

APRIL 6, 1967

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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

The Early Days Of Miles Davis

By George Hoefler

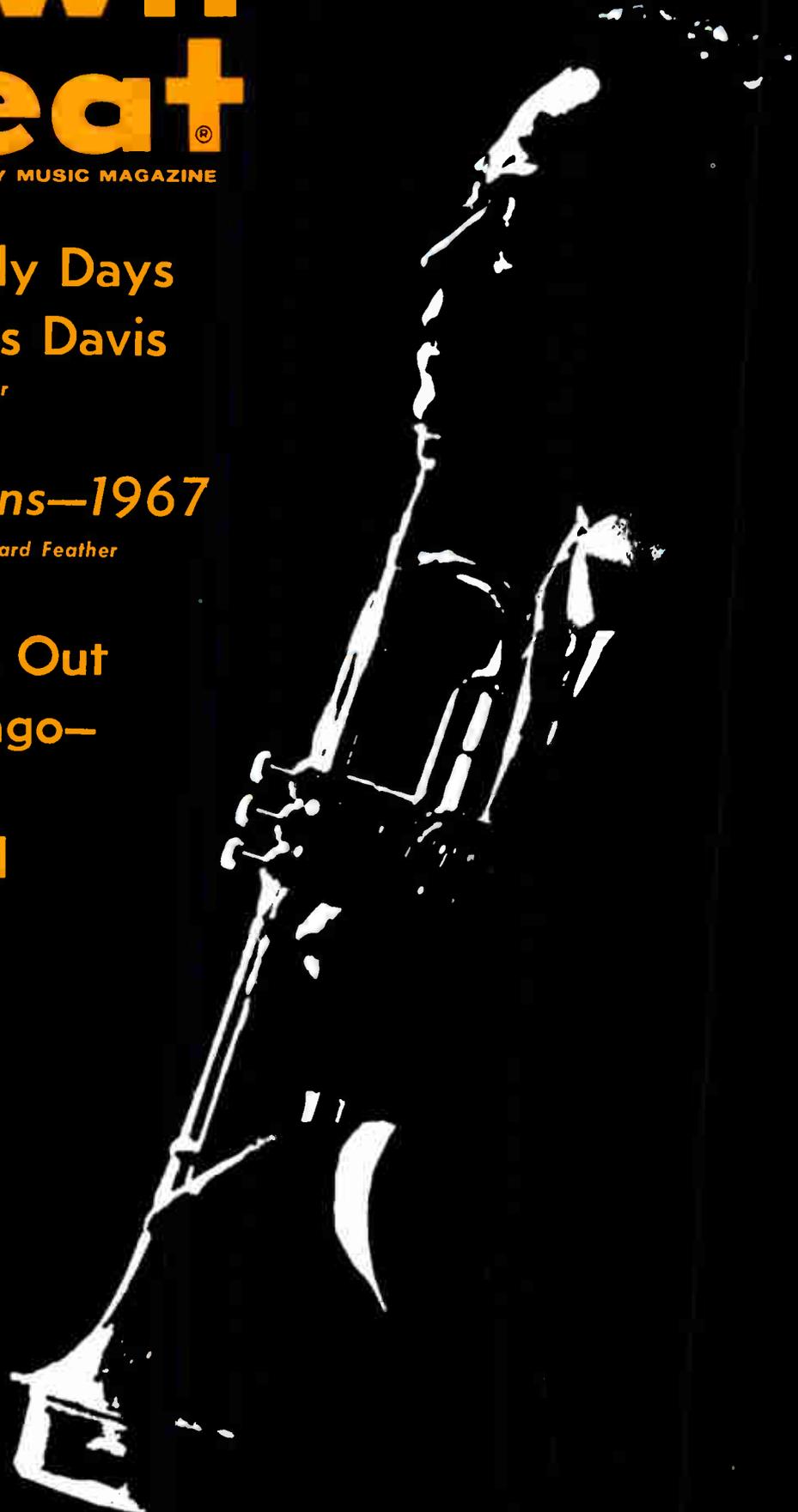
Jazz Fans—1967

A Survey By Leonard Feather

Blowing Out In Chicago— Roscoe Mitchell

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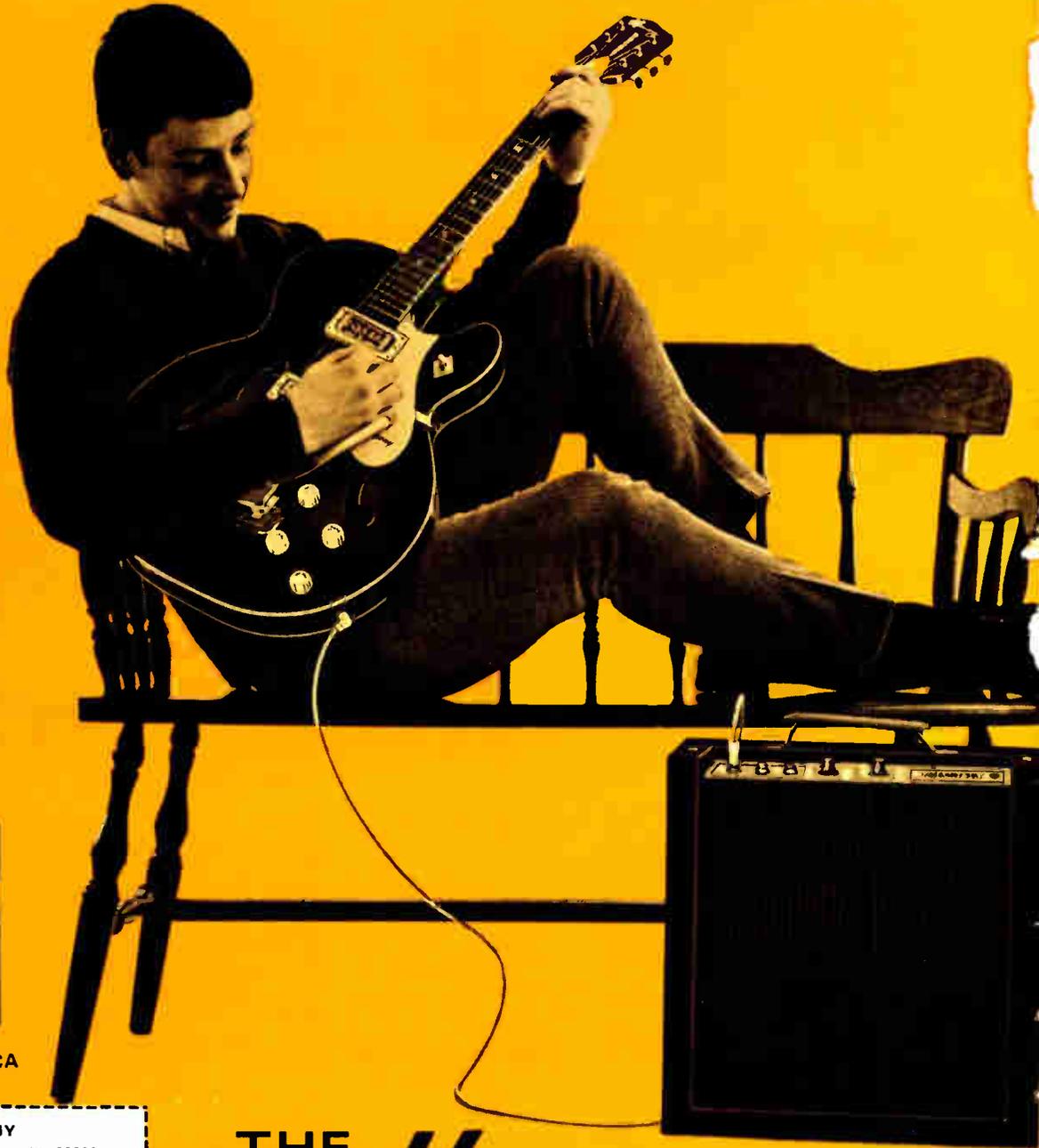
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Warmth And Spirit

Five stars for the story on Punch Miller (*DB*, Feb. 9). This is one of the most heart-warming stories I have ever read.

Jack Preney
Portland, Maine

The Rex Stewart articles are superb. And Tommy Sancton's article on Punch Miller was a treat. Keep such articles coming. There seems to be so little love in the articles being written on jazz these days and also so little insight.

Irv Kratka
New York City

Thank you for the Gilbert Erskine review of Jim Robinson's LP (*DB*, Feb. 9).

Too often reviewers of records cut by the aging New Orleans musicians concentrate on the technical deficiencies almost always present even on the best tracks while completely ignoring the obvious and infectious spirit and enthusiasm with which these men present their music.

Thanks again for presenting that view of New Orleans musicians. To me, their technical deficiencies are far overshadowed by the spirit and life and drive they bring to music.

Steve Hintz
San Diego, Calif.

Coltrane Review A Revelation

Pete Welding's review of John Coltrane's album, *Live at the Village Vanguard Again!* (*DB*, Feb. 23), was a revelation. Never before has a review been so descriptive. Indeed, in this album, Coltrane has reached a totality of feeling and experience, and his fellow musicians complement his feeling beautifully. The record is an epitome of the truth of life. There is grotesqueness as well as indescribable beauty, but all harmonizes into truth.

Tom Schnabel
Los Angeles

One Man's Jazz Is Another Man's . . .

In Harvey Sider's review of the Jackie Cain-Roy Kral LP, *Changes* (*DB*, Feb. 9), I must say that I'm in total agreement with his last statement: "It can be called a beautiful album."

However, his preceding statement, "by no stretch of the imagination can this be called jazz," is a type of comment that one hopes to hear only from a member of the jazz audience who is trying to be a little hip and will make some absurd statement about what is, and what isn't, jazz. But when such a comment comes from writers who have either such gall or naivete as to refer to themselves as jazz critics, this is indicative of a pathetic state of affairs.

The feeling, beauty, taste, sensitivity, and all the other qualities which have been an integral part of jazz (from its conception through its development up to

the point right before it became a braying, bitter, political outlet for "freedom" and the civil-rights movement) are heard in joyful abundance on this record.

It would be too bad if the only way that Jackie Cain and Roy Kral could earn reviewer Siders' "Jazz Seal of Approval" would be to tread the narrow path of the "new thing."

Andy Marsala
New York City

Heckman Analysis Refreshing

My thanks go to *DB* and Don Heckman for the well-written and fully deserved article, *The New Jazz* (*DB*, Feb. 9).

Heckman's analysis of this "new" spectrum in jazz is a refreshing change from the usual skeptical rejections of many critics. The avant-garde scene needs more articulate supporters like Heckman, for it is really a beautiful thing.

Noel L. Brooks
Jamaica, N.Y.

Fiddle Sticks

In the article about jazz fiddle (*DB*, Feb. 9), how come Dan Morgenstern didn't mention Buddy Fogg?

This great jazz fiddler came out of Portland, Maine, in the era of the Joe Roman Band, Mal Hallett, etc., and went to Hollywood with his family. At that time, Warner Bros. music director Leo Forbstein said he played too much jazz and couldn't fit into film music. Then Fogg and his family returned to New York, and he was just starting to be recognized when he passed away.

Jack Gordon
Birmingham, Ala.

I should like to comment on Dan Morgenstern's *Jazz Fiddle* article (*DB*, Feb. 9), since there are several errors in it.

First, the sides by Noble Sissle including the presence of Juice Wilson were not cut in 1927 but in September-October, 1929.

Second, Svend Asmussen's recording debut was not made in 1935 but on Aug. 8, 1934. The Asmussen quartet accompanied vocalist Lulu Ziegler in a side cut by and for Danish Victor.

Morgenstern's statement that "Denmark at the time was not noted for its hot musicians" is simply not true. There were at least two other hot violinists in Denmark who preceded Asmussen. These were Otto Lington and Eli Donde. There were, in fact, many other hot Danish musicians during this period (1933-35), among whom were pianist Leo Mathisen, trombonist Peter Rasmussen, trumpeter Oluf Carlsson, tenor saxists Winstrup Olesen and Anker Skjoldborg, guitarist Hans Ulrik Neumann, alto saxist Kai Ewans, and many others too numerous to mention.

Certainly Michel Warlop rates more than one sentence. Charles Delaunay has said that in Warlop's better moments he could outswing Stephane Grappelly. Warlop was unquestionably far superior to Helmut Zacharias, who has a nauseatingly disgusting schmaltz tone.

Morgenstern omitted mention of many other splendid hot violinists. Remember

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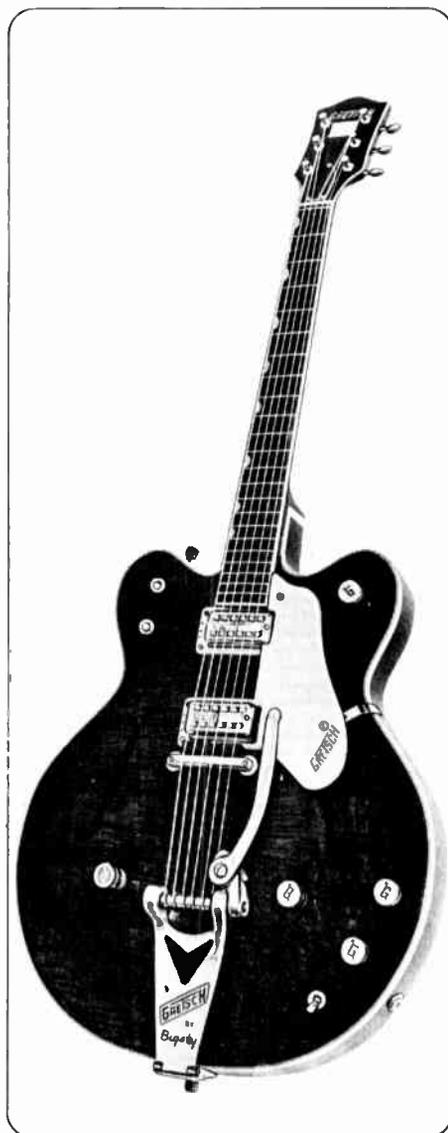
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Mac Ceppos and his Five Shades of Blue? What about Harry Bluestone? What about the Swedish violinists Emil Iwring, Hasse Kahn, and Folke Andersson? What about the Italian Venuti disciples, Armando Camera and Cesare Galli? What about the Czech, A. Vizvary, a fabulously hot violinist in his day? Then there were two excellent British violinists during the '30s: Hugo Rignold and Eric Siday. Also the Argentinian Simon Teplitzky and Sam Reznick.

Harold Flakser
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Answers Morgenstern:

I bow to Mr. Flakser, the world's undisputed leading authority on jazz trivia, especially of the European variety, and readily admit that I haven't heard of more than two or three of the fiddlers he mentions. But my intention wasn't to list every name associated with the jazz violin. (I'd like to take this opportunity, though to apologize to the American violinist Richard Otto, who plays jazz in addition to popular and classical music, for omitting him from my article.) As for Denmark's contribution to jazz in the early '30s, I lived in that country for 10 years and am quite familiar with the names he mentions. Of course, I was talking about internationally recognized players and, for the record, might add that Ewans, Rasmussen (a fine trombonist), Mathisen, and Neuman all reached the height of their careers after 1935.

Prague Protest

I want to protest against the way in which the readers of *Down Beat* were informed of a concert arranged at the Prague Jazz Festival (*DB*, Jan. 12). I don't know if your reviewer, Rex Stewart, whose musical performance at the festival I sincerely applauded, looked at the program or whether he tried to be informed of what was happening at the Friday evening concert.

The orchestra led by Karel Krautgartner made its appearance not to play local arrangements, as Stewart wrote, but 12 compositions selected from the international composers competition in which 80 composers from around the world, including the United States, participated.

This competition resulted in compositions ranging from swing arrangements to Third Stream ventures, as well as those which used avant-garde techniques. The results of the competition may not have suited Stewart, but he should not have informed his readers in such a distorted way.

Stewart's statement that he didn't know why the players on the platform relieved one another ("the second team getting a chance to play?") seemed funny. But each composition had been written for various size groups—from five to 25 players.

I dare say that the concert was a hundred times more interesting than concerts of contemporary chamber music, to which Stewart refers, and it has convinced me of the great power of jazz, which is capable of influencing or at least transforming the development of contemporary music.

Pavel Blatny
Brno, Czechoslovakia



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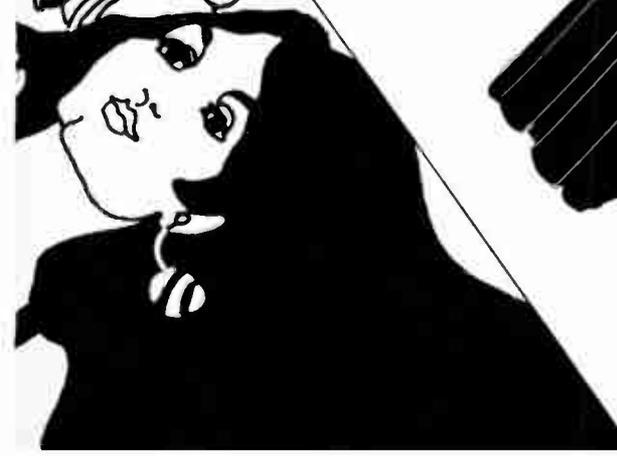
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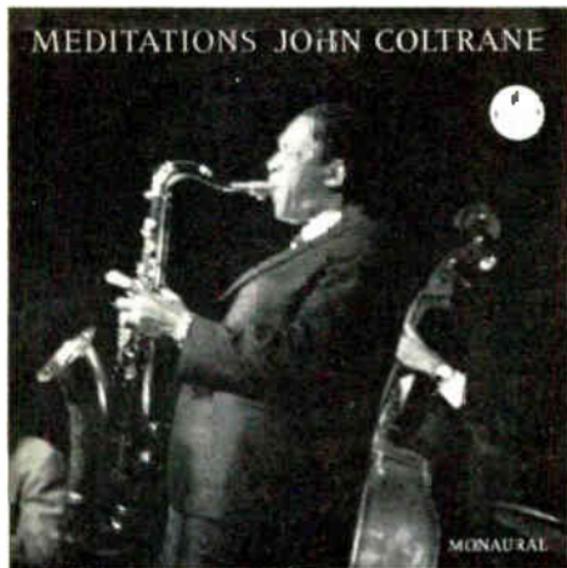


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PROMOTER MAKES MORE WITH JAZZ THAN ROCK

"Jazz promotion is a money-making business," says Teddy Powell, who, together with Marcus Brown, is the financial impetus behind the World Series of Jazz package show that recently completed a 15-city tour.

This latest WSJ edition, the second in six months, featured Count Basie's orchestra, the Miles Davis Sextet, altoist Sonny Stitt, vocalists Miriam Makeba and Billy Eckstine, and comic Dick Davy. The tour was "a highly successful venture," according to Powell.

In addition, Powell, who also promotes rock-and-roll touring packages in a format similar to the jazz productions, said that "receipts are greater from my jazz promotions than my rock-and-roll shows."

The jazz show has received such enthusiastic welcome in the cities it played that Powell said he is considering running the tour three times a year. "I'm also considering moving my offices from New York to Chicago, to a more central location," the promoter said.

"The second edition of the series was a larger production," Powell continued. "We had about the same number of artists, but the names were somewhat more well known this time—everyone on this show is a star."

Powell foresees the eventual box-office appeal of the newer jazz idioms. He predicted the day is near when the Ornette Colemans and the Archie Shepps will draw large crowds at touring concerts such as the World Series.

"I'm not averse to such men as John Coltrane on my roster," he said. "Coltrane is a drawing card as well as Sonny Stitt."

WEST COAST ENJOYS JAZZMEN EXPLOSION

The emigration that began when Horace Greeley rubbed the frost off his indoor thermometer and took an accurate reading has brought numerous jazzmen to the West. Among those recently taking up residence there are Oliver Nelson, Ed Thigpen, Jimmy Forrest, and Elvin Jones.

Tenor saxophonist Forrest, a former Duke Ellington sideman from St. Louis, was making it big in the rhythm-and-blues bag when he developed trouble with his chops. That put him out of touch for close to two years. Almost six months ago he had a heart attack and is now in Los Angeles recuperating in its casual atmosphere while involving himself in an atmosphere of casuals. Most recently he worked with another tenorist, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, at Memory Lane.

Thigpen left Toronto, Ontario, for sunnier climes as well as for faster climbs in studio work. Thigpen has been active in studios: films for television, jingles for radio and TV, working the *Pat Boone Show*, occasional gigs with Gerald Wilson's band, plus playing for a film score



Jones, Thigpen, Nelson
California, here we are

written by Nelson. His first assignment is the celluloid version of *I Love a Mystery*—based on the adventures of a trio (Jack, Doc, and Reggie) that used to swing on radio in the days when the big bands were riding the crest of popularity.

At one time, Nelson scoffed at California's way of life. Trumpeter Bobby Bryant and Nelson were working together in Chicago and, as Bryant has related, he and Nelson went to opposite coasts for opposite reasons. Bryant wanted to go west to write and began by playing more than he had anticipated. Nelson, who put down Los Angeles because "nothing was happening there," headed for New York to play but ended up writing so much he had little chance to blow. Now Bryant flashes a told-you-so grin whenever Nelson sits in with Bryant's combo at Marty's. And they'll be getting together quite regularly soon: the two will co-lead an experimental big band.

Among the other recent emigres who have swelled the ranks of the West Coast jazz and/or studio scenes are Gerry Mulligan, who immediately plunged into scoring the film *Luv*. The baritonist satisfies his urge to swing by showing up at Donte's frequently. Pianist Tommy Flanagan is another new Angeleno and is perhaps the most sought-after accompanist in town.

Pianist Andy Bey made the move recently. He achieved fame with a group called Andy and the Bey Sisters. Then there is tuba player Howard Johnson, who doubles baritone saxophone and is rooming with another emigre from back east, Charles Tolliver. Trumpeter Tolliver will be commuting between coasts while trying to establish himself in Los Angeles.

Fitting into that back-and-forth pattern is Roger Kellaway. The pianist is rapidly making a good name for himself in West Coast jazz and studio circles, and his work for Bobby Darin, as well as film commitments in New York, keep him in a trans-continental whirl.

If there can be such a thing as "mass defection," the Three Sounds would

qualify. Each member of the trio is now living in Los Angeles.

Strong in the rumor department are two other combos: the Charles Lloyd Quartet and the Cannonball Adderley Quintet. A number of musicians have told *Down Beat* that both groups will soon make Los Angeles their base of operations. Another rumor persists in connection with singer Carmen McRae, whose West Coast engagements have become more numerous of late.

Meanwhile, drummer Elvin Jones has moved to San Francisco with his family and is playing weekends at Deno & Carlo's, a North Beach club, with a combo that features violinist Michael White (formerly with John Handy). Jones said he plans to become a partner in the club.

ELLINGTON, MONTGOMERY WIN NARAS JAZZ AWARDS

Duke Ellington, Wes Montgomery, Frank Sinatra, and Ramsey Lewis took top honors in the jazz and related categories of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences 1966 Grammy Awards. The Grammy winners, selected for recording excellence by a poll of NARAS members, were announced March 2 at ceremonies held simultaneously in New York City, Chicago, Los Angeles, and Nashville.

For Best Original Jazz Composition, Duke Ellington's *In the Beginning God* was voted the most outstanding work. Other nominees in this category were trombonist Bob Brookmeyer's *ABC Blues*, altoist John Handy's *If We Only Knew*, pianist Bill Evans' *Time Remembered*, Lalo Schiffrin's *Marquis de Sade*, and Claus Ogerman's *Jazz Samba*.

Guitarist Wes Montgomery's version of *Goin' Out of My Head* was selected as the Best Instrumental Jazz Performance. Runners-up were Bill Evans' *Trio with Symphony Orchestra*, Ellington's *Concert of Sacred Music*, Evans' and guitarist Jim Hall's *Intermodulation*, Handy's *Recorded Live at the Monterey Jazz Festival*, altoist-

violinist Ornette Coleman's *At the Golden Circle*, Woody Herman's *Woody's Winners*, and Stan Kenton Conducts the *Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra*.

Sinatra won in three of the 42 NARAS categories. The singer took Record of the Year and Best Male Vocalist honors for his single version of *Strangers in the Night*. In addition, his LP, *Frank Sinatra: A Man and His Music*, was voted the Album of the Year.

Pianist Lewis, a categorial double threat, came up with the Best Rhythm and Blues Performance—Vocal or Instrumental—for his *Hold It Right There*, arranged by bassist Richard Evans.

JAZZ GOES TO VIET NAM

American troops in Viet Nam are finally getting to hear some live jazz, at least of the traditional variety.

Drummer Paul Barbarin, a leading figure on the New Orleans jazz scene, took a six-piece band to the war-ravaged country Feb. 10 for a tour of U.S. Army bases. In addition to Barbarin, the group was made up of trumpeter Ernie Cagnoletti, trombonist Waldren Joseph, clarinetist Louis Cottrell, pianist David Williams, and bassist Placide Adams. Blanche Thomas was the sextet's featured vocalist. The Barbarin band also played at U.S. bases in Thailand. The USO sponsored the tour, which ended March 10.

In May, trombonist Turk Murphy is to take his San Francisco-based seven-piecer to Viet Nam as part of a show that will also include comedian Jonathan Winters. The tour was arranged by San Francisco disc jockey Jack Carney and is scheduled to last from May 19 to June 1 but may be extended to include stops in Thailand.

No plans, however, have been announced for bringing more-contemporary jazz to the young men stationed in Viet Nam or Thailand.

ROSTER ANNOUNCED FOR FIRST FRISCO FESTIVAL

Climaxing Jazz '67, a 12-week jazz-series program, the San Francisco area's first jazz festival will present some of the music's greatest artists. The festival, sponsored by the University of California Student Union Board (*Down Beat*, Feb. 23), will be staged April 7-8 in the Hearst Greek Theater, a huge outdoor amphitheater on the U of C's Berkeley campus.

The opening night will feature the Miles Davis Quintet, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and the Gerald Wilson Orchestra, board chairman Darlene Chan said.

On the evening of April 8, the lineup will be the Bill Evans Trio, the John Handy Concert Ensemble, the Horace Silver Quintet, and singer Big Mama Thornton with the Wilson orchestra.

Additionally, the student board is considering setting up some afternoon workshops and panels as part of the festival weekend.

Meanwhile, the series of concerts presented as part of Jazz '67 has continued with Friday night appearances in the student union of the Cal Tjader Quintet,

singer Mary Stallings and pianist Merrill Hoover's trio, and pianist Denny Zeitlin's trio.

These were followed by a Friday-Saturday night staging in the building's ballroom of Light-Sound Dimension, a "visual jazz concert." It consisted of abstract images projected by Bill Ham, one of the area's foremost light-show creators, and improvised sounds by drummer Jerry Granelli and bassist Fred Marshall, former sidemen with Vince Guaraldi and Zeitlin.

On Feb. 27, Jazz '67 presented a concert by the High Society Jazz Orchestra of Waseda University of Tokyo, Japan, and the Lee Schipper Quintet. Vibist Schipper's combo (Bob Claire, flute and saxophones; Bob Strizich, guitar; Peter Marshall, bass; Tom Aubreg, drums) has been one of the few jazz groups based on the Berkeley campus. The 17-piece orchestra, among whose members is a girl instrumentalist, toured other California colleges before returning to Japan.

WAYNE STATE SETS JAZZ CONFERENCE

Wayne State University will be the site of the second annual Detroit Jazz Conference, April 8-9. This year's conference will be larger than last year's ambitious effort. It will include more than 75 musicians, writers, clubowners, and disc jockeys from Detroit and elsewhere.

Featured musicians are scheduled to include guitarist Kenny Burrell and pianist Cecil Taylor, plus local groups ranging in style from Dixieland to avant-garde. Out-of-town speakers will be writers A. B. Spellman and Frank Kofsky.

Among the 16 presentations offered will be a panel discussion titled *The Business Side of Jazz*, with local musicians, clubowners, disc jockeys, and promoters as participants; *Rhythm Collage*, a program demonstrating the interrelationships among jazz, the dance, and painting; *Jazz in Church*, by pianist Keith Vreeland's trio; a program devoted to jazz on film; and a symposium on Jazz in the High School, with prominent Detroit music teachers and two local high school jazz bands.

The conference is jointly sponsored by the Detroit Jazz Society and the university's departments of Conferences and Institutes, Music, and Adult Education.

CARNEGIE JAZZ SERIES GRINDS TO A HALT

Two down and none to go is the final score of the Jazz in the Great Tradition concert series co-sponsored by the Carnegie Hall Corp. and the Institute of Jazz Studies at Rutgers University. Originally scheduled to include the Spirituals to Swing concert (*DB*, March 9), an evening with Count Basie's orchestra and alumni, a Duke Ellington retrospective, and a tribute to Louis Armstrong, only the first event came off as planned. All were scheduled for Carnegie Hall.

First, Basie's concert was canceled (the band, however, appeared in Spirituals to Swing), and pianist Erroll Garner (with a specially assembled rhythm section of

guitarist Wally Richardson, bassist Milt Hinton, Latin percussionist Jose Manguel, and drummer Herbie Lovelle) performed instead. Then Ellington's concert was scratched because of his conflicting commitment to Jazz at the Philharmonic. Now the Armstrong tribute has been canceled, officially because of "an important change in his plans," though the proximity of the Carnegie Hall appearance of JATP (March 26) to the scheduled Armstrong date (March 28) appeared to be a more likely reason.

According to Julius Bloom, executive director of the Carnegie Hall Corp., plans for a jazz series at the hall next season "not only sound most encouraging, but will be virtually foolproof as far as the availability of our artists is concerned."

This year's parallel series at Carnegie Recital Hall—Jazz: The Personal Dimension—has proceeded without major problems, though trumpeter Pee Wee Erwin substituted for scheduled clarinetist Pee Wee Russell Feb. 20. Singer-guitarist Muddy Waters' Blues Band will close this series April 17.

POTPOURRI

The University of Illinois Jazz Band, directed by John Carvey, and vibraharpist Lee Schipper's quintet from the University of California won the big-band and small-group awards at the Collegiate Jazz Festival, held March 3-4 at the University of Notre Dame, South Bend, Ind. A week earlier, the Ohio State University Jazz Workshop, a large ensemble led by Ladd McIntosh, and the Mike Pedicin Quintet won the Intercollegiate Jazz Festival at Villanova University, near Philadelphia. (Reviews of both festivals will appear in the next issue of *Down Beat*.)

Tenor saxophonist Coleman Hawkins collapsed on the bandstand of Toronto's Colonial Tavern during the first set of his opening night at the club last month. Doctors said Hawkins' collapse resulted from exhaustion and lack of proper diet. The 63-year-old jazz patriarch refused to be taken to a hospital and was back on the stand two days later to finish his week's engagement with the Wynton Kelly Trio.

FINAL BAR: Pianist Walter (Fats) Pichon, 60, died Feb. 26 in Chicago. He was a native of New Orleans and worked with the A. J. Piron Orchestra and various riverboat bands of that city during the 1920s and '30s. His playing highly impressed composer George Gershwin, who sent him to the Juilliard School of Music for formal training. In the 1940s, Pichon began an 18-year engagement at the Absinthe House in New Orleans' French Quarter. For the last few years, however, he had been working in the Chicago area as a cocktail pianist . . . Mrs. Josephine Sullivan, wife of pianist Joe, died of cancer in San Francisco in early February. She was an accomplished classical pianist. Her husband, a veteran of the Chicago jazz era, was hospitalized for treatment of anemia at the time of his wife's death.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Jazz Interactions celebrated its second birthday Feb. 19 with the first Sunday afternoon session at its new home, the Five Spot. Alto saxophonist **Phil Woods'** quartet (pianist **Hal Galper**, bassist **Richard Davis**, drummer **Grady Tate**) was on hand for a return engagement, followed by the groups of tenor saxophonist **Booker Ervin** (**John Hicks**, piano; **Jan Arnet**, bass; **Lenny McBrowne**, drums) and guitarist **Kenny Burrell** (with pianist **Richard Wyands**, bassist **Martin Rivera**, and drummer **Rudy Collins**) . . . The Connecticut Traditional Jazz Society brought a contingent of New Orleans veterans in for concerts Feb. 24 and 25. On the first night, trumpeter **Kid Sheik Colar**, trombonist **Louis Nelson**, clarinetist-tenor saxophonist **Captain John Handy**, pianist **Sing Miller**, banjoist **H. A. Minor**, bassist **Chester Zardis**, and drummer **Alex Bigard**, plus a second band made up of trumpeter **Punch Miller**, clarinetist **Allan Burbank**, and drummer **Sammy Penn** joined by local musicians (trombonist **Bill Bissonette**, banjoist **Griff Griffith**, and bassist **Dick McCarthy**) performed at Holiday Inn in Meriden. The following evening, the second band played at Moose Hall in Stamford, while the first group was featured at the Boston Winter Festival of Arts . . . Altoist **Cannonball Adderley's** quintet headlined at the Apollo Theater in February . . . Cornetist **Bobby Hackett** brought his quartet to Shepherd's . . . **Woody Herman's** big band will be at the Riverboat through March 25 . . . Disc jockey **Alan Grant's** WABC-FM *Profiles in Jazz* show, heard nightly except Monday, recently added an hour of airtime and can be now heard 10 p.m.-midnight . . . Last month trumpeter **Joe Newman** played a concert for the International Arts of Jazz Society. His backing consisted of pianist **Ross Tompkins**, bassist **Russell George**, and drummer **Ronnie Johnson**. An all-star group of studio players will perform for the organization April 2 at Holiday Inn in Plainview; trombonist **Urbie Green**, pianist **Dick Hyman**, bassist **Bob Haggart**, and drummer **Bobby Rosengarden** are members of the group . . . Hyman and Haggart were also on hand for trumpeter **Pee Wee Erwin's** Carnegie Recital Hall concert, where they were joined by trombonist **Lou McGarity**, clarinetist-soprano saxophonist **Bob Wilber**, tubaist **Harvey Phillips**, and drummer **Sonny Igoo** . . . Pianist **Paul Bley** and trio began a month's stay at Pookie's Pub March 17 . . . Drummer **Gene Krupa's** foursome (**Carmen Leggio**, tenor saxophone; **Dill Jones**, piano; **Benny Moten**, bass) are bringing a brief respite from rock sounds to the Metropole through March 30 . . . Next month vibraharpist **Ray Alexander**, with pianist **Johnny Knapp**, bassist **Al Ferrari**, and drummer **Ray Mosca**, marks his first year of Monday nights at the Tomahawk Room in Roslyn, N.Y. . . . The Five Spot featured a quintet co-led by trumpeter **Kenny Durham** and tenor saxophonist **Frank Foster** in February . . . Drummer **Johnny Fontana's** trio (**Pat Rebillot**, piano, **Bucky**)

(Continued on page 49)

ROOTS



Second Chorus By NAT HENTOFF

Last year Ed Thigpen wrote to the artistic director of Exposition '67, the international cornucopia scheduled for Montreal, that "every ethnic and racial group is being represented at Expo '67 except the Negro, and particularly the Canadian Negro. Since '67 is also the Canadian centennial, we feel that a show based on Canadian Negro history is quite in order."

Thigpen went on to outline a show to be called *The Songs of Louis*, Louis having been a native of Madagascar and the first Negro sold in Quebec, the date being 1628. Thigpen proposed a "spiritual triptych," covering 1812 to 1865 and including ballet, spirituals, Gospel and work songs, and orchestral music. Alvin Ailey was to be the choreographer and Donald Byrd the composer.

Thigpen was unable to complete the project and asked Byrd to take it over. Byrd has expanded it and in the process, has done extensive research into the history of the Canadian Negro. Working with historians at Toronto, Colgate, and Brown universities, he has been investigating the large amount of material on the subject available in obscure periodicals and journals.

As of this writing, I don't know whether the original project has been put on the program for Expo '67, but Byrd already has done a television show in Toronto on Canadian Negro history. He is also still gathering material for a book.

Learning of Byrd's immersion in the subject, I began to think of some of the other possibilities for research by musicians into areas of history and tradition that have been arcane too long.

If, for example, there were grants available—from foundations or record companies or perhaps National Educational Television—consider how much more Horace Silver might be able to find about the lineage of Portuguese Negro music from the Cape Verde islands and its transmutations in the United States. Paul Gonsalves also has the kind of roots to pursue parallel explorations in this direction.

We still know too little about Cajun music. And even though there have been books on the subject, there is far more to find out about the diverse elements of Negro music in the North before the blues and jazz thrust from the South. Garvin Bushell would clearly be the man for that project.

It's astonishing to me that the varieties and histories of Indian music (American Indian) remain so remote to all but those

Indians who are trying to nurture the heritages of their tribes. Give Buffy Sainte-Marie time and funds, and the resultant television programs and articles could be a startling awakening for the rest of us.

Listen to what Guy Carawan and Alan Lomax have discovered about Negro folk life and music in the sea islands off the coast of South Carolina and Georgia (*Sea Island Folk Festival*, Folkways FS 3841). Surely there must be other such reservoirs of distinctive history and culture elsewhere in the country.

Moreover, as Lomax pointed out several years ago, there is still a great deal of collecting and exploring to be done in the cities. What remains of Italian sub-cultures? Ukrainian? Czech? Polish? Chinese? Japanese? What adaptations have they made to the U.S. experience?

Admittedly some work has been done alone these lines, but seldom in a long-range, intensive, interdisciplinary manner that would lead to substantial rediscoveries that could be made readily available through recordings and books and television programs. In most cases, there isn't that much time left as each generation becomes more culturally homogenized.

There also, of course, ought to be corollary oral history programs for each such project. Studs Terkel's *Division Street: America* (Pantheon) has shown how fascinating and multiply revealing the speech and concerns of "ordinary" people can be. And if interviews like Terkel's are focused on remembering particular styles of life, particular traditions of wit and song and folk tales, they could constitute an extraordinarily rich and provocative cross-cultural history of this country.

There have indeed been a few such studies from oral sources, but not nearly enough. And not, to my knowledge, with the visual impact that television could add.

As always, the first problem is money. But I would think, at the start, that this is the kind of undertaking college television stations and college music departments could support. And why not major labels like Columbia, RCA Victor, and Capitol? If Columbia could produce the large and valuable World Library of Folk and Primitive Music, why not some mining of domestic veins?

I suppose I'm being fanciful again, but Byrd has shown what one man can start. There is certainly no scarcity of roads to take.

(clb)

IN A ROUNDABOUT WAY Miles Dewey Davis has elevated and dignified the status of jazz as an art form.

The well-known Davis image has been inflated, overstressed, misunderstood, and as constantly criticized as if he were a part of show biz. The Davis rejection of nonessentials, not only in his music but also in his presentation of that music, can permit a listener the contemplation of a well-developed work of art. The molded sound lingers in one's being long after it has been heard; exposure to Davis' music is not a matter of an evening's entertainment easily forgotten.

It is this characteristic of purity that helps to give jazz status as a serious music.

It is significant that for the last decade Davis has received an acclaim and financial reward beyond that of many contemporaries, especially when one considers that his success has been acquired without opening a handbook on how to win friends and influence people.

It's been said that because of his nonconformist conduct, Davis is a master showman. This is not entirely valid. It is certainly not the way Davis means to be taken. He wouldn't go to all that trouble to win popularity.

Miles Davis is Miles Davis because he is Miles Davis, and the trumpeter's early years may give some clues to how he has become the artist he is.

The biographical facts have often been published—much to Davis' disgust. He once started a taped interview: "You want me to tell you where I was born—that old story? It was in good old Alton, Ill., on May 25, 1926. And I had to call my mother a week before my last birthday and ask her how old I would be." This introduction to a so-called self-portrait being taped for publicity purposes illustrates the Davis disdain for nonmusical facts and his self-conscious sense of humor.

Although born about 25 miles upstream from St. Louis, he became aware of the world in East St. Louis, Ill., where his parents had moved a year or so after Miles' birth.

When Miles was 13, Mrs. Davis wanted to give her son a violin for his birthday. Miles, with sardonic humor, later reported, "My father gave me a trumpet—because he loved my mother so much!" A few years later, when Mrs. Davis wanted to send Miles to Fisk University, Dr. Davis, a dentist, gave him the money to go to the Juilliard School of Music.

The main reason Davis got his son the horn was that one of his patients was Elwood Buchanan, a music teacher who visited the East St. Louis grade schools once a week. Buchanan recommended that Dr. Davis get Miles a trumpet.

In those days, St. Louis was considered a trumpet man's town. Many jazz trumpeters have come from the area; bandleaders Dewey Jackson and Charlie Creath, and Ed Allen,

Early Miles

By GEORGE HOEFER

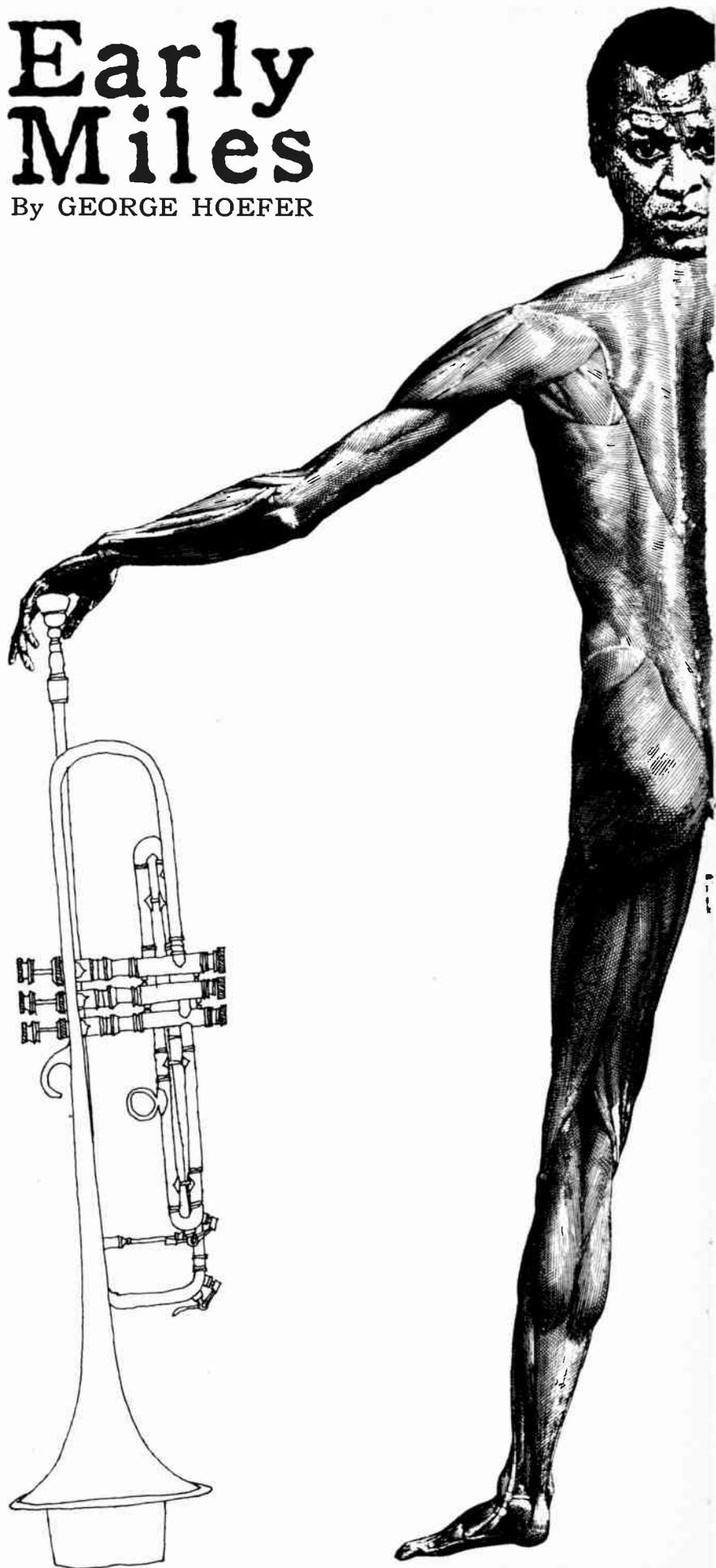




ILLUSTRATION BY TONY MUNTZLINGER

Joe Thomas, Harold (Shorty) Baker, Mouse Randolph, George Hudson, and Clark Terry were among them. Buchanan would entertain his young pupils with stories about the exploits of these men at the jam sessions held at the Showboat on the west side of St. Louis.

Of his first lessons under Buchanan, Davis said, "Once a week we would hold notes. Everybody would fight to play best. Lucky for me, I learned to play the chromatic scale right away. A friend of my father's brought me a book one night and showed me how to do it so I wouldn't have to sit there and hold that note all the time."

Young Davis was still under the tutelage of Buchanan when he went into high school. There the instructor was on hand for daily lessons, and Davis made the high school band. It was about then that Buchanan told the young musician, "Play without any vibrato. You're gonna get old and start shaking, anyway."

The pupil started, as he put it, "to play, fast and light, and no vibrato."

Clark Terry recalled his first meeting with Davis in an interview some years ago: "I was with a band led by a one-legged piano player named Benny Reed. We were playing at a Carbondale, Ill., night club known as the Spinning Wheel. One afternoon we were engaged to play at a picnic grounds where there was an athletic competition between various southern Illinois high schools. There were several school bands in attendance with their teams. One of the bandleaders, who had the East St. Louis outfit, was an old friend of mine. He wanted me to meet a little trumpet player he admired very much and eventually brought the kid over to introduce us. The kid started right in asking questions—how did I do this, or that? We talked, but my mind was really on some girls dancing around a Maypole, and I kind of fluffed the kid off."

While still in high school, at age 15, Davis joined the musicians union and soon obtained a job with a St. Louis band, Eddie Randall's Blue Devils.

They were playing at the Elks Club in St. Louis when Terry again ran into the young trumpeter (Terry is six years older than Davis). "I was used to going up to the Elks Club in St. Louis to jam," Terry recalled. "One night, as I was climbing the long flight of stairs, I heard a trumpet player flying about on his horn in a way I couldn't recognize. Eddie Randall had the band, and I knew everyone in it but this little trumpet player. After I got over by the stand it dawned on me I'd seen the fellow before. As I said 'Aren't you . . .,' he broke in with, 'Yeah, I'm the kid you fluffed off in Carbondale.' We've often laughed about that since."

Another now well-known jazzman, saxophonist Sonny Stitt, also noticed Davis back in those days. It was 1942, when Stitt came through St. Louis on tour with Tiny Bradshaw's band. He dropped by the Rhumboogie, where the Randall group was playing for the floor shows. After listening for a while, Stitt told the young trumpeter, "You look like a man named Charlie Parker, and you play like him too. C'mon with us."

Stitt was serious and apparently able to get Bradshaw to offer Davis a job.

"The fellows in the band had their hair slicked down," Davis remembered. "They wore tuxedos, and they offered me \$60 a week to play with them. I went home and asked my mother if I could go, but she said no, I had to finish high school. I didn't talk to her for two weeks."

During the last two years in high school, Davis turned down several other offers to leave home for the road. Illinois Jacquet, who had taken over his brother Russell's band from Houston, Texas, offered Davis a job. A. J. Suliman, the trumpet-playing manager of the last edition of McKinney's Cotton Pickers, also tried to get Davis to leave East St. Louis.

Right after graduation from high school in June, 1944, Davis took a job with a small band from New Orleans. The group, known as Adam Lambert's Six Brown Cats, had finished a long run at Chicago's Club Silhouette, where singer Joe Williams worked with them. When the band was booked for a date at the Club Belvedere in Springfield, Ill., its trumpet player, Tom Jefferson, returned to New Orleans. The band included guitarist Adam Lambert, bassist Duke Saunders, and drummer Stanley Williams. Davis played the only horn, and he received \$100 a week. It was a good job for a start. The group was a modern swing outfit—but the gig only lasted two weeks. At the time, Davis was still trying to play in a Roy Eldridge-Harry James style.

A short time after he returned to East St. Louis, Davis heard that the Billy Eckstine Band was scheduled to play at the Club Riviera in St. Louis. In July,

1944, young Davis showed up at the Riviera with his trumpet and was immediately recruited by Eckstine's music director, Dizzy Gillespie, to sit in for the band's ailing third trumpeter, Buddy Anderson. Miles later recalled, "So I sat in with the band. I couldn't read a thing from listening to Diz and Bird Parker."

The sitting-in stretched out for a couple of weeks, and the experience removed any doubt from Davis' mind about becoming a musician.

When September came along—and the Eckstine band had gone to Chicago for a date at the Regal Theater, with Marion Hazel slated to join in Anderson's place—Mrs. Davis was insisting that Miles go to Fisk.

But the young trumpeter took home the newly published *Esquire Jazz Book*, which was full of information and pictures about the jazz scene in New York City, and as he put it, "I looked in the book, and I asked my mother, 'Where's all this?'"

Mrs. Davis wasn't impressed, but Dr. Davis was and told his son he didn't have to go to Fisk. Since Miles had a friend studying at Juilliard in New York, it was decided that he could go there.

Shortly after the Chicago date, Charlie Parker left the Eckstine band. He may have informed Davis of his intention. At any rate, Davis was to say later, "I spent my first week in New York and my first month's allowance looking for Charlie Parker."

It was some time later that he read that Parker would be at a jam session at the Heatwave in Harlem. Davis put in an appearance at the session and renewed the friendship. Meanwhile, he had been attending Juilliard days and hanging around Minton's and 52nd St. at night.

In addition to other studies, Davis studied piano at Juilliard. This was done at the suggestion of Gillespie, who had told him it would teach him how to build an effective solo. A few years later, after he had met Gil Evans and started to write music, Davis was to feel he had not taken enough piano lessons.

The schooling that had the most impact on the trumpeter, however, was out in the field where he met the modern-jazz men. He has acknowledged that he received considerable help from Thelonious Monk, Tadd Dameron, and Gillespie, but his chief mentor was Parker.

"I roomed with Parker for a year," he has related, "and followed him around down to 52nd St. Every night I'd write down chords I heard, on matchbook covers. Next day I'd play those chords all day in the practice rooms at Juilliard, instead of going to classes."

During 1945, trumpeter Freddie Webster was around New York and frequently played at Minton's. Webster had a singing tone with a beauty that especially appealed to Davis. Musicians still talk about the shows at the Apollo when Webster was playing with the Jimmie Lunceford Band. When the band performed *Star Dust*, Webster would be featured in a solo played from the balcony.

When Webster was playing with John Kirby at the Cafe Society Downtown, he would get Davis to teach him chords Davis had learned at Juilliard. In return, he helped Davis try to assimilate some of his (Webster's) tonal qualities.

At first Davis was hesitant in getting up to play with the jazz giants then inhabiting 52nd Street. Parker would try to get him to play, saying, "Go ahead. Don't be afraid."

But in early 1945, the street's spots were featuring saxophones more than trumpets. Some of the ice for Davis was broken in early May, though, when Herbie Fields, then featured with Lionel Hampton's band, used Davis on a Savoy record date. They cut four sides, but Davis later said, "I was too nervous to play, and I only performed in the ensembles, no solos."

That same month, Coleman Hawkins opened at the Downbeat Club with Joe Guy on trumpet. The featured attraction was Billie Holiday. Guy and Miss Holiday had just been married, and Guy didn't show up for work half the time. Davis would sit in when Guy didn't show, and he got into the habit of checking the Downbeat nightly to see if he was needed. If Guy appeared, Davis would go over to the Spotlight and sit in with Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis and alto saxophonist Rudy Williams. Eventually, Miles was hired by Eddie and spent a month at the Spotlight.

By fall, armed with this bit of experience and courage, Miles joined Parker at the Three Deuces. The altoist was then using pianist Al Haig, bassist Curly Russell, and drummer Stan Levey. Davis has said, "I used to play under Bird all the time. When Bird would play a melody, I'd play just under him and let him lead the note, swing the

note. The only thing that I'd add would be a larger sound. I used to quit every night. I'd say, 'What do you need me for?'"

After the Deuces, Parker went into the Spotlight, taking Miles along. The group then had Levey, Sir Charles Thompson, piano, and Leonard Gaskin, bass. Tenor saxophonist Dexter Gordon soon joined them. The gig ended after the Spotlight was temporarily closed in early November, along with several other spots in a periodic clean-up of 52nd Street. Miles then went into Minton's with pianist Thompson and a drummer for a short while. Then came another stint with Hawkins, this time for pay.

Later in November, Parker's famed *Ko-Ko* recording session for Savoy took place with Davis playing *Billie's Bounce*, *Now's the Time*, and *Thriving from a Riff* (the trumpeter heard on the introduction and coda of *Ko-Ko* was Gillespie).

The sides were much better than the jazz critics of that time thought. The *Down Beat* reviewer of *Billie's Bounce* and *Now's the Time* hit hard at Davis: "The trumpet player, whoever the misled kid is, plays Gillespie in the same manner as a majority of the kids who copy their idols do—with most of the faults, lack of order and meaning. This can be as harmful to jazz as Sammy Kaye!" The reviewer ignored everyone else on the record, indicating he was, at least, musically short-sighted, for these sides were eventually to be considered classics.

Shortly after Parker went to the West Coast with Gillespie in late 1945, Davis quit Juilliard and returned to East St. Louis, where he found Benny Carter's band playing at the Riviera. They were headed for the Coast, and Davis joined the trumpet section. It was a big band with a book of ancient vintage, except for a couple of arrangements by Bob Graettinger and Neal Hefti. Davis was not happy with the job, and while they were playing the Orpheum Theater in Los Angeles, he doubled by playing at the Finale Club with Parker, pianist Joe Albany, bassist Addison Farmer, and drummer Chuck Thompson.

The musicians union frowned on the practice of doubling jobs, and Davis was fined when union authorities found out about it.

Davis left the Carter band and appeared with Parker until the Finale closed because of poor business. It was during this time that the first Parker



PARKER, ROACH, DAVIS/PHOTO BY BILL COTTLIFB

'I used to play under Bird all the time. When Bird would play a melody, I'd play just under him and let him lead the note, swing the note. The only thing that I'd add would be a larger sound. I used to quit every night. . . .'

records for Dial were made.

This time the reviews were kinder. Although most of the reviewers thought that Davis still sounded like Gillespie, they were beginning to refer to him as a brilliant young trumpeter. He was credited with playing one of the best solos on the *Bird Lore* take of *Ornithology*.

After the Finale folded, work was hard to come by for the modern-jazz men in California. Parker got together Davis, pianist Dodo Marmarosa, tenorist Lucky Thompson, trombonist Britt Woodman, and guitarist Arv Garrison to play at a concert given in April at the Carver Club at UCLA.

Little else turned up. Parker's breakdown came in late July, and he went away to Camarillo State Hospital.

In August, Lucky Thompson leased the Elk's Ballroom on Central Ave. in Los Angeles for three nights a week. An announcement in the music press said the key member of Thompson's small band at the ballroom would be "the brilliant young trumpet player, Miles Davis, last heard here with Benny Carter." Young bassist Charlie Mingus was also listed as a member of the Thompson group.

The group soon broke up because Thompson joined Boyd Raeburn.

The Eckstine band reached Los Angeles during September, 1946, and Davis was hired to take over Gillespie's chair. He spent five months with the Eckstine outfit and went east with it during late fall. After the band was dissolved in the spring of '47, Davis played around Chicago. He appeared on the

south side at Jumptown with Sonny Stitt and Gene Ammons for the jam session nights.

When Charlie Parker returned to New York City in April, he formed the group that was to stay together until mid-1948: Charlie Parker's All-Stars, with Parker, Davis, pianist Duke Jordan, bassist Tommy Potter, and drummer Max Roach.

The band went into the Three Deuces and, in June, recorded for Savoy (*Donna Lee*, *Chasin' the Bird*, *Cheryl*, *Buzzy*) with Bud Powell on piano. Parker supposedly had an exclusive contract with Ross Russell of Dial at the time. Russell was unhappy with Parker, but went east in October and began a series of recording dates with Parker's all-stars. Davis received good notices for his work on *Embraceable You*, *Quasimodo* (one reviewer said this was as close to *Embraceable* as one could get), *Drifting on a Reed*, *Don't Blame Me*, and *My Old Flame*.

When these Dials were reviewed, the writers were judging Davis on his own merits. It was noted that on these ballads the trumpeter had evolved a sound of his own. He was playing more in the middle register at medium tempos and using more sustained notes. As writer Barbara Gardner once noted, "By 1947 Davis had filtered from his heretofore Gillespieish playing all that was not natural to himself."

Davis had his first recording date under his own name in January, 1948, for Savoy. With Parker playing both alto and tenor, John Lewis, piano; Nelson Boyd, bass; and Max Roach, drums, the

trumpeter waxed four originals: *Milestones*, *Little Willie Leaps*, *Half Nelson*, and *Sippin' at Bells*.

When Ross Russell wrote his series of articles on bebop for *The Record Changer* in 1948, he said, "Miles Davis may be said to belong to the new generation of musicians. There is now a mounting body of evidence that Davis is leading the way to, or even founding, the next school of trumpet playing."

By the end of 1948, Davis had organized his nonet, which subsequently made the famed Capitol recordings. A year or so later, the top bebop arranger of the 1940s, the late Tadd Dameron, was to say, "Davis is the farthest advanced musician of his day, and *Boplicity* is one of the best small-group sounds I've heard."

Since then, Davis has sought new ideas for expressing himself musically. In an interview in 1958, he saw a new course for jazz, saying, "I think a movement in jazz is beginning away from the conventional string of chords and a return to emphasis on melodic rather than on harmonic variation. There will be fewer chords but infinite possibilities as to what to do with them. It becomes a challenge to see how melodically inventive you are."

Davis' playing influence has enhanced the stature of jazz, though, typically, he himself says, "I don't go with this bringing 'dignity' to jazz. The way they bring 'dignity' to jazz, by wearing their formal clothes and bowing and smiling, is like Sugar Ray Robinson bringing dignity to boxing by fighting in a tuxedo." 



BILL ABERNATHY

BLOWING OUT IN CHICAGO-

Roscoe Mitchell

By Terry Martin

One of the most enjoyable experiences for the foreign jazz enthusiast arriving in the United States for the first time is the discovery of the sounds of musicians who had been merely names in the who's-playing-where columns.

As an intrigued follower of the development of the new jazz in the last decade, I was sorry that Chicago and not New York City was to be my destination when I came here last year from England. I would not be hearing the major figures of the new jazz: Coleman, Taylor, Ayler, Shepp, et al., though I could anticipate some fine city blues, and there were hints that there was a Chicago avant-garde movement, presumed by the outsider (at least by me) to be largely derivative if sincere.

The music of Roscoe Mitchell, Joseph Jurman, and some others was soon to shatter these preconceptions. There was a history of exploration in the city, there were artists of considerably more than local stature, and in the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians there existed clear evidence that an effective co-operative could be maintained for the benefit of its member-musicians.

Mitchell was the first avant-garde musician I heard in Chicago—it would be difficult to overstate the impact of those sounds. After hearing him in a number of settings—recording studio, concerts, informal sessions, and rehearsals—the impact remains, the only difference being that now I expect to be surprised.

ROSCOE MITCHELL is equally soloist and composer (in the jazz sense of Jelly Roll Morton and Charles Mingus), a multi-instrumentalist whose dedication to the alto saxophone has produced statements that can rival, and may surpass, the other strong voices raised on that instrument in this post-Ornette Coleman age.

Capable of a wide expressive range, Mitchell can move convincingly from firm lyricism to wrenching violence within the compass of a solo. The shrill harmonics and thundering lower register may keen or exhort, but beneath this variety of emphasis is the impulse to develop the solo in the terms of the work, to present a particular statement rather than an amorphous "personality." More and more the instrumental virtuosity is devoted to the group unity, to the work, expanding the textures in the development or signaling transitions and conclusions.

The early impact of a Mitchell performance stems from the almost unparalleled exploration in jazz of sound itself. By use

of a miscellany of bells, whistles, harmonicas, and percussion devices, in addition to "legitimate" doubling (Mitchell himself plays alto saxophone, clarinet, flute, recorder), a quintet or sextet is made to rival the electronic workshop of the modern straight composer—for the most part with greater esthetic reward.

Mitchell has managed to attract musicians of sufficient compatibility and sensitivity to render these explorations both coherent and exciting. A recent series of concerts has revealed a progressive elimination of diffuse thinking, to the point where all sounds are absorbed into a web of music.

It should be apparent by now that the revolution instigated by Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor is over; the new music is established, even if its practitioners will be meeting rebuffs for years to come.

Also apparent is the wide range of possibilities implicit in this revolution. The nature of the music implies the appearance of new musicians, whose approach to jazz and its society will differ considerably from that of previous jazzmen. Many aspects of this change are to be seen in the young Chicago musicians, who may be said to constitute a third wave of innovators in the new music, following, but largely uninfluenced by, Shepp, Ayler, et al. The attitudes of a young creative artist like Mitchell will not be irrelevant to the future of jazz and the jazz life.

MITCHELL, BORN IN Chicago Aug. 3, 1940, was tuned into the music by the enthusiasm of his brother. Roscoe was about 12, and his brother's records were by such as Charlie Parker and Stan Getz. This interest led through the beginnings on clarinet and baritone saxophone in the Englewood High School band to the adoption of the alto while he was in the armed forces. The time in the Army band took him to Europe and brought him in contact with musicians who were already investigating jazz frontiers.

As could be expected, his dominant interest was in playing the hard-bop style of the late '50s. He listened to Parker, Dexter Gordon, and younger musicians like Hank Mobley. More significant in his subsequent development was the attention he paid to Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane and the stimulating example of the young Wayne Shorter, who influenced Mitchell's playing style for a time. He heard Ornette Coleman in 1959, but it was some years before the insistence of Coleman's music was felt.

It was at the beginning of 1960s that a number of young Chicago musicians began to realize they needed a new means of expression.

The Sun Ra orchestra had been playing in the city from the mid-'50s but had little direct effect on the Chicago scene. Now it was the music of Coltrane and Eric Dolphy that would lead to the understanding of Coleman and the concept of free jazz.

At this time Mitchell made two important acquaintances: pianist Richard Abrams, now president of the AACM, and altoist Joseph Jarman.

"Abrams has been on the scene for a long time," Mitchell said. "He got to things early with Nicky Hill and Bob Cranshaw. Richard is responsible for a lot of the younger musicians around here, helping them to find themselves in the music by way of his big-band rehearsals, etc. He started playing free style before the time I met him—I was introduced by Jack DeJohnette about '63.

"I was also influenced by Joseph Jarman, to some degree because when I met Joseph, say, in '62, he was leading to this style then. He did not play like anyone I had heard before. He's always had an abstract personality. We played together for a while back about that time."

Jarman is an important musician, of whom much will be heard. Hearing his beautiful and powerful alto playing resolves some of the questions about the origins of Mitchell's style, but Jarman himself stresses that Roscoe and he were both developing their styles during this period of rehearsal with the Abrams big band. At the time, both were fascinated by the searching patterns of

Coltrane's *Out of This World* recorded solo, and there must surely have been cross-stimulation and influence.

Mitchell began exploring the free style in association with pianist Byron Austin. While most of these developments occurred at rehearsals, the altoist was keen to go out and make his music heard in public. He recalled some of the reactions:

"Joseph was playing like this, but he would not go out to play too much, and I would always go out to play, so I was confronted with it—nobody liked me at all. Until . . . Jack DeJohnette, the drummer—he was with Trane for a while—and Scotty Holt, the bass player, we started playing together, and a lot of musicians who respected them saw that they respected me. Also Richard Abrams, they saw he respected me, and I was more accepted, though I'm still not accepted by a lot of musicians."

Of his recognition of Ornette Coleman and personal breakthrough, he said, "After I began to really listen to this music, I would be playing and I would feel the urge within myself to play things that I would hear, and I fought it for a long time because I wasn't really sure that this was what was happening. Then after I stopped fighting, it just started pouring out."

Of a realization shared by Jarman:

"I think that the musicians are beginning to find out that the instrument itself has no limitations."

The rehearsals of the Abrams experimental band encouraged the personal evolution of Mitchell's playing and composing and also brought him in touch with sympathetic musicians who could collaborate in the formation of his own groups.

Mitchell's units are notable for the high quality of individual members. Malachi Favors, long an associate, is a sensitive bassist; the occasional introduction of a second bassist, Charles Clark, of more florid temperament, produces excitingly complementary patterns. Lester Lashley's ability to play authoritatively on trombone, cello, and bass contributes greatly to the variety as well as to the strength of a performance. Tenorist Maurice McIntyre and drummers Alvin Fielder, Leonard Smith, and Phillip Wilson have shown facility and power in the new music.

Perhaps of particular interest to followers of free jazz was the addition last summer of trumpeter-fluegelhornist Lester Bowie.

Bowie, "out of St. Louis . . . by way of dust," is a remarkable player by any criteria, with background of "dust-biting" with rock-and-roll bands, carnivals, minstrel shows ("I've played some very strange gigs"). This merges with the jazz tradition of growls, glisses, squeezed notes, and half-valving to form one of the most impressively eloquent of all the new trumpet sounds. Bowie's contribution to the somewhat flagging development of brass instruments in free jazz should be considerable.

CURIOUS ABOUT Mitchell's introduction to composition and the role formal elements would play in a free music, I asked him if his composing was influenced by anyone in particular.

"No, I don't think so," he answered, "because ever since I've been playing I've been writing something—first of all in the conventional style . . . always had some idea about taking a melody and putting it down."

Abrams encouraged writing for the rehearsal band, and Jarman, Mitchell, and Abrams himself contributed to the book.

When asked if he were presenting more structured work than free music, Mitchell replied, "Not really. . . . In a sense, I'm more interested in the spontaneous effect on the musicians—the creating together."

In other words, he sets up situations? "Right. . . . *Sound* [recorded for his first album] is a composition that deals, like I say, with sound, and the musicians are free to make any sound they think will do, any sound that they hear at a particular time. That could be like somebody who felt like stomping on the floor . . . well, he would stomp on the floor. And you notice the approach of the musicians to their instruments is a little different from what one would normally hear. . . . The cymbals are used to amplify this, not the drums. (Continued on page 47)

THE LIFE=FLIGHT OF A SU

THERE AREN'T many jazz pianists equally at home with a Scott Joplin rag or a Thelonious Monk piece, whose taste and understanding encompass jazz from Bunk Johnson to Albert Ayler and "serious" music from baroque through the romantics to the moderns, and who love to indulge themselves in Viennese operetta and the Weill-Brecht musical canon.

There are probably even fewer jazz musicians who are graduate lawyers admitted to the bar, and certainly none who accomplished this feat, including college and pre-law studies, in four years, becoming president of the Student Bar Association in the process, all the while supporting a family by working in music.

Add to this a talent for writing, particularly humor and satire; an avocation for Latin (actually reading the Roman classics for pleasure and conducting an extensive correspondence with a friend in this ostensibly dead language); an expert knowledge of chess, practical and theoretical; a sharply honed skill with a pool cue; a passion for bicycle riding (to the extent of qualifying for the Olympics); and a nice way in the kitchen (specialty: lentil salad), and one has the outline of a portrait of Richard McQueen Wellstood.

Dick, as he is known in jazz circles, was born in November, 1927, in Greenwich, Conn. (He points out that he has "almost the exact chronological and geographic background" as Horace Silver.) He has been a professional musician since 1946, has made quite a few records, and is listed in all editions of Leonard Feather's *Encyclopedia of Jazz*, but chances are that many jazz enthusiasts have never heard him play.

The loss is theirs, for hearing Wellstood at the piano is one of the great pleasures in jazz. He is, of course, at his best in congenial musical company, but circumstances of the working jazz life sometimes lead him to rather bleak

(or bleary) surroundings on the bandstand.

But no matter how adverse the conditions, Wellstood shines through: in solo (even when he has to fight his accompanists), in apt ensemble work, or in a witty aside or fill sneaked in with perfect timing. He never lets himself be trapped; when all else fails, his humor prevails.

Wellstood is a two-fisted piano player. He has the true pianist's touch. He knows and loves his instrument. And he can play with almost anybody and fit. He came up with the revivalist jazz movement that ran counter to bebop in the mid-'40s, which has caused critics, those lovers of categorization, to classify him as a traditional player, but this is a manifest injustice.

His many associates have included Bunk Johnson, Sidney Bechet, Jack Teagarden, Roy Eldridge, Charlie Shavers, Rex Stewart, Lips Page, Gene Sedric, Clark Terry, Steve Lacy, and Gene Krupa, to name only a handful—a complete listing would take a page. To an article about Fats Waller in the now-defunct *Jazz Review*, Wellstood appended a funny biographical note that included a list—in alphabetical order, from Ahmed Abdul-Malik to Abdullah Zuh'ri—of 189 musicians he had played with, followed by "and many others." The list included such diverse figures as George Lewis, Illinois Jacquet, Django Reinhardt, Mutt Carey, Coleman Hawkins, Baby Dodds, Wellman Braud, and Buell Neidlinger. It was a surrealistic indication of the scope of the pianist's musical experience.

THE MAIN FACTS OF Wellstood's career, in chronological order, begin with a performance of boogie woogie (Mary Lou Williams' *Little Joe*) at Wooster Prep School in Danbury, Conn., followed by early professional experience with clarinetist Bob Wilber's Wildcats, one of the best of the revivalist groups

(most of the players involved have become well-rounded pros, among them trumpeter Johnny Glasel, trombonist Ed Hubble, bassist Charlie Traeger, drummer Eddie Phyfe, and of course Wilber himself); subsequent association with Wilber in a more mature band that had veterans Henry Goodwin, Jimmy Archey, Pops Foster, and Tommy Benford, followed by two years with Archey's band, which toured Europe in 1952; long stints with Roy Eldridge and Charlie Shavers at Lou Terrassi's club in Manhattan, one of the best jazz spots of its day; then a seven-year on-and-off association with trombonist-actor-art gallery manager Conrad Janis, whose bands often included such men as Herman Autrey, Gene Sedric, Eddie Barefield, Danny Barker, and Panama Francis (during this period Wellstood also freelanced around New York and did a solo piano stint at Eddie Condon's club); two years as house pianist at the Metropole with, among others, clarinetists Tony Parenti and Sol Yaged and trumpeter Johnny Letman; a two-year stretch at Nick's, most of it with an all-star band led by Wild Bill Davison (with Buster Bailey and Vic Dickenson); a USO tour of Army bases in Greenland with trumpeter Carl (Bama) Warwick; a stint as house pianist at the shortlived Bourbon Street in New York, where the tradition of jam sessions was briefly revived; 18 months with Gene Krupa's quartet, including tours of South America and Israel; and, for the last year or so, charter membership in the band at The Ferry in Brielle, N.J.

Wellstood once summed up his career with characteristic wit: "I played my first gig at the American Newspaper Guild Award Ball at the Waldorf-Astoria, and it's been downhill ever since." He says that he "came up playing Dixieland, and everybody putting you down" (example: a radio studio confrontation between the Wildcats and a bop band including Monk, trumpeter

BY DAN MORGENSTERN

IRREALISTIC BIENT EAGLE

Idrees Suliman, saxophonist Sahib Shihab, and bassist Tommy Potter—"I loved it, and Monk hated us; 'at least we are musicians,' he muttered, and he was right, except for Wilber, who was then too"), but he appreciates his early training.

"I was lucky in starting out playing rags and blues," he said recently. "It meant something to me, and I've never lost respect for it. It helped me not to become a prisoner of style. . . . I guess I've been getting my own style lately, for I have been getting so many complaints from other musicians."

Becoming serious again, Wellstood said, "My playing is such that musicians seem to like it and critics don't [not quite so: critical praise has come from John S. Wilson, Martin Williams, Nat Hentoff, and others], because my gifts seem to lie in the way I respond to practical music-making situations which have already been defined and not in any startlingly new areas I open up.

"In other words, I'm talented, but not original.

"In my playing, I try to be sensitive rhythmically and pianistically and economical melodically. Harmonies don't concern me so much as voicings and phrasing. For the past few years, I've been trying to develop the pianistic side of my playing, to utilize some of the Chopin-Liszt-Tatum-etc. tricks which I now have the technique to do. This sort of thing, when it doesn't come off, is pretty terrible, and as accompaniment it drives other musicians crazy—especially Ruby Braff."

When Wellstood mentions the classical piano tradition, he knows whereof he speaks. His extensive formal studies have been with two outstanding teachers, Albion Metcalfe and Richard McClanahan. (Two McClanahan students were Teddy Wilson and Billy Taylor.)

Wellstood has also studied composition with Ludmilla Ulehla at the Manhattan School of Music, but he did *not*



study with Willie (The Lion) Smith, though Smith, in his autobiography, claimed him as a pupil. ("I listened enrapturedly, though," Wellstood said. "I dig Lion.")

Continuing his discussion of his pianistic side, Wellstood said, "I don't mean that I'm trying to play lots of stupid scales in thirds or anything, but that I would like to develop a contemporary piano style which is enjoyable to *play*. Jazz and classical music are in the same boat—except for Tatum, there hasn't been a pianistic pianist since Fats Waller, just as there is very little piano music in the classics since Ravel. Ever since somebody invented the rhythm section, jazz pianists have been in trouble."

To Wellstood, "music is expression. The method is mathematical, but if you don't express something, to hell with it. Different times express it in different ways."

His understanding of all periods of music causes the pianist to be impatient with historical generalizations and inspires his hatred of "style playing." On this subject, he is fond of quoting from a book by British composer, critic, and music scholar Sir Donald Tovey: "The first step toward understanding the integrity of art is to recognize that it consists in the integrity of each individual work of art, that . . . there is no such thing as art with a capital A. Progress . . . is a word certainly applicable to science, but almost invariably misleading when applied to art."

Wellstood's soundly grounded outlook enables him to thoroughly enjoy and appreciate, for instance, the music of Jimmy Yancey as well as that of Cecil Taylor. Taylor, in fact, has long been a special favorite of his ("I think he is the greatest thing going"). Recently, he has discovered Albert Ayler, and would like to play with the saxophonist, though he realizes that Ayler's music presents special problems to a pianist,

DICK WELLSTOOD/PHOTO BY JACK BRADLEY

particularly in terms of pitch.

He also greatly enjoys “good rock and roll” and is in the process of wearing out his copy of *Revolver*, a recent Beatles album (“I’d like to join a good rock group on electric piano”).

His attitude toward style playing is reflected in his statement that “the difference between an oom-pa and a block chord is mechanical.” He has found that Dixieland and mainstream playing situations offer more freedom of expression than modern jobs: “Playing Dixieland or mainstream you can play anything you want, but when you play a modern gig, you’ve got to play modern.”

Wellstood prefers the challenge of impromptu musical “happenings” of the kind that often arose when he was working at Bourbon Street, where there was much sitting in, both professional and amateur. A lot of what he affectionately calls “dopey things” would happen.

One night, for example, there were Wellstood, bassist Ahmed Abdul-Malik, a would-be “new thing” tenor player, and Lew Black, who in the ’20s was banjoist with the New Orleans Rhythm Kings. In situations like this, Wellstood’s prescription is “just do it and see what happens.” And what did happen, amazingly enough, was more rewarding to hear than much organized jazz. (For the next set, Gerry Mulligan, playing clarinet, replaced the tenor man.)

But Wellstood is concerned about “the vanishing function” of jazz.

“There used to be dancing,” he said, “but hardly any more. This has led to troubles with tempos—everything is either fast or slow. The middle is what’s missing.”

HOW DOES A MUSICIAN who began as a New Orleans revivalist arrive at so comprehensive a view of the spectrum of jazz?

“What saved the Wildcats,” he recalled, “was 52nd St.” The band played at Jimmy Ryan’s on the street in 1947, opposite a group led by alto saxophonist-arranger Joe Eldridge, elder brother of trumpeter Roy, which also included drummer Big Sid Catlett.

“Joe was a very big influence on me,” Wellstood said. “He was worried about us playing the way we did. He thought we should at least *want* to become musicians. He took me aside and showed me chords. He was fatherly—and strict.”

Another important formative experi-

ence was Wellstood’s involvement in the final glories of a vanishing chapter in jazz history:

“I used to go to Tom Tillman’s, in Harlem, at 137th St. and 7th Ave. Monday night was piano night. You’d find Marlow Morris, Billy Taylor, Willie Gant, The Beetle, Tatum. . . . I had to follow Tatum one night, but it was not as bad as having to follow Erroll Garner one night at Terrassi’s with Charlie Shavers.”

Tatum and Garner are among Wellstood’s favorite pianists, whose number also includes Cecil Taylor, James P. Johnson, Willie the Lion, Don Ewell, Duke Ellington, Monk, Phineas Newborn, Horace Silver, Dave Frishberg, Pete Johnson, Joe Sullivan, “recent” Roland Hanna, and—Charlie Shavers.

After more than 20 years of playing music for a living, Wellstood is not bitter. (His involvement with the law was brief: he hung out his shingle after passing the New York bar at first try, handled a Mexican divorce, found he didn’t care for the field, went back to playing, and made a final, abortive attempt to practice some five years ago, handling some domestic-relations and real-estate work.)

He has, he points out, been working steadily (with a total of only a few months off) since early 1959.

“I don’t know any other pianist who works as much as I for so little money,” he said jokingly. His current job, six nights a week on the upper deck of a well-appointed converted ferry boat owned and operated by the leader of the band, trumpeter George Mauro, has musical and personal compensations, though the going gets a bit heavy at times.

One of the band’s most popular numbers is a zany rendition of *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, replete with such comedy routines as clanging a ship’s bell, wearing funny hats, and throwing a blanket over the drummer. But it also leaves an opening for completely “free” playing by Wellstood and his cohorts, who include clarinetist Kenny Davern, a close friend whose playing the pianist much admires (“a very original successor to Pee Wee Russell”) and who has much in common with him in musical orientation; bassist Jack Six and drummer Al McManus, solid musicians both; and trombonist Ed Hubble, a friend from the earliest days of the Wilber Wildcats.

Wellstood realizes that in order to be successful in big-time terms, a musi-

cian has to be “very facile, very lucky, or extremely talented.” While many would hold that he fulfills the latter of these prerequisites, he has learned to be patient and has sufficient inner resources to sustain him.

He would like, though, to have the opportunity to record again, for once under conditions of his own choosing. Wellstood’s disc career began in 1946 with the Wildcats and has included several early solo sessions for minor labels, a 10-inch piano LP (with drummer Tommy Benford) for Riverside in 1954, two sessions with Bechet, a Chicago date with guitarist Marty Grosz, several later dates with Wilber (an all-blues album, with trumpeter Clark Terry also on hand, contains fine examples of Wellstood’s completely authentic playing in this idiom), a big-band date with drummer Panama Francis, a semi-Dixieland session led by arranger and multi-instrumentalist Dick Carey, albums with singers Nancy Harrow, Meg Welles, and Odetta (for the latter, Wellstood made excellent, functional small-band arrangements), a quintet date with trumpeter Johnny Letman and guitarist Kenny Burrell, albums with clarinetist Leroy Parkins and Wild Bill Davison, an all-star Dixieland session for Prestige, and half his own album for that label, using ex-Wallerites Audrey and Sedic, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Zutty Singleton.

Most of these are collector’s items, a euphemism for out-of-print records. Today, Wellstood would like to make a piano album, a small-group date with Davern and other congenial souls, or a combination of both. “I always wanted to make a record of *Trouble in Mind*,” he said with a smile, “but then Red Garland went and did it . . . but there are some numbers they haven’t caught up with.”

Wellstood has a vast repertoire (his Monk interpretations are something to hear, and when he plays a rag, there is none of that antiquarian aura that customarily surrounds attempts to bring this music to life). In addition, he has shown considerable talent as a composer.

“One thing you learn from 20 years of playing music is playing music,” Wellstood once said.

After such knowledge, it seems a shame that this fine musician’s talent and experience should not be heard by a wider audience, for Dick Wellstood is his own man, and jazz needs his kind, today more than ever. 



MONTAGE BY BILL QUINN

THE JAZZ FAN-1967

By Leonard Feather

This is a report on today's jazz fan, what he likes, what kind of jazz he pays money for and how often, how old he is, how he looks upon the music, how much he listens to it. The statistics that provide this picture were drawn from readers' replies to my "Twenty Questions" *Feather's Nest* column that appeared in the Aug. 11, 1966, *Down Beat*. . . .

The task of sorting out the mail, classifying it, dealing with the factual questions statistically, and reading the answers to the more opinion-oriented questions turned out to be one of great dimensions.

Since only one meager prize of five LPs was offered for the best letter, it was reasonable to expect a relatively small turnout. But evidently the average jazz fan wants to express himself. The name of the winner, by the way, will not be announced until all 20 questions have been dealt with in this series—not because I want to keep the reader in suspense but because at the moment it is far too difficult to make up my mind. The more I have to look through the letters, dealing with them one question at a time, the more familiar I expect to become with their contents and the easier it then should be to judge fairly.

(Incidentally, the impact of *Down Beat's* having readers in 50 states and 142 countries hit me during the months the mail was coming in. Some of the replies I received came from Honolulu, Holland, Hiroshima, various points in Finland, Chile, Russia, Switzerland, Britain, Mexico, the Philippines, Poland, Czechoslovakia, India, Ghana, Italy, Hungary, Belgium, Australia, New Zealand, and numerous areas where members of the armed forces are stationed overseas.)

In most instances, the figures listed for replies in each category total less than 100 percent, either because some readers did not answer the question or because the handwriting was illegible.

Question 1: What is your name, address, and age?

The only relevant subject for discussion here concerns the age breakdown, which worked out as follows:

Under 15:	1.2%
15-16:	4.8
17-18:	11.6
19-20:	8.8
21-25:	18.4
26-30:	13.2
31-35:	10.0
36-40:	9.2
41-50:	10.8
Over 50:	5.2

Among other things, this means that almost a third of the respondents were in their 20s, that possibly one reader out of ten is old enough to have been reading *Down Beat* since the publication's birth in 1934 (and at that, some would have had to have started very young), and that the number of teenagers interested in jazz is a lot more substantial than I had expected.

It was a little startling to open up an envelope and find as a preliminary statement: "My name is Robert Rubin. I live in Hazlet, New Jersey, and am 12 years old. I play the piano, organ, and trumpet. I play the organ professionally in a rock 'n' roll combo."

As will be shown later, Mr. Rubin has

some cogent views on jazz as art, the racial questions, and other subjects investigated.

Question 2: What instrument(s) do you play if any? Professionally?

A total of 72 percent of those replying said they had an active involvement with the performance of music. More than 20 percent said they are professional musicians. The breakdown:

Piano:	24.8%
Drums:	20.0
Saxophone:	16.6
Guitar:	10.4
Trumpet:	9.7
Clarinet:	8.8
Bass:	5.2
Flute:	5.2
Trombone:	5.2
Vibes:	4.0
Violin:	2.8

Among instruments also listed were accordion, baritone horn, banjo, bass horn, harmonica, mandolin, recorder, and nornaphon. Cornet and fluegelhorn players were included under trumpet.

About 8 percent volunteered the information that they used to play but are no longer active.

The chief conclusions to be drawn from the figures are the same as those reached by many directors at schools, colleges, jazz clinics, and the like: more young musicians should take up bass and trombone, and there is a surfeit of pianists and drummers.

Question 3: How long have you been interested in jazz?

Under two years:	3.2%
Two years:	4.0
Three years:	5.6
Four years:	7.2
Five years:	6.8
Six-ten years:	18.4
11-15 years:	18.0
16-20 years:	6.8
21-25 years:	8.4
26-30 years:	7.6
31-40 years:	8.8
Over 40 years:	2.8

A surprising inference to be drawn from these figures is that almost half of the respondents (about 45 percent) did not start listening to jazz until after the death of Charlie Parker. More than one listener in four began to develop an interest only after Ornette Coleman had come to prominence. Not even 3 percent were jazz fans when Bix Beiderbecke was alive. It can also be deduced that considerably more than half never had a chance to hear Billie Holiday in person.

Lewis H. Lederer, 60, of Alexandria, Va., wrote, "I have been interested in jazz for some 54 years! This began with listening to the Columbia, Okeh, and Victor records and early radio via a crystal radio set. Later (age 15), I had a band called Lew's Melody Boys playing for dances, weddings, etc."

Charles Fox, 62, of Azusa, Calif., tops Lederer in age but not in listening experience. He didn't begin to dig jazz until 1921—the year James P. Johnson cut his first solo date, Tony Jackson died, and the New Orleans Rhythm Kings played at Friars' Inn in Chicago.

Mrs. Margie Merideth Raymer, who listed her age as 56, said her involvement with jazz goes back 52 years, which would make her the only female respondent who conceivably could have heard the Original Dixieland Jazz Band in its earliest appearances; her reply, however, largely ignores the past and offers substantial evidence that she is very much concerned with the present.

Question 4: Which types of jazz interest you most?

Mainstream-Modern:	64.0%
Swing, Big Bands:	47.2
Hard Bop:	43.6
Others:	9.8

The "others" included West Coast, Oriental, 52nd Street, folk, blues, soul, bop, cool, boogie woogie, stride, ragtime. A gratifyingly low 2.8 percent mentioned rock-and-roll.

Question 5: How do you do most of your jazz listening?

Records:	96.0%
Radio:	67.2
Night Clubs:	47.2
Concerts:	44.0
Television:	27.2
Festivals:	16.0
Others:	11.2

The other media mentioned included tapes, dance halls, the respondents' own performance sessions, and "rallies."

One letter offered a reminder of how lucky the average fan is to have such a variety of media at his disposal.

A GI, John P. Palmer, wrote, "Living on Okinawa, live jazz is a rare and precious thing. There are some amazingly good local musicians, American, who provide some live listening at local clubs. Tony Scott lived here for a couple of years but was more involved with his peanut-machine business and flamenco guitar than with jazz."

Question 6: Do you think jazz is (a) strictly an art form, (b) a form of entertainment, (c) both? Give reasons.

Art:	15.2%
Entertainment:	6.0
Both:	74.8

William H. Engelleitner of Coraopolis, Pa., wrote, "Jazz is an art form as well as entertainment. To the New Orleans veteran, jazz is a way of life, as normal as the activities and atmosphere of New Orleans that created it. The entertainment factor is primary in this music, yet the almost forgotten collective improvisation is a form of art. The music of Duke Ellington, on the other hand, is almost entirely jazz expressed as an art form."

Brother Cajetan Gavranich, of the

Alexian Brothers Novitiate in Gresham, Wis., agreed that jazz is both art and entertainment: "It is a very special art, as the jazz player is creative and should have a more dignified status, as any of the other creative arts has. Quoting Leonard Bernstein on entertainment, 'Jazz is real play. It fools around with notes, so to speak, and has fun with them, and, therefore, it is entertainment in the truest sense.'"

Bill Bergeron of Santa Monica, Calif., said, "Jazz could be properly termed an art form and be stripped of the trappings of entertainment without offending its audience. If Miles Davis doesn't announce titles, that's his privilege. On the other hand, if Hugh Masekela feels that lengthy ethnic explanations are in order, that's his privilege."

According to Reese Markewich of New York City, "Jazz in its pure sense is an art form, but in order to make a living, most musicians who play jazz try to connect up the art with some entertainment for the customers. Most jazz musicians are not talented enough to be accepted as artists unless there is some entertainment value attached to their performance. Most listeners don't understand what they are hearing but are held by being entertained in spite of this, on many levels."

Representing the small entertainment-oriented minority, Alex Wyatt of Sheffield, England, said, "Improvisation is the natural art of the jazz player—no classical players have this inborn thing—surely to entertain is part of any artist's job. The supreme example is Dizzy—long may he blow."

Question 7: How much do you spend on records in an average week?

Nothing:	9.6%
\$1	12.0
\$2	14.0
\$3	9.6
\$4	11.2
\$5	10.4
\$6-\$10	17.2
\$11-\$15	6.0
Over \$15	3.2

Many readers made it clear that their spending funds were limited because they were attending school or college or were in the service. Airman Harold L. Webster of Fort Myer, Va., said, "Every two weeks on payday I buy an LP by a special artist I like, then browse the PX and buy whatever jazz records I can afford."

A fair number mentioned that they buy their records either at sales, through discount houses or record clubs. Some who do little or no buying now indicate that they will start building a collection on leaving school or attaining a more comfortable financial situation.

Ernest W. Ellis of Brooklyn, N.Y., is among a minority whose investment has declined. He said, "I was spending 20 to 25 dollars a week, but I found myself cutting down to nothing for several rea-

sons, such as, 1, funds; 2, caliber of jazz produced; 3, no longer a need to help me personally, musically, as when I was a neophyte; 4, the hippies working in music shops; 5, no room in my house for any more."

An unusual and mature attitude was expressed by 17-year-old Robert Melton:

"I buy only a few records a year, depending on when I feel ready for a particular type of music, and then don't buy another until I've absorbed what I have—I bought a Coltrane record, played one track, and let it sit on the shelf for six months before I felt ready for it. And some Jelly Roll records from 1926-27 affected me the same way. And then after I played the Coltrane and the Jelly Roll, I was able to go back and really enjoy and appreciate Cannonball and Charlie Parker. I guess my absorption patterns are rather unorthodox."

Question 8: How many hours do you listen to jazz a week?

Under 5:	3.6%
5:	4.8
6-10:	22.4
11-15:	19.7
16-20:	14.5
21-25:	7.2
Over 25:	22.4

Again, the age and occupation of the respondents affected the answers substantially. Many whose expenditure for records was limited compensate by listening to FM and/or late-night disc jockeys. Many pointed out that their hours increase in the summer, when they are out of school.

Some of the answers were quite intense: "My life has reached a point," said Ronald Hall of Chicago, "where I think I would have a mental collapse if I couldn't listen to my records. The average is 10 hours a week."

Most listeners whose hours are in the higher brackets seem to be either at the senior high school level or in their early 30s. The aforementioned Airman Webster commented, "I listen at least 20 hours a week and would listen more if it were not for the 11 p.m. keep-quiet thing in the barracks. I don't like earphones."

Question 9: How many hours do you listen to classical music in an average week?

None:	32.0%
1:	8.4
2:	12.4
3:	8.4
4:	6.4
5:	6.0
6-10:	12.0
10-15:	4.8
16-20:	3.2
21-25:	2.4

The answers here came as something of a surprise, since they represented little or no substantial change when compared with the results of similar investigations in these pages during the 1950s.

The jazz fan in every age group now has greater opportunities for exposure to classical music, through personal training, listening to the increasing number of experiments along Third Stream lines, or simply by reading the increasing body of literature that deals simultaneously with both classical music and jazz.

The fact that the dividing lines are continuously becoming less definable led me to expect a higher proportion in the intensive-listening figures; nevertheless, the majority of jazz fans (61.2 percent) listen to classical music for three hours or less a week, about one-third listen to none at all, and only about one in ten devotes more than ten hours a week to classical listening.

Most of the respondents to this question tended to give brief answers consisting either of a low figure or the words "none" or "never." A few offered explanations. "Classical music can be very beautiful and very moving to some people," said 19-year-old Donald R. Mull, "but I personally am bored both by the tempos and the overabundance of strings and woodwinds."

A few of the answers showed signs of conscience-stricken misgivings. Jack P. Schwartzter, 43, of Indianapolis, Ind., wrote "none" but then added, "I own some Stravinsky, Ravel, Brahms, and Beethoven albums but am not classically trained. I studied some classical piano but very little. I've often felt I am the loser because I don't understand and appreciate classical music as I should."

On the more affirmative side was 27-year-old George Joseph Ross, who plays second bassoon in the Richmond, Va., Symphony Orchestra and alto saxophone in his own jazz quartet:

"To keep up with the latest trends in the jazz world I listen for an hour every day after supper to jazz recordings. This is a discipline I give myself so that I may continue to grow musically. Being also a symphony musician, I must keep up with various interpretations of standard and new works; I listen every day for an hour before supper. I usually follow these recordings with miniature scores."

In view of the sharp contrasts between Questions 8 and 9 in the number of listening hours, it is interesting to refer back to Question 4, in which one of every five professed an interest in Third Stream music. Since a concern for this idiom involves a certain interest in classical music as a prerequisite, where did all these respondents go when Question 9 came around? Do they consider Third Stream music nothing more than another form of jazz? Do they count their Third Stream listening among their classical listening hours? The answer, my friends, is blowing in the woodwinds.

The next installment will deal with readers' answers to questions involving racial discrimination in jazz. It will appear in the May 4 Down Beat.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT



Ellington rehearsing the LPO: Is boredom setting in?

Duke Ellington/London Philharmonic Royal Albert Hall, London

Personnel: Cuotie Williams, Herb Jones, Mercer Ellington, Cat Anderson, trumpets; Lawrence Brown, Chuck Connors, Buster Cooper, trombones; Johnny Hodges, Jimmy Hamilton, Paul Gonsalves, Russell Procope, Harry Carney, reeds; John Lamb, bass; Rufus Jones, drums; Ellington, piano, conductor. London Philharmonic Orchestra; John Pritchard, conductor.

Ellington Orchestra Great St. Mary's Church, Cambridge, England

Personnel: Ellington Orchestra minus Williams; Esther Marrow, Tony Watkins, Cliff Adams Singers, Great St. Mary's Church Choir, vocals; Will Gaines, dance.

Esther Marrow is the name. She's trim and virginally beautiful, and she sings like a young Mahalia Jackson. At the little university church of Great St. Mary, last month, she touched more hearts and moved more souls with a few magnificent bars of Ellington's *Come Sunday* than the combined forces of the composer, his orchestra, and the London Philharmonic had succeeded in doing the previous evening when they all but filled the vast arena of London's acoustically-antiquated Royal Albert Hall.

Miss Marrow looks like a dream but she swings too. With a handful of rock-church cliches from Ellington's own *Tell Me It's the Truth*, she exposed the occasional boredom of the composer's notorious pretentiousness.

Jazz, as its performers are so fond of saying, is a tough business, fraught with disappointments and limited opportunity along the rocky road to acceptance and recognition. To only a privileged, "accepted" handful is given the chance to elevate the music from the ghetto image

still held in some quarters of the church and long-hair establishments, and by this reckoning Ellington has wasted more opportunities than Roland Kirk has horns. His much vaunted liaisons with various symphony orchestras merely tend to imitate the lighter aspects of the symphonic field; they do nothing for jazz per se.

When he took over the London Philharmonic for what had been publicized as the premiere of his *Queen Suite*, Ellington gave the 5,000-strong audience a program that, to my mind, unnecessarily included a terse vignette of the band's current repertoire and a tiresome medley of no fewer than 10 of his standards. The medley, which was enthusiastically conducted by the LPO's John Pritchard, was played partly by Ellington on piano, partly by his own orchestra, and partly by the combined forces there assembled.

The composer's own aspirations to the rostrum were aired when he conducted the LPO for his three-part *The Golden Broom and the Green Apple*. Bassist Lamb and drummer Jones added their weight to this sprightly, if somewhat ineffectual, offering. Lamb, in particular, acquitted himself well, his pizzicato work dominating the woodwinds at one point.

The only combined operation of note was a successfully integrated excursion into *Harlem*, although once again the Ellington crew hardly benefited from the addition of the symphony orchestra.

All we actually got of the *Queen* was a rhapsodic piano solo, the often-heard *Single Petal of a Rose*, one of the pieces written some time ago for Queen Elizabeth

II. But its connection with jazz is somewhat tenuous, to say the least, as was Calvin Jackson's tepid arrangement of Ellington's noted *New World A-Comin'*, played as a piano concerto with the LPO coming on *Rhapsody in Blue* style, 30 years behind the times.

"Swinging is the ultimate in compatibility," the urbane Ellington explained to an easily-impressed audience that was hanging on his every word and gesture. "When your pulse and my pulse are together, then we're swinging." Quite; in spite of their undisguised interest and enthusiasm, the LPO was sadly in need of a lesson in finger-popping.)

At the Cambridge concert where the church choir was added to the Ellington orchestra to perform *In the Beginning God*, the pianist's solo version of *New World* was much more definite and full of impact than when accompanied by the LPO. But then, in spite of the sacred nature of the work, so was the orchestra. The hallowed portals of the 13th-century church didn't daunt the swingers as much as had the forbidding atmosphere of Albert Hall, and they opened with the most rousing rendition of the combined *Come Sunday/Work Song* segment of *Black, Brown, and Beige* I've heard. Taken at a much faster tempo than usual, the band threatened to take off instead of paving the way for the ensuing staid vocal statement by Watkins of the theme of *In the Beginning God*.

ITBG is a trifle too "bitty" for this reviewer, though, and contains several excruciating moments, the classic low spot being sustained by the long-suffering Cliff Adams Singers, refugees from the television commercial and Top-40 backing group, conscientiously chanting the names of the books of the Bible in ghostly mid-Atlantic accents. Gonsalves' superimposed sinewy tenor made for some relief, but there was nothing to really *touch* the listener until Miss Marrow walked shyly to the front.

The joyful and warmly received finale

Szabo: An interesting gamble that paid off for



was provided by dancer Gaines, an unadvertised addition to the cast, who expertly hoofed his way through *David Danced before the Lord with All His Might* (Come Sunday taken up-tempo).

But something was lacking.

Could it be that in his aspirations toward the acceptance that is already his, Ellington's pretentiousness has conquered his "soul"?
—Valerie Wilmer

Gabor Szabo

Marty's, Los Angeles

Personnel: Szabo, Jim Stewart, guitars; Lou Kabok, bass; Hal Gordon, conga drums; Jim Keltner, drums.

If you were booking name talent into a club whose clientele had been steadily nurtured on a diet of soul food, who would you bring in as your first attraction?

Marty's Lee Magid decided on Szabo when the club recently switched to a name policy. It was an interesting gamble that paid off for all involved: Magid focused attention on one of Los Angeles' smartest night spots, with a seating capacity of nearly 400, boasting excellent acoustics that evenly blanket the concentric semi-circles of tiered seats; Szabo, on the strength of his album, *Spellbinder*, attracted many more whites than usual to the club; they, in turn, discovered the funky delights of Bobby Bryant's sextet, until then the club's only attraction, now its house band.

The contrast between the two combos was ideologically interesting—and more important, musically satisfying.

One might say the twain met, except in Szabo's case, it must be "twang." The Eastern influence in his playing is formidable, at times virtually eliminating the gap that exists between guitar and sitar.

It would be incorrect, but not unflattering, to characterize his quintet as tight-sounding. Its makeup is necessarily loose and improvisational with a front line of two guitars. The bulk of the melodic burden is Szabo's, and to do that job, he uses single-string and chordal passages, and

all involved.



Mulligan: The featured soloist played sensitively and beautifully.

his most distinctive sound, a two-stringed approach in which the top is melody and the bottom a pedal point that repeats the rhythmic patterns of the top.

No matter which of the three methods he employs, fellow guitarist Stewart is there at all times, responding to Szabo's call, commenting on it, filling gaps, harmonizing when he senses a sequential phrase, or urging Szabo on. For this display of instinct, Stewart is well equipped. His classical orientation is revealed in a most impressive technique.

This tandem guitaristry is an intense musical experience, as intimate and civilized as a chamber concert, almost mystical in its bearing, yet never straying from the joys of jazz.

The group swings despite this heady concoction, because it's what's up back that counts. Keltner's hyperactive drums and Kabok's searching bass lines provide a solid, if not spectacular, rhythmic foundation. The spark comes from Gordon's congas. Not flashy but tasteful. His well-spaced cross-rhythms form a pulsating bridge between the conventional "rhythm section" and the exotic front line.

On the night of review, Szabo played *Autumn Leaves* at a refreshing up tempo, ending with cadenzas for both guitars. *Spellbinder* took off immediately, with Gordon's solo conga setting the pace.

For a Latin treatment of *Coming Back*, Szabo devoted much of his solo to a sul ponticello sound, the high-pitched effect of playing near the bridge, and then spun out his most exciting single-string improvisation in a long solo on a brisk *What Is This Thing Called Love*?

Szabo is quite satisfied with the instrumentation of the group and apparently has found himself idiomatically, yet there is a paradox at work. There is no doubt that his music communicates. But neither Szabo nor his sidemen do on the stand. The intellectual plane on which they operate has spawned a certain detachment. Nonetheless, there is a degree of warmth that makes one hope that in time Szabo will bend the way his guitar playing does.

—Harvey Sidlers

Chicago Jazz Ensemble-Gerry Mulligan

Elmhurst College, Elmhurst, Ill.

Personnel: Marty Marshack, Richard Judson, Oscar Brashear, Russ Iverson, Mario Prosperi, trumpets, flugelhorn; Cy Touff, bass trumpet; Bill Dinwiddie, Ian Lilly, Loren Binford, Fred Luscombe, trombones; Alan Porth, Jim Gillespie, Jim DiPasquale, Bob Erickson, Ron Kolber, reeds; Roberta Jacobs, Robert Lah, Ralph Lotz, Roberta Guastafeste, cellos; Cary Coleman, guitar; Jimmy Schipper, bass; George Marsch, Roger Wanderscheid, percussion; William Russo, conductor. Soloists: Mulligan, baritone saxophone; Steven Staryk, violin.

The fine arts committee of this suburban Chicago college sponsored Russo's Chicago Jazz Ensemble with guests Mulligan and Staryk in this concert, titled *Contrast in New Music*. It was about as varied a program of modern music as could be imagined.

The Ensemble, now in its second year, played excellently in the many styles demanded by the program. It is a clean, well-rehearsed instrument capable of subtle shadings and effects as well as powerful, all-out blowing.

After a rather startling arrangement of *The Star-Spangled Banner* (brass ensemble in modern harmony with brilliant, canonic writing in the final eight bars), Russo conducted his own four-movement *America 1966*.

The suite pitted a concertino group (Porth, soprano saxophone; Judson, flugelhorn; Touff, bass trumpet; Kolber, baritone saxophone, Jacobs, cello; Wanderscheid, drums) against the rest of the orchestra in concerto-grosso fashion.

The first movement was titled *Cyclops, the One-Eyed Monster [TV], or the March of the Merchant Princes*. It used ponderous low-brass ostinatos and heavy bell-tone entrances, with trumpeter Brashear handling the solo work well.

The second movement, *John F. Kennedy*, highlighted a tender, somber solo by Touff over a darkly pulsing, Hindemithian cello background. It moved into a rather garish, more-rhythmic ensemble before settling down to some bluesy improvisation by Touff. It ended with a recapitulation of the opening.

The third movement, using the full
(Continued on page 44)

Record Reviews

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

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

When two catalog numbers are listed, the first is mono, and the second is stereo.

Manny Albam

SOUL OF THE CITY—Solid State 18009: *Born on Arrival; Children's Corner; Museum Pieces; Game of the Year; View from the Outside; Tired Faces Going Places; View from the Inside; Ground Floor Rear; Riverview; Barrio Latino.*

Collective personnel: Ernie Royal; Joe Newman, Burt Collins, Snooky Young, John Frosk, Freddie Hubbard, trumpets; J. J. Johnson, Eddie Bert, Wayne Andre, Tony Studd, trombones; Jim Buffington, Earl Chapin, Howard Howard, Al Richmond, French horns; Jerome Richardson, Phil Woods, Don Ashworth, Chuck Russo, Frank Wess, Seldon Powell, reeds; Hank Jones, piano; Mike Mainieri, vibraharp; unknown guitar; Richard Davis or Ron Carter, bass; Mel Lewis, drums; Phil Krause, percussion; string section led by Matthew Raimundi, violin; Albam, arranger, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This is Albam's most ambitious work since *The Blues Is Everybody's Business*. It is a 10-part orchestral suite with varying instrumentation and has substantial thematic material, considerable ingenuity in scoring, and enough variety to retain the listener's interest throughout.

However, there is one drawback to repeated listening: the use of cute sound effects on several tracks—the wail of ambulance sirens and a baby's cry on *Born*, the babble of children's voices on *Corner*, crowd noises and loud cheers on *Game*, jet engine swooshes and airport announcements on *Tired Faces*, waves lapping the shore on *Riverview*, and the mumbling of prayers on *Rear*.

One can cope with this kind of stuff the first time around, but after that it becomes distinctly annoying and mars an otherwise commendable album.

The pieces are descriptive, but (aside from the sound effects) never degenerate into program music. There are touches of musical humor, such as the insertion of a quote from Wagner's *Ride of the Valkyries* on *Born*, and a welcome lack of the pretentiousness that often mars large-scale works by popular composers.

The best segments are those that describe states of mind rather than concrete things. *Outside*, a slow blues, features a three-horn front line (Collins, Johnson, and Woods) contrasted with the large ensemble and is highlighted by a marvelous stop-time solo by Woods. *Inside*, a fast blues, hits a Basie groove, has first-rate trumpet-section work, a sterling contribution by Davis, plus Newman's only solo (a good one) of the set.

Riverview, aside from the tush-tush of actual waves, is a fine mood piece with lovely reed scoring, a tasty Hank Jones cadenza, and atmospheric vibraharp work by the gifted Mainieri. The string writing on *Museum* suggests that Albam has listened well to Eddie Sauter's *Focus*. This track also has an oboe effectively used in the ensemble and a plaintive Woods solo.

Corner has a pleasing unison-voiced theme, but Mainieri's solo is spoiled by the imposition of children's voices. Woods, though, cuts through. *Game* is a swinging

track, but the noises are a drag. *Faces* is undistinguished except for a nice muted spot by Collins. Royal shines on the brisk but too-brief *Barrio*, and Hubbard and Davis rescue *Ground Floor*, which begins in a Hollywood vein.

Musicianship of the highest caliber is contributed by all involved. Particular praise should go to Johnson and Woods. The trombonist's four solo appearances are succinct and tell a story; there are none of the stock phrases that sometimes crop up in his playing, and his sound is a joy to hear.

Woods is inspired, playing with surging emotion and constant inventiveness. Davis and Carter leave nothing to be desired in the bass department, and Lewis, while not featured, is always in there holding the music together.

—Morgenstern

Charlie Byrd

BYRDLAND—Columbia 2592 and 9392: *Meditation; Girl; Samba de Orpheus; I'll Be Around; Work Song; Blues for China; Arabesque; Theme from "Mr. Lucky"; It's So Peaceful in the Country; Manha de Carnaval; Tomorrow Belongs to Me.*

Personnel: Hal Posey, trumpet, flugelhorn; Teo Macero, tenor saxophone; Charlie Byrd, guitar; Joe Byrd, bass; Bill Reichenbach, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The addition of a muted trumpet on several of these pieces by the standard Charlie Byrd Trio adds a spark of interest that the group badly needs these days. There is just so much you can do with soft, lightly rhythmic guitar performances, and Byrd has long since done just about all there is to do.

There is more of it here along with several fast pieces to lend variety, plus that muted trumpet. All three elements—Byrd, trumpet, and up-tempo—combine well on *Orpheus*. But the most effective number in the set is *Around*, the lovely Alec Wilder tune that Byrd probes much more deeply than he can when he is just diddling with a pretty melody.

Taken all together, the set is pretty much of a mish-mash, an attempt to include a little bit of a lot of things in hope that something might hit the listener. It works on this minimal basis, but that scarcely justifies a whole LP.

—Wilson

Hank Crawford

MR. BLUES—Atlantic 1470: *Mr. Blues; On a Clear Day You Can See Forever; Hush Puppies; Danger Zone; Route 66; Lonely Avenue; Tears; Smoky City; The Turler.*

Personnel: John Hunt, Fielder Floyd, trumpets; Crawford, alto saxophone, piano; Wendell Harrison, tenor saxophone; Lonnie Shaw or Howard Johnson, baritone saxophone; Sonny Forrest, guitar; Charles Green or Charles Dungey or Charles Lindsay, bass; Isaac Walton or Wilbert Hogan or Joe Dukes or Milt Turner, drums.

Rating: ½ ★

This set gets my vote for the most unimaginative album of the year.

The Crawford band is gutty, but it's dull, dull, dull. The rhythm playing is about as subtle and varied as that of a novice, sub-

teen rock-and-roll band, and the solo and ensemble work reveal a reverence for cliché that borders on mania.

And the intonation. . . I can't recall the last time I heard a professional band on record so badly out of tune.

Crawford has several moderately strong saxophone spots, but in my book gut is no substitute for wit, and the power of his playing is not matched by any significant content.

Forrest possesses one of the most unattractive guitar tones I've heard; its nagging desultoriness is exceeded only by that of his ideas.

Crawford and associates have been mining this lode for so long now that after hearing this set one can only conclude that the mine is played out.

—Welding

Wild Bill Davis-Johnny Hodges

IN ATLANTIC CITY—RCA Victor 3706: *It's Only a Paper Moon; Taffy; Good Queen Bess; LB Blues; In a Mellotone; Rockville; I'll Always Love You; It Don't Mean a Thing (If It Ain't Got That Swing); Belle of the Belmont.*

Personnel: Lawrence Brown, trombone; Hodges, alto saxophone; Bob Brown, flute, tenor saxophone; Davis, organ; Dickie Thompson, guitar; Bobby Durham, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The musicians sound as if they enjoyed themselves at this session, which was held last summer in an Atlantic City club, Grace's Little Belmont, where the Davis quartet was working. The two guests from the Ellington fold seemed in particularly high spirits. The music, though, is more spirited than memorable.

Trombonist Brown is the most inspired soloist (with Hodges a close second). Freed from his sometimes restricted role with Ellington, Brown really digs in on *Paper Moon*, *Taffy* (a Hodges variation on *I Cover the Waterfront*), *Mellotone*, *Rockville*, and especially *Don't Mean a Thing* (the LP's best over-all performance). Hearing the trombonist with Ellington can lead one to forget just how inventive a musician Brown can be; a record like this makes it clear that this man can play his head off when the opportunity arises.

Hodges set no worlds afire at this easy-going session, but the aplomb and melodic sweep of his solos make his work (in any context) always delightful. His most effective playing in this set is on *Taffy*, *Bess*, *Blues*, and the bridge of the last ensemble of *Don't Mean a Thing*.

The majority of Davis' solos are chorde, with the power and drive of the Basie band under a full head of steam. But that gets to be a bit wearying after a while.

Reed man Brown and guitarist Thompson fail to get much going in their solos except on *It Don't Mean a Thing*, but drummer Durham distinguishes himself on almost every track. He's a driving, but tasteful, musician whose time is first-rate.

Despite the aforementioned drawbacks

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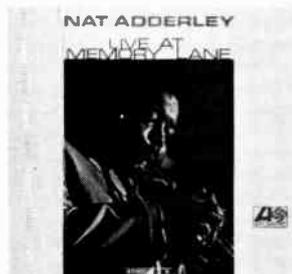
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and sometimes lack of inspiration, this is good-natured, foot-patting music.

—DeMicheal

Art Farmer

BAROQUE SKETCHES—Columbia 2588 and 9388: *Fuça XI; Aria; Little David's Fugue; Prelude in E-Minor; Sinfonia; Zortzico; Alfie's Theme; Jesu; Etude; Prelude in A-Minor; Rhythm of Life.*

Personnel: Farmer, fluegelhorn; three trumpets, three trombones, two French horns, unidentified; Don Butterfield, tuba; Romeo Penque, Ted Gompers, woodwinds; harp, unidentified; George Duvivier, bass; Don Lamond, Phil Kraus, percussion; Benny Golson, arranger.

Rating: ★★ ★

Despite its high level of execution, the music on this record is depressing to listen to. The basis for the album is a gimmick—playing baroque music in slightly jazz-touched arrangements, playing a contemporary fugue (*David*) in the same manner and a movie theme and a Broadway show tune in something approximating the manner.

As jazz, this self-consciously arty project is a blank. Nothing happens, although Farmer plays many neatly shaped—but bland—lines. I don't know what a classical-music listener would feel about these pieces, but I suspect that he would prefer to hear the classical pieces in their proper form.

The basic flaw, it seems to me, becomes evident when one considers that a fugue has its own and proper charms and that they are completely dissipated when a heavy, stolid drum beat is superimposed on it. The musicians do what they can, but the idea has them trapped. —Wilson

Astrud Gilberto-Walter Wanderley

A CERTAIN SMILE, A CERTAIN SADNESS—Verve 8673: *A Certain Smile, A Certain Sadness; Nega; So Nice (Summer Samba); Voce Ja Foi Babia; Portuguese Washerwoman; Goodbye, Sadness; Call Me; Here's That Rainy Day; Tu meu Delirio; It's a Lovely Day Today.*

Personnel: Wanderley, organ; unidentified guitarist; Joe Marino, bass; Claudio Slon, drums; Bobby Rosengarden, percussion; Mrs. Gilberto, vocals.

Rating: ★★ ★

Reviewing an album by Mrs. Gilberto is rather like passing judgment on the singing of your baby sister (that is, assuming your sister's not too good). It might be quite pleasant, but you just can't take it very seriously.

Mrs. Gilberto's vocal efforts are artless, natural, full of innocence and touching amateurishness. Curiously, there's a kind of unaffected charm to it all; she utterly disarms you by her guilelessness.

I think this is by all odds the most musical album she's made. There are fewer intonation problems here (she's not completely free of them, however), and she even reveals on a few tunes a deliberate, knowing use of the vocal effects she can muster. The soft, warm introduction and ending of *A Certain Sadness* is simply lovely. A gentle, impressionistic mood is set by the singer and her accompanists at these points; unfortunately, the mood is shattered somewhat by the singer's much less sensitive handling of the main body of the song.

Elsewhere, Mrs. Gilberto phrases fluently on the several Portuguese-language selections. On these, the singsong approach that characterizes much of her English is absent, and she can swing along blithely.

She reveals a bright way with wordless

vocalizing on *Washerwoman* and parts of *Goodbye* and integrates her humming into the ensembles effectively on *Rainy Day*, among other numbers, sounding often like a trombone.

Unfortunately, the intonation problems that have marred her previous recordings are intermittently present here as well. *Rainy Day* suffers most noticeably, though *Smile, Call Me*, and *So Nice* are not entirely free of flatness.

Wanderley and his group provide attractive, sympathetic support. The organist has a number of tasteful spots, most notably on *So Nice, Nega, Voce, Goodbye*, and *Lovely*. I imagine he plays piano on the LP too.

The progress the singer has made since the accidental outset of her singing career may be heard by comparing these performances with those on the Getz-Gilberto set that began her career. It will be interesting to see just how far the limits of artlessness may be pushed in her subsequent recordings. —Welding

Jef Gilson

NEW CALL FROM FRANCE—German SABA 15081: *Suite pour San Remo (Ouverture, Amadeo, Adriano, Arrigo); I. A. M.; 120 a La Noire; A Free Call; Chromatisme.*

Personnel: Jean-Baptiste Mira, trumpet; Claude Lenissois, bass clarinet; Francois Jeanneau, tenor, soprano saxophones; Jean Louis Chautemps, tenor, alto saxophones; Pierre Caron, tenor saxophone; Gilson, piano; Bernard Lubat, vibraharp, percussion; Gilbert Rovere, bass; Gaetan Dupenher, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

Gilson is a French pianist and composer-arranger whose professional career began in the 1940s. He wrote all these pieces except *I.A.M.*, which is Lenissois'.

Chromatisme, with its "free" improvisation and Thelonious Monkish theme, will provide a challenge to most listeners. The other tracks are generally less far out. Most of Gilson's melodies are pretty and relatively simple. His arrangements also are attractive—they seem to indicate that he has been influenced by the Tadd Dameron school.

It is Chautemps who provides the most interesting moments. He has listened to swing, bop, post-bop, and "new thing" musicians. He begins his *Arrigo* alto solo and *Adriano* tenor spot playing in a rather traditional manner but later employs savage Albert Ayler-like runs on both. His violent tenor playing on *Free Call* is also influenced by Ayler, but his full, gutty tone is reminiscent of Coleman Hawkins'.

The other horn men play competently, though their work is not as impressive as Chautemps'. Rovere and Dupenher form a tasteful, inventive rhythm-section team.

All things considered, this album indicates that the gap in quality between U.S. and foreign jazzmen is closing. —Pekar

Friedrich Gulda

MUSIC FOR 4 SOLOISTS AND BAND NO. 1—German SABA 15 097: *1st Movement; 2nd Movement; 3rd Movement; Minuet; Prelude and Fugue.*

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, Stan Rederick, trumpets; Robert Politzer, fluegelhorn; Kenny Wheeler, mellophone, trumpet; Erich Kleinschuster, Harry Roche, J. J. Johnson, trombones; Rudolf Josl, bass trombone; Alfie Reece, bass tuba; Herb Geller, alto saxophone; Rolf Kuhn, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Tubby Hayes, tenor saxophone, flute; Sahib Shihab, flute, baritone saxophone; Pierre Cavalli, guitar; Gulda, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ ★

In the liner notes, Gulda makes some of

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his customarily thought-provoking comments:

"The European jazz musician looks towards New Orleans, Harlem or the south side of Chicago for inspiration, but, nevertheless, he can never really assimilate the tradition of the American Negro."

More than likely. In any case, by only imitating U.S. jazz licks, the Europeans are eliminating one of jazz' essential characteristics, spontaneity, and reducing the remainder to a fine interpretation of someone else's creative efforts—essentially what good classical interpreters, such as Gulda, one of the best Beethoven men around, have done for hundreds of years.

Gulda goes on to say that until now jazz has confined itself to forms that are far too limited and schematic. He adds that "many young musicians today have become aware of this constriction. They attempt to free themselves by radically renouncing every form and abandoning every tradition. The result: free jazz. I believe there is another solution."

Gulda's solution is to alloy the U.S. jazz tradition with traditional European classical forms. He feels, as a European, that his approach is more "fruitful" than the route taken by the new U.S. musicians, those called avant-gardists.

This is all right for Gulda as an individual but is not necessarily true even for all Europeans. The "destruction of the jazz forms," as Gulda terms the efforts of the avant-gardists, is as necessary perhaps as are demolition crews that have to clear the way for new structures in our ever-modernizing cities.

Which is the more fruitful route is a matter of individual preference. The "free" route allows each player to develop something completely new, something completely independent of either musical tradition, yet born of both. The best jazz comes across as unself-consciously as a free-willed child. Anarchy to some, excitingly fresh to others.

However, though Gulda's syncretism is not new (as John Lewis' or Gunther Schuller's earlier works confirm), this album's music is exceedingly well executed.

Initial kudos must go to Gulda, who acted as a quadruple threat: composing, arranging, conducting, plus playing some highly fluid piano. His alternation from the rather stricter contours of the European tradition to moments of baroque funk is excellent.

It is no small help to have soloists of the caliber of Hubbard, Johnson, and Shihab on hand, though, again, it must be said that Gulda has provided the kind of context that must have been pleasurable for them to perform in.

The Eurojazz Orchestra (Band No. 1) is made up of musicians from four European nations and the United States. The U.S. rhythm section, from the overseas recordings I've heard, is still a prerequisite to the best jazz anywhere—with one or two exceptions.

Generally, the caliber of melody instrumentalists is close to par with some of the best U.S. horn men.

In the *1st Movement*, Hubbard, with long metallic lines between the ominous ensemble work, moves the introduction.

The band builds to a swinging section in which the four soloists take a slice of the theme and work it up. Then in counterpoint, they wind like individual strands of a rope to Gulda's bright piano. Hubbard, particularly, flashes like chain lightning in the storm of sound.

Shihab's flute, a pensive Gulda, and Carter's bass romp tranquilly in the *2nd Movement*. A syncopated 6/8 section boils behind Johnson and Hubbard, who move to a dynamic full-band chorus. Gulda returns the ballad mood along with Shihab's growling flute and the muted brass.

A sophisticatedly funky Gulda is exposed in the *3rd Movement*. His solo progresses to the full band, and then Johnson and Hubbard play fours. The brass section answers the reeds next, in a mounting sequence, and Shihab blasts through on baritone. Hubbard, Shihab, Johnson, and Gulda each make statements in the round for the coda.

Gulda keeps the theme of *Minuet* in strict form at the outset. Lewis bends the meter as Hubbard strides in airily. Carter's work behind Gulda in the track's middle is excellent.

Gulda is in splendid form on *Fugue*.

The large band, the excellent soloists, and the groundwork laid by the leader are of one fabric: silk.

—Quinn

Willis Jackson

Soul Night—Prestige 7396: *The Man I Love*; *Perdido*; *Thunderbird*; *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*; *All Soul*; *Flamingo*.

Personnel: Frank Robinson, trumpet; Jackson, tenor saxophone; Carl Wilson, organ; Pat Azzara, guitar; Joe Hardwick, drums.

Rating: ★★

The Man I Love starts out with a quotation from *Rhapsody in Blue*, and I can do without that. I can do without the bebop clichés Jackson leans so heavily on. I can do completely without organs comping—maybe that's just my hangup. But despite all of that, this record has some real spirit.

Azzara knows how to play *Moonbeams*. He leaves no doubt about it. His style is somewhere in between all the jazz guitarists you've ever heard. He's very exciting and schooled and has taste. It's a bebop kind of taste, but there's nothing wrong with that when it's done this well—it's in the bebop idiom, but not cliché-ridden. It sounds as if he's really out there, thinking. He's also featured on *Flamingo* and once again proves himself a master when playing ballads.

I do find something wrong with a recording of *Perdido* these days. I'm no foe of everything old-fashioned. I think that two-door Thunderbird is still the hippest car Detroit ever made, and being "old" doesn't make it any the less beautiful. However, *Perdido* wasn't that interesting to begin with, and I suspect that somebody still recording it does so because he just hasn't worked out anything since then.

Thunderbird brings us to that old, probably unanswerable, question about just what "jazz" is. This sounds like rock-and-roll to me. I like rock-and-roll, as everybody is probably sick of hearing me say. However, there's got to be a redefining of the line between jazz and rock-and-roll.

Willis Jackson is reviewed in *Down Beat*, and the Blues Project is not. The latter is considered outside the framework

of the "tradition" of jazz—the members look different and play electronic instruments, and the only explanation I can come up with is that the jazz establishment is either provincial or prejudiced.

Thunderbird is simple-minded rock-and-roll, and there is much that the electronic groups are playing that is not.

Jazz has got to shake itself up. The avant-garde is at least doing that, whatever else is wrong with it. I've come to suspect that they just may be the ones to save jazz, despite the statements by some critics that they are ruining it.

Another possibility for a transfusion would be the admission into the "club" of younger guys who have grown up in the rhythm-and-blues idiom. Most of them admire jazz and some think of themselves as playing it. Somehow, the arena must be broadened.

Despite some good swing, and Azzara's brilliant guitar, the record is confining.

—Zwerin

George Mauro

Ferryboat Dixieland Band—Gamco: *Ferryboat Theme*; *Birth of the Blues*; *Nobody's Sweetheart*; *Medley (You Do Something to Me, At Sundown, Whispering, Boo Hoo)*; *Medley No. 2 (I Can't Get Started, Spring in Manhattan, Mood Indigo, More)*; *Battle Hymn of the Republic*.

Personnel: Mauro, trumpet, vocal; Tim Jordan, trombone; Kenny Davern, clarinet; Dick Wellstood, piano; Jack Six, bass; Al McManus, drums.

Rating: ★★

This band plays the year round on a converted ferryboat at a New Jersey shore resort. Trumpeter Mauro owns the boat, and he leads the band with the confidence that comes from being the boss.

As a musician, he is hardly more than an amateur, but he has chosen his sidemen well. All are seasoned professionals, with a variety of backgrounds, and, with the exception of Jordan, who is a technically adept but blustering and sometimes tasteless trombonist, they are first-rate jazzmen.

The band plays to please the customers, and there is a lot of hokum in the presentation, reaching its climax in the zany version of *Battle Hymn*, which includes everything from a clanging ship's bell to a take-off on "freedom" playing. (That kind of thing is more effective when seen as well as heard.)

What saves the album, and makes it worthwhile, is the presence of Davern and Wellstood, both major talents. It is a pity and a shame that players with so much to offer are not recorded in more suitable surroundings, but since so little of their work is available, the record warrants attention.

Davern is without doubt the finest clarinetist of his generation. His associations have included a number of well-known traditional groups (Jack Teagarden, Eddie Condon, Wild Bill Davison, Phil Napoleon, the Dukes of Dixieland), but he is not to be pigeonholed as a "style" player and would be just as much at home in a "new thing" group as among traditionalists. His conception is personal, his sound his own, and he has the fire and imagination of a truly creative musician.

Wellstood, too, is unclassifiable. He is one of the few pianists today who can play (and who know and understand) ragtime, but he is also one of the outstanding inter-

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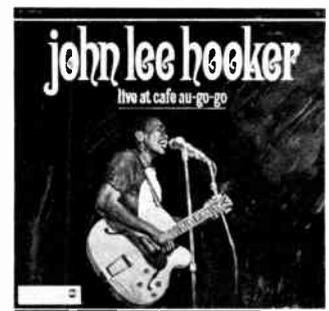
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preters of the music of Thelonious Monk. He has superb time and a master's touch at the keyboard, and his music has humor as well as depth of feeling.

Even in the surroundings they confront here, Davern and Wellstood never play down. They do their best, and when the opportunity arises, they come through the corn with some wonderful playing. And at times they can be outrageously funny. Davern is well featured on the long *Blues*, which also has a good but too-brief piano solo, and both are in fine form on *Nobody's*, the album's best track.

The album is available from The Ferry, Brielle, N. J. —Morgenstern

Sam Rivers

CONTOURS—Blue Note 4206: *Point of Many Returns*; *Dance of the Tripedal*; *Euterpe*; *Melifluous Cacaphony*.

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Rivers, flute, tenor and soprano saxophones; Herbie Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Joe Chambers, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★ 1/2

Rivers is one of the five or six strongest end-of-era tenorists out here. The era is post-bop, and its current exponents, as this LP's liner notes point out, combine the goals of the traditionalists (harmonic players) and the iconoclasts—with, I might add, some of the best results of any current approach.

However, the date could have belonged to any one of three other sidemen before belonging to Rivers. The exciting performances of Hubbard, Hancock, and Carter overshadow that of the leader. This is not meant to demean Rivers' efforts: no less should be thought of a captain for picking a winning team—in this case, some of the best young talent in jazz.

Hubbard leads *Returns* with fantastic control. Hancock drops jagged chords under the trumpet line, while Carter and Chambers control the pulse, which breaks straight ahead after 16-bar build-ups. In his solo, Rivers sounds like a swinging muzzelin in an Islamic prayer tower, but he doesn't match the brilliance of Hubbard's foregoing improvisation. In the bass solo, Carter's double-stop accents follow the mounting structure of the over-all rhythmic pattern.

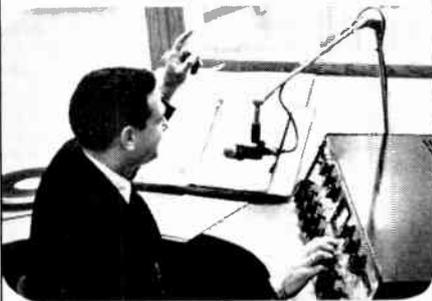
Tripedal is in triple meter, with Carter sometimes superimposing two against three behind the horns and piano. The sound is welded into a whole from which Hubbard's solo geysers. Hancock works a trill in his left hand against chimerical figures in his right, building to a swirling, free sound mass that tapers back to melody and meter.

The delicate *Euterpe* features fluted Rivers and muted Hubbard playing a pinched, Easternish melody above the lightly tripping rhythm.

Rivers' tenor rips off twisted snarls of melody over the loping, straight-ahead pulse of *Cacaphony*. Here again, Hancock's right-hand figures and Hubbard's fireworks are what shine. Chambers' solo incorporates well-articulated single-stroke rolls and accents.

Rivers' lean muscularity is not directly derivative, and he is virtually as individually inventive as the foremost of his contemporaries—much more should be heard from him in the future. —Quinn

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Gene Russell

TAKIN' CARE OF BUSINESS—Dot 3775 and 25775: *Norwegian Wood; The Night Has a Thousand Eyes; Now's the Time; Baby, What You Want Me to Do?; Takin' Care of Business; Secret Love; Tenaya.*

Personnel: Russell, piano; unidentified bass, drums.

Rating: ★★

This offering, recorded at the Memory Lane Supper Club in Los Angeles, features music that may make a pleasant background for eating, drinking, or partying, depending on the listener's taste.

Russell's piano style is completely derivative. Red Garland, directly or indirectly, has exerted a strong influence on him, although Russell has borrowed from several other pianists. His playing is often heavy-handed as he wades through a mess of funky cliches.

Russell's work is not as calculated as that of some pianists in his genre (Ramsey Lewis, for example). His improvisation may be trite, but at least it's vigorous and uncontrived.

Decent enough by pop standards, this album is not recommended for serious jazz listening. —Pekar

Shirley Scott

SOUL SISTER—Prestige 7392: *On Green Dolphin Street; Blues for Tyrone; Sonnymoon for Two; Like Young; The More I See You; Get Me to the Church on Time.*

Personnel: Lem Winchester, vibraharp; Miss Scott, organ; George Duvivier, bass; Arthur Edgehill, drums.

Rating: ★★½

This record does nothing to enhance the reputations of either Miss Scott or the late Winchester. Both have played with more fire and invention than they do on this run-of-the-mill collection.

Miss Scott's solos are, as usual, tasteful, but ridden with cliches, and when she does dig in a bit, as on the slow *Blues*, she goes on and on until whatever interest she has generated is dissipated.

Winchester is not guilty of going on at too great a length; to the contrary, he seems to be holding back, deliberately restricting himself, both in playing time and emotional involvement, as if he were distrustful of his surroundings. But even when he wasn't too taken with a session, he usually was able to get off some choruses of moderate interest, as he does on this album's *Blues*, *Sonnymoon*, and *Church*.

The strongest element in these performances, however, is the rhythm team of Duvivier and Edgehill. But that's not enough to recommend the album.

—DeMicheal

Bud Shank

BRAZIL! BRAZIL! BRAZIL!—World Pacific 1855 and 21855: *Summer Samba; Elizete; Nocturno; Otem a Note; Carnaval; Sausalito; If I Should Lose You; Carioca Hills; Samba do Aviao; I Didn't Know What Time It Was; Quiet Nights; The Color of Her Hair.*

Personnel: Shank, alto saxophone; Chet Baker, flugelhorn; Laurindo Almeida or Joe Pass, guitar; Clare Fischer or Joao Donato, piano; Gary Peacock, bass; Chuck Flores, drums; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★★½

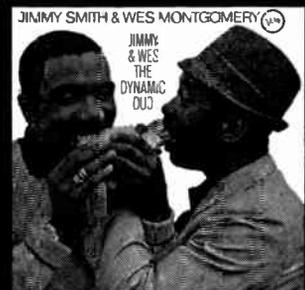
What World Pacific has done here is add string background (written by Julian Lee) to a batch of previously issued small-group bossa nova performances (some of them at least 13 years old).

The four pieces by Shank, Almeida, bassist Gary Peacock, and drummer Chuck Flores—*Nocturno*, *Carioca*, *I Didn't*



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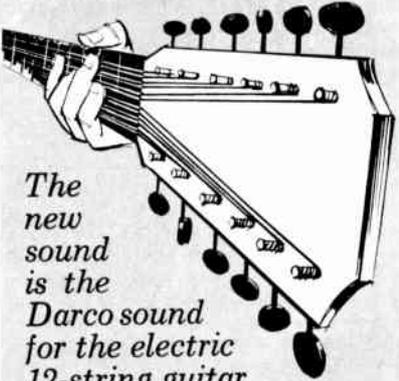
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Know, and *Color of Her Hair*—are the oldest in the set, dating back to the early-'50s experiments the saxophonist and guitarist conducted in the cross-pollination of jazz and Brazilian music.

The other performances are of more recent vintage, all save two—*Carnaval* and *Quiet Nights*, both performed by Fischer—featuring Shank in various combinations. Only one track, *Summer Samba*, on which Baker's brassy sound is blended with Shank's alto in the ensembles but is otherwise unheard, has not been released previously. It's easily the lightest-weight performance in the set, however.

Lee has done an admirable, tasteful job in fashioning string arrangements that are appropriately lush without obtruding upon the sinew of the music. For a fine sample of this, listen to the guitar-alto interplay on *Carioca*, behind which Lee has set in motion a string line that perfectly complements the work of the two soloists without ever distracting attention from the interest the interplay is creating.

He has been suitably discreet elsewhere, his additions providing this set no end of appeal. If only such string assignments were always carried out with equal elan and restraint.

If one wants to sample the bossa nova fare World Pacific has in its coffers, this would serve as a nice, romantic appetizer. If one has any or all the sets these performances were excerpted from, then I'd advise passing up this one. In the final analysis, Lee's writing doesn't add that much. —Welding

Three Sounds

VIBRATIONS—Blue Note 4248: *The Frown*; *Let's Go Get Stoned*; *Something You Got*; *Yeh, Yeh*; *It Was a Very Good Year*; *The Lamp Is Low*; *Yours Is My Heart Alone*; *Django*; *Charade*.
Personnel: Gene Harris, piano, organ; Andrew Simpkins, bass; Kalil Madi, drums.

Rating: ★★½

If you like rocking action, play the first side. If you prefer your jazz straight, play the second side. And if you're open-minded, play both sides.

Frown, *Something*, *Good Year*, *Stoned*, *Fever*, and *Yeh* are prep-school courses for the record's subtler efforts. Harris plays organ for the first three of the aforementioned tracks, but his recorded debut on the instrument is not distinguished.

On piano, he sketches *Lamp's* theme above Simpkins' ostinato. *Heart Alone* is a fine ballad, with the bass again asserting itself in confident moments. *Charade*, with a modified bridge, is brightly swung, and Harris unlimbers cute right-hand figures.

Django is done with the same pyramiding intensity as that used by the Modern Jazz Quartet. Simpkins' bass doesn't measure up to Percy Heath's of the MJQ, but the over-all feeling of the Sounds' version is darkly fluent.

Though most of the tracks are jazz-cum-rock attempts to gain a wider audience, and thus not very distinctive, the more cerebral second half gives insight into the musical development of the trio—minus Bill Dowdy (veteran Madi is a recent replacement for the original drummer)—during the nine years of its recorded existence.

This is a talented group, limited only by the material and technical approaches that the members attempt. —Quinn

Kid Thomas Valentine

RED WING—Jazz Crusade 2009: *Red Wing*; *Algiers Waltz*; *I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover*; *It Had to Be You*; *Exactly Like You*; *I'm Alone Because I Love You*; *Shake It and Break It*; *Everybody Loves Somebody*; *Walk through the Streets of the City*.

Personnel: Valentine, trumpet; Bill Bissonnette, trombone; Sammy Rimington, clarinet, alto saxophone, tenor saxophone; Bill Sinclair, piano; Dick Griffith, banjo; Dick McCarthy, bass; Art Pulver, drums.

Rating: ★★

This is the latest in the Jazz Crusade series featuring the Easy Riders Jazz Band with a New Orleans guest musician (Kid Thomas in this case). Again the group wobbles, crawls, slides through tunes, swinging on some (*Four-Leaf Clover* and *Shake It*), but mostly grappling ineptly with chord changes and melody lines.

Rimington is not faulted on these counts, but even he can sound dull and silly playing tenor, as on *Algiers*.

Bissonnette gets some notes right in places, but they seem to be happy accidents more than anything else. He is in real trouble on *Exactly Like You*, where, seemingly lost, he follows the trumpet lines like a lemming. Someone once described the early jazz trombone as sounding like "a sick cow dying in a hailstorm," and too often this is what Bissonnette's horn sounds like.

Thomas is weak and ineffective on the slow tunes but has good power on the medium and fast ones.

Griffith is steady, clean, and correct throughout.

Bissonnette has done much work in making jazz a going thing in his Connecticut community and deserves credit for his efforts. But we have a right to expect the Easy Riders, as a going band, to show improvement, and a comparison of these tracks with the first ones of a few years ago shows no such improvement. —Erskine

Big Joe Williams

CLASSIC DELTA BLUES—Milestone 3001: *Rollin' and Tumblin'*; *Hellbound on My Trail*; *Byrd's Nest Bound*; *Crossroads Blues*; *Special Rider*; *Pony Blues*; *Pea Vine Special*; *Walking Blues*; *Dirt Road Blues*; *Banty Rooster Blues*; *Terraplane Blues*; *Jinx Blues*.

Personnel: Williams, vocals, guitar.

Rating: ★★★★★

Williams is not involved with only classic delta blues on this disc—he is also presenting classic delta blues styles, for, along with their songs, we get echoes in Williams' singing of Charlie Patton and Robert Johnson and, to my ear, Big Bill Broonzy. Williams' manner runs from thick mumble and stolid cadences to an open, broad type of singing.

Listening to this LP makes one appreciate the merits of the single record, whether it was the old 78-rpm or the contemporary 45. This is a type of performance that is developed within such a narrow area and becomes so repetitive in its use of devices that listening to several selections in succession builds a dulling sense of monotony.

Taken one at a time, however, as they would be on a single (and as they can be on the LP, of course, if you want to take the trouble), one can be more impressed with the merits of each song and less disturbed by the numbing sameness that eventually overcomes the ear. —Wilson

BLUES 'N' FOLK

BY PETE WELDING

Crying Sam Collins (Origin Jazz Library 10)

Rating: ★★★★★

Various Artists, *The Mississippi Blues, Vol. 2: The Delta, 1929-1932* (Origin Jazz Library 11)

Rating: ★★★★★

Various Artists, *In the Spirit, Vol. 1* (Origin Jazz Library 12), *Vol. 2* (Origin Jazz Library 13)

Rating: ★★★★★

In the matter of recent reissue blues collections, let's turn to the four latest Origin LPs. Like their predecessors in this illustrious series, these discs are valuable for their documentation of important, germinal Negro folk-song styles. All the selections have been well chosen, both from historical and purely musical points of view.

The Collins set offers a most representative sampling of the oeuvre of one blues man (with the exception of two tracks by King Solomon Hill, thrown in at the end of the second side to satisfy adherents of the camp that states Hill is a pseudonym for Collins), while the other three LPs hew to the anthology approach.

The Mississippi set, naturally, follows a geographic scheme of organization, while the two *In the Spirit* discs survey the field

of pre-World War II religious recordings, concentrating on the more spirited musical styles associated with the Sanctified church movement of the late 1920s and '30s.

Thirteen performances by Collins might be a little much for the average blues listener to digest at one sitting—but only because there's not a great deal of variety to Collins' music; such differences as exist between his performances are subtle or insignificant.

For the most part, the singer-guitarist uses an extremely simple responsorial accompaniment in his performances; his instrumental resources are modest, though it should be pointed out that he does not abuse them or overextend himself. On several of the songs he employs virtually the same accompaniment patterns, particularly so on his slow blues.

The slide accompaniments given the two spirituals—*Let Jesus Lead You* and *I Want to Be Like Jesus*—make them among the finer achievements in the album. The former is particularly effective with its delightfully rhythmic change of pace and Collins' high, floating voice—its light tonality contrasts quite favorably with that of the guitar. The accompaniment consists of shots of bottleneck and then dark coils of bass lines in answer. That the instrument is slightly out of tune scarcely matters. On the second sacred piece, the slide is used in unison with the voice in a very moving manner.

There is effective slide work, too, on *Slow, Mama, Slow*, while the curious-form, lower-vocal tonality and relatively harsh-

er approach of *It Won't Be Long* make it among the better blues performances in the set.

The standard pieces—*Hesitation Blues*, *Midnight Special* (probably the earliest recording of this number), *Salty Dog*, and *Still Sitting on Top of the World*—are afforded fine, though scarcely classic performances.

Collins accompanies singer John D. Fox on one piece, *Worried-Man Blues*, which the singer's heavy, dark voice and expressive phrasing energize perfectly.

The two Hill performances, *Whoopie Blues* and *Down on My Bended Knee*, are magnificent by any standards. Hill's high, thin, intense voice is superbly offset by dark, brooding guitar work; the selections are among the finest products of the personalized country blues.

The album is essential if only for the Hill numbers. But I feel it is nonsense to assert that Collins is Hill. On the basis of Collins' recordings, he simply couldn't be Hill—he can't play the guitar as well as Hill, and he sings and phrases in a totally different manner.

There is little to say about the second set of Mississippi blues performances, OJL-11, beyond the fact that it is absolutely essential in any well-rounded blues collection, containing as it does so many stunning examples of the art of the Mississippi delta blues man.

There is Son House's gripping, taut *Dry Spell Blues*, a two-sided performance dating from July, 1930, that is among House's most powerful recorded work; Charlie

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Patton's superb *Rattlesnake Blues* (with Son Sims' fiddle adding a provocative third voice) and *Screamin' and Hollerin' the Blues*, a magnificent sample of Patton's art; the beautiful two-guitar work on Hi Henry Brown's *Titanic Blues* and *Preacher Blues* (probably patterned on House's earlier *Preachin' the Blues*); the more melodic, but still heavily rhythmic guitar of Robert Wilkins' *I'll Go with Her* and *Get Away Blues*; the rushing, flailing guitar playing of Jaydee Short's *Lonesome Swamp Rattlesnake* and the more delta-like rhythms of his *Telephone Arguin' Blues*; the husky, high singing and simple, brisk guitar of Blind Joe Reynolds on *Third Street Woman Blues* and *Nehi Blues*;

the gutty singing and rough Delta phrasing of Louise Johnson on *All Night Long* and *Long Ways from Home*, on both of which there are vocal interjections by Patton and House and virtually the same piano accompaniment—by Miss Johnson, House says—plus individual performances by Garfield Akers (*Dough Roller Blues*) and Joe Callicott (*Fare Thee Well Blues*).

All told, a superb set.

The two *In the Spirit* LPs not only contain magnificent performances in pure country styles and in the rough, spontaneous country-cum-city Sanctified manner, but even more importantly they fill a serious gap in the documentation of American Negro music.

The blues have been adequately represented on LP for some years, but the growing interest in the secular music has not been accompanied by a corresponding appreciation of the strong, sturdy religious musical styles that grew up with, nourished, and were nourished by the blues forms.

That obvious parallels existed between country blues and religious music is manifested by the several performances in direct country manner by Bukka White (*I Am in the Heavenly Way* and *Promise True and Grand*), Skip James (*Jesus Is a Mighty Good Leader*), Charlie Patton (*You're Gonna Need Somebody When You Die* and *Some Happy Day*), Patton and Bertha Lee (*Oh, Death* and *Troubled 'Bout My Mother*)—all performers traditionally associated with the harsh, introspective delta blues.

Then, too, there are country religious singers—Blind Joe Taggart (*The Storm Is Passing Over*), Blind Willie Davis (*Rock of Ages*), Blind Roosevelt Graves (*When I Lay My Burden Down*), and Blind Willie Johnson (*Sweeter as the Years Roll By*).

The transition from country to city is represented by a number of other performances:

Blind Mamie Forehand's *Honey in the Rock*, Slim Duckett and Pig Norwood's *I Want to Go Where Jesus Is*, Mother McCollum's *When I Take My Vacation in Heaven* and *Jesus Is My Air-O-Plane*, Sister Cally Fancy's *Hold to God's Unchanging Hand*, and William and Versey Smith's *Sinners, You'll Need King Jesus*.

The Sanctified style flowered in the milieu of the small urban churches, and exciting samples of the rude, powerful music that often was created in these surroundings are contained in a number of selections in these two albums—the Rev. D.C. Rice's *No Night There, Sure Foundation*, and *I'm Pressing On*; Elders McIntosh and Edwards' *Take a Stand, The Latter Rain Is Fall*, and *The 1927 Flood*; Elder Richard Bryant's *Watch Ye, Therefore, You Know Not the Day and How Much I Owe for Love Divine*; the Holy Ghost Sanctified Singers' *Sinners, I'd Make a Change and Thou Carest, Lord, for Me*; Elder Curry's *Memphis Flu*, and the Rev. F.W. McGee's *He Is the Savior for Me*.

Then there's the idiosyncratic music of Washington Phillips—gentle, almost fey, and utterly charming, sweet dulcicola-accompanied vocals on *I Had a Good Father and Mother* and *Take Your Burden to the Lord and Leave It There*, and the one powerful guitar-accompanied spiritual by white singer Alfred G. Karnes, *I Am Bound for the Promised Land*, clearly evidencing considerable Negro influence.

Thus, the two discs afford a broad sampling of Negro religious song, from intensely personalized country approaches to vigorous jazz band-accompanied urban stylings. A finer, more representative set of performances charting the move from country to city would be difficult to realize.

Origin has done well, and it is hoped that many listeners will be enticed into investigating the beauty and power of Negro religious music as a result of the enjoyment this set of two LPs affords them.



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1. EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS. *On a Clear Day* (from *Lock the Fax*, RCA Victor). Davis, tenor saxophone.

I knew exactly who it was from the first note; it was Lockjaw. No one could imitate Lockjaw. I didn't recognize the name of the tune right off. The recording was good. The balance on the record was very good.

I've been liking Jaws a long time—he's one of my favorite tenor players. I've never heard anybody imitate him—it sounds like he plays backwards!

I'd give that three stars for Jaws, because he's one of my favorites. I've known him ever since he was working with Shirley Scott at Count Basie's.

2. BUD FREEMAN. *Satin Doll* (from *Something Tender*, United Artists). Freeman, tenor saxophone; George Barnes, Carl Kress, guitars.

You kind of got me at first. When I heard the unamplified guitar, I thought it was Django. Then when I heard the amplified, I thought it was possibly Charlie Christian. I'm not quite sure.

And the tenor player—I wasn't too familiar with him, but it might have been Chu Berry. On amplified guitar, I don't exactly know who that could be, but I figure if it was Charlie Christian, I would give it three stars anyway—if it was him.

The instrumentation was good, and it sounded like a good recording; it sounded good and clear—I could hear everything.

I'd give it three stars for the guitar and tenor playing.

3. HAROLD VICK. *Barbadas* (from *Caribbean Suite*, RCA Victor). Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Vick, tenor saxophone; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraharp.

I know what the tune was—*Au Privave* by Charlie Parker. I didn't particularly like it played in a Latin style, but the trumpet player sounded like Blue Mitchell.

I didn't recognize the tenor player. I didn't recognize the vibes, but it was a good vibe solo. The tenor player was a little inconsistent in certain places. He had a pretty good sound, which is very important on tenor saxophone.

I would give it two stars. I couldn't come right out and say who it was.

I like Dexter Gordon—he has my favorite sound—real hard, loud tenor sound. The Don Byas, Coleman Hawkins sound. That's the sound. As far as style, I like Dexter.

My influences were Dexter and Sonny Stitt when I was coming up. Then Coltrane and Sonny Rollins came on the scene, and I tried to come out of Dexter Gordon's and Sonny Stitt's style and come into my own style.

I tried not to follow Trane, which a lot of tenor players did, and I can see why they did. You know Trane was a very strong influence on a lot of tenor players. I tried to come out of the middle of that.

4. ALBERT AYLER. *Holy Ghost* (from *The New Wave in Jazz*, Impulse). Ayler, tenor saxophone; Donald Ayler, trumpet. Lewis Warrell, bass, Sunny Murray, drums.

That was probably made in concert. It sounded like Albert Ayler, or somebody trying to imitate Albert Ayler. I've heard Albert Ayler play, and I've heard one record I really liked by him, *The Spirits*.

But this record I didn't particularly like

BLIND-FOLD TEST

BOOKER ERVIN

By LEONARD FEATHER



LEE TANNER

Booker Ervin led his first jazz group in 1950, when he was barely out of his teens, as a GI in the Air Force in Okinawa—hardly the best place to pick up votes in *Down Beat* polls. It was not until the spring of 1958, after years of peregrinations in and out of music, that Booker the Cooker arrived in New York City and headed for the recognition long overdue him.

During the next few seasons he made a deep impression on those who heard him with Charles Mingus' groups, in which he played at the Newport Jazz Festivals in 1960 and '62. Since then, he has been an almost constant traveler; he visited Nigeria with Randy Weston, toured Greenland with a USO unit, and spent most of 1964-66 placing his rugged, forceful imprint on a variety of groups in Western Europe.

Ervin's individuality is the product of a heady variety of influences, as his comments on Track 3 indicate. This was his first *Blindfold Test*. He was given no information about the records played.

because the music gave me no feeling of direction or anything. I heard no arrangement. I just heard guys running up and down their instruments and making sounds. I don't particularly like that. I don't have anything against avant-garde—I like some of it that is good, and I've heard Albert Ayler play some good avant-garde. I've heard Coltrane play some good things that I liked with Pharoah Sanders. But this particular thing, I couldn't make it.

I don't know whether this was Albert Ayler with his brother; I haven't heard his brother but once on a record. It sounded like Sunny Murray or someone trying to imitate Sunny Murray's playing. The bass player, he just sounded like he was running his fingers across the keys. There's got to be some sort of technique involved in what they're doing, which I know.

I didn't hear any form, but I have heard some of Albert Ayler's music which had some form to it—if that was Albert Ayler.

I like him as a person, he's a very beautiful cat. If that was him, I didn't like that at all. The music had no direction—not to me. I'd give it one star.

5. SONNY STITT-PAUL GONSALVES. *Theme from Lord of the Flies* (Impulse). Stitt, Gonsalves, tenor saxophones.

Well, I don't know who that was, and I did not like the arrangement, and the tenors didn't say too much for me. It sounds like a little school march. So I don't have any stars for that. There's really no comments I could make, except I didn't like it.

6. SONNY ROLLINS-COLEMAN HAWKINS. *At McKie's* (from *Sunny Meets Hawk*, RCA Victor). Rollins, Hawkins, tenor saxophones; Paul Bley, piano; Henry Grimes, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums.

I know exactly who that was—that was Sonny Rollins and Coleman Hawkins on the tenor saxophones. And I think it was Billy Higgins on the drums.

I'm not sure of the bass player—I don't recognize him. For a man of Coleman Hawkins' stature I have to admire him for trying to keep up with the trend through all of these years. That was Paul Bley on piano—I'm sure of that. I like his style very much, but he wasn't too consistent, playing behind the horn, except when he came in behind Hawkins one time. He played a good solo.

I know Sonny Rollins very well, but he wasn't too consistent on this album, and I didn't like his sound too much—I've heard him sound much better—you can't knock a man if he has a bad day.

I've heard this album once before. For Sonny Rollins and Coleman Hawkins, I have to give it three stars—just on the strength of who it is and the respect that I have for them.

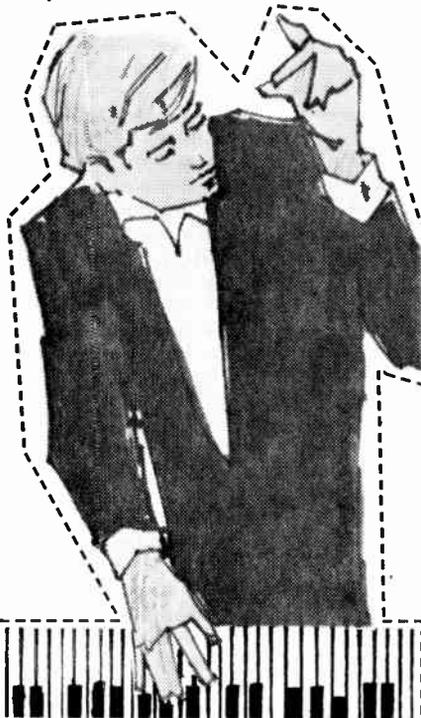
LF: What would you have given five stars?

BE: I've heard some things that Coltrane did with Miles Davis that would have to be five stars. Very good. And the things that Miles did with Gil Evans. Some of Gerald Wilson's things; he had Harold Land on tenor, and I think it was Carmell Jones playing with him. Lot of things by Duke, and some records by Charlie Mingus I would have to rate like that just for the musicianship and for the arrangements.

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JAZZ ON CAMPUS

BY GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

For the last several years, January and February have been the heavy months for stage-band clinics and festivals—some sponsored for high school bands by the colleges, others for college bands as guest demonstration groups, and still others for college band competition.

On Jan. 14 the Tallcorn Stage Band Clinic was sponsored by the Phi Mu Alpha Sinfonia of the State College of Iowa at Cedar Falls. Seventeen high school bands from Iowa participated. The Burlington High School Band under the direction of Maurice Wright was selected the outstanding band. Judge-clinicians were James Coffin, director of the SCI Lab Bands; Cleve Scott, director of bands at Upper Iowa College in Fayette; and this writer. Coffin's SCI Band presented an hour concert.

The festival was part of a jazz weekend sponsored by the fraternity. It was highlighted by the presentation of Sinfonian Dimension in Jazz XVII.

Featured soloists during the three evening performances were Mark Ellis, trumpet, mellophone, flute; Dan Yoder and Jim Girres, alto saxophones; Bob Kvam, baritone saxophone; and Curt Bradshaw, trombone. Original compositions were contributed by Bradshaw and by graduate assistant Dennis Smith.

Smith also directed the Dimension Chorus, a 13-voice group, on the program. His jazz-inflected ballad arrangements were especially effective with the chorus.

The University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee Stage Band recently presented a concert under the direction of Thomas Wright. The band is now in its fifth year and gaining in recognition.

The big-band part of the program featured solos by Santo Maglio, piano; Jim Robak, Wayne Gorder, Clay Founfelker, trumpets; Stan DeRusha, alto saxophone; Richard Woodrow, tenor saxophone; William Schaeffgen, trombone; and Leigh Cowen, bass. Leader Wright wrote many of the arrangements for the concert.

The UWM Chamber Jazz Ensemble performed Andre Hodier's *Le Palais Ideal* and several originals by Wright, among them *Collage*, which made use of Schaeffgen's trombone and tape-recorder excerpts ranging from Karlheinz Stockhausen to Kurt Weill.

The Stephan F. Austin State College at Nacogdoches, Texas, sponsored its seventh annual stage-band festival Jan. 28 for junior and senior high and junior college bands, with altoist Phil Woods as guest clinician. He was assisted in the judging by Rule Beasley of North Texas State University and Woody James of McNeese State College in Lake Charles, La. Woods performed with the SFASC stage band as part of the festival program.

The first stage-band festival ever run in New Mexico was held at West Mesa High School in Albuquerque under the management of Win Christian, director of

bands at the school.

The 14 junior and senior high school bands were judged by Leon Breeden of North Texas State University. Bob Farley, Arlen Asher, and Nick Luchetti served as brass, saxophone, and rhythm clinicians, respectively. Concert programs were given by the Eastern New Mexico University Stage Band, directed by Duane Bowen, and by the University of Albuquerque Stage Band, which Asher directed.

The Millikin University Jazz Lab Band, under the direction of Roger Schueler, was the featured guest band at the eighth annual Chicagoland Stage Band Festival at Oak Lawn Community High School in February.

Fifty bands participated in the contest and were judged by six judges—Schueler of Millikin, Ted Ashford of Northwestern University, Mat Carfi of DePaul University, Robert Johnson of Nicolet High School in Milwaukee, Tom Neice of Wisconsin State University at Oshkosh, and Raymond Stahura of Ripon College.

"Best of show" in class A-B-C was Ridgewood High School in Norridge, a new entry in the festival under the direction of Glenn Mortenson; in Class AA, "best of show" was Wheeling High School, Dean DePoy and Doug Peterson directors.

On May 12 and 13 Olympic College in Bremerton, Wash. will hold its eighth annual stage-band festival under the guidance of Ralph Mutchler, director of bands at the college. Some 20 bands are expected to play and be judged by Quincy Jones, Leon Breeden, Charles Suber, and Mutchler. Quincy Jones will also conduct some of his compositions with the Olympic College Band.

The Olympic band has returned from a short tour on which it played concerts at Seattle Pacific College and four high schools. Jim Brush, who helps Mutchler with the stage bands at the college and teaches brass, has been doing considerable arranging for the bands.

On Feb. 14 Western Washington State College at Bellingham sponsored a non-competitive get-together of its band under the direction of Phil Ager, the Olympic College band, and the University of Washington Huskie Stage Band under the direction of Bill Cole, who also directs the concert and marching bands at the university.

On May 21 the University of Washington at Seattle will put together its own festival, including the Huskie Stage Band and bands from Olympic College, Western Washington State College, and Central Washington State College.

Cole rehearses his band once a week as extracurricular activity. Soloists with the band this year are Doug Norris, piano; Stafford Miller, bass; Charles Keagle, tenor saxophone; Larry Anderson, lead trumpet; Currie Morrison, lead trombone; and Ray Blank, lead alto saxophone. Student Greg Rathbun has been doing some arranging for the band.

Information about stage-band activities should be addressed to Jazz on Campus, Down Beat, 222 W. Adams, Chicago, Ill., 60606.

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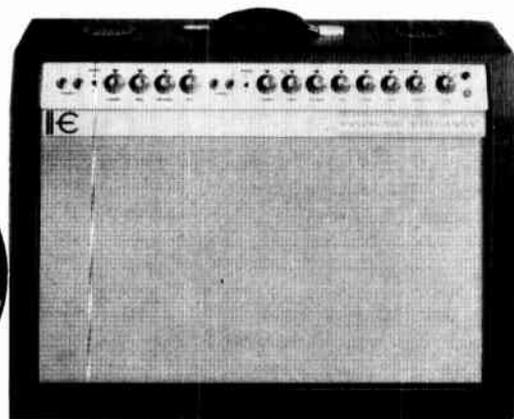
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CAUGHT IN THE ACT

(Continued from page 29)

scientific name for LSD as its title, was expectantly psychedelic and had brilliant, hard-sounding trumpet by Brashear.

The piece closed with a section called *Watts*. The effective unison statement of the theme gave way to multnotated, flowing tenor work by DiPasquale. The segment also featured virtuoso ensemble playing punctuated by tight, thick, percussive chords.

The composition was an interesting piece of music, perhaps too programmatic and sound-effectish for some but nonetheless a fine display for the ensemble and its soloists.

The second major work was Russo's

English Concerto, written for violin and jazz orchestra. Staryk, concertmaster of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, was at ease with the solo part. The piece made effective use of jazz-colored sounds and rhythms in contrast to the rather traditional, even periodically romantic, violin sounds.

The first movement, *The Thames*, was in typical sonata-allegro form and written in 9/8 time (divided 3-2-2-2). *Salisbury Plain*, a baroquish 5/4 movement, made effective use of guitar and woodwind coloration in the background as well as lyrical violin. The last movement, the theme-and-variations *Leicester Square*, featured bucket-muted brass gently swinging behind the violin pyrotechnics.

The second half of the concert opened

with *Dr. Bop*, an up-tempo, rockish romp written by Edward Baker. It featured frenetic blowing (including some harmonics) by tenorist DiPasquale and exciting screech trumpeting by Prosperi.

Composer Richard Peaslee's *Concerto '67*, receiving its premiere at this concert, made good idiomatic use of solo baritone saxophone, employing the instrument's range of possibilities as a melodic, harmonic, and improvisational vehicle. Featured soloist Mulligan played sensitively and beautifully. His performance had even more the mark of artistry when one considered the fact that he faced this extremely complex and demanding piece of writing for the first time just a few hours before the performance.

That there were passages needing more rehearsal in no way marred the over-all musical impact of the work, portions of which were some of the most beautiful jazz orchestra writing heard in a long time.

The first movement, *Opener*, was a moderately fast segment that used Mulligan extensively in melodic and sectional passages. It featured cool orchestra sounds, light writing, and difficult accentuation of the bar rhythm.

The highlight of the piece was the slow second movement, *Ballad*. Mulligan played the gently pulsing 5/4 melody with the winding, warm, soft sound that only he can achieve. His soloing was especially profound and was supported by tasteful guitar, clarinet, and alto flute playing (throughout the concert, the reed players doubled well on many instruments).

This quiet section moved without pause into a brighter third movement, *Blues*, that opened with a marchlike theme and then moved to a soulful, burlesquish back-beat section. This movement gave Mulligan much room for improvisation over a staccato, marching background of cellos, guitar, and woodwinds.

The work concluded with a section titled *Rock*, which bore little resemblance to the current product of the same name. This movement made the most efficient use of drummers Wanderscheid and Marsh, who had been functioning well in tandem throughout.

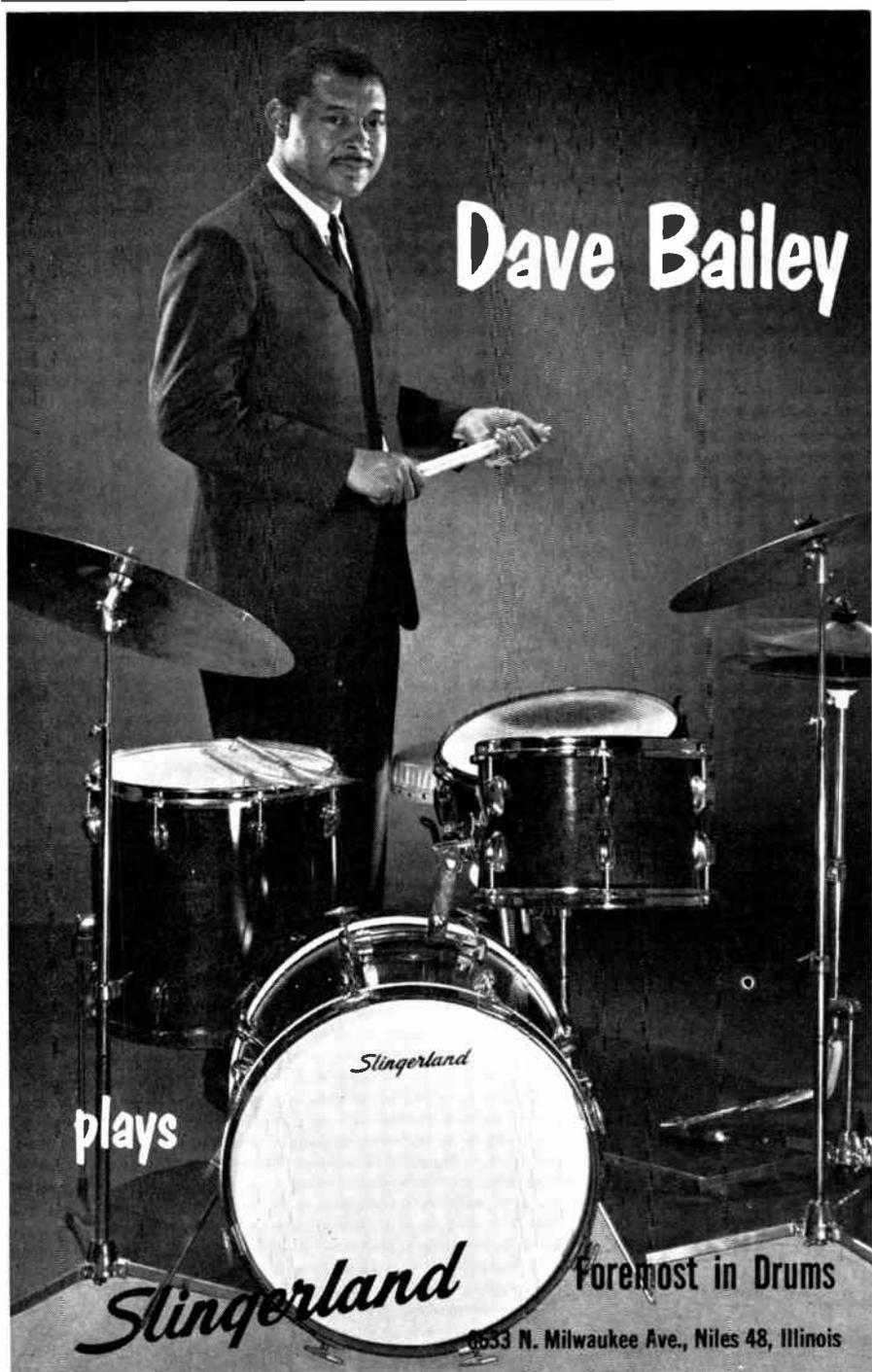
The opening line was an up-tempo rhythmic nightmare that had consecutive measures of 9/8, 8/8, 9/8, 6/8, 4/4, and 10/8. The orchestra romped along under the improvisation section and got a swing going that was much akin to the "stompin' and jumpin'" of a couple decades ago.

A half-time section demonstrated the technical abilities of the trumpets and trombones. Following a return to the original tempo, there was exceptionally clean unison work by the trumpets, plus a sparkling section of four-bar exchanges between Mulligan and the saxophone section.

Concerto '67 is a brilliant, fresh work for jazz orchestra and its performance was given a standing ovation. Russo and Mulligan repeated the piece as an encore.

The only sad note about the concert was that more people didn't come. It was a rewarding evening of music and well worth the trip through the blowing snow.

—George Wiskirchen, C.S.C.



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ALL FOR ONLY



ROSCOE MITCHELL

(Continued from page 21)

The cymbals are used for their overtone effect.

"I always 'felt' a lot of instruments—and I feel myself being drawn more to it. I'm getting interested in music as strictly atmosphere, not so much of just standing up playing for playing's sake, but my mind stretches out to other things, like creating different sounds."

Even so, the listener will find in Mitchell's music a firm structure of strong melodic theme to channel and validate the exploration. Conversely, these melodic elements will benefit from their unfolding into unfamiliar realms: notes are to be considered in all their enharmonic relationships, then the notes between the notes are to be found and used.

"Cats that play bop are more concerned with things like chords and changes rather than spirits," Mitchell said. "I'm not talking about cats that are strong. They are concerned with spirits—but in free music you are dependent on the spirits because you don't want to fool with those chords."

Does this mean free music will be more demanding than previous forms?

"You have to be able to deal with the situation. You deal with whatever atmosphere the composition sets up, and pretty soon I don't think I'll have compositions at all. That would be what I consider to be playing really free music—where no one has any certain one thing they *have* to do. If everybody is building something constructive, it's okay.

"A lot of musicians play so loud all the time that you can't really hear the true value of the notes. Each note has a 'direction,' and if you play loud, you cover up its direction, and you never really get anything established.

"Definitely everybody stimulates each other in our music."

For the moment, the compositions remain, but although the basic material involved is the leader's, the group contributes to the formation of the piece. This was demonstrated at a rehearsal of a Mitchell group. The new work was built up, phrase by phrase, Mitchell dictating the individual parts on alto; his range of pitch and timbre is such that it provides a clear indication of the notes and voicing for each instrument. The other musicians may then suggest an altered voicing or a more satisfactory variation of the part.

The demands on the musicians' memory can be considerable when meeting these highly colored structures for the first time. "Mistakes" occur at this stage, but occasionally Mitchell judges these to be superior to the original, and they are retained in the evolution of the work. Chance also plays some part in the performance of the music.

The essential quality of free music, Mitchell said, "is being able to deal with yourself as an individual"—this view extends beyond the limits of the nightly gig.

If the new music has taken unprecedented liberties with the traditional rules of jazz improvisation, it has illuminated the transient nature of "rules" in art. And yet, paradoxically, the new musician often delves deeper into the jazz past than mem-

bers of recent generations. Such reflection speaks of a cultural maturity and pride that is growing in the society that fathers these musicians.

Mitchell makes no direct attempt to utilize the New Orleans-based music, in the way that Albert Ayler does, for example, but folk elements are employed, and clearly the idea of spontaneously creating together continues the move, outlined by the Coleman groups, back to an ensemble style.

The decades since jazz emerged have given jazzmen a greater technical range and more sophisticated sense of harmony and rhythm; the prospects of the music are now greater than before. But this fact cannot invalidate the work of the pioneers. The altoist believes that great art survives its style, survives stylistic evolution, and will continue as a source of strength for the young artist.

Trumpeter Bowie enlarged on this:

"People who are strong make their mark, you know. The music of Bird 100 years from now will still stimulate. People put all these labels on the music, but actually all it is is cats playing. I don't care what they call his music, if he's in it and he's strong, this will survive. There are a lot of people who won't, but the strong cats, their music will always survive . . . but the name written on it is nothing. You reach that spiritual level . . . you reach that, and it doesn't make any difference what your work is."

This freedom of vision allows for the acceptance of non-Western music in addition to the traditional jazz influences. Indian music attracts as a classical, highly demanding art outside the European orthodoxy, and in its extensive exploration and elaboration of a simple basic unit, Mitchell sees a lesson to be learned by the jazz avant-garde, where there is the temptation of trying to say everything every time.

The freedom to hear and the strength to play can lead to communication and creation. Mitchell described a particular instance:

"I feel that I can go and play with anybody who's playing free. Trane was here in town at the Plugged Nickel. I went there and played with him. . . . It was just like we had been playing together for years. I felt everybody there was strong in what they were doing, and there was no problem for me to adjust."

The music's future will depend on the character of the artists who are to explore its new freedom.

"There are not too many musicians who have begun to see the beauty of free music—you just hear this intensity," Mitchell said. "There is intensity in the world. There is also beauty in the world, all kinds of beauty, all of which should be played. I think we're one of the few groups that are doing that kind of thing. We have our moments of intensity, but then we switch to silence and space.

"Jazz is young, it's not like other types of music . . . it's young and it's not going to come into its own for maybe 50 or 60 years. It's broad but not as broad as it's going to be as it matures, as the musician matures."

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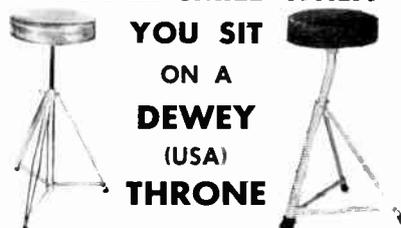
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to enable it to mature in this way?

"During the past, jazz musicians have done things against their bodies. They have not been able to preserve themselves. This music calls on you to be strong physically . . . anything that will hurt your body is going to hurt your music. Stuff like that is just out."

He expressed the current feeling among new-jazz players that clubs are not the right place in which to play their music.

"I feel that the music is not a sideline for other people's folly. In clubs, that's what it is—someone comes along, and he has no respect for you at all; your music just sets up his playhouse. The only place you get real attention for music is under concert conditions. I don't feel the music is understood by people who are drunk."

Mitchell and his colleagues are well aware of the economic isolation created by this attitude, and it is clear that the economic basis of jazz must undergo considerable change if the music is going to be anything but the unrewarded gift of a few dedicated artists. The moral question aside, the point today is: how long can listeners rely on this dedication to sustain the music?

Fortunately, there are in Chicago, which will perhaps one day wake up with its ears open, a number of fine and a few potentially great artists willing to make the effort of extensive and tiring practice and rehearsal for the scattered concerts such as those organized by the AACM. Following his own belief, Mitchell has increased the public presentation of his music and musicians by organizing independent concerts in addition to the regular AACM series.

Occasionally returning to the club scene to play the odd gig such as that in an organ-based group at the Hungry Eye a few months ago, or the sortie to Slug's in New York City last year, Mitchell devotes his attention to the development of his music as it is revealed in these concerts. If one is surprised that a musician, capable of inspiring the near-perfect integration of exploratory detail and emotional power that composed Mitchell's recent midnight concert at Harper Theater (the peak of his series to date), is willing to continue despite the need to seek economic support outside of music, it is scarcely a matter for rejoicing.

Could this be improved by surrendering to the New York vortex? Unlikely. How many lucrative dates do Cecil Taylor and Albert Ayler play?

In addition, Mitchell and Bowie feel that there has developed among the Chicago musicians an atmosphere of creative co-operation that would not survive in New York. As Bowie said, "It is frantic enough in Chicago to give the music its meaning, but there's still enough time to relax and see what's going on."

Perhaps personal success could be made elsewhere, in terms of plaudits and influence, if not dollars, but for the moment Mitchell and a number of other young Chicagoans would echo Bowie's concluding remark:

"We're all alive, you know—we're playing our music, and that's what we're here for."



STRICTLY AD LIB

(Continued from page 15)

Calabrese, bass) is at the Cloud Room of the La Guardia Hotel in East Elmhurst . . . Flutist **Jeremy Steig's** quartet backed singer **Tim Hardin** at The Scene . . . Alto saxophonist **John Handy's** quintet did a Sunday matinee at The Dom . . . Trumpeter **Clark Terry's** big band is holding open rehearsals at the Half Note Monday nights . . . Pianist-composer **Mary Lou Williams**, with a chorus, singers **Honi Gordon** and **Leon Thomas**, and an instrumental group that included French hornist **Julius Watkins** and drummer **Percy Brice**, performed three of her recent compositions and a capsule history of jazz at a Carnegie Hall concert, *Praise the Lord in Many Voices*, devoted to contemporary religious music.

Los Angeles: Bloodshot eyes may be the newest status symbol among Los Angeles jazzmen. Two afterhours clubs, Devoe's and Bonesville, feature name groups and local musicians Saturday and Sunday mornings from 2 to 6 a.m. Lately at Devoe's the **Harold Land Quintet** (**Charles Tolliver**, trumpet; **Land**, tenor saxophone; **Joe Sample**, piano; **Buster Williams**, bass; **Stix Hooper**, drums) headlined, while relief sets found tubaist **Howard Johnson**, vibist **Matt Hutcherson**, pianist **Andy Bey**, bassist **Lewis Large**, and a profusion of reed and brass players on the bandstand. At Bonesville the trio of pianist **Gene Russell** (**George Morrow**, bass, **Clarence Johnston**, drums) and the **Sounds of Afrika**, led by congaist **Lash-**

ambu (formerly with vocalist **Lou Rawls** and pianist **Russell**), held things down in the wee morning hours . . . The Tropicana recently featured organist **Richard (Groove) Holmes' trio**. Holmes also appeared at Marty's where the name policy is in such force that trumpeter **Bobby Bryant**, a part-owner of the club, found no room for his group to play. Bookings that have been confirmed at Marty's include **Gerald Wilson's** band, March 26-April 2; vocalist **Al Hibbler** and organist **Bill Doggett**, April 4-18; vocalist **Marlena Shaw**, April 21-May 5; and guitarist **Kenny Burrell**, May 19-29 . . . Singer **Carmen McRae** recently worked Memory Lane backed by pianist **Norm Simmons**, drummer **Frank Severino**, and bassists **Ray Brown** and **Jim Hughart**, who alternated nights. The **Three Sounds** followed Miss McRae and were in turn followed by organist **Jimmy Smith's** trio. A Sunday afternoon at Memory Lane found the **Horace Tapscott Trio** with singer **Gloria Smith** on hand . . . Shelly's Manne-Hole was a recent showcase for **Art Pepper**. The altoist also worked a couple weeks behind **Mel Torme** at the Coconut Grove. A recent Monday night at the Manne-Hole found another altoist, **Frank Strozier**, fronting a group made up of pianist **Terry Trotter**, bassist **Albert Stinson**, and drummer **Bill Goodwin**. Drummer **Art Blakey** just closed out two weeks at Shelly's with his new Jazz Messengers: **Bill Hardman**, trumpet; **Frank Mitchell**, tenor saxophone; **McCoy Tyner**, piano; **Juney Booth**, bass . . . Tyner also fronted a group at Devoe's one weekend. With him were trumpeter **Charles Tolliver**, bassist **Buster Williams**,

and drummer **Stix Hooper**. The following weekend tenorist **Curtis Amy** brought his sextet (**Steve Hofstedter**, trumpet; **Leroy Cooper**, baritone saxophone; **Art Hillery**, piano; **Edgar Willis**, bass; **Washington Rucker**, drums) into the club. The same combo, with singer **Mary Clayton** (a member of the **Raelets**) added, just ended an engagement at The Sands. The club, guided by two KBCA disc jockeys, **Jai Rieh** and **Rick Holmes**, has switched to something of a jazz policy, but to play it safe, a highly amplified rock group is on hand as the house band. Amy took over as leader of the **Ray Charles Orchestra** March 13 . . . Comedian **Redd Foxx** has bought the **Slate Brothers** club in Hollywood. One of the first musicians to be assured of working there is pianist-singer **Andy Bey** . . . The engagement of pianist **Mike Melvoin's** trio (**Jim Hughart**, bass; **Bill Goodwin**, drums) has been extended from Sundays to six nights a week at Sherry's . . . Singer **Mary Ann McCall** (former **Woody Herman** vocalist) has ended a two-year "retirement." Miss McCall worked a series of Sundays at Donte's backed by pianist **Marty Harris**, bassist **Red Mitchell**, and drummer **Frank Capp**. On one of those Sunday nights, Mitchell had to miss the first set to play with pianist **Roger Kellaway** and drummer **John Guerin** at a concert at the Pasadena Art Museum . . . Drummer **Buddy Rich** proved once again that his band is the only attraction that packs them in at the **Chez**, where his recent two-week stand was extended to four. He also cut his second "live" album at the club. . . Organist **Jimmy Smith** followed blues man **B. B.**

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King into Jazzville in San Diego. King followed his Jazzville stand with a 10-day gig at Gazzarri's on the Hollywood Strip, where he was backed by trumpeter **Mae Johnson**, tenor saxophonist **Bobby Forte**, organist **Duke Jethroe**, and drummer **Sonny Freeman** . . . The **Dave Brubeck** Quartet played a recent one-nighter at California Institute of Technology. . . Singer-pianist **Ike Cole** took his trio to San Diego for two weeks at Shifty's . . . Vibist **Red Norvo** just finished a month's engagement at Rimrock's Restaurant in Palm Springs. With him were pianist **Bob Harrington**, bassist **Albert Stinson**, and drummer **Tom Albering**. Harrington will be working with a combo fronted by reed man **Georgie Auld** at Gigi's in West Covina beginning April 1 . . . Religion and jazz got together once again at the Westwood Community Methodist Church, thanks to the efforts of Rev. **Jack Harper**, when bassist **Ralph Pena** led trumpeter **Mickey McMahan**, fluegelhornist **Don Rader**, trombonist **Dick Hamilton**, tubaist **Doug Bixby**, reed men **Gabe Baltazar** and **Bob Cooper**, pianist **Mike Wofford**, and drummer **John Guerin** in a concert. . . . Singer **Nancy Wilson** continues to bring her message to high school students throughout the Los Angeles area, hopefully persuading them to stay in school as she extols the virtues of education. She sings a few numbers, gives a hard-hitting lecture on the dangers of dropping out, and then concludes with a few more songs. Backing her are pianist **Donn Trenner**, bassist **Buster Williams**, and her husband, drummer **Kenny Dennis**. For her recent engagements in New Orleans and San Juan, Puerto Rico, **Earl Palmer** replaced Dennis.

Chicago: **Freddie Wacker's** big band will play at the reception following the April 1 wedding of **John Rockefeller IV** and **Sharon Percy**. The reception will be held at the University of Chicago's **Ida Noyes Hall**. Included in the Wacker band will be such local jazz lights as bass trumpeter **Cy Touff**, trumpeters **Joe Burnett** and **Warren Kime**, reed man **Kenny Soderblom**, and drummer **Bob Cousins** . . . The **World Series of Jazz**, headlining the **Miles Davis Sextet** (tenorist **Joe Henderson** added to the quintet), **Count Basie's** orchestra, the **Sonny Stitt Trio**, vocalist **Miriam Makeba**, vocalist **Billy Eckstine**, and comedian **Diek Davy**, brought out large audiences for its three performances at the Civic Opera House last month . . . After a shutdown that lasted almost two months, the **Plugged Nickel** reopened Feb. 22 with guitarist **Wes Montgomery's** group. Organist **Jimmy Smith's** trio is scheduled to open at the club for two weeks beginning March 29. The club is planning a busy week next month: the **Woody Herman Herd** is booked for April 16, **Stan Kenton's** band follows for the next two nights, and vibist **Cal Tjader's** group opens a two-weeker on April 19. . . . The **Ken Chaney-Arlington Davis Quintet** (**Oscar Brash-ear**, trumpet; **Rubin Cooper**, reeds; Chaney, piano; **Melvin Jackson**, bass; Davis, drums) performed in conjunction

with a fashion show at **Roberts' V.I.P. Room Feb. 26** . . . Altoist **Roscoe Mitchell** is scheduled to play a concert at **Washington University** in **St. Louis, Mo.**, **March 25** . . . The **Sandy Mosse Quintet** (**Joe Burnett**, trumpet, fluegelhorn; **Mosse**, tenor saxophone; **Stu Katz**, piano; **Russell Thorne**, bass; **Jerry Davy**, drums) gave a concert Feb. 15 at the **Bernard Horwich Community Center** . . . Altoist **Hank Crawford** was scheduled to open **March 8** at **Stan's Pad**. Along with **Crawford** for two weeks was to be vocalist **Shelley Fischer**, accompanied by pianist **Richard Abrams**, bassist **Melvin Jackson**, and drummer **Phil Thomas** . . . The **Jazz Interpreters** were heard in concert **March 7** at **Loop Junior College**. The group is scheduled for a **March 25** afternoon concert at the main branch of the **Chicago Public Library**.

San Francisco: **Frank Sinatra** beckoned with a handful of green stuff and drummer **John Markham** departed for **Miami Beach, Fla.**, where for three weeks he played in the orchestra backing **Sinatra** at the **Hotel Fontainebleau**. **Markham** has long been a **Sinatra** favorite. During the drummer's absence from the bay area his place with pianist **Steve Atkins' trio** (**John Mosher**, bass) was taken by **Paul Distel**. The **Atkins** combo really hit it lucky recently: the weekend after its longtime local television gig ended when the **John Bartholomew Tucker Show** was canceled, the trio began what probably will be a long engagement in the **Nob Hill Room** of the **Mark Hopkins Hotel** . . . Banjoist **Ted Shafer's Jelly Roll Jazz Band** and **Francis Smith's Slippery Gulch Marching Band** played at the February session of the **New Orleans Jazz Club** of **Northern California** . . . Singer-guitarist **B. B. King** and his band played a recent weekend at the **Showcase** in **Oakland** . . . Multi-instrumentalist **Roland Kirk's** quartet went into the **Both/And** for 10 nights following its engagement at the **Jazz Workshop**. During his stay here, **Kirk** and his men plus singer-alto saxophonist **Vi Redd** and her pianist **Martha Young** (the late **Lester's** cousin) played an afternoon concert at **Washington Elementary School** in **Berkeley**. The school's principal is jazz buff **Herb Wong** . . . The **Dukes of Dixieland** played two weeks at **Earthquake McGoon's** . . . **Dave Brubeck's** four did a concert in **Pittsburg, Calif.**, as a benefit for the **Alma Couchman Scholarship Fund**. The late **Miss Couchman** a longtime and popular high school teacher of **English**, lived with the **Brubeck** family in **Concord, Calif.**, while **Dave** was growing up. The quartet followed the benefit with three nights at **Basin Street West** in **San Francisco** . . . Trumpeter **Al Hirt's** sextet and pianist **Sergio Mendes' Brasil '66** drew some 6,000 listeners to a concert in the **Oakland Coliseum Arena** last month.

Philadelphia: The **Showboat's Herb Spivak** plans a major renovation of his downtown basement jazz room. He will rip out the ceiling and use the first floor for a balcony. The club is the only local one regularly presenting name performers



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. . . The Jazz at Home Club continues to present bimonthly sessions at its new site, the Heritage House. Pianist **Billy Taylor** recently played a Sunday afternoon JAH session . . . Trenton's Rider College presented the Rev. **John Gensel** and a jazz vesper service featuring trumpeter **Joe Newman**, pianist **Ross Tompkins**, bassist **Russell George**, and drummer **Ron Lundberg**. Rider also featured pianist **John Coates Jr.** in a recent concert . . . **Michael Cuscuna** is presenting a weekly record program called *New Jazz Perspectives* on the University of Pennsylvania's WXPB-FM . . . Last month pianist **Bernard Peiffer** gave a concert at the Philadelphia College of Art . . . **Jerome Byrd** booked reed man **Byard Lancaster** at the 2106 Coffeehouse recently.

Washington: Tenorists **Al Cohn** and **Zoot Sims** played finger-snapping music at the Showboat Lounge in early February. Earlier, pianist **Ahmad Jamal** played to capacity crowds there . . . **Rick Lundquist**, former Army cornet and trumpet player who hopes to be a jazz singer, made his professional debut on a recent Sunday at the Showboat. He has been studying voice here for two years. He was accompanied by pianist **John Eaton**, basist **Billy Taylor**, and drummer **Dude Brown**. Brown, one of the city's finest drummers, is also one of those few jazzmen who has worked with both **Jelly Roll Morton** and **Sonny Stitt**. As a teenager, one of Brown's first jobs was with Morton. This was when Jelly was living here in the late 1930s and performing at a night club, known as the Jungle Club, above a hamburger joint on U St. . . . Trumpeter **Eddie Henderson**, a Howard University graduate student in medicine, has been fronting a new quintet at the Bohemian Caverns . . . A local, relatively unknown 18-year-old singer, **Renne Morris**, won glowing reviews and applause during her two-week February appearance at Blues Alley. Other guest stars at clarinetist **Tommy Gwaltney's** club that month were tap dancer **Baby Laurence** and fluegelhornist **Clark Terry**. Trumpeter **Charlie Shavers** opened for two weeks Feb. 27 with **Lurlean Hunter** moving in for two weeks starting March 13. Trombonist **Big Chief Russell Moore** will be featured the last week in March. Cornetist **Wild Bill Davison** is scheduled for two weeks in April and singer **Marge Dodson** for two weeks in May . . . When President Johnson had a formal dinner for King Hassan II of Morocco Feb. 9, the dinner guests included **Dave** and **Iola Brubeck** . . . A new Voice of America series, *Jazz Today*, written by **Tom Scanlan** and translated into many languages for broadcast throughout the world, is on the air. The theme song is *Let's Try*, written by **Tom McIntosh** and played by **James Moody** and a large band . . . **Louise D. Stone** is now writing a Sunday jazz column for the *Washington Post*. It has replaced **Leonard Feather's** syndicated column.

Detroit: Students at Michigan State University in East Lansing get to hear top local jazzmen once a month when the Jazz Society of West Circle Drive (**Bill**



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Currie, president) and drummer-disc jockey Bud Spangler combine forces to present a free Sunday afternoon concert in one of the college's dormitories. Besides Spangler, participants have included multi-instrumentalist Sherman Mitchell, guitarist Ron English, flugelhornist-pianist Bob Meyer, tenorist Bob Strand, pianists Bruce Early, Mike Kull, and Eddie Russ, bassists Paul Collins and Jim Kaye, and drummer Bill Parker . . . Jazz Productions, Ltd., staged a benefit for one of its members, bassist Sam Scott, at Paige's January 13. Scott's group for the occasion included pianist Gene White, drummer Manley Jackson, trumpeter Ron Jackson, and altoist Thomas Hale. JPL's president, bassist Ernie Farrow, and his group (John Hair, trombone; Joe

Thurman, tenor saxophone; Teddy Harris, piano; with James Youngblood sitting in on drums and tenorist Donald Walden added) was also featured. Other participants included pianists Clarence Beasley and Harold McKinney, bassist Rod Hicks, drummers George Davidson and Bill Hardy, trumpeter Pat Williams, flutist James Neal, and tenorist Melvin McCray . . . While drummer Ron Johnson was in Vancouver, British Columbia, with the Detroit Contemporary 5 (Charles Moore, cornet; Joseph Jarman, alto saxophone; Stanley Cowell, piano; John Dana, bass) his place in pianist Bob McDonald's trio at Bobbie's was shared by Doug Hammon, Ted Linderme, and Chuck Golembo. Vocalist Wilbur Chapman has joined McDonald, replacing Huther Holley.

Chapman, backed by Bobby Rodriguez or Dan Jordan, piano; Ray Balog, bass; and Dave Earl, drums, can also be heard afterhours six nights a week just up the street at Checker Bar-B-Q's downtown location . . . An Evening of Jazz, held Feb. 19 at Our Lady of Mercy High School in Farmington, featured the premiere of *Pepino*, a narrated jazz suite composed by Don Palmer. Participants included vocalist Ami Rouselle and some of Detroit's finest jazz-based studio musicians, including vibraharpist Jack Broken-sha, reed man Terry Harrington, pianist Matt Michael, and trumpeter Eddie Webb, plus a contingent from the Detroit Symphony Orchestra . . . Tenorist Joe Henderson returned to the Drome. His sidemen were trumpeter Mike Lawrence, trombonist Grachan Moncur III, vibist Bobby Hutcherson, bassist Herbie Lewis, and drummer Joe Chambers (Leo Morris subbed the first night).

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Cincinnati: Tenor saxophonist-arranger Gordon Brisker has joined the Cliff Lash Orchestra, which is the WLW-TV studio band for Ruth Lyons' 50-50 Club, now hosted by singer Bob Braun. Brisker was formerly with the Woody Herman Band . . . Guitarist Cal Collins has formed a new trio consisting of bassist Mike Moore and drummer Ron McCurdy and is currently working at the Roaring '20s . . . The Living Room had several name jazz groups during February, among them the Ramsey Lewis Trio, the Count Basie Orchestra, the Ahmad Jamal Trio, and the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet . . . Annette's Restaurant is currently featuring the Lee Stolar Trio in the Nero Lounge. With pianist Stolar are bassist Alex Cirin and drummer Jim Seward.

Baltimore: Modern jazz tap dancer Baby Laurence, back in his home town, was one of the headliners in a variety show at the Lyric Theater in late February. He was backed by local pianist-composer Yusef Salim's octet, which included four strings. Vibist Walt Dickerson, with bassist Phil Harris, and drummer Jimmy Johnson, closed the bill at the Lyric . . . Electronic saxophonist Sonny Stitt, here for a recent appearance for the Left Bank Jazz Society, returned with pianist Maurice Williams, bassist Sterling Poynter, and drummer Reggie Glascoe to play a week at Peyton Place. Tenorists Al Cohn and Zoot Sims followed Stitt at the society's series of concerts. Next was the Lou Donaldson Quintet; appearing with the altoist were trumpeter Tommy Turrentine, pianist Walter Davis Jr., bassist Peck Morrison, and drummer Joe Morris. Set for successive Left Bank weekends through March 19 were pianist Walter Bishop Jr., trumpeter Donald Byrd, the Booker Ervin Quartet, and guitarist Kenny Burrell . . . The Billy Taylor Trio was scheduled in late February for a jazz concert-lecture at nearby Towson State College . . . Vocalist Nina Simone, here for a performance Feb. 20 at the Civic Center with comic Bill Cosby, stayed to do a benefit the next night at Morgan State College.



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Miami: Jerry Coker, now visiting professor and director of the University of Miami Jazz Band, recently conducted a jazz concert at the school's student union. An all-day jazz festival, including a clinic, was also held for campus groups and soloists. Trumpeter Donald Byrd was on hand at the clinic and also performed with Coker's band . . . Pianist Bill Rieco's trio (Vern Ramer, bass, and Buddy Delco, drums) continues at the Playboy Club . . . Vibist Lionel Hampton played a return engagement at the Eden Roc in Miami Beach . . . Vocalist Shirley Bassey recently closed at the Deauville . . . A jazz festival, co-sponsored by the town of Surfside and Air Canada, was scheduled for March 12. The all-day event was to feature the Ira Sullivan 4, the Dave Akins Trio, bassist Conti Milano's quintet, pianist Guy Fasciani's trio, the University of Miami Jazz Band, and reed man Charlie Austin's quartet.

Dallas: Multi-instrumentalist Roland Kirk, making his first U.S. appearance after an extended European tour, played a concert here in addition to his four-day engagement at the Club Lark. Kirk was followed at the Lark by altoist Lou Donaldson . . . Blues singer Herman Flowers has been featured at the 20th-Century with the Jimmy Bell Trio . . . The North Texas State University Lab Bands will give their spring concert in Denton on April 4, premiering compositions conceived by the band members while on their recent State Department-sponsored tour of Mexico . . . Ella Fitzgerald and Duke Ellington will give a concert here in late April; the Woody Herman Herd will give one in late May.

Denver: Singer Nancy Wilson brought her revue, including guitarist Bola Sete, to the Denver Auditorium Feb. 26 . . . The University of Denver Jazz Band joined the university's Men's Glee Club and Chorale for a Feb. 19 concert that included Frank Tirro's American Jazz Mass . . . The Benny Goodman Sextet played the annual benefit for the National Jewish Hospital. Included in the group were trumpeter Doc Cheatam, guitarist Johnny Smith, pianist Ross Tompkins, bassist Bill Bastien, and drummer Mousie Alexander . . . The Gene Krupa Quartet opened at the Red Embers March 1. The Jimmy Smith Trio was to follow . . . Art Gow's 10-piecer plays Fridays at the Brown Palace Hotel.

Toronto: Tenorist Illinois Jacquet led a group featuring organist Milt Buckner at the Town Tavern recently . . . Clarinetist Jim Mellarg's Metro Stompers returned to the Park Plaza Hotel for a month . . . After a year in Kansas City, vocalist Olive Brown was back in town for an engagement with pianists Willie (The Lion) Smith and Don Ewell at the Golden Nugget. While in Toronto the piano pair made an album at the RCA Victor studio . . . Clem Hambourg, the father of Toronto's afterhours jazz clubs, opened a new spot called Clem's Room in the downtown Victoria Hotel.

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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. Sedatrius Brown to 3/26. Charlie Erland, 3/28-4/9.
Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon, Mon., Fri. Cloud Room (East Elmhurst): Johnny Fontana, Pat Rebillot, Bucky Calabrese.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed. Cotton Club (Patterson, N.J.): Hank White, wknds. Sessions, Sun. afternoons.
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 Wilber, Yank Lawson.
El Carib (Brooklyn): Johnny Fontana.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenney Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six, Ed Hubble.
Five Spot: Charles McPherson. Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun. afternoon, Mon.
Garden Dis-Cafe: Eddie Wilcox, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry, wknds.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano, Ray Nance.
Half Note: Clark Terry to 3/26.
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.
Judson Hall: N.Y. Improvisational Ensemble, 4/28.
Kenny's Pub: Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Thur.-Fri.
Key Club (Newark, N.J.): name jazz groups.
Le Intrigue (Newark, N.J.): Jazz 'n' Breakfast, Sun.
Leone's: (Port Washington): Dennis Connors, Tony Bella.
I: Intrigue: Don Payne.
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 to 4/1.
007: Donna Lee, Micky Dean, Walter Perkins.
Off Shore (Point Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.
Open End: Scott Murray, Wolf Knittel, Ted Kotick, Paul Motian.
Peters (Staten Island): Donald Hahn, Fri.-Sat., Piedmont Inn (Scarsdale): Sal Salvador.
Playboy Club: Walter Norris, Larry Willis, Joe Farrell, Bill Crow, Frank Owens.
Pitt's Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Leon Eason.
Pookie's Pub: Paul Bley to 4/19.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown.
Slug's: Sun Ra, Mon. Sessions, Sun., afternoon.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
Toast: Scott Reid.
Tomahawk Room (Roslyn): Ray Alexander, Mon.
Top of the Gate: Lee Konitz, Jimmy Raney, Paul Chambers, to 4/1.
Traver's Cellar Club (Queens): Sessions, Mon.
Tremont Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Jazz Vanguard, Tue.
Village East: Larry Love.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

PHILADELPHIA

Club 50 (Trenton): Johnny Coates Jr.-Johnny Ellis.
Flannery's (Pennndel): Joe Derise.
Hansen's (Morrisville): Dixieland, Thur.
Jolly Roger (Pennndel): Tony DeNicola-Count Lewis.
Lanzi's (Trenton): Tony Inverso-Jack Caldwell.
Pilgrim Gardens: Good Time 6.
Showboat: Horace Silver, 3/27-4/1, Wes Montgomery, 4/3-8. Chico Hamilton, 4/10-15.
Tremont (Trenton): Dick Braytenbah.
West Point Inn: Bernard Peiffer.
White Lantern Inn (Stratford, N.J.): Red Crossett.

BALTIMORE

Bluesette: Ted Hawk, Fri.-Sat.
Chesapeake: Chuck Berlin.
Left Bank Jazz Society (Famous Ballroom): name groups, Sun.

Lenny Moore's: Greg Hatza, wknds.
Martick's: Joe Clark, wknds.
Peyton Place: Henry Baker, Maurice Williams, Ruby Glover.
Playboy: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells.
Red Fox: Freddie Thaxton, Margie Schaefer, wknds.

WASHINGTON

Blues Alley: Tommy Gwaltney, hb. Lurlean Hunter to 3/25. Big Chief Russell Moore, 3/27-4/1. Wild Bill Davison, 4/3-15.
Bohemian Caverns: name and local jazz groups.
Purple Tree (Hamilton Hotel): Toshiko.
Showboat Lounge: name groups.
Silver Fox: John Eaton, Billy Taylor.

CLEVELAND

Americana Lounge East: Hugh Thompson.
Blue Chip Inn: Duke Jenkins.
Brothers Lounge: Harry Damus.
Commerce Inn: Joe Dalesandro.
Esquire Lounge: Al Sweat.
Judd's Lounge: The Sidemen.
Leo's Casino: Lee Valentine to 4/20.
Nitetown Lounge: Bill Gidney.
Sir Rah's House: La Quintette.
Tangiers: Eat High Jazz Trio + One.
Theatrical Grill: Bob McKee, hb.
Vanity Fair: Weasel Parker.
Versailles: (Celebrity Lounge): Louis Jordan, 4/10-24.
Holiday Inn (Painsville, Ohio): Stan Kenton, 4/12.

CHICAGO

Bramble Bush Lounge (Arlington Heights): Stan Kenton, 4/3.
Field Museum: Indiana University Jazz Ensemble, 4/18.
First Quarter: John Klemmer, Sun. afternoon.
Havana-Madrid: Bunky Green, wknds.
Hungry Eye: Three Souls, Mon.-Wed. Jazz Organizers, Thur.-Sun.
Jazz Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
London House: Quartette Tres Bien to 3/26.
George Shearing, 3/28-4/16. Mongo Santamaria, 4/18-5/7. Joe Bushkin, 5/8-21. Les McCann, 5/23-6/4. Ramsey Lewis, 6/6-18. Eddie Higgins, Larry Novak, hbs.
Lurlean's: Johnny Gettons, wknds.
Old Town Gate: Eddie Davis, Mon.-Thurs. Franz Jackson, wknds.
Panda: Gene Exposito, Tue.-Sat. Larry Novak, Sun.-Mon.
Peyton Place: The Jaguars, Mon.-Wed.
Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ron Elliston, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Jimmy Smith, 3/29-4/9. Stan Kenton, 4/17-18. Cal Tjader, 4/19-5/2.
Pumpkin Room: Dave Shipp, wknds.
Yellow Unicorn: Eddie Harris-Dave Catherwood, Tue., Sun. afternoon.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb. Lenore Paxton.
Baker's: Dizzy Gillespie, 3/24-4/3. Gene Krupa, 4/7-15. George Shearing, 4/17-22. Richard (Groove) Holmes, 4/28-5/7. Wes Montgomery, 5/12-21.
Bandit's Villa: Terry Harrington, Fri.-Sat. afternoons.
Blue Chip: Harold & Gwen McKinnev. Tue.-Sat.
Bobbie's: Bob McDonald, Wilbur Chapman, Sat.-Sun.
Breakers: Barbara Logan, Mon.-Sat.
Checker Bar-B-Q: Bobby Rodriguez, Wilbur Chapman, Mon.-Sat. afternoons.
Checker Bar-B-Q (Livernois): Bob Elliott, Mon.-Sat. afternoons.
Colonial Lanes (Ann Arbor): Jeff Hollander, Fri.-Sat.
Drome: Sonny Stitt, Don Patterson, 3/24-4/2. Roland Kirk, 4/7-16.
Frolic: Don Davis, Thur.-Sun.
Grapevine (Dearborn): Bob Elliott, Tue.-Sat.
Hobby Bar: Dezie McCullers, Mon., Tue., Thur.
Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha, Tue.-Sat.
Ursula Walker, Fri.-Sat.
Jerry Libby's: Jerry Libby.
Momo's: Mark Richards, Keith Vreeland, Fri.-Sat.
New Olympia: Norman Dillard, Thur.-Sun.
Pagoda (Clawson): Joe Grande, Wed.-Sat.
Paige's: Ernie Farrow, Fri.-Sun.

Playboy Club: Matt Michael, Vince Mance, Mon.-Sat. Jack Pierson, Sat.
Pontchartrain Hotel: Bobby Laurel, Dorothy Ashby.
Roostertail: Chuck Robinett, hb.
Sir-Loin Inn: Danny Stevenson, Kathy Locke.
Tonga: Charles Harris, Mon.-Sat. Sun. afternoon.
Topper: Ted Sheely.
Twenty Grand: Levi Mann, hb.
Wilkins Lounge (Orchard Lake): Billy Stevenson.
Wisdom Tooth: Lyman Woodard, Fri.-Sat. afternoons.

INDIANAPOLIS

Mr. B's: Timmie Rogers to 3/24.
Carrousel: Buddy Parker, Dottie Clark, hb.
Cactus Club: Pooky Johnson, hb.
Hub-Bub: various jazz groups.
Nineteenth Hole: Melvin Rhyne, Paul Parker, Les Taylor, hb.
Zanzibar: Don Austin, hb.

KANSAS CITY

DeLisa Jazz Room: Jimmy Ed, Sonny Kenner.
Golden Horseshoe: Bettye Miller, Milt Abel.
Levee: George Wynn, Mon.
Municipal Auditorium: Kansas City Jazz Festival, 4/2.
Playboy: John Elliot, Pete Eye, hbs.
The Place: Baby Lovett, wknds.
Twelfth of Never: Cedric Williams.
Venture In: George Salisbury, wknds. Pete Eye, Sat. afternoon.
Voo Doo Village: Dave Zollar, Tue.-Sat.

LOS ANGELES

Beverly Hills High School: John Handy, Bola Sete, Anita O'Day, 4/22-23.
Bonesville: Don Ellis. Sessions, afternoons, Sat.
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.
Club Casbah: Dolo Coker.
Cocoanut Grove: Louis Armstrong to 3/27. Lou Rawls, 4/18-5/8.
Devoo's: Sessions afternoons, Sat.-Sun.
Donte's (North Hollywood): name groups.
Gig's (West Covina): George Auld, opens 4/1.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner.
La Duce (Inglewood): Willie Greasham.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Art Blakey to 4/1. Quartette Tres Bien, 4/2-16. John Handy, 4/18-30. Howard Rumsey, Mon.-Tue.
Marty's (Baldwin Hills): Gerald Wilson, 3/26-4/2. Al Hibbler, Bill Doggett, 4/4-18.
Memory Lane: name groups nightly.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson.
Pied Piper: Ocie Smith, Ike Isaacs. Gerald Wiggins, Sonny Craver, Sun., Tue.
P.J.'s: Eddie Cano.
Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Bob Corwin, Willie Reatum.
Prime Rib: Jan Deneau.
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: Don Ellis to 3/27. Mose Allison, 3/28-4/9. Bill Evans, 4/11-23. Shelly Manne, wknds. Art Pepper, Mon.
Sherry's: Mike Melvoin, Sun.
Shrine Auditorium: Jimmy Smith, Oliver Nelson, Arthur & Red Phisock, 4/10.
Sportsmen's Lodge (North Hollywood): Stan Worth, Al McKibbin.
Tiki Island: Richard Dorsey, Thur.-Mon.
Tropicann: local jazz groups.
UCLA (Schoenberg Hall): Jazz Crusaders, 4/1. Don Ellis, 4/8.
Whittinghill's (Sherman Oaks): D'Vaughn Pershing, Chris Clark, Tue.-Wed.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Modern Jazz Quartet, Anita O'Day, 3/24-4/2.
Bop City: Federico Cervantes, hb.
Both/And: Big Mama Thornton to 3/26. John Handy, 3/28-4/9.
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes.
Half Note: Noel Jewkes.
Holiday Inn (Oakland): Arthur Fletcher, wknds.
Hungry i: Clyde Pound, hb.
Jazz Workshop: Willie Bobo to 3/26. Horace Silver, 4/11-23.
La Bandita: Escovedo Bros., Thur.-Sat.
Nob Hill Room (Mark Hopkins Hotel): Steve Atkins.
Pier 23: Bill Erickson.
Playboy Club: Al Plank, George Duke.
University Hideaway: George Walker, Fri.-Sat.

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