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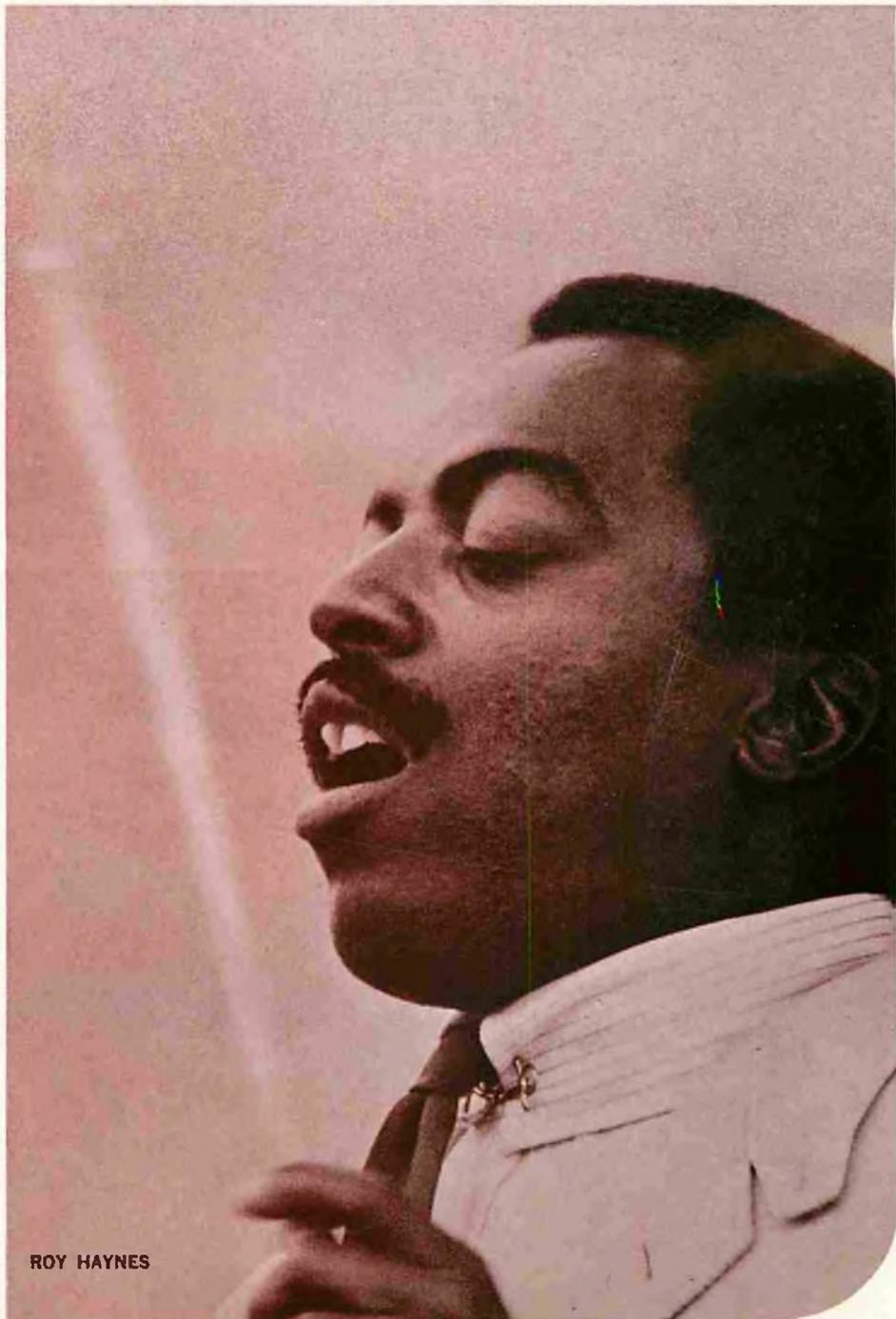
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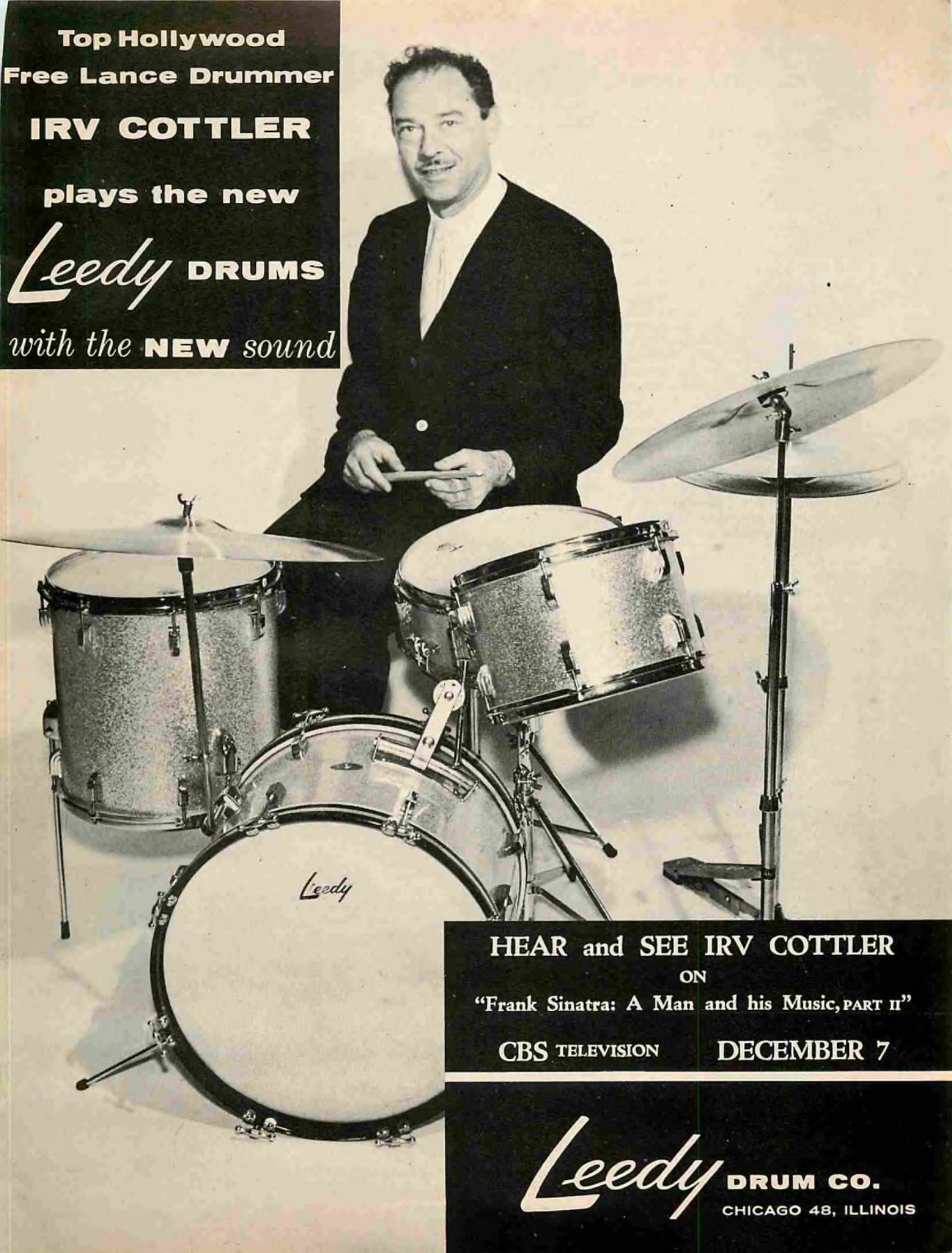
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—by Dave Brubeck

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

DB's Great Step Forward

I want to congratulate you on your steps taken to procure musically literate people to write for *Down Beat*. I'm referring to Kenny Dorham, Archie Shepp, Don Heckman, Bill Russo, etc. Although literary content varies, it is certainly a relief to read people who *know*.

This is the greatest step forward jazz "criticism" has taken—Leonard Feather and Andre Hodier excepted—since the inception of written information about the music.

Jeff Gaynor
New Orleans, La.

Say What?

Regarding Pete Welding's *Monterey Safeway* (*DB*, Nov. 3), this was an excellent outline, indeed, of the Monterey Jazz Festival, but after such laudable comments for nearly all of the artists, how can one "leave the festival grounds feeling gulled"?

Bob Myers
Detroit, Mich.

No Politics, Please!

Nat Hentoff's final sentence in his recent column (*DB*, Oct. 20), "A country that's going to bring peace to Vietnam even if it has to kill everybody there to do it simply isn't ready to listen to what Betty Carter and Jaki Byard are saying," was unfortunate for a jazz listener like myself who feels that a jazz critic's sarcastic remark concerning Vietnam does more harm than good to jazz.

Ironically, in the same column, Hentoff points out that the National Council on the Arts granted nothing to jazz, for, true enough, the war is infinitely more worthy of consideration than the promotion of jazz. Hence Hentoff's biting conclusion, hence further justification for the government withholding money from jazz. Granted, poor justification, but nevertheless. . . .

I'm not implying that Hentoff change his political views but, for the sake of jazz, leave them out of a music magazine or else criticize in a more scholarly manner and leave emotional appeal to the jazz artist.

Peter Roemer
New York City

Carney Correction

In his review of *Things Ain't What They Used to Be* by Johnny Hodges and Rex Stewart (*DB*, Oct. 20), Dan Morgenstern refers to the alto saxophone heard on the second side. This was played by Harry Carney, who still used the instrument in the Ellington section at that time. Carney has confirmed this, and I much regret that the fact was not made clear in either my liner notes or the personnel listing.

The resemblance to the sound of a saxophone trio was the result of trombonist



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Lawrence Brown's playing a third part with Carney and tenor saxophonist Ben Webster.

Stanley Dance
Rowayton, Conn.

Casting For Kenton

Congratulations to Leonard Feather for his initiative regarding the *Blindfold Test* with Stan Kenton (*DB*, Sept. 22).

Let me say that because the majority of critics have no imagination; because they all curiously vote for the same names; because they all seem to have the same taste; because there is no critic able to listen with open ears and an open soul to Kenton's music; because Marian McPartland didn't understand anything about his last record; because his immense efforts and his mysticism are not praised; because he is one of the greatest enthusiasts and fighters I know; because he is rejected by too many people, I'll vote for Stan Kenton.

Jean Verame
St. Jeannet, France

Augmented Discord

Reader Ken Ewing's problem (*Chords*, Oct. 20) is not unique among jazz lovers. Those of us who prefer the modern mainstream may be put down as moldy figs, but the fact remains that we constitute a jazz audience—an audience able to purchase records.

To be sure, the avant-garde—as well as the bland sounds of Ramsey Lewis, Al Hirt, and the numerous organ-tenor groups—should and must be recorded. But where are the new records by the likes of Zoot Sims and Howard McGhee? Such musicians as these still have something to say, and many of us will pay to hear it.

Ben Franklin
Athens, Ohio

Kicking Rock

It won't work. It simply will not work—this attempt by certain record companies and alleged jazzmen to foist off on the jazz listener an amalgam of rock-and-roll, schlock, and teenage idiot noise.

Quincy Jones, Bud Shank, Joe Pass, and now even John Lewis and the MJQ (*Jazz Dialogue*) should hang their heads in shame. We wait 10 years for a second album by Bob Dorough, and what comes on the very first cut? A clanging, twanging, hillbilly guitar.

Furthermore, a like finger can be pointed at many of *Down Beat's* reviewers, who in recent months have been condoning rock, rhythm-and-blues, folk, and other such junk. Three-and-half stars for the George Benson thing! John Hammond, the producer, should be ashamed to have his name on the cover.

Perhaps because today it is not possible to audition an album in a store, the record companies figure the jazz fan will buy a name without being aware the artists have turned defectors.

In any event, it isn't honest, and, above all, it isn't jazz!

Don Hill
Tacoma, Wash.

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Pep's Burns In Philly

One by one, Philadelphia's jazz rooms have burned down (Red Hill Inn, Blue Note, Club Cadillac) or shut their doors because of poor business. The latest casualty was the city's oldest, Pep's, which closed after more than 15 years of presenting top jazz names.

A large room in the downtown area, Pep's was particularly well suited for big bands, and many leading orchestras had played the club.

Jay Grimberg and Avey Tolz, who run a beauty shop, took over operation of the room last December from Jack Goldenberg and Dave Skaler, who have several nonjazz bars in the city.

The room reportedly reverts to Goldenberg and Skaler, but they are not expected to resume the jazz policy. The pair bought the room in 1955 from the late Bill Gerson, who established it.

The closing leaves Herb Spivak's Showboat Jazz Theater, around the corner from Pep's, the only full-time Philadelphia jazz room.

In the last year two other clubs have closed, Billy Krechmer's club—when Krechmer retired—and Ben Bynum's Club Cadillac. Bynum occasionally presents jazz artists at the Starlite Lounge, but the accent is more on rhythm-and-blues.

Final Bar

The death toll of veteran musicians was heavy in recent weeks, when a former Ellingtonian, three New Orleans jazzmen (one of whom also had worked with Duke Ellington's band), and a Mississippi blues singer-guitarist died within a two-week period.

Trumpeter Harold (Shorty) Baker, 52, died of cancer Nov. 8 at Veteran's Hospital in New York City. In 1965 he underwent throat surgery meant to eliminate the cancer. Afterwards, he was able to play again, but then the ailment recurred.

A St. Louisian, Baker gained early experience in his home town with the Fate Marable Orchestra and Eddie Johnson's Crackerjacks, making his recording debut with the latter in 1932. He next played with Erskine Tate, joined Don Redman in 1935 for two years, worked briefly with Ellington in 1938, was with the short-lived Teddy Wilson big band in 1939-40, and then with Andy Kirk.

Subsequently, he worked with Mary Lou Williams, to whom he was married. Baker began an eight-year stay with Ellington in late 1943, interrupted by occasional periods of freelancing. He played with Johnny Hodges, Teddy Wilson, and Ben Webster in the mid-'50s, rejoining Ellington for two years, beginning in 1957. In the '60s he led his own groups and freelanced.

Baker was held in high esteem by musicians, both for his soloing and lead trumpet work. Among his admirers was

Miles Davis, who often cited him as one of his favorite trumpeters. Baker's lyrical style and pure sound distinguished him as an extremely musical player, one who never resorted to tricks or showmanship to make his point.

Wellman Braud, 75, one of the original New Orleans bass players, died of a heart attack Oct. 29 at his Los Angeles home. Braud's career, which spanned more than six decades, began at the age of 12, when he took up violin. His greatest fame was achieved as bassist with the Ellington orchestra from 1926 to 1935.

Prior to his term with Ellington, Braud played with groups in New Orleans, Chicago, and New York and went to Europe with pianist James P. Johnson in 1922. After returning to the United States, the bassist toured for three years with a burlesque show before joining Ellington. After leaving Ellington, he took over the direction of the Spirits of Rhythm orchestra until 1936. Then he fronted his own trio in Sheepshead Bay on Long Island from 1937 to 1941.

After a period when his music activities tapered off because of business interests in Harlem, he toured Europe once again, this time with trombonist Kid Ory, in the fall of '56.

Though supposedly retired for some time, Braud remained partially active up to the time of his death, having recently returned from a tour of Oregon with pianist Kenny Woodson.

Braud was born in St. James, La., the parish immortalized in *St. James Infirmary*.

Two lesser-known traditional-jazz players, trumpeter Johnny Lala, 72, and Robert (Buster) Moore, 59, died in New Orleans during the last week in October.

Lala was once a member of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band and also had worked with such commercial bands as those of Ted Weems and Ted Lewis.

Moore had played with groups led by clarinetist George Lewis and trumpeter Papa Celestin. He also was a member of the Young Excelsior Marching Band and John Henry McNeil's Brass Band. Moore was given a traditional New Orleans burial, with marching-band accompaniment.

Blues man Mississippi John Hurt, 74, who had two careers in music, separated by 35 years of total obscurity, died Nov. 2 in Grenada, Miss.

Born in Teoc, Miss., Hurt was, like so many blues artists of his generation, a part-time musician making his living primarily as a farm laborer.

In early 1928 he was discovered and recorded by Okeh records' Tommy Rockwell on a field recording trip in the deep South. Hurt made his first record in Memphis, Tenn., and two subsequent sessions were held later that year in New York City. A total of six records was released and well received, but the depression put an end to Hurt's incipient career.

His reputation, however, was kept alive by blues specialists and collectors, who cherished his recorded work for its unique style and charm. In 1963 blues researcher

Tom Hoskins rediscovered Hurt in Avalon, Miss., where Hoskins had been led on the basis of Hurt's *Avalon Blues* recording.

Before long, Hurt was engaged in full-time musical activity for the first time in his life. He appeared at concerts and in night clubs in major U.S. cities and in Europe and acquired a devoted following.

Hurt's art was not that of the raw, gutsy country blues but rather a gentle, delicate blend of blues and country music. His soft voice blended well with his wholly original three-finger, picking style of guitar. He performed mainly on the six-stringed instrument but also mastered the 12-string guitar. He was a born performer with a disarming personality. Among Hurt's many original pieces, *Candy Man Blues* was the most popular.

Seven Big Bands On Gleason Show

Probably the greatest number of name bands gathered under one roof for a single performance assembled Nov. 5 at the Miami Beach Auditorium. The occasion was the taping of the Nov. 26 *Jackie Gleason Show* for the Columbia Broadcasting System. Seven bands were lined up for the hour television show.

On hand were the orchestras of Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Buddy DeFranco (leading the Glenn Miller Orchestra), Les and Larry Elgart, Guy Lombardo, Sammy Kaye, and Freddie Martin.

Gleason often has shown interest in big bands and jazz musicians. In the '50s he regularly featured the band led by Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey, and the Ralph Marterie Band once served as a summer replacement for the comedian's show. Gleason also has recorded several sessions featuring cornetist Bobby Hackett, who was a frequent guest on Gleason's show about 10 years ago.

Mad Mab And Club Hassel Over Bread

The club wasn't doing enough business, claimed the management. The band wasn't getting paid, said leader Charlie Barnet, whose scheduled two-week engagement at Los Angeles' Chez club was terminated four days ahead of schedule. The date was ended by a mutual agreement between Barnet and Chez owner Mike Carazza in an atmosphere that was anything but amicable.

Barnet, who had emerged from a five-year retirement to take a band into the club, said it wasn't just the thin crowds that caused the band's hasty departure, as had been reported. He claimed that twice he had to call the AFM Local 47 business representative Johnny Hayden in order to collect salaries, totaling \$3,245 and \$2,000 respectively, for the two-week stand.



20 YEARS OF TESTS

Feather's Nest

By LEONARD FEATHER

A while ago, while I wasn't paying attention, something occurred that may be worth mentioning even at this slightly belated date: the *Blindfold Test* quietly celebrated its 20th anniversary.

Since Mary Lou Williams submitted to the first interview (for the September, 1946, issue of *Metronome*), some 370 tests have been published. (The feature was transferred to *Down Beat* early in 1951.)

The motivation behind the launching of this series was as valid then as it seems now. Musicians today are, in fact, more articulate and more willing to express their views freely than they were two decades ago.

It remains axiomatic, of course, that their opinions, even though they conflict as vehemently as those of the critics, are of paramount interest. This has been reflected in the addition of several musicians to *Down Beat's* staff of reviewers in recent years. In 1946 there were virtually no jazz musicians capable of writing regularly and articulately about their own medium. The late Dave Tough, who wrote columns for *Metronome* for a while, is the only exception who comes to mind. (I am not counting, of course, the numerous by-line stories that were ghost-written.)

Through the years, I have found it absorbing to study the variation among musicians, not only in their willingness to speak out frankly but also in their keenness of perception. Some of the greatest artists tested have shown less ability to recognize familiar soloists or writing styles than have some of the nonjazzmen who have occasionally been interviewed.

The latter group, incidentally, provided many unpredictable moments.

The testees have included Leonard Bernstein, Bill Cosby, Morton Gould, Vernon Duke, Faye Emerson (jointly with her then husband, Skitch Henderson), Elaine Lorillard, Sammy Kaye, Guy Lombardo, Jane Russell (now *there* was a pleasant afternoon), Rudy Van Gelder, and the late Dorothy Kilgallen. Despite their lack of direct involvement in jazz, a love of the music or interest in its nature produced worthwhile tests from all these subjects.

In the final analysis, of course, jazz-

men have offered the most valuable contributions.

Though I am constantly on the lookout for new artists to test, there have been many return visits by those who (a) are the best talkers and the most willing to let the chips fall where they may and (b) *enjoy* listening and talking, and in many instances have asked to come back. (In all these years the only holdouts who have refused to expose their views in a *Blindfold Test* are Frank Sinatra and Lionel Hampton.)

The most frequent visitors have been Andre Previn (six times), Cannonball Adderley (five), Horace Silver (five), and Quincy Jones, Terry Gibbs, and Bill Russo (four each).

Among the memorable tests, from my personal viewpoint, were those of the unforgettable Dinah Washington, who, bless her soul, didn't give a damn who reacted how; Miles Davis, whose interview a couple of years ago is still being talked about, for similar reasons; and more recently Archie Shepp, whose two-installment test told as much about the speaker as about the records reviewed (a not uncommon characteristic of these sessions).

Going through six years of tests to prepare a chapter of excerpts for *The Encyclopedia of Jazz in the '60s*, I was impressed by the utter contradictions that arose when two or more interviewees reacted to the same artist—particularly when the record played was by Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane, or Thelonious Monk.

Skeptics who once scoffed at the test on the grounds that it was edited to fit my personal opinions have long since been quieted. Actually a minimum of editing, in the editorial sense, is performed on the taped interviews. The records are selected not to push for negative or positive views, not to prove or disprove any point, but simply to draw a wide variety of reactions by playing a wide variety of records.

The *Blindfold Test* has turned out to be the most imitated of all jazz features.

In France they just call it *Test* (in *Jazz Magazine*); the *Melody Maker* in England employs it for rock-and-roll subjects under the name *Blind Date*; others have their own names and slight variations.

This sincere form of flattery demonstrates that jazz students everywhere are in agreement with the basic principle underlying the test. It is a principle that is as old as any of the arts, the simple concept of honest judgment, without the preconceptions that are an inevitable concomitant of foreknowledge concerning the subject matter.

If all LPs could be sent out to all reviewers with blank labels and sleeves, the improvement in critical standards would be immeasurable. But that, I'm afraid, is a Utopian concept. Meanwhile, we can settle for the tests. 

Hayden verified Barnett's story, adding that the club's debt to the band had been satisfied with the last collection. In the meantime, Barnett said, he had to pay his 18-piece organization out of his own pocket for the first week's work.

Barnett added that all radio and television promotion was carried out by his press agent, Manny Scharf, with no publicity arrangements made by the Chez.

The large band that Barnett assembled for his western re-emergence is to be reduced to only key men for his Dec. 13 opening at New York City's Basin Street East, but top-flight New York musicians will be enlisted to fill out the band.

Potpourri

The Count Basie Band continues in a state of flux. Latest to leave the ranks was star tenor saxophonist Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, who split early in November to freelance around New York City. It is probable that Davis—long a leader in his own right before joining a booking agency and, later, Basie—will soon form his own group. Basie graduates Billy Mitchell and then Frank Foster have been filling Davis' chair until Basie finds a permanent replacement. Or at least semipermanent.

This fall has been a time of cats looking at the king (the Stan Getz Quartet and the King of Thailand), another going to London and seeing the queen, and two getting keys to cities. Composer Henry Mancini, in London to work on the film score of *Two for the Road*, was invited by Queen Elizabeth to conduct a medley of his songs at a royal command variety performance at the Palladium. Afterwards, Mancini was presented to the monarch. In Memphis, Tenn., pianist Art Hodes, there for a concert, was given the keys to the city by an official. Another key presentation was made by the mayor of New Orleans, Victor Schiro, to Bill Bacin, president of the New Orleans Jazz Club of California. The key was given to Bacin at Disneyland, in Anaheim, Calif., for his contributions to the Jazz Museum in the Crescent City.

After a concert at the University of California at Los Angeles, altoist Cannonball Adderley put his finger on a nagging problem when he said, "There's no jazz audience—just a people audience."

A miniature avant-garde jazz festival was presented for a week in the Lila Eula club in Bremen, West Germany, at the end of September. Parts of the concerts were recorded by Radio Bremen, which likes to provide a platform from which the free-jazz players can be heard. One of the concerts had the Paul Bley Trio and the quintet led by Carla Bley and Mike Mantler, the Gunter Hampel Quartet and the Manfred Schoof Quintet from Germany, and the Irene Schweizer Trio from Switzerland. Radio Bremen also recorded Paul Bley's group in its performance at the club and broadcast selections on *The Little Jazz Concert* Nov. 29.

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK: Tenor saxophonist **Sonny Rollins** cut short his Village Vanguard engagement to deputize for **John Coltrane** at the Berlin Jazz Festival and a subsequent European tour. **Coleman Hawkins** took over for Rollins at the Vanguard. For his two nights at the club before his departure, Rollins used two other tenor men, **Eddie Daniels** and **Benny Maupin**, with his group. Rollins was to return to the Vanguard in mid-November, splitting a week with singer **Carol Sloane** prior to the scheduled three-week stand for trumpeter **Miles Davis'** quintet, which ends Dec. 11 . . . Drummer **Buddy Rich's** big band did a week at the Paramus, N.J., Steak Pit prior to its well-publicized Basin Street East opening Nov. 3. Currently the drummer's band is in the midst of a seven-night run at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike in Boston and will close there Dec. 4 . . . Pianist **Burton Greene**, with altoist **Joel Friedman**, bassist **Steve Tintweiss**, and drummer **Shelly Rothstein**, were scheduled to give concerts in November at Marlboro College in Vermont and at Wayne State University in Detroit. The group was to be joined by alto saxophonist **Marion Brown** at the former and clarinetist **Perry Robinson** at the latter. With multi-

reed man **Byard Lancaster**, Greene will be heard at a Dec. 4 Jazz Interactions session and on Dec. 7 at the Hunter College Student Lounge. With bassist **Tintweiss**, Greene will give a concert-lecture Jan. 7 at New York State University in New Paltz . . . Other recent Jazz Interactions sessions at Top of the Gate have featured pianist **Weldon Irvine's** quartet (winners of the second showcase playoff series sponsored by JI), trombonist **Julian Priester's** group (with tenorist **Clifford Jordan**, pianist **Louie Smith**, bassist **Ray McKinney**, and drummer **Mickey Roker**) and alto saxophonist **Phil Woods'** quartet (pianist **Hal Galper**, bassist **Richard Davis**, and drummer **Dottie Dodgion**) . . . Among recent performers at disc jockey **Alan Grant's** Sunday sessions at the Dom have been saxophonists **Booker Ervin**, **Pepper Adams**, **Jackie McLean**, and **C-Sharpe**, trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard**, pianist **Cedar Walton**, and drummers **Sonny Brown** and **Billy Higgins** . . . Jazz Interactions and Grant worked together in staging a recent benefit for ailing trumpeter-composer **Cal Massey**. The event was held Oct. 30 at the Village Gate. Among those appearing were the **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis** and **Kenny Dorham-Joe Henderson** big bands, drummer **Sonny Brown's** octet, saxophonist **Booker Ervin**, trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard**, singers **Betty Carter** and **China Linn**, flugelhornist **Art**

Farmer's quintet, pianist **Billy Taylor**, and dancer **Bunny Briggs** . . . The holiday action at the Half Note this year will again be presided over by tenor saxophonists **Al Cohn** and **Zoot Sims** and their quintet plus singer **Jimmy Rushing** . . . The Embers West temporarily closed in early November . . . Pianist **Ellis Larkins**, bassist **Al Lucas**, and drummer **Floyd Williams** played at the opening of the Pastiche Gallery . . . **Cecil Taylor** took altoist **Jimmy Lyons**, bassists **Henry Grimes** and **Alan Silva**, and drummer **Andrew Cyrille** to Germany in mid-October, where the group was booked for radio and television appearances. . . Pianist **Earl Hines'** big band at the Riverboat last month had **Al Bryant**, **Dud Bascomb**, **Emmett Berry**, and **George Trifon**, trumpets; **Jimmy Cleveland**, **Benny Powell**, **Elmer Crumbley**, and **Michael Zwerin**, trombones; **Bobby Donovan**, **Babe Clark**, **Budd Johnson**, **Eddie Barefield**, and **Howard Johnson**, reeds; **Bill Pemberton**, bass; **Jackie Williams**, drums . . . The **Dukes of Dixieland** and drummer **Gene Krupa's** quartet provided respite between bouts of rock-and-roll at the Metropole in November . . . Guitarist **George Benson's** foursome were uptown at **Basie's Lounge** recently . . . Singer **Billy Eckstine** headlined at the Apollo Theater last month . . . Trumpeter-flugelhornist **Clark Terry's** quartet played for the International Art of Jazz Club at

A State Of Mind

A column of impressions

By MICHAEL ZWERIN

Greenwich Village is a state of mind.
Maxwell Bodenheim

There's been some talk lately about how jazz, like God, is supposed to be dead. I don't know about God, but I do get the impression there is a good deal of life in jazz, at least in New York City, judging from *The Village Voice* the other week, which carried ads for six clubs with a policy of jazz all week.

Bobby Hackett and **Zoot Sims** at the Half Note; **Bill Evans** and **Horace Silver** at the Village Vanguard; **Groove Holmes**, **Jimmy Witherspoon**, and **Teddy Wilson** at the Village Gate; **Grant Green** at **Slug's**; **Donald Byrd** at the Five Spot; and **Blossom Dearie** and the **Joe Beck Quartet** at **L'Intrigue** in midtown. In addition, **Marian McPartland** is at the Apartment and **Tony Scott** at the Dom, and there are other places in midtown, plus **Minton's**, **Basie's**, the **Palm Cafe**, and more uptown. Except from 9 to 12 a.m., jazz is broadcast all day long, sometimes on more than one station, over FM.

It seems that money is being spent producing jazz as a commercial product, I think, more than ever before. So if jazz is really dead, it's surely having a long and swinging wake.

The most interesting and exciting thing happening, though, is still the

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band every Monday at the Vanguard. It used to be just fun to listen to. Now, however, it has turned into serious stuff—I mean . . . that's a good band. Maybe the best I've ever heard. An extravagant statement, but that's the way it is—a fantastic combination of together ensembles and inside soloists, which has lately been reaching the precision of **Count Basie** plus the excitement of some of **Dizzy Gillespie's** bands in the '50s.

Listing the soloists would be ludicrous because I'd have to give almost the entire personnel. **Al Dailey**, a recent addition on piano, though, has been stopping the show with his solo spots and visibly impressing the guys in the band with his comping. Since **Bud Powell** there have been very few jazz pianists who have pleased me as much as **Dailey**.

Jazz is going to have to make some adjustments, I think, with the electronic world of rock-and-roll if it is to retain its validity as a reflection of contemporary life.

A guy from *Time* magazine called me recently, saying they were preparing an article on rock-and-roll. He asked, "Is it true that it is becoming a legitimate art form?"

As ridiculous as it is to reason that anyone is qualified to say what is or isn't "legitimate," or an "art form," something exciting has been going on recently.

Increasingly sophisticated electronic devices are being introduced by a few

groups that sometimes can swing very hard as well as improvise around a free and dissonant form of the blues.

They swing and they improvise, and that—according to my definition—is jazz, despite the fact that "unorthodox" sounds are produced on instruments played in a manner outside of the tradition of jazz. I like to think of it as "electronic music with a beat."

The best I've heard is the **Blues Project**, a group consisting of two guitars, electric piano, electric bass, and drums, which often works at the **Cafe Au Go Go** on **Bleecker St.**

The drummer has much of the better side of **Buddy Rich**—the good time and the ability to maintain three against four and swing. The bass player often walks, in addition to playing more subtle versions of the usual rock-and-roll bass patterns. The guitars tear off sheets of sound, making it clear they have put in some time listening to **John Coltrane**.

But they wear their hair long, shout their songs, and everything they do is excruciatingly loud, so if you only consider rock-and-roll a drag or a threat, you will have to throw away your previous definitions and prejudices to get past superficial prejudgment.

Whatever doubts I may have had about the fertile future of the only recently consummated marriage of electronics and swing were immediately dispelled after *Time* called me. As everyone knows, if *Time* is interested in a subject, it *must* be important. Something wild is indeed happening.

MS

Atztec Village in Huntington in November . . . Multi-instrumentalist **Byard Lancaster's** group gave a concert at the Downington School Nov. 26 . . . Ex-Buddy Rich pianist **Johnny Morris** is featured at the Little Club in Roslyn . . . Alto saxophonist-clarinetist **Ed Currau's** trio (**Dave Horowitz**, piano and vibraharp, and **Kiyoshi Tokunaga**, bass) was heard in concert at the Greenwich House recently . . . Tenor saxophonist **Steve Marcus** (ex-Stan Kenton) has joined drummer **Johnny Fontana's** quartet at the El Caribe in Brooklyn . . . Trumpeter **Mel Davis** was featured at a Wednesday session at the Continental in Fairfield, Conn. . . . Pianist **Dick Wellstood**, currently at the Ferry Boat in Brielle, N.J., co-hosts a weekly jazz program on WRLB-FM with disc jockey **Paul Larson**.

LOS ANGELES: At the Chez, **Sergio Mendes** and **Brasil '66** are finishing a two-week appearance. The **Woody Herman Band** will open a three-week stand at the club Dec. 23. Prior to Mendes, the club featured a 13-piece band called **New Directions**, fronted by a North Texas State University graduate, **Larry Cansler** . . . Pianist **Oscar Peterson's** trio (bassist **Sam Jones** and drummer **Louis Hayes**) played its first engagement at the Light-house, following a group co-led by bassist **Eldee Young** and drummer **Red Holt** . . . Altoist **Cannonball Adderley**, despite a nagging toothache, put on quite a show at the University of California at Los Angeles, fronting his quintet (**Nat Adderley**, cornet; **Joe Zawinul**, piano; **Victor Gaskin**, bass; **Roy McCurdy**, drums) during the first half and a big band (integrating his combo) for the second half. The band included trumpeters **Freddie Hill**, **Bobby Bryant**, **Melvin Moore**, and **Charles Tolliver**, trombonists **Lester Robertson**, **Lou Blackburn**, **Frank Rosolino**, and **John Ewing**, saxophonists **Teddy Edwards**, **Bill Green**, **Tony Ortega**, **Plas Johnson**, and **Jackie Kelso**, and tubaist **Sam Rice** . . . Two rooms underwent extensive remodeling and came up looking jazz: **Donte's** in North Hollywood and **Marty's** in the Baldwin Hills section of Los Angeles. At **Donte's** grand opening pianist **Victor Feldman**, bassist **Ray Brown**, and drummer **Frank Capp** started the evening; **Feldman** then stayed on the stand and played vibes with tenorist **Bill Hood**, pianist **Roger Kellaway**, bassist **Jim Hughart**, and drummer **Larry Bunker**. Then **Mike Melvoin** took over on piano and organ, along with **Hughart** and drummer **Donald Bailey**. Trumpeter **Jack Sheldon** (of television's *Run, Buddy, Run* fame) plays there on Sundays. Four defectors from the **Tijuana Brass**—trombonist **Bob Edmondson**, guitarist **John Pisano**, bassist **Pat Senatore**, and drummer **Nick Ceroli**—worked at the club for three weekends last month. A grand opening was held at **Marty's** during Thanksgiving week, but before then, trumpeter **Bobby Bryant's** quintet held forth nightly. In it were **Hadley Caliman**, **Herman Riley**, tenor saxophones; **Mike Wofford**, piano; **John Duke**, bass; and **Carl Lott**, drums . . . Singers **Damita Jo** and **Clea Bradford** played the **Playboy's Living Room** last month. Meanwhile, down in

Playboy's Living Room, tenorist **Willie Restum** was on stand, backed by pianist **Bob Corwin's** trio (**Monty Budwig**, bass, and **John Guerin**, drums) . . . Pianist **Hampton Hawes** and bassist **Jimmy Garrison** have joined forces and will form a trio that will bear their names. Completing the triumvirate will be a young drummer from Washington, D.C., **Howard Chichester**. The first stop for the new trio is to be the Jazz Workshop in San Francisco and then to New York . . . Bassist **Ray Brown**, guitarist **Barney Kessel**, and drummer **Shelly Manne** made up a group called the **Poll Winners** that played at the Pilgrimage, an outdoor theater in Hollywood. One week earlier trumpeter **Don Ellis** and his big band gave a concert there . . . Pianist **Arnold Ross**, a former staff member of Santa Monica's Synanon House, has left that narcotics rehabilitation center after six years and hopes to re-establish himself in the music business . . . The Rev. **Jack Harper**, associate minister of the Westwood Community Methodist Church, presented a jazz-in-church program as part of a series titled *Man and God in Drama and Music*. Bassist **Ralph Pena** fronted a quartet (**Teddy Edwards**, tenor saxophone; **Hampton Hawes**, piano; **Jerry Redmond**, drums) in **Paul Zimmer's** *Watts Happening Suite*, in which author **Zimmer** interspersed a poetic narrative among standards and originals. The text dealt with the 1965 riots. **Harper's** next project, *The Brotherhood Suite*, probably will be performed at the Westwood church next spring . . . **Louis Armstrong** was guest of honor at a Salute to **Louis** at the Century Plaza Hotel staged by a group of musicians' wives who call themselves **Rinkeydinks, Inc.** On the same program were the **Jazz Pioneers** (**James Lee**, trumpet; **Frank McCrary**, reeds; **Danny Pollack**, guitar; **Al Wynu**, bass; **Eccleston Wainwright**, drums) . . . **Memory Lane's** Monday Night Jazz Society celebrated its first anniversary with pianist **Ray Bryant's** trio and comedian **Redd Foxx** . . . Pianist **Calvin Jackson** will open at the **Bel Paese** on Dec. 6 . . . Vocalist **Della Reese** appeared with composer **Elmer Bernstein** at a special cancer research benefit at the Century Plaza Hotel. In the wind for **Miss Reese** is the possibility of playing the lead in an all-Negro version of *Mane* . . . The New Orleans Jazz Club of California paid tribute to 71-year-old Crescent City bassist **Ed Garland**.

CHICAGO: **Naney Wilson** will give a concert Dec. 4 at the Sheraton-Chicago Hotel. It is a benefit to raise funds for the Big Buddies Youth Service and is sponsored by the Voquettes, a social club. **Miss Wilson's** vocals will be backed by a large orchestra of local men assembled by reed man **Kenny Soderblom**. **Donn Tenner** will conduct. **Miss Wilson** and the Chicago band also will play at Butler State University in Indianapolis Dec. 2 and at the University of Indiana in Bloomington Dec. 3 . . . The Sutherland Lounge closed again after a brief return to the scene . . . Tenor saxophonist **Paul Bascomb**, featured with the **Erskine Hawkins Band** during the '30s and '40s, is music director at the Esquire Club, located at 95th and

Wentworth Sts. In the **Bascomb** group, which plays weekends at the club, are guitarist **Bobby Wood**, organist **W. M. McGhee** and drummer **P. Curry** . . . A jazz concert was held at St. James Episcopal Cathedral Nov. 13 to raise funds for the diocese's Night Pastor, the Rev. **Robert Owen**. The minister, who is a traditional-jazz pianist, led his own group at the concert . . . Parts of a Roman Catholic mass with bossa nova music was shown on WBBM-TV Nov. 6. The Rev. **Peter Scholtes**, assistant pastor of St. Brenden parish, wrote the music . . . The Pershing Hotel Lounge continues with sessions on Mondays. Blues are the Tuesday night attraction. On Fridays and Saturdays, the **Lou Washington Band** is onstand . . . Sax man **Sonny Stitt** filled in a week at the **Plugged Nickel** early in November. On his closing night he shared the stand with the **Woody Herman Herd**. Tenorist **Willis Jackson** came in for a week after **Stitt** . . . Radio station **WAAF**—the only jazz station in Chicago—will present trumpeter **Louis Armstrong** and his All-Stars at a Dec. 11 concert at the Aric Crown Theater in McCormick Place. Drummer **Red Saunders'** big band will also be featured . . . The **Joseph Jarman Quartet** (**Jarman**, alto saxophone; **Christopher Gaddy**, piano; **Charlie Clark**, bass; **Thurmon Barker**, drums) and poet **David Moore** gave a jazz-and-poetry concert Nov. 11 at **Ida Noyes Hall** on the University of Chicago campus . . . A series of four monthly jazz concerts at the **Bernard Horwich Jewish Center**, 3003 Touhy Ave., began Nov. 16 with trumpeter **Bobby Lewis'** Dixieland sextet (**Johnny Howell**, trumpet; **Dave Remington**, trombone, piano; **Chuck Hedges**, clarinet, soprano saxophone; **Joe Levinson**, bass; **Bob Cousins**, drums). The next concert will be held Dec. 21 and features reed man **Kenny Soderblom's** group. Bass trumpeter **Cy Touff's** quintet will be heard at the center Jan. 18, and tenorist **Sandy Mosse** fronts a quintet there Feb. 15. No admission is charged for the concerts, which are sponsored by AFM Local 10-208.

DETROIT: Trombonist **Slide Hampton's** quintet inaugurated new Thursday night sessions at **Blues Unlimited**. With **Hampton** were **Joe Alexander**, tenor saxophone; **Teddy Harris**, piano; **Ernie Farrow**, bass; and **Bill Hardy**, drums . . . A recent guest with **Farrow's** group at **Paige's** was drummer **Roy Brooks**, currently with multireedist **Yusef Lateef** . . . The **University of Michigan Jazz Band**, under the direction of **Bruce Fisher**, presented a concert Oct. 21 at Hill Auditorium in Ann Arbor. Vibraharpist **Jack Brokensha** was guest soloist . . . The **Keith Vreeland Trio** (**Vreeland**, piano; **Dick Wigginton**, bass; **Jim Nemeth**, drums) played a devotional service at the First Baptist Church of Dearborn Nov. 16. Pianist **Claude Black** returned from a road trip with singer **Aretha Franklin** in time to back comedian **Redd Foxx** at **Baker's** . . . Vocalist-drummer **Don Cook** has shifted from the **Shadow Box** to the **Track Lounge** in Flint. Pianist **Bobby Fenton** and bassist **John Dana** remain

(Continued on page 45)

bob
wilber's
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A
CONVERSATION
BETWEEN
BOB WILBER
AND
MARTIN WILLIAMS



□ The 1966 concert of the Duke Ellington Jazz Society at New York's Barbizon Plaza Theater was well attended and well received. It presented some rarely discussed or revived examples of Ellingtonia, the small-band pieces recorded during the 1930s and early '40s under the nominal leadership of some of the orchestra's star soloists, including alto and sometime soprano saxophonist Johnny Hodges.

□ The music director of the concert, who also conceived it and transcribed and scored the music, was saxophonist-clarinetist Bob Wilber. On his newly acquired, 30-year-old, curved soprano saxophone, Wilber also took Hodges' part on some pieces, and that was perhaps more than justified. An occasional instructor and main influence on Johnny Hodges was soprano saxophonist Sidney Bechet, and Wilber first came to prominence when he was a pupil of Bechet's.

□ Wilber grew up in Scarsdale, N. Y. By his early teens he had not only heard all the popular swing bands of the 1930s but also had explored the jazz of earlier years.

□ It used to be said that to learn the music properly, a young jazzman not only should study the past but live through it in his own work. Wilber has done that, as revealed in the conversation beginning on the following page.

Williams: A lot of people speak as though you were under a kind of curse as a result of studying with Bechet and liking his music. Did you feel you had to make a deliberate effort to break away?

Wilber: Yes, definitely. In the late '40s, it got to the point where people wanted to exploit me commercially merely from the fact that I played like Sidney. "Gee, he sounds just like Sidney," they'd say. At that time, Sidney's popularity was growing in this country.

At first it was flattering, and I didn't mind it, but then I got a little tired of it. People wanted to hear me play Sidney's choruses note for note. And yet there was an ambivalence because I really loved the way he played, and I felt it was helping me to find my own way to absorb him. But it got to the point where I finally gave up the soprano saxophone because I was determined to get away from Sidney's way of playing. I didn't take it up again until less than a year ago.

Williams: You're back with it. Why—because it might help get more jobs or because you want to be?

Wilber: Because I want to be. I've gone through a lot of musical scenes since giving it up, and a lot of different influences, and now I can't play it like Sidney even if I want to. It doesn't come out that way.

Williams: What did you do first to break away?

Wilber: Well, pretty much listening to a lot of other kinds of music and exposing myself to a lot of other influences besides Sidney. I studied with Lennie Tristano and Lee Konitz for a while in 1950. And in the '50s I spent about five years studying legitimate clarinet, which I hadn't done since high school—I had dropped it for many years when I was strictly interested in jazz.

Williams: What about the study with Tristano?

Wilber: I was fascinated by those early records he made, and the group that he had with Warne Marsh and Lee Konitz. I wanted to find out what the heck they were doing. Because I'd been listening to Bird and Diz when they were first on 52nd St. in the '40s, and I thought that for others to use the way they phrased and the harmonic context of the music was like a strait jacket. To me, it didn't have the freedom that the earlier music did. It seemed that Tristano was trying to break out of this into something new, and I wanted to find out what it was.

Williams: Do you still hold that opinion?

Wilber: No, I don't think the thing worked out. Essentially I think the movement as a movement can't be considered a success.

Williams: Do you still hold your former opinion about Bird and Dizzy?

Wilber: Yes, and I feel that a lot of the avant-garde music today is a reaction to the bebop form, which the players found more and more constricting. Now they're breaking out into a kind of freedom which existed in earlier jazz.

I sometimes felt that the constriction was in me and not in the style, but during the '50s I had a chance to play with a lot



DON SCHLITTEN

of different players, younger players, who were playing in the bop idiom. When I played with such musicians, I always felt there was a kind of subtle power that made everybody play the same notes, same figures, same phrases, no matter what instrument. Everybody was playing Bird. There was less freedom of expression and less individuality.

Williams: Did you have such a feeling about Louis Armstrong's earlier influence?

Wilber: No. With Louis it was an expansive, open thing.

Williams: Do you think, say, Milt Jackson was playing Bird?

Wilber: Yes, in a sense, I think.

Williams: When did you get particularly interested in Lester Young?

Wilber: Ever since hearing Basie records

when I was a kid. Lester represented complete freedom of expression to me. He never blew changes, up one change, down another—up and down changes. With him, it was a different thing from bop. And all the players who came along in the '40s who based their playing on Lester Young, they weren't doing the same thing that Lester was, I don't think.

Williams: They were using his phrases.

Wilber: But they were using them in a strictly harmony-oriented music, and Lester's wasn't. It was more melodically and rhythmically oriented—harmony was definitely the third element. This is the part of what I always felt was the tyranny of bop, that the music was too tied to the harmony, harmonic thinking, that there was no individuality of melodic expression.

Williams: Except for the inventors?

Wilber: I feel that the inventors were as much victimized by the strait jacket of the bop form as the less creative players. I feel that Parker, as talented as he was, felt obligated to play within a framework of constantly changing, very definite harmonies—minor-seventh chord to dominant-seventh, chromatic minor-seventh... All these patterns that everybody had to play in those days. This was the hip thing. I feel Parker was as much a victim of this type of thinking as anybody.

Earlier players, and Lester Young particularly, would have four bars of basically one chord, and whatever passing chords a soloist wanted to put into his playing were implied in his melodic line. It was up to him to make the choice. There was nobody laying down any this-is-the-way-it's-got-to-go behind him.

Williams: But the soloist was still playing four-bar phrases, which is another kind of a strait jacket perhaps.

Wilber: And yet I felt that the bebop rhythm section with everybody playing variations on the accents at the same time—except the bass player, who was the only one laying down a 4/4 time—left less freedom for the soloist than the earlier swing-style rhythm section. There, everyone was laying down a carpet of time, and the soloist had this freedom to move around above it.

I felt there was a confusion about swinging, and I think it still holds in jazz. If you play eighth notes accurately against a 4/4 beat, you can create a certain type of rhythmic excitement due to the constant repetition of the eighth notes. But that isn't swing, I don't think. And a lot of the rhythmic excitement of bop comes from the constant repetition of eighth notes.

Williams: We sometimes think that it's the audience who is interested only in what is currently fashionable, but many musicians are too. Yet if a musician hears someone whose style he already knows well, why should he listen too carefully?

Wilber: To get some inspiration and hear what other people are doing. I know when I started going to those Sunday afternoon sessions that were held at Jimmy Ryan's in the '40s, they weren't cutting sessions. The idea was "let's get together and play

—let's find some common ground." There was enough common ground in those days, even though it was the beginning of what you might say was this big split between traditional and modern jazz.

I remember a session with Pete Brown and Bunk Johnson on the same stand. They figured out something together, got something going. I don't really know what made that tremendous split between the traditional and modern jazz in the late '40s and '50s, but it didn't help the music, and it hurt everybody, I felt.

Williams: You were in the Army in the early '50s, right?

Wilber: Two years. I went in in '52.

Williams: What did you do afterwards?

Wilber: I looked around to find out what my old buddies from Scarsdale and Westchester, whom I had played with, were doing. They weren't doing too much so I said let's get something going of our own. None of us at that point knew quite what we wanted to play. We felt we'd like to get a group together and experiment, to find out what we could play and what hit us. We called ourselves the Six.

At this point there were traditional-jazz fans, modern-jazz fans, traditional-jazz night clubs, modern-jazz clubs, you know—never the twain shall meet. Our first job was at Ryan's, and we'd play *Royal Garden Blues*, and then we'd turn around and play some original by myself or John Glasel or Tommy Goodman. The fans were very confused.

Williams: You didn't play *Royal Garden Blues* in an old way, however. Did they know that?

Wilber: Yes. Someone would request *Royal Garden Blues*, and we'd say sure, fine. He'd come up after and say, "Where's *Royal Garden Blues*?" "We just played it." And he'd say, "Yeah? But it didn't sound like *Royal Garden Blues*."

Then later on, with some changes in personnel, we played down at the Cafe Bohemia in the Village, the modern place at the time. A lot of the colored patrons resented the fact that there were no colored players in the group. So we got cold stares right from the beginning. Then we'd play *Royal Garden Blues* down there, and the customers didn't want to hear that old-time jive.

We couldn't convince anybody, but we knew we were right. What we were driving at was that there's a oneness about jazz, and there's a rightness about it, and that there should be a common ground on which all jazz musicians meet and create musically together, without any loss of individuality.

You know, I came to realize that an awful lot of people who follow jazz really hear style rather than content. Style is all, and content they don't seem to comprehend too much. A lot of people who like Dixieland have got to hear that sound of that trombone, clarinet, trumpet. If they hear that, they're happy. It can be Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five or

it can be Louis Armstrong and His Hot Five. It all sounds just about the same to them. I think it's also true with so-called modern-jazz fans. There's a certain sound of the saxophone and trumpet playing a line in octaves. That sound is what they want to hear.

Williams: How long was the Six together?

Wilber: For about a year in 1955 we worked sporadically. We did the Newport Jazz Festival, and we made a record for Norman Granz. Soon there seemed no more work forthcoming so we more or less split up. Then, after another year, we said let's give it another try. This time the personnel was a little different. Johnny Glasel was still on trumpet, with Eddie Phyfe on drums, Sonny Truitt on trombone, Bob Hammer on piano. We managed to get more work, but the band was getting away from the original idea more than I really wanted it to, getting to



The Six: Bill Brito, Wilber, John Glasel, Jack Moffitt, Bob Hammer, Sonny Truitt

sound more like the stock modern groups of the time, but that was where the work was.

One of the things people said about the Six was that it could play both traditional and modern. But that wasn't what we were doing at all. We wanted to show that there was one way for our band to play jazz, and this way was such a way that we could use traditional material and modern material and new material. That there was no basic conflict between the old and the new—the new was a continuity of the old.

Williams: When did you join the Bobby Hackett group? That's the next event in your career that most people know about.

Wilber: I worked at Condon's downtown place for two years, '56-'57, with Wild Bill Davison and Cutty Cutshall before joining Bobby.

Williams: Were you playing just clarinet then?

Wilber: Just clarinet. I was working on tenor on the side, but I wasn't playing it in the club. At this time there was a kind of pressure against the saxophone in tradi-

tional jazz. These people that came there, they didn't want to hear a saxophone.

Williams: Some of the earliest New Orleans records have saxophones on them.

Wilber: I never could understand it, but there it was—fact of life. I was there for two years, and then we did an English tour with Eddie's band. It was a very successful tour. The people liked the band. It went over very well. They didn't understand Eddie too well, but to some extent that was their fault. If they had really observed Eddie, they would not have expected any more than they got—a witty, erratic guy, with a certain charm to him. In some places they kept yelling for a guitar solo. They expected to hear some great performance on the guitar.

The Hackett band was playing at the Henry Hudson Hotel in New York. I was replacing Tom Gwaltney, who played clarinet but who was primarily a vibraphone player in the group. When Hackett called me about the job, he said, "I want you to join the band—you got to play a few vibraphone parts." I said, "I don't play any vibraphone." He said, "Oh, there's nothing to it—very simple little thing."

Well, most of the arrangements had been written by Dick Carey, and they weren't that simple. So I took a few vibraphone lessons . . . and I got enough vibraphone so I could play chords and things behind Bobby on the ballads—the main reason that he wanted it anyway. It was a very interesting band. It had been at the hotel for quite a while before I joined in the winter of 1957 for about four or five months. The place really didn't do any business except on weekends—Friday and Saturday nights were jammed with people dancing.

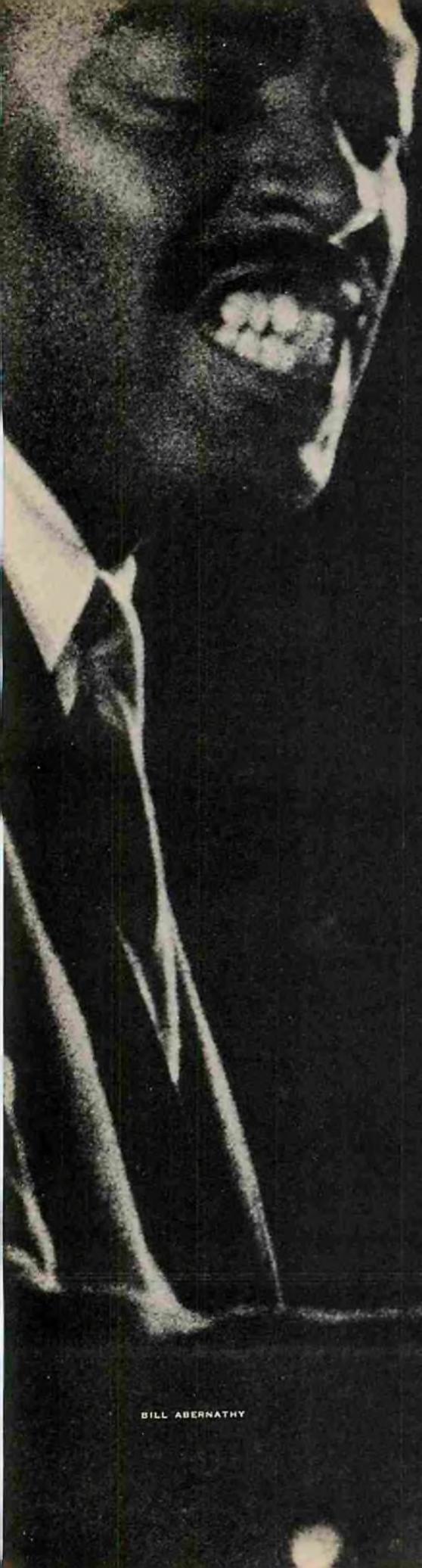
Williams: How would you compare the musical intentions of the group—and I take it they were largely Dick Carey's—with those of the Six?

Wilber: To some extent, similar. Dick has a feeling for tradition in jazz, and he knows it. But at the same time he was studying with Stefan Wolpe and was very wrapped up in 12-tone, serial music and the most modern, far-out things. He was trying to incorporate this into the jazz idiom. But we had a fantastic repertoire that encompassed everything in jazz.

Williams: What do you think of the record the group made for Capitol, by the way?

Wilber: I wasn't with the band at the time, but the record was not representative. It showed only the conservative side of the band's work. Apparently the producer of the record listened to a lot of the things that the group was playing and said, "We just can't record that—that's much too cool for the front office. That's not what the company expects from Bobby Hackett at all."

But it was Bobby's band. He was doing
(Continued on page 41)



THE VARIED PERIPHERIES OF DRUMMER ROY HAYNES OR THEY CALLED HIM SNAP CRACKLE!

He's been first-choice drummer for such diverse musical personalities as Luis Russell, Sarah Vaughan, Lester Young, Charlie Parker, and Stan Getz. He's worked with the groups of John Coltrane, Miles Davis, George Shearing, Pete Brown, Phineas Newborn, Count Basie, Lee Konitz, Sabby Lewis, Bill Evans, Kenny Burrell, George Wein, Lennie Tristano, Frankie Newton, and Thelonious Monk. He even subbed a week with Louis Armstrong's big band in the middle '40s. He's led his own group in clubs all over the country. He's recorded with practically everybody. He never wins a poll. But Roy Haynes is the most versatile drummer around.

"Roy doesn't just pound on the drums—he makes music with the drums; he is the height of finesse, of taste and touch, and he has the biggest ears this side of heaven." That's what Getz, Haynes' current employer, says.

Now Coltrane speaking: "Roy Haynes is one of the best drummers I've ever worked with. He's found his own style."

When almost any musician, particularly a drummer, is asked about Roy Haynes, the response is high praise—at the least. As when Kenny Clarke called him the swingiest drummer on the bop scene back in the '40s, which was true approbation, considering who was talking. Or the first time Haynes played with Lester Young and the tenor saxophonist said to him, after only one set: "You sure are swingin', Pres. [Young was fond of calling others by his own nickname.] If you have eyes, the slave is yours."

"That was quite a compliment,"

Haynes recalled recently, "that the great Lester Young should think I was swinging. And I wasn't just playing 1-2-3-4 . . . I was breaking up the time, but I was very sensitive to what he was playing; I was trying to complement what he was playing. Lester played very melodic, and I would try not to overplay. He never told me what to play, which in itself was a compliment, and I was with him for two years straight."

"Complement" is a frequently used term in the diminutive drummer's vocabulary. And when one hears him on records or in person—no matter the group's leader or personnel—Haynes' meaning of the word comes clear. He never gets in the way; he always adds to a soloist's statement, and in the way that best suits that soloist. When Haynes played with Coltrane, for example, his drumming was intense, complex, heated. With Getz, he plays more quietly, with perhaps more subtlety and less obvious forcefulness. Each manner of Haynes' expression fits what each saxophonist does. Haynes, whether loud or soft, hot or cool, always displays perfect taste and understanding of the musical milieu.

"When a guy is playing a solo," Haynes explained, "I don't try to Bogart—strong arm—I don't necessarily try to get all my things out. . . . Like records I made years ago with Stan Getz—probably a guy would say today, 'I don't hear a drummer—I don't hear ya.' But I always try to complement the soloist, and sometimes—boom!—I'll just stay cool."

When asked how he would describe his style, Haynes said, "I can't describe what I play because I'm still looking . . . for different sounds to fit in with different kinds of music. . . . Oh, I have used 'snap, crackle' to describe my style. In fact, that was my nickname for a while. Generally, I like to play loose, a flowing-type style, but with definite punctuations at various

places. As I get older"—Haynes is 40—"I'm learning to mellow; I'm getting wiser. But even years ago, I never played a lot of things, maybe some punctuations here and there.

"I haven't really changed my style. I'm just going along, not leaving things out I used to do but adding to it. One example: when a lot of the drummers a few years back were playing the afterbeat heavy on the sock cymbal, I never went in for that. A lot of soloists wanted to hear that, but that was never my style to play like that; I always broke up the sock cymbal; I never continually played it on 2 and 4. . . .

"When I started my first job, I'd never noticed how anyone else played brushes, and I played brushes backwards; I still play the same way—I make the circle with my right hand and figures with my left, even though I'm right handed. . . . You have to have a good bass player to play like that because there's not always a definition of the time. Especially with Sarah, I used to play that a lot. The time was there even though I wasn't necessarily stating it. And the sock cymbal, I'd let it fall in different places. On fast things now, though, I just go back and forth across the snare with my left-hand brush and play single beats with my right. But on ballads I still play the other way."

When Haynes was a youth in his native Boston, he became enamored of the way Chick Webb, Sid Catlett, and, especially, Jo Jones played drums.

"I heard Liza by Chick Webb," Haynes said, referring to one of the late drummer's feature numbers, "and he sounded free. He played all kinds of funny things. I was impressed. I'd heard all those rudimental things that

so many of the other drummers used, but I never dug that. I liked Jo Jones and Sid Catlett; they broke up the rhythm. Warmth. That was what I really liked. The bruuuup style didn't enlighten me too much, though as a teenager I liked to play drum solos. But when I got to New York in 1945, I just wanted to play fours, eights, and sixteens."

Today, however, Haynes likes to play long solos, and when he builds one, it is like a mosaic, each phrase and pattern buttressing, supporting—complementing—the next.

Perhaps because of the many years during which he preferred to play short solos, Haynes is regularly buttonholed by someone in the audience who, with admiration-glazed eyes, tells him something like: "But I never knew you could do that kind of thing." Haynes, not a falsely humble man, flashes a quick smile, arches his eyebrows, removes his holdered cigarillo from his mouth, nods acknowledgement of the remark, and lets it pass. At least, most times he lets it pass. . . .

His extended solos do not, however, take the form of the often-encountered technical fusillade of so many drum exhibitions, for Haynes is always a musician, not just a drummer.

"I like to paint some sort of a picture," he said about his role as soloist. "You know, tell a musical story, according to how I feel. I like to play in relationship to whatever tune we're playing. . . . I like to experiment with sound; I like to get as many sounds out of one drum or cymbal as I can. The more I play and the older I get, the more I find I can get out of my drums. . . . If I'm soloing on, say, a 32-bar tune, I may play in eight- or sixteen-bar phrases up to a point, but after that point, I might just completely ad lib, no time signature at all, just play all different times and sounds without worrying when I'm coming back."

But it is not his solos that make him so respected in the profession. It is his finesse as an accompanist that draws the meaningful accolades.

"I always tried to get him when Elvin Jones wasn't able to make it,"

Coltrane said. "There's a difference between them. Elvin's feeling was a driving force. Roy's was more of a spreading, a permeating. Well, they both have a way of spreading the rhythm, but they're different. They're both very accomplished. You can feel what they're doing and can get with it."

Haynes recalled his working with Coltrane with some pleasure:

"When I worked with Trane—I'll tell you this, the intensity was so high . . . it stayed high. So I stayed with the intensity. I didn't necessarily play differently than I normally play, but John's solos were longer, and I didn't want to play the same thing throughout his solo, so I'd have to think of more things and get ideas from what he was playing. When I'm with Trane, I don't want to let him down—I want to keep him inspired."

Pressed further about playing behind Coltrane, Haynes paused, and said, "Playing with John . . . um . . . like I said about the intensity, I got a chance to play more than I had with any other musician—had the chance to and felt like playing more. Because it would fit with what he was doing. And he could always know where he was.

"Some other musicians, though, they're not going to know where they are or where you—meaning myself—are, timewise. . . . But then maybe it really wouldn't fit with what they're doing—they'd like simplicity, which is a great thing. But then you add to the simplicity and make it a little more involved. . . . When I say simplicity, I mean, say, Lester Young. From Lester to John Coltrane . . . you can get as much warmth out of John as you can Lester. At least I can."

Since he played for some time with four of the finest saxophonists jazz has produced—Coltrane, Getz, Parker, and Young—could he analyze how his playing dif- (Continued on page 44)

THE TIMES

AN
INTERVIEW
WITH ALTO
SAXOPHONIST
BUNKY GREEN
BY BILL QUINN

"KEEP UP THE INTENSITY, keep up the intensity!" urged the diminutive alto saxophonist. He was talking to his new group in the midst of a recording session, but he could just as well have been talking aloud to himself. For most of his life, 30-year-old Bunky Green has been keeping up the intensity of the one thing with which he is most familiar—making music.

Watching the dapper altoist at work brought to mind a statement he had made, though at the time he said it, he had shied a little at the possibly corny overtones: "I think many times while I'm playing that it might be my last moment on earth, and I want to feel that my passing through has meant something to somebody. At one point or another, I feel like I'm in an attitude of prayer."

Music, Green said, was a way to affirm his existence, adding, "No musician plays for himself alone. You play, not just for self-satisfaction, but so that people will recognize your ability. We all exist through others; without people to recognize your ability—the crowd that says, 'You're making it'—you wouldn't have a reason to do any of it."

"I've heard many musicians say that they wipe out the people when they play, but basically they're playing for someone else all the time. Subconsciously they build a shield around themselves to keep from being hurt. They say, 'I don't care whether you dig my playing or not—this is where it is!' And maybe it is where it is, but all of that talking is just like that toothpaste ad: an invisible shield."

Green is as avid a communicant verbally as he is musically. While discussing his career, he injected notes of comedy or drama as freely as he does on his horn.

When Green was a junior high school student in Milwaukee, Wis., he had a friend who played alto saxophone. After petitioning his father, Green as well became the owner of an alto—nickel plated. He took lessons at school, along with "a thousand other guys in the same room," and began listening to the latest waxed word from the jazz heroes of the day.

He soon found that the attention of musicians and listeners alike was focused on tenor saxophone players, not altoists. Dexter Gordon, Wardell Gray,

and Lester Young were the vanguard for those who influenced Green's thinking in those days. He decided that tenor was to be his instrument, and he traded in his practically new alto for the larger horn.

Then, as fate would have it, he began hearing talk of a sensational altoist named Charlie Parker. Green listened but initially felt that he was hearing "too much being played at once"—he didn't like it. The local hipsters' acclaim for Parker's innovations persisted, however, stimulating Green's curiosity, and the more he listened the more he liked. Shortly, Green, now a high school freshman, was back at the music store, trading his tenor in on another alto.

During his high school years, Green played local gigs with schoolmates. After graduation, he decided to go to New York City, where he had been told that musicians abounded and that there were many even younger than he who would fall in clubs with their instruments and blow the walls down.

He found that he had been put on about the youngsters, but what he'd heard about the grown men was right.

"I heard Lou Donaldson for the first time, and that down-home feeling of his was a gas," Green said. "I saw and heard much more—but Lou was enough to send me back home to tighten up my thing."

After playing and practicing around Milwaukee a while longer, the young altoist returned, in 1958, to the big city. This time things began to happen for him. Another Milwaukeean, pianist Billy Wallace, told Donaldson about his gifted homeboy, and, sound unheard, Donaldson referred Green to a bass-player friend who was looking hard for a reed man to augment his group.

"I got this phone call from Charlie Mingus," Green said. "He told me to be at his house within the hour because he was taking the group to West Virginia that night."

If it hadn't been for his Milwaukee friend, Green reflected, he would have stayed home that night. But he went—and he worked out. From there it was back to New York, then Philadelphia, and out to the West Coast. The year was 1958, and California bristled with various musical influences.

"A funny thing happened to me out there," Green recalled. "Some guy came

up to me after one of the sets and asked me if I'd ever thought of 'playing free.' Of course, I didn't understand what he meant. He explained that he was talking about dropping any reliance on chord structures, wiping out the bar lines, letting the emphasis be on structure. Well, it left a big question mark in my mind at the time, and about a year later I found out who the cat was and what he was talking about: everyone was saying Ornette Coleman, Ornette Coleman."

Green felt his store of musical knowledge growing as he continued to play with Mingus. One night at the hungry i in San Francisco, a young music student, carrying an alto, asked to sit in with the group.

"Mingus liked this cat, and I thought he sounded great," Green said. "Little did I know that this cat, John Handy, was soon to replace me with Mingus."

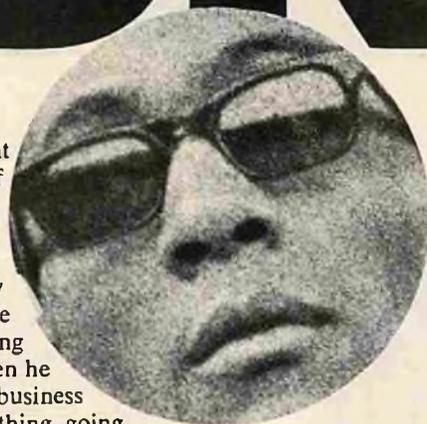
BECAUSE OF PERSONAL commitments in Milwaukee, Green had to return home. He had been with Mingus for eight highly instructive months, met many musicians, heard and played much music, and acquired healthy new perspectives regarding the way jazz was being played around the country.

"I thought when I left Mingus," Green said, "that I'd clear up my business in a short time and return to the group, but, as it turned out, I was never able to get back."

Instead, Green set about reconsolidating his forces in a rather uncharacteristic way for a former Mingus sideman: "I picked up a job in Milwaukee fronting a group in a strip show—and I doubled as emcee. We'd play tunes like *Fever*, *Tequila*, and *Night Train*—the kind of thing the girls could bump and grind to."

But the gig paid money, some of which Green was able to save with the intention of going back on the jazz circuit. Meanwhile, Chicago jazz entrepreneur Joe Segal had heard about the altoist, and he sent word that he'd like Green to come to town for one of his sessions. Green arrived at the old Gate of Horn and found himself in the company of tenor saxophonist Johnny Griffin and a host of other well-known jazz lights, such as the late tenorist Nicky Hill.

THIMMONY



Inspired anew, Green returned to Milwaukee, determined to resettle in Chicago at his earliest opportunity. When it came, he found himself welcomed on the scene and was soon playing around the Midwest with trumpeter Paul Serrano. It was with Serrano that he cut his first record, *Blues Holiday*, which was supervised by Cannonball Adderley for the Riverside label.

Then, Green recalled, he had a rather sobering experience in the record business.

"I cut some 'free' things with Vee Jay records—rather like what some people call avant-garde today. The company shelved them at the time. There were some great musicians on those sides, too, like bassist Donald Garrett and pianist Willie Pickens. One of the albums, *My Babe*, with [pianist] Wyn-ton Kelly, [trumpeter] Donald Byrd, [bassist] Larry Ridley, [tenorist] Jimmy Heath, and [drummer] Jimmy Cobb, was just released a few months ago on the Exodus label. I wonder what the influence on my career would have been if those things had been heard then, five years ago."

Reflecting further on this point, Green says that the time has passed when he can concentrate solely on experimentation, even though he would like to.

"I can't afford to satisfy my ego to that extent any more; I have a wife and kids dependent on me now," he said. "If I played exactly what I feel all the time, I know I wouldn't get my message across to more than a handful of people around the country—and that's not enough to make it."

Though conscious of his responsibilities, Green still has his inner drive. In the next breath he was talking about the requisites of greatness:

"I don't just mean playing jazz, you know. I mean Einstein, Napoleon. . . . They all had to be selfish to be great—it's an occupational hazard. I even yelled at my wife this morning when she interrupted my practicing. . . . I was apologizing later, of course."

A clause in Green's 1960 contract with Vee Jay required that he play weekends at a Chicago jazz club called the Bird House, in which a Vee Jay official held a financial interest. Things went well there for a time, but the ill-fated aviary had to close its doors, as

did many other clubs at this point, for lack of audiences, leaving Green nearly broke.

Faced with having to look outside his customary arena for employment, he was on the verge of hiring out to the first bidder. Then he heard that the big-band business was the most profitable thing going on in Chicago especially the band headed by drummer Red Saunders, which was the house band at the Regal Theater on the south side. Hastily Green sharpened his reading, packed his alto, and headed for Saunders' house, auditioned successfully, and remained with Saunders for nearly 18 months.

But the cost of living was rising and salaries paid sidemen were not keeping pace; so Green was in search of more lucrative employment once again. He found it—and a new love—with the Latin band of Manny Garcia.

"Outside of pure jazz," Green said, "I love Latin best because the rhythm is so strong I can play anything from bop to 'free'—anything I want. When I first joined Manny, I asked him what kind of things he wanted me to play, and he said, 'Play anything, man—we've got a beat for it.' On top of this, I began learning Spanish."

IN THE FALL OF 1963, Green enrolled in Wright Junior College, majoring in sociology. Jumping into things there musically, he became a fast friend of the school's band director, John DeRoule. One spring afternoon, DeRoule told him the band was going to Notre Dame University the next day to play, and he wanted the altoist to come along. That night Green packed his toothbrush, expecting nothing extraordinary.

Only after finding a large audience in front of him, he said, did he realize that something special was in the offing. As it turned out, Green was judged the best saxophonist at the 1964 Collegiate Jazz Festival. Seated in the audience were representatives of the U.S. State Department. They teamed Green with a group from the West Virginia State College for a summer tour of North Africa.

Later, Green said, he had to en-

dure good-natured ribbing from the Chicago jazz fraternity for "taking advantage of those kids."

But Green, no older than some of "those kids," was as eligible to participate as any of them—and hadn't even known it was a contest beforehand.

While in North Africa, sightseer Green wandered into the Algerian Casbah. Along one of the narrow streets he saw a group of musicians seated in a circle, playing strange instruments, one of them a curious bagpipe.

"The instrument had only one pipe," Green recalled, "and the guy kept squeezing the bag under his armpit, filling it with air. It was the first time I had heard this music played in person, and I was intrigued by the way he played so many figures around a single tonal center.

"As soon as I left there I damned near got lost, wandering down Casbah streets I know I shouldn't have been on, trying in vain to find one of those bagpipes."

Green says that his experience with the tonally centered music he heard in Algeria led to the introduction he played on *Green Dolphin Street* on a subsequent album, *Testifying Time*.

While Green was in Algiers, Eric Dolphy died in Europe. But the altoist, who had known and played with Dolphy on many occasions since his days with Mingus, did not hear of the tragedy until he reached Paris, on his way back to the United States.

"Buttercup [Bud Powell's wife] told me about Eric," he said. "I had met her some years back when I was playing with Mingus in Philadelphia on a bill with Bud, Lester Young, Wade Legge, and a bunch of other great cats. It was kind of a sad scene because we talked about Eric's death and Bud and all the changes he was going through. Then I saw Bud, and heard him play,

BUNKY GREEN

and I knew he wasn't himself anymore."

When he returned to Chicago, Green searched for new outlets for his music. Though he had been recorded with the Serrano group, he had never headed his own date, and bassist Connie Milano felt that this oversight should be corrected immediately. Milano pounded the pavement for Green's cause until he reached a&r man Esmond Edwards. Thanks to Milano and Edwards, Green said, he began a series of dates with Cadet records that has so far produced three albums.

Then Green joined the Latin group with which he is presently associated, that of singer-percussionist Vitin Santiago.

"I'm really knocked out playing with these guys," he said. "I speak some Spanish and the other guys speak some English, but I wouldn't have been able to convey the finer points of the musical ideas without Vitin—

he's my translator. Besides, this cat has a photographic memory—if you can call it that—for music. All I've got to do is ask him how such and such a tune goes, and he can riff a little bit of it; he remembers them all!

"Another thing, for a jazz musician like me, there is a tendency to get involved with waltzes and all kinds of different harmonies. In spite of everything, I was still getting wrapped up in complex theme structures, and I found that with a Latin group this doesn't always have the impact that it has in straight jazz. Now, with Vitin, all the heads are simplified; the focus is on the solos, and I can really put Bunky in it."

Green has just recorded his first album with the Latin group for Cadet, and, in addition, the soon-to-be-released album features the altoist

on the new electronic saxophone. One of the first to record on the instrument, Green said that, though the device is, in his estimation, not quite perfected, it has merit for some players.

"We had trouble recording it, and the alto needs more work done on it," he said. "But it's going to get better as it goes along. It's a boon to a person who doesn't have a strong, dynamic tone.

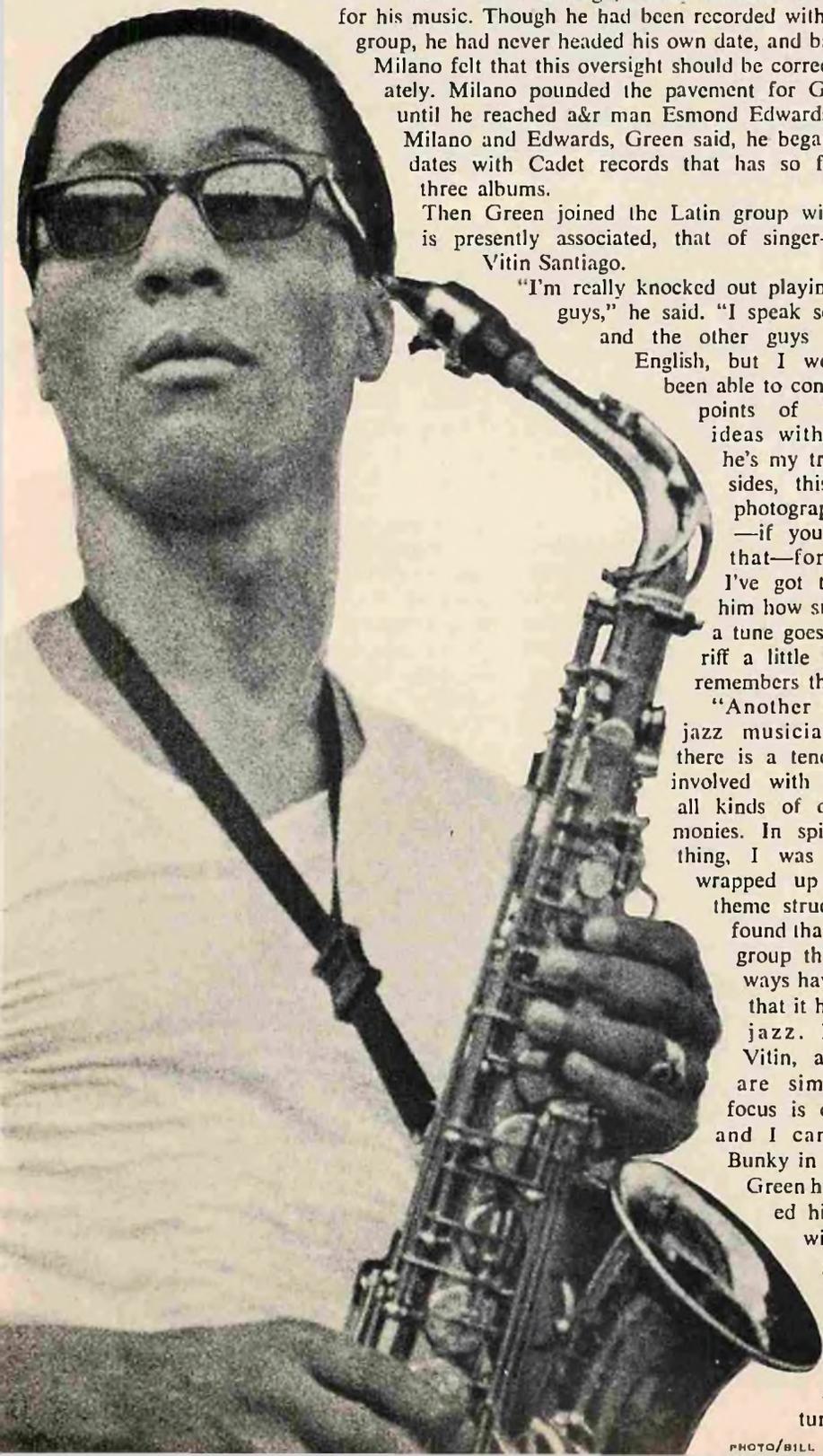
"The biggest feature is the double octave, but when I blew forcefully into the horn, the sub-base line was lost. I would recommend using a different amplifier for the alto than the one used for the tenor, since I've heard that the tenor works better than the alto."

Until recently, in addition to other commitments, Green worked the Monday night sessions at Mother Blues in Chicago's Old Town, and many of the musicians who came were avant-gardists. Though grounded in the canons of harmonic structure, Green is receptive to influences taken from the divergent concepts of big-band men, boppers, and "free" and Latin players; he found the new musicians a welcome addition to proceedings. At the Mother Blues sessions, however, many patrons would leave in a huff, having heard sounds past their understanding. This sometimes caused more than a little confusion in the club.

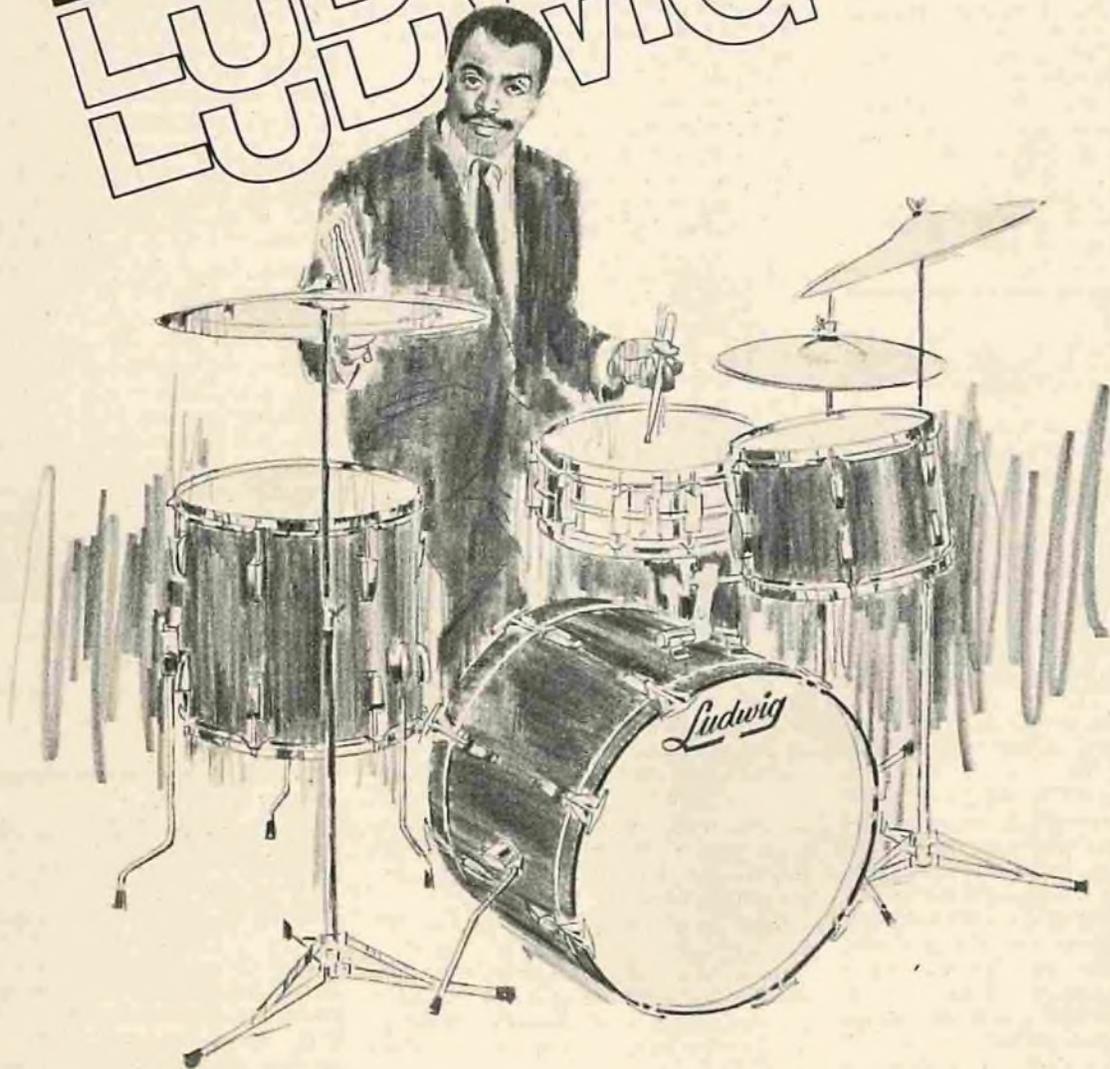
"What Chicago, and a lot of other cities, need," Green said, "are a few more places to play and a few tolerant listeners. Sometimes, at Blues I would just have to step out front and say 'come on and blow, man,' because I remember how I felt when I was trying to get together with the bop thing.

"Some of the new musicians in Chicago have a good thing going. Richard Abrams, in particular, has a deep insight and a well-thought-out process. Other cats are not so well schooled, but they seem to have a natural talent for the new thing.

"People are going to have to try and understand the new music, as they try to understand the times. The new music is so connected to the times; there is an urgency in cats, because we all realize that we don't have 10 more years to study. We all have to say (Continued on page 42)



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RECORD REVIEWS

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

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

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

Boulou

JAZZ/LEFT BANK—Four Corners 4234: *Moonlight in Vermont; Boulou's Theme; Asturias; Yesterdays; How High the Moon; Tenderly; Nanges (Clouds); All the Things You Are.*
Personnel: Boulou Ferré, guitar; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★

Boulou is an extremely talented 14-year-old French boy. He is the nephew of the late Django Reinhardt, and his father, too, is a celebrated guitarist.

Boulou shows striking—though unrefined—similarities to Reinhardt in his sound and approach to the instrument. Already he has many facets of musicianship at his command, though his youthful enthusiasm leads him to overplay a little at times.

His attack is percussive—he plays fiercely and intensely, sounding sure of himself—quite articulate, and he possesses excellent technique. The big band behind him gives adequate backing, and the rhythm section swings hard (the bass is particularly well recorded, getting a big full sound). He has chosen good tunes, evidently aimed at showing his familiarity with a variety of musical situations, from the up-tempo, hard-swinging *Moon* and *Boulou's Theme* (a pleasant little original of his own) to ballads such as *Vermont* and the beautifully played, unaccompanied *Asturias*.

On *Moon* his ideas pour out endlessly—and a little emptily at times. Technique for technique's sake has been the downfall of many a fine young player. *Things* is, to me, one of the most interesting and swinging pieces on the album.

Nanges is well done, with a sweetly sad, wordless vocal that is charming. However, this piece is identified so closely with Reinhardt that, to my mind, it would have been better left unrecorded for now (though I would like to hear what Boulou would do with it in 10 years or so).

This young musician has a lot to say, and he has plenty of time to grow and develop at his own rate of speed. He shows great promise for the future, playing with fire and enthusiasm, and he has good knowledge of his instrument. Though he has a great family heritage to live up

to, it is to be hoped that this won't be detrimental—that he won't draw too heavily on Reinhardt's style, except as a guide to creating his own approach and personality. He has much to give, and he has everything in his favor: talent, dedication, energy, and youth.
—McPartland

Milford Graves-Sunny Morgan

PERCUSSION ENSEMBLE—ESP 1015: *Nothing 5-7; Nothing 11-10; Nothing 19; Nothing 13; Nothing.*

Personnel: Graves, drums, bells, gongs, shakers; Morgan, drums, bells.

Rating: ★★★★★

Rhythm, in the conventional sense, has been suspended on this album. There is no tempo, no meter, no recurrent drum figures as most listeners have come to understand them. Rather, this is a set of tracks consisting of a sort of stream-of-consciousness percussion.

There is no formula for listening to this album, any more than there is for listening to any music, but the listener might unbinge himself from institutionalized criteria in listening to or judging the sounds created here.

Gone are the days when "it don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing" was the law of jazz. For some time now, a door has been opened on a fuller interpretation of jazz and "swinging" and like terminology; this album merely widens the opening a notch more in the percussion department.

The drummers have attempted to use the sheer sound of their instruments to build an arhythmic structure, the beauty and/or ugliness of which the listener must determine through his individual measuring devices. To this end, the album is largely effective.

The limited instrumentation does not shorten the lengths to which the drummers reach their objective. A multitude of furious scratching, rumbling, ringing, and exploding effects are maintained on each track—by which the mind, if it is attuned to each singly or in the aggregate, will most certainly be carried far from considerations such as whether a steady tempo is maintained.

Since there are no liner notes—in the ESP tradition of doing things halfway—there is no telling who is doing what and when, but this recording is an intriguing prototype, from which similarly interesting developments might well spring. —Quinn

Yank Lawson

OLE DIXIE—ABC Paramount 567: *Fidgety Feet; Bang, Bang (My Baby Shot Me Down); Ka Boom Boom; Daydream; Bossa Nova Noche; What's New?; Wolverine Blues; Tijuana; Muskrat Rumble; Where Did I Find You?; I Cried in the Night.*

Personnel: Lawson, trumpet; Cutty Cutshall, trombone; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Dave McKenna, piano; Bucky Pizzarelli or Tony Mottola, guitar; Bob Haggart, bass; Chico Hamilton, Willie Bobo, Victor Pantoja, Ed Shaughnessy, Bobby Rosengarden, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

There are things wrong with this album. Like the plant cross-breeding that produces a flat, tasteless fruit, the blending of bossa nova, rock-and-roll, jazz, and bull-ring rhythms often results here in curious, shallow music. Then there are the over-arranged tracks (*Bossa Nova Noche*, *I Cried*) and the banal *Daydream*, which

would offend even those insentient to tone and rhythm.

But listen to Lawson's raw, impassioned playing on *Bang*, a minor-key bluesish tune, and the stringent tension caused by the undulating clarinet lines in the double-time ensemble here. Or listen to Hamilton's drumming on *Fidgety Feet* and *Wolverine*, with the heavy, unexpected splashes pulsing in the ensembles. This kind of drumming is difficult, and Hamilton has unusual flair and seems at home in this idiom.

The three traditional standards, *Muskrat*, *Wolverine*, and *Fidgety* are played over Latin rhythms, perhaps for the first time on a recording. The horn men seem inspired by the fluid percussion movements, mesh well in the ensembles, and are fresh and stimulating in their solo work.

On *Fidgety*, clarinetist Russell, who is especially exciting on this album, seems about to go off like a roman candle in his solo, but he ends it with sparse, descending figures that hint of deep beauty—a thing that Bix Beiderbecke did so well.

Guitarists Pizzarelli and Mottola are excellent. The prominent, canorous strumming on the ballads adds considerably to the moods. Mottola, on *Bang, Bang*, plays lovely solo breaks over shimmering percussion backgrounds and then swings magnificently, like Django Reinhardt, when the tempo goes suddenly into double-time.

If the fresh imagination that was used in assembling these musicians had been accompanied by good sense in programing the material, this would, perhaps, have been a significant album. As it stands, it is an impressive, but uneven, display of the capacities of good jazzmen faced with new challenges.
—Erskine

Jack McDuff

WALK ON BY—Prestige 7476: *Walk on By; Around the Corner; Haitian Lady; Talking 'Bout My Woman; Jersey Bounce; For Those Who Choose; Too Many Fish in the Sea; There Is No Greater Love; Song of the South.*

Personnel: Red Holloway or Harold Ousley, tenor saxophone; McDuff, organ; Pat Azzara, guitar; Joe Dukess, drums; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★½

There is no end to the long string of McDuff releases; consequently, we should assume that the recordings are selling. With their purchases, McDuff supporters continue to buy a skimpy organ sound, strident, sloppy marching across the keys and pedals; plodding, jerky technique; and enough flamboyance to spark an Ed Sullivan spectacular. For this is what these efforts have continued to display. The latest album makes no more pretense than this at goodness.

Tunes fade out into unmetered oblivion, tempo alters erratically, and clichés are overworked. The Benny Golson arrangements for the unidentified large group provide some interest. *Walk* and *Fish* actually get off the ground musically. The heavy-handed *Talking* is lost, even though McDuff seems to have one grand time with the "vocal."

Corner is taken way up at the beginning and lags horribly to a tired fade. *Haitian* offers a new mood for McDuff.

It is an attempt at elegance and proceeds with studied ease. Ousley begins an involved statement, which is arresting until his ideas blur and he scampers awkwardly from his solo.

For McDuff fans this will be a welcome continuation of rollicking nonsense. Otherwise, be thankful the album is well named.

—Gardner

Misja Mengelberg

THE MISJA MENGELBERG QUARTET—Dutch Atone 9467: *Peer's Counting Song; Auntie, Watch Your Step; To John Hodjazz; Driekus Man Total Loss; Journey; Samba Zombie.*

Personnel: Piet Noordijk, alto saxophone; Mengelberg, piano; Rob Langereis, bass; Hans Benink, drums.

Rating: ★★½

If I hadn't read the liner notes, I would have said that Mengelberg is derivative. But he is quoted as saying that neither Thelonious Monk nor Cecil Taylor influenced his playing. "When I discovered them," he said, "I just found out I had a natural affinity with them." I believe it. That can happen—although whether his affinity is natural or derived, his playing is very close to Monk and Taylor.

Moreover, he seems too interested in the harmonic, thematic, and formalistic aspects of the material with which he is dealing and not enough—for my taste anyway—in the swing. It strikes me as self-conscious, almost pedantic, in its intent.

Noordijk, on *Hodjazz*, comes out of his natural modified Ornette Coleman bag and does a marvelous tribute to Johnny Hodges in the latter's own style, although he sometimes overlaps into Phil Woods more than anyone else.

Counting Song is my favorite track, for it has some particularly imaginative Noordijk as well as strong bass support from Langereis, who, it appears, has been listening to Richard Davis. It is free, open, and imaginative and has a minimum of overintellectualization.

Journey is the other extreme. If one doesn't read the scorecard, he can't tell the players. I didn't know what was going on—it just seemed incredibly aimless—until the liner notes told me things like:

"The tonal center is E-flat. . . . A myxolidian mode with B-flat as the finalis, serves as the base for the alto solo. In the following piano solo, this pattern, both beat and scale, is being disorganized."

I'm all for form, but the music absolutely has to transcend that form into a thing that communicates, whether or not the listener knows what it is. And *Journey* fails in that respect.

It is an honest record, though. The group is trying to forge its own identity somewhere between Johnny Hodges and Cecil Taylor, and it does arrive at something fresh enough of the time.—Zverin

Gerry Mulligan

SOMETHING BORROWED, SOMETHING BLUE—Limelight 86040: *Davenport Blues; Sometime Ago; Take Tea and See; Spring Is Sprung; New Orleans; Decidedly.*

Personnel: Mulligan, alto and baritone saxophones; Zoot Sims, tenor saxophone; Warren Bernhardt, piano; Eddie Gomez, bass; Dave Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★★

The air-conditioned atmosphere characteristic of West Coast jazz of the '50s is revived in this album—cool, restrained,

and (surprisingly, because it is Sims and Mulligan playing) sometimes spongy. The players sound bemused at times when one would expect them to be intense. Sometimes they even sound unsure that their involvement is worth the effort.

On *Spring*, a blues, Bernhardt's solo is followed by a series of choruses with Mulligan, on alto, alternating every 12 bars with Sims. Sims is terse and stately, but Mulligan, awkward inflections and bad intonation aside, can't get off the ground. By

seems most loose and drifting. The playing is perfunctory, the moments of excitement that engender in Sims' solo seem to be quickly enveloped in a cool, damp blanket.

These are heavyweights operating at only half capacity.

—Erskine

Robert Shaw

TEXAS BARRELHOUSE PIANO—Almanac 10: *Whores Is Funky; The Cows; Here I Come with My Dirty, Dirty Duckins On; The Clinton; Black Gal; Hattie Green; The Ma Grinder; Peoble, Peoble Blues; Put Me in the Alley; Piggly Wiggly Blues.*

Personnel: Shaw, piano.

Rating: ★★

Shaw, 57, of Austin, Texas, was a barrelhouse piano player in his youth. Born in Stafford, Texas, he learned butchering and barbecuing and started playing piano while working on his father's ranch.

On leaving the ranch he became an itinerant piano player, playing in bordellos and honky-tonks throughout Texas and in Kansas City, Mo. Later, he also had a radio program in Oklahoma City and was a runner for the Lucky Lou policy wheel in Austin.

After a brush with the law, though, he decided to go straight by opening an ice house in Austin, holding dances, selling barbecue, and playing the piano to entertain the customers. He is now owner of a grocery.

Shaw's playing is a pleasant, asymmetrical, but not highly individual style of barrelhouse piano. In most cases, I have enjoyed the asymmetrical approach (blues patterns lengthened or shortened from the original 12 bars), but when Shaw does it, I sometimes get a feeling of an incomplete phrase or some sort of harmonic or melodic blundering. Shaw's most striking characteristic is the syncopated, ragged quality that pervades his playing.

The notes by Mack McCormick are excellent, documented with photography, maps, woodcuts, and "word on Texas piano, factual and fanciful; bits of an incomplete picture, to be read skeptically."

I am suspicious of one idea set forth in the notes: that there were regional styles in various parts of Texas. Based on my own observations, boogie woogie flourished throughout the Midwest and the Southwest, but in a given region there were as many styles as there were pianists. For example, Albert Ammons studied with Jimmy Yancey in Chicago, but their styles were nothing alike. Nor for that matter were Ammons' and Meade Lux Lewis', another Chicagoan. In contrast, the playing of Pete Johnson of Kansas City was closer to Ammons' than that of any of the other Chicago pianists.

I believe that each pianist, regardless of where he came from, developed his own way of playing. Each was influenced not by the region but by the performers with whom he came in contact, by records and radio, by his inner ear, his concept of a melodic line, and by his particular understanding of the geography of the keyboard.

—Helfer

Otis Spann

NOBODY KNOWS MY TROUBLE—Testament 2211: *Get Your Hands out of My Pocket; Nobody Knows My Troubles; Sarah Street; Worried Life Blues; You Can't Hide; Jack-Knife; What's on Your Worried Mind?; Vicksburg*

In The Next Down Beat

RESULTS OF THE 31ST ANNUAL DOWN BEAT READERS POLL

the time they reach the terminal choruses, with the four-bar breaks, the listener is at least prepared for a vaulting climax, but it doesn't come.

Tea has a fine, convoluting duet between Sims and Mulligan and spirited solo work. Gomez plays unusual stresses in his introduction and later plays an excellent stop-and-go solo.

New Orleans and *Davenport* feature Mulligan's expert ensemble scoring. The solo work, though, is only adequate. On *Sometime* Gomez steals the show, meandering in and around the melody lines, insisting that here he is not functioning in the rhythm section.

The musical thinking on *Decidedly* is clear, but it's here that the emotional gear

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Blues; Who's out There?; Spann's Boogie Woogie; See See Rider; Lovin' You; One-Room Country Shack; Mr. Jelly-Roll Baker.

Personnel: Spann, piano, organ, vocals; James Cotton, harmonica; Johnny Young, guitar; Jimmy Lee Morris, electric bass; S. P. Leary or Robert Whitehead, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Though only 36, Spann plays, sings, and writes the blues in the framework of a great tradition that was flourishing long before he was born. But he is not an epigonous, and his work is not a mere reflection of what has gone before. He brings fresh creativity and vitality to a style of music which, as he so well proves, is far from exhausted.

As a pianist, both blues and barrelhouse, Spann has few peers. His playing, at its best, ranks with such masters of the art as Joshua Altheimer, Blind John Davis, and Big Maceo (as a youth, Spann was a protege and friend of the latter, and his version here of Maceo's famous *Worried Life* shows his feeling for, and knowledge of, the older man's art).

As a singer, Spann is less flamboyant than his half-brother, Muddy Waters, with whose band he has worked for more than a decade. Spann has no mannerisms, and his voice, whether plaintive or happy, carries that directness and conviction that is the marrow of real blues singing. He never puts listeners on.

On this record Spann makes his debut as an organist. His work on the rocking instrumental *Jack-Knife* has tremendous swing and body, and on the passionate, slow *Lovin' You*, he gets mean and low-down. On both tracks, Cotton's inspired harmonica aids considerably in setting and sustaining the groove; he also takes a fine solo on *Pocket*, an exhortatory, no-nonsense piece of good advice.

On *Who's Out There?*, Morris' electric bass sounds like a jug, and Spann's piano introduction is surprisingly "modern." *Sarah Street*, a celebration of St. Louis' night-life center, has fine comments behind the vocal from the harmonica, and a piano solo that ranks with the best on the record.

Nine unaccompanied tracks give Spann a chance, unaided, to demonstrate his terrific beat and pulse. *Boogie* is a good piano solo without vocal, but Spann's work in the same style on *You Can't Hide* is even better—in fact, some of the greatest piano of this kind on record.

Like most blues artists, Spann is at his best with his own material, telling the stories that have direct and personal meaning to him. But he does well with *See See*, one of the oldest blues, which he treats with respect, but in his own way. Lonnie Johnson's *Mr. Jelly-Roll Baker* is less effective. The humor of the lyrics is a bit cruder and less poetic than Spann's own sexual imagery.

The only unsuccessful track is *Vicksburg*. Apparently Spann took this piece off the record by Little Brother Montgomery, who is a more archaic and less imaginative singer and pianist. Spann takes creditable pains to "do it right" but is obviously not comfortable.

But that is an insignificant flaw in a superior set of performances. Everyone who enjoys authentic blues, played and

sung by a contemporary master, should hear this record. I wouldn't be the least bit surprised if *Jack-Knife* and *Lovin' You*, were they to be issued as a single, would find their way to countless jukeboxes. They have the message for today's ears.
—Morgenstern

Sylvia Syms

SYLVIA IS—Prestige 7439: *As Long as I Live; More Than You Know; I'm Afraid the Masquerade Is Over; How Insensitive; Smile; If You Could See Me Now; Meditation; Cuando Te Fuiste De Mi; God Bless the Child; Wild Is the Wind; You Are Always in My Heart; Brazil.*

Personnel: Kenny Burrell, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; Osie Johnson, drums; (Bucky Pizzarelli, guitar, and Willie Rodriguez, percussion, tracks 4, 7, 11, 12); Miss Syms, vocals.

Rating: ★★☆☆

As sincerely flattering as the phrase "singer's singer" can be, it somehow seems less effective than the title of this album. This woman just sings. Everything that should be in a voice is there. No striving for effects, no search for dramatics, no attempt to overwhelm. Sylvia is.

In this collection, she has an outstanding rhythm section that responds to her warmth with the instinct of an alter ego. Burrell provides a full, chordal cushion as well as some gap-filling, single-string afterthoughts, conjuring up other compatible partnerships, like Billie Holiday and Lester Young.

The first side contains the gems of this date. *As Long as I Live* is the fastest tempo that Miss Syms dares, and it is only moderately up. But all the elements that swing are there and in perfect control. Miss Syms doesn't overpower a rhythm section, but she pushes them. At times, she relaxes the pulse and drags a bit behind the beat, like a saxophone. The best example of that is on *Masquerade*.

Her outstanding efforts are ballads. *More Than You Know*, with its haunting introduction, and *How Insensitive* reveal a depth of feeling that few of today's singers can match.

But for pure vocalese, with an emotional outpouring that is at once restrained and tear-provoking, listen to *Smile*. No golly-gee, wide-eyed tempo here—just rubato throughout, with a tender accompaniment by Burrell alone. It is worth relistening to this track in order to focus on Burrell. At times he harmonizes; sometimes he plucks out some unresolved chords. At all times, he anticipates every change of mood from Miss Syms. So beautiful.

An interesting aural sidelight: listen to Miss Syms' final notes on *Cuando Te Fuiste De Mi*, followed by her first notes on *God Bless*—the difference clearly underscores the rich variety in Miss Syms' voice.
—Siders

Bobby Timmons

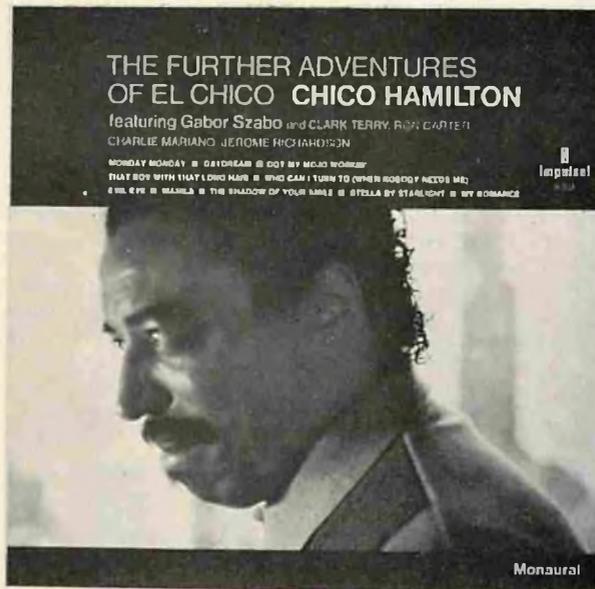
THE SOUL MAN!—Prestige 7465: *Cut Me Loose; Charlie; Tom Thumb; Einbahnstrasse (One-Way Street); Damned If I Know; Tenaj; Little Waltz.*

Personnel: Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Timmons, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Timmons made his name as a writer of down-home tunes, but he has a much wider range of compositional interests, as this LP illustrates. (For example, his in-

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triguing *Damned If I Know* is reminiscent of the work of Thelonious Monk.) His solo work is not particularly funky, either. His improvisation is restrained, and he plays melodically attractive, often rather spare, lines.

But Shorter provides the most interesting solos on this record. Always an impressive performer, he has steadily improved over the years and now, in my opinion, deserves to be rated a great or near-great musician.

On this LP his playing is not as violent as it often was when he was with Art Blakey. It's meaty, tasteful, well sustained, and, at times—as on *Little Waltz*—highly lyrical. He also employs a wide range of sonorities, from pure and sweet to raw.

Carter performs excellently in the rhythm section and solos well. Cobb, a rather underappreciated musician, gets the job done with a minimum of fuss, his crisp, economical accompaniment being in the Kenny Clarke tradition. —Pekar

Various Artists

A MAN CALLED ADAM—Reprise 6180: *All That Jazz; I Want to Be Wanted; Go Now; Someday, Sweetheart; Ain't I?; Soft Touch; Claudia; All That Jazz; Back of Town Blues; Night Walk; Whisper to One; Claudia; Crackup; All That Jazz.*

Personnel: all tracks except 4, 9—Nat Adderley, cornet; Kai Winding or Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Junior Mance, piano; Aaron Bell, bass; Herbie Lovelle, drums. Add: Tracks 7, 10—unidentified woodwinds, guitar; Track 11—I. J. Johnson, trombone; Tracks 2, 11—Sammy Davis Jr., vocals; Tracks 8, 14—Mel Torme, vocals. Tracks 4, 9—Louis Armstrong, trumpeter, vocal; Tyree Glenn, trombone; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Billy Kyle, piano; John Brown, bass; Jo Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

This is the soundtrack music for the movie portraying a tragic jazz figure. Benny Carter composed all the music except *Wanted, Sweetheart, Back of Town*, and *Crackup*, and sketched in obsequious arrangements on the first *Claudia* and *Night Walk*.

The movie has overblown acting centering on stereotyped figures; the music, by contrast, is slick, compliant, and only occasionally effective as jazz. Adam Johnson was pathetically unable to cope with his situation, and with the focus on his deterioration, the music came seemingly tacked on and incidental.

The picture, in other words, didn't adapt itself to jazz; jazz adapted to the picture.

Nevertheless, on *Go Now* and *Crackup*, Adderley looses a torrent of poignant figures, beautifully controlled, showing himself in top form for a few choruses. The unidentified guitarist on the first *Claudia* plays prettily but seems inhibited, Mance bubbles to the surface for a short, vibrant solo on *Go Now*, and Winding, too, shines on this track.

Armstrong's group pushes itself through two hackneyed performances. Armstrong's old beauty is just barely noticeable in his strained, high-register playing on the last chorus of *Back of Town*.

The rest of the music is smooth and serves as an adequate prop for screen action, but it won't interest the serious jazz listener.

(The personnel listing is from several sources—since little is given on the LP—among them a news item in the Dec. 30,

1965, *Down Beat*, and may be, particularly for the Adderley groups, only partly correct.) —Erskine

Clara Ward

HANG YOUR TEARS OUT TO DRY—Verve 5002: *Smile; Hang Your Tears out to Dry; Zip-a-Dee-Doo-Dab; Tumbling Tumbleweeds; This Ole House; Gonna Build a Mountain; Keep on Searching; The Right Direction; God Bless the Child; Cotton Fields; Tear It Down; Help.*
Personnel: Miss Ward, vocals; unidentified singers, band.

Rating: ★ ★

There is a lot of support for Miss Ward's talent on the cover of this album. Unfortunately, she has not justified it on the record. She is a powerful, hip-singing Gospelaire, who shot into prominence when intellectuals and night-clubbers began inviting the God-singers into their casual domains.

There was, in the unrecognized Clara Ward, a simplicity and honesty that lent fiery conviction to her work. This album has one tune that captures that artistry, *Build a Mountain*. *Zip-a-Dee-Doo-Dah* is delivered with an eery Gospel grace that completely transforms the tune into a delightful experience. The musicians here are sluggish in an unsuccessful attempt to re-create the Hank Crawford-out-of-Ray Charles sound.

The remaining tunes evoke one overriding adjective: weak. One might elaborate by mentioning that *Tumbleweeds* never quite meshes, and *Smile* is loose and disorganized, that *House* is overhip to the point of nausea, and so on.

Miss Ward certainly has more to offer than this limping dozen. —Gardner

Frank Wright

FRANK WRIGHT TRIO—ESP 1023: *The Earth; Jerry; The Moon.*
Personnel: Wright, tenor saxophone; Henry Grimes, bass; Tom Price, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★★ ½

Because both employ *klangfarbenmelodie* (melody of tone colors), Wright may be compared with Albert Ayler.

There are obvious similarities in their approaches, such as their use of the extreme upper register, honks, and tearing runs. However, on this record at least, Wright appears to be the more restrained. His work is violent, but it's also constructed with some thought. Pace seems more important to him than it does to Ayler.

Wright's contrasting of complex phrases with simpler ones lends his solos an element of variety. The tenor man's incorporation of ideas from the theme in his opening improvised passages on *Moon* also reveals a concern with building well-sustained solos.

He plays inventively, not falling back on a few pet devices. His powerful low-register effects are noteworthy and indicate that he might have been influenced, to some extent, by Sonny Rollins and/or Archie Shepp.

Price and Grimes form an imaginative, cohesive team. Grimes' excellence has been established, but Price, a relative newcomer, also impresses. He's an active drummer but not a heavy one. His work here is crisp, clean, and always tasteful. —Pekar

OLD WINE— NEW BOTTLES

Louis Armstrong, *Satchmo at Symphony Hall* (Decca 195)

Rating: ★★★★★½

Nat Cole at *JATP, Vol. 2* (VSP-25)

Rating: ★★★

Lester Young, *Prez and His Cabinet* (VSP-27)

Rating: ★★★★★½

Stan Getz, *Another Time—Another Place* (VSP-22)

Rating: ★★★★★

Wes Montgomery, *Easy Groove* (Pacific Jazz 20104)

Rating: ★★★

The two-disc Armstrong set, recorded at Boston's Symphony Hall in November, 1947, has been repackaged for the third time, with no change in content. These were the Armstrong All-Stars in their first year, when what was to become a formula was still fresh and exciting, contrasting then with some 20 years of big-band activity by the famous trumpeter and singer.

The lineup—Jack Teagarden, trombone; Barney Bigard, clarinet; Dick Carey, piano; Arvell Shaw, bass; Sid Catlett, drums; Velma Middleton, vocals—was of high caliber, and the repertoire, ranging from New Orleans classics to current material, was certainly anything but "Dixieland" in character.

Though the sound quality of the recording is uneven, the vitality of the music

easily overcomes this, and Teagarden fans may even relish the fact that his horn is consistently favored by the balance. The great trombonist was in rare form that night, in his features (*Lover, Stars Fell on Alabama*, and *Baby, Won't You Please Come Home?*) and in ensemble and solo work throughout the set.

The All-Stars never had a better drummer than Catlett, who gave Armstrong the strong support he relishes, yet also managed to be subtle and musical. Catlett has two features, *Steak Face* and *Boff, Boff* (alias *Mop, Mop*); the former, especially, is a sensational display of his solo style—one can almost see him.

Bigard, whose post-Ellington solo work is generally showy and elegant but lacking in musical content, displays his liquid tone and fluent technique on *Tea for Two*, *Jam Blues*, and *Body and Soul* but is at his best in the ensembles.

Cary, a solid, Earl Hines-influenced pianist, is dependable and consistent, and the then very young Shaw already was a first-class bassist. He displays his Jimmy Blanton-Oscar Pettiford-influenced solo approach on *How High the Moon*.

Armstrong himself shines on *Black and Blue*, *Mahogany Hall Stomp*, and *Sunny Side of the Street*, and his ensemble leads on *Muskrat Ramble*, *Royal Garden Blues*, and *High Society* are brilliant. But some of the rarest trumpet morsels come in unexpected places—his lovely obligato to Teagarden's soulful vocal on *Alabama* and a stunning half-chorus on *I Cried for You*, a feature for Miss Middleton (who

wasn't at all a bad singer, especially on bluesy numbers like *Since I Fell for You*).

There are 18 selections in all, and the playing time is unusually generous.

The low-priced VSP label continues to make available material from the vast Verve jazz files. The second Cole album contains the balance of *Jazz at the Philharmonic, Vol. 3* (*Lester Leaps In, Body and Soul*), plus *I Found a New Baby*, another track from the same 1944 concert, and a duet, *Peg o' My Heart*, with Lester Young thrown in for good measure.

Leaps and *Baby* suffer from the JATP syndrome—solos designed for momentary excitement rather than sustained listening pleasure. But they also have JATP surprises—moments of inspiration. Cole's solo work is tasteful, humorous, and full of charm, and tenorist Illinois Jacquet has his moments.

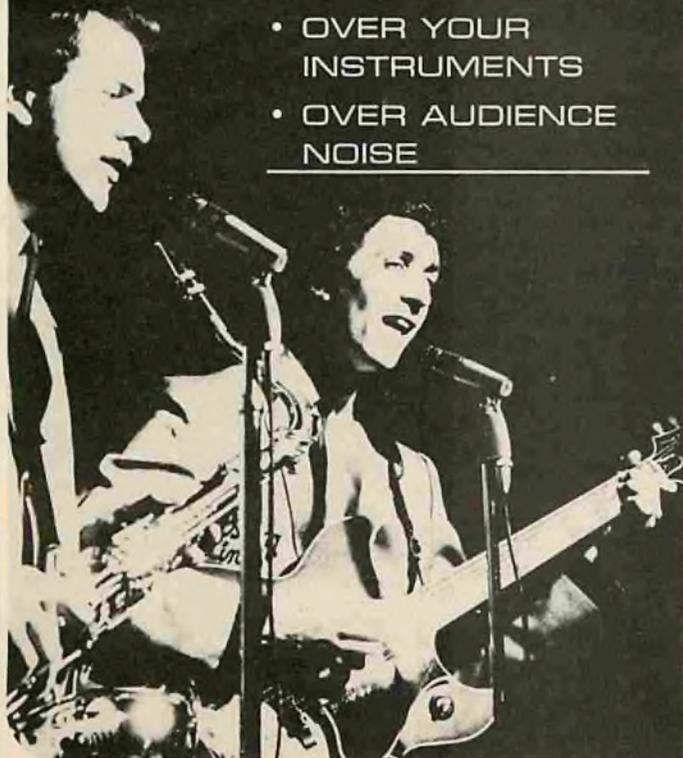
Jack McVea, the other tenor man, is competent but not much more; J. J. Johnson had already developed his astounding trombone technique but didn't have much to say with it, and trumpeter Shorty Sherrock (heard on *Baby* only) is sincere but rough in spots. Cole's *Body and Soul* solo, one of his show pieces, is the high point of the JATP set.

Peg, a lovely, completely relaxed performance, with Young and Cole in a dreamy mood, whets the appetite for the rest of the performances from that session (with drummer Buddy Rich), which should be made available again.

On his own set, Young ranges from inspired (*Just You, Just Me* from a 1952

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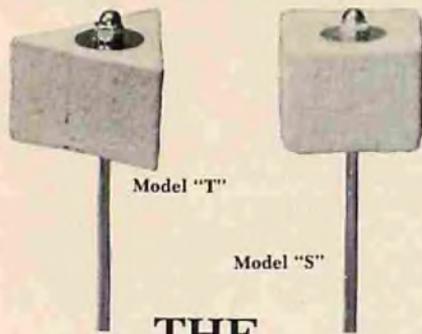


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session with pianist Oscar Peterson, guitarist Barney Kessel, bassist Ray Brown, and drummer J. C. Heard) to very tired (the 1958 clarinet feature, *They Can't Take That away from Me*, with trumpeters Roy Eldridge and Harry Edison.)

Young's work on the 1956 *Gigantic Blues* is almost as good as *Just You*, and Eldridge, trombonist Vic Dickenson, pianist Teddy Wilson, and drummer Jo Jones are all in top form. A *Lester Leaps In* from the 1957 Newport Jazz Festival reunites Young with the Count Basie Band in a driving performance that makes up in spirit for what it lacks in polish.

There are also two pieces, *Red Boy Blues* and *Mean to Me*, from a 1955 date with Edison, Peterson, Brown, Rich, and guitarist Herb Ellis, with good trumpet and piano but rather lethargic, if moving, tenor work.

Two or three first-rate Young sets could be culled from Verve material, but this one isn't one of them.

Getz, too, made many excellent albums for Verve. This, the second VSP set under his name, has five selections from a swinging session teaming the tenorist with vibraharpist Lionel Hampton, a long track from a studio jam session with trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie and tenor saxophonists Coleman Hawkins and Paul Gonsalves also featured, and a 1954 quartet track with Max Roach on drums.

Hampton's pretty, melodic *Gladys*, on which he and Getz stretch out on their own and then trade inspired eights, and the jam track, *The Way You Look Tonight*, with soaring, leaping Gillespie and good work from the three contrasting tenors, are the meat of the set.

For dessert, two ballads apiece from Getz (*Tenderly*, *Autumn in New York*) and Hampton (*East of the Sun*, *I Can't Get Started*) do very nicely, while the earliest piece, *With the Wind and the Rain in Your Hair*, offers good but unspectacular Getz and pleasant Jimmie Rowles piano.

Guitarist Montgomery was a new star on the jazz horizon when the tracks comprising *Easy Groove* were made. One, *Bock to Bock*, was even recorded in his home town, Indianapolis, Ind., with a local crew including trumpeter Freddie Hubbard (who doesn't solo) and brothers Buddy and Monk Montgomery, piano and bass, respectively.

The bulk of the selections (*Far Wes*, *Leila*, *Wes' Tune*, *Stompin' at the Savoy*, *Old Folks*, *Hymn for Carl*) feature the guitarist and tenor saxophonist Harold Land, with the brothers also on hand. It is relaxed, easy-to-listen-to music, with both guitar and tenor in a restrained melodic mood.

Finally, *Baubles, Bangles, and Beads* features the guitarist sitting in with the Mastersounds, the Modern Jazz Quartet-inspired quartet co-led by his brothers, for some pleasant cocktail jazz.

On the whole, the guitarist, in his early recording days, gave only a hint of what he was really capable of, though his work throughout this set cannot be faulted in terms of musicianship, swing, and original instrumental technique. —Morgenstern



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1. EARL HINES. *Save It Pretty Mama* (from *Here Comes Earl "Fatha" Hines*, Contact). Hines, piano; Elvin Jones, drums.

I liked it; I heard a lot of different things in the piano playing. I keep hearing Earl Hines—I keep hearing things that remind me of him. I would give it four stars. I didn't recognize the tune. The drums—it's almost like something different that Elvin decided to do.

2. HERBIE HANCOCK. *The Eye of the Hurricane* (from *Maiden Voyage*, Blue Note). Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; George Coleman, tenor saxophone; Hancock, piano, composer; Ron Carter, bass; Tony Williams, drums.

I want to take a wild guess on the composer—I would say Freddie Hubbard. It reminds me somewhat of a piece that Freddie wrote for Max Roach. I don't know the name of it.

I would say Freddie on trumpet, George Coleman on saxophone, probably Tony Williams on drums, Herbie Hancock, and most likely Ron Carter. They are all excellent musicians. I think they played very well on this composition; it was a beautiful composition. Freddie certainly is one of my favorite trumpet players, and he continues to amaze me. I'd give it four stars.

3. JOE ZAWINUL. *Sharon's Waltz* (from *Money in the Pocket*, Atlantic). Zawinul, piano; Rudy Stephenson, composer.

I don't recognize the pianist. I don't recognize the composition also. It's all right—it's a fair performance. But I don't think it really gets off the ground. It's a pretty enough composition, but it just doesn't seem to have the drive. Not that I am trying to compare the two previous ones, but I don't like it as much as the other two.

Seemed like the pianist, he just didn't seem to get to me. I'd give that two stars.

4. RAMSEY LEWIS. *My Funny Valentine* (from *Swingin'*, Cadet). Lewis, piano.

On the *Blindfold Test* it is supposed to be, like, any kind of record—it's not limited to jazz?

I guess the most important thing to me is creativity, and I just don't hear it. Pianist—I don't know how to read it; I can't give it any stars. It's . . . I don't know what to say. I just didn't like it—I don't know who it was, but I didn't like it.

5. JAZZ CRUSADERS. *Up Tight* (from *Talk That Talk*, Pacific Jazz). Joe Sample, piano; Slix Hooper, drums.

The balance is so terrible—you have so much drums, and you have horns. I don't know who the pianist is, but it sounds like a bad rock-and-roll team—that's the way it sounds to me. I don't recognize who the musicians are, and don't tell me that's Ramsey Lewis. Give it one star, and I'm not sure whether I would even give it one.

6. BILL EVANS. *Let's Go Back to the Waltz* (from *Empathy*, Verve). Evans, piano; Monty Budwig, bass; Shelly Manne, drums.

I would say that it is Bill Evans, but if it is Bill, he plays a lot of Red Garland—the piano styling and what not. I enjoyed the bass and drummer.

BLINDFOLDED TEST RANDY WESTON

Though he has achieved neither the popularity of Peterson nor the mystique of Monk, Randy Weston is one of the most important contributors to modern music, as pianist and as composer.

In the 1950s he became one of the first soloists to compose and perform jazz successfully in 3/4 time. He was also among the earliest to bring to his music a sense of the importance of his African heritage.

While many of his works illustrate one or the other of these initiatives, Weston also has retained his ties with the swinging essence of jazz represented by the Gillespie-Parker school of the '40s. (In those days he was running a restaurant; he did not make a serious professional entry into music until 1949, when he was 23.)

The following *Blindfold Test*, Weston's first in eight years, took place during a recent college concert tour undertaken by his combo. He was given no information about the records played.

—Leonard Feather

I think that it was a fair performance. I would give it three stars and the composition also. Whoever it is certainly listened a lot to Red Garland; I can hear Red all over the place, but I don't think it is Red. I think Red is a little more funkier than that.

7. ERROLL GARNER. *In the Still of the Night* (from *Campus Concert*, MGM). Garner, piano.

Well that has to be Funk Master. That's what we call him, and that's Erroll Garner—he's something! I have heard him in concerts, and he just fascinates me. Fantastic pianist.

Because it's Erroll Garner and because he's just too much, I would give this record four stars, not so much for his creativity but for the way I love to hear him play and his drive. He gets the real orchestral sound, real full piano sound.

Incidentally, going back to Earl Hines, I didn't say anything about him particularly, but I wanted to emphasize that he's one of the all-time giants. I heard him in concert; I just couldn't believe my ears. I just wanted to mention that.

Erroll is the same way; he's not as creative as Earl Hines is, but he is unbelievable. On records he has a tendency to sound . . . like, I know what he is going to do, somehow. I don't get too much of the unexpectancy, it seems, on records. But it seems, like, when I catch him in person, he just takes over.

8. THELONIOUS MONK. *I Mean You* (from *Big Band and Quartet in Concert*, Columbia). Thad Jones, cornet; Phil Woods, alto saxophone; Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone; Monk, piano, composer; Frankie Dunlop, drums; Hall Overton, arranger.

Frankie Dunlop is one of the few drummers I can recognize right away . . . he sure fits perfectly with Monk.

Monk's a funny cat, man! The tune is *I Mean You*. It's been one of my favorite Monk compositions; it was tremendous.

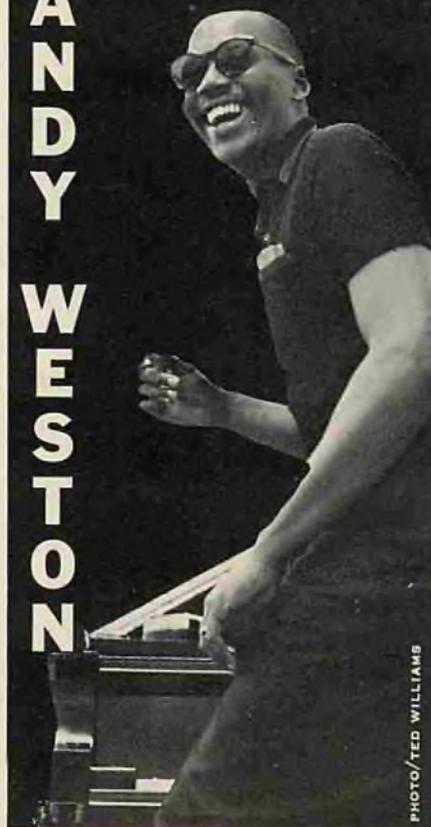
I think Thad Jones—who I believe took the first trumpet solo—I think Thad moves me more with Thelonious Monk than any trumpet player I've ever heard since Idrees Sulieman used to play with Monk. Thad and Monk go so beautifully together.

I think Charlie Rouse's solo was really, truly outstanding. I think the alto player was Phil Woods; Phil took a very fine solo. Frankie Dunlop—I'm sure that is him on drums—Frankie is one of my favorite drummers, and he sounds also great with Thelonious.

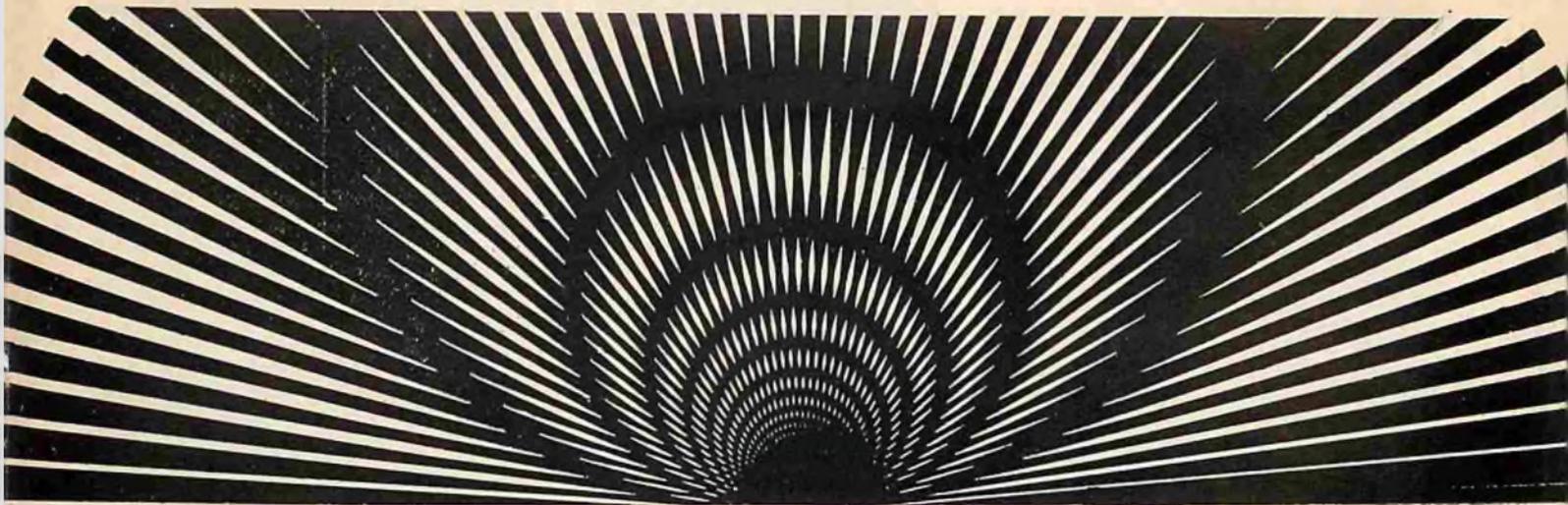
I think it is a great composition, and I would give this record five stars. I love the tune, I love the feeling of it. Did Hall Overton do the orchestration on this? I think he did. Very fine job on this particular recording. I think the feeling is there. My love for Monk . . . he has a way of getting a feeling across, simply, easily, and to the point.

Something else stuck in my mind. This man is timeless. He doesn't fit any school or category. His music is just timeless.

Monk was one of my first inspirations. My original one was Basie. Him and Nat Cole. But as far as influencing my style, Monk did more than anybody else. 



PHOTO/TED WILLIAMS



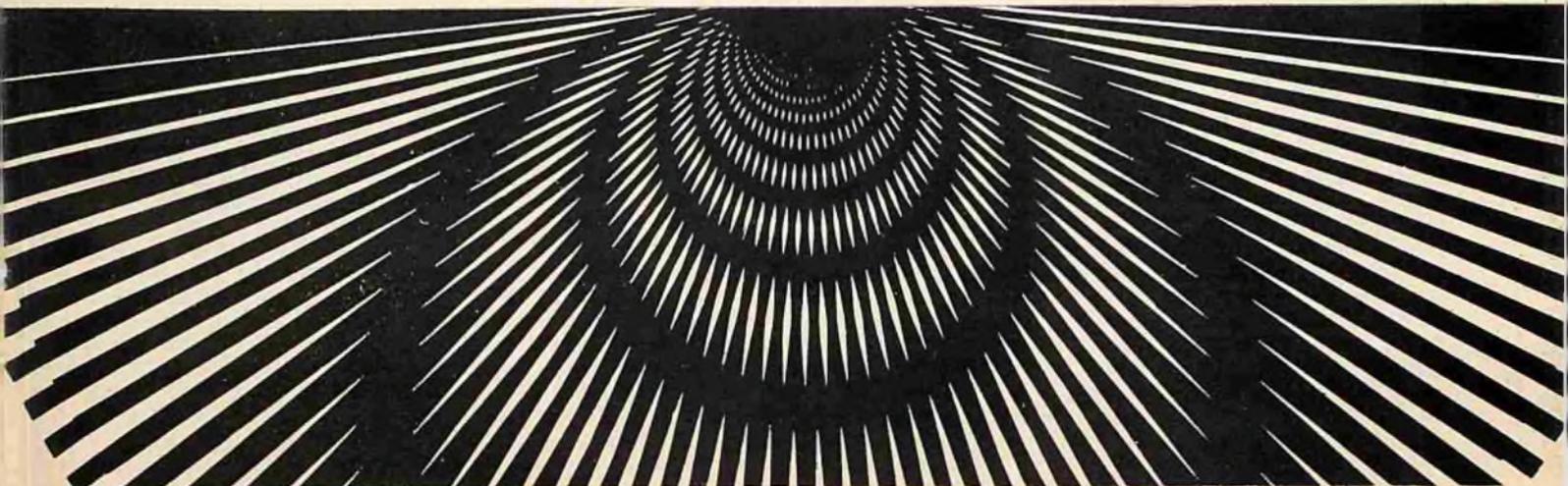
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Art Farmer

Plugged Nickel, Chicago

Personnel: Farmer, fluegelhorn; Jimmy Heath, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Walter Booker, bass; Mickey Roker, drums.

Farmer has always been noted as one of the most lyrical trumpeters in the game, but as a result of his exclusive use of the fluegelhorn for the last two years, his warmth and melodic sense are even more in evidence—there's a romance and melancholy about his sound that's made the more refreshing because of its rarity.

Farmer's approach never has been characterized by heroics in the tonal attic, bombastic phrasing, or shocking volume. Still, there's a muscular integrity (a musician for the honest man) and an insouciance (a musician for good-lifers) that will touch all but the most porcelain souls.

With Heath added in the front line, the horn section was one of studied introspection—similar to the style of feeling conveyed by the group to which Heath's bassist brother, Percy, belongs. The tenorist complements rather than contrasts Farmer's attitude; his minimal use of tonal extremities is replaced by comfortable intensity, wherein he bends and stretches phrases, juxtaposes them surprisingly, and works around harmonic centers quickly and quietly.

Despite the fact that his orientation is close to the Farmer group, Walton deserves the versatility tag; he was hired a scant four days before the quintet opened at the Nickel, but his playing was a well-integrated, propulsive factor in the over-all sound. (Pianist Albert Dailey had played with the Farmer quintet since its formation seven months ago but remained in New York when the group went to Chicago.)

I last saw bassist Booker at the Bohemian Caverns in Washington, D. C., over five years ago. He was then pulling strings for the now-disbanded J.F.K. Quintet, and, along with other members of that group, he has since greatly improved his technique through a number of playing experiences, including a stint with Sonny Rollins. I felt that the Farmer group's arrangements should have allowed more solo space for the bassist.

Roker, hunched on his throne, appeared absorbed and, at times, inspired by the rhythmic duties confronting him; his left hand had that cryptic punctuation that marks the work of the later bop drummers.

The first number selected by the group on the night of review was a moderate 3/4-time reminiscence titled *Some Time Ago*. Farmer's horn wafted gently over Heath's sustained notes, and the rhythm section boiled underneath. Heath soloed first, entering with bursting clusters of notes coming between long, wailing phrases. Walton, linear, never strident, mixed cushioned chordal segments with delicate runs and bounced along on the rhythm.

Blue Bossa, a lightly funky, Latin-bottomed number, began with a unison line on top. Farmer, again with unbelievably furry tone, introduced a little tropical sunshine. Heath, in a duskier timbre, vaulted over the durable Brazilian beat. Roker switched to brushes as Booker added another figure to the rhythmic pulse during his solo.

Farmer walked off the stand as Heath

addressed his saxophone to *The Shadow of Your Smile*, employing a delicately fluttering ballad line. Roker softly rolled with mallets on his tom-tom, adding an ominous overtone to the tenor entree.

Then the ballad approach gave way, and the tempo increased as Farmer came in, slicing off a warm-noted statement. After Heath returned to affirm his previous remarks, Walton moved in a baroque vein on his solo, piling rich, chorded passages atop one another until they spilled over in a luxurious melodic landslide. The tune came to its conclusion with a rather odd piano coda that left me reaching for more.

The blitz-tempo unison line of the next tune retreated to Heath playing the second chorus of the theme in a controlled rage. Farmer, in the background, dropped complex little figures around Heath's line. Then a rhythmic and melodic explosion of ensemble improvisation occurred, and Farmer came on to splash cool fire around, zipping and winging, almost—but never quite—growing feverish. Walton, with hard, polished runs, duplicated the horn mood. Farmer and Roker went into an electric (considering the hot, but still controlled, framework) set of eight-bar exchanges. The tune, which must have been *Poor Johnny One-Note*, caromed to a conclusion as the set's most unbridled effort.

Then, jaunty, almost cocksure except for the persistently doleful expression that Farmer manages to invest in nearly everything he plays, they reminded all that pain is the other face of joy on *Make Someone Happy*. Walton, stairstepping block chords in a modal fashion, once more mirrored Farmer's sentiments. Booker took one of his rare solos, interspersing the melody with freely vagrant improvisation. Farmer came back, his line borne on a zephyr, and poised over the notes with a sweetly agonized rubato that made it appear as if he were moaning through his horn. Then Heath's tenor, laminated to Farmer's fluegel line, moved into an elastic playing of the concluding theme.

This is a group that seems bent on playing music first and creating impressions—if at all—last. For this reason, though its material may not be presented in the most challengingly new fashion possible, its members are musicmakers from the heart, with a sound that can be safely predicted to stay evergreen. —Bill Quinn

Roscoe Mitchell

The Happening, Chicago

Personnel: Lester Bowie, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Mitchell, alto saxophone, recorder; Leroy Jenkins, violin; Malachi Favors, bass; Leonard Smith, drums.

Like other Chicago avant-gardists, Mitchell attempts to find ways to make solo and collective improvisations, composed sections, in- and out-of tempo playing, shifting rhythms, and all the other material of contemporary jazz into a controlled, unified whole. His special contribution is his attention to the uses of sounds as such. Hence at this concert the musicians could be heard, at various times, playing harmonicas, zithers, tambourines, bells, a mouth accordion, whistle, scratchers and various other exotic percussion devices. The success of *Truths*, the title of the con-

cert's only work, is remarkable enough for having such a variety of sounds.

And yet *Truths* was not a complete work, nor probably intended to be, so I'll note only some particularly remarkable aspects of the performance. The first half, for instance, began with a wild, back-country fiddle solo over a background of harmonicas and 2/4 rhythm. It closed in bop time, with a melody for the three voices. The second half, then, was entirely a part of this modern world.

There was a rhythmically suspended section (harking back to Mitchell's earlier, more successful, *Free Space*) in which the players carried on an abstract conversation in quick attacks on their more unusual instruments. The trouble with five players doing this is that, for all the variety of sounds, the music loses interest quickly without a clear rhythmic direction. Yet Mitchell's group made it worth trying.

There was a stunning bass solo to open the second half of *Truths*—unaccompanied, out of tempo, and building to its point with melodic—wonderfully melodic—ideas (Favors is a surprisingly lyrical accompanist too). There were solos by Bowie and Mitchell, suspended solos with the two winds changing direction and tempo with each phrase. Bowie's extensive half-valving and embouchure manipulation were as much a part of the building materials of his solos as his rhythmic taste and his dissonant approach to melody.

Mitchell's solos began with short, very simple (almost fragile) ideas and worked into greater complexities of melody and sound, phrase by phrase. A man with an Ornette Coleman-like imagination, Mitchell's deliberate sense of proportion, the necessary and satisfying shape of his solos, mark him an outstanding, complete improviser. But there is his technique as well—the way his sound changed with each phrase testifies strongly to his control as much as to his lyrical ideas themselves.

There were times when Mitchell would echo Jenkins' ideas and then follow with brief complements to the violin solos. There was Bowie's half-mocking, half-pointedly direct work in ensemble improvisations. There was a strikingly sharp transitional phrase played by the winds and then echoed quietly by the strings, and there were the moments of Mitchell's recorder over the other, hushed, instruments. And there was the way all sections of *Truths*, composed and improvised, seemed exactly right, neither unfulfilled nor overdone.

Half of violinist Jenkins' playing was lost between the winds and the drums, though there were tantalizing glimpses. His soloing seemed derived from 19th-century classical music, perhaps overly so.

As for Smith, if I mentioned his taste, his quick ear, and his ability to be completely responsive and yet consistent (despite his variety of effects) behind the second long alto solo—well, that would only begin to tell the story.

Mitchell, Bowie & Co., five accomplished, sensitive players, managed to reveal much about themselves this Sunday evening—and to point out a possible road for tomorrow's jazz as well. —John Litweiler

BOOK REVIEWS

A Thousand Golden Horns, by Gene Fernet. Published by Pendell Co., 171 pages, \$7.50.

Last year Howell-North Books published Leo Walker's *The Wonderful Era of the Great Dance Bands*, a large rambling text filled with surface memories and facts from the big-band era. Heavily sentimental, it strove to capture the aura of those times. The deeper tasks of pinning the entire drift of events onto the social history of the nation and making evaluations were unconsidered.

This book, slightly more than half as long and encompassing mainly the 1935-1945 period, duplicates the bent of Walker's book. Fernet, moreover, is at times grossly sloppy and inconsistent and deserves double faulting because he is an experienced writer and educator.

"This book," says Fernet ". . . won't waste time trying to answer the question, 'Was Glenn Miller playing jazz or commercial music?'" Fair enough.

But dance bands, with and without jazzmen, were the rage of the nation all through the '20s and '30s; the flair of the sounds and rhythms touched creative nerves in F. Scott Fitzgerald, Stuart Davis, and William Faulkner. The whole thing is worth examining.

The big-band era, for Fernet, originated in the Don Redman-Fletcher Henderson format in the late '20s and then began hitting full stride with the Benny Goodman success at the Palomar in 1935. Contradicting the text, there are a number of photos of early commercial bands—those of Paul Whiteman, Roger Wolfe Kahn, Jean Goldkette, Dan Russo, Isham Jones—that were not under the Redman-Henderson influence. These bands, and the effects they had on all types of groups during the swing era, are ignored by Fernet.

There are many pictures of individuals and groups (only 20 percent of the group pictures have full identification, and the bulk of these are jazz bands, leaving an impression that Fernet is leaning heavily on jazz scholarship); some, especially those from Duncan Schiedt's collection, are quite good.

There is little evidence that Fernet did much field work for this book. Apparently no sidemen, jazz or commercial, were interviewed, and this is something that will have to be done in depth for a definitive book.

The prose is glib, without much weight or substance, and it is not wafted so that it would have much meaning for those now cutting their teeth on J. R. R. Tolkien or Tony Williams. The chapters on Andy Kirk, Benny Goodman, Jimmie Lunceford, Duke Ellington, and Count Basie are easy syntheses that will disappoint jazz-fan readers.

The big bands, commercial aspects and all, were greatly beneficial to jazz. They enabled the great players to circulate more, instead of clustering in New York City,

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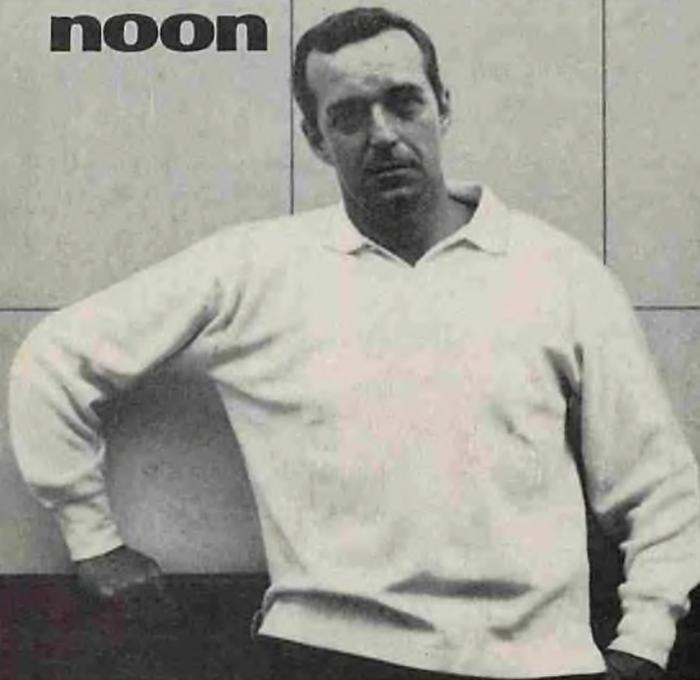
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and they gave invaluable experience to the newcomer. What part the big bands had in the fabric of national life, and why they've lost their mass appeal, are subjects that still go begging—*Gilbert M. Erskine*

Four Lives in the Bebop Business, by A. B. Spellman. Published by Pantheon Press, 235 pages, \$4.95.

Pianists Cecil Taylor and Herbie Nichols and altoists Ornette Coleman and Jackie McLean are the four under discussion here.

Taylor is seen as possibly too noble, too inflexible to tread the devious and often debasing route to "popular" acclaim; his individualistic piano style is too cerebral to elicit mass appeal in any case. Hence, Taylor is pictured as fighting as great a personal battle with the resolution of his style as with the forces of commerce around him.

A musical Ulysses who has yet to be heard as much as he is talked about, cracker-maker Coleman renders pithy remarks about his music and related areas of life, revealing sometimes humorous but often grim reminders of the fate of the serious artist too far ahead of his time in this society. Some of his worst experiences happened, I might add, not because of his art but merely his color.

The tragic Nichols—not given to alcohol, drugs, or flights into psychic sanctuary—just seemed to bump his head on the belligerent brow of misfortune from New York to the boondocks of Maryland. Spellman shows that though Nichols slid

easily from Dixieland to bop, he was to die—after 25 years of trial—an all but unheard-of giant.

McLean—who inherited a hiply raw tone, a rawly hip playing style, and a hypodermic needle on the streets of New York—played with every jazz legend that came through the city in the late '40s and, later, became a bop star in his own right before he was 20. After an apprenticeship that included periods with Miles Davis and Charles Mingus, among others, and time spent in jail for narcotics possession, McLean, at 35, is a wiser man. He has discarded the needle, kept his tone, and stretched his playing style—as few musicians have been able—to cover a generation of jazz approaches.

Aside from skin color and choice of profession, these four seemingly diverse musicians are amenable to Spellman's incorporated scrutiny because of the mutually frustrating upsets and setbacks their lives have suffered.

Spellman has successfully done the very ticklish job of keeping the narrative, largely occupied with detailing the misfortunes and injustices endured by his subjects, from becoming either a piteous or paranoid account. To do this the author has allowed the protagonists a great deal of space to render their own versions of their lives' events, rather than attempt a full-blown analysis of their resultant situations himself. Drawn in the jazzmen's vertical lexicon, a bit of each subject's individuality is added to the weight of Spellman's argu-

ment—the credibility of each is much harder to refute than had the author borne each man's cross for him.

Rather than making apologies in the names of his subjects, Spellman makes charges. The targets of his attack are club-owners, record producers, critics, outdated and prejudicial laws that stifle performers, and an apathetic white America that, for the most part, knows little and cares less about its artists. Here, though basically in agreement, I would add another facet to the spectrum that I feel Spellman should not have neglected: the casual Negro who apprehends sometimes even less about jazz than his white counterpart (I know personally of an "adult" Negro woman, with four years of college, who has more than a dozen pictures of the Beatles on her bedroom walls—yet she doesn't know there was ever a pianist named Bud Powell).

Somehow, though, I feel that so much antipathy toward those who care not to listen will not serve to coerce a wider audience into being for jazz.

But, for Spellman and his four studies, it is noted that the cathartic experience of constructing this book must have been well worth the effort—and if the reader feels himself innocent of Spellman's charges, whether his involvement with the "bebop business" is esthetic or commercial, then the book will enlighten and entertain. But if the reader feels intimidated for one reason or another . . . well, even the most faithful churchgoers can stand to do penance.
—Bill Quinn



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BOB WILBER

(Continued from page 17)

what he wanted to do, and he was having a ball—stretching out himself and getting some new ideas from playing in an idiom which was sometimes a little strange to him too. He got Benny Golson to write some of his things for the group. We did *Whisper Not* and a couple of other things that Benny wrote. We did some Monk tunes.

Williams: What are you working on now?

Wilber: One thing is that Bud Freeman and I are putting together an album. It will involve two horns and three rhythm—guitar, bass, and drums. A lot of the things will be for soprano and tenor. Some things will be clarinet and tenor.

I've always been a great admirer of Bud Freeman, and we've worked together off and on through the years. We've talked about doing a record but never got around to it. Now we've put together some original things we collaborated on and are going to do it. And also some that Bud wrote with Bob Haggart. Bud is a prolific composer, but he likes to work with somebody else. He composes on his horn—everything comes out on his horn, and he wants someone else to work on the harmony and say, "Oh, you mean this, Bud?" and play a chord. And he'll say, "Yeah." His themes, they swing, they're phrased beautifully, they have harmonic twists that nobody else has in them. I've always said to Bud, "You should be playing these things when you're

out in concerts and things. You shouldn't be playing somebody else's tunes—you should be playing your things. That is what Monk has done, and this is what Charlie Parker and a lot of the great players have done." But when he gets out in a concert, there's *Sweet Georgia Brown* and *I Got Rhythm* and *I Found a New Baby* again.

Williams: Any other recording projects?

Wilber: Ruby Braff and I are working on an LP project which might be called *Ruby Braff and Bob Wilber Play the Music of Louis Armstrong and Sidney Bechet*. The titles would be culled from the 1924 Blue Fives and Red Onion Jazz Babies records which had Armstrong and Bechet, plus the 1940 session they did for Decca. Also, I have been doing arrangements of two Carl Kress compositions, one for full orchestra, the other for strings, celeste, and harp. These were for a memorial concert held at DePauw University in October. Carl's son, Ricky, is a music major there (he's an excellent drummer) and organizing the whole thing.

Williams: You have studied in the past with Bechet and Tristano. Are you studying at present?

Wilber: Yes, and on a different instrument. I'm studying piano with Sanford Gold and spending a great deal of time on it. Originally, I started because I'm doing some song writing and I wanted to be able to demonstrate my pieces better. But I find it is also helping me in arranging and in soloing too. An improvised solo is a spon-

taneous composition, after all. I learn more about composition through studying piano, and, therefore, I learn more about soloing.

Then I've been doing some things that are not strictly for esthetic kicks, but I think they're important. I had a single out on Columbia, which was definitely in the pop vein and, we hoped, for the pop market. It was an instrumental version of *Everyone's Gone to the Moon*, which was a big hit in '65 for Jonathan King, an English singer.

Williams: What did you play on it?

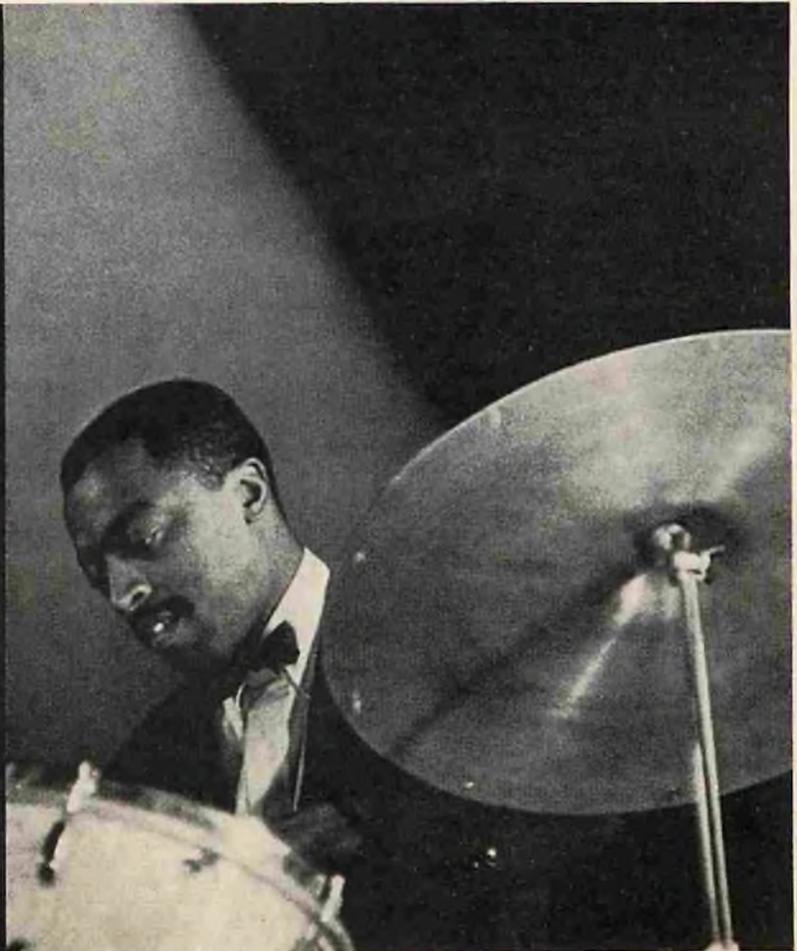
Wilber: I play soprano. There was an engineering gimmick—I recorded the melody, oh, four or five times, and each time it was placed a little off center, so it sounds like an echo of itself. It got a kind of a crazy, ethereal sound. . . . It was very commercial, and it was an effort to get into the record market where things are happening. You see, I have a feeling about jazz, that it's got to be part of the pop music scene to survive and be healthy. I feel there are some exciting things going on in the market place in music, more than in the rather introverted jazz scene, with the cults and the hip business, and all that. I really feel that jazz was in healthier shape in the days when it was out there—in the dance bands in the '40s. They were playing jazz, but they were playing for people.

Williams: Do you get much regular studio work?

Wilber: Not as much as a lot of players, but I really haven't concentrated on it. I

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would like to if it could be combined with creative work. But I think that can be kind of a dead end. A lot of players get buried in that kind of work. If you get successful at it, you don't have any time for anything creative. It's a difficult scene in New York today, to know what to do. So much of the record work is sitting down and playing those notes on that paper, you know. That can get pretty deadly. And the TV studio scene is not the secure thing it used to be because more and more they are getting to the place where everything's on a freelance basis, or else it's 13 weeks at a time. . . .

Williams: Are you ever afraid of the idea of freelancing forever?

Wilber: Well, there is a certain lack of security in it, a lack of knowing what's going to happen, but that is compensated

for by the variety of experiences you're always having, always in a new situation, dealing with different people. You never get into a rut. So I think you take the advantages along with the disadvantages. It's sure better than punching a clock. I can't imagine myself doing that—like the Radio City Music Hall Orchestra for 20 years, playing six shows a day. And I've never gotten into the Broadway pit-band scene. That can be a fairly secure thing. Once you get on the circuit, you can just go from one show to another. But I'd still like to be in an area where I feel that I have a certain say about the final product. Where I'm not just a saxophone player who could be replaced by a hundred other guys—where I'm just supposed to play the notes right and keep quiet.

That's why I say that in the pop field of

music there's a certain excitement. There's a creativity in putting out what you would call a market record. Knowing that you have to please your audience but at the same time trying to get in it as much of what you think of as quality as possible. It's walking a tightrope, you know. But some of the greatest jazzmen have been doing it for years. Louis and Duke and everybody. They have to stay in that marketplace and produce something that people want.

Williams: For them it isn't something that they're burdened with and would like to get rid of. Somebody asks Duke Ellington to play *Alice Blue Gown*, and he'll play an arrangement of that that will lay you out.

Wilber: To me the *Hello, Dollys!* are great for jazz when they come along. You listen to *Hello, Dolly!*, and Louis is in there swinging and playing great; it's got a good feel and it's fine musically. *Hello, Dolly!* in 1965 is the same thing *Heebie Jeebies* was on a much smaller scale in 1926. *Heebie Jeebies* still sounds great. And *Hello, Dolly!* will sound great 20 years from now. 

BUNKY GREEN

(Continued from page 17)

what we have to say, *now*."

Green says that one of the first signs of old age, particularly for a musician, is the rejection of new things.

"When you start canceling things out simply because you don't understand them, or they're something other than what everybody else is playing," he said, "then chalk up a mark against yourself because you've begun to get slow—you might have let something of value slip by you."

Green referred to Sonny Stitt as a model of the ecumenical spirit: "I look at cats like Stitt, blending the Bird things with things that came before and after. Yet, when you hear Stitt—even though he is a blend of many styles—he doesn't sound like Bird or anybody else but Stitt! I try to do as Sonny does, because I love the good—what I think is good—in all of it, and I try to syphon off the best."

Things appear to be brighter than ever for Green, and it shows in everything he says and does. He talks with little regret about past adversities and much enthusiasm about the future:

"I'm going to Europe again this coming spring. If I have some bookings arranged before I leave, fine; but I'm mainly going to hear what's being played over there . . . mainly to relax and absorb the atmosphere. I'd like to get down to Algiers again and deepen my insight on that scene; I'm really interested in hearing more of that tonally centered music.

"When I return to this country, I intend to start a program of study, spend time working the jazz circuit across the country, and—most of all—to keep an open mind, to keep on digging. The thing with me is to get knowledge together, because with knowledge comes freedom."

That's Bunky Green: sincere and intense, so much so that he may sound square to the jaded. But the odd thing is that he means it. 

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JAZZ ON CAMPUS

By GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

At last year's Collegiate Jazz Festival at the University of Notre Dame, Dr. Herb Patnoe made the long trip from Foothill College in Los Altos, Calif., to South Bend, Ind., with a young band. Foothill has made the educational sections of the news weeklies for its advanced educational policies, and Patnoe's interest in jazz fits in with the over-all picture.

At the end of last year the band performed for the California Music Educators meeting and at six other music festivals in the San Francisco area. At one of its concerts Stan Kenton conducted some of his Neophonic scores—*Music for an Unwritten Play* by Jim Knight, *Passacaglia and Fughetta* by Allyn Ferguson, *Prelude and Fugue* by John Williams, and *Three B's for Percussion* by Van Alexander. The neophonic approach seems to be making considerable advance in West Coast schools.

Jack Wheaton, chairman of the music department of Cerritos College in Norwalk, Calif., is becoming more and more prominent in West Coast school jazz. He is currently directing two stage bands at Cerritos. Last spring he sponsored a contest at Cerritos with Kenton as a guest and Dr. M. E. Hall, Don Rader, Ralph Pena, and Don Erjavec as judges. Fifteen high school and 11 college bands competed.

Wheaton is also active as director of the Junior Neophonic Orchestras of Southern California. This is a nonprofit organization co-sponsored by Cerritos. Auditions in March bring out 175 young musicians.

The contemplated neophonic orchestra grew to two before the first rehearsal. The "east" and "west" bands played concerts at the end of the year at the University of California at Los Angeles and at Cerritos. Dick Nash, George Roberts, and Bud Brisbois appeared as soloists at the concerts.

Kenton is active in promoting these groups and serves as president of the Junior Neophonic Orchestra. Arrangers featured last year were Montegro, Lennie Neihaus, Jim Knight, Earl Zindars, Bill Fritz, Dick Nash, Allyn Ferguson, John Williams, Gerald Wilson, Frank Comstock, Ralph Carmichael, Gene Roland, and Jay Hill.

This year, two bands are in rehearsal at Olympic College, Bremerton, Wash., one under the direction of Ralph Mutchler and the other directed by faculty member Jim Brush. They gave their first concert on Oct. 13 at the University of Puget Sound in Tacoma. Many of the students are writing for the band this year. Outstanding members include Keith Baggerly, trumpet; Parke Hall, tenor saxophone; Marius Nordal, piano; Al Molsky and Tom Collier, drums.

An encouraging word has come from on

high, from a state supervisor of music who played in a college jazz group during his undergraduate days:

"I am presently engaged in writing, compiling, and editing a course guide for band to be distributed to public schools in the state of _____ . Since we have many strong stage-band programs, it was decided that this type of organization might be profitably given adequate space in the guide. This may offend a few of our band men and music educators, but I believe that the stage band offers a unique kind of musical education that is lacking in the regular band program and may possibly constitute the most valuable training that the band student receives in the

secondary-school music program."

Things could get on a sounder and more stable footing if more administrators and supervisors shared this man's views.

Northwestern University has finally got around to recognizing officially its jazz program, which was started about 12 years ago by Ralph Mutchler and which achieved a degree of notoriety for the official (school) snafu over a State Department tour a couple of years ago.

The NU Jazz Workshop is now formally on the books, and credit is being given for participation. A music theory teacher, Ted Ashford, is in his second year as director of the band. The school also of-



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ferred a course in jazz arranging, which unfortunately was canceled this year because of lack of enrollment.

The Ohio State University Jazz Workshop's first band has been enlarged from 13 men to standard instrumentation this year. The old band appeared three times as a featured group at the Columbus Festival of the Arts last summer and also at the Clinton, Ohio, sesquicentennial.

Ladd McIntosh, who won awards as an arranger at the Villanova and Notre Dame jazz festivals, is now writing for the bigger band. One interesting feature of their closing concert last year was Ladd's *The Five Fantasies* for 38 musicians (two jazz orchestras, four French horns, tuba, and percussion). The band is booking clinic appearances in the Midwest now. Interested persons should write to David Haldeman, band president, at Hughes Hall, Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio 43210.

Phi Mu Alpha of the State College of Iowa is sponsoring its annual Tall Corn Stage Band Festival Jan. 14. Write to Douglas Herbon, Music Department, State College of Iowa, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

The Chicagoland Stage Band Festival will be held this year at Oak Lawn High School Feb. 4. Write to Richard Pettibone at the school in Oak Lawn, Ill.

The annual stage-band festival/clinic in Falls Church, Va., will be held on Jan. 28.

ROY HAYNES

(Continued from page 19)

ferred with each man?

"With Bird it varied a lot, because of Bird's personality," he answered. "Some nights it was solemn; some nights it was very exciting. I sort of went along with his program, except I was very young and exuberant—as he put it—and some nights he would come in and not want to stretch out, but I would. I was a little more musically involved with Bird—I mean I was experimenting more with the time. Behind his solos I would probably try more things than I would behind Lester.

"I remember the first time I worked with Bird. It was in 1949. I was still with Miles; we were working across 52nd St. from Bird. Miles had quit Bird. So Max [Roach] decided to quit and get his own group. He came over to where we were working and asked me if I'd like to go with Bird. I told him I was happy where I was, but a few nights later Bird himself came over and hired me. After I'd been with him about a week, Bud Powell brings a trio into the Three Deuces where we're working, and he hired Max. So this particular night is the first time Bird is going to play *Salt Peanuts* since I'm with the band. Now, at the back of the stage is a door, and Max is standing in it. I'd never played this arrangement they had on *Salt Peanuts*. But Max told me all the things I was supposed to be doing in the arrangement—while we were playing it—and I played it like I knew it.

"Both Lester and Bird could play a melody beautifully. I haven't heard many of the younger guys who could do this. Getting something out of a melody. John Coltrane does this. Stan Getz can do it."

What is the difference in playing for Young and Getz, considering that Getz derived his style in some measure from that of Young?

"Even though there's a lot of Lester in Stan," Haynes said, "it's not the same. It can't be the same feeling. Yet my playing is almost the same with Stan as it was with Pres—I have to be complementary.

"Getting back to Bird, there were some nights when he would play, and I'd never know when he was going to stop, yet it still wasn't as long as some of today's soloists. But it was a rare thing; he'd have to feel exceptionally well to play like that. He would come in and play the first tune way up—stretch out for a good lengthy solo. And the drummer would just have to be prepared; if he wasn't prepared, that would show his limits. . . .

"I think I was very fortunate to play with all these gentlemen—but especially Pres and Bird, when I did.

"What I dig are the challenges—like working with Monk, with Stan, with Trane. All these things help me keep going."

And though his age seems to be of concern to Haynes—he often refers to it—he does keep going, and going at almost the pace and with the vigor he displayed when he was the fresh-faced youngster from Boston on his way to the big city 21 years ago.

Down Beat's Tenth Annual Hall of Fame Scholarship Program

Down Beat has established two full-year's scholarships and 10 partial scholarships to the famous Berklee School of Music in Boston, the present home of Down Beat's Hall of Fame and one of the nation's most prominent schools in the use and teaching of contemporary American music.

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This year's two full scholarships, valued at \$980 each, will be in honor of the Hall of Fame winner chosen by the Down Beat readers in the December 29, 1966 issue. The scholarships will be awarded to the competition's winners, who will be selected by a board of judges appointed by Down Beat.

The ten additional scholarships will consist of four \$500 and six \$250 grants.

WHO IS ELIGIBLE?

Junior division: Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have graduated from high school and who has not reached his (or her) 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1967.

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Official applications must be postmarked not later than midnight, December 31, 1966. The scholarship winners will be announced in an April, 1967, issue of Down Beat.

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(Continued from page 14)

with Cook . . . Jazz Productions Limited, an organization founded to provide an outlet for local jazzmen, presented an Afternoon of Jazz at Paige's Nov. 6. Officers of the group are bassist Ernie Farrow, president; tenor saxophonist Melvin McCray, vice president; and pianist Gene White, secretary . . . Guitarist Joe Stribling has been added to organist Rudy Robinson's band for WCHB disc jockey Jack Springer's Sunday sessions at the Webbwood Inn . . . Guitarist George Benson's quartet at the Drome included Ronnie Cuber, baritone saxophone; Lonnie Smith (not the pianist with reed man Roland Kirk), organ; and Marion Booker, drums.

CLEVELAND: Disc jockey Chuck Lansing starts his second year at WCUI-FM with Cleveland's finest evening jazz show . . . Pianist-teacher Hugh Thompson serves as moderator of the new G-Clef Club. The group meets twice a month to discuss jazz . . . Trumpeter Doc Severinsen moved into the Theatrical Grill Nov. 28 for a week's engagement. He is to be followed by trumpeter Roy Liberto on Dec. 5 for two weeks. Congaist Mongo Santamaria's band is booked for three weeks starting Jan. 9, and drummer Gene Krupa comes in Jan. 30 . . . Pianist Bill Gidney and singer-drummer Bobby Brian are back from Akron, Ohio. They swing nightly at Antonio's Lounge . . . Organist Eddie Bacus returned to the Esquire Lounge and will be there through January. His group replaces the Winston Walls Trio, which moved into the front room of Leo's Casino. Drummer Gary Jenkins and guitarist Micky Jones are featured with organist Walls.

PITTSBURGH: Tenorist Willis Jackson and his organ quintet got a good after-the-football-game turnout for its opening Saturday matinee at Hurricane Bar . . . The Theme draws jazz buffs to the suburb of Whitehall, where pianist Bill Cotton's trio entertains three nights and the Silhonettes take over Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday . . . The Aurora Lodge has been featuring Sunday jazz sessions, 6 to 11 p.m., arranged by Bill Powell. Saxophonist Eric Kloss was the star of a recent one . . . Tenorist Flo Cassinelli has the most Saturday afternoon jazz session action at McKeesport's Surfside Four. Saxophonist Al Morrell and pianists Reid Jaynes and Bob Negri are often featured . . . Trombonist Jerry Betters was ailing for his gig at the last Walt Harper Jazz Workshop in October, but his combo showed for the date along with reed man Clarence Odum and pinch-hit guest Eric Kloss. Pianist and organizer Harper announced that he would postpone December workshops until February, when he would resume with nationally known jazz artists joining top Pittsburgh talent . . . The Hurricane Bar had an interesting October parade of jazzmen including bongo player John Erricon, bagpist Rufus Harley and his quartet, and organist Jimmy McGriff . . . Organist Bobby Jones'

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trio has been active at a number of social events open to the public, including a dinner dance sponsored by the Negro American Labor Council at the new Chatham Center Ballroom . . . The Al Dilernia Trio is featured at the Speak-easy in the Haddon Hall Hotel . . . When pianist Mary Lou Williams is in town recently to visit friends, she played them a new composition of hers, which she called *Pittsburgh* . . . Blind altoist Louis Schriver is one youngster the jazz veterans are touting. He did a recent guest appearance with the *Walt Harper* combo at the Hilton Hotel that broke up the audience.

ST. LOUIS: The Starlight Ballroom continues to bring in big bands, the latest being those of Si Zentner and Woody Herman . . . The Playboy Club has initiated a Jazz 'n' Cocktails policy on Friday evenings using various local jazz groups. Drummer "Jazz" Salerno's quartet—with Joe Bozzi, trumpet; Jimmy Williams, piano; and Vic Cipponeri, bass—did the first session . . . Trumpeter Maynard Ferguson is a scheduled guest soloist of the Washington University Lab Band . . . The Dixie Jesters are in their fourth year at the Silver Dollar, in Gaslight Square . . . Saturday afternoon sessions are a big attraction at Laclede Town. At a recent one, pianist Dave Venn, bassist John Mixon, and drummer Sonny Hump accompanied vocalist Jeanne Trevor. Sharing the bill were saxophonist Bernard Hutcherson, pianist Rick Bolden, bassist London Brand, and drummer Ed Hansberry . . . Back in town after an engagement in Indiana is guitarist George Harlan. He's with organist Bob Watkins' group, which also includes saxophonist Sonny Gibson and drummer Philip Wilson. The group is appearing at Mr. Mellows . . . Florissant Valley Community College opened its performing-arts series for 1966-67 with a jazz lecture-concert featuring the Herb Drury Trio.

MIAMI: The City of North Miami Beach presented its second annual jazz concert a few weeks ago. The Don Ippolito Band, the University of Miami Jazz Band, and the Ira Sullivan Four were featured . . . In addition to singer Buddy Greco, who closed Nov. 16, the Chateau Madrid in Fort Lauderdale added the following jazz talent to its winter season jazz lineup: Louis Armstrong, Benny Goodman, and singer Sarah Vaughan . . . The University of Miami's Beaumont Hall was the scene of a jazz-oriented percussion pops concert. Fred Wickstrom of the university's music department conducted the program. Bassist Larry Epstein and guitarist Steve Blum were guest artists . . . Trumpeter Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five played a Nov. 13 benefit concert in Coral Gables for the Guild of Museum Science . . . Pianist Herbie Brock recently chalked up one year in the 700 Club at the David William in Coral Gables . . . Pianist Guy Fasciani recently returned to the Harbor Lounge, along with bassist Donn Mast and drummer George Perri. Pianist-singer

(Classified continued)

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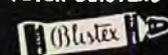
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Tony Sheppard, bassist Brooks Caperton, and drummer Rufus (Turnip Greens) Cleare also were added to the bill . . . Singer Billy Eckstine, for a recent date at Harry's American Show Bar, had pianist Bobby Tucker and drummer Charlie Persip as accompanists . . . Jack Wood's Oceania Lounge in Fort Lauderdale showcased singer Peggy Martin with clarinetist Andy Bartha's group . . . Bassist Chubby Jackson's group will be at Dino's after Dec. 16. The quartet includes tenor saxophonist Jimmy Vincent, pianist Johnny Williams, and drummer Red Hawley. Jackson also has organized a music workshop and a big band, which includes trumpeters Bob Whatley, Sam Scavone, Robin Gould, Ira Sullivan, John Georgini, and Duke Schuster, trombonists Ralph Hutchinson, Dan Eddinger, Jim Lawrence, and Russ Wood, saxophonists Ted Rosen, Mike Lewis, Gus Mas, Jimmy Vincent, and Lenny Neff, pianist Don Ippolito, bassist Al Greenstein, and drummer Jack Franklin. The group rehearses each Thursday at the Little River Auditorium . . . The Oct. 30 jazz concert at Alan Rock's Jazzville featured the quartet of tenorist Pete Ponzol and Ira Sullivan . . . Disc jockey China Valles premiered a new weekend radio jazz show (midnight to 6 a.m. Saturday and 11 p.m. Saturday to 7 a.m. Sunday).

DALLAS: Tenor man Eddie Harris performed four days at the Club Lark. Harris was booked as a single but worked the sessions with pianist Red Garland and altoist David (Fathead) Newman. The tenorist's opening coincided with a Ramsey Lewis Trio concert. After the concert, the trio dropped in at the Club Lark for a session that looked like Old Home Week—Harris, Lewis, and the pianist's rhythm section (bassist Cleveland Eaton and drummer Maurice White) are all from Chicago. Harris was interviewed on the WRR jazz show, *Jazz Unlimited*, on which he announced plans to begin using an electronic saxophone soon. Harris also revealed plans for a European tour . . . Vocalist Betty Green continues her extended stay at the Fink Mink Club. Red Garland is playing with the house band three nights a week at the club . . . The Club Villager is featuring the Juvicy Gomez Trio with occasional augmentation by Don Gilliland's guitar. The trio is also the house group at Sunday afternoon sessions at the Executive Inn . . . The North Texas State University Lab bands played to enthusiastic audiences in Fort Worth and at the state fair in Austin.

SEATTLE: The Bola Sete Trio is now at the Penthouse. The guitarist's group is scheduled through Dec. 10. Pianist Don Scaletta's trio is set Dec. 14-Jan. 8 and is to be followed by the Stan Getz Quartet Jan. 12-25 . . . Vocalist Lou Rawls is booked for a one-nighter in the Seattle Arena Dec. 4 . . . The Seattle Jazz Society gave its first two youth concerts at A Contemporary Theater in October and November and continues the series in January with the U.S. premiere of clarinetist Bill Smith's *Concerto for Clarinet and*

Combo. The composer will be featured soloist . . . Singer Sarah Vaughan played the Edgewater Inn Nov. 21-30 . . . Chuck Mahaffay and the Individuals, now in their fourth year after hours at the New Chinatown, began an early-hours six-nighter with altoist Bob Winn at the Casa Villa . . . Pianist Jerry Gray, bassist Chuck Metcalf, and vocalist Tammy Burdett have been appearing at the Monte Cristo Hotel in Everett, where Dick Kimball plays organ at Chin's Restaurant . . . Also in Everett, the Saturday afternoon sessions continue at the Brothers Tavern with the Curtiss Hammond Quintet. Tenor saxophonist Hammond's group also plays there Wednesday through Saturday nights.

TORONTO: The Thelonious Monk Quartet did two weeks last month at the Colonial Tavern. On opening night a near capacity audience patiently awaited Monk's entrance, but it was a long wait. The first notes were played at 11:20 p.m. . . . The same night, singer June Christy began a week's engagement at the Town Tavern, and Cozy Cole, with pianist Jay Cole, bassist Ivan Rolle, and tenor man George Kelly, was playing drums at the Park Plaza Hotel . . . Guitarist-singer Lonnie Johnson came in for a week at Castle George . . . Reed man Phil Nimmons' big band and clarinetist Jim McHarg's Metro Stompers took top honors at the third annual Canadian Jazz Festival, which also featured groups led by Freddie Stone, Colin Palmer, Tony Colacutt, and Larry Dubin . . . Trombonist Pee Wee Hunt and his Alexanders' Rag Time Band played for two weeks at the Savarin Lounge . . . Singer Josh White was booked into the Penny Farthing, and Josh White Jr. played the same week at the Riverboat . . . A large-scale musical salute to Canada's birthday next year will be undertaken jointly by RCA Victor and the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. Soon to be released on Victor's Canada-International label will be 17 LPs of Canadian music, recorded by the CBC for its international service. A total of 42 works by 32 composers, performed by soloists from the Atlantic (the Halifax Trio) to the Pacific (the Vancouver Chamber Orchestra), will be waxed . . . Tribute to Expo '67, the world's fair at Montreal, is the subject of a new CBC-TV series that led off with *Prelude to Expo*, starring the Oscar Peterson Trio.

LONDON: Shortly after the Horace Silver Quintet (trumpeter Woody Shaw, tenorist Tyrone Washington, pianist Silver, bassist Larry Ridley, and drummer Roger Humphreys) finished its last set on its opening night at Ronnie Scott's, part of the club was destroyed by fire. The damage was soon repaired, however. Scott's original club, now called the Old Place and intended as a showcase for Britain's newer musicians, has been featuring such groups as Chris McGregor's Blue Notes and those led by Harold McNair and Mike Westbrook. Closing Nov. 13 at the new (main) club after a four-week stand was multi-instrumentalist Roland Kirk and local singer Norma

Winstone. Vocalist Teri Thornton was set to follow them. Pianist Stan Tracey has quit as leader of the house trio at Scott's after nearly seven years' residency. Tracey said he wants to concentrate on composing . . . Trumpeter Al Hirt came into London, his first trip here, for some television appearances . . . A benefit was held Sept. 29 at the Bull's Head for ailing tenor man Tubby Hayes, hospitalized by a blood clot that affected his lungs. Among musicians taking part were tenor saxophonists Dick Morrissey and Ronnie Scott . . . Tenorist Stan Getz and singer Astrud Gilberto were scheduled to play concerts Nov. 13 and 15 that were also to be taped for BBC-TV . . . Trumpeter Wingy Manone recently toured with the Alan Eldson Band . . . Before leaving Britain, German entrepreneur Horst Lippmann's fifth American Folk Blues Festival, which included blues singers Joe Turner, Sippie Wallace, and Roosevelt Sykes, recorded in Manchester for Granada TV.

PARIS: The Jazz Realities—co-led by pianist-composer Carla Bley and trumpeter Mike Mantler—played a week at the Jazzland Club. The group included Germans Peter Brotzmann, alto, tenor, baritone saxophones, and Peter Kowald, bass, and Italian Aldo Romano, drums. Tenorist Dexter Gordon came in next for a week. His rhythm section consisted of pianist Rene Urtreger and drummer Art Taylor. Pianist Cecil Taylor's quintet followed Gordon with a six-day engagement . . . The new Microteque Club is featuring Guitars Unlimited as the resident group . . . Pianist Art Simmons wrote the arrangements for a Belgian recording session featuring tenorist Nathan Davis with an 85-piece orchestra . . . The Ted Easton Club opened with tenorist Guy Lafitte in for the first week . . . Europe No. 1—a concert-series organization—in collaboration with jazz promoter Horst Lippman and Rau and Varig airlines, presented a bossa-nova concert by Brazilian musicians at the Theatres des Champs Elysees. Featured were the Salvador Trio (Salvador, piano; Sergio, bass; Chico Batera, drums), guitarist Rosinha de Valenca, percussionists Rubens Bassini and Jorge Arena, dancer Marly Tavares, singers Dorival Caymmé and Sylvia Telles, and flutist-tenor saxophonist J. T. Meirelles . . . Vibist Lionel Hampton's Jazz in a Circle unit scored a great success at its Olympia Theater concert . . . Reed man Benny Waters, a former King Oliver sideman, will leave trumpeter Jaquez Butler's quintet at La Cigale in February to freelance . . . The poll-winning Double Six vocal group is temporarily out of action because leader Mimi Perrin is expecting a baby next April . . . The Nuit du Jazz, organized each year by discographer-critic Charles De-launay, this year will be held Dec. 17 and feature the Martial Solal Trio, the Georges Arvanitas Trio, tenorist Guy Lafitte, guitarist Boulou Ferré, the Briavel Quartet, Roger Guerin, Michel DeVillers, the Haricots Rouges, the Irakli Jazz Band, and blues singer Joe Turner.

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.
The Apartment: Marian McPartland.
Basin St. East: Charlie Barnet, 12/14-1/1.
Basic's: Harold Ousley, Sun-Mon.
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.
Crystal Room: Les DeMerle, Lee Konitz.
Dom: Tony Scott. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Eddie Condon's: Bob Wilber, Yank Lawson.
El Carib (Brooklyn): Johnny Fontana.
Ferryhout (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six.
Five Spot: Elvin Jones, Walter Bishop Jr., Mon.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sun. Ulano.
Half Note: Al Cohn, Zoot Sims, Jimmy Rushing, 12/20-1/1. Carmen McRae, 12/6-18.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.
Hugo's: sessions, wknds.
Hunter College (Student Lounge): Burton Green, 12/7.
Jazz at the Office (Freeport, N.Y.): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.
Jilly's: Monty Alexander, Link Milman, George Perl, Sun.-Mon.
Kenny's Pub: Gene Quill, Mon. Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Thur.-Fri.
Key Club (Newark, N.J.): name jazz groups.
Le Intrigue (Newark, N.J.): Art Williams, wknds.
Leon's (Port Washington): Dennis Connors, Tony Bella.
L'Intrigue: Jo Beck, Mike Mainieri.
Little Club: Johnny Morris.
Marino's Bont Club (Brooklyn): Michael Grant, Vernon Jeffries, Bob Kay, wknds.
Mark Twain Riverboat: Duke Ellington to 12/10.
Metropole: unk.
Mike & Dave's (Brooklyn): Red Allen, Sonny Greer, Fri.
007: Donna Lee, Mickey Dean, Walter Perkins.
Off Shore (Point Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.
Open End: Scott Murray, Wolf Knittel, Ted Kotick, Paul Motian.
Playboy Club: Kai Winding, Walter Norris, Larry Willis, Joe Farrell, Bill Crow, Frank Owens.
Pitt's Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Leon Eason.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, hb. Don Frye, Sun.
Slug's: Sessions, Sun. afternoon, Mon.
Stanley's: Jaki Byard.
Steak Pit (Paramus, N.J.): Connie Berry.
Summit Hotel: Jimmy Butts.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
Toast: Scott Reid.
Top of the Gate: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun.
Tremont Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Jazz Van-guards, Tue.
Village East: Larry Love.
Village Gate: unk.
Village Vanguard: Miles Davis to 12/11. Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
White Lantern Inn (Stratford, N.J.): Red Crossett, Sun.
Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

TORONTO

Castle George: Lonnie Johnson, 12/19-24.
Colonial: Junior Mance to 12/10. Salt City Six, 12/12-24.
Penny Farthing: Jim McHarg.
Savarin: Cozy Cole to 12/3.
Town Tavern: Mark Murphy to 12/10. Joe Williams, 12/12-17.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, Lenora Paxton.
Apartment: Don DeAndre, Mon.-Sat.
Baker's Keyboard: Roy Hamilton to 11/6. Cannonball Adderley, 12/9-17.
Big George's: Romy Rand.
Blues Unlimited: Slide Hampton, Thur.
Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, Thur.-Sat.
Caucus Club: Lenora Paxton.
Chessmate Gallery: Harold McKinney, Fri.-Sat., afterhours.
Diamond Lil's: Skip Kalich, Tue., Thur.

Drome: Etta Jones, Monty Alexander, 12/2-11.
Quartette Tres Bien, 12/30-1/8.
French Leave: Jimmy Dixon.
Frolie: Don Davis, Thur.-Sat.
Hobby Bar: Dezie McCullers, Mon., Tue., Thur.
Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha.
London Chop House: Bob Pierson, Mon.-Fri.
Momo's: Mark Richards, Keith Vreeland, Fri.-Sat.
New Olympia: Norman Dillard, Thur.-Sun.
Palge's: Ernie Farrow, wknds.
Playboy Club: Matt Michael, Vince Mance, Mon.-Sat. Jack Pierson, Sat.
Roostertail: Chuck Robinett.
Shadow Box: Wade Boykin, Tue.-Sat.
Side Door (Kalamazoo): Dave Ferguson, Sun.
Tonga: Charles Harris, Mon.-Sat., Sun. after-noon.
Truck Lounge (Flint): Don Cook.
Waterfall (Ann Arbor): Clarence Byrd.
Webbwood Inn: Rudy Robinson, Sun.

MIAMI

Chatenu Madrid (Fort Lauderdale): Louis Armstrong, 12/29-1/4. Benny Goodman, 1/19-25.
Sarah Vaughan, 1/26-2/1.
Deauville: Bobby Fields, hb.
Dream Lounge: Chubby Jackson to 12/16.
Hampton House: Charlie Austin, wknds.
Harbor Lounge: Guy Fasciani, hb.
Jazzville (Rancher): Ira Sullivan.
Playboy Club: Bill Rice, hb.
700 Club: Herbie Brock, hb.

CLEVELAND

Americana Lounge East: Hugh Thompson.
Antonio's: Bill Gidney.
Blue Chip Inn: Harry Damus.
Copa: Wayne Quarles.
Copper Kettle: jazz, Mon.-Thur.
Esquire Lounge: Eddie Baccus.
House of Blues: name jazz groups.
Leo's Casino: Winston Walls.
Tally-Ho: Joe Dasandro.
Theatrical Grill: Roy Liberto, 12/5-17. Mongo Santamaria, 1/9-27.

CHICAGO

Either/Or: Ken Rhodes, wknds.
Bernard Horwich Center: Kenny Soderbom, 12/21. Cy Touff, 1/18. Sandy Mosse, 2/15.
Havana-Madrid: Bunky Green, wknds.
Hungry Eye: Three Souls, Mon.-Wed. Jazz Organizers, Thur.-Sun.
Jazz Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
London House: Oscar Peterson to 12/18. Eddie Higgins, 12/19-25. Cannonball Adderley, 12/27-1/8. Gene Krupa, 1/10-20. Eddie Higgins, Larry Novak, hbs.
McCormick Place: Louis Armstrong, 12/11.
Midas Touch: Judy Roberts, wknds.
Old Town Gate: Eddy Davis, Mon.-Thur. Franz Jackson, wknds.
Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ralph Massetti, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Thelonious Monk to 12/4. Horace Silver, 12/21-1/1.
Stan's Pad: Ken Chaney, wknds.

ST. LOUIS

Al Baker's: Gale Belle, wknds.
Blue Note: Don James, wknds.
Hi Ho: The Tempos.
King Brother's: Eddie Johnson.
London House East: David Hines, wknds.
Mr. C's LaCachette: Upstream Jazz Quartet, Gordon Lawrence.
Mr. Ford's: Allan Merriweather, hb.
Mainlander: Marion Miller.
Murry's: Sal Ferrante.
Murry's In Between: Muggsy Sprecher, hb.
Opera House: Singleton Palmer, hb.
Playboy Club: Don Cunningham, Jazz Salerno, hb.
Puppet Pub: Herb Drury, wknds.
Parkway House: The Markamen.
River Queen: Jim Beker, Jeanne Trevor.
Silver Dollar: Dixie Jesters.
Upstream Lounge: Upstream Jazz Quartet.

NEW ORLEANS

Al Hirt's: Fats Domino to 12/16.
Bistro: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, Tony Page.
Caesar's Palace: Paul Ferrara.
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Bill Kelsey, Santa Pecora.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry.
Goliwog: Armand Hug.
Haven: Keith Smith, wknds.
Holle's: George Davis, afterhours, wknds.
Joe Burton's: Joe Burton.
Kole's Korner: Rannie Kole.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson.
Paddock Lounge: Ernest Holland Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Phil Reudy.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Red Garter Annex: George Lewis, Sun. after-noon.
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.
Your Father's Moustache: Jim Liscombe, Sun. afternoon.

MILWAUKEE

Boom Room Room: Seat Johnson.
Crown Room: Lou Lalli.
De Salvo's: Frank DeMiles, Fri.-Sat.
Dimitri's: The Jazzmen, Thur.-Sun.
Green's Living Room: Will Green.
Holiday Inn (Central): Dan Edwards.
KG's: Sig Millonzi, Thur.-Sat.
Ma's: Four Star Quartet, Fri.-Sat.
Richard's Retreat: George Pritchette, Wed.-Sat.
Sardino's: Joe Gumin, Sun.
Someplace Else: Don Nedobek, Sun., Tue., Thur.

KANSAS CITY

Henny's: Emmett Finney, wknds.
Club DeLisa: unk.
Club Royal: Steve Kelley, Sun.
423 Club: Frank Wilson, wknds.
Golden Horseshoe: Bettye Miller-Milt Abel.
Leyce: Georg Winn, Mon.
O.G.'s: Jimmy Eda.
Place: Baby Lovett, wknds.
Playboy: Pete Eyt.
Plaza III: Caroline Harris, Tue.-Sun.
Solar Lounge: Claude Williams, wknds., Mon.
Twelfth of Never: Sam Alexander, Marion Love, wknds., Mon., Tue.
Vanguard: Frank Smith, Sun.
Venture In: George Salisbury-Arch Martin, wknds.
Voo Doo Village: Frank Smith. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.

LOS ANGELES

Bel Paese: Calvin Jackson.
Bonesville: Don Ellis, Mon., Thur.-Sun.
Carol's A Go Go: sessions, Mon., Thur.
Charley Brown's (Marina del Rey): Dave Miller.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup.
Dont's: Mike Melvoin, Mon.-Thur. Howard Roberts, Fri.-Sat. Jack Sheldon, Sun. Bob Edmondson, 1/2-3; 1/9-10.
Frigate: Marty Harris; Vic Mio.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, wknds.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner.
International Hotel: Joe Loco.
Lu Duce (Inglewood): Gene Russell.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Wes Montgomery to 12/10. Les McCann, 12/11-24. Dizzy Gillespie, 12/25-1/7. Jimmy Smith, 1/8-21. Howard Rumsey, Mon.-Tue.
Murry's (Baldwin Hills): Bobby Bryant.
Melody Room: Marv Jenkins.
Memory Lane: name groups.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson.
Pied Piper: David Bryant, Joe Sample.
Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): Vince Saunders.
P.J.'s: Eddie Cano.
Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Bob Corwin, Willie Restum, hbs.
Reuben's (Newport Beach): Edgar Hayes, Fri.-Sat.; (Whittier), Tue.-Thur.
Reuben E. Lee (Newport Beach): Edgar Hayes, Sun.
Scene: Letta Mbulu.
Shakey's: Silver Dollar Jazz Band.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Gabor Szabo to 12/4. Cal Tjader, 12/6-18. Bola Sete, 12/20-1/1. Charles Lloyd, 1/2-9. Joe Williams, 1/10-22. Shelly Manne, wknds.
Sherry's: Mike Melvoin, Sun.
Sportsmen's Lodge: Stan Worth.
Tiki: Richard Dorsey, Plas Johnson, Tue.-Wed.
Tropicana: sessions, Mon.
White Way Inn (Reseda): Pete Dailey, Thur.-Sun.



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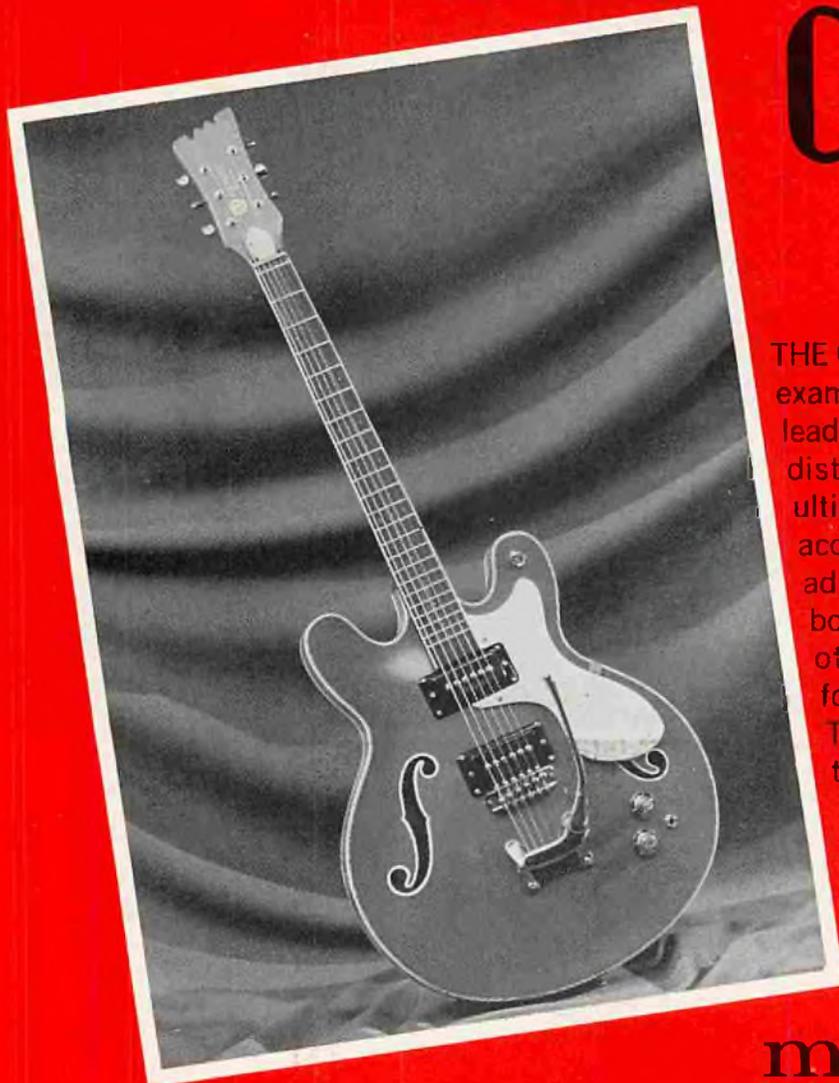
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