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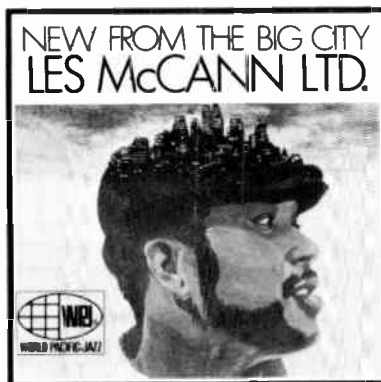
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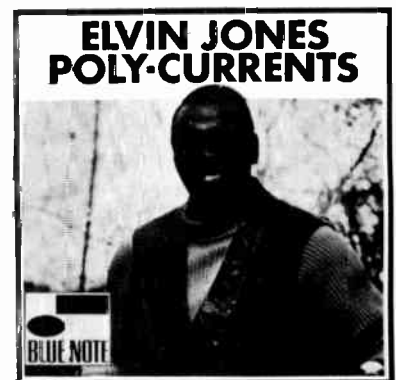
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—by Willis Conover

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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

THE JAZZ STUDENTS at the University of Utah at Salt Lake City recently scored an impressive victory for themselves and for honest music education everywhere. They were able to convince their school administration to reverse a decision to emasculate the Jazz Major program inaugurated last fall. The whole hassle carries implications for schools in other places.

The agitation for a jazz curriculum at the University of Utah was begun by Dr. William Fowler, a full professor of music at the University and a classical and jazz guitarist of some note, when he invited the Summer Jazz Clinics to the University in the summer of 1965. A stage band for credit was begun and last year, under Noel Hepworth, it won the Inter-Mountain College Jazz Festival. Fowler made good use of the momentum and was able to convince the administration in early 1969 to add enough jazz courses (arranging, improvisation, lab ensembles) to qualify a Jazz Major.

A key argument for adoption of a jazz major was Fowler's concept of an "outside" faculty, jazz professionals who would teach their specialty for a week at a time within a programmed curriculum. As it turned out, this extension of the jazz clinic idea was to be the strongest element in the program. Good, communicative jazz performer-teachers such as Gerald Wilson, Marian McPartland, Johnny Smith, Billy Byers, and Neal Hefti not only provided the students with necessary techniques but with standards against which to measure their own growth and ambitions.

The program was an instant success. Enrollment in music department courses, particularly in general music, private practice, and music majors, jumped 40-60%.

So, if everything was going so well, why did the administration want to kill the program? If you put all the reasons together, you get Fear and Variations. The Dean of the School of Fine Arts felt threatened by the publicity and the scent of freedom he sniffed in the corridors of the music department. The president of the University was loath to countermand his dean, and besides there were the trustees and the community to consider, whose support of music seemed to be more vocal than instrumental. So when the administration announced—just before final exams in June—that the budget allocation for the jazz major was to be reduced to \$10,000—the same as announcing its epitaph—the only visible jazzites were Dr. Newell Weight, the chairman of the music department, who knew first hand the benefits of the jazz major; Fowler, whose gut response was to fight; and, of course, the students enrolled in the jazz program.

The students made the difference. They came together immediately after the word came to them (from Fowler), insisted on, and got, an audience with an assistant to the president with all parties present, including the dean. According to Weight "the students were most persuasive. They were listened to—this University is determined to listen to students—and it was agreed that necessary funds will be found to continue the jazz major".

And if you sense a relevant parallel between the birth of a Jazz Major and the 70th birthday of Louis Armstrong, then fine, just fine.



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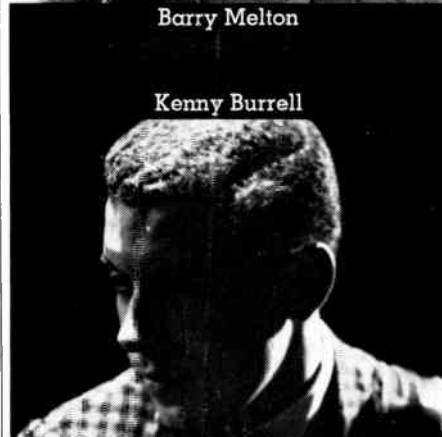
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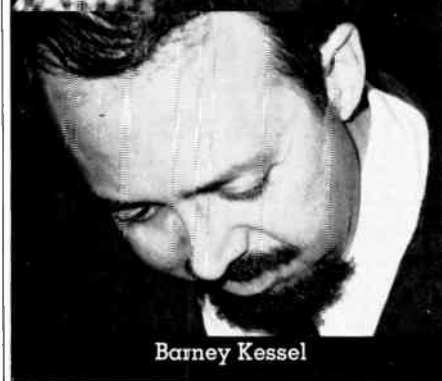
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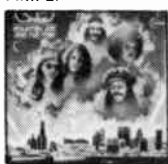
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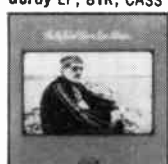
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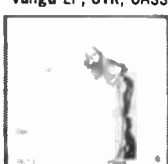
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

For Johnny Hodges

The last cultural conversation has been spoken with that other Bostonian bon vivant. That is, in *this* world.

The last witticism exchanged with Cat.

The last pro and con discussed with Cootie.

The last lyrics sung with Lyryst Brown. And amigo Gonsalves.

(The last circumstance, Hodges-ameliorated for Chuck.)

And the Duke endures another irrepar-

able loss. For he *will* endure—after the fashion of Love and Faith—as he has in 1929 . . . 1941 . . . 1945 . . . 1967.

And I shall, too, for a while, because the healing message will sound even more clearly from the stereo.

But in so many companionable ways, there can be no silence to fill like the silence at Pops Procope's right side.

Elizabeth Barros

Laconia, N.H.

Mayall Call

I was disappointed to note that John Litweiler, a reviewer whose views I respect, missed the entire idea behind John Mayall's *Turning Point* album (db, June

11). I'd like to consider his criticisms of the record, one at a time.

One major criticism is that all but one song is 12-bar. This seems irrelevant in light of the adulation heaped on many older bluesmen who seldom deviated from one form or riff (example: how many times does Elmore James *Dust My Broom* riff show up in one of his LPs?). Litweiler goes on to castigate Mayall for being a "mushy lyricist" with singing "much like yours or mine."

I had always understood the blues to be a music played and sung by the common man, from the heart, about his life. John Mayall is singing as one man, from his heart, about his life. Whether he's singing about J. B. Lenoir or his love for California, what he's singing about is unique, though it has a common theme. If his voice is to be criticized, then why not criticize the singing of Bukka White, Fred McDowell or Robert Johnson, for the same reasons? Hell, McDowell is a *bluesman*, not a trained vocalist! Lyrically, I find that Mayall's highly personal lyrics are refresh-



ing in that they don't ape the lyrics of bluesmen of previous generations. How many young white blues bands who've never been south of Washington, D.C. are singing *Goin' down to Rosedale/Take my rider by my side*, not knowing where Rosedale is.

Room to Move, with its mouth percussion, is indeed something one wouldn't want to hear often, but with the many obnoxious drum solos spewed at rock audiences these days, it's a pleasant, if limited departure. I feel, however, that it is unfair to accuse Mayall & Co. of applause-begging when Litweiler was not at the Fillmore to see the show (in all fairness, I wasn't there, either).

There is some merit in his criticism of John Mark but Johnny Almond, copping aside, is an excellent musician, not just while working with Mayall. His two Deram LPs are superb. One final point: Mayall and group, around the time this LP was recorded, went down well with the jazz as well as the rock audiences at Newport last year. Perhaps Mayall, along with Almond, will be instrumental (no pun intended) in introducing their young fans to jazz.

Rich Keinzle

Greensburg, Pa.

Bird Lore

Martin Williams' reference to a Charlie Parker composition in his *Bystander* column (db, March 19) raises an interesting point. Martin spelled the title as *Klackto-veedsedsteen*. Wrong, as were all previous spellings of this item in discographies, on record labels, etc.

The correct spelling is: *Klact-oveedsedstene*. Bird was once asked to write it down and he did so—on the back of a table card at the Three Deuces. Fortunately, that bit of Bird calligraphy has survived.

Mark Gardner

Faversham, Kent, England

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SATCHMO NEWS: SALUTE, RECORD DATE, NEW BOOK

In addition to the tribute at the Newport Jazz Festival (see story this page), Louis Armstrong will be feted at a birthday eve spectacular at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles July 3.

Emceed by Hoagy Carmichael, the pro-



HERB SNITZER

gram will feature trumpeters Harry James, Al Hirt, Clark Terry, Jonah Jones, Doc Severinsen, Teddy Buckner and Doc Evans; former sidemen Barney Bigard, Tyree Glenn and Joe Darensbourg; New Orleansians Ed Garland, Alton Purnell and Nappy Lamare; French reedmen Claude Luter and Maxim Saury; drummer Barry (Kid) Martin from England; instrumentalists Benny Carter, Joe Marsala, Red Callender, Bob Havens, Rosy McHargue, Ray Coniff, and Max Murray; singers Mahalia Jackson, Sarah Vaughan, Little Richard, Joni James, Vaughn Monroe, Lou Rawls, Johnny Ray, Maria Cole, Billy Daniels and Andy Russell, and others yet to be announced.

The entire proceeds from the event, organized by the Association of Southern California Jazz Clubs, will go to the Louis Armstrong Statue Fund. Tickets, scaled at \$3.50, 4.50, and 5.50, are available at the Shrine box office or by mail order from *Hello Louis*, P.O. Box B-401, Chatsworth, CA 91311.

Just in time for the subject's birthday, an interesting and attractive soft-cover book, *Salute to Satchmo*, has been published in England.

Written by veteran jazz critic Max Jones, assisted by John Chilton and Leonard

Feather, the book's 155 pages contain a long, informative and warm survey of the Armstrong career, contribution and personality by Jones; some words by Pops himself; a chronology of highlights in Louis' professional life; a survey of Armstrong records and films; tributes from musicians, both current and historical; 17 pages of photos, many of them rare, and a foreword by Feather.

Typically, no U.S. publisher has been found for the book. It is therefore available only from Longacre Press Ltd., 161 Fleet St., London E.C. 4, England.

Though it was supposed to be a secret, the *New York Post* leaked the story: in late May, Louis Armstrong recorded an album for Flying Dutchman, with arrangements by Oliver Nelson, and a repertoire of songs old and new.

Louis did not play trumpet on the date (though he has been playing at home every day), but there were a number of opportunities for him to scat improvised lines. Informal parties preceded the dates, and among the guests were Miles Davis, Bobby Hackett, and Ornette Coleman.

DON BYAS FOR NEWPORT, MORE PROGRAM CHANGES

Among several changes, additions and adjustments in the program for the Newport Jazz Festival (July 10-12), the most startling is that tenor giant Don Byas has been signed for his first U.S. appearance in 24 years.

Byas, who left these shores in 1946 with Don Redman's band and hasn't been back since—not even for a private visit—will be reunited with Dizzy Gillespie at the July 11 evening concert. His fellow tenorist and expatriate (albeit of much more recent vintage) Dexter Gordon will join the party.

The Violin Summit on the same program, for which Joe Venuti, Stephane Grappelli and Jean-Luc Ponty have already been announced, will have Ray Nance as an added starter. Ike and Tina Turner, Nina Simone, Herbie Mann and Kenny Burrell round out the Saturday night show.

Friday night's opener, a New Orleans Tribute to Louis Armstrong, now promises to include Satchmo himself, Mahalia Jackson, the Preservation Hall Jazz Band with guests Punch Miller, Percy Humphrey, and Cap'n John Handy, the New Orleans Classic Ragtime Orchestra, the Eureka Brass Band, and trumpeters Bobby Hackett, Gillespie, Nance, Joe Newman, Wild Bill Davison, and Jimmy Owens.

Three simultaneous workshops will take place Saturday from noon to 3 p.m., featuring drums (Elvin Jones, Philly Joe Jones, Tony Williams, Chico Hamilton), trumpet (Gillespie, Newman, Owens), and violin (Venuti, Grappelli, Nance, Ponty). The concert that follows will include the Gary Burton Quartet with guest Keith Jarrett, Chico Hamilton's group, Tony Williams' Lifetime, the Elvin Jones Trio,

and a quartet led by Japanese reedman Sadao Watanabe.

Sunday afternoon offers Bill Cosby and his new band, billed as Badfoot Brown and the Bunions Bradford Marching and Funeral Band, the Fourth Way, pianist-singer Roberta Flack, and a blues session with T-Bone Walker, Albert King, and young Shuggie Otis.

Ella Fitzgerald, Cannonball Adderley's quintet, the Buddy Rich Band, singer Leon Thomas, and the groups of Eddie Harris and Les McCann will wrap things up Sunday night.

BLACK MUSICIANS BLAST L.A. STUDIO POLICIES

Complaints by black musicians of discrimination in studio hiring are mounting on the West Coast and seem to be headed for the California State Legislature and/or the U.S. Justice Department.

Bitterness has been brewing ever since a separate black union merged with AFM Local 47 some 15 years ago, but the most recent hassel, the picket-line protest at the April 7 Academy Awards presentation (db, May 28) served as the catalyst for the latest threats of legal action.

More than 100 members of the Black Musicians Association and NAACP officials recently met with contractors, labor representatives and Local 47 brass at the union's Hollywood headquarters in an extraordinary three-hour Sunday session. During the frequently heated exchanges, the BMA charged that contractors exercise tokenism in their hiring practices for record dates and TV and motion picture sessions. Further, the same musicians are hired repeatedly. As a result, according to the BMA, some black musicians might be doing well under present conditions while many others were better off when the union locals were segregated.

Local 47 president John Tranchitella suggested that a study committee be set up, but this was countered by BMA leader Bill Henderson's request that the NAACP file a suit with the Justice Department, charging job discrimination. At the same time, Assemblyman Bill Greene has requested an official investigation by the California Fair Employment Practices Commission.

One of the demands by the BMA is that a "25 per cent quota system must be invoked." However, Local 47 feels this is unrealistic since the make-up of its membership (approximately 1,100 blacks among 14,000 members) reflects less than one-third of the percentage requested.

Asked about the quota system, Tranchitella said: "We oppose the suggestion by some of our black members that a racial quota be imposed on all employment. We believe that talent, ability and performance must be the criteria . . . The idea of racial quotas smacks of segregation and discrimination, and we will oppose it."

FINAL BAR

Pianist **Cliff Jackson**, 67, died May 23 in New York City of heart failure. He suffered a serious heart attack in 1967.

Born Clifton Luther Jackson in Washington, D.C., he studied music privately



JACK BRADLEY

and began his professional career as pianist in a dancing school. He came to New York in 1923 and worked with various Harlem bands, including Lionel Howard's Musical Aces, and as a solo pianist and accompanist for singers.

He formed his own big band, Cliff Jackson's Krazy Kats, in the late '20. It included such excellent musicians as trumpeter Henry Goodwin, saxophonist-clarinetist Rudy Powell, and tenorist Horace Langhorne, and made several records for the Grey Gull-Radiex-Van Dyke labels.

Subsequently, Jackson worked and recorded with Sidney Bechet, was house pianist at Nick's and then at Cafe Society Downtown (from 1943 to '51), and was very active in the city's mainstream-traditional jazz scene. In 1964, he took over the house band at Jimmy Ryan's, remaining at that club until precarious health forced him to adopt a lighter schedule. In recent years, he played solo piano at the RX and did occasional concerts with his wife, singer Maxine Sullivan.

Jackson was a vital and original pianist in the Harlem Stride tradition. Once heard, his style was readily identifiable by virtue of his very personal bass lines, a kind of synthesis of the characteristic stride 10ths and boogie woogie patterns. His playing had melodic charm and a vigorous beat. As a leader, he was exceptionally even-tempered and gracious.

Jackson's best recorded work includes *I'm Comin' Virginia* with Bunny Berigan's Blue Boys, *Ja Da* with Tommy Ladnier, and the piano solos *You Took Advantage of Me* and *Memphis Blues* (1946).

POTPOURRI

Ginger Baker's Air Force began a U.S. and Canadian tour June 20 with a

concert at New York's Madison Square Garden and a June 24 Toronto stint. The Group goes on to Columbia, Md. (July 1), Miami (3-4), the Atlanta Pop Festival (5), Chicago's Aragon Ballroom (10), and Minneapolis (16), with further dates pending.

Bassist **Alan Silva** is coordinating a three-day **John Coltrane Memorial**, to be held July 23-25 at The Museum, Broadway near Astor Place in Manhattan. The first day will feature recorded music and a taped interview with the great saxophonist lent by his widow; the second day will be devoted to memorial tributes by poets and exhibits of paintings, slides and photos, and the final day will have music by groups led by Cecil Taylor, Archie Shepp, Alice Coltrane, and Silva. Interested persons in possession of photos, tapes, slides, memorabilia, etc. pertaining to John Coltrane should contact Silva at 250 Cumberland St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11205.

The annual Schaefer Music Festival in New York's Central Park kicks off June 25 with Ray Charles, his orchestra, and the Raelettes. **Buddy Rich** (27); **The Band** (29); **Eddie Harris**, **Les McCann** and **Roberta Flack** (July 1); **Miles Davis** and **Buddy Miles'** big band (7), and **Mongo Santamaria**, **Cal Tjader** and **Ray Barretto** (8) are highlights of the first two weeks' programs. The festival runs through Aug. 22.

Bassist **Gary Peacock**, who has been living and studying in Japan, recorded an album, *Eastward*, there in February, which has just been released on CBS/Sony. It is a trio date with pianist **Masabumi Kikuchi** and drummer **Hiroshi Murakami**. Peacock left in mid-May for the U.S., but plans to return to Japan in December to take up permanent residence.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Lately, some superior concerts by the new jazzmen have been taking place here. On May 19, the **Creative Construction Company** gave an exciting futuristic jazz concert at the Peace Church on W. 4th St. Several of the musicians, who are from Chicago, recently returned from Europe. On hand were **Leo Smith**, fluegelhorn; **LeRoy Jenkins**, violin; **Anthony Braxton**, alto sax; **Richard Abrams**, piano; **Richard Davis**, guesting on bass, and **Steve McCall**, drums. The concert was sponsored by Liberty House . . . The Washington Heights Library was the location of a May 20 concert featuring a group led by percussionist **Andrew Cyrille** (**Eddie Gale**, trumpet; **Sam Rivers**, tenor sax, vocals; **Charlie Haden**, bass; and **Gene Golden** from Ghana, congas). The musical quality was consistently high, and the two percussionists cooked . . . A lot of good jazz sounds came from the Museum at 729 Broadway in Greenwich Village May 23 when **Sunny Murray's Spiritual Ensemble** played some of the most avant-garde jazz ever heard in these parts. On cornet was **Clifford Thornton**; **Hal Doctor**, **Gary Bartz** and **Jimmy Lyons** were on altos; and **Bob Cunningham**,

bass; **Alan Silva**, electric violin and cello; and **Art Lewis**, percussion rounded out the personnel. The group played till after midnight to a very responsive crowd . . . The **Rascals** did a benefit May 22 for the Black Scholarship Fund at Manhattanville College in Purchase, N.Y. . . . Percussionist **Pierre Parisien** performed in a concert of new music at Town Hall in April. He introduced two compositions with **Paul Jeffrey**, electric tenor sax; **James Taylor**, electric piano; **Perry Lind**, bass, and the composer using his self-made "Continuum" . . . **Natalie Lamb** started singing at the Roosevelt Grill May 25 from 7:30 to 8:30 after the two-time cocktail festivities of the **Jazz Band** co-led by **Eddie Condon** and **Kai Winding** and the **Buck Clayton** group. The **World's Greatest Jazz Band** has since returned to its stomping grounds . . . **Pharoah Sanders** group has been added to the June 19 *Jazz on the Hudson* boat ride . . . Guitarist **Sonny Sharrock** was in Europe for a few weeks in May with the **Herbie Mann Quintet** . . . **Dave Burrell** returned from Africa and Europe, where he did two weeks at Le Chat Qui Peche in Paris . . . **Charles McPherson** led a group in concert at Judson Hall May 22, with **Barry Harris**, piano; **James Jefferson**, bass; and **Lenny White**, drums. His charming wife **Betty McPherson** sang. A fine concert . . . **Pete Pearson's Afro-Jazz Lab** played a concert at Brooklyn's MUSE in May. With Pearson were **Billy Skinner**, trumpet and fluegelhorn; **Kahlig Al-Raous**, flute and soprano sax; **Bill Gault**, piano; **Andrei Strobelt**, drums . . . The **Shocking Blue**, a young rock group from Holland, were in New York a few days before starting their U.S. tour. The group's Carnegie Hall Concert is in June. Their hit record was *Venus*, and their new one just released is *Long and Lonesome Road* . . . **Warren Chiasson**, **Wynton Kelly** and **Sam Jones** played weekends at Makell's on the upper west side . . . "Duke Pearson plays Duke Ellington" was the theme of **Duke Pearson's Big Band** with **Al Hibbler** in a concert given by the **Duke Ellington Society** at Columbia University's Wollman Auditorium May 24. All compositions were by Duke or **Billy Strayhorn** . . . **Sweet Staven Chain**, a fresh jazz-rock band, played a few nights at Ungano's mid-May. They're zany and musical . . . **McCoy Tyner** and **Yusef Lateef** held a cooperative concert at Town Hall May 29 . . . **Lee Morgan's Quintet** was at Slug's May 19-24, followed by the **Elvin Jones Trio** . . . The **Village Vanguard** had the **Roy Haynes Hip Ensemble** and the **Chick Corea Trio** (**Dave Holland**, bass; **Barry Altschul**, drums) the week of May 19 . . . **WE**, a loosely organized association of "free, avant-garde jazz, universal music" players, presented several groups in concert May 9 and 10 for the Soho Artists Festival. Performing were **Mario Pavone**, **Richard Youngstein**, **Steve Tintweiss**, **Frank Smith**, **Mark Whitecage**, **James DuBoise**, **Jacques Coursil**, **Laurence Cook**, **Tom Moore**, **Judy Stuart**, and **Don Bass**. Avant-garde musicians interested in playing with or being associated with WE should contact **James DuBoise**, the group's founder, at

/Continued on page 39

NCJF 1970: THE GROOVES OF ACADEME

by Jim Szantor

ANYONE FORTUNATE ENOUGH to have attended the 1970 National College Jazz Festival in Urbana, Ill. May 16-17 got a look at the productive side of higher education. Involvement, to be sure, pervades all aspects of college life these days, from environmental cleanup campaigns to political protest. Without venturing far afield, it is sufficient to muse that perhaps this disruption has had beneficial side effects—creativity does not always flower in idyllic settings.

The bands that performed in the superb Krannert Center for the Performing Arts Great Hall on the University of Illinois campus were winners in the six regional festivals held earlier in the year, plus three invited guest bands—a total of 20 big bands, combos and vocal soloists or units, some backing the distinguished guest artists (Benny Carter, Clark Terry, Cannonball Adderley, Lalo Schiffrin, Gerry Mulligan, Quincy Jones). Though individual awards were presented, the festival was

bone of Garney Hicks, the drumming of Bob Chmel and Dobbins' electric piano. Their set included a haunting *Death Cry*, composed by Dobbins and dedicated to the Kent State 4.

Next came the inimitable Clark Terry. Soloing with the razor-sharp Millikin Univ. big band (a guest unit), Terry put on a fantastic display of improvisational wizardry and *Mumbles* showmanship. The afternoon crowd (which occupied about two-thirds of the Great Hall's 2,200 seats) was enthralled from the moment Terry stepped on stage and gave him a spontaneous standing ovation.

Following intermission, Univ. of Illinois vocalist DeeDee Garrett quickly settled the audience with unique versions of *Watermelon Man*, *Spring Can Really Hang You Up The Most*, *Aquarius* and *My Funny Valentine*. Miss Garrett is already singing better than some of the heavyweights and I get the impression that there's a lot more to come.

Can't Get Started was a true work of art, and a fantastic break highlighted *All The Things You Are*, along with a virtuosic bass solo by Monaghan. There was also *Come Sunday*, a moving Carter tribute to Johnny Hodges. Though the Univ. of Illinois band came back to close the over-long program, many spectators had unfortunately chosen to depart during Carter's segment.

The evening program led off with the performance of a special Bill Dobbins composition commissioned by the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts.

With the Kent State big band, Dobbins (chosen outstanding composer at the 1969 NCJF) conducted his magnificent *Textures*. The first movement, *Points*, opened with an effective electric piano intro followed by trombone ensemble bursts, another excellent trombone solo by Garney Hicks, and yeoman work by drummer Bob Chmel, whose contributions were vital to the overall effect. *Shapes* utilized miscellaneous reeds (an oboe line with flute, clarinet, alto and tenor) and sharp lead trumpet work by Lorman Weitzel. The composer stretched out during *Lines*, displaying a Denny Zeitlin-Cecil Taylor orientation. The remainder of the Kent State big band's set consisted of three more Dobbins compositions, including *Balcony*, a most interesting work that included quotes from the *Marines Hymn* and *Rock of Ages* with an intermittent rock beat.

Following a spirited set by the Arvonio-Lincoln-Hill vocal quartet from San Fernando Valley State College, the Loyola Univ. (New Orleans) big band did perhaps the most commercially-oriented set of the festival, featuring the vocal talents of Angella Trosclair (who also played electric piano with the band) and a powerhouse brass section.

A triple-threat performance by the extremely capable Indiana Univ. big band closed the first day's program. First, there were several of leader David Baker's pieces, the most notable being the *Suite* from his jazz oratorio *Black America*, to my mind the best composition of the festival. Then it was Quincy Jones' turn to front the band before introducing Cannonball Adderley, who was fluent on *Soul Serenade*, eloquent on *The Midnight Sun Will Never Set*, and funky on Baker's *Roly Poly* in addition to being his usual affable and compelling self, personally and musically.

Sunday afternoon's program was as musically satisfying as the previous day's but with a few surprises thrown in.

The Bowling Green State Univ. (Ohio) big band opened with a rousing set, with tenorist John Steirt especially impressive on *Fallout* and *Festival*. More tenor eloquence, this time by Johnny Gonzales, highlighted a stimulating set by the small ensemble from Sam Houston State Univ. (Huntsville, Tex.).

Taking the stage next was a unique group, the Selah, from Los Angeles Valley College. Before any music was produced, the crowd was quite taken by what proved to be more than a prop. Picture a thin tree trunk with a few scrawny branches set on a platform with wind chimes, bells, and who knows what else hanging on it

(Continued on page 32)



LEE BALTMAN

Cannonball Adderley solos as Quincy Jones conducts the Indiana Univ. band.

not competitive.

Before the Saturday afternoon concert, Indiana University's David Baker presided over a stimulating improvisation clinic that wound up with Cannonball and Terry jamming with a student rhythm section. Concurrently, Quincy Jones held an arranging seminar with Schiffrin and Carter also on hand. Later, the sounds of Carter rehearsing with three Univ. of Illinois musicians wafted through the corridors of Krannert's lower level. This, however, proved to be the lightest of appetizers.

The Swingin' Axes, a big band from Stephen F. Austin State College (Nacogdoches, Tex.) got things off to a fine start with *Canadian Suite #3* featuring trombonist Gerry Thomas and tenorist Ron Laws (brother of flutist Hubert and singer Eloise). *Here's That Rainy Day* featured award-winner Ken Lesight on trumpet, in a warm, straightforward ballad reading. A jazz-rock vehicle, a modal tune featuring Laws on flute, and Ben Tucker's *Comin' Home Baby* wrapped up the Axes segment.

The first small group to appear, the Bill Dobbins Quartet from Kent State Univ., played a fine set highlighted by the trom-

Another guest outfit, the Univ. of Illinois Jazz Band I, followed and soon the wisdom of eliminating unit competition was evident. *Magic Flea* was as electrifying as ever, drummer Chuck Braugham excelling himself. Though members of guest bands were ineligible for individual awards, Braugham was surely the festival's most brilliant, versatile and tasteful drummer. The Univ. of Illinois book is perhaps the most demanding of any big band on or off campus and Braugham handled his difficult chores with effortless fluidity, intelligence and swing. The band as a whole was in fine shape, with altoist Howie Smith, tenorist Ron Dewar, trumpeters Cecil Bridgewater and Ric Bendel, pianist Jim McNeely and bassist Bill Isom outstanding in solo roles. *The Old Beelzebub Blues* had a new wrinkle—McNeely, guitarist-banjoist Terry Pettijohn and leader John Garvey employed the dutar, doira and rubab, instruments acquired during the band's Russian tour last year.

Benny Carter played a pleasant set backed by Univ. of Illinois bandsmen Don Smith, piano; John Monaghan, bass, and Braugham. *Take The A Train* flowed, I



At Home, Spring 1970

We are proud to dedicate this issue of *down beat* to Louis Armstrong, the true King of Jazz. For more than half a century, this dedicated and beautiful man has been spreading joy on earth. Steadfastly, he has affirmed the eternal verities of love, beauty and goodness—as an artist and as a man. He is one of the few glories of our age. In these pages, you will find tributes from fellow musicians testifying to Louis' all-encompassing influence on the music we call jazz, a music of which he is the essence. You will also find tributes from two leading jazz critics. Unlike the musicians, they circumscribe their praise with comments defining Louis "the entertainer" as someone distinct from Louis "the artist." Only this confused century could have spawned a theory that views art and entertainment as incompatible. What artist worthy of the name does not first of all desire to communicate—to touch the hearts and minds of others? And is this not what Louis Armstrong does so supremely well? Trumpeter, singer, actor, entertainer, human

being: all these are the one and only Louis Armstrong, a whole man.

Long ago, Louis dedicated his life and art to a noble purpose. "It's happiness to me to see people happy," he has said, and he has turned millions on with his smile, his voice, and his horn. Through thousands and thousands of one-night stands, on that hard old road, he has never given his public less than his best. Off stage, he has been just as generous.

Louis was born with the knowledge that black is beautiful. Unmindful of fashions and trends, he has been true to himself and his heritage—a heritage he has enriched and transmuted to a degree not yet fully comprehended, and perhaps not fully comprehensible. All true art partakes of the mysterious. Louis Armstrong has always been in style, and always will be.

Happy birthday, blessed Satchmo, and many more! You've made this world a better place with your magic wand.

—D.M.

JACK BRADLEY PHOTOS

The First Horn, 1913



Roses For Satchmo

The following tributes to Louis Armstrong come from musicians young and old, traditional and futuristic, famous and little known. They are not presented in any obvious sequence—we didn't think it necessary to arrange them alphabetically, or rank them in any strict order. We were unable to get quotes from everyone we wanted, of course, but what we did get pretty well covers the spectrum of jazz. There's only one sour note; we kept it in for contrast. Even that, however, is not aimed at Louis, ungracious as it is.

We wish to thank Jack Bradley, Jane Welch, Harriet Choice and Harvey Siders for their kind assistance in picking this bouquet of roses for Satchmo. —Ed.

DUKE ELLINGTON: Louis Armstrong is, of course, the man who, when he played trumpet, inspired thousands to try to play like him, to play the Louis Armstrong style. Hundreds of thousands more were simply inspired to play the same instrument he played. And who knows how many millions just loved to listen to him. Louis Armstrong is what I call an American standard, and an American original.

BARNEY BIGARD: To put it simply, he's the greatest. Louis set a pattern for all trumpet players. Maybe you can't put it simply after all. Louis is so talented, it's really impossible to describe. I don't know of anyone who has worked harder in this business. I remember one period—must have been in the late '40s or early 50s—we were working at the Blue Note in Chicago. Louis worked so hard that his lip just gave out—just like that. It lasted for about two weeks and he got mighty worried. But you know him, he just went along, did a lot of singing and eventually his lip got back into shape. That's the way Louis is—always coming back stronger.

BENNY CARTER: This guy is so wonderful, how can I boil it all down? Let's say he's jazz' number one contributor, re-

gardless of who came before him. And it goes without saying he's jazz' number one ambassador, but that's not very original, is it? The best way to show how important Louis is is to point out that he influenced so many instrumentalists—and not just trumpeters. I offer in evidence Earl Hines. On a personal note, I was lucky enough to work with Louis in a number of films, but I regret never having had the distinct pleasure of playing with him. The closest I came was when I joined Fletcher Henderson's band shortly after Louis left. I would really have liked to swing with him in that free and easy style of his.

RAY BROWN: He's the principal musician, the principal jazz man. You know, the prime mover, the innovator. Everyone copied him. My favorite story about Louis comes from Roy Eldridge. He told me he'd heard some records by Louis but they never overwhelmed him. Then he caught him in a theater live and the first number he played everybody was standing and yelling and applauding. Pretty soon, without even realizing it, Roy was standing and yelling and applauding, himself. He said he stayed all day, saw all the shows and never even ate. As Roy said,

'Louis was the cat who laid it down.' I'll have to agree with that.

DIZZY GILLESPIE: Louis? He's the cause of the trumpet in jazz. Louis Armstrong? He's the father of jazz trumpeting. What else can you say—his *name* is enough!

CLARK TERRY: Pops is the daddy of them all and without him we wouldn't have anything to follow. I hope he's around a long time to watch us follow in the path he laid for us. Anyone who is my age or older who would not admit that Louis Armstrong is their sole source of inspiration and guidance in jazz would have to be telling a lie!

STAN KENTON: There can be no dispute about it, Louis Armstrong is the father of modern jazz. We all derive from Louis. He's the one man who has all the ingredients. King Oliver and the other earlier musicians like him had their specialties and they were all great in certain respects, but Louis had it all. And you know something—he still has it.

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY: The first thing one must recognize about Louis is that he was our first important jazz solo-



JACK BRADLEY

ist. What I mean by that is *his* jazz improvising paved the way for all subsequent jazz improvisation. He was the first to show us that we needn't just play pretty embellishments on a melody but we could go in a completely different and more creative direction. That's the debt to Louis Armstrong we'll never be able to repay.

QUINCY JONES: What can you say about Louis—he's the daddy. His playing has influenced everyone; his singing has influenced everyone. I've known Louis since I was a kid. In fact, his was the first band I ever saw. He and Duke form the most vital links that gave us the golden age of music. And to pay tribute to either of them would be an exercise in redundancy. Let's just say it's a shame that anyone takes him for granted 'cause everything after John Philip Sousa that swings stems from Louis Armstrong.

TEDDY BUCKNER: Louis has always been my idol. I think he's the greatest trumpet player who has ever lived. He certainly has been a big influence on me. In his prime, no one could touch him, and as for his singing, he tells a story. That's a true showman. Anyone who picks up a trumpet today, they're gonna play some little bit of Louis. I've stood in for Louis in a number of movies going back to *Pennies From Heaven*. And I toured with Louis in 1956, with my own band. But you know what I treasure the most? He gave me one of his trumpets, with his name engraved on it—must have been 1936 or '37. He's still my idol.

GERALD WILSON: The outstanding thing about Louis is that he was one of the greatest innovators among trumpet players. He had a great lip and was really a musical genius. I remember the first recordings by him that I bought. I had to wind up my Victrola, so this goes way back. Another thing that goes way back is my first personal recollection of Louis. That was in Chicago in the mid-'30s, with Trummy Young and Willie Smith. When I say Louis is a wonderful person, I know what I'm talking about. He deserves all the great things that are being said about him.

JIMMY SMITH: I'll tell you one thing about Louis: he should have been in the Hall of Fame—you know what I mean, the *down beat* Hall of Fame—a helluva lot sooner than some others I could name. (Louis was the first Hall of Fame winner—in 1952—Ed.) He's a great artist, a truly great artist. As for those younger cats who put him down, let me tell you something: I worked with Louis during a tour in Germany. When they accuse him of Uncle Tomism they just don't know what they're talking about. What Louis does—y'know, the flashing teeth and all that—that's his thing.

SHELLY MANNE: I love him. I love him for what he means to music. I love him for all his vitality and what he's given of himself. I don't mean to sound facetious, but I even love Louis for his Swiss Kriss. Would you believe the only thing *he* remembers *me* for is the time I sang the blues? I was with Kenton's band and we were touring New England and he

heard me and has never let me forget it. As far as those ridiculous charges of 'Uncle Tom' are concerned, that's his environment; that's the way he was raised. He is what he is, and if that sounds like Uncle Tomism, I'm sorry man, but that's show biz.

ART HODES: Jazz is not—never has been—a one-man show. But if I had to vote for one representative for jazz, that one would have to be Louis Armstrong.

GEORGE BRUNIS: The man is great. He's nice—a hell of a man and a trumpet player. Muggsy Spanier used to carry his records around. Liverlips (Muggsy) said Ironlips (Louis) was the greatest. I've known a lot of great ones, but Armstrong's personality would outshine any trumpet player.

COOTIE WILLIAMS: Louis Armstrong and Charlie Parker are the two most important jazzmen that ever lived. Louis Armstrong is the greatest jazz trumpet player I ever heard in my life. No more needs to be said.



JACK BRADLEY COLLECTION

A serenade to Billie Holiday

HARRY CARNEY: Louis Armstrong has always been an inspiration to me, not only for his musicianship, but for the man and his sense of humor. When you see him, you are always happy. What he projects makes you smile. The sound of his voice makes you happy. It's catching. If you feel bad, it perks you up. Louis Armstrong is a great lift man.

CAT ANDERSON: Louis Armstrong is the greatest horn player that ever played. No one can play or think like him. His playing will last forever. As time goes by, we hope someone will keep the Louis Armstrong tradition alive. I know I'll try. Live on, Louis, live on!

JOE BENJAMIN: I always liked Louis Armstrong. You listen as a youngster and all of a sudden you're an adult. And then one day you find yourself in a Decca recording studio with him and find he's one of the nicest people on this earth.

EARL HINES: Some of the happiest days in my career were with Louis Armstrong, and some of my biggest thrills. I hope there'll still be an opportunity for us to get together, even if it's only to record.

THAD JONES: I think he's probably the greatest living influence in trumpet playing today. Had it not been for Louis, I probably wouldn't have played trumpet in the first place. It's not just his playing but the way he plays—that staccato machine-gun attack. He's one of the first men I heard playing speed—it's one of the hardest ways of playing and Louis always made it sound easy. Even today he still can do it when it counts. He's just a beautiful man.

CHARLES McPHERSON: To me, Louis Armstrong is the greatest phraser I've ever heard in my life. I really didn't appreciate Louis Armstrong 'till I got older because I thought he was old fashioned when I was a kid. You know, when you're 19 or 20 you have to be modern and everything else seems uncool to you. I thought then he must be square. As I got older

and checked him out, I really appreciated the cat. I never heard anyone who is that *free* in his phrasing and rhythm—even in his singing, the way he *bends* a note and phrases personally. Louis Armstrong was the first hipster.

SUN RA: To me, Louis Armstrong is one of nature's music-children. The beauty and simplicity of his sound-style/image-sound improvisation is one of the treasures of sound-pleasure. There is a sense of humor present in the Louis Armstrong approach that is missing in so many other music offerings today. I have always considered every solo I heard by Louis a work of art-masterpiece. I became interested in jazz when I was in elementary school and even then on my list as fundamental was Louis Armstrong. He is part of my jazz-experience adventure. His contribution to jazz is immeasurable and his contribution to music is a world thing not fully evaluated as yet. He is a musician and a per-



JACK BRADLEY COLLECTION

Big Band Days, 1937: Red Allen and J. C. Higginbotham, far left; Pops Foster on bass; Bingie Madison, far right.

son close to humanity and its reality. I do not know him personally but I always hear and see him through his music. Once, while I was traveling on the road with a band someplace in Kentucky or thereabouts, I heard a recording by Louis in a tavern. The name of it was *Sittin' In the Dark*. I haven't heard it since, but I still remember the sound-image impression it gave me. He was singing and playing in the same natural way he always projects. He is one of the natural greats of music. I am glad that the world did as much for him as it did. For my part, I wish to say to him: Greetings Intergalactic.

ZUTTY SINGLETON: There are so many things to say about Louis. He is one of the swellest guys I've ever met in the music business. It's real kicks just to be around him. I have an autographed picture from him taken in 1929, when we were Uptown at Connie's Inn. It says: "May we never part. From your boy Louis." Forty years later, he came up to me and said: "Zutty, we're going to pick up where we left off!"

MARY LOU WILLIAMS: Through his music, Louis has shown a true spirit of charity towards humanity.

JO JONES: My musical career started on trumpet. This stopped when I heard Louis Armstrong play at the Vendome Theater in Chicago.

OLIVER NELSON: We couldn't have had what we now know as American music without him. He created a style and he opened up this whole thing. He is just as important as Duke Ellington.

TONY BENNETT: Louis Is America.

KENNY BURRELL: First of all, he should live forever. I'm sure his music will live forever, and I intend to be one of the people to try and make it happen.

BOB WILBER: Louis Armstrong's music was the reason I became a jazz musician, and after 25 years his music is still my greatest inspiration.

GEORGE WEIN: Because of Louis and Duke, my life has been directed. I wouldn't be where I am or do what I'm doing if not for those two people. Since I was a kid, they have directed my life. They still remain the greatest. None have come close.

ORNETTE COLEMAN: Louis Armstrong is the best loved performer in the white

society and his contribution to Western culture has certainly enhanced the black man's social position in the struggle for human achievements.

CAL MASSEY: Louis Armstrong is definitely an institution as far as black music goes. He was my first influence. When I was a kid of about 7 or 8, I used to wait up when my mother went out to dances that he played at, and I'd ask her questions about how he played. . . . I love Louis Armstrong. I guess you might say for modern times that he has Uncle Tom tactics, but that doesn't take away from the talent that God gave him, and I wish I had one quarter per cent of his talent.

CLIFFORD JARVIS: Louis is a father of jazz, a real contributor. He is a legend now, and he always was. He is a great man and one of the best trumpet players in the world. Trumpeters today should listen more to him. He plays one note and it's a book. Louis is an inspiration—take a listen to him. He brings back some of the pride that was in jazz. I wish he'd be in a place where I could listen to him more often.

CLIFFORD THORNTON: Louis Armstrong is a living legend. A towering giant

of a man and musician whose strength and perseverance have resulted in a lifetime of personal and artistic achievement. A hero. Louis Armstrong represents the earliest generation of the black artist and his attempt to deal with the circumstances of struggle. The heirs of Malcolm, who have won the day, will avenge Louis Armstrong as well. Happy birthday, Mr. Armstrong, and many, many more to come. Power to the people.

FREDDIE GUY: Louis Armstrong ruined a lot of good trumpet players.

MARTY GROSZ: Louis Armstrong is Mr. Freedom.

FRANZ JACKSON: Louis Armstrong is one of the greatest musicians of our time—he and Coleman Hawkins. He seemed to make everyone sing, even people who never could sing. He made it sound so natural. Nobody ever did anything like that with their voice. He played so much when others were playing so little. It's hard today for people to realize what an influence he had. He and Hawk: that's my Hall of Fame.

GENE AMMONS: Louis and my old man were close friends. He used to come by



With King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band, 1923: l to r: Honore Dutrey, Baby Dodds, Oliver, Lil Armstrong, Bill Johnson, Johnny Dodds. Louis is posing with slide cornet.

the house. This is how I was introduced to music. Since I've known Louis he was one of the pioneers—for myself and for the future. He really got the whole thing started.

LIL ARMSTRONG: To begin with, he's a genius, and I think he changed the whole trend of jazz. His singing, too, is quite unique—the only one in captivity . . . he was never serious about being a star—he just wants to have fun.

CHRIS CLIFTON: Pops has been my life since I was a boy of 12. Just to catch a glimpse of him, or hear him blow one note is sheer ecstasy for me . . . Pops is the King, forever. Thank God for Louis Armstrong!

BINGIE MADISON: When we were playing with Louis, he was the tops. All the great trumpet players of today use his stuff and add their own phrases.

BERNARD FLOOD: I think he's the greatest guy that ever picked up a horn. Everyone that ever played anything in jazz has always reverted to Louis Armstrong's ideas. They'll never be another Louis, and I've heard them all.

CHARLIE HOLMES: He's the greatest! I'm not saying that because everyone else says it. I'm saying it because it's true.

HERB HALL: He's the greatest jazz stylist of the century. He started it—both trumpet and jazz singing.

EDDIE CONDON: I'll quote a telegram I sent Louis on his birthday a few years back: "There's two reasons why this date (July 4) is a memorable one—you and the Declaration of Independence."

PUNCH MILLER: He's my boy!

BENNY MORTON: Where would jazz (as we know it now) be if we'd never had a Louis Armstrong?

GUS JOHNSON: He's a bitch as far as I'm concerned—that's just the way I feel!

JAKE HANNA: God came to earth in the



With the Jimmy Dorsey Band, 1936: Dorsey is seated next to Louis; Ray McKinley's the man with suspenders; Fud Livingston stands at far right, next to Bobby Byrne.

form of man, cut his first record in 1923, and has been absolutely perfect ever since.

T-BONE WALKER: I've been in the music business for 42 years and Louis' always been my man!

BILL EVANS: Just recently I got to thinking about Louis, especially about his energy. Guys like Louis—take Duke for example, or Woody—seem to have inexhaustible energy. But Louis in particular, who has worked so hard for so many years, must have more than a marvelous source of energy. He has a great desire and a great need to continue giving his all.

BILLY BUTTERFIELD: He's been the greatest influence on my musical thinking—it's really true.

ERNIE ROYAL: All you can say about the man is that he's fantastic—just the greatest.

ROY ELDRIDGE: He's just the greatest!

BOBBY HACKETT: Louis Armstrong could only happen once—for ever and ever. I, for one, appreciate the ride.

VIC DICKENSON: I had such a ball making *Sugar* and *I Want a Little Girl* with him!

RALPH SUTTON: I love him!

BUD FREEMAN: Louis Armstrong is the father of jazz music because he was the first powerful authentic voice on a horn that I heard. Most of the phrases I hear today come from Louis' playing.

ZOOT SIMS: He's my all-time favorite musician.

AL COHN: I think Louis Armstrong, more than anyone else, is the greatest single influence on jazz and jazz musicians.

BUDD JOHNSON: . . . He's been an inspiration to all musicians, no matter what instrument they played.

MAX KAMINSKY: He's the greatest musician that ever lived. There will never be anyone to take his place. Many years from now, they will finally discover what a great genius he was.

BUCK CLAYTON: He's been my inspiration since the first time I heard him in Frank Sebastian's Cotton Club in 1932. He was the reason I switched from piano to trumpet. He is and always will be the greatest.

JOE NEWMAN: Louis Armstrong introduced me to the trumpet. To me, he has been the greatest inspiration that anyone could have. He's the best known figure in jazz and America's greatest ambassador of good will. Yet, America hasn't given him enough.

LOU MCGARITY: He's just Mr. Jazz. If it wasn't for him I don't think jazz would have ever been born.

BOB HAGGART: My biggest idol of all time and my greatest influence.

RAY NANCE: I grew up on Louis Armstrong, and still have the highest respect for him and his music.

WILD BILL DAVISON: There is no trumpet player living who hasn't been influenced by him somehow—I certainly have.

TINY GRIMES: During all these years I've played with just about everybody. I wish I could have had the honor to play just one gig with him.

JACK LESBERG: The times I spent working with Louis have been the most enjoyable and educational I ever had in my life.

TYREE GLENN: One of the greatest cats I ever worked with—as a man and as a human being. He is for real and he will tell it for real wherever he is.





JACK BRADLEY



True Love Lasts: Louis and Lucille Armstrong on their wedding day in 1942 and at home 25 years later.

ERROLL GARNER: Many happy returns! Keep playing and singing as beautifully as ever for all of us.

LENNIE TRISTANO: Louis Armstrong, along with Earl Hines, was the first great original jazz improviser.

LEE KONITZ: Louis—may I wish you many happy returns, and tell you that *Struttin' with Some Barbecue* is a b-i-t-c-h to play. Pops, you sure have some chops! Thank you.

PAUL DESMOND: Louis is such a giant. There won't ever be anybody like him. People forget how much he invented. Not too many people heard what preceded him. He practically invented jazz.

JAKI BYARD: I remember being introduced to him in a subway by Kenny Clarke before one of Louis' last big band rehearsals. We went to the rehearsal with him. As I watched him there and talked with him, I felt he was the most *natural* man—playing, talking, singing—he was so perfectly natural the tears came to my eyes. I was very moved to be near the most natural of all living musicians.

KENNY DORHAM: Louis was my first influence as a trumpet player. He is the institution from which the trumpet came . . . he always had an intrinsically unusual sense of rhythm, and he's always adding something unique to the lyrics. You can hear Louis in Dizzy—the staccato upper register and Dizzy's articulation. In some way or other, younger musicians were influenced by Pops. Clifford Brown was influenced, too—he sounded like a real old young man, but he had true freshness and vigor of approach and drive. Each generation carries Louis' influence in its own way.

LUCILLE ARMSTRONG: What can I say that hasn't been said—by me. I consider myself one of the most fortunate people in the world to be married to him.

GENE KRUPA: Louis Armstrong, as a person and as a musician, is certainly one of the greatest people I've had the pleasure to know.

PHILLY JOE JONES: Louis Armstrong certainly has been a consistent performer. One thing I like is that he always gets a good drummer and has always had a good group. He's one guy I'd like to play a one-nighter with. You know he really likes to swing!

MILES DAVIS: To me, the great style and interpretation that Louis gave to us musically came from the heart, but his personality was developed by white people wanting black people to entertain by smiling and jumping around. After they do it they call you a Tom, but Louis fooled all of them and became an ambassador of good will.

HARRY GLANTZ: He's the greatest performer in the profession and the greatest ambassador for the United States.

ROSWELL RUDD: Louis Armstrong is the first man to turn me on to music. He set me off. The joyful feeling he communicates always raised my hair. He really took me out and gave me the shivers. Such great feeling. He's like the first sculptor in music, a real monolithic sculptor, with his ability as an architect and his ability to communicate feeling and the whole range of emotions . . . He's a whole man—the embodiment of the African praise singer and bard.

ARCHIE SHEPP: On this *rare* occasion, I take great pleasure in accepting the facilities of your office to wish Mr. Armstrong a happy birthday. I sincerely hope that this forum (*down beat*) would avail itself to more musicians in the future for more expansive deliberation on equally vital issues, i.e., Jackson State, Augusta, Kent, Vietnam. Birthdays are memorable occasions, but we should be equally cognizant of all who have had birthdays and have devoted their lives to jazz. Peace and power.

JIMMY McPARTLAND: Louis Armstrong—that's it! What more can you say? **JB**

JAN PERSSON



SATCHMO'S down beat SCRAPBOOK

"*Satchelmouth Slays Em*", a May 1937 front page photo caption, related that Louis had broken Benny Goodman's record at the Paramount Theatre in New York in the first five days of his engagement. In the same issue, it was announced that Armstrong had signed for the Fleischmann Yeast Hour radio program . . . A columnist in Feb., 1938 reported: "About the impromptu 'classics versus jazz' duel staged between trumpeter Louis Armstrong and pianist Jose Iturbi at Bing Crosby's NBC rehearsal: As Armstrong, noted exponent of jazz, rehearsed a hot trumpet solo, Iturbi calmly seated himself at a grand piano ten feet away and began practicing his classical numbers for the night's program. Armstrong was louder" . . . In "*Satchelmouth Symbol of Best Negro Music*", (March, 1938) an anonymous admirer wrote: "When he plays, he is far off in Elysian fields, completely wrapped up in the music which he pours out. He goes into a trance, and it is only the whole-hearted applause of his listeners which brings him back to reality . . . For technically difficult but swing phrasing, for a mellow full tone, for power and resilience, no one has yet equalled Louis." Assorted items from the capsule biography accompanying the preceding article: "Has radio in every room of his home and listens to all the swing bands . . . Was a fine swimmer in his time; he and Buster Bailey used to have a race of several miles off Chicago's 31st St. beach. Has a long memory and an excellent ear; can remember phrases and tunes long after other band members have forgotten. Photo accompanying the article was

captioned: "*The First King of Swing*" . . . "I'm in my right groove now with Louis," Sid Catlett said in Aug. 1939. "You'll do me a favor to smash rumors that I'm about to leave (Louis') band" . . . "*Louis Should Have Won—Harry James*" was the headline in a boxed story with the results of the 1939 down beat readers' poll, announced in the Jan. 1, 1940 issue. James, who placed first on trumpet (Louis was fourth) had this to say: "I'd like to thank everyone, but I'm afraid there's been a mistake. Louis Armstrong should have won—he's the greatest horn man that ever lived and I blush when my ability and his are even mentioned together" . . . "Louis needs no great band behind him to remain the greatest figure in jazz today," said record reviewer Barrelhouse Dan in the March 15, 1940 issue . . . "Louis Armstrong will remain the world's greatest trumpeter for at least another 10 years. The reason? His teeth are the best in the business," said Richard M. Jones, composer-pianist and band leader in an April 1, 1940 front page box headlined "*Satch Good for Another Decade?*" . . . In the Jan. 1, 1941 issue, Louis' manager Joe Glaser objected to an item in a series on "colored" bands: "I object to the one paragraph which charged that Louis Armstrong and his band traveled to New York on a 'cold bus'. The truth is, Louis and the band traveled by train, as they always do, and the transportation charge came to slightly more than \$2,800 for transporting the band to Los Angeles" . . . "*24 Hot Seven Sides Due by Louis Armstrong*" was an April 15, 1941 headline referring to a new 12-month contract with Decca

Records. "Armstrong already has made his first 'small band' sides under the new agreement. He used a rhythm section, trombone and clarinet—a sort of throwback to his old 'Hot Seven' days in Chicago when Louis first became prominent on wax" . . . Dave Dexter, Jr.'s July 1, 1941 record column ("*Two Armstrong Albums Pace New Records*"): "Two excellent albums of Louis Armstrong classics made a simultaneous appearance two weeks ago, making Louis the most important personage on wax at the moment. Columbia C-57 contains eight old 'Hot Five' pressings made in 1925 and '26 in Chicago when Louis was first making his reputation on the toddlin' town's south side. Decca 233 comprises 10 Armstrong sides of the 1935-39 period" . . . West coast editor Charles Emge reported in the Aug. 15, 1941 issue that "Louis Armstrong will soon play the leading role in an RKO production to be directed by Orson Welles . . . Welles . . . has in mind a 'featurette' in the *March of Time* technique, using wherever possible, roles in the picture that can be performed by the people represented." The film was never made . . . Informed that Louis Armstrong had named him first among a group of his favorite trumpeters, Bunny Berigan commented to down beat (Sept. 1, 1941 issue): "You can't imagine what a kick that is, especially coming from 'Satchmo the King.' All I can say is that Louis alone has been my inspiration, and whatever 'style' I play you can give Armstrong the credit. Why, when I was a kid back in Chicago, at night I used to sneak down to the Savoy where Louis was playing and listen to him night after night. Later I got one of those crank-up phonograph jobs and would play Armstrong records by the hour" . . . From Feb. 1, 1942: "Johnny Long and his band were set to play for the President's birthday party, the only white band to be so honored. Louis Armstrong and crew also were to be featured on a different bandstand, with the President (Roosevelt) in person as honored guest." A retraction in the following (Feb. 15, 1942) issue stated: "Johnny Long was the only orchestra to play for the actual ball attended by F.D.R. himself. But Louis had a Roosevelt, too, at his party. Eleanor, who just wasn't born to stay in one place . . . was one of Armstrong's guests at the colored dance held at the Lincoln Colonnade . . . Both Long and Louis were smash successes at the two balls" . . . "Satchmo Gets Calloway Role" (Aug. 1, 1942): "Word comes now that Louis Armstrong has definitely been signed for the part (in *Cabin in the Sky*), his first big break since *Pennies from Heaven*. The company (MGM) was not sure whether Armstrong would be given the topnotch role of the Devil or would be spotted in the cab-

/Continued on page 30



Spring 1937: Flanked by personal manager Joe Glaser (1) and booking agent Cork O'Keefe, Louis is ready to sign his contract with the Fleischmann Yeast Hour, first sponsored radio show to star a black artist.

SATCHMO REMEMBERED

by Leonard Feather

TRYING TO BRING to a younger reader some sense of what it was to grow up worshipping Louis Armstrong is a task not unlike the post-facto problems that confronted contemporaries of Wilbur and Orville Wright, Thomas Edison and some of the other members of the lyrics in *They All Laughed*.

They didn't laugh at Louis when he and his Hot Five beautified the blues in those OKeh records of the middle and late 1920s. The laughter came later, along with the brow-mopping and the mugging and the jokes and all the other characteristics that endeared Satchmo to hundreds of millions who have seen his act over the past three or four decades.

I am among those who remember the time when his was a performance, which is not to be confused with an act. I remember the sound of a horn that addressed itself to me, for the first time ever, in the listening booth of a record shop in Kensington, London. The original *West End Blues* had just been released in England. I blew my week's allowance, took the record back to school after the lunch break, and that evening played it until I knew the solo note for note, waiting for each exquisitely formed phrase, thrilling to the long-held B-Flat concert (almost two octaves above middle C, for four whole bars), marveling at Louis' wordless answers to the clarinet phrases (too gentle to be called scat singing), trying to figure out how Earl Hines interlocked the left and right hands rhythms, and smiling contentedly when Zutty Singleton sealed off the masterpiece with that little afterclick.

There can be no way of knowing how many careers in music were similarly triggered by the impact of Armstrong. His influence in the 1920s and '30s, like that of Bird and Dizzy in the '40s, extended far beyond the compass of the horn itself. Soloists on every horn, singers by the thousand, tried to duplicate the unique contours of his improvisations.

My case was particularly fortunate in that he was not just the first jazzman but also the first American I ever came to know as a friend. At his small flat in Holborn, during the first London visit in 1932, I sat around playing 78s on his portable crank-up, devouring every morsel of gossip he could give me concerning the great, mysterious music world across the Atlantic.

Louis remained a faithful friend and correspondent. His letters reflect the kindness and warmth of the man, the mores and folkways of the day, the unquenchable dedication to his work. I have picked a brief, typical excerpt.

Panama City, Florida.
October, 1st, 1941,

Planes fly,
The birds flew,
Dig this Jive
I'm writing you.

Dear Feather:

Now don't bawl me out for taking so long to write to you this time . . . Because after all—I am a very busy man

making these fine one nighters, etc. . . . Then when we arrive into town—there isn't very much writing that you can do—for getting ready (you know?)—primping up etc. for the dance . . . After all we have to look nice to the public every night as well as playing well . . . And Feather—if I have to say it myself—these are the 'Cleanest Musicians I've played with for a long time . . . Not mentioning their very fine playing abilities. Another thing that I admire is—they're not 'konk Conscious . . . They don't visit those Gas stations to get their hair dressed like a lot of lazy musicians and acts that I know. They dress it and keep it looking nice and natural . . . in slang terms Gas Station means—The Barber Shop . . . I merrily mentioned about the hair to you, because it's very interesting to me . . . I can see which one makes you look the youngest—Konk has a ten-

me in one of these towns? . . . He said Satchmo you're one trumpet player that every trumpet player in the universe are so happy and glad just to know that you are still alive and playing as fine as ever . . . He also said—I'm not saying this from an angle that we want to fight you with a trumpet or anything bringdownish like that—but we all feel (maybe we don't have a chance to express it) that every time a solo is played there's an essence of Satchmo Armstrong around somewhere . . . That goes for the great—the 'marvelous the 'very good—the 'superb—the legit to the hottest trumpet player—the minute he stands to take a solo there's Satchmo standing right behind him saying Go On Gate-O! Satch is right with ya—lets lay that soul in there together—and sure enough here comes a very beautiful solo . . . It was nice of him to say such as that



dency to make one look much older than oneself.

You know Leonard although I am writing this letter to you personally—I do think it would be very nice to let your dear public in on our bunch and our playing for these wonderful publics . . . Especially the Sunday afternoon we played an hours concert in Pensacola, Florida for the soldiers at Fort Barrancas. Over five thousand attended . . . And was it thrilling when—we started the Star Spangled Banner and every one of those soldiers gave the same right hand Salute as they stood attention . . . 'Good Gracious was I thrilled . . . "Man—I couldn't help but keep one eye on my trumpet—one eye on the soldiers and concentrate on the Star Spangled Banner—and 'Man by digging all of that—I really did blow some Star Spangled Banner . . . Ump . . .

. . . I'm just telling you some incidents Leonard. . . . You know what a very fine white trumpet player said to

. . . Huh? . . . But that's a person's feeling . . . Of course you know I nearly blushed all over the place . . . tee hee . . .

Today, more than ever, those of us who knew Armstrong the catalyst, who traced the path he started as it ran from Satch to Red and Roy to Diz and Miles, have special reason to echo the sentiments of that trumpeter who paid tribute to him almost 30 years ago. As he prepares to enter his eighth decade, we hope for greater insight on the part of those who have seen so much of Armstrong the entertainer, who have not reached long enough or deep enough to see the incomparably influential artist behind the facade.

Louis indeed deserves that statue, and hopefully will see it before long in his native town; but in a sense many have already been built. His own recordings are the most durable self-made monuments of our century.



FOR LOUIS ARMSTRONG AT 70

by Martin Williams

OF HOW MANY AMERICAN artists can it truly be said that they have changed the world in their own lifetimes? I am not sure about our writers, our painters, our concert composers, but I know it can be said of a number of our popular artists. Of Richard Outcault and the comic strip. Of D. W. Griffith and the film. And of Louis Armstrong.

That may seem surprising, even incongruous, to those familiar only with the genial Satchmo of the television screen, the smiling singer and occasional trumpeter who seems to entertain tired businessmen so ably. But it's true.

Armstrong's music has affected all our music, top to bottom, concert hall to barroom. No concert composers here or abroad write for brass instruments the way they used to, simply because Armstrong has shown that brass instruments, and the trumpet in particular, are capable of things that no one thought them capable of before he came along. Our symphonists play trumpet with a slight, usually unconscious vibrato that is inappropriate to Beethoven or Schubert because Armstrong has had one.

We are likely to subdivide our popular music into a multitude of ill-defined categories—jazz, rock, soul—but Armstrong has affected them all. Armstrong introduced new ideas of rhythm, and because of them, Bing Crosby sings the way he sings. So Perry Como, Dean Martin, and all the rest sing the way they sing. And so Tony Bennett's or Andy Williams' or Steve Lawrence's latest record will have a rhythmic movement and momentum that we can identify ultimately as Armstrong's, and also will have effects and figures from the accompanying orchestra that may be as old as Armstrong's earliest recordings.

Next week's arrangement that accompanies the chorus of dancers in a popular TV show will be full of watered-down Armstrong—depend on it. Our most everyday rock-and-roll groups and our simplest rhythm-and-blues bands use his ideas constantly and probably unknowingly. Wherever his music has touched down in any part of the world, it has had its effect.

On Armstrong's earliest 1923 recordings, as a member of King Oliver's Chicago ensemble, or as a 1924 soloist with Fletcher Henderson's orchestra in New York, one can detect a striking freshness and originality in his way of making music compared with that of the other players. And the other players are some of the best there were in those days.

Listen to Henderson records like

Everybody Loves My Baby or *How Come You Do Me Like You Do?* (I am attempting to confine my citations to records that are currently available.) But performances like those were only the beginning for Armstrong. The best was yet to come.

When Armstrong arrived in New York City, he was a sartorial hick among big-city dandies. But all he had to do was play to send every trumpeter in town to Salvation Army stores and Army-Navy shops in search of a pair of the heavy-toed, clod-hopper shoes he wore. (We may be reminded of the time, 20-plus years later, when Dizzy Gillespie was photographed with his trouser fly accidentally partly unzipped. The night after the picture was published, Birdland was peopled with aspiring bebop instrumentalists with their zippers at half-mast.)

A year or so later, when Armstrong



Louis in 1936

had left Henderson and gone back to Chicago, he conveyed his admiration for a young instrumentalist with the declaration: "He swings!" The instrumentalist was tenor saxophonist Coleman Hawkins, and the description used a new word to describe a new kind of rhythm.

There is no doubt, however, that Hawkins learned that rhythm from Armstrong. There is a singular Henderson recording, made not long after Armstrong had left the band, called *Stampede*. On it, we can hear trumpeter Joe Smith and cornetist Rex Stewart both reaching for the brass excitement of the young Armstrong, and we can hear how Hawkins had firmly and precisely absorbed the trumpeter's style and transferred it to his own instrument. Hawkins went on to become Hawkins, of course. And Armstrong himself was

only beginning to develop.

"Louis changed our whole idea of the band," said Henderson's chief arranger at the time, Don Redman. So did he change everyone's idea of every band, and every soloist's idea of himself. From that, the era and the style took its name: swing. From the Henderson band itself came the Benny Goodman style, and, directly or indirectly, most of the popular big bands of the swing era. American music was not the same after it became swing, and what made it different was the influence of Armstrong.

We all probably know how Armstrong sings. But I think the trumpeter makes one aware of a more powerful and complex musician, so perhaps we should attend him more carefully. Beginning in about 1927, a more grandiose trumpet soloist began to emerge. He made his climatic statement on *S.O.L. Blues* that year—a series of bold descents from and returns to a single plaintive high note. Similarly celebrated is his solo on the innocently titled *Potato Head Blues*, a series of dancing declarations delivered over what jazz musicians call "stop time," wherein the rhythmic pulse is suspended and only one beat out of eight is actually stated. And then there is the collaboration with pianist Earl Hines that produced *Weather Bird*, *Skip the Gutter*, and *Beau Koo Jack* (the last not in print in the United States, alas).

For me, one of the most revealing trumpet statements of those years is a transformation of, of all things, *Twelfth Street Rag*. The piece was a jerky, corny, pseudo-rag even when it was written, and for most musicians it has remained one ever since. But Armstrong slowed it down, rephrased it ingeniously, and infused it with an ironic passion that had previously been heard only in the most deeply felt, slow blues performances.

To jazz musicians and the jazz aficionado, Armstrong was the first great soloist. To New Orleans jazz musicians, it was as if, by the early 1920s, he had fully articulated something that they had been working on, and reaching for, for more than 20 years. And essentially that something was rhythmic.

The layman can think of it this way: our earlier popular music had depended on bouncy, heavy-on-every-other-beat, oom-pa of cakewalk music and ragtime, a rhythm we are all still familiar with from watered-down recreations of those late 19th and early 20th century styles. But Armstrong's complex phrases implied an underlying rhythm wherein all



Louis Armstrong and his Stompers at Chicago's Sunset Cafe in 1927. (l to r): Earl Hines, Pete Briggs, Honore Dutrey, Louis, Bill Wilson, Tubby Hall, Arthur Bassett, Boyd Atkins, Joe Walker, Al Washington, Willard Hamby.

the beats were evenly struck—instead of oom-pa oom-pa, a kind of oom oom oom oom, or instead of heavy/light heavy/light/heavy/heavy/heavy/ or even light/light/light/light, as long as all the beats were even. With this kind of even pulse stated or implied in his accompaniment, Armstrong's adventurous sense of melody was released, and his playing took on the unique momentum that came to be called swing.

Many commentators have cut off Armstrong's most creative period at about 1928, but for me some of the very best Armstrong came between 1928 and 1933. Up to this point he had been brilliantly reinterpreting the past of jazz. He had been through all of the old forms and most of the old tunes, and also most of the new tunes that were written around the forms, and done them all, in a new way. He continued to play some of the old material, of course, but it was evident that a man of his talents was going to be more than a musician's musician or an entertainer's entertainer. So Armstrong began to front big bands and play the popular repertory.

The bands often performed dismally, and the leader seemed not to care. But for himself, he performed eloquently. The material seemed not to matter. He could take a superior song, like *I've Got a Right to Sing the Blues*, simplify it, and perform it as a glorious thread of melody suspended above the piece and above the accompaniment. Conversely, he could take a banal ditty like *That's My Home* and, through instrumental power and melodic transformation, come up with extraordinary music.

Armstrong's ability to recompose a theme, altering it slightly or radically as called for, delaying some notes, anticipating others, improving its good phrases and rejecting its weak ones, has no exact parallel in European music. It involves both embellishment and simpli-

fication and outright invention, and for it one critic has borrowed the rhetorician's term *paraphrase*.


However, there are examples on records of total improvisation wherein Armstrong, in the manner of the "modern" jazzman, invents a melody with only a harmonic outline as his guide, and no direct reference to a theme. Hear his final solo on almost any of his several records of *I Can't Give You Anything but Love*, or the version of his theme, *Sleepy Time Down South*, that he recorded for Victor.

It is said that a great artist always suggests more things than he is able to work out himself. We have seen that Armstrong at least outlined the "swing era" for hundreds of players and arrangers. But there are certain recordings in his career on which momentarily, he seemed to go even further.

There are virtuoso moments on his 1928 *West End Blues*, or his 1930 ver-

sion of *Sweethearts on Parade*, or Take 3 of his 1931 version of *Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea*, or his second (1933) version of *Basin Street Blues*, in which we recognize—quite clearly, I think—the basis of modern jazz itself, the rhythmic basis at any rate, of the music of Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker, which came along in the middle 1940s. Perhaps those jazz fans who found Parker so shocking as to declare him unorthodox should have studied their Armstrong more closely. It is more than likely that Parker knew the records I have referred to, and there is even a version of the Parker blues called *Visa*, recorded at a dance, in which he makes a lengthy, direct quote from *West End Blues*. All of the Gillespie novelty called *Salt Peanuts* comes from one of Armstrong's unaccompanied breaks on his 1930 record of *Ding Dong Daddy*.

The "swing era," the decade that began in the mid-1930s, was virtually Armstrong's invention, yet he weathered it without the prestige of first place in the popularity polls. The acclaim went largely to his followers and popularizers, while he took many of the lesser jobs and the tougher tours. Indeed, it was not until the mid-1940s, when he returned to a small, quasi-Dixieland format and revived his early repertory, that Armstrong found himself the "grand old man" and a popular celebrity.

However, we would be misguided to assert that those who heard him only in the 1940s or '50s or even the '60s did not hear him well. For even then, the genial Satchmo could finish a warm burlesquing vocal chorus, put his trumpet to his lips, and, if the mood was right, play with an eloquence that swept all else before it. 





Top left: With Velma Middleton
Top right: With Maxine Sullivan and Johnny Mercer on the set of the 1938 film "Going Places"

Center: With Big Sid Catlett, 1939
Bottom left: With Don Stovall, Red Allen, J. C. Higginbotham and Ben Webster, ca. 1947

Bottom right: Borne aloft by Congolese admirers after 1960 concert in Leopoldville

MIDDLETON-HERB SNITZER/CATLETT-JACK BRADLEY COLLECTION/CONGO-UPI



Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Mike Bourne, Don DeMicheol, Gilbert M. Erskine, Alon Heinemon, Wayne Jones, Lowrence Kort, John Litweiler, John McDonough, Don Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, Jim Szantor, 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.

Brute Force

BRUTE FORCE—Embryo SD 522: *Do It Right Now; Some Kind of Approval; The Deacon; Right Direction; Monster; Ye-Le-Wa; Doubt*.

Personnel: Arthur Ray Brooks, Teddy Daniel Jr., trumpets; Stanley Strickland, tenor saxophone, flute; Richard Daniel, electric piano; Sonny Sharrock, guitar (tracks 1-3); Thomas Lee Williams, Russell I. Ingles, bass; Sidney Smart, drums; Robert A. Jones, conga.

Rating: ★ ★

When I first caught Brute Force live in New York, my immediate impression was of Pharoah Sanders stuck amid Sly and the Family Stone, as if some electric r&b had been fused with a hard thrust of New Thing. Except that neither element attained any synthetic fruition on the stage. Nor does it on their debut album: the band simply lacks a cohesive direction and the necessary musical energy to move.

Ye-Le-Wa, for one drag, begins with composer Strickland's tiresome tenor (very much a la Trane's *Nature Boy*), then hits a tight rock ensemble, but ultimately poops out again with freaky trumpet noodlings and Strickland yodels, only saved by guest Sonny Sharrock (who is incorrectly not listed for this and other songs he gives merit). And the other pieces by Richard Daniel further compound the confusion, as the banal vocalist (not specified, but the pianist sang when heard live) barely evokes his tepid commentary ("C'mon everybody, let's get it together and do it right now!") and the band offers little assistance beyond some cliché soul comping.

The date, once again, is rescued only by Sharrock, particularly his booting solo on *Monster* (also wrongly unlisted, unless the band has a guitar player they don't credit who cooks incredibly like Sonny), and by a pleasant Strickland flute spot on *Doubt*. Other than a few scarce excitements, Brute Force hardly lives up to its name.

—Bourne

Family

A SONG FOR ME—Reprise 6384: *No Mule's Fool; Drowned in Wine; Love Is a Sleeper; Some Poor Soul; Wheels; Hey—Let It Rock; Stop for the Traffic—Through the Heart of Me; Song for Sinking Lovers; 93's OK I; A Song for Me*.

Personnel: John Palmer, flute, vibraphone, piano; John Weider, violin, guitar, dobro; John Whitney, organ, guitar, banjo; George Bruno, organ (track 3 only); Robert Townsend, drums, percussion; Roger Chapman, vocals, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Family is one of the most multi-faceted rock bands going. By virtue of the sounds obtainable by doubling on flute, violin, vibes and electric and acoustic guitars, each track has a highly distinctive character. It's held together by lead singer Chapman who has a very weird voice: rapid vibrato and a striking alternation between hoarseness and tenderness. Can you dig a combination of Geoff Muldaur

and Howlin' Wolf? Probably not, but that's close to where Chapman's at.

The best cut is *Drowned*, because of its difficult but sensitively imagistic lyrics about the price of compromises made, or not made, to a hostile environment. *Mule's Fool* is really pleasing: pretty and flowing but with a supple rhythmic undercurrent. *Sleeper* is hard rock, and features a fine, tough vibes break by Palmer.

Yet another sound is dominant on *Sinking*—hard rock like *Sleeper*, but Weider on violin and Whitney on banjo suffuse it with country undertones. A fascinatingly textured song. 93 is an instrumental, highlighting acoustic guitars, vibes and violin, and containing several contrasting sections. Lots going down here; although it doesn't knock you out on first hearing, it keeps growing. Elements of English folk music, ferocious, partially free jazz, and rock. Another heavy interlude occurs on Weider's double-tracked violin, a call-and-response section with Weider as both preacher and congregation, after Chapman's strong vocal on the title cut.

Some of the lyrics (*Wheels, Sinking*) are derivative, or pretentious, or simplistic—sometimes all at once. But the words to *Drowned, Poor Soul*, and, to a lesser extent, *Mule*, are first-rate. Clearly, good vibes among the group, supplemented by adroit and individualized musicianship. If they're as good as they sound here, you ought to pick up on them in concert. Meanwhile, there are things on this album you haven't heard before. Good things.

—Heinemon

Dexter Gordon

MORE POWER—Prestige 7680: *Lady Bird; Meditation; Fried Bananas; Boston Bernie; Sticky Wicket*.

Personnel: Gordon, James Moody (tracks 1, 5 only), tenor saxophone; Barry Harris, piano; Buster Williams, bass; Albert Heath, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

I hadn't really heard much Gordon prior to this recording. After hearing it, I realize the magnitude of the oversight. Gordon is a player and has withstood the test of time and faddism. I hear some Sonny Rollins and Lockjaw Davis in his work, but only peripherally. The nucleus is all Gordon.

He knows how to construct solos of fluidity and strength without resorting to clichés. My favorite here is *Bernie*—a powerful statement on a groovy set of changes. On *Meditation*, he employs some uniquely articulated phrases that provide appealing contrast to his longer lines. And unlike many others, he doesn't resort to throwaways when playing fours or eights.

Moody's presence is restricted to two tracks (*Lady Bird* and *Wicket*), and he solos only on the former, one of the most

admirable Tadd Dameron compositions. Remarkable double-timing, a few appropriately placed high A's and a series of guttural honks mark his solo and whet the appetite for more. But Gordon acquires himself so well on succeeding tracks that Moody's absence becomes inconsequential.

Pianist Harris is excellent throughout, comping sensitively and playing solos of delicate eloquence. Williams and Heath provide steady support—Heath also soloing in exchanges with Gordon on several tracks.

I obviously can't relate this to previous Gordon LPs, but it is a fine one—an honest, straight-ahead effort with more than an average amount of inspired playing on it.

—Szantor

Milt Jackson-Ray Brown

THAT'S THE WAY IT IS—Impulse AS-9189: *Frankie and Johnny; Here's That Rainy Day; Wheelin' and Dealin'; Blues in the Basement; Tenderly; That's The Way It Is*.

Personnel: Teddy Edwards, tenor saxophone; Jackson, vibraphone; Monty Alexander, piano; Brown, bass; Dick Berk, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ 1/2

Aside from giving listeners who dig both Jackson and Brown a chance to hear them together, there's really not too much to rave about here. In other words, this is a routine set recorded "live" at Shelly's Manne Hole.

But a routine set by these men is bound to have its moments. *Rainy Day* is the best track and stacks up as probably the best ballad Bags around. The vibist gets beautiful support from Brown and Alexander.

Wheelin' isn't bad, either. Edwards, whose playing on this set is pretty good except for uneven intonation, gets off a rousing solo (it's his own tune and that sometimes makes a big difference). Alexander's solo is flashy but hollow, and Berk nudges the group along without interfering.

Tenderly is mainly a showcase for Brown, who renders a virtuosic theme-and-variations tour de force. The bassist is also solid on *Basement*, which contains some splendid Alexander. His fleet, single-note solo builds nicely and is entirely devoid of the frills and clichés I have found annoying in his work elsewhere. If his future playing maintains the groove of his *Basement* solo, Alexander has arrived.

Though Brown is a shade off his usual impeccable intonation game, he stands in my mind as a true giant—a model of everything a bassist should be but seldom is. Musicianship, professionalism, warmth, ingenuity: that's Ray Brown.

On another night, this might have been



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a five-star recording. Still, the presence of Jackson outside the MJQ context, the contributions of Brown, and several good moments from the others make this a worthy purchase.

—Szantor

Les McCann

COMMENT—Atlantic SD 1547: *How Many Broken Wings*; *Can't We Be Strangers Again*; *Unless It's You*; *What I Call Soul*; *Comment*; *Baby, Baby*; *Yours Is My Heart Alone*.

Personnel: Joe Wilder, Richard Williams, Jimmy Owens, trumpets (tracks 2, 4, 6); Dick Griffin, Benny Powell, trombones (tracks 2, 4, 6); Seldon Powell, soprano saxophone, flute (track 3); Richard Landry, baritone saxophone (tracks 2, 4, 6); McCann, piano (tracks 5, 7), vocals; Roberta Flack, piano (tracks 1, 2), vocals (tracks 1, 6); Richard Tee, piano (track 4); Junior Mance, piano (track 6); Roland Hanna, harpsichord (track 3); Stanley Cowell, organ (track 2); Margaret Ross, harp (track 3); Billy Butler, guitar (track 5); Ron Carter, bass; Donald Dean (track 5); Billy Cobham, (all other tracks), drums; string ensemble directed by Selwart Clarke (tracks 1, 3, 7); vocal groups (tracks 2, 5); William Fischer, arranger-conductor (tracks 1-3; 6, 7).

Rating: ★★ ★

McCann, in an interview with me, remarked: "I have a green light to record



what I want to record, in the sense that if I want to use 500 musicians, I can do it." Which seems the drag of *Comment*: production overkill, as William Fischer's obtrusive charts extravagantly deluge the evocative simplicity in McCann's vocal expression.

Seldom do the arrangements achieve any real orchestral tribute (as those of Gerald Wilson on the *Les McCann Sings* date), nor does the new album's repertoire rise much beyond cliché extremes of the sentimental (*Can't We Be Strangers Again*) to the most crude funk (*What I Call Soul*). And this is sad once one can recognize the record's misplaced potentials, especially when delicate accents, as witness Roland Hanna and Margaret Ross on *Unless It's You*, become obscured amid Fischer's ostentation (even a quote from *Shadow of Your Smile*).

But then, an artist of McCann's dimension is not so easily eclipsed, even when his attempts exceed his vocal range (which is hardly that of an O. C. Smith-style balladeer, as the surfeit of romantic ballads might suggest). Les' two duets with wondrous Roberta Flack, *How Many Bro-*

ken Wings and *Baby, Baby*, are fine performances difficult to equal, just as the solo spot on *Yours Is My Heart Alone* moves as successfully as his similar feature on the earlier *With These Hands* (all three exciting, once again despite the arrangements).

And so Les' latest is a pleasant album, even when most numbingly orchestrated, and should surely delight his many well-deserved fans. All else that need be noted is the message of his title cut—"If all men are truly brothers, why can't we love one another?"

—Bourne

Oliver Nelson

BLACK, BROWN, AND BEAUTIFUL—Flying Dutchman FDS-116: *Aftermath*; *Requiem*; *Lamb of God*; *Martin Was a Man, a Real Man*; *Self-Help Is Needed*; *I Hope in Time a Change Will Come*; 3, 2, 1, 0; *Black, Brown, and Beautiful*; *Requiem: Afterthoughts*.

Personnel: Bobby Bryant, trumpet (track 7); John Gross, John Klemmer, tenor saxophones (track 1); Nelson, soprano and alto saxophones, piano, arranger; conductor; Frank Strozier, alto saxophone (track 5); Pearl Kaufman, piano (tracks 2, 3); Roger Kellaway, piano (tracks 7, 9); Chuck Domanico, bass (track 9); Roy Haynes, John Guerin, drums (track 9); others unidentified.

Rating: ★★ ★ ★

Countless composers have attempted to musically immortalize the special human heroes, and Oliver Nelson stands notably among them. His latest album, dedicated to Martin Luther King and all black people, is a sincere tribute far more vital than the too often plastic horde of memorials arriving incessantly. And thus the spirit of the man beloved is glorified by the spirit in the loving music, which is beautiful beyond black and brown alone.

The first side essentially becomes a four-part jazz eulogy, as somber strings and mournful solo lines nonetheless evoke within their tragic tones a passionate reassurance for the future. *Aftermath* initiates in the rhythmic violence of taped sniper fire and flames, but then builds an orchestral wail into the anguished cry of two free tenors. *Requiem* then follows as Nelson's introspective piano works through Pearl Kaufman's compulsive rumblings, with Miss Kaufman's own remembrance featured next on *Lamb, Martin Was a Man* concludes this particular movement, with the strings rushing a la Aaron Copland (as in many of Nelson's voicings) in a progression based on *Taps*.

The second side then accelerates into more straight-ahead jazz band cookery, spotting tight Strozier alto on the slightly rock *Self-Help* and Nelson soprano on *I Hope*, which is succeeded by the Space Shot commemorative of 3, 2, 1, 0 and its swinging sense of flight, only to return to strings on *Black, Brown*, with a slow dedicatory alto song by Nelson. All concluded by the seemingly spontaneous quintet happening of *Requiem: Afterthoughts*, drummers Haynes and Guerin notably interacting for what is as sparkling a moment as any on the date.

But *Black, Brown, and Beautiful*, though musically ambitious, maintains no concerto kind of intricacy, as the above might suggest. Instead, Nelson's pieces are related more by a strong social continuity than by any specific compositional structure. And thus the album may not affect the direction of form in projects with a

similar concept, yet cannot fail to move future composers by the single virtue of Nelson's great passion. Because in the heart of this music, more so than in the beauty of the music itself, is the power of Oliver Nelson's praise and the glory of the object of that praise. —Bourne

Buddy Rich

SUPER RICH—Verve V6-8778: *Blowin' the Blues Away; Me and My Jaguar; Just Blues; Young Blood; Sonny and Sweets; Caravan.*

Collective personnel: Harry Edison, Rolf Ericson, trumpet; Milt Bernhart, trombone; Benny Carter, Sonny Criss, alto saxophone; Georgie Auld, tenor saxophone; Bob Poland, Bob Lawson, baritone saxophone; Sam Most, flute; Mike Mainieri, vibes; Jimmy Rowles, Gerald Wiggins, Johnny Morris, piano; John Simmons, Joe Comfort, Wyatt Ruther, bass; Rich, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★★

The Buddy Rich you will hear in this collection of performances from the mid-'50s and early '60s is not so different from the Rich you've been hearing recently. The context is different, however, and Buddy is more clearly the star. His solos are longer and more frequent than on his big band LPs. Moreover, the sound balance tends to push the drums out front a bit more. There is also less rhythmic variety than one finds in his current albums, where the rock beat is often heard. Here, it's basically a driving, no-nonsense swing beat.

Just Blues is a rousing, slambang jam track in the best JATP tradition, right down to Auld's Illinois Jacquet-styled tenor spot. Altoist Carter offers the most graceful lines, while Edison and Bernhart come on with a churning, uncluttered directness over surging riffs from the band. The structure of the piece strongly suggests *One O'Clock Jump*.

Jaguar, by the same group, is in a lower key, Rich trading sticks for brushes. Edison (muted) and Auld each take a relaxed chorus, but say nothing terribly impressive.

Sonny and Sweets features Edison in a fine open horn solo and some singing alto by Sonny Criss, who replaces Carter. Rich is again on brushes and takes no solos.

The remaining three tracks are in true rather than artificial stereo and constitute well over half of the album's playing time. They find Rich at his charging, propulsive best, heading his regular sextet of the time, including vibist Mainieri, flutist Most and trumpeter Ericson. The group has a modern flavor but is superbly complemented by Rich's swinging work, which strikes all sorts of sparks.

The long drum solos on these tracks are models of organization, taste, and technique, and they are beautifully recorded. But Rich is pre-eminently a big band drummer. His massive propulsive gift is better suited to the task of sparking 16 musicians than merely five. Mind you, any small group will benefit from Buddy's presence. But here his power floods the musical dikes provided by the delicate instrumentation. He is best showcased in a thicker texture of sound.

One error should be pointed out. *Young Blood* is mysteriously labeled *I Remember Clifford*, which does not appear on the record. Unfortunately, no personnel are listed, so save this review if you cop.

—McDonough

Mongo Santamaria

ALL STRUNG OUT—Columbia CS 9988: *Since You've Been Gone; Day Tripper; Sing a Simple Song; Ain't too Proud to Beg; Do Your Thing; I Thank You; But it's Alright; Sweet Pea; I Heard It Through the Grapevine; Me and You, Baby (Picao Y Tostao); Somebody's Been Messin'.*

Personnel: Santamaria, percussion; Ronnie Marks, Hilda Harris, Maertha Stewart, Valerie Simpson, voices (tracks 1, 3, 10); Marty Sheller, arranger-conductor; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ 1/2

FEELIN' ALRIGHT—Atlantic SD 8252: *Feelin' Alright; Fever; Hip Hug-Her; Hold On, I'm Comin'; I Can't Get Next to You; Sunshine of Your Love; Heigh-Hi; In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida; On Broadway; Tracks of My Tears; By the Time I Get to Phoenix.*

Personnel: Charlie Owens, tenor saxophone; Santamaria, percussion; Marty Sheller, arranger; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

Only a short eon past I consistently praised Santamaria as the finest "cover" musician playing. Because, in reinterpreting pop tunes through a bright Latin blaze, Mongo's albums cooked like party records should. All of this ably ignited by the expressive horns of Hubert Laws and pianist-arranger Rodgers Grant. Not to forget the ever-combustible percussion section.

But as happens once a musical formula has been exhausted, the flame of a style dies down to mere glow, and continued replay can only scatter the embers. So Mongo's farewell to Columbia and first shot with Atlantic both sadly fail as too much overwrought flickering—like fires dead of heat.

Especially the Columbia date, with its indecorous added voices and relatively poor repertoire. Because while a tune like *Since You've Been Gone* can stand instrumentally self-sufficient, songs dependent upon strong vocal leads (*Ain't Too Proud* and *Simple Song*) don't really make it when transposed to horn soloists. Nor does *All Strung Out* have the variety of earlier Mongo sides, as the rhythmic and tonal repetition eventually numbs and can no longer even move one to dance.

Feelin' Alright at least offers a good selection with some occasional spunk. The tight ensemble precision is as once before, and several interesting solos rise up (though personnel is criminally unlisted). So that overall the date does move and could probably, had I not had a surfeit of Mongo already, be his best record so far. But whatever, *Feelin' Alright* can be now and then available for dancing.

The two album titles perhaps best express their respective chaos and simple delights: the Columbia date all strung out and boring, the Atlantic at least feelin' alright.

—Bourne

Artie Shaw

SWING WITH ARTIE SHAW—Readers Digest RD4-89: *Begin the Beguine; I Didn't Know What Time It Was; Stardust; Donkey Serenade; Rosalie; Traffic Jam; What Is This Thing Called Love; Deep Purple; Frenesi; Indian Love Call; Moonglow; Non-Stop Flight; Softly, As in a Morning Sunrise; Time On My Hands; Carioca; Moonrayer; Jeepers Creepers; One Night Stand; Out of Nowhere; Bill; Dancing in the Dark; Lover, Come Back; Comes Love; Serenade to a Savage; Copenhagen; Day In—Day Out; My Blue Heaven; I Don't Want to Walk Without You; I Surrender, Dear; One Foot in the Groove; 'S Wonderful; Back Bay Shuffle; All the Things You Are; Temptation; Sad Sack; Jungle Drums; Smoke Gets in Your Eyes; Someone's Rockin' My Dreamboat; Summertime; Prosschat; My Heart Stood Still; Do I Love You?; It Had to Be You; When the Quail Come Back to San Quentin; Alone Together; I Poured My Heart Into a Song; Rose Room; Lady Be Good; Nightmare.*

Partial personnel: Roy Eldridge, Billy Butter-



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field, John Best. Bernie Privin. Chuck Peterson. trumpets; George Arus, Jack Jenney, Ray Conniff, trombones; Les Robinson, alto saxophone; Tony Pastor, Georgie Auld, Herb Steward, tenor saxophones; Les Burness, Johnny Guarneri. Dodo Marmarosa, piano; Al Aviola, Al Hendrickson. Barney Kessel, guitars; Sid Weiss. Jud DeNaut, bass; George Wettling, Cliff Leeman, Dave Tough, Buddy Rich, Lou Fromm, drums; Pastor, Helen Forrest, vocals.

Rating: ★★★★★

Tommy Dorsey

THE INCOMPARABLE TOMMY DORSEY—Readers Digest RD4-92: *I'm Getting Sentimental*; *This Love of Mine*; *Song of India*; *Embraceable You*; *Marie*; *Well, Get It*; *Somewhere, a Voice Is Calling*; *Yes Indeed*; *On the Alamo*; *What Can I Say After I Say I'm Sorry?*; *For You*; *Swanee River*; *Who?*; *Yours Is My Heart Alone*; *Will You Still Be Mine?*; *Mandy*; *I'll Never Smile Again*; *Friendship*; *Head On My Pillow*; *Darn That Dream*; *Night and Day*; *Blues in the Night*; *Our Love*; *Hawaiian War Chant*; *Star dust*; *Snoopy Little Cutie*; *Deep Night*; *Street of Dreams*; *None But the Lonely Heart*; *Manhattan Serenade*; *What Is This Thing Called Love?*; *Delores*; *Sleepy Lagoon*; *Back to Back*; *Without a Song*; *Deep River*; *All the Things You Are*; *Huckle Buck*; *There Are Such Things*; *I'm Nobody's Baby*; *Ja-Da*; *The One I Love*; *East of the Sun*; *Whispering*; *You Think of Everything*; *How About You?*; *Chicago*; *I Guess I'll Have to Dream the Rest*.

Partial personnel: Bunny Berigan, Charlie Shavers, Ziggy Elman, Max Kaminsky, Yank Lawson, Pee Wee Erwin, trumpet; Joe Dixon, Johnny Mince, Buddy De Franco, clarinet; Fred Stulce, alto saxophone; Bud Freeman, Don Lodice, Skeets Herfurt, tenor saxophone; Howard Smith, Joe Bushkin, John Potoker, piano; Carmen Mastren, Sam Herman, Clark Yocum, guitar; Gene Traxler, Sid Weiss, Sid Block, bass; Dave Tough, Maurice Purtill, Cliff Leeman, Buddy Rich, Alvin Stoller, drums; Edythe Wright, Jo Stafford, Connie Haines, Jack Leonard, Frank Sinatra, vocals.

No Rating

Although collectors may quibble about the four-LP compendium of Shaw duplicating such familiar staples as *Begin the Beguine*, *Moonglow*, and *Frenesi* (among others still available on RCA's regular line) it is notable for one thing: the emphasis falls mainly on the 1938-39 period, and happily, within that period, on the year 1939 when Buddy Rich's tight, cocky beat was sparking the band to crackling heights. Of 33 tracks from this span, 24 have Rich, including an air shot of *Jeepers Creepers* checked the very night Rich joined up (December 29, 1938).

There are 12 tracks covering the 1940-41 period, including a little-known second try at *It Had to Be You*, which is a bit more driving than the 1938 version, but also slightly stilted by comparison. Nothing is heard from Hot Lips Page, who was with Shaw in 1941. 1945 is represented by four tracks, including *Sad Sack*, featuring Roy Eldridge and Dodo Marmarosa with the Gramercy Five. The twang of Johnny Guarneri's harpsichord on two 1940 Gramercy Five efforts suggest that if Shaw still had a group today it would include a Moog.

The difference Rich made to the band's rhythm section and its entire thrust was remarkable. Listen to *Copenhagen*, an otherwise mighty killer diller, made pre-Rich. Cliff Leeman's drumming rides comfortably with the band but fails to propel it. Then hear *Traffic Jam*, a similarly driving arrangement. The tense crackle of Rich's patter on the high hat cymbal, not quite pinched together, gave the beat a tightly-knit snap that was unmistakable and very special. He lit a fire under the belly of every soloist who blew and enhanced the clean bite of the brass and the saxes, which by and large had more punch and aggressiveness than the lighter and more

airy reed section of the contemporaneous Benny Goodman band.

Someday, someone will put together a collection representative of Tommy Dorsey's band as a force in jazz—and it will be a gas when it comes. This isn't it. For that reason, no rating. Why put down excellent popular music with one or two stars just because it isn't jazz? Although the emphasis is on the period from late 1939 through 1942 (40 of the 49 selections) when Rich was in the rhythm section, his presence is much less felt here, since the bulk of the tracks display the ballads and pop tunes which Dorsey endowed with his cadre of vocalists.

This said, several things of interest can be pointed out about this set without the danger of overemphasizing its jazz interest. First, Bunny Berigan comes on with a fabulous muted pickup on *East of the Sun*, leading into one of the coziest half-choruses he ever waxed. Second, Rich sparks a crisp, biting version of *What Is This Thing Called Love*, as does trumpeter Ziggy Elman. Third, a 1936 *Ja-Da* has two loose open trombones choruses by Dorsey, plus one apiece from Bud Freeman and Max Kaminsky. Finally, Dorsey picks up a trumpet for the first chorus of *Back to Back*, his rough-edged, gutty tone contrasting interestingly with his smoother trombone work.

Both sets are richly annotated by John S. Wilson, and can be ordered directly from Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, New York. They are not sold in retail stores.

—McDonough

BASIC LOUIS

BY DAN MORGENSTERN

LOUIS ARMSTRONG's recorded work is a subject for a book which will be written some day. The task of choosing a few nuggets from such a goldmine is difficult, especially for one who has lived with Louis on wax for more than 25 years. (If you wake up feeling blue, putting Satchmo on the turntable is a guaranteed remedy.)

The first Louis record I owned was a French Brunswick mysteriously labeled "Jack Winn and his Dallas Dandies" (actually Johnny Dodds' Black Bottom Stompers) of *Wild Man Blues* and *Melancholy*. It was a bit beat when I found it, and I just about wore it out playing Louis' solos over and over again.

That pair of masterpieces, vintage 1927, can be found on the first LP I'd recommend (I'm confining myself to what's currently available), *Young Louis Armstrong: The Sideman* (Decca 79233). It's a good introduction, also containing some instructive Fletcher Henderson items, and one of Pops' greatest early solos, on Perry Bradford's *Ain't Gonna Play No Second Fiddle*.

Classic Louis begins with the Hot Five and Seven, available on Columbia's *The Louis Armstrong Story*, Vols. 1&2 (CL 851-52). If you have to choose just one, Vol. 2, with *Potato Head Blues*, *Twelfth Street Rag*, and *S.O.L. Blues* is it, but then you'll miss out on the first *Struttin' With*

Some Barbecue, Skid-Dat-De-Dat, and other out-of-sight things.

Vol. 3 of the Story (CL 853) is a must. This features the 1928 edition of the Hot Five (the Savoy Ballroom Five) with Earl Hines and Zutty Singleton. Hines was the first soloist to record with Louis (other than Sidney Bechet in 1925) who could challenge the trumpeter. *West End Blues* is perhaps the most perfect jazz record made, and then there are *Two Deuces*, *Basin Street Blues*, *Skip the Gutter*, *Tight Like This*—and then some.

(It is noteworthy that the French/English V.S.O.P. series on European CBS, having eight rather than six tracks per side and twice as many volumes, collects the complete 1925-31 Okeh output under Louis' own name and is superior in all respects but sound quality to the U.S. series. These can now be found or special-ordered at better domestic record stores.)

Louis Armstrong Favorites (CL 854), the fourth and last Story volume, takes us up to 1931 and has the first great ballad, *I Can't Give You Anything But Love*; the rousing *Ding Dong Daddy*, *Lazy River*, and two masters of the lovely *Star Dust*.

Epic's excellent V.S.O.P. (Encore 22019), which has 16 tracks, duplicates the *Star Dusts*, and also offers two takes of *Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea*, both inspired; *All of Me*, *New Tiger Rag*, *Lord You Made the Night too Long*, and other choice items. This was supposed to be Vol. 1 of a series; meanwhile, the European V.S.O.P. Vol. 8 is worth seeking out for (among others) the fantastic *Blue Again*, with an opening cadenza rivaling the *West End Blues* one.

In 1932 and 33, Louis switched to RCA Victor. Not all the greatest pieces from that period are available, but *A Rare Batch of Satch* (LPM 2322) has *Got A Right to Sing the Blues*, the second *Basin Street*, a *Mahogany Hall Stomp* with a trumpet solo perhaps even more sensational than the 1929 version's, *That's My Home* (take 2), and quite a bit more. **Louis Armstrong In the '30s and '40s** (LSP 2971) devotes one side to further early gems, including *World On a String*, while the other side has *Jack Armstrong Blues*, a 1947 classic spotting Louis when he was (perhaps subconsciously) hearing Charlie Parker.

Louis' 1934 Paris date is not currently on LP, so we move on to the 1935-44 period on Decca. *Rare Items* (79225) is another must, collecting some of the best of all the things made during this fruitful period. *Swing That Music* (1936) is the essence; the second *Struttin' with Some Barbecue* (1938) has perhaps the most majestic Louis solo ever. These plus *Even'tide*, *Lyin' to Myself*, *Jubilee* and *Skeleton in the Closet*: a record for that desert island retreat.

Later (1939-40) Deccas can be found on **Louis Armstrong Jazz Classics** (8284), probably soon to be phased out. A great *You Rascal You*, a magnificently flowing *Sleepy Time Down South*, and a triumphant *Wolverine Blues* are the standouts here. In 1940, Louis was reunited with Sidney Bechet and Zutty Singleton. The resulting pieces are on *New Orleans Jazz* (Decca 8283), including *Down In Honky*

Tonk Town and Coal Cart Blues.

There are good things to be found from the more "commercial" Decca output from the '40s and early '50s on LP, but let us move on to Victor's 1947 *Town Hall Concert Plus* (LPM 1443), which immortalizes the occasion for Louis' return, permanently, to a small-group format. From the concert, *Pennies From Heaven* is the standout, and here we have partner-to-be Jack Teagarden as well. *Someday*, one of Louis' finest own compositions, is one of the "plus" items.

Of the many albums by the All Stars, three featuring early editions are remarkable. *Satchmo at Symphony Hall* (DXS 7195) is a two-record set culled from a 1947 Boston concert, with Tea, Barney Bigard, and Big Sid Catlett. Earl Hines is on hand for *Satchmo on Stage* (Decca 8330), which has the unforgettable *That's For Me*, and *Satchmo at Pasadena* (8041) also has Hines and Louis in prime form.

The four-record boxed-set *Autobiography* (Decca DX-155) has the 1957 All Stars (with Trummy Young and Billy Kyle), sometimes augmented, for recreations of classics from the Hot Five era through the early big band days. It is the latter that come off best (*Song of the Islands*, *Some of These Days*, *I Can't Give You . . .*) but *King of the Zulus* is also top drawer. (Decca has issued some of this material on single LPs as well.)


The wonderful **Louis Armstrong Plays W. C. Handy** (Columbia CL 591) is theoretically still in print—but try to find one. This is one of the Louis landmarks of the '50s.

Though the combination of Louis with the rather stolid 1960 *Dukes of Dixieland* doesn't sound promising, the result (*Audio Fidelity 5924*) is one of Satchmo's strongest sessions of more recent years. *Limehouse Blues* and *Avalon* find him in a spirited, strong-lipped groove, while the moving *New Orleans* is something else again.

Another "combination" seemed much more promising, but though very much worth while, the two albums joining Louis' All Stars with Duke Ellington at the piano in a Ducal repertoire fall short of summit perfection. Currently, one LP (Pickwick 3033) culled from the original *Roulette* albums is in the catalog. Louis' singing is superb.

In the past 10 years or so, Louis has not been fortunate in the studios. Saddled with strange companions and/or weak material, choral backgrounds, and uninspired arrangements, often recording on the run between road trips, his genius still breaks through the clouds, but in a short list of "bests", there is no room for these sets.

Late Louis at his best, however, can be found in *Hello, Dolly* (Kapp 3364), notably *Moon River* and *Jeepers Creepers*.

But if Louis is new to you, I'd suggest starting further back, with Vol. 3 of the Story series and *Rare Items*. Take it from there, and you'll have found Aladdin's Lamp. Rub a prime Louis against your needle, and the joys of discovery will be yours forever. After 25 years, I'm still finding new things to cherish in the golden legacy of the greatest of them all. 

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SCRAPBOOK

(Continued from page 20)

aret scene" . . . In the same issue, a more familiar story: "Coming on with a bang with his newly revised band, and keeping overflow crowds a block from the theater, Satchmo Louis Armstrong shattered all previous records in the history of Chicago's Regal Theatre here last month . . . Indeed, he played and acted with the elation that he must have felt before the King and Queen of England in his command performances. The band drew \$16,000 for the Regal over a seven-day stint—the all-time record for the house." A month later, Sept. 15, 1942, Louis was "into rehearsal" at MGM for his role as the trumpeter in *Cabin in the Sky*. Recording of his musical sequences was to begin as soon as special music for the picture version of *Cabin* was completed by Harold (Blues in the Night) Arlen" . . . In a vocal record review in the Dec. 1, 1942 issue (concerning his *Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen* and *Shoutin' All Over God's Heaven*—Decca 2085) reviewer Mike Levin said: "Of all the spiritual singing I've heard by Robeson and Anderson, this is so far superior there isn't even any competition. Louis' simplicity, intense emotion, and ability to sing just as he plays makes this an art-song if there ever was one. Don't miss this if you want to hear spirituals sung the way they should be" . . . Feb. 6, 1947: "Didn't he play wonderfully!" quoth a member of the audience, one Dizzy Gillespie, which about sums up the reaction to the Louis Armstrong concert here at Carnegie Hall two weeks ago. Louis, supported by Ed Hall's six-piece band, and his own large group for the last quarter of the show, turned out 25 pieces of jazz to lusty applause from NY critics and a three-quarters house . . . Billie Holiday was brought on at the concert's close to fill the star-gap (Earl Hines was tied up in Nashville, Tenn. by bad weather), joining Louis in *New Orleans* and her own *Don't Explain*" . . . Soon after (June 4, 1947 issue) Louis was reviewed in another highly suc-

cessful concert ("*Satchmo's Genius Still Lives*"). "With that stolen Selmer trumpet recovered, his ulcers vanquished and his handkerchief waving, Louis Armstrong played over two dozen tunes to a wildly enthusiastic Town Hall midnight concert crowd. Playing one set for a straight 80 minutes, moving from one tune to another in rapid succession, Armstrong covered his famed solos, from *Cornet Chop Suey* to the current *Back o' Town Blues*." . . . Discographer John Lucas concluded "*How Louis Has Influenced Jazz*" (Nov. 5, 1947) with this tribute: "Thus, during the past quarter-century, Armstrong's influence has made itself felt on all hot trumpeters—black and white, jazz and swing, here and abroad alike. He means one thing to one musician, another to another, and nobody has caught it all. It's not likely that anyone will ever match him, so let's lie back and listen while King Louis is still blowing that Golden Horn." . . . "*Louis Packs Carnegie*" (Dec. 3, 1947): "In answer to complaints that he didn't play enough, Louis replied that he was traveling as the leader of a band of crack musicians and they deserved the spotlight as much as he." His sidemen for the concert included Jack Teagarden, Barney Bigard, Sid Catlett and vocalist Velma Middleton . . . "*Louis Does It Again*" (Dec. 17, 1947): "Cheering customers jammed Harry Greenbach's Burma Club all shows Dec. 3, despite threats of rain, to welcome Louis Armstrong to his first San Francisco appearance in over a year and his first extended engagement he has ever played in this area" . . . The late George Hoefer's *Hot Box* (Dec. 29, 1948): "All hail the new King of the Zulus—Louis (Satchmo) Armstrong. The 1949 Mardi Gras in New Orleans will see King Louis finally accorded one of the highest honors his home town can bestow upon its favorite son. Armstrong will start Carnival day off in a shiny black limousine with strong-armed guards accompanying him on the ride to the Royal Barge at the New Basin Canal. His majesty will then ride in high style aboard the yacht down the

canal" . . . In July 1, 1949, an item reported that "almost a year overseas starting in September is on the schedule for the Louis Armstrong All-Stars. Four or five months in Europe will be followed by a several month's tour of South America—Louis' first visit to that continent. The troupe, probably the highest-paid unit of its size in existence, will include Jack Teagarden, Barney Bigard, Earl Hines, Arvell Shaw, Cozy Cole and Velma Middleton" . . . John S. Wilson reported in Dec. 30, 1949 that "Louis Armstrong returned from his triumphant European tour in November pleased as punch with everything except bop. 'Those boppers!' Louis exclaimed, 'they think we're oldtimers. They give us hell, so I give them hell'" . . . From May 5, 1950: "Louis Armstrong, who'll be 50 on July 4, is heading into a new career as a writer. The June issue of *Holiday* will have a 13-page travel diary of his recent European tour written in typical Satchmo idiom. And Harper Bros. has commissioned him to write a complete and official autobiography." Nov. 3, 1950: "Louis Armstrong, who made a triumphal tour of Europe a year ago, will return to the continent in April, this time for a longer stay which will probably include more territory than he covered last time. Meanwhile, the state department has set a series of 13 weekly one-hour disc jockey shows featuring Louis, to be called the Satchmo Hour. Program will be used on all *Voice of America* stations beamed throughout the world" . . . The July 14, 1950 issue "50 years with Louis Armstrong" included the article "*Louis: My Idol and Inspiration*", by Muggsy Spanier, and a host of other special features, including an exhaustive discography . . . Among the advice given by the master ("*Have To Learn Your Horn, Says Armstrong*," June 1, 1951): "Kids playing horn today, they blow real high—all they want to do is hit the high ones; they don't care about anything pretty. They don't take care of their chops . . . Every night it takes me two hours to treat my chops so they don't crack. How many kids play 37 years?" And a reminiscence: "I used to see Buddy Bolden playing that fine horn down ol' Rampart Street after the funeral, and they'd pass a baseball field. The bats drop right down. The ball game stops so all the cats can dig that good horn" . . . In the *Movie Music* column (Dec. 28, 1951), referring to his role in MGM's *Glory Alley*: "These words are easy to memorize. Just like I talk. A real acting part like I've always wanted" . . . A Sept. 24, 1952 headline: "*Trummy Back, Joins Satchmo*" (replacing Russ Phillips in time for a European tour) . . . The Dec. 31, 1952 cover story ("*Beat' Readers Elect Louis to Hall of Fame*"): "It was a fitting tribute to the ever-expanding Satchmo legend that Louis Armstrong was the first winner in down beat's new Hall of Fame poll category, as the most important musical figure of all time."



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... Afterthoughts by Louis on his Aug. 25, 1954 Blindfold Test: "You don't need a cat that makes a whole lot of notes; just let 'em have that tone and those thoughts. And that's the way Clark Terry plays. And Bunk Johnson and Joe Oliver, the boys before me—they all had imagination ... I thought I was in heaven playing second trumpet in the Tuxedo Brass Band—and they had some funeral marches that would just tear your heart, they were so beautiful ... " Referring to the release of "*Satchmo, My Life in New Orleans*" (Nov. 3, 1954): "The story told in *Satchmo* is the most honest to date and probably the most authentic ... There are reminiscences about the early days on the riverboats, about Fate Marable and Bunk Johnson and Baby Dodds and about the fantastic lives lived by them." ... A five-star (Dec. 4, 1954) review of Louis' Columbia *Plays W. C. Handy* LP: This LP is one of the greatest recordings, not only of the year but of jazz history ... and the Armstrong horn ... is still a powerful reminder of how enormously Louis has shaped jazz" ... "Louis Armstrong has been signed for a feature role in *High Society*" (Jan. 11, 1956) ... Bobby Hackett on Louis Armstrong (Feb. 6, 1957): "He's the supreme artist. He can blow just one note and you know it's him. And when he plays, everything has continuity. He's a perfect trumpet player, absolutely perfect." ... After recovering from an illness (Aug. 6, 1959), Louis commented: "Bix tried to get me up there to play first horn chair in Gabriel's band, but I couldn't make the gig. It hadn't been cleared with Joe Glaser, the union, or the State Department" ... "*Soliloquy by Satch*" (Feb. 18, 1960): "Louis Armstrong discusses Louis Armstrong for nearly five hours on a series of tape recordings that will be presented over *Voice of America*." ... From a May 24, 1962 news story: "The New Orleans Jazz Museum recently received its most important acquisition to date—Louis Armstrong's first cornet, which he learned to play while at the Waif's Home in 1914" ... The July 15, 1965 issue was a "*Salute to Satch*" in celebration of his 65th birthday and 50th year as a creative jazzman. Louis discussed his career and expressed his philosophy of life and music in a long interview with Dan Morgenstern. Also, there were personal glimpses of Satch by Rex Stewart ("Always the lovable, mugging blowing-up-a-storm Louis the Great") and Leonard Feather ... A June 13, 1968 item: "Louis Armstrong's April Latin Quarter engagement, his first at a New York club in several years, was a smash hit. Among the many friends who dropped in to say hello were *Hello, Dolly* star Pearl Bailey and hubby Louis Bellson" ... Later that year came the bad news of Louis' illness, then, in 1969, the good news of his recovery, and now the *Satchmo Saga* goes on. Armstrong Forever! 

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FESTIVAL

(Continued from page 13)

and you have some idea of what the Selah's vibration tree looked like. Inspired by Rahsaan Roland Kirk, the tree was not a west coast product. The Selah visited rural Illinois Sunday morning to obtain the specimen—the purpose of which was to provide shading, not shade.

The group's appeal was not entirely visual, however. Reed man John Clarke displayed considerable command of oboe, tenor, soprano sax, English horn and flute, and bassist Tim Barr was outstanding in both solo and supporting roles. Pianist-composer Steve Correll and drummer Tom Magee contributed to the group's highly unified feeling in a set which included *Neptune*, *Flower Child's Dance*, *Quiet Elegance*, and *Passive Resistance*. Overall, the group played the most satisfying avant garde-oriented set of the festival.

Sparkling ensemble work was the hallmark of the big band from the Univ. of Northern Colorado with drummer Dave Hardin outstanding. Then, the Ron Bridgewater Quartet from the Univ. of Illinois did a short set with solid solo contributions by the leader-tenorist, pianist Jim McNeely and, especially, trumpeter Nate Banks.

Bridgewater's group was then to back Gary Burton. Though the vibist had participated in Saturday's rhythm section clinic, he was unable to perform as scheduled due to a booking mixup and an appearance by Gerry Mulligan—due to perform later in the day—was hastily arranged. The baritonist pinch hit in grand style, backed by Bridgewater's rhythm section, and did a brilliant set including a cooking *All The Things You Are*.

Surprise number two consisted of a rare performing showcase for Lalo Schiffrin. Though he was on hand for the entire festival as an evaluator of individual performances, Schiffrin was asked to perform and complied—displaying the form which brought him acclaim as pianist with Dizzy Gillespie in the early 1960s. Backed by Univ. of Illinois bassist Bill Isom and drummer Dave Hardin and congaist Ron Carlton from Northern Colorado in a vibrant set, Schiffrin dug in on a Latin Blues, the *Fox*, his *Mission Impossible* theme, and a ballad. It was a rare treat, and I hope that opportunities to hear Schiffrin at the piano will be more frequent in the future.

The Millikin Univ. big band which had backed Terry on Saturday closed the afternoon program with a set of interesting compositions by Bill Holman and Allyn Ferguson.

The final concert got underway with two tenors from the Los Angeles Valley College big band battling it out on *Hallelujah Time*. Then, heavy brass work tainted the remainder of the set as the band tackled three Kentonesque compositions including Jay Hill's *Tribute To A Poltergeist* and Lennie Niehaus' *Kaleidoscope*.

Interesting originals and scintillating solo work by trumpeter Larry Hall marked a long but rewarding set by the Texas Southern Univ. small ensemble. Tenorist Doug Harris also impressed with his solo out-

ings on *Ghetto* and *Ju-Ju Jones*, a complex opus by percussionist Ralph Hampton.

The final guest band to appear, the renowned North Texas State Univ. Lab Band, more than lived up to its reputation. To name just a few highlights of their set: a bristling *Falling in Love With Love*; Lou Marini, Jr.'s *Codify*; excellent dynamics and brilliant reed work on *Blues and the Abstract Truth*, and Billy Byer's *Doodle Oodle*, featuring Marini and Randy Lee on tenor. The band's ensemble performance ranked as perhaps the best of the festival, the soloists were extremely polished, and overall, the band projected a remarkably cohesive feeling which, however, did not inhibit swing.

Wrapping things up in fine style was Mulligan, who did a relaxed but potent set of his own compositions (*Walkin' Shoes*, *Limelight*, etc.) plus Ellington's *I'm Gonna Go Fishin'* and Django Reinhardt's exquisite *Manoir Des Mes Reves*. Though Mulligan never sounded better, special praise must go to the accompanying Univ. of Cincinnati ensemble for their sensitive and swinging backing—much in the vein of Mulligan's own excellent 13-piece band of the early '60s.

Individual awards (\$200 scholarships to the summer program at the Berklee College of Music) were presented to trumpeters Larry Hall (Texas Southern combo), Ken Lesight (Stephen F. Austin big band) and Kit Reid (Sam Houston combo); trombonist Garney Hicks (Kent State big band and combo); guitarists Ronnie Eschete (Loyola big band), Dan Turner (Los Angeles Valley College) and Bill Frisell (Univ. of Northern Colorado); bassist Tim Barr (Selah); drummer Dave Hardin (Northern Colorado big band), and vocalist DeeDee Garrett (Univ. of Illinois). Bill Dobbins' *Textures* was chosen the outstanding composition and \$100 scholarships to the Famous Arrangers Clinic were awarded to Lou Marini Sr. (Bowling Green) for *Carnival*, Fred Hamilton (Northern Colorado) for *Sweet Peas*, and Kent's Bill Dobbins for *Balcony*.

The festival as a whole was a big success both artistically and commercially—(net proceeds were divided among student units to help defray travel costs) one that augurs well for the future of jazz, not only on but off campus. Though some bands were excessively bombastic and many drummers rock-oriented and obtrusive, the level of collegiate musicianship has probably never been higher. Intonation was uniformly good, and overall, the bands that did not attempt to overpower the audience came off best.

The John F. Kennedy Center and its artistic administrator, George London, must be cited for its sponsorship and the American Federation of Musicians' unprecedented grant to make possible the services of some of the guest artists must also be applauded. Willis Conover did his usual expert and entertaining job as master of ceremonies—a task that is often taken for granted but is vitally important to an event of this nature.

The Festival was produced by down beat, with the valuable assistance of John Garvey and his associates at the Univ. of Illinois.



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Mr. Goldberg's monograph, a most capably prepared tribute to Marcel Moyse "Tone Development through Interpretation", should be of general interest to all flutists, but in the opinion of the educational department of the W. T. Armstrong Company it will be of significant importance to the more advanced student as well as the professional. In his conclusion, he wisely comments on the joy and rewarding self-enrichment that come from serious study and practice. Mr. Goldberg has been principal flutist with the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra since 1947. He teaches at the Duquesne School of Music, is a member of The Musica Viva Trio and is assistant conductor of the Pittsburgh Youth Symphony.

As an educational service, the W. T. Armstrong Company is pleased to have made this brochure available to music educators—at music dealers throughout the country.

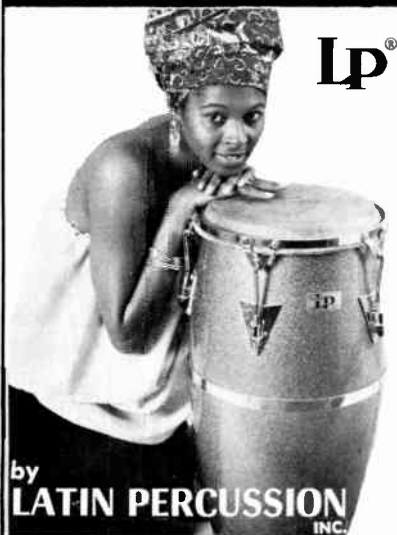


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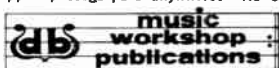
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Louis Plays The Blues: Three Solos Transcribed and Annotated by Bob Wilber

AN ISSUE OF **down beat** honoring the true king of jazz on his 70th birthday would not be complete without examples of his great art for aspiring trumpet players (or players on any instrument, for that matter) to study.

During the late '20s and '30s, the Armstrong "Red Seal" Okeh's were the most treasured possession of many a jazz player, but since the advent of bop in the '40s and the rock music of today, many young musicians are unaware of Louis' supreme greatness as a jazz soloist and think of him primarily as a showman and entertainer.

The editors of **down beat** asked me to select three examples of Armstrong's genius from his prolific recording career. Quite a task! To simplify matters, I decided to limit my selections to those in the 12-bar blues form, an idiom familiar to jazz players of every generation, and in fact enjoying quite a renaissance today.

These three solos, recorded in 1924, '27 and '29, demonstrate one salient fact: jazz improvisation in its highest form is more than merely embellishment of a melody, delineation of a chord structure, or a series of "hot licks" strung together. It is true composition, having a beginning and end, themes and thematic development, rhythmic and dynamic variety, continuity of thought—in other words, those qualities one associates with formal composition but which are rarely present in extemporaneous improvisation.

Armstrong starts his solo on *Terrible Blues* with a brilliant, commanding nine-note phrase. In bars 2 and 3 he repeats it with just the slightest rhythmic variation, as if commenting on the original phrase. In bar 4, Louis seems off on another thought, but in bar 5, there are the last three notes of the theme, but transposed to the sub-dominant. In the next phrase, which we expect by now to end the same way as the first three, Armstrong surprises us by adding another beat and jumping a full octave up to the F#, highest note in the chorus so far. From his climax, Louis coasts down to the ending on low A with no further reference to his original subject. The beautifully sad blues inflection of the phrase in bar 10 stands out in contrast to the jaunty optimism of the rest of the solo.

The solo on *S.O.L. Blues*, as heatedly passionate as any Armstrong ever put on record, is based on a simple but brilliant idea. It consists of five descending phrases (bars 1, 5, 7, and 9) each commencing with a high C, played with all the force available to a 27-year-old trumpet genius at the height of his powers. After the initial note, each descending phrase is quite different. In listening to this record, one's excitement mounts as he realizes Louis' plan and waits to see what he will do after each high C.

The famous *Mahogany Hall Stomp* solo consists of three choruses, each with a dif-



Satchmo with Luis Russell's 1930 band: front, l to r: Teddy Hill, Paul Barbarin, Charlie Holmes, Armstrong, Russell, Albert Nicholas. Back, l to r: Otis Johnson, Pops Foster, Red Allen, Will Johnson, J. C. Higginbotham.

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ferent emphasis, each highlighting a different facet of Armstrong's talent. The first is primarily of melodic interest, the second tonal and the third rhythmic. In bar 5 of the first chorus Louis gets an interesting effect by anticipating the first beat of the next bar and, obviously intrigued with the idea, repeats it in bar 7 and bar 9 using different notes.

In the second chorus, Louis holds a high C for 10 bars over Lonnie Johnson's riffing on guitar. Here, Armstrong's mastery of vibrato is supremely evident—our attention is riveted to that one note! In bars 11 and 12, Louis prepares himself for the last chorus, a five-note phrase repeated six times, over a by now intensely swinging rhythm section. No melodic or harmonic variation here at all, just pure swing, the very essence of jazz, played by the greatest master of them all.

• *Terrible Blues* is on *Louis Armstrong: An Early Portrait* (Milestone MLP 2010). *S.O.L. Blues* is on *The Louis Armstrong Story, Vol. 2: Louis Armstrong and his Hot Seven* (Columbia CL 852). *Mahogany Hall Stomp*, inexplicably, is available in domestic release only on Columbia's now hard-to-get three-record compendium *The Sound of New Orleans* (C3L30), but has been issued in France on *Louis Armstrong: V.S.O.P.*, Vol. 5 (CBS 62474), now available in U.S. record shops carrying imported albums. —Ed.



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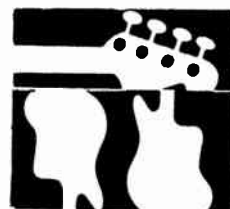
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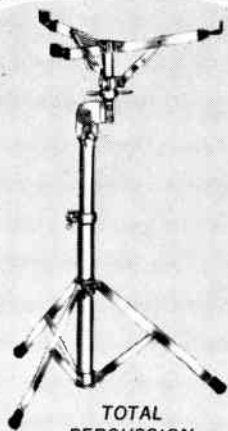
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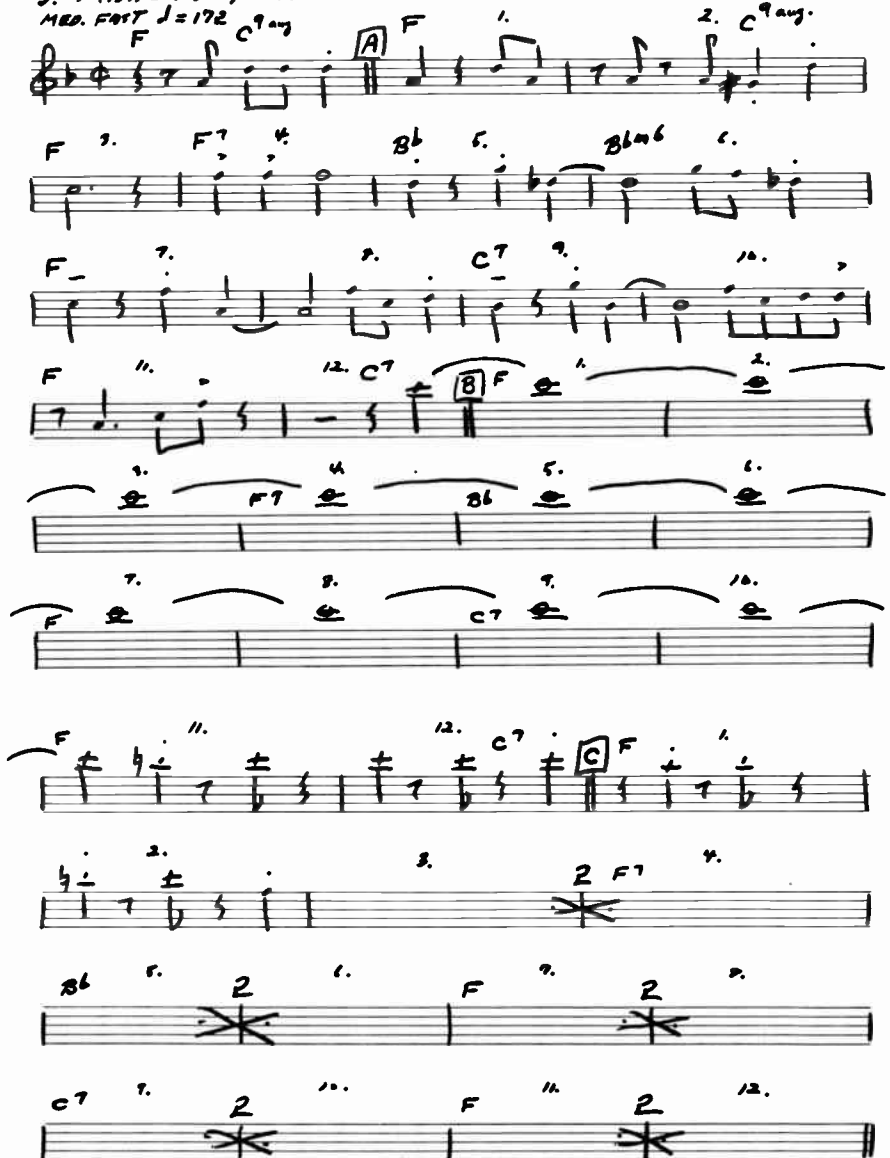
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(Continued from page 12)

475-9210 or 533-2052 in New York or write Michael Berardi, RD#2, Box 310, New Paltz, N.Y. 12561. The Association hopes to start its own recordings soon, presently has its own loft, and expects to expand its workshop and live performance schedules.

Los Angeles: A new outlet for jazz got off to a rousing start in Encino, wearing the optimistic name of The Money Tree. Terry Gibbs initiated the new policy leading a quartet, but opening night saw the stand filled with well-wishing sitters-in from opening to closing. The basic combo consisted of **Ronnell Bright**, piano, vocals; **Ray Neapolitan**, electric bass, and **Phil Kelly**, drums. **Steve Allen** sat in on piano, then joined Gibbs on vibes. **Bob (Hogan's Heros) Crane** sat in on drums, and **Sam Most** on flute, but the one who broke up the place was **Lorez Alexandria**. Also on hand for the opening was **Lou Rawls**, but he was saving his chops for his next night's opening at the West-side Room. After his Century Plaza gig, Rawls will begin a tour of Australia, Japan, Singapore, Bangkok and Manila. When he returns he will undertake a campus tour with an unlikely partner: **Oral Roberts**. The "odd couple" package stems from a recent guest shot by Rawls on a Roberts TV special. Gibbs' future plans include touring with a Steve Allen troupe (**Paul Smith**, the **Friends of Distinction**), first breaking in at the Cave in Vancouver, B.C. for a week before doing four weeks at the Flamingo in Las Vegas . . . Disneyland marked the Memorial Day weekend in its usual manner: an orgy of big bands. Included were **Lionel Hampton**, **Woody Herman**, **Buddy Rich**, and **Vaughn Monroe**. Also booked was **Sarah Vaughan**. On hand as part of the regular Disneyland/Dixieland atmosphere: **Teddy Buckner** and his combo plus the **Delta Ramblers** . . . **Gerald Wilson**, who keeps his 18 pieces working while many other bands in the area remain in the "rehearsal" status, will be at Shelly's Manne-Hole through June 28, followed by **Yusef Lateef** for two weeks. Shelly has a new addition in his quintet: bassist **Roland Haynes**. **Mike Wofford** is back at the piano bench that was warmed by **Pete Robinson** until recently, and **Gary Barone** and **John Gross** are still on trumpet and tenor, respectively. Occasionally making it a sextet is guitarist **John Morell**. Manne, toying with the possibility of using guitar instead of piano, will make up his mind when the group returns from a European tour in July . . . The Pilgrimage Theatre experienced its greatest turnout since the county-sponsored jazz series began. Featured at the Sunday matinee were **Don Ellis** and his 20-piece orchestra; the 50-voice **Golden West College Singers**; and 40 dancers from Long Island Beach City College. The main work of the afternoon was a three-part happening called *The Love Structures*—nearly an hour long—with choral and ballet segments responding to the narration by Ellis' singer, **Patti Allen**, climaxed by the release of hundreds of balloons. The Pilgrimage holds 1,250

souls; the Ellis concert drew 5,000 (breaking the previous high of 2,000 for **Lalo Schiffrin's Jazz Mass**) with the overflow spread out over the hills that rise above the amphitheater. In other recent gigs, Ellis and his band have played at San Marino High School; a number of schools in Oxnard; Santa Monica City College; Golden West College in Huntington Beach; College of the Sequoias in Visalia; Cal Western in San Diego, Basin Street West in San Francisco, and Westlake Park. In August, the band will be featured at the Denver Trumpet Symposium . . . **Cannonball Adderley** played the Hong Kong Bar, sharing the stage with **Letta Mbulu** (professionally, she has dropped her last name). Cannonball has been doubling more, of

late, on soprano sax. Due to follow at the HKB: the **Modern Jazz Quartet**, through June 27; **Charlie Byrd**, June 29-July 25. Already set through mid-January 1971 are **Billy Daniels**, **George Shearing**, **Oscar Peterson**, **Billy Eckstine**, Shearing again, and **Joe Williams** . . . Quite a potpourri at Hogie's, in Beverly Hills, for the opening of **Melody Condos** (she's the daughter of **Martha Raye**). Tap dancer **Harold Nichols** sat in. He is one half of the **Nicholas Brothers**. And in a final display of nepotism, **Randy** (son of **Hoagy**) **Carmichael** played intermission piano. At the same piano earlier was **Slim Gaillard**. House group for the club; the **Marty Harris Trio**. **Ann Richards** is due to follow Miss Condos . . . **Les McCann** played

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two weeks at Shelly's. His diet has been so successful that with each gig there seems to be less McCann. He was followed by Cal Tjader for two weeks (Al Zulaica, piano, electric piano; John Rae, drums; Mike Smithe, congas) . . . Walter Wanderly played the Red Roulette Room with a virtually new combo: Gary Walker, bass; Chuck Piscitello, drums; Jose Suarez, percussion . . . Roberta Flack appeared at UCLA as the windup to Black Culture Week . . . Jerry Hahn, ex-John Handy and Gary Burton guitarist, unveiled his new quartet, the Jerry Hahn Brotherhood, at the Troubador. Based in San Francisco, the group includes Mike Finnigan, organ; Mel Graves, bass; George Marsh, drums. Their bag is more rock than jazz . . . Stan Worth is now ensconced at Billingsley's, which is located smack on the Van Nuys Golf Course. Should give the musicians additional reason to swing . . . Pianist Joyce Collins is working at Bob Burns Restaurant in Santa Monica with bassist Jim Hughart . . . John Klemmer recently did three gigs: two at Donte's; one at Torrance High School. This was following his last-minute filling out of the week for Miles Davis at Shelly's Manne-Hole. With Klemmer were Pete Robinson, piano; Art Johnson, guitar; Wolfgang Melz, electric bass; John Dentz, drums . . . The Collegiate Neophonic completed its season in a pleasantly non-academic setting: Donte's . . . Ray Bowman, the best friend avant-garde musicians in Los Angeles ever had, is presenting modern jazz concerts occasionally at the Ice House in Pasadena, where the customary fare is rock or folk. The most recent of these featured the Dennis Drieth Jazz Consort (all musicians from Cal State College at Los Angeles): Dreith, Jack Baron and Bob Crosby, reeds; Mitch Esterman, fluegelhorn, trumpet; Greg Mathison, piano, organ; Oscar de la Rosa, bass, and a quartet led by Jack Baron. On June 29, Bowman, will present Gil Melle and his Electronic Jazz Quartet . . . At the other end of the spectrum, Dixieland is still alive and well in Southern California, but it took a transfusion from the north to bring the point home. San Francisco-based trombonist Turk Murphy headlined a concert at the Wilshire-Ebell Theatre with his young Turks: Leon Oakley, cornet; Phil Howe, clarinet; Pete Clute, piano; Jim Mairback, tuba; Smokey Stover, drums; Pat Yankee, vocals. Sharing the stage for the two-beat one-nighter: Roy Brewer's Tailgate Ramblers; the Nappy Lamare-Jim Hesson Duo; Jack McVea's Royal Street Bachelors, and the Lloyd Glenn Trio . . . Barney Bigard was the featured soloist at the last meeting of the New Orleans Jazz Club of Southern California, at Santa Ana . . . Singer-author-raconteur Babs Gonzales—a one-man public relations outfit—is doing all right in Los Angeles simply by doing his thing, which consist of selling his autobiography and gigging. He worked at Peyton Place with Red Holloway, tenor sax, flute; Art Hillery, organ, and Kenny Dixon, drums, for an afternoon concert which he advertised as "an evening of Expubidence." Babs got the local NBC-TV outlet, KNBC, to film his "life story" in a

five-minute mini-documentary. It consisted of Babs hawking his book, *I Paid My Dues*, at the corner of Hollywood and Vine, plus excerpts from his stint at the Parisian Room, backed by the above-named Red Holloway Trio . . . On the subject of the Parisian Room, a new group with an unusual name followed Lorez Alexandria's long stay there. In *Cold Blood II*—the vocal duo of Ralph Green and Ernie Banks—was signed after an unplanned reunion of the two tore the house apart. They had been together seven years ago and had not sung a note together since separating. Green was sitting in one Monday when Banks just happened to drop in. After a few false starts, the old routines came back to them and Green and Banks were singing as if there had never been a hiatus. Celebrity Night at the Parisian has become the "in" thing for the jazz fraternity, due primarily to drummer Kenny Dixon. As host for the Monday night sessions, he never fails to spot a musician in the crowd and coax him to come up. In the recent past, sitting-in has been done by Gene Ammons, Willie Bobo, Richard Boone, Mel Carter, Lockjaw Davis, Teddy Edwards, Candy Finch, Groove Holmes, Milt Jackson, Plas Johnson, Roland Kirk, Jimmy McGriff, Sonny Payne, Della Reese, Jimmy Smith, O.C. Smith, Sarah Vaughan and Spanky Wilson. Dropping in, but only as a spectator: Erroll Garner . . . Another field day for name-droppers is at KABC-TV. The Everly Brothers tape their summer replacement show at ABC's Hollywood outlet, and in Jack Elliott's orchestra can be found Jimmy Zito, trumpet; George Bohannon, trombone; Bill Perkins, reeds; John Pisano (replacing Herb Ellis), guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Paul Humphrey, drums . . . The Ed Hawkins Singers appeared at the Gregor Club in Los Angeles for a one-nighter . . . The Walter Bishop Trio is at the It Club . . . Johnny Guarneri played an unusual gig: background music for an evening of silent films by Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Valentino and Clara Bow, plus the entire Lon Chaney *Phantom of the Opera* . . . Interesting session at Capitol recently: Cannonball Adderley and his Quintet plus a large studio orchestra recording works commissioned by Cannonball: *Dialogue for Quintet and Orchestra*, by Lalo Schiffrin; *Experience in E*, by Bill Fischer; and *Tensity*, by Dave Axelrod . . . Leon Thomas blew into town, also stopping in San Diego and San Francisco, on a whirlwind promotional tour for his latest Flying Dutchman release . . . The Los Angeles Bass Club is holding a workshop July 2-5 at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel. John Duke and Bill Plummer will be heard in a classical duet; Tim Barr and his combo from Los Angeles Valley College will handle the jazz portion of the workshop.

Chicago: A broken finger didn't prevent Elvin Jones from making the most of one of his rare Chicago visits. His trio (George Coleman, tenor sax; Wilbur Little, bass) managed to squeeze in the following performances in a 48-hour period: a Friday night concert at Lake Forest College; a Saturday night session at the Apart-

ment; a drum clinic that drew a crowd of over 300 on Sunday afternoon at the Chicago Drum Center; and a Modern Jazz showcase session at the North Park Hotel Sunday night which also featured Wilbur Campbell's group (Joe Daley, tenor sax; Richard Abrams, piano, John Whitfield, bass). Also, the Jones trio taped a number for the June 7 airing of *Daddy-O-Daylie's For Blacks Only* TV show, seen locally on WLS-channel 7 . . . James Moody and Arthur Prysock did several weekends at the Apartment recently, while Gene Ammons and Al Hibbler were ensconced at the Sutherland Lounge . . . A recent Sunday was Georg Brunis Day at the Edge Lounge. A spirited session featured Smokey Stover, trumpet; Brunis, trombone; Jerry Fuller, clarinet; Dave Phelps, piano; Barrett Deems, drums. Trumpeter Nappy Trottier's trio (Don Gibson, piano; Wayne Jones, drums) is the weekend attraction at the Edge . . . The Den Downstairs continues its music policy with the Chuck Lane Trio (Lane, organ; Terry Ryland, bass, guitar; John Taylor, drums) appearing Tuesday through Saturday and Gene Esposito's group working Sundays and Mondays . . . Actor, singer, pianist and ragtime expert Max Morath opened a one-man show June 3 at the Happy Medium Theatre . . . Pianist Tom Vaughn's Trio followed guitarist John Bishop into the London House. Set for the summer season at the club are Ramsey Lewis, George Shearing, Jonah Jones, and organist Don Lewis . . . Nina Simone appeared in concert at the Auditorium Theatre . . . The Cellar, a teenage nightery in nearby Arlington Heights, recently presented Howlin' Wolf and Soup . . . Joe Cocker, Smith, White Lightning, the Flying Burrito Bros., Jesse, and Mad Dogs and Englishmen did a one-nighter at the Aragon Ballroom.

Detroit: With star-studded concerts almost every weekend and activity bristling at all the local night spots one is tempted to characterize the month as one of musical May-hymn. The biggest concert of recent vintage was at Cobo Arena. Headlining this package were Lon Rawls and Cannonball Adderley. Also on the program was Yusef Lateef's group (Barry Harris, piano; Bill Cunningham, drums; Leroy Williams, bass), Grant Green, and Rufus Harley. In spite of a simultaneous concert at the Masonic Temple, featuring the Dells, organist Lonnie Smith, Carolyn Franklin, Dorothy Ashby's trio, and guitarist Eddie Fisher, the Cobo concert was sold out. A recent concert at the Detroit Institute of Arts introduced an ensemble led by pianist Dave Durrah. Playing only compositions by Durrah, the group consisted of Charles Moore, trumpet; Larry Krefman, trombone; Al Crawford, soprano sax; Art Crawford, alto sax; Leon Henderson, tenor sax; Sue Sutherland, flute; John Dana, bass; Danny Spencer, drums. This was the third Strata-produced concert in three weeks . . . At the Repertory Theatre, the newly formed group led by drummer Allan Golding and Charles Miles debuted . . . The Frolic Bar, once a favorite spot for jazz, is slowly regaining its former reputation.

The house band consists of organist **Lyman Woodard**, guitarist **Ron English**, and drummer **Danny Spencer**. A young newcomer on the scene, **Vaughn Klugh**, spells English on Sundays. English, along with **Charles Moore** and **Leon Henderson**, is also busy preparing for a combined musical outing with the **Woolies** rock band in Lansing . . . Continuing at the **Blue Bird** is trombonist **John Hair's** Quintet (**Joe Thurman**, tenor; **Boo Boo Turner**, piano; **Robert Allen**, bass; **James Youngblood**, drums) . . . **Iris Bell** and her trio continue at the **Rubaiyat** in Ann Arbor . . . **Harrison Crabfeather** and **Toby Steel** are back in Detroit after a short engagement in lower Michigan . . . **Cy Nan Belwor** remains on the road.

Pittsburgh: Las Vegas trombonist **Tommy Turk** paid a brief visit to his native Pittsburgh and lured hundreds of his fans to hear him play at The Crow's Nest in Sharpsburg. He used three of his former sidemen from a combo once called the **Deuces Wild**. They were **Reid Jaynes**, who has the regular pianist gig at the dinner club; **Harry Bush**, bass, and **Dick Brosky**, drums. The popular Turk is reputed to have received numerous offers to return to Pittsburgh which apparently is enjoying a jazz renaissance . . . **Walt Harper**, pianist and combo leader, received a special award from the Pittsburgh *Courier* "for bringing back jazz and other forms of entertainment to the Downtown area." The success of his club, **Walt Harper's Jazz Attic**, has resulted in the opening of a number of new spots in the Market Square area. The theory is that they will draw even more customers because of proximity to the new baseball stadium that opened in late May. Harper plans to open a second spot to be called **The Warehouse** . . . **Roy Liberto** and his **Bourbon Street Six** have set up shop at the Sheraton Motor Inn South . . . **Crawford's Grill** celebrated its 24th anniversary in May, with **Shirley Scott** and **Stanley Turrentine**, followed by **George Benson** . . . Guitarist **Joe Negri** has had a few gigs at Downtown Mahoney's Restaurant. His brother, **Bobby**, a pianist, provided a jazz background for promotions of **WJAS'** big bash at the **Fulton Theater** . . . The jazz trio of pianist **Johnny Costa** was a big hit at the very well produced show to choose a finalist from Allegheny County for Miss America . . . The Pittsburgh Press Club invited jazz combos from all local colleges to compete for a trophy on June 13. db corresponded **Roy Kohler** will emcee.

Cincinnati: Jazz was presented in a series of Sunday night concerts by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. The concerts were coordinated by **Leonard Her-ring** and featured the **Cannonball Adderley** Quintet, pianist **Les McCann** with pianist-singer **Roberta Flack**, guitarist **Wilbert Longmire**, and singer **Joe Williams**. Labeled *Open Door Concerts*, the programs are aimed at increasing the interest of the black community in the Symphony. Success of the series has insured jazz concerts with the Symphony next season . . . Guitarist **Bugs Brandenburg** replaced **Dee Garrett** in the **Dee**

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Felice Trio, presently working at the Bucaneer Inn. Garrett has formed a new trio including bassist **Burgoyne Denny** and drummer **Jim Seward**. At this writing, the group is playing at New Dilly's Pub . . . **Herbies Lounge** recently featured the **John Wright Quartet**, with Wright on tenor; **Sam Jackson**, piano; **Jim Anderson**, bass; and **Bobby Scott**, drums. Following Wright were **The Three Sounds** . . . A recently formed ten-piece rock group, **The Purity Show Band**, opened at The Union in April in preparation for a cross country tour . . . Trumpeter **Frankie Brown** took a quartet of **Ted Rakel**, piano, **Gene Wilson**, bass, and **Rody Hazeltine**, drums, into the Lookout House. The club had been featuring a series of big band one-nighters with, among others, **Les Brown**, **Count Basie**, and **Woody Herman** . . . After a two-year stay at Friar Tucks, **Jerry Conrad** and the **Rhythm & Brass** have made the Hauf Brau House their new residence . . . The **Jimi Hendrix Experience** appeared for one night at Cincinnati Gardens, which also recently hosted a 12-hour rock festival featuring many name groups . . . The **Lee Stoler** trio opened a new club in the Hospitality Inn at the beginning of April. With the pianist are bassist **Carl Schweitzer** and drummer **Phillip Paul** . . . The **Stan Kenton Orchestra** played a one-nighter at the Miami Boat Club . . . **Herbie Mann's** quintet appeared at the Ludlow Garage in April.

Germany: An international "Hot Jazz Meeting" was held in Hamburg at the end of April. Concerts, dances and riverboat rides featured the bands of **Champion Jack Dupree**, **Humphrey Lyttleton**, **Ingrid Hoffmann**, **Monty Sunshine** and **Alexis Korner**, plus some 25 amateur bands . . . **Gunter Hampel** returned from New York where he wrote his first ballet and signed with **Bob Thiele** for U.S. release of two LPs on his own Birth Enterprise label. He will now make his home in Gottingen, where he plans to found a center for "new fundamental research on the life forms of our time." Also, there will be a music school for young local talent . . . Many European bands were scheduled for tours in May and June in Germany: **The Hagaw** from Poland, **Foetus 65** from Bulgaria, the **Zagreb Jazz Quintet** with **Art Farmer**, and **Phil Woods** and his **European Rhythm Machine** . . . The **Herbie Mann Quintet** gave seven concerts at the end of May in Frankfurt, Stuttgart, Cologne, Hamburg, Heidelberg, Dusseldorf and Nurnberg . . . **Erroll Garner** appeared in Berlin and Hamburg with his trio . . . The **Albert Mangelsdorff Quartet** continued touring in May with concerts in Morocco, Algiers, Spain and Italy. In Italy, the group was the official delegate from Germany at the international **Premio Roma '70**. The group recorded their first album in three years for MPS Records under the direction of **Joachim E. Berendt** . . . The magazine **Twen** recently conducted its annual poll. **Louis Armstrong** won first place among trumpeters and combos, with the **Dave Pike Set** as second-place combo. **Albert Mangelsdorff**

won first place among trombonists. Overall winner of this jazz and pop poll was organist **Brian Auger** from England. Auger and his **Trinity** were set for a two-week German tour starting in late May . . . **Horst Lippmann** recently returned from the U.S. where he selected musicians for his annual American Folk Blues and Gospel Festival. He was particularly pleased by hearing the **World's Greatest Jazz Band** . . . An amateur jazz festival was held in Munster in April . . . **The Third Wave**, a singing group from San Francisco did a long promotional tour of Europe. They taped a 30-minute personality show for Saarländischer Rundfunk and TV and music show spots. For 10 days, they performed at the Hazylands in Basel and Zurich with **George Duke**. Their first album, *Here and Now*, has been released on MPS . . . **Robert Cornfield**, composer, arranger and pianist, now makes his home in Berlin, working for the orchestras of local radio stations . . . **Joachim Kuhn** now living in Paris, was invited by **Frank Zappa** to participate in a recording session with 100 strings. Zappa met Kuhn at the Actuel Festival in Belgium. Kuhn is also scoring three feature films and has two LPs due on Byg records.

Norway: **Count Basie's** orchestra played in Oslo with great success . . . **Ted Curson** was in Oslo and opening a new club and waiting for an engagement in Paris starting in early June with Polish altoist **Zbigniew Namislawski**. Curson will also tape film music for Federico Fellini in Paris . . . Trombonist **Slide Hampton** did a wonderful job as leader of the **Ostereng** big band on May 19 at the *European Jazz Quiz* on Norwegian Radio. This was Hampton's second visit to Oslo, and the second time he conducted the big band in his own arrangements and compositions, and as soloists. European master in the Jazz Quiz was **Jan Lohmann** from Denmark . . . **Karin Krog** was in Hamburg in May taping her first color TV program with Norwegian guitarist **Terje Rypdal** and altoist **Carl Magnus Neumann**. In late May Miss Krog and bassist **Arild Andersen** went to Helsinki, Finland, to a classical music festival which this year also presented jazz. Andersen just finished a successful engagement in Johannesburg, South Africa, with **Stan Getz** and drummer **Jon Christensen**. In Johannesburg they were permitted to play for black audiences without Getz. Completing the rhythm section was Swedish pianist **Bobo Stenson** . . . The **Kongsberg jazz festival** takes place June 25-28 and the **Bill Evans Trio**, **Dollar Brand**, and **Archie Shepp** with **Claude Del Cloo** have been signed. Some Norwegians will also be on the program plus possibly other American soloists. The Danish pop group **Savage Rose** will also participate . . . Norwegian representatives at the **Montreux festival** this year were trumpeter **Rowland Greenberg** and his quintet, who play real swing. Greenberg, 49, has been a leading figure on the jazz scene here for 33 years. He recently made his first own LP, *Swing Is the Thing*, and also joined **Teddy Wilson** for a recording date in Stockholm.

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