

NOVEMBER 4, 1965

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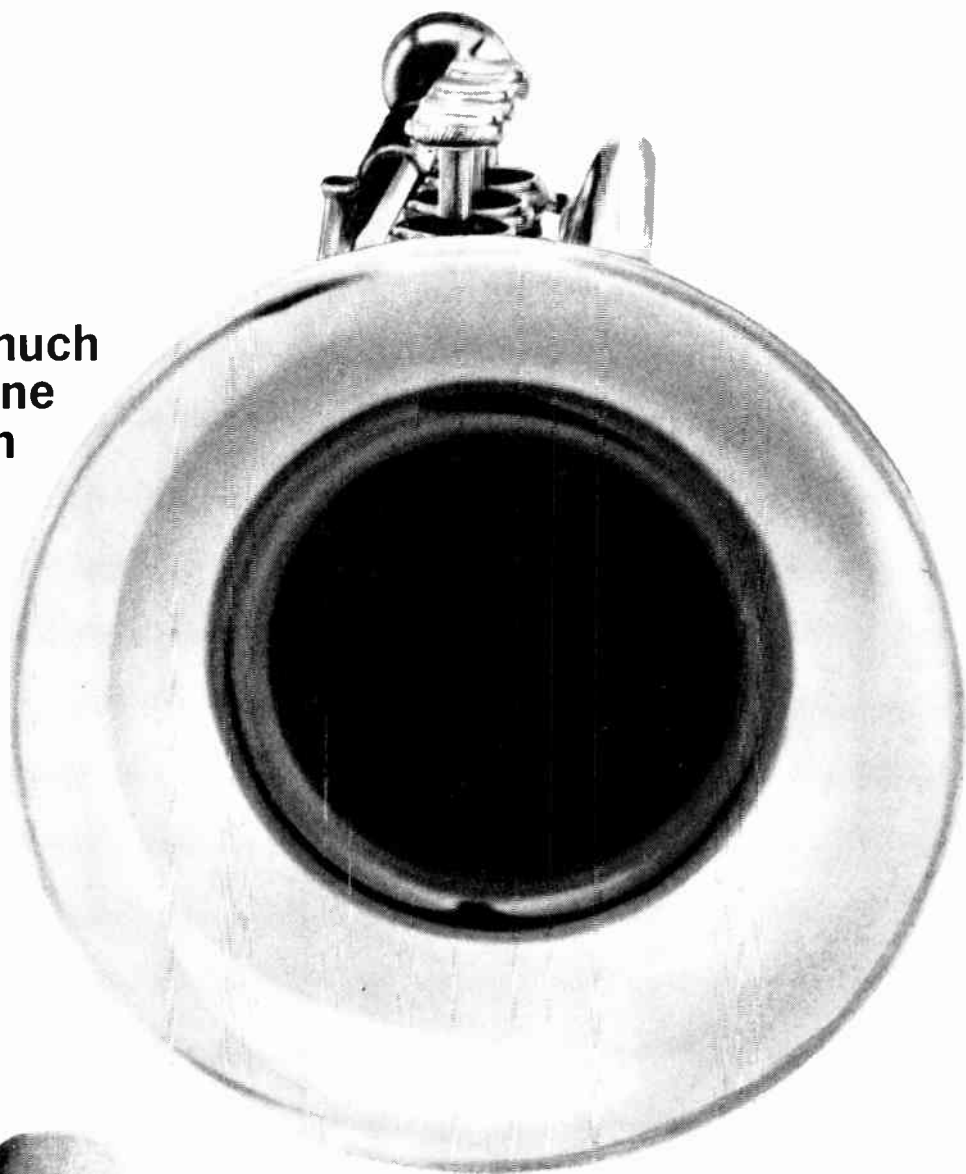
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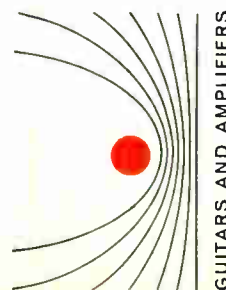
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Wes Montgomery

"If Wes Montgomery were not self-taught," wrote one jazz critic, "someone would surely have told him that the way he uses octaves and chords is just not possible on a guitar!" Such astonishment among jazz men is not uncommon where Wes is concerned, because his astounding musical ability is equalled only by his enormous emotional range. The latest example of his incredible talent is Movin' Wes (Verve 8610) on which he plays his Gibson guitar with a blistering, driving, free-swinging style that ranges from the blues-inflected title song Movin' Wes to the virile and intense Caravan. He never lets down, and as you listen you begin to feel the demands he is making on his Gibson—you can hear the guitar's responsiveness and sensitivity. Wes Montgomery first played a Gibson in 1942, and now, more than 20 years later, this master of the jazz guitar continues to play Gibson—choice of the professional artist and acknowledged world leader in fine guitars.



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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Shepp-Trane At DB's Festival

Buck Walmsley's review of the *Down Beat* Jazz Festival (DB, Sept. 23) was quite informative except for his description of Archie Shepp's and John Coltrane's work-out as "tasteless a display of musicianship as I've ever heard" and "junk."

Coltrane and Shepp don't have to prove that they're great musicians; if Walmsley can't or doesn't want to understand their playing, he shouldn't write anything about it.

Don Palma
Chicago

After reading Buck Walmsley's report on the *Down Beat* Jazz Festival, I was most gratified to see the Coltrane-Shepp set put into its proper classification—junk.

When Coltrane started, it seemed as though he was just running up and down the scale to get warmed up, but when he kept on, it became almost too much to take. And then, when Shepp joined in and began mistreating his sax, too, I had to get up and walk out.

I do not see how anyone can see any semblance between the grotesque noise that they made and good jazz.

David C. Barnwell
Jordan, Ontario

A Disgusting Issue

The annual school music issue (DB, Sept. 23) was disgusting.

Don Heckman is a most pretentious bore; William Russo's work, while admirable, is way out of place in *Down Beat*; and Dave Baker seems obsessed with George Russell's Lydian concept, a work of disputable merit at best.

The issue left much to be desired. The ones who have really contributed to the teaching of jazz were not even mentioned. I speak of Lennie Tristano, John Mehegan, the Berklee School of Music, and the many teachers who have found the work of these gentlemen, particularly Mehegan's, of inestimable value.

As a teacher and practitioner of jazz, I looked forward to the issue, and now I wonder if maybe I haven't missed the point.

Robert H. Barnes
Flushing, N.Y.

A Few Words Of Praise

I have immensely enjoyed the articles by Don Heckman.

He treats music as music, a composite of order (intelligence) and feeling (originality, historical consciousness toward tradition, and innovation). He does not treat jazz as a forum for declaring what it can and cannot be. He also does not look to what the crowd is doing, or what he thinks it is doing; he does not fear for jazz.

I also want to express my appreciation for Dan Morgenstern's very warm, very sensitive understanding, not only of the music but especially of the artist as a man.

(ADV.)

education in jazz

By Tony Scott

Dear Student Musician:

Being a musician, who for years in high school, college and the army, was considered an "outlaw" for organizing jazz groups, large and small, I am glad to find a school like Berklee where a musician can be prepared to make a livelihood in the music field and to get the advantage of group study without

the feeling you are breaking the rules by playing jazz. In high school my playing of jazz was always outside of my regular music courses. What a difference from today's marching bands that use jazz type arrangements. In college I organized a large jazz orchestra which rehearsed at night so everyone could get together without conflicting with their classes. During the day we would look for empty rooms and sneak in for a jam session. Among my partners in crime were many musicians who today are well-known in the fields of music which utilize knowledge of jazz techniques in playing and writing.



Tony Scott

What a relief to find a college which encourages and sponsors jazz groups of all sizes and provides for the growth of composers, arrangers and musicians in the jazz field.

I have had many years of formal training in classical music both as a composer and musician and I know that it was of great value to me. I only wish that I had had more easy access to my jazz training in a school like Berklee or at least have had a choice in the type of music I would like to follow for a creative and successful career.

Hats off to a school that has scholarships in jazz for musicians overseas as I have traveled there and know what a great interest there is for this music. Long live Jazz and Berklee!!

Tony Scott

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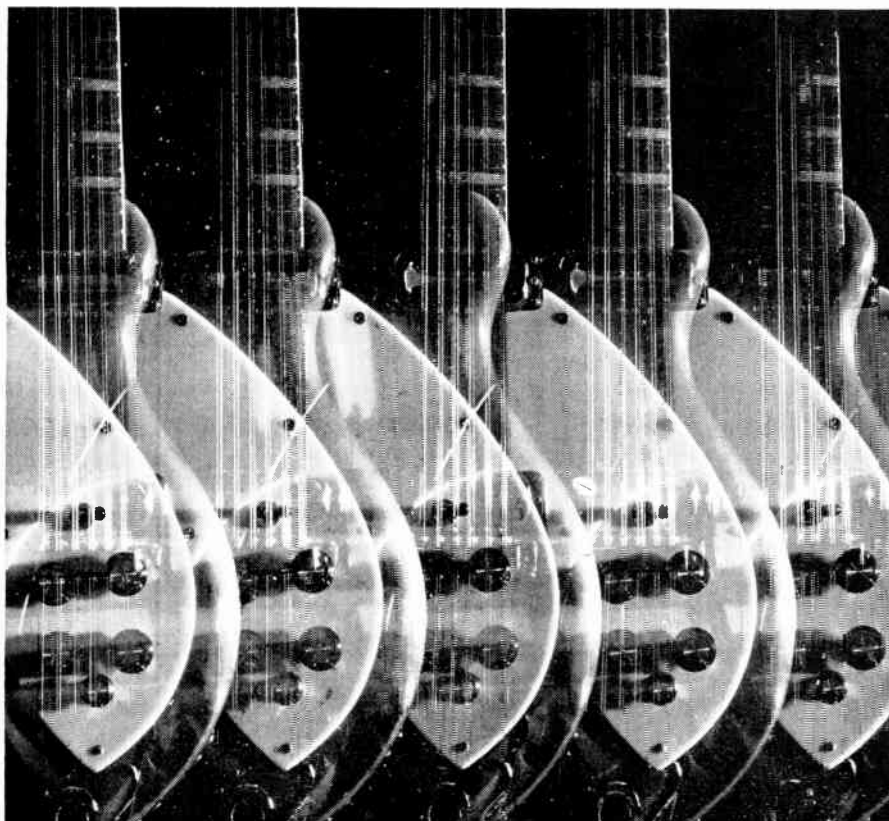
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James Burpee
Wichita Falls, Texas

Transported By Hodes

Art Hodes' *Sittin' In* columns are the most poignant, sensitive, and human articles written in *Down Beat*. His reminiscences take me back to a past I never knew.

Vere Griffith
Montreal, Quebec

Clarification

Of late there have been some terms used in *Down Beat* that sometimes are unclear and sometimes even wrong. I speak of "experimental," "new thing," "avant-garde," and "free form." Perhaps some manner of definition, or at least clarification, should be devised.

I am at a loss to find a use for the word "experimental" within the context of artistic performance. Experiments are made as a form of practice and rehearsal. A performer explores the possibilities of what his experiments have taught him. It is the difference between the high-school student of chemistry doing his experiments and the post-graduate or industrial chemist doing his research. "I do not write experimental music," says Edgard Varese. "My experimenting is done before I make the music. Afterwards, it is the listener who must experiment."

The phrase "new thing" is a very uncertain term. For one thing, it isn't that new. The world these musicians are trying to conquer is already the "old thing" to composers and musicians on, as *DB* puts it, the Other Side. Lukas Foss, John Cage, and Barney Childs have found this world, using different formats.

"Avant-garde," as I understand it, simply indicates whoever is ahead of everyone else. That should be self-explanatory. But I ask you who has the presumption to proclaim himself to be such an oracle? And to anyone who has this presumption I can only suggest that he look at the history of music; then listen to Gesualdo, the least-listened-to composer of his time.

I suppose I must say one more thing. To have an avant-garde, one must have some followers somewhere in the middle distance. I submit that the self-styled "avant-garde" be careful lest it find itself also the "middle and rear" garde. (I only make this as a semantic point. I am not speaking against exploration and progress.)

As for "free form," it is really too amorphous a term to have any specific meaning. After all, form in music can mean anything from the range of the instruments to strict classicism, from a spontaneous outpouring of the latest jazz musicians to the tightly controlled playing of a rag.

Free form is impossible within art, for the artist's tools are as much an artistic form (through their inherent limitations) as any mental abstractions of the composer.

Paul M. Somers
Ithaca, N.Y.

news and views

DOWN BEAT: November 4, 1965

The Bassist Meets The College Crowd

If adjectives such as "unpredictable," "controversial," and "enigmatic" persist when describing Charles Mingus, the bassist did little to alter the image they convey as he opened the season of fine arts productions at the University of California at Los Angeles.

Even before the concert began, neither UCLA nor General Artists Corp., which booked the event, knew for certain how many men Mingus would have. GAC's Mike Davenport told *Down Beat* of a minor contract hassle that could result in 11 or maybe only eight men on the stage. Ed Harris, from UCLA's public-relations department, said, "It's possible that 16 men will show up."

When the concert began, however, it was the same octet that appeared for an aborted set at the Monterey Jazz Festival: Charles McPherson, alto saxophone; Hobart Dotson, Lonnie Hillyer, trumpets; Jimmy Owen, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Julius Watkins, French horn; Howard Johnson, tuba; Mingus, bass; and Dannie Richmond, drums.

The sidemen came on stage in suits and ties; Mingus was attired in a black jersey underneath a windbreaker.

He immediately began a stream-of-consciousness discourse on the fact that his bass is tuned to A=442, seldom bothering

to use the microphone, so that only a few persons down front could hear. (For the second half of the concert, he had a portable mike around his neck.) He shouted instructions to his men, stopped them frequently during a number called *Once Upon a Time There Was a Holding Corporation Called Old America* and had them begin again and again.

But if eccentricities were part of Mingus' approach to the kindred souls in the student-dominated audience, his music bordered on the nonconformity of genius.

He played mostly bowed bass, and Mingus' arco has a cello-like beauty of tone. Many of the numbers, most of which bore odd titles, were actually "happenings" in the pop-art sense of the word. After the initial chorus, Mingus would call on various soloists, individually or occasionally collectively. He would invariably repeat on his bass certain phrases played by the others. Less often, the process was inverted (Hillyer showed a remarkable talent for imitating his leader's bowed comments).

It was a fascinating display of spontaneity and musicianship, but it left some puzzled fans in the audience. One of them, feeling "personally cheated," challenged Mingus to play bass "the way Jimmy Blanton used to."

Mingus responded, asserting, "I like panel discussions." He came to the edge of the stage, prepared for a conversation, but it nearly ended as an altercation. During the second half, he decided to show what he could do with the instrument and dedicated a beautiful pizzicato version of *I Can't Get Started* to the inter-rupter.

Everyone, including Mingus and the Blanton fan, seemed satisfied.

MINGUS: Pop-art happenings

Ray To Leave Oscar

Ray Brown, who has won more awards for excellence than any other bassist, will be available for a New Year's Eve gig. He will leave the Oscar Peterson Trio during December after nearly 15 years with the pianist. The parting is amicable.

Brown's leaving had been rumored for several months and gained added impetus at the time drummer Ed Thigpen left the Peterson group in June. Thigpen, who was replaced by Louis Hayes, had been with the trio, one of the most tightly knit in jazz, for five years.

Brown reportedly will settle in Los Angeles.

Documentary To Symphony—Duke's World Of Challenge

An hour-long documentary, tentatively titled simply *Duke Ellington*, will be shown on San Francisco's educational television station, KQED, next March and then distributed nationally to outlets of the National Educational Television network.

Produced by critic Ralph Gleason, the format has been described as "an examination of, and tribute to, our greatest composer." In keeping with Ellington's own semantic wishes, the accent will be on "music," not "jazz."

A crew from KQED began amassing its footage during the leader's recent engagement at Basin Street West and then followed the band to a Fairmont Hotel appearance, the widely publicized Grace Cathedral concert, and the Monterey Jazz Festival.

For the cathedral concert, the TV technicians constructed a special platform for their cameras and equipment so the audience would not be distracted. One camera also was placed behind the altar, facing the band.

Aside from the orchestral excerpts, the documentary will feature Ellington discussing various facets of his writing and illustrating his ideas on an electronic piano.

But Ellington's world—some say he carries his own with him—is ever churning with various projects, and the television documentary is just another fragment in the glittering Ducal milieu.

His long-awaited musical, *Follow Me up the Stars* (formerly *Sugar City*), will have its world premiere at the O'Keefe Center in Toronto, Ontario, Oct. 25. The book is by Jerome Weidman and lyrics by Marshall Barer. The star is to be French singer-actress Lilo.

And though Ellington is "between labels" at the moment (he was last associated with Reprise records), he is hardly panicking for a new pact. He is putting a great deal of material on tape for future use.

On Dec. 2 the Dallas, Texas, Symphony Orchestra will give the second performance of his three-part tone poem, *The Golden Broom and the Green Apple*. The work was originally commissioned by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, which premiered the score last July with Elling-



HEYE WASSERBERG

ton conducting from the keyboard. At the composer's insistence, the performance also featured drummer Louie Bellson and bassist John Lamb.

Also in the concert vein, Ellington has commissioned Al Sendrey to compose a 12-tone jazz concerto for Ellington's Dec. 12 appearance at Lincoln Center in New York City. Sendrey, formerly an MGM music department staffer, collaborated with Sammy Cahn on *Be My Love*.

Far Out In Ohio

What may be the farthest-out "happening" ever to occur west of New York took place last month in Cincinnati.

The event's theme, "A Cincinnati Journey," was worked out by Ken Dewey,

director of Action Theater of New York, in co-operation with local producer Lee Dunholter and was under the sponsorship of the Art Association of Cincinnati, Inc.

The audience was divided into four segments. The first journeyed into the darkness of the city's abandoned, uncompleted subway system and found jazz pianist Harvey Reed's trio playing in the roadbed. Then the spectators heard, and saw by flashlight, the Rev. Tom Underhill read a building code to the accompaniment of Reed's light blues.

Meanwhile, at the once-famous Rockwood Pottery, another part of the audience heard the French horn trio of Carman DeLeone, Dave Matthews, and Fred Griffen improvising on a Bach fugue.

Other journeyers, called "students," heard tenor saxophonist Jim McGary play free improvisation while drummer Ron Fyneart delivered varied percussive comments on "the environment"—fences, tile drains, and playground equipment—a per-

formance designed to capture a contrast between a fragmented, nervous exterior and the comfortable interior of an apartment.

The fourth audience, tagged "hillbillies," heard the Walter Hensley bluegrass group in the downtown Carew Tower Arcade. The "hillbillies" stood next to chic shop windows and were handed pieces of fruit.

Directors of the happening hoped the "students" and "hillbillies" might learn something of how it feels to be members of those population groups. The directors also said all four audiences might learn something about the city. They did not, however, say what.

Stuff Fiddles As Physicians Burn

Stuff Smith was not expected to survive the double operation performed in mid-August at the American Hospital in Paris. For one thing, the 56-year-old jazz violinist had stolen out of the hospital while there for observation, boarded a train for a three-hour ride to Brussels, Belgium, for a jazz concert, came back to Paris—and collapsed.

Once the doctors had Smith down, though, they did a lot. When they were preparing to operate, Timme Rosenkrantz, Smith's long-time friend and sometime jazz writer, asked about the violinist's condition.

"Have you got an hour?" a doctor replied and then went on to say he had never seen a stomach ulcer as big as Smith's functioning with such a small liver. Along with the ulcer and bad liver, there were a few gallstones (size undisclosed). The doctor described Smith as a medical museum.

But you can't keep a good man down. Three days after the operation, Smith, so it was reported, was chasing the nurses down corridors and giving concerts in the hospital's recreation room, the children's ward, and for anyone who visited him.

The hospital authorities despaired of keeping him abed and finally let him go to his hotel. Once out of the hospital, Smith spent the whole night playing tapes of a recent recording he made at a concert in Ruhr-Essen, Germany, with an all-star European group. (Smith can't or won't sleep more than three hours at a time... terrible waste of time, he says.)

Since his recovery, Smith has appeared at the Golden Circle in Stockholm and in Umea, Sweden, where he couldn't resist making a visit to Lapland. He then was scheduled for a return engagement at



Stuff Smith in Paris

Getz Provides 'Mickey One's' Only Beauty

MOVIE REVIEW:

France's *nouvelle vague* has hit Hollywood. But the results in *Mickey One's* case are rather more vague than new. Director Arthur Penn tells the trite and overfamiliar story of a man on the run in deliberately unrealistic fashion but with lack of continuity and consistent pacing, to which the superrealistic and glossy photography acts as a distracting counterpoint.

Warren Beatty portrays a small-time night-club comic, obsessed by the idea that *The Mob* is out to get him, but the script never makes explicit whether this obsession is based on fact or fancy. After a few reels, this viewer ceased to care very much.

Beatty's performance is clumsy and mannered, with unsuccessful attempts at copying the style of the late James Dean, who at least was an authentic personality. Moreover, he shouts and mumbles to the point of unintelligibility.

Hurd Hatfield does excellently in the role of an eccentric night-club owner, and Teddy Hart, brother of the late lyricist Lorenz Hart, is memorable in the character part of a booking agent. Alexandra Stewart, as "the girl," has little to do but moon and mope but even so gives some evidence of talent. Kamtari Fujiwara is charming in a rather cute supporting part, and Franchot Tone, obviously ill, is photographed mercilessly, with results harrowing to those remembering his younger days but to no other logical purpose.

The music is disappointing, excepting the brief passages when Getz is heard. At those moments, and during the opening credits when a trumpet (Clark Terry?) bobs up briefly, there is a genuine jazz feeling present. The bulk of Sauter's music (if one can speak of bulk in such an episodic score) is anything but jazz-flavored and includes some obvious borrowing from Ravel's *La Valse* and Stravinsky's

Rite of Spring. But when Getz is playing, there are moments of beauty, though he could hardly have found the images he was asked to underscore very inspiring.

The film was photographed in Chicago, but little use was made of the city's visual potential except for a brief "symbolic" interlude showing the lake front, plus some striking shots of the Marina City apartment towers. Back alleys, however, look pretty much the same in every city, as do night-club interiors.

There are some effective scenes, among them two episodes in an automobile graveyard (demonstrating that frightening machine that, in seconds, reduces a car to a block of pressed metal) and a strip-tease in a sleazy club, with amusing audience shots. But even that kind of thing has been done better, as, for instance, in the 1933 Jean Harlow vehicle, *Blonde Bombshell*, with its hilarious shots of rapt movie audiences watching a love scene.

Some of Beatty's comedy routines are in questionable taste, especially his single-entendre "singing" of *I'm Coming, Virginia*, and the tone of the film in general borders on pretentious and glossy vulgarity.

Aram Avakian's editing is excellent, as could be expected from the man who was mainly responsible for the success of *Jazz on a Summer's Day*—a labor for which he has received scant credit. This film, however, can hardly be recommended for its jazz content and not at all on any other counts.

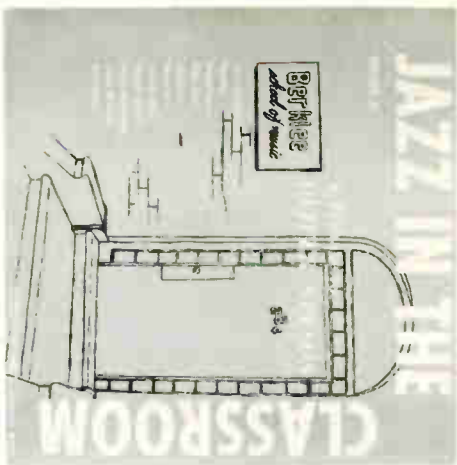
—Dan Morgenstern

A Columbia Pictures release, produced and directed by Arthur Penn. Screenplay—Alan Sargal; photography—Ghislain Cloquet; editor—Aram Avakian; music composed and arranged by Eddie Sauter; Stan Getz tenor saxophone soloist. With Warren Beatty, Hurd Hatfield, Alexandra Stewart, Teddy Hart, Kamtari Fujiwara, Franchot Tone.

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Rating: ★★★★★

The time, effort (trumpets, brass in general, endurance—chops), and dedication make this a five-star. . . . My hats off to all concerned.

(K.D.)

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the Vingaarden in Copenhagen. But before he got to the Danish capital, he phoned Rosenkrantz, who lives there, and told him he had lost all his clothes en route from Lapland and was swinging in his sweater.

At last report, however, the effervescent violinist was still in Europe, fully clothed, enjoying life immensely, and captivating audiences, as has been his wont for the last 30 years.

Potpourri

The latest chapter in the ongoing story of jazz in the land of commerce was written recently when composer-leader **Rod Levitt** scored a jazz television commercial for New York's Chemical Bank. Titled *The New York Woman*, the piece was performed by the Levitt orchestra regulars, augmented for the occasion by guest soloists **Benny Golson**, tenor saxophone; **Jerome Richardson**, alto saxophone; **Jimmy Cleveland**, trombone; and **Julius Watkins**, French horn.

Trombonist **Georg Brunis** has been such a well-known and fiercely independent member of the Chicago jazz community for so long that when he left the Windy City recently there was much speculation among jazzmen there about his plans. One of the most widely circulated stories had the 65-year-old Brunis returning to New Orleans, his home town, for a life of leisured retirement while he drew his pension and Social Security, for which he became eligible in February. The word from the southland, however, is that the trombonist is on an "extended vacation" in Biloxi, Miss., with his brothers, **Abbie** and **Merritt**. The trombonist has not been active on the music scene in the New Orleans-Biloxi area since his arrival but is reported planning to return to work soon.

Jazz activity in the ski resort town of Aspen, Colo., gives every indication of developing into a healthy one. In addition to the three-day jazz party reviewed on page 24, residents can look forward to a steady diet of local jazz of high caliber. Pianist **Ralph Sutton**, an Aspenite for more than a year, plays nightly at the club he and his wife own, *Sunny's Rendezvous*. Vocalist **Jerri Winters** played to a capacity crowd during her recent one-nighter at the Aspen Inn's Soaring Cork Room, where she was accompanied by local musicians, pianist **Phil Raphael**, bassist **Koji Kataoka**, and drummer **Jim McKean**. As a result, the Aspen Inn management reportedly is considering a regular jazz policy during the ski season.

The most tasteless and expendable service for jazz fans in recent years is that conducted by Kansas City, Mo., entrepreneur **William Peterson**. A recent issue of *Saturday Review* carries an advertisement for Peterson's unique offer: "Bird's Dead! \$10 for a rubbing of **Charlie Parker's** gravestone. . . ."

Duke Scores With Sacred Music In Grace Cathedral

CAUGHT IN THE ACT:

"I'm sure this is the most important statement we've ever made," Duke Ellington said at the conclusion of a probably historic concert, given Sept. 16 in San Francisco's imposing Grace Cathedral. It was the first concert the master has given in a house of worship.

But Ellington may have been unaware that much of his musical statement had been lost high in the arched ceiling of the large church. Most of the low tones Ellington's men produced rumbled and blurred into an impenetrable mass—and to appreciate fully the beauty of Ellington's music, the lines must be heard clearly. (The band was in an area located somewhat behind the altar—actually a heavy table—and this placement may have added to the cathedral's built-in acoustical problems.)

Still, the majesty and love in Ellington's music were not completely done in by the devilish acoustics.

The program began with the overture from *Black, Brown, and Beige*, which combines *Come Sunday* and *Work Song* from the original *BB&B* and which Ellington used as part of his score for *My People*, the stage production presented in 1963 in Chicago. Johnny Hodges' alto solo was splendid in *Come Sunday*, but John Lamb's *Work Song* bass solo was inaudible. Louie Bellson's simulated tympani rolls were not, however; they were like thunder.

Come Sunday was, in fact, a major part of Ellington's religious program. It was sung by the Herman McCoy Choir and by religious singer Esther Marrow. It was played at a fast tempo as accompaniment for Bunny Briggs' tap dancing (though it was retitled *David Danced Before the Lord with All His Might*, another segment of the *My People* show). Jon Hendricks even scatted a couple of choruses while Briggs danced.

Of all the versions, Miss Marrow's was the most moving. Hers is a voice glorious in richness, deep in feeling and conviction. She lovingly brought out the song's religious quality.

Miss Marrow also sang *Tell Me It's the Truth* in the concert's first half and, later, a Gospel song, the title of which was not announced. On *The Truth*, a 6/8 Gospel according to Ellington, she fell victim to the lo-fi public-address system (it sounded like something the cathedral people had borrowed from a store-front church), but there was a fine Lawrence Brown-Hodges antiphonal section before her vocal and some rocking band work behind her.

A near-fiasco followed.

Ellington and Bellson had scored a composition by the Grace Cathedral Choir's director, Richard I. Purvis, for band and



Rehearsing at Grace Cathedral

choir (somebody gave it the wretched title *Purvis a la Jazz Hot*). Ellington's conception of the proper tempo, however, was different from Purvis'. Twice Ellington beat off a tempo, the music began, and twice Purvis stopped everything and asked for a slower tempo. It looked as if this embarrassing moment was going to be repeated a third time (or maybe forever), but Carney's leaning on the first beat of each measure helped immensely in holding the third try together.

After it was over, though, it seemed hardly worth the effort; it is not an especially good piece of music, and in its second section, the choir was rendered inaudible by the band's volume.

A milder detraction from the general excellence of the program was the McCoy choir. Though made up of what are obviously skilled singers, it too often took on a Fred Waring cast as its director held out notes to extreme lengths, serving no discernible musical purpose and cheapening the music, especially a group of rather square religious songs (including *Give Me That Old Time Religion* and, of course, *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*).

The main new composition premiered at Grace Cathedral was *In the Beginning God*. In the program notes, Ellington wrote, ". . . you may hear a wide variety of statements without words, and . . . if it is a phrase with six tones, it symbolizes the six syllables in the first four words of the Bible, 'In the beginning God,' which is our theme. We say it many times . . . many ways."

He used the six-tone motif well in the impressionistic opening theme, played by himself without accompaniment, and, in modified form, during a later section sung (or, rather, chanted) by Hendricks—*In the beginning God/(repeat)/(repeat)/No Heav'n, no Earth, no noth'n*. But when

(Continued on page 34)

Strictly Ad Lib

FINAL BAR: Sunny Sievert, trombonist-arranger with the Dick Ruedebusch Band, died in Milwaukee, Wis., Sept. 16 of cancer. He was 55 and had been with Ruedebusch for several years. Prior to that he had worked as a staff musician for Chicago radio stations WGN and WBBM and at the Chicago Theater. He also worked in the bands of Joe Sanders, Roger Pryor, Buddy Rogers, Bob Strong, and Boyd Racburn . . . In Las Vegas, drummer Pete Vincent, 37, for a number of years a member of Louis Basil's show band at the Sahara Hotel, died in his sleep Sept. 10. A native of Cleveland, Ohio, Vincent had played in the show band at the Flamingo, El Rancho Vegas, and New Frontier hotels before joining Basil seven years ago. On Sept. 17 a benefit was held for Vincent's widow and daughter at the Sahara Hotel, with vocalists Connie Francis and Mel Tormé, drummer Buddy Rich, the Si Zentner Orchestra, comics Don Rickles, Shelley Berman, and Davis & Reese participating.

EUROPE: The Modern Jazz Quartet began its eighth European tour Sept. 18 with a concert in Copenhagen. The tour, which lasts through Nov. 20, includes concerts and television appearances in 11 countries, among them England, France, Italy, Germany, Czechoslovakia, and the Scandinavian nations. While the group was in Italy, vibraphonist Milt Jackson recorded as a singer; he was backed by Italian musicians . . . Pianist Paul Bley began a tour Oct. 11 with a two-week stand at the Jazz Gallerie in Berlin, to be followed by engagements at Copenhagen's Montmartre Club (Nov. 1-14) and the Jamboree in Barcelona, Spain (Nov. 15-30). Bley also is scheduled for an Oct. 29 concert appearance in Hamburg, Germany, where he will be featured with a new edition of the Jazz Composers' Orchestra that includes soprano saxophonist Steve Lacy, flutist Prince Lasha, trumpeter Mike Mantler, pianist Carla Bley (Mrs. Paul), bassist David Izenzon, and drummer Barry Altschul . . . Trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, bassist Ron Carter, and drummer Mel Lewis comprised the U.S. contingent in an all-star orchestra assembled by pianist-composer Friedrich Gulda for a 12-day series of concert, television, and radio appearances in Austria, Germany, and Belgium last month . . . Trumpeter Carmell Jones also is on the European scene. He was brought over by German critic-entrepreneur Joachim E. Berendt for concert and record dates. Jones' first appearance was in Stuttgart with tenorist Nathan Davis' quintet, which included drummer Kenny Clarke. The concert group also recorded for Berendt's SABA records . . . Alto saxophonist Lee Konitz made recent appearances in Italy and Sweden . . . Konitz' former boss, pianist Lennie Tristano, is scheduled to make his

first trip to the Continent at the end of this month when he will appear at Berlin Jazz Days, Oct. 29-31. Also at the Berlin event will be baritonist Gerry Mulligan fronting a collection of outstanding American musicians—trumpeter Roy Eldridge, tenorists Ben Webster and Don Byas, violinist Stuff Smith, pianist Earl Hines, bassist Jimmy Woode, and drummer Kenny Clarke . . . Willie (The Lion) Smith's piano will be spotlighted on an upcoming Jazz 625 television program on England's BBC-2. The veteran pianist is to tape the show in London on Nov. 7.

NEW YORK: Guitarist Tal Farlow, only sporadically active in the last few years, is appearing weekly Friday through Sunday with bassist Vinnie Burke's trio (Don Friedman, piano, and Art Major, drums) and vocalist Chris Lowell at the Plantation Room in Asbury Park, N. J. . . . A benefit concert to raise funds for a fight against drop-outs at East Harlem's Jefferson Park Junior High School was held at Hunter College auditorium Oct. 1 and featured the groups of vibraphonists Gary McFarland and Cal Tjader and drummers Ray Barretto and Willie Bobo. Barretto and Bobo are alumni of the school . . . Pianist Earl Hines returns to the Village Vanguard Nov. 9, following a tour of southern colleges for the Ford Motor Co. Music Caravan . . . Singer Abbey Lincoln, accompanied by pianist Cedar Walton's trio (Reggie Workman, bass, and Joe DeJeanette, drums) began a month's engagement at Wells' in Harlem Sept. 21 . . . Drummer Tony Williams led a trio with Sam Rivers, tenor saxophone, and Henry Grimes, bass, at the Village Vanguard in September . . . Alto saxophonist Clarence Sharpe and his quartet gave a concert of Charlie Parker music at Cooper Union Sept. 24 . . . Erroll Garner began his fall concert tour Sept. 18 at Central Connecticut State College. The pianist appeared in Newark, N. J., Oct. 15, and in Hartford, Conn., Oct. 17 . . . Cornetist-composer Phil Sunkel gave a recital of his works, featuring saxophonist Dick Meldonian, at the Reis Galleries Sept. 19 . . . Organist Shirley Scott and tenor saxophonist Stanley Turrentine were featured at Count Basie's Lounge Oct. 5-17 . . . Sunday afternoon jazz concerts are a weekly feature at Harout's restaurant in Greenwich Village. Alto saxophonist Jackie McLean and tenor saxophonist Wayne Shorter are among the incumbents . . . Trumpeter Joe Newman has been held over for an indefinite stay at the Embers West . . . Alto saxophonist Marion Brown's quartet was presented in concert by the Newark Jazz Arts Society Sept. 26 . . . Saxist Joe Farrell subbed for Joe Henderson with Horace Silver's group at Pep's in Philadelphia . . . Trombonist Dickie Wells left Sept. 20 for a three-week tour of England and the Scandinavian countries. Wells worked as a single with local groups . . . The Woody Herman Band played for the dancers at the Mark Twain Riverboat in the Empire State Building Sept. 27-Oct. 9 . . . A band including trumpeter Johnny Windhurst,

trombonist Benny Morton, clarinetist Herb Hall, and drummer Al Madison played between innings at Shea Stadium, home of the Mets.

BOSTON: Woody Herman's Herd returned to Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike for three days last month. Guitarist Kenny Burrell and his foursome finished out the week . . . Saxophonist Sonny Stitt's stint at Lennie's featured a rhythm section that included young Boston pianist Chick Corea, drummer Alan Dawson, and bassist Major Holley . . . Drummer Chico Hamilton appeared at the Jazz Workshop with altoist Sadao Watanabe, guitarist Gabor Szabo, and bassist Albert Stinson . . . Reed and flute player Paul Horn made his first appearance in this area with an exciting young group of West Coasters—pianist Mike Lang, vibist Lynn Blessing, bassist Bill Plummer, and drummer Bill Goodwin . . . Saxophonist Charlie Mariano is teaching at the Berklee School of Music this fall . . . Sonny Rollins returned from London, grabbed a rhythm section, opened his tenor case, and played a week at the Jazz Workshop with pianist Milt Sealey, bassist Herbert Brown, and drummer Frankie Dunlop.

PHILADELPHIA: Onetime jazzman Jimmy DePreist, now assistant conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, has a weekly musical program this season on WCAU-TV . . . WHAT jazz jockey Sid Marks' *Mark of Jazz* television program, featured last year on educational television, is switching this year to a new UHF station . . . Pianist Oscar Peterson, forced to cancel a Barn Arts Center concert because of a back injury, returned several weeks later to make good on his contract . . . Gospel singer Clara Ward is scheduled to make her first night-club appearance in her home town the week of Oct. 25 at the Cadillac Sho Bar . . . Billy Knechmer, recovered from a recent illness, is leading a sextet at his downtown club.

WASHINGTON: The organizer of the Lorton Reformatory jazz festivals, the Rev. Carl J. Breitfeller, senior Roman Catholic chaplain for District of Columbia prisons for 11 years, has been transferred to a Youngstown, Ohio, parish . . . Owner Olivia Davis of the Merry-Land Club has decided to drop strippers for a music policy. Pianist Harold Quinn was the opening attraction in mid-September, with a house band fronted by Joe Speck. There's also a postage-stamp dance floor. Miss Davis ran a jazz club for more than a decade before deciding to try strippers . . . Tommy Gwaltney continues to bring in swing-era giants. September attractions at his Blues Alley club were trumpeter Bobby Hackett, for two weeks, and tenorist Bud Freeman, for one week. Vibist Gwaltney frequently augments his quartet with drummer Eddie Hyfe and trombonist Charlie Butler . . . Pianist Vince Guaraldi and guitarist Bola Sete drew large and appreciative crowds to the

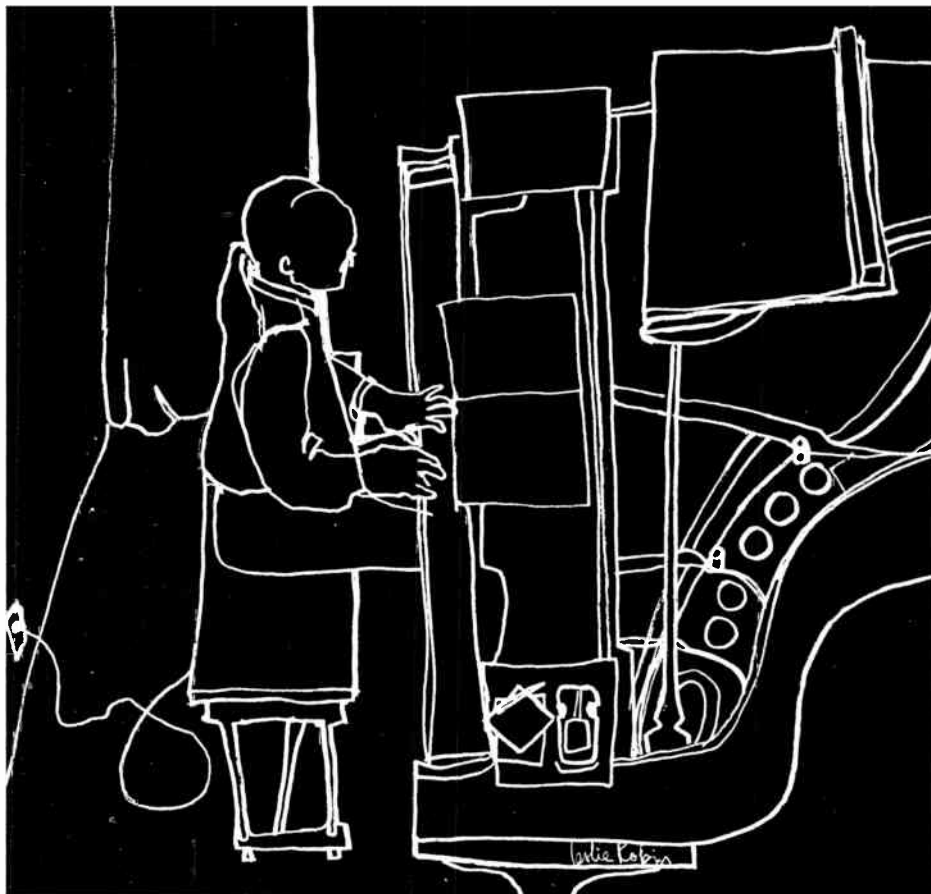
(Continued on page 42)

From Jack E. Leonard
To Clark Terry-Bob
Brookmeyer . . .

The Kaleidoscopic Talents Of Roger Kellaway

By JOHN S. WILSON

ILLUSTRATION BY LESLIE ROBIN



IF YOU GO INTO JAZZ and completely leave the public behind," said Roger Kellaway, the bearded, esthetic-looking pianist, "you have to go down a very narrow path.

"When people come in to hear you, I feel an obligation to entertain them. They've spent money. I don't feel I should play exactly what I want to play and bury my head in the piano. That's been terrible for jazz.

"I'm interested in increasing the jazz audience, in reaching people who say they don't like jazz at all. There is a time and era in jazz that will appeal to those people. I've done a lot of experimenting, but I've gladly returned to the older styles. It's happy music, and it's just as much fun to play as to listen to. When people hear the older styles, they relax. Then I can take them along into something they've never heard."

To hear this unfashionable philosophy from a 25-year-old musician (he'll be 26 on Nov. 1), who currently is delving into the psychological potentials of electronic music, is startling. But Kellaway's interests in general are remarkably broad.

During the last two years, besides exploring the work of Edgard Varese and Karlheinz Stockhausen, he has gained tremendous satisfaction from playing regularly with the Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer group, working a summer gig with Pee Wee Russell and Bobby Hackett, writing and playing a parody on surfing music for a Woody Allen recording and an arrangement of *Remember* that was colored by Bartokian overtones (for the first U.S. recording session by the two defecting Russian jazz musicians, Boris Midney and Igor Berukshtis), and serving as pianist and stooge for the insults of comedian Jack E. Leonard.

He also has taken part in a series of religious jazz services with the Rev. John Gensel and trumpeter Joe Newman, written arrangements for the acts of singers Carol Ventura and Geordie Hornel, among others, and recorded in situations that ranged from leading his own

trio to playing piano for an album of Yogi Bear songs.

With all this diversity, Kellaway has still managed to establish an identity as a jazz musician. Among a miscellany of mementos pinned on a bulletin board above his desk in his New York apartment is an arrangement of *Glory of Love* by Don Sebesky that carries the notation, "Solo—Roger Kellaway style."

"That was the first time I ever found that on a chart," Kellaway said with casual satisfaction. "It was for a Charles Brown date for Mainstream."

The term "style," however, may be too confining to describe Kellaway's playing. "Attitude" might be more apt.

"I want to swing in a very forceful manner," he said. "Like digging in. I want to grab the keys and pull them out of the piano.

"The strongest musical influence in my life for several years was Oscar Peterson. I got something from Peterson that will last—the will to drive and to really want to work. I saw him work once. It was really exhausting. I loved it, and I wanted to experience it.

"When I first heard a Horace Silver record, I returned it to the friend who had given it to me. I told him Silver's left hand was monotonous. That seems funny now because Horace became one of my favorites—again, for his drive. He *works* when he plays, and I love him for it. I've always liked Wild Bill Davison too."

PHYSICALLY, KELLAWAY belies his admiration for the bulldozer approach. A lean and lanky man, he has a high forehead, wears dark-rimmed glasses, and has a beard that gives him the appearance of a psychologist out of old Vienna as he puffs thoughtfully on a cigar.

He can be fanatically fastidious. Not only are the outer cellophone casings kept on all his records, but he also will not tolerate a scratch on these sleeves. He is an insatiable keeper of notes—ideas for stories, for ballets, for comedy skits. He knew what he was going to do at the age of 12,

when he decided to make a career not just of music but of the music business.

"I'm glad I decided at that age," he mused, "now that I see older people still wandering around, lost about what they want to do."

To Kellaway, going into the music business meant approaching music from several different directions. In grammar school, he played guitar, entertained at Odd Fellows meetings, played in minstrel shows and old-fashioned melodrama ("these were very valuable things"). He sang in a church choir and he found he could adapt his voice to any blend.

"I was part of a quartet with three girls singing Bach," he recalled. "It was great experience. While I was in college I sang the Beethoven Ninth with the Boston Symphony, with Charles Muench conducting and swearing in several different languages."

He belonged to the Teenage Jazz Club, which met at Storyville, the Boston night club. In high school he played bass in the Massachusetts All-State Orchestra and will "never forget playing the bass part of *Ruslan and Ludmilla* in Symphony Hall—it goes like the wind!" He lectured on jazz to church groups with Phil Wilson, a fraternity brother and formerly a Woody Herman trombonist, playing bluesy piano behind his talk.

KELLAWAY WAS BORN in Waban, Mass., on Nov. 1, 1939. His arrival was particularly memorable inasmuch as his father had wired up their garage so that no one could get at their car on Halloween. When suddenly Mrs. Kellaway needed to head for the hospital, Mr. K. had to unwire in time to get her there. He did.

Until he was 12, Roger's training on piano was all classical. Then he discovered George Shearing:

"I was impressed by his solos on *Easy Living* and *Summertime*. He impressed me as being a pianist. Then I found out about Art Tatum, and I learned where Shearing came from."

He arrived in junior high school at a time when the school orchestra had plenty of pianists but only one bassist. The director suggested that Kellaway shift to bass. He taught himself to play by watching the other bass player's hands and continued to play both bass and piano for several years. On his first job away from home—a summer gig in the Poconos in 1957—he was playing bass, but he couldn't stand the pianist so he got him to trade instruments.

The next summer Kellaway played his first job with a Dixieland band—the Fog Cutters on Cape Cod. The group included Dick Wetmore, the violinist and cornetist, saxophonist Sam Parkinson (who is now known as Leroy Parkins but was working under still another name then), and the veteran drummer, Tommy Benford. It was an educational summer for a 16-year-old.

"I was going through a Max Roach period without really knowing why," Kellaway remembered.

"I'd been listening to Clifford Brown; early Miles, which I prefer; and Sonny Rollins—I liked him because he was energetic. That summer Dick Wetmore showed me the beauty of Django Reinhardt's lines, and I heard chords I'd never heard before. Bob Pilsbury of the Fog Cutters introduced me to Jelly Roll Morton's *The Pearls*, which is a piece I want to record sometime. I did my first writing then—for the Fog Cutters; for an intermission trio of piano, trumpet, and bass; and some vocal arrangements for myself."

After high school, Kellaway went on to the New England Conservatory, where he spent one year as a piano major and a bass minor and one year as a composition

major and a piano minor. While he played Dixieland at the Hotel Buckminster in Boston at night, he studied bass with George Moeller, first bassist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra (who had to break Kellaway of the false fingering habits he had taught himself), and piano with Roland Nadeau, with whom Kellaway formed a mutual admiration society.

"He couldn't play jazz," Kellaway said, "and I felt I wasn't a classical pianist primarily. I studied Debussy and Ravel, and then Nadeau took me into Schoenberg. But it was only a year ago, when I was studying Webern, that I began to understand the spacing of Schoenberg's notes."

An offer to go on the road playing bass for cornetist Jimmy McPartland lured Kellaway away from the conservatory. After three months with McPartland, he got a bid from leader Ralph Marterie, again as a bassist.

"Marterie played lots of one-nighters," Kellaway recalled, "and I loved it. After all, I was only 19. I was with Marterie for three months, and that's all I know of playing bass in a big band that was swinging, but I loved it. I've got a thing about the '30s and the bands of the '30s. I wish I could have been a part of it. I've met a lot of people from that era, and I love the attitude and the sense of humor they have. There was a connection between jazz and the audience then. Some musicians still have this big-band attitude—Zoot Sims, Clark Terry, Bob Brookmeyer, Jimmy Cleveland have it."

"I've always wanted to meet and know the people I like. But most of the people I've wanted to meet are dead. It would have been fun to meet Bach—anybody who could have 23 children must have had a wonderful sense of humor."

Kellaway's career with Marterie was cut short when Duke Hazlett, the Frank Sinatra-oriented singer, asked him to become his pianist and, eventually, conductor.

"The job intrigued me," Kellaway said. "Hazlett wanted me to play like Nelson Riddle. He brought me to New York to the Roundtable, where I conducted with five brass and four rhythm. The first reviews were excellent. One of them said, 'Roger Kellaway does as well for Hazlett as Riddle does for Sinatra.'"

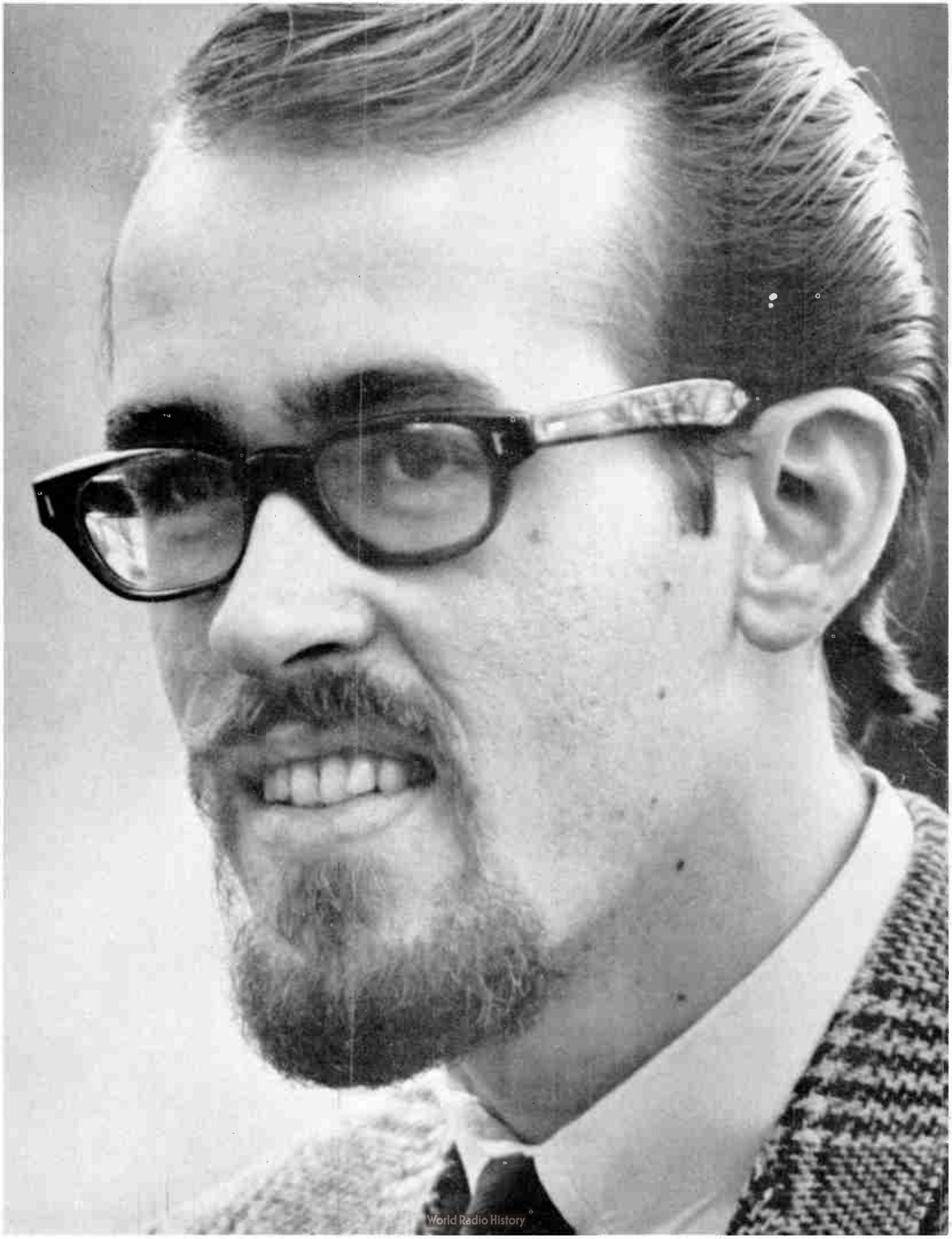
"Then I started on an album for Duke for Roulette. I wrote all the arrangements. It was set up for me to play piano and conduct. When I walked into the studio, I had such a wonderful feeling of being at home. It was so comfortable. The charts were down beautifully. It was my first venture with bassoon and flute. I was going after the impressionist thing. But we only did one date, four numbers, and the album never came out."

While Kellaway was working on the Hazlett album, he met Count Basie, who asked him to write four vocal arrangements for Leon Thomas. Thomas had followed Joe Williams into the band, but he soon was drafted, and the arrangements went to the back of the book.

Shortly after he went with Hazlett, Kellaway also met Patte Hale, a singer who had been with Charlie Barnet's band. They were married in New York City, and when they decided to stay in the city, Kellaway found himself settled down with a wife, two step-daughters, no job, and nobody clamoring for his newly established services as a writer.

FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS, he scrambled. He coached singers. Getting out his bass, he went to work at Jilly's with pianist Phil Ruedy, who alternated there with Bernie Nierow. When Nierow was picked up and carried off by RCA Victor to be turned into Peter Nero, Ruedy recommended Kellaway as his replacement.

On the side, Kellaway wrote and played the score for an industrial film—*The Billion Dollar Case of Cathy*, an



opus telling of the rise of the cosmetic business and how much a store owner could benefit if he set up self-service for teenagers.

For Riverside records, he transcribed lead sheets for 65 tunes taken from recordings. Through this, he became aware of Jimmy Yancey, whom he had never heard before. He was brought into contact with the music of Ma Rainey and Joe Sullivan, and he found Sidney Bechet's tune, *Broken Windmill*, which he has since recorded for Regina and which became one of the staples of his repertoire during a six-month stay at the Showplace in Greenwich Village.

"I developed my left hand while I was there," Kellaway declared. "There was a guy who came in every night and requested *Broken Windmill* and *Emperor Norton's Hunch*, which I got from a Gin Bottle Seven record."

He spent two weeks in Birdland with a Kai Winding group that "just swung from the downbeat."

"Our great crowd pleaser was *Walk on the Wild Side*," he said. "I always used to try to tear it up, particularly because we were playing opposite Ramsey Lewis."

Kellaway's career hit a solid foundation in May, 1963, when he became the pianist with the Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer group at the Half Note in New York.

"It was the first time I'd ever worked a job where I couldn't see anybody," he recalled. "I couldn't see the guys playing unless I turned around. I wasn't distracted by any physical movement. I sat and played and listened, and I became aware of several things.

"Because of the difference in Terry's and Brookmeyer's playing, I felt there should be a difference in my accompaniment, adapting to what they're doing. One gripe I have against drummers is that they don't accompany thoughtfully (Dave Bailey is an exception). I did a lot of strolling for Brookmeyer—he likes it.

"I'd play for a stomping kind of solo by Clark, then for an unpredictable solo by Bob—it could stomp, it could be abstract. Then, when I played, I'd be influenced by the solos preceding mine. They led me forward, balanced in jazz, stretched both ways. I could follow any impulse. My mind was going a mile a minute, trying to take in everything being done by the other musicians.

"It's such fun to play, and the guys in the group get a big kick out of it. Even after two years, it's still stimulating because the group doesn't work all the time, and we can renew the feeling."

Working at the Half Note affected Kellaway's writing too. Terry and Ben Webster have, he believes, led him to a simplicity that he was missing. He said:

"Clark and Ben bring back memories of old music, solos in which each note means something. It's very hard to find pretty notes, but these guys have been doing it for years. Some things that I've written have been just grotesque—they sound angry and brutal. I was doing 12-tone writing, and I felt there should be a way of expressing beauty in 12-tone. Then I began to wonder if it was worth trying to force beauty from a mechanical situation. As a result, I'm not writing any 12-tone music now. But I'm listening to Webern for spacing and for over-all structure. His pieces are so short, and there is so much in them. As a listener, I'm asking myself why I like it and why I don't like it, something I never did until two years ago. Then, to *do* was more important. Go!"

THESE LAST TWO YEARS have found Kellaway welcoming all kinds of new ways in which to express himself. When the Rev. Mr. Gensel approached him to take part in his jazz services with trumpeter Newman, Kellaway, a non-church-goer who had been baptized as a Congregationalist, responded with interest.

"It gave me a great feeling," he said. "If I could ever give anything to God, this is more me than anything else."

The service includes the use of *Willow, Weep for Me* as background for Psalm 133, *Body and Soul* behind Psalm 51. During the Offertory, they play Charlie Parker's *The Hymn*, and a reading of I Corinthians 13 is backed by *Tenderly* and *Stella by Starlight*.

"People are completely drawn into the service," Kellaway said. "One minister told us, 'The emotional content is so strong that I have to admit it cut my sermon that morning.'"

Curiosity of a different kind led him to accept an offer to serve as Jack E. Leonard's pianist and conductor when the comedian played Basin Street East in New York. The job involved very little playing. Through most of Leonard's stint Kellaway simply sat at the piano and, for several minutes, basked silently in the spotlight while Leonard hurled insults at him.

"I loved it," Kellaway reported. "Some of his biggest laughs he got with me. This chance to play a straight man was an experience I might never get again. I tried to be a good straight man, to make the performance a complete success. It wasn't boring because Jack's comedy is improvisation. I had to watch every move at every show because I never knew when Jack would call a song. It kept me on my toes.

"I took the job because I wanted to find out how a comedian like Leonard creates. While I was with him, I met a lot of producers and directors, which was valuable not just because of what they could do for me but in what I could learn from them of how they think and how they do their part of the business."

NOWADAYS, KELLAWAY SAYS, he does not listen much to jazz. "I listen mostly to classical music," he explained. "I listen for study purposes—to see what other composers are doing. I've listened to Bartok, Stravinsky, Hindemith, Varese, Stockhausen. Then I stopped. Even I will admit that Stockhausen is far out. You can pick up the needle at any point on a record, and it's over.

"Now I'm in a highly experimental state. I want to try many things. But I'm trying not to go too fast into everything. I read, I write, I play. My mind rushes."

He says he thinks of music psychologically, that he's interested in the mood that music creates and what it induces in the listener and how much control over that he can have. In this sphere he is interested in electronic music—and in the area outside the level of audibility. This latter area he calls very dangerous. "It just lays in my notebook as an idea," he said. "I want to know more about it. It may lead me to a person who knows electronics and what musical sounds do to people.

"This is all part of the creative process I'm going through. How does the jazz element fit in? Jazz, as a category, is more a part of me than anything electronic. But I'd like to make one whole thing out of it."

Even though he has his mind's eye on new things, both in jazz and beyond jazz, Kellaway will not give up the pleasure he has found in playing the old, romping, two-handed jazz styles—"I'm absolutely determined about that. I get so much enjoyment out of the old style. It makes me feel like a *piano* player. I don't want to have a right hand only."

"Even with the younger crowds," he said, "the old stuff reaches them. Maybe it's because I'm obviously having a ball. If I can produce a laugh, it's a great reaction. I'm coming to the conclusion that to produce any reaction today is great. Everybody's so locked up. Any reaction—even anger. At least I'm provoking them."





MARY LOU WILLIAMS: Bullwhip lines and major sounding minors

MONTEREY: 1965

By Don DeMicheal

ANYWAY one cares to look at the 1965 Monterey Jazz Festival, it made it.

Not that all the music performed was of particularly high quality, but enough of it was to ease any numbness brought on by sitting on those hard, narrow chairs that go cheek to cheek with outdoor musical events.

Financially, general manager Jimmy Lyons and his staff celebrated the largest turnout in the festival's eight-year history—more than 30,000 paid attendance and a ticket-sale gross of better than \$130,000, which does not include the percentage the festival got from parking and sales of food and of alcoholic beverages (even at \$1 a shot, much booze was poured).

If one is concerned with the social aspects, it was a warm and relaxed milieu (see last line of above para-

graph). And scenically, the Monterey County Fairgrounds, where the five concerts were staged Sept. 17-19, is the most attractive festival site in this country.

There is something Lyons and the other Monterey officials might watch, however: beware giving the festival a theme. This year it was a "tribute to the trumpet," supposedly to trace the history of the instrument in jazz. It's fine if a festival hires a gaggle of trumpet players and merely announces that an extraordinary number of them will perform. But stop there, please. For if the words "tribute" and "history" are bandied about, questions such as "where's Lee Morgan?" (as one record company official asked), "where's Kenny Dorham?" (as Dorham's brother asked), or "where's Roy Eldridge?" (as a magazine editor asked) may be raised. ("Where's Miles Davis?" He was in New York with a broken leg.)

So all considered, perhaps it's best to forget grand-sounding themes—what is played at a festival is always the important thing, not what kind of fence is put around it (fences develop holes).

The music got off to a slightly rocky start the evening of Sept. 17. The 22-piece festival orchestra, led by arranger-composer Walter (Gil) Fuller, was sloppy in the concert's opening session. The rehearsals had gone well, even though Dizzy Gillespie, who was to solo with the band, reportedly only sang his parts in the rundown. Somewhere between rehearsal and performance, however, some of the orchestra members got a little more warm and relaxed than Fuller's challenging arrangements allowed.

The band was an impressive collection of musicians: trumpeters Ray Copeland, Harry Edison, Clark Terry, Freddie Hill, and Melvin Moore; trombonists Lester Robinson, Bob Fitz-

patrick, and Dick Hyde; reed men Buddy Collette, Gabe Baltazar, William Green, Teddy Edwards, and Bill Hood; French hornists Allan Robinson, Gale Robinson, Herman LeBow, and Sam Cassano; vibraharpist Bobby Hutcherson; pianist Phil Moore III; bassist Bob West; drummer Earl Palmer; and congaist Big Black.

Gillespie was not at the top of his game with the big band, though he got into a couple of exciting things on a blues. Altoist Baltazar, though, took searing solos on the blues and *Groovin' High*; among the band's member soloists, he maintained the greatest consistency. (Edison did not have much stretching room during the orchestra's several performances, but he did pull off a good solo on the blues arrangement.)

Cornetist Rex Stewart followed Gillespie as star soloist with the band and did *Boy Meets Horn*, *It Ain't Necessarily So*, and *There's a Boat Dat's Leavin' Soon for New York*. His vigorous drive came out in *Necessarily* and his wit on portions of *Boy*, but he seemed to lose his place on *Boat*. Stewart's set generally was on about the same level as Gillespie's. Fortunately, both made up for it later in the festival.

Gillespie, in fact, was in better form the same night when his fine quintet performed *Manteca*. James Moody, who does nothing but get better and better, played a superb alto saxophone solo, climaxing it in a roar of heated excitement. Big Black, added to the Gillespie five for this date, brought down the house after he had soloed with invention and mirth on his three conga drums.

Preceding the Gillespie small-band set, San Francisco singer Mary Stallings performed, backed by the trumpeter's excellent rhythm section of pianist Ken-

ny Barron, bassist Chris White, and drummer Rudy Collins, plus vibist Hutcherson from the Fuller band.

The backing was usually more interesting (particularly Hutcherson on *Birk's Works*) than Miss Stallings, except for her heart-felt *Lover Man*. On the other tunes, she sang in a style that blended some of the more obvious devices employed by Dinah Washington and Gloria Lynne, with some Gospelized swoops thrown in.

The first concert ended with a long set by the Louis Armstrong All-Stars.

Now, almost everybody knows that Armstrong is a revered figure, the Jazz King, and that he's been playing 50 years and that his creative peak was 35 to 40 years ago—so revere but don't listen, because he going to play what he's been playing every performance for the last 15 years. . . . But maybe not so. If a listener cuts through the perfunctory and show-off playing usually (not always) surrounding Armstrong and concentrates on the trumpet lines, he's likely to become mesmerized by their beauty; he may even re-evaluate present-day Armstrong and begin raving to others about the continuing greatness and invention of the Jazz King—and they will look at him strangely, perhaps shrug their shoulders, and put in their proper revering time, and not listen.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON's program was titled "Rebel Voices—A Presentation of New Music." It ended with a version of *When The Saints Go Marching In* that might not be new but was perhaps rebellious this day. But more of that later.

The two most astonishing performances of the festival took place at this concert: those by Denny Zeitlin's trio and John Handy's quintet, both San

Francisco groups. (Sometimes it seemed every performer from S.F. got a wilder reception than those from other places, but in the cases of Zeitlin and Handy the standing ovations were deserved.)

The program began interestingly with the performance of Russ Garcia's *Abstract Realities*, played by the festival orchestra with the composer conducting. Mostly it was impressionism mixed with Igor Stravinsky, Bela Bartok, Gil Evans, and George Russell; but the composition was well scored (lovely dissonances abounded), built to a towering climax (dissonance evolving into chaos), and was generally well played (good work by Collette on alto saxophone and flute). Considering the shallowness of Garcia's commercial writing, *Abstract Realities* came as a surprise, a quite refreshing one.

The Zeitlin trio followed with a stunning display of instrumental virtuosity, emotional depth, and musicality. Pianist Zeitlin gave Ornette Coleman's *Lonely Woman* a reading that developed slowly, the theme opening like petals of a rose before receding into the final recapitulation. *At 6s and 7s* (a composition in 13/4) was the opposite of *Woman*—asymmetrical and discontinuous, giving it a rolling movement. It was excitingly joyous. Zeitlin's piano was impeccable, which is not the same as mechanical. And Charlie Haden's bass lines were to be marveled at—powerhouses of swing, even in the odd time signature. The quality and spirit of drummer Jerry Granelli's playing matched that of his fellows.

The other two compositions in the Zeitlin segment were *Mirage* and *Carnival*, both originals by the pianist. On each, Zeitlin showed how well he has digested the work of Bill Evans, obviously one of his strongest influences. But it is not warmed-over Evans he

WHITE, STEWART, TERRY, HENDRICKS, GILLESPIE, ALLEN: Different paths to glory

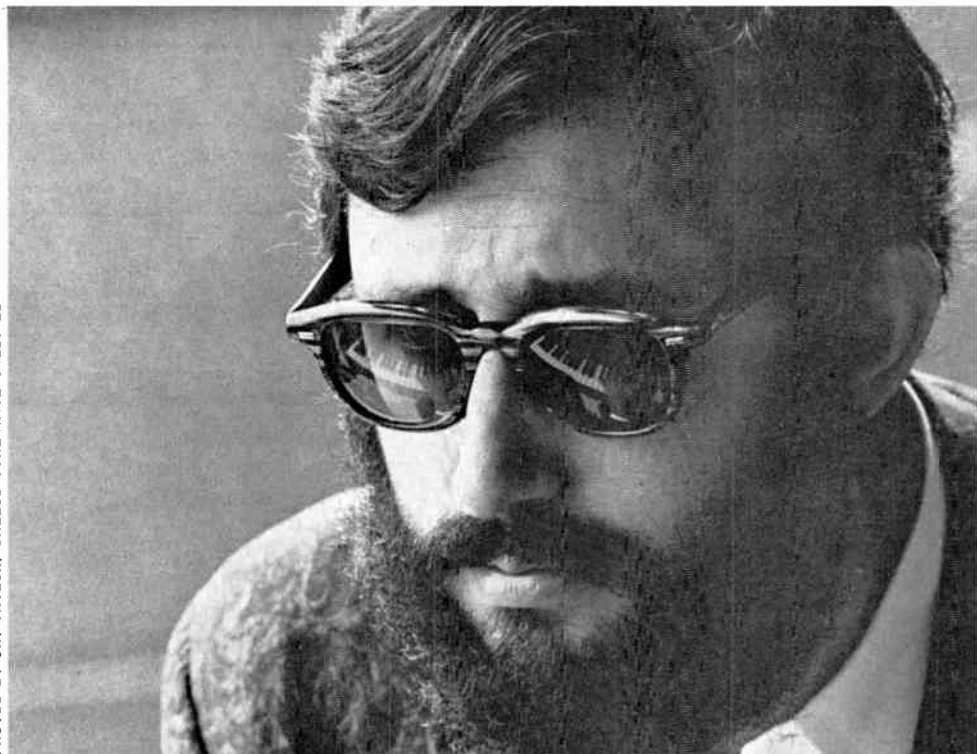


purveys; it is wholeheartedly Zeitlin—introspective, filled with joy, biting mocking, always intelligent and emotional.

Haden's and Granelli's contributions to the superiority of the set cannot be minimized, though Zeitlin was, naturally, the point of focus. But it was, above all, the three men working together, the collective improvisation, that made this such a memorable performance.

The Handy set was no less memorable. In some respects it was less musicianly, but in others it was more overtly emotional, the most moving music played at the festival. The group was made up of altoist Handy, violinist Michael White, guitarist Jerry Hahn, bassist Donald Thompson, and drummer Terry Clarke. The consistency of and similarity in timbre among the alto, guitar, and violin were amazing; if the listener closed his eyes, it was difficult to tell when one of the three instru-

PHOTOS BY JIM TAYLOR, UNLESS OTHERWISE CREDITED



ZEITLIN: Virtuosity, depth, musicianship of highest order



ARMSTRONG: Hypnotic beauty

ments stopped and another began, particularly between guitar and violin.

Handy was the main soloist, and on the two tunes played—*If Only We Knew* and *Spanish Lady*—he improvised long, singing lines, fetching in their contour and lyricism. He used the upper register well, if a bit often.

He and White, however, indulged in musical repetition too much. A repeated note or phrase can build a delicious tension and excitement, but this afternoon it was overused. Still, this added to the emotional power of the music and might be excused because of the tenor of the moment.

White is the first violinist of much worth in jazz since the emergence of Ray Nance several—many—years ago.

Unlike some of the swing-era violinists, White plays in tune, no mean accomplishment considering the daring of some of his lines.

The other three musicians made knowledgeable contributions to the proceedings, but none was as ear-catching as Handy or White. Hahn, though, is an exceptionally good player, very much in the style of Jim Hall.

Bassist-pianist Charles Mingus concluded the Saturday afternoon concert leading an eight-piece group (Hobart Dotson, Lonnie Hillyer, Jimmy Owen, trumpets; Julius Watkins, French horn; Howard Johnson, tuba; Charles McPherson, alto saxophone; and Dannie Richmond, drums).

Dotson was featured on *The Arts of Tatum and Freddie Webster*, which eventually turned into *Body and Soul*. His solo was melodic and often poignant.

The next composition began with Mingus reciting a moving set of verses, presumably of his own writing (one went something like: "They came and took those of Jewish faith/And I said nothing/Because I have no faith") and ended in like manner ("I am among the 18,000,000 dead/And, Jesus, speak up now/Don't let it happen here"). In between, there were fiery ensemble passages, lonely blues, tempo changes, Ellington touches, and a warm fluegelhorn solo by Owen.

It was difficult to catch Mingus' title

HANDY: Strong emotion expressed in singing lyricism



announcements, but it sounded as if he called the next composition *They Trespass the Land of the Sacred Sioux*. There was a fine bit of collective improvisation between McPherson and Owen leading to a melancholy and reflective alto solo.

Mingus concluded the concert with *When the Saints Go Marching In*. The performance reached its peak when Mingus directed the other musicians to march off the stand, still flailing away at the tune, leaving Richmond alone on the stand. Some of the musicians returned for a last ensemble. Some listeners wondered why.

(Later Mingus said of his segment, "We were prepared to play at least an hour, but our set came at the end of a long afternoon, and they had to change the stage for the evening performance. This guy told us our time was up. I don't know who he was. I don't think he was posing as the stage manager. Anyway, I tried to find out from Jimmy Lyons who he was, but Jimmy wasn't around. I was sure sorry we weren't able to play what we rehearsed.")

THE SATURDAY NIGHT CONCERT was a beauty. Gillespie's quintet got things rolling with a vengeance. If anyone wonders whatever happened to bebop, he need look no farther than the trumpeter's staunch crew to find where it's at. Certainly Gillespie and Moody are prime exponents of this music—as it is today. And this is as it should be, for musicians of their stature never stand still, bound by a "style." They create, not re-create.

Both were excellent at this concert. Gillespie was particularly so on *My Funny Valentine* (a crystalline exposition of jazz balladry, never maudlin or gushy but loving and warmed by banked fires) and *Fiesta Mojo*, (a searing, soaring Harmon muted solo). Though Moody disparaged the quality of his work later, he was in superb form, especially when he played flute on *Fiesta Mojo* and a story-telling blues. Nor was his altoing to be faulted on *Kush* or his tenor on *Dizzy Atmosphere*.

And Gillespie's rhythm section has developed into one of the finest working today (and no doubt *working* is the key to the section's excellence).

Bassist Christopher White's extroverted style is in perfect keeping with Gillespie's band—but beneath the extroversion (and comedy) is fine musicianship marked by keen imagination and rhythmic drive.

Drummer Rudy Collins is always there, as they say, and almost always

with just the right musical comment. The same is true of pianist Kenny Barron, whose musicality comes out in his springy and sparkling solos and tasteful accompaniment.

Anita O'Day's set, which followed, was generally good, though it had its weaknesses. One thing was made clear: Miss O'Day is a real jazz singer—she has the proper sound, rhythmic conception, and imagination, all of which she put into play on *Honeysuckle Rose*,



O'DAY: A real jazz singer

her best performance at the festival. As a ballad singer, however, she is lacking; perhaps her major balladry deficiency is a tendency to abrupt phrasing, as was in evidence on *Once upon a Summertime*.

The Earl Hines set that followed was great fun for the pianist, his sidemen (bassist John Claus and drummer Grannelli from Zeitlin's trio), and the audience. He opened with a virile *Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams* and followed with *Memories of You*, which had long piano lines but a few missed chord changes by the bassist. *Running Wild* was a romp for all three musicians, particularly Hines, but the medley of *Canadian Sunset*, *Lullaby of Birdland*, *Misty*, and *Savin Doll* that Hines plays at every performance is fast becoming a bore—he doesn't need to drop the names of Eddie Heywood, George Shearing, Erroll Garner, and Duke Ellington to impress listeners; he is Earl Hines, and that's plenty.

Tenorist Teddy Edwards joined the trio for *Body and Soul* and a blues; nothing outstanding took place, but the music made one feel good. Hines closed the set with a medium-paced blues that evidently made him feel so good that he leaped from the piano bench, grinning widely, and clapped his hands in obvious joy.

Some more breaking-up took place when Jon Hendricks and Clark Terry dueted on *Mumbles* after Hines' set. It

was a genuinely funny performance—and musical. Terry got practically no solos with the festival orchestra and seemingly had a ball whenever he teamed with Hendricks. (They also did a set Sunday night.)

The capper to Saturday night's program was the Duke Ellington Orchestra. Ellington, in a fine frame of mind after his concert in San Francisco's Grace Cathedral two days before (see page 13), served up a most varied platter of goodies at Monterey. His portion of the program lasted at least 1½ hours and consisted of everything from *Take the A Train* in 3/4 and Louie Bellson's blazing work on *Skin Deep* through tenorist Paul Gonsalves' loving treatment of *Chelsea Bridge* and Johnny Hodges' tongue-in-cheek preaching on a quasi-rhythm-and-blues tune (*When I'm Feeling Blue*) to whirling Bunny Briggs dancing and soulful Gospelized vocals by Esther Marrow. It was a rainbow-hued display of Ellington's virtuosity and broad musical tastes.

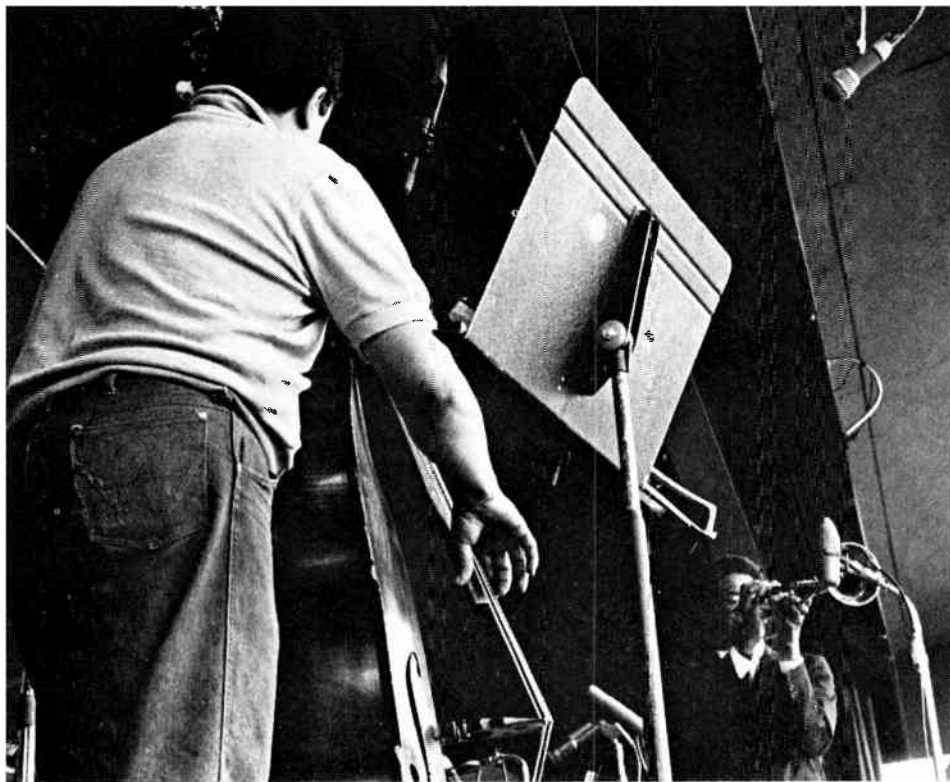
Jazz concerts seldom come any better than the one at Monterey this night.

AN INTERESTING GROUPING of stylists began the Sunday afternoon concert. Gillespie, Terry (playing flugelhorn), and New Orleans-born trumpeter Henry (Red) Allen did a set that, while not outstanding, offered a good opportunity to compare three approaches to jazz. A unique fourth voice was added when Rex Stewart, with a borrowed trumpet, bounced on stage late in the set. Gillespie also played piano, and White and Collins from his quintet completed the group.

Allen, Gillespie, and Terry exchanged choruses on *Sometimes I'm Happy*; Terry did a mellow *Stardust*, verse and chorus; Allen sang and played beautifully on a slow blues, his rough voice matching his raw-edged, hot trumpeting; Stewart did his best playing of the weekend on *Don't Get Around Much Anymore*. The final number, *A Night in Tunisia*, brought all four brass men together, but Allen and Stewart seemed unfamiliar with the changes (which is understandable, since it is doubtful that it is a part of their usual repertoires).

The best part of Mary Lou Williams' performance Sunday afternoon was not her *St. Martin de Porres*—a "serious" work performed by eight voices and an instrumental trio, dedicated to the first Negro saint—but the portion that featured Miss Williams' piano, White's bass, and Collins' drums.

The *Porres* composition has interesting chord structure (as do all Miss Williams' originals), and the singers, led by Tom Kenny, did a professional



MINGUS, OWEN: Marching along together with The Saints

job on it, but it was not too moving emotionally. Not so with the trio's versions of *My Blue Heaven*, *Yesterdays*, and a minor-key original.

Miss Williams was at her most imaginative on *Yesterdays* and the original. So bright was her playing and so clever her chord voicing that *Yesterdays* did not sound as if it were in a minor key, which it was. On the original, her lines snapped like bullwhips and seemingly moved White to play a bass solo different in concept from those he plays with the Gillespie quintet.

The most ambitious portion of the Sunday afternoon event was disappointing. Gillespie was featured with the festival orchestra in *Birk's Works*, *Dizzy's Business*, two movements of Fuller's *Angel City Suite*, and *On the Road to Monterey*, also composed by Fuller.

Much of the writing sounded dated and, in some cases, hackneyed (the kind of music played for those big-city-rain-swept-streets scenes on television and in movies). The band played soggly, and more often than not the music came out heavy. Gillespie, who seemed distracted by some of the playing behind him, performed competently but without the inspiration he brings to his music when he is at his best.

THE LINEUP for the Sunday evening concert looked as if it would not hold many surprises for listeners—the Harry James Band, Gillespie's quintet, vibist Cal Tjader's group, and singer Ethel Ennis—but it was almost on a par with



RICH: The greatest drummer ever

Saturday night's program.

The James band opened and closed the concert with the fieriest big-band music heard during the weekend.

Chief of the firemen was Buddy Rich, without doubt the greatest drummer who has ever lived. Other drummers may surpass him in musical imagination, but for playing the instrument, few even come close to Rich. And he is even better in a big band than he is in a group (on Ernie Wilkins' *The Jazz Connoisseur*, he drove the band practically from Monterey to San Francisco). Rich's solo on *Caravan* brought the audience to its feet shouting and clapping.

The band boasts other fine soloists in tenorist Corky Corcoran, trombonist

Ray Sims (what little solo room he had he used well), and altoist Joe Riggs. James himself is no slouch; he consistently played solos of fire and handsome construction. Another strong member of the band is veteran bassist Tom (Red) Kelly.

Singer Ernie Andrews did a stint in front of the band, but his work was more entertaining than musically rewarding. In the closing set, however, he was joined by Jon Hendricks in a scatting duel, and the two got a nice thing going.

Gillespie's group even surpassed its performance of the previous night. The trumpeter was by turn searing and poignant; everything he played was of great imagination and taste. Moody was unbelievable in his solos—nothing seemed beyond his grasp, and his ideas were even more adventurous than they are normally. And the rhythm section, with Big Black, matched the horn men, blow for blow.

Miss Ennis made up in musicality and control what she lacked in subtlety. Her ability to sing in tune came to the fore on *I Hear Music*, a difficult song for a vocalist because of the contour of its melody. She has a good range, too, as she showed on *Auf Wiedersehen*. Miss Ennis continues to show great promise, and one hopes that the promise will be fulfilled before too long.

The Tjader group did some good Afro-Cuban jazz (including a blues) in the first part of its set. The highpoint though, was a roaring version of *Soul Sauce* with guest Gillespie's trumpet work spiraling like a blazing snake over the wildly exciting percussion of Armando Peraza (bongos, instead of his usual conga drums), Big Black (who, with his three conga drums, came onstage with Gillespie), Johnny Rae (timbales), Collins, and Tjader (cowbell). Through it all, doing a fine job of aiding and abetting, were pianist Al Zulaica and bassist Terry Hilliard.

All told, there have been few jazz festivals more exciting, entertaining, or artistically rewarding than this one. May Monterey continue in the same vein and spirit for years to come. **AB**

BARRON, WHITE: Exceptional musicians



By GILBERT M. ERSKINE

ASPEN, COLO., is a small, Old West mining town located in a massive lift of the Rocky Mountains just west of the Continental Divide. Aspen has long been noted as a distinguished center for summer classical music festivals, but on the weekend of Sept. 17-19 it was the gathering place of many of the most inventive jazz musicians of the '30s.

Chicago industrialist Walter Paepcke, who put Aspen on the map in the late 1940s with his famed Institute for Humanistic Studies, probably never envisaged jazz in his plans for the town, and for some time the only occasions when the music was heard were at infrequent night-club appearances by jazz musicians. In summer, 1963, however, Dick Gibson, a Denver manufacturer, threw a party at the Hotel Jerome. He hired trumpeter Yank Lawson, trombonist Lou McGarity, tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman, clarinetist Peanuts Hucko, pianists Teddy Wilson and Ralph Sutton, bassists Gene Ramey and Jack Lesberg, and drummers Cliff Leeman and Bert Dahlander. The party evoked a great interest in jazz. Gibson and his wife decided to have another jazz party the following year.

The same musicians returned in 1964, and in addition, there were cornetist Wild Bill Davison, trombonist Cutty Cutshall, tenor saxophonist Eddie Miller, clarinetist Edmond Hall, pianist Lou Stein, guitarist George Van Eps, banjoist-singer Clancy Hayes, bassist Bob Haggart, and drummer Morey Feld. The session, which lasted a whole weekend, was even more successful than the first.

Then in early August of this year, another notable jazz event took place. A mental health group in the area needed funds. The Duke Ellington Band had a free day; Walter Susskind was willing to relinquish the Aspen symphony bandstand for an evening; so civic leaders Vern McCarthy and Harry Nordstrom, maneuvering fast, arranged for an Ellington concert. It was the first time jazz was sponsored under the auspices of the Aspen symphony group. The concert was sold out.

With the appetite for jazz primed by the Ellington performance, as well as by the jazz parties, the Gibsons and their friends went to work. For this year's event, the entire Hotel Jerome was rented, and a bandstand was set up in the first-floor main dining room.

Attendance was by invitation only and limited to approximately 325 guests, each of whom was charged a fee to help offset the musicians' salaries. (But the event, covered by the press for the first time, was described in the Denver-Aspen area newspapers as the "Third Aspen Jazz Festival," thus falsely implying it was a public affair.)

The Gibsons' guests, from all over the nation, came planing into the Aspen airport or driving over Loveland Pass and Vail Pass from Denver all day Sept. 17. At 10 p.m. Lawson, Hucko, McGarity, Miller, Stein, Hayes, Haggart, and Feld kicked off with *Royal Garden Blues*.

The tight, crisp sound of the band, the booting solos, and the whole atmosphere of the place seemed a harbinger of good things to come. *Up a Lazy River* had Hucko working out complex melodic patterns. Stein and Hayes traded riffs on *At the Jazz Band Ball*, and the rhythm section, settling into a good groove, provoked the first roar from the crowd. Hayes sang a moving *Michigan Water Blues* with McGarity and Miller blowing softly in support. On *Hindustan* Hucko was again a standout in solo, playing in the upper register with imaginative fire.

Wilson, Ramey, and Dahlander followed.

Dahlander (who flew from Sweden for the occasion) gave an impressive display of light and bright drumming

in four-bar exchanges with Wilson on *Stompin' at the Savoy*; then, with Ramey moving into the upper register, the room fairly rocked with Wilson's final choruses. Wilson was light and elegant on *Ain't Misbehavin'*, but he was clearly annoyed by the noisy crowd. (The room was still filling with people exchanging greetings.)

The next group, made up of trumpeter Billy Butterfield, clarinetist Hall, tenorist Freeman, trombonist Cutshall, guitarist George Barnes, pianist Sutton, bassist Lesberg, and drummer Leeman, had the crowd gasping at the thundering ensemble of *Struttin' with Some Barbecue*. Proof of the effectiveness of the traditional style in the hands of good musicians was here: had Dixieland bands sound alike, but good bands have highly individual ensemble densities and textures, the mark of true artists.

Leeman was superb. His cymbal work—a golden, ringing sound—cut through everything, and made listeners feel as if they were floating on air, and his booming drive made everything easy for the soloists.

Sutton played a sensitive chorus on *Blue, Turning Grey Over You*, showing his debt to Fats Waller. Butterfield sounded mellow on the same tune. Hall took a cracking solo on *Runnin' Wild*.

Then trumpeter Charlie Teagarden, pianist Stan Wrightsman, guitarist Van Eps, bassist Haggart, and drummer Buzzy Drootin took the stand.

Van Eps, utilizing a series of passing tones, was masterly in his chorded solo on *September in the Rain*. Teagarden, though, had noticeable trouble with tone and control on *Struttin' with Some Barbecue*. Drootin, the color drained from his face (the altitude—Aspen is 7,900 feet above sea level—has this effect on many persons), was not playing well. But *Thou Swell*, bootied along by Haggart, had a delightful Van Eps solo and Teagarden in better form.

The Lawson group returned, with Lesberg in place of Haggart. The band's version of *South Rampart Street Parade* was alternately stiff, predictable, and loud. But Miller redeemed all with a lovely *Sophisticated Lady*. Stein and McGarity performed well on *Tin Roof Blues*, and Hayes charmed everyone with his husky-voice vocal on *Rose of Washington Square*. The band moved inevitably into *Saints*, but Hucko took the occasion to play one of his most swinging solos of the night.

Wilson fell into his night-club routine on his next set, with every note, every emphasis seemingly contrived. *Shiny Stockings* and *Satin Doll* went the same way as they have hundreds of times before, and it was only on the swift *Love*, sparked by Dahlander's remarkable playing, that the trio approached the level of its first set.

The Butterfield group, too, seemed to have lost some steam by the time it returned to the stand.

Cutshall, Freeman, and Butterfield worked out a good riff behind Hall's solo on *Way Down Yonder in New Orleans*. On *Singing the Blues*, Hall got a quick laugh and applause when he played Bix Beiderbecke's break note for note. After Freeman's *Singing the Blues* chorus, Teagarden came running down the aisle, horn in hand; and Butterfield, smiling, pulled him up on the stand. Teagarden played Beiderbecke's solo, as recorded in 1927, and received warm applause.

A bit of chaos followed. Butterfield announced that the next number would be *Sorry*, a splendid Beiderbecke item, but it turned out that Freeman was the only other musician who knew it. The two played a duet, with Leeman keeping time. Barnes and Haggart thought they had it after the first chorus but didn't, and there ensued a tug-of-war, with Butterfield increasing his volume everytime Barnes missed a chord change. In the middle of it all, Hall came charging in with *Muskrat Ramble*, and after a

few more desperate notes of *Sorry*, the others followed Hall's lead. The first night was over.

A STORM BLEW down from Wyoming at dawn the next morning, and by noon, when the Saturday session started, it was wet and cold.

Lawson's group, again with Lesberg but minus Clancy Hayes, opened the session with *I Want to Be Happy*; the solos by Stein, Lawson, Miller, Hucko, Lesberg, and Feld were as gray and listless as the sky outside. The next tune, *Up a Lazy River*, had just a shadow of the spirit the band had on the same tune the night before, but things started to fall into place on *That's A Plenty*, the final ensemble booting home.

Wilson was in good musical shape again, playing with immense vitality on *Rose Room* and enhancing *The Man I Love* with glittering beauty. Ramey and Dahlander stirred the crowd with solos on *I Got Rhythm*.

The members of Butterfield's group, getting their sea legs quickly, got a thumping drive going almost from the first note of *That Da-Da Strain*, and Cutshall, his trombone slide moving rapidly, drove the band along. *Saint James Infirmary* was the vehicle for a growling solo by Hall.

The band moved into *After You've Gone*, and from this point the level of music for the rest of the afternoon was astonishingly high. Good things were happening fast and frequently. Sutton, his hands moving with lightning speed, came tearing into his solo with force and fury, and the hunched-over Barnes was swinging just as hard. Haggart's face was twisted in concentration. Leeman had his great cymbal ringing, and the band exploded into ensemble. The tension, blaze, the sheer drive were enough to blow the walls down. The crowd broke into a roar at the conclusion.

Feld replaced Drootin with Teagarden's group, and Lesberg went in for Haggart. Teagarden, having no trouble at all with tone or control now, was highly lyrical on *Stars Fell on Alabama*. On *I Never Knew*, Wrightsman came close to turning in the top performance of the session. The scope of his melodic thinking was breathtaking, and his hard, biting attack was total excitement. Van Eps, again, played with a rich sense of harmony.

Lawson's band, with Sutton for Stein, Drootin for Feld, and Haggart on bass, wasted no time getting things going on *Fidgety Feet*. Miller took the tune apart, playing with a stomping beat. On *Basin Street Blues*, McGarity took a beautiful chorus and then looked on in wonder as Miller took an impassioned one. Lawson was flashing and driving on *Original Dixieland One-Step*. On *The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise*, Hucko, flying in the upper register, took several choruses, matching phrases with Sutton. Drootin, who played like half a man the night before, was now playing like 10 men, bombing the soloists and driving the band.

Then Hall sat in with Wilson's trio. *I Found a New Baby* found the quartet in marvelous rapport. Hall performed an unaccompanied *It Ain't Necessarily So*, and the air escaping from his embouchure somehow enhanced the beauty of his dark sound. Ramey and Dahlander were sparkling on *Avalon*.

Freeman and Miller got together for the next set, and it was the first time they ever had played together, according to Freeman. Accompanied by Stein, Barnes, Lesberg, and Feld, the two jumped into *Sunday*, playing unison lines and taking turns embellishing. The two, having similar approaches to tenor saxophone, were like two brothers, each seemingly trying to copy the other in his solo. *Exactly Like You* (an unwitting choice?) was a romping thing, with Barnes turning in an excellent solo. Miller was superb on *Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea*.

McGarity and Cutshall joined forces for the following set, keeping the same rhythm section. Outside there was a freezing rain, but these two trombonists, like a licking fire, made the room warm. The two open horns, playing simple harmony riffs on *Undecided*, had a delicious sound; and since each man was trying to get the better of it, the solos were extraordinary in vigor and drive. *September Song* was a haunting thing.

The last number of the afternoon was a fast blues, with Teagarden, Hall, Freeman, Miller, Cutshall, McGarity, Wrightsman, Van Eps, Haggart, and Feld on the stand. Someone had worked out a quick riff, and, gradually, everyone went to work on it. By the end it was a thing of beauty, with Hall's clarinet singing an octave above the other horns, and Van Eps' chords cutting through.

THE SATURDAY EVENING session was a black-tie affair, something unusual for a jazz session, but it proved effective in keeping the audience quiet. With some notable exceptions, the evening performances were quite good by normal standards but tame compared with the volcanic fury of the afternoon session.

The exceptions:

Sometime after midnight, Ralph Sutton played a solo set, beginning with a highly individual interpretation of Beiderbecke's *In a Mist*, with tempos, hesitations, and accents all his own. This moved to Willie (The Lion) Smith's *Echoes of Spring*, a rollicking Harlem-stride thing. Then Sutton went into a shattering Chicago south-side boogie woogie that had the chandeliers shaking.

Very late in the session Wilson seemed to forget he was playing for an audience and soloed at length. On *Flying Home*, he started working with an idea, paring it, adding to it, paring it again, running it up an octave, then playing it in several octaves. As Wilson explored, the grins on the faces of Ramey and Dahlander got wider.

Hucko sat in with Wilson for *Runnin' Wild* and *I Found a New Baby*, and the room came totally alive. Dahlander, head bent, was sizzling; Ramey's bass figures were tight; Hucko was blazing and Wilson, one foot contorted under the piano, was driving mightily. It was jazz at its best.

GIBSON HAD SAID the sessions usually snowballed, the best things happening on the last day.

The Sunday bash started coldly. Then, without warning, Freeman, with Butterfield's group, slashed through like a Ute warrior on *Royal Garden Blues*, honking, swinging—and the room was rocking again.

The Wilson trio, with Lesberg sitting in for Ramey, played a stunning *Someone to Watch Over Me*. Lesberg, a short man, was a giant on his unaccompanied *Lullaby* and received sustained applause for his effort. Barnes and Van Eps (who plan a New York concert together soon) captivated the crowd with their duet on *At Sundown*. (At this point, I had to leave for an afternoon flight back to Chicago.)

This weekend session, "festival," party, or whatever, was an overwhelming experience, a magnificent display of the strength and vitality of jazz, an honor for Aspen, and a glittering banner for Dick and Maddie Gibson.

There are a number of reasons why the music was as good as it was—the receptive audience, opportunity and freedom to play, and the caliber of the musicians. But that does not explain the total commitment of the musicians or the soaring heights of the performances—unless it has something to do with the Gibsons' open enthusiasm for jazz, their warm, generous personalities, and their high regard for musicians as persons. Jazz needs more people like them.

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RECORD REVIEWS

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Kenny Dorham, Barbara Gardner, Richard B. Hadlock, George Handy, Erwin Helfer, Don Nelsen, Bill Mathieu, Dan Morgenstern, Harvey Pekar, Harvey Siders, Pete Welding, John S. Wilson. Reviews are initialed by the writers.

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

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

SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

Kenny Burrell

GUITAR FORMS—Verve 6812: *Downstairs*; *Lotus Land*; *Terrace Theme*; *Prelude No. 2*—Excerpt; *Moon and Sand*; *Loie*; *Greensleeves*; *Last Night When We Were Young*; *Breadwinner*.

Personnel: Tracks 1, 3, 9—Burrell, guitar; Roger Kellaway, piano; Joe Benjamin, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Willie Rodriguez, conga drum. Track 2, 5-8—Johnny Coles or Louis Mucci, trumpet; Jimmy Cleveland, Jimmy Knepper, trombones; Ray Alonge or Julius Watkins, French horn; John Barber, tuba; Andy Fitzgerald, Ray Beckenstein, George Marge, Richie Kamuca, Lee Konitz, Steve Lacy, Bob Tricarico, reeds; Burrell, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Elvin Jones, Charlie Persip, drums; Gil Evans, arranger, conductor. Track 4—Burrell, guitar.

Rating: ★★★★★

As a forceful and impressive showcase for the myriad talents of Burrell, this set would be hard to beat.

The album contains some of the most vigorous and inventive work I've heard from Burrell in some time, and it displays facets of his talent unhinted at in previous recordings. Who would have thought, for example, that Burrell was so accomplished in the area of classical guitar—so accomplished as to be able to undertake a guitar transcription of George Gershwin's *Prelude No. 2* for piano and bring it off so effectively? We all knew, of course, that Burrell was a singularly vigorous and inventive jazzman on the conventional electric instrument, but his beautifully conceived and lyrical work on the acoustic guitar comes as a surprise—to me, at any rate.

And then there's the Gil Evans orchestra, present on five of the set's nine selections, adding dimensions of orchestral color, subtlety, and impressionistic beauty that are all but breathtaking.

The orchestra, as treated in Evans' hands, is ever a revelation, a sensitive, shimmering, ever-shifting instrument capable of the most delicate nuances. Burrell has never been better showcased. And, in turn, his feelingful playing shows how long and well deserved was such a setting. He rises superbly to its challenge.

The range of the set is broad, though not overambitious—from the delicate im-

pressionism of Cecil Scott's quasi-exotic *Lotus Land* to the visceral country blues-inflected *Downstairs*. In between are all manner of delightful things: the romping, exuberant funk of *Terrace*; the easy, singing lyricism of Alec Wilder's *Moon and Sand*; the ingenuous charm of the classic guitar interpretation of Gershwin's *Prelude*; the air of quiet yearning of *Loie*; the warm, lyrical playing of the ballad *Last Night*; the two-sided treatment of the folk classic *Greensleeves*; and the strong, muscular blowing on *Breadwinner*.

Burrell treats each number and its special demands with equal sensitivity and artistry, with the result that every selection is all of a piece in terms of sustained mood and development.

The most immediately impressive selections, of course, are those on which the guitarist is joined by the Evans orchestra. Of these, the lovely, moody *Lotus* is perhaps the most powerful and effective.

Between them, Burrell and Evans have transformed the vague Eastern exoticism of the Scott original into a piece of freshness, force, and real emotional depth. And, too, they have shifted the locale to Spain so that the piece becomes, in turn, Burrell's tribute to that land's "deep song."

A long, unaccompanied introduction by Burrell on Spanish guitar leads to the theme statement, on which he is joined by bass, drums, and tambourine, and then the orchestra enters quietly, building to a somber, heavy chord. Burrell's guitar solo develops an air of melancholy that is not a little pain-filled; it takes place over slowly moving, dark chords (the sound recalls in its way the ominous, plum-colored skies of an El Greco painting) from the orchestra. The musical terrain is one with which Evans is familiar; he's been over it several times before, most notably with Miles Davis, and as a result the piece is extraordinarily effective in sustaining the mood of intense, penetrating anguish, the brooding, inconsolable sadness of a strong, sensitive human being.

Last Night is similarly constructed, though the tenor is wholly different. Again, the guitar sketches the theme and the over-all mood (through the chords) of the song in a sustained, unaccompanied solo that leads inevitably to the orchestral entrance. Here the mood is one of languid, unabashed romance, with the lovely filaments of Burrell's guitar improvisation deliciously and sensitively underlaid by the rich, delicate colors of the orchestra.

Loie and *Greensleeves* develop contrasting moods within themselves, for both are, in effect, two-sided, complementary treatments of the same materials. Each starts with simple, graceful thematic statements by the guitar, which are supported by the rich textures of the orchestra. Then each goes into a contrasting section in which the tempo picks up, and the character changes from one of mood to a bristling, long-lined jazz improvisation with the orchestra punctuating Burrell's sinewy solo with more staccato—but no less richly colored textures—interjections that speed the flow. *Mood and Sand* is, on the other hand, a lovely cameo of a tone poem.

The several pieces without orchestral

support are equally rewarding demonstrations of Burrell's skills as a guitarist of great thrust and inventiveness.

The deep-country sound of the brief *Downstairs* is attributable, so the notes say, to Elvin Jones, who, according to Burrell, "picks up my guitar and plays this tune every time we work together." Someone ought to record Jones in a program of back-country blues, for this is as authentic a sample of old-style rural blues as one will hear on record nowadays. Burrell and pianist Kellaway accord it a strong, steamy treatment that is far too short.

Breadwinner is, likewise, a vigorous, strongly blues-inflected piece that never lets up in drive or invention. And *Terrace* makes skillful use of a series of delightful rhythmic suspensions in the theme. They are picked up and used behind the solos by bassist Benjamin, imparting a strong sense of continuity to the whole piece. This is another piece that could have gone on longer than it does.

The transcription of the *Prelude* seems quite faithful to the original for piano. Burrell performs the brief excerpt that is heard here capably enough, though there are occasional hesitations and rough spots that continued performance are sure to remove.

As a showcase for the various usages and potentialities of the guitar, this album is a thoroughgoing and illuminating success. (P.W.)

Chet Baker

BAKER'S HOLIDAY—Limelight 86019: *Travelin' Light*; *Easy Living*; *That Ol' Devil Called Love*; *You're My Thrill*; *Crazy She Calls Me*; *When Your Lover Has Gone*; *Mean to Me*; *These Foolish Things*; *There Is No Greater Love*; *Don't Explain*.

Personnel: Baker, flugelhorn, vocals; Alan Ross, Henry Freeman, Seldon Powell, Leon Cohen, Wilford Holcombe, reeds; Everett Barksdale, guitar; Hank Jones, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

Rating: ★★

It is good to hear Baker's voice again. Both instrumentally and vocally, this musician offers a quality of sound so distinctive as to render it memorable in itself. Many times he does not use it to creative advantage, but it remains curiously seductive.

He is presented here in a program of songs identified with Billie Holiday. He does well by them. Four—*Travelin'*, *Easy Living*, *Lover*, *Greater Love*—are vocals. Baker's voice seems more resonant, more mature than in former years; however, he does not vary his delivery much. There is a certain dronish monotony that is attractive while listening to one tune, but it becomes somewhat tiring after four.

Furthermore, the program is poorly paced. Most of the tunes are taken at funereal gait, and none is above medium tempo.

There is little attempt to relieve the pressure by varying time, rhythm, or instrumental background. I think the album might have sounded much better had Baker had the advantage of more imaginative arrangements.

His playing is as winning—and as winsome—as ever. Aside from a few brief—but fine—contributions from Jones, Baker is the whole show. One thing is notable:

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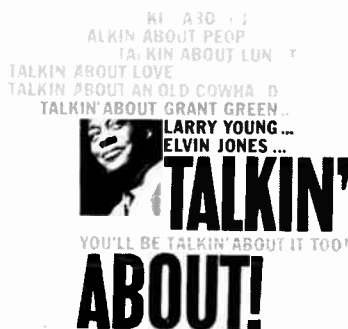
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Art Blakey

FREE FOR ALL—Blue Note 4170: *Free for All*; *Hammer Head*; *The Core*; *Pensativa*.
Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Blakey, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

SOUL FINGER—Limelight 86018: *Soul Finger*; *Bub's Bossa*; *Spot Session*; *Freedom Monday*; *A Quiet Thing*; *The Hub*.

Personnel: Lee Morgan, Freddie Hubbard, trumpets; Lucky Thompson, soprano saxophone; Gary Bartz, alto saxophone; John Hicks, piano; Victor Sproles, bass; Blakey, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

The Blue Note LP, recorded in February, 1964, is one of the best ever made by a Blakey group, and *Free for All* is one of the most exciting tracks any combo has cut in the last decade.

The theme, taken at a fast but not breakneck tempo, is rather sparsely noted but contains interesting accent displacements and leaves holes for Blakey's highly effective breaks.

Shorter plays a brilliant, sinewy solo. He sustains momentum very well, bursting through some bar-line barriers as if they didn't exist. His work has an earthier quality than it did when he first gained prominence; he uses cries and honks intelligently to build tension. Fuller rises to the occasion with a neatly structured, intense spot. Hubbard's solo equals Shorter's; it's crackling and idea-laden.

Perhaps Blakey deserves the most plaudits, for even by his own standards, his rhythm section work is overwhelmingly powerful, and he contributes a fascinatingly complex solo near the end of the track.

The other tracks are also quite good. *Hammer*, by Shorter (as is *Free for All*), finds the soloists riding comfortably over Blakey's heavy, loping beat. The relaxed, medium tempo encourages double-timing, which the horn men and Walton bring off well.

Hubbard's wailing *Core* employs call-and-response patterns. The trumpeter and Shorter play long lines, searing with emotion. Fuller has a punching, imaginative spot (I've never heard him in better form than on this LP), and Walton throws in strong improvisation for good measure, jabbing propulsively with his left hand. Incidentally, Workman's introduction and tag are well done—it's a pity he isn't given more room to solo.

Pensativa, an attractive tune by Clare Fischer, is nicely arranged by Hubbard. Blakey lays down a light Latin beat, and Walton's graceful chord running is notable. Hubbard and Shorter take good solos and are more lyrically oriented than in their spots on the other tracks.

The Limelight album contains music of a more subdued though still enjoyable quality. The trumpeters achieve a fresh, airy sound during the ensembles, particularly on *Bossa*, which is reminiscent of Mexican folk or pop music.

They solo well too. Hubbard's rich lines highlight *The Hub*, and he displays

admirable breadth of tone. Morgan contributes some insinuating improvisation. Previously a disciple of Clifford Brown, Morgan has definitely established an individual style, the most notable characteristic of which is relaxed, loosey-goosey phrasing.

Thompson has a top-notch soprano solo on *Spot Session*, a blues, his only appearance here. He employs darting, many-noted lines and a small, pure tone.

Bartz turns in a creditable performance, playing spare, Charlie Parkerish lines. His tone is lean and penetrating. Hicks is a strong accompanist and solid soloist. His style represents an amalgam of influences, his approach similar to those of Red Garland, Wynton Kelly, and McCoy Tyner.

Blakey's playing is not so intense here as on the Blue Note LP but still is mighty good. He lopes along easily, washing the soloists ahead like a huge wave.

The Blue Note effort is more historically significant than the Limelight, but each is quite satisfying in its way. (H.P.)

Paul Bley

BARRAGE—ESP-Disk 1008: *Batterie*; *Itus*; *And Now the Queen*; *Around Again*; *Walking Woman*; *Barrage*.

Personnel: Dewey Johnson, trumpet; Marshall Allen, alto saxophone; Bley, piano; Eddie Gomez, bass; Milford Graves, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Perhaps the most notable thing about this music is that it swings very little; that is, as the word "swinging" applies to the work of jazzmen from Louis Armstrong to John Coltrane. Allen, Johnson, and Bley don't seem concerned with the type of rhythmic displacement employed by most jazzmen. Traditional methods of constructing a solo—alternate building of tension with a syncopated figure (riff) and release of tension with eighth- or 16th-note lines—are relatively rare in their improvisation.

Allen and Johnson often pour notes out of their horns in an almost arrhythmic manner. Their approach and a great deal else in this music have been influenced by Ornette Coleman. But whereas Coleman has sometimes employed similar rhythmic (or arrhythmic) ideas, he usually swings traditionally. Even his solos, such as the one on *Free*, which are similar to the things Johnson and Allen do and which probably have impressed them, swing more than anything these horn men play.

This presents a problem to the listener. Those who feel that swing is an indispensable element in jazz will not be pleased by this album and may not even label it jazz. However, music that doesn't swing is not necessarily bad (whether one wants to call it jazz or not), so I think it makes sense to judge Bley's LP on its own terms rather than by standards that may not apply.

Coleman has shown that music like this can be exciting and stimulating, but Allen is not Coleman. His work consists mostly of freak effects and meaningless runs, in which he seems to be trying to play as many notes as possible, never mind what notes they are.

However, Allen does play forcefully, while Johnson doesn't even do that. His

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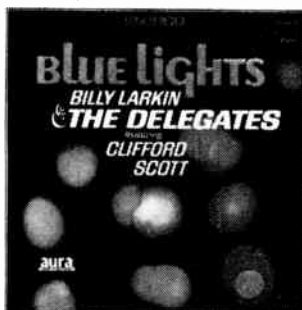
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tone is rather small and nondescript, and his articulation could be more crisp. Like Allen, his lines are complex but have little substance. Both play tolerably well, even approaching lyricism, on the one slow-tempo piece on the LP, *Queen*, but even here their solos are poorly organized.

Bley is another story. The modern classical influence on his work is apparent, and, in a general sense, Cecil Taylor has anticipated him. Therefore, he cannot be called a major innovator. Still, his single-note lines have grace, he demonstrates a reasonable amount of inventiveness, and he constructs his solos nicely. The speed of his lines is varied, and he uses space intelligently. Unfortunately, he is under-recorded.

Gomez is a standout in the rhythm section (which doesn't lay down a steady beat) and a fine, economical soloist. He has the ability to play well in all registers.

Graves gives a generally good account of himself. A busy, imaginative drummer, he maintains a constant dialog with the soloists. (H.P.)

Paul Desmond

GLAD TO BE UNHAPPY—RCA Victor 3407: *Glad to Be Unhappy*; *Poor Butterfly*; *Stranger in Town*; *A Taste of Honey*; *Any Other Time*; *Hi-Lili, Hi-Lo*; *Angel Eyes*.

Personnel: Desmond, alto saxophone; Jim Hall, guitar; Gene Wright or Gene Cherico, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

Rating: ★★½

There is a quiet charm about these performances, particularly if the listener doesn't take the disc in one straight dose.

Desmond's furry, angel-cake tone and the dark, incisive sound of Hall's guitar provide effective contrast—with Hall generally getting the greater advantage from the difference. Desmond's wistful floating in etherea is likely to generate a feeling of drifting through a vacuum so that when Hall enters for his solos, bringing a touch of earthiness and a more firmly directed manner of expression, it is as though something that had been neutral is finally put on the road with a positive sense of assertion.

As the disc's subtitle aptly states, these are "Torch Songs 'Sung' by Sax." Desmond's keening lines fit in very well with a vocalized approach to these tunes—particularly *Honey*, which is ideal for the weightless, other-world feeling he conveys.

This can become monotonous over the distance of several selections, so it is good to have the tonal and timbral varieties of Hall's guitar to provide both sinew and change of pace. (J.S.W.)

Kenny Dorham

TROMPETA TOCCATA—Blue Note 4181: *Trompeta Toccata*; *Night Watch*; *Mamacita*; *The Fox*.

Personnel: Dorham, trumpet; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Albert Heath, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Aside from Henderson, the players here are all on the same trunk line. Dorham and (especially) Flanagan operate with their customary lyrical vigor built on traditional harmonic conceptions.

Davis, as tasty and imaginative a musician as comes along, and Heath also play well within "conventional" modes of expression.

Henderson speaks on a different line.

His tenor follows the John Coltrane direction. But his ideas do not clash with those of Dorham & Co.; indeed, he and the trumpeter are no strangers, having played together (and well) several times.

The album's musical outlook is boppish, with due note taken of later developments. Though well played, one gets the impression that he has heard much of it before.

Toccata, which Dorham promisingly opens with a haunting Miles Davis-Gil Evans-touched statement, quickly settles into a good but conventional blowing groove. The best outings here are by Flanagan and Davis. Flanagan, as the notes rightly point out, lends the piece another dimension with his impressionistic musical comment on the proceedings. Davis' solo is very well structured, beautifully toned, admirably fingered.

Mamacita is a good example of all coming together for the common weal. Henderson discourses at some length, but his inventive flight is economical and to the point. The pace is medium, and Henderson lets the ideas roll out, linking one to another with deft control and little waste, to the final note.

Dorham follows with a statement that is less original but quite as well structured. At one point he seems to bow briefly to (or laugh at) the avant-garde with what might be an effort for a fresh sound or an understated Bronx cheer.

Flanagan pops in next with usual commanding aplomb and comments urbanely on the theme. This man is a remarkable pianist. Davis, as throughout, proves again his powers as a bass artist. Heath keeps the group motor running smoothly.

Despite the fact that there are only four tunes here, the treatments never seem overlong. That's quite an achievement.

(D.N.)

Carmell Jones

JAY HAWK TALK—Prestige 7401: *Jay Hawk Talk*; *Willow*; *Weep for Me*; *What Is This Thing Called Love?*; *Just in Time*; *Dance of the Night Child*; *Beepdurple*.

Personnel: Jones, trumpet; Jimmy Heath, tenor saxophone; Barry Harris, piano; George Tucker, bass; Roger Humphries, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Immediately before hearing this LP, I reviewed an avant-garde album that made this one seem strikingly traditional by contrast. Traditional modern jazz it is, and darned good modern jazz too.

Jay Hawk and *Dance* are hard-swinging tunes written by Jones in the Horace Silver tradition. *Beepdurple*, also by Jones, is more reminiscent of the bop than of the post-bop era. It has a twisting melody and is underlaid by a Latin beat that annotator Ira Gitler notes recalls the rhythm on Charlie Parker's *Barbados*. The standards are fine vehicles for improvisation.

Clifford Brown has influenced his playing, but Jones is no slavish imitator. His vibrato is less pronounced, for example, and here, at least, he's more economical, though it should be mentioned that he's a fluent technician. His tone is beautiful—full, warm, and admirably controlled. It's particularly impressive on *Willow*. On most tracks his work is tasteful and rich in melodic substance, but his *Thing Called Love* spot is disappointing in being not well organized and rather sloppy.

Heath and Harris are inspired. The tenor man, showing his Parker roots, blows wiry-strong, building solos, and Harris' work is gemlike in its clarity. This LP contains some of the pianist's best recorded playing.

The rhythm section is there all the way. Tucker, one of the most powerful of section players, supplies a firm beat, and Humphries kicks things along without impeding the soloists.

Keep an eye on Jones. If he makes a few more albums like this, some of the bigger name trumpeters are going to have to move over. (H.P.)

Sonny Rollins

ON IMPULSE!—Impulse 91: *On Green Dolphin Street; Everything Happens to Me; Hold 'Em, Joe; Blue Room; Three Little Words.*

Personnel: Rollins, tenor saxophone; Ray Bryant, piano; Walter Booker, bass; Mickey Roker, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

This is Rollins' first album since the expiration of his RCA Victor contract and his best since *The Bridge*, his first for RCA Victor, issued in 1962.

It is a pleasure to report that, on the evidence of this record, Rollins has come out of the woods. His period of soul-searching and experimentation appears to have resolved itself into an approach that has plenty of "freedom" but retains the strong melodic and swinging roots of the "old" Sonny.

Three of the tracks are superb. *Everything*, long a Rollins favorite, is played as a ballad should be, and though more than nine minutes long, there is not a second of waste.

Rollins' improvisations are fascinating and coherent; in the old phrase, he tells a story. And unlike some contemporary players, his departures always remain related to the melody (and that, contrary to some opinions, remains the most demanding and most rewarding way of playing jazz). Rollins' concluding choruses are especially beautiful, and in the last half-chorus before the coda, there is a strong recollection of Lester Young.

Blue Room, taken at a relaxed tempo, features Rollins' big, warm, round sound, free from the sometimes thrilling but more often disturbing exaggerations that have marked his playing in recent years. He has a lot of fun with a semiclassical phrase in his final chorus.

The piece de resistance is *Words*, also a tried-and-true Rollins standard. Very fast, it leaps and surges with enormous vitality and captivating joy in making music. Rollins' fours with Roker (the rhythm section is tight and straight ahead on this track) are exciting, and the "free" ending is highlighted by an unaccompanied reconstruction of the melody that is the work of a master. This is real freedom—the kind that retains beauty.

The other tracks, while good, are not in the same category. *Joe* is a driving and humorous exercise in West Indian jazz, with a beat that should make the listener want to dance, while *Dolphin*, possibly the warmup piece, has moments of inspiration but is rather disjointed over-all.

Bryant, who hasn't been heard in this kind of context on records for some time,

contributes impeccable accompaniments and several remarkable solos. He, too, is a melodic improviser whose playing never degenerates into "exercise" music, and he has his own (and very pianistic) touch and style. On *Room*, his clean, clear runs are "like a contemporary Teddy Wilson approach, while *Words* brings out his Bud Powell heritage, but in a distinctly personal manner. Bryant's finest hour, though, comes on *Everything*, in which he fashions a perfect statement, with the last eight bars especially moving.

Bassist Booker, who combines an "advanced" choice of notes with supple and unflagging timekeeping, has a fine Jimmy Blantonish solo on *Everything*. Roker is a solid and reliable drummer who knows how to listen and never misses Rollins' cues.

For a great player—and Sonny Rollins certainly is that—the best way to chart new paths is to be and remain himself. From his trips into space, Rollins brought back some interesting things, but it is good news indeed that he is back with himself again. (D.M.)

Lalo Schifrin

GONE WITH THE WAVE—Colpix 492: *Gone with the Wave; Laniakia Waltz; A Taste of Bamboo; Halieva Blues; Taco-Taquito; Breaks; Aqua Blues; Surf Waltz; Five by Four; Breaks Bossa Nova; Waimea Bay.*

Personnel: Frank Rosolino, trombone; Jackie Kelso, tenor saxophone; Paul Horn, alto saxophone; flute; Vic Feldman, piano; Howard Roberts, Bob Bain, John Pisano, Laurindo Almeida, guitars; Joe Mondragon, bass; Shelly Manne, Milt Holland, Francisco Aquabella, percussion; Schifrin, conductor.

Rating: ★★☆☆

ONCE A THIEF—Verve 8624: *Blues a Go Go; Once a Thief; Insinuations; The Right to Love; The Cat; The Man from Thrush; Roulette Rhumba; The Joint; Once a Thief.*

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, Ernie Royal, Snooky Young, Clark Terry, trumpets; Jimmy Cleveland, J. J. Johnson, Tony Studd, Bob Brookmeyer, trombones; Jim Buffington, Robert Northern, Willie Ruff, French horns; Jerome Richardson, James Moody, tenor saxophones, flutes; Phil Woods, alto saxophone, clarinet, alto flute; Max Cahn, Lewis Eley, Mary Lou Galen, Emanuel Green, Leo Kahn, Leo Kruczek, Joseph Malignaggi, Gene Orloff, Max Pollikoff, Raoul Poliakin, Tosha Samaroff, Avram Weiss, violins; Alfred Brown, Harold Coletta, Harold Furman-sky, Murray Sandry, violas; Charles McCracken, George Ricci, Harvey Shapiro, Alan Shulman, cellos; Margaret Ross, harp; Schifrin, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Don Butterfield, tuba; Grady Tate or Dave Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆½

Paul Horn

JAZZ SUITE ON THE MASS TEXTS—RCA Victor 3414: *Kyrie Interludium; Gloria; Credo; Sanctus; Prayer; Offertory; Agnus Dei.*

Personnel: Al Porcino, Conte Candoli, trumpets; Frank Rosolino, trombone; Dick Leith, bass trombone; Vincent DeRosa, French horn; Red Callender, tuba; Horn, alto saxophone, soprano flute, alto flute, bass flute, clarinet; Lynn Blessing, vibraharp; Mike Lang, piano; Dorothy Remsen, Ann Stockron, harps; Bill Plummer, bass; Larry Bunker, drums; Ken Watson, Emil Richards, Frank Flynn, Milt Holland, percussion; Loulie Jean Norman, Marilyn Powell, Sara Jane Tallman, Evangeline Carmichael, Betty Allen, William Cole, Vern Rowe, Marie Vernon, chorus; Schifrin, conductor.

Rating: ★★☆☆½

It was only a few years ago that Schifrin was the exciting and promising young pianist in Dizzy Gillespie's group. Since then his focus has shifted from performer to composer and conductor (although he still plays occasionally), and his locale has become, for the most part, Hollywood.

These three discs give some suggestion of the range of his recent work—from a jazz mass to movie scores—and they docu-

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**LAST CHANCE TO
VOTE!
SEE PAGE 46**

ment the triviality of much of what he is doing.

Gone with the Wave is taken from the soundtrack of the film of that title and consists of brief pieces of currently fashionable atmosphere music, ground out like neatly packaged sausages—bossa nova, funky waltz, blues, twist, etc. The performances are capable but quite impersonal.

The *Thief* LP is made up of more of the same kind of slick hack work, although it comes from several different sources instead of one and is enlivened by one glimpse of humor (the menacing growl Schiffrin has concocted for *Thrush*) and by a slight kicking over of the traces on *Joint* to allow Phil Woods, Bob Brookmeyer, and Clark Terry to cut loose on solos.

Jazz Suite, written and conducted by Schiffrin although Horn gets top billing, is one of that increasing number of peculiar efforts to involve jazz in a religious service.

If one is of a religious turn of mind, the combination may conceivably be meaningful, but to a nonreligionist the two elements seem to be pulling in opposite directions. In this case there is a chorus, which sings and chants in churchly manner, and a jazz group, Horn's quintet, which is expanded at times by the addition of a dozen more musicians.

Horn's group and, in particular, Horn himself on flute and alto saxophone swing lustily on the themes that Schiffrin has sketched, but the fine spirit they build up is constantly being cut into by the choral group.

Not that the suite swings instrumentally all the way, though Horn has an unaccompanied flute solo that is very attractive, even if it does not seem to have qualities that relate to either a jazz suite or mass texts. And there is a vocal and instrumental mob scene on *Credo* that could be a dandy lease-breaker.

From a jazz point of view, there are several fine spots on this disc—which is more than can be said for most of the jazz-in-religion efforts. But they are just spots, and if jazz is one's primary interest, the jazz in this suite is well diluted by nonjazz elements. (J.S.W.)

Swingle Singers

GETTING ROMANTIC—Philips 200-191 and 600-191: *Scherzo, Sonate Op. 24 for Violin and Piano, Beethoven; Allegro, Sonate Op. 26, Beethoven; Etude, Op. 10, No. 6, Chopin; Etude, Op. 25, No. 2, Chopin; Valse, Op. 64, No. 2, Chopin; Petit Prelude et Fugue, Album a la Jeunesse, Schumann; La Fileuse, Song without Words, Op. 67, No. 4, Mendelssohn; Le Marche de Limoges, Pictures at an Exhibition, Moussorgsky; Andante, Quartet, Op. 44, No. 1, Mendelssohn; Zoltzico, Albeniz; Andante, String Quartet, Op. 29, Schubert.*

Personnel: Swingle Singers, vocals; Guy Pederson, bass; Daniel Humair, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Having vocalized their swinging way through various Bachs and Vivaldi, Handel, and Mozart, the Swingle Singers have now moved on to the 19th century, which, as Ward Swingle points out in the notes, "is not a particularly swinging period." Be that as it may, he has delved into Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Moussorgsky, Albeniz, and Schubert and has found material that lends

itself to the singers' swinging approach.

As they have shown before, they are a beautifully disciplined group with several striking individual voices. Their execution on this disc is, if anything, even more finished than it was on their earlier records. But the basic drawback to the Swingle idea remains—how much "dabbadah" can one take? Those who can absorb it in quantities can add one more star to the rating. (J.S.W.)

Jack Wilson

BRAZILIAN MANCINI—Vault 9001: *Blue Satin; The Days of Wine and Roses; Sally's Tomato; Softly; Lujon; Mr. Lucky; Breakfast at Tiffany's; Dear Heart; Night Flower.*

Personnel: Roy Ayers, vibraphone; Wilson, piano; Antonio Carlos Jobim, guitar; Sebastiao Neto, bass; Chico Batera, drums.

Rating: ★★

It is tribute indeed to this album's remarkable soporific powers that its 24 minutes and 24 seconds of playing time are made to appear at least twice that long. The boredom engendered by Wilson & Co.'s rather unexceptionable playing of nine Henry Mancini compositions is staggering, but one gets the feeling that the men are doing as much with the material as the album's mood-jazz orientation will permit. In fact, the musicians often give the impression of being on the verge of breaking out of the musical strait jacket such an orientation entails, but they never do.

It's too bad they didn't, for the results might have been exhilarating. Wilson has revealed himself in previous recordings to be a strong, two-handed pianist of great melodic and rhythmic ingenuity. Ayers is a sensitive and emotionally penetrating vibist in the finest Milt Jackson tradition. And the Brazilian rhythm team is supple and incisive. But everything is under wraps here, and, except for all too brief forays into the land of imagination, the men conduct themselves as the professionals they are: given a job to do, they do it without fuss or bother. The playing is clean, straightforward, unimaginative—exactly, in short, what the date called for.

Since it's not an overt jazz date, it should not be subjected to the same critical standards as one that would find each man at the top of his game. But sending men like this on such a job is roughly comparable to never driving a Jaguar more than 30 mph. And disuse often leads to atrophy. Wilson & Co. shouldn't indulge in too much of this sort of thing.

Some quibbles: the album's total playing time is extraordinarily short in view of the fact that it is now possible to put 30 minutes of playing time on a single LP side, with 20 minutes being the average. Programatically, *Lucky* and *Tiffany's* might have been separated by at least one other track, since the two are so alike thematically as to appear to be one long track here.

If I have discussed what this album isn't over what positive virtues it might have, it is because there appears to be far too much debasing of musicians' talents to the tawdry demands of bland, commercial pap. And it's a waste for men of the obvious talents of Wilson, Ayers, et al., to channel those talents into the production of sophisticated Muzak. (P.W.)

BLINDFOLD TEST



CHARLIE BYRD

Most great guitarists of jazz history have been pathetic figures, destined either to die young (Eddie Lang, Charlie Christian, Django Reinhardt) or at best to earn a very small measure of the honor due them.

Charlie Byrd, who recently turned 40 and seems to have many productive years ahead of him, is a happy exception. Despite his phenomenal musicianship, a quality that seldom goes hand in plectrum with a practical attitude toward life, he has remained fully and firmly aware of the realities of his profession.

For the last eight years he has been a partner, and frequent performer, in the Showboat Lounge in Washington, D.C. Asked whether he feels bullish or bearish about the night-club scene, he said, "It's definitely on a downward trend right now, but obviously people will always want to go somewhere. As for the atmosphere of working in a club, this offers a way of listening and of playing that differs from the concert stage or the recording studio. We need it, and I think it will survive."

The following was optimist Byrd's first *Blindfold Test* since Aug. 1, 1963. He received no information about the records played.

1. Art Blakey. **Waltz for Ruth** (from *'S Make It*, Limelight). Lee Morgan, trumpet; Victor Sproles, bass; Blakey, drums.

I wouldn't make any attempt to guess who that was. It's pleasant listening; I liked the rhythm and I particularly liked the trumpet player. I don't know if it's a famous trumpet player or not; I suspect that it is. Very nice and lyrical.

The rest was fairly ordinary, but the bass player was trying to get into something very much more avant-garde than anybody else was. I'm not sure he succeeded. He played very good time in the rhythm section, though. I'd give it about three stars.

2. Vince Guaraldi. **Chorro** (from *From All Sides*, Fantasy). Guaraldi, piano, composer; Bola Sete, guitar.

I have mixed feelings about that one. I certainly liked the feeling of it, the way they handled that Mozartian kind of feeling. I'm not sure whether that's taken right from Mozart, or someone more or less baroque, turned into a jazz piece, but however it was done, the idea of mixing it with a little funk comes off very well.

What I don't like very much is the sound of it. Part of it is simply that the blending of piano and guitar presents a very tough problem. I've tried it both from the classical standpoint and from the standpoint of playing jazz, and it's really hard to get them to work together.

I think it would have helped a little bit, in this case, if they had given the guitar the theme at least once. I think this might have been Vince and Bola Sete.

It wasn't a matter of recording; I think the balance was pretty faithful to the sound of the two instruments. It's just a question of the piano player having to thin out a little bit, play with a little better touch.

I played some concerts a few years ago, and I did a piece by Castelnuovo-Tedesco and a classical piece, and I only found one pianist who really did it well. It wasn't a hard piano part, but the feel was hard, and I think that's the problem they're having here.

I certainly did like the guitar player. If it's Bola Sete, I've never heard him play better jazz.

Because of the ups and downs, I would give it about three, but the feeling of it was better than that.

3. Charles Lloyd. **Bizarre** (from *Discovery!*, Columbia). Lloyd, tenor saxophone, composer.

That started out like it was going to be background music from a sound track of some wild, abstract modern chase scene from a movie. As that, it might have been very effective.

I think it went on way too long. The saxophone player got numerous avant-garde effects out of the saxophone, but I'm not sure the saxophone is an instrument capable of sustaining what he was trying to do with it. I look on it as an attempt, and he's got a perfect right to make this attempt. And his vehicle, the montuna, is a good one.

I don't know who the player was. Maybe Roland Kirk? I don't care for this kind of music; I think they ought to practice. . . . I think for certain contexts this might be valid music. For listening music, I'm not sure it can be. Maybe it can. He evidently thinks it can, but he ought to keep it in the woodshed and try to get a foundation to support him, so he doesn't have to make bad records while he's developing. I wouldn't give this any stars.

4. Howard Roberts. **Something's Cooking** (from *Something's Cooking*, Capitol). Roberts, guitar, composer; Charles Kynard, organ.

That's a cute idea, and there's a lot to be liked about it. The use of the organ did credit to whoever arranged or organized it—and to the organist. It was integrated with the group and really lent a fullness and body to it without taking over the whole scene, as they often do.

The guitar player was very fine—Howard Roberts, perhaps. . . . This wasn't an attempt to write jazz history or anything, but it was a good record, and the rhythm was very nice. As a record to put on when you feel like swinging a little bit, that's worth four stars.

5. Brasil '65. **Vai De Vez** (from *Brasil '65 at El Matador*, Atlantic). Rosinha deValenca, guitar; Sergio Mendes, piano; R. Menescal, composer.

I think this was a successful example of the use of guitar and piano together. They brought it off. Perhaps Laurindo Almeida and someone else—I'm not sure.

Now the sound of this record I liked very much. It was very well arranged and executed, though the tune, on first hearing, seems to miss somewhere. Maybe if I heard it a few times I might learn to like it. For the playing, three stars.

6. Count Basie. **Volare** (from *Basie Picks the Winners*, Verve). Billy Byers, arranger.

Well, you'd have to be against motherhood to not like that one! A nice strong rhythm section, good writing, and good swinging. It could be any one of several bands.

This wasn't something of epic proportions, but it was most pleasant—at least three stars' worth.

7. Django Reinhardt. **Begin the Beguine** (from *Le Jazz Hot*, Emarcy). Reinhardt, guitar; Stan Brenders, conductor; large orchestra with strings. Recorded in Brussels, Belgium, in 1942.

That's like trying to set the Hope Diamond in pewter. Django tried real hard, but whoever suggested he do it in those conditions had to be off his nut, or completely without any concept of what a great musician he was working with. A very, very sad band, and a very sad rendition of Saturday night at the country club, with Django sitting in.

Once I played for a hospital with a service band in Paris, and we asked Django to come along. We were playing mostly stocks, but I don't think we sounded half as bad as this record! If he was in the mood to play, he didn't care who he played with. He had a ball with us. That was in 1945.

The tragedy of Reinhardt is that he so seldom got to play in sympathetic surroundings. When I heard him play live, it was always 98 times better than anything he ever recorded. He was not insensitive to his blend with other people. He was a magnificent player from every aspect. I'd give this all the stars there are for Django—and then take 'em all away again for the orchestra.



DUKE CONCERT

(Continued from page 13)

the band came in after the piano solo, the music was too rich and imaginative to be subjected to spotting six-tone motifs. Carney's baritone saxophone was forceful, and Hamilton flawlessly executed a (written?) clarinet cadenza.

After the Hendricks passage, there was more unaccompanied Ellington piano and then a full-band, fanfareish segment leading into another piano solo, this time accompanied. Next it was Paul Gonsalves' tenor, up front with full band, and the McCoy choir chanting the titles of the Bible's books (at one point Gonsalves looked around as if he were lost), all giving way to a building Cat Anderson trumpet solo that climaxed in a squeal.

The choir again chanted the book titles but with only a satin-smooth drum roll as accompaniment. Bellson then played a drum solo that brought a standing ovation. (This struck at least one observer as perhaps out of place. But what could one do when the chief cheerleader was the Episcopal bishop of the State of California, the Rt. Rev. James A. Pike, who, applauding vigorously, rushed over to the various church officials seated in the front row? You'd jump up too.)

The second half of the program began with the concert's other high point, Ellington's unaccompanied *New World Acoming*, a piano composition that has more than a dash of George Gershwin, though it's still undoubtedly Ellington, what with its plunging bass and light-hearted treble. It was a stunning bit of piano playing, done with great strength.

Hendricks then was featured in another version of *In the Beginning God* that included humorous lyrics, followed by Jimmy McPhail singing *My Mother, My Father, and Love* ("never refer to them in the past tense," Ellington chided in announcing the selection). McPhail also was featured in the concert's first half in *Will You Be There?*, *Ninety-Nine Percent*, and *Ain't but the One*, but his full voice was dealt a blow by the sound system and acoustics, making it impossible to understand much of what he was singing. There was, however, a declamatory trumpet statement by Cootie Williams, his only solo, between *There* and *Ninety-Nine*.

Miss Marrow's aforementioned Gospel song and rendition of *Come Sunday* and Briggs' flashy dancing (another standing ovation) led to the concert's ending, an a cappella rendering of *The Lord's Prayer* by Tony Watkins, and the final standing ovation, brought to a peak by Pike.

According to a source close to Ellington, this concert has led to several offers to repeat the program in other churches. Hopefully this will come about—the music and its composer are certainly worthy.

—Don DeMicheal

Personnel: Cat Anderson, Cootie Williams, Mercer Ellington, Herbie Jones, trumpets; Lawrence Brown, Chuck Connors, Buster Cooper, trombones; Johnny Hodges, Paul Gonsalves, Russell Procope, Jimmy Hamilton, Harry Carney, reeds; Ellington, piano; John Lamb, bass; Louie Bellson, drums; Jon Hendricks, Esther Marrow, Jimmy McPhail, Tony Watkins, vocals; Grace Cathedral Choir, Richard I. Purvis, director; Herman McCoy Choir; Bunny Briggs, dances.

Tommy Vig

Hotel Sahara, Las Vegas, Nev.

Personnel: Louie Valizan, Wes Hensel, Buddy Childers, Red Rodney, Herb Phillips, trumpets; Abe Nole, Archie LeCoque, Tommy Hodges, Ken Tiffany, Bill Smiley, trombones; Dick Paladino, Rick Davis, Irv Gordon, Dick Kastel, Steve Perlow, reeds; Vig, vibraharp, arranger, leader; Moe Scarazzo, bass; Karl Kiffe, drums; Roger Rampton, timpani.

There are times, in jazz business, when everything goes right. The Vig concert was so blessed: SRO audience; a hall with splendid acoustics and live, crisp mikes; intelligent arrangements and responsive sidemen obviously enjoying them; and a leader-arranger-soloist who tied all the elements together with humility.

Vig left his native Hungary when the political climate there became dissonant. Today, in essence, he is still a freedom fighter, but his brand of freedom (in con-



BIG VIG BAND: A perfect blend of fine elements

trast to some of the current, unschooled free-stylists) is expressed with his well-balanced, fiercely swinging scores that always reveal harmonic logic and, whenever possible, musical humor.

Vig approaches writing with honest craftsmanship that pits section against section, features intimate chamber combinations, or unleashes a full, concerted sound. Each arrangement has such clarity that all inner voices and passing tones can be heard without difficulty.

Short Story was a jaunty essay, anchored on Perlow's baritone saxophone. Brassy glissandos were punctuated by Rampton's explosive timpani rolls. Some of the staccato trumpet passages had Bartokian overtones. *Very Minor* featured overlapping layers of brass.

Surprise was highlighted by an extended vibes solo, in which Vig showed great drive, not to mention technical fluency. The first ballad, *I Miss You Today*, was cast in a blue funk until bassist Scarazzo implied an easy, double-time feel. The segue into explicit double-time was smooth, with unison trombones carrying the melody over exploding trumpets, all driven by drummer Kiffe.

Too Much Rice had too many sloppy pyramids at the outset and lumbered along nowhere until Scarazzo laid down a hard-pushing, walking pattern. Vig inserted some double-time flurries, and Kiffe again boosted the whole band with his fills.

A front-line quartet of trumpeter Phillips, Childers (on flugelhorn), tenorist Gordon, and trombonist LeCoque began *Depression in a New Town* and then peeled off into solos. Outstanding among them

was Phillips, whose solos at all times were melodic and well sculptured. After the quartet had its say, Vig burst into the scene with his own high-pressure comments, followed by an inspired Rodney trumpet solo.

Changes found Vig comping on piano. The composition was mainly a tour de force for Kastel's tenor and Paladino's alto. A two-part number—*Walk and Jet Flight*—opened with excellent solo work by Gordon and Rodney at a moderate clip and then took off at a frantic tempo, with outstanding vibes playing by Vig.

The only tune not arranged by Vig—*My Foolish Heart*—showcased the leader with a slow, introspective, ever-oscillating excursion on vibes. *Depression Time* was anything but; interplay between drums and timpani generated much excitement.

The arrangement that said the most, not

just in terms of drive but also in contrast of timbres, was the final number, *Gypsy in My Soul*. The unison combination of piccolo, baritone saxophone, and vibes created a pleasing, resonant blend. And there was sustained rhythmic interest, with an occasional side trip in 3/4.

The concert was paid for out of Local 369's portion of the Music Performance Trust Funds of the Recording Industries, and no admission was charged. The real criterion of success, though, will come when there's a price tag to see and hear the band. Nevertheless, it seems to be off to a healthy start . . . or should one say Vigorous? —Harvey Siders

Jackie McLean

North End Lounge, Baltimore, Md.

Personnel: Charles Tolliver, trumpet; McLean, alto saxophone; Larry Willis, piano; Larry Ridley, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums.

Too often it's asked, "Where would Bird be if he were still playing today?" Although the comparison may offend some, including McLean himself, I suspect that Charlie Parker would be in the vicinity where McLean has taken us. No other reed man—including Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane—really tapped this bop/swing heritage, nurtured it, and integrated its essence with today's sound. Sonny Rollins comes close, but McLean is the best exponent of ornithology.

His playing is an amalgamation of those roots with the more recent trends and current modal influences.

When right, it makes for compelling listening. Unfortunately, however, McLean misses as often as he hits.

As usual McLean, during this engagement, reached out and magnetically grabbed his audience. An energetic blower, he is seldom spent after a long, intense solo; always he has something in reserve. However, this vitality does not have the urgency it had a few years ago. Moody, and having paid a number of dues, his disillusionment is often apparent on the stand. And because McLean is a firebrand, he generally affects the feelings of his sidemen, making for erratic performances.

Without his regular co-worker, Bobby Hutcherson, whose vibes add greater dimension to the group, McLean relied on tested modes.

Tolliver has improved surprisingly. His technique still needs honing, but his conception is poignant, and, with overwhelming drive, he makes a fine ally for McLean when they are both up. Willis, Ridley, and DeJohnette are tightly knit and typical of current rhythm sections: individual yet cohesive. Willis, a recent addition, adds the range that is needed. Occasionally he dips into funk to complement McLean's humor and rips off a bluesy run, but generally he is serious and masters the section with controlled precision.

Mixing originals with standards and the compositions of his sidemen, McLean opened, on the night of review, with his *Melody for Melonae*. It resembled the recorded treatment little, changing meter continually during McLean's 14-minute solo and building to varying intensities. DeJohnette, though sometimes breaking through too forcefully, helped change gear with timely kicks and stops.

Climax, based on an Egyptian scale, was highlighted by McLean's canny inventiveness. Willing to sacrifice ensemble pitch and tonal quality for emotional intensity, he probed curiously, with Tolliver spurring from behind. Occasionally he would break time for a lyrical passage and then resume within the time structure. Inspired, Tolliver followed with a series of long, Clifford Brown-like progressions.

Although McLean can take liberties in areas where other players fail, he doesn't always do right by ballads. He was too imposing on *Old Folks*, for one. Embellishing it little, it was hardly more than a vehicle for his frenzied runs.

In contrast, *Easy Living* was subdued and lyrical. Tolliver played with restraint and economy, setting the tone for several relaxed McLean choruses. Ridley also distinguished himself here with long, spare bass lines.

Accepting an invitation to sit in on the last set, McLean's former trombonist, Grachan Moncur III, led his waltz, *Frankenstein*. Moncur's presence added the missing dimension that was noted earlier. His horn made for balance and more dramatic voicing.

It is difficult to speculate on just where the controversial McLean is going. When new men like Tolliver, Hutcherson, Moncur, or Willis are present, the horizons are infinite. Though relatively young himself, McLean needs the stimulus of venturesome company. Together with his own rich heritage, the brew they mix is often pure nectar.

—Don Buday

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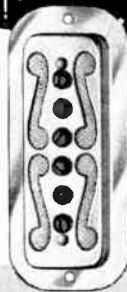


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BOOK REVIEWS

Jazz Masters of the Twenties, by Richard Hadlock. Published by MacMillan Co., 255 pages, \$5.95.

Following fast on Joe Goldberg's *Jazz Masters of the Fifties*, this is the second book in the MacMillan series of jazz studies.

In order to avoid an overlapping with material in the series' forthcoming books on New Orleans jazz and swing, Hadlock had to aim his writing away from such musicians as Coleman Hawkins, Leon Rappolo, King Oliver, and Sidney Bechet. But, channeling his critical attention on Louis Armstrong (1924 to 1931), Earl Hines, Bix Beiderbecke, the Chicago gang, Fats Waller, James P. Johnson, Jack Teagarden, Fletcher Henderson, Don Redman, Bessie Smith, and Eddie Lang, Hadlock manages to touch all bases and has come up with a surprisingly cogent assessment of just what happened in jazz in the '20s.

Hadlock admirably has elected to examine each musician by studying the evidence on phonograph records, and he relies only secondarily on verbal reports. He discusses what earlier music was like and then what it became, or was to become, in the hands of each musician, and he shows a careful ear for details, as shown in the discussion of Earl Hines' playing on Jimmie Noone's 1928 recording of *Every Evening*:

"... the solo breaks away enough to show flashes of the arresting scuttling bass lines for which he was soon to become famous and a glimpse of the jagged-right-hand flights which were beginning to fall into place at this time."

We have, as a result of this procedure, Beiderbecke and Bessie Smith shorn of their myths and scrutinized through clear, sensible analyses of their recordings. Avoiding all things sentimental, Hadlock honors each musician or singer with exhaustive studies of records and with considerable judgment in shifting verbal evidence.

The development of jazz in the '20s was based largely upon the adaptation to band style of an amalgam of ragtime and blues, and since the full flowering of the complex changes effected often did not take place until later periods, Hadlock has traced the subsequent development (Armstrong excepted) of each musician down to the current time.

Hadlock will be faulted in places for his omissions and emphasis. Where, for example, is there even mention of Armstrong's hair-raising last chorus on the 1925 Blue Five recording of *Everybody Loves My Baby*, a solo that jolted all Harlem and one that many older New Orleans musicians say is the best example of Joe Oliver's influence on Armstrong? And how can one discuss Pee Wee Russell without commenting on his extraordinary playing on Billy Banks' 1932 recording of *Margie* and *Oh, Peter*? But these are few and of little consequence when the total

work—the close focus coupled with long looks at the whole picture—is weighed.

An active musician himself, Hadlock is strongest when he brings his technical knowledge to bear on such things as the unusual trombone flexibility Teagarden developed through his powerful embouchure, Bessie Smith's use of "center tones" in blues singing, Lang's harmonic sophistication, and the subtle esthetic technique of Armstrong's awesome improvisations on *Tight Like That*.

The '20s are in many ways the most astonishing years in jazz history. Even with brains and the best intentions, things quickly change, die, or disappear without a trace, yet these odd-lot rebels, entertainers, waifs, circus musicians, working with scanty musical services and without any kind of public support as jazz musicians, managed to fashion a permanent and glittering music.

Hadlock has caught the full measure of their accomplishment, and his scholarship, wit, and narrative talent has done justice to his subject.—Gilbert M. Erskine

The Pete Johnson Story, edited by Hans J. Mauerer. Published by U.S. and Europe Fund Raising Project for Pete Johnson, 102 pages, soft cover, \$3.95.

For some time pianist Pete Johnson has been seriously ill in Buffalo, N.Y. Following his appearance at the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival, where he accompanied singers Joe Turner, Big Maybelle, and Chuck Berry, Johnson suffered a series of setbacks that have virtually ended his performing career. First a heart condition, then diabetes, and finally a series of strokes impaired his co-ordination, manual dexterity, and even his speech. He has been inactive since (though it might be pointed out that since about 1950 engagements for the pianist had been so sporadic that he was forced to take a number of poor-paying day jobs).

In 1960 *Down Beat* carried a George Hoefer *Hot Box* column on the pianist, who achieved his greatest renown in jazz as an exponent of the hard-driving boogie-woogie piano idiom that enjoyed a great vogue during the late 1930s and early '40s, and in 1962 Johnson's friend Carroll Hardy alerted the jazz world to the pianist's plight through a letter in the magazine's *Chords & Discords* column. That column and that letter led to this attractive book, devoted to the pianist's life and life's work.

One of the readers who responded to Hardy's request for letters to Johnson was German jazz enthusiast and discographer Hans J. Mauerer. After lengthy correspondence with the ailing pianist, Mauerer decided to assemble a full-scale portrait of Johnson (Mauerer's original idea was to publish a Johnson discography).

"Along with the deep understanding and friendship growing from our correspondence," he writes at the outset of the book, "grew the idea to complete the discography with additional information on Pete—the man and the musician. The idea was to show him not only as a jazz musician, but as a human being... not a scientific essay or an impersonal collection

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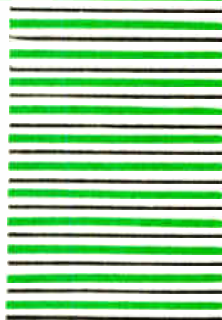
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of lifeless data and facts, but a warm-hearted tribute to the man, the husband, the piano player, the friend and the deeply religious person—Pete Johnson."

And that informal portrait is just what emerges in this book. An affectionate, clear-sighted, and unbiased recounting of Johnson's life is set forth in a charming and informative essay, "My Man... Pete Johnson," written by his devoted wife Marge and which originally appeared in *Jazz Report* magazine. This in turn is supplemented by the pianist's own comments on his life and music in a revealing interview with Johnny Simmens that was first published in England's *Jazz Journal*, and a series of letters Johnson wrote to various people.

A critical assessment of the pianist's recorded output is outlined succinctly and perceptively by James Wertheim in a readable essay, "Pete Johnson and His Music." Wertheim lucidly delineates the resources of Johnson's musical style in a series of insightful, but nonfussy, dissections of some of his recordings. A number of interesting sidelights to jazz history are given in this part of the book, especially as related to the conditions of jazz in Kansas City, Mo., the city in which Johnson was born and grew to musical maturity. It is Wertheim's contention that the pianist was inaccurately "typed" as a boogie-woogie purveyor exclusively as a result of an encounter with record talent scout John Hammond in 1935. The passage is revealing:

"...Pete was associated with quite a few bands in his time. The band seemed

to be his natural habitat yet most of the records for which he is remembered were boogie-woogie or blues. Pete once related an interesting story. It seems that when John Hammond came out to K.C. on his talent hunt, he visited the club Pete was playing after he had seen Count Basie. It seems Hammond was in a hurry and just happened in during the intermission. Although Pete had a group of seven to nine pieces, he could not round up anyone except [vocalist] Big Joe Turner and drummer Murl Johnson. Thus, Hammond did not hear the variety of music Pete and his band were capable of playing. It is conceivable that Pete Johnson's career might have been much different had he been seen with his band."

Proceeds from the book's sales go to Johnson to help defray hospital and living expenses. The book is obtainable in the United States from James Wertheim, 248 E. 10th St., New York, N.Y., 10009.

—Pete Welding

Jazz Improvisation, Vol. IV—Contemporary Piano Styles, by John Mehegan. Preface by Tom Glazer. Published by Watson-Guptill Publications, 288 pages, \$15.

This is the fourth and final volume in a set called *Jazz Improvisation*, in which jazz is systematically analyzed for the student. Volumes I, II, III are prerequisite to Vol. IV and must be read in the correct numerical order. Each volume has been reviewed in *Down Beat* as it appeared on the market. Since Vol. IV is dependent on

the others, a recapitulation type of review is pertinent.

Vol. I is a general explanation of Mehegan's analytical system. It is meant to deal with every usual jazz situation. Don DeMicheal, in a review in October, 1959, said, "The exercises and examples all tend to emphasize the mechanics and surface intricacies of jazz. Nowhere does Mehegan bring out the basic quality of jazz—emotion. True, this cannot be taught; but it should be strongly emphasized to the student when he is first starting.... The closing section of the book is its strongest section. Here Mehegan lays down a set of practice and study procedures that are the best to be found in any publication of this kind. His procedures in ear training and memorization are sound, simple, and constructive.... Under no circumstances would I recommend it for study without the aid of a competent teacher with experience in jazz."

Vol. II consists of the same kind of analysis applied to rhythm, plus about 80 pages of transcribed improvisations from diverse historical and regional categories.

In an October, 1962, review, I remarked that this transcribed solo material is invaluable to the student. This material includes blues choruses in instructive chronological comparison, plus the complete transcription of Art Tatum records.

"The historian or advanced student may be interested in the exposition of Mehegan's *method*," the review continued. "But aside from the actual music, I'm not so sure that the *content* of the text will bene-

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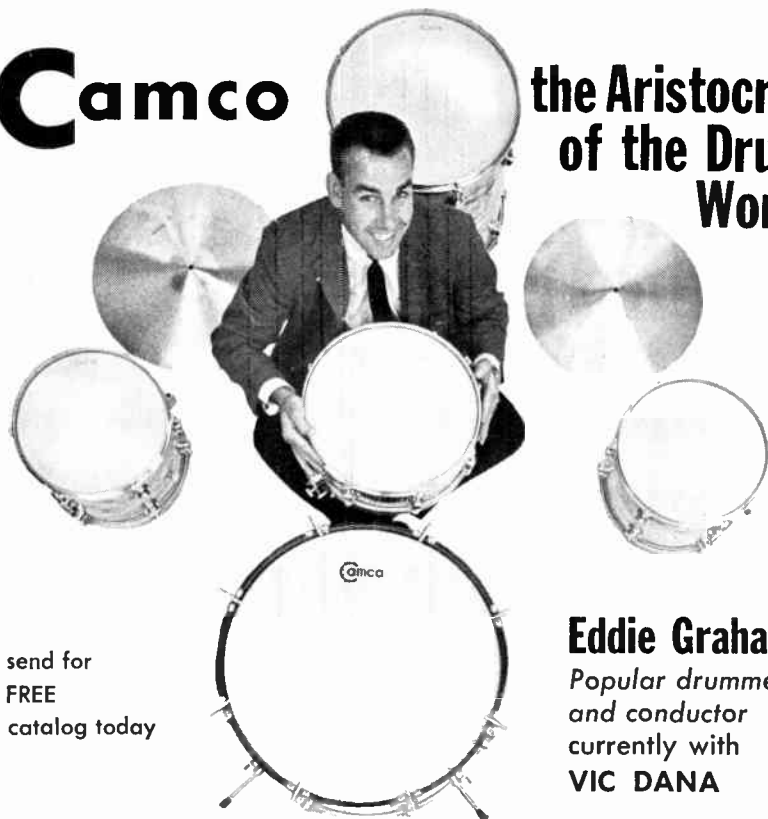
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fit to a great degree the less-advanced student or even the sophisticated listener."

Vol. III is concerned with the history of jazz piano. My review in October, 1964, said the material is unevenly explained and added, "Harmony is susceptible to Mehegan's analysis. Melody is less so. Consequently, melody is discussed in harmonic terms and treated insufficiently in its own terms. The inclusion of melodic examples in the text would have solved this problem. [The transcribed solos in] Vol. II are good reference, but need to be supplemented by concrete examples, lesson by lesson."

For teachers, concluded the review, "this is one of the most thorough jobs, if not the most thorough, ever done in the field. As for the untutored student of jazz, it does not have my full endorsement. Use with teacher."

After carefully reading Vol. IV, and rereading the other three, I feel that Mehegan's thought is generally coherent, and that if a student set out to follow it, step by step, through four volumes, he could in fact learn to play derivatively in a fair variety of jazz and commercial styles.

I do not think that talented jazz players would find it desirable to journey through Mehegan's theory in order to have revealed to them these facts of musical life. The facts, to any musical soul, are more accessible through the ear and the intuition than through Mehegan's analysis. The work does do what it sets out to do—that is, it codifies a theory of jazz. From this point of view it is without parallel in the literature. There is no work as thorough or as sincere.

For an instance of thoroughness, about 80 pages of Vol. IV are concerned with the final exposition of Mehegan's harmonic theory. Most of this is taken up with the problem of getting every usable four-tone chord to fall sonorously between D and A in the pianist's left hand. Many pages also are taken up with the transposition, through the 12 keys, of chord progressions, basic voicings, etc.

The theory aside, however, there are some pages in Vol. IV that can benefit anyone involved in jazz.

Most important, there are two long and valuable transcribed solos, one of Oscar Peterson's and one of Bill Evans'—about 30 pages worth of pure gold. There are examples of various styles of accompaniment, all carefully written out, following the chord changes of available standards. There is a general discussion of certain commercial styles, with good examples.

It is clear that Mehegan knows (to quote him) "a jazz musician can be only as good as his degree of exposure to all music. . . ." and that these four volumes are intended as a theoretical supplement to musical learning. I am still not convinced, however, that it is better than no system at all, especially for musically underexposed or slow-to-learn students.

My opinion is: for use as a supplement for advanced students and for teachers. Beginners are better off with immersion in real music alone.

—Bill Mathieu

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(Continued from page 14)

Showboat Lounge last month, shortly before guitarist **Charlie Byrd** returned for the fall season . . . Singer-pianist **Shirley Horn** is back at The Place Where Louie Dwells, on Thursday through Saturday.

BALTIMORE: An impressive schedule of Sunday concerts continues at the Madison Club under the auspices of the Left Bank Jazz Society. The **Jazz Crusaders** were on tap for Sept. 26; an all-star group from the Baltimore-Washington area headed by tenorist **Dave Hubbard** and altoist **Jack Blake** was due Oct. 3 and multireedist **Yusef Lateef** and his quartet on Oct. 10. Saxophonist **John Coltrane** is scheduled in November . . . Pianist **Jean-Luc Vallet** has returned to his native France, after three years in the area, to score a film now being shot in Orleans . . . The **Brothers Elgart, Les and Larry**, received a special award from Columbia records for having the best-selling band records in this area during their recent performance at the Tail of the Fox. The album cited was their latest release, *Elgart Au Go Go* . . . Vocalist **Ethel Ennis** concluded 10 days at the Red Fox. During her stay a television pilot film was made for a projected thrice-weekly, 15-minute Ennis show. Backing the singer were pianist **Donald Criss**, guitarist **Walt Namath**, bassist **George Hoffman**, and drummer **Pernell Rice**.

Vocalist **Dolores Lynn** followed Miss Ennis at the Red Fox. After engagements on the West Coast, Miss Ennis went to New York City to appear on the **Arthur Godfrey** radio show.

PITTSBURGH: Organist-pianist **Carl Arter** took some of the town's best jazzmen into the Honky-Tonk for an indefinite stay. They include **Harry Nash**, trumpet, trombone; **Jon Walton**, tenor saxophone; **Tom Ewell**, bass; and **Joe Ashliman**, drums . . . The Penn Sheraton Hotel has revived Sunday afternoon jazz sessions. Three leaders will alternate the weekly sessions, which encourage the after-the-football-game crowds to gather at the hotel's Terrace Room. The combos of **Benny Benack**, **Walt Harper**, and **Harold Betters** will provide the music . . . Pianist **Ray Crummie** is to play the Casbah, where he will be joined on weekends by **Harry Bush**, bass, and **Dick Brosky**, drums . . . Late September saw the beginning of Friday night jazz concerts at the Holiday Inn West. Pianist **Bob Negri** brought in his brother, guitarist **Joe Negri**, as well as saxophonist **Eric Kloss** (recently signed by Prestige records) and trumpeter **Danny Conn** for the opening sets . . . **Earl Lett** had an interesting sound for the younger jazz fans at the Hurricane Bar. His organ quartet featured **Sweet Williams**, billed as the "world's smallest guitarist." . . . The Tender Trap continues to swing to **Reid Jaynes'** piano stylings.

On weekends **Jaynes** adds **Freddie Whittlinger**, bass, and **Tommy Mandrus**, drums.

CHICAGO: The **Wild Bill Davis** Trio is currently at the London House. This is the first time the jazz supper club has featured an organist's group. Preceding Davis at the club was the **Gene Krupa** Quartet. With the drummer were reed man **Carmen Leggio**, pianist **Dick Wellstood**, and bassist **Eddie Dellaas** . . . **Bill Russo** began rehearsals of his 21-man Chicago Jazz Ensemble last month. On hand for the first sessions were some of the first-call studio men around town, including trumpeter **John Howell** and bass trumpeter **Cy Touff** . . . The **Plugged Nickel** has presented organists **Jack McDuff** and **Jimmy Smith** and singer **Carmen McRae** in September and October bookings . . . Pianist **George Wein**, cornetist **Ruby Braff**, and tenorist **Bud Freeman** are due here to play a private party late this month . . . **Mother Blues** brought in the **Brasil '65** troupe for two weeks in mid-September. Members of the group included vocalists **Anamaria** and **Marcos Valle**, pianist **Sergio Mendes**, bassist **Sebastiao Neto**, drummer **Joao Palma**, and percussionist **Jose Soares**. Folk singers **Steve Addiss** and **Bill Crofut** followed the Brazilians . . . **Big Joe Williams**, Mississippi's peripatetic blues man, returned to Chicago in September and started working weekends at the Yellow Unicorn on N. State St. . . . Blues activity of a different stripe took

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place at Big John's in Old Town when the Paul Butterfield Band returned to the club for a stay of at least three weeks beginning in late September. The Butterfield sextet succeeded the Muddy Waters Band, which had standing-room-only crowds during its two weeks at the Wells St. club . . . Blues pianist-singer Roosevelt Sykes, a long-time Chicago resident until he moved to Louisiana in 1962, returned to the city briefly late last month. He remained, visiting friends and sitting in, until leaving for Europe Sept. 25. Sykes is a member of the American Folk Blues Festival package that is touring Europe during October and early November.

KANSAS CITY: Singer-actress Ethel Waters took part in the Ford Philpot Christian Crusade held in Dodge City, Kan., in mid-September . . . The Kansas State Fair held in Hutchinson, Kan., Sept. 18-23 presented trumpeter Al Hirt . . . Organist Jimmy Ed, guitarist Sonny Kenner, and drummer Ed Smith, with vocalist Lennie Lynn, went into the Club Deliza for a month's engagement . . . Ex-Woody Herman trombonist Arch Martin was one of featured guests at sessions held at Pepe's on Saturdays. The sessions are put together by drummer Rich Dickert, who formerly played with violinist Joe Venuti and guitarist Eddie Lang . . . A recent guest in K.C. was singer Joe Williams . . . Guitarist Sam Alexander is now with organist Chuck Rowan's group at O.G.'s . . . Pianist Bus Moten, of the Bennie Moten-Count Basie era, is playing at the Majestic Steak House . . . Veteran jazz disc jockey Dave Butler has completed 13 years as host of radio programs, *Jazz at the Phil* and *Jazz at Midday* on KPRS . . . Organist Louis Chachere's trio with multireedist-guitarist Dwight Foster is playing weekends at the Kingpin Supper Club, an afterhours room.

CINCINNATI: Herbie's Bar announced a medley of groups for fall. The Harvey Reed Quartet led off with Reed, piano; Jim Shaviss, bass; Slim Wade, drums; and Hickey Kelly, normaphone. An indefinite-run booking of the John Wright Quartet began Sept. 13 with Champ Childress, piano and trombone; John Parker, bass; and Melvin Maddox, drums. Herbie's expects to have the Sonny Coles Quartet for a later engagement . . . The Whisper Room's change of house group brought together Billy Brown, piano; Alex Caron, bass; and Jim Stuart, drums, with owner-manager Herb Kirschner sitting in occasionally at the keyboard . . . Otis Williams was backed by the Good Sounds at the Inner Circle . . . Oscar Peterson played the Living Room for 10 days beginning Sept. 10 . . . The Ed Moss Trio at Mahogany Hall is currently powered by alternate drummers Jim Madison and Grove Mooney.

LOUISVILLE: Brady's has been featuring the trio of Mel Owen (Owen, saxophones, vibraharp; Joe Taylor, bass; John Roy, drums) Thursday through

Saturday nights . . . Currently playing afterhours at Bucket & Lena's six nights a week is the group of trombonist Tommy Walker. With him are George Ducker, tenor saxophone; John March, organ; and Earlwin Thompson, drums. Don Buller is the group's vocalist . . . Soul, Inc., a group of young musicians, is playing at the Colonial Gardens six nights a week. The group consists of Tom Jolly, trumpet; Eddie Humphries, tenor saxophone; Wayne Young, guitar; Jim Settle, bass guitar; and Merv Maxwell, drums . . . The Club Sahara has the sounds of the Ray Church Duo (Raymond Howard, organ; Winston Church, drums) backing vocalist Richard Smith . . . Jamie Aebersold's quartet opened the University of

Louisville's new coffee house in mid-September . . . The city's "Salute to the Arts" Sept. 20-25 featured the playing of pianist Bob Lamb, drummers Preston Phillips and John Roy, bassist Jack Brengle, and saxophonists Bobby Jones, Everett Hoffman, and Aebersold . . . Trumpeter Doc Severinson was one of the featured guests at the *Crusade for Children* telethon held Sept. 25 and 26.

MIAMI: The Miami-Dade Junior College stage band has its roots firmly in jazz. The 31 members, under the direction of Prof. Robert Thomas, are preparing for stage, television, and community-relations appearances. One hour of college credit is awarded to each student successfully com-

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pleting the studio jazz lab . . . Singer-organist-pianist **Joe Mooney** has returned to Florida after a lengthy stay in New York City. He currently is at **Julius La-Rosa's** restaurant in nearby Hollywood . . . My Cousin's Place featured the Cee Major Quartet and the Dave Akins Trio. On Sept. 17 jazz vocalist **Jeff Adams** made his debut in the Miami area assisted by the Akins trio. He was well received by an enthusiastic crowd . . . Pianist **Terry Bernhard**, bassist **Walter Benard**, and drummer **Bill Peoples** were recently fea-

tured at the Opus #1 in the southwest section of Miami . . . After the success of his avant-garde music in a previous stage production, **Charlie Austin** created some more exciting jazz tunes for director **Richard Janaro**. The compositions were used in **Tennessee Williams' Glass Menagerie** at the Studio M Playhouse . . . The Sept. 19 jazz show at the Back Room Lounge featured vocalist **Barbara Russell** with the **Vince Lawrence Trio**, in addition to the **Back Room Five**—Cee Major, **Jimmy Glover**, **Hank Brown**, **Eddie**

Stack, and **Art Johnson**. Reed man and trumpeter **Ira Sullivan** was also on hand for the Sunday afternoon concert.

LOS ANGELES: A Mexican jazz fan, **Carlos Olea**, reports that West Coast pianist **Joyce Collins** broke things up in Mexico City, playing at the Cardini Internacional Restaurant together with the Mexican musicians **Victor Ruiz Pasos**, bass, and **Leo Acosta**, drums. Miss Collins also appeared at the Teatro de la Paz in Mexico City, and as Olea recalls: "At the end of the performance, she was surprised by a silver plaque given to her for helping spread jazz in Mexico." . . . **Laurindo Almeida** has been signed as music director for **Gerald Schnitzer Productions**, one of the major sources of television ads. Almeida will supervise all scoring for commercials . . . Composers are having a field day at Universal Television. Under contract, and on assignments are **Benny Carter**, **Percy Faith**, **Russ Garcia**, **Bernard Hermann**, **Jack Marshall**, **Lyn Murray**, **Pete Rugolo**, **Lalo Schifrin**, **Herb Spencer**, **Franz Waxman**, and **Johnny Williams** . . . Signed to score a 20-minute color documentary called *The Smithsonian Institution*, **Elmer Bernstein** is also scoring a feature film, *The Silencers*, and is due to follow that with another movie, *Hawaii* . . . Scoring his first effort for TV, **Neal Hefti** will write the music for **Greenway Productions** pilot film of *Batman* . . . **Lalo Schifrin** has been signed to score *The Liquidators*. And **Andre Previn's** scoring chores are getting so heavy he had to relinquish one, *Moving Target*, to **Johnny Mandel**. However, Previn's song, *Live! Alone*, will remain in the film, to be sung by **Julie Harris**. Previn is still working on *Daisy Clover*. Previn's full schedule will reduce his TV appearances to one this year: the *Andy Williams Show* on Nov. 15 . . . **Ella Fitzgerald** has signed to sing at San Diego State College Oct. 23 and at Stanford University Oct. 31 . . . Bassist **Charles Mingus** opened the jazz series at UCLA, sponsored by the school's Committee on Fine Arts Productions. **Louis Armstrong** followed, and the **Swingle Singers** will end the series Nov. 5 . . . The booking of singer **Tony Bennett** into the Playboy Club may have started a trend. **Woody Herman** and his Herd are scheduled to play Bunnyville in January . . . The final "Jazz at the Beach" concert in Venice, Calif., featured **Gerald Wilson** and his 18-piece orchestra, plus the **Lee Katzman Quintet**. The free concert series is made possible by the Music Performance Trust Funds of the Recording Industries in co-operation with AFM Local 47 . . . **Johnny Catron** and his 16-piece band played at the Los Angeles County Fair. It is the fifth year Catron has played at the fair, supposedly the largest county bash in the country. The band just completed 21 months of weekly broadcasts over KFI. Newest addition to the orchestra is trombonist **Murray McEachern** . . . Drummer **Louie Bellson** turned down the offer to join the band on *Nightlife* and will remain with **Duke Ellington**.

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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**, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago, Ill. 60606, six weeks prior to cover date.

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

NEW YORK

Ali Baba: Louis Metcalfe, Jimmy Neely, tfn.
Basie's: The Mad Hatters to 11/7.
Carlton Terrace (Forest Hills): Johnny Fontana, tfn.
Carriage House: Ram Ramirez, Mon.-Fri.
Charlie Bates: Stan Levine, Sun.
Chuck's Composite: Dick Garcia, Sy Johnson, Jack Six, tfn.
Concerto West: Jesse Wilks, hb.
Coronet (Brooklyn): name jazz groups. Jazz 'n' Breakfast, Mon.
Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gamba, hb. Sessions, Sun.
Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko, tfn.
Embers West: Joe Newman, Joe Shulman, tfn.
Five Spot: Max Roach, tfn.
Front Room (Newark, N.J.): Sonny Rollins to 10/23.
Gaslight Club: Clarence Hutchenrider, Charlie Queener, George Wettling, Mike Shiffer, tfn.
Half Note: unk.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson, tfn.
L'Intrigue: Ronnie Ball, Jimmy Rowser, Nancy Steele, tfn. Guest stars, Sun.
Luigi II: John Bunch, Mark Traill, tfn.
Metropole: Mongo Santamaria, 10/25-11/8.
Minton's Playhouse: name jazz groups.
Open End: Scott Murray, Wolfgang Knittel Gary Newman, Eddie Caccavelli, tfn.
Page Three: Sheila Jordan, Mon., Tue.
Playboy Club: Milt Sealy, Vin Strong, Milt Buckner, Ross Tompkins, Harold Francis, Walter Norris, hbs.
Jimmy Ryan's: Wild Bill Davison, Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, tfn.
Toast: Jack Brooks, Dick Carter, Effie, tfn.
Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Greene, tfn.
Tower East: Don Payne, Bill Russell, tfn.
Village Gate: John Coltrane, Cal Tjader, Gloria Lynne, to 10/31. Carmen McRae, 11/3-21.
Village Vanguard: Tony Scott, Mon. Earl Hines, 11/9-14.
Wells: Grant Green, tfn.

TORONTO

Bohemian Embassy: modern jazz groups, wknds.
Chez Paree: Sir Charles Thompson, tfn.
George's Spaghetti House: Salome Bey, 11/8-13.
Golden Nuggett: Don Ewell, tfn.
Last Chance Saloon: Larry Dubin, tfn.
Park Plaza: Erskine Hawkins, 10/25-11/20.
Penny Farthing: Lonnie Johnson, tfn.
Town Tavern: Brian Brown, 11/8-20.

BOSTON

Chez Freddie: Eddie Stone-Maggie Scott, tfn.
Driftwood Motor Lodge (Shrewsbury): Jeff Tones, tfn.
Floral Steak House: Danny Camacho-Bill Tannerbring-Bob Purcell, tfn.
Gaslight Room: Basin Street Boys, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: Carmen McRae, 10/24-31. Les McCann, 11/1-7.
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: Abbey Lincoln to 10/24. Joe Bucci, 10/25-11/7.
Maridor (Framingham): Al Vega, tfn.
Meadows (Framingham): Clarence Jackson, tfn.

PHILADELPHIA

Cadillac Sho-Bar: Aretha Franklin, 11/8-11.
Chuck Jackson, 11/12-20.
Club 50 (Trenton): Johnny Coates Jr., Tony DeNicola, Johnny Ellis, tfn.
Eagle Tavern (Trenton): Wolverines, tfn.
Krechmer's: Billy Krechmer, hb.
Show Boat: Les McCann, 11/15-20.

WASHINGTON

Anna Maria's: Tony D'Angelo, tfn.
Black Rose: Eddie Dimond, Tommy Moultrie, tfn.
Blues Alley: Tommy Gwaltney, hb. Lurlean Hunter to 10/23.
Bohemian Caverns: Aretha Franklin, 11/1-7.
Horace Silver, 11/8-14. Andy and the Bey Sisters, 11/16-28. Miles Davis, 11/29-12/5.
Embers: John Malachi, tfn.
Fireplace: Joyce Carr, Dick Young, tfn.
Jazzland: Buck Clarke, tfn.
Merryland: Joe Speck, tfn.
Mr. Smith's: Dixieland, Tue.-Thur. Van Perry, Fri.-Sat.

Murphy's Supper Club: Ellsworth Gihson, Butch Warren, tfn.
Place Where Louie Dwells: Shirley Horn, Thur.-Sat.
Showboat Lounge: Charlie Byrd, tfn.
Stouffer's: John Eaton, tfn.
XII Devils: June Norton, Gus Sims, tfn.

BALTIMORE

Buck's: Fred Simpson, tfn.
Club Casino: Soul Brothers, Harold Adams, tfn.
Colonial House: Dixie Alley Cats, tfn.
Judges: The Progressions, tfn.
Kozy Korner: Earl Omara, tfn.
Krazy Kat: Monty Poulson, Count Lanz, Freddie Thaxton, tfn.
Le Coq D'Or: African Jazz Quartet, Living Room: Harry Steiert, tfn.
Madison Club (Left Bank Jazz Society): name groups, Sun.
Marticks: Brad Wines, tfn.
Moe's: Clyde Crawford, tfn.
North End: Bill Byrd, tfn.
Phil Burke's: George Eckert, tfn.
Pimlico Hotel: Charlie Pace, tfn.
Playboy: Ted Hawk, tfn.
Red Fox: Dolores Lynn, tfn.
Steve's: Joe Allen, tfn.
Surf Club: Ralph Emmel, tfn.
Sweeney's: Ronnie Rondell, tfn.
Well's: George Jackson, tfn.

MIAMI AND FLORIDA

Bon Fire: Myrtle Jones, tfn.
Glenn's Lounge (Jacksonville): Bill Davis, tfn.
Hampton House: Charlie Austin, Medina Carney.
Hut: Pete Lewis, tfn.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

ELLA



TODAY

An Interview With Leonard Feather

Fearless Frank Foster: The former Count Basie tenorist recounts his experiences in organizing a big band.

Boss Of The Blues: Kansas City blues shouter Joe Turner tells Valerie Wilmer about his blues past and present.

The Nov. 18 **Down Beat** goes on sale Thursday, Nov. 4.

Julius LaRosa's (Hollywood): Joe Mooney, tfn.
Miami-Dade Junior College: Peter Nero, 11/4.
Paul Winter, 11/20.
My Cousin's Place: jazz groups, tfn.
Opus #1: jazz groups, wknds.
Playboy Club: Bill Rico, hb.
Roney Plaza: Phil Napoleon, tfn.
South Seas Yacht: Matty Cortese, tfn.

DETROIT AND MICHIGAN

Baker's Keyboard: name groups weekly.
Black Lantern (Saginaw): Paul Vanston, tfn.
Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, tfn.
Caucas Club: Howard Lucas, tfn.
Charade: Johnny Griffith, Allegros, hbs.
Checker Bar-B-Q: Ronnie Phillips, afterhours, Mon.-Thur. Mel Ball, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Chessmate Gallery: jazz, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Chit Chat: Earl Van Dyke, wknds.
Danish Inn (Farmington): Pat Flowers, tfn.
Dragon Lady Lounge: Mark Richards, Ralph Jay, Fri.-Sat.
Dream Bar: Willie Metcalfe, tfn.
Drome: name groups, weekly.
Frolic: Bill Jennings, tfn.
Hobby Bar: Ernie Farrow, Tue. Ben Jones, wknds.
LaSalle (Saginaw): Arnie Kane, tfn.
Momo's: Jack Brokensha, tfn.
Odom's Cave: Bill Hyde, wknds.
Paige's: George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields, wknds.
Playboy Club: Matt Michaels, Vince Mance, hbs.
Sax Club: Charles Rowland, tfn.
Shadow Box: Alex Kallao, tfn.
Show Boat: Pee Wee Hunt, tfn.
Surfside Club: Tom Saunders, tfn.
Towne House (Dearborn): Carlyle Sisters, tfn.
Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, tfn.
Woods Club (Jackson): afterhours concerts, Sat.
Zombie: Walter Hamilton, tfn.

CHICAGO

Hungry Eye: Three Souls, tfn.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Art Hodes, Thur.
London House: Wild Bill Davis to 11/7.
McCormick Place: Swingle Singers, 10/22-23.
Mister Kelly's: Larry Novak, John Frigo, hbs.
Moroccan Village: Frank Shea, Joe Killian, tfn.
Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, wknds.
Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ralph Massetti, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Miles Davis to 10/31.
Velvet Swing: Dukes of Dixieland, tfn. Beebe-Oakley Survivors, Sun.

MILWAUKEE

Black Knight Lounge: Dick Ruedebusch, tfn.
Celebrity Lounge: Gene Krupa to 10/25.
Ciro's: Bob Erickson, Fri.-Sun.
Column's Room: Lou Lalli, tfn.
Dimitri's: Frank Vlasis, Thur.-Sun.
English Room: Tom Marth, Fri.-Sat.
Green Living Room: Will Green, tfn.
Ma's: Tom Marth, Wed., Thur., Sun. Four Star Quartet, Fri.-Sat.
Montreal's: Scot Johnson, Sun.
Mr. Leo's: Bev Dean, wknds.
Sardino's on Farwell: Dan Edwards, Mon.-Sat.
Zig Millonzi, Sun.
Sardino's Swing Club: Frank DeMiles, Fri.-Sat.
The Scene: Duke Ellington, 11/12-13.

INDIANAPOLIS

Barrington Lounge: Jimmy Coe, tfn. Sessions, Thur.
Carrousel: Bob Snyder, tfn.
Cactus Club: Pookie Johnson, wknds.
Count & Eve's Chateau: Count Fisher, hb.
Eleventh Hour: various blues singers, wknds.
Embers: Gene Krupa, 10/25-30. The Modernaires, 11/1-6.
Hub-Bub: Dottie Clark, tfn.
Marott Hotel Patio: Larry Liggett, Wed.-Sat.
19th Hole: various groups.
38th St. Bar: Naptown Strugglers, wknds.

CINCINNATI

The Blind Lemon: Cal Collins, Thur.-Fri.
Bonnevilla: Chris Brown, Fri.-Sat.
Herbie's Bar: John Wright, Mon.-Sat.
Inner Circle: The Good Sounds, Otis Williams, tfn.
Mahogany Hall: Ed Moss, tfn.
Playboy Club: Dave Engle, hb. Woody Evans, tfn.
The Whisper Room: The Whisper Trio, tfn.

KANSAS CITY

Barbary Coast: Priscilla Bowman, Roy Searcy, tfn.
Bellerive Hotel: Ray Harris-Bob Simes, hb.
Castaways: Pete Eye, tfn.

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Horse Shoe Lounge: Betty Miller, Milt Abel, tfn.
Mel's Pompeii Room: Jolie Harris, tfn.
O.G.'s Chuck Rowan, tfn.
Pepe's: Harold Henley, tfn. Sessions, wknds.
Playboy Club: Frank Smith, Vince Bilardo, hb.
Solar Lounge: Ernie Draffen, tfn.
Walter's Lounge: Larry Cummings, Dave Williams, tfn.

ST. LOUIS

Blue Note: Leo's Five, hb.
Corinthian Room: Don Cunningham, Mon.-Sat.
London House East: various groups.
Mainlander: Marion Miller, tfn.
Mr. Fords: Bernard Hutcherson, wknds.
Mr. Franks: Joe Murphy, tfn.
Opera House: Singleton Palmer, hb.
Oyster Bed: Connie Morris, tfn.
Playboy Club: Jazz Salerno 4, hb. Jim Bolen, wknds.
Silver Dollar: Muggsy's Gaslighters, tfn.
Sorrentos: Herb Drury, Thur.-Sat.
Tiger's Den: Sammy Gardner, tfn.
Upstream Lounge: Upstream Jazz Quartet, wknds.

NEW ORLEANS

Al Hirt's: Gene Krupa, 11/1-14.
Black Knight: Bill Gannon, tfn.
Blue Room: Mel Torme to 11/11.
Court of Two Sisters: Smilin' Joe, tfn.
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Mike Lala, Jan Allison, Santo Pecora, tfn.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, tfn.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, tfn.
Goliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.
Haven: Ed Frank, wknds.
Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole, tfn.
Loyola Field House: Louis Armstrong, 10/31.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, tfn.
Paddock Lounge: Thomas Jefferson, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Phil Reuay.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Red Garter Annex: Jim Lipscomb, Fri.-Sat., Sun. afternoon.
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.

LOS ANGELES

Blinky's (Garden Grove): Southside Jazz Band, wknds.
Caribbean: Reuben Wilson, tfn.
Caravan (Redondo Beach): South Bay Jazz Band, Fri.
Coronet Room: Dave Mackay, Sun. Gene Russell, tfn.
Gilded Cage (Anaheim): Lee Countryman, tfn.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, wknds.
Havana Club: Don Ellis, Mon.-Tue.
Hermosa Inn (Hermosa Beach): French Quarter Jazz Band, wknds.
Hollywood Plaza Hotel: Johnny Guarnieri, tfn.
Hot Today's (Glendale): New Dixie Band, Fri.-Sat.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.
Intermission: Phil Moore Jr., III, tfn.
It Club: Arthur Prysock to 10/27. Aretha Franklin, 10/28-31.
Knickerbocker Hotel: Charlie Morris, hb.
Leapin' Liz: El Dorado Jazz Band, Fri.-Sat.
Great Society Jazz Band, Wed., Thur., Sun.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Mose Allison, 10/22-31. Howard Rumsey, 11/1-4; 11/15-18.
Arthur Lyman, 11/5-14. Gerald Wilson, 11/19-28.
Marty's: William Green, tfn.
Memory Lane: Harry Edison, tfn.
Mitchell's Studio Club: Hampton Hawes, Red Mitchell, wknds.
Myron's Ballroom: Bobbie Douglas, Thur.
Nite Life: Bert Kendrie, tfn.
Officers Club (Long Beach): Johnny Lane, tfn.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson, tfn.
Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Kellie Green, Mike Melvoin, hbs.
Reuben E. Lee (Newport Beach): Ray Bauduc, Jackie Coon, Wed.-Sat.
Reuben's (Tustin): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Thur.
Roaring '20s: Rick Fay, wknds.
Rumbleseat (Hermosa Beach): Good Time Levee Stompers, Fri.-Sat.
Salvick (Anaheim): Alton Purnell, Fri.-Sat.
San Diego State College: Ella Fitzgerald, 10/23.
Shakey's: Nappy Lamare, Carlo Dunean, tfn.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Oscar Peterson, 10/21-31.
Wes Montgomery, Wynton Kelly, 11/2-14 (tentative). Charles Lloyd, 11/16-28. Swingle Singers, 11/30-12/5. Various big bands, Mon.
Tiki: Harold Jackson, tfn.
Troubadour: Nina Simone to 10/24.
UCLA: Swingle Singers, 11/5.
Velvet Turtle (Redondo Beach): Louis Santiago, tfn.
Villa Frascati: Calvin Jackson, tfn.

READERS Poll BALLOT

The 30th annual Down Beat Readers Poll has reached its final stage. For the next few days—until midnight, Oct. 31—Down Beat readers will have an opportunity to vote for their favorite jazz musicians. Results will be published in the Dec. 30 issue of Down Beat.

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

RULES, ETC.:

1. Vote only once. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight Oct. 31.

2. Use only the official ballot. Type or print names.

3. In voting for **Jazzman of the Year**, name the person who, in your opinion, has contributed the most to jazz in 1965.

4. In the **Hall of Fame** category, name the jazz performer—living or dead—who, in your opinion, has contributed the most to jazz during his entire career. This is the only poll category in which deceased persons are eligible. Previous winners are ineligible. They are Louis Armstrong, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Billie Holiday, Bix Beiderbecke, Miles Davis, Jelly Roll Morton, Thelonious Monk, Art Tatum, Eric Dolphy, and Earl Hines.

5. Vote only for living musicians in all other categories.

6. In the **Miscellaneous Instrument** category, a miscellaneous instrument is defined as one not having a category of its own. There are three exceptions: valve trombone (votes for valve trombonists should be cast in the trombone category), cornet and fluegelhorn (votes for cornetists and fluegelhornists should be cast in the trumpet category).

7. In naming your choice of **Record of the Year**, select an LP issued during the last 12 months. Include the album title and artist in the spaces provided.

8. Make only one selection in each category.

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