

JANUARY 14, 1967

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# down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

## Stan Kenton's Newest Concept- Neophonic Music,

By John A. Tynan

## Voice From The Avant Garde-

Tenor Saxophonist Archie  
Shepp, By LeRoi Jones

## Jazz Legend- Peck Kelley

A Portrait Of The Texas  
Pianist, By Richard B. Hadlock

## Jean Cocteau On Jazz

Exclusive: A Hitherto  
Unpublished Interview

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STAN KENTON



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## CHORDS & DISCORDS

A FORUM FOR READERS

### Concern For Two Russians

The piece about the Russian musicians (*DB*, Dec. 3) was not only informative, it was enlightening too. I do hope that the type of attention they were given in New York by the jazz fraternity was not just a novel preoccupation but an honest and continuing attempt to help them adjust both to this country and to the sometimes uneven temper of the American scene, particularly the American jazz scene.

Ben S. Page  
Philadelphia, Pa.

### Thanks And A Correction

I'd like to thank *Down Beat* for its cover story about me (Dec. 3). It is nice to know that something about my music is now "on the record." My thanks to Stanley Dance and to Ray Avery for his photos.

There was one error, however. The article gave the name of my late brother, the clarinetist, as Carter. It was not Carter but Carlos Dickenson.

Vic Dickenson  
New York City

### Mimi Thanks Readers

We, the Double Six, would like to thank all the readers of *Down Beat* who voted for us. It was really a big event for us to realize through the poll that even though we are in France, there are many people in the United States who like what we do and know us well.

Mimi Perrin  
Paris, France

### Disenchanted Bible Reader

For years *Down Beat* has been called the musicians' Bible, and to any devout reader the "Bible" means truth. Yet promoting and encouraging the "new thing" and calling it jazz is about the furthest from truth one can get. In fact what is so new about it? We played it years ago; only then it was called tuning up!

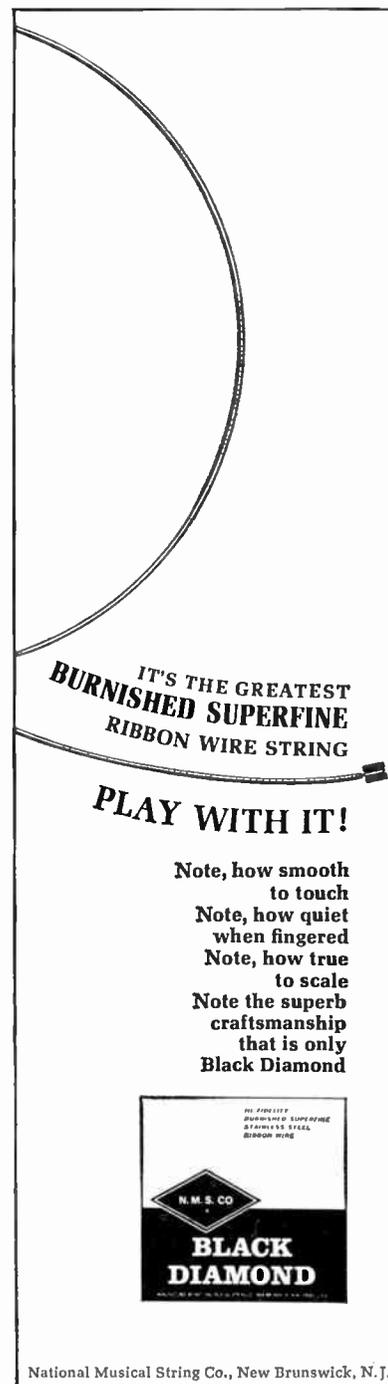
Also, if Dan Morgenstern didn't like Dave Dexter's wonderful book, *The Jazz Story* (*DB*, Dec. 3), which contains more truths than inaccuracies, why doesn't he write a jazz history? The review of this book seemed like a getting-back attitude for the few slaps Dexter gave *Down Beat*.

Malcolm D. Nevins  
Arlington, Va.

### Improved Record Reviews?

*Down Beat's* record reviews have improved in recent months by giving the reader and potential record-buyer a better idea of what the albums sound like.

In past reviews, I remember a great deal more analysis of the musicians' work and comparison with their previous efforts in the past. A little of that is all right, of course, but I'm glad to see that essays on musicians are being taken out of record



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reviews and more attention is being given the music we can expect to hear.

Charles E. Fox  
Azusa, Calif.

### Blues For Martin Williams

Besides being based on the erroneous premise that blues are written, Martin Williams' column (*DB*, Nov. 5) is characterized by a tremendous lack of purpose. A blues tune is written only in the sense that it can be produced for future reference. Humor, when contained in a blues, is never exploitive. Rather, it is a subtle and perhaps necessary by-product that supports the singer's intent, which is expression.

To throw together the blues and songs (?) like *Yackety Yak* and *Charlie Brown* is analogous to equating the per capita income of people (both Negro and white) living in the Mississippi delta area with those who write Broadway show tunes.

The emotions that have nourished the blues are universal, but the musical expression of the blues has limited, although not definite and specific, boundaries.

Ira Miller  
Lodi, N.J.

### Autobiographical Correction

I would like to correct an error of fact contained in Leonard Feather's autobiography *Life with Feather* (*DB*, Nov. 19). He states, "... I succeeded in talking [English] Decca into starting a new subsidiary label, Vocalion, exclusively for jazz; Benny [Carter] was given permission to perform on a record session..."

At the time Carter cut his first English Vocalion sides (April, 1936, to February, 1937), English Decca had absolutely no connection with the Vocalion label. Vocalion was a wholly owned subsidiary of the Crystalate Gramophone Record Co. Crystalate was, in turn, acquired by Decca, but this did not come about until very early March, 1937. Feather, then, induced not Decca but Crystalate to commence the Vocalion line.

Harold Flakser  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

### Ron Carter Pro...

The recent *Blindfold Test* (*DB*, Dec. 17) with bassist Ron Carter impressed me immensely. Carter seems to have some very valuable and worthwhile views on jazz and its musicians. I felt this particular article was worth the price of the magazine alone.

Dennis R. Hendley  
Milwaukee, Wis.

### ... And Con

As a bass player, I was quite taken by Ron Carter's comments in the Dec. 17 *Blindfold Test*, especially his tirade on Leroy Vinnegar's bass playing on the Gerald Wilson record. If Carter's playing justified these comments, it wouldn't be so bad, but listening to his many bizarre notes on the Gil Evans *Out of the Cool* record, one wonders at the justification of his statements.

Robert L. Jenkins  
Quincy, Ill.

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# down beat

January 14, 1965 Vol. 32 No. 1

## DON REDMAN DIES OF HEART ATTACK

Don Redman, pioneer jazz arranger, composer, bandleader and saxophonist, died of a heart attack in New York City Nov. 30.

Born Donald Matthew Redman in Piedmont, W. Va., on July 29, 1900, he was a prodigy, playing trumpet publicly at 3, leading his grade-school band, and leading a seven-piece professional combo in his home town at the age of 14. After finishing high school, he majored in music at Storer College, graduating in three years. By then, young Redman had mastered all the conventional band instruments, specializing on trumpet and saxophones.

In 1922 he joined the Billy Paige Band from Pittsburgh as arranger and saxophonist, going to New York with the band that same year. This was the first jazz orchestra to play written arrangements in New York.

In New York, Redman soon became a member of the house recording bands organized by Fletcher Henderson, first for Emerson and Black Swan and then for Columbia. The band auditioned for a job at the Club Alabam in 1923, was successful and soon moved to the Roseland Ballroom. Redman remained with Henderson until 1927, and during those years it was he who was responsible for the musical direction of, and most arrangements for, the band. Henderson started to write arrangements only after Redman left to take over McKinney's Cotton Pickers, a midwestern band that rose to a top position in the field under Redman's direction.

While with the Cotton Pickers, Redman arranged and played alto saxophone for some of the most famous Louis Armstrong recording dates of the 1920s, including *Tight Like That*, *St. James Infirmary*, *No One Else but You*, and Redman's own *Save It, Pretty Mama*.

In 1931 Redman quit the Cotton Pickers and organized a big band under his own name. It included such men as Sidney DeParis, trumpet; Benny Morton and Claude Jones, trombones, and pianist-arranger Horace Henderson.

The band opened at Connie's Inn in New York City and soon became a

national favorite, being the first Negro orchestra to play a sponsored radio series (for Chipso Soap Flakes, in 1932). Redman once recalled that during the night of the kidnaping of Charles Lindbergh's baby, the band stayed on the air until 9 a.m. the next morning in order to keep the station's signal open for news flashes. During the same year, the band made an award-winning movie short, *Sweepstakes*, for Warner Bros.

Redman continued to lead his band until 1940 (among his later stars were trumpeter Harold Baker and trombonist Quentin Jackson), when he disbanded and concentrated on freelance arranging. He wrote for the bands of Count Basie, Jimmy Dorsey, Cootie Williams, Paul Whiteman, NBC's *Chamber Music Society of*

SEESAC RECORDINGS



Redman

*Distinguished career ends*

*Lower Basin Street* show, and many commercial bands and singers.

On occasion, Redman would lead bands (among them the Jay McShann Band, which appeared under Redman's name for several months in 1942, and a band at the Cafe Zanzibar on Broadway in 1943).

After the war, Redman became the first American jazzman to take a big band to Europe, touring France, occupied Germany, and Scandinavia in 1946 with a star-studded lineup including tenor saxophonist Don Byas, trumpeter Peanuts Holland, trombonist Tyree Glenn, and pianist Billy Taylor.

The band broke up in France, several of the members remaining in Europe. That was Redman's last organized band. He returned to freelancing and in 1951 became singer Pearl Bailey's music director, occasionally leading the band for her theater engagements and appearing in an acting role in Miss Bailey's Broadway vehicle, *House of Flowers*, in 1954-'55.

In his later years, Redman was relatively inactive as an instrumentalist, but in 1958 and '59 he made several

records (for Roulette, Golden Crest, and Urania) on which he played alto and soprano saxophones as well as contributing arrangements. His last public appearance was as arranger, director, and soprano saxophonist for a show starring Eubie Blake and Noble Sissle, *The Grass Roots of American Folklore*, held at Fordham University in New York City on Sept. 29, 1964.

## BUD POWELL STILL IN UNITED STATES

Though his departure had been confirmed by a close associate (*DB*, Dec. 3), pianist Bud Powell did not board that plane for Paris after all, though his friend and adviser, Francis Paudras, did return to the French capital on Oct. 27.

Powell is living in Brooklyn. According to reliable sources, he is not planning to return to France.

At presstime, Bernard Stollman announced that Powell would be among the artists appearing in Stollman's Jazz Repertory Festival at the Cafe Au Go Go in Greenwich Village in December.

## SLEEPY STEIN FILES SUIT AGAINST KNOB'S RAY TORIAN

Alex (Sleepy) Stein launched the second round of the "jazz knob" legal battle (*DB*, Dec. 31) before Christmas when he filed suit in Los Angeles Superior Court against KNOB-FM majority stockholder Ray Torian and the corporation which owns the all-jazz Hollywood radio station.

*Down Beat* learned Stein's lawsuit seeks the dissolution of the corporation on the grounds it cannot function as such without him, who is vice president of the station and a member of the board of directors.

Torian fired Stein, station manager the past seven years, in November. Stein, who as an officer of the corporation must countersign all checks from the station, has refused to do so since his departure.

It was speculated that if the court grants Stein's litigation, the action will force KNOB to offer itself for sale to the highest bidder.

## NEXT NEWPORT FESTIVAL WILL HAVE NEW SITE

Contrary to recent rumors concerning the fate of the 1965 Newport Jazz Festival, the event will take place as planned—and in the city of Newport, R.I., though not in Freebody Park, the site of all previous festivals.

According to NJF producer George Wein, "the new site, within the city limits of Newport itself, is a much finer location than Freebody. There are 35 acres of land, and we will have space to park 2,000 cars. We should

have been there long ago.”

Wein pointed out that it was mainly through the efforts of the Kiwanis (who raise money for charities through the festival) and the merchants of the city that it was possible to hold the festival in Newport again. “They went to bat for us 100 percent,” Wein said.

“The mayor’s committee had suggested a site in Portsmouth [on Aquidneck Island, as is Newport, but about eight miles from Newport], which might make a good permanent site for the festival, but it presented too many problems to be solved in time for 1965,” the producer said.

“It is also interesting to note that a survey of the clergymen on the island showed that they were all in favor of retaining the festival. The city council and mayor [Charles A. Hambly] are behind us too.”

Wein said the 1965 festival will take place, as is customary, during the Fourth of July weekend, July 1-4.

## THINGS BRIGHTEN FOR JAZZ IN PHILADELPHIA

Philadelphia jazz got a boost recently when one club announced its opening as a jazz room and another announced its closing—only temporarily—so that the room could be enlarged.

Ben Bynum’s Cadillac Sho-Bar opened in November with organist Jimmy Smith, who was followed by singer Gloria Lynne, pianist Junior Mance, and trumpeter Chet Baker, making his first Philadelphia appearance in many years. December attractions were singer Damita Jo, the Lionel Hampton Band and King Curtis.

Bynum, who owns two other taprooms, said he will give jazz a good try and plans to “mix it up” between jazz, pop, and rhythm and blues in the room, which seats several hundred persons around a huge bar.

Herbie Spivak, pleased at the response at the Show Boat since he took over, a few months after it had closed, is shutting down operations during January and February to remodel and enlarge the basement room by about 100 seats. One of the club’s last attractions before alterations were begun was pianist-singer Mose Allison.

## INTERNSHIP AND OTHER STUDY STILLS NOT A PIANIST’S FINGERS

Jazz’ first professional musician-turned psychiatrist may well be pianist Denny Zeitlin.

When he received his M.D. degree from an East Coast medical school last June, Zeitlin headed west for internship at San Francisco’s General Hospital. He said he intends to follow his year’s internship there with three

years’ residency at Langley Porter Clinic, the psychiatric department of the University of California Hospital, one of the West Coast’s largest such institutions.

But all is not work and study with the budding psychiatrist.

Deeply serious about his music, Zeitlin has managed to arrange his busy medical schedule to permit him to play one night a week at the Trident, a club in Sausalito, a suburb of San Francisco. His associates at the club are bassist Charles Haden, of San Francisco’s Synanon House, and drummer Jerry Granelli.

A few months ago Columbia records issued the first album by Zeitlin, *Cathexis*. The title is a term used by psychiatrists to denote a concentration of a desire upon some object or idea.

## TED CURSON, BILL BARRON RETURN FROM EUROPE

Trumpeter Ted Curson and tenor saxophonist Bill Barron, co-leaders of a quartet including bassist Herb Buschler and drummer Dick Berk, returned to New York City in early December after a fruitful stay in Europe of more than seven months.

The quartet opened at Copenhagen’s Montmartre Club on April 19 and went on to play engagements at the Metropoli in Oslo and the Golden Circle in Stockholm. There were two lengthy stays at the Blue Note in Paris, a booking at the club of the same name in West Berlin, and an appearance at a jazz festival in October at Lugano, Switzerland.

In addition, the members of the group did freelance work on their own. Drummer Berk remained in Europe to play and record with American alto saxophonist Herb Geller, a staff member of a West Berlin, Germany, radio orchestra. Curson played several radio shows in Copenhagen, and Barron wrote arrangements for Radio Free Berlin. The tenor man also recorded music for the sound track of a French documentary about the Olympic games, with an orchestra conducted by pianist-arranger George Arvanitas.

“The Scandinavian audiences were very sincere about the music,” Barron told *Down Beat* shortly after his return. “We could tell because the same people kept coming back to hear us. In Paris, it was harder to get an impression because we had a different crowd every night, but we were well received. The same goes for Germany, though the people seemed somewhat aloof—till we got to know some of them. On the whole, I would say that the French and German audiences seemed most willing to receive the

newer things. For instance, George Russell’s group received the biggest ovation at the jazz festival in Paris this summer. In Scandinavia, the people seem closer to the mainstream things, though their critics like the avant garde. . . .”

Curson and Barron plan to stay together for the time being, though both intend to strike out on their own. “The trip was a real education,” Barron said. “In the future, I hope to be able to divide my time between work in Europe and here at home.”

## NEW CALVIN JACKSON COMPOSITION DEDICATED TO KENNEDY’S MEMORY

Pianist-composer Calvin Jackson has composed a new work for piano dedicated to the memory of President John Fitzgerald Kennedy. Titled *Profiles of an American*, the work will be premiered shortly in the International Ballroom of the Los Angeles’ Beverly-Wilshire Hotel with Jackson conducting the Hollywood Symphony Orchestra.

Jackson, meanwhile, is scheduled to give three concerts, one each in January, February, and March, at Loyola University of Los Angeles. The February concert will be recorded by the university. When he is not concertizing, Jackson, with bassist Al McKibbin, plays at the Beverly-Wilshire.

## COLLEGE GIVES ELLINGTON HONORARY DOCTOR’S DEGREE

It’s Dr. Duke Ellington now.

Milton College, a small liberal-arts college in Milton, Wis., conferred an honorary doctor of humanities degree on the bandleader-composer in late November. At the ceremonies, the college’s president, Dr. E. C. Wallenfeldt, cited Ellington as a friend of all mankind, helper of the Negro cause, and musical ambassador for the United States.

Meanwhile, in Milwaukee, Wis., a campaign has begun to bring Elling-

Wallenfeldt and Ellington  
A friend to all mankind



ton's accomplishments in music to the attention of the Pulitzer-prize committee. Mrs. Vi Lomoe began the campaign last month.

## NEW ORLEANS JAZZ FESTIVAL SET FOR LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

A collection of 4,000 early jazz records will be the *raison d'être* for a two-day New Orleans jazz festival Jan. 22-23 at the Arkansas Arts Center in Little Rock.

The collection, all 78-rpm records, was donated to the center by John D.



Miss Reger and Reid

*A record donation leads to a festival*

Reid, who collected them during the last 30 years. Besides the discs, Reid also donated numerous old record catalogs, recording data, out-of-print books about jazz, and various memorabilia of early jazzmen. Muriel Reger, assistant curator of the center, was appointed librarian of the collection. Miss Reger also is a pianist who studied with James P. Johnson and accompanied folksinger Leadbelly at one time.

Musicians expected to take part in the festival, to be held in the center's 389-seat theater, include trumpeters DeDe Pierce, Charlie DeVore, and Kid Thomas; trombonists Jim Robinson and Louis Nelson; clarinetists George Lewis and Raymond Burke; pianists Billie Pierce and Sweet Emma Barrett; banjoist Mike Polad; bassist Papa John Joseph; and drummer Cie Frazier.

## TWO PROMOTION FILMS USE JAZZ AS BACKGROUND FARE

Jazz now is helping promote computers and highway safety.

Control Data Co., Minneapolis, Minn., recently released a four-color promotional film with background music furnished by a jazz septet. The musicians were Dick Ruedebusch, trumpet; Sonny Sievert, Bob Knutzen, trombones; Ben Baldwin, flute and clarinet; Tom Smoot, piano; Bill Ermi, bass; and Al Prafke, drums. Though the musicians are usually associated with Dixieland, the film's score was of a more modern nature.

In Lansing, Mich., the state's highway department hired trumpeter Gary

Barone, pianist Mike Cull, guitarist Ron English, and drummer Larry Wojcek to improvise a soundtrack for a documentary film, *A Highway IS*.

There was speculation among traveling musicians that the National Safety Council, which totes up the nation's traffic deaths, might arrange a double-feature showing of the films this New Year's weekend.

## HERB GELLER NOW CO-OWNER OF WEST BERLIN JAZZ CLUB

Many jazz musicians dream of having their own night clubs. Few realize their ambitions, but this fall, altoist-composer Herb Geller did—and in the unlikely city of West Berlin.

For two years now a staff member of Radio Free Berlin's orchestra (which also includes trumpeter Benny Bailey, trombonist Nat Peck, and drummer Joe Harris), Geller became co-owner of the Jazz Galerie this fall. His partner, also employed by the radio station, is Franz Fijal.

So far the club has featured French pianist Martial Solal, South African pianist Dollar Brand, U.S. altoist Leo Wright (whose Modern Blues Quartet currently is at Doug's Nite Club, in

JACK LIND



Geller

*Dreams sometimes become reality*

the divided city), Austrian tenorist Hans Koller (who brought along several of his avant-garde paintings to display in the club's art gallery), and Polish pianist-composer Horst Jankowski.

Geller also has played at the club with the house rhythm section, which consists of pianist Fritz Pauer, bassist Hans Rettenbacher, and drummer Dick Berk. Currently at the club is British quintet tenorist Tubby Hayes.

## OREAD COLLEGIATE FESTIVAL DATE ANNOUNCED; PARTICIPANTS NEEDED

The University of Kansas, in Lawrence, will be the site of the second Oread Jazz Festival on March 27. The festival, sponsored by the university's student union, is a competition among college jazz groups, with various prizes

offered the best big band and combo and outstanding instrumentalists.

Last year the festival's winning big band was the North Texas State Jazz Lab Band, and the winning small group was the Bill Farmer Quartet, also of North Texas State University.

Any jazz group wishing to compete at the festival should send a tape of a performance of five to 10 minutes in length. Admission is open only to those groups made up of students carrying at least six credit hours of study. All members of a group must attend the same college, though the group need not be officially recognized by the school.

Tapes and inquiries should be addressed to Oread Jazz Festival, Student Union Activities, University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kan. No tapes will be accepted after Jan. 16.

## SOMETIMES THE UNION IS NOT AS BAD AS IT USUALLY SEEMS

The American Federation of Musicians has not been known as a conspicuous friend to jazzmen. But there are signs that jazz is beginning to impress some AFM local officials, particularly when it comes to allocating money from the Music Performance Trust Funds of the Recording Industries, which is financed by royalties on all commercial recordings and transcriptions.

In the past, Chicago's Local 10 has led others in presenting trust-fund concerts and school demonstrations, with Los Angeles' Local 47 running a close second with its sponsorship of a series of outdoor summer concerts in nearby Venice. Now other AFM locals are taking to the idea of free jazz for the public.

In Washington, D.C., Local 161 has been sponsoring high-school jazz programs by clarinetist Joe Rinaldi. The reaction by school officials has been enthusiastic. A similar series is sponsored by Louisville, Ky., Local 11, which sends a group of jazzmen led by tenorist Everett Hoffman and featuring such men as cellist Dave Baker and altoist Jamey Aebersold to various schools in the area. The Hoffman group presents an evolution-of-jazz program.

But Chicago, Los Angeles, Washington, and Louisville must now take a back seat to Dallas, where Local 147 has inaugurated a jazz workshop in a local club.

And if this weren't enough evidence that some AFM locals are getting hipper, there was the action of Toronto's Local 149, which used its own money to hire the Duke Ellington Orchestra for its annual members dance.

# strictly ad lib

**HERE AND THERE:** South Africa's reputation—a not very savory one—continues to grow in the jazz world. Now, in addition to banning recordings by **Max Roach** and **Randy Weston** because they included the word "freedom" in their titles, the South African government has refused entry to **Louis Armstrong** and his sextet, who were to play concerts there. No reason for the visa denial was offered by the South African government. Armstrong's mixed band also was nixed for a concert at the University of Alabama . . . In Britain, two of the currently popular



Armstrong  
*An unwanted ambassador*

singing-instrumental groups there—the **Rolling Stones** and the **Searchers**—canceled tours to South Africa at the urging of the British Musicians Union, which strongly opposes the South African apartheid system that rigidly segregates native Africans from the country's white population.

Hardly anybody says the bands are coming back, but things seemed a little brighter for the big ones recently. In Seymour, Conn., **Maynard Ferguson's** crew did so well on a one-nighter at the Colony Restaurant that the management plans to book the large organizations of **Woody Herman**, **Si Zentner**, **Ray McKinley**, and England's **Johnny Dankworth** in 1965. In Lancaster, Pa., the Fulton Opera House tried a big-band "experiment" by booking the **Glenn Miller Band**, under **Ray McKinley's** direction, for two shows on Dec. 13. An official of the Fulton Foundation, which finances the opera house, said, "If the response is great enough we will be able to plan a series of appearances for noted musicians and bands." The Fulton plan was given impetus by the success of a **Count Basie** one-nighter in nearby Columbia, Pa. In New York City, two bands got bookings that might lead to bigger and better things: guitarist **Sal Salvador's** band played Basin Street East for 10 days earlier this month, and **Johnny Richards' new band** is set to go into the Village Gate for five weekends beginning Jan. 29, sharing the stand with singer **Arthur Prysock** and comedian **Dick Gregory**.

**Nancy Wilson** settled her suit against her former manager **John Levy** out of court. She will pay Levy an undisclosed

amount for release from her contract. Meanwhile, the songstress canceled a heavily advertised concert in Philadelphia because her husband, drummer **Kenny Dennis**, said the concert's site, the 13,000-seat Convention Hall, was unsuitable to display his wife's talents . . . **Erroll Garner** wound up a hugely successful European tour with a Dec. 13 midnight concert at Paris' Olympia Theater and a Dec. 19 appearance at Brussels' Philharmonic Hall. Garner opens his 1965 season with a performance at Toronto's Massey Hall Jan. 22. It will be the pianist's first appearance in the Canadian city in four years . . . The **Dizzy Gillespie Quintet** is to tour Japan beginning Jan. 3. It will be the group's first trip to the Far East . . . The **Count Basie Band** plays in Australia for two weeks starting Jan. 21.

**Jon Hendricks & Co.** is no more. The group, which the singer formed after **Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan** broke up, played its last engagement in Los Angeles. Afterwards, Hendricks, backed by pianist **Gildo Mahones'** trio, worked as a single at San Francisco's Basin Street West . . . **Nesuhi Ertegun**, vice president of Atlantic Records, was elected president of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences. Ertegun, who formerly was president of the organization's New York chapter, replaces **John Scott Trotter**, who headed NARAS in 1964 . . . Fans may be seeing their favorite jazzmen more often on television and in movies since General Artists Corp. bought International Talent Associates. GAC will represent ITA jazz people, such as **Miles Davis** and **Yusef Lateef**, in the Hollywood film mills.

Momentous decision for **Buddy DeFranco**: the famed clarinetist decided he'd rather switch—to bass clarinet. DeFranco baptized the new instrument at Hollywood recording sessions for his first Vee-Jay album. He will feature the bass instrument prominently with the quartet he co-heads with accordionist **Tommy Gumina** but will not abandon the B-flat clarinet.

Trombonist **Trummy Young**, for years featured with **Louis Armstrong's** All-Stars, now leads a quartet at the Merry Monarch Club in Waikiki, Hawaii. Young, who lived several years in Hawaii before joining Armstrong 10 years ago, returned to the islands a few months ago . . . **Herb Fleming**, the veteran trombonist who has lived in Europe for many years, has had his booking extended to July, 1965, at the swank new Bourbon Street in Madrid,

## DeFranco

*A switch to big-brother clarinet*



World Radio History

Spain . . . Because of growing global interest in rhythm and blues, many Polish groups are trying their hands at the music . . . Reliable sources report that the first jazz LP has been issued in the Soviet Union. It is by a trio led by Moscow pianist **Boris Richokow** playing the leader's original compositions.

**NEW YORK:** December was "new thing" month. In addition to the four concerts by members of the Jazz Composers Guild at Judson Hall (*DB*, Dec. 31), a series titled "Jazz in Repertory" began Dec. 8 at Cafe Au Go Go. The sessions, scheduled to run through Jan. 3, begin at 1 a.m., after the club's main show is over, and continue until almost dawn (the Au Go Go does not serve alcoholic beverages and, therefore, is not subject to New York's 4 a.m.-closing law for liquor-serving establishments). Among artists scheduled to appear in the series were pianist **Cecil Taylor**, alto saxophonist **Byron Allen**, tenor saxophonist **Guiseppi Logan**, **Sun Ra** and His Arkestra, and the **John Tchicai-Roswell Rudd Quartet**. Pianist **Bud Powell** also was supposed to make an appearance. The series is under the aegis of attorney **Bernard Stollman**.

Elsewhere on the avant-garde front,



## Lloyd

*Debut on a leave of absence*

writer **LeRoi Jones** has been holding informal sessions in his Cooper Square apartment, where tenorist **Archie Shepp's** group held forth Dec. 5 and 6 . . . Other "new things" have found sporadic gigs elsewhere on the lower east side of Manhattan. **Slug's Saloon**, located on Third St., between Avenues B and C, featured on a couple of recent weekends a trio made up of pianist **Joseph Scianni**, bassist **David Izenson**, and drummer **Charles Moffett**. Izenson and Moffett formerly worked with **Ornette Coleman**.

Tenor saxophonist-flutist **Charles Lloyd**, on leave of absence from the **Cannonball Adderley Sextet**, made his New York night-club debut as leader, at the Five Spot, Dec. 8-22. Lloyd had the services of two other men on leave from their regular jobs, bassist **Ron Carter** and drummer **Tony Williams**, both **Miles Davis** Quintet members. Lloyd also was seen on National Educational Television in a program produced by **George Avakian**. Following Lloyd into the Five Spot was multi-instrumentalist **Roland Kirk**, while the trio of pianist **Teddy Wilson** was held over. The **Upper Bohemian Six**, a group composed of part-time and professional musicians, returned to

*(Continued on page 37)*



CAPITOL RECORDS

**B**ILL RUSSO, for five years an arranger and sometime trombonist with the Stan Kenton Orchestra and today a serious composer, was quoted in a recent interview as follows:

"I must say that I think Kenton's mistakes were better than a lot of other people's successes." As an afterthought he added, "I think it's very sad that his music has gone in and out of fashion so quickly."

To which Kenton, white-haired, dynamic, a bundle of nervous energy at 52, today might well retort, "Thanks for the compliment, but sing no sad songs for me."

The imagination boggles at the very notion of any sad songs ever being sung for Stanley Newcomb Kenton. Mad songs, bad songs, glad songs, but *never* the dolorous variety. He has been pilloried by jazz critics—and praised by them too. He has, time and again, rallied a fan following of almost frightening dedication. He has even had a shrine of sorts established in his honor; true, it is but a saloon near San Francisco, but a shrine nonetheless and a mecca to any Kenton fan who chances by.

But Stan Kenton has never taken time even to consider listening to a sad song keened for him or his music. He's always been too busy with that music or with any of the variety of orchestras he has led since 1941. Although 1949 became virtually a year of retirement for him, the extent to which he "retired" from music or musical thinking was dramatically debunked in January of the following year when he returned leading the most ambitious—and controversial—musical undertaking of his career, a 40-piece orchestra with full string section marching under the banner *Innovations in Modern Music*. As to his music going "in and out of fashion so quickly," one is tempted to inquire, *which* music? There has been a variety of it.

Kenton's career has been and is, in fact, *many* careers (not counting his intensive study of psychiatry and psychoanalysis during that year of "retirement"). Depending on one's point of view, a new career has just begun for Kenton or a new phase of the same old career has opened up.

**T**HE NEWS broke in late November, a bit prematurely, to be sure, but inevitably intriguing, as are all phases of Kentonia. A press conference was called at Los Angeles' Ambassador Hotel to announce the organization of "the first permanently established orchestra in the world devoted to contemporary music" and the International Academy of Contemporary Music. The announcement was a mite premature because the new orchestra was not scheduled to perform in public until Jan. 4, had not even been called to rehearsal yet, and had not even a complete personnel.

Still, nobody minded much because the whole under-

taking, especially the name bestowed on the new orchestra, held a sort of magic, even cabalistic spirit: The Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra. The music it would perform would be "neophonic." It would give four concerts, it was announced: Jan. 4, Feb. 1, March 1 and 29, with Kenton conducting. The orchestra would be resident at the gleaming, multi-pillared, expansive new Music Center for the Performing Arts located in the heart of Los Angeles' exploding Civic Center.

While the Neophonic Orchestra would lack strings—the first season, anyway—there is no lack of old Kenton hands in the personnel for the opening concert: the reeds include Bud Shank, Bill Perkins, Jack Nimitz, and Chuck Gentry; the trumpet section has Conte and Pete Candoli, as well as Ray Triscari and Dalton Smith; the trombones reunited veterans Milt Bernhardt and Bob Fitzpatrick and also include Tommy Shepard and Jim Amlotte (who also shoulders the task of orchestra manager); Vince DeRosa leads a section of four French horns; Red Callender is the tubaist; Laurindo Almeida, featured 15 years earlier with the *Innovations* orchestra, is on guitar; John Worster is the bassist; mallet-man and all-around percussionist is Frank Carlson; and Shelly Manne is behind the standard drum outfit which should set many an old Kenton listener to reminiscing.

Flown from Vienna for the opening concert will be pianist Friedrich Gulda, who will be the featured soloist in a performance of his *Concerto for Piano and Jazz Orchestra*. Also on the program are "neophonic" compositions by Bill Holman, Marty Paich, Johnny Richards, Pete Rugolo, Lalo Schifrin, Hugo Montenegro, and Kenton himself.

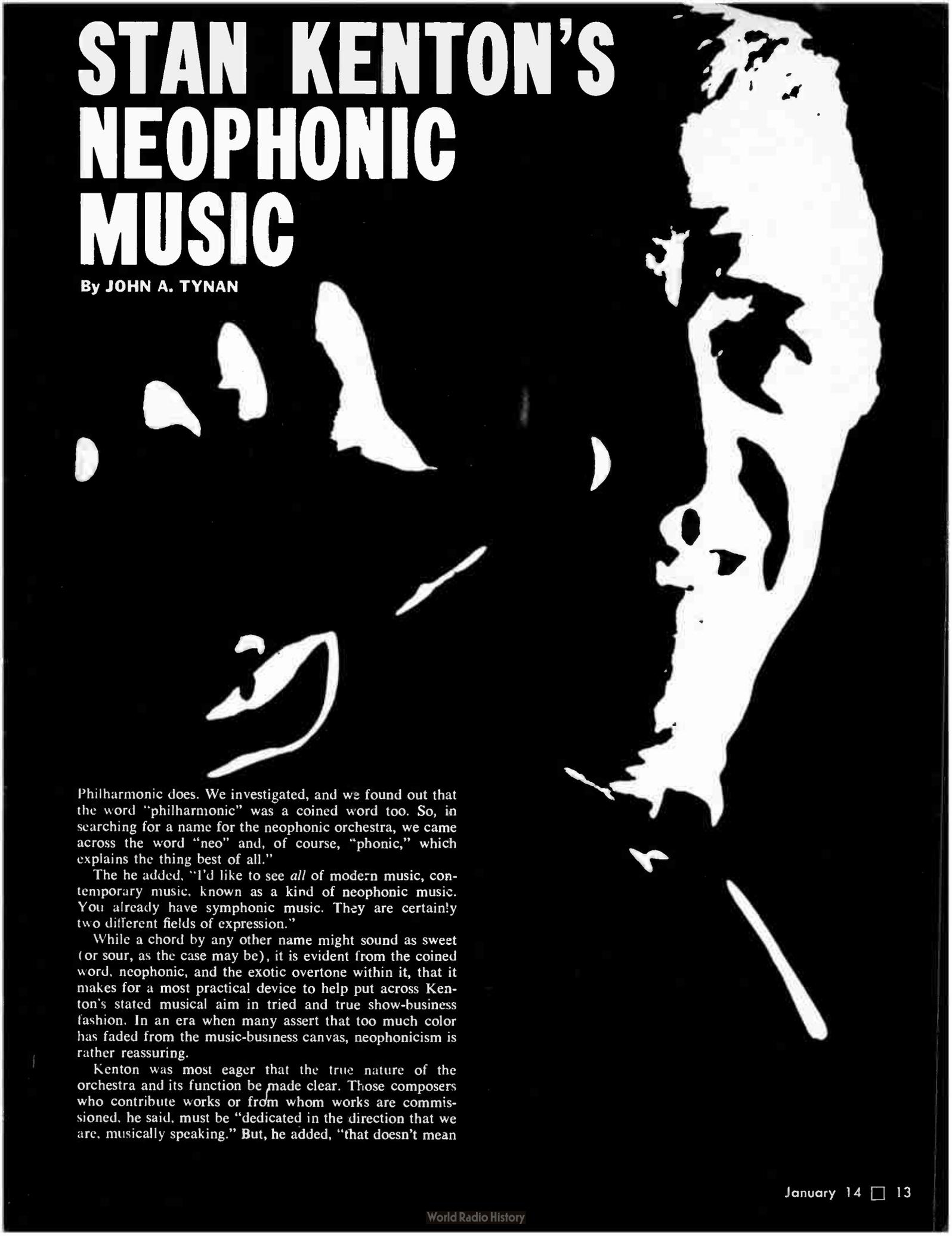
"Behind the orchestra," wrote Kenton in a brochure issued in advance of the first concert, "is a body—the International Academy of Contemporary Music," with himself as president, George Greif as vice president, and Sid Garris as secretary-treasurer. (Greif and Garris are Kenton's business managers.) The academy had been established, he wrote, "1. To encourage the composition and performance of contemporary music, and to help develop musicians capable of playing it. 2. To serve as a clearing house for contemporary music, contemporary musicians, information concerning contemporary music, and to serve in the dissemination of such music to universities, other cities and countries, etc. 3. To sponsor and present the Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra, to extend its influence and performance, and to encourage the establishment of similar neophonic orchestras."

In an interview, Kenton was asked how he came upon the word "neophonic."

"We felt," he answered, "that the orchestra should have some kind of identifying name just as the [Los Angeles]

# STAN KENTON'S NEOPHONIC MUSIC

By JOHN A. TYNAN



Philharmonic does. We investigated, and we found out that the word "philharmonic" was a coined word too. So, in searching for a name for the neophonic orchestra, we came across the word "neo" and, of course, "phonic," which explains the thing best of all."

The he added, "I'd like to see *all* of modern music, contemporary music, known as a kind of neophonic music. You already have symphonic music. They are certainly two different fields of expression."

While a chord by any other name might sound as sweet (or sour, as the case may be), it is evident from the coined word, neophonic, and the exotic overtone within it, that it makes for a most practical device to help put across Kenton's stated musical aim in tried and true show-business fashion. In an era when many assert that too much color has faded from the music-business canvas, neophonicism is rather reassuring.

Kenton was most eager that the true nature of the orchestra and its function be made clear. Those composers who contribute works or from whom works are commissioned, he said, must be "dedicated in the direction that we are, musically speaking." But, he added, "that doesn't mean

there cannot be differences of opinion. [Then] there are men who are writing modern classical music too, but I don't think we would be their outlet because they had possibly best stay with their symphonic orchestras."

What of Third Stream and the "new thing"? So far as the latter is concerned, Kenton affirmed it has a definite place under the neophonic sun. Also, to be specific, will experimenters Don Ellis and Ornette Coleman, he said.

"We are trying," Kenton stressed, "to limit the music to *new* music, and most all new music is experimental until it is proven."

Thus, in this one, giant leap, Stan Kenton has aimed at and landed squarely in the main stream of jazz' *avant garde*, extending a helping hand to all who hopefully will not bite it and providing a prestigious platform far indeed from dank cellar and draughty loft for the farthest-out expressionist.

So far as Third Stream music is concerned, Kenton conceded there "could be a connection" between the Neophonic Orchestra's program and the compositional approaches of Gunther Schuller, John Lewis, et al.

"Possibly some of the music we play," he ventured, "would be termed Third Stream." Then he quickly added, "But I like to think that our music is not Third Stream music, that it has nothing to do with the classical world of music. This is entirely something based on the jazz tradition."

"My personal opinion," he declared of attempts to fuse jazz and classical techniques, "is that I don't think that you could ever blend the two. It's true that in the creation of music the same theory in the writing, the conceiving, applies to both schools of music. But then they become separated. I've never really believed too much in trying to create a Third Stream music. I think that you either have to take one stand or another stand."

(One might wonder what Kenton had in mind 14 and 15 years ago when his *Innovations* orchestra performed concert works such as *City of Glass* by the late composer Bob Graettinger.)

Kenton went on to speak of Schuller, Lewis, and others involved in Third Stream composition and to say he had a feeling that they were "a little inhibited." This was because they were still relying and leaning too much upon the classical approach to music, he explained.

"After all," he said, "it is a very difficult thing to merchandise anything new in music, and I think the Third Stream movement has done a great deal toward new, fresh music. I think the guys in New York should be complimented on their efforts because, goodness knows, it's so difficult to get people interested in new things. . . . I think they've done a magnificent job, but I do think they lean too much toward the modern contemporary-classical approach. I think I would be happier to see them pull away completely and get into our own idiom of music—music in the American tradition. They are still using a lot of the European techniques and the European approach which, of course, is the classical school.

"At the clinics, when we were working with young musicians, we were trying to describe what *is* the American approach to music. Finally I conceived the idea of explaining it in terms of that show Don Ameche has on television where he tours around various sections of Europe presenting circuses and different extravaganzas. I'd say, 'Do you hear the music being played in the background?' In an American circus the music sounds entirely different; so I'd say, 'That is the American approach to music.'

"You turn on your TV set and you listen to any big television orchestra or any big theater orchestra, and you can *hear* the American approach to music. They are two

entirely different things. And I'd look at the faces of these young musicians and somehow they'd seem to be a little more enlightened. They'd say, 'Yes, I see what you mean.'

"There *is* an American way of playing music. There's no doubt about it. You can tell. And now it's all over the world. Other people have picked up the American approach to music. As to trying to clear up this confusion as to what *is* the new music, I sometimes feel that you almost have to hear the difference in the performance. It's a way of performing music. There's a whole different dimension to American music than there is to European music."

**A** LITTLE MORE THAN 20 years ago it was *Eager Beaver*, *Artistry in Rhythm*, and a startlingly new approach to swing-dance music; 15 years ago it was *Innovations* and a radically different frame for jazz in concert; today it is neophonic, and the accent is still on the new and the experimental. How does Kenton feel today about his place in American serious music—does he think he would ever be in a position to communicate directly to the mass market? He replied firmly in the negative and, it seemed, with inner regret.

"It's impossible," he said. "Any form of art has never been mass-accepted; it's always been supported by a minority group of people, created by a minority. . . . The masses are one thing and, of course, a minority is another thing. No, I don't think anybody in jazz music will ever get mass-acceptance."

Conversely, he conceded that some of his popular-oriented recordings had "pretty good" appeal to a broader market although, he noted, to this day he has never had a million-seller. But even in recording more popular-oriented material there was always the eye cocked to the music's serious implications.

"Oftentimes," Kenton recalled, "in taking a piece of music and directing it toward popular approval we have managed to dip into the masses for more fans and maybe attract attention to some of the other things we were doing in a more serious way."

"I think it's very necessary," he emphasized, "that you communicate with the public because you can have the greatest music in the world, but if there's no one sitting out there to listen to it, you're lost."

Comparison between the Kenton *Innovations* period and the current neophonic era is, perhaps, inevitable. Kenton conceded as much.

"During the *Innovations* period there was a certain thing that I was trying to build, to gain acceptance of. Some of the music was excellent, some of it wasn't of such a high caliber, but we were very sincere about what we were trying to do. I think the time is better now for something of that nature than it was at that time."

He might have added that certainly the economic circumstances of the Neophonic Orchestra are vastly more favorable than they were for the *Innovations* behemoth. The cost of transporting such a large complement from city to city today, not to mention meeting the payroll every week, was prodigious even then; to attempt it today would be madness.

Kenton conceded that he also is faced with the problem of explaining to people what neophonic music actually is and described his attempts to do so as sometimes "strange."

"People have so many fixed impressions in their minds," he said with a shrug. "You find a lot of people who ask, 'Do you think the bands are ever going to come back?' and 'Will the big bands return?' What they're actually thinking about is the music they heard during the '40s and the early part of the '50s, and if they will be hearing that music again. I don't think that's possible because I think that the

music has developed, and now all of the things that have evolved out of the name-band era in the field of jazz are going to be put together into this neophonic orchestra.”

A basic reason for Kenton’s conviction that “the time is better now,” he said, is that in the last four or five years he has taken new stock of the taste of the American people.

“There was a period,” he confessed, “when I felt so disgusted with all of us in America because I thought we were all dead at the switch. It was impossible to communicate with anybody.

“But with us Americans . . . so much happens here in this country . . . there are so many different things going on. . . . Music is such a free thing here that if something is great, it will attract attention and gain acceptance.

“You’ve got to remember, though, that the American ear is just beaten to death with all kinds of things all the time. It isn’t that the American isn’t any less conscious of artistic things or culture, because he certainly is. It’s just that a thing has to be something *really* worthwhile before it’s going to gain acceptance.”

**K**ENTON SAID HE WANTED to clear up something not directly related to the Neophonic Orchestra.

“Some months back,” he began, “I was quoted [*DB*, April 23, 1964, and other media] as saying that jazz is finished. It made quite a lot of noise. It was another thing that was not completely explained. I think this: jazz as we knew it up until this time has had its say. I think that what we are taking from the jazz world now and presenting in orchestras like the Neophonic Orchestra—and we hope there are others like it around the world—is what we have learned from the field of jazz. That is the foundation for this music. And there’s no way around it. It is not the classical approach to music. It is the *jazz* approach to music. But again it’s so hard for people to understand. They think that jazz is a static thing. Jazz has always been in a state of growth and change, but there are certain basic elements of the music that have been maintained all along.”

He paused before taking up point No. 2:

“I also said that I think that some of the *avant garde* in jazz today have had such a struggle trying to find identity that they’ve almost gone off the deep end trying to create things that will give them identity. It’s like some of the far-out classical composers. They are doing some of the most *ridiculous* things just because they are calling attention to themselves. But if you maintain certain basic elements of jazz—which is the way the music is played—there’s no reason now why it’s not time now to take these things that came from the field of jazz and put them into order and let them be the foundation for the new music which is the serious music of America.”

Kenton was then asked how he would comment on the “swing” concept, i.e., basically a 4/4, steady, unvarying beat with the indefinable element inherent that has come to be termed “swing” and has come to be associated inextricably with what is described as jazz. The bandleader was asked how in his view this “swing” concept related—if at all—to neophonic music.

“I think it relates very well,” he answered. “As a matter of fact, I have been saying for the last couple of years that in talking to some of the composers recently I feel that they, too, have the same hunger to get away from, not to say the ‘swinging thing,’ but to get away from the use of the rhythm section as we’ve been using it all along. I think it’s a terribly hackneyed sound to hear four guys in a rhythm section clang-de-clang, going on and on and on.

“I like to think that the rhythm section in the Neophonic Orchestra will function a great deal differently than



rhythm sections have thus far. Musicians play well today; they don’t have to use the rhythm section as a policing measure anymore. They know what they’re doing. They’re able to keep time by themselves. And they’re able to swing without this forced feeling of time. I think if a rhythm section is used much more sparingly, it will be much more of a thrill to listen to; it will spark a band much more.

“It’s time that we get away from even that hackneyed part of the field of jazz music. I have always maintained that a thing doesn’t necessarily have to swing all the time to be jazz, because there’s a certain way of playing music that came from the jazz conception that can be applied to rubato movement in music or any sort of time, any conception of time. It doesn’t have to be always a swing thing.”

Swinging, then, is not, in his book, a basic, necessary-at-all-times ingredient in jazz?

“No,” he replied, “it never has been.”

**S**TAN KENTON is now at last out of the traveling, one-nighter, big-band world in which he grew up since joining the Everett Hoagland Band in 1934. He said that his basic decision to forsake that life and that aspect of his career was prompted by “personal obligations” to remain in the Los Angeles area. (He lives with his two children in Beverly Hills.) Kenton said that as a result of his experience on the road in recent years he did not see much of a market for dance music anywhere.

“I think the people are more interested in concerts and music for listening than they are for dancing,” he said. “And of course young people have their own music for dancing. I wouldn’t want to risk going out on the road today with what might be called Stan Kenton and a dance band and hope I’d make a success of it, because I don’t think that people are that much interested in dance music anymore.”

It will probably be some time, Kenton said, before the Neophonic Orchestra makes recordings for commercial release; nor did he know, he said, for what company it would eventually record.

“I’ll continue to record under my own name for Capitol,” he emphasized, “because I feel it’s important I maintain my own identity and not become completely submerged in the Neophonic Orchestra.” Stan being Kenton, one understood that.

Excelsior!



# JEAN ON



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**Editor's note:** The following article was compiled by John Hopper from an interview with Jean Cocteau held shortly before the artist's death in 1963. The interviewer's questions are italicized. Cocteau is speaking as the article begins.

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It was after the 1914 war that I first became acquainted with jazz in Paris. Among the French, it was still thought of as no more than musical accompaniment to the dance. I heard it played for the first time at the Casino de Paris, with Marie Pilsen, as I have since written in *Cock and Harlequin*. The trumpeters were at the left of the stage, and after the main spectacle, they reassembled and continued to play in the hall. Watching them go at it was like seeing wild animals mauling raw meat.

A little later on I was at Hammersmith, England. There they had popular dancing, with a huge block of ice in the center of the floor for refreshment. Billy Arnold was juggling with his high hat. Together with his troupe, he returned with me to Paris, where I presented them as a chamber music ensemble.

We opened at the Salle des Agriculteurs to an audience packed with young people. When they jeered at us, I got up and said to them, "Some day you will cheer as much as you are booing now. You may yell as much as you like then, but it will be in the American way."

I should have added that sentence they have quoted so often since then: "Jazz is a pulsation that shall never stop."

*And then it was at the club Le Boeuf sur le Toit?*

Yes, which they were still calling the Gaya Bar. There you could hear Wiener and an American Negro named Vance, whom I had discovered. I recorded my first record, *The Robbers of Children*, while directing with one hand and reciting my poem at the same time.

*That sounds like some of the jazz and poetry recordings that have been made in America.*

Exactly. About this Vance. Up till then, he had been playing in a nearby bistro. Thanks to Vance, the people at the Gaya took on, bit by bit, the

habit of listening to jazz. I even played drums there myself on occasion. It was, incidentally, at this future Boeuf sur le Toit that the first fox trot was introduced.

*Has your interest in jazz declined since those early years?*

I have always been connected with jazzmen, notably with Bechet. I have written a preface to a book which is being dedicated to him.

*It seems, then, that you have had the intuition not only to discover the early possibilities of jazz but its future uses as well and the influence jazz could have on us all. From a strictly musical point of view, what is your current opinion of jazz?*

I have never approved of the way composers use jazz in following the line of Auric and Stravinsky. One imitates jazz no more than one copies Mozart or Bach.

*Then you follow the progress of jazz closely?*

I am always the movement. I believe in the contrary of what Baudelaire said on "the movement which displaces the lines," and I think he was lying. But I have never been in agreement with a public which likes jazz as one likes wine, like the young people nowadays, without any understanding or discernment.

Today, they applaud any kind of music, once having given it the fashionable label of jazz. I remember the reactions to jazz festivals at Cannes, at the Antibes and Juan-les-Pins festivals. A trumpeter can improvise with spirit or tell us a boring story, like some old drunk. It reminds me of those idiots who crowd around a sickbed and insist on telling you all the family news of which you could care less. . . .

*How do you feel about Louis Armstrong?*

I like him very much. Also Hartung. I've called him the "Chopin gone mad." [Cocteau interrupted himself, struck by the phrase.] Take that down. It's important. Excuse me, I was saying? . . . Ah, yes, that jazz will once again become very instinctive, without a doubt, as in literature and painting. It will be cursed by the youth, or by a certain type of youth. I am astonished that jazz has not always existed.

# COCTEAU JAZZ

*An Exclusive Interview  
With The Celebrated  
French Literary Figure*

*But hasn't it existed in other forms? For celebrating old rites?*

That's true. Have you read *The Sophists' Banquet*? The notes recovered from the library of Alexandria prove that the ancient Greeks played a sort of jazz rhythm with oyster shells—and up to the point where the listeners became frenzied. The mystical aspect of jazz, or the erotic one, is well known in other civilizations and other epochs. In reality, jazz is inside us, and there is a jazz in every part of the body.

*You've used the word "civilization." There are some people who still believe jazz is a survival of savage times.*

Ridiculous! The great Greek period is not the one we celebrate. The great epochs come when one produces beauty instead of reproducing it. The Negroes have always, and in a thousand ways, produced beauty. *There is the proof of the civilizations we dare to call savage.*

*If it is no more to you than a sign of revolt, jazz is, therefore. . . . [Cocteau sat forward excitedly.]*

People call the great civilizations "moments of weakness."

*Returning to the revolt contained in jazz itself and the outlet it can provide, what is your reaction to the violence that sometimes attends jazz, especially at some of the festivals?*

Alcohol can make you *see*, and it can arouse the animal in you. Anything can serve as a pretext for revolt in youths who have real reasons to rebel. We are living in an epoch where intensity has replaced patience. Nothing is intensive enough, unless maybe it is jazz, and it is normal that. . . .

*Nothing, you say, is intense enough?*

No. Nothing is more comparable than the intensity of jazz. It is jazz which has really contradicted the impressionists in painting. It is jazz and the *Rite of Spring*. It has played the same role as the "fauve" painters.

People like to recognize rather than discover. That which seems important to me in jazz is that it is complete—one hears it and one sees it. Note that well! This is, after all, what enchanted me with jazz in the first place. 



DRAWINGS BY JEAN COCTEAU

# VOICE FROM THE AVANT

**C**ALLING ARCHIE SHEPP a new tenor man on the scene is just one way of admitting the cultural lag between what any younger artist is doing and the time it takes for the word to spread to the larger majority of jazz listeners. But Shepp moved to New York City's lower east side about five years ago, and he has been strongly in evidence ever since. (It seems also that the lower east side has become the stamping grounds of a great many younger musicians, just as it has replaced Greenwich Village as a place where many poets, painters, and others of artistic bent hole up because of cheaper rents and the presence of empathetic types.)

When Shepp was playing with the Cecil Taylor Unit in *The Connection*, his music was startling, and what he has got into since has more than borne out the initial reaction that this is one of the most singular reed voices in some time.

Quite a few people hear "a new-wave Ben Webster," to quote one pundit, when listening to Shepp. Others hear a strong Sonny Rollins influence; still others hear John Coltrane's presence in the Shepp approach to the tenor saxophone. But it seems certain that what these listeners really hear is a musician whose emotional registrations are so broad that he is able to make reference to anybody's "style," even though finally all the ideas and images that make up his playing are completely his own. And that points up another big drag about this cultural-lag business: people always are comparing young musicians to someone else, even long after the musician has gone into his own thing. In listening to Shepp, the only real influence one can discern is "everything." Artists are influenced, finally, by everything.

Listening to Shepp talk about his music and his life is further evidence of the autonomy of his ideas and musical direction:

"I was born in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., in 1937 . . . we lived there about seven years, then moved to Philly, where I lived most of my life. I

started playing when I was about 15 years old. My aunt got me a saxophone . . . she had had no children of her own. I had had a clarinet a few years before, an old silver horn. We also had an old, old upright for as long as I was home. My father was a banjo player from the old days. He used to play in Florida with a few groups. One group he played with was led by a cat named Hartley Toots—he was the wizard of the banjo in south Florida. He was my father's teacher. They played all over Florida.

"We lived in the Germantown area of Philly, which was mostly a white bourgeois area, but there were these pocket ghettos like the one we used to live in, right there among the whites. They called the ghetto I lived in 'The Brickyard.' So I got a chance to go to Germantown High, which was a pretty good school. They usually tried to funnel the Negro students out of there into Gratz and Gillespie in the larger Negro areas. But there were some guys playing at the high school I went to.

"Mastbaum was the school—though . . . that's where there were a whole lot of cats playing . . . that's north Philly. Most of the cats lived further south in north Philly. Everybody was trying to get that early Jazz Messenger sound then. Lee Morgan and an alto player named Kenny Rogers really got me started playing jazz. Kenny first recorded with Lee. . . . He used to sound like early Lou Donaldson . . . you know, that great big alto sound.

"There was a place called the Jazz Workshop, run by a disc jockey, I used to go to after school. I guess that was the place where I really began to hear it. Before that I just heard my father, mostly Dixieland and r&b.

"Lee frequented the place all the time. . . . He and Kenny were like local heroes, and this was about the time Lee was 14. He was a very young cat, but he was playing. Henry Grimes, Ted Curson, and Bobby Timmons used to come in too. There was something like a rivalry between the north Philly and south Philly musicians. Spanky DeBrest was from

north Philly. It seemed like some very good bass players came out of south Philly, like Jimmy Garrison and Grimes. South Philly was the original Negro settlement, but the flux had been to the north."

At the Workshop, Shepp recalled, they'd have people like Chet Baker and Russ Freeman as the main group, but after they had finished, "they let the young cats come on and play. I started talking to Lee at this place one time and went home with him and Kenny.

"They asked me who I liked. I said Brubeck and Getz. And they really wiggled out . . . but they were being very, very hip. I was square as a mother. You can imagine the reaction. They said, 'Oh yeah?' So then these cats asked me to take out my horn and play something. I had a C-melody sax about that time, and I guess I had a sort of a Stan Getz sound. Print that laugh!

"Lee was doing everything he could to keep from laughing in my face. But then he pulled out his horn and played the blues with me. The blues was something I'd been playing for a long time, because of my old man. I heard a lot of the blues then. . . . I had to forget all about my Stan Getz stuff. Then I just played like I play. I didn't know any chord changes at all, but I could hear the blues. I could always hear the blues. So then these cats stopped playing and said 'Yeah, that was right.' Then after that they sort of took an interest in me. It was my introduction to real jazz music."

For Shepp another important introduction to jazz was hearing Charlie Parker at a concert one night, opposite a 39-piece band led by arranger Herb Gordy (Oscar Pettiford, Red Rodney, Don Elliot, and Terry Gibbs were in the band).

"Strangely," Shepp recalled, "I had seen the cat [Parker] earlier that day on Girard Ave., although I didn't know it was him. But I saw this cat on Girard Ave. in a wrinkled, dirty-blue vine with a fine-looking blonde on his arm. Chan? I'd never seen a black man with a white woman. And when I did, I thought he'd be clean,

# GARDE: ARCHIE SHEPP

By LeROI JONES

but this cat struck me. He was raggedy. . . . He was just walking around, on his way to the concert. He walked in with the chick, and played his — off. Later on he got Red Rodney from the other group to play with him . . . and they really played. It was a rare introduction to the music.”

**D**URING HIGH SCHOOL there were the inevitable rhythm-and-blues gigs that have served to keep so many young jazz players alive—and also have given them a strong blues foundation. Shepp played around Philadelphia in a r&b group with Lee Morgan and Kenny Rogers called Carl Rogers and His Jolly Stompers.

“Lee turned me on to changes,” Shepp recalled. “I had learned them, but I didn’t know how to use them. Lee and Kenny helped me find out how to use changes rhythmically.”

After high school, the hand of liberal America took hold of Shepp as “the Negro” they wanted to see go to a “progressive” college.

“I wanted to go to college,” he said, “but my parents sure couldn’t send me. I applied to Lincoln University and could have gotten partial scholarship. But then this college in Vermont, Goddard, put out the word that they were looking for a Negro student to give a full scholarship to. Goddard’s a progressive school, on the order of Bard or one of those. So I went up there and majored in dramatic literature.

“I wasn’t playing as much in college as I had been, but I kept at it. Originally I’d planned on taking law in school, but I came under the influence of one of the drama coaches at the school. He read a story I did for English class, and he said he was impressed by it . . . that it was like a play. He wanted to know had I ever thought about writing plays. Finally, I changed my major.

“Yeah, my parents were pretty upset about my going into such a nebulous field. You know, it was the old story: people saying anything in the arts is good for a hobby, but you can’t

make a dollar. But I will say that it was at Goddard that I first got interested in socio-political activity.”

And Shepp is one of the most committed of jazz musicians, old or young, critically aware of the social responsibility of the black artist, which, as quiet as it’s kept, helps set one’s esthetic stance as well. In this sense, ethics and esthetics are one.

In 1957, during what Goddard called its winter work term, Shepp had gone to New York City, living with an aunt in Harlem. Then, upon graduation from Goddard in 1959, he returned straight to the city, moved to the lower east side, and married a girl he had met in school in 1958.

In New York, he would go to the Five Spot to hear John Coltrane, whom Shepp calls “the first real influence on my playing.” Shepp had known of Coltrane in Philadelphia but never had heard him in person until he was in college. He had known a tenor player named Lee Grimes in Philadelphia, and Grimes, an extraordinary tenorist, according to Shepp, “was influenced by Trane when it wasn’t fashionable. Lee was the first person I heard playing harmonics. Because I was raving about Lee, someone said I ought to hear Coltrane.” It wasn’t until he was in Goddard that Shepp had the opportunity, but he “dug him immediately.”

“One night at the Five Spot,” Shepp said, “I just went up to him and told him I was from Philly and would sure appreciate talking to him. I went to see him in a few days, and he took a lot of time with me. He was very courteous and obliging. It was the first time a man, a musician, who was really out there, who knew a lot, had ever taken any time with me.

“I was playing alto then. I had had this tenor that my aunt gave me. But somehow I never felt satisfied. Somebody told me that Jimmy Heath (who, by the way, I have a lot of respect for) and Trane played alto first . . . before they played tenor. So I decided to get an alto. I took this brand new Martin that my aunt gave me to the shop, and the cat there gave me an old antique alto in trade. My



folks almost went out of their minds. I'd traded a \$300 horn for a \$20 one. And that was my lot, as far as horn went, until 1960, when I was with Cecil Taylor. After I met Trane, I got a second-hand tenor.

"I went to Florida in 1960 and played a lot of rock-and-roll gigs down there. When I got back to New York, I started going down to the Cafe Wha? in the Village. Don Ellis and Dave Pike were playing there. I met Buell Neidlinger and Billy Osborn down there too. Buell had already been playing with Cecil [Taylor], and Buell and Billy used to persuade Dave Pike to let me sit in. I'd bring my horn, and wait for those cats to come in.

"Buell had told Cecil about me, I guess, and one day he came in, and the two of them played. After a few weeks I met Cecil, and he said he was looking for me. He was doing a record for Candid, and he wanted me on it. I started going down to Cecil's pad. I didn't know what the cat was doing. . . . Even when we did the record, I was a bit confused. But I started going down to his pad, and we used to play, just me and him.

"Sonny Murray [Taylor's drummer for quite a few years, now working with Albert Ayler, Don Cherry, and Gary Peacock in Europe] was living in the next apartment, and he used to come in and play. It took me from then . . . about 1961 through 1962 . . . to begin to get an idea of what was going on . . . so that I really knew. I got to a point where I thought I did know . . . but I couldn't say what was happening, but I felt the music. By the time we made that record for Impulse, *Into the Hot*, I had gotten pretty familiar with what was happening. It was one of the most valuable musical experiences I've had. The things that Trane told me sufficed up until the time I met Taylor, and that's what projected me into what I'm doing now."

**A**ND SHEPP HAS come a way since his first days with Taylor. Now the sound is larger, even more overpowering, the ideas fluid, and the energy stirs up spirits everywhere. With groups like the New York Contemporary Five—which was composed of trumpeter Don Cherry, altoist John Tchicai, drummer J.C. Moses, and bassist Don Moore—or recording groups like the one he used on his recently released *Four for Trane* (Tchicai, trombonist Roswell Rudd, trumpeter Allen Shorter, and bassist Reggie Workman), Shepp has moved into the front line of tenor saxophonists of any persuasion.

But the influence of Taylor's ideas on Shepp's playing is still evident, in that Shepp insists that melody must be natural, i.e., projected out of the rhythmcore of the music. And Shepp has one of the most melodic of horn lines.

Of Taylor, Shepp remarked, "Cecil has dispensed with a harmonic base, to a large extent. Before I worked with Cecil, I used to listen for chords. When I was playing with the group in *The Connection*, I played a lot of Cecil's tunes. He'd play these things with a lot of clusters. I mean you could interpret these as maybe a C, C-sharp, D, D-sharp, E, or F, or C 7th, C-sharp 7th, D 7th, D-sharp 7th, E, or F. It was really up for grabs, and for a while a cat could go crazy wondering which chord you should play at this point. Very often in his compositions, when Cecil would be working with harmonically oriented musicians, he'd have chords written out, but they'd change every two beats, and if the tempo was way up, it'd be impossible to play them. I'd take them home and try to play them, and it sounded like I was doing exercises. Then, finally, I got to a point where I thought maybe these chords might not be absolutely necessary.

"Cecil plays lines . . . something like a row of scale . . . that lends itself to the melodic shape of the tune, which is derived from the melody, so that the harmony many times becomes subservient to the body of the tune. And the chords he plays are basically percussive.

"But, playing with Taylor, I began to be liberated from thinking about chords. I'd come back from Florida not sure what I wanted to do. I was in a quandary. I'd been imitating John Coltrane unsuccessfully, and because of that I was really chord-conscious. At first it didn't seem like a liberation . . . it was frightening. It called the whole foundation of what I knew into question. But then I became very conscious of the rhythm section. I hadn't thought too much about it before—just that steady pulse.

"But with Cecil, because there's no steady pulse going, you have to be really conscious of what's going on rhythmically. Cecil plays the piano like a drum, he gets rhythms out of it like a drum, rhythm and melody. And this new music is about a melodic and rhythmic approach to the music. In a way it's more of a throwback rather than a projection into some weird future. A throwback in the direction of the African influences on the music.

"When black people first came to these shores, they didn't know much

harmony. That's a Western musical phenomenon. But they had melodies and tremendous rhythms. Spirituals were not that involved harmonically. *Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child* . . . I doubt that they were even thinking of harmony when they invented the melody, and the melody line is fantastic.

"The new music reaches back to the roots of what jazz was originally. In a way, it's a rebellion against the ultrasophistication of jazz. Bird took harmony as far as it would go; Trane too. But now Trane seems to be going into a thing that's aharmonic, totally melodic . . . and Elvin, the rhythm, playing all the time. Rhythm and melody. It's what Ornette and Cecil are into already.

"It's ironic that Cecil's a pianist and the piano is a harmonic instrument. You think of a piano player playing harmony, chords, and Cecil plays some, but he plays rhythm in an almost basic, primitive concept of piano . . . striking it like a drum. Working with him, I became aware of the function of rhythm and melody. And when I left, I had a fairly clear idea who I was on my instrument. There wasn't anybody around at the time to imitate on a saxophone playing this kind of music, except Ornette. It was like a pioneer field.

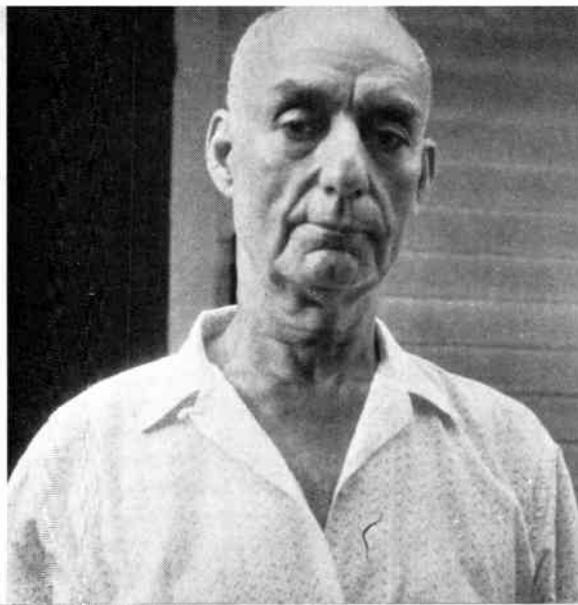
"The reason Ornette wasn't such a big influence on me was because when I first heard him, I wasn't prepared to listen. There was nothing wrong with his music; there was something wrong with my listening. After Cecil, I dug Ornette because I'd grown musically. People say Ornette sounds like Bird, but I don't think so . . . and even if there is something of Bird in his playing, he's gotten way past it. He has a highly individual sound.

"People also say I sound like Ben Webster or Lucky Thompson. Well, there's so much to learn by listening to those people, but also there's so much room to take this sound and do something else with it—not better, but different. There are so many possibilities in music.

"Cecil freed me from the doldrums. I thought I'd heard all that jazz could do. It was like a door being opened to go into something else. Many people don't like our music because it's not conventional. . . . The jazz audience is still in the process of development. The people in Europe are at a post-Bird stage; they're about up to Coltrane. But we still found an audience for the kind of music we [New York Contemporary Five] were playing."

Shepp expressed the weight of black in his thinking, which is also, of

(Continued on page 36)



Peck Kelley In The 1940s Peck Kelley Today

DON GAZZAWAY

# Peck Kelley—Jazz Legend

By RICHARD B. HADLOCK

**L**ET ME TELL you everything I know about Peck Kelley. I want to get it all on the record so people will know the truth about the man. The way the press has treated him, everybody thinks he was some kind of kook or something, and that's not right."

The remarks were Jack Teagarden's, made shortly before the trombonist's death last January. He never found a chance to explain about Kelley, as he had wanted to do for many years.

Pianist John Dickson (Peck) Kelley, of Houston, Texas, has long been one of the baffling legends of jazz. Now, as his old colleagues die, the skeptics and romantics move in, either to dismiss him as a flash of the distant past or respectfully to set his name alongside those of such unrecorded mystery musicians as Buddy Bolden and Emmett Hardy.

But Peck Kelley was and is a real musician, and a most extraordinary jazzman at that, who today lives much as he always has, quietly in the family home in Houston.

When Teagarden referred to "the press," he was thinking mainly of the uproar that followed a 1940 article about Kelley in *Collier's* magazine. It was a colorful little piece by political writer Walter Davenport, called *Kelley Won't Budge*. Between phrases like "weaving a gaudy blanket of boogie woogie, shag, jive and truckin' against a background of a Bach fugue," Davenport told the story of a man who simply preferred the basic comforts of home to a frantic scramble for money and fame.

Suddenly everybody was interested in Peck Kelley.

Faced with such strong national publicity, Kelley found it harder than ever to live and play the way he wished. A nation caught up in a boogie-woogie craze listened to a song called *Beat Me, Daddy, Eight to the Bar*, a Tin Pan Alley vision of Peck Kelley, based on Davenport's somewhat twisted portrait:

*In a little honky tonky village in Texas,  
There's a guy who plays the best piano by far.  
He can play piano any way that you like it,  
But the kind he plays the best is eight to the bar.*

Kelley was saddled with boogie woogie from that time on.

Controversy turned up in the pages of *Down Beat*. Jazz collector Dave Stuart traveled from California to Houston,

and pronounced Kelley "the world's most over-rated pianist."

Bandleader-drummer Ben Pollack jumped into the next issue with a heated, unqualified defense: ". . . Out of this world! . . . A man would have to practice 36 hours a day to play that much."

At the same time, an anonymous spokesman for Kelley declared that Peck eventually would record for Columbia's new Okeh label. "John Hammond has the inside track—really the only track—and you can bet it is John who will do the recording," he said.

Kelley never recorded at all. While columnists fussed and agents pleaded, the pianist maintained silence and attempted to go on working, with bands that varied from bland and commercial to inspired and swinging, in Houston clubs and hotels.

**T**HE HOOPLA surrounding Kelley in the early '40s was the end product of a long buildup of the Kelley legend by fellow musicians. Ever since Jack Teagarden and Pee Wee Russell had played with Peck's Bad Boys at Sylvan Beach around 1924 or 1925, the word had spread that a really remarkable pianist could be heard in the Houston area. Over the years, men like Paul Whiteman, Rudy Vallee, the Dorsey Brothers, and Nick Rongetti (of Nick's jazz club in New York City) begged Kelley to leave home for top money. Even Teagarden worked on him, without success. (Teagarden, a keyboard buff, also attempted to hire Art Tatum, whose ability he felt was on a par with Kelley's, but the deal fell through.)

"When I first went from St. Louis to join Peck in Houston," Pee Wee Russell said recently, "I felt I was a big shot arriving in a hick town. Texas was like another country, and nobody down there had done any recording, as we had in St. Louis.

"I met Peck, listened to him play, and got scared. I had heard good musicians around home—Fate Marable, Charlie Creath, Pops Foster, Zutty Singleton—but this was a different thing. Peck not only played an awful lot of piano, he played so positive and clean. He had a 'this is mine' style, with plenty of authority. And he wasn't like other fast pianists up north, who didn't know the blues. Peck played real blues. He and I spent a lot of time that summer listen-

ing to Bessie Smith records. It was our way of going to church.

"Anyway, then Teagarden walked in, took his horn off a hook on the wall, and joined Kelley. That was it.

"'Look,' I said, 'I'm a nice guy a thousand miles from home, and I'm out of my class. Just send me back to St. Louis in two weeks.'

"It worked out all right, though. Leon Rappolo was in the band, and I had at least heard him before. But why, I wondered, hadn't I ever heard about these other guys?"

The Sylvan Beach band that Russell joined that summer was a nine-piece combination patterned roughly on the style of the New Orleans Rhythm Kings. The group used mostly head arrangements, padding out the book with a few stocks.

"If you screwed up or were late or something," Russell remembered, "Peck would look sorry instead of mad. He never bawled out anybody. And if you had any feelings, you'd wonder how you could do this to such a nice guy. Peck wasn't a religious man, but he was like a preacher. He'd make you feel conscious of doing wrong.

"He never knew the meaning of the word 'ego'. He was humble and quiet but not meek. Very sincere. You'd wind up working twice as hard for him."

Teagarden, too, recalled Kelley's quiet, often shy, manner: "If you didn't look at him, Peck would play 10 choruses in a row. But it would get so great, you'd just have to look; then he'd get self-conscious and stop."

Money apparently meant little to Kelley during his active playing years. He wanted only enough to live on and when offered fat salaries, often would state simply that he wasn't worth it.

"If he ever decided to step out," Ben Pollack wrote in *Down Beat*, "I think whoever manages him or takes him in hand should take his money from him, give him about \$60 a week and put the rest in a trust fund, never letting him know how much he has."

But Kelley never did "step out." Or at least almost never.

"I think I'm the only guy who ever got him out of Texas," Russell said. (Actually, Kelley once played in New Orleans in Joe Gill's band, which also included Harry James on trumpet.)

"Right after the Sylvan Beach job, Peck came to St. Louis. Bix Beiderbecke, Frank Trumbauer, and I were at the Arcadia. Peck scared Bix and Trumbauer—they went crazy over him—and we all agreed he had to be in the band. But we couldn't get past the union. We tried everything, even bribing the union man. The money wasn't as important as the music, and we were willing to pay Peck out of our own pockets. Nothing worked. We got a few club jobs for him to meet expenses, but it was a shame Peck wasn't allowed to work that Arcadia job. He was very advanced harmonically and was just what we wanted.

"He went home more convinced than ever that it was a mistake to leave home."

**B**ACK IN HOUSTON, Peck settled into a pattern of life that he has followed quite faithfully ever since. Disappointed in a single attempt at marriage, he retreated socially into the arms of his family. One of six children, he remained close to his mother, who died in 1939, and his father, an accountant whose death in 1945 somehow only emphasized the pianist's desire to stay close to home.

Even the Army, in which Kelley served about four months during World War II, took him only as far as a band in San Antonio, Texas.

Despite his limited range of travel, though, Kelly remained active and aware of musical events beyond Texas.

He loved to read books and listen to records and play, both formal music and jazz. Old friends like Teagarden continued to visit him and were sometimes rewarded with private piano recitals.

Several months ago I spent some days in Houston and was determined to look up Kelley. Most local jazz fans hadn't heard of him in several years and some presumed him dead. I had the address of his family's old home and decided to look there. What I found was hardly encouraging: a small and melancholy old frame house, facing an almost forgotten, unpaved street and showing all the usual signs of vacancy—unkempt yard, bare porch, drawn shades, locked screen door.

I found Kelley's brother living in the rear of the house and was told to go around and knock on the front door. There I was received in courtly southern style by a tall, gray man, who was very nearly blind.

We sat in his darkened room and talked of days gone by.

As Kelley warmed to the discussion, my eyes adjusted to the dim light, and I looked deeper into the shadows of his room. There were just those things one might expect to find—faded wallpaper, old table, old chair, old bed, recent-model phonograph, records, books, and a piano. There was also an antique practice keyboard, which, like the piano, was covered by a blanket of dust. Neither had been touched, Kelley said, in more than a year. The piano was no longer in working condition.

"I'm happy here," the 64-year-old pianist said. "The house is free and clear, and I have social security. I've never regretted staying in Houston.

"I've had some fine bands over the years. The one at Sylvan Beach, of course. We played head arrangements, but we played them very precisely. We'd buy sheet music to learn new tunes, but it wasn't a reading band. There were three or four bands in the state playing the same way, but I had Jack and Pee Wee and George Hill [clarinet], and that made us special.

"Then there was the big band I had at the Rice Hotel, with five brass and four reeds. Trouble is that by that time, the customers wouldn't let us play the good stuff. All they wanted was boogie woogie, which I never cared about.

"At the Dixie Bar in 1948 I had a good little modern group, with guitar and vibes."

It was this band I later heard on an incredibly scratchy and poorly dubbed acetate record, taken from a Dixie Bar air shot. It was one of those embarrassing broadcasts presided over by a breathless, uninformed announcer, one who, in this instance, introduced Peck as "the man who put the 'B' in boogie."

But as poor as it was, the recording proves conclusively that the genius of Kelley is no myth. Fleet, clean lines and unusual, undated ideas made it clear that even in 1948, at 50, Kelley was still in Art Tatum's league. His solos on *Dark Eyes*, *Honeysuckle Rose*, and *Flying Home* were fascinatingly complex, highly pianistic structures, full of rapid runs in octaves and swirling melodic lines calling for extraordinary technical command. Moreover, these were not delivered in the harmonic and rhythmic language of the '20s or early '30s but in the late swing idiom of jazzmen like Tatum and Oscar Peterson.

"With Art Tatum gone, I think Peterson is probably the best jazz pianist around today," Kelley said. "Nobody has improved on him. But those 20th Century-Fox albums of Art Tatum are about the best jazz piano records I've heard."

Kelley stays in touch with the jazz scene fairly well through records, which his friends bring to him from time to time.

"There used to be some wonderful musicians in this part of the country," Kelly continued in a heavy Texas

*(Continued on page 36)*

STEREO

RS 315



# YOU GOTTA GO! GO! GO! FRANCES FAYE



CRUISE  
BOY AND GIRL  
CORN' NINE BAY  
IT'S A GOOD OLD  
MELANCHOLY BAY  
MORN' LOVE CALL

JUST A GIGGLE  
YOU'RE HEAVENLY  
WILLUM WEEP FOR ME  
SWEET GEORGIA BROWN  
GLORY, GLORY, Hallelujah  
A HARD DAYS NIGHT

RS 315

**Arranged and conducted by  
SHORTY ROGERS**

REGINA RECORDS COMPANY  
New York, New York

REGINA RECORDS LIMITED  
London, England

January 14 □ 23

# record reviews

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Leonard G. Feather, Barbara Gardner, Richard B. Hadlock, Erwin Helfer, Don Nelson, Bill Mathieu, Dan Morgenstern, Harvey Pekar, John A. Tynan, Pete Welding, John S. Wilson. Reviews are initiated 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.

## Ray Bryant

**COLD TURKEY**—Sue 1032: *Cold Turkey; Shake a Lady; Favela; Chicago Serenade; Congolese Children; Blues March; O Morro; Mandecce; Sometime Ago; Slip-Up; Hello, Dolly; I Wish You Love.*

Personnel: Bryant, piano; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★

In 1940 Artie Shaw returned from Mexico and wrote out and later recorded some of the witching melodies and rhythms he had heard there, where he had gone to escape jitterbugs, autograph hunters, and other swing-era adulators. The results were spectacular, and ever since, Latin influences in U.S. jazz and popular music have steadily increased, often with good effects.

Bryant plays several of these kinds of tunes here, but, excepting *O Morro*, he plays indifferently, seemingly without any sensibility for his material. I don't know why *O Morro* is the exception, but this tune, as attractive as anything in the bossa nova genre, finds the pianist in good form, playing so that the lights and shadows of the melody lines are displayed with delicate skill.

The non-Latin tunes are full of Bryant's clichés and only occasionally have places where he seems to show real interest in what he is doing. (G.M.E.)

## Johnny Dankworth-Cleo Laine

**SHAKESPEARE AND ALL THAT JAZZ**—Fontana 27531 and 67531: *If Music Be the Food of Love; O' Mistress Mine; Duet of Sonnets; Winter; My Love Is as a Fever; It Was a Lover and His Lass; Dunsinane Blues; Take All My Loves; Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind; Shall I Compare Thee?; Witches, Fair and Foul; Fear No More; Sigh No More, Ladies; The Compleat Works.*

Personnel: Ken Wheeler, trumpet; Dankworth, reeds; Miss Laine, vocals; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

After listening to this record, I rushed to an uncarpeted spot on my living room floor and danced the *Donald Walter Nelsen Stomp*. I reserve this eloquent jig for periods of euphoria. I was not due again for some time, so I consider this visitation a direct bonus from Dankworth and his wife, Miss Laine.

Their collaboration has produced one of the most satisfying jazz vocal albums I have heard. The union of music, lyric, and voice is, in sooth, capital.

Shaping music to Shakespeare's lyrics is not new. Thomas Morley composed melodies for *Lover and His Lass* and *O' Mistress Mine* in 1599; Robert Johnson did the same for *Full Faith and Five*, from *As You Like It*, about the same time. But this is the first instance, to my knowledge, that Will's words have been set to jazz.

If the attempt proves nothing else, it proves the timelessness of Shakespeare's verse. As sung by Miss Laine, the lyrics take on a compelling contemporaneity. They might have been written last week. *Shall I Compare Thee?*, for example, emerges as a piquant new love song. The modern

setting for this fine old jewel makes one hear not the familiar lines once again but a new poem very pertinent to the heart of today.

Of the 20 tunes, eight are by Dankworth, two by Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn, and two by Arthur Young. Neither tunes nor arrangements are models of originality, but all have the uncanny gift of fitting the lyrics perfectly.

Miss Laine's range and her control over it is awesome. Her voice is basically a contralto—a full, resonant one—but she can roam through the upper octaves with aplomb.

At the end of *All My Loves* she hits a high F flush in the middle with no strain. From the standpoint of range, control, time, phrasing, dynamics, depth of feeling, she is—if this record be a true copy of her voice—the best vocalist to appear in jazz since Sarah Vaughan.

Throughout Miss Laine's performances, echoes of other singers creep in: Anita O'Day, particularly in the way she phrases in fast tempos; Chris Conner, in some of her lower-register work; Annie Ross, in the intervals she uses in *Take All My Loves*; and above all, Sarah Vaughan. These echoes remain echoes, however; her own personality is so strong she absorbs the best.

*Sonnets* and *Witches* feature Miss Laine's voice in multiple, a technique that in most instances results in trickery. Such is Miss Laine's vocal equipment, however, that she harmonizes with herself splendidly. The wedding of her voices is not only musically sound but also adeptly engineered.

*Works* is a swinging recital of the titles of all the Bard's plays and poems, with the exception of the sonnets, which have numbers but no actual titles. In this selection, Miss Laine's rapid-fire reel-off of names recalls the talents of Anita O'Day. Trumpeter Wheeler horns in with some adroit complementary dialog.

Altogether, Dankworth, Strayhorn-Ellington, Young, and Miss Laine make a passel of delightful songs. But what might one expect with such a lyricist? (D.N.)

## Rusty Dedrick

**THE BIG BAND SOUND**—Four Corners 4207: *It Had to Be You; You've Got Me Crying Again; The One I Love; If You Were Only Mine; Spain; On the Alamo; No Greater Love; The Wooden Soldier and the China Doll; Why Can't This Night Go On Forever?; I'll Never Have to Dream Again; Swingin' Down the Lane; I'll See You in My Dreams.*

Personnel: Dedrick, trumpet, flugelhorn; Phil Capicotto, Chris Griffin, Lou Mucci, trumpets; Lou McGarity, Morty Bullman, trombones; Peanuts Hucko, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Sid Cooper, Artie Drellinger, Joe Palmer, alto saxophones; Artie Baker, tenor saxophone; Sol Schlinger, baritone saxophone; Dick Hyman, piano; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Bill Barber, tuba; Milt Hinton or Bob Haggart, bass; Don Lamond, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

One must dig quite a way into this disc

before becoming aware that it amounts to an evocation of Isham Jones. His name does not appear anywhere except in Steve Marvin's liner notes, which draw attention to the fact that all these tunes were written by Jones—and it's a more than creditable list.

Performances are split between a big band and a septet. Some of the big-band arrangements (*Mine, Love, Night, Dreams*) have been written by Bill Borden, onetime Claude Thornhill sideman, with some of the rich textures that Jones himself used with his band in the early 1930s (hear *The Great Isham Jones*, RCA Victor LPV 504).

The other big-band numbers (*Had to Be You, Crying, Alamo, Lane*) are by Dedrick and take a more brusque approach. The big-band Jones feeling comes through most strongly on the evocative *Dreams* with its warm, muted ensemble and particularly on *Night*, which includes some lovely saxophone writing by Borden and an extremely Jonesian use of muted brass.

The septet pieces are generally loose and swinging, with *Soldier* a standout as it moves from an easy, full-bodied opening by Dedrick and picks up momentum with a Hyman piano solo, a rousing display of McGarity's trombone rampant, and a strong ride-out.

Dedrick plays beautifully all through the set while Hucko, who uses clarinet on most of the septet pieces, switches effectively to tenor with the big band. Galbraith's guitar adds considerable color and lift to the rhythm section, particularly on Borden's arrangements. (J.S.W.)

## Harry Edison

**SWEETS FOR THE SWEET**—Sue 1030: *What Is There to Say?; I Wish You Love; Call Me Irresponsible; Willow, Weep for Me; But Beautiful; Blues for Christine; Green Dolphin Street; Hello, Dolly; Everything Happens to Me; The Days of Wine and Roses; Carpetbaggers; Sweets for the Sweet.*

Personnel: Edison, trumpet; Don Abney or Gerald Wiggins, piano, celeste; Leroy Vinegar, bass; Jackie Mills, drums; unidentified string section.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

**SWEETS FOR THE SWEET TASTE OF LOVE**—Vee-Jay 1104: *Dream; Isn't It Romantic?; When Your Lover Has Gone; Nice 'n' Easy; My Old Flame; I Don't Know What Kind of Blues I've Got; I'm Lost; The Girl from Ipanema; You're Blase; Blues in My Heart; I Hadn't Anyone 'til You; Honeysuckle Rose.*

Personnel: Edison, trumpet; Gerald Wiggins, piano; John Collins, guitar; Joe Comfort, bass; Earl Palmer, drums; unidentified orchestra of four trombones, 14 strings, harp; unidentified vocal group; Benny Carter, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★

The record business is paradoxical. For several years, there have been no new albums featuring the trumpet of Harry (Sweets) Edison, (While Norman Granz was in charge at Verve, there were at least two good ones a year.) Now suddenly there are two Edison albums, both with strings, covers adorned by pretty girls, and

deceptively similar titles. It makes one wonder.

Similarities of packaging and programming notwithstanding, there is a considerable difference between the two albums. The Vee-Jay is a boring and pretentious item. The lugubrious strings, relentlessly sticky tempos, and occasional "ooh-aahing" voices add up to more obstacles than even a jazzman of Edison's caliber can overcome. The trumpeter sounds singularly uninspired, and who can blame him? Only on Duke Ellington's *I Don't Know* is there a glimmer of jazz feeling. Unless one is addicted to Hollywood-styled mood music, he can skip this one.

The Sue album, on the other hand, is a delightful surprise. The strings (no more than five or six) are used discreetly and tastefully, the rhythm section is allowed to swing, and Edison is given a chance to stretch out. The choice of tempos is judicious; even the ballads are never permitted to sag. It adds up to a pleasant and relaxed showcase for a stellar trumpeter.

Edison is a stylist. He belongs to a generation of players who were able to develop during a period of relative stability in jazz, and thus his unmistakable originality is free from eccentricities or the compulsion to be different for the sake of "innovation."

His conception is lucid, calm, and relaxed; he states his ideas succinctly, never playing more notes than necessary. He can strip a popular song of all traces of sticky sentimentality and yet retain an aura of tender lyricism, though he often tempers tenderness with touches of sly humor. And his time is perfect—he is a master of the art of placing notes.

Edison's open-horn tone is rich and golden, with a true brass ring. He was among the first jazz trumpeters to discard the emphatic vibrato, which is perhaps one of the reasons why he retained his popularity with jazzmen of the bop and post-bop eras.

On the Sue album, he is heard open only on *Say*, *Willow*, and *Beautiful*. On the other tracks, he works with mutes (Harmon and cup), retaining his purity of sound. His lines are so melodic and incisive it is easy to understand why he is Frank Sinatra's favorite trumpeter.

Among the best tracks are *Willow* (long an Edison favorite), *Roses*, *Love* (taken at a sprightly tempo), and two original blues lines, *Christine* and *Sweets*.

There are several pleasant piano solos scattered throughout, but the notes do not say which of the two pianists is responsible. The arranging credits on the Vee-Jay disc are explicit, but the fellow who did the nice job for the Sue date is not cited. Leonard Feather's notes for the Vee-Jay album are printed within a heavy black border, an appropriate touch. (D.M.)

#### Stan Getz

GETZ AU GO GO—Verve 8600: *Corcovado*; *It Might as Well Be Spring*; *Eu E Voce*; *Summertime*; *6-Nix-Pix-Flix*; *Only Trust Your Heart*; *The Singing Song*; *The Telephone Song*; *One-Note Samba*; *Here's That Rainy Day*.

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Gary Burton, vibraphone; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Gene Cherico or Chuck Israels, bass; Joe Hunt or Helcio Milito, drums; Astrud Gilberto, vocals.

Rating: ★★★★★

In the last year or so, Getz has achieved

a kind of authority on his tenor saxophone that comes to very few jazz musicians. It involves an absolute positiveness of statement that is uniquely and commandingly his.

It is done with a flair and an air of such complete assurance as to be awesome in its impact. Ben Webster and Coleman Hawkins and Johnny Hodges have it. So do Duke Ellington and Dizzy Gillespie and, when he wants to, Louis Armstrong.

It takes time and experience to reach this level, and Getz has had to come a long way to get there. But he has it now, and it makes portions of this set, recorded in August, 1964, at New York's Cafe Au Go Go, sizzle with excitement.

The lyricism that has always been evident in his playing is still there, refined and polished as never before, but this is now only one aspect of an attack that bristles with provocative statements.

Still this disc is somewhat less than it might be because a good bit of it is devoted to the singing of Mrs. Gilberto. It is understandable that, following Getz' success with Mrs. Gilberto on *The Girl from Ipanema*, he should come back with more in this vein.

But a little, a very little, is enough, for her charm as a singer is extremely limited. Her deadpan monotone can convey a measure of winsome, little-girl appeal for one song, but each additional song simply emphasizes the essential emptiness of the approach. She sings six songs on this record. (J.S.W.)

#### Lars Gullin

PORTRAIT OF MY PALS—Swedish Columbia 1010: *Portrait of My Pals*; *It's True*; *I've Seen*; *You Stepped Out of a Dream*; *Prima Vera*; *Decent Eyes*; *Gabriella*.

Personnel: Jan Allen, trumpet; Torgny Nilsson, trombone; Rolf Billberg, alto saxophone; Harry Backlund, tenor saxophone; Gullin, baritone saxophone; Anders Dahl, Nils-Erik Sandell, Ole Hjorth, Nils Peterson, Erik Elgstam, Kjell Ahr, violins; Georg Kortowsky, cello; Lars Sjosten, piano; Bjorn Alke, Kurt Lindgren, basses; Bo Skolund, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Gullin has, of course, been one of the most creative of Scandinavian jazzmen since the start of his career some 15 years ago. In his earliest years he was much in the shadow of baritonist Gerry Mulligan, though even his earliest recordings revealed a more lyrical approach and airier sound (both doubtless derived from the tenor of Stan Getz) than those of the sinewy American baritonist.

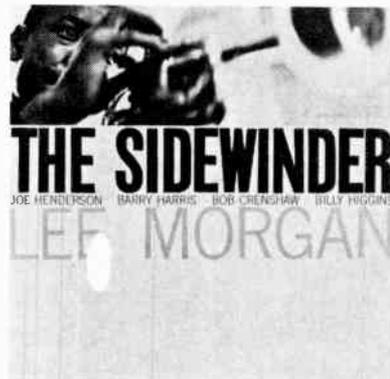
In Gullin's middle period—roughly during the mid-1950s—the melodic gift evidenced in his early work was brought to flower in a remarkable series of recorded compositions and performances that bore the stamp of a truly original mind and hinted that a purely Scandinavian school of modern jazz was not so far-fetched as might have been imagined.

In such pieces as *Danny's Dream*, *North Express*, *Igloo*, *Circus*, *Fedja*, and *Perntz*, among other Gullin compositions, there was artlessly combined a flowing modern jazz conception and a bittersweet, elegaic lyricism that not a little suggested Scandinavian folk music.

Since the great promise of those recordings, Gullin has been little heard from. Personal problems kept him off the scene

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for a while and, in fact, drove him to Italy for a period. He has been back in Sweden for some time now, but little of his work has made its way to the U.S. in recent years.

This release demonstrates that the baritonist's melodic gifts have remained unimpaired, though his music has gotten increasingly introspective and has left the overt folk-song influence far behind.

As before, however, his music is wholly his own, with no dependence on U.S. models. His influences—Getz, Mulligan, Lee Konitz—have long since been fully assimilated; for years Gullin has been his own man.

Four of the performances here (*Portrait, I've Seen, Prima Vera, and Gabriella*) counterpoise an improvising jazz group against a string section, with results that are generally stimulating, if somewhat low-keyed. For the most part the arrangements pit the horns against the strings in the statements of the thematic materials, leave the development of the material to the jazzmen, and employ the strings as a harmonic cushion in the extemporised passages. The colors are rich and the rhythms complex (especially the work of the two basses), with a texture that is an interesting combination of the vertical (harmonic) and the horizontal (linear).

Though there are assured solos by Billberg (*Decent* especially) and Backlund, it is Gullin who carries off the improvisational honors. On such solos as those on *Portrait, It's True, and I've Seen*, to mention just a few, the baritonist constructs long, flowing lines that grow naturally, inevitably from the thematic statements, giving them voice in one of the warmest, most liquid tones the baritone has known.

For all its charm, however, Gullin's music here rarely rises to the high levels attained by a number of his previous mid-'50s performances, among some of the most significant jazz to have come out of Scandinavia thus far. It's good to have him back on the scene, once again engaged in productive work. I, for one, look forward to his future accomplishments.

(P.W.)

#### Ahmad Jamal

**NAKED CITY THEME**—Argo 733: *Naked City Theme; Minor Moods; Haitian Market Place; Beautiful Love; One for Miles; Lollipops and Roses.*

Personnel: Jamal, piano; Jamil Sulieman, bass; Chuck Lampkin, drums.

Rating: ★★½

This may not be a new Ahmad Jamal but it is a somewhat different Jamal from the one we knew in the past.

The shimmering, romantic surface with which he used to decorate his work is still there, but it has been augmented by a forceful, driving attack that builds *Miles* into a virile rocker and brings variations in dynamics to a ballad such as *Lollipops* that the old Jamal might not have considered.

This variety is welcome because in the past the listener sometimes faced the danger of aural suffocation in the endless softness of the cushion of sound that Jamal once spun. Now there is a solidity in his playing that provides the foundation that he once counted on bassist Israel

Crosby and drummer Vernell Fournier to provide.

The relationship of Sulieman and Lampkin to Jamal in the new trio is somewhat different from his use of his former bassist and drummer, who provided a central core around which Jamal could weave his lines. Now Jamal himself is the central core, although Sulieman sometimes assumes a Crosby-like role and, on *Minor*, takes an unusual solo that is accented by strong, spurring phrases from Jamal.

This is Jamal's first recording in two years, and it reveals that he has been moving in a logical direction during that time. (J.S.W.)

#### Odetta

**ODETTA SINGS OF MANY THINGS**—RCA Victor 2923: *Troubled; Katy Cruel; Anthea; Sun's Comin' Up; Boy; Looky Yonder; Froggy Went Acourtin'; Wayfarin' Stranger; Four Marys; Palms of Victory; Sea Lion Woman; Deporte.*

Personnel: Odetta, vocals, guitar; Bruce Langhorne, guitar; Leslie Grinage, bass.

Rating: ★★★★★

Odetta's range, both as a performer and in her choice of material, is given a good display in this set. She has the ability to bring a semi-legit quality to her big voice that underlines the dramatic intent of such pieces as *Katy* and *Anthea*. And, unlike most legitimately inclined singers, she can move into the looser idiom of *Sun's* and *Looky* with an easiness that is not restrained by her more formal attributes.

She goes from the English ballad to Leadbelly, from the ancient *Froggy* to Bob Dylan and Woody Guthrie and gives all of them a full and distinctive measure of personal quality (although she gets a little hung on simulated voices on *Froggy*).

Aside from the flexibility of her voice and the insight with which she uses it, Odetta's performances are driven along by the potency of her accompaniment, not only the work of guitarist Langhorne and bassist Grinage but also the excitement she generates when she takes off on a guitar solo. *Stranger*, for example, is a tremendously swinging performance largely because of the momentum that she stirs up on guitar. (J.S.W.)

#### Jackie McLean

**DESTINATION OUT**—Blue Note 4165: *Love and Hate; Esoteric; Kahlil the Prophet; Riff Raff.* Personnel: Grachan Moncur III, trombone; McLean, alto saxophone; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraharp; Larry Ridley, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is a beautifully realized record—almost everything about it comes off so well!

While not as obviously avant garde as one of McLean's earlier albums, *Let Freedom Ring*, it nonetheless contains writing and improvising that is refreshingly original.

Among the compositions are two fine pieces by Moncur: *Love*, a pretty, extremely slow-tempoed melody, and *Esoteric*, on which meter shifting is effectively employed.

*Prophet*, by McLean, is a charging composition that, because of its stop-and-start effects, has a kind of up-dated bop quality.

Break out just about all the superlatives in the book when talking about McLean's solo work. He's got everything going for him. His lines are melodically rich, and he builds in a disciplined but powerful

manner, resolving ideas well and showing a razor-sharp sense of tension and release.

Hutcherson also plays impressively. Though he phrases in a rather precise way, his lines flow smoothly. He demonstrates a good deal of harmonic ingenuity on *Esoteric* and also has a fine solo on *Prophet*, employing a nonstop, multinoted approach. His intelligent comping also contributes to the freshness of the album.

Moncur has a modern mainstream style but not a derivative one. He improvises economically and is at his best here on the easy-losing *Riff Raff* and on *Love*, on which his lyricism and big tone are heard to good advantage.

Haynes, who established himself as one of the best modern drummers years ago, seems to be getting better and better. Here he performs brilliantly. In particular, dig his work on *Prophet*; his cymbal sound is wonderfully vibrant, and he plays all kinds of choice rhythmic patterns. (H.P.)

### Pierre Michelot

ROUND ABOUT A BASS—French Mercury 125.500: *Cherokee*; *Gavotte*; *Akkilino*; *Elephant Green*; *Under the Bridges of Paris*; *Chet*; *Bye, Bye, Blackbird*; *Sweet Feeling*; *Klook's Shadow*. Personnel: Roger Guerin, Maurice Thomas, Fred Gerard, trumpets; Charles Verstraete and Raymond Katarzynski or Benny Vasseur, trombones; Raymond Guiot, flute, piccolo; George Grenu, Michel Portal, Pierre Gossez, Armand Migiani, saxophones; Maurice Vander, piano; Michelot, bass; Christian Garros, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Three of these selections are played by the quintet of Grenu, Guerin, and rhythm; the others are big-band tracks. Michelot wrote the arrangements and all the originals except *Gavotte*.

His orchestration is quite good; it's generally in a light, airy vein, but a few tunes utilize effective instrumental shouts. Michelot's *Sweet* illustrates his ability to write pretty themes. Also notable is his delightful reworking of the *Paris* theme.

Michelot's instrumental ability, as those who have any acquaintance with the European jazz scene should know, is of a high order. His bass style is similar to Oscar Pettiford's; he's a strong walker with a big, round tone and is a lyrical, thoughtful soloist.

The sidemen acquit themselves well, playing the arrangements with precision and vigor. Vander's fleet, inventive piano spots are among the highlights of the LP. Guerin and sopranoist Grenu also contribute some good solos. Both have rather introspective styles. (H.P.)

### Lalo Schifrin

NEW FANTASY—Verve 8601: *Prelude #2*; *The Peanut Vendor*; *Bachianas Brasileiras #5*; *New Fantasy*; *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue*; *The Blues*; *Sabre Dance*; *El Salon Mexico*.

Personnel: Marky Markowitz, Ernie Royal, Clark Terry, Snooky Young, trumpets; Jimmy Cleveland, Kai Winding, J.J. Johnson, Urbie Green, Tony Studd, trombones; Ray Alonge, Bob Northern, Richard Berg, Earl Chapin, French horns; Don Butterfield, tuba; Jerome Richardson, tenor saxophone, flute; Schifrin, piano, arranger, conductor; Mundell Lowe, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Grady Tate, drums.

Rating: ★★½

This record has brilliant orchestral flashes and improvisational passages that get away. One expects polish and fireworks from Schifrin, who never gives less. This music is more purely salable than it is purely listenable, however, and its limits are correspondingly narrow, though the musicianship is high.

Schifrin's piano playing is well represented. He hears very cleanly, his technique is advanced, and his inspiration draws from more expressive sources of jazz. This last is what keeps Schifrin's music on a high level and rescues this from a sea of similar albums.

The title tune is a highly successful fragment of big-band writing. Aaron Copland's *El Salon* is perhaps the most successful transliteration from popular serious music to serious popular music. Although the composers represented here (besides Copland there is George Gershwin, Richard Rodgers, Khachaturian, and Villa-Lobos) would probably disagree, I think we should learn to accept the highly stylized idiom of the U.S. music industry as a musical fact and find our pleasure within the idiom—or ignore the idiom altogether.

The fadeouts (to take a small example) on *Peanut Vendor*, *Sabre Dance*, and *El Salon* are musically unacceptable in terms of the solid architecture of these arrangements. Nevertheless, in terms of our covenant with the industry, we come to accept certain things as musical matters of fact. They are there. If these things remain in the popular taste, they satisfy our esthetic demands. (B.M.)

### Jimmy Smith

CHRISTMAS '64—Verve 8604: *God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen*; *Jingle Bells*; *We Three Kings*; *The Christmas Song*; *White Christmas*; *Santa Claus Is Coming to Town*; *Silent Night*; *God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen*.

Personnel: Ernie Royal, Bernie Glow, Danny Stiles, Joe Wilder, trumpets; Joe Newman, flugelhorn; Earl Chapin, Don Corrado, Morris Secor, Jim Buffington, French horns; Jimmy Cleveland, Chauncey Welsh, trombones; Paul Faulise, Tommy Mitchell, bass trombones; Harvy Phillips, tuba; Smith, organ; Quentin Warren or Kenny Burrell, guitar; Margaret Ross, harp; Art Davis, bass; Bill Hart or Grady Tate, drums; George Devens, percussion.

Rating: ★★

Three of these tracks are performed by a trio; the others feature Smith backed by rhythm and a large brass ensemble. All the big-band tracks but one are arranged by Billy Byers. The quality of his writing ranges from unobtrusive and tasteful to heavy-handed and self-consciously "jazzy"—sometimes during the course of one track, e.g., *Silent Night*.

Al Cohn's *Kings* has an effectively somber beginning but is ruined by a down-home swinging section that is corny enough to set one's teeth on edge.

Smith's improvising is disappointing. He runs through his stock devices rather mechanically, and his solos aren't constructed with much care.

It may be that Smith has been the most influential organist in jazz history, but I don't see how he's going to continue to impress musicians if the unimaginative playing on this album is typical of his current work. One might almost get the idea that he's come to think of himself more as an organ-playing show-biz personality than a creative improviser. (H.P.)

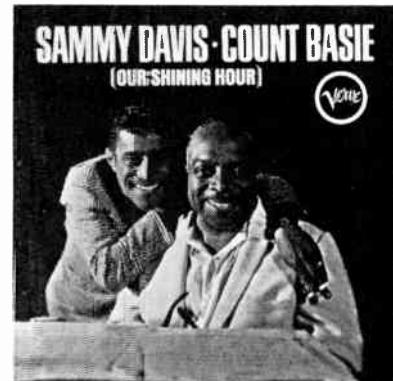
### Nina Simone

IN CONCERT—Philips 200-135 and 600-135: *I Loves You, Porgy*; *Plain Gold Ring*; *Pirate Jenny*; *Old Jim Crow*; *Don't Smoke in Bed*; *Go Limp*; *Mississippi Goddam*.

Personnel: Miss Simone, vocals, piano; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★½

Something of the evolution of Miss Simone can be heard on this disc.



# DAVIS BASIE



## One More Time!

# DAVIS BASIE



## That Says It! Now, Listen

Verve Records is a division of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Inc.

*Porgy and Ring* were part of her early success five years ago. They are both relatively withdrawn, moody pieces that she did very effectively. Over the years, however, repetition seems to have given her performances of these pieces the perfunctory quality that comes through here.

They are, however, merely remnants of the early Nina Simone. There is nothing perfunctory about the more recent Simone heard in the rest of this concert presentation. She can still convey the qualities she once found in *Porgy and Ring*—she does it on *Bed*. And she can open up and swing the house down on *Crow* and *Mississippi*, both strong, pointed pieces delivered with an undeterrable wallop.

Between these two extremes, and drawing on elements of both, is her venture into Brecht-Weill with *Jenny*, an idiom for which she seems to be superbly fitted. She quite definitely has her own way of doing things—it is a highly emotional way, studded with wry humor and guided by a keen sense of timing and an apparently total unflappability. (J.S.W.)

#### Paul Winter-Carlos Lyra

THE SOUND OF IPANEMA—Columbia 2272 and 9072: *Voce E Eu; Se E Tarde Me Perdo; Maria Ninguem; De Quem Ama; Quem Quizer Encontrar O Amor; Aruananda; Coisa Mais Linda; O Morro; Mas Tambem Quem Mandou; Tem Do De Mim; Lobo Bobo.*

Personnel: Winter, alto saxophone; Sergio Mendes, piano; Lyra, vocal, guitar; Sebastiao Neto, bass; Milton Banana, drums.

Rating: ★★

This set is properly Lyra's. He sings and plays guitar on all the tracks, and all the compositions are his; Winter serves as

accompanying musician with solo space in most of the selections. For the most part, the altoist hews rather closely to the melody lines, only rarely departing from them and then none too venturesomely.

Lyra, a young Brazilian composer-singer, is among the leading voices in bossa nova. This album consists of his attractive, warm, burry vocal performances of 11 of his own appealing songs. In addition to his guitar, the supporting group is made up of three of the best bossa nova musicians—Mendes, Neto, and Banana—and the American altoist, who has been an enthusiastic supporter of bossa nova and Lyra's music ever since his State Department tour of Latin America in 1962. The set was recorded in Rio de Janeiro in summer, 1964, when Winter returned to Brazil for several months.

Lyra's music is attractively lyrical; his singing lazily natural, ingratiating, and unhurried; and the group performances are warm and appropriately understated, as befits the music. Still, the album rarely excites or engages one's interest, for the whole set is suffused with a certain blandness, a flaccid, lackluster air that is most evident in Winter's limp, dispassionate alto.

One cannot really fault the performances, however; they are expertly played and engagingly sung—and the material is quite melodically appealing. What is most lacking is the spark, the quality of wonderment and melodic freshness, the great lyric charm that mark the work of, say, Antonio Carlos Jobim, Joao Gilberto, or Luiz Bonfá. This set is merely pleasant. (P.W.)

## BLUES 'N' FOLK

By PETE WELDING

Recordings reviewed in this issue:  
Various Artists, *The Country Blues, Vol. 2* (RBF Records 9)

Rating: ★★★★★

Various Artists, *Rare Blues of the Twenties* (Historical Jazz Records ASC-1)

Rating: ★★★★★

RBF's *Country Blues, Vol. 2*, is a welcome followup to the earlier volume in the series compiled by the redoubtable Sam Charters. The disc presents for the most part singers who had not been represented in the previous set, though there are three repeats—Peg Leg Howell, Blind Willie McTell (under a nom-de-disque, Georgia Bill), and Bukka White. The space given over to these three might have been better used in the presentation of singers not represented on LP.

The country blues are among the most fiercely individualistic of Negro musics and, as might be expected, there is almost as wide a range of approaches as there are performers in the idiom. This album well illustrates that span, ranging from the dark, introspective styles of Bukka White (*Strange Place Blues* is almost atypical White) and Henry Townsend (the

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tart chords and heavily rhythmic bass patterns of his *Mistreated Blues* suggest the work of the intense delta singers) on through to the exuberant washboard-band style of Eddie Kelly's *Poole County Blues* and the urbanized, though still abrasive, piano and vocal of Big Maceo on *Maceo's 32-20*.

In between may be found Texas Alexander's high, almost sweet, whining vocal style on *Levee Camp Moan*, which is remarkable for the fact that the seconding guitar lines are played not by the singer, as might be expected, but by Lonnie Johnson; Howell's yearningly introspective *Tishamingo Blues*; the delightful contrapuntal blues banjo of Charlie Jackson's *Papa Lawdy Lawd Blues* (recorded in mid-1924, it is the earliest recorded performance in the collection); McTell's engaging, personal singing and 12-string guitar on *Scarey Day Blues*; Luke Jordan's simple though intense *Church Bell Blues*; Memphis singer Bo Chatman's *I'm an Old Bumble Bee*; the overwhelming emotional, choked singing and stinging 12-string guitar work of Charlie Lincoln on *Jealous Hearted Blues*; the warm, arching singing of Blind Boy Fuller and sensitive harmonica of Sonny Terry on *Bye, Bye, Baby Blues*; the deliberate, taut vocal and guitar of Charlie Picket (*Let Me Squeeze Your Lemon*); and the crying, tortured vocal style of Son Bonds on *Weary Worried Blues*, on which he is joined by harmonica player Hammie Nixon.

Though the album is, over-all, a bit less country-oriented than was its predecessor,

it does give one the basis for an appreciation of the expressive breadth and variety of the blues.

Prior to the recording of the older country blues forms, a good number of urban blues performances were recorded in the cities where the recording firms were centered. Mamie Smith's 1920 *Crazy Blues* ushered in the era of the blues, and many companies rushed to get in on the bandwagon. For those who find the country blues meat and drink, the polished jazz-inflected stylings of the city singers are bound to be much less appealing. Many of the songs they performed were ground out to formula by Tin Pan Alley hacks, but often the greatest urban singers transcended the banality and tawdriness of their material to produce moving, powerful blues performances. And, too, the search for new material to record often led to the use of some of the older traditional country blues.

*Rare Blues of the Twenties*, an interesting set on a small New York label, offers some valuable and musically appealing samples of the urban blues that flourished from the early '20s to the depression.

There is passion, conviction, and urgency in the singing of Jenny Pope on her 1929 versions of *Doggin' Me Around* and *Whisky Drinking Blues*, on which her heavy, dark voice is seconded by the sensitive contrapuntal piano and guitar lines of Georgia Tom Dorsey and Tampa Red, respectively. The ties to country blues are noticeable, as they are in the brash, youthful singing of Coetha Simpson

on *Down South Blues*. Dorsey and Tampa Red are heard in two of their popular blues entertainments, *Grievin' Me Blues* and the best-selling *It's Tight Like That*, both dating from 1928.

Virginia Liston's strong, assertive voice is underlined by the jabbing cornet of Demus Dean, Perry Bradford's piano, and Samuel Speed's banjo on her 1928 *Rolls Royce Papa* and *I'm Gonna Get Me a Man, That's All*. Blind Richard Yates' two selections and the two performances by Leola (Coot) Grant and Kid Wesley Wilson illustrate the less convincing aspects of the urban blues, and trite material almost robs Ethel Waters' youthful, lusty singing of whatever interest her 1924 *Tell 'Em 'bout Me* might have.

The two final selections, Bobbie Leecan and Robert Cooksey's remarkable guitar and harmonica performances, *Blue Harmonica* and *Don't Let Your Head Hang Down*, seem much closer to white hill-country music that has been influenced by Negro music than they do to pure Negro blues forms. Whatever they are, however, they are not urban performances. The interplay of the whining, yelping harmonica and the complex bass-rich guitar lines is extraordinarily winning and is so different from the other selections on the album as to be almost unbelievable. The two are remarkable musicians, and theirs is country music of a singularly high degree of sophistication.

The album is obtainable from Historical Records, Box 1, Canarsie, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11236.



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# ANDREW HILL/BLINDFOLD TEST

...I like Ornette because, even though his solos are supposed to be avant garde, his compositions are almost in the same vein as Charlie Parker's.



By LEONARD FEATHER

As writer A. B. Spellman observed, "Any avant garde develops in waves, with the first wave of innovators attacking the academy's shibboleths head on and the second wave operating in the relatively less hostile and freer atmosphere created by their progenitors. . . . So a musician like Andrew Hill occurs who has a freer sense of time, harmonies, chord changes, group action, melody, etc., all focused into a style recognizably his own."

Hill was born in 1937 in Port au Prince, Haiti (his name originally was Hille); his family came to the United States in 1941, settling in Chicago. In 1953, doubling on baritone saxophone and piano, Hill became a professional musician.

He went to New York City in 1961 as Dinah Washington's accompanist. Later he worked with Roland Kirk for a while, cut an LP with Joe Henderson, and on the latter date came to the attention of Blue Note's Alfred Lion, who signed him to a solo contract. His first album revealed the true dimensions of his talent; he is possibly the most gifted pianist of the new wave, both in freshness of ideas and in technical equipment.

1. John Lewis. *Abstraction* (from *Jazz Abstractions*, Atlantic). Ornette Coleman, alto saxophone.

I liked the musical idea even though there were one or two things I didn't completely understand. But beautiful. As far as rating it, it's kind of hard for me because I like so many different types of music.

This seemed to me to be about one-third premeditated and two-thirds solo work. I like a lot of things Ornette's done . . . calling it abstract doesn't mean anything because to me it didn't seem abstract, the way it worked out. To me, it's just a beautiful piece of art, and I don't see how I could possibly rate it.

2. Martial Solal. *Ouin-Ouin* (Capitol). Solal, piano.

Sounded like that might be Martial Solal. I can't rate this because I don't know what mood it was written in, and I like to think about this, how a piece is supposed to be played.

The piano has good technique, but I wouldn't want to play like that. It seems to me to be technique for technique's sake. There are a lot of people, like even Ornette Coleman, who get to the technique and leave the emotion out of it. The composition seemed to transcend three or four periods of jazz, but it was fragmentary.

3. Charlie Parker. *Swedish Schnapps* (from *The Essential Charlie Parker*, Verve). Red Rodney, trumpet; Parker, alto saxophone; John Lewis, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums.

If I were to rate this, I would have to give it five stars. Not only because this person—Charlie Parker—represents part of our music heritage but for the symmetry and the beauty of his compositions. And that's why I like Ornette, because even though his solos are supposed to be avant garde, his compositions are almost in the same vein as Charlie Parker's.

The pianist sounded like it might have been John Lewis, and the trumpet player probably was Miles, I think, but I'm not sure. The rhythm section, for the period it represented, was extremely good, but if it were today, I wouldn't like it, because it's too limited. With all that went before, I don't think musicians could play that

way today.

4. Freddie Hubbard. *Aries* (from *The Body & The Soul*, Impulse). Hubbard, composer, trumpet; Virgil Jones, trumpet; Charles Greenlee, trombone; Wayne Shorter, arranger.

Trumpet player sounded like Freddie Hubbard. The composition was good, but it sounded almost like it was written in a commercial vein. Like it was written different, but it was written different almost to be different.

Even though I think it was written commercial, I give it five stars for the trumpet player, whoever he might have been. I wouldn't want to play with him, the way he sounded, but he was good.

5. Roland Kirk. *Waltz of the Friends* (from *Reeds & Deeds*, Mercury). Kirk, manzello; Harold Mabern, piano.

Who was that? Sounded like Roland Kirk with two horns. And the piano player sounded like somebody I used to practice with, Harold Mabern. The composition had a nice feeling to it; sounded like something Roland might have written himself. It was played very effectively, for what it was supposed to portray. I liked Roland's solo, and the piano solo, but I think the trumpet player was weak, and the trombone player . . . just another trombone player.

The rating . . . I kinda feel that is Roland, and we're so close I would hate to rate it.

Roland's a very fine jazz musician, at times. Actually, he's one of the best jazzmen out; it all depends on who he's playing with and whether they have any rapport. And I don't think these particular horn players had any rapport with him. It actually just doesn't get off the ground. It was so commercial, you could think it was one of those commercial quintets—except for Roland.

6. Dave Brubeck. *A Quiet Girl* (from *Bernstein Plays Brubeck Plays Bernstein*, Columbia). Brubeck, piano; Bernstein, composer.

I don't know who that was; sounded like it could be a modern Erroll Garner, and as far as rating it as a jazz record I couldn't do it, because it sounded more like mood music, to me, than jazz. I

didn't like the composition because it didn't have a middle or an end; it just seemed to keep on going.

7. Don Friedman. *How Deep Is the Ocean?* (from *Flashback*, Riverside). Friedman, piano; Dick Kniss, bass.

Some people would say the piano player had good harmonies, but I don't think so, when you take it entirely out of context of the way the piece was written.

The bass player had wonderful intonation, and I liked the harmonies he was using. The piano player had good technique, but . . . there are certain things, such as building . . . and he seemed to me to build at the wrong time in context with what he was playing.

In spots I would have given it five stars, because it sounded like a fellow who taught me and who's one of the best players around, a fellow named Billy Wallace. But even using Billy Wallace as a standard, I would say it's a poor performance, because when you take a tune out of context, it's just doing something to be different, while with the harmonies he seemed to have the ability to write some nice music himself, instead of changing beautiful tunes around.

8. Gerry Mulligan-Thelonious Monk. *Decidedly* (from *Mulligan Meets Monk*, Riverside). Mulligan, baritone saxophone; Monk, piano; Wilbur Ware, bass.

That sounds like one of my favorites, Thelonious Monk—I would give the record five stars for his presence—plus one of my favorite bass players, Wilbur Ware. The composition . . . actually I could hear another horn player on the melodies. . . . No comment at all about anybody else.

9. Charlie Mingus. *Orange Was the Color of Her Dress; Then Silk Blues* (from *Mingus Plays Piano*, Impulse). Mingus, piano.

I liked the composition, but the fault is the one I find with most piano players when they play by themselves; they seem to have trouble with time. Even though they keep good time, time is so predominant they can't flow by themselves like they would with a horn player. But it was a good performance! Even though it wasn't Art Tatum.

CB

# CAUGHT IN THE ACT

REVIEWS OF LIVE PERFORMANCES

## First Czech Jazz Festival Prague, Czechoslovakia

Czechoslovakia has a long jazz history—surprising as this may sound in the United States.

The first ragtime-influenced record was made in Prague in 1912. In 1928 E. F. Burian wrote the first Czech book on jazz. In 1947 Dunca Broz was Europe's first bop trumpeter. Two years later, he disappeared. He was last seen in Franzensbad, on the Czech western border and saying, "I'm leaving. I just have to get my horn." Broz is rumored living in Brazil. That was at the beginning of the time about which Czech jazz critic Ivan Poldnak has written, "After 1948, when the Socialist orientation of Czechoslovakia was definitively confirmed, and essential changes in the whole social and cultural structure of the country took place, it was to take almost 10 years to carry through the right attitude toward jazz music."

So it was that the first Czech jazz festival did not take place until November, 1964.

It was an impressive event: eight concerts in five days, seven of them sold out, and at each concert, an attendance of some 2,500 persons—the concerts averaging four hours. Often, there was—including the jam sessions—12 hours of jazz a day.

In addition, there were events combining jazz with ballet, puppet theater (Prague's marionette theater has been called the most beautiful in the world), pantomime, poetry, and modern painting. It was interesting to learn that none of these combinations had been put together especially for the festival. This emphasized how strongly jazz has penetrated the whole cultural life of Czechoslovakia.

Karel Krautgartner and his big band from Radio Prague opened the festival. Krautgartner has said that "all the revolutionizing things that happen in jazz today are initiated by small groups. I'd like to find a way to carry this over into large orchestras."

Thus his big band plays jazz à la Ornette Coleman and George Russell, as arranged by Kamil Hala.

Third Stream music is big in Czechoslovakia.

At the festival, a large band played swinging, serial, 12-tone compositions by 28-year-old Pawel Blatny of Brno, and Karel Velebny presented a tentet playing George Russell-like arrangements.

Just as folklore marks the jazz of Poland or Yugoslavia, so Third Stream gives Czech jazz its special character. Perhaps it was no coincidence that it was a Czech, Antonin Dvorak, who in 1892 became the first to combine elements of U.S. Negro music with the European tradition, in his *Fifth Symphony, From the New World*.

Much of this music was complicated, and Gustav Brom, with his "little big band" from Brno, added a lightening touch. With his solid, swinging brand of jazz he made the strongest impression. For the Czechs, Brom's success became the real sensation of the festival.

As sure and clear as Brom's music stood out among the large ensembles, so firm and convincing was the sound of the S&H Quintet among the combos.

This group was originally the house band of the S&H Puppet Theater (S stands for Spejbl, H for Hurvinek—father and son, the leading figures of the famed Czech marionette stage). Today, the group offers vital, infectious hard bop. The quintet's leader, tenor saxophonist Jan Konopasek, is probably the best jazz improviser in Czechoslovakia.

The other half of Czechoslovakia—Slovenia—was represented by a Dixieland band from Bratislava and by drummer Pavel Polanski, possibly the festival's best drummer.

A great success also was scored by the 17-year-old pianist Jan Hammer Jr. with his modern, Bill Evans-influenced style. Hammer Sr. is one of the most dedicated friends of jazz in the country; he went to bat for the music even during the Nazi period. The Hammers are probably the most swinging family in Europe. Even the youngest daughter, Andrea, 11, plays drums.

Perhaps the jam sessions, which took place late at night and in the early-morning hours, were the most important element of the festival.

At times, Polish and American, West Indian and Czech, West and East German, Dutch and Hungarian musicians stood side by side on the bandstand.

Only the Russians had begged off at the last moment; it was rumored that their reason was the defection of two Soviet jazzmen some months earlier in Tokyo. But from Daghestan, near the Caspian Sea, composer-critic Murad Kajlaev came as representative of the Soviet Union. It was he who pointed out to the festival jury that Hungarian bassist Aladar Pege undoubtedly was a virtuoso but seemed to be lacking in jazz feeling. Here was a man from far-off Caucasia who had better jazz ears than many a Western critic.

The United States was represented by Baby Douglas, who is no jazz singer but who brought with him a good selection of Americans in Europe: altoist-flutist Leo Wright from Berlin, trumpeter Benny Bailey from Munich, pianist Kenny Drew from Copenhagen, bassist Roland Henley from Paris, and drummer Fred Bracefull from Stuttgart, as well as West Indian guitarist Andre Condouant, who lives in Stockholm.

Among the confrontations between East and West in which the Prague Jazz Festival excelled were those between West and East German musicians. From East Germany came singer Ruth Homann, with her blues-influenced conception, pianist Joachim Kuhn from Leipzig, and the Manfred Ludwig Sextet from Goerlitz, with an excellent alto saxophonist, Ludwig Petrowsky. From West Germany came clarinetist Rolf Kuhn and the Albert

Mangelsdorff Quintet.

Dutch singer Rita Reys, accompanied by the swinging, drumless trio of Pim Jacobs, proved in Prague, as she has elsewhere, that she is the best female jazz singer in Europe.

Polish alto saxophonist Zbigniew Namy-slawski was voted "best soloist of the festival," Albert Mangelsdorff was "best band," and U.S. pianist Drew "best soloist *au concours*" (not in competition). For the British traditional band led by Acker Bilk, the Czech jury created a special-award category: "best showmanship of the festival".

—Joachim E. Berendt

## Orchestra U.S.A.

Carnegie Hall, New York City

In its effort to represent a spectrum of past and present musical styles, Orchestra U.S.A. risks major hazards. One of these hazards, that of interpreting a tradition superficially, was glaringly apparent at its November concert in its performance of the Beethoven *Symphony No. 1*.

With only two cello and one string bass to fill out the bottom of the string choir, textures were heavily overweighted by the high strings. In a work as light and fine as the Beethoven *First*, the imbalance was noticeably distracting. Surprisingly, aside from poor balance, much of the string playing was poorly performed as well. The light staccato line of the first movement's *allegro con brio* was rhythmically sluggish and suffered from haphazard bowing attacks. The last movement was particularly rocky, with strange sounds emanating from the horns and, again, lack of precision and thin, wispy tone from the strings. Assuming the Orchestra U.S.A.'s desire to play works like this as proof of its familiarity with a wide repertoire, performances of this quality just won't do.

Much more important than technical problems with the classical repertoire, however, is the fact that the orchestra has to find composers who can write for it. It would make sense to have Charles Mingus, Cecil Taylor, or George Russell (among others) compose for a group this size. It makes less sense for the orchestra to perform dull, derivative music by composers who, despite their credentials in music, are blissfully ignorant of the difference between good jazz and mere fakery. Although it may not be intended as such, it strikes me as presumptuous and patronizing for concert-music composers to write pseudo-jazz melodies (almost always of the poorest quality imaginable), place these over a walking rhythm section, and assume they have composed a jazz or, more pompously, a Third Stream work.

Three compositions on this program—Harold Farberman's *Double Concerto for Two Trumpets*, Miljenco Prohaska's *Intima*, and David Ward-Steinman's *Concerto Grosso for Combo and Chamber Orchestra*—are typical of the latter category. In the Farberman piece, two trumpeters, one playing in "legitimate" style, the other in "jazz" style, are featured. For the most part they simply provide alternate interpretations of similar thematic material. (The first theme, complete with chromatic



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movement upward in the first two bars, sounds like one of those melodies used in old movies to identify wicked old New York City.)

Dick Hurwitz' jazz solos were uncomfortably reminiscent of Maynard Ferguson. The "legitimate" trumpet part, played by Ron Anderson, was compounded of all the standard clichés of trumpet concerti—triple tonguing, march rhythm, and chordal bugle-call melodies.

The Prohaska work was little more than a Quincy Jones type of line with string accompaniment. Orchestra U.S.A. isn't needed to play music like this—the worst kind of jazz kitsch.

Ward-Steinman's piece came off somewhat more favorably, but he commits a mistake common to composers who have a superficial familiarity with jazz: he writes lines that have a certain melodic attractiveness, provide generally interesting harmonic sequences, but are rhythmically flaccid. The opening movement, for example, repeats variations of the figure almost to the point of distraction. Although Ward-Steinman is a composer with an uncommonly good sense of section variations and solo/ensemble contrast, the total result of this composition is less than the sum of the parts—a well-crafted work that possesses little content.

The John Lewis compositions played at the concert ranged from excellent to mediocre. The first two, *Midsummer* and *Donnie's Theme*, are little more than mood music. Jerome Richardson's alto playing, featured in the latter, was warm and direct, but no replacement for the late Eric Dolphy's fine work with the orchestra. Lewis' transcription of the Bach *Ricercare* from the *Musical Offering* contained some unusually good scoring, especially in the middle string section; the best results from the string section throughout the program came in the Lewis work. I was prepared not to like the Lewis arrangement of *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*, but again I was impressed by the good string scoring. Mel Lewis' drumming seemed a bit overbearing for the piece, but aside from that minor annoyance, it was surely one of composer Lewis' better efforts. Perhaps more important, it included richer harmonies, firmer rhythms, and greater strength than I have noticed in most of his previous compositions.

Although this was a generally disappointing program, it was well balanced, superficially, with good contrast in the scheduling of works. The long-range problems for the group, it seems to me, center around the differences between the training of concert musicians and the experience of jazz musicians, which make it extremely difficult to blend these two musical styles, especially in works that are oriented toward the pre-20th-century concert-music tradition.

It would be far more valuable if Orchestra U.S.A. moved closer to the orbit of jazz and contemporary concert music. It surely is of little importance whether or not these musicians can do an adequate job with the Beethoven *First* or with Mozart or something else, since so many other musical organizations can do

it much better. (Nor do I accept the theory that finds similarities between baroque and early classical music and jazz; anyone who really believes this has major flaws in his understanding of jazz rhythms.)

What *would* be important would be the establishment of a genuine repertory group for contemporary music—one that could function in those areas where the line between jazz and concert music has become exceedingly thin, and one that could provide the necessary instrumentation for a wide variety of pieces, unlimited by any obligations to the music of the past. An Orchestra U.S.A. of that quality would merit all our interest.

—Don Heckman

## Dave Brubeck-Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra

### Academy of Music, Philadelphia

Personnel: Paul Desmond, alto saxophone; Brubeck, piano; Eugene Wright, bass; Joe Morello, drums. Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra conducted by Rayburn Wright.

Brubeck had the Philadelphia Orchestra swinging for a few brief moments at this concert. But the Brubeck pen is not as mighty as his piano, and this led to more clichés than should be heard at a first-rate concert performance.

The pianist's rather tiresome *Brandenburg Gate*, arranged by older brother Howard for strings and the quartet, never does quite get off the ground. And Dave's *Elementals*, featuring the quartet with full orchestra, is too cautious in its approach to be considered a great serious work. But there were a few times in *Elementals* when the superb orchestra occasionally was able to get over its stiff self-consciousness about playing jazz and injected some jazz feeling.

Unfortunately, both Brubeck originals—and Rayburn Wright's *Patterns*, which opened the program—showed their writing in the so-called Third Stream marriage of serious music and jazz hasn't progressed much beyond the 1924 work of George Gershwin and his *Rhapsody in Blue*.

Wright, chief arranger for the Radio City Music Hall, conducted his own work and the two Brubeck pieces. All three, and particularly Wright's, sounded straight out of Hollywood and Vine. Wright's major contribution of the evening, other than his rather capable conducting of the orchestra, was a little wiggly dance he did as the Philadelphians opened up on *Elementals*.

Desmond, whose tone and intellectual approach suits the symphonic style perhaps more than any other saxophonist's, was most effective in a brief solo on *Elementals* in which he was backed by the woodwinds.

Brubeck pressed too hard in his solos during the first half of the program, and his playing was even more heavy-handed than usual. Like his writing in the "serious" idiom, his playing with symphony orchestra sounds pretentious. If all the scoring were in the style of the last section of *Elementals*, Brubeck could be on the way to producing a musical form of some stature.

Eugene Wright did well in a bass solo spot on *Brandenburg Gate*. Morello's musical sense of humor showed even on some

of the more plodding sections, and he succeeded in making the huge orchestra swing on the few occasions the score permitted.

All four jazz musicians seemed much more at home in the second half of the program, devoted to such Brubeck staples as *St. Louis Blues*, *Take Five*, and *A Train* (on which an exchange between Brubeck and Morello provided what could have been the musical high spot of the evening).

Disregarding the question of the Third Stream works' musical merit, concerts such as this are good for jazz. Many in the audience, judging by their response, had never before heard the Brubeck quartet, but they seemed to like it—and respect it and its music.

The Brubeck quartet, incidentally, played without fee because the concert was for the benefit of the orchestra's pension foundation.

—Dave Bittan

### Blue Mitchell-Junior Cook

Pep's Musical Bar  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Personnel: Mitchell, trumpet; Cook, tenor saxophone; Chic Corea, piano; Gene Taylor, bass; Al Foster, drums.

All evening I kept thinking of the Wynnton Kelly Trio, a trio, one will recall, that used to be known as Miles Davis' rhythm section. When Davis reorganized his group, pianist Kelly, bassist Paul Chambers, and drummer Jimmy Cobb stayed together. Recently Kelly, Chamber, and Cobb have been attempting to shake off the ghost of Davis (they even used to play portions of his book) and to head in a direction of their own.

So far, no such luck with the Blue Mitchell-Junior Cook Quintet. Negatively put, this is simply three-fifths of an original Horace Silver Quintet. Here they've simply replaced (that's not the word for it) Silver with pianist Corea, and Foster has taken over drums for Roy Brooks. Otherwise things are pretty much the same, though not in an important sense.

The tunes the group played on the night of review weren't tunes written by Silver; but they certainly sounded like Silver's, with the same sharp, crisp, unison attack on the head arrangements of most tunes, a noticeable number of the same pushing riffs just beneath the surface, and a more-than-abstract thematic reminiscence of the best of Silver's writing.

Toward the end of the evening, however, the group got into a thing called *One Shirt* and caught fire. *Shirt*, a medium-to-up-tempo, bluesy type of tune, caught Cook at the right moment, and his playing meant something. And Mitchell showed he is still not getting enough attention for himself; he is a knowing trumpet player.

Because these men, at least three of them, have been only a few months together since their departure from the strong leadership personality of their mentor, it is to be expected, I suppose, that it will take some time for this quintet to come to any significant degree of musical excitement, individuality, and direction. I think they are at least in the running.

—Ben S. Page



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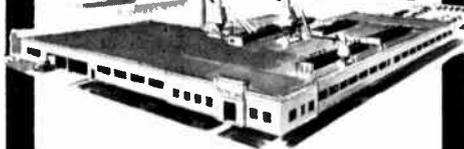
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**FEATHER'S NEST**

By LEONARD FEATHER

"The line grows thinner," said Rex Stewart.

A few hours had elapsed since we had learned the news of Don Redman's passing. Unlike the deaths of Charlie Parker or Jack Teagarden or Art Tatum, this death was an improbable subject for obituaries lamenting the end of an era. Too few of his contemporaries had stopped to consider that there had ever been a Don Redman era.

In a sense, all big-band jazz has been the Don Redman era. In the summer of 1923, when Fletcher Henderson's orchestra opened at a W. 44th St. cellar in New York City called the Club Alabam, "the heart of the style that the band was to bring to jazz was the arranging style of the band's alto player, Don Redman" (as Samuel B. Charters and Leonard Kunstadt observed in their *Jazz: A History of the New York Scene*).

It was Redman who conceived the idea of converting the ad lib jazz solo style into terms of sectional and ensemble writing. As Charters-Kunstadt have written, "The melodic lines were divided between the brass instruments and the saxophones, one section often beginning a phrase and the other finishing it. An early pattern in his arrangements was a melodic statement by the saxophones in harmony, with sudden interjections by the brass."

Cornetist Stewart recalls that he was aware even then of the magnitude of Redman's achievement.

"Don encouraged Fletcher to write; he was convinced that unarranged music was sterile," Stewart said. "And he was like a father to me. He was never too busy or too tired to show me exactly how a certain passage should be phrased or interpreted. In fact, it was Don who persuaded me to stay with Fletcher's band when I was overcome by the shock of having to fill Louis Armstrong's shoes."

Redman was more than just the first jazz arranger. There are many other initiatives to his credit. He was the first musician to bring to jazz a thorough musical education; few in his day, least of all Negroes, came from families equipped to send their children to conservatories as did Redman's musician parents.

He was the first Negro writer hired to score jazz for white bands. Eight years before the more publicized Henderson work for Benny Goodman, Redman was contributing to the libraries of Paul Whiteman and Ben Pollack.

When he formed his own band in 1931, Redman pioneered again. In an almost totally segregated musical society he became the first Negro bandleader to be heard regularly on a sponsored radio series. He was also the first to hire a three-piece trombone section, a daring innovation. He was the first writer to build a celebrated jazz composition on chromatically moving augmented chords, the basis of his beautiful and haunting radio theme *Chant of the Weed*.

As Stewart pointed out, a few years later Redman "opened up new vistas with his vocal parodies. He was a good lyric writer. What he did with tunes like *Auld Lang Syne* and *On the Sunny Side of the Street*, when he changed the words and built swinging unison-vocal ensembles on them, was copied by other arrangers and established a style for which he never got credit." (*Sunny Side*, as revamped by Redman in 1937, is echoed today in the Pied Pipers' version with the Tommy Dorsey Band.)

Even in later years Redman continued to break barriers. When he reorganized in 1946 after a long absence from the bandstand, his was the first U.S. band to tour in Europe after World War II. But when he came home, there was no place to play and no way to keep a band together.

As an instrumentalist, Redman was one of the three alto giants, with Benny Carter and Johnny Hodges, of the prewar era; but he always undervalued himself as a soloist and rarely played at all after 1940. For a while he doubled on soprano sax, playing it with a sound and style far more smooth and relaxed than Sidney Bechet's. He played almost every instrument known to jazz in the swing era, and in Stewart's opinion the trumpet was his real first love.

From 1951 his main sources of work were Pearl Bailey and Louie Bellson, for both of whom he wrote and conducted regularly. My last glimpse of him, a year or so ago, was at one of their sessions in a Hollywood recording studio. I had forgot what a little man he was—they called him the Little Giant—but could never forget his gentle, friendly manner. It was a pleasure to see him again as a conductor, but I missed the performer.

Perhaps the most neglected aspect of his many gifts was his singing. It was hardly singing at all—rather a quiet, comforting recitatif through which his own compositions, notably *Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You?*, hit their targets.

It would be foolish to try to enumerate all of Redman's talents, for as Benny Carter remarked when he heard of his death, "Don's musicianship was

surpassed by just one thing: his beauty as a human being. Everyone who knew him loved him."

Perhaps now we shall begin to see memorial albums in which all the great sides by the original Redman Orchestra, and the gems of the late 1920s by McKinney's Cotton Pickers when Don was directing that band in Detroit, will become available again—all the sides that should have been repackaged into LPs during his lifetime. Why do so many jazz tributes emerge only in time to console a widow? [EB]

## BYSTANDER

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

I have recently been at work on a chapter about cornetist Bix Beiderbecke for a book I'm writing. That work, among other things, has set certain thoughts in motion on the subject of jazz and race.

Many people believe that white jazz musicians, at least in the past, have not played like Negroes. But apparently some other people believe that to hold such a belief is prejudiced and insulting. But to whom is it insulting? And why is it prejudiced?

One reason that it is hard to discuss jazz and race is that standing in the way there is a holdover liberal attitude from the 1930s. We have heard so many generalizations on race or conclusions drawn from generalizations that are ridiculous or insulting or worse that some of us have taken a militant stance against any generalizations at all.

To go directly to the cliché, it has become despicable to say that Negroes have something called "natural rhythm." But let's stop and consider a minute: what if Negroes *did* have "natural rhythm"? Would it be a mark of inferiority to have "natural rhythm"? Is it really moral to insist (as some people do) that Negroes *could* not have "natural rhythm"?

Oriental have naturally black hair and naturally brown eyes—does it imply an inability to treat Orientals as individuals to say so?

If we look behind our stand against generalizations, we may discover a strange and bizarre prejudice: perhaps that stand puts us in the position of assuming that differences must imply innate superiority on one side or inferiority on the other. We simply will not allow any differences to exist because we are assuming (without realizing it) that all men are equal only if they are the same.

Of course, naturally brown eyes and "natural rhythm" are not necessarily the same sort of thing. And it would be perfectly easy to show that all

Negroes do not have "natural rhythm," and that some Negroes do not have very good acquired rhythm.

One can name Negro jazz musicians who have overcome youthful rhythmic problems and others who still have them. There are also Negro players who have a good sense of rhythm but don't have a good sense of jazz rhythm—that is to say, who keep steady time but don't swing. And there are Negro players who do swing but don't keep steady time.

But if I said that, in general, Negro jazz musicians have had fewer rhythmic problems than white jazz musicians, it seems to me that I would be saying something perfectly valid, and something far from insulting, whether the basis for it is racial or ethnic or environmental or whatever.

Certainly jazz was, first of all, the music of the American Negro people; certainly most major jazz musicians have been Negroes; certainly all major innovators in jazz have been Negroes. But there are Negro jazzmen who can't really improvise; there are those who can't play the blues authentically; and there are those for whom jazz is just a "style" whose mannerisms are not too difficult to learn and reproduce. On the other hand, a man like Bud Freeman is clearly and deeply dedicated to jazz not only as his music but as his

way of life.

I can't imagine a discussion of jazz drumming without words of praise for Dave Tough. Any talk of the trombone in jazz would be foolish without an acknowledgement of Jack Teagarden's contribution. There are white players who swing, who can play the blues, and in whose lives jazz is a central and consuming fact.

But to go back to where I started, I still cannot understand why there is anything wrong with feeling that white jazzmen in general do not play like Negroes.

I'm aware that one response to this idea is: "Of course, they don't sound like Negroes because those white men are not really playing jazz." If one chooses to call what Pee Wee Russell is playing or what Bill Evans is playing "not jazz," he is simply raising a pointless semantic argument over the meaning of the word *jazz*, and he is also probably avoiding the real issue. By a purely technical definition or by objective standards, Phil Woods plays jazz. By a critical or esthetic judgment, he plays good jazz, and he, therefore, plays good music.

And Bix Beiderbecke? Well, Beiderbecke introduced a particular and personal lyricism into the music that, in its quiet way, has affected everybody. [EB]

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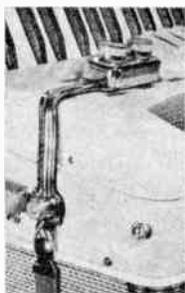
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## ARCHIE SHEPP

(Continued from page 20)

course, in his playing.

"The Negro musician is a reflection of the Negro people as a social and cultural phenomenon," he said. "His purpose ought to be to liberate America esthetically and socially from its inhumanity. The inhumanity of the white American to the black American as well as the inhumanity of the white American to the white American is not basic to America and can be exorcised. I think the Negro people through the force of their struggles are the only hope of saving America, the political or the cultural America.

"Culturally, America is a backward country; Americans are backward. But jazz is American reality—total reality. The jazz musician is like a reporter, an esthetic journalist of America. Those white people who used to go to those bistros in New Orleans thought they were listening to nigger music, but they weren't. They were listening to American music. But they didn't know it. Even today, those white people who go slumming on the east side may not know it, but they are listening to American music . . . the Negro's contribution, his gift to America. Some whites seem to think they have a right to jazz. Perhaps that's true, but they should feel thankful for jazz. It has been a gift that the Negro has given, but they can't accept that—there are too many problems involved with the social and historical relationship of the two peoples. It makes it difficult for them to accept jazz and the Negro as its true innovator.

"So far, I don't think the majority of white jazz musicians realize their function in jazz. They haven't found what their true roots are—they haven't dared go back to their own roots.

"I read an article about Lennie Tristano in *Down Beat* where he made some grievous statements, very shocking—almost racist, if I can use that word. It was a statement like 'just because a Negro plays jazz it doesn't necessarily make him a man.' Well that's a gratuitous assumption on his part; I don't think every Negro feels that way—maybe some. I know about the cult of soul and all that, but for a man to have that much gall, especially a white man, playing a music which has been given to him, rather graciously—in the light of that oppression—I think that man should be rather careful with his words, especially when he's criticizing the giver of a gift—you dig?—a marvelous gift."

## PECK KELLY

(Continued from page 22)

drawl. "I worked with Snoozer Quinn, for example, a good entertainer and a great guitarist. Snoozer played chords and melodies the way George Van Eps does, and he was doing that in the mid-'20s.

"You know, it seemed like all the nice guys were lusher in those days. Leon Rappolo was one. But he played great blues—on guitar as well as clarinet—and he was a gentleman. Jack and Pee Wee drank a lot then too.

"I guess people still think it's strange that I didn't go with the big names in the '30s. There sure were enough offers. It seemed to me that I could only make a couple of thousand dollars more each year that way, and what for? There was too much pressure in those bands.

"Maybe the real reason was that I never felt the need to entertain people. Jack and Louis Armstrong and the others *like* to please people. I like to play for myself. When I was on the stand playing in front of people, I was always wishing I could be doing the same thing at home instead.

"We used to play a lot in Galveston, which was a wild and wide-open town, completely in charge of the Maceo brothers. I'm not a moral giant, but it seems to me where gambling and all that are going on, musicians are aiding in the business of stealing other people's money. I didn't like it.

"As for all the other places you can work, it seems to me there are two types of listeners that come to hear you play—those who care about music and those who don't. And those who don't always outnumber the others. I'd rather play for myself."

Some months after talking with Kelley in Houston, I looked over Davenport's celebrated *Collier's* article again. Among other superlatives and lavender prose there was a statement by Kelley, obviously an honest quote, that sums up his outlook to this day:

"If I had a lot of money, the only thing I could do with it is buy what I already got. I could buy another piano, another phonograph, another suit. But I couldn't use two of everything. If a man's got all he needs, he don't need any more of the same. The more you got, the things you own, the more time you've got to spend watching them. I ain't saying I'm right for anybody else. That's only how I feel about Peck Kelley."

Kelley's playing days seem to be over, but his philosophy of life is intact, and he's happy with it. Teagarden was right; Peck Kelley is no kook. It might even be that some of us could learn something from him.

## AD LIB

(Continued from page 11)

the Monday night slot at the club in December. Painter **Larry Rivers**, who is also a tenor saxophonist, is the leader. The other nonprofessionals are bass trumpeter **Mike Zwerin** (who recently began a weekly jazz column in the newspaper *The Villager*) and trombonist **Howard Kanovitz**. The pros are pianist **Dick Katz**, bassist **Richard Davis**, and drummer **Walter Perkins**.

The **Dave Brubeck** Quartet played a December benefit concert at Wilton, Conn., for the McComb, Miss., Community Center. Also on the civil-rights front, a Village Gate benefit Dec. 27 for *Freedomways* (a quarterly devoted to the Negro freedom movement) had saxophonist **John Coltrane**, drummer **Max Roach**, singer **Abbey Lincoln**, and comedian **Dick Gregory** among the performers scheduled to appear. Trumpeter **Bill Dixon** was emcee. The Gate's regular December shows were a Latin battle of bands between **Mongo Santamaria's** and **Herbie Mann's** sextets. The **Thelonious Monk** Quartet followed and is there through Jan. 2.

Pianist **Billy Taylor** is back on New York air waves. Earlier this month, Taylor returned to his old slot on WLIB. **Mercer Ellington**, who replaced Taylor when the pianist switched to WNEW, left the late-afternoon show to accompany his father, **Duke**, on the road . . . Disc jockey **Alan Grant** moved to WABC-FM with a Monday-Friday jazz show that began Dec. 7. A special feature is a Friday night remote from the Half Note, where British tenor saxophonist **Tubby Hayes**, backed by pianist **Cedar Walton's** trio, did a one-week stand in early December . . . In Syracuse, N.Y., **Leo Rayhill** hosts an all-jazz record show over WQSR.

Teenaged drummer **Les DeMerle** signed with Associated Booking Corp. and left in late November for a one-month tour of U.S. Air Force bases in Labrador. His band included trumpeter **Chuck DiRazzio**, tenor saxophonist **Paul Jeffries**, pianist **Sadik Hakim**, and bassist **Steve Davis** . . . Clarinetist **Bill Smith** and pianist **Johnny Eaton** played two concerts Dec. 10 and 11 at the Pocket Theater. The clarinetist gave the U.S. premiere of pieces written for him by Eaton, **Larry Austin**, and **Gunther Schuller**.

Brazilian singer-guitarist **Joao Gilberto** did a solo recital at Town Hall in late November . . . The **Modern Jazz Quartet** gave a concert with guitarist **Laurindo Almeida** at Carnegie Hall Dec. 27 . . . **Orchestra U.S.A.** is to hold forth at Carnegie on Jan. 14 . . . Singer **Sheila Jordan** has been appearing at the Page Three on Mondays and Tuesdays . . . Trombonist **Lawrence Brown** did not leave the **Duke Ellington** Orchestra as reported earlier . . . Alto saxophonist **Lee Konitz** and guitarist **Jim Hall** headed a quartet at the Half Note in mid-December.

**BOSTON:** Trumpeter **Herb Pomeroy** will debut a jazz television show on Channel 2 . . . The **Dick Wright** Band is set to do a series of jazz concert-dances at local colleges . . . **Mamie Lee**, one of

Boston's most promising vocalists, will begin a concert tour at Worcester, Mass. . . . Bassist **Tony Eira's** septet, which features altoist **Dick Johnson**, opened at Boston's newest supper club, *Through the Looking Glass* . . . The **Dizzy Gillespie** Quintet broke attendance records at *Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike*. Shouter **Jimmy Rushing** followed the trumpeter. After a Sunday afternoon concert by guitarist **Carl Kress** and **George Barnes**, the club closed so that it can be moved—physically—250 feet north to provide more parking space. When the club is again on solid ground, organist **Joe Bucci** will be the first attraction . . . The local scene has been invigorated recently by the return of several Bostonians from the **Woody Herman** Herd. The returnees include trumpeters

**Paul Fontaine** and **Danny Nolan**, trombonist **Kenny Wenzel**, and tenor saxophonist **Jackie Stevens**. Fontaine and tenorist **Jimmy Mosher** (another former *Hermanite*) have formed a quintet.

**TORONTO:** **Romano Mussolini**, pianist son of former Italian dictator **Benito**, headed a quintet that was part of an Italian vaudeville troupe that played five performances at Radio City Theater. Mussolini and the others came to Canada after touring in Latin America . . . **Jimmy Rushing** and pianist **Teddy Wilson** joined forces for a recent stint at the Colonial Tavern. The crowds that came to hear the two were the largest the club has seen in some time . . . Trumpeter **Al Stanwyck**, formerly with the **Lionel**

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Hampton Band, led his own 15-piece orchestra at a Crest Theater concert. The concert also featured tenorist **Don Thompson's** quintet and singer **Tommy Ambrose** . . . Singers **Sue Raney** and **Gene Stridel** were recent features at the Town Tavern.

**PHILADELPHIA:** Swarthmore College held a two-day jazz "festival" early in December. Pianist-singer **Mose Allison** performed the first night and the **Modern Jazz Quartet** the second. **Gunther Schuller** also lectured on jazz at the event . . . The recent Academy of Music Sunday night concert featuring **Gloria Lynne**, **Maynard Ferguson**, **Horace Silver**, **Jaek McDuff**, **Sonny Stitt**, and **Redd Foxx** was a sell-out for its two performances . . . Singer **Carol Sloane** was in for several weeks at the Market St. Opera House. **Ethel Ennis**, who walked out of the Red Hill Inn after a disagreement, also was a recent vocal attraction at the Opera House . . . **Mel Torme**, backed by the **Jimmy Wisner Trio**, sang for a weekend at the Red Hill . . . **Clark Terry** was featured at a Sunday night session at Trenton's Club 50. The trumpeter was backed by former **Harry James** drummer **Tony DeNicola** and pianist **Johnny Coates Jr.** . . . The Cellar, a Levittown coffee house, has begun Sunday afternoon sessions. **Chuck Wicker**, former **Woody Herman** tenor man, has been featured with a quintet that includes young pianist **Kirk Nurock**.

**WASHINGTON:** Singer-pianist **Shirley Horn** is currently at the Salon d'Blues, the second-floor room at the Place Where Louie Dwells . . . **Washingtonian Butch Warren**, former bassist with **The Ionious Monk**, has been heading a trio recently at the Bohemian Caverns. **Gus Simms**, piano, and **Fred Snowden**, drums, round out the group.

**CHARLESTON, W.VA.** The **Modern Jazz Interpreters** of West Virginia State College, were featured at a Dec. 12 concert at Municipal Auditorium. The trio consists of pianist **Bob Thompson**, bassist **Teggie Minor**, and drummer **Tom Roberts**. The three students also present jazz concerts at local high schools. The group, augmented by Chicago alto saxophonist **Bunky Green** and vocalist **Margie Lowery**, performed at the behest of the government at a 1964 trade fair in Algeria.

**PITTSBURGH:** Friday and Saturday matinees at Crawford's Grill have become the meeting place of local jazzmen, who are able to hear the out-of-town groups the club books and still make their own gigs. **Max Roach's** group was a recent item at the Grill . . . The **Saints and Sinners**, which includes trombonist **Vie Diekenson** and pianist **Red Richards**, were featured at the Penn Sheraton Hotel last month. Local bassist **Dan Mastri** has been working with the group of late . . . More than 1,000 persons attended the annual Catholic Youth Organization dance at the Hilton Hotel recently. The Rev. **James Esposito** was the hit of the evening when he sat in on piano with **Walt Harper's** combo, which played the dance.

**CHICAGO:** Showboat Sari-S will suspend its Dixieland policy early in January in favor of a two-month series of melodramas. Singer **Blauche Thomas**, who has been working on the boat with pianist **Art Hodes' band**, returned to her native New Orleans. Meanwhile, **Hodes** has booked 80 jazz lecture-demonstrations at Wisconsin high schools; he leaves Jan. 11 for the tour . . . **Joe Segal** is presenting afterhour sessions at the Carnegie Theater on Fridays and Saturdays. The series began Dec. 8 with the **Pieces of Eight**. The last concert is this Saturday, Jan. 2 . . . **Dick Oakley** is the trumpeter with the cleansing tissue over the bell of his horn in a current television commercial. The other musicians are members of clarinetist **Bill Reinhardt's Jazz, Ltd.**, band . . . Trumpeter **Jonah Jones** worked a week at Mr. Kelly's before opening at the London House. A booking mistake brought Jones to town early, so the management—the clubs are owned by the same corporation—put him to work . . . Banjoist-guitarist **Mike McKendrick** is recuperating following treatment of an arterial disorder . . . Trumpeter **Jaek Ivett**, who was a mainstay of many traditional-jazz bands during his career, died following intestinal surgery Dec. 3.

**BLUES NOTES:** Blues singer-guitarist **Sleepy John Estes** and the **Tennessee Jug Busters** (**Hammie Nixon**, harmonica, and **Yank Raehell**, mandolin) were heard in a recent concert at Shimer College in Mount Carroll, Ill. . . . **Johnny Young's** blues trio (Young, guitar; **John Wrener**, harmonica; **Porkhops**, drums) entertained at a recent party at the Sutherland Hotel. The group had been heard most recently at Clara's Lounge at 77th and Halsted Sts. . . . Following his appearance at the University of Chicago's Mississippi blues concert, where he shared the platform with **Son House**, **Big Joe Williams** returned to his home in Mississippi by way of St. Louis.

**MILWAUKEE:** **Ciro's** now features jazz on Fridays and Saturdays. The **Bob Erickson Trio** currently is ensconced at the club . . . Jazz is part of the programming at the University of Wisconsin's new FM station, WUVM . . . Trumpeter **Al Hirt** played a concert here and also one in nearby Appleton early in December.

**DETROIT:** The Unstabled Theater moved to new quarters at 3927 Second Blvd., between Selden and Brainerd. Theater and jazz continue, with double the former seating capacity, and Sunday evening concerts have been initiated. The **Detroit Jazz Quintet** remains as house band . . . Alto saxophonist **Mike Couyoumjian** has replaced vibist **Jan DeNeau** (who left Detroit for California) at ½ Pint's, a new jazz club on Amsterdam Ave. **Keith Vreeland**, piano; **Dick Whigington**, bass; and **Jim Nemeth**, drums, complete the group . . . A new quartet consisting of trumpeter **Pierre Rochon**, pianist **Bob McDonald**, bassist **Frank Vojcek**, and drummer **Ron Johnson** debuted at Verne's Bar, on Wayne University campus, and will do two concerts at the Artists' Workshop

Jan. 10 and 17 . . . Saxophonist **Brent Majors** has replaced vibist **Haeh Grjegian** in the **Detroit Contemporary 5**, which played a benefit concert for *Spero* magazine at Flint Junior College Dec. 18 . . . Trent's Lounge has changed ownership and is now operating as Bruce's Bar. The jazz policy there continues, with **Don Robins' trio** Fridays and Saturdays and **Ron DePalma's trio** Sundays and Mondays . . . Harpist **Dorothy Ashby's** trio is working at the Cafe Gourmet . . . Vibist **Jaek Brokensha** returns to the downtown Caucus Club Jan. 4 with pianist **Bess Bonnier** and bassist **Niek Fiore**, of Jack's former group, returning to the fold . . . Trumpeter **Eddie Armour**, recently of New York, where he worked with **Erie Dolphy** and **Charles Mingus** before going off the scene for a while, returned to Detroit and has been sitting in at sessions around town . . . The first Monday night concert at the Drome Bar by trombonist **George Bohanon's** and tenorist **Ronnie Fields' new group** (**Kenny Cox**, piano; **Will Austin**, bass; **Bert Myriek**, drums) was a successful one. The quintet also played a December concert at the University of Windsor.

**ELSEWHERE IN MICHIGAN:** Pianist **Paul Vanston's** trio (**Dick Jula**, bass; **Joe Freyre**, drums) has started what may turn out to be a jazz renaissance in Saginaw. They have been playing an extended engagement at the Black Lantern. Two other Saginaw clubs have instituted jazz policies since last summer: Larry's Bar has saxophonist **Kent Wilson's** trio; LaSalle's has guitarist **Arnie Kane's** group . . . Guitarist **Ron English's** quartet has replaced the **Larry Wojcek 4** at Mr. B's in Lansing. Drummer **Wojcek** took his group (**Gary Barone**, trumpet; **Mike Cull**, piano; **Jerry Wright**, bass) into the Boyne Highlands ski resort in upstate Harbor Springs for the winter.

**CLEVELAND:** Leo's Casino featured the new **Cannonball Adderley** review (the altoist's sextet plus singer **Ernie Andrews** and the **Tommy Johnson Dancers**) during the holiday fortnight, after having presented the groups of multi-instrumentalist **Roland Kirk** and pianist **Ramsey Lewis** earlier in December. Leo's also plans to present the **John Coltrane Quartet**, and perhaps singer **Nina Simone**, in February . . . Local drummer **Jack Town** spent several weeks touring in the trio backing singer **Dakota Staton**. A recent addition to the Dixieland scene is **Fagan's Beacon House** on W. 11th St., where the **Bourbon Street Bums** provide musical entertainment. Other local mostly-traditional centers include the Monticello; the Hermit Club, where **Healy Dowd** leads a nine-piece aggregation; and the Theatrical Grill, which features **Dorothy Donegan**, the **Village Stompers**, **Henry (Red) Allen**, and **Jonah Jones** during December and January . . . Vocalists **Naney Ray** and **Bobby Bryan**, multi-reed man **Dave O'Rourke**, pianist-vibist **Bud Wattles**, bassist **Mike Charles**, and drummer **Harry Damas** gave a jazz concert at Valley Forge High School. The school's stage band also appeared . . . A Chicago emigre, tenor and soprano saxo-

phonist **Marvin Cabell**, leads a group at the Lucky Bar which includes organist **Bunyan Dowlen** and drummer **Jack Spratt**.

**KANSAS CITY:** This city, once famous for jamming, is having something of a resurgence in the art, much of it the result of the Leopard Lounge's open sessions on Saturday afternoons . . . Former resident **Bill Basie** brought his band back to play for the annual winter dance at the University of Missouri at Kansas City.

**BLOOMINGTON, IND.:** The **Jamey Aebersold-Everett Hoffman** Septet played an enthusiastically received concert at the Indiana University's Whittemburg Hall last month. The concert attracted 550 persons to the 535-seat hall. In addition to altoist Aebersold and tenorist Hoffman, the septet consisted of **Dick Washburn**, trumpet; **Dave Baker**, cello; **David Lahm**, piano; **Al Reeve**, bass; and **Preston Phillips**, drums.

**LOUISVILLE:** The First Unitarian Church recently presented a program of jazz vespers. The Prelude was arranged by trumpeter **Don Box**, the Offertory and Postludes by pianist **Don Murray**. Traditional hymns were sung with jazz accompaniment at the service . . . Murray also is a member of the **Concert Jazz Quartet**, whose other members are former Ray **McKinley** and **Woody Herman** tenor saxophonist **Bobby Jones**, bassist **Jack Brengle**, and drummer **Keith Marugg**. The group gave two concerts recently, one at the Louisville Jazz Club, the other at Garden Court, the site of the University of Louisville's school of music . . . Elsewhere in town, organ groups are prevalent; **Boogie Martin's** trio is at the Diamond Horseshow; **Billy Madison**, who has tenorist **Andrew Jackson** and drummer **Duke Madison** alongside his organ, have been working at JoAnn's Lounge; and trombonist **Tommy Walker**, at Champion Bowling Lanes' Golden Barrel, has **Ramon Howard** on the electronic instrument, joined by drummer **Irwin Thompson**, to back vocalist **Doris Johnson**.

**ST. LOUIS:** **Tom Widdicombe**, one of the most highly regarded drummers in St. Louis, joined the **Tommy Dorsey Orchestra**, under the direction of **Sam Donahue**, in December. It was something of a homecoming for Widdicombe; he had played with the band in 1956-'57 . . . Jerry's has inaugurated Monday night sessions with **Sandy Smith**, piano; **Herschell Harris**, bass; and **Gene Ganunage**, drums . . . Pianist **Dave Venn**, one of this area's most talented musicians, returned from Chicago for various jobs around town.

**NEW ORLEANS:** **Bill Bacin** of the New Orleans Jazz Club of California presented a **Barney Bigard** clarinet to the Jazz Museum . . . Singer **Teddi King** appeared recently at the Playboy Club . . . The **Village Stompers** played an engagement at **Al Hirt's** club while the trumpeter was on tour . . . A jazz and poetry ses-

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sion was held recently at the Workshop Theater at Louisiana State University in New Orleans. The musical background was not on-the-spot improvisation but was rudimentally pre-structured by tenor saxophonist **Rene Coman** and bassist **Leonard Hellmers** . . . **Willie Tee** and the Souls, a local group, played on organist **Jimmy Smith's** program at the Loyola fieldhouse . . . A birthday party in honor of **Papa John Joseph** on his 90th birthday was held at Preservation Hall in November. Papa John played bass at the session, which featured the **Eureka Brass Band**.

**DALLAS:** **Tony Papa** of Associated Booking Corp. is negotiating with southwestern colleges for a jazz concert series featuring trumpeter **Conte Candoli**; **Frank Rosolino**, trombone; **Richie Kamuca**, tenor saxophone; **Paul Guerrero**, drums, and a bassist and pianist to be chosen . . . The orchestras of **Duke Ellington** and **Lionel Hampton** packed Brookhaven Country Club two Sunday evenings recently . . . Altoist **Lou Donaldson's** quartet, the **Hank Crawford Band**, and singer **Lou Rawls** played recent one-nighters at Louanns. Rawls is slated to return Feb. 7 . . . At the annual fall concert of the North Texas State University Lab Bands, director **Leon Breeden** presented **Oliver Nelson's** extended work *Soundpiece*. It was the first U.S. performance of the piece. Alto saxophonist **Alan Gauvin** was soloist.

**OKLAHOMA CITY:** Former **Count Basie** baritone saxophonist **Jack Washington** died here late in November. Washington was born in Kansas City, Mo., in 1912. In the early '30s he worked with the **Bennie Moten Band**, and in 1935 he joined the fledgling Basie crew at the Reno club in Kansas City. The baritonist stayed with Basie until 1950, when he settled here.

**LAS VEGAS:** Trumpeter **Harry (Sweets) Edison** was temporarily added to the **Count Basie Band** by special request of **Frank Sinatra** for the singer's recent engagement with Basie at the Sands Hotel. The singer recorded an LP with the band while at the Sands . . . Altoist **Marvin Koral** heads Tuesday night sessions at the Sneak Joint. Among the sessions' regulars are drummer **Harry Jaeger**, tenor saxophonist **Glenn Stainer**, and trumpeter **Lu Dell** . . . Veteran trumpeter **Benny Woodworth** has moved here and is working at the Mint with **Johnny La Monte's** Dixieland band on Wednesdays . . . Trombonist-arranger **Gary Carney** has joined trumpeter **George Rock's** sextet at the Sahara Hotel . . . Trumpeter **Ralph Gentile** has formed a big band and is working several large convention dates with it . . . Pianist **Joe Burton** has left his long-term gig at the Castaways to take over the management of the club he recently bought, which now bears his name. Burton, who also owned a club in New Orleans, plays solo nightly and holds sessions Fridays and Saturdays.

**RENO:** Tenor saxophonist **Tony Carr** and his jazz quartet are working weekends

at the Studio Lounge . . . Pianist **Frank Patchen** has brought his group into the Basin St. club for an indefinite stay.

**LOS ANGELES:** Altoist **Art Pepper** is well on the mend from recent surgery for hernia . . . For the eighth time, **John Green** will be music director and conductor for the 37th annual Oscar show April 5 . . . Singer **Helen Humes** has been out of the U.S. music picture for some six months; she traveled to Australia in June, 1964, for a 12-week engagement and has been working there ever since. She will remain Down Under at least until the end of January when she is due to perform as one of the stars of the **Count Basie Jazz Festival** the last week of the month . . . Studio colleagues are mourning the recent death of trombonist **Marshall Craun**, who fatally shot himself Nov. 29. The studio musician, who also was prominent in Hollywood union activities, leaves a widow, **Terri**, two daughters, a son, parents, and a brother. He was 39 . . . Pianist **Ben Rozet** and bassist **Vic Mio** were signed for an additional six months at the Frigate in Manhattan Beach, which has become the leading jazz spot in the south bay area since it opened less than a year ago . . . **Ella Fitzgerald** sings at a concert-in-the-round at the Hyatt Music Theater in Burlingame, Calif., starting Jan. 26 for one week

**SAN FRANCISCO:** **Sonny Rollins** brought a new rhythm section with him for his appearance at Basin Street West: pianist **Freddie Redd**, bassist **Don Moore**, and drummer **Beaver Harris** . . . **John Coles** had replaced **Richard Williams** as trumpeter with **Yusef Lateef's** quintet when the combo played the Jazz Workshop here. Others in the group were **Mike Nock**, piano; **Melvin Jackson**, bass; and **James Black**, drums . . . The duo of clarinetist **Jimmy Giuffre** and bassist **Barre Phillips** played a concert at California State College at Hayward en route from Los Angeles to New York City. It was Giuffre's first appearance in the bay area in six years.

**EUROPE:** Tenorist **Johnny Griffin** and drummer **Art Taylor** have been appearing at several of Europe's major jazz clubs recently. Through November and December they played at Copenhagen's Montmartre with **Kenny Drew**, piano, and **Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen**, bass, rounding out the quartet. Taylor and Griffin are next scheduled to appear at the Metropol in Oslo beginning the first week in January . . . Tenor saxophonist **Albert Ayler's** quartet (trumpeter **Don Cherry**, bassist **Gary Peacock**, and drummer **Sonny Murray**) have made a short but successful tour through The Netherlands. The group played in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and Alkmaar, and made a radio broadcast in Hilversum. The tour's organizer, **Paul Karting**, had some difficult moments when Murray refused to play at Alkmaar, and the show went on without the drummer.

**LONDON:** Negotiations are at hand for a return visit by trumpeter **Buck Clayton**, who recently concluded a tour with the

**Humphrey Lyttleton Band**. Clayton hopes to be back in 1965 with blues singer **Joe Turner** . . . After a lengthy residency in England, **Bill Russo** gave a farewell concert at St. Pancras Town Hall before returning to the United States. Featured at the concert were the **London Jazz Orchestra** conducted by Russo and singers **Annie Ross** and **Bobby Breen** . . . A re-



HENK VISSER

Griffin  
A busy man in Europe

cent concert of modern jazz at the Seymour Hall featured the big bands of pianist **Harry South** and **Humphrey Lyttleton**, the **Joe Harriott Quintet**, saxophonist **Ronnie Scott**, and the **Dick Morrissey Quartet**. **Dick Jordan's** Klooks Kleek Klub has discontinued its modern jazz nights after four years. Since the r&b boom the jazz clubs have been running at a financial loss . . . Another club, **Ronnie Scott's**, has celebrated its fifth year in business. Recently at the club was **Ben Webster**, and there are plans to present **Sonny Rollins**, **Dizzy Reece**, and **Philly Joe Jones** in the near future . . . Singer **Annie Ross** has opened her own supper club here. It will feature the **Tony Kinsey Quintet** and organist **Alan Haven**, as well as **Miss Ross** . . . On his forthcoming tour singer **Jimmy Witherspoon** will be backed by **Dick Charlesworth's** quintet.

**COPENHAGEN:** Never have the Danish airwaves been so crowded with jazz. Producer **Sten Bramsen** is running a biweekly television jazz-news show called *Jazzorama*. **Borge Roger Henriksen**, a former jazz pianist, has a weekly jazz-and-interview show, and the radio network has piled up a backlog of segments featuring tenor saxophonist **Booker Ervin** and pianist **Bill Evans**, among others. Credit for this interest goes to director **Niels Jorgen Kaiser**, a confirmed jazz aficionado, and the new president of the Danish broadcasting system, **Erik Carlsen**, a one-time jazz bassist.

**OSLO:** Tenorist **Ben Webster** is scheduled to play the Metropol here during the last week of January or first of February. It will be his first visit to Norway. Others to appear recently at the club have been English tenor saxophonist **Dick Morrissey** and Swedish pianist **Bengt Hallberg**. Hallberg also played for an Oslo radio program, *Contrasts*, with concert pianist **Kjell Baekkelund**.

**PARIS:** The orchestras of **Marc Laferriere** and **Henri Renaud** gave a public concert at the Palais de la Radio in late November . . . Drummer **Kenny Clarke's**

trio (featuring guitarist **Rene Thomas** and organist **Lou Bennett**) has been active on the concert scene. An appearance in Lille drew an audience of 2,200... Brazilian guitarist **Baden Powell**, now living here, recorded an album for Barclay... The left bank club, Trois Maillets, held an open house last month as a benefit for the ailing trumpeter **Peanuts Holland** who is hospitalized in this city... Pianist **George Arvanitas**, for a long time the regular accompanist at the Blue Note for visiting tenor men such as **Dexter Gordon**, **Johnny Griffin**, and **Sonny Stitt**, announced his intention of emigrating to the United States in December... Organist **Larry Young** has been playing at the Chat Qui Peche.

**LAUSANNE:** The French trio of pianist **Jacques Loussier** (Pierre Michelot, bass, and **Christian Garros**, drums) played several concerts here after a three-week tour of the United States and Canada. The trio features jazz interpretations of **Bach**.

**GENEVA:** Appearing at the Blue Note here has been the Swedish combo of trombonist **Eje Thelin** with Polish bassist **Roman Dylag** and drummer **Rune Carlson**. Also at the club was an international group featuring tenor saxophonist **Gato Barbieri** from Argentina, drummer **Mahkia** of South Africa (formerly with pianist **Dollar Brand's** group), and pianist **Franco Dandrea** from Italy.

**WARSAW:** The eighth jazz season at Philharmonic Hall is now in full swing. The first concert bill included the **Ptaszyn-Wroblewski Quartet** and the trombone section of the Polish Radio Band under the direction of **Boguslaw Klimczuk**... The Polish Artists Agency recently organized a big showing of Polish music groups for foreign managers. From both east and west 37 managers from 12 countries were invited to see the 400 musicians who took part in the show... The **Zbigniew Namyslowski Quartet** has recently concluded a highly successful tour of Britain and has been invited to appear there again in February... Jam sessions have become a regular Saturday night date at Warsaw's SPAM Club. The sessions have attracted the attention and are popular with both musicians and fans.

**JAPAN:** The Jazz Messengers with **Roy Haynes** substituting for **Art Blakey** swung through here in November. Also on a month-long tour during November was **Kenny Ball's** British Dixie group. It played cities in Japan that never before had seen a live performance of a foreign jazz group... **Louis Armstrong's** All-Stars toured during the Christmas holidays, including U.S. military appearances as well as Japanese dates. The Tokyo Kosei Nenkin Kaikan shows on Dec. 24 and 25 were sold out one month before... **Buddy Rich**, **Louie Bellson**, **Philly Joe Jones**, and **Charlie Persip** will tour Japan the first weeks of January in a repeat "four-drummer" package format that was highly successful a year ago. **Toshiko Mariano** and **Blue Mitchell** are among those who will accompany the group of percussionists.

Statements attributed to a leading Japanese jazz critic describing the Japan Musicians' Union as a "condolence card"

and "flower-bouquets-at-weddings" organization (**DB**, Sept. 10) have incensed that organization's founders and officers. Most union members blame Japan's musicians themselves for the organization's inability to function as a union along the lines of the AFM.

**RECORD NOTES:** **Shorty Rogers** has been appointed West Coast a&r director of Regina records. The trumpeter-composer, in addition to writing arrangements for the firm's artists, will head his own dates. Regina also signed pianist **Al Haig**... Cornetist **Nat Adderley** signed with Atlantic... Altoist **Charlie McPherson** recorded his first date with Prestige recently. He used trumpeter **Carmell Jones**, pianist **Barry Harris**, bassist **Nelson Boyd**, and drummer **Al Heath**... Latin percussionist **Mongo Santamaria** signed with Columbia... Mainstream signed trumpeter-singer **Clark Terry**, whose vocal recording of *Mumbles* with the **Oscar Peterson Trio** was beginning to show up on pop-singles charts... The **Firehouse Five+2** have had a new album released by the Good Time Jazz label, their first in some time. **Lester Koenig**, president of GTJ and Contemporary records, told *Down Beat*: "In the next nine months we will release at least two albums each by **Hampton Hawes**, **Art Pepper**, **Jimmy Woods**, and **Phineas Newborn**." The latter, he added, is making "good progress" in psychiatric treatment at **Camrillo State Hospital** where he has been for some time.

**THE OTHER SIDE:** Saxophonist-composer **Edgar Summerlin** has received a grant from Broadcast Music, Inc., to conduct experiments in the composition of contemporary music and its uses at **Bard College**, **Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y.** The project includes the writing of an oratorio for chorus and jazz group, a complete vocal service for chorus and organ, and two groups of hymns for jazz group, chorus, and organ... **Gunther Schuller's** second season of New York concerts—the series is titled *20th-Century Innovations*—began Dec. 11 at **Carnegie Recital Hall**. Other performances are on Feb. 10, March 19, and April 15. **Schuller** also conducted the **Toronto Symphony Orchestra** in the world premiere of his *Five Shakespeare Songs for Baritone and Orchestra* last month over the CBC network. The Canadian program included his *Symphony for Brass and Percussion* and *Variants for Jazz Quartet and Symphony Orchestra*... Also in Toronto, the **James Joyce Society** paid tribute to the Irish writer with a program of avant-garde music set to texts from *Ulysses* and *Finnegan's Wake*. The compositions were by **Luciano Berio**, **Bruno Maderna**, **John Cage**, **George Cacioppo**, and **Udo Kasemets**... The **Louisville Orchestra** is celebrating the 10th anniversary of its own record label, which features contemporary music commissioned and performed by the orchestra... The **Robert Joffrey Ballet** received a grant of \$155,000 from the Ford Foundation. The ballet company, under terms of the grant, is to use works of U.S. composers whenever possible.

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# WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing by urban area of jazz performers, where and when they are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to Down Beat, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago 6, Ill., six weeks prior to cover date.  
LEGEND: hb.—house band; tfn.—til further notice; unk.—unknown at press time; wknds.—weekends.

## NEW YORK

Ali Baba: Louis Metcalf, Jimmy Neely, tfn.  
Au Go Go: Herbie Mann, 1/3-tfn.  
Basin Street East: Duke Ellington to 1/28. Vicki Carr, 2/4-2/27.  
Birdland: Woody Herman, 1/1-1/9.  
Blue Spruce Inn: Dorothy Donegan to 1/15.  
Broken Drum: Wilbur DeParis, tfn. Eddie Wilcox, Mon.  
Champagne Gallery: Steve Lacy, Sun. afternoons.  
Chuck's Composite: Don Payne, tfn.  
Concerto West: Jesse Wilks, tfn.  
Cork 'n' Bib (Westbury): jazz, wknds. Jam sessions, Mon.  
Coronet (Brooklyn): name jazz groups.  
Duplex: Raymond Johnson, tfn.  
Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko, tfn.  
Eleventh Hour East: Jay Chasin, tfn.  
Five Spot: Teddy Wilson, tfn. Upper Bohemian Six, Mon.  
Gaslight Club: Clarence Hutchenrider, Charlie Queener, George Wettling, Mike Shiffer, hbs.  
Gordian Knot: Leroy Parkins, hb.  
Half Note: Al Cohn-Zoot Sims to 1/14.  
Hickory House: Mary Lou Williams, John Bunch, tfn.  
Metropole: Henry (Red) Allen, Max Kaminsky, tfn.  
Open End: Scott Murray, Duke Jordan, Slam Stewart, hb.  
Page Three: Sheila Jordan, Mon., Tue.  
Penthouse Club: Joe Mooney, tfn.  
Playboy Club: Les Spann, Milt Sealy, Walter Norris, Mike Longo, Monty Alexander, hbs.  
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Marshall Brown, Tony Parenti, hb.  
Strollers: Marian McPartland, tfn.  
Tobin's: Lee Blair, Hank Duncan, hb.  
Village Gate: Johnny Richards, Arthur Prysock, Dick Gregory, 1/29-30, 2/5-6, 2/12:13, 2/19-20, 2/26-27.  
Village Vanguard: Monk to 1/2.  
Wells': Buddy Henry, tfn.

## BOSTON

Beachcomber (Wollaston Beach): Lou Colombo, Sun. afternoons.  
Chez Freddie: Maggie Scott, Eddie Stone, tfn.  
Connolly's: unk.  
Gaslight Room: Basin Street Boys, tfn.  
Gilded Cage: Bullmoose Jackson, tfn.  
Jazz Workshop: unk.  
Number 3 Lounge: Saby Lewis, tfn.  
Saxony: Clarence Jackson, tfn.  
Through the Looking Glass: Tony Eira, Bobby Jay, Jack Peterson, Mark Levine, tfn.  
Westgate Lounge (Brockton): Lou Colombo, Thur.

## WASHINGTON

Anna Maria's: Tony D'Angelo, tfn.  
Rayou: Eddie Dimond, hb.  
Bohemian Caverns: unk.  
Cafe Lounge: Ann Read, Billy Taylor Jr., tfn.  
Charles Hotel: Kenny Fulcher-Slide Harris, Thur.Sat., hb.  
Charley's: Newton Thomas, Steve Jordan, tfn.  
Fireplace: Tommy Chase, Joyce Carr, tfn.  
Lincoln Inn: Joe Speck, tfn.  
Place Where Louie Dwells: Shirley Horn, tfn.  
Red Coach Inn: Charlie Schner, Keith Hodgson, tfn.  
Shadows: unk.  
Showboat Lounge: Charlie Byrd, tfn.  
Stouffer's Restaurant: John Eaton, tfn.

## PHILADELPHIA

Cadillac Sho-Bar: Chuck Jackson, 1/4-9.  
Club 50 (Trenton): Johnny Coates Jr.-Tony De-Nicola-Johnny Ellis, tfn.  
Drake Hotel: Joe Derise, tfn.  
Krechmer's: Billy Krechmer, tfn.  
La Salute (Trenton): Marty Bergen, tfn.  
Latin Casino: Peggy Lee, 1/11-24.  
Market Street Opera House: DeWitt Kay, hb.  
Metropole: Coatesville Harris, hb.  
Old Penn Tavern: Mop Dudley, tfn.  
Pilgrim Gardens Lounge: Good Time Six, tfn.  
Red Hill Inn: Sammy Paul, hb.  
Saxony East: DeLloyd McKay, tfn.  
Second Fret: folk artists.  
Show Boat: Russian Jazz 4, Jimmy McGriff, to 1/2.

## NEW ORLEANS

Blue Room: Roy Liberto, 1/14-2/14.  
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.  
Famous Door: Mike Lala, Jan Allison, Santo Pecora, tfn.  
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, tfn.  
Goliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.  
Harmony Inn: Kid Sheik, wknds.  
Al Hirt's: Fred Crane, afterhours.  
King's Room: Laverne Smith, tfn.  
Old Absinthe House: Marvin Kimball, tfn.  
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, tfn.  
Paddock Lounge: Clem Tervalon, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.  
Pepe's: Larry Muhoberac, tfn.  
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Buddy Prima, hbs.  
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

## DALLAS

Black Garter: Howard Stafford, hb. Barry Lee to 1/24.  
Blackout: Charles Gray, Les Watson, tfn.  
Bon Vivant: Ernie Johnson, hb.  
Empire Room: Don Ragon, hb.  
Fink Mink: Banks Diamond, hb. Janie Ames, tfn. Sessions, alternate Sun.  
Music Box: Jack Pierce, hb. Shirley Murray, tfn.  
Keg: Louis Lindsey, Dee Kirkland, tfn.  
King's Club: John Farley, hb. Max Cooper to 1/23.  
Levee: Ed Bernet, hb. Levee Singers, tfn.  
Louanns: Robert Patterson, tfn. Sessions, Sun.  
Nero's Nook: Don Jacoby to 1/22.  
Red Garter: Phil Rubin, tfn.  
Roadrunner (Fort Worth): Dick Harp, tfn.  
Twentieth Century: Ira Freeman, tfn.  
Village Club: George Mosse, hb.

## ST. LOUIS

Black Horse: Jean Trevor, Jim Becker, tfn.  
Blue Note (East St. Louis): Leo's Five, tfn.  
Bustles & Bows: St. Louis Ragtimers, tfn.  
Hawaiian Roma: Bernard Hutcherson, Sun. sessions.  
Jerry's: Sandy Smith, Mon.  
Kings Bros. Motel: Eddy Johnson, hb.  
Merry-Go-Round: Sal Ferrante, hb.  
Opera House: Singleton Palmer, hb.  
Patio: Billy Harris, Fri-Sat.  
Playboy Club: Jasper Salerno, Sam Malone, Murray Jackman, hbs.  
Silver Dollar: Muggsy Sprecher, tfn.  
Sorrento's: Herb Drury, Thur-Sat.  
Tiger's Den: Sammy Gardner, hb.  
Tres Bien: Gene Gammage, tfn.  
Upstream: Gale Belle, wknds.  
Yacht Club: Courtney Goodman Jr., wknds.

## KANSAS CITY

Aladdin's Lamp: Pete McShann, tfn.  
Barbory Coast: Jay McShann, Priscilla Bowman, tfn.  
Bagdad Lounge: Five Scamps, tfn.  
Golden Horseshoe: Betty Miller, Milt Able, tfn.  
Inferno: Fred Muro, tfn.  
Interlude: Pearl Nance, tfn.  
Jerry's: Charlotte Mansfield, tfn.  
Leopard Lounge: Bob Simes, Fri.  
Loreli: Bucky Wyzar, tfn.  
Pepe's Lounge: Jerry Willis, Harold Henley, tfn.  
Playboy: Frank Smith, tfn.

## CLEVELAND

Bird Cage: Tony Lavano, wknds.  
Bola Kai (Southgate): jazz wknds.  
Brothers: Joe Howard, wknds.  
Casa Blanca: Smitty Al, wknds.  
Cedar Gardens: Ray Banks-Nat Fitzgerald, Thur-Sat.  
Club 100: Joe Alexander-Butch Strong, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.  
Corner Tavern: unk.  
Cucamonga: Joe Alessandro, tfn. Johnny Trush, wknds.  
Esquire: Eddie Baccus-Lester Sykes, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.  
Fagan's Beacon House: Bourbon St. Bums, wknds.  
Harvey's Hideaway: George Peters, tfn.  
LaRue: East Jazz Trio, tfn.  
Leo's Casino: Cannonball Adderley to 1/3.  
Lucky Bar: Marvin Cabell, Thur-Sat.  
Masiello's: Gigosos, wknds.  
Monticello: Ted Paskert-George Quittner, wknds.

La Porte Rouge: Bill Gidney, wknds.  
 Punch & Judy: Eddie Nix, hb.  
 Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, hb.  
 Shaker House Motel: Angel Sanchez, tfn.  
 Stouffer's Tack Room: Eddie Ryan-Bill Bandy, hb.  
 Tangiers: Dave O'Rourke, wknds.  
 Theatrical Grill: Village Stompers to 1/2. Henry (Red) Allen, 1/4-16. Jonah Jones, 1/18-2/6.  
 Bob McKee, Nancy Ray, hbs.

## DETROIT AND MICHIGAN

Artists' Workshop: Concerts, Sun. afternoon.  
 Detroit Contemporary 5, hb. Bob McDonald-Pierre Rochon, 1/10-17. Harold McKinney, 1/24.  
 Black Lantern (Saginaw): Paul Vanston, tfn.  
 Boyne Highlands (Harbor Springs): Larry Wojek, tfn.  
 Brass Rail: Armand Grenada, tfn.  
 Bruce's Lounge: Ron DePalma, Sun.-Mon. Don Robins, Fri.-Sat.  
 Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, tfn.  
 Caucus Club: Jack Brokensha, tfn.  
 Checker Bar-B-Q: John Truedell, afterhours, Mon.-Thurs. Mel Ball, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.  
 Chit Chat: Sessions, Tue.  
 Drome Bar: Kenny Burrell to 1/3. Shirley Scott-Stanley Turrentine, to 1/20.  
 Falcon Bar (Ann Arbor): Max Wood, Mon.-Wed., Sat. George Overstreet, Fri.  
 Half Pint's: Mike Couyoumjian, Fri.-Sun.  
 Hobby Bar: Jimmy Johnson, Fri.-Sun.  
 LaRosa's Bar: Willie Wells, tfn.  
 Larry's Bar (Saginaw): Kent Wilson, tfn.  
 LaSalle (Saginaw): Arnie Kane, tfn.  
 Linford Bar: Emmet Slay, tfn.  
 Mermaid's Cave: King Bartel, tfn.  
 Mr. B's (Lansing): Ron English, tfn.  
 Odom's Cave: Bill Hyde, Fri.-Sun.  
 Page's: Frank Morelli, tfn.  
 Playboy Club: Booboo Turner, Vince Mance, Matt Michaels, hbs.  
 Rouge Lounge (River Rouge): sessions, Sun. afternoon, Johnny Griffith, hb.  
 Red Shingle (Port Huron): Bob Pierson, tfn.  
 Scotch & Sirlint: Harold McKinney, tfn.  
 Sports Bar (Flint): Sherman Mitchell, tfn.  
 Unstable Theater: afterhours, sessions, Fri.-Sat. Detroit Jazz Quintet, hb.  
 Village Gate: Jim Hartway, Fri.-Sat.  
 Waterfall (Ann Arbor): Clarence Byrd, tfn.

## CHICAGO

Big John's: Paul Butterfield, Wed.-Sat. Tommy Ponce, Sun.  
 Bourbon Street: Eddy Davis, hb.  
 Hungry Eye: Ken Rhodes, wknds.  
 Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Dave Remington, Thur.  
 London House: Joao Gilberto to 1/11. Marian-Jimmy McPartland to 1/31. Gerry Mulligan, 2/1-14. Erroll Garner, 2/16-28. Eddie Higgins, Lee Noble, hbs.  
 Magoo's: Mike Bloomfield, Wed.-Sun.  
 McKie's: Ramsey Lewis to 1/3.  
 Midas Touch: Judy Roberts, tfn.  
 Mister Kelly's: Larry Novak, John Frigo, hbs.  
 Olde East Inn: unk.  
 Olde Town Gate: Franz Jackson, Mon.-Tue. Larry Boyle, tfn.  
 Outhaus: Pieces of Eight, Wed., Sun.  
 Playboy: Harold Harris, Joe Parnello, Gene Eposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.  
 Plugged Nickel: Horace Silver to 1/3.  
 Red Arrow (Stickney): Franz Jackson, Fri.-Sat.  
 Showboat Sari-S: Art Hodges, tfn.  
 Sylvio's: Howlin' Wolf, wknds.  
 Velvet Swing: Harvey Leon, tfn.

## MILWAUKEE

Ciro's: Bob Erickson, Fri.-Sat.  
 Club Chateau: Soul Brothers, wknds.  
 Columns Room: Les Czimer, tfn.  
 Dimitri's: Kenny Danish, Fri.-Sat. Frank Vlasis, Thur., Sun.  
 English Room: Frank Vlasis, Fri.-Sat.  
 Layton Place: Frank DeMiles, Fri.-Sat.  
 Ma's Place: Tom Marsch, Wed., Thur., Sun.  
 Four Star Quartet, Fri.-Sat.  
 Motor Coach Inn: Zig Millonzi, tfn.  
 Music Box: Bev Dean, wknds.  
 New Flame: Loretta Whyte, tfn.  
 Sunny Italy: Frank Vlasis, Tue. Bob Ullenberg, wknds.  
 Tunnel Inn: Dick Ruedebusch, tfn.

## LOS ANGELES

Adams West Theater: jazz concerts, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.  
 Beverly Cavern: Johnny Lucas, Fri.-Sat.  
 Carriage House (Hurbank): Jimmie Rowles, Max Bennett, Nick Marlinis, Sun.-Mon.  
 Chico's (Inglewood): Gene Palmer, Fri.-Sat.  
 Club Havana: Rene Block, hb.  
 Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, hb.  
 Frigate (Manhattan Beach): Ben Rozet, Vic Mio, tfn.  
 Hermosa Inn: Jack Langlos, Fri.-Sat.

Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.  
 Hollywood Plaza: Hotel: Johnny Guarnieri, tfn.  
 Honeybucket (Costa Mesa): Walt Ventre's French Quarter Jazz Band, Fri.-Sat.  
 Hot Toddy's (Glendale): Hot Toddy Dixieland Band, hb.  
 Intermission Room: William Green, tfn.  
 International Hotel (International Airport): Kirk Stuart, tfn.  
 It Club: Sunday morning sessions.  
 Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey): Johnny Laue, tfn.  
 Lancers (Santa Ana): Lyn Rose, Mon.-Sat.  
 Le Cabaret (Palm Springs): John Veith, John Doling, tfn.  
 Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, hb. Various other groups.  
 Lazy X (North Hollywood): Rick Fay, Charlie Lodice, Jack Coon, Tom Geckler, Sun. afternoon.  
 Memory Lane: Gerald Wiggins, tfn.  
 Marty's: Henry Cain, Ray Crawford, tfn.  
 Metro Theater: jazz concerts, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.  
 Norm's Green-Lake Steak House (Pasadena): Joyce Collins, Monty Budwig, Mon.-Tue.  
 Palace (Santa Barbara): Gene Bolen, tfn.  
 P.J.'s: Eddie Cano, tfn.  
 Plush Horse (Redondo Beach): Earl Bostic to 1/3.  
 Red Carpet (Nite Life): Johnny Dial, tfn.  
 Red Chimney (Silver Lake): Pete Jolly, Thur.-Sat.  
 Roaring '20s (La Cienega): Pete Bealman, tfn.  
 Royal Tahitian (Ontario): Rex Stewart, Fri.-Sat.  
 Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Tommy Strode, Bobby Sears, Leroy Vinnegar, Fri.-Mon.  
 Royal Lion: Matty Matlock, Tue.-Sat. Tue.-Sat.  
 San Francisco Club (Garden Grove): Ed Loring, hb.  
 Shelly's Mann-Hole: Vince Guaraldi, Bola Sete, to 1/3.  
 Sherry's: Don Randi, tfn.  
 Storyville (Pomona): Ray Martin, tfn.  
 Strand Theater: sessions, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.  
 Straw Hat (Garden Grove): Unquenchables, tfn.  
 Sultan Room (Hollywood): Richard Aplan, Sun, 11 a.m.-4 p.m.  
 Tops Restaurant (San Bernardino): Connie Wills, sessions.  
 Wilshire House Hotel: Lennie Bluett, tfn.

## SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Miles Davis to 1/16. Dizzy Gillespie, 1/20-2/7. Clara Ward Singers, 2/8-16. Jimmy Smith, 2/17-3/9. Modern Jazz Quartet, 3/10-20.  
 Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, Fri.-Sat.  
 Dale's (Alameda): George Stoicich, wknds.  
 Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.  
 El Matador: Vince Guaraldi, Bola Sete, tfn.  
 Gold Nugget (Oakland): Stan Kenton alumni, Fri.-Sat.  
 Hungry i: Eddie Duran, hb.  
 Jack's of Sutter: Merl Saunders, Tommy Butler, tfn.  
 Jazz Workshop: Junior Mance, Jimmy Witherspoon, to 1/3. John Handy, Mon.  
 Jimbo's Pop City: Freddie Gambrell, afterhours.  
 Parker's Soulville: Dewey Redman, afterhours.  
 Pier 23: Burl Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.  
 Tin Pan Alley (Redwood City): unk.  
 Trident (Sausalito): Jean Hoffman, tfn. Denny Zeitlin, Mon.  
 Twelve Adler Place: Vernon Alley, Shelly Robbin, tfn.

## SEATTLE

Blue Banjo: various traditional groups, Mon.-Sat.  
 Embers: Chuck Mahaffey, tfn.  
 Gaslamp: Bud Shultz, tfn.  
 Shakey's: Jack Caskey, hb., Fri.

## PARIS

Blues Bar: Sonny Criss, Mae Mercer, tfn.  
 Blue Note: Kenny Clarke, Lou Bennett, Rene Thomas, Pony Poindexter, tfn.  
 Cameleon: Guy Lafitte, tfn.  
 Caveau de la Huchette: Maxim Saury, tfn.  
 Chat Qui Peche: Larry Young, Woody Shaw, Nathan Davis, tfn.  
 Chigale: Jack Butler, Benny Waters, tfn.  
 Ladybird: Roland Haynes, Jim Hessinger, tfn.  
 Living Room: Art Simmons, Aaron Bridgers, tfn.  
 Riverboat: Mowgli Jospin, Sun.  
 Slow Club: Claude Luter, tfn.  
 Trois Maitlets: Brother John Sellers, Dominique Chanson, tfn.

## WEST BERLIN

Doug's Nite Club: Modern Blues Quartet, wknds.  
 Jazz Galerie: Herb Geller, tfn. Tubby Hayes, 12/31-1/14.

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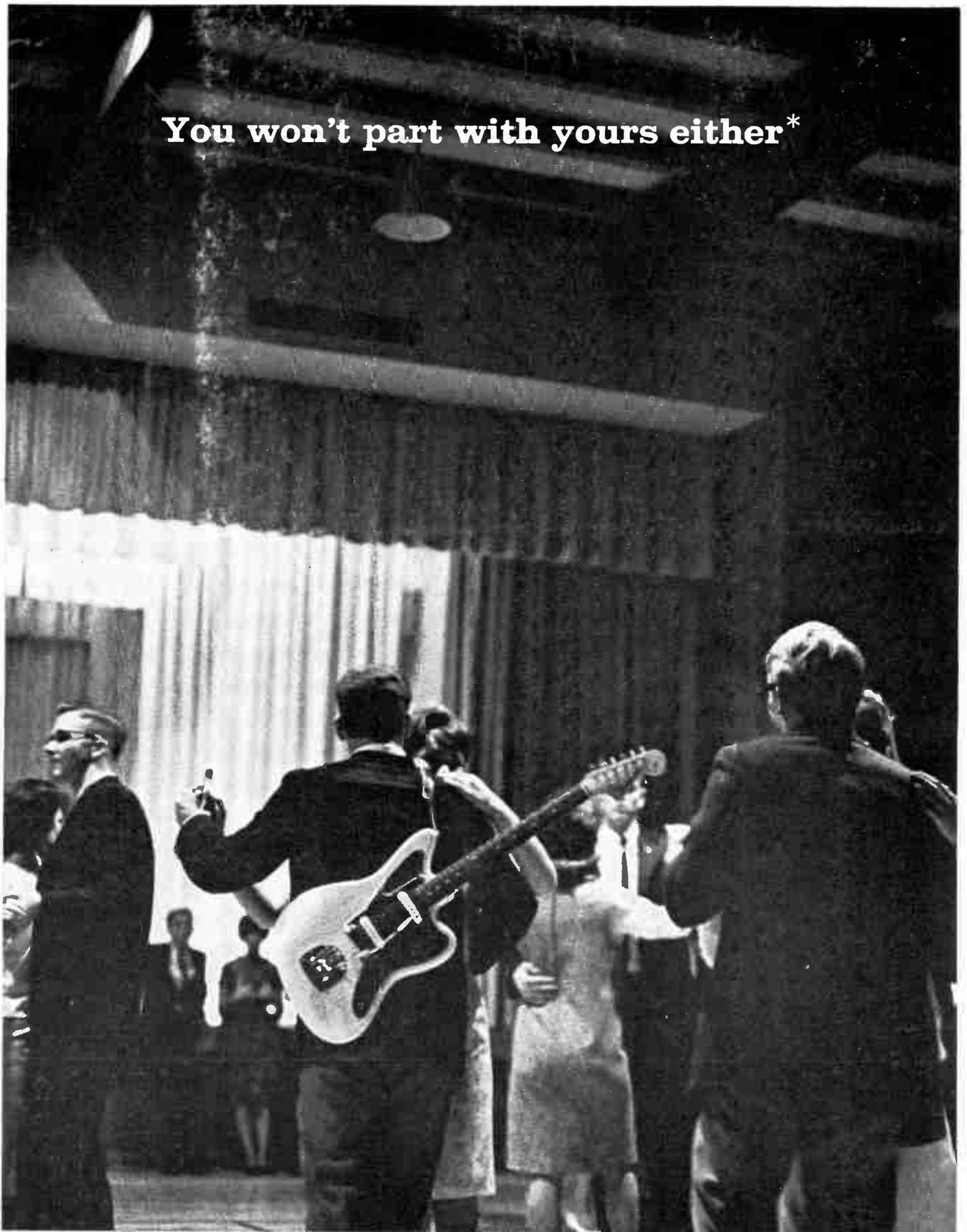
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