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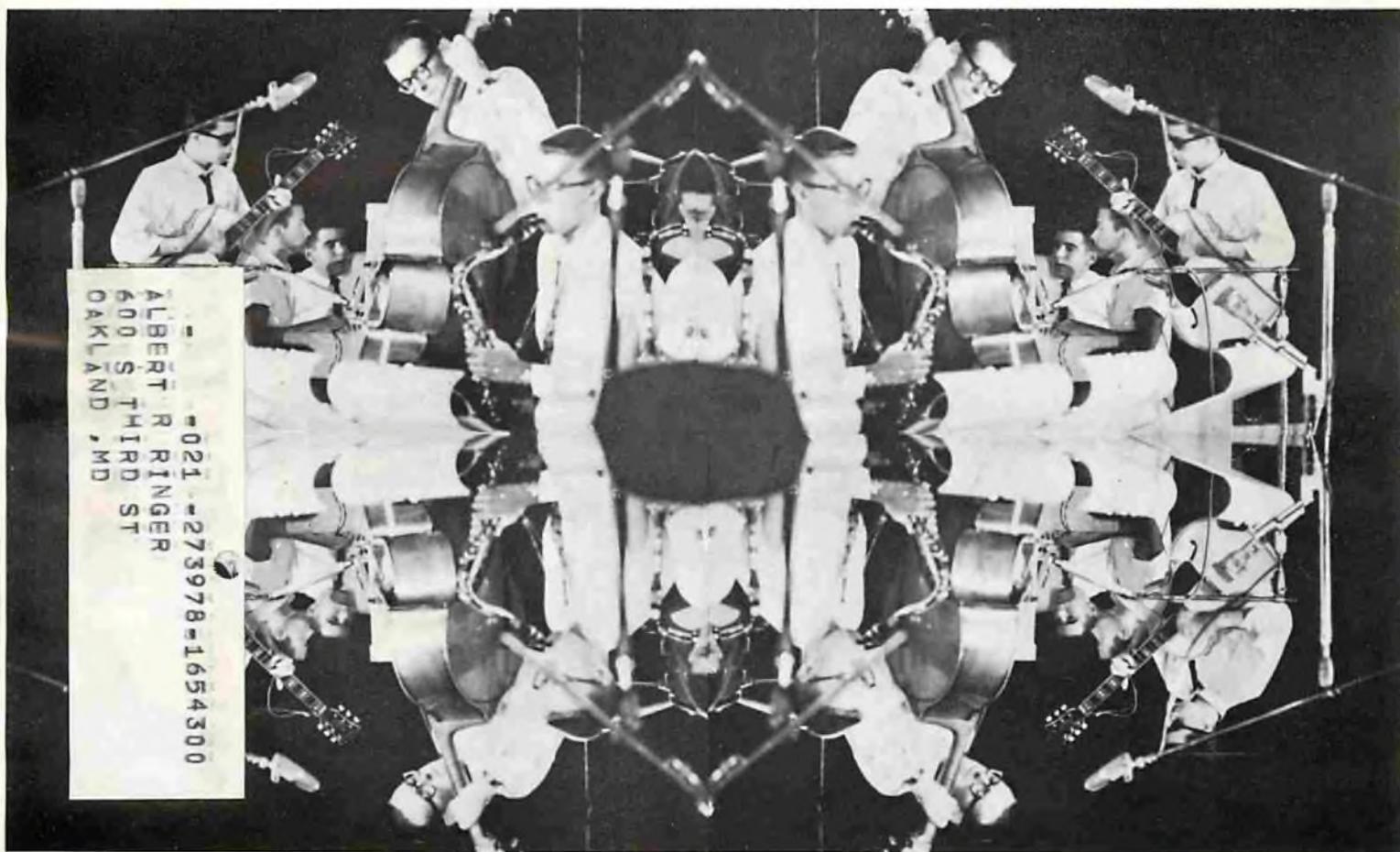
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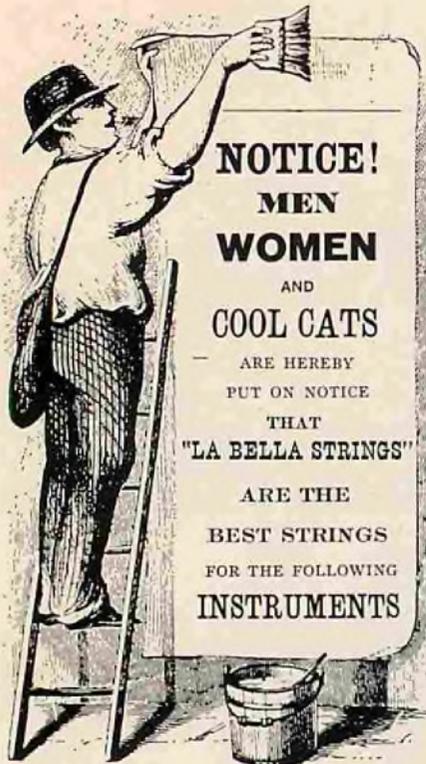
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WEST COAST OFFICE: 6269 Selma Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90028, HO 3-3268. Harvey Siders, Editorial.

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Subscription rates \$7 one year, \$12 two years, \$16 three years, payable in advance. If you live in any of the Pan American Union countries, add 50 cents, for each year of subscription, to the prices listed above. If you live in Canada or any other foreign country, add \$1.50 for each year.

If you move, let us know your new address (include your old one, too) 6 weeks in advance so you won't miss an issue (the postoffice won't forward copies and we can't send duplicates).

POSTMASTER: Send Form 3579 to Down Beat, 222 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois, 60606

MAHER PUBLICATIONS: DOWN BEAT;
MUSIC '68: JAZZ RECORD REVIEWS;
N.A.M.M. Daily

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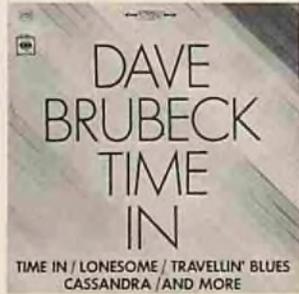
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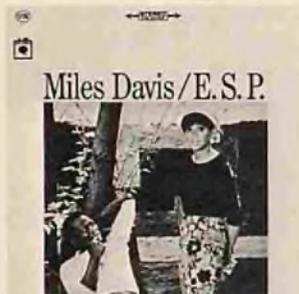
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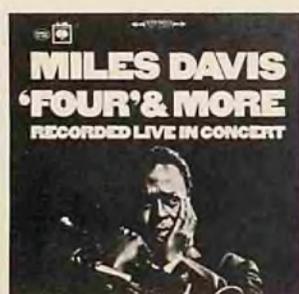
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Johnny Richards

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Kudos For Kettle

Hearty congratulations to Rupert Kettle on his fantabulous article on Elvin Jones (*DB*, Aug. 11). It is a complete gas.

Tony Monforte
 Binghamton, N.Y.

Superb Zwerin

Keep those articles by Mike Zwerin coming. His piece on Larry Rivers (*DB*, Aug. 11) was superb, even better than the one on Miles Davis (*DB*, March 10). Since I follow closely the developments in the world of modern art, this article was doubly enjoyable.

Rich Wagner
 New York City

And He Played Badly Too

In your *Newport Report* (*DB*, Aug. 11), I thought Dan Morgenstern's comments about Miles Davis were strangely euphemistic. It was not only Davis' customary disdain for his audience; it was not only his desertion of the stage after completing solos. He played badly.

Shant Markarian
 Milford, Mass.

LeRoi Jones' Affair

With the death of George Crater, I was afraid *Down Beat* would abandon the idea of a regular column of humor.

I'm happy to see, however, you've engaged a new humorist, LeRoi Jones. *The Burton Green Affair* (*DB*, Aug. 25) was a great piece of imaginative comic writing. The part I liked best was the sentence following the description of Greene's futile attempts to destroy the instrument with his bare hands: "On his elbows he tapped furiously, then subsided to a soft flap, bap-bap, then to silence. . . ."

A marvelous put-on of the "new thing." Congratulations to LeRoi Jones, whoever he may be.

Douglas A. Ramsey
 New Orleans, La.

In reference to LeRoi Jones' latest column, I find myself at a loss in comprehending what it is that Jones has to say about whom and for what reason. I'm hip to the put-down intended, but I fail to see why it should require two-thirds of a page to do so.

I suspect that *Down Beat* is paying Jones by the word and is being made the victim of a giant put-on. Surely competent jazz critics, social commentators, or even erstwhile esoteric philosophers are not so scarce as to give credence to such drivel as the illiterate ramblings of Jones.

Joseph W. Hill
 Chicago

Dickerson Nominated

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really not true to themselves or to the art.

Vibist Walt Dickerson is the only one playing something new and different on the instrument, yet you write about everybody but him. He does with two mallets what most pianists cannot do with 10 fingers. Now, I have heard all the vib players because I am trying to play myself, but Dickerson is the man on that instrument.

I have seen him as a humane individual and a true artist. It would be refreshing to read about a real man like Dickerson once in a while. We know about the others.

Leon Braff
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dickerson was the subject of a feature article in the Oct. 25, 1962, issue of Down Beat.

A Prom For K. D. And R. B.

I became interested in jazz about three or four years ago. Since then, I have visited clubs, bought records, attended concerts, and read the various jazz periodicals. But I wanted to do more for the art I love so much.

So I decided to use my influence in my senior class at high school this year to hire the Kenny Dorham Quintet and pianist Ran Blake for our prom. It worked. The prom was a great success.

I feel that I have proved several things. The enthusiasm of the teenagers and teachers at the dance proved that there are new audiences waiting to be introduced to jazz. The success of the dance also proved that jazz is flexible enough to extend to areas outside the night club. And I proved that the typical fan can really promote jazz.

So to jazz supporters I say: stop knocking musicians you dislike and just do more for those you do like. The future of jazz relies on us for support. So support!

Michael Cuseuna
Stamford, Conn.

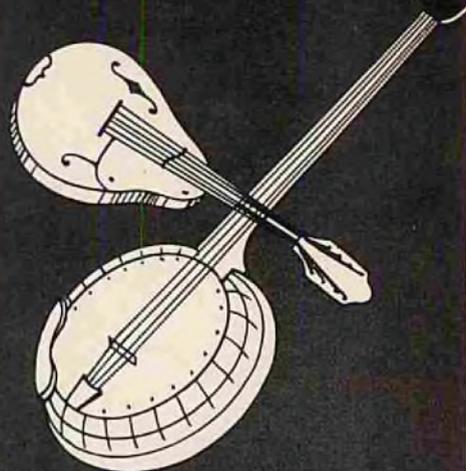
Critics' Choices Queried

As I was recently thumbing through past issues of *Down Beat*, I came upon two interesting record reviews, Michael Zwerin's review of Dave Brubeck's *My Favorite Things* (DB, March 24) and Harvey Siders' review of Ramsey Lewis' *Hang On*, Ramsey (DB, April 21).

In the Brubeck review, Zwerin states, "I was never a Brubeck fan. . . ." Even though he adds that he respected Brubeck's "honesty, sense of adventure, and intelligence," his original statement would be enough to make me suspicious of his honesty and intelligence in reviewing the record in an unbiased manner. To give an album to a reviewer who openly states his unenthusiastic interest in the group seems senseless.

I also beg to differ with Siders in the Lewis review when he says, "whatever Lewis does, he manages to swing." Listening to Lewis, I would say that he is greatly influenced in his jazz by rock-and-roll, not that his rock-and-roll is influenced by jazz.

Mark Wolf
Skokie, Ill.



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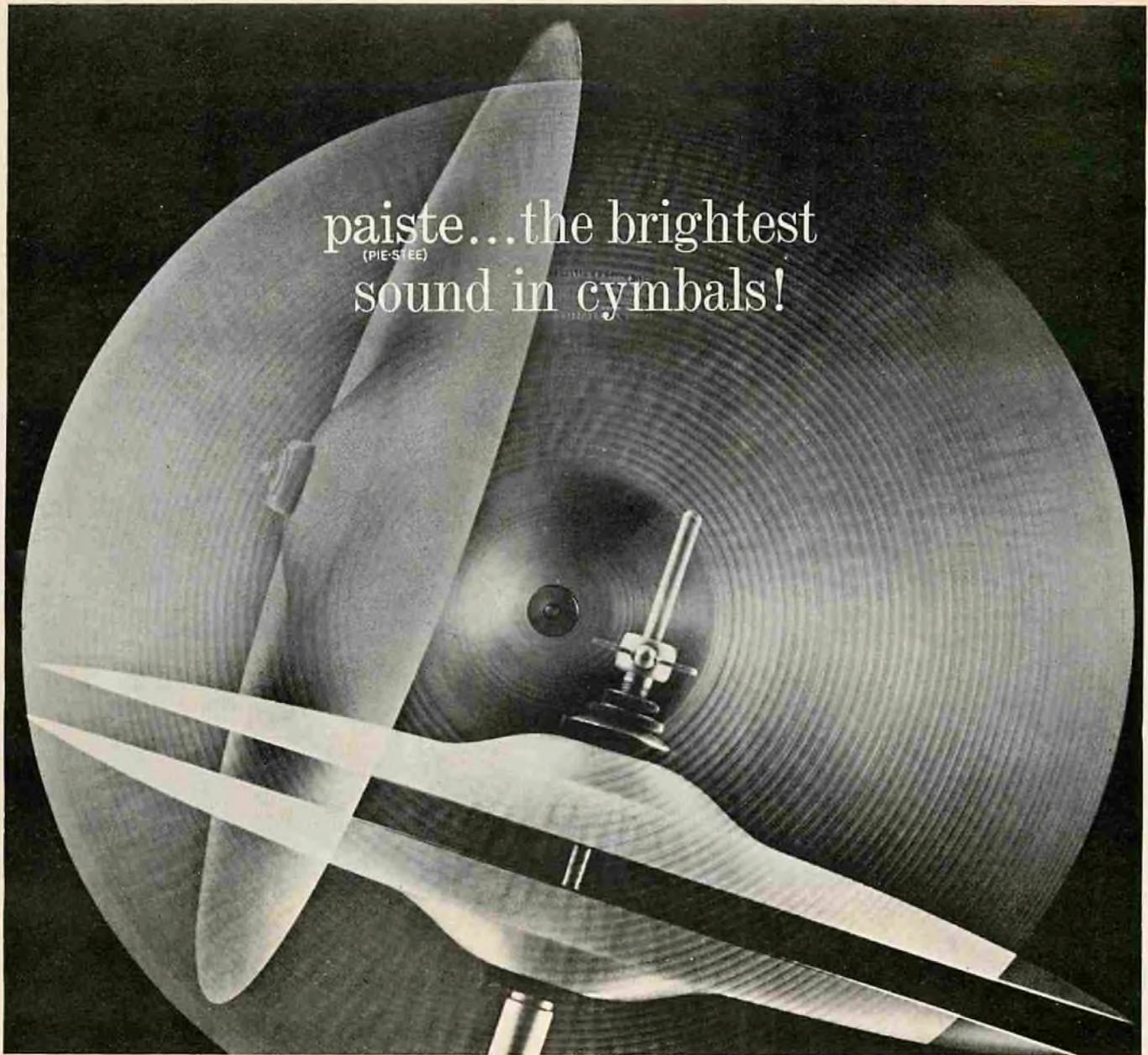
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Chet Baker Beaten In San Francisco

Fluegelhornist Chet Baker was severely beaten in an attack by five young men in San Francisco early Aug. 7, after he had finished his night's performance at the Trident in Sausalito.

Baker was driven to S.F.'s Fillmore district by a member of the band, and after he got out of the car to walk toward a cab stand, the five young Negro men began walking alongside him, he reported.

"One of them said, 'So you come down here looking for action?'—and with that he punched me," Baker said. "Then the rest joined in, knocked me down, and kicked me until I was a bloody mess."

Baker spotted a car filled with white people and ran toward it. He opened the door, but when he asked for help, he was shoved out the door into the hands of his assailants, he said. They beat him about the head until he was nearly unconscious, he said. Then a car with two colored men pulled up. They chased away the attackers and took Baker to a hospital.

Baker was treated there for a cut above his right eye, requiring seven stitches, and a smashed upper lip. One of his front teeth was broken.

"The inside of my upper lip was badly cut because of the jagged edge of the chipped tooth," the fluegelhornist said. "I probably won't be able to play for at least a month."

Asked whether he had his horn with him at the time of the incident, Baker replied, "No, I left it at the club. But after I left the hospital, I returned to Sausalito, told the clubowner what happened, got my horn, and took a bus back to Los Angeles. You know, I wish I had had it with me. At least I could have used it as a weapon."

The Old Army Game

After critic Ralph J. Gleason wrote in his syndicated column, *The Rhythm Section*, that 50,000 Armed Forces Network transcriptions were soon to be destroyed in Heidelberg, Germany, things began to happen.

Congressmen were asked by influential constituents to look into the matter and, if possible, stop what was said to be an official order. After queries from Capitol Hill, the Army denied that any such order had ever been issued and that, in fact, the discs were in the process of being shipped to the Army's television station in Los Angeles for redistribution to U.S. facilities overseas, mostly to those in Vietnam.

In Los Angeles, *Down Beat* discovered that some of the discs had arrived and that all would be there by the end of the year. A spokesman for the Army station

said that there would be a total of 40,000.

Gleason had got his information from big-band fan and recording engineer Wally Heider, who had learned of the supposed order while he was visiting in Europe recently. Among the transcriptions, which were recorded from broadcasts, mostly in the mid-'40s, are numerous performances by the big bands of Duke Ellington, Woody Herman, Boyd Raeburn, Dizzy Gillespie, Benny Goodman, Jimmie Lunceford, Lionel Hampton, Count Basie, Fletcher Henderson, Harry James, Andy Kirk, Benny Carter, Jay McShann, and Billy Eckstine.

One of the small bands reportedly included in the fund of recordings is a septet led by trumpeter Gillespie in 1945 at Billy Berg's club in Los Angeles. The personnel of that group included Charlie Parker, alto saxophone; Lucky Thompson, tenor saxophone; Milt Jackson, vibraharp; Al Haig, piano; Ray Brown, bass; and Stan Levey, drums. The group made no records for public release.

Other artists represented in the collection are Billie Holiday, Art Tatum, the King Cole Trio, Kid Ory, and Louis Armstrong.

"One of the prize items," Heider told *Down Beat*, "is a special memoriam by Duke for President Roosevelt. It doesn't exist anywhere except on an Armed Forces transcription."

In the wake of the discovery, a movement is afoot to tape all the recordings and place them in a repository, probably a privately endowed foundation, where they would be available to researchers.

New Orleans Style Funeral For Powell

Television cameras, reporters, and scores of photographers were on hand Aug. 8 to follow Bud Powell's cortege as it moved through the streets of Harlem on its way to St. Charles Church.

In the lead was Harlem's own Jazzmobile, appropriately draped for the occasion, and carrying a jazz band. There was a uniformed honor guard from HARYOU. It was followed by the honorary pallbearers and a group of friends and fans. A "second line" marched along the sidewalk, which was crowded with curious bystanders.

The idea of using a band, it was said, was inspired by the tradition of New Orleans funerals. But in that southern city, the bands play solemn music on the way to the church, saving their jazz for the march home; the band for this funeral played jazz from the start (the members were Benny Green, trombone; John Gilmore, tenor saxophone; Barry Harris, piano; Don Moore, bass; Billy Higgins, drums; and, at the last moment, Lee Morgan, trumpet). First came *Now's the Time* and then, perhaps more appropriately, a dirgelike *Round Midnight* followed by two Powell tunes, *Bud's Bubble* and *Dance*

of the Infidels.

The music stopped when the cortege reached the church. The pallbearers, including musicians Max Roach, Tony Scott, Eddie Bonnemere, Kenny Dorham, Willie Jones, Hayes Alvis, and Claude Hopkins, brought Powell's coffin into the church where, many years before, he had been an altar boy.

Msgr. Owen J. Scanlon delivered the eulogy, first tracing the pianist's career in formal biographical terms and then contributing some personal reminiscences of Powell as a child. The monsignor recalled that Powell would sometimes come to church and play the organ.

Excepting the far-from-discreet presence of the television and news photographers, it was a dignified and solemn ceremony.

Among the mourners were pianists Walter Bishop Jr., Thelonious Monk, Sam Price, Billy Taylor, and Randy Weston, as well as many other musicians, including Yusef Lateef, Gary Bartz, Russell Moore, Freddie Roach, and George Reed.

Latest On Monterey

Possibly the only thing as changeable as foreign policy and a woman's mind is the announced program of a jazz festival. Following is the latest—at presstime—schedule of the 1966 Monterey Jazz Festival, to be staged Sept. 17-19 at the Monterey County Fairgrounds in California.

Arranger-composer Gil Evans, in his first appearance at any jazz festival, will organize and lead the festival's large orchestra for most of the festival's performances. Bassist Ray Brown will be the band's concertmaster and the festival's music director.

Baritone saxophonist Gerry Mulligan will be present throughout the festival as what the festival's general manager Jimmy Lyons terms musician-at-large, playing with various groups, including the Evans orchestra.

The opening-night program will include the orchestras of Evans and Count Basie (the latter replaces the Miles Davis Quintet, which was announced for the spot but has a Scandinavian commitment on that date), and the Dave Brubeck Quartet.

The Sept. 17 afternoon's blues show is to follow the format of singer-writer Jon Hendricks' *Evolution of the Blues Song*, which was commissioned for the 1960 Monterey festival. Hendricks will narrate the show, which is to feature Muddy Waters' band as well as singer-pianist Memphis Slim, who is making his first appearance at a U.S. jazz festival. Other artists are to be singers Jimmy Rushing and Willie Mae (Big Mama) Thornton, harmonica player Shakey Horton, Paul Butterfield's blues band, and a rock-and-roll group known as Jefferson Airplane.

The Sept. 17 evening program will include the Cannonball Adderley and Randy Weston quintets, the Elvin Jones Quartet,

and guitarist Bola Sete's trio. Adderley also is scheduled to play with the Evans orchestra.

The theme for the afternoon of Sept. 18 will be modern music, with the Evans orchestra featured in a program of works written for the occasion. The John Handy Quintet, a hit at last year's festival, will return on this bill. Other attractions at the afternoon session will be the Charles Lloyd Quartet and Don Ellis' 16-piece Hindustani Orchestra.

The Duke Ellington Orchestra, singer Carmen McRae, and the Weston group will be on the festival's closing program.

Dave Baker Named I. U. Jazz Head

Composer-cellist Dave Baker has been named to head Indiana University's jazz department. He replaces Jerry Coker, who now teaches at the University of Miami.

Baker, who won *Down Beat's* International Jazz Critics Poll as new-star trombonist in 1962, formerly played with the George Russell Sextet, as well as leading a highly regarded big band during his student days at IU. Soon after he won the *Down Beat* award, Baker switched to cello because injuries suffered in an automobile accident made it impossible for him to play trombone.

In addition to numerous private students, Baker has taught for the last two years at Butler University in Indianapolis, his home town.

At Indiana he will have three big bands and three assistants at his disposal. In 1964 the top band won the Collegiate Jazz Festival competition at the University of Notre Dame and, as a result, was sent on a tour of India and the Middle East by the U.S. State Department. At last year's CJE, while the first band was on the tour, the No. 2 band competed and took first place among big bands.

Shortly before he took up residence on IU's campus in Bloomington, Baker's *A Modern Jazz Oratorio Based on the 22nd Psalm* was given three well-received performances in Indianapolis. The composition will be performed there again Oct. 23.

Granz Announces Jazz Film Plans

Norman Granz the camera man has almost as many irons in the photo fire as he once had live performances when he was jazz' ranking impresario.

In recent years a resident of Switzerland, he let fly a flurry of announcements after last month's jazz festival at Antibes, France, all having to do with camera work, past and present.

Of greatest fascination probably was his statement that in 1945-46 or so he shot a jazz film featuring Charlie Parker, Coleman Hawkins, Buddy Rich, Lester Young, Ella Fitzgerald, and Bill Harris, among other Jazz at the Philharmonic stalwarts.

Unfortunately, he somehow never has got around to editing it.

"All the music was pre-recorded, of course," Granz said, of the potentially historical document, "and none of it has been heard publicly. It includes a fabulous *Body and Soul* by Parker and Hawkins, and there is enough film in the can for a one-hour feature."

Which would be dandy all right, but right now Granz has another project in the works—a color feature-length film of the Duke Ellington-Ella Fitzgerald European tour next year.

He originally planned to begin the film at the Antibes festival, but technical problems arose to rule out the use of color film. Instead, Granz brought in German television director Alexander Arnz and a camera team from Paris to film the Ellington-Fitzgerald part of the festival in black and white.

Since making *Jamming the Blues* in 1944, Granz said he has nursed an ambition to make another jazz film. The color production planned for next year will feature the musicians and Miss Fitzgerald offstage as well as on.

Granz also revealed that a year ago he bought film rights to the Ellington life story.

"The Duke is not only the most important man in jazz but also a great protagonist for minorities," the producer said. "The film will tell the true story—there will be no romancing."

Two Schools Offer Fall Jazz Courses

A unique jazz history course, with live music to illustrate phases of the music and distinguished lecturers and jazz musicians doing most of the teaching, will be offered this semester at Tulane University. The course is a co-operative venture, sponsored by Tulane and Loyola universities, the New Orleans Jazz Club, and the Music Therapy Fund.

Richard Allen, of the Tulane Jazz Archives, and Michael Carubba, dean of Loyola's Music School, are discussion moderators.

The nine-week program begins Sept. 19 with trumpeter Punch Miller talking about early New Orleans bands. Miller's band also will perform. On Sept. 26 surgeon-guitarist-jazzophile Dr. Edmond Souchon will discuss the origins of jazz in blues, spirituals, marches, folk songs, and early popular songs.

The Oct. 3 session will feature a film on funeral bands and a lecture on brass bands and Creole folk songs by Danny Barker, guitarist and assistant curator of the New Orleans Jazz Museum.

Pianist Armand Hug will lecture on and give demonstrations of various piano styles at the Oct. 10 class. Assisting Hug in the discussion and music will be veteran drummer Monk Hazel. On Oct. 17 Dr. Henry Kmen, music historian and well-known reed man in the New Orleans area, will lecture on the repertoire of standard New Orleans bands, European influences on

New Orleans jazz, and the swing era. The Crawford-Ferguson band will illustrate the lecture.

The Oct. 24 program will consist of a panel discussion on big-band jazz, with Dr. Kmen and saxophonists Al Belletto and David Winstein participating.

Modern jazz will be the subject of a lecture by pianist Ellis Marsalis Oct. 31. Marsalis played with the New Orleans Jazz Quartet and has recorded with Nat and Cannonball Adderley. He will illustrate his own lecture, which will be a discussion of the relation of jazz to rock-and-roll. On Nov. 7 Belletto will continue the discussion of modern jazz, bringing his quartet in to illustrate his lecture. The final session, Nov. 14, will be a jazz concert. The participants had not been announced at presstime.

The New School for Social Research in New York City will offer four jazz courses during its fall semester beginning Sept. 19.

Jimmy Giuffre, clarinetist-saxophonist and composer, will give a course in jazz phrasing and interpretation, intended for both qualified jazz musicians and classically trained players interested in jazz. Permission to take the class, which will meet Tuesdays at 4 p.m., must be obtained from Giuffre prior to registration.

Pianist-composer Hall Overton will conduct a workshop course, "The Art of Jazz," which will explore the problems of jazz improvisation. There will be frequent guest appearances by prominent musicians. Students will be given weekly assignments, but auditors are permitted to attend class meetings, which are scheduled for Thursdays at 6 p.m.

Critic Martin Williams will teach "An Introduction to Jazz," covering the basic techniques of the music, a survey of its evolution, and the contribution of major players and composers. No technical knowledge of music is required for the class, which meets Fridays at 6 p.m.

Dr. Douglas Bray, president of the Duke Ellington Jazz Society, will conduct a course covering Ellington's music and career from 1925 to now, with recorded illustrations. This class will meet on Fridays at 8:10 p. m.

Potpourri

Duke Ellington was cited as the "greatest composer and interpreter of American music," by Boston Mayor John F. Collins last month. Special mayoral assistant Lemuel M. Wells, who made the presentation after Ellington's concert of sacred music at the Union Methodist Church, said the salute was made in the name of his "proud fellow Americans."

Composer Gunther Schuller has been named president of the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, Mass. Among his many credits in the jazz world was his service as conductor at several recording sessions at which his own music and that of such composers as Charles Mingus, Ornette Coleman, and Jimmy Giuffre was performed. He was the first

conductor of **Orchestra U.S.A.**, a resident New York city jazz group organized by pianist **John Lewis**. Schuller also was music director of the 1962 Monterey Jazz Festival. A French hornist, he played on some of the well-known 1949-50 Miles Davis Nonet records. In the late '50s, Schuller began writing jazz criticism for *Jazz Review* and, later, other publications. In the last five years, he has concentrated on writing for and conducting symphony orchestras.

A jazz chair is being established at the University of Washington's school of music, according to composer **William Bergsma**, who was appointed chairman of the school last year. Joining the faculty this fall quarter on a full-time basis is **Bill Smith**, one-time clarinetist and baritonist with the **Dave Brubeck Octet**. Smith has studied at Juilliard and, like Brubeck, with pianist-composer **Darius Milhaud** at Mills College. At Seattle, Smith will have as a colleague ethno-musicologist **Robert Garfias**, who recently returned from a research trip to the Philippines with pianist **Bud Shultz**, formerly leader of the house band at Seattle's Edgewater Inn. Garfias is a former alto saxophonist and has been recorded as a tamboura player with the Indian musician **Ali Akbar Khan**.

An Aug. 14 benefit performance for the scholarship foundation of Ramblerny School for the Performing Arts in New Hope, Pa., featured singer **Morgana King** and an all-star septet led by alto saxophonist **Phil Woods**. Trumpeter **Clark Terry**, trombonist **Melba Liston**, tenorist **Chris Swansen**, pianist **Don Friedman**, bassist **Steve Swallow**, and drummer **Mel Lewis** composed the group. The preceding day Woods led the Ramblerny Jazz Band in its first concert at the school. The program was taped by Radio Liberty for broadcast in Eastern Europe.

Arranger **Quincy Jones** is using all jazzmen in the combo playing his score for the new video series *Hey, Landlord*. The personnel includes trumpeter **Jimmy Zito**, trombonist **Bill Byers**, reed men **Tony Ortega** and **Jack Nimitz**, vibist **Charles Shoemaker**, bassist **Max Bennett**, and drummer **Earl Palmer**... Also in the land of small screens, when the *Green Hornet* begins this fall on ABC-TV, the trumpet heard playing the **Neal Hefti**-composed theme will be that of **Al Hirt**.

Lead trumpeter **Bill Chase** was the latest to leave the ranks of the **Woody Herman Band**. He left after the Herd's recent stand at the Tropicana Blue Room in Las Vegas, where he said he will settle. After eight years on the road with Herman, Chase was lured by the prospect of staying in one place and a job with **Earl Green's** orchestra at the Dunes Hotel's lounge in Las Vegas.

A famous landmark for big bands was destroyed by fire in August. The Rendezvous Ballroom at Balboa Beach, Calif., built in 1928, went up in smoke in a pre-dawn blaze that was believed to be caused



Liberate TV Cameras!

Second Chorus By NAT HENTOFF

DURING THE LAST YEAR, I've been involved with a weekly WNBC-TV series on the arts—music, sculpture, theater, films, folk music, comedy, chamber music. One of the jazz programs focused on Cecil Taylor; and for that half-hour, Paul Freeman, the producer-director, decided to let the cameramen improvise to a much greater extent than is usually permitted on television, even public-service television.

The results were instructive on several counts. During rehearsal, there was the predictably skeptical obbligatoro from the crew—variations on "where's the melody?"

But gradually, the intensity and the surging energy of Taylor and his colleagues got to the cameramen. Challenged, moreover, by the chance to do some creating themselves, they plunged into the actual show with some of the disciplined passion of the musicians.

Visually the program was uncommonly stimulating, with much more complex dynamics (visual dynamics) and textures, as well as patterns of movement, than usually can be seen outside the work of the more probing younger film makers. (One of the many potentials television has largely left unexplored is the use of the camera. Dramatic shows are still shot more from a literary perspective than in ways utilizing the scope and depth of the eye. Music shows, for the most part, are still shot as if to give viewers the illusion of being in a concert hall rather than expanding the ways in which the eye and ear can interconnect to free the emotions.)

Freeman, moreover, understood that much of the motion and structural direction in Taylor's music was textural—a collective exploration in which soloists are persistently sustained by and sustain the whole.

Therefore, he generally avoided one-to-one shots, that is, quick cut to a soloist when he began and then a move to another face or hand when the next soloist started. By picture selection, he got inside the collective experience of the musicians.

I'm not saying that when it was over, the crew had all become Cecil Taylor converts. But they quite clearly had had a more satisfying half-hour—as craftsmen turned into creators—than was their common condition at work. And I do think—though I can't prove it—that the open emotion of the musicians, however unfamiliar the outer contours of what they played, had a great deal to do with

spurring the cameramen to quickened sensitivity and daring.

I wish that the liberation of cameramen were not so rare on television.

Ralph Gleason's *Jazz Casual* series gave its crews room to improvise, and the programs accordingly were, as a whole, the most spontaneous of all jazz television series so far. But this kind of releasing of cameramen's creativity need not, of course, be limited to jazz.

Admittedly, there is all too little on commercial television to stimulate a crew even if the director were to let them loose. But often the subjects on educational television have the potential power of mood and matter to lead to a much more venturesome visual exploration of them. And yet, so much of educational television is just as pictorially circumscribed and deadened—as what can be seen on the commercial networks.

Perhaps the indigenous use of television as television will be accelerated by those now getting their training in the increasing number of university-based television stations, though I hear that among the academics, too, not many chances are taken.

But maybe one university station may yet lead the way. Already we have burgeoning activity in film-making on campus, and some of those films are uncommonly provocative, surprising an audience into seeing—and thereby feeling—in new ways. And drama schools, in their curricula and training methods, are also taking cognizance of breakthroughs in the theater.

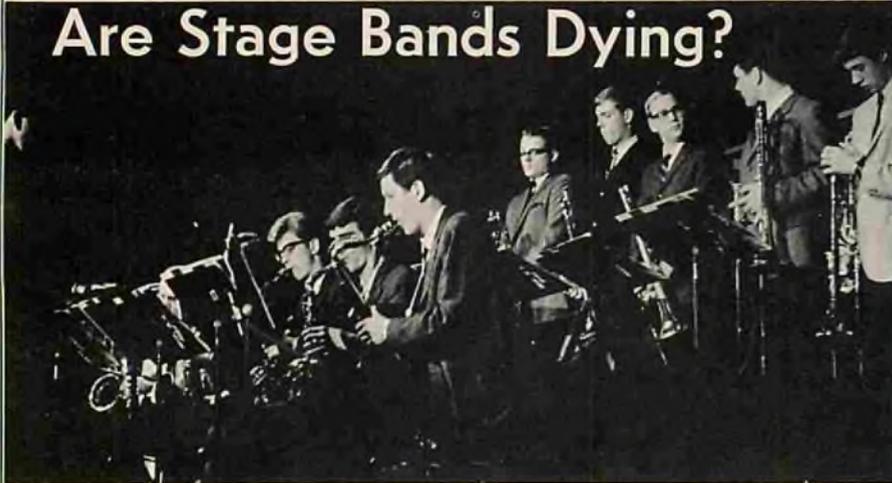
Yet television, though comparatively new in age, has so swiftly become the most static of the media, not only in content but, again, in the ways in which the camera is used.

One of my more fanciful visions is a university center in which authentically hip drama troupes, jazz groups in residence, writers, dancers, and painters would intersect in productions that would begin to show what television is capable of.

In such a center, producers, directors, and cameramen could be trained—or, rather, could train themselves—in discovering ways of shooting and pacing that would be uniquely idiomatic to television.

Where would they work after that training? I expect they'd have to infiltrate the establishment, commercial and educational. But that can be done. It's happened, to some extent, in the movies, and it's happening in the theater. 

Are Stage Bands Dying?



IS THE STAGE-BAND MOVEMENT or educational jazz in trouble? After several years of rather phenomenal growth, is the movement unhealthy, perhaps atrophying and dying?

Statistics indicate that more school bands are in existence now than ever before. There are more college festivals and contests now, with several new ones gestating for next spring.

Yet, there is an uncomfortable feeling in the air. Many have been maintaining that the stage band, or, more specifically, jazz, is educationally valid. I feel that this is where the problem emerges. Most stage-band programs are not educationally valid because they simply do not tend toward jazz. They have become stagnant in the plethora of bad arrangements that are still flooding an already garbage-laden market.

Recently, I had an opportunity to examine the stage-band library in a public high school music department in the Midwest. The concert band and orchestra in this school are excellent. The students, most of superior caliber, read and perform the finest in the literature, both traditional and modern. Much of what they do is college level. But out of the better than 100 arrangements in the stage-band "book" scarcely a half dozen were musically good. The director complained that his students fluff off working in the stage band—that he has difficulty getting students and holding interest.

I don't think this is surprising in view of the fact that they are challenged and stimulated by good music in the concert band and then are subjected to (and expected to like—for a variety of reasons—all specious) bad stock arrangements of pop tunes.

Students are not stupid. They can innately spot poor music after the opening chorus of a bad arrangement.

Jazz is, and must be, the saving factor in the stage-band program, and, unfortunately, very little of it is being taught. If we don't progress to the jazz style of arrangement, with space for improvisation, we are failing. If we don't

help the students learn to express themselves on their instruments extemporaneously and correctly, we are failing. If we don't put some opportunity for viable communication and personal expression of emotions into the big-band experience, we are failing, and the stage-band movement is sick—or worse.

The publishers haven't helped much, and now many are disenchanted with stage bands.

In the first rush of expansion they trampled each other and the music, trying to carve out a sizable chunk of the new market for themselves. As a tribute to the good taste of many directors, much of the bad is still on the store shelves. So publishers tapered off.

The ones who are still grinding it out are not in any way aiming at jazz but seek to debauch the stage band still further with stock arrangements of pop tunes designed to hit the lowest common denominator and turn the stage band into a minuscule pep band. The dealers are concerned because much of this stuff is not selling, and yet there are far too many directors who are selling out the approach to jazz for the pop-pep-pap approach.

Not all publishers fall into this category. Unfortunately, many of the ones who made good contributions have now become discouraged. If the publishers would give us educators good, jazz-oriented arrangements with plenty of solo space, they would sell.

Even so, there certainly has been an appreciable improvement in style and interpretation in some areas and in many schools. But the sorry fact is that too many are still headed in the wrong direction. With the whole of school music being challenged and subjected to criticism, we can't at this time afford the luxury of a questionable and unjustifiable program.

Now would be a good time to re-evaluate our stage-band programs and start to deepen our commitment to educational jazz—with the emphasis on jazz. 

by a cigaret in the janitor's closet. The \$450,000 ballroom was famed for its debut of the Stan Kenton Band in 1941 and, a few years earlier, Gil Evans' first orchestra. In 1957 the ballroom operators had their license revoked when the city council ruled the Rendezvous had become a trouble spot. In a final blaze of irony, it was learned that a rock-and-roll group named the Cinder Men had finished its gig there just a few hours before the fire.

When pianist Walter Bishop Jr. went swimming in August at Bash Bish State Park and Falls near Copake, N.Y., he suffered minor cuts and bruises after taking a spill from a slippery cliff. While not wishing to make light of the accident, which could have been serious, his companions on the trip, bassist Bill Wood and drummer Lennie McBrowne, suggested a humorous headline for the incident: "Bish Bashed at Bash Bish" (the pianist is known among his friends as Bish).

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK: During August the Harlem Cultural Council's Jazzmobile offered concerts at various locations in the city. Included during the month were the Lucky Thompson Octet, Frank Foster Band, Walter Bishop Jr. Quintet, Charles McPherson Sextet, Howard McGhee Band, Cedar Walton Sextet, Lee Morgan Quintet, Roland Kirk Sextet, Roland Alexander Sextet, Kenny Dorham-Joe Henderson Band, Clifford Jordan Sextet, Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band, Grant Green-John Patton Quartet, McCoy Tyner Sextet, Shirley Scott Trio, Dizzy Gillespie Quintet, Walter Davis Jr. Sextet, Don Friedman Quintet, Art Farmer Quintet, Blue Mitchell Sextet, Billy Taylor Band, Vera Auer Quintet, and Clark Terry Quintet. The series was sponsored by P. Ballantine & Sons and the Music Performance Trust Funds of the Recording Industries . . . Following several highly successful Monday night appearances at the Five Spot, drummer Elvin Jones' quartet (tenor saxophonist Frank Foster, pianist McCoy Tyner, bassist Paul Chambers) has been booked for an indefinite engagement at the club upon its return from the Monterey Jazz Festival later this month . . . Pianist Randy Weston's septet (Ray Copeland, trumpet and flugelhorn; Booker Ervin, tenor saxophone; Cecil Payne, baritone saxophone; Bill Wood, bass; Big Black, conga; Lennie McBrowne, drums) goes west for a six-week tour of California, beginning Sept. 10 with a two-week stay at the Both/And in San Francisco (with time out for an appearance at the Monterey festival), followed by a concert Oct. 10 at the Candlewood Country Club in Whittier and five concerts at the University of California campuses in Los Angeles, Irvine, San Diego, Riverside, and Davis as part of the Festival of Negro Arts program, Oct. 17-21. The tour ends with a concert at the Pilgrimage Theater in Hollywood Hills
(Continued on page 48)

THE INSTITUTE OF JAZZ STUDIES began in the 1920s as the personal collection of Marshall Stearns. It became probably the most comprehensive repository in existence of recordings, books, magazines, memorabilia, etc., on jazz.

For several years Stearns was in touch with the music division of the New York Public Library. The prospect was to turn the institute's collection over to that establishment, and the mutual feeling was that the time to do it would be when the music division moved to its new, larger quarters at Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts.

The music, theater, and dance collections of the library are now housed in newly completed quarters at Lincoln Center. But the collection of the Institute of Jazz Studies will become part of the library of Rutgers, the state university of New Jersey.

I could not imagine why such a collection should be housed in New Brunswick, N.J.—unless it is to serve as a misplaced memorial to pianist James P. Johnson, who was born there.

Stearns explained that he wanted the collection to be kept constantly up to date in magazines, books, and records, and he wanted it to be kept separate and autonomous. The only one of several institutions he offered it to that would agree to these conditions was the library at Rutgers.

Alas for Lincoln Center.

At the moment, besides its libraries of the performing arts, glorious Lincoln Center consists of three auditoriums—Philharmonic Hall, the New York State Theater, the Vivian Beaumont Theater and, by late this year, the new Metropolitan Opera House—plus a parking garage.

Let's take that garage first.

Presumably it is there to accommodate visitors to the auditoriums—on occasion all three of them, and when the Metropolitan opens, four of them. It has two—count 'em, two—exits. Along about 11 p.m., with a few hundred cars gunning to get out, the exhaust fumes begin to get rather thick. Some patrons have been taking to nausea and fainting spells. The management called in an air-pollution expert. To judge from a story in the *New York Times*, the expert felt that the patrons had no business passing out and throwing up all over Lincoln Center's fine new garage—the air didn't test out to be so bad.

Then, there is Philharmonic Hall.

The New York Philharmonic Orchestra moved its headquarters there from Carnegie Hall. Carnegie Hall is one of the most acoustically perfect large auditoriums in the world. Philharmonic Hall is an acoustical nightmare.

The experts who planned it were called back again, again, and still again. The center poured in several thousand more dollars in acoustical improvements. Now it turns out that the final solution may well be that an engineer, riding gain on a bunch of microphones and amplifiers and loud-speakers, is going to

have more control over the sound of the New York Philharmonic than Leonard Bernstein.

Then there's the New York State Theater.

Of course, New York City needed such a hall for its ballet company, its opera company, and its musical-comedy revivals. Of course it did, except that it already had the New York City Center, which had been housing its ballet, opera, and musical-comedy revivals.

And there is the Vivian Beaumont Theater.

That's where American repertory theater is going to be. (What, one wonders, *is* American repertory?) But that project has taken a lot of heavy criticism in the two years of its existence. Maybe I should cool it on the Lincoln Center repertory theater.

Which brings us back to the library—the library that could not afford to maintain the collection of the Institute of Jazz Studies.

The present music library is a combination of two former branches: the music collection that was once at the main branch of the New York Public Library at 42nd St., plus the old music library at 58th St. and Lexington Ave.

When the move got under way, these two collections were first closed to the public to be inventoried. Then they were packed up for transfer to their new quarters. Those two operations left New York City and all its musicians, scholars, journalists, and fans without a music library for quite a while because it was about 11 months before anybody got the stuff counted, moved, unpacked, and installed at Lincoln Center. The newspapers, meanwhile, were full of public apologies about "a shortage of funds."

In the new library, scores can be borrowed and taken out, to "circulate," as librarians put it. So any scores that were judged in too bad shape to be circulated—those torn and dog-eared pieces of music—were . . . stored? No, not stored. Given to other institutions? No. Somehow repaired or reproduced? No. They were discarded.

Another thing: one of the most valuable community functions of the old 58th St. music library was its circulating collection of orchestrations that were regularly on loan to nonprofessional orchestras and bands around New York. The Lincoln Center music library now is lending out all other kinds of music, but it is not currently lending out these orchestrations, and the material is stored. Pending. Pending what? Outrage, I suppose. Anybody got any outrage?

The Lincoln Center library also has a new collection, consisting of recorded sound, including that on cylinders and discs dating back to the 1890s, of both spoken word and music, among which items are piano rolls and many unique, noncommercial acetates. This collection—the Rodgers and Hammerstein Archives—consists of gifts to the library (several from local radio stations, by the way, and, therefore, including much

popular and some jazz material), which have accumulated over the years but which the library never could afford to inventory, house, and set up for use by the public.

After much discussion and many changes of mind, it was decided to put the record collection and playing equipment in the basement of the building and run an enormous complex of wires and phones up to the fifth floor, where listening facilities were to be provided. Maybe they consulted the same acoustical engineers who worked over there at Philharmonic Hall.

From its opening day, the sound archive was equipped with several expensive transcription turntables that play at 78, 45, and 33½ rpm. It happens, though, that in the early days of disc recording there was no such thing as a standard speed. It was quite common to record at whatever speed would enable one to get a whole selection onto a ten-inch or sometimes eight-inch disc. The only way to tell the "correct" speed of one of those early records is to find out the key of the piece and keep fooling around with a rheostat until the turntable speed and the key jibe. The Rodgers and Hammerstein archives—with its expensively carpeted floors, its heavily draped windows, and its chrome-plated glass doors—still does not have one true variable-speed turntable.

Obviously it needs one. And that ain't all it needs. It needs a complete recording laboratory to put onto tape all its variable-speed recordings, all its piano rolls, all its cylinder records, all its rapidly deteriorating acetate records, and all its rare and fragile 78 discs. Which is to say that it badly needs money.

So, once again, they need money over at Lincoln Center.

I'm thinking of forming a Committee in the Interest of the Cultural Future of New York and the Rest of the Country, and I'm determined to get some pretty big names together—the list should look impressive on our stationery and brochures.

Our first project is going to be: tear down Lincoln Center. Except for the theater, music, and dance libraries, for which I have hope. I hope they get their money. Public institutions, by and large, do better at preserving the past than in putting on shows for the present—at least in this country. Therefore, I hope the Lincoln Center libraries get their money. And maybe if they get enough money, they could dicker with Rutgers and Marshall Stearns for the collection of the Institute of Jazz Studies.

More important, maybe the presence of a respectable and active jazz library would inspire a certain confidence and bring forth certain contributions. Suppose, for example, we could go to Lincoln Center and find Scott Joplin's manuscripts as contributed by his estate. And Don Redman's and Fletcher Henderson's scores. And John Hammond's collection of off-the-air recordings. And . . . well, think about it. 

Tribute To Bud Powell

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY: "He personified an era of innovators. His personality, personal health, and, above all, his music epitomized the whole thing. Thank God there was such an era. Thank God there was a Bud Powell."

CHET BAKER: "He was the daddy of the modern pianists—the greatest since Tadd Dameron, especially when it came to breaking away from stride playing. He was the daddy, especially in laying down chords and comping."

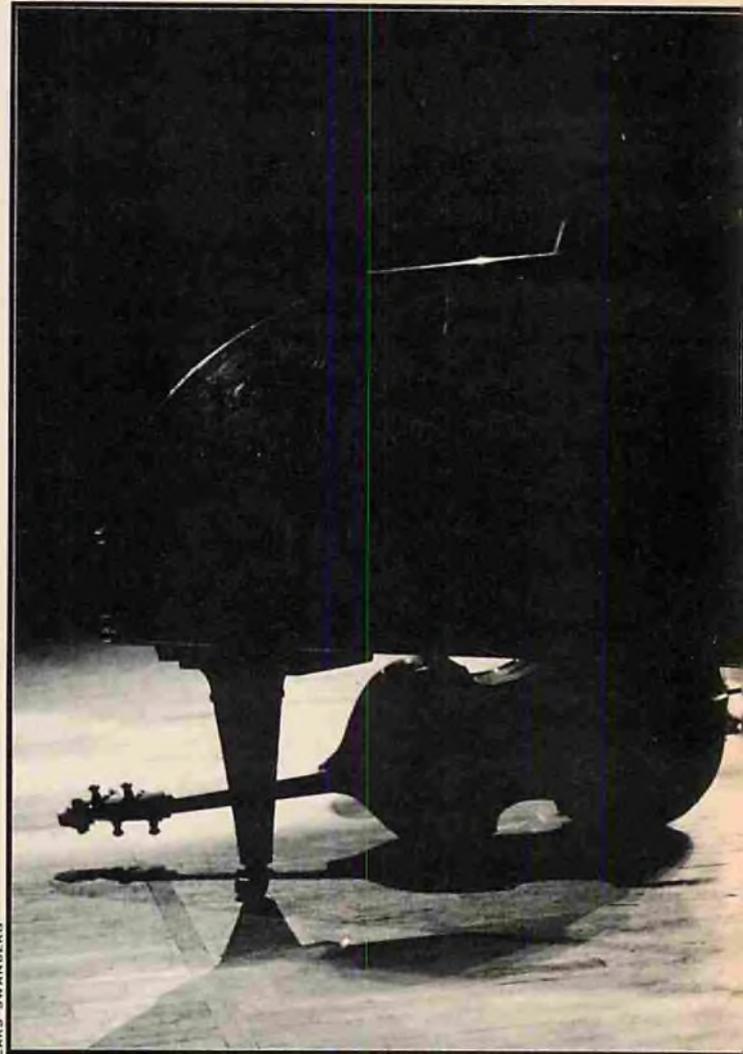
RAY BROWN: "His death is not as much of a loss now as his illness was 10 or 12 years ago. That was the real tragedy, because he never got the chance to mature musically, never realized his full potential. Bud was one of the innovators. Never copied Diz or Bird; he had his own thing going. I worked with Bud in the early '40s . . . met him through Dizzy Gillespie. I really enjoyed playing with him. He was the first guy to really exploit the right hand, you know, in a linear sense, while playing those spasmodic things with the left. The very first time I ever heard Bud play—before I met him—was with Cootie Williams' band. He was playing Cherokee. He always liked that tune. He played so much piano, it was incredible. It's a shame he never recorded more than he did. Bud made one hell of a contribution to jazz. Many of us borrowed from him."

DAVE BRUBECK: "So many of the bebop guys were narrow in their musical tastes, but Bud wasn't just interested in his own music. Most of his imitators were far more narrow than he because they just imitated one facet of Bud. They rarely could play a ballad with the depth he could. They imitated the rhythmic force and more of the harshness of his playing than they did the lyricism. The last time I heard him, at a festival in Essen, Germany, in 1960, he was really saying something. If he could have stayed on that upward swing, it would have been great."

RAY BRYANT: "His playing was the most influential step in jazz piano, a most important step, for he carried jazz to a certain plateau, a new level, the height of which perhaps has not been equaled. He influenced everyone after him, and even those who had come before him—when they heard Bud, they changed their own way of playing. He was to the jazz piano what Charlie Parker was to the alto sax and Dizzy Gillespie was to the trumpet. The way Bud played, particularly years ago, he was clear as a bell; everything made sense, and it was all spontaneous. There was no improving on what he did. He put things in the right place, and he did it spontaneously. Without Bud I don't know where jazz would have gone. I am glad he happened."

JAKI BYARD: "His death was a great loss. It is a damn shame that when he was alive, people didn't give him the same kind of help that he got for his funeral. He was a very good pianist who influenced many other piano players. In the '40s his influence was very big. His music was fresh then, but in later years his playing became filled with sadness. This was probably due to his illness."

HARRY EDISON: "Not much you can say, is there? The man was a genius."



LARS SWANBERG

BILL EVANS: "There are a million things I could say. But one thing, a hell of a lot more should have been said and done for him when he was alive. His was the most comprehensive composition talent of any jazz player I have ever heard presented on the jazz scene. He had the potential of a true jazz player. He expanded much in a legitimate, organic way. Because of his history, he never got to use that potential that much, though he did plenty. His insight and talent were unmatched in hard-core, true jazz."

MAYNARD FERGUSON: "I heard about Bud Powell and Lenny Bruce at the same time. They both had brilliant minds, and as far as the way they chose to live their lives—well, if you can't perceive the message, then forget it. Ordinarily, I'm not sentimental about death, but in Bud's case I think it means peace at last. Makes you stop and pause, doesn't it? Do creative people have to be so unhappy? I first met Bud at the Royal Roost in New York. It was 1948, and I had just come to this country from Canada. He was so gracious to me, I'll never forget it. But I couldn't figure how he could sound so great one night and so bad the next. I didn't understand the game then."

From His Compatriots



DIZZY GILLESPIE: "All of the modern pianists just have to play a little bit of Bud. He set the standard for the modern jazz pianist."

HERBIE HANCOCK: "He was the foundation out of which stemmed the whole edifice of modern jazz piano; every jazz pianist since Bud either came through him or is deliberately attempting to get away from playing like him."

HAMPTON HAWES: "I didn't know him too well, personally, but musically I was extremely familiar with Bud. Maybe 10,000 years from now everybody will know him—that's the way it is with so many musicians. He certainly influenced me as far as phrasing goes. Others laid down the foundation—you know, like Earl Hines—but Powell was the first to venture forth and play like a horn."

MILT JACKSON: "He was one of the greatest influences on the idiom of jazz being used today. His unique style no other pianist has been able to copy—a particular modern progressive style—especially in his improvising, solo, and continuity work. I have always admired him. He stood in a class by himself."

J. J. JOHNSON: "In my opinion, the real tragedy lies in the fact that because of Bud's prolonged battle with mental illness, many so-called jazz buffs and curiosity seekers knew Bud only as an oddball or weird character. Only his old friends and the seasoned jazz fans knew the real Bud, who was warm, witty, and one of the most intelligent persons I ever knew."

SHELLY MANNE: "I used to play with him on 52nd St. Last time I saw Bud was in Paris about five years ago. Played together then too. He was a strange man—extremely disturbed. But he was an important musician. One thing struck me: even though he was such a giant, he was kind of forgotten with this 'new thing.' Yet I'd have to say that Bud was as influential as Monk. Bud's intros and comping and his solos were classic. We used to listen so intently when we were kids. Now, when I occasionally go back to his recordings, they're still classics."

LES McCANN: "First time I met Bud—it was at the Blue Note in Paris—he came over to my table and was extremely cordial, saying, 'So glad to meet you. I've heard your records.' Then he walked back to the stand. That was it—a very short conversation, but it shocked the hell out of me. He had been very depressed earlier in the evening. But when he started playing again, he seemed to snap out of it, and what he played was fantastic."

JACKIE McLEAN: "He was very important in forming my career. I was 17 when I met him, and I was close to him until he died. For a couple of years, when I was in high school, I would go to his house after school on Friday and stay till Sunday afternoon, practicing with him and learning music from him. Musically, he was parallel to Charlie Parker. His greatness was in his improvising and writing. He was the only true interpreter of Thelonious Monk. It was a shame Bud had to die the way he did. It was a shame this country doesn't make better arrangements for its geniuses than it does. I was with him four hours before he died. He was in a room with 20 other people. It was like a meat market."

THELONIOUS MONK: "It was a great loss to the music world. Piano players will miss him. Everyone will, but especially piano players."

ART PEPPER: "I never had the pleasure of working with Bud, but at least I knew him. He was one of the first geniuses of the piano. It's a shame it had to happen this way to such a brilliant musician."

GEORGE SHEARING: "He was in many respects like another 'Bird' in his right hand. If anybody really warranted the description of blowing piano, it was Bud. In some of his ballads he showed a great respect for Tatum. The disappearance of Bud at the height of his productivity, when his mental illness began, was a great loss to jazz."

LEROY VINNEGAR: "I played with Bud at the Blue Note, and the thing that knocked me out about him was when you heard Bud, you heard Bird. The world lost a great one—the last of the great pianists from that era."

BY GEORGE WISKIRCHEN C.S.C.

ARRANGING EASTMAN STYLE

THE NAKED, FLESHY BAROQUE ANGELS, the severe-faced busts and medallions of the musically great, the rich ornamentation of the 3,300-seat theater are vaguely and harshly visible in the cold glare of the single, bright work light suspended from the center crystal chandelier of the hall.

A handful of observers and students on class break are scattered around the main floor. On stage a 16-piece band warms up. Recording engineer Bill Dangler is moving about rapidly, straightening cables and placing the half-dozen microphones. Arranger Manny Albam is on the podium, leafing through a stack of scores.

Along the lip of the stage, in a straggling, careless arc, broken by the rectangular black mass of playback speakers, are students from collegiate to middle age—some hurriedly copying parts, using lap-held instrument cases as desks, some talking with members of the band.

This unique mixture of the conservatory and the professional worlds is the Eastman Arrangers' Workshop.

Eight years ago, the Eastman School of Music of the University of Rochester, N. Y., considered the necessity and validity of this summer program and then called upon alumnus Ray Wright, chief arranger at Radio City Music Hall, to develop and teach it.

Dr. A. I. McHose, associate director of the school and head of the summer sessions, was a solid supporter of this program from the beginning. Its purpose: to teach modern arranging techniques in the most practical, efficient way.

The workshop started in 1959 with one class section of five students; now there are four sections all offered for composition credit.

Dr. Donald Hunsberger, director of the Eastman Wind Ensemble and formerly chief staff arranger with the U. S. Marine Band, handles a class in contemporary arranging techniques for concert and marching band. Larry Crosley, an alumnus of Eastman and now with Crawley Films, Ltd., in Ottawa, Ontario, teaches the basic-techniques course, in which students are exposed to the elements of dance-band, jazz, and pop arranging.

Wright and Albam guide the more experienced in the intermediate class, in which knowledge of dance-band and combo writing is deepened and the techniques of writing

for harp, strings, woodwinds, and French horn are introduced.

The advanced class, also taught by Wright and Albam, stresses writing for full studio orchestras, plus more complex dance-band arranging. As the student progresses through the courses, there is less lecturing and more writing, lab experience, and analysis. All courses are offered for credit, and the advanced course may be repeated for credit.

All these facts can be obtained from the school's brochure. The uniqueness of the workshop, however, lies in its basic teaching tool—the recorded performance.

Literally anything the student writes will be performed by a professional group. The purposeful and knowledgeable Wright said, "Our basic philosophy is that the student should be able to hear whatever he writes. To make this playback accurate and profitable, we must have a good band. The availability of the professional band and orchestra is our biggest asset and marks a considerable investment on the part of the school in this basic principle."

Five distinct groups are available to read the student arrangements, and the students are constantly driven to supply music for the various media: a 40-piece full studio orchestra with strings; a 16-piece big band; a small studio orchestra with strings, harp, woodwinds, and percussion; a fully instrumented concert band; and combos of any instrumentation.

A typical student starts the day with a two-hour class, part lecture and part critical listening and analysis of his arrangements with a discussion and solving of problems in these compositions. In the more advanced sections any discussion of theory usually stems from a problematic arrangement of one of the students. Again, everything revolves around the student accurately hearing what he wrote.

The remainder of the early morning and afternoon is devoted to private sessions with Albam or Wright and to scoring and the copying of parts. At 3 p.m. each day the scheduled group assembles on stage to play the new arrangements. The tapes from this session are ready for class analysis the next day as the cycle starts again.

Not only are the bands of top professional caliber but every attempt also is made by the recording staff under the guidance of Dangler to get the best sound possible. Eastman boasts a good recording studio.

A talk-back system and closed-circuit television help in communication from the stage of the auditorium and other recording areas to the control room on the fifth floor of the Annex building across the street. Considerable time is spent in microphone placement and in balancing the various groups. Constant experimentation goes on in the attempt to make the best possible tapes of the performances for analysis.

The pedagogical approach of Wright and Albam is a no-nonsense one. Every freedom is given the student. He can progress at his own rate. However, his work must stand the closest scrutiny.

Logic must tie everything together. He must be able to justify everything that he does, and it must be correct—it must sound smooth and move easily. In short, the professional standards of playability, listenability, effectiveness, and, especially, logic must apply.

"What do you want there?" "Why did you use that substitution in the progression?" "Why didn't you include

MANNY ALBAM



from student to wright to tape to student

this note in the voicing of that chord for the trombones?" "Why did you use this doubling, this choice of instruments?" These are common, vital and repeated—almost ad nauseam—queries.

The student's ideas are respected, but they are directed.

A student indicates a tempo at the reading session. Albam thinks it is a wrong or ineffective choice; he suggests another. A retarded ending is written. Wright asks the student for his interpretation. A background moves clumsily. Albam suggests a revoicing or a substitute chord. They try it both ways. "Several alterations are available here, but if I were you, I wouldn't. . . ." The "if I were you, I wouldn't" is indicative of the directed freedom of the student.

"Most learning arrangers don't have a good professional band to work with," Wright remarked. "Here a student can experiment with voicings or colorations, for example, and hear what it will sound like with all parts covered accurately."

One of the typical assignments in the beginning class following a discussion of the ways of achieving dynamics through scoring is to write various chords pianissimo and fortissimo. Each student's examples are recorded, copies of his scorings are given out to the class members, and they can hear whether or not he was successful.

"He can hear his mistakes very clearly and vividly and then smooth out the awkward line or progressions," Wright said. "He soon learns in a practical way what will work, what won't, and why."

THE EASTMAN WORKSHOP CLASSES consisting of an approximately even distribution of working arrangers and musicians, teachers, and students culminates each year in the Arrangers' Holiday.

Seven years ago a noon-hour assembly recital of the student arrangements was presented in the school's smaller Kilbourn Hall. The concert idea expanded, and the move was made to the much larger Eastman Auditorium, an evening time, with a featured guest artist added. This year marked the fifth year of this format.

The first half of the program is devoted to student works and a production type of number that more or less subtly presents a historical survey of arranging styles. Visual effects in this segment include film clips and slides, which help tie the skit-like presentation together.

Announcers from local radio and TV stations provide narrative. In one of these segments McHose, director of the summer sessions and well-known author of college music-theory texts, went back to the theater organ of his younger days and provided backing for some of the film clips.

The second half of the program features the guest artist and gives the student an opportunity to score for a name soloist.

Olatunji was featured the first year in *African Drum Fantasy*. The next year it was Dave Brubeck and his quartet. Part of their set was the premiere of *Elementals*, an 18-minute work for full orchestra and combo. A high point was reached the following year with the appearance of Duke Ellington in his *Night Creature* and in a student-arranged fantasy of his tunes that featured Ellington as piano soloist with full orchestra and dance band. Last year's show featured Mel Torme. Another highlight of that show was the first presentation of Albam's *The Blues Is*

Everybody's Business as a ballet.

This year's skit was a spoof of *Batman vs. the Riddler* whose clues were masked in song titles arranged in different styles. Singer Carmen McRae was the concert's guest soloist.

Scholarships for the workshop are available each year. The outstanding student score in the intermediate class earns the student the Duke Ellington Scholarship for the advanced class the next summer. *Down Beat* offers two competitive scholarships to the workshop and one to the stage-band-procedures course, a music-education course aimed at presenting the teaching techniques for educational jazz. *Music Journal* also sponsors a scholarship to the arranging course.

In the end, it all comes back to magnetic etchings on a role of tape. The professional orchestra recording and the subsequent playback of the tapes pinpoint the core and philosophy of the Eastman Arrangers' Workshop—a successful venture in the field of educational jazz.

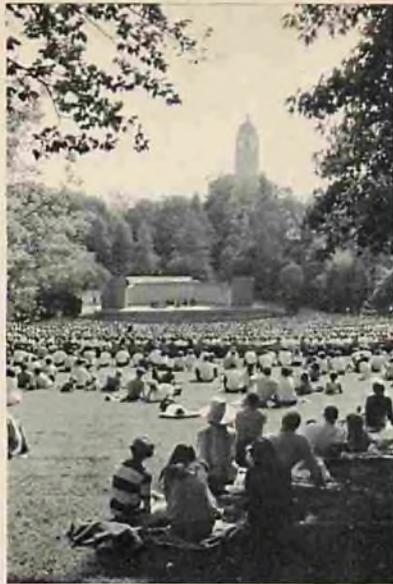
"OK, Bill, let's take one."

"Rolling."

The student arranger steps back a little from the director's desk. Wright calls the title and take number and taps off the time. The workshop orchestra is putting another student work on tape. 



RAY WRIGHT



STANFORD JAZZ YEAR

BY ALAN HEINEMAN

Editor's Note:

With the closing or constriction of many traditional outlets for jazz, a promising area for the sustenance and further growth of the music lies in the college concert market.

Although many colleges and universities have had jazz concerts of one kind or another for several years, the 1965-66 school year showed a marked increase in campus jazz activity. Significantly, it is only within the last few years that concert promoters have gambled on hard-core jazz artists as the main drawing cards. The gamble, in most cases, seems to have paid off.

Last year at eastern schools such as Columbia and New York universities and Hunter College in New York City and Gettysburg College in Pennsylvania, everything from jazz-concert series to workshops were held. These activities included performances by a galaxy of professional jazz musicians ranging in style from mainstream and bop to avant-garde.

In the Midwest, Wayne State University in Detroit and the University of Chicago held concerts and symposiums on jazz and related fields. Much of the two schools' programming was of a decided avant-garde cast. Programs titled *Psychedelic Guitar Music* and *Electronic Music/Electronic Poetry*, as well as concerts, panel discussions, and workshops give an indication of the range of subjects undertaken at Wayne, which also held a three-day jazz conference.

On the West Coast, San Francisco State College sponsored a three-day series of jazz concerts; the John Handy group was the high point of the Arts Festival Week at the University of California at Berkeley; and the University of California at Los Angeles, which has the longest continuing jazz program of any college, featured several groups in well-attended concerts.

But the largest and most intensive jazz project on any campus, last term or any other, was the Stanford Jazz Year, 1965-66. Following is an account of that series by its technical director.



RICHARD N. BALE JR., in the winter of 1964-65, was casting about for a way, any way, to finance two or three jazz concerts on the Stanford campus. Apart from the normal hazards of such ventures, there were two additional handicaps: first, there had been alarmingly few concerts of any sort in Stanford's history that had showed a profit and, secondly, the image of Stanford as a predominantly upper-class, conservative school, while changing in recent years, still is accurate enough to make an entrepreneur think several times before risking a jazz concert there.

But Rick feels strongly about jazz. Furthermore, he is a rare combination of sensitive human being and capable wheeler-dealer. (He's unobtrusive in many ways: now 23, short, slight, glasses, receding chin, unruly red hair—clean, of all things. You wouldn't notice him, probably—until he bought you, or something.) Still, he needed a break.

He got it. Each year, the student union at Stanford, Tresidder Memorial Union, sponsors and helps produce a year-long, extensive inquiry into some subject. Past subjects have included Shakespeare, the American Civil War, Da Vinci. But subjects worth the investment—in money and student and staff labor—of an entire year's focus are rare.

So somebody on the union board said what about jazz for next year, and somebody else said who knows anything about it, and then nobody said anything for a while.

Finally, Rick's name came up—he was, at the time, a disc jockey for the campus radio station and the jazz writer for the *Stanford Daily*. A member of the board called him, and buzzers . . . lights . . . gongs. . . . Once the euphoria had worn off a little, the problem remained of how to convince the staff and faculty of the union board and, more importantly, the public exercises committee, which has jurisdiction over outside entertainment proposed for Stanford, that jazz was a field worthy of intensive exploration.

Rick began gathering people, ideas, volunteers, and he and his chief assistants, all students, held several lengthy conferences. The primary topic was now to compose a nine-month program that would examine jazz academically and culturally and not simply present the music in a vacuum.

The plan that evolved from these discussions was identical, in all but a few respects, to the Jazz Year as presented. It would include six concerts featuring artists in the approximate order of their chronological contributions to jazz. In conjunction with the concerts, jazz critics and historians would deliver lectures aimed at educating the largely unhip Stanford studentry. The chronology of the lecture material was to parallel that of the concerts.

The Jazz Year staff-to-be added to the proposed program a series of films and exhibits, to be displayed in the union, which would be co-ordinated with the concerts and lectures.

Tentative performers and lecturers were contacted, prices were calculated, facilities were examined. One large discovery was that nobody knew anything about anything, apart from his own compartmentalized field. In attempting to calculate costs for concerts in the 10,000-capacity outdoor Frost Amphitheater, for example, at least half a dozen separate offices had to be contacted (maintenance, student police, sound crews, chair renters, and such), and few of the persons responsible could do anything more than approximate the fees and necessary arrangements of the other crews.

Sadly, none of the dozens of student entrepreneurs of past years had left a shred of informative material concerning previous efforts. Much of the tracking down and sounding out had been done over and over. But with no written records, it had to be done yet again. (Rick is currently compiling a statistics-and-method report of the Jazz Year.)

In early spring, 1965, the Jazz Year staff presented for the public exercises committee's approval a fairly concrete recommendation for nine months of jazz study.

The emphasis was on the academic nature of the project. Concerts were scheduled for Sunday afternoons, so as to lessen the social and festival aspect. There were estimates of costs of each proposed activity for the entire year. The project, since it was to be under the auspices of the union, which draws its funds largely from student fees, was to be nonprofit. The program, therefore, was designed to come out exactly even, profits (and the union budget) balanced with expenditures.

The committee was clearly impressed by the forethought and organization of the presentation. Even so, the opposition was formidable, at least numerically.

The objections by the committee members, however, were of the sort normally associated with caricatures of squaredom, never anticipated in Real Life. A music professor wrote a long and carefully considered, if not especially literate, criticism of the proposal. His objections boiled down to: jazz is fine, in its place, but it isn't respectable enough to be worth prolonged study. (There are no courses in jazz in Stanford's academic curriculum.) The university chaplain did not want Sundays profaned with the sort of music the program would offer. And the head of the committee was worried about allowing the rabble to invade the campus en masse—mightn't many of them be Negro, after all? She had other, and more cogent, objections, all of which were discussed.

But the committee set aside its objections and granted approval—though it reserved the right to cancel approval if there were any large difficulties during the first quarter.

The next presentation, to the union board, was less difficult. The board, composed predominantly of students, was enthusiastic and also admired Rick's sure-footed presentation.

More pleasing and more valuable, though, was the backing of union director Dr. Chester Berry, with whom Rick had consulted several times prior to the formal presentation.

Berry said at the time, "The content of the program, as long as it's worth anything at all, doesn't affect me much. The main thing with the Jazz Year is that the kids have done and will do most of the work. They'll develop responsibility; they've already shown responsibility with the preparation."

The Jazz Year was granted a provisional budget of \$5,000 for fall and winter quarters, nothing for spring quarter (because the union sponsors other activities then), and would have to support the rest of the program through ticket sales, though, in case of emergency, the program was backed by as much as \$50,000 in union funds.

Preparation began during the summer.

The Jazz Year's most valuable friend, San Francisco critic-columnist Ralph J. Gleason, consented to be consultant, without fee, to the program. He already had been of great help in opening channels for preliminary negotiations with artists and lecturers, in ruling out some unfeasible ideas and adding others. He agreed, for small fees, to deliver the opening lecture and to give one each quarter. And he kept the staff in touch with the realities of the jazz world; none of them had dealt with performers on a financial basis previously, and few on the staff were even knowledgeable about the music. They were, most of them, simply excited by the sound of the project.

Groundwork was laid early in the summer. By late summer, Louis Armstrong was signed for an Oct. 10 concert in the amphitheater and Duke Ellington and Ella Fitzgerald for a joint appearance there Oct. 31. Gleason, Philip Elwood (San Francisco critic and disc jockey), Marshall Stearns (then director of the Institute of Jazz Studies), and Columbia records executive John Hammond agreed to lecture. They were to receive an honorarium, plane fare, and lodging.

The arrangements for the lecturers were made by

Patricia Unger, a sophomore. Another sophomore girl, Nance Nichols, was contracting with jazz archivists for possible exhibits. A junior, Sally Budd, and a senior, Joan Ellis, set up publicity outlets and got in touch with printers. And Rick supervised, filled in, and managed to know everything about everything.

THE JAZZ YEAR opened on Oct. 4 with the unveiling of the first exhibit in the union, plus a lecture by Gleason.

The exhibit was widespread. In one room there were photographs of Armstrong, Ellington, and Miss Fitzgerald, along with a chart showing approximate geographical and historical developments of jazz, with dates and individuals mentioned. Along the outer perimeter of the second floor was a photographic essay called "Jazz and Folk Backgrounds," by Frederick Ramsey Jr., which he compiled especially for the Jazz Year.

A series of pictures of the early jazz bands and performers through 1930 was displayed in another room. It was accompanied by a tape, played three times daily over the public address system in the room, recorded by Elwood featuring his commentary on the pictured artists and samples of their recordings. In another section of the second floor, early sheet music and some rare 78s from Elwood's collection were exhibited.

Gleason spoke in the union lounge. The room is partitioned; the main section holds some 350 persons and the addition holds 200. Both rooms were filled beyond capacity for the lecture, "Jazz in American Society." It was piped through speakers to other rooms. An estimated 650 persons heard the talk. Gleason told the white, healthy students in plain terms about Negroes, and suffering, music, injustice. For many of the listeners, it was the first time such observations became larger than something read (and dismissed) in civil rights tracts or sociology books.

On Oct. 10 Armstrong and his group arrived. One of the guiding precepts of the Jazz Year was to make all guests feel as much at home as possible, as little like Entertainers, or Visiting Lecturers as could be managed. Thus, several well-dressed staff members met the Armstrong group's plane, got the baggage off before the other passengers' baggage was delivered, and whisked the band the 30 miles to Stanford by chartered bus.

The group swung through a nice performance, one that afforded many fans a chance to hear the late Billy Kyle in person for the last time. Total attendance: 4,550.

The next day, Stearns spoke on origins and definitions in jazz to another capacity crowd in the union lounge. Stearns used records to illustrate his points, as did most of the lecturers; he also used hands, feet, and anything else he could find to demonstrate African polyrhythmic qualities.

Elwood spoke Oct. 18 on jazz in the '20s. Elwood is a schoolteacher and a polished lecturer. His integration of recorded material with his own commentary was accomplished with a smoothness and pointedness no other speaker during the year equaled. Again, there was an excellent attendance, some 400.

On Oct. 22 a film program free to Stanford students and staff was given at the union. The films were from the collection of John Baker, of Columbus, Ohio, and featured Louis Armstrong, Bessie Smith, and Duke Ellington in some early short subjects, as well as Lester Young and company in the well-known *Jammin' the Blues*.

Hammond discussed the swing era on Oct. 25. A crowd of some 300 listened to him try to circumlocute modestly the part he played in jazz history.

The first quarter's activities ended with the Ellington-Fitzgerald concert Oct. 31. As with the Armstrong show, every effort was made to make the performers feel welcome and at ease. Two trailer-dressing rooms were provided,

refreshments were served backstage before the concert and during intermission. Again there was perfect weather; the sound system was praised even by those in the most remote corners of the amphitheater. The Ellington band did about an hour set. After intermission, Miss Fitzgerald sang backed by her quartet and then did several numbers with the Ellington ensemble. She was glorious.

Total attendance: 6,711—the largest crowd at Stanford anyone could remember, excluding football games and graduation exercises.

The quarter ended with a total profit from the two concerts of \$7,000. The movies, exhibits, and lectures ate into that considerably, of course, but the Jazz Year was out of the woods.

HEADY WITH SUCCESS, Rick and Gleason conceived another aspect of the program during the holidays. Gleason had been host for a series of half-hour programs, *Jazz Casual*, on the National Educational Television network. On the programs musicians played and then discussed their work. Three *Jazz Casuals* were proposed for the next quarter, to be held in the union with a \$1 admission fee. They were scheduled at 4 p.m. Fridays in the same lounge in which the lecturers spoke. The performers got \$500, the maximum offer possible; Gleason received about \$100 for each *Casual*, and expenses were about \$100 additional. Capacity attendance was 400, so the operations had to be run at a loss. The staff estimated the loss could be afforded because of the concerts' success.

One of the largest expenditures during fall quarter went for publicity. Posters announcing each concert were placed by students in most highly populated areas and shopping districts on the San Mateo Peninsula, as well as in San Francisco and Berkeley; newspaper ads were bought in San Jose and San Francisco papers. The results were disappointing; most of the crowds at the concerts, and all of those who came to other events, were from the immediate Stanford-Palo Alto area.

The two winter concerts were held in Memorial Auditorium with a capacity of 1,600. John Coltrane's group was signed to play on the same program as Thelonious Monk on Jan. 23. Dizzy Gillespie and the Modern Jazz Quartet were booked for Feb. 13. The tickets went on sale the first day of the quarter; the first concert was sold out by the fourth day, the second, a week later.

On Jan. 10 Gleason gave the quarter's opening lecture, "Evolution of Modern Jazz." By this time, lecture attendance had tapered to between 150 and 300, where it remained the rest of the year. On Jan. 14 Jon Hendricks sang and talked in the first *Casual*, a stimulating afternoon, except for the union lounge's horrendous sound system. (That problem was to haunt the staff all year, and there was never enough money to contract for a separate system.)

Leonard Feather spoke on jazz in the '50s on Jan. 17, outlining the divergent paths of post-bop jazz. On Jan. 23 preparations were finished for the Monk-Coltrane concert. A group of students went to the airport to pick up the groups, who were arriving separately.

Monk was due in at 10 a.m. He sent word that he had missed that plane. An hour's wait. Two more planes arrived simultaneously. He had missed them too. Then another message: he would arrive at 1:30—for a 2 p.m. concert in which he was due to perform first. The plane arrived at 1:40. He was driven frantically to Stanford and made it onstage about 2:30. Meanwhile, Coltrane had arrived. He was hired with a quartet in mind, but Rick agreed to pay for a quintet when Coltrane insisted—he had arrived with an octet.

Monk played a good, but short, set: 25 minutes. The
(Continued on page 47)



The Poll Winner As Teacher **ALAN DAWSON** by Dan Morgenstern

UNTIL A FEW YEARS AGO, the reputation of drummer Alan Dawson did not extend much beyond his home town, Boston, where he was generally acknowledged to be "something else."

This was due to the fact that, with the exception of a brief sojourn with Lionel Hampton's band in 1953 and a stint in the U.S. Army, Dawson, now 37, has spent most of his 23 years as a musician in Boston. For the last nine years, he has divided his time there between playing jazz and teaching at the Berklee School of Music, where he is supervisor of drum instruction.

In 1964 Dawson's good friend, tenor saxophonist Booker Ervin, persuaded the drummer to come to New York City and record with him. Dawson's work on the resulting album (*The Freedom Book*, Prestige) and the several Ervin sessions that followed was sufficiently impressive to earn the drummer a victory in the Talent Deserving of Wider Recognition division in the 1965 *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll.

Since then, Dawson has recorded with pianist Jaki Byard and tenor saxophonist Frank Foster. He also participated in last year's Berlin Jazz Festival and the concert tour of major European cities that followed.

At home, Dawson works some 20 weeks each year at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike, a cozy, friendly jazz club in Peabody, a Boston suburb. The

club, which has an unusually broad musical policy, often hires well-known players who work as singles, and Dawson is invariably enlisted to play for them.

Just as invariably, they are delighted with him. Tenor saxophone patriarch Coleman Hawkins, generally reserved in his opinions, has said that Dawson played "the greatest drum solo I've ever heard" while working with him. Also, pianist Earl Hines has developed the habit of measuring every drummer he encounters in his travels against the standard set by Dawson.

When he is pressed, the modest Dawson admits he's had "a few" offers to go on the road. "But the way the situation is in jazz today," he said, "only the very top groups have enough work, and I like things the way they are. Maybe I'm too passive, but in this particular setup, I have a chance to work with all the good players. If I didn't have this, maybe I'd get the bug to go out. But I'm as close to having my cake and eating it as you can get."

In addition to his work at Lennie's, Dawson estimates that he picks up seven or eight weeks of work yearly at other local clubs and does some recording, including a few jingle dates. And then, of course, there is the teaching.

"I have between 40 and 50 students now," he said, "part time and full time. When I first started at Berklee,

I was only teaching three hours a week."

This increase reflects the growth of Berklee, which began in 1945 with eight students. This year the school expects an enrollment of more than 500. The school recently moved to new quarters in a big, well-appointed six-story building.

"The students come from all over the United States and overseas," Dawson said. "Most of them are young and want to become professional musicians or music teachers, but we have many students who are well settled in other professions and want to play only for their own enjoyment."

Before going to Berklee, Dawson didn't have a great desire to teach.

"I was doing some teaching at home, on a very small scale," he said. "Tony Williams, Clifford Jarvis, and a kid who dropped out after a few lessons were all I had. But unofficially, I had a lot of students, guys who'd come up to me after the set and say, 'Please show me this and show me that.' You might say that I came to Berklee by popular demand. I had no idea it would turn out as well as it has."

At that time, Dawson was leading his own quartet at a club called Wally's Paradise, and many Berklee students would drop in, especially for the Sunday afternoon sessions. Before long, word about this remarkable drummer, who was not only a great player but also had the patience to

answer questions and give advice, got back to the school's administration. One day the call came, and Dawson joined the faculty.

The cornerstone of teaching, he said, is "having the knowledge, and the ability to transmit it." He finds the greatest reward in teaching is watching the progress of the really gifted students, "although that's a pretty selfish reason."

At work with his pupils, Dawson is as patient, understanding, and helpful with the less talented as with the obviously gifted. He has the good teacher's ability to put the student at ease, and he takes pains to relate every point to a musical rather than a mechanical end.

In turn, it is obvious that the students have great respect and admiration for their teacher.

IRONICALLY, DAWSON HIMSELF was, at the beginning of his career, quite uninterested in studying.

Coming from a musical family (his father played piano and guitar, and his mother played piano and sang in the church choir), young Alan started "to pick out tunes on the piano" at an early age. By the time he was 5, he had become interested in drumming.

"I played on chairs and cardboard boxes," he recalled. "Knives had a good feeling—they'd bounce. I had very little doubt about what I wanted to do but couldn't get myself to go to a teacher."

But by the time he was 14, he had landed his first professional job, with bassist-bandleader Tasker Crosson ("he was a forerunner of Sabby Lewis, and a very important man in the story of jazz in Boston").

Dawson's first gig was a New Year's Eve dance, followed by regular work with the Crosson band two nights a week at the local USO. He stayed with Crosson for several years, "getting an awful lot of experience, working with grown men. They took me in tow. Playing with established, older musicians from 14, I won't say that I became an outright brat, but I had a certain inward arrogance. My father said, 'You're coming along—get a good teacher, and I'll pay for the lessons.' But I'd say, 'Look at so-and-so; he's been studying five years, and he can't play.'

"The rude awakening came later. I'd picked up a smattering of reading and considered myself pretty good. My friend Marquis Foster had a band then that worked both afternoons and evenings, and I had a daytime job around the corner from the club. Marquis was always very conscientious and practiced his lessons between sets. He was very meticulous about it. One

day, I was watching over his shoulder and saw a page with four quarter-notes to the measure. 'That's easy,' I thought to myself, and asked Marquis if could try it.

"I thought I'd played it perfectly, but Marquis looked at me kind of funny. 'Did you see the time signature?' he asked. 'That's in 1/1 time.' I'd never even heard of such a time signature! I was so embarrassed, I didn't say a word but walked right over to Charles Alden's studio and signed up. I was 17 then and felt just like a man who's finally gotten ready to see a psychoanalyst."

Dawson studied for some five years, adding marimba to his studies in 1949.

(Later, he took up vibraharp, an instrument on which he is an excellent performer, though he says, with characteristic modesty, that he uses it only "as an occasional double.")

During this period, he worked with trumpeter Frankie Newton and with a young man who was to become one of Boston's leading modern players, trumpeter Joe Gordon. In 1950 he joined pianist Sabby Lewis' band, for many years the leading jazz group in Boston.

"Working for Sabby was really a big deal," Dawson recalled. "So many people started their careers with him, and many think that I did too. But Tasker Crosson was the man who

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gave me my start."

Dawson stayed with the Lewis band until he was drafted in late 1951. Playing in the Army band at Fort Dix, N. J., he made friends with drummer Rudy Nichols, who had come to Boston some time before.

"He was the second drummer I'd ever seen who had independent co-ordination—the first was Shelly Manne," Dawson said, adding that Nichols was "a great inspiration—he made quite a sensation at Dix by taking his audition on tympani."

A few weeks prior to his discharge, Dawson played a holiday parade in Atlantic City, N. J. "Afterwards, I made the rounds of the clubs, and

saw my old buddy, Clarence Johnson," he said. "We grew up together, practiced together, and used to annoy the neighbors with our drumming."

Johnson was working with Boston saxophonist Jimmy Tyler's band, and a few nights before, Lionel Hampton had dropped in, liked his drumming, and asked if he wanted a job with his band. Johnson didn't want to leave and gave Dawson the tip.

"I called Gladys [Hampton's wife and manager]," Dawson recalled, "and she said she'd be in touch."

Dawson was discharged Aug. 12, 1953, and that night, at home, he got the call to join Hampton in Norfolk, Va., the next day. He took the job,

which he described as "an unnerving experience, though I was in a great environment."

That environment included such sidemen as trumpeters Clifford Brown, Art Farmer, and Quincy Jones, trombonists Jimmy Cleveland and Buster Cooper, and bassist Monk Montgomery with persuading him to stay with the band for a European tour.

"It was a very successful tour," Dawson said. "We worked like mad and made very little money, but I did get to see Europe and made some very valuable contacts."

He also made his first records, in Paris, with Brown, alto saxophonist Gigi Gryce, other Hamptonians, and some French musicians. As soon as the band returned home, he went back to Boston and rejoined Sabby Lewis.

By 1955 things had gotten a bit slow for the band, Dawson said, and he began to have doubts about the future. Consequently, he decided to study engineering under the G. I. Bill and enrolled for a course in draftsmanship.

Dawson finished the course, but though he did well ("I was always good at math"), he realized that engineering wasn't for him.

"When school finished," he said, "I knew I'd have to make a decision, but it was made for me. The next week I got a call from a bass player about a job, at Wally's Paradise, and wound up getting hired. Later, I became involved in a little dispute with the leader, which wound up with my taking over the gig. I had a nice little quartet, with Roland Alexander on tenor. He wrote some good things for us, and since we had no piano, I'd double on vibes."

Not long after came the call from Berklee. Then there were gigs with pianist Toshiko Mariano, with trumpeter Herb Pomeroy (a fellow Berklee faculty member), and a long stint with the Neves brothers, bassist John and pianist Paul.

"Things gradually seemed to work out," Dawson said.

He has come a long way from the youngster who used to turn his Count Basie records "way up to hear Jo Jones breathe on those cymbals." He has found a happy medium between playing and teaching, and he is one of those rare musicians who seem happy and content.

"Teaching," he said, "keeps you abreast of what's going on; you keep in touch with young musicians and learn from them." Chances are, though, that musicians, young and old, will be learning from and enjoying Alan Dawson for a long time to come. 

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Bringing it Home

BY JIM MORRISSEY



Jamey Aebersold, Dick Washburn, and Everett Hoffman mutually emphasize a musical point during one of their many school lecture-concerts.

how two jazz musicians

JAZZ MISSIONAIRES can be found in highly unlikely places. For example, there's one who nurtures nasturtiums in a greenhouse and another checking real estate titles amid musty records and staid clerks at a courthouse.

Jamey Aebersold—an alto and soprano saxophonist who also plays clarinet, banjo, and piano—gambols in his father's greenhouse at New Albany, Ind., but is much happier pushing jazz. Across the Ohio River in Louisville, Ky., Everett Hoffman tracks down leins against property when he isn't playing tenor saxophone and preaching the jazz gospel.

Aebersold and Hoffman have been co-leaders of a unique group dedicated to the perpetuation of jazz. For the last three years they have made an appealing and effective pitch to elementary, high school, and college students in Kentucky and southern Indiana by giving concerts in which they explain the history of jazz, its cultural position in the United States, and demonstrate its evolution. Most of the concerts have been paid for from the Louisville AFM local's portion of Music Performance Trust Funds of the Recording Industries.

ENCOURAGED BY THE OBVIOUS appeal of their missionary effort, Aebersold said recently, "There are signs that we're coming out of music's dark ages. We are finding acceptance of even avant-garde forms of jazz among high school and college students who never before have been exposed to this kind of music. We are finding curiosity and attentiveness at all three levels—grade, high school, and college."

Even if the audience doesn't accept jazz in lecture form, Aebersold found it possible to reach people in a less-direct way.

"Recently we presented our program at a small Indiana college," Aebersold recalled. "Afterwards, we played a school dance. The students were courteous enough to request some of the tunes we had presented in the program, but they wanted twist music too.

"We have a good drummer, and he built in our kind of beat so that the twist became almost jazz. We substituted the real thing, and nobody knew it. We even got several jobs out of it."

The Aebersold-Hoffman program followed a definite

pattern. The group—ranging from six to seven members—started with a traditional-jazz version of *Wild Man Blues*. It progressed to a march version of *St. Louis Blues* and then the swing era as embodied in *Jumpin' at the Woodside*. The group climaxed the presentation with the avant-garde flavored *J.D.*, written by Aebersold.

"Our mission isn't to knock rock-and-roll music, to kill it, or even to try to run it underground," explained co-leader Hoffman. "No one is going to force kids to like jazz and put down rock-and-roll. What we want to do, simply, is expose them to our kind of music. We want them to become aware there is something else available."

Aebersold added, "We give them the bare bones—a frame of reference that will help them understand jazz music, help them get the feel of it. Many of the youngsters we play to have never heard jazz in their lives."

Lecturing by Hoffman and Aebersold was interlaced with demonstrations of the various forms of jazz.

Dixieland and swing have the greatest appeal to students, according to the co-leaders, and occasionally an old-maidish schoolteacher pats her foot in time and smiles.

When the group demonstrated the bop era, the lecturing proved more difficult.

Aebersold, who has a master's degree in music from Indiana University, told the students, "Don't let bebop throw you. The jazz composer uses the same tools as composers of classical or rock-and-roll music. The three basics are melody, harmony, and rhythm."

The combo then demonstrated each of these basics, put them together in *Sweet Georgia Brown*, and then took Miles Davis' *Dig*, which is based on *Sweet Georgia* chords, and played the two together, showing that the two compositions, while sounding radically different to the uninitiated, have the same basic framework.

Another difficult-to-explain area was improvisation. Hoffman told students at one concert, "Improvisation merely means a musician plays what he feels. If a guy hates to get up, he expresses that feeling musically. We play sad melodies best today because we had to get up at 6:30 this morning, the earliest we've been up in a long time. But you're making our day brighter, so we'll see if we can't cheer up by playing *Get Happy* for you."



Demonstrating what they called "instant melody," the Aebersold-Hoffman group responds to the dictation of the raised placard by switching to the key signature indicated. This one of the methods used to demonstrate jazz improvisation at the group's concerts in schools.

proselytize among the young

One of the most intriguing demonstrations occurred at this point in the program when the group created what was called "instant melody." One member played a theme, and the rest amplified it. Expanding and complicating this effort, youngsters held up large cards on which different key signatures were printed. As each card was held aloft the combo switched to that key.

BUT WHY BRING JAZZ to elementary and high school students? The answers were given during three stops the Aebersold-Hoffman group made one day last semester:

Jerry Bradshaw, music teacher at Morgan Township High School near Palmyra, Ind., said, "In this area the kids are not familiar with jazz and its traditions. They have no first-hand experience with it. They can't listen to it, because it just isn't available.

"This is an important area of music. Jazz generally is overlooked and downgraded. Youngsters can learn as much from jazz as from any other kind of music."

(At Morgan Township school some 300 youngsters paid 25 cents each to attend the program, indicative of their interest. For the 12-hour day, the musicians made \$25 a man before car expenses and drove 275 miles, indicative of their interest.)

Floyd Sumner, music director of Eastern High School at Pekin, Ind., commented, "Jazz is contemporary. It's being done in music today. Here, we spend a lot of time on the history of music. Jazz is an important, basic part of the music history of America.

"We want our students to make friends with all kinds of music. We take them to see opera at Louisville and Bloomington and take them to classical music concerts. Kids really don't see much value in rock-and-roll music. I get the feeling they know that rock-and-roll isn't giving them enough."

And Joe Gili, principal of West Washington High near Campbellsburg, Ind., said, "Why *not* have jazz programs? Everything is education—the good things, even the bad things. I believe in broad experiences for youngsters. Expose them to new things, new ideas, new music. It's important that they have an understanding of the history of jazz. It's part of our American heritage."

And what do the students think of jazz?

A 15-year-old-boy: "The music made me feel good. I like it. I don't have a favorite kind of music. It depends on how I feel. Sometimes it's rock-and-roll; sometimes it's something else. Now I'd like to hear some more of this jazz."

A 12-year-old girl: "I could listen to jazz all day."

A 17-year-old girl: "It's not as good as rock-and-roll, but I like to hear it."

And a senior high school boy: "You couldn't dance to it even if you wanted to."

The Aebersold-Hoffman group is well qualified to evangelize for jazz. It won the best-combo award at the 1964 Collegiate Jazz Festival at Notre Dame University and has appeared twice at the Ohio Valley Jazz Festival in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Besides working in schools, they have appeared regularly at the summer concerts-in-the-park series in Louisville. In these appearances, they made no effort to play down to the audience, offering primarily avant-garde fare written mainly by Aebersold.

Various kinds of music have been presented at these concerts—classical, Dixieland, folk—but the Aebersold-Hoffman group have always generated the most excitement. Though the group often goes far out, few people leave, probably because they are hearing music that forces some kind of reaction or response.

The group members manage to bring the same enthusiasm they have for the avant-garde concerts to schools and colleges. Like so many musicians, they feel a deep-seated obligation to do what they can to increase public awareness of jazz.

The small pay they receive can't be what keeps their enthusiasm up. The group's pianist, David Lahm, holder of an Indiana University master's degree in music, gives what possibly is the real reason:

"We can't expect jazz evangelism. But did you notice today? The kids at all three schools listened to us—really listened! And when we played *When the Saints Go Marching In* at the last school, most of the 600 present cheered. You know we got to some of them. That's our real kick."



International Jazz Festival Antibes-Juan-les-Pins, France

The Antibes festival really has everything going for it. The location under tall pines beside the Mediterranean could scarcely be better; the climate is superb (hardly a drop of rain has fallen during festival time in seven years); and the beaches, the bronzed bikini girls, and the bouillabaisse assure everyone's euphoria.

But this year's festival, though extremely successful on a musical level, was a bit too predictable.

With minor exceptions the music was always of a high quality and rich variety, but the unexpected should have happened more often. In short, there was plenty of improvisation in the music but not enough in the organization.

That said, it will be a long time before I forget the immaculate artistry of Ella Fitzgerald, the extravagant talent of the great Duke Ellington Band, and the astonishing visual and aural impact of the Charles Lloyd Quartet.

The festival got a fine sendoff on July 23 with the Tete Montoliu Trio. Montoliu, a blind pianist from Barcelona, Spain, is an unashamed disciple of Bud Powell. Montoliu showed he also has assimilated some of the stylings of Bill Evans. Backed by gifted drummer Billy Brooks and the competent Swiss bassist, Erik Peter, Montoliu impressed with his fluency and agility.

The trio remained onstage to play for Italy's Lilian Terry, who was making her festival debut. Miss Terry confessed apprehension at appearing in the same festival with Anita O'Day and Ella Fitzgerald, and though she sang her three numbers with a good deal of swing, she exhibited considerable nervousness and some rather suspect intonation.

Next up was the quartet of tenor saxophonist Guy Lafitte, one of three extra French groups selected by the festival organizers after protests from the jazz section of the Paris Musicians' Union that the trio of Frenchman Bernard Peiffer (in the United States for the last 12 years) really was not enough native representation for a French jazz festival.

Lafitte, leading pianist Georges Arvanitas, bassist Jacky Samson, and drummer Charles Saudrais, played adequately on *Speak Low*, *In a Sentimental Mood*, and an original 12-bar tune with freeish-jazz overtones. The group was clearly well rehearsed, and there was good rapport between Saudrais and Arvanitas during the latter's solos, but the only glimmer of originality was in the arrangements.

Easily the biggest disappointment of the evening—and of the subsequent two evenings—was Miss O'Day's performance. She had only 15 minutes' rehearsal with the trio of Montoliu, Peter, and her own drummer, John Poole, but that hardly accounts for her throw-away, take-it-or-leave-it approach. The offhand, hip manner may be fine for a cabaret—but for an audience of 2,000, in a holiday mood, it was disastrous.

She is such a musicianly singer that it was sad to see her throwing away her chance to get to the audience. She deserves credit, however, for the masterly

ANTIBES JAZZ FESTIVAL



ELLA AND ELLINGTONIANS.



JARRETT AND LLOYD. PHOTOS BY JEAN PIERRE LÉLO

way she controlled the trio and for her faultless pitch and time and the outrageous liberties she took with the phrasing on a funky *Honeysuckle Rose*.

If the audience was cool to a cool Miss O'Day, it gathered an appropriate head of steam for Gospel song—an inevitable feature of Antibes—by the hand-clapping, foot-stomping Gospelaire of Dayton.

Two guitars and five voices got the audience jumping with *Joy, Joy and I'm Gonna Ride That Gospel Train* among similar efforts. It was a good opportunity for audience participation.

Then came the Lloyd quartet and the most exciting set of the evening.

Lloyd on tenor saxophone has a tone characteristic of John Coltrane in playing ballads, and his flute work is notable for brilliant technique and exquisite tone.

Pianist Keith Jarrett, a small 21-year-old genius, has a technical facility that is amazing, and while he can sometimes seem further out than Cecil Taylor, he can also play compellingly in more orthodox style.

Jack DeJohnette is a drummer of great originality and power, and bassist Cecil McBee is endowed with all the attributes of the modern bass player, in particular a crystal-clear articulation and intonation.

From the first notes of Lloyd's pastoral flute, as it soared into the pine-scented air, to the end of the set, the quartet never ceased to excite.

The set opened with *Autumn Sequence*, a three-part piece by the leader based on *Autumn Leaves*. After a quiet opening with bowed bass, brushed cymbals, and plucked piano strings, the music built to fever pitch, with Jarrett lurching and rolling on the piano stool while his hands flew back and forth over the keys, plucking out clusters of notes with baffling dexterity.

The next piece, *Forest Flower*, was led off by Lloyd on tenor. Alternating between Latin rhythm and straight 4/4, it featured a magnificent solo by Jarrett—impeccable fingering and touch, astonishing command, richly satisfying chords, and a marked gift for developing a solo into a musical whole instead of an interlude for a display of technique were all in evidence.

Waves of sound washed over the audience as the modal piece, *Manhattan Tripper*, built to a tremendous pitch. Lloyd produced a curious mumbling, chuckling effect on tenor, and Jarrett, elbows pointing east and west and feet swinging well clear of the floor, had clearly discovered

an ill-tempered octopus trapped in the piano.

On the second night Lloyd's quartet again took honors and finished with *East of the Sun*, which finally broke free of the chords, got way up into the musical stratosphere, and didn't want to stop going. It was a tour de force and the most electrifying piece of the seven-day festival.

Sunday, July 24, was begun with a competent set of Dixieland music from the Old School Jazz Band of Geneva, Switzerland, which was followed by the quartet of French altoist Michel DeVillers with the Lafitte rhythm section. This was agreeable, unexceptional modern jazz, with pianist Arvanitas the outstanding soloist.

The next set featured the quintet of Germany's top trombonist, Albert Mangelsdorff, who led Gunther Kronberg, alto saxophone; Heinz Sauer, tenor and soprano saxophones; Gunther Lenz, bass; and Rolf Hubner, drums.

All three horn men are excellent technicians, and Kronberg was particularly impressive on *Plakate*, a modal 12/8 theme with rich ensemble passages.

The best piece of the set was Mangelsdorff's solo on *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*, in which he displayed a cleanness of execution and tone akin to J. J. Johnson's.

Monday was supposed to be Miss Fitzgerald's first night, but the unexpected death of her sister Frances caused her urgent return to New York. (She had arrived Saturday and was told by her manager, Norman Granz, of the death. She was ready to go ahead with the concert, but Granz insisted she fly back. He persuaded the organizers to extend the festival by a day—to July 29—so that Miss Fitzgerald could make her two contracted appearances.)

The result was the welcome bonus of an extra concert by the Lloyd quartet, plus reappearances by Miss O'Day and the Gospelaire, and a most delightful set by the Jimmy Jones Trio, Miss Fitzgerald's accompanists.

Jones, backed by bassist Jimmy Hughart and crisp and tasteful drummer Grady Tate, opened with Lalo Schiffrin's *The Cat* and showed that, despite the fact that it is 12 years since he played as a featured soloist with his own trio, he hasn't forgotten how to swing.

Other newcomers on Monday night were jazz violinist Jean-Luc Ponty with Eddie Louiss, organ, and Daniel Humair, drums,

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

LIONEL HAMPTON REUNION BAND



HAMPTON WITH SAX MEN JACQUET, FOSTER, DORSEY, AND RICHARDSON, PHOTO BY JACK BRADLEY

and the formidably equipped Bernard Peiffer, piano, with Humair and Guy Pedersen, bass.

Although the instrumentation of Ponty's trio produced a rather bizarre sound, Ponty himself displayed great command of his instrument and an incisive solo technique. He would, however, have been heard to better advantage with a more orthodox rhythm section.

Peiffer, whose classical background tends to overwhelm his jazz feeling, was at his best on an extended work called *Rondo*. Tuesday night was Ellington night—and how wonderful the band sounded!

It opened with the familiar medley of *Black and Tan Fantasy*, *Creole Love Call*, and *The Mooche* and continued with *Solo Call*, which featured the sawing, soaring tenor of Paul Gonsalves, knees bent, eyes tightly closed, and swinging fluently.

The popular *La Plus Belle Africaine* highlighted the limpид clarinet of Jimmy Hamilton, and then Ellington produced one from the 1930s—*Azure*—as a tribute to the Cote d'Azur.

Take the A Train had growling Cootie Williams, and *Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue* brought Gonsalves back to solo, but the evening really belonged to altoist Johnny Hodges, whose *Passion Flower* and *Things Ain't What They Used to Be* solos were musical art.

The next night Ellington sprang the surprise of the evening by introducing Miss Fitzgerald for a short set with the Jones trio. She was simply magnificent. *Let's Do It*, *Satin Doll*, *Cottontail*, with a spine-tling exchange of fours with Gonsalves. That was all. She tore up the place. She came off stage with tears of joy mingling with those of sadness.

Probably only baritone saxophonist Harry Carney and Hodges could have followed that marvelous interlude—and they did with, respectively, *Sophisticated Lady* and *Wings and Things*.

Miss Fitzgerald and the Ellington band also performed Thursday and Friday nights, and Granz flew in ex-Ellingtonians tenorist Ben Webster and cornetist-violinist Ray Nance for what he called a "jive-jam session" with Miss Fitzgerald and the band.

But the real climax of the festival came on the Thursday when she sang as well as I have ever heard her, and the band was in superb form. Just to hear that incredible saxophone section behind her on *Cottontail* is a jazz festival in itself.

Four concerts by the best band in the

world, three by the best singer in the world—perhaps it is a little churlish to ask more of a festival. —Mike Hennessey

Various Artists

Lewisohn Stadium, New York City

Personnel: Duke Ellington Orchestra; Miles Davis Quintet; Lionel Hampton Orchestra (Hampton, vibraharp, drums, piano, vocal); Snooky Young, Joe Newman, Clark Terry, Jimmy Nottingham, Richard Williams, trumpets; James Cleveland, Garnett Brown, Benny Powell, Britt Woodman, trombones; George Dorsey, Jerome Richardson, Frank Foster, Illinois Jacquet, Edward Pazant, reeds; Milt Buckner, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Jose Mangual, conga; Wilbur Hagan, drums; Teddy Wilson, piano, and Gene Krupa, drums; Newport Festival All-Stars (Bobby Hackett, Ruby Braff, cornets; Edmond Hall, Pee Wee Russell, clarinets; Zoot Sims, tenor saxophone; George Wein, piano; Jack Lesberg, bass; Jake Hanna, drums); Dave Brubeck Quartet; Thelonious Monk Quartet; Jimmy Smith Trio.

New York's "Little Newport" (July 15-17), presented by George Wein in co-operation with the Metropolitan Opera, was graced by fair weather and large, appreciative crowds. Attendance totaled nearly 30,000 for the three nights.

Davis and Ellington split the opening-night bill, and while Davis and his men played a more or less routine 50-minute set, Ellington took advantage of the opportunity to stretch out. The band was in fine fettle, with tenorist Paul Gonsalves and trumpeter Cootie Williams particularly outstanding. Altoist Johnny Hodges was featured in the customary triptych (*I Got It Bad*, *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*, *Wings and Things*), but there seemed nothing for him to play, aside from section work, elsewhere in the program.

The outstanding event of the festival was the Hampton alumni night. A star-studded big band—not very well rehearsed but making up in spirit and solo talent for what it lacked in polish—was fired by Hampton's enthusiasm and energy.

(During the proceedings, Hampton was awarded New York City's Handel Medal for "outstanding cultural contributions" by Deputy Mayor Robert Price, who made this an occasion for Hampton to display his gifts as a standup comedian. Hamp dedicated a blues, *The Price Is Right*, to the city official.)

Hampton featured his talented sidemen generously. There was something for every soloist in the band. Nottingham, who has been playing superbly in recent months, shone on a fast blues. Terry, doing his increasingly popular *Mumbles* vocal bit, also played inventive trumpet and fluegelhorn, both with the big band and with a small group (Hampton, Wilson, Duvivier,

Burrell, and Krupa).

Newman, evidently inspired by the big-band setting, shone on his specialty, *Meet Joe Newman*, from the book of the erstwhile Quincy Jones Band. Richardson, who had assembled the band, played interesting soprano on his feature. Burrell responded to Hampton's request for "some of that good old blues in F" with a string of fine choruses. Buckner, a remarkable and lively pianist too seldom heard from these days, was showcased on a head-arranged fast blues, and the four trombonists all had a chance on a slow blues (yes, the blues did predominate). It was good to hear from Woodman, a fine, neglected player.

Jacquet, whose first fame had come with Hampton's band, re-created *Flying Home* to the delight of the crowd. Several "one more times" were in order, Foster joining in to make it a friendly tenor battle.

Jacquet also shone in a mellow mood on *Robbins' Nest*, adorned with a delightful Hampton coda, and on a blues, with Foster again on hand. Young, who also took one of his all-too-rare and excellent solos on *Flying*, had the trumpets trying the old Jimmie Lunceford horn-throwing routine during this number, and Hampton moved to the drums to trade fours with Jacquet, doing acrobatic tricks with sticks.

Hampton, aside from acting as catalyst and genial emcee, played some marvelous things. No vibraharpist has ever achieved the lovely sounds Hamp can get from the instrument, and his sense of time remains remarkable. He was at his best on his original *Thai Silk*, *Tenderly*, and *Star Dust*, but he outdid himself on *Moon Glow*, on which Wilson's piano also was beautiful.

Wilson's feature, Cole Porter's *Love*, was strong and clean, with good backing by Krupa. The veteran drummer's solo spot, *Stompin' at the Savoy*, was well received, though he didn't particularly extend himself. The small group also offered a whirlwind *Air Mail Special*.

Aside from routine Brubeck (excepting a Paul Desmond-sparked *These Foolish Things*) and a swinging but overlong set by organist Smith, the final concert offered an excellent set by Monk & Co. and a first-rate one by the Newport All-Stars, this time with a five-horn front line.

The set brought together two of the finest clarinet voices in jazz, Hall and Russell, who joined forces on a pretty blues line by Hall. Both are very personal players, with unmistakable identities, and they worked together with empathy. Hackett and Braff dueted on *The Man I Love*, complementing each other ideally, and there were good solos by all hands, including Sims and Wein, on the closing *When You're Smiling*.

Monk, who obviously felt like playing, was especially energetic and imaginative on *Blue Monk*, a deceptively simple piece that the composer seems able to invest with new ideas every time he plays it. Tenor saxophonist Charlie Rouse, with a lighter sound and more sinuous phrasing than customary, was also in fine fettle. Larry Gales has become a most effective solo bassist, and drummer Ben Reilly, who long since has learned to swing Monk's way, was perfect. —Dan Morgenstern

RECORD REVIEWS

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

Reviews are initiated by the writers. When two catalog numbers are listed, the first is mono, and the second is stereo.

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

SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis

THE JAZZ ORCHESTRA—Solid State 17003: *Once Around; Willow, Weep for Me; Balanced Scales—Justice; Three in One; Mean What You Say; Don't Ever Leave Me; ABC Blues.*

Personnel: Richard Williams, Danny Siles, Bill Berry, Jimmy Nottingham, trumpets; Thad Jones, fluegelhorn; Bob Brookmeyer, Jack Rains, Tom McIntosh, Cliff Heather, trombones; Jerome Richardson, Joe Farrell, Jerry Dodgion, Eddie Daniels, Pepper Adams, reeds; Hank Jones, piano; Sam Herman, guitar; Richard Davis, bass; Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

The praise and enthusiasm this band has generated among New York musicians and critics is certainly justified, judging by this remarkable album, the band's first. The major negative criticism of the band—that the members, most of whom make their livings in New York's recording studios, are more interested in having a ball than in playing music—does not hold water; there is a spirit of adventure here in addition to the warmth and good feeling produced by a gathering of friends.

The fact that it is a working band—even if only once a week at the Village Vanguard—accounts for the precision, control of dynamics, section and ensemble blends, looseness, and understanding of the music evident in these performances. For as skilled as the members are in instantly producing what is needed at a commercial studio date, no studio band could achieve what the Jones-Lewis organization has.

Certainly no studio band, and few permanently organized groups, can boast a rhythm section as supple as this one; it produces a quality of rhythmic pulse that is only achieved after a rhythm section has reached the point of true musical understanding. These men, especially Lewis and Davis, obviously have.

Lewis and Davis are underneath everything, pushing at the right places, adding color where needed, soloing imaginatively, getting into musical dialogs that border on free jazz (judiciously crossing over a few times). Lewis, of course, is one of the few drummers who understands how to

work with a big band. Davis has been heard on record in a variety of settings—ranging from commercial to avant-garde—but he rarely has played as well as he does here (which is something, considering the level of his work in those other contexts). He is almost unbelievable on this record.

The arrangements are by Thad Jones, Brookmeyer, and McIntosh, all gifted writers. They have taken advantage of the traditional opportunities offered by the large jazz orchestra—tone coloration, variety of orchestral texture, the sheer weight and power of 18 musicians playing in consort, the polyphony to be had by dividing the instruments into sections, and so forth. To these, they have added devices rarely used by other big-band arrangers: passages in which only part of the rhythm section plays, out-of-tempo solos and ensembles, retards in the middle of an arrangement, and tempo variations within a piece. (Unfortunately, there is no use of accelerando, which can be highly effective in building tension.)

McIntosh's *Justice* and Brookmeyer's *Blues* and his arrangement of *Willow* are more adventurous than Jones' scores (he did the others), though there are some wild moments in *Once* and *Three*. *Mean* and *Leave* are more or less conventional big-band arrangements. But conventional or wild, all the writing is skillful and well thought out.

There is good balance between written and improvised passages, and the solos generally flow out of and back into the ensembles, creating a meaningful whole. Fluegelhornist Jones and trombonist Brookmeyer most often achieve this flow, perhaps because both are composers as well as members of the upper echelon of improvisers.

Jones' choice of harmonically stimulating notes, a characteristic of his playing since his days in Detroit, is in evidence in each of his improvisations. He solos on each selection, most provocatively on *Willow*, though all his playing is of high artistic caliber.

Brookmeyer's solos on *Willow*, *Justice*, and *Blues* reveal the fertility and eccentricity of his imagination as well as the sardonic jauntiness that permeates his work. Though he can play perfunctorily, as he's made clear on numerous occasions, his improvising here is the freshest it's been on record since his days with the Gerry Mulligan Concert Jazz Orchestra.

Adams solos on *Once*, *Scales*, and *Three*. His work, as always, churns with heated intensity. The ever-tasteful Hank Jones has two unaccompanied solos (on *Blues* and *Once*) in addition to ones with rhythm-section accompaniment. Newcomer Daniels gets off a good solo on *Mean*; in several places his tenor saxophone sounds very much like Cannonball Adderley's alto.

(B. Q.)

Bill Quinn, *Down Beat's* assistant editor, is the newest addition to the roster of record reviewers. He attended Howard University before beginning his career in journalism. A drummer, Quinn has been active in music since high school.

Farrell invests the bossa nova *Leave* with some nicely turned flute work, but his brusque, gyrating tenor on *Blues* is more interesting. Altoist Dodgion also solos on *Blues*; coming after Farrell's jaggedness, his lyricism lends good contrast to the performance. Berry plays a flowing Harmon-muted solo on *Once*, whetting one's appetite for more, which, unfortunately does not come.

Though he does not solo, Richardson deserves high commendation for his lead alto work (listen to the sax soli on *Three*). A bouquet equally as large should be given to the anonymous lead trumpet man.

This album is among the first releases on Solid State, a new subsidiary of United Artists. The label is the brainchild of a&r man Sonny Lester, who enlisted arranger-composer Manny Albam as music director and Phil Ramone as audio director. It's an auspicious debut for the label as well as the band. (D.DeM.)

Count Basie

BASIE'S BEATLE BAG—Verve 8659: *Help; Can't Buy Me Love; Michelle; I Wanna Be Your Man; Do You Want to Know a Secret?; A Hard Day's Night; All My Loving; Yesterday; And I Love Her; Hold Me Tight; She Loves You; Kansas City.*

Personnel: Basie, piano, organ; Bill Henderson, vocal; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★★★★

Over the years, the Basie band has been in many bags, but the group's singularity has always managed to define the contours rather than vice versa. Lately, it has been British; first James Bond and now the Beatles. Both are a bit better off for the Basie treatment.

Arranger Chico O'Farrill has charted the second trip to the British shores on fairly untroubled waters. All the tunes are played in a more or less similar mood and tempo—the latter is rather like the speed at which portly millionaires walk around Sutton Place after dinner.

It's the solos by Basie's sidemen, who are not identified in the liner notations, that distinguish this bundle of rockers.

The serrated edge of Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis' tenor saxophone invigorates *Help*, which begins on a brassy exclamation point only to fall off after the tenor solo. O'Farrill successfully showcases the band's dynamic range on *Can't Buy Me Love*, as Basie's genteel organ politely gambols through the heavy artillery ensemble brass work. *Michelle*, one of the most mature John Lennon-Paul McCartney themes, is tonally rich, and Al Aarons' (I assume) muted trumpet work is well done.

Your Man needs the same thing here that it needed with the Beatles—a slugging back beat—to help the young melody across the street.

I believe it's the alto saxophone of Marshall Royal that feelingly limns the mood of *Secret*. And it's surely trombonist Al Grey in there plunging away for eight lively bars on *Hold Me Tight*. But it takes guitarist Freddie Green to come up with surprise of the package: an eight-bar solo on *And I Love Her*. (Green has been recorded playing nothing but rhythm guitar for 29 years with the Basie band.)

Vocalist Henderson sings only on *Yesterday*, squeezing out the tune in his win-



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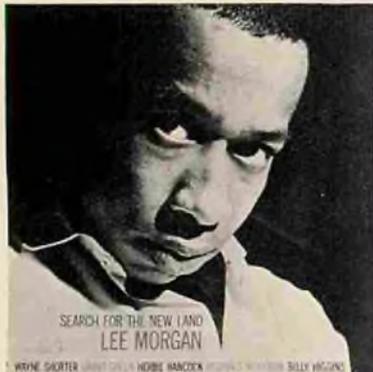
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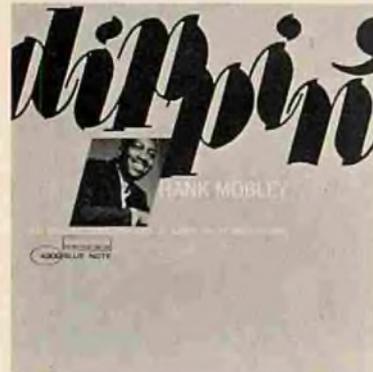
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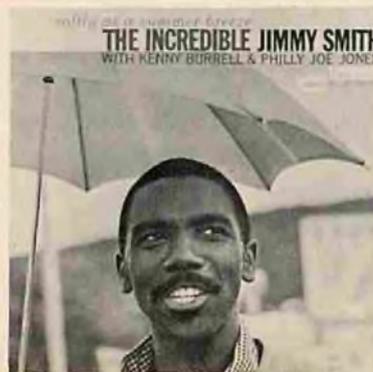
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ninely relaxed manner.

On *Kansas City* (the only non-Beatle tune on the album), Basie's piano leads in on top of the rhythm section; then he swivels swiftly to the organ to chord behind the breezy reed and stabbing horn sections. Another excellent trombone solo by Grey graces this track.

This record is within the traditional, and elegant, Basie formula, though nothing new in itself. But the highlights by Green, Royal, Grey, et al., recommend the album as one of better-than-average interest.

(B.Q.)

Louie Bellson

THUNDERBIRD—Impulse 9107: *Thunderbird; The Little Pixie; Nails; Serenade in Blues; Back on the Scene; No More Blues; Cottontail; Softly with Feeling.*

Personnel: Harry Edison, trumpet; Carl Fontana, trombone; Sam Most, alto saxophone; Ed Scarazzo, tenor saxophone; Jim Mulidore, baritone saxophone; Arnold Teich, piano; Jim Cook, bass; Bellson, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

This is a well-executed, cleanly played collection of arrangements by several writers, among them Neal Hefti and Thad Jones, and they all get the best out of the instrumentation with some easygoing pieces that make the eight musicians sound like a big band most of the time.

The varied selection shows everyone to good advantage. Bellson has surrounded himself with a competent group (this was his band at the Thunderbird in Las Vegas, Nev., in 1963), and they all contribute to the musicality of the selections.

Bellson's forte, to me, always has been his dazzling technique and keen, biting attack. He demonstrates once again his ability to play at any tempo with knife-sharp definition as he streaks through *Cottontail* at breakneck speed and blazes away on *Scene*, exchanging eights and fours with Fontana, who sounds wonderful too. Bellson always plays so well that he's almost too right. One waits for his Achilles' heel to manifest itself, but it never does.

No More Blues is given an odd sort of rhythm, not exactly bossa nova but interesting nevertheless, in this arrangement by Lalo Schifrin. *Softly with Feeling* is just that—soft brush work by Bellson and a plangent eight bars from Edison for good measure.

Thunderbird features Scarazzo, Edison, and Fontana in swinging solos, while *Pixie* is given a lively humorous treatment. The ensemble is tightly meshed and the piece has the Thad Jones stamp of originality to it. Most gets off a good alto chorus.

Nails has a polished, big-band sound, and there is a good solo by pianist Teich. *Serenade* is enriched by another muted Edison solo. Elegant, suave, he's a delight to the ears, as always.

Everything Bellson plays shows his consummate good taste and consideration for the soloists, plus show-wise knowledge when it comes to his own solos. There are few of them on this album, but they are all performed with his usual dash and verve, rather intense, perhaps, but with an on-top-of-things exuberance.

This album should be of special interest to drummers, for Bellson is a master of his craft and his music is in contrast to some of today's mayhem, showing that he is

keeping a cool head and a firm hand on the steering wheel. No one takes any dangerous curves in this Thunderbird, but it drives like a dream. (M.McP.)

Johnny Hartman

UNFORGETTABLE—ABC-Paramount 574: *Ain't Misbehavin'; Isn't It Romantic?; Unforgettable; The More I See You; What Do I Owe Her?; Almost Like Being in Love; The Very Thought of You; Fools Rush In; Our Love Is Here to Stay; Once in a While; Bidin' My Time; Down in the Depths.*

Personnel: unidentified band, Gerald Wilson, conductor; Hartman, vocals.

Rating: ★★ ★ ★

This is the timeless artistry of a great voice. The setting is perfect. Wilson, who shows an increasing ability for providing the orchestra sound best suited to individual soloists, has done it again with Hartman.

The band, under Wilson's hand, is a clean, precision instrument, deftly handled with feeling. Not one instrument is wasted or one passage carelessly executed.

Wilson has not relied on twangy strings and cushiony background. He has set the orchestra to work responding to the vocalist. Consequently, that uncomfortable impression of reluctant singer being dragged along by a staunch band, which plagues so many dates like this, is missing. The band sounds relaxed, chatty, inspiring, and completely at the disposal of the vocalist.

The best comment on the band's contribution is that Hartman has rarely sounded better and that here he is more flexible than he has been in years.

Basically Hartman is a balladcer. He is at his characteristic best on *Thought of You* and *Unforgettable*. He never has been especially impressive on up-tempo tunes, and here he lopes through *Our Love* and rushes the mood of *Depths*, though both are adequately done. The remaining tunes are easy and relaxed.

There have been better records of Hartman singing, but this is one of his best complete works. Singer and orchestra form an integral musical team. (B.G.)

Billy Larkin

AIN'T THAT A GROOVE?—World Pacific 21843: *Don't Mess with Bill; Playboy Theme; Tarantula; Soul Sister; Goin' out of My Head; Willow; Weep for Me; Ain't That a Groove?; G'won Train; Where Did the Blues Go?; Puget Sound; Ain't Gonna Move.*

Personnel: Fats Theus, tenor saxophone; Larkin, organ; Jimmy Daniels, guitar; Jesse Kilpatrick, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The sound of Larkin and his Delegates, is brisk and energetic. Though this organ-based group has found no independent niche, it is a most reputable unit, capable of moments of creativity—as well as of the more usual ponderous sound. This album has its moments of both.

There is the lean, strong tenor sound of Theus. From his credits, one deduces that he is no young rebel, but the soaring approach and the flights of linear exploration fit into the John Coltrane mold, especially on *G'won Train*.

Then there is Daniels, who makes some earthy statements on *The Blues*.

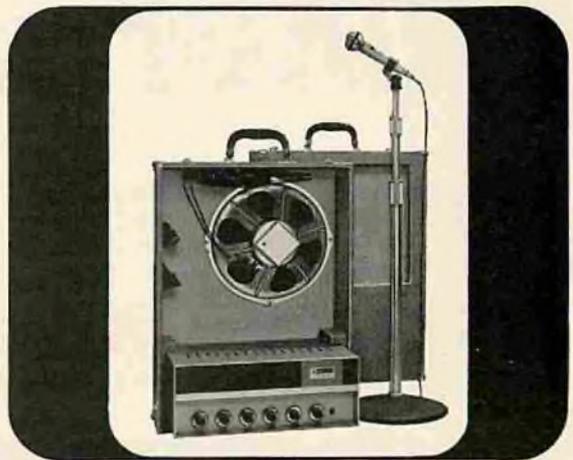
I must reject the embarrassed reaching of the linear notes, which attempt to project this group as Third Stream music, the "valid fusion of rock and jazz." My suggestion would be simply to enjoy the music as first-rate entertainment. (B.G.)

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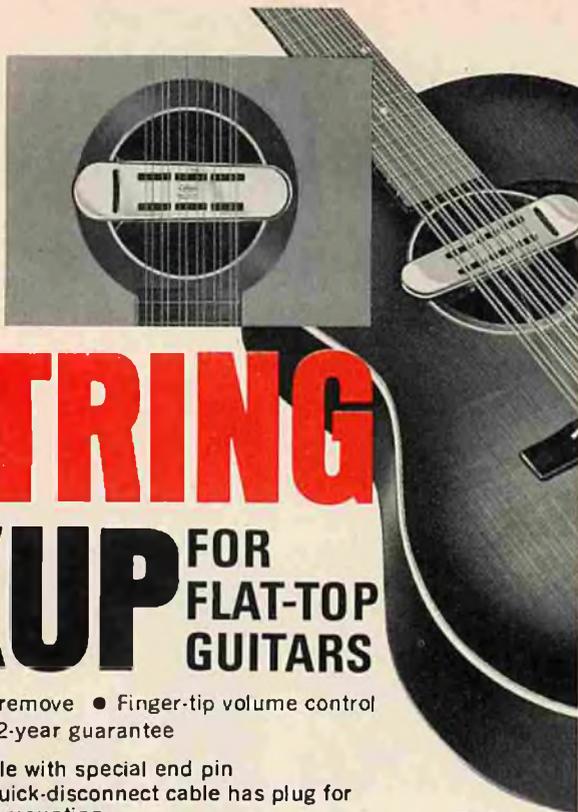


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Charles Lloyd

DREAM WEAVER—Atlantic 1459: *Autumn Sequence (Autumn Prelude, Autumn Leaves, Autumn Echoes)*; *Dream Weaver (Meditation, Derivish Dance)*; *Bird Flight*; *Love Ship*; *Sombrero Sam*.

Personnel: Lloyd, tenor saxophone, flute; Keith Jarrett, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

Lloyd is an interesting musician. He knows his horns, has a good sense of form and structure, and can play convincingly both "inside" and "outside." He is willing and able to explore new possibilities but not at the expense of coherence and balance.

He also has shown considerable ability as a composer and arranger, first with Chico Hamilton and Cannonball Adderley and more recently with his own groups. On his European tour in April and May, with the quartet heard on this album, Lloyd was enthusiastically received by audiences and critics.

In view of these accomplishments, the record is a bit disappointing. By and large, it fails to reflect the excitement the group is capable of creating in person, and Lloyd's tenor sound, slightly pinched but pleasant, has not been well captured.

The best efforts are *Ship*, a warm ballad showcasing Lloyd's tenor in a John Coltrane mood; the *Dance* section of *Weaver*, built on an effectively simple repeated phrase; and *Flight*, a bristling sample of the group's "outside" playing.

Jarrett, a brilliantly equipped young pianist, is heavily featured, but being able to play so much, he tends to diffuse his ideas. His *Dance* solo wanders and lacks rhythmic continuity, but he sparkles on *Flight*, indicating at times that he likes the work of Cecil Taylor. His "soul" piano on *Sombrero* is not convincing, though Lloyd's flute is.

McBee is a very impressive bassist, both in ensemble and solo. On *Flight* he produces a remarkable variety of sounds and dynamics, and his above-the-bridge bowing on *Echo* blends beautifully with the leader's flute. Drummer DeJohnette, who tends to play too loud in person but has a driving beat, has been subdued by the engineering. He does fine cymbal work on *Flight*, and his time on *Sombrero* is excellent, but he gets too carried away behind Lloyd's flute on *Leaves*.

Autumn Sequence, by the way, seems a pretentious title for what is simply a long *Autumn Leaves* sandwiched between rather brief, impressionistic opening and closing passages.

This is a sound, musical album, but on the strength of Lloyd's previous work, one had expected a bit more. (D.M.)

Tony Scott

MUSIC FOR ZEN MEDITATION—Verve 8634: *Is Not All One?*; *The Murmuring Sound of the Mountain Stream*; *A Quivering Leaf*; *Ask the Winds*; *After the Snow*; *The Fragrance*; *To Drift Like Clouds*; *Za-Zen*; *Prajna-Paramita-Hridaya Sutra*; *Sauzen*; *Satori*.

Personnel: Scott, clarinet; Shinichi Yuize, koto; Hozan Yamamoto, shakuhachi.

Rating: ★★ ½

As might be supposed, this album demonstrates interesting parallels between jazz and Japanese music. The scales employed, the intonation of certain intervals (chiefly the minor third), the use of im-

provisation, even the rhythmic substratum—these are among the characteristics the two styles share.

And I for one find it refreshing to see the chauvinism of jazz being thus questioned (as it is by Indian and Greek music too).

Scott plays with tranquility, equipoise, and intense concentration, qualities I had not expected to find in his work, although I have always admired his inventiveness and technical prowess.

Despite its merits, however, this music suffers from extreme repetitiveness, especially harmonically, and I am unable to endorse it as highly as I should like.

(W. R.)

Nina Simone

WILD IS THE WIND—Philips 200-207: *I Love Your Lovin' Ways; Four Women; What More Can I Say?; Lilac Wine; That's All I Ask; Break Down and Let It All Out; Why Keep Breaking My Heart?; Wild Is the Wind; Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair; If I Should Lose You; Either Way I Lose.*

Personnel: unidentified orchestra, chorus; Miss Simone, vocals.

Rating: ★★

Folk? Yes. Rhythm-and-blues? Yes. Jazz? No.

Miss Simone has an unusual approach to a ballad. She also has a liking for some unusual ballads. Both her material and her style here are moody and overdramatic and tend to bog down in turbid arrangements, some of her own and some by Horace Ott, that never seem to get off the ground.

The most interesting tunes in the collection are *Wild Is the Wind* and *If I Should Lose You*, and she manages to ruin both—on *Wild*, she launches into a tasteless melisma; on the latter, her funereal tempo distorts the melodic line.

Nothing is hinted in the liner notes, but I suspect she accompanies herself at the keyboard. If so, she is her own worst enemy. As out of place as her florid runs are, they're aggravated by the fact that she never lets go of the damper pedal.

She's at her best in *Lovin' Ways*, but the Gospel sound of the female chorus in the background leaves something to be desired. As for her big message song, *Four Women*, a lot of energy is expended on some shallow material—a summation that could serve for the entire album. (H.S.)

Big Mama Thornton

BIG MAMA THORNTON IN EUROPE—Arhoolie 1028: *Swing It on Home; Sweet Little Angel; The Place; Little Red Rooster; Unlucky Girl; Hound Dog; My Heavy Load; School Boy; Down-Home Shakedown; Your Love Is Where It Ought to Be; Session Blues.*

Personnel: Walter (Shaky) Horton, harmonica; Eddie Boyd, piano, organ; Buddy Guy, Fred McDowell, guitars; Jimmie Lee Robinson, bass; Fred Below, drums; Miss Thornton, vocals, harmonica, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Alabama-born Willie Mae Thornton began her professional career at 14, in the mid-'40s. Though much of her work has been in what now would be called the rhythm-and-blues field, her range, in terms of style and repertoire, is wide. Her work on this well-done album does not easily lend itself to the kind of categorization of which blues and jazz critics seem to be fond.

On *Load* and *Boy*, for instance, accom-

panied only by McDowell's fine bottleneck guitar, she sings in the simple, direct manner of a country blues artist. The first six numbers, on the other hand, have the flavor of the kind of blues identified with post-World War II urban Chicago; there are even touches of Ray Charles (but no histrionics).

Miss Thornton plays convincing, idiomatic blues harmonica on the instrumental *Shakedown* backed by Horton's riffs and embellishments, Boyd's discreet organ, and Robinson and Below. This is a great party piece, perfect for dancing. She also accompanies herself on harmonica and drums on *Love*, a good, rousing blues.

Her drumming on that track is confined mostly to bass-drum footwork, but on *Session* she discards the harmonica and concentrates on drumming and singing with zest and a rocking beat.

Miss Thornton has a big, well-projected voice, a refreshingly unmannered style, and diction that is both "authentic" and clearly intelligible.

Hound Dog, her number before it became Elvis Presley's, is done like a real blues, and *Rooster*, a Willie Dixon opus with touches of Kokomo Arnold's *Milk Cow Blues*, has some wonderfully humorous (but not burlesqued) crowing and cackling.

The instrumental support by Miss Thornton's associates in the 1965 American Folk Blues Festival (the album was recorded in England during their tour), is consistently sympathetic and appropriate, Boyd's rolling blues piano and Guy's guitar being standouts.

Though this music is the real thing, it is not so "in" as to be of interest only to blues specialists. The work of Big Mama Thornton deserves to be much better known in this country, and Chris Strachwitz deserves thanks for producing this worthwhile album. (D.M.)

Patty Waters

PATTY WATERS SINGS—ESP 1025: *Moon, Don't Come up Tonight; Why Can't I Come to You?; You Thrill Me; Sad Am I, Glad Am I; Why Is Love Such a Funny Thing?; I Can't Forget You; You Loved Me; Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair.*

Personnel: Miss Waters, vocals, piano; Burton Greene, piano, pianoharp; Steve Tintweiss, bass; Tom Price, percussion.

Rating: ★ 1/2

All the songs on the first side of this LP were written by Miss Waters except *Moon*, which she composed with Sally Wood. Miss Waters performs them while providing her own piano accompaniment. Some selections are very brief, lasting just over a minute.

Her melodies wander so aimlessly, her lyrics are so banal ("You thrill me with your touch/Where did you come from, you're so nice") that she seems to be making them up as she goes along. All are torch tunes, which she sings in a melodramatic, agonized manner. Her style is reminiscent, in some respects, of Nina Simone's. She has a husky, breathy timbre, but it lacks body and color.

The other side is devoted entirely to *Black Is the Color*. After disposing of the theme, which she greatly alters, Miss Waters spends the rest of the record sing-

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ing the word "black" or singing wordlessly.

She runs the gamut, producing all sorts of sounds from low moans to hysterical shrieks. It's difficult for me to determine exactly what Miss Waters is trying to accomplish on *Black*. Possibly she wants the listener to experience a nightmarish feeling, but her work is self-conscious, and the track is merely theatrical and pretentious, although Greene and Tintweiss solo well on it.

Black is a poor performance, but it may be a significant one.

Miss Waters seems interested in eliminating some traditional restrictions (I do not use the word "restrictions" in a pejorative

sense) to vocal performances for the same reasons that Ornette Coleman has done away with certain foundation devices for the instrumentalist. In the process she may be opening the way for exciting developments.

This album, as well as most other ESP LPs I've seen, does not have liner notes. (I hope ESP executives do not hold the sophomoric notion that intelligent liner notes can somehow befoul their albums.) This is inexcusable, especially since the label features the work of avant-garde musicians whose efforts may be new to many jazz fans. Words are not going to make their music less beautiful, and they may make it comprehensible or more en-

joyable for some people. When possible, the musicians should write their own notes. (H.P.)

Ben Webster

BLUE LIGHT—International Polydor 423209: *Autumn Leaves*; *Blue Light*; *Stardust*; *What's New?*; *Easy to Love*; *My Romance*; *Yesterdays*; *The Days of Wine and Roses*.

Personnel: Tracks 1, 3-5, 7—Webster, tenor saxophone; Kenny Drew, piano; Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, bass; Alex Riel, drums. Tracks 2, 6, 8—Webster; Arnavd Meyer Band, personnel unidentified.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is the best Webster record since the one he did with the Oscar Peterson Trio (*B. W. Meets O. P.* on Verve) about six years ago. The two albums are similar in that each emphasizes ballads, Webster's meat. When he is right, no one can touch him playing a ballad. And Webster is very right on the *Blue Light* LP, recorded within the last year in Denmark. The only ballad that falls below the level of a Webster classic is *Wine*, on which the tenorist sounds as if he were near exhaustion.

No tempo is faster than an easy lope (Webster has shown a disinclination to tackle fast tempos for several years), and most are slow drags. Webster thus has ample time to shape each phrase to his liking and fit it into its proper position in the solo.

Throughout these performances, he is at his most impassioned. A deep melancholy, which comes close to, but avoids, tears-in-beer sentimentality, courses through his playing. The breathy vibrato, the descending slurs, the growls, the musical sighs, the warmth and poignancy of his playing, the humanity of a man filled with anguish but not letting that anguish completely overwhelm his humor... all these reach out to the listener's heart. And all these—to say nothing of his resilient time conception, his lyricism, his musical imagination—make Ben Webster a great musician.

The tracks with Drew, Orsted Pedersen, and Riel are better over-all than the ones with the Meyer band, though the band's part on *Blue Light* is notable, mostly because it's from Duke Ellington's 1938 recording of the tune. Drew solos tastefully, and Orsted Pedersen is like a rock, particularly on the medium-tempoed *Autumn* and *Easy*.

But this is Webster's record from start to finish. Unfortunately, it may be difficult to find in the United States, but it is worth whatever effort is necessary to get a copy. (D.DeM.)

Zimbo Trio

THE ZIMBO TRIO—Pacific Jazz 10103: *Garota de Ipanema*; *Zimbo Samba*; *Menina Flor*; *Balanca Zona Sul*; *O Rei Triste*; *Reza*; *Sou Sem Paz*; *Consolacao*; *Diz Que Fui Por Ai*; *Vivo Sonhando*; *Garota de Charme*; *So Por Amor*.

Personnel: Amilton Godoy, piano; Luis Chaves, bass; Ruben Barsotti, drums.

Rating: ★★

The liner notes describe the extroverted work of the Zimbo Trio as being related to the "cool" music of Antonio Carlos Jobim, Luis Bonfá, and Joao Gilberto in the same way that "hot" bebop was related to cool jazz. (In Brazil the cool movement preceded the hot, whereas, in the United States it was the other way around.)

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It turns out, however, that the annotator has been a bit extravagant in his claims. Actually, the trio features a skillful commercial pianist, who draws from jazz and the romantic classical composers as well as from Brazilian sources, backed by Latin rhythm. If three men have a "new thing" going for them, it is not in evidence here.

Godoy, a good technician, is sometimes given to heavy-handed or overly flowery playing. He seems to have been influenced to a degree by Red Garland and Oscar Peterson. His playing isn't especially interesting or offensive—just innocuous.

The rhythm section provides Godoy with a firm foundation, Chaves' forceful and intelligent work being particularly helpful. (H.P.)

OLD WINE— NEW BOTTLES

Nat (King) Cole, *The Vintage Years* (Capitol 2529)

Rating: ★★★★★

Gerry Mulligan, *Concert Days* (Sunset 1117 and 5117)

Rating: ★★★★★

Kenny Burrell, *Man at Work* (Cadet 769)

Rating: ★★★★★

Ella Fitzgerald-Louis Armstrong, *Porgy and Bess* (Verve 4068)

Rating: ★★★★★

The warmth and relaxation of earlier playing styles is so often missing in contemporary jazz that occasionally one needs a breather from the "significance" currently warping the scene and the music. Then one might cool it by listening to master musicians enjoying themselves with their music.

That way one can remember what it was that first called most of us to the music. It also offers a perspective on today's sometimes-hysterical happenings. In the face of all the contemporary hot air, one sometimes forgets that jazz' prime appeal to musicians over the last 60 years or so has been that it is highly enjoyable and self-satisfying.

The Cole and Mulligan reissues are cases in point. No one is trying to prove anything on them. The fact that both men made a lot of money doing what they liked to do is not without—pardon the term—significance.

The King Cole Trio was a tightly knit group that divided its attention between the leader's easygoing vocals and the instrumental brilliance of his piano and Oscar Moore's guitar, with unobtrusive but strong support from bassist Johnny Miller.

This LP's 11 performances are from the years 1945-47, and though Cole sings on all, each has fine piano and guitar solos. (Some of the group's instrumental performances are included in *The Nat King Cole Trio*, reissued by Capitol last year.)

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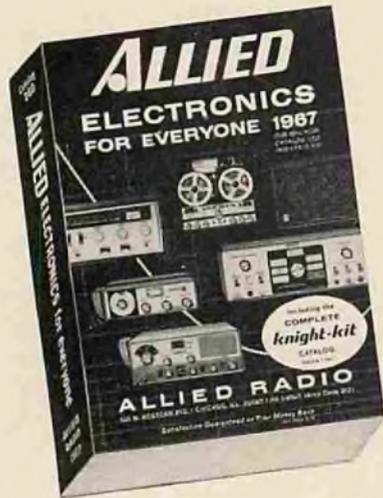
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body Loves You and I Miss You So, make interesting comparison. The first, recorded in 1945, is taken at a medium tempo and has 32 bars of piano and guitar solos between choruses of Cole's rather straight singing. The much slower *Miss You*, almost all vocal, was made in 1947, and was a precursor of Cole's career as a stand-up vocalist.

The lightness and casualness of the Cole trio's approach, especially in its early recordings, was akin to that of Fats Waller, though the younger men lacked Waller's off-the-wall humor. This similarity is best heard in *The Frim-Fram Sauce*, which even has a Waller-like spoken coda ("If you don't have it, just bring a check for the water").

The resemblance to Waller may have resulted from the large number of novelties the trio recorded; in this album there are *When I Take My Sugar to Tea*, *You're the Cream in My Coffee*, *But She's My Buddy's Chick*, *Naughty Angelina*, *The Best Man*, *I Think You Get What I Mean*, and *Baby, Baby All the Time*. Also included is *That's What*, a bop-vocal-with-unison-guitar answer to *What's This?*, a bop duet sung by Buddy Stewart and Dave Lambert with the Gene Krupa Band.

The Mulligan LP is made up of material from various Pacific Jazz albums (Sunset is a low-price subsidiary of Liberty, which owns Pacific). Most tracks are by the baritone saxophonist's quartet with valve trombonist Bob Brookmeyer, bassist Bill Crow, and drummer Dave Bailey. This group is heard on *Bweebida Bwobbida*, *Bike up the Strand*, *Storyville Story*, *That Old Feeling*, and *Baubles, Bangles, and Beads*—all recorded during a December, 1956, engagement at Boston's Storyville. There also are two tracks—*Laura* and *Moonlight in Vermont*—from a 1954 Paris concert by Mulligan, Brookmeyer, bassist Red Mitchell, and drummer Frank Isola. *Blues Going Up* is from a 1954 concert by Mulligan's group with trumpeter Jon Eardley, Mitchell, and drummer Chico Hamilton. The album's other two tracks are *Sextet* and *Crazy Day*, which derive from a 1957 studio date with saxophonists Zoot Sims, Lee Konitz, Al Cohn, and Allen Eager.

The quartet tracks are notable for their relaxed air and lighthearted interplay among the members. Mulligan's singing baritone solos with his quartet are consistently imaginative and musicianly—well-executed, highly rhythmic extemporizations of melodic beauty. His solos are less successful with the other saxophonists, and his piano playing on *Storyville Story* is chunky and heavy.

Brookmeyer is his usual sardonically jovial self. His solos flow, but they seldom come to a climax and often border on the boring, mainly because they have little rhythmic vitality—either they are made up of streams of dotted-eighths-and-16ths or else straight eighths.

Besides the interplay and Mulligan's quartet solos, the LP's highlights include Cohn's tenor and Sims' alto on the saxophone tracks, Eardley's poignant *Blues* solo, and the rhythm sections (particularly the bass players).

There also is warmth and relaxation

evident in the work of guitarist Burrell, bassist Richard Davis, and drummer Roy Haynes in the *Man at Work* album, but the level of creativity is below that of the Cole and Mulligan releases. The Burrell LP was recorded at the Village Vanguard in 1959 and first issued on Argo as *A Night at the Vanguard*.

In 1959 Burrell was a highly competent musician, but he had not reached his current level of artistry. His work in this album is sometimes marred by a rhythmic stiffness that comes most often to the fore when he plays chorded passages (his single-note lines are generally springy).

Davis was a good man to have on a session seven years ago, but, like Burrell, he was not the musician he is today. Still, his lines behind Burrell are strong and well conceived.

Haynes, however, was as tasteful and graceful in 1959 as he was seven years before and is today—a master of his instrument and his music. His exchanges with Burrell on *Will You Still Be Mine?* and *Well, You Needn't* are superb.

Burrell's best work is on *Needn't* and *Broadway*—he plays well-constructed, lean-meat solos on both. He also produces a good deal of heat on *Soft Winds*, but the track is marred by rushing tempo, a fault compounded by an awkward tape splice before the last chorus.

The other tracks are *All Night Long*, *I'm a Fool to Want You*, and *Just A-Sittin' and A-Rockin'*.

Miss Fitzgerald's lack of warmth and understanding hurts the *Porgy and Bess* album. She seems to have missed the point in most of the lyrics and maintains her usual joie de vivre whether she's singing about losing her man (*I Want to Stay Here*), fending off one of the opera's villains (*What You Want Wid Bess?*), offering a lament (*My Man's Gone Now*) and a prayer (*Oh, Doctor Jesus*), or imitating street cries (*Here Comes the Crab Man* and *The Strawberry Woman*).

To bring forth the variety of emotions called for in this collection of songs, the singer must also be able to act, and Miss Fitzgerald is not an actress. Musically, however, she is fine—that is, she gets off some nice variations and sings in tune—but a tour de force such as the one she attempts calls for more than that.

Armstrong, though, is superb. He is able to change his mood for each piece, for *Armstrong* is an actor. As *Sportin' Life*, he conjures up an appearance of the devil in *I Got Plenty of Nuttin'* and *There's a Boat Dat's Leavin' Soon for New York*; as the crippled Porgy he is believable in *Bess*, *You Is My Woman*; and as Fisherman Jake he gets the proper comic tone in the mock lullaby *A Woman Is a Sometime Thing*. And as a jazz trumpet player, he is hauntingly beautiful in *Summertime*, *I Got Plenty of Nuttin'*, *Sometime Thing*, and *There's a Bout* (six choruses of blues). The only time I found it hard to believe him was on *Bess*, *Oh! Where's My Bess?*

Russ Garcia did a good job arranging the George Gershwin score for this 1959 date, which originally was issued as a two-LP set. Verve is to be congratulated for getting almost an hour's music on this one disc.

—Don DeMicheal

BY LEONARD FEATHER



Selecting records for a Stan Kenton *Blindfold Test* presented a special problem. Many years had passed since the last time he took a test (there is no record of his ever having done one for *Down Beat*); many new orchestras and arrangers had come to prominence. In addition, there were innumerable small-group and avant-garde developments on which he could comment, plus dozens of new pianists. Since Kenton's primary association has been with the big band, however, it seemed most logical to concentrate almost entirely on this area, provocative though his reactions might have been to some of the new creations. He was as eloquent as ever; his comments as printed below involved as little editing as possible. He was given no information about the records played.

1. Cannonball Adderley. *The Song Is You* (from *Great Love Themes*, Capitol). Nat Adderley, cornet; Adderley, alto saxophone; Ray Ellis, arranger.

Well, I'd say it was a very expensive try at a sophisticated jazz record. This guy had everything covered; he had a chorus going and a big string section. He had the Latin rhythms and the two jazz soloists. I think the record is too cluttered up—too, shall we say, affected. I'd say two stars.

2. Orchestra U.S.A. *Hex* (from *Sonorities*, Columbia). Jimmy Giuffre, composer.

I didn't enjoy what I just heard. It sounded to me like it could be considered an exercise in orchestration. I felt that the orchestrator squandered too much orchestral color too fast. It was just a panorama of effects—and the theme, if what I heard near the end of the record was the main theme, was not clear at all.

This is the kind of music that I think could be used in advanced cases of music therapy, possibly, to watch the expression on someone's face to see if you've reached them at all. I don't see any validity as far as the music is concerned at all.

Maybe 20 years ago I would have said, "That's very interesting—I'd like to hear it again." But I have no desire to hear it again. Nothing held it together. One star.

3. Kenny Burrell. *Moon and Sand* (from *Guitar Forms*, Verve). Burrell, guitar; Gil Evans, arranger; Alec Wilder, composer.

This could have been a great record, because it had all the ingredients that go together to make a great record. It had the color—it had the setting—but the thing it missed was subject matter. The theme was not at all strong. I thought the melody was very weak; I thought perhaps when the guitar player got into some improvisation, it would strengthen itself a little bit, but it didn't.

It's like having a lovely, romantic atmosphere for a party, and yet the people are boring because there's really no purpose for the party. It was hard for the arranger, whoever he was, to do much with it, because the melody didn't have much content—very flimsy. Two stars.

4. Duke Ellington. *Artistry in Rhythm* (from *Will Big Bands Ever Come Back?*, Reprise). Kenton, composer; unidentified arranger.

It seems like before, when I heard this, it wasn't this long. I think I have to say

that this affects me in a very personal way. It's like the master of us all said, "Stan, don't take yourself too seriously. After all, you know, you do have a sense of humor; the world will turn whether you push it or not." And I think it in essence kind of says, "Regardless of all your screaming and hollering, we still like you anyway."

I think it's beautiful. And he is the master too. I'd have to give it four stars.

We had a TV show in Kansas City plugging the festival there; they had a guy, Richard Smith, who was president of one of the unions there, and he was talking about what's great about Ellington's band. They talked about everybody but the guy who is Ellington, right next to Ellington, and that's Harry Carney.

So I asked them, "How come you guys talk about everybody, and you don't mention the guy who's the capital 'E' of Ellington, if Ellington himself is Ellington? It's Carney."

Carney's sound has never been duplicated. He has identity, and to me he's Duke, you know? If there's a right arm that Duke has, he's Duke.

I don't know whose arrangement it is—it sounds like an ear thing; by that, I mean something they sat down and figured out—they just didn't sit down and say, "Okay, we're starting to play." There were ideas there. Very pleasing.

5. Oliver Nelson. *Cascades* (from *Blues and the Abstract Truth*, Impulse). Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Bill Evans, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Roy Haynes, drums; Nelson, composer.

The reason I asked to hear the first portion of that record again was that at first I thought there were some cross-rhythms going on that would be very interesting, but all I felt suddenly was a very nervous feeling about things, that I was hearing something strange, and when I asked you to play it again, I didn't think it was anything strange I heard—there were just time hassels going on.

They were awfully disturbing. Sounded like they needed to start and kick off again. But it did have an interesting sound. I liked the trumpet very, very much.

I wasn't too impressed with the piano. He's tasty, but suffers from the same fault of a lot of modern pianists—they get into one idiom, and they keep it going, and there are so many possibilities . . . he

could have gotten a little more color from the piano by broadening it out a bit, getting away from just the stabbing left hand and the single-finger right hand—in spite of the fact that he did play some thirds.

I felt that, especially during the piano solo, the bass and the drummer were very listless, there was not much energy coming from them. I didn't feel that so much during the trumpet solo, because I believe the trumpet had more assertion.

And insofar as the little composition idea on the end, I feel that sometimes these little modal effects can be carried too far; after it's said once or twice, then they should go ahead and spice it with something else. It gets to be a boring thing, and you finally feel that you want to stop the record and say, "What else is new?"

Three stars, I guess.

6. Woody Herman. *23 Red* (from *Woody's Winners*, Columbia). Dusko Goykovich, Don Rader, trumpets; Bill Chase, trumpet, composer, arranger; Herman, alto saxophone.

I don't have any idea whose band that is, but it's a wonderful record. It's truly happy music; I think the writing is excellent, and they got a groove going right at the beginning that never changed, and if you tell me the name of it, I'll go out and buy it, and I'd give it five stars.

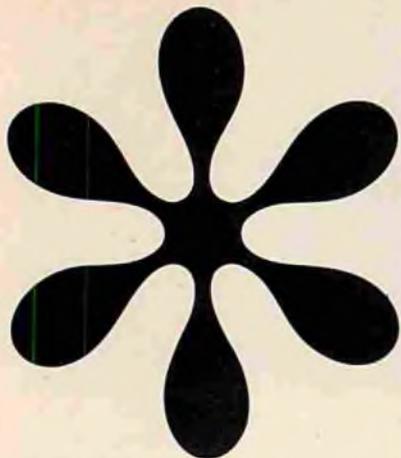
The first alto player sounded like Marshall Royal a little bit. I don't know who the rest of the band was. Good feeling with the trumpet player.

7. Gerald Wilson. *Viva Tirado* (from *Moment of Truth*, Pacific Jazz).

I don't think too much can be said for the record. I think that it's nothing more than dance music. It's probably a very good grade of dance music, but the title could very well be called *Harmonic and Melodic Boredom*.

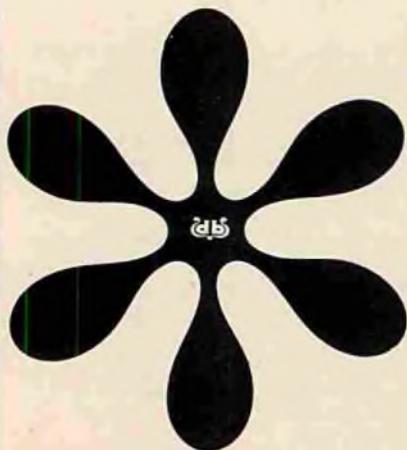
Music like this is only good for one thing, and that's for dancing, because there's certainly not anything else there to serve of interest other than maybe a soft background. So you could maybe have a little atmosphere, because I don't think there's any validity in it at all. I'd give it four stars as dance music; as music I'd give it one star.

One of the problems is, you get that montuna thing going, and after a certain time, you feel like saying, "Okay, okay, I've heard it; what else is new?"



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READERS POLL BALLOT

The 31st annual **Down Beat** Readers Poll is now under way. For the next eight weeks—until midnight, Nov. 2—**Down Beat** readers will have an opportunity to vote for their favorite jazz musicians.

Facing this page is the official ballot. It is printed on a postage-paid, addressed post card. Tear out the card, fill in your choices in the spaces provided, and mail it. It is not necessary to vote in each category. It is necessary, though, to write your name and address at the bottom.

RULES, ETC.:

1. Vote only once. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight Nov. 2.
2. Use only the official ballot. Type or print names.
3. In voting for **Jazzman of the Year**, name the person who, in your opinion, has contributed the most to jazz in 1966.
4. In the **Hall of Fame** category, name the jazz performer—living or dead—who, in your opinion, has contributed the most to jazz during his career. This is the only poll category in which deceased persons are eligible. Previous winners are ineligible. They are Louis Armstrong, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Billie Holiday, Bix Beiderbecke, Miles Davis, Jelly Roll Morton, Thelonious Monk, Art Tatum, Eric Dolphy, Earl Hines, John Coltrane, and Charlie Christian.
5. Vote only for living musicians in other categories.
6. In the **Miscellaneous Instrument** category, a miscellaneous instrument is defined as one not having a category of its own. There are three exceptions: valve trombone (votes for valve trombonists should be cast in the trombone category), cornet and fluegelhorn (votes for cornetists and fluegelhornists should be cast in the trumpet category).
7. In naming your choice of **Record of the Year**, select an LP issued during the last 12 months. Include the full album title and artist's name in the spaces provided. If the album you choose is one of a series, indicate which volume number you are voting for.
8. Make only one selection in each category.

STANFORD JAZZ YEAR

(Continued from page 26)

Coltrane aggregation emerged. Most of the audience expected the Coltrane of *My Favorite Things* (which he played, in fact—sort of) and *Giant Steps* and *A Love Supreme*. They got the Coltrane of *Ascension* and *New Thing at Newport*, and they were not ready. Most did not understand or dig; a few understood and dug; the rest either did and didn't, or didn't and did. He played for an hour and a quarter, though, so they got their money's worth.

Archie Shepp landed on Feb. 4 for a *Casual*, which began late, chiefly because Shepp's drummer forgot to bring his drums. But when Shepp began playing, a good portion of the audience of 350 was with him. In talking with Gleason, he proved articulate and purposeful; if he did not explain what he was doing in strictly musical terms, he at least got the audience into as much of the proper emotional bag as could be expected of a white and happy collection of students.

The MJQ and Gillespie played Feb. 13. The concert began on time—a first—and the MJQ played a program of blues.

The next day Lewis gave a lecture titled "Classical Influences in Jazz"—at any rate, that was his topic. What he really said, in a quiet, self-effacing, barely audible way, was that the audience did not know much about jazz or American music in general, that jazz is the second-class citizen of music, as the Negro is of the United States, largely through the whites' ignorance. And everybody nodded and smiled because he said it so nicely.

The quarter ended with a performance by the Denny Zeitlin Trio. Many of those present had not heard of Zeitlin prior to the *Casual*. He made several converts.

The spring quarter program was in many ways the most disappointing of the Jazz Year. Two panels of critics and musicians had been scheduled, one to discuss the economics of jazz and the other to discuss the avant-garde movement. But Nat Hentoff, who was also to give a lecture, was unable to come to California, and expenses, it seemed, had not been watched as carefully as everyone thought; without the added \$5,000 in union funds, only two lectures and two *Casuals* could be planned.

Ira Gitler spoke on April 4 about jazz in the '60s, offending some and winning cheers from others with his vehement anti-avant-garde views.

An exhibit of paintings, sculpture, and photographs titled "Visual Explorations of Jazz" was due to open the same day in the union. Entries from artists and students all over the area had been solicited weeks in advance; entry blanks had been requested literally by the hundreds; cash prizes were to be awarded by a jury of art and jazz critics. Fewer than 10 works were submitted by the deadline, and those were of medium to low quality. The exhibit was canceled.

John Handy's quintet played at the first spring *Casual* April 8. The 400 persons present, attracted largely by some rather determined word-of-mouth campus publicity, went berserk. Hendricks had gotten a standing ovation. Zeitlin had gotten a

standing one. This was the standingest.

A blues weekend was set up for April 22-24. Muddy Waters and his blues band presided at a *Casual* on the 22nd, and, in the final outdoor concert of the year, Ray Charles and his new big band played the amphitheater April 24. Both concerts went smoothly. Waters drew an illegally (because of the fire laws) large crowd of more than 500 in the lounge, and Charles attracted more than 6,300 that Sunday in 90-degree-plus heat.

The Miles Davis Quintet gave a beautiful concert May 22 in Memorial Auditorium with his current group, but only some 1,300 attended.

The next day, fittingly, Gleason closed the Jazz Year with a lecture, "The Future of Jazz," to a small but enthusiastic crowd. He also summarized the achievements of the year.

Which were what? Financially, the results were slightly miscalculated, and the project wound up about \$1,000 in the red—not bad, but not good. The reason for the deficit was, chiefly, the poor sales for the Davis concert, with help from some forgotten outside expenses—large phone bills, a misunderstanding with the university regarding the chair rental price for the outdoor concerts. Things like that.

Perhaps the principal achievement was the management of a year-long, multi-thousand-dollar, complicated, and wholly new program entirely by students. Valuable advice came from Dr. Berry, Gleason, Elwood, and others, and the technicians for concerts were adult. But the students, freshmen through seniors, managed, hired, fired, chose, pushed, and cajoled.

In terms of jazz, too, the Stanford Jazz Year was important. It made jazz respectable to a rather large audience, many of whom had previously considered it only entertainment, at best. (The total attendance at concerts, *Casuals*, and lectures was at least 25,000.) It provided an education, from the ground up, for the novice who wanted to learn, at minimal prices. (Top prices for students for the major concerts were \$3 in fall, \$2.75 in winter, \$3.50 in spring.) It brought the music of some lesser-known and seldom-heard artists to large groups of sympathetic, if not knowledgeable, people. It proved that a jazz concert can be a profitable enterprise. (The Jazz Year was a one-shot deal; this year the union will sponsor another kind of project. But there is—now—nothing to stop the ambitious private impresario on campus from staking a jazz concert independently. It also should have taught future entrepreneurs that three tickets sold at \$2 each net more than no tickets sold at \$5 each.) It won praise from droves of Stanford students, many of whom had previously had no interest in the music.

But maybe the most personally satisfying reward was to be found, of all places, in Berkeley. Time and again, Stanford people would hear from Cal students, "Stanford is where it's at this year." Not the general sentiment perhaps, but one would have to be a Stanford student to know how fine it sounded.

And, at that, they were only voicing what the staff of the Stanford Jazz Year felt all along. 

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(Continued from page 18)

Oct. 23 . . . Vibraharpist **Dave Pike**, now in his ninth month at the Top of the Gate, has pianist **Don Friedman** and bassist **Chuck Israels** in his current trio . . . During the **Muddy Waters** Blues Band's stay at the Cafe Au Go Go in August, Waters' pianist and vocalist, **Otis Spann**, did a Sunday afternoon session at Slug's . . . Alto saxophonist **Charles McPherson's** sextet (**Lonnie Hillyer**, trumpet; **George Coleman**, tenor saxophone; **Barry Harris**, piano; **Paul Chambers**, bass; **Louis Hayes**, drums) did a week at Minton's in August . . . Vibraharpist **Lionel Hampton** was appointed chairman of musical entertainment for New York Gov. **Nelson Rockefeller's** re-election campaign, a position he also held during New York Mayor **John V. Lindsay's** successful mayoralty campaign . . . The duo of pianist **Ran Blake** and singer **Jeanne Lee** leaves for Europe Sept. 15 to make radio and TV appearances in Belgium and other countries . . . Pianist **Lee Shaw's** trio (bassist **Jymie Merritt** and drummer **Stan Shaw**) worked the Key Club, Newark, N.J., in August and will be at Wells' in Harlem for the week of Sept. 6. Then the trio begins a month's stay at the Red Carpet in Ozone Park, N.J., Sept. 13 . . . Tenor saxophonist **Harold Ousley's** long-incumbent Sunday afternoon and Monday group at Count Basie's Lounge currently includes pianist **Jane Getz**, bassist **Henry Grimes**, and drummer **Al Dreares** . . . Trumpeter **Lamarr Wright Jr.** leads the trio at Pauline's, Seventh Ave. and 137th St. . . . Saxophonist-clarinetist **Al Gallodoro**, an ABC staff musician and former Paul Whiteman sideman, has formed a jazz group with drummer **Joe Coleman**, bassist **Joe Marino**, and accordionist **Joe Ambrosio**. The quartet has been working in Huntington and Northport on Long Island . . . Among the groups featured at August Jazz Interactions sessions at the Top of the Gate were drummer **Sonny Brown's** octet (**Ray Copeland**, trumpet, fluegelhorn; **Kaine Zwadi**, tenor horn; **Garnett Brown**, trombone; **George Coleman**, tenor saxophone; **Attila Zoller**, guitar; **Al Dailey**, piano; **Eddie Mathias**, bass); tenor saxophonist **Frank Foster's** quintet (trumpeter **Virgil Jones**, pianist **Pat Rebillot**, bassist **Wolf Friedman**, drummer **Elvin Jones**); and tenor saxophonist **Clifford Jordan's** quintet (**Julian Priester**, trombone; **Ronnie Mathews**, piano; **Richard Davis**, bass; **Mickey Roker**, drums) . . . The third free jazz concert at Tompkins Square Park in Manhattan's lower east side, sponsored by Mobilization for Youth, featured bassist **Bob Molay's** quintet, pianist **Lamont Johnson**, singer **Kathy Kelly**, and clarinetist **Mike Stalls'** trio (**D.T. Murray**, violin, and **Scotty Holt**, bass) . . . Guitarist **Attila Zoller** composed and performed the score for an experimental short film, *Scenes from Liz*, shown at the recent New York Film Festival at Lincoln Center . . . The **Duke Ellington** Orchestra and the **Sam Donahue** combo performed in concert at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City, N.J. Also in A.C., organist **Wild Bill Davis'** group has

been at the Little Belmont. Ellington trombonist **Lawrence Brown** and altoist **Johnny Hodges** joined Davis for a live recording session there last month. At the Club Harlem in Atlantic City, trumpeter **Emmett Berry** and tenorist **Willis Jackson** combined with the big show band fronted by **Lamarr Wright Jr.** to pack in the audiences while singer **Billy Eckstine** was at the Bistro and vocalist **Carmen McRae** warmed the summer audiences at the Winter Garden in the resort town.

CHICAGO: Bob Koester's Chicago-based Delmark record label, basically a blues label with a smattering of traditional jazz in its catalog, has begun recording the city's growing number of avant-gardists. The leader on the first session, supervised by **Chuck Nessa**, was also saxophonist **Roscoe Mitchell**, who used trumpeter **Lester Bowie**, trombonist-cellist **Lester Lashley**, tenorist **Maurice McIntyre**, bassist **Malachi Favors**, and drummer **Alvin Fiedler**. The recording, Mitchell's first, is scheduled for release this month. The second album in the series will be by saxophonist **Joseph Jarman**. Delmark also will begin releasing material from the Paramount catalog. Set for early release are albums by **Ethel Waters**, various blues and country singers, and a set of **Louis Armstrong** accompaniments, all recorded during the 1920s . . . Bassist **Richard Davis** and drummer **Mel Lewis** were among the key musicians imported from New York for last month's **Barbra Streisand** concert at Soldier Field. The orchestra was augmented to more than 30 pieces with local musicians . . . Immediately after an Aug. 10 appearance at the Ravinia Festival, a summer-long series of concerts in suburban Highland Park, the Cannonball **Alderley** Quintet took off for a 2½-week tour of Japan. With the altoist's group was his brother **Nat**, cornet; **Joe Zawinul**, piano; **Victor Gaskin**, bass; and **Roy McCurdy**, drums . . . Veteran trombonist **Georg Brunis** was in Cook County Hospital last month for treatment of diabetes . . . After 10½ years of nightly broadcasts, **Dick Buckley's Jazz Show** was dropped by WNIB-FM last month. It suffered a lack of sponsors . . . **Irene Kral** has been singing at the Golden Barrel, a supper club in O'Hare Inn . . . Pianist-vocalist **Judy Roberts** is back at the Midas Touch on N. Wells St. Her trio works there weekends and at the London House Wednesdays and Thursdays . . . For promoter **Joe Segal's** annual **Charlie Parker** memorial concert Aug. 28, held this year at the Either/Or club in Old Town, trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard** was featured along with alto saxophonist **Bunky Green**, pianist **Jody Christian**, and drummer **Roy Haynes**. Haynes opened a couple of nights later with the **Stan Getz** Quartet at the London House . . . The renovated Pumpkin Room, located near 71st and Jeffery, has been featuring the **Vanguard Trio** (pianist **Corky McClercan**, bassist **Sidney Robinson**, drummer **Ed Coward**, and vocalist **Leon Ketchum**) on weekends . . . A trio made up of vibraharpist **Dave Catherwood**, guitarist **Sam Thomas**, and bassist **Clyde**

Flowers has been featured on Tuesdays at the Yellow Unicorn, 868 N. State St.

LOS ANGELES: Vibist Terry Gibbs and trumpeter Maynard Ferguson did outstanding business at the Playboy Club here. The latter's opening was delayed four days, but he made up for that by being held over a week. The four-day gap (Wednesday through Saturday) was filled by Gerald Wilson's band, which broke the club's attendance record during its stay. Wilson's band will return following Red Norvo's group. Vocalist Kitty Lester followed singer Mavis Rivers into the club's Living Room. On the Ferguson band's opening night, trombonist Frank Rosolino and saxophonist Mike Barone came down from the Penthouse, where they were working with Ferguson, and waited behind Miss Lester's final set along with pianist Joe Parnello's trio. Pianist Les McCann ambled over from the Living Room (a nearby club) and displaced Parnello for a few tunes. Parnello has currently displaced himself to back Vic Damone at the Sands in Las Vegas, Nev. Mike Lang is subbing at the Playboy... Tenor saxophonist Teddy Edwards received a call last month from Count Basie at Basin St. West in San Francisco to sub for Basie's Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, who became ill during the band's engagement there. Basie's band was booked into L.A.'s It's Boss for three nights. The club is adjacent to the Living Room, where Latin percussionist Willie Bobo's group and McCann's trio were sharing the bill... Pianist Dave Grusin recently subbed for

Pete Jolly at Donte's where he used guitarist Howard Roberts, bassist Chuck Berghofer, and drummer Nick Martinis... For the Sonny Criss Quartet's final three Sundays at Shelly's Manne-Hole, bassist David Dyson replaced Ike Isaacs... Pianist Hampton Hawes recently completed a week at Shelly's. He used Buster Williams, bass, and Donald Bailey, drums. The trio was followed by alto saxophonist Art Pepper's quartet for eight days. Pepper's men were pianist Roger Kellaway, bassist Hersh Hamel, and drummer John Guerin... Guitarist Laurindo Almeida played a week at the Greek Theater behind singer Nancy Wilson and a one-nighter at the Hollywood Bowl with composer Lalo Schifrin... On the writing scene, composer-arranger Gary McFarland received his first motion-picture scoring assignment: *13*, for MGM. Johnny Keating will write the theme and score the first six segments of TV's *The Jean Arthur Show*... Pianist Calvin Jackson just finished three weeks at the Charter House in Anaheim... Pianist Ramsey Lewis showed off his new sidemen, bassist Cleveland Eaton and drummer Maurice White, at the Royal Tahitian, in Ontario. Sharing the bill was singer Julie London, backed by the fine trio of Lou Levy, piano; Don Bagley, bass; Stan Levey, drums... At the Century Plaza Hotel singer Vikki Carr used her own rhythm section of Andy Thomas, piano, and Buddy Clark, bass, with Frankie Ortega's orchestra. In another room of the hotel, the Page Cavanaugh Trio (Cavanaugh, piano; Carson Smith, bass; Warren Nelson, drums)

was holding forth... Pianist Andrew Hill's wife, LaVerne, is playing organ on weekends at Vina's. Drummer Ron Johnson accompanies her... Trumpeter Harry Edison has been working at the Melody Room. With Edison are Mike Melvoine, piano; Jim Hughart, bass; and John Baker, drums. When Melvoine plays at Sherry's on Sundays, Gerald Wiggins usually fills in with Edison... Pianist Jan Deneau has added harmonica player Joel Bryan to his trio on Fridays and Saturdays at the Prime Rib in Newport Beach. On Thursdays, it's just the trio; Deneau, bassist Bob Gardner, and drummer Steve Donaldson... Jazz promoter Al Fox is puzzled about the demise of his Sunday afternoon sessions at the Edgewater Inn in Long Beach. One of the jolts he received was a turnout of 85 persons for the Ray Brown Trio (Victor Feldman, piano, vibes, and Frankie Capp, drums) after Fox had mailed 15,000 pieces of promotional copy. The sessions finally halted after 16 continuous name-filled months... Trombonist Kid Ory left Los Angeles to live in Honolulu, Hawaii. He'll be 80 next Christmas, but he claims he'll either "start a band or a book."... Saxophonist Gil Melle scored *The Street*—a photographic essay depicting Sunset Boulevard—utilizing a small combo that included Lou Blackburn, trombone; Forrest Westbrook, piano; Ben Mathews, bass; Buddy Bagish, drums. Melle, normally a tenor man, played soprano, an instrument he's shown an increasing liking for lately. Though the film was temporarily listed as lost in KABC-TV's film vaults, it has

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reappeared. No air date had been set at presstime, but at least Melle's all-jazz score will be heard . . . KHJ-TV recently presented an hour-long special entitled *Bach to Byrd*, featuring guitarist Charlie Byrd . . . Trumpeter Don Rader's arrangements were recently featured on local TV program, *Scope*, a half-hour color special, highlighting the Cerritos College Stage Band under Jack Wheaton's direction. Rader's group is also working Tuesdays at the Ship of Fools, a new club owned by the Vagabonds. Rader's personnel includes Dick Hyde, trombone; Mike Wofford, piano; Frank DeLaRosa, bass; Chiz Harris, drums . . . Cornetist Rex Stewart has left for an extensive tour of Europe that will include Copenhagen, Paris, Berlin, and then hopefully, behind the Iron Curtain to Czechoslovakia . . . Singer-pianist Nellie Lutcher entertained at ceremonies marking the opening of Disneyland's New Orleans Square—a recreation of New Orleans' early 1900s Storyville.

PHILADELPHIA: Tenor saxophonist-arranger Jimmy Heath, a Philadelphian, was with Milt Jackson for the vibraharpist's annual summer week at the Show Boat . . . A Sunday afternoon "new thing" concert was scheduled Aug. 28 at the Show Boat. On the bill were trombonist Grachan Moncur III and the Untraditional Jazz Improvization Team featuring reed man Byard Lancaster, pianist Dave

Burrell, bassist Jerome Hunter, and drummer Bobby Kapp . . . Billy Duke's big band has been playing Friday nights at Henry's restaurant near Camden, N.J. In the 13-piece band are a number of former name-band sidemen . . . Altoist Phil Woods and his jazz band of Camp Ramblerny students played a concert at the New Hope music camp. In the band was alto saxophonist Richard Cole of Trenton, N.J., a *Down Beat* Berklee school scholarship winner. Woods also was scheduled for an outdoor concert in Trenton with the Johnny Coates Trio . . . Drummer Tony DeNicola is bringing an old Air Force buddy, vibist-mellophonist Don Elliott, to Trenton for a concert . . . Trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie and comedian Dick Gregory were booked for a Monday night session at Lambertville Music Circus.

CLEVELAND: Because of the recent success of the Ohio Valley Jazz Festival North, presented here by entrepreneur-pianist George Wein, plans for next year call for the festival to be extended to more than one night. Featured at this year's concert Aug. 8 were pianists Horace Silver and Dave Brubeck, organist Jimmy Smith, singers Joe Williams and Sarah Vaughan, and trumpeter Miles Davis. Smith and trio will appear here again Oct. 14 at the Music Hall . . . Pianist Joe Copper with bassist Eddie Myers moved into the La Rue Lounge . . . La Quintette is the new group at the Downstairs Room.

DETROIT: Trombonist George Bohanon's concert at the University of Michigan also included a group led by cornetist Charles Moore, with Chicagoan Joseph Jarman, alto saxophone; David Squires, tenor saxophone; Stanley Cowell, piano; Ron Brooks, John Dana, basses; Doug Hammon, Danny Spencer, drums, plus Brooks' trio with Cowell and Spencer . . . Cowell, who is working on a master's degree in music at the U. of M., will join Roland Kirk's group when the multi-instrumentalist arrives to play at the Drome this month . . . Brooks currently is leading two groups at the Town Bar. Monday through Wednesday nights, his trio has Kirk Lightsey, piano, and Hammon, drums. Thursday through Saturday, Tim Tomke takes over on piano with Spencer on drums . . . Bohanon's quintet is currently without a home, since the Village Gate, where he was working, has once again dropped music . . . Lightsey has formed a new organization, the In Stage, to promote the development of the arts in Detroit. Bassists Ernie Farrow and Derrick Glover and pianist Clarence Beasley are on the board of directors, and many local jazz musicians are members . . . A recent session at Blues Unlimited reunited the Terry Pollard Trio (Miss Pollard, piano; Will Austin, bass; Bert Myrick, drums). The program also included an avant-garde quartet led by Joseph Jarman, which met with mixed reactions. Groups featured in August included those of pianists Claude Black (with vocalist Austin Cromer), Harold McKinney, and

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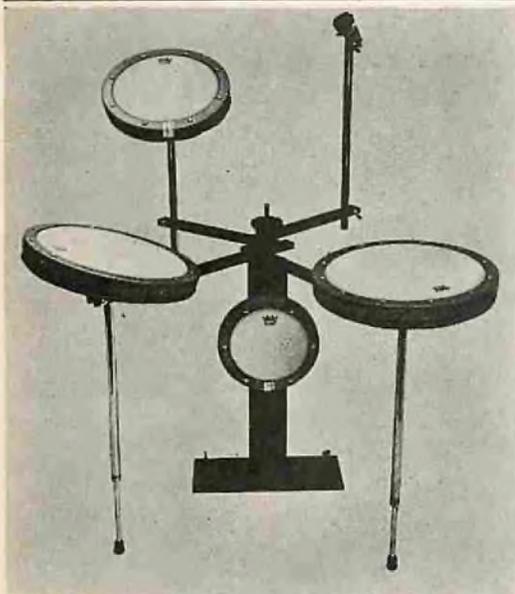
Willie Anderson. Austin and Myrick also served as rhythm section for pianist **Johnny Griffith** at a recent concert given by WCHD disc jockey **Ed Love** featuring organist **Richard (Groove) Holmes'** trio... **Chic's Lounge** returned to the jazz fold as **Dedrick Glover** took a trio in with **Claude Black**, piano, and **Ed Nelson**, drums. The trio soon became a quartet with the addition of **Larry Smith** on alto saxophone. Wednesday is session night at the club. A recent guest was drummer **Drew Evans**, newly arrived from Cleveland... Reed man **Bob Pierson**, back from a tour with the **Woody Herman Band**, is backing vocalist **Peggy Kaye** at the Playhouse, formerly Club Alamo. Members of Pierson's group are **Johnny Griffith**, piano; **Tom Brown**, drums; and **Bobby Strobe**, bass... The Gold Room of the Twenty Grand was the scene of a successful benefit for the family of bassist-cellist **Rod Hicks**, whose house and belongings were destroyed by fire. Featured artists included Hicks' trio (**Jimmy Dixon**, piano, and **Charles Johnson**, drums), which is currently appearing at the French Leave, organist **Levi Mann's** Twenty Grand house group, **Harold McKinney's** quintet, to which Hicks belongs, the **George Bohanon Quintet**, the **Hindal Butts Quartet**, the **Detroit Contemporary 4**, the **Ernie Farrow Quintet**, the **Dedrick Glover Trio**, vocalists **Jewell Diamond** and **Austina Cromer**, and several others... Trumpeter **Eddie Webb's** band (with **Jim Voorheis**, piano; **Leo Harrison**, bass; **Bob Pinterich**, drums) returned to the Act

IV after a two-week vacation, during which **Billy Maxted's** Manhattan Jazz Band took over.

KANSAS CITY: Drummer **Vince Bilardo** disbanded his trio, one of the Playboy Club's house bands, to become personnel director of the **Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra**... A stage-band workshop for high school students was held this summer at the Conservatory of Music at the University of Missouri at Kansas City. **Irving Miller**, director of the regular UMKC jazz workshop, supervised the sessions. Also at the university, organists **Charles Kinnard** and **Reginald Buckner** participated in a Battle of Jazz Organs concert in late July... Guitarist **Kenny Burrell** held forth at the Club DeLisa following Kinnard's summer engagement at the soul-jazz night spot... The Vanguard is resuming its part-time jazz policy. The schedule will probably consist of jazz on Sundays and pop-folk sounds for the balance of the week.

MIAMI: The surprise appearance of pianist **Monty Alexander** resulted in excited calls for more at a recent Jazzville at the Seville concert. The **Dave Atkins Trio** (**Hank Haynie**, bass, **Reggie Moore**, piano) and jazz vocalist **Jeff Adams** continued the session. Folk singer **Mike Smith** captured the audience with his off-beat material. The **Miami Jazz All-Stars** (**Ira Sullivan**, trumpet, soprano saxophone;

Charlie Austin, tenor saxophone; **Dolph Castellano**, piano; **Don Mast**, bass; **Jose Cigno**, drums) evoked controversy with a spontaneous avant-garde number, **S.O.S.**... **Gene Roy's** big band performed July 24 at the Beach Club Hotel in Fort Lauderdale. In early August, Roy's band played at private Sunday sessions at the Everglades Yacht Club... A benefit concert was organized by WMBM disc jockey **Alan Rock** for bassist **Jimmy Glover**, who recently was released from the hospital after a lengthy illness. In the '50s, Glover was with vocalist **Dinah Washington**. Among the musicians in attendance were the **Ira Sullivan Four**, reed man **Austin**, tenorist **Pete Ponzol** and his group consisting of **Duke Schuster**, trumpet; **Eddie Stack**, piano; **Joe LePore**, bass; and **Marty Marger**, drums. Folk singer **Vince Martin** and comedians **Alan Drake** and **Peter Wood** also appeared... Pianist **Ron Miller** joined Austin's quartet for two weeks during August. He substituted for vacationing **Eric Knight**... The Sullivan Four was a hit at a recent Friday afternoon concert at the Playboy Club. The usually talkative audience was attentive... **Vibist Lionel Hampton** closed at Harry's American Show Room Aug. 7. Vocalist **Joe Williams** came in next for a two-week engagement... **George Buck** of radio station **WJNO** in West Palm Beach hosts *Jazzology*, heard on Sundays 8 to 9 p.m., preceding jazz promoter **Art Dunklin's Open House**... **Frank Sullivan**, piano; **Marci Sullivan**, bass; and **Chick Williams**, drums, played recently at



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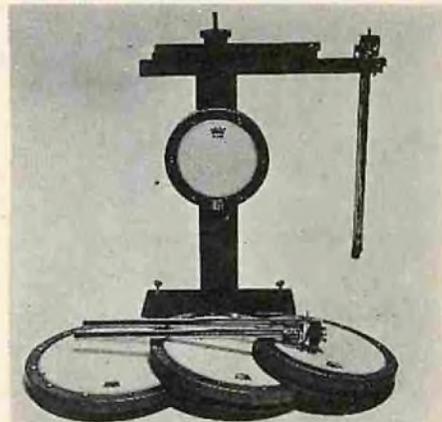
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the Apache . . . The Summit Motor Inn in Daytona Beach is doing well with its jazz-show policy. Recently featured were **Frankie Burke** and **Freddie Spicer** in the Hole Show Lounge . . . Pianist **Pic Gordon** is back in St. Mary's Hospital in Palm Beach, forcing the cancellation of Just Jazz Starring Pic Gordon, a presentation to have been held at the Norton Art Gallery in West Palm Beach.

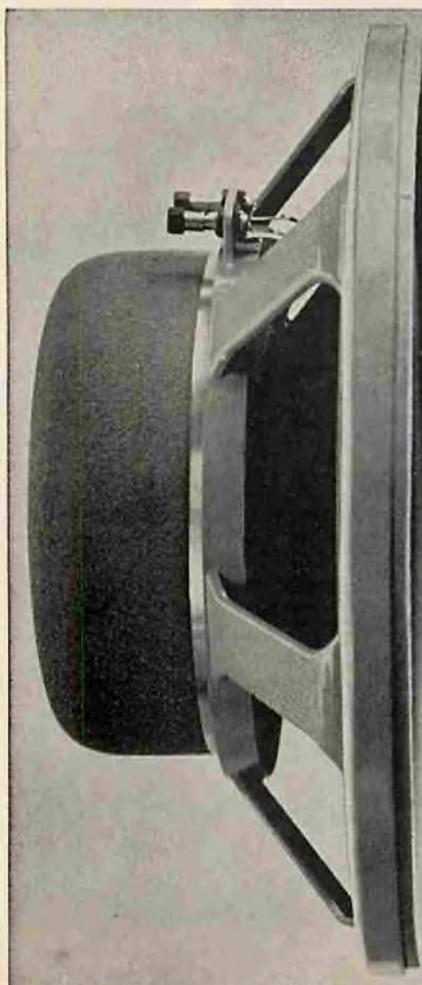
NEW ORLEANS: Drummer **James Black**, who has been on the road with reed man **Yusef Lateef**, pianist **Horace Silver**, and others, returned to New Orleans and joined pianist **Joe Burton's** trio . . . Trumpeter **Henry (Red) Allen**, in town last month for a visit with his relatives here, sat in at Dixieland Hall on Bourbon St. . . Another New Orleanian, pianist-singer **Fats Domino**, played a brief engagement at **Al Hirt's** club. Domino's tenor man, **Nat Perrilliat**, was reunited with drummer **Black**, bassist **Chuck Badie**, and pianist **Ellis Marsalis**—all former members of the excellent avant-garde **New Orleans Jazz Quartet**. After an absence of several years, during which he taught music at a rural high school, Marsalis plans to resettle in New Orleans to play and write . . . Trumpeter **Al Hirt** has opened a new off-Bourbon St. club aimed at sophisticates. Name: **Sinatraville** . . . Trumpeter **Sharkey Bonano's** Dixie group at the recent Jazz on a Sunday Afternoon

concert was composed of trombonist **Leo O'Neil**, clarinetist **Harry Shields**, pianist **Harvey Rubin**, bassist **Chink Martin**, and drummer **Monk Hazel** . . . Pianist **Phil Reudy** is back at the Playboy Club. Saxophonist **Al Belletto's** quartet, the house band at the club, will do a television series similar to last season's programs on WVUE-TV . . . Trumpeter **Eddie Getz** played several weeks with clarinetist **Bill Kelsey's** quartet at the Famous Door . . . **George Davis'** combo has been playing afterhours sessions on weekends at **Hollie's Lounge**.

LAS VEGAS: Old-time jazz great **Wingy Manone** is enjoying a return to acclaim with a stand at the enlarged **Silver Slipper** lounge. Trumpeter **Manone**, 62, keeps reminding bookers and fans that he is still turning down a gig with the "great jam session in the sky." . . . **Jimmy Quinn's** big band took over **Jimmy Cook's** Sunday night spot at the **Black Magic** for a one-nighter and was in turn followed by **Abe's Sliding Boneheads**, **Abe Nole's** six-trombone-and-rhythm group . . . Big bands were big along the Strip during August. In addition to the **Woody Herman Herd** at the **Tropicana**, drummer **Buddy Rich's** young lions were roaring at the **Sands** in support of singer **Buddy Greco**; and over at the **Flamingo** lounge, trumpeter **Harry James'** crew was not being taken for granted. **Ernie Andrews**

and **Linda Cardinal** were featured singers with the latter aggregation . . . One of the first trios booked into **Caesar's Palace** was **Dwayne Smith's**, a 21-year-old blind pianist from St. Louis who got his break through the efforts of **Duke Ellington**. Others in the trio are bassist **Oscar Meza** and drummer **Mel Telford**.

TORONTO: The **Stratford Shakespearean Festival** bowed to jazz again this summer with two concerts: a Friday matinee by the **Duke Ellington Orchestra** and a Sunday afternoon program by the **George Shearing Quintet**. Both concerts attracted near-capacity houses (the festival theater holds 2,258) . . . Trumpeter **Buck Clayton** brought a band to the **Colonial** for three weeks, prior to his annual August appearance in **Muskoka, Ontario**. Other recent **Colonial** attractions were a quintet led by drummer **Ed Thigpen** and the **Salt City Six** . . . The renovated **Town Tavern** had vocalists **Jack Cain** and **Roy Kral** on hand for its reopening . . . The **Original Osaka Dixieland Jazz Band** from Japan appeared at the **Cellar Club** and the **Traditional Jazz Club** during a weekend visit . . . Blues men **Sonny Terry** and **Brownie McGhee** played three weeks at the **Riverboat Coffee House** . . . Toronto painter **Mike Snow**, who now lives in New York, has been leading his own jazz band at the **Penny Farthing Coffee House** here.



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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**, 222 W. Adams, 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.
 Basic's: Harold Ousley, Sun.-Mon. Wild Hill Davis to 9/18. Shirley Scott-Stanley Turrentine, 9/20-10/2.
 Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon, Mon., Fri. Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed. Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gamba, hb. Sessions, Sun.
 Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sat.
 Dom: Tony Scott, Jaki Byard. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
 Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko, Ray Bryant, Cutty Cutshall.
 Embers West: Mike Longo.
 Fairfield Motor Inn (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Mon.
 Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six.
 Five Spot: Philly Joe Jones to 9/25. Elvin Jones, 9/27-tfn. Sessions, Mon.
 Gaslight Club: Sal Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ullano.
 Half Note: Zoot Sims to 10/23. Chris Connor to 9/18. Jackie Cain-Roy Kral, 9/20-25. Joe Williams, 9/27-10/2.
 Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.
 Jillys: Monty Alexander, Link Milman, George Peri, Sun.-Mon.
 Kenny's Pub: Gene Quill, Mon.
 Key Club (Newark, N.J.): name jazz groups.
 Marino's Boat Club (Brooklyn): Michael Grant, Vernon Jeffries, Bob Kay, wknds.
 Mark Twain Riverboat: name bands.
 Metropole: Dizzy Gillespie, 10/7-15.
 007: Donna Lee, Mickey Dean, Walter Perkins.
 Off Shore (Pt. Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.
 Playboy Club: Kai Winding, Walter Norris, Larry Willis, Howard Danziger.
 Red Carpet (Ozone Park): Lee Shaw, 9/13-10/11.
 Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, hb. Don Fryc, Sun.
 Slug's: Sessions, Mon. Jeanne Lee, Ran Blake, Sun. afternoon.
 Steak Pit (Paramus, N.J.): Connie Berry.
 Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
 Toast: Scott Reid.
 Top of the Gate: Dave Pike, Don Friedman, Chuck Israels.
 Village East: Larry Love.
 Village Gate: Herbie Mann to 10/2.
 Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
 Thelonious Monk to 9/18.
 Wells: Lee Shaw to 9/11.
 Western Inn (Atco, N.J.): Red Crosssett, Sun.
 Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

MIAMI AND FLORIDA

Bon Fire: Myrtle Jones, hb.
 Chez Vendome: Herbie Brock, hb.
 Deauville: Bobby Fields, hb.
 Hampton House: Charlie Austin, Medina Carney, hb.
 Harbor Lounge: Guy Fasciani to 10/1.
 Playboy Club: Bill Rico, hb.
 Seville Jazz Room: Ira Sullivan, hb.
 South Seas Yacht: Harry Manian, Jeff Carlton, hb.

CLEVELAND

Americana Lounge East: Hugh Thompson.
 Blue Chip Inn: Duke Jenkins.
 Brothers Lounge: Harry Damus.
 Cappelli's: Frank Albano, Johnny Fugero.
 Esquire Lounge: Winston Walls.
 French Cellar: Ski Hi Trio, wknds.
 Impala: Ray Bradley.
 La Rue Lounge: Joe Cooper-Ed Myers.
 Leo's Casino: Ramsey Lewis, 9/15-18.
 Mardi Gras: Wensel Parker.
 Squeeze Room: African Jazz Trio, wknds.
 Theatrical Grill: Bob McKee, hb.
 Versailles: Dee Felice, hb.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb.
 Baker's Keyboard: Pee Wee Hunt, 9/9-18, Wes Montgomery, 9/30-10/8. Les McCann, 10/19-28.
 Big George's: Romy Rand.
 Blue Chip: Mark Richards, Tue.-Sat.
 Blues Unlimited: sessions, Thur.
 Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, Tue.-Sat.
 Caucus Club: Lenore Paxton, Mon.-Sat.

St. Andrew's Episcopal Church: Keith Vreeland, Sun. afternoon.
 Shadow Box: Bobby Laurel, Tue.-Sat.
 Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, Mon.-Sat.
 Waterfall (Ann Arbor): Clarence Byrd.
 Webbwood Inn: Hindal Butts, Sun.

CHICAGO

Big John's: various blues groups.
 Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
 London House: Stan Getz to 9/11. Richard Holmes, 9/28-10/4. Earl Hines, 10/4-23. Frank Sinatra Jr., 10/25-11/13.
 Midas Touch: Judy Roberts, wknds.
 Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, Wed.-Sun.
 Pershing Lounge: various groups.
 Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ralph Massetti, Joe Iaco, hbs.
 Plugged Nickel: Wes Montgomery to 9/11.
 Pumpkin Room: Vanguard Trio, wknds.

ST. LOUIS

Al Baker's: Galle Belle, wknds.
 Blue Note: Don James, hb.
 Fats States Lounge: sessions, Sat. afternoon.

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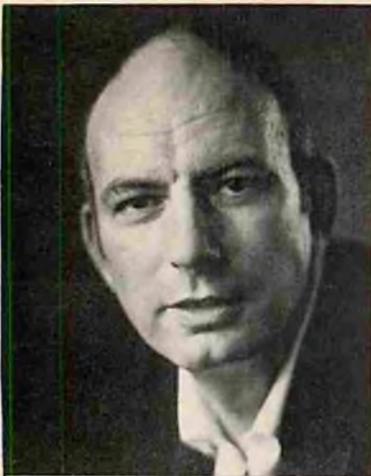
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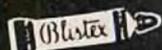
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Puppet Pub: Herb Drury, wknds.
Renaissance Room: The Marksman.
River Queen: Jean Trevor, Pennuts Wtatum.
Steeplechase: The Chasers Four.
Stork Club: Roger McCoy.
Upstream Lounge: Upstream Jazz Quartet, wknds.

NEW ORLEANS

Bistro: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, Tony Page.
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Bill Kelsey, Santo Pecora.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry.
Gollwog: Armand Hug.
Hayes: Keith Smith, wknds.
Hollie's: George Davis, afterhours, wknds.
Joe Burton's Joe Burton.
Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson.
Paddock Lounge: Ernest Holland, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Phil Reudy, hbs.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Red Garter Annex: George Lewis, Sun. afternoon.
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.
Your Father's Moustache: Jim Liscombe, Sun. afternoon.

LOS ANGELES

Rhine Belle (San Diego): South Market Street Jazz Band.
Bonesville: Don Ellis, Mon.
Caribbean: Reuben Wilson, Fri.-Sun.
Chico's (Lynwood): Gene Palmer, Fri.-Sat.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup.
Cisco's (Manhattan Beach): Allen Fisher, alternate Tue.
Club Casbah: Dolo Coker.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Hampton Hawes, Tue.-Thur. Pete Jolly, Fri.-Sat. Jimmie Rowles, Sun.-Mon.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, wknds.
Greek Theater: Ella Fitzgerald, Duke Ellington, 9/19-25.
Guys & Dolls (Sepulveda): El Dorado Jazz Band, Fri.-Sat.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner
International Hotel: Joe Loco, Eddie DeSantis.
Jack London's (San Gabriel): Clyde Amsler, Wed., Fri.-Sat.
Jazz Corner: John Lemon.
Kiss Kiss Club: Jack Costanzo.
La Duce (Inglewood): John Houston.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Charles Byrd to 9/10. Mongo Santamaría, 9/25-10/15. Eldee Young, Red Holt, 10/16-29. Howard Rumacy, Mon.-Tue.
Melody Room: Harry Edison.
Memory Lane: name groups nightly.
Nite Life: Jimmy Hamilton.
Norm's Greenlake (Pasadena): Itay Dewey, Fri.-Sat.
Paddlewheeler (Orange): Johnny Lucas, Fri.-Sat.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson. Reuben Wilson, Mon.
Pen & Quill (Manhattan Beach): Clarence Daniels.
Pied Piper: Ocie Smith, Ike Issacs.
Pizzn Palnce (Huntington Beach): Vince Saunders, Fri.-Sat.
P.J.'s: Eddie Cano.
Playboy Club: Gerald Wilson to 9/10. Joe Parnello, Bob Corwin, hbs.
Prime Rib (Newport Beach): Jan Deneau, Thur.-Sat.
Red Log (Westwood): Johnny Lawrence.
Reuben's (Tustin): Edgar Hayes, Thur.-Sat.
Reuben's (Whittier): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Wed.
Rumbleseat (Hermosa Beach): Pete Kler, Fri.-Sat.
Sandpiper (Playa del Rey): Don Ruder, Sun.-Mon.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Cannonhall Adderley to 9/11. Toshiko Mariano, 9/13-18. Gil Evans, 9/20-26. Afro-Blues Quintet + 1. Mon. Art Pepper, Sun. Shelly Manne, wknds.
Sherry's: Mike Melvoin.
Ship of Fools: Don Rader, Tue.
Sportsmen's Lodge: Stan Worth.
Tiki: Richard Dorsey.
Vina's: LaVerne Hill, Thur.-Sun.
Ward's Jazzville (San Diego): Kenny Burrell, 10/7-9. Cannonhall Adderley, 10/21-23. Ramsey Lewis, 11/26-27. Hugh Parker, Fri.-Sat.
White Way Inn (Reseda): Pete Dailey, Thur.-Sun.
Woody's Wharf (Newport Beach): Dave Mackay, Chuck Domanico.

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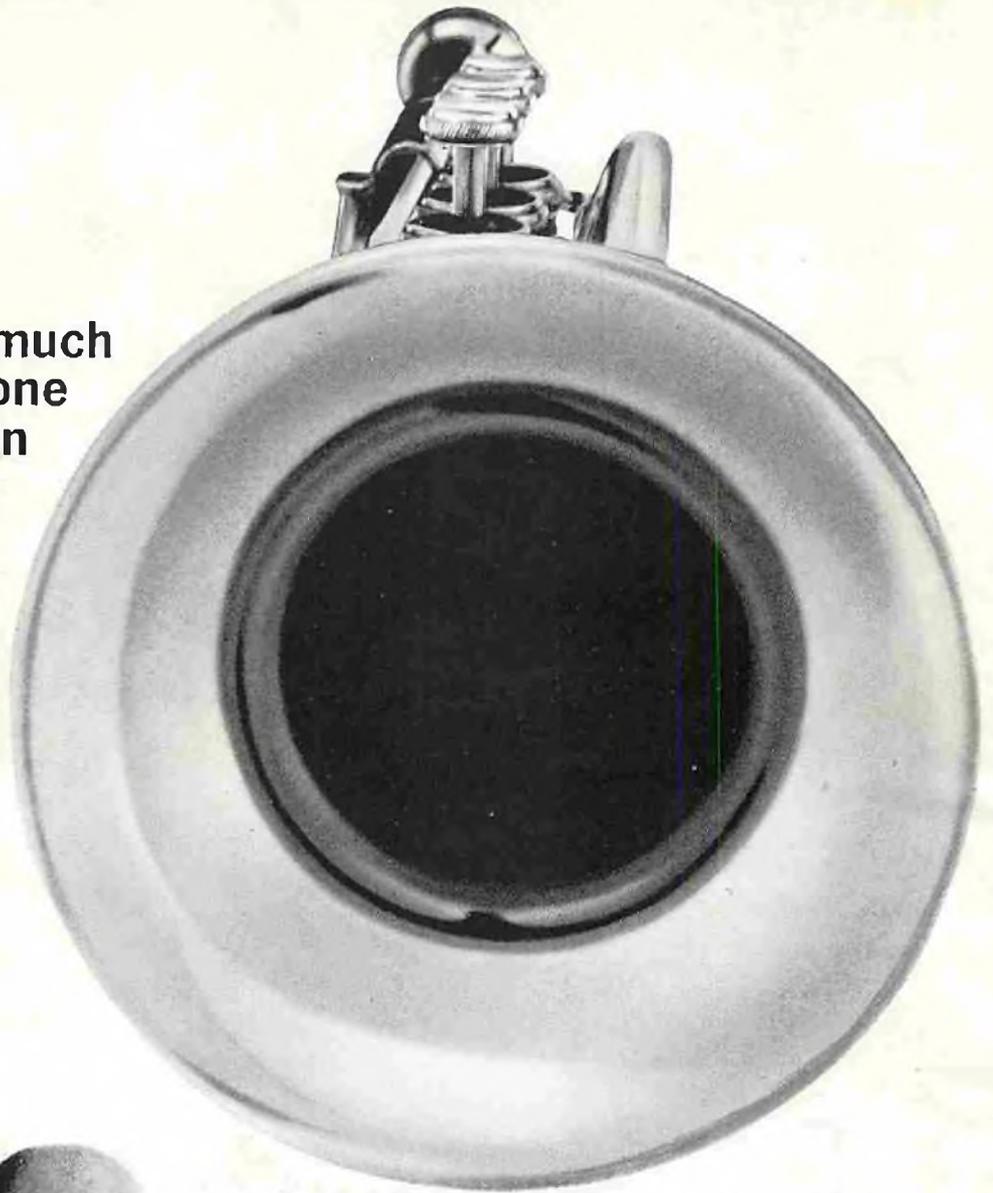
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