And we opened a school."

Initially, White and Collins intended running a rhythm-section seminar for six months, and after they had advertised in the music press, a number of young bassists and drummers expressed interest. Their original idea was to pair off the instrumentalists to work together as a team, not so much for technical tuition as for instruction in actual rhythm playing. But, surprisingly enough, the ideas fell flat because of a lack of interested bass players.

"There were a lot of drummers who were willing to sign," said White, "but bass players have a thing. . . . Basically, although you might be involved in either jazz or classics, you approach the instrument in one way, whereas drums can be approached from the percussionist's standpoint or the jazz drummer's standpoint. Bass players are too involved in getting the rudiments, I think, to take time out to get involved in a class where you're not dealing totally with technical problems."

It was a case of back to the drawing board for the advisory council.

"We revamped our particular program and got it so that we could offer our study to people who were just drummers," White said. "If they came in, they could work with me as a bass player, and since then things are definitely on the upswing. It's a baby operation, but I feel it's going to grow. The interest is great."

White and Collins are hoping that their project eventually may prove a financial success, and to this end they have started promoting a series of Monday concerts at the school titled Ask the Artist. These are designed to advertise the activities of Rhythm Associates and to help foster jazzman/listener relations by having name musicians play and answer pertinent questions from the audience. Those who already have appeared include pianists Billy Taylor and Bobby Timmons and tenorist Sam Rivers.

"But," White admitted, "we are having a little problem booking people who are willing to share their views with the public."

"It has nothing to do with them be-

## Collins & Gillespie



PHOTOS/LEE TANNER

ing obstinate," he insisted. "Musicians in general are an introspective lot who don't like to talk."

The bassist is an exception, and he said he is always willing to do anything within his ability to help spread good music to a wider audience:

"I know I can talk and organize, and so I also worked out a program for kids' weekly school assemblies. This looks as though it's going to get off the ground too. What we've done is gotten together a program that is not only informative and entertaining but which also portrays the musician in another, better, light."

White is concerned with the image of the jazz musician, not only in the eyes of the public but also with regard to his associates on the symphonic side of the fence.

"Today the different areas of music are becoming fused, and more and more people are getting disturbed," he said, "either because they are being encompassed by areas where they don't feel comfortable or being encroached on by areas they disdain. If you go to a place like Manhattan, you'll find some of the students very interested in playing jazz while some of the teachers are very upset by the fact that they are even on the premises. And then you have other instructors who are listening because they want to find out what's happening."

"I have a thing about people who are nearsighted, no matter what their chosen field of endeavor. I feel that there is room for everybody, musically and elsewhere. I think that a lot of people who are, for want of a better term, classically orientated and who look down their noses at jazz players do so mainly because their own little worlds are being shattered, and they feel insecure. It has a lot to do with the fact that people who may not have had as much formal training as they have are able to create music that is at least as valid and a lot more alive."

White's wholehearted, enthusiastic approach to making his music palatable to as wide an audience as possible without lowering any of his standards comes as a pleasant surprise in this era, when ignoring other opinions is more the order of the day.

He said he feels that the bass is the ideal instrument for this purpose because he finds in the instrument a wide range of emotions that its timbres put at the player's disposal. It is, he said, only just beginning to be played like an instrument, and he is glad to be a part of the development.

But then, White would be happy being part of any worthwhile trend. "I like to help people," he said. "It sort of satisfies the part of me that says, 'Look what I've done.'"

45

After 20 years on the road (first with territory bands and then with Dizzy Gillespie, followed by 15 years with the Oscar Peterson Trio) Ray Brown resigned his seat on the plane, train, or bus and put down stakes in Los Angeles in January, 1966. He is now a successful freelance studio musician with a home in Beverly Hills.

The following is a transcript of a recent interview in which Brown reviewed his current life, compared it with the past, and offered some additional comments about the contemporary scene in general.

**Feather:** When you first arrived here, there was a party Herb Ellis and Red Callender arranged for you at Red's house. It seemed to indicate that you were not only welcome but that there was no re-

# THE NEW LIFE OF RAY BROWN

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Mancini came into Chicago to do something at McCormick Place, and he came down to the London House a couple of nights to have dinner and hear the trio. One night he asked me to come over, and he introduced himself and said, "I hear you're going to move out to California."

I said, "Yeah, around the first of the year."

He said, "Let me know when you get out there, and I'll call you to do some things."

I thought it was very nice of him, but generally you can't count on something like that, you know. Somebody says "call me when you get to the Coast," and six months from now anything could be happening.

One other person that asked me to call him when I came out here was Bobby Helfer, the contractor. We used to come



sentment or rivalry.

**Brown:** Yes, it was a very fine party, and there were a lot of bass players there and a lot of other musicians. Of course, I wasn't really a stranger coming into this town. I'd known people for years. Red Callender I'd known personally 15 years and followed his career before that. And I know just about every bass player in town: Red Mitchell since 52nd St. days, Monty Budwig since he lived in Frisco, and a lot of the studio guys.

**Feather:** Did you make any formal preparations before you came here, in the sense of knowing what you were going to be able to get, or was it to some extent a gamble?

**Brown:** It was a gamble to this extent: I had quit a very lucrative job, because one of the good things about working with Oscar was that over a period of years, we had slowly but steadily gone upwards, and the salary was good. The only thing that was getting to me was the extensive traveling. I generally thought that with more

money, you could afford not to work as hard, but we were still going to Europe—well, we had a stretch in 1965 of 47 one-nighters without one day off. Frankly, at that pace I don't need that kind of money, because it only can be used in the hospital sooner or later.

I guess the best job I had all that year was the Sinatra gig. Sinatra would only work three days one week or two days the next. He's big enough to do that. . . .

I had one very close friend out here, Herb Ellis, whom everybody knows I worked and roomed with for eight years. I had told him that I was coming out—I had intimated to him for a couple of years that I was coming—but I finally caught him one night and told him that I was coming out around the first of the year, around February or March.

He said, "Are you serious?"

I said, "Yes, I'm coming out." So I know that he told a lot of people.

Two good things have happened:

That summer, around August, '65, Henry

out here all the time and spend a couple of months playing clubs and doing record dates for Norman Granz, and I did quite a few things for Bobby at that time. So I got some work from him also.

**Feather:** As I recall, you hadn't been out here 48 hours and you were working.

**Brown:** Well, what happened was that I had gotten back from Tokyo around the 23rd of January and I was lying across the bed. My phone rang, and it was Hank Mancini. He asked me if I was still coming out, and when I said yes, he said he had a couple of dates for me. This was really heartening. It made me feel good.

**Feather:** That was your first actual day's work out here, wasn't it, that record date?

**Brown:** No, I did one date before that. I had to fill in for Jimmy Bond on a Johnny Hartman date. I got here on a Tuesday, and I did that on Thursday. The Mancini dates began the next week. I didn't work very hard at first, but it was enough to keep things going, and I didn't have to spend money that I had saved. I had pre-



pared myself that in the event that I didn't work for six months, we could still eat.

**Feather:** As far as I can see, there are three aspects of your work.

**Brown:** Yes, TV, movie work, then there are the regular record dates and jingles. Actually there are four categories, because the third category would be live TV—such as the *Pat Boone Show* and/or the *Smothers Brothers Show*. Occasionally I'll do the *Hollywood Palace* or something like that. Then there are the live jazz gigs. I work at the Playboy Club maybe once, twice every couple of months to do a little playing. Ike Isaacs hurt his hand, and I played for him a few nights at the Pied Piper. I do some things with Terry Gibbs and with Herb Ellis and with Donn Trenner. Barney Kessel, Shelly Manne, and I have been doing some things. Victor Feldman, Frank Capp, and I have been

cians out here. There seems to be an opinion back East that they have better musicians there. I think they have more jazz innovators back East, and the primary reason for this is that in order to be recognized, I think you still have to go to New York. It seems to be the acid test.

**Feather:** However, quite a few people are beginning to feel the other way about coming out here now, particularly the writers, like Oliver Nelson, Quincy Jones, Lalo Schiffrin.

**Brown:** Yes, because first, all of the good jazz writers who have any scope to their writing and want to advance, besides being a great record-date writer, there's only one other place to go—you got to go to TV and movies. That's the ultimate thing they want to do—they want to write a *big* movie.

They can stay in New York and write record dates for the rest of their lives, and they'll make a good living, but I think the fulfillment goes out of it after a while, because record dates aren't what they used to be. I'm not putting the music business down. I'm just talking about the way it is now: 90 percent of the stuff you do now is tailor-made for the market. You don't do your own ideas now—you've got to say, "Let's fit this market; let's do this tune; let's get into this bag; play the bass drum like the Tijuana Brass; let's phrase it like this," you know?

It's not as individual; so a guy, even a great writer, has to cater to this thing, and he gets a little more scope in movies, where he can be himself. The better movie he gets to do the more he gets to do his own thing.

**Feather:** Do you find it rewarding or otherwise to be in such a variety of types of music, including rock-and-roll one minute and pop the next and jazz another?

**Brown:** It's good for me, because as much playing as I did with Oscar, and we did a variety of things and he wrote some hard music, he didn't write it down. We had to memorize all of it. This has helped me tremendously out here because I can play ... say, 70 percent of the stuff that I see in the studios—I play it twice and I practically have it memorized anyway. Reading is a hindrance in some cases, like when we have to transpose for a singer—I'm used to that. Oscar would play a tune in one key one night and walk in and play the whole arrangement in another key a week later, so I'm used to this. If they transpose into another key, I hear the whole thing in that key. I've memorized the thing anyway, so instead of actually reading it and transposing it like I should, I don't even have to look at it because it comes to me naturally—it's something I've done all my life. This isn't talent—this is just training. The average guy that has to do this all the time by reading it might not be able to do it if you took the music away, even if he knew the tune—I mean right away.

The good part for me is to get a chance to do a lot of reading, which I didn't get to do with Oscar. The only reading I would do was when I wanted to go and practice, I'd go and get my book out. But you can't go but so far reading your own books over and over again. And you can't carry but so much music around with you. This

way, you get it thrown at you. Every day there's some challenge, and there's always some little new thing that you haven't done that is good.

**Feather:** How about the new wave of bass players?

**Brown:** Some of them are very good and very talented. I think they sound good or great when they're in their own idiom or in their own band that plays their style. However, when they mix them up with anybody who is playing any changes or trying to swing, there seems to be a bit of a clash. They seem to be condescending to play time—like, "I'm doing you a favor." I think that if you don't really feel it, you shouldn't do it.

Things happen for the period you happen to come along in. When I came along, the king of the time players was Jimmy Blanton, and I picked it up from him and just developed a few things different. I think a lot of people have copied some things I've done timewise.

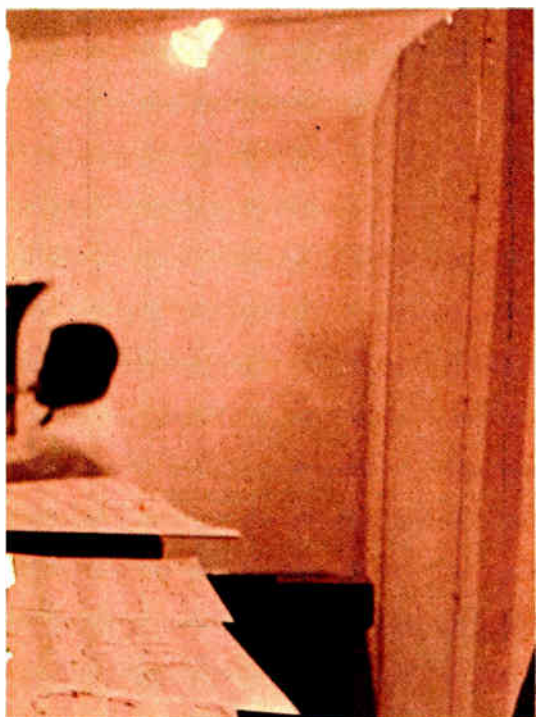
**Feather:** Do you think time playing is ever going to become obsolete?

**Brown:** I think time—if we start growing people without feet, so that you can't dance or pat your feet—might go out! It may be old-fashioned, and a lot of jazz players—I hate to say this, but it's true—wonder why rock-and-roll got in and won't get out. It's because people can pat their feet and dance to this music. When jazz first came out and became popular and got out of the cellars and all the big bands used to come around, the one good thing—even the dumbest guy that didn't know Jack Jenney from J.J. Johnson—the one thing he knew was that if he went to a dance he could dance to the music.

I don't mean that the music wasn't intricate, because I think that things get more intricate as you go along—I mean that you find guys playing faster on their instruments—not necessarily better. In other words, I don't think because John Coltrane plays more notes than Lester Young that he tells any better story. The one thing Art Tatum used to tell me all the time was, "*Everybody* has something to say."

He used to go hear a guy that didn't play more than three notes at a time but could play blues. Art said he'd give a couple of fingers if he could play blues like this guy. He said this guy had a feeling that he'd never be able to get. Art had technique to lay on when he was playing.

I like the advancement that jazz is making, but I don't think they should take the "time" out of it, on one hand—on the other, you have to figure what the average jazz musician is up against nowadays. We've lost our position somewhat to rock-and-roll. I'm speaking of the masses now. It's a little harder on them. Let's take 10 years ago... Jazz record sales were booming, and 25 years ago, when I was in high school, I waited for every new record to come out. They only came out one at a time, but we pounced on them when they came out. Everything new that King Cole would put out, or Ellington, or all the other bands, when they played it on the radio, or you went down to the record shop, and they had it playing over the little loud-speaker, man, we ran in and bought it. Now there are so many records



JIM TAYLOR

working some trio things.

**Feather:** How do you find the musical standards here as compared with the East Coast?

**Brown:** First of all, since 1954 I haven't lived on the East Coast. I have lived in either Pittsburgh, Detroit, or Toronto. Once the trio really got working good and we had some time off, I went back to Pittsburgh—I didn't want to see anything. I went bowling, spent some time with my wife, and did all the things we didn't get a chance to do when we were traveling.

Cecilia and I were married in 1954, and I actually had more time to do things then, because we always took four to six weeks off in the winter and three or four weeks off in the summer. We made more time out of it. Now time is taken up continually, and I have to stop everything in order to go away.

**Feather:** Do you find that musicianship in general is of a high caliber in the studios?

**Brown:** Yes, they have very good musi-

and so much competition, yet jazz is relegated to the background. You can hardly find it on an AM station.

This should be significant. Not only do the new jazz players have that to fight, but they also want to do something different. To get away from Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, Duke Ellington, and Count Basie they have to get away from everything. This is a problem; I understand it. I still think that new talent can come up and swing and be good. Take a guy like Freddie Hubbard. He is a new talent, and he swings, and he does everything. I think he's going to step right in the door.

As far as good young bass players are concerned, I've heard half a dozen. Albert Stinson I heard, and he was very good. Although he wasn't that far outside, primarily because I heard him with Chico Hamilton's group, and they weren't playing that far outside. Charlie Haden is very good. Richard Davis is actually in on this thing, because he started it about 10 years ago. A lot of people don't know it, but he was doing all these things. He didn't get the credit for it, but he was doing all those things, all out-of-time signatures, because I heard him playing behind a singer one night, and I said, "Good God! What is he doing back there?" He was actually doing too much, but he was getting it together then, you know?

I have come in on the fringe of some of that stuff, but it isn't really my cup of tea, and I think if I play with the guys that really are serious about it, they wouldn't accept me, because I don't think I'd have my heart in it. Somewhere along the line I'd want to swing, and we'd get in trouble. I'd go into a 4/4 or some part of it, and the guys would say, "All right, come on, there's that old cat back there." I don't know, maybe I'm interpreting it wrong. Maybe they want to do what they do and figure they're swinging anyway. I think they figure that the swing is there anyway—they have that to begin with.

I worked with Elvin Jones for two weeks every night in a group at the Manne-Hole. But, No. 1, Elvin Jones and I are in the same age bracket, and he really has those roots, so we didn't have any clash at all. We had a ball. When I did try to do what I considered going outside, it didn't disturb him, and yet when I was playing a stompin' four, it fit in with what he was doing. We didn't have any problems—at least from my side of it—I had a ball!

**Feather:** When I came out here 10-15 years ago—I used to come out on visits once every year or two, and there was absolutely almost completely rigid, total segregation in every scene; the studio scene, clubs, even the hotels and all around—it was almost as bad as Louisiana or something. You must have some idea of how that was, except you didn't work here then very much. The studio musicians weren't even aware of it. There was a conscious effort on the part of a few Negroes to get the locals integrated—you know there were two locals. Have you been able to see how this situation has improved?

**Brown:** I really can't give you an honest opinion of it yet. I think maybe you

should come back to me on it because I would like to appraise it for you. I haven't personally had any difficulty, because I've done just about everything there is to do in this town. There are three classes: A, B, and C. They always try to get the A guys, and they're always the same guys. If they can't get the A guys, they get the B, and they're always the same guys.

You know this racial thing has just come to the fore really in the last five, six, seven years, where it's been on the front pages, and it's brought home to everybody, daily, and made people more conscious. And the ones who *are* prejudiced are more staunchly prejudiced, and the ones who weren't prejudiced are a little more open. This brought everybody to their place to a degree. In other words, a guy who said "gee, I didn't realize that we didn't have any Negroes working here" actually meant that; so he probably saw to it that some got in there. But the guy who said "I never wanted them in here in the first place!" is *really* going to keep them out. Which didn't hurt it any, because they weren't there in the first place.

This is in answer to the other thing you said. I think that was more the case. I find now that all the Negro musicians that I see in the studio, steadily, are the same guys all the time.

**Feather:** Then it's really a matter of getting into the right circle, regardless of whether you're white or Negro?

**Brown:** I'm a bad person to ask this because I had the same problem when people would ask me about prejudice in Europe. Being some sort of a celebrity, you don't run into the same sort of prejudice that a guy who wasn't a celebrity would. I'd like to send my brother over there, or my cousin, and let him go to the same hotels I went to and see if he got in just as easily and smoothly as I did and had no more scuffles than I did.

We are talking about people who are prejudiced—there are all kinds of prejudices, I don't care what race you are. I think that they are still careful who they're prejudiced against because they don't want to make a big noise about it. They don't want to make waves.

**Feather:** Did you have any trouble buying a house, or did you find that the real estate people were co-operative?

**Brown:** The real estate people were very co-operative; matter of fact, what they do now, when they show you a house, is tell you the price and then they tell you what the neighbor on each side said about a Negro moving in. They said, "This guy wasn't too fussy about Negroes moving in next door—he couldn't do anything about it—but he wasn't too fussy about it." That gives you the same break, because you say, "Well, I didn't really want to live next door to him either."

With what houses cost and with taxes now, I don't really want to spend my money to move anywhere near anybody that doesn't like anything. And that goes double for a guy who has had to face prejudice at any time, because when you figure that you pay the same 30 cents to a dollar that the guy next door to you does for taxes, and you go to the same battlefield, and you do the same things

that he does, you really don't want to hear it when you put \$15,000 or \$20,000 down and buy a house for \$70,000 or \$80,000. I don't want to hear any part of that.

**Feather:** Well, as I say, things ain't what they used to be, because when I first came out here on a visit, Lee Young was the only Negro musician working to any extent in the studios. He was on staff at MGM. You couldn't get into any of the hotels; you couldn't get into the neighborhoods; the whole thing was like two separate cities.

**Brown:** That probably existed when I first came out here [1945], except that I was so wrapped up in the new music—I'd just joined Diz and Bird and Max and Bud—that group that I could have stayed in a chicken coop with and it wouldn't have mattered. The only thing that mattered to me was the music we were playing. At that time Berg's was about the only place that would let Negroes in, and Norman Granz had a lot to do with that.

I went to work for Norman in 1947, and we spent all our time breaking down hotels. That was as important to him as the concert. We used to plan our strategy on the airplanes. He'd wire all these big hotels and send two or three of us to each one.

**Feather:** Do you miss being essentially a part of the jazz scene, or does the possibility of no longer being high man on all the jazz polls bother you?

**Brown:** No. First, if I wanted to be a jazz star I should have stayed with Oscar Peterson. I miss the caliber of jazz that I played—let's face it, because you cannot get a substitute for it out here. We worked at it every day, every night. And if you want to be that good playing jazz, you have to work at it all the time.

No. 2: jazz polls. I don't want this to seem like I'm unappreciative, but after you win two or three *Down Beat* polls, it isn't the same when you win 12. I think that there are a lot of other deserving players. I think of all the years Jo Jones, the very great drummer with the Count Basie Band, went through before they just finally gave him some kind of award. That man should have had an award. He plays too good and was too great an innovator not to have received some sort of award. I think that by winning this many awards, there are a lot of people who will go through their whole jazz scene without winning an award, so I'm very happy to step down.

I won again in *Down Beat* this year, but I don't think that's going to last long. I won the all-stars in *Playboy*, but that's all of us old-timers together, you know. When you think I've been on the jazz scene now 25 years, you cannot be a kid or a new-comer after 25 years.

But I'm not going to lay down and die. When some of these hot jazz guys come out, I may run by and see them anyway. If I get to play with them, I'm certainly going to enjoy it, and I think they'll know by my enthusiasm that I'm not lying down—that I'm not dying in the studio. . . .

I'm very happy about the move. You can't be everything. If I could be half as successful in studio work as I have been in the jazz field, I'll make a good living, and I'll die a happy old man. **db**



# CAUGHT IN THE ACT

## Charlie Barnet

Basin Street East, New York City.

**Personnel:** Snooky Young, Clyde Reasinger, Clark Terry, George Triffon, Randy Brecker, trumpets; Jimmy Cleveland, Jackie Jeffries, Herb Wise, Billy Toles, trombones; Barnet, soprano saxophone; Willie Smith, Dick Meldonian, alto saxophones; Richie Kamuca, Stan Edson, tenor saxophones; Danny Bank, baritone saxophone; Nat Pierce, piano; Eddie Jones, bass; Steve Little, drums.

It always has seemed to me that Barnet has been shortchanged by the jazz chroniclers; he had a swing band three years prior to Benny Goodman; his bands in the '40s were among the best of the period; he furthered the careers of such gifted musicians as bassist Oscar Pettiford, pianist Dodo Marmarosa, and trumpeters Peanuts Holland, Howard McGhee, Maynard Ferguson, Clark Terry, Jimmy Nottingham, and Al Killian, to mention a few, and he was never swayed from his devotion to sincere, ungimmicked, swinging jazz.

For his Basin Street East engagement, Barnet led what was essentially a pickup band, but it was characteristic of his leadership qualities that, within a short time, the band had become a solid entity with a distinctive personality and more spirit than some permanent organizations.

Wisely, he used a book of updated staples from the old days, with a few new things in a similar groove to balance the nostalgia. But nostalgia is not really the right word; the music was too happy and swinging for that.

As always has been the case with Barnet, there was a good deal of Ellingtonia in the repertoire. An admirer of Duke Ellington, Barnet has never disguised his feelings, but he has never merely copied.

Thus, such Ellington staples as *Cotton-tail*, *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*, and *Jeep's Blues* were not imitations but bore the stamp of Barnet's free-wheeling personality.

*Jeep's* featured the singing alto saxophone of Willie Smith, whom Barnet had brought with him from California. The Smith sound is still one of the most commanding in the business, and he was his own man in this familiar Johnny Hodges feature. The coda, interrupted by some humorous horn-conversation with Terry, ended with an appropriate echo of Jimmie Lunceford's *Uptown Blues*.

Smith also was heard to good advantage on *Wastin'*, which was part of a montage of Barnet hits. Among these were *Cherokee*, the band's theme; *Skyliner*, with the familiar soprano lead; *Pompton Turnpike*; the excellent late '40s arrangement of *East Side, West Side*, which still sounds fresh; and a rousing *Smiles*, with fine trumpet-section work and an effective key change (Young, who played his usual terrific lead, had a brief, exciting solo here).

The saxophone section, paced by Smith's strong, full lead, shone on the very fast *Cottontail*, which also had solo spots for Terry, Kamuca, high-note man Reasinger, and trombonist Cleveland, whose two loose, swinging choruses were a pertinent reminder of how good a player he still is.

A highlight of the set was Terry's vocal feature, *Mumbles*, just as hilarious as on first hearing, since Terry does it differently each time. Here, there was some added comic interplay with bassist Jones (the former Basicite) and good supporting riffs



JACK BRADLEY

Charlie Barnet Band: Personality and spirit

from the band. Terry's bright, shouting trumpet was also much in evidence.

Kamuka, who was well featured, was in excellent form, especially on the fast *Rabble Rouser*, which also briefly spotlighted pianist Pierce. These two soloed again on *Satin Doll*, in a version quite different from the composer's, with the leader's soprano adding a distinctive sound to the reed passages.

Barnet's solos were short but long enough to identify them immediately as strictly his own. He did not play his robust tenor but only soprano, with a sound that owes much to Johnny Hodges but a conception that is personal. His phrases have a characteristic lilt.

His best spot was on *Clap Hands—Here Comes Charlie*, a jolly rouser with some interesting arranging touches, notably the use of Jeffries' bass trombone in the opening passages.

The rhythm section work was first rate. Jones and Pierce worked hand in glove, and the bassist's big sound and expert walking time were good to hear again. Little is a young drummer who knows how to swing a big band with a beat both relaxed and precise.

Barnet fronted the band in a manner that conveyed his enjoyment of the task. His emceeing was natural, friendly, and informative, with touches of unforced humor. On several occasions during the engagement, he ordered drinks for the whole band, which were consumed on the stand while Pierce played cocktail piano.

Barnet was obviously having a good time, and the musicians were just as obviously enjoying themselves working for him. One hopes that his welcome return to bandleading will be more than just temporary; jazz sorely needs people with his spirit.

—Dan Morgenstern

## Joseph Jarman

Abraham Lincoln Center, Chicago

**Personnel:** William Brimfield, trumpet; Jarman, alto saxophone, flute; Fred Anderson, tenor saxophone; Christopher Gaddy, piano; Charles Clark, bass; Thurman Barker, drums.

"What's happening, baby?" asked drummer Barker.

"Nothing to it, my man," replied pianist Gaddy.

The overcoated musicians, laden with

traps, had just strolled onstage as the curtain opened to begin a concert by the Jarman sextet.

"To bring you closer to the mechanics of our lives," the program said of the concert's intention. Jazz, poetry, drama, and graphic art were the media combined by Jarman and crew to bring about this condition for the audience.

This, then, is an account of the episode—with reflections:

After the emergence of Barker and Gaddy, other musicians in overcoats appeared from the wings, equally laden with instrumental paraphernalia. While removing coats, setting up music stands, and assembling their instruments, all chatted amiably . . . "Whatever happened to that shake dancer named Lora Lee?"

"Beats me, man."

Brimfield's trumpet sound wound through the air as he ran over some lip exercises. Then a barrage of sound (a la John Coltrane's *Ascension*) welled up as all instruments joined in the warmup. This scene was protracted, because it took longer for Barker to set up than it took the others to get ready. The sound began to diminish, losing a bit of the novel opening effect, and the once fresh, now slightly self-conscious conversation about "broads" was renewed.

Jarman, with his horn on his knee, was crouched thoughtfully among an array of sound-effect equipment on the floor.

Finally the sound began to grow again, augmented by Barker's traps, with Clark howling and Gaddy sustaining a tremolo against cymbals and ringing Oriental bells. The group had worked its way into Anderson's *Bernice*, and the tenorist threaded a ballad line into the discordant panoply of sounds around him.

At times between the moments when he blew, Jarman wandered among the things on the floor, making use of first one and then another of the myriad bells, whistles, triangles, and other sound makers, apparently at random.

At this juncture, the piano's constantly sustained drone and the arco bass' meandering around a tonal center seemed to fuse the sounds more than did Anderson's melodic line.

The front line struck a dissonant chord, and tambourines, bird calls, plunger flutes,

and the rest were brought to play in the over-all sound.

Without breaking the mood's momentum, the drone ceased, and the trumpeter immediately undertook another set of exercises. This, it is surmised, heralded the next selection, Brimfield's *March of the Arians*. Barker, exhibiting considerable dexterity but little attention to any over-all construction of rhythmic phrasing (presumably intentional), elevated his percussive presence over a swift, cacaphonic ensemble section. Again, Jarman seized things from the floor, furiously blowing, beating, shaking them. The other horns were used here as tonal complements to the drummer's work, slashing across the grain of the rumbling sound.

Jarman walked around shouting, attacking the sound-effect devices. The other horns were in jagged ambulatory commentary. The pianist beat tuned wood-blocks that rested on the far end of the piano—pandemonium. *The mechanics of our lives?* That will have to be answered individually.

The turmoil settled; the intensity relaxed, thinned out. The reeds abandoned the body of sound, leaving the trumpet to carry an amorphous melody line.

The reeds returned for a brief, dulcetly blown passage behind the trumpet, but the sound quickly ebbed to a drone as the front line disappeared into the wings.

Only the pianist and bassist remained onstage at that point. Gaddy, up from the piano, rang bells, while Clark, posturing dramatically, seemed to be locked in a struggle to the death with his instrument—pizzicato.

Then Gaddy exited and Clark drew his bow on the beast for a swift arco attack. He built his solo fiercely, if not melodiously, hacking at catgut, fingering stops, slashing. . . .

Bells rang offstage in a liturgical manner, and the curtains closed on the bassist while he worked on.

Sound effects came from behind the curtain to begin Jarman's *Noncognitive Aspects of the City*—curious knocking, whistling effects, and birdlike sounds from Jarman's flute.

Jarman and Clarke rushed from the curtains reading poetry in counterpoint and ringing bells. The curtains parted to reveal a psychedelic setting: variously hued lights flashed, junk was piled like Rauschenburg sculpture, clothes were strewn everywhere, giant pop-poster canvases of Ku Klux Klansmen and Alabama sheriffs hung high at stage rear. . . .

Stage lights went on. A couple strolled onstage, drinking from paper cups, and the music came laced with phonic imagery.

Lights flashed on and off. There was a murder, and the body, fallen amid the junk on the floor, was hauled away.

Anderson came to center stage and began a blues line. There were angry shouts from the rear of the auditorium by some of the musicians. Jarman walked onstage and picked up his horn to join the foray. Barker glided from meter to meter, waltzing and grinding straight ahead. Anderson's hunched form was silhouetted against the flashing lights, as he blew a rusty-edged blues line.

The ceiling lights went on once again, and Jarman, borne on the shoulders of two men, was carried across the stage. (The bearded altoist's rigid form—face up, open-mouthed, head dangling, with ersatz blood smeared on his T-shirt front—highly resembled the assassinated form of Malcolm X as he was carried away from his last speech.)

Anderson blew rapidly then, as all the lights went out. Then the lights flashed, and the whole group wriggled in angry ensemble solos. Gaddy played the piano's strings.

Jarman, offstage, read a poem through a megaphone, but the words were squeezed out of audibility. Behind his voice was a



Joseph Jarman  
Total theater in jazz

heavily blues-laden membrane of sound.

Next, Jarman and Clark emerged from sidestage in trenchcoats, while Brimfield, Anderson, and the rest of the rhythm section continued the dirge from the stage.

The two musicians out front distributed leaflets to each member of the audience, small pink sheets with one word printed on them: "HATE."

The ceiling lights died once more, and the entire auditorium was lit only by the flashing colored bulbs onstage, which revealed the group in silhouette, blowing in relaxed ensemble.

The ceiling lights began to go on and off, and there was some confusion onstage, which created the not all-together successful diversion necessary to pull off the next incident.

Jarman and Gaddy had moved to a balcony-like runway high above the rear of the auditorium, and there, against a swelling rubato theme played by the remainder of

the group onstage and wild shouts of "bravo," they began to drop buckets of confetti on the heads of the audience beneath them.

The presentation was an ambitious one (in the spirit of total theater), seldom if ever tried with a jazz base (though the idea may owe something to John Cage), and for that it merits distinction as adventurous and imaginative. It was also notable for its implied social commentary: there is too much hate (Cicero, Ill., 1966), too much killing (Vietnam, 1967), too much suffering (any big-city ghetto, U.S.A., anytime). But art is more than reportage. It is artistically more difficult and braver to reflect beauty (not cuteness) than only the ugly scene that some of us have to exist in. The call here is for a balance between the two—reality has both.

These are young musicians, dealing with a young music form. As such they should be classified as experimenters. For this reason, I feel that an evaluation of their work should be geared to examining their creativity and its directions, more than the degree to which they have perfected techniques.

At this point, for purposes of technique, they would benefit from playing with jazzmen from various periods and in various contexts, in night clubs as well as concert halls, with boppers as well as free players.

Jackson Pollack once painted murals like Diego Rivera, as Coltrane once blew like Dexter Gordon—it made both of them stronger.

—Bill Quinn

## Spirituals to Swing—1967 Carnegie Hall, New York City

**Personnel:** Count Basie Orchestra (Al Aarons, Sonny Cohn, Harry Edison, Gene Goe, trumpets; Richard Boone, Harlan Floyd, Grover Mitchell, Bill Hughes, trombones; Marshall Royal, Bobby Plater, Eric Dixon, Billy Mitchell, Charlie Fowlkes, reeds; Basie, piano; Freddie Greene, guitar; Norman Keenan, bass; Jimmy Duncan, drums). George Benson Quartet (Ronnie Cuber, baritone saxophone; Lonnie Smith, organ; Benson, guitar; Marion Booker, drums). John Handy Ensemble (Handy, alto saxophone, saxella; Michel Sampson, violin; Calo Scott, cello; Sonny Greenwich, guitar; Don Thompson, bass; Terry Clarke, drums). Cafe Society All-Stars (Buck Clayton; Edmond Hall, clarinet; Buddy Tate, tenor saxophone; Ray Bryant, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Jo Jones, drums). Pete Johnson, piano. Marion Williams, Willie Mae (Big Mama) Thornton, Joe Turner, vocals.

John Hammond's 1938 and 1939 Spirituals to Swing concerts were milestones in the history of jazz on the concert stage and served to introduce to a wider audience (and subsequent national attention) a number of important jazz, blues, and Gospel talent. In addition, the concerts pinpointed the then negelected roots of jazz in the folk art of the American Negro.

The 1967 edition will probably not be as significant, in part because the roots of the art are more widely recognized today, and in part because, inevitably, the concert became an occasion for nostalgia.

But nostalgia was part of the charm, and this was a thoroughly enjoyable occasion, a happy, swinging event that left both audience and performers with a feeling of elation. And the old Hammond touch for talent-spotting was still there, balancing nostalgia with discovery.

After emcee Goddard Lieberson's introductory remarks, Benson's group opened a cooking set with a fast version of Jay McShann and Charlie Parker's *The Jump*.



ing Blues, which set the tone for the evening.

For it was blues, blues, and more blues (mostly in C) that night—a demonstration of the infinite variability and permanent validity of this bedrock of jazz.

Benson's set—two blues and *The Shadow of Your Smile*—was propelled by the excellent, supple drumming of Booker. Organist Smith was fleet of finger and foot, with engaging touches of humor, musical and visual; Cuber, when he did arrive, uncorked a booting solo, and the leader played with authority and invention, though the comparisons to Charlie Christian being made by some critics seemed ill-promoted.

off *My Mind* (a slow blues with both new and familiar verses) and *Hide and Go Seek*. Bryant's idiomatic piano and Clayton's lovely muted backing particularly enhanced the singing; the rhythm was solid as a rock, and there was room for good solos by all hands.

Then, for the concert's most moving moment, Lieberman escorted Pete Johnson on stage and introduced him as one of the participants in the original Spirituals to Swing and the greatest boogie-woogie pianist. Ill for some years, Johnson has lost his former girth, and his neat dark suit seemed sizes too big. His old buddy, Turner, took him by the hand, and for a moment the two middle-aged men looked touchingly

Greenwich, a real find, and cellist Scott, a unique player who has been under wraps too long. Samson's solo was inaudible to this listener. But it *looked* good.

Miss Thornton did six numbers, which, though the audience was with her all the way, proved a bit too much in terms of the program as a whole; the Basie band's set had to be cut short. Miss Thornton played excellent blues harmonica on *Mother-in-law* and vocally was at her best on her own *Sweet Little Angel*.

Basie opened with Nat Pierce's arrangement of *Squeeze Me*, with a delicate unaccompanied verse by the pianist, a classy chorus section-saxophone reminiscent of Benny Carter's writing style, and a superb



Hall, Edison, Clayton, Tate, Basie and band: A touch of the old looseness

Gospel singer Williams, who followed, was backed by drummer Jones, bassist Hinton, and her own pianist, Marion Franklin. She sang *Didn't It Rain?*, *Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen*, *How I Got Over*, and *There'll Be Peaks in the Valley*.

The performance was marred by overly coy vocal tricks and mannerisms. Showmanship is part of the Gospel music tradition, and it can be hugely enjoyable and convincing, but here there was too much sentimentality and flamboyance.

In contrast, Miss Thornton, next to last on the program, was completely herself and completely convincing. A blues shouter with a voice that makes microphones superfluous, her art is in the great tradition.

Confident, strong, and very much at home on the stage, she sang with exhilarating vitality and directness. She was the real thing.

Miss Thornton customarily works with blues musicians, but here was backed ably by the Cafe Society All-Stars, the workhorse group of the evening. Their own set, which followed Miss Williams', consisted of just one number, *Swingin' the Blues*, with Basie as guest pianist. It was at a perfect tempo and had wonderful interplay between Basie and Jones, fiery Hall, gutty Tate, and five clarion choruses by Clayton, whose chops, taste, and conception were among the joys of the concert.

Bryant replaced Basie as the group backed the strong-voiced Turner in a jumping *I'm Going Away to Wear You*

like little boys.

Turner dedicated *Roll 'Em, Pete* to his old friend, as Lieberman and Johnson were about to leave the stage. Instead, they stopped, and the pianist seated himself next to Bryant at the piano and began to play the treble part of his old showpiece, Bryant handling the bass. Johnson was a bit shaky but game, gaining in confidence as the number built in intensity. The climax, once again, was provided by Clayton's ringing solo and ensemble lead.

Handy, the saxophonist and composer who broke it up at the Monterey Jazz Festival for two years in succession, had arrived in New York with a new guitarist, his regular bassist and drummer, and minus a fifth voice in the group. For the concert, violinist Sampson and cellist Scott were added, and though there hadn't been much rehearsal, the ensemble functioned

Turner dedicated *Roll 'Em, Pete* to his

Two numbers, neither of them long, did not provide much time for the group to prove itself. However, Handy himself scored strongly with superbly played solo and ensemble alto saxophone passages on *The Lady Nancy*, a new piece that generates a feeling similar to *Spanish Lady*. His playing at times had a cantorial quality, and is graced with astonishing range and a clear, beautiful tone.

Handy also played the saxella, an antique saxophone with range similar to the soprano and a somewhat veiled sound that didn't project well in the hall.

Most of the other solos were by guitarist

ride-out and coda by trumpeter Edison, who is back home and seems to enjoy it.

A blues was next, featuring trombonist Boone's humorous wordless vocalizing. Comparisons with Clark Terry's "mumbling" style are perhaps inevitable, but Boone has his own thing, sly and engaging, with touches of broad comedy in his choice of near-words.

The band's standard flag-waver, *Jumping at the Woodside*, with tenorist Mitchell in fine form and new drummer Duncan impressive, brought Basie's set to an abrupt end, but the band remained on stage to be joined by Turner, Clayton, Tate, and Hall for a final blues.

Jones took over at drums; Edison joined his old sectionmate, Clayton, front and center; and Basie switched from piano to organ. Choruses by Turner alternated with spots for the soloists, with groovy backing from Basie (whose footwork was something to see) and the band, which achieved more than a touch of its old looseness with Jones on hand.

A highlight was Hall's long solo, his best of the night, while Edison and Clayton scored again, and Tate brought proceedings to a rocking conclusion.

Lieberman did an excellent job as emcee, and George Wein, the volunteer stage manager, ran the show smoothly. But the night belonged to Hammond, whose enthusiasm for and devotion to the cause he has done so much to further is as boundless today as it was almost 30 years ago.

—Dan Morgenstern

# RECORD REVIEWS

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Kenny Dorham, Barbara Gardner, Erwin Helfer, Bill Mathieu, Marian McPartland, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, 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 POPULAR DUKE ELLINGTON—RCA Victor 3576: *Take the A Train*; *I Got It Bad, and That Ain't Good*; *Perdido*; *Mood Indigo*; *Black and Tan Fantasy*; *The Twitch*; *Solitude*; *Do Nothin' till You Hear from Me*; *The Mooche*; *Sophisticated Lady*; *Creole Love Song*.

Personnel: William (Cat) Anderson, Mercer Ellington, Cootie Williams or Bud Brisbois, Herbie Jones, trumpets; Lawrence Brown, Chuck Connors, Buster Cooper, trombones; Russell Procope, Paul Gonsalves, Johnny Hodges, Jimmy Hamilton, Harry Carney, reeds; Ellington, piano; John Lamb, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

DUKE ELLINGTON'S GREATEST HITS—Reprise 6234: *Don't Get around Much Anymore*; *Do Nothin' till You Hear from Me*; *Black and Tan Fantasy*; *Creole Love Call*; *The Mooche*; *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*; *Pyramid*; *The Blues (from Black Brown, & Beige)*; *Echoes of Harlem*; *Satin Doll*.

Personnel: probably as above except Ray Nance, cornet, and Milt Grayson, vocals, added; Roy Burrowes and Ernie Shepard in place of Mercer Ellington and Lamb, respectively; Brisbois out.

Rating: ★★★½

The RCA Victor album is superb Ellington. This despite the familiarity of the material and the heard-before quality of some of the solos. Such things just do not matter when the Ellington band is in the fettle it is on this record made not in 1928, 1932, or 1940 but last year.

A large measure of the album's success results from some of the finest Cootie Williams on record—certainly the best since the '40s. Williams dominates in this set as he did so often during his first stay with the band (1929-40). His plunger solos, particularly on this superb version of *Black and Tan*, will tear the listener's heart out—at least it does mine. There just is nobody playing with Williams' poignancy these days. And he solos more on this album than he has on any other Ellington album released since the trumpeter rejoined the band in 1962. He is heard in declamatory statements on *Train*, *Indigo*, *Twitch*, *Mooche*, and *Creole*. All are plunger-muted except *Train*; each is a gem—no waste (he plays slower now), no phoniness, just beautifully jagged constructions of deep, deep melancholy bordering on rage encased in a dark, almost ominous tone.

There's some moving Brown plunger

work on the record, too, as well as flowing Hodges, meaty-toned Procope clarinet, delightfully Rex Stewartish trumpet by Anderson, oozing Gonsalves tenor, and a few fine touches from Hamilton's lithe clarinet. Then there is the leader's piano, strong, direct, surprising at times in its twists and turns, always ready with the right chord at the right place in backing soloists, always intriguing as a solo instrument.

Equal to the excellence of the individuals is the collective voice created by the leader of that ever-to-be-marveled-at instrument, the Ellington orchestra. Particular points of ensemble beauty come in the a cappella brass choir on *Mooche* with Gonsalves murmuring around its edges, tutti passages that seem to hang in the air on *Indigo* and *Lady* (an old Ellington trick used most notably in an exquisite 16-bar passage of *Warm Valley* in 1940), and, of course, those delicious mysterious voicings of small groups of instruments on the traditional *Black and Tan*, *Creole*, and *Mooche*. Carney deserves special praise for his strong ensemble work, as does bassist Lamb, an impeccable rhythmic stalwart.

The only serious drawback to the album



LEE TANNER

### Cootie Williams

Deep melancholy bordering on rage

is *Do Nothin'*. Why Ellington insists on having trombonist Brown turn the last eight bars of the tune into some sort of bawdy-house roistering escapes me. It certainly is not a natural characteristic of Brown's work, and the passage's humorous quality was lost long ago (it's always played the same way). Why doesn't Ellington reassign the tune to Williams? When it was *Concerto for Cootie* it was outstanding art; now it is shoddy put-on.

The Reprise album was recorded at European concerts about four years ago, not long after Williams came back. It is a good record but does not compare to the Victor issue. There are some fine solos by Hodges, Carney (very strong on *Pyramid*), and Nance (I think it is he, not Williams as stated in the liner notes, who plays the touching plunger solo on the album's *Black and Tan*). Grayson sings *Do Nothin'* (Brown's clown act is sandwiched between vocal passages) and *The Blues*; he is like a composite of Herb Jeffries, Al Hibbler, and Billy Eckstine.

The album does have one superb track, however—*Harlem*. Williams plays his old feature as if it were the last time he would play on this earth. The misery and weight of God-knows-how-many one-nighters, the sadness and anger that must lie deep within Williams—all are brought to the solo. It is a moving experience, one not easily forgotten. Cootie Williams is a great jazz musician.

—DeMicheal

### Claire Austin

AND THE GREAT EXCELSIOR JAZZ BAND—GHB 22: *Doctor Jazz*; *219 Blues*; *Melancholy*; *Yonder Come Dem Blues*; *Milneberg Joys*; *Stand-in' in the Need of Prayer*; *Daddy Do*; *The Monster*; *Angry*; *Martha*.

Personnel: Bob Jackson, cornet; Bob McAllister, trombone; Dick Adams, clarinet; Ray Skjelberd, piano; William R. Lovy, guitar; Mike Duffy, bass; Howard Gilbert, drums; Miss Austin, vocals.

Rating: ★★

One can approach Miss Austin's singing with all the good will in the world, and one can appreciate that she is earnest and sincere, but it still ends up that she isn't making it in these songs. Sometimes she tries so hard—as in *Melancholy*—that you think she'll burst (and she does manage to build a brief head of steam), but she has neither the vocal equipment nor the ability to project what the broad, lusty style she is attempting requires.

It's too bad that she has all this trouble because the Great Excelsior Jazz Band, which spends most of the disc playing behind her, has precisely the loose, exuberant attack that she reaches for unsuccessfully. The band breaks through briefly on most of her songs and also has three numbers to itself—*Milneberg*, *Monster*, and *Martha*—and these are where it shows its mettle.

It's a gutsy, unhurried band, highlighted by the distinctively dark-toned cornet of Jackson and the arrogant punching of McAllister on trombone. Skjelberd, the leader, shows a pleasantly bluesy piano on his original, *Monster*, a moody, broody piece, and Adams plays a suitably fluid clarinet. But it is the team of Jackson and McAllister that makes these pieces come to vivid life.

—Wilson

### Paul Bley

CLOSER—ESP-Disk 1021: *Ida*; *Start*; *Closer*; *Sideways in Mexico*; *Batterie*; *And Now the Queen*; *Figfoot*; *Crossroads*; *Violin*; *Cartoon*.

Personnel: Bley, piano; Steve Swallow, bass; Barry Altschul, percussion.

Rating: see below

Bley's music always has seemed warm and open. It is true that the music is convoluted, that its struggling seems turned in on itself. Nevertheless, at each moment, before each final turning, the music gestures outward to us.

Though I have reservations about *Closer*, they don't have to do with the spirit of the music. If there is a critical comment, it is that the willing spirit has not transcended the weak flesh. By weak flesh I mean: Self, everybody's Self—in this case, Paul Bley's. We are somehow not drawn upward by his struggling. We are, rather, witness to the event.

It is difficult to say how this is musically audible, because the evidence is often in the feeling, not the architecture. But generally the playing is fragmented. The ideas rush along in fitful starts with impatient



silences in between. One does not sense flow in these silences. If there were some inner force to sustain the silences, some continuity of being to integrate them, perhaps there would be an uplifting flow. But if such a power is within him, he does not project it here.

In a previous recording, *Barrage* (ESP-Disk 1008) this power was present, but its expression was random and chaotic. Exclamatory randomness, however, is closer to my esthetic than fitful silence.

It is clear to me why Bley has deliberately and courageously forced the issue in *Closer*. The issue is: random barrage cannot express the subtlety of his emotional life. To that extent, these 10 cameos are closer to his truth.

But critical understanding is not listening enjoyment.

For example, one understands that *Ida* is a reinvestigation of tradition, that its single, wide curve over diatonic triads and a rhythmic ostinato are like an homage to one's beginnings. But that doesn't keep it from being dull.

One understands the difficulty of playing fast lines in octaves, and the pianistic force that can accrue from them. But here they keep the music from going on.

One indication of trouble: the music hovers like an uncertain cloud over the key of C (on the G side). Were this completely chosen, there would be no cause for comment. But I sense that Bley does not have full choice, that he is not free from tonal reference (in this case, easy-key reference) even when he wants to be.

Another troublesome aspect: the engi-

neer recorded the group like a cocktail trio. I doubt if this was Bley's doing. Swallow and Altschul play with considerable compassion and skill, but their presence is partly negated in the control room.

*Start* indicates that Bley is conscientious about the variety of touches at his command.

*Violin* is a gratifying miniature composition; *Cartoon* seems the best thought out.

And in *Crossroads* something happens that made my heart leap. At the beginning there is an intriguing and complex contrapuntal figure, strongly and securely played. Then it repeats. Then at the end it comes twice again just the same, beautifully played. It was evidently learned by practice. It indicates the level of music possible from Paul Bley.

We sometimes have to travel a long way around to cover a short distance. Closer, farther, who is to say? Judgments aren't called for this time. The rating is: stars.

—Mathieu

#### Jaki Byard

**FREEDOM TOGETHER**—Prestige 7463: *Freedom Together*; *Getting to Know You*; *Ode to Prez*; *Nocturne for Contrabass*; *Just You, Just Me*; *Night Leaves*; *Young at Heart*.

Personnel: Byard, tenor saxophone, piano, electric piano, celeste, vibraphone, drums; Richard Davis, bass, cello; Alan Dawson, drums, vibraphone, tympani; Jr. Parker, vocals, lagerphone.

Rating: ★★★★★

Inherent in the title of this album is the key not only to the direction of the music but also to Byard's musical philosophy. And it is a sound one: the "group therapy" of free-form jazz is solidly rooted

in traditional harmonies and rhythm. As expressed in the title track, a group of jazzmen can improvise in free style only if a distinct musical denominator is common to all. Otherwise, they're not blowing "freedom," they're merely spreading musical anarchy.

The title track is a most eloquent refutation of the avant-garde illiterates, while being an object lesson in how to attain the highest form of personal musical freedom. No introduction—the group cooks at once. Then, after the opening chorus, each goes his merry way—not making noise, not preaching anger, nevertheless purging himself of whatever mood he feels at the moment. Davis walks the group right down the mainstream of hard-swinging, straight-ahead combo jazz on blues changes.

Byard switches from electric piano to conventional piano, then to celeste—and, even later, to tenor saxophone.

The mood alternates between straight-ahead and detour, but at no time are blues changes or the basic 4/4 discarded. They are extended, metamorphosed, and put through their paces with skill and humor. For 11½ minutes, improvisation is elevated to a high cerebral degree. For that same length of time, all the emotional impact of good swing is right where it ought to be—at ear level.

The other tracks don't quite come up to this one in terms of musical satisfaction, but that does not minimize the level of expertise. The most outstanding player in the album is Davis. His pizzicato is booming; his bowing is phenomenal; his intonation is flawless.

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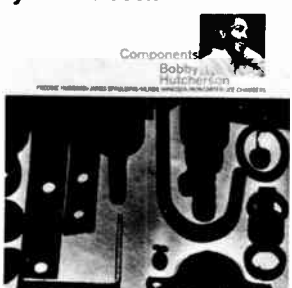


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Dawson drives the trio with his usual finesse and his usual concern for what the others are saying. He always seems to be there with a comment when a soloist leaves enough room. On *Prez* Dawson seemed to be having a real ball with a battery of pitched kettle drums at his disposal.

The only weak thing is Parker's singing, though the trouble is not entirely his fault. His two contributions hardly show him at his best. *Getting to Know You* is taken at a funeral pace—so slow, in fact, that he is unable to sustain his final note long enough for a smooth instrumental resolution. *Night Leaves*—an excerpt from a Byard opera—calls for the phrasing of a trained operatic baritone.

The latter work underscores another failing of the album: Byard has so many gifts, and they branch off in so many directions, that one album simply can't hold him. What we end up with here is a musical mosaic built by one personality in which all the pieces are not always compatible. His tenor playing is fine, and it comes out like a salute to Lester Young; his solo piano track—*Young at Heart*—contains another tribute: the stride school of Fats Waller.

As for *Leaves* and *Nocturne* these are fragments from larger works (the latter from a concerto for bass) that suffer from pretentiousness when excerpted.

Put them all together with his freedom bag, and one has a crazy quilt of talent that covers a multitude of sounds. —*Siders*

### Bob Dorough

**JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING**—Focus 336: *Don't Think Twice; Baltimore Oriole; I've Got Just about Everything; The Message; The Craudad Song; Better Than Anything; But for Now; 'Tis Autumn; Baby, You Should Know It; Lazy Afternoon.*

Personnel: Dorough, piano, vocals; Al Shackman, guitar; Ben Tucker, bass; Percy Brice, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆½

In these days of the mimic, everybody wanting to "belong" to some bag or other, in these days when people search more desperately than ever for identity, it is hard for an artist to win with an original style. All the odds are against him. He will annoy people because they cannot pigeonhole his talents—it leaves them just a little off-balance.

Dorough is, in actuality, all by himself. He bears some superficial resemblance to Mose Allison, some to Dave Van Ronk—the country-blues bag. But his conception of other people's songs, and those he writes—the title song, for example—have a unique sophistication: the big city superimposed on the farm.

The clearest thing that comes through, however, is the bright sense of humor. He is singing to entertain us, and he enjoys doing it. If only people will listen. But Dorough is, as Mort Fega writes in the liner notes, "one of the best-kept secrets in the music business."

I'm happy to say, however, that his talents are at least appreciated by Madison Ave., if not by jazz fans or a&r men. He has put the "Carling Philosophy" to music for a series of television commercials, soon to appear. It will liven up your viewing, just as this record will liven up your listening. —*Zwerin*

### Jonah Jones

**SWEET WITH A BEAT**—Decca 4800: *Strangers in the Night; Sweet Georgia Brown; That's How Young I Feel; Begin the Beguine; In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree; Limehouse Blues; Green Grass; If I Had You; Everywhere You Go; Theme from "Maya"; Birth of the Blues; Squeeze Me.*

Personnel: Jones, trumpet, vocals; Dave Martin or Andre Persiani, piano; John Brown, bass; Jimmie Crawford or Danny Farrar, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Jones has been a commercial success being trite, since there is something about sugared melodies played over shuffle rhythm that many lovers of popular music can't resist.

Outside of the physical effort involved in playing the fortissimo high-register passages, this should be easy work for Jones. There evidently is little thought in his cliché-ridden solos, and were it not for the warmth of *Squeeze Me* and the Louis Armstrong ring in his playing on *Limehouse* and *Sweet Georgia*, the album would get no stars at all.

Pianist Martin and drummer Crawford make *Everywhere* interesting.

Jones should talk someone into producing an album that pairs him with some of his comrades from the swing days (trombonist Benny Morton and tenor saxophonist Buddy Tate, for example), anything that will jar him out of the triteness of his recent albums. —*Erskine*

### Houston Person

**UNDERGROUND SOUL**—Prestige 7491: *What the World Needs Now Is Love; Underground Soul; The Pimp; Tears; Aleilula; Ballin'; If You Could See Me Now; Strike Up the Band.*

Personnel: Mark Levine, trombone; Person, tenor saxophone; Charles Boston, organ; Frank Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆½

Person's approach has the freshness of an art nouveau antique. It is the big, round, wailing tenor sound that was highly popular among many of the instrument's better exponents 15 years ago—and there's little moss growing on its back yet.

This is Person's recording debut as a leader, though he's worked for the last three years with organist Johnny (Hammond) Smith. With these tracks he seems ready to step out on his own.

*World* is a light-hearted 3/4 tune with Person's tenor rendering a consistently fat inflection.

Person's *Pimp* is in a walking (swaggering) groove that comes off as a fairly phrased image of the title's stereotype.

Levine's *Tears* features some adequately blended ensemble color and is a good setting for the horizontally disposed horn men. *Aleilula* is an up-tempo bossa nova with an eight-bar meter suspension in the bridge. *Ballin'*, the other Person composition on this album, is from the huffy-puffy school of funk, finger-snapping but uninspiring.

*See Me Now* again emphasizes Person's talent for tonality. He works up some rather bright changes on the Tadd Dame-ron ballad.

After an eight-bar Jones sound-off, eight bars of Person's tenor intro, eight bars of driving by the entire quartet, the leader works hotly around a series of punctuated rhythm breaks in *Strike*. More driving, with the trombone and tenor remaining fluently with the pace, and the track moves to a military-drum fade-out.

One may always hope for something

extraordinary from each new performer or group that emerges, but it is occasionally gratifying just to find a man or group that simply has a good grasp on music and the integrity and wit to put over tunes without gimmickry. These Person has. —*Quinn*

### Bud Powell

**THE JAZZ LEGACY OF BUD POWELL**—VSP 34: *Tempus Fugue-It; Buttercup; 'Round Midnight; Woody'n You; Crazy Rhythm; Fantasy in Blue; Parisian Thoroughfare; I'll Keep Loving You; Mediocre; Be Bop.*

Personnel: Powell, piano, all tracks. Track 1—Ray Brown, bass; Max Roach, drums. Tracks 2, 5, 6—George Duvivier, bass; Art Taylor, drums. Track 3—Percy Heath, bass; Roach. Tracks 4, 10—Brown; Osie Johnson, drums. Track 9—Heath; Kenny Clarke, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

It is unfortunate but also inevitable that an artist's death puts his life's work in a new perspective. The fact that a voice has been stilled puts a different weight on each of its statements, which now add up to a finite entity.

It was Powell's fate that his work, while he was still among the living, was persistently viewed in fragments. His episodes of personality disturbance and bad health were seen as setbacks in his development; his early work was praised out of all proportion to his later output, which was always compared with that presumed ideal period.

True, Powell suffered a physical decline; true, he was sometimes *un poco loco*, or simply not quite there, at the keyboard. But he had the master's touch, and that he retained to the end. If only in flashes, that fantastic conception, that brilliant musical mind shone through. And even when his hands moved only sluggishly and without clear guidance, what hands they were. . . . Powell was and remained a pianist.

The sad, bitter life, now over, always made us listen to later Powell with the thought, quite unfair, of what might have been. Now that there will be no more, what is has been freed of that sad hope. It is now all there ever will be, and so, discoveries will be made.

The chief of these will be that Powell's ability to create great music was not confined to those "good" years. In the '50s and '60s, there was inconsistency, certainly, and sometimes worse, but there were also always masterpieces—some of an order of inspiration more measured and deep than those brilliant youthful outbursts.

There is a masterpiece on this reissue album, which, with material from the years 1949, 1951, and 1954-56, would once automatically have been considered "lesser" Powell (excepting 1949). That one piece, unfamiliar even to some Powell experts, is alone worth the album's price. It is an original, *Mediocre*, and it reveals clearly that Powell was the only other pianist who fully understood Thelonious Monk's world of sounds and rhythm and was at home in it, or rather, made himself at home.

That few of the other pieces here suffer by comparison speaks well for Powell (and for the album). There are such delights as *Buttercup*, a charming tune exposed with gentle block chords. (How many sides had Bud!) There is a solo of one of his finest own songs, *I'll Keep Loving You*, and a solo of another Powell classic, *Parisian*—it paints the picture to perfection.

*Fugue-It* (not a solo, as stated on the



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liner, but a trio performance with Brown and Roach) is way up and darkly exciting, while the later *Fantasy* also has Monkish hues. Every track is worth attention.

The rhythm men all came to play. Most attuned to Powell of the drummers is Roach, of the bassists Duvivier. But Heath and Clarke are perfect on *Mediocre*, and Taylor, Johnson, and Brown are all admirable.

We must be grateful that so much Powell remains to be discovered; this album is a fine open Sesame. Bud lives!

—Morgenstern

## Roswell Rudd

EVERYWHERE—Impulse 9126: *Everywhere*; *Yankee No-bow*; *Respects*; *Satan's Dance*.

Personnel: Rudd, trombone; Giuseppe Logan, flute, bass clarinet; Robin Kenyatta, alto saxophone; Lewis Worrell and Charles Haden, basses; Beaver Harris, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This music is at once very advanced and very good. Rudd has led a recording that is straight ahead and full of authority. Several qualities help to distinguish the music as Rudd's.

First, Rudd is a direct link with pre-bop music, and his influences were the great pre-bop trombonists, especially Tricky Sam Nanton and Bill Harris. It isn't surprising that the most solid connection between the new jazz and the traditional has been made by a trombonist. The instrument was essential to the older music but less crucial in bop. Rudd's concept returns to the old melodic economy and the complete commitment to counterpoint. In this album, the ensemble is the point of focus, and the ensemble has the balance of, say, a good Georg Brunis band.

Second, the music is a unique series of theatrical gestures. Not that there is reference to the legitimate theater—we are the theater. And it seems to me that some sense of the theatricality of our lives must be shared by the listener in order to appreciate Rudd's ideas fully. Like Archie Shepp's longer pieces, fragments of extra-musical reference are worked into a musical montage. Rudd's satiric framework seems to cover an even wider range of thought than Shepp's but without the social preachment.

Rudd writes in the liner notes, "The idea for this album, i.e., what players and what compositions to use, came to me while in San Francisco in Archie Shepp's band in February of 1966. I like the title *Everywhere*, Bill Harris' title. It reminds me that music is everywhere. . . . I've always been attracted by group chemistry in music. In his album we use the full strength of the band nearly all the time, and we lean very heavily on group improvisation. The solos are a shift of emphasis from one individual to another within the context of the group."

The best example of this is in *Yankee*, where the chaotic balance between soloists and ensemble has its own life within the piece.

During the plateau of *Satan's*, Slam Stewart, Tricky Sam, steam whistles, yelps, and cries all seem to be wailing at once. The end has repeated scream chords connected by appropriate instrumental commentary. Of all the versions of this piece I've heard, this one does most justice to

the vision of the composer (Logan).

In a way, the less said about this music, the better. The best I can do is indicate how *central* it is. I can't think of a thing more in the center of U.S. life than this record. Do not be put off by the paradox that the mass mind is not conscious of its own center.

All is not perfect, though. I don't feel that *Respects* flows like the others flow, and the modal, 6/8 *faded* ending is a drag. There are sometimes stylistic clashes between the players. The exotic sound of Logan's flute, the Birdish tendencies of Kenyatta as against the resplendent Bronx cheers of Rudd sometimes meld, sometimes do not.

It is interesting to note, however, that the four tracks are all first takes. Therein lies a straight-on commitment.

The rhythm section is always good, the bass players providing essentially a texture (or "harmonic ground," as it is now called). According to Rudd, Harris is "one of the flowingest drummers ever," and I agree.

Everything flows here, in fact. We are beginning to understand that to be in touch with the endless flow of all things is the essence of joy. In this regard I'd like to repeat a remark once made by Rudd. When asked, "Do you take pleasure in playing?" he replied, "It's not a question of taking pleasure when I play, because playing constantly puts me in a state of joy."

—Mathieu

## Jimmy Smith

PETER AND THE WOLF—Verve 8652: *The Bird*; *The Duck*; *The Cat*; *The Grandfather*; *The Wolf*; *The Hunter*; *Peter*; *Duck Theme*; *Jimmy and the Duck*; *Peter's Theme*; *Meal Time*; *Elegy for a Duck*; *Cat in a Tree*; *Capture of the Wolf*; *Finale*; *Parade*; *Peter Plays Some Blues*.

Personnel: Joe Newman, Ernie Royal, Richard Williams, Snooky Young, trumpets; Dick Hixson, Quentin Jackson, Tom McIntosh, Tony Studd, Britt Woodman, trombones; Jimmy Buffington, Willie Ruff, French horns; Bob Ashton, Danny Bank, Jerry Dodgion, Jerome Richardson, Stan Webb, Phil Woods, reeds; Smith, organ; Billy Butler, Barry Galbraith, guitars; Richard Davis, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Bobby Rosengarden, Harry Breuer, percussion; Oliver Nelson, arranger, conductor.

Rating: ★★★

Serge Prokofiev's famous children's piece, a charming work, has been "adapted" a number of times. Inevitably, the adaptations fall short of the original, and this latest venture is no exception.

In this version, the functional dimension of the piece (it serves as an introduction to the instruments of the orchestra) has been eliminated. Nelson has also dispensed with the narration. He makes some use of the original Prokofiev themes but has added much new material of his own devising.

Unfortunately, Nelson's music is quite banal and sounds just like the routine stuff he's been turning out for other Verve albums by Smith—90 percent of it is simply the blues. It is curious that Smith, who is a fine all-round player, is limiting himself to blues so much lately—there are no challenges to his imagination here.

Nelson's rescoring of the original music, when used, is interesting and well done. The studio band plays superbly, but much of the time the music is mere padding. The record is a disappointment; the rating is for craftsmanship.

—Morgenstern



## Various Artists

**THE IMMORTAL JOHNNY DODDS**—Milestone 2002: *Rampart Street Blues*; *Don't Shake It No More*; *Too Sweet for Words*; *Jackass Blues*; *Frog Tongue Stomp*; *C. C. Pill Blues*; *Oriental Man*; *Steal Away*; *Oh, Daddy*; *Lonesome Blues*; *Long-Distance Blues*; *Messin' Around* (No. 2).

Personnel: Tracks 1-3—unknown cornet; Jimmy O'Bryant, clarinet; Lovie Austin, piano; W. E. Burton, drums. Tracks 4, 5—Natty Dominique, cornet; Dodds, clarinet; unknown trombone; Austin, Burton. Track 6: Dodds; Blind Blake, guitar, vocal; Jimmy Bertrand, slide whistle. Track 7—Dominique; Dodds; Jimmy Blythe, piano; Bertrand, drums. Track 8—Dodds; probably Blythe; Junie Cobb, guitar, vocal. Track 9—Dodds; Tiny Parham, piano. Tracks 10, 11—unknown cornet; O'Bryant; unknown piano, drums; Ida Cox, vocals. Track 12—Freddie Keppard, trumpet; Dodds, clarinet, alto saxophone; unknown trombone; Blythe; Jasper Taylor, washboard; Trixie Smith, vocal.

Rating: ★★ ★

**THE IMMORTAL MA RAINEY**—Milestone 2001: *Jealous-Hearted Blues*; *Cell-Bound Blues*; *Army Camp Harmony Blues*; *Explainin' the Blues*; *Nighttime Blues*; *Fore Day Honory Scat*; *Rough-and-Tumble Blues*; *Memphis-Bound Blues*; *Slave to the Blues*; *Bessemer-Bound Blues*; *Slow-Driving Moan*; *Gone-Daddy Blues*.

Personnel: Miss Rainey, vocals, all tracks. Track 1—Howard Scott or Elmer Chambers, trumpet; Charlie Green, trombone; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Fletcher Henderson, piano; Kaiser Marshall, drums. Track 2—Tommy Ladnier, cornet; Jimmy O'Bryant, clarinet; Lovie Austin, piano. Tracks 3, 4—unknown five-piece band. Tracks 5-8—Kid Henderson, cornet; Lucien Brown, clarinet, alto saxophone; Lil Henderson, piano; George Williams, banjo; Happy Bolton, drums. Tracks 9, 10—Joe Smith, cornet; Green, trombone; Bailey, clarinet; Fletcher Henderson, piano; Charlie Dixon, banjo; Coleman Hawkins, bass saxophone; Marshall, drums. Track 11—Kid Ory, trombone; Claude Hopkins, piano; unknown banjo, tuba, drums. Track 12—add Henry Mason, trumpet, to track 11 personnel.

Rating: ★★ ★★

With this pair of nicely packaged reissues from the Paramount catalog, Milestone begins a series of albums scheduled to make available many of the jazz and blues treasures recorded for this famous "race" label in Chicago from 1923 to 1930. This is a commendable enterprise.

But—and this is a big but—the discographical research and information will have to be improved. The Dodds album includes no fewer than five tracks on which the famous New Orleans clarinetist is not present; instead, there is the clarinet work of Jimmy O'Bryant, who was to Dodds what Jerry Wald is to Artie Shaw.

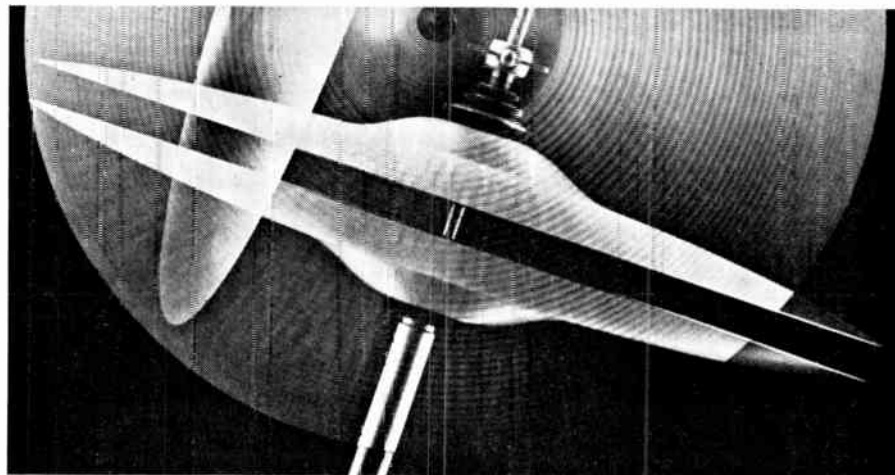
Nor is the information concerning other musicians always accurate. The unknown cornetist of the first three selections is certainly not, as claimed, Tommy Ladnier; nor is the trumpet on the Cox tracks the great Joe Smith. And it is not Ladnier on *Jackass* and *Frog Tongue*. On the Rainey album, personnels that have been brought to light by research years ago are simply listed as unknown.

To some, this may seem like nit-picking, but since reissue albums of this kind are aimed at the serious jazz student, the least one could ask is consultation of current source material.

Well, on to the music.

Dodds was a marvelous blues player with a warm, strong sound and, Andre Hodeir notwithstanding, a conception that stands the test of time (compare Dodds' fine breaks on *Frog Tongue* with O'Bryant's clumsy ones on the first three tracks).

The best track is *Oriental*, well recorded and in a happy groove, a good example of the barrelhouse jazz played in Chicago in the mid-'20s. Blythe was a strong, two-fisted pianist, and Bertrand, who was Lionel Hampton's first idol, keeps the beat



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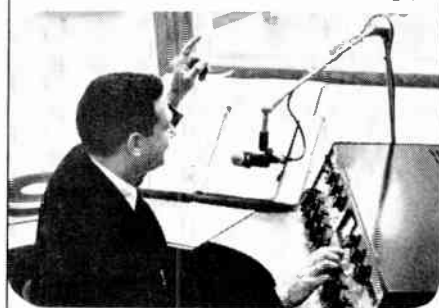
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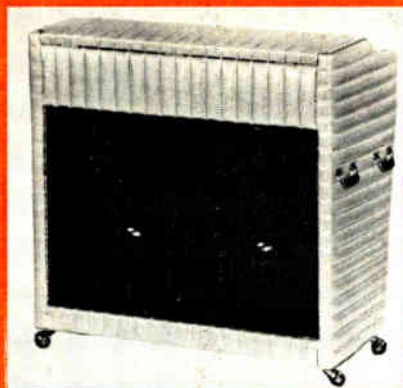
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moving. The interplay between Dodds and Dominique bears the stamp of New Orleans.

*Steal Away*, a pretty tune, is performed by a trio in a relaxed, unself-conscious manner. Dodds duets with pianist Parham on *Daddy*, a big hit of the day, playing the melody straight and sometimes phrasing like a violin. On *C. C. Pill* a country-blues atmosphere is established by Blake, a good singer and superb guitarist; Dodds, heard only in accompaniment, shows that he was at home with this kind of music.

The legendary horn of Freddie Keppard is not heard to good advantage on *Messin'*, though his work in the final ensemble chorus is characteristic of his blunt, driving style.

RCA Victor, which has in its files some of the greatest Dodds on wax, is in the best position to offer a well-rounded picture of his work, and one hopes it will do so.

Ma Rainey was the first queen of the blues. As far as we know, it was she, above all others, who accomplished the transition from country blues to the classic urban style. When she made her first records, in 1923, she was 37, older than her onetime protegee, Bessie Smith, when she made her last date 10 years later.

Compared with Miss Smith, Ma Rainey had less natural equipment, though her voice, too, was strong and dark. But years of singing (before the days of microphones) in tents and theaters had obviously taken their toll.

Nevertheless, she was still a powerful and convincing singer, with a deliberate, rolling style. Her diction was not as clear as Miss Smith's, and on the earlier, acoustic recordings, one has to listen closely to catch the words. But it is worth the effort, for while the material varies from superficial to profound, Miss Rainey at her best was a genuine poet of the blues.

The performances on this album are all previously unissued on LP. Only the last two tracks were electrically recorded, and it is on these that the true quality of the singer's voice emerges. *Moan* is also one of the best pieces from a musical point of view, with gutsy work by trombonist Ory.

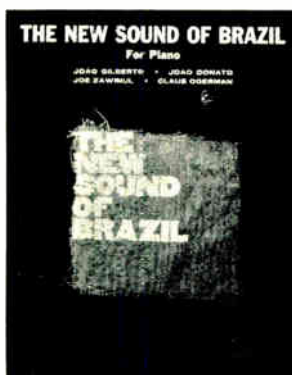
*Jealous-Hearted* is also a first-rate performance, with good work from clarinetist Bailey and trombonist Green, while Ladnier shines on *Cell-Bound*. But the best accompaniments are provided on *Slave* (one of Miss Rainey's classics) and *Bes-semer*, with the singing cornet of Joe Smith, greatest of all early blues accompanists on his horn except Louis Armstrong, well in evidence. The robust bass saxophone work of young Coleman Hawkins is a special added kick.

On the other pieces, accompaniments are provided by the singers' own traveling band, consisting of obscure musicians. The band is featured on *Army Camp*. Rough and ready, it gives a good example of the kind of cross among blues, jazz, and minstrel music offered on the famous TOBA vaudeville circuit. *'Fore Day*, with Miss Rainey in a sprightly mood, is that old standby, *Ballin' the Jack*, with her own lyrics; she did not only sing the blues.

Historically important and musically rewarding, this is a valuable album.

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# BLINDFOLD TEST

## EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS

By LEONARD FEATHER

Eddie Davis, alias Lockjaw, alias Lock the Fox, alias Jaws, has been an invigorating tenor saxophone voice since the early 1940s, when he made his professional debut at Clark Monroe's Uptown House in Harlem.

After a few years as a sideman with name bands (Cootie Williams, Lucky Millinder, Andy Kirk, Louis Armstrong), Davis' identity was firmly fixed: for seven years (1945-52) he acted almost continuously as leader of the house combo at Minton's Playhouse.

Since then, his time has been divided into three main areas of activity: several years of leading a group featuring organist Shirley Scott, a fling in the business world when he joined a New York booking agency, and, most memorably, his various tenures in the Count Basie Band, which, at the latest tally, he has joined and left half a dozen times, starting in May, 1952. He currently is working clubs as a soloist.

The first soloist was a challenge. I had difficulty hearing who that was, but the trumpet sounded like Joe Newman, and the first tenor player sounded like Billy Mitchell. The flutist was Frank Wess; the last saxophone soloist sounded like Frank Foster.

That's one thing about this band: it is always difficult to find out which tenor player is taking the solo, because they're all excellent and yet they have something in common.

Basie's a legendary character; therefore, most of his material is of high quality, and he's one of the few bands that can take old material with new personnel and give it freshness. (I've been in and out of the band so many times it's getting to be like a shuffle.) This is one of his better bands. With a legendary figure such as Basie, I'd have to give it the maximum number of stars.

**4. DON PATTERSON.** *Sister Ruth* (from *Hip Cake Walk*, Prestige). Booker Ervin, tenor saxophone; Patterson, organ, composer.

It's hard to tell whose date that was, but the saxophonist sounded somewhat like Booker Ervin. If it's not Booker, it's someone that has that style. The organist sounded like Don Patterson, and the tune sounded like something that was gotten together in the studio, because it didn't sound like they were really familiar with it to the point where they'd been playing it prior to this recording. Therefore, they were working under a handicap. However, it was a strong effort on the part of all who participated, so I would mark it fair. Two stars.

**5. ARCHIE SHEPP.** *In a Sentimental Mood* (from *Live in San Francisco*, Impulse). Shepp, tenor saxophone.

Please take that off—discontinue that. I have one word for that—tragedy.

It seems unbelievable that a man with such potential talent—you can hear that in this saxophonist . . . I wouldn't underrate him—he puts me in mind of a frustrated musician who has failed to gain recognition through his genuine talents, and in order to attract such, he goes, shall we say, abstract. Just like a revolt.

Now it's a process of elimination as to

describe who that is. I would take a guess it's Archie Shepp. If it's not him it's one of the new breed, but you can hear that it's a person that has vocation. You hear the tonal quality—believe it or not, you can hear it—because you can tell the difference whether a man is just burlesquing an instrument and whether he knows what he's doing. This guy knows what he's doing. It's just a tragedy he's chosen such an erratic trail to success; but who knows, he may be recognized through just such a revolt.

But it's fairly unenjoyable. I couldn't classify it as entertainment; it's like fighting—it's like a challenge. This is really a good record for the *Blindfold Test*. Challenge—tell me who I am! It's very sad that he's let such talent go so far astray. I couldn't even rate this.

**6. WOODY HERMAN.** *That's Where It Is* (from *Encore*, Philips). Sal Nistico, tenor saxophone; Nat Pierce, composer, arranger, pianist.

That sounded like a Basie-type arrangement, but the band sounded like Woody Herman with Nat Pierce. It sounded like Nat on piano because he has a lot of depth, and the tenor solo sounded like Sal Nistico. Very good arrangement. I could be incorrect, but that's my impression.

Woody is always that vibrant reflection of drive and a happy feeling. Everytime he gets a new Herd, it's a new feeling, and it's always got that drive and excitement. I thoroughly enjoyed that, very good. Four stars.

**7. DUKE ELLINGTON.** *Chelsea Bridge* (from *Concert in the Virgin Islands*, Reprise). Paul Gonsalves, tenor saxophone; Billy Strayhorn, composer.

Well, that was Paul Gonsalves—to me one of the most underrated saxophone players that we have. He has all the qualities that one could desire—such as tonal quality, technique, creative ability—and it seems a tragedy that the public doesn't hear more of him, especially when he's performing at his height, which is in concert. He always takes care of business—excellent saxophonist, really. So I therefore give it five stars. To me, that was a collector's item.



**1. OLIVER NELSON.** *Blues O'Mighty* (from *More Blues and the Abstract Truth*, Impulse). Thad Jones, trumpet; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Phil Woods, alto saxophone; Roger Kellaway, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Grady Tate, drums.

It didn't sound like any known group to me—in fact the group sounded strange, the instrumentation was different: trumpet, baritone, and alto. The first chorus of the trumpet player seemed to be in discord as far as his solo, and then he got into the beaten path—more conventional.

All in all, it was a good record. I liked the rhythm section; they seemed to form a nucleus. If I had to give it a rating, I'd say two stars.

**2. JAMES MOODY.** *Bunny Boo* (from *Cookin' the Blues*, Cadet). Moody, tenor saxophone.

That was James Moody. That was recent. The reason I know it is because I played with him recently. I'd like to give it the maximum rating because in his playing he has a definite style and pattern.

You could say he's conventional, but at the same time he has so many provocative ideas. He seems to have a complex about his sound; he doesn't seem to think he has a big tenor sound, but I think he has a definite sound on tenor—it's not big or full—but it's his own, he's identifiable, and he has all the technique of a saxophonist, which is a welcome thought when an instrumentalist plays the instrument along with his creative thought. So that I enjoyed.

**3. COUNT BASIE.** *Doggin' Around* (from *The Count Basie Story*, Roulette). Joe Newman, trumpet; Billy Mitchell, Frank Foster, tenor saxophones; Frank Wess, flute; Herschel Evans, composer. Composed 1938; re-recorded 1960.

Basie, what else! It sounded like an old arrangement but with new personnel.

## JIMMY GARRISON

(Continued from page 25)

own definite ideas about the bass, because that's what he's going to teach you. And I don't believe that what I want to do with the bass is thought out enough yet to give to somebody else."

Garrison expressed similar reservations about the commercial recording scene:

"Of course, I could use the money, but for my artistic stability I'd rather concentrate on my own way of contributing."

If not teaching or commercial recording, then what?

"I'd like to stay in New York," he said, "if I can make a living—and that's difficult enough in itself because I've been traveling for five years, so I have to get into the mainstream of New York activities. I'd like to do some symphony work, even though I don't have much experience in that area, and I'd like to broaden myself."

"There seem to be two scenes as far as jazz is concerned. First, the fellows who have a workable, salable groove; second, the extreme, the avant-gardists. Now, there must be a middle ground for imaginative, creative people. I don't want to be sterile, nor do I want to be an extremist, so I'm going to try to find that middle ground."

"I think it's time for new roads to be opened," he continued, "and I don't mean anything that goes away from the essence of jazz. The idea of it affected me enough to make me leave Coltrane and see if I

can go in the direction I'm feeling. I'm involved now with trying to do something with colors. I've always thought, for instance, of a B $\flat$  as blue. I don't really want to go into it yet because I'm still thinking about it and looking into it. I don't know just how I'm going to work it out, but I know there must be a way."

Combined with his belief in the integrity of his own musical vision, Garrison couples surprisingly fervent feelings about the relationship between an artist and his audience. He does not feel—as do some players—that a truly musical expression need necessarily be inconsistent with communication.

"There isn't enough regard for the audience nowadays," he said, "and I'd like to discard that attitude. Not by prostituting the art, but just by remembering that there is an audience out there. There must be a way to do that, and I think that we're going to have to find it. I've noticed many people come to clubs not to really listen, but to see if Miles is going to turn his back tonight, or if Coltrane is going to play weird. And I think we've got to do a bit of housecleaning if we're going to change that, on both parts—the musicians and the audience—but the musician is the one who has to give up his old image."


He suggested that the third factor in the musician-audience equation was management and public relations, "unless you're somebody like a Coltrane, who's so dedicated and speaks so authoritatively that he just doesn't need any promotion.

But on my instrument there are a number of guys who are tremendous bass players. And since it's like that, anybody who believes in what he's doing should have somebody to manage him and help him put it in front of the public. A lot of guys used to feel that the art should speak for itself, but they're beginning to realize now that they've got to have publicity too. You can't just sit down anymore and say the mountain will come to me. If you want your music to be accepted or acknowledged, you're going to have to do a selling job. You have to compete."

The conversation drifted back to Coltrane and the significant role he had played in the artistic and philosophic growth of Garrison.

"John is doing what he is doing now," Garrison said, "because as a man he can't do anything else. These are his convictions, and he has to go with them; to me, that deserves a great deal of respect. He may not know exactly what he is searching for—and he'll tell you that—but he knows the tools he's got and the tools he's using are valid."

The implication was clear—the objectives of Garrison's own music are not all that different from Coltrane's.

"What I'm doing, I like, and I want somebody else to like it," he said. "If I'm happy with what I'm doing, then I want you to be happy when you hear it. I don't consider myself an avant-garde musician. I'd like to just think of myself as an artist, that's all. That's my contribution." 

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## CHARLIE HADEN

(Continued from page 21)

groups I've ever worked with."

But the bassist's recent musical activity has not been confined to this association. He has been working clubs with guitarist Attila Zoller and pianist Bobby Timmons and with clarinetist Tony Scott. He has subbed for Richard Davis in the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band, played a concert with veterans Henry (Red) Allen and Pee Wee Russell, and made a number of record dates (with Shepp, with pianist Keith Jarrett, and with trombonist Roswell Rudd). He was also reunited with Coleman, for the first time since 1962, on a trio date for Blue Note (Coleman's 10-year-old son, Donardo, played drums).

About the Coleman session, Haden said: "The music was completely fresh and brand new. Donardo is going to startle every drummer who hears him."

Such diverse musical associations indicate Haden has the open mind of the truly creative musician. "When music is played from a person's heart," he said, "it's true. Wisdom includes both the old and the new, merged. I play the way I play no matter who I'm with."

"People want to put music in categories. But with Ornette, we didn't say we were playing any brand of music. We just wanted to *play*; we had a need inside. To talk about music in terms of categories is catering to the public. I get the same good feeling from listening to all sorts of music, from Bach to Bird, from seeing a painting by a beautiful painter. . . . It all comes from the same place—the place where all creation comes from."

"In a categorical sense, perhaps things have to be labeled, studied analyzed. . . . But in the end, as a poet has said, 'Word knowledge is but a shadow of wordless knowledge'—feeling came first, words later."

But while in his approach to music Haden prefers intuition and feeling to analysis, he is by no means other-worldly. He is deeply concerned about social and political issues.

"So many things have been written and said about the political, economic, and cultural state of our country," he remarked, "that one would almost feel inclined to avoid the issues completely, giving in to a sense of futility. But I'm unable to do this, because, after all, it is my country, too, and I feel very concerned."

"It's tragic to think that \$5,479,452 a day is being spent on the killing of innocent people and the burning and crippling of children in Viet Nam, while major problems in our own country are being neglected—poverty, civil rights, mental illness, drug addiction, unemployment. And in this, the richest country in the world, we have a situation where most creative artists can't live on what they earn from their art."

"Gifted musicians have to take day jobs or play commercial music seven nights a week in order to make a living for their families. I know this has all been said before, but no change can begin to take place if everyone remains silent. The truth that came from Charlie Parker and Billie Holiday, and that which comes from the cre-

ative musicians today, is equal in truth to that of the poet, painter, sculptor, and composer of the past and present. Both truths are spelled as one and come from the same place."

Haden said he is trying to find some way to be creative in his art and "make a living as a side effect from that." He is painfully aware of lost time. ("I have to make up for eight years, and there aren't enough seconds in each day to do the things that have to be done.")

He wants to study his instrument, study history and government, "know the society I live in," do all the things that "are included in becoming a more fully aware human being, and developing oneself to the greatest potential, becoming a productive person."

His ideas in this respect, he said, have been influenced by psychologist Abraham Maslow's theories of the self-activating personality.

"So much time is wasted in every person's life," he said. "People think only of themselves. I'm trying to open myself up to interaction with others, to asking and thinking and giving—not only with musicians, but with everyone."

The theory that musicians are playing only for themselves is not true, according to Haden—"you only have to open yourself up to the feeling of the musician."

Haden is aware that these feelings are sometimes difficult to communicate, especially because "musicians have to play in such depressing environments to make a living. In Stockholm we played in such a beautiful club—clean and healthy, nobody getting drunk." Jazz musicians, he said, should be playing mainly concerts, doing "two sets a night and making about \$800 per week."

As a bass player, Haden had a communication problem to which he found an immediate, practical solution: he recently purchased an amplifier for his bass.

"I tried it out for the first time on a Monday night gig at the Five Spot with Don Cherry," he said. "I'd found that the amplification systems in most clubs were very inadequate, as far as picking up the bass goes, and it struck me that I could never hear the bass player, and when playing, I had acoustical and volume problems. But I was determined to be an equal voice with the rest of the music."

"My amplifier has inside and outside mike pickup and has the closest thing to a natural bass sound. There are situations where I don't have to use it, but when I do, it has worked out very well."

Speaking of his instrument, Haden wanted to mention "those bassists whom I have a very strong feeling for and identify with." His choices include Wilbur Ware ("one of the most underrated, fantastic musicians of all time"), Walter Page, Israel Crosby, Jimmy Blanton, Oscar Pettiford, and Henry Grimes.

Haden has been approached to give bass lessons, and he thinks that he might teach someday, "but first I have a lot of playing to get out of my system—a lot of music inside of me to be played. Right now, it's like beginning all over again for me. Every experience is a new one, and every day something new happens to me."





## AD LIB

(Continued from page 17)

man **Jerome Richardson**, vocalist **Jean Alston**, and **Clem DeRosa's** student big band performed a benefit concert for the scholarship fund of the Cold Spring Harbor Teacher's Association.

**LOS ANGELES:** When flutist **Herbie Mann** played his recent two-nighter at the Lighthouse, he added trumpeter **Freddie Hill**, tenorist **Harold Land**, pianist **Jack Wilson**, bassist **Buster Williams**, and drummer **Donald Bailey** to his regular unit. Wilson, in the meantime, has replaced **Gildo Mahones** with the **Ike Isaacs Trio** at the **Pied Piper**. Mahones is now touring with singer **Lou Rawls**—a tour that will last 40 weeks . . . On Tuesday nights and Sunday afternoons at the **Pied Piper**, the **Gerald Wiggins Trio** holds forth (Wiggins, piano; **Albert Stinson**, bass; **Bill Douglass**, drums) . . . Pianist **Roger Kellaway** is working Monday nights with trumpeter **Don Ellis's** big band. When Kellaway plays with the band, the regular pianist, **Dave Mackay**, moves to the organ . . . Promoter **Jimmy Lyons** will bring his **Monterey Jazz Festival All-Stars** to **Beverly Hills High School** April 22-23. Included in the package are the **Bola Sete Trio**, the **John Handy Quintet**, vocalist **Anita O'Day**, and pianist-vocalist **Jean Hoffman** . . . Pianist **Don Abney** followed **Irv Craig** into the **Lemon Twist** in Hollywood. With Abney every Monday is singer **Linda Carol** . . . The **George**

**Shearing Quintet** recently finished a two-week engagement at **Shelly's Manne-Hole** . . . Jazz on a Sunday Afternoon continues to bring **Dixieland** concerts to the patients at **Camarillo State Hospital**. Latest session, organized by pianist **Stan Wrightsman**, included trumpeter-altoist **Dick Cary**, tenor saxophonist **Eddie Miller**, clarinetist **Matty Matlock**, **Wrightsman**, bassist **Ray Leatherwood**, and drummer **Nick Fatool** . . . Poor business forced the **Chez** to curtail the **Four Freshmen's** engagement to weekends during the singers' two-week stint. The **Woody Herman Herd**—which preceded the **Freshmen**—also failed to draw. The **Buddy Rich Band** and **Sergio Mendes' Brasil '66** were scheduled to follow . . . Pianist-singer **Nina Simone** was recently at the **Troubador** . . . Blues men **Brownie McGhee** and **Sonny Terry** were at the **Ash Grove** . . . Singer **Carmen McRae** will be making her first appearance at **Memory Lane**. She will be followed by the groups of **Cannonball Adderley**, **Willie Bobo**, **Mongo Santamaria**, and **Jimmy Smith**. Vocalist **Athur Prysock** also is scheduled. **Smith** and **Prysock** also will be featured at a March 10 **Shrine Auditorium** concert. Bands led by **Oliver Nelson** and **Red Prysock** will share the **Shrine bill** . . . Drummer **Roy Haynes** made one of his rare leader appearances in southern California at a recent Monday-night stand at **Memory Lane**. He used alto saxophonist **Frank Strozier**, pianist **Harold Mabern**, and bassist **Buster Williams**. **Mabern** had remained in town following singer **Joe Williams's** engagement at **Shelly's Manne-**

**Hole**. With **Mabern**, behind **Williams**, were bassist **Arthur Harper** and drummer **Hugh Waller** . . . Tenorist **Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis** recently shared the **Memory Lane** stage with the **Clarence Johnston Quartet** (**Jimmy Forrest**, tenor saxophone; **Art Hillery**, piano; **Ray Neapolitan**, bass; **Johnston**, drums) . . . The **Jimmy Smith Trio** recently completed a two-week stand at the **Lighthouse** and will move down to **San Diego** for a three-nighter at **Jazzville**, Feb. 24-26. Activity at **Jazzville** during the first part of the year was on the upswing, with trumpeters **Dizzy Gillespie** and **Hugh Masekela** and blues singer **B.B. King** booked, in that order . . . Vibist **Red Norvo** just completed a brief engagement fronting a quintet at the **Rimrocks**, in **Palm Springs** . . . The **Carousel**—a theater-in-the-round in **Covina**—has booked entertainer **Pearl Bailey**, drummer **Louie Bellson**, and tap-dancer **Bunny Briggs** for a one-nighter March 6 . . . The **Cocoa-nut Grove** signed **Louis Armstrong** for March 7-27 and vocalist **Lou Rawls** for April 18-May 8. The **Gerald Wilson Orchestra** recently played a one-nighter at the **Grove**, the gig sponsored by a charity group known as the **Pacesetters**.

**PHILADELPHIA:** The **World Series of Jazz** was scheduled for Feb. 5 at the **Philadelphia Arena**. Featured were **Count Basie** and his orchestra, **Miles Davis** and his quintet, tenorist **Sonny Stitt**, organist **Jack McDuff**, singer **Miriam Makeba**, and comedian **Dick Davy** . . . The **Dave Brubeck Quartet** is booked for

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a Feb. 26 date at the Trenton War Memorial Auditorium . . . Jazz has come to the Philadelphia Musical Academy. The academy's Jazz Workshop, comprising 17 students led by **Peter Lewis**, made its concert debut recently at the Philadelphia Civic Center Museum. The workshop performed **Clifford Brown's Joy Spring**.

**PITTSBURGH:** The suburb of Dormont has begun swinging with at least two different jazz clubs, the Suburban Room and the Velvet Room. The former has no set combo, but the latter has signed the group fronted by trumpeter **Hershey Cohen**. The personnel includes pianist **Bob Koshin** and bassist **Carl McVicker**, but Saturday afternoon sessions see pianist **Bob Negri** and bassist **Bob Boswell** sitting in, along with drummer **Bob Rawsthorne** and vocalist **Jeanne Baxter** . . . The New Era Sportsmen's Club has come up with a jazz vocalist find in 22-year-old **Joyce Breach**. She is backed by the house combo led by pianist **Ray Crummie** . . . Guitarist **Grant Green** was the mid-January attraction at Crawford's

Grill. The Hurricane Bar featured the organ groups of **John Bartel**, in early January, and **Gatemouth Brown**, later in the month . . . Television exposure for jazz in Pittsburgh continues to emanate from educational channel WQED. Its weekly *Jazz Beat* recently included segments by trombonist **Harold Betters**, vocalist **Billy Eckstine**, and guitarist **Ron Anthony**. Pianist **Walt Harper** just completed a WQED segment called *Pittsburgh after Dark*, in which he discusses the scene with Chamber of Commerce officials. Harper also renewed his contract with the Hilton Hotel to present his group for an indefinite period and to record an album for Gateway records. More than 1,000 teenagers heard Harper lecture at the Hilton on rock-and-roll. He also recently lectured on *The Negro in Jazz* at Dominac High School.

**CLEVELAND:** Al Blaser, director of the Case Institute Stage Band, has announced the first annual North Ohio Jazz Festival. The collegiate festival will be held in Severance Hall, home of the

**Cleveland Orchestra**, on April 29. The top school stage bands in the nation are expected to participate as well as some big-name performers . . . **Woody Herman & Co.** gave a concert Feb. 22 at the Holiday Inn—Painesville, Ohio. The program was part of a concert series sponsored by the Holiday Inn and the Carlisle-Allen Co. The Stan Kenton Orchestra will be featured April 12 . . . Guitarist **Wes Montgomery's** quartet moves into Leo's Casino for a week starting March 9 . . . Bassist **Lamar Gaines** has joined the **Bob McKee Trio** at the Theatrical Grill. Former bassist with the house band at the Grill, **Ken Siefert**, is now with the **Joe Bushkin Trio**.

**DETROIT:** Alto saxophonist-pianist **Hank Crawford** ran into difficulties when his group at the Drome turned out to consist of himself and four local sidemen. With him at the start of the engagement were trumpeter **Donald Towns**, pianist **Bu Bu Turner**, bassist **James Richardson**, and drummer **Don Lawton**. After a dispute between Crawford and the management, the group played only on weekends. For the second weekend tenor saxophonist **Melvin McCray** replaced Towns. A guest was drummer **Duke Hyde** . . . Cornetist **Charles Moore** continues to expand his group. For his appearance at the University of Michigan's Contemporary Arts Festival he used a double group, with pianists **Stanley Cowell** and **Kirk Lightsey**, bassists **John Dana** and **James Hankins**, drummers **Doug Hammion** and **Ron Johnson**, trumpeter **Herbie Williams**, trombonists **George Bohanon** and **John Hair**, alto saxophonist **Joseph Jarman**, and tenor saxophonists **Terry Harrington** and **Leon Henderson**. Pianist **Andrew Hill's** quartet at the festival included tenor saxophonist **Sam Rivers**, bassist **Julie Booth**, and drummer **Steve Ellington** . . . Jazz harpist **Dorothy Ashby** has switched her base of operations from Cafe Gourmet to the Pontchartrain Hotel . . . Pianist **Keith Vreeland's** trio (**Dick Wigginton**, bass, **Jim Nemeth**, drums) played at the Pontchartrain Jan. 25 for a reception after the premiere of the Cinerama movie *Grand Prix* at the Summit Theater . . . Disc jockey **Jack Springer** has switched from WCHB-AM back to WCHD-FM, once again leaving AM radio in Detroit with no jazz.

**LOUISVILLE:** Clarinetist **Buddy DeFranco** and the **Glenn Miller Orchestra** provided the music for the Kentucky Junior Miss America Ball at the Brown Hotel Jan. 7 . . . "River Town," a take-off on St. Louis' Gaslight Square, is scheduled to open soon in downtown Louisville. The area will include jazz clubs . . . Singer **Doris Johnson**, backed by pianist **George Dawson**, is packing them in at the Cup & Stirrup Room of Stouffer's Inn . . . The Julep Lounge is featuring the **Randy Sutton Trio** (Sutton, organ; **James Hines**, guitar; **Louis Cochran**, drums) . . . Drummer **George (Cool Breeze) Bradley** fronts a trio at the Theater Lounge. With Bradley is pianist **Ramon Howard** and bassist-guitarist **Eddie Chestnut** . . . Trombonist **Tommy Walker's** band opened the

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new Club Louvillian with a three-week engagement . . . Pianist **Bob Millard** continues busily with his trio (bassist **Neil Burris** and drummer **Fred Ferguson**) at the Patio Lounge in suburban St. Mathews and as solo pianist six afternoons a week at the Office Lounge . . . The Louisville Jazz Council presented the **David Young Quartet** in a Jan. 24 concert at the Port o'Call Gallery. The concert was paid for out of AFM Local 11's share of the Music Performance Trust Funds of the Recording Industries. With Young, a tenorist formerly with the **George Russell** Sextet, were pianist **David Lahm**, bassist **Jack Brengle**, and drummer **Fran Collins** . . . Trumpeter **Louis Smith** leads the group at the Shack Sunday nights. With him are pianist **Ramon Howard**, bassist **Chestnut**, and drummer **Winston Church** . . . Vocalist **Lou Rawls** was backed by the **Onzy Matthews Band** in a concert Jan. 27 at Convention Center . . . The **Don Murray Trio** (Murray, piano, Brengle, bass; **Sam Harris**, drums) is featured six mornings a week on WAVE-TV's *Morning Show* . . . The **Jamey Aebersold Quartet** (Aebersold, alto saxophone; Lahm, piano; **Brent McKesson**, bass; **Stan Gage**, drums) will give a concert March 1 at Indiana University. Aebersold added tenorist **Keith Spring** and trumpeter **Al Kiger** for a concert at the University of Notre Dame Feb. 12 and will also have the sextet at the University of Dayton Feb. 26. The Aebersold group also played concerts this month at Central High School in Louisville and Jeffersonville High in Jeffersonville, Ind.

**MIAMI:** Vocalist **Peggy Lee** opened Jan. 19 at the Diplomat in Hollywood, Fla. She was assisted by tenorist-flutist **Jerome Richardson**, pianist **Lou Levy**, bassist **Ben Tucker**, and drummer **Grady Tate** . . . Tucker and Richardson sat in at disc jockey **Alan Rock**'s concert at the VIP Lounge Jan. 22. The two featured groups were reed man **Charlie Austin**'s quartet and pianist **Nick Tjelious**' trio. Rock is planning a mid-March jazz festival in Surfside, and is taping a National Educational Television jazz series originating from WTHS-TV. The first TV show will feature the **University of Miami Jazz Lab Band**, under the direction of **Jerry Coker**, and the **Ira Sullivan Four** . . . Vocalist **Clara Ward** and her Gospel singers recently appeared at the Wreck Bar in North Miami Beach . . . The **Dave Brubeck Quartet** was featured in concert on the Miami-Dade Junior College South Campus Jan. 18, followed by a concert on the north campus the next night . . . Singer **Etta Cameron** has been added to the roster at the Rancher.

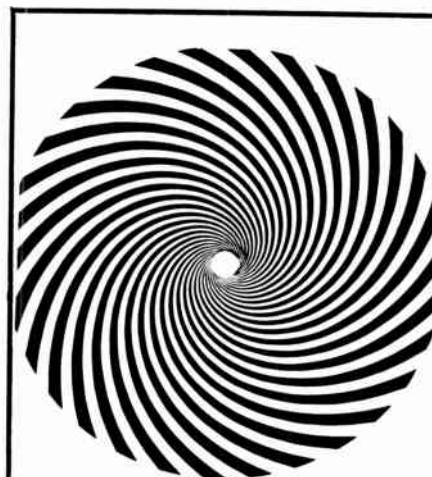
**DALLAS:** After having had his original booking extended twice by the Club Lark, reed man **David (Fathead) Newman** left the Dallas area to head for New York and, hopefully, on an African tour . . . Pianist **Red Garland**'s trio (**Jim Black**, bass, **Jack Ranelli**, drums), continues at the Fink Mink Club, with visiting firemen occasionally dropping in to play . . . Dallas broadcasting is becoming increasingly more interested in jazz, with three FM stations and one AM station

carrying part-jazz or all-jazz formats. One station, KCLE-FM, is carrying live broadcasts from two clubs in the Dallas-Fort Worth area. The broadcasts, called *The Jazz Workshop*, feature interviews with participants in the audience in addition to the music . . . Pianist **Dick Harp**, once the proprietor of the 90th Floor Club here, is now running a club and playing piano in Corpus Christi.

**LAS VEGAS:** Jazz seems to be "in" with the skiing set at Aspen, Colo., and several Las Vegas jazzmen have been summoned to provide apres-ski sounds. **Carl Fontana** took his trombone and rhythm section for a four-week appearance . . . Pianist **Page Cavanaugh** brought his trio back to the intimate La Fontaine Lounge at the Tropicana Hotel. The hotel's larger Blue Room will feature a Cavanaugh septet later this year . . . Trumpeter **Maynard Ferguson**'s third visit to the Blue Room within a year was strong indication of his popularity . . . Tenor saxophonist **Vido Musso** is backing singer **Sonny King** at the Sands Hotel . . . Entertainer **Sammy Davis Jr.** brought his usual contingent of jazzmen, including ex-Count **Basie** trombonist **Al Grey**, into the Sands' main room . . . Trombone great **Bill Harris** is comfortably ensconced in the house band backing the *Follies Bergere* at the Tropicana.

**SEATTLE:** Composer **Bill Smith** gave the first U. S. performance of his *Concerto for Clarinet and Combo* with himself as soloist at matinee and evening concerts in A Contemporary Theater last month. Sponsored by the Seattle Jazz Society, the three-movement jazz concerto was performed by trumpeter **Al Meddaugh**, French hornist **Dave Forbes**, trombonist **Dick Roblee**, alto saxophonist **Bob Winn**, tenor saxophonist **Bill Ramsay**, baritone saxophonist **Sal Carrabba**, pianist **Eddie Creed**, bassist **Chuck Metcalf**, and drummer **Dave Coleman**. The first half of the concert featured the **Winn-Ramsay Quintet** with Metcalf, pianist **Bob Nixon**, and drummer **Dean Hodges** . . . A new jazz group is playing nightly at the Casa Villa restaurant and lounge with reed man **Winn**, pianist **Nixon**, bassist **Metcalf**, and singer **Pat Summers**.

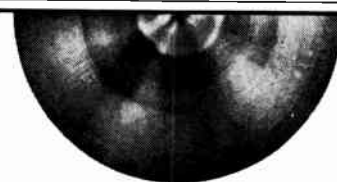
**TORONTO:** Vocalist **Bob Crosby** was in town for a television appearance recently . . . Other visitors were the **Saints and Sinners**, who arrived in town a week ahead of their Colonial engagement and spent the time visiting local clubs and friends. The group, in for a three-week date at the Colonial, followed trumpeter **Buck Clayton**, who leaves in March with the **Stanley Dance-Jack Higgins** concert package, Jazz from the Swinging Era, for a 28-day tour of Europe. Trumpeter **Roy Eldridge**, trombonist **Vic Dickenson**, tenorists **Bud Freeman** and **Budd Johnson**, and pianists **Earl Hines** and **Sir Charles Thompson** are also in the show. Clayton reports that he later will tour England with the **Humphrey Lyttelton Band**, appear in Berne, Switzerland, for a month and go on to Zurich before returning to Toronto in July . . . Guitarist **Lonnie**



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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.  
Basie's: 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.  
Crystal Room: Les DeMerle.  
Dom: Sessions, Sun. afternoon.  
Eddie Condon's: Bob Wilbur, Yank Lawson.  
El Carib (Brooklyn): Johnny Fontana.  
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six.  
Five Spot: Art Farmer. Sessions, Sun. afternoon, Mon.  
Garden Dis-Cafe: Eddie Wilcox, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry, wknds.  
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano, Ray Nance.  
Half Note: Cannonball Adderley to 2/25.  
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson. Hugo's: sessions, wknds.  
Jazz at the Office (Freeport, N.Y.): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.  
Kenny's Pub: Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Thur.-Fri.  
Key Club (Newark, N.J.): name jazz groups.  
Le Intrigue (Newark, N.J.): Art Williams, wknds.  
Leone's (Port Washington): Dennis Connors, Tony Bella.  
L'Intrigue: Joe Beck, Don Payne, Don McDonald.  
Little Club: Johnny Morris.  
Marino's Boat Club (Brooklyn): Michael Grant, Vernon Jeffries, Bob Kay, wknds.  
Metropole: Gene Krupa, 3/17-4/1.  
007: Donna Lee, Mickey Dean, Walter Perkins.  
Off Shore (Point Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.  
Open End: Scott Murray, Wolf Knittel, Ted Kotick, Paul Motian.  
Peter's (Staten Island): Donald Hahn, Fri.-Sat.  
Piedmont Inn (Scarsdale): Sal Salvador.  
Playboy Club: Kai Winding, Walter Norris, Larry Willis, Joe Farrell, Bill Crow, Frank Owens.  
Pitt's Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Leon Eason.  
Riverboat: Woody Herman, 3/6-25.  
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, hb. Don Frye, Sun.  
Slug's: Kenny Dorham to 2/26. Sun Ra, Mon. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.  
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.  
Toast: Scott Reid.  
Top of the Gate: Teddy Wilson, Jaki Byard to 3/5. Daphne Hellman, Mon. Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun.  
Traver's Cellar Club (Queens): Sessions, Mon.  
Tremont Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Jazz Vanguard, Tue.  
Village East: Larry Love.  
Village Gate: Mongo Santamaria, Miriam Makeba to 3/12.  
Village Vanguard: Bill Evans, John Handy to 2/26. Horace Silver, 3/2-5. Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.  
Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

## DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, Lenore Paxton.  
Baker's Keyboard: jazz nightly.  
Bandit's Villa: Terry Harrington, Fri.-Sat., afterhours.  
Bobbie's: Bob McDonald, Huther Holley, wknds.  
Checker Bar-B-Q: Bob Elliott, Mon.-Sat., afterhours.  
Chessmate Gallery: Harold McKinney, Fri.-Sat., afterhours.  
Colonial Lanes (Ann Arbor): Jeff Hollander, Fri.-Sat.  
Diamond Lil's: Skip Kalich, Tue., Thur.  
Drome: Rufus Harley, 2/24-3/5. Horace Silver, 3/10-19. Sonny Stitt-Don Patterson, 3/24-4/4.  
Roland Kirk, 4/9-18.  
Frolie: Don Davis, Thur.-Sat.  
Grapevine (Dearborn): Don DeAndre.  
Hobby Bar: Dezire McCullers, Mon., Tue., Thur.  
Jack Brokensha: Jack Brokensha, Tue.-Sat.  
Ursula Walker, Fri.-Sat.  
Momo's: Mark Richards, Keith Vreeland, Fri.-Sat.  
New Olympia: Norman Dillard, Thur.-Sun.  
Pagoda (Clawson): Joe Grunde, Wed.-Sat.  
Paige's: Ernie Farrow, wknds.

Playboy Club: Matt Michael, Vince Mance, Mon.-Sat. Jack Pierson, Sat.  
Pontchartrain Hotel: Dorothy Ashby.  
Roostertail: Chuck Robinett.  
Side Door (Kalamazoo): Dave Ferguson, Sun.  
Sirloin Inn: Danny Stevenson, Kathy Locke, Mon.-Sat.  
Tonga: Charles Harris, Mon.-Sat., Sun. afternoon.

## CHICAGO

Bramble Bush Lounge (Arlington Heights): Count Basie, 2/23. Woody Herman, 2/27.  
Ramsey Lewis, 3/6. Duke Ellington, 3/20.  
Stan Kenton, 4/3.  
Bungalow Inn: Jimmy Burton.  
Havana-Madrid: Bunky Green, wknds.  
Hungry Eye: Three Souls, Mon.-Wed. Jazz Organizers, Thur.-Sun.  
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.  
London House: Barbara Carroll to 3/12. Quartette Tres Bien, 3/14-26. George Shearing, 3/28-4/16. Eddie Higgins, Larry Novak, hbs.  
Midas Touch: Judy Roberts, wknds.  
Old Town Gate: Eddie Davis, Mon.-Thur. Franz Jackson, wknds.  
Peyton Place: The Jaguars, Mon.-Wed.  
Phamous Lounge: Anthony Braxton, Tue.  
Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ron Elliston, Joe Iaco, hbs.  
Plugged Nickel: unk.  
Pumpkin Room: Dave Shipp, wknds.  
Yellow Unicorn: Eddie Harris-Dave Catherwood, Tue., Sun. afternoon.

## LAS VEGAS

Black Magic: Jimmy Cook, Mon. Rick Davis, Tue.  
Rubens: Paul Bryant.  
Tropicana Blue Room: Erroll Garner, 3/31-4/20.  
Louie Bellson, 5/12-25. George Shearing, 5/26-6/8. Pete Fountain, 6/9-22. Maynard Ferguson, 6/23-7/13.

## LOS ANGELES

Beverly Hills High School: John Handy, Bola Sete, Anita O'Day, 4/22-23.  
Bonesville: Don Ellis.  
Carousel Theater (Covina): Pearl Bailey, Louis Bellson, Bunny Briggs, 4/6.  
Charley Brown's (Marina del Rey): Dave Miller.  
Chez: Buddy Rich to 3/8. Sergio Mendes, 3/9-25.  
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup.  
Club Casbah: Dolo Coker.  
Cocoanut Grove: Louis Armstrong, 3/7-27. Lou Rawls, 4/18-5/8.  
Donte's (North Hollywood): name groups nightly.  
Frigate (Manhattan Beach): Marty Harris, Vic Mio.  
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, wknds.  
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner.  
Jazz Corner: Charles Kynard.  
La Duce (Inglewood): local jazz groups.  
Lemon Twist: Don Abney.  
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Willie Bobo to 3/4. Modern Jazz Quartet, 3/5-18. Art Blakey, 3/19-4/1. Howard Rumsey, Mon.-Tue.  
Marty's (Baldwin Hills): Bobby Bryant, Plas Johnson, Tue.  
Melodyland (Anaheim): Sergio Mendes, 2/28-3/5.  
Memory Lane: name groups nightly.  
Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson.  
Lou Rivera, Mon.  
Pied Piper: Ocie Smith, Ike Issacs, Gerald Wiggins, Sun., Tue.  
P.J.'s: Eddie Cano.  
Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Bob Corwin, Ron Anthony, Willie Rostum.  
Reuben's (Newport Beach): Edgar Hayes, Fri.-Sat. (Whittier): Tue.-Thur.  
Reuben E. Lee (Newport Beach): Edgar Hayes, Sun.  
Scene: Marv Jenkins.  
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Chet Baker to 3/5. John Handy, 3/7-19. Don Ellis, 3/21-4/2. Shelly Manne, wknds.  
Sherry's: Mike Melvoin, Sun.  
Shrine Auditorium: Jimmy Smith, Oliver Nelson, Arthur & Red Prysock, 4/10.  
Sportsmen's Lodge (North Hollywood): Stan Worth, Al McKibbin.  
Tropicana: local jazz groups.  
Ward's Jazzville (San Diego): Jimmy Smith, 2/24-26.  
Whittinghill's (Sherman Oaks): D'Vaughn Pershing, Chris Clark, Tue.-Wed.  
Woodlake Bowl: Page Cavanaugh.



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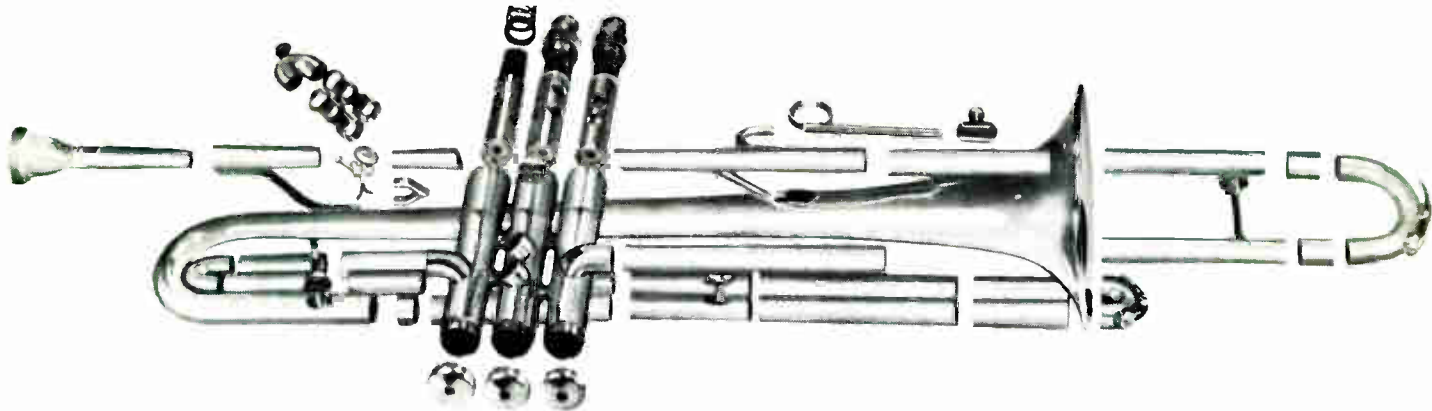
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