

MARCH 24, 1966

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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

PERCUSSION ISSUE

MAX ROACH Vs. BUDDY RICH

A Notated Analysis Of Two Significant
Jazz Drum Styles

MINGUS' MAN DANNIE

By [unclear] STERN

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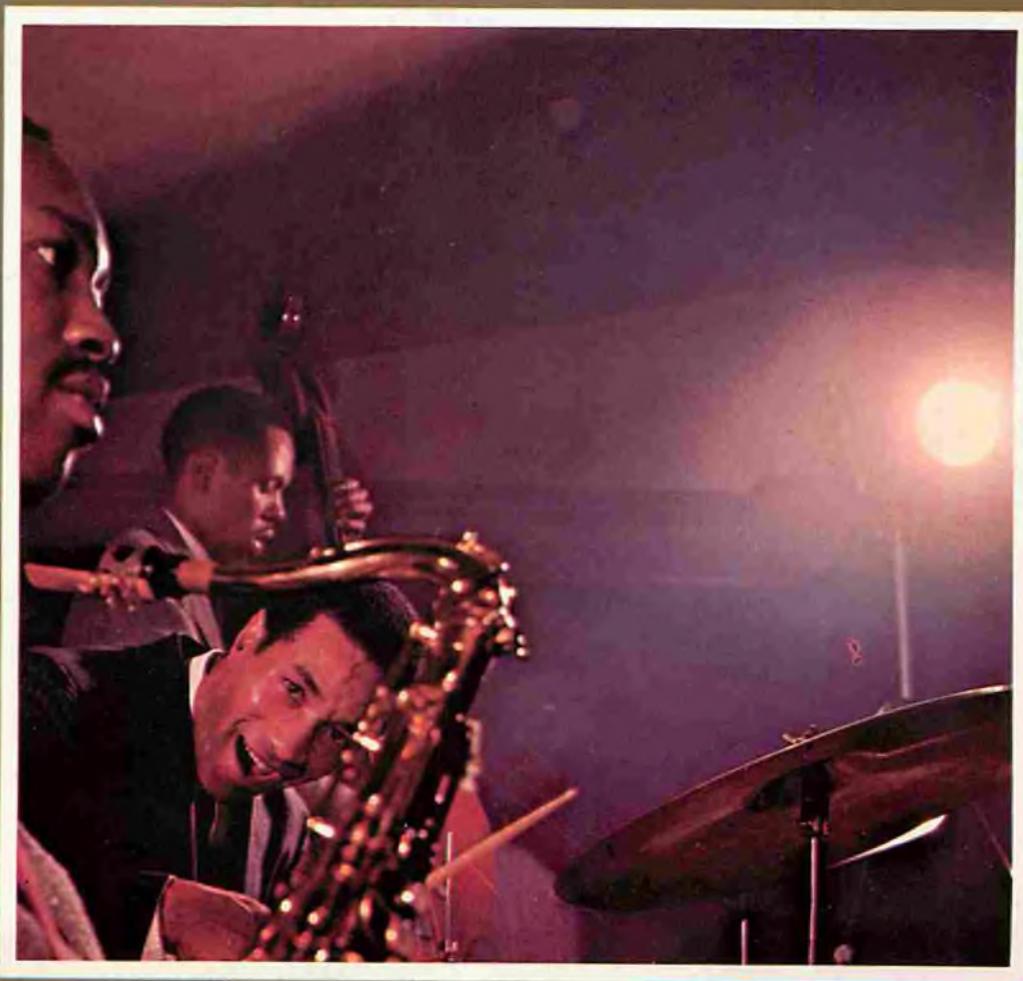
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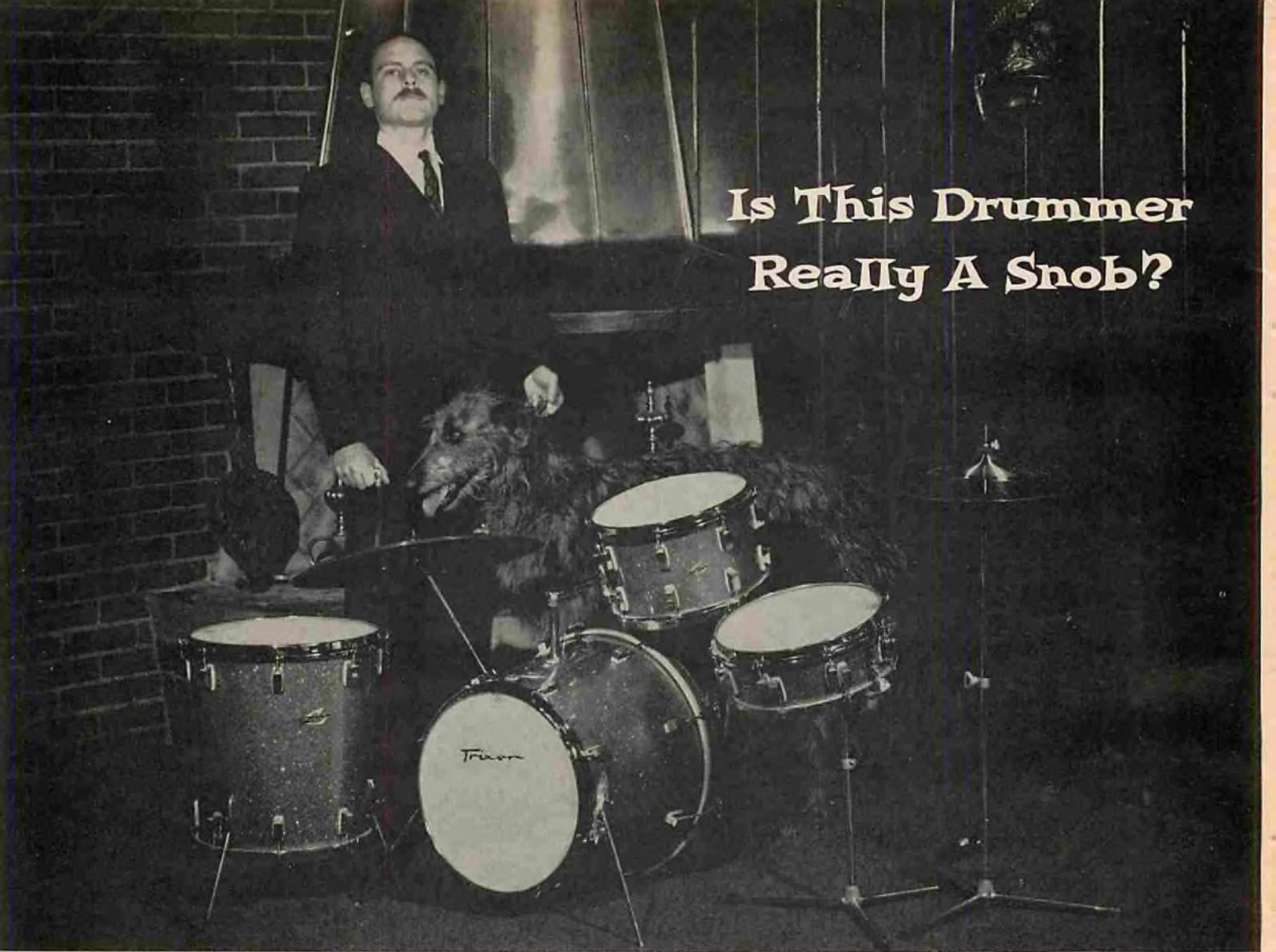
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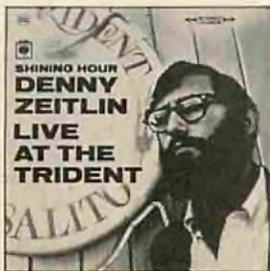
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Congratulations To Conover

I have been a steady reader of *Down Beat* for the last 10 years, and during this period I have read many excellent articles on jazz concerts and festivals. However, after reading the report of Willis Conover on the Prague jazz festival and jazz in eastern Europe (*DB*, Jan. 13, 27), I can say that it is, without doubt, the best documentary on a big jazz event I have ever read.

I would like to express the thanks of Hungarians to Conover for his nice comments on our jazz life.

Attila Marton
Budapest, Hungary

I congratulate Willis Conover for his two lively and interesting articles on the International Festival of Jazz. Both articles gave a true, on-the-spot account as well of jazz activity in Prague, Warsaw, and Budapest.

D. A. Rodrigues
Bombay, India

Adores 'Cores'

I would like to express my appreciation for *Apple Cores* by LeRoi Jones (*DB*, Feb. 10). It is, in my opinion, one of the most interesting and valuable pieces of writing that has appeared in *DB* in a long time. The colorful manner Jones employed in describing the musicians was most illuminating. Besides being America's most gifted poet and playwright, he is a fine critic. My respect and admiration for this angry young man cannot be overemphasized.

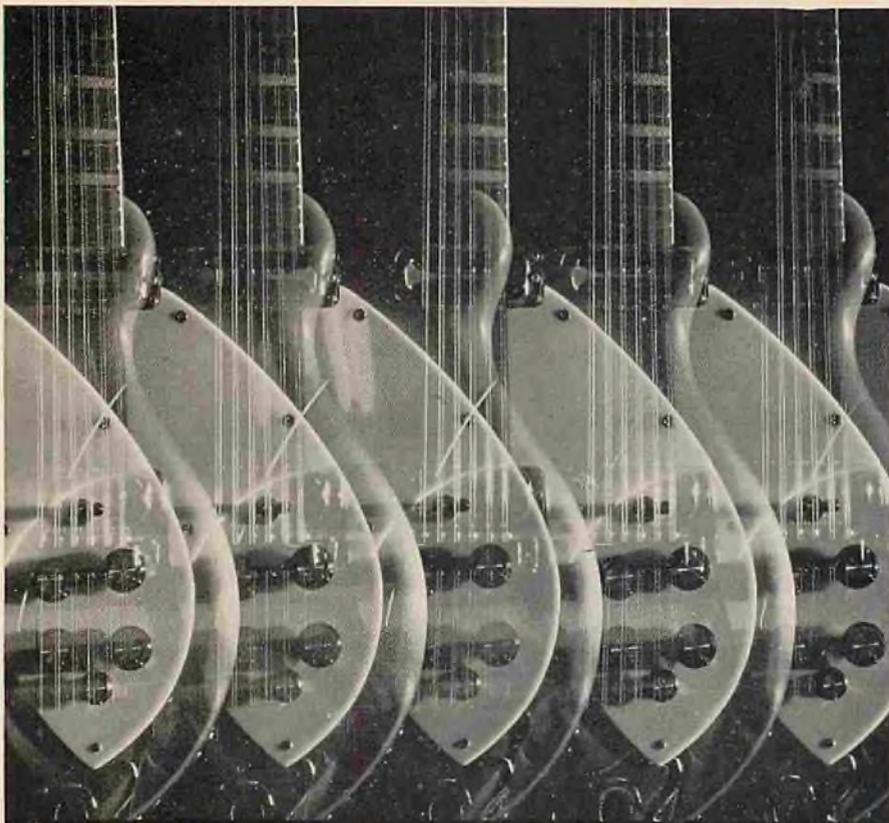
Beverly Abramovitz
Montreal, Quebec

Jones' Terms Distress

When is LeRoi Jones going to cease calling avant-garde jazz "Negro music" or "black music"? What is wrong with the terms "avant-garde" or "new thing"? His terms imply two points, both of which are false.

The first thing that his terms imply is that only Negro musicians are qualified to play it; but he seems to forget that one of the first avant-garde musicians to achieve some sort of audience was a white man, Don Ellis. And can any student or fan of this music forget the contributions of Roswell Rudd or Paul and Carla Bley, to mention only three white avant-garde musicians? It's true that the four greatest avant-garde musicians—Coltrane, Eric Dolphy, Ornette Coleman, and Cecil Taylor—are Negro, as are most of the other good avant-gardists, but you cannot forget the contributions of Ellis, Bley, etc.

The other point Jones implies is that in order to truly appreciate avant-garde music you have to be Negro. I am a white jazz pianist. Does that mean that Cecil Taylor's artistic genius has no place in my musical world? Have I no right to listen to and greatly appreciate Ornette, Albert Ayler, Archie Shepp (who is the greatest saxo-

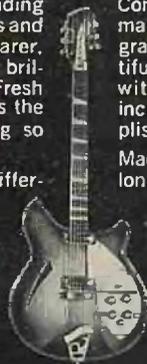


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phonist to come on the scene in a long while), and others?

Art is a personal thing. A man does not have to be Negro or white to create in any given medium. A genius is a genius no matter what color he may be.

Ken Solomon
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Tchicai Hits The Mark

I am just a plain, ordinary jazz fan who listens to the music for the music itself, not the philosophical and social problems involved. But it was encouraging to see John Tchicai's opinion (*DB*, Feb. 10) of the so-called "black music"—namely, that it doesn't exist. I hope that the Tchicais outnumber the Archie Shepps in the avant-garde movement. March, demonstrate, sit in, but please leave jazz alone.

James McNeely Jr.
Chicago

The Error Of DB's Ways . . .

I have always enjoyed reading *Down Beat* since I started to dig jazz (circa 1957). In the past it was interesting, informative, unique, and, above all, non-political in concept. It gave jazz fans fascinating accounts of jazz musicians not as idols but as human beings; it always turned away from the sterile popular music of our culture and the banality of rock and roll. For this, I commend you.

But recently, since the advent of the avant-garde, *DB* has been diminishing in quality and appeal. Rock and roll and protest music is welcomed. With the support of creeps like Archie Shepp, LeRoi Jones, and Nat Hentoff, *DB* has become ultraliberal, socialistic, and left-wing.

Thomas J. Skovira
Paterson, N.J.

I have been a reader of *Down Beat* for many years, and sadly, with each issue, I find the quality of the magazine gradually diminishing.

I am not interested in the life and loves of Leonard Feather, and I am sure others share this feeling. Nor am I interested in the meaningless articles written by Martin Williams and LeRoi Jones. As for Jones, he is selling strictly color, not music. As for the record company that is doing all the recording for Jones' Black Arts Theater, I admire its courage. . . .

Dick Kivowitz
Los Angeles

In Praise Of Shepp

The people who wrote blistering comments about Archie Shepp's article (*DB*, Dec. 16) were, I noticed, quick to come to the conclusion that he was a racist, a Communist, a hate spreader, and a non-musical jazzman, but never did I notice where anyone even took the time to ask themselves what could cause a sensitive human being to express his feelings, thoughts, and memories of suffering as Shepp did.

I failed to find anyone who made an attempt to look deeper into the written thoughts of Shepp and find a human soul striving to be free, creative, and worthwhile but hampered and cornered by the reducing talons of man-made and man-inflicted suffering.

I shudder at the insensitive outrages

heaped upon Shepp's article. The people who profess (for expediency's sake) to be lovers of all humankind missed the fact that suffering of any kind dulls one's consciousness of himself as a human, and this is one of the cruelties that Shepp was trying to point out.

For Shepp and all the others like him, I have admiration and envy. I admire them for their courage in transcending their suffering and radiating its meaning for those who care to try and understand. I envy them because it is they who have come closest to expressing what their existence means to them.

Terry Dawkins
Vienna, Austria

It's curious how the alleged hysteria of one avant-garde jazzman can induce the genuine thing in readers of *Down Beat*. I read Shepp's article and was impressed—not only with what he said but how he said it.

In his position I guess I'd feel as angry, bitter, and resentful as he does, and I just hope my feelings would be as able to generate such a clear and passionate statement as his. It seems somewhat unreasonable to expect an intelligent artist to look backwards (and forwards) on the persecution of his people with blithe indifference.

Charles Radcliffe
London, England

In Defense Of 'The Leader'

To me, Frank Sinatra is not just a singer but *the* jazz singer. Naturally, when I read John S. Wilson's statement to the opposite effect in his Sinatra review (*DB*, Feb. 10), I was eager to read on to discover what a jazz singer must be according to Wilson.

Instead, he wrote that Sinatra is great on ballads, bad on up-beat numbers, and that the spoken commentary on the record was pitched to ring-a-ding-ding idiots. Wilson backs these views with well-stated reasons. Fine. But they also could apply to a jazz singer.

Since Wilson does not substantiate his opening statement that Sinatra is not a jazz singer, I must conclude that he is a presumptuous oaf for saying it in the first place.

Ed Spiegel
Bristol, Tenn.

Right Keyhole, Wrong Key

My apologies to any reader who may have been confused by a sentence in my *12-Tone Blues* article (*DB*, Feb. 24). I wrote "The theme would appear to be (for the trumpet and tenor saxophone) in E Flat." But the theme was printed in concert. Had a trumpet or tenor part been printed, it would have appeared to be in F, not E Flat.

Leonard Feather
North Hollywood, Calif.

Chattering Brooks

To the agitated and agitating on the problem of "jazzing* in northern climes to keep warm": it is only because the solution is possible that the problem exists.

John Benson Brooks
New York City

*From *jaser*, as in French, "to chatter."



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Herman Cancels Soviet Dates

When he was first approached about it some six months ago, bandleader Woody Herman was not too enthusiastic about the idea . . . but at the urging of the U.S. State Department, he finally agreed to take his Herd on a tour of Eastern European countries that would include several engagements in Russia.

Now, however, it looks as though Herman's trepidation was well founded.

As a result of the death of Newcomb Mott, whose trial, imprisonment, and supposed suicide on a Soviet prison train followed his illegal entry into Russia last September, the State Department in mid-February issued a warning to American tourists of the inadvisability of travel in the Soviet Union. The warning pointed out that Russian attitudes toward, and treatment of, American tourists were "colored by the tone of political relations between the two countries," now strained because of the Viet Nam war.

And as a result of that warning, Herman band manager Abe Turchen told *Down Beat*, the Herman band will not visit Russia, though the rest of its itinerary stands as planned. The band leaves the United States May 1 for appearances in Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, and North Africa, the last replacing the tour's Russian portion.

Osie Johnson Dies

Drummer James Osie Johnson, 43, died Feb. 10 in New York after lengthy hospitalization for numerous ailments, including diabetes, kidney and heart trouble, and high blood pressure.

Johnson was born Nov. 11, 1923, in Washington, D.C., where he studied theory and harmony with John Malachi and attended Armstrong High School. He began his professional career with the Harlem Dictators in 1941. The following year he worked with pianist Sabby Lewis. In 1944 and '45, Johnson was in the U.S. Navy, playing in the band at the Great Lakes Naval Training Center, near Chicago. When he was discharged, he settled in Chicago, where, in addition to playing, he also was active as an arranger.

Johnson toured with Earl Hines' small band in 1952 and then worked with groups led by Tony Scott, Illinois Jacquet, and Dorothy Donegan. After moving

permanently to New York City in 1955, Johnson became one of the city's busiest freelance jazz musicians, working in radio and television and participating in numerous record dates.

Though Johnson concentrated on studio and recording work in recent years, he also made occasional night-club appearances, working with, among others, the Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer and Al Cohn-Zoot Sims quintets. Among his associations on records were Coleman Hawkins, Lucky Thompson, George Russell, Dinah Washington, Milt Hinton, Joe Newman, Ben Webster, and Manny Albam.

Fire Guts Two Clubs

Mr. Kelly's, one of Chicago's most prosperous clubs, was heavily damaged Feb. 8 when what was described by the city's fire commissioner as "the nastiest fire I have seen in 25 years" broke out in the building in which the club is located.

The building also contains 15 other businesses, and damage to all was put at \$1,000,000. The damage to Mr. Kelly's was caused mostly by water used in fighting the blaze. Though the club was crowded at the time it was evacuated, no one was injured.

Mr. Kelly's owner, George Marienthal, said he plans to re-open the club as soon as possible, probably at the same location on Rush St. in one of Chicago's busiest entertainment sections.

In Philadelphia the Cadillac Sho-Bar was burned out by a fire that struck in the midst of a February snowstorm. It was the third Philadelphia jazz room to be destroyed by fire in recent years, the Red Hill Inn and the Blue Note having burned previously.

Sho-Bar owner Ben Bynum said he plans to book some jazz into the East End Club in downtown Philadelphia but will not rebuild the Cadillac.

Jazz And Grammy

Jazz, which has been making increasing inroads in the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences lists of award-winning records in recent years, is well represented in this year's batch of "Grammy" award nominations.

Ramsey Lewis' recording of *The "In" Crowd* is one of five contenders for record of the year, with Frank Sinatra, whom some consider a jazz singer, nominated in four categories for his rendition of *Septem-*

ber of My Years, with his *It Was a Very Good Year* nominated in two others.

In the jazz categories of the NARAS nominees, Paul Horn's *Cycle*, Paul Desmond's *Glad to Be Unhappy*, Lewis' *"In" Crowd*, Clark Terry and Bob Brookmeyer's *The Power of Positive Swinging*, Gary McFarland's *Soft Samba*, Cal Tjader's *Soul Sauce*, and Bill Evans' *Trio '65* are contenders for the small-group honors.

Wes Montgomery's *Bumpin'*, Duke Ellington's *Ellington '66*, Rod Levitt's *Insight*, Horn's *Jazz Suite on the Mass Texts*, Kenny Burrell's *Guitar Forms*, Dizzy Gillespie-Gil Fuller's *Love Theme from "The Sandpiper,"* and Stan Getz' *Mickey One* have been nominated in the large-group or soloist-with-large-group category.

Nominations for the best original jazz composition are Montgomery's *Bumpin'*, Oscar Peterson's *Canadiana Suite*, Lalo Schifrin's *Jazz Suite on the Mass Texts*, John Coltrane's *A Love Supreme*, Eddie Sauter's *Mickey One*, and Ellington and Billy Strayhorn's *Virgin Islands Suite*.

The Swingle Singers' *Anyone for Mozart?* and Horn's *Jazz Suite on the Mass Texts* are among nominations in the best chorus performance.

Stanley Dance's annotation of Earl Hines' *Grand Terrace Band* reissue is a nomination for best album notes.

The winners will be announced March 15 at award programs in New York City, Los Angeles, Chicago, and Nashville.

Dizzy Goes Electric

"All the bass players will be mad at me," Dizzy Gillespie said, chuckling. "But let 'em, I don't care. I just like it—I can hear it all the time."

The trumpeter was referring to the electric bass of his new bassist, Frank Schifano, who replaced Chris White with the Gillespie quintet last month. It is the first time a major jazz group has used the electronic instrument since the Mastersounds disbanded some years ago.

"One bass player came up to me," Gillespie told *Down Beat*, "and said, 'But it doesn't have the warmth of wood.' And I said, 'You don't play on the wood.'"

When White left so did his close friend, drummer Rudy Collins, who was replaced by Candy Finch. White and Collins had been with the trumpeter since 1962. The bassist has joined pianist Lee Shaw's trio at Wells' in New York City, and Collins has become a member of Herman Foster's group.

"The parting with Dizzy was very

amicable," White said. "In a case like this, there always seem to be people who make up all kinds of stories, so I want to emphasize that I have nothing but the warmest feelings about Dizzy and my years with the group."

White said he left to study at the Manhattan School of Music. He also plans to study psychology and to combine the two disciplines in music-therapy work.

Prescription Woe For Chet Baker

The grim specter of narcotics addiction has haunted fluegelhornist-singer Chet Baker during much of his professional career. Prior to 1959, when he emigrated to Europe, it made his life in the United States all but untenable, and his extended stay abroad was a virtual continental chase as Baker ran afoul of narcotics laws in several countries there, eventually serving a 17-month jail sentence in Italy.

But the horn man returned to the United States in March, 1964, declaring he had left his habit in Europe.

Until late last year, it appeared he was right. But on Dec. 27 Baker was arrested during his engagement at Shelly's Mann-Hole in Hollywood, Calif., on two counts of forging prescriptions to obtain drugs. Arraigned the next day in Inglewood, Calif., Municipal Court, the fluegelhornist was released when bail, set at \$5,500, was posted by World Pacific records.

Baker told *Down Beat*, "What I did about forging the prescriptions was wrong, and I'm sorry about that. But I've been suffering from intense neuralgia for a long time now. You wouldn't believe the headaches I've been having. A couple of doctors I'd been seeing in New York gave me some drugs to kill the pain, but it hasn't helped me enough."

Following two continuances, Baker's preliminary hearing has been set for April 7.

Potpourri

When it was announced that **Duke Ellington** would do a concert of his religious music Feb. 21 at a cathedral in Coventry, England, the demand for tickets to the event ran heavy, especially since there was no charge for them. In fact, the demand was so great a few days before the concert that ticket scalpers were asking \$14 apiece for the freebies.

The **Modern Jazz Quartet** began a two-week solo concert tour of Japan March 2 with a performance at Tokyo's Sankei Hall. After concerts in Sapporo, Osaka, Kyoto, and other Japanese cities, the tour ends March 14 with a second Tokyo concert, at Kosei Nenkin Hall, following which the quartet flies to Australia for concerts March 18 through 29 in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Canberra. Also



SECOND
CHORUS:
By NAT
HENTOFF

On The Outside, Looking In—Jazz And Federal Subsidation Of The Arts

For the first time since the depression, the federal government is systematically, actively subsidizing the arts. Through the National Arts Endowment, grants are being distributed to drama companies, writers, and eventually to dancers, painters, symphony orchestras, and such.

Predictably there is no word yet—let alone bread—for jazz. Jazz has never been regarded as serious art by any of the various cultural establishments in this country. With exceedingly few exceptions, for instance, jazz is ignored in the quarterlies. And when there are symposiums on the performing arts, jazzmen are as likely to be invited as koto players.

Jazz may be "America's only true art form," indigenously speaking, but like those only true Americans, the Indians, it's kept on a reservation. And without any chance of sudden oil wells.

I don't know of any way to get a fresh deck in the foreseeable future. Only pressure will bring change, and there aren't that many congressmen who really care whether Cecil Taylor eats regularly or not. Of course, if SNCC finally does elect candidates in the South and the new northern political-action groups succeed in altering the distribution of power, maybe we will have enough hip congressmen to remind the administrators where American musical art is really at. But that time ain't coming right away.

Consider what could be done just on the basis of the initial projects already planned. By next fall, the National Arts Endowment will have on the road three new professional repertory companies playing Shakespeare and other classics. They'll be working free matinees for students from Mondays through Fridays.

Now, I'm all for bringing drama out of books onto the school stage, but I think it is at least as important for white middle-class youngsters to hear what jazz is saying of the American experience. And it's important for black youngsters to see and hear a John Coltrane, a Red Allen, an Archie Shepp. They sure don't see them on television.

I'd extend that kind of project to have some sessions for teachers. Not only jazz but rock and roll and rhythm and blues too. If the teachers were capable of actually comprehending what's happening in today's radically democratized, miscegenated, and declassed pop music,

they'd have a much firmer sense of what their students are thinking and feeling.

The new federal subsidizers also will provide grants that will enable colleges and universities to have more writers in residence, teachers in residence, painters in residence.

Why not combos in residence? And elder jazz statesmen in residence? Rex Stewart could move between music and sociology departments with great benefit to both. I'd also have blues singers in residence. College departments exploring the nature and problems of the American city could learn more than a few things from Howling Wolf and John Lee Hooker.

And even after \$85,000,000 last year from the Ford Foundation, there'll be additional grants now for U.S. symphony orchestras. But no government grants for the creation and maintenance of perhaps two or three permanent jazz orchestras that could act as training grounds for apprentice musicians, could commission new works, and could give free concerts in the schools.

The reason for the current governmental benevolence toward the arts is the President's view that a Great Society isn't quite whole without some art in it. But, as before, jazz is on the outside of that Great Society—even though some of the new player-composers are scuffling so badly they qualify for attention under Sargent Shriver's department.

In one way, perhaps the continued freeze from on high is healthy for jazz. Like, years ago someone asked painter John Sloan what he thought of the idea of having a federal arts department. Fine, he said, adding that this way we'd know where the enemy was.

But still, with the money finally in circulation, it's a drag to see it going for more Shakespeare and more Beethoven and none for the blues and none for Andrew Hill.

I wonder what would happen if we had a President for whom jazz was a vital need. Maybe there's time. Maybe we can get some records over to Bobby Kennedy and John Lindsay, put them on the reviewers' list for all jazz releases, and give them a box at Monterey. And on inauguration day in 1972, instead of the Marine Band, there would be Duke.





BYSTANDER
By MARTIN
WILLIAMS

Mellers, Malcolm, And Modern Man

Let's imagine an ideal historian of American music.

He would need the emotional response, the perception, and the intellectual hard-headedness of a good critic. He would need the ears and the technical equipment of a good musicologist. And he would need the scope and depth of a musical historian as intimately acquainted with Stephen Foster as with Charles Ives, with Sidney Bechet as with Aaron Copland, with King Oliver as with George Gershwin—with Louis Armstrong, Fats Waller, Thelonious Monk, Charlie Parker.

But one need not imagine such a man, for he exists—or a man very like him does. His name is Wilfred Mellers; he has written his history of American music in *Music in a New Found Land* (Knopf). He is not American but British.

It is gratifying to read a book in which the author is able to talk intelligently about the manner in which the Negro-American idiom affected such different musical temperaments as those of Louis-Moreau Gottschalk and Stephen Foster and, at the same time, can show such an understanding of the importance of that idiom itself, aside from its influence, that he acknowledges Duke Ellington as one of the most important musical figures this country has produced.

Inevitably, musical history is part criticism, and good criticism is sometimes a one-way dialog in which the reader supplies the missing half. I can't accept Mellers' version of the relationship of the artist and society. I don't share his opinion of Gershwin. I don't quite agree with his conclusion on John Coltrane and Ornette Coleman. Three examples. But I know he has heard the music carefully, has responded to it, has thought about it. From his response and his thinking I have learned something.

One might be led to the *Autobiography of Malcolm X* for musical reasons. As "Detroit Red" he was on the scene in Harlem, and he tells us something about Harlem's music. But one should read his book because it is one of the most revealing biographies by an American.

He lived his life as a Negro American, but that life was a search for himself, his own identity, his own being. Traditionally that is the search of one's youth and young manhood. But in our country and in our time it is likely to last an un-

fulfilled lifetime for many men. Although Malcolm X's lifetime was 40 years, he did not find his identity.

If Malcolm X's experience were not in some sense universal, his life would have been lamentable. But since it was universal, and since he was a complex man, his story is meaningful tragedy. He sought himself through religion and through a kind of politics—and he failed. The nature of his search ultimately implied the circumstances of his downfall, and at the moment of that downfall he was probably closer to personal insight than at any other time.

So long as these remarks here have at least brushed politics (and so long as several jazz writers speak so often on the subject nowadays), I will take the occasion to say something more.

For me there are two introductory and basic books on contemporary man. The first of these is by the psychologist C. G. Jung; it is his brief 1957 *The Undiscovered Self* (now a Mentor paperback). The other is *The Dark Eye in Africa* (Apollo Editions paperback), the work of Laurens Van Der Post, a former South African who is now persona non grata in that country.

As much as I respect, for examples, the first-rate journalism of Robert Penn Warren's *Who Speaks for the Negro?* (Knopf) or the philosopher's insights of José Ortega y Gasset in *The Revolt of the Masses* (Mentor), I would recommend the Jung and Van Der Post books over them as offering the greatest insight into modern man, with particular relevance for Americans, than any I know.

The ideas of those two authors are, to be sure, somewhat removed from those fashionable nowadays in any circles, high-, middle-, or low-brow. They are certainly far removed from those of the far left (or for that matter the far right or the comfortable middle), new or old—the left that sees so much that is wrong, disturbingly wrong, in our world, sees it sometimes with such clarity, but that understands so little and that offers a crude, and frequently self-righteous Marxist melodrama as a basis for setting things right.

What Jung and Van Der Post have in common is that they exalt the ultimate value of the individual, and they do so more firmly and against bigger odds than any men I know in this century.

It is, I think, significant that neither of them is American. We live in a country that talks a great deal—right, middle, and left—about individual freedom but in practice suspects personal liberty, allows little, and encourages less.

Have we now strayed far from the subject of jazz? Maybe not. I cannot be sure, of course, but perhaps in my own life it was years of listening to jazz, which affirms the value of the individual finding his own way, which shows what he can learn from others, what he can achieve in the company of others, and what he can discover only through himself—it was this that prepared me to respond to Jung and Van Der Post. 

visiting Japan will be organist **Jimmy Smith** and his trio, who initiate a 10-day concert tour on April 1. Smith, who recently cut an album of vocals for Verve, is now including singing in his repertoire.

Miles Davis, who underwent surgery for a hip ailment last April and who broke his leg in August, was hospitalized again Jan. 31, this time for inflammation of the liver. He was confined at University Hospital in New York City until Feb. 14, when he was allowed to go home for a two-week convalescence. Davis' agents said the trumpeter was expected to resume work in early March.

Commemorating the 11th anniversary of his death on March 12, 1955, a memorial tribute to **Charlie Parker**, featuring seven alto saxophonists and two rhythm sections, will be held March 10 at the Club Ruby in Queens, N.Y. The participating altoists are **Jackie McLean**, **Charles McPherson**, **Sonny Redd**, **James Spaulding**, **Gary Bartz**, **Bobby Brown**, and **Clarence (C) Sharpe**.

Beginning in late February, critic **Leonard Feather's** weekly jazz column was made available to more than 130 member publications of the Los Angeles *Times-Washington Post* News Service. The column will be carried by more than 60 domestic newspapers, 60 publications overseas, and 11 in Canada.

The results of Britain's *Melody Maker* jazz polls found the following musicians taking the top spots in the newspaper's readers poll: **Duke Ellington**, top musician, big-band leader, arranger, and composer; **Modern Jazz Quartet**, small group; **Miles Davis**, trumpet; **J. J. Johnson**, trombone; **Johnny Hodges**, alto saxophone; **John Coltrane**, tenor saxophone; **Gerry Mulligan**, baritone saxophone; **Pee Wee Russell**, clarinet; **Roland Kirk**, flute and miscellaneous instrument; **Milt Jackson**, vibraharp; **Wes Montgomery**, guitar; **Oscar Peterson**, piano; **Jimmy Smith**, organ; **Ray Brown**, bass; **Art Blakey** and **Elvin Jones**, drums; **Frank Sinatra**, male singer; **Ella Fitzgerald**, female singer; **Swingle Singers**, vocal group; **Jimmy Witherspoon**, blues singer; and **Albert Ayler**, new star. In the critics division, the writers concurred with the readers except for the following choices: **Ornette Coleman**, musician of the year; **Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer**, combo; **Gil Evans**, arranger; **Clark Terry** tied with **Miles Davis**, trumpet; **Brookmeyer**, trombone; **Sonny Rollins**, tenor saxophone; **James Moody**, flute; **Earl Hines**, piano; **Elvin Jones**, drums; **Joe Turner**, male singer; **Sarah Vaughan**, female singer; **Double Six**, vocal group; **David Izenzon**, new star.

One of the world's largest jazz record collections was donated to the University of Wisconsin in Milwaukee by Dr. **John Dale Owens** last month. The 12,000-record collection has been evaluated at \$29,000 by jazz authority **John Steiner**. The

Owens collection covers the years 1917-1951, is completely indexed and in excellent condition. Highlights of the collection are 1,300 V-Discs and 1,100 transcriptions, none of which have been issued for public purchase. The collection is to be used for both recreation and research by the students and is expected to act as a nucleus for the school's growing interest in jazz as an art form.

A New York Neophonic Orchestra has been founded as a non-profit enterprise, inspired by the similar ensemble established in Los Angeles by Stan Kenton. The board of directors of the Manhattan branch includes **Ralph Burns**, **George Handy**, **Jaki Byard**, **Oliver Nelson**, **Johnny Richards**, **Kenny Dorham**, **Ray Starling**, **John Mehegan**, and critic **Jack McKinney**. Four concerts are planned for the 1966-67 season.

Dave Kidd, 49, who for the last 10 years hosted jazz programs on stations WBRK in Pittsfield, N.Y., and WGY in Schenectady, N.Y., died in Pittsfield's St. Luke's Hospital Feb. 2. He had been in poor health for some time prior to his death.

It could only happen to **Wingy Manone**: driving to his home in Las Vegas after gigs in the east, the trumpeter was robbed by two female hitchhikers in Gallup, N.M.

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK: "The Jazz Band," an 18-piece all-star group co-led by cornetist **Thad Jones** and drummer **Mel Lewis** and featuring Jones' arrangements, was enthusiastically received by a SRO-plus crowd at the Village Vanguard at the first of a series of four Monday night appearances at the club. The orchestra will make its concert debut at **George Wein's** Arranger Workshop concert at Hunter College March 18 . . . A concert series devoted to avant-garde jazz began in February at the Astor Place Playhouse. The concerts take place Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights and feature groups led by tenor saxophonist **Albert Ayler**, pianists **Sun Ra**, **Paul Bley**, and **Burton Greene**, plus other artists from the ESP-Disc stable. The label's owner, attorney **Bernard Stollman**, is the series' producer . . . After a six-month tour of Europe, including club and concert appearances in England, Sweden, Denmark, Spain, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and Iceland, flugelhornist **Art Farmer** has formed a new group that made its debut at the Half Note last month. The personnel includes **Jimmy Heath**, tenor saxophone; **Al Dailey**, piano; **Reggie Workman**, bass; and **Mickey Roker**, drums . . . Jazz Interactions began a series of Sunday afternoon sessions at the Embers West in mid-February, with saxophonist-flutist **Jerome Richardson's** quartet (**Roland Hanna**, piano; **Ben Tucker**, bass; **Grady Tate**, drums) and guests initiating it. The non-profit organization's Jazzline, a telephone

service offering up-to-date New York jazz information, has changed its number to 861-9188 . . . Recent jazz concert activity included a Feb. 27 Town Hall program featuring guitarist **Kenny Burrell** with small group and full orchestra and a March 4 Carnegie Hall package with pianist **Oscar Peterson's** trio, a big band led by trumpeter **Maynard Ferguson**, and singer **Billy Eckstine**. Ferguson, at the helm of a sextet, is scheduled to play the Village Gate on the second and third weekends of March . . . Baritone saxophonist **Gerry Mulligan** brought a quartet to the Village Vanguard for two weeks ending March 20 . . . A giant jam session concluded pianist **John Bunch** and bassist **Mark Trail's** 44-week stay at Luigi's Feb. 6. The visitors included trumpeters **Bill Berry**, **John Frosk**, and **Joe Newman**, saxophonists **Jerry Dodgion**, **Richie Kamuca**, **Zoot Sims**, and **Phil Woods**, bassist **Eugene Wright**, and drummer **Jake Hanna** . . . The quintet co-led by tenor saxophonist **Pharaoh Sanders** and trumpeter **Clifford Thornton** were to begin a series of Monday night concerts at Sheridan Square Theater March 7 . . . Clarinetist **Sol Yaged**, pianist **Dave Martin**, and drummer **Sam Ulano** make up the new house band at the Gaslight Club . . . Drummer **Walter Perkins** and bassist **Vic Sproles** have joined pianist **George Taylor** at Bill's on East 70th St. . . . A benefit sponsored by the Society to Prevent Excess Unemployment for Jazz Musicians to raise funds for a clubhouse took place at the Village Gate Feb. 3, with **Cannonball Adderley** as emcee. There were 37 musicians and singers participating . . . Clarinetist **Tony Scott**, enjoying a long run at the Dom, has pianist **McCoy Tyner**, bassist **Henry Grimes**, and drummer **Eddie Marshall** in his group . . . Drummer **Les DeMerle**, with **John Patton**, organ, and **Chuck D'Or**, trumpet, began a month's stay at the Sir Lion restaurant on W. 45th St. March 1 . . . Guitarist **Sal Salvador** heads a quartet at the Nut Box, replacing a successful discotheque operation, **Disc-Au-Go-Go**. Owner **Larry Matthews** announced the change in policy with the prediction that the discotheque fad has ended . . . The **Duke Ellington** musical *Pousse Cafe*, starring **Lilo** and **Theodore Bikel**, is scheduled to open at the 46th St. Theater March 16 . . . Disc jockey **Alan Friedrichs** began a series of bi-weekly Sunday night sessions at **Chuck's** Composite Feb. 13 . . . Cornetist **Jimmy McPartland** and his pianist-wife, **Marian**, concertize at the Aztec Village in Huntington, N.Y., April 3 . . . Ex-Basicites **Jo Jones**, drums, **Buddy Tate**, tenor saxophone, and **Eli Robinson**, trombone, were reunited at a Fairfield, Conn., Motor Inn Monday night session with pianist **Mike Abene** and bassist **Ron McClure** helping out . . . Composer-saxophonist **Ed Summerlin** scored three television programs for Canadian Broadcasting Corp. The music was performed by Summerlin, alto saxophonist **Don Heckman**, and local jazz musicians. The Summerlin-Heckman Improvisational Ensemble was heard in concert at Poughkeepsie Day School in early March.

LOS ANGELES: Century Plaza Hotel in Beverly Hills will debut in June. Among the names booked into the main room between June and September are vocalists **Kay Starr**, **Pearl Bailey**, **Vikki Carr**, and **Eartha Kitt**. The 12-piece house band will be fronted by **Frankie Ortega**. During that same stretch, the club's lounge will feature **Gloria Tracy**, **The Modernaires**, **Page Cavanaugh**, and **Joe Williams** . . . The Gaslight Club, in the middle of Los Angeles' Restaurant Row, folded after 2½ years as a key club. A variety of jazz was heard there, running the gamut from Dixieland to **Stan Kenton** . . . The so-called "battle of the bands" between **Woody Herman** and **Harry James** at the Carousel, in West Covina, took in more than \$8,000 . . . Melodyland, in Anaheim, has booked the **Dizzy Gillespie** Quintet and the **Dave Brubeck** Quartet for a one-nighter April 11 . . . Singer **Ocie Smith**, featured at Ward's Jazzville in San Diego last month, returns there for another one-nighter March 18; he will share the bill with the **Les McCann** Trio . . . The **Stan Getz** Quartet played a one-nighter at the Valley Music Theater in late February . . . Shifty's, a new club in San Diego, opened with vocalist **Sue Raney** and the **Four Freshmen**. The Freshmen were backed by pianist **Donn Trenner's** quintet. The club boasts a gangster motif, vintage roaring '20s, for decor—photos of such as **Al Capone**, **John Dillinger**, and **Lucky Luciano** adorn the walls . . . **Stan Kenton's** former wife, vocalist **Ann Richards**, recently booked into the Playboy Club here, subbed for **Stan Worth** at Jack and Sandy's, where she was accompanied by pianist **Bill Marx's** trio for the two-week engagement.

CHICAGO: The **George Shearing** Quintet's engagement, March 29-April 10, at the London House has fallen through. Pianist-singer **Amanda Ambrose** has been booked into the club from March 15 to April 2, and pianist **Eddie Higgins's** trio, which normally serves as house band, will be the main attraction April 4-10. (Pianist-singer **Judy Roberts** now leads the other house trio at the club; she's heard Wednesdays and Thursdays.) After Higgins' week in the limelight, the London House plans to feature acts originally signed for its sister club, Mr. Kelly's, which was gutted by fire last month (see *News & Views*). Thus, comedian **Mort Sahl** is scheduled to play the London House April 25-May 15, provided Mr. Kelly's is not reopened by then. The **Ramsey Lewis** Trio and **Mongo Santamaria's** Latin group are to play the London House in June . . . Organist **Jack McDuff** was set for the **Plugged Nickel** for five days late last month, before **John Coltrane's** scheduled opening. The club was undecided at presstime who would follow Coltrane but hoped to get **Art Blakey** March 11-20. The club's other bookings include saxophonist **Sonny Stitt** and singer **Carmen McRae** for April appearances and organist **Jimmy Smith** in May . . . Tenorist **Prince James** took over the weekend spot

(Continued on page 50)

MINGUS' MAN DANNIE RICHMOND

By DAN MORGENSTERN

FOR NEARLY A DECADE—longer than any other musician—drummer Dannie Richmond has been a member of bassist-composer Charles Mingus' varied groups, an accomplishment that has won him recognition and respect both from his colleagues and from the jazz audience.

When a Mingus group is in full stride, it often seems as if some kind of telepathy occurs between Richmond and the leader, whose sudden and mercurial changes in the mood or tempo of a piece are always instantly reflected in his drummer's response.

"I can just about tell them coming on," Richmond says. "There have been many nights when Mingus has wanted something in the way of an embellishment or a roll or a buildup, and I've done those things, and he'll look back at me and sing out: 'Read my mind!' I feel good about things like that."

Richmond, an even-tempered man who always seems to have time for anyone who wants his attention, has established a relationship with Mingus that surprises many who think they know the temperamental and often unpredictable bassist.

"It still mystifies me how it has lasted this long," Richmond commented. "There have been times when we have been on the best of terms, and he has treated me royally, but at other times I'd feel a draft. I still don't know what it is.

"But the relationship has been in-

valuable. I've learned things I couldn't have gotten from anyone else; not only about music, but about life itself. We used to go to a little restaurant between sets at the Showplace [a club in New York's Greenwich Village where Mingus had a long run in the '50s], and he'd tell me about extended forms, about breaking up the rhythm, about not having the same thing going on from beginning to end of a tune. His music is built around life. A girl or an incident will cause music to flow from Mingus..."

It was Mingus who was instrumental in establishing Richmond firmly on the second phase of his musical career, for the 30-year-old drummer had originally started in music as a tenor saxophonist.

"Yes," he smiled in recollection, "I played rock-and-roll, I walked the bar and, sad but true, even took a stroll into the ladies' bathroom. People would come in every night to wait for *Flying Home*, just to see me take that walk..."

These antics were featured with the group of saxophonist Paul Williams, composer of *The Hucklebuck*, with whom Richmond was working when that hit recording was still hot.

"I'd dropped out of school for a minute or two to join him, but my mom straightened me out about that," he recalled.

RICHMOND WAS reared alternately in New York City and his native Greensboro, N.C., where he first picked up the tenor saxophone.

"The horn was a Christmas present for my older brother," Richmond said, "but he was the athletic type, and in our high school, you couldn't be in the band and in athletics both; it's a pretty stupid thing, but it's still that way down there."

His brother chose football over music, and Dannie picked up the un-

used horn. He played it for four years in school and then, back in New York, studied for almost four more years at Music Center Conservatory.

"I was trying very hard to play like Gene Ammons," he said. "That was my man, but I still had that strong rhythm-and-blues thing I was naturally born with, I guess."

After his next-to-last semester at the conservatory, Richmond went to Greensboro to visit his mother.

"Jackie McLean was at A&T College, and we tried to get together every day to blow," he recalled. "There were some other musicians—white and colored cats used to jam together, though we were down south—but there were very few drummers around."

One day the drummer didn't show up, and Richmond took over the time-keeping duties, something not entirely new to him.

"One year, during the concert season," he explained, "the band director had switched me to tympani, so I had gotten the feel of the sticks and learned single-stroke rolls. I found that I could keep time, and all the fellows said that I should switch to drums!"

Richmond, who had recently purchased a new tenor saxophone, a clarinet, and a flute, used two of his horns as down payment on a set of drums.

"My mother says my practicing didn't bother her," Richmond said with a laugh, "but she had a helluva time getting me downstairs to eat, and she had to come and tell me when it was time to go to bed."

Richmond had intended to return to the conservatory to complete his studies, but fate intervened. One night, at the Pad (a now-defunct New York jazz club), Mingus' group was on the stand playing *Cherokee* at a furious tempo. The drummer couldn't make it, and Mingus stopped the tune. "Lou Donaldson hollered out: 'My home boy will play that tempo,' and there I was," Richmond said.

The young drummer rose to the challenge.

"Mingus said he wanted to see me at intermission, and he displayed all his charm," Richmond stated. "He knew that Jackie and I were good friends, so he took pains to explain to me that a recent misunderstanding between them had been a matter of constant provocation. He convinced me."

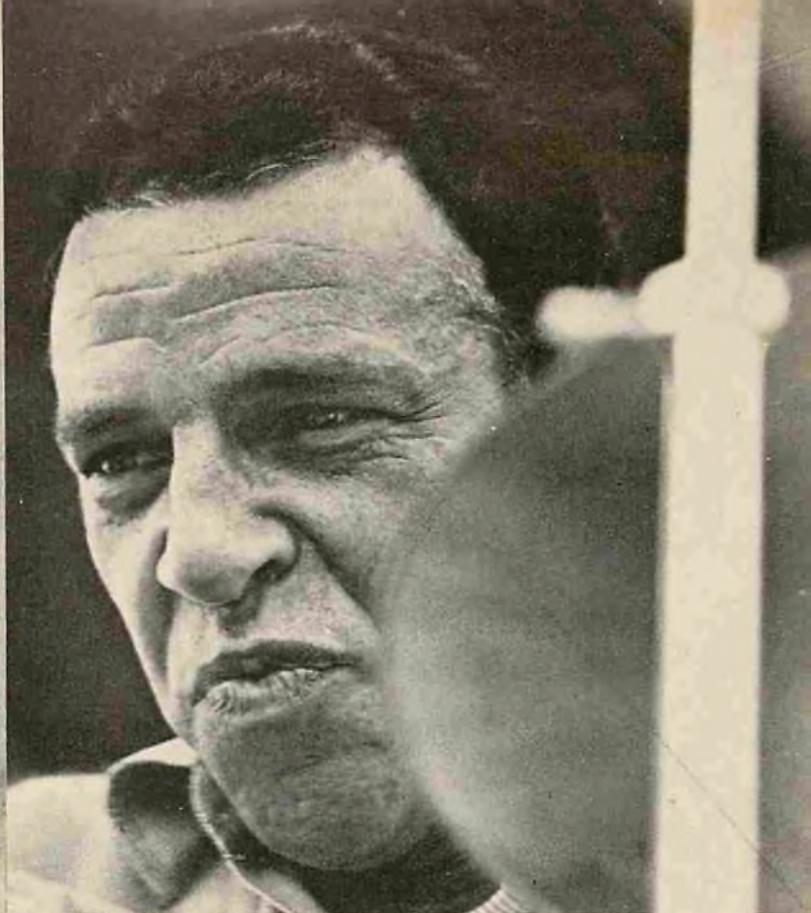
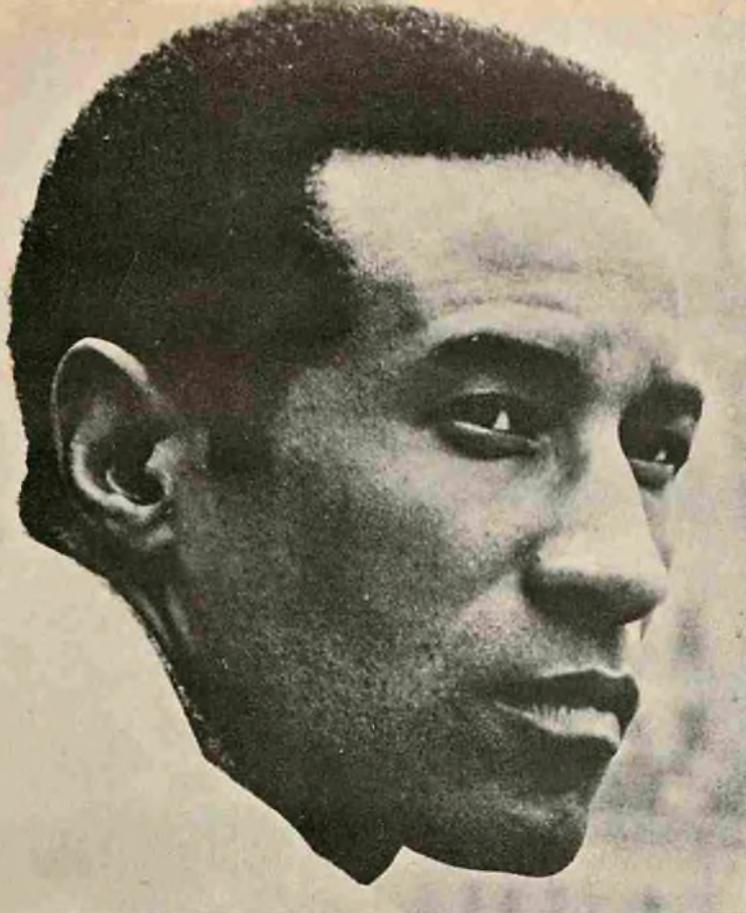
Richmond recalled his nervousness—"I knew it was going to be some big shoes to step into"—but he has never regretted his decision to join Mingus. Of his long tenure with the bassist, he

(Continued on page 49)

With Mingus and the late Eric Dolphy in Europe



RUGGERO STIASSI



JOE ALPER

MAX ROACH Vs. BUDDY RICH

A NOTATED ANALYSIS OF TWO SIGNIFICANT MODERN JAZZ DRUMMING STYLES, BY RUPERT KETTLE

THE STYLES of jazz drumming, in ensemble and in solo, have become more and more involved over the last several years.

The playing of some contemporary drummers seems to indicate an overdue and more-than-welcome renaissance of rhythmic intricacy in jazz drumming, a development that enchants the average listener as much as it may confound him and allows the nonmusician critic to add words like "polyrhythm" to his vocabulary of misuse.

It is not this article's intention to discuss more recent developments in jazz percussion playing, but it should be pointed out that the new complexity may not be so new or so complex. The percussion playing of today may seem so terribly involved only because it stands out in such stark relief to the drumming of the previous 20 years, drumming almost totally devoid of rhythmic interest. (Note: when mentioning "rhythm" here, what is referred to is only its basic arithmetic, as found in the smallest rhythmic units, metric shiftings and implications, and over-all structural devices.)

There are many possible reasons for the rhythmic naivete evinced by drummers of the 1940s and '50s, but the following seem the most valid:

- A reaction to the harmonic, melodic, and rhythmic complexity developing elsewhere in the jazz ensemble.
- A reaction against the florid, highly elaborate style of drumming of the preceding era, a style based primarily on military snare-drum technique.
- An increasing awareness of musical elements other than those exclusively rhythmic.

The last development, in turn, led to:

- Fuller exploration of all of the tonal possibilities of the drum set, a highly important advance, for it has led to the concept of the set as one instrument, rather than just snare drum with supporting bass drum and assorted auxiliary instruments.

- Drummers beginning to function as soloists within the frameworks of given tunes, just as other instrumentalists do. This is a difficult feat for many drummers to accomplish, and much of the oversimplified phrasing that is to be heard in drum solos of the '40s and '50s may have resulted from a player's overconcentration on the structure of a tune he was playing.

To illustrate some of the differences between the use of drums as a jazz solo instrument in the pre-bop periods and that in the bop and post-bop periods, solos by Buddy Rich and Max Roach, as heard in the album *Rich vs. Roach* (Mercury MG 20448 and 60133) have been transcribed. (This album is musically poor, but it does contain performances both excellent and typical by each of the drummers.)

The 1959 Mercury album presents the playing of possibly the finest representatives of their respective approaches and at the same time presents both men as mature musicians, at the height of their creative and technical powers.

Details of the solos will be discussed as they occur, but first some general observations:

On the long solos, neither drummer functions within the tune being played, although *Sing, Sing, Sing* is more just an eight-measure riff than a tune, and on it both drummers play a certain number of eight-measure phrases plus a two-measure tag. On



Roach and Rich recording the performances analyzed here

ROACH

Rich is least impressive in his solo here; the solo contains some fine phrases, but somehow they don't seem to hang together too well.

The figure  et seq. in Measures 23-29 and 49-74 in Rich's solo represents a press roll of a type that goes back at least as far as Baby Dodds; each note of the triplets is distinctly heard, but the sticks are pressed into the drumhead to produce a more legato effect.

Measure 26, fourth beat, to Measure 30, second beat, contain the superimposition of a faster tempo as previously mentioned.

Measure 57, second beat, to Measure 59, second beat, use superimposition of a slower tempo.

For Roach, this is his best solo in the album if only because he plays like Max Roach, without trying to engage Rich in any sort of cutting contest. The solo, played with string-bass accompaniment, is carefully built, and the tasteful alternation of phrases of a loose, sparse feeling with those of a tenser, more busy nature is notable.

Bracketed are figures derived from  in all of Roach's solos, and even a casual glance at these transcriptions shows why this rhythmic pattern can be called his favorite.

The triplets on the closed hi-hat in Measures 17-23 are a visual trick that Roach often employs. The sticking is probably:

The first left is played with the shank of the drumstick in an upward arm motion, and the second left is played with the butt of the stick in a downward arm motion, and so on.

The figure

in Measures 81 and 83 is probably inexact, because it is difficult to tell just what Roach had in mind here rhythmically.

Yesterdays

ROACH

RICH

RICH

ROACH

Roach's solo, accompanied by Rich playing a pseudo-Nanigo rhythm on a cowbell, is pleasant enough, although far less interesting than his playing on *Sing, Sing, Sing*. The phrasing's periodicity here is a little too obvious and the use of figures based on $\downarrow \cdot \downarrow \cdot \downarrow \cdot \downarrow \cdot$ just a little too extensive.

The parenthetical figure, marked by an asterisk, in Measure 34 is incorrectly written. At this point Roach missed a drum, hit a rim instead, evidently tensed momentarily and disrupted his line (although he did make a nice recovery). What is shown here is what it is assumed he was trying to play. The assumption should be valid, because he quite frequently used this two-measure phrase for several years preceding this recording.

Rich's solo, accompanied by Roach playing the pseudo-Nanigo rhythm on a cymbal bell, is much more impressive than the one he played on *Sing, Sing, Sing*. The only criticism that could be leveled here is that in his excitement, Rich somehow stuck in a couple of extra beats (Measure 47).

Modulation to a tempo faster than the original in 3:2 proportion occurs in Measures 14-17. The points of coincidence here are the stronger beats, but Rich functions metrically within the superimposed tempo, whereas he didn't in the *Sing* solo.

An example of the pulse-shifting mentioned in the general remarks may be found in Measures 43-44.

The 16th-note figures in Measures 47-59 again exhibit Rich's beautiful straight-ahead phrasing (the basic rhythmic line is shown in parentheses beneath the music) and also demonstrates the tonal effectiveness of figures derived from the various paradiddle forms. (The accents are reinforced with the bass drum.)

Much of the roll-ornamentation is difficult to notate, especially because it is not always possible to hear just what rolls Rich is using; the standard, though inaccurate, symbols for rolls, therefore, have been used. Example: the rolls in measure 8, which are written $\downarrow \downarrow \downarrow \downarrow$ are probably so-called six-stroke rolls,

which, in this case, would most properly be written $\downarrow \downarrow \downarrow \downarrow \downarrow \downarrow$. The rolls in Measure 23, et seq. $\downarrow \downarrow \downarrow \downarrow$ are probably $\downarrow \downarrow \downarrow \downarrow$ but could conceivably be $\downarrow \downarrow \downarrow \downarrow$

Figures like that of Measure 31 are probably $\downarrow \downarrow \downarrow \downarrow$ with the double strokes "pressed."

THE EXAMPLES would appear to show clearly that the playing of the swing-oriented drummer moves to greater rhythmic heights than that of the bop-oriented player and that today's young drummer would be greatly benefited by a study of the work of many of the pre-1940 jazz drummers.

While it is a shame that many of the tonal devices of the older styles have been discarded, it is safe to say that the sound-world of Roach is generally more pleasing than that of Rich, emanating as it does from the entire set and that there are also some fine lessons to be learned from the drummers of this period.

Jazz percussion may be moving into its most exciting period. The young drummer should familiarize himself with the entire history of his art in order to take full advantage of the vast rhythmic and tonal inheritance that is his.



DON SCHLITEN

THE EMANCIPATION OF ELVIN JONES

By MIKE HENNESSEY

IT WAS 1:30 a.m. one morning last month. I sat in the Blue Note club in Paris listening to one of the most breathtakingly beautiful drum solos I have ever heard. The drummer was Elvin Jones. His supreme enjoyment of what he was doing pervaded the room as much as the arresting sound patterns of his drums. A huge smile lit his face as he played a free-blowing gig with tenor saxophonist Nathan Davis, pianist Marc Hemmler, and bassist Michel Gaudry, and he communicated with an intimacy and intensity rare among even melody-instrument players.

His solo graphically expressed something Jones had been hesitant to put into words during an interview that had occupied most of the previous day: the musical emancipation of Elvin Jones.

It may seem strange to talk about emancipation in relation to a man who has spent five years with a group that has made a point of respecting and encouraging individual freedom. And Jones himself would probably quarrel with the word.

But it came straight from his drums.

Behind the manner in which Jones came to be playing

in the Blue Note that morning is a story rich in improbability and irony.

About one week earlier, Jones had been with saxophonist John Coltrane in San Francisco's Jazz Workshop. At that time the Duke Ellington Band, on tour in Europe with Ella Fitzgerald, had run into a drummer problem.

Sam Woodyard, who had been set to replace Louie Bellson on the tour, was unable to make the first six dates, so manager Mercer Ellington hired a substitute, with whom Duke later was dissatisfied.

With a fine sense of the dramatic, Duke phoned his sister Ruth in New York City and told her to get in touch with Jones and invite him to join the band. She did, and Jones jumped on a plane for New York, spent 15 minutes between flights with his wife Shirley and 3-month-old-son, Elvin Jr., and then flew off to join the Ellington band in Frankfurt-am-Main, Germany.

For the Frankfurt concert, the other drummer sat out; but in Paris the following night, both drummers took the stage—and it was a moment of exquisite irony.

It is no secret that Jones had not been happy about

*'My one complaint is the guys who
go to bed as frustrated trumpet
players and wake up the next
morning as modern jazz drummers.'*

Coltrane's addition of another drummer, Rashid Ali, to his group—an experiment that had been in progress, off and on, for seven months.

And now Jones had flown 7,000 miles to join the most illustrious band in the world, only to find himself playing with another drummer.

He continued to share the drum chores for concerts in Milan and Geneva but left when Woodyard caught up with the band in Basle, Switzerland.

Jones returned to Paris, made a record date with French organist Eddie Louiss, substituted several nights at the Blue Note for Kenny Clarke, and then said he was going home to New York "to play with my little boy for a while."

That's the story—and it leaves a very big question unanswered. Why did Jones leave Coltrane for a temporary berth with Ellington?

"I had been planning to make a change for some time, though I'd said nothing to John about it," Jones said in his Paris hotel room two days after leaving Ellington. "When Duke called, I thought it was the opportune moment. I was awed that Duke would call me. His is like no other band in existence. I felt very comfortable with the band. My experience of big bands is very limited, though I've done things with Gil Evans. But I didn't feel out of place. I'd heard most of the things we did on records or in concerts.

"I wasn't happy about working with another drummer, especially as he had an entirely different approach. You just had to sort of wait, and when you found a spot you had to get in there—fast. It meant there were a lot more dynamics, but we weren't always together."

"I was very pleased to be asked to play with Duke, but I'd never consider a full-time job with a band that size. And anyway"—he smiled—"with Sam and Louie to choose from, Duke doesn't need anyone else."

Asked if the engagement of another drummer was a factor in his leaving Coltrane, Jones admitted that it was but was clearly reluctant to be critical of the other man.

"Let's just say he has a unique conception of time," Jones said solemnly.

Later, however, he was more explicit:

"I don't really know why John brought him in. There was some suggestion that it was to get an Eastern influence—but I don't see it. Those Indian drummers start learning drums as soon as the nipple is out of their mouth, and I don't think Ali has been further east than New York."

But there were other reasons for leaving the berth he'd filled for five years:

"I just wanted a change of scene, and I wanted to spend more time with my wife and baby by working around New York.

"I want to do things my own way for a while. I'd like to work occasionally in Europe, and I'm thinking about getting my own group together, but that will take a lot of careful thought."

He said he wanted to emphasize that Coltrane and he remain close friends as well as musical associates.

"We have a mutual love and appreciation," he added, "and there has always been an understanding that when I wanted to leave, there would be no difficulties. And if it comes to it, I would gladly go right back to John after a while."

JONES IS ONE of three fine musicians from a Pontiac, Mich., family of five sons and three daughters. Drummer Elvin is deeply grateful for the encouragement he got from his family.

"There was never any question of me not being a musician," he said. "I got all the encouragement I could ask for. My mother, father, and brothers [cornetist-composer Thad and pianist Hank] were a tremendous inspiration to me, not to mention the people in the business who were my heroes, and still are—Jo Jones, Buddy Rich, Gene Krupa, Kenny Clarke, Art Blakey, Roy Haynes, Max Roach, and Philly Joe Jones—and make sure you mention them all."

Elvin played his first professional gig at the I Know You Inn, "a little beer joint across the street from Pontiac motors. I played with Dan Turner on tenor and Chuck White on piano. I'd be about 14 then."

And now, 24 years later, his dues paid, Elvin Jones has been voted the top jazz drummer in both the *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics and Readers polls.

"I feel good that so many people think enough of the way I play to have voted for me," he said. "It is an achievement for any musician to receive this recognition. I really appreciate this vote of confidence from the music public."

It is an achievement all the more remarkable for Jones' lack of formal tuition.

"I just picked things up as I went along," he explained. "But nothing happens automatically, though. It is all a product of your own effort, and it takes a great deal of time and study. It all boils down to a lot of hard work and midnight oil. There are no magic words. You just have to listen and learn and try to relate the things you hear to your own way of playing. I always try to learn from professionals."

He said his style evolved naturally, without his consciously trying to be "different," but that he always had a definite idea of the way different pieces should be played and felt that the drums should complement the soloist and blend with the rest of the group.

"But having come to that conclusion," he said, "you still have to *do* it. And you constantly have to re-evaluate your rate of progress. I will never reach a point where I can say, 'Okay. That's it. I have nothing more to learn.' You have to improve and develop all the time.

"You can get bogged down in clichés; I don't see how you can avoid them. But it is a matter of how they are put together. And every cliché in music was once a good lick. That's why it became a cliché. Even if you have to play clichés all the time, there's enough variety to give you a good vocabulary and endless possibilities of variation."

The maintenance of proficiency, once it is attained, Jones said, rests with the individual—he can get better, stay where he is, or go back.

"Every musician goes through bad periods," he said. "At one time I was trying to play with a certain consistency, and I felt I wasn't doing it. But it is fatal to get

discouraged. You just have to keep at it, and it will pass. It's more emotional than anything.

"Sometimes there can be problems in execution, and you are required to go back and woodshed to get over the hump. It may be you need more practice—or maybe you are practicing too much.

"It is vitally important to hold the balance between tension and relaxation. You musn't be too relaxed; nothing sounds worse than a beat slowing down. And the primary function of a drummer is to keep time."

Nevertheless, men like Jones have done a great deal to raise the status of drums well above that of a time-keeping device. He pointed out that drumming has evolved tremendously since he first entered the business and said he is impressed by the enthusiasm and musicianship of many of the young drummers coming up.

"I get a lot of personal satisfaction now in being asked to speak and demonstrate at drum clinics," he said. "It is a most rewarding experience. If you could see the enthusiasm of those kids, you wouldn't worry about the future of jazz.

"They are thrilled to get to talk to and listen to musicians they wouldn't otherwise hear or meet, because they can't afford to go into clubs. It is a great pleasure for me to be able to communicate what advice and instruction I can to them. This is something that didn't happen when I was in school."

As far as the state of contemporary jazz drumming is concerned, Jones finds that when it is good it is extremely good, and when it is bad it is unspeakable.

"My one complaint is the guys who go to bed as frustrated trumpet players and wake up the next morning as modern jazz drummers," he said. "If you can't make it on trumpet, they say, 'Well anybody can make it on drums.'

"That's a lot of crap. I'm still learning after 24 years." Jones regards the current jazz scene as being pretty healthy.

"It varies from area to area, of course, but generally it seems to be pretty vigorous," he remarked, and then elaborated:

"As far as the avant-garde—people like Ornette Coleman and Albert Ayler—are concerned, I haven't heard too much of what they are doing, but there is a place for all kinds of things in jazz.

"Ornette is a great musician, and some of his conversations are works of art. I think these people should be allowed the opportunity to prove or disprove their own theories and the validity of what they are doing. Time will show. If it really has merit, it will eventually get recognition. This has always been true in jazz . . . in any art, for that matter.

"Everyone has his own way of expressing himself and he should stick to his guns. I admire and respect a man like that. But there are some guys who tend to start talking about suffering humanity as an excuse for them not making it. Sure, there's a lot of suffering in the world, but it extends a great deal farther than New York."

Discussing the use of music as a political weapon, Jones stated his view succinctly:

"Whatever problems these guys have, they are emotionally disturbed. They are pointing at one symptom of a general problem. I'm not in that one. I'll let the crusaders do the crusading. If it makes them happy, they've got it.

"I can't, either, go along with this attitude that says no white musician can play jazz as well as a Negro. That theory has been disproven too many times to be worth discussing. These guys are looking through a distorted mirror. There are too many fine white musicians even for

it to be accidental.

"Of course, I'm aware of the color problem, but a lot is being done, and unless there is a bloody revolution, it is going to take time. There are organizations with dedicated and extremely intelligent people devoting their lives to the solution of this problem.

"I think musicians should devote their energies and talents to music; they can achieve more that way. Or else they should run for city councilor. Louis and Diz are my kind of ambassadors.

"So many musicians seem to be fighting and complaining about how hard it is to work instead of using that same energy to improve the quality of the things they are doing. There is far too much griping about not being able to work.

"But quality will always be accepted. It never entered my mind that I couldn't make a living from jazz. I set



John Coltrane, Jimmy Garrison, and Jones in Europe

out to keep working and play as well as I could and try to be as much a gentleman as possible.

"As far as race problems are concerned, I meet everybody as a man, an equal human being. I don't care what color he is. Everyone starts equal with me. And nothing anybody can say can make me a second-class citizen. I enjoy listening to good music and trying to play it. But I'm not a musical politician."

When the fact that Jones had grown-up in Pontiac, Mich., a city with a high degree of effective integration, was suggested as a possible reason for his feeling less bitter about the color problem than many of his fellow musicians, he said:

"I don't think it is a question of environment. It is a question of upbringing. My father was a very devout Christian, and he set a fine example. The family had a lot of white friends, and there was no prejudice at all.

"After all, Hank was born in Mississippi, and he feels exactly the same way I do. I could fill another six pages of your notebook naming guys from the South who feel as we do.

"I was brought up in a climate of church music. I can still hear those tambourines ringing in those churches. That was sweet music. Music is not hateful—it's loving, the opposite to what some people seem to think it should be."

"The only hateful music in history has been the sound of war drums—and, man, that wasn't jazz," he laughed. "That was a military band!"



BIG SID

Joe Jones: "The cleanliness I've tried to develop came from Big Sid. He was one of the most beautiful drummers of all time." Roy Haynes: "He was just great. He had a lot of taste and played very relaxed." Sam Woodyard: "He had a personal touch in the sound of his drums, and in his style, he was very crisp and tasteful." Connie Kay: "Catlett was the only drummer I liked to hear take a solo. He seemed to play musically."

What kind of man was Catlett? Why did his jazz background make him the most important influence on so many drummers? It is not easy to determine even now, because Catlett was very reti-

Philly Joe Jones has recalled that Catlett took extra pains to show him his brush technique.

Catlett, though modest of speech, was a drummer who knew his worth and his mind. When he was briefly a member of Fletcher Henderson's 1936 band at the Grand Terrace in Chicago, *Down Beat* at the time quoted jazz talent scout John Hammond as saying, "Henderson shouldn't have fired Catlett." Five years later when Henderson was asked by a reporter from *Music & Rhythm* to select an all-star band made up of his former sidemen, the band-leader emphatically chose Catlett for the drum spot: "For a foundation man on drums I don't think Sid Catlett can be surpassed. He can beat as loud and hard as any drummer I know, but he can tone down and be just as effective."

When Catlett joined the Benny Goodman Band in 1941, things seemed to be going smoothly when they opened a month's engagement at the Panther Room in Chicago's Hotel Sherman. Originally hired to play only in the Goodman sextet, Catlett had replaced Don Carter in the big band by the time it reached the Windy City. Reviewers agreed that Catlett drove the Goodman band as it had never been driven before.

Then the rumors started. Some said Goodman was miffed because the drummer was upstaging him. Hammond said the clarinetist was trying to tell both the drummer and bassist John Simmons (Catlett's favorite bass man) how to play. At any rate, Simmons left after the Chicago date, and it was reported that Catlett was on notice. Before Catlett's notice was up, however, Goodman tried to hire Jo Jones for a record date but was unable to get him. The recording session, which resulted in a version of Mel Powell's *The Earl*, went ahead without a drummer. Catlett's comment when he left after a three-month association was: "It was one long nightmare with Goodman."

Catlett's longest association was with Armstrong. When the trumpeter was fronting Luis Russell's band, Catlett replaced Paul Barbarin late in 1938 and stayed until the spring of 1941. After the Goodman incident, he returned to the Armstrong big band in November, 1941, and stayed until the summer of 1942. Upon his return Armstrong said, "I'm glad to see Big Sid back. I just let him sit in there and run amuck every once in a while and he's happy."

In February, 1947, Catlett was the star (he was featured on *Tiger Rag*) of an Armstrong Carnegie Hall concert that led to the formation of the Armstrong all-stars. Catlett was a charter member of the trumpeter's small band, staying until a combination of heart and kidney trouble laid him low in April, 1949. He was advised by doctors that he would have to give up the demanding schedule of Armstrong's itinerary.

WHILE IN CHICAGO with Goodman in August, 1941, Catlett gave out what was probably the most complete biographical interview of his life to a *Music & Rhythm* reporter.

He was born in Evansville, Ind., on



THERE NEVER HAS been a drummer in jazz history with a talent of wider scope than that of the late Sidney Catlett. Not only was he an important link in the evolution of jazz drumming from the 2/4 of early groups to the deep-driving 4/4 of the swing bands, but he also pioneered in emancipating the percussionist from a strict time-keeping function.

As an innovator, he accomplished for drums the kind of liberation that Charlie Christian did for guitar and Jimmy Blanton for bass. By intricate and creative use of his equipment, Catlett was able to develop identifiable melodic lines.

Drum breaks, and even solos, had been common in jazz before the emergence of Big Sid, but few were as superbly articulated as his.

The name drummers of today, 15 years after Catlett's death, consistently express their appreciation of his style and acknowledge his influence:

Max Roach: "Big Sid has always been my main source of inspiration." Philly

Joe Jones: "The cleanliness I've tried to develop came from Big Sid. He was one of the most beautiful drummers of all time." Roy Haynes: "He was just great. He had a lot of taste and played very relaxed." Sam Woodyard: "He had a personal touch in the sound of his drums, and in his style, he was very crisp and tasteful." Connie Kay: "Catlett was the only drummer I liked to hear take a solo. He seemed to play musically."

cent in talking about himself or music. Jazz literature contains few interviews with him. Ernie Anderson, the manager of the Louis Armstrong All-Stars during the period Catlett was in the group, said at the time of the drummer's death: "Sid didn't talk much about music. He lived his music on the stand, and he left it there. When he came off, he preferred telling hilarious stories backstage—which he manufactured as effortlessly as he played the drums. Armstrong was a delighted listener and was compiling a 'Big Sid Joke Anthology' on the typewriter he kept in his dressing room."

Catlett's moods varied. He could be soft-spoken and relaxed, very friendly; or he might be tense, sullen, and agitated; or unusually gay, full of jokes, and ready with a put-on.

Though Catlett was hesitant about talking with writers and fans, he was not so with other musicians, especially drummers. In fact, the indications are that he was generous in helping fellow percussionists.

Jan. 17, 1910. His family started him in music with piano lessons, but, as he put it, "I had an inconsiderable talent for the keyboard."

Drumming was a different matter, and he joined his school band, where he soon "picked up a few march rudiments and a roll." When the family moved to Chicago they helped him buy his first set of equipment. He recalled, "It was a real good outfit that cost around \$150." At Tilden High School on Chicago's south side, young Catlett was again the official drummer of the school band.

The time was the mid-'20s, and the Windy City cabarets, theaters, and ballrooms were all equipped with good bands. The theater bands, the first to attract Catlett, enjoyed considerable popularity and prestige. They included Erskine Tate's Syncopators at the Vendome, where Louis Armstrong and Fats Waller performed trumpet-organ duets; Sammy Stewart's Musical Knights at the Metropolitan Theater; plus the pit bands at such theaters as the Grand, Owl, and Indiana.

Catlett took lessons from a pit drummer named Joe Russek, who made a special point of teaching his student to read music. In addition, the young drummer listened to others, and there were many greats to choose from in those days.

He recalled, "There were a lot of terrific drummers around Chicago. Baby Dodds, Zutty Singleton, Ollie Powers, Johnny Wells [with clarinetist Jimmie Noone], and Jimmy Bertrand come to mind off-hand, and I'd say Bertrand, who was with Erskine Tate, was the most finished of them all."

While still in short pants, Catlett, already big for his age, sat in with various groups around Chicago. Armstrong once said, "I remember when I was playing with Carroll Dickerson at the Savoy [1928], Big Sid frequently showed up in his knickers and pestered Zutty to let him take over those tubs."

Significantly, Catlett's orientation at this time was for bands that played shows. His first major job was in late 1928 with Sammy Stewart, the Ohio pianist and bandleader, who found himself without a drummer at the time he was scheduled to transfer from the Metropolitan to the Michigan Theater. David Smallwood, the regular Stewart drummer, had left to join Dave Peyton's band at the new Regal Theater. Catlett got the job because he could handle the intricate arrangements written for the band by its pianist, Alex Hill.

For the rest of his life, Catlett was to have the utmost respect for showmanship, something instilled in him from the beginning of his career. During the 1941 interview, Catlett, asked whether he deemed showmanship or musicianship more important, replied, "I'd say showmanship. Think of all the first-rate musicians you've met who are playing for cakes because they haven't got showmanship. In other words, it's not what you do, it's how you do it that counts."

Yet, at the same time, Catlett urged young drummers: "Work on your sense of

time and your feeling for the beat. That's the important thing in drumming, and without it all the technique in the world doesn't mean a thing."

His tendency in 1941 was to belittle his own technique. "Man, I'm no technician," he said. "I play what I feel, and it usually comes out the way I want it."

Catlett's showmanship sometimes irritated jazz fans and other musicians. There is evidence that he sometimes got under Armstrong's skin. For example, at the Nice Jazz Festival in France during 1948, Ernest Borneman, in his coverage of the festival for *Down Beat*, reported, "Big Sid was hitting breaks behind Velma Middleton's vocal, and Louis turned around and quietly said, 'Can't you hear, Pops? The girl's singing!'" A few nights later, when the band was playing a concert in Paris, it happened again, according to Borneman, "while the group was performing *Back o' Town Blues*, Louis turned to Sid and angrily commented, 'Stay in the windows, man, for Chrissake!'"

In his tribute to Catlett, Ernie Anderson recalled hearing Armstrong describe how, in southern dance halls, Big Sid's 20-minute impromptu spot would leave whole audiences in a state of hysterical frenzy. Anderson himself noted that frequently in theaters and at concerts Catlett would sometimes dance around his drums while playing and generate a tumult of excitement.

Anderson also noted that whenever the Armstrong all-stars were in a big city, Catlett would hie himself around to a Negro theater and sit in with the pit band. This was a must for Catlett when the late Teddy Hale, a great tap dancer, was playing the town.

Most of those who heard Catlett will never forget the beautifully bored expression on his face as he threw his stick six feet up and either scratched his head or lit a cigaret while waiting for it to come down.

His obvious showmanship aside, the really important facet of Catlett's talent was his uncanny ability to enhance the

performance of a soloist or an entire big band. He observed once, "I'm a drummer, and that means I spend a lot of time on my snare drum. You can get some mighty powerful effects with press rolls behind a band." And being felt more than heard, he could increase the tension behind soloists by subtle shadings.

He was a master of dynamics and possessed one of the finest cymbal techniques in the business. He liked to use the hi-hat with a big band and developed variations on an open or closed hi-hat or a little choke cymbal for suitable backgrounds to the different soloists.

CATLETT'S CAREER really began in 1930 when he left Chicago with the Stewart band. The outfit—with pianist Hill, trumpeters Walter Fuller and George Dixon, Banjo Ikey Robinson, alto saxophonist Ken Anderson, and several Stewart brothers—played one-nighters on its way east to open at Harlem's Savoy Ballroom. In Bluefield, W. Va., they discovered and hired a young, heavy-set tenor saxophonist, Leon (Chu) Berry, who had recently left his home town, Wheeling.

In New York City, the Stewart band played both the Savoy and the Arcadia on Broadway before disbanding in 1931.

Catlett's musical affiliations continued with, successively, Elmer Snowden's band, an all-star band at Smalls' Paradise, where Catlett worked nightly with Roy Eldridge, Chu Berry, Wayman Carver, Otto Hardwicke, and others during 1931-32; Benny Carter's orchestra, 1933; Rex Stewart's big band at the Empire Ballroom on Broadway, 1933-34; his own six-piece unit at the Stables on Chicago's near north side, 1935; the Jeter-Pillars band at the Club Plantation in St. Louis, Mo., 1935-36; Fletcher Henderson's Grand Terrace band in Chicago, 1936; a few nights at the Cotton Club on Broadway with Cab Calloway, substituting for an ailing Leroy Maxey, 1936; Don Redman's band, 1936-38; Armstrong and the Luis Russell Band, 1938-42; Benny Goodman, 1941; Teddy Wilson,

Catlett and bassist John Simmons with the Louis Armstrong Orchestra, 1942



1942-44; his own quartets on 52nd St. and at the Streets of Paris in Hollywood, 1944-47; Armstrong's All-Stars, 1947-49; and house drummer at Jazz, Ltd., in Chicago, where he worked with Sidney Bechet, Mill Mole, Georg Brunis, and Muggsy Spanier, among others, 1949-51.

He made one half-hearted stab at leading a big band of his own in late 1946. The outfit played for several weekends at the McKinley Ballroom, which had been dubbed the Savoy of the Bronx. But Catlett was soon back on 52nd St., where he worked regularly at various clubs, including the Three Deuces, Famous Door (with Thelonious Monk on piano), Downbeat, and Spotlite.

Catlett did his first recording with the Carter band in 1933. The unit was one of the best formed by the multi-instrumentalist and arranger, but it failed to get sufficient bookings. The band recorded under Carter's name and as the Chocolate Dandies and the Spike Hughes Negro Orchestra. Hughes was an English bassist-arranger who had come to New York City to make some jazz records for English Decca, and Carter turned his band over to him for the purpose. It was an unusual gesture, because a month earlier the Carter orchestra had waxed four sides for distribution in Britain by English Columbia. Catlett's drumming was especially noteworthy on the Hughes version of *Bugle Call Rag* and *Sweet Sue*; the former was cited for its drum break, while the latter was praised for the shadings the percussionist used behind the soloists. These two sides were included on London LP 1387 some years back.

Also in 1933, in October, Catlett was on one of the most famous early jazz dates. It was an Eddie Condon get-together for Brunswick in their old studios atop 1776 Broadway. Four originals were made at two different sittings—Alex Hill's *Madam Dynamite* and *Tennessee Twilight*, Bud Freeman's *The Eel*, and Condon's *Home Cooking*—all of which are classics and are today available on Epic's *52nd Street* LP (6042).

Catlett's work on *The Eel* is unusually noteworthy: he unobtrusively increases the tension throughout by building a foundation, using his cymbal, that inspired tenor saxophonist Freeman to give a performance that has been considered a jazz masterpiece. Worth noting also is Catlett's quiet use of brushes on his closed hi-hat behind Joe Sullivan's piano solo on *Home Cooking*.

Also available are some of Catlett's early big-band sides, made with Fletcher Henderson in March, 1936; three of the best—*Christopher Columbus*, *Stealin' Apples*, and *Blue Lou*—are included in *The Fletcher Henderson Story* (Columbia C4L-19). They give good examples of how Catlett could swing a big band.

The Louis Armstrong *Jazz Classics* (Decca 8284), a reissue LP released in 1958 and still available, is composed mainly of sides recorded during the time Catlett was with Armstrong's big band. Included are *Wolverine Blues* (in 1941 the drummer had selected this as his best

work with a large unit); *Bye and Bye*, a good example of his use of rim shots; *Savoy Blues*, where he used what critic Whitney Balliett called "a thick carpet of press rolls"; and *You Rascal, You* featuring some effective business behind Armstrong's vocal.

During the short time he was with the Goodman band, he made several of the clarinetist's recording dates. His work was noticeable and effective on *Tuesday at 10*, *The Count*, and *Pound Ridge*.

Beginning in 1940, when the small jazz labels began to blossom, Catlett recorded with everybody, including all schools of jazz, and during the period he worked with his own group on 52nd St., he made several dates under his own name.

Catlett's quartet usually had pianist Marlowe Morris, bassist John Simmons, and either tenor saxophonist Ben Webster or clarinetist Ed Hall. He recorded for several labels, including Commodore, Haven, Session, Super Disc, Manor, Delta (Regis), and Capitol.

Prominent among these recordings are: two Commodore sides, *Sleep*, which has a fine drum solo, and *Linger Awhile*, in which he plays a chase chorus with bassist Simmons; the Session side, *I Found a New Baby*, which has a long solo that displays his brush and stick work, plus a wind-up where he lets go with everything; sides on both Session and Haven with Webster, showing how Catlett, who was frequently called "a take-charge drummer," pushed

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the tenor saxophonist with well-timed rim shots and bass-drum accents; and his work for Manor, including a boogie-woogie album and the hilarious *Open the Door*, Richard vocal. Two of the sides he made for Capitol, while on the West Coast in 1945, were used in the History of Jazz series, Vol. III.

A partial list of the musicians who led record dates that included Catlett in the lineup shows his ability to fit in with a variety of talents:

Trumpet—Louis Armstrong, Dizzy Gillespie, W. C. Handy, Sidney DeParis, Hot Lips Page, Frank Newton, Roy Eldridge (four sides for Vocalion in February, 1936, that were never issued), and Muggsy Spanier (his last record session was

with a Spanier group for Mercury on March 27, 1950).

Trombone—J. C. Higginbotham, Benny Morton.

Clarinet—Benny Goodman, Edmond Hall, Mezz Mezzrow, Sidney Bechet.

Saxophone—Carter, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Chu Berry, Ben Webster, John Hardee, Don Byas, Herbie Fields.

Piano—James P. Johnson, Albert Ammons, Teddy Wilson, Mel Powell, Earl Hines, Hazel Scott, Eddie Heywood, Horace and Fletcher Henderson, Sam Price, Kirby Walker, Harry (The Hipster) Gibson.

Guitar—Al Casey, Eddie Condon, Bill DeArango.

Vibraharp—Lionel Hampton.

Vocalists—Billie Holiday, Mildred Bai-

ley, Hazel Scott, Ruby Smith, Frankie (Half-Pint) Jaxon, Betty Roche, Lena Horne, Gloria Mac, Putney Dandridge, Pleasant Joe Joseph.

There are several odds and ends that might be appended in order to make Catlett's recording history complete.

On a Chocolate Dandies date for the French label Swing, made when Charles Delaunay came from Paris to New York to hold sessions for the label in 1946, a group under Benny Carter waxed an original tune by Catlett. The title was *Out of My Way*, and the drummer sang the vocal.

On several occasions Catlett substituted for Sonny Greer with Duke Ellington's band. One of these, in October, 1945, was a record date for RCA Victor. Two sides were recorded, *Come to Baby Do* and *Tell You What I'm Gonna Do*.

Catlett played on only one essentially bebop record session. This was with the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet for Guild in May, 1945. Charlie Parker also was present. The tunes included Parker's *Shaw 'Nuff*, Gillespie's *Salt Peanuts*, Tadd Dameron's *Hot House*, and *Lover Man*, with a Sarah Vaughan vocal. Pianist Billy Taylor was to say in later years in the book *Hear Me Talkin' to Ya*, "It was Catlett who steadied Dizzy on some of the first modern records." Taylor also commented, "He was the first drummer I heard who could play regular choruses—like 32 or 64 bars—the way a piano or a horn might. . . ."

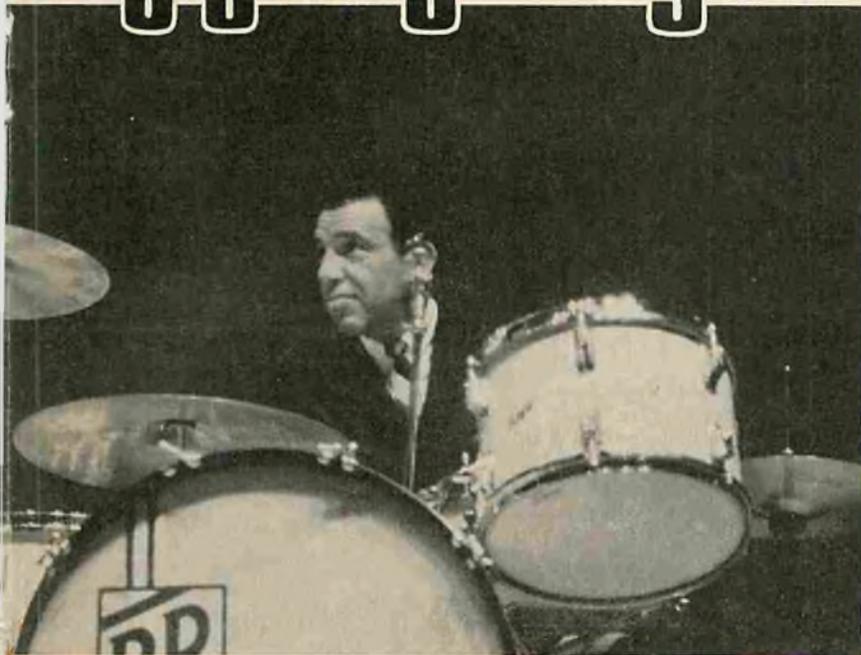
When doctors advised Catlett to take things easy following his April, 1949, illness, he went to his father's home in Chicago to rest. He was determined not to let his ailments break his spirit. In a little more than a month after his collapse, he was in New York City playing with Eddie Condon's NBC-TV orchestra and recording with them for Atlantic.

He soon returned to Chicago and started working with the band at Jazz, Ltd., which was to be his regular job for more than two years, with occasional trips to New York, including one in late 1950 for an abortive attempt to revive the John Kirby Sextet. But only a Carnegie Hall concert came out of it.

Early in 1951 Catlett contracted pneumonia, but by Easter he was getting around again. On the night of March 25, he stopped backstage at Chicago's Opera House, where disc jockey Al Benson was presenting a jazz concert. While Max Roach was drumming onstage, Catlett was near the wings talking to bassist Slam Stewart. Suddenly Catlett slumped to the floor. There was a doctor backstage and a fire-department inhalator squad was called, but it was too late.

Big Sid Catlett's legacy has been the great influence his approach to drumming has had on a long list of drummers—Kenny Clarke, Max Roach, Shelly Manne, Joe Morello, Philly Joe Jones, Art Blakey—men who themselves have contributed their own innovations along the lines Catlett pioneered. His own great contributions to the history of jazz percussion, as well as the directions those contributions signaled, are perhaps the most meaningful things he could have left behind. 

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RECORD REVIEWS

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Kenny Dorham, Barbara Gardner, Erwin Helfer, Bill Mathieu, Marian McPartland, Dan Morgenstern, Don Neisen, Harvey Pekar, Harvey Siders, Pete Welding, John S. Wilson, and Michael Zwerin.

Reviews are initialed 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.

Art Blakey

TOUGH—Cadet 4049: *Scotch Blues; Flight to Jordu; Transfiguration; Exhibit A; Gershwin Medley—Rhapsody in Blue, Summertime, Someone to Watch Over Me, The Man I Love.*

Personnel: Bill Hardman, trumpet; Jackie McLean, alto saxophone; Sam Dockery, piano; Spanky DeBrest, bass; Blakey, drums.

Rating: ★★★

This record was cut in 1957 by one of the less-distinguished Jazz Messenger groups.

McLean, who should be regarded as one of the outstanding modern altoists by now, is in good form, though. All his improvisations are meaty and forceful. He never grandstands or coasts, making each note count. His playing is controlled but passionate, his bittersweet sonority beautiful.

Hardman, a Clifford Brown disciple, solos with great vigor and a fair imagination, though his work is marred to a degree by sloppy execution.

Dockery doesn't cover himself with glory here, but his work is tasteful and competent.

Blakey's section work is fine, and he takes an interesting, uncharacteristically restrained solo on *Flight to Jordu*.

The Gershwin medley is a waste, consisting of four rather straight melody statements by McLean, Hardman, Dockery, and DeBrest. (H.P.)

Harold Betters

SWINGIN' ON THE RAILROAD—Gateway 7015: *Railroad; The In Crowd; 1-2-3; For Your Love; Watermelon Man; Bossa Nova Mariner; Dirty Red; Tell Him I'm Not Home; Betters Bluff; Something You've Got; You Know; Lover's Concerto.*

Personnel: Betters, trombone; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★

RAM-BUNK-SHUSH—Reprise 6195: *Ram-Bunk-Shush; Corn Fed; Yesterday; Papa-Oooh-Maumau; Margie; Let It Be Me; Do Anything You Wanna; All Alone; With These Hands; Where Do You Go?*

Personnel: Betters; John Thomas, piano; Joe Galbraith, guitar; Chuck Ramsey, bass; Ross Lewellin, drums; Slide Hampton, arranger.

Rating: ★★

Harold Betters is going to make some bread for somebody, and, I hope, for himself.

He has got to be the next Al Hirt. He

plays trombone as well as Hirt plays trumpet, in the same style—powerful, good chops, acceptable intonation, fine commercial jazz feeling.

There is something on these records for almost every commercial musical taste: a little rock and roll (electric bass sometimes), some funny stuff, some old-time jazz nostalgia. I sort of like this music—but, baby, it sure ain't tough jazz.

Occasionally there is some improvisation, but it's not very adventurous, and I have the feeling that Betters plays the same chorus on each tune every time he plays it. The main thing he has is spirit, and that is something but not enough to hold my interest for other than superficial moods.

If this were *Cash Box*, I'd give five stars; if it were *Trombone Player's Monthly*, four stars. As jazz records though, rating them "fair" is being somewhat generous.

(M.Z.)

Dave Brubeck

MY FAVORITE THINGS—Columbia 2437: *My Favorite Things; Over and over Again; Why Can't I; Little Girl Blue; This Can't Be Love; My Romance; Circus on Parade; The Most Beautiful Girl in the World.*

Personnel: Paul Desmond, alto saxophone; Brubeck, piano; Gene Wright, bass; Joe Morello, drums.

Rating: ★★

Deprecating this record is like kicking a man when he's down, which I don't enjoy. The Brubeck quartet is worn out; they sound terribly sad. I was never a Brubeck fan, but I respected his honesty, sense of adventure, and intelligence. And Desmond has given me more than a few moments of listening pleasure.

The liner notes by the album's producer, Teo Macero, say, "In addition to being a musical album, it is also a fun one. At least it was to those of us involved in the making of it."

It may have been fun for Macero, but Desmond sounds as if he is in deep misery, and I would be surprised if Brubeck had a good time making this record. They do little more than play the melody, and when they play a waltz, it is really a waltz, not jazz in 3/4 time—just a waltz. Brubeck plays *Favorite Things* about as well as Cy Coleman—and with about as much jazz spirit. *Circus on Parade* is a not very funny, and extremely boring, musical joke. Morello and Wright don't swing.

This record is an offering to the Great God Dollar—they can't be serious about it. I am curious to hear their next one, although I have my doubts. It sounds to me as if they just don't enjoy playing with each other any more. *My Favorite Things* sounds like a rut rather than a lull.

(M.McP.)

Noted pianist Marian McPartland is the latest addition to *Down Beat's* record-review staff. Mrs. McPartland, wife of cornetist Jimmy, has headed her own trio for several years and has been featured in numerous clubs throughout the country. She has been a frequent contributor to *Down Beat* in the past, but this is her first venture into criticism.

Do you remember Orson Welles' film, *Citizen Kane*? When Kane died, amid all his riches, the last word he spoke was "rosebud." The film is about a reporter who is trying to discover what it meant and why Kane spoke it on his death bed. It turns out that "rosebud" was the name of the sled he played with in his childhood, when there was some joy in his life, even though he was poor and without power.

Listening to *My Favorite Things*, I thought about Kane and speculated on the Brubeck quartet's "rosebud." Does financial success have to kill the spirit, adventure, and fun of youth? (M.Z.)

Jaki Byard

LIVE! VOL. 1—Prestige 7419: *Twelve; Denise; Thing What Is; Broadway.*

Personnel: Joe Farrell, tenor, soprano saxophones, drums; Byard, piano; George Tucker, bass; Alan Dawson, vibraphone, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Recorded at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike in West Peabody, Mass., this stimulating LP has some fine examples of Byard's work. He is quite an interesting musician, an almost-avant-garde stylist, whose playing sometimes has the feeling of traditional-jazz pianists. His solos are reminiscent of Thelonious Monk and the late, underappreciated Herbie Nichols; all are advanced thinkers, though the premodern influences on their work are nonetheless apparent.

Byard uses dissonance often but tastefully, and his method of construction is asymmetrical. He creates contrast and a variety of effects with his left hand, sometimes using it frequently, sometimes sparingly. Some of his chords are struck with jarring forcefulness, and at times he plays contrapuntal passages.

Twelve, the opening number, is a cute Monkish tune. During the course of the soloing, some unexpected, possibly spontaneous, meter changes occur. However, the soloists and rhythm-section members adjust to them and to each other commendably.

Farrell, evidently inspired by his accompanists (particularly Byard, who plays irresistible, hammering rhythmic figures), takes a cruising tenor solo. His style has elements of Sonny Stitt, Sonny Rollins, and John Coltrane in it.

Byard's work, though not too neatly constructed, is rich and varied; he uses single-note and chordal devices and conveys a range of feelings, from tenderness to violence. Near the end of the track, Farrell returns, on soprano, but, unfortunately, just noodles around without striking a groove.

Denise is an original Byard ballad. His playing is for the most part thoughtful and pleasant, but he doesn't build much.

The late Tucker has good solos on *Denise*, *Thing*, and *Broadway*, and he shows he was not standing still although he'd already established himself as a fine bassist. He seemed to be drawing inspiration from Charlie Mingus, Wilbur Ware, and possibly Charlie Haden. He uses space and double stops intelligently on those tunes and sometimes plucks the strings with such forcefulness that it seems they'll break. A few of his figures and his use of the upper register are reminiscent of Scott

LaFaro's playing, but over-all he is a more percussive, economical improviser.

On *Thing* Dawson switches to vibes, and Farrell takes over the drums. Dawson's Milt Jackson-influenced work is forceful and reasonably inventive. Byard plays very well, employing fresh, angular lines, and Farrell's drumming is surprisingly good.

Farrell, back on tenor, starts the soloing on *Broadway* with a jumping Stitt-like spot. After a sensitive solo by Dawson and one by Tucker, Byard demonstrates his knowledge of jazz piano tradition with some flashing Art Tatum-like work, followed by a bit of stride playing. His enthusiasm builds to fever pitch, and at the end of his solo he is literally pounding the keyboard.

The music of these four men lacks a degree of polish, but it is difficult to imagine anyone playing with more gusto. (H.P.)

Ornette Coleman

AT THE "GOLDEN CIRCLE" STOCKHOLM, VOL. I—Blue Note 4224: *Faces and Places; European Echoes; Dee Dee; Dawn.*

Personnel: Coleman, alto saxophone; David Izenzon, bass; Charles Moffett, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Coleman's playing is cleaner, more certain, less unbridled, more settled than when he left the United States. It seems more closely cemented to Charlie Parker's. It flows with a new authority directly out of the past and into the present.

The new sound is totally self-revealing. It is not our most fruitful purpose to analyze it or even to judge it. The impulse

is to speak not of melodic and rhythmic structure but of faith and affirmation. Coleman's music is a new way of liberating an old spirit. His core is his ever-present ability to say yes. In fact, this affirmation is the music.

Although there are sections less absorbing than others, each of the four pieces involves the listener—if he listens with an emptied head—in a sweeping arc of celebration. Whatever the formal shape, if it sustains this arc, then it seems appropriate. And one often gets a feeling here of a vast and delicate formal balance. It becomes clear: faith makes form. That is an emerging canon.

The deliberate simplicity is often surprising. (*Dee Dee* is "catchy," and based on I-V-V-I.) At such times, these three musicians sound like such *country* boys. To those of us whose ears are so fixed on our own complexity, this rural quality instructs like a homily—a lesson especially well-taught in light of the contrasting passages of convincing complexity.

Dawn is a hypnotic piece with particularly beautiful moments from Izenzon, playing arco, meeting Coleman. (These meetings are my preference.) Izenzon plays a long gypsy solo.

If some passages seem dull or without direction or dated, be open and patient; this music will answer you. (B.M.)

Chris Connor

CHRIS CONNOR SINGS GENTLE BOSSA NOVA—ABC-Paramount 529: *A Hard Day's Night; A Taste of Honey; Downtown; Feeling Good; Shadow of Your Smile; Who Can I Turn*

To?, I Can't Get over the Bossa Nova; Hush, Hush, Sweet Charlotte; Dear Heart; Baby, the Rain Must Fall; Stranger on the Shore; A Quiet Thing.

Personnel: Miss Connor, vocals; unidentified orchestra, Pat Williams, arranger-conductor.

Rating: ★★★

The title fails to tell the whole truth. Gentle, indeed, is the bossa nova, but a dozen pop and rock-and-roll tunes with bossa nova superimposed tend to spoil an album through saturation. It is saved only by Miss Connor's intimate vocalizing.

She deserves much credit not only for coping with shallow material and the drab sameness of the arrangements, but also for rising above them and lending her unique style to the songs.

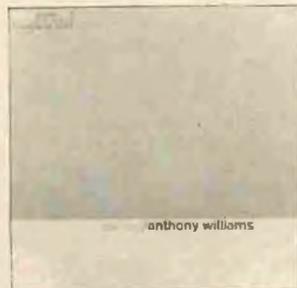
As for that style, Miss Connor has lost none of her huskiness or warmth. She still has that slight, but unobtrusive, impediment (the way Kay Francis used to slur her r's?). Above all, her intonation has improved. Just ignore the final two notes on *Shadow*. It's one of the most beautiful tracks in the album.

Two other tracks reveal another type of beauty: Williams' chamber voicings for strings on *Taste* and *Quiet*. The only other noteworthy arrangement can be found on *Who Can?*, for which Billy Byers' writing (his sole contribution to the date) conjures up the old Claude Thornhill sound. In fact, a little *Snowfall* accumulates toward the end.

In spite of the commercialism of the tunes, Miss Connor's incurable jazz phrasing rears its syncopated head at unguarded moments. It happens—like a breath of fresh air—on *Feeling Good*,

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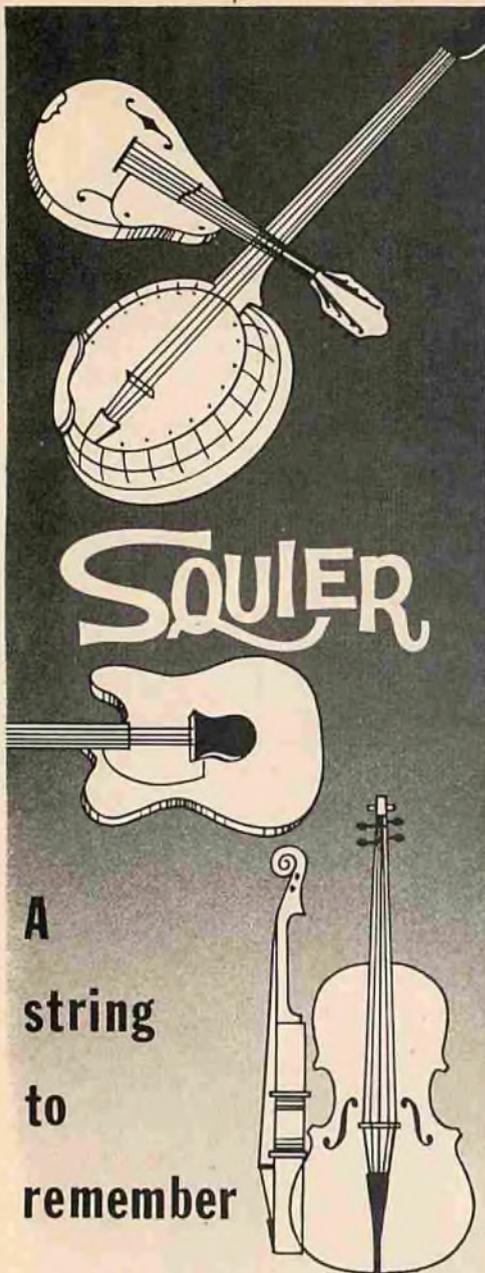


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Chris Connor is an artist in spite of repertoire. (H.S.)

Max Greger

MAXIMUM—International Polydor 623203: *Salute to Miles; Bossa Fluta; Piece for Two; One for Cann; Senor Bailey; Falling in Love; Early Blues; Take the A Train.*

Personnel: Rick Kiefer, Benny Bailey, Ferencz Aszodi, Fredy Brock, trumpets; Karl-Heinz Donick, Rudy Fuesers, Helmut Rink, Fritz Glaser, trombones; Dick Spencer, flute, alto saxophone; Manfred Mende, alto saxophone; Don Menza, flute, tenor saxophone; Fred Spanuth, tenor saxophone; Horst Reipsch, baritone saxophone; Armin Rusch, piano; Branko Pejakovic, bass; Pierre Favre, drums; Greger, conductor.

Rating: ★★½

This band, composed of musicians from several nations, works steadily for a German television network. An impressive group, its powerful yet disciplined playing and the youthful enthusiasm it conveys are reminiscent of a Woody Herman band.

The original compositions and arrangements are generally good, particularly a flagwaver, *Salute to Miles*. This piece, by Austrian Hans Saloman, contains some relatively complex ensemble passages, which Greger's men bring off with commendable precision. *Piece*, a showcase written by and for Menza, employs tempo changes well, evolving in stages from a slow to a quite brisk pace. *Senor*, a Spanish-flavored Menza piece, and *Cann*, a relaxed, building composition by Saloman, are also interesting.

Bailey is the band's outstanding soloist. In fact, he's one of the finest modern jazz trumpeters, though his work is known by too few fans. Some of his virtues—lyricism, a big warm tone, and powerful, unforced upper-register playing—are in evidence during his majestic *Senor* improvisation. He solos well on *A Train* and *Cann*, but his *Miles* spot is sloppily constructed.

Kiefer, the other trumpet soloist, has a full tone in the lower and medium registers, but it thins out too much here when he plays high notes. His solos aren't well organized and have a precious quality at times.

Menza's tenor work on *Piece* and *A Train* is solid; he plays powerfully, and his lines are rich, with good continuity.

Spencer is an aggressive, fluid altoist, but his style is derivative, owing a great deal to Charlie Parker and possibly something to Phil Woods. (H.P.)

Earl Hines

GRAND REUNION, VOL. II—Limelight 82028: *The Grand Terrace Medley (Breezin' Along with the Breeze; A Cottage for Sale; Fine and Dandy); Sweet Georgia Brown; Take the A Train; The Man I Love; Undecided.*

Personnel: Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Hines, piano; George Tucker, bass; Oliver Jackson Jr., drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is a recording made at the Village Vanguard one Sunday afternoon in 1965. There's a jolly air about it, a spirit of camaraderie and nostalgia.

Hines jumps right into his *Grand Terrace Medley* with a cluster of chords that finally sort themselves out into the start of *Breeze*, and he and the rhythm section tool along, whipping up quite a gale.

After several choruses, Hines launches into a maze of modulations, eventually heading into *Cottage*. He insinuates his

own twists and turns into the melody, laying down a strong, driving beat as he goes, flitting from 4/4 to a waltz, to a Latin rhythm, and then to *Fine and Dandy*. He charges into this last tune as if pursued by devils, scurrying and skittering over the keys. After several choruses at a killing pace, the trio fetches up, quivering, as the tune ends with a flourish, in half-time.

Hawkins comes in swinging on *Georgia Brown*, and as he soars along, everyone digs in . . . Hines plays fat chords, and Tucker and Jackson keep steady momentum, while Hawkins, still the master of his instrument, skims fleetly over his horn. Hines solos jauntily, and Tucker swings strongly through his solo spot; then Hawkins returns for several choruses of varying intensity. Toward the end of the tune, he and Hines go into a sort of Alphonse-and-Gaston routine, with Hawkins having the final say as he whizzes up and down the horn for one last statement.

On *A Train* Eldridge comes in obviously ready to play, and he does so, digging in, in his mettlesome manner, his effervescence seeming to affect the other players like champagne as he and then Hawkins blow several rollicking choruses before Hines takes over in a solo that percs all the way. Then Roy and Hawk trade eights, ending the tune in a blaze of cymbals and much bonhomie.

Man I Love is a fine solo by Eldridge (Hines almost took the bridge away from him the second time!), and no sooner has the last note died than the drums and bass go slam-bang into *Undecided* at a fast clip. Hines leaves the stand, and the bass and drums lock into place to provide a solid backing against which Eldridge pits his sparkling sound. Tucker solos buoyantly. Jackson and Eldridge exchange eight-bar sallies, and the session ends in high good humor.

The sincerity of the performance, the spontaneity of the music, and the you-were-there atmosphere make this album worthwhile listening on many counts, not the least of which is Little Jazz, who, like a small boy at a ballgame, mischievously eggs on the other players to greater efforts from backstage with shouts of encouragement. (M.McP.)

Les McCann

SPANISH ONIONS—Pacific Jazz 10097 and 20097: *El Soulo; Lavande; Spanish Onions; Git Them Grits; I Am in Love; Arabella; Maxie's Farewell.*

Personnel: McCann, piano; Victor Gaskin, bass; Paul Humphrey, drums.

Rating: ★★

Ole! There, right on the front cover of this album, rigged out like a Spanish grandee, is Les McCann! Inside is a record that, though short on profundity, is long on excitement and good humor.

The tunes (all originals except Cole Porter's *Love*) are prime examples of McCann's zesty, jovial way with the piano, and he gets strong support from Gaskin and Humphrey, who contribute meaningfully to the over-all good feeling of the set, recorded at a concert. Mainly, it is unabashed blues and rock.

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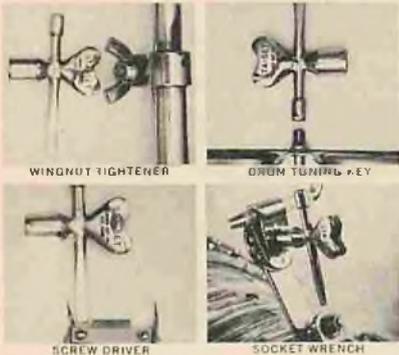
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El Soulo, a blues that is sort of a pastiche, ambles along pleasantly.

Lavande, a hymnlike melody (with a slight bow in the direction of Albeniz), starts to move as the trio eases into its rhythmic journey, developing the simple line into something quite lively en route. McCann—though it would seem that involved melodic and harmonic exploration is not his chief concern—seems to have a flair for dynamics, and he employs them effectively here.

On *Onions* he goes all out to create the Spanish motif in varying moods with several key and tempo changes. Parts of it seem a little Bizet, but it is well played as it roams through the various short episodes.

On the second side, McCann charges in like *El Toro*, seeming to forget about Spanish onions as he goes all out to *Get Them Grits*.

Love is treated politely at the start but winds up a veritable grand passion.

Arabella gets a gentle touch from the men before she is taken for a ride in the McCann Hot-Rock, careening along at a furious rate. Finally they set her down with a light caress and a tip of their sombreros. Quite a charming affair.

Maxie's is a romping, roaring fare-thee-well as everybody gets into a relentless groove. After a short drum solo, the bass and drums are tacit, leaving McCann to his own devices: single-note figures that are evidently visual as well as musically effective, judging by the laughter and applause from the audience. For this sort of thing, and for the over-all finger-popping, foot-tapping feeling generated throughout, Les McCann really knows his onions.

(M.McP.)

Roy Meriwether

SOUP & ONIONS/SOUL COOKIN'—Columbia 2433: *Soup and Onions*; *Little Lousy Jane*; *Cast Your Fate to the Wind*; *St. James Infirmary*; *Screwdriver*; *A Taste of Honey*; *The Ripper*; *Georgia on My Mind*; *Satin Doll*; *Exodus*.

Personnel: Meriwether, piano; Isaac Sloan, bass; Joseph Arnold, drums.

Rating: ★

Meriwether is apparently Columbia's answer to Ramsey Lewis and Les McCann. His playing is composed almost entirely of funky cliches.

The album doesn't have a redeeming quality; it's stale throughout. How often can you warm over soup and onions?

(H.P.)

Lee Morgan

THE RUMPROLLER—Blue Note 4199: *The Rumproller*; *Desert Moonlight*; *Eclipse*; *Edda*; *The Lady*.

Personnel: Morgan, trumpet; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Ronnie Mathews, piano; Victor Sproles, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Horace Silver

THE CAPE VERDEAN BLUES—Blue Note 4220: *The Cape Verdean Blues*; *The African Queen*; *Pretty Eyes*; *Nutville*; *Bonita*; *Mo' Joe*.

Personnel: Woody Shaw, trumpet; J. J. Johnson, trombone; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Silver, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Roger Humphries, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★ ½

This is why I like these records:

Joe Henderson:

A lot of guys could play as well as Henderson and still sound like a hundred other guys. Henderson doesn't sound like a hundred other guys. At times he plays

noises—not notes—as uncompromisingly as Albert Ayler. He can be lyrical—like John Coltrane playing a ballad. There is a trace of Sonny Stitt from time to time. The combination of all of these influences adds up to a personal, original, diversified excitement.

J. J. Johnson:

J. J. is the best trombone player in the world. It is redundant to go into why—everybody knows that about him. On the Silver LP he is not at his best, but J. J. slightly under his capacity is still ahead of most other trombone players. His one flaw is relying on quotations to an extreme, which he does here occasionally, but even these are so well executed that they don't seriously bother me.

Billy Higgins:

He keeps time loosely and subtly. He gets a sound out of the drums—not just banging. He listens and responds to the soloist. He is a musical drummer.

Lee Morgan and Woody Shaw:

Morgan is together. Shaw gets a fat sound with a warm, wide Freddie Hubbard-ish vibrato. They both avoid cliches while playing pretty melodies with fine control and good chops.

The tunes:

The Silver influence is strong throughout both albums. His writing has a constant validity. Some years ago, when "soul music" was the order of the day, he wrote and played that better than most. The style was primitive, a hard-driving unobtrusive swing based on southern Negro church and work songs. Blue Mitchell and Junior Cook played Silver tunes like *The Preacher* with more than the required amount of funk. Silver wrote music that fit so well into that groove that I thought he would become dated along with the style. I was wrong.

He still writes and plays the same kind of music, only it now sounds avant-garde. His chord changes are deceptively simple. There are so few of them that his tunes can almost be called modal. Modal jazz playing, pioneered by George Russell and Miles Davis, permits the player almost total harmonic freedom but still leaves a form—a challenge, a meaning—to the music.

Most of the tunes are somewhere around the blues. They are usually accompanied by a distinctive rhythm-section figure that often continues behind the solos. This gives each tune an individual character, permitting the soloist to play the "tune" instead of the changes. They set up a special kind of freedom for the soloist, and there is a beautiful tension that comes from the shackled rhythm section in opposition to the unfettered soloist.

And the repetition itself becomes exciting. There are some experiences you can have only after repetition. You come through the other side of boredom.

For example, Eric Satie wrote a piano piece that lasts less than a minute. However, there is a notation on the bottom of the manuscript that states that the piece is to be repeated more than 800 times. It was meant partly as a joke, but Satie was also making a point. If one hears a composition—or a word, for that matter—

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Quite recently we released an album by an artist named Billy Stewart. The album is entitled "UNBELIEVABLE". Billy Stewart gained his popularity as a Rhythm and Blues singer and everything he's recorded up until now has been in the rhythm and blues "bag".

A Los Angeles jazz disc jockey named Les Carter heard the Billy Stewart album and was so impressed that he started playing it on his K-B-C-A show two and three times a day. He referred to Billy Stewart as "The most exciting new singer to come around in the last fifteen years". A number of Les' cohorts listened to the album. Some shared his enthusiasm — some didn't.

One reviewer wrote, "Billy Stewart's "UNBELIEVABLE" is unbelievably great". Another reviewer gave it what is possibly the worst review a Chess record has ever received. Another guy wrote, "Exciting is really too weak a word to describe this album". Still, someone else called it "irritating".

We think it's a great album. We think Billy Stewart's interpretation of standards is the most exciting thing to be put on record in over a decade. You may or may not agree, but by all means, listen to the album. To hell with the critics! To hell with what we think! You're the critic!

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enough times, the very repetition becomes an esthetic experience, a unique experience. One must have the boredom to get to that experience, which can be exhilarating.

The rhythm section repeating the same pattern throughout the tune works this way. One starts wondering if they will ever release the growing tension by breaking into straight time. After a while the listener becomes hypnotized by the pattern and how it is affecting the soloist. The rhythm section players themselves seem to pick up momentum after preliminary tedium. The phrases are simple, their extensive repetition complex.

I hear on these records—particularly in Henderson—evidence of a dynamic synthesis between the now stagnant jazz style of the 1950s and the exciting, but still undisciplined, abstractions of the '60s.

(M.Z.)

Jelly Roll Morton

HOT JAZZ, POP JAZZ, HOKUM, AND HILARITY—RCA Victor 524: *Wild Man Blues*; *Hyena Stomp*; *Billy Goat Stomp*; *Freakish* (two takes); *You Done Played Out Blues*; *Sweet Anita Mine*; *I'm Looking for a Little Bluebird*; *Sweet Peter*; *Jersey Joe*; *Mississippi Mildred*; *Mint Julep*; *I'm Her Papa, She's My Mama*; *She Saves Her Sweetest Smiles for Me*; *Tank Town Bump*; *Try Me Out*.

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2, 3—George Mitchell, cornet; Johnny Dodds, clarinet; Gerald Reeves, trombone; Stump Evans, alto saxophone; Morton, piano; Bud Scott, banjo, guitar; Quinn Wilson, tuba; Baby Dodds, drums. Tracks 4, 5—Morton, piano. Track 6—Morton, piano; Billie Young, vocal. Tracks 7, 15, 16—Briscoe Draper, Red Rossiter, trumpets; Charlie Irvis, trombone; George Baquet, clarinet; Paul Barnes, Joe Thomas, Walter Thomas, saxophones; Morton, Rod Rodriguez, pianos; unknown, guitar; Bass Hill, tuba;

William Laws, drums. Track 8—Ward Pinkett, unknown, trumpets; Wilbur DeParis, trombone; unknown, clarinet; Morton, piano; Bernard Addison, guitar; Billy Taylor, tuba; Cozy Cole, drums. Tracks 9-12—Henry (Red) Allen, trumpet; J. C. Higginbotham, trombone; Albert Nicholas, clarinet; Morton, piano; Will Johnson, guitar; Pops Foster, bass; Paul Barbarin, drums. Tracks 13, 14—Allen, trumpet; Higginbotham, trombone; Wilton Crawley, clarinet, vocal; Charlie Holmes, alto saxophone; Morton, piano; Teddy Bunn, guitar; unknown tuba, washboard.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

Apparently inspired by the current vogue for "camp," RCA Victor has seen fit to issue in its Vintage series some of Morton's more trivial and esoteric efforts. But along with the "hokum and hilarity," some of which is genuinely funny, there are samples of Morton at his best, as well as a few selections that are neither funny nor good.

The best includes the two versions of *Freakish* (one previously unissued), surely among Morton's finest piano solos. The title hints at the unconventional harmonies employed, and Morton's rhythm seemed more flowing and relaxed when he played by himself. The takes differ considerably.

Also excellent are the four pieces featuring Morton with the nucleus of the great Luis Russell Band, including New Orleansians Allen, Nicholas, Foster, and Barbarin. Allen's powerful lead work and solo strength, Higginbotham's robust yet flexible trombone, Nicholas' lovely tone, and the rocking rhythm section add up to one of Morton's finest small groups on record, and his own solo and ensemble contributions are inspired.

Johnny Dodds stands out on the first

three tracks, of which *Wild Man* is the one least larded with humorous effects. Mitchell's lead is clear and bright, and he was a potent soloist, yet it is hard to believe that his work was once mistaken for Louis Armstrong's (not on these records, to be sure). The exchange of "fours" between clarinetist Dodds and Evans show that this practice did not originate with bebop.

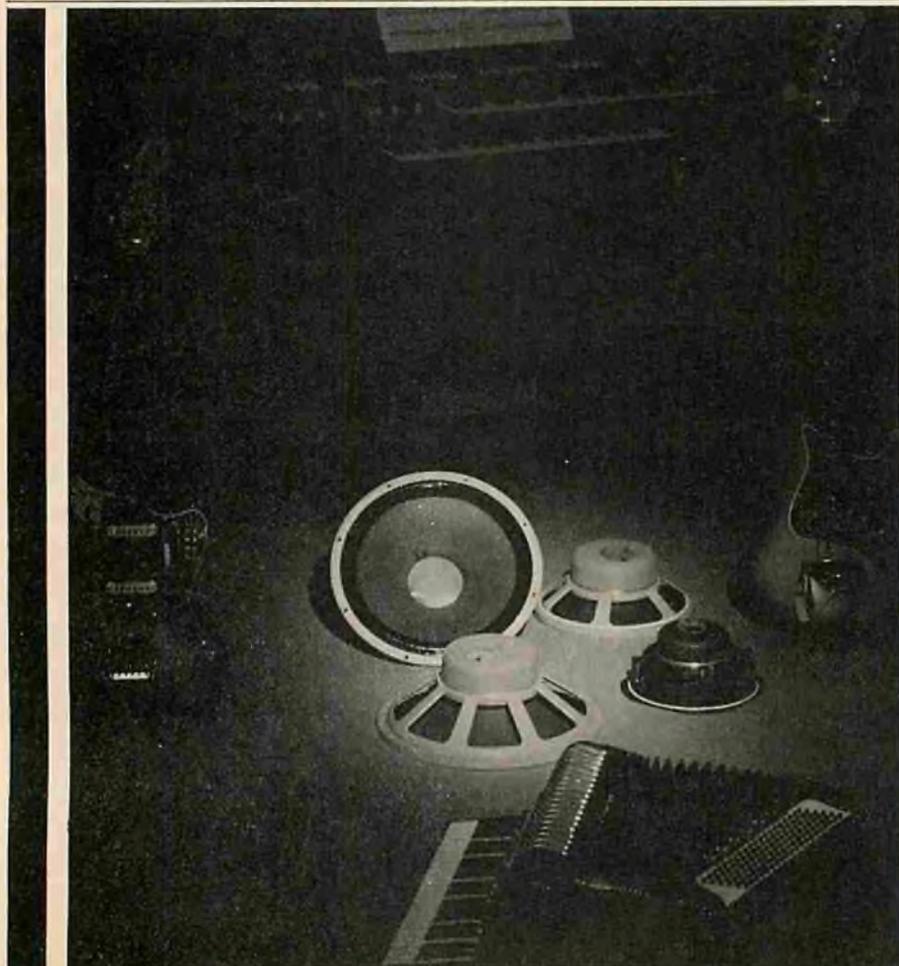
Hyena and *Billy Goat* feature the animal imitations of a gentleman named Lew LeMar, and only the most humorless listener could fail to be amused by his antics. Dodds, undaunted, contributes some lovely, warm clarinet on both tracks.

Less satisfying are the carryings-on of Crawley, whose laughing clarinet and singing are features of *Papa* and *Smiles*. But there is nice Allen and clean alto work by Holmes, a Johnny Hodges disciple, as well as glimpses of Morton. The album's discography lists an unknown drummer, but the percussion instrument employed is unquestionably a washboard.

Miss Young, an amateur singer, does a fair job on *Played Out*, but the main thing is Morton's perfect accompaniment. Years of work with singers in sporting houses and vaudeville shows polished this facet of his craft to a matchless glow.

The four tracks with expanded instrumentation are historically interesting as examples of Morton's relatively unsuccessful attempts to cope with the then emerging big-band style, but their musical value is slight.

The presence of Baquet, a clarinetist



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of Bunk Johnson's generation who had worked with Buddy Bolden and the Original Creole Band (he is featured on *Anita*), is an added point of interest, but, again, musically disappointing—his style was dated even in 1929. Billy Taylor's tuba on *Bluebird* is kicks, as is the piano duet on *Bump*.

For newcomers to Morton, this album would be a less felicitous choice than the two others currently available on RCA Victor. But for seasoned collectors, it will make an interesting addition, especially since some of the original records are exceedingly rare. Charles Edward Smith's liner notes are illuminating and vivid.

(D.M.)

Gerry Mulligan

FEELIN' GOOD—Limelight 82030: *The Lonely Night; Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone; The Second Time Around; Not Mine; P.S., I Love You; The Song Is Ended; Love Walked In; Feeling Good; Love Is the Sweetest Thing; I'll Walk Alone; The Shadow of Your Smile.*

Personnel: Mulligan, baritone saxophone, clarinet; Pete Jolly, piano; Johnny Gray or Jimmy Helms, guitar; Jimmy Bond, bass; Hal Blaine, drums; unidentified string section.

Rating: ★★

Mulligan is one of the most conservative of modern jazzmen. Rhythmically his playing is simple—sometimes overly so—and predictable. His choice of notes is also far from audacious. What makes him a fine improviser is the way he puts those notes together; his playing at its best is very attractive melodically.

Unfortunately, Mulligan is far from inspired here. Perhaps the commercial nature of the album (schmaltzy arrangements, movie and Broadway show tunes) is the cause. At any rate, he plays in a pleasant, inoffensive manner, not swinging with his usual gusto and displaying even less daring than he normally does.

Much is made in the notes of his clarinet appearances on some tracks—but his clarinet work is unimpressive. He has a Jimmy Giuffre-like approach, confining himself primarily to the middle and low registers. His tone has a colorless, undistinguished quality.

A closing observation: Mulligan, despite technical limitations, displayed not only lyricism but more of a disposition to take chances on his recordings with the Miles Davis Nonet than he does today. If he'd continued to play in this manner instead of creating a simple, if infectious, form of jazz that's been called Bopsieland, would he have produced music of more lasting merit? I think that he would have and that he never has realized his great potential.

(H.P.)

Bud Shank

MICHELLE—World Pacific 21840: *Michelle; Petite Fleur; Girl; As Tears Go By; You Didn't Have to Be So Nice; Love Theme from "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg"; Sounds of Silence; Turn! Turn! Turn!; Yesterday; Blue on Blue.*

Personnel: Chet Baker, flugelhorn; Shank, alto saxophone, flute; Bob Florence, arranger conductor; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★½

There are some beautiful moments in this album, which is mainly a collection of several of the more interesting folk-rock and rock-and-roll tunes, arranged by Florence and played tastefully by Shank and Baker with rhythm section and voices.

Despite a sort of polite, rock type of rhythm, teenagers would hardly recognize (thank goodness!) the songs associated with the Beatles and the Rolling Stones in this context.

For me, the high point of the album is Sidney Bechet's lovely *Petite Fleur*. (One could listen countless times to this just for the wistful introduction by Baker.)

The other tunes, especially *Michelle* and *Sounds of Silence*, are well done.

Baker plays some appealing counter-melodies and gets a half-chorus or so on most tracks, his poignant sound giving added beauty to the songs. Florence makes use of the voices charmingly, especially on *Turn and Girl*.

The whole thing would be delightful except for the heavy intrusive drumming, which, for me, mars some of the selections (though I doubt that it is the fault of the drummer, who was probably playing as directed) and completely clobbers *Umbrellas*. Despite this, Shank and Baker soar above and around the rhythm accompaniment, intertwining contrapuntal ideas in airy fashion, and Baker plays his lovely solos hauntingly (I would like to have heard much more of him). Between them, he and Shank transcend the gimmicky drum effects with their sincerity.

I must say I was mystified as to why every tune ended in a fade-out—surely a strange device to use throughout a whole album (even if one is hoping for a hit single).

The cover is charming, in good taste, using attractive colors. The same is true of much of the music, and Chet and Bud playing *Petite Fleur* make the whole thing worthwhile. (M.McP.)

Various Artists

RARE BANDS OF THE TWENTIES—Historical Jazz, No. 3: *Mean Baby Blues*; *Southbound*; *St. James Infirmary*; *Blue Sweets*; *Texas Special Blues*; *Papa Skag Stomp*; *Shake Your Shimmy*; *Patent Leather Stomp*; *Nightmare*; *Duck's Yas Yas*; *Sumpin' Slow and Low*; *St. Louis Bound*; *Aunt Jemina Stomp*; *Maxwell Street Stomp*.

Personnel: Track 1—Bob Robinson, clarinet; Jimmy Blythe, piano; Teddy Moss, guitar. Tracks 2, 3—Jabbo Smith, cornet; Omer Simeon, clarinet; George James, alto saxophone; Alex Hill, piano; unidentified trombone, banjo, tuba, drums. Tracks 4, 5—Ruben Reeves, trumpet; DePriest Wheeler, trombone; William Blue, Andrew Brown, alto saxophones; unidentified clarinet; Jimmy Prince, piano; Charlie Stamps, banjo; Smith, bass; LeRoy Maxey, drums. Tracks 6—Reeves, trumpet; Darnell Howard (?), clarinet; Gerald Reeves (?), trombone; Prince, piano; Cecil White, bass; Jasper Taylor, drums. Tracks 7, 14—King Mutt, cornet; Joe Walker, clarinet, alto saxophone; Blythe, piano; Ike Robinson, banjo, guitar; Jimmy Bertrand, drums. Track 8—Syd Valentine, trumpet; Slick Helms, piano; Paul George, banjo. Track 9—Alphonse Trent, piano; George Hudson, Chester Clark, Peanuts Holland, trumpets; Snub Mosley, trombone; Hayes, Chester Pillars, Lee Hilliard, reeds; Stuff Smith, violin; Eugene Crook, mitar; Eppi Jackson, bass; A. G. Godley, drums. Track 10—Junie Cobb, trumpet; Walter Martin, Freddie Martin, alto saxophones; Ernest Franklin, tenor saxophone; Eddie Johnson, piano; Benny Jackson, banjo; Singleton Palmer, bass; Lester Nicholas, drums. Track 11—Henry McCord (?), trumpet; John Williams, clarinet; unidentified violin; Bradley Bullett (?), trombone; Mary Lou Williams, piano; Joe Williams, banjo; Robert Price, drums. Tracks 12, 13—Cobb, cornet; Cecil Irwin, clarinet; Ernie Smith, baritone saxophone; Frank Melrose, piano; Bertrand, xylophone; Tommy Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

These tracks are reissues of rare recordings made in Chicago and Richmond, Ind., around 1930. Largely overlooked in jazz commentary because of their obscurity or marginal jazz content, recordings such as

these are excellent research material for those interested in the patterns of evolution and influence in early jazz.

There is serious disagreement among discographers about the dates and personnel of these recordings, and the leaflet with this album further mangles what is known by its obvious errors and omissions. Using primarily Orin Blackstone's *Index to Jazz*, I've made tentative corrections of the leaflet in the above personnel listing.

The Alphonse Trent Band was a Negro territory band based in Texas, and on *Nightmare* it proves to be a pallid copy of the Paul Whiteman-Jean Goldkette-Roger Wolfe Kahn brand of "jazz." There is a good solo spot by young Stuff Smith, but the other soloists are distressing.

Trumpeter Syd Valentine shows, on *Patent Leather*, that he is deservedly obscure, but Paul George has a fine single-string banjo solo, with Eddie Lang-like hesitations. Slick Helms' piano is attractive, too, and has figures advanced for the time.

Sumpin' Slow has a glimpse of 17-year-old Mary Lou Williams, but is otherwise undistinguished.

Mean Baby is a good earthy blues, with guitarist Teddy Moss and pianist Jimmy Blythe shining. Clarinetist Bob Robinson slips into hokum at times, but his New Orleans type of playing is pleasing nevertheless.

King Mutt may be a New Orleans cornetist using a pseudonym: clipped phrases delivered with powerful swing, good use of a mute, and skillful ensemble playing argue for the idea of his being, at least, a New Orleanian. Both tracks featuring Mutt—*Shimmy* and *Maxwell*—have unusually spirited band ensembles.

Duck's has Junie Cobb's hot trumpet over a sweet background. One of the alto saxophonists gives a bad imitation of Frank Trumbauer on the track.

St. Louis and *Aunt Jemina* are both marred by Jimmy Bertrand's jangling xylophone and Ernie Smith's heavy slap-tongue baritone, but both tracks have excellent piano solos by the fabled Frank Melrose. It's like going into a murky cave and getting a dim view of a striking stalagmite.

Pianist Alex Hill's *Southbound* and *St. James Infirmary* feature Omer Simeon's fiery clarinet and the strong and easy trumpet of Jabbo Smith. *St. James* has as much of the poignancy and color as anything of the time, and Smith's final chorus, especially, shows what a musical giant the man was.

Trumpeter Ruben Reeves proves to be an exceptional musician on his three tracks. *Blue Sweets* and *Texas Special* suffer from a rancid trombonist and staid arrangements, but *Papa Skag*, with a good front line, rips along with explosive ensembles. On *Special* Reeve's muted growl playing seems to have influenced Oran (Hot Lips) Page, Buck Clayton, and other musicians of the Kansas City school.

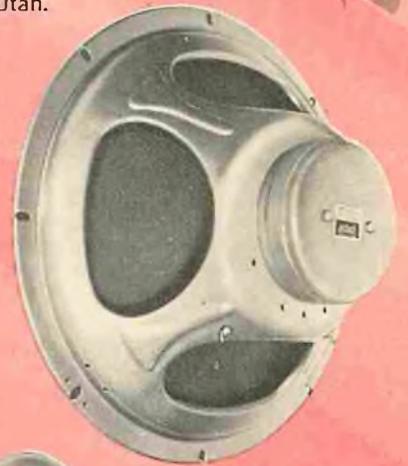
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Shelly Manne

1. Joe Morello. **I Didn't Know What Time It Was** (from *It's About Time*, RCA). Phil Woods, alto saxophone; Morello, drums; Manny Albam, arranger.

That was a very good big-band record, and I'm sure that was Phil Woods, one of my favorite alto men. He really stood out on the whole thing.

I guess the leader on that date was Joe Morello. The drum sound was excellently recorded, and Joe sounded very good with a big band; he had it well under control. Three-and-a-half stars.

2. Kai Winding. **You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'** (from *The 'In' Instrumentals*, Verve). Winding, trombone; Gary Chester, Jack Jennings, percussion; Garry Sherman, arranger.

That leaves me absolutely cold for many reasons. First of all, I listen for a record to swing; I don't care how far out it gets, it must have that pulsation to make it really jazz. This has no swing, and they're using two drummers, with a real heavy rock-and-roll-influenced beat. When drummers used to play with that feeling in the old days you just called them "leadfoots."

Sounds to me like some a&r man had a jazzman under contract and thought he'd try to make a hit. I don't think one good thing has come from rock and roll. Whatever good things you find in it were there long before, in rhythm and blues—the old records of Peetie Wheatstraw, the Devil's Son-in-law; Roosevelt Sykes; Bessie Smith . . . all that influence was there many years ago. Rock and roll has taken all those things and blown them out of proportion into a grotesque, crude way of playing.

I give this absolutely zero. If that made a hit for a jazzman he might get in a trap he could never get out of. It would hurt him if he really wanted to play good music.

3. Gary McFarland. **Reflections in the Park** (Verve). Bill Evans, piano; McFarland, vibraharp, composer. Recorded at Webster Hall, New York City.

I liked that. It had a kind of charm and beauty and clarity to the writing and the playing, and a good jazz feeling underlying it all. Sounded like it was recorded at Rudy Van Gelder's; he gets that con-

cert hall sound without adding echo.

The band was well rehearsed and used good dynamics, which I always listen for. People tend to lose a lot of things by not using dynamics to make their music more dramatic and more meaningful. It becomes too much to take if you play at one level all the time.

I have no idea who they are. The vibe player's sound reminded me of Gary Burton. I enjoyed the piano player very much too. Four stars.

4. Rufus Harley. **Chim Chim Cheree** (from *Bagpipe Blues*, Atlantic). Harley, bagpipe.

You know they had to start that record about five minutes before they actually began to play the melody, so that they could get the pipes warmed up! I love bagpipes in a bagpipe band, but they're not my idea of a jazz instrument. They're limited, chordwise. I guess they're okay for a modal type of song, such as *Green-sleeves* or this one; but Trane gets this effect going without the aid of any gimmick instruments.

I don't even know how to rate this; whether to rate the song, the performance, or the pipe player. I'm not a judge of pipe players. I guess I'd just have to give it about 1½.

5. Eddie Harris. **Love for Sale** (from *The In Sound*, Atlantic). Ray Codrington, trumpet; Harris, tenor saxophone; Billy Higgins, drums.

That sounded to me like one guy playing a couple of instruments. It was balanced like a live performance; drums were much too far out front, and the drummer's time feeling seemed very nervous, never really got settled into a swinging groove.

I don't know who the trumpet player was. . . . I think a lot of musicians don't make enough use of space. It can be very important. When you listen to Sonny Rollins or Miles, space means so much in the forming of their solos; the way they use it becomes as beautiful as what they play.

This record didn't impress me too much. I have to give it two stars for vitality.

6. Buddy Rich. **Brainwashed** (from *The Driver*, Emarcy). Rich, drums.

"In the past 15 years or so," Shelly Manne said, "there's been a greater change in rhythm sections than in any other section in the band. A lot of it has to do with the drummer's being freed.

"This is something I've thought about for years. If the drummer thinks in melodic rather than rhythmic terms, he will free himself, because then he's not restricted by time patterns. I'm against the kind of drumming that relies on patterns all the time to create solos or create a background for the solos.

"Nowadays the young guys have so much to listen to that they don't start playing where they should start. They start in an advanced area, and they never get down to the meat and potatoes.

"Not many guys talk about swinging any more; yet even though we're not in the swing era, it's the underlying factor underneath all the music—I don't care how avant-garde you get."

Manne, now in his sixth year of practicing what he preaches at his Manne-Hole in Hollywood, Calif., was given no information about the records played. This was his first *Blindfold Test* since March 28, 1963.

That's a straight-ahead, old-time flag-waver. It's got to be Buddy Rich, and I've got to say there's only one Buddy Rich and always will be. It sounded like the tempo was set up for a drummer; you knew they were going to get to that drum solo.

Buddy can really flabbergast you in so many ways. . . . The feeling he gets has never been one of my favorite feelings, for playing; but Buddy's a straight-ahead swinger. I don't think he's ever been as impressive on records. In person he can stop you cold; he does so many things so many ways with such fantastic confidence and control of the instrument. I've always respected and loved Buddy's playing. Because of him, I'll have to give it 3½.

7. Elvin Jones. **Elvin Elpus** (from *And Then Again*, Atlantic). Thad Jones, cornet; Charles Davis, baritone saxophone; Hank Jones, piano; Elvin Jones, drums; Melba Liston, composer-arranger.

Well, Elvin got the last word in.

It was in 5/4 and everybody sounded restricted by the time signature. On this particular tune I didn't see any need to play in five; it would have been freer for the soloists if it had been in four. The trumpet seemed locked in by the time signature; didn't sound like he was able to be free, playing the tune this way. The piano, when he went back to comping after his solo, seemed locked in, too, with that oom-cha-cha-oom-cha thing.

Even Elvin, as free as he plays—and he's definitely one of my favorite drummers, one of the great drummers today—he couldn't seem to play over the bar lines. He'd play one 5/4 bar solo and always hit that downbeat; he'd always make sure he was hitting on 1.

The baritone player was definitely most uncomfortable—in fact, he just played in four and left spaces!

I don't believe in letting a time signature dictate a melody. Playing in different time signatures is exciting and opens up new ways of thinking, new feelings; it can be fun. But the rhythm of a song must not dictate the theme. What made *Take Five* so successful was that Paul Desmond's melody just naturally dictated five.

Two-and-a-half stars.





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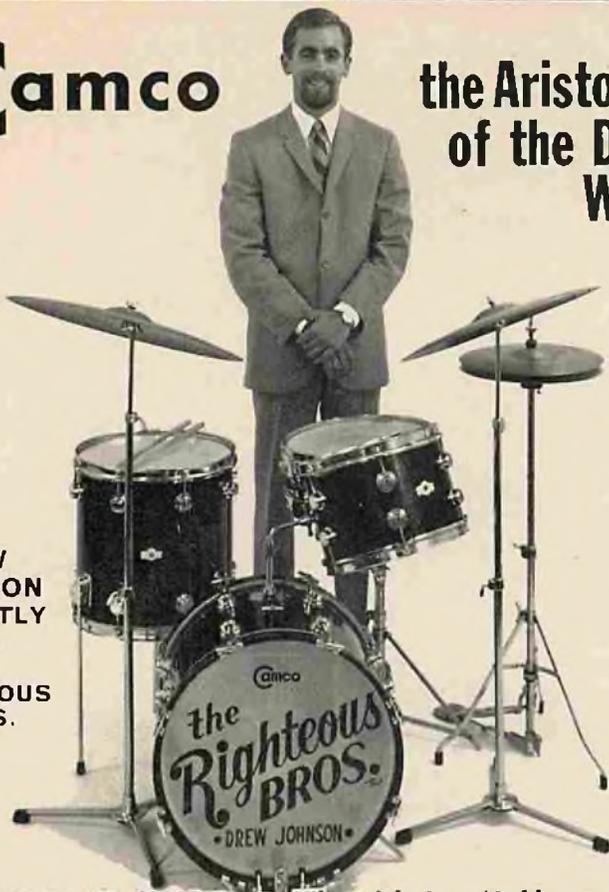
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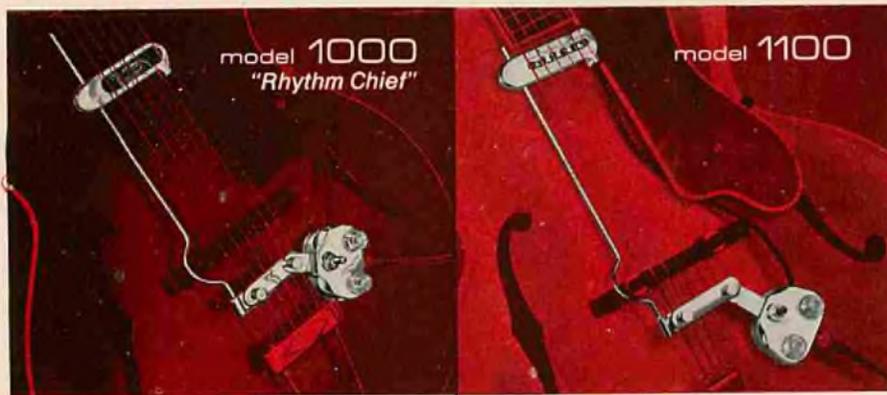
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42 □ DOWN BEAT

BOOK REVIEWS

Conversations with the Blues, by Paul Oliver. Published by Horizon Press, 217 pages, \$6.95.

Well, Oliver has done it again. In *Conversations with the Blues*, this compassionate and informed British writer has given a lively, moving, insightful, and thoroughly engaging account of the backgrounds, development, and nature of the blues and the milieu in which the blues flourish.

Since the music is itself so fiercely personal, Oliver wisely has adopted the procedure earlier delineated in Nat Hentoff and Nat Shapiro's effective *Hear Me Talkin' to Ya*, in which the development of a music—in that case jazz—was traced through the skillful juxtaposition of commentary by various musicians so that a mosaiclike narrative was unfolded.

Oliver treats of the blues in this same manner, advancing his story of the blues' meaning, substance, environment, and development through lively, readable quotes from the more than 60 blues singers he interviewed in the summer of 1960, while on a visit to the United States sponsored by the U.S. State Department.

It is a fascinating, totally alive document, for in their own pungent, warm words such well-known blues figures as Lightnin' Hopkins, Muddy Waters, Sunnyland Slim, Roosevelt Sykes, Victoria Spivey, St. Louis Jimmy Oden, Lonnie Johnson, and John Lee Hooker, as well as dozens of lesser-known singers and players, tell what the blues are, what they mean to them, the conditions under which blues are born and thrive, the plight of the southern—and northern—Negro, the lack of educational and employment opportunities, the function of the blues within the Negro community, the development of musical talent, the rise of the blues record industry, working conditions for professional blues performers—the whole, complex, variegated picture.

The narrative crackles with the same color and expressive ambiguity that gives the blues such vitality and excitement. And the rich, pungent text is amplified and sharpened through a series of photographs.

The pictures, in fact, tell their own story: the simple canniness of pianist Otis Spann; the quiet desolation of Bo Carter; the sharp, penetrating eagerness of Buster Pickens; the mischievous affection of Billie and Dede Pierce; the gaunt, grimy horror of Chicago tenements; the contained strength of blind street singer Arvella Gray—these and many others plead as eloquently as the narrative.

For any student of the blues and Negro folk music, this powerful, beautiful book is absolutely required reading. And as a testimony to the sensitivity, knowledge, and, above all, humanity of its author, *Conversations with the Blues* is an even more significant achievement than his valuable *Blues Fell This Morning*.

—Pete Welding

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Reviews Of In-Person Performances

Gary McFarland

Lincoln Center, New York City

Personnel: Bernie Glow, John Frosk, Bill Berry, Joe Newman, Clark Terry, trumpets, flugelhorn; Bob Brookmeyer, Jimmy Cleveland, trombones; Bob Northern, French horn; Jay McAllister, tuba; Jerry Dodgion, Phil Woods, Jerome Richardson, Richie Kamuca, Zoot Sims, reeds; Sam Brown, Gabor Szabo, guitars; Richard Davis, bass; Tommy Lopez, Latin percussion; Joe Cocuzzo, drums; McFarland, vibraharp, conductor.

To have at his disposal an orchestra of this caliber, combined with the absence of any artistic restriction, was an arranger-composer's dream, and McFarland met the expectations kindled by this unusual opportunity.

This was a full-scale concert of McFarland's music, much of it written especially for the occasion. Most of the music—10 pieces and one short suite—was substantial; none was without interest.

The two-part suite, *Winter Colors*, was the evening's high point, sustaining interest from the delicate introduction (Brown's unamplified and Szabo's electric guitar joined by Davis' flawlessly bowed bass) to the brassy finale. It was a skillfully wrought and excellently orchestrated piece of real music, making good use of thematic development. The combination of piccolo, flute, and clarinets with muted brass was especially appealing, and the use of a triangle at the opening of the second section was telling indication of McFarland's proclivity for subtle coloration.

Throughout the concert, McFarland made good use of the versatility of the reed players. Sims and Woods doubled clarinets, Dodgion clarinet and flute, but Kamuca and Richardson were veritable arsenals of sounds. Kamuca played tenor and baritone saxophones, bass clarinet, and English horn, Richardson soprano, alto, and baritone saxophones, as well as soprano and bass clarinets, flute, and piccolo. In addition, every member of the section had something to offer as a soloist.

The brasses were sparked by the trumpets, with Glow's commanding lead sometimes well bolstered by Frosk. Terry took most of the section's solos, but there were spots for Newman and Berry as well. Northern's French horn was frequently used in a blend with the trombone tandem, and McAllister's agile tuba was employed as melodic rather than rhythmic spice.

The placement of the wind instruments in two facing tiers and the rhythm-section members in the center put much of the responsibility for holding things together on the latter—a task to which they rose with aplomb. (The atrocious acoustics of the Center's Philharmonic Hall affect not only the listeners but also the players; apparently, the brasses could not always hear the reeds. This white elephant of an auditorium is hopeless for musical events.)

Bassist Davis once again brilliantly confirmed his position as the No. 1 virtuoso and anchor man on his instrument (and

there is plenty of tough competition). Cocuzzo was always there to guide the band firmly, never missing a cue or messing up the time, and displayed an ability to swing in any tempo or time signature (and there were many).

The music, while always employing the full resources of the orchestra, had McFarland's characteristically light and airy touch. He avoids the massive and sometimes overpowering voicings fashionable in today's big-band scores. But when he wants, he can write brass choirs that sparkle. Sometimes, in his more routine or commercial efforts, McFarland's music may seem slight and lacking in force, but such was not the case at this concert.

An Ellington influence (a matter of sound, not substance) was notable in the mood pieces, such as the ballad *I'll Write You a Poem*, during which Richardson's baritone showed its warm power, or the opening *Hiro's Moods* with its Ducal reed voicings.

McFarland's penchant for Latin music was less in evidence than one might have expected; however, the concluding piece was a gay south-of-the-border confection, with fine trumpet chases and a long, rollicking tenor solo by Sims.

The tenorist also shone on the moving *Willie*, dedicated to the late Willie Dennis, in whose memory an empty chair had been placed on the bandstand in the trombone section. A dirge-like theme, introduced by trombones and tuba, then joined in counter-melody by saxophones and clarinets, gave way to the blues and Sims, who made it clear that those who have casually pegged him as simply a swinger (as if to swing were such a simple matter) seriously underestimate this great player. The ensemble climax and effective ending contributed to making this piece one of McFarland's most impressive works.

Other high points included Terry's long, shouting solo on *Bygones in Boogie*, a sprightly eight-to-the-bar essay with guitars almost managing to substitute for the accustomed piano sound. A wonderful unaccompanied solo by Davis was included as a welcome bonus.

Reinstatement Blues, an up-tempo swinger originally written for Dizzy Gillespie at the *Down Beat* Jazz Festival, was less demanding than most of the other pieces and served to warm up the band; it featured a bright, gay Newman solo, as well as Terry's fine plunger work and coda, and effective octave jumps in the climax.

McFarland limited his vibraharp playing to one piece, *Pecos Pete*, expanded from its original sextet setting. Here, trumpet and flute unison made a charming blend with vibes and guitar voicings, and there was an interesting trumpet spot for Berry, a player too seldom heard in solo.

Altoist Woods was brilliant on *Sage Hands*, a medium-tempo piece, but there was too little solo work from this man and, disappointingly, no feature for his clarinet, previously so well showcased by McFarland on records.

Szabo's highly original guitar work, both in solo and ensemble, made a big contribution, and Dodgion scored with excellent solos on both alto saxophone and flute.

Brookmeyer's plunger solo on *Bygones* was exciting, and Kamuca's tenor and Terry's happy pocket-trumpet work brightened *Straight, No Chaser*, the only non-McFarland composition heard at the concert.
—Dan Morgenstern

Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra
Music Center, Los Angeles

Personnel: Ray Triscari, Dalton Smith, Ronnie Ossa, Lea Katzman, Gary Barone, trumpets; Bill Hinshaw, Richard Perissi, Art Maeba, Henry Sigesmonti, Jim McGee, French horns; Bob Fitzpatrick, Vern Friley, Lou Blackburn, Jim Amlotte, trombones; John Bambridge, tuba; Bud Shank, Bob Cooper, Bill Perkins, John Lowe, Jack Nimitz, reeds; Ron Anthony, guitar; Ray Sherman, piano; Bob West, bass; Emil Richards, Frank Carlson, percussion; Norm Jeffries, drums; Stan Kenton, conductor.

Hindustani Jazz Sextet: Don Ellis, trumpet; Gabe Baltazar, alto saxophone, flute; Emil Richards, vibraharp; Dave Mackay, piano, tamboura; Chuck Domanico, bass; Steve Bohannon, drums; Hari Har Rao, sitar, dholak, tabla.

Shelly Manne's Men: Conto Candoli, trumpet; Frank Strozier, alto saxophone; Russ Freeman, piano; Monte Budwig, bass; Manne, drums.

This concert was not so much a confrontation of jazz conception and classical form, but that of large band greeting small ensemble, and, more significantly, East meeting West.

The twain met in *Synthesis*, a brilliant exploration of Indian rhythms and Eastern scales by Ellis, who integrated his seven-piece Hindustani Jazz Sextet with the Neophonic for 40 pulsating minutes. The mood varied from introspective to orgiastic. The time signatures fluctuated from 7/4 to 19/8.

Prefacing the composition with a technical explanation of the two Indian ragas upon which the work was based, Ellis, in the performance, proved his claim that Indian music employs "the most sophisticated rhythmic system in the world."

Rao (a disciple of Ravi Shankar) opened the work with a meditative sitar solo. The instrument's twang elicited a few giggles at the outset, but when the final, ear-shattering outburst by the combined forces had stopped reverberating throughout the Music Center, a tumultuous roar of approval came from the audience.

The Ellis performance was an amazing display of solo and group virtuosity: Ellis' searching solos, with liberal use of quarter tones on his specially built, four-valve trumpet; Mackay's pedal-point drones on the tamboura; Baltazar's vibratoless lament on alto; the interplay between Domanico's bass and Rao's expert tabla drumming; the syncopated hand-clapping during Rao's dholak solo; the fascinating "Indian scat" by the sextet members, based on the sound made by the tablas; the contrapuntal weaving of lines by the group, with Ellis' muted trumpet and Baltazar's high-register alto conjuring up some Dixieland licks (could this be raga-time?); and above all, the intense vibes solo by Richards that cut through the accompanying orchestra and sextet.

As for the accompaniment, Kenton deserves the highest praise for maintaining a perfect balance over the fiendishly complex rhythmic patterns. (At rehearsal the day before, when asked what the biggest problem was, trombonist Vern Friley quipped, "Finding 1.")

The concert's other works that resorted to the 18th-century device of concerto grosso were Duane Tatro's *Sally IV* and

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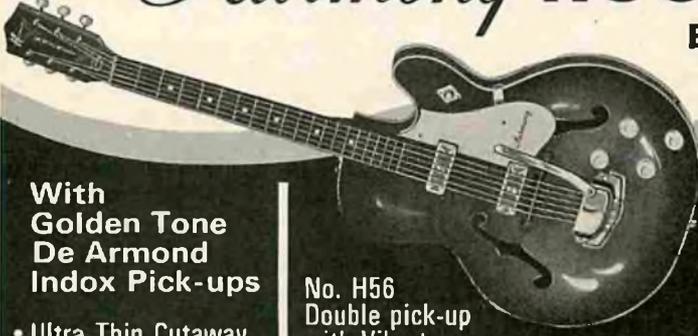
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Dave Grusin's *Crescendo and Diminuendo for Quintet and Orchestra* (the quintet was Manne's).

Tatro's work was not too satisfying emotionally, but it provided an interesting study in orchestral timbres. Utilizing a front line of baritone saxophone, flute, alto saxophone, trumpet, and trombone, *Sally IV* alternated between a brooding rubato and jet-propelled passages. There were some interesting doublings with piccolo, oboe, and contrabass clarinet set against a brass chorale. Most impressive was Shank's quarter-tone sorties on flute.

Closer to the jazz mainstream, Grusin's piece resorted to 4/4 and 3/4 to spread its neophonic message. The result was gratifying.

The performance proved that Manne is a master; he not only laid down the tempo changes in his flawless manner but also drove the quintet and the band with him. Among the high points: a pivotal figure by Freeman that returned as a quasi-riff; a free-form section with a dialog of trills by Strozier and Candoli (the phrasing by these two reveals an amazing affinity); and a flashy, but not pretentious, mallet demonstration by Manne.

Frank Constock's *Fusion* developed gradually and logically from a mysteriouso fragment deep in the contrabass clarinet to some hard-biting brass explosions as the tempo shifted from slow and moody to funky in a multiple of three. Shank's flute cadenza over wide-open brass voicings was especially beautiful.

Why *Tribute to a Poltergeist* was so named, only its composer, J. Hill, knows. Surely nothing in the music gave a clue. Also, nothing in the score justified its inclusion among the more adventuresome neophonic entries. But that didn't prevent it from swinging in the unabashed big-band genre of the '40s. It came on strong from the top and maintained its pace throughout, featuring a first-rate tenor solo by Cooper.

Bobby Troup was represented by two short, contrasting, eclectic works: the impressionistic *Lonely Afternoon*, and the lively galop, *Calvelli's Dance*. Bob Enevoldsen was represented by his tasteful orchestration of the pair.

Sherman's piano solo on *Lonely* recalled Erik Satie's *Gymnopedies* in its transparent simplicity. The only complaint that could be registered was the overuse of bass clarinets as an anchor. Otherwise, the work was imbued with an idyllic charm.

Calvelli's immediately brought to mind Kabalevsky's *The Comedians*. It was the type of short, exciting composition that guaranteed a spontaneous burst of applause. What was entirely unexpected was the dance executed by Kenton.

It was an outstanding concert—one that obviously advanced Kenton's neophonic cause, while establishing Ellis as one of the most articulate neophonic voices. Kenton should be proud of the men in his orchestra. In spite of the paucity of rehearsal time, they revealed their level of professionalism with an awesome display of responsiveness to the written demands.

—Harvey Siders

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RICHMOND

(Continued from page 18)

remembers certain things with special pleasure.

"When we've done really important work, like the NBC documentary, John Cassavetes' *Shadows* [a feature film that Mingus scored], getting the music ready for our European tour—outstanding musical dates like that, I had a chance to observe a lot of things," he said.

"At rehearsals, while the horns are trying to get their things down, the drummer learns to score the music, right with the horn men. I have an ear similar to photographic memory, so I pick up things fast, which gives me a chance to notice the temperaments of different musicians. It has been a lesson to me in learning how to overcome certain things. . . ."

Working with Mingus and the many great musicians who have passed through Mingus' various bands has been a challenge to Richmond, who is still young enough to remember clearly his early awe of "the giants."

"In my youth," he said, "listening to certain records, or climbing on the roof of the Pla-Mor ballroom when the bands would come to town [the ventilator outlet was right above the bandstand, and Richmond could look down through the fan grille and see Erskine Hawkins, Illinois Jacquet, J. J. Johnson, and the Dizzy Gillespie big band], I was just learning scales on the saxophone and wondered if I'd ever get to know cats like that. And then one day, you're in a studio playing with them, not just sitting in, but making real music together. It's a dream come true. . . ."

Richmond is fully committed to his second instrument and has never regretted the switch.

"The drums have been one of the truly artistic instruments, from the beginning of time to the present," he said. "When you sit down behind a set of drums you have a degree of advantage over a horn man. I have a floor tom, a small tom, bass drum, snare, two cymbals, and a sock cymbal—it's a whole orchestra, with me as the leader, composer, and arranger."

His enthusiasm growing, Richmond continued, "Some cats look upon the drums as just something to pound on and keep time, but it's gone far beyond that. To be able to sit down and more or less compose and do the things you want to do, knowing how not to overplay, how to become a very important part of the unit you're playing with, knowing how to lay down all your things in the right places, with all the skill at your command—that's

a truly beautiful thing."

But he is aware of the drummer's responsibilities.

"Some of today's drummers," he pointed out, "have gotten a little carried away and gone off the path. But I can't put them down for it too much, for you have to step outside a little bit to make new things happen."

Still, there are limits:

"To think in those terms is all very well and good, but just to sit down and play anything without thinking about playing along with the cats is no good. That's thinking in terms of star eyes."

Richmond is not displeased with his accomplishments to date, but he is a modest man.

"I've learned a great deal about playing musical drums," he reflected, "and I feel that I've been very lucky, more so than anyone I see around me. I'm thankful for this, but I'm not satisfied, and I won't be until such time as . . . I won't say master the instrument, for that's not really possible . . . but until I've gotten into the ranks of the No. 1 Line."

And that, to Richmond, means "with Max Roach, who is still the world's greatest drummer, in all respects."

Though Richmond's experience as a drummer has been circumscribed by his association with Mingus, it hasn't been confined to that arena exclusively. He has worked with, among others, tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims, trumpeter Chet Baker ("on and off for almost a year"), and pianist Freddie Redd, in a fine, short-lived quintet. He has also recorded with a variety of bands.

"It's been really enjoyable," he said about such non-Mingus experience, "if for no more than the change-value it offered. But while these other groups were playing good jazz, they didn't have the degree of emotion and tension that Mingus' music has when it reaches the heights."

Richmond recently recorded his first album as a leader, and while he was pleased to have this overdue opportunity, he has certain reservations about the results:

"Jaki Byard [the pianist who also has worked with Mingus] was more instrumental than anyone in helping me to get my own date, but the A&R man [Bob Thiele] had it all arranged, even to the way he wanted me to play. While I'm elated over having my own record date, it really doesn't show my ability to play good jazz drums. I hope the next one will give me more freedom. I have some of my own tunes that I'd like to do." 

SELMER PORTA- DESKS

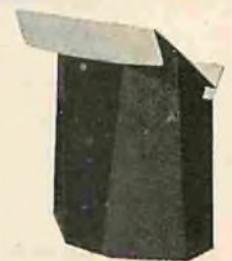


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AD LIB
(Continued from page 17)

at Robin's Nest after drummer Gerold Donovan and his group moved to the Hungry Eye . . . Art Hodes finishes his eight-week gig at the Sari-S this weekend. He will take a quarjet into Sahara Inn Sundays and Mondays for three weeks beginning March 13. The pianist's five-piecer was featured at a Feb. 27 concert at the Dorchester Club, the third in a series of traditional-jazz concerts at the suburban club . . . The Interpreters gave concerts at Crane and Loop junior colleges last month. WAAF disc jockey Norm Spaulding emceed both performances . . . Jazz, Ltd., will be open on Sundays and closed on Thursdays. Pianist-singer Lil Armstrong holds down the traditional-jazz fortress on Sundays while clarinetist Bill Reinhardt's crew, onstand the other nights, resuscitate themselves . . . Joseph Jarman gave a lecture at the University of Chicago Feb. 9. He also wrote music for Eugene Ionesco's *Amedee*, which was presented at the university's Mandel Hall Feb. 11-13 . . . Drummer Vernell Fournier left the Ahmad Jamal Trio during the group's London House stay last month. He was replaced by Frank Gant. Fournier joined singer Nancy Wilson's accompanying group . . . Reed man Yusef Lateef will be featured at the March 20 Lester Young Memorial Concert, produced by Joe Segal and held at Mother Blues. There will be two performances: 4-7 p.m. and 8 p.m.-2 a.m. The Young program is the first in a projected monthly series of concerts memorializing jazz greats and featuring name jazzmen. Chicago altoist Bunky Green will also be on the Pres show and will lead the house band for Monday night sessions scheduled to begin at the club March 28 under Segal's direction.

SAN FRANCISCO: The Both/And club, after a week's shutdown for remodeling, was to reopen March 1 with pianist Hampton Hawes' trio onstand for two weeks. Something else was added: the former beer-wine-coffee establishment obtained a hard-liquor license, which means minors are no longer allowed . . . Altoist Hank Crawford's septet played a 10-night engagement at the Showcase, the Oakland club owned by former All-America basketball Don Barksdale . . . Bassist Monk Montgomery has joined vibist Cal Tjader's group as replacement for Terry Hilliard, who returned to college. Reports are that drummer John Rae, who has been with Tjader a number of years, also plans to leave . . . Singers Jimmy Witherspoon, Jon Hendricks, Big Mama Thornton, and Carole Sloane and tap dancer Tommy Conine performed at a SNCC anniversary party here . . . Altoist John Handy's quintet got its first major club engagement in February, at the Jazz Workshop, when it was called in to fill a suddenly open date . . . Reed man Curtis Amy played two weeks at the Haight Levels club here with a quartet that included pianist Si Perloff, bassist Benny Wilson, and drummer Paul Distel.

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PHILADELPHIA: The Academy of Music, which last year banned "all-star" jazz concerts, relented somewhat, and the concert hall was rented for a two-show March 6 session featuring singer **Billy Eckstine**, the **Oscar Peterson Trio**, **Maynard Ferguson**, and comedian **Nipsy Russell** . . . **Herb Spivak**, owner of the Show Boat, will present the **Ramsey Lewis Trio** at the Academy on May 8—Mother's Day . . . The **Duke Ellington Orchestra** will play April 23 at Princeton University's **McCarter Theater** . . . **Vineland, N.J.**, halfway between Philadelphia and Atlantic City, has scheduled a "jazz festival" for May 28. Reportedly signed are **Louis Armstrong**, **Maynard Ferguson**, and **Dave Brubeck** . . . Singer **Gloria Lynne** failed to appear for her scheduled week at **Pep's**. She was replaced by jazz bagpiper **Rufus Harley** and comedian **Dick Davy**. They were followed by the **Three Sounds** and pianist **Horace Silver's** quintet . . . Pianist **Bobby Timmons** returned to his home town to back singer **Betty Carter** for a week at the Show Boat. Both appeared on **Sid Mark's Mark of Jazz** television program. Drummer **Gene Krupa** is scheduled for his first Philadelphia club engagement in some years when he opens at the Show Boat.

PITTSBURGH: Approximately 250 persons attended the first of four **Walt Harper Jazz Workshops** scheduled on consecutive Sundays in February at the **Redwood Motor Inn**. Featured guest was

teenage saxophonist **Eric Kloss**, whose performance was videotaped by **WIIC**, which plans a half-hour documentary on him . . . The **Nina Simone** concert was well-attended at the **Carnegie Music Hall**. About 800 turned out . . . **Nick Lomakin's** new Dixieland lineup for the **Riverboat Room** of the **Penn Sheraton Hotel** has **Dave Pew**, trumpet; **Buddy Klein**, trombone; **Lomakin**, clarinet; **James Borelli**, piano; **Emil Brenkus**, bass; and **Rodger Ryan**, drums . . . The hip set in the **Hill District** is beginning to listen carefully to young pianist **Louis Schriver**, who often sits in at the **Hurricane and Crawford's Grill**. The main attraction at **Crawford's** in early February was drummer **Max Roach's** group.

DETROIT: The **Stan Getz Quartet**, with **Gary Burton**, vibraharp; **Steve Swallow**, bass; and **Roy Haynes**, drums, made its second appearance in a month in the **Detroit area** Jan. 31, playing to a sell-out crowd at **Southfield High School**. The concert was sponsored by **Oakland Community College** . . . Pianist **Claude Black** took a few days off from his job with bassist **Ernie Farrow's** group at **Paige's** to work with comedian **Redd Foxx**. His replacement was **Bu Bu Turner** . . . Two **Detroit-bred** pianists named **Harris** returned to grace the local scene briefly. **Barry Harris** was at **Paige's** and **Teddy Harris**, currently with singer **Aretha Franklin**, returned to **Odom's Cave**, where he once led the group, to sit in with trumpeter **Gary Chandler's** quintet . . . The

Musicians' Winter Ball, held at the **Latin Quarter** Feb. 7, featured the bands of **Ray Douglas**, **Bob DuRant**, **Carl Edson**, **Tom Saunders**, **Johnny Trafton**, and **Jimmy Wilkins** . . . The **Detroit Orchestra Leaders' Association** is sponsoring a series of monthly big-band sessions for young musicians at the **John Considine Center** under the title "Come Blow Your Horn." **Bob DuRant's** orchestra serves as house band. Top **Detroit** bandleaders are providing arrangements and advice . . . The **University of Michigan Jazz Band**, under the direction of **Bruce Fisher**, presented a free concert Feb. 4 at **Hill Auditorium** in **Ann Arbor** . . . A common problem for local jazzmen is the timid clubowner who adopts a jazz policy, does very little to advertise it, and then drops it before it has a chance to catch on. Two recent examples were the **Show Boat**, which discontinued its **Sunday afternoon** sessions after two weeks, and **Chic's Show Bar**, where pianist **Willie Metcalf** was forced to disband his group after a run of similar duration. **Metcalf** and vocalist **Jewell Diamond** continue to work the club as a duo.

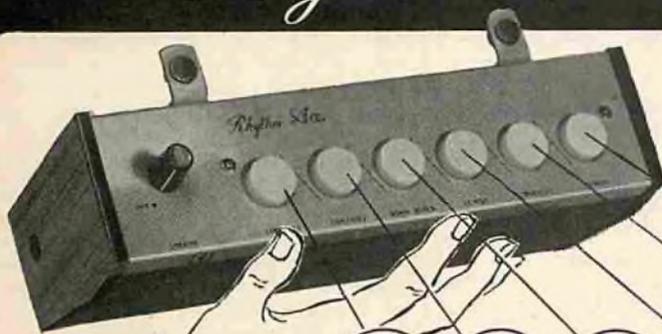
BALTIMORE: What local newspapers are now calling the "great blizzard of 1966" dealt **Baltimore's** jazz scene a blow. First, the **Jan. 30 Left Bank Jazz Society** concert by reed man **Charles Lloyd** was canceled when **Lloyd** was unable to get here from **Philadelphia**. Then late the following evening, a fire broke out at the **Madison Club** (home of the **LBJ society**), destroying the main floor

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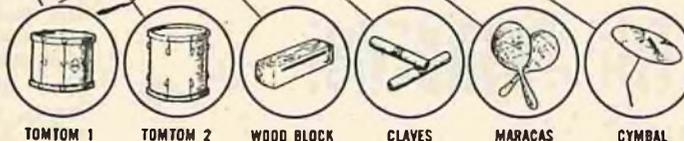
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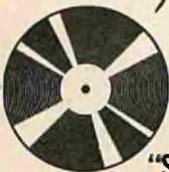
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and most of the banquet room where the concerts are held. Repairs will take two to three months. Meanwhile, the society has relocated at the Crystal Ballroom. The big band of former Stan Kenton baritone saxophonist Hank Levy was the first up at the new location on Feb. 13, with the Lloyd concert re-scheduled for Feb. 27. Pianist Andrew Hill's quartet, another cancellation victim, will be re-scheduled to play for the LBSJ late this month, after Hill's return from Europe... A new jazz society was unveiled Feb. 14 when the Jazz Society for Performing Artists presented its first concert; a group co-led by pianist Cedar Walton and trombonist Curtis Fuller was heard at the

event. A nonprofit organization, JSPA will operate on a membership and subscription basis, according to co-ordinator Elvie Street. Under the society's auspices, local musicians will use the organization's home, Forest Manor, every Monday for rehearsals and informal sessions.

MIAMI: The trio of pianist Erroll Garner played a concert on the Miami-Dade Junior College campus Feb. 17. The free concert was open to the public... Frank Sinatra and the Count Basie Orchestra opened Feb. 24 for a three-week stand in the La Ronde Room of the Fontainebleau Hotel in Miami Beach. Frank Sinatra Jr. recently closed a successful

Miami Beach engagement with the Sam Donahue-Tommy Dorsey Band at Tony's Fish Market... Trumpeter-saxophonist Ira Sullivan was featured with his quartet on Feb. 5 in a benefit concert for the Madonna Academy in Hollywood, Fla... Pianist Marian McPartland and cornetist-husband Jimmy, in addition to Eddie Gomez, bass, and Jake Hanna, drums, opened Feb. 15 at Fazio's in Fort Lauderdale for three weeks... The Famous Hole Lounge in Daytona Beach is now employing a jazz-show policy. Currently appearing are Frankie Burke and Freddie Spicer... There has been increasing jazz activity in the Palm Beach area of late. The "Jazz at the Norton Art Gallery" series is on a bi-monthly schedule. Producer Art Dunklin will present "Jazz Review of 1966" in April, featuring vocalist Micki Shaw Cox, pianist Jay Bankston, drummer Jimmy Payne, bassist Rick Pardee, and trumpeter Clyde Davenport, with another group to be added later. The Feb. 6 Gallery concert featured the Palm Beach Jazz All-Stars with trumpeter Robin Gould, saxophonist-leader Bruce Brown, clarinetist-saxophonist Paul Chafin, guitarist-violinist Tony Mellis, pianist Bill Regelmann Jr., vibrapharist-trumpeter Buddy Hulett, bassist Walter Ellefsen, and drummer Mike Starita. The June concert will be directed by Henry (Lindy) Lindenmeir... The Claude Kelly Orchestra, the house band at the Royal Lion Pub in Jupiter-Tequesta, features Kelly's clarinet and vocals, trumpeter Robin Gould, pianist Dill Jones, vibist Harry Shepherd (formerly with Benny Goodman), bassist Chubby Jackson (formerly with Woody Herman), and drummer Chuck Williams.

NEW ORLEANS: Mike Lala's Dixie Six was replaced at the Famous Door by Bill Kelsey's trio. Kelsey, a clarinetist, is backed by pianist Tony D'Amore and drummer Paul Ferrara... Pianist Effie left the Playboy Club in February and moved to the suburban Black Knight, where she plays cocktail hours. The Fred Crane Trio continues to draw well as the Playboy's house band... Modern pianist Ellis Marsalis was back on the local jazz scene, briefly subbing at Al Hirt's club for singer Ethel Ennis, whose opening was delayed by a snow-storm in Baltimore... Pianist Ronnie Kole has been in orbit since the opening of his new club in the Old Absinthe House. He is negotiating a contract with ABC-Paramount Records, preparing a color-TV show, and cashing in on his freak hit, a tongue-in-cheek single on the theme from *Batman*... Clarinetist Jim Liscombe has been leading Sunday afternoon jam sessions at Your Father's Moustache. Liscombe's band consists of Alvin Alcorn, trumpet; Waldron Joseph, trombone; Dave Williams, piano; and Oscar Moore, drums... Trumpeter Warren Leuning, once touted as a boy wonder here, is leading a Dixieland combo within the North American Air Defense Dance Band in Colorado Springs... British trumpeter Clive Wilson and Swedish pianist Lars Edegran have settled in New Orleans.

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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.
Astor Place Playhouse: avant-garde concerts, Mon.-Wed.
Aztec Village (Huntington): Jimmy & Marian McPartland, 4/3.
Babié's: sessions, Mon.
Carlton Terrace (Forest Hills): Johnny Fontana, tfn.
Chuck's Composite: sessions, 3/13 and 3/27. Jazz at Noon, Mon.
Coronet (Brooklyn): name jazz groups.
Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gamba, hb. Sessions, Sun.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sat. Vinnie Burke, guest stars, Sun.
Dom: Tony Scott, McCoy Tyner, tfn.
Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko, tfn.
Embers West: Joe Shulman, hb. Sessions, Sun.
Five Spot: Charles Mingus, Toshiko Mariano.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano, tfn.
Half Note: name jazz groups.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.
Hunter College: Arrangers' Workshop, 3/18. Betty Carter, 3/23.
Kenny's Pub: Gene Quill, Mon.
Kenny's Steak Pub: Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Wed.-Fri.
L'Intrigue: Ronnie Ball, Jimmy Rowser, Nancy Steele, tfn. Guest stars, Sun.
Mark Twain Riverboat: name dance bands.
Nut Box: Sal Salvador, tfn.
Open End: Sent Murray, Wolfgang Knittel, Gary Newman, Eddie Caecavelli, tfn.
Plantation (Ashbury Park, N.J.): Vinnie Burke, Don Friedman, wknds.
Playboy Club: Kai Winding, Walter Norris, Charles Dungey, Benny Aronov, Monty Alexander, tfn.
Prelude: Gracella Oliphant, Etta Jones, tfn.

Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, tfn. Don Frye, Sun.
Sheridan Square Theater: Pharoah Sanders, Cliff Thornton, Mon.
Shore Cafe (Brooklyn): sessions, Sun.
Sir Loin: Les DeMerle to 4/3.
Slug's: name jazz groups. Guest stars, Mon.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
Tonst: Scott Reid, tfn.
Tubin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Green, tfn.
Top of the Gate: Jaki Byard, Dave Pike, tfn.
Village Gate: Maynard Ferguson, 3/11-12 and 3/18-19.
Village Vanguard: Gerry Mulligan to 3/20. Sessions, Mon.
Wells: Lee Shaw, Dodo Greene, tfn.
Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

TORONTO

Cellar Club: modern jazz, wknds.
Colonial: Dukes of Dixieland, 3/21-4/2.
George's: modern jazz, wknds.
Last Chance Saloon: Larry Dubin, tfn.
Penny Farthing: Jim McHarg, tfn.
Town: Al Cohn-Zoot Sims, 3/21-4/2.

BOSTON

Chez Freddie: Eddie Stone-Maggie Scott, tfn.
Connolly's: name jazz groups, weekly.
Driftwood (Shrewsbury): Jeff-Tones, tfn.
Flamingo: Sabby Lewis, tfn.
Gaslight Room: Basin Street Boys, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: Bill Evans to 3/13. Herbie Mann, 3/14-20. Mose Allison, 3/21-27. Cannonball Adderley, 3/28-4/13.
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: Milt Buckner to 3/20. Art Farmer, 3/21-27. Joe Bucci, 3/28-4/13.
Macidor (Framingham): Al Vega, tfn.

Meadows (Framingham): Kenny Stone, tfn.
Paul's Mall: Dave Blume, tfn.

PHILADELPHIA

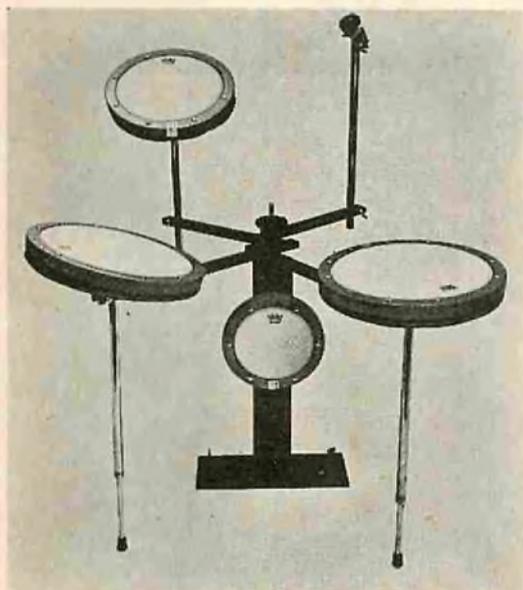
Alvino's (Levittown): Tony Spair, tfn.
Club 50 (Trenton): Johnny Coates Jr.-Johnny Ellis-Tony DeNicola, tfn.
Krechmer's: Billy Krechmer, hb.
Latin Casino: Ray Charles, 3/28-4/10.
Pep's: Lloyd Price, 3/14-19. John Coltrane, 3/21-26. Art Blakey, 3/28-4/2. Herbie Mann, 4/4-9.
Jazz Crusaders, 4/11-16.
Pilgrim Gardens Lounge: Good Time 6, tfn.
Show Boat: Eddie Harris, 3/14-19. Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer, 3/28-4/2.
Tremont Lounge (Trenton): Dick Braytenbah.
Woodland Inn (Abington): Ron Parker, tfn.

CHICAGO

Hungry Eye: Gerald Donovan, wknds.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Lil Armstrong, Sun.
London House: Stan Getz to 3/13. Amanda Ambrose, 3/15-4/3. Mort Sahl, 4/25-5/15. Ramsey Lewis, 6/7-19. Mongo Santamaria, 6/21-7/10. Eddie Higgins, Judy Roberts, hbs.
Mother Blues: Yusuf Lateef, 3/20.
Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, tfn.
Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ralph Massetti, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Art Blakey, 3/11-20. Sonny Stitt, 4/6-17.
Sahara Inn: Art Hodes, Sun.-Mon., to 3/28.
Showboat Sari S: Art Hodes to 3/12.

NEW ORLEANS

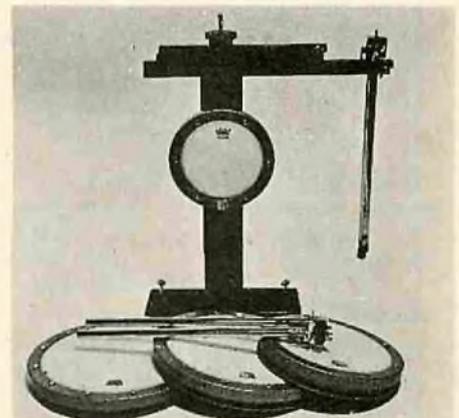
Al Hirt's: Ramsey Lewis, 3/20-22. Fats Domino, 3/23-4/5.
Black Knight: Fred Crane, Jan Allison, Effie, tfn.
Cellar: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, tfn.
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
El Morocco: Ronnie Baron, tfn.
Famous Door: Bill Kelsey, Santo Pecora, tfn.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, tfn.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, tfn.
Golliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.
Haven: Ed Frank, wknds.
Holiday House: David Lastee, afterhours, wknds.
Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole, tfn.



Fully adjustable in all directions to suit individual requirements. Center control knob provides immediate and complete adjustment of extension arms. Construction is made of rigid black anodized aluminum extrusions. Chrome plated steel tubing with tilters and extensions.

COMPONENTS: 2—12" arms. 2—18" arms. 2—15 1/4" lengths of tubing with tilters. 2—15 1/4" lengths of tubing with tilters and extensions. 1—Center support with threaded rod, tension knob, and pedal attachment plate including two screw spurs. 1—RT6 (Bass drum). 1—RT8 (Small Tom Tom). 2—RT10 (Snare drum & floor Tom Tom). Louie Bellison, one of the world's leading drum authorities, helped to test and refine the Remo Versatilic Drum Practice Set.

Instant set up—Compact—
Portable—Light Weight.



REMO INC. VERSATILIC DRUM PRACTICE SET

AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT PRACTICE SET

Professionally designed to realistically simulate drum set conditions without the extreme percussive sounds found in an actual drum set.

Ideal for home, teaching studios, band rooms, class rooms and other uses.

Now everyone, professionals and beginners alike, can perfect their style, technique, and approach before applying rhythmic patterns to drum set.

REMO INC.

12804 RAYMER STREET, NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Outriggers: Stan Mendelson, tfn.
 Paddock Lounge: Ernest Holland, Snookum
 Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
 Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, tfn.
 Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
 Red Garter Annex: George Lewis, Sun. after-
 noon.
 Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night
 Owls, Sat.
 Your Father's Moustache: Jim Liscombe, Sun.
 afternoon.

DETROIT AND MICHIGAN

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb. Lenore Paxton, Mun-
 Sat.
 Artists' Workshop: Detroit Contemporary 5,
 Sun. afternoon.
 Baker's Keyboard: Mose Allison, 3/11-20. Herbie
 Mann, 3/25-4/2. Vince Guaraldi-Bola Sete,
 4/8-16. George Shearing, 4/17-30. Clark Terry-
 Bob Brookmeyer, 5/6-14.
 Blues Unlimited: Roy Brooks to 3/12.
 Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, Tue.-Sat.
 Caucus Club: Lenore Paxton, Mon.-Sat.
 Chessmate Gallery: Harold McKinney, Fri.-Sat.

afterhours.
 Chic's Show Bar: Willie Metcalf, Jewell Din-
 mond, Fri.-Sun.
 Chit Chat: Earl Marshall, Thur.-Sun.
 Driftwood Lounge: Chris Peterann, tfn.
 Drome: Roland Kirk, 3/11-20. Richard Holmes,
 3/25-4/2. Jazz Crusaders, 4/8-17.
 Frolic: Bill Jennings, Thur.-Sun.
 Grand Duchess: Alex Kallao, tfn.
 Half Pint's: Keith Vreeland, Fri.-Sat.
 Hobby Bar: Ben Jones, Pixie Wales, Wed.-Sat.
 Largo: Charles Brown, Thur.-Sat.
 Momo's: Jack Brokensha, tfn.
 New Olympia: Don Davis, Thur.-Mon.
 Odom's Cave: Gary Chandler, wknds.
 Paige's: Ernie Farrow, Thur.-Sat.
 Rouge Lounge: Richard Rountree, wknds.
 Shadow Box: Howard Lucas, tfn.
 Stage Bar: Stan Chester, tfn.
 Surfside: Tom Saunders, Wed.-Sat.
 Tonga: Charles Harris, Mon.-Sat.
 Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, Mon.-Sat.
 Trade Winds: Romy Rand, tfn.
 Waterfall (Ann Arbor): Clarence Byrd, tfn.
 Westwood Supper Club (Inkster): Yvonne Brisk-
 er, Tue.-Sat.
 University of Michigan (Ann Arbor): Archie

Shepp, 3/19.
 Zombie: Walter Hamilton, tfn.

ST. LOUIS

Al Baker's: Herb Drury, tfn.
 Blue Note: Leo's Five, hb.
 Camelot: Dave Venn, tfn.
 Corinthian Room: Sandy East, tfn.
 El Rancho: Ronnie Ruff, tfn.
 Iron Gate: Rickey Valentine, tfn.
 King Brothers: Eddie Johnson, tfn.
 Mainlander: Marion Miller, tfn.
 Mr. Ford's: Bernard Hutcherson, tfn.
 Opera House: Singleton Palmer, hb.
 Playboy Club: Jazz Salerno 4, hb. Don Cunning-
 ham, tfn.
 Playgirl Club: Sammy Gardner, tfn.
 Renaissance Room: The Marksmen, hb.
 River Queen: Jean Trevor, Peanuts Whalum.
 Silver Dollar: Muggsy's Gashlighters, tfn.
 Upstream Lounge: Upstream Jazz Quartet,
 wknds.

LOS ANGELES

Blinky's (Garden Grove): Southside Jazz Band,
 wknds.
 Bonesville: Ray Graziano, wknds.
 Celebrity Lounge (West Covina): Joyce Collins.
 Chico's (Long Beach): Gene Palmer, Fri.-Sat.
 Denn-O's (Santa Barbara): Bill Dods, Hub
 Keefe, tfn.
 Duke's Glen Cove (West Los Angeles): Frank
 Wayne, Cathy Carter, wknds.
 Florentine Room: Dave Mackay, Vicki Hamil-
 ton, Sun.
 Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron,
 wknds.
 Havana Club: Don Ellis, Mon. Sessions, Sun.
 Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.
 International Hotel: Kirk Stuart, tfn.
 La Duce (Inglewood): Teddy Edwards, Dave
 Bryant, tfn.
 Leapin' Liz's: El Dorado Jazz Band, Fri.-Sat.
 Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Junior Mance,
 Jimmy Rushing to 3/18. Howard Ramsey,
 3/14-17 and 3/28-31. Jimmy Smith, 3/18-27.
 Ahmad Jamal, 4/1-10.
 Marty's: Bobby Bryant, tfn. Sonny Criss, Tue.
 Melodyland (Anaheim): Dizzy Gillespie, Dave
 Brubeck, 4/11.
 Memory Lane: Harry Edison, tfn.
 Mitchell's Studio Club: Hampton Hawes, Red
 Mitchell, tfn.
 Music Center: Neophonic Orchestra, 4/4.
 Officer's Club (Long Beach): Johnny Lane,
 wknds.
 Pen & Quill (Manhattan Beach): Clarence
 Daniels, tfn.
 Peppy's: George Crawford, LeGrande Mason, tfn.
 P.J.'s: Eddie Cano, tfn.
 Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Kellie Green, Mike
 Melvoin, hbs.
 Ram's Horn (Encino): Calvin Jackson, Chris
 Clark, tfn.
 Reuben's (Tustin): Edgar Hayes, Thur.-Sat.
 Reuben's (Whittier): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Wed.
 Scandal Room: Scott Smith, hb.
 Shelly's Manne-Hole: Gerald Wilson to 3/13.
 Horace Silver, 3/17-27. Modern Jazz Quartet,
 3/31-4/10. Herbie Mann, 4/12-24. Shelly
 Manne, wknds. Ruth Price, Dave Grusin, Mon.
 Jack Wilson, Sun.
 UCLA: Cal Tjader, 3/12. John Handy, 3/19.
 Denny Zeitlin, 3/26. Anita O'Day, Clare
 Fischer, 4/2.
 Ward's Jazzville (San Diego): Leon Petties,
 Mon. George Semper, hb. Les McCann, Ocie
 Smith, 3/18.
 Whittinghills (Sherman Oaks): Robby Troup.
 Woodlake Bowl (Woodland Hills): Gus Bivona.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Dizzy Gillespie to 3/13. Joe
 Williams, 3/16-26. Carmen McRae, 3/30-4/10.
 Ahmad Jamal, 4/12-24. Miriam Makeba, 4/27-
 5/7. Miles Davis, 5/10-15.
 Roth/And: Hampton Hawes to 3/13.
 Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy
 Hayes, tfn.
 El Matador: Juan Serrano to 3/12. Cal Tjader,
 3/14-26.
 Gatsby's (Sausalito): Lou Morell, wknds.
 Half Note: George Duke, tfn.
 Hearth: Jean Hoffman, Gus Gustofson, Sun.
 hungry i: Eddie Duran, hb.
 Jack's of Sutter: Merl Saunders, tfn.
 Jazz Workshop: Zoot Sims to 3/13. Jimmy
 Rushing, Junior Mance, 3/16-27. Horace Sil-
 ver, 3/29-4/24. Wynton Kelly-Wes Montgomery,
 4/26-5/8. Mose Allison, 5/10-29. Herbie Mann,
 5/31-6/12.
 Juke Box: Monte Waters, tfn.
 McKesmos (Richmond): Vi Redd, wknds.
 Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.
 Pipers (San Leandro): Ted Spinola, tfn.
 Playboy Club: Ralph Sharon, Al Plank, Merrill
 Hoover, hbs.
 The Scene: Flip Nanes, tfn.
 Zuck's (Sausalito): Al Land, tfn.

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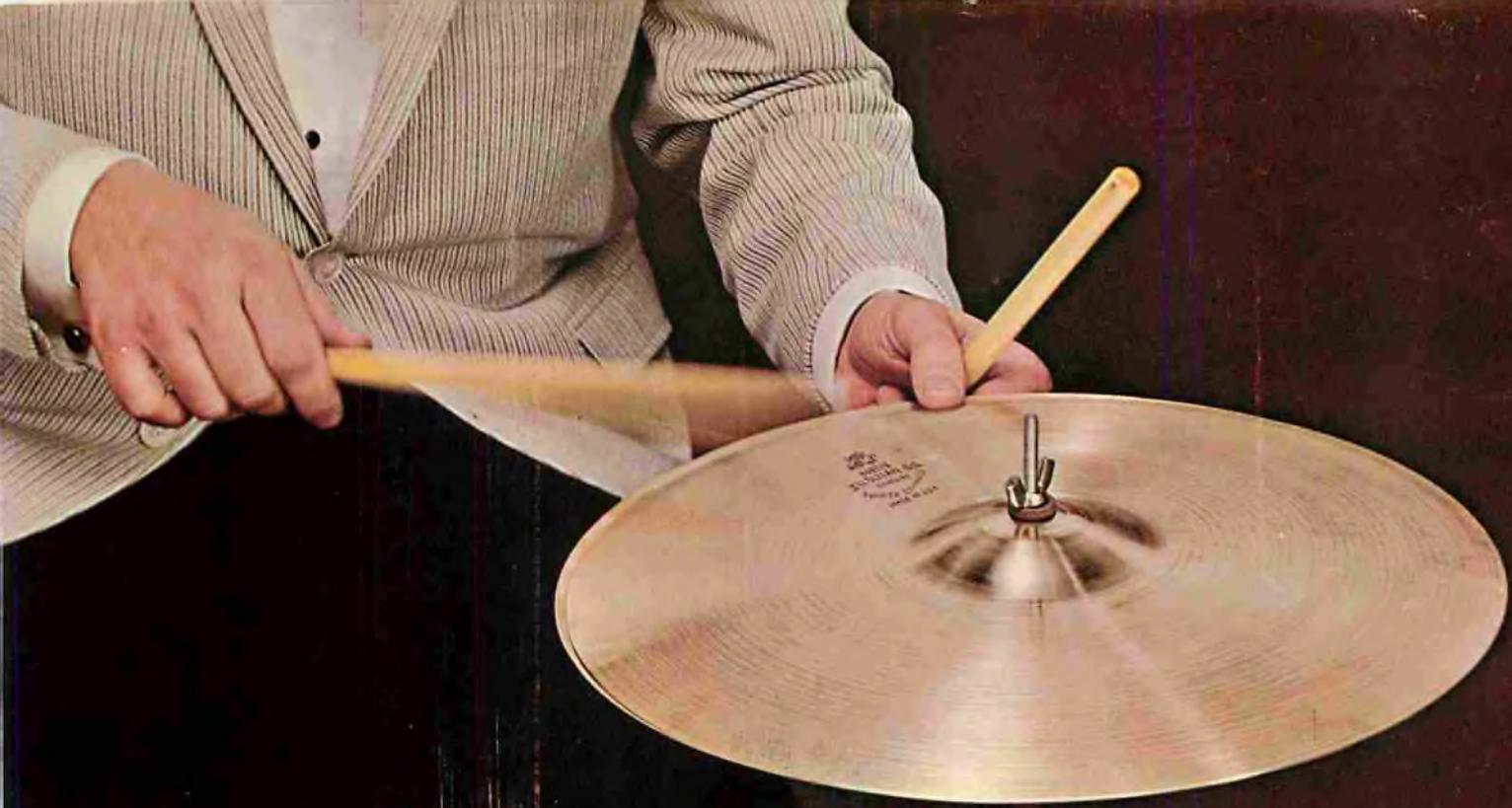


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