

MAY 16, 1968

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THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

FOCUS ON YOUNG TALENT

REED ISSUE PHAROAH SANDERS: COLTRANE'S MAN

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HUCKO



MARCELLUS

KEEP THOSE CARDS AND LETTERS...

This column's comment on the short-shrift in prime TV time for professional musicians, and the glut of electronic ear-splitting "groups," has brought a vast majority of pro for our point of view. Maybe we can organize, start our own movement, and show sponsors and talent coordinators that there are enough listeners who will tune in when talent, not transistors, are featured on the big variety shows.

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down beat

THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

On Newsstands Throughout the World

Every Other Thursday

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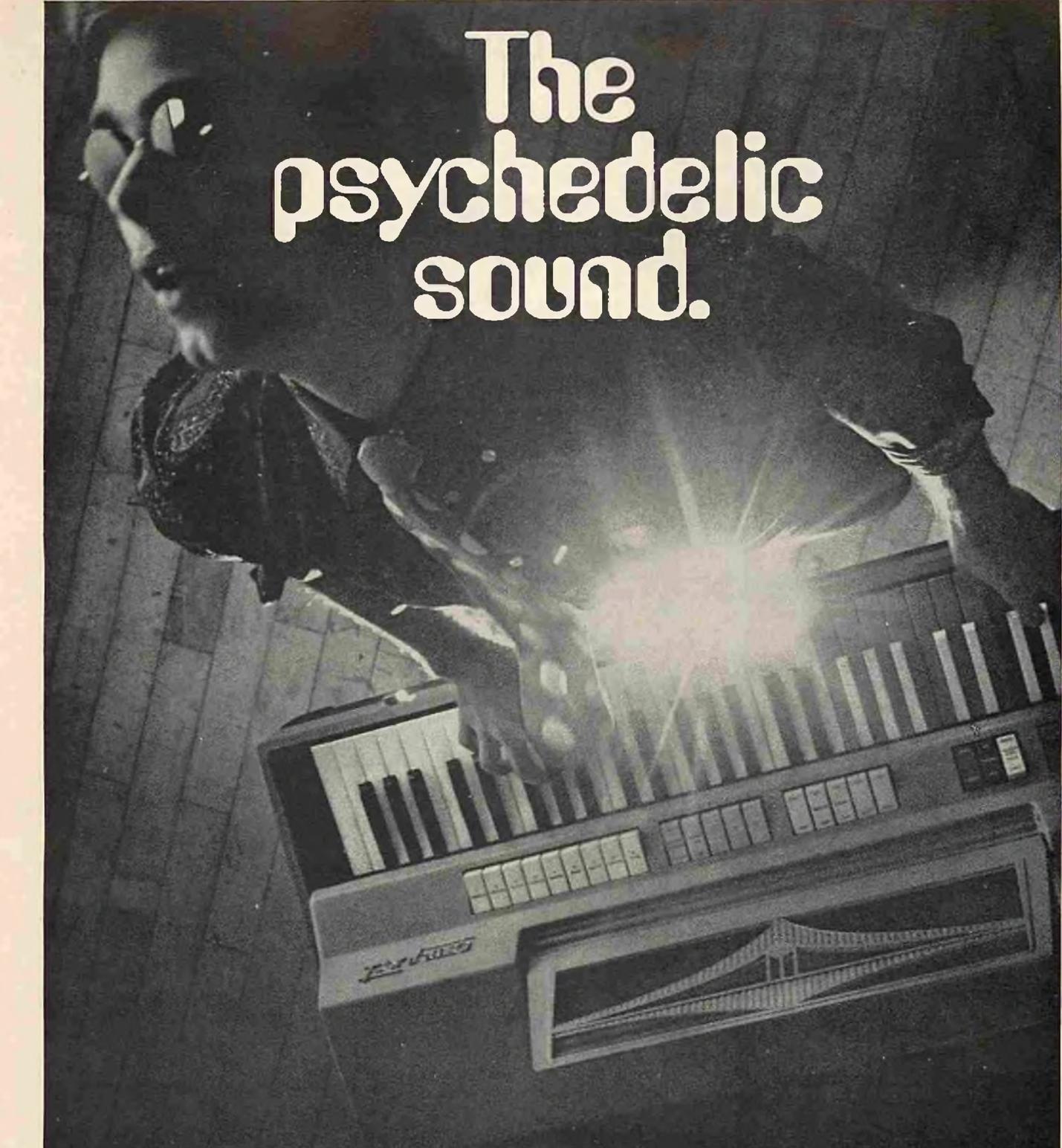
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Long Live The King

Your review of the Mel Brown *Chicken Fat* album (*DB*, March 7) is certainly a milestone. I would agree with Bob Porter's comments about the funkiness of the album as a whole, but there is greater significance than you might realize in the awarding of four stars to the record. You now have absolutely no excuse not to react with lavish praise to the work of the young eastern and English guitarists, who can convey more power and depth of feeling in one chorus than Brown can muster in nearly 40 minutes.

Perhaps Brown is considered adequate in Los Angeles; *someone's* flight of fancy resulted in the label, "An Impulse Discovery." But if *I'm Goin' to Jackson* has "exceptional power" and if Gerald Wiggins is "in the groove," you are going to have trouble finding words to describe Peter Green's playing on *The Super-Natural* and *Someday after Awhile*, from John Mayall's *A Hard Road* album. Mark Naftalin, of the Paul Butterfield Band, has written an outstanding (and complex) instrumental entitled *Strawberry Jam*, which unfortunately has not yet been released.

One other statement by Porter must not be left unchallenged. His contention that the Brown album is "an excellent place to start" for young blues fans is sadly irresponsible. If they (and Porter) would start with B.B. King, a lot of deception regarding feeling and musicianship could be avoided. B.B. King is the man from whom one begins to learn about city blues—Chicago, not Los Angeles.

Jeffrey C. Maxwell
Ann Arbor, Mich.

His Brand

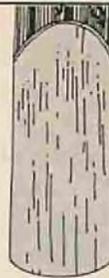
Faith Okuley is to be commended on her fine article on Dollar Brand (*DB*, 4/4). A few weeks ago I had the pleasure of hearing Brand at a solo concert at Indiana University of Pennsylvania. His music is strong, rhythmic, and thoroughly enjoyable. I hope that readers who have a chance to hear Dollar Brand will take advantage of the opportunity.

Richard Handler
Penn Run, Penn.

Unsolicited Testimonial

. . . I am a 15-year-old ardent, whole-souled jazz enthusiast, who loves jazz, I think, as much as Dave Brubeck, Michel Legrand, or the late George Hoefer. I always will. Therefore, I would like to make the following points:

I don't think enough people realize what *Down Beat* Magazine does for jazz. For well over a quarter of a century, *DB* has been "promoting" jazz. I say "promoting," because many think jazz is an underground music. I would like to stress the point that *DB* has played a tremendously important role in keeping jazz alive, and keeping it growing. No other source has



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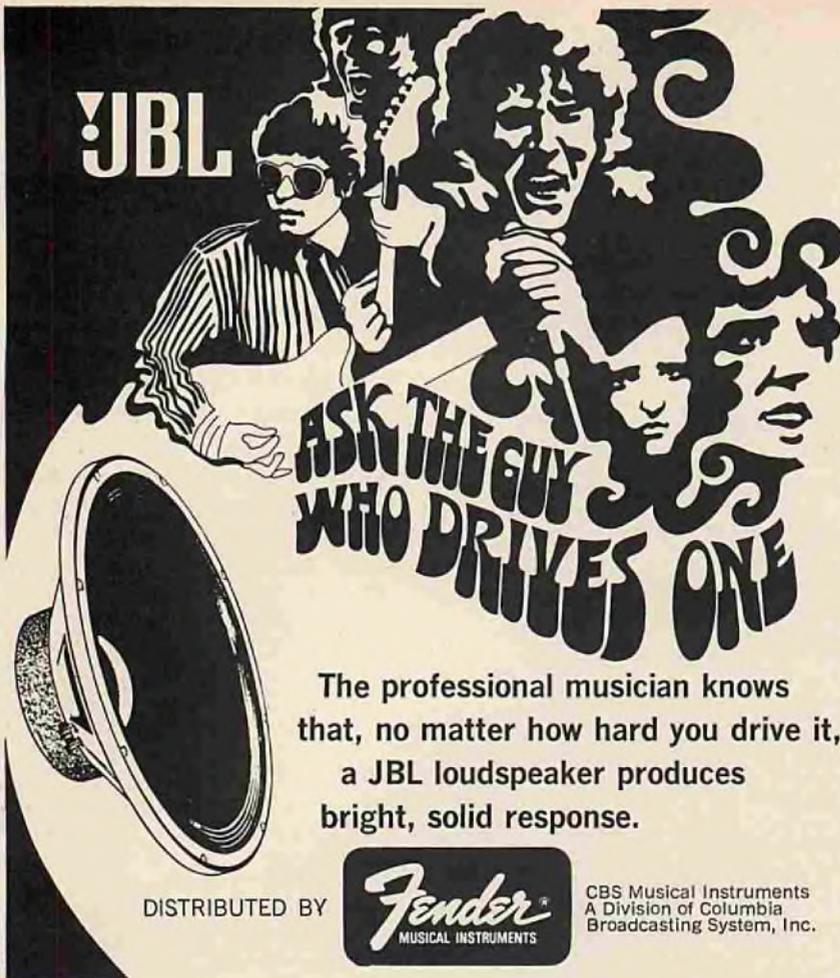
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(Adolph Herseth, Chicago Symphony Orchestra first trumpet, warming up before a performance... shown here with his set of Bach Stradivarius trumpets)



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had so much influence and authority in terms of helping jazz find its way to more recognition and grandeur. *Down Beat* has been and still is the backbone of jazz music. It is the cardinal source of motivation for the jazzman.

Thus, I hope jazz fans will not make the mistake of taking *DB* for granted, and will also continue to notice and take heed of this outstanding magazine.

W. Moore
Falls Church, Va.

Tasty Tate

Just a few lines to let you know what a wonderful magazine you have. I receive *Down Beat* twice a month—wish it was every weekend.

I would also like to mention a wonderful swinging drummer I have been hearing lately on just about every LP, Grady Tate. I think Grady blows with taste and his fills-ins are fantastic. Grady has the ability to make any group, large or small, swing to the utmost. I hope Grady sees this. . . .

Chuck Anthony
San Francisco, Calif.

Point of Order

A note concerning your article on the teachings of Jim Blackley (*DB*, 3/21).

A few of the concepts mentioned, namely the irrelevancy of rudiments to jazz drumming; emphasis on ear and mental development; and especially the theory that "everything that's played in jazz drumming is an extension of the right hand on the cymbal" have long been an integral part of the teachings of Stanley Spector.

Phil Faieta
New York City

From The Mouths Of Babes . . .

First, I would like to say that although I am only 15 and have just been reading *DB* a year, I think it's a beautiful magazine. Like, I love jazz dearly and *DB* does for jazz what a good newspaper does for a city.

Second, I'd like to say this: Isn't jazz an expression of yourself? And isn't each individual musician entitled to the right to express *himself*? If so, then why can't Buddy Rich say he likes Bellson, Lewis and Gubin and dislikes Roach, Jones and Williams without being called an arrogant, no-talent escapee from a drum and bugle corps, deaf, and being told to shut-up? If you ask me (which you didn't), Nat Yarbrough, Martha Giannasio and Paul Valente are the ones who don't know anything about jazz, because if they did, they'd let Rich have his views, and perhaps even give their's without all this name calling (like all grade schoolers do?).

Don't get me wrong. I think Max, Elvin and Tony are three really great innovators, too. So I disagree with Rich. But that doesn't make him an escapee from a drum and bugle corps. Besides, I rather like a guy who gives his views even though he is in the minority.

Becky Cummings
Pullman, Wash.

NEWPORT SCHEDULES STAR-STUDED PROGRAM

July 4 will be the detonation date of the 1968 Newport Jazz Festival, a gala four-night, three-afternoon affair running through July 7 that promises to be one of the most diversified festivals ever presented at the Rhode Island resort.

The leadoff concert is slated to include the Count Basie Band; guitarists Barney Kessel and Jim Hall; Nina Simone; and the groups of Gary Burton, Mongo Santamaria and Cannonball Adderley.

Friday afternoon will feature the groups of Freddie Hubbard, Elvin Jones and Archie Shepp; and saxophonist Lucky Thompson, backed by either Woody Herman's Herd or the Dizzy Gillespie Reunion Orchestra. The Gillespie band, specially organized for the occasion, will be one of four orchestras spotlighted in the Friday evening *Schlitz Salute to Big Bands*. Duke Ellington, Basie and Herman will also be on hand, and there will be cameo appearances by Charlie Barnet, Gene Krupa, Sy Oliver, Erskine Hawkins, Tex Bencke, Benny Carter, and others.

Carter will also play with Johnny Hodges and Ellington on Saturday afternoon, in a concert that is scheduled to include Sonny Criss, Tal Farlow and Montego Joe.

The winning group from Switzerland's Montreux Festival will begin Saturday night's card. Dionne Warwick and the Ellington band will be heard, as will Hugh Masekela, British trumpeter Alex Welsh, Ruby Braff, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Venuti and Bud Freeman.

Sunday afternoon, in its entirety, will be devoted to Ray Charles, his orchestra and his troupe.

The Notre Dame Collegiate Jazz Festival winners, the University of Illinois Jazz Band, will open the Sunday night program. The festival's final night will also offer Wes Montgomery, Horace Silver, Ramsey Lewis, Roland Kirk, Vi Redd, Don Ellis and Flip Wilson.

The program is subject to change.

TWO COLLEGE FESTIVALS SELECT IJF FINALISTS

Cerritos College, in Norwalk, Cal., held its third Intercollegiate Jazz Festival March 22-23 for the purpose of selecting western representatives to the national IJF finals in St. Louis (June 6-8).

The two-day Cerritos bash heard from 19 big bands, seven combos, three vocal groups and no less than 26 high school bands. The latter category is an extra Cerritos feature that has generated a great deal of regional interest, as well as creating a ready pool of talent for the college

bands. The high-schoolers (there was one band on every half hour from 8:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m.) were in a separate competition for local honors.

Among the judges were Shelly Manne, Lennie Niehaus, Johnny Keating, Gerald Wilson, Don Rader and Willie Maiden. Jimmy Baker, who produced *Stars of Jazz* for TV, helped stage the festival.

The winning big band was from Los Angeles Valley College; the winning combo from San Francisco State College, and



John Garvey Leads Illinois Band Another Victory

the winning vocal group from Cerritos.

The Midwest College Festival, held at Elmhurst College, Elmhurst, Ill. the following weekend, was won by the University of Illinois Jazz Band (which also won at Notre Dame's Collegiate Jazz Festival) and the Hipps-Everman Trio from Northwestern University. These groups will also go to St. Louis.

SCHIPPER COMBO STARTS AFRICA TOUR FOR STATE

There was a last-minute change in personnel of vibist Lee Schipper's quintet before the combo left on a two-month, 30,000-mile African tour in late March. Bassist Peter Marshall, 21, an anthropology major at the University of California in Berkeley, decided he had to remain in school. His place was taken by Kelly Bryan, 26, a U.C. alumnus who for some time has been playing with pianist Vince Guaraldi's trio.

The tour, sponsored by the U.S. State Department, is the first such for U.C. musicians. Besides playing concerts in seven nations in northern and southern Africa—Morocco, Tunisia, Libya, Rwanda, Burundi, Zambia, and Ethiopia—the quintet will spend some time in Uganda and Nairobi, where there are reported to be some good jazz clubs.

The quintet is accompanied by a university faculty representative and a State Department officer.

Besides Schipper, 21, other members of the combo are Bob Claire, 21, tenor sax and flute; Bob Strizich, 22, guitar; and Tom Aubrey, 21, drums.

DB JAZZ SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS ANNOUNCED

Guitarist David Shoup, 18, of Dayton, Ohio, and bassist Jiri Mraz, 23, of Munich, Germany, were awarded top prizes in the 1968 *Down Beat Hall of Fame* Scholarship competition. Each will receive a full \$1300 scholarship to the Berklee School of Music in Boston.

Receiving \$500 partial scholarships were pianist Pete Robinson, Los Angeles; vibist-composer Claudio Szenkar, Cologne, Germany; trombonist Harold Crook, Cranston, R.I., and pianist Masabumi Kikuchi from Tokyo.

Scholarships of \$250 were awarded guitarists Alan Silvestri, Teaneck, N.J., and Richard Roeder, Baltimore, Md.; trombonists Lyle Waller, Montrose, Colo., and Edmond Byrne, Norristown, Pa.; alto saxophonist John Prodesky, Youngstown, Ohio, and pianist-arranger Keith Heindel, West Chester, Pa.

MELLE'S ELECTRONAUTS: THESE CATS BLOW FUSES

Thus far, the electronic revolution in music has largely been confined to the serious serialists and the psychedelic rockers. But now there is a jazz entry on the horizon that not only rivals but even surpasses most of these in complexity.

That would be reedman-composer Gil Melle's Electronauts, recently featured in the University of California at Los Angeles' Chamber Jazz concert series. The group consists of Melle on a hybrid, electronically amplified saxophone (it has the body of a soprano); Forrest Westbrook, piano; Ben Matthews, bass, and Fred Stofflet, drums.

In addition, there are the electar, the echolette; the luminot, a combination of instruments within one console; the doomsday machine; the percussotron, which, as every child knows, is driven by a contrarhythmicon; a data processing machine known as the director; a bulky speaker system, and, of course, spare fuses.

Says Melle: "I really could use a fifth guy—a technician." His new Verve album is called *Tome 6*, which stands for "sixth Transistorized Oscillator Modulator Envelope." All clear?

When it comes to writing assignments, however, Melle pulls out the plugs. He recently scored a segment of *Ironsides* for NBC-TV, and is currently working on the score for a Universal film. *The Revolution of Antonio De Leon*. Both have conventional instrumentation.

POTPOURRI

Drummer **Roy Burnes** has left pianist **Joe Bushkin's** trio to form his own group, which, he says, will play "thinking man's rock 'n' roll." With a personnel of **Bob Myers**, guitar; **Kenny Seiffert**, bass; **Frankie Hookano**, vibes and miscellaneous percussion, and **Liz Damon**, vocals, the group opened May 1 at Gauguin's in Honolulu.

From the Los Angeles night club Donte's March mailer: "We would appreciate it if the musicians would stop picking the poppies in front of the club . . . the 'vice' is getting suspicious!"

The program for the first Monterey Dixieland Festival (May 10-11) at press-time included **Louis Armstrong**; the **Dukes of Dixieland**; the **Firehouse Five Plus Two**; **Turk Murphy's Jazz Band**; **Bob Crosby** and the **Bobcats**; singer-banjoist **Clancy Hayes**; pianist **Wally Rose**; singers **Pat Yankee**, **Barbara Kelly** (of TV's *Hurdy Gurdy* show) and **Fred and Mickie Finn**. There will also be a traditional band of 13-year-olds from Pleasanton, Cal. which operates under the mod title **Pawn Ticket and the Hockshop Four**.

Drum Debate

From 1 to 5 in the afternoon of May 5 at the Hotel Diplomat in New York City, the Drum Teachers Organization, a non-profit organization dedicated to the exchange of ideas between drum teachers, professional players and students, will hold its second meeting. Many points about drumming will be discussed and divergent viewpoints presented, but as far as veteran teacher Sam Ulano, founder of DTO, is concerned, a dialogue is in order right now.

When he read about drum teacher Jim Blackley (*DB*, March 21), the rivets on Ulano's Chinese cymbal began to quiver. The first thing that irritated him was Blackley's statement that "reading is important, but . . . music can be made totally by ear. Too many drummers get tied up in a chart and no music comes out."

Ulano reasons: "You can't do anything totally by ear until you have learned your instrument and how to read. You can't write a story unless you know the English language. The reason I take offense is that I feel it gives the young student a distorted picture. I don't think Jim Blackley could have written his books if he hadn't been a reader.

"As for drummers getting tied up in a chart," he continues, "he should be more specific. Of course, the beginner will get tied up in a chart. Or a guy who doesn't have the playing experience."

Another point of contention relates to Blackley's apparent dissatisfaction with the teaching he received in New York in the '50s. He talked of his disappointment with the "clinical approach." Ulano wants to know what he means by the word clinical. "Does he mean too technical?" he asks. "Jim studied with Stanley Spector, Charlie Perry and myself. If you don't name names, you are taking in a lot of teachers."

Blackley not conceding "for one minute that the requirements of the rudimentalist have any true connection with that of the jazz performer" also raises Ulano's eyebrows. "I wrote an article in *International Musician* in the mid-1950s entitled *There Are No Drum Rudiments* in which I stated 'rudiments are for the military.' I've been teaching for 31 years and I don't consider myself an authority. I'm still studying. I just wish Jim would define his statements more clearly."

Perhaps these matters will come under discussion May 5. Drummer Ed Shaughnessy is scheduled to be the featured guest. Admission for non-member observers is \$2.50. —Gitter



BLUES FOR SERGE CHALOFF

Bystander

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

IN THE LATE 1940s and early 1950s, the winner on baritone saxophone in the annual polls in this magazine and in the old *Metronome* was usually Serge Chaloff. It might be interesting to know just how many current readers of *Down Beat* know of his career and listen to his records.

A sincere essay in tribute to Chaloff recently appeared in France in *Jazz Magazine*. It was written by Jean Dumas-Delage, and I envy the Parisian followers of jazz for having seen it first.

Chaloff was born in Boston in 1923. He died there of cancer in 1957. He knew he had the disease, and toward the end he knew just about how long he had to live.

Chaloff's family was about as musical as a family can be. His father played with the Boston Symphony, and his mother was, and is, a much-respected piano teacher.

Young Serge started on piano and then studied clarinet. But he taught himself baritone saxophone and taught himself jazz. His instructors on the instrument were Harry Carney and Jack Washington, although, of course, they never knew it. He learned from listening to their records and, I feel sure, from hearing

them in person whenever he could.

According to Leonard Feather's *Encyclopedia of Jazz*, Chaloff "changed ideas after hearing Ch. Parker and while with Geo. Auld and J. Dorsey, '45-6, evolved as first major bop baritone man. Joined Woody Herman '47 and was key man in his famous 'Four Brothers' band." All of which is true, although both Leo Parker and Cecil Payne might argue with that "first major."

But Dumas-Delage has something to add to all this. And if I understand him correctly, it is that Chaloff did not so much adopt Parker's style as he grasped the emotional basis for the style. And following Parker's example, he looked to his own emotions to form his style, using Parker's efforts as a guide.

Others were able to use a version of Parker's manner as a basis for articulating their music. Chaloff discovered that his own task was not so simple—or at least not so direct. "He retained from Parker the sensitive, not the formal aspect," writes Dumas-Delage.

"What can one say of such a man," the French writer asks, "whose work is pure and beautiful in its simplicity, filled with verve and warmth, hidden behind his shyness and modesty—forbidden forever to join the Parnassus of those who became legends on the mornings after their demise?"

A few more quotations and points:

"Chaloff does not play the baritone; he makes it talk." However, he does not speak an esoteric language accessible only to a few initiates. Nor does he formulate an idea and then make music out of it. His language is "the expression of an ineffable sensation, the indescrib-

able disposition encountered by the musician at the very moment of performance." He knew "how to remain simple, clear, how to offer his music without insisting, to say a great deal without verbosity, to speak softly but firmly, and without seeming to recognize the value of what he is doing."

The author's title is ironic, *A Death of No Importance*. His final paragraph has touches of the same kind of irony:

"A great fellow, completely simple, too simple to be understood, a great memory completely alone, too much alone to be perpetuated, a great musician, very gifted, gifted enough to be loved. That was Serge.

". . . Chaloff the shy, Chaloff the simple, a musician whose recordings are now too often impossible to find; he fell like a stone, not into oblivion but worse, into indifference."

As I say, the doctors were frank enough with Chaloff to tell him he was dying. And he was gallant enough to carry on to the end and to prepare a legacy. The Capitol album numbered T-742 and called *Blue Serge* was his own selection. (It was issued as *Serge Chaloff Memorial* in France). You may be able to find it still, but if you do, you may be sure you are finding one of the last available copies. *Boston Blowup*, also on Capitol, is even rarer.

Otherwise, you can hear Chaloff on Columbia's Woody Herman album (C3L 25) with the "Four Brothers" band that brought him his widest popularity. And you can hear a chorus by Chaloff on *The Goof and I*, a Red Rodney-led title on *Out of the Herd* (Emarcy MGE 26012). 

BUD BOUNCES BACK

LOOKING RESTED and fit as a fiddle, Bud Freeman is back in action after an involuntary hiatus of more than six months.

"It was a freak thing," the dapper tenor saxophonist says. "I was riding on the Queensboro bridge with a friend—he was driving—and some crazy man in a truck hit us head on. I was thrown into the dashboard—there was no time to do anything but to throw up my hands to protect my face; instinctively, I suppose. I suffered multiple fractures of the right ribcage.

Hodes (taped March 30 for WTTW), then a couple of albums and some concerts . . . Before the injury I had perhaps the best year I've ever had in the music business, just playing concerts and festivals—no clubs. I was in Europe for 10 weeks and then did all the Newport Festival things. I made four albums in Europe. I'm hoping to get back into all that. I had lots of calls while I was recovering and couldn't say for sure when I'd be back."

But back Bud is—and ready. "To the



"I was in the hospital just two weeks—I couldn't bear being there. It seems to me that all the dead people in the world are not in their graves. So I went home.

"The injury was painful, and there's no medication so I just had to sweat it out. Now, after six months, the doctor, who'd said at first that it might be as much as a year before I could play again, gave the okay for me to go back to work.

"My first gig is in Chicago—a television show with my good friend Art

doctor's surprise, there was no pain after playing, and it feels better than ever. I feel freer and not bored with myself, as one can become when overbusy. I've never practiced this much in my life . . . usually, when you are working, you don't play in the house. You just want to relax when you're home."

The feline? "That is Mr. Binks—one of our three big ones. I just couldn't handle them all at once for a picture." It's very good to have this cat on the active list again. —Jack Bradley

TV SOUNDINGS

By LEONARD FEATHER

THE APRIL 4 COLUMN mentioned the disappointingly meager use of music in general—and of Terry Gibbs' studio orchestra specifically—on Steve Allen's comedy series last summer.

In fairness to Allen it should now be pointed out that we are about to receive compensation; in fact, by the time these words are read he will have started to provide it. As viewers in some 25 cities will have observed, Allen has re-entered the informal-entertainment-and-talk show sweepstakes.

The format is one he can fairly claim to have originated on his *Tonight* show in 1954. He did a similar syndicated series for Westinghouse in the early '60s.

Starting April 1, first in Los Angeles and later in other parts of the country, Allen returned to his old informal style, offering 90 minutes of miscellany, this time under syndication by Filmways.

There is a strong contrast between the formalized, rehearsed, polished series such as the one for which Gibbs' band was assembled in 1967, and the loose, easygoing program for which Allen is so well equipped. Musically, too, the difference is striking.

In a recent conversation with Allen, commenting on the reduced use of jazz on television and the great increase in the inroads of pop and rock, I asked whether he planned to adjust himself to the trend or would try to bring the public back to a degree of concern for jazz.

Allen's typically frank answer was: "I will probably go both ways at once—in fact, I've already done that with the shows that have been taped. I'll use some of the best pop groups, but you can be sure jazz won't be neglected.

"For one thing, the house band is composed exclusively of musicians with a jazz background, and they won't be confined to playing for the acts.

"Paul Smith is the leader and pianist. He has Ray Linn on trumpet, Frank Rosolino—who's done just about all my shows—on trombone; Gus Bivona, Bill Perkins, and Jack Nimitz on reeds; Barney Kessel on guitar; Jim Hughart on bass, and Frank Capp on drums.

"The basic fact here is that we have a potentially great jazz group. Just a while back we taped a solo specialty featuring Kessel. We'll pick Rosolino out of the group from time to time and have him do a solo. Bivona and I may do a Benny Goodman Quartet-type thing. We booked Terry Gibbs to be one of our first guests. The Les McCann Trio came on recently; they did a number by themselves, and then Les and I did a duet, playing some blues. The other day the Cannonball Adderley Quintet did a great spot."

The only snag in this promising development is that the time slot will vary widely from city to city. New York and Los Angeles decided to schedule it from 6 to 7:30 p.m. In other areas the show

may overlap with Johnny Carson, Joey Bishop, Mike Douglas, or Merv Griffin.

* * *

An unusual one-hour color special is *The Words and Music of Bobby Troup*. Already seen in Los Angeles, Portland, Ore., and Minneapolis, Minn., it is now going into national and foreign syndication.

Produced and written by Jerry Dexter, a jazz-oriented television personality, the program could be a whopping boost for Troup's ASCAP rating, but more significantly, it could mark a return to the type of low-key unpretentiousness that characterized a number of music programs in the early days of television.

The show was obviously put together on a shoestring budget. Only on one number, *Girl Talk*, was there anything approaching an elaborate setting or tricky



June Christy

BERNIE FRIEDMAN/CAPITOL RECORDS

camera work. For the most part, Dexter and his director, Bill Edwards, let the songs speak for themselves.

Johnny Mercer's introduction gave a little biographical background on Troup. During the show Stan Kenton paid Troup a tribute. June Christy sang three tunes (actually 2½, since she split *Daddy* with the composer). The rest of the show was composed of Troup talking about his songs and performing them.

It was interesting to hear some of his less-often-played works, such as *Hungry Man*, an old Louis Jordan record hit, and *Walking Shoes*, the old Mulligan instrumental, to which he set lyrics. Troup's most attractive melodies are the ballads (*Baby*, *Baby All the Time*, *The Meaning of the Blues*), but the wit and sophistication of his lyrics shows up best in the rhythm songs such as *Route 66*, *Daddy*, and *Lemon Twist*.

John Collins and Whitey Hogan, Troup's regular guitar and bass men, were assisted by Steve Bohannon on drums and (for the ballads) organ.

The show's one weakness was its failure to offer even a minimal discussion or analysis of Troup's tunes. Why couldn't Mercer and Kenton have gotten into this instead of reciting facts or paying compliments?

I suppose it is merely wishful to hope that some day similar programs might be devoted to others who write material of

this caliber and are capable of performing it without any Broadwayish and-then-I-wrote bombast. Bobby Scott, for example, could fill an hour splendidly. Anyhow, this was a relaxed and agreeable show, a welcome change of pace from the typical six-figure-budget network musical extravaganza. **CB**

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Another jazz club has bitten the dust. The relatively short-lived Frammis—which never obtained the city license allowing it to use horns or drums—reopened as Discotheque Frammis at the end of March . . . Meanwhile, on lower 1st Ave., another hornless and drumless club, Port of Call East, has been getting into something on weekends with the duo of pianist Jaki Byard and bassist Lyn Christie . . . The final program in Hunter College's series *New Images in Sound* will be presented May 7 at the Hunter Playhouse. Three films with music by Edgard Varese, Harry Partch and John Cage respectively will be shown, and live jazz will be played by the Charles Lloyd Quartet. Paul Motian has replaced Jack DeJohnette on drums in Lloyd's group . . . Trombonist Kai Winding did a four-week stint at Shephard's lasting into April . . . The Cecil Taylor Unit played a week at Slugs' in early April. With the pianist were Eddie Gales, trumpet; Jimmy Lyons, alto saxophone; Alan Silva, bass; Andy Cyrille, drums . . . Gary McFarland is doing the score for *Narkissos*, a film starring dancer Edward Villella in the role of a jazz guitarist. Gabor Szabo will play the soundtrack guitar . . . Herbie Mann did several weekends at the Village Gate during March opposite first Odette, then the MJQ and French-Canadian singer Monique Leyrac. With the flutist were Roy Ayers, vibes; Sonny Sharrock, guitar; Miroslav Vitous, bass; Bruno Carr, drums. In April, a double-header featured the groups of organist Jimmy Smith and trumpeter Hugh Masekela . . . The Top of the Gate had its own April piano twosome, playing separate sets—Monty Alexander and Toshiko . . . Saxophonist John Handy was in residence at the Dom through most of April with his Concert Ensemble . . . George Shearing made one of his rare New York appearances in April; a three-week stand at the Rainbow Grill . . . The Otto-McLawler Trio opened a four-week engagement at the Tom Jones Pub on Manhattan's east side April 30. With Richard Otto on electric violin and organist-vocalist Sarah McLawler is drummer Sam Cox . . . Trumpeter Lee Morgan's quintet played a concert at P.S. 18 on Staten Island in early April . . . Other trumpeters who've been busy recently include Blue Mitchell, who blew April 13 at the Bronxwood Inn, and Kenny Dorham, who soared at Sterington House in Montclair, N.J. April 4. Singer Leon Thomas was with Mitchell; Joe Lee Wilson sang with Dorham . . . Drummer Les De Merle's group is in the midst of a long run at the Golden Dome in Atlantic Beach, N.J. . . . Sessions are happening

again at the Starfire Lounge in Levittown, L.I. Pianist Al Williams heads a trio with bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Charlie Perry on Fridays and Saturdays. On Mondays, guest stars sit in . . . Guitarist Jim Hall played for the Hartford Jazz Society April 7, with Eddie Gomez, bass, and Jake Hanna, drums. He was also featured in concert at Ithaca College April 2, and will appear at Paterson State College (N.J.) May 5. Hall has been working on a series of guitar pieces in the classical idiom which he expects to be published in the fall . . . Saxophonist Bill Barron has received his Bachelor's degree from Combs College of Music in Philadelphia, with a major in composition, and is continuing his studies in music education at the New York College of Music . . . Westchester residents can now hear jazz from midnight to dawn on WFAS (103.9 FM; 1230 AM). The name of the show is *After Hours*, and the host is Sonny Mann . . . *Record Notes:* Prestige continues to record jazz utilizing new and old names. Tenor man Houston Person did his third LP for the label, with trombonist Curtis Fuller, baritone saxophonist Pepper Adams, pianist Cedar Walton, bassist Bob Cranshaw, and drummer Frankie Jones. Veteran tenor saxophonist Illinois Jacquet did a quartet date with Barry Harris, piano; Ben Tucker, bass; and Alan Dawson, drums. Pianist Jaki Byard headed up a "string" session with Ray Nance, violin; George Benson, guitar; Ron Carter, cello; Richard Davis, bass; Dawson, drums and vibes. Prestige has also resigned alto saxophonist Charles McPherson and added pianist Harold Mabern to its artists' roster.

Los Angeles: The Concert Jazz Quintet is finally off the ground—under the aegis of two keepers of the jazz faith: Albert Marx for record production and Roy Maxwell for personal management. The quintet consists of a number of Don Ellis alumni: Ira Schulman, reeds; Dave Mackay, leader-piano-vocals; Chuck Dominicano, bass; Joe Porcero, drums; Vicki Hamilton, vocals. Miss Hamilton (Mackay's wife) is not merely a vocalist in the big band sense. Many of the charts integrate her voice with Schulman's flute and/or with Mackay's voice . . . Tommy Vig presented his first big band concert outside of Las Vegas at El Camino College in Gardena, before a disappointingly small crowd. Considering the promotion efforts, Vig has a right to be disillusioned. Post-concert consensus put the blame on location—not the auditorium, which is new, but the distance from Hollywood. In spite of heavy commitments, practically all of Vig's first-choice personnel made the concert: Buddy Childers, Steve Huffsteter, Larry McGuire, Dalton Smith, Al Porcino, trumpets; Dick Hyde, Charlie Loper, Chuck Bennett, Frank Strong, Jack Redmond, trombones; Tom Hall, Sam Most, Tony Ortega, Bill Perkins, Ira Schulman, reeds; Frank De La Rosa, bass; John Guerin, drums; Larry Bunker, percussion. Special guest for the evening: Don Ellis . . . Sam Most, who pre-

/Continued on page 41

JAZZ IS IN:

Music Educators National Conference recognizes jazz educators. By Lowell Richards

"I DON'T KNOW WHEN I've been so thrilled about American music as I was when Allen Britton came right out and said the old girl is finally legitimate," composer Meredith Willson told an audience of 3,000 on Jazz Night at the Music Educators National Conference's biennial convention in Seattle.

Britton, of the University of Michigan School of Music, is a former president of the 54,000-member MENC. Many of the 5,000 delegates to the convention attended Jazz Night at the Seattle Opera House and heard sounds they never heard before. Producing these sounds were the Fort Vancouver (Wash.) High School Stage Band, the Olympic College Stage Band of Bremerton, Wash., the Collegiate Neophonic Orchestra of Cerritos College, Calif., and the North Texas State University Lab Band of Denton, Tex.

Britton and Willson were jubilant over the organization of the National Association of Jazz Educators, which was recognized as an official body by the MENC at the convention, held March 14-19. Some 500 school music teachers signed up as charter members, and M. E. Hall, president, predicts a steady growth. Hall is in the department of music at Stephen F. Austin State College, Nacogdoches, Tex.

The Jazz Educators met March 15 and named John R. Roberts, school music supervisor at Denver, Colo., president-elect to take office July 1. Other officers are Matt Betton of Manhattan, Kans., vice president; Jack W. Wheaton, director of the Collegiate Neophonic Band, secretary; and Clement R. De Rosa, music supervisor in the Long Island, N.Y. public school system, treasurer.

Louis G. Wersen, outgoing MENC president and supervisor of music in the Philadelphia public school system, told *Down Beat* that formation of the Jazz Educators' unit was long overdue, and that he was happy to see the Conference recognize the place of jazz and pop music in the educational system. The new president, Wiley L. Housewright, dean of the Florida State University School of Music, voiced similar sentiments.

Although Monday was dedicated Jazz Night, other sessions of the Conference heard some excellent contemporary music, as well as the more traditional school fare.

African drummer Michael Olatunji came from New York to assist Seattle music teacher Barbara Reeder in rehearsing the Seattle All-City Junior High Choirs for a highly rhythmic pres-

entation of ethnic music from Sub-Saharan Africa.

Bill Smith, noted composer, jazz clarinetist, and director of the University of Washington's Contemporary Group, presented an afternoon program with his group and the Philadelphia String Quartet. Smith demonstrated how to improvise with oneself, using a clarinet and two tape recorders, one recording and the other re-recording, feeding back, and playing back. He developed up to 10 simultaneous lines, using the two machines in tandem. At the climax, the Opera House was full of the sound of many Smiths. With drummer-vibist Tom Collier, Smith also performed Mauro Bertolotti's *Introduction—Night-Music—Toccata*.

At the Tanglewood Symposium, also held on Tuesday, "serious music" teachers heard this statement: "Today is completely different. And so will music be, as long as people are different, and as long as there is another day. And no man will write nor teach the music which has total mass appeal." This came from Paul Williams, editor of *Crawdaddy*, a rock magazine.

Jazz Night was a joyful scene. A printed prohibition in the program against encores was overridden by the smiling acquiescence of the chairman, Rev. Norman O'Connor.

Leon Breeden's North Texas State Lab Band, at the finale, topped even the fantastic Collegiate Neophonic Group in swing and musical power and had the 3,000 teachers and fans clamoring for more. The Lab Band can only be described as a virtuoso ensemble, and they played their hearts out for Breeden. Louis Marini, all-around reed player, was outstanding both as a writer and soloist. Drummer Ed Soph, an English major, laid down some satisfying time. Sal Marquez displayed skill with the trumpet. John Monaghan inserted good bass lines under everything with an excellent-sounding electric instrument.

Stan Kenton spoke, and guest-conducted the Collegiate Neophonic. He first relaxed the scene by walking up to the large red podium, examining it carefully, sitting down at it, and then deciding to conduct from the floor. George Roberts was, as usual, an impressive trombone soloist.

Kenton introduced Britton, who said: "It's time we listen to and play music of our own people as well as the aristocratic music of Europe which was played by liveried servants, and is still played in this country by liveried servants for our aristocracy."

The Fort Vancouver High School



Father O'Connor and Stan Kenton

Stage Band got Jazz Night off to a good start under the baton of Dale D. Beacock. This band was the winner last year at the Olympic College Band Festival at Bremerton, Wash. James A. Brush then directed the Olympic College Stage Band. Both bands swung hard and professionally, making an impact on the teachers present that hopefully will be lastingly beneficial. The superintendent of schools from a small coastal town in Washington told us: "I've never heard anything like this in my life, and it's simply wonderful." There must have been hundreds who felt as he did.

So the old girl is finally "legitimate"—but what about her long-haired offspring? That same weekend, in Seattle and environs, several dozen professional rock bands were turning young flower people on and around—in revitalized dance halls downtown and in the suburbs. There may be hope that someday the nation's music educators will see and hear this music as well as jazz. The Jazz Educators' Association is flexible and open enough to make a place for popular music, and several MENC officers emphasized the importance of the popular music being played and heard now.

President Roberts may have summed it up when he told the convention that "teachers must have an emotional response to honest music. Through continuous, dedicated study they will be able to enlarge their own horizons. Then they will be better able to inspire and enlighten their students." 

JOE FARRELL: TWICE BLESSED

by Ira Gitler



DON SCHLITEN

BLESSED IS THE MAN who does what he loves best. Twice blessed is the man who can also make a comfortable living working at his heart's desire. And if that man is a jazz musician in today's world, he can indeed count his blessings. Such a man is Joe Farrell. At 30, he is beginning to receive the recognition due him, and it is likely to continue to grow along with his talent. His deserved good fortune is no accident.

Since last August, Farrell has been an important voice in the Elvin Jones group, a unit that has at times been a quartet but more often is a trio—currently with bassist Jimmy Garrison. "It puts me," says Farrell, "in the best groove I've been in in my life. I'm playing jazz nightly with the best drummer in the world. During the day I'm recording in the studios. So I'm making money and playing jazz in New York—the two things I'd wanted to do."

The tide turned, according to Farrell, in the fall of 1964, when he went to Europe with George Russell's sextet. On his return, he worked a jazz gig in Brooklyn with an organ trio. Then he was briefly with Charlie Mingus (three weeks), Horace Silver and Slide Hampton. In 1965 he played clubs and recorded with pianist Jaki Byard's quartet. Thad Jones, a teammate in George Russell's group, chose him as one of the charter members of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra in February 1966. The

following month saw Farrell begin a year-long quartet job at the Playboy Club. In this same period, he began to get calls for the kind of dates that fill New York recording studio calendars every week; backing singers, etc. "Everything happened simultaneously," Farrell explains, "but not one thing necessarily leading into another."

The studio gigs keep coming because Farrell has mastered all the saxophones, clarinets and flutes, and has added oboe and English horn to his bag of instruments with the same perseverance and dedication that has made him a fine jazzman. How well a musician commands his instrument impresses leader Thad Jones.

"Joe knows what the horn is all about technically," he says. "But how does he use the technique? Joe's put his to work between his brain and fingers. He's so fluid. Seems like the instant he thinks of something, he's played it. He reminds me of the old tenor players—not afraid to blow the horn, like a young Don Byas. He's not afraid of the low register—has a fantastic chord knowledge." Jones paused significantly, and continued: "Attitude is very important. You've got to have that spark that comes from within. This cat's got a gang of that."

Co-leader Lewis echoes this feeling. "He can keep changing pace in the course of one solo. He can make you lose your breath—then he can start

stomping. He leads you into it. You want to start riffing."

The truth is that Joe Farrell is a *real* jazz player. How he got there is a story of honest inspiration and unadulterated love of playing. Born Joseph Firrantello in Chicago Heights, Ill., his earliest connection with music was his father, who played guitar, and a brother who played mandolin. Neither were professionals, but a brother-in-law was. "He played tenor in a Hawk bag," Joe remembers. "He started me on clarinet, and I studied with him. He had Benny Goodman records."

It wasn't until high school, however, that Farrell feels he really started to learn about jazz, through a schoolmate pianist. That was in 1951-52. The next year he put aside his clarinet, bought a tenor and began to study in Chicago. "Tuesday was a big day for me," he reminisces. "After school I'd take my lesson, have dinner and then go to Roosevelt College to hear Ira Sullivan, Tommy Ponce and Johnny Griffin. The power of the cats playing in person got to me."

As all of us have found out along the way, records are one thing but live jazz is truly something else. "I had Stan Getz records," says Farrell, "and a Stan Getz tone, but I was trying to 'bear down' like the Chicago cats."

Like Sullivan, he was a white musician who wanted to play with black mu-

sicians, not for the purpose of "stealing the black man's music" as some of today's home-grown paranoiacs would impute, but because of an instinctive response to the kind of affirmation of life he heard.

Since the "soul-funk" revelation of the 1950s, it has not been an easy road for the white musician who gravitates toward the black idiom rather than going in the direction of a whiter shade of jazz. The white audience of that time, tuned in to Brubeck, didn't want to hear J. R. Monterose any more than they were interested in Hank Mobley, relative merits aside. The black audience would more than likely choose to listen to a soul brother and would send a strong draft toward a Negro leader who hired a white man instead of a black man of comparable talent and stylistic inclination.

Joe Farrell undoubtedly would have had faster recognition in the jazz world had he been black. I'm not copping out for him (*he* certainly never did or would) or using the point to negate the difficulties encountered by the black jazzman. It is merely the case of an individual which bears telling because it points up how often we allow the wrong reason to color our judgment.

JAZZ TO FARRELL means "burning," another expression for hyper-swinging. "Elvin has shown me the way even further," he says. "It's got to be cooking. I don't want to do background music—music that suggests something else to me. Jazz is the purest form of music because it comes from within. It's not my impression of the world. It's just something I'm doing at that moment. It's not political. It's music for music's sake."

Farrell started by working in rural bars around the outskirts of Chicago, trying to play jazz in such unlikely places as hillbilly joints where flying beer bottles were as common in the air as smoke. Then he started sitting in with Jump Jackson and other r&b bands in south suburban Chicago and in Harvey, Ill. In 1955, he went to the University of Illinois, where he met Denny Zeitlin and Jack McDuff, who lived in Champaign. It was then that he "really got hip to jazz." He listened to Charlie Parker and Sonny Rollins on records; got into various groups; wrote for an octet; played jazz gigs; was written up in the school paper. In Chicago he sat in with Sullivan, John Gilmore and Griffin. At the Randolph Rendezvous, he blew with Frank Strozier at Sunday afternoon sessions. He talks of excellent local musicians like pianist Jodie Christian, and Wilbur Campbell, "the first drummer I heard play the style now associated with Elvin."

In 1957 Farrell joined his first "name"

band, Ralph Marterie. He traveled with him for three months, playing baritone saxophone. That fall he returned to school, eventually getting his degree in music after summer school in 1958.

During the summer of 1959, Farrell attended a different kind of school. In addition to working weekend gigs, he set a rigorous session schedule for himself, the kind that one can undertake only if he really loves to play. He would begin at the Cloister Inn on Sunday afternoon, shift to the French Poodle in the evening, and wind up at the "Blue Monday" breakfast party at Budland at 6 a.m. Monday evening would find him blowing at the Joe Segal session at the Gate of Horn, and Tuesday night he would make the bash at the Sutherland.

A visit to New York whetted his appetite for the Apple. He rejoined Marterie on baritone, saved \$500, and on New Year's Eve of 1960 left Chicago behind. He knew no one in New York, but he knew that he wanted to play with the young musicians there. He jumped right into the jamming scene: Monday nights at Basie's, loft sessions, etc. At one of these informal affairs he met drummer Stu Martin, who recommended him to Maynard Ferguson. He joined the trumpeter's band in February, remaining 15 months.

Back in New York in the spring of 1961, life became a scuffle. There was the occasional Monday night at Birdland, but mostly it was "working every low dive in New York—all kinds of gigs." Farrell moved to the lower east side to keep his rent low. In 1962, he became involved with the Latin scene via Tito Rodriguez and Willie Bobo. In the fall, he made an album with Dizzy Reece for New Jazz. His only previous recordings had been with Ferguson (*Newport Suite*) and Mingus (*Pre-Bird*).

For the next two years—until the "tide-turning" with George Russell—the name of the game was waiting. It was in this period that I first heard him at length in the course of a tenor confrontation with Dexter Gordon at the Living Room on a Sunday afternoon. Gordon is a mean man to session with. One had better be "ready," and Farrell was. He showed that he had absorbed from the important saxophonists and was working on his own thing. Out of this, his own personality has emerged.

THROUGHOUT HIS CAREER there have been "the cats who inspire you to continue to play, usually a person you respect. Ira (Sullivan) was one. Jaki Byard on Maynard's band. The basis of what I play now is because of Jaki's introducing me to several areas—wide intervals, fourths, flatted ninths.

"Originally I wanted to play jazz without frills, agents, or wanting to be a star. Then you run the gamut. Now

I've reached the point of 'let's just play.' The basis of my playing is melodic construction. Elvin has taught me about the right tempo and rhythmic placement."

Farrell has never been the hustling jazzman, eager to publicize himself. He has come up through the ranks by playing. "There's luck involved in getting to where you are," he feels. "There's a thin line separating being into something and being off. A lot has to do with the context you're heard in. With Elvin you've really got to come up with something. In a trio you have to come up with something constantly. But I can play my way. He gives you a lot of freedom. No restrictions. Working every night has made me stronger."

The trio, alternating between the Dom and the Vanguard in late winter and early spring, recorded its first album under Jones' new Blue Note contract in April.

The word "freedom" reminds that Farrell is one of the players who can go "outside" and still retain the "burning" jazz essence so vital to him. His experience has included some of the stranger avant garde experiments, such as Don Ellis' "happening" band of the early 1960s. When asked about this, he replied: "Harry Partch taught at the University of Illinois. I played his music in 1956-57. With Don Ellis, I wanted to see the possibilities of *his* thing, which he has since abandoned."

He can't get too excited about rock. "The rock groups are where the jazz groups were back in the '40s," he says, referring to their degree of harmonic sophistication. "They get excited over a D minor 7th into a G 7th, a kind of substitution Bird was into 25 years ago."

Joe Farrell is a short, pudgy, easy-going, affable man with a quiet sense of humor. He has a lovely wife, three exuberant children and is landlord of the renovated townhouse in which he lives in mid-Manhattan. Someday he would like to indulge in the hobby of sports car racing, and go boating on a lake near a summer home he would like to own. For now, he is a man who is happy with what he's doing. He describes playing with Thad and Mel and Elvin as "recreating the feeling of the way it used to be. With Elvin, we got two standing ovations from the Left Bank Jazz Society in Baltimore.

"A job in this business," he humbly asserts, "is a gift."

Recommended Recent Records

Jaki Byard Quartet, *Live!* Vol. 1 (Prestige 7419); *Live!* Vol. 2 (Prestige 7477)

Thad Jones & Mel Lewis, *Live at the Village Vanguard* (Solid State SS 18016)

Pat Martino, *Strings!* (Prestige 7547)

Chick Corea, *Tones For Joan's Bones* (Vortex 2004)



tonight:

Lawrence
Arnie

BY J. C. THOMAS

CHARLES SHABACON

ARNIE LAWRENCE SPENT his early youth in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn, where life can be described as up close if not up tight. It was Lawrence's original desire to play trumpet. But not in Brownsville, not with all those families so closely packed in.

As a compromise, young Arnie got a clarinet for his 13th birthday, and he was off on a career of reeds. From clarinet, he took up tenor saxophone in high school and then graduated to alto when playing summer jobs in the Catskills—because all the saxophone parts were written for alto and he didn't know how to transpose.

Today, at 29, he is the newest—and youngest—face in television's *Tonight* show band and recently made his first album under his own name.

In Brooklyn, Lawrence was exposed to and absorbed the many strains of music coursing through the melting pot—Gospel tunes and the blues, Latin rhythms and Jewish melodies.

When the family moved and Arnie was in Forest Hills High School, playing tenor in the school dance band, he listened to a variety of music and became interested in jazz after meeting Aime Gauvin, the original *Dr. Jazz* of radio station WHN. Lawrence and Gauvin's son, Pierre, were high school friends.

Gauvin was a traditionalist, and young Arnie was exposed to the clarinet sounds of such as Barney Bigard and Omer Simeon. But what particularly appealed to him was the joyous freedom of the music.

In the Catskills, he fell in love with the alto. "I bought a \$15 horn that I thought would fall apart if I breathed on it," he recalls, "but the *sound*—that was what I loved. It sounded the closest to what I kept hearing inside."

The passionate cry of the alto would appeal to the emotional, intuitive, probing player that Lawrence is. The alto became his "first wife," and they are still involved in what promises to become a life-long love affair.

It was drummer Stan Shaw who first introduced Lawrence to the world of what was then called modern jazz—both on records and in person: Charlie Parker, Max Roach, Bud Powell. Still a teenager, Lawrence began to sit in at various clubs, playing with musicians like Charlie Shavers and Ben Webster, listening and learning.

Just after graduation from high school, the young musician accepted a job offer from clarinetist Leonard Sues, who was then leading a band at the Preview in Chicago. Between sets, he would blow with the mambo band upstairs, and on his days off, he could often be found digging at the Blue Note or the Sutherland.

Lawrence found his real wife in New York. He describes the event: "I was a 21-year-old kid who got married on his day off. I flew to New York, married Sheila, brought her to Chicago and was back on the job the next day."

The Lawrences will never forget the night they registered for a room in Chicago as newlyweds—at the New Lawrence Hotel on Lawrence Avenue. Wonder why nobody believed them?

After two years with Sues, Lawrence went to Los Angeles, where he played with Les McCann and bassist Bob Whitlock, the one-time Gerry Mulligan anchor man. He also spent a few months in Las Vegas as a member of the *Hellzapoppin'* show band.

His major influence while in California was not a saxophonist but a trumpeter—Clifford Brown. "I loved his lyrical, warm, flowing style," Lawrence says. "He was so beautiful, so individual. He was himself; I respected that."

While on the West Coast, the Lawrences had two children, and since their relatives were mainly in New York, they decided to head back east. But he was loathe to go back to the scuffling of the New York club scene.

"I really didn't feel ready," he explains. "But in the Catskills I knew Rudy Varon, who had a good swinging band at the Homowack Hotel. So I settled in there for a few years. It was almost like a New York studio job; everything from backing singers to playing full shows. And I got a chance to blow, too."

But the compulsion to play jazz led

Lawrence back to the big city. Now the father of three children, he could hold out no longer, and three years ago he hit the city cold, with only a few dollars in his pocket but with a passionate desire to play.

"These years in New York have been so beautiful," he says. "I started playing at Goldie's on Long Island, with guys like Clark Terry, Urbie Green, Doc Severinsen, Al Cohn, Zoot Sims. The rhythm section, too, was just so great—Derek Smith's piano, Al Ferrari's bass, and Mousey Alexander on drums. We swung the walls down every night we played."

During this period, Lawrence, who had brushed up on his sight reading while in the Catskills, also worked with trumpeter Rusty Dedrick, Budd Johnson, Dave Troy, and many others, including Urbie Green's big band.

He first came to the attention of a wider public as a member of Doc Severinsen's sextet, on record and in person at Basin Street East, and can also be heard on Chico Hamilton's *The Dealer* (with Larry Coryell) and with Johnny Richards on *Aqui Se Habla Espanol*.

He landed his berth with the *Tonight* show band, now under Severinsen's direction, last October, and as previously mentioned is the youngest man in the band. In addition to his alto chair, he takes over the jazz tenor spot once a week, when the regular man is off.

When he got the job, Lawrence says, he only had \$2 in his pocket, and he has not forgotten the rougher days of the recent past. He is a man whose honesty and openness at times approach naivete, and whose devotion to his family and his music is intense. These characteristics may seem to be a hindrance rather than an asset on the highly competitive New York music scene, but those who know him agree that they have helped him in achieving his goal.

He is pleased about his first album, *You're Gonna Hear From Me*, released in late 1967. And he is absorbed with his latest project—his own quintet, scheduled to debut soon, with Marvin Stamm on trumpet, a yet-to-be-selected bassist and drummer, and Richard Davis on "free" bass, playing horn-like solo parts.

The group's repertoire will range from rock to raga, Lawrence said (he is a recent convert to Ravi Shankar and Indian music). There will be no written arrangements, for "the music must grow out of the group and not the other way around."

Arnie Lawrence is on his way. It is not difficult to believe him when he says: "Aside from my family, playing creative music is my only reason for being on this earth."

ES

TOWARD THE END of World War II, it became a popular sport to scrawl, on just about any wall, the words *KILROY WAS HERE*. Nobody was ever able to identify Kilroy, or even verify that such a person had existed.

About ten years later, Kilroy had stopped making his Ariellian appearances and American wall-writers found a new, more concrete personage to publicize. It is quite possible that the phrase *BIRD LIVES!* was dreamt up by a record company promotion man, but those two words soon began to appear on buildings, fences and subway walls throughout the country. Charlie Parker's many admirers were telling the world that death had not erased the memory or music of the great altoist.

As is so often the case when fads grow out of all proportions, the original meaning was soon lost. People who had never heard a note of Bird's music were proclaiming his immortality.

The sad fact is that in spite of Parker's enormous impact on jazz, his influence withered all too soon after his death. Today's younger generation of jazz musicians knows little more about Parker than that he once existed. Distant traces of his influence can occasionally be found, but the spirit of Parker's music seems to have almost vanished.

Charles McPherson, the 28-year-old alto saxophonist from Joplin, Mo., who won a Talent Deserving of Wider Recognition award in this magazine's 1967

International Critics Poll, is a notable exception. Bird is remarkably alive in his music. McPherson has managed to capture the spirit of the alto genius without resorting to mere imitation. As Ira Gitler, one of McPherson's staunchest fans, once pointed out, "He has really gotten inside of Bird's style, no doubt because Bird got through so completely to the inside of him."

McPherson vaguely recalls hearing some big bands from Kansas City while still in Joplin, but it wasn't until he moved to Detroit with his family at the age of 9 that he really began to listen. "I remember hearing Johnny Hodges with Duke's band," he recalls, "and there was something about the saxophone that I really dug."

While in junior high school, he began playing the fluegelhorn. "I really wanted to play sax, but that was the most popular instrument and the school didn't have enough horns to meet the demand," McPherson says. "But when I was 13, I talked my mother into buying me an alto.

"I was playing Sousa in school," he continued, "but then somebody told me about a hip joint where they had Charlie Parker records on the juke box. I had never heard of Bird before, but I dug him right away. This was at the time when the south-of-the-border records were pretty popular, so the first thing I heard Bird do was *Tico Tico*."

After about two years of playing Sousa and digging Bird, Charles Mc-

Pherson encountered the man who was to have the greatest influence on his musical development. "I met Barry Harris when I was about 15," he recalls. "He just happened to live around the corner from me and he was working at the Bluebird, a neighborhood club. In the summertime, they would leave the back door open and I used to go there and dig the music."

Not yet old enough to be allowed inside, McPherson heard, through the open door, such musicians as Frank Foster, Elvin Jones, Pepper Adams and, of course, Barry Harris. "Shortly after that," McPherson noted, "these musicians moved on to New York. Barry was one of the last cats to leave the Detroit scene and before he left, he began introducing me to harmony and chord changes, something I knew nothing about."

In 1959 McPherson moved to New York. "There wasn't anything happening in Detroit," he recalls, "and Barry had taught me how to play."

Yusef Lateef, himself a Detroit emigre, introduced McPherson and trumpeter Lonnie Hillyer, another Detroit musician, to Charlie Mingus and they became members of the bassist's workshop, which at that time also included Ted Curson and Eric Dolphy.

McPherson played with Mingus, off and on, for about six years, and it was during this period that he also made his record debut. "I made some records with Mingus but I don't even know

CHARLES McPHERSON: **ORNITHOLOGIST**

by Chris Albertson

DON SCHLITTEN



what they are," he recalls. "At that time, I didn't care about the business end of it, I just liked to play. There was usually such a state of confusion whenever Mingus recorded that by the end of the date you no longer knew what was happening." The Mingus dates McPherson referred to were all on the now-defunct Candid label. Later, he recorded with Mingus again, for the bassist's own company.

McPherson also recorded with Barry Harris on Riverside and Art Farmer on Scepter.

DURING THE LATTER PART of 1964, Ira Gitler brought McPherson to the attention of Don Schlitten of Prestige records. Schlitten, sharing Gitler's enthusiasm for the young alto man, immediately arranged a recording session, McPherson's first, under his own name. The result was an album entitled *Bebop Revisited!*, a thoroughly swinging and refreshing reminder that the music of the bop era can stimulate as much excitement today as it did when it was "the new thing."

McPherson has had two albums issued on Prestige since then, *Con Alma!* and *The Quintet/Live!*, both containing inspired music. A fourth album, *From This Moment On*, is soon to be released. "This one is a little more on the commercial side," McPherson explains. However, jazz fans need not fear, for although the term "commercial" usually suggests a musical sacrifice, McPherson merely means that he has included some familiar tunes which have achieved wide popularity in another idiom.

Just as his affinity for Charlie Parker makes McPherson stand out among today's younger musicians, so does the fact that he is an alto saxophonist. There are not too many new alto players, and McPherson has his own theory on the reason for this. "It seems that the alto, being high-pitched, makes your deficiencies more evident," he says. "These deficiencies don't show up as readily on the tenor, because it's pitched low. The higher pitched your instrument is, the more together you have to be on it. People are more acclimated to the sound of the tenor. All your innovators have been tenor men—Prez, Coleman Hawkins and so on—except for Bird. I think he was the first real innovator on alto. If you don't play the alto in tune and get a really good sound, it becomes offensive to the average ear. You take the average tenor player, a good one, and hear him playing alto—he'll sound horrible. On the other hand, when an alto player switches to tenor, he sounds OK—it's rarely a come-down."

McPherson feels very strongly that

today's young musicians are too involved in "their own thing" and that they tend to segregate themselves from any jazz performers whose "bag" differs the slightest bit from theirs. "I guess I'm a relatively young cat," he observes, "but I don't understand how cats can be my age, or 30, and have missed Bird—especially if they are jazz musicians. I can see how they could have missed hearing him in person, but not on records. For instance, if a cat is studying psychology, he's just got to read something about Freud. Now, he might not agree with all of his theories, he may follow more modern concepts, but he would certainly have to go back to Freud at some point.

"If you're going to be a musician, you must not have any mental blocks," he continues. "We, as musicians, can't afford not to hear those who came before us. A layman, on the other hand, can listen to whatever makes him feel good, because he is not as wholly involved as the musician. A musician must go way back and listen to all of it, all kinds of music—not just jazz. All the great cats did that; they knew no musical boundaries, they knew they couldn't afford to be prejudiced. A musician should go as far back in his listening as he possibly can, ignoring all the little segregated categories that the writers and critics like to put music into. A musician's scope should be wide; he does not have the layman's privilege to be narrow. That is, if he wants to be great, if he really wants to become an artist."

Such musical narrowmindedness can probably be found in the so-called avant garde or underground jazz circles that, for the most part seem to breed on New York's Lower East Side. "I don't think there's anything wrong with so-called avant garde jazz," McPherson said. "I mean there's nothing wrong with what the term stands for, *musically*. It just seems to me that a lot of the avant garde musicians aren't really good musicians. Consequently, when you hear their artistic endeavors, I don't think they sound so great. This is only because of the musicians, not the movement.

"Physically, all avant garde represents is different structures, different musical forms and devices. All this is purely physical and I have nothing against it because, to me, music is just a means to an end. Emotion is the main ingredient of any art, and I feel that it's an artist's requisite to be able to portray any emotion that a human is capable of feeling—whether he's a musician, painter or writer. Music is not *the end*—emotions come first, then music. The most important thing is what you have inside, and your ability

to bring it out, to communicate through whatever device you have at your command. If it happens to be avant garde music, *solid*—if it's Dixieland, *solid*. No one emotion is superior to the other; we all have our own bag but we mustn't forget that it's related to the other bags."

There is a tendency among many of today's Negro avant garde musicians to look upon their music as a symbol of black nationalism. "All music," maintains McPherson, "probably contains a certain amount of nationalism. Some of the Russian composers, for instance, were very patriotic cats—very nationalistic, like many of the German cats. However, I feel that emotions supersede nationalism. Music should reflect human emotions, and that automatically destroys political boundaries. Music is a device by which humans communicate their human spirit to other humans—that's much hipper than trying to convey any political message. Music, to me, supersedes nationalism, politics and all the other ego motives."

McPherson practices what he preaches. At home, he listens to anything from Louis Armstrong and Bessie Smith to Stravinsky and Bach. "I learn from all those cats, they all express beauty," he said. "There are still some of us who really dig love and beauty. As long as there are people who feel that way, there will be a need for the expression of love and beauty in music—unless everybody just goes into a neurotic bag. If that happens, then the avant garde music, as it stands today, will make it. Fortunately, everybody isn't neurotic—there are still people who appreciate the more positive things in life and, as long as that is the case, it's going to be hard for the avant garde people to make it—that is, if they continue in their present narrow, angry bag. Of course, anger is a part of life, but it isn't everything."

As for the future of jazz, McPherson feels that all is not lost. "There can be new ways of saying the old thing," he observes, "but all these are merely physical devices. There is no way in which we can go farther, emotionally. We are not capable of feeling any more than a cat did 400 years ago."

As for McPherson's own future, he doesn't think that his music can gain any wide commercial appeal "in the present climate," but this does not seem to worry him, nor does it tempt him to abandon his musical integrity. "All I want," he says, "is to be able to provide the normal comforts for my family and play the kind of music I enjoy."

A humble request from one of the most exciting young musicians on the jazz scene today.



Pharoah Sanders is 27 years old, and, somewhat surprisingly, that is young enough so that among his earliest musical idols were John Coltrane, Eric Dolphy and Ornette Coleman.

Sanders was born in Little Rock, Arkansas in 1940, and although his given name has sometimes been confused in print, it is Pharoah.

"My grandfather was a school teacher; he taught music and mathematics. My mother and her sisters used to sing in clubs and teach piano. For myself, I started playing drums in the high school band. Then I played tuba and baritone horn, clarinet and flute. In 1959, I started playing tenor saxophone, still in the school band," he says.

"At the same time I was listening to Jimmy Cannon, my band teacher, who played jazz. Richard Boone, the Count Basie trombone player—he's from Little Rock too. He would sometimes sit in with the concert band.

"In my own playing I was more or less into rhythm and blues. I liked Earl Bostic a lot."

At the same time, Sanders had become interested in art and wanted to be any kind of artist, painter or commercial artist, just to do art work.

"When I finished high school in 1959, I was supposed to take either a music or an art scholarship. I didn't want to stay in Little Rock so I left for the West Coast. I went to Oakland Junior College for a couple of years, and then moved over to San Francisco. I majored in art. But I was getting some rock 'n' roll gigs playing tenor. I also played alto, flute, clarinet, and baritone whenever possible, but I had fallen in love with the tenor.

"On those blues jobs, I played mostly by ear, but I had some private lessons in Oakland which taught me about harmonics.

"By this time I was listening to Sonny Rollins, who was a big influence at first; John Coltrane, who was a later big influence; and Ornette Coleman, Eric Dolphy, Booker Ervin, Hank Mobley and Horace Silver's group. I loved Benny Golson on *Moanin'* with Art

Blakey.

"When I heard Coltrane's *Blue Train* LP, I really didn't know what he was doing. I had never heard anybody play tenor like that before, with that range. Most of the guys played just in the middle register.

"When I first heard Ornette's music I liked it—*really*, it was something! It seemed so natural, as if he weren't limiting himself, as if he wanted to let himself just go to the music. I remember talking to Ornette in 'Frisco. I don't know whether he remembers me from then.

"By that time I had begun to try to play that way myself. Sonny Simmons, and a lot of people I was playing with in Oakland at the time, were playing a lot freer. They had been playing that way before I came to California. They heard me and invited me to come down and play sometime. I was kind of sceptical about it because up to that point all I had been playing was rhythm and blues. What they played had a good feeling, but I was wondering, what are



DON SCHLITTEN

Pharoah's Tale

By Martin Williams

they doing? Were they crazy? But it felt good. So, I just fell in with it too," he said.

"Later, I started playing jazz more conventionally and studying the basics—getting my chords and my scales."

The mention of the basics sets Sanders to reflecting. "Actually I have never had a jazz gig of my own long enough to see what I can really do on conventional tunes. I would like to get one for at least six nights a week so I could try to express myself fully 'inside' and see both sides of it. I still take different kinds of jobs. I play rock 'n' roll for dances, usually in Brooklyn. It's a big help financially, and my profession is music, so it's my business to be able to play any kind of music."

Returning to his days in the Bay Area, Sanders remembers, "Once when John Coltrane came out to San Francisco, he was asking around about mouthpieces. So I told him that I had a bunch of mouthpieces, and that he could try them. I also said I would take him around to the different places in town if he wanted to try some more. I never thought he'd take me up on it, of course—he was a giant to me then. But he showed up one morning, saying, 'Are you ready, man?' I was really shook up! At the time, my own horn was in the repair shop and he offered to pay the bill so I could get it out. All day long we went around to pawn shops and more pawn shops, trying out different mouthpieces."

SANDERS ARRIVED IN New York in 1962. He had driven across the country with a couple of musician friends in a car which constantly broke down, but somehow they made it. He had absolutely no money. "I slept in the subway—the police didn't bother me—or in tenement hallways under the stairs. And I pawned my instrument," he recalls.

"I think my first gig in New York was one in a coffee house in the Village called the Speakeasy, with C Sharp and Billy Higgins . . . We made \$8 a night. The job lasted almost a year. I used to live on wheat germ, peanut butter and bread—I still carry a jar of wheat germ in my instrument case. It's good food.

"I began seeing a lot of Billy Higgins. We would play together, talk, eat; might be together all day long. If he wasn't playing on his drums he would play on the table, or glasses with spoons or whatever else he found.

"I took some other jobs. Once I was a combination cook, waiter and counter-man, and all I got was what I ate. Then I caught on that I should be paid, and I split. I was just trying to survive, and it is harder to survive in New York than in Oakland or San Francisco. If I wasn't thinking about trying to sur-

vive, I was thinking about music. I didn't think much about commercial art by this time.

"A friend of mine who lived in Brooklyn, someone I had known in San Francisco, invited me to stay at his place. That's where I met Don Cherry, and we began rehearsing and playing together. We got one job at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn. There was an exhibition of student art work and they wanted some of our kind of music along with it. I had to get my horn out of hock for that one, and the other guys in the group helped me by putting up the money.

"When I play, I try to adjust myself to the group, and I don't think much about whether the music is conventional or not. If the others go 'outside,' play 'free,' I go out there too. If I tried to play too differently from the rest of the group, it seems to me I would be taking the other musicians' energy away from them. I still want to play my own way. But I wouldn't want to play with anybody that I couldn't please with the way I play.

"Anyway, Don Cherry seemed to like what I was doing. I was getting different sounds out of the horn then. For my part, I was just trying to express myself. Whatever came out of the instrument just came out, as if I had no choice.

"Naturally, you have elements of music and musical skills to work with, but once you've got those down, I think you should go after feelings. If you try to be too intellectual about it, the music becomes too mechanical. It seems that for me, the more I play 'inside,' inside the chords and the tune, the more I want to play 'outside,' and free. But also, the more I play 'outside' the more I want to play 'inside' too. I'm trying to get a balance in my music. A lot of cats play 'out' to start with. But if I, myself, start off playing 'inside' and then let the spirit take over, wherever it goes, it seems better to me.

"I'm not trying to do something that is over somebody's head. My aim is to give people something. When I give them something they can give me something, the energy to continue."

The first time Sanders played with John Coltrane was at the Half Note in New York. "We had become pretty close and had been talking a lot. He would call me and we would talk about religion and about life. He was also concerned about what he wanted to do next in his music, about where he was headed.

"We got pretty close and sometimes he would say, 'Come on down and play something with me tonight,' almost as though we were continuing the conversation. So I would just come down

and start playing.

"By that time, I thought of him not just as a great musician but also as a wise man. But I was still a little self-conscious and wasn't sure what to do with him musically. I thought maybe I was playing too long, and on some numbers, I wouldn't play at all. And sometimes I would start to pack up my horn. But he would tell me not to. Anyway, I'd never play as long as he did because, you know, he might play for an hour on one tune."

Sanders says he was never asked officially to become a member of Coltrane's group. He would just play with Coltrane from time to time, whenever he was asked to. "Then later, he might say, 'I have a job down in Washington for a week. How about coming on down with me?' Or, he'd say he had a record date coming up and would I like to play on it too.

"Always, it was like a communication through music, like he knew some things that I wanted to know that he could express musically, and that I maybe had some things to contribute too. It's hard to talk about it, except in spiritual or religious terms, actually.

"Still, he had a lot of things on his mind musically. He wanted to decide what he should turn to next, and he needed time to find out. He was a perfectionist, and he wanted to grow, always. Whatever he did, he wanted it to come from inside himself, and he did not want to hold anything back, or hide anything he found there. Good or bad, it had to be expressed. Once he asked me what I thought he should do next, what he should work on—how could he create something different. I told him maybe he should try to better some of the things he had already done, go back and try again on older tunes. I don't really know if that was any help to him; I don't know whether that was what he was looking for or not."

Returning to the subject of his own playing, Sanders says, "In a group, I like to play with anyone who really wants to play, who really wants to put out the energy. If the players don't put out the energy it takes away my own."

If he is asked about the meaning of his music, Pharoah Sanders replies, "I don't like to talk about what my playing is about. I just like to let it be. If I had to say something, I would say it was about me. About what *is*. Or about a Supreme Being.

"I think I am just beginning to find out about such things, so I am not going to try to force my findings on anybody else. I am still learning how to play and trying to find out a lot of things about myself so I can bring them out." 

KENNY DAVERN: OVERDUE

BY
DAN
MORGENSTERN

AT 32, KENNY DAVERN has been a professional musician for half his life. Or more. He was 16 when he joined the union ("the Blue Ticket was still in"), and had already been leading his own high school bands for some time ("anything from a dance band to four or five pieces or a trio—"For Your Occasion").

For the past two years, Davern has been a member of the house band at the Ferry Boat in Brielle on the New Jersey shore. True to its name, the club is a retired ferry, safely moored and nicely appointed by the owner, George Mauro, who doubles in brass as trumpeter-leader of the band.

In that band are some estimable players with background and experience similar to Davern's: Pianist Dick Wellstood and trombonist Ed Hubble, who are a bit older, and bassist Jack Six and drummer Al McManus, who are somewhat younger.

Davern became a jazz musician during the bebop era, but his career has, by and large, been circumscribed by more traditional forms; i.e., what is loosely called "Dixieland" and/or "mainstream" jazz.

This has advantages and disadvantages. Among the former is the fact that he is much more aware of and conversant with the totality of jazz than the vast majority of his contemporaries. This knowledge, gained through experience and wide-open ears, informs his playing and has made him a truly outstanding, personal and distinctive musician. (In my opinion, he is easily in the top rank of the practitioners of his chosen instrument, the clarinet, and beyond that, quite simply one of the finest and most rewarding jazz players to be heard today. He has fire, and his own voice.)

Chief among the disadvantages is that far too few people are aware of his music, or in a position to hear it. Though his playing experience has included all kinds of settings—from Latin bands to avant garde loft sessions—his living, for better or worse, is in the main made playing "Dixieland", and today, that means playing for a certain type of audience in certain types of places—and there seem to be fewer and fewer of both.

"My playing is getting better but I find fewer places to play," says Davern. He looks younger than he is, gives the impression that he could take care of himself under any circumstances, and has a temperament that reflects the volatile intensity of his playing.

Davern, Wellstood and Hubble often discuss the relevance of their music—or rather, of the music they most often must play. "The people that we play for are of a different generation. Dick says we're doing nothing more than reviving their youthful memories by playing the songs they knew when. What happens when we're old? Hubble says that we learned from the guys that died—that we're a direct line. We came up playing with the men who came up with Jelly Roll and King Oliver. . . ."

Davern takes pride in that continuity. "To be on the bandstand with a Roy Eldridge or a Buck Clayton is an honor and a privilege not granted to everyone. Making harmonious music with such

people in your formative years, you come away with something in your head. Call it tradition if you must, though it's a word I hate—maybe because I over-reacted to it by playing 'revival music' at one time. I hamstrung myself. I became dogmatic and repressed."

Today he is neither. His musical frame of reference is wide and decidedly undogmatic. He listens to everything that is happening, and discerningly. "Albert Ayler's *Spiritual Unity* is the greatest avant garde record I've heard," he says. "That came off. It could have been an accident, because I've never heard it come off like that when I go to hear that music in person, or on other records."

Not long ago, Davern went to a club to see his old friend, trombonist Roswell Rudd ("Roz and I used to hang in together a lot"). "It was somewhat scary," he says. "Too ritualistic, though he had a good vibes player (Karl Berger). He was all over the instrument. But the Ayler record; that was homogeneous, it jelled, whatever it was they were doing. The polyphony was superb, and the tension remained elastic."

When Davern briefly fell into the trap of revivalism, he had already behind him a variety of musical experiences. Born in Huntington, Long Island, he took to music early, wanted a piano which he was not allowed; wanted a trumpet but was told violin would be more suitable, and finally was granted a clarinet ("an old Albert system horn") when he was 11.

At 13, for his *bar mitzvah*, he was given a Boehm system instrument, and he was off. Prior to that, he had heard a clarinetist on the radio who made a great impression on him.

"I heard Pee Wee Russell on Muggsy Spanier's Commodore record of *Memphis Blues*, and it was my first musical experience in jazz. I ran out to buy the record, and a bunch of others—mostly Condon stuff, on the same label."

Somewhat later, a friend in school was Bobby Grauso, son of drummer Joe Grauso, who was following in his father's footsteps. "Joe was working at Lou Terrassi's (a club off Times Square in Manhattan which for a time featured excellent jazz) with Bobby Hackett, Ernie Caceres, Sam Bruno and Mickey Crane, and he used to take us there. It was a thrill at 15. He'd also take us to Condon's. . . ."

He was three months out of high school when he auditioned for Ralph Flanagan's big band. "When I got there, there were about 10 guys ahead of me, but I went up to the manager and told him: 'Let me play—I've gotta be somewhere; I have an appointment.' They gave me the 5th part book—that band had very close harmony—and I had to play it solo. It had no rhyme or reason by itself, and I had to play 16 bars in one breath at one spot. Then Flanagan went over to the piano, and we played two choruses of *Muskrat Ramble*. That was it."

The next day, Davern was on the band bus, bound for the road, holding down a chair requiring him to play alto and baritone saxophones and jazz clarinet. He stayed for a year.

"I quit in Texas . . . I couldn't take

the road any more. That band was the last of the money-making big bands—it took in \$90,000 for 60 one-nighters—but I didn't want to play sax in a dance band; I wanted to play red hot clarinet."

When he joined Flanagan, Davern was already committed to jazz. "I'd met Rex Stewart, who was the first cat to encourage me. 'Keep playing,' he said. I was green as a cucumber. I used to sit in for Buster Bailey at Terrassi's—he was always happy to see me (I think now because he liked to take a rest), though I'm not so sure the other guys in the band were. But I felt honored."

When he was 16, he met Red Allen "at a session joint in Maspeth. He was a source of inspiration. The greatest force I've ever experienced on a bandstand, and one of the greatest men I've met in life."

He was now subbing regularly on 52nd St., where the joints had turned strip "but still had good music." He would also sit in, on baritone, at the weekly sessions operated by the late Bob Maltz at Central Plaza and Stuyvesant Casino, where the changing cast included many of the legendary jazz figures. It was here that Davern first heard Pee Wee Russell in person.

Today, they are very close. "He is the greatest stylist on the instrument. He's bent and twisted more out of that horn than any other player, transgressing all the rules. Within the rules of the clarinet, I think Benny Goodman has no peers—though I'd get some arguments about that."

He'd also often run into a contemporary, Steve Lacy, then a fellow traditionalist studying with Cecil Scott. "Our paths would cross, and we'd wonder what the other was all about," Davern recalls. Later, wonder turned to familiarity, and Davern (again on baritone) was in a band Lacy took to Boston, with Dick Schwartz (now Dick Sutton) on trumpet, Eddie Phylfe on drums, and veteran Elmer Schoebel on piano.

The engagement was shortlived; the



first in a long succession of encounters with idiocy in a position of authority. "Steve was playing clarinet and soprano, and I baritone. The lady who owned the place (it was the Savoy) didn't think saxophones belonged in 'real Dixieland,' so we were closed out after one week. We were followed by Hot Lips Page, and hung around to see his band on their first night. He had Paul Quinichette on tenor! We were boiling—but not for long. The owner made him lock up his tenor in the basement, and he had to play clarinet, which he didn't do too well. Naturally, the joint eventually folded. . . ."

Davern was back with Flanagan for a New York engagement when he landed his first 'name' jazz job, and his first real record date. (He'd recorded with Flanagan, but as a section man only.)

"The lead saxophone player, Joe Lentz, and I hadn't spoken in weeks when he suddenly turned to me and said: 'How'd you like to go with Jack Teagarden?' I was gassed. I joined the band at the Meadowbrook, played a couple of tunes, and got off the stand. Teagarden hadn't said anything, so I went over to him and asked, 'How was it?' He smiled. 'Where've you been?' he said. I thought I knew what I was doing then, but I didn't. . . ."

The record date came on Davern's third day with the band—they were still rehearsing. It was a Leonard Feather-supervised session for Period, and different personnel were used with Teagarden. The music has been reissued several times; the most recent package omits Davern's name from the liner credits.

After the Teagarden stint came a series of associations: first Phil Napoleon's Memphis Five, with whom he recorded and appeared at Newport; then Pee Wee Erwin, who had a better band, and with whom he often worked again later. (The Davern clarinet, not as good as it is today, but very good, can be heard on two Erwin albums on United Artists. *Big Pond Rag* shows his impressive grasp of the George Lewis idiom.)

Davern fondly recalls a six-month stint with trumpeter Herman Autrey at a Brooklyn club in 1959. "Herbie Cowans was on drums and Jimmy Allen on piano. I always enjoyed working with Herman—as a player, a human being, and a friend. He was very good to me. Come to think of it, a lot of people have been good to me."

That job was followed by a long tenure at Nick's in Greenwich Village. It lasted nearly six years, with a series of regular bands during the season, and with the summer replacement bands, often as leader. One band in particular, with trumpeter Johnny Windhurst, trombonist Cutty Cutshall, pianist Dave Frishberg, bassist Six, and Buzzy Drootin on drums (billed as Kenny Davern and his Washington Squares) was memorable. It played the standard repertoire, but also dared to depart from the tried and true, in an imaginative way.

"I was very happy about that band," Davern says. "We tried to do a lot of things, but the management was so stupid." Again. And again, the club folded. . . .

THERE FOLLOWED MANY and various jobs: with trumpeters Billy Butterfield, Ruby

Bruff, and Wild Bill Davison; with Bud Freeman, and with the indestructible Eddie Condon. "Some of the Condon dates were pretty weird, like an 11 a.m. thing on a Hudson River Dayliner, going up to Yankee Stadium for the game." And there was a spell with the Dukes of Dixieland ("I did get to eat all that good food in New Orleans. . . .").

Around this time, Davern also appeared in the famous film *The Hustler*, with a band including trombonist Rudd, trumpeter-leader Dan Terry, Billy Bauer, and drummer Bunny Shawker. Originally, the band was quite visible on screen, but it was a wide screen, and in the TV print, the band has disappeared from view. "You can't see us any more, but I still get residuals—about \$17-18 a year."

Davern was also heard and seen in a

Broadway play—a good one, its life span shortened by a combination of snowstorm and newspaper strike. That was *Marathon '33*, starring Julie Harris, and the band, on stage throughout, had in it trumpeters Windhurst and Johnny Letman, trombonist Conrad Janis, saxophonist Eddie Barefield, pianist Wellstood, bassist Ahmed Abdul-Malik, and drummer Panama Francis.

Another short-lived venture was a unique band that never got beyond the rehearsal stage. It began as Roswell Rudd's idea, and had as its nucleus the trombonist, Steve Lacy, and Davern, plus a rhythm section. "Our motto was 'From Bunk to Monk,' with Ellington as the common meeting ground. Roz wrote some great charts, and we'd play things like *Ko Ko* and *Harlem Airshaft*.

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"Then it was decided to expand the band, and Roz added Charles Davis on baritone and Archie Shepp on tenor. Carla Bley and Cecil Taylor brought in charts, and both played piano occasionally, with different drummers and bass players."

The expansion was the beginning of the end. "We'd start a thing like *In A Mellowtone*, and Roz would take a modest five or six choruses, then Steve five or six, and I three or four or five. And then Archie would do 45 minutes! This was at rehearsal; we were going to do some public school concert.

"I didn't know then that I was in on the beginnings of energy playing—which doesn't necessarily mean *content* playing. Louis Armstrong can say something with one note, but there are others who take an hour to rev up and wind up with a

part in a bathtub. I'd feel like Wally Cox in the ring with Joe Louis. . . . The band broke up. Lofts got scarcer, among other things.

"When Archie does decide to simmer down," Davern adds, "he has a very nice sound—somewhat similar to Ben Webster—but he'd always cover it up real fast. . . . I wouldn't go out of my way to hear his music, but then, I'm sure he wouldn't go out of his to hear mine."

In a different context, Davern pointed out that he, too, "demands a change. But I think it can be done in a different way. I don't want to play anything to alienate people—you can elevate an audience to your level without abusing them and leaving only the brave ones."

An example, and one of the happiest playing experiences for Davern in recent

times, occurred when part of the Ferry Boat band played a benefit at the Village Gate for Sidney DeParis and Hank Duncan. It was a quartet—Davern, Hubble, Wellstood and McManus.

"We broke it up," Davern says. "We used *Diga Diga Doo* as our point of departure, and it happened. Of course, nobody was there to write about it, but there were a lot of people I hadn't seen in a long time; musicians, and faces from Central Plaza and the Metropole. A lot of hands came out when I got off the stand and walked around the room. 'Where have you been?' It was overwhelming.

"It's this kind of experience that has kept me in music—the rapport between musician and audience. Without that, it doesn't mean anything, without the give and take. When you get the people on your side, anything you want to do is OK. But sometimes you just can't reach them. It makes for hatred, and when you have that, you can't play.

"But when you know within yourself that you can play, you feel so humble. When it does happen, it's all so full of love, in the true sense of the word. You can see it in the way they look at you, and there is no other sensation like it in the world. You have communicated something—some feeling and some thought—and you've had a musical experience."

On the job ("I think it's about a steady gig," he jokes) "we fill requests like a dentist fills cavities. *Molar in B-flat?* OK. Coming up. They are all great guys. Dick helps; he's got comprehension of *all* music, and that's the most important thing."

Recently, Davern has taken up the soprano again (I heard him play it some years ago, and it was a gas). "We've got some rock charts for our instrumentation (without the trumpet), and I play lead, with Jack on electric bass. The rhythm section does group vocals. We've got that sound. We have about 35 charts in the book, and I never had the opportunity to hear some of the original versions of things we do. When I happen to catch one on the radio, my reaction usually is that we do it much better."

He has nothing against rock music. "*A Day in the Life* is a very beautiful, moving thing. That music is very valid; it has to do with today, and the trend is toward incorporating the improvising player into the pop field."

Davern is also "fooling around" with the tenor saxophone, which he has played on and off, "in case I have to do club dates. You can be the world's greatest sitar player, but when you're doing a *bar mitzvah*, they want to see that tenor. Besides, I've always liked to mess around with different instruments. They're all beautiful. I love many instruments, and I love the way some people play them. . . ."

His true love, though, is the clarinet. "Some think of it as a weak instrument, an ofay instrument—perhaps because all the white band leaders of the '30s and '40s played clarinet. It's a demanding instrument, and one of the most difficult. I've played both systems, so I know." And when he plays it, no listener could think

/Continued on page 39

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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.

Sonny Criss

UP, UP AND AWAY—Prestige 7530: *Up, Up and Away; Willow Weep for Me; This is for Benny; Sunny; Scapple from the Apple; Paris Blues.*

Personnel: Criss, alto saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Tal Farlow, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Lenny McBrowne, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Criss' third and best album for Prestige would be something else even without Tal Farlow, but the great guitarist's presence on record for the first time in more than a decade does add special interest.

Though he isn't featured on every track, his solos on *Willow, Benny, Blues*, and especially *Apple* show that he has lost nothing in the intervening years, and perhaps even gained. His playing is as unique, fresh, and startling as ever; his agility as



BOB CRAWFORD

astonishing. Welcome back to a great artist; let's hope more will be heard soon.

But this is Criss' record, and he takes charge with the authority that is the mark of a real player. He is a sound-man, with a tone of the sort one rarely hears these days, except from the old masters. It sings with a golden voice.

Criss plays like he means it. His conception is crystal clear, and he doesn't hesitate. He likes melodies, and he states them with conviction. On *Willow*, a tune he is fond of, he puts his personal stamp on familiar territory. Passionate may be a shopworn term, but none fits his playing here better.

The masterpiece in this collection, however, is *Scapple*. The rhythm section lays down a swinging carpet, giving a sure footing to the soloists even at this highly caloric speed, and Criss steps out in style. The notes from his horn cascade like a waterfall, but there's beauty with the speed. Farlow and Walton keep up the pace.

Benny is an attractive Horace Tapscott original, giving Criss a chance to show he can be modal a la mode. *Up, Up and Sunny*, two good tunes from the current

crop that seem to have special appeal for jazz musicians, are given elegant and swinging treatment. Walton's solo on the former will pin your ears back if you're listening. (The piano needed tuning, though.) And *Paris* is not the Ellington tune, but a down home, juicy slow blues with Sonny and Tal in a preaching mood.

Roses to Cranshaw and McBrowne, solid keepers of the time and taste. Could it be that swinging is here to stay? As yet, there's no substitute—and not for honest music-making, either. —Morgenstern

Lockjaw Davis—Paul Gonsalves

LOVE CALLS—RCA Victor LSP-3882: *Love Is Here to Stay; When Sunny Gets Blue; If I Ruled the World; Time After Time; Just Friends; Don't Blame Me; I Should Care; The Man with the Horn; We'll Be Together Again; Weaver of Dreams; If I Should Lose You.*

Personnel: Davis, Gonsalves, tenor saxophones; Roland Hanna, piano; Everett Barksdale, guitar; Ben Tucker, bass; Grady Tate, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Two warm tenors, 11 warm ballads, a gently firm rhythm section—these ingredients add up to a warm, pleasing, definitely romantic album.

Lesser and less virile players might have turned this kind of program into mush, but Davis and Gonsalves are balladeers in the great jazz tradition—which means sentiment, yes; sentimentality, no.

Stylistically, the two men are closely related (both were strongly touched by Ben Webster, and only seven months separate their birthdates), but this makes their meeting (the first on record) the more interesting, proving as it does that an authentic style is like a living language—it allows for an endless variety of personalized expression within a shared framework of meaning.

Both men have rich, full sounds, but one needs no scorecard to tell them apart. The sound of each is like a signature, and so are their inflections and turns of phrase—so close and yet so different. Each has his own story, yet they converse; they hear each other. If you've got something to say, you don't have to look for freakish ways to get it across.

Nor do you need a lot of space, and even the shorter tracks (six are less than three minutes) have a message. But the best performances are those that leave a bit more room to stretch: *Friends* and *Man*, which the tenors share, and the two individual features, *Blame* (Gonsalves) and *Together* (Davis).

Davis is the gruffer, more direct of the two horns, using slurs and emphatic projection of sound to underscore his statements. Gonsalves is silkier, more oblique, more often surprising. Both know how to renew a familiar theme by means of nuance, not distortion.

Jaws is at his best, I think, on *Love,*

World, Care and his feature, while Gonsalves is superb on *Friends* and in fine form on *Dream, Lose*, and his feature—an old favorite of his. The opening and closing cadenzas on *Friends* are something to hear.

Hanna's bridge on *Together* is the only non-tenor solo spot. The pianist comps flawlessly, Barksdale (an underrated, tough old pro) plays perfect fills, and Tucker and Tate, a seasoned team, do just what they should.

Nothing here will startle the restless seekers for new thrills or shocks, but there's some mighty pleasant listening for a relaxed mood. —Morgenstern

Teddy Edwards

IT'S ALL RIGHT!—Prestige 7522: *It's All Right; Going Home; Afraid of Love; Wheelin' and Dealin'; Mamacita Lisa; Back Alley Blues; The Cellar Dweller; Moving In.*

Personnel: Jimmy Owens, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Garnett Brown, trombone; Edwards, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Ben Tucker, bass; Lenny McBrowne, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Edwards put a lot of good work into this session. All but one of the tunes (*Mamacita* is by Freddie Hill) and all the arrangements are his, and he takes the lion's share of the solo work.

The session was perfectly cast, and it adds up to a generous helping of well-crafted, well-played contemporary jazz without convenient labels. I'm not clairvoyant, but I wouldn't be a bit surprised if an album such as this will make more meaningful listening 10 or 20 years from now than the bulk of currently fashionable experiments in "widening the boundaries of music," or whatever.

This music is straight ahead but not cut and dried. It makes no bones about wanting to swing, and it does. Everybody on the date can play, and all came to play. Nothing needs to be explained; the music speaks for itself.

Edwards plays very well throughout, but must have been conscious of how his charts were being interpreted and of his general leader's duties, and has been more relaxed in other contexts. When he does let loose (*Moving; Wheelin'*) he flows, and he is never at a loss for ideas. *Love* showcases his warm ballad playing, and on *Back Alley*, he goes down home for some good old blues. His writing is functional and always to the point.

Owens shines. He is in top form, and comes up with some of his best work on record. His beautiful fluegelhorn sound is well displayed on *Mamacita*, as is his melodic sensibility. (Some recent reviews have tagged him with a Miles Davis influence, but what I hear, aside from Jimmy Owens, is Clifford Brown.)

On trumpet, he is crisp and bold on *Moving*, the album's high point—a nice,

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fresh blowing line on *Sweet Georgia Brown* changes. Few young trumpeters have Owen's brilliance of sound and boldness of attack, and he doesn't just scatter notes—he makes music. Dig his slow blues chorus on *Back Alley*, on which he holds a fat note and lets go of it with a smack, then dips into lower register.

Brown has little solo space, but gets a chance to cut loose on *Moving*. He, too, is a brass player in the grand tradition, with chops to spare and blistering speed.

Walton has really come into his own lately, and contributes some superior solos, in addition to performing brilliantly in the rhythm section. His *Wheelin'* solo (a good, boppish head launches this up-tempo track) is playing of a high order, with in-

fectuous drive and spirit; it would have made Bud Powell smile.

Tucker's rock-solid time and first-class intonation make themselves felt, and McBrowne is not only a superior timekeeper but also a tasteful, listening, feeling mu-



sician. All told, a feather in Edwards' (and producer Don Schlitten's) cap. Howard McGhee, who was at the session, is quoted thusly in the liner notes: "Anybody who wouldn't enjoy this music has got to have something wrong with him." Amen.

—Morgenstern

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Art Farmer

THE ART FARMER QUINTET PLAYS THE GREAT JAZZ HITS—Columbia 2746/9546: *Song for My Father*; *'Round Midnight*; *Sidewinder*; *Moanin'*; *Watermelon Man*; *Mercy, Mercy*; *America*; *I Remember Clifford*; *Take Five*; *Gemini*; *The In Crowd*.

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

Rating: ★★

Talent such as Farmer's should not be squandered on other musicians' trademarks. Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but it is also the nearest thing to bankruptcy. In this instance the bankruptcy of ideas must be blamed on producer Teo Macero.

The only element that keeps one from cringing when listening to this record is the quality of the solo work. That Farmer and Heath could rise above such a dismal format is a tribute to their instinct for swinging. Ditto for the comping of Walton and Booker. The best effort is Farmer's *Clifford*.

In a series of sketchy arrangements, Heath has done his best to stray slightly from the original "hit" versions but remain faithful to the sounds that put these numbers on the jazz/pop charts. Therein lies the main weakness of the album. If Farmer and Heath were to play these tunes voluntarily at all, they would not play them this way. Each would put his own stamp on them. Hence, it will come as no surprise that most tracks are played with the same inspiration one might find on a visit to the dentist.

—Siders

Victor Feldman

THE VENEZUELAN JOROPO—Pacific Jazz 10128/20128: *Caracas Nights*; *El Gavilan*; *The Shadow of Your Smile*; *Pavane*; *Pasion*; *Summer Island*; *Por El Camino Real*; *Obsession Waltz*; *Frenesi*.

Personnel: Bill Perkins, flute, alto flute; Feldman, vibraphone, marimba, electric harpsichord; Emil Richards, vibraphone, marimba; Dorothy Remsen, harp; Al Hendrickson or Dennis Budimir, guitar; Max Bennett or Monty Budwig, bass; Colin Bailey, drums; Larry Bunker, timbales; Milt Holland, maracas, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

This lovely album has got to be one of the year's sleepers. It was launched a few months ago with Pacific Jazz' blessings but little else in the way of promotion, publicity, etc. (the company didn't even bother to provide this magazine with a review copy). Curious, because it is a beautiful, tasty set of lyrical jazz of the highest order, a simply perfect example of "mood jazz" that transcends the supposed limitations of that genre.

The music, much of which is derived from the folk music of Venezuela (particularly in the use of that music's rhythmic unit of six beats), bears a great similarity to bossa nova, though is generally much subtler, more insinuating, and less overt than even that supple samba form. The music in this album is graceful, elegant, and at all times romantic—uncloyingly, trippingly lyrical.

Only three performances in the set employ authentic Venezuelan song materials—the lovely *Obsession Waltz*, *Por El Camino Real*, and the zesty *El Gavilan*—though Feldman's composition *Pasion* is remarkably successful in evoking the spirit of the native music, suggesting in fact the mariachi-like exuberance of *El*

Gavilan. Feldman also wrote the enticing, inventive *Summer Island* and the haunting *Pavane*, while Marty Paich is responsible for *Caracas Nights*, a charming piece that could easily become a standard. Two of the latter round out the set—*Shadow of Your Smile* and the well-worn *Frenesi*, which is given a welcome facelifting, its underpinning being shifted from the standard Cuban bolero four to the Venezuelan six.

There is little that need be said, yet much that cries out to be said, about the solo efforts. They call no attention to themselves, being content to serve the lyrical ends of the music. This kind of self-effacement on the part of the participants is, I feel, the very highest kind of acknowledgement of the innate loveliness of the music itself, and it is a tribute to the sensibilities of the musicians and producer Ed Michel that they recognized this fact and responded so unhesitatingly. It is the music which is paramount, and as a result, the performances glow from within.

Lovingly conceived, beautifully performed, and handsomely recorded, this album is simply a joy throughout. If, like me, you respond to the insinuating charm and lyricism of bossa nova, this album is for you. Unreservedly recommended.

—Welding

The Fourth Stream

WHITE FIELD—Pioneer 2119: *White Field*; *Sack 5*; *The Hierphant*; *Chromos 14*; *Serge*; *Drum Solo*; *Convergence*.

Personnel: Bob Fritz, clarinet; Jeff Furst, piano; Jay Jaroslav, bass; Mike Marbury, percussion.

Rating: ★★

There is magic missing here. Careful analysis of the music will not reveal the reason. But once you have experienced free-group-magic, its absence can bring you down.

I think these players think they are listening to one another—perhaps they are. But there are so many blind spots that what may some day soon become excellent music had not become so at the time of this session.

There is a difference between being aware of another player's presence and actually hearing him. The more group experience a player gets, the more his hearing increases in detail. At some point he reaches a plateau and realizes that the other man's musical thought must be at least as clear as his own and must go through him, sound by sound, moment by moment, just like his own.

This is difficult enough to achieve between two players. Among four it is very rare. To hear every note, to be open to every nuance within and between each line, approaches the infinitely impossible. But as players approach this they also approach groupness.

There is very little group-consciousness in *White Field*. Fritz, though an okay clarinetist, makes decision after decision from his own head, not from the group agreement, and though he tries to make the music soar, nothing could prevent it more efficiently. Pianist Furst plays very little, and with little sense of the instrument. If drummer Marbury has any musical understanding (he may), it is obscured here by

distressing technical limitation. Bassist Jaroslav is the most receptive and the best group player by a wide margin.

What a shame. The commitment to playing together is so beautiful, and the temptation of an early recording is so un-beautiful.

Polemical liner notes make everything worse.

Even so, the worst thing about the music is what it lacks, and not a lot of today's free playing is much better, especially from classically trained musicians. If these players are as interested and as "expert" in composition as we are told in the liner notes, then they have a special responsibility to acquire the discipline implicit in free music before they look for a recording audience.

—Mathieu

Earl Hines—Jimmy Rushing

BLUES&THINGS—Master Jazz Recordings MJR 101/8101: *Exactly Like You*; *Louisiana*; *Am I Blue*; *Summertime*; *Changin' the Blues*; *Save It, Pretty Mama* [interpolating *If It's True*]; *Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone*; *One Night in Trinidad*; *St. Louis Blues*.

Personnel: Budd Johnson, soprano and tenor saxophones; Hines, piano; Bill Pemberton, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums; Rushing, vocals (tracks 1, 3, 6, 9).

Rating: ★★★★★

A new label dedicated to mainstream jazz makes an auspicious debut with this relaxed, swinging set joining two great jazz veterans for the first time on record.

Aside from the guest singer, this is Hines' current working group, and a together group it is. The pianist is in excellent form; of the many albums he has made in the past few years, all good, this is one of the best, perhaps because the master seems very much at ease in this familiar company.

Johnson, who is well featured, is also at the top of his game. A remarkable musician, he proves here—if proof should be needed—that he belongs in the top rank of practitioners of both his horns.

His superbly relaxed, flowing choruses on *Louisiana* are in the spirit (not the letter; he's his own man) of Lester Young, and his joyous soprano sparkles on *Changin' and soars on Summertime*. These are the peaks, but he has something nice to offer on every track but *Trinidad*, which is a pleasant trio piece.

Rushing's mastery at setting tempos is evident on *Exactly*, spurring Hines to the heights. The voice is a bit tarnished, but it matters not; it's a comfortable sound. Only on *Am I Blue* does he strain a bit (the fact that the recording is highly focused doesn't exactly help). Hines, whose comping can be overly busy, is helpfully spare behind the singer.

In fact, the pianist is unusually lean throughout. His *Louisiana* solo is a perfect gem, and incidentally shows that he continues to listen to younger musicians—as all the great ones do. Like Johnson, he is so consistent that it's hard to single out things for specific praise, but *Changin'*, an up blues with five key changes in the course of ten choruses, is outstanding.

Pemberton and Jackson make a supple, tasty rhythm team. They never falter. On *Louisiana*, both step out in sprightly solo. The recording captures the bass' fine sound and the crispness of the drumming.

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A moving tribute to the late Don Redman is the medley of *Mama*, sung by Rushing, and *If It's True*, a pretty, seldom-heard ballad, simply stated by Johnson's tenor. *St. Louis* is not the customary Hines feature, but spotlights Rushing at his jolliest, with telling obbligati from Johnson, a tenor solo that contains several of his trademarks, and romping, jaunty Hines.

The album, very well produced and recorded, is not likely to be widely distributed. It can be ordered from Master Jazz Recordings Inc., Box 579, Lenox Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10021, in mono or stereo.

—Morgenstern

Joseph Jarman

SONG FOR—Delmark DS-9410/DL-410: *Little Fox Run; Non-cognitive Aspects of the City; Adam's Rib; Song For.*

Personnel: William Brimfield, trumpet; Jarman, alto saxophone, recitation; Fred Anderson, tenor saxophone; Christopher Gaddy, piano, marimba; Charles Clark, bass; Steve McCall and Thurman Barker, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

Jarman and his sidemen are from Chicago and few people outside the Chicago area are familiar with their work, but this LP is comparable in quality to many of the avant-garde records being cut by jazzmen who have gained some attention nationally.

The members of this group play with plenty of passion, yet they usually manage to keep out of each other's way and remain within the bounds of good taste. Their discipline as well as their zeal impresses me.

The original compositions are varied and interesting. *Fox Run* is a charging tune. *Non-cognitive Aspects* features Jarman reading one of his poems. The mournful *Rib* was written by Brimfield. Drum work (and percussive effects on other instruments) highlights *Song*.

The solo work is generally good. Tenor man Anderson has been influenced by Ornette Coleman, and it is a comment on the rapidity of jazz' evolution over the past eight years that his playing doesn't sound all that far out today. He is an inventive musician and can improvise with power and sensitivity.

Brimfield has a big, bright tone, good technique, and a fine range. He plays some nice ideas here but sometimes employs the upper register tastelessly and plays flashy runs that are melodically dull.

Jarman seems to have been influenced by Coleman and Albert Ayler. Though his spots are violent, they're fairly well constructed and meaty.

The rhythm section performs superbly. I was particularly taken with Clark. His arco and pizzicato solo work on *Aspects* is quite imaginative and very good technically.

—Pekar

Pat Martino

STRINGS—Prestige 7547: *Strings; Minority; Lean Years; Mom; Querido.*

Personnel: Joe Farrell, tenor saxophone, flute; Martino, guitar; Cedar Walton, piano; Ben Tucker, bass; Walter Perkins, drums; Dave Levin, Ray Appleton, miscellaneous percussion (track 1 only).

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

This album is sure to interest jazz guitar lovers as well as fans of good, strong blowing music. There's a lot for both in

this appealing album, the guitarist's first as leader: hefty, modern mainstream jazz played with vitality, taste and imagination is the order of the day. All the participants are fluent conversationalists in the neoboppish, blues-rooted idiom which is the jazz lingua franca of today. There are no surprises on this LP—just honest, persuasive, well-played music.

I must admit that until now I've not been particularly impressed by Martino's recorded efforts—but then he's almost exclusively been heard in the context of one organ-led group or another, a situation which doubtless has tended to circumscribe a full display of his abilities. We get that display in this set, and it's been worth waiting for.

Martino is a fluent, inventive guitarist who has listened long and hard to the instrument's jazz masters. He reveals a thorough grounding in the work of Wes Montgomery and Kenny Burrell, and he has assimilated these two influences—along with others—into a cohesive, assured style that, if not yet wholly personal (at least to the extent that it's immediately identifiable), is well on its way to that goal. He's only 23.

He fairly skims through his solos, displaying an effortlessly swinging attack and a wealth of ideas. Not all of them are original, but this is a minor quibble, for in the main he knows how to construct an improvisation and move through it with ease. And he writes good tunes—*Strings* is an infectious Latin-based piece that really develops a groove; *Mom* is lovely, ardent, slow-moving; *Years* is a lean, boppish cooker; and *Querido* a brisk, pleasant exercise in basic Latin.

Martino's choice of sidemen could not have been more felicitous. The group achieves a fine rapport rather than an LP of a soloist with support. It sounds like everyone was up for the date—the ensembles are crisp and tight, and the soloing is consistently fine. Farrell is a decided asset—his tenor work (a la early Coltrane) and tasty fluting add just the right notes of tonal variety to the proceedings. He plays with both sensitivity and passion throughout. Walton's comping is just right, providing the proper push behind the soloist here, the right rhythmic spice there.

A most impressive debut album. Martino has a lot to offer, both instrumentally and compositionally, and this corner will be watching his progress with great interest. Good show.

—Welding

Phil Upchurch

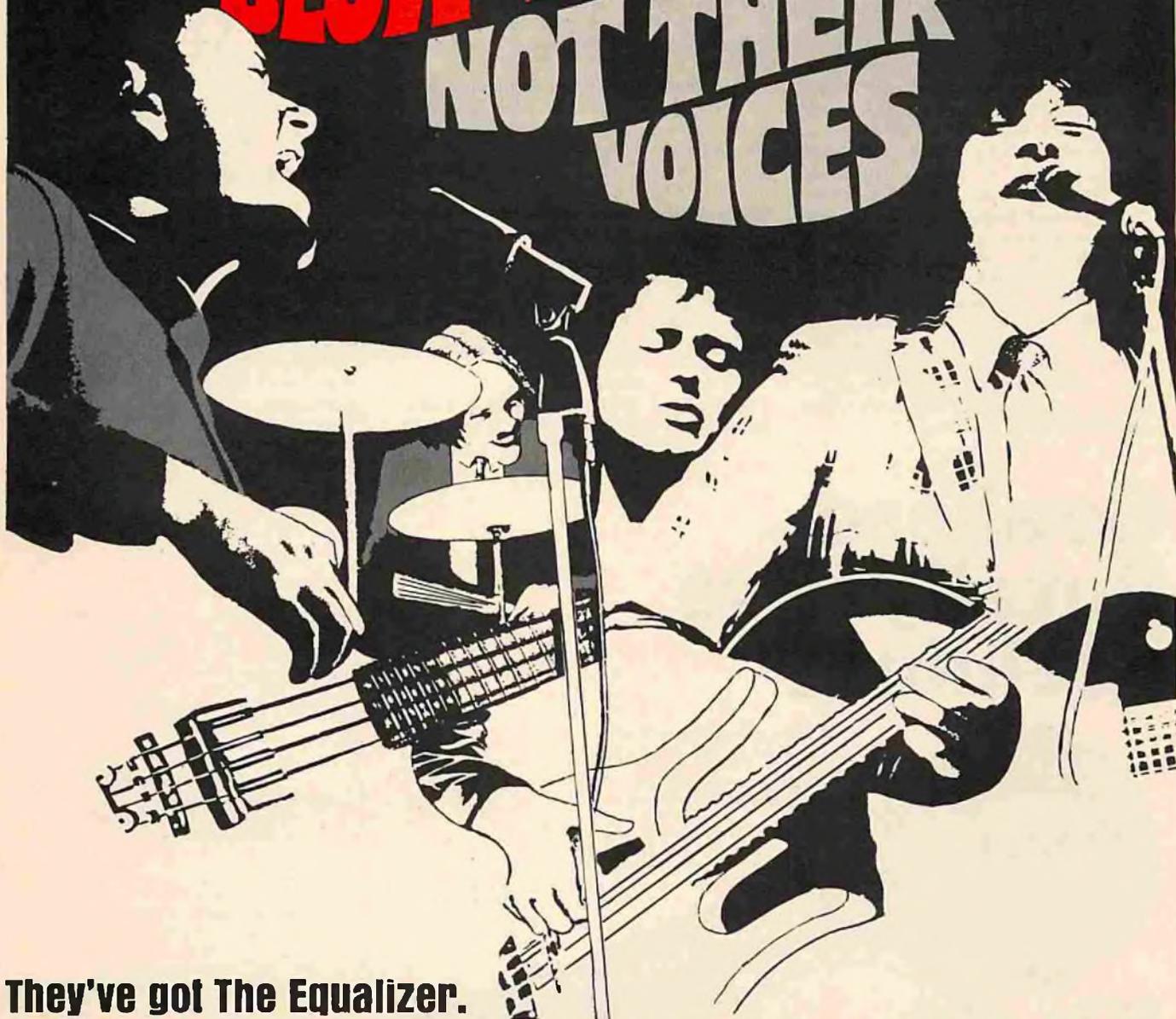
FEELING BLUE—Milestone 9010: *Feeling Blue; Stop and Listen; Corcovado; Really Sincere; Tangerine; Up, Up and Away; Israel; Subatomic Lament; Muscle Soul; I Want a Little Girl.*

Personnel: Wallace Davenport, trumpet; Ed Pazant, John Gilmore, Pat Patrick, reeds; Upchurch, guitar; Al Williams, piano, celeste; Charles Rainey, electric bass; Bernard Purdie, drums; Warren Smith, conga, vibraphone. Tracks 3, 4, 7, 8, 10—Upchurch, guitar; Wynton Kelly, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums; Montego Joe, conga.

Rating: ★★ ★

Upchurch, a guitarist who came up through the ranks of Chicago's fiercely competitive rhythm-and-blues scene, occupies a niche somewhere between r&b and

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jazz. He's a much more sophisticated and knowledgeable guitarist than many of his r&b confreres, yet falls quite a bit short of the minimal standards of inventiveness of the jazz guitarist. He resides, in short, in a sort of no-man's land between the two: too gifted to find much challenge in r&b work and not gifted enough to send the jazz guitar yeomanry scurrying to the breaches.

These remarks are based on repeated hearings of his Milestone release, his first for this label but not his first LP outing. The guitarist is quite good at engendering the fire and energized motion of the best workers in the r&b genre, but his improvisations lack focus. While he's never at a loss for phrases to play, Upchurch's solos don't really amount to very much. Facility aside—and his chops are excellent—he just doesn't seem to have *that* much to say. The end results of his efforts seem more pleasant noodling than anything else.

This impression is thrown into even greater relief by contrast with the tasty, meaty playing of pianist Kelly on the five quintet tracks. Wynton's playing is spare, graceful, flowing, and unfolds with both logic and lyricism. His lines grow organically out of a center, and they reveal their organization—ordered beauty—immediately. They wear well simply because they are better crafted, more tightly organized, focussed. And have a point of view. Kelly is piloting his craft, while Upchurch seems to be drifting with the tide.

I suppose it's that old dichotomy: musical intelligence vs. intuition. Upchurch leans more fully toward the latter, but doesn't quite have enough of the former to benefit from the insights that intuition can offer—if it's allied with and firmly controlled by musical intelligence. Kelly's complete: he benefits from both.

The five orchestral tracks are fine examples of their type—strong, excitement-building arrangements by Ed Bland, well played by the band. There's nothing particularly new here, but they move nicely and add a fair measure of fire to Upchurch's deft playing. These are the tracks that most heavily emphasize the soul aspect of the album. I hope they get some air-play, obviously what they're designed for.

The whole set is carried forward with the taste and attention to detail for which producer Orrin Keepnews has been noted. Handsome is as handsome does, after all.

—Welding

Nancy Wilson

WELCOME TO MY LOVE—Capitol ST 2844: *In the Heat of the Night; May I Come In?; Angel Eyes; It Never Entered My Mind; I'm Always Drunk in San Francisco (And I Don't Drink at All); Theme from Hotel; For Once in My Life; You Don't Know Me; Why Try to Change Me Now; Welcome to My Love; Ode to Billie Joe.*

Personnel: Miss Wilson, vocals; unidentified orchestra; Oliver Nelson, arranger.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Those stars above go to Oliver Nelson for his marvelous arranging. I might as

well set the record straight: I am not now nor have I ever been a Nancy Wilson fan. She has the vocal equipment, to be sure, but it seems to me that Carmen McRae always sings songs Miss Wilson chooses so much better. But then, I think Carmen outshines just about every singer around, so I am slightly prejudiced.

This is a very commercial album, and will no doubt receive the air-play befitting



a star of Miss Wilson's magnitude, but I do wish she'd forget about some of the grace notes and glissando escapades she uses so much. It does cloy after a couple of tracks. Listening to an entire Nancy Wilson album at one sitting gives me claustrophobia. It's gracefully described as "style," but I think it's dull, and there is a total neglect of the lyrics. Sorry, I'll take Carmen. —Carol Sloane

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1. ALBERT AYLER. *Change Has Come* (from *Albert Ayler in Greenwich Village*, Impulse). Donald Ayler, trumpet; Ayler, composer, tenor saxophone; Michel Sampson, violin; Bill Falwell, Henry Grimes, basses; Beaver Harris, drums.

SS: Well, there was no question about that. It was unquestionably Albert Ayler and his brother. I'm not familiar with all the personnel in the rhythm section, but I am acquainted with one of the bass players: Bill Fowler, I think his name is. I don't know the other bass player or the drummer—it's not Sonny Murray. Also the violin player, I think he's a European.

Overall I'd give them four stars for what they're doing, because I understand what they're doing.

PL: Yes, I recognized Albert Ayler and his brother, and I'll follow along with that rating. It's the new music; they are trying to recapture the sounds that have been in the atmosphere for centuries, and are trying to utilize them. It takes quite a bit of concentration for them to organize and unite to come under that theocratic movement of music together. This is why I liked the arrangements, the writing—and the violin also.

2. HUBERT LAWS. *Miss Thing* (from *The Laws of Jazz*, Atlantic). Laws, flute; Bobby Thomas, composer.

PL: Yes, that's Herbie Mann's ensemble. I can't recognize right off the rhythm section, but I do know that he was out front, and I think the arrangement is by Herbie Mann also.

I'd only give that two stars, because I didn't get too much from it. Just about one line, so to speak, of the rhythm, and a few bars of the flute emphasized, and then back to the original theme. It didn't have too much color to add.

SS: Yes, I think it was Herbie Mann. I'm also not acquainted with the personnel, but it was a regular run-of-the-mill, 16-bar, 8-bar blues. It grooves you a little—picks you up just a little. Not really my kind of music, however, so I'll just say 1½.

3. ORNETTE COLEMAN. *Poiso* (from *This Is Our Music*, Atlantic). Don Cherry, pocket trumpet; Coleman, composer, alto saxophone; Charlie Haden, boss; Ed Blackwell, drums.

SS: It's unmistakably Ornette Coleman.

Coleman has been a pioneer. He has done a bit as far as freeing musicians to go in a direction where they would be more free. That's not to say to play anything that comes into their mind that has no emphasis on creativity, but I view Coleman as a philanthropist, because he's given quite a bit as his contribution to music.

I'd give him five stars, because he merits all that. The other guys concerned are Ed Blackwell, percussionist; Charlie Haden, bass, and Don Cherry on Pakistanian trumpet. All that personnel worked beautifully with Coleman during that period. I liked what everybody was doing and I liked the tune, and at that period it was something else! Now there's another thing happening, but I do stay with the rating of five stars for what he was doing.

PL: Speaking about Ornette Coleman's overall work . . . five stars for the recording—this is an Atlantic recording, and I find that listening to the rhythm section that he had before Moffett and Izenzon, I thought that this was a very good record.

For Coleman being a forerunner in this music, I'd rate it the most merit, five stars. That's the only comment I have to make.

4. ROLF & JOACHIM KUHN. *Lunch Date* (from *Transfiguration*, Saba). Rolf Kuhn, bass clarinet; Joachim Kuhn, piano; Bab Guerin, bass; Aldo Romana, drums. Composed by R. & J. Kuhn.

PL: I was listening to Buddy DeFranco's bass clarinet work, and the rhythm section. It sounded like Ken McIntyre there for a while. Listening to the rhythm section, it sounded like the drummer has played a lot like the way Roy Haynes plays.

I liked the direction in which they were traveling and the things they were trying to do and communicate, but with a bit more work they'd have come much closer. I'd rate that 2½ stars. I liked the clarinet work—Bb bass clarinet.

SS: Well, it's pretty hard to distinguish who that was, as far as I'm concerned. I'd take a wild guess and say that I think that it was Ken McIntyre. It sounded like some of the things that Cecil Taylor would practice in a passive-type manner.

I like what they were trying to do. I'll

There are on the contemporary jazz scene a substantial number of musicians who, though not in the forefront and not too well represented on records, are worthy of a hearing, and of an opportunity to air their views. Two such men are alto saxophonist Sonny Simmons and flutist Prince Lasha. (He pronounces the name to rhyme with Bechet.)

Both are members of what might be called the avant garde underground; both are dedicated musicians who, after many years in their profession, are still paying dues.

Lasha, from Fort Worth, Texas, was a childhood companion of Ornette Coleman, with whom he played intermittently during the late 1940s. Simmons, born in Louisiana but raised in Oakland, Cal., from the age of eight, met Lasha around 1954. During the next decade they collaborated on a number of compositions, formed several small groups, and were introduced to the record-buying public on a Contemporary LP, *The Cry!*, released in 1963. They were also heard on an Elvin Jones album, *Illumination*, on Impulse. Simmons has an LP of his own on ESP.

Currently Lasha is in San Francisco and Simmons in New York. The following *Blindfold Test*, their first, took place when they were briefly reunited in Los Angeles recently. They were given no information about the records played.

give it 2½ stars. It didn't have any fire, didn't have that lift-up type thing—didn't really grip you; it was just kind of passive.

(Later) PL: Rolf Kuhn? When I was in West Germany, he took me over to East Germany to meet his brother.

5. ERIC DOLPHY. *The Madrig Speaks*, *The Panther Walks* (from *Last Date*, Limelight). Dolphy, alto saxophone, composer.

SS: It's unmistakably Eric Dolphy. I'd give him five stars, because at that time he was settling into some of the things he wanted to do. It was an inevitable progression. Some of the ideas sounded very fresh and clear here.

PL: I arrived in Germany right after he died, and I met some of the guys that knew him and worked with him. Pony Poindexter and Brew Moore and some others. Everyone respected Eric. Five stars for all the work that he accomplished over a period of five years.

SS: He was taking up from where Charlie Parker had left off, and he really accomplished that objective 100%.

6. BUD SHANK. *Blues for Delilah* (from *Flute 'n' Oboe*, Pacific Jazz). Shank, flute; Bob Cooper, oboe, composer. Recorded 1957.

PL: With those strings and ensembles going on, I think it was possibly Herbie Mann. Or perhaps Bud Shank, and the English horn could be Bob Cooper. You have to give them credit for pioneering in this field at that time. Four stars.

SS: I didn't recognize anyone, but I did admire the fact that the English horn was being utilized. Two stars.

7. COUNT BASIE. *Jump for Johnny* (from *On My Way and Shoutin' Again*, Verve). Frank Wess, Eric Dixon, flutes; Frank Foster, tenor saxophone; Neal Hefti, composer.

PL: One of the flute players was that fellow who was on the West Coast and moved east—Jerome Richardson. It could be his arrangement, too. The other flute was Buddy Collette. But it has to be the Count Basie Band. The tenor might be Jerome too. Three stars.

SS: I thought one of the flute players was Frank Wess; I didn't identify the other one. Couldn't recognize the tenor either. There was nothing too exciting happening. Two stars.

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT

John Handy—Bill Evans
Both/And, San Francisco, Calif.

Personnel: Handy, alto saxophone, oboe, flute; Mike White, violin; Mike Nock, piano; Bruce Cale, bass; Larry Harrock, drums. Evans, piano; Eddie Gomez, bass; Arnold Wise, drums.

The Both/And was Handy's launching pad when he started to stride into West Coast eminence, and it has often been a stomping ground for him since. This was the unveiling of his new group, and with Evans taking alternate bows, it made for a towering gig. The club's name might be cryptic, but most of the music was glowingly lucid.

Bassist Cale and drummer Harrock were the new blood among familiars Nock and White, supplying a steady and powerful pulse to a group that, even in its infancy, has flair and a smooth maturity.

The same polish was evident in Handy's debut on oboe—in *A Song of Uranus*—and on flute, in *Eros*. He must have been

We Did Last Summer, but with clouds of dissonance obscuring the melody) looked both ways. The violin introduction in *A* led to a delicately flowing, gradually atonal climb to a nerve-shattering peak in *E Major*. His other composition, *All the Way West to West—By God!—Virginia*, roamed unchained. Handy's shrill bite, White's harshly agile bowing and the rhythm in a frenzy of 4/4 made it surge, and it climaxed to a high-water mark in atonality.

Strange Love, by Nock, and *Sun Loves, Do it*, by Cale (all the quintet, drummer excepted, are voluble contributors to the library), both in 12/8, were uncomplicated swing.

Though lightweight, *Dancy, Dancy*, a gently sinuous bossa nova, was deluxe. Bossa nova may not be high fashion anymore, but it's a long way from being dead. And if it were, Handy's quintet could



JOSEPH L. JOHNSON

something of a musical monastic to have come along so far on both these instruments. He makes his entrance fully ordained, with no novice greenness. His subdued and plaintive oboe on the opening and closing theme in *Uranus*, always well controlled, and his low-register subterranean bubbling on flute, erupting into high flight on *Eros*, were eloquent feathers in Handy's astrakhan cap.

Both these compositions were cunningly scored by White. Though in 4/4, their dextrous twists in harmonies and long attractive melodic lines moved like cool currents independent of the rhythm. Superior and unusual ballads, they demonstrated White's penchant for the exotic, and were further illuminated by his violin, astringent under its sweetness; Nock's fleet piano, and Handy's lyrical alto.

Handy has found the taste of freedom a heady one; he's rapidly moving into the front rank of the serialists while mercifully retaining the more rapturous side of his playing. His *Things* (actually *Things*

resurrect it. The leader excelled on this.

On Evans' first number, a long, involved introduction settled down to *Emily* in 3/4, the waltz beat continuing through an original, *Very Easy*. Both were alluring pieces, with Gomez and Wise as light as floss, complementing Evans' delicate ruffling. Gomez took a long solo on *Emily* and had a large share in several other numbers. Deservedly. His resonant etching of the theme and unblurred improvisation on *Stella by Starlight* was masterly. Drummer Wise struck the same fine form. His light cymbal work was the ideal goad to Evans' sometimes ethereal piano, and he had a smart snap when the pacc grew heated.

Turn out the Stars coursed along in the same elegant vein. Another original, *Re: Person I Knew*, started off pensively, but midway there was an easy slide into acceleration, and then a singeing climax.

Someday My Prince Will Come went at the same fast—but still courtly—tempo. Subtle alterations characterized *Round*

Midnight, with some expressive rubato, with sudden shifts in texture, a scattering of tempi. Spurs dug deep on a whirling *Autumn Leaves*, with Gomez' and Wise's ears back to pace Evans' outstretched rhythm.

Even when viewed under critical lenses, Evans' every facet shines. The curses of labels—"Debussyesque," "dreamlike," "impressionistic"—are turned into tonal blessings. Beneath the shimmering surface of ballads like *You Go to My Head*, *Laura*, *Alfie*, and *Stella by Starlight* he scoops up his timbres: oddly tintured pearls. At up tempos, there is no scruff-of-the-neck grab, but a gentle guiding to an apex of jazz excitement.

A towering gig. —Sammy Mitchell

Ahmed Abdul-Malik
St. Anne's Episcopal School
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Personnel: Bilal Abdurrahman, tenor saxophone, clarinet, Korean flute, derbeki; Calo Scott, cello; Abdul-Malik, bass, oud; Bobby Hamilton, drums.

In the simple, even austere, auditorium of this school, some 100 students, many of whom had never before heard Middle Eastern music—much less Ahmed Abdul-Malik—paid \$2.50 each to hear him, and were not disappointed.

They were treated to an extraordinary performance by an artist who was experimenting with non-Western music years before the recent invasion of the currently popular Indian sounds.

Starting with a slow but evocative near-Eastern piece, the musicians strove to set the mood for what was to come but received only mild applause for their first efforts. With a catchy West Indian calypso tune called *The Hustlers*, though, the audience began to stir, and by intermission a definite rapport had been established.

This feeling intensified as students and performers mingled during the break, discussing aspects of the music and the instruments.

After opening the second set with *Sa, Ra, Ga . . . Ya Hindi*, an East Indian-African tune, the group played Abdul-Malik's composition *Nights on Saturn*, an extended number reminiscent of Sun Ra in his more saturnine moments. This tune, featuring long Hamilton solos punctuated by Abdurrahman's virtuosity on the Korean flute, brought the house down. Afterwards, Hamilton said that he was amazed at how far out they had played and how well received it had been. (A shorter, more straightforward version of this piece can be heard on the Prestige/New Jazz LP *The Music of Ahmed Abdul-Malik*, but it only hints at what was played this night.)

Shoof Habebe, a Sudanese tune spotlighting Abdul-Malik on oud, provided a light contrast to the overpowering *Nights* and led into the last two numbers for the evening.

By now performers and audience were both in the groove. *La Ibkey* (*Don't Cry in Arabic*) was introduced as Abdul-Malik had introduced tunes all evening, by briefly discussing it and its sources; at the same time, he announced an "African bossa nova" item that turned out to be a swinging version of *Don't Blame Me* with cellist

Scott leading the way.

The audience, mostly 18 to 21, by now following every nuance intensely, greeted these tunes with sustained, enthusiastic applause sprinkled with occasional cheers and cries for more. They had crossed the line between polite attention and active involvement.

The music was over by 11:30 p.m., but everyone hung around talking and thanking the musicians as they packed up. The audience had accepted, even welcomed,



every extension of the music, and the men had worked hard to give their best. Abdul-Malik himself was moved by the response. The musicians left with a new respect for "the kids" and the possibilities of finding a wider interest in their music, while the audience had been introduced to a new kind of music—Middle Eastern jazz—different, complex, exciting, and devoid of the commercialism often associated with attempts at musical cross-breeding.

—J. L. Vartoogian

Lateef—Lynne—Gillespie
Academy of Music, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Personnel: Yusuf Lateef, tenor and alto saxophones, flute, miscellaneous instruments, vocals; Hugh Lawson, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; Roy Brooks, drums. Gloria Lynne, vocals; Bobby Timmons, piano; Mickey Bass, bass; Leo Morris, drums. Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet, vocals; James Moody, tenor, alto saxophones; Mike Longo, piano; Paul West, bass; Candy Finch, drums. Irwin C. Watson, comedy.

There were few empty seats in the Brooklyn Academy of Music for this show, billed as *A Winter Portrait of Down Beat Poll Selections*. All was well at the box-office. Not always so on stage.

The Lateef quartet kicked off with what, from a musical standpoint, turned out to be the most fulfilling over-all performance of the evening. The 47-year-old leader played his usual variety of instruments in a thoroughly swinging display of young ideas, with excellent support by pianist Lawson and McBee, whose nimble fingers give the bass new meaning.

The blues classic *Trouble in Mind* received an enthusiastic ovation before Lawson had finished his piano introduction to a version that was almost identical to the group's 1963 recording, oboe and all. Lateef's own composition, *India*, recorded at that same date, fared less well in live

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LAWRENCE SHUSTAK

Yusef Lateef: Swinging Display of Young Ideas

performance, the record's overdubbed bassoon conspicuously absent.

The highlight of the stint was certainly Lateef's tenor solo on *The Smart Set*, an original by drummer Brooks. This was a tour de force that built beautifully through several choruses, only to be cut short by a sadly anticlimactic, lengthy, and contrived drum solo. It was one of those everybody-walk-off-while-he-does-his-bit segments. A drum solo can be exciting, but there is a tendency to overdo this sort of thing, and Brooks, though he played very effectively in the group, did not quit while he was ahead.

A short but highly humorous number, featuring a "Japanese" vocal by a possibly serious Lateef, ended this segment and made way for the evening's only mediocre performance.

Gloria Lynne's voice was strained, and she seemed incapable of sustaining notes. The result was closer to an unimaginative recital of lyrics than it was to singing. Even the accompanying trio sounded uninspired.

After a long series of standards, Miss Lynne chose *I Can't Stand It* as a sample of her recent entry into the rock 'n' roll field. It was even weaker than her previous efforts.

The second half of the concert opened with Watson, a very clever comic who managed to make even his borrowed routines sound fresh. His jokes, mostly racial, served well to prepare the predominantly Negro audience for the antics of Gillespie's quintet.

One might wish that the group would

devote more time to music, but jazz can do with some humor in these days of angry young players.

Gillespie combines good musicianship with good showmanship, and the result is never boring. He and Moody (who plays the straight man) were in top form musically, especially on *Ding-A-Ling*, a Gospel-inspired tune by pianist Longo.

West, the newest member of the group (who plays electric bass and is an alumnus of Gillespie's 1956 big band), had not yet been broken in, but nevertheless the quintet managed to create excitement as a unit.

Even the traditional long drum solo (again with departures by the rest of the group) sustained itself, with Finch employing some of the humor that characterizes Gillespie's group. He, too, resorted to gimmickry, although to a lesser degree than Brooks. By running his fingers inside a small, hand-held drum, he produced a novel, unmistakably orgiastic sound.

It is hard to say what *A Winter Portrait of Down Beat Poll Selections* promised. But the evening proved jazz can still be fun.

—Chris Albertson

Graham Collier

Purcell Room, London, England

Personnel: Kenny Wheeler, Harold Beckett, fluegelhorns; Henry Lowther, cornet, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Davo Aaron, alto saxophone, soprano saxophone, flute; John Surman, baritone, soprano, bass clarinet, piano; Karl Jenkins, baritone, soprano, oboe, piano; Chris Smith, Mike Gibbs, John Mumford, trombones; Frank Ricotti, vibraphone, bongos; Collier, bass, leader; John Marshall, drums.

It's relatively rare for a jazz musician

to promote his own 12-piece band in a setting as elegant as the acoustically superb Purcell Room, but Graham Collier is an unusual kind of jazzman. Not only does he write powerful music that holds your attention from start to finish, but he inspires sufficient loyalty among musicians to persuade the same faces to turn up for the infrequent outings of his Septet and Dozen.

A Berklee graduate, Collier is the first jazzman to receive a grant for composition from the Arts Council of Great Britain, and this concert saw the London premiere of *Workpoints*, an extended piece written under the grant. You can't help thinking of Mingus when you come across a strong bassist-leader whose writing is utterly contemporary while yet retaining form, but there is little other resemblance between the two. The main similarity lies in Collier's unrestricted ensemble passages, which closely parallel the chaos of a ragged Mingus ensemble.

In spite of the impressive show of manuscript paper on hand, I gather that the chart for *Workpoints* was limited to a loose framework, allowing freedom of movement for the soloists and limiting the occasional bursts of collective improvisation to manageable lengths.

Workpoints, says Collier, expresses his writer's credo: the composed parts of the music are merely starting points which the soloists can use as a spring-board, and from which the remainder of the band can derive a background. This method was employed throughout, and the procedure

was to feature trumpets, trombones, reeds and rhythm, first as distinct sections, then each member individually.

Aaron was first man out, blowing alto conscientiously over a trombone background and threshing drums, the bass gradually building a feeling of suspense before cutting out to leave the saxophonist on his own. Surman and Jenkins continued with a winding baritone duet—as far from Carney and Mulligan as Pollock is from Rembrandt, yet nicely united.

A drum crash led into Latin-tinged swing while Surman, one of London's strongest young musicians, shrieked into a high register I'd never known the instrument to possess. Most of Collier's sidemen are strong soloists, but easily the most formidable was Marshall, an up-to-date drummer who knows exactly what's required and can come out with it at the right time. He can play with any kind of feeling, he swings and can hear around corners, and his contribution was an integral part of the success of Collier's brainchild.

The trumpet section came down front for their spot and indulged in some fluent and frenetic interplay, each emerging individually to state his point of view. Beckett, who is a thoughtful master of the fluegelhorn with a very personal, flirtatious style, got a little bit carried away at first, shouting on an instrument better suited to a more mellifluous approach, but after Wheeler had put his trumpet through its paces—clean-lined abstractions and half-valved spurts of prettiness—Beckett came speeding back and was sprightliness itself as he stretched out over a cooking 3/4 Latin beat.

Lowther, phrasing economically, took it away on cornet before the trombones came down front. One by one they dove-tailed, presenting three totally different slants on the horn before Smith shouted brashly at length from the center.

The rhythm team's segment followed a short, silvery Mumford solo, Collier holding the fort briefly while a conversation developed between vibes, bass and drums. Ricotti's vibes eventually became dominant, skittering and sprawling in the Hutcherson manner.

Workpoints, which lasted the best part of an hour, concluded a concert devoted to Collier's writing. Three other extended works were featured—*Deep Dark Blue Center*, *Indefinite Relationships* and *The Barley Mow*, on which Beckett was outstanding. He is a musician whose fame should spread wider, a born jazz player whose interesting, well-controlled solos are full of the gentle poignancy to which his chosen horn lends itself so beautifully.

Collier's music manages to be out front and avant garde (terrible expression), yet easily assimilable by anyone who has ever listened to jazz. It's also, probably because it's British, rather more *gentlemanly* than Mingus' writing while being just as exciting in its own way. That is not meant in any derogatory sense, but the music is a comfortable mixture of formality and freedom which, under the leader's inspired and capable tutelage, make happily matched bedfellows. —Valerie Wilmer

DAVERN

(Continued from page 25)

of it as weak—his attack at times has the explosiveness of a trumpet, and his projection is full and clear, even in the upper ranges, which he negotiates intrepidly.

The choice of clarinet, of course, helped to set Davern apart from his generation. "When I was a kid, we'd go to Bop City and Birdland, listen to Charlie Parker and Dizzy and Bud Powell. Bird was a great musician, but his points of reference differed from mine. I was too involved in the sound of a trumpet, trombone, clarinet, piano, bass and drums band, and besides, Dixieland bands were the only bands that used the instrument I played (Buddy DeFranco left me cold, and I didn't care for Tony Scott). I was at odds with my own contemporaries. I thought the real jazz was Louis Armstrong—and I still do."

DOES HE EVER REGRET that such was his baptism, determining, in a sense, all that was to follow? Or is he glad?

"Yes; I'm glad—a thousand times yes, 'cause I can listen to *Jubilee* by Louis Armstrong and know that good will triumph after all and that there's justice in the world. That's what I'm geared to—music for the betterment of mankind. People don't want to be reminded that the musician is up against it and doesn't feel good. You transcend that.

"Jazz is not a pose, and a lot of guys are too busy posing. I've done it myself. The original cover of my album [Davern's only own album, ironically made during his revivalist phase] had the band standing on a white sheet with dry ice all around it, looking up at a guy dressed up as St. Peter writing in his book. The title was *In Gloryland*. Ouch! And I wouldn't smile. 'Just take the picture.' I stood up for what I thought was my artistic integrity, only to find that I'd lost a lot of gigs, and that it had nothing to do with my artistry or my integrity after all. So I'm an offender.

"What would I like to do now? I'd like to make one track on record that I was absolutely tickled to death by, and make \$1,000,000 on it. Seriously—I'd like to be able to get my wits together and happen into that peculiar phase of yourself where the instrument suddenly becomes an extension of yourself, and do something that has its own form—a logical beginning and a middle and a conclusion—logical by its own content. That would knock me out; if what I had within myself came out and was captured. It's very hard to do. It keeps you going when it happens—once a month, once a year. If I could do that on a record, I could take up truck driving or gardening or open a small tobacco shop in New England, and be rediscovered in 30 years.

"No. I want to continue playing—more so than ever before."

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JAZZ ON CAMPUS

BY GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

The Foxes Music Store in Falls Church, Va., sponsored their annual *Bands of Tomorrow* contest for stage bands from the Washington area at Langley High School on Jan. 27. Judges and clinicians for the event were John LaPorta, Rick Henderson, and this writer. The Rick Henderson Band from the Washington area played a concert for the students in the afternoon. (Incidentally, Henderson has some excellent arrangements available for advanced stage bands. Information can be obtained from

Emanon Music, Box 8790, Washington, D.C. 20011.) The Langley Stage Band under the direction of George Horan, pushed closely by the Bethesda-Chevy Chase Band under the leadership of Bert Damron, won the high school division. Outstanding honors in the junior high division went to the Western Stage Band, Morton Gutoff, director.

The Eastman Wind Ensemble, on their way west to play at the MENC convention in Seattle, featured the Eastman Jazz Ensemble under the direction of Jack End on their tour programs.

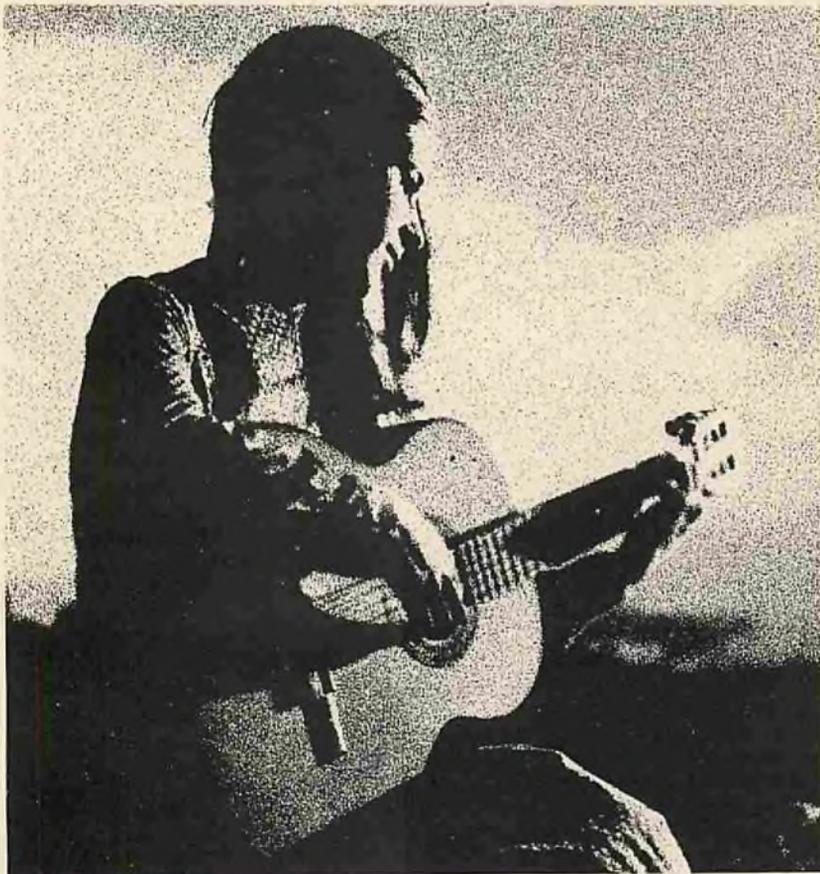
The Kansas State College of Pittsburg presented its first annual jazz festival March 2 under the guidance of Paul Mazzacano, director of bands, and Joe Ham-

brick, trombonist and leader of the KSC Jazz Ensemble. Eighteen high school and three college bands participated in the festival. Kansas State University (Manhattan) under the direction of Keith Meredith was chosen as the outstanding college band and the Paschal High School Band of Fort Worth, Texas with Phillip Hewett, director, and the McPherson High School Band with Bryce Luty, director, were rated superior high school bands. Special commendation went to the Wichita Junior Neophonic, an area group of high school students, under the direction of Bob Austin. Judges and clinicians for the event were trumpeter Bud Brisbois, drummer Joe Morello, and this writer. The KSC band backed Morello and Brisbois in solo numbers at the evening concert.

Okaloosa-Walton Junior College at Valparaiso, Fla., under the guidance of Dr. Bryan Lindsay, hosted the third Northwest Florida All-Star Jazz Ensemble Clinic/Concert on April 5 and 6. In past years, Dell Sawyer from Peabody-Vanderbilt and Jerry Coker from the University of Miami have served as clinicians. This year, Leon Breeden of North Texas was to make his first appearance in that part of the country in this role. A special feature of this festival is that an all-star group of college students form a demonstration band which is rehearsed by the clinician. In addition to this unit, bands wishing to participate in the afternoon workshop sessions have the opportunity to receive on-the-spot criticism from the clinician and to be rehearsed by him.

Richard Pettibone of Oak Lawn High School (Ill.) ran the 9th annual Chicago-Land Stage Band Festival Feb. 3, with 4 junior high, 53 high school bands and 8 combos participating. Warren High School (Gurnee) under the direction of Sam Licoci bested Libertyville and the U. of Chicago High School in the class A playoffs; class AA honors went to Wheeling High School, Dean DePoy, director, over Notre Dame and Proviso East in that division's finals. The combo from Notre Dame of Niles was awarded the best of show honors in that division. Special guest band for the contest was the Falconaires of the Air Force Academy, directed by Capt. Terry Hemeyer, USAF. In their concert presentation they demonstrated the "Maestro," one of the electronic amplification units now on the market. Dick Hubbard, clarinetist with the Falconaires, was featured in a new number written as a showcase for the attachment and appropriately called *Watts New*. He sounded in turn like a bassoon, bass clarinet and English horn. Other members of the band gave clinics throughout the day on brass, reeds, rhythm section and arranging. Ted Ashford (Northwestern U.) and John De Roule (Wright Jr. College) selected and directed the All-Star bands. Judges for the competitions were Ted Buenger, Ken Bartosz, Layne Emery, Ralph Gabriel, Arthur Hayek, and John Whitney.

Some opportunities for summer study: There will be a stage band workshop at Ohio Northern University (Ada) from June 10 to 14 under the direction of Dr. Lowell Weitz of the university with Dr. Gene Hall as a special guest clinician. In-



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formation can be obtained from the Music Department. A one-week workshop in Stage Band Techniques and Procedures will be offered at the Eastman School of Music from July 29 to Aug. 2 by this writer. Information can be obtained from Eastman's registrar.

Wisconsin State University (Eau Claire) hosted its first annual jazz competition March 16 under the guidance of Dr. Joe Casey, director of bands. Fifteen high school and ten college bands participated. Judges and clinicians for the event were Bud Brisbois, trumpet; Rueben Haugen, saxophone; Dennis Oliver, bass; James Coffin, drums, and this writer. Medford High School (Wis.) was rated best of show in the class B competition; Stillwater High School (Minn.) edged out Racine-Horlick in the class A playoffs at the evening concert. Moorhead State (Minn.) under the direction of Al Noyce was outplayed in the college finals by Northern Iowa State University (Cedar Falls) under the direction of Jim Coffin.

David Sporny is still directing the Studio Orchestra at the Interlochen Arts Academy. Currently, they are using a standard big band instrumentation with the addition of 4 horns and tuba. In a recent concert, they added strings for a performance of a section of Oliver Nelson's *The Kennedy Dream*. A faculty group, the Interlochen Jazz Quintet, has been giving concerts in Michigan schools as part of the Young Audience Programs. Members of the group include John Lindenau, trumpet; David Sporny, trombone; Jon Peterson, piano; Richard Kvistad, drums, and Traverse City bassist Joe McFarland.

Eighteen high school bands competed in the University of Notre Dame's Collegiate Jazz Festival high school division March 9. The "best of show" award went for the second year in a row to the Variations of Lincoln High School in Vincennes (Ind.) under the direction of Walt Anslinger. This group performed while the judges were deliberating during the finals of the college competition. Judges and clinicians for the contest were Robert O'Brien, director of bands at Notre Dame, Paul Toloski, trombonist from Chicago, and this writer. The student administration of CJF, John Noel, Greg Mullen and high school division chairman Tom Schetter should be commended for the initiative and effectiveness in their organization of both the high school and college competitions.

Ed Shaughnessy, drummer with Doc Severinsen's *Tonight* show band, worked as clinician-judge-soloist at the first annual festival sponsored by Texas Tech (Lubbock), March 22-23.

Another new contest will make its debut in Memphis May 10. Sponsored by the West Tennessee School Band and Orchestra Association in conjunction with Memphis State University this contest marks a separation of the stage band competition from the annual concert band contests.

The Southern Methodist University Stage Band under the direction of Ronald Modell recently presented a concert featuring guest artists Don Jacoby, trumpet, and Bob Burgess, trombone. Student soloists included leader Modell.

AD LIB

(Continued from page 14)

fers combos to big bands, had a chance to front a quartet at Donte's when a Brazilian group couldn't make the gig. With Most on reeds were Jim Stewart (the "other" guitarist in Gabor Szabo's combo); Bob Mathews, bass; Joao Palma, drums . . . The U.S. Information Agency shot a film at Donte's featuring the *Sound of Feeling*, to be circulated among the Arab nations. Reason for the choice: leader Gary David is Lebanese. A great deal of David's vocal ad libbing is Arabic chants . . . Bill Bacin is taking an all-star traditional combo to Monterey for the Dixieland Festival. It will include trumpeter Jackie Coons, trombonist Bob Havens, clarinetist Barney Bigard, bassist Ed Garland, and drummer Ben Pollack. Bacin, recently-retired president of the New Orleans Jazz Club of California, will front the group and sing . . . What's in a name? Singer Melba Moore, who just closed at Redd Foxx's, claims people here are always confusing her father, Melvin Moore, with the local trumpeter. Melba's dad used to sing with Dizzy Gillespie's big band . . . Hazel Scott finished up a highly successful month at the Playboy Club—a return gig—then headed north to San Francisco. Rounding out her trio: Ralph Pena, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums. On a few occasions, Joe Harris subbed for Thigpen, but during the latter part of the Scott engagement, Harris had his own Playboy gig going in a different room, with pianist Mike Wofford's trio (Gerry Friedman, bass). Harris has also been subbing for Shelly Manne at the Manne-Hole; and to complete the cycle, Harris has also been working out with a local community symphony orchestra. Another drummer was lured to the Playboy by Miss Scott—not to play, but just to admire: Sonny Payne. He was in town with Harry James for a one-nighter at Valley State College . . . More musical chairs: Forrest Westbrook filled in for Dave Mackay at Sherry's, who had filled in for Joanne Grauer. Playing bass throughout the change-over: Bill Plummer. Washington, D.C. bassist Marshall Hawkins subbed for Ron Carter with Miles Davis at Shelly's Manne-Hole . . . The Venice Blues Project was launched during a modest jazz festival at Santa Monica City College. Playing everything from rock-oriented jazz to jazz-oriented rock, the group consists of George Bohannon, trombone; Hadley Caliman, tenor sax; Ray Draper, tuba; Tommy Trujillo, guitar; John Duke, electric bass; and Paul Lagos, drums . . . Trombonist Billy Byers headed a quintet for one of Donte's Brass Nights with Georgie Auld, tenor sax; Lou Levy, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; and Stan Levey, drums . . . The Los Angeles Jazz Quintet bowed in concert at Owen Marshall's Free Sounds Institute of Music. Boasting a book mainly of originals, the quintet consisted of Richard Davis, trumpet; Stanley Roberson, alto, tenor saxes; Charles Wright, piano; Tommy Williamson, bass; and Archie James, drums . . . The Quintet de Sade

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played a one-nighter at a new Pasadena coffeehouse catering to contemporary jazz and pop groups. The club is called The Rest of It. In the quintet: **Tom Shepherd**, flute, alto sax; **Bill Hansen**, piano; **Frank Blumer** (subbing for bassist **Louis Ledbetter**); **Dave Pritchard**, guitar; and **Dean Karas**, drums. Guesting with the group: **Nolan Smith**, vibes, trumpet; and a classically trained jazz violinist, **Larry Chaplan**. At presstime, the Sade-ists were due for considerable competition from the **Gary Burton Quartet**. Both groups were booked for a one-nighter at the University of California at Santa Barbara . . . **Howard Roberts** and his combo, which he prefers to call his "magic band," will be in for five consecutive weekends at Donte's starting May 3-4. On June 24, Roberts and his magicians will travel to Peabody, Mass. to play Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike for one week, then hasten home. Personnel for Donte's and Lennie's will be the same except for bass players. **Chuck Berghofer** will be replaced by either **Chuck Domanico** or **Albert Stinson** on the road. Others: **Tom Scott**, reeds; **Steve Bohannon**, organ; and **John Guerin**, drums . . . **Jimmy Rowles** brought a quintet into Donte's for an indefinite series of Tuesday sessions: **Conte Candoli**, trumpet; **Bob Hardaway**, reeds; Rowles, piano; **Buster Williams**, bass; **Larry Bunker**, drums . . . The **Cosmic Brotherhood Sitar Band** returned to Donte's for a couple of Monday nights . . . Anaheim's theater-in-the-round, **Melodyland**, has booked a number of week-long celebrity shows to follow its legit season: **Sergio Mendes** and **Brasil '66** kicked it off; **Wes Montgomery** will open May 28; **Ray Charles** opens June 4 . . . A two-nighter at the Shrine Auditorium will be shared by **Hugh Masekela** and **Miriam Makeba** . . . **Kirk Stuart** fronted a big band for **Julie London's** three-week stand at the Century Plaza . . . **Nancy Wilson** joined her proteges, the **Checkmates**, for a recent Sunday night bash at the Factory . . . Following his **Cocoanut Grove** gig, **Lou Rawls** took off for his first European concert tour starting in London, where he'll be backstopped by **Ted Heath's** band . . . **Tony Bennett** and **Duke Ellington** worked together at the Anaheim Convention Center; then, on the following night, at the Forum, in Inglewood. Ellington who also did a one-nighter at the Friars Club, is teaming up with **Ella Fitzgerald** for one of TV's future **Screen Gems Presents** . . . **Wes Montgomery** did a one-nighter at the El Cortez Hotel in San Diego . . . **Bola Sete** was in for two weeks at Marty's-on-the-Hill, with **Jose Marino**, bass; **Chico Batera**, drums. **Groove Holmes** followed Sete into Marty's . . . **Barbara McNair** made her film debut in **Night Hunt**. She sings four tunes in the film, and also plays a nudie scene . . . **Nancy Wilson** received the 1968 "Dollars for Scholars" award for her anti-dropout lectures to high-school and junior high-school kids. To prove she's still working, Miss Wilson just cut her 21st album for Capitol . . . **Vince Guaraldi** is now recording for Warner Bros.-7 Arts records . . . **Mitzi Gaynor** signed **Bob Florence** to write arrangements for her new night

club act which debuts at the Riviera in Las Vegas May 14 . . . **Dave Grusin** is scoring two films: *A Man Called Gannon*, and *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter* . . . **Quincy Jones** got the saturation treatment on station KGIL when one of its disc jockeys saluted the composer with a seven-day festival of selections from his scores: *In Cold Blood*, *The Pawnbroker*, and *In The Heat of The Night* . . . **Johnny Keating** was honored by the San Fernando College Orchestra with a program devoted exclusively to his compositions . . . **Henry Mancini** and **Johnny Mercer** teamed up for seven tunes for the Paramount film *Darling Lili* . . . **Lennie Hayton** was signed as music director of 20th Century Fox's *Hello Dolly*, which includes **Louis Armstrong** in its cast . . . The Pilgrimage Theater Spring Jazz Festival has added the **Clare Fischer Trio** and the **Dave Mackay Quintet** to its Sunday afternoon outdoor series. They will share the amphitheater on May 19. On May 26, it will be **Mike Lang's** trio and **Emil Richards'** quintet.

Chicago: In early April, the London House hosted the **Modern Jazz Quartet** in one of its rare Chicago appearances. In the latter half of the wet month Brazil's **Tamba 4** honored a demand to return. In the view of house pianist **Eddie Higgins**, "The Tamba 4 is the best London House discovery since I've been here (10 years)." **George Shearing's** quintet came into the club April 30. The pianist is scheduled for a four-week stand, to be succeeded by **Ramsey Lewis**, with Windy City bassist **Cleveland Eaton** and drummer **Maurice White** . . . The **Paul Butterfield Blues Band** did a weekend at the Cheetah in early April . . . **Cream** and **The Mothers of Invention** did a quickie at the Coliseum April 27 . . . Sharing the stand with comedian **Richard Pryor** at Mister Kelly's, in something of a first for the Rush St. supper club, was the **First Edition**: the room had never billed a rock group before . . . Multi-instrumentalist **Philip Cohran's** AFFRO-Arts Theater was closed in early April by the city government's licensing bureau, ostensibly because its temporary entertainment license had expired. However, Cohran believes it was due to the theater's recent hosting of author **LeRoi Jones** and former SNCC chief **Stokely Carmichael**. At this writing, nevertheless, Cohran has promised the reopening of the theater in the near future . . . Violinist **Leroy Jenkins** led a group in the performance of his compositions at Abraham Lincoln Community Center April 21 . . . Josephine's Pumpkin Room has a new entertainment roster: the **Prince James Trio** and the **Tiaras**. Action is nightly Thursdays through Mondays . . . The **Duke Ellington Orchestra**, singer **Tony Bennett** and comedian **Jack E. Leonard** did a one-nighter at Orchestra Hall April 27 . . . A foursome led by **Bunky Green** (pianist **Ken Chaney**; bassist **John Whitfield**; drummer **Bill Quinn**) did an afternoon of jazz at Highland Park High School May 1 . . . In addition to doing his regular Wednesday thing, tenorist **John**

Klemmer, with pianist Chaney and bassist Reggie Willis in his quartet, subbed for the vacationing Judy Roberts Trio at the Baroque in April . . . Buddy Rich and his band titillated audiences at the Club Laurel for a week in mid-April.

Washington, D.C.: Jazz came to Constitution Hall in full force during February. Ramsey Lewis and his trio were there, and bassist Cleveland Eaton excited the crowd with his cello work. Lou Rawls and company were next. A double bill featured singer Dionne Warwick and the Charles Lloyd Quartet . . . On the same night, at the Washington Hilton, a star-studded show played to an enthusiastic SRO audience. Wes Montgomery's quintet with Washingtonian Billy Hart on drums; Hugh Masakela's group, and Miriam Makeba performed . . . The Left Bank Jazz Society's bi-weekly concerts recently featured tenor man Booker Ervin with a local rhythm section, the Wynton Kelly Trio with Hank Mobley, and the Lee Morgan-Clifford Jordan Quintet, making a return visit to Left Bank. The group included pianist Cedar Walton, bassist Reggie Workman, and drummer Billy Higgins . . . Organist Trudy Pitts and her trio filled in a week for Sonny Stitt at the Bohemian Caverns. Her husband, Bill Carney, was on drums. The Miles Davis Quintet packed them in the following week, with Ron Carter's bass chair filled by alumnus Paul Chambers. When the quintet left on an eight-week tour of the West Coast, local bassist Marshall Hawkins was asked to go along. Gary Burton's Quartet was next, and then the Wes Montgomery Quintet made its second appearance in town in as many weeks. The third week in March Stitt, Don Patterson, and Billy James combined to keep the 'Caves' swinging . . . Jimmy Rushing appeared for a week at the Byrd's Nest, the first night without benefit of his accompanying group, delayed by car trouble. Mongo Santamaria led his seven-piece band for two weeks at the club, and Charlie Byrd closed a two-week stint March 30 . . . Bassist Keter Betts is back in town after touring with Ella Fitzgerald and is playing with the Roberta Flack Trio. Miss Flack's piano work has gained wide acceptance since the beginning of her lengthy run at Mr. Henry's on Capitol Hill. She will soon appear in concert with Count Basie's orchestra at Morgan State College. Her drummer is Mike Smith . . . Ed Murphy's Supper Club showcased the work of the Freddy Cole Trio. Ellsworth Gibson's trio backed singer Irene Reid during the following weeks . . . The New Thing Art and Architecture Center continues to sponsor weekly Tuesday night concerts at St. Margaret's Episcopal Church. Recent groups have included the Paul Hawkins Latin Jazz Quintet and Harry Killgo and his quartet, featuring Killgo's 12-year-old son, Keith, on drums . . . Singer Joe Williams spent a week at the Cellar Door and also did a recording session with the Airmen of Note, the fine band put together by the United States Air Force. The groups of Herbie Mann and Hugh Masakela spent

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a week each at the Georgetown club after Williams . . . Frank Hinton's trio continues at the Monocle.

New Orleans: Willis Conover will emcee the *Jazzfest '68* concerts at Municipal Auditorium. Production manager for the festival is former Newport Festival staffer James Rooney of Boston . . . The **Vanilla Fudge** played a concert at City Park Stadium . . . Loyola University imported **The Beach Boys** for a concert at the Loyola Field House . . . Singer **Johnny Janis** did an April engagement at the Playboy . . . Four bands participated in a benefit concert for the American Cancer Society in March: **The Eureka Brass Band**; **Albert French's** group; **Sherwood Mangiapanne's** sextet, and the **Last Straws**. Vocalist **Blanche Thomas** was also on the program . . . Another concert was held at LSUNO in honor of the university's 10th anniversary. Performing at the campus student center were **Kid Thomas's** band and **Billie and Dede Pierce** . . . The jazz museum has received the entire record collection of the late bassist **Joe "Hook" Loyocano**, according to museum curator **Carolyn Kolb** . . . British clarinetist **Bobbie Douglas**, who has been working in New Orleans in recent months, is forming a combo for several road engagements.

Philadelphia: The Show Boat Jazz Theater recently featured the **Dizzy Gillespie Quintet**, following which the room plans to operate on a weekend-only policy for the spring-summer season. Owner **Shelly Kaplan** and his partner **Herb Spivack** are also operating a nonalcoholic room, the Electric Factory, which has begun to book jazz attractions. **Wes Montgomery** recently split a week between the two rooms . . . **Charles Lloyd**, recently featured at Town Hall in concert, was slated to return for a two-day engagement at the Trauma . . . Veteran jazz tenor man **Al Steele** is active again after having been laid up with a broken shoulder since January . . . Reed man **Byard Lancaster** has been playing weekends at Benny's Birdland Room in the Germantown section of Philly. He is quite proud of a new daughter and another new LP, in that order . . . Jazz bassoonist **Dan Jones** hopes to open a rehearsal studio in the heart of Sansom Street's Jewelry Row. Jazz murals now decorate the walls and there is space enough for a small symphony orchestra . . . Chester, Pa., is the center of much big band activity, now that the Stardust Lounge is in operation. The **Jimmy Dorsey** band is the latest attraction . . . The **Arthur Hall Afro-American Dance Ensemble** is working on many shows this season. They were slated for the annual *Scoop USA* Easter Panorama at Atlantic City's Club Harlem with **Erma Franklin**, **Zee Bonner** and the **Johnny Lynch Band**, and were also booked for a recent Town Hall concert in Philly with **Max Roach** and **Abbey Lincoln** . . . Saxophonist **Gene Quill** is planning to work the summer season at Atlantic City's Jockey Club . . . **Betty Green**, the pretty vocalist who once

worked with **Chris Powell's Five Blue Flames**, **Coutessville Harris**, **Lynn Hope**, **Sam Doekery** and others, has been ill for months at Jefferson Hospital . . . The Philadelphia Public Library recently added 1600 LPs (mostly jazz) from the **Charles Huber** collection to their recordings section . . . The Philadelphia Musical Academy has received a \$500,000 grant from the Otto Haas Charitable Trust Number Two, for maintenance and development of the school, which has been in the news recently: the school's Jazz Lab Band has been walking off with many awards in national competitions, and ex-**Duke Ellington** bass man **John Lamb** recently enrolled . . . **Irene Reid** was slated to appear at West Philly's Aqua Lounge. Miss Reid has proven to be a good attraction at this room . . . **Count Basie** and his band plus the **Arthur Hall Afro American Dance Ensemble** were slated for a big affair at the Sheraton Hotel April 13 . . . **Jimmy Rushing** joined the **Al Grey Quartet** at Peps Musical Bar during the last week in March for a most exciting time. Al's new electronic trombone was used to get some very exciting new blues sounds going behind Jimmy. **Eddie McFadden**, guitar; **Joe Johnson**, organ, and **Johnny Royale**, drums all added to a most pleasant presentation of the blues . . . Traditional jazz enthusiasts will be pleased to know that **Buzz Allen** and his **Dixieland Jubilee** are presented Monday through Friday from 11 p.m. to 1 a.m. on WIF-FM . . . Vibist **Roland Johnson** recently returned from the West Coast and promptly was booked into Pearls Celebrity Room in Lawnside, N.J. . . . Music City, the popular center city music store operated by drummers **Ellis Tollin** and **Bill Welch**, held a live session recently with **Junior Wells** and his **Chicago Blues Band**. The group was booked at the Electric Factory . . . **Capriotti's** in Mt. Ephraim, N.J. has the **Harry James** big band booked for an April 30 one-nighter . . . The Cadillac Club held another breakfast party April 13 with **Hank Crawford** and his band.

Pittsburgh: Pianist **Walt Harper** and Father **Michael Williams**, head of the Catholic Youth Organization, co-narrated a program called *The Negro in Church Music* at the Macedonia Baptist Church. The audience of more than 300 heard a number of illustrative tapes made by the Harper Jazz Quintet as well as some live piano from the leader . . . An interesting new mainstream trio has been formed by pianist **Bobby Curdell**. His bassist is **Bobby Boswell**, one-time **Dakota Staton** accompanist, and the drummer is **Bob Rawsthorne**. The three Bobs had their first gig at the Hospitality Inn in Penn Hills . . . Trumpeter **Hershey Cohen** took a small group into Bimbo's in the Oakland section. His vocalist is **Jeanne Baxter** . . . Guitarist **Grant Green**, featuring **John Patton** at the organ, was such a hit at the Hurricane in late March, that he was held over through early April . . . Jazz sounds have made a big comeback on Pittsburgh radio. Two stalwarts, **WKPA** (New Kensington) and **WAMO**, are featuring consistently good jazz sounds espe-

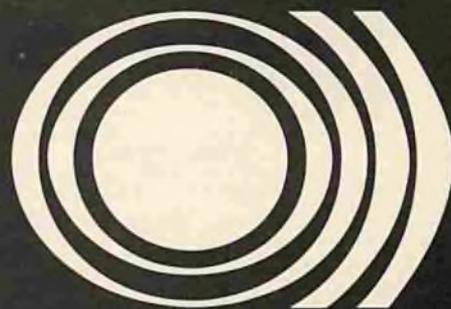
cially programmed by Larry Rose and Bill Powell respectively. WNUF-FM has caught the fancy of middle-aged listeners with continuous big band sounds featuring some of the greats of the Swing Era, and KDKA has Mike Plaskett busy preparing a music and interview show about big band jazz and some of the Pittsburghers who played it. The longest-running jazz show is WWSW's *The Record Corner* which has been hosted by Dwight Kappel since the mid-1940s.

Las Vegas: Trumpeter Bobby Shew brought his big band into the Tropicana recently, and it proved to be an exciting addition to the roster of Blue Room weekly jazz concert attractions. The band played scores by a number of local arrangers, showcasing Shew's trumpet and fluegelhorn and a vocal quintet (Bunny Phillips, Joe Darro, Dennis Havens, Gus Mancuso, and Carl Saunders). Band members included Bill Hodges, Chuck Findley, Herb Phillips, John Foss, Saunders, trumpets; Archie LeCoque, Ed Morgan, Carl Fontana, Bob Brawn, trombones; Don Hannah, tuba; Fred Haller, Dave Hawley, Bill Trujillo, Jim Cowger, Kenny Hing, reeds; Mancuso, piano; Chuck DiLaura, bass; Tony Marillo, drums . . . The Dick Boseck Trio (Boseck, piano; Kenny Greig, bass; Hank Nanni, drums) played jazz sets and provided backing for comic Charlie Callas in the Sands Celebrity Theater . . . Tenorist Vido Musso and his group, featuring Norm Ogden, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Walter Schoo, organ; Pril Mascellino, bass and trombone; Joey Ross, drums, and the vocal talents of Bonnie Ventura can be heard at the Desert Inn's Lady Luck Lounge . . . Sunday night sessions got under way at the beginning of April at the Colonial House on the Strip with the presentation of Jim Mulidore's *The Next Dimension* featuring Herb Phillips, trumpet; Mulidore, reeds; Arnie Teieh, piano; Don Overberg, guitar; Moe Scarazzo, bass; Santo Savino, drums . . . In the Sands Copa Room, Jerry Lewis was accompanied by pianist-conductor Lou Brown and drummer Chiz Harris and assisted by former Les Brown drummer Bill Richmond, who is now the comedian's writing collaborator and also performs with him.

Baltimore: Local tenor saxophonist Mickey Fields sat in with the Groove Holmes organ trio at the Left Bank Jazz Society March 23. The following week, the LBJS brought in trumpeter Blue Mitchell, with tenor saxophonist Jimmy Heath; pianist Chick Corea; bassist Reggie Workman, and drummer Al Foster . . . Freddie Hubbard played a week at Henry Baker's Peyton Place at the end of March . . . Baltimore pianist Donald Criss was scheduled to tape two half-hour television programs based on a presentation he made at Morgan State College recently, *The Evolution of the Black Man in Jazz*. The programs were to be shown on local television in late April.

Japan: Drummer George Kawaguchi and his big band accompanied pop singer I. George to Russia in March. A concert by the two Georges drew more than 2,000 people to the Leningrad Palace auditorium . . . Ballad-blues singer Nat Russell, an American who has lived in Denmark for 11 years, was booked into the Star Hill Club of the Tokyo Hilton for a month in March and April. Russell says he wrote *The Ballad of Jimmy Dean* many years ago . . . Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66 came to Nippon for two weeks at the end of March. In 1965 Mendes, then an unknown, came to Japan as a sideman and his presence caused not a stir here then . . . Pianist Roger Williams toured here recently . . . The House Rockers, a jazz-soul group composed of U.S. servicemen based on the outskirts of Tokyo, draw huge crowds to their gigs on various bases. The group is led, appropriately enough, by a tenor man named Richie Gigger. The Rockers just finished a movie for Toho Productions that has been winning acclaim for its musical background. The servicemen had to get special permission to appear in and provide the background music for the film. Japanese Victor is hoping to make an album with the band, but further special permission is needed for this.

Denmark: Altoist John Tchicai, who threatened to withdraw from music earlier this year (*DB*, March 7) is active again, playing with Cadentia Nova Danica, the avant garde ensemble of which he is a leader. In the last week of March, Tchicai received new encouragement when the P.H. Foundation awarded him 2500 Danish kroner. The same amount was granted tenor saxophonist-flutist Ray Pitts . . . Arranger-composer George Russell's lectures on his Lydian Concept of Tonal Organization were enthusiastically received by the students and musicians who participated. The lectures were given during afternoons of a February week at the Montmartre in Copenhagen . . . French violinist Jean-Luc Ponty, who earned the admiration of the Danish jazz audience when he played here in December in connection with the Stuff Smith memorial concerts, played in Aarhus, Holbaek and Aalborg March 22-24. In Aarhus he was accompanied by Kenny Drew, Poul Ehlers and Ed Jones on piano, bass and drums . . . After Lou Bennett and his organ, the Montmartre audience seemed very pleased to have Dexter Gordon, accompanied by the Kenny Drew Trio, back in town . . . The Tom Prehn Quartet with Fritz Krogh, tenor; Finn Sigfusson, bass and Preben Vang, drums, played in Copenhagen March 31, at a concert arranged by the Danish Jazz Academy and Musik & Ungdom. It was the last in a series of four concerts arranged by the two institutions this year . . . Spanish pianist Tete Montulio was in Denmark during March. Among other things, he did some work at the Danish Radio with bassist Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen and drummer Al Heath . . . Idrees Sulieman has been living in Copenhagen for some months.



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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

Alibi Club (Ridgefield, Conn.): Duke Barlow, wknds.
 Apartment: Marian McPartland, Charles DeForest, tfn.
 Arthur's Tavern: The Grove Street Stompers, Mon.
 Basie's: unk.
 Blue Coronet (Brooklyn): Art Blakey to 5/6. Horace Silver, 5/7-12.
 Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon.
 Casey's: Freddie Redd.
 Charlie's: sessions, Mon.
 Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon, Fri. Chuck Wayne.
 Cloud 9 Lounge (E. Brunswick, N.J.): Ralph Stricker, Wed., Fri., Sat.
 Cloud Room (East Elmhurst): Eddie & Vicki Barnes.
 Club Baron: sessions, Mon.
 Club Ruby (Jamaica): sessions, Sun.
 Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
 Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sun.
 Dom: unk.
 Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six, Ed Hubble.
 Flash's Lounge (Queen's Village): John Nicholas, Malcolm Wright, wknds.
 Forest Hills Inn (Forest Hills): Dave Rivera to 6/16.
 Garden Dis-Cafe: Eddie Wilcox, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry, wknds.
 Gaslight (Elizabeth, N.J.): Jimmy Butts, tfn.
 Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulan, Ray Nance.
 Gladstone Plushbottom & Co.: Bruce McNichols, Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Wed., Sun.
 Golden Dome (Atlantic Beach, N.J.): Les DeMerle, tfn.
 Half Note: Jake Hanna to 5/5.
 Highway Lounge (Brooklyn): Ed Walsh, Fri.-Sat.
 Jazz at the Office (Freeport): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.
 La Boheme: sessions, Mon. eve., Sat.-Sun. afternoon.
 Lake Tower Inn (Roslyn): unk.
 La Martinique: sessions, Thur.
 Le Intrigue (Newark, N.J.): Jazz 'n' Breakfast, Sun.
 Lemon Tree Inn (Cliffside Park, N.J.): Dave Kalbin, The Page Three, Fri.-Sat.
 L'Intrigue: unk.
 Little Club: Johnny Morris.
 Mark Twain Riverboat: Doc Severinsen to 5/7.
 Metropole: Charlie Shavers, tfn.
 Miss Lacey's: Cecil Young, Hal Dodson, tfn.
 Motif (St. James, L.I.): Johnny Bee, tfn.
 Musart: George Braith. Sessions, wknds.
 007: Horace Parlan, Ernie Banks.
 Piedmont Inn (Scarsdale): unk.
 Playboy Club: Walter Norris, Earl May-Sum Donahue, Art Weisse, Effie.
 Pita Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Charlie Mason.
 Pookie's Pub: unk.
 Port of Call: jazz, Fri.-Sat.
 Rainbow Grill: Ella Fitzgerald to 5/18.
 Red Garter: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun. afternoon.
 Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown.

Shepherd's: Maxine Brown to 5/5.
 Slug's: sessions, Sat. afternoon.
 Smalls Paradise: sessions, Sun. afternoon.
 Sports Corner: Brew Moore.
 Starfire (Levittown): Al Williams, Fri.-Sat. tfn. Guest Night, Mon.
 Sulky (Roosevelt Raceway): Dick Norell, Hap Gormley, Mon., Sat.
 Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
 Tuppam Zee Motor Inn (Nyack): Dottie Stallworth, Wed.-Sat.
 Tomahawk Room (Roslyn): unk.
 Tom Jones: Otto-McLawler Trio, tfn.
 Top of the Gate: Teddy Wilson to 5/19.
 Travelers (Queens): unk.
 Village Door (Jamaica): Peck Morrison, Slam Stewart, Stan Hop.
 Village Gate: unk.
 Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
 White Plains Hotel: unk.
 Winecellar: unk.
 Zebra Club (Levittown): Bobby Layne, tfn.

CHICAGO

Baroque: Judy Roberts, Fri.-Sat. John Klemmer, Wed.
 Cat's Eye: Dave Green, Tue.-Sat.
 Copa Cabana: The Trio, Mon.
 Earl of Old Town: Terry Collier.
 Golden Horseshoe (Chicago Heights): Art Hodes, Sun.
 Havana-Madrid: Bunky Green, wknds.
 Hungry Eye: Three Souls, Fri.-Sun., Tue. Various organ groups.
 Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
 London House: George Shearing to 5/26. Ramsey Lewis, 5/28-6/9.
 Jack Mooney's: Judy Roberts, Sun.-Thur. Allan Stevens-Mario Arcari, Fri.-Sat.
 Midas Touch: Carry Coleman.
 Myster Kelly's: Larry Novak, Dick Reynolds, hbs.
 Mother Blues: unk.
 Nite-n-gale (Highwood): Mark Ellicott, Fri.-Sat.
 Playboy Club: Harold Harris, Keith Droste, Gene Esposito, Joe Inco, hbs.
 Plugged Nickel: name groups.
 Pumpkin Room: Prince James, The Tiaras, Thur.-Mon.
 Red Pepper: Dave Melcher, Fri.-Sat.
 Rennie's Lounge (Westmont): Mike Woolbridge, Sun.
 Scotch Mist: unk.
 Will Sheldon's: Tommy Ponce, Tue.-Sat.

NEW ORLEANS

Bistro: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, Tony Page.
 Court of Two Sisters: Smilin' Joe, tfn.
 Dixieland Hall: Papa Celestin Band, Mon.-Thur. Cottrell-Barbarin Band, Fri.-Sun.
 Dream Room: Ernie K-Doe, tfn.
 Fairmont Room: Chuck Berlin, tfn.
 Famous Door: Santa Pecora, Roy Liberto, hbs.
 Flame: Dave Williams, tfn.
 French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, Eddie Miller, tfn.
 544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, hb.

Al Hirt's: Dukes of Dixieland, 5/13-25.
 Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
 Municipal Auditorium: Jazzfest '68, 5/16-19.
 Outrigger: Stan Mendelsson, tfn.
 Paddock Lounge: Thomas Jefferson, Snookum Russell, tfn.
 Playboy Club: Al Belletto, Hill Newkirk, Carol Cunningham, Dead End Kids.
 Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
 Sho' Bar: Don Suhor, tfn.
 Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.
 Storyville: Warren Luening.
 Top-of-the-Mart: Joe Burton, Paul Guma, tfn.
 Touché: Armand Hug, tfn.

LOS ANGELES

Bill of Fare: Dave Holden.
 Caribbean: Jannole Hawkins.
 Center Field: Richard Dorsey. Sessions, Sun. 6 a.m.-2 p.m.
 Chef's Inn (Corona Del Mar): Jimmy Vann.
 China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup.
 Julian Lee, Sun.-Mon.
 Circle Star Theater (San Carlos): Ray Charles, 5/26-6/2.
 Club Casbah: Gerald Wiggins, Rita Graham.
 Dino's Lodge: Bill Marx, hb.
 Donte's (North Hollywood): Guitar Night, Mon.
 Jimmy Rowles, Tue. Mike Barone, Wed. Brass Night, Thur. Howard Roberts, 5/3-4, 10-11, 17-18, 24-25, 5/31-6/1.
 Factory (Beverly Hills): name jazz groups, Sun.
 Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Dixieland.
 Flying Fox: Ike Isaacs.
 It Club: closed, tfn.
 Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Bola Sete to 5/12.
 Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land, 5/14-26. Carmelo Garcia, 5/28-6/8. Latin groups, Sun.
 Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
 Marty's-on-the-Hill: Special guests, Mon. Robby Robinson, hb.
 Melodyland (Anaheim): Wes Montgomery, 5/28-6/2. Ray Charles, 6/4-9.
 Memory Lane: jazz, nightly.
 Mickie Finn's (Beverly Hills & San Diego): Dixieland, silent films.
 940 Club: Stan Warth.
 Parisian Room: Kenny Dixon, Ralph Green. Celebrity night, Mon.
 Pasta House: Eddie Cano.
 Pied Piper: O. C. Smith, Jack Wilson, Clara Bryant, Sun.
 Pilgrimage Theater: Jazz Crusaders, 5/5. Clara Fischer, Dave Mackay, 5/19.
 Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): Dixieland, Fri.-Sat.
 Playboy Club: Bob Corwin, hb.
 Raffles: Perri Lee, Gary Wayne.
 Redd Foxx: Slim Jackson, hb.
 Riviera (Palm Springs): Joe Masters.
 Reuben's Restaurants (Newport/Tustin/Whittier): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Sat.
 Saddleback Inn (Norwalk): Calvin Jackson.
 Shelly's Manne-Hole: Jimmy Smith to 5/12. (5/14-19, to be announced.) Gabor Szabo, 5/21-6/2. Shelly Manne, Fri.-Sat., Mon.
 Sherry's: Joanne Grauer.
 Smokehouse (Encino): Bobbi Boyle.
 Sterling's (Santa Monica): Joyce Collins, Mon.
 Tiki Island: Charles Kynard, Richard Dorsey, Tue., Sat., Sun. afternoon.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Miriam Makeba to 5/11.
 Modern Jazz Quartet, Laurindo Almeida, 5/17-25.
 Bop City: sessions, afterhours.
 Both/And: Cecil Taylor to 5/12. Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land, 5/14-26. Big Black, 6/22-30. Monty Waters, Hylar Jones, Sun. afternoon.
 Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, wknds.
 Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy.
 El Mutador: Wes Montgomery to 5/4. Juan Serrano, 5/6-18. Gabor Szabo, 5/27-6/8. Merl Saunders, 6/11-22.
 Half Note: George Duke, Thur.-Sun.
 hungry i: Clyde Pound, hb.
 Jazz Workshop: Ahmad Jamal, 5/7-26.
 Juke Box: Norman Williams, wknds.
 Latitude 38 (Sausalito): Merrill Hoover, Mary Stallings, tfn.
 Little Caesar's: Mike Tilles, tfn.
 New Hearth: Burt Bales, Fri.-Sat.
 Pier 23: Bill Napier, wknds.
 Playboy Club: Al Plank, hb.
 Trident (Sausalito): unk.

BALTIMORE

Bluesette: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells, Phil Harris, Fri.-Sat.
 Left Bank Jazz Society (Famous Ballroom): Jimmy Guiffre-Bobby Brookmeyer, 5/5. Name groups, Sun.
 Lenny Moore's: Greg Hatza, wknds.
 Peyton Place: Thomas Horley.
 Playboy Club: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells.

LUDWIG

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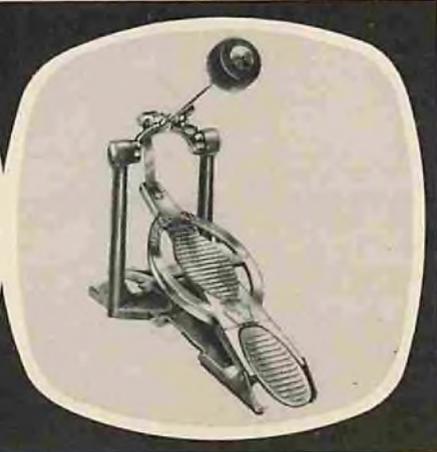
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