

FEBRUARY 24, 1966 35c

# down beat®

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

## COMPOSER ARRANGER ISSUE

GARY MCFARLAND-  
THEME AND  
VARIATIONS

By DAN MORGENSTERN

GIL FULLER-  
UNRECOGNIZED  
TITAN

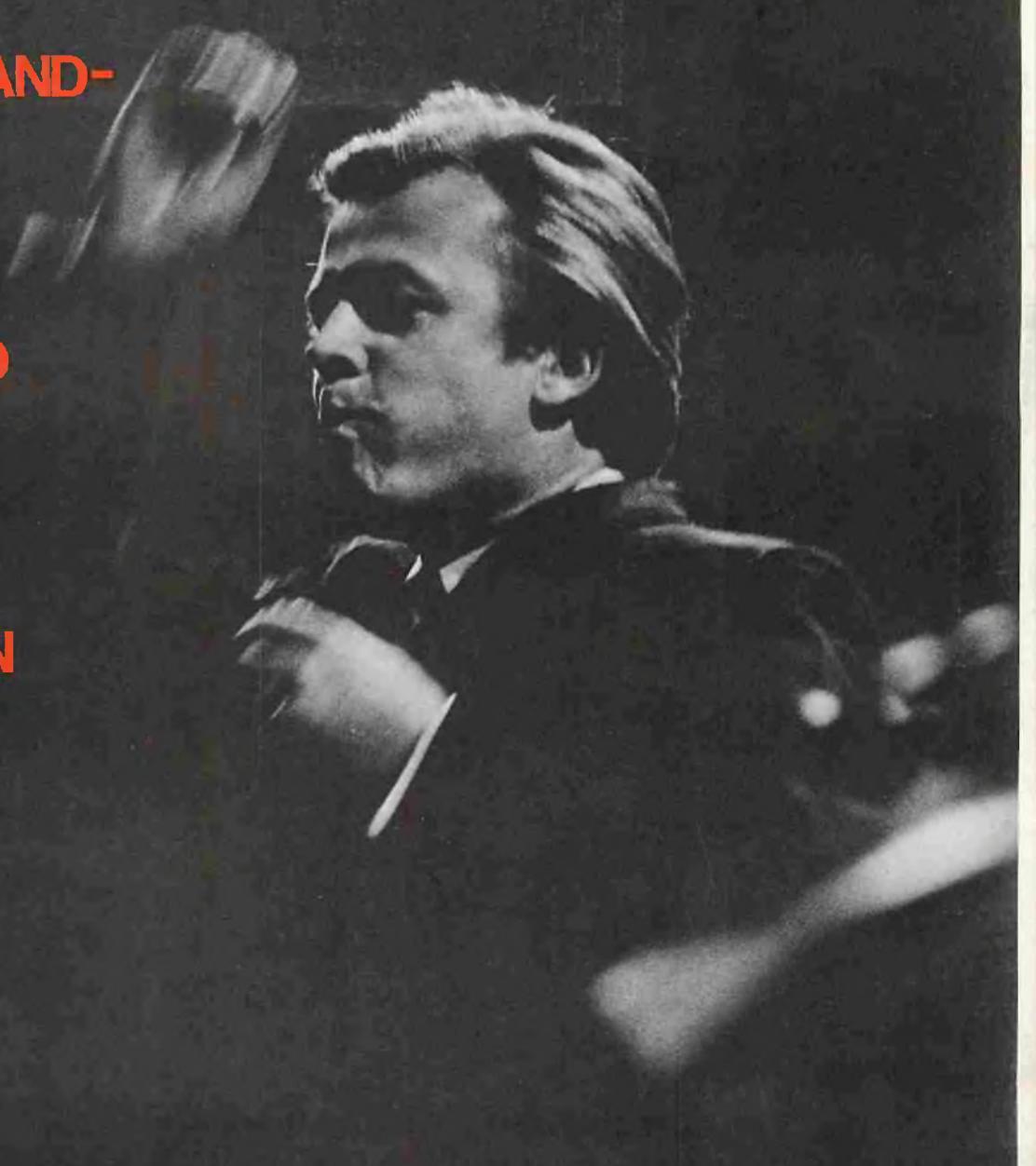
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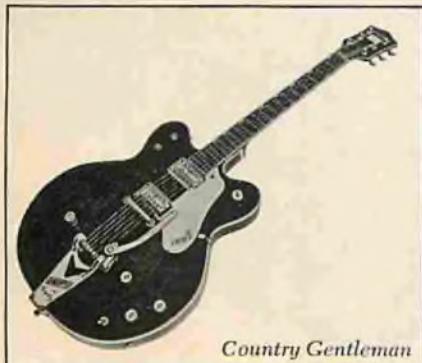
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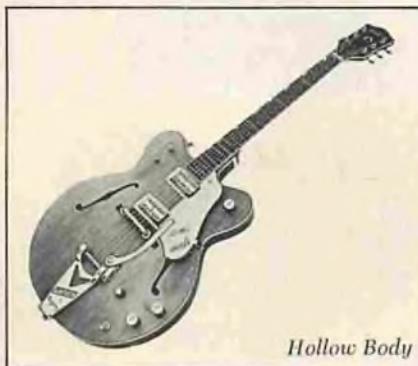
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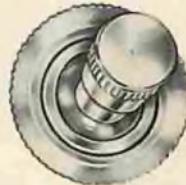
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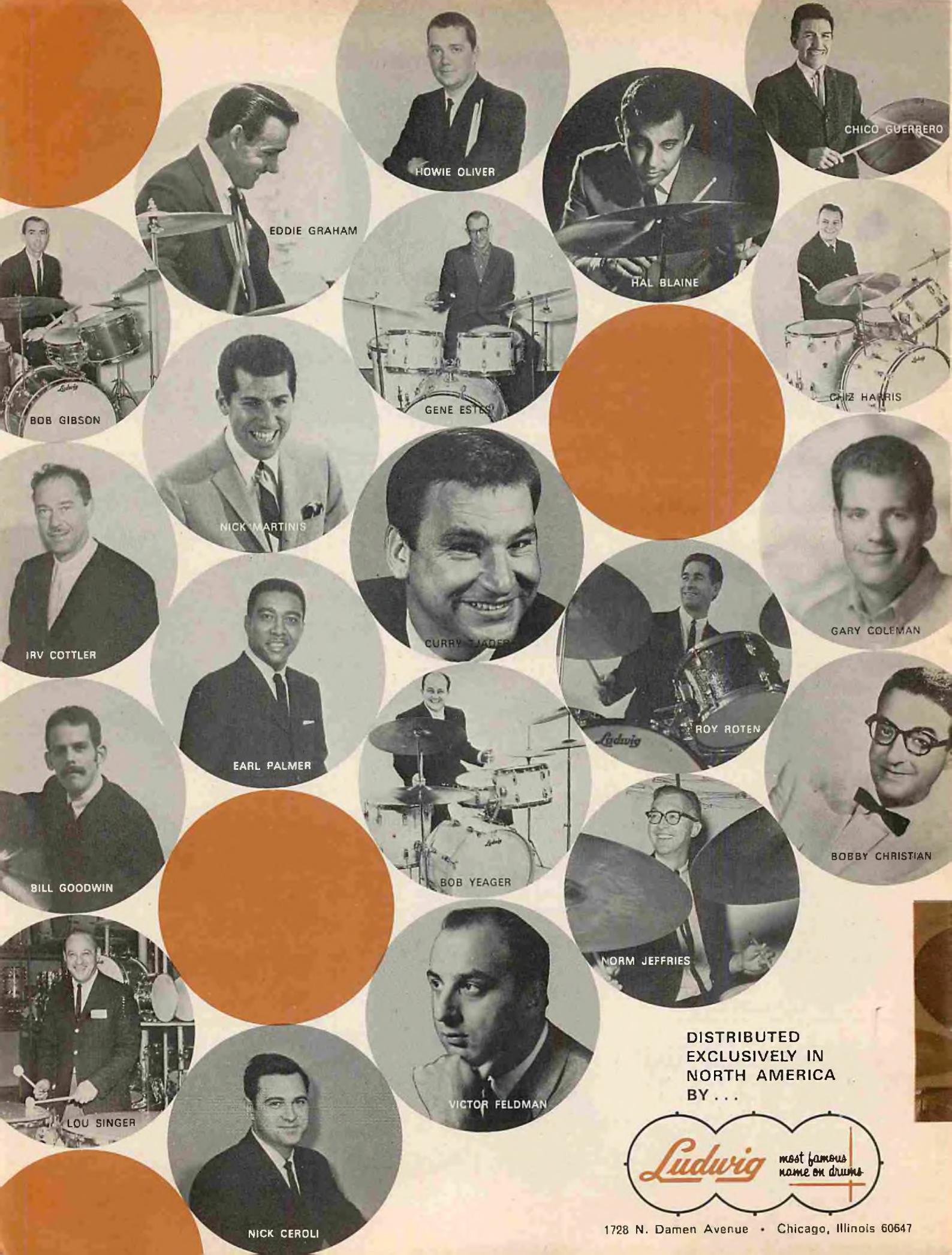
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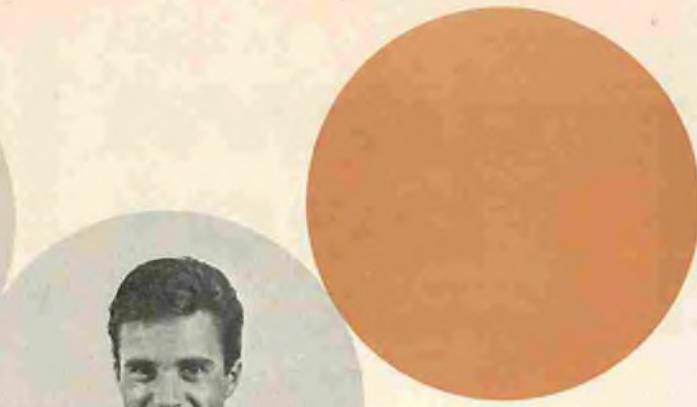
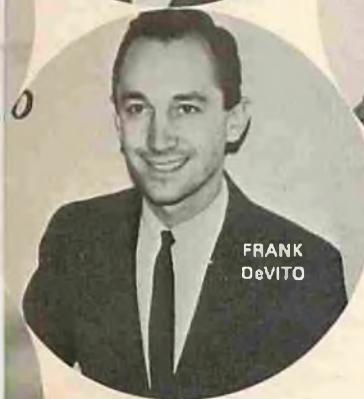
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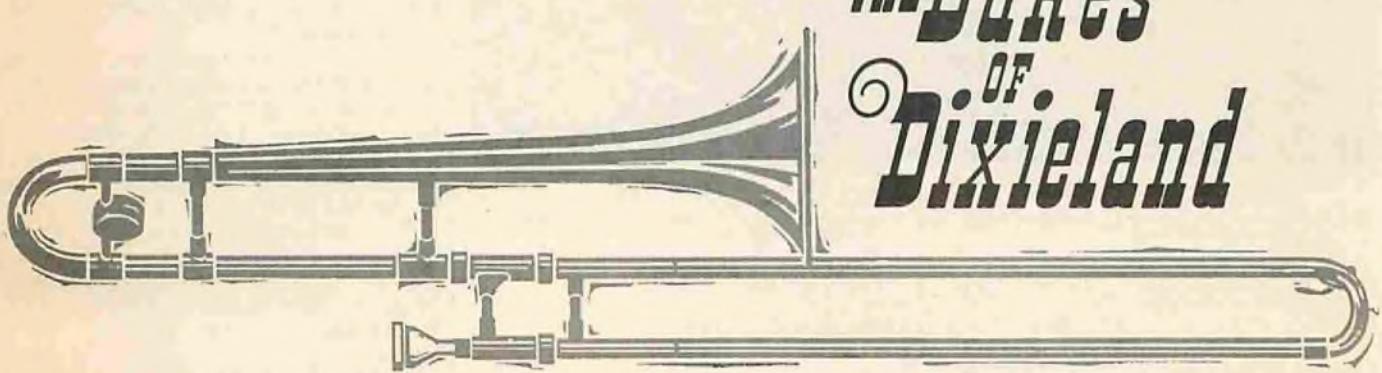
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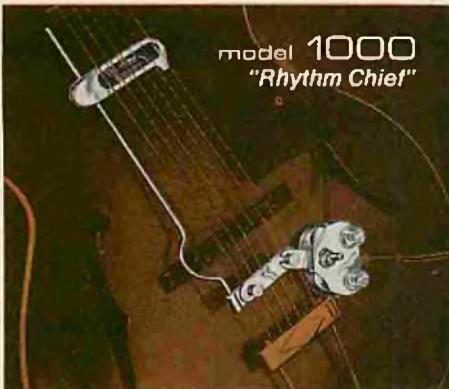


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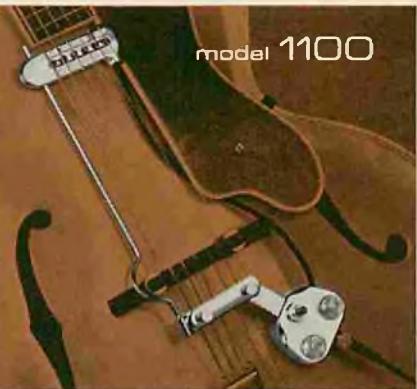
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## CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

### Pekar's 'Personality' Piece Pleases

Three cheers for Harvey Pekar's article, *The Critical Cult of Personality* (DB, Jan. 13). He expressed my sentiments beautifully. This should be required reading for Stanley Dance and LeRoi Jones, among others.

I have to disagree with Leonard Feather (DB, Dec. 16). Some of the most interesting articles I've read in recent months have been those of Frank Kofsky, Ira Gitler, Willis Conover, and others in their letters to each other. What better way is there to judge the validity of a review than to know as much as possible about the values of the reviewer?

I believe we will gain some important insights into what each critic thinks of jazz by allowing an open forum of controversial letter exchanges. Pretending these philosophical differences don't exist won't answer any of the questions that followers of the jazz scene may have.

Jazz doesn't exist in its own bubble. Problems of race, politics, and urbanization are surely having some effect on jazz. What this effect is has not yet been clearly established, but let's listen to various points of view. We will have real problems when people either have no ideas to express or are afraid to express the ideas they do have.

Peter S. Friedman  
 Royal Oak, Mich.

The authors of the recent letters on "The Shepp Article" should have read Harvey Pekar's *Critical Cult of Personality* and attempted some thought before they scribbled their puerile diatribes. Shepp should have done the same.

It is ignorant to say Shepp doesn't know how to play; his records prove differently.

Just as ignorant are Shepp's attempts to pass off his music as complete. What I heard at the *Down Beat* Jazz Festival was a young man, obviously sincere, and a young music—passionate, but still young. If anything is to survive, there must be understanding.

Kenneth Bluford  
 Philadelphia, Pa.

### Compass Blues

Archie Shepp's invective is much better than his geography. He refers to Northern Rhodesia as having one of the most vicious, racist social systems in the world. Northern Rhodesia, which became independent Zambia over a year ago, is governed by the black majority and its president, Kenneth Kaunda, is a full-blooded African Negro.

B. L. Weinstein  
 New York City

### Truthsayer Shepp Thrills

It was a great thrill and pleasure for me to read Archie Shepp's article (DB, Dec. 16). It's wonderful to hear the truth being spoken, which, in my mind, is not



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By Quincy Jones

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sitated too often by many of the musicians in jazz today.

Archie Shepp is one of the outstanding jazz musicians today. If there are things in American society he hates, there must also be things he loves, for I feel beauty when listening to his albums.

Mike Brandriss  
Hoffman Estates, Ill.

### In Praise—Tempered—Of Hentoff

Nat Hentoff is one of the most verbal, eloquent, and committed writers about jazz. I hope that he will continue his honest, literate appraisals of jazz people and events.

I realize that a certain amount of idealistic extemporization is integral to the comprehensive coverage of the jazz scene. To think otherwise would be both naive and shallow. However, I hope that Hentoff's recent tendency to lace his writings with great, bizarre chunks of irrelevant preaching will be brought to a minimum.

Tim Hillyer  
Chicago

### What Best-Selling Trash, Leonard?

Does Leonard Feather believe that jazz is the only good form of music? What does he mean by "all the hundreds of bundles of trash that litter the list of best sellers . . ." (*Blindfold Test*, Jan. 13)?

First, let's examine some of the numbers and artists on the Top 40 this last year:

1. The Beatles—certainly Feather doesn't mean them. Why, Duke Ellington himself has recorded their works. They also figured in the *Down Beat* poll along with the Rolling Stones, Supremes, and other chart makers.

2. Bob Dylan—he has been praised by many a jazz critic, among them Ralph J. Gleason.

3. Such artists as the Viscounts, Herb Albert and the Tijuana Brass, along with Ramsey Lewis, have all put jazz on the pop-record charts.

I think Feather should take back his ridiculous statement.

Doug Donaldson  
San Carlos, Calif.

### Praise Of Pres At Others' Expense

To quell my anger I tried counting the words, but it didn't work. Why didn't Don DeMicheal in his review of *Pres at His Very Best* (*DB*, Jan. 13) do an even job? I'm speaking of the paltry reference made to the personnel.

For Rodney Richardson and Freddie Green I counted three words. Dickie Wells, DeMicheal's "master never given his proper due in this country," received a rather lengthy write-up of 34 words. Casual mention of Sid Catlett was made here and there. Thirty-five words for Clayton. Periodical reference was made to Basie, who, De.M. informs us, "knows when to put in a chord and when not to." And those of us who have dug the album will, I'm sure, never forget Basie's stimulating, "well-placed plinks." Guarneri's piano work goes not beyond a comparison of first and second takes and a "lent fine support" award.

I'd also like to know what all that "ah, nostalgia," "ah, flown youth," "It's like 1944 all over again" stuff means.

Here's something that strikes me as being rather profound (De.M. in reference to the Young solos on *Just You*): "When Young improvised on this level, each note was a gem, an integral part of the whole solo." What else did he think the note was part of—dinner?

When will critics begin to review the many records of those musicians who never seem to get heard of? All that seems to be contributed in their behalf is the same old "master never given his due," "watch him," and a multitude of other nowhere statements that certainly do little, if anything at all, to reveal the men and their music, which is certainly of more value, modernistically speaking, than the '44 vintage.

Don't misunderstand me—I'm not denying Lester the spotlight. I'm merely asking why it invariably illuminates the same old tracks.

Ronald Jackson  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

### Jazz Vs. Avant-Garde 'Noise'

To think that jazz is in an experimental state is a misunderstanding; jazz is ragtime, Dixie, swing, bop, or anything that has a continuity of pattern and procedure. Otherwise it's just plain noise.

Why don't you quit promoting this junk—who likes it? Just the fanatics who have to have something "in."

Malcolm D. Nevins  
Arlington, Va.

### False Flute First

Somebody should check out your *Hipster's Quizzes* before they go to press.

In *Groove Firsts* (*DB*, Jan. 27), Wayman Carver is credited with playing the first recorded jazz solo on flute in 1937. In the first place, Carver himself waxed some flute solos back in 1933 with Spike Hughes. Second, I wouldn't be so rash as to say who actually recorded the first jazz flute solo.

For instance, I have a record by Clarence Williams' Jazz Kings, *Have You Ever Felt That Way?*, that has a flute solo on it. According to Brian Rust's *Jazz Records 1897-1931*, this disc was recorded in New York on Feb. 5, 1929, and the flute was played by Albert Socarras.

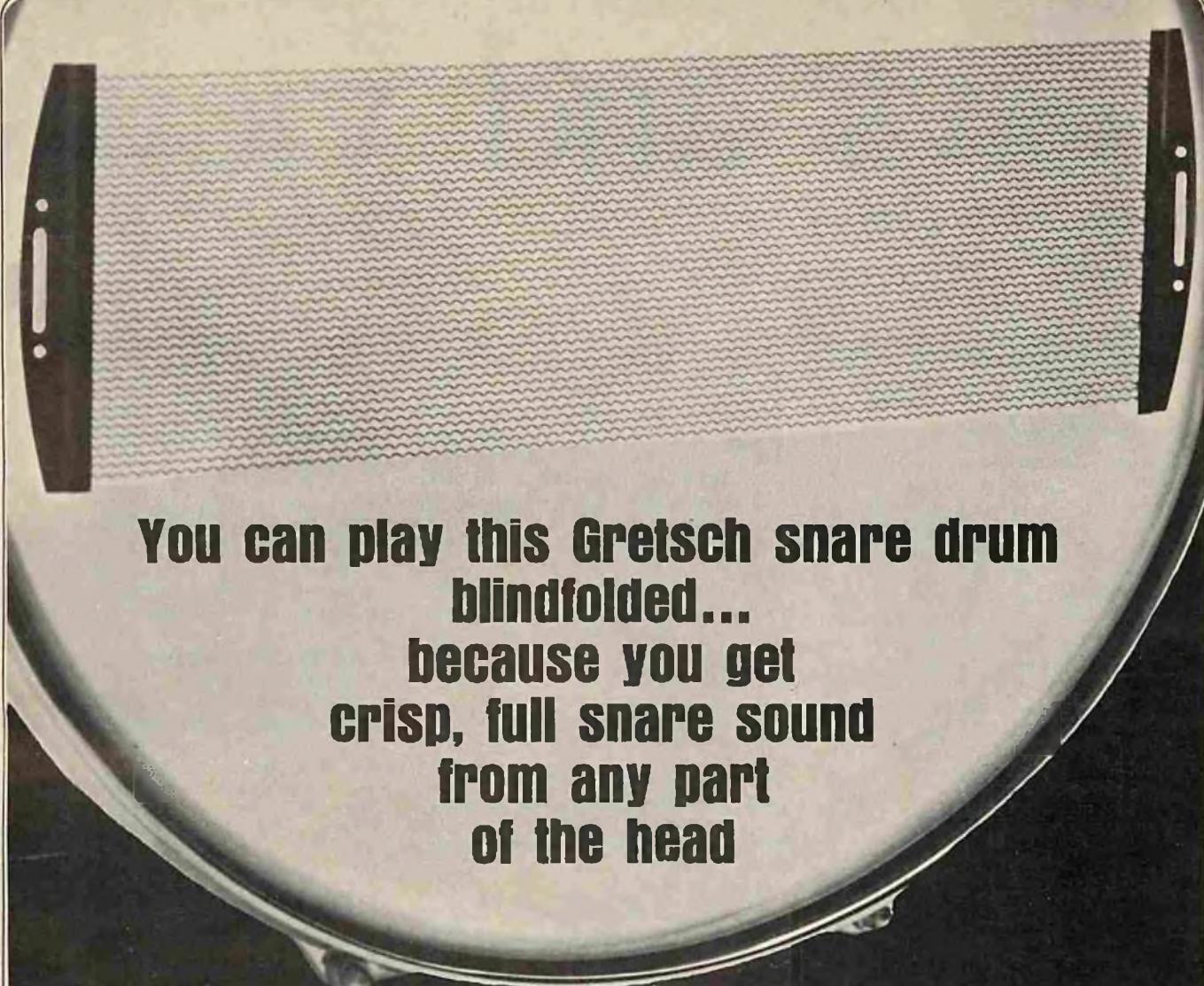
Eugene Kramer  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

### Give The Girls Their Due

I'm sure that everybody is as bored with hearing the old saw "she plays good for a girl" as I am, so I must say I got particular delight in reading the Ramsey Lewis *Blindfold Test* (*DB*, Jan. 13) when he referred to Toshiko as "he."

Also, several issues before, Vi Redd's playing was praised by Clark Terry, and she was referred to as "he." Not to mention Erroll Garner's *Blindfold Test*, where he referred to me as "he" also. So there! Rather proves a point, doesn't it?

Joyce Collins  
Los Angeles



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# news and views

DOWN BEAT: February 24, 1966

## Czech Heads West

Jazz won another victory in the cold war last month when Jan Arnet, a Czech jazzman and leader of the Reduta Quintet, asked for asylum in West Berlin. The 30-year-old bassist, in West Berlin for an appearance at a jazz club, applied for asylum on the day before he was scheduled to return to Prague with his wife and daughter, who had accompanied him to Berlin, in itself a departure from the Czech government's policy of not permitting families to accompany Czech citizens leaving the country for visits to the West.

After gaining asylum, Arnet told Western officials, "It was not easy to burn all my bridges, but I did not want to go back to Czechoslovakia." He said he plans to tour West Germany.

Arnet formerly was a member of the S & H Quintet, another of whose members, saxophonist Jan Konopasek, fled to West Germany several months ago.

## The Benefit Concert That Became A Memorial

An all-star concert meant to be a benefit for a hospitalized jazzman became a memorial when the recipient, drummer Charlie Smith, died on Jan. 15, two days before the event was to take place. Smith, 38, who had been hospitalized with a liver ailment, had worked with many leading groups during his career.

He was born in New York City April 15, 1927, and grew up on Long Island, beginning his professional career in 1947 with various groups around New York.

He joined singer Ella Fitzgerald's accompanying unit in 1948; he later worked with Erroll Garner, Benny Goodman, Oscar Peterson, Artie Shaw, Joe Bushkin, Slam Stewart, and, briefly, the Duke Ellington Orchestra. From 1952 to 1954 Smith was a member of pianist Billy Taylor's trio and then joined bassist Aaron Bell's trio for two years. Most recently Smith had been a member of the Dwike Mitchell-Willie Ruff Trio at the Playback Club in New Haven, Conn., where he lived.

Smith also was a teacher and composer. He was co-composer with Thomas Vaughan, a graduate of the Yale Divinity

School, of a much-praised jazz liturgy, *A Musical Offering to God*.

The memorial concert, held at the Five Spot in New York City, raised about \$1,000, which was given to Smith's widow and daughter. Among those performing were vibraphonists Lionel Hampton and Milt Jackson; clarinetist Tony Scott; trumpeters Bobby Hackett, Blue Mitchell, Bill Hardman, Joe Newman, Howard McGhee, and Clark Terry; guitarist Kenny Burrell; bassist Ben Tucker; and pianists Ray Bryant, Randy Weston, and Taylor.

## Two-Timing In Cincy

It was some New Year's Eve when the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet, with reed man James Moody quoting freely from *Auld Lang Syne*, joined the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra in a concert at Cincinnati's Music Hall.

The event marked Gillespie's first appearance with a symphony orchestra. With Eric Kunzel, assistant music director, conducting, the orchestra's brass and percussion sections joined Gillespie's five in performances of *Prelude* and *Pan Americana* from the *Gillespiana Suite* by Lalo Schifrin.

The only hitch at the performance came when there was some minor discomfort over time in the opening of *Prelude*. But the recovery was quick, and the strict tempo of the classical ensemble served as an impressive architecture for the freely moving Gillespie group.

Time had worried Gillespie at rehearsal. After a first run-through, it was decided that he would return for a second bout with Kunzel after the orchestra had re-

Kunzel, Gillespie: A matter of time



hearsed the rest of the program, a series of motion-picture and musical-comedy themes. In a backstage practice room, Gillespie put the problem this way: "They go by the conductor's stick, but a jazz musician is listening to the sock cymbal. Their beat is strict, but we'll vary." He showed how with his foot. "It's a different thing."

But the Gillespieites were determined to work with the problem, even if they were not likely to get around it. "We'll do it right," the trumpeter told his sidemen, implying that the orchestra would have to look out for itself.

Kunzel, however, looked over all. For the performance, the conductor's podium was moved far downstage, where Gillespie's drummer, Rudy Collins, could keep his eye on the baton, which he did with an almost hypnotic fixedness.

This move did not, however, result in the symphony brass and percussion undergoing transfiguration rhythmically, nor did it seriously restrain the Gillespie group. It all added up to an impressive, though not purely jazz, performance of the Schifrin selections. Neither side suffered injuries.

## Jazz Heavy At Stanford

After a brief respite during the year-end holidays, one of the most ambitious and thoughtfully conceived college-sponsored jazz series, Stanford University's "Jazz Year '65-'66," renewed its "extensive academic inquiry into this part of our culture, which often has been called 'America's only native art form.'"

Academic inquirers were given much to ponder and digest in the Jan. 23 appearance by the Thelonious Monk Quartet and John Coltrane Quintet and will be exposed to two more of jazz' many faces in the work of the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet and the Modern Jazz Quartet at the Feb. 13 concert, to be held in the university's Memorial Auditorium.

A series of more intimate programs, called "jazz casuals," supplement the major concerts. Singer Jon Hendricks appeared Jan. 14, and the Archie Shepp Quartet was featured Feb. 4. The Denny Zeitlin Trio will be heard Feb. 25. The small-scale events also sport lectures, the first of which, "The Evolution of Modern Jazz," was conducted by Ralph J. Gleason on Jan. 10. The second, "Jazz in the '50s," was given by Leonard Feather Jan. 17.

The third, "Classical Influences in Jazz," will have the MJQ's pianist-music director John Lewis on the rostrum Feb. 14.

## Potpourri

Last month's transit strike cast a pall over the already less than scintillating post-holiday jazz scene in New York City. Among the casualties was the proposed tenor conclave featuring **Coleman Hawkins**, **Sonny Rollins**, and **John Coltrane**, scheduled for Lincoln's Center's Philharmonic Hall Jan. 14. The concert has been postponed to Feb. 19. Besides the three saxophonists and their groups, the concert also will feature the quintet of trumpeter-fluegelhornist **Clark Terry** and trombonist **Bob Brookmeyer**, plus tenor saxophonist **Zoot Sims**.

New Orleans trumpeter **Al Hirt** is revamping his sextet. Hirt is reportedly abandoning the Dixieland format he has used for several years in favor of a hard-swinging, bluesy group composed of reed man **Jerry Jumonville**, clarinetist **Pee Wee Spiteleira**, pianist **Billy Newkirk**, organist **Wayne DeVillier**, and drummer **Fred Staeble**. Only Spiteleira remains from Hirt's previous combo. Staeble, DeVillier, and Jumonville have been playing in a blues combo, the **Magnificent Four Plus One**, at a Bourbon St. club in New Orleans. Newkirk is a modern-minded pianist who has led his own trio at Hirt's club and at the Playboy Club in the Crescent City.

An expansion of the successful Harlem Jazzmobile series of last summer is scheduled for 1966. At least 100 of the free outdoor recitals will be held in Negro communities in all boroughs of New York City. Pianist **Billy Taylor** will again be the music director.

A fund for the purpose of awarding an annual scholarship in memory of the late trombonist **Willie Dennis** has been established in New York City by alto saxophonist **Phil Woods**, arranger **Gary McFarland**, producer **Norman Schwartz**, restaurateur **Jim Koulavaris**, and other friends of Dennis. The scholarship will be to Ramblerny Music Camp, near New Hope, Pa. Contributions can be sent to the Willie Dennis Memorial Scholarship Fund, c/o Jim & Andy's Restaurant, 116 W. 48th St., New York City, 10019.

**Stan Kenton**, who has served as chief adviser to the Intercollegiate Jazz Festival for several years and who has acted as emcee at the Villanova University-sponsored competition for the last few of them, will be among the judges at this year's IJF. The festival will be held on the Main Line campus, outside Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 25-26, and will be tape recorded for network broadcast on March 5 by the American Broadcasting Co. Other judges include **Bob Share**, administrator of the Berklee School of Music, and **Dan Morgenstern**, *Down Beat* associate editor.

## Bunny Briggs: Jazz Dancer

"The Duke's music? It's the best I've ever danced to."

The speaker was Bunny Briggs, a tap dancer who has appeared with most of the famous personalities in show business, including Frank Sinatra, the Dean Martin-Jerry Lewis team of old, and Charlie Barnet's band.

More recently, Briggs has been dancing with Duke Ellington's orchestra, in a series of engagements that have taken him to Chicago for a performance of *My People*; to Toronto, where he was featured in the Canadian Broadcasting Corp.'s one-hour tribute to Ellington; and to San Francisco and New York City for Ellington's concerts of religious works.

"I feel that when you work with Duke you can go no higher," Briggs said. "Duke's band is the ultimate for dancers. He's a genius. I sit in awe of him. With Duke you never take anything for granted. He's never wrong."

Briggs, who has been called a second Bill Robinson, might be considered one of the last of the great exponents of a dying art, but he is never at loss for work. His summers are spent at resorts in the Catskills; in the winter he is at New York hotel supper clubs.

When he was 4, Briggs began dancing . . . on Harlem streets, his legs moving to music pouring out of record shops. By the age of 7, he was on the road.

During the 1930s, he was featured with pianist Luckey Roberts and His Society Entertainers, a band that played for New York socialites.

Roberts (who was to win fame as the composer of *Moonlight Cocktail*) discovered Briggs after he had come out of Harlem. "I remember that people would gather around when I started dancing," said Briggs. "They'd throw money to me when I was finished, and I would take it home to my mother. It helped her out.

"One day a man who was watching me for a long time came up to me and asked if I'd like to dance in ballrooms. He got me jobs at the Savoy, the Roseland, the Wenceslas Casino. I must have been 6 or 7 years old when I made my professional debut."

While still under age, Briggs was a partner to Baby Laurence, but his career was interrupted when he had to go back to school. Later he followed the traditional training ground of most tap dancers by appearing in burlesque, vaudeville, and night clubs.

Through the years he danced with the bands of Earl Hines and Count Basie, and for eight years during the '40s he danced with Barnet's band—and his vocal efforts with the band can be heard on a Barnet recording, *Town Hall Jazz Concert*.

In more recent years, Briggs has been featured on albums by Neal Hefti, Dave Lambert, Johnny Long, and on the

Ellington record, *My People*, in which he dances, appropriately, to *David Danced before the Lord with All His Might*.

Briggs considers himself fortunate that he is "still at his trade."

"So far in my life this is all I have done," he said. "I have been hungry, and I have been disgusted, but I am happy with my profession. To me, show business is still the greatest thing in the world."

In his opinion, tap dancing went into a decline with the death of Bill Robinson. "There were still the great movie dancers . . . Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, Gene Kelly, Anne Miller . . . but there



Briggs: 'I think like a drummer'

really was no place for the dancer to go," he said.

"In the movies there was none better than Astaire. He had grace and timing that no one else had, but great as he was, there will never be a dancer to equal Bill Robinson.

"He was my inspiration. My aunt was a chorus girl at the Lincoln Theater on Lenox Ave., and I used to go there to see her dance. It was there that I first met Robinson. He amazed me. Everything he did was so neat and clear. He also had a sense of humor. When he danced, it was as though he were talking. It was his way of telling a story.

"Many years later when I was dancing at the Earl Theater in Philadelphia, Bill Robinson saw me there. Everybody was applauding, and he came right up on the stage, put his arm around me, and said, 'When I go, this is who I'd like to take my place.'

"It was quite a compliment," Briggs said.

Briggs was intrigued with Robinson's dancing because he moved with a minimum of arm movement.

"I believe that all the movement has to be in the feet," Briggs said. "When I dance, I think like a drummer. I make phrases and sentences. The tap dancer, you know, improvises like a jazz musician. Why, we even talk to each other."

Each dancer, he continued, has his  
(Continued on page 43)

## Strictly Ad Lib

**NEW YORK:** Tenor saxophonist Frank Foster's big band made its concert debut Jan. 21 at Hunter College, in a Jazz Composers Workshop program co-produced by George Wein. Trumpeter Howard McGhee, trombonist Bob Brookmeyer, reed men Roland Kirk and Bob Wilber, guitarist Jim Hall, pianist Billy Taylor, and Foster were the featured soloists . . . The Half Note has initiated a new weekend policy: in addition to the featured group, a second group plus a blues singer is added to the fare. During the incumbency of the Al Cohn-Zoot Sims quintet in January, singer Jimmy Rushing, the groups of tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins, alto saxophonist Cannonball Adderley, and co-leaders trumpeter Thad Jones and baritone saxophonist Pepper Adams were the visiting firemen . . . Adderley's quintet also appeared on two consecutive weekends in January and February at the Village Gate, joined by the Modern Jazz Quartet. Upstairs at the Gate, pianist Jaki Byard, playing solo, has been signed to an indefinite stay. Pianist Thelonious Monk and his quartet begin a 10-day stay at the Village Vanguard Feb. 18 . . . Trumpeter Dan Terry is rehearsing a big band, including alto saxophonist Gene Quill, tenor saxophonist Jim Reider, and trumpeters Clyde Reasinger and Phil Sunkel . . . Pianist John Hicks' trio is at the Concerto West on 125th St. . . . Organist Wild Bill Davis did two weeks at Count Basie's Lounge . . . Trumpeter Jonah Jones has been signed by the Rainbow Grille to a three-year contract guaranteeing him 16 weeks of work a year . . . Pianist Marian McPartland's trio (Eddie Gomez, bass, and Jake Hanna, drums) were in for a month's stay at Les Champs on E. 40th St. Pianist Teddy Wilson's trio followed the McPartland group . . . Clarinetist Bill Smith premiered an hour-long work on West German television in January. Smith is currently appearing at Rome's newest jazz club, the Mad Pad, where he was preceded by alto saxophonist Lee Konitz and soprano saxophonist Steve Lacy . . . Guitarist Attila Zoller took over for Jimmy Raney in pianist Sy Johnson's trio at Chuck's Composite . . . The Cove Lounge in Roselle, N.J., features pianist Morris Nanton's trio Thursday through Saturday, while visiting guests perform with bassist Vinnie Burke's threesome on Sundays. Among recent guests have been tenor saxophonist Illinois Jacquet and cornetist Nat Adderley . . . Appearing at Slug's Saloon on the lower east side this month will be Grachan Moncur, Feb. 11-12; Calo Scott, Feb. 13; Frankie Dunlop, Feb. 14; Walter Davis Jr., Feb. 15; Vera Auer, Feb. 16; Gary Bartz, Feb. 17; Hank Mobley, Feb. 18-19; Lonnie Smith, Feb. 20; Benny Powell, Feb. 21; Burton Greene, Feb. 22; Manny Smith, Feb. 23; Albert Ayler, Feb. 24; Mal Waldron, Feb. 25-26; Joe Farrell, Feb. 27; C Sharpe, China-Lin, Feb. 28.

**CHICAGO:** The trusteeship placed on Local 10 by the American Federation of Musicians 1½ years ago was terminated when new officers of Local 10-208 were sworn in Jan. 11. The swearing-in, which marked the formal merger of Locals 10 and 208, was attended by Chicago's mayor, Richard J. Daley. Bernard F. Richards, who has headed Local 10 since 1963, is president of the merged unions . . . Bassist Cecil McBee and drummer Jack DeJohnette joined reed man Charles Lloyd's quartet at the beginning of its stay at the Plugged Nickel . . . William Russo departs for the West Coast in March. The move will be short-lived, however; Russo will conduct the Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra in a program March 7 and then return here . . . The Jazz Interpreters are now merely the Interpreters. The group has been working Mondays and Thursdays at Mr. Lucky's on Stony Island Ave. The current lineup consists of leader George Patterson, soprano and alto saxophones; Cleo Griffin, trumpet; Charles Kinnard, tenor saxophone; Tom Washington, piano; John Withfield, bass; and Arlington Davis, drums . . . Oscar Brown Jr. has put together a review titled *Joy '66* for the Happy Medium. The show is scheduled to open Feb. 11 at the Rush St. club and is to feature, in addition to singer Brown, Brazilian singer-guitarist Luis Henrique, singer Jean Pace, dancers Rita Lerner and Glenn Scipio, and pianist Floyd Morris' trio . . . Motivation-salesmanship expert Don Yovich presented three traditional jazz groups, the Salty Dogs, Art Hodes' band, and Franz Jackson's Original Jass All-Stars, in a recent midweek program at the Dorchester Club . . . Pianist Hodes, incidentally, followed his Jan. 16 Arkansas Arts Center concert with one at the Indianapolis Jazz Club's 10th anniversary celebration. On Jan. 18 Hodes initiated an eight-week program of afternoon-early evening "tea dances" on the showboat Sari-S, with the pianist and bassist Rail Wilson providing the music during the week. On weekends the tea gives way to harder fare, as the Hodes five-piece takes over . . . The revamped Brasil '66 troupe was a recent attraction at Mother Blues on N. Wells St. . . . The University of Illinois' Chicago Circle campus was the site of a late-January folk concert by the team of singer-guitarist Brownie McGhee and singer-harmonica player Sonny Terry . . . The University of Chicago's Folklore Society presented its annual festival Feb. 4-6. The Muddy Waters Blues Band, singers-guitarists Fred McDowell and Rev. Gary Davis, and the Meditation Singers were among the performers . . . Gunther Schuller was a mid-January visitor to Chicago, where he conducted the Chicago Symphony Orchestra in the premiere of his *Gala Music*, a work commissioned by the symphony to celebrate its 75th anniversary.

**LOS ANGELES:** The new year has brought a number of changes to the Los Angeles club scene. The old Sands, in Inglewood, now called La Duce, is featuring jazz six nights a week. Tenor saxophonist Teddy Edwards is fronting

a group there that includes John Houston, piano; Buddy Woodson, bass; Chuck Carter, drums. Also featured with the combo is singer David Bryant . . . Trumpeter Bobby Bryant (no relation) is currently at Marty's; altoist Sonny Criss appears there on Tuesdays . . . The Living Room, on the Sunset Strip, came to life momentarily with the Jazz Crusaders prior to the group's Lighthouse gig . . . The Bowman-Mann Galleries, the Beverly Hills avant-garde art emporium that had featured local modern-jazz groups on Sundays, faded from the picture . . . Meanwhile, in the middle of what Angelenos call "Restaurant Row," the Coronet Room has switched to an "entertainment policy." The house band belongs to Eddie Donaldson . . . Across from the Coronet, Stake Brothers keeps fluctuating between jazz and pop. The most recent jazz-flavored singer to work the room was Mary Kaye. Following Miss Kaye will be Francis Faye . . . The Celebrity Lounge of the Carousel Theater, in West Covina, is still featuring pianist Joyce Collins. In the theater-in-the-round itself, a page was torn out of the '30s and '40s Jan. 31, when Harry James and Woody Herman were scheduled for a one-night "battle of the bands" . . . Also on the Strip, the Paul Butterfield Blues Band from Chicago opened last month at the Trip. Then the group moved up Sunset to the Whiskey A Go-Go . . . Vibist Roland Johnson (formerly with Earl Bostic and Arthur Prysock) joined the Clarence Daniels Trio at the Pen and Quill Club in Manhattan Beach . . . A new policy at the Playboy Club: dancing is now allowed and encouraged on Sunday and Monday in the Living Room, where pianist-slutist Kellie Green holds court with her trio . . . Gerald Wilson and his band played at the International Hotel for a dance sponsored by the Secret Six Club. The band also appeared at a recent art festival at Synanon House, the Santa Monica rehabilitation center for narcotics addicts. The occasion was an exhibition of paintings by those living at Synanon. Bobby Troup also was on the date . . . Duke Ellington, in town working on a movie background score, showed up for the opening concert of the L.A. Neophonic Orchestra's second season. One of the numbers on the program, *Music for Baritone Saxophone and Orchestra*, written by Gerry Mulligan and orchestrated by Bill Holman, featured some Duke-ish sounding brass-in-plungers. When asked for his reaction to the Ellington touches, he cooed, "Oh that isn't my doing. You know, I'm still a novice at this game." . . . Trumpeter Don Ellis has expanded his Havana Club appearance to include Sunday night sessions. His big band is still featured on Monday nights. Ellis and his Hindustani Jazz Sextet gave a concert at the Pasadena Art Center Jan. 29. It was part of the week-long celebration devoted to India . . . Pianist Dave Mackay has begun a Tuesday-Sunday engagement at Woody's Wharf in Newport Beach . . . Singer Vicki Hamilton is now appearing at the Florentine in Hollywood on Sundays . . . Andre Previn and Alan Jay Lerner will collaborate on a musical comedy, (Continued on page 41)

TWELVE  
TONE  
BLUES

By LEONARD FEATHER

In the *Feather's Nest* column last Sept. 23, as on numerous other occasions through the years, I emphasized the need, in jazz and in every art, for continual progress as a means of sustaining life and for evolution as a form of revolution.

The argument has often been advanced that rules are made to be broken, with a thinly concealed implication that advancement or reorientation of values automatically connotes rejection or abandonment of all prior values. The human tendency to bridle at authority sometimes expresses itself in a childish flouting of rules without any substitution of new laws or guideposts.

Even the brilliant Denny Zeitlin, one of the avant-garde musicians I most admire both musically and intellectually, symbolized the confusion that exists today in some areas of musical thought when, introducing one of his numbers at the Newport Jazz Festival, he made one of those bromidic references to "the tyranny of the bar line."

He must know as well as anyone that tyranny, which means absolute, oppressive, brutal power, has not the remotest relationship with the writing or playing of jazz and that the use of bar lines to separate groups of notes cannot conceivably be tyrannical. (Ironically, in the music that followed, there were many points at which bar lines logically could have been placed.)

It would have been about as meaningful for a nudist to walk down Broadway complaining about the tyranny of clothes, or for a Metrecal advocate to bemoan the tyranny of solid food.

The rules are not chains to be broken; they are rubber bands to be extended, and the breaking point lies at infinity.

Since I have often been challenged on this claim, both in print and in verbal clashes, and since the implication often has been that I cannot prove my point by putting my manuscript where my mouth is, I should like to analyze something I wrote, several years ago, that seems to bear out my contention. It was a short, simple, but—on a rather primitive level—radical piece titled *Twelve-Tone Blues* (reproduced below). As far as I know it was the first piece of its kind.

The idea came to me in 1959 shortly after a reading of H. H. Stuckenschmidt's book on the principles of the Schoenberg 12-tone system. The self-challenge was (a) to use the form of the blues, yet somehow combine it with the seemingly incompatible essence of the dodecaphonic technique, (b) to make the line swing horizontally, (c) to give it a rhythmic and melodic variety strong enough to avoid rifflike repetitiousness or monotony.

At first glance, or on first hearing, the theme would appear to be (for the trumpet or tenor saxophone) in Eb, at least according to the first two measures and particularly the final phrase. The bass part, on the other hand, would seem to be in Bb concert. But, of course, the 12-tone system is a form of atonality (the terms 12-tone and atonal are often incorrectly used as synonyms). A glance at the first two measures will show that the line contains the predetermined sequence of all 12 chromatic notes without repetition, in accordance with the Schoenberg principle.

For those unfamiliar with the system, here are the main guidelines:

Any note in the series (row) can be played one or more octaves higher or lower in a subsequent use of the row. The row can appear in three other perspectives: the inversion, in which the same intervals run up instead of down and vice versa; the retrograde, in which the original row runs backwards; and the retrograde of the inversion. Any of these rows may also be transposed, so that they can appear in 12 different pitches.

Measures 1 and 2, then, present the row in its basic form. Measures 3 and 4 are the retrograde inversion (hold the manuscript upside down, look at 1 and 2, and you will see the resemblance to 3 and 4). Measures 5 and 6, in order to imply the feeling of the blues, transpose the original row up a fourth, just as the blues normally moves at this point from a tonic to the chord of the subdominant.

Next, again as in the blues, there is a return to the original position; but here, because the notes have been lengthened, the row overlaps at both ends, from the last beat of Bar 6 through the first beat of Bar 9. The row then appears in a retrograde form, its last note being tied over into Bar 11 and serving also as the first note of the row's final use, this time with the concluding four notes transposed up an octave.

In the writing of the row, the linear construction was composed so that the original row, and its later uses in various altered forms, would facilitate the writing of a bass line corresponding with the I-IV-V-I blues progression.

Experimentation with this objective in mind revealed that the idea would work out best not with the usual blues chords, but with double-augmented, i.e., ninths with raised and lowered fifths, better described as whole-tone scales.

So much for objective (a). The achievement of (b) was simply a matter of taking a main phrase that swung naturally (note the syncopation of the first and last notes). Bars 3 and 4 are in straight eighths; this leads to a new variation, in which the first note of the phrase is delayed instead of anticipated and is followed by a triplet, which has a particularly effective rhythmic flavor, coming as it does after the long sequence of eighths.

Then there is a revised use of the row in which several of the notes are lengthened to a beat or a beat and a half. This sharply different rhythmic distribution of the notes gives the row a seemingly changed melodic character and ends with a "bebop" on the first beat of Bar 9. The last two pairs of measures are almost identical, but their quality is altered by the different beats of the bar at which each starts and ends.

Objective (c) was reached through the designing of what seemed to be an interesting melodic contour in the original row. Because of the nature of the 12-tone system, this automatically lent the same rhythmic and melodic interest to the rest of the line.

To sum up: whether this may be a good, bad, or indifferent composition, it does adhere to what I believe to be a fundamental principle of all innovation in music: that one doesn't write to escape from a "tyranny" of rules but rather to take new and fuller advantage of their sublime and indispensable guidance.

Whether the reader feels that *Twelve-Tone Blues* was a success or a failure, I hope he will at least concede that I have made an attempt here to practice what I preach.

**O**NE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL of this country's regular across-the-pond commuters is a man with several strings to his metaphorical bow, the talented composer, arranger, and saxophonist, Benny Golson.

It was while playing tenor saxophone with Art Blakey's 1958 edition of the Jazz Messengers that Golson first made the trip to Europe—and established contacts that were later to prove beneficial. At the time, the Messengers were playing a number of his originals, and while no one overlooked his skill with the saxophone, it was as a composer that Golson made his mark.

Recently he was in London to supervise and conduct the recording of his score for an as-yet-untitled German art movie featuring the world's Olympic skiing champions. By nature a gentleman, Golson nevertheless took this opportunity to sound off against the system that has unkindly pigeonholed his talents since he made his mark as a writer about 10 years ago.

"I don't come to Europe out of necessity," he maintained, "but in a desire for better things in my trade. . . . Luckily, I'm kept quite busy in the States, and the last year has been my best, financially, to date. But even so, the bulk of my royalties come from Europe. It's a little distressing to find that in order to get the better things, one has to move to a foreign country. But in the States I have a stigma attached to me. It's always Benny Golson—the jazz saxophonist, Benny Golson—the jazz writer, and once you have that label it's hard to move out of that tight circle."

"Consequently, if one wants to do a variety of things, it's a battle all the time, trying to show the people concerned that you can do more than just one thing. It's been hard

for me at home up until two years ago, but immediately upon coming to Europe I had offers to do so many things."

He finds that working conditions in Europe compare favorably with Stateside facilities and that, being given full rein on every assignment, he has the necessary creative freedom. He's not hemmed in in any way, he said, and "the musicians are extremely easy to work with. I haven't had any real language problems because I've been fortunate enough to have people speaking English wherever I work. The talent and recording quality are good, though in certain areas it might be a little superior in the States."

He cited what he has found to be the main difference in his field between the United States and Europe:

"It seems to me that the people in the driver's seat—the record company owners, producers, and whatnot—are not afraid to take chances [in Europe]. Or maybe they're a little more perspicacious. I don't know what it is, but they do take chances, and evidently they're not being too disappointed, because they continue to do so. The American businessman is probably a little more conservative."

For Golson, the days of "bebop or nothing at all" lie a long way behind. He still plays his horn occasionally, but it is significant that when he last visited Europe, he brought only the mouthpiece with him. Even so, he is quick to point out that he has no intention of forsaking the jazz world, which has nurtured him through his career.

"Of course, I'll never forget my first love," he said. "That'd be like asking me, 'Will you remember your name?'"

**G**OLSON, WHO started writing music in his early teens, enjoys music for its own sake, and if it weren't for being categorized in the jazz league, he would figure more often in the composer credits for quality pop albums. He is a bit bitter about the oversight:

"You never know when your name comes up and is rejected. The phone just doesn't ring."

When he writes for his own pleasure, he turns out songs in the Tony Bennett/Sarah Vaughan vein even though he says, "I'm not writing for that kind of market—I'm writing what I feel."

"In fact, I'm not composing now as much as I did before," he continued. "I used to compose a lot, but as I look back on it, I was composing indiscriminately. Sometimes I'd write two tunes in one day, but after I took stock of them, I'd see that you put 'em all in a bundle, and you might have just one good tune. So then I started working a little bit slower and being a little more precise about what I was doing. I can't write a tune in one day now and expect it to be meaningful. I put the basic ideas down and then come back in a day or two, and if I still like it, I'll go on and fill it out and give it some form. And then once I've got the melody straight with the chords, I let it sit on the piano. Then I come back to it again and again, and when I see that I can no longer make any changes, the song is the way I want it to be. Before, it was just like a factory."

"I would write half a dozen tunes a day, but I think it's better to write less and to make each tune as strong as possible. And that's why I think I've been writing better songs."

For the last couple of years, 60 percent of Golson's writing in the United States has been done in the lucrative field of rock and roll, "something that few people are aware of," he admitted.

"I must confess, though, that this is not just a monetary thing with me," he added. "I found it to be quite adventurous. A lot of people laugh at me when I tell them that, but I got so that I could recognize good rock and bad rock, so I tried to write good rock and roll, something that has meaning to it."

"It was quite a challenge because, initially, I didn't know

# PERIPATETIC BENNY GOLSON

By VALERIE WILMER



VALERIE WILMER

too much about the approach. I'd heard it superficially all around, of course, on jukeboxes, the radio, and whatnot, so I simply concentrated a bit more, and I found that I could get to the heart of what was going on. As a result, I started getting calls from the record companies. I had worked before with Bull Moose Jackson but—here we go labeling it again—that was more of a rhythm-and-blues thing. Rock and roll is a little more aggressive. Everything about it is very strong and demanding."

Golson is genuinely excited by any new opportunity to write good music aside from jazz and talked about other contemporary composers he admires, Burt Bacharach for one and Anthony Newley for another. Bacharach, says Golson, is extremely talented and the genesis of a new sophistication in pop music. Newley he places in the same category ("he writes memorable melodies"). Golson also cited the Beatles' Paul McCartney for his *Yesterday*. In fact, he bought the sheet music copy of *Yesterday* and if he gets a chance, would like to arrange it—"and I'll tell you, I don't care who knows it," he said with a laugh. "Later for the In Crowd!"

**O**NE OF GOLSON's main influences was the late Tadd Dameron, a composer preoccupied with beauty. The achievement of this quality is Golson's goal too. Whether he succeeds, he said, is for the listener to decide.

"When I write jazz things, it's still what I feel," he said. "I don't think I've been influenced too much by what's going on around me, not the avant-garde movement, anyway. I might write maybe three or four jazz things a year now—used to write 50 or 60—but what I do write, I try to make meaningful."

Golson likens the connection between his writing and instrumental activity to the luxury of having two wives—"I love them both!" But playing jazz full-time provides too precarious an existence for this moderate man who likes security and enjoys the good things in life. Apart from the occasional gig undertaken more or less to keep his hand in, Golson's saxophone spends most of its time tucked away in his apartment.

On his way home from Europe last December, though, Golson was persuaded to play a short engagement at Ronnie Scott's club in London, where he demonstrated an uncanny knack for feeling out an audience while getting into a tune and then gradually building his course of improvisation on the result of this survey to reach a moving, emotional peak. All this was done with a consummate skill that gave the impression that the saxophone is still his constant companion.

Noticeably, Golson prefers to restrict himself mainly to the work of other composers. "People always say, 'Why don't you play your own tunes?' But I get just as much of a kick out of playing other people's tunes as I do out of mine," he said. "It's not that I don't like them, but sometimes I feel *too* close to the songs, and I'd rather play something else. When they ask for *Along Came Betty*, and I say I don't remember it, they think I don't want to play it, but I honestly don't remember it."

There is one piece he will never forget, and it is one he does play occasionally. And no one who has heard *I Remember Clifford*, his tribute to trumpeter Clifford Brown, will forget it either. Golson started telling how the song came about by saying, "If Clifford had never been killed, obviously it would never have been written. But, unfortunately, he was."

"I met Clifford in 1949, and even at that very early age—he was younger than I was, just a kid—he was playing like a blue streak. Some years later when Max Roach formed a group with him, they were working at the Blue Note in Philadelphia, and Max had asked me to write some things

for the group. So I took a couple of tunes down to an afternoon rehearsal, and the strangest thing happened that day—it's never happened to me before or since.

"When I walked in, everything was very informal. Sonny Rollins and Clifford were leaning against the bandstand, and the music I brought was up on the bar. I was sitting on the bar facing them. The first tune was called *Step Lightly*, and they began to play through the melody. Sonny took the first chorus and played it very well, and then Clifford started to play. His horn was pointing straight at me, about two feet from my face, and the sound was coming straight at me. And then I got the strangest feeling. I got chill bumps all over my body, and I felt a sort of involuntary nervous reaction. He was playing so much on the horn that I felt like somebody was holding me on the stool. It really frightened me. I got scared, and then when he finished, I didn't know what to say. I wanted to let him know how much he had impressed me, but it was a little embarrassing for a man to come on like this to another man, you know: 'You made my heart beat fast' and so on, so I didn't say that.

"Instead I said, 'Clifford, boy, you sure did play.' And then he said something classic. He said, 'Oh, I'll get it the next time.'

"When I left the club that day, I was in another world, trying to figure out what had happened. I went home and tried to explain to my mother what had happened, but I don't think she understood. So I just kept it to myself. That, incidentally, was the last time I saw him."

Some months later, Golson was working with Dizzy Gillespie's big band at the Apollo Theater in Harlem, and during a band break, he learned of Brown's death in a car crash.

"I just couldn't believe it, and I started to cry," he recalled. "I heard a voice from the wings saying, 'All right, all on' and during the whole show I could hardly see the music because I was crying. The pianist, Walter Davis Jr., was crying too, and I kept saying to myself that once we are given the gift of life, we are simultaneously given an inescapable death. I realized that everybody has to die. Now it may sound cliched, but I didn't expect that it would happen to him. Clifford's career was zooming, he was just more and more every day. You'd hear him, and he would fill you with awe. It was just so frightening the way he was playing. And to realize that it had all been snuffed out in an instant, it was just too much. This man could change from a raging tiger into a graceful swan."

And so Golson set to work to write a melody that might be indicative of the way Brownie had played his horn, and the gentle way he had lived. It took him more than two months before he was satisfied with what he had written, and then he showed the score to Gillespie, who immediately fell in love with the tribute and was the first musician to play it.

"Originally," said the composer, "I had thought of it as a vehicle for the trumpet, but soon other people started playing it. Jon Hendricks put lyrics to it, and Carmen McRae recorded it, and later on I even started playing it myself. But I do feel quite close to it. Sometimes when I play it, it's like I'm by myself—like nobody else exists."

One of the factors that make Golson such a consistent and interesting writer is that he is interested in every musical happening taking place in his vicinity. He is hard-working and never bored by life; he welcomes challenges and meets them head on. By his refusal to be type-cast he is able to employ a wide canvas when painting his musical pictures. As a result of this approach, his score for the skiing movie is dynamic and refreshingly original. He views this assignment as his greatest challenge to date—and the fulfillment of his ideas, his most rewarding moment.



# GIL FULLER

## UNRECOGNIZED TITAN

By LEONARD FEATHER

**L**AST SEPTEMBER at the Monterey Jazz Festival, a dominant factor in the proceedings was a tall, broad-shouldered, commanding figure whose name probably was unfamiliar to most of the younger fans present and only vaguely recognizable to some of the older students of jazz.

This inequitable situation was not due to Gil Fuller's lack of talent or failure to accomplish anything he had set out to do in music. It was the result of a combination of circumstances: the personal conflicts of interest that kept him zig-zagging through three careers, as musician, businessman, and engineer; the inopportune timing of his various entries into, and exits from, jazz through the years; and, of course, the always-present element of luck.

To keep the record straight, it should be emphasized that what Fuller accomplished for jazz in the middle and late 1940s should make his place in the history of this music at least as prominent as that of, say, John Lewis, Dave Brubeck, Thelonious Monk, Gil Evans, John Coltrane, or Eric Dolphy, to name only a few.

Why? The explanation is simple. When jazz was shaken out of its swing-era complacency by Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker, the improvisational elements and the small-combo compositional lines were delineated by Diz and Bird, but the orchestrational counterpart for this revolution was provided by Fuller.

It is true that Tadd Dameron, Neal Hefti, and a few other writers were able to translate bebop into big-band terms at around the same time, but Fuller was the man who had the first, longest, and closest association with Gillespie himself, as well as extensive first-hand experience with Parker. Above all other considerations, though, is Fuller's almost unquestionable stature as the most talented arranger of that period, the man whose *Things to Come* (recorded with the Gillespie orchestra for Musicraft in July, 1946) was a definitive work in its genre, regarded then and now as a landmark in the modernization of writing for jazz orchestra. The later *Manteca*, co-composed with Chano Pozo, earned even greater fame as a modern jazz standard and precursor of the Afro-Cuban trend.

Fuller's association with Gillespie began when he was writing for the Les Hite Band and doing most of the hiring and firing of sidemen. Gillespie joined the band, a West Coast-based group that was making a precarious Eastern tour, in the spring of 1942. Over the years, Fuller and Gillespie developed a mutual respect that was rekindled in 1965 when Gillespie suggested to Monterey's general manager, Jimmy Lyons, that Fuller be appointed to form the house band for the festival.

**W**HAT WENT ON during the span of almost a quarter-century that separated the Fuller-Gillespie conjunctions cannot be explained without a preliminary inquiry into Fuller's background.

His real name is Walter Gilbert Fuller. Gillespie still often refers to him as Walter, but he took up the Gil years ago to avoid confusion with Walter Fuller, the trumpeter-

singer who popularized *Rosetta* with Earl Hines' band.

He was born April 14, 1920, in Los Angeles. His father was a successful, well-to-do engineer whose profession shifted him intermittently from West to East Coast and back. Starting at the age of six, Gil shuttled back and forth many times between California and New York. After his father's death in 1931, he lived with his mother in the East and at times with relatives in Los Angeles.

"My elementary-school teacher taught me sight singing," he said. "Then I got an old Salvation Army cornet from a schoolmate. I bought a tuition book and started making sounds but found I got terrible headaches from blowing and also found I couldn't play. That was that."

"Then I took piano and harmony lessons at high school and started arranging. I remember the first arrangement I ever wrote was *Hotter Than Hell*, taken directly off the Fletcher Henderson recording. I built a little band of kids; we called it the Barons of Rhythm. We copied everything Jimmie Lunceford did, note for note, and took off all of Basie's things too."

"There was also a local band called the Savoy Dictators; they were regarded as the hip band in Newark. I had a pretty fast ear, and I used to go and stand in the back and copy off everything they played."

"During my summer vacations from high school I would take off with a band. At 16 I went out with a show starring Nina Mae McKinny, with Pancho Diggs' band. We got stranded in Wheeling, W.Va. Another time I went east with Floyd Ray's band. I went out for a while with Tiny Bradshaw, too, when I was around 17. But always strictly as an arranger; I never played piano with *any* name band."

After being graduated from high school in 1938, he went to Newark College of Engineering. Later he attended New York University. He eventually earned a bachelor's degree in engineering.

Fuller did *T-Bone Blues* and a number of other successful recorded items for the Hite band. Before he was out of his teens he had also written for the bands of Jeter-Pillars, Jimmy Dorsey, and Jimmie Lunceford.

Fuller's engineering skill was put to good use when the United States entered World War II. He worked for United Electronics and at other plants before enlisting in the Army in 1942.

"First I was at Fort Dix for a while, and during that time I wrote a couple of things for [singer] Jack Leonard," he recalled. "He'd been tremendously popular with the Tommy Dorsey Band and was one of the first prominent music-business figures to be drafted. Then they shipped me off to Camp Wallace in Hitchcock, Texas."

During most of the balance of his Army time, which ran until February, 1945, Fuller was not a musician but a computer-control teacher. The Army, impressed with his high intelligence, wanted to send him to West Point, but he refused because "I didn't want to be a career soldier. I got a commission, though, and came out a second lieutenant."

Reinstated in civilian life, Fuller lost no time in getting himself organized. He settled in New York City and bought himself a 15-family apartment building on LaSalle

St., not far from upper Central Park West. He resumed writing and built up such a mass of credits over the next few years that it is possible only to give a token list. His music was in the books of bands led by Benny Carter, Lucky Millinder, Billy Eckstine, Woody Herman, Charlie Barnet, Count Basie, Buddy Rich, Artie Shaw, Shorty Sherock, and Jerry Wald. He saw the Afro-Cuban writing on the wall and helped to write it himself, for Machito and Tito Puente. In the Royal Roost days he became a collaborator and close friend of Harry Belafonte, who, he recalls, was making the transition from pop to folk singing. Publishers sought him out to write stock arrangements; Fuller estimates that he has written more than 100 stocks of jazz standards. His arrangements for vocalists during those days were numerous too.

Of all his multifarious activities between 1945 and 1950, the most meaningful in terms of jazz history were those connected with the bop movement. Fuller, who quickly absorbed the essence of the new music and developed the techniques for using it as an orchestral as well as a solo language, showed more foresight than any other musician in modern jazz. Within a few months after his return to New York in 1945, he had formed his own publishing company, and in due course, he took offices in the Strand Theater Building near Times Square.

"Bird practically lived in my office," he said. "He would come up there and tell me he needed money and would sell me a couple of tunes. I bought maybe 30 of his things.

"Thelonious Monk used to hang around a lot in those days. He would wake me up at four or five in the morning, bang on my piano, and write tunes. I had *Fly Right; Ruby, My Dear; Well, You Needn't; Straight, No Chaser*, and all kinds of other things in my company. I also had a lot of Bud Powell's thing, like *Un Poco Loco*, and a lot of Kenny Clarke's tunes."

In addition to building up a large catalog of what were to become classics of the bop era, Fuller helped to set up record sessions, such as Parker's dates for Savoy.

"I wrote out *Now's the Time*, *Billie's Bounce*, and *Ko-Ko* for him," Fuller said of the Parker dates. "And I took Diz along to the date with me, even though Miles was the trumpet player set for the session. When we got to *Ko-Ko*, Miles couldn't play the music, so I asked Diz to step in and handle it. Monk was supposed to play piano on that date, but he never showed up; that was why Diz played piano on most of the date."

Fuller spent much of his time during the first year after his discharge from the Army hanging around with Gillespie. Their first important big-band alliance came not long after the initial impact of bop along 52nd St.

"Diz told me the Nicholas Brothers were going out on the road with a show, and he was trying to get a band together for it," Fuller recalled. "Diz had never had his own big band before. I said, 'Where are you rehearsing?' And he told me, 'Minton's.' I said I'd come by, and when I got there he had seven or eight fellows. I said, 'Where's the band?' And he told me this was all the men he could find. I said, 'That's no band,' and spoke to Milt Shaw, Diz' road manager. Milt's father, Billy Shaw, was booking the tour. An agreement was reached to provide a budget for rehearsals."

"We rehearsed at Nola Studios," Fuller said. "I called all the best fellows in town, and there were maybe 50 guys at that studio, all wanting a job with the band. We wound up with guys like Kenny Dorham and Elmon Wright in the trumpet section, Charlie Rouse on tenor, Max Roach, and all kinds of others that became well known later on. The show featured Lovey Lane, the comedy team of Patterson and Jackson, June Eckstine (who was then Billy



JIM TAYLOR

Eckstine's wife) and working now and then as a singer), Diz with a 16-piece band, and, of course, Harold and Fayard Nicholas. It was called 'Hep-sations of 1945,' and Bill Shaw assured me we were going to play all concerts, not dances.

"There was only about a week left before we had to go out on the road. . . . I wrote 21 arrangements in one week, all the big-band charts of things like *Salt Peanuts*, *Ray's Idea*, *One Bass Hit*, *Things to Come*, *Blue 'n' Boogie*, *Oop Bop Sh'Bam*, *He Beeped When He Should Have Bopped*.

"We headed South, and the first thing you know, we're playing dance dates, and people are shouting at us, 'Can't you guys play no blues?' Everybody in the band almost lost their teeth! It was a terrible hassel. The tour bombed."

For almost a year after the tour, Gillespie led a small combo, but in the summer of 1946 he reorganized and cut his first big-band date (*Things To Come* and four other Fuller arrangements, plus Dameron's *Our Delight*.)

The Fuller pen continued to provide the bulk of the best material for the Gillespie library during the next two years. "For most of that period," Fuller said, "Thelonious Monk was playing piano in the band. We wanted him there not so much as a pianist, but because of the tunes he could write. Then our drummer, Keony Clarke, brought in a young fellow he'd gotten to know in the Army, John Lewis, and asked me to try out some of his arrangements. We played them down, and as it turned out, this was the end of Monk in the band; I hired John."

Fuller insists, though discographies and most musicians disagree, that it was Monk, not Lewis, who played on all the big-band Musicraft sides.

The climax of Fuller's association with the band was reached late in 1948, after Gillespie had returned from a triumphant visit to Scandinavia, when this writer arranged to present the band in a Carnegie Hall concert and sug-

gested to Gillespie that a Swedish suite be written in commemoration of his tour.

"Actually," says Fuller, "I only gave him one piece of the *Swedish Suite*. I still have the rest kicking around in my trunk. There was some disagreement about bread during that period, and by the end of 1948 we had gone our separate ways."

**F**ULLER DECIDED that the time had come to put his own band together. In 1949 he organized an admirable ensemble that included Sahib Shihab, Jimmy Heath, Billy Mitchell, Cecil Payne, reeds; Milt Jackson, vibraphone; Percy Heath, bass; and Art Blakey, drums. But a deal to open at a night club failed to materialize, and the only evidence that the Gil Fuller Orchestra existed outside the rehearsal room is a long-forgotten set of four tunes cut for the Discovery label: *Tropicana*, *Blues to a Debutante*, *Mean to Me*, and *The Scene Changes*.

"I used that last title," Fuller said, "because the scene really was changing radically by that time. It wasn't long before rock and roll was making its first serious inroads; the record people were saying jazz was dead; and, of course, the press gleefully reported that bop was through."

Fuller, though, was by no means without resources. By then he had two publishing companies containing dozens of almost priceless copyrights. He sold them for \$70,000 tax-free (the buyer later resold them for \$150,000). Fuller used the money to set up a real-estate business.

"I built houses around Long Island," he said, "some of those swinging pads they had in places like St. Albans. That kept me busy from 1950 until '54, when Stan Kenton started calling me up saying why didn't I come back in the business."

Kenton was then planning a unique television series.

"I worked with Stan from February until May of 1955," Fuller recalled. "We blocked out all 13 weeks of the show. Stan couldn't bring his West Coast band into New York, so I organized an all-802 band for him. We all fought like dogs to keep the show as Kenton-oriented as possible, but the executive producer was a guy who knew nothing about jazz, and even though the producer, Bob Bach, was a jazz fan, they wound up deciding that music wasn't visual enough, and they filled the show with singers and acts."

After this brief return to the forefront of musical activity, there came several more years in the background for Fuller. During 1956 Fuller collaborated with Mercury a&r man Bob Shad on the production of several jazz albums, including the early Cannonball Adderley session that gave birth to *Sermonette*. He also did a series of three Latin albums of his own but used the name Gilberto and the Musicabana Orchestra. "They shipped them all over South America," he said.

In 1957 Fuller went back to engineering.

"I was chief quality-control engineer for Lewyt," he related. "At that time they were working on the so-called SAGE system—the Semi-Automatic Ground Environment—which is part of the system that is protecting the country today. I did quite a bit of design work on that."

Toward the end of that year, Fuller, along with his wife and two children, moved from New York to Los Angeles, where they have lived since.

He got back into music, but not jazz. "I started doing movie underscoring work, ghosting for some of the better-known writers," he said. "A lot of that kind of thing has always gone on in Hollywood. Somebody will bring you eight or 16 measures of a theme, and you have to develop it into five or six minutes of orchestrated music. I never yet got a single motion picture or television credit."

The urge to become a businessman again began nudging Fuller in 1960, when he bought \$80,000 worth of recording equipment, opened a tape duplicating office, and set up a building that included a recording studio. He also went into the record business himself, naming his label Oroxox, but only released one LP, by Marvin Jenkins, issued in 1961. Fuller wanted Gillespie for his label because, as he put it, "I needed one fish in order to catch the rest. I sent what I thought was a great contract to Birks, but he had some lawyer who advised him against it. I never could catch that first fish." Not long afterward, the whole aquarium collapsed, and a business empire died aborning.

There were a few good credits during the next couple of years, notably four arrangements for Ray Charles' first country-and-western album in 1962 and some accompaniments for a Mavis Rivers date on Reprise. Meanwhile, he continued ghosting.

**I**AST YEAR was the time of two major reunions for Fuller. They occurred simultaneously when Kenton invited him to write for the newly organized Neophonic Orchestra, with Gillespie as featured soloist. One thing led to another, and by September, Gillespie and Fuller were sharing the stage at Monterey.

"The band could have been better," Fuller said about the Monterey house band, "if there had been more rehearsal. And I wasn't entirely satisfied with the first album, the one with Dizzy as featured soloist. But I think the second one, featuring James Moody, came off pretty well."

The two albums in question were both recorded for World Pacific. Strange as it seems, they were the first albums ever released under Fuller's name.

Ironically, a couple of Johnny-come-latelies among the critics, ignorant of jazz history and of Fuller's role in the evolution of the big band, have put down his recent work as old-fashioned. This makes as much sense as calling Picasso, Pablo Casals, or Stravinsky old-fashioned. Fuller's writing has its own character and its own place in history, whether heard 20 years ago or today. What he accomplished is best explained in his own words:

"When I came out of the service, it seemed to me that everyone was writing on a Lunceford kick, the Sy Oliver-type things, with major 7ths and 9ths and stuff like this. I talked to Henry Glover, the arranger, who had an apartment in my building. I remember telling him how sick and tired I was of hearing the same old thing. And that's how I came to be one of the first arrangers to write in the bebop idiom.

"Today you still hear a lot of the same harmonic and rhythmic devices that we used back in the bop days. Atonality? What's so new about that? Look at the things George Russell and Johnny Carisi were doing 10, 15 years ago. And Gil Evans was writing things that were amazingly advanced, but nobody was really hearing it, or writing about it.

"A lot of writers now are using the 12-tone system and mixing rhythms and meters and so forth. Music to me has to have a certain psychological effect, an entertaining quality, otherwise it's of no consequence. You can make all the sounds you like, but the end result may be just like an artist throwing together a montage of all the colors in the world. This may seem superficially like a real work of art, but complexity in itself is not enough.

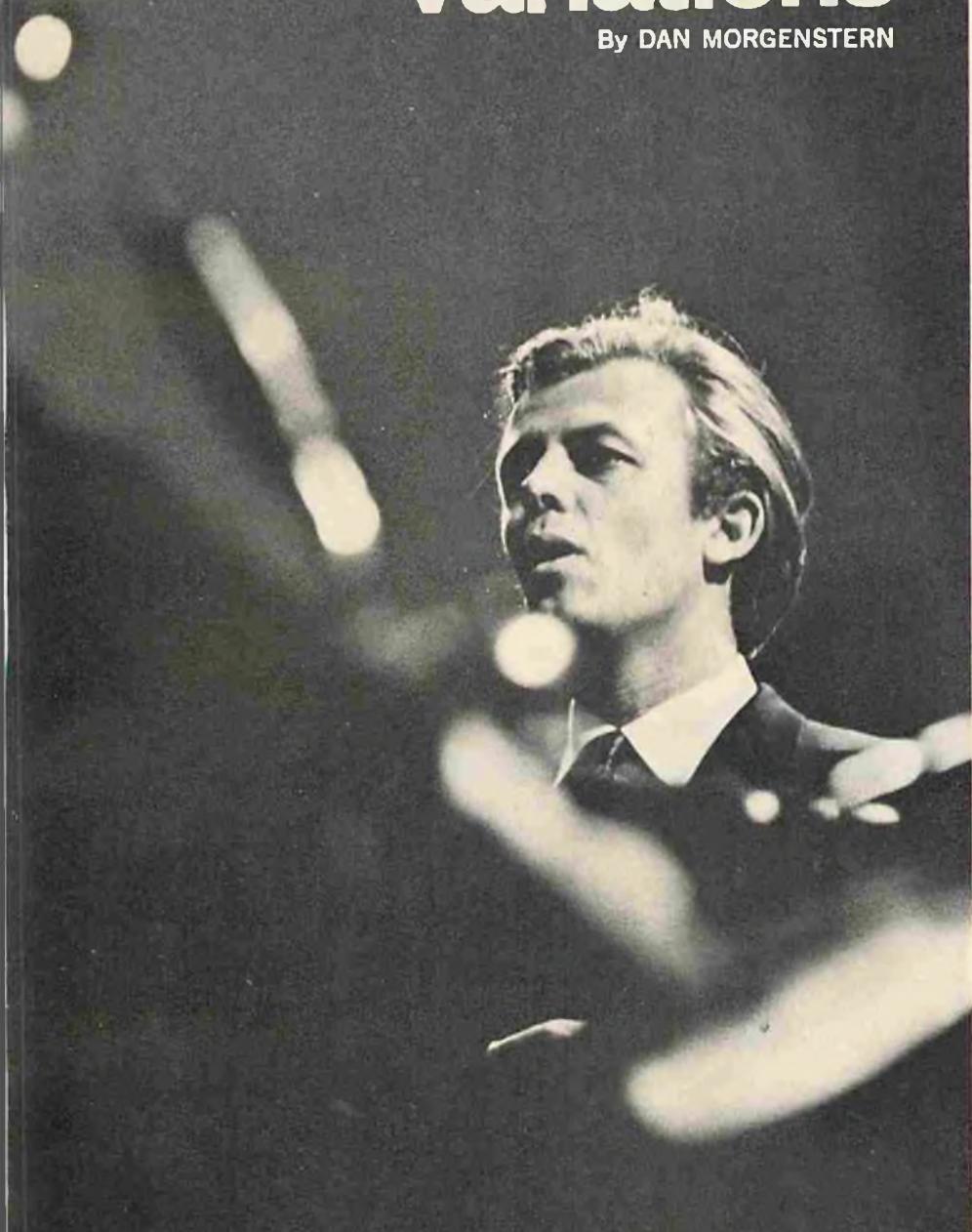
"The so-called free forms that are being used now—the drummer playing one rhythm, the saxophone going off in some altogether different direction, the bass player doing something else again—this type of approach is a reflection

(Continued on page 39)

# GARY MCFARLAND

## Theme and Variations

By DAN MORGESTERN



**I**N 1960 Gary McFarland was a promising student at the Berklee School of Music. Today, his scores and recordings provide materials for study at Berklee and other music schools throughout the country. In a surprisingly short time, the composer-vibrasharpist (and sometime vocalist) has established himself as one of jazz' outstanding arrangers.

It took McFarland some time to discover that his musical gifts could be channeled and disciplined; success, as a result, has not gone to his head.

"I've been fortunate," he said over Bloody Marys and cheeseburgers at Jim and Andy's, the favorite meeting place of New York's studio session musicians and their friends and colleagues. "It takes a person a long time to find out what interests him most about his chosen field. I'd rather not be involved in something I can't feel relaxed in doing. Of course, there are times when you need loot, but I haven't had too many experiences like that in recording situations."

Recording "situations," of course, constitute the bulk of McFarland's current activities. In recent months, in addition to albums under his own name, he has arranged for as diverse a group of artists as trumpeter Clark Terry, organist Shirley Scott, guitarist Gabor Szabo, orchestra leaders Les and Larry Elgart, and singer Barbra Streisand, as well as doing an occasional television jingle.

"I want to do justice to whomever I'm writing for," he said, "and also do justice to my own ego. If I can't express myself in some way in what I'm writing, it's a sad situation." Usually, he manages.

At the time of the interview, McFarland was engrossed in preparations for the concert of his music that took place at Philharmonic Hall in New York on Feb. 6.

"Right now, all my time and effort are concentrated on the concert," he pointed out. "It's a very rare opportunity. I have complete say over what I'll be writing—it's up to me. I'm writing different types of music I like: blues, bossa nova, hard sambas, straight-ahead pieces—every kind of music I feel."

McFarland also had his choice of players to interpret his scores, and the assembled orchestra personnel was a veritable *Who's Who* of New York's finest jazz talent.

"A very good stimulus is the variety of players I'm writing for," McFarland commented. "A lot of them

can play in areas that the jazz public isn't aware of. The reed section all play clarinets, which I intend to use in different ensemble passages. In the bossa novas, I use woodwinds rather than saxophones, and Jerome Richardson plays nine or 10 different instruments. Richie Kamuca plays half a dozen, including oboe and English horn. Since I'm very concerned with the different sounds available to me, all this adds up to a variety of musical possibilities.

"And the players are very excited about it; they're involved in the thing. I'm doing the writing, but it's *their* thing too. There are not so many opportunities to get together and perform music in full concert presentation."

As if to confirm McFarland's point, Clark Terry stopped at our table to consult with him about rehearsal schedules. "I want to make sure I've got this straight," Terry said. "This is something I don't want to miss."

The consultation over, McFarland continued. "Most of the guys grew up in bands," he said. "But our economy doesn't support large jazz groups in numbers like 20 years ago. It's as if you grew up reading Wolfe, Faulkner, and Dos Passos, and all of a sudden their books weren't available. You would leap at the opportunity to read someone like them. All of these guys really enjoy ensemble playing, and when you have players of their experience, it's such a joy to write."

The limitations of the musical experiences provided by studio work affect arrangers, too, he said.

"There are a few things I'll be using at the concert that have already been recorded," he said, "things you record once and never get to hear again. I love to write, and I'm not very fast. When you spend that much time on something, you like to hear it more than once. You only get a taste of what you could possibly hear. . . ."

The process of writing arrangements is often one of trial and error, he pointed out.

"A thing may sound good to you in your room when you're sitting at your little piano," McFarland explained. "But it's only in performance that you have the opportunity to throw out the bad. I'll spend three days trying to get a particular eight bars to sound right, but when you get into the studio, it may sound stiff or bad. Only with time can you do it right."

**M**CFARLAND IS A PLAYER as well as a writer, and he was asked about his current status as an instrumentalist. "I don't get the chance to play very

much," he answered. "I would rather write. I started in music more as a writer than a player, though the instrument came first. I like to take a solo, but I'm not a virtuoso-type player by any stretch of the imagination. I really prefer playing in a group, and concentrate on the interplay between the members; I'm more interested in achieving an over-all sound."

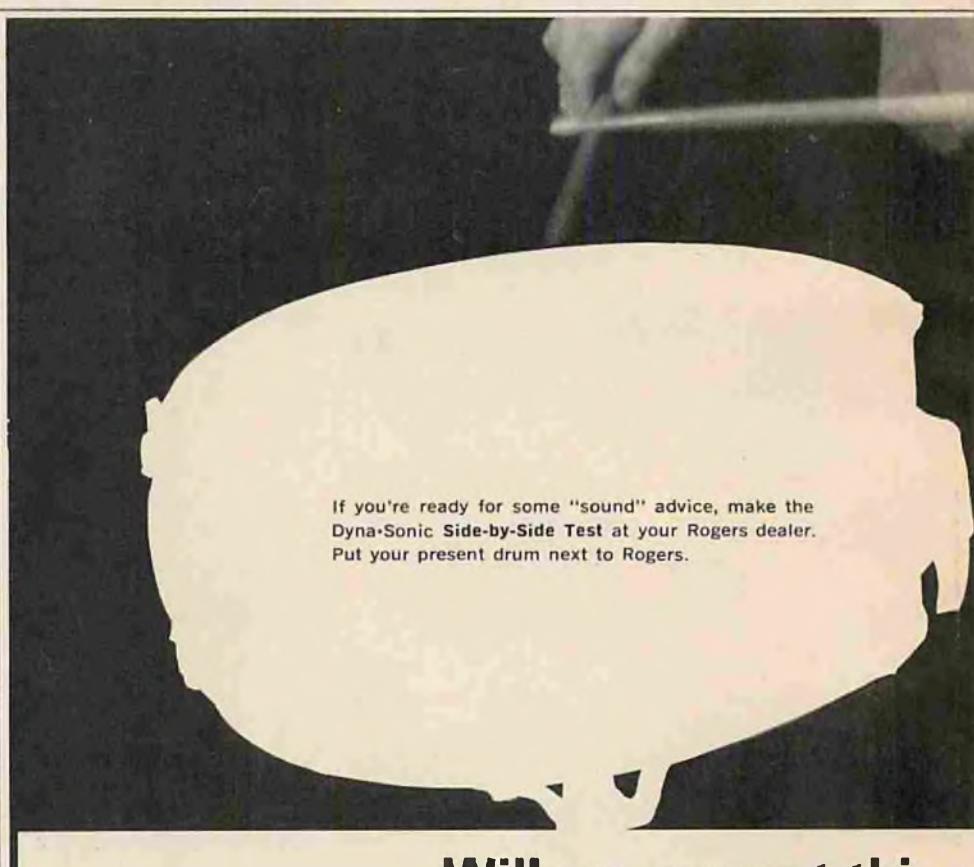
"Being a writer, when you play, you are concerned with different things than when you are exclusively an instrumentalist—though both are concerned with the end result: good music."

McFarland is aware that circumstances affect his outlook.

"If I had a group that could work all the time," he reflected, "I might be more interested in playing. Right after the concert, I'm going to San Francisco for at least three weeks, with a quintet. I'll have Phil Woods, Szabo, drummer Joe Cocuzzo, and bassist Al Stinson, and with guys like that, it should be a ball."

Knowing the musicians in a group, whether small or large, for which he is writing is important to McFarland.

"It's such an aid to the writer to know who he'll be writing for," he says. "Clark, Zoot, Gabor . . . you know so well what they do. You can plan something around them, utilize everyone to their maximum capacity."



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Individuals determine a lot of what I write."

"Some people," he went on, "may consider this kind of thing an imposition on their self-expression. If that's so, give me those impositions all day long. Writing for specific players is really the only way I can write—not for blank faces."

Much as he likes to write for specific players, McFarland does not want to write a specific type of music.

"I'd get bored stiff if I could only write one kind of music," he said. "There are even times when I like to do rock-and-roll arrangements. I wouldn't want to do them back to back, but when one comes up, I try

not to underwrite but to establish a kind of mood. It can be a lot of fun. Life is tension and release, and rock-and-roll is a kind of release . . . not that there aren't releases in jazz situations."

With his bossa nova arrangements for Stan Getz, his own *Soft Samba* album, and other related endeavors, McFarland has demonstrated his interest in Latin music.

"I get very hung up on Latin-type music," he stated. "First it was bossa nova, but now I'm more attracted to traditional Latin forms. I can notice how Latin music has influenced my approach to arrangements."

McFarland points to the utilization

of space in writing and rhythmic and harmonic elements as examples of this Latin influence. An additional and very important factor is simplicity.

"There are a lot of different ways of having the importance of simplicity driven home to you," he pointed out. "The good bossa nova tunes do this, and, of course, the blues is the classic example. They make you appreciate folk-based music and open your eyes to many things. You can listen to Stravinsky, Ravel, Debussy and hear a much more complicated simplicity—but still simplicity. They eliminate all the drivel and water and keep the meat."

In response to the inevitable topical question about avant-garde music, McFarland evidenced a neutral attitude.

"I'm not terribly interested in pursuing an avant-garde course," he said. "This doesn't disturb me; there are too many other things I'm trying to find out about myself. I haven't had much time to listen to anything live, mainly because I'm living outside of New York and have a family life."

"But what I have heard," he continued, "doesn't hold my interest that long. It doesn't appeal to my ear that much. I do hear things, though; the best I get out of the avant-garde is that it's a very good stimulus. It makes you think of ways of expanding your own vocabulary a little."

"It's easy to get smug in your own little world. Both the simplest and the most complicated musician can get complacent. Exposing yourself to different kinds of music keeps you honest—it's too easy to dismiss something with a flick of the ash. . . ."

The young arranger has always kept an open mind about music.

"When I first started writing," he recalled, "I didn't want to work in any one particular groove. Fortunately, I wasn't forced to do anything like that. One semester at Berklee, I had the good fortune to study with Herb Pomeroy [the Boston trumpeter, bandleader, and teacher], who is one of the most unheralded mentors of musicians. Herb encouraged my writing, which was the greatest thing he could have done."

"It's too easy," McFarland explained, "to reject a certain kind of music because you haven't had the living experience of it. Up to four or five years ago, I couldn't appreciate a really good mambo group. But when you hear it live, you are apt to appreciate what it's all about—if your ears can be attuned to that kind of thing."

The most important factor, McFarland opined, "is the spirit of a music. New or old, you have to be

(Continued on page 40)



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# RECORD REVIEWS

Records are reviewed by Don De-Micheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Kenny Dorham, Barbara Gardner, Erwin Helfer, Don Nelsen, Bill Mathieu, Dan Morgenstern, Harvey Pekar, Harvey Siders, Pete Welding, John S. Wilson, and Michael Zwerin.

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.

## Dorothy Ashby

THE FANTASTIC JAZZ HARP OF DOROTHY ASHBY—Atlantic 1447: *Flighty; Essence of Sapphire; Why Did You Leave Me?; I Will Follow You; What Am I Here For? House of the Rising Sun; Invitation; Nabu Corfu; Feeling Good; Dodi Li.*

Personnel: Jimmy Cleveland, Quentin Jackson, Sonny Russo, Tony Studd, trombones; Miss Ashby, harp; Richard Davis, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Willie Bobo, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★★★★

*Flighty* has Miss Ashby gliding in a Wes Montgomery-like style of octave approach. But it's obviously very much her own creation.

*Sapphire* is just plain beauty. So beautiful it's too much to comment on. Is that Andres Segovia on bass?

*Leave Me* is plush—dynamic amid a Davis bass injection, a la Segovia.

*Follow You* has driving, pulsating, emotional... magic. Miss Ashby is taking care of business, which is quite a job, accomplishing this with the harp, a traditionally clumsy instrument. But she is slick, a stepper. Davis provides the extra magic, along with Tate and Bobo, that forces all into open terrain.

*Here For* has melody by Miss Ashby with first-chorus backing by the trombone section. It sounds like a full orchestra on first listening.

Miss Ashby's harp spearheads *House*. The trombone section plays rhythm fills and background before Cleveland solos for a few forceful bars and Miss Ashby drives it out.

The leader plays *Invitation's* melody, behind which the rhythm section is just too much, especially Bobo and Tate. She—they—take it out . . . out . . .

*Nabu Corfu* is a beautiful melody, accompanied by a way-out rhythm that defies definition—by me anyway. I like it.

Bassist Davis plays an odd rhythm pattern on *Feeling Good* before Miss Ashby enters playing that upper-register, octave thing. Then she solos, after which it's the romantic bass of Richard Davis with Segovian overtones at the beginning of his solo—very aged, mellow....

*Dodi Li* is Latin. It sounds like a curtain

call . . . vtmp . . . mode till finished . . . fade out.

Comments: Excellent chord maneuvering by Miss Ashby on her instrument. The tracks are short, but the performances (solos and accompaniment) are excellent. She's the presiding D.A. (K.D.)

## Willie Bobo

SPANISH GREASE—Verve 8631: *Spanish Grease; Hurt So Bad; It's Not Unusual (vocal); Our Day Will Come; Haitian Lady; Blues in the Closet; Nessie; Elation; It's Not Unusual (instrumental); Shotgun-Blind Man, Blind Man.*

Personnel: Melvin Lastie, cornet; Bobby Brown, alto, tenor saxophones; Clarence Henry, guitar; Richard Davis or Jim Phillips, bass; Bobo, percussion, vocal; Victor Pantoja, conga drum.

Rating: ★★★

I must come clean at once and admit that an entire program of Latin rhythms tires my ear. Some gent out front may ask with justice why a set of straight four doesn't do the same. Perhaps it is because that time groove is so much more native to me that no sense of obtuseness is felt when it is employed. Latin rhythms, on the other hand, impinge on the consciousness somewhat more, especially when hammed out with thunderous percussion.

Fortunately, Bobo exercises a judicious hand in the drum department, and my reservation regarding the continuous Latin rhythm aside, there are some appetizing goodies in this grease. The vocal *Unusual*, *Elation*, and especially the *Shotgun-Blind Man* combination are eminently listenable.

Further, the arrangements mix the program ingredients well: variations in tempo and mood from piece to piece, interesting solo and ensemble voicings, a tasty seasoning of group and solo vocal accompaniment, plus a basic non-Latin r&b flavoring lend the date an infectiousness it otherwise would not have had.

*Unusual* offers the only solo vocal of the set. Bobo undertakes it with a most engaging naturalness and directness. He is absolutely without trickery; his simple phrasing draws the best from the lyric. In the minus column, his instrumental support occasionally dominates him, and his technical vocal equipment is considerably limited.

Lastie, Brown, and Henry play consistently well. The first two score particularly on *Elation*, as does Pantoja; Henry has a fine outing with *Lady*.

The most enjoyable performance for me was *Shotgun-Blind Man*. A combination of r&b popover *Shotgun* and Herbie Hancock's *Blind Man*, it is something of a rouser. Through it all the band keeps moving an almost hypnotic riff over which fly both solo instrumental and group

## New Initials—M.Z.

With this issue, Down Beat adds Michael Zwerin to its record-review staff. A bass trumpeter and trombonist living in New York City, Zwerin contributes a regular column on jazz to The Village Voice. He was a member of the Miles Davis Nonet that played at New York's Royal Roost in 1949 and later toured with the Claude Thornhill and Maynard Ferguson bands. Most recently he has been a member of Orchestra, U.S.A.

vocal commentary. It will tempt you to throw away your crutches.

Tracks like *Shotgun* tend to take the curse off such plodding monotones as the title tune and *Day Will Come*. All in all, a pretty good balance. (D.N.)

## Charlie Byrd

BYRD SONG—Riverside 481: *In San Francisco; Who Will Buy?; The Night We Called It a Day; Wildcat; A Felicidad; Action Painting; This Can't Be Love; Let's Do It; God Bless the Child; My Favorite Things; Swing 59; Born to Be Blue.*

Personnel: Byrd, guitar; Keter Betts, bass; William Reichenbach, drums; unidentified vocal chorus.

Rating: ★ ½

Byrd is called a stylistic purist in the notes, but his approach here is eclectic. Jazz is only one form of music that's influenced him. He emulates Brazilian guitarists on *Felicidad*, for example, and his *Action Painting* work seems touched by Spanish folk music.

His playing is clean, and he produces a warm, attractive tone but displays little creativity. His improvising is conservative and dull; it's filled with stale "jazzy" devices that he mixes with ideas derived from various types of folk music.

The vocal chorus that appears on some tracks doesn't help; the arrangements for it and Byrd are sometimes innocuous, sometimes mildly irritating. On *This Can't Be Love* the singers do some painfully corny scatting.

Guitar-music enthusiasts and those who want mood music might be interested in this album, but it isn't recommended to those who are primarily concerned with listening to fresh, substantial improvisation. (H.P.)

## John Coltrane

THR LAST TRANE—Prestige 7378: *Lover; Slowtrane; By the Numbers; Come Rain or Come Shine.*

Personnel: Donald Byrd, trumpet; Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Red Garland, piano; Paul Chambers or Earl May, bass; Louis Hayes or Art Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

The somewhat ominous title refers to the fact that this album represents the final batch of previously unissued Coltrane material available to Prestige. It is far from being a scraping of the bottom of the barrel, however. On the contrary, the music is a high-level sampling of the saxophonist's style in the late '50s, the period just before his breakthrough as a major jazz name.

Three sessions are represented. Tracks 1 and 4 feature Coltrane with Byrd, Garland, Chambers, and Hayes. Byrd is absent on Track 3, on which Taylor replaces Hayes. Track 2 has Coltrane, May, and Taylor only.

The two tracks with the trumpeter find all hands at the top of their form. *Lover*, at a rousing up tempo, has brilliant, booting, multi-toned tenor, a fine example of Coltrane's now discarded sheets of sound. Byrd's solo is short and succinct, with excellent control and poise. Garland gives a sampling from his Bud Powell bag, and Hayes shines in exchanges of fours with the horns. This is late bebop at its best.

*Shine*, a ballad with a lilt, shows Coltrane's ability to imbue a statement of melody with distinct personal touches. His

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solo again shows his "busy" style. Byrd, relaxed and melodic, seems to have been thinking of Clifford Brown, but the warm, cloudy tone is his own. Garland's two choruses are engaging, with a brief bow to stride piano.

The two originals are both blues. *Slow-trane* opens with a long bass walk; then Coltrane enters with a line closely resembling *Bags' Groove* (interestingly, old Philadelphia hands say Coltrane was playing this riff long before vibraphonist Milt Jackson made it famous). There is relaxed and deeply felt tenor work here, with the concluding choruses (using stop-time devices) especially good.

*Numbers* is the longest and perhaps best track. Garland opens, stretching out in a mellow mood, using Charlie Parker's *Now's the Time* as his point of departure. This excellent pianist, once so influential but now all too seldom heard from, demonstrates his affinity for Art Tatum's approach to the blues—a very melodic way. A typical locked-hands passage leads to Coltrane's long-noted entry.

The saxophonist's playing here is a prelude to his later style, with excursions into modality. But there is also a distinct echo of Lester Young—late Pres—something only a few musicians latched on to. The solo is beautifully developed and warm. Chambers then begins a promising solo but is interrupted by the piano. However, the bassist continues an independent line through the final choruses and manages to dominate.

This album evokes a feeling of nostalgia in this admirer of "middle" Coltrane. "You can't go home again," said Thomas Wolfe—but on hearing much of Coltrane's current work, one wishes that he could. Tension, after all, is most effective when contrasted with relaxation. (D.M.)

#### Klaus Doldinger

DOLDINGER IN SOUTH AMERICA—Emarcy 26009 and 66009: *Fiesta; Viva Brasilia; Insenates; Subo; Malaguena; Negra Sin Sandalia; Recado; Argentinia; Guachi Guarani; Pratidium Nr. 3*.

Personnel: Doldinger, tenor and soprano saxophones; Ingrid Hoffmann, piano, organ; Attila Zoller, guitar; Peter Trunk, bass; Cees See, drums.

Rating: ★★★

Doldinger's excellent quartet, to which Zoller was added for this recording, is one of Europe's most accomplished and idiomatically successful modern-jazz groups. All the men are first-rate instrumentalists who have mastered the modern idiom and play with no trace of the rhythmic uncertainty that has marred the work of many European jazzmen.

This album, which employs material the group collected while on a South American tour, contains 10 appealing rhythmic, faintly exotic performances that make for pleasant listening.

Despite the capable playing turned in by Doldinger (who works in the shadow of John Coltrane) and, to a lesser extent, Hoffmann, there is little in this set to indicate the capabilities of this group. Apparently, the producers' goals were merely the projection of pretty sounding, melodically and rhythmically pleasing, lightweight jazz. Doldinger and associates do this job commendably, but they rarely

rise above the merely uncomplicated, foot-tapping blowing level to create the significant, involved music of the type they have demonstrated elsewhere they are capable of. (P.W.)

#### Eric Dolphy

ERIC DOLPHY IN EUROPE, VOL. 3—Prestige 7366: *Woody'n You; When Lights Are Low; In the Blues* (three takes).

Personnel: Dolphy, alto saxophone, bass clarinet; Bent Axen, piano; Erik Moseholm, bass; Jorn Elnif, drums.

Rating: ★★★

This album, recorded in Copenhagen in September, 1961, is not representative of Dolphy at his best. The Danish rhythm section leaves much to be desired, and Dolphy has to carry the bulk of the load.

This, by the way, is the last in a series of albums featuring this group, though Prestige will issue another set featuring previously unissued Dolphy material culled from various sources.

Dolphy's tragic, untimely death has placed him among those jazz legends whose emotional aura is so strong that any criticism of their work is interpreted as a kind of blasphemy. But, sooner or later, sentiment must give way to reason.

Unquestionably, Dolphy was an exceptionally gifted musician. He was equipped with remarkable instrumental facility and could solve any technical problem on any of his three horns. He was a well-schooled musician, capable of adapting himself to any given musical context. And he had an abundance of feeling, covering the emotional spectrum.

But precisely because he was so gifted, Dolphy was an erratic performer. He was not, at the time of his death, an autonomous stylist with a single-minded direction, as, for instance, is Ornette Coleman, with whom he was often, and misleadingly, compared. His music had character and individuality, but he was still a musician in search of an identity, though his final recorded work indicates that he had come close to arriving at this goal.

Though the avant-garde has claimed him, Dolphy was basically a player rooted in the tradition of Charlie Parker, and no matter how many novel devices he incorporated in his music, such elements as swing, symmetrical phrasing, and chord-based improvisation remained essential features of his work.

The album at hand gives us a glimpse of Dolphy at a student-organized concert; at the time, he was not a big enough name to choose his own accompanists, and he responds to the challenge of less than ideal surroundings with spirit and energy. Obviously, he was in charge, and he did the best he could.

Pianist Axen, the most developed and interesting of the Danish players, contributes several sound, commendable solos. His comping, however, is a bit too precise and literal to suit Dolphy in the latter's "outside" stages. But Dolphy charges ahead nonetheless. Moseholm's bass, not aided by underrecording, is tentative at best, and drummer Elnif accents too heavily, often in the wrong places.

Yet, there are moments of excellent music.

Take 2 of *Blues* (not a blues but a

Dolphy original since quoted by both Charlie Mingus and Jaki Byard—by the latter in a tribute to the composer) has some firm and moving alto passages, as well as those typical rapid runs, which often bring to mind Jimmy Dorsey's displays of technique—the musical value being about equal, albeit in different context.

The three takes of this piece provide an interesting glimpse of Dolphy at work; each version has enough differences to warrant inclusion with the other two. The tempo accelerates considerably along the way; the third take is perhaps the most exciting, but the second version is the best organized and most consistent. The line is catchy and simple, yet anything but obvious.

*Lights*, the sole track featuring Dolphy's bass clarinet, demonstrates his command of this difficult instrument and, prior to the launching of a speechlike, agitated excursion, his ability to phrase with logic, economy, and swing. (The moderate tempo gives the Danes a bit of trouble.) *Woody'n*, at breakneck speed, is full of lightning runs and weird shrieks; yet, no matter how sonically eccentric, Dolphy's improvisations remain rhythmically symmetric and chord-based.

Despite its uneven quality, this album is a worthwhile addition to the legacy of a musician whose death robbed jazz of a great potential. Had he lived, Dolphy might well have provided an essential link between experimentation and tradition.

Whatever he played, his music had a quality of intensity and involvement that made it always moving and often significant. (D.M.)

#### Duke Ellington-Boston Pops

THE DUKE AT TANGLEWOOD—RCA Victor 2857: *Caravan; Mood Indigo; The Mooch; Love Scene; I Let a Song Go out of My Heart; I'm Beginning to See the Light; Do Nothin' 'til You Hear from Me; Sophisticated Lady; Timon of Athens March; Solitude; I Got It Bad; Satin Doll*.

Personnel: Ellington, piano; John Lamb, bass; Louie Bellson, drums; Boston Pops Orchestra, Arthur Fiedler, conductor.

Rating: ★★

The rating, such as it is, is mostly for Ellington's liner notes. The Ellingtonian verbal needle cuts through some of the crud with which this whole project is encased. The Boston Pops is beautifully geared to give the little old ladies of Boston their kicks—keeping them au courant with the Beatles and other phenomena such as Edward K. Ellington, safe in the knowledge that it will all come out sounding like dear old Leroy Anderson.

Richard Hayman, who knows his job (and also knows better), has provided arrangements that manage to be a multi-faceted compromise—basically Pops styled but with a hope that they might swing slightly (the hope is vain) and each with a chorus left open for Ellington's piano. Ever the gentleman, Ellington does his best to take on the atmosphere of the orchestra and plays in as banally un-Dukish terms as, one hopes, he is capable of.

This disc was recorded at a concert at Tanglewood when Ellington appeared for the benefit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Pension Fund. The concert raised \$48,631.50 for the fund, which is the only possible excuse for it. (J.S.W.)

### **Raymond Fol**

VIVALDI'S FOUR SEASONS/IN JAZZ—  
Philips 200-198 and 600-198: *Spring; Summer;*

*Fall; Winter.*

Personnel: Johnny Griffin, tenor saxophone;  
Fats Sadi, vibraphone; Fol, piano, arranger, con-  
ductor; Jimmy Woode, bass; Arthur Taylor,  
drums; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★½

Generally speaking, this record is out  
to lunch. It is slick and pompous. Like  
so many products today, this is a basically  
uninteresting thing wrapped in a glamor-  
ous package.

The themes are great. They are also  
translated well into jazz tempos. But for  
everything else: forget it. The orchestra-  
tion is terribly dull; the riffs behind the  
solos are unbelievably hackneyed. It is all  
rehashed Woody Herman, 1950s music.  
The rhythm section solos blatantly imitate  
the Modern Jazz Quartet, a similarity  
bragged about on the liner.

Griffin is adequate but not much more.  
Like the rest of the music on this album,  
there are no surprises from him.

Fol is quoted as saying, "This recording  
is the realization of the crowning  
achievement of an idea which has been  
maturing for a long time . . . a synthesis  
of jazz and classical music." The idea  
may have been maturing for a long time,  
but it never grew up. And a synthesis it  
isn't.

This business of jazzing up the masters  
is beginning to pall.

The Swingle Singers at least added some  
humor to Bach. It was funny the first  
time, bearable the second, and a complete  
drag from then on. *Mad* magazine used to  
have a section called *Bitter Homes and  
Gardens*. In it were articles about how to  
turn that downstairs laboratory into an  
old useless closet or how to turn the patio  
into a weedy back yard. Fol has managed  
to turn Vivaldi's clean, fresh music into  
bebop clichés.

We are living in the 20th century. The  
18th was another—and happier—age.  
Leave it alone.

And why don't recording executives  
learn that it costs them nothing to list the  
personnel on the album? It might even  
make them a sale or two. Whoever wrote the  
liner notes says that the orchestra is  
composed of "some of Europe's finest jazz  
musicians." If they are that good, they  
certainly deserve to be listed. There is  
even a trumpet soloist who is not named.

Two-and-a-half stars: a half for the  
thematic invention, one for the anonymous  
orchestra, and one for Vivaldi—what's  
left of him.

(M.Z.)

### **Rufus Harley**

BAGPIPE BLUES—Atlantic 3001: *Bagpipe  
Blues; Kerry Dancers; Who Can I Turn To?*

*More; Chime Chime Cheree; Sportin'; Sometimes I  
Feel Like a Motherless Child.*

Personnel: Harley, bagpipe, flute, soprano and  
tenor saxophones; Oliver Collins, piano; James

Glen, bass; Billy Abner, drums.

Rating: ★★½

The album begins with a traditional bag-  
pipe sound—a low-register pedal point  
held while the upper register plays a  
melody, followed by rat-a-tat-tat parade  
snare drum. Then, with piano punctuating,  
things settle into the 4/4 Blues with the  
pipe continuing about the same as in the  
intro—a low note held, with improvising  
in the high register.

Dancers has a four-bar intro, swing  
theme, modal manner, then a "banks of  
Loch Lomand" background by pianist  
Collins (who plays well, as does bassist  
Glenn) while Harley skirls.

The melody of *Who Can I Turn To?*  
is stated by Harley's saxophone without  
accompaniment. Very fine playing—a "Big  
Newk" (Rollins) approach with some "Big  
John" (Coltrane) thrown in. Harley's  
horn sounds like a C-melody, though it  
might be a soprano. Whatever it is, the  
sound is very shallow—like a 2-lay  
mouthpiece and a No. 10 reed.

On *More* Harley states the melody on  
flute and plays very swingingly amid a  
few Roland Kirk voice techniques. Glenn  
is flying—no tracking station—really  
dancing.

The bagpipe soars high and mighty on  
*Chim Chim Cheree* while the buoyant  
rhythm section prods upwards. An element  
of the "new thing" approach? With the  
pipe and piano turned up full throttle like  
this, they sound as forte as a symphony  
orchestra—and better than most, which  
are dated . . . prehistoric. The recording  
of the background instruments on this  
track is perfect, to my ears.

Harley's soprano sax is oiling on  
*Sportin'*, very original. Collins' piano  
bristles with animation. Glenn's solo is  
followed by exchanges between Harley  
and Abner.

On *Child* the group catches the infec-  
tious mood of the American black man's  
folk song—life song, real song, and a lot  
of other people's song, for that matter. A  
long way from home . . . who's gonna  
help me bear this terrible burden? The  
pipe makes this international—but I don't  
dig the pipe. (K.D.)

### **Eddie Harris**

THE 'IN' SOUND—Atlantic 1448: *Love Theme  
from "The Sandpiper"; The Shadow of Your  
Smile; Born to Be Blue; Love for Sale; Cryin'  
Blues; 'S Wonderful; Freedom Jazz Dance.*

Personnel: Ray Codrington, trumpet; Harris,  
tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Ron  
Carter, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★★★

There is nothing "wrong" with this  
record, but the title gives the whole thing  
away, as far as I'm concerned. I hate  
this "in" or "out" stuff. The most "out"  
thing in the world is thinking one is "in."

This is one of those records that is fun  
to listen to at parties or when paying bills,  
washing dishes, or reading the evening  
newspaper: it is musical; it swings; the  
tunes are nice (especially *Born to Be Blue*)  
—just don't listen too closely, too often,  
because not much is really happening.

Harris gets a sound between Zoot Sims  
and John Coltrane, and he can really play.  
He didn't pay much attention to organizing  
on this date though. Higgins is an  
awfully good timekeeper, but he can do  
more than just keep time, which is all he  
does here. Carter is one of the best bass  
players around, but one couldn't tell by  
this record—he is just safe and very good.  
Walton is presentable, but he, too, is  
under wraps, for some reason. Codrington  
plays like many other trumpet players—  
good but "so what?" music.

It sounds to me like the musicians  
aimed first at being safe and commercial  
and only after that at being interesting.  
This LP is good cocktail jazz, which is

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JAZZ MOVES AHEAD A GIANT STEP

# JAZZ MOVES AHEAD A GIANT STEP

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

better than bad "artistic" jazz any day; but if musicians don't try for much, they don't end up with much either. (M.Z.)

#### Willis Jackson-Jack McDuff

TOGETHER AGAIN—Prestige 7364: *Three Little Words; To 'Gether, Glad'; See Ya; This'll Get to Ya; It Might as Well Be Spring.*

Personnel: Jackson, tenor saxophone; McDuff, organ; Bill Jennings, guitar; Wendell Marshall or Tommy Potter, bass; Al Johnson or Bill Elliott, drums; Buck Clarke, conga drum.

Rating: ★

It is 2 a.m. on a cold night in 1950. You've been driving for hours and are becoming groggy. Just outside Richmond, Va., you spot a roadside bar and grill and pull into the parking lot for a sandwich and a beer.

Surprisingly, you hear a tenor player and a rhythm section playing *Three Little Words*. The band is swinging a little bit. The unexpectedness of hearing any music at all at that time, in that place, elevates the music beyond its true interest level. When one is dying of thirst, a glass of water can be exciting.

As you listen, you wish that you had your horn with you. It would be relaxing to play with these guys. After a while, though, you begin to hear that actually there isn't too much happening. The time is good—no doubt about it—but you are becoming bored quickly. The tenor player is copying Lester Young's least interesting licks, and everybody else is playing phrases

you have heard at sessions in New York for too many years. Even the time begins to sound stilted after a few more tunes. Back in the car, your appetite whetted, you are eager to get back to New York City and hear Charlie Parker at the Open Door.

This album sounds as if it were made by that imaginary band, that year. I find it hard to believe it is a new release. It would have been boring in 1950, but in 1966 there are no words to describe the ennui that engulfs me when I listen to it.

(M.Z.)

#### Elvin Jones

DEAR JOHN C.—Impulse 88: *Dear John C.; Smoke Rings; Love Bird; Feeling Good; Anthropology; This Love of Mine; Panazm; Ballade; Everything Happens to Me.*

Personnel: Charlie Mariano, alto saxophone; Hank Jones or Roland Hanna, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

Though Jones is the leader of this date and Mariano the featured soloist, Davis turns in the outstanding performance. It's a shame, but it seems his versatility has been partly responsible for his not getting the amount of attention he deserves.

He's actually an avant-garde bassist but is not identified with the "new thingers" because he's been heard in such a variety of contexts. Because the jazz public does not associate him with a clique, they take him for granted. This is a sad, though not unusual, occurrence.

Davis has a lot going for him. His intonation and articulation are so good, his tone so round, that he sounds like a younger George Duvivier. He's a superb accompanist—his lines are interesting in themselves.

Listen to him behind Mariano on *Everything Happens* and *This Love*, tracks on which there is no piano. He carries the altoist ahead with tremendous strength, seeming almost to surround him while carrying him along. He uses all registers of the instrument effectively (sometimes changing register quite abruptly) and breaks up his walking pattern intelligently.

Davis also is a brilliant soloist. His improvising is quite varied and irregular rhythmically; some of his *Everything Happens* solo has a rubato quality. Harmonically and melodically, his spots also are daring and unpredictable. There was a time when bass soloists were much more conservative and less likely to take chances than horn men and pianists, but now men like Davis are in the forefront.

Mariano seems to have been influenced by several saxophonists, including Charlie Parker, John Coltrane, Cannonball Adderley, and possibly Ornette Coleman.

Though not a startlingly original musician, his passionately forceful work is impressive. He plays complex lines with grace and fluidity, and the character of his tone can range from pure to raw, depending on the situation.

Hanna's solos are tasteful and neatly structured. Hank Jones has a pretty spot on *Feeling Good*, but his *Anthropology* spot is not as rich in ideas as many others he's played.

Elvin Jones plays well but has been more inspired and inventive on recordings with John Coltrane. (H.P.)

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## Quincy Jones

QUINCY'S GOT A BRAND NEW BAG—Mercury 21063 and 61063: *Ain't That Peculiar?*; *I Got You; I Hear a Symphony; A Lover's Concerto; Baby Cakes; Mohair Sam; Something About You; Boss Bird; Hang on, Sloopy; Fever; Harlem Nocturne; Papa's Got a Brand New Bag.*

Personnel: Bobby Bryant or Joe Newman, trumpet; Urbie Green, Kenny Shroyer, trombones; Plas Johnson or Jerome Richardson, tenor saxophone; Jackie Kelso, alto saxophone; Jewel Grant, baritone saxophone; Ray Charles, Mike Rubini, piano or organ; Bobby Scott, piano; Rent Hall, Arthur Knight, guitars; Carol Kay or Ben Tucker, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Gary Coleman, percussion; Ray Barretto, conga drums, bongos.

Rating: ★★

Somebody's conscience must have been stabbed when the copy for the liner was being prepared. The title, *Quincy's Got a Brand New Bag*, is repeated on the back of the liner—but with a question mark. Brand new bag? This is Jones conforming to Top 40 standards.

On top of that, there is a gushing note by Ray Charles that quotes Jones as saying, "I have to create a style that will always be synonymous with me—and—my ideas must never become stagnant." This is the wrong time to bring that up.

In addition to the banality of his own efforts, Jones apparently had nothing to do with four of the selections on this alleged Quincy Jones LP—they were arranged, conducted, and produced by Bobby Scott, who does nothing calculated to embarrass Jones even in these lower depths.

(J.S.W.)

## Joseph Scianni

MAN RUNNING—Savoy 12185; *Daniel's Den; Junk Age; A Monday Idea; Little Pink Missile; Man Running; Soul Talk; Memphis Ramble; See Saw.*

Personnel: Scianni, piano; David Izenzon, bass.

Rating: ★★★

Scianni is a good piano player—there is no doubt about that. His work reveals the current state of the improvising pianist's art.

Yet my thoughts about his music are conditional. I feel he is no great discovery because he has not yet come into his real work. There are others similar to him. He is a strong expression of a general feeling in the air. He is in the front line of an undeveloped breed.

Scianni is a digital player. That is, much of his music flows directly from the relation between the shape of his hand and the shape of the keyboard. (There is a level of playing beyond this, in which the shape of the keyboard is less important. Ideally nothing is more "difficult" or "reachable" than anything else; all things lying under the span of the hands are equally playable, as in the case of Art Tatum.)

Consequently, Scianni composes mainly in his hands. This is not the best state of affairs. When I say that Scianni "hasn't come into his real work," I mean he is composing in his hands. But so is every avant-garde pianist. Nobody is any further along, except Cecil Taylor, who composes more in his whole body, making only the subtlest distinctions between its parts.

Composition! We need *relation!* Relation is not in the hands. What is in the hands is an endless permutation of suggestions, ribbons of chameleon textures, muscular patterns, expanding and dispers-

ing into new muscular patterns.

I suggest *The Well-Tempered Clavier* as an antidote.

But the music on this record is worth at least a listen. Izenzon is a good choice as support. The track *Running* is breathtaking and has a true meeting between the two players. It is these meetings on which this music ultimately depends.

I call for more meetings.

If Scianni is just beginning, he could turn into anything at all. If his learning is essentially over, he will soon become conservative and dull. If his next record goes more beyond digital thought (long scalar passages, measured tremolos perhaps), I'd like to hear it. Meanwhile, this music is individual and honest and good.

(B.M.)

## Jimmy Smith

SOFTLY AS A SUMMER BREEZE—Blue Note 4200—*These Foolish Things; Hackensack; It Could Happen to You; Sometimes I'm Happy; Someone to Watch Over Me; One for Philly Joe.*

Personnel: Smith, organ; Kenny Burrell or Eddie McFadden, guitar; Philly Joe Jones or Donald Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

The gentle title notwithstanding, this isn't a mood album, though it finds Smith in a mellow groove, and there are several ballad tracks. It is, however, a relaxed and very musical album, presenting Smith in a quite different framework from his more recent, more commercial showcases.

No recording dates are given, but since Smith left Blue Note in 1963, the two sessions involved here obviously took place prior to that time. But this matters little, since the music is fresh and swinging.

Burrell and Jones join Smith on the first four tracks; on the last two, he is supported by his regular guitarist and drummer of some years ago. Burrell has often recorded with Smith but rarely to better advantage, and Jones' superb drumming is a decisive plus factor.

*Things* is handled romantically but without schmaltz; Burrell is in the spotlight. His opening and closing solos frame a double-time spot by Smith. The line here called *Hackensack*, and credited to Thelonious Monk, was known as *Riffside* in the early bop days and is based on *Lady Be Good*. The fine, steady tempo, Burrell's three fleet choruses, and Smith's driving, humorous solo lead up to exciting exchanges of fours with Jones.

*Happen*, in a very relaxed treatment, spots a sample of Smith's "stuttering" style—incredibly fast, percussive fingering that no other organist has been able to copy. *Happy*, taken at a groovy medium tempo, shows Jones in fine fettle with both brushes and sticks. Burrell and Smith respond with delightfully loose, easy solos.

Smith has to push a little harder with his regulars. The guitar on *Watch* is a bit morose, but Smith's backgrounds are enhancing, and his solo and coda save the day. Smith's fancy footwork stands out on *Philly*, a medium-up blues with a bridge, on which Bailey gives good support.

When he plays as he does so consistently on this album—with swing, ideas, good taste, and no gimmicks—Smith leaves no doubt that he is the unrivaled master of the jazz organ.

(D.M.)

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## Various Artists

JAZZ AT THE CONNECTICUT TRADITIONAL JAZZ CLUB—CTJC 1: *Kid Thomas Boogie Woogie; The Easy Riders Drop-out Blues; The Old Rugged Cross; Oh! Baby; Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?; Lead Me, Savior.*

Personnel: Track 1—Kid Thomas, trumpet; Sammy Rimington, clarinet; Emanuel Paul, tenor saxophone; Bill Bissonnette, trombone; Bill Sinclair, piano; Dick Griffith, banjo; Dick McCarthy, bass; Barry Martyn, drums. Tracks 2, 3—Fred Vigorito, cornet; Rimington; Bissonnette; Sinclair; Griffith, McCarthy; Art Pulver, drums. Track 4—Pee Wee Erwin, trumpet; Tony Parenti, clarinet; Jimmy Archey, trombone; Sinclair; Noel Kaled, bass; Cliff Leeman, drums. Track 5—same as Tracks 2, 3, except George Lewis, clarinet, for Rimington. Track 6—Rimington; Sinclair; Griffith; McCarthy; Pulver.

Rating: ★★☆

These tracks are from four Connecticut Traditional Jazz Club concerts. In spite of a prevailing raggedness, there is easy strength and the spirit of the impromptu

jam session that provides scattered nuggets of jazz playing.

*Boogie Woogie* features the Connecticut musicians together with clarinetist Rimington and drummer Martyn from England and trumpeter Thomas and tenorist Paul from New Orleans. Opening with a piano chorus, the rhythm section gradually anchors on a driving beat. The horns, riding over the rhythm, riff with delightful restraint, diffusing joy. Rimington plays a very good solo. Bissonnette and Paul suffer in comparison, and the piano is now staid, but the band is soon back into the leaping joy of the ensemble, with Rimington, especially, shining.

*Drop-out* has overrecorded and tinny-sounding piano. Rimington shows the full extent of George Lewis' influence on him

in a moving *Rugged Cross*.

Erwin's group is rough and has more of Sinclair's tinny sounds, but there is some great, propelling drumming by Leeman, solid as a rock. After a lengthy clarinet-drum duet, Parenti brings the band back in by repeating the opening eighth-note phrase in ascending lines and then making the same phrase cascade all through the last ensemble.

Lewis was not in good form for *Bill Bailey*, showing just a shadow of his normal elan. The rhythm, however, is crisp and tight, and there is some spirited blowing by Vigorito.

Rimington, by all odds the star of the album, is excellent on *Savior*. Moving from the low register, he weaves the final chorus masterly in the New Orleans manner, his embellishments simple and right. (G.M.E.)

## Joe Williams

THE EXCITING JOE WILLIAMS—RCA Victor 3461: *Ol' Man River; This Is the Life; On the Sunny Side of the Street; Come in Out of the Rain; You Can't Get Away from the Blues; As I Love You; Last Love, Last Kiss, Goodbye; The Right Kind of Woman; I Should Have Kissed Her More; I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now; Gypsy in My Soul; Los Angeles.*

Personnel: Williams, vocals; unidentified orchestra; Frank Hunter, arranger-conductor.

Rating: ★★½

The importance of the precise tempo is underscored here. There's no denying Williams is an exciting singer. He's got a big, booming baritone, and he knows how to use it, especially to generate an instrumental type of swing. But he can extract the utmost feeling from lyrics only when the tempo is right.

A case in point is *Ol' Man River*. There's a tune that loses nothing in the translation when it is done up-tempo, instrumentally. But as a vocal, once the current is too rapid, the stream of thought is lost. And, in this version, the lyrics are lost in the blur of forced excitement.

Conversely, *Sunny Side* needs a rhythmic hypo. If the feel is one of relaxed cooking, chalk it up to Hunter's fine management. Williams encounters trouble with the awkward intervals, and the words seem to emerge uncomfortably.

The happy medium seems to be the sophisticated swinger *This Is the Life*. It sparkles at a tempo that allows Williams to punch home his message with clarity as well as drive. The same can be said for *You Can't*, with its Billy May-sounding arrangement and Williams' characteristic breaking up of the word "blues" into two syllables.

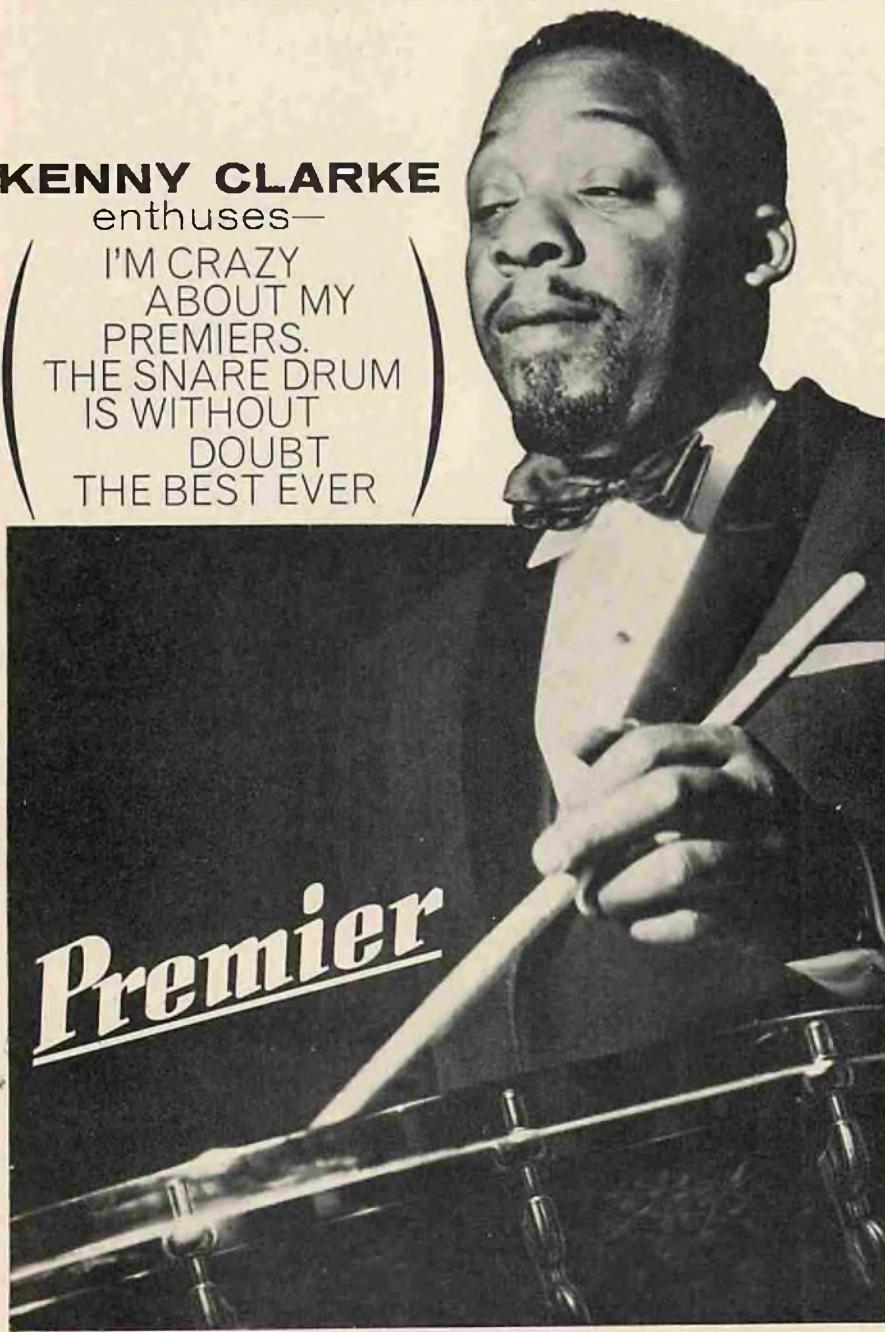
Two other tracks in the same vein are worthy of mention: *Last Love*, with some exuberant rhythm-and-blues shouting, would make an ideal single; *Gypsy* is an excellent swinger all the way, easily the best cut in the album, mainly because of Williams' driving instrumental approach to the standard.

The ballads are disappointing, but that can be attributed more to the shallow material than to Williams' singing. *Love You* and *Should Have* are anything but memorable. Regarding the closing monstrosity, *Los Angeles*, here's a derivative ditty (reminiscent of *The Things We Did Last Summer*) destined to harm the image of that megalopolis more than smog. (H.S.)

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# BLUES 'N' FOLK

By PETE WELDING

Recordings reviewed in this issue:

Son House, *The Legendary Son House* (Columbia 2417)

Rating: ★★★★

Bukka White, *Sky Songs*, Vol. 1 and Vol. 2 (Arhoolie 1019 and 1020)

Rating: ★★★★★

John Wesley (Shortstuff) Macon-Big Joe Williams, *Introducing Mr. Shortstuff* (Spivey 1005)

Rating: ★★★

I find it difficult to write dispassionately about Son House, for I consider his powerfully emotional singing and fierce, stinging—almost primitive—guitar playing unbearably moving. The several times I have heard House in the last two years have furnished me some of the most unforgettable musical experiences of my life.

He projects an almost unbelievable degree of intensity in his taut, starkly pained singing, and his guitar, for all its economy and lack of subtlety, adds a dimension of strained anguish; the totality thus produced is so full of conviction and emotional desolation that it is almost painful—embarrassing, at the very least—to listen to. One feels that so much naked emotion ought not be overheard by our intrusive ears, for House obviously is singing to and for himself.

These qualities of pained intensity are present in most of the numbers that comprise his Columbia debut album—*Death Letter*, *Louise McGhee* (strong, deliberate, utterly magnificent), *Empire State Express*, *Preachin' Blues*, and the powerful *Levee Camp Moan*, a long, sustained performance that is so full of unbridled anguish that even folknik Al Wilson's inapposite Sonny Terry-styled harmonica "support" cannot break the mood.

The performances contain stunning House vocals that are shot through with all the passion and emotional force of which he is capable. Occasionally, however, there is a certain stiffness and uncertainty in the rushing guitar that pulses with a life of its own underneath. *Pearline* is, I feel, a flawed performance primarily because of the instrumental difficulties; moreover, there is a certain grace implicit in the melodic line that is defeated by the heaviness of House's guitar style; *Empire State* bogs down occasionally as a result of second guitarist Wilson's inability to follow all the vagaries of House's lead (for which Wilson need not necessarily be faulted; I just cannot understand the reasoning behind producer John Hammond's desire to employ a second guitar here or a harmonica on *Levee Camp*, for neither adds a thing).

Two spirituals—*John the Revelator* and *Grinning in Your Face*—are unaccompanied House vocals that come off quite well; curiously enough, though, these rhythmic pieces do not possess nearly the

same emotional force or conviction as do House's slow, mournful blues like *Louise McGhee* or *Levee Camp*.

This is a satisfactory album in the main; that it does not attain to the most powerful work that House has demonstrated is perhaps the result of the pressures of studio recording. If Columbia would record House before an audience the results might be considerably more illuminating.

The two albums of Bukka White's "sky songs" (so called because, as the singer explains, "I just reach up and pull them out of the sky") are remarkable by any standards. Each of the albums contains four long, completely sustained, wholly improvised songs that are notable for the authority and forcefulness with which they are delivered. There is no letup in invention in any of them.

White is a strong performer. At his best, he is as emotionally potent as House, though the younger Mississippian constructs his performances more along regularized lines than does the more primitive House. In White's case the use of the formal 12-bar blues structure is, in fact, an aid to invention: with the form as a constant, White can allow his fertile imagination to range freely, knowing that the question of architecture is no problem. Like House, however, White often sets his vocal lines over hypnotically repetitious rhythm figures—*Alabama Blues* and *My Baby* in Vol. 1 and *Bald Eagle Train* in Vol. 2 are stirring examples.

Both White albums are so rich in pungent, imagistic verbal imaginativeness, strongly rhythmic guitar and piano work, and reveal so vividly a remarkably creative folk artist at the peak of his powers that one could almost endlessly catalog their virtues. Suffice it to say, however, that for the serious student of American folk music these two LPs are required listening.

Further evidence of the continuing viability of the old Mississippi traditions is afforded in the dark, brooding, moan-touched singing of John Wesley (Shortstuff) Macon, a 32-year-old cousin of Big Joe Williams, from the latter's home town of Crawford, Miss. Macon most vividly recalls John Lee Hooker. His morose, somber shouting over a powerfully strummed tonic brings forcefully to mind Hooker's wild, eerily percussive early recordings, though at times—as on *Old Grey Mule*—Macon summons up the vestiges of a much older style.

The presence of Williams' second guitar is occasionally intrusive; Big Joe often, in fact, gets in Macon's way—the superimposition of Williams' standard three-chord approach on Macon's single-chord one makes for quite a bit of awkwardness, at times destroying much of the hypnotic power the younger man is generating. The four Williams performances, including a remake of *Rolling and Tumbling*, are merely adequate at best, sloppy at worst.

Macon, however, is potentially an important artist, even though this album scarcely does him justice. It would be rewarding to hear him at the optimum this set occasionally suggests.

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# BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

The double life of Vernon Duke was examined at length, autobiographically, in a provocative "dialog-with-myself" feature in *Music '65*.

As Vernon Duke, this gifted composer has written scores for such Broadway shows as *Garrick Gaieties* in 1930, *Walk a Little Faster*, two editions of the *Ziegfeld Follies*, and *Cabin in the Sky*.

As Vladimir Dukelsky (by which name he was known in Pskoff, Russia, where he was born in 1903), he has composed symphonies, sonatas, concertos, and piano suites.

He has maintained a third career, as a piquantly opinionated musicologist. He has contributed to several magazines of music and the other arts and is the author of two highly readable books: *Passport to Paris* (his autobiography) and *Listen Here*.

For his first *Blindfold Test*, Duke was asked to listen to a selection of versions, old and new, of some of his best-known popular songs. He received no prior information about the records played.



## VERNON DUKE

1. Sammy Davis-Sam Butera. *April in Paris* (from *When the Feeling Hits You, Reprise*). Butera, tenor saxophone; Davis, vocal.

Vocally it was a very inspired performance, though I thought that vocal preamble with the extra lyrics was rather superfluous. This song can have a certain genuine Gallic flavor, but that little bit of French music at the end was rather unfortunate—instead of giving it a poetic ending this made it more like a take-off.

Sammy was great, though. I love his style; he has a great intensity. Instrumentally, the setting was less than perfect. Either it should be like Count Basie—and they did quote from that arrangement, too—or else they should find their own way of interpreting it. I'd give it three stars.

2. Bud Powell. *Autumn in New York* (from *The Amazing Bud Powell*, Blue Note). Powell, piano.

That was entirely away from the *quasi una fantasia* spirit in which this song is usually played. I liked it very much, though. Who was the pianist?

I think it had a most refreshing and unusual feature, in that for the first time it was a four-to-the-bar version of *Autumn in New York*—almost allabreve.

Harmonically it was perhaps less adventurous than it was rhythmically. But I liked the odd sort of squareness of it. The only thing that was perhaps missing was the melancholy aspect of the song, but, of course, that has been done many times. Three-and-a-half stars.

3. Al Hirt. *I Can't Get Started* (from *Honey in the Horn*, RCA Victor). Hirt, trumpet.

I think this was one of the best renditions of *I Can't Get Started*. The thing that interested me was the oddly metallic trumpet sound throughout—no shading, no variations. It was particularly effective when the vocal background came in,

sounding almost as if they had put mutes on the voices. It was most imaginative.

For a minute it sounded like Maynard Ferguson. It had a very on-the-nose quality. But a very brilliant sound. Four stars.

4. Harry Edison. *What Is There to Say?* (from *Sweets for the Sweet, Sue*). Edison, trumpet.

Well, this is what I would call the straightest rendition of *What Is There to Say?* that I have ever heard. It stayed very religiously with the tune. There were just a couple of rather odd, early-style syncopations at one or two points—that was all.

The tone quality was quite lush. The strings were very good, and the blend of that rather obvious, positive tone was fairly effective. But the simplicity of the performance really didn't do anything to me. Two-and-a-half stars.

5. Bobby Short. *Island in the West Indies* (Atlantic). Short, piano.

This, of course, is one of my all-time favorites. I think I've done a great deal with and for Bobby Short. As you know, I wrote the liner notes for this album, and there are half a dozen of my songs in it.

I don't know whether or not Bobby Short is acceptable to the jazz aficionados, but in my opinion he is one of the best performers around. I'll give it five stars.

6. Ella Fitzgerald. *Taking a Chance on Love* (from *Ella's Golden Favorites*, Decca). Miss Fitzgerald, vocal. Recorded in 1940.

To me, the first part, before she doubled the tempo, was immeasurably superior to the rest. The rest of it was well sung, too, of course, but the slow part was very touching to me. An excellent performance anyway—first rate.

It has to be a Negro singer. It's not Sarah Vaughan; it's not Ella Fitzgerald. Who is it?

7. Dizzy Gillespie. Medley: *I Can't Get Started with You/Round Midnight* (from *Something Old, Something New*, Philips). Gillespie, trumpet; James Moody, alto saxophone.

Now this is certainly the greatest of them all! If I gave one of the other records five stars, I would have to give this one 5½—if such a thing is possible.

This is a musician's joy. It is extraordinary—it has no end of imagination, and it is completely unpredictable. The way the saxophonist went into 3/4 there. Amazing!

The whole performance has a fresh, invigorating quality. From the composer's standpoint it is certainly one of the most imaginative things I have heard.

It sounds like Dizzy Gillespie. But the performance has a sort of fey charm and is much more elegant than what I normally associate with the earthier Dizzy.

Dizzy always used to call me "Mr. 603." That was back in the bop era, and 603 was the number of *I Can't Get Started* in his books.

Second theme? I didn't notice a second theme—all I heard was variations.

8. Ethel Waters. *Cabin in the Sky* (from *Shades of Blue*, Remington). Miss Waters, vocal; Reginald Beane, piano. Recorded in 1946.

This has a nostalgic charm for me. Of course, I have the original. She recorded it around 1940 in a 78-rpm album on Liberty records. Here it has obviously been redone and not with any tangible improvements, especially in the piano playing; but it still has that same sure Ethel Waters touch.

Ethel Waters was an emotional performer, without any great technique, but whatever she does is great. Even though this gives it a rather antique quality without adding anything new, for old times' sake I'd have to give it four stars.

# CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Reviews Of In-Person Performances

## Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra Los Angeles Music Center

Personnel: Gary Barone, Conte Candoli, Ronnie Ossa, Dalton Smith, Ray Triscari, trumpets; Lou Blackburn, Bob Fitzpatrick, Vern Friley, Ernie Tack, trombones; Vince DeRosa, Jack Cava, Bill Hinshaw, Art Maebe, French horns; John Bambridge, tuba; Bob Cooper, Don Lodico, John Lowe, Bud Shank, Bill Perkins, reeds; Don Abney, piano; John Gray, guitar; Bob West, bass; Nick Coroli, drums; Emil Richards, Frankie Carlson, percussion; Stan Kenton, conductor.

Perhaps more than any of last year's concerts, this season's first Neophonic concert seemed to capture the bold, blithe spirit of the sponsoring organization's stated objectives. For the most part, the compositions and performances were such that no classical or symphony ensemble could have brought to a reading of the same notes anything remotely resembling the same level of emotional communication.

The first half of the program, in fact, was almost totally successful. The opener was *Solo for Orchestra*, featuring the composer, Bob Cooper, on oboe, Bud Shank on alto saxophone and flute, and a kaleidoscopic series of ensemble moods. Cooper achieved a rich textural variety while frequently retaining a pulsating jazz atmosphere, along with changes of mood, tempo, and dynamics. In other words, he wrote a Third Stream piece that came from inside the heart of jazz and was the more successful for it.

The second work was an Oliver Nelson original, *Piece for Orchestra*. It opened as a fairly simple 6/4 theme, introduced by saxophone. Later passages made heavy use of the percussion section, and a sequence in 12/8 achieved a joyous, invigorating mood. Though not one of Nelson's most consistently successful pieces, it produced many rewarding moments.

Next came something called *Moodamorphosis*, by Chick Spondor. Both in terms of audience reaction and musical validity, this was one of the most successful efforts of the evening. Spondor made ingenious use of the whole tonal range of the orchestra and achieved a high point with a masterly interplay involving some wildly exciting simultaneous improvisation by Cooper, Shank, and Bill Perkins.

*Moodamorphosis* might have been even more successful had it reached its peak at this point and then stopped; but Spondor chose to let it run on for several more minutes, most of which seemed anticlimactic, especially since much of Conte Candoli's solo work (on this and other numbers) was lost in the acoustical jumble or in the excessively heavy background.

The first half concluded with the appearance of Kenton's guest star of the evening, baritone saxophonist Gerry Mulligan. *Music for Baritone Saxophone and Orchestra* represented a happy collaboration between Mulligan, as writer of the themes, and Bill Holman as orchestrator. Mulligan's tweedy sound was a joy to hear, as always, and his opening theme, a waltz

with a downward-spiraling harmonic and melodic movement, was the most attractively melodic heard all evening.

After intermission, the low point of the concert was reached when, for no apparent reason Mort Sahl, the Cassius Clay of the comedy circuit, came on for a series of utterly irrelevant comments, some of them in questionable taste. Kenton would be well advised to do more talking himself and keep the stage free at all times of undignified elements.

The second half's opener was *Vasa* by Earl Zindars, a San Francisco writer recommended to Kenton by Bill Evans. It was the only item of the evening that was content to swing in 4/4 throughout, relying for its effects on great skill in melody, harmony, and improvisation (notably a fine guitar passage by John Gray).

*Vasa* was followed by *Atonal Adventure*, the adventurer being altoist Lennie Niehaus. This ran a little too long, but its dissonances made sense, and it was the only work of the evening that made extensive and meaningful use of atonality along with the essence of jazz.

Bill Jolly's *Something for Horns* was introduced with verbal fanfare by Kenton as a medium for display of the French horn section. It didn't come off. The horns' phrasing was stiff at times, though part of the problem lay in the writing, which was not particularly imaginative and certainly not neophonic. In fact, as far as its harmonic content was concerned, it could have been written by a contemporary of Fletcher Henderson.

Finally there was a piece by Morty Stevens, the Hollywood studio arranger. Written in a bravura style with great skill and little soul, much intricacy and less inspiration, it was a throwback to the kind of thing heard too often at last year's neophonic concerts. Appropriately, it was entitled *Transient Moods*.

If Kenton continues to draw heavily on composers whose roots are substantially in jazz and not in classical music, as he appeared to this evening in accepting works from Cooper, Nelson, Spondor, Holman, and Zindars, he will achieve what would appear to be this orchestra's main goal, welding the two idioms in a manner appealing to adherents of both. He will also attract big, enthusiastic audiences.

—Leonard Feather

## Frank Sinatra-Count Basie Sands Hotel, Las Vegas

The Sinatra-Basie alliance, which began a couple of years ago as a single-album record project, then stretched to a second and better album, and last year expanded into in-person concerts, has matured into the most fruitful amalgamation of its kind ever conceived.

Sinatra and Basie clearly have the greatest respect for each other; the audience digs them individually and collectively; Quincy Jones, to whom Sinatra pays a well-merited tribute during the show, ties the whole package together deftly with his conducting and with arrangements that fit Sinatra like an Italian suit.

Last summer at the Newport Jazz Festival there were acoustical problems during the Sinatra-Basie performance; Sinatra was

at less than optimum form, and almost all the numbers performed were medium- or up-tempo items. Everything has changed for the better since then.

At the two shows caught (one at the unofficial opening, the other, two nights later at the official premiere), Basie opened with a fairly long set of his own. Because he is enjoying his work and not merely going through the motions, he changes his repertoire. One evening he opened with *Shiny Stockings*, with several bristling solos, including Bobby Plater's alto and Eric Dixon's tenor; another night the starter was Neal Hefti's *Splanky*.

Basie himself dug in harder than has been his wont, playing forceful nitty-gritty blues as an introduction to Quincy Jones' *I Needs to Be Beed With*.

There was no attempt to play down to the Vegas audience by limiting the set to those pop songs that have put Basie on the charts. Most of the material played was unfamiliar to the audience, yet happily received. In fact, the only Basic standard played at either show was *Jumpin' at the Woodside*, which immediately earned the applause of recognition, and which reminded us that tenor saxophonist Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis should never go back to being a booking agent.

The solo highlights throughout the Basic sets were by Davis and trombonist Al Grey. The latter's plunger work has developed a blend of intensity, strong sound, and innate humor that has taken him far beyond the limitations of the early (Tricky Sam Nanton) plunger style.

The band had 10 minutes' rest while Pat Cooper, a comedian, took over.

Then came the Leader. Slimmed down, his hair now worn trim, his manner supremely confident yet never cocky, he launched into *Come Fly with Me* and never let up for an hour—unless one can characterize as a "letup" the 12 minutes of talk halfway through the act.

His voice was strong and self-assured on the up tempos, relaxed and warm on the ballads. The latter included a touching *September of My Years* that brought a rare note of nostalgia. ("My body is 50 years old," he said, "but I'm 28. And if I hadn't studied drinking under Joe E. Lewis, I'd be 22.")

There were too many memorable moments to enumerate. *Street of Dreams*, with backing featuring trumpeter Harry Edison, Davis, and brass in bucket mutes, was one such moment; another was *I've Got a Crush on You*, with Davis and three flutes prominent in the accompaniment. A verbal tribute to Tony Bennett was followed by *The Shadow of Your Smile*. Jones has devised a number of voicings with flutes, woodwinds, and muted brass that compensate brilliantly for the absence of the string section one would normally expect to be indispensable on material of this kind. Lead altoist Marshall Royal's euphony was, of course, an important component of the Sinatra background.

The interplay between Sinatra and the band was extraordinary. At several points, drummer Sonny Payne or Basie would catch a particular accent of the singer's to telling effect. (Payne, by the way, is no longer Sinatra's employe; he rejoined the



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Basic band permanently Dec. 28. The rhythm section sounded stronger than at any other time in recent years.) Several of the numbers included instrumental interludes, often solos by Davis, and only once in two whole shows (on *Fly Me to the Moon*) did the band passage seem like a lull.

The moderato and fast tunes moved with precision, authority, and a beat that made buoyantly clear the reason for *Down Beat* readers' selection of Sinatra as top male vocalist in the recent poll.

Basie remained at the piano throughout the Sinatra set, clearly an involved and happy participant. The singer's regular pianist, Bill Miller, sat at an upright piano in the background and accompanied him occasionally on the verse of a ballad.

There is little or nothing to be said about Sinatra that has not been repeated a thousand times, but it cannot be too strongly emphasized that the man is a complete artist: not only one of the masterly vocal performers, but a complete entertainer and, quite effortlessly, a hilarious comedian. His routine between vocal sets touched on every subject from the sex life of Major Bowes to the lush life of Harry James and Dean Martin and the physique of Sammy Davis ("Wilt Chamberlain after taxes"), as well as his own current Spartan regimen (he has stopped smoking and drinking).

The Sinatra-Basie marriage was not made in heaven but at big-business conferences and private meetings and during protracted negotiations. It was worth every ounce of effort put into it by everyone involved. To them—but most of all to Sinatra, Basie, and Quincy Jones—a deep bow of gratitude.

—Leonard Feather

Singleton Palmer

Opera House, St. Louis, Mo.

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

For many years now the city of St. Louis has had a special area set aside as an old-time tourist attraction. It is officially called Gaslight Square, about 10 minutes' drive from the downtown section, and features gas lamps in the streets and a solid two or three blocks of old-fashioned saloons, plain and fancy restaurants, go-go-girl dives, and so on.

The sidewalks throng with dressed-up out-of-towners who have been told they Mustn't Miss Gaslight Square, plus a nearly equal number of St. Louisians looking for something exotic.

One of the more respectable spots is the Opera House, a simple old-time saloon of unpretentious aspect, and the attraction there is Dixieland. When first I was told that I Mustn't Miss Palmer's band, I had my doubts about what I would hear. I had never heard of Palmer, to my knowledge, and as a rule, I am not entertained by endless vocal choruses of *When the Saints Go Marching In* delivered a *haute voix* by half a dozen falsely festive and metaphorically overalled plantation hands who would rather be home watching *The Late Show*, which is what I anticipated in Gaslight Square.

The Palmer band turned out to be an

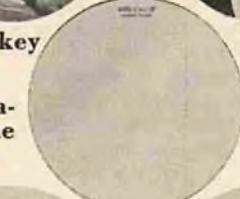
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agreeable surprise, no revivalist, tourist-oriented noisemakers but a bunch of authentic veteran Dixieland musicians who have not stood still with the years but have staunchly and beautifully kept green the style they helped develop. Its repertoire was pure Dixieland (including *The Saints*), done with verve and artistic integrity.

Clarinetist Mason has just celebrated his 70th birthday but blows with the vigor and precision of a musician in his prime. Pianist Perryman, from Hattiesburg, Miss., is 64; his style is a nicely balanced diet of clean ragtime, down-home boogie, and rocking stride piano.

Leader Palmer looked vaguely familiar, but I couldn't place him. When he picked up a tuba to start the first set, I expected the worst, as it were, in tourist-Dixieland jive. To my astonishment and delight, he played the instrument as I don't ever recall hearing it played even in its heyday, with as clear a voice and articulation as a cornet, heavy swinging on the up-tempo songs and mellow and beautiful on slow tunes—a real joy.

When Palmer switched to string bass, he looked (and sounded) even more familiar—and agreeably "modern." And no wonder. It was he who replaced Walter Page in Count Basie's Band when Page became ill in 1947, I learned subsequently.

King's trombone and Mason's clarinet obbligatos were eloquent reminders of the clarity of purpose that distinguished New Orleans-style group improvisation at its best, supporting and embellishing Martin's ringing trumpet lead when they weren't comping for Palmer's amazing tuba solos.

The energetic, swinging drummer looked mighty familiar, too, and there was nothing old-timey about his beat. As he left the stand, I realized he was the same Ben Thigpen I hadn't seen since he was with Andy Kirk's band at the Savoy, the Apollo Theater, and the other spots that were swinging when Harlem was the place to hear jazz, back in the early '30s. Thigpen hasn't lost a thing musically.

The keynote in this operation is stability. Palmer has had this same band, with few changes of personnel, since 1950, and they've played in the Opera House six nights a week for the last seven years.

"It's a very decent gig," he and Thigpen agreed, "and the pay is overscale for everybody."

—Ralph Berton

#### David Allen-Jimmy Cook Orchestra

Torch Club, Las Vegas, Nev.

Personnel: Bob Shew, Herb Phillips, Tony Scodwell, Larry O'Brian, trumpets; Jimmy Guinn, Abe Nole, Charlie Lopor, Ken Tiffany, Marly Harrell, trombones; Tom Hall, Bob Robinson, Bob Bashford, Dick Busse, Ernie Small, Cook, reeds; Don Overberg, guitar; Chuck Kovacs, bass; Irv Kluger, drums; Allen, vocals.

The big bands will never return in the grand manner: the banner-decked bus, the crowded ballroom, the stand-side gapers, the autograph hunters, the regular transcription and recording sessions, the sharp uniforms and, above all, the big bread. Such often pleasant memories are relics of another era.

Happily, though, the big band will never die, for there will always be musicians enthusiastic and talented enough to write

and play big-band jazz.

The Cook orchestra is a typical example of this common desire of jazz musicians to assemble and play good arrangements, regardless of inadequate facilities or modest wage scales, both of which prevail at the Torch. Fortunately, the Cook sidemen are regularly employed in various Las Vegas house bands, so the economics of the big-band field are of little concern in this case.

The band has several able soloists, notably Phillips and Shew (the latter also playing excellent lead trumpet), who were both featured on the opening *Nancy Jo*.

Phillips also is a talented arranger, and his *If I Were a Bell* arrangement gave leader Cook a chance to shine on soprano

word's strictest sense. His ballad singing is particularly memorable. *I Should Care* and *Rainy Day* were outstanding in their attention to phrasing and delivery.

The band closed the evening with a set that left no doubt that, for the players, this was indeed a labor of love. *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*, featuring trombonist Guinn, and *Foolish Heart*, with altoist Hall, were classic examples of ballad jazz, while *It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing* had solos and ensembles that told the truth: while big bands will never come back with all the trimmings, the excitement, power, and intense emotion will always lie dormant, needing only the arrangers and musicians to bring it roaring to life.

This band, and the many others throughout the country that form and play just for the sake of it, attest to the fact. Leader Cook, a Woody Herman Herdsman of '57-'58 vintage, and leader of the winning band in the short-lived AFM "New Big Band" contest (in 1960), must be commended for shouldering the inherent burdens of big-band organization. In 1966 the music is the only reward.

—Tommy Hodges

#### Ruth Brown

Playboy Club, Hollywood

Personnel: Joe Parnello, piano; Jerry Friedman, bass; Phil Durant, drums; Miss Brown, vocals.

There are singers on the way up and singers on the way down and singers who just coast along. In this last category is Ruth Brown.

Since 1949, when she became an overnight sensation in r&b circles, Miss Brown has worked regularly, has expanded her repertoire to take in the whole spectrum of popular singing, but has not yet reached the plateau of acceptance her talent would seem to justify. This was made clear in her recent Hollywood Playboy appearance.

Opening with *Yes, Sir, That's My Baby*, accompanied chiefly by walking bass, Miss Brown revealed a strong, confident style that projected well, both in the quality and the quantity of her sound.

Her ballad mood in *Skylark* and *Serenade in Blue* was soulful and personal; she phrased with originality but never lagged too far behind the beat, as do so many singers who equate delineation with delay. *Secret Love*, a dull tune in the first place, was the only throwaway of the set.

Toward the end came a blues from out of her Atlantic records days, *24 Hours a Day*. Miss Brown sings the blues as if she had patented the idiom. She drove her point home again with a *Hurry on Down* that moved, by way of contrast with the old Nellie Lutcher tempo, at a slow and meaningful pace. It is interesting to note that singing it here with just the Parnello trio she made it sound not one iota less convincing than on her recent Mainstream album, in which she was accompanied by an enormous studio type of orchestra.

It has been a long journey since *Teardrops from My Eyes*, and along the way Ruth Brown has become a better-rounded artist than she was at her sensational start.

The Parnello group did its usual unobtrusively capable accompaniment job.

—Leonard Feather

#### In The March 10 Down Beat

## MILES DAVIS A CURIOUS FRIENDSHIP

Trombonist Mike Zwerin humorously recalls his occasional encounters with a former employer

## ALONG CAME JONES

Bassist Sam Jones is tellingly profiled by Barbara Gardner

## BOBBY HUTCHERSON

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## Dan Morgenstern Surveys The New York Benefit Scene

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saxophone. Guitarist Overberg, taking the place of an unreliable piano, was strong on *Deep Purple* and combed sensitively for the other soloists throughout the evening. Another Phillips arrangement, *Jeanine*, showed the trombones to advantage as well as providing solo space for tenor man Busse.

Singer Allen continues to be the enigma among male jazz vocalists.

Commanding respect from musicians and knowledgeable fans alike; using excellent arrangements by such writers as Johnny Mandel, Frank Comstock, and Pat Williams; and possessing much personal charm, he does not work or record enough to be considered a "professional" in the

## GIL FULLER

(Continued from page 22)

of the times we live in, as music always is. This is the revolution; everybody wants freedom, and freedom at any cost—they don't care. More often than not this can become a liability.

"Not everyone is affected by this lust for freedom. Out of everything, no matter how confused, there usually comes something that will be usable, something that will remain, like the harmonic devices out of the bop era."

"As far as modal writing is concerned, those things have been here all along too. The Latin influx had a lot to do with spurring the modal thing. Those Spanish bands would be playing things on dominant chords for umpteen measures, and the guys would be playing all sorts of scales on one chord for all this time. . . . However, most jazz musicians simply haven't explored the uses of modal ideas to full advantage. They are too inexperienced to realize that you have to get away from the monotony that it tends to create."

Fuller's personality is an enigma to all but his most intimate friends. Many who admire his work say that if he had stayed with the one thing he does so admirably, namely compose and arrange music, instead of being sidetracked into so many ambitious business ventures, his career and reputation today might have reached a plateau commensurate with his talent. But those who make this assessment know nothing of Fuller's ability, or lack of ability, in the areas of real estate, engineering, music publishing, and his various other occupations.

Fuller's reminiscences often seem touched by bitterness, but it would take a very extensive insight into the events

of his adult life to find the reason behind the rancor.

His resentment, if such it can be called, is not grounded in hate or prejudice, but rather directed against the musical course followed in the last decade in the United States.

"Any audience will come and see a black man as fast as they'll come and see a white man," he said. "But that doesn't alter the fact that if the man is playing jazz, they probably won't be interested. The world has gone rock and roll. It's a throwback to the old so-called race music or rhythm and blues, and now it's also a throwback, through the Beatles, to the Elizabethan-type folk things."

"In the 1940s everything was very technical. Today, with the exception of the fellows in the studios, the musicianship is poorer than it was then, despite all the educational opportunities. In technique, interpretation, and facility I find all kinds of problems. You give them a chart, and they sit there and hack over it and breathe wrong, not sure which groups of notes belong together, and they play very disconnectedly."

Perhaps the release of his new album will help build a new image for a man of great talent who has waited so long for the recognition he has earned as a vital force in contemporary orchestral music.

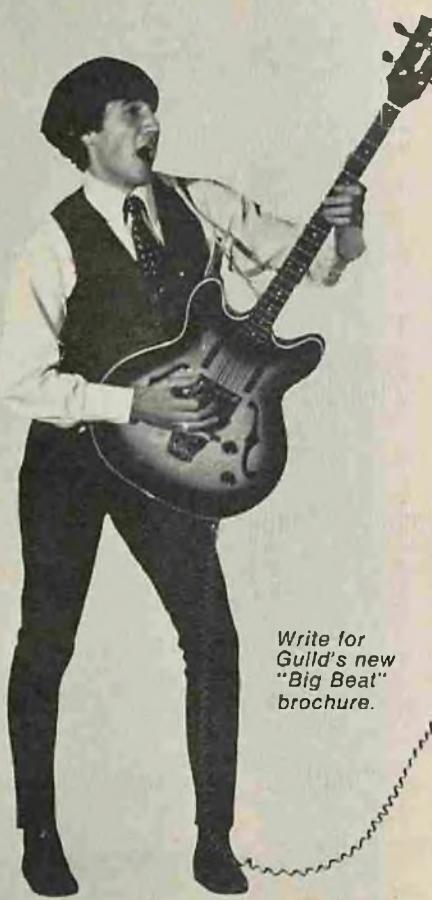
But a major part of Fuller's problem might be found in the identity he earned during those frantic and catalytic bebop years.

"Everywhere I went," he recalled, "they tagged me as a bebop writer. The fact that I was a trained, experienced, all-around musician meant nothing to them; I was stuck with this bebop image."

"Being a pioneer has its disadvantages, whether you're white or black. If anyone doesn't believe it, tell them to ask Gil Fuller."



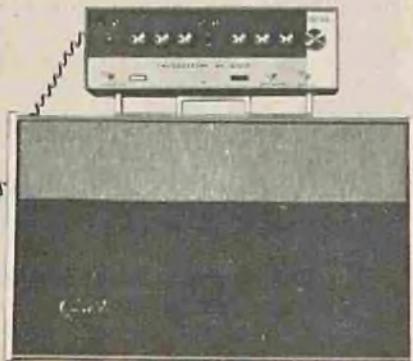
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## McFARLAND

(Continued from page 25)

able to feel the spirit of it. It takes time to find out what is meaningful and what isn't. Values are shifting all the time."

An area of composition that always has fascinated McFarland is writing for the theater.

"I love songwriting," he remarked, "but I'd like to work with larger concepts than just doing an arrangement here and there. The ballet I did with Donald McKayle [Reflections in the Park, composed in 1964] was my first taste of theater, and I loved it."

"My manager, Norman Schwartz, brought Donald and me together. He is an extremely imaginative choreographer and very easy to work with. We stimulated each other, and the whole thing came off very well. I had to write a little more than whole notes and chords—a challenge of that kind I love."

McFarland has been tentatively involved in several theater projects since then, though none of them got beyond the talking stage. "But I hope to be able to do a show in the not too distant future," he said. "Before I'd ever seen a Broadway musical, I was attracted to the idea of writing for an integrated theatrical production. . . ."

The arranger's thoughts again turned to his upcoming concert:

"Norman is making sure that everything is done right. I know what my job is, but if you don't have the same approach on the business end, it doesn't work out. This will be produced in major-league fashion."

McFarland feels that his experience last summer at Down Beat's Chicago jazz festival, where he led the festival orchestra and wrote special arrangements for several guest soloists, was one from which he "learned a great deal."

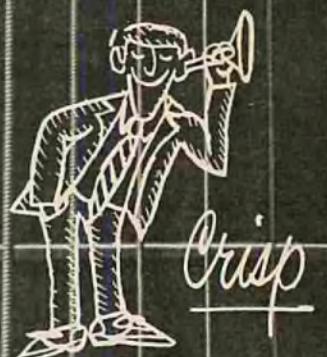
"Everyone associated with the festival was extremely helpful to me," he said. "There are enough things to worry about, so if you don't have to think about if the music stands will be there, and such, it means a lot. And the Chicago musicians really came to play; they were even early for rehearsal."

For his parting comment, McFarland offered a piece of positive philosophy:

"I'd like to see more *doing* and less complaining about the ills of the present state of jazz. Talk and off-the-wall criticism is very cheap. People say this is wrong and that is wrong, but the thing to do is to go out and do something about it."

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## AD LIB

(Continued from page 16)

Coco, scheduled for Broadway early next winter. Rehearsals begin in October. Previn and his wife have been signed to write the title tune for Paramount's *The Swinger*... If you're in the neighborhood, Anita O'Day currently is singing with pianist Joe Castro's group at the Penthouse, in Honolulu, Hawaii.

**PHILADELPHIA:** Avery Tolz, new owner of Pep's, used the first two weeks of January (when the club was closed) to refurbish and enlarge the room. The seating capacity has been increased from 180 to 300. The club reopened with singer Lou Rawls, followed by saxophonist Charles Lloyd's quartet and trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie's quintet... The Philadelphia College of Art is planning to present saxophonist Roland Kirk at its February Jazz Workshop concert, one of a series promoted by the student council and Steve Sherman... Pianist Red Garland, whose mother lives in Philadelphia, is back in town for an indefinite stay but hasn't been playing in local clubs.

**SAN FRANCISCO:** Tenorist Archie Shepp's current engagement at the Both/And club here is his first on the West Coast. Other members of his New York-based quartet are trombonist Roswell Rudd, bassist Henry Grimes, and drummer Beaver Harris... A couple of neighborhood jazz clubs have opened here. The Scene began with vibist Stan Gibbs' trio, followed with singer Don Washington backed by pianist Buddy Montgomery. Haight Levels, a beer-and-coffee establishment, has tenorist Norman Williams' quintet Wednesdays through Saturdays and pianist Kent Glenn's trio the first three nights of the week... Trumpeter John Coppola's hard-swinging nonet found a new site for its alternate-Sundays series of concerts—the Holiday Inn in Oakland—and resumed action with a session that had trumpeters Harry Edison and Al Porcino as guest stars. In the audience at the afternoon soiree were singers Lurlean Hunter and Ella Fitzgerald and the latter's pianist, Jimmy Jones, and drummer, Gus Johnson... The Dwike Mitchell-Willie Russ Trio gave a concert in Berkeley as part of a series that otherwise consists of classical music... Guitarist Bola Sete and pianist Vince Guaraldi's trio will split after fulfilling some concert dates. The Sete-Guaraldi team has been together for a couple of years... Blues singer-guitarist B. B. King and his eight-piece band played a week at the Showcase in Oakland recently... Altoist John Handy III's quintet recently played in Vancouver, B.C., where it also made a television appearance for the Canadian Broadcasting Corp... The Woody Herman Herd played a one-nighter at the Cabana in Palo Alto, and the Harry James Band was slated for a similar shot.

**DETROIT:** A promising career ended Dec. 28 with the accidental death of 17-year-old trombonist George Garnett... There was a great deal of good jazz to be

heard in town over the Christmas holidays, with George Bohanon's group at Paige's attracting the largest number of sitters-in. Among those heard with the group were pianist Kirk Lightsey and drummers Freddy Waits and Roy Brooks. Brooks also sat in with Gary Chandler's group at Odom's Cave, as did trumpeter Herbie Williams. Pianist Mike Abene played a set at the Shadow Box. Baritone saxophonist Pepper Adams played a New Year's Eve gig with Jimmy Wilkins' big band. The Wilkins' aggregation, with many arrangements by Jimmy's brother, Ernie Wilkins, is among the best territory bands in the country and plays dances and concerts regularly throughout Michigan and the Midwest. Currently playing with the band is pianist Terry Pollard... Singer Lou Rawls was accompanied by two Detroiters, bassist James Hankins and drummer Clifford Mack, during his recent engagement at the Grand Bar. Tommy Strode, from St. Louis, was the pianist... Pianist Earl Hines used a Detroit rhythm section (Alvin Jackson, bass, and Don Lawton, drums) during his stay at the Club Charade. Featured in the club's other rooms are pianist Johnny Griffith's quartet and pianist-vocalist Bubs Logan's trio... The George Bohanon Quartet (Bohanon, trombone; Kenny Cox, piano;

Will Austin, bass; Bert Myrick, drums) left Paige's to do 10 days at the Cadillac Show Bar in Philadelphia with singer Kini Wesson... Drummer Bob Pozar, back in Ann Arbor for a few weeks, is working there with bassist Ron Brooks' trio. Pozar, now a member of the New York-based David Horowitz Quartet, is well known to Ann Arbor jazz fans through his long tenure there with the Bob James Trio, of which Brooks was also a member. Brooks plans to bring in jazzmen of varying schools from New York and elsewhere in the months to come... Two important college jazz concerts took place Jan. 15, when tenor man Stan Getz brought his quartet to the University of Michigan and pianist Don Friedman appeared at the University of Windsor... The personnel of pianist Willie Metcalf's group at the Stage Bar includes Max Wood, bass; Ike Daney, drums; John Hare, trombone; Joe Thurman, tenor saxophone; and Jewell Diamond, vocals. The full group appears on Friday and Saturday nights. On Thursday and Sunday nights, only Metcalf and Miss Diamond perform.

**KANSAS CITY:** The practice of jamming has not yet completely disappeared here. Sessions are held every Sat-

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ursday evening at the New Peyton Place, a tavern on N. Fifth St. The lineup features the quartet of tenorist Ron Williams, who has with him Rick Mundis, guitar; John Coffin, bass; and Dave Waldron, drums, plus various sitters-in... The Saturday afternoon jazz concerts at Pepe's Lounge have been canceled... Pianist Pete Eye's trio has replaced the Frank Smith Trio at the Playboy Club. Pianist Smith's group is now appearing at the Casa Blanca... Organist Jimmy Smith's trio drew a large audience in a recent one-nighter here... Kansas City Jazz, Inc., organized by local businessmen to promote jazz, is busy preparing for the third annual Kansas City Jazz Festival scheduled for May 1. Last year's one-day festival drew 8,500 paid admissions.

**BALTIMORE:** During the holidays the Left Bank Jazz Society presented the quartets of singer-pianist Shirley Horn and guitarist Walt Namuth in its series of Sunday concerts at the Madison Club. Clarinetist Tony Scott was set for the Jan. 16 concert; he was to have with him flutist Jeremy Steig, pianist Lamont Johnson, bassist Henry Grimes, and drummer Eddie Marshall. Reed man Charles Lloyd's quartet was to return to the LBJS bandstand Jan. 30. It will mark Lloyd's third concert here since July. The 18-piece band of baritone saxophonist Henry Levy was scheduled to play the society's Feb. 6 concert... The Boar's Head Coffee House has initiated a "sounds unlimited" policy on Tuesday and Wednesday nights, plus a session on Sunday mornings (2-6 a.m.).

**MIAMI:** On Dec. 27 Billy Maxted and his Manhattan Jazz Band opened at the Beach Club Hotel in Fort Lauderdale, a return engagement for the popular group... Preacher Rolla and his Dixieland band were the featured attraction at the Sip Sip in Hallandale for New Year's Eve festivities... Trumpeter Don Goldie and a Dixieland ensemble were a featured attraction on one of the Orange Bowl Parade floats shown on nationwide television New Year's Eve. As a result of this appearance, Goldie was asked to appear in the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade in New York next November... The University of Miami Jazz Orchestra was a featured presentation on local Channel 7's *Camera Seven* show Jan. 9... Vocalist Nancy Wilson is set to do a nonpublic performance for the Rack Jobbers Association convention on March 9... Jazz sounds are being made at the Rancher Lounge by the Billy Harris Quintet, with Dolph Castellano on piano... The Miami-Dade Junior College division of humanities was treated to a surprise jazz concert on Jan. 7. The group consisted of three faculty members—Bob Egner, formerly with Benny Goodman and Gene Krupa, clarinet; Pat Weaver, formerly with Art Van Damme, vibraphone; Bob Thomas, bass—and two students—trumpeter Tony Pandy and drummer Gene Brooks.

**NEW ORLEANS:** Photographer Jack Hurley sent a number of photographs from Tulane University's Jazz Archives to UCLA for a special exhibit at that school's library. Prime mover in importing the exhibit was UCLA instructor

Jerome Cushing, former head of the New Orleans city library... Sweet Emma Barrett's jazz band played for the opening of an unusual one-man art show at a French Quarter gallery. The exhibit, titled "Experiments in Interpretation of Jazz," was made up of Byron Levy's paintings of jazz subjects... Reed man Al Belletto's Sunday night television series began in January on WYES-TV... Vocalist Ruth Brown is appearing at the Playboy... Bassist Jay Cave joined pianist Ronnie Dupont's trio at the Cellar... Singer Ethel Ennis played a week at Al Hirt's club.

**LAS VEGAS:** The city's most durable jazz group, currently known as Abe's Sliding Boneheads, entered its fourth year of participation in the local jazz scene with a one-nighter at the Torch Club. Under the nominal leadership of Abe Nole, the six-trombone-three-rhythm ensemble is comprised of Nole, Archie LeCoque, Tommy Turk, Charlie Loper, tenor trombones; Bill Smiley, Dick McQuary, bass trombones; Eddie Weid, piano; Mo Scarrazo, bass; and Tom Montgomery, drums. The bulk of the arrangements are by Nole, McQuary, and Loper, with contributions from former member Tommy Hodges, trumpeters Dean Fleming and Wes Hensel, and Los Angeles arrangers Dick Grove and Mike Barone... The Harry James Band, taking a night off from its gig at the Flamingo, played for the Denver Debutante Ball and helped raise \$120,000 in behalf of the Denver Symphony Orchestra. The James band, incidentally, opened a three-weeker at Harrah's in Reno, Feb. 10; then it's back to the Flamingo March 31... The University of Nevada Stage Band Festival organizers have commissioned a work from Raoul Romero to be performed at a March 19 concert on the Reno campus. It is to be in the form of a suite for trumpet and jazz orchestra and will feature Jack Sheldon, under Romero's baton... The Colonial House felt the draft following the lucrative holiday period and dropped its jazz policy for a more mundane approach. Currently ensconced there is the Ronnie DiFillips Trio backing various vocalists... The Frank Sinatra-Count Basie pairing scored heavily in the Sands Hotel's Copacabana Room; thousands were turned away during the four-week engagement... Marvin Hamby, 67, vice president of AFM Local 369, died Jan. 6.

## KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES

A HIPSTER'S QUIZ BY GARY A. SOUCIE

It seems there's always been a dozen or so Joneses sparkling in the jazz firmament. If you can fill in all the blanks, you've been keeping up with the Joneses. If you must resort to peeking into *Encyclopedia of Jazz*, you've probably been keeping up with the Welks instead.

1. \_\_\_\_\_ Jones was a much-in-demand recording session sideman when he was playing bass with the Cannonball Adderley Quintet and Sextet in the early 1960s.
2. \_\_\_\_\_ Jones, drums, is one of the swinging Pontiac, Mich., Joneses.
3. \_\_\_\_\_ Jones was for many years Jack Sterling's bassist.
4. \_\_\_\_\_ Jones played valve trombone for Duke Ellington in 1944-49 and again in 1951-52.
5. \_\_\_\_\_ Jones is the drummer "who plays like the wind."
6. \_\_\_\_\_ Jones was Ella Fitzgerald's accompanist, 1948-53.
7. \_\_\_\_\_ Jones "walked" his way through the Basie Renaissance.
8. \_\_\_\_\_ Jones' muted jazz catapulted him to instant fame and fortune and into everlasting gigs at hip supper clubs.
9. \_\_\_\_\_ Jones played piano in New Orleans and wrote *Trouble in Mind*.
10. \_\_\_\_\_ Jones played drums in the Miles Davis groups of 1955-58.
11. \_\_\_\_\_ Jones tinkled subtly in the 1947-52 and 1954-59 editions of the Sarah Vaughan's accompanying trio.
12. \_\_\_\_\_ Jones was Jack Teagarden's long-time friend and associate and sometime bass player.
13. \_\_\_\_\_ Jones trumpeted new life into *Pop, Goes the Weasel*.
14. \_\_\_\_\_ Jones, a familiar face at Sy Oliver recording sessions, sat in the same section with Jones No. 13 from 1954 to 1959.
15. \_\_\_\_\_ Jones retired his trumpet at a tender age to concentrate on composing and arranging.

ANSWERS: 1—Sam; 2—Elvin; 3—Buddy; 4—Claude; 5—Jo; 6—Hank; 7—Eddie; 8—Jonah; 9—Richie; 10—Philly Joe; 11—Jimmy; 12—Dale; 13—Thad; 14—Reunald; 15—Quincy.

**TORONTO:** A new CBC program for teenagers, *Through the Eyes of Tomorrow*, featured Ed Thigpen explaining drum techniques. The former Oscar Peterson drummer will appear in other programs in the series... A chronological survey of jazz piano styles, played by Norm Amadio, was the highlight of a Ten Centuries Concert. Amadio, with singer Tommy Ambrose, was booked into a new downtown club called the Lane... Duke Ellington, who wrote the score for *Pousse Cafe*, which was to open Jan. 24 at O'Keefe Centre, brings his orchestra there for three nights, starting March 14... Rob McConnell and his 13-piece jazz

band, with singer Norma Locke, were featured at the opening of the New Cellar Jazz Club... Bo Diddley appeared a Le Coq D'Or in mid-January.

**MONTREAL:** The Andy Soch Trio is at Harry Labe's Penthouse... The Dizzy Gillespie Quintet played a week at the Esquire Show Bar, usually a rock-and-roll emporium, late in January... The Dave Brubeck Quartet played a one-nighter at the Places des Arts Feb. 8 as part of the Sir George Williams University Winter Carnival.

**LONDON:** Multireed man Prince Lasha was set to record an album of some of his own compositions, as well as a number called *Impressions of Eric*, on which he collaborated with Yusef Lateef. Musicians scheduled for the recording included trumpeter Chris Bateson, trombonist John Mumford, tenorist Art Theman, pianist Lionel Grigson, harpist David Snell, bassist John Hart, and drummer Joe Oliver, plus several members of the Royal Philharmonic... U.S. singer Betty Bennett took over from Ernestine Anderson at Ronnie Scott's club the first two weeks of January. Then singer Mark Murphy, backed by the Stan Tracey Trio, opened Jan. 17... Rick Laird, bassist with Scott's quartet, left for the United States Jan. 20 to begin studies at the Berklee School of Music. Laird won a full-tuition scholarship to the school in the *Down Beat* Hall of Fame scholarship competition last year... Singer Blossom Dearie missed the first week of her engagement at Annie's Room because of injuries suffered in an automobile accident, but she managed to complete the second week. The club's proprietor, Annie Ross, subbed during her absence. Other vocalists at the club have included Ethel Ennis and Mose Allison, who both appeared there during January... Avant-garde drummer Johnny Stevens has opened a new club at the Little Theater, Garrick Yard, in the heart of the theater district. The club will be open every night and feature various soloists (not necessarily members of the avant-garde)... Trumpeter Henry (Red) Allen returns to England Feb. 18 for a 16-day cross-country tour with the Alex Welsh Band. Other trumpeters slated for similar tours include Bill Coleman in April, Rex Stewart in May, and possibly Ruby Braff... Trumpeter Alvin Alcorn replaced Kid Howard in the lineup of the New Orleans All-Stars, who were scheduled to begin a tour Feb. 4 at Eastbourne. Also included are Jimmy Archey, trombone; Darnell Howard, clarinet; Alton Purnell, piano; Pops Foster, bass; and Cie Frazier, drums. Bandleader-trumpeter Keith Smith will add his horn to those of the all-stars and then will return to New Orleans to arrange for similar tours of New Orleans jazzmen in Europe and Asia.

**NORWAY:** Trumpeter Donald Byrd arrived in Oslo Jan. 19 after visiting the United States during November and December. He stayed in Oslo for a week during which he appeared as soloist

with the Ostereng big band... The Swingle Singers will give a concert in Oslo Feb. 23, as will the Thelonious Monk Quartet on April 15. It will be the first time either group has appeared in Norway... Singer Karin Krog begins a 10-day tour of East Germany Feb. 19... Norwegian drummer Jon Christensen, who had been playing with George Russell's sextet, returned to Oslo in January but was planning to rejoin Russell for an engagement at the Montmartre in Copenhagen this month. Russell was in Oslo for a few days at the beginning of January; he was on his way to the United States but planned to return here sometime this month. While in Oslo, Russell played at several sessions with Christensen and young tenorist Jan Garbarek... British tenorist Tubby Hayes was scheduled to appear at Oslo's Down Town club for a short engagement and also at a concert with the Ostereng band... The Norwegian Jazz Forum plans to present concerts by local musicians on March 2 and 30 and one at the end of April.

**RECORD NOTES:** Count Basie recorded an album of themes featured in James Bond movies for United Artists... Tenor saxophonist Stan Getz' *Getz-Gilberto* album on Verve was the sole record featuring a jazz artist to be certified for the Record Industry Association of America 1965 Gold Record awards... Pianist Jaki Byard recorded for Prestige in January, playing tenor saxophone, celeste, electric piano, drums, and vibraphone, with drummer Alan Dawson (also playing vibraphone and tympani), bassist Richard Davis (doubling cello), and blues singer Junior Parker... Chicago's Testament label has arranged for the release of blues singer Muddy Waters' earliest recordings, made in Mississippi in 1941 and '42 for the Library of Congress.

### BUNNY BRIGGS

(Continued from page 15)

own way of improvising, although there are basic steps used by all.

"We rarely borrow from each other," he said, "although we might do variations on another's dancing."

A tap dancer can be taught, but the feeling is a different thing, he added, explaining that "the majority of the tap dancers were what we called 'corner dancers.' They danced on corners and in hallways, and most of them didn't have training."

"Many of them had a certain way of going into a step of improvising all the time," he said. "The tap dancer has to have good music. If he doesn't, you might not get anything out of him. The good dancer has soul and feeling, and he never does the same thing twice."

As far as Briggs is concerned, things couldn't be better. When he dances with the Ellington orchestra, he's "dancing with the best band in the world."

"His is the best music I ever danced to," Briggs said. "It puts me on clouds. I always want to be my best for Duke."

—Helen McNamara

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# 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 Metcalf, Jimmy Neely, tfn.  
Basie's: Johnny Lytle to 2/13. Sessions, Mon.  
Carlton Terrace (Forest Hills): Johnny Fontana, tfn.  
Chuck's Composite: Dick Garcia, Sy Johnson, Jack Six, Attila Zoller, tfn. Jazz at Noon, Mon.  
Concerto West: Jesse Wilks, hb.  
Coronet (Brooklyn): name jazz groups.  
Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gambra, hb. Sessions, Sun.  
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sat. Vinnie Burke, Sun.  
Dom: Tony Scott, tfn.  
Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko, tfn.  
Embers West: Zoot Sims to 2/27. Joe Shulman, hb.  
Five Spot: Charles Mingus, Toshiko Mariano, tfn.  
Gaslight Club: Clarence Butchenrider, Charlie Queener, George Wetling, Mike Shiffer, tfn.  
Golden Dome (Atlantic Beach): Lee Shaw, tfn.  
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.  
Kenny's Pub: Gene Quill, Mon.  
Kenny's Steak Pub: Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Wed.-Fri.  
Lincoln Center: Coleman Hawkins, Sonny Rollins, John Coltrane, 2/19.  
L'Intrigue: Ronnie Ball, Jimmy Rowser, Nancy Steele, tfn. Guest stars, Sun.  
Luigi II: John Bunch, Mark Trail, tfn.  
Mark Twain Riverboat: name dance bands.  
Open End: Scott Murray, Wolfgang Knittel, Gary Newman, Eddie Cacavelli, tfn.  
Playboy Club: Kai Winding, Walter Norris, Charles Dungey, Allan Marlowe, Tenison Stephens, Jackie Paris, Anne Marie Moss, hb.  
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, tfn. Don Frye, Sun.  
Shore Cafe (Brooklyn): Eddie Wilcox, Sonny Greer, Herb Gardner, Sun.  
Slug's: name jazz groups. Guest stars, Mon.  
Tost: Scott Reid, tfn.  
Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Greene, tfn.  
Top of the Gate: Jaki Byard, tfn.  
Town Hall: Bill Evans, 2/21.  
Val Anthony's (Roslyn Heights): Sol Yaged, Mon., Fri.  
Village Gate: jazz, wknds.  
Village Vanguard: Thelonious Monk, 2/18-27. Sessions, Mon.  
Well's: Betty Carter, tfn.  
Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

## TORONTO

Cellar Club: modern jazz, wknds.  
Chez Paree: Sir Charles Thompson, tfn.  
Colonial: Don Goldie to 2/26.  
Last Chance Saloon: Larry Dublin, tfn.  
Penny Farthing: Jim McHarg, tfn.  
Town: Jon Hendricks, 2/21-26.  
Inn on the Park: Don Thompson, tfn.

## BALTIMORE

Boar's Head: sessions, Sun. morning, Tue., Wed.  
Buck's: Bill Byrd, tfn.  
Club Casino: Tommy Vann, tfn.  
Colonial House: Dixie Alley Cats, tfn.  
Heritage House: Jerry Clifford, tfn.  
Jockey Club: Jerry Coates, tfn.  
Kozy Korner: Fred Simpson, tfn.  
Krazy Kat: Jimmy McKnight, tfn.  
LeCoc D'Or: African Jazz Quartet, tfn.  
Living Room: Harry Steiert, tfn.  
Madison Club (Left Bank Jazz Society): name groups, Sun.  
Martick's: Brad Wines, tfn.  
Moe's: Dave Ross, tfn.  
Phil Burke's: George Ecker, tfn.  
Playboy: Jimmy Wells, Ted Hawk, tfn.  
Steve's: Jolly Jax, tfn.  
Uptown: Lloyd Grant, tfn.  
Well's: George Jackson, tfn.

## DETROIT AND MICHIGAN

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb. Lenore Paxton, Mon.-Sat.  
Artists' Workshop: Detroit Contemporary 4, Sun. afternoon.  
Baker's Keyboard: Amanda Ambrose, 2/11-20.  
Kenny Burrell, 2/25-3/5. Mose Allison, 3/11-20.  
Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, Tue.-Sat.  
Black Lantern (Saginaw): Paul Vanson, tfn.

Caveus Club: Lenore Paxton, Mon.-Sat.  
Chesapeake Gallery: jazz afterhours, Fri.-Sat.  
Chit Chat: Earl Marshall, Thur.-Sun.  
Drome: Sonny Stitt-Don Patterson, 2/11-20. Eddie Harris, 2/25-3/6. Roland Kirk, 3/11-20. Richard Holmes, 3/25-4/2.  
Frolic: Bill Jennings, Thur.-Sun.  
Half Pint's: Keith Vreeland, Fri.-Sat.  
Hobby Bar: Ben Jones, Pixie Wales, Wed.-Sat.  
LaSalle (Saginaw): Arnie Kane, tfn.  
Momo's: Jack Brokensha, tfn.  
New Olympian: Don Davis, Thur.-Mon.  
Odom's Cave: Gary Chandler, wknds.  
Rouge Lounge: Richard Rountree, wknds.  
Showboat: Bob Elliott, Sun. afternoon.  
Suburban Lounge (Melvindale): Tucker Goles, tfn.  
Tonga: Charles Harris, Mon.-Sat.  
Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, Mon.-Sat.  
Trade Winds: Romy Rand, tfn.  
Waterfall (Ann Arbor): Clarence Byrd, tfn.  
Woods Club (Jackson): concerts afterhours, Sat.  
Zombie: Walter Hamilton, tfn.

## MIAMI AND FLORIDA

Bon Fire: Myrtle Jones, hb.  
Cape Colony Inn (Cocoa Beach): Salt City Six to 2/20.  
Denauville: Bobby Fields, tfn.  
Hampton House: Charlie Austin, hb.  
Mickey's Cricket Club (Pompano Beach): Andy Bartho to 4/13.  
Playboy Club: Bill Rico, hb.  
South Seas Yacht: Matty Cortese, tfn.  
Tropical Club (Fort Lauderdale): The Diplomats, tfn.

## CHICAGO

The Club: B. B. King to 2/13.  
Hungry Eye: Three Souls, tfn.  
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn.  
London House: Ahmad Jamal to 2/27. Stan Getz, 3/1-12. George Shearing, 3/29-4/10.  
Midas Touch: Judy Roberts, tfn.  
Mister Kelly's: Larry Novak, John Frigo, hbs.  
Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, tfn.  
Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ralph Massetti, Joe Iaco, hbs.  
Plugged Nickel: Thelonious Monk to 2/13.  
Showboat Sari S: Art Hodes, tfn.

## NEW ORLEANS

Black Knight: Fred Crane, Jan Allison, tfn.  
Cellar: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, tfn.  
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.  
Famous Door: Mike Lala, Santo Pecora, tfn.  
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, tfn.  
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, tfn.  
Goliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.  
Haven: Ed Frank, wknds.  
Holiday House: David Lastee, afterhours wknds.  
Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole, tfn.  
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, tfn.  
Paddock Lounge: Thomas Jefferson, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.  
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Effie, tfn. Ruth Brown to 2/20.  
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.  
Red Garter Annex: George Lewis, Sun. afternoon.  
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.

## MILWAUKEE

Buddy Beek's: Zig Millonzi, Tue.-Sat.  
Column's Room: Lou Lalli, tfn.  
Dimitri's: Frank Vlasis, Thur.-Sun.  
El Matador: Frank DeMiles, wknds.  
English Room: Tom Marth, Fri.-Sat.  
Green's Living Room: Will Green, tfn.  
Ma's: Four Star Quartet, Wed., Fri.-Sat. Skip Wagner, Sun.  
Mr. Leo's: Bev Dean, wknds.  
Sardino's: Dan Edwards, Mon.-Sat.  
Tina's: George Pritchette, tfn.  
Tunnel Inn: Skip Wagner, Fri.-Sat.

## KANSAS CITY

Casa Blanca: Frank Smith, tfn.  
Club DeLiz: unk.  
Horseshoe: Betty Miller, Milt Abel, tfn.  
Lorelei: Fred Murro, Rosalie Bell, tfn.  
Mel's Pompeii Room: Jolie Harris, tfn.

New Orleans Room: Ed Smith, tfn.  
Pepe's: Dave Zoller, Thur.-Sat.  
Playboy: Pete Eye, tfn.  
The Gallery: George Salisbury, tfn.  
The Inn: Larry Cummings, tfn.  
Vanguard: jazz, Sun.

## LAS VEGAS

Colonial House: Ronnie DiFillips, tfn.  
Flamingo Hotel: Russ Black, hb.  
Fremont Hotel Theater: Nat Brandywynne, hb.  
Riviera Hotel: Marty Heim, Jack Cathcart, hbs.  
Sahara Hotel: Louis Basil, hb. Nancy Wilson, 2/15-28.  
Sands Hotel: Dinhann Carroll, 2/16-3/1. Buddy Greco to 3/1. Sonny King-Vito Russo, tfn.  
Thunderbird Hotel: Eddie DeSantis, tfn.  
Torch Club: Gus Mancuso-Bunny Phillips, tfn.  
Tropicana: Mel Torme-Si Zentner, 3/10-4/6.

## LOS ANGELES

Blinky's (Garden Grove): Southside Jazz Band, wknds.  
Boncville: Bob Harris, Fri.-Sat.  
Casender (Anaheim): Alton Purnell, Sun.-Mon.  
Cavalier (Montebello): Al Morgan, Buddy Collins.  
Celebrity Lounge (West Covina): Joyce Collins.  
Chico's (Long Beach): Gene Palmer, Fri.-Sat.  
Coronet Room: Eddie Donaldson, hb.  
Dean-O's (Santa Barbara): Bill Dads, Hub Keifer, tfn.  
Gilded Cage (Anaheim): Lee Countryman, Tue.-Sat.  
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, wknds.  
Havana Club: Don Ellis, Mon.  
Hermosa Inn (Hermosa Beach): French Quarter Jazz Band, wknds.  
Hot Toddy's (Glendale): Mike Riley, Fri.-Sat.  
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.  
International Hotel: Kirk Stuart, tfn.  
Kabuki Theater: afterhours sessions, Sat.  
La Duce (Inglewood): Teddy Edwards, Dave Bryant, tfn.  
Leapin' Liz's: El Dorado Jazz Band, Fri.-Sat.  
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Mongo Santamaria to 2/13. Howard Rumsey, 2/14-17; 2/28-3/3. Dizzy Gillespie, 2/18-27. Junior Munce, Jimmy Rushing, 3/4-13.  
Marty's: Bobby Bryant, tfn.  
Memory Lane: Harry Edison, Sam Fletcher, tfn. Various groups, Mon.  
Mitchell's Studio Club: Hampton Hawes, Red Mitchell, tfn.  
Officer's Club (Long Beach): Johnny Lane, wknds.  
Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson, tfn.  
Pasadena Civic Auditorium: Nancy Wilson, 2/19.  
Pen & Quill (Manhattan Beach): Clarence Daniels, tfn.  
Pepy's: George Crawford, LeGrande Mason, tfn. P.J.'s: Eddie Cano, tfn.  
Playboy Club: Joe Parnella, Kelle Green, Mike Melvin, hbs.  
Ram's Horn (Encino): Calvin Jackson, Chris Clark, tfn.  
Raven Room (Westminster): June Derry, Tue.-Sat.  
Reuben's (Tustin): Edgar Hayes, Thur.-Sat.  
Reuben's (Whittier): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Wed.  
Roaring '20s (Beverly Hills): Hot Toddy's Dixielanders, Wed.-Sat.  
Shakey's (Hollywood): Nappy Lamare, Carlo Duncan, tfn.  
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Carmen McRae to 2/20. Zoot Sims, 2/22-3/6. Gerald Wilson, 3/8-13. Shelly Manne, Ruth Price, Mon., wknds.  
UCLA: Dizzy Gillespie, Modern Jazz Quartet, 2/12.  
Velvet Turtle (Redondo Beach): Louis Santiago.  
Wagon Wheel Inn (West Covina): Rick Fay, Paul Gardner, Billy Devroe, tfn.  
Ward's Jazzville (San Diego): Leon Petties, Mon. George Semper, hb.  
Woodlake Bowl (Woodland Hills): Gus Bivona.

## SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Jimmy Smith to 2/26.  
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.  
El Matador: Gary McFarland to 2/26.  
Gatsby's (Sausalito): Lou Morell, wknds.  
Height Levels: Norman Williams, Kent Glenn, tfn.  
Hungry i: Eddie Duran, hb.  
Jack of Diamonds: Vernon Alley, Shelly Robbins, tfn.  
Jazz Workshop: Hank Crawford to 2/20. Sonny Terry-Brownie McGhee, 2/22-3/6. Zoot Sims, 3/8-13. Jimmy Rushing, Junior Mance, 3/15-27. Horace Silver, 3/29-4/2. Wynton Kelly, Wes Montgomery, 4/26-5/8. Mose Allison, 5/10-29. Herbie Mann, 5/31-6/12.  
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.  
Playboy Club: Ralph Sharon, Al Plank, Merrill Hoover, hbs.  
The Scene: Don Washington, Buddy Montgomery, tfn.  
Trident (Sausalito): Joe Donato to 2/20.



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