

MARCH 25, 1965

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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

ANNUAL PERCUSSION ISSUE

Joe Morello—With A Light Touch

A Close-Up View/By Marian McPartland

Jo Jones: Taking Care Of Business, Or, A Matter Of Professionalism

Advice From A Jazz Veteran/By Dan Morgenstern

Miles' Man—Tony Williams

A Portrait/By Don DeMicheal

Commentary

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News

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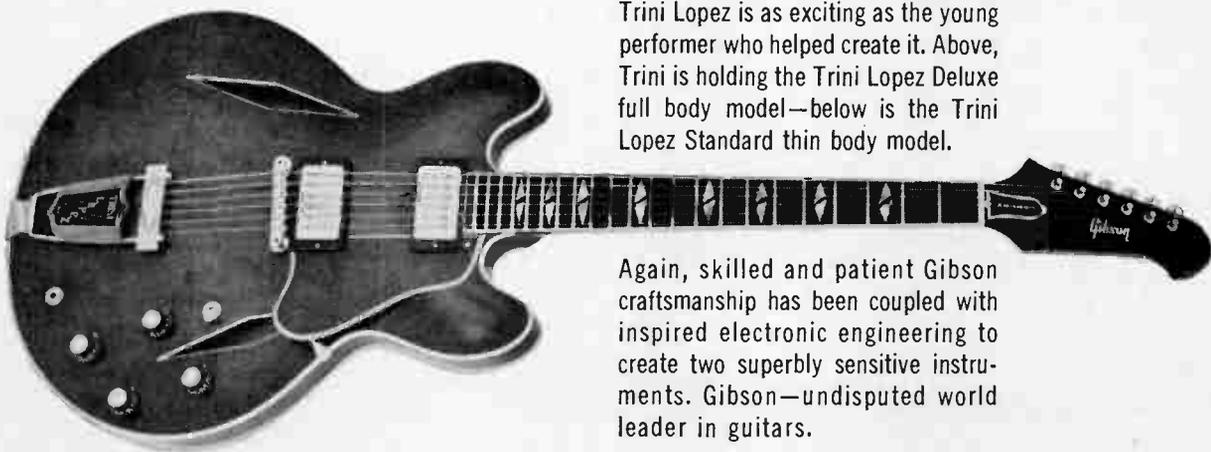
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CONTENTS

ARTICLES

- 15 **Taking Care of Business:** A long, successful, and honored career backs up drummer Jo Jones' critique of today's jazz scene in this interview with Dan Morgenstern
- 16 **With a Light Touch:** A warm portrait of Joe Morello, award-winning drummer with the Dave Brubeck Quartet, is penned by his friend and one-time leader, pianist Marian McPartland
- 18 **Max Roach:** The early years of his career with Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie, among others, is detailed by *Hot Box* columnist George Hoefer
- 19 **Miles' Man:** The effect of acclaim from both critics and musicians that has brought drummer Tony Williams to the forefront of today's rising stars is told in this article by Don DeMicheal
- 20 **Putting on the Pots and Pans:** Duke Ellington drummer Sam Woodyard's life and times are recounted in this interview with Stanley Dance

REVIEWS

- 22 **Record Reviews**
- 28 **Blindfold Test:** Vince Guaraldi
- 29 **Caught in the Act:** Dizzy Gillespie-Neophonic Orchestra • New York Saxophone Quartet • Paul Butterfield
- 32 **Book Reviews:** *This Business of Music* • *I Like Jazz* • *The Wonderful Era of the Great Dance Bands*
- 38 **From the Top:** Reviews of stage-band arrangements by George Wiskirchen, C.S.C.

DEPARTMENTS

- 8 **Chords and Discords**
- 12 **News**
- 14 **Strictly Ad Lib**
- 34 **Apple Cores,** by LeRoi Jones
- 39 **Jazz on Campus,** by George Wiskirchen, C.S.C.
- 43 **Where and When:** A guide to current jazz attractions

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A FORUM FOR READERS

To The Brubeck Ramparts!

I love jazz. I am a musician, and I understand jazz. *Down Beat* is a jazz magazine. I should enjoy it, but I don't and for one good reason: in *Chords* (Feb. 25) the first two letters pull apart Dave Brubeck and his quartet. There is no—I repeat, NO—combo that can be allowed, in any way, to be compared to Brubeck's.

He is a fine pianist, and no one else can play in the time signatures he plays in or swing like he does in those odd times. No alto sax man can touch Paul Desmond. He is superb. Gene Wright is one of the best bass men around.

I am a drummer, and in my opinion, no other human being can even be permitted to set up Joe Morello's drums for him. Morello is the apex, the best, the king, and undisputedly the leader with people who are not blithering idiots. I take that back, for there are many tastes, but I still say there is no person who could even set up his set for him.

I am getting tired of the fools who call themselves critics belittling Brubeck's group, for these four men cannot be even approached.

I became quite angered seeing nothing but boos for my favorite, and the favorite of most others who know what they're talking about. Also, I must admit that I am a faithful reader and love the magazine, and what I said at the beginning was out of anger.

Jerry Bogner
Hillside, N.J.

Heckman A Chauvinist

Don Heckman, in his review of the first Orchestra U.S.A. concert of the season (*DB*, Jan. 14), demonstrates a typical parochial view that has plagued most criticism of what, for better or for worse, is becoming known as Third Stream music.

Reviewing the program as much from the program notes as the performance (one suspects), Heckman declares it "presumptuous and patronizing for concert-music composers to write . . . a jazz or, more pompously, a Third Stream work." Heckman then makes his own nominations as to who ought to be allowed to write the new music, and the names he mentions are associated exclusively with jazz, not concert music.

One expects this closed-circle attitude from such organizations perhaps as the DAR or the AMA, but certainly not from jazz, where the freedom to experiment is essential to growth. But fortunately for jazz and art, the issuance of composing licenses is not under the aegis of Heckman.

Observing in the program notes that I am "at present teaching in the music department of San Diego State College" and aware, perhaps, that most performances, publications, and recordings of my music have been of concert rather than jazz-oriented pieces, Heckman feels safe in concluding that I have a "superficial

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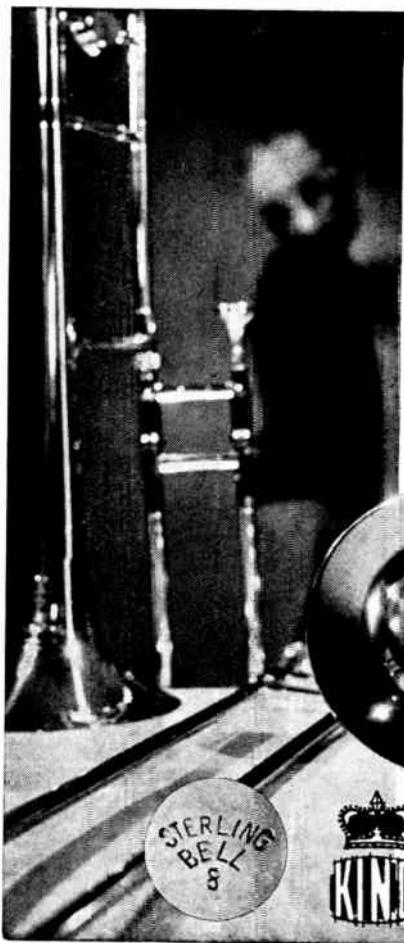
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Nonpareil Cecil Taylor

Congratulations to Nat Hentoff and Dan Morgenstern for their writeups on Cecil Taylor and Ornette Coleman (*DB*, Feb. 25). They're a credit to the human race just because they're capable of being moved by this strong music.

My main reason for writing is because of Cecil's Judson Hall Concert at the end of December. I thought Don Heckman in his review (*DB*, Feb. 11) overlooked the most important thing in failing to mention that Cecil drove the crowd out of its mind that night. He got a standing ovation and was called back for more. I'm sure it was a great thrill for him to get such a response to his passionate playing after so many years of indifference. If only the public realized more just how important it is to a musician to know that he has succeeded in getting some of his strongest and most beautiful feelings over to them.

Anyway, I want Taylor to know that he had me so out of my mind that night that I had all I could do to keep from falling completely apart on the floor in tears.

Frank Smith
New York City

America's Star Jazz Bassist

Gary Peacock

International Jazz Critics Poll
Down Beat Magazine 1964

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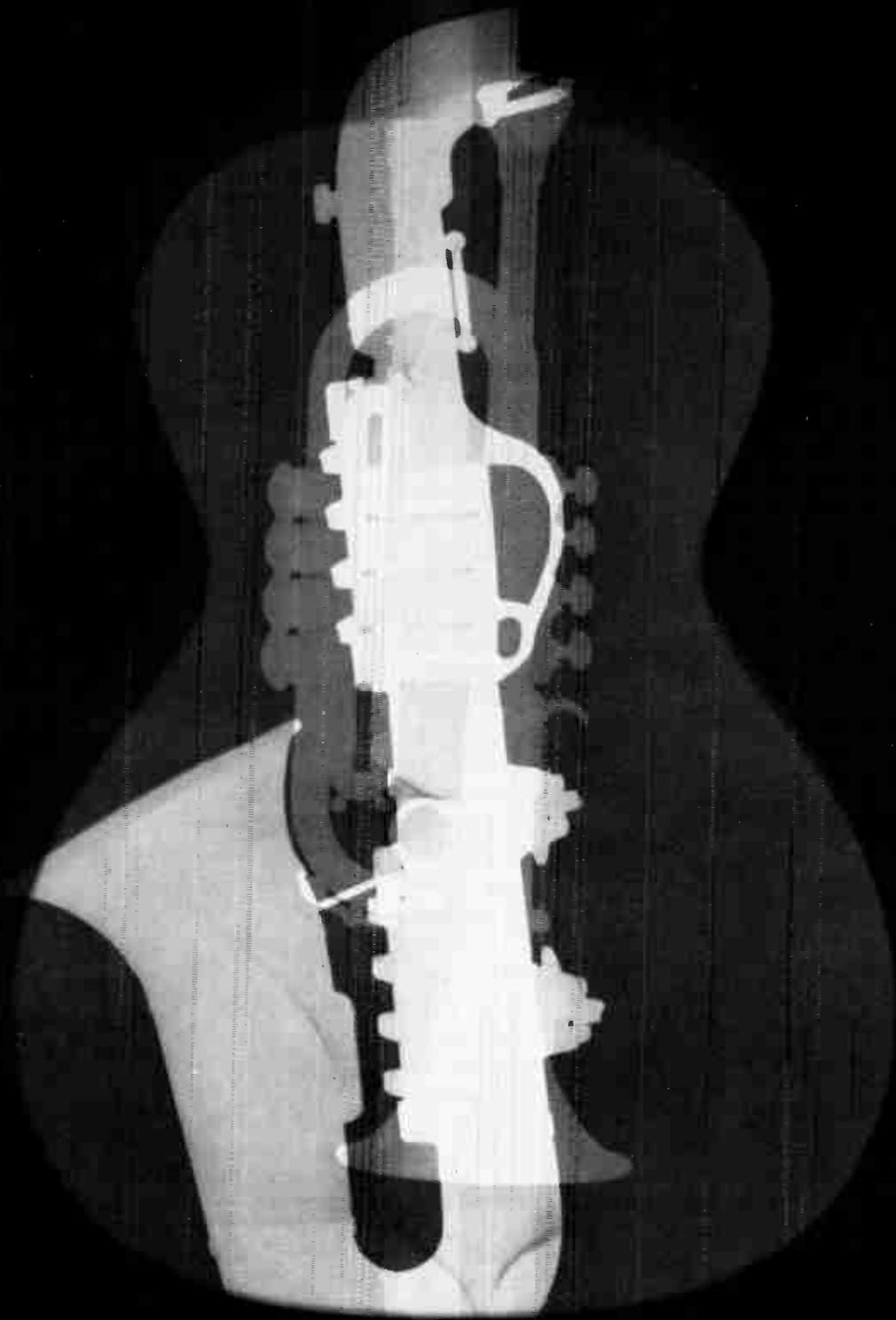


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Thanks From A Widow

I was delighted to find in *Old Wine—New Bottles* a review of Wardell Gray's *Memorial Album* (*DB*, Feb. 11). My sincere thanks to Harvey Pekar for the fine, definitive appraisal of my late husband's work.

Dorothy Gray
Los Angeles



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SCREEN FOREIGN MUSICIANS, ASKS JAPANESE UNION

Japan's largest musicians' union has asked the country's immigration bureau to screen more carefully the foreign musicians coming into Japan to play.

The request was presented to the bureau by the Japan Association of Musicians headed by conductor Kyo-suke Kami. The note said the recent arrests of U.S. jazz musicians on narcotics charges was a result of the bureau's loose screening of entry applications by foreign musicians (*DB*, March 11).

More basically, the note said, the situation was created by the bureau treating foreign musicians "like diplomatic representatives."

Kami said the influx of musicians from abroad in recent years has unduly curtailed the opportunities for work by Japanese musicians.

Kami suggested that Japan should follow the example of Austria, where, he said, an organization of scholars, musicians, and music lovers screen foreign musicians seeking to perform in Austria.

TORONTO LOCAL LOWERS AFTERHOURS-CLUB SCALE

The Toronto Musicians' Association has taken an unprecedented step: it agreed to lower the scale of pay for afterhours jazz and folk-music clubs.

The decision was made as the result of the findings of a committee of musicians from the jazz and folk fields, which informed Toronto Local 149 that the coffee houses would not survive unless fees were lowered.

The clubs, with their limited seating capacity, were not able to compete with larger licensed bars and restaurants, the committee contended.

The musicians' association's secretary-treasurer, Gurney Titmarsh, said, "The members own and run this organization, and we are here to fulfill their wishes. When it was seen that the existing fees were not realistic and noncompetitive as far as the regular establishments are concerned, the reduction was made."

Titmarsh said leaders' pay was reduced 66 percent and sidemen's nearly 50 percent.

"The whole business has changed so much that a new set of fees and conditions was necessary," Titmarsh said.

Some jazz musicians feel that the scale reduction won't make much difference in their lives. If anything, it has cut down performances.

In some cases, coffee-house owners have reduced the jazz quartets and quintets to trios, obviously hoping that other musicians will come along to sit in. "Consequently," said one well-known jazzman, "I'm not playing regularly anymore on the weekends."

It was also his contention that despite the lowering of scale, there always will be musicians working below the union pay level. "Most of the guys don't play for the money," he said. "They just want a place to play."

GILLESPIE KEEPS DIZZY PACE WITH ACTIVITIES

Never one to rest on his laurels, Dizzy Gillespie has been, and will be, involved in quite a variety of projects.

The trumpeter was featured on a program televised last month over Los Angeles' National Educational Tele-



Gillespie
TV, special compositions, and a play

vision network outlet, KCET. Conceived by Charles M. Weisenberg, the program was part of a series, *One of a Kind*, that profiles distinctive individuals. The program included shots of the trumpeter playing at the Lighthouse with saxophonist James Moody and at the second Neophonic Orchestra concert (for a review of the concert, see page 29), as well as discussing subjects ranging from civil rights to narcotics addiction.

The show presumably will be made available to other NET affiliates across the country.

It was announced that Gillespie will perform a special work written by composer-arranger Gil Fuller at this year's Monterey Jazz Festival in September. It was Fuller who wrote a group of sketches to feature the trumpeter at the second Neophonic concert.

Another autumn project is a Broad-

way musical-drama, *Lookin' for the Man*, in which Gillespie will play the role of a veteran jazz musician. The show is to be directed by Jose Ferrer, with lyrics by Julian Barry and music by Warren B. Meyers, both of whom will collaborate on the libretto.

Asked about his participation in the show, Gillespie said, with a sly smile, "I have no comment on that."

Asked about rumors that the rest of the Gillespie quintet would have roles in the drama, its drummer Rudy Collins said he thought "it would be good for the group," although he didn't know exactly what part the sidemen would play in the show.

HOLLYWOOD MOVIE TO USE JAZZ SCORE—FIRST TIME SINCE 1957

On dimly lit Sound Stage 1A at MGM studios in Culver City, Calif., Lalo Schifrin led an all-star orchestra in the recording of his underscore for the forthcoming picture *Once a Thief*, starring Van Heflin, Jack Palance, Alain Delon, and Ann-Margaret.

The occasion was, in a sense, historic because Schifrin's music for the film will be the first genuine jazz score for a Hollywood movie since Johnny Mandel's memorable work on *I Want to Live* in 1957.

At the shaded music stands on the scoring stage were familiar jazz faces, some having worked with Mandel in 1957. In the trumpet section were Conte Candoli and Al Porcino. Reed men were Buddy Collette, Paul Horn, Ronnie Lang, and Bill Hood. Frank Rosolino was in the trombone section. Red Callender was on tuba. Others included Red Mitchell, bass; Howard Roberts, guitar; Artie Kane, piano; Frank Carlson and Ken Watson, percussion; and Shelly Manne, drums.

Schifrin said 85 percent of the score is jazz oriented and that there are brief sections for improvisation. He said he also is featuring a trumpet and alto saxophone with a rhythm section in a night-club sequence.

The composer was enthusiastic about his use of singer Marie Vernon in the film.

"She is not a jazz singer," he stressed. "Actually, I tried jazz singers on the vocal parts, but they couldn't seem to get with it. So I used a studio singer and got what I wanted."

What he wanted was an effect "something like Miles Davis with a Harmon mute. She is singing quite straight, with the rhythm section swinging in the background."

Schifrin complete scoring *Once a Thief* early in February and then flew to Paris to begin work on another picture, *Queen of the Apaches*.

strictly ad lib

POTPOURRI: In Kansas City, Mo., March 24-28 has officially been designated by Mayor **Ilus W. Davis** as Kansas City Jazz Week. All businesses are expected to co-operate, with department stores, for example, developing jazz themes in their window and music displays. Twelfth, 18th, and Vine streets, thoroughfares whose names—and scenes—have been memorialized in jazz, as well as sites of former jazz clubs, will be centers of activity during the week. A torchlight parade will be held, a jazz queen picked, and the special week highlighted by a one-day jazz marathon sponsored by Kansas City Jazz, Inc. The final day will feature music by **Count Basie**, whose band won its first fame in K.C., local groups, and the winning bands from the Oread Jazz Festival, held at the nearby Lawrence, Kans., campus of the University of Kansas.

Louis Armstrong and group currently are in the midst of a four weeks' junket through Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Yugoslavia, and East Berlin. The first two weeks of the tour are to be spent in Czechoslovakia, the trumpeter's first visit to the country. He will be presented in several concerts in Prague's huge Sports Palace; even with a capacity of 20,000, most of the concerts were long sold out. The trumpeter, a near legendary figure to most Czechs, has eclipsed all political news in the country's press, and the interest of the Czech people in him and his music is at fever pitch. Armstrong will appear in England during May.

Duke Ellington's *Black, Brown, and Beige* suite, recently given its European premiere in London 23 years after its composition, was hailed by British jazz critics as a major musical work. "It is the greatest statement in any form of the history of the Negro in America, his slavery, his personal joy, his ebullience, his dignity, his sentimentality," rhapsodized London *Daily Mail's* **James Greenwood** in his review of the suite's performance, cut to a third of its length for the premiere. In the *Daily Worker*, **Brian Blain** praised "... the sumptuous tone colors, the rich melodic content, and the sheer orchestral brilliance of the finest jazz orchestra playing today." The *Daily Express* reviewer, **Noel Goodwin**, wrote, "In music like this the talent of Ellington has a lasting foundation. It is the essence of jazz shaped with skill and imagination into a great work of art."

Jazz will sound at the Stratford, Ontario, Festival this summer when **Benny Goodman** and the **Dave Brubeck** Quartet will be heard in recitals, along with concert pianists **Claudio Arrau** and **Leon Fleisher**, soprano **Lois Marshall**, violinist **Oscar Shumsky**, and cellist **Leonard Rose**. Another attraction will be the **Kurt Weill-Bertolt Brecht** opera, *Mahagonny*, starring singer **Martha Schlamme**.

Singer-pianist **Nina Simone's** suit against Premier records for the unauthorized release of a budget-priced LP titled *Starring Nina Simone* was settled out of court, with the singer receiving a cash settlement and 5 percent royalties on the total number of albums sold. Miss Simone claimed the LP was issued without her knowledge or consent. Premier's president, **Philip Landweher**, is contemplating a suit against Miss Simone's former manager, discharged by the singer in 1956, who originally sold the tapes to the record firm though he did not own the recordings.

"Jazz in American Society," a full-semester, three-unit course on jazz taught by critic **Ralph J. Gleason**, was initiated recently at Sonoma State College in Rohnert Park, Calif. The course is offered in the regular curriculum of the college's music department, according to the music department chairman, **Fred Warren**, "not only because it is significant and exciting, musically and sociologically, but also because it is almost the only music being created today which demonstrates the art of musical improvisation." Gleason said the course will not be a historical survey of jazz but will be a series of discussions about the jazz artist and his environment, the reasons jazz has been treated not as art but as show business, and the meaning in our society of jazz, jazz musicians, and society's treatment of them. Gleason had previously lectured on jazz at the University of California, Mills College, and St. Mary's College.

Bassist **Bonnie Wetzel**, 38, died Feb. 12 in Vancouver, Wash., of cancer. Mrs. Wetzel, the widow of trumpeter **Ray Wetzel**, had played with the bands of **Ada Leonard**, **Tommy Dorsey**, **Roy Eldridge**, **Charlie Shavers**, and **Beryl Booker**, among others.

Contemporary concert music received a recent shot in the arm with the commissioning of 10 compositions by the **Serge Koussevitzky** Music Foundation in the Library of Congress. The recently announced awards were made to five U.S. composers and five in other countries. The recipients and types of compositions they will write include: **Milton Babbitt**, an orchestral composition; **George H. Crumb**, a chamber-music work; **Vincent S. Frohne**, a chamber-music work; **Alexei Haieff**, a work for chamber ensemble; **Charles Wuorinen**, a work for chamber ensemble; **Mario Davidovsky** of Buenos Aires, now living in New York City, an orchestral composition; **Peter Maxwell Davies** of London, a work for chamber ensemble; **Gyorgy Ligeti** of Hungary, now living in Vienna, a work for chamber ensemble; **Karlheinz Stockhausen** of Cologne, Germany, an orchestral work; **Iannis Xenakis** of Greece, now living in Paris, a work for chamber ensemble.

On the school-jazz front, saxophonist-flutist **Paul Horn** will act as guest artist and head judge at the third annual Stage Band Jazz Festival to be held March 19-20 at the Chula Vista, Calif., campus of Southwestern College. At presstime 15 school bands were set for participation in the competition, with more expected to enter . . . On May 8 San Jose, Calif.,

State College will hold its second annual Day of Jazz, with colleges from northern and southern California taking part in the contest. Jazzmen **Bud Shank** and **Clare Fischer** will be among the judges and will perform together following the performances by the winning groups at an evening concert in San Jose Civic Auditorium.

Drummer **Ed Thigpen** is publishing a book on percussion, *Ed Thigpen Talks Drums*. He now conducts drum clinics wherever the **Oscar Peterson** Trio, with which he plays, appears. Thigpen reports that reception of the clinics was particularly warm in England.

The lucrative field of recording radio and television jingles became even better paid recently when the musicians' union ordered a scale increase in every category of national jingles. One musician playing alone now gets \$64.58 an hour, with overtime running to \$21.53 for every 20 minutes.

NEW YORK: **Jimmy Giuffre**, once again playing tenor saxophone as well as clarinet, and drummer **Art Blakey's** Jazz Messengers, did a nine-day concert tour of France, Switzerland, and England that started Feb. 27. The Messengers played two weeks at Birdland prior to the tour. Giuffre's trio included bassist **Barre Phillips** and pianist **Don Friedman**. While in Europe, Friedman recorded for Philips records in Hamburg, Germany, with guitarist **Attila Zoller**, who also appeared at Frankfurt's Domicile du Jazz. Friedman and Zoller have left the group of flutist **Herbie Mann**, who is reorganizing his group to include two trombones . . . **Ella Fitzgerald** came to the Hotel Americana's Royal Box Feb. 16 with trumpeter-conductor **Roy Eldridge's** band augmented to include trombonist **J.J. Johnson** and saxophonist **Oliver Nelson** . . . Another vocalist, **Diahann Carroll**, appearing at the Persian Room, featured arranger-conductor **Phil Moore** in his first New York appearance in 10 years. Moore's band included former **Count Basie** trumpeter **Reunald Jones**, bassist **Al Hall**, and guitarist **Chauncey (Lord) Westbrook**.

Jazz writer **George Hoefler** has joined forces with trombonist **Will Alger's** Salt City Six as commentator in a series of college concerts. They have appeared at Niagara University and New York State Teachers' College and are scheduled for a May visit to Springfield College, in Massachusetts . . . **Giuseppe Logan's** Judson Hall concert, postponed from Feb. 1 to Feb. 8, featured the avant-garde musician on alto and tenor saxophones, trumpet, trombone, violin, Pakistani oboe, and vibraharp, supported by a string quartet and pianist **Don Pullen**, bassist **Eddie Gomez**, and drummer **Milford Graves**. The concert was recorded for ESP records . . . Tenor saxophonist-flutist, **Clifford Jordan's** Folk-Jazz Quintet made a recent Birdland Monday night appearance and has been signed by Atlantic records. The group, which features a repertoire culled from the late folk singer **Leadbelly's** musical legacy, includes trombonist **Julian**

(Continued on page 40)



NAT 'KING' COLE, 1917-1965

The first indications of illness came late last year when Nat Cole had to cut short an engagement at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas. At the time, the reason given was "respiratory ailment," and for all anyone knew, that was it, for Cole smoked three packs of cigarets a day.

By Dec. 11, however, when the singer sent Frank Sinatra as substitute star in the first popular concert at Los Angeles' new Music Center, the word was out: Nat Cole had lung cancer.

Massive doses of cobalt rays seemed at first to help. Then one lung was removed Jan. 25. Hopes rose as the singer was kept under sedation in Santa Monica's St. John's Hospital. At 5:30 a.m. on Feb. 15, as his wife stood by his bedside, Cole died.

Death came a few hours after the singer complained of pains in his back, at which time doctors ascertained the malignancy was rapidly spreading through his body. He would have been 48 on March 17.

The singer is survived by his widow, Maria; daughters Carol, 19, Natalie, 14; twins Casey and Timolin, 3; and an adopted son, Nat Kelly, 5.

With the death of Nat (King) Cole, popular music has lost one of its most eminent performers. Jazz lost him long ago, when the then pianist and accidental singer had to decide whether playing jazz piano in the strong tradition of Earl Hines was more important than a more certain security for his loved ones.

In the days of the King Cole Trio his playing won him *Esquire* awards in 1946 and '47 and *Metronome* awards from 1947 through '49, long after he had shifted emphasis to his distinctive vocals. So popular was the trio, in fact, the group won *Down Beat's* small-combo award from 1944-

'47 and *Metronome's* from 1945-'48.

The trio was an indirect outgrowth of a minor disaster. Cole had led the band with the revue *Shuffle Along*, which folded after reaching Los Angeles from Chicago in 1937. Out of a job, the pianist was thrown on his own resources.

In a 1957 *Down Beat* interview, Cole recalled the beginning.

"Actually," he said, "the way we got together to form the trio was the most casual thing in the world. When I was playing around [Los Angeles], I ran into [guitarist] Oscar Moore and then [bassist] Wesley Prince. Seemed like a good idea to get a group together.

"First place we worked was the Swanee Inn. We called ourselves King Cole and His Swingsters, and I guess we went over all right. That was in 1937."

Cole's singing career began one night in 1939 at the Swanee Inn, when an insistent drunk prevailed on the pianist-leader to sing a chorus of *Sweet Lorraine* over Cole's unavailing protests that he was a piano player not a singer.

By the early '40s, the pianist had become quite a local celebrity, nightly packing Los Angeles' 331 Club with a wide following from the movie set.

"One night at the club," Cole related in the 1957 interview, "in late 1943 it was, Johnny Mercer and Glenn Wallichs came in and told me they were forming a record company, Capitol records.

"They asked if I'd be interested in recording for them. Well, that sounded groovy to me. Of course, we had been with Decca, but I wasn't too happy there—so I decided to go in with Mercer and Wallichs and just see what happened."

The trio's first record for Capitol, *Straighten Up and Fly Right*, was a hit. Cole's singing on this and other of his trio's recordings established him as an offbeat and exciting vocalist rooted in the jazz with which he grew up in Chicago. The war years nurtured Cole; by 1946, when he recorded Mel Torme's *The Christmas Song*, he had become internationally famous.

Cole's association with Capitol was highly successful: in 21 years his records grossed \$50,000,000, according to a company spokesman.

Cole's break into the major league of show business is clearly tied to his association with Carlos Gastel, his manager through 1963.

Guided by Gastel, Cole rose to the pinnacle of the entertainment industry and was in demand for the most prestigious engagements and roles. He enacted the lead role of the late W. C.

Handy in the film *St. Louis Blues* and acted and sang in many more. In 1956 and '57 he became the only Negro artist ever to have his own national television series, on NBC.

"Carlos and I thought generally the same way," said Cole in 1957. "I can honestly say that much of the success I enjoy today I owe to Carlos."

On the day the singer died, Gastel, commenting that he had known Cole since 1936, was clearly shaken emotionally.

"We used to have a ball working with the trio," he recalled. "Nat was always seeking to acquire more stature as an artist, as a human being. And all the time he was just being a nice guy. I had the greatest ball in the world working with him."

The body of Nathaniel Cole, born on St. Patrick's Day, 1917, in Montgomery, Ala., lay in state most of Feb. 17 in St. James Episcopal Church in Los Angeles. Fans-turned-mourners by the thousands filed past his bier. At the funeral services the next day, comedian Jack Benny delivered the eulogy. Among the more than 50 honorary pall bearers were Sen. Robert Kennedy, California's Gov. Edmund Brown, Frank Sinatra, Sammy Davis Jr., Stan Kenton, Count Basie, Jimmy Durante, Steve Allen, Frankie Laine,



The King Cole Trio, with guitarist Oscar Moore and bassist Johnny Miller, who replaced Wesley Prince.

Edward G. Robinson, Peter Lawford, Milton Berle, Johnny Mathis, and Billy May.

But as glowing as the many tributes to Cole have been, the words of Oscar Moore, who while a member of Cole's trio was chosen first-place guitarist four times running in *Down Beat's* Readers Poll, might best serve as a jazz epitaph:

"I never thought Nat would become really important as a *singer*. To me, the cat was always a crazy piano player."

JO JONES: TAKING CARE OF BUSINESS

THERE ISN'T one drummer in the world—whether he knows it or not—who doesn't owe a debt of gratitude to Jo Jones," said Chuck Lampkin, the gifted young percussionist with Ahmad Jamal's trio, recently. His sentiments are consistently echoed by the young players whom Jones affectionately refers to as his "kiddies." He, in turn, is often identified as "old man Jo Jones," to avoid confusion with another famous drummer, Philly Joe Jones.

There is nothing old, however, about Jo Jones' appearance or outlook—nor is anyone who has ever seen him in action likely to confuse him with any other drummer.

The effortless grace of his movements, on or off the stand, bespeak his early days as a dancer, just as his solo work may sometimes remind of the fascinating rhythmic patterns created by the masters of the vanishing art of jazz tap dance. His superb coordination, erect posture, and flashing smile make Jones one of the visually most exciting of jazz drummers, though he never indulges in musically superfluous displays. Behind the drums, Jones is the image of the professional—a man with pride in his art. With this pride goes a deep concern for the welfare—spiritual and material—of those who hold the future of jazz in their hands: the kiddies.

"I live, sleep, eat, and think music and the people who make it," Jones said, adding, with a touch of humor, "I have five radios and three TV sets, a tape recorder, three record players that don't work, and two phones.

"So many mechanical improvements have been thrust upon us that we don't even have time to read the instructions. There are more musicians out here now, and fewer places to play. But it has happened before, and we managed to cope with it. First radio came in, then the talkies—thousands of musicians who worked in silent movie theaters were thrown out of work—and then television. But it's not a Frankenstein—you don't have to combat what man has created. Nothing mechanical can take the place of what is natural. And the population is growing."

By Dan Morgenstern

Jones is a quick, fluent conversationalist, and while his talk is sometimes elliptical, he always gets to the point.

"Musicians have lost perspective on how to play *with* people before they play *for* people," he said. "The emphasis on records, publicity, and propaganda doesn't help. Yet we have a better grade of musicians in jazz today than ever before. One thing that is wrong with the music business today—the shortage of available experience—the musicians can't cure. But fundamentally, academically, they are better equipped to perform now."

What, then, is the trouble? "Attitude," Jones said. "I hear ne'er-dowells browbeat the successful: 'I can play better than so-and-so, and he's got all the gigs.' Sure, I say. But can you be there on time, sober, and ready to play?"

A reasonable answer to this reasonable question is rarely forthcoming, Jones indicated.

"Everybody wants to find an excuse," he continued. "Nobody wants to work. They want to pick and choose. They ask questions: 'Who else is playing on the gig? Do I have to wear a tuxedo?' They ask for the money before they do the job; they say yes, but don't show if a better offer comes up."

SUCH CRITICISM might sound overly stern if it did not come from a man who has set—and kept—the highest standards of professional conduct for himself. Anyone who has observed Jones in different working situations can attest to the fact that he shows up neat, clean, ahead of time, and ready to play his best, whether the job is at Carnegie Hall or at a decidedly unglamorous neighborhood bar.

"In music," he said, "if you accept a responsible position, you have a responsibility to yourself. Musicians tell me they are not respected. You should command respect, not request or demand it. In 43 years as a professional, I have never done anything wrong on the bandstand." And he amplifies this: "If it seemed wrong, it was right," implying that there

sometimes may be more to a musical situation than meets the eye of the outsider.

"People wouldn't hire me years ago because, they said, I was eccentric. I'll stay eccentric, in their terms. Youngsters today have everything but self-respect."

Jones is aware of the factors that have caused the attitudes he considers reprehensible.

"In jazz," he stated, "we don't have the minor leagues any more, where one could prove himself before going out into the big time. We despoiled our potential geniuses by bringing them out too soon. Your emotions aren't stable enough at 19 or 23 to know the whys and wherefores of life."

And he is aware of other complicating circumstances:

"There are all kinds of overworked terms, like 'free form,' 'freedom,' 'modern.' . . . Modern was an old phrase 100 years ago. I've just read a book published in 1856, which was full of references to 'modern' philosophy. I've played through ragtime, gutbucket hokum, get-off music, swing, bebop, cool, rhythm and blues, rock and roll. Every two years someone comes up with a new descriptive adjective. You must be flexible. If you run a liquor store and don't stock gin because you dislike it yourself, you're bound to lose sales. The musician has a commodity to sell. And it wasn't so different in the 'old days.' The jazzmen wanted to do just 'hot tunes,' not the waltzes and rhumbas they also had to play."

Jones also resents musical intolerance and the tendency among some younger players to put down musicians who ask them to play in ways that may not be of their own choice. He's had to play accompaniment to all kinds of different players, he said, trumpeters, clarinetists, pianists. These men were stylists, and since it takes time to become one, the stylist, in Jones' estimation, has the right to demand certain things from his accompanist that fit his style.

"You play for the leader," he said. "But it's very hard to convey this to young musicians."

The drummer is quick to point out,
(Continued on page 35)



LEE TANNER

HOT BOX By GEORGE HOEFER

MAX ROACH

TO BOIL DOWN the complex artistry that drummer-composer Max Roach has brought to jazz is to assimilate an impressive chunk of the music's history. He mastered the instrumental techniques of the late Big Sid Catlett, absorbed the experimental ideas of Kenny Clarke, and went on to develop a distinctive style that has become a foundation of modern drumming. Roach is largely responsible for the bass drum's time-keeping assignment disappearing and its becoming a detached voice with irregular accents while time-keeping was transferred to the cymbal.

The Roach technique has given the drummer a greater opportunity to guide the music of a group; traditional styles had confined the drummer to furnishing a rhythmic background.

In a *Down Beat* interview in 1958, Roach defined the appropriate function of the jazz drummer as follows: "One of the prime functions of the drums is to serve as an accompanying instrument. This can be developed by listening to everything around you and by fitting yourself in without being smothered or smothering others."

For the last six years, Roach, who once studied composition at the Eddie Barefield-Jimmy Mundy school in New York, has been expanding the scope of his activities. He is composing more than in the past, and instead

of concentrating on the jazz combo format, he writes for his wife, singer Abbey Lincoln; choral groups; and African-rooted drummers and dancers, as well as various instruments.

To watch and listen to drummer Roach control his entourage (keeping in mind his credo regarding the function of the drums) is to see an artist at work. He carefully listens to, and complements, each soloist with changing colors and varying dynamics; his playing encourages, sustains, and draws out the performers. His own solos continue to be fascinating and beautifully constructed.

A quite important facet of Roach's more recent work is his feeling that jazz musicians, as artists, have a definite contribution to make to alleviate racial strife. His current work is of a pioneering nature and concentrates on music with social significance designed to relate what people of African descent have been through.

MAXWELL ROACH was born on Jan. 10, 1925. His parents, from North Carolina, brought him up in Brooklyn. The family lived for a while at the home of Max' aunt, described by Roach as a "fanatic about piano," who taught him the essentials of the keyboard when he was about 8.

Roach has said he never thought of being anything other than a professional musician. He liked the sound of the drums, and in 1935 he started a three-year period of percussion study under an elderly German teacher; he also has said he took lessons from Cozy Cole and Charles Wilcoxon.

The young drummer became aware of jazz, recalling his first favorite as Chick Webb. Then his attention was drawn to the work of Gene Krupa and Jo Jones. Of his own early style, as he learned the rudiments, he has said, "I got a real military sound!"

Roach attended Brooklyn's Boys High School, from which he graduated with honors in June, 1942. During those school years he hung around with Brooklynites Leonard Hawkins, a trumpeter, and Ray Abrams, a tenor saxophonist. At night they often went to Manhattan to see what was going on in the music world.

One of the spots of interest was Minton's Playhouse in Harlem. Roach would sit and listen to Kenny Clarke, the house drummer. It was then he met Dizzy Gillespie, a frequent playing guest when the Cab Calloway Band was in town.

Roach's career began in earnest after he finished high school. One night in late 1942 he was playing at

Georgie Jay's Tap Room in a small band led by Clark Monroe. Trumpeter Victor Coulson came over to him and said, "Tomorrow night the world's greatest saxophonist is going to play here with you." This was to be Roach's first meeting with Charlie Parker. Until December, 1942, when Parker joined the Earl Hines Band, the drummer and alto saxophonist played together frequently during the early-morning sessions at Monroe's Uptown House.

During this early period, Roach's playing was straightforward, in the manner of Sid Catlett. Too, he continued to follow closely the work of Clarke, a basic influence, who was then at Kelly's Stables on 52nd St.

Roach gigged around New York during 1943, and when Gillespie came out of the Hines band and formed a small unit of his own for the Onyx Club, Max was selected as the group's drummer because he sounded so much like Clarke, who was in the service.

This was the first bebop combo on the street. The group opened in January, 1944, and was in existence until March of that year.

Regarding Roach's playing with this group, drummer Stan Levey has said, "I was petrified. I'd never heard anything like it. He was completely different in his technique and musical approach. His work concentrated more on melodic playing, and he split time in ways I'd never heard."

Gillespie's rhythm section comprised Roach, bassist Oscar Pettiford, and pianist George Wallington (later Clyde Hart).

Up to that time, Roach never had had an opportunity to record because of the recording ban imposed by the musicians' union. On Feb. 16 and 22, the group was augmented to 11 pieces and, under the leadership of Coleman Hawkins, recorded the first bebop records, for the Apollo label. The rhythm section, Roach-Pettiford-Hart, remained in the background except on the Budd Johnson-Clyde Hart original *Bu-Dee-Daht*, during which Roach took a brief drum break.

When the combo broke up, Gillespie took tenor man Johnson and Roach with him to the Yacht Club, across the street, for a short engagement.

About that time the Benny Carter Band, with trombonist J. J. Johnson, tenor saxophonist Bumps Myers, and pianist Gerald Wiggins, needed a drummer. Roach took the job and stayed a year. Later Roach commented, "I learned quite a bit from Benny about working with bands. He

(Continued on page 36)

WHEN MILES DAVIS opened at Chicago's Sutherland Lounge in May, 1963, every drummer who heard the group gaped in disbelief. The reason was the playing of a small, lithe drummer who had just joined the trumpeter's quintet. Tony Williams, the object of attention, was only 17, which made it all the more astonishing.

Williams' predecessors in the Davis drum chair had been Philly Joe Jones and Jimmy Cobb. Tough acts to follow. But as beautifully as those two played with Davis, neither was able to command the trumpeter as Williams was doing. That first night at the Sutherland, he had Davis going any way the drums dictated. Turn left. Turn right. Stop. Take three giant steps. And Miles smiled and smiled and played his — off.

In the months since, the teenage drummer has maintained his mastery of the Davis milieu with taste and determination.

When Williams is at his best with the group, he creates a screen of rhythmic sounds—tinkled cymbals, crashes, ticks of sticks on wood, sudden splashes as he flicks his hi-hat, blurred open rolls, series of off-beat accents that create the illusion of a different tempo and become so intense that the tension from the building sound feels as if it will break your head before he lets the stretched time snap back into position.

When Williams is less than his best, he plays as if disconnected from the others. His insertions often detract rather than complement; occasionally the time is nebulous. These moments, fortunately, are becoming more rare than they were in the past.

Off the stand, Tony Williams strikes one as shy. He seems uncomfortable talking with those he does not know well, though every once in a while a man-to-man-ness spurts forth from him, but it always recedes to, at least, taciturnity.

For example, when asked if he thought his playing had changed since he has been with Davis, he answered, "Uh huh. But I can't . . . I don't know."

He evidently finds it difficult, practically impossible, to explain his playing. Last year, in a discussion among drummers, all older than he, Williams stated that he didn't think it necessary for drummers to point out the time, to keep strict time with the bass drum or hi-hat.

Does he still feel the same way?

"It's hard for me to explain it right now," he said after a pause. "It's the sort of thing where it really doesn't matter . . . in the way that I'm play-

ing, that's about all I can say . . . if you hear."

In this he somewhat resembles Davis, who, if he had his way, would do away with all writing about music and, if more than aural evidence were wanted, would let transcriptions and scores stand as explanation.

Kindred souls, in a way.

Davis first heard Williams at a concert by alto saxophonist Jackie McLean's group in spring, 1963, soon after the young drummer had left Boston, where he was reared.

The altoist met Williams at Connolly's, a Boston jazz club, in December, 1962, when the youngster was a member of the house rhythm section and McLean was featured soloist for a week.

So fruitful was the musical meeting of minds during the week that Williams went to New York City to work with McLean in a version of *The Connection* at the Living Theater. Concerts and other jobs followed.

Then came the job with Davis and acclaim from musicians, listeners, and critics in this country, Europe, and Japan. Pretty heady stuff for any young musician, and all the more so if he is still in his teens.

WILLIAMS began playing when he was 9. Because jazz was always being played in his home—his father is still an active saxophonist in the Boston area—he said he never thought of being anything else except a drummer.

"My father wanted me to play, but my mother didn't go for it," he said. "In a way, though, he opposed my being a professional musician . . . he knows about all those things. He never tried to discourage me, but he didn't want me to go too far into it that it hurt me in my school studies. And after I got into it, he felt there was always the danger of evil forces. But I kept on playing, and he would take me out on the job with him. I started when I was about 10. After a while, what it came up to was I got kicked out of school; I was never there—or I was there but I wasn't doing the work. That was in 1962. I was working with Sam Rivers."

Tenor saxophonist Rivers, in his 30s, had influence with the young musician. "He was the one I really got a lot from," Williams said, "the one who really opened me up . . . just playing with him and hanging out, acting foolish, just talking about his things and my things."

Rivers, however, was probably the only older musician who took time to be helpful to the young drummer. As is generally the case with a bright



By DON DeMICHEAL

TONY WILLIAMS

youngster who begins to make a dent in the local music establishment, Williams—and his young musician friends—ran into that special derision most older musicians reserve for the up-and-comers. One might even call it jealousy.

"We used to go into clubs, and they wouldn't let us sit in," Williams recalled about older Boston musicians. "I remember one time, this friend of mine [pianist Phil Moore III], we were in a band, a beautiful band. We were playing in a club, and they came in and told the leader of this band, 'You don't need those kids. You need some older men. You need some experienced men.' So they got the gig.

"I go through that in New York. It's hard to put my finger on it. It's a feeling. Like one time someone said something like, 'Well, you're working with Miles; I thought I was going to have the gig, but that's cool, that's all right—go ahead and play. . . .'"

Williams' age has been a sensitive thing with him. At the 1963 Monterey Jazz Festival, he expressed displeasure that everything written about him mentioned his age. He said this was unnecessary and that writers did not even have to say "young" drummer when they wrote about him. "Why don't they just say 'drummer'?" he asked.

Now he says he is not sensitive about his age—"a lot of things used

(Continued on page 36)

PUTTING



TED WILLIAMS

ON THE POTS AND PANS

An Interview With Duke Ellington Drummer Sam Woodyard, By Stanley Dance

SAM WOODYARD? He's a swinger."

Duke Ellington was delivering some capsule estimates of his men, and that description of the drummer who has been with him longer than any other except Sonny Greer reflected his appreciation of one of Woodyard's cardinal virtues. It also partly explained the understanding that exists between Ellington and Woodyard, an understanding that becomes most evident in the recording studio when they are working on new material. Ellington may mime his requirements from the control room, dance them on the studio floor, or detail them verbally.

"Chang, chang, chang," he will call, requesting cymbals.

"Play four bars' introduction, Sam," he might tell the drummer, "16 bars of exoticity, and then swing the bridge."

Or, "Put a little more sex in there."

Once, when Ellington had retreated to the control room during a second take, he sounded a note of disappointment at the results:

"Sam, you were swinging when I was out there."

"That's because you're not here," was the drummer's reply.

"Crazy, baby, I'm with you."

When they were recording a collection of band themes for a yet-to-be-released album, Woodyard insists that Ellington requested him to "get in the alley" on *The Waltz You Saved for Me*. This was significantly different from his frequent requests for the drummer to "put the pots and pans on."

"That's an old southern expression," Woodyard explained. "Give the man some ham hocks, greens, and cornbread. Originally, when the man came home for dinner and there wasn't anything ready, he'd say, 'Well, put the pots and pans on!' What we mean by it in the band is, 'Swing and get off the ground—and stay off until you're ready to come down.'"

He added that the best meal in the world isn't anything

unless there is salt and pepper to flavor it—"and that's how it is with a band if the rhythm section isn't right."

"Anyone can always come to me and say, 'Give me a little flavor here, or do this there,'" he said. "Or they can tell me where to come up and where to go down. Just don't tell me what drum to play it on!"

WOODYARD was born in Elizabeth, N.J., Jan. 7, 1925. His mother remembered that when he was quite young he used to beat out rhythm on chairs and furniture in the house. His father played drums on weekends, and that was how his son broke in too. Sam quit school on his 16th birthday so he could get a day job to help with the family's finances. He confined his playing to Saturday nights. Then he found work three nights a week with a trio with which he used only brushes. He still regards this experience as important to his career because "most drummers don't like playing with brushes." In 1953, with saxophonist Joe Holiday, he played opposite organist Milt Buckner at Pep's in Philadelphia. When Buckner went into the Band Box (now the International) on Broadway in New York City, he asked the drummer to join him.

Woodyard was with the organist's trio for more than two years. He looks upon his stay as being of inestimable value because playing with Buckner was very much like playing with a big band.

"Some organists play horn style, but Milt played locked-hands style and as many 'instruments' as he could get going," Woodyard recalled. "When I went to Atlantic City with him, [organist] Wild Bill Davis used to be around the corner, and he had Chris Columbus on drums. Chris took me under his wing. Between sets, I'd go around and listen to him, and maybe sit in his dressing room, and sometimes he'd come around on my job and sit at the drums. He's forgotten more than most drummers will ever know, and he showed me so many things, especially about playing with an organ. You have to listen to the sounds as they come back, because it's an electronic thing. When the organist is playing the bass, you hear the sound of his foot hitting the pedals, so that you more or less have to get in between the beats. Then you have to be steady, because his leg will tire after an hour or so, and the tempo may begin to fall back a bit.

"Playing with an organ is really something on its own, and a lot of drummers find it impossible. . . . I broke more bass-drum heads in the time I was with Milt than in all the time I've been with Duke Ellington, because you have to play with such power with an organ."

Woodyard left Buckner in 1955 to join Ellington.

The drummer vividly remembers the night before he joined the band. He and Max Roach were in Philadelphia and went to a club where the Count Basie Band was playing. Afterwards, with Basie, guitarist Freddie Green, saxophonists Bill Graham and Marshall Royal, and bassist Eddie Jones, they sat talking in a hotel where the Basie band was staying.

"We sat up all night," Woodyard recalled. "I was scared, figuring there would be a hell of a drum book in Duke's band. How was I going to sight read it? I had never been to a drum teacher in my life. All I had learned had been from people who had confidence in me and had sat down and shown me things.

"'To hell with it,' they said, trying to calm me down. 'Just go in there and swing it!'"

"'Well, I don't know about that. . . .'"

"'Just go in there and listen and play like you've been doing.'"

Woodyard also clearly recalls the next day at the Ellington rehearsal at Nola studios in New York City: "Jimmy Woode, the bass player, came over as I was setting up and

said, 'Hey, baby, glad to have you in the band.' I told him how I felt, and he said, 'Forget it. Everybody feels like that the first day.' (And that's what I've said to a lot of new cats as they've come in the band since.)

"When I looked around, Max Roach was sitting there, but he was in my corner anyway. Art Blakey and Shadow Wilson were there too. Though they were friends of mine, they didn't make it any easier for me.

"The first number Duke called was *Harlem Airshaft*. I didn't know it, but I soon figured where the tune was going, and Clark Terry, who was playing trumpet with the band then, leaned over and said, 'I gotcha,' and told me things as we went along.

"After we'd played a few things, Duke called something they hadn't played in six months.

"Watch this,' Clark Terry said. 'Everybody will be scuffling.' I had figured everyone knew what to do but me, but now I found out who was and who wasn't playing his part.

"The first night with the band Duke asked me, 'How familiar are you with *Skin Deep*?' I didn't really know it, and the kind of solos I'd been doing with Milt Buckner were very free. I was worried about dragging Duke and the cats, and I think my performance was pretty weird, but Clark encouraged me again.

"You know we're scuffling, too,' he said, 'and tomorrow you'll be 300 miles from here.' He taught me the whole book in about a week, and he had a very good way of teaching without hollering and making you feel conspicuous, so that people out front wouldn't be thinking, 'Well, they've got a new drummer.' He'd indicate things with his hand, or say, 'You've got four bars at the end of the chorus,' and so on. He sat at the end of the trumpet section next to me."

Some of the Ellingtonians, such as Terry, Woode, tenorist Paul Gonsalves, and trumpeter Willie Cook, were in his corner from the first, Woodyard said. But even those who weren't speaking soon came around and got together with the new man.

"They'd say they'd like me to play like this or like that behind them," Woodyard said. "They found I wanted to play for the band, and that it didn't make any difference to me if it was with sticks, brushes, or hands. There's no sense in your building a house and my building a garage for it if we're not on the same property.

"Now, when I play my drum solo, the band walks off and leaves me . . . a kind of commercial gimmick. . . . Of course, there are always some people who start running for the men's and ladies' rooms. It is disheartening to see people get up and go, though I know there are others who regard the drum solo as a high spot.

"I never know what I'm going to do. What I play on the tom-toms tonight I'll play on the snare drum tomorrow night and on cymbals the next night. When I run up on something that I think blends with what the band is doing, I keep it in. I really do try to think of the band first, and sometimes when it comes time for my solo, I don't truly have the energy to play it. And it's not always a case of being tired physically but emotionally, because I can get my kicks when the band is playing a ballad too."

Woodyard lamented the fact that there are not many opportunities today for young drummers to get experience in carrying the weight of a band such as Ellington's. He pointed out that if there are 14 other musicians in the band, as there are in Ellington's, each one may be thinking the right tempo but is patting his foot differently from the other 14. "You've actually got 14 different tempos," he said. "Because everybody's got his own way of patting his foot. One's a little bit behind the beat, and another's on top of it. It would be easy to be swayed, but you can't

let yourself be. You've got to think, too, in terms of sections and over-all scheme. To keep the whole thing going, plus pleasing the bandleader, often means sacrificing yourself."

THOUGH OTHERS have occupied the Ellington drum chair briefly, there have been only three drummers of significance in the long history of the band—Sonny Greer, Louie Bellson, and Woodyard.

The first, with his colorful personality and glittering equipment, suited the period well. He excelled in Ellington's more dramatic compositions, and as an accompanist, for he seldom took solos. The solo element was introduced by Bellson, an outstanding technician whose use of two bass drums on numbers like *Skin Deep* caused a sensation. Woodyard thus inherited a dual tradition (as well as dual bass drums). Had Bellson not established the long drum solo as an audience-pleasing feature, the probability is that Woodyard's current role would resemble Greer's.

The book Woodyard is called upon to play is probably the most demanding in the business. Certainly, it is more complex and varied than ever before, and he has received insufficient credit for the way he has carried out his difficult responsibilities. In doing so, he has been helped by a knowledge of the great drummers of the swing era.

"I've come up through those grooves where there are not so many in the rhythm section, where the drummer has got to be the strong one all the time," he said. "Jimmy Crawford, to me, was one of the greatest drummers in the world. What that cat got under the Jimmie Lunceford Band was something else. Papa Jo Jones is another one.

"I heard Chick Webb mostly on records, but I stood outside the Savoy Ballroom once when I was too young to go in, and they had the windows open. He was the first drummer who made sense in a big band, and that stuck with me. His time was right *there*. He knew how to shade and color, and how to bring a band up and keep it there.

"Big Sid Catlett was like that too. I heard him at Frank Dailey's Meadowbrook in New Jersey when he was with Benny Goodman. The difference was that Chick was a bandleader and obliged to do things that you wouldn't do as a sideman, not that he wasn't a great accompanist. Sid was a big man and any time he wanted to get powerful, you knew it, but the personal touch in the sound of his drums, and in his style, was very crisp and tasteful.

"Dave Tough influenced me, too, with his simplicity. If there was any way he could get out of taking solos, he would. He had a good sound to his drums, and he always kept his bass drum under the bass fiddle, so that you could hear the tune the bassist was playing. In fact, you could feel his bass drum rather than hear it, and it didn't conflict with the rest of the band.

"Even on those old Chick Webb records, you could feel the bass drum as often as you could hear it, and that's how it was at the Savoy. It's very easy to get overenthused at the drums and overshadow other people on the band, especially if you've got the drums too tight so that you sound like a machinegun back there.

"In a rhythm section, it's all a matter of listening. The tempo varies for many reasons. Maybe it's fatigue. It may drop through disinterest or go up through enthusiasm. Sometimes the tempo doesn't change, but the color of the tune changes—it may take fire in the last choruses, and the extra excitement makes listeners think the tempo went up. You go with the change of feeling, but the tempo hasn't necessarily changed.

"The main thing is if you've got off the ground and are still swinging." Or as they say in the Ellington band, Sam Woodyard has the pots and pans on. 

RECORD REVIEWS

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

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

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

SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

Stan Kenton

KENTON/WAGNER—Capitol 2217: *Ride of the Valkyries*; *Siegfried's Funeral March from Goetterdaemmerung*; *Prelude to Act I of Lohengrin*; *Prelude to Act III of Lohengrin*; *Prelude to Tristan and Isolde*; *Love-Death from Tristan and Isolde*; *Wedding March from Lohengrin*; *Pilgrims' Chorus from Tannhaeuser*.

Personnel: Unidentified orchestra, Kenton, conductor, piano, arranger.

Rating: ★ ½

Kenton's Neophonic Orchestra (presumably very similar in personnel to the ensemble heard here) has been serving a function of value during the last three months by acting as a clearing house for new performances of new works. Some have succeeded musically, and others have seemed to be of less significance; but at least they were given a hearing, and some stimulating, often exciting music was presented to a large and receptive audience.

Secondarily, the orchestra has been presenting reshaping of earlier works. The writers in these instances have included Pete Rugolo, two of whose pieces associated with earlier Kenton ventures were reintroduced; and two or three other alumni returning to the fold. To this list must now be added the name of a composer not previously represented in any Kenton library, that of Richard Wagner (1813-1883), whose works have been arranged by Kenton himself.

This clearly represented a challenge, and if one judges the results in terms of musical skill, he can be said to have succeeded.

These sides include, at several points, some of the most intricate, technically adroit, and expertly orchestrated work Kenton has ever done. What is open to question is the a priori assumption on his part that a project of this nature had some inherent validity.

The reaction to the sound of Wagner's music a century later falls somewhat short of universal or unanimous satisfaction. For all its masterly ingenuity, it seems too often to lack a basic warmth; very often one finds this transmitted in the

Kenton reshaping of some of Wagner's best-known works.

The Valkyries starts with a promising introductory touch by the leader and unison figures that augur a significant mood, but as soon as the theme itself enters, everything seems to fall apart. In terms of intensity, the track starts at the top and tries to escalate its way from here.

Kenton plays a long, ominous introduction to the *Funeral March*, which turns out to be a colorful orchestration with very few essential qualities that are not of the Wagner era—if one excepts the occasional accented use of a flatted third in a couple of unison-reed runs.

The Act I Prelude has a touch of pizzicato bass behind the music-box piano. At last one hears some tempo, but there is a lackluster quality to some of the reed work. The performance builds, however, with considerable melodramatic effect, into an old-line Kenton finale.

The Act III Prelude opens brightly and makes extensive use of bongos for excitement. The possibilities that may have been latent in Kenton's over-all concept are hinted at here, but the trouble lies in the theme itself, or rather in what time has done to it. A melody that once was bold and heroic now suggests silent-movie music and a scene in which the heroine is being dragged to the railroad track by her hair. Time can do this to almost any music; it has done it already to a great deal of early jazz.

The Tristan and Isolde tracks are impressive illustrations of Kenton's skill, particularly in his voicings and shadings for brass.

The Prelude has a short passage of solo trombone, playing straight melody—the nearest thing to improvisation in the whole album. *The Love-Death* mounts to a staggering volume but has touches of early Kenton in some moments of reed writing.

The gloomy *Wedding March* is not the sort of treatment I would select for my daughter's nuptials unless she contemplated a quick divorce.

The closing *Pilgrims' Chorus* uses bongos again and is dynamically furious, with an effective finale reminiscent of 1950 Kenton.

To sum up, Kenton has achieved a tour de force here. The performance is as expert as the playing. What falls short of success is the original conception. There is a plodding, Germanically pompous sound to much of Wagner's work that seems to be at odds with the kind of renovation Kenton seems to have had in mind.

Since Kenton's name has been indelibly associated with jazz, inevitably a comparison comes to mind. A few years ago Duke Ellington recorded an album of Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite* and a full side of Grieg's *Peer Gynt Suite*. The themes were used in most cases as a base for the expression of individual styles—not just the writing styles of Ellington and Billy Strayhorn but the blowing styles of the sidemen. No violence was done to the composers' works, because the use of a new idiom necessitated a new frame of reference in evaluating the results.

In the case of Kenton/Wagner no such attempt has been made.

There is very little that could be called jazz, by any standards, anywhere in the album, and virtually no improvisation. As a result, much of what is heard seems to fall into a no-man's land from which the literal disciplines of the original Wagner concert music and the essential improvisatory freedom of jazz are both absent.

A more meaningful end might have been accomplished either by going all the way in a new direction, as Ellington did, or by leaving everything just as it was in the first place. There is not much that is "neophonic" about Wagner per se and not enough that is neophonic about what happens to Wagner throughout these often arid sides.

One star for good intentions, another half-star for good performance. Let Kenton return to playing Kenton. (L.G.F.)

Chet Baker

BABY BREEZE—Limelight 82003: *Baby Breeze*; *Born to Be Blue*; *This Is the Thing*; *I Wish You Love*; *Ev'rything Depends on You*; *One with One*; *Pamela's Passion*; *The Touch of Your Lips*; *Comin' Down*; *You're Mine, You*.

Personnel: Baker, fluegelhorn, vocals; Frank Strozier, alto saxophone, flute; Phil Urso, tenor saxophone; Hal Galper or Bobby Scott or Bob James, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Michael Fleming, bass; Charlie Rice, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Lyrics and lyricism are the two elements that characterize this fine, but not spectacular, album. In both singing and blowing, Baker is in the upper crust.

Taking the instrumentals first, Baker uses fluegelhorn exclusively, and the depth of its tone equals the depth of Baker's conception.

On *Breeze* Baker has the field to himself and, against a martial background that might inhibit a less melodic improviser, builds a thoughtful linear statement toward a low-register climax (his mellowest range). *This Is the Thing* (based on *What Is This Thing Called Love?*) is given a Latin launching and then assumes a high-speed, straight-ahead orbit, with sustained swinging by Strozier, Baker, Urso, and Galper, before making its Latin re-entry.

The plaintive verse and gently swinging chorus of *Wish* feature Baker at his introspective best. *One* reveals the deft writing ability of Galper, who bunches flute, tenor saxophone, and fluegelhorn in their high registers while he jabs below with piano clusters.

The internal accents of a simple Charleston beat manage to spice the excellent up-tempo *Pamela's*. All soloists seem unleashed on this one, especially Strozier and Baker. An exchange of fours (somehow Fleming accumulated eight) ignites the out chorus as does Baker's interesting countermelody. *Comin'* picks up precisely where *Pamela's* fades out. All soloists are thoroughly warmed up. If Baker sounds less mellow than usual, blame it on his horn, not his ideas. Urso sounds as if he could have soloed for another three choruses.

As for Baker's vocals, this album is worth adding to one's collection just to hear how he lavishes loving care on words and phrasing. Fortunately, he is given a most intelligent, sensitive accompaniment. *Mine*, *Depends*, and *Born* spotlight the

sympathetic backings of Burrell, whose rapport with Baker is nearly ruined by the too funky approach of Scott. James shows the proper keyboard attitude as he supports Baker's vocal on *Touch*.

Baker's critics still complain about the lack of virility in his singing. What they overlook too easily is the wealth of feeling he projects. (H.S.)

Sammy Davis-Count Basie

OUR SHINING HOUR—Verve 8605: *My Shining Hour; Teach Me Tonight; Work Song; Why Try to Change Me Now?; Blues for Mr. Charlie; April in Paris; New York City Blues; You're Nobody Till Somebody Loves You; She's a Woman; The Girl from Ipanema; Keepin' out of Mischief Now; Bill Basie, Won't You Please Come Home?*

Personnel: Basie band; Davis, vocals; Quincy Jones, conductor, arranger.

Rating: ★★★

This is a Davis album all the way despite the presence of Basie and his band and arrangements by Jones.

As a Davis album it is satisfactory—polished, glib, and full of Las Vegas bravura. Davis shakes loose a bit on *Charlie* (arranged by George Rhodes) to belt it across, and in the finale, *Bill Basie*, he provides some novelty by doing a buck dance to Basie's piano accompaniment.

The Basie band is simply background—it could be any studio group except for occasional glimpses of Basie's piano.

(J.S.W.)

Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis-Johnny Griffin

THE MIDNIGHT SHOW—Prestige 7330: *In Walked Bud; Land of Dreams; Beano; Robbins' Nest; Our Delight; Theme.*

Personnel: Davis, Griffin, tenor saxophones; Junior Mance, piano; Larry Gales, bass; Ben Riley, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

Recorded live at Minton's early in 1961, this, like the other Davis-Griffin albums of that time, has an ambivalent character. There is the fetching aura of delight of *In Walked Bud*, and there is the infectious spark of *Beano*, where Davis and Griffin sprint like springtime colts; but there is also a listless *Robbins' Nest*, where there seems to be a three-way contest among the horns and Mance to see who can top the others in monotony.

Davis, getting a Don Byas sound at times, has a powerful swing and excellent control of his horn, but he never seems quite ready to feed a listener melodic excitement. Griffin is a bit more complex in melody, and swings as much as Davis, but is prone to be wild. Often, whatever ideas he is working on evaporate in upper register squeals. Mance's best moments are on *In Walked Bud*, the Thelonious Monk theme on *Blue Sky* changes, where he builds his solo nicely. I've heard him play better piano than this though. (G.M.E.)

Booker Ervin

THE BLUES BOOK—Prestige 7340: *Eerie Dearie; One for Mort; No Booze Bloop; True Blue.*

Personnel: Carmell Jones, trumpet; Ervin, tenor saxophone; Gildo Mahones, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Alan Dawson, drums.

Rating: ★★★

Some people speak in long, tiresome sentences, by connecting a whole bunch of phrases with conjunctions. Then there's Ervin, whose conversations are much too long but never tiresome, because his syntax is a model of architectural clarity.

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four contrasting chapters with the dialog of four like-minded creators, and their combined vocabulary adds up to a lexicon of swing. Adding the final touch is a complete "index" in the form of Ira Gitler's liner notes.

Ervin is in orbit at all times. He apparently gets launched during some sort of mental warm-up. On all four numbers he starts strong, sustains the feeling, and finishes with no loss in energy.

Jones is in complete command of his horn and puts on a remarkable linear display with a tone more vibrant here than he has evidenced on his recordings with Horace Silver.

Beneath them, Davis and Dawson erect a rhythmic foundation that serves not only as a finished structure but also as a skeletal outline for the soloists to build on. Dawson's percussive cross-rhythms, held in check by his tasteful cymbal-riding, free Davis to utilize the melodic function of his bass, occasionally injecting double stops and walking only when necessary.

Exploring the twilight zone between melody and rhythm, Mahones' piano flirts with both but remains sufficiently aloof to contribute personal footnotes on comping and romping to all of the chapters.

Eerie is a twice-the-normal blues (24 measures) that features Ervin at his most frantic. Adding to the flurries of excitement, Dawson alertly manages to anticipate most of Ervin's outbursts. The piece is constructed on such an advanced harmonic plane that the blues roots are not actually heard; they are implied.

Mort reaches Mach I immediately. Its tempo doesn't feel supersonic—if a listener relies on the deceptive, unison head arrangement. Jones, Mahones, and Ervin offer some amazingly clear thinking at a tempo that certainly defies toe-tapping. Dawson's fusillade recaptures the Chicago of prohibition days, while Davis' high-speed walk at the closing manages to retain a logical bass line.

For a study in the lachrymose, Ervin's solo statements on *Blooze* must rank among the most plaintive on disc since the soul-searching of Charlie Parker and Serge Chaloff. The weak setup of *True Blue* is followed by a tired body of cramped solos. In comparison to the expansiveness of the 16-minute *Blooze* that preceded it, the individual choruses are aborted before given a chance to ripen.

But it's the only letdown. For the most part, the album is a study in hard driving. With such expert instrumentalists, it amounts to easy listening. (H.S.)

Gary McFarland

SOFT SAMBA—Verve 8603: *Ringo*; *From Russia with Love*; *She Loves You*; *A Hard Day's Night*; *The Good Life*; *More*; *And I Love Her*; *The Love Goddess*; *I Want to Hold Your Hand*; *Emily*; *California, Here I Come*; *La Vie En Rose*.

Personnel: Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Seldon Powell or Spencer Sinatra, flute; McFarland, vibraharp, vocals; Patti Bown, piano; Antonio Carlos Jobim or Kenny Burrell, guitar; Richard Davis, bass; Sol Gubin and Willie Bobo or Arnie Wise, percussion.

Rating: ★

Were it not for the occasional solo segments by Cleveland, Powell, Jobim, Burrell—and McFarland, too—one would be sorely tempted to dismiss this record out of hand. Coming, as it does, after

the splendid collaboration with John Lewis on Atlantic, this McFarland disc is rendered even more cheap and trivial in comparison.

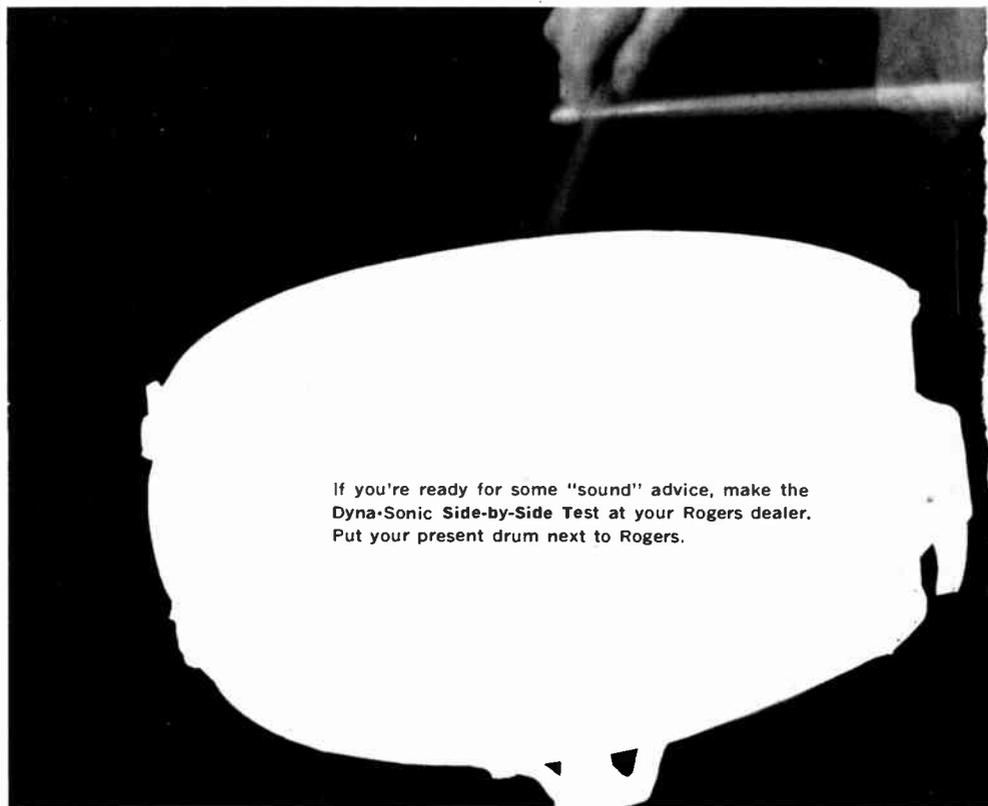
What the vibist has concocted here might be described as a sort of Liverpoolian samba, a breezy misalliance of teen beat, bossa nova, and a little bit of jazz—mighty little.

On every track McFarland hums the melodic line in unison with the vibes in a simulacrum of the Beatles' vocal approach, while the rest of the group provides a sort of rock-and-roll samba accompaniment behind him.

When one places the record on the turntable and starts the first track, the reaction is, "Yeah, that's pretty cute; they're burlesquing the Beatles." One waits in vain for the parody to stop and the jazz

playing to begin. Halfway through the second track, an uneasy feeling starts gnawing at the mind. Suppose McFarland's not putting on at all; maybe the whole album is made up of this tawdriness—and even more frightening, perhaps McFarland *means* it!

Well, the whole album is made up of it and, one supposes, he does mean it. Perhaps it's a sickness that occasionally touches the jazzman . . . the desire to make it big in the market place by playing to the lowest common denominator. Am I saying that this gifted young musician has compromised himself? He surely has in this album, at any rate. Certainly the material and the whole approach—the thinking behind the album—are unworthy of his talents. Let us fondly hope it's a passing virus and now that it's out of his



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system, McFarland will turn his attention to meaningful creative work.

I am sick at heart that McFarland, for whatever reasons (the poor financial rewards of jazz playing?), felt impelled to engage in this musical self-pollution.

(P.W.)

Wes Montgomery

MOVIN' WES—Verve 8610: *Caravan; People; Movin' Wes (Part I); Moca Flor; Matchmaker; Movin' Wes (Part II); Senza Fine; Theodora; In and Out; Born to Be Blue; West Coast Blues.*

Personnel: Jimmy Cleveland, Urbie Green, Quentin Jackson, Chauncey Welsh, trombones; Ernie Royal, Clark Terry, Snooky Young, trumpets; Don Butterfield or Harvey Phillips, tuba; Jerome Richardson, woodwinds; Montgomery, guitar; Bobby Scott, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Willie Bobo, percussion.

Rating: ★★½

Thanks to arranger Johnny Pate's punching—and occasional Gil Evans-inflected—

writing for brass, this set maintains a high degree of excitement from start to finish, and it is, in fact, the bite and power of the brass that make it far more effective than the guitarist's previous album with large-group backing (*Fusion, Riverside 472*).

Montgomery plays with a great deal of heated intensity throughout, his solos continually building to strong climaxes.

His playing is strong and virile, and he more than makes up in resilience and blistering drive what he might lack in subtlety. His lines are simple, yet forceful and stated with a strongly swinging attack, and the directness and singleness of purpose that are the marks of a master improviser. He knows what he wants to do, and does it without fuss or flamboyance.

His playing is greatly blues-inflected

here—especially noticeable on such pieces as *Movin' Wes (Part I)* and *West Coast*—and, curiously, there is little use of the running octaves that marked his early work.

I found the Floyd Cramerish piano interjections of Scott occasionally grating and out of place in this set, but otherwise the album is a good, strong, meaty set of guitar improvisations underlined by some forceful brass work.

(P.W.)

Gerry Mulligan

BUTTERFLY WITH HICCUPS—Limelight 82004: *Butterfly with Hiccups; You'd Be so Nice to Come To; Theme for Jobim; Old Devil Moon; The Ant Hill; Blues for Lynda; Line for Lyons; Crazy Day.*

Personnel: Art Farmer, fluegelhorn; Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone; Mulligan, baritone saxophone, piano; Jim Hall, guitar; Bill Crow, bass; Dave Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★★★

For the most part, what Mulligan and associates come across with here is pleasant but essentially tepid fare.

There is blowsily effortless playing from all the horn men, but little more than that. And there could have been much more. The promise implicit in the front line of three horns and guitar is never realized; the arrangements are of the sketchiest sort, and in fact most of the pieces consist simply of strings of solos with occasional background noodling.

Solo honors fall easily to Farmer for his spare, flaringly elegant improvisations on such numbers as *You'd Be So Nice* and *Ant Hill*, which are models of grace, fluidity, and airy, supple strength. And they seem as natural as breathing.

Brookmeyer is his wry, insinuating self, his solos as full of the sardonic as they are of rawbone—almost lumbering—swing. His improvisation on *Crazy Day* is perhaps the best example of the latter quality.

Mulligan plays piano on three of the selections, the happiest moments occurring on *Lynda*, an appealing blues line that benefits from understatement. Otherwise, as a pianist he's a good baritone player. If piano were really essential to the conceptions of these three pieces, it seems they might have been better served by Brookmeyer, who is at least an adept.

In all, an enjoyable though not particularly adventurous album. No one connected with the session seems at all concerned with extending himself in any way, with the result that what could have been a potentially invigorating advance into new territory turns out to be merely a journey to familiar ground. The trip is, of course, made enjoyable by the presence of such raconteurs as Mulligan, Brookmeyer, Farmer, and Hall.

(P.W.)

Singleton Palmer

SING SWINGS—Opera House 1001: *Sensation; Linger Awhile; The Memphis Blues; When My Sugar Walks Down the Street; The Stars and Stripes Forever; The Yellow Dog Blues; Lassas' Trombone; South Rampart Street Parade; Tiger Rag.*

Personnel: Bill Martin, trumpet; Leon King, trombone; Norman Mason, clarinet; Gus Perryman, piano; Palmer, tuba; Ben Thigpen, drums.

Rating: ★★

This entire LP is alleged to have been recorded on Aug. 11, 1964, at the Opera House, Gaslight Square, St. Louis. If so, the band must have fallen downstairs



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sometime during the evening.

There are a few creditable performances in the set—*Linger* holds together pretty well after a characterless start, and Palmer blows good tuba solos both on this tune and on *Sugar*. But even though these pieces are only somewhat better than routine, it is hard to believe that the band played them on the same night that it turned out *Lassus* and *Rampart*, both of which are incredibly bad.

The band has difficulties with fast tempos—it rushes them, and the horns struggle to keep up. Unfortunately, most of the tunes are either fast or very fast. At the easy pace of *Sugar*, the group does much better.

The band is not helped by the recording, which is fuzzy and, so far as the piano is concerned, poorly balanced. (J.S.W.)

Lou Rawls

NOBODY BUT LOU—Capitol 2273: *Nobody But Me; Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall; Whispering Grass; Two Tickets West; It's Monday Every Day; Power of Love; If I Had My Life to Live Over; If It's the Last Thing I Do; Gee, Baby; Blues for the Weepers.*

Personnel: unidentified orchestra, Benny Carter, conductor, arranger; Rawls, vocals.

Rating: ★★★★★½

The combination of Rawls' big voice, his unusually skillful use of it, Carter's exciting arrangements, and Capitol's wide-open recording make this an outstanding disc.

It would have been even more outstanding if they had not run out of good material. As a matter of fact, one of the weak entries—*Monday*—provides Rawls with an opportunity to show how much he can do to lift a dull, heavy song. But when every element jells, which is most of the time, Rawls and Carter make a tremendous combination.

They project a big beat in a really good sense—they suffuse their performances with a lusty, swinging beat that is irresistible. Carter makes excellent use of a rich and gutty trombone section, swooping singing saxophones in the Billy May tradition, and the distant, casual tinkling of a piano that adds a delightfully light note to the ruggedly imposing sound of the full band.

Rawls has a strong, rough-edged voice, and his phrasing sense is impeccable. He keeps things swinging just as much as Carter's arrangements do, for he can punch without losing the fluidity of the rhythmic line. And he can turn that great voice loose on a ballad with rewarding results—on *Last Thing* he sounds very much like Jimmy Witherspoon at his best.

Rawls has never sounded better on records, and Carter has responded to the opportunity by turning out one of his best sets of arrangements in years.

(J.S.W.)

Russian Jazz Quartet

HAPPINESS—Impulse 80: *Waltz; Remember; Journey from Moscow; Composition in the Form of Blues; Secret Love; Dedication to MJQ.*

Personnel: Boris Midney, alto saxophone, clarinet; George Ricci, cello, viola; Roger Kellaway, piano; Igor Berukshtis, bass; Grady Tate, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★½

Involving Kellaway in the debut disc by the two Russian defectors, Midney and Berukshtis, may or may not have been a

good idea. Kellaway's presence, as pianist and arranger, certainly contributes strongly to the value of the disc. But he contributes so strongly that he completely overshadows the two Russians.

Kellaway's solos are the high spots of almost every selection, and the most interesting writing on the record is his fascinatingly involved adaptation of *Remember* and his voicing of cello, clarinet, and piano on *Secret*.

As a clarinetist, Midney works mostly in the low register and, at times, offers fleeting suggestions of Barney Bigard in his sound and phrasing. On alto, his derivation from Paul Desmond is very evident, although on *Journey* he gets into some wild, Ornette Coleman-like passages.

Berukshtis is a sturdy bassist, who seems more content to work as a solid rhythm man than to go off on virtuoso ventures.

Midney's writing (*Waltz, Journey, Composition, and Dedication* are his) is not particularly striking and draws less on jazz than on a traditional musical background. His interests seem to lean toward the Third Stream idiom although his playing shows that he is not doing this out of an ignorance of jazz. (J.S.W.)

Swingle Singers

ANYONE FOR MOZART?—Philips 200-149 and 600-149: *Sonata No. 15; Ah! Vous Dirais Je Maman; Allegro from Sonata; Fugue; Eine Kleine Nacht Musik.*

Personnel: The Swingle Singers; Guy Pedersen, bass; Daniel Humait, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★½

This album represents both the best and the least of the Swingles.

They have polished their technique considerably since their first ventures into Bach. Mozart—at least, some Mozart—proves to be a much more fruitful basis for the use of that technique than Bach was.

The three movements of *Sonata No. 15* (allegro, andante, allegretto) provide the Swingles with an almost ideal showcase for their special artistry. In the first and third movements, the precision and fluency with which they articulate, interweaving lines is shown off brilliantly. There is a subtlety in this performance that goes beyond anything they have done before. And in the andante, Christiane Legrand takes a solo that is magnificently dark-hued and lyrical.

Dirais (which is *Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star*), a series of variations, offers a similar range of opportunities, including another solo spot for Miss Legrand, and the Swingles triumph once again. But *Nacht Musik*, for all its scope, does not come off as Swingleized. (J.S.W.)

Gene Shaw

CARNIVAL SKETCHES—Argo 743: *Carnival Sketches (The Big Sunrise, Goin' Downtown, Cha Bossa, Street Dance, Goin' Back Home); Ain't That Soul?; Soulero; Days of Wine and Roses; Samba Nova.*

Personnel: Gene Shaw, trumpet; Kenny Soderblom, flute, bass flute; Charles Stepnay, vibraphone; Ed Higgins, piano; Roland Faulkner, guitar; Richard Evans, bass; Marshall Thompson, Vernel Fournier, drums; Benny Cooke, conga.

Rating: ★★★★★

Carnival Sketches is a five-part work by bassist Evans that takes up one side of this disc. The sections build from the calm

opening of *Sunrise*, introduced by Faulkner's striking guitar as Shaw's trumpet eases in, big and glowing as a new day, through the expectantly ambling *Down-town* and two strongly rhythmic sections—*Bossa and Dance*—before ambling back with *Home*.

This programmatic structure, however, does not inhibit the work, for it meshes readily, flowing along through ensembles and solos with such a natural progression that the specifics of each section, and the sections as sections, are scarcely noticeable.

Shaw uses a relatively simple approach, working close to a central core around which he produces an assortment of effectively low-keyed solos.

Faulkner, Stepnay, and Evans move in and out of ensembles along with Shaw to keep an interesting panoply of colors in motion.

Evans also wrote the rest of the pieces (except for Henry Mancini's *Days*), which provide Higgins with opportunities for some piano solos that are the most enlivening factor on the second side. On *Ain't*, in particular, Higgins gets into a burrowing groove that lifts a relatively routine piece up and shakes a lot of life into it. (J.S.W.)

Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer

TONIGHT—Mainstream 56043 and 6043: *Tete a Tete; Pretty Girl; Blue China; Hum; Blindman, Blindman; Step Right Up; Weep; Straight, No Chaser; Some Time Ago; Hymn.*

Personnel: Terry, fluegelhorn, trumpet; Brookmeyer, valve trombone; Roger Kellaway, piano; Bill Crow, bass; Dave Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★/2

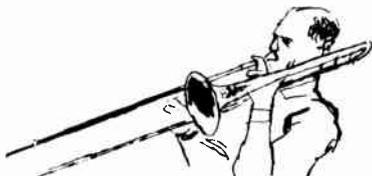
Bob Shad of Mainstream records deserves a personal rating of five stars for taking the opportunity, neglected by other labels, of recording the Terry-Brookmeyer combo, which has been playing regularly in New York for several years.

The conjunction of three such accomplished individualists as Terry, Brookmeyer, and Kellaway, supported by Crow and Bailey, could scarcely avoid shooting out some interesting sparks. This disc is full of them.

The whole group plays with joy, with a sense of exuberance that constantly lights up both solo and ensemble passages. Terry, playing fluegelhorn most of the time, rips through solo after solo with his typically dancing figures and rich, glowing tone.

Brookmeyer, not quite the self-starting soloist that Terry is, usually has to lay a foundation on which to build his solos, but once he has done that, he is as ruggedly convincing as Terry. Kellaway is a romping delight throughout.

All three have a fondness for breaks, and they use them time and time again for a variety of imaginative effects. Most of the material is bright and rhythmic, but there are two ballads, *Girl and Ago* (both by Brookmeyer), on which Terry, in particular, plays with beautifully flowing warmth. (J.S.W.)



Tony Williams

LIFE TIME—Blue Note 4180: *2 Pieces of One* (1. *Red*, 2. *Green*); *Tomorrow Afternoon; Memory; Barb's Song of the Wizard.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2—Sam Rivers, tenor saxophone; Richard Davis, Gary Peacock, basses; Williams, drums. Track 3—Rivers, Peacock, Williams. Track 4—Bobby Hutcherson, vibraharp, marimba; Herbie Hancock, piano; Williams, drums, percussion. Track 5—Hancock; Ron Carter, bass.

Rating: ★★★★★

According to exponents of free form, spontaneity is the essence of artistry. It, therefore, must be a paradox to record for posterity the stream of consciousness contained herein. What helpfully emerges is like a frozen frame of film that stops an action long enough to submit to scrutiny. And the scrutiny here is a rewarding—at times breathtaking—experience, especially in terms of instrumental artistry.

Young Williams has surrounded himself with an exceptionally lyrical ensemble of innovators, including the cream of the current bass crop: Carter, Davis, and Peacock.

Cluttered with the excess baggage of enigmatic titles (*Life Time* might as well have been *Tony Williams Plays the Best of Henry Luce*), plus the only free-form liner notes in captivity, it becomes imperative that the album be heard—not read.

Red is built on a muddy, five-note head arrangement behind which Williams' brush strokes resemble the rustling of leaves. Peacock and Davis solo simultaneously (one plucked, the other bowed) with the five-note figure lurking in the background. A semblance of "walking" ushers in Rivers' imaginative explorations, while Williams lays down a busy interference of attacks. Another twin-bass solo leads to a recurrence of the five-note figure, and the track ends in complete symmetry.

Green features the same quartet with a session of mutual exorcism by Rivers and Williams. The drummer puts on a dazzling exhibition, but the tenorist seems to be the more "possessed," marring his solo with satanic squeals and unmusical grunts.

The same Rivers overflows on *Tomorrow*, a complex up tune with a four-bar head seemingly built on a 4-4-6-4 rhythmic scheme.

Memory escapes from a John Cage of abstract, disconnected sounds. There is no beginning, no end. It is without form, hence devoid of emotion. What it needs is celluloid visualization. Its jagged wanderings would neatly underscore a series of arty montages. One of its highlights finds a running conversation between Hutcherson and Hancock that reveals an amazing rapport in a framework completely unplanned.

The artistic peak is reached with *Wizard*, an impressionistic exploration for piano and bass that is equally sensitive and brooding. Confined to a waltz fragment in minor, Hancock and Carter conjure up the haunting flavor of De Falla's *Nights in the Gardens of Spain*. Hancock's touch is impeccable, and his inspiration transcends the realm of jazz. Carter's yearning glissandos sound like a cross between a koto and a sitar. This track alone justifies the album's addition to one's collection... especially if the collector is serious about expanding his own jazz horizons. (H.S.)

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BLINDFOLD TEST

Vince Guaraldi

By LEONARD FEATHER

Vince Guaraldi is one of a series of non-Latin American musicians who have achieved prominence at least partly through an association with Latin American music. Another artist in this category is Cal Tjader, in whose San Francisco combo Guaraldi worked in 1950.

The Latin image has been fortified lately by the frequent appearances of Guaraldi's trio in tandem with Brazilian guitarist Bola Sete. Nevertheless, his non-Latin credits are numerous. They include jobs with the combos of Bill Harris-Chubby Jackson, Georgie Auld and Sonny Criss, followed by the touring years (1956-'57) with Woody Herman's orchestra.

After a couple of years back with Tjader, followed by a return to Herman for tours of Britain and Saudi Arabia, pianist Guaraldi worked at the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach, Calif., for a while before establishing his own group. A hit single (*Cast Your Fate to the Winds*) gave him a new, quasi-funk association.

On his first *Blindfold Test* Guaraldi was an unusual subject. Most of the records made him restless after the first minute or two; he insisted that he was ready with his opinion; and there was no need to listen to the rest. In most instances, though, he was persuaded to hear the track through before taping his comments. He received no information about the records played.



THE RECORDS

1. Pete Jolly. *Blues Two Ways* (from *Hello, Jolly, Ava*). Jolly, piano; Chuck Berghofer, bass; Dick Grove, composer.

I think it's Junior Mance . . . with the brass section. That could be Monty Budwig.

You want an opinion on the song, right? I think it's a good record, not very professional, but it's swinging. That's about all I can really say. It's a swinging blues chart with a big-band background, and it's a good one. It's an honest record. Bass player's good, piano player's good, everybody's playing well. I'll give it three stars.

2. John Lewis. *The Golden Striker* (Atlantic). Lewis, piano, composer.

John Lewis. It's his composition. I don't know the name of it. Anything he does is excellent, in my opinion. I like the way he plays, I like the way he writes, I like his ideas about music. The group itself [Modern Jazz Quartet] I think is very fine. They've done a lot for jazz, I think—in their own way. For classical music, they've done a lot more in bringing it together than Brubeck did in what he was trying to do. Making, you know, a lot of those records with the European strings-type, symphony bands, that type. And yet it's really jazzy, because they've got Milt Jackson, and what he is, there's no doubt

Five stars? That's the maximum? Well, he's the maximum in his field.

3. Herbie Hancock. *Alone and I* (from *Takin' Off*, Blue Note). Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Dexter Gordon, tenor saxophone; Hancock, piano, composer.

I like the trumpet player. The composition is nebulous; sounds like a few stan-

dard ballads kind of taken to the left, melodically speaking. Piano player? He's all right. The whole record really leaves me cold. The saxophone player didn't seem to fit with the piano and the trumpet.

I wouldn't want to say whether it's right or wrong—it's a certain type of performance—but it's a ballad, and it sounded strained, to me.

In jazz, I feel this: there's a certain amount of honesty in everybody's endeavors, whether they come off or not. I've found very few jive cats that really can play; so I just try to listen for what, for lack of a better expression, you could call honesty. I give it two stars, for effort.

4. Laurindo Almeida. *Quiet Nights* (from *Guitar from Ipanema*, Capitol). Almeida, all-electronic guitar.

I don't like this record. I don't like the interpretation of the material. I don't know what that guy's playing on—it sounds like an accordion with a vibrato on it. *Corcovado* [*Quiet Nights*] has been very close to me. Gilberto played it the first time I ever heard it, and it really gassed me. The arrangement, the way it was done, the whole thing.

So when I hear people do it in kind of an offhanded manner, this, to me, is kind of a flight into commercialism. They don't even know what the hell they're doing, in my opinion.

I made a record of *Corcovado*. And I tried to get as close to what Jobim meant as I could. But this—the guitar player isn't even into it. You can play the comp but never get into it. No stars.

5. Cal Tjader. *O Barquinho* (from *Sona Libre*, Verve). Tjader, vibraharp; Clare Fischer, organ.

This is a nice record. And nice means

dull. This is Cal Tjader. I've heard him play a lot of music. But this material, most of this Brazilian material, is getting to be done to the bone.

The advent of the organ . . . I've only heard one guy play the organ bossa nova, from Brazil; his name was Walter Wanderly, who's fantastic. After hearing what they do with the organ in Brazil, this organ doesn't make it. Just because he played a clave doesn't mean that it's bossa nova. Two stars for effort.

6. Andrew Hill. *Judgment!* (Blue Note). Hill, piano, composer; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraharp; Richard Davis, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

He stated what he was leading up to by the time he got there!

I don't like this record. I don't know who he is, but it's wild how four men can really create a cacophony. I would give it no stars, and it's best they didn't show, on this one. I may be called a moldy fig for not condoning this type of jazz music, but I've heard this type done better, by other people. This doesn't do a thing for me.

7. Duke Ellington. *Blowing in the Wind* (from *Ellington '65*, Reprise). Ellington, piano; Bob Dylan, composer.

I love this one. This is a good example of two individuals, Duke Ellington and Bob Dylan. The composition is a folk song, quite popular, I would imagine, and Duke Ellington treats it, like everything he touches, in his own way. Kind of a Midas touch.

That's the greatest band in the world. You know who I'd like to hear play with this band? Sonny Rollins.

I love it. Give it the maximum. Johnny Hodges is beautiful. When you hear this band play, there's no doubt in your mind that it's the men . . . The Men.

8. Woody Herman. *Hallelujah Time* (from *Woody Herman 1964*, Philips). Carmen Leggio, Sal Nistico, tenor saxophones; Chuck Andrus, bass; Jake Hanna, drums; Oscar Peterson, composer; Nat Pierce, arranger.

First I thought it was Ted Heath, but that's Woody Herman. I saw the band many times when they were up in Frisco, and I remember the arrangement. I think it's Sal playing.

Woody's always had great bands. He's been an inspiration to me, in many ways. One thing I like about this band (although I don't believe he has this band now) he's bringing the Italian saxophone players back!

He's kept a band together through thick and thin. I've worked with him, and I learned a lot more when I worked with him than I did when I went to school. In fact, I went to school when I worked with him. The maximum. He is great.

Nat kind of rehearses the band and keeps it in shape. He's done a wonderful job with it. The bass player—he's a good bass player. And I think that's Jake Hanna on drums; very good. Good trumpet section. Hot saxophone players. . . . Woody's always had hot saxophone players, but these guys can really double out. 

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Reviews Of In-Person Performances

Dizzy Gillespie-Neophonic Orchestra Music Center, Los Angeles

Personnel: Gillespie, Conte Candoli, Ollie Mitchell, Al Porcino, Dalton Smith, Marvin Brown, trumpets; Jim Amlotte, bass trombone; Bob Fitzpatrick, Frank Rosolino, Lloyd Ulyate, trombones; Jack Cave, Vince DeRosa, William Hinshaw, Arthur Maebé, Richard Perissi, French horns; Red Callendar, tuba; Buddy Collette, Chuck Gentry, Bill Hood, Bill Perkins, Bud Shank, reeds; Mike Lang, piano; Al Viola, guitar; John Worster, bass; Shelly Manne, drums; Frank Carlson, Emil Richards, percussion; Stan Kenton, conductor.

The second concert of the Neophonic Orchestra was an unusual mixture of significant premieres, far-out explorations, dated but exciting big-band sounds, intimate chamber studies, and an abortive classical excursion that not only embarrassed conductor Kenton, but also made its composer, Richard Wagner, turn over in his grave.

The program began in hushed reverence with the *Pilgrims' Chorus* from Wagner's *Tannhaeuser*, but Kenton's arrangement failed to maintain its dignified solemnity as the broad, prayerful chords tended to become muddy. The playing was much cleaner after the entrance of a rapid rhythm, which, on a cushion of bongos, seemed to take off beneath the legato melodies.

Allyn Ferguson demonstrated how to write a jazz composition within a baroque framework with his highly cerebral *Passacaglia and Fugue*. Beginning with a mysterious figure for contrabass clarinet, the first section was filled with intricate voicings for various sections and full band, interspersed with percussive jabs. Constructed with regard for symmetry, the *passacaglia* ended with a repeat of the opening theme, this time by the tuba. Without benefit of transition, the fugue (because of the limited stretto, perhaps this section is really a complex canon) began and swung with the unabashed excitement of the big-band era. The overlapping of subject and countersubject—as the various sections worked out the contrapuntal imitations—was sloppy in many places, but the piece built to a satisfying climax, strengthened by ear-shattering cymbal crashes.

Blues for Yna-Yna, by Gerald Wilson, offered an excellent change of pace in the form of a minor-key jazz waltz. Its mildly pulsating theme and characteristic descending passing tone were reminiscent of the lullaby from Khachaturian's *Gayne Ballet Suite*. Wilson's deft scoring and uncomplicated background apparently ignited altoist Shank and vibist Richards, who turned in outstanding solos.

One of the most enjoyable studies of the evening followed: *Evolution*, a light, airy chamber work for horns and woodwinds by George Shearing. Conceived in 10-bar phrases with an eight-bar bridge, the short pasturale alternated between 4/4

and 3/4, exuding an infectious, almost intoxicating headiness. The writing was matched by a brilliant performance. Kenton's conducting (the score had to be firmly controlled because of its frequent ritarads) was a model of clarity, extracting a gentle swing from its (Alec) wilder moments.

A newcomer to the scene, Don Piestrup (whose writing for his own 18-piece rehearsal band in Oakland caught Kenton's attention and led to a Neophonic commission), contributed an interesting excursion into dorian, lydian, and phrygian modes with his brief *Early Start*. Though devoid of key center, the work was not without form. It began softly, building to a number of internal climaxes and subsided quietly. It provided another fine showcase for Shank's alto.

Another newcomer, New Zealand-born Julian Lee, stirred up things with his cyclic, three-movement composition, *Jazz-tralia*.

Based on a format of, roughly, moderate-slow-fast, the work was a well-wrought study in orchestration. Among its highlights were a short waltz for flute and guitar, followed by a tightly written "up" passage that showed Candoli's trumpet to good solo advantage; a plaintive slow movement (that featured a lachrymose alto solo by Shank); and a montage effect in which most of the themes employed were recalled.

Disaster opened the second half of the program in the form of the *Prelude to Act III* of Wagner's *Lohengrin*. The lack of adequate rehearsal time was obvious as the unison trumpet figures began sloppily and ended in chaos.

Kenton checked his anger, paced back and forth without acknowledging the polite applause, and finally came to the center of the stage and philosophized, "Well, as they say in the trade: 'Let's have another take.'" That seemed to ease the tension, and he turned to one of the most difficult numbers on the program, Russ Garcia's *Adventure in Emotion*.

Exploring pathos, anger, tranquility, joy and love-hate-love, Garcia utilized a number of swinging psychological devices: spontaneous "sounds" from various instruments based on particular scales or tone rows; brass quotes (or at least reminiscent passages) from Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*; a liberal use of quarter tones; fragmented, Sauter-Finegan-like backdrops to Collette's flute solo, creating splashes of brilliant colors; and some remarkable "dialogs" between tympanist Carlson and drummer Manne and also between trombonist Fitzpatrick and flutist Shank. It was an important experiment in atonality and free form, and audience reaction seemed surprisingly hip.

Gillespie, featured soloist of the evening, had his *Four Pieces* arranged by Gil Fuller. The first three—*Jambo*, *Fiesta Mojo*, and *And Then She Stopped*—were highly spiced with the bouncing, sensuous off-beat of the jazz samba. The arrangements relied heavily on the basic Latin rhythm section to project the hypnotic pulsations; above it all, Gillespie pirouetted. But musically, he sounded unin-

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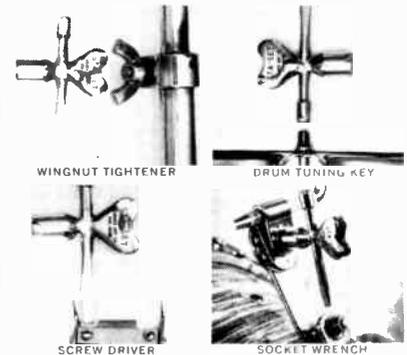
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spired. Playing muted much of the time, his ideas lacked his usual spark of imagination. Complicating matters, when the full band was playing, Gillespie's comparatively soft blowing failed to cut through the concerted sound, especially on *Jambo*. The high point of *Mo-Jo* was an extended unison segment featuring Gillespie's muted horn and Collette's flute.

Gillespie's final piece, *Things Are Here*, taken at a jet-propelled tempo, provided the trumpeter with the opportunity to play some frantic flurries and brought the concert to an exciting climax.

The concert was a success for most of the premieres offered, and it proved that an original approach to composition—whether using a classical mold or merely classical instrumentation—is preferable to transcribing a classical piece for a large jazz-oriented orchestra. —Harvey Siders

New York Saxophone Quartet

Town Hall, New York City

Personnel: Raymond Beckenstein, soprano; Edwin Caine, alto; Albert Epstein, tenor; Daniel Bank, baritone.

This saxophone choir, organized approximately 10 years ago, presented a carefully planned program of stimulating music to a good-sized audience on a cold night.

The members of the quartet are all graduates of the big bands. Today they are engaged in theater work besides the regular freelance activities open to New York's top musicians. Soprano saxophonist Beckenstein plays first reed with the orchestra of the Broadway musical *Funny Girl* while the other three are in the *High Spirits* orchestra.

Their association for the last decade has been designed to give them an opportunity to vary daily routines of commercial playing for relaxation. This concert idea had been in their minds for a long time, and as a result the works presented had been rehearsed to perfection.

The nine composers represented in the program were challenged by the possibilities of this rarely used combination of voices. Two of the works were by French composers and have been heard publicly before. The balance of eight compositions, written by men whose names are familiar in jazz, were premieres.

To open the recital, the quartet selected *Introduction and Allegro* by Milan Kaderavek, a professor at the University of Illinois.

The rendition set the tone and format of the entire concert: ensemble-playing, each horn taking a turn as the leading voice without any extended solos. The bright tempo and the intricate blending brought receptive applause.

This was followed by the first of the French offerings of the evening, *Andante et Scherzo*, a composition by Eugene Bozza, a conductor and composer. Features of this number included some fine tenor voicing and the sensitive phrasing of the baritone. The melodic performance was brought to a close with a short coda played in unison.

Next came *La Blues*, written by pianist Gene DiNovi (a former accompanist for Lena Horne) and dedicated to the mem-

ories of saxophonist Don Redman and trumpeter Nick Travis. There was a beautiful dirgelike quality enhanced by the sympathetic phrasing of the players.

The fourth number, the first of two works done for the quartet by a prominent New York violinist, Eugene Orloff, was the jazz-oriented *Down Hall*. Besides the melodic ensembles, it featured a short, but exciting, alto solo. As one listened, there was an atmospheric feeling of hearing the reed section of a big band rehearsing their ensemble passages separately as the rest of the orchestra waited.

An ideal windup for the first half of the recital was the *Three Improvisations* prepared by reed man Phil Woods. Those familiar with the Woods solo style were particularly entranced. The group, playing in choir fashion, created the illusion that the sound was emanating from altoist Woods' own horn (even with subtly discernible Charlie Parker overtones).

After intermission, the program resumed with Don Hammond's *Ballade and Scherzo*. The piece gave listeners a feeling of hearing a large orchestra, with the soprano as the lead voice, the tenor and alto exchanging phrases, and the baritone playing rhythmically underneath, forming a base.

It was a pleasant surprise to see the name of the next composer represented—George Handy, who helped set the style of the Boyd Raeburn Band of the late 1940s. Handy's *Quartet No. 2* was scored so the saxophones seemed to produce tonal waves punctuated with the phrases of several voices.

Orloff's second offering, *Pot Luck*, was another jazz tune, again giving the prominence to the alto saxophone. His work in both cases produced a light, swinging effect.

The *Quartet No. 1* by John Carisi opened with intricate phrases and eventually evolved into a whirling, driving sound, as if the saxophones were being backed by a big band.

A pleasant musical evening was brought to its end by the playing of four short movements of *Quatuor*, originally written by Pierre Max DuBois for the French Saxophone Quartet. —George Hoefer

Paul Butterfield

Big John's, Chicago

Personnel: Butterfield, harmonica, vocals; Elvin Bishop, guitar; Jerome Arnold, bass; Sammy Lay, drums.

Some months ago I heard young singer-harmonica player Butterfield at Sylvio's Lounge (he was pinch-hitting for Howling Wolf, who was in Europe on a tour) leading a pick-up band that included guitarist Eddie Taylor and drummer Lay. Frankly, I was bowled over by the convincing power and utter ease of his singing and the blistering, sinuous vigor of his idiomatic harmonica playing.

I was held particularly spellbound by the harmonica lines, which flashed in and out, above and below, the powerfully rhythmic fabric the band wove. Butterfield played with a slashing force and inventive fertility one could scarcely believe the simple instrument capable of producing.

He sang, too, with the same authority and assurance with which he played, the lines supple, surging, the rhythm relaxed yet resilient—all done with vigor, force, and the perfect ease of a man speaking fluently, in his native tongue, of things that touched him deeply.

By the time I left the club that evening, I was firmly convinced that Butterfield was far and away the finest and most convincing of the crop of young white blues men that has appeared in recent years.

This impression was intensified after hearing the singer's current band, which has been holding forth at the Wells St. club, Big John's, for some time. The Butterfield quartet is a tight, disciplined, cohesive unit that sets up a strong rhythmic undertow that furnishes the singer all the support he could ask of it. The musicians are all first-rate blues men.

Lay is a powerhouse of a drummer whose unflagging enthusiasm and explosive drive prods the whole group; he and the band's excellent bassist, Arnold (brother of singer-harmonica player Billy Boy Arnold), are veterans of Howling Wolf's magnificent band and work beautifully together. Bishop has developed into a fine lead guitarist, whose fill-ins behind Butterfield's voice and mouth harp are lean, tasteful, and incisive. There is not a trace of the time problems that formerly plagued his playing.

The band works primarily in the modern blues idiom associated with Chicago since World War II. The sound is harsh, brutal, strident, with all the instruments (save drums) amplified—in keeping with the playing modes evolved by the city's postwar blues men.

For the most part, the songs are postwar blues classics on the order of Muddy Waters' *Can't Be Satisfied* (noteworthy for the same lifting rhythm feeling that characterized Waters' and Big Crawford's work on the original, though here translated to band style); Howling Wolf's *Bout a Spoonful*; Junior Parker's *Train I Ride*; and Little Walter's harmonica showpiece, *Juke* (which Butterfield re-created—and then transformed—magnificently, the harp rising above the band's blistering drive like some shrill, unearthly, electronic horn). Other pieces brought off with like elan were *Hand Me Down My Walking Cane*, *It Takes Time* (with fine Latin rhythms from Bishop and Lay), *Goin' Back Home*, and *Rock Me All Night Long*, among many more.

Though the songs were familiar ones, Butterfield did not offer just slavish recreations of the original versions. Being completely his own man, with a fully developed personal style, he reshaped each number to his own ends.

Butterfield has long since put his influences behind him and has fashioned a gripping personal approach to the blues. The proof, as always, is in the pudding; listening to him sing and play, one never once gets the impression that Butterfield is either imitating a specific singer, rehashing a particular recording, or aping Negro vocal style. He is beyond that—he has been for a good while, in fact—and will probably go beyond even *that*. —Pete Welding



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BOOK REVIEWS

This Business of Music, by Sidney Shemel and M. William Krasilovsky, edited by Paul Ackerman. Published by Billboard Publishing Co., 420 pages, \$12.50.

Ever since the late 19th century, when the playing of popular music became a full-time career for substantial numbers of Americans and music publishing began to show signs of big-business potential, it has been obvious that music and our socio-economic system are inextricably bound in a shotgun alliance.

In jazz, the underdog generally resents

the financial complexities of a world that seems to be conspiring to suppress him, but the successful artist on his way up gradually becomes aware of the need for an understanding of the music business as a business.

An increasingly large proportion of jazz musicians find themselves simultaneously active as composers and arrangers and often also as music publishers, recording artists, and even recording executives.

In *This Business of Music* the authors have brought a journalistic microscope to the publishing and recording industries in such a manner that the answer to almost any question concerning their relationships with performer and public can be found in the book.

There are four main sections: *Recording Companies and Artists*, *Music Publishers and Writers*, *General Music Industry Aspects*, *Appendixes and Music Industry Forms* (this last means actual reproductions of many typical contracts).

In the first section there are chapters on recording-artist contracts; foreign record deals; independent record producers; record clubs and premiums; agents and managers (but nothing about their cause and cure), counterfeiting, payola, trade-practice regulations.

The section on publishers and writers comprises 15 chapters, covering every possible angle in the worldwide web of copyright laws, contracts for lyric writers and melody writers, performing-rights organizations at home (ASCAP, BMI, SESAC) and abroad, mechanical rights, union scales, demonstration records, show-tune scores, movie music, jingles, buying and selling of copyrights, etc.

The vast quantity of information needed for one's own protection in the huge money jungle of music can be gauged by even the most casual glance through these chapters. Fortunately the facts have been assembled with the utmost care, in great detail, and are set down in straightforward language.

The book must be recommended without reservation to anyone who expects to be involved in the writing and publishing of music and/or the making and selling of records.

It can only be hoped that a similar work will be prepared covering comparable areas from the various standpoints of employer-employee relationship in such fields as night clubs, concerts, festivals, one-night stands, and the rest.

Shemel and Krasilovsky (both lawyers) and Ackerman are to be congratulated on filling a major gap in music literature.

If their initiative meets with the success that it deserves, perhaps they will be encouraged to issue supplements that can serve, every two or three years, to bring some of the more changeable details up to date and add information about new facets that may arise in this fast-moving, multibillion-dollar industry.

—Leonard Feather

I Like Jazz, by Donald Myrus. Published by MacMillan Co., 118 pages, \$3.95.

Subtitled *A First Book About Jazz for Swinging People*, this book is rated by the publisher for "ages 12 up." It would make a fine introduction to jazz for anyone. In fact, that is primarily what it is—an effort on the part of the author to sell jazz to the reader.

It is not intended to be a chronological history of jazz but rather the personal impressions of a man whose love for this music is obvious in the enthusiasm that springs from the pages.

The skill of the author is evident in the vivid, lively accounts that make easy reading. Witty and clever descriptions abound. Facts and anecdotes flow one after another in the manner of a reminiscing storyteller. One personality suggests another; one style leads to another; one facet of jazz history brings up another.

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One of the outstanding features of the book lies in the subtle and clear way in which the author brings in technical material. The reader goes along and before he knows it, the author has defined simply and is using such terms as riffs, bop, swing, etc.

Myrus avoids rash and sweeping generalizations, and while some might quibble with this or that point, with the omission of some names, and with the order of presentation, it must be remembered that he is writing a popular introduction to jazz. But he never uses this as excuse for sloppy writing or inaccuracy.

The book, which is profusely illustrated with excellent photos of jazz personalities and which concludes with a brief, annotated discography, employs the soft sell with little pushes and nudges for the reader throughout in the direction of an appreciation of jazz.

—George Wiskirchen, C.S.C.

The Wonderful Era of the Great Dance Bands, by Leo Walker. Published by Howell-North Books, 315 pages, \$10.

As the social history of the 20th-century United States is gradually examined and reported, one facet that is persistently avoided is the dancing fad that lasted roughly from World War I through World War II.

This is rather strange when one considers that, during this quarter of a century, a way of social life developed and expanded that touched, to some extent, practically everyone who reached puberty then.

To be part of it, it was not necessary actually to go to the vast ballrooms or to get into the plush hotel rooms where the famous bands usually played. Bands of varying quality were constantly on the road—they came to you. There were records to carry the message to the most isolated areas, and, even more important, there were "remote" broadcasts by the bands blanketing the nation every night from 10 or 11 p.m. on.

For two or three generations of Americans, the dance bands and the places they played were part of a way of life.

Yet the written record of these activities has existed until now largely in forgotten and scattered magazine pieces in *Orchestra World*, *Metronome*, and *Down Beat*, in crumbling newspaper articles and, peripherally, in books on jazz, since the big jazz bands of those days were, of necessity, also dance bands.

Of all the elements that contributed to U.S. mass entertainment during the 1920s and '30s, only the dance bands have not yet found their specialist historians.

Jazz has been covered and re-covered. Silent films and the early days of the talkies have been explored. Radio has been nostalgically reviewed. The fading days of vaudeville and the earliest stirrings of American folk music have been traced. But almost all that survives of the dance bands are records—mostly 78s.

Into this vacuum comes author Walker with a book that is crammed with pictures of bands, leaders, vocalists, sidemen, posters, and ballrooms, which, by sheer

diversity, must touch some nerve of recognition in the memories of anyone who was around during the between-war years.

Pictures and text are studded with names that once had a magic lure—the Dan Russo-Ted Fiorito Oriole Terrace Orchestra, Blue Steele, Jimmy Joy, Bert Lown, George Olsen, Paul Specht, Ray Miller, Roger Wolfe Kahn, Ben Bernie, Art Landry and His Call of the North Woods Orchestra, Al Katz and His Kittens, Leo Reisman, Gus Arnheim, Herman Waldman, Mal Hallett, Anson Weeks, Bernie Cummins, Herbie Kay (with his vocalist, Dorothy Lamour), Orville Knapp, Orrin Tucker, Dick Jurgens, Alvino Rey, Ada Leonard and Her All-American Girl Orchestra, Johnny Hamp—pick your period and you're bound to find some half-forgotten names that will penetrate the fog of memory.

About half of Walker's book is devoted to detailing the rise and decline of the bands. The rest takes up the means by which the bands were popularized—records, radio, personal appearances, movies—and the factors that were involved in a band's existence—agents, publicity, and the endless road trips.

To do this, Walker has brought together a great mass of miscellaneous data, some of which he apparently accumulated over the years. Like the early writings on jazz, this has quite obviously been a labor of love on Walker's part . . . a labor of love he undertook despite the fact that he had no background in research or writing.

The major thing that Walker brings to the book, aside from his affection for the material, is his personal experience as a trumpet player and vocalist with territory bands and later as a promoter of dances and bands.

As a result, he has been able to assemble a great deal of material, but his presentation of that material is extremely superficial. Names come and go through the text with little explanation of who they are, what they did, or why they are of interest. In fact, he rarely makes any value judgments, except in considering the actions of agencies. This may be in keeping with the sentimental, old-home-week approach of the book, but even in this context one might look for some interpretation of the relative importance of the bands he mentions.

Moreover, his writing style is of the earnest, Rover Boys-Tom Swift vintage, sprinkled with dramatic revelations of the "and that man's name was . . ." type. Anecdotes are sparse and are presented so woodenly that it might have made easier reading to omit them.

Under the circumstances, however, all these drawbacks can be overlooked. For the pictures, for the stirred memories, and for the spotlight he has put on this neglected area, Walker deserves our gratitude. He has opened a door and exposed a mountain of raw material that glitters with leads for anyone who has the time, interest, and stamina to follow them through.

The next step, hopefully, will be a book by a more experienced writer that will give a rounded, more penetrating picture of the period.

—John S. Wilson

IN THE NEXT DOWN BEAT:

From The Heart

An Interview With The Controversial Ornette Coleman, By Dan Morgenstern

Pack My Bags And Make My Getaway

The Odyssey Of Jimmy Rushing, By Helen McNamara

From The Business Side Of The Bar

Clubowner Art D'Lugoff Heatedly Answers Clubophobe-critic LeRoi Jones

Organ-ic Formation

Veteran Jazz Organist Bill Davis Gives His Views On Playing Organ, By Stanley Dance

ON SALE THURSDAY, MARCH 25

down beat

APPLE CORES

By LeROI JONES

ESP records, a new project got together by Bernard Stollman, promises to be one of the most valuable developments in contemporary jazz in some time. Stollman so far has made tapes and test discs of some of the most interesting new groups around New York City, e.g., the New York Art Quartet, which constitutes Roswell Rudd, trombone; John Tchicai, alto saxophone; Louis Worrell, bass (Eddie Gomez recently); and Milford Graves, drums, who must be heard at once.

Graves might remind some well-traveled citizens of Albert Ayler's drummer, Sonny Murray, because he keeps all his sound devices working almost continuously—and simultaneously. But Graves has a rhythmic drive, a constant piling-up of motor energies, that makes him a distinct stylist.

He is also beginning to use the Indian-derived tabla drum, as well as making innovations in cymbal playing, sometimes stroking the underside of the ride or crash cymbal in such a way as to produce high-pitched whining, whistling sounds, which punctuate percussion phrases like some Eastern string instrument. Graves studied for a long time with an Indian tabla drummer, and for this reason the sound he gets from a snare drum seems completely different from the ratatatat most drummers get.

Graves said that studying the tabla "opened me up to a certain sound area . . . gave me ideas . . . another direction to see into . . . some more inspiration."

Graves also plays a big part on another ESP recording, made by a young alto saxophonist, Giuseppe Logan. (Logan also plays tenor saxophone and trumpet.) Logan has a quartet on the record—Don Dullen, a pianist who might still be finding his own way by using a few Cecil Taylor forms to point out a personal direction; Gomez, bass; and Graves, drums and tabla.

On this record Logan seems to have been inspired by Indian music, although the backbone of this music is as "Western" as it has to be to remain jazzical.

Still another ESP find is altoist Byron Paul Allen, whose first side is called *Time Is Past*.

Allen's group is a trio, with Theodore Robinson, percussion, and Maceo Gilchrist, bass. This group already sounds as if it has been together a long time—that is, it already has a distinct and original sound form.

Allen is moving to become a deep thinker on his instrument, and listeners may not have long to wait. There is a

statement he made, possibly to be included in liner notes for this first album: "For musicians only: time is not speed; it's distance, and sound is measured motion."

Drummer Robinson also made a statement, which may tell almost exactly where he is, or at least was, when he made it: "Since God has bestowed me with the want to execute the sound that I feel, I shall proceed." Go ahead.

ESP also has recorded tenor man Albert Ayler (who is just back from Europe—and Cleveland—getting ready now to mess up a few people's minds) and Paul Bley. Now if Stollman is for real, we will soon have some heavy sounds to help get through our stay in America.

Some words from tenor man Pharoah Sanders, whose own first record (also recorded by ESP) will make believers out of a lot of people:

"Accept everything. Accept other people just the way you accept yourself. If you're not playing you, you're playing somebody else's solo. You can be a taker or a giver. You can either be spiritual or something else. Music is a key to discipline in people. It can heal sick people. Music is like a spiritual thing. It's like an underworld thing. All creation is done by spiritual persons." Sanders' music reinforces these statements.

Recently Sanders has been playing with drummer Rasheid-Ali (who also plays trumpet) and trumpet player Dewey Johnson (who is also a fine drummer). A concert, as part of a poetry reading sponsored by *IN/FOR-MATION* newspaper at the St. Mark's Playhouse, brought together these three important young musicians, plus a new alto player, Marion Brown, who is one of the most exciting horn players in New York today.

Brown is tenor man Archie Shepp's "sideman" in the new group Shepp is putting together. Brown's style, while still being formed, can be described as post-Coleman. He is just beginning to stretch out, though he is, by most standards, already into something startlingly his own.

Brown and Sanders have been making a few gigs together, and each man seems intent on getting the human voice and soul into his playing. In fact, Brown and Sanders, at Sanders' insistence, have been practicing yoga breathing exercises in an attempt to bring more flesh into their sounds. Brown said, "I want my horn to sound more and more like the human voice. . . . Pretty soon this instrument won't be an instrument anymore. . . ."

These men are pushing into newer areas of expression, and the work they have accomplished already, so far largely in semiprivate because of the stupid-

ity of the commercial record and night-club industries, is intelligent and movingly beautiful.

Does anybody really think it's weird that all these English "pop" groups are making large doses of loot? It's simple, actually. They take the style (energy, general form, etc.) of black blues, country or city, and combine it with the visual image of white American nonconformity, i.e., the beatnik, and score heavily.

These English boys are hipper than their white counterparts in the United States, hipper because, as it is readily seen, they have actually made a contemporary form, unlike most white U.S. "folk singers," who are content to imitate "ancient" blues forms and older singers, arriving at a kind of popular song, at its most hideous in groups like Peter, Paul & Mary. Which has little to do with black reality, which would have been its strength anyway—that reference to a deeper emotional experience. As one young poet said, "At least the Rolling Stones come on like English crooks."

I say this as one way to get into another thing, namely that even the avant-garde music suffers when it moves too far from the blues experience.

All the young players now should make sure they are listening to the Supremes, Dionne Warwick, Martha and the Vandellas, the Impressions, Mary Wells, James Brown, Major Lance, Marvin Gaye, Four Tops, Bobby Bland, etc., just to see where contemporary blues is. All the really nasty ideas are right there, and these young players are still connected with that reality, whether they understand why or not. Otherwise, jazz—no matter the intellectual bias—having moved too far away from its most meaningful sources, and resources, is weakened and becomes, little by little, the music of another emerging middle class.

Forms become rigid when they come to exist only as ends in themselves—that is, when they are seemingly autonomous. (Impossible anyway; it's just that the content, then, is so weakened, because all emphasis is on the form. What you say and how you say it are indissolubly connected . . . how *is* what. But too much attention to how will be performance in the dumbest *sense*. Cents. Form is the structure of content. Right form is perfect expression of content.)

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CB

JO JONES

(Continued from page 15)

however, that the blame for this state of affairs must be shared by the leaders themselves.

"To establish leadership is a problem," he said. "It has always been like that; to be a leader takes special talent. Bennie Moten was the greatest bandleader who ever lived, but though he was a pianist, he didn't play with the band. Today's leaders are all playing leaders, but there never were too many men who could be both great leaders and great players. Tommy Dorsey was one of the few. Chick Webb was another. Cab Calloway was a master showman, not a player. And Jimmie Lunceford didn't play; he just had his baton. Since World War II, the only real leaders have been the established leaders."

Among these, of course, Jones counts Duke Ellington, "who is something all unto himself," and his own former boss, Count Basie.

"I traveled for 14 years with a bunch of men, and there was not one fight," he said of his Basie days. "I came out of the band thinking that everybody was like that, and I soon found differently. But to this day I can't play with anybody who has hate in his heart."

It was with Basie, of course, that Jones established himself as "the man who plays like the wind" (a phrase coined by an admiring colleague), laying the foundation for perhaps the swingiest big band in jazz history, and, with his pioneering use of the ride cymbal, the hi-hat cymbals, and bassdrum "bombs," becoming one of the founding fathers of so-called modern jazz drumming. (In this context, Jones would like to correct the history books, pointing out that he joined Basie in 1934, not 1935 "and my birthday is Oct. 7, not July 10.")

Looking back on his Basie days, Jones, who has no current plans for organizing a group of his own, said he would like to record some of the feature things he did with Basie, inasmuch as the band never got around to them in the studio.

JONES has traveled to Europe a number of times—most recently with the mammoth tour conducted by George Wein last summer ("musically, it was very good, but there was a certain lack of experience in logistics") but has little regard for the often-encountered view of Europe as a utopia for U.S. jazzmen:

"The kiddies say, 'Get out of the U.S.A.; they treat you like a man in Europe.' But is the treatment of the Negro really better there? In America, you have all kinds of outlets. If

you don't like one place, you can go somewhere else. But in Europe, you have to accept what they have to offer. If you can play, you can play anywhere."

He has no patience with people who claim that there is no future in music.

"Casals, Toscanini, Kreisler—they never rested on their laurels," he said. "And look at all the men in jazz who are still playing: Ellington, Armstrong, Hawkins—what if they had said 40 years ago, 'There's no future in it; people don't know who I am.?'"

Jones has some advice for aspiring

players on a level different from the practical and materialistic: "To become a good jazz musician, you must try to hear and see things that are beautiful. Be like a sponge; absorb experience and play it. Music is therapy for people, and the most stimulating music there is is jazz. It is also the most spiritual of all musics—a delicate thing. You can't play it unless you have found yourself, and it takes time to find ourselves. An individual who plays music and a musician—those are two different things."

There's little doubt which of the two Jones is.



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MAX ROACH

(Continued from page 18)

was always so meticulous, musically and about everything else. He's a teacher, and like Gillespie, he's very generous with his musical knowledge."

Writer Barry Ulanov wrote a laudatory review of the Carter band when he visited Billy Berg's Swing Club in Hollywood during June, 1944. Regarding the rhythm, he wrote, "The big kick in this Carter band is supplied by drummer Max Roach. He is a fast drummer who pushes the band, beating under it with a steadiness and a rhythmic inspiration found only in the very great drummers."

While Roach was with Carter, the band spent a good portion of its time on a cross-country theater tour with a package that included the King Cole Trio. Roach recorded for Capitol with the band, with singer Savannah Churchill on Manor, and with the band under Timmie Rogers' name for Regis.

The most significant recording Roach made during the Carter year was on a date produced by Dave Dexter for Capitol in March, 1945. The group was called the International Jazzmen and included trumpeter Bill Coleman, clarinetist Buster Bailey, Carter on alto, tenorist Coleman Hawkins, pianist King Cole, bassist John Kirby, guitarist Oscar Moore, and Roach.

They made four sides, two of which featured vocals by Kay Starr. One of the vocals, *If I Could Be with You*, and Carter's original *Riffamarole* were reissued in Capitol's *History of Jazz* series, Vol. III, *Then Came Swing*.

Late in spring, 1945, Roach returned to New York and joined Gillespie's small group at the Three Deuces, replacing Stan Levey. The group was composed of Gillespie, Parker, bassist Curly Russell, pianist Al Haig, and Roach.

On May 25 the group recorded with Sarah Vaughan for Continental with tenorist Flip Phillips and guitarist Bill DeArango added. Nat Jaffe and Tadd Dameron alternated on piano in place of Haig. They did *Mean to Me*, *What More Can a Woman Do?*, and *I'd Rather Have a Memory Than a Dream*.

A short time after Gillespie had moved his unit up the street to Clark Monroe's Spotlite Club, plans were being made for the trumpeter's first big band. This was the Hepsations of 1945 fiasco. After a great band had been organized, with Roach on drums, and a book made up of originals by Walter (Gil) Fuller had been rehearsed, the bookers routed the band to play dances in the Deep South.

The show was soon over, and Roach, Gillespie, Parker, Haig, vibist Milt Jackson, and bassist Ray Brown were back playing together on 52nd St.

In late November, 1945, came the famous Parker recording date for Savoy with Miles Davis, Gillespie, Curly Russell, and Roach. They made the Parker originals—*Billie's Bounce*, *Now's the Time*, *Ko Ko*, *Warming Up a Riff*, and *Thrivin' from a Riff*—featuring Davis on trumpet and Gillespie on piano.

When Gillespie took his quintet to Billy Berg's in California, Roach remained in New York, and Levey took his place.

By this time, Roach had become one of the most sought-after drummers in the newly born bebop movement. During 1946 he worked constantly on the street with groups led by Coleman Hawkins and in a quintet that also included tenorist Allen Eager and trombonist J. J. Johnson.

He recorded with a group led by tenor saxophonist Dexter Gordon with Bud Powell on piano; with Eager playing *Vot's Dot*, *Rampage*, and *Booby Hatch*; with tenorist Ted Nash; with trombonist Johnson (Roach's composition *Coppin' the Bop* was recorded at this date); with the Bebop Boys, who included tenorist Stan Getz, pianist Hank Jones, and bassist Russell, playing *Opus De Bop*; and with tenor saxophonist Don Byas. All these dates were for Savoy. His 1946 output wound up with a Coleman Hawkins date for the Sonora label, on which trumpeter Fats Navarro and J.J. Johnson also were featured.

When Parker returned from California in 1947, Roach began working regularly with him in a group that usually had Miles Davis, trumpet; Duke Jordan, piano; and Tommy Potter, bass. They played together often at the Three Deuces and in spots out of town. During 1948 the Davis-Parker-Roach combination was frequently the main attraction at the Royal Roost on Broadway.

Roach has said, in regard to working with Parker, "Bird's approach demanded new drumming concepts. He set tempos so fast it was impossible to play a straight Cozy Cole four style, so we had to work out variations."

It was during Roach's period with Davis and Parker that they recorded such classics as *Barbados*, *Buzzy*, *Milestones*, and *Half Nelson*.

Roach's ability to play lyrically on the drums became a model for all percussionists to try to emulate. Even today, more than 15 years later, very few have come close to mastering his style. Certainly none has surpassed him. 

TONY WILLIAMS

(Continued from page 19)

to bother me, but I don't think about them anymore."

Still, there seems something that causes him occasionally to go to unnecessary lengths to show maturity. For example, when asked if he had been on any recent recording dates other than with the Davis group, he said he had been on one but was reluctant to talk about it. After prodding, he admitted it was his first date as a leader.

Why was he hesitant to talk about it?

"Because of what I hear in it."

Didn't he like what he heard?

"Oh, it's just the way I feel. It's not anything extraordinary. So if I say"—and his voice took on an extrovert's manner—"I just did my first record date, and it's coming out in so-and-so month. . . ." He left the statement hanging, probably assuming he had made his point.

The record is *avant garde*, a form of jazz Williams implied is much to his liking. The drummer in the *avant garde*, he pointed out, has ideas about music that are different from those of, say Max Roach, Art Blakey, Philly Joe Jones—men he named as among those he admired when he was learning to play jazz.

"The role of the drummer," he continued, "changes with every style change in music. If you listen, you hear it; you don't have to explain it. It's not just what the horns are playing; it's the whole sound of whatever may be happening . . . anything . . . I can't really say how it would be different; it's just the people you play with, the sound, that makes it different."

When the Davis group is not working, which he said is often, he sometimes works with musicians of more far-out tendencies than the trumpeter.

"Lately I've been working with Cecil Taylor," he said. "I worked with Freddie Hubbard a couple of times. And John Coltrane—one night when Elvin Jones was playing a drum exhibition."

"Many things are happening up there," he said in reference to the *avant garde*. "Definitely happening in New York. Not workwise but musically. The only work in New York is in the bars, and I doubt whether they want to play in bars."

Does he like to play in bars?

"No, because I don't drink."

What does that have to do with the audience and music?

"It becomes like Muzak after a while, background to drinking.

If one asks Williams what he wants

to do in music, he probably will answer that so many things are happening to him, he's not sure where he wants to go, except to keep moving. Moving can be taken to mean growing.

And Tony Williams is moving, growing. There is a wisdom in him that someday may come fully to the surface. It was reflected in his recounting the time a younger drummer asked him how to play a certain lick. Williams said he didn't know what to tell him except not to worry about it, to play what he could, what he got to, as Williams put it.

The story brought him to reflection on the importance of being one's self, thoughts about young musicians, who, like most young persons, are looking for fathers, those who can tell them what to do. Something approaching maturity was evident when Williams said he recognized the role of a true father as one designed to help the son become an individual, not a copy of the father.

Then he said he told the younger drummer, "Keep going, move, just be happy. Happy but not content."

Did he mean that the drummer should follow that cliché, "Every day in every way, I'm getting better and better"?

"No," he replied. "Every day in every way." 

JOE MORELLO

(Continued from page 17)

secure and can gain reassurance.

The standing ovations, the adulation of laymen and musicians alike, contribute to his well-being. But his real satisfaction comes from the clinics. With every patient explanation of a point to a student, he gives something of himself, and the effects of it are more gratifying than the concert applause. He gives the best that is in him with a forthright and unequivocal stance.

Many people in music believe that Morello's major contribution to music is yet to come—certainly as a teacher and perhaps with his own group. Many possibilities are open to him. Currently, few musicians think of him solely as a jazz drummer; most look upon him as a drum *artist*, because much feeling still exists that he is not really a hard swinger. This may be a carping criticism, but it appears that his work with Brubeck seems to call for just about every kind of playing but "hard swinging." There are some good grooves, but the constantly changing, fluctuating rhythms of 5/4, 9/8, and so on (as well as those Dave imposes on the rhythm section in his

solos) impede any steady swinging.

When Joe goes "moonlighting" and sits in with different groups (he recently played a set with Dizzy Gillespie and gassed everybody), he is almost like a racehorse that has been allowed to run free after being reined in; and on these occasions, he proves again that he can swing strongly when he is among hard cookers. Then his playing takes on a different quality. It becomes more uninhibited, more relaxed.

A chat with Joe, no matter how it starts, almost invariably ends as a discussion of music in one form or another. Sometimes he gets so wound up that it's more like a filibuster. Never one to hold back, he will animatedly discuss the modern drummer:

"Those things they are playing today . . . Max Roach did that beautifully years ago—Roy Haynes, too (in fact when Bob Carter and I were with you, Marian, we did that same thing—sort of conservatively). But when I see a guy take the butt end of the sticks . . . when I have to guess where the time is, I could cry. Whose going to play against that? Funny—some 16-year-olds are digging it! When I was 16, I listened to Krupa, Buddy Rich, Max, Jo Jones.

"This whole thing apart, any drummer should be able to play time. These kids coming up . . . they have a choice. Some of them may blow it, but some of them are going to come along and make everybody look like punks.

"You know, Marian, you used to say my playing was so precise, but I really think I'm beginning to play more sloppy now. But I'm continually trying to get myself together and play something different, and one thing Dave has taught me—that's to try to create. I admire him harmonically, and you just can't dispute the fact that he plays with imagination. Oh, he's not always the easiest guy to play with, but he's so inventive. . . .

"Years ago, I wanted to play like Max, but then I found out you've got to develop your own style . . . good or bad, it's me. But I can't play well all the time—I'm not that consistent. Like, I don't expect to be happy all the time either . . . everyone's been disappointed. But since I've been with Dave, I've had a lot of acclaim, and I'm very grateful for it." Some manifestations of that acclaim have been like dreams come true—"you've never dreamed the dreams I've dreamed and had them come true! If I never do more than I have done already, I'm proud and happy for what I've accomplished—God has been good to me." 

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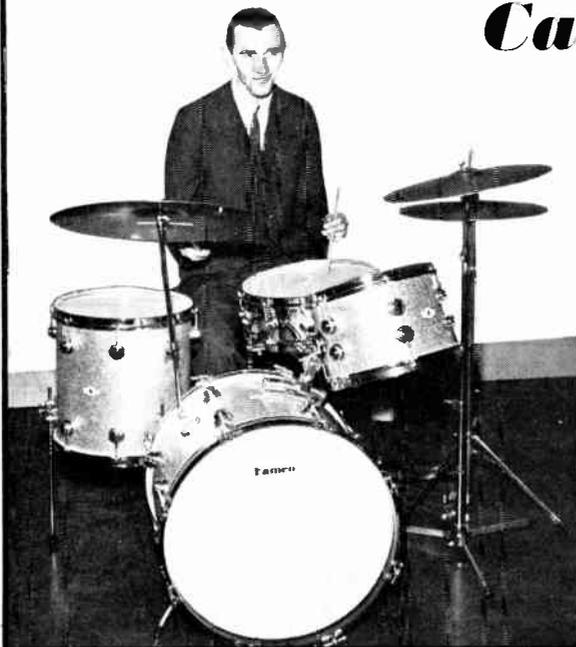
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FROM THE TOP

Stage-Band Arrangement Reviews
By George Wiskirchen, C.S.C.

COOKIN': *Composed and arranged by Ralph Mutchler; Berklee School of Music.*

Mutchler's compositions are characterized by good, solid writing. His material lies well for the instruments, and his arrangements always sound full and are quite musical. All of this applies to this publication.

Cookin', as the name might indicate, is a roots type of Gospel-inflected blues tune. Proper interpretation is obvious, for the figures swing themselves, which makes this an ideal arrangement for the advanced band to have fun with and for the medium-level group to grow on.

The rhythm section opens the tune and is followed by a unison trumpet line, which is followed by a unison sax melody. In the solo section one chorus is given to trumpet and trombone over a thick, soft background. This can help the beginning soloist hear the chord changes. There also is the possibility of opening this section for more extended solos.

Time shifts easily to a 3/4 section, which serves as an introduction to a piano solo back in 4/4 time. There is no problem with the change in meter. The arrangement concludes with a recapitulation of the opening trumpet line and ad lib trumpet cadenzas at the end.

This music is great fun, not very profound, but very enjoyable and capable of being swung hard. It is excellent training and performance material.

STRAIGHT AHEAD: *Composed and arranged by Clem DeRosa; Climino Publications, Inc.*

Climino Publications is another newcomer in the stage-band field. DeRosa is an extremely successful high-school band director, teacher, and professional drummer. *Straight Ahead* is a moderately fast blues which plunges swingingly in the title-indicated direction. The composer and publisher have done a good service in making this moderately difficult arrangement available.

The arrangement opens with a bopish-style trumpet and alto saxophone unison line, which is repeated three times. The trombones add a counterline on the second time, and the saxes add a background fill figure the third. All this piles up to an eight-bar, full-ensemble interlude that leads to the solo section.

The alto is first with three choruses,

and again background is added, chorus by chorus, with a building effect. One rather helpful feature in the solos on this arrangement is the notating of the chordal tones along with the chord symbols.

Great care with dynamics is needed to bring off the next ensemble section. There are eight bars as soft as possible with a subito explosion and Basielike piano plinks leading to a repeat of the section. This ensemble section is an extremely effective piece of writing.

Four choruses of trumpet solo follow, again with piling-up backgrounds. The out choruses recapitulate the opening material with solo drum fills in the tag ending.

The arrangement's problem areas lie largely in getting the rhythm section to drive and in the avoiding of rushing in the horns. In short, this is a highly recommended composition.

JAZZ ON CAMPUS

By GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

A program consisting mostly of arrangements and original compositions by faculty members and students was played for an audience of 1,500 by the laboratory dance bands of North Texas State University at the school's annual fall concert.

In addition to the four lab bands, the octet of Dan Haerle and the quartet of Bill Farmer performed. The top lab band, directed by Leon Breeden, presented the U.S. premiere of *Soundpiece*, a work in three movements by Oliver Nelson.

This composition featured the solo alto saxophone playing of Alan Gauvin and was originally commissioned by the Stuttgart, Germany, Radio Orchestra. Other featured soloists with this band were tenor saxophonist Billy Harper and trumpeter Galen Jeter, who received a standing ovation for his performance of *Maria*, the first time a student soloist had received such a tribute at North Texas. Other North Texas arrangers featured by this band were Haerle, Jim Cuomo, Jay Pruitt, and Bob Morgan.

The three other bands on the program were directed by Haerle, Morgan, and Don Owens, and they performed original works by directors Haerle and Owens and by Tom Boras.

Relieving the big-band sound was the Farmer quartet in a composition by Haerle. This group, which won the Best Small Group award at the Oread collegiate jazz festival last year, is composed of Farmer on vibraharp, Haerle on piano, John Monaghan on bass, and Ed Soph on drums.

The Haerle octet performed two

numbers, one by Louis Marini and the other by the leader. Besides Haerle, the personnel of the group included Marini, soprano saxophone and flute; Greg Waters, tenor saxophone; Mike Hansen, baritone saxophone; John Gatchell, trumpet; Tom Senff, trombone; Monaghan, bass; and Soph, drums.

There is a possibility of making an album of this past concert. Anyone interested could contact Breeden at the university in Denton, Texas.

The spring lab-band concert at North Texas is set for March 30.

A 14-piece stage band has been organized at Iowa State University at Ames. This is the first big band to exist on the campus, and, according to a band member, Dave Uetterick, there is now quite a bit of interest in jazz at the school. Sessions are held regularly

in the local YMCA basement on Friday evenings.

The three Indiana University jazz bands and the combo workshop joined forces for a winter concert. The top band, directed by Buddy Baker, featured arrangements by trumpeter Don Lawhead and solos by Randy Brecker on trumpet, Jerry Green on alto saxophone, Gary Campbell on tenor saxophone, and Gary Smart on piano.

The second band, under the leadership of Jerry Coker, featured Chris Gallagher on trumpet in his composition, *Blues from the Cave*, and solos by John Gilmore on piano.

The third band, under the direction of Tom Wirtel, featured Jim Shutt on trumpet. The combo workshop, under Baker's direction, featured smaller groups in various combinations. 

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AD LIB

(Continued from page 13)

Priester, former Duke Ellington trumpeter Roy Burrowes, bassist Richard Davis, drummer Albert Heath, and guitarist-singer Sandra Douglass . . . Trombonist Conrad Janis' quintet at the Metropole revised its lineup to include pianist Charles Folds and drummer Panama Francis. Trumpeter Johnny Windhurst and clarinetist Kenny Davern remain . . . Tenor saxophonist Hank Mobley did two weekends at Slug's Saloon. He used vibraharpist Bobby Hutcherson, bassist John Ore, trumpeter Charles Tolliver and drummer Billy Higgins. Hutcherson also appeared with trombonist Grachan Moncur III Feb. 5 at a concert at the Pearl Reynolds Dance School . . . Pianist Don Frye plays solo piano Sundays at Jimmy Ryan's, now open seven days a week. Pianist Cliff Jackson presides over the Monday night jam sessions, while the rest of his band is off . . . Blues singer-guitarist John Lee Hooker was heard at Gerdes' Folk City in February . . . Saxophonist Grandville Lee presented a music-and-dance recital, *Negro Music in Vogue*, at Carnegie Recital Hall March 6. Trombonist Matthew Gee and saxophonist-arranger Jimmy Garrett were among the participants . . . Pianist Randy Weston's trio, with trumpeter Ray Copeland added, played a benefit for the Negro Scholarship Fund in Schenectady March 7.

Bassist Charlie Mingus and his Jazz Workshop Quintet opened at the Village Vanguard Feb. 16 for a two-week stay . . . The late Art Tatum's daughter, pianist-singer Mai Tatum, who has worked with Claude Hopkins, Andy Kirk, Duke Ellington, and Louis Jordan, and as a single under the name of Beverly White, began her second month at the new Late Edition room in the Hotel Delmonico Feb. 16 . . . Singer Miriam Makeba and her trumpeter husband, Hugh Masakela, will join forces in a new act, *The Voice and Sound of Africa*, to debut at San Francisco's hungry i April 26 prior to a scheduled European tour.

TORONTO: Erroll Garner's trio appeared in Concert at Massey Hall, and although the pianist was in great form, he surprisingly failed to bring in his usual capacity audience . . . Jackie Cain and Roy Kral are back at the Town Tavern for two weeks . . . The quartet of pianist Andrew Hill (Bobby Hutcherson vibraharp; Richard Davis, bass; Joe Chambers, drums) was presented at one of the University of Toronto's Hart House concert series late last month . . . At nearby University of Waterloo in Ontario, Dave Drew has been presenting a series of Sunday afternoon Jazz Goes to College concerts. Phil Nimmons and his group was featured at a concert climaxing the university's Winter Carnival Week.

BOSTON: Woody Herman will split the bill with the Brothers Four at grand opening ceremonies of the Prudential Center's new War Memorial Auditorium. Herman's herd also is doing a one-nighter

in Milford and a varsity dance at Boston's Sherry Biltmore Hotel . . . The Roy Haynes Quartet was held over at Connolly's . . . Drummer Alan Dawson gets around. After finishing a week with the Frank Foster Quintet at the Jazz Workshop, he stayed on for a week with Junior Mance's trio and is scheduled to open this month at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike with the Phil Woods Quartet . . . Jazz, the new Channel 2 TV show hosted by trumpeter Herb Pomeroy, brought in a studio audience for Roland Kirk's appearance. It worked out so well that the show's producers plan to continue the practice.

PITTSBURGH: The Saturday afternoon jazz sessions at the Encore are always sold out, thanks to the popularity of trombonist Harold Betters and his combo. His brother, Jerry, also has a similar afterhours success at the B&W Club, where Jerry on drums and vocals and tenor saxophonist Clarence Odom play. The favorite guest and occasional pinch-hitter for ailing sidemen in both Betters combos is Jon Walton, the swing-era Benny Goodman-Artie Shaw tenorist, whose modern sounds often surprise his middle-aged friends . . . A new Walt Harper Jazz Workshop series will return to Kramer's Restaurant in March with pianist Charles Bell and tenorist Walton already lined up as guests.

CHICAGO: Joe Segal plans to make his annual Charlie Parker Memorial Concert a two-day event this year, March 14-15. Tenorist Dexter Gordon was the only participant signed at presstime, but Segal said he hoped to bring trumpeter-saxophonist Ira Sullivan from Miami to play at the concerts, which will be held at the Plugged Nickel . . . The Nickel had difficulties with Thelonious Monk's scheduled two-weeker—the pianist did not appear, reportedly because he was sick with influenza. The club has booked an imposing array of talent, including Roland Kirk, Mose Allison, Chet Baker, John Coltrane, Herbie Mann, Modern Jazz Quartet, and Bill Evans (See *Where & When*, p. 43, for dates) . . . While the Woody Herman Band was ensconced at the Plugged Nickel, pianist Nat Pierce said he would leave the band to concentrate on writing. Mike Abene had substituted for Pierce with the band shortly before the Chicago engagement, but no permanent replacement has been set. There was some doubt among the Hermanites that Pierce would leave permanently. While the Herd was in town, they spent the afternoons rehearsing for an upcoming record date for Columbia . . . Drummer Wayne Jones, most recently a member of the Salty Dogs Dixieland band here, recently joined the folk-Dixieland group the Village Stompers.

DETROIT: The Artists' Workshop's reported plans to move into the Retort three nights a week have been altered considerably. Negotiations are now under way for the co-operative group to take over the entire operation of the club. Under these circumstances, jazz would be presented nightly and the name of the

club changed to the Workshop. Nothing definite had been settled at presstime. The Retort officially closed Jan. 31 . . . Two Wayne State University students, Susan Netzorg and John Sinclair, are planning a series of weekly outdoor concerts on the Wayne campus this spring. Among the groups tentatively scheduled for the noon concerts are the Detroit Contemporary 5, the Workshop Arts Quartet, the George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields Quintet, and the Keith Vreeland Quartet . . . WDTM-FM has expanded its jazz programming. Music director Alan Stone will conduct a new jazz show, *All That Beef Stew*, for two hours Saturday nights. The station has increased weeknight programming considerably. Joe McClurg's all-night jazz show continues nightly . . . The Detroit Jazz Society opened its 1965 program Feb. 16 with An Evening of Third Stream Music, featuring the Jack Broken-sha Quartet and the Woodwind Quartet of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Anderson White lectured on Third Stream music at the concert. Other presentations in the series will cover Dixieland, cool, harp, bop, and the "new thing."

CLEVELAND: Owner Donald F. King staged an 11-hour benefit at the Corner Tavern that raised approximately \$1,500 for Donna Adkins, a 7-year-old girl partially blinded by a kidnaper. Featured at the marathon were singers Lloyd Price and Erma Franklin, trombonist J.J. Johnson, Slide Hampton's big band, the Sky-Hy Trio, and local TV-radio personalities Bill Gordon and Jack Riley. The trio of organist Eugene Ludwig (with Jerry Byrd, guitar, and Randy Gillespie, drums) also appeared at the C.T. in February . . . Shakey's Pizza, on Lorain Rd. in North Olmstead, is featuring the Italian dish served nightly with Dixieland jazz played by various local groups . . . Tenor and soprano saxophonist Marvin Cabell returned to Chicago, and tenor man Joe Alexander is going strong in his place at the Lucky Bar with Bunyan Dowlen on organ and "Jack Spratt" (Jack Singleton), drums.

MILWAUKEE: Doug Freshner, program manager of WUWM-FM, announced the addition of another 90-minute jazz-record program in late January . . . The Tunnel Inn may experiment with Sunday afternoon jazz concerts featuring both local and name groups . . . The Leilani Supper Club brought in Mel Torme for 10 days in February. Summer bookings lined up for the club include pianist Buddy Greco starting June 8 and singer Frank D'Rone July 20 . . . Trumpeter Dick Ruedebusch's group has added another commercial background stint in its growing list of miscellaneous endeavors. The latest was a beer commercial for radio . . . Disc jockeys Vic Bellhumor and George Pehlman, who co-host two Saturday evening programs on WTOS-FM, are beginning a jazz club that will have as one of its purposes the programming of jazz groups into the public-school assembly program. They have also branched out into the professional recording field and make audition tapes of local groups a

part of their venture.

INDIANAPOLIS: The Pink Poodle, which had brought a consistent name jazz policy back to Indianapolis during the fall and early winter with the Cannonball Adderley Sextet, Ramsey Lewis Trio, and Max Roach and Abbey Lincoln, among others, closed in February. Although some acts (such as Adderley) brought a profit, over-all the club wasn't making it financially. The Poodle's now up for sale... The city also lost some of its major night-time jazz radio when WAIV-FM dropped its *Jazz Flight—805, Night Train*, and *WAIV Party* shows to go to an all-classical format. There is a chance the station may restore some jazz programing after midnight if sponsors can be found... Guitarist **Gran Green** returned to Mr. B's Lounge for the last three weeks of February with **Jane Getz**, piano, and **J. C. Moses**, drums... Singer **Sally Waring** (wife of jazz trombonist **Fred Waring Jr.**) has begun an indefinite engagement at the Van Orman Suburban, a motel in Bloomington, Ind. She's backed by pianist **David Lahm** and bassist **Norman Kahn**.

ST. LOUIS: A new jazz club, the *Missa-Luba*, has been generating some interest in north St. Louis. Afro-Cuban-oriented, it has **Gale Bell**, vibraharp, piano; **Jim Casey**, bass; **Rich Tokatz**, bongos and conga; and **Chick Booth**, drums. Saturday afternoon sessions have been drawing some of the area's top talent. Pianist **Dave Venn**, back from Chicago, has been working at Gaslight Square's *Tres Bien*, with **Jimmy Forrest**, tenor saxophone; **Johnny Mixon**, bass; **Gene Gammage**, drums. Singer **Amanda Ambrose** recently concluded a successful week there... After a successful 2½ years at the *Black Horse*, pianist **Jim Becker** moved over to the *Playboy Club* for an indefinite stay, where he replaced **Sam Malone**, who worked the *Black Horse* for one week. Currently, the *Black Horse* is featuring the **Eddie Fritz Trio**, backing up **Jeanne Trevor**, one of this area's most highly regarded jazz vocalists.

LOUISVILLE: The *Concert Jazz Quartet* (pianist **Don Murray**, tenorist **Bobby Jones**, bassist **Jack Brengle**, and drummer **Preston Phillips**) presented a concert on Jan. 31. The highlight of the afternoon was the articulate playing of **Brengle**... Singer **Josh White** did a one-nighter on Feb. 6 at the Arts in Louisville... The *Newport Bar* is featuring organist **Ron Burton's** trio on weekends; the group includes **George Adams**, tenor saxophone, and **Dave Wunderlich**, drums... The **Jamie Aebersold-Everett Hoffman** Septet and the *Louisville Jazz Men* gave a concert on Feb. 7 at the Arts in Louisville. The septet, playing its members' compositions, featured saxophonists **Aebersold** and **Hoffman**, trumpeter **Dickie Washburn**, pianist **David Lahm**, cellist **Dave Baker**, bassist **Al Reeves**, and drummer **Preston Phillips**. The *LJM* featured leader-drummer **Dave Kaufmann**, pianist **Bill King**, and bassist

Wayne King. The **Aebersold-Hoffmann** group also was featured at a music festival at the University of Kentucky Feb. 20... Organist **Milt Buckner** continues as musician-humorist at the *Embers*.

NEW ORLEANS: Bassist **Marty Most** has organized an Afro-Cuban group. He recently published a volume of poems titled *New Orleans Blues*... Jazz Museum director **Clay Watson** presented a program of rare films from the museum's collection at the New Orleans Public Library... Clarinetist **Pete Fountain** was stricken with "executive flu" the day before a banquet was scheduled in his honor by U.S. Rep. **F. Edward Hebert** (D-La.) in Washington, D.C. The

banquet was held anyway, with **Fountain's** five sidemen representing him to the Louisiana congressional delegation... Bassist **Jay Cave** left **Dave West's** trio at the *Playboy* to join **Al Hirt**... Pianist **Dick Wellstood** joined trumpeter **Roy Liberto's** Dixieland group for his opening at the *Blue Room*... The **Eureka Brass Band** will appear in a funeral scene in a movie, *The Cincinnati Kid*, being filmed by **MGM** almost entirely in the French Quarter here.

LAS VEGAS: Pianist **Terry Ryan** is giving a series of lectures on jazz piano at local high schools. Ryan gives a highly knowledgeable and entertaining talk and demonstrates the various piano styles him-

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self . . . Tenor saxophonist Dick Saxe, who plays with Lewis Elias' relief band, surprised everyone present at a local jam session by playing jazz on oboe . . . Trombonist Al Lorraine and trumpeter Buddy Childers have joined Henry Levine's Band at the Tally Ho Hotel . . . Trumpeter-arranger Wes Hensel is making plans to record a jazz suite he has composed. Hensel was with Les Brown's band for 13 years and wrote and arranged many of Brown's hit records . . . Dan Bradley, banjo, and Bernie Bernard, drums, are now playing Wednesdays at the Mint with the Dixielanders . . . Charlie Spivak, known for his "sweet" trumpet, is showing that he can play jazz during his engagement at the Fremont Hotel. Spivak has a six-piece semi-Dixieland group at the downtown spot.

LOS ANGELES: Dave Brubeck's quartet makes its third visit to Australia, with a tour beginning March 25, after a round of appearances at West Coast colleges and universities. The group also may take in New Zealand . . . The Swing, Inc., Orchestra currently is touring with the Johnny Mathis Show for five weeks. Conducting is Jack Feerman, music director for the singer . . . Guitarist Billy Bean returned to California after some years in the East. He joined the Red Norvo Quintet at a Long Beach hotel. Bean replaced Jimmy Wyble, who left to go to Spain for a while and study guitar there . . . Billy May was signed by Screen Gems (Columbia Pictures TV subsidiary) to compose and conduct the music for the company's pilot films, as were Lalo Schiffrin and Jack Marshall . . . Nelson Riddle will compose and conduct the underscore of the same company's *The Wackiest Ship in the Army*.

SAN FRANCISCO: The two benefit concerts for swing-era pianist Artie Schutt (DB, March 11), proceeds of which went for his funeral expenses, raised about \$600. Among participants were trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie and dancer John Bubbles, both of whom were here on tour. More than a score of bay-area musicians also played during the sessions at Selena's Parlour and Pier 23 . . . Multi-reed man Modesto Brisenno, who came to notice as a teenaged member of Allyn Ferguson's Chamber Jazz Sextet in San Jose some years ago and subsequently played extensively with the Red Norvo and Benny Goodman combos, now leads his own quartet at The Hut in San Jose. Brisenno also is conducting woodwind music clinics at high schools in the San Jose area . . . The John Coppola-Fred Mergy Nonet, with tenorist Zoot Sims, trombonist Frank Rosolino, and trumpeter Al Porcino as guests, played a one-nighter at Tin Pan Alley in Redwood City . . . Tenorist Stan Getz' quartet played a five-night gig at the Claremont Hotel in Oakland . . . Harry James' orchestra was scheduled for a one-nighter at the Ali Baba Ballroom in Oakland on Feb. 26 . . . The Oscar Peterson Trio and the Serendipity Singers played a concert Feb. 17 at Contra Costa College in Richmond as part of the Ford Caravan of Music tour.

EUROPE: Pianist-composer George Russell, still staying in Stockholm, Sweden, is forming a new sextet that includes trumpeter Bertil Lofgren, trombonist Eje Thelin, tenorist Bernt Rosengren, and bassist Roman Dylag. The sextet is planning to open at the Golden Circle in Stockholm shortly . . . Pianist Lars Warner was a member of an avant-garde group that made a recent 10-day tour of Swedish schools and education groups. The tour was the result of co-operation between Emanon, the Swedish society for jazz musicians, and a labor education society . . . After Eje Thelin's one-week engagement at the Golden Circle, the club presented its Emanon week, when local musicians play one-nighters at the club. Among the groups that played were altoist Goran Ostling's quartet and the Bertil Lofgren-Ulf Andersson, Bernt Rosengren, Lars Fernlof, and Lars Gullin quintets. Gullin's album, *Portrait of My Pals*, was chosen 1964's best record by Swedish critics.

THE OTHER SIDE: The Detroit Artists' Workshop presented the first public performance of the recorded version of Ann Arbor composer Gordon Mumma's electronic piece, *Megaton for William Burroughs*, at a February program devoted to the avant-garde writer. The second recorded performance of the piece was given Feb. 10 at the College Philosophique in Paris on a program called La Musique et L'Informel, under the direction of Andre Boucouredilier. *Megaton*, an electronic composition for six channels of magnetic tape, four channels of live sound (amplified), and five performers, is to be performed in March in a concert in St. Louis; in April in Milwaukee and Madison, Wis.; and in May in New York City . . . ONCE 1965, under the sponsorship of the Dramatic Arts Center of Ann Arbor, took place in early February, with contemporary compositions by Robert Falck, Richard Waters, George Wilson, Morton Feldman, Philip Corner, Jackie Mumma, Mary Ashley, Aurelfo DeLaVega, Udo Kasemets, Russell Peck, Robert Ashley, George Cresposhay, Edward Zajda, George Cacioppo, Malcolm Goldstein, Robert Sheff, Luigi Nono, Christian Wolff, Donald Scavarda, David Behrman, James Tenney, Gerald Strang, Gordon Mumma, Nam June Falk, and John Cage. The final evening of the festival featured *An Evening of New Music*, under the guidance of Lukas Foss, in conjunction with the center of creative and performing arts at New York State University at Buffalo. The ONCE Festival Orchestra was conducted for the event by Richard Dufallo, with Foss featured on piano . . . The Dramatic Arts Center, in conjunction with the school of music of the university of Michigan, sponsored "A Composite Lecture" by Peter Yates, "The distinguished author, critic, and cowboy musician," on the Monday following ONCE . . . *Last Words of Hassan I Sabbah*, a vocal piece for a 10-voice ensemble of musicians and poets, written by John Sinclair, was also performed at the Artists Workshop on the William Burroughs program.

WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing of where and when jazz performers are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to **Down Beat**, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago, Ill. 60606, six weeks prior to cover date.

LEGEND: hb.—house band; tfn.—till further notice; unk.—unknown at press time; wknds.—weekends.

NEW YORK

Ali Baba: Louis Metcalfe, Jimmy Neely, tfn.
 Basin Street: Peggy Lee to 3/31.
 Birdland: Johnny Richards to 3/31. Joe Cuba, 4/1-6. Teddy Wilson, 4/1-30.
 Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn): Dorothy Donegan to 3/31.
 Broken Drum: Wilbur DeParis, tfn. Eddie Wilcox, Sun.
 Charlie Bate's: Stan Levine, Sun.
 Chuck's Composite: Don Payne, tfn.
 Concerto West: Jesse Wilks, hb.
 Cork 'n' Bib (Westbury): Jazz, wknds. Sessions, Mon.
 Eddie Condon's: Eddie Condon, tfn.
 Five Spot: Coleman Hawkins, Jaki Byard, tfn.
 Gaslight Club: Clarence Hutchenrider, Charlie Queener, George Wetling, Mike Shiffer, tfn.
 Gordian Knot: Dave Frishberg, Carmen Leggio.
 Half Note: John Coltrane, 3/19-4/1. Horace Silver, 4/2-15.
 Hickory House: Mary Lou Williams, John Bunch.
 Kirby Stone Fourum: Joe Mooney, tfn.
 L'Intrigue: Ronnie Ball, Sonny Dallas, tfn. Lee Konitz, Sun.
 Metropole: Henry (Red) Allen, hb.
 New Colony Inn: Howard Reynolds, tfn.
 Open End: Scott Murray, Duke Jordan, Slam Stewart, tfn.
 Page Three: Wolfgang Knittel, hb. Sheila Jordan, Mon., Tue.
 Playboy Club: Les Spann, Milt Sealy, Walter Norris, Mike Longo, Monty Alexander, tfn.
 Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, tfn. Don Frye, Sun.
 Toast: Jack Brooks, Dick Carter, tfn.
 Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Greene, tfn.
 Village Gate: Nina Simone, Hugh Masakela, 3/16-4/7.
 VIP Room (Roslyn): Lee Shaw, tfn.
 Your Father's Moustache: Souls of Dixie, Sun.

TORONTO

Castle George: Almeda Speaks, tfn.
 The Cellar: modern jazz, wknds.
 Chez Paree: Sir Charles Thompson, tfn.
 The Green Door: modern jazz, wknds.
 The Devil's Den: Jim McHarg, wknds.
 George's Spaghetti House: Junior Jazz Messengers, 3/15-20. Fred Stone, 3/22-27. Moe Koffman, 3/29-4/3.
 The River Boat: Don Thompson, 3/29-4/3.
 Town Tavern: Joe Williams, 3/15-20.

BOSTON

Barn: 1200 Jazz Quartet, Mon.
 Chez Freddie: Maggie Scott-Eddie Stone, tfn.
 Eliot Lounge, Al Drootin, tfn.
 Gaslight Room: Basin Street Boys, tfn.
 Gilded Cage: Bullmoose Jackson, tfn.
 Jazz Workshop: John Coltrane to 3/14. Andrew Hill, 3/15-21. Herbie Mann, 3/22-28. Muddy Waters, 4/5-11.
 Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: Earl Bostic to 3/14.
 Sal Nistico, 3/15-21. Benny Golson, 3/22-28.
 Zoot Sims-Al Cohn, 4/5-11.
 Maridor (Framingham): Al Vega, tfn.
 Number 3 Lounge: Jones Bros., tfn.
 Through the Looking Glass: Clarence Jackson, Dick Johnson, tfn.
 Westgate (Brockton): Lou Columbo, Tue., Thur.

PHILADELPHIA

Academy of Music: Count Basie, Duke Ellington, Art Blakey, 3/14.
 Cadillac Sho-Bar: Miles Davis, 3/15-20.
 Caribbean (Levittown): DeLloyd McKay, tfn.
 Drake Hotel: Joe Derise, tfn.
 Kreechmer's: Billy Kreechmer-Conrad Jones, hb.
 La Salute (Trenton): Marty Bergen, tfn.
 Metropole: Coatesville Harris, tfn.
 Pep's: Horace Silver, 3/15-20.
 Pilgrim Gardens Lounge: Good Time Six, tfn.
 Show Boat: Herbie Mann, 3/15-20.

MIAMI AND FLORIDA

Beach Club (Ft. Lauderdale): Billy Maxted, tfn.
 Double Deck Bar: Bert Wallace-Dave Akins, tfn.
 Hampton House: Charlie Austin, wknds.
 Harbour Towers: Luis Varona, Gospel Jazz Train, Buddy Lewis, Big Six Trio, Jimmy Crawford, Joannie Harrison, tfn.

Knight Beat: Dizzy Gillespie, 3/15-17. Blue Mitchell-Junior Cook, 4/2-4.
 Miami Beach Convention Hall: Al Hirt, 3/20.
 Roney Plaza: Phil Napoleon, hb.
 Playboy Club: Bill Rico, tfn.
 Rat Pack (Ft. Lauderdale): Herbie Brock, hb.

CHICAGO

Across the Street: Allan Swain, tfn.
 Big John's: Paul Butterfield, Wed., wknds.
 Bourbon Street: Dukes of Dixieland, tfn.
 Jazz Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn.
 London House: Neil Wolfe to 3/21. Cannonball Adderley, 3/23-4/11. Ramsey Lewis, 4/13-5/2. Peter Nero, 5/25-6/13. Eddie Higgins, Paul Serrano, hbs.
 McKie's: Paul Gusman, Jimmy Rushing, to 3/14.
 Midas Touch: Judy Roberts, tfn.
 Mister Kelly's: Larry Novak, John Frigo, hbs.
 Olde East Inn: Eddie Harris, Jodie Christian, tfn.
 Outhaus: Sandy Mosse, Wed., Sun.
 Pepper's Lounge: Muddy Waters, wknds.
 Playboy: Harold Harris, Willie Pickens, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.
 Plugged Nickel: Roland Kirk to 3/13. Mose Allison, 3/17-21. John Coltrane, 4/7-18. Herbie Mann, 4/21-5/2. Modern Jazz Quartet, 5/5-16.
 Sylvio's: Howlin' Wolf, wknds.
 Velvet Swing: Harvey Leon, tfn.

INDIANAPOLIS

Embers: Bitter End Singers, 3/15-27. Jonah Jones, 4/5-10.
 Embers Lounge: Claude Jones, tfn.
 Mr. B's: Junior Mance to 3/20. Shirley Scott-Stanley Turrentine, 3/22-4/3 (tentative). Jazz Crusaders, 4/5-17. Yusef Lateef, 4/19-5/1.
 19th Hole: Earl Van Riper-Mingo Jones, tfn.
 Red Rooster: Etta Jones to 3/13.

CLEVELAND

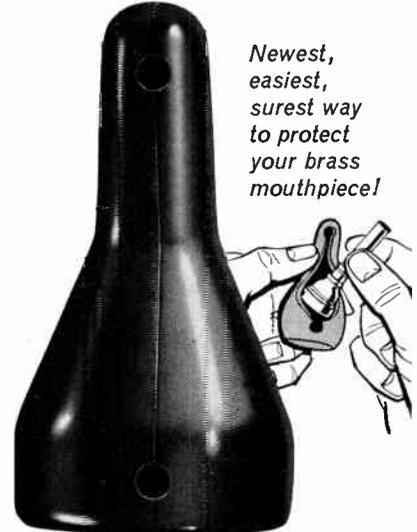
Brothers: Dave O'Rourke, wknds.
 Club 100: Rudy Johnson-Dick Gale, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
 Corner Tavern: name jazz groups.
 Cucamonga: Joe Alessandro, tfn. Johnny Trush, wknds.
 Esquire: Eddie Bacchus-Lester Sykes, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
 Fagan's Beacon House: Alley Cats, wknds.
 Harvey's Hideaway: George Peters, tfn.
 King's Pub: King Obstinate, tfn.
 LaRue: Spencer Thompson, Joe Alexander, tfn.
 Lucky Bar: Joe Alexander, Thur.-Sat.
 Monticello: Ted Paskert-George Quittner, wknds.
 Punch & Judy: Eddie Nix, hb.
 Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, hb.
 Shakey's Pizza (North Olmstead): various Dixieland groups, tfn.
 Squeeze Room: Ronnie Bush-Bob Fraser, wknds.

DETROIT AND MICHIGAN

Artists' Workshop: free concerts, Sun. afternoon. Detroit Contemporary 5, Workshop Arts Quintet, hbs.
 Black Lantern (Saginaw): Paul Vanston, tfn.
 Brass Rail: Armand Grenada, tfn.
 Bruce's Lounge: Ron DePalma, Sun.-Mon. Don Robins, Fri.-Sat.
 Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, tfn.
 Caucus Club: Howard Lucas, tfn.
 Checker Bar-B-Q: Dave Vandepit, afterhours, Mon.-Thur. Mel Ball, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
 Chit Chat: George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields, Tue. Don Davis, Thur.-Sun.
 Derby Bar (Ann Arbor): Fred Stofflett, Mon., Wed.
 Drome Bar: Jazz Crusaders to 3/14. Roland Kirk, 3/19-28.
 Falcon Bar (Ann Arbor): Max Wood, Mon., Wed., Sat. George Overstreet, Tue., Thur.-Fri., Sun.
 Fat Black Pussycat (Lansing): John Hammond Jr. to 3/21. Detroit Contemporary 5, 3/23-27.
 Frolic Bar: Norman Dillard, tfn.
 ½ Pint's: Keith Vreeland, Thur.-Sat.
 Hobby Bar: Jimmy Johnson, Fri.-Sun.
 Jim's Office Lounge (Jackson): Benny Poole, tfn.
 Komo Club (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, Sat. afternoon sessions.
 LaSalle (Saginaw): Arnie Kane, tfn.
 Linford Bar: Emmet Slay, tfn.
 Mermaid's Cave: King Bartel, tfn.
 Momo's: Jack Brokensha, tfn.

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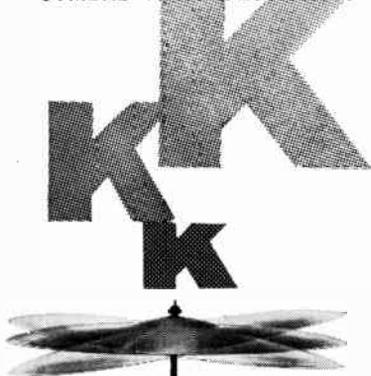
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Scotch & Sirlain: Jo Thompson, tfn.
Sports Bar (Flint): Sherman Mitchell, tfn.
S-Quire: Carolyn Atzel-Lewis Reed, tfn.
Village Gate: George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields, wknds.

ST. LOUIS

Black Horse: Jean Trevor, Eddie Fritz, tfn.
Blue Note (East St. Louis): Leo's Five, tfn.
Bustles & Bowes: St. Louis Ragtimers, tfn.
Fat's Steak House: Freddie Washington, sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Kings Bros. Motel: Eddy Johnson, hb.
Kings Lounge: Tony Connors, hb. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Merry-Go-Round: Sal Ferrante, hb.
Missa-Luba: Gale Belle, Tue., Sat. afternoon.
Opera House: Singleton Palmer, tfn.
Silver Dollar: Muggsy Sprecher, hb.
Sorrento's: Herb Drury, Thur.-Sat.
Tiger's Den: Sammy Gardner, hb.
Tres Bien: Jimmy Forest, tfn.
Upstream: Gale Belle, wknds.

KANSAS CITY

Barbary Coast: Jay McShann, tfn.
Castaways: Pete Eye, tfn.
Colony Lounge: Marilyn Maye, Sammy Tucker.
Golden Horseshoe: Betty Miller, Milt Able, tfn.
Inferno: Fred Muro, hb.
Interlude: Pearl Nance, tfn.
Jerry's: Charlotte Mansfield, tfn.
Pepe's Lounge: Harold Henley, tfn.
Playboy: Frank Smith, tfn.

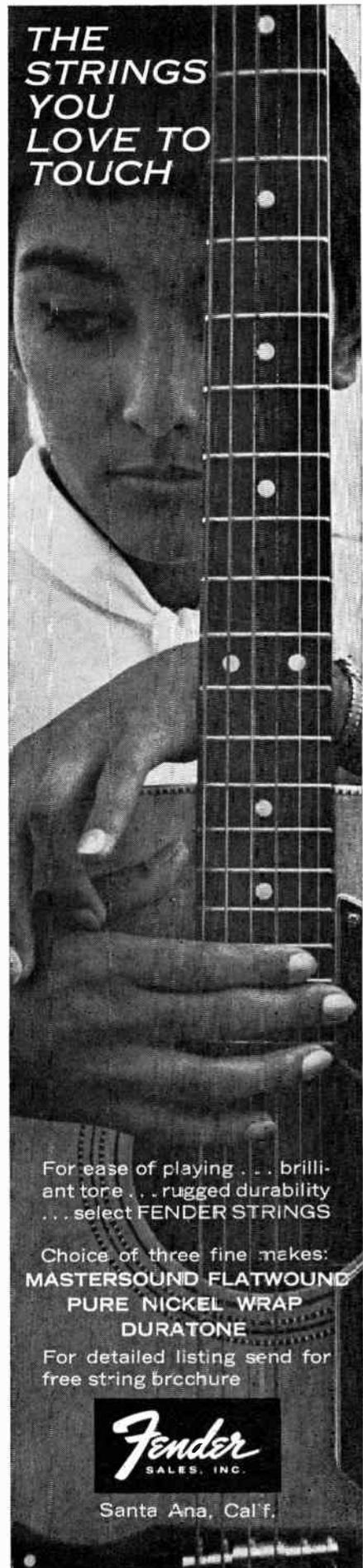
LOS ANGELES

Beverly Cavern: Johnny Lucas, Fri.-Sat.
Beverly Hilton Hotel (Rendezvous Room): Calvin Jackson, Al McKibbin, tfn.
Carriage House (Burbank): Jimmie Rowles, Max Bennett, Nick Martinis, Sun.-Mon.
Clouds Restaurant (San Fernando): Rick Fay, tfn.
Club Havana: Rene Bloch, hb.
Esquire Theater: Gene Russell, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Frigate (Manhattan Beach): Ben Rozet, Vic Mio, tfn.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, hb.
Hermosa Inn (Hermosa Beach): Jack Langlos, The Saints, Fri.-Sat.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.
Hollywood Plaza Hotel (Golden Eagle Room): Johnny Guarnieri, tfn.
Hour Glass: Karl Baptiste, tfn.
International Hotel (International Airport): Kirk Stuart, tfn.
It Club: Various groups, Sun. morning sessions.
Jazzville (San Diego): Jimmy Smith, 3/12-14.
Larry Galloway, hb.
Jim's Roaring '20s Wonderbowl (Downey): Johnny Lane, tfn.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Howard Rumsey.
Memory Lane: Gerald Wiggins, tfn.
Marty's: William Green, tfn.
Norm's Green-Lake Steak House (Pasadena): Joyce Collins, Monty Budwig, Mon.-Tue.
PJs: Eddie Cano, tfn. Jerry Wright, tfn.
Red Chimney (Silver Lake): Pete Jolly, Chuck Berghofer, Nick Martinis, Thur.-Sat.
Royal Tahitian (Ontario): Rex Stewart, Fri.-Sat.
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Gene Russell.
San Francisco Club (Garden Grove): Ed Loring.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Oscar Peterson to 3/14.
Hampton Hawes, 3/16. J. R. Monterose, 3/17.
Shelly Manne, Ruth Price, 3/19-21. Modern Jazz Quartet, 3/23-28. Mose Allison, 3/30-4/11.
Bill Evans, 4/13-25. Victor Feldman, Mon.
Sherry's: Don Randi, tfn.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Modern Jazz Quartet, 3/10-20.
China Doll: Fred Washington, tfn.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.
El Matador: Joao Gilberto, to 3/27. Charlie Byrd, 3/29-4/10. Vince Guaraldi-Bola Sete, 4/12-tfn.
Gold Nugget (Oakland): Stan Kenton alumni, Fri.-Sat.
The Grand (Oakland): Jack Taylor, tfn.
hungry!: Eddie Duran, hb.
Jack's of Sutter: Merl Saunders, Tommy Butler, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: Ramsey Lewis to 3/14. Gerry Mulligan, 3/16-28. Ahmad Jamal, 3/30-4/11.
Parker's Soulville: Dewey Redman, afterhours.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.
Trident (Sausalito): Denny Zeitlin, 3/22-28.
Bill Evans, 4/27-5/23. Pete Jolly, 5/25-6/6.
Howard Roberts, 6/8-7/7.
Twelve Adler Place: Vernon Alley, Shelly Robin.

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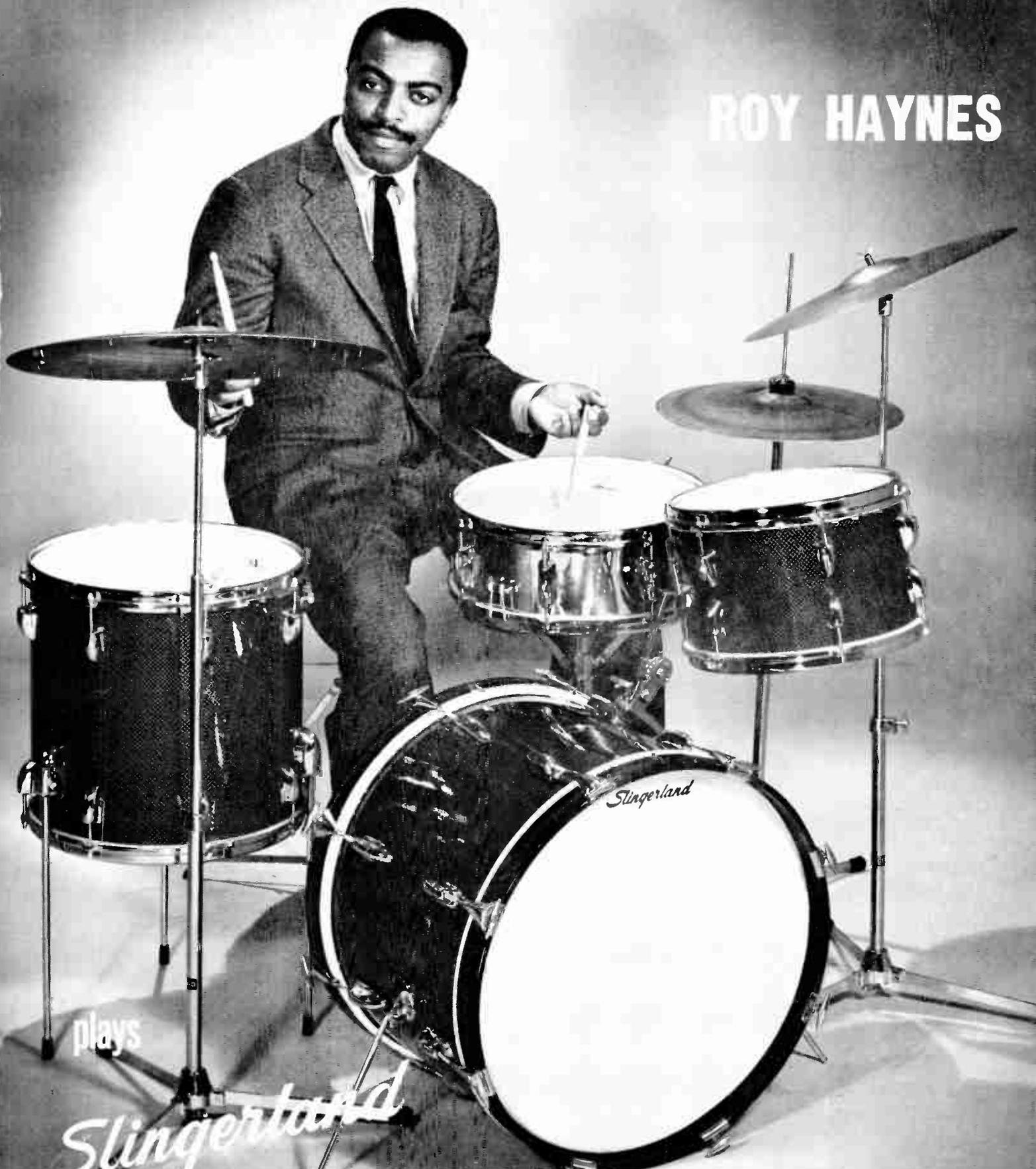
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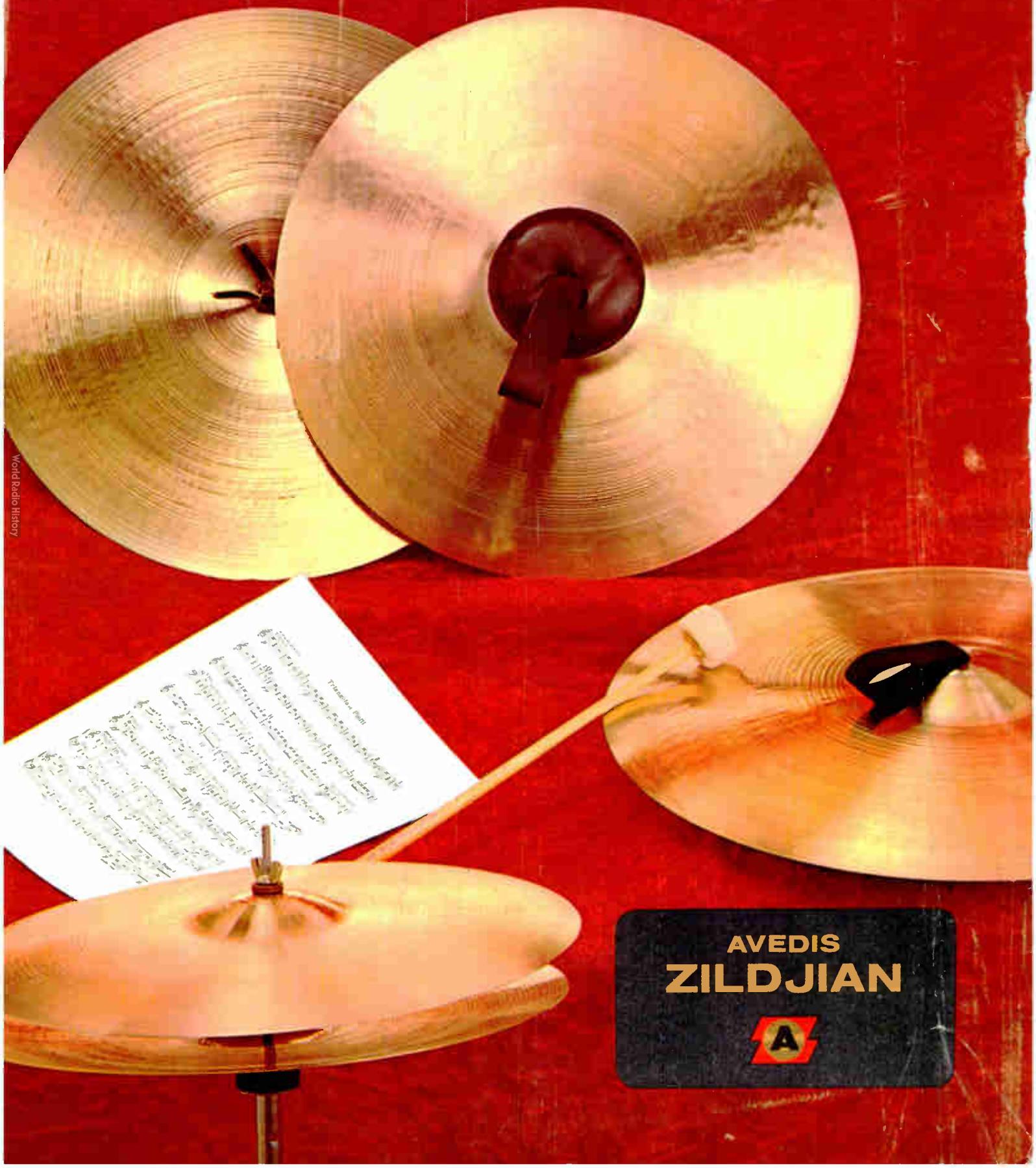
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