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JUNE 12, 1969

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THE FIRST CHORUS

By **CHARLES SUBER**

IT'S JUNE AND graduates are busting out all over. All the figures aren't in but there will be about 6,000 Bachelors of Music Education (60% women); 1,500 Masters of Music Education (60% men); and 50 or so doctors of music (85% men).

In addition to the music teachers, there are other graduates receiving degrees in applied music (and composition): about 4,000 Bachelors (57% women); 1,850 masters (63% men); and 200 doctors (90% men).

We don't know for sure how many of the above are involved in instrumental music versus vocal, but by a rough rule of thumb some 85%-90% of the men should be involved in instrumental music—teaching and performing.

We also don't know for sure just how many of the mus-ed graduates will go directly into music teaching. A goodly number of them try the professional world before going back to teaching. And there is a small group that stays on in the academic world, neither teaching nor performing—just "studying" and collecting degrees. There is no evidence that there are more of these "professional students" in music than in any other academic discipline.

OK, so we have about 10,000 music bachelors making their entrance into the music profession, or at least earning the piece of paper that attests to a certain level of musical proficiency and the ability to suffer and pass education courses. The number is impressive. We need musicians; we need music teachers. But there are some niggling doubts. We have disquieting fears about the relevance of their total academic education to their prospective students. We are not at all sure just how relevant their music education is to the outside pragmatic world or to the use of music for social betterment.

There are many non-rhetorical questions that can be asked of the new musicians. But the questions should be put to their teachers and deans—and beyond them, to all of us who are responsible for unresponsive education. Just how forcefully have we made our wishes known? What have you (and we) really done to see that music education is responsive and relevant? How many band directors have told their athletic departments and other politicians (as recently happened at the University of Wisconsin at Madison) that the first responsibility of school music ensembles is to education, not to basketball games, parades, and airport receptions? How many new teachers will seek real music involvement for the greatest number of young people both in the school and in the community? How many new teachers are equipped to hold meaningful classroom dialog on what music means in the lives of the students? How much do young (and old) teachers know about the uses of music therapy? When will vocal music teachers realize their responsibilities to MUSIC, and be able to teach the meaning of a lyric? And when will the general music teacher teach the relevance of music to the other humanities?

So we end with a plea to the new schooled musicians, their teachers and their school boards, and the communities holding ultimate responsibility: get with it, and stay with it. Don't dare do anything less than being involved.

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6 □ DOWN BEAT

June 12, 1969

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down beat

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Points of Order

I'm not much given to public protest about distortions of what I'm supposed to have said, written, or done; but Tommy Vig goes too far (*Chords*, May 1). To set the record straight:

1. My comment about Erich Fromm, one of my favorite behaviorist scientists, was that he wrote *Escape from Freedom*. I meant to imply that Vig had taken Fromm's title to heart.

2. There is no mention of Vig's *imagined* (his italics) or any other kind of success in the review. Perhaps he misinterprets my attempt at humor ("And now, ladies and gentlemen, Caesar's Palace Palace proudly presents") in regard to what I felt was musical pomposity.

3. The review, despite Vig's statement to the contrary, dwelt on the music; e.g., "Vig's penchant for overusing scale runs in his arrangements . . . is disturbing, particularly when he writes them in even eighths . . ."

As for Stanley Dance's rating-by-committee proposal (*Chords*, March 20):

1. A rating is not a spur-of-the-moment whim, or at least it shouldn't be.

2. *DB* critics have been bellyaching about having to put star-ratings on reviews for years, just as they complained about having to list musicians in 1-2-3 order in the critics poll. It's funny: critics, so called, always want to be considered critics, but they seldom want to be pinned down on what they think, especially when they run the chance of being confronted by musicians who're going to give them hell for a three-star review.

This gets at the core of the problem: jazz critics are, for the most, scared of offending musicians. But the critic's duty is primarily to his audience and the art form and only secondarily to the art's practitioners. And all the cop-outs, rationalizations, groveling, complaining, and obfuscation in the world is not going to change it.

The foregoing applies only to critics who are serious about their business; it does not hold for "critics" who use *Down Beat* and other publications to solicit jobs for themselves, clumsy attempts at solicitation disguised as commentary: "Well, if they're going to reissue records, then they should do it such-and-such a way" (the writer's way), or "The next time CBS does a show on Harlem, why don't they show this and this and that" (unadded comment: "And I'll serve as consultant for a small fee").

Nor does it apply to any critics in the pay of record companies or musicians, especially when they review those companies' records or those musicians' records—if you really want to see a dance around the mulberry bush, read *those* "reviews." But then, there aren't any ratings on them—and you won't read them in *Down Beat*.

Don DeMichael

Chicago, Ill.

P.S. to Vig: Who're you kidding when you say my review dissuaded your pro-

ducer from cutting another big-band album by you? If it had sold well, there'd be no problem.

Love for Muddy's Mud

I dig real blues and jazz. I read *Down Beat* regularly and I've read quite a few bad comments on the album *Electric Mud* by Muddy Waters. I'll admit that nobody expected this of Muddy if you've ever heard him before.

Well, I'm going to stick up for good old McKinley Morganfield (Muddy) and say that I think it's a fantastic album. Muddy took some old blues songs and some new songs and used wah-wah distortion (fuzz) and *controlled* feedback to make this album. It's really an art to be able to use all the effects he uses, and Muddy sounds like he's been working with them all his life.

This album has "introduced" Muddy to the younger people. Muddy, no matter what anyone says I think it's one of the finest albums on the market today!

Louis Wolk

Youngstown, Ohio

Lady Love

Thank you for the long overdue cover story on Billie Holiday. But why so short? Lady Day deserves an entire issue of *Down Beat*. I was 14 when I discovered Lady, two years after her death, and have since then collected 14 of her golden LPs. Billie's legacy will remain *ad infinitum*, and she will always stand towering over all of the other jazz greats. If you can't dig Billie, you've got to have a hole in your soul. There will never be another.

William Donohue

Beale Air Force Base, Ca.

Goose And Gander

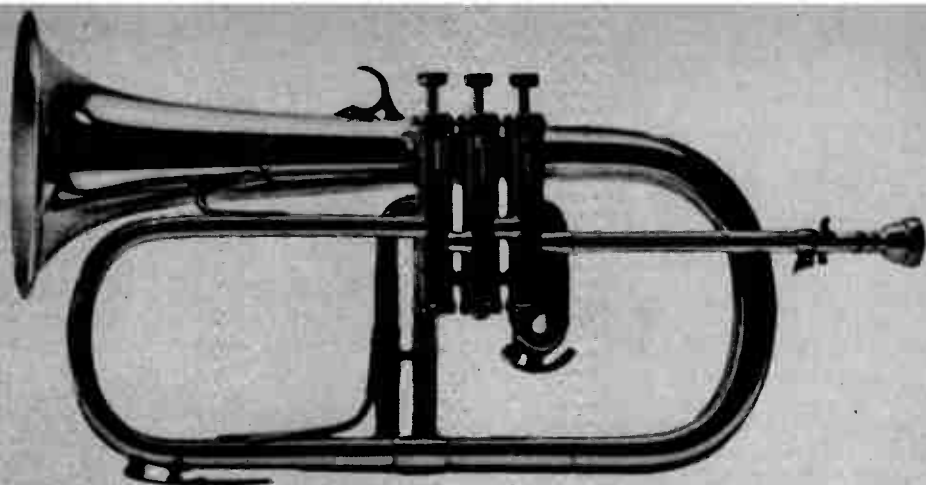
About a month ago, I bought, as an experiment, an album entitled *The New York Rock and Roll Ensemble*. It took only a few hearings to convince me that it is one of the worst albums released in recent years.

I was appalled to read Ralph Berton's review of this group (*DB*, March 6). Although I confess I have never seen them live, I find it hard to believe that any group that can record such a bland, uncreative, and boring album could completely reverse themselves and present a stimulating live performance. Besides there being a complete lack of originality in the music, the lyrics are so juvenile as to be on the level of The Ohio Express. Although their few classical interludes are a relief, they are more than overshadowed by the sub-mediocre rock that follows. If they can improvise well, as Berton claims, they manage to successfully conceal it on their album.

Berton also seems to exhibit a lack of knowledge of rock music in his review. For example, he professes to have heard no successful synthesis of jazz and rock, or of classical music and rock, although there are a number of good jazz-influenced rock groups such as The Cream, and classical-influenced rock groups such as Procol Harum. . . .

David Wiener

Brooklyn, N.Y.



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DOWN BEAT ANNOUNCES SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

The 30 winners of the 1969 annual *Down Beat* competition for summer scholarships to the Berklee School of Music at Boston, Mass., and the 16 winners of the first annual *Down Beat* Summer Jazz Clinic Scholarships to the National Stage Band Camps have been selected.

Recipients of \$200 grants for 12 weeks of study at Berklee are Lee Pulliam, Ft. Worth, Texas; William Collins, Ft. Worth, Texas; Michael Silversher, Mountain View, Ca.; Charles Kocak, North Plainfield, N.J.; Henry Wolking Jr., Gainesville, Fla.; David Berger, Merrick, N.Y.; Joe Villa, Seattle, Wash.; Bill Brown, Daly City, Ca.; Mike Parkinson, Knoxville, Tenn., and Richard Helzer, Fresno, Ca.

Awarded \$100 grants for six weeks of study were James Garrett, Andover, Mass.; Sam Miller, Youngstown, Ohio; Mark Cohen, Winnipeg, Manitoba; Mark Suozzo, Albany, N.Y.; Dennis Young, Des Plaines, Ill.; James Kendrick, Levittown, N.Y.; John McMinn Jr., Miami, Fla.; Tom Kennedy, Hartford, Conn.; Richard Kowerski, Elmwood Park, Ill.; Doug Berlinger, Ft. William, Ontario; Perry Rotwein, Newburgh, N.Y.; Ted Zadlo, Willingsboro, N.J.; Ronald Jones, Detroit, Mich.; Richard Moses, Lower Burrell, Pa.; Terry Dolphin, New York, N.Y.; Marc Dicciani, Philadelphia, Pa.; Bill Parlier, Charlotte, N.C.; Steve Smith, Calgary, Alberta; George Nolte, Seaford, N.Y., and Justo Almario, San Antonio, Texas.

Winners of the two full \$110 Summer Jazz Clinic Scholarships to the National Stage Band Camps which were originally offered are Anthony Dagradi, Summit, N.J., and Bruce Hall, Seattle, Wash. In addition, through the generosity of the Fred Gretsch Co., it has become possible to award two more full scholarships. The winners are Pat Metheny, Lee's Summit, Mo., and Paul Quinn, Chicago, Ill.

Recipients of \$75 Summer Jazz Clinic Scholarships are Jeffrey Richey, Glenshaw, Pa.; John Nutt Jr., Denver, Colo.; Gary Winslow, Sharon, Pa.; Max McCoy, Spokane, Wash.; Steven Christensen, Sandy, Ore.; Ned Avery, Sheridan, Wyo.; Glenn Rozmus, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Perry Rotwein, Newburgh, N.Y.; Dave Macias, Sacramento, Ca.; Steven Rinaldi, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Ted Seibs, Little Rock, Ark., and David Orthmann, Oak Ridge, N.J.

DONALD BYRD TO TEACH MUSIC TEACHERS AT NYU

New York City's first course in African and Afro-American music for music educators will be taught this summer by trumpeter-composer Donald Byrd.

The in-service course, sponsored by the New York State Education Department, will be given at the Division of Music

Education in the New York University School of Education, and will be tuition-free to all those accepted. Money is also available for living expenses.

Division head Dr. Jerrold Ross stated that up to 25 students will be accepted, and that the course will concentrate on the actual performance of music.

Qualifications are as follows: a bachelor's



Donald Byrd
Bridging the Gap

degree in music or music education from an accredited college or university with a minimum 2.5 average; at least one year of teaching in a school of 50 percent or more non-white population, and plans to return to such a school for the 1969-70 academic year. Personal interviews are required.

"Almost nothing is known in the schools about African and Afro-American music—except to say that this is the kind of music to which almost all teenagers listen when they are responding to rock 'n' roll and other jazz forms. Consequently, there is a great gap between music educators and their students," Dr. Ross stated. (His own words appear to reflect that gap quite succinctly.)

"The Division of Music Education at NYU is convinced that the way to reach the disadvantaged, most of whom are black, at least in urban areas, is through an increased pride in their own heritage and, perhaps more significantly, the relevance of this heritage to the art of the world," he continued.

Further information is available from Division of Music Education, New York University, Room 65, 80 Washington Square East, New York, N.Y. 10003.

NEW ORLEANS VETERANS TO BE WIDELY HEARD

A busy summer is in store for the Preservation Hall Jazz Band, a group of hardy traditionalists from New Orleans.

Following a spring tour of New England, the band is scheduled to appear at the Ravinia Music Festival in Chicago,

Philadelphia's Temple Music Festival, the Stanford Music Festival in California, the Meadowbrook Festival in Detroit, and in the Great Artists concert series at New York's Lincoln Center.

In addition, the veteran musicians will share a bill at the Fillmore West in San Francisco with The Grateful Dead, and one at the Fillmore East in New York City with Jefferson Airplane.

Personnel for the spring tour was Dede Pierce, cornet and vocals; Jim Robinson, trombone; Willie Humphrey, clarinet; Billie Pierce, piano; Preservation Hall manager Alan Jaffe, bass horn, and Cie Frazier, drums.

FINAL BAR

Polish composer and pianist **Krzysztof Komeda**, who achieved international fame for his film scores, died in Warsaw April 23 from injuries suffered in an accident in Hollywood in January. He underwent a brain operation in Los Angeles, but never regained consciousness. A few days prior to his death, which came just four days before his 38th birthday, he was flown to Warsaw.

Born Krzysztof Trzcinski in Poznan, he became the youngest student at the Poznan Conservatory, later took private piano lessons and studied musical theory.

From 1950, he became closely associated with jazz. He was a co-creator of the Polish jazz movement and one of its most active representatives. With his group, he took part in many local jazz festivals and also traveled to Moscow, Kongsberg (Norway), and Bled (Yugoslavia), as well as appearing in jazz clubs in Sweden and Denmark.

Komeda collaborated with director Roman Polanski on a number of famous films, including *Knife In The Water*, *Cul-de-Sac*, *The Vampire Killers*, *Rosemary's Baby*, and several others. He also wrote for films by Jerzy Skolimowski and Henning Carlsen, and composed for ballet and the musical theater. He did notable work in the field of jazz and poetry, and as a song writer, received a special award at the 1964 National Song Festival in Opole.

POTPOURRI

Season tickets for the Monterey Jazz Festival, to be held this year Sept. 19-21, are now on sale. Single tickets for individual performances will not be made available until Aug. 1. Aside from the *Modern Jazz Quartet*, artists for the festival had not been announced at press-time. For further information, write Monterey Jazz Festival, P.O. Box Jazz, Monterey, CA 93940.

April was designated "Jazz Month" in New York City, but the period of mourning for President Eisenhower put a damper on official celebration. On April 23,

however, Mayor John V. Lindsay read a proclamation and enjoyed the sounds of the Billy Taylor Sextet (Joe Newman, trumpet; Benny Powell, trombone; Jimmy Heath, tenor saxophone; Paul West, bass; Bobby Thomas, drums) at an outdoor function in front of City Hall.

Following his European tour, Erroll Garner did a week in May at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike in West Peabody, Mass. The pianist is set for a two-week stay at Isy's Supper Club in Vancouver, B.C. June 9-21. On the following day, he will play an outdoor concert sponsored by the Jos. P. Schlitz Brewing Co. at Milwaukee's War Memorial Park.

A new group, the 360 Degree Musical Experience, has been formed in New York. The members are Grachan Moncur III, trombone; Roland Alexander, tenor and soprano saxophones, flute; Dave Burrell, piano; Ron Carter, bass, and Beaver Harris, drums. They are now available for bookings and can be contacted c/o Harris, 189 Waverly Place, N.Y., N.Y. 10014.

Tenor saxophonist Booker Ervin left New York April 27 for Zurich, Switzerland, where he was to do six radio and TV concerts before going on to Copenhagen for an engagement at the Club Montmartre beginning May 26. Dates in



JOE ALPER

Holland and possibly London are to follow.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: WLIB-FM's third annual concert in mid-April at Carnegie Hall featured the quintets of Roy Eldridge and Dizzy Gillespie, Lou Donaldson's quartet, Herbie Mann's group and the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra. Proceeds went towards the establishment of a Musicians Emergency Fund . . . Eddie Harris brought his group into the Village Gate, opposite the quartets of Stan Getz and Larry Coryell. The following weekend, Harris shared the bill with Miles

Davis. Mose Allison and Jaki Byard moved in at Top of the Gate. The big downstairs room goes full-time again June 3 with B. B. King and comic Irwin C. Watson . . . Billy Eckstine and his trio (Bobby Tucker, piano; Mickey Bass, bass; Charlie Persip, drums) found time to play a session for the inmates at Riker's Island during their busy Rainbow Grill stint . . . A shift in personnel found pianist Ross Tompkins, bassist Russell George, and drummer Al Harewood as the new trio behind Anita O'Day at the Half Note, now opposite Zoot Sims' foursome . . . Horace Silver's quintet appeared in place of Freddie Hubbard at Columbia University's Ferris Booth Hall concert series . . . Billy Taylor's sextet appeared in two separate Saturday programs in the *Black Expo* series at City Center—once with Duke Pearson's band and once with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band . . . The Dukes of Dixieland were at Plaza 9 from April 29 through May 18 . . . Vocalist Viola Acosta, accompanied by pianist Larry Keyes and drummer Al Drear's trio (Wally Richardson, guitar; Reggie Johnson, bass) appeared in concert at Judson Hall in late April. Sets were also played by Drear's group and Keyes' trio (Allan McLean, bass; Stan Bailey, drums) . . . The fourth annual memorial tribute to Charlie Parker was held at Club Ruby in Jamaica. Participating altoist included Charles McPherson

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THE MEANING OF NEW ORLEANS

BY DAN MORGENSTERN

All genesis is shrouded in mystery, and the only explanations for mysteries are myths.

Where was jazz born? When they came together, the talking drums and preaching horns, the shouts and hollers, the dances and marches, the blues and church—then there was jazz. It happened in many places, over much time.

The jazz myth is New Orleans. Take all other hypotheses, and none will add up to what New Orleans spells: a picture, a story, a potent image, a legend.

There is no Buddy Bolden cylinder. But there was a Buddy Bolden, and he is the ancestral father-king. Down to the very details of his historical existence he was cast in a dionysian mold. Was his prowess—on the horn and as a man—not a legend during his lifetime? Was he not seized by Furies during a bacchanal—a Mardi Gras parade in New Orleans—and was he not condemned to the living death of the madhouse for having dared to reveal the secrets of the gods to mortals?

Buddy Bolden: first trumpet and first mythical giant of jazz, from New Orleans. We shall never hear him. But one who did hear, too young to remember yet never to forget, was destined to become his successor. Born on free America's first birthday in a new century, in a New Orleans alley, and

named Daniel Louis Armstrong.

Not a bad name for a king with whom jazz came of age, through whom it became a great music, in whom it conquered the world.

To those who understand the myth, nothing further need be said, while those who don't—those who do not pay homage to their rightful king—probably never will comprehend it. But we can try some "facts" on them.

Sidney Bechet, for example, who also discovered the secret for himself. Who played the truth, singing his pride in and love for the music. Who wrote perhaps the most beautiful book there is about jazz. From New Orleans.

And King Oliver, King Bolden's successor, Saul to Louis' David, whose rise and fall and dignity in falling were truly, not falsely tragic; from New Orleans. And Johnny and Baby Dodds, who played in his greatest band—from New Orleans, spreading the message up north. And Jimmie Noone and Freddie Keppard and the Original Creole Band and Jelly Roll Morton who wanted to bring it all together and Bunk Johnson and Henry Allen Sr. and Jr. and Zutty Singleton and the white cats who got the message—Jack Laine and Nick LaRocca and Larry Shields and Paul Mares and Leon Rappollo and Steve Brown—and Edmond Hall and Paul Barbarin and Wellman

Braud and Pops Foster and Albert Nicholas and the Tios and Omer Simeon and Barney Bigard and George Lewis and Natty Dominique and Danny Barker and all the others—and Lester Young who took it to Kansas City and that's another story that started in New Orleans.

And the Creoles and the Blacks and the French and the Spanish and Italians and Irish and Jews and downtown and uptown and yes, Storyville (The District) and Lulu White's and Tom Anderson's and Lake Ponchartrain and the Mississippi and the levee and the riverboats and the water carrying the sounds and the parades and the funerals and the churches and the opera and Congo Square and gumbo and red beans and rice—all in New Orleans.

You can take your St. Louis ragtime and your Mississippi delta blues and your Texas boogie woogie and your New York ticklers and Mr. Handy from Memphis and Jim Europe (who took it there) and your Haverstraw brickyards and it won't add up like New Orleans does.

Jazz: one of the great and wonderful mysteries of our age. New Orleans: the cradle of that mystery. You don't agree? Have you a better myth? Have you Louis Armstrong? Boy, you better go home.

Swinging at the White House

"IN THE ROYALTY of American music, no man swings more or stands higher than the Duke."

The speaker was Richard Milhous Nixon, President of the United States of America. The scene was the East Room of the White House, the date was April 29, and the occasion was a gala evening in honor of Edward Kennedy Ellington, who was celebrating his 70th birthday.

It was a night few of the 180 guests—Government officials, members of the Ellington family, fellow musicians, friends, and members of the press—will ever forget. Though there were moments of appropriate solemnity, the tenor of the evening was one of cheerful warmth and friendly informality, set by the President himself. As a veteran observer of state functions put it: "I haven't had this much fun at the White House in 40 years."

The evening had begun with a dinner hosted by President and Mrs. Nixon for Ellington and 80 guests, including his sister, Ruth, his son, Mercer, and his wife, and Duke's two grandchildren. Also present were the Vice President and Mrs. Agnew, several cabinet members, other prominent Government officials, members of the clergy and judiciary, and leading representatives of various branches of the arts.

From the world of music, there were composers Richard Rodgers and Harold Arlen; Mahalia Jackson, Benny Goodman, Cab Calloway, Mrs. Count Basie (representing her husband, who was on a European tour), Dizzy Gillespie, Dave Brubeck, Billy Eckstine, Lou Rawls, Willis Conover, Stanley Dance, the Reverends John Gensel and Norman O'Connor, and former Ellington guitarist Fred Guy. Harry Carney, Duke's closest friend within the band, and Thomas Whaley, his longtime musical right-hand man, were there, and Johnny Hodges would have been, had he not been recuperating from a sudden illness which had struck him earlier in the month. The dinner culminated in an exchange of toasts.

Following the dinner, the President and Mrs. Nixon and Ellington and his sister received the after-dinner guests at the top of the Grand Staircase, after which the party adjourned to the East Room.

There, Mr. Nixon presented Ellington with the Presidential Medal of Freedom, the highest civilian medal the Government can bestow. The President showed the night's first glimpse of his sense of humor by pausing significantly between the first names and the last of the recipient.

"Edward Kennedy Ellington," the citation read, "Pianist, composer, and orchestra leader, has long enhanced American music with his unique style, intelligence, and impeccable taste. For more than 40 years, he has helped to expand the frontiers of jazz, while at the same time retaining in his music the individuality and freedom of expression that are the soul of jazz." It concluded with the words quoted above.

In response, Ellington, characteristically, first kissed the President twice on each cheek. Then, in his formal acceptance speech, he expressed his gratitude and went on to quote as his credo the "four freedoms" of his fallen comrade-in-arms,

Billy Strayhorn:

"Freedom from hate, unconditionally; freedom from self pity; freedom from fear of doing something that might help someone more than it does me; freedom from the pride that makes me feel I am better than my brother."

Then the President spoke. "We all know," he said, "that Duke Ellington is ageless. But after all, this is his birthday, and in looking over the fine program of music that has been prepared, I noticed that one work is missing."

Mr. Nixon then made his way to the piano, and removed a saxophone from the stool. "Don't go away," he told the guests.



"Earlier, Duke asked me if I was going to play . . . Would you join me in singing *Happy Birthday*—in the key of G, please."

It was now time for the more serious musical portion of the evening, and Willis Conover, who had selected the musicians and prepared the program, took over as master of ceremonies.

The 10-piece band was an impressive one. In addition to three ex-Ellingtonians, trumpeters Clark Terry and Bill Berry and drummer Louis Bellson, there were trombonists J. J. Johnson and Urbie Green; saxophonists Paul Desmond and Gerry Mulligan; pianist Hank Jones; guitarist Jim Hall, and bassist Milt Hinton.

They swung into Strayhorn's *Take the A Train*, and were off on a more than hour-long panorama of Ellingtonia. Among the highlights: A joyous Terry-Berry dialog on *Just Squeeze Me*, which delighted even non-jazz fans in the audience; a highly original Mulligan arrangement of *Prelude to a Kiss*, and the baronist's own salute to Harry Carney, *Sophisticated Lady*; J.J.'s bluesy *Satin Doll*; Desmond's gentle *Chelsea Bridge*, and Bellson's exciting *Caravan* solo.

Midway through, three guests pianists appeared. Billy Taylor essayed a medley of *Drop Me Off At Harlem*, *All Too Soon*, and *It Don't Mean A Thing*; Dave Brubeck asked Desmond and Mulligan to join him and the rhythm section in *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*. But it was Earl Hines who broke it up with just

three choruses of a romping *Perdido*, assisted by Hinton and Bellson—a moment of musical magic.

To conclude the musicale, two singers joined the band. First, Mary Mayo, pure-voiced, straightforward, and possessed of very accurate pitch, did a medley of Ducal standards. Then, Joe Williams. Singing as movingly as I've ever heard him, he did *Heritage* and a lovely *Come Sunday*, and concluded the formal musical proceedings with a rousing *Jump For Joy*.

The President, after the musicians had taken their individual bows—each acknowledged by Ellington with a blown kiss—got up to say that no one could possibly top the performance everyone had just heard "except one."

"I think we ought to hear from the Duke, too," he said. Ellington graciously dedicated his reflective, romantic improvised piano solo to Mrs. Nixon.

It was now past midnight, and when Mr. Nixon again rose to speak, most of the guests thought it would be to bid them goodnight. What he did say, however, was that the East Room would be cleared for a jam session and dancing, and that everyone was invited to stay. Loud cheers greeted his announcement.

The session that ensued was not remarkable from a musical standpoint, but very much so in terms of joy and warmth. Eckstine, Rawls and Williams joined forces in an impromptu blues sparked by Gillespie's horn and wound up with their arms around each other; a series of four-handed exchanges at the piano bench featured, in order, Billy Taylor and Leonard Feather; Dave Brubeck and George Wein, and Willie The Lion Smith and Ellington himself (the guest of honor, however, spent most of the session on the dance floor with a succession of charming partners); members of the Marine and Navy bands stationed at the White sat in with the stars, tenorist Phil Dire being most impressive; Marian McPartland joined the fray, and Leonard Garment, a former law partner of the President, played a nice clarinet solo and later lent his horn to Dr. Harold Taylor, former president of Sarah Lawrence College and a member of the National Endowment for the Arts, who had a ball with *Tin Roof Blues*.

While all this was transpiring, we discovered that Presidential Assistant Daniel P. Moynihan is a great Mulligan fan; decided that the fashions on display were rather conservative and that our best-dressed vote should go to Mrs. Whitney Balliett and Mr. Billy Eckstine; noted that the White House is a remarkable example of the superiority of 18th century architecture in terms of airy elegance of interior space; drank lots of lovely champagne, and came to admire the unfailing courtesy and efficiency of the White House staff, which seemed to consist of Ellington fans.

Behind-the-scenes credit, aside from Conover, must go to Charles McWhorter, a lawyer, Nixon campaign strategist, and life-long jazz fan, who, according to no less an authority than the New York Times, conceived the idea and helped to realize it. It was indeed a night to remember.



NEW ORLEANS, NEW ORLEANS JAZZ, THE NEW ORLEANS JAZZ FESTIVAL, AND ME by Willis Conover

Willis Conover is musical director and master of ceremonies of New Orleans Jazzfest 1969.

EVERY ONCE IN a while you're forced by circumstances to stand back and look at yourself.

It can get so that you believe everything nice they write about you. You believe it so you accept it, and after a while you forget it because it doesn't mean anything to you any more. The work does but the remarks don't.

You hear, "Overseas, you're the most famous man in America." There's no way to check that out so you forget it and go back to work. You hear, "What a great show you put together for Duke Ellington at the White House!" and you feel good, not so much because it was said as because it was done. You get a letter from Czechoslovakia saying "Your broadcasts were all that brought us through this terrible time" and you're moved but frustrated. A college professor tells you, "I recognized exactly what you were trying to do by having this artist doing this song *here* and that artist doing that song *there*, instead of the other way around," and you're grateful for the reassurance that you're still able to structure a music program effectively. But you forget it and keep working.

Then a barge-load of sludge lands on you unexpectedly, and all the nice words must be remembered, *must* be remembered, so you can bring yourself around again to face who you are and how you are and why; or you may be destroyed. That's why I've repeated those nice words above. For me to look at, for reassurance.

Here is where I am, or where I try to be.

First, my base, nucleus, center, platform. Next, the way it relates to other people, to music, and to New Orleans.

First. I can't stand hypocrisy.

Everyone has a little hypocrisy in him at least, myself included, but I try to control it and diminish it. So do my friends. Nobody's hands are perfectly clean, but I have to feel a man *wants* and *tries* to get the dirt off his before he lectures me on mine.

I tend, therefore, to trust the instincts of people who have hurts and rages, who know it and aren't ashamed to admit it; who fight to control it rather than hiding it with a lie. In a disturbing world, who isn't disturbed?

I feel closest in spirit to people who question themselves, who show anger but who know love. People I usually

disagree with and am often uncomfortable around, like Charles Mingus, Gerry Mulligan, Gene Lees, Alec Wilder, John Hammond, Nat Hentoff.

Who are the hypocrites, hence the enemy?

The secret police of the "People's Republics" with their talk of fraternalism.

The radio and television executives with their public-interest plaques on the wall—and their cold directives to the sales department.

The love-and-democracy shriekers, with their hate, their wilful ugliness, their mob instinct.

People who couldn't tap a foot to Basie, parroting "Jazz is America's only art form" out of one side of their mouth and saying "nigger" out of the other.

People who say they're in it only for the love of "those people who have been exploited for years" but don't mind making a few bucks out of it too. (For me, George Wein went straight when Newport went admittedly commercial; I stayed straight when I left Newport at almost the same time.)

Now. How does any of this apply to New Orleans?

I don't know.

I know how to find out, though: Watch and see who gets angry. Hypocrites are everywhere and straight people are everywhere, including New Orleans. The straight people of New Orleans will get a warm smile from what I've written here, even if they don't show it. The hypocrites will tremble, turn pale, and grind their teeth.

Among the straight people working for the good of New Orleans, of New Orleans jazz, and of the New Orleans Jazz Festival are these cosmopolitans: Chuck Suhor, Mike Carubba, Doug Ramsey, Joe Gemelli, Danny Barker, Ronnie Kole, Jim Nassikas, Louis Cottrell, Dave Winstein, Al Belletto, Father Jarreau, Joe Simon, Bill Manschot, Dan Mikalak, DeAlton Neher, Mel Leavitt, Steve Loyacano, Joe Mares, George Sanchez, and others too numerous to name.

In order to add the name Willis Conover to that list, I will have to say exactly what I want for and from the New Orleans Jazz Festival:

Honest music, regardless of era, style, or place of origin.

Respect for the pioneers and the paths they blazed.

Genuine emotional experiences for the audience.

A sense of creative accomplishment for the musicians—and for myself.

Favorable reviews if possible, but honest reviews at least.

Nobody going broke. Including me.

That the festival doesn't get rich enough to change its aims, but makes



enough to continue next year.

That hoteliers and restaurateurs increase their profits during festival week. They deserve to: New Orleans has some of the best hotels and restaurants in America, or in the world.

That credit is given to *everyone* who worked for the festival.

That people who lent their names now lend their presence and learn what's really happening.

That promises are kept, contracts are respected, committee resolutions are un-reversed.

That the provincially inclined see that truth isn't regional and that "foreigners" aren't necessarily wrong—or unfriendly.

That the pompous are silenced, the sick get well, and the cowardly leave. Bullshit ceases.

New Orleans, New Orleans jazz, and the New Orleans Jazz Festival all are beautiful.



Albert Nicholas: From New Orleans to Paris

ON OCT. 4, 1953 Albert Nicholas arrived in France, at the invitation of French jazz critic Charles Delaunay, to play a two-month engagement at the now defunct Club Perdido on the Champs-Élysées in Paris.

He didn't know it at the time, but he was not to set foot in the United States again until six years later, and then only for a two-month holiday.

In his small apartment in one of the narrow back streets of the Latin Quarter of Paris, Nicholas recalled that two-month holiday and said: "You know, it was then that I really made up my mind that I wanted to spend the rest of my time in Europe. I was actually homesick for Europe."

"It was nice to come over to see my children and grandchildren, but I really couldn't wait to get back. I feel more at home here. There is far too much frustration in the States right now."

"When I was in New York in 1959, there was Red Allen at the Metropole, Eddie Condon's was still going strong, and things were happening at the Vanguard in the Village—I'd played there years before with Eddie Heywood."

"But Art Farmer was in Paris recently, and he told me the jazz scene in New York today is pitiful. There's hardly any work at all, but there are thousands of musicians trying to get a piece of what's going. There are just three or four clubs to play in, and a handful of guys are doing record dates and TV sessions. But the scene as a whole is very sad."

"Of course, the Paris jazz scene is pretty bad, too, right now, but I get to play concerts at colleges and universities on weekends, and I still do a good deal of work in other European countries. I make two tours with the Dutch Swing College every year, and I've just done a series of concerts in Switzerland. Really, the work situation is not too bad for me."

Nicholas, sprightly, alert and active, was 69 on May 27. He has been playing clarinet since he was 9 years old, turning professional at 16.

In talking about his 53 years as a professional, Nicholas took out a double clarinet case and lovingly handled a superb, gold-keyed clarinet. Then, proudly, he said, "Selmer presented me with this to celebrate my 50 years of earning my living from jazz. Isn't that beautiful? They had it made special for me."

Then he added, ruefully, "You know, all the time I was in the States I didn't even get so much as a reed."

Just before coming to France, Nicholas was playing in the Hangover Club in Los Angeles with Ralph Sutton and visiting stars like Muggsy Spanier, Red Allen, Wild Bill Davison, Marty Marsala and Louis Armstrong. To make the transition from this sort of company to the uncertain company of European jazzmen, whose enthusiasm and ambition frequently outstripped their talent, represented something of a challenge to Nicholas.

"It was hard going sometimes," he admitted. "But since I first came here, the standard of musicianship in Europe has

improved 80%. You do a Blindfold Test with records from America and Europe now, and you can be fooled. You have a job to tell which are which. The cats in Europe are really together now—especially in England and Sweden, though the French are still way behind. They don't seem to improve."

"They have some fine individual musicians, like Martial Solal, Claude Bolling, and Maurice Vander, but no good jazz groups. Of course, there aren't too many places where they can play today."

"When I first came here, Paris was really jumping. After my two months in the Perdido, I replaced Sidney Bechet at the Vieux Colomier, where I played with Big Chief Russell Moore. Then I went into the Trois Maillets, then the Club St. Germain—oh, there were lots of clubs going at that time."

Nicholas then did tours in Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and Scandinavia, "and before I knew where I was, a year had gone by," he said. "Each time I'd make up my mind to go back to the States, something would turn up. It didn't bug me though, because I wanted to travel and see places."

Nicholas figures he has played just about every country in Western Europe and has performed in Poland—three weeks in 1957—as well. He said he hopes to get to Russia next.

One reason he took so readily to France was the similarity of language and customs to those of his birthplace, New Orleans. These similarities, he said, may account for the fact that New Orleans musicians like Bechet and himself have been so popular in France.

His mention of New Orleans soon had Nicholas reminiscing about that cradle of jazz.

"Jazz was probably the first sound I ever heard as a child," he said. "My uncle, Wooden Joe Nicholas, played clarinet and trumpet, and he took me to Storyville when I was 14. There was music everywhere in that district. I heard Emanuel Perez, Freddie Keppard, Arnold Metoyer, and many other fine musicians. There was one guy, Chris Kelly, who played blues on trumpet like I've never heard before or since. That's all he played, the blues. But he was a great player."

"Then there was the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, Sharkey Bonano—New Orleans was full of sounds. That's what I listened to when I was coming up. I heard Johnny Dodds when I was 12 years old."

"When I was 16, I got my first professional job with Buddy Petit, taking Jimmie Noone's place when he went to Chicago. Petit was way ahead of his time. He had a beautiful sound on his trumpet—like Miles. He didn't play no stale jazz."

"During the first World War, I went into the Navy, and that's when I first got to know France. I was on convoy work, based at Gibraltar, and we'd call at Bordeaux, Brest, St. Nazaire, and other French ports."

"When I came out of the Navy, I rejoined Buddy Petit. He was still a big name locally and had gigs booked solid

for a year—and all of them around New Orleans. He wouldn't leave the place—didn't want to know about Chicago or New York."

But if Petit didn't want to know about Chicago, Nicholas did, and when Johnny Dodds left King Oliver in 1924, Nicholas went to Chicago to replace him.

"It was while I was with King Oliver that I met Jelly Roll Morton," he continued. "A lot of people argue about whether he really deserved his great reputation. Well, in my book he really did. He was a fine musician, with his own individual style and ideas, and a great composer. He was a wonderful guy when you got to know him, though he wasn't favored by the musicians in New York because he always spoke his mind."

"If you could play your instrument, you had nothing to worry about. But if you couldn't play, then Jelly would tell you. He was truthful and outspoken. Cats used to say to him, 'Hey, Jelly, you going to play on 52nd St.?' and he'd say scornfully, 'They can't pay enough.' He sure loved himself, but he was completely natural. After you got to know him, you knew what to expect."

Ask Nicholas who was the greatest musician he ever played with, and he'll tell you without hesitation: "It must be Louis. I've got to put him on top. We came up together in New Orleans and I remember him when I came out of the Navy in 1919. He was on a boat with Fate Marable, and all the old timers were saying, 'He's really going to be something else, that cat.'"

Nicholas was in the King Oliver Band with Armstrong and says Armstrong inspired the whole band. "He told more about music than all the others put together."

"It's amazing how he came up from the ghettos and turned out to be the world's greatest," the clarinetist said. "I think my happiest memories were when I played with Louis in the Luis Russell Band from 1935 to 1940. We had a hell of a fine band. Russell was the leader, and we had Pops Foster on bass and Paul Barbarin on drums—he was replaced by Big Sid Catlett in 1938. The trombones were J.C. Higginbotham, Wilbur DeParis, and George Washington, and on trumpet we had Louis, Henry Allen, Shelton Hemphill, and Otis Johnson. The saxes included Bingie Madison, Charlie Holmes, and myself. I played tenor, alto, and baritone at different times."

"You know, there were nothing but good sounds in the '30s. There were so many good bands—Artie Shaw, Benny Goodman, Casa Loma, Duke, Basie, Fletcher Henderson, Chick Webb, Mills Blue Rhythm. They were tough bands, and they all had their own distinctive sound. But Louis really put the Russell band way out front."

Nicholas also recalls the admiration he had in those days for two white trumpet players—Bix Beiderbecke and Bunny Berigan.

"Bix was one of the real pioneers," he said. "He used to sit in with Luis Russell's band at the Saratoga Club. He'd come by

with Red Nichols and Bunny Berigan. Now, Berigan was also a fine musician and a real creator. He was the first guy I ever heard make a lip trill—all the others did it afterwards.

"Louis really dug Berigan and regarded him as one of the greatest. Berigan was a fiery player, but Bix, on the other hand, was a sweet player. He didn't strain to play the instrument and he had very nice phrasing.

"Both those guys used to drink a lot, and they both died young. Bunny drank himself to death. He always had a pint of whisky or gin in his pocket, and it burned him up. It was bad liquor in those days—Sneaky Pete we used to call it. They drank it like water.

"But I never heard either of those guys play badly. Of course, in those days when

you came to play with a band, you had to be good because there was a lot of competition. That was when amateurs stayed at home and practiced."

Nicholas agrees with the consensus that Beiderbecke was ahead of his time, and he cites the John Kirby Band as falling into the same category.

"That was one of the greatest little bands I ever had the pleasure of playing with," he said of Kirby's group. "I subbed for Buster Bailey on a number of occasions when he wasn't available over a period of several weeks. I was the only other guy who played that book—that was one hell of a book. All those guys—Kirby, O'Neill Spencer, Buster, Charlie Shavers, Billy Kyle, and Russell Procope—were wonderful musicians, every one. That was a combo that has never been matched—I've

heard nothing come up to that standard. They played everything from classical to jazz and played it perfectly.

"That was the only jazz group that could go into a hotel and play and keep everyone happy. Most of the jazz musicians played too damn loud. But Kirby had the secret."

Of the musicians on his own instrument, Nicholas has a wide-ranging appreciation, extending from Leon Rappolo to Tony Scott, from Matty Matlock to Jimmy Hamilton.

"I dig so many of them—Buddy De-Franco, Goodman, and Ed Hall. Johnny Dodds had a sound of his own, and I used to like Irving Fazola. He played real New Orleans clarinet and had a big sound in that low register. I also like Acker Bilk—he tells me plenty. He can play and he can swing.

"But the greatest of all is Reginald Kell. I've never heard a living soul play like that man. He's my idol."

When it was noted that he seemed to have omitted one of the most celebrated New Orleans jazzmen of them all—Sidney Bechet—from his roster of clarinetists, Nicholas thought for a moment and said: "It's a funny thing, but when Sidney was playing clarinet around 1914 to 1916, he outplayed them all. But at the end of the '20s he started to get left behind. I think he stopped playing clarinet because he couldn't keep up with the guys of the swing era who really brought a new dimension to playing the wood.

"But, of course, nobody could touch Sidney on soprano. He really made that instrument popular, and he had a lot to fight because nobody dug it at first. They used to call it a foghorn."

It was the Creole jazzmen in New Orleans, Nicholas recalled, who really set the pace in the early days.

"The real creators," he said, "like King Oliver, Bechet, Freddie Keppard, and Bunk Johnson, were all downtown. Later on, uptown produced some fine musicians, but the real pioneers were all downtown. People like Emmanuel Perez and the Original Onward Brass Band. They played marches—but they swung like hell. I'll never forget those sounds.

"Those were beautiful days, You know, in the summer there'd be picnic camps around the lake at Milneberg, and there would be scores of bands playing. Every musician who amounted to anything would be playing at these picnics. The camps were built on the water, and it was wonderful hearing that great music floating across the water. Yeah, those were beautiful, happy days."

"But I can't see very much beauty in some of this free jazz. I heard Archie Shepp here not long ago, and I started to get interested in the energy that was put into the music. But he didn't play nothing to make me feel it or make me pat my foot. I admired the energy, but there was nothing in it musically. It was a noise. They didn't tell me anything.

"You see, the music we were playing in New Orleans 50 years ago still sounds good today, but I really can't see that this free jazz is built to last in the same way."

EB



Jazz and the New Orleans Press

THE POPULAR PRESS has typically been more interested in profits than in prophets. It is easier—and safer—to report the news that the Establishment considers to be news, to adopt its policies and its attitudes, than it is to establish contact with the really creative forces in a community.

The underground press is another thing altogether. Underground writers find a genius in every garret, a prophet under every rock. And while the underground press collectively can be closer to what is happening in the United States today than the popular press is, any particular underground is likely to be a motley mixture of perceptive reporting, propaganda, pornography, and hysteria.

Of course, the popular press has been around long enough to know better. In the last century or so, big-city papers should have learned a few things about prophets without honor in their own country, if only because prophet-seeking can be profitable in a society in which speculation pays off. In America, the man who prognosticates successfully about anything from ouija boards to silly putty is likely to wind up with a million dollars, and his picture in the Business section of *Time*.

The popular press has specialized in the most facile and insidious kind of crystal-ball-gazing—the self-fulfilling prophecy. An influential newspaper often can predict the success of a local theater group, foretell the outcome of a state election, or even (as in the scandalous role of the Hearst papers in bringing about the Spanish-American War) forecast an international conflict. The trick, of course, is to use your medium to promote what you predict, using editorial policy, selective news coverage, and slanted reporting to keep destiny running along the lines of prophecy.

A perceptive press corps in New Orleans might have borne witness to the growth of a vital new art form in the city at the turn of the century. However, it is clear from Henry Kmen's *Music in New Orleans* that the city's best newspaper, the *Picayune*, was hipper in the late 1830s than at any time since. At that time the *Picayune* followed the fortunes of a street singer and vendor named Corn Meal and praised his programs at the famed St. Charles Theater, where operatic troupes like Italy's Montessor Company had appeared.

The *Picayune's* interest in local color, however, proved to be an ephemeral fascination. Toward the end of the 19th century the paper was complaining about the license taken by certain marching bands that were vulgarizing Sousa with unseemly syncopations. And a classic editorial from 1918, reprinted here, shows how the paper's distaste for jazz had developed.

In the days when even a little press support would have meant a lot for jazz, the *Picayune* didn't know the difference, except for the obvious one, between Louis Armstrong and Lulu White. Frederic Ramsey, Bill Russell, Rudi Blesh, Orrin Keepnews, Hugues Panassie, and just about everybody scooped the *Picayune* when it came to knowing what was going on—aside from hankypanky—in Storyville in the early 1900s.

Substituting hindsight for insight, the *Picayune* celebrated the opening of the Jazz Museum on Nov. 11, 1961, with an editorial announcing "Jazz Has Made It." The editorial confessed earnestly that "jazz and jazzmen have had their ups and downs" but concluded that "the museum represents a significant addition to the cultural heritage of the city."

Of course, jazz fans knew better. Jazz had made it as an exciting, uniquely American art more than half a century before. When the *Picayune* praised the public display of a handful of jazz relics, it was the *Picayune* that had made it—at least in a tentative, limited, and anachronistic sort of way.

At its worst, the New Orleans press still looks on jazz as speakeasy music. For example, a carefully planned jazz history course at Tulane University in 1966 prompted columnist Maud O'Bryan to comment in the *Picayune States & Item* that the course would be "good for laughs" and that the inclusion of such a course in a university was tantamount to college instruction in drum majoretting. The late Dr. Edmond Souchon took issue with Miss O'Bryan's simile in a gentlemanly letter of protest, which she subsequently pooh-poohed in her column.

The local papers' clumsy, piecemeal attempts at covering the jazz scene have produced some masterpieces of camp. In 1963 someone named Jack Kneece (his

name did not appear in the phone book or city directory for that year) reviewed a concert at Municipal Auditorium by British jazz trumpeter Kenny Ball and his band.

The write-up began: "Imagine a jazz band with dream talents—like Gene Krupa on drums, George Lewis on clarinet, a hopped-up Tommy Dorsey on trombone, the best Negro banjo player in old New Orleans, Al Hirt surpassing himself on trumpet, and a magician for a piano player." The pianist-magician is later described in terms intended, one suspects, as complimentary. "If you can imagine how Van Cliburn could play if he were to completely change his character, taking dextrodine and drinking gin for five days in a row, then you've got an inkling of how good Weatherburn is."

A story on the Dukes of Dixieland in the *Times-Picayune* and *States & Item* early last year combines multiple error with outlandish prose. Although my favorite sentence is the one saying, "From the very beginning the Dukes were meticulous, even arbitrary, about technical and stylistic perfection," there are howlers generously distributed throughout. According to the story, "About 10 years ago the Horace Heidt troupe visited New Orleans for the purpose of discovering new talent; for this challenge the Assuntos got together a seven-piece unit . . . the Junior Dixie Band. . . . Realizing they could not be

Jass and Jassism

New Orleans Picayune, June 20, 1918

Why is the jass music, and, therefore, the jass band? As well ask why is the dime novel or the grease-dripping doughnut? All are manifestations of a low streak in man's tastes that has not yet come out in civilization's wash. Indeed, one might go farther, and say that jass music is the indecent story syncopated and counter-pointed. Like the improper anecdote, also, in its youth, it was listened to blushing behind closed doors and drawn curtains, but, like all vice, it grew bolder until it dared decent surroundings, and there it was tolerated because of its oddity.

We usually think of people as musical or nonmusical, as if there were a simple line separating two great classes. The fact is, however, that there are many mansions in the house of the muses. There is first the great assembly hall of melody—where most of us take our seats at some time in our lives—but a lesser number pass on to inner sanctuaries of harmony, where the melodic sequence, the "tune," as it most frequently is called, has infinitely less interest than the blending of notes into chords so that the combining wave-lengths will give new aesthetic sensations. This inner court of harmony is where nearly all the truly great music is enjoyed.

In the house there is, however, another apartment, properly speaking, down in the basement, a kind of servants' hall of rhythm. It is there we hear the hum of the Indian dance, the throb of the Oriental tambourines and kettledrums, the clatter of the clogs, the click of Slavic heels, the thumpty-thumpty of the negro banjo, and, in fact, the native dances of a world. Although commonly associated with melody, and

less often with harmony also, rhythm is not necessarily music, and he who loves to keep time to the pulse of the orchestral performance by patting his foot upon the theater floor is not necessarily a music lover. The ultra-modernists in composition go so far as to pronounce taboo upon rhythm, and even omit the perpendicular lines on their bars of written music, so that the risk of a monotonous pulsation is done away with.

Prominently, in the basement hall of rhythm, is found rag-time, and of those most devoted to the cult of the displaced accent there has developed a brotherhood of those who, devoid of harmonic and even of melodic instinct, love to fairly wallow in noise. On certain natures sound loud and meaningless has an exciting, almost an intoxicating effect, like crude colors and strong perfumes, the sight of flesh or the sadic pleasure in blood. To such as these the jass music is a delight, and a dance to the unstable bray of the sackbut gives a sensual delight more intense and quite different from the languor of a Viennese waltz or the refined sentiment and respectful emotion of an eighteenth century minuet.

In the matter of jass, New Orleans is particularly interested, since it has been widely suggested that this particular form of musical vice had its birth in this city—that it came, in fact, from doubtful surroundings in our slums. We do not recognize the honor of parenthood, but with such a story in circulation, it behooves us to be last to accept the atrocity in polite society, and where it has crept in we should make it a point of civic honor to suppress it. Its musical value is nil, and its possibilities of harm are great.



Louis Armstrong and Bunk Johnson

'Juniors' forever, the unit underwent another change of name—to the Dukes of Dixieland—and this is what they are known by today.

"The Dukes of Dixieland have a style basically from that of the original Dixieland band, which enjoyed its peak popularity during the early 20th century. Actually the Dukes are a perfect illustration of a kind of feed-back in jazz whereby contemporary musicians perform in the humble tradition of Negro song and dance bands of yesteryear—slow, easygoing, and even lazy—the Dukes have a more virile style that imparts considerably more character to whatever they play."

Even with allowances for a typographical error or two, the story is a briar patch of misinformation and tangled syntax. The Heidt show referred to came to town in January 1949—about 20 years ago. The Dukes got the inspiration for their name from the band they admired and imitated most, Sharkey Bonano's Kings of Dixieland. They are no more indebted to the Original Dixieland Jazz Band than they are to Boyd Senter's Senterpedes. The 51-word nonsense about feed-back, Negro bands of yesterday, and virility is irrefutable because it is unintelligible.

Many significant happenings in the jazz community are ignored in the local press while others are printed as received without critical editing. The *States & Item* story on the death of traditional jazzman Joe Robichaux in 1965, a newsworthy item in itself, was marred by this bit of trivia: "The pianist is remembered for his rendition of *Tiger Rag*. At the break in the middle of the song, he would fill in by sitting on the piano keys, a move that brought howls from the audience." (The *Picayune* had the good taste to delete this point.) When pianist Sweet Emma Barrett recently returned to the music scene after a long illness, the papers faithfully reported someone's nonsense statement that this would be "a great moment in the history of jazz."

There seems to be a strong relationship between the newspaper coverage of the

New Orleans jazz scene and the amount of power and money represented by the organization sponsoring the program. (Author Walker Percy recently wrote that the *Picayune* might as well be the house organ for its advertisers.) The annual Jazzfest is potentially a major tourist attraction for the city. It received the best coverage—in quantity—of any jazz event in years, although one writer for an important eastern newspaper was shocked by the poor quality of the festival copy.

The *Jazz on a Sunday Afternoon* concert series sponsored by the prestigious New Orleans Jazz Club is at best a solid but unimaginative presentation of well-known local Dixieland bands. A separate series of modern jazz concerts last summer, sponsored by a group called the Sunday Afternoon Jazz Society, was contrastingly innovative in its organization and format and adventurous in its policy of importing artists such as Roland Kirk, Sonny Stitt, and Freddie Hubbard.

The New Orleans Jazz Club received extensive publicity for its series, while the modern jazz group had to beg for a few inches of space here and there.

The new jazz society folded by the end of the year.

Reviews of jazz acts in local night clubs were as rare as Freddie Keppard records in the days when jazz was not considered a hot commercial item, and even today such reviews are limited to name groups in swank clubs and lounges owned by people who are close to the Establishment. Dizzy Gillespie and Ramsey Lewis can get a review when they appear at Al Hirt's club, and Mel Torme is written up when he is at the Blue Room of the Roosevelt Hotel. But James Moody went unnoticed by the press during an engagement at Mason's VIP lounge, even as John Coltrane failed to get a review when he appeared at an uptown restaurant and lounge several years ago.

Moreover, feature stories and reviews in an alert press might have saved or at least increased the longevity of outstanding local modern groups like the Ellis

Marsalis quartet at Marsalis' Mansion, Fred Crane's trio at the Black Knight, and Willie Tee and the Souls at the Ivanhoe. Musicians in these combos can testify that it is easier to get national and international recognition of their talents than it is to get the attention of the *Times-Picayune* and the *States & Item*.

The Souls are an excellent avant garde group currently in residence at the Jazz Workshop and Listening Eye Gallery on Decatur St. The Workshop/Gallery is an artistic and educational venture led by the group's alto saxophonist, Earl Turbinton. Nightly jazz concerts and rotating photography shows are augmented by clinics for aspiring young musicians and photographers in the daytime. Newspaper coverage of this unique project was limited to a few lines in James Perry's amusements column and scattered news items that were the approximate size of a Friends of the Library monthly meeting announcement.

When Marshall McLuhan said, "We look at the present through a rearview mirror," he could have been talking about the coverage of jazz in New Orleans' popular newspapers. Today the New Orleans press, with its eye fixed squarely (very squarely) on that mirror, is tardily supporting musicians it rejected or ignored in the days when their music was a challenge to their generation and a prophecy to the world.

Meanwhile, the brilliant younger musicians are reliving the frustrations of their musical forebears—working with commercial groups, getting day jobs, and leaving town to get better exposure.

Orleanians who haven't heard of Ed Blackwell, Bill Huntington, James Rivers, or Nat Perrilliat in the local papers must bide their time. Local musicians have a way of turning up in the national media. And when their talents are adequately fossilized, their instruments museum pieces, and the musical forms they are creating safely a part of jazz history, they probably will show up on the cover of the *Picayune* Sunday supplement.

ES

Pee Wee's Last Days

by Tom Gwaltney

THE TELEPHONE was ringing—I was upstairs taking a late afternoon nap. Why in the hell didn't somebody else answer it? Oh well, "Hello." It was Pee Wee. "Where are you?" "I'm here . . . in town. I'm in Washington."

He was visiting from New York for the weekend. He frequently came down to Washington just on weekends. The guy had made a lot of friends at Blues Alley and it was always good to have him around, whether he was working with us or just visiting socially. Everybody dug Pee Wee and he liked it here. He was seriously considering moving to Washington.

"How are you? How do you feel?"

"Lousy. I feel terrible, but I'm here."

"Listen, I got married. Susie and I got married."

"Why you S.O.B. You didn't tell me!"

We'd previously made him promise to play at the wedding but at the last moment we had failed to call him. I've often wondered what he would have played, and regretted and regretted.

"Let me talk to the bride," Pee Wee said. "I can talk to you later." He was crazy about Susie.

That was a Friday night and he didn't come to Blues Alley. We planned to meet him and Helen Decker there the following evening for dinner, but Susie couldn't go, so it was Helen, Pee Wee, and me.

He really felt poorly. I didn't ask him to play because I knew he didn't feel like it. We'd had some fine sessions in the past, though. Two clarinets (Pee Wee and me) and that good four-man rhythm section of Steve Jordan (guitar), Billy Taylor (bass), John Philips (piano), and Bertell Knox (drums). Some times Wally Garner, a fine clarinet player from D.C. would join us, and everybody blew just as damn good as they could.

Pee Wee didn't play that night. He and Buck Clayton (appearing that week at Blues Alley) chatted awhile, then Pee Wee and I went upstairs to the office. We were alone.

"I'm sick. I'm in bad shape. The booze, my nerves. Everything."

"Why don't you go to the hospital and get straight."

"I can't. I can't get in a hospital in New York."

"Oh, come on."

"No. I can't get in." He was emphatic.

"Want me to try to get you in here?"

"Get me in anywhere. Somewhere. Sooner the better."

"I'll call my man in the morning and call you."

"Okay."

I had to play, so we went back downstairs. It was crowded and I didn't see him anymore that night. They didn't stay long.

IT WAS EARLY Sunday morning and the telephone was ringing again. This time it was Dr. Bill Young. He was, in this order 1) a good friend 2) a good doctor 3) a jazz fan. I had contacted him Saturday night after the conversation with Pee Wee.

"I have a bed for Pee Wee at Alexandria Hospital. Get him over this morning and have him admitted as soon as you can."

I called Pee Wee. "Get ready. They'll take you in Alexandria Hospital now."

"Now?"

"Now. I'll pick you up in 20 minutes."

"Wait. Wait a minute. The cocktail party for you guys. Can't I wait and go to the hospital after the party?" (A few close friends were holding a small afternoon affair for Susie and me, which Pee Wee expected to attend.)

"The man says come now. Remember what you said last night, 'The sooner the better.'" Pause—pause—very softly, "Okay, come on Tommy."

His bag was packed when I got there. He was nervous. Very apprehensive. He'd gone through a pack of those skinny Benson & Hedges cigarets in about half-an-hour. He asked me to telephone Lee Goodman (his late wife Mary's nephew) in Union, N.J. I did and they talked for a few minutes. Pee Wee held his hand over the receiver and said to me, "How much money will I need?"

"Do you have any hospitalization?"

"I think so. Blue Cross, Blue Shield, some damn thing."

"You won't need any money."

"I don't know. How much is this?"

I counted it. \$165. You don't need any money." He told Lee Goodman to send him some money.

"Can I have a drink before we go?"

"You can have two drinks—three drinks—five drinks—but they're cutting you off cold-turkey at the hospital so this will be it."

I poured him a drink of scotch and dropped in a couple of ice cubes.

Pee Wee was really nervous. I mean even for him.

He had two more. His face got pink and the conversation during the 10-mile drive from Washington to Alexandria was animated. "I've got to get well. I've got three dates to do with George Wein." He pulled a sheet of paper out of his pocket and read to me, "N.Y.U. and, what the hell is this?"

/Continued on page 42



LEE TANNER

Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, James R. Bourne, Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Gitler, Alan Heineman, Wayne Jones, Lawrence Kart, John Litweiler, John McDonough, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, and Pete Welding.

Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

When two catalog numbers are listed, the first is mono, and the second is stereo.

Ornette Coleman

ORNETTE AT 12—Impulse 9178: *C.O.D.*; *Rainbows*; New York; *Bells and Chimes*.

Personnel: Coleman, trumpet, alto saxophone, violin; Dewey Redman, tenor saxophone; Charlie Haden, bass; Denardo Coleman, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★½

This is a different and somewhat better album than Coleman's recent Blue Note set, *New York Is Now!* For one thing, Charlie Haden replaces Jimmy Garrison on bass. John Litweiler's review of the *New York* album (*DB*, Jan. 23) accurately described Garrison's rhythmic and melodic shortcomings in this music, and, while Haden's partnership with Coleman is not as close as it once was, the improvement is considerable.

Elvin Jones is replaced by Ornette's 12-year-old son (the album is named for him), and this move creates as many problems as it solves. Jones, like Garrison, didn't fit well with Coleman, but Denardo Coleman is, as Martin Williams said in a concert review (*DB*, May 15), "insensitive in his loudness (and) careless . . . behind the soloists." Strangely, his sloppy playing is not as distracting as Jones' precise but inappropriate work. In sum, there is a better rhythmic base here than on the previous album.

This is a concert recording, which probably explains why Redman's playing is generally less controlled but more exciting than on the studio date. Coleman is more exciting too, and, for him, increased exuberance often brings increased control. His two alto solos here (on *C.O.D.* and *New York*) recall his playing on *The Ark* from the 1962 Town Hall Concert—for me, his finest recorded work as a pure soloist.

But are Coleman's gifts as a soloist the best of what he has to offer? I don't think so, and the remaining tracks tend to confirm this. *Rainbows* has Coleman on trumpet, and it is a fascinating composition. The trumpet line skitters about in the upper register, while Redman plays a stately, mournful song at a slower tempo. The trumpet solo which follows is mostly based on that descending run every trumpet player of the '50s used when he ran out of ideas. It is typical of Coleman that he finds the music buried in this stale device, and that is the virtue of his trumpet playing—whatever his technical shortcomings (and I don't think they're as great as some claim), he is committed to musical rather than technical expression. There are more interesting ideas, and better organized ones, too, in Coleman's trumpet solos than in the work of any number of post-bop technical wizards.

The triumph here is *Bells*, with Coleman on violin. His emotional range on the instrument is more limited than that

of his alto or trumpet playing, but the violin enables him to assume many voices at once in the ensemble. His gifts for structuring an entire performance (which have been pretty much dormant on records since *Free Jazz*) come through with power. The final half of this track is a collective improvisation among Coleman, Haden (arco), and Redman. It is a great performance, which ends with a suddenness that is startling after the freedom and abandon of the improvisation.

Given the success of this performance, the recent return of Don Cherry to the group, and the possibility that Ed Blackwell may once again join the fold, Coleman seems to be ready to take a giant step. This album is an impressive move in the right direction.

—Kart

Mickey Fields

THE ASTONISHING MICKEY FIELDS—Edmar 1075: *Little Green Apples*; *Straight No Chaser*; *Lover Man*; *Left Bank Cook-out*; *Light My Fire*.

Personnel: Fields, tenor saxophone; Richard (Groove) Holmes or Calvin Vaughn, organ; George Freeman, guitar; Billy Jackson or Don Bowie, drums.

Rating: none

This music is the kind you can hear at bars and night clubs in many black neighborhoods. It's emotional and honest, but often lacks freshness and originality.

Given the limitations of the genre, Fields plays very well. (If he performed in a more challenging setting, he might be heard to even better advantage.) His style is a synthesis drawn from several sources, including Coleman Hawkins, the driving Lester Young-influenced tenor men of the '40s (e.g., Wardell Gray, Dexter Gordon and Gene Ammons), r&b tenor players, Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane.

Fields can really bear down on the beat and swing hard. His playing has good continuity and builds forcefully. His tone is rough and his wailing and shouting comes off well in the context. He is an excellent technician—dig his spectacular finish on *Lover Man*—who plays a lot of notes and is seldom at a loss for ideas. The trouble is that the ideas are often a little stale.

Holmes performs on *Chaser*, *Lover Man* and *Left Bank*, which is based on *Indiana*. His playing on *Chaser* and the last is as inspired as I've ever heard it. His chases with Fields are really exciting.

I haven't assigned a star rating to this LP as it would oversimplify the issues raised in evaluating it. Those who generally like the kind of music Fields and his sidemen play here will quite possibly be very pleased with this LP, those who value originality and subtlety highly less so. It's a question of values.

—Pekar

Gary Foster

SUBCONSCIOUSLY—Revelation 5: *Ornithardy*; *All of Me*; *Pensativa*; *What Is This Thing Called Love*; *What Is This Thing Called Love* (overdubbed version); *I'll Close My Eyes*; *Liz Anne*; *In Memoriam*; *J.F.K.* and *R.F.K.*; *Elegy*; *Wistful Samba*; *Peri's Scope*.

Personnel: Foster, alto and tenor saxophones, alto clarinet, flute; Clare Fischer, piano; Dennis Budimir, Dave Koonse, guitar; Frank De La Rosa, Ray Neapolitan, Vic Milo, bass; John Terry, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Though the personnel listing indicates a big session, the players are in fact so well spread that the album turns out to be one of the sparest, barest collections of chamber jazz. In places, it sounds like a horn in search of a rhythm section. There are tracks where Foster is alone with guitar or with piano, or with nothing except his horn.

But this is not a complaint. The results are musically valid. Even rhythmically, there is an implicit vitality that seems to indicate a certain robustness in this barebones approach to jazz fundamentals.

As a showcase for the multi-reed talents of Foster, the album could establish him as a major voice. He is steeped in the romanticism of jazz and dedicated to the vanishing art of the long, flowing line. Building phrases of intelligent swing, exploring the changes with a clean contemporaneity, he is incapable of losing the pulse—even when unaccompanied.

The two versions of *What Is This Thing* bear this out. Alone, his tone has a hard edge; overdubbed, he is obviously listening to himself carefully, and the tone is softer, more sensitive. Interestingly, when the left channel "solos," the right channel launches the equivalent of walking bass lines. At one point, he interpolates Lee Konitz' *Subconscious-Lee*; as the album title hints, this is where he comes from.

Aside from the Konitz influence, there are unmistakable traces of Paul Desmond. Curiously, they show during *Liz Anne*, his only tenor track. To complete the apposition, his low-register alto growls and falls on *I'll Close* betray a Getz influence.

Another pervasive influence—more on the harmonic side—is Clare Fischer. Five of the pianist's compositions are included, and each is built on complex, unpredictable chordal patterns. *Ornithardy* provides Foster with a good jazz waltz for his alto; *Pensativa* highlights his lyrical flute playing. *In Memoriam* and *Elegy*, while well played, are dominated by the writing. The former has the flavor of modern French chamber music—something like Poulenc; the latter has the subtle waltz rhythm of Satie.

Wistful Samba resuscitates the neglected alto clarinet, but the results are not too fruitful.

The album carries out Revelation's

Gibson Strings

the
workingman's
string

Judy Lynn



Larry Coryell

Gabor Szabo



Trini Lopez



courageously refreshing rationale in the highly competitive record market. It is pure jazz, low-keyed excitement, and, above all, an honest exposure of varied talents. I doubt that the label's product is readily available. Try P.O. Box 65583, Los Angeles, CA 90065. —Siders

Elvin Jones

PUTTIN' IT TOGETHER—Blue Note BST 84282; *Reza*; *Sweet Little Maia*; *Kei Ko's Birthday March*; *Village Greene*; *Jay-Ree*; *For Heaven's Sake*; *Gingerbread Boy*.

Personnel: Joe Farrell, tenor and soprano saxophones, alto flute, piccolo; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This was a tough trio and it is too bad it didn't stay together. Jones is its main power tower, sending out messages and impulses with an inherent excitement equalled by few drummers today. Garrison's steel fingers gives his sound an edge to match the intensity of his cohorts; his great heart for playing invests his beat with an extra lift. Farrell is one of the most complete, most versatile reedmen on the contemporary scene. As a creative, pulsating improviser he is right up there in the top rank. On any given day he can wash away most of the more highly publicized players on his instruments.

Farrell's highly-charged tenor is heard here on *Reza* (Prayer—also recently done by Tamba 4 and try playing the two versions back to back), William Greene's *Village*, his own *Jay-Ree* and Jimmy Heath's *Gingerbread Boy*. His soprano is featured on *Maia* where he and composer Garrison state the sly, insinuatingly-grooved theme. *Heaven* finds his alto flute in a moving rendition of this lovely old standard. *March* gives him a chance to work out on piccolo with Jones' rhythmic theme. *Village* is a perfect example of his tenor: inventive, and clearly inspired by his mates. He goes outside at times but does not beat a dead horse, using these passages to set up contrasts that add form to his fire.

Jones is superb, whether as an accompanist underlining Farrell in *Gingerbread*, or as soloist with fantastic integration of hands and feet on *March*, Garrison, in his extended solo on *Maia*, uses his strumming technique in conjunction with a single-line method and the alternation makes things hang together very coherently.

I believe the trio did one more studio recording before it broke up. It is a shame that it never was recorded live. I caught many sets at the Dom and Pookie's, and as good as this album is, the in-person performances, stretched out and burning with a fervor of the possessed, were something else. Meanwhile, get this one. —Gittler

Hubert Laws

LAWS' CAUSE—Atlantic SD 1509; *No More*; *If You Knew*; *A Day with You*; *Please Let Go*; *Shades of Light*; *Trio for Flute, Bassoon, and Piano*; *Windows*.

Collective personnel: Jimmy Owens, trumpet, flugelhorn; Laws, flute, piccolo; Karl Porter, bassoon; Chick Corea, piano; Roland Hanna, harpsichord; Kenny Burrell or Eric Gale, guitar; Sam Brown, sitar; Chuck Rainey, Fender bass; Ron Carter, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Melba Moore, vocal.

Rating: ★★★★★

This intelligently-produced album has

some of the finest recorded jazz flute I've ever heard.

The selections are varied and interesting. Corea's compositions are particularly good. His *Trio* is a delightful, unpretentious piece reminiscent of the work of the French impressionist composers. The pianist also contributed the gentle, pretty *Windows*. *A Day with You* is a lovely bossa nova by John Murtaugh.

Laws wrote the other pieces. *Shades of Light* has an attractive melody but *No More*, *If You Knew* and *Please Let Go* are not especially interesting melodically. However, Laws' arrangements (each composer arranged his own pieces) are good.

Corea, Murtaugh and Laws are to be commended for their use of bassoon on this LP. The instrument lends a fresh color to the album without becoming conspicuous.

Laws improvises lyrically and gracefully, constructs his solos intelligently, and plays well in all registers. His work is clean, his tone warm and his vibrato well controlled. He has studied at Juilliard, and combines some of the best qualities of good jazz and classical flutists. Laws may not be well known to even fairly knowledgeable jazz fans, but he should be. He's not just a promising musician—he's arrived.

Sweet-voiced Melba Moore, who sounds as if she might have had some legitimate training, turns in some nice vocal work on *No More*.

A special pat on the back to producer Joel Dorn for the fine job he did in helping to get this album together. —Pekar

Les McCann

MUCH LES—Atlantic 1516; *Doin' That Thing*; *With These Hands*; *Burnin' Coal*; *Benjamin*; *Love for Sale*; *Roberta*.

Personnel: McCann, piano, vocal (track 2); Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Donald Dean, drums; Victor Pantoja, conga. String section added on tracks 1,2,4,6.

Rating: ★★★

Typical McCann. If you dig him, you dig him. To this reviewer, his contribution is worth two stars, for an eminently predictable offering, albeit well performed.

The third star is for some really fine string arrangements by William Fischer, mixing virility, understated lyricism and subtlety in an unusual and refreshing way. That 10 stringed instruments can get together and be sharp and funky, as they are on Vinnegar's *Thing*, is practically cause for celebration. They add immeasurably, too, to the textures of two of the three McCann originals, *Benjamin* and *Roberta*; the former is a very attractive line.

But there's lots of Les here: chorus after chorus of trilled minor thirds and other endlessly repeated clichés. *Coal* is a good example—a tedious 6:40 of prolonged Latin soul. McCann, early in his career, was a good deal more imaginative. On his last improvised chorus on *Roberta*, he begins with a strikingly melancholy single-note phrase, wistful and restrained, which hints of the pianist he might have been. He then destroys that moment by throwing in a series of too familiar soul phrases.

Vinnegar is fat and sassy throughout, particularly on *Love*, where he gallantly

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tries to keep afloat.

One other very nice thing: McCann's vocal on *Hands*. Poignant, simple, and propelled sympathetically to a strong climax. It sounds, however, like either the vocal or the piano was added later, because the piano's rhythmic direction at times runs directly counter to what McCann is attempting vocally. Still, a moving rendition.

Eddie Sauter demonstrated some years ago how strings could enhance jazz of a swinging, lyrical nature. With the possible exception of a very few of Bird's string settings, no one had emerged with a workable melange of strings and down-with-it jazz. Fischer, apparently, has done it. Makes the record worth hearing if not having.

—Heineman

The Mecki Mark Men

MECKI MARK MEN—Limelight 86054: *Opening; Get Up; Free; I Got It; Love Your Life; I Had a Horse; Scream; Sweet Movin'; Enlightenment; Love Feeling; Please.*

Personnel: Hans Nordstrom, tenor saxophone; Mecki Bodemark, organ, vibraharp, vocals; Thomas Gariz, vibraharp, sitar, drums; Clas Svanberg, guitar; Bjorn Fredholm, drums, conga.

Rating: ★

The Swedish are coming! The Swedish are coming!

But not yet. The music on this recording is consummately dull. Worse, it is clearly wholly inspired by Jimi Hendrix, an inspiration evident in both the character of the songs and in Bodemark's attempts at insinuating, half-sung, half-intoned vocals. Now, Hendrix's music isn't all that complex, but in comparison with Bodemark's, it's positively symphonic.

Virtually every song is built on a simplistic progression expressed in one riff. There aren't even many solos improvising from the riffs (a couple of tenor spots on *Movin'* and *Enlightenment*, neither very impressive, though the former begins with some promise)—just ensemble variations *ad nauseam*.

Lots of chic effects, too: extraneous sound effects, feedback, a wowed-in-and-out vocal on *Horse*, abortive sorties into "free" playing. The most unattractive of all is Bodemark's leeringly chanted intro to *Free*. One can almost see the half-closed eyes, the fixed knees, the flared nostrils, as he asks the musical question, "Do you know about freedom? Do you? Look and see. Get free." The sire may be Hendrix, but the dam is pure *Dick and Jane*.

They probably mean well. The musicianship is competent, and there's even one decent track, *Please*, climaxed by some Bach-goes-to-church organ by Bodemark with a false hymn-like ending leading into unaccompanied chromatic clusters to take the tune out. Nice, but hardly worth the 40-minute wait. There may be a fjord in rock's future, but the Gospel doesn't appear to have crossed the Channel at this point.

—Heineman

Zutty Singleton

ZUTTY AND THE CLARINET KINGS, Vols. 1 and 2—Fat Cat's Jazz Records FCJ 100/101: *Snake Rag; Nobody Knows You, Doctor Jazz; Yellow Dog Blues; When You Wore a Tulip; Marie; Winnin' Boy Blues; Of All the Wrongs You've Done; Royal Garden Blues; You Tell Me Your Dream.* Vol. 2: *Cakewalkin' Babies; Trouble in Mind; Chinatown; 219 Blues; Wolverine Blues No. 1; Corrine, Corrina; Wolverine*

Blues No. 2; Were You There When They Crucified My Lord; Shine.

Personnel: Tommy Gwaltney, clarinet; Sammy Rimington, clarinet, alto saxophone; Walter (Slide) Harris, trombone; Bob Greene, piano; Van Perry, bass; Singleton, drums; Johnson McRee, Jr., vocals.

Rating: ★★ ★

These sessions were produced by Johnson McRee, Jr., a traditional jazz enthusiast and promoter of Manassas, Va.

Veteran drummer Singleton, in his first own LP date, is matched with an assembly of stalwart traditionalists, and though there are weaknesses throughout, there are also counterbalancing stretches of quality playing, generated especially by Singleton, pianist Greene, and Rimington and Gwaltney.

The most exciting tracks are those where the clarinetists match wits. *Royal Garden* has the two trading slashing breaks and romping in the heated ensemble. On *Snake Rag*, both turn in first-rate solos, Rimington following Gwaltney. *Wolverine No. 1* is the best track of the session, with the two reedmen in total rapport in their duets and joyous and singing in their solos.

Trombonist Harris is not a strong soloist but plays good supporting figures in the ensemble. Greene has studied Jelly Roll Morton to good effect; moreover, he plays the blues with great feeling. His work on *219* and *Winnin' Boy* is excellent, but it is the superb atmosphere he creates in his accompaniments that is most remarkable. Listen to him on *Marie* and *Shine*, his muscled figures pushing the whole band.

Singleton is cold on one track (*Royal Garden*), but strong and swinging on all others. With Baby Dodds long gone, he has no peer in the New Orleans press roll department, and the device, which he uses throughout, brings joy to the front line horns. On *Shine*, he lets loose a torrent of rolls, presses, and bombs that produces a stomping swing and is a real measure of his musicianship. *Marie* is almost as good.

There are five McRee vocals, and he plays a kazoo chorus on *Shine*.

The albums are available from Fat Cat's Jazz Records, P.O. Box 458, Manassas, Va. 22110.

—Erskine

University of Illinois Jazz Band

IN CHAMPAIGN-URBANA—Century 33132: *Moten Swing; Fly Me to the Moon; Muddy Water; Music For Jazz Ensemble; Blues in Frankie's (Hoss') Flat; The Thrill Is Gone; Summertime; The Luncheon Touch.*

Collective Personnel: Ken Ferrantino, Jim Darling, Jerry Tessin, Cecil Bridgewater, Ron McWilliams, Jim Knapp, trumpets; Dave Sporny, Larry Dwyer, Frank Harmantas, Morgan Powell, trombones; Rich Rousch, bass trombone, baritone horn; Terry Pettijohn, French horn, guitar, banjo; John Prendergast, tuba; Howie Smith, John Wonsowicz, Ron Dewar, Larry Cangelosi, Bill Feldman, Jay Chevillie, reeds; Ron Elliston, piano; Fred Atwood, bass; Chuck Braugham, drums; Bill Fries, conga drums, percussion; Don Smith, vocal, flute; John Garvey, leader.

Rating: ★★★★★

IN STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN—Century 33173: *Basically Blues; Collage; Medley; The Old Beelzebub Blues; Latino; The Shadow of Your Smile; People Got to Be Free; Sister Sadie.*

Personnel: as above.

Rating: ★★★★★ 1/2

College big bands—the ones that won at all the festivals—used to be tight as hell, and rather restricted in musical outlook. At their best, they could come up with exciting performances and admirable

musicianship, but when taken as jazz orchestras, something crucial was often missing.

This is the band that changed all that. Musically, it is a genuine jazz ensemble, and though technically excellent, it never puts technique and craft above spirit and content. Its repertoire is anything but restricted, and it never gets up tight. (Competing band directors used to mutter about the band's "showmanship," as if there were something dishonest about it. But there has never been a great jazz band without that attribute, and the message is beginning to sink in.)

Furthermore, this band has real soloists and real writers, and thus a non-synthetic personality. I'd stack it up against any of the surviving professional big bands save the top two, and they'd do nicely on a bill with those as well.

Before the hyper-partisans of collegiate jazz begin to ooh and aah, let me point out that in and of itself there should be nothing fantastic about the fact that college students are capable of playing fine jazz. Louis Armstrong and Bix Beiderbecke were full-fledged pros in their teens; Horace Henderson and Benny Carter and Don Redman had college bands; Duke Ellington had his own busy combo at 19. The list could go on and on; the point is worth bearing in mind. It is not raised, however, to slight Illinois.

To the contrary. What John Garvey—and this is his band—has accomplished is of great significance; new standards have been set, and the fog of misguided pedagogy and well-meant but wrongheaded goals is scattering. This band is about music, not score cards.

About the music lots could be said. The original compositions and arrangements by past and present bandmen maintain a consistently high level, and have considerable variety and range. Trombonist Larry Dwyer's *Old Beelzebub Blues*, a delightfully irreverent tribute to classic Ellingtonia, is a small masterpiece. Trumpeter-fluegelhornist Jim Knapp has genuine gifts as a writer, especially in the warmth of textures and colors he obtains. Trumpeter Cecil Bridgewater's charts have straight-ahead drive and real ideas.

The selection of material from outside the band is equally good. Ernie Wilkins, Frank Foster, George Duvivier, Phil Wilson, and the uncredited (because unknown) charter of *Sister Sadie* are good men one and all. Duvivier's *The Lunceford Touch* (written for Herb Pomeroy's Boston band) has even been touched up a bit by Dwyer, to good effect.

About the soloists: Ron Dewar's tenor (and E-flat clarinet on *Beelzebub*) is outstanding. He is a valuable man to the band, because he can fill so many roles. Without abdicating his individuality, he can be a flat-footed swinger, a convincing avant gardist, a raunchy soul man, and a virile lyricist—in other words, he is a complete musician.

Trumpeter Bridgewater also stands out. He knows his horn, and he knows what he wants to say. Altoist Howie Smith is a first-rate section leader as well as a fiery soloist—a rare combination. Knapp's mellow fluegelhorn sometimes reminds of Art Farmer in warmth and clarity of line,

and pianist Ron Elliston, though rarely featured, is a sensitive and individual musician.

Drummer Chuck Braugham's only solo is a tongue-in-cheek job on the Lunceford salute, but his section work is brilliant; he is a big-band drummer any lead-er would be proud to have aboard. Dwyer's solos, while not derivative, have some of the explosiveness (and oddly fey quality) of Bill Harris, and lead trumpeter Jim Darling is a key man worthy of Smith and Braugham.

Last but not least among the band's standouts is singer (and sometime flute soloist) Don Smith. He has a unique ballad style, can belt the blues, and has humor. *People Got to Be Free*, written for him by his namesake, Howie, is a rouser,

and he is a genuine asset to the band.

Behind it all, and out in front to keep the tempos where they should be (another important element of the band's success) is John Garvey, a remarkable man and a splendid musician. He never seems to forget that music is something that should give pleasure, and his sense of humor never allows the band to become pompous.

If you like big band jazz, get these albums. The first LP has a slight edge in terms of variety of programming and warmth of performance and recorded sound, but the second has *Beelzebub* and a lot besides. The records can be ordered from John Garvey, School of Music, University of Illinois, Urbana, IL 60801. More power to him.

—Morgenstern

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OLD WINE— NEW BOTTLES

New Orleans Joys

Johnny Dodds (RCA LPV-558)

Rating: ★★★★★

Jimmie Noone-Earl Hines, *At the Apex Club* (Decca DL 9235)

Rating: ★★★★★

Jelly Roll Morton, *I Thought I Heard Buddy Bolden Say* (RCA LPV-559)

Rating: ★★★★★

Various Artists; *Chicago South Side, Vol. 2* (Historical HLP-30)

Rating: ★★½

Due to the special role it was assigned in the New Orleans jazz ensemble, and due also to the particular nature of the instrument itself, the clarinet became the first jazz horn on which a sophisticated solo style was developed. (The piano, which can play by itself, is a different story.)

The trumpet had the power and lead, and the trumpeters had the glamor. But the clarinet was sinuous, and the clarinetists the first to hear around harmonic corners.

The masters of New Orleans clarinet were Johnny Dodds and Jimmy Noone; there were other greats, but these two were royalty.

Though only three years Noone's senior, Dodds (born in 1892) was far more "traditional" in approach and outlook. Yet

he might well be the more appealing of the two to younger ears today.

Dodds was a jazzman to the core. His tone was anything but legitimate, and he used its dark powers to communicate, rather than aspects of technique. Whatever he played was steeped in the blues.

Noone was a fine blues player, but his chosen repertoire included few blues. His tone was as pure as the best-trained classicists, and very personal. He used it well, but the essence of his style sat in the fingers.

Of the 16 selections on the Dodds LP, all but three of which were made under his leadership, not one doesn't relate to the basic stomps and blues of early New Orleans. Even *Sweet Lorraine* is not the pop standard, but a jazz original by trumpeter Natty Dominique. The instrumentation is classic (and on the three tracks by the Dixieland Jug Blowers, classic country).

Sweet Lorraine on the Noone album, on the other hand, is the song we all know; Noone introduced it to jazz. More than half the tunes here are pops; the remainder are in that style, except for Noone's own *Apex Blues*, which is the real thing, but far less basic in treatment than any of Dodds' blues trips. And the instrumentation of Noone's *Apex Club* band was unique.

To the end of their careers, the outlooks of the two clarinetists remained as reflected here. Dodds' untimely death in 1940 robbed him of a certain key role in the traditional jazz revival, of which his

last records were one of the first manifestations; Noone was enlisted in it towards the end of his too-brief life, but characteristically, his final record date was in the company of mainly much younger men, for an album released in 1944 as "New American Jazz".

The Dodds album collates some of his finest—and best recorded—playing, perhaps his finest extant. Though the famous New Orleans Wanderers sessions (until recently available on Epic's Dodds-Kid Ory album) are often cited by specialists as the best of Dodds, I prefer his more free-wheeling playing on his own Washboard Band dates.

This is strong, joyful music; totally without pretense. The six men, all from New Orleans (contrary to the liner information, Charlie Alexander is the pianist throughout, I believe) were perfectly matched. Trumpeter Natty Dominique and trombonist Honore Dutrey had sober styles and their assigned ensemble roles were second nature. The rhythm section, driven by Bill Johnson's masterful bass (the father of jazz bass, he was born in 1872) and Baby Dodds' drums (again, the sleeve notes err; he plays washboard on the first four tracks only) is a marvelous example of New Orleans 4/4 swing—quite a different thing from Dixieland rhythm.

Bull Fiddle Blues, *Weary City*, and *Heah' Me Talkin'* (not to be confused with the Armstrong title) are masterpieces, but there is gorgeous Dodds on nearly every track. This is New Orleans music as played by some of its most faithful sons in Chicago in 1928 and '29; not text-book

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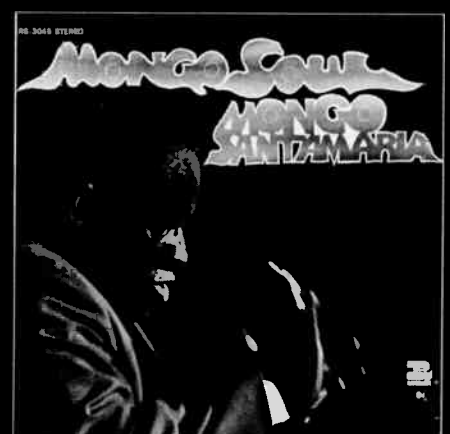
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music, but free stuff. It was made for people to dance too, but the way these musicians wanted to make it. It stands up as music, without need for explanations or excuses, and has none of that "funny" sound, even to lay ears, that period music always has. This is music, period.

Noone's Apex Club band was a working band, at home in a small after-hours place where other musicians often came to listen and sit in, but mostly to listen. Benny Goodman was one of them.

Noone's front-line partner was alto saxophonist Joe Poston, who sometimes doubled clarinet. Earl Hines was at the piano, and banjoist-guitarist Bud Scott, drummer Johnny Wells, and sometimes, brass and string bassist Lawson Buford rounded out the group.

Noone was to continue with this instrumentation well into the '30s (later, he added trumpet and sometimes trombone; still later, he had a big swing band), but never with results as fine as here. Poston's clear, singing melodic lead and good intonation made him the best possible foil for Noone's spirited counterlines, embellishments and other flights of fancy, and Hines—well, he was Hines.

Even though, on the sweet tunes, the legato expositions by Noone and Poston sometimes get a bit cloying, the band has so much charm that it doesn't really matter. (Later, Noone sometimes did become corny; Dodds couldn't, even when he tried.)

On pieces like *I Know That You Know* (a virtuoso display by Noone), *Every Evening*, and especially, *Apex Blues*, the music is close to perfect, and quite unlike anything else in the annals of jazz. Though the spirit and beat often reflect New Orleans, the tenor is Chicago in the '20s; the light, swinging quality of the sound and Hines' truly futuristic solo and ensemble work, however, are a forward glance into the small combo world of the swing era.

Alternate takes of *Evening* and *Sweet Lorraine* are provided, and the sound is above Decca's average for reissues. If your picture of 1928 jazz is the standard cliché, this music might surprise you. And if you play or dig clarinet, Noone will.

Both Noone and Dodds worked with Jelly Roll Morton, who was perhaps the first man to impose a composer's sense of form and structure on young orchestral jazz—as distinct from piano ragtime, which had these features built in.

This album is the fourth Morton in Victor's Vintage series, and the fifth now available on the label. Because, from the start, a scattershot approach was used, this, like the other Vintage sets, is a mixed bag.

It contains a gem of a session in full: a Dec. 1929 trio date with Barney Bigard, clarinet, and Zutty Singleton, drums. Of the four delightful pieces, *That's Like It Ought To Be* is perhaps the most perfect, with the kind of unity in all aspects of performance that Jelly strove for. The drumming is impeccable, and Bigard shows throughout that he is a New Orleans man. There are also beautiful piano solos.

The other complete session was Jelly's last for Victor, in August, 1939—his final

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big attempt at a comeback. Undoubtedly, he had a lot of advice from the well-meaning people who made the session possible; left to his own devices, I suspect he'd have wanted to be more "modern."

As it was, he picked musicians who were anything but hidebound traditionalists: trumpeter Sidney DeParis, trombonists Claude Jones or Fred Robinson (there were two dates); clarinetist Albert Nicholas, another very fine New Orleans player; tenorist Happy Cauldwell; guitarist Lawrence Lucie; bassist Wellman Braud; drummer Singleton, and, on the first session, Sidney Bechet. What these men had in common was that, with roots in the '20s, they had been able to make the transition to swing handily.

Alas, the fine balance between ensemble and solo work and the masterly handling of structure that mark Jelly's great band records are missing here. Occasionally, as in *Oh, Didn't He Ramble*, the old magic is almost recaptured. But mostly, these are records to which one listens for individual contributions, such as Jelly's moving vocals, Bechet's magnificent work on both takes of *Winin' Boy Blues* (the original lyrics, as sung by Jelly on an unissued [except in Australia, with beeps] Library of Congress performance, make today's "liberated" sex stuff sound like kindergarten pap), and Jelly's piano solos. But that's enough to make them very nice records indeed, and Nicholas' handling of the traditional *High Society* clarinet solo is good enough to follow Bechet.

There are also two selections by eccentric dancer and clarinet contortionist Wilton Crawley, whose imitation of a chicken is well done and should earn him (and Boyd Senter, Fess Williams, and other comedy clarinetists-saxophonists) the sobriquet of father of the avant garde school of ornithological imitations. Jelly plays for him as he would for a prince—that's why he was Mr. Jelly Lord.

As a bonus, there's an aircheck of a Jelly solo version of *King Porter Stomp* from a 1940 NBC appearance, short but magisterial.

Noone, Dodds, Hines and the influence of Jelly on Chicago musicians can all be heard on Historical's album. As in most of these collations, there is an abundance of rarities but an unevenness in musical quality.

Dodds is heard with lesser (and less well recorded) versions of the Washboard Band format, though *Grandma's Ball* and *Ballin' the Jack* are almost up to the Victors in level.

Three tracks by later versions of Noone's Apex band (two from 1929; one from 1931) show increasing commercialism, but Poston's still on hand for the earlier ones, and Hines sits in on the last, which somewhat makes up for comical vocals by Helen Savage and Art Jarrett. Collector's stuff.

Yet another first-class New Orleans clarinet man, Omer Simeon, is represented by a date of his own, using members of the first Hines big band, including, I'm almost certain, Hines himself as "William Bar-

bee". (There was a real Barbee, who played piano, but if he could play that much Hines in 1929, whatever happened to him?)

Easy Rider and *Story Book Ball* are fine pieces, with solos from clarinet (Simeon was Jelly's favorite), piano, and Shirley Clay's tasty trumpet. Tenorist Cecil Irwin probably made the good arrangements.

Two tracks by Tiny Parham's band (*Bombay* and *Golden Lily*) offer interesting examples of dance band jazz from the late '20s, with a trumpet good enough to be Punch Miller. Quinn Wilson, still active in Chicago, is on brass bass, and a fair alto solos. This is period music.

Collectors will grab this album for *Boar Hog Blues* by trumpeter Willie Hightower's Nighthawks, a side of one of the rarest of old jazz records. Unlike many rarities, this has musical value, showing Hightower, who was highly rated in Chicago but vanished with the Depression, to have been a very musicianly player with a calm, King Oliver-influenced style.

Finally, there are two dispensable pieces by the State Street Ramblers. I hear two trumpets, though only one is listed, but it's not really important; this is "hokum," made purely for entertainment, and musically weak. For good hokum, try the Dixieland Jug Blowers tracks on the Vintage Dodds.

That set, and the Noone Decca, are records no serious student of jazz should fail to hear. In their different ways, they show what New Orleans music is all about.

—Morgenstern

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BARNEY BIGARD

BLINDFOLD TEST

Leon Albany Bigard is associated with New Orleans by birth (1906), by background (after studying with Lorenzo Tio, he played with Octave Gaspard, Albert Nicholas, and King Oliver), and by even later ties: starting in 1946 he spent approximately 10 years touring with the most famous New Orleans jazzman of them all.

Although younger fans may know him best from his long tenure with Louis Armstrong, the job that earned Barney world-wide-renomn was his 14½ year incumbency in the Duke Ellington orchestra. Starting in January 1928, the soaring, limpidly beautiful sounds of Bigard's clarinet were among the many personal characteristics that gave that orchestra its unique sound.

Barney was the first jazz musician to ever have a miniature jazz work built around him. Ellington's *Clarinet Lament*, also known as *Barney's Concerto*, was recorded in 1936. It set a pattern since imitated by composers and soloists in every jazz idiom.

During the 1960s, this giant has been working all too rarely, though his sound and style have lost none of their personal flavor. Living quietly with his wife in Los Angeles, still earning royalties as co-composer of *Mood Indigo*, he emerges from retirement for an occasional concert or jam session. For this, his first *Blindfold Test*, I concentrated on clarinetists, most of them either from New Orleans or playing in the New Orleans manner.

—Leonard Feather



1. DUKE ELLINGTON. *Virgin Jungle* (from *Concert in the Virgin Isles*, Reprise). Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet; Ellington, Billy Strayhorn, composers.

I don't know who the clarinetist is, but I know what they were playing and he did a marvelous job. He sounded sometimes a little like Artie Shaw to me, on certain things. I thought that was a really good record, and I'd give it five stars, because what they played is original—not a copy of anything. The clarinetist didn't copy anybody. I just thought the whole group was very good.

I must admit that sometimes the rhythm got a little mixed up; it slowed a bit. That's about the only fault I could find, but then they got back in the groove again. Wonderful!

2. JIMMIE NOONE. *I Know That You Know* (from *Jimmie Noone & Earl Hines at the Apex Club*, Decca). Noone, clarinet; Hines, piano; Joe Poston, alto saxophone.

I couldn't miss knowing who that was, because he was one of my favorites—the great, great Jimmie Noone. I thought the man was fantastic with his execution, his tone, and for that era that was one of the finest little groups they had in Chicago.

That has to be rated highly as far as I'm concerned, because today it's still good. I can enjoy Jimmie any time.

The others are fine too. I don't know whether it was Earl Hines on piano at that time or not, but I didn't care for the alto sax player too much. I think it was Joe Poston, but he wasn't in the category with Noone and those other guys.

Noone was a great influence for me—I stole a lot from him! I used to go and listen to him at the Apex Club in Chicago every night, and I'd get a lot of ideas from him. He was a great friend of mine, too. He helped me quite a bit.

I'd give it four stars.

3. ARTIE SHAW. *Confessin'* (from *One Night Stand*, RCA Camden). Shaw, clarinet; Benny

Carter, alto saxophone; J.C. Higginbotham, trombone. Recorded 1941.

That's my favorite clarinetist. The one and only boy I love, Artie Shaw, and the greatest alto player as far as I'm concerned, Benny Carter. I'm not quite sure about the trombone player. I think it's Jack Jenney.

The whole business was beautiful. If I were able to give it 15 stars I would, but I'll take the limit and give it five. I thought the use of strings was really in good taste.

I wouldn't know how old that is, because Artie Shaw retired so long ago. But it's a great record. It's really a shame he gave up playing.

4. PETE FOUNTAIN. *Do You Know What It Means To Miss New Orleans?* (from *The Best of Pete Fountain*, Coral). Fountain, clarinet; Stan Wrightsman, piano; Morty Corb, bass; Jack Sperling, drums. Recorded in Hollywood, Calif.

Well, I know who that is. It's Pete Fountain. The record wasn't exciting to me like it should have been. Pete plays more than that. I think he was cooling it, but it was a very clean record; that much I can say for it.

It sounds like it was recorded in New Orleans. I'd only give it two stars.

5. WOODY HERMAN. *Impression of Strayhorn* (from *Light My Fire*, Cadet). Herman, alto saxophone; Richard Evans, composer, arranger.

I liked the record very much, but I've got to pick it apart. First thing, I thought that introduction was too long. The soloist was great, though, and so was the arrangement.

I couldn't make out the alto player. I don't know who plays like that, but it was very good. I'd give it four stars.

6. HERB HALL. *Sweet Georgia Brown* (from *Old Tyme Modern*, Sackville). Hall, clarinet. (Note: Herb Hall is the brother of the late Edmond Hall.)

If I'm not mistaken, I think that's Ed

Hall, who was a very dear friend of mine. I like the ideas they had in there, but I don't think Hall played at his best on that number; he made a lot of clinkers.

All in all I thought it was a fair record. Nice listening. I'd give it three stars. Was this made just before he died?

7. DUKE ELLINGTON. *More* (from *Ellington '65*, Reprise). Russell Procope, clarinet.

Here's another one of my favorites. That's Ellington's band, and the clarinetist is one of the finest musicians there is today, who hasn't got his due credit. That's Procope. I sure wish he'd get a good break and come on out because he's a wonderful player, good musician and nice fellow. I liked the tune, too.

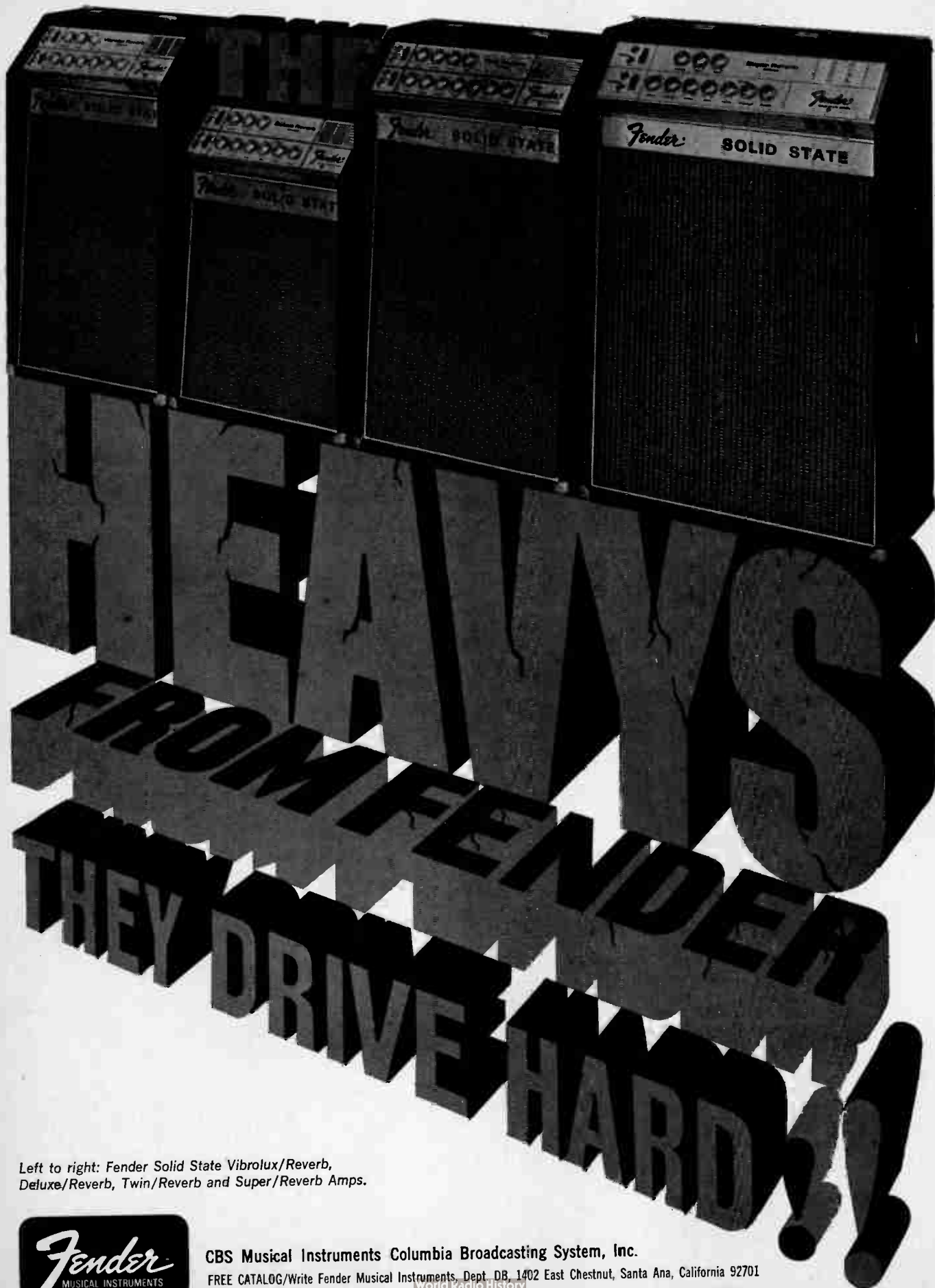
Even when Procope was with the John Kirby band, he and Buster Bailey teamed up and worked perfectly together. That was quite a band. Now that he's with the great Duke, they should really feature him much more than they do.

I like the sound of the Albert clarinet; it's a broader tone than the Boehm system. You know, they've stopped manufacturing them. They're only made by order, but I've got my two, so I'm straight. Anyway, I'll give that five stars.

8. JOE MARSALA. *Hot String Beans* (from *Swing Street*, Epic). Marsala, clarinet, composer; Marty Marsala, trumpet; Ray Biondi, violin; Joe Bushkin, piano; Eddie Condon, guitar; Artie Shapiro, bass; Danny Alvin, drums.

That sounds a bit like a modernized version of the *Tin Roof Blues*. I'm not quite sure about the clarinetist, but he sounds like Pee Wee Russell. I think that's a really fine record.

I like the tune and the whole arrangement. I'd give it a five star rating, because I liked the introduction and the ending—that was real great. A wonderful bass player and fine rhythm section. That's the best I've heard Pee Wee in years. Incidentally, I thought the use of the violin in this setting was very interesting. **ES**



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CAUGHT IN THE ACT



JOE ALPER

Buck Clayton: A Blessed Explorer

Buck Clayton

Blues Alley, Washington, D.C.

Personnel: Clayton, trumpet; Walter (Slide) Harris, trombone; Tom Gwaltney, clarinet; Buddy Blacklock, piano; Steve Jordan, guitar; Billy Taylor, bass; Bertell Knox, drums.

The power to suffuse improvised music with a newly minted freshness is rare in a musician. Most never have it; some had it, but it escaped them; a few have it and never lose it—a few of the few being Vic Dickenson, Roy Eldridge, Pee Wee Russell (God rest him), Bobby Hackett, Buck Clayton . . . Buck Clayton of the tart tone, who's been at the top of his game for more than 30 years, Buck Clayton of the lyric grace, who can reach down your throat and twist your heart with one seemingly casual phrase, Buck Clayton of Kansas City nights, dismissed out of hand by critics who build their reputations on the sands of something they call modernity.

Clayton has bad days (I remember one night at Monterey I wish I didn't), but when he's together (more often than not), he's Alexander the Great, Christopher Columbus, Jesus Christ—a blessed, all-conquering explorer, creating music that's a joy and revelation to behold.

That's the shape he was in at Gwaltney's Blues Alley—this despite the vapid mumblings of the other hornmen (the rhythm section, however, was one of the best of its kind I've heard in a long time, thanks in large measure to Knox and the nonpareil Jordan).

Gwaltney called a lot of Dixieland war-horses (*Jada, Jazz Me Blues, Royal Garden, Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans, Wolverine Blues, Basin Street*), a repertoire not really Clayton's cup of tea. Nonetheless, he was always on top of things, offering utterly delightful, unclipped improvisations, no matter what the vehicle. His solos were so delicately constructed, the notes placed with such care and artistry, that they hung lightly in the air, fragile mobiles slowly turning to catch the sunbeams. And when he got a chance to play a standard! He

took the bridge of *Sunday* and in eight bars created the world (he was always a good bridge man).

It's fascinating (perhaps enlightening) to hear Clayton make these things of such luminous beauty. Since he can look like one of the vilest cats around, there is a delicious paradox created between what one sees and what one hears: his brow knit in a deep frown, blue eyes glinting from hooded slits, he plants his feet solidly, squares his shoulders, sets his lip with a Bogart sneer, jerks his horn up with a stiff-arm flourish like a boxer getting ready to throw a left jab, places the mouthpiece on target . . . and magically lets warm tender perfect cherries-and-cream music flow effortlessly out of that head out of that horn to spread like perfume over the audience.

Music as wonderful—in the true sense of that overworked word—as Clayton's is overwhelming. It stands as truth revealed. Amen.

—Don DeMicheal

Chicago Jazz Sextet

Carnegie Recital Hall, New York City

Personnel: Max Kaminsky, trumpet; Marshall Brown, valve trombone, euphonium; Johnny Mince, clarinet; Nat Pierce, piano; Jack Lesberg, bass; Ray Mosca, drums.

A sad and happy occasion; the gig was originally supposed to be Pee Wee Russell's, but Pee Wee didn't live to make it. Mince was a well-chosen last-moment sub and blew fine clarinet, but it was hard to sit there and try to realize the incredible: that Pee Wee was really gone forever.

Various scenes he and I had lived through, melancholy or hilarious or musically profoundly moving, over the last 40-odd years kept drifting before my inward eye, and Maxie's horn was the perfect backdrop (quite a few of those scenes he was in also). But in the tough yet sentimental tradition of this kind of jazz, no one allowed Pee Wee's death to cast a pall over the music, which was happy. The six musicians present blew from the heart, with seldom a letup in inspiration or letdown in feeling.

This was a concert in the continuing series presented by Carnegie Hall Corp. and the Institute of Jazz Studies at Rutgers University, *Jazz—The Personal Dimension*. Four of the alleged "Chicago" sextet (Kaminsky, Brown, Pierce, Lesberg) are from Massachusetts, and Mosca was born and raised in the Bronx; only the "replacement", Johnny Mince ne Muenzenberger, is actually from Chicago. But Maxie spent two crucial years there, aged 19-21, tempering his personal style in the fire of a group movement that produced some highly distinctive music, immediately and justly labeled Chicago Style. Many critics have heatedly denied its existence, but I'd know it anywhere.

I can't say the old style was anywhere in evidence that Friday, the night of the spring equinox, when it would have been about 42 years old if it had survived. First, hardly any of the tunes selected brought back any real Chicago Style memories: *Squeeze Me, Royal Garden Blues, Original Dixieland One-Step, Sister Kate, After You've Gone, Basin Street, Lullaby of the Leaves, Sweet Georgia Brown, St. James*



JACK BRADLEY

Max Kaminsky: Tough Yet Sentimental

Al's still moving.

Several years ago, Al Hirt produced a sound and style born of personality, technique and enthusiasm. His audience consisted of buffs from "all walks of music" — jazz, pop, classical, rock. Today, the world of flower people, love children and swingers finds Al still coming on strong. His new arrangements don't really belong with the ear-splitting, high-voltage atmosphere of the "new wave", but they've attracted that "musical mix" of appreciators again.

Al Hirt is spiriting a new style to great popularity heights — as before, he's the spirit of the style. Naturally, this spirit and style requires an extraordinary trumpet; an extension of Al Hirt's new personality and enthusiasm (that famous technique is still there).

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Infirmity, Some Of These Days, Tin Roof Blues, The Man I Love, When the Saints Go Marching In—and one comparative newcomer, *Pee Wee's Blues*. With that exception, nearly all "traditional" or pop standards that long ago became part of the Jazz Bible.

That, however, is no matter; the few Chicago Style recordings that survive (especially and most purely typical, the McKenzie & Condon *Sugar, China Boy, Nobody's Sweetheart, Liza*, and others made with Frank Teschemacher, all from around 1927) could have been structured on any pop standards or blues; it was no accident, I think, that those sessions didn't use any New Orleans marching tunes. They were already into a totally different bag. But

along with this "Chicago" sextet's choice of materials went the 100% New Orleans Dixieland ensemble style, consciously and deliberately adopted to fit those materials like their own skin; never have I heard it more pure and traditional and forcefully alive.

That was in the ensembles; as soloists, all players individually had a more modern sound. Kaminsky very frequently sounded like the Louis Armstrong of the '20s and '30s; lest we forget, that was the man whose *solo* virtuosity made New Orleans style "obsolete" and ushered in the modern era singlehandedly.

Mince was pure Goodmanesque swing style, Brown played brilliant modern dissonances with faultless swing and effortless

inventiveness, Pierce was his eclectic self, ranging from gutty Fats Wallerish stride (as on Fats' own *Squeeze Me*) to Basie and Tatum and Peterson but with a freshness that never failed. Mosca had himself a fine time switching from a consciously traditional two-beat Dixieland comping for the ensembles to a flexible and swinging contemporary beat, particularly in his solos and "fours"; and Lesberg . . . well, what is there to say about a guy who does so many things to such perfection? Every note Jack plays is a joy to the ear, and I was happy with his recent decision to use an amplifier—not much, just enough so you didn't have to strain to hear him, even in the tightest ensembles.

All you can say is thanks. And may I add that it is one of the minor crimes of our essentially criminal culture that a group like this can't stay together a while longer, making this kind of beautiful music in more places.

—Ralph Berton

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Oliver Lake/Julius Hemphill

AACM, Parkway House, Chicago

Personnel: Oliver Lake Art Quartet: Floyd LeFlore, trumpet, fluegelhorn, miscellaneous instruments; Lake, alto saxophone, miscellaneous instruments; Carl Richardson, bass; Jerome Harris, drums. Julius Hemphill Trio: Hemphill, alto saxophone; Richardson, bass; Harris drums.

"Music Power!" and "Jazz Is Alive!" proclaim the AACM signs and bumper stickers, as the revitalized Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, from its handsome new home, offers Wednesday through Sunday programs of New Music, spiced with dance recitals, folk and pop-soul revues, full-blown music theater productions, a monthly magazine, and a weekly radio program. Its mid-winter three day festival was a good sample of just where it's at these days: a dozen different groups including nearly all AACM members performed, and both the quality of the music and the atmosphere of the programs recalled the finest evenings of your favorite jazz festival, or JATP, or any other extravaganza.

The big news of the weekend, or at least the two evenings I heard, was the music of eight performers from the St. Louis Black Artists Group (BAG). St. Louis jazz seems to have acquired its own personal character—it is close to the mainstream of contemporary music, with no sudden revelations and shocking qualities, yet with a special respect for interpretive values and a thoughtful, half-humorous self-awareness all its own.

Personal approaches originate in wide-ranging eclecticism. Yet the two altoists have formed distinct, individual approaches out of an understanding of the same New York masters; the very fine Harris inevitably recalls such St. Louis drum masters as Leonard Smith and Philip Wilson (both, sad to say, currently working in rock and r&b) and even more interestingly, young LeFlore uses the same staccato outbursts, bent notes, growls, squawks, and flaring paradoxes as the former St. Louisian Lester Bowie. It is possible that the ghosts of territory bands, rural bluesmen, Mississippi riverboats, Missouri ragtime, and occasional Archie Shepp records are inspiring a renaissance among

the current generation of St. Louis musicians?

The Lake quartet comes on with great swagger and energy. At first acquaintance it may seem to be approaching the Roscoe Mitchell bands' ideas, circa *Sound*, but Lake himself is far too straight-ahead a thinker for Mitchell's kind of fine investigations of detail and color. A few up-tempo seem to be the group's home base, though tempo and mood changes are frequent, and there are occasional excursions into a world of "toys" (harmonicas, gourds, bells, scratchers, scrapers, etc.) to accompany certain horn solos, make rare colorist statements, or, in one remarkable sequence, to present first-rate low humor (Lake performed a simple harmonica solo while the others groaned loudly and rang bells).

Clearly Lake and Harris are remarkably sensitive musicians—and Richardson is a reasonable, hard-swinging bassist, while LeFlore, the group's character actor, makes a first-rate soloist and commentator. Hearing them is an adventure, for the players' special talents and the range and spontaneity of Lake's forms suggest a rare emotional range and sense of the possibilities of the whole of recent jazz history (c.f. Mitchell, Mingus, and certain Ayler works). Considering the group's complete responsiveness to the leader's musical demands, perhaps Lake himself needs that extra quality of emotional sureness of flexibility to complete his journey.

But there are not many other groups in the New Music who have as much to say as the Lake Quartet, let alone the immediately obvious ability to do so. The performances were stunning, a revelation of agility, melodic power, and a definite sense of careful, understanding exploration. Let their final work of the weekend, the song *Coleman*, stand for their individual talents, despite the performance's relative conservatism: Lake's alternately soaring and gritty alto, LeFlore's oblique yet tough trumpet, Richardson's deep, funky bass, Harris's pertinent and subtle drumming—and a Hemphill line that revealed much more about the composer than about dedicatee Ornette Coleman.

Unlike Lake and LeFlore, Hemphill is not interested in new and strange areas of jazz—rather, he thoughtfully and lyrically illuminates all the worlds of the most contemporary Black Music. He definitely uses ideas and approaches that originated with Coleman, Coltrane, Shepp, and especially Eric Dolphy—and he has a beautiful sense of the subtle rhythmic consistencies that link these disparate manners. There are occasional—perhaps unavoidable—spots in his music where he avoids making strong statements in favor of providing sophisticated but basically easy runs, scales, and melodic fragments.

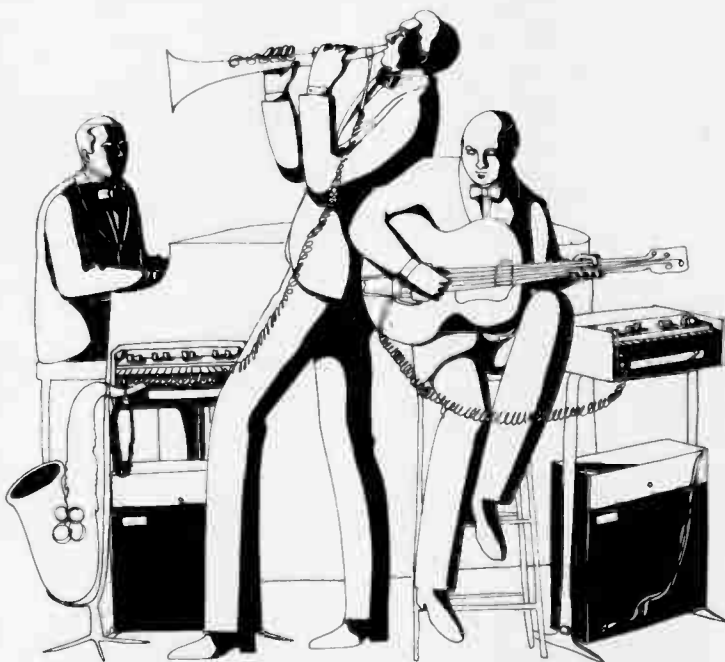
The two evenings I heard totalled nearly two hours of continuous Hemphill alto soloing, an achievement all the more remarkable because of its quality and variety. It was utterly straightforward melodic music, yet Hemphill's approach is essentially elaborate and decorative—so that a number of sonoric approaches are fleetingly used to vary (in every cast, most ap-

propriately) his pure alto sound. It is as if he were straightening out the jagged edges of Dolphy's music, then blending other material into the basic style.

His Friday performance was a rousing nonstop flight through several up tempos, impressive for its fluency, melodic resourcefulness, and care for sound—the more impressive for having been accompanied only by Harris. The Sunday performance (Richardson added) was of the same quality—certainly Hemphill is discovering a rich individual style. Accompanying such a free-wheeling soloist is very difficult, yet drummer Harris was impeccable, constantly reinforcing Hemphill's flow of melody with probing insight and rare facility.

The other BAG performer during the AACM Festival was the young contemporary populist poet Bruce Rutlin, whose exhortative expressionist reading was aided by little musical sketches (performed, variously, by Richardson, Harris, trumpeter Wilbur Rutlin and trombonist Carl Shaw Jr.). It is hardly the custom for poetry-jazz presentations to be carefully handled, so Rutlin's readings were especially interesting. I don't propose to function here as a poetry critic, except to note that the audience responded throughout with expressions of delight and agreement, concluding with enthusiastic ovations, and something like this direct poet-audience relationship is what poetry was originally intended for, ain't it? —John Litweiler

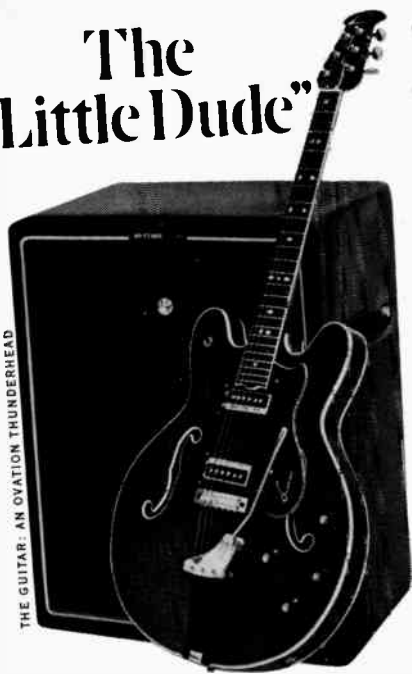
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BEAU KOO JACK

By Louis Armstrong

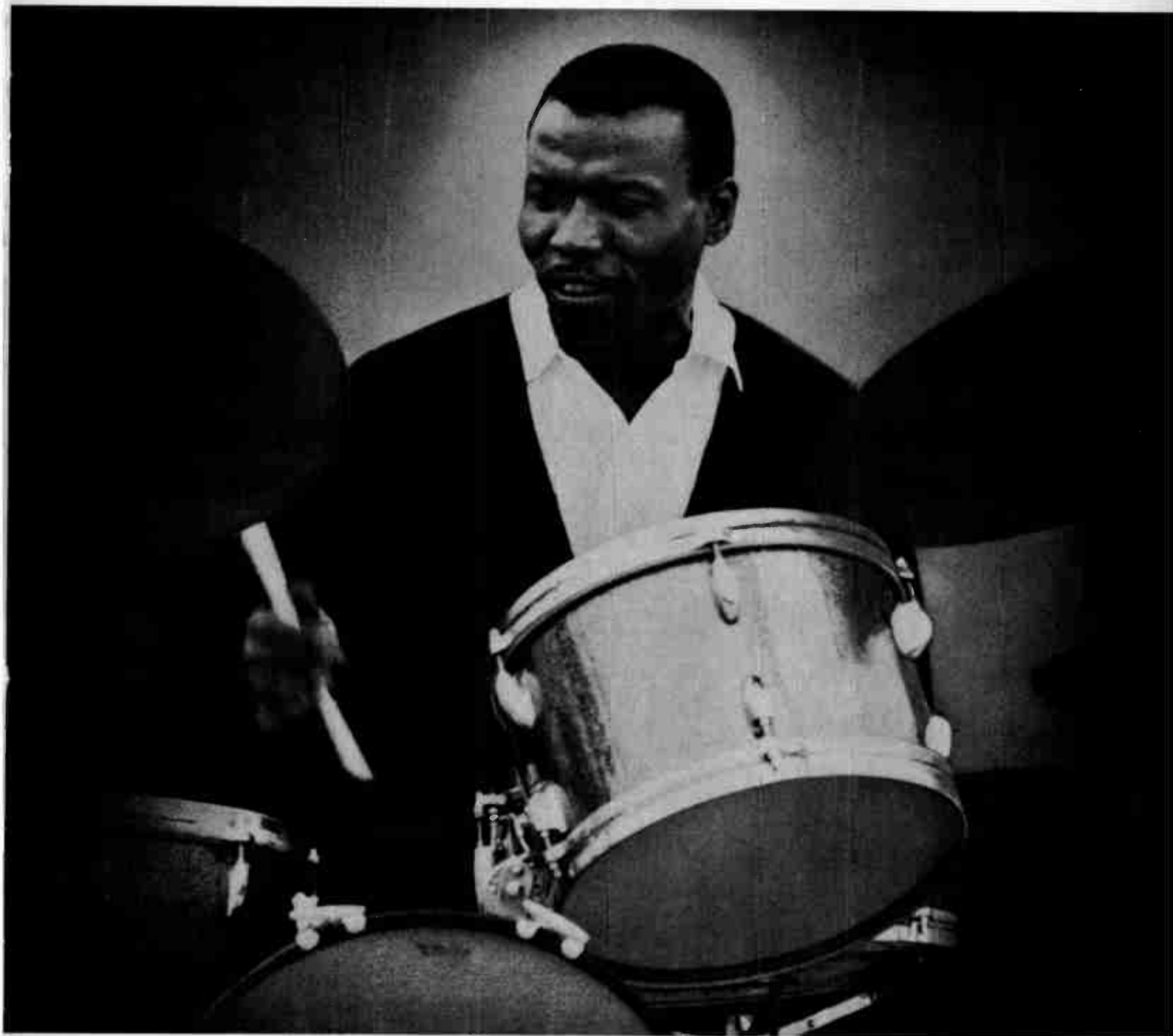
THIS CLASSIC Louis Armstrong solo was recorded December 5, 1928 at a session by Louis' Savoy Ballroom Five (Fred Robinson, trombone; Jimmy Strong, tenor saxophone; Earl Hines, piano; Mancy Cara, banjo, guitar; Zutty Singleton, drums), augmented by Don Redman's alto saxophone.

The piece was a collaboration between Louis and Alex Hill, arranged by Hill, one of the most gifted arrangers of the time. In his *Early Jazz: Its Roots and Development* (Oxford University Press, 1968), Gunther Schuller points out that the excellent arrangement inspires "one of Louis' most perfect solos, economically structured and superbly executed despite the bright tempo."

Unfortunately, *Beau Koo Jack* (New Orleans slang for "lots of money") is not currently available on LP in the U.S. Originally issued on OKeh 8680 and later on Vocalion and Columbia 78s, it was reissued on the French 2-LP set *Armstrong Forever* (Odeon OSX 143-44).

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ABOUT "FACE": ZUTTY SINGLETON

By Ed Shaughnessy

ON MAY 14, Mr. "Face" of the drums, Arthur James Singleton—known as Zutty—was 71 years old.

The younger cats of this generation ought to know that Zutty is a real honest-to-goodness in the flesh legend of the world of tubs. You may get lucky and dig him here in New York City, where until recently he was a staff member of the all-star band at Jimmy Ryan's club. If you get to the apple, don't fail to dig Zutty, and hear a real style-setter at work.

When the great Dave Tough, who could really "cook" himself, would tell me (a young fledgling) who were his favorite influences, Zutty was always in the vanguard. Similarly, the sensational Sid Catlett (my own hero at those 52nd St. spas in years gone by) would speak in the highest terms of the ebullient Mr. Singleton.

Dave and Sid were both men very much in the forefront of the jazz world of the '40s, Dave pushing the fiery Herman Herd to the very peak of big band excitement, and Big Sid playing with Bird and Diz and many other important figures of that time in his completely unique manner, showing what musical jazz drumming was all about.

It is a real tribute to Zutty that these great players, along with Gene Krupa and a host of other major jazz drummers, paid so much respect to a real style-setter and very individual skin-beater, who set the pace far in front during his young formative years.

Zutty has always had a nutty sense of time—steady, with a great lift in the propulsion he generates. If you're a tub man of any sorts, pro or amateur, just try

sometime to get that snare-drum press roll type of thing to swing like Zutty does. It's a real special thing! Combine this groovy rhythmic approach with a beautiful sense of variety and color-changes that Zutty brings forth—and a fine sense of musicality—and there's a real legend of a jazz drummer.

It's a real kick to mention a few great records that show Zutty off to the happy listener, with a nod to Dan Morgenstern of *Down Beat* for his gracious aid in rounding them up.

My favorite is a trio side called *About Face*, with Pee Wee Russell and Joe Sullivan, done in 1940. Zutty sets so many fine patterns, and swings so good throughout that it's a gem. You can hear the very strong link to Sid Catlett's melodic style on this disk. (The record is presently a collector's item, but two of its session mates can be found on Mainstream 6026, *Pee Wee Russell*.)

For more Zutty-style cooking, there's the classic Roy Eldridge *After You've Gone*, with Roy's 1937 band. It's a burner (available on Columbia's *The Sound of Chicago* anthology, C3L 32). Some records with the unbelievable young Louis Armstrong are out-of-sight beauties (on *Louis and Earl*, Columbia CL 853).

In sum total, with Zutty (like all really great players), all his past performances stand out as not really stamped with time, only with talent and heart. Speaking for all my fine drumming brethren hither and wide, we shout a chorus to our man: Yeah, Zutty!! Many happy returns! Keep Wailing!! And thanks for the inspiration to so many.

ES



THE ASSOCIATION'S SOUND By Harvey Siders

VOLUME IS GOOD for business—unless you happen to be in the business of intricate group singing. Then volume can obliterate subtleties and distort balance. Therefore, to the Association—seven singers who assign vocal blend a higher priority than instrumental backing—"The lower the volume, the cleaner the sound."

Although that is the Association's consensus, the specific words come from Steve Nelson, the group's young equipment manager, who lovingly maintains every piece of electronic gadgetry for one of this country's successful rock groups. "The louder you turn the instruments," he said, "the less you will hear distinctions among them. We rely on sensitive mikes more than we do on amplifiers."

It is precisely those mikes that Nelson is so proud of. There are 10 of them, all Shures. Seven of them, each a model 565, are live and used for each singer. One 565 is "vacant," which means that it can be used by any one of the singers or instrumentalists for convenience.

It's strictly a question of logistics. The other two mikes are used by the drummer. One, a 565, is placed above the set between the cymbals; the other, a Shure 545, is wrapped in a towel and placed inside the "beheaded" bass drum. The decision to insert the second mike in the bass drum varies with the acoustics of the hall, size of the crowd, or simply the desire to achieve a particular sound. Apparently it doesn't bother recording engineers—the Association has even recorded with the mike-in-drum setup.

All the mikes go through Shure speakers, VA-300 column variety with two 10-inch speakers and four eight-inch speakers. And the mixer and power amplifiers are from the same company—again VA-300s—two six-channel units tied together to provide a dozen channels with reverb and filter systems.

According to Nelson, the Association came to recording only after making an impression in person.

"Most of the other rock groups make it the other way around," he said. "But because the Association was appealing directly to the *people's* needs live, it affected their whole outlook on the question of volume."

On the question of hearing themselves, they are blessed with a monitor system of five speakers, which is set up in front of them across the stage. How many times have you heard musicians complain about the inability to hear the rhythm section, or for that matter, their own horns? The need to hear oneself in a rock group is equally as critical—especially if the group is concerned with proper balance.

Another safeguard in terms of that group blend is Nelson's constant warning to keep the instruments low. "With each singer at his own mike, there is a very real danger that the mikes will pick up their instruments and reamplify the sound," he noted. Even the creation of a "buffer Zone" between the Association and its audience fits into the picture of guaranteeing proper sound reproduction. "I've got to have 10 feet between the stage and the

first row so I can set up my monitor system," Nelson said. "That way I know the singers will be able to hear themselves."

Nelson also needs at least one hour to set up his electronic wonderland, in order to adjust the proper levels.

Regarding the instruments for which all the preparation is so necessary, the Association is more like a cartel. Included in its arsenal are trumpets, flugelhorns, recorders, a variety of electronic keyboard instruments, lead guitar, two rhythm guitars, electric bass, drums, and a mass of percussive paraphernalia.

The lead guitar is a Fender Telecaster with a hollow body for maximum resonance. An additional lead guitar carried by the group is an Epiphone electric with a dampener to control feedback. The rhythm guitars are also Fenders, each one being connected to a twin reverb amplifier.

Nelson prides himself on maintaining a one-amplifier-for-one-instrument ratio. As he commented, "If you plug in more than one, you get a cluttered sound." For the Fender bass, a Marshall amplifier is used. It is reflex-mounted, has a 10-inch horn and a supertremolo in a 3½-foot-high cabinet. Nelson pointed out that the electric bass is the only instrument where maximum wattage and size are important. As for the amplifier, aside from power the most crucial consideration is construction. One 18-inch speaker should be able to take 500 watts without distorting.

In the keyboard corner were an electric pianet—a 66-note instrument made by Hohner—and an electric organ. The only complaint Nelson expressed about the latter was that each note of the various octaves is connected to the same oscillator, making it, as he explained eloquently, "a bitch to tune." Things are looking up, however; the group is getting a Hammond B-3 electric organ, which doesn't require tuning.

Pressed for an estimate of the value of the Association's sound system and instruments, Nelson came up with a "very approximate" figure of \$13,000. That includes an Ampex 601 tape recorder that the group uses for reference purposes.

With its array of gear, the Association falls prey occasionally to an electronic vicissitude, for example the difference in current in Europe, where the amount of juice is 220 volts—double that of standard current in the States. Recently, when it played England, the group had to equip itself with a 50-pound transformer. Something like that can throw a monkey wrench into a rock group's machinery. And shipping instruments and sound systems for today's rock groups can be equivalent to transporting yesterday's big bands.

In relation to traveling, Nelson had some advice based on his three years with the group: "Don't cheap out on cases. Some groups have great equipment but lousy cases. And that's no way to treat expensive amplifiers and mikes and speakers. And above all, keep size and weight to a bare minimum."

That last bit of advice is sound, but obviously his colleagues don't practice what he preaches. Check any chart today, and one will discover that the Association is real heavy.



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PEE WEE

(Continued from page 20)

Fordham, then—well, I can't make this out, but I've got to make these dates." The dates were several months off.

"You'll make them."

At the hospital admitting office the young girl behind the desk was apparently new.

"Charles Ellsworth Russell."

The obvious and in this case uncomfortable questioning continued.

"None. None. No. Yes, Blue Shield, I think."

Fumbling through wallet for dumb papers. He was getting edgy again. Ready to get up and get the hell out of there.

But there he was. Finally admitted. In pajamas. Sitting on the edge of a hospital bed in his small but private room. Smoking still another skinny cigaret, hands shaking. They had found the half-pint of vodka he had carefully stashed. Pee Wee was defenseless.

I visited him once or twice each day. Only three visitors were allowed. My wife, Helen Decker, and I. The visits were short, almost meaningless. He was under heavy sedation and very drowsy. He talked more at first, but gradually, as the days slipped by it became harder to understand him. The doctors seemed satisfied at first; then concerned about his lack of response to treatment. No progress.

One young hospital attendant who hadn't the vaguest idea as to the patient's identity took a liking to Pee Wee and spent much time with him. The lad's name was Vernon Simmons. Pee Wee didn't complain much. He said his stomach was bothering him some but dammit he was hungry. "Get me something to eat." The hospital authorities said indeed, Mr. Russell had a good appetite. But he kind of lost interest in the whole thing. I saw him every day. Friday was not so good. I understood little of what he said. Something about Danny Alvin—getting an apartment with Danny Alvin.

I finally started to leave and walked out of his room into the hall. He started raising hell. Young Simmons went in and came right back out—"Mr. Russell wants to see you."

Pee Wee paused just for a couple of seconds and said very clearly, "Thank you. Thank you for everything."

I patted his shoulder. "Okay, pal, I'll see you later."

THE DAMN PHONE again. I was awake enough to know it was light, but early morning. I picked up the receiver. It was Bill Young.

"Pee Wee died this morning at 5:30."

AD LIB

(Continued from page 13)

son, Gary Bartz, James Spaulding, Sonny Red, C-Sharpe, and Monty Waters. Sharpe and his wife, singer China Lin, were among the artists who did the Saturday thing at Slugs' in April. Other weeks were filled by the quartets of Tyronne Washington and Pete LaRoca, and the New Life Trio. Sam Rivers' Orchestral Explorations was Slugs' Sunday attraction in April . . . Drummers Andy Cyrille and Freddie Waits gave a percussion concert at MUSE, the Bedford-Lincoln neighborhood museum in Brooklyn . . . Illinois Jacquet recorded for Prestige with a 10-piece band including many of his alumni. Trumpets were Ernie Royal, Joe Newman, and brother Russell Jacquet; Matthew Gee was on trombone; Frank Foster and Cecil Payne the reeds; Milt Buckner, piano; Wally Richardson, guitar; Al Lucas, bass, and Al Foster, drums. Arrangements were by Buckner, Foster, and Jimmy Mundy . . . The New York Hot Jazz Society featured Max Kaminsky, trumpet; Eddie Hubble, trombone; Joe Muranyi, clarinet; Dill Jones, piano; Bill Pemberton, bass, and Marquis Foster, drums at its April session at the Half Note.

Los Angeles: An invasion of east coast musicians—some rarely seen on the opposite shore—took place in the past month. Sun Ra, who had been in Northern California for a brief period, was booked for a two-night appearance at Dorsy High School under the auspices of the Westside Forum. He brought his 15-piece orchestra, and the concerts featured "a total music and sight excursion"—i.e., use of slides and the play of lights. Following the two-nighter, the band headed north again for a gig in San Francisco. Shortly after Sun Ra left, Archie Shepp came to town and fronted a combo at Cal State. Freddie Hubbard played two weeks at the Lighthouse, fronting a group that included James Spaulding, alto saxophone, flute; Al Dailey, piano; Junie Booth, bass; Louis Hayes, drums. Another group of Easterners—Max Roach and his quintet—dropped in at the Lighthouse one day before they were due to open at Shelly's Manne-Hole. Max sat in, Abbey Lincoln sang, and Charles Tolliver, Kirk Lightsey and George Bohannon also played. It was one of those rare sessions. Willie Bobo, then Bill Evans, were due to follow Roach into the Manne-Hole . . . Meanwhile, at the Lighthouse, Les McCann subbed for Gabor Szabo, who cancelled his gig (following Hubbard) due to illness. Mose Allison, then Herbie Mann were scheduled to follow McCann . . . Other infrequent visitors to town included Nina Simone and Frances Faye. Miss Simone appeared in concert at UCLA, and Miss Faye exploded on the scene at the Playboy Club. She was backed for her week-long gig by Don Rader, trumpet; Jay Migliore, reeds; Bob Corwin, organ; Jerry Friedman, bass; Joe Pass, guitar; Sid Bulkin, drums . . . There were also musicians leaving the West Coast: Georgie Auld took a quartet on a 26-day

tour of Japan—his sixth trip there. His old Coral Records have been re-released in Nippon and are selling well. The quartet appeared on Japan's largest TV network, NHK, accompanied by an 80-piece orchestra. **Marty Harris**, piano; **Carson Smith**, bass; and **Dick Berk**, drums, made the trip with Auld, who then returned to the studio scene, playing for the *Jerry Lewis Show* . . . **Craig Hundley**, by now a very mature 14, took his trio on its seventh tour with the *Johnny Mathis Show*. **Gary Chase**, 14, is still on drums, but they've had troubles finding and keeping a bassist. Their latest, 16-year-old **Stuffy McKinney**, seems to be working out well . . . Guitarist **Lennie Breau**, a Canadian in his early 20s, was guided by **Chet Atkins** to an RCA contract and recording sessions in Nashville. His most recent session was a "live" date at Shelly's Manne-Hole with **Ronnie Halldorson**, bass; and **Reg Kelln**, drums . . . **D'Vaughn Pershing** left the Golden Bull in Studio City after a long stay. He is now with the **Eddie Williams Trio** at the Pied Piper Sunday afternoons and Tuesday nights. The regular group at the Pied Piper is still fronted by pianist **Jack Wilson**. **Ike Isaacs** is on bass, and **Donald Bailey** on drums. **Karen Hernandez**, no stranger to the Pied Piper, subbed for Wilson one recent night while Jack put the finishing touches to his eighth album—the third for Blue Note. It is with strings; **Billy**

Byers did the charts. **Jack Tracy**, who left Liberty (parent organization of Blue Note), returned just to produce Wilson's album . . . **Reedman Kim Richmond** found himself subbing for two different leaders on recent Sunday matinees at the Lighthouse. One was **Tom Scott**; the other **Pete Christlieb**. Drummer **Jack Ranelli**, who was a regular with Richmond's big band, has joined **Woody Herman**. Two newcomers to Kim's band are from the NORAD arranging staff: **Curt Berg** and **Jerry Liliedahl** . . . At the Aquarius Theater, where *Hair* is growing six nights a week, Monday is no longer dark. The first special affair held there was a benefit for NOW (Neighbors of Watts) to fund a child care center. Among the performers was **Frank Sinatra**, who put on an hour-and-a-half stint that earned him three standing ovations. Incidentally, the Musical Performance Awards at UCLA that bear Sinatra's name have been doubled in value to \$10,000 annually. Sinatra has been underwriting assistance grants in classical and popular music for three years, and just renewed them for an additional three . . . **Cal Tjader** sprinkled his usual joy at the Manne-Hole, but only for one week . . . A group new to Los Angeles, pianist **Eddie Mitchell's** trio, opened at The Lair at the Royal Inn Hotel in Santa Monica with **Gary McIntosh**, bass; **Ozzie Pennix**, drums . . . **O. C. Smith** did a concert at Stanford

University and was signed to sing the title song in Warner Bros.-Seven Arts' *The Learning Tree* . . . It looks like **Teddy Buckner** and his **Dixielanders** are set for a healthy gig at the French Quartet Room of the New Orleans Hotel in Inglewood, just across from Hollywood Park, where night racing is luring the paying customers. With cornetist Buckner are **Caughy Roberts**, clarinet and tenor sax; **Chester Lane**, piano; **Art Edwards**, bass; **Jesse Sailes**, drums . . . **Louis Jordan** and his **Tympany Five** were at Bob Adler's 940 Club . . . **Al Hirt** has been booked into Melodyland for June 20-21 . . . **Morgana King** was hospitalized with multiple injuries as the result of a traffic accident. Her 10-day engagement at the El Camino Real in Mexico City was postponed.

New Orleans: Among the bands performing at the April meeting-jam session of the New Orleans Jazz Clubs were **Dutch Andrus**, **Chief John Brunois** and his **Mahogany Hall Stompers**, and the **Last Straws**. The clarinet of the late **Pinky Vidacovich** was presented to the Jazz Museum at the meeting by his widow. A member of the old **New Orleans Owls**, the clarinetist was also widely known as a humorist specializing in Cajun humor . . . A concert by **Pete Fountain** highlighted a series of programs for the benefit of the Christian Brothers' Foundation



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in New Orleans. The award-winning **Archbishop Rummel High School Stage Band** also played a concert in connection with the fund-raising drive . . . Trumpeter-arranger **John Fernandez** was the leader of a big band that played a concert at the ILA Auditorium recently . . . Tenor Saxophonist **Jerry Boquet** is working off nights for altoist **Don Suhor** at the Sho Bar . . . Trombonist **Allen Hermann** wrote and conducted a jazz mass performed Easter Sunday at Tulane University. Hermann is a Ph.D. who teaches physics at Tulane.

Chicago: **J. B. Hutto and His Hawks** played at the Notre Dame University Festival of the Arts April 22. Also appearing were **Gary Burton** and **Mose Allison** . . . The northern suburb of Highland Park became a center of musical activity with Delmark Records head **Bob Koester** speaking on urban blues April 21 during Highland Park High School's week-long seminar *Focus On The City*. Blues Artist **Jimmy (Fast Fingers) Dawkins** and his band provided the musical illustrations. Coming up at Highland Park High June 2 will be a performance of Bill Russo's rock cantata *The Civil War* as a benefit for the Southern Christian Leadership Conference's *Operation Breadbasket* . . . **The Modern Jazz Quartet** appeared at the London House for two weeks beginning May 6, while at the Plugged Nickel, **Kenny Burrell's** quartet completed a week's engagement May 25 and was followed by **B. B. King**, who appeared May 27-June 1 . . . The band at Jazz Ltd. has seen some personnel changes, with **Duke Kane** replacing **Bill Bachman** on trumpet and **Max Hook** stepping in for **Rosselle Claxton** at the piano . . . Clarinetist **Frank Chace** has been subbing for **Kim Cusack** with the **Original Salty Dogs** during their regular Thursday through Sunday gig at Sloppy Joe. Trumpeter **Jack (the Bear) Brown** appears at the club on Mondays . . . Saxophonist **Anthony Braxton** gave a concert of **Eric Dolphy's** music April 25 at the University of Chicago, with a group including trumpeter/flugelhornist **Leo Smith**, pianist **John Gilmore**, bassist **Malachi Favors**, and drummer **Thurman Barker**. Braxton's a cappella performance on soprano of **John Coltrane's** *Welcome* at the memorial tribute to bassist **Charles Clark** April 18 (*DB*, May 29) was a moving farewell to that talented young musician . . . Artists recently signed by the Delmark label include blues performers **Jimmy (Fast Fingers) Dawkins**, **Carey Bell**, **Luther Allison**, and **Mighty Joe Young**, and avant-garde tenor saxophonist **Maurice McIntyre** . . . The blues continue to make inroads on the rock scene, as **Junior Wells** headed the bill April 11-12 at the Kinetic Playground. Featured in his band was the legendary guitarist **Earl Hooker**. The **Buddy Guy Blues Band** was also heard, making it a real blues festival. In addition, West Side bluesman **Magic Sam** appeared along with **Bill Haley and the Comets** at the Aragon April 18 . . . **Franz Jackson** and the **Original Jass All Stars** gave a concert at the Chicago Public Library April 26. The band included **Leon Scott**, cornet; **Preston Jackson**, trombone; Jackson,

clarinet, soprano saxophone; **Ikey Robinson**, banjo, vocals; **Prentice McCarey**, piano; **Bill Oldham**, tuba, **Melvin Draper**, drums; and **Jeanne Carroll**, vocals.

Philadelphia: **Duke Ellington** brought his *Sacred Concert* to town again, this time at the Academy of Music April 22. **Johnny Hodges**, absent due to illness, was ably replaced by young **Gregory Herbert**, who had subbed with the band before, and alumnus **John Lamb** was on bass. An excellent student choir under the direction of **Frank Abrahams** joined the orchestra, and Ellington was surprised by a chordal rendition of *Happy Birthday* midway through the concert . . . Afterwards, this correspondent had the pleasure of joining **Mercer Ellington** and **Lamb** in a visit to Sonny Driver's First Nighter Supper Club to hear the **Furness Brothers** combo. **Lamb** and trombonist **Al Grey** sat in for an exciting last set . . . **Rev. John Gensel** brought **Joe Newman** and his quartet to United Methodist Church in Haddonfield, N.J. April 16 for a jazz service . . . **Sonny Franks**, the pretty little lady pianist with the Philadelphia Musical Academy big band, is ready to take off for Berklee on the summer scholarship she won at the Villanova festival . . . Singer **Evelyn Sims**, on an extended engagement at the Sahara, has the **Jazz East Trio** backing her . . . The Aqua Musical Lounge has had excellent lineups for its new three-day-a-week jazz policy. **Max Roach**, **Horace Silver**, **Ray Bryant**, **Sonny Rollins**, and **Yusef Lateef** have been among the recent attractions . . . Saxophonist **Vince Trombetta** of the Mike Douglas TV show band was soloist in **Darius Milhaud's** *Creation Du Monde*, presented on a program including works by **Stravinsky** and other modern composers at the Electric Factory. There was also a light show, of all things . . . LaSalle College hosted a week-long Afro-American Arts Festival, with the **Arthur Hall Dance Ensemble**, **Ron Everett**, **The Visitors**, **Rufus Harley**, **Robert Kenyatta**, **Ken Shepard**, **Ernie Banks**, **Sammy Davis, Jr.**, **Muhammad Ali**, **Rev. James Bevel** and many others . . . **Jimmy Adams**, president of AFM Local 274, this city's black local, informs us that his headquarters has been transferred by the membership to the Clef Club, which now acts as landlord to the union . . . Drummer **Bobby Durham** is back with the **Oscar Peterson Trio**. He sat in with **Al Grey** at the Cadillac Club for a couple of nights with his new drum set. **Bootsie Barnes** and **Fred Bullock** were in Grey's group, and vocalist **Dottie Joy** was on hand in a semi-topless gown. The trombonist was featured in a series of guest shots on WHYY-TV not long ago . . . **Danny Turner** was in **Count Basie's** sax section during **Marshall Royal's** recent illness. It was Turner's second road trip with the band. This writer was set to present a two-day Penn Relays party at Drews Rendezvous with Turner, **Sid Simmons**, **Eddie Campbell** and others. **Freddie the Freelander** was slated to assist as emcee . . . Saxophonist **Al Cass** died April 15. He had been working with **Billy Peele** at the Latin Villa . . . **Frank Sinatra** sent flowers to the funeral of **Bill Rodstein**,

colorful nightclub owner who operated the Sinatra Room for many years at his Latimer Cafe.

Boston: **Charlie Mariano** recently returned from an overseas tour . . . **Jimmy Mosher** left **Mongo Santamaria** and returned to Boston . . . Harvard University presented **Duke Ellington's** *Sacred Concert* at Emmanuel Church April 20 . . . The Berklee School presented an excellent concert of student **Alan Broadbent's** compositions, featuring the Berklee Recording Band under the direction of **Herb Pomeroy**, and Broadbent's own trio (**Rick Laird**, bass; **Mick Goodrick**, guitar). The trio also split a bill at the Hotel Vendome's popular My Apartment room with pianist **Paul Neves**, who had **Don Pate** on bass and **Peter Donald** on drums. The latter is also part of **Fourth Stream**, a group which put on a mixed-media St. Valentine's Day Massacre of two midnight concerts at Kenmore Square Cinema. **Bob Fritz**, clarinet; **Jeffrey Furst**, piano, and **Jay Jaroslau**, bass—all amplified—are the other fourth streamers . . . **Cene DiStacio** was hospitalized during an engagement at Paul's Mall. Berklee trombonist **Tony Lada** filled in . . . The **J. R. Mitchell** quintet, which has been very active in the Boston area, played at a festival of black music at Eli Auditorium, Northeastern University. Percussionist Mitchell features **Clifford Weeks**, trombone; **John Shaw**, tenor sax and flute; **Dwight Dickerson**, piano, and **Calvin Hill**, bass. Also at the festival was **Herbie Hancock's** sextet, in town for a week at the Jazz Workshop. **Phil Wilson** subbed for regular trombonist **Garnett Brown** . . . **Herb Pomeroy's** MIT Jazz Band played festivals at Notre Dame, Villanova, and Quinnipiac, and a home concert at Kresge Auditorium. Pomeroy's quintet with **Charlie Mariano**; **Ray Santisi**, piano; **George Mraz**, bass, and **Artie Cabral**, drums, did concerts in Plymouth, N.H., at the University of Maine, and at Newton Junior College, Newton, Mass. . . . Former **Maynard Ferguson** trombonist **Don Doane** has been doing the state of Maine a great service. For the past few years, he has fronted a big band as well as several small groups, helping to keep jazz alive in the north woods. He appears weekly at the Main-ly Jazz Club in Portland . . . Berklee trombonists **Hal Crook**, **Tom Baker**, and **Gary Gordon** went out for a week with the **Louis Bellson** Band to back up **Tony Bennett** . . . WGBH-TV's *Mixed Bag* has been retained on a monthly basis, thanks to letters of support from viewers. More letters might help to put it back on a weekly basis by fall . . . The **Jimmy Mosher-Paul Fontaine** Band opened at The Surf in Revere May 18, in what is hoped will become a regular Sunday afternoon affair. Trumpets are **Joe Giorgianni**, **Danny Hayes**, **Danny Nolan**, and **Fontaine**; trombones are **Phil Wilson** and **Tony Lada**; saxes include **Mosher**, **Tom Walkey**, **Butch Elin**, and **Jimmy Derba**, and drummer **Teddy Sadyk**, guitarist **John Abercromby**, and bassist **Al Reed** round out the band. Guitarist **Terry Bonnell** has been the most prolific arranger . . . The first annual New England Stage Band Festival, spon-

sored by the National Association of Jazz Educators and held at the Berklee School of Music, was a great success. The winning high school band was the Rush Henrietta Central School band from Henrietta, N.Y., directed by **Thomas Chidiu**. A \$1000 scholarship to Berklee was won by trombonist **Mike Treni** from Falmouth, Me. as best instrumentalist . . . Lennies-On-The-Turnpike had its annual Drum Night, featuring **Alan Dawson** and **Jake Hanna**. **Buddy Rich**, **Oscar Peterson**, **Joe Williams**, **Nina Simone**, **Joe Bucci**, and Berklee's **Thursday Night Dues Band** all have appeared recently at Lennie's magnificent roast beef emporium. On April 21, Lennie and **George Wein** presented a memorial concert for **Edmond Hall** at the club. Featured were **Marian McPartland**, **Teddy Wilson**, **Tyree Glenn**, and **Pee Wee Erwin**, among others . . . The Jazz Workshop has featured **Roland Kirk**, the **Modern Jazz Quartet**, **Bola Sete**, and **Bill Doggett**, while its sister club, Paul's Mall, had **Jimmy Helms**, **Arthur Prysock**, a brief visit from **Mort Sahl**, and **Mel Torme**.

St. Louis: **Louie Bellson** completely gassed the local drummers who attended the **Tony Bennett** show at Kiel Auditorium. Bellson's band and Tony sounded great, but the crowd, held down by inclement weather, was small . . . The **Three Sounds** played a weekend at Fats' State Lounge . . . Pianist **Rick Bolden** and drummer **Manny Quintero**, formerly with **Don Cunningham's** group, have joined bassist **John Mixon** in saxophonist **Fred Washington's** new group, currently featured at the **Rendezvous Room** . . . **Gene Cole**, owner of Mr. "C's", booked **Eddie Harris** and his electronic saxophone for a week in April, with **Jody Christian**, piano; **Melvin Jackson**, bass, and **Billy Hart**, drums. Alternating was the **Gordon Lawrence Quintet**. The night I caught the groups, I noticed at least 20 persons balk at the \$2 admission—probably the same people who are always complaining about nothing to hear in town . . . Vocalist **Terri Andre** opened at the **Parkway House** Midtown, backed by husband **Bill Kent** on drums, and **Bobby Caldwell**, guitar, and **Dennis Jakovic**, bass . . . Vocalist **Judy Gilbert** has joined the **Upstream Jazz Quartet** on weekends, along with another new addition to the group—yours truly **Phil Hulse** on drums. The rest of the group remains intact: **Eddie Fritz**, piano; **Jim Casey**, bass; **Rich Tokaz**, Latin percussion . . . One of the most impressive musical duos on the local scene is **Light and Stille** (**Lucky Light**, drums; **Don Stille**, organ), who finished a run at the **River House** and are currently on a midwestern tour . . . The marching band and the swinging stage band from the University of Missouri were featured in concert at Kiel Auditorium in April . . . **Joe Byington** and **Don Schroeder**, playing a batch of miscellaneous instruments, really have the security of a steady gig—they own the **Wreck Bar**. The vocal talents of **Grethen Hill** were recently added to the Friday night fare . . . The **Old Gateway Theater** in Gaslight Square is now the

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home of BAC (Black Artists Group). A staff of six artists is in residence, and performances run the gamut from plays to poetry, from jazz to modern dance. Saxophonist-flutist **Julius Hemphill**, BAC's director, was recently presented in concert with **Roswald Darcy**, trumpet; **Oliver Lake**, alto saxophone, and **Charles Payne**, percussion . . . **Oliver Nelson** joins the staff of the Washington University Music Dept. this summer to teach classes in studio band, improvising, and advanced arranging and composition, from June 16 to July 23.

Baltimore: Elzie Street, producer of the Laurel Jazz Festival, has teamed up with **George Wein** to produce three festivals in the Baltimore area this summer: the Morgan State Festival, June 21-22; the Laurel Pop Festival, July 11-12, and the Laurel Jazz Festival, Aug. 1-3. Line-ups are incomplete at this writing . . . **Yusef Lateef**, **Freddie Hubbard**, **Jimmy Heath** and **Gary Bartz** played successive Sunday concerts for the Left Bank Jazz Society . . . Pianist **Donald Criss'** **African Jazz Trio** (**Freddie Williams**, bass; **Harold Christopher**, drums) is playing weekends at Le Coq D'Or on Pennsylvania . . . **Count Basie** played a one-nighter at Johns Hopkins University on March 19 and returned March 30 to join **Herbie Mann**, **Cannonball Adderley**, and **Buddy Rich's** big band (minus the leader) for a Civic Center Appearance.

Toronto: Jonah Jones appeared for a week at the Colonial with his new group: **Jerome Darr**, guitar; **Sonny White**, piano; **John Brown**, bass; and **Cozy Cole**, drums . . . **Tyree Glenn** of the **Louis Armstrong All Stars** spent a week at the Town with **Norm Amadio's Trio** (**Terry Forester**, bass; **Archie Alleyne**, drums.) **Henry Cuesta's** quartet, with singer **Olive Brown**, was at the Cav-a Bob for two weeks. Clarinetist Cuesta had **John Arpin**, piano; **Kenny Sprang**, bass; **Mickey Shannon**, drums . . . Guitarist **Sonny Greenwich**, formerly of the **John Handy** band, is now living in Montreal, but recently played a two-week date here at George's Spaghetti House with bassist **Dave Young**, pianist **Bernie Serensky**, and drummer **Jerry Fuller**. Los Angeles singer **Earnest Prudim** took over the

vocal spot vacated by **Don Francks**, who is now host of a daily New York TV show . . . **Larry Dubin** and his **Big Muddys**, with **Mike White**, trumpet; **Jim Purdie**, clarinet; **Jack Vincken**, bass, and **Norm Karkruff**, piano, are in the Sherway Inn's Cellar Rouge for a month.

Paris: Organist **Milt Buckner** and drummer **Jo Jones** began a lengthy European tour in April, with tenorist **Hal Singer** and guitarist-blues singer **T-Bone Walker** added for some concerts . . . **Jean Luc Ponty's** quartet followed **Phil Woods & His European Rhythm Machine** at the Cameleon . . . **Barney Kessel**, who did a late-April TV show in Paris with the **Georges Arvanitas Trio**, opens at the Cameleon June 9, backed by **Michel Gaudry**, bass, and **Jean-Louis Viale**, drums . . . **Mal Waldron** played the Chat Qui Peche from late April to early May . . . Recent concerts in Paris have featured **Slide Hampton**, **Dizzy Reece**, the **Albert Mangelsdorff** quintet, and the **Jean-Claude Naude** big band . . . **Joe Newman** and **Jim Hall** are expected in Europe soon. The guitarist will do TV shows in Paris and Barcelona, among other gigs . . . **Ella Fitzgerald**, **Sarah Vaughan**, the **Oscar Peterson Trio**, and the quintets of **Miles Davis**, **Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land**, and **Buddy Tate** are among the attractions mentioned as possibilities for the Antibes Jazz Festival, set for the last week of July. Negotiations were under way at presstime.

Stockholm: After a rather uneventful winter, this city became the happy stomping ground for three saxophone giants, all appearing on the same night—March 17. The Embassy Club featured **Dexter Gordon**, with **Lars Sjosten**, piano; **Roman Dylag**, bass, and **Art Taylor**, drums. The University had **Phil Woods & his European Rhythm Machine**, and the Swedish Radio offered **Cannonball Adderley** and his quintet. The tremendously impressive **Adderleys** also did a midnight concert in nearby Uppsala. It might be advisable for promoters and producers to avoid such unnecessary conflicts between attractions in the future . . . **Teddy Wilson** is in great demand all over Scandinavia. The pianist was featured at his old buddy

Timme Rosenkrantz' club in Copenhagen for quite some time, and was at the Golden Circle in Stockholm during May, also making occasional appearances outside the capital. He was in Umea May 11, with **Ray Carlson**, bass, and **Sten Oberg**, drums, as well as the **Umea Big Band**. Several other gigs in northern Sweden were being lined up . . . Trumpeter **Rolf Ericson** unveiled his interesting big band in April. He has secured the services of several of the leading new soloists in this country, and the band was off to a swinging start with a national tour sponsored by the government's concert bureau, Rikskonserter. Big bands seem to be coming back, in Sweden of all places. Noted altoist **Arne Domnerus** has reorganized parts of the former Swedish Radio Band under his own name, doing one-nighters at Berns restaurant in Stockholm, and at this writing there are at least half a dozen new big bands in operation throughout the country.

Denmark: **Teddy Wilson** won many friends here during his months as guest star at Timme's Club in Copenhagen, an engagement occasionally interrupted by gigs on the European continent. An album the pianist cut in November of last year with bassist **Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen** and drummer **Bjarne Rostvold** was released in March by Metronome records. On March 20, Wilson gave a very well-attended solo concert in Aarhus . . . The new rhythm section at the Montmartre in Copenhagen—**Kenny Drew**, piano; **Pedersen**, bass; **J.C. Moses**, drums—accompanied several soloists during the last months, among them a quartet of Danish saxophonists including up-and-coming altoist **Per Carsten**. Due to the increasing drug problem in Denmark, persons under 18 are no longer admitted to the club . . . In mid-March, **Country Joe and the Fish** gave four concerts in Denmark, two in Copenhagen and two in Aarhus. In the capital, **Joe McDonald** and his four musicians had to share the stage with other groups, but in Aarhus they were on their own, making it more obvious than ever that guitarist **Barry Melton** is the most fascinating member of the group . . . Three British trad groups toured Denmark recently, led by **Ken Colyer**, **Chris Barber**, and **Monty Sunshine**. Tours by English bands during the Easter season have become something of a tradition here . . . Denmark's largest record store announced that the anthology *Golden Years of Danish Jazz*, a four-LP set, was the best-selling jazz record of 1968. Three albums by **Miles Davis** and two by **Yusef Lateef** placed among the Top 10 . . . The fourth annual summer jazz clinic arranged by the Danish Jazz Academy in cooperation with Musik&Ungdom (Music and Youth) will take place July 26 through Aug. 3 at the Vallekilde Folk High School, 50 miles from Copenhagen. **Phil Woods** will be among the teachers, taking care of the young saxophonists. Leader of the 18-day program will be one of the busiest men in Denmark, trumpeter **Arnved Meyer**, who among other things is chairman of the Federation of Danish Jazz Musicians.

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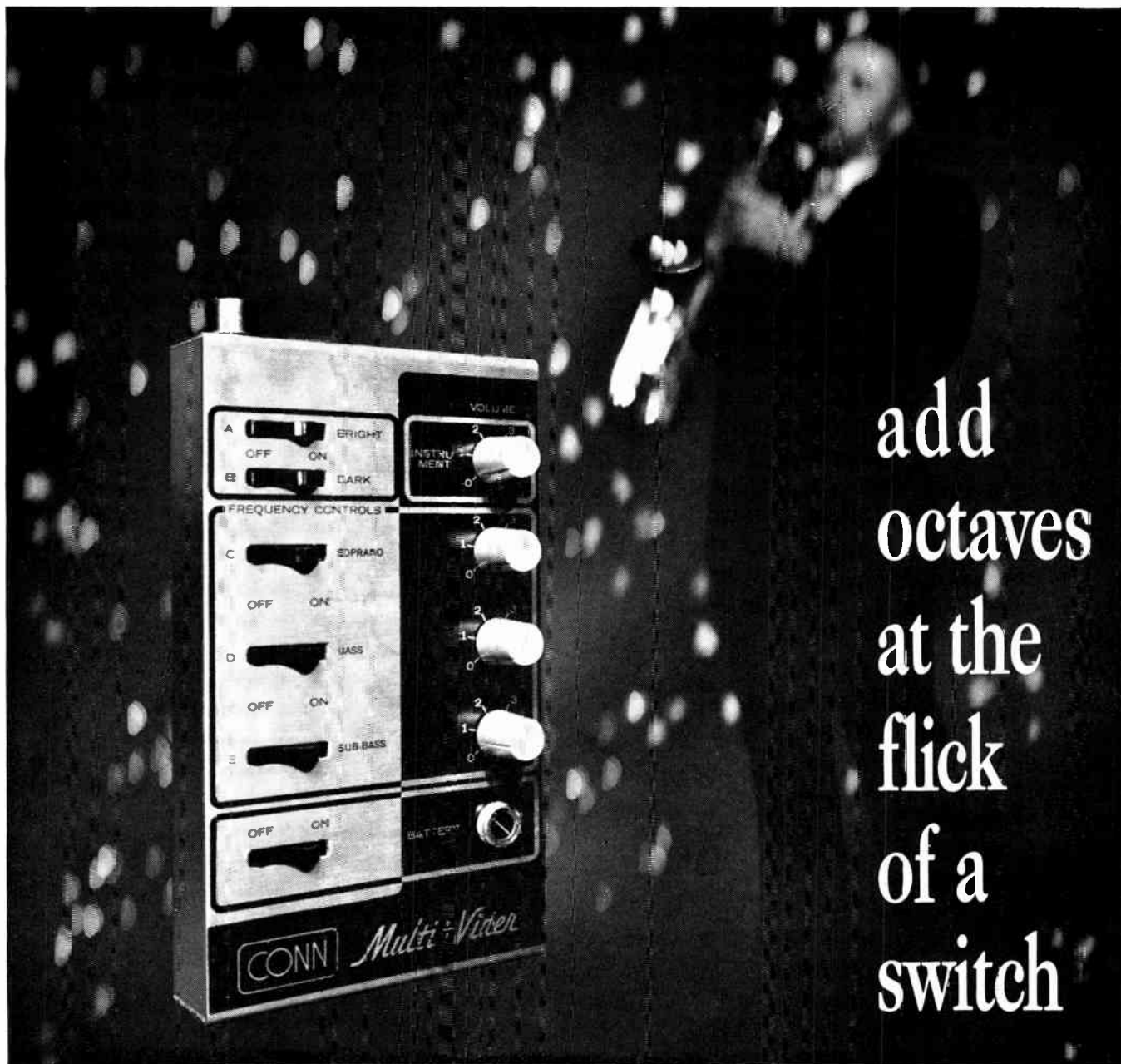
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