

METRONOME[®]

AMERICA'S FIRST JAZZ MAGAZINE

COLEMAN HAWKINS

THE JAZZ SAXOPHONES

GENE AMMONS &
DEXTER GORDON
ON RACE AND "SOUL"
THE SOPRANO SAX
BY STEVE LACY
CONTRIBUTIONS BY:

HORACE SILVER ROY ELDRIDGE HARRY CARNEY LEO WRIGHT



JOHN COLTRANE

Harry Carney



Interviewed by Stanley Dance

Harry Carney's musical career and his long, unbroken association with Duke Ellington are unique in jazz. The staunch loyalty they bespeak is perhaps even more impressive when it is remembered that for three decades Harry has been the outstanding exponent of the baritone saxophone. The story that follows, drawn from conversations with him, should show quite clearly how modest and conscientious a musician he is. His understatements and avoidance of theatrical exaggeration may detract from his stature in the eyes of newcomers, but most readers will be aware of his great contribution to jazz as a whole and to the Ellington orchestra in particular. Like that orchestra, Harry has a sound that has never been equalled for warmth and richness. It is at once a foundation that supports and a resonance that permeates the entire ensemble. With one note—like Armstrong, Hawkins, Bechet and Hodges—he can make his identity known and establish his lines of communication. The tone, in this case, is the man. Harry is big, generous, warm, expansive, tolerant, considerate and consistent. There is nothing hasty and nothing petty about him.

—Stanley Dance

PHOTOGRAPH BY HERB SNITZER

"I began playing piano at the age of six—taking piano lessons, that is! It seemed as though every kid in the neighborhood could play piano by ear, and here I was going every Saturday, religiously taking lessons, and practising, but if you took the music away from me I couldn't play a thing. That went on until I was eleven or twelve, during which time I played student recitals—nothing but the classics. I couldn't get away from the classics to save my life, and I was pretty disgusted with myself. My brother was two years younger, but he seemed to have more of a natural talent for piano. He had no training whatsoever, but he would sit down and really start playing. Then there was a schoolmate of mine at that time, Leonard Withers, who was wonderful on piano, too. He had long fingers that would stretch a tenth and give a good rocking rhythm in the bass, something I couldn't do through the construction of my fingers. He and my brother would be playing jazz, the popular tunes of the day, but not me. I remember *Dardanella* in particular.

"I belonged to a juvenile society and during the year we would have several functions. One of the members was Buster Tolliver, a fine musician. (He's still on the scene, writing for shows. He used to do the writing for a lot of Billy Rose's extravaganzas.) At our dances, he would play piano during the first half and clarinet after the intermission. He always seemed to be surrounded by the girls when he got through playing clarinet, and by now I had reached an age when I was conscious of the girls, so I thought maybe the clarinet would be the means of attracting them to me. So Buster advised me about how to acquire a clarinet.

"I joined a Knights of Pythias band in Boston when I was thirteen. They had an instructor who taught all the instruments in the band, and he taught me for the very nominal rate of fifty cents a lesson, the band furnishing the instrument. After alarming the whole neighborhood with my practising, somebody thought I was a good clarinet player and started offering me jobs.

"My first influences were Buster Bailey with Fletcher Henderson and Don Murray with Jean Goldkette. As a brash kid, I always wanted to play faster than anyone on clarinet, and both Buster and Don Murray were great technicians. Too bad I didn't stick with them! Perhaps I'd be a clarinetist today. Buster has always sounded to me like a perfect man for the symphony, and on those up-tempo numbers with Fletcher he always showed what a well-schooled musician

he was. There was a lot of study behind his playing. I heard some things he did with Alec Wilder and woodwinds on records some time ago, and they convinced me that he'd be very able as a symphony clarinetist. The way he cares for his instrument, always cleaning it after a set, also shows good training. Back in the old days, the wood of the instrument didn't have treatment like it gets today, and consequently if you weren't careful you were likely to wind up with a crack in the clarinet. That was why we were so careful to use a swab and oil in the old days. Moisture gets into the wood, and changes in temperature, between the room and the street, particularly in colder weather, were dangerous. I didn't take up bass clarinet until many years later, about 1944. I never heard Buster Bailey play it. He usually has just the regular B-Flat clarinet, but I'll have to go down and talk to him about it, and get some much-needed ideas.

"Well, after about a year of clarinet, I learnt that saxophone was much easier. Clarinet is more difficult, but the kids are doing so much on saxophone nowadays that often I wonder. Alto was what I was interested in and I had to convince my mother that I should have one. Neither my father nor my mother played an instrument. Dad liked the operas, always went to them during the season, and he used to like to sing around the house. He was pretty familiar with the spirituals, too. But it was my mother who had to be convinced about the alto, and fortunately she went along with me, and we secured it. Now I felt the influence of Sidney Bechet and Johnny Hodges. Johnny and I used to live a few doors apart and we'd listen to all the records together. Some people began to think I could really play saxophone because I played it so loudly, and after-school jobs started to come in. I worked several spots in Boston with small groups, but in the meantime I heard so many bands from New York City that I knew I must get there to talk with musicians, and maybe get a chance to blow with some of them.

"This time I had to convince my mother that I was entitled to a vacation in New York, and I went there with Charlie Holmes. (Charlie used to sound like Johnny, because that was the accepted alto style in those days and everyone was trying to borrow ideas from Johnny and get his sound.) My first job was playing in the relief group at the Savoy ballroom on one of those big nights when they had a masquerade ball. The dance would start early and run all night, so they had three bands, and I was in

the third. My good friend, Johnny Hodges, was in the Chick Webb band at the time, and it was through Johnny I met the contractor for the relief band, who in turn had a job coming up at a place called The Bamboo Inn. I got the contractor to call my mother and explain to her that everything would be all right. It wasn't long before she arrived on the scene, by surprise, to see what her dear, tender son was doing! She allowed me to stay a little longer.

"This was, I think, in April 1927. Duke was working at The Kentucky Club and on his night off he would come to The Bamboo Inn. The food was good, I was told, but I couldn't afford it, of course. We thought we had a very good band and I worked there three months until the place burned down. Shortly after that, I bumped into Duke one afternoon on Seventh Avenue and he asked what I was doing. I told him I was just jobbing around and he asked me if I would like to go with him on a trip up to Boston. Of course, Boston was my hometown and I'd been away three months—three months away from homecooking and listening to my mother give me the devil—and I was a bit homesick. To return with Ellington, already famous, was something to look forward to, so I didn't hesitate to say "yes". That's how I joined the band, and we played up there during the summer for the Shribman brothers, Charlie and Sy, who gave and lent so much to up-and-coming bands at that time.

"After we finished the three months up there, mostly one-nighters, I was supposed to have returned to school, but Duke has always been a fluent talker and he out-talked my mother and got permission for me to stay with the band. When we talk about it now, my mother will tell me that if I had joined the Army I would have been retired by now! But there were no papers signed when I joined Duke. He was to be a kind of guardian to me when I left Boston for the Big City at the age of seventeen. He was pretty well known by then, but it seemed a big deal to my parents and they thought I would end up being too taken by the fast city of New York—too taken for my age, that is. But it didn't turn out like that. Duke is a great fellow, and a great friend of mine, and it has not only been an education being with him, but also a great pleasure. At times, I've been ashamed to take the money!

"Duke had just augmented from six to eight pieces. Rudy Jackson was playing clarinet and tenor and I was playing clarinet and alto, and both of us were striving for the "hot" clarinet

chair. Lots of times during the evening you would hear nothing but clarinets from the reed section, so I decided to try baritone to give more variety. I was on good terms with an instrument company and they allowed me to take a baritone out. On the job that night, Duke and everyone seemed to think it was quite good. My greatest kick with the instrument, which then seemed so much bigger than me, was that I was able to fill it and make some noise with it. I enjoyed the tone of it and I started to give it some serious study. I've been carrying it around ever since.

"I'd heard Coleman Hawkins often by then. Every time Fletcher Henderson came to Boston, I'd always be down front, under Hawkins, listening. To my mind, he could do no wrong. I think he did play some baritone then, but it was his tenor that inspired me. I admired his tone and facility on the instrument, and I said, "Gee, if I could make the baritone sound like that, I'd really have something." So I was always trying to play like Hawk on the baritone.

"After coming back to New York with the Ellington band, I used to go into record stores and listen to records made by the small bands. In those days, on recordings, the main thing was who could play the most intricate break. Breaks were very popular, and that was where the improvisation was. Often, the introduction and endings to records were really long, four-bar breaks. Or there'd be a two-bar break and the band would hit a chord. I think the first time I heard Adrian Rollini was on a record of *Ida* by Red Nichols. He was my next influence after Hawk, because now I tried to give the baritone something of the bass saxophone sound. I tried to make the upper register sound like Coleman Hawkins and the lower register like Adrian Rollini. And I always strove for a good tone. That had been drummed into my head when I was taking clarinet lessons. Later, when I took alto lessons, it was always hammered home that if I played one note, I should play it with a good tone. I've always adhered to that and I'm very glad my teachers made me see the importance of good tone.

"Bubber Miley contributed a lot in those early days. He had a wonderful sense of humor, but you had to know him to detect whether he was being serious or not. He always gave the impression of being very serious, but the surprising thing was the way he would crack up when something funny was said. He was always serious, though, about his playing before other musicians. He wanted them to know he was a great trumpet player,



and he was a man who liked to battle. He and Tricky Sam Nanton got great pleasure from playing something together in harmony that came off well. They were always blowing for each other and getting ideas together for what they were going to play. It was wonderful watching the two of them working and hearing the sounds they got from those plungers. What they created has stayed with us as a major part of Ellington music. But there were quite a few other growling trumpet players, of course. In the Charlie Johnson band, besides Sidney De Paris, Jabbo Smith used to do a wonderful job growling, as well as fanning with a derby. Bobby Stark, with Chick Webb, was good at it, too, and so was Frankie Newton when he was with Lloyd and Cecil Scott. Frankie was a good all-round trumpet player, for that matter. And Ward Pinkett could growl. At that time, it was part of the trumpet's role to carry around the mute and the plunger. It got so that there were growling specialists who really studied growling technique. I mustn't forget to mention Cootie. Of all the growl trumpets, he was the one with the power.

"And there were other trends. Everyone was very conscious of Paul Whiteman in the late '20s. He made a lady out of jazz and everybody wanted to have those lush and plush introductions that bordered on the symphonic side. On Sunday nights at the Cotton Club, what we called the big-time musicians then, those who worked for Whiteman, Isham Jones and Ben Pollack, and made the small-group jazz records—they used to come up. If they sat in front of us, we'd become very self-conscious, because we knew they were great players. We'd hear so much about Bix, and we'd hear him on records, so we looked at him with awe, although he sat in with the band.

"As Duke's band grew and new members injected their personalities, he was inspired to write. He was always a great compiler, and one of the guys' ideas would suggest something else to him. The Cotton Club was our first big job after I joined, and the band suddenly became inspired because we were asked to do so many remote broadcasts. We were all young and proud and we thought we were doing a great job.

"Immediately after our early broadcasts, about 6 or 7 in the evening we'd run on down to the corner of 131st and Seventh, where all the musicians used to hang out, and get their reactions. In the beginning, a lot of them made us feel like crying, they were so critical, but finally the band began to go great guns, and then it was a

pleasure to go down to the corner, not only after broadcasts, but after we got through working, too. Sometimes we'd stay up all night listening to the praise, but when we did a bad broadcast, that would be the night we'd get some sleep.

"Fortunately or unfortunately, there's nearly always been a better clarinetist in the band, and I left the clarinet up to him. After Barney Bigard joined, I continued to do a few solos. I admire Barney's great facility, imagination and big tone. He remembered so many things the New Orleans clarinets used to do that there was always something for me to be listening and paying attention to. As the baritone became my specialty, my clarinet playing sounded poor to me in comparison with his. Today we have Jimmy Hamilton and Russell Procope, both of them fine clarinet players, with different styles. The style of Jimmy Hamilton is the kind of clarinet I'd like to be able to play. He's a real clarinet player, very facile, with a beautiful tone, and another one who could do a very good job in symphony. Procope has taken over a lot of Barney's things.

"The Albert system generally seems to result in a bigger tone than the Boehm. The Boehm has so much auxiliary fingering that it's possible you can do more with it, but there's a new, improved Albert system which also has auxiliary fingering, and which both Procope and Barney use. I used Albert to begin with, but changed to Boehm because of Buster Bailey. There was a time after Barney joined the band when I was so impressed by his fullness of sound that I went back to Albert, but I found I had been playing Boehm too long to leave it. Fazola used Albert, but I think Albert Nicholas is a Boehm man. He tries for and gets that New Orleans bigness out of it. Jimmie Noone was an Albert man. Goodman and Artie Shaw were Boehm, of course.

"When we left the Cotton Club, we went on a tour of one-nighters across the country, arriving in Los Angeles to make a picture with Amos 'n Andy, in which we played *Three Little Words*, *Ring Dem Bells* and *Old Man Blues*. This was the era of Irving Mills and he was pretty sharp. He'd go along with anything that stood a chance on records. In fact, he even used to sing with our band. Around this time, some of the things on records became pretty big, which resulted in a new style for the band. When Duke first started writing for the baritone, I wanted to impress everyone with the idea that the baritone was necessary, and I very much wanted to remain part of that sax

section. There was so much competition in our reed section that I had to work hard. I liked the band and was always afraid of being fired! That was one school I enjoyed and didn't want to be expelled from.

"The Missourians had been using a baritone sax when we followed them into the Cotton Club. Even in bands with altos and two tenors, there was always someone who could double on baritone. Sax sections were also using clarinets and sopranos, usually in trios. The baritone was usually a double until five-piece reed sections became the normal thing, and mostly it was an alto player who doubled. The sound of sax sections was very light at the beginning of the '30s. The lead was usually a big-toned alto, and the other saxes more or less stayed under him. He would have good phrasing and expression—the big sound. I think the George "Fathead" Thomas style of alto playing had a lot to do with the McKinney's Cotton Pickers sound, but when Don Redman joined that band his was a strong influence. Otto Hardwicke played lead for Duke until I joined. He came back when we went into the Cotton Club, and I went from first alto to third alto.

"Lunceford used to feature his sax section more as a section than Duke did. Willie Smith was largely responsible for the sound of the Lunceford reeds and on records they had more presence than ours, but I don't believe they had the power of Ellington's. We only played against them once, in Philadelphia, as I recall. It was a very interesting battle. There had been much controversy about the respective merits of the two bands, but on this occasion I'm happy to say the Ellington band came off the better. Lunceford featured growling trumpets, a varied programme of music, and he was very entertaining. He played quite a few of Duke's numbers and he would come up with versions of some of Duke's record hits, like *Rose Room*. They did some marvelous things on records and I think I was always among the first to buy their new releases. Jock Carruthers was a very good man on baritone, and then there were Willie Smith on alto and Joe Thomas on tenor.

"We always said in the battling days that Chick Webb's was the greatest battling band, and when Charlie Buchanan was at the Savoy he always saw to it that every new band hitting town battled with Chick Webb. Chick was a very competitive musician and he liked to battle. He would always prepare for a battle with a lot of new arrangements and rehearsals.

"But my band was Fletcher Henderson's. I can remember times when we

battled with it in its prime and came away dejected. We battled with Smack several times at the Savoy, but one night in Detroit I'll never forget. They played numbers in which Coleman Hawkins was heavily featured, and Hawkins cut the whole Ellington band by himself. Then there was the Charlie Johnson band that used to play down in Small's Paradise. There was a wealth of good musicians in that band—Benny Carter, Jimmie Harrison, Jabbo Smith, and a wonderful drummer, George Stafford. There were really some bands around in those days.

"The first time we had five saxes was on the record date when we made *Truckin'*, a dance that was then very popular. Ben Webster did a solo on that number that became a classic. It was a good sound, an additional voice, and his tone and approach were so good on both ballads and up-tempo things that he was a sensation. Ben's interpretations were inspiring to Duke, and he brought new life to a section that had been together a long time. Ben was inspired and he inspired us, so that we worked together and tried to improve the section. We used to rehearse all alone, just the sax section.

"When you look back, you can see that from the late '20s onwards, every time there was an addition to the band, the new voice seemed to give Duke new ideas and something to draw from and add in his writing. In the '30s there were Ivie Anderson and Lawrence Brown. Those in the band who thought they were playing well tried a little harder and did better. Jimmy Blanton and Ben Webster were additional sparks and the tone structure of the band changed a bit. Everyone seemed to think the band was at its best then, but it was still playing well when we were at The Hurricane and The Zanzibar in '44 and '46. Later, guys like Willie Smith, Louis Bellson and Clark Terry gave Duke something else to think about.

"Another big lift to us was when we first went to England in 1933, to play the London Palladium. That, we thought, was just about the greatest engagement a band could have. To start off with, we were greeted by so many people who knew so much about the band that we were amazed. We couldn't understand how people in Europe, who heard us only through the medium of records, could know so much about us. They'd ask us who took which solo on this or that tune, and we had to sharpen up so that we could answer halfway intelligently. Another thing was that they knew exactly what they wanted to hear—a great and very pleasant surprise to us.

"I first acquired the habit of reading the jazz magazines in England. They had their *Melody Maker* going over there then, and later *Metronome* and *Down Beat* came on the scene here. It got so I couldn't wait for them to hit the stands, and to this day I read all the music magazines I can get my hands on. I think they're valuable with their views, pro and con, and they influence the public quite a bit. They can also show us musicians what the public thinks of our efforts, and we need to know that because, however much we value the opinions of other musicians, we rely on the public for our paychecks. If you can keep up with the foreign magazines, too, you know better how to program when you go touring.

"Since the '30s, the baritone has come into its own. There were many fine players who were often confined to section roles. Besides Lunceford's Carruthers, there was Jack Washington with Basie. Omer Simeon played baritone and clarinet in the Earl Hines band that I enjoyed so much at the Grand Terrace around 1940. It was very thrilling and exciting. There was Haywood Henry with Erskine Hawkins, and Haywood's my man. I used to listen to Ozzie Nelson's band on the radio all the time, for a very good baritone player who took the hot solos—Charlie Biwak. I mustn't forget that fine musician, Ernie Caceres, or Nick Brignola, whom I heard down at The Bohemia in '58. I just got through listening to Gerry Mulligan a night or so ago, and he really thrilled me. I like Pepper Adams very much, and I can remember his mother bringing him to hear us whenever we played Rochester, New York, and he'd stand down front there all night long. I got a big kick out of hearing him do so well. I never heard him, but I was told Coleman Hawkins played fabulous baritone, and I imagine he would do a wonderful job. I've been told he plays great piano, but I've never heard that either. Charlie Shavers and Ben Webster are both said to play wonderful piano, too. For that matter, I don't know why Paul Gonsalves is so shy about playing guitar, because he is marvelous. I was always after Johnny to continue to play soprano, but for some reason he just put the horn down. He really is the soprano player. When he says it's a hard instrument it's because there's a certain way he wants to play it, and he won't be satisfied with less.

"After riding on the bus for so long, and having to stop and go when someone gave the word, I decided if I had a car I might have a little more freedom. I was tired of being cooped up

(Continued on page 38)

The Jazz Business

by Joe Goldberg

I'm sure the *Route 66* episode about elder jazz musicians could have been a lot better, but it could have been a lot worse, too. Undoubtedly, the episode, which was entitled *Good Night, Sweet Blues* and ran on October 6, was of special interest to at least two men connected with this magazine. Editor Dan Morgenstern has long been a staunch friend of Coleman Hawkins, who was shown playing clarinet part of the time. And Nat Hentoff, who said in his book *The Jazz Life*, "For me, perhaps because of my own age, [Roy Eldridge] is the one horn I listen to with the most expectancy of being radically shaken and fulfilled emotionally," might have been unsettled to see Eldridge playing the drums. But the show was certainly not as bad as that piece of news might imply.

Good Night, Sweet Blues had the opportunity to deal with a problem particularly close to Hentoff, that of the aging musician, and with a particularly poignant aspect of that situation, one that has hardly ever been discussed, the aging musician who never really made it, even when he was young. Of course, one must understand that the purpose of a show like *Route 66* is to furnish entertainment, and perhaps only a member of a special interest group would quarrel with what they did. But the opportunity was there, and was missed.

The plot of the show is hardly worth discussing. Ethel Waters, who used to sing with a six-piece traditional group, is dying, and wants to see the band members one more time before she does. So the two stars of the show, Martin Milner and George Maharis, go all around the country to find them. They are found, they come, they play for her, and she dies. Close credits. The interest—and not just for the jazz fan, but in the way Will Lorin's script was set up—lay in where the men were, what they were doing, and how they could be convinced to pay their last respects to Miss Waters.

We are told, by Miss Waters, that there would be particular trouble with the banjo player, named Hank Plummer, who is mean, nasty, and despicable in general. Since all the men in the band were Negroes, I thought for a moment that TV was going to do something dangerous, but Plummer turned out to be dead, which is some kind of reverse twist on the old western dictum that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian." His son, played by

a fine young actor named Bill Gunn, was required to get overly maudlin about Miss Waters at times, but he turned in an excellent job.

Coleman Hawkins was playing in a club on the west coast (with his hat on) and Maharis interrupted one of his solos to talk to him, which is bad etiquette. Roy Eldridge was doing very handsomely as a studio musician, and had to juggle a few record dates and TV shows in order to arrive. Frederick O'Neill, in the role of the bass player, had quit the music business and become a successful lawyer. (The bit in which he and the judge before whom he is trying a case call one another warmly and respectfully by their first names seemed a little too pointed.) Jo Jones, playing what sounded like Eldridge's trumpet but wasn't (supposedly the instruments were switched because the TV people felt that Jones was better suited to the acting role required of the trumpet player), was properly arch as the Sportin' Life of the group, a bigamist named Lover Brown.

The big trouble lay in finding the leader of the old band, a trombone player named King Loomis. Played by Juano Hernandez, he is found by Maharis shining shoes in a public park. One might think that is pushing the point too far, making too much of a stereotype, or being overly sentimental, but I must admit that I found it the most moving portion of the show. I remember, for instance, that the boxer Beau Jack, who made more money in his day than all but the rarest of jazzmen, wound up shining shoes in Miami.

By this time, I have had just about as much of Ethel Waters' earth-mother bit as I can take, and it is really too bad that so much space was given to that, and so little to the individual vignettes of the musicians. They did seem to have the scene pretty well covered, in terms of what possibly could happen to such men in later life, and the main fault—aside from the excessive sentimentality of the whole show—was that this potentially valuable kind of information was cast aside in favor of what surrounded it. But it seems always to be that way in television, and almost always in the movies. The people involved know what is happening in the area they choose to explore, and one gets the feeling that they could really tell you something of importance if they felt like it, but they invariably choose not

to. It is a practice quite similar to that chosen by certain musicians, who obviously know their music cold, and could give you the core of it, but prefer instead to give you the outward appurtenances—thinking, presumably, that those appurtenances will serve as a substitute for the real thing. The poetess Marianne Moore once said that poetry consisted of "real toads in imaginary gardens." Too often, what we are given in television, movies, and in music itself is exactly the opposite—imaginary toads in gardens so real that you think the toads must be real, too. Someday, I will be able to figure out why people so concerned with making you think they are telling you the truth don't just go on ahead, just for the hell of it, and tell it. As far as TV is concerned, the ratings might even go up.

(A technical postscript: The musicians shown on screen were not actually heard on the soundtrack, which had been pre-recorded on the West Coast by what sounded like a competent white studio crew. Only the brief nightclub sequence with Coleman Hawkins was recorded "live." Early in the show, Ethel Waters puts on a record supposedly made by her band "over 30 years ago." The music, not the least bit as scratchy as the old Perfect record shown, turns out to be "South Rampart Street Parade," written in 1935 by Bob Haggart and Ray Bauduc. On hearing this sample of contemporary white dixieland music, one of the heroes remarks that the clarinet "sounds like a guy who used to play with Basie." Hawk often wears his hat in the recording studio, but never on the bandstand. And a subjective final note: The acting by the musicians, notably Roy Eldridge, was really first-rate.—ED.)

CARNEY *(continued from page 18)*

in a bus with nothing to do but read, and the vibration of the bus made reading a strain on my eyes. Stage lighting doesn't do your eyes any good either, and the Kleig lights in movies used to be even worse. I've always been car crazy, so in 1949 I got a car. "At first, it was my intention to make short hops in and around New York, and in the Eastern area. Then I found I was enjoying it so much, and Duke was riding with me almost every day. That was how it started, until I found I was jumping all over the country. I drove out to Vegas last year, I left New York Sunday night and we were opening Wednesday night. Everybody was saying it couldn't be done, but I made it. Of course, if the weather was bad or if there was a big snow, I'd

leave the car here rather than risk being unable to make a night.

"On most hops, I manage to get into a hotel around noon. We leave after the job and we like to go two hundred miles at least without stopping. Duke always says, "Let's get some miles under our belt before we stop." He calls himself "The World's Greatest Navigator", and he does have a wonderful knowledge of route and road numbers. He remembers them. Our greatest problem is arriving in a town for some private affair that isn't advertised. We pull into a gas station and ask, "Where's the Duke Ellington band playing?" As a rule nobody knows. A lot of times we've had to call the newspapers; at others, we've just had to keep on enquiring from policemen and gas stations.

"When we get into the mid-West, the average hop is about four hundred miles. Sometimes we may go two hundred and fifty, at other times five or six hundred. Duke sleeps occasionally, but not as a rule. He's a very good man to have along. He sits in the front and he does a lot of thinking. He'll pull out a piece of paper and make notes. We do very little talking, but if he thinks I'm getting weary he'll make conversation so that I don't fall asleep.

"The thing we enjoy most, after leaving a job, is breakfast and the thought of it. We may both be hungry, but still it's necessary to put this first two hundred miles under our belt. When we go in for breakfast, we look forward to a good meal. We know most of the good eating spots that are open that time of morning. The challenge is always when we hit bad weather. If we make it through we feel we've accomplished something.

"When we check into a hotel, I go to bed until about 6:30. Most of the jobs run from 9 to 1 a.m. The time we're on the stand is only a small part of it. When we play a concert that lasts only two hours, and we're staying in the town, I hate to finish a job and go straight to bed. I usually stay out to 2 or 3 in the morning. It's curious how when we play more than a week in one place a kind of boredom sets in. That's one thing about traveling: it always gives you something to look forward to, even if it's no more than going to another town to see the people there you know."

* * *

Records: *The Schwann catalog lists just one album under Harry Carney's name, Moods for Boy and Girl, Verve 2028. A second is available in England, Rock Me Gently, Columbia 33SX1323. The first is with strings, the second with Duke's trumpets, trombonist Booty Wood, Paul Gonsalves and*

rhythm. Harry is also to be heard, of course, on almost every available Ellington set.

(A slightly different version of this article appeared in the June '61 issue of *Jazz Journal*, London, whom we thank for their cooperation.—Ed.)

ORNETTE *(continued from page 19)*

suddenly turned to Garrison. "Yeah! You dig that? You almost did it! Play that same thought out. Don't play it like bass notes—don't get that kind of sound like you're walking behind someone. This is a musical phrase." Then he played the bass line on his saxophone, after a false start. "Don't read it as a *time phrase*."

They were now into the piece again with bassist Garrison now beginning to make a complex pattern of rhythms instead of accompanying, as the group went into the final part of the tune. When they finished, Coleman turned to Moffett. "Can you make a five stroke roll under him at the end of that phrase, at the same time he is doing that?" As Moffett consented he turned again to the whole group, "Then we go into the playing," smiling, "I mean the . . . uumm . . . improvising."

Garrison: "I'll find out how many different notes I can play against that E that you guys hold at the end of the ensemble."

Coleman: "Yes! That's it, that's it!" They did the number again, with brief solos from Coleman and Bobby Bradford. At the end, the leader again turned to the bassist. "You know," he said as if he had just realized it himself (perhaps he had), "you can go down in fourths behind us on that piece if you want to." Then to the room in general, "I can't find the tempo to make the notes sound right on this one," running over the theme on his alto at a new speed.

The occasion had certainly taken on a character of its own—perhaps a revealing one about Ornette Coleman's music. There was discussion of techniques, and there was technical language being used (some of it conventional, some of it almost homemade), but the meaning behind the language was usually quite evident. And it was not the sort of discussion one would ordinarily hear at a rehearsal—not all of it, anyway. Complex and subtle things—points of phrasing a melody and unison playing—were simply understood and executed without a thought. During the whole afternoon, for instance, no one ever signaled a tempo or even gave an obvious down beat! Yet everyone started together and stayed together. But some comparatively simple

TRUMPET **COSTELLO** TROMBONE

"COSTELLO STUDIOS" WORLD'S famous instructor of embouchure for Trumpet and Trombone. Play C above high C with ease, flexibility & power. A five octave range can be yours—IF YOU KNOW HOW. DON'T RISK LOSING YOUR LIP PLAYING INCORRECTLY. If you lack endurance, haven't got at least a G above high C, "YOU ARE PLAYING WRONG." This can be remedied. The EMOUCHURE TECHNIQUE COURSE is now available in complete form for the reasonable price of \$15.00. Contents:—Development of Phenomenal Embouchure, what and how to practice, the ultimate in lip flexibility and breathing. Also available:—EMBOUCHURE TROUBLE—SELF ANALYSIS \$10.00. This thesis should be in the possession of every brass player. Its value cannot be measured in dollars. LIP TROUBLE is serious. Now for the first time you can analyze and solve your trouble. WRITE FOR FREE PAMPHLET:—"SHALL I CHANGE MY MOUTHPIECE, WILL IT IMPROVE MY PLAYING?" Send check or money order to COSTELLO STUDIOS, 113 West 48th St., New York 36, N.Y. Custom M.P. Trpt \$12. Trb \$15.

ORCHESTRATIONS

Send for Free Bulletins listing over 1,000 Titles of current and standard hits for regular and small combinations — Also Complete list of Combo-Ork Books and School Dance Band Series.

ORCHESTRATION SELLING SERVICE
Dept. C-17 West 60th St.-New York 23, N.Y.
at Columbus Circle

LA
BELLA

BASS PLAYERS

Ask your dealer for these famous Bass String Brands.

LA BELLA
NUTONE
SWEETONE

WORLD'S LARGEST
MAKER OF BASS STRINGS

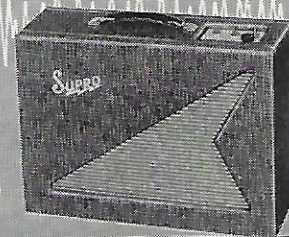
MADE IN U.S.A. BY —

E. & O. MARI, INC.

38-01 23rd Avenue
Long Island City 5, N. Y.

FREE CATALOG ON REQUEST

SUPRO Presents
REVERBERATION*



*WRITE FOR
CATALOG

SUPRO & NATIONAL GUITARS
4700 W. WALTON ST. • CHICAGO 51, ILL.

Jake Trussell's

AFTER HOURS POETRY

Covers jazz, night life, and the after hours characters from Acapulco, Mexico to New York City. Read from Germany to Australia. For your copy, send \$1 to Jake Trussell, Box 951, Kingsville, Texas.