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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

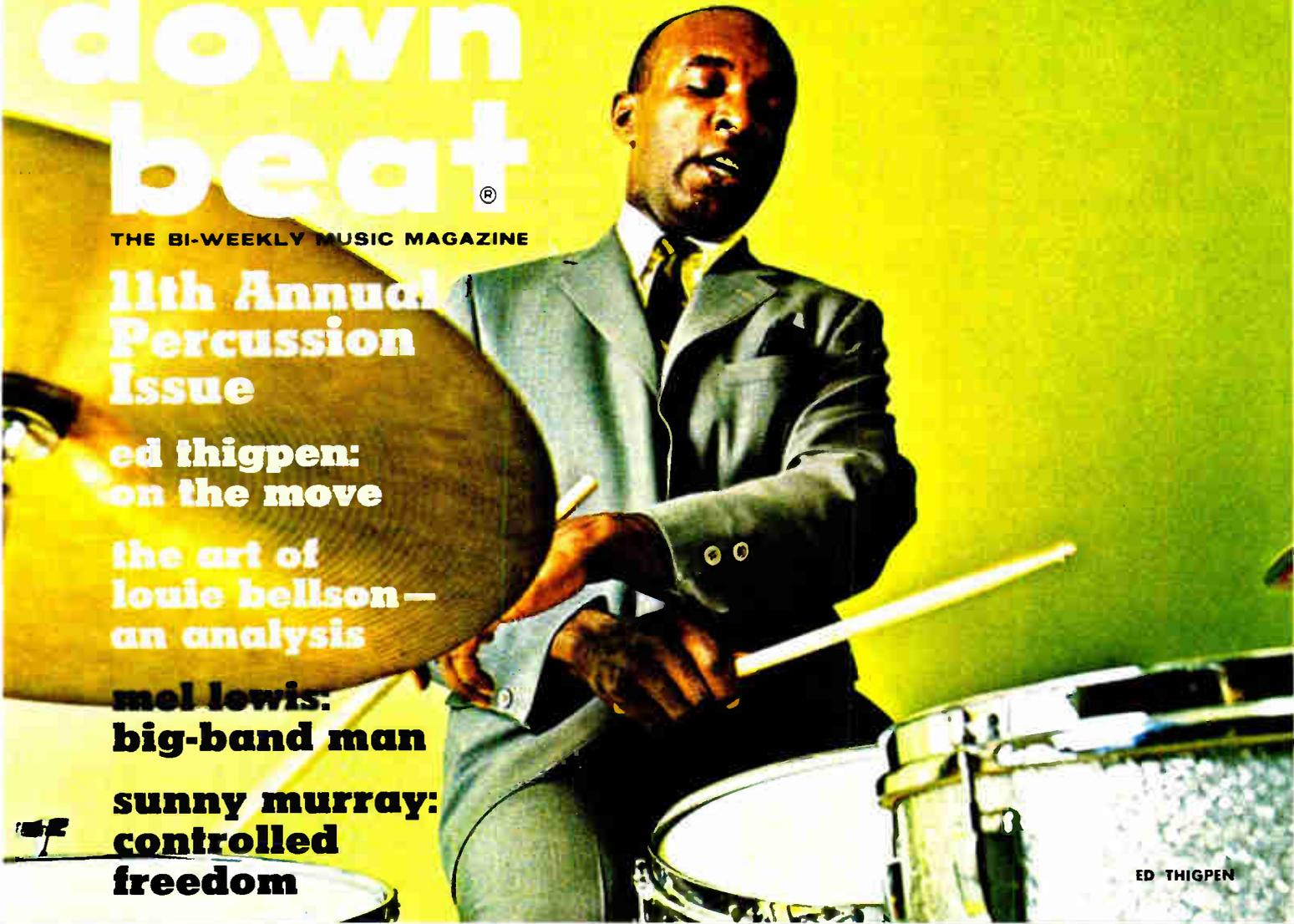
11th Annual Percussion Issue

**ed thigpen:
on the move**

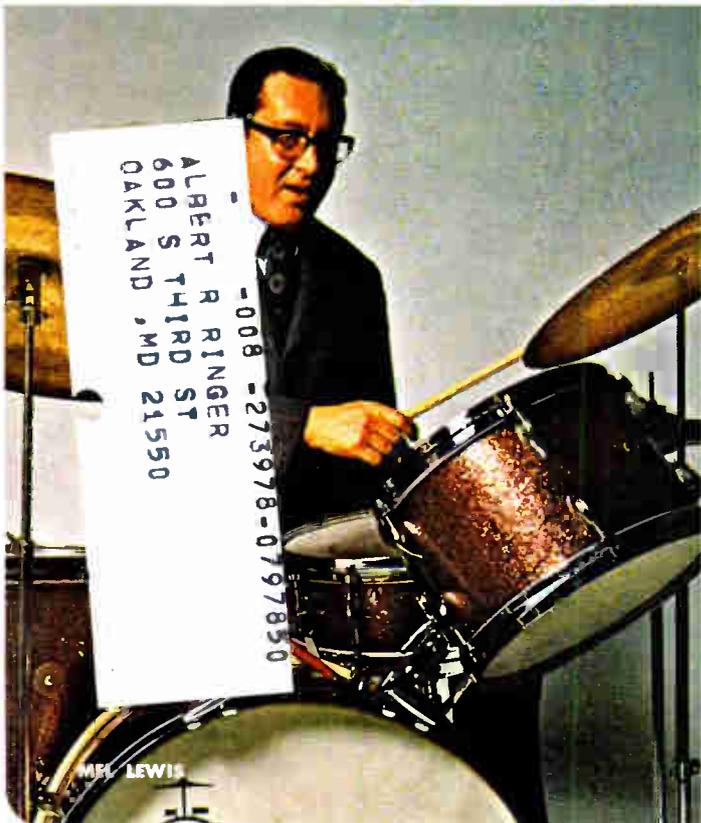
**the art of
louie bellson —
an analysis**

**mel lewis:
big-band man**

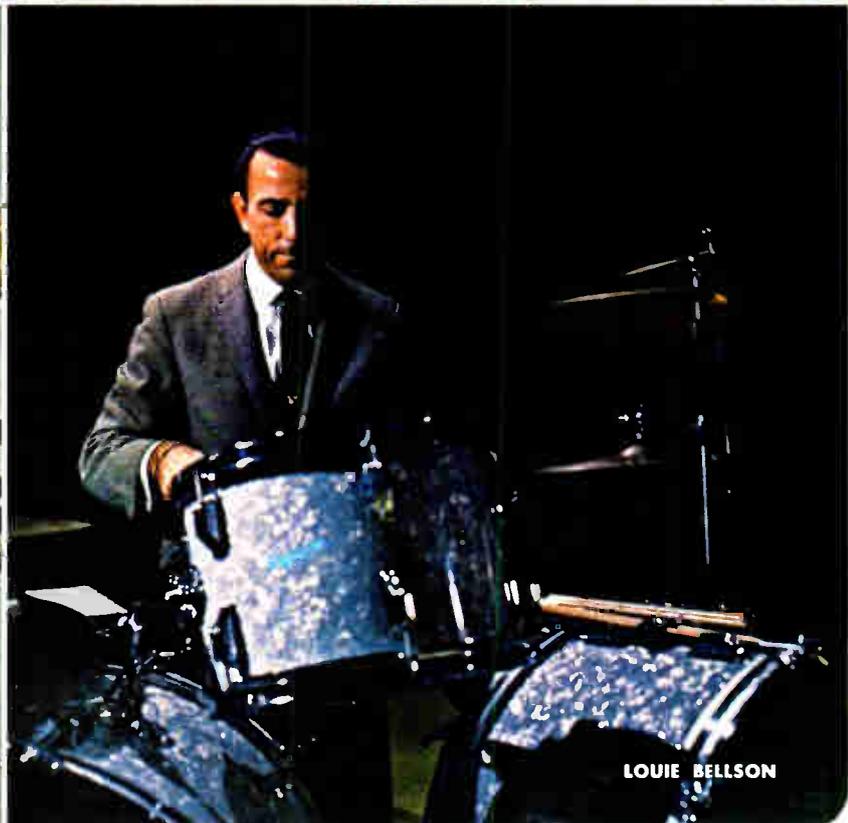
**sunny murray:
controlled
freedom**



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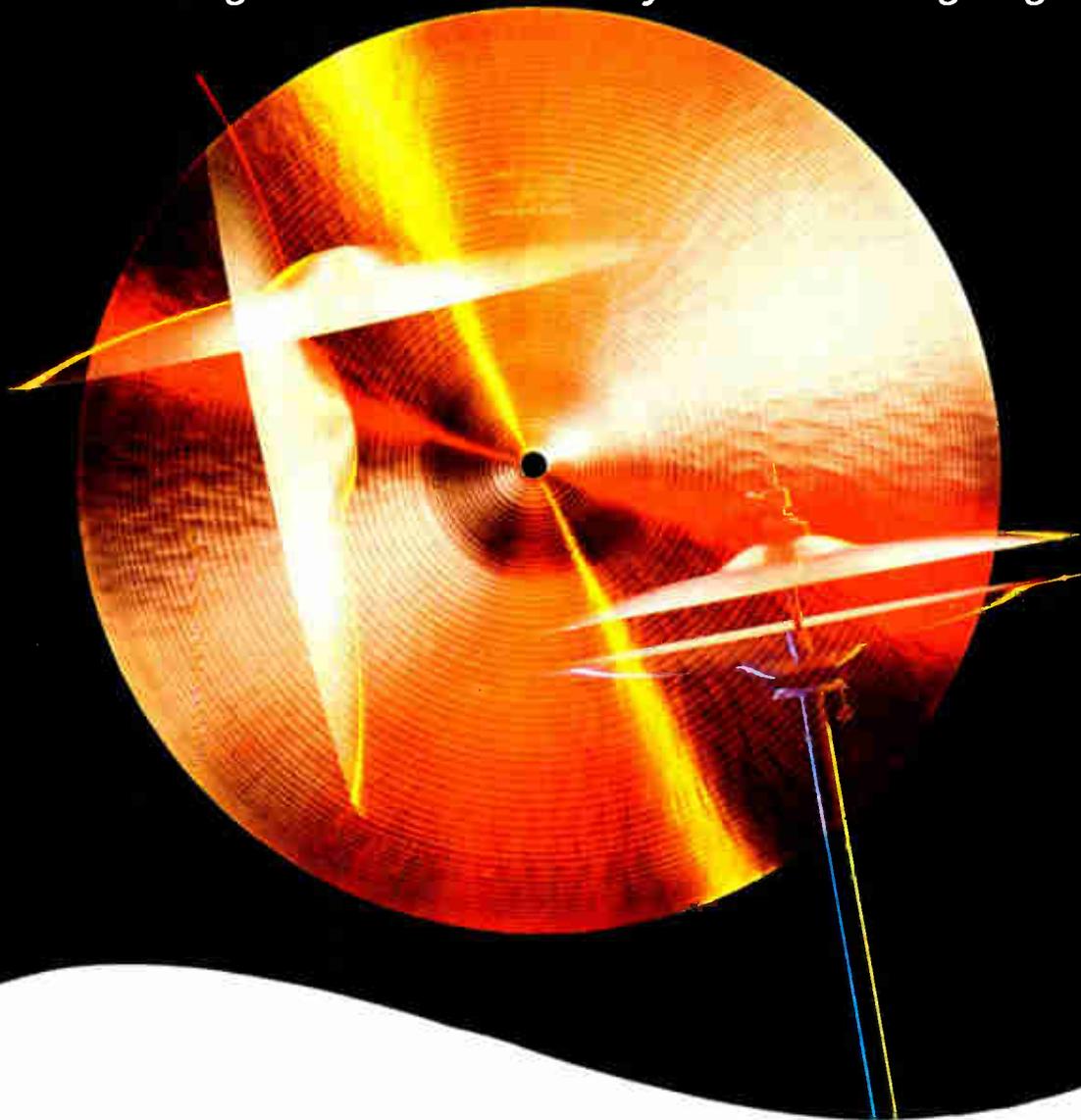
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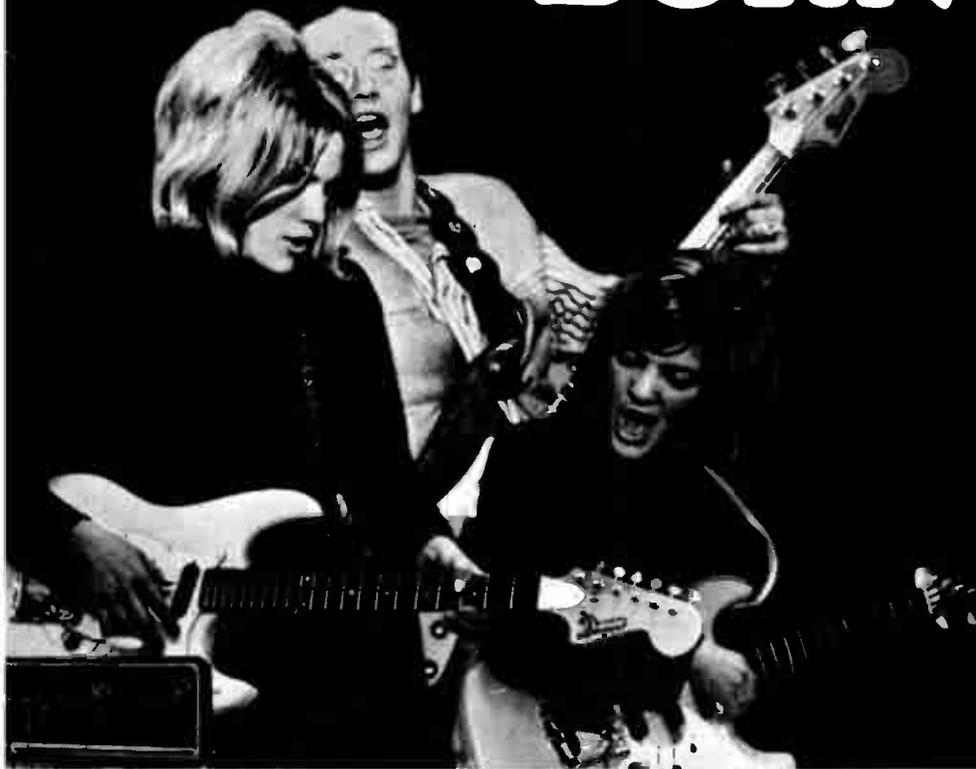


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contents

- 6 Chords and Discords
- 13 News
- 15 Strictly Ad Lib
- 15 Feather's Nest, by Leonard Feather.
- 16 **Controlled Freedom Is The Thing This Year:** Leading new-jazz drummer Sunny Murray expounds the theories of his own school of drumming. By Valerie Wilmer.
- 18 **On The Move:** After more than a year's time-out for catching up with himself and his family, drummer Ed Thigpen has once again resumed momentum. By Helen McNamara.
- 20 **Big-Band Man:** Versatile enough to sit in with a Dixieland combo, Third Stream ensemble, or anything in between, drummer Mel Lewis' first joy today is co-leading an 18-piece band with Thad Jones. By Dan Morgenstern.
- 22 **The Art of Louie Bellson:** A notated analysis of Bellson drum solos. By Rupert Kettle.
- 26 **Caught in the Act: Seven Ages of Jazz** • Boston Jazz Festival • Tubby Hayes • William Russo/Phil Cohran
- 32 Record Reviews
- 40 **Blindfold Test:** Dizzy Gillespie-Louie Bellson
- 44 **Book Reviews:** The Encyclopedia of Jazz • Such Sweet Thunder
- 54 **Where and When:** A guide to current jazz attractions.

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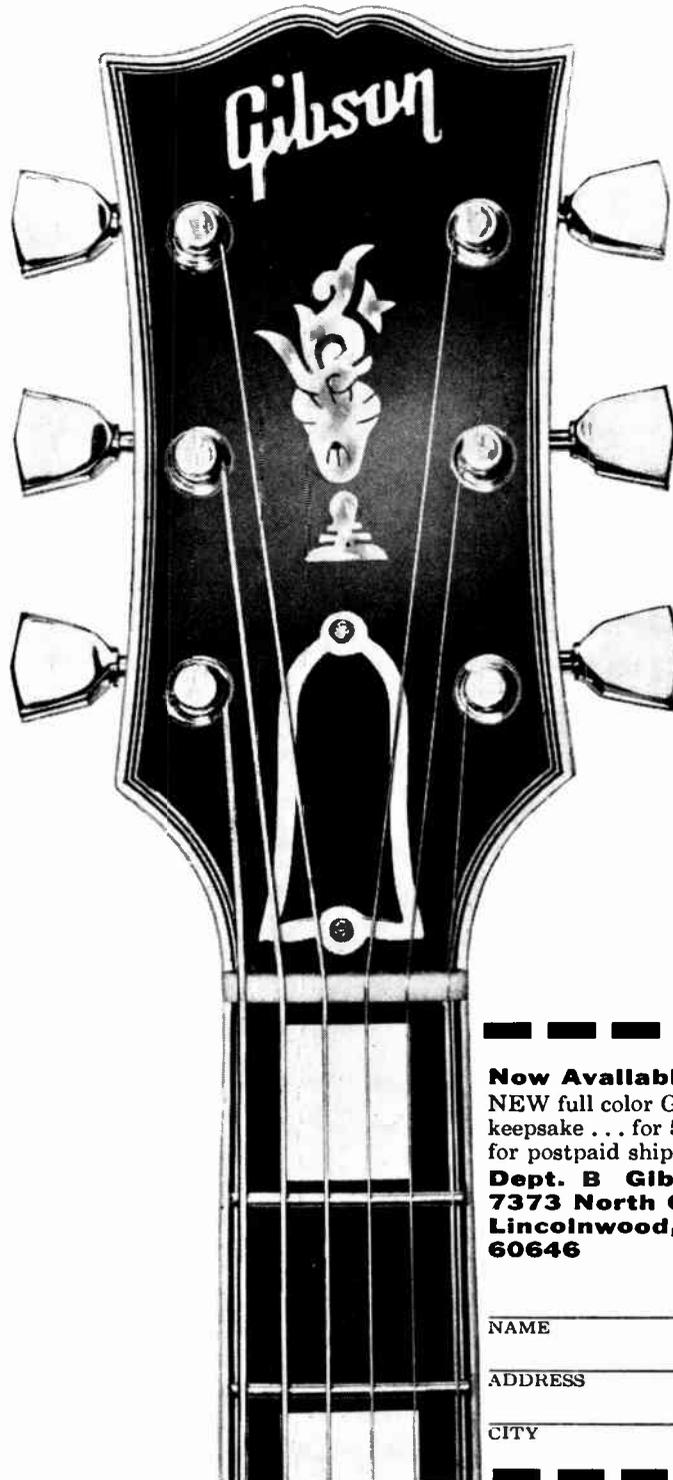


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| 2. Kenny Burrell* | 7. Joe Pass* | 12. Attila Zoller | 17. Jerry Hahn |
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up the fact that they were not doing much studio work because neither of them played any "doubles"—either flute or oboe in addition to the standard clarinet. I also said that this was the case with other Negro jazz saxophone players and that the reason they were not more active in studio work was *not* because of racial discrimination of the orchestra leaders but because they were simply not equipped with the proper tools of the trade (doubles). I also gave Benny Carter as an example of a Negro jazz musician who had become successful as a writer in motion picture and television work. I also said that to be successful in studio work trumpet players (as well as other musicians) must play in "three or four different styles."

Now, isn't it unusual that after a four-hour interview about West Coast jazz the only thing that Balliett could extract as valuable to his purpose was a distortion of my explanation of why Teddy Edwards and Harold Land were not doing more studio work? This part of the discussion took approximately 10 minutes. What happened to all the other things that we discussed during this four-hour interview?

Balliett quoted me as implying that Negro musicians are not "proficient" enough to work in the studios. That was his word—not mine. There is a great difference between the word "proficiency" and the music-business term "doubling." I feel that Balliett needs a new dictionary.

I did not say anything about "trumpeters playing only trumpet." I did not state or even imply that trombonists, pianists, or guitarists must double. How anyone, especially Leonard Feather, could read that between the lines is beyond my scope of understanding.

Why was it necessary for Feather to expand that into the nonsense that he did?

Now to the quote "three or four different styles." There was no reference whatsoever to "jazz solo styles"—which is what Balliett implied. This is the area to which Feather tried to bring it. The word "style" was used in music long before the improvised jazz solo was developed. I felt that as a musician, Feather would know that. He even tried to recover by mentioning four Negro trumpet players who are capable of doing exactly what I said was required. He knew what I meant by that statement. Why did he try to tear it apart?

Balliett I can sympathize with. He apparently isn't capable of understanding this segment of the music business, or, possibly, it isn't convenient for him to understand it. But Leonard Feather... he lives here... he sees musicians at work every day, or could if he looked—and listened.

Another quote: "Benny Carter has grown rich in the studios, and so have other Negroes." I did not use the word "rich," and this is the statement upon which Feather based the bulk of his column. Nor did I say "and so have other Negroes grown rich."

To Leonard Feather:

You admitted that part of my statement was "borne out by fact." If it came as a "slight shock" (it should have been a "great shock") to you to see things like

this attributed to me, why didn't you call me? We live less than two miles from each other. You know my phone number—you've had occasion to use it several times before.

You stated that Balliett "may well be the most gifted writer to bring jazz to print" (I'll question that!) and "he had too little time for an in-depth study of his subject." Leonard Feather, aren't you guilty of taking too little time for an in-depth study of *your* subject? A simple phone call would have given you the facts—the facts about a writer who had preconceived opinions about his subject, who wrote only what he wanted to hear, not what he heard.

Bud Shank
Studio City, Calif.

The New Jazz Article

I'd like to point out the faults in some of the writing being done about avant-garde jazz. Never in history has there been such a barrier of *words* between the listener and the music. I think there is much of value in the so-called "new thing," but I'll be surprised if it doesn't expire under the weight of this wordage, which has taken on a life of its own, one that is divorced not only from reason but from the music itself.

There is the socio-political approach, whose leading exponents are LeRoi Jones and Nat Hentoff. Both can tell whether they like a group's music by interviewing the players; they don't even have to hear them play. If the guys talk about freedom, then it's obvious that they swing. This form of criticism is dangerous because of its emotional appeal. I mean, how can you be against civil rights and peace?

Then there's the sort of thing Don Heckman did in his article (*DB*, Feb. 9) about the new jazz. This is the most mischievous method of all, because it is so devious. Heckman can sound logical while talking nonsense. He has a way of turning things upside down, of displacing meanings, of short-circuiting the discussion by dressing shabby facts in fancy talk.

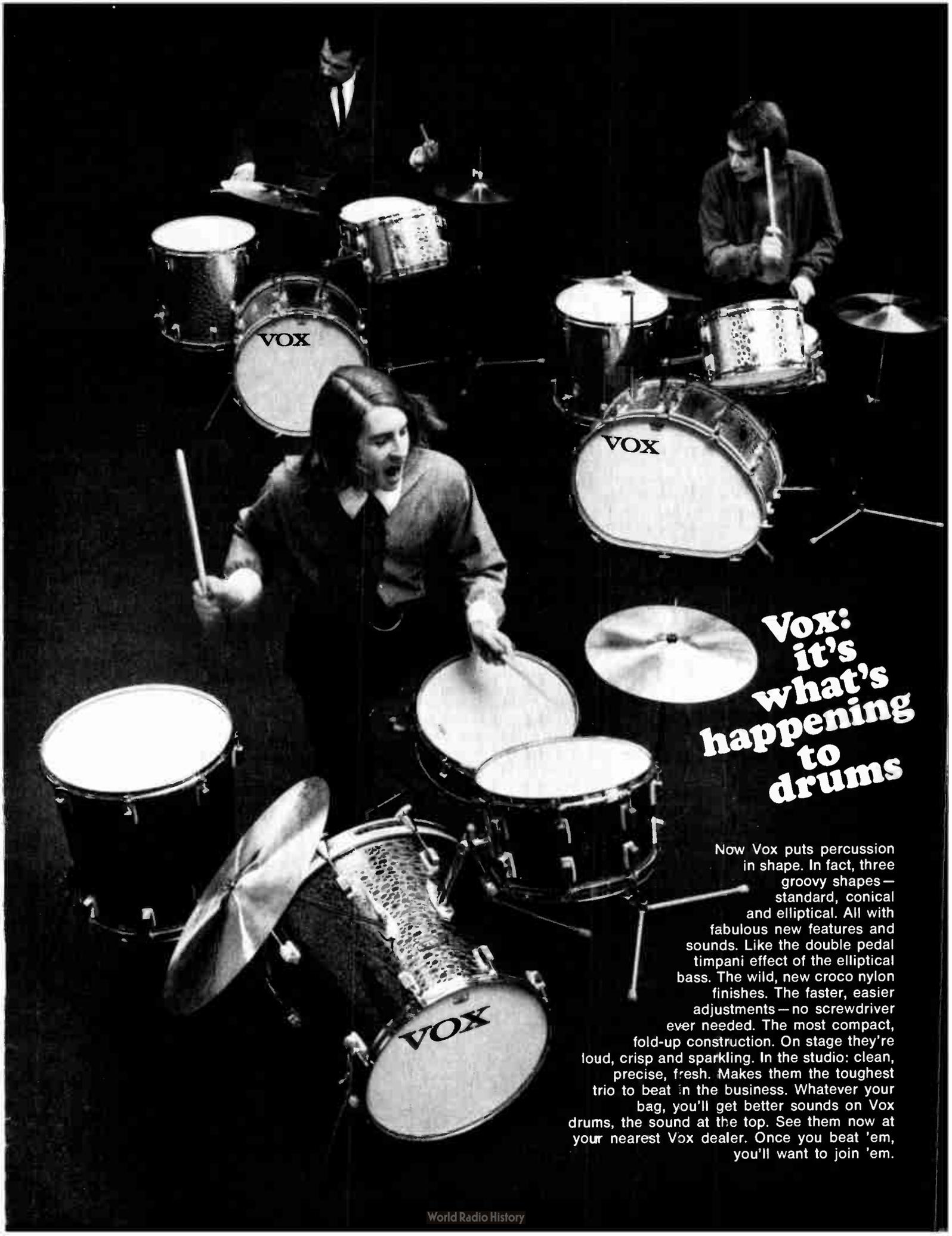
Until a couple of years ago, I would never have thought the day would come when you could get in an argument about whether it was necessary to be able to play a horn before becoming a professional musician, but that day is here.

Heckman would say that I'm being devious myself at this point—that I'm tacitly and unfairly circumscribing the meaning of "playing a horn." I'm not. I'm not saying you have to be able to play bebop, to know the changes, to play in any certain style. I'm not saying that atonal music and new forms should not be explored. I'm just saying you must be able to *operate* the horn.

I'd like to see less from Heckman about this subject and more from Miles and Mingus (who was experimenting with "free" music years ago) and Freddie Hubbard and Max Roach and John Handy and other players.

And don't just apologize for the avant-garde and promote it. Criticize it, if you have to be critics. Separate the good in it from the jive.

Patrick Creighton
New York City



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The band regains a good deal of the spirit of '55 on this album. Chief soloists are trumpeter Joe Newman, tenorists Billy Mitchell and Frank Foster (who also did the writing work), and Basie on piano, with occasional trombone spots by Henry Coker and one excellent cornet solo by Thad Jones (*Out the Window*). The tracks that come off best are *Texas*, *Doggin'*, *Dream*, *Topsy*, and *9:20*—all of which have that light rhythmic feeling the old Basie band had. (D.DeM.)

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TWO JAZZ VETERANS DIE ON SAME DAY

Two of the fieriest and most respected jazz veterans, cornetist Muggsy Spanier and clarinetist Edmond Hall, died of heart attacks on the same day, Feb. 12.

Spanier, ill with emphysema and a heart ailment since 1964, died in his sleep at his home in Sausalito, Calif., where he and his wife, Ruth, settled after going to the San Francisco area in 1957.

He was born in Chicago on Nov. 9, 1906, and christened Francis Joseph Spanier. An early and fervid interest in baseball and an admiration for New York Giants manager John (Muggsy) McGraw earned him his nickname.

Spanier played drums before cornet, and critics later attributed his great drive to his early exposure to percussion. He was one of the members of the so-called Chicago school of the '20s and played with such young Chicago jazzmen as clarinetist Frank Teschemacher, drummer George Wettling, and pianist Jess Stacy. He first recorded in 1924 with the Bucktown Five.

Spanier was a staunch admirer of the King Oliver Creole Jazz Band and based his style on those of the leader and the band's second cornetist, Louis Armstrong. As a youngster in knee pants he used to sit in with the Oliver band and with the New Orleans Rhythm Kings in Chicago.

He joined entertainer Ted Lewis' band in 1929 and stayed until 1936. During his time with Lewis, he visited Europe as well as most of the United States. The then Prince of Wales called him "the peer of the plunger mute." During this period, the band, often sweetly commercial, sometimes played good jazz, with Spanier and trombonist Georg Brunis featured.

Spanier next went with the Ben Pollack Band, staying till early 1938, when he suffered a physical collapse and was hospitalized for three months at the Touro Infirmary in New Orleans. When he recovered, he formed his famous Ragtimers, and among the group's recordings was a blues that was to become Spanier's theme song—*Relaxin' at the Touro*.

The Ragtimers was one of the finest tradition-based bands of the era. Hard-driven by a front line that included Brunis and clarinetist Rod Cless as well as Spanier, the band enjoyed a spate of success at Chicago's Sherman Hotel before breaking up. The 16 performances the group recorded for the Bluebird label are considered classics of the genre and are still available on RCA Victor.

Spanier rejoined Lewis for a short while in 1940 but later in the year went with the Bob Crosby Band, which was an outgrowth of the old Pollack band. The next year, Spanier formed a big, semi-Dixieland band and kept it together until 1943. From 1944 till he joined the Earl Hines Sextet in 1957, the cornetist led bands of various personnel. He reopened Chicago's now-defunct Blue Note at its upstairs location in 1954 and later played several months at the city's Jazz, Ltd.



Muggsy Spanier



Edmond Hall

Fiery horns stilled by heart attacks

After two years with Hines at San Francisco's Hangover Club, he again struck out on his own, leading groups and appearing as a single. In 1964, while he was playing in Detroit, he became seriously ill and returned to Touro for treatment. This time it was a heart ailment. During his last stay at the hospital, Dr. Alton Ochsner, who was credited with saving his life in 1938, treated him for his illness. There was hope that he would recover and be able to play again, but after his release from the hospital in early 1965, he was unable to play for any length of time.

Only three weeks before his death, however, he was planning to go back to work, his stepson, film and television director Tom Gries, said. "I called him from Hollywood," Gries said, "and he told me he was planning to take a Detroit booking in April."

Spanier is survived by his widow Ruth, two stepsons, a sister, and three brothers. His body was returned to Chicago for burial.

Hall, 65, a professional musician since he was 17, who first played guitar and then taught himself clarinet, was stricken while shoveling snow in front of his home in Cambridge, Mass.

He was born in Reserve, La., near New Orleans, and his father and two older brothers were musicians, as is a younger brother, Herb, today a prominent jazz clarinetist himself.

Ed Hall worked with New Orleans area bands led by Bud Russell, Chris Kelley, and Jack Carey and then toured with the legendary cornetist Buddy Petit and with the Matt Thomas and Eagle Eye Shields bands.

In 1927 he joined the big band of pianist Alonzo Ross, which also included trumpeter Cootie Williams. Hall made his first recordings with this group in Savannah, Ga., that year. Hall left the Ross band in New York City, joining first Billy Fowler, and then banjoist Charlie Skeets, whose band was taken over in 1930 by

pianist-arranger Claude Hopkins.

Hall remained with Hopkins through 1935, doubling clarinet and baritone saxophone, and then worked briefly with Lucky Millinder, trumpeter Billy Hicks' Sizzling Six, and drummer Zutty Singleton.

In 1939 Hall began a long association with Cafe Society Downtown in New York City, working with Joe Sullivan, Red Allen, and Teddy Wilson. In 1944 he took over leadership of the Cafe Society house band, remaining for four years.

After a year at Boston's Savoy club, Hall went to California, returning to New York in July, 1950, to join the house band at Eddie Condon's, where he remained for five years. He then went with the Louis Armstrong All-Stars and toured with the trumpeter for three years throughout the world, appearing with the band in the movie *High Society* and a film documentary, *Satchmo the Great*.

In late 1959 Hall moved to Ghana with his wife, intending to settle there to teach and play, but they returned to New York after three months. Subsequently, Hall made several tours of Europe, including a successful stay in Czechoslovakia.

From 1962 through 1966, he appeared at the annual jazz festival in Aspen, Colo. In 1964 he toured Japan with the Dukes of Dixieland. He also made frequent appearances at Newport and other jazz festivals, led his own groups at Condon's, made television appearances with singer Yves Montand, and recorded with Harry Belafonte.

In January the clarinetist was featured in the *Spirituals to Swing* concert at Carnegie Hall and appeared with the Newport Festival All-Stars at the Boston *Globe* Jazz Festival.

Hall played an Albert system clarinet all his life and had a personal style characterized by a rough-edged, burnished tone and a slashing, fiery delivery.

While he was an expert at handling the traditional clarinet part in a New Orleans

or Dixieland ensemble, Hall was a versatile, flexible musician, at home in a mainstream jazz setting.

Benny Goodman often cited him as one of his favorite clarinetists. Hall won the *Esquire* magazine Silver Award in 1945 and the 1966 *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll as talent deserving wider recognition.

He was a prolific recording artist in a variety of settings. One of the most famous records under his leadership was *Profoundly Blue*, which featured guitarist Charlie Christian.

Hall can also be heard on records by Billie Holiday, Armstrong, Coleman Hawkins, various Condon groups, Teddy Wilson, Joe Sullivan, Art Tatum, among others.

He recorded with Spanier only once—at the 1964 Newport festival; the performances were released on RCA Victor's *Great Moments in Jazz* album. It was Spanier's last recording and Hall's next to last.

DONALD BYRD WRITING NEGRO HISTORY MUSICAL

A comprehensive history of the Canadian Negro—to be interpreted in song, dance, and music—awaits approval for addition to this year's world's fair, Expo '67, to be held in Montreal. Originating with drummer Ed Thigpen, who was unable to oversee the development of the project, the idea has been taken over by trumpeter-composer Donald Byrd.

Drummer Thigpen, a Canadian resident for the last six years until his recent move to Los Angeles, discovered that virtually every nationality and ethnic group will be featured at the Canadian fair except the Canadian Negro. He then developed the outline for a musical dramatization of the black man's odyssey—from the time of the underground railroad that brought the majority of Negroes to Canada to the Emancipation Proclamation, when many of them returned to the U.S.

The score for the show will be written by Byrd. Some sections of it will be based on traditional music and some will be original compositions.

Choreography will be by Alvin Ailey, leader of his own dance troupe.

"The project's acceptance is assured, I

Byrd: *History and jazz combined*



believe," Byrd told *Down Beat*. "It has reached the stage where the only thing required is that I complete the working idea for the show. When this is done, I will present the sponsors with the final format and the cost of the project."

Byrd said that the organizers of Canada's centennial celebration, which is scheduled to run at the same time as Expo '67, also expressed interest in the project and that there is a good chance both events will use it.

"Tentatively, we will spend four to six weeks at Expo '67 and then go on a road tour through Canada for the centennial celebration," Byrd said.

The proposed program, called *The Songs of Louis* in reference to the first Negro slave sold in Quebec, now awaits the decision of the festival's artistic director, Gordon Hilker.

The dramatization will be a spiritual triptych, covering the period 1812 to 1865, beginning with a statement made by Negro abolitionist Frederick Douglass in 1857:

"If there is no struggle, there is no progress. Those who profess to favor freedom, and yet deprecate agitation, are men who want crops without plowing up the ground. They want the ocean without the awful roar of its many waters."

On Feb. 12, Byrd gave a concert based on the dramatization at the University of Toronto, and the following day he narrated a show for a CBC-TV program.

Byrd, a doctor-of-philosophy candidate at Columbia University, has expanded the project through additional research and consultation with historians at Toronto, Colgate, and Brown universities. From the entire body of collected material, Byrd eventually plans to write a book.

In addition to his studies at Columbia, Byrd recently was named artistic director of New York's Five Spot Cafe. He said he and trombonist-arranger Slide Hampton will form a big band to play at the club. The band's debut is scheduled for late this month at the club.

JAMES MOODY STRICKEN WITH JAW PARALYSIS

On the opening night of Dizzy Gillespie's gig at the Tropicana in south Los Angeles, his reed man, James Moody, was stricken by a paralysis of the right side of his face. Moody tried to play but could not. Even his speech was impaired. A neurologist diagnosed Moody's condition as Bell's palsy, with serious inflammation of the nerves in the area of the jaw.

At presstime, Moody was at an Englewood, Calif., hospital undergoing therapy daily, optimistic that the neurologist's prediction of six weeks' duration for the illness will not be an underestimate.

The reed man has been flooded with calls from well-wishers, and he commented, "So many guys have responded—John Levine, the Lighthouse owner, and [flutist] Hubert Laws were the first ones to call me. I understand Terry Gibbs went right down to the club and filled in for me. Really it's such a warm feeling."

"Funny thing is, I thought I was in good physical shape," Moody said. "But this is the kind of fright that makes you listen

LEE TANNER



Moody: *At least six weeks of treatment before return to action*

to doctors. I'll do *everything* I'm told now. My main concern at the moment is to get plenty of rest. I guess I won't be going back east right away. I've got to keep away from the snow."

POTPOURRI

Alto saxophonist-violinist **Ornette Coleman's** trio (David Izenzon, bass, Charles Moffett, drums) will work in tandem with the **Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet** (the first-chair reeds of the Philadelphia Orchestra) in a March 17 concert at the Village Theater in lower Manhattan. The highlight of the concert will be the first performance of *Titles*, a work jointly composed by Coleman and F. A. Chambers.

The cause of the near-riot at the London Zoo wasn't the Pied Piper but **Roland Kirk**. The multi-instrumentalist was touring the city with a producer and camera crew from England's ABC television network during the filming of portions of a program featuring him. Kirk was interpreting the sounds of the city on his various instruments when hundreds of spectators began to follow him. He also was featured on another ABC special, *Tempo*, filmed during his month-long date at Ronnie Scott's Club in the fall. In addition, another Kirk TV special, this one for BBC, was filmed in January while he was making another appearance at Scott's.

Alto saxophonist **Byron Pope**, possibly the only person holding the title of Jazz Musician in Residence, at Simon Fraser University, near Vancouver, British Columbia, has become the first jazzman to join Jeunesse Musicales, an international society of artists—mostly classical—that books its members into 25 countries on concert tours. Pope teaches modern music theory and the art of improvising at Simon Fraser, a new university already boasting an enrollment of 5,000. He recently went to Los Angeles in search of like-minded avant-gardists to take with him to Canada.

Composer **Donald Heywood**, 65, died in Polyclinic Hospital in New York City Jan. 13. Best known for *I'm Coming, Virginia*, the Trinidad-born Heywood also wrote numerous show scores.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Three jazz benefits were held within a week of each other recently. On Jan. 30 a Five Spot matinee dedicated to the New York chapter of the Congress of Racial Equality featured tenor saxophonist **Joe Henderson's** big band and groups led by pianist **Jaki Byard** and baritone saxophonist **Cecil Payne**. The following night, at the Village Theater, the New York Friends of Synanon presented flugelhornist **Art Farmer's** quintet; tenor saxophonist **Booker Ervin's** quartet; the Henderson band; alto saxophonist **John Handy's** quintet; pianist **Steve Kuhn's** trio; a **Tony Scott**-led jam-session set with alto saxophonist **C Sharpe**, pianist **Horace Parlan**, bassist **Charlie Haden**, and drummer **Joe Chambers**, in which Scott played baritone saxophone; trumpeter **Clark Terry's** quartet; and singers **Carol Sloane**, **China Lin**, and **Joe Lee Wilson**. Four days later, also at the Village Theater, Angry Arts Week, a series of protests by artists in various fields against the war in Viet Nam, held a jazz concert dedicated to draft-age men. Featured were the Farmer quintet, alto saxophonist **Jackie McLean's** quartet, pianist **Burton Greene**, flutist **Jeremy Steig**, tenor saxophonist **Pharaoh Sanders**, cornetist **Clifford Thornton**, and cellist **Joel Freedman** . . . The scheduled April 13 appearance of **Duke Ellington** and his orchestra in the Carnegie Hall *Jazz in the Great Tradition* concert series has been canceled because of a conflicting Ellington commitment to **Norman Granz' Jazz** at the Philharmonic tour. The Ellington band will appear in a JATP concert at Carnegie March 26. A search for a suitable April 13 replacement was under way at presstime . . . The **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis** band celebrated its first anniversary of Monday nights at the Village Vanguard Feb. 6 and played a Valentine's Day concert at the Stratfield Motor Inn in Bridgeport, Conn. . . . The **Count Basie Band** is scheduled to play at a benefit to raise funds for a fellowship in copyright law at Columbia University. The event takes place March 21 at the Americana Hotel . . . Pianist-composer **Cecil Taylor**, recently returned from Europe, introduced a new work, *Presence*, at two Judson Hall concerts on Feb. 2 and 3 . . . Clarinetist **Perry Robinson's** UNI Trio joined with a modern-dance group for two Judson Memorial Church recitals . . . Jr.'s Cave, the new jazz spot in the East Village, now features the **Young Jazz Lions** through the week, with guest groups performing Saturday night and Sunday afternoon; these have included drummer **Sunny Murray's** Acoustical Unit, violinist **John Blair**, and singer **Jay Colantone** . . . Pookie's Pub features clarinetist **Tony Scott** and singer **Joe Lee Wilson** on weekends . . . Pianist-singer **Boborough** worked opposite pianist **Teddy Wilson's** trio at Top of the Gate during February; scheduled for a March 7 opening was alto saxophonist **Lee Konitz**, with guitarist **Jimmy Raney** and bassist **Paul Chambers** . . . Singer **Pearl Bailey** and husband **Louie Bellson's** big band were heard in concert at Philharmonic Hall Feb. 17 . . . The Jazz In-

(Continued on page 47)



Jazz Plum of '66: Charles Lloyd In Europe

Feather's Nest By LEONARD FEATHER

RECENTLY I was asked by Eric T. Vogel, a warm and wonderful gentleman who acts as correspondent for the German magazine *Podium*, to name what I considered the best and worst things that had happened in jazz in the last year. The answers were given briefly, but they led to a period of introspection that led in turn to the decision to amplify the topics by discussing them here.

I named Charles Lloyd, citing the success of his quartet as the best thing that happened to jazz last year. Further reflection brought a startling corollary reaction: the "success" to which I had referred took place almost exclusively in various foreign countries. Aside from a couple of well-received appearances at U.S. jazz festivals, Lloyd had achieved in his own homeland very little of the recognition I have long felt is due him.

In Europe nowadays, Lloyd's price is a healthy four figures a night (dollars, not francs or kronor). The figure is approximately the same as his fee for an entire week in a U.S. club—perhaps even higher.

I am speaking for the moment of "success" in materialistic terms because, whether he admits it to himself or not, the average artist does not consider himself a success, no matter how great his esthetic achievements, until the stamp of approval has been given him in the form of general public recognition and the economic security that goes along with it.

Mike Hennessey, one of the most perceptive critics in Europe, wrote in the *Melody Maker* of Lloyd's appearances at the Antibes jazz festival:

"This group gave a complete jazz festival in itself. Their set was one of the most exciting jazz experiences I have had in a long time. . . . The quartet used a wide variety of musical devices, light and shade, extraordinary dynamics, calypso and Latin rhythms, but was always a superbly integrated unit. It has now established itself as one of the major new arrivals in jazz."

On home grounds, Lloyd has been praised by perhaps half a dozen major writers, but according to a source close to Lloyd, three of the most active East Coast critics, as of a couple of months ago, had never even taken the trouble to go to a club and listen to the quartet. Possibly there remains in New York City that subconscious skepticism concerning musicians whose careers have been largely West Coast-based. (Don Ellis, another of 1966's Best Things, is being similarly hurt by this cross-country lack of communication.)

As for the record companies, aside from the LPs he made as a sideman with Chico Hamilton and Cannonball Adderley, there have been similar problems.

George Avakian, who has served as Lloyd's de facto manager and has toured extensively with the group, had to make the first Lloyd album (and part of the second) with his own money; as a result, two LPs appeared on Columbia. By that time there was a little interest, and Lloyd shifted to Atlantic records.

Of course, this is by no means the first time that European audiences have been way ahead of Americans in discerning the value of an American artist (particularly, of course, in the case of a Negro artist). Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong had to wait until they reached Europe before they were able to present themselves on a concert stage. Hugues Panassie recognized the value of the Jimmie Lunceford Band long before any U. S. critic.

Of course, Lloyd is not alone among the new-wave artists who have suffered. But most of the others have at least had the support of a large body of critics, and in two notable cases (Ornette Coleman and Sonny Rollins) they were in voluntary retirement in the United States before achieving their greatest triumphs in Europe.

Curiously, too, Lloyd's case cannot be explained by the too-often-heard argument that modern jazzmen lack audience communication. His personality and appearance are tremendous plus factors; the whole group is exciting to watch; the sidemen, particularly the amazing pianist, Keith Jarrett, are on an achievement level with the leader; and, as Hennessey indicates, they are not confined to one particular bag, outside or in.

So when one writes of Charles Lloyd's success as the best thing that happened in jazz last year, the claim must be qualified by these admissions. It sets one to wondering: if Roland Kirk had only played one horn at a time, would his genius, too, have gone almost unrecognized? How easily is the American jazz follower led by factors other than the intrinsic merit of the music?

Don't look at me as if you expected some elucidation here. In jazz, as in all of life, there are some questions to which there are no answers.

As for my second answer to Vogel (the worst thing that happened in jazz last year), that is another story and another column. [CB]

"THE TROUBLE with drummers today is that they tend to confuse the whole issue of what the band's trying to do. They make it like—I hate to say it—but like a washing machine that's been left plugged in, not realizing that the laundry has been cleaned."

James Marcellus Arthur (Sunny) Murray was holding court in his Brooklyn apartment. The doyen of today's bright young percussionists glared at the assembled company (including his two young sons) and took a sip of tea.

"The drummer's role has advanced more, but the whole thing with drummers today is that they're afraid to be classed as sidemen," he said. "Yet actually, that's their main role. However great they become or however strong they play, they're supposed to do this in terms of the rhythm section and then carry it forward. Usually they're so busy trying to get themselves together that they give little attention to being the basis or battery of the organization."

The former Cecil Taylor sideman, and father of a whole new school of drummers, was back on his favorite topic: why-the-drummers-of-today-don't-sound-like-daddy.

"Even in freedom," he explained, "there should be a certain amount of composition—I mean if you're going out with the emphasis on being a professional musician. If you're just an amateur, you're trying to get yourself together, and so everything you do is understandable. But if you're working with major musicians, you're supposed to devote your time to existing as a sideman, albeit a constructive sideman."

In order to avoid putting a damper on anything creative that may emanate from the front line, Murray attempts to slip into this role each time he plays. The new direction for percussionists, he said, is one of controlled freedom.

and his late brother, John, was second drummer for a time with Lionel Hampton—and so, shortly after the family moved to Philadelphia, he made his first attempts with the drum kit.

He was 9. Half a dozen years later he switched temporarily to trumpet and trombone; his efforts weren't well received.

"What I was playing then they considered nonsense," he recalled. "But it was a little bit like everyone plays today—something like Donny Ayler plays his trumpet, very free and loose—but most of my compadres then were very well devoted to the past masters."

Murray's musical education was relatively sparse until he moved to New York City in 1956. He soon found himself playing with people like altoist Jackie McLean, trumpeter Ted Curson, and tenorist Rocky Boyd and, at the

outcast. Very few people would come to a club where we played, and then half of them would turn around and walk right out again.

"With Cecil, I had to originate a complete new direction on drums because he was playing different then; he wasn't playing so rhythmically. His first actual rhythmical album was *The World of Cecil Taylor*, which I recorded with him playing traps and tympani, but before then it took a lot of hard work on my part. Before I went with Cecil, though, I was a very studious young drummer, and they always accepted me, even when I played all the different rhythms like 12/8 and 9/4 and so on, but they also accepted that I would eventually go beyond."

The turning point came for Murray when he heard Elvin Jones for the first time and realized that he and Jones "were the only people playing out of a completely new bag." He immediately determined to be different from Jones.

"I realized I couldn't play this way any more, and for about five years none of the drummers could stand me," he said. "They didn't catch on until around the time I left for Europe with Cecil in 1963. Then the first few drummers were playing free, and when I got back there were about four drummers who finally decided that they wanted to play out of my thing. Ever since then, there's been about twenty five hundred thousand of them, I guess." He laughed.

The drummer considers that his rhythmical role with Taylor accelerated the increasing comprehensibility of the pianist's music, as it also did in the case of Albert Ayler. Murray has worked off and on with tenorist Ayler for the last two years, but they met initially in Sweden. Murray recalled the meeting:

"No one would give him a job, and he was getting depressed, so when he



CONTROLLED FREEDOM

"Complete freedom you could get from anyone who walks down the street," he said and smiled. "Give them \$20, and they'll probably do something pretty free."

The drummer, who resembles an all-in wrestler, was born 29 years ago near an Indian reservation in Idabel, Okla. A giant of a man, blessed with a suitably aggressive sense of humor, he considers his given name "a disaster" and adopted Sunny (his preferred spelling) when he started finding his direction in music.

There was no lack of musical talent in the family—his mother sang and danced, a sister sings with Red Prysock,

same time, spent two years studying percussion and regimental drumming.

But it was not until he met Cecil Taylor that the real Sunny Murray stood up. The year was 1959, and, recalled the drummer, "for six years all the other things were wiped from my mind."

As soon as he became identified as "the cat who blows drums with Cecil," Murray's services were rarely required elsewhere. He was not even given the chance to prove himself.

"No one wanted to take any chances," he remembered. "Cecil is very well loved now, but then he was a complete

came to hear Cecil's band, he started screaming, 'I finally found somebody I could play with! Please let me play!' So we said, 'Who's this cat?' I'd never seen him before, but later Cecil hired him in the band, and we stayed together for about five months.

"When we came home to America, I brought him over to the east side and introduced him to all the people and zoom! Like a rocket . . . and he's been out there ever since. I've always played a part in everyone's life, and it's always been a sort of co-operative thing with me because my music has always been so strong, even when I was younger."

Murray, who seems obsessed with the idea of strength and intensity in music, has spent considerable time studying acoustics as they apply in helping perpetuate his own playing. He said the new music (he vehemently dislikes the term "avant-garde"—"that name is going decadent") has reached a certain level of intensity and that he is the one drummer sufficiently equipped to break through this barrier.

Likening the musical energy transmitted by the average man to the power of a 100-watt bulb and his own to 500 watts, he declared that, "everything I do comes naturally, up to a point. Anything that comes naturally with me is the way of my life, so my studies only more or less deliver me from technical sameness. I always find the unknown very intriguing so I'm at the point now where, when my band gets together, I don't expect them to sound anything like they did on our last job."

Because sound for its own sake is one of the distinguishing features of the new music, Murray considers that the drums as we know them are virtually obsolete.

"They only have a certain pitch, and that is all that can be played," he said. "They can't sustain, and with this music becoming more of a sustaining, ringing type of thing, it's even getting beyond rhythms.

"First of all, there is nothing more you can do—all the way down to breaking the bass drum or making the cymbals split. There is no more there, and that is actually reaching the point of unmusical music—it's below the cultural octave or something. So, for the past six years I've been working on a trap set that's an acoustical trap set. It's not finished yet, but it has a subsisting oscillation against a beat that will be able to meet all these requirements. It'll

"I work for natural sounds rather than trying to sound like drums," he said. "Sometimes I try to sound like car motors or the continuous cracking of glass."

This type of effect proves too much at times for some of the younger, inexperienced musicians.

"At one time I felt I was kind of like the judge in a sense," declared the drummer. "If musicians could get through playing with me, they were secure. Just like Blakey in 1949, I guess. If you could get through with him, you could play with anyone."

Murray hunched his heavy shoulders and stabbed at the air with a cigaret.

"I have such a magnitude of strength about myself that I often destroy something that has set upon its own basis to be very way out and creative," he asserted. "It's difficult trying to put a band together with the new musicians they have all over New York. I've sent to Washington for musicians, given auditions, but I've seen them drop out because people usually expect the feeling of *drums*, and they aren't ready for what I do.

"Say a young avant-garde artist is in town, and he's played with about five young avant-garde drummers, and so he feels very substantial. But when it comes down to playing with me, he no longer hears himself because my knowledge of natural sound and music only tends to make me bring about twice as much as he creates within a second. So, like, finally he is confronted with either complete physical exhaustion or exhaustion of creativity. When this is over, he realizes that he is in a complete different state of being, confronted with not just the sound of drums but the sound of the crashing of cars and the upheaval of a volcano and the thunder of the skies. He never imagined himself

the whole by most contemporaries.

"I go around all the time in New York and listen to them all," he said. "But some cats who have albums out can't even read music. When you have a music career, no matter how way out you are or wherever you are chronologically, it can be a draft to be around such musicians. I wouldn't say that for Cecil or Albert or even Archie Shepp, because they know their music pretty well, but so few of the young have any roots. And the confidence of the average younger musician is so low it's on the ebb tide."

Murray said he feels that too many musicians are tending to ignore the basic reason for playing music—namely, reaching the people.

"I'm entertaining," he insists, and in reality he would like nothing better than to be the Jimmy Smith or Herbie Mann of the "new thing." He said it is hard to reach the audience with something new if the emotional content is at a minimum, and this often stems, he explained, from a lack of control within the band itself. He likened it to a boat.

"There's the helmsman and a cat to put the coal in, but everybody can't be the captain. When musicians lose this, then the over-all unity of the sound isn't entertaining. It's like a little personal battle, each one trying to eat the other up, and there's too much competition within the band itself."

The drummer laughed. "Now you find the bass player's trying to play like the drummer, and the horn's trying to sound like a bass," he said. "Not one of them will help make a bridge for the public to walk over and reach what is really happening. And this is what we're missing. We're not going to get this for some time yet, and then you'll find that certain bands will just disappear."

Murray stubbed out a cigaret and

IS THE THING THIS YEAR

be more in touch with the human voice in terms of humming and screaming and laughing and crying.

"The 'boom-boom-boom' of the tomtom is ended, because that was almost like echoing 'hurry up, you've got to get to work on time.' Times are changing, and it's not like that any more. I know hundreds of people with degrees who can't get a job and are still asleep in their beds, so it's, like, it's not worth it any more. Most of the musicians are young men who feel this way, and so they are rebelling."

Realistic sounds, according to Murray, are now the order of the day.

being locked in a room with these kind of sounds being played off against him."

Murray, like the majority of the new-jazz musicians, works infrequently. Last summer, however, he managed to organize a group for a trip to Buffalo, N.Y. It was the nucleus of the musicians able to stand up to the sounds and fury behind the drum kit and included the Cleveland tenor saxophonist Frank Wright, the Algerian trumpeter Jacques Counseio, altoist Byard Lancaster, cellist Joel Freedman, and bassists Henry Grimes and Alan Silva.

This lineup has recorded recently but Murray admits to being disappointed on

started preparing for his morning stroll. Talking to such a self-assured drummer one gets the impression that if the future of the new music were left entirely to him, he'd go out and build that bridge with his bare hands. But no one man is capable of turning the whole world on its ear; so, in the meantime, it looks as though we'll have to wait a while for a handful of perceptive Young Turks to get ready with the girders, bricks, mortar, and paint.

And then, when they're really together, it may well be that Sunny Murray will emerge as foreman of the work-gang. 

"I'VE HAD the opportunity to work with the best . . . the renowned, the accepted musicians," Ed Thigpen said. "I learned the beauty of ballads from Billy Taylor, the power and completeness of Oscar Peterson, the strength of Ray Brown."

But the time came when Thigpen, one of jazz' most accomplished drummers, had to step out on his own. Or rather, for a while, step aside from the jazz scene. He explained why:

"I knew and I didn't know who I was. The people I was working with had contributed a great deal to me, but I wanted to find out what it would be like to play with others. I felt I had something to contribute."

Today, Thigpen is much more certain about who he is. After a year of work and study in relative seclusion, he's ready to move back into the jazz stream.

Since 1960, he had lived in Toronto, but it wasn't until he left the Oscar Peterson Trio 20 months ago that he began to find the time to spend at home.

Commitments still took him out of the country: to a jazz festival in Norway and to drum clinics in the United States and abroad. But mainly his was the life of a teacher and a student. It was a time to slow down and build up, to slacken pace, and to evaluate himself.

Not until he visited New York City several months later did he realize just how secluded his life had become in Toronto. While he was as busy as ever, teaching a dozen or more students, conducting educational clinics in secondary schools, periodically appearing on television and in local clubs, and studying with composer-arranger Gordon Delamont, Thigpen began to undergo a feeling of alienation.

When he went back to New York one weekend, he knew why.

"I had been home just about a year when I made that first trip back to New York," he said. "I felt like a country boy!"

Thigpen was overwhelmed by the city's musical life. "The new thing those guys were playing," he recalled. "I discovered so much activity, so much interest in new sounds, so much recording.

"I worked with Clark Terry, Kenny Burrell, discovered we had rapport. I worked with Junior Mance, with Ella, and played with big bands, something I hadn't done in years."

Gradually Thigpen began to travel more: a touring date with Ella Fitzgerald and the Jimmy Jones Trio, an engagement with Duke Ellington's orchestra, a recording session to make his first album as a leader.

There were no more doubts about his future. "Now I feel I can be out there," he said. "I have plans. When you find the world is as close as an airplane, your friends a telephone call away, well, you realize that while your roots are where your family is, you live in the world."

"There is so much to learn," said Thigpen, 36, and he talked of the new drum he is experimenting with and of a record for students he made with Ray Brown. He recalled, too, why he gave up the fame and security that went with working with the long-established Peterson trio.

"I guess I moved to Toronto more than anything else because I had lost contact with my family when I was on the road," he said. "I needed time off, to get myself together as an individual, I wanted to know what it was like to have a family and to appreciate them.

"There was also the security of working with a top group. After all those years, you get to the point where you are not really complacent, but you can depend on work."

Thigpen first moved to Toronto seven years ago, when the Advanced School of Contemporary Music was organized by Peterson, Ray Brown, Phil Nimmons, and himself. The school, although successful, folded when the trio's heavy work schedule made it impossible to continue.

The teacher in Thigpen, however, could not be quelled. When he left the trio, he continued instructing privately in Toronto. A few months ago he collaborated with Ray Brown on a record called *Be My Guest*, devised to assist student drummers, who, if they are lucky, may acquire some of Thigpen's philosophy of drumming.

To him, the primary function of the

drummer is keeping time.

"The pulse must be there," he said. "The drummer to me is like a chariot driver. He has all those horses in front of him. He sits, in a sense, next to the conductor. The musicians rely on him for time, to loosen up the reins.

"A soloist relies on a drummer to inspire him, to punctuate after his phrases, to set up ideas for him. Between drummer and soloist, there must be rapport . . . not a battle."

On the student record Thigpen first plays along with Brown to demonstrate the proper blend between bass and drums. After that, there are about three minutes in which the student practices with bass accompaniment only. As Thigpen points out, the record (released in Canada on the Sparton label and now scheduled for U.S. distribution) "affords the student drummer the opportunity to play with the bass player, who is his rhythmic partner, his sectionmate."

The music is played at different dynamic levels ranging from soft to loud;



there are sequences of varying lengths and drum exercises outlined in the accompanying booklet.

"The album trains the ear," Thigpen said. "It doesn't restrict the player to any one style (there is, for example, a section on 3/4 time and another on rock-and-roll), and it leaves room for the drummer to improvise.

"The great thing about it is that Ray is there all the time. A drummer can practice with a metronome, but Ray gives him the human element. Ray has a way of playing that suggests moods. Something you'd never get with a metronome."

If Thigpen enjoys teaching, he is also a student at heart. Intent upon broadening his musical knowledge, he studied with Gordon Delamont, a teacher, arranger, and composer, who has made a considerable contribution to the Canadian jazz world.

"I've studied theory and composition with Gordon," Thigpen said. "I started studying because I wanted to be a complete musician. I want to say something as an individual, to be able to contribute ideas, even add to beauty. To be able to come up with original songs, to hear my works played that could perhaps be accepted and enjoyed by many people.

"All a man who goes through the

world has is what he has to leave. It's not a selfless thing . . . it's selfish! But I want to give something that people can listen to . . . something that they can sing."

That, he added, will come in the future.

"Right now, I'm just concerned with playing good music," he said. "Learning more about the intricacies of technique, harmony, arranging, and writing.

"I want to be able to converse with melodic instrumentalists. We're living in an era where students are leaning toward percussion, and that covers a wide range. A student like that has a better understanding of what others are doing.

"It's an age when you have to have imagination, to be able to tune in and absorb what is happening around you, to understand the people you are working with and where they are going.

"You have to be aware of the contemporary so that you can be open and

versatile. It's the only way that you can grow. There are naturally some things that you can't accept, but you shouldn't go around with blinders on."

Thigpen's imagination and curiosity are aptly illustrated on his LP *Out of the Storm*, in which he explores the possibilities of a drum that he picked up on an European tour.

Apart from the wonderful feeling of togetherness achieved by Thigpen, trumpeter Clark Terry, guitarist Kenny Burrell, pianist Herbie Hancock, and bassist Ron Carter on his album, the new drum captures a great amount of attention.

As soon as he heard the Italian-made drum, Thigpen was intrigued by its "vocal" possibilities. He shows how it is possible to achieve the sound of a voice on the instrument. Gene Lees, in the album notes, described the drum as "a tom-tom with variable pitch."

"By depressing a pedal," Lees wrote, "the player can tighten the head of the drum and thereby raise the pitch of the instrument by as much as an octave. A similar mechanism is used in tympanis, but such a device had never been applied to an instrument that might conceivably

function as one of the jazz drums."

Thigpen himself describes it as "a drum with many miniature tympani fittings."

"It has," he admitted, "a limited range, and it has limitations. . . . I suppose it was a gimmick in a sense, but it does open up new areas. I already have ideas for another album."

Although Thigpen is a jazzman, his ideas and enthusiasm are not confined to jazz alone. "It's beautiful what's happening in music today," he said. "There's so much to learn. Look what can be done in electronic sounds alone. Look at the many beautiful melodies coming out of rock-and-roll.

"You have to listen, you know, or the whole world will go right by you. You must be open to new ideas. Be aware of new things. You have to live with these things. You have to participate.

"It is an advantage to be with a group that is involved."

Then he recalled that day when he returned to New York after a long absence, the excitement of the encounter.

"I guess I had been feeling out of

contact with people who are really involved in experimentation," he said. "Some of them admittedly do have to make their living in commercials, in rock-and-roll, but whatever they do, they are involved in life itself.

"I think what I liked most of all was the general mood there. They're so involved with music as an expression of life. They're jazz oriented. Even contemporary classics are being influenced by jazz. And there are so many influences now. Indian music for one. People ask, 'Is it jazz?' I say, 'It's music.'

"The important thing is that these people are making music say something. They're getting involved with music as music.

"Yes, I think it's time I got back," said Thigpen with a smile, recalling the comment of a U.S. friend who wanted to know why he was "hiding up there in Canada." He plans to move to Los Angeles soon.

Nevertheless, Thigpen feels that his

Toronto sojourn was a necessary one. He chose

the city because he had many friends there. He liked the slower pace. It gave him, as he put it, "a good chance to look at myself."

It was a period when he made some revealing self-discoveries. "You find yourself on your own, and you re-evaluate yourself as a person," he said.

"And you find that you have to put something in to make something grow. You teach, and you find others want to study with you. You do commercials, and you find you can do all kinds of work. You start studying, and you learn something every day.

"And you find that you have limitations and that you have ideas."

"I find that in the big cities musicians have no time to become complacent," he said. "Men like the Duke, Dizzy, Ray, Quincy Jones. In all their attitudes there is a certain humility about them. And yet there is one thing about the great musicians. If they like you, they have time for you. They encourage you. In this business you give all you've got, and if you've got it, everybody will know. You go up there to give blood. Elvin Jones, now, he's not kidding. He's giving up blood.

"I love dedicated people. In every profession there is so much to learn, so much to do."



ed thigpen: on the move

WHEN DRUMMER Mel Lewis settled in New York City in May, 1963, after some six years in Los Angeles, he had established himself as one of the few outstanding jazz drummers on the West Coast.

Today, Lewis is one of the busiest all-round drummers in Manhattan's studios, doing commercial record dates of all kinds, playing television shows and advertising jingles. But his spare time is devoted to a labor of love, the 18-piece big band he co-leads with concertist-composer-arranger Thad Jones.

"I've really expanded since I've come back east," Lewis said recently. "This is the only place for a sideman to be if he's interested in music. There's more exposure to good players . . . the scene is more competitive—you want to play well here.

"You feel more like one of a whole. Out there on the West Coast, there were just a few of us, and nobody to go and listen to and keep up with. Things would be happening in music, important things, that you wouldn't find out about until much later—you'd be behind the times."

Besides, in Los Angeles Lewis felt that he had been type-cast as a big-band jazz drummer and that this categorization was holding him back. "Here," he said, "you're a musician, and you're called upon to do anything."

As a member of New York's musical elite, Lewis is often exposed to "griping about only a certain group of musicians doing all the work. This is something that the young kids coming up should be thinking deeply about. Qualifications are very important—you must be able to do anything you're called upon to do, especially in commercial record dates and jingle dates.

"It's surprising how many big-name jazz players are in this. They play it as if they were born to it, and that's the way it has to be. It's nothing to be ashamed of."

Lewis said he does not believe that playing commercial music has a negative effect on a musician's jazz ability.

"If anything, it helps it—for the discipline involved," he explained and added that sometimes there is less of a difference than one might expect.

"You walk in and have to play country-and-western style," he said, "and you find out it amounts to nothing but what Sam Woodyard's been doing with Duke for all these years, or a basic Lunceford two-beat style. The music might sound hokey, but the actual execution is nothing but jazz with a back beat—and they do want it to swing."

The quality of music used in the commercial field is improving, according to Lewis: "On more and more of the dates, jingles and records that I've been

doing in the past year or two, I'm being allowed to play fairly free, and restricted only where absolutely necessary. The rhythm section can get pretty loose; we even get into some free things . . . it adds something they like. You may have noticed that there is a tendency now to use the jazz waltz, and 5/4 meter, for effect."

In his studio work, Lewis often is teamed with Richard Davis, who is also the bassist of the Jones-Lewis big band.

"Richard and I have spent days together," he said, "where we start with a Dixieland jingle on *Tiger Rag*, go on to a Jimmy Dean country-and-western date, and wind up at night playing something really far out—from one extreme to the other. In a week we might come up with every kind of music imaginable. And it's all well written and played with the best musicians."

In this kind of environment, Lewis emphasized, "it takes real ability and a halfway decent personality to make good. I don't mean that you have to be a phony and charm everybody, but you've got to be the kind of person that people enjoy being around. I had to learn that myself—it comes with grow-

mel lewis... the big band man

ing up. Anybody who has the ability, and really wants to, can make it. But you've got to have the ability. . . ."

Versatility is the keynote here, and Lewis acquired much of his in a jazz environment.

"I'm thankful," he said, "for having gotten to play with almost every good jazzman around during my career, from Dixieland to avant-garde, leading a full life. I feel sorry for the guy who's in one bag all his life. He's missing out on the fun. Ben Webster, Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Louis Armstrong, Eric Dolphy, Muggsy Spanier, Richard Davis, Eddie Sauter, Gunther Schuller—I've worked with all of them."

In addition to this list of associations—only a fraction of the many with whom

Lewis has played—there is his imposing record as a big-band drummer, beginning with clarinetist Lenny Lewis' band, which he joined at the age of 16, in 1946. It includes, in chronological order, Boyd Raeburn, Alvino Rey, Ray Anthony, Tex Beneke, Stan Kenton, Terry Gibbs, Gerry Mulligan, Gerald Wilson, Benny Goodman, Friedrich Gulda—and now, of course, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

Lewis' eyes gleam when he talks about the band, which has created quite a stir in the jazz world during its short life of a little more than a year. In addition to playing every Monday night at the Village Vanguard, the band has appeared at the Newport and Boston jazz festivals, recorded two albums (one of its own and one with singer Joe Williams), played several all-star benefit shows, and won the most-deserving big-band award in the 1966 *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll.

"I still can't get over the band," Lewis said. "We didn't expect anything like this to happen; we just thought we'd have an outlet. . . . At this time, we're getting ready to make another record, live, probably at the Vanguard, and in



early March, we're playing our first dance date, at the United Nations."

Lewis said he is extremely pleased with the attitude of Solid State, for which the band records.

"We have complete freedom in the choice of material," he said, "which isn't often heard of today. Though we've been asked to include a few standards, nobody has told us which ones to choose and how to treat them."

As for the dance date, Lewis was looking forward to it.

"I'd like to see people start dancing to jazz again," he said. "Jazz has always been danceable. We're not going to change anything; we have a few concert-type pieces that can't be danced to, and we'll present them that way. Other than

that, I'm sure people will be able to dance to our music. Joe Williams, who has been singing for the dancers at the Rainbow Grill, told me what a ball he had watching the people dancing and holding each other to his music."

The band, which includes a number of New York's top studio men, as well as some up-and-coming young players, has the orthodox big-jazz-band instrumentation, though it is anything but

or any given combination of them, have not been used in big bands before, he continued, and "I think it's very effective. It also proves that playing in a big band doesn't have to be confining."

Lewis expresses pride in such innovations.

"We feel a little like pioneers," he said with a smile. "And yet, we've retained the things that a big band should have. Thad deserves a great deal of the

almost become a lost art among young drummers. Lewis said that some of the reasons for this are technical:

"Dynamics has a lot to do with overall technique, choice of equipment, and tuning of the drums. Young drummers tend to lean toward high-pitched cymbals, which can be very piercing, and to have their drums too tight, which makes them speak louder and makes it hard to play lightly.

"I've always preferred a deep-sounding bass drum with little or no muffling, which means that you have to lighten up on your foot. And I like my drums tuned down—drums should be a bottom for the band, big or small.

"There are ways of playing loud. There's loud loud, and musical loud. Drummers are afraid they won't be heard, so they get overenthusiastic. Actually, when the horns are playing double forte, the drums can play forte and still be heard. It's better to start lighter, because you can always get louder. . . . It's harder to play light, just like it's harder to play slow than fast. You learn a lot of this in recording; if a drummer plays too loud, the engineer will eventually shut off his mike. If he plays lighter, the mike will stay on, and there'll be a nice, clean sound on the record."

Lewis is concerned about the reading ability of many young drummers:

"I hear complaints from many prominent jazz writers about drummers in the groups they're writing for. . . . In studio work, especially, it's just not right. The other musicians are studying their parts, memorizing them, and then, when they're ready to play, giving the arranger all those little touches, while the nonreading drummer is missing all the things the arranger wanted, the figures, the breaks.

"Also, there is fear involved. Guys who can't read are inhibited by the part in front of them. They get shaky, make silly mistakes, lose their normal confidence. It's disheartening, especially on a record date. But if the drummer can read fairly well, there's nothing to be afraid of. It's very important for every young drummer to make sure his reading is up to a high level."

Lewis himself learned to read by playing baritone horn and sousaphone in high school. He never studied drums.

"I just watched and listened and asked," he said. "To this day, when I run into something that's above me, I ask, 'How do you play this?' Nobody ever turned me down. Today, I'm a better-than-average reader. You have to apply yourself; the basics come first—then the other things."

Lewis is concerned about the younger generation of musicians, a concern shared by most mature players. He had some further (Continued on page 53)



LEE TANNER

conventional in its utilization of it.

"We don't want to be categorized," Lewis explained. "We're trying, you might say, for a fusion of the various elements—we like to get into everything. If we're playing the blues, we'll play the blues. If we get into a 'new thing' groove, we'll experiment with voicings and freedom. But we're 18 men, and we don't ever want to lose sight of that.

"We give the soloists a chance to stretch out. Eight-bar solos kept a lot of good jazz soloists out of the big bands, but we have guys lined up for every chair—and mostly jazz players. The rhythm section [currently pianist Roland Hanna, bassist Davis, and guitarist Sam Herman] has quite a different approach from big-band rhythm sections of the past:

"With the guitar, we can move from a straight-time thing, a big-band 4 or 2 feel, into a completely free small-group idea—actually, you might say we have a small-group rhythm section in a big band. With such pros as we have, there isn't much chance of throwing anybody curves, but even so, I know just when to set up the lead-in for the sections at the right moment."

He also can play complicated things during ensemble passages because the men are used to it, Lewis said. The dropping-out patterns that the band uses, in which, during a solo, a horn player may be backed, in stages, by any one of the rhythm-section instruments,

credit for that. He directs the rhythm section, controls the dynamics, waves me out and in. It's never the same twice; we have no set routines whatsoever."

On the other hand, the drummer pointed out, the band is flexible enough to adapt to substitutes within its ranks ("when we have a sub, we'll make him comfortable and go with him, and the band will still sound good").

There is, then, considerable musical freedom in this band. How does Lewis feel about the concept of freedom in general, as applied to jazz today?

"The way it really should be," he said, "is that the freedom can be there and so can the swing. The pulse should be there—the way Elvin Jones uses it, the way Tony Williams plays with Miles Davis, the way Roy Haynes plays—they're playing free and swinging. They never lose sight of the time and still play anything they want to play."

Lewis added that he doesn't particularly enjoy "the completely chaotic things—where everybody plays just what they feel like—at least not over a long period of time. I can hear it in a burst, or a rubato passage, but if you go beyond that, to me, it still has to swing. Richard likes me to keep light but straight time behind him when he solos, so that, no matter how far out he goes, he knows where to come back. The foundation is there, so you can wind up organized."

Playing lightly, it was suggested, has

THE ARTISTRY OF BELLSON



MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT Louie Bellson's technical facility. But such well-deserved praise may have done the drummer's "image" as much harm as good. The typically romantic jazz fan can't find much with which to identify in a clean-cut, well-adjusted, virtuoso musician, the image projected by Bellson. Moreover, young drummers, who could learn much from Bellson's work, are scared off, first by "greatest drummer" toutings of the articles and the technical complexity of Bellson's playing and second by false portrayal of him by the hippies.

To show that there is a lot of music behind all that flash, the following comments on Bellson's craft are offered.*

The first 66 measures of the solo proper on *Skin Deep* (from the Columbia LP *Ellington Uptown*), the part before the pyrotechnics set in, is a good place to begin.

This sequence is composed of four sections, divided by three interludes of simple time-keeping on the hi-hat, with bass-drum punctuations, breaking down as follows: Section I, 16 measures; Interlude I, 6 measures; Section II, 8 measures; Interlude II, 4 measures; Section III, 12 measures; Interlude III, 3½ measures; Section IV, 16½ measures.

The organization of the periods of each section is as asymmetrically interesting as the over-all ordering: Section I equals two periods of 8½ and 7½ measures, respectively; Section II equals two periods of four measures each; Section III equals two periods of eight and four measures each; Section IV equals two periods of 7½ measures and 8½ measures each. (Note: The fractions of measures are best regarded as resulting from insertions of meters other than 4/4 and are, therefore, noted as such.)

The tone colors here also warrant scrutiny.

Basically, the sounds stem from the Gene Krupa-Buddy Rich heritage, with heavily accented notes (most often rim shots) marking a rhythmic line, which softer notes ornament. Section III's straight-16th runs, played on the closed hi-hat with occasional striking of various other instruments, are highly effective, as are the figures using the two bass drums in Section IV, which

prove that double bass drums can be used to serve musical ends as well as to roll on into roaring finales.

Following is a transcription of the aforementioned sections of Bellson's *Skin Deep* solo:

*Solo key:

TOP CYMBAL	▲	
SMALL TOM-TOM	●	
SNARE	■	
LARGE TOM-TOM	◆	
BASS DRUM	○	
HI-HAT	◐	
	●	SECOND BASS DRUM

AN ANALYSIS BY RUPERT KETTLE



Bellson's inaccurately titled *Concerto for Drums*, from a Verve album of the same name, is possibly one of the best all-round extended drum solos ever recorded, comprising, as it does, something for everyone—just enough “go, go, go” to please any drum-solo fan, plenty for-drummers-only technicalities, plus architectural maneuverings that should entice even the most rabid percussion-hating musician.

This solo may be broken into several basic sections, the last of which is the customary flamboyant display, though even it is rendered interesting through the use of modulations to a

tempo slower than the original in the ratio 3:4, first for 32 measures and later for 16 measures. The outline of *Concerto* is as follows:

Section I—cadenzalike opening.

Section II—64 measures, very static phrasing and played on snareless snare drum, muffled by the left hand, which also strikes the rim of the drum with a stick and plays ornaments with the fingers (“tambourine sticks,” that is, conventional drum sticks with tambourine jinglers affixed, are used here).

Section III—36 measures, continuing the use of snare drum with snares off and tambourine sticks, but both hands are employed as usual; the first 24 measures of this section include some subtle metric shiftings and, therefore, are given as an example:

Section IV—60 measures played with snares on, continues the development of thematic materials introduced in Sections II and III.

Section V—96 measures, a logical transition to the exhaust-

ing finale, continues to manipulate previously heard material while simultaneously introducing more technically involved devices; bar-line changes are plentiful, one of the most effective, albeit obvious, examples being the 16-bar phrase of Measures 63-78, which comes from the following 3½-measure figure:



Section VI—The grand-slam finish, with tempo changes as previously mentioned.

Both the foregoing solos abound in examples of what may be the biggest lesson to be learned from Bellson's work, that is, what can be called "bar-line syncopation." For instance, a metric interjection such as:



is simply a displacement of the pulses (bar lines) of a four-measure phrase, just as:



is a displacement of the pulses (quarter notes) of a single measure. Such practices, carried over 8-, 12-, or 16-measure phrases, also using shiftings that incorporate 3/4 and 5/4, show in Bellson a rare sense of time division.

THROUGHOUT HIS CAREER, Bellson seems to have moved in two distinct directions concurrently: experimentation with and serious study of (and the occasional full utilization of) the whole phalanx of percussion instruments, and straightforwardly swinging jazz. Two recently released albums, *Explorations* (Roulette) and *Thunderbird* (Impulse), are good respective examples of these.

Explorations is the work of composer-arranger Lalo Schifrin and is written for string orchestra and Bellson. It is not a jazz album, but the drummer is allowed to play some jazz now and then, in addition to having to play several tympani and such oddities as bass marimba, boobams, lujohn, and log drums.

The high spots of the jazz drumming are on *Variations*, played with brushes, and *Ostinato*, which is in 15/8 meter.

The 32-measure solo on *Variations* again finds some fascinating changes of meter and also demonstrates Bellson's elegant brush work. For these reasons, plus the fact that it exemplifies the drummer's treatment of a specified time-length, the solo is shown below:



In *Ostinato* Schifrin puts together four different repetitive figures for the percussion, all of which finally converge in this introduction to the extemporized drum solo:



Thunderbird is a well-produced, superbly recorded specimen of Bellson at work in a total jazz setting. He is heard with a 1963 contingent of excellent mainstream musicians, including trumpeter Harry Edison and trombonist Carl Fontana. All drum solos in this album display Bellson's adroitness in improvising within the confines of a given tune. Drummers are advised to obtain a copy of this recording to study carefully the solo work, as well as to note the models of unobtrusive-but-always-present accompanying to be heard.

It would seem apparent that Bellson is indeed "the fastest drummer alive" and "the greatest technician ever" and all the rest of it, accomplishments that don't necessarily make him a bad guy, as some would lead us to believe. If he has spent the required eight, 10, and 12 daily hours, every day, for the better part of his life, to develop the ability that he has (and yes, dear, that's the kind of time one has to spend), it is only because of a deep and strong *musical* motivation. The better the chops, the bigger the palette, so to speak.

If the foregoing examples, are not clear enough proof of this inherent musicality, Bellson's emergence as composer-arranger should be.

The drummer's writing career goes back at least as far as *The Hawk Talks* and *Skin Deep* for Ellington (early '50s) and has developed to the point where several movie-scoring commissions have come his way. It reached its highest peak so far in *Bittersweet*, a kind of concerto for drums and symphony orchestra. The work required the construction of a set containing 15 drums and several cymbals for its performance. Rather than being just some sort of novelty, this monstrous outfit, sometimes as a whole, sometimes only in one or another of its parts, is a prime constituent in the compositional makeup of the piece.

"It's wild," Bellson said. "I'm still learning to operate the set. For example, unusual mallets had to be specially built, not just of a variety of head types for different sounds but also of a much greater length than usual because I have to play double stops, like on vibes, using three and four mallets. It's one thing to master a technique but quite another when you first have to invent that technique."

The use of five bass drums has been probably the hardest thing of all, he said.

"I'm having to learn to use my feet almost as an organ player's," he added.

This analogy with organ pedal technique was none too clear until later, when I went through *Bittersweet's* score, finding an entire section (Measures 346-377) containing figures such as the following (374-377) for the solo drums:



Bellson, a drummer's drummer and musician's musician, is the favorite drummer of an impressive array of composers, arrangers, and performers. His instrumental virtuosity and musical accomplishments certify that Bellson is one of the best musicians at work today, in any field of music, and one of jazz' all-time finest artists.

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risoluto



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The Seven Ages of Jazz

Beverly Hills High School, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Personnel: Concert No. 1: Rex Stewart, Wild Bill Davison, cornets; John (Streamline) Ewing, trombone; Vi Redd, alto saxophone, vocals; Barney Bigard, clarinet; Marvin Ash or Leonard Feather, piano; Ira Westley, tuba, bass; Teddy Edwards, drums; Ocie Smith, vocals. Concert No. 2: Don Ellis, trumpet; Benny Carter, alto saxophone, trumpet; Buddy Collette, tenor saxophone, clarinet, flute; Miss Redd, alto saxophone, vocals; Roger Kellaway, piano; Barney Kessel, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Shelly Manne, drums. Feather, narrator, both concerts.

History can swing. Feather proved that when he staged these concerts under the auspices of the Beverly Hills Unified School District.

Everything went off without a hitch, except for a dead mike during Miss Redd's illustration of Gospel singing in the first concert. After the trouble was remedied, Miss Redd gave some fine examples of spirituals and blues. Ocie Smith contributed a work song to the discourse on the genesis of jazz.

The entire combo re-created the duality of a New Orleans funeral, from the mournful dirge to the joyful march. Ash went through various piano stylings, from rags and stride to honky-tonk and boogie woogie. During *Tiger Rag* Westley played an outstanding tuba solo, in addition to the traditional descending "roar."

The addition of Stewart to the front line of Davison, Ewing, and Bigard added as much musical excitement as it did showmanship. His best numbers were *Dippermouth Blues* and *Ring Dem Bells*. Bigard played an excellent, extended solo on *Tea for Two*; Ewing paid homage to Kid Ory with a fine re-creation of tailgating on *Muskrat Ramble*; and Davison conjured up Louis Armstrong with *Blue Again* and the memory, if not the technique, of Bix Beiderbecke with *Singin' the Blues* (cleverly prefaced by Ash with a quote from *In a Mist*).

The highlight of the first concert was provided by the haunting blend of Stewart's muted horn and Bigard's clarinet as they saluted their former boss, Duke Ellington, with *Mood Indigo*.

The second concert began where the first ended—in two ways: the opening event followed the development of jazz from its spiritual-blues beginnings through ragtime and Dixieland to early swing, and Part 2 picked up the swing era with the tune that closed the first concert, *It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing*, lending musical, historical, and even philosophical continuity to the concerts.

The entire ensemble paid its respects to Chick Webb with *Stompin' at the Savoy*, to Jimmie Lunceford with *For Dancers Only*, and to Charlie Parker with a simultaneous playing of *How High the Moon* and the tune based on its chords, *Ornithology*.

Solo expertise dominated the second concert. The rarity of hearing Benny Carter compensated for the occasional rustiness of his trumpet work, but his alto playing needed no apologies, particularly his rendition of *I Can't Get Started*, with its overpowering cadenza.

Kellaway managed to steal the show with his imitative prowess: Erroll Garner (replete with grunt), Nat Cole, George Shearing, and Oscar Peterson.

Miss Redd vindicated Feather's belief in her talents. She sang Feather's lyrics to *Anthropology* flawlessly, while Brown doubled the melody on bass, and she gave out with one of the funkier readings of *Dinah* ever heard on alto.

Some of Ellis' finest tonal moments were heard on *My Funny Valentine*, as Brown kept pushing Kellaway into various reharmonizations. Manne followed so faithfully that his brush flutters coincided with Ellis' trills. Collette was most impressive

Marvin Ash, Barney Bigard, Rex Stewart, Teddy Edwards: History can swing.



on flute, with *Stella by Starlight*. On clarinet, he offered an interesting tribute to Benny Goodman with *Airmail Special*. He lacked Goodman's technical fluency, but the essential spirit was evidenced. On tenor, his most outstanding solo came in his own tune, *Andre*.

Other fine combo work was heard in an example of chase choruses a la Jazz at the Philharmonic on *Lester Leaps In*, with the ideas flowing among Carter and Redd on altos and Collette on tenor and clarinet, and on *A Night in Tunisia*, with exciting Afro-Cuban byplay by trumpeter Ellis and flutist Collette. The same soloists re-created the Gerry Mulligan predilection for pianoless combos with *Bernie's Tune*.

Additional tributes included a muted Ellis saluting Woody Herman with a jet-propelled *Northwest Passage* and the whole ensemble re-creating a typical JATP jam session, at the same time tipping a collective hat to Count Basie with *One O'Clock Jump*.

Kessel, Brown, and Manne had a long segment to themselves, and the accent was on enlightenment-cum-virtuosity. Brown demonstrated slapping, bowing, and walking, acknowledged his debt to Jimmy Blanton, and then climaxed his discourse with a brilliant solo on *Tenderly*. Kessel demonstrated single-string and chordal approaches with *Soft Winds* and then "amplified" his reminiscences of Charlie Christian. Manne showed how melodic percussion can be when he used his fingers almost exclusively behind Brown and Kessel on *Jordu* and the modal *So What*?

The level of musical sophistication began to drift down the tributaries that lead away from the mainstream—to paraphrase Feather—as the ensemble played his de-

manding *12-Tone Blues*. Ellis showed how comfortable he is in that idiom as he apparently stayed in the tone-row designation during his jagged solo.

Catching up with today, Ellis (his four-valve, quarter-tone trumpet plugged into an echo box) and Kellaway went on an amazing free-form trip. Kellaway's instinctive ability to complement the stream-of-consciousness reverberating from Ellis' amplifier was remarkable. Ellis' gimmickery allowed him to answer himself, but the ear-

shattering torrents of sound were often unmusical and never, generically, jazz.

Chronologically, Feather had successfully presented a sound panorama from the roots to the outermost limbs of jazz. But it was Duke Ellington who had the final ungrammatical word, as the ensemble closed with *It Don't Mean a Thing If—* well, you know the rest. —Harvey Siders

Boston Globe Jazz Festival

War Memorial Auditorium, Boston, Mass.

The second annual Boston *Globe Jazz Festival*, consisting of evening concerts Friday and Saturday, Jan. 20-21, and a Saturday matinee, was, with a couple of exceptions, rather lackluster.

Producer George Wein, in conjunction with *Globe* officials, apparently elected to go heavy on established drawing cards. The result was generally entertaining but rarely exciting.

A festival atmosphere was unattainable in the new, handsome, but congenial-as-a-celblock auditorium. The acoustics in the main part of the hall were excellent, but the solo mikes were set too low, so that the back and sides of the hall and some of the balcony lost the subtleties of many solos.

Most damagingly, on the side of the main floor (where I was), all the instruments came over the sound system with a delay of maybe half a second, while the drums carried direct and got there sooner. If you think that won't drive you up the wall, you've got bigger ears than I have.

The Saturday night concert was the least interesting program:

The Continentals, a big band made up of Arlington Academy of Music stu-

dents, led off Saturday evening, followed by George Wein's Newport All-Stars featuring cornetist Ruby Braff, pianist Wein, bassist Jack Lesberg, and drummer Don Lamond with guest tenorist Bud Freeman, trombonist Lou McGarity, and clarinetists Pee Wee Russell and Edmond Hall. They blew a blues together, with each horn doing a separate number with the rhythm section so that nobody really got warmed up. Despite this, Hall managed a fine, burry solo on *As Long As I Live*.

vented 5/4 time. (He never bothered to explain just what 5/4 is, so it did the kids lots of good.)

Honors for the All-Stars' set went to the consistently solid support and remarkable freshness of the Lesberg-Lamond duo. Lamond played intriguing fills throughout and contributed a spirited solo on *I Found a New Baby*.

The Milford band, directed by former Stan Kenton altoist Boots Mussulli, comprises 54 musicians, aged 11-18. Nine

In spite of the rudeness, the band was beautiful. In spite, furthermore, of the woeful miking that goosed bassist Richard Davis and rhythm guitarist Sam Herman up to a sound level equal to the entire brass section.

Highlights? Hell, the entire set was a highlight; superhighlights included the uniformly complex and exciting arrangements, a swirling, rich Roland Hanna piano solo on *Quietude*, great Davis in the intro and bridges of Bob Brookmeyer's *ABC Blues*, and a tearing Jerry Dodgion alto solo in the same piece, with more great Davis in a solo and superior ensemble blowing that rose and fell away and rose again behind the soloists. Also, a firm tenor spot by Eddie Daniels on *Big Dipper*, and a swinging *Little Pixie*, which featured solos by the whole front line (Dodgion, tenorist Joe Farrell, Daniels, baritonist Pepper Adams, and an especially fiery one by altoist Phil Woods).

The ultrastraight crowd was more than half gone when the band finished. Musically, a great close for the evening, but in terms of the Boston festival's potential as a showcase for Creativity Now, it boded ill. We *know* Erroll Garner will be invited back, but what about the Jones-Lewis unit?

—Alan Heineman

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band, Jimmy Owens soloing: The entire set was a highlight.



LEE TANNER

Then Marian McPartland sat in on piano with Lesberg and Lamond and played a warm and lyrical *Autumn Leaves*; the trio was joined by her husband, cornetist Jimmy, for one number, and the All-Stars and the McPartlands (nine in all) closed with a rough-edged but romping *Undecided*.

After intermission, pianist Erroll Garner played a long, typical, but enjoyable trio set. His best moments came during the incongruous, humorous introductions to the tunes. *I Can't Get Started* he played sensitively, climaxing with a tantalizingly repeated upper-register chord that danced in and out of the rhythmic pattern until the crowd discovered that he was saying, "I can't get started" with the phrase.

Sarah Vaughan provided the musical high point of the night. Though Miss Vaughan seldom challenged herself, doing mostly shallow pop and show tunes, subpar Vaughan is still swinging singing. She sang a hushed and thoroughly beautiful *And I Love Him*, a delicate *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*, and, for an encore, a spell-binding, heartbreaking *Motherless Child* that almost made it possible to forget what an eminently ordinary evening it had been theretofore.

Saturday afternoon was billed as Jazz for Youth, and an encouraging number of youngsters showed up to hear the Dave Brubeck Quartet, the All-Stars, and the Milford Area Youth Orchestra.

Brubeck interspersed his set with a kind of running commentary, designed, I suppose, to "educate" the youngsters. It must have confused them; it certainly confused me. Something about Teddy Wilson tenths and Fats Waller left hand and what a drag rock-and-roll is and how terrific it was for everybody that Paul Desmond in-

trumpets, 18 saxophones . . . you get the idea. It sounds ghastly, but the arrangements were imaginative, and, during the 10-tune set, some genuinely first-rate performances were turned in: the virile tone and mature phrasing of Tony Lada, 18, on *What's New?*; excellent trumpet work in several spots by Johnny Dearth, 16, who sounds a bit like early Freddie Hubbard; a together blues flute solo on *Off Blue*, a Mussulli original, by 17-year-old Ronnie Julian; and near-professional drumming by Bob Tamagni, 16, who drove the unwieldy unit without letup. The Milford band provided the most interesting moments of the afternoon.

The Modern Jazz Quartet began Friday night's show and played six pleasant pieces.

Fluegelhornist Clark Terry and trombonist J. J. Johnson joined the group for two perfunctory numbers, *Billie's Bounce* and *Wee*. Terry and Johnson then evanesced. A disappointing showing.

The Thelonious Monk Quartet also was pleasant and predictable—to the extent that Monk can ever be called predictable. He led off with a new tune that didn't groove much, but bassist Larry Gales contributed a big-tored, astonishingly rapid solo. Next were *Rhythm-n-a-ning*, with interestingly discordant bass runs by Monk behind tenorist Charlie Rouse, an up-tempo *'Round Midnight* that sported a Latin tag (sacrilege!), and *Epistrophe*.

A dull set by the Brubeck group followed. And then it was 11:30. Out came the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Orchestra, the only group on the program capable of producing something the audience had never heard before, and this same capacity audience began *pouring* out the exits before a note was played.

Tubby Hayes

Station Inn, Birmingham, England

Personnel: Hayes, tenor saxophone, flute; Mike Pine, piano; Ron Mathewson, bass; Tony Levin, drums.

Fully recovered from his recent illness and tubby now in name only, Hayes at last has found the musicians he needs. All are in their early 20s, and they epitomize a new breed of British jazzman, brimming with enthusiasm, confidence, and technique.

Hayes, an astute judge of talent, hand-picked his men over nine months. Pine he found in obscurity in London; Levin was discovered by accident when Hayes sat in for a session at Birmingham's Aero Club; and he spotted Mathewson in the mainstream ranks of the Alex Welsh Band.

The unit has fused quickly into a surprisingly homogeneous one. On one of the group's good nights, such as the one at the Station, the almost telepathic interplay among the four is inspired and unflagging.

Today, Hayes rarely touches vibraharp—on which he can play excellently—preferring to concentrate on flute as an occasional double. Though he has incorporated a few Roland Kirkisms, his flute work is delicately done for the most part. He is able to coax a warm tone through the whole range of this spiteful instrument.

His tenor playing has matured and is now instantly recognizable and quite personal (an individual concept seems to elude most European soloists).

In addition, he must be among the fastest players on earth. This is not speed for its own sake because Hayes always manages to stay in control and, more important, can create ideas whatever the tempo.

With drummer Levin he has a particularly impressive rapport. Their constant dialog in the (*Continued on page 30*)

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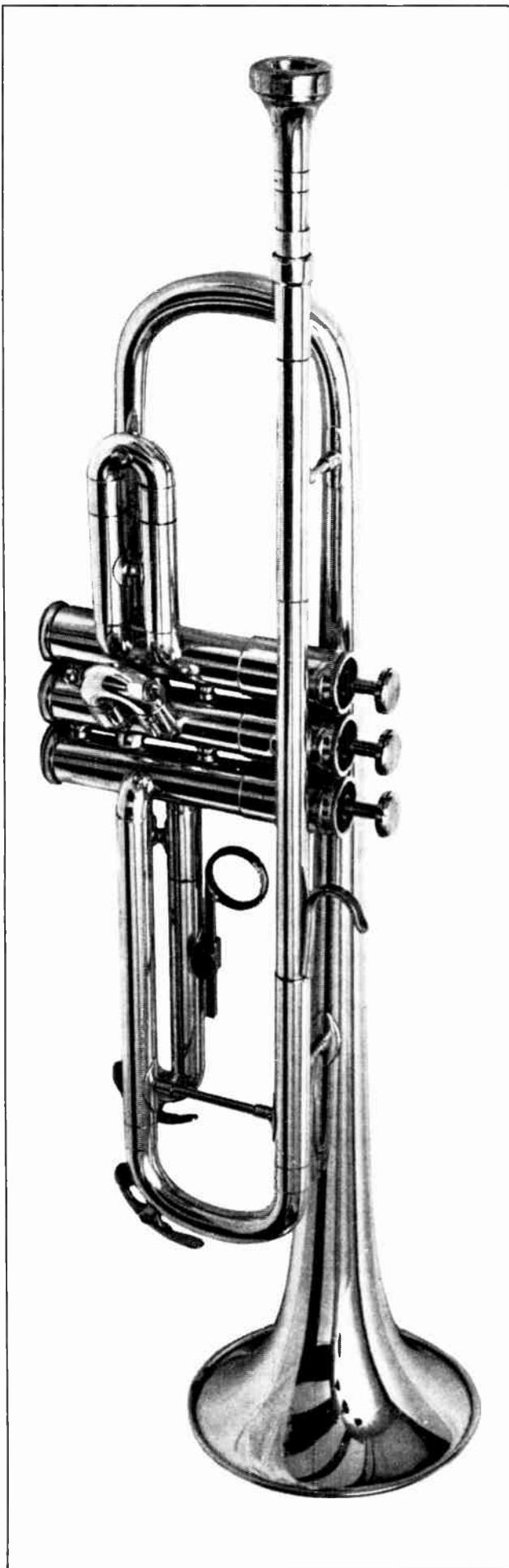


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CAUGHT IN THE ACT

(Continued from page 27)

Booker Ervin-Alan Dawson manner was articulate, humorous, and joyful.

Levin, a self-taught musician, brought an enviable dexterity into play, employing every item of his kit in fascinating juxtaposition. His large crash cymbal was used to especially telling effect. As Hayes says, he is that rarity—a drummer with perfect dynamics.

Pine has been influenced by Bill Evans, but within the Evans sphere there are several different approaches—witness the contrasting methods of Don Friedman, Clare Fischer, and Denny Zeitlin—and Pine is also finding his own path.

Mathewson, to my mind, is the most accomplished bass player Britain has produced. His big sound, perfect time, and ability as a soloist earmark him for great things.

Hayes is writing more nowadays, and one of his most engaging compositions was a set opener, appropriately named *Change of Setting*. Its intriguing treatment with stop-time devices and Latin breaks makes one hope the quartet will record it.

The Shadow of Your Smile gave Hayes a chance to exhibit his tender side, in addition to putting the spotlight on Pine.

J.J. Johnson's *Lament*, taken at a medium bounce, conveyed the wistfulness the composer intended, while *A Taste of Honey* brought Hayes' flute to the fore.

Two typical jet-propelled performances in the mercurial Hayes manner were *Walkin'*, containing a superb drum solo by Levin, and *Make Someone Happy*, which certainly made everybody grin.

The Station is a large room with indifferent acoustics and a poor piano, but these drawbacks fortunately did not ruin the evening. The club was packed, and many musicians in the audience were greatly impressed by what they heard. They should have been, for this quartet represents some of the cream of British jazz.

—Mark Gardner

William Russo

Hyde Park High School, Chicago

Personnel: James Mack, baritone; Harriet Meyer, soprano; John Hunt, tenor; Alma Balier, alto; Bruce Vandervalk, tenor; Sheldon Patinkin, director, narrator. The Chicago Jazz Ensemble—William Russo, conductor.

Philip Cohran

Hirsch High School, Chicago

Personnel: Cohran, cornet, harp, Frankophone; Louis Satterfield, trombone, electric bass; Eugene Easton clarinet, flute, tenor saxophone; Charles James Williams, piccolo, alto saxophone, flute; Master Henry Gibson, field drum, conga; Ella Pearl Jackson, Patricia Ann Smith, and the Rev. Spencer Jackson, vocals; Donald Griffin, dances, recitation.

Almost without exception, cultural programs held within the framework of the educational systems of major U.S. cities have suffered one drawback: no subjective relationship to their audiences.

In the Chicago public school system, where more than 50 percent of the students are Negro, string quartets and 18th-century woodwind ensembles just don't seem to make it with youngsters whose fathers, in some cases, are who-knows-where and whose mothers work long hours just to pay the rent and keep some food on the

table. It had been the rule formerly, in the school system, to veneer the hard-knock education acquired after formal school hours with a facade of esthetic paint that was much better suited for the comfortable environs of the suburbs.

So hats off to the imaginative people who saw fit to spend money made available by the federal poverty program, the Music Performance Trust Funds of the Recording Industries (with the co-operation of

strangulation scene and Hooten's subsequent suicide]."

But all was not sanguinary appeal; one dark-eyed girl remarked that she "simply liked the beautiful story and the music—it almost made me cry."

Cohran, a multi-instrumentalist with a desire to fill gaps in Negroes' knowledge of their history, has for some time led a group known as the Artistic Heritage Ensemble, which has performed at many



Mack, Meyer, and Ensemble: Well suited to the audiences.

AFM Local 10-208), and private patrons to bring these two series of programs to these many-times neglected students. The programs were both educational and entertaining.

Both series were given at a number of schools in so-called underprivileged neighborhoods. Heavily Negro-populated areas.

Russo's program consisted of his jazz-influenced opera, *John Hooten*, based on Shakespeare's *Othello* (possibly unfamiliar to many of the students but well suited to the audiences nevertheless).

The part of Hooten was dramatically well sung by baritone Mack. The opera's Desdemona, played by Miss Meyer, was a convincingly lyrical match for Mack's Hooten.

The remaining members of the cast were skillful singers who worked well in their supporting roles.

The 23-member orchestra was seated onstage with the singers. This resulted in the only discernible flaws in an otherwise thoroughly professional performance; brass and percussion fortissimos occasionally overcame the singers.

Hooten's arias primarily retained the classicism of the European mode, but in a monolog in which he resolves to kill his wife, his line was based on the melodic structure of the Negro spiritual as piercing brass bracketed the libretto. A few other vocal moments were done in syncopation.

The death scene, as Hooten strangles his wife to the dramatic accompaniment of the orchestra, was a hit with the audience. In fact, the whole opera apparently delighted the students—for reasons that a sociologist might find interesting.

The youths, from neighborhoods where street gangs scrawl their titles on every available surface, responded to the performance with such remarks as:

"Great show, especially when he smacked her." "I really went for the ending [the

south- and west-side locations, always adding an ethnic motif to a basically jazz-oriented program.

The Cohran presentation was based on the works of Negro poet Paul Laurence Dunbar. Cohran selected 15 Dunbar poems to interpret in music and dance. The show was directed by polytalented showman Oscar Brown Jr.

The curtain parted on the entire cast in a bright calypso/plantation setting. To the plaintive humming of a spiritual in the foreground by Mrs. Jackson, Cohran gave a brief biography of the poet and his literary mastery of the southern Negro dialect.

The audience was totally receptive to the program, which ranged from the humorous portrayal of a mother scolding her listless son (*In de Mornin'*, read by Mrs. Jackson) and the lively singing and dancing of *When Angelina Johnson Comes Swingin' down de Line* to the pathetic lament of a mother for her dead infant, *Two Little Boots*, and the rousing finale based on that progenitor of jazz, *The Colored Band*.

Empathetic performances were given by Mrs. Jackson, a rich-throated contralto; the Rev. Mr. Jackson, who struck an authentic groove as a brimstone-threatening Baptist preacher on *Bow Down*; Griffin, who read *Ode to Ethiopia* as if he meant every word personally; and lively Miss Smith, herself a student at another Chicago high school.

Both the Russo and Cohran programs deserve the utmost acclaim, not only for fine performances in each case but for the cause served by their presentations: to bring to the students programs that are not only educational and entertaining but also honestly related to their lives.

As one young woman said after the Cohran concert: "They made me feel what they were feeling." —Bill Quinn



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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, William Russo, Harvey Siders, Pete Welding, John S. Wilson, and Michael Zwerin.

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

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

Cannonball Adderley

MERCY, MERCY, MERCY!—Capitol 2663: *Fun; Games; Mercy, Mercy, Mercy; Sticks; Hipadelphia; Sack o' Woe.*

Personnel: Nat Adderley, cornet; Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone; Joe Zawinul, piano, electric piano; Vic Gaskin, bass; Ron McCurdy, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

The Club, formerly Chicago's Club De Lisa, was an excellent spot to record this LP. The place is visited these days mostly by devotees and deliverers of rock-and-roll. If any jazz group is going to win the hearts of the foot-stomper, it would be the Adderleys; they're a part of the liaison between the starving purists (bless 'em) and the great unwashed masses.

The sustained-note theme of *Fun* is played in unison while McCurdy inserts churning, two-bar rhythmic phrases. There's plenty of branching out (still on the changes, naturally) in the solo segments. *Games* is a funky minor blues.

Little need be said about *Mercy*. It was written by Zawinul, and its amiable pathos is universally recognizable, as comfortable as a pair of old sneakers, and commercially perfect.

Sticks is bright, with a fluttering Nat, a reed-stabbing Cannonball, and an infectious bottom. Zawinul's *Hipadelphia* is well-played hard bop.

To round out the set, a torrid reincantation of *Woe* puts Gaskin into the pot, and all members cook to a boil.

This extroverted set will make more friends for jazz than it will lose—a deed I'm beginning to think the scene needs more of.

—Quinn

Count Basie

BROADWAY BASIE'S WAY—Command 905: *Hello, Young Lovers; A Lot of Livin' to Do; Just in Time; Mame; On a Clear Day; It's All Right with Me; On the Street Where You Live; Here's That Rainy Day; From This Moment On; Baubles, Bangles, and Beads; People; Everything's Coming Up Roses.*

Personnel: Gene Goe, Al Aarons, Roy Eldridge, Sonny Cohn, trumpets; Richard Boone, Harlan Floyd, Grover Mitchell, Bill Hughes, trombones; Marshall Royal, Bobby Plater, Eric Dixon, Charles Fowlkes, Eddie Davis, reeds; Basie, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Norman Keenan, bass; Ed Shaughnessy, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

The heft and thrust of the Basie ma-

chine are the salient features in this album of show tunes. Chico O'Farrill did the arrangements, showing that he knows how to use the powerhouse brass section, how to leave proper space for soloists, and how to let the Basie rhythm section glow with its special inner fire. While there is nothing startling or new in his work, he has done a thoroughly solid and professional job throughout.

Tenor saxophonist Davis soars on *Livin' and Moment*, and trombonist Richard Boone plays with a deep, rich sound on *Clear Day*, but top solo honors go to Eldridge and Aarons.

Aarons spins a richly melodic solo on *Livin'*, his sound and control excellent. Eldridge's fluegelhorn tone on *Rainy Day* is too dark for his style, but listen to him rip through *All Right*. This track alone makes the album a good buy.—Erskine

Bill Evans

AT SHELLY'S MANNE-HOLE—Riverside 9487: *Isn't It Romantic?; The Boy Next Door; Wonder Why; Swedish Pastry; Our Love Is Here to Stay; 'Round Midnight; Stella by Starlight; Blues in F.* Personnel: Evans, piano; Chuck Israels, bass; Larry Bunker, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

These loose, sometimes crackling performances were recorded at Shelly Manne's Los Angeles club in early 1963. They are more straight-ahead than most other Evans records because Bunker had just joined the group a few days before this session and there obviously was not time to achieve the level of interplay of other Evans trios.

Perhaps as a result, Evans is not as introspective as he has been on other occasions, and much of his improvising here has a lot of snap and bite to it. He nonetheless retains his usual control over the keyboard (precise execution and an ability to draw the tone out of the instrument) and his emotions (passion but never the purple kind).

On *Romantic* and *Here to Stay* he plays with a strong rhythmic thrust, the notes slithering and sliding as his improvisation gathers momentum.

His playing is more lyrical on *Boy* and *Wonder*, particularly during the sections using thick-voiced chords. He seems fascinated by thirds in his second improvisation on *Boy*, but in the single-finger-with-left-hand-jabbing passages, his phrases dance wildly, disregarding bar lines as they twist and turn up and down the keyboard.

Somewhat the same thing occurs on *Midnight*, except that the chorded passages are heavier (more in the locked-hands style than in the lighter, floating approach usually associated with Evans), and instead of flashing lines, he fragments the theme and then dips into introspection.

Though he is not an especially compelling blues player, Evans can hold his own in medium- or fast-tempo blues, as in this album's *Swedish Pastry* and *Blues*. In such circumstances he improvises boppish lines that gaily leap and bound.

Israels plays several good solos in this set, but too often he bases them rhythmically on quarter-note triplets (which can make the music too slow-moving) or off-beats (which sometimes produces a jerky rhythmic feeling). He also plays excruciatingly flat at times (on this record, this is most noticeable on his feature, *Stella*).

His best solos are on *Pastry*, *Here to Stay*, and *Midnight*. On the last-named his playing is reminiscent of Red Mitchell's, mostly because Israels' solo is similar in mood to one Mitchell recorded on the same tune with Jimmy Raney and Stan Getz but also because of the two bassists' similarity in tone and style.

Bunker plays a nice series of 12-bar exchanges with Evans on *Pastry*. His soloing depends on musicality (and cleverness) rather than on an ability to play passages at machine-gun speed. His taste and his sensitivity as an accompanist do much to enhance the quality of this collection of vigorous performances.

—DeMicheal

Don Friedman

METAMORPHOSIS—Prestige 7488: *Wakin' Up; Spring Sign; Drive; Extension; Troubadours Groovedout; Dream Bells.*

Personnel: Friedman, piano; Attila Zoller, guitar; Richard Davis, bass; Joe Chambers, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is one of the freshest albums I've heard in recent years.

Aside from the delightful *Wakin' Up*, these selections fall into the avant-garde category. However, there are notable differences between this record and the albums of many other avant-garde groups.

Friedman and his men feature a more gentle brand of music than most "new thing" combos; often it is highly lyrical. There also is some modern classical influence in evidence here—for example, Zoller's composition, *Troubadours*, employs a 12-tone row—but the classical devices are well integrated into the performances. In other words, this album is not an academic example of Third Stream music any more than the wonderful Charlie Mingus-Thad Jones LPs of the '50s were.

Zoller's solos have a classic purity. He plays economically, structuring his solos lucidly and executing them precisely. His lines are virtually devoid of clichés, and almost everything he plays makes sense.

Although the context in which Zoller functions on this record is unusual, I'd hesitate to call him an avant-garde musician. His style has a good many mainstream-modern characteristics, reminiscent in some ways of Jimmy Raney's.

Friedman appears to have drawn upon a number of sources to form his style. Bill Evans has probably influenced him more than any other pianist, but Friedman has an individual approach. Essentially he's a lyrical improviser, capable of extracting a warm, full-bodied tone from the piano. His graceful phrasing is apparent on *Spring Sign*, to which he contributes complex, surging improvisation.

I've used glowing terms to describe Davis' playing in the past, and on this record it is again superlative. I find his moaning, whistling arco solos on *Dream Bells* and *Spring Sign* particularly intriguing. His lines have a voice quality.

Chambers' work is subtle and tasteful.

Not only are these four musicians outstanding individually, but they work well together too. This is apparent during the fine collective improvisation on *Dream*.

Summing up—this is an avant-garde album, but it should make comprehensible, enjoyable listening for a variety of jazz enthusiasts.

—Pekar

Sunny Murray

SUNNY'S TIME NOW—Jihad 663: *Virtue; Justice (Part I); Justice (Part II); Black Art*.
 Personnel: Don Cherry, trumpet; Albert Ayler, tenor saxophone; Henry Grimes and Louis Worrell, basses; Murray, drums; LeRoi Jones, recitation.

Rating: ★★☆☆

The new music still seems to be locked in a glacier of audience approval, its potential energy yet unrealized for the majority of jazz listeners. This LP, an icicle with a rather pointed tip (that being the poem *Black Art*, read by Jones), is an all-star effort by the new musicians and should contribute something to the kinesis.

Murray has gathered some formidable exponents of the genre.

Cherry appears to be the strongest soloist. His sound is lean and curvilinear on *Virtue*—dagger thrusts that seem to pierce Ayler's vibrating shards of sound. It all straddles a very thick bottom.

Ayler moves into a soaring chase with Cherry on *Justice I*. The tenorist wrests sound from the horn's entire range—nervous, schizophrenic sound cycles. Cherry vaults over the chugging Murray and throbbing Grimes and Worrell.

Justice II describes locomotion at the outset. Plunging forward, the "energy" that Murray constantly espouses is the most apparent element of this work.

Jones' poem elects to cure a mentally unbalanced society with shockingly therapeutic poetry rather than with a simpler, but more cold-blooded, lobotomy. Some of Murray's strongest work concludes the reading.

Ayler is the Ayler of his other albums. Though his work is exciting, its framework

could stand more latitude, more diversity to transcend what by now is becoming a somewhat too customary approach.

Murray's playing here is more spacious and jagged than the evenly laid bottoms of such other new drummers as Milford Graves or Sunny Morgan. The metric pulse is implied, but even that at times must be pulled from the floor of sound; at other times it juts out like auditory spikes. It comes in waves, ebbing and cresting, almost intimidating the pliable horn work.

This album holds excitement for those attuned and is something of a representative selection of the New York new scene.

If you can't find this one in your local record shop, it's available from Jihad Productions, Box 663, Newark, N. J.—*Quinn*

Lee Morgan

CORNBREAD—Blue Note 84222: *Cornbread; Our Man Higgins; Ceora; Ill Wind; Most Like Lee*.

Personnel: Morgan, trumpet; Jackie McLean, alto saxophone; Hank Mobley, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano; Larry Ridley, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆½

Bobby Hutcherson

HAPPENINGS—Blue Note 84231: *Aquarian Moon; Bouquet; Rojo; Maiden Voyage; Head Start; When You Are Near; The Omen*.

Personnel: Hutcherson, vibraharp, marimba; Herbie Hancock, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Joe Chambers, drums

Rating: ★★★★★

These two records suggest that a rhythm section keeping time may not be old-fashioned per se. They also suggest that Hancock may be a near-genius. His presence alone raised my ratings one star on

each of the recordings.

Cornbread is more conventional and less interesting. Morgan wrote all the tunes except *Ill Wind*, and they are okay. I get the feeling, however, that I've heard them all before. The style of his writing is so familiar that even though the tunes themselves have a lot of musicality and charm, they fail to excite me. What does excite me is the head of steam that Higgins and Hancock can build together, particularly behind McLean.

As we all know, there's a lot of bad McLean on record. And we have plenty of his records that are gathering dust, rarely played. Jackie has not been exactly well presented or handled by the businessmen who are supposed to know about things like that.

But if you want one to wear out before it gets dirty, this is it.

The only trouble is that there isn't enough of him. On *Higgins* he gets into some free and open swing, which, together with the beautifully familiar warm sound of his, is hard to listen to and remain seated.

Were it not for Higgins and Hancock (Ridley is adequate enough, but he's overshadowed here) this would be a fairly routine record. Morgan has trouble with ideas and frequently falls back on Charlie Parker or Clifford Brown licks.

His style is an amalgam of other styles, and I find he wears poorly, the polish of his playing and knowledge of his instrument receding in importance after repeated hearings.

This is
 the best
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Ill Wind is seven minutes and 55 seconds and boring after the first minute or two. It and *Ceora* are the weakest tracks. McLean solos on neither. I don't know what to say about Mobley—he's okay, I know he's sincere, and he can play his horn, and I like to listen to him, but somehow he leaves me profoundly cold. Maybe that's just me. Remember, a reviewer is just a person, not an oracle. I am negative about Mobley, and since my reaction to him enters into the rating, I cannot avoid saying it. But I cannot explain this negativity by anything more tangible than my own metabolism. Others may not agree with me, and, on this point, I could not really argue with them.

But about Hancock and Higgins I would argue. They are superb, particularly Hancock, whom I never once have heard play an obvious or unmusical note. He lopes forward with an absence of clichés, moving from the chordal to the linear to poly-rhythms with just about the best sense of form and continuity I've ever heard in a jazz player. Each phrase—even each note—leads logically to the next.

Hancock is more impressive on the Hutcherson record, because the whole scene is more impressive there. It is integrated—together—a chamber ensemble rather than a group.

There are spots where they sound like the logical successors to the Modern Jazz Quartet. I don't mean the instrumentation, either, although it is hard to avoid comparison in general, since it is the same.

Hancock is not John Lewis, and Hutcherson is no carbon of Bags. They do, however, get that same kind of unity of time, tone, and musicality, while using, in addition, newer language.

Chambers and Cranshaw make a beautiful team. They both know how to listen, an attribute not present often enough in a rhythm section. To that extent they also remind me of the MJQ. Their sound is well balanced, and they seem to enjoy playing together. I know that I enjoy listening to them.

I started out favorably inclined, even before hearing the record, after reading some of Hutcherson's statements on the liners. For instance, these two:

"I was inspired to write *Bouquet* after listening to some of the work of Eric Satie. . . . It's supposed to be a peaceful thing, just to make you relax. . . . I wrote it after I came back out to the West Coast. It was so quiet and pleasant in Pasadena, close to the foothills, such a change from New York that I was in the mood to sit down and write this."

"[*The Omen*] was supposed to sound like something that was going to descend on you as an omen, in terms of what's going to happen to the world. Or at least you could consider it an expression of what *might* happen—after the shock, the little smoking remains of what's left over, after it hit. This was the over-all concept, but as far as the individual roles were concerned, I left everyone free to do exactly what they wanted to do."

He seems intelligent and not narrow with it. Anyway, that's what the music is like. —Zwerin

Buddy Rich

SWINGIN' NEW BIG BAND—Pacific Jazz 10113 and 20113: *Readymix; Basically Blues; Critic's Choice; My Man's Gone Now; Up Tight; Sister Sadie; More Soul; West Side Story Medley.*
Personnel: Robert Shew, John Sottile, Yoshito Murakami, Walter Battagello, trumpets; James Trimble, John Boice, Dennis Allan Good, Mike Waverley, trombones; Gene Quill, Peter Yellin, Jay Corre, Marty Flax, Steve Perlow, reeds; John Bunch, piano, Barry Zweig, guitar; Carson Smith, bass; Rich, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

The excitement engendered by Buddy Rich's new band is explained, to a degree, on this disc. However, if the laudatory publicity has led you to think that something extraordinary has happened, you may be disappointed: Rich's is a band that has the spirit and polish of the Woody Herman Band at its best—which is saying quite a bit.

In a sense, one can have no complaint about this—the current Herman band is one of the few remaining glories of the big-band trade. But since this field is now so narrow, one would expect that a band that has elicited as much enthusiasm as the Rich band would not simply be serving up still more of what another band does well—especially when that band, the Herman band, is derivative of the Count Basie Band, a pair that, aside from the individualistic Duke Ellington, just about sums up the full-time big-band field in jazz terms.

Actually, it is asking a lot to expect Rich's band to show a viable and original personality right from the beginning. This sort of thing takes time. Benny Goodman sounded like the Casa Loma Band when he began, and Basie had the good fortune, in a sense, not to be recorded until his group had been together long enough to find its own personality. Individuality, it is to be hoped, will come in time to the Rich band.

Meanwhile, this is a forthrightly swinging outfit. The ensembles are crisp and clean and Rich's drumming provides a strong foundation. Arrangements are by Oliver Nelson, Phil Wilson, Jay Corre, and Bill Reddie, and they are tackled with youthful verve. The one piece that is a departure from the expected, the piece that shows off both Rich and the band at their best, is Reddie's *Medley*, a very unpromising prospect that Reddie and the band turn into an extended, varied, and well-developed bit of big-band virtuosity.

—Wilson

Annie Ross-Pony Poindexter

ANNIE ROSS AND PONY POINDEXTER—German Saba 15082: *Saturday Night Fish Fry; All Blues; Home Cookin'; Jumpin' at the Woodside; Moody's Mood for Love; Goin' to Chicago; Twisted.*

Personnel: Carmell Jones, trumpeter; Leo Wright, flute, alto saxophone; Poindexter, soprano, alto saxophones, vocals; André Condouant, guitar; Fritz Pauer, piano; Jimmy Woode, bass; Joe Nay, drums; Miss Ross, vocals.

Rating: ★★★

There is much fun here—the humor that is inevitable at a festival, this one being the 10th German Jazz Festival, held in Frankfurt last May. Also, there is the humor that is bound to emerge from scat singing and vocal transformations of instrumental solos. And finally, there is the camaraderie resulting from integrating a rhythm section known as the Berlin All-Stars with Jones, Wright, and the two headliners.

It should make for a highly listenable album, but there is only one weakness:

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Miss Ross. She's a better swinger than she is a singer. Without question, everything she touches turns to swing, and she has a great facility for stretching her range by means of a very musical falsetto.

But her voice quality, her intonation, and above all her diction, leave much to be desired. They all suffer in those numbers such as *Twisted*, *Moody's Mood*, and *Woodside*, where she vocalizes lines originally improvised by horns.

If Miss Ross is disappointing, Poindexter compensates— instrumentally and vocally. She could take a few lessons from him in terms of clarity. The contrast is glaring when the two sing together on *Fish Fry*.

Actually, this is Poindexter's album. He dominates the vocal action with fine scatting on *Cookin'* and *Woodside* and meaningful solos on *All Blues* and *Chicago* (the latter features Miss Ross' best effort: a screeching obligato).

Instrumentally, Poindexter's soprano saxophone solo on *All Blues* and his alto on *Twisted* are first rate.

Other instrumental highlights belong to Wright for his alto solo on *Woodside* and his flute solo on *Twisted* and to Jones for comments on *Woodside*, *Twisted*, and especially his mournful solo on *All Blues*.

The Berlin All-Stars provide an excellent rhythmic foundation for the frontliners, with Pauer and Condouant contributing excellent solo statements. Considering the international makeup of the combo, the idiom remains perfectly consistent— never straying from the hard bop of a decade ago. —*Siders*

Mongo Santamaria

MONGO EXPLODES—Riverside 93530: *Skins*; *Fatback*; *Hammerhead*; *Dot, Dot, Dot*; *Corn Bread Guajira*; *Dirty Willie*; *Sweet 'Tater Pie*; *Bembe Blue*; *Dulce Amor*; *Tacos*; *Para Ti*.

Personnel: Marty Sheller, trumpet; Nat Adderley, cornet (Tracks 1, 3, 5); Bobby Capers, alto, tenor, and baritone saxophones; Pat Patrick, alto saxophone (Track 5); Hubert Laws, tenor saxophone, flute, piccolo; Rodgers Grant, piano; Victor Venegas, bass; F. Lucas, drums; Jimmy Cobb, drums (Tracks 3, 5); Carmelo Garcia or F. Hernandez, timbales; Chiguagua Martinez or J. Cabrera, cowbell; W. Kortwright, guiro; Santamaria, congas, bongos.

Rating: ★★½

Mongo Explodes is the title of this album, but apart from a few slight reverberations (mostly contributed by guest star Adderley and Santamaria himself), there is little here that is explosive. In fact, the sound is typical of the Latin bands heard at Roseland—good for dancing and watching but too repetitious for listening only.

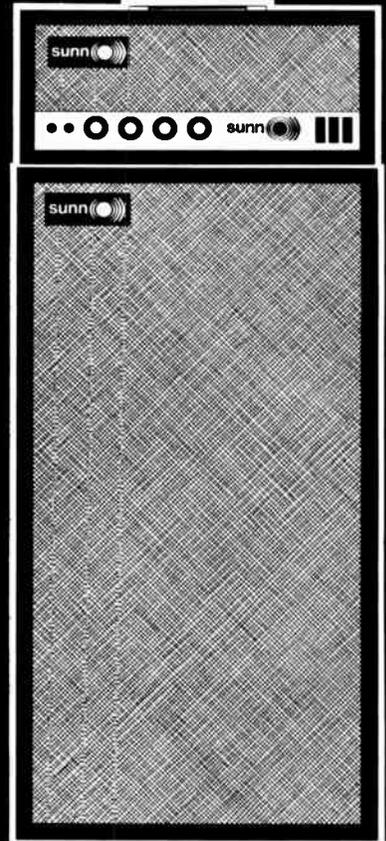
Santamaria is undoubtedly one of the most gifted purveyors of Afro-Cuban and Cuban music, and, as usual, he performs with a certain gleeful energy, which helps lift the music out of its rather lackluster setting.

He has assembled a competent group of musicians, and there are moments here and there to titillate the ears, but in the main, the band lacks originality and imagination. The arrangements are rather routine and, for the most part, routinely played.

Adderley, however, cuts through with a fiery attack on *Skin*, *Dot*, and *Willie*. His playing on these constitutes some of the best moments on the album.

Dulce Amor is a charming piece, a bolero composed by Grant. Laws' *Bembe* is an attractive minor melody, and his flute

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solo gives it added color.

Para Ti was recorded at the Village Gate, confirming my feeling that this kind of group has to be seen as well as heard to be appreciated fully, but nevertheless there are pleasant interludes for devotees of Afro-Cuban music. —McPartland

Doc Severinsen

LIVE! THE DOC SEVERINSEN SEXTET—Command 901: *When the Saints Come Marching In; Confessin'; Down-Home Melody; Summer-time; If He Walked into My Life; Cielito Lindo; Sunday Morning; Georgia on My Mind; Strangers in the Night; Melancholy Baby; Michelle; Mothers and Daughters*

Personnel: Severinsen, trumpet; Lou McGarity, trombone; Arnie Lawrence, alto saxophone; Phil Bodner, Stanley Webb, woodwinds; Dick Hyman, piano, organ; George Duvivier, bass; Tony Motola, Al Casamenti, Bucky Pizzarelli, or Tommy Kay, guitar; Bobby Rosengarden, percussion.

Rating: ★★

A longtime NBC studio musician, Severinsen is a kind of Al Hirt trumpeter. However, Severinsen can be a good jazz soloist when conditions are right.

With Hyman's feckless arrangements and a Lawrence Welk attitude toward presentation, conditions aren't right here. There's no reason why Severinsen should play jazz when he can make more money playing this kind of music, unless, of course, these hackneyed things finally begin to pull on his nerves.

Sunday Morning and *Down-Home* are bland imitations of funk, and Severinsen's fast and powerful playing is wasted in the surroundings. *Melancholy Baby* and *Cielito Lindo* are unbelievably trite. *Mothers and Saints* have a palling, bull-ring-brass sound.

Severinsen's fine tone comes through in *Confessin'* and *Strangers*. Hyman, showing that he's at least listened to Oliver Nelson and Gil Evans arrangements, provides a good score for *Michelle*.

This album will soon be forgotten.

—Erskine

George Shearing

NEW LOOK—Capitol 2637: *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever; Yesterday; Strangers in the Night; Too Good to Be True; Michelle; You're Gonna Hear from Me; Call Me; The Shadow of Your Smile; Have a Heart; What the World Needs Now Is Love; Once in a Lifetime.*

Personnel: Shearing, piano, harpsichord, arranger; unidentified quintet; unidentified orchestra, Julian Lee, orchestrator.

Rating: see below

Shearing and Lee are so steeped in the jazz idiom that their output automatically belongs in these pages. To apply the same "starry" criteria that is ordinarily devoted to hard jazz is not as automatic.

What they have fashioned here contains the elements of jazz, but they emerge by force of habit—not by intent. It does not lessen one's enjoyment of the album; it merely sidetracks it to another category. Therefore, the lack of stars, though let it be said this is a fine album—more of a showcase for Shearing than for his quintet.

The two Beatles tunes come off remarkably well, *Yesterday* revealing Shearing's seldom-heard Art Tatum facet, *Michelle* boasting the best orchestral writing, punctuated by excellent drum brushwork. The familiarity of *Shadow* is compensated for by tasteful, baroque-flavored doubling on harpsichord. *World Needs Now* reaches raucous heights in comparison with the polite level maintained everywhere else.

Good drum work pushes Shearing and the orchestra along in a rousing 3/4.

The outlines drawn by Shearing have been faithfully colored by Lee, and the results are too good for mere background music. Since it is questionable whether it can be considered jazz, perhaps Capitol's suggestion in small print is the most valid: "File under George Shearing." —Siders

Sonny Stitt

POW!—Prestige 7459: *I Want to Be Happy; Love on the Rocks; Blue Lights; Scramble; Up and Over; Pride and Passion; 'Nuff Guff.*

Personnel: Bennie Green, trombone; Stitt, alto saxophone; Kirk Lightsey, piano; Herman Wright, bass; Roy Brooks, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

While I can't agree with those who dismiss a number of Stitt's records as dull and insignificant, I must admit that he's

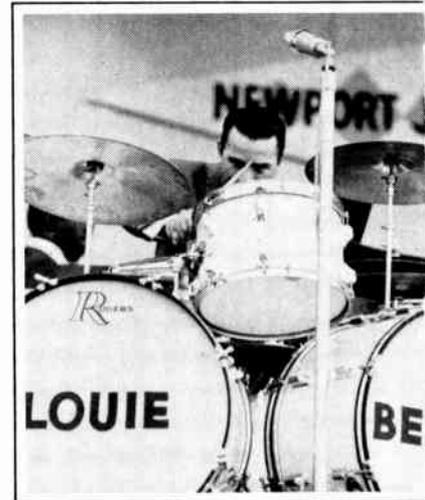
sounded much more inspired on some LPs than on others. Possibly because of the variety of compositions and the presence of his fellow early-bopper, Green, Stitt performs laudably here.

He plays hot, complex solos and swings with buoyant forcefulness. His tone is thin and hard but has a plaintive quality even on the up-tempo selections. As for construction—don't worry about it; good continuity has seemingly always been a plus feature of Stitt's solos. He not only swings effortlessly but also has the consistent ability to resolve his ideas satisfactorily and link phrases smoothly.

Green has an original style but is not very inventive melodically. The trombonist's lines here are simple and dull, but his fat, warm tone and relaxed phrasing par-

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tially compensate for his shortcoming.

Lightsey is a technically facile, vigorous improviser, but he has not yet developed an individual style.

As mentioned, this quintet plays a variety of compositions, among them the fine ballads *Rocks* and *Passion*. —Pekar

Nina Simone

HIGH PRIESTESS OF SOUL—Phillips 600-219: *Don't You Pay Them No Mind; I'm Gonna Leave You; Brown-Eyed, Handsome Man; Keeper of the Flame; The Gal from Joe's; Take Me to the Water; I'm Going Back Home; I Hold No Grudge; Come, Ye; He Ain't Comin' Home No More; Work Song; I Love My Baby.*

Personnel: unidentified orchestra and chorus, Hal Mooney, arranger, conductor; Miss Simone, piano, vocals.

Rating: see below

Miss Simone is a highly skilled performer. Her repertoire is varied and care-

fully chosen, her arrangements (whether she is recording with a large studio band or performing in person with her small group) polished, her delivery expert.

But what Miss Simone sells is "soul," the kind of emotional power and sincere, direct feeling associated with that word. She is effective, almost too much so; there is a paradoxical relationship between her means and her end that always leaves this listener with the feeling of vague discomfort, the discomfort of being aroused by someone who remains in perfect control.

This element of deliberateness in Miss Simone's art, however, does not seem to bother her many fans, and this album will certainly not disappoint them. She is in good form here, and there are no dull moments.

The material ranges from a tasteful setting of a spiritual (*Water*) to a Detroit-style bluesy ballad (*Baby*) and includes a Chuck Berry piece (*Brown-Eyed*), a vintage Duke Ellington song (*Joe's*), a modern standard (*Work Song*), and a typically topical Simone sermon (*Come, Ye*).

An unbilled alto saxophonist plays short, good solos on *Joe's* and *Work Song*. Aside from these, though, there are no obvious jazz elements. The last thing I'd want to do would be to start another fruitless debate about who is a jazz singer. If Miss Simone's singing is jazz to you, that's fine with me. But I have to pass on rating this album in a jazz context. —Morgenstern

Harold Vick

THE CARIBBEAN SUITE—RCA Victor 3677: *The Caribbean Suite (Mango Walk; Saga Boy; Bongo Chant; Dance of the Zombies; Wha' Hupp'n?; Tiempo Medio Lento; Beguine; Haitian Ritual); Barbados; Jamaica Farewell; Letitia.*

Personnel: Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Vick, tenor and soprano saxophones, flute; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraharp; Al Dailey, piano; Everett Barksdale, guitar; Walter Booker, bass; Mickey Roker, drums; Montego Joe, Manuel Ramos, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★★

Vick's debut for Victor hews to a Latin line all the way through. Eight of the album's 11 tracks make up *The Caribbean Suite*, composed in 1953 by British tenor saxophonist Kenny Graham, a work that climaxed a four-year application of Afro-Cuban elements to jazz by Graham, who was then leading a British group called, not unsurprisingly, the Afro-Cubists.

As aired here by Vick's men, the suite is a pleasant, unpretentious, and rather conservative set of themes that captures well the light-hearted, jaunty insouciance of much Caribbean music.

I do not find the music particularly adventurous, moving, or even striking, but it is bright and infectious, occasionally charming, and well executed, with excellent rhythm playing by Roker, Ramos, and Montego Joe, manful bass work by Booker (who is a gas), and thoroughly proficient neo-bop soloing by Vick, Mitchell (open and muted), Hutcherson, and Dailey.

However, there is little distinctiveness to the group's work on these pieces; at best, it sounds rather like a good Latin dance band. Nothing more, nothing less.

One suspects that the absence of any significant melodic or harmonic interest in the suite's eight themes is at the core of the music's failure to rise to anything beyond the merely pleasant.

This impression is reinforced by the band's performance of Charlie Parker's *Barbados* and Vick's *Letitia* (surprisingly reminiscent of Jelly Roll Morton's *Get the Bucket!*), both of which are much more vibrant performances, with more interesting and exciting solo work, than any of the suite's eight pieces. *Letitia* is by far the most exultant performance in the album, building to a nice series of climaxes in each of the four solos (one by each of the major instrumentalists on the date). For the most part, *Farewell* merely serves as a showcase for the restrained piano of Dailey, who turns it into a mood piece.

There is little here, I suspect, for any fans of Vick, Mitchell, or Hutcherson, but aficionados of Latin dance music might like this set. —Welding

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OLD WINE— NEW BOTTLES

Clark Terry Quartet with Thelonious Monk (Jazzland 996)

Rating: ★★★★★

Chet Baker, *Polka Dots and Moonbeams* (Jazzland 988)

Rating: ★★★★★

Blue Mitchell, *Blue Soul* (Jazzland 990)

Rating: ★★★

Philly Joe Jones, *Drums around the World* (Jazzland 992)

Rating: ★★★★★

These four repackages of Riverside material have one common ingredient—the drumming of Philly Joe Jones. The records were made in 1958 and '59, when Jones was at the height of his powers.

At some point on most of these 31 performances, Jones, either as accompanist or soloist, commands the listener's attention. He may do it merely with a rush of percussive drive and raw power, as on the Mitchell LP's title track or on *Stablemates* in his own album. Or the listener's attention may be riveted by Jones' fitting fills, which are generously laced with bass-drum bombs and swelling rolls on the snare (cf. Baker's *Hotel 49*, Mitchell's *The Head*, Terry's *Let's Cool One*), or by his tasteful Sid Catlett-like brush work (*Argentia* in the Terry set).

Most often, though, it is as a soloist that Jones makes his deepest impression.

There is a lot of Catlett in Jones' solo style—in its “melodic” flow and in the frequent use of a short phrase (sometimes just two heavily accented strokes) as a motif or as a set-up for more complex phrases (*Let's Cool One* and, from his own date, *Blue Gwynn*). Jones' playing on the closed hi-hat to begin a solo (*Cherokee* in his album) also conjures up the specter of Catlett, as does the fast, show-business style he affects in the first part of *Philly J. J.* (also in *Drums around the World*).

But the most noticeable stylistic debt to Catlett is the way he begins many solos with a short, declamatory phrase (usually an emphatically played pair of notes) followed by half a measure of silence before the solo proper begins.

Perhaps the debt to Catlett is overstressed, for Jones is very much his own man. He has a finely honed sense of what is artistically best: he seldom loses sight of musical order and balance, seldom fails to shape and construct his solo so that it is a whole piece of cloth, each phrase dovetailing with what precedes and follows it. (Surprisingly enough, his big chance to show his soloistic ability—the unaccompanied *The Tribal Message* on his own LP—doesn't come off.)

Jones has his faults, chief of which is a tendency to overpower the other musicians. He can be heavyhanded and insensitive (his fills on *Land of the Blue Veils* in *Drums around the World* almost destroy the delicate melody). He also runs into problems of execution more often than drummers of equal standing.

But such deficiencies are almost as nothing when compared with the over-all quality of his drumming.

Of the four LPs, the Terry-Monk (first titled *In Orbit* when issued on Riverside in 1958) is the most stimulating. Terry's trumpeting, as usual, is warm, witty, lyrical—and very often clichéd. But on a couple of tracks, the stimulus of Monk's piano must have worked some sort of magic on him, and he improvises with a great amount of invention and originality.

Monk is in good form throughout and plays beautifully on *In Orbit*, *One Foot in the Gutter*, *Trust in Me* (which has a superb piano solo), *Pea Eye*, *Buck's Business*, and his own *Let's Cool One*.

Sam Jones is the bassist. In the rhythm section, he's like a bull, so strong are his lines, and he plays a meaty solo on *Argentia*.

The Baker LP, first issued as *C. B. in New York*, is not one of the trumpeter's best, but it does contain a number of finely wrought solos by the leader. He evidently was pretty much together on this 1958 date; his long phrases flow nicely and are at a fairly high level of creativity. Occasionally Baker pulls off a convolute solo to good effect (especially on *Hotel 49*, the album's best performance).

Besides Baker and Jones, the personnel includes tenor saxophonist Johnny Griffin (added for *Fair Weather* and *Solar*), pianist Al Haig, and bassist Paul Chambers. Griffin is heated but verbose; Haig seems undecided which way to go on the fast tunes but does play a well-constructed solo on *Blue Thoughts*; Chambers is competent in the section but solos unimaginatively.

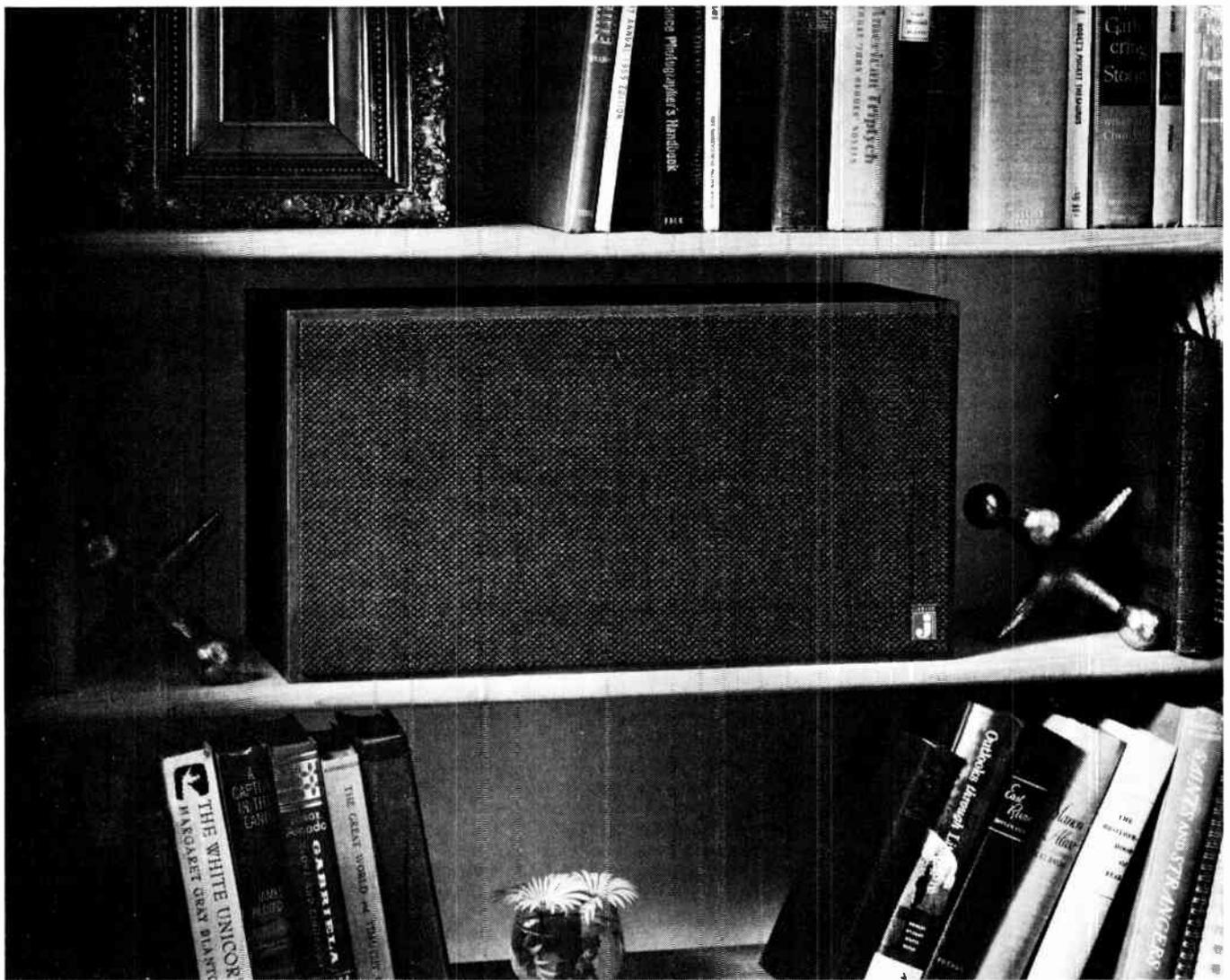
Blue Mitchell is a good but eclectic trumpet player. The influences of so many other trumpeters are discernible in his style that, in the end, it is anonymous—a dash of Clifford Brown, two teaspoons of Miles Davis, a pinch of Clark Terry, a cup of Dizzy Gillespie. Nonetheless, Mitchell is a tasteful soloist, one whose long, well-constructed phrases somewhat dampen the echoes of other voices heard on his *Blue Soul*.

In addition to Mitchell and P. J. Jones, the lineup includes trombonist Curtis Fuller (he gets off some good licks on *Minor Vamp*), tenorist Jimmy Heath (who's in good humor on *The Head* and *Top Shelf* and who really digs in on *Waverly Street*), pianist Wynton Kelly (a perky soloist throughout), and bassist Sam Jones. Benny Golson and Heath split the arranging job.

Drums around the World is by a little big band (or vice versa). The personnel is trumpeters Mitchell and Lee Morgan, trombonist Fuller, flutist Herbie Mann, altoist Cannonball Adderley, tenorist Benny Golson, baritonist Sahib Shihab, pianist Kelly, and bassist Jimmy Garrison (spelled on three tracks by Sam Jones). The arrangements, written for the complete personnel and for varying contingents drawn from it, are by Golson (*Stablemates* and *Land of the Blue Veils*), Tadd Dameron (*Philly J. J.*), and the leader (*Blue Gwynn*, *El Tambores*, and *Cherokee*).

The wind players solo well, though not too inventively. Kelly has some trouble during his solo on the galloping *Cherokee*, but in other places gives a good account of himself. The major attraction, as it should be, is the drumming of Jones. For that alone, the album is worth the price of admission.

—DeMicheal



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JOE ALPER



SKRETTZ

This *Blindfold Test* came about in an unusual—in fact entirely accidental—manner.

It was Dizzy Gillespie's day off, and he had arranged to drop over for a chat before going out to hear some of the sounds around Los Angeles. When he arrived, he had Louie Bellson with him. He and Bellson were members of the Jazz at the Philharmonic show that had toured Europe a few weeks earlier.

Aside from the JATP collaboration, Gillespie and Bellson have much in common. They are roughly of the same generation and came up through the ranks as sidemen in various big bands, later leading combos and bands of their own.

What follows did not start out as a *Blindfold Test*. We started reminiscing, played a couple of Gillespie's old records, and then decided to keep the tape running and play some less-familiar material. From Record No. 3 on, they were given no information about the records played.

—Leonard Feather

1. TEDDY HILL. *King Porter Stomp* (from *Dizzy Gillespie*, RCA Victor). Gillespie, trumpet; others as guessed. Recorded in 1937.

LB: I couldn't tell really who most of the soloists were, honestly. But I knew it was Dizzy's record. It's amazing that he sounded so much like Roy Eldridge in those days.

DG: I'd never recorded before, so I didn't know what to do. When my solo came, one minute I had my horn pointed at the mike, and the other minute I was way over here somewhere. They said, "Hey, look. Take your horn and point it at the microphone." I said, "Oh, I thought it picked up everything in the room."

LB: Do you remember who was in the rhythm section?

DG: Bill Beason [drums], Dick Fullbright [bass], Smitty—John Smith [guitar], and Sam Allen [piano].

LB: Man, you've got a good memory!

DG: Oh, man, that development. I can remember almost everything that happened in that band, you know.

LB: What year was that?

DG: 1937. That chunk, chunk, chunk was typical of rhythm sections; they weren't loose. A little later on we got in the groove—we got Kenny Clarke. Teddy didn't like Kenny's boom-bah-doom on the bass drum. He'd say *hrrrrrrrop boom, hrrrrrrrop boom*, you know, so Teddy called him Klook Mops, and that's how he got his name. Teddy was going to get rid of him because he didn't like them klook mops.

LB: I'd give the record the highest stars because I'm thinking of the record in those days with all the solos. They were great.

DG: That was considered a good record at that time.

2. DIZZY GILLESPIE. *Lover, Come Back to Me* (from *Dizzy Gillespie*, RCA Victor). Gillespie, trumpet, arranger; Al McKibbon, bass; Teddy Stewart, drums. Recorded in 1948.

LB: How high can you go with the stars—is there a limit? I was going to say that that's one of the greatest trumpet players of all time, and I'm not just saying it because he's sitting here. I say it all the time. In fact, I bring his name up at my drum clinics all the time. So you can give it as many stars as there are to be had. That's one of Diz' early big bands, and I'm sure that's Kenny Clarke playing drums. Also one of my favorites.

It's very interesting, listening to one of Dizzy's early big bands; everything even today is so modern. It's like Ellington—when you hear something Duke did 20

years ago, it's got all those traces of all the modern things in it. The fact that it's in three, too—3/4 was really a waltz in those days.

DG: You could play *My Buddy* in 3/4 time, and after *My Buddy* that was the end of it! How it came about, we were getting ready to go into the Strand Theater, so we were beboppers. The King of Bebop, Dizzy Gillespie and his band. We're doing [sings breakneck version of *Salt Peanuts*] . . . all this, you know. So the theater manager says, "Listen, Gillespie, I like the way you sound on the trumpet, but why don't you make something with a melody?"

My lip got this long when he said that to me, so I said, "I'll fix him, I'll fix him! *Lover, Come Back to Me* in three-quarter time." And I brought it in. I didn't write a bass part, because I wanted Al McKibbon to interpret it his own way. He knew what kind of rhythm I wanted—Latin 3/4.

LB: Which he understands.

LF: How many stars, Birks?

DG: According to the criteria, half a one! Really, though, this is one of my favorite recordings.

LB: You know what this does, too, Diz? This proves another thing, too, which I know a lot of people realize but not everybody: the fact that you can play a melody so beautifully.

3. DJANGO REINHARDT. *Low Cotton* (from *The Best of Django Reinhardt*, Vol. 2, Capitol). Rex Stewart, cornet; Barney Bigard, clarinet; Reinhardt, guitar; Billy Taylor, bass. Recorded in 1939.

LB: That's Django Reinhardt on guitar. I can't quite figure out who the clarinet is, or the trumpet player. I'm going to take a guess; it seems like that was recorded in Europe.

DG: You would look to that. Django never came to the United States but one time. He came here with Duke that time. And then you figure out now who's in Europe. For me, anything of Django Reinhardt's is an automatic five stars. I think he's one of the originals.

In the course of our music, for my personal study, there have been three major styles on the guitar: Charlie Christian, Django Reinhardt, and Wes Montgomery. And all three of them are different, and all three are dynamic. There are other guys who have lesser styles, but those three are the dynamic personalities.

I figure it was recorded back in 1936, and the trumpet player was probably Bill Coleman. The clarinet might have been

. . . now who played down in the register and never got up into the squeaky part?

LB: I keep thinking of the big stout guy, the guy in Bob Crosby's band, he used to play that way. Irving Fazola. That's who I thought of, but then when I heard Reinhardt play, I figured it had to be done in Europe, so it had to be somebody who was in Europe.

I would give it the five stars because of Reinhardt. Although I liked the other soloists, he was a standout.

4. CLARK TERRY-CHICO O'FARRILL. *Happiness Is* (from *Spanish Rice*, Impulse). Recorded in 1966. Terry, vocal; O'Farrill, arranger.

DG: That ain't Louis Armstrong! It's a very good demonstration of Louis Armstrong's style.

LB: What's that thing that we just did on the tour, that Clark did? Did he do it with his hand or the mouthpiece?

DG: Mouthpiece.

LB: He did a thing in Europe with T-Bone Walker singing, and played it with the mouthpiece, and it got like a whining sound which was very. . .

DG: *Whaah, whaah.* Well, in the first place I give it no stars because with all those lyrics about different musicians, it didn't mention my name [laughter]. I liked that, though, very much. But it didn't have solos in it, so I'm not equipped to judge. I'll give it 2½ stars, and if it had had somebody on there that played a beautiful solo, it would have been way up there. I liked the idea of it. It was very nice.

LB: Maybe I might be criticized all the time, and people may say, "well, you always give somebody four or five stars," but knowing what it is—it's a little commercial ditty, and with Clark's talent—I'd give it five stars because of Clark. But now that you mention it, every time I think of Clark, if he's going to sing something, I like to hear him play—it would be like listening to Dizzy and he only sang.

DG: Was that Clark Terry singing?

LB: Yeah. Didn't you know that?

DG: No, I didn't know it was him. Was he singing like Louis Armstrong? Oh, man, I didn't even know it. If he had played, I would have recognized his singing! You've been saying something about Clark, and I didn't know what you were talking about.

LB: For that type of thing he's just great. Whenever I hear Clark's name mentioned, I like to hear him sing *and* play because he's such a great player too.

(Continued on opposite page)

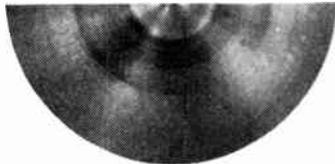
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5. HOWARD MCGHEE. *Sunset Eyes* (from *Maggie's Back in Town*, Contemporary). McGhee, trumpet; Phineas Newborn Jr., piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Shelly Manne, drums; Teddy Edwards, composer. Recorded in 1961.

DG: It's got to be somebody from my era, because in the first place on account of the bridge. Personally, for me, I'd like to hear something a little bit different—if I'd written the bridge, I'd have tried to do something a little more different from my era.

The bridge is strictly a 1940 bebop bridge, and I would think it was Howard McGhee. I'm very familiar with Howard McGhee. If I were judging this by the standards of 1947, 1945, I would give it . . . at that time, it would have been sort of new progressions, and I would have given it a great many stars. But judging by the criteria of now, what's happening now. I wouldn't be able to give it much. Well, for Howard McGhee's trumpet—which I adore—I'd have to give it at least three.

For the composition, it would be down to a rather low ebb.

LB: Are we to judge this record on the impact it made in that era?

LF: It depends on when you think it was made.

DG: I would say that it was made fairly recently, and I would figure it would be the music of the '40s.

LB: I was going to say it was recorded maybe in the late '50s or middle '50s. I would agree with Dizzy. I would give it three stars too. The drummer gets a good sound, a good, clean, recording sound. In fact, it's the first thing I noticed.

DG: I have no idea who this pianist is.

6. BUDDY RICH. *Sister Sadie* (from *Swingin' New Big Band*, Pacific Jazz). Jay Corre, tenor saxophone, arranger; Rich, drums; Horace Silver, composer.

LB: Yeah, that's got to be Buddy Rich. That's exactly who it is.

DG: That's Horace Silver's tune. I like Horace better than all them other horns in this band.

LB: I can tell that's Buddy by his very individual playing. I caught the band when they were here at the Chez, and I think it's exciting. I give it the ultimate in stars because of Buddy, because I think he's a great player, and it's funny, even though the band doesn't have any outstanding soloists, they sound great, you know. It's primarily an ensemble type of band, but they're very exciting.

DG: Buddy Rich did a good job of trying to keep it together, but I like the Horace Silver record better. The presence and the ending to it—I like that. Lou is judging it solely because of Buddy Rich. I would give it *some* stars. I don't particularly like the ensemble.

LB: I'll give it five stars because of Buddy, but I agree with Diz. You've got to be honest—it's a new band. You just can't say that the band itself is that tremendous. It takes time to build a band—we can't compare a band like that with a Basie or an Ellington.

DG: We must be honest with the stars too. We can't say "A" for effort. Anything you give the playing on it, you give the stars for Buddy.

LB: I'd give the band 2½ stars. 

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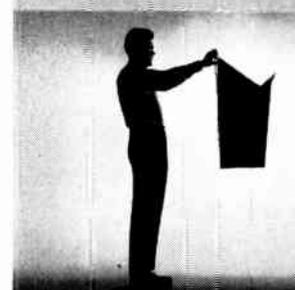
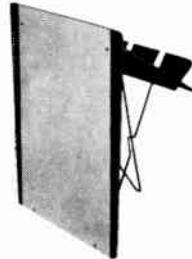
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BOOK REVIEWS

The Encyclopedia of Jazz in the Sixties, by Leonard Feather. Published by Horizon Press, 312 pages, \$15.

The arrival of this new entry in the encyclopedia series of jazz reference works sired by Feather is an important and happy event.

No layman can fully appreciate the extent to which our profession is indebted to Feather for his labors. *Down Beat* editor Don DeMicheal has stated about *The New Encyclopedia of Jazz* (1960 edition): "I can't remember a day that I haven't reached for it to check facts about jazz musicians. It is the most valuable work published on jazz..." No working jazz writer or student would disagree with this opinion.

The first (1955) version of *The Encyclopedia of Jazz*, and the much expanded and improved second edition, have become landmarks in jazz scholarship. They are the best and most complete works of their kind. Feather's work, by its very nature, never ends, and its most recent result can take its place alongside the others without blushing.

This handsomely produced book of 312 pages, of eight-by-ten-inch size, bristles with useful information about jazz in our time. There are 1,100 biographies, a substantial number of which are new; the rest are updated and revised entries dealing with artists carried in the 1960 *Encyclopedia*.

In addition, there are 200 photographs; 12 pages of provocative excerpts from Feather's *Blindfold Test* column; tabulations of poll results from *Down Beat* (both critics and readers polls), *Jazz*, Britain's *Melody Maker*, and *Playboy*, covering the period from 1960 to 1965; a selective listing of 100 significant records relevant to the period; a bibliography of jazz books; a listing of jazz record companies; a concise review of the blues and folk fields by Pete Welding; a thoughtful foreword by John Lewis; and a five-page essay, a preface, and several introductory commentaries by the author.

In his task of assembling this voluminous and detailed information (in a field notoriously short on the sort of reference aides that are available to researchers in other areas), Feather has had valuable assistance (for which he gives due credit), but he himself has carried the bulk of the load. His energy, patience, and skill are richly deserving of praise.

There are, of course, certain limitations imposed upon a work of this kind. This is not a university- or foundation-grant-supported enterprise but a commercial publishing venture; thus, reasonable boundaries of size, scope, etc., must be observed.

In his preface, Feather clarifies his approach as follows: "The quantity of jazz produced and the number of reasonably well-known and musically important working jazz artists have multiplied so rapidly that the main problem did not seem to be one of whom to add or retain, but more a matter of whom to leave out."

Fair enough. Later, Feather sums up: "Every artist prominent in previous decades and still a conspicuously active figure on today's scene, along with every major new jazz personality of the present decade... can be found in these pages."

The operative terms here are "prominent," "conspicuously active," and "major," and one cannot quarrel with the way they have been applied.

But since there aren't, by any stretch of even the noncritical imagination, 1,100 jazz performers who fit these exacting criteria, it is obvious that a large number of secondary figures have been included, and it is here that a process of sometimes seemingly arbitrary selection is revealed.

Some amount of personal preference is no more than any author-editor of a work of this kind is entitled to, and I won't quibble with the inclusion of a surprising number of female singers, several of whom (perhaps unfortunately) are entirely unknown to this reviewer.

Too much space and attention, perhaps, are devoted to certain artists and groups whose undeniable popularity is based on only very slight jazz credentials. Among these are Nancy Wilson (whose pretty picture opens the photographic sections), Ward Swingle, Mimi Perrin, all the members of the Quartette Tres Bien, Peter Nero, and Barbra Streisand (whose entry, to be sure, is commendably terse).

There would be no cause to complain about this slightly unscholarly emphasis if not for the fact that a good number of deserving musicians have been left out. Some omissions are inescapable, some choices a matter of legitimate personal orientation, some maybe caused by lack of available information. Others are simply regrettable oversights. The reader can decide for himself the causes for omission of several artists, whose names struck me while perusing the book (there are certainly others).

First, musicians and singers not included in previous editions: Al Aarons, Bobby Bryant, Mike Abene, Dave Burns, Bill English, Bobby Donovan, Ray McKinney, Bob Cunningham, Eddie Locke, Gloria Lynne, Don Pullen, Ram Ramirez, Reuben Phillips, Perry Robinson, Victoria Spivey, and Bill Pemberton. (Recordings, cited as a relevant criterion for inclusion by Feather, hold true for all of these.)

Second, musicians who were included previously, have been active during the '60s, and are not in the new book: Doc Cheatham, Jimmy Crawford, Erskine Hawkins, Claude Hopkins, Les Spann, Kenny Davern, John Lee Hooker, Punch Miller, Louis Metcalf, and Johnny Windhurst.

Some of these players and singers, in both categories, are less important than others, but any one of them, I think, is more material to jazz than such included luminaries as Paul Tanner, Ralph Mutchler, Howard Lucraft, Big Tiny Little, Dick Whitsell, Boris Midney, John Hammond Jr., and Preston Jackson.

These points are made not in a spirit of carping criticism but merely to point out that, in the future, the completed list of entries might be submitted for suggestions to knowledgeable critics whose geo-

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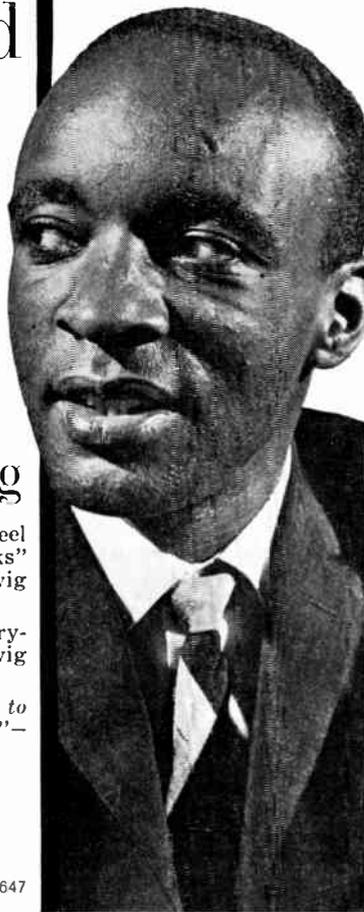
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graphic and esthetic centers of gravity lie in areas other than the author's and his assistants'. Still, the omissions are not nearly substantial enough to mar the usefulness of the work.

Nor are other minor blemishes of great significance. These include occasional omission of important records (Pee Wee Russell's *Ask Me Now*, Booker Little's *Out Front*); listings of albums that were never released, and a willingness to take at face value statements from musicians.

Feather quotes liberally from other critics (with due credit) and from the musicians themselves. Sometimes, he is too liberal, as when he lets Peter Nero expound his views on jazz, which could be of no possible significance to anyone but Nero himself, and sometimes the quotations make no real sense, but the practice pays off most of the time and must have represented much additional labor.

Due notice is taken of important musicians who have died in the '60s; the only one missed, I believe, was Cecil Scott.

The job of updating previous entries is well done. In most cases, there is no need to refer back to the original biography. Thus, the book stands by itself and isn't a mere adjunct to its predecessors. The unnecessary inclusions of lesser-known European musicians have largely been eliminated.

For anyone with serious interest in jazz, this is an indispensable book. Feather has done much other good work for jazz, but with his *Encyclopedias*, he has become an indispensable institution. Long may he collate and classify! —Dan Morgenstern



PROF. HOWARD D. KELLEY, B.M.E.; M.M.E.

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Balliett is probably the most polished writer in jazz. His ease of expression, his awareness of the power of a simple sentence, his clever use of words, his mastery of the colorful phrase make his writings glow with a sheen often lacking in the work of the less graceful. His style is so dazzling that often the reader hardly notices the lack of depth in some of this collection's pieces, all 49 of which first appeared in *The New Yorker* from 1962 to '66.

The best, and most depthful, pieces are the longer ones—interviews with Pee Wee Russell, Red Allen, Cootie Williams, Mary Lou Williams, and Earl Hines and accounts of trips to New Orleans (though this one is a bit too long) and the Monterey Jazz Festival. In these, Balliett functions more as chronicler than critic. And his strength is his skillful reportage: he has a well-developed ability to set scenes and capture speech patterns.

But as a critic, he tends to categorize too much, see things as either black or white, resist any kind of jazz after swing, and manhandle music terms. Though he has kind words for such as Bill Evans, Ornette Coleman, and Cecil Taylor, he has an obvious prejudice against bebop. He particularly dislikes J. J. Johnson and Max Roach and sometimes goes out of his way to take a swipe or two at them. Yet when he writes critically about pre-bop music, he often displays a true in-

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sight (for example, the essays on James P. Johnson and Benny Carter).

But one can disagree with Balliett's judgments and still delight in his use of the language. And this collection is better than his two previous ones (*The Sound of Surprise* and *Elephants in the Morning*). His writing now is leaner than it was in the '50s, when he seemingly couldn't resist the temptation to insert onomatopoeic phrases in almost everything he wrote. For the most part, this sin has been overcome, as has that of overusing "juicy" adjectives.

Because of pruning, his work is stronger. The fudge has hardened.—*Don DeMicheal*

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(Continued from page 15)

teractions Sunday sessions at Top of the Gate recently presented the winner of the second JI workshop series, pianist **Steve Grossman's** quartet, in addition to such established talent as alto saxophonist **John Handy's** quintet, vibraharpist **Vera Auer** (with saxophonists **Hugh Brody** and **Gary Bartz**, bassist **Chris White**, and drummer **J. C. Moses**), and a quintet co-led by bassist **White** and pianist **Billy Cobham** (trumpeter **Johnny Coles**, tenor saxophonist **Eddie Daniels**, and drummer **George Cables**). The JI sessions are now at the Five Spot . . . Guitarist **Kenny Burrell's** quartet was at the Five Spot in February . . . Trumpeter **Howard McGhee** and the Rev. **John G. Gensel**, longtime partners in the Sunday jazz vesper services at churches in Manhattan, ventured to

Brooklyn Heights for what was described as "an experiment in jazz discotheque" at Spencer Memorial Church's 90-and-9 coffee house . . . Pianist **Bernard Peiffer** and bassist **Gus Nemeth** demonstrated jazz improvisation on the CBS-TV *Captain Kangaroo* children's show . . . The current *Children's Film Festival*, also on CBS, has theme music written by **Don Heckman**, who led an 11-piece orchestra for its recording . . . Veteran trumpeter **Wingy Carpenter** is recuperating from a gall bladder operation . . . The trio co-led by organist **Sarah McLawler** and violinist **Richard Otto** was at the Chateau Renaissance in Bergenfield, N.J. . . . Tenor saxophonist **Granville Lee** began a tour of 15 southern colleges and universities with a 13-piece band in late February . . . A permanent exhibit of **Raymond Ross' jazz photographs** has been installed at Gregory's coffee house on St. Mark's Place.

Chicago: Though pianist **Andrew Hill** failed to show up at his scheduled concert at the University of Chicago, the college campus has been jumping with avant-garde sounds. Altoist **Anthony Braxton's** group filled in for Hill and then returned for another concert Feb. 11 on the campus. Drummer **Alvin Fiedler's** group shared the stage with the Braxtonians. On Feb. 17 a large group co-led by altoists **Joseph Jarman** and **Roscoe Mitchell** played a benefit to raise funds for the Detroit Artists Workshop. All events were staged in the university's Mandel Hall building . . .

The **Roosevelt University Jazz Lab Band**, directed by **Lane Emery**, gave a concert at R. U. on Feb. 16 . . . The **Indiana University Jazz Ensemble I** is scheduled to give a concert at the Field Museum of Natural History on April 18. It will be the first time the band, now directed by **Dave Baker**, has been heard in Chicago . . . The **Ramsey Lewis Trio** played a benefit concert to raise money for the Harvard-St. George School. The event, emceed by disc jockey **Daddy-O Dailey**, was held at the Prudential Plaza on Feb. 14 . . . Reed man **Roy Crawford** and his **Jazz Prophets** (**Mike Davis**, trumpet; **Bill McFarlan**, trombone; **Richard Brown**, piano; **Johnny Clark**, bass; **Jerry Griffin**, drums) will play a concert March 11 at 10:30 a.m. at the Englewood Urban Progress Center . . . Drummer **Rick Boetel's** quartet (**Sam Thomas**, guitar; **Dave Catherwood**, vibraharp; **Ken Verden**, bass; **Sandy Smolen**, vocals) has been working Wednesdays through Sundays at the Red Piano on N. Western Ave. . . . Tenorist **Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis** gathered unto himself a group of localites—reed man **Jimmy Ellis**, pianist **Richard Abrams**, bassist **Melvin Jackson**, and drummer **Steve McCall**—for a two-week stand at Stan's Pad last month . . . **Preacher Rollo** is now the drummer with **Bill Reinhardt's** band at Jazz, Ltd. He replaced **Freddie Kohlman** . . . Vocalists **Clea Bradford** and **Damita Jo** were recent features at the Playboy Club . . . Pianist **Gene Esposito** has been leading a quartet at the Panda on N. State St. Singer **Lurlean Hunter** is featured . . . Tenorist **John**

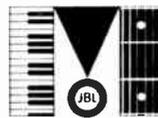


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March 23 □ 47

Klemmer's quartet (Roland Faulkner, guitar; Nick Renschneider, bass; Danny Martin, drums) have been featured at Sunday afternoon sessions at the First Quarter, located on W. North Ave. . . . The quartet of altoist Absholom Benschlomo (formerly Virgil Pumphrey) played a March 5 concert at Lincoln Center. It was the first of a series of biweekly performances under the sponsorship of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians.

Los Angeles: Trumpeter Bobby Bryant's group at Marty's now finds itself billed as a house band. The club has instituted a name policy that, so far, has included guitarist Gabor Szabo and organist

Richard (Groove) Holmes. Marty's hopes to bring in guitarist Bola Sete, singers Della Reese, Billy Eckstine, and Mel Torme, and the Gerald Wilson Orchestra . . . Sunday night jazz concerts resumed at the Pasadena Art Museum. The first one featured Buddy Collette, who proved so popular in last year's Pasadena series. With the reed man were guitarist Al Viola and bassist Leroy Vinnegar. They were followed by the Poll Winners—guitarist Barney Kessel, bassist Ray Brown, and drummer Shelly Manne. The final concert featured pianist Roger Kellaway with bassist Red Mitchell and drummer John Guerin . . . The Coconut Grove brought in Mel Torme after Mrs. Elva Miller. Louis Armstrong followed Torme, and

Lou Rawls will follow Armstrong . . . Bob Crosby took his Bobcats to Melodyland in Anaheim for the Phyllis Diller show. They were followed by Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66 . . . Singer Nina Simone packed the Troubador for her recent week-long gig . . . After a number of postponements, Anita O'Day finally opened at the Knight Club, in Encino, for a few weekends. Backing the vocalist were pianist Ron Karma, bassist Wolfgang Melz, and drummer Bill Stevens . . . The Rubin Mitchell Trio (Mitchell, piano; Eddie Khan, bass; Joe Belardino, drums) opened at the Hong Kong Bar in the Century Plaza Hotel after backing vocalist Carmen McRae at San Francisco's Basin Street West . . . "Naney Wilson Day" was proclaimed in Los Angeles; the city's Board of Supervisors presented her with a scroll in honor of her work to discourage school dropouts. There were some 300 members of the city's Job Corps in attendance (gratis, naturally) at Miss Wilson's recent Shrine Auditorium one-nighter. For her accompaniment, trumpeter Maynard Ferguson fronted a local pickup band, which included the singer's choice of rhythm section—pianist Don Trenner, bassist Buster Williams, and drummer Earl Palmer. Bola Sete's trio was also on the bill . . . Tenor saxophonist Willie Greasham is currently fronting a group at La Duce. The sidemen are reed man Luke Perry, organist Leroy Harrison, and drummer Roy Johnson . . . Booked into Shelly's Manne-Hole for a series of Sunday afternoon gigs is tenorist Harold Land's quartet (Joe Sample, piano; Buster Williams, bass; Stix Hooper, drums). Half of Land's quartet was present for a two-part after-hours session at Devoe's, where, in addition to Land and Sample, trumpeter Charles Tolliver, bassist Henry Franklin, and drummer Ed Thigpen played the bleary-eyed gig from 2-6 a.m. on recent Saturday and Sunday mornings. Sharing the stage with Land's men were trumpeter Jerry Rush, tenorist Clarence Webb, altoist Edwin Pleasant, pianist-vibist Matt Hutcherson, bassist Wendell Williams, and drummer E. C. Wainwright . . . Drummer Sonny Payne, enjoying a brief respite from the Harry James Band, sat in at the Club Casbah and put on a display of fancy stick work—even using the wall behind him—in a session of one-upmanship with the club's headliner, Sam Fletcher, who was normally backed by pianist Dolo Coker's trio (Harper Cosby, bass, and Joe Peters, drums) . . . On Sundays and Tuesdays, Sonny Craver (former Count Basie and Hank Crawford singer) works with the Gerald Wiggins Trio at the Pied Piper. The same jazz-flavored-personality-backed-by-trio format obtains the rest of the week with Oeie Smith and bassist Ike Isaacs' trio. A recent sitting-in session with the latter group was conducted by tenorist Eddie (Loekjaw) Davis . . . Guitarist Gabor Szabo's quintet filled in for pianist Phil Moore Jr. and the Gil Fuller Band at Memory Lane on a recent Monday. Original plans called for Moore to front the Fuller band featuring reed man James Moody as soloist of the evening, but Moody's illness (see *News*, page 14) forced a cancellation . . . Sitting-in seems a way of

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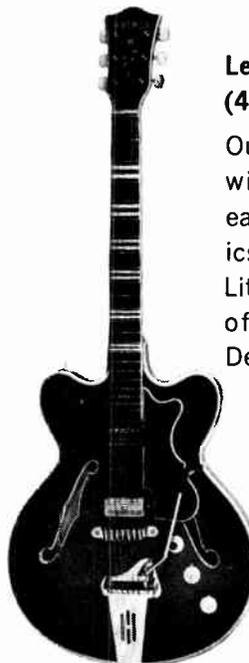
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life at Donte's, in North Hollywood. In recent weeks, baritonist **Gerry Mulligan** did a few turns with pianist **Dave Grusin's** trio (**Chuck Berghofer**, bass, and **John Guerin**, drums) behind singer **Ruth Price**, members of **Brasil '66** got together with members of the **Tijuana Brass** fronted by trombonist **Bob Edmondson**, and vibist **Roy Ayers** subbed for vibist **Joe DeAguero** when the **Afro-Blues Quintet** played the club. Other groups to play Donte's recently included pianist **Pete Jolly's** trio (**Berghofer**, bass, and **Nick Martinis**, drums), with tenorist **Bill Perkins** added, and pianist **Hampton Hawes' trio** (**Buster Williams**, bass, and **Donald Bailey**, drums) . . . The University of California at Los Angeles Chamber Jazz series has been set

for spring. All concerts will take place at the university's Schoenberg Hall. The schedule is the **Bola Sete Trio** on March 11, **Big Mama Thornton** on March 18, the **Jazz Crusaders** on April 1, and the **Don Ellis Octet** on April 8.

Boston: Although the rich jazz climate has passed with the closing of Varty's Jazz Room and the Playroom, the Boston area's two remaining jazz clubs continue with their swinging policies. Among those appearing at the Jazz Workshop recently were vibist **Freddie McCoy's** group, the **Art Farmer Quintet**, **Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers**, and guitarist **Kenny Burrell's** quartet, while Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike fea-

tured trumpeter **Charlie Shavers** accompanied by a local rhythm section of pianist **Dave Blume**, bassist **Tony Eira**, and drummer **Alan Dawson**. The **Salt City Six** did a week at Lennie's and was followed by the new big band of **Paul Fontaine** and **Jimmy Mosher** . . . Altoist **Charlie Mariano** is on a six-week State Department tour of Southeast Asia . . . Altoist **Ornette Coleman** and his trio appeared at a concert in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's Kresge Auditorium. It was one of a series, which will continue for the next few months . . . *Jazz* on Channel 2 recently featured **Charlie Shavers**, the Mosher-Fontaine band, vibist **Freddie McCoy**, and a group led by trumpeter **Jack Walrath**.

Cleveland: The **Case Tech Jazz Ensemble** gave a preview concert Feb. 6 in preparation for its trip to the Villanova Intercollegiate Jazz Festival, held late last month . . . There was a jazz concert Feb. 5 at St. John's Episcopal Church Hall. Featured were the **Bourbon Street Bums**, the **Don Discenza Trio**, and the Case Tech band. The concert was sponsored by the Jazz for City Youth, a group devoted to bringing live jazz to Cleveland youth. Jazz disc jockey **Chuck Lansing** from WCUY-FM acted as emcee. The Rev. **John D. Kysela, S.J.**, is associate director of JCY.

Kansas City: The fourth annual Kansas City Jazz Festival will be presented at Municipal Auditorium April 2. The program will include the **Stan Kenton Orchestra** and singer **Lou Rawls**. The emphasis this year will be on the big-band sound. The huge, one-day concert, which features a host of local talent, is sponsored by Kansas City Jazz, Inc., a group that is also busy organizing a series of concerts to be performed by local jazz groups for high school audiences. In some cases, professional jazzmen will play with the school stage bands . . . Smaller festivals are becoming more numerous at the University of Missouri at Kansas City. Vibist **Gary Burton** was on hand for the **UMKC Percussion Festival** that featured, besides **Burtón**, a 16-member university percussion ensemble. The university will be the site for the **Symphonia Jazz Festival** March 12 . . . **KUDL-AM** radio's only music broadcast, a jazz show, has been moved to 8 p.m.-midnight slot. The host for the program, *Jazz with Jim*, is **Jim Bernard**.

Indianapolis: Mr. B's change to an all-jazz policy adds another jazz club to the Indianapolis contingent. Reed man **Yusef Lateef's** quartet began the policy at the club and was followed by guitarist **Grant Green's** trio (**John Patton**, organ, and **Clifford Jarvis**, drums) . . . The trio now appearing at the 19th Hole is made up of baritone saxophonist **Les Taylor**, organist **Melvin Rhyne**, and drummer **Paul Parker**. The group works six nights a week. Saturday matinees are session time . . . **Hank Marr's** quartet is at the new Queen of Clubs. With the organist are tenorist **George Adams**, guitarist **James Ulmer**, and drummer **Chick Richardson** . . . **Kirk Morrison** is planning other activities for his big band after two successful con-

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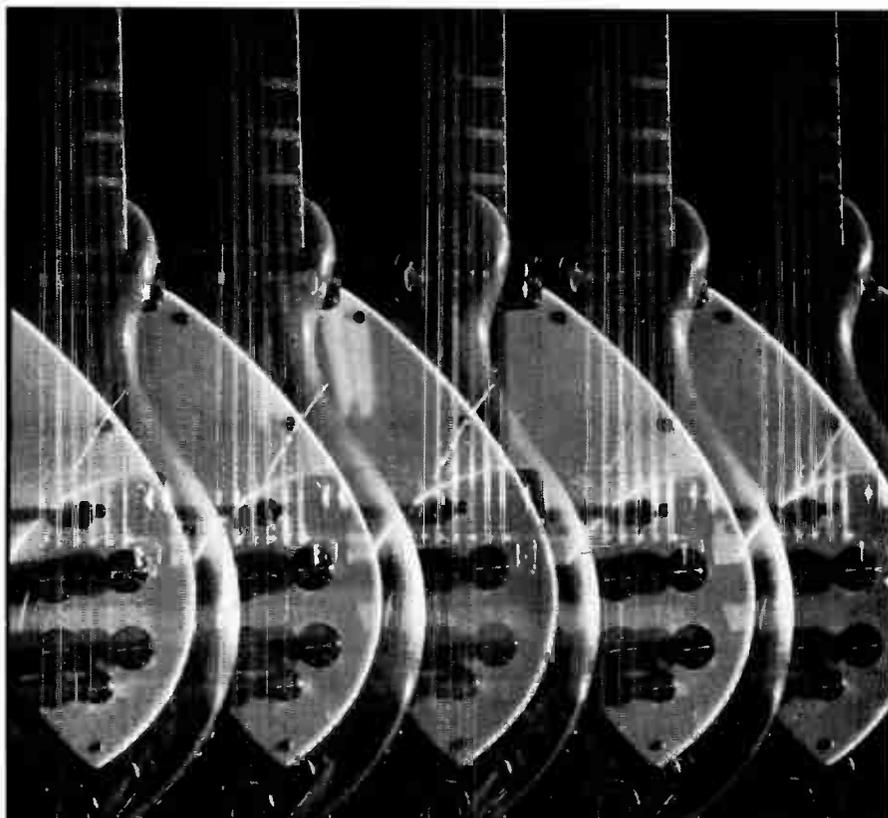
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certs with tenorist **Buddy Parker's** trio . . . The Hub-Bub imported the **Cornell-Corrao Trio**, which consists of organist **Butch Cornell**, guitarist **Venny Corrao**, and drummer **Eddie Gladden**.

Miami: During a recent **Lou Rawls** concert at the Dinner Key Auditorium, pianist **Gildo Mahones** and drummer **Billy Lee**, among others, backed the vocalist . . . **Gene Roy's** orchestra began a series of big-band concerts at the DAV Auditorium Feb. 6 . . . Singer **Frank Sinatra Jr.** returned to Tony's Fish Market in Miami Beach. He was backed by saxophonist **Sam Donahue's** sextet. **Frank Sinatra Sr.** arrived on the Beach a few days later to open at the Fontainebleau . . . The **John Cimino** group, vocalist **Micki Shaw Cox**, and a local orchestra were featured in a concert titled **Jazz for Swingers** at the Norton Gallery Theater in West Palm Beach . . . Trumpeter **Blue Mitchell** recently visited the Miami area and sat in with trumpeter-reed man **Ira Sullivan** at the Rancher . . . A&R man **Teo Macero** was a recent guest on *Jazz on the Rocks* over WMBM radio . . . Pianist **Marian McPartland's** trio was recently featured at Pier 66 in Fort Lauderdale . . . Plans are in the making to reactivate the **Modern Jazz Orchestra** under the direction of drummer **Joe Galovan** and reed man **Charlie Austin** . . . The **Benny Goodman Sextet** was followed at the Chateau Madrid in Fort Lauderdale by vocalist **Sarah Vaughan**, who closed Feb. 1.

New Orleans: Traditional-jazz activities reached a zenith Feb. 7—Mardi Gras Day: clarinetist **Pete Fountain** and his Half-Fast Walking Club were on the streets making way for the Rex Carnival Parade; entertainer **Phil Harris** and New Orleans tenor saxophonist **Eddie Miller** joined Fountain on his rounds; marching bands included the **Olympia Marching Band** and the **Eureka Brass Band**; and the **Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls** appeared several times throughout the Mardi Gras festivities . . . The New Orleans Jazz Club recently elected **Durel Black** president and **Stephen Loyacano** vice president. . . . After a short absence, trumpeter **Bob Teeters** and alto saxophonist **Donald Suhor** returned to the Sho-Bar to co-lead a quartet.

Dallas: A big-band extravaganza of sorts took place at Southern Methodist University's Caruth Auditorium Feb. 19. The program was put together by **Ronnie Modell**, first trumpet with the **Dallas Symphony Orchestra** and brass instructor at SMU. Featured were the SMU Stage Band and an all-pro Dallas big band made up of musicians who spend much of their time recording advertising jingles. The lineup for the pros was trumpeters **Don Jacoby**, **George Cherb**, **Bob Farrar**, and **Bob Pickering**, trombonists **Dick Cole**, **Bobby Burgess**, **Chick Mendenach**, and **Larry Muhoberack**, saxophonists **Billy Ainsworth**, **Wally Roberts**, **Marshall Head**, **Bob Stanton**, **Harvey Anderson**, pianist **Freddie Crain**, guitarist **Lee Robinson**, bassist **Ernie Chapman**, and drummer



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Phil Kelly . . . Paul Guerrero, drummer in his own combo and percussion instructor at SMU, announced that Stan Kenton's band will play a concert in Dallas March 29. Soon afterward, Guerrero's octet will play with the SMU Stage Band in a concert to be tied in with the Kenton gig. Guerrero also is head of the Texas Jazz Society, a newly formed promotional group . . . On March 10 the Dave Brubeck Quartet plays a concert at the Music Hall.

Las Vegas: The Charlie Barnet Band followed trumpeter Maynard Ferguson's group into the Tropicana's Blue Room . . . The Black Magic had Gus Mancuso and Bunny Phillips as house duo, and the sitters-in duly congregated. Pianist Ron Feuer's quartet (Rick Davis, tenor saxophone; Billy Christ, bass; Santo Savino, drums) was a recent Tuesday night special booking at the club, and the Jimmy Guinn Band is scheduled to follow on a once-a-week basis . . . Ruben's brought back the Three Sounds . . . Baritonist Steve Perlow assembled a strong unit to back up pianist-vocalist Buddy Greco at the Riviera under the baton of pianist Dick Palumbi. The band consisted of trumpeters John Foss, Norm Prentice, Ron Towell, and Al Shay, trombonists Jimmy Guinn and John Boice, saxophonists Bill Heyboar, Jack Ordean, Irv Gordon, Dave Hawley, and Perlow, bassist Ken Grieg, and drummer Dave Berry.

London: Avant-garde drummer John Stevens has returned after a month's stay in Denmark, where he played with alto saxophonist John Tchicai. Stevens has plans for resuming sessions at the Little Theater Club, whose popularity has been somewhat eclipsed by the success of Ronnie Scott's Old Place, where the groups of organist Bob Stuckey and pianist Chris McGregor have been playing . . . Currently appearing at Scott's main club are tenorist Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis and singer Joy Marshall. Following them comes the return of tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins, who opens March 27 for four weeks. Scott has started a series of Sunday sessions. A benefit for the dependents of the late drummer Johnny Butts, who was killed in a road accident in Bermuda last December, was held Jan. 29. Artists appearing included singer Georgie Fame backed by the Harry South Band, comedian Spike Milligan, and singers Mark Murphy, Blossom Dearie, and Dakota Staton . . . The Beatles' manager Brian Epstein hopes to present Sunday jazz at his London theater, the Saville, in collaboration with Ronnie Scott . . . The two television shows the Albert Ayler Quintet made for BBC last November have been shelved.

Toronto: Reed man Moe Koffman introduced his electronic saxophones with success at George's Spaghetti House . . . The same night Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, with the Charlie Rallo Trio, opened a two-week engagement at the Town . . . Tenor saxophonist Benny Winestone, after a long sojourn in Montreal, has moved back to

Toronto . . . Pianists Willie (The Lion) Smith and Don Ewell, with Henry Cuesta on clarinet, have been appearing at the Golden Nugget . . . While the Saints and Sinners were in town, CASL records took the opportunity to record an album with S&S trombonist Vic Dickenson and Jim McHarg's Metro Stompers, who are back at the Park Plaza for a month's run . . . Guitarist Kenny Burrell played a week's engagement at the Town Tavern and was accompanied by pianist Richard Wyands, bassist Martin Rivera, and drummer Rudy Collins . . . Ten Centuries Concerts, a monthly series that runs the gamut of musical expression, featured the Renaissance Consort, playing music dating back to the 12th century, and Ron Collier's Jazz Group, playing works by Collier, Fred Stone, Bill Britto, and Gordon Delamont, who wrote *Centum*, a commissioned jazz composition honoring Canada's centennial . . . Guitarist Jim Hall was featured in a Feb. 26 concert at Ottawa's Carleton University. The event was sponsored by the Canadian Broadcasting Corp., which taped it for playback on *Jazz Canadiana*. Hall was backed by a 10-piece band and a trio, both led by Charles Coleman.

Poland: The fourth annual Polish Jazz Festival, Jazz on the Odra, will be held in Wroclaw March 10-12. The festival will bring together in competition traditional and modern instrumental groups, vocal groups, instrumental soloists, and composers. The winners will perform at the next International Jazz Jamboree Oct. 12-15 in Warsaw . . . Countries scheduled to be represented at the Jamboree include Russia, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Hungary, East and West Germany, Belgium, Britain, France, Italy, Austria, Sweden, Finland, Holland, Israel, and the United States. Highlights of the festival will be a presentation of new Polish jazz musicians, a concert of folk music, and awards for the best jazz poster and best critical review of a jazz performance . . . The Polish pianist, composer, and leader of a sextet featuring U.S. trumpeter Ted Curson, Andrei Trzaskowski, will lead this year's annual North German Radio jazz workshop in Hamburg. Among the several U.S. and European musicians scheduled to participate in the workshop are vibraharpist Dave Pike, Polish tenorist Ptaszyn Wroblewski and altoist Wlodzimierz Nohorny, trumpeter Tomasz Stanko, and bassist Roman Dylag . . . The opening concert of the 10th annual Polish jazz season at the National Philharmonic Hall featured the Trzaskowski sextet . . . Busy Belgian radio producer and jazz promoter Elias Gistelincq organized another of his Jazz Panoramas, to which he invited altoist Zbigniew Namyslowski. Namyslowski also will appear with his quartet on Belgian television and at a public concert at the University of Leuven . . . Polish radio now has seven regular jazz shows. Polish television also has introduced a new program called *Jazz at the Philharmonic* (no connection with Norman Granz) . . . An anthology of poems titled *Jazz Inspirations* has been co-edited by Libor Rara and Jodef Skvorecky, with

Prague's Dr. **Lubomir Doruzka**. The book includes the work of American and Czech poets and jazz-inspired art by American and European painters and photographers . . . Polish singer **Wanda Warska** is reported ready to open her own jazz club soon in Warsaw . . . Pianist **Mal Waldron** is scheduled for a Polish tour in May. The pianist will bring along bassist **A. Tomasso** and drummer **Pepito Pignatelli**, both from Italy, where Waldron now lives. Waldron's only previous visit to Poland was as a performer at the 1966 Jazz Jamboree.

Paris: Pianist **Martial Solal**, backed by bassist **Gilbert Rovere** and drummer **Charles Bellonzi**, completed a seven-week engagement at the Blue Note opposite the trio of guitarist **Jimmy Gourley** (**Eddie Louiss**, organ, and **Franco Manzecchi** or **Jean-Louis Viale**, drums) . . . Clarinetist **Albert Nicholas** was featured at Les Trois Maitletz before taking off for his first tour of England in late January . . . Jamaican trumpeter **Sonny Grey**, a Paris resident for 14 years, has finally found a berth for the fine big band he has been running "more for love than money" on and off for more than two years. The 20-piece band, featuring arrangements by **Art Simmons**, **Herb Geller**, **Yvan Jullien**, and **Donald Byrd**, plays Fridays and Sundays at the La Boheme Club in Montparnasse. The bulk of the band's personnel is made up of French musicians from the Chatelet, Olympia, and Folies Bergere theaters, who, after their gigs, arrive at La Boheme about 1:30 a.m. set to roar. "There's not much bread in it," Grey admitted, "but all the guys are keen to keep the band going." In the band are trumpeters **Jacques Morgat**, **Georges Bence**, **Tony Russo**, **Louis Laboucarier**, and **Pierre Brissaud**, trombonists **Daniel Bruley**, **Francis Guin**, **Andre Piot**, **Jean Orioux**, and **Marc Stecker**, tubaist **Daniel Landreat**, reed men **Jean (Poppy) Aldegon**, **Raymond Leblond**, **Marcel Canillar**, **Rolf Romer**, **Gilbert Dallanese**, pianist **Jean-Pierre Guigon**, bassist **Lucien Blot**, and drummer **Peter Giger** . . . The quartet of tenorist **Hal Singer** played Le Chat Qui Peche Club throughout January. Singer led **Karl-Heinz Schafer**, organ; **Ron Brooks**, bass; and **Danny Stevens**, drums.

Germany: The group led by pianist **Wolfgang Dauner**, which has tenorist **Gerd Dubeck** and French violinist **Jean-Luc Ponty**, plus Dauner's regular trio mates, bassist **Eberhard Weber** and Detroit, Mich., drummer **Fred Braceful**, performed a concert that was videotaped for Hamburg's North German Radio . . . In celebration of its most recent anniversary, jazz critic **Joachim E. Berendt's** television show, *Jazz—Heard and Seen*, featured the **Woody Herman Herd** and the **Preservation Hall Jazz Band** from New Orleans. The show has been telecast regularly since 1955. Berendt will fly to Indonesia to select a group of Indonesian jazz musicians for appearance on a European concert tour to be sponsored by the German Jazz Federation in October . . . German SABA records has acquired the catalog of Prestige records for distribution in this country. Prestige will distribute SABA in the United States.

Denmark: **Duke Ellington** and his Orchestra and **Ella Fitzgerald** (accompanied by pianist **Jimmy Jones'** trio) opened this year's concert season Jan. 22. The Ellington orchestra did a 30-minute program on Danish television. Ellington and his rhythm section also made another half-hour program . . . Violinist **Stuff Smith** played at the Vingaarden in Copenhagen during February . . . Two of the leading jazz clubs in Denmark, the Montmartre in Copenhagen and the Karavellen in Aarhus, have been showing increasing interest in a rhythm-and-blues policy . . . Baritone saxophonist **Sahib Shihab** is busy writing and playing for the New Radio Dance Orchestra and the Danish Radio jazz group.

MEL LEWIS

(Continued from page 21)

words of advice:

"Being a leader is a completely different experience. I can do as I please. But as a sideman, I have always believed in doing what the leader wants. Of course, I like to do what I want, but I'll bend in any direction to make the leader happy. A leader, an arranger, a composer deserves to have the music played the way he wants it to be.

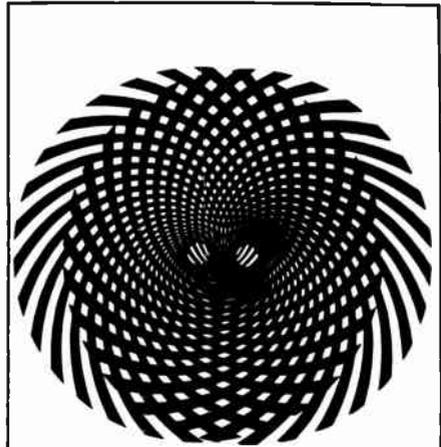
"That's what is involved in being a pro. It goes back to Al Porcino's old saying [Porcino is an outstanding lead trumpeter]: 'If you don't want to do it, get your own band!' Music is still the old teamwork thing, but a lot of the up-and-coming young players don't seem to want to be part of any team. To be individualistic is great, but if you want to be part of the whole thing, you have to bend. And you can get a great deal of satisfaction from being able to do a good job."

Though Lewis keeps busy in the studios and is deeply involved in the present and future of the big band, he still finds time for small-group jazz gigs, mostly subbing with organized groups, such as those co-led by Al Cohn and Zoot Sims, Clark Terry and Bob Brookmeyer, and Thad Jones and Pepper Adams, plus occasional jobs with such as Joe Newman, Donald Byrd, and Eddie Daniels. It's enough, he says, to keep him loose. Until recently, he was also on the ABC network staff.

Summing up the varieties of his experience, Lewis said, "It pays to be able to do a lot of different things. It pays to treat drums as a musical instrument. The drummer should be a musician. The days of cracks like '16 musicians and a drummer' are over."

Though versatile, Lewis remains loyal to his first love, big-band drumming. About playing with his own band, he said characteristically, "When the ensemble is right and in there punching, I get chills up and down my spine. It's a wild feeling, and we all share it. What a thrill that is!

"I hope that I've really fallen into something new and valid in terms of big-band drumming. I hope that I'm doing something that will make a real contribution. That's what a musician really strives for—not to be taken for granted as just a good player but having made a real contribution to the music."



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WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing of where and when jazz performers are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to **Down Beat**, 222 W. Adams, Chicago, Ill. 60606, six weeks prior to cover date.

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

NEW YORK

Ali Baba: Louis Metcalf.
Apartment: Marian McPartland.
Basie's: Harold Ousley, Sun.-Mon.
Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon, Mon., Fri.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Cotton Club (Patterson, N.J.): Hank White, wknds. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gamba, hb. Sessions, Sun.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sat.
Dom: Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Eddie Condon's: Bob Wilbur, Yank Lawson.
El Carib (Brooklyn): Johnny Fontana.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Ken-ny Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six.
Five Spot: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun afternoon, Mon.
Garden Dis-Cafe: Eddie Wilcox, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry, wknds.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ullano, Ray Nance.
Half Note: Clark Terry, 3/14-26.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.
Hugo's: sessions, wknds.
Jazz at the Office (Freeport, N.Y.): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.
Jr.'s Cave: sessions, wknds.
Kenny's Pub: Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Thur.-Fri.
Key Club (Newark, N.J.): name jazz groups.
Leone's (Port Washington): Dennis Connors, Tony Bella.
L'Intrigue: Joe Beck, Don Payne, Don McDonald.
Little Club: Johnny Morris.
Marino's Boat Club (Brooklyn): Michael Grant, Vernon Jeffries, Bob Kay, wknds.
Mark Twain Riverboat: Woody Herman to 3/25.
Metropole: Gene Krupa, 3/17-4/1.
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.
Peter's (Staten Island): Donald Hahn, Fri.-Sat.
Piedmont Inn (Scarsdale): Sal Salvador.
Playboy Club: Kai Winding, Walter Norris, Larry Willis, Joe Farrell, Bill Crow, Frank Owens.
Pitt's Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Leon Eason.
Pookie's Pub: sessions, wknds.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, hb.
Slug's: Sun Ra, Mon. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
Toast: Scott Reid.
Top of the Gate: Lee Konitz, Jimmy Raney, Paul Chambers, to 4/1.
Traver's Celler Club (Queens): Sessions, Mon.
Tremont Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Jazz Van-guards, Tue.
Village East: Larry Love.
Village Gate: Mongo Santamaria to 3/12. Miriam Makeba, 3/10-11.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

TORONTO

Cava-Bob: Brian Browne.
Colonial: John Coltrane, 3/27-4/1.
George's Spaghetti House: Moe Koffman, 3/27-4/1.
Lord Simcoe: Frankie Wright.
Penny Farthing: modern jazz, wknds.

MIAMI

Bon Fire: Myrtle Jones, hb.
Chez Vendome: Herbie Brock.
Deauville: Bobby Fields, hb.
Hampton House: Charlie Austin, wknds.
Harbor Lounge: Guy Fasciani, hb.
Playboy Club: Bill Rico, hb.
Rancher: Ira Sullivan, Dolph Castellano.

BALTIMORE

Bluesette: Ted Hawk, Fri.-Sat.
Chesapeake: Chuck Berlin.
Escapade: Claude Grant.
Famous Ballroom: Left Bank Jazz Society, name groups, Sun.
Jones: Leroy Hawthorne.
Lenny Moore's: Greg Hatza.
Marticks: Joe Clark.

Peyton Place: Walt Dickerson, Maurice Williams.
Playboy: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells.
Red Fox: Freddie Thaxton, Margie Schaffer.
Roosevelt Hotel: Otis Bethell.
Wells: George Jackson.

CLEVELAND

Americana Lounge East: Hugh Thompson.
Blue Chip Inn: Duke Jenkins.
Brothers Lounge: Harry Damus.
Commerce Inn: Joe Dalesandro.
Esquire Lounge: Eddie Bacucus.
Holiday Inn (Painsville, Ohio): Stan Kenton, 4/12.
House of Blues: name jazz groups.
Leo's Casino: Wes Montgomery, 3/9-15.
Sir Rah's House: LaQuintette, wknds.
Theatrical Grill: Bob McKee, hb.
Versailles: Louis Jordan, 4/10-24.

CHICAGO

Bramble Bush Lounge (Arlington Heights): Duke Ellington, 3/20. Stan Kenton, 4/3.
Englewood Urban Center: Jazz Prophets, 3/11.
First Quarter: John Klemmer, Sun. afternoon.
Havana-Madrid: Bunky Green, wknds.
Hungry Eye: Three Souls, Mon.-Wed. Jazz Or-ganizers, Thur.-Sun.
Jazz Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
London House: Barbara Carroll to 3/12. Quar-tette Tres Bien, 3/14-26. George Shearing, 3/28-4/16. Eddie Higgins, Larry Novak, hbs.
Old Town Gate: Eddie Davis, Mon.-Thurs. Franz Jackson, wknds.
Panda: Gene Esposito, Tue.-Sat.
Peyton Place: The Jaguars, Mon.-Wed.
Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ron Elliston, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Mose Allison to 3/19. Jimmy Smith, 3/29-4/9. Stan Kenton, 4/17-18.
Pumpkin Room: Dave Shipp, wknds.
Yellow Unicorn: Eddie Harris-Dave Catherwood, Tue., Sun. afternoon.

LOS ANGELES

Aladdin Lounge: Ray Johnson, Thur.-Sun.
Beverly Hills High School: John Handy, Bola Sete, Anita O'Day, 4/22-23.
Bonesville: Don Ellis.
Carousel Theater (Covina): Pearl Bailey, Louis Bellson, Bunny Briggs, 4/6.
Charley Brown's (Marina del Rey): Dave Miller.
Chez: Sergio Mendes & Brasil '66 to 3/25.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup, Julian Lee, Sun.
Ciro's: Arthur Prysock, opens 4/12.
Club Casbah: Dolo Coker.
Cocoanut Grove: Louis Armstrong, to 3/27. Lou Rawls, 4/18-5/8.
Devoe's: Sessions afterhours, Sat.-Sun.
Donte's (North Hollywood): name groups nightly.
Hong Kong Bar (Century Plaza Hotel): Rubin Mitchell to 3/13.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner.
La Duce (Inglewood): Willie Greasham.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Modern Jazz Quar-tet to 3/18. Art Blakey, 3/19-4/1. Quartette Tres Bien, 4/2-16. Howard Rumsey, Mon.-Tue.
Marty's (Baldwin Hills): Bobby Bryant. Plas Johnson, Tue.
Memory Lane: name groups nightly.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson.
Lou Rivera, Mon.
Pied Piper: Ocie Smith, Ike Issacs, Gerald Wig-gins, Sonny Craver, Sun., Tue.
P.J.'s: Eddie Cano.
Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Bob Corwin, Ron Anthony, Willie Restum.
Reuben's (Newport Beach): Edgar Hayes, Fri.-Sat. (Whittier): Tue.-Thur.
Reuben E. Lee (Newport Beach): Edgar Hayes, Sun.
Scene: Marv Jenkins.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: John Handy to 3/19. Don Ellis, 3/21-4/2. Mose Allison, 4/4-16. Shelly Manne, wknds. Art Pepper, Mon.
Sherry's: Mike Melvoin, Sun.
Shrine Auditorium: Jimmy Smith, Oliver Nel-son, Arthur & Red Prysock, 4/10.
Sportsmen's Lodge (North Hollywood): Stan Worth, Al McKibbon.
Tiki Island: Richard Dorsey, Thur.-Mon.
Tropicann: local jazz groups.
UCLA (Schoenberg Hall): Bola Sete, 3/11. Big Mama Thornton, 3/18. Jazz Crusaders, 4/1. Don Ellis, 4/8.
Whittinghill's (Sherman Oaks): D'Vaughn Pershing, Chris Clark, Tue.-Wed.



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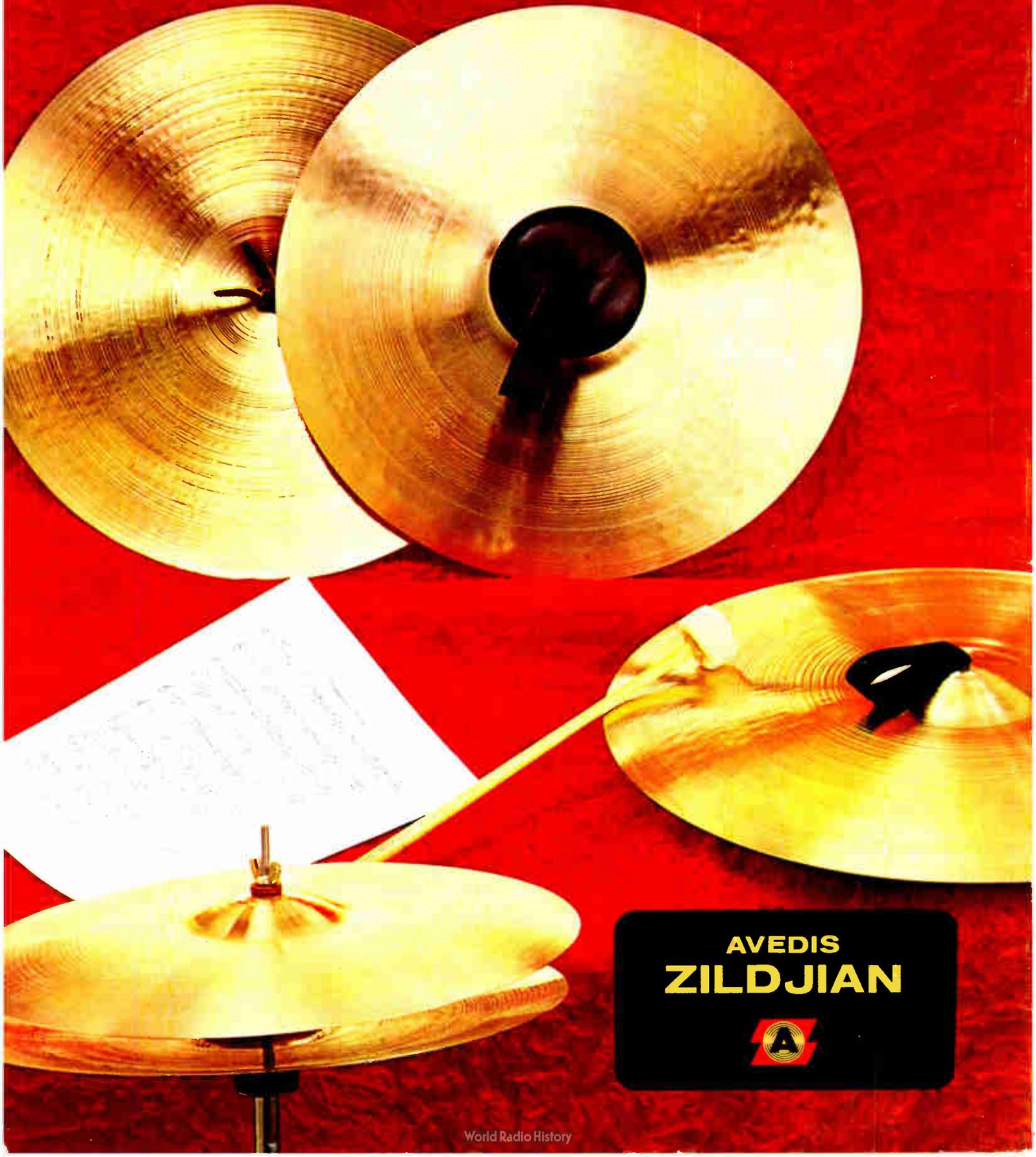
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