

AUGUST 11, 1966

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downbeat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

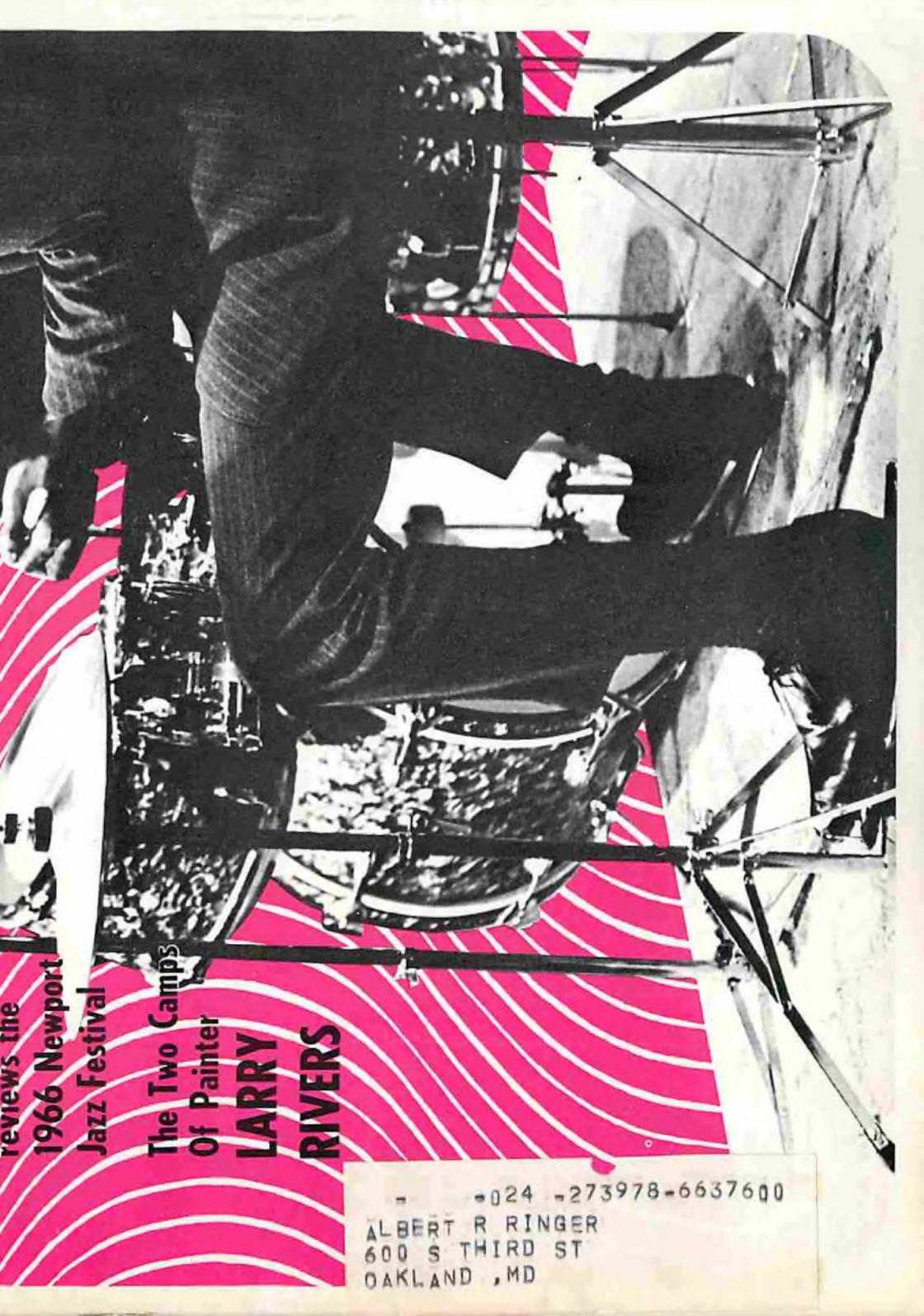
RE: ELVIN JONES

A technical analysis of the drummer's solos

**NEWPORT
REPORT**

Dan Morgenstern





reviews the
**1966 Newport
Jazz Festival**

**The Two Camps
Of Painter**

**LARRY
RIVERS**

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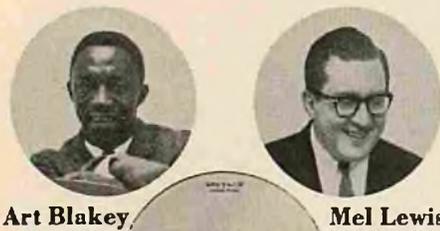


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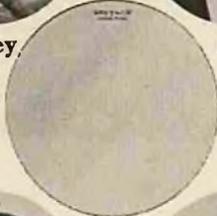
A Forum For Readers



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Bravo, Leonard Feather!

Dave Brubeck—Composer (DB, June 30), by Leonard Feather, was a long-needed, well-done article. *Down Beat* has been neglecting the Brubeck quartet for too long. In the annual combo issue, I did not see one line mentioning the quartet. In the annual drum issue, I didn't see anything on Joe Morello, who is the undisputed No. 1 drummer.

Down Beat has been reminiscing about the old-time big bands too long. Any issue will prove this. The record reviews are biased toward the big bands. *Down Beat* is about 32 measures behind the times—right now it's the individual, the small groups. So let's start recognizing it and print articles accordingly.

Jeff Myers
Darien, Conn.

Djangology

The story of Django Reinhardt, *The Magnificent Gypsy (DB, July 14)*, by George Hofer is a classic in objective reporting and thorough research. I am gratified that you gave Hofer liberal space to cover in depth the life story of this great guitarist. Congratulations to Hofer for a great job.

George W. Kay
Washington, D.C.

I would like to make several corrections to George Hofer's article on Django Reinhardt.

The most serious error is Hofer's statement that the French-published *Jazz-Tango* was edited by Hugues Panassie. As far as I know (I have what is probably the only complete sequence of *Jazz-Tango* from No. 1 to No. 84), Panassie was never the editor of this periodical, although he did contribute jazz disc reviews and wrote pseudonymously under the name Ache Pe. But Panassie did not edit *Jazz-Tango*. The Directeur-Administrateur was Leon Fiot, Co-Directeur Didier Mauprey, and Secrétaire de Rédaction M. Fournier.

The founding of the French Hot Club was announced in the Oct., 1932, issue of *Jazz-Tango-Dancing*.

The Hot Club's early officer is referred to as Pierre Mourry. This should be Nourrey, who was the secretary-general of the Hot Club.

Harold Flakser
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dug Kessel

In reference to the July 14 issue, I thought that Harvey Siders' article on Barney Kessel was very well done. I would like to see more articles about great guitarists all through the year and not only in the annual guitar issue. Keep up the good work.

Ira Rosen
East Meadow, N.Y.

New Jersey Titter

What a laugh I had after reading Dan Morgenstern's review of the Ornette Cole-

(ADV.)

education in jazz

By Quincy Jones

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QUINCY JONES

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Quincy Jones

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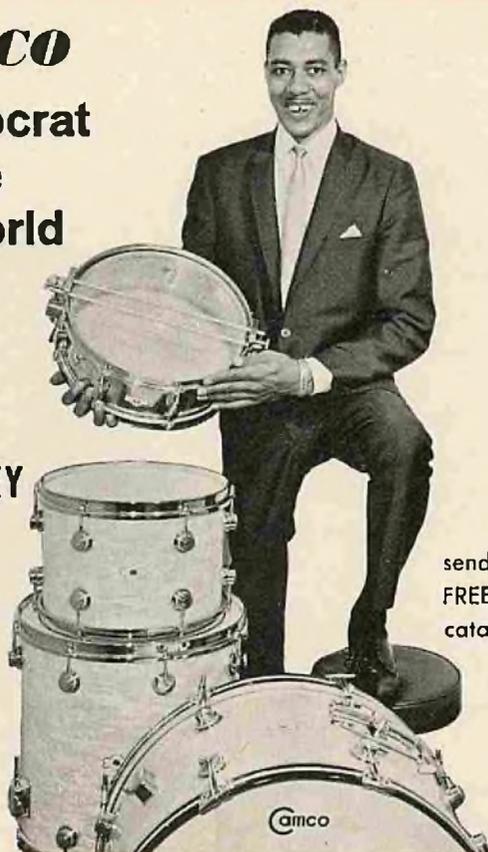
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man LP, *At the Golden Circle* (DB, June 30). I quote: "Coleman alternates between violin and trumpet on *Snowflakes*. His playing of these instruments is much more unorthodox than his saxophone playing. From the standpoint of the academy he can't play them at all. But he makes music with them."

So can I with tissue paper over a comb and simply hum. Maybe we could get together.

Mrs. Al Gecis
Elizabeth, N.J.

Kudos For DB

Congratulations on your recent two issues of June 2 and June 16; they really said something. The articles on the bass players were most informing, and the one on Charles Lloyd also was most welcome.

Patrick Gaul
New York City

A hearty welcome from all your readers should be extended to William Russo, the newest addition to your record reviewing staff.

With his background and talent as a composer in many media from jazz to opera, as a leader of ensembles here and in Europe, and as an author of books on the compositional aspects of the jazz orchestra, Russo should supply readers with reviews that have both musical insight and literary articulateness—a combination all but absent from past reviews.

Charles Lipp
Urbana, Ill.

Martin's Minor Chord Change

May I make a minor correction on Gilbert Erskine's generous review of my book *Where's the Melody?* (DB, June 30)? In his second paragraph, Erskine says that the book is "not cluttered with notations." In point of fact, there are (quite deliberately) no notations whatever in the book—unless one counts the fragment of a chord chart included in a footnote.

Second, I don't believe I assumed a knowledge of the diatonic scale and the formation of tonic, subdominant, and dominant chords on the part of the reader. I did include a brief note on them, for those who do have such knowledge, in a chapter on the blues.

Martin Williams
New York City

Corrections

In my June 2 piece on David Izenzon, I stated that while in Europe the bassist gave a half-hour solo recital on Amsterdam television. This was written before the scheduled event, which was later cancelled. By that time, unfortunately, the article was already at the printers. My apologies to David for this and also for apparently misquoting him with a typing error. Where he is quoted as saying that reading reviews is "a system of wanting approval," the word was, in fact, "symptom."

On the subject of records, Izenzon has appeared on three Ornette Coleman albums, not two. He has also recorded with Sonny Rollins and Archie Shepp.

Valerie Wilmer
London, England

The Long, Hard Road

Big-band veterans of the road have often grumbled about the long jumps between performances on tours. Booking-agency route-makers have been accused of throwing darts—blindfolded—at a map of the United States to determine the band's itinerary.

So how about a tour from Georgia to the Mongolian border?

The Earl Hines Septet, at the behest of the U.S. State Department, is in the midst of such a trip, and the fact that the Georgia is in the southern U.S.S.R., not U.S.A., hardly mitigates the problem—it's still about 1,200 miles between gigs.

The band will play four days in each of nine different cities throughout Russia, in several of which there never before has been an American presentation.

A week before the Hines group opened its six-week tour in Moscow on July 8, it was given a rousing sendoff by 2,000 at a Jazz in the Garden concert at New York's Museum of Modern Art (see page 34 for a review of the event).

One of the official well-wishers at the concert was Dr. Charles E. Frankel, assistant secretary of state for cultural affairs, who introduced Hines. Frankel noted that as a student he had spent many hours in Harlem's Apollo Theater enjoying Hines' big band and other swing-era groups.

With Hines on the tour are trumpeter Harold Johnson, trombonist Michael Zwerin, reed men Budd Johnson and Bobby Donovan, bassist Bill Pemberton, drummer Oliver Jackson, and vocalist Clea Bradford.

After playing Moscow, the group went to Kiev, in the Ukraine, and then on to Tblisi, Georgia; Yerevan, Armenia; and Baku, Azerbaijan. Next they play at Nalchik and Kislovodsk, two spas between the Caspian and Black seas favored by Russian vacationers. Then there will be concerts at Alma Ata, in Kazakhstan, a Moslem republic near the Mongolian border, and Leningrad. As a windup, a farewell concert is scheduled for Moscow.

Gil Evans To Head Monterey Orchestra

The ninth annual Monterey Jazz Festival will feature a resident orchestra under leadership of composer Gil Evans in programs that will include artists whose recordings with Evans-directed groups are considered jazz classics. Among such guests will be trumpeter Miles Davis and altoist Cannonball Adderley.

Evans will be making his first West Coast appearance in several years.

The festival general manager, Jimmy

Lyons, said Evans will assemble the orchestra from top musicians throughout the United States and that it will play several times during the festival, Sept. 16-18.

The idea of having Evans at Monterey was the result of discussions with John Lewis, music director of the Modern Jazz Quartet, who has been the festival's music consultant for several years, and with bassist Ray Brown, who will be Monterey's music director and concertmaster this year. Lewis and the MJQ will not be at Monterey this year because of other commitments.

A postscript to the Monterey festival will take place three weekends later in Costa Mesa, Calif., when the first annual Pacific Jazz Festival will take place at the new Orange County Fairgrounds Oct. 7-9.

Lyons will be production adviser for the Costa Mesa show, and two young business-nien/jazz fans, Ted Geissler and Ted Fuller, are underwriting the event.

A tentative rundown of the performances includes: Friday night—percussionists Tito Puente, Cal Tjader, and Mongo Santamaria and guitarist Bola Sete; Saturday afternoon—a blues program; Saturday night—singer Ray Charles and his big band; Sunday afternoon—a Dixieland program (Orange County is a haven for traditionalists); and Sunday evening, "Balboa Revisited," in which an attempt will be made to hold over Evans from the Monterey festival so that he and his band can join the Stan Kenton Orchestra in a nostalgic homecoming.

Evans is a former resident of Stockton, Calif., who began at Balboa Beach, just a few miles away from Costa Mesa, with a 14-piece band in the late '30s, and Kenton also started at Balboa in 1941.

The Two-Belled Horn Of Billy Brooks

"There are times when I've taken this with me on club dates, and, so help me, some people have taken the pledge."

What Julius (Billy) Brooks was referring to was his two-bell trumpet, called the Skoonum, an invention dating back to 1961, when Brooks decided the trumpet was becoming too limited in scope.

"My idea was not to change the trumpet but rather to add to the family of brass," he said. "The Skoonum does just that by offering a variety of sounds and making it possible to use a variety of mutes."

With the air divided equally, he pointed out, both bells respond simultaneously. Some find the sound to be one, but others, including trumpet virtuoso Rafael Mendez, have told him that they hear two distinct sounds.

"When I designed it—the actual construction was by Dom Calicchio in New

York—I had Cat Anderson in mind," Brooks said. "Cat has been one of my ideals since he came through my home town of Cincinnati."

Brooks actually was born in Mobile, Ala., in 1926, but spent most of his formative years in Cincinnati. He studied clarinet, piano, and trumpet, sticking with the latter after moving to New York City.

Brooks' jobs included stays with the Tiny Bradshaw combo and Jay McShann's



BROOKS: Double-barreled Skoonums

big band. In the '50s he toured with Lionel Hampton as lead trumpeter and featured high-note man. Since moving to the West Coast, Brooks has worked with Earl Grant, Gerald Wilson, Earl Bostic, Della Reese, Dizzy Gillespie, and Nat Cole.

"The first time I played it in public was in 1961 at the Driftwood Lounge in Las Vegas," Brooks said. "I was playing lead trumpet with Gerald Wilson's band, and each night I did a feature spot. That year I presented one to H. B. Barnum, and somehow he was erroneously credited with inventing it. And again, in 1963, *Jet* magazine claimed that Cat Anderson invented it. But that doesn't bother me—there's a patent pending on the horn—in fact, on both of them."

The second Skoonum came into being in 1965. The only variation of the newer one is the size of the top bell. It is smaller and shorter than the bottom bell, but the horn offers the same variational potential on muted sounds.

Potpourri

Duke Ellington was awarded a Doctor of Fine Arts honorary degree at the 59th annual commencement of the California College of Arts and Crafts in Oakland. Also honored with a similar degree was noted engineer-designer R. Buckminster Fuller, who invented the geodesic dome. Tribute was paid Ellington for his accomplishments as composer, arranger, pianist, and orchestra leader.

A series of four Friday night concerts, titled "The Avant Garde: A Perspective in Revolution," will be presented by Joe

Pinelli at New York City's Anderson Theater, a 1,700-seat auditorium at Second Ave. and Fourth St. The July 29 opening program will feature the **Ornette Coleman Trio** and the groups of multi-instrumentalist **Guiseppi Logan** and tenor saxophonist **Frank Smith**. Saxophonist **John Coltrane** and his group will head the Aug. 12 bill, which also includes alto saxophonist **Marion Brown's** quartet, plus singer **Jeanne Lee** with pianist **Ran Blake**. (Miss Lee and Blake began a series of regular Sunday matinees at Slug's in July.) The third concert, on Aug. 26, will present tenor saxophonists **Albert Ayler**, **Archie Shepp**, and **Smith** and their groups. Artists for the Sept. 12 concert had not been selected at presstime.

Tenor saxophonist **Stan Getz** will be a guest soloist with the **Boston Pops Orchestra** at Tanglewood, Mass., at concerts scheduled for Aug. 2 and 3. The concerts, conducted by **Arthur Fiedler**, will include the premiere of a new work by **Eddie Sauter**, whose previous collaborations with Getz include *Focus* and the score for the film *Mickey One*. Special material by **Antonio Carlos Jobim**, **Johnny Mandel**, and other well-known arranger-composers also will be included in the program. The concert will be recorded by RCA Victor.

When the **Woody Herman Herd** roared onto the giant stage of Chicago's McCormick Place for a concert with singer **Tony Bennett** last month, several familiar

faces were missing from the band—including **Herman's**. The leader was in Detroit being treated for a chicken bone lodged in his throat. But the Chicago fans' disappointment turned to glee when **Count Basie** strolled on to play piano with the band. (Herman's pianist and close associate of many years, **Nat Pierce**, had left the band about a week before the engagement. Pierce's regular replacement is **Atlantan Ken Asher**.) Basie was inadvertently reunited at the concert with his former drummer, **Rufus Jones**, who recently replaced **Ronnie Zito** with **Herman**. Among other new **Hermanites** at the concert were **Willie Maiden**, playing baritone instead of his usual tenor saxophone, and trumpeter **Dick Ruedebusch**.

The recently formed **Seattle, Wash., Jazz Society** has applied for \$160,000 in U. S. Office of Education funds for a jazz concert and lecture-demonstration series for the coming school year. A 20-page prospectus outlines a series of three concert-demonstrations to be given at each of the 60 high schools in the Seattle-Tacoma metropolitan area. The society's proposal calls for a 15-piece band, a modern group, a Dixieland combo, vocalists, and audiovisual aids. The organization would also hire a well-known figure in the jazz field to serve as a lecturer. Workshops for school musicians would follow concerts at the schools. A successful application for funds under Title III of the education act by the **Seattle Symphony Orchestra** for a classical music program spurred the move.

The **New York School of Jazz**, founded by the **Jazz Arts Society**, will reopen Sept. 15 with an enlarged program of instruction for underprivileged students in theory, harmony, and composition, as well as individual instruments. The school, which has been approved for assistance by the U.S. Office of Economic Opportunity, is accepting applications. No previous musical education is required, but applicants must be between the ages of 12 and 20. The school's address is 100 W. 77th St., New York City.

The **New Orleans Rascals**, a band representing the **Original Dixieland Jazz Club** of Osaka, Japan, began a U.S. tour in Santa Rosa, Calif., July 6. Guests there of the **New Orleans Jazz Club** of Northern California, the visitors played in a session along with **Ted Shafer's Jelly Roll Jazz Band**. The following day the band played two concerts in San Francisco, Osaka's "sister city," and then embarked on a nationwide tour. The band was to visit New Orleans; Columbia, S.C.; Washington, D.C.; New York City; Bridgeport, Conn.; Toronto, Ontario; Chicago; West Lafayette, Ind.; St. Paul, Minn., and Los Angeles. Members of the group are **Keitaro Shiga**, trumpet; **Tsunetami Fukuda**, trombone; **Ryoichi Kawai**, clarinet; **Satoshi Adachi**, piano; **Junichi Kawai**, banjo; and **Mitsuo Yano**, drums. **Mitsuo Suchiro**, a Japanese disc jockey, and **Jun Kobayashi**, president of the Osaka ODJC, are accompanying the band on its trip.



Feather's Nest

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Too much time has elapsed since the last column in which an attempt was made to establish communication with readers by asking a set of 20 questions.

Since the last questionnaire was published, the scene has changed so radically that many of the old questions have lost their relevance, and a number of new ones are called for.

As before, a prize of five LPs has been set aside for the reader whose answers are, in the opinion of this writer, the most interesting and best written.

Please keep your answers to a maximum of 50 words on any given question. Use a typewriter or write legibly; the volume of mail usually makes it impossible to deal with scarcely readable manuscripts. Where questions involve choices, a, b, c, etc., use letters in answers. Send your entry to Leonard Feather, Box 925, Hollywood, Calif., 90028.

1. What is your name, address, and age?

2. What instrument(s) do you play, if any? Professionally?

3. How long have you been interested in jazz?

4. Which types of jazz interest you most (name more than one if you wish): (a) avant-garde, (b) Third Stream, (c) hard bop, (d) Latin, Afro-Cuban, bossa nova, (e) mainstream-modern, (f) swing, big bands, (g) Dixieland, New Orleans, (h) others (name them)?

5. How do you do most of your jazz listening (again, name as many as you like): (a) records, (b) radio, (c) television, (d) night clubs, (e) concerts, (f) festivals, (g) others (specify)?

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

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

8. How many hours do you listen to jazz in an average week?

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

10. Do you believe the Negro musician has a greater inborn feeling for jazz than the white?

11. Do you think the Jim Crow situation has grown better or worse for Negro musicians in recent years?

12. Do you think there is such a thing as **Drop Jim** (antiwhite prejudice) in jazz?

13. Which musician do you think has done the most for racial integration in jazz?

14. Do you own (a) a stereo record player, (b) a tape recorder, (c) stereo-tape player, (d) automobile stereo-cartridge player?

15. Do you believe jazz is enjoying more general acceptance today than it was a few years ago?

16. In what country do you think jazz enjoys the best understanding and acceptance?

17. Did you learn about jazz mainly through (a) listening, (b) reading, (c) performing?

18. Do you believe that jazz was born in New Orleans?

19. It is this writer's opinion that **Dizzy Gillespie** and **Charlie Parker** were equally important figures in the birth of modern jazz. Do you agree or disagree? Give reasons.

20. Do you think the following, all rated in the top 10 of their respective categories in the last *Down Beat Readers' Poll*, are in fact jazz artists: (a) **Frank Sinatra**, (b) **Mel Torme**, (c) **Nancy Wilson**, (d) **Barbra Streisand**, (e) **Four Freshmen**, (f) **Hi-Lo's**, (g) **Peter, Paul & Mary**, (h) **the Beatles**?

To give readers overseas time, entries will be accepted if postmarked not later than Sept. 9, 1966.

I expect to have some interesting answers to quote in the *Feather's Nest* summing up the results.

CE

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK: Tenor saxophonist Coleman Hawkins' quartet and pianist Bill Evans' trio did two weeks at the Village Vanguard in July. It was the veteran tenor man's sixth engagement at the Vanguard this year . . . A series of four concerts, produced by clarinetist Benny Goodman for the benefit of the Stamford Museum and the Rockrimmon Festival Foundation were presented in late June and early July at Rippowam High School in Stamford, Conn. Among the performers were Goodman himself, in his role of classical clarinetist; his daughter Rachel, a classical pianist; guitarist Charlie Byrd; and violinist Henryk Szeryng . . . African pianist-composer Dollar Brand has been granted a Rockefeller Foundation fellowship. Brand will study with composer Hall Overton and also plans to go to London in the fall to write the score for a South African musical . . . The Berkshire Music Barn at Lenox, Mass., began its 12th season of jazz and folk concerts July 9 with guitarist-singer Josh White. Vibraharpist Lionel Hampton appeared July 10, and pianist Thelonious Monk's quartet performed July 24. The Dave Brubeck foursome will play July 31, and pianist-singer Nina Simone is booked for Aug. 14. Pianist Toshiko Akiyoshi and her trio will be on hand at the neighboring Potting Shed supper club through Aug. 21, while pianist Randy Weston's trio will be featured at the nearby Avaloch Inn . . . Trumpeter Freddie Hubbard took his quintet uptown to Minton's Playhouse for two weeks in July, following a Five Spot engagement . . . Tenor saxophonist Joe Henderson's sextet (Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Grachan Moncur III, trombone; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraharp; Jymie Merritt, bass; Joe Chambers, drums) made its second appearance at Slug's within a month when it came in for a week starting June 28 . . . An exhibit of drawings by flutist Jeremy Steig was held at the Oakdale Tavern in Wallingford, Conn., in July . . . Pianist Lee Shaw's trio (Alex Line, bass, and Stan Shaw, drums) kept a full schedule during June at the Living Room. The group played for lunch, cocktails, and the evening show, varying the musical fare according to the time of day and the mood of the audience . . . Village Gate boniface Art D'Lugoff will present the Dave Brubeck Quartet, organist Jimmy Smith's trio, and singer Lou Rawls in concert at Philharmonic Hall Sept. 24 . . . Multireed man Bob Lan, who recently moved to New York from Los Angeles, is rehearsing a group including guitarist Attila Zoller, vibraharpist Warren Chiasson, and bassist Bob Cranshaw . . . Pianist-vibraharpist Dave Horowitz and his quintet (Ed Curran, alto saxophone; Jack Bonus, tenor saxophone; Dick Kniss, bass; Bob Pozar, drums), taped a program for WNYC-TV in June. It will be shown Sept. 19 and 23 . . . Alto saxophonist Marion Brown's quartet, with pianist Burton Greene, trombonist Gra-

chan Moncur III, and singer Patty Waters, gave a concert at the Woodstock Playhouse July 18. Another group led by Brown (Dave Burrell, piano; Bill Fowell, bass; Andrew Cyrille, drums; and Miss Waters) also appeared at the Cellar Jazz Club in Toronto, Ontario, in early July . . . Reed man Yusef Lateef took his many horns and his quartet (Hugh Lawson, piano; Herman Wright, bass; and Roy Brooks, drums) to Slug's in June. Alto saxophonist Lee Konitz joined forces with pianist Jaki Byard for a recent Monday night session at the lower east side club . . . During the four Sundays in August, composer-saxophonist Ed Summerlin will be the host on the National Council of Churches' *Pilgrimage* radio programs, heard over the American Broadcasting Co. network. Summerlin will discuss the theological implications of jazz, folk music, and rock-and-roll, using recorded musical illustrations . . . The Jazz in the Churchyard free concerts at St. Marks Church continued through July with the groups of tenor saxophonist Terry Pippos, alto saxophonist and English hornist Sonny Simmons (with Barbara Donald, trumpet; Bill Woods, bass; Marvin Patillo, drums), pianist-vibraharpist Dave Horowitz, and bassist Bob Moley. Still to come are tenor saxophonist Frank Smith's unit (Aug. 3); baritone saxophonist-tubaist Howard Johnson's quartet (Aug. 10); clarinetist Mike Stall's trio (Aug. 17); tenor saxophonist Richie Grado's quartet (Aug. 24); and, to conclude the season, drummer Bob Pozar's quintet (Aug. 31) . . . Reed man Jimmy Giuffre's quartet did a week at the Half Note in July.

CHICAGO: Jazz was used at two large civil-rights events here early in July. At the Rev. Martin Luther King's Soldier Field rally July 10, Andrew McPherson's quartet was on the entertainment bill. For comedian Dick Gregory's Fourth of July rally at the Chicago Coliseum, organist Jimmy Smith and multi-instrumentalist Roland Kirk were on hand . . . Gregory told *Down Beat* that the movie in which he plays a character based on Charlie Parker is due for release in either November or December. The film is an adaptation of John A. Williams' novel, *Night Song* . . . The Plugged Nickel brought in altoist Sonny Stitt, accompanied by organist Don Patterson and drummer Billy James, for 10 days early in July. The Roy Merriwether Trio shared the F# portion of the program with Stitt. Trumpeter Miles Davis' quintet was scheduled to open at the Nickel July 20 for 11 days. Flutist Herbie Mann's group is booked at the club for the Aug. 3-14 slot. Future bookings at the N. Wells St. club include Wes Montgomery, Horace Silver, Thelonious Monk, and Mose Allison; no dates, however, have been set . . . The trio backing singer Ella Fitzgerald at her recent Ravinia Park performance was made up of pianist Jimmy Jones, bassist Jim Hughart, and drummer Ed Thigpen . . . The Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians presented altoist

Roscoe Mitchell's sextet in a July 3 program at Lincoln Center and bassist Charlie Clark's group at a July 17 concert at St. John's Grand Lodge . . . A group calling itself simply the Quintet will give a concert July 30 at the Englewood Urban Progress Center, 839 W. 64th St. The five musicians are Ivory Pittman, trumpet; James Whitfield, tenor and soprano saxophones; Louis Hall, piano, harpsichord, leader; Bill Brown, bass; Arlington Davis Jr., drums . . . *Summer in the City*, a musical review written by entertainer Oscar Brown Jr. and poet Kent Foreman opened to mixed reviews at the Harper Theater recently. Brown does not appear in the production but continues as star of *Joy '66* at the Happy Medium. *Joy '66*, however, closes Aug. 7 after a successful six-month run . . . In addition to playing Joe Segal's Modern Jazz Showcase sessions at Mother Blues on Mondays, tenor saxophonist-pianist Eddie Harris has been featured Wednesdays through Sundays at the Sultan Lounge, 6731 Stony Island Ave.

LOS ANGELES: Pianist Andrew Hill will write and conduct a half-hour suite, as yet unnamed, calling for a 30-piece orchestra and a 10-voice choir at the Orange County State Fair. The concert is scheduled for October. The work will also feature Hill's wife, LaVerne, as organ soloist. Hill's sidemen—tenor saxophonist Sam Rivers, bassist Cecil McBee, and drummer Steve Ellington returned in June to New York. Hill was using Donald Garrett, bass, and Buzz Freeman, drums, until he, himself, went back east for a month's engagement at New York City's Village Vanguard. Apparently Hill's recent picketing of Los Angeles' It Club (*DB*, July 28) had a far-reaching effect—the place was closed indefinitely at press-time . . . Another deal in the works, involving promoter-disc jockey Jimmy Lyons and booker Mike Davenport of General Artists Corp.: a package known as the Monterey Jazz Festival All-Stars—including alto saxophonist John Handy, guitarist Bola Sete, and pianist Jeanne Hoffman—will tour colleges in California, Oregon, Arizona, and Colorado for up to eight weeks beginning Sept. 19 . . . The seventh annual Battle of Bands took place at Hollywood Bowl recently, and enough jazz sounds were heard at this Los Angeles County-sponsored event to justify employing the following judges: Leonard Feather, Bill Holman, Calvin Jackson, and Gerald Wilson. The Pico Rivera Stage Band won . . . The Los Angeles chapter of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences will elect its board of governors soon. Among the candidates are guitarist Barney Kessel, a&r man Jack Tracy, composer Johnny Mandel, drummers Shelly Manne and Earl Palmer, saxophonist Bill Perkins, and arrangers Ernie Freeman, Dick Hazard and Tommy Oliver. President of the chapter is tenor saxophonist Dave Pell . . . Pianist Eddie Cano, who fronts the house combo at P.J.'s, received the second annual award presented to a Mexican-
(Continued on page 40)



BY DAN MORGENSTERN L TO R: DUKE ELLINGTON, FOUR BROTHERS, BUDDY RICH, BOBBY HACKETT AND DIZZY GILLESPIE, ELLA FITZGERALD

THOUGH ITS PURPOSE was not didactic, the 13th Newport Jazz Festival (July 1-4) served as a potent demonstration of certain basic facts concerning the state of jazz today, and it often became an object lesson in the difference between amateurs and seasoned professionals. One came away from this artistically uneven but always instructive musical marathon with renewed faith in the permanence and viability of established jazz values and confirmation of certain lingering doubts about the much-touted innovations that run counter to these basic artistic truths.

The festival presented more than 20 combos, five big bands, eight singers, and more than a dozen individual instrumentalists in four evening concerts, three afternoon events (one of them a double-header), and one Sunday morning jazz worship service—more than 30 hours of music in four days.

It would be absurd for a single observer to assume an air of objectivity under such circumstances. Newport (or any music festival worthy of the name) is a cornucopia, a groaning buffet, something to be sampled not gulped, to be enjoyed not analyzed. It is a total event in which it is impossible not to participate. And so, the comments that follow are subjective impressions, not objective judgments—except where criteria for objective reporting existed.

The new stage and permanent facilities at Newport certainly are objective facts, and very impressive ones at that. In the past, conditions at Newport, as far as personal comfort for performers and audience was concerned, have been primitive at best. Nor had the staging and lighting been much more than competent. But all has changed for the better, now that the festival has a permanent home, a plot of ground dubbed Festival Field. It is a sloping area that seats 18,000 and is dominated by a huge proscenium stage.

THE FESTIVAL GOT off to a slow start the night of July 1. The evening was enlivened only by a beautiful set by the Newport All-Stars (sparked by Buddy Rich's drum-

ming) and the antics of tenor saxophonist Archie Shepp's group.

The next day's matinee, which could well have been titled "John Coltrane and His Children," was heavy going, and the evening performance was rescued from disappointment only by the marvelous Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band, even though Nina Simone broke things up and brought the crowd roaring to its feet.

Joe Williams was liked by the crowd, too, and only a promise of his return allowed the Jones-Lewis band to take the stage. Even though it had to follow Williams and had its segment shortened, the band came across.

It was most welcome to see and hear at Newport a new big band that played not at all like Ellington or Basie or Herman, but still held its own. This, of course, was the Jones-Lewis band of New York's finest—a band that every non-New Yorker was eager to hear. It lived up to its advance notices.

With Snooky Young back in the lead trumpet chair, there was sparkle in the opening swinger, only temporarily dimmed by a loose key pad, which disrupted tenor saxophonist Joe Farrell's potentially rousing solo in midstream.

There followed Bob Brookmeyer's lovely setting of *Willow, Weep for Me*, with Jones' cornet and the arranger's valve trombone in the spotlight. Then came *The Little Pixie*, a fresh and lively Jones arrangement exploring new ways of using the basic framework of a big jazz ensemble, notably in terms of phrase accents and rhythmic flexibility, and graced by a bright exchange of solos, fours, and twos between trumpeters Bill Berry and Richard Williams (open, Harmon-muted, cupped, and plungered), Berry being in rare form. The set closed with *The Big Dipper*, a piece that opened with a genuinely funny musical conversation between Jerome Richardson's alto saxophone and Jimmy Nottingham's trumpet; it proceeded to build with excellent solos by these two (Nottingham's contribution was outstanding) and by tenorist Eddie Daniels, who demonstrated convincingly why he won

the recent international jazz competition in Vienna.

The band stayed to back Williams on two Ellington pieces: the moving *Come Sunday*, beautifully sung by Williams and perfectly played by Jones' singing cornet, and *Jump for Joy*. Both songs are vintage 1941 and more convincingly express what equal rights are all about than other such attempts heard at the festival.

To end the set, Williams sang his version of *Roll 'Em, Pete* with inspired backing from the band in what sounded like a head arrangement. The riffs were flying, and so, for the first time, were those listeners who had been starved for something like this.

Woody Herman provided further nourishment to such souls the following afternoon. It was hot, and the bandsmen soon shed their jackets (the leader had none to shed; he came out in a cool basque shirt). The music, too, was hot.

At first, the band seemed to strain a bit. *The Preacher*, with a pronounced backbeat, was a bit stiff and overly brassy, but trombonist Henry Southall, who rushed on stage just in time for his solo (an unexpected entrance, since John Pearson had quietly taken his place and jacket, and the band was full of new faces anyhow) enlivened matters considerably. With his personal departures from the Bill Harris style of explosive shouting, Southall is a fine, neglected musician—a real player.

Woodchopper's Ball, though announced by Herman as something "to get out of the way," got into a good groove. Sal Nistico's relaxed, warmly swinging tenor solo was more substantial than his driving, long excursion on *Sister Sadie*, and new Hermanite Dick Ruedebusch brought a welcome touch of Armstrong-inspired trumpet to the band. After high-note lead trumpeter Bill Chase "whistled" the number out, the old Woodchopper had his audience of about 2,500 where he wanted it.

Sadie, Hallelujah Time, and Somewhere (featuring Chase) led to a whirlwind *Apple Honey* with a fine clarinet solo by Herman, a demonstration that good things never date if you know how to keep them fresh.

REPORT



GRANT GREEN, THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS BAND, ARCHIE SHEPP, HOWARD JOHNSON; PHOTOS BY LENORE AVIN

Though loaded with memories, *Honey* is too wild to induce nostalgia. What followed, however, did: Four Brothers reincarnated. The late Serge Chaloff was replaced by Gerry Mulligan, whose baritone joined the tenors of Al Cohn, Stan Getz, and Zoot Sims.

But years of not playing in a section obviously can't be made to vanish, so the saxophone ensembles were a bit rough. The solos and breaks, however, had the spirit, and to see these four together called up the friendly ghost of 52nd St. and days gone by. And they were listening to each other, that was plain to see and hear.

Early Autumn, of course, was Getz'. Time flies, and musicians, who linger less in memories than fans, sometimes forget their old routines. Getz was no longer quite at home in the piece that led to his first fame, but as he found his way, he, too, became seized by nostalgia and made some lovely new phrases that told the story.

Then it was blues time, everybody stretching out a bit, with the band coming in behind the guests after a few choruses, Herman adding stop-time touches for No. 2 (Cohn) and No. 4 (Mulligan). Sims led off; a hard man to top on a relaxed blues. Cohn nearly did, though, while Getz, more involved in the scene than in playing, only showed flashes of what he could have done. Mulligan made a key change for his statement, which had the message.

Exit the Brothers, obviously happy; enter Buddy Rich, hero of last year's drum workshop, and one of the heroes of Newport '66.

After some horseplay, old friends Herman and Rich settle into a clarinet-and-drum conversation, Rich setting the pace on tom-toms. Midway the drummer stops to ask, "How do you like it so far?" and the clarinetist leans over and gives him a kiss. After a while, the band joins in for a *Golden Wedding* climax, ending with Rich playing like a demon. He throws away the sticks, and there we are, on our feet, applauding Rich once again on a Newport afternoon.

Rich had done it Friday night, too, with the Newport All-Stars, whom he sparked

into a great set, cornetist Ruby Braff, tenorist Bud Freeman, baritonist Mulligan, pianist George Wein, and bassist Jack Lesberg obviously inspired by the drummer's time, musicality, and spirit.

Rich had done it, too, before Herman came on Sunday afternoon. This time it was with Cohn and Sims (who always get something going), pianist Dave Frishberg (who played some of the best piano of the festival, fresh but with roots), and Gene Taylor (the workhorse bass man of the festival, a real pro and quite a player).

From a driving *Love for Sale* through the relaxed *Expense Account* to a medium-up blues, the Rich-Sims-Cohn performance was one of the happiest, most swinging sets of the festival. Both tenor men were in top form, and Rich's beat had life and buoyancy. The four-bar exchanges among this threesome were delightful, and Rich's solo on the blues was yet another remarkable performance.

Rich really did it, though, on Sunday night, after drumming beautifully behind a strong and memorable display of how to play piano Teddy Wilson style by the master himself. The tune was *Somebody Loves Me*. Rich began his solo by playing the melody and then proceeded to show how a drummer can make *music* with his hands and feet, using his fantastic facility to create something both meaningful and exciting.

Duke Ellington and his orchestra followed Rich's Sunday night performance, and they did it too. For some reason, perhaps the fact that they broke it up so definitively at Newport '56 (that *Crescendo and Diminuendo in Blue* was one of the things that made not only Newport but also jazz festivals), the band has since rarely been at its best at Newports.

This year, that pattern was changed. Perhaps because there had been the unexpected comfort provided by the new facilities backstage, perhaps because of the lovely night, perhaps because Duke was in a fine mood—whatever the reason, the band was on.

There were the old things (*Black and Tan Fantasy*, *Creole Love Call*, *The*

Mooche, *Take the A Train*, Cat Anderson's *El Gato*, *Rockin' in Rhythm*, and *Jam with Sam*), but old things that one never tires of when played like this.

There was Johnny Hodges, playing *I Got It Bad* as only he can (wasn't it written for him and Ivie Anderson?) and *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*, which always rocks the house, and his own *Wings and Things*, which is in the same blues groove but which would be better off heard before than after the established number.

And there were newer and less familiar things, making the set a perfect blend of Ellingtonia and a perfect demonstration of what the phrase "living tradition" means. *West Indian Pancake*—featuring the serpentine tenor of Paul Gonsalves, truly one of the very best, especially at this kind of relaxed tempo—was an islands-flavored confection with some marvelous toying with contrapuntal ideas, mostly between trombones and reeds, the latter flavored by clarinet blend.

Soul Call, a really brisk piece, was paced by Sam Woodyard (the drummer for this band, the one that fits, and whose beat is right) and spiced by short, pungent bits of Gonsalves and Anderson. *The Opener*, later on, also swung to the hilt, with trombonist Buster Cooper getting one of his rare chances to shout.

But the piece de resistance was *La Plus Belle Africaine*, originally a piano piece but now a tone poem cemented by Woodyard's astonishingly nuanced hand drumming from first to last note. It ranged in dynamics from *pp* to *ff*—from delicate piano and softly struck snare to a burst of brass led by Anderson's stratospheric trumpet. It featured a commanding cameo performance by bassist John Lamb, whose arco control and intonation should be the profession's object of envy, and a lovely spot by Harry Carney, king of baritone saxophonists. This was a piece of music—the real thing.

Ellington had an hour and a quarter to himself, as behooves royalty. (The band also played for Ella Fitzgerald, and we'll get to that.) Count Basie, also one of jazz-

dom's nobleman, had less time Monday night.

Basie was also playing for Jimmy Rushing, which is nostalgic, but neither the band nor that greatest of male band singers are relics, and their reunions at Newport have been frequent. Little Jimmy sings big these days with Al Cohn and Zoot Sims, and his performance with Basie, while charming, was nothing like he's been belting out at the Half Note with C&S. That would have been the thing.

Basie felt like playing piano, and when he does, it's a treat. The program was divided into two parts: nostalgia and the present.

Swingin' the Blues made a fine opener, with two excellent solos by trumpeter Al Aarons, one Harmon-muted, the other fan-hat style. *9:20 Special*, a great Earle Warren arrangement, sounded as fresh as ever, the reed section smooth and full, the brasses in cups and kicking. Tenorist Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, Aarons, and altoist Bobby Plater were the featured passengers on this streamlined train.

In Rushing's set, the band's newest member, who had come aboard just three days before, had his first solo spot: Roy Eldridge took a half-chorus on *Someday, Sweetheart*.

To end the "old" set Basie chose *Jumping at the Woodside*—ageless and still in the everyday book. On the second bridge, Eldridge rose from his chair and shot out an electrifying blast of super-high notes, ending in a whistle that Cat Anderson should have heard. Davis took a fine ride, with that unique, hoarse yet full sound of his.

Eldridge came front and center for some blues after a mellow Basie introduction. With a Harmon mute, Little Jazz preached, building his solo with that sense of construction and climax that is the mark of the masters. Then the band joined in with *Cherry Point* to take it out.

Trombonist Al Grey, one of the band's sparkplugs, also preached the blues with that plunger of his in a piece all to himself. It was a winning performance.

Basie, Davis, and drummer Sonny Payne ignited *The Kid from Red Bank*, the tenor man at his rocking best, the band spouting riffs behind him.

After singer Bill Henderson's stint, highlighted by Aarons' pretty fluegel obbligato on *Sometimes I'm Happy*, there was still time for *St. Louis Blues*, a good arrangement featuring the trumpet section (in Harmon's), Davis, Basie, and Payne. The crowd wanted more, but there was a wave from producer George Wein, and *One O'Clock Jump*. Basie was a fitting finale for the 1966 festival; one had the feeling that the band, which has been playing very well but is once again being taken too much for granted, is at the threshold of a new, vital phase.

MONDAY AFTERNOON'S trumpet workshop was one of the high points of the festival.

It began with a trio of compatible stylists from what has been called the modern school: Kenny Dorham, Thad Jones, and Howard McGhee. They played together on

Bags' Groove, Dorham warm and melodic, Jones brighter and more abstract, McGhee bold, brassy, and less complex.

For their solo stints, Dorham and Jones chose ballads. *My One and Only Love* was movingly played by Dorham, who has of late become a master of lyrical melodic exposition and improvisation. Jones' *I Can't Get Started*, first chorus slow, second double-time, and then back to slow for the final eight bars, was the kind of performance one would love to hear again, topped off with a perfect coda. Jones has his own way.

McGhee elected to play an up-tempo *I Remember April*, which was an unwise decision. Its unexpectedness jarred the mood that had been established, and his playing, though competent, failed to prove that there had been any point to his action.

The next three trumpeters were less directly related: Red Allen, Ruby Braff, and Clark Terry are three individualists of varied backgrounds. Nonetheless, their one joint effort, a moderate *Lover, Come Back to Me*, was a good example of musical togetherness.

Contrasts in style were further emphasized by the fact that Allen played trumpet, Braff cornet, and Terry pocket trumpet. In the solos, Allen was stately and grave, Braff (with bucket mute) tender and romantic, getting off some startling, saxophone-like runs and making beautiful use of his full lower register, and Terry (again with plunger) joyous and declamatory. Allen offered a measured *Summertime*, with fine sound and characteristic phrases, and a medium-tempo *All of Me*, on which he sang captivatingly.

The afternoon continued in a vocal groove, with singer Teddi King, backed by Braff in a telling demonstration of the trumpet's potential as an accompanying instrument. Miss King sang pleasantly and with good time, doing the rarely heard verse to *Keeping Out of Mischief*. Braff's solo on this Fats Waller tune was delectable.

Terry did his two-horn bit on *The Days of Wine and Roses*, alternating four-bar phrases on fluegelhorn and Harmon-muted trumpet. It's a cute turn, but Terry was more substantial on *Lover*.

The juxtaposition of Bobby Hackett and Dizzy Gillespie, which followed, was one of those things that happen only at festivals. Despite the marked dissimilarity in rhythmic accents and phrasing, the two great trumpeters complemented each other perfectly, perhaps because both are masters of using chord changes as a basis for improvisation.

Playing together on *S'Wonderful*, the two made delightful, relaxed music and obviously appreciated each other's work. As his feature, Hackett did *On Green Dolphin Street*, *I Got It Bad*, and a joyful *Struttin' with Some Barbecue*, which Hackett dedicated to Louis Armstrong on his birthday.

Gillespie returned, accompanied only by guitarist Kenny Burrell. With Harmon mute, he essayed a remarkably relaxed and delicate *Siboney*. Though there was no tempo as such, the trumpeter's every note was loaded with swing. Joined by drum-

mer Sid Shaffer, Gillespie and Burrell improvised a moving, soaring *What's New?*, with a fine solo spot for the guitarist.

Next it was jam session time, and, with Billy Taylor at the piano, Gillespie was joined by all the participating trumpeters except Allen, and a new face, that of fluegelhornist Jimmy Owens. After brief deliberation, the eight horns burst into *Disorder at the Border*, a vintage Gillespie opus, at racehorse tempo.

The performance shone with fraternal spirit. Terry, Dorham, and Braff led off. Owens brought on the first climax with a rousing solo, followed by a fiery McGhee and a perfectly poised Hackett. And then it was time for the champ. Gillespie, egged on by spontaneous riffs, constructed a series of phenomenal choruses, swinging, leaping, and getting off some runs that seemed to defy the laws of gravity and human breath control. It was a performance that brought a standing ovation and, afterwards backstage, hugs, kisses, and compliments from all the other players.

That night, Gillespie and his quintet did a set that was perhaps the most perfectly paced and presented of any by a working group at the festival.

The quintet played a montage of Gillespie originals, including *Ole for the Gypsies*; a new "soul" piece called *Damn, If They Can Do It, We Can Do It Better*; the durable *Con Alma*; *Tin Tin Deo*; a new feature for the remarkable pianist Kenny Barron, *Just a Thought*; and a potentially climactic *Manteca*, cut short by the usual overtime problem.

James Moody, on tenor and alto saxophones and flute, was superb; Barron, with more solo space than usual, keeps getting better, and the new rhythm team—electric bassist Frank Schifano and drummer Candy Finch—has become thoroughly acclimated to the leader's requirements.

Gillespie was astonishing throughout, launching solos like Roman candles, but the moment of truth came in a subdued *Tin Tin Deo* recapturing the mood of the afternoon duet. Backed only by Finch's mallets and soft bass, Gillespie held the attention of his audience as he built his masterpiece.

A trumpeter who had not participated in the workshop was also on hand that night, Miles Davis. It was his first appearance at Newport since 1959. He apparently was dissatisfied with his own playing but seemed to enjoy and encourage his group.

Despite his own dissatisfaction, Davis often played beautifully, especially on *Stella by Starlight*. In his lush opening statement, he played some perfect held notes, but after fluffing one, he broke into fast tonguing as only he can.

The four Davis sidemen have great empathy. Tenorist Wayne Shorter can touch all bases, playing inside as well as outside, always making musical sense. Pianist Herbie Hancock's touch is a thing of beauty; bassist Ron Carter is everything a bassist should be; and Tony Williams, perhaps the most *listening* drummer in contemporary jazz, inspires his fellows.

All Blues gets faster as the years go by.

(Continued on page 38)

ELVIN JONES is not only the most inventive and most rhythmically aware drummer today but also the most important drummer in terms of what his influence is and will be.

With the large number of recordings on which Jones appears, it has been difficult to decide which ones to use in discussing his work. However, since those records made under his own name not only have consistently excellent playing by him but also are carefully organized, rehearsed, balanced, and produced, these four LPs were picked. All but the first are in print. They are *Elvin!*, Riverside 409; *Illumination*, Impulse 49; *Dear John C.*, Impulse 88; and *And Then Again*, Atlantic 1443.

First, some general observations on Jones' playing:

He is not an especially thorough technician, in the Buddy

Rich sense of the word, and, in fact, is capable of some clumsy playing at times. He does, however, possess, as Louie Bellson pointed out in a recent interview, perhaps the keenest melodic instinct ever in evidence in jazz percussion; he also has the ability to make rhythmic juxtapositions and superimpositions the likes of which most jazz drummers have never dreamed or, at best, have confronted only in theory, never realizing them; and his extensions and expansions of the so-called independence techniques, which evolved during the bop period, will have a tremendous effect on future jazz drumming.

Much of Jones' polyrhythmic activity is, when scrutinized, not quite as complex as it may seem, although it's still amazing to hear some of his figures brought off as effortlessly and as grace-

RE : ELVIN JONES

a technical analysis of the poll-winning drummer's recorded solos

By Rupert Kettle



fully as they are and always as part of a developing musical line.

One of the most obvious things that Jones has done is to take metric superimpositions that have long been traditional in jazz drumming:

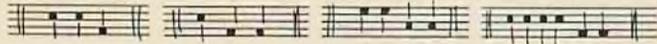


or



and extend them to much greater phrase lengths than they have ever been before (see the second "B" on *Pretty Brown* below), which may have the effect not only of a superimposed meter but also of a superimposed tempo.

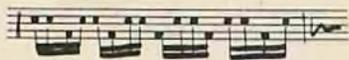
Several other of Jones' rhythmic tricks seem to emanate from quasi-technical figures:



and so on, which are then applied to pulse divisions other than those that would seem most natural. The following example is most naturally:

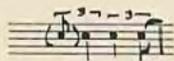


and is frequently used by Jones in this rhythm; however, it also very often occurs in his playing as:

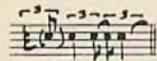


These and similar figures are elaborated upon through the use of a variety of permutations and, further, by an almost infinite number of distributions of the notes played by the hands on the various surfaces of the drum set (tom-toms, cymbals, etc.). The use of the bass-drum foot as almost a third hand, in many instances, adds to the rhythmic and tonal variants obtained.

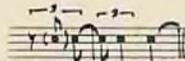
Having established these musical-technical bases, Jones develops matters further by initiating the various forms of figures such as those already shown at such points in a measure or phrase where one would least expect them and also often uses only fragments of the figures, moving from one to another so quickly, sometimes, that the listener is caught all but unawares on a first hearing. He uses the beginning of figures at unexpected points in various other manners too. For example, the figure:



by now a cliché, will occur as:



or



Two other basic figures, which Jones uses more regularly, and which appear to be favorites of his, may be pointed out:



and triplet-based figures, such as:



As stated, it is apparent that much of his playing is not all that complex if reduced to basic elements and then reconstructed, but the fact that the man can incorporate the kind of rhythmic devices that he does into complete, flowingly coherent musical sentences and paragraphs certainly indicates that Jones is the jazz drummer today.

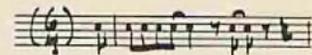
The album *Elvin!*, like the other three, contains some excellent music and some tough drum lessons. The tunes *Lady Luck* (Chorus 4), *Bass-at* (10, 11), *Pretty Brown* (5½, 6), *Ray-El* (17, 18) and *Four and Six* (6, 7) all contain fine extended solos by Jones. Since space will not allow all to be printed, *Pretty Brown* and *Four and Six* have been selected, since the former gives an example of the drummer's beautiful brush work and the latter shows his work in an "unusual" meter.

On *Pretty Brown*, the solo begins at the bridge of the fifth chorus; throughout the sixth chorus, he is accompanied by bass and piano.* An analysis of the phrasing on *Pretty Brown* will yield interesting results.

PRETTY BROWN



Four and Six is a blues in 6/4. Note the juggling about of the figure:



which is the principal rhythmic motif of the tune itself. Following these two choruses, bassist Art Davis and Jones trade fours and seem to get a little mixed up, playing as they do in 4/4. Things are finally straightened out gracefully, however:

FOUR AND SIX



*The recording must be consulted by the interested reader, for the subtlety of nuance in Jones' drumming defies musical notation.

Musical score for 'Aborigine Dance in Scotland' featuring five staves of complex rhythmic patterns, primarily using eighth and sixteenth notes with various rests and accents.

On the *Illumination* album Jones confines himself to one solo of any length (*Aborigine Dance in Scotland*), and it's far from his best work. But drummers and aspiring drummers are encouraged to listen carefully to this album to get some fine lessons in just what a drummer should do in accompaniment.

Dear John C. is an excellent album. Jones' solos on it are few, far between and, with one exception, never more than eight measures long (how many other drummer-leaders ever show such tasteful restraint?). The title tune has two good eight-measure drum solos in its fourth chorus. *Smoke Rings* contains a beautiful eight-measure solo, all the more amazing because of the tempo. *Anthropology* has excellent fours in its fifth chorus (see below). *This Love of Mine* has some good, but not exceptional, Jones in its third chorus. And *Everything Happens to Me* has some fantastic fours in its fourth chorus (see below).

ANTHROPOLOGY

Musical score for 'Anthropology' featuring five staves of rhythmic notation, including a prominent four-measure solo in the fifth chorus.

EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME

Musical score for 'Everything Happens to Me' featuring six staves of rhythmic notation, including a four-measure solo in the fourth chorus.

And Then Again contains a great supporting cast, some fine but never overly arranged writing by Melba Liston, and a well-balanced program. The selections include a semi-up tune, a straightforward funky piece, a pseudo-Latin number, a ballad, two pieces in "unusual" meters, and one "free" item.

Jones may be heard as soloist to good advantage on *Azan* (introduction and fourth chorus), *All Deliberate Speed* (introduction and sixth chorus), *Elvin Elpus* (ninth and 13th cho-

ruses), *Len Sirrah* (introduction and one eight-measure break leading into the final statement of the theme), and the title tune.

On *All Deliberate Speed*, as in *Four and Six*, Jones takes the principal (or only) melodic-rhythmic motif of the tune itself and builds his introduction and his chorus around it. The introduction and a few measures of the solo are written out here to show, once again, how he can construct absorbing solos by simply tossing around one little figure, in this case:

A short melodic-rhythmic motif consisting of a sequence of notes and rests on a single staff.

ALL DELIBERATE SPEED

Musical score for 'All Deliberate Speed' featuring four staves of rhythmic notation, showing the motif from the introduction and a few measures of the solo.

The playing on *Len Sirrah* is written out here, for it again demonstrates Jones' handling of a so-called unusual meter. Another example of Jones toying with a tune's melodic rhythm(s) may be noted in the first example below.

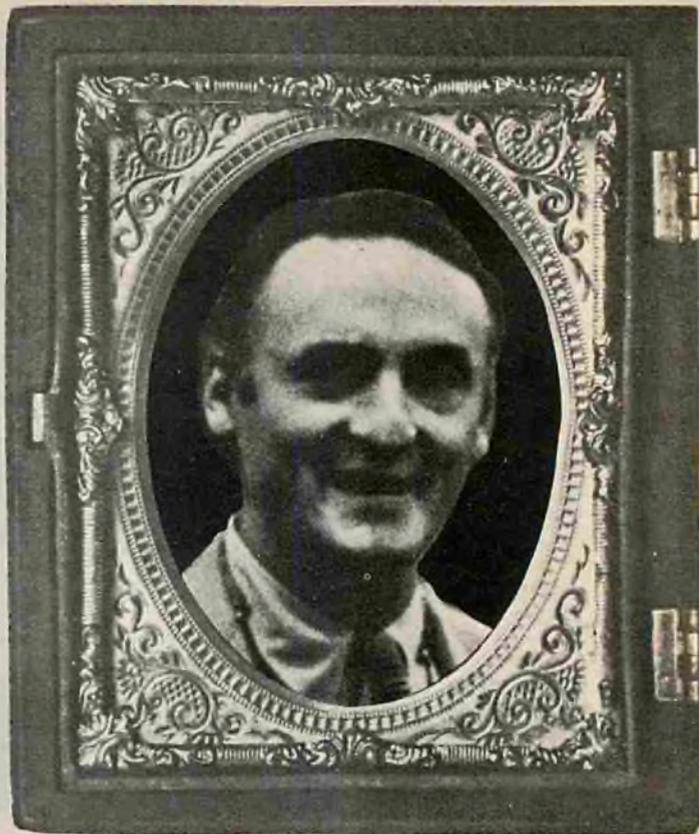
LEN SIRRAH

Musical score for 'Len Sirrah' featuring six staves of rhythmic notation, demonstrating Jones' handling of an unusual meter.

Special attention should be called to the *And Then Again* track. Jones' solo here is cadenzalike, relating to no specific tempo or meter. The reason for calling special attention to this track is that the four players involved give, individually and collectively, some fine lessons in being free without being foolish, to paraphrase John Cage.

So, that is the music of Elvin Jones—but only as of the writing. It would seem imperative to keep ears keenly attuned to his work, for no one knows what paths he may open up tomorrow. With Jones' music, if one wishes to know what he's doing, one had best see him as often as possible. 

LARRY RIVERS



IF SOMEONE SAID "loft," I would probably answer, "Larry Rivers." Larry and lofts are inseparable in my mind. He even looks like one—rumped, pale, open, and a bit funky. Not dirty—funky. Healthy. Kind of clean dirt.

As he increasingly has prospered over the nine years I've known him, he always has lived in lofts, although they have been getting larger and much more elaborate. His summer house in Southampton on Long Island looks that way, too, with exposed brick walls, funny nooks and corners, paintings and sculpture all over the place.

In 1957 I spent a lot of time in his loft on Second Ave. in Manhattan. In fact, I lived there a while. The first time I walked in, two saxophones were on a table, and everywhere paintings in various stages of completion. A large statue of a woman, made of steel rods and plates, stood in one corner under a clip-on spotlight. The floor was swept but unpainted, the walls clean but peeling. The bed was made, but with torn and unpressed sheets rumped.

That's the way he is—unpressed—especially his nose which, although badly in need of an ironing, is a real champion. Bright, wild, intelligent eyes moved restlessly beneath his long straight hair, balding at the crown and graying at the temples.

My relationship with Larry has been episodic. We sometimes go for months without seeing each other and then spend several days a week together. These times usually have something to do with playing jazz. In the years before he painted, he had worked as a baritone saxophonist with bands like Herbie Fields', Jerry Wald's, Johnny (Paradiddle Joe) Morris', and Shep Fields'. Even though his involvement and success with painting has grown steadily, he never stopped playing.

The loft on Second Ave. was the home of some of the best, if undisciplined, jam sessions in New York during the 1950s.

People like Elvin Jones, Lynn Halliday, Pepper Adams, Zoot Sims, and Jay Cameron played—and there were often some painters listening.

There was a special rapport between painters and jazz musicians in New York City then, revolving around the old Five Spot, where both hung out. When Ornette Coleman came to town, the first people who really paid attention to him were the painters, and they helped him get his first job at the Five Spot. It was a vital relationship, a churning scene without pretension or pedantry. Larry, having a foot in both worlds, was at the center.

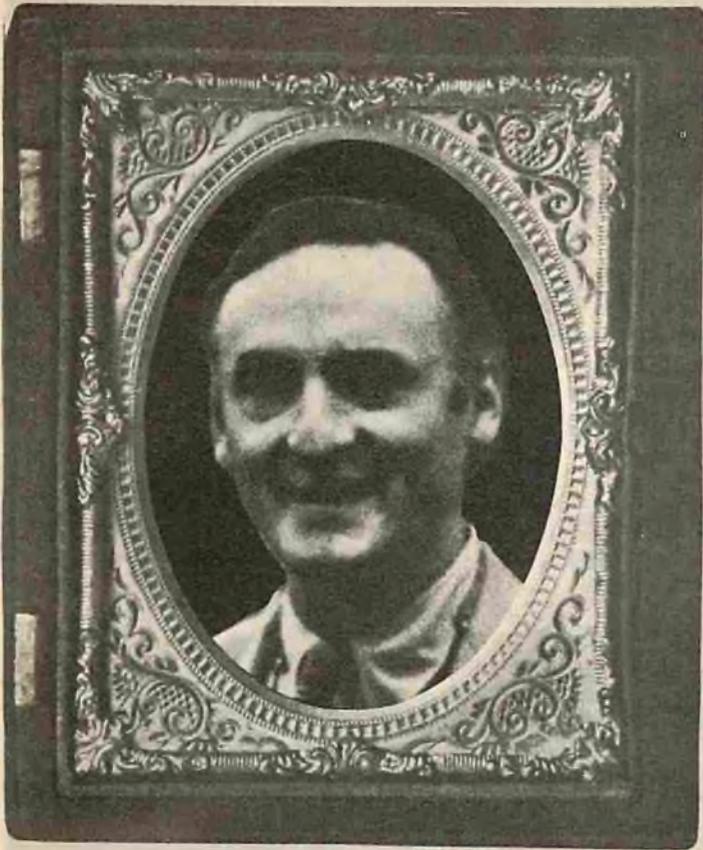
Late one night, about eight of us were laying around Larry's, waiting for the bass player. I was sitting on the floor in front of one of his enormous paintings, looking at it. Overflowing with October colors and shadowed shapes, it was done with beautiful technique, imagination, and humor. A figure might have one eye finished in exquisite detail, but the other would be nothing but a smudge, as if to say, "I showed you I could paint an eye, what's the sense of doing it all over again?"

There was a world in it, and I was fascinated. He was obviously more than just a competent painter. The amount of work and personal commitment that had gone into that canvas excited me.

I asked Larry, "Why do you still play jazz? I mean, don't you get enough satisfaction doing that?"

When you ask Larry Rivers a question about art, be prepared for an answer, an intelligent answer but a long one. He said:

"I suppose because it's physically thrilling. I don't identify with it the same way I did in the past, but whenever I start to play I just feel that... well, once I get over the nervousness of what am I going to play and who am I playing with and what are they going to think—all of the social paraphernalia—when I begin playing and things seem to be going right, it's fantastically satisfying. It's the closest art to sex, I suppose. Rock-and-roll has the same thing. I don't mean the playing of rock-and-roll, but its physical qualities—the vitality, the dancing. Of course, there are more levels to jazz. When I was younger, my playing related to feelings I had—loneliness or beauty, for example. But now it doesn't seem to be



A Look Into Two Camps of the Painter- Jazzman

by Michael Zwerin

that way. Now, it's a physical release."

"People play differently according to their moods," I said.

"For me it doesn't work that way. There are musical determinations, like what I think will sound nice, rather than how will something in my life effect some changes I'm going to run; it relates a lot to who I'm playing with."

The bass player arrived, winded from climbing the six flights—but eager to play. During the session, which lasted until 5 a.m., I listened to Larry with new interest. He was playing his C-melody saxophone that night. He had his flaws—no doubt about that. On *Slow Boat to China*, he turned the time around, and his intonation would be ferocious sometimes.

But there was something else too. He was always imaginative and free. Polytonal flurries of notes would be followed by squeaks, honks, or a sweet little phrase. When he played the melody, it was ironic and extremely personal. A friend of his, on hearing Archie Shepp for the first time recently, said "Hey, Larry, you've been playing that way for years!"

The following night, poet Frank O'Hara, Larry, and I were at the Five Spot listening to Thelonious Monk—with John Coltrane, Shadow Wilson, and Wilbur Ware. During a break, Larry said, "You know, I was thinking about our conversation last night. One reason I think I got so involved with painting is because it's more self-sufficient. You hang yourself up—nobody else can do it, just you. Jazz is social. You deal with people who have to play in tune or show up on time. I mean, it's like you're married. And it's harder to express attitudes—emotional or political—in music. The closest you can come is to stir someone up in a night club or at a concert—to disturb them physically. It's too... I don't know... abstract. So, that's why... Maybe it sounds too intellectual or something, but..."

"You mean you didn't think about it consciously at the time, but maybe that's one reason you were attracted to painting."

"Maybe. Also, it seemed to me that I might have ended up a drug addict. Playing jazz puts me in a very peculiar frame of mind. In a certain way I don't care about my life. I don't know what it is. I have two things in my character. The self-protective thing, which probably led me to painting, and the other, hovering in a sort of minority position in my personality, is related to jazz music. Something about playing certain songs. . . ."

"I think that a history of jazz has to relate closely to the white relationship to the Negro. I'll bet that the whole story of your own involvement in jazz is so intertwined with your feelings about Negroes and your responses to their thing in American society that it's almost impossible to talk about one without the other. What has it meant in my life? It usually has nothing to do with my close friends, at least those who don't play jazz. It's removed from them. Frank here, for instance, doesn't really know anything about jazz. In a certain way I'm relieved on an intellectual level. In painting, my hairs are always on end; whereas in jazz I don't feel those same pressures about making it. Not the music or the art part, but the whole thing about my mark on the world."

"What do you mean, 'feelings about Negroes' . . . about it being their music and...?"

"No. I don't think that way. I mean, who owns painting? I think that if they think that way, it's rather stupid. That's self-pity on a very dopey level."

Monk started playing *Just a Gigolo*, and no words should compete with that. We listened.

FOR THE NEXT THREE YEARS I was on the road most of the time and didn't see Larry too much except for neighborhood encounters at the laundry, the supermarket, or the Five Spot, where he was usually with a large group. That's something, too—Larry's social life is fantastic. Parties. Dinners. Eight people at a table in a Club. Mass movements. Drinking. Talk.

He seems always to be partying when he isn't working. But painting is a lonely occupation so when the painter

is through working, the company of other human beings becomes more of a necessity than a luxury. Larry seems to need it more than most.

In 1961 I was passing through Paris and called Larry, who was working there for the winter. We spent some time together one afternoon, but he was distracted, thinking about a painting in progress. That night, the concierge of my hotel handed me a message that Mr. Rivers would be at a certain club in Pigalle later that night, and would I join him *pour jouet*. Jouet means to play a game, not a musical instrument; so I didn't know whether to bring my horn or prepare myself for an orgy.

It turned out to be a strip-joint tourist trap with a Cuban band. Larry had been there a few nights before and had asked the leader whether he could play with them some time. So there we were, and the band wasn't too bad. Nothing astounding, but they knew how to play the blues. It was an ugly, hood type of place, and the management looked on us with suspicion and hostility, which would have spooked me if it hadn't been for Larry, whose self-assurance immunizes him to such diseases.

The guys in the band were friendly, and I enjoyed playing. However, Larry sounded to me as if he were less sure of himself, as if he weren't having quite as much fun doing it as he used to.

"I've been a little disenchanted with it lately," he said later. "Maybe I identify less now. It certainly doesn't have the integral meaning for me that it used to, or that it does for others who live with it totally. At a party, a lady will say to me, 'I just love to paint, Mr. Rivers. I don't know what it is, but when I paint, I get such a wonderful feeling.' I'm a little ashamed to say it, but that's something like how I feel about playing now. The fact that I don't have to make a living at it any more has probably made a big difference. Now it seems to be even more of an escape from the other pressures. It certainly doesn't satisfy me as much. I don't know what it is. . . . I hope it's temporary."

TWO YEARS LATER, back in New York, we started working Mondays at the newly moved Five Spot on St. Marks Place. Named the Upper Bohemia Six by Joe Termini, our group played opposite the David Amram-George Barrow Quartet (Larry's art world friends and David's girls practically packed the place by themselves), and although we were pretty ragged, musically, we had a ball.

Larry, Howard Kanovitz (a painter who played trombone), and I were the front line. Our rhythm section was usually fine—Richard Davis, bass; Joe Chambers, drums; and Dick Katz, piano, much of the time—but the horns would do things like forget the arrangements or play them out of tune or just plain sloppy. Things rarely went right.

I could see the looks of resentment on the faces of certain jazz musicians who would wander in occasionally. We were taking their jobs away, is what they were thinking—or at least what I imagined them thinking. Larry, whatever musical faults he had, was enjoying himself and sounding like it.

He wrote many of our arrangements. They were usually angular versions of standards like *Who's Sorry Now?* or *In the Mood*. Looking back at it now, I suppose we played more socially than musically, though we did get into some nice grooves occasionally.

Anyway, those Mondays ended in a blaze of apathy, after months of dwindling audiences, early in 1965. Larry was by then something of a celebrity. Leonard Lyons mentioned him regularly in his column, he was a subject on *To Tell the Truth* ("Will the real Larry Rivers please stand up?"), and his paintings and sculpture were selling at ever-increasing prices, as fast as he could

turn them out.

His painting style had matured a lot but basically changed little over the years. Some art critics had laughed at him once for painting George Washington crossing the Delaware, but since then Jasper Johns had painted an American flag and Roy Lichtenstein had done a portrait of George Washington, and all of a sudden, Larry was "in," doing the same stuff he'd always done. Maybe all of this eased his anxieties, but whatever it was, he was clearly enjoying playing jazz again.

Earlier this year, he called to say that he was starting a week with Elvin Jones' band at Slug's. He was surprised and flattered that Elvin had asked him but a little worried about the pressure of the attentive, demanding audience there. Part of Larry's charm is that he seems truly amazed at the good things that happen to him.

"Imagine, they paid \$15,000 for that painting that was in my studio when you were there," he told me once, as if someone had been insane to do it. Now he thought it was weird that Elvin had given him that gig. So did I, as a matter of fact, so I made it a point to get over there on opening night.

I walked in on his outrageously personal rendition of *Who's Sorry Now?*, in which he raises the top note of the first phrase a whole step.

He was wearing a cowboy shirt that Zachary Scott had given him, and a crazy knitted tie, with big holes in it that his wife had made for him. His left arm often twitches because of a spinal malfunction that started when he was in the Army. To keep it still while playing the saxophone, he props his left foot on a chair or stool, resting the arm on his leg. That's the way he was standing in Slug's—the veins on his forehead popping out as usual. Altogether, he was a bizarre figure, musically as well as visually.

"Hey, you sound like you've been practicing," I told him after the set.

"No," he said. "I don't practice anymore. I play alone a lot, and lately I've been playing old tunes all the time. Old tunes! I'm hung up on *Harlem Nocturne*."

"You always were, like *In the Mood* at the Five Spot. God, *In the Mood*! I couldn't believe it at first, but after a while I got kind of attached to it."

"That was something else. Pop art. You take something that was obviously bad and then reinterpret it. That's fun. It's like rescuing it from oblivion, like you're personally responsible for the good in it—for finding the good in it."

"Like you found the good in George Washington. . . ."

"Right. It's the same thing. At the point I painted that, I was depressed about life. The possibilities seemed to me to be zero for any kind of pleasure or anything constructive. That was 1953. Then a few years ago—about that time we were in Paris together—I got into the same mood about music. It didn't mean anything. What was the point? But those things pass."

"Yeah . . . everything does—like bebop. I notice that you're still playing on chord changes, by the way. Don't you feel old-fashioned?"

"Sometimes. But I had a thought the other day about what's been happening since Ornette Coleman. He seemed to produce absolute apathy in a lot of people. It happened earlier in painting and in 'serious' music. You don't know what it's about—notes or what. I don't mean to put that music down, but when a style of art had interest for a group of people, you mean to say that after it loses its front-page value, it's no longer valid? If that's true, life seems hopeless."

"That's what happens, especially lately," I said.

"Then the sort of Broadway (*Continued on page 37*)



L TO R: FRANCO AMBROSETTI; KLAUS WEISS; JIGGS WIGHAM; DR. FRIEDRICH GULDA; MIROSLAV VITOUS; EDWARD K. DANIELS; AND FRIEDRICH PAUER.

VIENNESE COOKIN'

BY WILLIS CONOVER

PROFESSOR DOCTOR FRIEDRICH GULDA called to the waiter, "Dry martini!" The waiter, thinking he said "*drei martini*," brought three drinks. It's the only time Gulda's wishes have ever been unclear or unsatisfied.

The whole city of Vienna, Austria, snapped to attention when Gulda, the local Leonard Bernstein, decided to run an international competition for modern jazz.

For patrons he got the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Minister of Education, the Lord Mayor of Vienna, and the *Amtsfuhrender fur Kultur, Volksbildung und Schulverwaltung der Bundeshauptstadt Wien*. For his committee of honor he enlisted the diplomatic representatives of 20 countries, the directors of 28 music organizations, and Duke Ellington. For expenses he obtained an estimated \$80,000. For contestants he got close to 100 young jazz musicians from 19 countries—some as distant as Uruguay and Brazil.

For the jury: six well-known jazz musicians from the United States and a chairman from Poland. For an orchestra for the final concerts: 13 musicians (plus the rhythm section on his jury) from seven countries.

And for co-ordinating all this, his general secretary, Siegmur Berfelt, got a heart attack. After all—a bunch of American jazz stars and Friedrich Gulda?

In one whack, Gulda and the city of Vienna did for jazz what some American promoters may spend a dozen years promising. And he did it in Austria, a country without a jazz scene and without money to throw around.

I'm not even talking about the press, radio, and television coverage, or the full-blast food-drink-and-speeches reception by the Lord Mayor in Vienna's gothic Town Hall, or the presentation of jazz in the Vienna Konzerthaus while a Mozart concerto played next door.

I'm talking about the opportunity for young musicians (aged 15 to 25), amateur and professional, to be heard and judged by artists they know and respect; to play the music they want with a swinging band; and to compete for the added sweetness of big cash prizes. In six categories—piano, bass, drums, saxophone, trumpet, and trombone—first-place winners each received \$1,000 (in equivalent Austrian currency) and a partial scholarship to the Berklee School of Music in Boston, Mass. Six second-place winners received \$600 each. Gulda also got the winning pianist a brand-new piano and the winning drummer a full set of drums.

Well, of course, they worked for it.

In the preliminary eliminations each contestant played three numbers: a blues, a ballad, and a jazz standard or original. He rehearsed with his choice of accompanists; if he preferred, a professional rhythm section was provided.

He played for seven men he couldn't see: the jury was behind a screen. Since they couldn't see him either, no juror knew his name or his nationality. They were judging only his performance, scoring each of his selections on a point-scale from 1 (poor) to 19 (excellent). The contestant would have to score an average of at least seven points from each jury member to qualify for the final eliminations. Then he'd have to go through it all again.

The jurors were altoist Cannonball Adderley, trombonist J. J. Johnson, flugelhornist Art Farmer, pianist Joe Zawinul, drummer Mel Lewis, and bassist Ron Carter. The jury chairman, who wouldn't vote except in a tie, was critic Roman Waschko. The jury's refreshments were mineral water, king-size Cokes, and Viennese coffee. For three days that was all they drank from 9:30 a.m. till early evening. The jury took its duties seriously.

A dialog across the screen might go like this.

Young lady in the organization (escorting contestant): "Mr. Waschko?"

Waschko: "Yes?"

Young lady: "Candidate No. 14."

Waschko: "Fourteen" (members of the jury noting).

Young lady: "Piano."

Waschko: "Piano."

"First number, *Oleo*."

"*Oleo*."

"Second number, *Ernie*."

"*Ernie*."

"Third number, *Bags' Groove*."

"*Bags' Groove*. Thank you."

The contestant would begin his set. He had a maximum of 15 minutes. When the jury felt it had heard enough to score the performance fairly, Waschko would interrupt by striking a cowbell and calling, "Thank you. Next number, please." The interruption meant neither approval nor disapproval; it meant every juror had graded the performance. The best performers would be heard again later, in full.

For me—outside with the contestants in the conservatory courtyard, jazz coming from "our" window, Bach from a window upstairs—there was drama in the situation. Six famous instrumentalists were inside, weighing the performances (the prestige back home, the possible heartbreak) of 100 young musicians they couldn't see. Was human compassion warring with strict critical standards? Say a jury member thought a performance was worth 6.5 points: should he raise it a half point to make it 7, to pass the contestant into the finals? Or, if the performance was worth a passing grade but he thought another juror might grade it lower, should he raise his own score to compensate? Which is better: to be wrong

(maybe), but on the side of humanity; or to be right (maybe), but on the other side? The letter or the spirit?

All this was only speculation. Inside, six beings were listening, feeling, thinking, and scoring in honest conscience. And however dramatic the situation for them, it was pure trauma for most of the contestants.

"Man!" one performer said, stumbling into the courtyard. "That's the roughest thing I've ever gone through in my life! Playing to a blank screen, knowing who's listening on the other side. And that damn cowbell! Like a guillotine—three times!"

The results of the judging were posted later each day. Some of the dis-

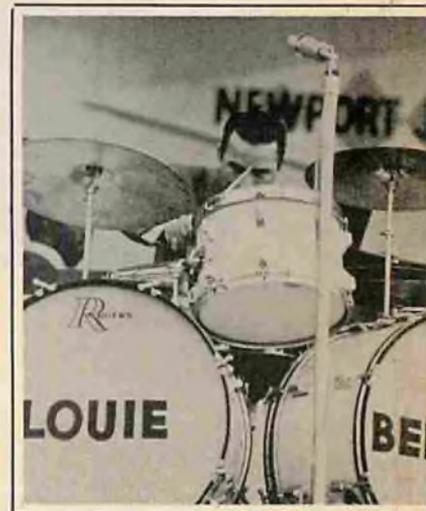
qualified left for home. Many stayed to hear the final eliminations, which, unlike the preliminaries, would be open to the public.

If the contestants were unnerved by the screen, in the finals they faced worse. They would face their judges—who had been instructed to show no response.

"I thought I'd played pretty well," one contestant said after his final performance. "Then I looked down at that table in front of the stage, and there were J. J. Johnson and Cannonball Adderley and Art Farmer and the others sitting there, just looking at me. No applause, no smiles, nothing!—except writing my fate on their ballots."

It may not matter to you that L

*unless you're
serious about
your
drumming!*



Louie Bellson, currently with Duke Ellington

IF you're not a serious drummer, you might be satisfied with any drum. A great drummer like Louie Bellson has to be serious about his drumming. He prefers Dyna-Sonic for good reason: the best must play the best. Nothing less will do. Rogers designed Dyna-Sonic only for drummers who care about making the most of their talent.

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There were 40 musicians in the finals. The United States with nine and Czechoslovakia with eight had the most. Holland was represented by five, Austria by four, West Germany four, Poland three, and Brazil two. Denmark, East Germany, Yugoslavia, Sweden, and Switzerland each had one finalist. This time the contestants would appear in alphabetical order. This time each musician could play up to 20 minutes; he would be interrupted only if he played longer. He would play the same music offered in the preliminaries. If he wanted, and time permitted, he could add a fourth selection.

I was not a member of the jury and didn't see the jurors' votes. I am not a

jazz "expert," whatever that is; and I'm a critic only in the sense that anyone is a critic who listens and responds. I did hear most of the finalists, however. I listened to them as I listen to new records for my radio program: would I broadcast that? My private point system allowed for a "genius" top, dropping fractionally to a low of "call the cops!" I heard no geniuses—haven't heard a new genius anywhere for years—and the cops weren't ever necessary: the preliminary elimination had taken care of that. The average rating was somewhere between the two extremes—what I called "professionally acceptable."

Omitting the winners for a moment,

here are my notes (without ratings) on a few finalists. The notes may show why some contestants didn't win, assuming the jury's reactions were similar to mine.

Altoist Filho Victor Assis, of Brazil, played in a passionate Charlie Parker style.

Czeslaw Bartkowski, of Poland, played light, loose, swinging, tasteful drums; and if he'd played with a stronger bite, I'd have marked him nearer the top in his category.

Bob Degen, from the United States was an acceptable pianist, but not by Bill Evans standards, which Degen seemed aware of.

Louis Dikker, of Holland, was Evans again, with less technique but a bit more strength than Degen.

Dutch drummer Martin Dynhofen was more mannered and less swinging than I like. But six or eight other contestants chose Dynhofen for their rhythm sections.

Jurgen Karg, a good bassist from West Germany, was an accompanied soloist rather than a bassist swinging a combo. Although he played pizzicato for the whole set, he used a lot of glissandi, perhaps to hide the fact that his intonation was off sometimes; he had a lovely tone, though.

Joachim Kuhn, East German pianist, revealed himself as a real musician, with a fondness for the horizons beyond. I was sorry he was eliminated.

Albert Mayr, Austrian pianist, wasn't very original (Bill Evans on ballad, McCoy Tyner on the fast ones), but he knew what he was doing.

Claudio Roditi, Brazilian trumpeter, might be more at home with the gentle beauty of Brazilian music than with the different demands of jazz.

Rudolf Rokl, Czechoslovakian pianist, was crisp, swinging, imaginative, humorous. I wished him a place among the winners.

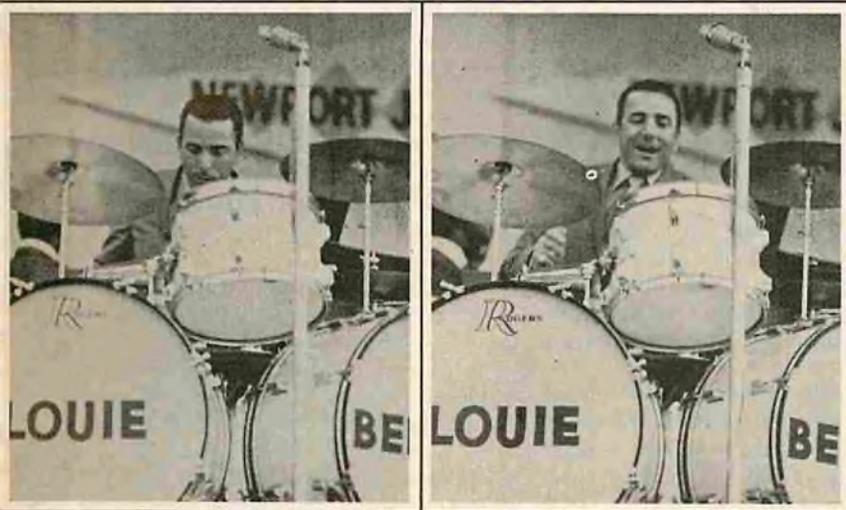
Polish fluegelhornist Tomasz Stanko has sounded surer with the Andrzej Trzaskowski group, with which he usually plays, though the feeling was there.

Ludvik Svabensky, piano, Czechoslovakia, reshaped *Night and Day* imaginatively. He had a skillful touch and good taste; though not especially original, he is a well-grounded pianist and jazzman.

As a private listener I agreed with the jury: all the winners deserved to win. The first-place winners were:

Trumpet—Franco Ambrosetti. He was born in 1941, in Lugano, Switzerland. An economics student at the University of Basel, Ambrosetti plays in quintet led by his father, industrialist-alto saxophonist Flavio. He has played at festivals in San Remo, Bologna, Lugano, Zurich, Comblain-la-Tour, Warsaw, and Prague. A Clifford Brown-

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Fats Navarro man with great facility, his *Blues for Ursula* helped win the finals, I think.

(Some members of the jury suggested a special prize for Ursula, who was pleasantly present.)

Saxophone—Eddie Daniels. He was born in 1941. A native of Brooklyn, N.Y., he has degrees from Brooklyn College and Juilliard. Daniels played tenor with Tony Scott, the Bill Evans Town Hall concert orchestra, and is now with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. He blew the roof off the Schubertsaal with his first note; the closest comparison might be Sonny Rollins.

Piano—Friedrich Pauer. Born in Vienna, in 1943, he worked with Jimmy Deuchar, Tubby Hayes, and Herb Geller. Now at Dug's Night Club, Berlin, Pauer broke the piano finalists' Bill Evans mold; if any influence showed, it was more Oscar Peterson's, though in Pauer's original *Ernie* he chose rhapsodic Stan Kenton.

Bass—Miroslav Vitous. He was born in Prague, in 1947 (the youngest winner in the Vienna competition), and now is a Prague Conservatory student. How did the jury sit still through Vitous' set? It was as close to perfect as one could expect a bassist to be—sensitive, swinging. . . . I joined the jury in nonapplause. I sweated in my palms, instead.

Drums—Klaus Weiss. He was born in 1942, in West Germany. He has his own group but has worked with Leo Wright, Johnny Griffin, Don Byas, Kenny Drew, Attila Zoller, Bud Powell, and Klaus Doldinger. He kept good time in the finals, and that's important.

Trombone—Jiggs Whigham. Born in 1943, in Cleveland, Ohio, he has played with the Ray McKinley/Glenn Miller Orchestra, Kenton, Johnny Richards, Maynard Ferguson, and Les and Larry Elgart. Since September, 1965, he has been with the Kurt Edelhagen Orchestra in Cologne, Germany. He programmed his set wisely: with open horn, with tight mute, and with "Tricky Sam" Nanton plunger mute. While Whigham played, J. J. Johnson sat impassively at the jury table, but I could hear him groaning his appreciation. Later, Whigham said Johnson's presence was inhibiting. "Every time I started to get into something, I'd say, 'No . . . can't play that . . . that's J. J.'s lick!'" Whigham was the only trombonist to make the finals. His Berklee scholarship should include a course in irony appreciation: before joining Edelhagen's band, Whigham was considering an offer to *teach* at Berklee.

The second-place winners were Jiri Mraz (Czechoslovakia), bass; Jan Hammer Jr. (Czechoslovakia), piano; Lennart Aberg (Sweden), tenor saxophone,

and Wlodzimierz Nahorny (Poland), alto saxophone (since there wasn't a second-place trombonist, the jury awarded the prize to one more saxophonist); Manfred Josel (Austria), drums; and Randal Brecker (United States), trumpet.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS:

The United States' jazz representatives overseas should and could always be from our best. American musicians who *also* play jazz are not representative. They must be as superbly talented and as passionately involved with jazz as the best foreign jazz musicians, with whom they will be compared. It hasn't been 10 years since any U.S. jazz musician went over big with European audiences just because he was American. The best Europeans today are every bit as good as all but our very best.

Some U.S. organization should and could have helped more good Americans to get to Vienna. Contestants from some other countries had their trips underwritten by the minister of culture, by the city council, by—oh, well.

Although it's often said (by me, too) that European jazz drumming isn't up to American standards, drums were the only instrument without a U.S. representative in the finals.

Without demeaning first drummer Klaus Weiss at all, I didn't find second drummer Manfred Josel inferior to Weiss, though Josel didn't hit his stride until the Eurojazz Orchestra concert later in the week.

Second bassist Jiri Mraz was right at the heels of first bassist Miroslav Vitous. A firm, steady walker, a good soloist, inventive but not preposterous. Somebody in Czechoslovakia is sure teaching a lot of bass! Both winners in the bass category were Czechoslovakians. (And *Down Beat's* first-place 1966 Hall of Fame Berklee scholarship was awarded to Czechoslovakian bassist Milan Rezabek.)

The "house" rhythm section rehearsed and played God knows how many numbers in how many styles behind the contestants and suffered the preliminaries' cowbell cut-off over and over again. All praise, then, to them: Wolfgang Dauner, piano (Stuttgart); Robert Politzer, bass (Vienna); and Joe Nay, drums (West Berlin).

Of the 130 numbers chosen by the 40 finalists, 40 were, of course, blues. *Stella by Starlight* was played by seven finalists, *Autumn Leaves* by six. There were three performances each of *Summertime*, *So What?*, *Israel*, *Lover Man*, and *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*. There's no reason to believe the proportions were different in the preliminaries.

RANDOM QUOTES:

Joe Zawinul: "The bassists were the best."

Cannonball Adderley: "I was astounded to find that the bassists were fully as good as we expect professionals to be."

J. J. Johnson: "We tried to judge each contestant according to what *he* wanted to do, not what *we* would have played."

Art Farmer: "I tried to listen to each contestant as if he were trying out for my band. Would I hire him or wouldn't I? That was the most honest way for me to grade someone else's performance."

First saxophonist Eddie Daniels: "Most of the contestants discussed their competitors during the eliminations and decided who they thought should win. Not because I was one of the winners, but the final decisions by the jury were pretty much the way all the contestants felt they should go."

Mel Lewis: "Suggestions for next time? Maybe move the jury further back during the finals so the contestants can't see them in the audience. It must be jarring. . . . There should be more categories. For example, saxophone can't be a single category. Alto and tenor aren't the same, nor is baritone. And maybe someone wants to play vibes or guitar."

THE NEXT WEEK, the winners played a concert in Vienna with Gulda's Eurojazz Orchestra. The members of the jury played another concert with the orchestra, which featured original music by Gulda and Johnson. This concert was repeated in Warsaw and Berlin. Symphonic musicians could have played the music accurately, but it would have died. It lived because the Eurojazz men and the jurors are more than superior musicians—they are superior jazz musicians.

And Gulda was the best man for the several tasks he gave himself as dreamer, organizer, composer, conductor, soloist, and spokesman. He is Vienna's top musical celebrity and an internationally praised concert pianist. He is also young enough to understand jazz and play it well and is fan enough to admire other jazz musicians without reservation. He is efficient, disciplined, and willing and able to crack the whip to keep things going. And he is clear of eye.

"The wall between classical music and jazz," Gulda said, "is slowly coming down. After all, there was baroque music, classical music, romantic music, and impressionistic music. Each was simply a different way of composing and playing. And jazz is just another way of composing and playing." 

RECORD REVIEWS

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

Reviews are 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.

Hank Crawford

AFTER HOURS—Atlantic 1455: *After Hours; Junction; Who Can I Turn To?; Next Time You See Me; Soul Shouting; Making Whoopee; When Did You Leave Heaven?; The Back Slider.*

Personnel: John Hunn, Fielder Floyd, trumpets; Wendell Harrison, tenor saxophone; Crawford, alto saxophone, piano; Howard Johnson or Alonzo Shaw, baritone saxophone; Willie Jones or Sonny Forrest, guitar; Ali Mohammed, Charles Lindsay, Charles Dungey, or Charles Green, bass; Joe Dukes, Wilbert Hogan, or Milt Turner, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Many factors contribute to making this one of the good albums. The arrangements are varied, flexible, and, most important, simple. The instrumentation is interesting. This is a Crawford date, and no extraneous allotment of "blowing room" for other instrumentalists interferes with the enjoyment of the leader's work. As a result of planning, the album is an excellent addition to a Crawford discography.

Intermixing the personnel gives distinct sounds. There is the up, rollicking Earl Bostic sound, best typified by *Soul Shouting* and *Next Time*. There is a grinding mover in the Ray Charles tradition, *The Back Slider*. And there is the easy sound that is becoming more and more Crawford's hallmark.

The Crawford band is a definite offshoot of the Ray Charles mode. Crawford has disciplined the funk a bit and has added some intricacies of execution to his solo work, but basically the feeling is relaxed, the pace casual, the motivation emotional.

I prefer Crawford on saxophone; his piano is adequate, but hesitant, his phrasing nothing more than an extension of his saxophone work. And he does everything best on saxophone.

Of the various combinations of musicians, one thing stands out: Joe Dukes is the spark who ignites the unit and pushes it along. And the tunes he plays on move with fire and energy. His timing still needs work, but he's improving.

The ballads are good. Crawford's upper-register horn is clear and plaintive. *Heaven* is Crawford's all the way, and it's beautiful.

As I said, a good album.

(B.G.)

Dizzy Gillespie

DIZZY GILLESPIE—RCA Victor 530: *King Porter Stomp; Yours and Mine; Blue Rhythm Fantasy; A Night in Tunisia; 52nd St. Theme; Anthropology; Lover, Come Back to Me; St. Louis Blues; Jumpin' with Symphony Sid; Hey, Pete! Let's Eat Me! Meat; Woody 'n You; Oo-ya-koo; Duff Capers; I'm Beboppin' Too; Guarchi Guaro; In the Land of Oo-bla-dee.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-3—Gillespie, Bill Dillard, Lester (Shad) Collins, trumpets; Dickie Wells, trombone; Russell Procope, Teddy Hill, Howard Johnson, Robert Carroll, reeds; Sam Allen, piano; John Smith, guitar; Richard Fulbright, bass; Bill Beason, drums. Tracks 4-6—Gillespie, trumpet; Don Byas, tenor saxophone; Milt Jackson, vibraphone; Al Haig, piano; Bill DeArango, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; J. C. Heard, drums. Tracks 7, 8, 13-15—Gillespie, Dave Burns or Benny Harris, Willie Cook, Elmon Wright, trumpets; Andy Duryea, Sam Hurt, Jesse Tarrant, trombones; John Brown, Joe Gayles, Ernie Henry, Albert (Budd) Johnson or Yusuf Lateef, Cecil Payne or Al Gibson, saxophones; Jimmy Forman, piano; Al McKibbin, bass; Teddy Stewart, drums; Sabu Martinez and Joe Harris or V. D. V. Guerra, Latin percussion. Tracks 9, 10, 16—Gillespie, Benny Harris, Wright, trumpets; J. J. Johnson, Hurr, Charles Greenlee, trombones; Lateef, Gayles, Gibson, Brown, Henry, saxophones; Forman, piano; McKibbin, bass; Stewart, drums; Joe Carroll, vocals. Tracks 11, 12—Gillespie, Burns, Elmon Wright, Lamar Wright, Ernest Bailey, trumpets; William Sheppard, Ted Kelley, trombones; Howard Johnson, Brown, Gayles, George (Big Nick) Nicholas, Payne, saxophones; John Lewis, piano; McKibbin, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums; Chano Pozo, conga; Kenny Hagood, vocal.

Rating: ★★★★★

This Vintage reissue makes available the remainder of the Gillespie big-band sides recorded for RCA Victor from 1947 to '49 (the others are on *The Greatest of Dizzy Gillespie* and *The Bebop Era*). In addition, this album contains three 1937 performances by the Teddy Hill Band, in which the 19-year-old Gillespie replaced Roy Eldridge, and three unissued masters from the 1946 septet session that produced *Tunisia*, *Anthropology*, and *52nd St. Theme*.

The Hill band, heard on the first three tracks, was a trim unit, cut in a Fletcher Henderson pattern for the most part. The arrangements are skillfully done, particularly the sax-section soli on *Yours*, which is very Henderson in character. *Blue Rhythm*, which adds a large dash of Ellington to Henderson, contains an intriguing whole-tone figure by the sax section that was pretty far out for the time and would have fit neatly in Gillespie's later band.

Young Gillespie shows how well he learned his Eldridge in his solos with Hill. His hot-tone improvisations are solidly on the beat, his ideas linear, his phrases short. On the three tracks, he begins his solos well but fizzles out before he ends them, probably because he was trying some things that were beyond his grasp at the time. The best solo on the Hill tracks is trombonist Wells' warm *King Porter* chorus.

By 1946, however, Gillespie had complete command of his horn—seemingly nothing was beyond him. His work on the three 1946 tracks is astonishing in its daring, facility, and range. None of the performances, though, is as good as those originally issued (the original versions are on *The Greatest of DG*).

Gillespie's *Tunisia* and *Theme* solos are just slightly below the level of those on the original issues, and that is a very high level. The two solos in this album lack none of the brilliance of the others, but they are not as well put together. His *Anthropology* solo, on the other hand, is

lackluster compared with the first issue (Jackson's chorus is better on this album's version). But all the masters, first and second, are hampered by the stiff rhythm section, which plays more in manner of swing than of bop.

There was nothing stiff about the Gillespie big-band rhythm sections, especially the one made up of Lewis, McKibbin (a tower of strength, he), Clarke, and Pozo. And to drive a heavy powerhouse like a Gillespie band, the rhythm section had to be made up of men with big muscles. Sometimes the horns massed into a solid wall of screaming sound, and it's no small matter for a rhythm section to move that much weight. Fortunately, Gillespie was able to get the men to do the job. Speaking of those walls of sound thrown up so frequently by the band (*Symphony Sid* offers an excellent example), it is unfortunate that there were not better recording facilities in the '40s so that the dissonant voicings used by Gillespie's best arrangers could have been better separated.

With his big band, Gillespie tended to play less subtly than he did in a small-band context. His solos were well constructed but often contained a heaping amount of high-note passages, perhaps meant to excite and overpower more than prove musical points. He plays these physically demanding passages with ease, and they stand as testament to his masterly musicianship, but they lack the interest of his *Woody 'n You* solo, his most subtle with the band in this album.

Gillespie's control of his instrument is best heard in *Lover, Come Back*. The first chorus is a long-meter trumpet solo in 6/4, which gives him opportunity to use held notes and various tonal and dynamic nuances in stating the melody (almost without ornamentation). Then he plays a fantastically convolute break into a brief but fast 4/4 section. In all, it's quite a display of virtuosity.

The weakest tracks are *Beboppin'* (an unissued master of a novelty tune sung by Gillespie), *Duff Capers*, and *Guarchi Guaro* (but there is some lightly swinging Gillespie horn between the singing of Martinez and the band).

More Meat, *Oo-ya-koo*, and *Oo-bla-dee* are novelties but contain good solos by Gillespie, J. J. Johnson (*More Meat*), and altoist Brown (*Oo-ya-koo*—though the notes state that tenorist Nicholas played the solo, it is an alto saxophone that's heard) and have some powerful ensembles.

Despite shortcomings, this is a valuable addition to the increasingly impressive Vintage series. (D. DeM.)

Hampton Hawes

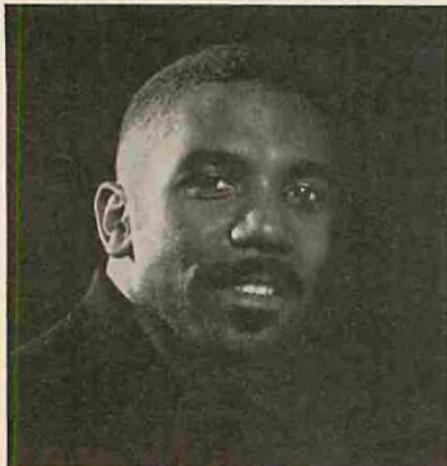
HERE AND NOW—Contemporary 3616: *Fly Me to the Moon; What Kind of Fool Am I?; The Girl from Ipanema; Rhonda; Dear Heart; People; Chim Chim Cher-ee; The Days of Wine and Roses.*

Personnel: Hawes, piano; Chuck Israels, bass; Donald Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

There are two outstanding tracks in this album—*Moon* and *Ipanema*. On both, Hawes bobs and weaves like a fleet middleweight, throwing left jabs and fast right uppercuts. He does *Moon* in a bouncing 3/4 and *Ipanema* in a driving 4/4. He's in and out of the chords, the music whirl-

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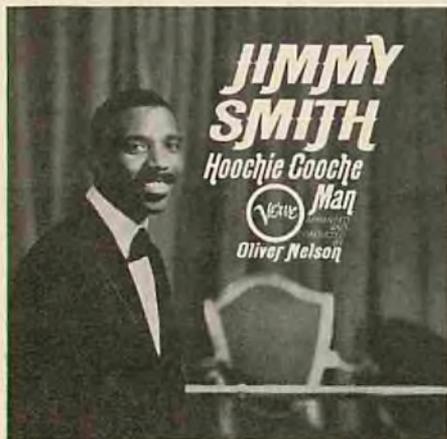
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ing from his fingers, short phrases cutting almost surrealistic lines over the mass created by the bass and drums. His strong sense of rhythm—since 1953, the rock upon which he has built his style—is much in evidence, but there is the added polish of quite sophisticated harmonic and linear concepts.

If the other tracks had come off as these did (the approach is similar for most of the pieces), this would have been the best Hawes album since his first trio album, recorded in 1955. Alas, such is not the case. Though he plays well on the others, he overuses short phrases and fails to balance them with longer ones, all of which sometimes lends an unattractive jerkiness to his work. This "spurt" style is not enhanced by the constantly swirling accompaniment of Israels and Bailey. When it all falls in place, as on *Moon* and *Ipanema*, it's wonderful, but when it doesn't, it's uncomfortable. But even then there is brightness to Hawes' fire, a nimbleness, an elfin spirit in his playing that I, for one, find quite pleasing.

Israels is a puzzling musician. He can play like an angel, but he doesn't much of the time. In the section, he comes on pretty strong sometimes and clouds a performance with too many notes; it's as if he were the soloist instead of the accompanist, though this may just be the result of overenthusiasm. His solos in this set—on *Fly, Fool, Heart, People, and Wine*—are marred by bad intonation (how can someone playing this "advanced" play so flat?) and, for lack of a better term, non-notes (one hears something down there in the low register, but what is it?). Still, Israels has good ideas and is a capable player in the prevalent Scott LaFaro-out-of-Charlie Mingus style.

I wish this had been a better album.

(D. DeM.)

Franz Jackson

GOOD OLD DAYS—Pinnacle 109: *Bud Billiken; Snag It; Maple Leaf Rag; After Hours; Good Old Days at a New Orleans Soiree; Under the Double Eagle; Mecca Flat Blues; Snap Happy; Asleep in the Deep; Lassus Trombone.*

Personnel: Bob Shoffner or Rostelle Reese, trumpet; John Thomas or Arthur Reese, trombone; Jackson, clarinet; Rozelle Claxton, piano; Lawrence Dixon, banjo; Bill Oldham, tuba; Richard Curry or James Herndon, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

Some of the current music labeled Dixieland or traditional jazz is a strange hybrid, unlike any style played in the early days of jazz. It has come about because there is an audience for it and because the styles that most of its musicians are at home in no longer is in demand.

The Wilbur DeParis band was the prime example of this, and the Jackson band is in many ways its Chicago counterpart. The use of fairly tight arrangements, the eclectic selection of tunes (including marches and late 19th-century popular songs), the persistent deployment of banjo and tuba, and the stress on a precise rhythm that rarely gets to swing are characteristic of this music.

Somehow, it tends to sound more archaic than its supposed models. Jackson has a lighter touch than DeParis had, but, aside from Shoffner, his front-line players are less creative soloists. It is nice, unpretentious "good time" music, but, with the

notable exception of slow blues, it is rarely moving or convincing. It is hard to take it very seriously.

The background of most of these musicians is the '30s, the era of big-band music and "swing." Jackson himself played tenor saxophone and clarinet with the bands of Earl Hines and Roy Eldridge, and he was a good arranger in the post-1935, pre-bop big-band idiom. Pianist Claxton wrote for the swing bands of Ernie Fields and Harlan Leonard. Dixon played guitar with Hines and also arranged. Trumpeter Reese, Shoffner's replacement, is also a Hines alumnus and worked with Benny Carter too. Oldham played swinging tuba in Louis Armstrong's 1933 big band.

Only Shoffner (who was with King Oliver and Luis Russell in the '20s, and who backed blues singer Ma Rainey), Thomas (who recorded with Louis Armstrong's Hot Five and Seven and much later worked with George Lewis), and drummer Curry had real "traditional" backgrounds, and their playing shows it.

Shoffner is a remarkable trumpeter. Influenced by Armstrong but never attempting pyrotechnics beyond his reach, he plays with great sobriety, yet he can make a ride-out sparkle with perfect placement of notes. On *Double Eagle*, for example, it is he who gives the performance its rhythmic thrust. And he is a blues player of real class. His solos on *Mecca Flat* and, particularly, Oliver's classic *Snag It* are the high spots of the album, and he takes Oliver's breaks in a way the King would have certainly approved.

Trumpeter Reese is fluent and has learned the routines well; he makes a good contribution to the ensembles, but one feels that this isn't really his style of playing.

Thomas, now retired, is a sincere musician, has mastered the proper tailgate touches, and has the right sound. Of trombonist Reese, not enough can be heard to say more than that he is obviously competent.

Dixon's banjo feature, *Snap Happy*, is fun, and he is a good rhythm player. (He also is now retired.) Oldham, featured on *Deep*, exploits the humorous possibilities of the tuba without stooping to burlesque, and his ensemble notes are well chosen, well placed, and cleanly played.

Drummer Curry died last year; he was steady and knew his New Orleans models well. Herndon, present only on *Hours, Deep, and Lassus*, two of which are slow tunes with not much opportunity for a drummer to shine, appears to be a capable replacement.

Claxton's playing, though often fumble-fingered (some of his runs would delight Jonathan Edwards), is nevertheless pleasant to hear. He is showcased on *Hours*, a choice indicating his roots.

As for leader Jackson, his work is fluent and pleasing, with a nicely projected tone. He avoids corn and is always thoroughly professional, but his solo work is somewhat repetitive and not very inspired. On the two slow blues, however, he becomes more emotionally involved and produces genuinely moving solos.

There is nothing wrong with this music;

in person, especially, it can make for highly enjoyable listening. But it is a re-creation of the past motivated by circumstance rather than conviction, and over the course of an LP, it sometimes wears a bit thin.

Shoffner, however, is another matter. For reasons of health, he no longer plays regularly; nevertheless, he should be recorded again—in a framework of his choice. When he plays, the old forms come to life again. (D.M.)

Clark Terry

MUMBLES—Mainstream 56066: *The Mumbler Strikes Again*; *Big Spender*; *Rum and Mumbles*; *The Shadow of Your Smile*; *Mumbles*; *Granddad's Blues*; *The Cat from Cadiz*; *Never*; *I'm Beginning to See the Light*; *Night Song*; *El Blues Latino*.

Personnel: Terry, trumpet, fluegelhorn, vocals; Jerome Richardson, reeds; Vinnie Bell, Eric Gale, guitars; Frank Anderson, piano, organ; George Duvivier, Richard Davis, basses; Grady Tate, drums; Willie Bobo, conga; Jose Mangual, bongos; Phil Kraus, various percussion instruments; Joe Cain, arranger.

Rating: ★★½

"Sort of a put-on of the old blues singers who would start singing a blues tune and after the first few phrases, you couldn't actually detect or understand what they were saying. It really didn't matter as long as it was groovin' and swingin'."

That quotation—from a transcript of a conversation between Terry and the record's producer, Bob Shad—explains more than the concept of Terry's art of mumbling; it virtually sums up his credo of happy jazz. For a demonstration of that credo, try these 11 tunes.

The accent is on humor; even the blowing that breaks up the "vocals" bears a tongue-in-cheek quality. Terry's meshugah mumbling—a pulsating stream-of-consciousness, strongly reminiscent of Slim Gaillard at his funkiest—makes a delightful shambles of tracks 1, 3, 5, 6, and 8.

Mumbler and *Dad's* are best. Terry manages to proposition himself on the former, taking both parts in a slow blues diolog; his ancestral boasts on the latter are a positive break-up—again within a blues framework. *Rum* finds Terry challenging Richardson's flute during a swinging call-and-response montuna.

Some of the wildest and dirtiest blowing accompanies his aria on *Never*—not only Terry but also Richardson on tenor saxophone, aided by Anderson's organ. The prettiest sounds—Terry at his mellowest—are reserved for *Shadow*. Some of the most satirical are heard on *Beginning to See the Light* (unison statements in strict, jerky staccato, plus the persistent off-beat peculiar to bossa nova).

A very enjoyable album this, but what does Terry do for a follow-up? Blues banter with Mrs. Miller? (H.S.)

Three Sounds

TODAY'S SOUNDS—Limelight 86037: *Downtown*; *Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You?*; *The Way I Feel*; *The Good Life*; *Mohair Sam*; *Simple Simon*; *A.A. Blues*; *Old Folks*; *Goodnight, Ladies*.

Personnel: Gene Harris, piano; Andrew Simpkins, bass; Kalil Madi, drums.

Rating: ★★½

What happened on this one is anybody's guess. This is not the Three Sounds of past records—at least most of it isn't. There's a bit of Ramsey Lewis sprinkled here and there; commercialism is ladled

on with a trowel and the performance runs the gamut from a characteristically exciting *Gee, Baby* to an ornate and frilly *Good Life*.

Madi is the trio's new drummer, but don't blame anything on him. He fits into the groove neatly. He is not as forceful and chatty as his predecessor, Bill Dowdy, was, but he is more imaginative. His restraint is refreshing. And he attempts to complement Harris instead of merely laying down the time. When necessary, as on *Simon*, he can push the unit with vigor.

Simon is one of the more consistently good tunes, an example of the Three Sounds' articulate funk.

The major fault of this entire album is that all the tunes are too long. In addition, this is one album that could have done without the "audience participation" and hand-clapping (it was recorded at Chicago's London House). This is probably the most unhip gathering ever assembled and recorded. Also, it is a rude and noisy bunch. *Old Folks* was not especially well performed; yet it deserved a bit more attention than it received from the glass-clicking, giggling crowd.

Harris is really the album's focus of attention. He is, after all, a good pianist. And Simpkins has been taken out of wraps for this outing. He has lots more room, but his performance is as uneven as the entire album. He is as dull and plodding on *Old Folks* as he is quick and firm on *Ladies*.

This album is an unusual sound from this usually consistently good trio. (B.G.)

Various Artists

A MUSICAL EXCHANGE—RCA Victor 3499: *The Second Portrait of the Lion*; *45° Angle*; *Biddy's Beat*; *House of Lords*; *Sweet Lorraine*; *Contrary Motion*; *Somehow*; *Joycie*; *Whisper Not*; *Rosetta*.

Personnel: Track 1—Duke Ellington, piano. Track 2, 8—Mary Lou Williams, piano; bass and drums, unidentified. Track 3—Billy Taylor, piano; bass and drums, unidentified. Track 4—Ellington, Earl Hines, pianos; bass and drums, unidentified. Track 5—Ellington, Hines, Taylor, pianos. Track 6—Willie (The Lion) Smith, piano; Track 7—Hines, piano. Track 9—Charles Bell, piano; bass and drums, unidentified. Track 10—Hines, Smith, Taylor, George Wein, Miss Williams, pianos; bass and drums, unidentified.

Rating: ★★½

Years ago, there was a radio program called, I believe, *Piano Playhouse*. And every Sunday, four pianists got together to display their wares. It was all quite interesting, for where could one hear, for instance, Art Tatum and Cy Walters playing together? It was a rare thing, believe me, and something not to be experienced too often. No deathless music was produced, to be sure, but everyone had a lot of fun, as they say.

Something of the same thing happens on this record's *House of Lords*, *Sweet Lorraine*, and *Rosetta*—with about the same fun-filled and musical results.

House of Lords becomes a house of horrors when Hines adds a beat at the end of his fourth chorus and everybody—probably grinning all the while—tries to get the time straightened out. Ellington and the bassist (John Lamb?) eventually go with Hines, but the drummer (Sam Woodyard?) keeps pounding the 2 and 4 of the first meter, which puts him on 1

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CRITICS' POLL RESULTS

AUGUST 28, 1966 ISSUE

and 3—not very swinging but a lot of fun.

The other two multi-piano tracks hold together better and have some good Hines, but it's still an audience-pleasing device, one dear to the heart of George Wein, who in addition to playing a pretty good chorus on *Rosetta* produced the event that led to this recording (it was made at a sparsely attended piano workshop during the 1965 Pittsburgh Jazz Festival).

The other tracks, however, make up for the latter-day *Piano Playhouse*. Two of them—Ellington's *Second Portrait* and Smith's *Contrary Motion*—are gems, prime examples of those two musicians' playing and composing talents.

The first part of the Ellington performance is in the spirit of his 1939 *Portrait of the Lion*—jaunty and witty. He uses thirds in the manner of Smith but plays with a heavier attack than his portrait subject. Ellington also incorporates left-hand stride in this first part but varies it with running bass passages. The second part of his solo is out of tempo, and here there is much more Ellington than Smith. The chords are thick and lush, the harmonic twists and turns unpredictable, the mood Dukish Romantic. Then its back to the jolly theme, again played hard, a short rubato passage, and it's over... a minor classic that gives rise to my long-standing wish—that Ellington record an album of solo piano.

Smith is another who should record a solo album. The master of Harlem stride is in his usual excellent form on his own lighthearted *Contrary Motion*. He begins with his left hand marking the tempo in the middle octave as his steel-fingered right limns out the melody. Then his left plunges into a deep stride, as if to say he was only kidding in the preceding part. A romantic eight-bar transition leads into a hard-swinging section that is a nonpareil example of what stride piano is all about. When one pulls himself from that pumping left hand, he finds Smith's right swinging just as hard, magically making simple figures sound richer than they are.

Hines' unaccompanied *Somehow* is almost cocktail piano compared with what Ellington and Smith do, but in the second chorus he digs in and pulls off some imaginative, if a bit florid, runs, one of which snakes across the whole keyboard. (For some reason, Hines evidently feels he has to go through that cocktail-piano bit before showing what he can really do, but it's all so unnecessary when a man can play with the strength and artistry that he can. Maybe he lacks conviction.)

In the course of his solo, Hines' left hand is on good display. Using walking 10ths interspersed with light stride and off-beat punctuations, he shows how his left-hand style derived from that represented by Smith and Ellington (the latter's is actually a variation of the former's). It's a good lesson in the development of the left hand in jazz piano, a lesson continued by Miss Williams in *Joycie* (in which she employs an eighth-note bass pattern reminiscent of boogie woogie), by Taylor in *Biddy's Beat* (a light, neat performance in which he takes two unaccompanied choruses using his left hand in running oppo-

sition to his right and then in conjunction), and by Bell (in his spare but strong *Whisper Not*, his left hand often serving as an independent voice). Less obvious lessons are to be had in Miss Williams' left jabs on Denzil Best's *45° Angle*, a fine performance in her hard-swinging, muscular style.

It's too bad Taylor, in his knowledgeable liner notes, did not identify the bassists and drummers heard on various tracks. It's also unfortunate that he did not list the order of soloists on the let's-have-a-party tracks. I would guess that on *Lorraine*, Hines takes the first chorus while Ellington throws a few Dukish chords at him (which Hines ignores); Ellington plays the second chorus (he solves the harmonic disagreement by playing double octaves, which is uncharacteristic of him); then Hines returns for another chorus, followed by Taylor (in a Nat Cole mood) for the last chorus. Determining the soloists on *Rosetta* is a little tougher, but I think the order is Miss Williams, Hines (two choruses), Wein, Hines, Smith, Taylor, God-knows-who, and Smith. I wish I could do better than that, but all those smiles looked pretty much alike.

(D. DeM.)

**OLD WINE-
NEW BOTTLES**

Recordings reviewed in this issue:

Dave Brubeck's Greatest Hits (Columbia 9284)

Rating: ★★★★★

Benny Goodman's Greatest Hits (Columbia 9283)

Rating: ★★★

Woody Herman's Greatest Hits (Columbia 9291)

Rating: ★★★★★

Mose Allison Plays for Lovers (Prestige 7446)

Rating: ★★★

John Coltrane Plays for Lovers (Prestige 7426)

Rating: ★★★★★

The Best of Herbie Mann (Prestige 7432)

Rating: ★★★

The Modern Jazz Quartet Plays Jazz Classics (Prestige 7425)

Rating: ★★★★★

Columbia, hitherto a leader in the jazz reissue field with its excellent boxed sets, is showing less imagination with this "biggest hits" series. In the case of Brubeck, the approach works out well enough, but the Herman material is already available on the three-LP *Thundering Herds* set (excepting one track, *Blue Flame*), and the Goodman album is a misleading mess.

When it comes to jazz records, the term "hits" is often hyperbolic, but Paul Desmond's *Take Five*, the Brubeck album's lead-off track, certainly qualifies, even in Top-40 terms. The LP's other tracks are

well selected and include an interesting Brubeck solo performance, *In Your Own Sweet Way*. Those prone to shrug off the pianist's work should hear him play unaccompanied, and he should do it more often.

On the balance of the material, alto saxophonist Desmond is the focus of interest. He takes a fine, swinging, well-developed solo on *The Duke* (one of Brubeck's best compositions), gets into a good blues groove on *Blue Rondo a la Turk*, and stuffs a lot of ideas into his brief outing on *Trolley Song*.

In a *Dancing Mood*, *Camptown Races*, *Raggy Waltz*, *Bossa Nova U.S.A.*, *Unsquare Dance*, and *Theme from Mr. Broadway* round out the album. To Brubeck followers, it will all be familiar; to those looking for a representative cross section of the quartet's work, this is the perfect choice.

Columbia's use of 11 tracks an album works out fine on the Brubeck because all the tracks are from LPs, but it seems a bit miserly when the material comes from 78s, as is the case with the Herman. Nonetheless, the Herman album has the first and second Herds at their best.

The familiar things are all here: *Apple Honey*, *Caldonia*, *Bijou*, *Wild Root*, *The Good Earth*, *Northwest Passage*, *Your Father's Mustache*, *Summer Sequence (Pt. 4)*, *Four Brothers*, and, of course, *Woodchopper's Ball* (the album cover is a dreadful visual pun on this title).

Little can be added to what already has been said about these now-classic performances; all wear well, the brass had tremendous punch and sparkle, trombonist Bill Harris and tenor saxophonist Flip Phillips never sounded better, and Dave Tough's drumming is a delight. It's a pity that trumpeter Sonny Berman wasn't featured more, but his trumpet shines on *Mustache*.

It's good music, then, but the three-LP set is a better value and has better sound as well.

The Goodman set is a discographer's nightmare. The liner notes are detailed—but the details are all wrong. For *Sing, Sing, Sing*, we are told that "this version was the Carnegie Hall concert highlight," and Harry James and Gene Krupa are mentioned. The version heard, however, is a lackluster octet performance from around 1960, with no James, no Krupa, and uninspired noodling by Goodman.

The same eight-piece band tackles *Air Mail Special*, though the notes speak of Cootie Williams, Jo Jones, and a "full band." Tenorist Phillips, trumpeter Jack Sheldon, and vibraharpist Red Norvo are on hand, and Goodman is in good form. From the same session (a live night-club date) comes *Slipped Disc*, with Goodman the only horn, plus nice Norvo. The notes goof again, with erroneous personnel references.

Clarinet a la King, one of Goodman's finest tours de force, and a superb Eddie Sauter setting in the original 1941 recording (which the notes lead one to believe is the one reissued), stems from an evidently much later studio session, with a soggy rhythm section and routine, post-

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Reginald Kell Goodman. (I've been unable to trace this version's origins.)

The rest is as reported in the liner notes, except that *Goodbye* stems from a 1952 Goodman-with-strings-and-trombones date. The opening theme, *Let's Dance*, seems to be the original 1939 Columbia version. *Six Flats Unfurnished*, an undistinguished 1942 instrumental, has a tenor spot by Leonard Sims, not Zoot (as the notes have it).

Don't Be That Way is from the 1938 Carnegie Hall Concert. *Flying Home* is the 1939 sextet version, with splendid Charlie Christian guitar and relaxed Lionel Hampton vibes. *Jersey Bounce* has Vido Musso tenor, Lou McGarity trombone, and Mel Powell piano touches. *Benny Rides Again*, finally, is the interesting Sauter score, in the version already available on the *Critic's Choice* album.

In view of the many first-rate Goodman sextet (and big-band) performances now cut out of Columbia's catalog, this is a sloppy, thoughtless compilation barely rescued by a few nice tracks.

Prestige's respectable (if commercially oriented) reissue program continues with four entries of varying quality.

Allison's singing, of which there is none on the *For Lovers* album, always has been more interesting than his piano playing, which is pleasant and musical but unspectacular. There is nothing here, either, of his blues-based originals; instead, there are 10 relaxed trio performances of popular songs.

With the exception of *I Thought About You* and *How Long Has This Been Going On?*, Allison's repertoire is off-beat. His up-tempo version of the Ink Spots' old hit, *If I Didn't Care*, is original; he shows his knowledge of Ellingtonia by choosing *Kissing Bug*, an obscure 1945 vocal vehicle; he makes a nice instrumental of Jo Stafford's once-popular *You Belong to Me* and adds Latin touches to *I Told Ya I Love Ya*, of early Stan Kenton fame.

Allison also gets results from Nat Cole's *Strange*, from *It's Crazy* (a nice tune done by Sarah Vaughan with Clifford Brown), and from two oldies, *My Kind of Love* and *Somebody Else Is Taking My Place*. On most of these outings, he is ably assisted by the late Addison Farmer on bass (who takes several fluent, melodic solos), and Ronnie Free or Nick Stabulas on drums. Nice music to relax by.

The MJQ set, combining material from three early albums, is a first-rate collection. These were the group's vintage years. The music was perhaps not as smoothly worked out or as meticulously structured as today, but the playing was fresh and inspired.

On all but one track (*Concorde*), Kenny Clarke is the drummer, and with respect to the more-than-able Connie Kay, Clarke's playing is something else. His swing on *Delannay's Dilemma* is something to hear, and his section of the *La Ronde Suite* is a remarkable demonstration of musically creative solo drumming.

The classic first version of *Django*, unsurpassed to these ears, is here, as are the tender *Milano* (with superb Milt Jackson—but then, the vibrapharapist's every note on the album is worth rehearing); the

first, happy *La Ronde* (alias *Two-Bass Hit*); and *The Queen's Fancy*, perhaps John Lewis' most successful essay in baroque-flavored jazz.

There is also *Vendome*, an interesting but somewhat academic fugue; the later *Concorde*, in the same idiom, works out much better.

This is an album that belongs in every representative jazz collection, recommended also to those not especially enamored of the MJQ's work. As a bonus, there are informative notes by Martin Williams.

The all-ballad set by tenorist Coltrane is interesting, but at times becomes a bit lugubrious. The earliest track, *On a Misty Night*, a Tadd Dameron song, with the composer at the piano and Philly Joe Jones on drums, is the standout performance—a lovely melody.

Other good tracks are *Time after Time*, with a perfect coda; *I Love You* (from the Miles Davis Quintet book), which contains more abstract Coltrane than the balance of the album; and *Violets for Your Furs*, a direct, melodic, and warm reading of a good song. *You Leave Me Breathless* and *Like Someone in Love* are a bit doleful; Coltrane's ballad playing often invokes a melancholy mood.

There are several good piano solos by Red Garland; other assisting artists are bassists Paul Chambers, Earl May, and John Simmons, plus drummers Art Taylor, Jimmy Cobb, and Al Heath. Most of these tracks are available on other Coltrane albums, which offer more varied fare, but for lovers of moody mood music, this will do.

Mann, in his pre-Latin days, picked an excellent supporting cast for the 1956 session from which *The Best* set was drawn: Tommy Flanagan's crisp, delightful piano enlivens all four tracks; Joe Puma's guitar work is pleasant to hear; and bassist Wendell Marshall and drummer Bobby Donaldson keep the rhythm moving nicely.

To pep up the front line, Mann added a fellow flutist, the late Bobby Jaspar, who also is heard, too briefly, on tenor saxophone. The Belgian musician was an excellent player, and in his flute exchanges with Mann, he gets the better of his American colleague, though he is both modest and considerate in his playing.

Mann is at his limited best on melodic statements, particularly on alto flute, which has a more appealing jazz sound than the soprano flute. On his own *Tel Aviv*, a good tune, he is relaxed and controlled. Flanagan scores on this track, and Jaspar's tenor is simple and direct, with a nice, warm sound.

Bo-Do, a blues, is notable only for Flanagan and Jaspar. The unison flute lines on *Chasing the Bird* are sloppy; the flutists exchange fours with results as already noted. The 10-minute *Tutti-Flutee* is for flute lovers. Mann again plays alto flute.

The inclusion of a track from this session on which Mann also played tenor might have perked things up a bit. Aside from *Tel Aviv*, not much happens here that was worth preserving.

—Dan Morgenstern

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Herbie Mann is a musician whose opinions are as forthright as his music. This was evident in previous *Blindfold Tests* (DB, Nov. 12, 1959, and March 28, 1963).

His candor may cause a few bruises, and it has been evident in remarks he has made to reporters about a variety of topics. Among the objects of his derision have been the AFM; the State of Louisiana, where his interracial group ran into problems; Stan Kenton and his pronouncement that jazz was dead (that was a couple of years ago); working conditions in night clubs; incompetent booking agents; and the intellectual level of the public.

By the same token, at blindfold time Mann never pulls his punches. As before, the records selected were all of special interest to him, in that they featured a flutist and/or dealt with some aspect of Latin or Afro-American music. He received no information about the records.



1. Roland Kirk. *Django* (from *I Talk with the Spirits*, Limelight). Kirk, flute; John Lewis, composer.

It's almost a shame what they did to that song. For me, *Django* always has one kind of feeling to it, and I can't understand—if these people wanted to play this way—why they did it on *Django*, because it's such a beautiful song. . . . Probably Roland—I think it's Roland Kirk. Roland's a very intense player, and sometimes he plays so intense some of the notes get out of tune.

It's such a sensitive song to begin with. If you want to play the tune, it would seem to me that certain tunes sort of tell you the kind of feeling to play.

That kind of waltz thing at the end was supposed to be pretty, but it wasn't. I've heard Roland play much better. This doesn't seem to be a vehicle for Roland Kirk at all. I won't rate it; I'll be nice.

2. Duke Pearson. *Bedouin* (from *Wahoo*, Blue Note). Donald Byrd, trumpet; James Spaulding, flute; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Pearson, piano, composer.

Hubert Laws is the flute player. Wayne Shorter I think is the tenor player. I don't know who the trumpet player is. The tune is lovely. Set a beautiful mood, I thought. I think Hubert captured it better than the other players.

One thing that's very nice is that now some of the people playing flute really have their own distinct styles, and Roland sounds different from Hubert Laws—the way it should be. In the beginning there were only about two or three different styles, and everybody was playing that way. Hubert, if it is Hubert (possibly it's someone else), he's had a lot of training, and he's a good flute player. He plays very well, and he doesn't get a chance to do everything he can do with Mongo Santamaria; he's limited there. He'll be one of the important players, I really feel. He can play this way also.

At first I thought possibly it's a Herbie Hancock tune, but now I'm going to guess and say it's a Wayne Shorter tune. But I liked it.

The only reason I'm not going to give it the most stars is because I think the tune was a little long, and I didn't get the closeness to the song with the trumpet player as I did with Hubert and the tenor player, who I think is Wayne—if he wrote the song, then he elaborated on it, and so then the song didn't say everything that he wanted the solo to say.

I'm just guessing this, but I think Hubert got closer to the mood of the thing . . . maybe Hubert wrote it, and I'm altogether wrong! I'd say four stars.

3. Gil Fuller-James Moody. *Latin Lady* (from *Night Flight*, Pacific Jazz). Fuller, composer; Moody, flute.

At first I thought it was Stan Kenton, and then I thought it was Lalo Schiffrin, and then I thought it was Gerald Wilson.

Then I started listening to the flute player, and then I decided it was James Moody. And then I thought it was two flute players, and I figure you're trying to trick me, so if it's James Moody, it's Gil Fuller and the Monterey band.

He doesn't have the control of the flute like Hubert Laws has, the difference being, Hubert, I think, was primarily a flute player or studied it more—when you double, you have that problem.

The thing got kind of busy for me—all sorts of things going on, and if it was James Moody, I've heard him play better. The thing started to build nicely. It's like a book that begins great, and then about halfway through it, they say what do we do now—we better take it out and have it end happily.

The beginning and the end were great. . . . Three stars.

4. George Shearing. *Quiet Nights* (from *Latin Rendezvous*, Capitol).

First of all, they killed it. They lost any feeling it had as a bossa nova, trying to make it a bolero.

It sounded like 1-2-3-4-the-next-dance-step. I don't think it was Shearing, because I don't think George records the drummer that way. It was probably someone like Cal Tjader or somebody—they needed 2½ minutes in an album. It left me completely cold—because I love that music, and this has nothing to do with it. No stars.

5. Archie Shepp. *The Girl from Ipanema* (from *Fire Music*, Impulse). Shepp, tenor saxophone.

The whole thing reminds me of like they were watching a movie and doing the sound track for it, and I wanted to see the movie too! I had no idea it was going to be *The Girl from Ipanema*, which it wasn't.

It's a very interesting arrangement of the tune itself—it's a good arrangement. There were a couple of little goofs because there's a lot of out-of-tempo things; probably there was nobody conducting, but heads were moving up and down to bring the band in. That part was great.

Archie Shepp's playing sounds to me

like Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis with a sore throat. Really, he doesn't sound that far out to me. It's a strange record, and I wonder if Jobim got, like, the vibrations from it.

I'll give five stars for the concept of the beginning of the tune and three stars for the playing of the chart and no stars for the solo. I have to be very critical; I'm very critical with my own playing, and I have to be very critical of everyone else's playing now, and that's the way I feel.

6. Duke Ellington. *Absinthe* (from *Afro-Bossa*, Reprise). Paul Gonsalves, tenor saxophone; Harry Carney, baritone saxophone; Billy Strayhorn, piano, composer.

They took the whole Duke Ellington Band and put them into one of those underwater things at Marineland, and they probably wanted to call the album *Duke Ellington Under Water at Marineland* because they needed a title for the album.

Only thing is that it leaked a little bit; that's what it sounded like to me. I don't know whether it's Duke Ellington on piano or not—I know the feeling. I recognize Paul Gonsalves; at first I didn't, but when Harry Carney came in, then it had to be Duke's band, unless you're putting me on, and it's really a band from Thailand, and it really wasn't recorded under water but that's just the way the recording studio sounded. . . . But I love it, though I could have done without the noises.

It's only been the last couple of years that I've begun to appreciate Duke's writings and the harmonies—in fact, that's what we've tried to do with our new band—to get those kind of diversified feelings in the band. A beautiful mood, but I won't give it five stars because I didn't like those noises. Four-and-a-half stars.

7. Brasil '65. *Favela* (Capitol). Sergio Mendes, piano.

At first I didn't think it was a Brazilian group. Now I'm not sure, because I know Cal Tjader plays this tune, and I was about to say that, boy! Johnny Rae really plays almost Brazilian; then I think maybe it was Sergio himself, but I don't think Sergio did it without the singers.

If it was Cal's group, I didn't hear the vibes, so unless it was a piano solo with Cal's group without the vibes. . . . But I liked it, whoever it was, and it sounded almost Brazilian. If it was the Brazilians, then they've become Americanized. If it was an American group, then they've become quite Brazilian, and that's worth four stars whoever it is.



Ruby Braff

Museum of Modern Art, New York City

Personnel: Braff, cornet; Bob Wilber, soprano saxophone; Phil Woods, alto saxophone; Buddy Tate, tenor saxophone; George Wein, piano; Jack Lesberg, bass; Marquis Foster, drums.

The fifth season of the Jazz in the Garden concerts at the Museum of Modern Art got off to an excellent start on a warm June night before a capacity audience.

Braff took command at once, proved himself a genial and relaxed leader, and made his announcements with a friendly, modest sense of humor.

The well-chosen program consisted of *Undecided*, *Keepin' out of Mischief Now*, *C-Jam Blues*, *These Foolish Things*, *Museum Blues* ("a little original number"), *Lullaby of the Leaves*, *Anything for You*, *Mean to Me* ("another brand new tune"), and *Take the A Train*. Although there had been no rehearsals, these were numbers all the men knew, and the performances came off with a minimum of awkward moments.

Much credit for this belonged to the three saxophonists, who were soon working together with exemplary understanding. But Braff was always the connecting link, instituting happy group riffs behind the other soloists, dueling with them, and filling in with an extra chorus whenever circumstances required.

All the music was designed to swing, but it also was characterized by a refreshing lyricism. Besides the pretty tone he produces from his horn—whether open or with a bucket mute—Braff is remarkable in that he is never at a loss for a singing phrase. Moreover, what he does is always within the jazz canon and in good taste. No exoticisms, no morbidities, no grandstanding, no repetitions—incredible in 1966.

Tate is a similar spirit—all heart and antiexhibitionism. Many people marveled at the moving, romantic way he played *These Foolish Things*.

"I didn't know he could play a ballad like that," someone said. Why not? Where have they been? What does an honest, conscientious musician have to do to attract attention to his music? When it was time to swing hard, Tate proved again that he swings from the first note.

The music that came out of Wilber's curved soprano was also refreshing. Curiously enough, this former pupil of Sidney Bechet now sounds more like another pupil, Johnny Hodges. But it was particularly interesting to hear him outside Ellington-Hodges contexts, and on *Anything for You*, he showed how inventively and excitingly he can now go for himself on the horn.

Woods, who belongs stylistically to a later era, was far from outdone by these colleagues. He answered all their challenges with authority, taking part in four-bar exchanges with zeal and drive. All the horns, in fact, maintained a high degree of fluency, and movement was never impaired by the contrived or baroque.

The rhythm section acquitted itself well, notably at slow and medium tempos.

It is now necessary to forget all about the impresario and the composition of

RUBY BRAFF



MONGO SANTAMARIA



PHOTOS: BRAFF, BY AVE PILDAS; SANTAMARIA, BY BILL ABERNATHY; BROWN, BY TED WILLIAMS

festivals when listening to Wein as a pianist. He is an able musician, both as soloist and accompanist, and in the latter capacity his rapport with Braff was outstanding.

—Stanley Dance

Earl Hines

Museum of Modern Art, New York City

Personnel: Harold (Money) Johnson, trumpet, flugelhorn; Mike Zwerin, trombone, bass trumpet; Bobby Donovan, clarinet, alto saxophone; Budd Johnson, tenor saxophone; Hines, piano, vocals; Bill Pemberton, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums; Clea Bradford, vocals.

The first public appearance of the band Hines took to Russia for the U.S. State Department took place at this Jazz in the Garden concert a week before its departure.

Introduced by Dr. Charles E. Frankel, assistant secretary of state for cultural affairs, as one of the last pianists "who play with both hands," Hines set the ball rolling with an unaccompanied and exhilarating version of *Lover, Come Back to Me*. This was followed by *Why Was I Born?*, on which reformed capitalist Zwerin blew a Dorseyish chorus of muted trombone as support to the leader's remembrance of Tommy Dorsey and Jack Teagarden.

The rhythm section then played *Second Balcony Jump* and a rather sugary medley that began and ended with *Candy* and incorporated *The Girl from Ipanema*, *Bluesette*, and *A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody*. An Ellington tribute consisted of *I'm Beginning to See the Light*, a brief but imaginative *Mood Indigo* (Pemberton bowing effectively), and *Satin Doll*, which brought the horns to the fore.

Flakey, written by Sid Cooper and first heard by Hines on the Johnny Carson show, was a pretty number with a Jimmie Lunceford feeling. *Cavernism*, originally recorded in 1933 by the Hines band in a Jimmy Mundy arrangement and now rearranged by concertmaster Budd Johnson, became a rather unlikely vehicle for Zwerin's bass trumpet. *At Dawn*, written by Tom Whaley, featured excellent clarinet by Donovan. *Can't Sit Down* put the spotlight on Money Johnson, a big-band

veteran whose time with the Cootie Williams Band was obviously not wasted. Using plunger mute throughout, he played several blistering blues choruses with power and passion.

Then Hines introduced his vocalist, Clea Bradford, who has been more influenced by musicians than other singers. For a change of pace, she sang a romantic version of *The Days of Wine and Roses*. But her real gifts were better realized on a swinging *Without a Song*; after an easy, scatted introduction over bass and drums, she sang several choruses with musicianly phrasing and good vocal control, building to a strong climax and an organ amen from the horns. Hines gave her brilliant support, and there were encouraging obligatos by trumpet and tenor. Budd Johnson followed with a rousing up-tempo version of *When Hearts Are Young* that was no anticlimax.

The finale was Hines' well-known version of *St. Louis Blues* done at an up-medium tempo with all the usual Hines fancies. The choruses with both hands in the treble came off particularly well. Each horn man took two choruses (Zwerin on bass trumpet, Donovan on alto, Money Johnson on flugelhorn, and Budd Johnson on tenor), these leading into three exciting ensemble choruses. Warm, almost emotional applause from the large audience brought Hines back to sing his thanks with *I Wish You Love* and *It's a Pity to Say Goodnight*.

It was a skillfully planned program, one which evidenced the leader's vast experience. The rhythm section was generally inspiring, Jackson showing an ability to think quickly in one or two unexpected situations. Budd Johnson's arrangements were neat and always to the point, but the ensembles were not as polished as they undoubtedly would be after a few more rehearsals.

The group's considerable potential was, however, impressively displayed. Besides the doubles mentioned, Donovan plays flute and Budd Johnson soprano on several originals that were not programed.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

RAY BROWN

JOHNNY GRIFFIN



In sum, Hines and his men seem fitting envoys to send to Russia in the footsteps of Sidney Bechet and Benny Goodman.

—Stanley Dance

Mongo Santamaria London House, Chicago

Personnel: Ray Maldonado, trumpet; Hubert Laws, Bob Capers, reeds; Rogers Grant, piano; Victor Venagas, bass; Santamaria, conga drums, bongos; Carmello Garcia, drums, timbales.

Santamaria infects an audience with the same kind of enjoyment he obviously receives from his own playing.

Turning the chattering opening-night London House audiences into avid listeners is no small chore. But Santamaria and his men succeeded—so well, in fact, they were called to encore by a roar of approval.

Though this is a septet, three members stand out like neon lights—which is just as well because the normal eye, and ear, couldn't absorb much more.

The performance was audio-visual.

Santamaria, of course, with his flying hands and engaging smile, was one of the centers of attraction, but Garcia, with his swift and often humorous timbale attacks, was the group's showman as he choreographed every number. Laws, who set the tempos, demonstrated that he loses none of his technical facility when alternating among tenor, flute, and piccolo.

The group was so well rehearsed, or empathetic, that none of the intensity or sincerity of the offerings was sacrificed to the gyrations of the percussionists.

Watermelon Man, which carried Santamaria to prominence for all but ardent Afro-Cuban listeners, was done at length to close the opening set, and a snatch of it was used to endorse all subsequent performances. Santamaria's rendition of this much-heard work glowed even warmer in person than it did on record.

On the delicate samba *Carnival*, Laws' flute sprinkled triple-tongued pearls across the light rhythmic groundwork. His piccolo arpeggios were remarkably clean and unslurred.

The group was not above dealing out a few rock-and-roll tunes with a jazz veneer

—a fairly common practice these days—but *Walk on By* came off more than pleasantly.

One of the distinctive features of this Afro-Cuban coalition was unison percussion work—even after 32 bars of against-the-tempo playing, Santamaria and Garcia would simultaneously twist a rhythmic statement into a pretzel and break it off at the end and fall back into the original tempo. They ripped from 4/4 to 6/8 to 5/4, through a gamut of tempos, as if their four hands were controlled by the same mind.

This hard-driving septet is more than an Afro-Cuban group of exceptional force and style. Its heady combination of Latin influences with jazz melodies results in probably the definitive offering of its type to be heard today.

—Bill Quinn

Ray Brown Deering Inn, Canoga Park, Calif.

Personnel: Victor Feldman, piano, vibraharp; Brown, bass; Frankie Capp, drums.

Beneath a sign reading "PLEASE DO NOT FEED THE MUSICIANS," three of Hollywood's best-fed swingers were feeding a new policy to a small audience not yet accustomed to the Deering Inn's jazz sounds.

The room is intimate and acoustically comfortable. It is located in the San Fernando Valley, where most of filmdom's studio musicians live. However, it is also located on a side street, and in order to finance its new weekend excursions into jazz, management will have to spread the word.

Brown was spreading his own message of straight-ahead swing, fronting two kindred souls in remarkably clean, thought-provoking arrangements by Feldman that underscored the true give-and-take spirit of chamber jazz.

The rapport was most obvious in the busy bass lines and brush strokes provided by Brown and Capp. The latter, in particular, put on a display of listening that matched his playing. Capp must be one of the most responsive drummers on the

scene. He absorbs every rhythmic nuance of his colleagues and then either echoes their phrases or comments on them in a brilliant dialog that reveals humor as well as subtlety.

Feldman's full chordal approach highlighted an interestingly reharmonized 6/8 version of *Liebestraum*. Equally interesting were the shifting accents that gave Brown and Capp a rhythmic field day behind Feldman's legato phrases.

Brown showed his mastery in an unaccompanied solo on *Tenderly*—well, not quite unaccompanied, if you counted his sub-voce singing. Also not quite unaccompanied after Brown walked his sidemen into one funky chorus before bowing out alone.

An inventive arrangement of *Swinging on a Star* found its constantly modulating phrases and sequences carefully worked out so that the instruments fit together like a swinging jigsaw, rather than mere melody and accompaniment.

The trio sounded especially warm and mellow on the ballad *There's a Lull in My Life* and devastatingly satirical on a rock-and-roll spoof, *I Want to Be Rich*, with Capp continually switching from brushes to sticks to mallets.

Basin Street Blues was wonderfully dirty, with Brown answering Feldman's statement of the theme. Capp and Feldman took turns superimposing a 6/8 feeling over the prodding 4/4. When it broke into double-time, Brown pounced heavily on the 6/8 while the others wailed.

Feldman switched to vibes for a couple of tunes: a slow *I Thought About You* and an up-tempo *Yours Is My Heart Alone*. His playing was pleasant but unspectacular.

Slightly sensational were the sitting-in talents of visiting vibist Tommy Vig. Predictably, he felt his way with the trio in a blues taken at a comfortable clip but then burned up the mallets with *I Want to Be Happy*. As titles go, that seemed to set the pace for the group. This trio exuded nothing but the happiest level of professionalism all evening.

—Harvey Siders

Johnny Griffin Jazz Land, Paris, France

Personnel: Griffin, tenor saxophone; Eddie Louiss, piano; Alby Cullaz, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

If you are looking for a chronic case of "out of sight, out of mind" in jazz, then you need look no further than tenor saxophonist Johnny Griffin.

In recent U.S. and British jazz polls his name has not even been mentioned.

Yet Griffin is a superlative musician. With this group and for this current engagement, he has been in magnificent form.

This is a fine, cohesive quartet, fired and inspired by Griffin's immense enthusiasm. Taylor forms the rhythmic bed rock while Griffin puts his tenor saxophone through its breathtaking paces.

They play honest-to-goodness, hard-swinging jazz, enjoying what they are doing while communicating this enjoyment in lavish proportions.

It is popularly believed that U.S. musicians who temporarily exile themselves in

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Europe tend, away from the source, to rust. But there is no trace of rust in the work of Griffin and Taylor. Their talents gleam brilliantly, outshining the work of the two Frenchmen in the group.

Nevertheless, Cullaz is a very competent bassist, who—though lacking originality as a soloist—has a good harmonic sense, keeps time accurately, and has good intonation. Louiss, a fluent pianist in the Bobby Timmons mold, though on the night of review handicapped by a piano that was out of tune in the upper octaves, is a vigorous and impressive soloist.

Despite the overshadowing skills of Taylor and Griffin, the quartet is well integrated and without doubt the best combo currently to be heard in France.

The group opened its set with a briskly swinging *Ray's Idea*, and immediately the intense rapport between Griffin and Taylor was in evidence. Nobody seems to get such a crisp top cymbal sound as Taylor, and the whiplash of his hi-hat defies the feet to stay still.

As Taylor's drums seethed and hissed, with punctuations from a remarkably fluent left hand, Griffin filled the room with brilliant, effervescent sound. He wove and spun solos of delightful musical tracery. His music has a sort of pyrotechnic quality, sparking, fizzing, and soaring with seemingly endless energy.

He builds excitement tremendously and has the superb gift of surprise. Just when one is nodding his head in approval of a predictable but brilliantly executed phrase, Griffin will suddenly twist the tail of it, extend it, reverse it, play it a half-step up, etc., doing that one unexpected thing more that starts shivers going down the spine.

These Foolish Things was notable for spry injections of Griffin quotes—*Swinging on a Star*, *Rhapsody in Blue*, and the almost obligatory *Kerry Dancers*, and finally, it was taken out by a *Country Gardens* retard.

Another familiar, but effective, Griffin characteristic was exploited in *Straight, No Chaser* when the tenorist got into a sequence of two-bar phrases of 12 eighth notes and two quarter-note rests. Griffin's entire solo made nonsense of any assertion that nothing more can be said on the blues, and it was followed by a long Taylor workout that was among the most controlled and inspired I have heard from him. After a departure into *My Little Suede Shoes* with some humorous Latin tempo comments from Griffin, Taylor took the quartet back into straight 4/4 and the out choruses of *No Chaser*.

Griffin closed the set with a sensitively interpreted *Soft and Furry*, a fine original in C-minor, that featured some strong arco work by Cullaz in harmony with the leader's tenor.

Little Giant they call Johnny Griffin, and, on this hearing, it is completely apt. He and Taylor have lost nothing by their sojourn in Europe—apart, perhaps, from the attention they certainly would have earned if they'd stayed in the States.

At any rate, the Griffin quartet is certainly making the best sounds in Paris these days.

—Mike Hennessey

In the Aug. 25 Down Beat

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LARRY RIVERS
(Continued from page 22)

version of life and art—she had her day—is that all there is to it? I don't know... I can see, through, how the whole thing about chordal structure can seem silly. What is jazz about anyway? Lester Young seemed to make it about, 'Here we are alone. I'm going my way and we're swinging, and hand me the pot.' It's hard to know.

"You know what Dixieland's about, though, don't you? A lazy afternoon... drinking... a happy mood.

"What about Billie Holiday?"

"Billie got into that tragic thing of Negro life—she was by herself."

"Now, everything is getting totally permissive," I said. "Someone once put it pretty much the way I feel—'Where anything goes, nothing counts.'"

"I don't think it's only permissiveness. What's happened is that art has expanded. We've included more things because more things have become boring. There had to be other places for men to go to bring back a little delight, so they began experimenting with other things. Broadening the arena.

"For instance, you go to a concert, and beforehand, they're tuning up. Tuning up! Now that's a *picce*. What they've done is altered the categories. You no longer can keep repeating the same words about things. Where's the scene in jazz today? Is it Ornette? Monk? It's almost nothing. And it's the same in painting—there's no center. Maybe that's good, because now if we want to make jazz, we have to *do* it. There's less to rely on. You don't just go to a loft anymore and play tunes.

"There must be something in jazz; with men who've been playing 10 or 15 years, where, after a while it becomes the relationship between what they are doing and what they *are*. I've gotten that way with painting. It becomes identification. Who are you? Is *that* what you want? Why? And, what's going on with that? What's the relationship between those two? And then, where do you want to go from here? What notes or colors you choose becomes you, what women you choose, what life you choose..."

"Speaking of choices, do you know that Elvin actually wants me to go on the road with him? I couldn't believe my ears when he asked me. I was so complimented. For a while, I even thought about going, but that isn't for me anymore. I thought that maybe it was the personal thing—we've had so many experiences together."

"No, I don't think so," I said. "He probably just likes the way you play. It's like you said a while ago—you probably broaden his arena, in a way."

Larry went back to the bandstand, smiling nervously at the audience. I stayed for a few tunes, and he was bad and good in that same way as ever. I thought that, while Larry isn't a major player, he certainly could be if he worked at it. And if people listened with ears instead of antennas, forgetting that Larry is a painter, white, and not poor, they might find that he has a unique personality and that it's fun to listen to him.

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NEWPORT

(Continued from page 16)

but it never had been played faster than this night. It was held together by fine solos and magnificent drumming. There can be no question that this is one of the most unified groups of today, able to do things with time as through telepathy. And when the time changes, the swing doesn't.

This, regrettably, was not the case during most of the long "Coltrane" afternoon.

The Jazz Crusaders, in their first Newport appearance, an impromptu event occasioned (and sometimes marred) by recording, had to play so early that many missed the group's good performance.

Trombonist Wayne Henderson is the outstanding soloist, while tenor saxophonist Wilton Felder does a capable middle-period Coltrane. The Crusaders swing.

Trumpeter Bill Dixon's group, which followed, didn't. Their set consisted of a long Dixon composition based on pleasant but not very substantial thematic material. Titled *Pomegranate*, it featured Ken McIntyre's alto saxophone and bass clarinet, Louis Brown's tenor, Bob Cunningham's bass, Tom Price's drums, and a dancer, Judith Dunn.

Miss Dunn pranced and preened herself in the best Greenwich Village style of "modern" interpretative dancing, adorned in a periwinkle-blue tank suit. Though her facial expressions often indicated rapture

at the music, her movements bore no relationship to it; but one couldn't really blame her—the music had almost no movement of its own to follow.

With the exception of McIntyre's unaccompanied opening to his solo, Cunningham's arco passages, and Price's drum spots, this was boring music, a pale reflection of various models. Dixon fluffed through a Milesish fluegelhorn solo; the sound was nice, but the execution wasn't. The impression was that of a serious, well-meaning amateur group with professional assistance performing at a small-town "artistic" event.

Charles Lloyd's quartet, which followed, received the afternoon's warmest applause, for a set that combined "new thing" touches with such old-fashioned staples as steady time, showmanship, and melodic improvisation. Nothing especially remarkable was played—Lloyd has been more inspired—but he was obviously a musician in command of his flute and tenor saxophone, and Keith Jarrett was very obviously a pianist with all kinds of technique, as well as the mind to utilize it well.

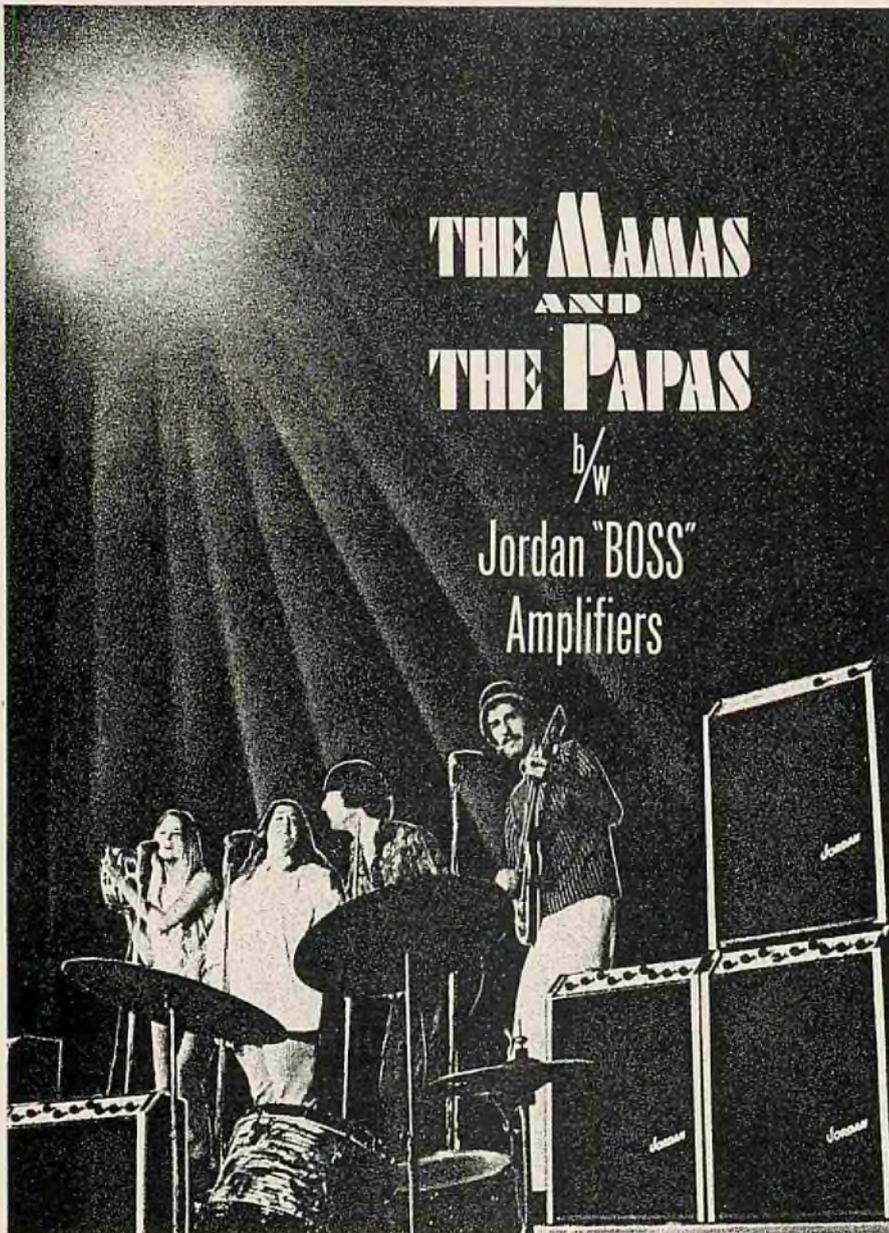
Horace Silver was next and opened with *African Queen*, on which trumpeter Woody Shaw played an impressive solo. He seems to like Freddie Hubbard, but has his own things, too. New tenor man Tyrone Washington appears to be yet another Coltrane disciple, with a big, dark sound and good execution. Drummer Roger Humphries and bassist Larry Ridley make a good team with the leader.

Silver's next choice, *Nutville*, was probably intended to fit with the general orientation of the afternoon, but the group is not at its best when it goes in that direction. Besides, the solos remained chord-bound and in time, so that the sole avant-garde touches were overly long solos, and Washington's Coltrane imitations. Only Humphries' long, deft, solo, and Silver's gummy piano really found their mark.

Coltrane's quintet played a long, meandering set. The best came first: an eight-minute unaccompanied bass solo by Jimmy Garrison. The leader, on soprano, followed, making a bow to *My Favorite Things*, but soon departing from it. Farrell Sanders took over, on tenor, starting quietly but soon was well into his screaming bag. Pianist Alice Coltrane played a long, meandering, timeless series of chromatic runs and rumbblings, occasionally reflecting a McCoy Tyner sound but none of his rhythmic thrust. (This was the first of two such piano solos, basically undistinguishable from one another.)

For his reprise, Coltrane was joined by Sanders on piccolo, whereupon the leader launched a plaintive ballad (on tenor). For a few moments, the old commanding, moving sound and passionate feeling were present; then Sanders, picking up his tenor, joined in and the banshees were wailing once again. In his long solo, Sanders seemed to exhaust himself, straining the limits of both the human ear and his instrument.

Coltrane's long tenor solo, following the piano interlude, was fascinating to watch. He went through all manner of physical



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gyrations. Obviously, the solo was an expression of deep emotion, but so is the scream of a wounded human, which is not considered art. (The more I hear this music, the less it seems to be capable of arousing a response in me, other than irritation at such waste of talent and, finally, sheer boredom.)

At the end, a band of enthusiasts arose, clapping and shouting "More!" But the field behind them had nearly emptied, and no one took up the cry.

The evening representation of avant-garde jazz (or whatever one thinks this music should be called) was provided by Archie Shepp and his quintet. The group launched a cacophonous barrage of sounds, laced with wild smears from Roswell Rudd's trombone and moans and shakes from the leader's tenor. It was wild and somehow exhilarating. The comic overtones of the music soon crystallized into a fairly straight rendition of a Sousa-like march, sounding like a parody of a Dixieland band (Howard Johnson's incredibly flexible tuba added to this impression).

Suddenly, the pandemonium ended, and the strains of *Prelude to a Kiss* emerged from Shepp's horn. When he plays a ballad, he often comes close to sentimentality. Rudd's obbligato showed how well he can play music when he allows himself to do so.

After a reprise of the march, Shepp began to read a poem. "Malcolm is dead," he intoned, and was greeted with cheers and boisterous applause from backstage, a sound magnified by the amplification system. Flustered, Shepp broke off his reading to say that he couldn't continue under these conditions. "I know how you racists out there feel about jazz," he said. The voice of Wein could be heard from backstage saying, "Please, fellows, keep it down." Order was restored, and Shepp resumed.

The poem, which included references to intimate portions of the female anatomy and to digestive noises, was greeted with scattered laughter, momentary disbelief, and exits from the field.

(Later that night, at a private session, Shepp played piano in an unexpectedly romantic and "traditional" way—tunes like *Lushlife* and *In a Sentimental Mood*. He even played *I Know That You Know*, with stride touches, and he played blues changes behind Gerry Mulligan and Rudd. Johnson played a fantastic tuba solo on *The Lady Is a Tramp*, with Mulligan and Teddi King. It was a surrealistic postlude to the festival performance, but a hopeful one. Since he can play what I consider music, perhaps Shepp some day will find himself and return to it. Meanwhile, his group was certainly the most interesting representation of the "new thing" at Newport.)

A different kind of "new thing" music was played at the Monday afternoon guitar workshop by Attila Zoller, with the support of the gifted pianist Don Friedman, bassist Gene Taylor, and drummer Billy Kay. It was flowing, melodic, and exquisitely executed. Zoller's unaccompanied *Darn That Dream* was beautiful.

At the workshop, Grant Green played swinging blues, Kenny Burrell did a re-

markable job with *Greensleeves*, and Charlie Byrd, using an acoustic guitar with a newly invented microphone attachment, paid homage to Django Reinhardt with *Nuages*.

But the peak moments came from George Benson, a young guitarist with roots in Charlie Christian and a wonderful beat. With baritone saxophonist Ronnie Cuber, organist Lonnie Smith, and drummer Kay—fine players all—Benson rocked the audience with a ride on *I Got Rhythm* changes, a "soul" blues, a lyrical *Flamingo*, and, as an encore, Charlie Parker's *Au Privave*.

What else was there at Newport '66?

For one thing, Ella Fitzgerald, singing with the Ellington orchestra (with Jimmy

Jones at the piano and her own bassist, Joe Comfort, and drummer Ed Thigpen), she did 15 tunes, old and new, with tremendous zest, feeling, and musicianship.

Among the highlights were a lovely *Something to Live For*, a moody *Shadow of Your Smile* (the most frequently performed tune of the festival), a jumping *Mack the Knife* (with all kinds of help from the trumpet section, individually and collectively), a swinging *Sweet Georgia Brown*, and a kaleidoscopic *How High the Moon*, which had everything, from opera to the Beatles, thrown in.

The Duke himself joined in for the finale: a rousing *Cottontail*, with exchanges of fours and twos between Ella (scat) and Paul Gonsalves (tenor) and great drum-

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ming by Thigpen. The encore was *Imagine My Frustration*, with a Hodges solo and a modified frug by Ella. This performance, following the aforementioned Ellington and Wilson-Rich-Terry sets, made Sunday night at Newport everything a jazz festival concert should be: a joyous and inspiring occasion.

The familiar groups and singers on the festival's various programs did familiar work. The Dave Brubeck Quartet played well enough, but Getz was off form, though he reinstated himself with a lovely *When the World Was Young*. Organist Smith decided to play jazz, did it very well, but failed to ignite the crowd. The-lonious Monk comped beautifully behind a fine Larry Gales bass solo and introduced a tune picked up in Japan, *Tokyo Moon*, but his set was too short.

Two seasoned professionals, Nina Simone and Herbie Mann, appeared to be the popular favorites. This year Mann, more restrained than usual, featured some excellent Jimmy Heath arrangements (on which the flutist doubled tenor saxophone in the ensembles) and Jimmy Owens' substantial flugelhorn and trumpet. Mann knows how to get to the people, as does Miss Simone. The calculating nature of her performances, her neatly worked-out arrangements, eclectic piano, and penchant for homelitic lyrics always pay off, and it must be said that she puts her material across convincingly. But she has as much of a rightful place at a jazz festival as at a folk festival.

Tony Bennett, a surprise guest with the Woody Herman Herd, was not in his best voice, but his sincerity and charm came across. His choice of a chestnut, *Georgia Rose*, with lyrics from Tin Pan Alley's pity-the-poor-Negro period, was in questionable taste but obviously well meant.

The jazz clergy was variously represented. The Rev. Norman O'Connor did his customary amiable job as emcee but was cut by fellow emcee Leonard Feather when it came to relevant information about the musicians. The Rev. John G. Gensel brought his New York "Jazz Ministry Band," directed by Howard McGhee, to perform a Sunday jazz service. The consensus was that it came off as one of the most convincing and relevant attempts of this nature. McGhee, more impressive than at the workshop, and tenor men Clifford Jordan and Jimmy Heath copped solo honors, and the band was rough but ready.

The Rev. Tom Vaughn, recently recorded by RCA Victor, played piano with his trio. It may be rude to say so, but if the good father were not a man of the cloth, he would have as much of a chance to record, even for a minor label, as the guy who plays piano in the bar around the corner. He is, to put it mildly, a rather limited pianist. But he looks as if something were happening.

The twilight groups, Misja Mengelberg's quartet and the Florida Jazz Quintet, were such early starters that few persons had a chance to hear them. It seems rather pointless for a European group such as Mengelberg's to have to play at Newport while people are finding their seats or parking their cars. **[CIS]**

AD LIB

(Continued from page 13)

American entertainer "for outstanding service to the community." The first recipient was singer Vikki Carr . . . A drive to underwrite a day-care nursery in Watts was spearheaded by some big Hollywood names and culminated in a special show at a Sunset Strip rock joint, It's Boss. Entertainer Steve Allen emceed the show that included singers Vikki Carr and Jack Jones. Reed man Buddy Collette fronted an orchestra for dancing . . . The Studio Watts Workshop, a nonprofit organization dedicated to encouraging artistic expression by giving free instruction in music, dance, painting, sculpture, and drama to aspiring artists in south Los Angeles, put on a fund-raising evening of Negro poetry and prose, called *Blues and Dues*. Providing the backing for some interesting, mostly angry, readings was a quintet called the Studio Watts Jazz Ensemble (Lester Robertson, trombone; John Lemon, reeds; Horace Tapscott, piano; David Bryant, bass; and Everette Browne, drums.)

SAN FRANCISCO: Making his first appearance in a U.S. night club since his stay at New York's Village Vanguard a year and a half ago, Ornette Coleman drew full-house crowds during his two-week engagement at the Both/And club here. Coleman had last played in San Francisco in 1960, following his second appearance at the Monterey Jazz Festival . . . Pianist Gerry Olds, bassist Fred Marshall, and drummer Jerry Granelli backed trumpeter Maynard Ferguson during his third (and last) weekend appearance at the Golden Nugget in Oakland. Ferguson subsequently organized a big band for a Playboy Club tour that began July 5 with a two-week stop in the San Francisco branch of the Hugh Hefner network. Vibraharpist Terry Gibbs and Stan Kenton also are slated to head bands that will play the circuit . . . The Buddy Rich big band, which bowed at the Alladin Hotel in Las Vegas, followed with a six-night engagement at Casuals on the Square in Oakland . . . The Dave Brubeck quartet did turnaway business during its Monday-Tuesday night stay at Basin Street West here . . . Flugelhornist Chet Baker joined the Jono Donato Trio for an eight-week engagement at the Trident, in Sausalito . . . Drummer Al Randall, 33, who played with the Chris Ibanez Trio and the Virgil Gonsalves Sextet before leaving music for Abercrombie & Fitch, died here recently. Randall, who is survived by his wife and three children, was main-floor buyer for the A & F San Francisco store. A benefit for Randall's survivors, staged in two San Francisco clubs and one in Oakland, with nine units and two soloists participating, was held under chairmanship of bassist Jerry Good, a longtime friend of Randall.

BOSTON: Pianist Randy Weston's one-weeker at Connolley's featured tenor saxophonist Booker Ervin, recently returned from Europe, and baritone saxophonist Cecil Payne. Weston's regulars,

bassist Bill Woode and drummer Lennie McBrown, were also on hand . . . Alto saxophonist Charlie Mariano, with trumpeter Herb Pomeroy, led a quintet at the Jazz Workshop. Mariano's group was followed by pianist McCoy Tyner's trio and pianist Jaki Byard's quartet . . . Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike was home to trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie's sextet for a week, followed by saxophonist Sonny Stitt and vocalist Jon Hendricks . . . Jazz on television continued as usual. In addition to Channel 2's weekly live show, which featured groups led by guitarist Kenny Burrell, pianist Tyner, and vocalist Carol Sloane, WHDH did half-hour programs with Gillespie and pianist Earl Hines . . . Vibist Don Moors has formed a quintet that features altoist-flutist Charles Owens, pianist Maite Dey, bassist Jerry Edwards, and drummer Craig Herndon. The group played a week at Connolley's and split a week at the Jazz Workshop.

WASHINGTON: Sen. Claiborne Pell (D, R.I.) arranged to have pianist-promoter George Wein and cornetist Ruby Braff for the U.S. Senate Staff Club's annual membership party in the courtyard of the old Senate Office Building in late June. A group of 1,000 attended. The Wein-Braff group, with Washingtonians Eddie Phylfe, drums, and Butch Warren, bass, also played for hospitalized veterans at Walter Reed Army Hospital and Bethesda Naval Hospital . . . A big band led by Phylfe recently taped a TV-pilot for WRC-TV. Arrangements by Al Cohn, who took part in the show, Neal Hefti, and Bill Potts were used. Vocals were by Ann Read . . . WMAL disc jockey Felix Grant is now writing a jazz column twice a month for the Washington *Sunday Star* . . . Clarinetist Wally Garner subbed for clarinetist-clubowner Tommy Gwaltney at Blues Alley recently . . . The Dave Brubeck Quartet played a scholarship benefit concert for Sidwell Friends School on Wisconsin Ave. Tickets were \$10 and—as the ads read—"tax deductible" . . . British singer Kathy Keegan made her first D.C. appearance at Blues Alley recently. She was recommended by cornetist Bobby Hackett . . . Singer-pianist Shirley Horn was back at the Bohemian Caverns in July . . . Trumpeter Vince Milando's trio is the house band at the Gaslight Club, a key club. The pianist is Louis DeGuibert, and the drummer is Louie Bellucci . . . Clarinetist Country Thomas has been playing at Sam's Place on Connecticut Ave. recently . . . The Jones Brothers continue at the 1520 Club . . . The Cellar Door, where name jazz performers occasionally worked in the past, has a folk policy now. Folks starring there in July were the Serendipity Singers, satirist Tom Lehrer, and the Mitchell Trio . . . Peggy Lee won rave reviews for her singing at the outdoor Shoreham Terrace in June, but her opening night was a fiasco because the microphones were much too low and she couldn't be heard. Sen. J. William Fulbright (D, Ark.), who lives nearby, has complained in the past about the mikes on the Terrace being too loud and keeping him awake . . . Tee Carson, one of the

city's best pianists, is using drummer **Harold Chavis** and bassist **Roland Wilson** at the Silver Dollar . . . The LP taped by **Jimmy** and **Marian McPartland** with the **Tommy Gwaltney** Band here recently will be issued by Columbia.

BALTIMORE: The Club Les Gals, a strip joint that features continuous entertainment beginning at 1 p.m., is experimenting with a semijazz policy. Trumpeter **Dizzy Gillespie's** quintet played a week in early June, sharing a program that included nine strippers, vocalist **Faye Adams**, and two other singers. Gillespie spent much of the week being interviewed by various media to defend his appearance in such a setting. Trumpeter **Howard McGhee** brought in his quintet the following week, and vocalist **Carmen McRae** was scheduled for a date this month . . . Alto saxophonist **Lee Konitz** played a concert June 20 for the Jazz Society of Performing Artists, his first appearance in the Monument City in more than five years. Konitz was backed by a local trio, pianist **Donald Criss**, bassist **Phil Harris**, and drummer **Gary Wilmore**. The JSPA is undergoing organizational changes because of president **Elzie Street's** resignation for business reasons . . . The Center Stage, Baltimore's ranking repertory theater, hosted an art auction at Goucher College late in June. Tenor saxophonist **Ottis Bethel** and percussionist **Billy Campbell's** rhythm section provided a free-form background amid the DeKoonings, Lichtensteins, and champagne . . . **Stan Kenton**

brought his band into the Tail of the Fox July 14 for one night . . . Organist **Jimmy Smith** headlined an SRO rock concert at the huge Civic Center recently . . . The Playboy Club is making a concentrated pitch for the jazz audience in the Baltimore-Washington area. In addition to the jazz trios of pianist **Jimmy Wells** and drummer **Ted Hawke**, which have been featured more than a year, Playboy has initiated cocktail jazz sessions every Friday from 5 to 7 p.m. . . . The Left Bank Jazz Society featured drummer **Elvin Jones'** quartet June 26 at the Madison Club. Vocalist **Joe Lee Wilson**, here recently with clarinetist **Tony Scott**, returned July 3; pianist **Randy Weston's** sextet came in July 10; guitarist **Kenny Burrell's** quartet appeared July 17; pianist **Walter Bishop's** quintet was there July 24; and the quartet of guitarist **Grant Green** is set for July 31.

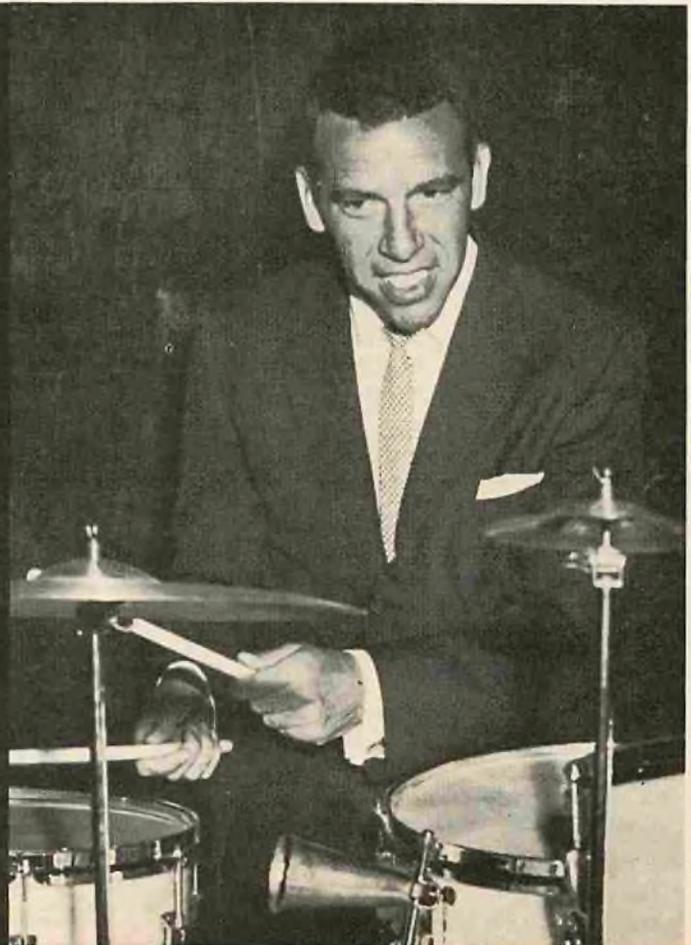
DETROIT: Blues Unlimited, under new management, has begun a jazz policy two nights a week. Mondays **Jimmy Wilkins'** big band appears; Thursdays WCHD disc jockeys **Ed Love** and **Gene Elsey** present sessions. The first such session featured saxophonist **Joe Brazil**, with **Nasir Hafiz**, piano, vibraharp; **Will Austin**, bass; and **Bert Myrick**, drums. The current house band is led by **Hafiz** and includes **Austin**, **Myrick**, and pianist **Charles Bowles**. Host at the club is bassist **Willie Green** . . . Bassist **Ernie Farrow's** group (**John Hare**, trombone; **Joe Thurman**, tenor saxophone; **Kirk Lightsey**, piano; and **Bill Hardy**, drums) was fea-

tured at two concerts recently. The first took place at Masonic Temple June 26 and starred vocalist **Lou Rawls** and saxophonist **Sonny Stitt** (backed by organist **Don Patterson** and drummer **Billy James**). The second concert, held July 10 at the Fort Shelby Hotel, presented trumpeter-fluegelhornist **Clark Terry** and vocalist **Babs Gonzales** . . . **Rudy Robinson** has replaced **Lyman Woodard** on organ in drummer **Hindal Butts'** band at WCHD disc jockey **Jack Springer's** Sunday sessions at Club Stadium . . . **Lightsey** filled in for pianist **Lenore Paxton** and her duo at the Caucus Club while she was appearing in Acapulco, Mexico . . . The latest edition of saxophonist **John Coltrane's** entourage created considerable controversy during his recent stay at the Drome—his first Detroit appearance in three years. With **Coltrane** were **Pharaoh Sanders**, tenor saxophone, **Coltrane's** wife, former Detroitier **Alice McLeod**, piano; **Jimmy Garrison**, bass; and **Rashid Ali**, drums . . . Bassist **Ron Brooks'** trio, with **Stanley Cowell**, piano, and **Danny Spencer**, drums, is featured at the Town Bar in Ann Arbor Wednesday through Sunday nights, instead of Monday through Saturday.

LOUISVILLE: **Stan Kenton's** band played a concert at Morehead State College June 26 . . . In Louisville the trio of pianist **Bob Lam** (**Jack Brengle**, bass, and **Boots Brown**, drums) has been playing at the Shack . . . Saxophonist **Glenn Bradley**, organist **Ramon Howard**, and


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drummer **Boots Brown** are featured six nights a week at the Palladin . . . The **George Bradley Trio** (Billy Madison, piano; **Gus Owens**, bass; Bradley, drums) has been backing singer **Martha Gaye** at the Theater Lounge . . . The **Julep Lounge** swings six nights a week with pianist **Randy Sutton's** trio. Tenorist **Will Hayden** and drummer **Dave Morgan** are with him . . . The **Bobby Jones Quartet** has been playing at the **Moulin Rouge** Wednesday through Saturday . . . Tenorist **Everett Hoffman's** trio (**Boogie Morton**, organ, and **Earlwin Thompson**, drums) continues its engagement at the **Climax** in New Albany, Ind.

ST. LOUIS: The St. Louis Bi-centennial Jazz Festival was held July 15-16 at Kiel Opera House. Guitarist **Wes Montgomery**, singer **Gloria Lynne**, and percussionist **Mongo Santamaria** were featured. The concert also included a contest among local teenage jazz groups . . . **Oliver Nelson**, currently a member of the Washington University Summer School faculty, headed an outdoor concert July 9 on the University Quadrangle. With saxophonist Nelson were **Clark Terry**, trumpet; **Phil Woods**, alto saxophone; **Hank Jones**, piano; **Richard Davis**, bass; and **Grady Tate**, drums . . . Mr. C's La Cachette, a six-night-a-week jazz club, has been well received here. The club features various groups. The **Quartette Tres Bien** appeared the week of July 15 . . . **Fat's States Lounge** has Saturday sessions featuring the **Killers**, a group that includes **Freddie Washington**, tenor saxophone, flute; **John Chapman**, piano; **Hillyard Scott**, bass; and **Sonny Hamp**, drums.

MIAMI: The Family Twilight Concerts at the open-air Miami Marine Stadium presented a program of **Jerome Kern** compositions. The featured soloist was pianist **Don Shirley** . . . Trumpeter **Phil Napoleon's** Retreat recently featured the **Jerri Marshall** combo, with Marshall, vibraharp, trumpet, French horn. Also on hand were **Johnny Abate**, guitar; **Sian Musick**, bass; and **Joe Lees**, drums. Napoleon opened with his new Dixieland combo July 1 . . . Pianist **Frank DiFabio** performs solo on weeknights at the Cove Lounge of the Galen Beach Hotel. On June 25 DiFabio was joined by bassist **Chubby Jackson** and drummer **Jimmy Zuccola** . . . Disc jockey **Alan Rock's** Jazzville, at the Seville Hotel in Miami Beach, opened with a packed house June 18. The next afternoon the **John Thomas Quintet** was featured at a concert at the club. With the bassist-leader were **Tony Castellano**, piano; **Ira Sullivan**, trumpet, tenor saxophone; **Charlie Austin**, tenor saxophone; and **Jose Cigno**, drums. The **Dave Akins Trio** also was featured. **Rock** hopes to feature both pianist **Herbie Brock** and the **Miami All-Star Jazz Quintet** in an up-coming concert . . . Reed man **Pete Ponzol** recently took over musical duties at the **Opus #1** in southwest Miami . . . **Andy Bartha** and the **Deep South Dixieland Band** have been holding forth at the **Oceania Lounge** in Fort Lauderdale. Bartha's guest July 22-30 is bandleader-

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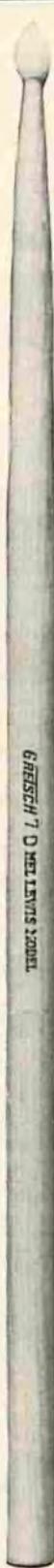
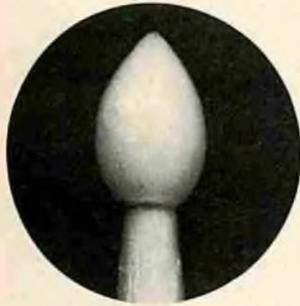
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tenorist **Tex Beneke** . . . Singer-pianist **Johnny Adano**, with **Buddy Deleo**, drums, and **Jay Pell**, bass, opened June 20 at the Harbor Lounge . . . The Playboy Club has begun a policy of having a Friday jazz concert from 5:30 to 7:30 p.m. Bassist **John Thomas** led tenorist **Ponzol**, pianist **Castellano**, and drummer **Cigno** at the first concert.

LONDON: Tenorist **Johnny Griffin** and vocalist **Sheila Jordan** followed **Blossom Dearie** into the **Ronnie Scott Club** for four weeks beginning July 25. Griffin, who is making his second visit to England, is accompanied by the **Stan Tracey Trio** . . . The poetry-and-jazz scene has been busy. A quartet led by **Mike Osborne** and baritonist **John Surman** accompanied poets at **Conway Hall** July 2, and **Chris McGregor's Blue Notes** were sharing the bill with **Wole Soyinka's The Trials of Brother Jero** at **Hampstead Theater Club**. The **Blue Notes** (**Dudu Pukwana**, alto saxophone; **Ronnie Beer**, tenor saxophone; **McGregor**, piano; **Harry Miller**, bass; and **Laurie Allen**, drums) accompanied South African chants and a selection of poems in English and Zulu by **Cosmo Pieterse** and **Lionel Ngakane** . . . The **New Jazz Orchestra** is busy playing festivals throughout the summer at **Harrogate**, **Nottingham**, **Rochester**, **Harlow**, and **Norwich**. The band's revamped personnel includes trumpeters **Ian Carr**, **Greg Bowen**, and **Henry Lowther**, trombonists **Rabin Gardener**, **John Mumford**, reed men **Don Rendell**, **Tom Harris**, **Dave Gelly**, **Barbara Thompson**, **Les Carter**, pianist **Michael Garrick**, bassist **Tony Reeves**, and drummer **John Hiseman** . . . Trumpeters **Ian Hamer**, **Les Condon**, and **Eddie Thornton** and tenorists **Peter Coe** and **Alan Branscombe** were called on to participate in a recent **Beatles** recording session . . . Pianist **Earl Hines** recorded for **Fontana** with **Alex Welsh's** band. Hines used rhythm men **Ron Mathewson**, bass, and **Lennie Hastings**, drums, for most tracks. Tenorist **Bud Freeman** also recorded for the label with pianist **Dick Katz**, bassist **Spike Heatley**, and drummer **Tony Crombie** . . . **Jimmy Witherspoon**, currently spending the summer in Britain, was a sensation at the **Marquee Club** in June with **Tubby Hayes's** big band. The singer is set for French and Belgian television dates and an appearance at the **Comblain-la-Tour** jazz festival . . . Also in town was composer **Gary McFarland**, who was recording the soundtrack for a **Deborah Kerr-David Niven** film, *Eye of the Devil*, with a 80-piece orchestra under **Jack Parnell's** baton . . . The sixth national Jazz and Blues Festival has been moved from **Richmond** to **Windsor**, where July 29-31 bands led by **Chris Barber**, **Alex Welsh**, and **Dick Morrissey** will rub shoulders with big-beat groups. The **Stan Tracey** big band will accompany **Ernestine Anderson** with a personnel including trumpeters **Kenny Baker** and **Eddie Blair** and tenor men **Ronnie Scott** and **Bobby Wellins**, while **Harry South's** big band, which spotlights the tenor of **Tubby Hayes**, will back singer **Georgie Fame**. New Orleans trombonist **Louis Nelson** will also appear.

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

NEW YORK

Ali Baba: Louis Metcalf, Jimmy Neely.
Anderson Theater: Ornette Coleman, Giuseppe Logan, Frank Smith, 7/29. John Coltrane, Marion Brown, Jeanne Lee, Ran Blake, 8/12. Albert Ayler, Archie Shepp, 8/26.
Basie's: Johnny Lytle to 7/31. Harold Ousley, Sun.-Mon.
Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon, Mon., Fri. Club Ruby (Jamaica): Roland Kirk, Lee Morgan, Joe Henderson, Benny Powell, Joe Carroll, 7/31.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed. Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gamba, hb. Sessions, Sun.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sat.
Dom: Tony Scott, Wed.-Sun. Sessions, Sun afternoon.
Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko.
Embers West: Clark Terry, Mike Longo.
Fairfield Motor Inn (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Mon.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern.
Five Spot: Walter Bishop Jr., Irene Reid, to 7/31.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ullano.
Half Note: Carmen McRae, 7/29-31; 8/5-7.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.
Jillys: Monty Alexander, Link Milman, George Perl, Sun.-Mon.
Kenny's Pub: Gene Quill, Mon.
Key Club (Newark, N.J.): name jazz groups.
Marino's Boat Club (Brooklyn): Michael Grant, Vernon Jeffries, Bob Kay, wknds.
Mark Twain Riverboat: name bands.
Metropole: Dizzy Gillespie, 8/5-13.
Museum of Modern Art: Saints & Sinners, 7/28. Roland Kirk, 8/4. Bill Evans, 8/11.
007: Donna Lee, Mickey Dean, Walter Perkins.
Off Shore (Pt. Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.
Playboy Club: Kai Winding, Walter Norris, Larry Willis, Howard Danziger.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, hb. Don Frye, Sun.
St. Mark's Church: Frank Smith, 8/3. Howard Johnson, 8/10. Mike Stalls, 8/17.
Slug's: Sessions, Mon. Jeanne Lee, Ran Blake, Sun. matinee.
Steak Pit (Paramus, N.J.): Connie Berry.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
Toast: Scott Reid.
Top of the Gate: Dave Pike, Bobby Timmons.
Village East: Larry Lovel.
Village Gate: Herbie Mann, Lou Rawls, to 7/31. Art Blakey, 8/2-14. Fats Domino, 8/4-7; 8/11-14.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon. Thelonious Monk, Coleman Hawkins, 8/2-14.
Western Inn (Ateco, N.J.): Red Crossett, Sun.
Wollman Auditorium (Central Park): Stan Getz, Kenny Burrell, 7/30. Nina Simone, 8/5. Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Ray Bryant, Joe Williams, 8/8. Erroll Garner, Wes Montgomery, 8/13. Duke Ellington, 8/15.
Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

BOSTON

Chez Freddie: Eddie Stone-Maggie Scott.
Connolly's: name jazz groups, weekly.
Driftwood (Shrewsbury): Jeff Tones.
Fantasy Lounge (Framingham): Lovey-Ann Quartet.
Gaslight Room: Basin Street Boys.
Jazz Workshop: Lou Donaldson to 7/31. Steve Kuhn, 8/1-7.
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: Junior Mance, Marge Hudson, to 7/31. Sonny Rollins, 8/1-7. Zoot Sims-Al Cohn, 8/8-14. Bill Evans, 8/15-21.
Maridor (Framingham): Al Vega.
Paul's Mall: Dave Blume.

BALTIMORE

Buck's: Bill Byrd.
Forest Manor (Jazz Society for Performing Artists): name groups, Mon.
Jockey Club: Al McKinney.
Jones' Lounge: Jack Blake.
Kozy Korner: Ed Birdsong.
Krazy Kat: Dan Brown.
Lenny Moore's: Greg Hatza.
Madison Club (Left Bank Jazz Society): name groups, Sun.
Martick's: Brad Wines, Betty Dorsey.
Peyton Place: sessions, Thur.-Sun.
Playboy: Ted Hawke, Jimmy Wells.

Roosevelt Hotel: Jerry Clifford.
Uptown: Lloyd Grant.
Well's: George Jackson.
Zebra Room: George Ecker.

WASHINGTON

Blues Alley: Tommy Gwaltney, hb.
Hobeman Taverns: name and local jazz groups.
Cafe Lounge: Billy Taylor, Linda Corlry.
Carter Barron Amphitheater: Jimmy Smith, Cannonball Adderley, Nina Simone, Mongo Santamaria, 8/1-3.
Embers: Eddie Phyfe.
Gaslight Club: Vince Milando.
Murphy's: Ellsworth Gibson, Lorraine Rudolph.
Osaka: Bill Harris.
Roadhouse Inn: Buck Clarke.
Showboat Lounge: Ahmad Jamal to 7/30. Gene Krupa, 8/1-6.
Silver Dollar: Tee Carson, tfn.
Silver Fox: John Eaton, tfn.

MIAMI AND FLORIDA

Bon Fire: Myrtle Jones, hb.
Chez Vendome: Herbie Brock, hb.
Denuville: Bobby Fields, hb.
Napoleon's Retreat: Phil Napoleon, hb.
Oceanic Lounge (Fort Lauderdale): Andy Bartha, hb. Tex Beneke to 7/30.
Playboy Club: Bill Kico, hb.
Seville Jazz Room: jazz nightly.
South Seas Yacht: Harry Manian, Jeff Carlton.

CHICAGO

Big John's: various blues groups.
Edgewater Beach Hotel: Joe Montie.
Englewood Urban Center: Louis Hall, 7/30.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, Lil Armstrong, Sun.
Imperial Inn: Judy Roberts, wknds.
London House: George Shearing, 8/9-28. Gene Krupa, 9/13-10/3.
McCormick Place: Dave Brubeck, 8/14.
Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, Wed.-Sun. Jug Berger, Mon.-Tue.
Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ralph Massetti, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Miles Davis to 7/31. Herbie Mann, 8/3-14.
Ravinia (Highland Park): Ramsey Lewis, 7/27, 29. Miriam Makeba, Chicago Jazz Ensemble, 8/3. Amanda Ambrose, Cannonball Adderley, 8/10.
Window: Warren Kime, Wed.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb.
Artists' Workshop: Detroit Contemporary 4, Lyman Woodward, Sun.
Baker's Keyboard: George Shearing, 8/1-6.
Big George's: Romy Rand.
Blues Unlimited: Jimmy Wilkins, Mon. Nasir Haaz, Thur.
Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, Tue.-Sat.
Caucus Club: Lenore Paxton, Mon.-Sat.
Chessmate Gallery: Ernie Farrow, Fri.-Sat.
Chit Chat: Earl Marshall, Thur.-Sat.
Club Stadium: Hindal Butts, Sun.
Diamond Lil's: Skip Klich, Tue.-Sat.
Drome: Richard Holmes, 7/29-8/2.
Frolic: Don Davis, Thur.-Sat.
Hobby Bar: Ben Jones, Pixie Wales, Wed.-Sat.
Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha, Tue.-Sat.
Momo's: Danny Stevenson, Thur.-Sat.
New Olympia: Norman Dillard, Thur.-Sun.
Pnige's: Ernie Farrow, Thur.-Sun.
Playboy Club: Matt Michael, Vince Mance, Mon.-Sat. Jack Pierson, Sat.
Shadow Box: Bobby Laurel, Tue.-Sat.
Sophisticates Lounge: Harold McKinney.
Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, Mon.-Sat.
Village Gate: George Bohanon, Fri.-Sat.
Waterfall (Ann Arbor): Clarence Byrd.

NEW ORLEANS

Bistro: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer.
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Bill Kelsey, Santo Pecora.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry.
Goliwub: Armand Hug.
Haven: Keith Smith, wknds.
Joe Burton's Joe Burton.
Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
Municipal Auditorium: Frankie Laine, Al Belletto, 8/5-6.
Outdrigger: Stan Mendelson.
Paddock Lounge: Ernest Holland, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.

KANSAS CITY

Benny's: Emmett Finney, Thur.-Sat.
Club Delian: Charles Kinnard to 8/31. Kenny Burrell, 9/1-15.
Gullery: Carole Harris, Ray Harris.
Golden Horseshoe: Betty Miller, Milt Able.
Mother's: Darrell DeVore, Thur.-Sat.
New Orleans Room: Ed Smith.
Playboy: Pete Eye, hb.
Plaza III: Caroline Harris.
The Place: Baby Lovette.
Venture Inn: George Salisbury, Arch Martin, wknds.

LAS VEGAS

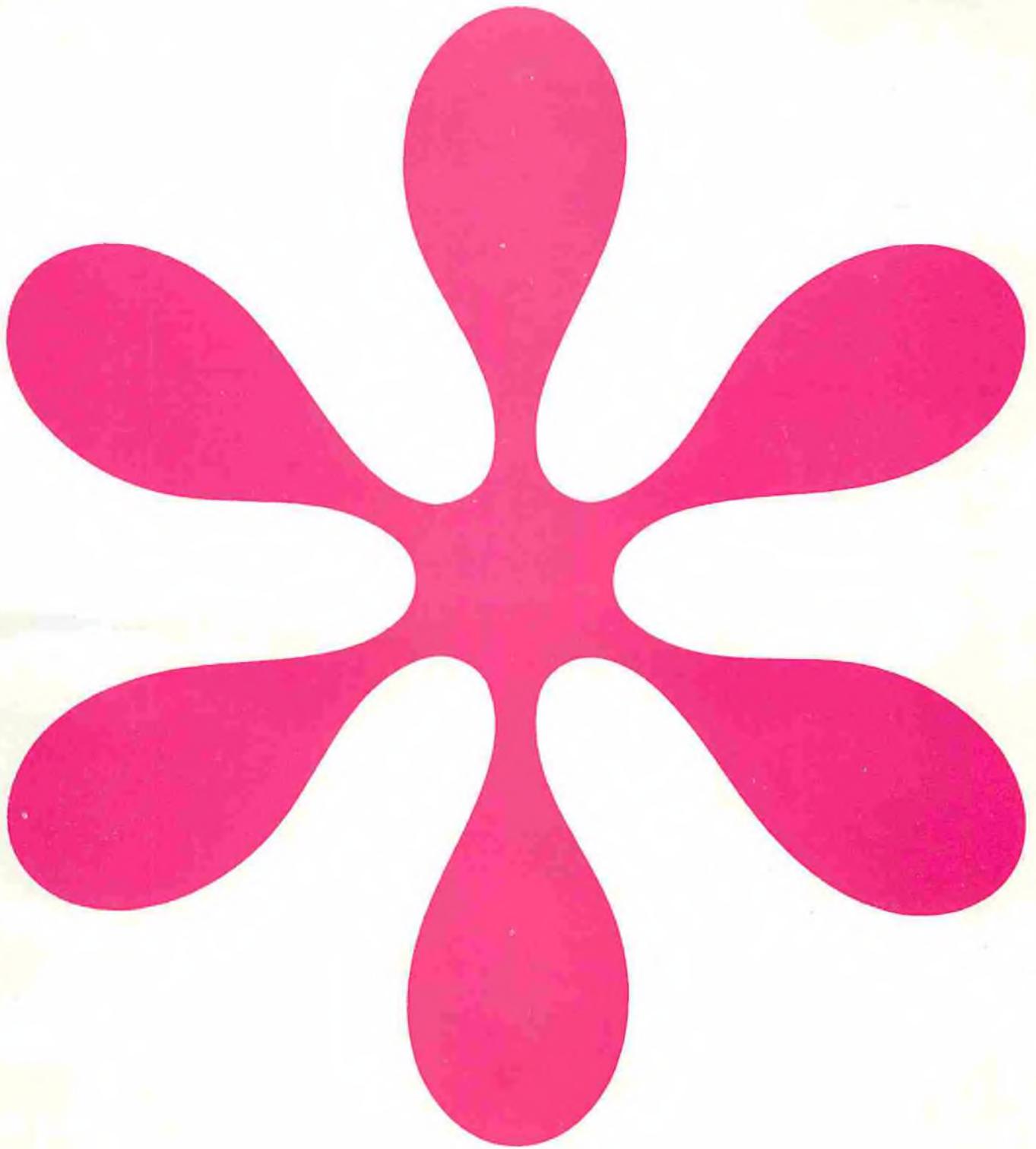
Black Magic: Ronnie Donath.
Flamingo Hotel: Harry James to 8/24.
Sahara Hotel: Four Freshmen, Ron Feuer to 8/26.
Sands Hotel: Buddy Rich to 9/13. Buddy Greco, 8/17-9/13.
Tropicana Hotel: Mel Torme-Woody Herman to 8/18. Pete Fountain, 8/19-9/8. Bob Crosby, 9/9-22. Stan Getz, Gene Krupa, Anita O'Day, 9/23-10/13. Benny Goodman, 10/14-11/3. George Shearing, 11/4-24.

LOS ANGELES

Bill Chadney's (Sherman Oaks): Stan Worth.
Bonesville: Don Ellis, Mon.
Caribbean: Reuben Wilson, Fri.-Sun., Mon. afternoon.
Charter House (Anaheim): Johnny Guarnieri.
Chico's (Lynwood): Gene Palmer, Fri.-Sat.
China Trader: Bobby Troup.
Cisaco's (Manhattan Beach): Allen Fisher, alternate Tue. John Terry.
Club Casbah: Dolo Coker.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Hampton Hawes, Red Mitchell, wknds. Pete Jolly, Jimmy Rowles.
Edgewater Inn (Long Beach): name groups, Sun.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, wknds.
Golden West Ballroom (Norwalk): Les Brown opening 8/4.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner.
International Hotel: Joe Loco, Eddie DeSantis.
Jim's Roaring '20s (Downey): Original New Orleans Jazz Band.
Kiss Kiss Club: Jack Costanzo.
La Duce (Inglewood): John Houston, Gene Roswell, Tues.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Bola Sete, to 8/7. Jackie & Roy, 8/12-21. Charlie Byrd, 8/24-9/10. Gene Russell, Sun. Howard Rumsey, Mon.-Tue.
Living Room: Dorothy Donegan.
Marty's: Bobby Bryant, Henry Cain, Tue.
Melody Room: Kellie Greene.
Memory Lane: jazz, nightly.
Norm's Greenlake (Pasadena): Ray Dewey, Fri.-Sat.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson, Reuben Wilson, Mon.
Pen & Quill (Manhattan Beach): Clarence Daniels.
Pied Piper: Ocie Smith, Ike Isaacs.
P.J.'s: Eddie Cano.
Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Marv Jenkins, Bob Corwin, hbs.
Prime Rib (Newport Beach): Jan Deneau.
Red Log (Westwood): Johnny Lawrence.
Sandpiper (Playa del Rey): Don Rader, Sun.-Mon.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: John Handy to 7/31. Denny Zeitlin, 7/29-31. Ahmad Jamal, 8/16-28.
Ruth Price, Mike Wofford, Mon. Sonny Criss, Mon. afternoon. Shelly Manne, wknds.
Sherry's: Mike Melvoin, Sun.
Sojourn Inn (Inglewood): sessions, Sun.
Troubadour: Odetta, to 8/7.
Ward's Jazzville (San Diego): Ahmad Jamal, 8/12-14. Miles Davis, 9/23. Kenny Burrell, 10/7-9. Cannonball Adderley, 10/21-23. Wes Montgomery, 11/11-12. Ramsey Lewis, 12/13-18.
Woody's Wharf (Newport Beach): Dave Mackay, Chuck Dominican.

SAN FRANCISCO

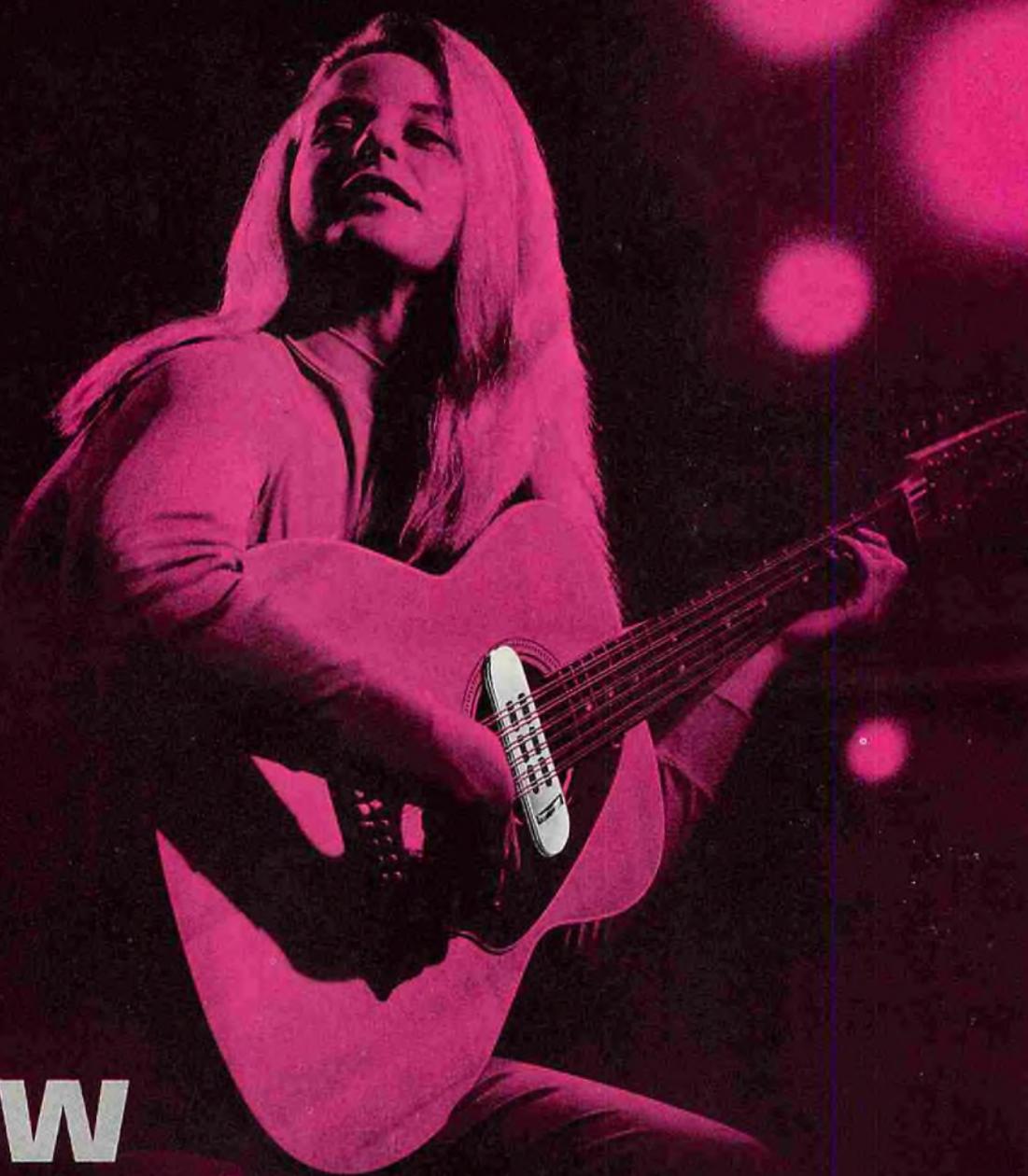
Basin Street West: Erroll Garner, to 8/7. Ramsey Lewis, 8/9-21. Billy Eckstine, 8/23-9/4.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes.
El Matador: Cal Tjader to 8/13. Juan Serrano, 8/22-9/10. Charlie Byrd, 9/12-24.
Half Note: George Duke.
Holiday Inn (Oakland): Merrill Hoover, Mon.-Fri. Bill Bell, Thur.-Sat.
Hungry i: Clyde Pound, hb.
Juck's of Sutter: Merl Saunders.
Jazz Workshop: Mongo Santamaria, 8/30-9/18. Cannonball Adderley, 9/20-10/2.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson.
Playboy Club: Ralph Sharon, Al Plank, hbs.
Stage Lounge: Chris Ibanez-Vernon Alley.
The Apartment (Oakland): Ted Spinoia, Tue.-Sat. Escovedo Brothers, Sun.
Trident (Sausalito): Juan Donato, Chet Baker to 9/4. Denny Zeitlin, Mon.



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