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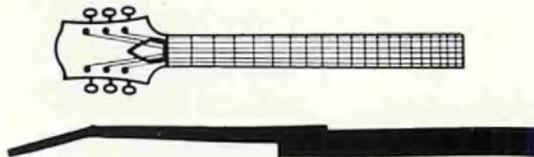


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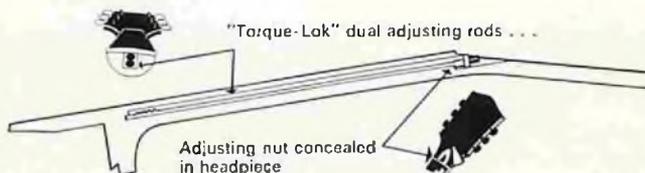
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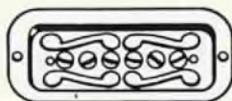
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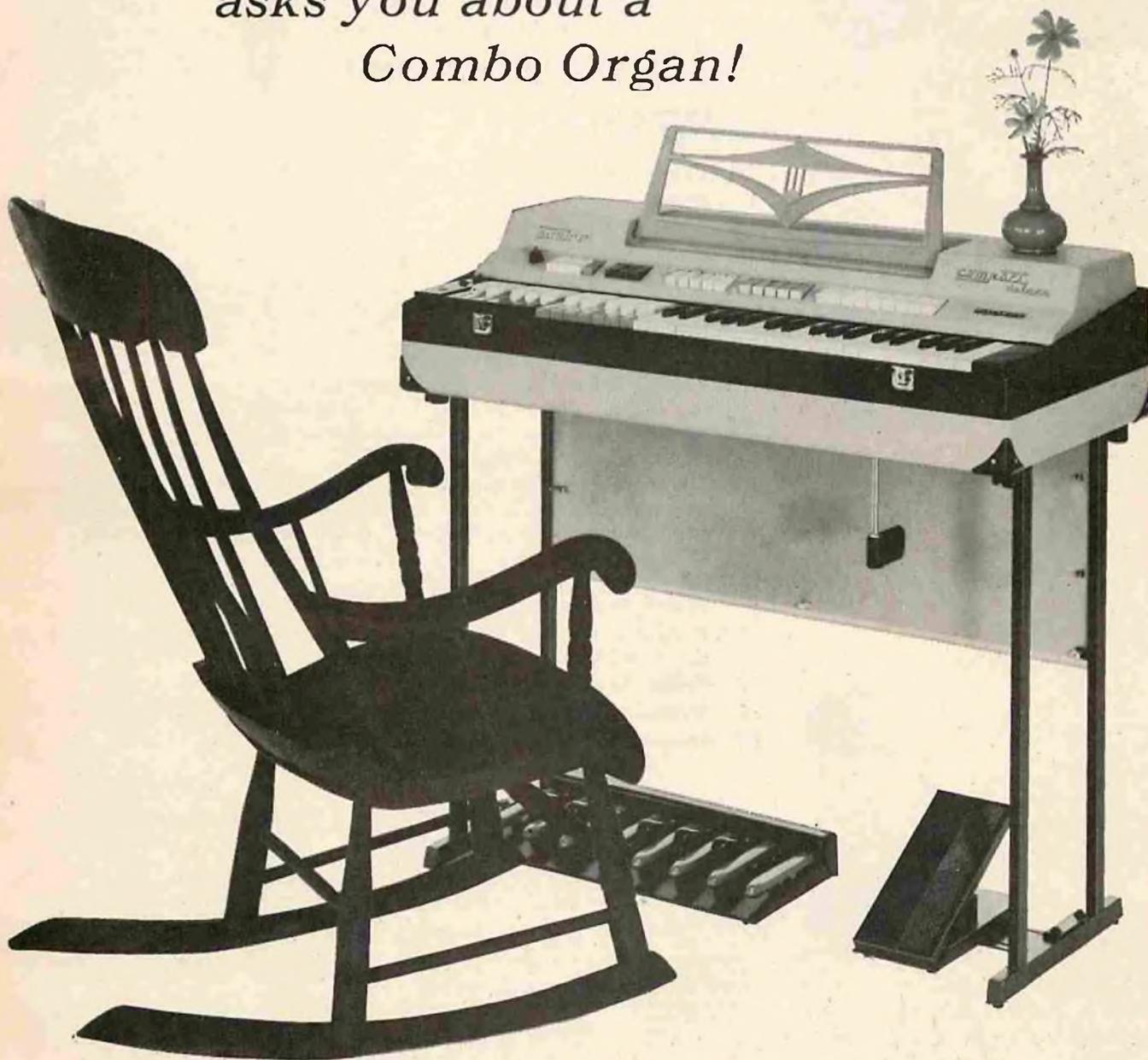
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November 3, 1966

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down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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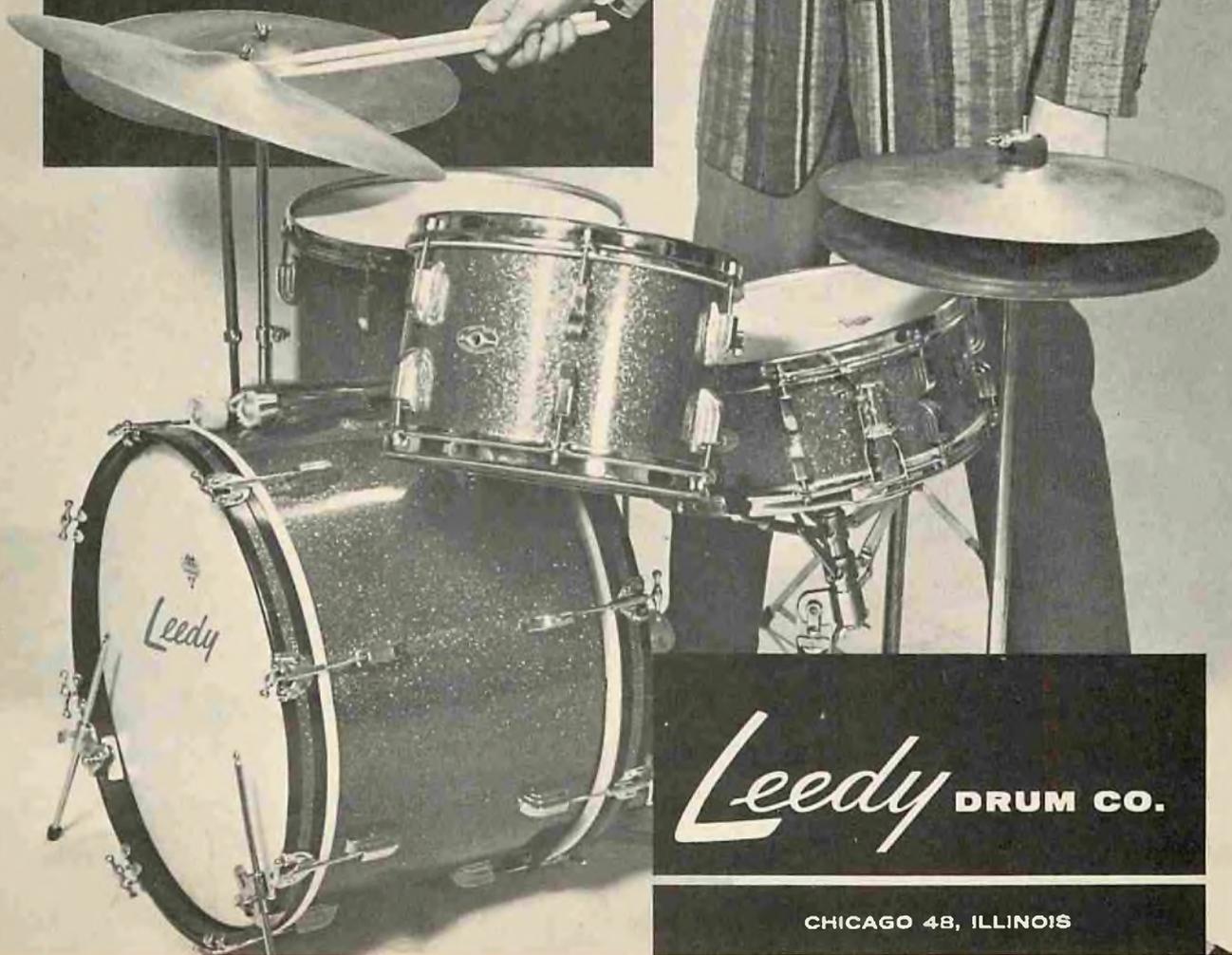


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— by Willis Conover

Just as a rose-colored object seen through rose-colored glasses comes out a blank, so does jazz so reflect the American spirit that many Americans don't notice it's around.

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Willis Conover

a pulse he can never depress . . . and at the four corners of a city block a John Lewis cinema soundtrack, an Armstrong juke box offering, a Bernstein musical comedy score, and a Negro church service attract and hold American audiences. And a thousand hidden seeds

lie sprouting in less obvious soils.

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Letters From Home

How excited and pleased we were at Morgan Township High School to note the article *Bringing It Home* by Jim Morrissey (*DB*, Sept. 22). We have known Jamie Aebersold and Everett Hoffman for quite some time, and we have long been impressed with the quality of music they play and their complete honesty in playing and continually trying to educate the people of this area to better standards of taste in jazz. We have heard them in many places and at many times and have always found them to sound fresh and original.

We hope that this article will be a beginning in helping them gain wider recognition for their talents.

Their visit to our school was one which we will always remember. The article mentioned that over 300 students paid 25 cents each to hear the program, but Morrissey failed to mention that we have considerably less than 400 students in the entire corporation. I think that this added fact would give more weight to the contention that our young people will give jazz a chance to be heard.

Programs like this make them want to hear more. Many of our students are listening to more and more jazz as a direct result of this one program by Aebersold and Hoffman.

Jerry O. Bradshaw
Band Director
Morgan Township High School
Palmyra, Ind.

I read Jim Morrissey's article *Bringing It Home* with great interest. I have been interested in jazz for over 25 years and have written articles and given lectures about it for almost as long.

Here in Baltimore I have been part of a group that has been doing the same thing as the Aebersold-Hoffman group. Our quintet has played at quite a few of the high schools in and around Baltimore, and we have also given lectures and concerts for the Baltimore County Recreation Department.

Our response has been most gratifying, especially among the teenagers. As was pointed out in the article, a great many of them seem to enjoy the earlier forms of jazz or at least mainstream forms.

It is only through such efforts as Aebersold and Hoffman have put forth that jazz can be a part of the cultural life of the future.

M. Sigmund Shapiro
Baltimore, Md.

Five For Father

If *Jazz on Campus* by Father George Wiskirchen were to be rated, I would say it would be an easy five stars.

Father Wiskirchen has been a front runner in the support of stage bands. In his latest article, *Are Stage Bands Dying?* (*DB*, Sept. 22), he gives some sound reasons leading to such a possibility.

I would like to add some points that, if not corrected, can certainly lead to a decline in the stage-band movement:

Greater interest on behalf of the music educators is necessary, for many directors are not qualified in organizing and leading this style of music, and many usually rely upon some hip student to carry the load.

Many school stage bands have troubles with poor intonation, sloppy attacks, uncontrollable vibrato—and with all these faults they try and blow charts by Johnny Richards, John LaPorta, etc.

One main problem that exists is the fact that, as a group, the members are concerned, but once rehearsals are over, they do not continue their interest in listening to big bands and knowing how to pick out different stylists.

To the general public we must project commercialism; and for the few who dig jazz, we do have many swinging charts.

If more music educators would read *Development Techniques for the School Dance Band Musician*, which Father Wiskirchen wrote, we can do away with Part II of *Are Stage Bands Dying?*

Stan Seckler
Director, Pico Rivera Stage Band
Los Angeles

To help the thousands of stage band directors in the United States, Down Beat has named Father Wiskirchen editor of the magazine's Stage Band Directors' Newsletter. Any stage band director who subscribes to Down Beat is eligible to receive, without cost, this newsletter and should send his name, address, and the name of his school to Stage Band Directors' Newsletter, Down Beat, 222 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill., 60606.

Ruffled Feather

Owing to communications confusion, the introduction to the John Handy *Blindfold Test* (*DB*, Oct. 6) included statements that misrepresented the views of both Handy and me.

The opinion attributed to me that "Handy himself emphasizes facile technique rather than exploratory execution" and the implication that in this respect Handy lacked the "unconventional challenge" of Ornette Coleman is a distortion. Handy is, in my opinion, by far the more successful musician on all levels.

The statement that Handy has "high regard for Cecil Taylor" is incorrect. Other than listing him among a group of "worthwhile" musicians, Handy had nothing to say on Taylor, about whose work he has certain reservations.

I hope that at least a small percentage of the readers who saw the original will see this correction. Published errors have a way of reaching far greater audiences than the subsequent corrections.

Leonard Feather
North Hollywood, Calif

Not Only Posthumously

Now that Bud is gone, perhaps we may, at least for a time, be prompted not to neglect these great and beautiful people while they live.

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Kenton Says Bands On The Way Back

Stan Kenton, who not too long ago foresaw the demise of jazz, has come up with a prediction that big-band jazz is headed toward a resurgence.

Kenton's prophecy came during a recent impromptu speech at the Gold Nugget in Oakland, Calif., on the occasion of the Don Piestrup Orchestra's farewell concert.

Piestrup, a onetime University of California football star whose primary interest has been orchestral jazz and who organized an exceptional workshop band in Oakland to play it, now has moved to Los Angeles to become a staff composer for the Buddy



KENTON

'In not more than three years . . .'

Rich Orchestra. In the past, Piestrup has written for Kenton on a freelance basis.

At the Nugget, a club widely known as the "Kenton shrine," the white-haired maestro noted that ever since the swing era's demise, diehards have been hoping for a restoration of that orchestral period.

"Every time you hear someone say 'bands are coming back,' you hear people gripped with nostalgia," Kenton said. "For years the answer to 'when?' has been the next time the circus comes to town or the next football season.

"But this last year our band—and it was a good one—was given a reception such as I haven't seen in years."

Particularly heartening was the applause and interest expressed by young people, Kenton said of his summer tour.

"I'm fully convinced that in not more than three years, this whole field of big-band music will explode again—and it's due to young guys like Don Piestrup," the veteran leader declared.

As Kenton sees it, the big-band jazz

that will attain popular favor will not be a re-creation of what has gone before but will be new. He did not say, however, in what manner it would be new.

Ronnie Scott Opens Avant-Garde Club

Attempting a venture somewhat reminiscent of Clark Monroe's in the early '40s when that Harlem club was the site of jazz experiments, Ronnie Scott—tenor saxophonist and entrepreneur of London's most where-it's-at jazz club—has opened another club, his former headquarters on Gerard St., in Soho, with the intention of showcasing England's avant-garde.

Undertaking this in a city where most persons are still wiggling to fruggish tunes and think that bop is a polite way of dusting an antagonist, Scott is admittedly gambling on the acceptance of such experimental jazz fare—something that no other enduring nightery has done in the British capital. At his larger club, even Scott offers a mixed bag of entertainment.

More posh than its few competitors, the "pure-jazz" club will seat what Scott hopes will turn out to be 100 enthusiastic jazz fans nightly—a small but sufficient number to keep the club operating in the black.

Lucky Millinder Dies

Former bandleader Lucius (Lucky) Millinder, 66, died Sept. 28 at New York's Harlem Hospital of a liver ailment. He had been ill for several months.

Though not a musician (but an occasional singer and dancer), Millinder played an important role in jazz from 1934, when he assumed leadership of the Mills' Blue Rhythm Band, until the late '40s, when he disbanded his orchestra, which had been working as the house band at Harlem's Savoy Ballroom.

When Millinder took over the Mills' band, he brought into its fold such famous jazz names as trumpeter Henry (Red) Allen, trombonist J. C. Higginbotham, clarinetist Buster Bailey, alto saxophonist Tab Smith, bassist John Kirby, and pianist Billy Kyle. Though this band recorded quite extensively, it has been inexplicably forgotten.

In 1937 Millinder dropped the Mills tag and organized his own band, with trumpeters Harry Edison and Charlie Shavers, trombonists Wilbur DeParis and Eli Binson, altoist Smith, pianist Kyle, and guitarist Danny Barker in the personnel.

In the '40s such well-known performers as trumpeters Dizzy Gillespie and Freddie Webster, tenor saxophonists Lucky Thomp-

son and Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, pianists Sir Charles Thompson, Bill Doggett, and Clyde Hart, bassist George Duvivier, drummer Panama Francis, and singers Sister Rosetta Tharpe and Wynonie Harris were featured with the Millinder orchestra.

After disbanding, Millinder became active first in music publishing and then as a liquor salesman, disc jockey, and public-relations agent. The biggest hit of his career was *Ride, Red, Ride*, his own composition. Among Millinder's best recordings were *Harlem Heat*, *Algiers Stomp*, and *Spitfire*—all three by the Mills Blue Rhythm Band—and *Jammin' for the Jackpot*, *Apollo Jump*, *Little John Ordinary*, and *Trouble in Mind*.

Funeral services were held Oct. 2.

Potpourri

Trumpeter Roy Eldridge, who joined Count Basie's band July 1, left the band Sept. 17. The move came as no surprise to Eldridge's friends, who had been wondering why the trumpeter wasn't featured more. Eldridge opened at New York's Embers West Sept. 26 with a quartet for an indefinite stay. The club also initiated a Sunday matinee policy Oct. 2 with the big band of tenor saxophonist Frank Foster, another ex-Basieite, and vocalist Earl Coleman.

The Nov. 20 *Bell Telephone Hour* television series will be given over to coverage of this summer's jazz festival at Comblain-la-Tour, Belgium. Among the musicians featured will be clarinetist Benny Goodman in both rehearsal and performance. Excerpts from a jazz mass given at the town's church will be a part of the program. The series also includes a Jan. 1 survey of the San Francisco music scene. Altoist John Handy's quintet is scheduled to be seen in this segment.

The International Association of Jazz Record Collectors has commissioned its vice president, Ken Crawford, to produce a 12-inch LP that will include a number of previously unissued performances. The decision was made during the club's third annual convention, held recently at the Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa. During the conclave, at which all officers were re-elected, attorney John Baker played rare recordings and showed films from his collection for the 25 members present. Baker's noted treasury of jazz films includes performances of the Duke Ellington Band of the 1930s, clarinetist Sidney Bechet, and other jazz greats in action. Officers re-elected were William H. Love of Pittsburgh, president; Crawford of Crafton, Pa., vice president; Baker of Columbus, Ohio, treasurer; Richard Spottswood of Washington, D.C., secretary; and Joe Dorn of Pittsburgh, board member at large.

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK: Bassist Charlie Mingus, making his first night-club appearance in several months, had trombonist Britt Woodman, pianist Walter Bishop Jr., and drummer Dannie Richmond in his Jazz Workshop group at the Village Gate in September, working opposite flutist Herbie Mann's new quintet. Mann, who now also features himself on tenor saxophone, has Roy Ayers, vibraharp; Reggie Workman, bass; Carlos (Patato) Valdes, conga drums; Bruno Carr, drums . . . The new house band at Eddie Condon's, led by trumpeter Yank Lawson, has Cutty Cutshall, trombone; Bob Wilber, clarinet, saxophones; Dave McKenna, piano; and Cliff Leeman, drums . . . Bassist Chris White and drummer Rudy Collins, former sidemen with trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie now conducting rhythm section seminars in New York City, are presenting a concert series, Ask the Artist, at the GADA Studios, 11 E. 17th St. A feature of the monthly series, which began Sept. 26 with pianist Billy Taylor's trio (White, bass, and Grady Tate, drums), is a question-and-answer period after the musical part of the concerts . . . Trumpeter Kenny Dorham has been fronting a 19-piece band at the Dom on Sunday afternoons. With the group are tenorist

Joe Henderson and vocalist Vicki Kelly . . . Baritone saxophonist Jay Cameron, now operating a music store in Pennsylvania, made his first New York appearance in more than a year at the helm of a group including pianist Johnny Coates and drummer Jerry Segal at a Jazz Interactions session at the Top of the Gate in September. The Sunday afternoon sessions, sponsored by the nonprofit association (which also operates the Jazzline telephone service) recently featured trumpeter Joe Newman's quartet (Ross Tompkins, piano; Russell George, bass; Ron Lundberg, drums) and trumpeter Howard McGhee's quintet (Clifford Jordan, tenor saxophone; Andy Bey, piano; Gene Taylor, bass; Ben Dixon, drums) . . . Pianist Walter Norris' house group at the Playboy Club has reed man Joe Farrell, bassist Bill Crow, and drummer Ray Mosca . . . Veteran guitarist Tiny Grimes plays weekends at the Copra Lounge in the Bronx with organist Doc Bagby and drummer Buddy Mack . . . Sheppard's, the pioneer discotheque now retreating from live rock-and-roll, has pianist Dorothy Donegan's trio for a month's stay through Oct. 23 . . . The Modern Jazz Quartet will be heard in concert at Hunter College Nov. 18 . . . Trumpeter Miles Davis' quintet did two weeks at the Village Vanguard in September and early October . . . The quartets

of trumpeter Freddie Hubbard and multi-instrumentalist Yusef Lateef were at Slug's recently . . . Singer June Christy, not heard from in these parts for many a moon, did a week at the Half Note in early October, followed by scheduled return engagements for vocalists Chris Connor, Anita O'Day, and Carmen McRae . . . The Smith Street Society Jazz Band has added Sunday evening sessions at the Tavern Off the Square in the Bronx to its long-standing Thursday and Friday nights at Kenny's Pub in Manhattan . . . Composer-pianist Burton Greene and poet Vincent Gaeta combined Sept. 15 in a program at Town Hall entitled Visions and Psalms . . . A four-month course, Jazz Mainstream U.S.A., taught by Rudi Blesh began in early October at the School of Continuing Education at New York University. The class, meeting at 8 p.m. on Thursdays, features visits to New York cabarets . . . Tenor saxophonist Hank Mobley, with pianist Lloyd Mayers, bassist Alex Layne, and drummer Percy Brice, did two weeks recently at the Five Spot, sharing the bill with singer Irene Reid . . . Drummer Les DeMerle's group opened at the Crystal Room in early September for eight weeks. In the group are trombonist Garnett Brown, tenorist Dick Spencer, and pianist Jerry Friedman, and bassist Terry Pelumeri . . . Drummer Joe Coleman's quartet lost its bassist,



Feather's Nest

BY LEONARD FEATHER

IF THE WORKING MAN in the United States is finding himself obliged to cope more and more diligently with the pressures of automation, an analogous case might be made for the blowing man in his struggle with the forces of amplification.

The problem was brought into fortissimo focus a couple of months ago when, during a week on the faculty of a summer jazz clinic at the University of Utah, I was brought face to face with the latest and perhaps most formidable example of the electronic impact on the world of jazz—an amplified saxophone.

It was the first time, we were told by the representative of the musical instrument company, that this modern miracle has been achieved with a wind instrument.

Gabe Baltazar, the talented, onetime Stan Kenton alto man who was serving as a member of the faculty, volunteered to demonstrate the horn. The first startling sound he achieved was a

long bebop passage played in octaves. By switching controls, the highs and lows could be emphasized or reduced so that one of these two parallel sets of notes could be made to sound louder, softer, harsher, or mellower than the other. The sound issued from a large speaker placed several feet from Baltazar.

This was merely the beginning. We heard a built-in electronic tremolo, an optional echo, and a variety of other effects that enabled the humble alto to resemble, in turn, an electric bass, an electronic organ, and a bass clarinet.

Then Baltazar tried the control box out on a tenor saxophone. The scope immediately descended to the subterranean zone of the contrabass clarinet.

Before long there will be a flute model ready. The more distant plans call for an amplified clarinet and a ditto trumpet. For the brass department, instead of doubling the notes an octave lower, the device will enable the trumpeter to double his line an octave higher. Cat Anderson, go home!

One's immediate reaction to any innovation of this type is almost inevitably hostile in an era that has seen amplification reach hysterical heights of disproportion (and distortion) through the misdemeanors of rock-and-roll. But it is necessary to go back a little in history. It was not so long ago, in the big picture of 20th-century music, that the vibraharp was greeted with hoots of derision. When Red Norvo finally switched to it in 1943, there were many among his followers who begged him to give up and return to the "natural" sound of the xylophone.

The electric guitar faced even more violent opposition. To this day, there are those opposed to any form of artificial amplification. Yet from the first Benny Goodman Sextet records with Charlie Christian (and even before that in the 1938-39 experiments of Eddie Durham and Floyd Smith) it was clear that a new dimension had been added to jazz, one that was as logical as the evolution from biplane to DC-3 (or whatever was being flown at the time).

Similar attitudes greeted the electric organ, of course; there are still critics who are opposed to this instrument on general (and somewhat foggy) principles.

Realistically, we must learn to live with the amplified horn just as most of us have accepted other such novelties of this A.C. age.

Even in the brief demonstration I heard, it was evident that in the hands of a resourceful artist the amplified saxophone can, and surely will, produce new and valid sound to enrich the tonal scope of jazz.

Regardless of what objections may be raised (and the reactionaries are bound to jump on the device in an effort to squash it), just think how agreeable it will be for the tenor man of the future, faced by a noisy, chattering crowd, the rattle of silverware and the clatter of dishes, to be able to turn on the octave switch, ride up the volume, and drown out his entire opposition!

If for no other reason, I welcome the amplified horn as nature's and science's devious answer to the nonlistening audience.

LF

Chubby Jackson, to the sunshine of Florida, soon after the group's pianist, **Marty Napoleon**, took a job with **Louis Armstrong's** sextet. Replacing the missing members are bassist **Joe Marino** and pianist **Al Williams**. The Coleman men currently are featured Tuesdays at Brightwaters on Long Island . . . The second season of the Festival of Stars series at the Fairfield, Conn., Motor Inn began Sept. 26 with trumpeter **Clark Terry's** quartet, followed by singer **June Christy**, tenor saxophonists **Al Cohn** and **Zoot Sims** and their quintet, and series producer and alto saxophonist **Gene Hull's** big band (Nov. 3). Also in Fairfield, pianist **Marian McPartland** played one night, Sept. 14, at the Continental. The next Wednesday trumpeter **Buck Clayton** was featured . . . Also on Long Island, cornetist **Jimmy McPartland** is in residence at the Office, in Freeport. Guests at the Friday and Saturday sessions have or will include cornetist **Bobby Hackett**, trombonist **Vic Dickenson**, clarinetist **Pee Wee Russell**, bassist **Bob Haggart**, drummer **Jake Hanna**, and McPartland's wife, pianist **Marian** . . . Pianist **Billy Taylor's** trio (**Chris White**, bass, and **Grady Tate**, drums) began the third year of concerts sponsored by the International Art of Jazz, Inc. Taylor was featured at the organization's Oct. 9 concert at the Aztec Village in Huntington, N.Y. Trumpeter **Clark Terry** will head a quartet at the next session there Nov. 13. Concerts also are scheduled for Jan. 15, Feb. 26, and April 2, but no artists have yet been signed . . . A new jazz club in Newark, N.J., *Le Intrigue*, opened late last month with bassist **Art Williams's** quintet (cornetist **Clifford Thornton**, tenorist **Bernard James**, pianist **Bill Harris**, and drummer **Nat Yarbrough**). A&R man **Ozzie Cudena** manages the club. The Williams quintet also is the house band for Newark's Jazz Art Music Society, which held its latest get-together at the Cellar Sept. 25.

CHICAGO: The World Series of Jazz hit its Chicago stop with the **Count Basie Band**, the **Hank Crawford Sextet**, organist **Richard (Groove) Holmes**, and singers **Arthur Prysock** and **Gloria Lynne**. The two concerts were well attended. The hit of the shows was the Basie band with trombonist-singer **Richard Boone** breaking up the house with a scat-vocal routine. . . . The Sutherland Lounge reopened the weekend of Sept. 16 with the **Jazz Interpreters** and singer **Pat Thomas**. **Rhett & Tennyson** (**Tennyson Stephens**, piano; **Ernest McCarty**, bass; **Arlington Davis**, drums; **Rhett Hughes**, vocals) were the feature the following weekend. The Interpreters returned with singer **Walter Jackson** the week after that to begin a regular Wednesday-Sunday engagement. Sessions are held Monday nights . . . With trumpeter **Donald Byrd** at the Plugged Nickel last month were also saxophonist **Sonny Red**, pianist **Ronnie Mathews**, and drummer **Joe Chambers**. Bassist **Jimmy Garrison** opened with the group but was replaced before the end of the two-week engagement by localite **Melvin Jackson**. Byrd has been serving as music di-

rector for the career of six-year-old pianist-organist **Fred Nelson**, who lives here. Byrd and the child did a concert in Forest Hills, N.Y., Aug. 27, and the youngster is scheduled to appear with singer **Ray Charles** at a concert here in November. The **Art Farmer Quintet**, with tenorist **Jimmy Heath**, currently is on-stand at the Nickel. The group closes Oct. 23. **Thelonious Monk** is scheduled for the club Nov. 22-Dec. 4. After Farmer and before Monk, however, the Nickel hopes to have a group led by drummer **Max Roach**. No definite date was set at presstime, but the group is supposed to include trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard**, altoist **James Spaulding**, bassist **Jymie Merritt**, and pianist **Mathews**. The **Horace Silver Quintet** is scheduled at the club Dec. 22-Jan. 1 . . . With the **Earl Hines Trio** at the London House are bassist **Bill Pemberton** and drummer **Oliver Jackson**. The **Frank Sinatra Jr.** show follows Hines at the club. With the young singer will be tenorist **Sam Donohue's** sextet featuring trumpeter **Charlie Shavers**. Pianist **Larry Novak's** trio has replaced **Judy Roberts's** group as the club's house band on Wednesday and Thursdays. Pianist **Eddie Higgins's** trio (**Richard Evans**, bass, and **Marshall Thompson**, drums) is the house group the other nights of the week . . . Clarinetist **Pete Fountain** gave a concert Oct. 7 at Orchestra Hall, which recently underwent a \$2,000,000 renovation . . . Organist **Jack McDuff's** group was featured for a weekend at The Club last month . . . **Count Basie** did a number of one-nighters in the area recently. The Basie band appeared at Club Laurel Oct. 4 and at the Coliseum Oct. 19 . . . The **Duke Ellington Orchestra** was the main attraction at a concert-dance Oct. 7 at the exclusive Union League Club . . . Before **Oscar Brown Jr.'s** musical revue *Joy '66* closed at the Happy Medium, the show's trio, led by pianist **Floyd Morris** needed a bass player. So Papa Morris hired his 18-year-old son **Floyd Morris III** . . . **Ella Fitzgerald** will be heard in concert at McCormick Place Oct. 20 . . . Pianist **Art Hodes** gave a lecture-demonstration Oct. 18 at Triton College in nearby Northlake, Ill. . . . The film of **Ted Ashford's** jazz mass was rerun on WTTW-TV in September . . . Guitarist **Ollie Mabin** and vocalist **Kay Jarrette** are featured at Stan's Pad, 1314 E. 47th St., with the **Ken Chaney Trio**, on weekends . . . Altoist **Sonny Cox's** **Three Souls** (**Ken Prince**, organ, and **Robert Shye**, drums) returned in late September from a four-month tour that included engagements in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Missouri, and Michigan. The group has returned to the Monday-Wednesday slot at the Hungry Eye on N. Wells. The **Organ-izers** fill out the week at the club . . . At the Sept. 25 session at Mother Blues, altoist **Bunky Green** featured his Latin approach. In his group were trumpeter **Arthur Hoyle**, pianist **Willie Pickens**, bassist **Tony LaRosa**, and Latin percussionists **Vitin Santiago** and **Manuel Ramos**. Peruvian pianist **Tonio Castro** was a guest with the Green group.

LOS ANGELES: Although the Monterey Jazz Festival attracted many fans from southern California, Los Angeles still managed to swing as though there were no festival going on up north. **Maynard Ferguson** was appearing at the Lighthouse, while next door another trumpeter (or, rather, fluegelhornist), **Chet Baker**, began a month at the Hermosa Inn. Pianist **Toshiko Akiyoshi** and the **Charles Lloyd Quartet** could be found at Shelly's Manne-Hole. **Gerald Wilson** closed out the current series of big-band bookings at the Playboy Club, while nearby **Buddy Rich** inaugurated a new one at the Chez. The Wilson band followed Rich into the Chez and then went into the Lighthouse. Blues men **Sonny Terry** and **Brownie McGhee** were painting pictures of "down home" at the Troubador, while across town, trumpeter **Hugh Masekela** was conjuring up a more exotic home at the new Tropicana. And just to prove there was plenty of talent around, some bookings were in tandem: vocalist **Ella Fitzgerald** and **Duke Ellington** at the Greek Theater and **Tony Bennett** and **Count Basie** at the Hollywood Bowl. Supporting Miss Fitzgerald was the **Jimmy Jones Trio**. Also appearing with Ellington's orchestra was dancer **Bunny Briggs**. Appearing with Basie's band to accompany singer Bennett were pianist **Tommy Flanagan** and a special guest, drummer **Buddy Rich** . . . Singer **Joe Williams** closed a successful stay at the Hong Kong Bar at the Century Plaza Hotel. He was backed by the **Harold Mabern Trio** . . . **Johnny Catron** still maintains his big band with weekend gigs at his own Glendora Palms. The band also appeared at the Los Angeles County Fair for the sixth consecutive year . . . Trumpeter **Don Ellis** took over the management of Bonesville, the club where his 20-piece band had been playing on Monday nights. Ellis' new policy is jazz, seven nights a week. He still plans to use the big band on Mondays and smaller groups drawn from the band the rest of the week: pianist **Dave Mackay's** trio (**Chuck Domanico**, bass, and **Steve Bohannon**, drums) with **Vicki Hamilton**, vocals, on Tuesday and Wednesday; Ellis will front a quartet Thursday through Sunday . . . The **Stan Worth Trio** (Worth, piano; **Al McKibbon**, bass; **Alan Goodman**, drums) was assured at least another month at the Sportsmen's Lodge . . . Singer **Lou Rawls** has been booked into the Royal Tahitian in Ontario, Calif., for four nights beginning Nov. 17 . . . **Louis Armstrong**, while here for the Dixieland at Disneyland event, made good use of the time. He taped guest spots for *Hollywood Palace*, *Dean Martin Show*, and *Danny Kaye Show* . . . This fall, Four-Star's syndicated TV package *Something Special* will feature the **Duke Ellington Orchestra** and singer **Barbara McNair** . . . Following **Peggy Lee's** taping of a dramatic role in a *Girl from U.N.C.L.E.* segment, MGM has evinced interest in using her for a possible series . . . Vocalist **Kenny Hagood** has been added to pianist **John Houston's** quartet at La Duce in Inglewood. Hagood, (Continued on page 46)



MONTEREY SAFEGWAY BY PETE WELDING

DURING SUNDAY AFTERNOON'S program of contemporary jazz, a balloon bearing the legend "Dizzy Gillespie for President" danced back and forth in the air currents that played before the Monterey Jazz Festival's large stage. Every time it fluttered to the ground, the balloon was tipped back up into the wind by fans reluctant to see its flight come to an end. The balloon's free journey seemed to symbolize the winds of change that blew so joyously through the music onstage.

Certainly they blew infrequently enough during the course of the ninth annual Monterey Jazz Festival (Sept. 16-18). The Sunday afternoon program—which presented the exciting Don Ellis Orchestra, Charles Lloyd's delightful quartet of impressionists, John Handy's quintet of exuberant Fauvists, and the Gil Evans Orchestra with trumpet soloist Johnny Coles—was easily the most adventurous and satisfying of the five concerts mounted during the weekend. It was the one concert at which the promise of Monterey was realized.

I'll grant that the level of musical achievement throughout the festival was uniformly good; certainly it was representative of much that one might hear by the same groups in clubs or concerts. But from Monterey, I expected more—a lot more than the mere going through their paces by a batch of top-name groups who followed one another onstage in programs that had no apparent rhyme, reason, format, theme, or design to distinguish them from any other similar gathering of stars. I thought Monterey was supposed to be more than the usual gaggle of names. And, too, I must admit being greatly put off by the air of smug complacency and near-sanctimoniousness with which the festival has now vested itself.

Monterey has gained a reputation of supposedly having uncommon and uncompromising standards of artistry and integrity in every aspect of its operation, particularly in programing and presentation. It has been represented as "pure," never allowing commercial or boxoffice considerations to obtrude on matters of art or esthetics. The festival has, in fact, taken the lead in commissioning new works; in presenting new and/or unknown artists; in staging stimulating programs that avoided the obvious and trite, triggering instead that "sound of surprise," which is the essence of jazz, through imaginative and mutually stimulating encounters between musicians who might never confront each other on a platform anywhere else. This is what Monterey has done, but this spirit of adventure and daring was sadly absent this year.

Safe was the operating word for Monterey '66, and one can but hope that it is not the inevitable concomitant of financial success—for the festival was certainly that with four of the five concerts sellouts.

MONTEREY '66 got under way the evening of Sept. 16 with Gil Evans and the Monterey Jazz Festival All-Star Orchestra in a program of the composer-arranger's previously recorded works; the festival ended some 50 hours later with the Duke Ellington Orchestra performing some recent

compositions as well as staples from its repertoire.

The evening concerts contained few surprises, relying instead on the weight of their "name" programing. The Sunday night concert was by far the most successful of the three evening events, for all four of the acts featured that evening were in consistently good form.

Pianist Randy Weston's spirited sextet was joined by tenor saxophonist Booker Ervin for a set that was full of drive and humor. The rhythms triggered by congaist Big Black, bassist Bill Wood, and drummer Lenny McBrowne, were zesty and unflagging, and the group's soloists—Ervin, baritone saxophonist Cecil Payne, and trumpeter-flugelhornist Ray Copeland—were in top form. Weston's fine group, hewing to a middle ground between small-group freedom and orchestral mass and discipline, pleased many with its fire and sensitivity, its excellent book of originals (primarily by Weston), and its well-paced programing.

Festival favorite Denny Zeitlin followed with a trio set (Fred Marshall, bass, and Jerry Granelli, drums) that could not be faulted, the pianist effortlessly working his way through a demanding program that alternately embraced driving funkiness (*The Sevens Thing*), charming lyricism (*Quiet Now*), and uncompromising, though comprehensible, experimentation (*Concrescence* and *Blue Phoenix*). The Zeitlin trio is a thoroughly disciplined group in which all three members interact sensitively and completely. In its music, discipline gives meaning to the freedom that courses through it.

The evening, however, belonged to Carmen McRae, whose all too short set was a study in the vocalist's art at its highest. Backed excellently by pianist Norman Simmons' trio (Victor Sproles, bass, and Frank Severino, drums), Miss McRae mesmerized her audience with her consummate dramatic skills in a program that ranged from a poignant *Shadow of Your Smile*, through the appealing Simmons ballad *If You Could Love Me*, to a reverent, majestic treatment of Duke Ellington's *Come Sunday*, concluding with a rousing *Sweet Georgia Brown* that was a triumph of flippant cynicism. Miss McRae is perhaps the most nakedly adventurous singer around these days, essaying things that her sister-vocalists, however skilled, would never dare attempt even in their most supremely confident moments. When she brings them off, as she did so superbly this night, she provides one of the most breathtaking experiences in contemporary vocal music. Amen.

The magisterial, imperturbable Duke Ellington concluded the impressive evening with an invigorating set of staples and relatively new pieces. Tenorist Paul Gonsalves, obviously having a rough evening, was perhaps unduly featured (his *Soul Call* and *West Indian Pancake* segments were not particularly distinguished, though undeniably spirited—if not outright frantic). However, one did get to hear a number of selections the Ellington band does not ordinarily air, as well as some good solo work by Cat Anderson (who was in fine fettle), Harry Carney,

and Jimmy Hamilton, among others. But, then, Ellington never disappoints, even on a bad night.

THE FRIDAY EVENING concert was marred by a faulty amplification system. Every act was affected, but the worst sufferer was the Evans orchestra; the subtlety and delicacy of its music was utterly distorted by the vagaries of the sound. Ray Brown's amplified cello solo was turned into a jumble of snaps, crackles, and pops. The band, it must be admitted, was a mite shaky itself, its brightest moments occurring when joined by baritone saxophonist Gerry Mulligan for such pieces as *Westwood Walk* and George Wallington's *Godchild*, which for all their 17 years were among the freshest sounding music heard at the festival. Mulligan also played alto saxophone and revealed a thoroughly delicious and liquid approach to the smaller horn, particularly well showcased on the lovely bossa nova *Marguerite*, which he shared with the softly probing trumpet of Johnny Coles, supported by the orchestra's rhythm section.

The rest of the first evening was relatively routine:

The Dave Brubeck Quartet did its thing rather perfunctorily, though Paul Desmond managed to invest *Take Five* with such bristling newness that it seemed he might jar the pianist into some sort of less moribund playing. But, no, after an invigorating start, Brubeck's solo soon settled into the heavy-handed flailing that indicates for his listeners Beethovenian emotional depths.

The Count Basic Orchestra roared sleekly—like a giant, well-fed cat whose flanks had been stroked—though the leader obliged with a bit more work at the keyboard than is his wont. But it was recreation rather than creation.

Friday's surprise artist, Vi Redd, was far more impressive in her strong, Sonny Stitt-like alto saxophone work than in her generally nondescript but confident singing.

SATURDAY NIGHT was somewhat stronger than Friday, and in the superlative playing of Brazilian guitarist Bola Sete, it offered one of the festival's highest artistic achievements.

Sete's flawless technique and brilliant improvising were of a depth, beauty, and passion heard all too rarely on this instrument. His incendiary variations on *Satin Doll*, during which he switched to lute, were utterly astounding in their complexity of detail and in the deceptive ease with which they were brought off. These same qualities were evident on *Soul Samba* and a delightful *Black Orpheus Medley*, among other musical celebrations. The guitarist received excellent support from his two countrymen, bassist Sebastiao Neto and drummer Paulinho, the latter featured on a lengthy exploration of Brazilian rhythm and percussion devices that offered a fascinating display of sound textures.

Tenor saxophonist Booker Ervin was a happy addition to the evening's festivities, and even a rhythm section unfamiliar with his music did not prevent his creating some powerful, stimulating patterns on a

smoking *Grant Stand*, a breathtakingly lovely *You Don't Know What Love Is*, and a charging *Moochie Moochie*, a blues that never let up.

The quartet co-led by tenorist Joe Henderson and drummer Elvin Jones (with Bobby Hutcherson, vibraharp, and Don Moore, bass) dispensed more heat than light.

The Evans orchestra and the sound system were both much improved Saturday night. Trumpeter Coles, featured throughout the band's performances, was outstanding, especially on *La Nevada*, and William Green contributed an attractive, though short, soprano saxophone improvisation on *Buzzard Song*. The orchestra was most impressive in a long, building *Freedom Dance* that generated considerable excitement and rhythmic momentum.

The Cannonball Adderley Quintet was its lusty, glistening self, and the altoist leader further distinguished himself in a spirited reunion with the Evans Orchestra (a few years ago the two had recorded an LP for World Pacific).

Backed by the Adderley rhythm section (Joe Zawinul, piano; Victor Gaskin, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums), vocalist Carol Sloane was assured, witty, and polished, though perhaps a shade mannered. She demonstrated strength and assurance in a style that seems to draw equally on the phrasing style of Anita O'Day and the sonority of Ella Fitzgerald . . . certainly not a bad pairing.

Jon Hendricks, that indefatigable champion of vocalese, was well supported by pianist Larry Vuckovich's trio in a demonstration of the singer's familiarity with the canons of Miles Davis and Horace Silver. The set merely proved that there are many ways of beating a dead horse.

THE SATURDAY AFTERNOON "Blues All the Way" presentation was only intermittently effective, the event's most memorable moments being provided by the majestic singer-harmonica player Willie Mae (Big Mama) Thornton, who was impressive on a fine, moody *Goin' Down Slow* and a surging harmonica blues.

With the likes of Muddy Waters and his band, pianist Memphis Slim, harmonica virtuoso Walter Horton, the Paul Butterfield Blues Band, and the San Francisco rock band, the Jefferson Airplane, it was a promising lineup of blues performers—but only rarely did the program catch fire. None of the acts was able to build up a full head of steam, the result of having to hew to Hendricks' excessively long text (as coy as it was specious), which permitted only isolated numbers by each of the groups.

The jazz listener surely is sophisticated enough to digest the undiluted blues without their being spoon-fed to him with Hendricks' "hip" sugar-coating. The blues (and each of the performers on the program) would have been far better served by allowing each of the participants a full set to bring his (or her) music to a head, by permitting the performer to make such explanations of the music as might be necessary, and by allowing the listener to draw his own conclusions. As it was, the audience never got a chance to hear the





Top left: John Handy. Top right: Cannonball Adderley and Gil Evans. Bottom left: Bola Sete. Bottom right: Big Mama Thornton. All photos by Jim Taylor.





The Dan Ellis Orchestra

blues at their persuasive best—yet every one of the groups on the bill was capable of bringing the blues vibrantly alive.

THOUGH THE SUNDAY AFTERNOON session of newer music was not of the most avant-garde stripe, it was, after all, the only game in town. Certainly it was a signal success, the result of thoughtful, though cautious, planning and vigorous, enterprising playing by the groups, each of which was obviously "up" for the concert, as was the predominantly young audience.

Don Ellis' 21-piece Workshop Orchestra got things off to a powerful, explosive start. The band has spirit and polish in abundance, the result of its leader's firm discipline and its having worked fairly regularly in Los Angeles. The group has many things going for it, not the least of which are a covey of fine, idiomatic soloists; witty, provocative arrangements; a surging rhythm section of three bassists and three drummers that allows it to swing madly, even in the unusual time signatures that are the band's forte; and the urbanity and enthusiasm of its leader.

The orchestra offered a many-splendored set of originals that demonstrated how successfully Ellis and his cadre of arrangers are adapting the resources of the large group to the imperatives of avant-garde music. It is most exciting in the area of rhythmic counterpoint, over which the band masses to thunderous climaxes of sound.

Among the more interesting of a well-programmed set were pieces that employed pre-recorded tapes; a disjointed, angular boogie-woogie variation (the present's meaningful use of the past) that had splendid solos by baritonist John Magruder, tenorist Ronn Starr, pianist Dave MacKay, and sax-cellist Tom Scott; and *New Nine*, a composition based jointly on an Indian raga and the blues, which featured a long, explosive Ellis solo, modeled on the raga scale, that used sensibly and intelligently the semitones made possible

on the leader's specially constructed four-valve trumpet. It thundered to a crashing conclusion.

In quiet contrast was the lovely, impressionistic music of the Charles Lloyd quartet (Keith Jarrett, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums). A long, freely improvised introduction set the mood for *Autumn Leaves*, with Jarrett stroking and damping the piano strings to good effect. Lloyd's dulcet flute solo made most sensitive use of space, semitones, and cries, while Jarrett constructed a contrasting solo of dissonances, blocks of sounds that can be called chords only by extension, and crashes of glasslike notes that resolved to placidity before McBee paraphrased the melodic line beautifully, making artful use of the full arsenal of the bass' sonic resources, including slaps.

A bossa nova followed, its theme a delicious shiver of sound on Lloyd's tenor saxophone. He played with shuddering, quicksilver grace; McBee fashioned an epigrammatic solo, then Lloyd returned for a flashing improvisation that was cast in a John Coltrane-like harsh sonority. The piece ended slowly over a long vamp that built to climax after climax, carefully and knowingly extended, moving eventually into a calypso before it eased to a halt. Lloyd's tenor, again in a Trane vein, was heard in a concluding exploration of *East of the Sun* that was full of flowing power.

Throughout the set Lloyd's quartet evidenced a concern with the possibilities and pleasures of the exploration of sound that signaled the healthiest, most productive kind of experimentation. And its music was deliciously warm and lovely, full of strength of sinew and the play of light and shade.

Altoist John Handy III was eager to repeat his success of the previous year and his excellent quintet (Mike White, violin; Gerry Hahn, guitar; Don Thompson, bass; Terry Clarke, drums) delivered themselves of a set that finely balanced emotional ardor and abandonment with per-

fect control at all times. The group's distinctive music seems to have more perfectly assimilated the tonal and rhythmic freedom of Eastern and related musics into the fabric and methodology of jazz discipline than any other such blending so far, as was eloquently attested by the quintet's provocative *Bombay Boogie Bash* and *Spanish Lady* performances.

Their *Blues for a High-String Guitar* was likewise excellent, and even without guitarist Hahn (who was replacing a string broken during *Bash*), the textures the four men created were stunningly complex; the piece built to a tumultuous resolution when Hahn rejoined the group. *Scheme #1* displayed the abilities of the members to create moving and powerful music within a structure that was alternately rigidly programmed and freely open. The textures generated during the written passages recalled Bela Bartok's string-quartet writing, while those developed spontaneously during the freely improvised segments were no less complex, nor was there any diminution of either melodic or rhythmic counterpoint. If anything, the fabric was even more richly woven.

The afternoon concert was brought to a rather inconclusive finale by the Evans festival orchestra, which performed two brief selections—*The Meaning of the Blues* and *The Time of the Barracuda*, both of which offered the engagingly luminous trumpet of Coles—before the curtains were summarily drawn, leaving both Evans and the audience baffled. They were not to open again, though most of the audience waited expectantly for the much-touted "world premiere" of a major Evans work specifically commissioned by the festival. No explanation was ever vouchsafed from on high, so most of us went away feeling slightly cheated.

But that's the way I left the whole festival, as did quite a few others. Leaving the festival grounds late Sunday night, I felt I had been gulled, lured by a promise that had failed to materialize. 

ГАСТРОЛИ
В СОВЕТСКОМ СОЮЗЕ

ДЖАЗ-ОРКЕСТР

ЭРЛА

ПОД РУКОВОДСТВОМ
И ПРИ УЧАСТИИ

ХАЙНСА

СОЛИСТКА

КЛЕА БРАДФОРД

(СОЕДИНЕННЫЕ ШТАТЫ АМЕРИКИ)

(OR, YOU WON'T LIKE THIS, BUT...) BY MICHAEL ZWERIN

Editor's note: Trombonist-bass trumpeter Michael Zwerin was a member of the Earl Hines Septet that recently completed a U.S. State Department-arranged tour of the Soviet Union. Following is a Zwerin impression of the trip.

I HAD DINNER with the ambassador, wearing my sneakers. No socks either. All of the Earl Hines Septet was rather funky at Spasso House as a matter of fact, although it really wasn't our fault.

We had just flown into Moscow, on our way home, after six weeks circling the trans-Caucasian Peninsula, tired from it and from waiting three sweltering hours in Suhumi, on the Black Sea, while Aeroflot fixed a flat (with a hand jack) on our jet. Originally due at 6—with dinner scheduled at 7:30—our plane landed at 9.

"You aren't going to like this, but we're going right to the ambassador's house from here," Bill Dixon, our United States Information Agency escort on the tour, told us at the airport. "He said you should come as you are and not to worry about it."

"As we were" was raggedy—tropical traveling clothes that had, along with our concern for sartorial grace, deteriorated from too much exposure to the burning summer heat of southern Russia. We were grumbly. A hard tour with practically no news of the world we knew.

Stuck in the provinces for six weeks, instead of an "important" State Department-sponsored tour, under the cultural exchange agreement between the Soviet Union and the United States. Nothing had really changed except the itinerary, but we felt unwanted and not too much like dining with Ambassador Kohler, tacky as we were. The conversation on the bus was largely paranoid:

"Boy, nobody cares about us. First Russia didn't want

us in their only two hip cities and now our own government doesn't even care about our comfort. I'll bet the Bolshoi Ballet plays in New York next time anyway—even after what they did to us. Americans have no guts, and the Russians know it." That kind of talk.

But our problems had been caused, really, by too much success. On July 28, 1966, the *New York Times* carried a story with the headline: U.S. PROTESTS CHANGES OF CITIES ON HINES TOUR.

The story read, in part: "American officials said the Soviet Union gave no reason in informing the United States last Friday that it was changing the schedule of the Earl Hines Band. But there was no doubt in the minds of United States officials that the Soviet action was intended as a protest against American policy in Vietnam. . . . It appears to United States officials that the Soviet Union is deliberately attempting to minimize the cultural exchange program, particularly by reducing the attention paid to the more popular attractions from America. This was illustrated, United States officials believe, in the changed schedule for the Hines group. In its appearances in Kiev, the Ukrainian capital; Tiflis, the Georgian capital; and Erivan, the Armenian capital, the jazz band was reported to have been enthusiastically received, particularly by the younger listeners. The Soviet Union appears to be taking steps to assure that the Hines band does not receive a warm reception in the larger Soviet cities."

We walked into the high-ceilinged opulence of Spasso House looking like a dusty provincial circus.

Spasso House has been the official residence of U.S. ambassadors in Moscow since 1933. Built in 1914, it is enormous, the main hall almost 100 feet long with a vaulted, domed ceiling. Oriental houseboys and prim young maids with white aprons (all looking like they knew

karate), supplied by the Soviet government and letting on they spoke only Russian, cleaned ash trays and served dark-colored highballs (as they eavesdropped) under the crystal chandelier.

As I walked through it, my sneakers made squishing noises on the marble floors—a peasant in the palace.

A dozen or so people—embassy types and their wives (all white)—were waiting for us, every one of them dressed to the nines, the men with black suits and dark ties and their ladies in finery. They were all warm . . . smiles and sympathy.

After the first flush of friendliness—and a couple of Haig and Haigs on the rocks—something began bothering me. We looked like we were at two separate parties. Establishment and bohemian. They were sharp, we were not. They were white, we were largely not (watermelon for dessert). And none of *them* seemed to notice it. Why not take off a tie, a jacket? One gesture, that's all. Bill Dixon, starting out the evening looking like us, had produced a clip-on bow tie and a madras jacket from somewhere and had joined the other diplomats in a good example of, if not one-upmanship, bad diplomacy.

All through the tour, Bill had been telling us how everybody at the embassy thought we were doing a great job for our country. He transmitted messages from Jack Armitage, the cultural attache, about "you are the only thing we've got going for us now. Keep up the good work."

At our briefing by State Department representatives in New York City, it was explained how we would be more than just musicians, that the Russian people were hungry for American jazz and how this illustrated the "great reservoir of good will which they have for the American people." Our government officials have only recently learned that jazz makes a good export for them because it represents to people in other countries some of the best aspects of the United States—freedom, mobility, swing—particularly in the Soviet Union where these things are in short supply. But these same officials take the music for granted at home and, after just enough Haig and Haig, I said something about it to Ambassador Kohler.

He nodded his head as I went on, as if he'd thought about it before, but said only that, while I was absolutely right—we *were* being exploited—these things take time, and "in 20 years it will be better."

The ambassador was very kind to us and seemed like a bright, competent person. I am sure he, and others like him in high positions, have more important things to think about than the health of jazz. But in 20 years I will be 56 years old, and that's an old jazz musician. Besides, every one of the government people I spoke to was well aware of the strength of jazz overseas, and since they are prepared to use it, they should also, it seems to me, try to help it along in something less than 20 years.

Looking at a photo of Dean Rusk on the ambassador's coffee table—an icy and stiff expression dimming the light of his intelligent eyes—I realized that these boys rarely change anything unless there's a riot first, and it is unlikely that there will be a riot over this problem. So it is with a lot of frustration that I write about it, but it does make me feel better—and just maybe. . . .

There probably soon will be federal aid for the arts.

Plans are now being made, programs outlined. But nothing has been earmarked for jazz. Not surprising. Jazz is the only art form native to the United States, and the power structure continues to ignore its needs as it exploits its strength. The Ford Foundation recently gave millions to symphony orchestras throughout the country so they can continue bringing Tchaikowsky to the masses, and so American "serious" composers can go on writing music in a tradition that died in Europe years ago.

It's all wrong.

I'll be more specific—the tour itself. Some ironies;

Item: 10,000 (hostile?) Soviet citizens cheered, clapped, and threw flowers at us four nights in a row at the Kiev Sports Palace.

Item: they (finding out who "they" were was part of the problem, since responsibility was not fixed on any level of planning) "forgot" to buy the half-price airplane ticket for Bill Pemberton's bass. They also "forgot" to check the tickets, and we were booked on a nonexistent flight from London to Moscow. They "forgot" to notify the embassy in London that we would need help changing planes there with limited time and a load of complicated, heavy baggage—so most of the baggage got lost. I somehow don't think the New York Philharmonic would have been that forgotten.

Item: 3,400 residents of the Georgian Soviet Socialist Republic cheered, clapped, and threw flowers at us four nights in a row at the Tbilissi Sports Palace.

Item: Oliver Jackson was a "good sport" and almost sprained his back playing East German and Czechoslovakian drums for two weeks until his own finally arrived. Why were his drums lost? Because, to save maybe \$100, he was told to ship them air freight instead of taking them along with him as professional baggage. They say how important we are and then treat us like a territory band on the road in Kansas.

Item: we gave 35 concerts in 11 Soviet cities, playing to a total of 92,040 persons, and every concert was sold out. The size of the audience was limited only by the size of the halls—the total easily could have doubled.

Item: for a month before the "important tour" started we rehearsed in second-rate, non-air-conditioned studios, too small for us most of the time and without music stands or other conveniences, like house drums. Generally speaking, it was a raunchy scene.

Item: at our briefing it was explained to us that part of our job (an unpaid part) was to speak to all the Russians we could about the United States (in all fairness, we were not told *what* to say), and that if any of us conducted ourselves badly, we would be recalled immediately, presumably forfeiting the balance of our pay. "Remember, you are diplomats as well as musicians," we were told. "You are doing a great service for your country."

Item: letters mailed to us at the APO address we had been given were returned to the States because nobody "thought" of telling the diplomatic courier service in Helsinki or Vienna (all official embassy mail to Moscow is routed through one of these cities) that we were authorized personnel.

There's more, but what's the use of going on? It's an old story. Don't worry though—in 20 years. . . . 



the existential jazz aura

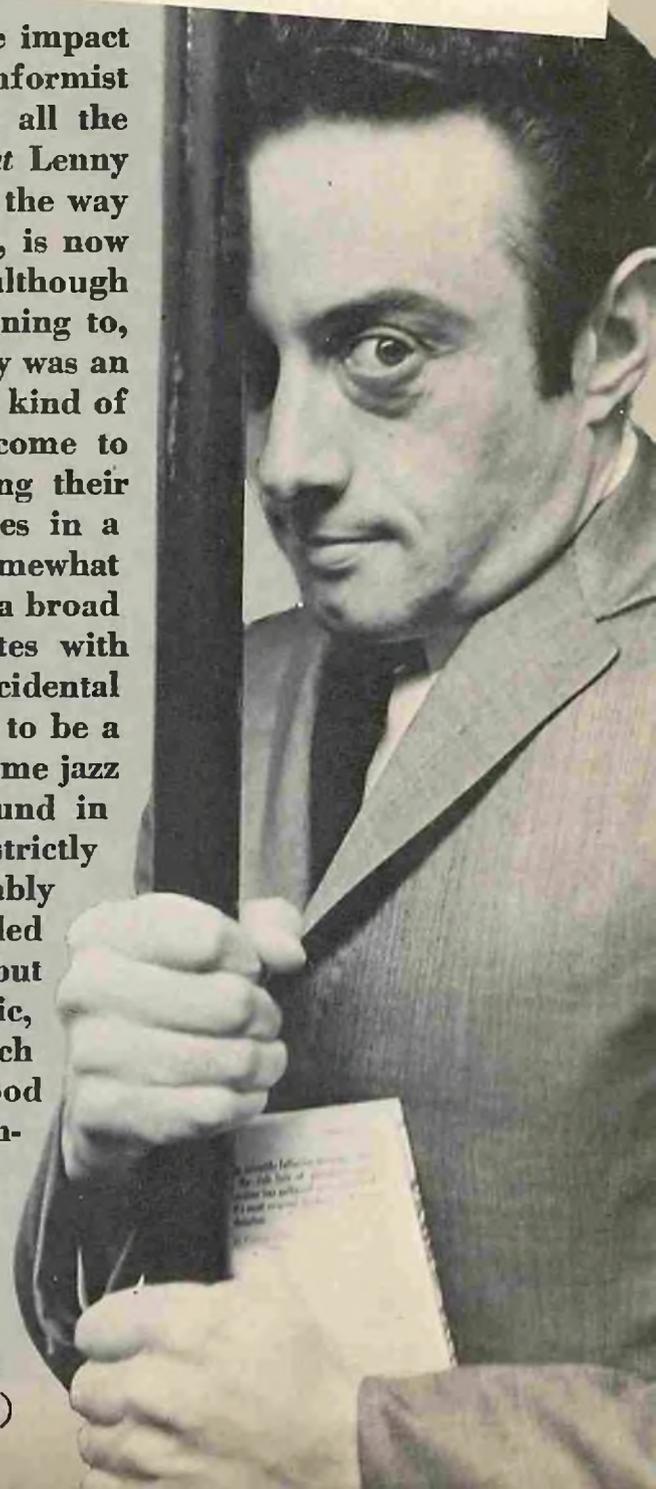
□ I first saw and heard Lenny Bruce in spring, 1959, on the night he made his New York night-club debut. It was in the Den in the Duane, a comfortable basement room rather oddly located in an otherwise sedate hotel on lower Madison Ave. Bruce appeared at the Den several times during the next couple of years, and it came to seem something like his natural habitat. (Come to think of it, although there *must* have been other acts there between his visits, I can't recall any of them.) You could say that it was here that the Lenny Bruce who was successful, rich, and relatively easy to take developed and flourished. □ There was more than a hint of this on that opening night. I went at the urging of drummer Philly Joe Jones, who had been talking up Lenny's coming with all the fervor of a disciple. Jones had organized a group, including my wife and me, that journeyed to the Den that night even though most of us had never heard of Lenny, except through Joe. (I had first heard his name while preparing to record Philly's noted odd-ball Bela Lugosi imitation, which was issued as *Blues for Dracula*—Joe explained that it derived from a routine by this fabulous and unknown comic he had met in San Francisco.) □ The Den was jammed. Lenny's first show had run long, and, I recall, the large crowd queued up for the next show included such jazz people as Ira Gitler and the late Eddie Sherman (a major Bruce fan and long-time author of *Down Beat's Out of My Head* column, under the pen name of George Crater). Both the size and the nature of the crowd were of some significance—not only had a relatively unheralded event drawn an overflow crowd, but then and thereafter Bruce attracted jazz people in particular and, for that matter, a hip show-business crowd in general. □ He attracted lots of just plain people too. It may surprise those familiar only with the later succession of arrests (the charges steadily alternating between obscene performance and possession of narcotics), but in 1959 Bruce was becoming—just like the hero of some cliched show-biz movie—an overnight sensation, a big-time entertainer. Something called sick humor was supposedly abroad in the land; it was very *in*, but, on close examination, this “school” of comedy turned out to consist of very little more than Lenny. But he made enough of an impact (and soon had enough imitators) to be a whole school. He made a couple of big-selling albums; he worked at big-minimum supper clubs like Mister Kelly's in Chicago and the Blue Angel on New York's east side. He was known to be far out and very outspoken, but not “dirty” or taboo. When he appeared on Steve Allen's Sunday night prime-time network television show, however, Allen ruined much of the effect by apologizing in advance to all those who might not like it. But the fact remains that he *was* booked onto such a show. □ For this was the earlier, comparatively safe Lenny Bruce. A

Without Apology!

by Orrin Keepnews

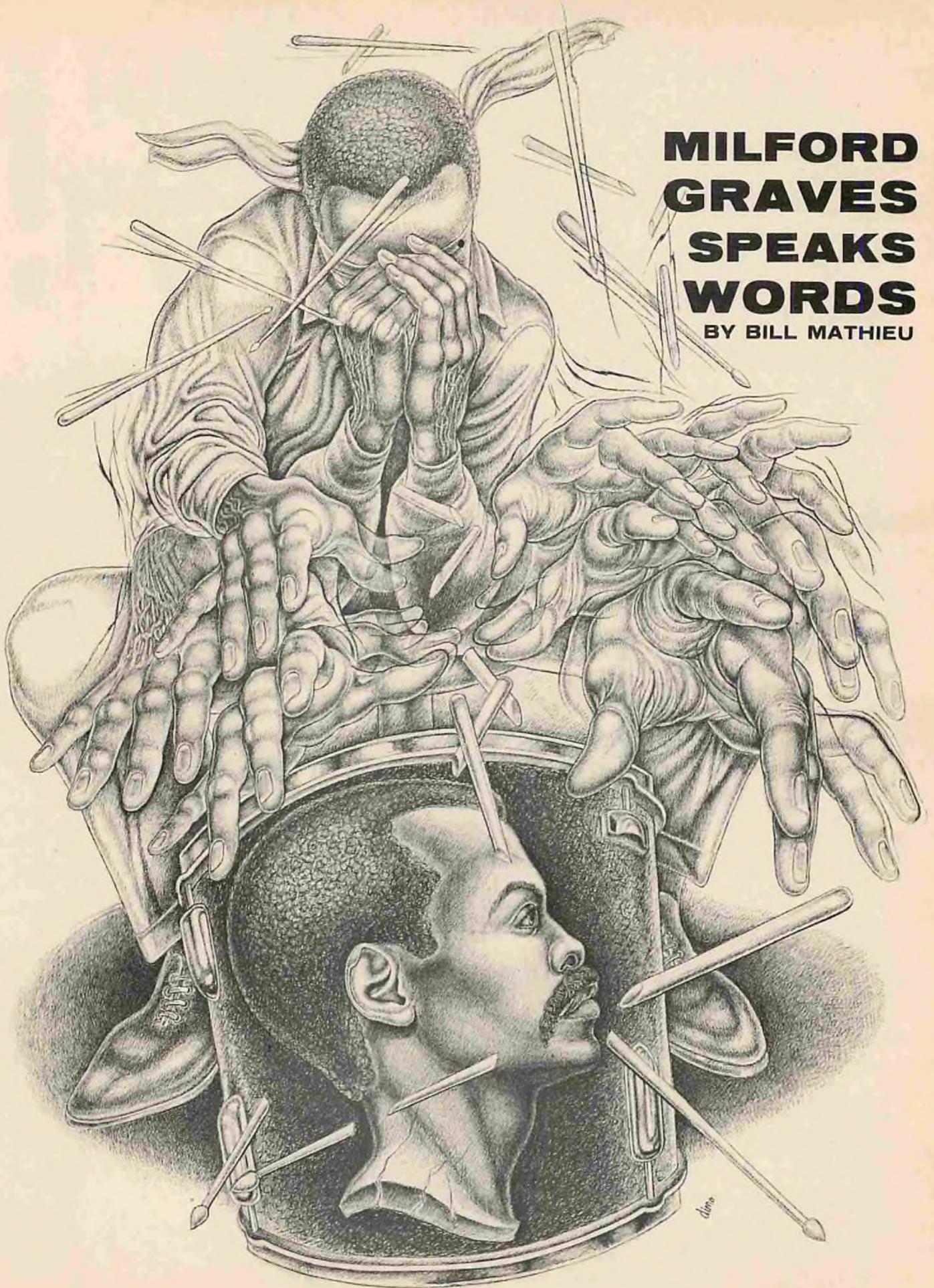
of lenny bruce

strange way to describe him, no doubt, when the impact he made was so largely based on his being a nonconformist attacker of graven images. But looking back with all the wisdom of seven years' hindsight, it's clear that *that* Lenny was nothing like the final Lenny. It's something like the way a 1945 Charlie Parker solo, startling as it was then, is now apt to appear quite formal and almost conservative (although by no means less valid) when you've just been listening to, say, Archie Shepp. □ In 1959 and thereabouts, Lenny was an entertainer and at the same time an artist—the same kind of tightrope-walking that many jazz musicians have come to accept as the unfortunately normal way of pursuing their trade. He was telling jokes and doing all the voices in a number of routines, the details of which varied somewhat from night to night. He was also ripping the hide off a broad catalog of pomposities and social idiocies and hates with well-chosen punch lines and stabbing, seemingly incidental comments. □ This is part of what I have always felt to be a similarity between his technique and that of at least some jazz musicians. Although I'm treading on swampy ground in making direct comparisons between something as strictly verbal as a comic's act and something as presumably nonverbal as music, Lenny's work at this time included touches that were clearly the equivalents of the brief but corny "quotes" from another tune and the sardonic, dead-pan mockery with which a jazzman can approach a very square set of chord changes. □ One good example of this came in a bit in which Eisenhower confronts Sherman Adams (if your memory stretches back to that presidential assistant and his questionable acceptance of gifts); it was funny, but strictly timely and almost Mort Sahl-ish political stuff until suddenly there was a fleeting phrase ("Just tell me the truth, and I won't hit you") that revealed the whole thing as a parody (Continued on page 42)



MILFORD GRAVES SPEAKS WORDS

BY BILL MATHIEU



When Milford Graves and I met, we were virtually strangers. I had heard records of his drumming, and those led me to the man. The following is a transcription of our taped conversation, condensed and edited by both of us.

Mathieu: Tell me about time.

Graves: As far as time is concerned, I really wouldn't say time changes. I wouldn't specifically get involved with the question of time itself. I really relate that to the person.

M: Each person has his own time?

G: That's the way it should be, you know; that's the most natural way. I wasn't around a long time ago, to see how everything came about—time signatures and things like that—but to me it's very selfish, it's cheating people, to take time and separate it from yourself. I feel that the person involved with making time a *conception* was wrong, considering the obstruction this person created. His mind would stop expanding. It would reach a limitation. It's actually like cheating people. Time was always there, and the time I see is not the same as what man says time is. It works by impulsion. It's like you would walk out your door and go out in the street, and anything that would happen to you, you would adjust to. There's no preplanned life. You don't know what's going to happen to you when you walk down the block.

M: And that's the way musical time comes to you?

G: Sure, like adjusting to whatever happens. Time is everything . . . no matter what it is. What I'm trying to say is that time is something you don't make. Time is you yourself. But there's two different types of time—there's a conscious time, and there's the time of the self. Conscious time for me is adjusting and responding to whatever takes place externally—like that's outside of me.

M: You call it conscious time because you know you're doing it—at any moment you can step back and say, "I'm doing this thing"?

G: That's right. When I say conscious time, I'm speaking of whatever man has realized so far: the separation from himself of things that he has realized. When I say time of the self, I mean that the whole body inside is acting; it's like a vibration that is continuously happening. You really don't have any *thing* you know, materialistic, to match it against.

M: Is it opposite from thinking?

G: Thinking relates to an outer view. But when the vision is inward, I don't think.

M: Is what we're talking about more and more known by the musicians playing today?

G: I think that a lot of musicians, from my experience, are sort of aware without a true understanding of what's happening. I hear a lot of *talk*, and that's all it is.

M: Is there too much talk going on?

G: I think there's more talk than anything. To me, the whole scene is just something happening, but it's not a true happening. The communication between the

musician and the listener is a very false one. People have been generally educated and have adapted themselves to hearing certain things. They rely on hearing these things over and over. When something new happens, it's a strain on the listener because he has to adjust himself and use a little more energy. The first thing the musician has to understand is the listener in general and how he feels and what he has been accustomed to hearing. A lot of musicians say they want to play naturally. But you must understand consciously this thing about people and what they have been knowing; you just can't run away from things. You have to have the general understanding.

If a person doesn't know this, he has no business being a musician. One of the main reasons I'm doing a duo with [pianist] Don Pullen is that I have found Don to be complete like that, with this type of understanding. But in the groups I have been in, either the musicians just wanted to make some money, or it was just a thing of publicity. Self-publicity. It's very dishonest to the musician, to the music, and to the people again.

M: It seems to me that in New York a lot of dishonest things are going on but there are a great many honest individuals. You can find a lot of honest players, and everybody's playing good. But when the individuals come together (except in rare instances), then somehow the lies begin; more lies begin to be told. That's the way it looks from the outside.

G: I don't see how musicians can have a true understanding if they evade elementary things. If people are accustomed to hearing things, say, like 4/4, 6/8, 5/4, 7/4, I feel as though a musician, if he's dealing with people, has to have an understanding of these elementary things. Right now I'm talking about American society; I'm not dealing with people any other place.

If you are giving yourself to the people or projecting some sort of knowledge, you're being dishonest if you don't have these general understandings. This is what I've found out. The musicians don't have this general understanding about people.

M: Are there any players who play from this understanding?

G: Only a few. . . . There's a lot of musicians that *sound* honest and sincere, but they're not. This is only a put-on.

I mostly grew up with drummers. The way we played was like genuine love. And when we came to the instrument, like the instrument had just as much respect as we had, and actually there wasn't any thinking that "this was the instrument and this was me." It was like both one thing happening. I'm very disappointed to see anyone present himself as superior over his instrument. It's saying, "I'm the master." Like if I don't *be* what goes on, it's not going to happen. There are many ways that you can involve yourself into your instrument. This is what I haven't found here. I know for a fact 99 percent of the musicians out here do not know how to get themselves into the instrument. That's because they have a lack of knowledge of themselves. Before you can play

an instrument, you have to be together with yourself. I'm not talking about the self that's on the outside.

M: So you're saying there's too much ego in the music?

G: Definitely. And there are a lot of frauds and phonies living off the black revolutionary name. They know who they are because they're the ones who are talking about it. They cut up white society and everything, but these are the same ones whose music is 100 percent Westernized.

This is what I can't understand: why is it that musicians who call themselves involved in the black revolution are still within themselves, like in terms of the maintenance of themselves, built up on Western structure? The people who do that are dishonest to the black people in Western society; and after that, they're using black people, they're using the name black revolution. And it has nothing to do with the music or the true black revolutionary music. It has only to do with a selfish desire. These people want some sort of recognition, and this is their only way.

M: You think if these people were more together in themselves they would be able to play more music and less of themselves?

G: Definitely. Because I'm saying once I feel internally you be involved with yourself, like you automatically are in tune with everybody.

M: It seems that a lot of musicians are fragmented in the same kind of way then. When they get together in groups, they're all telling the same lie. I agree with you completely about the dishonesty, but it's not the dishonesty of a single man. One sees very strong connections between individuals; they seem to be hung up in the same way. What's going on?

G: It all comes down to everybody wants to survive. A lot of musicians come here [New York City], and their main purpose is to bargain. It's not to get together for the sake of humanity, or for music—that's not really the reason. A lot of them say that's the reason—a lot of them say it's coming here to play music—but it's not. First of all you understand the economical thing has to be out of your mind. You need it, but it has to be out of your mind.

M: Do you think we would all make better music if we all agreed not to put money and music in the same existence?

G: This is the way I feel: a musician is not just someone who plays an instrument. A musician is someone who understands life. You wouldn't have to put money in with music if you understood life, because you would know how to survive automatically, and that's part of being a man.

M: Is that true that men who are turned outwards toward other people, who are whole and together in themselves and know how to give themselves to other people are, because of this fact, able to overcome their economic difficulties?

G: Yes, I think so.

(Continued on page 44)

IT IS NO SECRET that trying to make a living as a jazz musician is only slightly less of a challenge than trying to forge a career as a war correspondent for *Peace News*. But trying to make a living as a European jazz musician might be regarded as an exercise in masochism. The case of a brilliant young violinist, Jean-Luc Ponty, is a striking example.

Ponty, at 24, is widely regarded as one of the most gifted and important of the younger generation of French jazzmen. He was awarded the Prix Django Reinhardt by the Paris Jazz Academy, his first album collected a Prix Jazz Hot, and recently *Down Beat's* International Jazz Critics Poll cited him as deserving wider recognition.

French jazz critics and dedicated jazz fans—regrettably in France the two groups are just about numerically equal—have hailed Ponty as a great new talent, climbing fast toward international stature.

To conclude, however, from this that one would risk getting trampled underfoot if he went to a concert by Ponty's current trio would be an error.

In the first place Ponty rarely plays a concert in France. In the second place, when he does, it is almost under protest.

In November last year, Ponty was privileged to appear at the famous Paris Olympia Theater on the occasion of a concert by the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet and the Jimmy Smith Trio. But he was added to the bill only after pressure from the jazz section of the Paris Musicians' Union as part of their campaign to secure more work for native jazzmen.

When Ponty's new trio appeared at the Antibes Jazz Festival last July, it was under the same conditions.

"I suppose," said Ponty, "musicians tend to be underestimated by their own countrymen. That is, perhaps, understandable. At the same time it seems to me absurd to consider holding a jazz festival in France without having any French musicians participating. Can you imagine Newport without any Americans?"

In the recording field the story is equally discouraging. Since that first album, made in 1964, Ponty has made no further records in France. For his last recording he was obliged to go to Germany, where the enterprising Saba label produced a violin workshop album with Ponty, Stephane Grappelly, Stuff Smith, and Svend Asmussen.

Although Ponty's trio played to a packed house recently when it gave a concert for students, the leader says the jazz public in France has diminished and added that there are fewer and fewer outlets for jazz.

While other countries in Europe are increasing the jazz content of radio and television programs, Ponty said, jazz gets less air time than before in France.

"In the days of Bechet there was a tremendous following—but it was misleading," he said. "Young people went mad, not because it was jazz but because it was a la mode. The equivalent music today is rock-and-roll and rhythm-and-blues.

"Now radio and TV producers are hesitant about jazz because its popularity seems to have waned. But how else can it get a wider public than by exposing it to more people through broadcasting?"

Ponty, a slight, quiet-spoken man with an engaging humility, does not appear at first acquaintance to have sufficient tenacity to succeed where so many have failed in making a living from jazz alone. But his relaxed, reticent manner is deceptive; prolonged conversation with him reveals that he knows exactly what he wants and is determined to achieve it with the minimum of compromise.

Like many outstanding European jazz musicians, Ponty came into jazz equipped with an impressive record of classical training. Born in Avranches, in Normandy, in

September, 1942, he began learning music from the age of 5, benefiting enormously from the fact that his father was a violin teacher and his mother an accomplished pianist.

For six years he studied piano and violin. His father's intention was that he should become a member of a symphony orchestra, and when he was 11, Jean-Luc was asked to choose between violin and piano.

He chose violin and for the next four years spent almost six hours a day practicing. At 15 he entered the Conservatoire National Supérieur de Musique de Paris and at 17 was awarded a Premier Prix, an award made to brilliant students. When he left the Conservatoire, he joined the Concerts Lamoureux, an association of musicians who give symphony concerts.

It was at this time that jazz first made an impression on him.

french cookin' jean-luc ponty



"It didn't happen suddenly, of course," he said. "But I had friends in Paris who played me jazz records, and I heard American jazzmen in the clubs. Gradually the music got a grip on me. The harmonies intrigued me as much as the rhythm. It struck me as fascinating music because it was constantly evolving.

"I had always dreamed of conducting a symphony orchestra, but now I began to have doubts. When you play classical music, you are interpreting. You cannot express your own feelings; whatever your mood, you have to try to play with the same feeling the composer had when he created the piece.

"That, really, is why I chose jazz. In jazz you can express yourself, your deepest feelings, all your different moods. I decided that I was going to play jazz for a living as far as it was possible. My father was not very enthusiastic at first because of the insecurity involved. It is

by mike hennessey

extremely difficult to live by playing only jazz if you are limited to playing in France."

While still with the Concerts Lamoureux, Ponty spent much of his off-duty time sitting in at the old Club St. Germain with pianist Georges Arvanitas and at the Blue Note, where he jammed with Bud Powell.

"When I first got interested in jazz, I took up tenor sax because I thought it was the most potent instrument for the music," Ponty said, "but then I realized I was starting a bit late. I would first have to learn the instrument, whereas I knew my way around on violin. So I switched back to violin, and, of course, everything came much more quickly. It is really a very expressive instrument."

At 20 Ponty was called up for military service, but he continued to grab every opportunity he could to play jazz violin. Whenever he was home he played in the jazz orchestra led by Jeff Gilson (now with the Double Six singing group).

In 1964 Ponty put together his first group, using pianist Rene Urtreger, drummer Charles Bellonzi, and a succession of bass players and did his first season at the Blue Note club. He also made his first appearance at the Antibes festival that year.

His current trio has Eddie Louiss, organ, and Daniel Humair, drums—and Ponty's biggest headache is keeping the group together.

"This is the best outfit I've had," he said. "We have rehearsed together a great deal, and we really have a good understanding. We all want very much to work together as often as possible. But it is so difficult to stay together when there is not too much work. Both Eddie and Daniel are fine musicians, much in demand, and they are always likely to get good offers."

Although well known in Europe—he has played in Belgium, Spain, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, and Holland—the violinist is all but unknown in the United States, and he said he was surprised by the vote for him in the *Down Beat* poll.

"Since I have never played in the States and have only one record out, I was astonished and very flattered," he added.

Ponty has listened to a wide range of jazz in his determined attempt to master the idiom. He says that John Coltrane and Miles Davis have probably had the biggest influence on him.

"As far as my own instrument is concerned, I admire Grappelly and Stuff Smith," he said, "although I have never wanted to play like them. I just have a great admiration for their talent, and I count myself fortunate to be numbered among their friends and to have played with them."

Though he has ambitions as a composer, Ponty said he intends to defer work on them "until I have assimilated the music better. There is so much to learn."

"I think jazz is a universal music," he said. "European musicians like Martial Solal and Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen are the equal of any. But surroundings play an important part. Obviously, since jazz was created in America, and aspiring musicians are brought up in an environment where the best in jazz is readily available, America is more propitious for the development of a jazz musician.

"This atmosphere exists much less in Europe—and this is a big problem."

Problems, problems. But Ponty is a determined sort. Besides, in jazz he has found something. "I never really had the sense of vocation to be a classical musician," he said. "I still like to listen to Bartok and Stravinsky at home. But as far as playing is concerned, jazz is my life now."



Don Cherry

Town Hall, New York City

Personnel: Cherry, trumpet; Brian Trentham, trombone; Gato Barbieri, Pharaoh Sanders, tenor saxophones; Karl Berger, vibraharp; Henry Grimes, Jean-Francois Jenny-Clark, basses; Rashid Ali, Eddie Blackwell, drums.

When Cherry left for Europe some time ago, we knew that he was an extraordinary trumpet player. Now that he is back in New York, we also know that he has become an important leader and composer. Evidence: this concert at Town Hall at which three different formations played Cherry originals and one composition by Ornette Coleman.

Several members of Cherry's European group are also in New York at the moment. The first two numbers of the program were played by what is essentially this European quintet: Cherry, Barbieri, Jenny-Clark, and Berger. In the place of Aldo Romano there was Ali at the drums. Both compositions *Music Nu* (*Nu=now*) and *Enfant Happiness* suggested the extraordinary rapport between Cherry and Barbieri. *Nu* is quite a statement about Cherry '66, laying down his musical law, direct, to the point. *Happiness* is a rapid-fire theme, designed to bring forth all the virtuosity packed in this combination.

Jenny-Clark was melodically an interesting bass player with quite a technical facility. Berger was excellent in his accompaniments, having a concise conception of rhythmic needs, but in his solos he did not quite manage to get away from his accompanist role and into free-flowing music; he sounded somewhat strained and mechanical. Ali's dense percussion work brought almost too much tension.

But it was in the next two numbers that things really clicked. As a quartet, with Blackwell, drums, and Grimes, bass, the combination of Cherry and Barbieri became even more astounding. Two compositions, *Complete Communion* and *Elephantasy*, were played. Both compositions are made up of various themes, a trademark of Cherry's pen, creating somewhat of a medley.

Melody is important to Cherry, and this medley form gives him an opportunity to change mood and impact by varying the themes within an over-all feeling.

The solos were short, but both Cherry and Barbieri left a melody line and a prevailing beat to improvise, alone or together, continuously exploring each other's musical trains of thought into fascinating dialog.

The result was a music filled with a great sense of continuity, color, and texture. Cherry's work was of a delicate strength and great lyrical beauty. He played an old cornet that has a warm, mellow tone, so fitting for his music, in which feeling is of the utmost importance.

Barbieri, heard in New York for the first time in February, 1966, has gained considerably in strength and self-confidence. He has turned into a passionate and flamboyant musician. He fits in beautifully with Cherry's sense of timing and feeling.

A lot of the impact of this music was certainly due to Blackwell and Grimes.

Blackwell's heavily rhythmical drumming made Cherry's music really move,



PHOTOS: DON CHERRY, BY JEAN-PIERRE LELOIR; ART PEPPER, BY FRED SELIGO; ROBERT PETE WILLIAMS, BY PETE WELDING; SONNY BROWN, BY DON SCHLITTEN

and Grimes might very well be today's most intense bassist. He gave accompaniment of deep texture and force and as a soloist could be counted on to produce at least as much excitement as any of the horns.

Grimes, in playing, might pursue the melody line with one finger, accompanying with the rest of his hand. During one solo especially, somewhere in *Complete Communion*, Grimes really played "sound," building an intensity and excitement that somehow seemed alien to the bass, only to release that tension by plucking just one high note under the bridge of the bass.

After the intermission, a quintet of different assemblage took the stage: Blackwell and Grimes were still there, Berger was behind the vibes, and Sanders was on tenor.

Nu Creative Love depended less on interplay among the musicians than had the pieces earlier in the evening. Thus, the solos became more important. During this composition, Cherry played his longest and most inspired solo of the evening. Sanders began his solo in staccato notes that after a while virtually built themselves into a straight road of sound with an intensity that nearly hurt. After that, it was impossible for Berger to come back with anything that would make sense.

Symphony for the Improvisers, the following piece, is a work for collective improvisation. Barbieri joined Sanders on tenor, and both bass players took part. Ali replaced Blackwell, and Brian Trentham (just back from an extended stay in Sweden) was added on trombone.

Sanders seemed to rise strongest out of the collective voice. Barbieri's flamboyance splashed around Sanders' directness. Cherry's timing in this context was stunning. Trentham's somewhat delicate trombone was quite lost in this storm. Ali cre-

ated what is needed for this type of thing—more than rhythm . . . a tension that felt like a heartbeat.

The last number, *Light House* by Ornette Coleman, was written especially for this concert. It was a pensive theme with sustained notes that broke into a multifaceted collective improvisation in which once again it became apparent how strongly individualistic all these voices are.

What remained after this Cherry concert was a feeling of oneness, of beauty and strong communication. . . . A very good, very warm feeling.

—Elisabeth Van Der Mei

Art Pepper

Edgewater Inn, Long Beach, Calif.

Personnel: Pepper, alto saxophone; Frank Strazzeri, piano; Hersh Hamel, bass; Bill Goodwin, drums.

To answer the most basic question: yes, Pepper's style of playing has changed.

Perhaps it would be more accurate to say his style is undergoing a metamorphosis. It came into focus at this, his first public appearance in nearly two years.

Playing a borrowed alto, Pepper began a bit tentatively with a bossa nova, *Meditation*. His tone was firm; his technique recalled the Pepper of old with just a shade of accrued rust; ideas came reluctantly at first, but by the third chorus, the only hesitancy he betrayed was with the off-beat of the jazz samba.

An exchange of fours with Goodwin really put the drummer on the spot. There's not much a drummer can do with bossa nova. Strazzeri's solo was excellent, and typical of his work, humorous and melodically inventive.

Ophelia, a constantly modulating original, followed and showed how Pepper's approach to jazz has changed. In this moderate-tempo number, his tone at first was smooth, and his linear playing quite tonal. With each succeeding chorus, though,



CAUGHT IN THE ACT

his tone grew harsher, and he resorted to more honks, grunts, and squeals.

At first, the contrast between the delicate passages and the dissonant free form offered a fascinating study in extremes. Gradually the bellowing outshone the mellowing, and the duality became a duel in which the seeming search for ugliness became dominant.

Another original, *The Trip*, sounded like the beginning of *In a Persian Market* and had a similar Eastern flavor, melodically, over a series of chromatic changes. In deference to the title, Pepper's solo again built to a progressively dissonant climax, goosed by Goodwin's intense drumming.

Pepper added a new dimension just before the last chorus—power, an awesome display of power, much like the climactic exhortations of John Handy.

The romantic facet, to the exclusion of all else, emerged for the surprising set-closer, *The Shadow of Your Smile*. Inspired by the sensitivity of Hamel's bass lines, Pepper was at his most rhapsodic and used a tone almost silken in comparison to the preceding jagged angularity.

Reviewing a musician on his return to a changing scene after an extended absence may be more interesting than fair, but one fact can be gleaned from this session: Pepper is making application for entry into the twilight zone of the avant-garde.

—Harvey Siders

Robert Pete Williams/ Luke (Long Gone) Miles

The Ash Grove, Los Angeles

Personnel: Williams, vocals, guitar. Miles, vocals; Bernard Pearl, guitar.

The Ash Grove's recent back-to-back billing of Williams and Miles offered the unusual opportunity of witnessing, within minutes of each other, the polarities of the current blues revival.

At one end was Williams, paroled from

Angola State Prison Farm in Louisiana—a real rural blues man, whose music is tough, mean, and, above all, impassioned, like the man himself. At the other extreme was Miles, another Louisianian but one who had served a long apprenticeship at the feet of Texan Lightnin' Hopkins and who since has evolved into a formidable performer, glib, assured, even calculated in his stage antics.

It was tempting to see their differences simply in terms of country vs. city, natural man vs. urban hustler, and to let it go at that. But at core, the profound differences that exist between Williams and Miles as blues singers were due to a much more basic matter (and, of course, it is this that is at the heart of the country-city dichotomy). It amounts to the way in which they view the blues and the function of the blues.

For Williams the music is a totally immediate experience; his blues are spontaneous, fluid musical commentaries on the state of his mind and heart. He has few set pieces. Rather, his blues "come into him." His verses are familiar, being taken for the most part from the shared pool of common or "floating" verses and phrases used by many rural southern blues men, but they are shaped by Williams' sensibilities into deeply moving, free-associated songs of great power and, ultimately, individuality. (The mark of the gifted country blues man often is the creative, personal way he handles and redefines the commonplace, wringing changes upon, and giving new impetus to, the recurrent themes and verses.)

The tapestry Williams weaves is of his own design, and it is framed by one of the most intense guitar styles in the blues. Over its insistent iterations, his anguished voice worries the verses with a single-minded desperation. Williams simply is singing to keep himself company, and in

this kind of cathartic music, meaning and lyric content are far less crucial considerations than are the sound and emotion generated.

Miles, on the other hand, sees the blues as a vehicle for the diversion of assembled listeners. He is acutely aware of his audience and, as a performer, aware of his responsibilities to project, entertain, entice. He is concerned greatly with lyric content, with polished, professional projection, with "getting a song across" and all the devices of performance that phrase suggests. He is less concerned with communicating his own experience in the songs he performs than he is in staging an experience for his listeners.

This impression is reinforced further by his repertoire and delivery. His undoubted performance skills notwithstanding, Miles seems content with aping the delivery style—even to duplication of voice texture, inflection, and spoken asides—of his mentor, Sam Hopkins.

Miles is so successful in this that listening to him can be an eerie experience. If one closes his eyes, he has the feeling that he is listening to Hopkins—almost.

Pearl's guitar accompaniments faithfully hewed to the contours of Hopkins' characteristic approach to the instrument, and he coped effectively with the singer's occasional departures from tempo.

However, the result was most aptly described in one listener's remark that the two of them were not even close to making one Lightnin'. But then how could they hope to? No matter what he is, Hopkins is at least always himself. As is Robert Pete Williams.

—Pete Welding

Sonny Brown

Top of the Gate, New York City

Personnel: Ray Copeland, trumpet, flugelhorn; Garnett Brown, trombone; Kaine Zwadi, tenor horn; George Coleman, tenor saxophone; Attila Zoller, guitar; Albert Dailey, piano; Edward Mathias, bass; Brown, drums.

Though steady work is far from plentiful, there seems to be an increasing willingness among New York jazz musicians to join together in worthwhile "experimental" projects of musical value such as this excellent group, which, with slight variations in personnel, had its third public outing on this occasion, a Jazz Interactions-sponsored Sunday matinee.

It was a welcome change from the standard format of jazz ensembles to hear a group like this, though not all the arrangements seemed to take full advantage of the possibilities for interesting backgrounds behind soloists. Perhaps this was due to the ever-present concern for "freedom," though the occasional riffs and figures behind the "stretching" soloists enhanced rather than hampered their efforts.

The group's range of material is broad, including standards as well as originals. Among the former were *Walkin'*, featuring a brilliant solo by trombonist Brown, who showed amazing control, speed, and accuracy of intonation as well as no shortage of ideas.

Coleman was showcased on Duke Ellington's *Prelude to a Kiss* in an approach

(Continued on page 40)

RECORD REVIEWS

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

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

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

Don Byas

BALLADS FOR SWINGERS—International Polydor 623207 and 423207: *Yesterdays; All the Things You Are; Lady Bird; Lover Man; I'll Remember April.*

Personnel: Byas, tenor saxophone; Bengt Axen, piano; Nils-Henning Orsted Pederson, bass; Alex Riel, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Byas established himself as an outstanding musician during the swing era, but when he left the United States in 1946, he was, in some areas, a more advanced thinker than many of the boppers.

This LP demonstrates that his style has evolved noticeably since he arrived in Europe. His tone has hardened so that his ballad performances are less lush than one who hadn't heard him since the mid-'40s might expect.

His major asset continues to be the inventiveness with which he runs chord changes. On this LP, his playing is intricate and has considerable harmonic and melodic freshness, but his phrases are often relatively short and rather abruptly cut off. This accounts for his solos being interestingly broken up, but it also reduces the momentum that he's able to generate.

His work on the slow-tempo selections, *Yesterdays* and *Lover Man*, is richly complex. He double-times frequently, recalling Coleman Hawkins, who influenced him strongly, often employs on ballads.

On the other, faster-paced selections his solos are full of interesting ideas but do not have particularly good continuity.

Axen also improvises well, playing lyrically and swinging gracefully. —Pekar

Paul Desmond

EASY LIVING—RCA Victor 3480: *When Joanna Loved Me; That Old Feeling; Polka Dots and Moonbeams; Here's That Rainy Day; Easy Living; I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face; Bewitched; Blues for Fun.*

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

Rating: ★★★★★

The lonely romantic, Paul Desmond, has a shrugged-shoulder way about him that makes it easy to take his music for granted. He seems to speak in parenthetical statements, his low-flame playing giving the

illusion that he is not much involved in it emotionally. That's no more true of Desmond than it was of, say, Lester Young. And there is more than a bit of Young in Desmond, not necessarily in what he plays but how he plays it. Desmond's lightly accented, lithe improvisations are full of melodic beauty and flow as effortlessly as Young's did.

Desmond is a master of the musical sequence, answering himself in mid-air, as it were. His sequences—and they are not simple ones—dovetail gracefully and add more than a dash of wittiness (and balance) to his playing. Rhythmically, Desmond is razor sharp; the ease with which he goes about his work can only be the result of an acute sense of time.

Hall is a near-perfect compatriot for Desmond. (He is not necessarily a good foil, though; Dave Brubeck fills that role best.) Hall, too, is of the subtle breed. His single-note lines have little fat and grow out of the music, like flowers. He and Desmond are fond of pairing balanced phrases, the effect being akin to that of rhymed poetry.

The grace of Hall's single-note work, however, does not always carry over to his chorded improvisations. The last part of each guitar solo on this record is given over to chords (with a few single notes), and in almost every instance the music becomes slow and heavy. Two exceptions: *Joanna* and *Face*—in both, Hall manages to get more flow into the chorded section.

All the album's selections are well done, but the most interesting are *Living* (exquisite Desmond tone and ideas), *Bewitched* (effortless, high-register alto), *Blues* (good bass by Chericco, long phrases and sharp time by Desmond, meaty, quietly driving guitar by Hall), and *Old Feeling* (adventurous Desmond, jagged Hall).

Throughout, Desmond and Hall obviously are deeply immersed in what they're doing, and what they're doing is producing subtle music of great melodic beauty, substance, and richness. —DeMicheal

Richard (Groove) Holmes

LIVING SOUL—Prestige 7468: *Living Soul; Blues for Yna Yna; The Girl from Ipanema; Gemini; Over the Rainbow.*

Personnel: Holmes, organ; Gene Edwards, guitar; George Randall, drums.

Rating: ★★

The title track is eight minutes and 30 seconds of romping, stomping, rollicking rhythm-and-blues. No highs, no lows, no intro or ending other than the thematic structure—just good basic, heavily accented 2 and 4.

There's a good in-context guitar solo using phrases reminiscent of those associated with trombonist Bennie Green. There's also the long wail, the held-note organ that kills 'em at Count Basic's but not at K.D.'s.

Yna Yna is a different-colored blues that has an unusual feeling of serenity. Guitarist Edwards plays a short, whimsical, and tasteful solo.

Ipanema has Holmes playing the theme with a drums-and-guitar background that I imagine is supposed to be bossa nova but is not authentic (as I know it or as the b.n. is heard in Brazil). This has an

excessive amount of fat in it—that is, if one is looking for lean, uncut bossa nova. At any rate, that doesn't affect what it is, provided one is not looking for specifics. I'm not—just being objective; also that doesn't affect the rating. It is played feelingfully, but the bass line is almost inaudible—some defect in my machine, the organ, or the engineering or some combination of the three. Wow!

Gemini has a 12-bar, high-treble introduction by Holmes and Randall that goes into a 12-bar verse. The first refrain is repeated but with a different organ stop used. This introduces percussive, dynamic guitarist Edwards, and the enthusiasm really starts to pick up. Near the end of his solo, Edwards goes West (Wes Montgomery) with a few bars of unison octaves at one point. He also does some chord gymnastics . . . the works. The continuity of linear structure (follow-through in design and pattern) is symmetrical, and the follow-through in emotional content could never be more alive.

Holmes plays with that big beat and some well-constructed bass lines (audible this time) under the guitar solo. I think the lines are economical ones because he is playing so much (busy) in the treble.

The first 16 bars of *Over the Rainbow* are played by organ; guitar takes a pretty solo on the bridge. The last eight bars are taken by Holmes, and he's got it for the rest of the track. After playing well into the second chorus, he proceeds to play quite a few of those home-town licks, really jazzed-up clichés such as “when you and I were young, Maggie”—way back there. Like the things we played when we were young, and the spectators back home would applaud us because they thought it was sensational or recognized it or something of the sort. . . . Oh, all right. But there is seven minutes of it. Nice drummer, very good soul guitarist, and, of course, Holmes.

The notes by the late Ahmad Basheer mentioned that “it's still obvious he wanted to do his best,” speaking of the drummer. I'm sure this goes for all three, and I feel especially sure of Richard. But there was too much soul for my taste—maybe that's an indication of how hard he was really trying. The listener might really dig it after all, though. As someone once said: “That's where it's going, baby. Greens and neck bones and yams and stuff . . . can't be flying all over your horn . . . folks look at you like you're crazy.” Oh?—Dorham

Yusef Lateef

A FLAT, G FLAT AND C—Impulse 9117: *Warm-Hearted Blues; Nile Valley Blues; Robbie; Psyche Rose; Chuen Blues; Feather Comfort; Blind Willie; Feelin' All Right; Sound Wave; Kyoto Blues.*

Personnel: Lateef, alto and tenor saxophones, flute, oboe, Taiwan bamboo flute, theremin, Chuen lute scraper, tambourine; Hugh Lawson, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Roy Brooks, drums, water drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

An assignment to review a record sometimes brings home to the reviewer the message that he has been “asleep” on a certain artist. This remarkable album is a case in point and precipitated the realization that at least one reviewer had taken Lateef too much for granted, seeing him

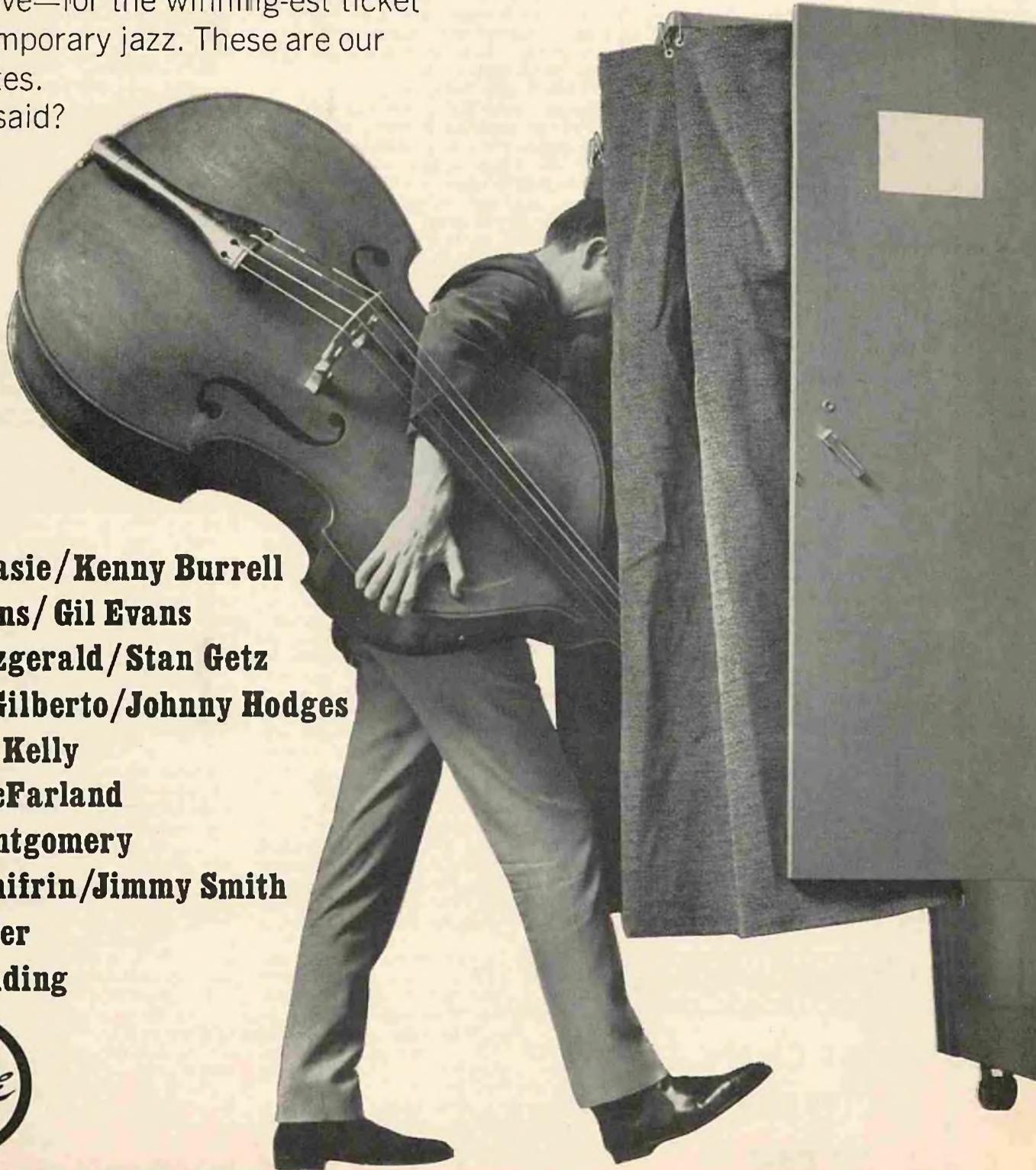
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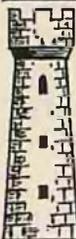
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**LAST CHANCE
TO VOTE
SEE PAGE 52**

as a good and often unusually interesting
player but not as the remarkable and
moving musician he surely is.

If the true test of a jazzman's stature
is the ability to come to grips with the
blues, Lateef passes it with flying colors
(a fitting image, since colors and shadings
are so integral a part of his approach to
music).

Lateef has set himself a challenge with
this album. It is entirely devoted to the
blues—10 interpretations, of which eight
were composed by Lateef. He explores
the possibilities of the age-old patterns
with such imagination that the listener is
led to marvel, once again, at the inex-
haustibility of this seemingly simple form
that is the heart of jazz.

Lateef plays seven instruments on this
record (excluding percussion), but this
amazing versatility is not gratuitous. It
is employed as a musical means to a musi-
cal end, not as a device to cloak a lack
of expressive range on a single horn.

In fact, one of the most gratifying
aspects of this album is the absence of
conceit. The music is utterly sincere, with-
out a trace of sham or even the quite in-
nocent desire to impress. It simply *is*.
Lateef dares to wear his heart on his
sleeve.

But this transparent, naked sincerity
must not be confused with an absence of
artistic intelligence. Indeed, it is the result
of a thorough application of creative selec-
tivity—the knowledge of what to leave
out that is the mark of the real artist.
And, rather than being restrictive, this
selectivity is liberating and becomes the
vehicle for genuine originality.

An example of this is *Feather Comfort*,
actually quite complex in structure, yet
basic and direct in impact. The time
changes, but the flow is sustained. On it
Lateef plays flute, oboe, and alto, but his
story has continuity.

With the knowledge of what to play
goes the knowledge of how to play it.
Here, too, Lateef excels. He seems to
know that music is, above all, sounds—
and he gets a beautiful, satisfying sound
from all his instruments. He also knows,
as a leader should (but not always does),
how to elicit a sympathetic and creative
response from his companions.

Lawson, who has been associated with
Lateef, on and off, for some 10 years,
contributes immensely to the success of
the music, proving himself to be a blues
player of uncommon flexibility and depth
and remarkably pianistic as well. Every-
thing he plays (and he is well featured)
is worth hearing; his solo on *Chuen* is a
gem.

Workman's time, choice of notes, and
taste are faultless. Joined as they are to
a big, mellow (and controlled) sound,
nothing is left to be desired in terms of
bass playing. Brooks has rarely been as
restrained, but he does not lose his prop-
ulsive swing. The three rhythm men
work together.

With their help, Lateef brings forth
some inspired playing. His warm, round
tenor sound and floating, relaxed con-
ception make *Warm-Hearted* truly that.
On *Robbie*, a jumping riff by Lawson, he
swings to the hilt, talking about the blues

directly and without pretense.

He switches to alto (to my knowledge,
these are his first recorded solo ventures
on the instrument) for *Psyche Rose*,
playing with a strong, clean sound that has
the fullness of his tenor. Charlie Parker
is in him but not in a copybook way. His
slurs are a gas.

Lateef also plays alto on *Blind Willie*
(evoked by the life story of Blind Willie
Johnson, the great country Gospel singer
and guitarist). It's a B-flat blues built
around a haunting thematic fragment and
full of feeling. *All Right*, in contrast, is a
happy blues, on which Lateef does some
things all his own on the alto, his playing
bright and shiny.

He plays "talking" flute on *Nile Valley*,
humming into the instrument but also
letting it sing clear. Lawson's solo on
this track is very melodic and appealing.

The Chuen lute, a three-stringed instru-
ment, joins with water drums in a mysteri-
ous, ancient mood on the track that bears
its name.

Lateef's oboe work on *Feather* is further
proof that he has mastered this difficult
instrument with the lovely, lost sound.

The eerie theremin (an ancestral elec-
tronic instrument) produces musically
meaningful sounds under Lateef's hands,
the pitch variations lending a "space"
quality to *Sound Waves* (an aptly descrip-
tive title). Workman does some fine arco
playing here and then strikes the strings
with his bow. There also is a slow, reflect-
ive spot by Lawson.

Kyoto features bamboo flute and im-
provisations based on an Oriental mode.
It is the track most reminiscent of current
ways of playing the blues. Here, too,
Lateef achieves a pure and lovely sound.

This is one of those rare LPs that can
be enjoyed from beginning to end as
well as in samples, and Lateef is one of
those rare musicians who doesn't play
anything he doesn't feel. —Morgenstern

Hank Mobley

DIPPIN'—Blue Note 4209: *The Dip; Recado
Bossia Nova; The Breakthrough; The Vamp; I
See Your Face Before Me; Ballin'*.

Personnel: Lee Morgan, trumpet; Mobley, tenor
saxophone; Harold Mabern, piano; Larry Ridley,
bass; Billy Higgins, drums

Rating: ★★½

Mobley spent his incubation period in
the latter days of the bop era and came
to prominence with honest, firmly stated
expressions in the mid-'50s.

As often happens with musicians—those
who go quietly about the business of cre-
ating good music first—Mobley has never
enjoyed overwhelming acclaim from the
"vast" majority of the jazz audience. This
is due, I would suspect, to the fact that
though he is a solid citizen of the pre-
viously named musical areas, he has shown
—on record, at least—a slight hesitancy
to play the role of innovator. His thor-
oughness as a hard-bopper implies that he
has more stretch in his sock than he is
willing to let us see on these numbers.

Dip, a churchy minor blues, is supported
on a Latin foundation. The title derives
from four-bar rhythm suspensions couched
between eight-bar drivers that give the
impression that the elevator is falling.
Mabern's comping and solo work are ex-
cellent.

The pianist leads the horns in on *Recado*, a rollicking opus ex-Brazil that finds first Mobley and then Morgan adding steam. The trumpeter displays his best efforts on the album here, preening like a matador. Mabern takes a solidly chorded solo, and Higgins seems to parody bossa nova by sometimes overaccenting and sometimes humorously twisting the tail end of the rhythmic figure.

A good example of the hard-bop genre, *Breakthrough*, at Higgins' opening signal, runs solidly, but not as swiftly as the title might imply. The drummer gets his only solo opportunity in a set of fours with the horns.

Vamp derives its intensity from the rhythmic rather than the melodic structure. After the theme statement, Morgan lunges into a torrid solo that is propelled along smoothly by excellent rhythm work. Mobley also rides handsomely in front of the rhythm workhorses.

I See Your Face is a chance for Mobley to exhibit his best talent: his warmish ballad style. Morgan, with muted trumpet, and Mabern turn in delicate complements to Mobley's reminiscence.

Ballin' is an oddly accented 3/4 tune, on which Mabern takes the bridge with block chords and the first solo with a finely swirling line that builds into a chorded statement. Morgan punctuates his solo with staccato runs, and Mobley picks up the idea but turns it into a flowing line. Mabern's accompaniment builds and breaks in eight-bar waves, and a crackling percussive effect is constantly maintained

throughout the piece by Ridley and Higgins.

Mobley wrote all of the tunes but *Recado* and *Face*. There should have been at least one framing of Ridley's solo efforts; his backstopping was thoughtfully aware of the rest of the proceedings.

Not much is done here musically that wasn't being done a decade ago, but it all dovetails with no rough corners. On the other hand, Mobley might include a few newer ideas without fear of losing his balance—he's had both feet on this stepping stone for quite a while. —Quinn

Wes Montgomery

TEQUILA—Verve 8653: *Tequila; Midnight Mood; Bumbin' on Sunset; What the World Needs Now Is Love; How Insensitive; The Big Hurt; The Thumb; Little Child.*

Personnel: George Devens, vibraharp; Montgomery, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Ray Barretto, conga; unidentified strings.

Rating: ★★ ★

This is a commercial LP but not a bad one, owing to the skill of arranger Claus Ogerman and the featured soloist.

Montgomery's work is simpler than usual but still fresh and lucid. The grace and lyricism of his work is notable on *Midnight Mood* and *Little Child*. On *World Needs Now* he's quite forceful and builds excellently. He can play as loudly as any jazz guitarist I've heard but never offends; his tone is full and attractive at all volumes.

All his work on this record is better than fair, but on some tracks (*Tequila, Hurt, Thumb*) he disappoints by not playing with the imagination he customarily exhibits.

Ogerman's writing for strings deserves attention if for no other reason than because it's not syrupy. His lean, uncluttered arrangements don't detract from Montgomery's work and, at times, even enhance it. —Pekar

John Patton

GOT A GOOD THING GOIN'—Blue Note 4229: *The Yodel; Soul Woman; Ain't That Peculiar?; The Shake; Amanda.*

Personnel: Patton, organ; Grant Green, guitar; Hugh Walker, drums; Richard Landrum, conga drum.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

These earthy, rocking blues themes played over shifting Latin and rock-and-roll rhythms will appeal to organ fans. With the occasional strong playing by Green, and some good Patton solos, the album has a jazz appeal, too, and when Green and Patton start cooking together, as on Duke Pearson's *Amanda*, even the most fastidious jazz listener should be pleased.

Green and Patton have worked out unison riffs on most tracks—strong, clear lines that provide a solid springboard for solo work.

Yodel is filled with fragments of Alpine song that are banded back and forth, sometimes humorously, between Green and Patton. *Soul Woman* is an attractive minor-key tune featuring an especially good Green solo.

Someday an organ group will figure out a broader format for playing jazz, and I would not be surprised if Patton and Green provided some basic ideas.

—Erskine

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Sonny Rollins

ALFIE—Impulse 9111: *Alfie's Theme; He's Younger Than You; Street Runner with Child; Transition Theme for Minor Blues, or Little Malcolm Loves His Dad; On Impulse; Alfie's Theme Differently.*

Personnel: Jimmy Cleveland, J. J. Johnson, trombones; Phil Woods, alto saxophone; Rollins, Bob Ashton, tenor saxophones; Danny Bank, baritone saxophone; Roger Kellaway, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Walter Booker, bass; Frankie Dunlop, drums; Oliver Nelson, arranger, conductor.

Rating: ★★★★★

Sonny Rollins is a genius!

He squeezes every last drop out of a melody. There is nothing left to be done with it when he is through. He can turn it around this way and that way and turn it upside down and stretch it out. He is endlessly inventive. I could listen to him forever.

When he splits notes or honks, he doesn't sound as if he's trying to prove something philosophically or socially or racially. It is only artistic, a part of him—like a sneeze.

He wrote the score to this picture, and it is beautiful, although nobody else could play it—it is scored for a solo Sonnyphone. There is nothing wrong with what he does, and he does everything: hard, sweet, loud, soft, fast, slow. A complete experience.

The film *Alfie* received only mediocre reviews, but the score is so much better than mediocre that I suspect any director hip enough to use it would have to make a product a lot superior to mediocre.

Frankie Dunlop is an underestimated drummer, and it would be difficult to overestimate his swing on this. Walter Booker too. Phil Woods' lead alto is

impeccable. There is nothing peccable on Impulse 9111. —Zwerin

Larry Young

UNITY—Blue Note 4221: *Zoltan; Monk's Dream; I; The Moontrane; Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise; Beyond All Limits.*

Personnel: Woody Shaw, trumpet; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Young, organ; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

For organophiles, this album might be just another item from the electronic cornucopia. But for organophobes—those who put the instrument down either as an unsuitable jazz vehicle (that group is waning, it seems) or as an unabashed usurper of other instrumental chores (namely those of the rhythm section), or those just plain tired of the monotonous conception of many jazz organists—this album will be welcome.

For one thing, Young has an excellent trio of helpmates here. Everyone seems to restrain his hottest emotional moments, producing a coolly martial intensity. One smells the smoke rather than sees the fire on *Softly* and *Limits*—but something is definitely cooking.

Young has a more linear approach to the instrument than usually is heard, but he rarely crowds his statements with too much right-hand work. He also has avoided the borrowed licks found on some of his earlier recordings. He implies, by his light touch and registration, nearly as much as he says—as on the very musicianly tete-a-tete with Jones, *Monk's Dream*.

Shaw's trumpet style is eclectic, but

he approaches his solos with confidence and clarity; nothing he gets into here is over his head. He composed *Zoltan*, *Moontrane*, and *Limits* and promises much as a modally oriented writer.

The music is delivered with assurance and drive rather than any personal scene-stealing. It leaves a good feeling after repeated hearings. —Quinn

OLD WINE- NEW BOTTLES

Woody Herman's *Woodchoppers and First Herd Live at Carnegie Hall* (VSP 26)

Rating: ★★★½

Machito, *Soul Source* (VSP 19)

Rating: ★★★★★

Herbie Mann, *Big Band Mann* (VSP 21)

Rating: ★★½

Howard Roberts, *The Movin' Man* (VSP 29)

Rating: ★★½

Dizzy Gillespie-Roy Eldridge, *Soul Mates* (VSP 28)

Rating: ★★★★★

Johnny Hodges, *Alto Blue* (VSP 20)

Rating: ★★★★★

Various Artists, *Jazz Round* (VSP 24)

Rating: ★★★½

Verve's VSP line is low priced, but the playing time of some of the LPs is so short they're not the bargains they appear to be. The Herman LP, for example, contains only about 25 minutes of music. Nevertheless, the VSP material (reissues from the Verve storehouse) is generally good, and some has been out of print for years.

The Herman record is taken from a famous 1946 Carnegie Hall concert during which his First Herd not only performed jazz selections but also premiered Igor Stravinsky's *Ebony Concerto*.

Vibist Red Norvo, the featured soloist on *The Man I Love* and *Hallelujah*, turns in spirited, inventive performances on both.

Wildroot and *The Good Earth* are flag-wavers of the type that represented the real meat of the band's repertoire. *Wildroot* is an especially stirring performance; it has good solo work, but this is overshadowed by the enormously powerful, wonderfully ebullient ensemble playing. Herman's brass section is particularly impressive and will be remembered as one of the wildest in jazz history.

Four Men on a Horse and *Superman with a Horn* are novelty numbers, the former featuring some cute and inconsequential playing by the rhythm section, the latter highlighting the powerful but strident trumpet work of Pete Candoli.

Heads Up is by Herman's Woodchoppers and has several good solos, including one by the late, underappreciated Sonny Berman.

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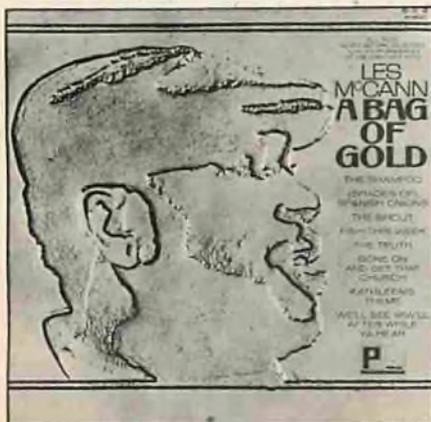
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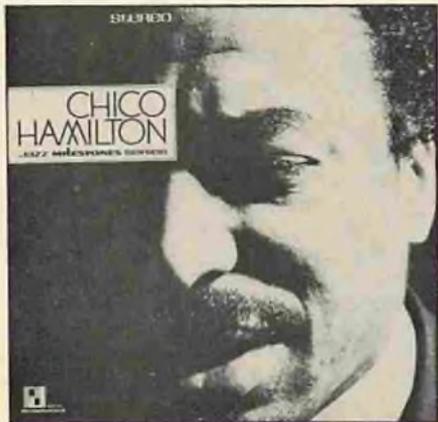
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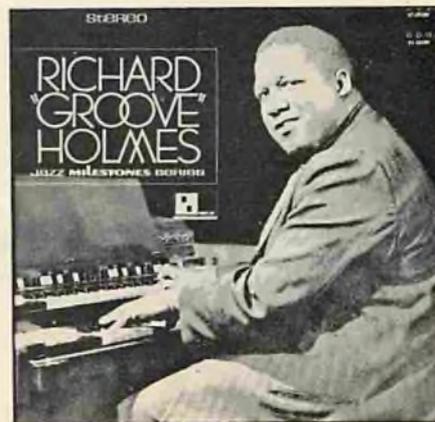
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originally issued on a Verve LP called *Machito Afro-Cuban Jazz*. It contains two suites by Chico O'Farrill. The sections of both suites have been somewhat rearranged on this reissue (for example, *Cancion* was the first track on one of the suites, but it's the third one here) and some parts have been eliminated from the composition originally titled *Suite No. 2*.

Sloppy, chintzy production aside, however, this LP is still worth owning. O'Farrill's compositions blend a tasty mixture of bop and Afro-Cuban music. His melodies are attractive—particularly the lovely *Cancion*—and his orchestration rich. Machito's band does a terrific job, performing O'Farrill's arrangements with discipline and shouting enthusiasm.

The rhythm section is brilliant; it's fascinating to focus on the subtle interplay of its members and then back up and be swept away by their combined efforts.

O'Farrill makes use of jazz soloists in his compositions, with altoist Charlie Parker, tenorist Flip Phillips, and drummer Buddy Rich appearing here. Phillips is in very good form, but Parker carves him in an exchange section. Parker seems inspired by Machito's band, O'Farrill's writing, or both; at any rate, his playing is electric. Rich has a long, shapeless drum solo on the same section that features the Parker-Phillips exchange.

All the tracks on the Mann album aren't by big bands; his LP is called *Big Band Mann* because it contains tunes that were big-band hits.

On *Moonlight Serenade*, *Stardust*, and *Contrasts* the flutist is backed by strings with arrangements by Frank DeVol. Mann's playing on them is generally unadventurous but pleasant, making for relaxed, undemanding listening. The same can be said for his easygoing treatment of *Frenesi* with a combo including guitarist Laurindo Almeida. This group also does *Peanut Vendor*, on which Mann plays buoyantly.

Satin Doll is from a Buddy DeFranco Septet album and is highlighted by DeFranco's fleet clarinet work. Mann's solo, however, is undistinguished.

A quartet including pianist Jimmie Rowles does *Let's Dance* and *St. Louis Blues*. Mann's work is warm and easy to take, but Rowles' wry, almost Monkish, solos are more interesting.

Finally, *Caravan* is a long track cut in 1959 (the others are from 1957). Mann's playing is dull, but vibist Johnny Rae sobes well.

With one exception, all selections on the Roberts LP were made by a quintet including Bill Holman, tenor saxophone; Pete Jolly, piano; Roberts, guitar; Red Mitchell, bass; and Stan Levey, drums. On *Jillie* Holman is replaced by Bob Cooper, Mitchell by Jules Bertaux, and Levey by Bob White.

The LP was cut in 1956 and '57. Around then some of the musicians usually thought of as comprising the West Coast school, Roberts and Jolly among them, were picking up some of the more obvious devices of the East Coast post-boppers. Roberts' work is fluent, and he plays some nice lines, but his solos are often marred by funky cliches. Jolly's efforts are, at

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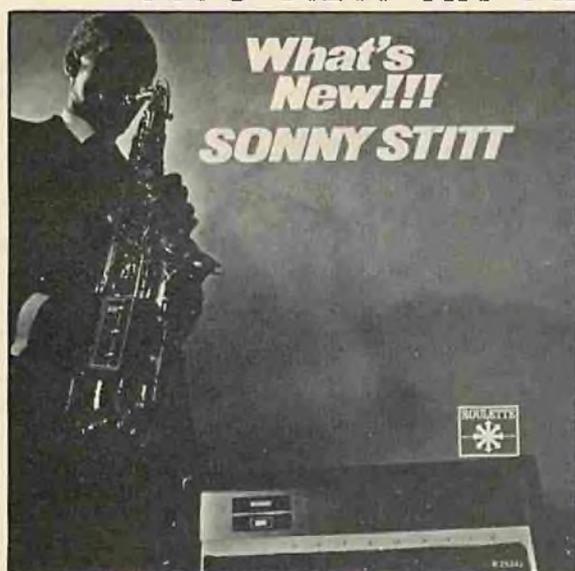
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(You might also let us know who you think plays the best trumpet, trombone, tenor, alto, baritone, clarinet, miscellaneous instrument, vibes, organ, bass, guitar, and drums. And while you are at it, let us have your thoughts on big and small bands, record of the year, vocalists of various descriptions, jazz man of the year, and who should be placed in the Hall of Fame. See page 52 for instructions.)

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best, innocuous—at worst, as on *Relaxin' at Camarillo*, they are corny.

The tenor saxophone work is the best thing about the album. Holman, a big-toned, Lester Young-influenced player, contributes flowing, melodically attractive solos, and Cooper's playing on *Jillzie* is lyrical.

In addition to the tunes already mentioned, the selections on this LP include *The More I See You*, *Terpsichore*, *Godchild*, *All the Things You Are*, *When the Sun Comes Out*, and *Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea*.

The Gillespie-Eldridge record was made in 1954. One track, *The Challenges*, is from a Jazz at the Philharmonic session, the others from studio dates.

Challenges is an up-tempo jamming selection with Flip Phillips contributing a meaty solo. Tenor saxophonist Ben Webster, who follows him, begins well but soon starts rasping offensively. Trombonist Bill Harris then turns in an idea-filled spot, setting the stage for a Gillespie-Eldridge chase. Both trumpeters contribute exciting work, though their screaming gets out of hand toward the end of the exchange.

The first side, most of which is taken up by *Challenges*, is filled out by *I'm Through with Love*, played by Gillespie, and *If I Had You*, Eldridge's feature. Both men acquit themselves admirably, playing with warmth and restraint.

The reverse side has *I Found a New Baby* and *Limehouse Blues*, which serve as vehicles for a Gillespie-Eldridge cutting

contest. On the former selection both make powerful, controlled statements. But while Gillespie also plays well on *Limehouse*, Eldridge's work is hysterical and uncontrolled in places. Oscar Peterson adds an exciting piano solo to *Limehouse*.

Five of the six selections on the Hodges LP (*Cool Your Motor*, *Honey Hill*, *Blues Aplenty*, *Not so Dukish*, and *Preacher Blues*) were recorded in 1958 with combos including Eldridge, Webster, trombonist Lawrence Brown or Vic Dickenson, and pianist Billy Strayhorn.

The remaining track is an excerpt from *Jam Blues*, which originally covered one side of Verve LP 8090; on it Webster and Eldridge also appear. None of the tunes is taken faster than a medium-slow tempo.

Hodges' blues playing is the feature of the album. He's a fine blues player, though a rather unusual one. His playing in this genre sometimes has a lope-along quality and is polished and relaxed rather than raw and violently urgent. Generally, his ideas are fairly simple and melodically attractive, and he constructs well.

Eldridge's playing satisfies—it's hot, yet tasteful. Webster may also be heard to advantage here, and Dickenson takes a fine, conversational muted solo on *Honey Hill*.

The Jazz Round is a mixed bag of eight tracks—each having something to recommend it. Ella Fitzgerald and Louis Armstrong spice an enjoyable, uninhibited *Stompin' at the Savoy* with humor-filled scattling.

Armstrong and Oscar Peterson's combo

perform *Let's Fall in Love*, which has easygoing vocal work by Armstrong, who also takes a fine trumpet solo, altering the melody subtly.

Webster appears on two versions of *Sunday*. On one, backed by the Oscar Peterson Trio, there is an interesting contrast between his improvisation and Peterson's. The pianist employs many-noted lines, whereas Webster is considerably more economical.

The other, more interesting, version of *Sunday* is by a Webster-Gerry Mulligan quintet. Both men have warm, lyrical spots, and Jimmie Rowles throws in one of his patented spare solos for good measure.

Mulligan pops up again on a quartet version of *Sweet Georgia Brown* with Teddy Wilson, but he and Wilson are disappointingly unimaginative.

On *Takin' a Chance on Love*, a quartet performance with tenorist Lester Young, Wilson shows more inspiration during a perky solo. And Young does some pretty work.

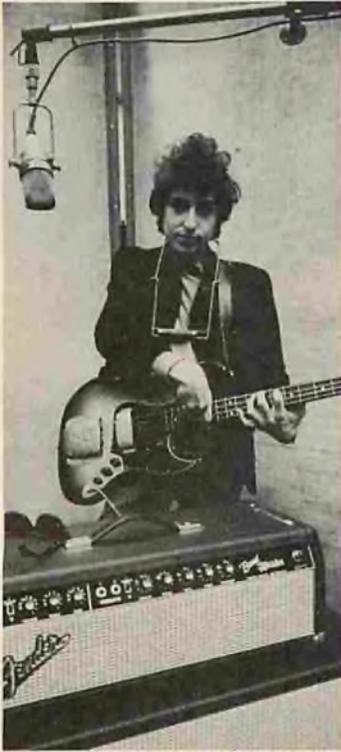
Young is even better on *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*, with Count Basie's band at the 1957 Newport Jazz Festival. In the last few years of his career Young was in decline, but he never lost his ability to play movingly.

The album concludes with a Count Basie-Ella Fitzgerald version of *April in Paris*, highlighted by Miss Fitzgerald's buoyant singing and a gem of a trumpet solo by Thad Jones. —Pekar

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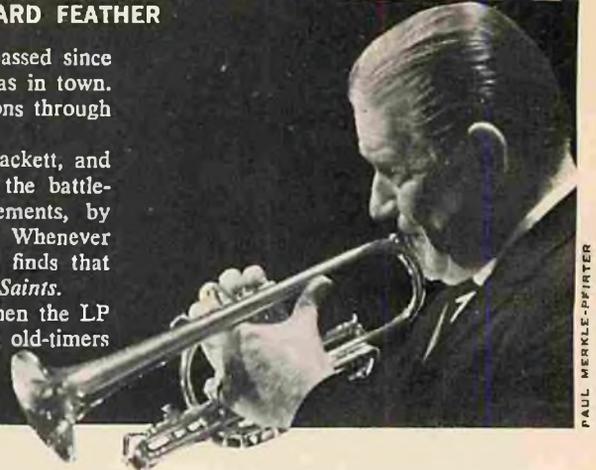
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BY LEONARD FEATHER

Not long ago it occurred to me that many months, even years, had passed since a Dixieland musician had taken the *Blindfold Test*. Wild Bill Davison was in town. Although he rejects the Dixieland tag, he certainly has had the associations through the years, and he seemed like a suitable candidate.

A powerful, compelling soloist inspired by Louis Armstrong, Bobby Hackett, and others, Davison is something of a maverick. He detests having to play the battle-scarred traditionalist tunes. He has built a library of sextet arrangements, by Marshall Brown, including ballad medleys and superior pop standards. Whenever he fronts a band capable of playing them, he brings them out, but he finds that too often he is surrounded by men limited to *Muskrat Ramble* and *The Saints*.

About the last record of this test: trumpeter George Finola was 20 when the LP was made; however, Davison's guess that most of Finola's sidemen were old-timers was right. Davison was given no prior information about the records.



PAUL MERKLE-PFIFTER

1. Duke Ellington. *When It's Sleepy Time Down South* (from *Will Big Bands Ever Come Back?*, Reprise). Cootie Williams, trumpet; Russell Procope, clarinet.

Yes—that was pretty. I liked the way the brass was spreading that harmony out behind—was it the cornet?—at the beginning.

That wasn't Barney Bigard, but it was close to his style.

When the trumpet came back in, I liked that, where the saxophones took the spread-out. I don't get to play with that kind of background very often, but I like to. That's what Marshall Brown is trying to do with my stuff—you know, spread those harmonies out a little bit.

Well, I liked it very much. Four stars.

2. Al Hirt. *Up Above My Head* (from *Sugar Lips*, RCA). Hirt, trumpet; Anita Kerr Singers.

(*Laugh.*) Well, I'm sure that trumpet player could play something real great if he had the right kind of rhythm section. Sounded great. Those kind of records are probably not the kind I'd buy; it reminds me of a Georgia camp meeting—that style of music. It's a well-*done* thing; I suppose they put in a lot of effort, with all those men, singing, and stuff.

Authentic? I don't know enough about that type of music to say. I wouldn't buy it.

I liked the trumpet. With a good, fancy rhythm section he would have sounded great—nice range, lot of technique. . . .

About two stars.

3. Gil Evans. *El Toreador* (from *The Individualism of Gil Evans*, Verve). Johnny Coles, trumpet; Osie Johnson, drums; Evans, composer, arranger.

It's kind of unfair for me to judge that one; it's pretty far out. The thing I like about it, of course, is the pretty chords and all that, but it just seems like it should have some rhythm to it somehow. It's a tone poem, actually, isn't it? A great change of chord progressions, and once in a while the drummer went broom-pumping, and that was it.

He knows what he's doing, all right. . . . The trumpet was interesting. Sounded a little like Chet Baker there.

As I said, I'm really not one to judge this type of music, but I certainly think it's worth three stars; it's good listening.

4. Louis Armstrong. *Tin Roof Blues* (from *Louis, Mercury*). Armstrong, trumpet; Tyree Glenn, trombone; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Marty Napoleon, piano; Alfred Dilemia, banjo; Buddy Catlett, bass; Danny Barcelona, drums.

Well, that's a typical Louis record, all right, but what surprises me is why they keep coming back with those old chestnuts, like I have to play every night whether I like it or not. I heard Louis recently, and it seems like maybe it's the public that wants him that way. But the guys in the band got to do nothing—all that talent up there, and nothing was happening. Of course, that's a typical—no, it's not as *good* as a typical Armstrong record, as a lot of things I've heard of his.

Yeah, there's some real good talent in that band right now, and they just don't seem to play any more.

I met Louis in 1924 or '25, when he was at the Sunset; that was right after he left Joe Oliver. To me, that was one of the great bands of all time, the Sunset band—the Hot Five, and then he added more to it later on. They had a feeling—I've never heard a band in all my life play a floor show—a small band like that—play a floor show like they did. People used to throw their clothes on the floor—wildest thing you ever heard. Three stars.

5. Max Kaminsky. *Tin Roof Blues* (from *Newport Jazz Festival*, RCA). George Wein, piano; Bob Haggart, bass; George Wettling, drums.

I liked that one. I'd say that makes a lot more sense, because of the rhythm section. I've always liked the Dixieland songs brought up to date as far as not playing them with that old slow, dragging thing anymore. All the kid bands coming up are trying to play in the old-fashioned way; at least the rhythm section gets a chance to do something when you take it up like that, eliminate the verse, all the other things. It's more or less just good blues that way.

It sounded like Cootie Williams, but it wasn't, was it?

Well, I'd buy that one. It's worth four.

6. Manny Albam. *Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe* (from *Brass on Fire*, Solid State). Jimmy Maxwell, open trumpet; Thad Jones, Danny Stiles, muted trumpets; Albam, arranger.

Well, there's one I really like. See, I

like big bands. I suppose I have everything that Ted Heath ever made—some of the other English bands—and actually, that sounded like an English band to me. I don't know . . . could be.

I liked that trumpet player very much; there were a lot of little trumpet things going on there, all good.

I'm a great Billy May fan, too, because I like a lot of brass; I think the first thing I bought of his was *Big Fat Brass*. It's great. I still play it.

Oh, I'd buy that one right now. I'd have to give it five.

7. John Coltrane-Don Cherry. *The Invisible* (from *The Avant-Grade*, Atlantic). Cherry, trumpet; Coltrane, tenor and soprano saxophones; Ornette Coleman, composer.

Help! Well, I guess my ear isn't trained for that sort of thing.

That reminds me of the other day when I passed out an arrangement of *Donna Lee* to the band and said, "Try this." It sounded just like that when they played it.

I don't know; as I said, I'm a big-band guy. I like the sound of the big bands. These things kind of leave me cold. Maybe I'm too old-fashioned.

It seemed to me that they weren't making it, all the time—of course, that's just the way it sounded to me. I'm sure they can read and they're good musicians, but I wish they'd put it in some other style. I'd say whoever wrote the composition down had a lot to think about.

No further comment. For me, no stars.

8. George Finola. *Walkin' the Dog* (from *Jazz of the Chosen Few*, New Orleans Originals). Finola, trumpet; Armand Hug, piano; Danny Barker, guitar.

The beginning of that certainly was a jumbled mess. It sounded like Danny Barker; I don't know the piano player. He knew what he was doing, but the rest of it sounded like unrehearsed confusion. No, I wouldn't like that one at all—I really wouldn't.

I suppose the best you can do with that one is one star, huh? But I'll tell you, the old moldy-fig cats would buy that one right away, especially if it's out of tune. It seemed the horns were out of tune, to me. Wasn't very clean.

I certainly don't think it was any young guys. 



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(Continued from page 27)

privately warm-hued setting by Zwadi. His mellow, fluent conception and pretty sound would have pleased the composer, as would the ensemble voicings, Copeland's fluegelhorn lead and solo, and pianist Dailey's contributions.

Copeland, a prime example of that overworked term, "underrated," is a delight. Aside from having the technical command and equipment of a brilliant first-chair trumpet man, plus a bright, warm sound, he is an exceptionally musical player, not merely inventive, but truly imaginative. Everything he plays seems right.

Copeland shone on Byard's *Aluminum Baby*, originally a big-band score. It indicated a neglected facet of Byard's talent and made one wonder why his services as an arranger are so infrequently employed. Though quite original, his writing also has an open quality, pleasantly reminiscent of Tadd Dameron's. On this piece, there also were good solos by Coleman, Garnett Brown, and Zwadi, who gets a French horn sound from his instrument and plays with conviction. The leader took a bristling drum solo with effective ensemble punctuations.

Since he was playing with the group for the first time, Zoller's ensemble contributions were mainly rather tentative. But he came into his own on *Extension*, which he composed and arranged. A simple but effective line built on a scale, this gave all the soloists an opportunity to sparkle.

Coleman's long solo was mainly linear and brusquely swinging, while Garnett Brown fashioned his out-of-tempo one with an amazing display of breath control. Zwadi set a more lyrical mood, which was sustained and expanded by Copeland. Zoller, in an extended solo, with and without backing from the rhythm section, topped his excellent quartet performance of the same tune at the Newport Jazz Festival, and Dailey's unaccompanied solo was memorable.

Zoller played very well, in a more down-home vein, on *Walkin'*, which also sported more propulsive, Kansas City style of riffing by the ensemble and a humorous, swinging solo by Mathias, who effectively used melodic strumming and arco work.

Sonny Brown's *Happiness and Hope*, a moody, deep-toned score, was dedicated on this occasion to the memory of Bud Powell. It made a fitting tribute and displayed good use of the ensemble potential of the group. In his drum role, Brown acquitted himself ably, pushing the soloists with a driving beat, coloring ensemble passages with dexterity, as well as providing the personal inspiration and enthusiasm that a leader should.

It would be a pity if this promising group's efforts were to remain confined to occasional appearances such as this. The spirit, musicianship, and material is there and deserves a wider hearing.

—Dan Morgenstern

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LENNY BRUCE

(Continued from page 21)

of the cliched confrontation scene between the all-American righteous father and his naughty-boy-with-a-heart-of-gold son.

Above all, Lenny Bruce at this time came across as a very funny man, as a stand-up comedian capable of producing loud, break-up laughter from his audience—whether they dug the message behind the material or not. This was clearly the result of early show-business training of the toughest kind. Bruce had come up the hard way, starting in tough strip joints and 10th-rate clubs where the comic is generally regarded as an unwanted interruption in the show. He learned what musicians playing in the same kind of places have always had to learn in order to survive: first, you must use your skills just as hard as you can to get the audience's bare, minimal attention; if you feel equal to it, you then keep working hard to get them on your side. If you get that far and have something special and personal and important you want to hit them with, then and only then do you dare display it.

That kind of background had a lot to do with Lenny's special appeal to jazz people. In addition to anything else, it meant quite directly that they had worked on the same streets, in the same clubs, at the same hours. He shared, for instance, that problem of leisure-hour time that all late-night show-business people face: the man whose working day ends at 5 p.m. has plenty of places to stop for an unwinding cocktail, but what do you do when you quit work at 2 or 4 in the morning? Many are forced to become experts on obscure bad movies, the kind that seem to survive only in all-night fleabag theaters and on the triple-late shows of TV. Thus that detailed and affectionate knowledge of the world of Bela Lugosi that Lenny and Philly Joe had in common.

One of Lenny's best early routines was a complex takeoff on a super-hackneyed prison movie called *Brute Force*, which is also perhaps the best example of his jazz-like technique. The trite movie itself equals a trite standard tune. The normal improvised chorus (perhaps including the soloist's own favorite cliches) would be the equivalent of some straight comedy bits in this Bruce routine—like a recurring catch-phrase yelled by the leader of the convict riot ("Ya-ta, ya-ta, warden") that automatically reduced Bruce fans to hysterical laughter. But the next chorus is more daring; maybe it mocks the limitations of the syrupy tune by playing the ballad double-time, which is what happens when the stereotyped prison chaplain self-righteously elects to face the men unarmed ("I have a weapon mightier than guns . . . judo!"). Then Lenny keeps going further and further out until he passes mockery and hits a raw and shocking bit of twisted reality (although he's still getting laughs) that has nothing to do with the old movie and everything to do with the vicious facts of our penal system—the convict leader is talked into surrender

by the prison's top homosexual.

I certainly do not want to imply, even remotely, that Lenny's act was in any way a series of equivalents to jazz solos. Nothing is that simple, and actually Lenny's kinship to jazz was probably more to be sensed in the atmosphere around him than in specific details.

I'd sat around in dressing rooms with him, had exchanged put-down glances with him as he carried on outrageous dead-pan conversation with stuffy and/or "important" visitors, had talked with him about musicians we both knew, had been involved in discussing thoroughly impractical schemes to record him (he was under contract to Fantasy, but he was going to be the world's first talking sideman, or something, on a Philly Joe album—and he once even sent me the beginning of a script for Joe and him). And most of this was so much like conversation with a jazz musician that it was hard to remember that I wasn't talking with one. I can think of no other nonmusician about whom I can make that statement.

By emphasizing Lenny's ability to get big laughs, the off-hand nature of a lot of his tough lines, and his ability to work with topical material or create parodies, I don't want to make him seem too easy-going or to underplay his original material. (In general, I remember his "originals" as preferable to his work on "standards"—just as, say, Thelonious Monk playing something like *Nutty* is much funnier even than a Monk take-off on an Irving Berlin ditty.)

Even back at this time there were some obviously strongly felt routines built very directly around his views on organized religion—which were, to put it mildly, totally negative. A particularly savage one presented a meeting of a group of fast-shuffle promoters known as "Religions, Inc." This and other examples of his way of seeing the world we live in, made a lot of people uncomfortable in his presence.

I have always figured that night clubs were places voluntarily visited by adults. Whenever they don't like the way a musician plays or the language or subject matter used by a comic, they can get up and leave, or stay away in the first place. But

for reasons that require far deeper analysis than I have space for here, our Establishment has the opinion that such adults need more protection from certain dangers than any other class of citizen.

I do not know anything about the existence, nature, or extent of any narcotics problems Lenny might have had—except that they obviously were irrelevant to his work. I do not know if there was any organized conspiracy against him because of what he had to say. But it seems quite clear, and not only in connection with Bruce, that law-enforcement agencies in our country are apt to mark certain entertainers, or certain types of entertainers, as being, for one reason or another, "trouble." And it seems equally clear that if you are "trouble" in one city, you are someone they are alert for everywhere.

Lenny was first arrested and charged with giving an obscene performance in May, 1960. Ironically, it was not only in San Francisco but it was at the Jazz Workshop. The late Art Auerbach, who owned that club, had known Lenny for a long time and had very much wanted to have him work there—to my knowledge, the only nonjazz act Art ever coveted. And what happened almost immediately? Lenny was arrested, for using a particular 10-letter word that was too rough for the detective who happened to be there.

Lenny was out on bail and back at work without delay, and he found it all pretty amusing—then. He was in fine form the next night. There was an even bigger crowd than before (with that kind of publicity, he said, he could outdraw even the French art movies around the corner), and privately he was delighted that the previous night's performance had been taped, so that the case could be fought on its facts.

He won the case, but it turned out to be only the beginning of a long downhill slide. That there was police harassment is obvious. That he died of "an overdose of police," as Phil Spector (on whose record label the last Bruce album appeared) said in a trade-paper ad, can be argued either way. That Lenny contributed hugely and inevitably to his own downfall cannot be argued.

Lenny was far too stubborn a man not to continue to give the Bruce-haters all the ammunition they could want. Call it "stubborn" or call it "dedicated," it comes out the same. Once he had been dragged in for obscenity, there was no chance whatsoever that he might watch his language—except to make it rougher all the time.

But eventually Lenny came to devote far too much of his performing time to what was nothing more than self-defense, which is obviously too limited a repertoire. The pressures he was under were clearly overwhelming; it's really not surprising that Lenny could not continue to handle the constant barrage. At the start of his legal troubles, he could turn it all into quick, concise, biting, and effective humor. Later, he was more apt to tell his audiences about his difficulties and little or nothing else.

Lenny's lawyer, a distinguished attorney

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with a brilliant record of defending people, books, and films against censorship, concluded that the obscenity charges had become an obsession with Lenny. Specifically, the lawyer told me, Bruce wanted to fight for a court ruling to the effect that Lenny Bruce was not an obscene person and, therefore, could not perform obscenely—he wanted the police to be permanently restrained from arresting him on such grounds.

It would seem as if Lenny's always imposing sense of his own importance had finally overstepped the bounds of reality.

I know that the last performances I saw suffered from the preoccupation with self-defense and from a generally undisciplined air that contrasted wildly with the cleanly arranged and edited foundations from which he had once launched his improvisations.

My last encounter with him was at the Village Vanguard; he was eager to play something on a portable tape recorder he had with him, but it wouldn't function—so he kept insisting that I fix it for him. Now it happens that I am irrationally intolerant of people who assume that, because I am a record producer, I must know where to buy a phonograph cheap and how to repair all types of recording devices (my mechanical skills are non-existent). It is a small point, of course, but it is such a *square* misconception, and it pained me to have Lenny Bruce, of all people, be square about anything at all.

When I learned of Lenny's death, I thought back to that last meeting and was fleetingly disturbed that it had been so meaningless and negative, scarcely a fitting final memory. But on second thought there was really nothing wrong about such a small and very human memory—it was a good one to put along side all the larger-than-life recollections of nights spent laughing at fabulously funny and penetrating routines. For I think it's important to remember about men like this both the large and the small things, without leaning too hard on either end of the scale.

Lenny Bruce was an artist of importance and stature; he was also very obviously a man with his full quota of human failings. I don't know if he was a genius, whatever that might be. I do know that his combination of big artistry and distressingly small shortcomings reminds me, with painful immediacy, of more than a few jazz musicians. I also know that those smallnesses play their own important part in the creation of the whole artist.

I never personally knew Charlie Parker, about whom the same sort of comments are so often made, so I can only guess about the role that his shortcomings played in his total makeup. But of Lenny Bruce I am certain that the creation of the master satirist and incisive iconoclast needed the fallible, egocentric man (so vulnerable to so many of the evils and monoliths he attacked) as much as it needed the incredibly daggerlike mind and the large heart. Together, all those elements made up someone vivid and valuable. He will be missed. I doubt if he can be replaced.

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MILFORD GRAVES

(Continued from page 23)

M: It *should* be true in this society, but there's tragedy on all sides.

G: Well, a musician is a person who is dealing with one of the most sensitive things in existence. You have to know everything about life; you have to know everything that's happening. Nothing outweighs any other thing. Everything is there. The man that really knows, that has it with him, he doesn't have to take one thing and throw it on the bottom and put the other thing on top. Everything can be on that same level.

M: But what I'm saying is that there is tragedy in this world because there are men like *this*, wise men, sacred men, who aren't allowed to make money. If these men were able to survive in a world which, in fact, does put one thing on top of another, which gets along *only* by putting one thing on top of another—and New York is six times worse than any place. . . .

G: When you have that understanding, you don't have to worry about money because money's going to come to you.

M: Is that true?

G: Definitely. If you have the power and vision and understanding of life itself, like . . . well, that's the whole thing how money came about; if it wasn't for the mind, money wouldn't have been here.

M: But there is evil in this world.

G: I'm trying to say if you have the understanding, the money will be there. There's no doubt about that.

M: Has that been your experience?

G: Definitely.

M: What would you do if you saw a man who was true in this sense, yet who was starving? What would that mean to you?

G: Well, to me, he wouldn't starve, because he'll never accomplish anything when first of all he's scared of death. Like Buddhist monks—they've reached that stage.

M: Are you talking about faith?

G: I'll put it this way: the man with the true understanding will always sacrifice, even if it's death. If it happens, it happens. Desire is a thing. Once a person has a desire, has some kind of goal, or he's greedy or looking for things—that's when the person will suffer.

M: What about the desire for food?

G: Well, that's going to be there too. Once you realize how things are here, you have to be prepared. If you can't get food, and you're at a point where you're starving, and death is there, well, it's going to happen. You've got to be prepared for that. This is something you've *got* to know.

[At this point we turned off the tape recorder for a moment to change reels as the conversation turned to the evolutionary aspects of *The Good*, and we agreed that cultures have evolved toward greater commitment to *The Good*.]

M: Yes, people are more real now. Since

when—you're 25 now—did you begin to get a sense that this was true in the world?

G: When I was in junior high school, I had a distorted type of knowledge; it wasn't clear. I didn't know a lot of the answers. But I would say that since about 1960 things started coming like it was a better . . . more understanding.

M: What about the man who is angry—all he can see is his own anger? This man confronts you with his anger. What is your relation to him? This is something I don't understand. When I listen to Archie Shepp. . . . I've been carrying Archie's anger around with me ever since I heard him, and this has partially formed my life.

G: I don't think his anger or any black man's anger is going to change the white man to feel as though he's going to do something for the black man. I *know* it's not going to happen. I feel that the white man's here to survive just like the black man. He's not going to give up anything. And for me, myself, I'm not going to crawl to no white man and say you gotta do this for me.

M: But Archie's anger has changed me. His anger allowed me to see more.

G: I can tell you why his anger can help any white person. It can make a white person more alert, and he'll see with respect how any black man will feel. When you talk like that, you have to be honest, you have to be true. The only way the black man is going to get respect in any way—he has to do something. He has to contribute—I mean mentally he has to contribute without relying on anything Western to rebuild himself. You cannot go out and talk about black nationalism when you yourself are made up and your mental concept is Westernized. It does not work.

M: Do the younger players know this?

G: A lot of the young musicians do not want to hear a lot of psychological propaganda any more.

M: You think the white/black thing is going to disappear, get less?

G: Well, I think it's actually going to come down where the black musicians and the white musicians will know nothing but music. Will know nothing but music. The black musician coming up is more than ever aware, alert, and there's nothing that the white critic or the white musician can say that he cannot detect. He will no longer stand for debating about senseless things. It's not a question of who is right. It is just a question of faith in general; or, like we said before, time being itself. Respect for what it is.

Today it often boils down to one point: accept Western knowledge; if you don't, you're wrong. These are factors that may be a lot of white musicians are not conscious of. It has to be everybody's knowledge. It can't be Western knowledge or white knowledge. That's what I'm trying to point out when I say what's wrong with the scene. There's too many dividers. But the younger players—they're coming straight on. The dissension just doesn't

exist. This is the way I see it.

M: Are there a lot of young players that feel this way?

G: Definitely. The whole scene is going to change. I know it's going to change.

M: Do you think it's possible for the kind of music that is truly musical in the sense that it allows us to be more together with everything, do you think that kind of music could possibly use more traditional means, kinds of rhythms and meters that everybody knows about?

G: I don't think so. But I'm against tradition in music only in this sense . . . where it was established from a man's limitations or man's laziness.

M: We can learn from the older music?

G: Definitely. You can get a sort of understanding, but the thing that you don't really understand you . . . you won't walk down the street with a book in your hand. People have taken music and tried to make some *thing* out of it, when it should happen like everything else in life.

Everything communicates. Everything has a sound. This is something very difficult for a lot of people to see. I definitely feel the communication. That's the thing about my instrument—I can't stop playing my instrument. As soon as I set up the instrument, it's sounding. It's there. I don't practice in the repetitious way. I don't believe in rudiments. You can believe in rudiments only for reference. And when I say reference, I mean for the sake of understanding man's thinking, man's thought. I think you should know rudiments just to be aware that they are existing and playing a part in life.

M: Will rudiments fall away?

G: They've fallen away now. I believe I am one who will bring this out. The mind is going to make the charts. This is very hard to do. I'm talking about the will and the belief and the love within the self. Once you understand what the instrument is, and you respect it and love it, then chops is automatically there because you're not going to waste any time making contact. And anyone who loves something knows what contact means. The most important thing is to have the mind and body working, and that is what I do when I'm in the house. It's not practicing.

I don't like to use words, but like I'm using words right now because I'm interested in communicating to people.

M: Why?

G: Well, I actually can't give a reason. If people ever try to say why they're doing something, they can never say. They can truly never say. If someone can really ever say why they're doing something or why they said something, then they're getting to the point where they can create themselves. Man has learned to make things so he can communicate, and my want to communicate, my concern, is because of just this feeling. Something I can't explain—I mean, I could explain it, but I'd be dishonest. I don't think anybody can understand what I'm saying until they've played with me. That's my best way. 



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(Continued from page 13)

a scat and bebop singer, made a number of recordings in that genre with **Dizzy Gillespie**. Houston's quartet includes altoist **Frank Morgan**, bassist **Henry Franklin**, and drummer **Donald Bailey** . . . The jazz segment of this season's Performing Arts of UCLA has been announced. It began with a big band fronted by baritone saxophonist **Gerry Mulligan**, continues with **Cannonball Adderley's** quintet Oct. 29 and concludes with **Duke Ellington's** orchestra Nov. 19 . . . Singer **Frank Sinatra** has underwritten a music awards fund at UCLA to the tune of \$5,000. Called the Frank Sinatra Musical Performance Awards, the fund is aimed at popular and classical categories, with two \$2,000 first prizes and two \$500 second prizes doled out to top instrumentalists and vocalists. Sinatra is expected to be on hand to present the awards at special ceremonies next spring.

SAN FRANCISCO: The jazz scene here was something like a replay of the Monterey Jazz Festival during the period following that event. Altoist **Cannonball Adderley's** quintet was at the Jazz Workshop for two weeks, reed man **Charles Lloyd's** quartet was at El Matador for a week, and pianist **Randy Weston's** sextet was at the Both/And for two, where he was to be succeeded by tenorist **Booker Ervin's** quintet; Basin Street West, the city's largest jazz club, had singer **Carmen McRae** just before the festival and **Duke Ellington's** orchestra afterwards (following a week of the **George Shearing** Quintet, which wasn't at Monterey). During Ellington's engagement, the club marked its second anniversary . . . Meanwhile, across the bay, singer **Joe Williams**, backed by pianist **Harold Mabern's** trio, was appearing for 10 nights at the Showcase, his first night-club engagement in Oakland . . . Pianist **Dave Brubeck's** quartet was the opening attraction of the Walnut Creek Civic Arts Center's 1966-67 Art Forum series. In previous years the series has been launched by trombonist **Turk Murphy's** band, the **Modern Jazz Quartet**, and the **Duke Ellington Orchestra**. Walnut Creek is a small suburban city about 30 miles east of here . . . The Gold Nugget, which for several years has been augmenting its stereo jazz jukebox and tapes with sporadic bookings of live music—most featuring **Stan Kenton** alumni—has moved its concerts to the Holiday Inn in Oakland. The series began with drummer **Shelly Manne's** combo and singer **Ruth Price** on a Sunday and Monday. A quartet led by trombonist **Frank Rosolino** featuring guitarist **Howard Roberts**, trumpeter **Maynard Ferguson's** 12-piece band with tenor saxophonist **Willie Maiden** and trumpeter **Don Rader**; and trumpeter **Jack Sheldon's** quartet were presented on subsequent weekend programs. Impresario and co-owner **Don Mupo** said the move was made because the Gold Nugget is not large enough to accommodate the audiences that were attracted there.

BOSTON: Varty's Jazz Room, the newest addition to an already rich jazz scene here, is off to a fine start. Opening week was a double-header, with vocalist **Anita O'Day** alternating with fluegelhornist **Art Farmer's** quintet (with tenorist **Jimmy Heath**). The **Les McCann** Trio played the second week, followed by pianist **Erroll Garner**, making his first Boston appearance in eight years . . . The Jazz Workshop has initiated a continuous music policy. Pianist **McCoy Tyner** and his trio alternated with vibist **Don Moors** and his quintet. The following week saw the quintet of tenorist **King Curtis** on-stand. **Sir Charles Thompson** played solo piano between sets. Thompson stayed on during the next week opposite the quartet of vibist **Walt Dickerson** . . . Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike brought in flutist **Herbie Mann**, this time with a quintet. Vibist **Roy Ayers** was featured. Guitarist **George Benson** and his quartet followed the Mann group . . . Slade's, operated by professional basketball coach **Bill Russell** of the Celtics, has started presenting jazz. Among the artists appearing so far were saxophonist **Sonny Stitt**, organist **Johnny (Hammond) Smith**, and reed man **Frank Wess** . . . Jazz on Channel 2 featured groups led by tenorist **Eddie Harris**, **Don Moors**, and **King Curtis**. Also telecast were the Newport guitar and trumpet workshops, which were taped at the Rhode Island festival this summer . . . WXHR disc jockey **Jay Marr's** *Cocktail Time*, heard every afternoon from 3 to 7 p.m., features the only real jazz broadcast on AM radio here.

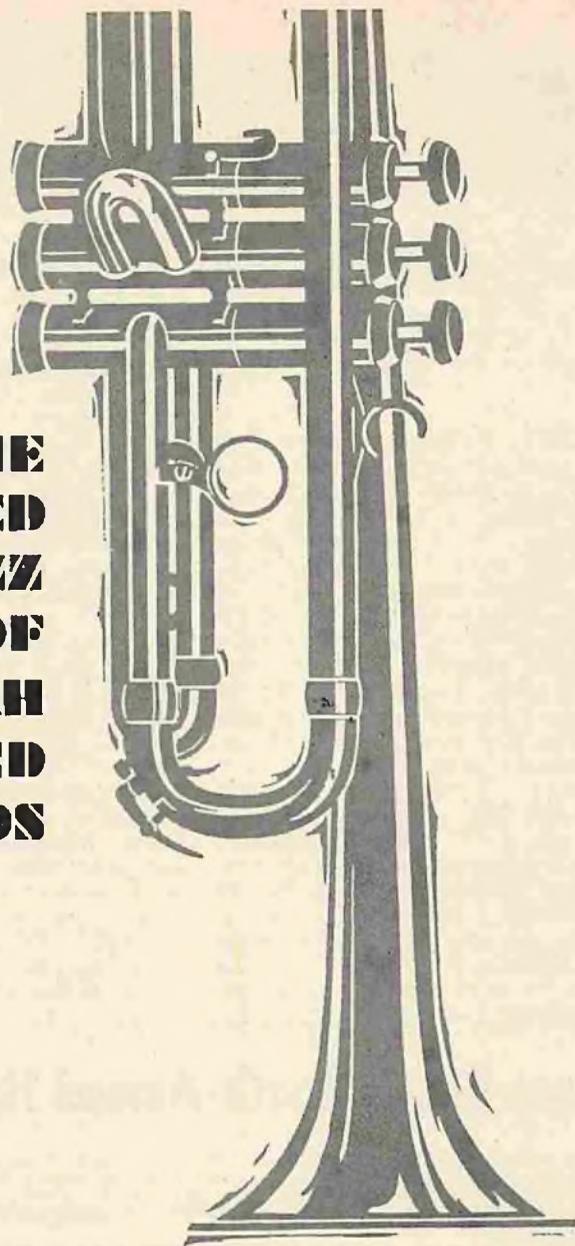
WASHINGTON: The city's three leading music clubs were in good hands in September, with vocalist **Carmen McRae** at the Showboat Lounge, pianist **Les McCann** at the Bohemian Caverns, and cornetist **Wild Bill Davison** at Blues Alley . . . At the Showboat in August singer **Anita O'Day's** first night-club date in Washington in years proved a happy one. Pianist **Ahmad Jamal** and trumpeter **Dizzy Gillespie** also packed them into the club, where guitarist **Charlie Byrd** works when he is not on tour. Byrd recently started on a one-hour-long, prime-time WTOP-TV "special." Trumpeter-fluegelhornist **Hal Posey** was prominently featured with the Byrd group . . . Singer **Irene Kral** moved into Blues Alley for two weeks in late September. Future guests at **Tommy Gwaltney's** club will include trumpeter **Buck Clayton** and trombonist **Vic Dickenson** . . . Tenorist **Coleman Hawkins** is scheduled for the Showboat . . . Guitarist **Bill Harris**, whose self-produced LP, *Caught in the Act*, was released in September, is playing a two-month solo job at the Monocle on Capitol Hill . . . A recent jazz show at the Carter Barron amphitheater featured pianist **Erroll Garner**, but Garner shared artistic honors with the superb trio backing singer **Gloria Lynne**, namely pianist **Roland Hanna**, bassist **Earl May**, and drummer **Grassella Oliphant**. Conga player **Willie Bobo** and singer **Lou Rawls** were also on the bill. The show was lined up after the Romanian government canceled the U.S.

appearances of the Romanian Folk Ballet, which had been scheduled for that week at the Amphitheater . . . **Paul Anthony** has a new two-hour show, *Jazz Unlimited*, on WLMD-AM, in nearby Laurel, Md., at 12:05 a.m. on Sundays . . . The so-called World Series of Jazz at the Sheraton Park Hotel infuriated most people who attended. There were two shows, one at 8 (supposedly) and one at 11 (supposedly). The first one didn't begin until 8:50 and didn't end until around midnight. Those who arrived at 11 for the second show milled around the hotel lobby cooling their heels and tempers. Performers included altoist **Hank Crawford**, tenorist **Red Prysock**, singer **Arthur Prysock**, organists **Jimmy Smith** and **Richard Hobnes**, vocalist **Dionne Warwick**, and comic **Flip Wilson**.

BALTIMORE: Last month, the **Freddie Hubbard** Quintet (Hubbard, trumpet; **James Spaulding**, alto saxophone; **Ronnie Mathews**, piano; **Larry Ridley**, bass; **J. C. Moses**, drums) fulfilled a date originally scheduled for early August at the Left Bank Jazz Society. However, pianist **Andrew Hill's** group failed to show at another LBJS concert, and a quintet fronted by trumpeter **Blue Mitchell** and tenorist **Junior Cook** was a last-minute replacement. Other LBJS headliners lately were tenor saxophonist **Coleman Hawkins**, Sept. 25; fluegelhornist **Art Farmer's** quintet (tenor saxophonist **Jimmy Heath**, pianist **Albert Daley**, bassist **Walter Booker**, and drummer **Mickey Roker**), Oct. 2; altoist **Jackie McLean's** quartet, Oct. 9; and drummer **Bill English's** quintet, Oct. 10 . . . Across town, entrepreneur **Henry Baker** supplemented a local lineup at Peyton Place that included pianist **Donald Criss**, bassist **Phil Harris**, and drummer **Jimmy Johnson** by importing tenorist **Hank Mobley**, who played two weeks there. Trumpeter **Barbara Donald** and saxophonist **Sonny Simmons** followed Mobley for a week's stay . . . Pianist **Ramsey Lewis** and his men were listed as "guest artists" on an Oct. 2 rock program at the Civic Center . . . Vocalist **Lou Rawls** and flutist **Herbie Mann** were heard in concert at the Lyric Auditorium Sept. 30.

PHILADELPHIA: A Pennsylvania Liquor Control Board ruling ended a brief but successful Sunday afternoon "new thing" concert series at the Show Boat. Although no alcoholic beverages were served, the board barred Sunday entertainment at the club, which is licensed to sell liquor weekdays and Saturday. One concert featuring trombonist **Grachan Moncur III**, the **Untraditional Jazz Improvisation Team**, and the **Visitors** and a second with saxophonist **Byard Lancaster** were jammed—but the remaining two were canceled. The series resumed with Lancaster playing a Saturday night session at Temple's Coffee House . . . Show Boat owner **Herb Spivak**, meanwhile, is backing several Academy of Music concerts. One featuring the **Dave Brubeck** Quartet, the **Jimmy Smith** Trio and singer **Lou Rawls** was sold out two

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weeks in advance. Spivak has also scheduled a Nov. 13 concert with the **Modern Jazz Quartet**, singer **Nina Simone**, and flutist **Herbie Mann** . . . The **Count Basie Band** was booked for an October one-nighter at the Drexelbrook Country Club . . . The Trenton State Museum concert series resumes in November with a session featuring the **Gordon Hensel Octet** . . . Jack Hansen's in Bucks County, across the Delaware River from Trenton, is presenting Dixieland sessions . . . Singer-guitarist **Ray Charles** is making a round of one-nighters in the area.

PITTSBURGH: Trombonist **Harold Batters** and his combo have been engaged by the Pittsburgh Steelers football team to perform at all home games at Pitt Stadium . . . Jazz workshops are being planned this fall and winter by a number of jazzmen, following the success of those introduced last year by pianist **Walt Harper**. Harper has announced a series called Month of Sundays at the Redwood Motor Hotel that will feature the Harper quintet with such guest stars as saxophonist **Eric Kloss**, vocalist **Sandy Staley**, organist **Gene Ludwig**, and trombonist **Batters**. A big band of Pittsburgh jazz all-stars, led by trumpeter **Hershey Cohen**, also plans a series of workshops, the first of which will be held at the Redwood Nov. 20. Saxophonist **Al Morrell** said he'll have a similar series, featuring his combo and other jazz musicians, at the Viking Motel in early winter . . . The World Series of Jazz package played the

Penn Theater Sept. 16. Nearly 1,000 fans cheered vocalists **Gloria Lynne** and **Arthur Prysock**, organist **Jimmy Smith**, and others . . . Saxophonist **Sonny Stitt** charmed his fans at the Hurricane Bar in early September. With him were **Don Patterson**, organ, and **Billy James**, drums . . . The **Three Sounds** kept Crawford's Grill vibrating Sept. 8-17.

DETROIT: Multi-reedist **Roland Kirk's** group at the Drome included pianist **Lonnie Smith**, bassist **Teddy Smith**, and drummer **Charles Crosby**. As usual, Kirk encouraged sitting in by local musicians. Among those who accepted his invitation were pianists **Teddy Harris** and **Harold McKinney**, bassists **Ernie Farrow** and **Dick Wigginton**, and drummers **Duke Hyde** and **Clifford Mack**. Kirk also did three hours as a guest disc jockey with WCHD's **Ed Love** . . . AM radio listeners now have a chance to hear some jazz since **Jack Springer** has switched from WCHD-FM to WCHB-AM . . . Trombonist-arranger **Slide Hampton** has joined the staff of Motown records. Plans are being made to reactivate the company's Workshop jazz label. Workshop had previously recorded such Detroit artists as baritone saxophonist **Pepper Adams**, trombonist **George Bohanon**, drummer **Roy Brooks**, and pianist **Johnny Griffith** . . . The In Stage scheduled its first concert Oct. 2 at Wayne State University's Community Arts Auditorium. The program included dance, drama, and jazz. To be featured were the **George Bohanon Quintet** (Bohanon, trom-

bone; **Miller Brisker**, tenor saxophone; **Kenny Cox**, piano; **Will Austin**, bass; **Bert Myrick**, drums), **Ernie Farrow Quintet** (**John Hair**, trombone; **Joe Thurman**, tenor saxophone; **Teddy Harris**, piano; **Farrow**, bass; **Bill Hardy**, drums), **Harold McKinney Quintet** (**Donald Towns**, trumpet; **Donald Walden**, tenor saxophone; **McKinney**, piano; **James Hankins**, bass; **Ed Nelson**, drums; **Gwen McKinney**, vocals), and **Bob McDonald Trio** (**McDonald**, piano; **Jay Dana**, bass; **Doug Hammon**, drums). The dancers were to be backed by free-form music played by cornetist **Charles Moore**, pianist **Kirk Lightsey**, bassist **John Dana**, and drummer **Ron Johnson** . . . Organist **Levi Mann's** quartet (**Lefty Edwards**, tenor saxophone; **Joe Stribling**, guitar; **Clifford Mack**, drums) and pianist **Teddy Harris's** new quintet (**Gary Chandler**, trumpet; **Charles Brown**, tenor saxophone; **Louis Reed**, bass; **Lawrence Carroll**, drums) were featured at a recent Thursday night session at Blues Unlimited. Vocalist **Wilbur Chapman** was also featured with **Harris's** group. Tenor saxophonist **Jimmy Stefanson's** quintet ended the current series Oct. 6. The club's manager, **Jimmy Lewis**, said he intends to select one or two groups as permanent house groups.

CINCINNATI: Singer-pianist **Ray Charles** and his band played a concert at Music Hall Sept. 2. With the band was former Cincinnati alto saxophonist **Curtis Peggler** . . . Organist **Richard (Groove) Holmes** worked two long weekends at

Down Beat's Tenth Annual Hall of Fame Scholarship Program

Down Beat has established two full-year's scholarships and 10 partial scholarships to the famous Berklee School of Music in Boston, the present home of Down Beat's Hall of Fame and one of the nation's most prominent schools in the use and teaching of contemporary American music.

The Hall of Fame scholarship is offered to further American music among young musicians and to perpetuate the meaning of the Jazz Hall of Fame.

This year's two full scholarships, valued at \$980 each, will be in honor of the Hall of Fame winner chosen by the Down Beat readers in the December 29, 1966 issue. The scholarships will be awarded to the competition's winners, who will be selected by a board of judges appointed by Down Beat.

The ten additional scholarships will consist of four \$500 and six \$250 grants.

WHO IS ELIGIBLE?

Junior division: Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have graduated from high school and who has not reached his (or her) 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1967.

Senior division: Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have had his (or her) 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1967.

Anyone, regardless of national residence, fulfilling the above requirements is eligible.

Scholarships to be awarded are as follows: two full scholarships of \$980 each; four partial scholarships of \$500 each; six partial scholarships of \$250 each.

DATES OF COMPETITION:

Official applications must be postmarked not later than midnight, December 31, 1966. The scholarship winners will be announced in an April, 1967, issue of Down Beat.

HOW JUDGED:

All decisions and final judging will be made solely on the basis of demonstrated potential as well as current musical proficiency.

TERMS OF SCHOLARSHIPS:

The Hall of Fame scholarship as offered is a full tuition grant for one school year (two semesters) in value of \$1140.00. Upon completion of school year, the student may apply for an additional tuition scholarship grant.

The partial scholarships, which are applied to tuition costs for one school year, are in the value of: four at \$500, and six at \$250. Students winning these awards also have the option of applying for additional tuition scholarship funds at the end of the school year.

The winners of the scholarships must choose one of two possible starting dates: September, 1967, or January, 1968, or else forfeit the scholarship.

HOW TO APPLY:

Fill out the coupon below, or a reasonable facsimile, and mail to Hall of Fame Scholarship, Down Beat, 222 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill. 60606, to receive the official application form.

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the Baby Grand and was followed by organist **Jimmy McGriff**. The club features name jazz players Thursday through Sundays . . . Pianist **Earl Hines** played the Living Room late in September. The proposed bookings at the club indicate that players of equal stature will be working there throughout the fall . . . Drummer **Dec Felice** returned from a several-week engagement in Cleveland, Ohio (including a Capitol recording session) and opened at the Whisper Room Sept. 23. With him are pianist **Frank Vincent** and bassist **Lee Tucker** . . . Singer-tenorist **Bill Walters** put forth mellow sounds at the Windjammer during September with the help of guitarist **Cal Collins** and bassist **Alex Cirin** . . . Tenor saxophonist **Gordon Brisker's** quartet followed the **John Wright Quintet** into Herbie's Lounge. Brisker's personnel consists of pianist **Sam Jackson**, bassist **Mike Moore**, and drummer **Ron Enyeart** . . . Jazz and Cocktails at the Cincinnati Playboy Club featured the quartet of pianist **Ed Moss** with **Jimmy McGary**, tenor saxophone; **Jack Prather**, bass; and **Grove Mooney**, drums . . . The **Woody Herman Band** played a recent SRO one-nighter at the Living Room.

ST. LOUIS: Duke Ellington presented his concert of sacred music at Kiel Auditorium Oct. 6 for the benefit of St. Mary's Divine Temple. The Rev. **Lloyd Oldham**, pastor of the church, sang with the Ellington band in the '50s . . . Singer **Lou Rawls** did a one-nighter aboard the steamship *Admiral*; he was backed by the piano of former St. Louisian **Tommy Strode** and the big band of trumpeter **George Hudson** . . . Jazz continues Mondays through Wednesdays at Carl Carter's La Cachette with the **Upstream Quartet** (**Ed Fritz**, piano; **Jim Casey**, bass; **Jerome Harris**, drums; **Richard Tokatz**, Latin percussion). The **Quartette Tres Bien** played weekends at the club for a fortnight recently . . . Singer-trumpeter **Roger McCoy** has joined the **Buddy DeFranco-Glenn Miller Orchestra** . . . Former **Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey** drummer **Tommy Widdicombe** is fronting his own trio with organist **Jim Stephans** and saxophonist **Jack Calvey** . . . The **Herb Drury Trio** (Drury, piano; **Jerry Cherry**, bass; **Phil Hulsey**, drums) backed vocalist **Clea Bradford** on the CBS-TV's *Marty Bronson Show*. Miss Bradford recently returned here to her home town after touring Russia with pianist **Earl Hines' band** . . . Two former St. Louisians, **Joe Riggs**, (lead altoist with the **Harry James Band**) and **Bob Daugherty** (bassist with the **Woody Herman Band**), were recently home for visits . . . The swinging 16-piece **Gary Dammer Band**, with vocalist **Redna Parker**, videotaped a *Repertoire Workshop* to be shown in 13 cities.

MIAMI: Pianist **Herbie Brock** was a recent Friday evening attraction on local educational television station WTHS-TV . . . The Sept. 11 concert at Jazzville featured the trio of pianist **Guy Fasciani** (bassist **Al Caperton** and drummer **Rufus Cleare**) with **Joani Harrison** supplying the vocals. The **Ira Sullivan Four** also

was on hand. Sept. 16 marked the final evening performance for promoter **Alan Rock's Jazzville** at the Seville. As of Sept. 24 Rock moved his entire unit, including his all-night jazz radio show on WMBM, barmaids and bartenders, and the Sullivan group to a new base of operations, the Rancher Lounge. In addition to the nightly jazz offerings, Tuesday nights are set aside for the blues and folk music of guitarist-singer **Vince Martin** . . . **Grachan Moncur II**, a former member of the **Savoy Sultans** and father of the trombonist, **III**, is the bassist with the **Myrtle Jones Trio** at the Bon Fire . . . Singer **Helen Glover** recently joined the quartet of tenorist **Charlie Austin** at the Hampton House, while his regular vocalist, **Medina Carney**, moved to the Doral for an engagement . . . Trumpeter **Don Goldie** recently finished four weeks at the Fontainebleau Hotel . . . Pianist **Guy Fasciani**, at the Harbor Lounge, brought in New York drummer **George Perri**. Pianist-singer **Reggie Wilson**, formerly at the Tower in New York City, opened at the Harbor Sept. 27 . . . The 16-piece band of **Gene Roy** gave a concert recently at the Seven Seas in Fort Lauderdale. Musicians featured were trumpeters **Nick Russo**, **Milton Raynor**, **Duke Schuster**, **Skip Stine**, trombonists **Jack Keith**, **Dan Eddinger**, **Ted Steele**, **Sonny Dunham**, saxophonists **Ed Gralka**, **Bob Persi**, **Murry Klarman**, **Bob Cheney**, pianist **Frank DeFabio**, bassist **Ed Schwager**, and drummer **Jack Franklin** . . . Cornetist **Bobby Hackett** and saxophonist **Charlie Ventura** were part of the *Jackie Gleason Show* taping session held recently.

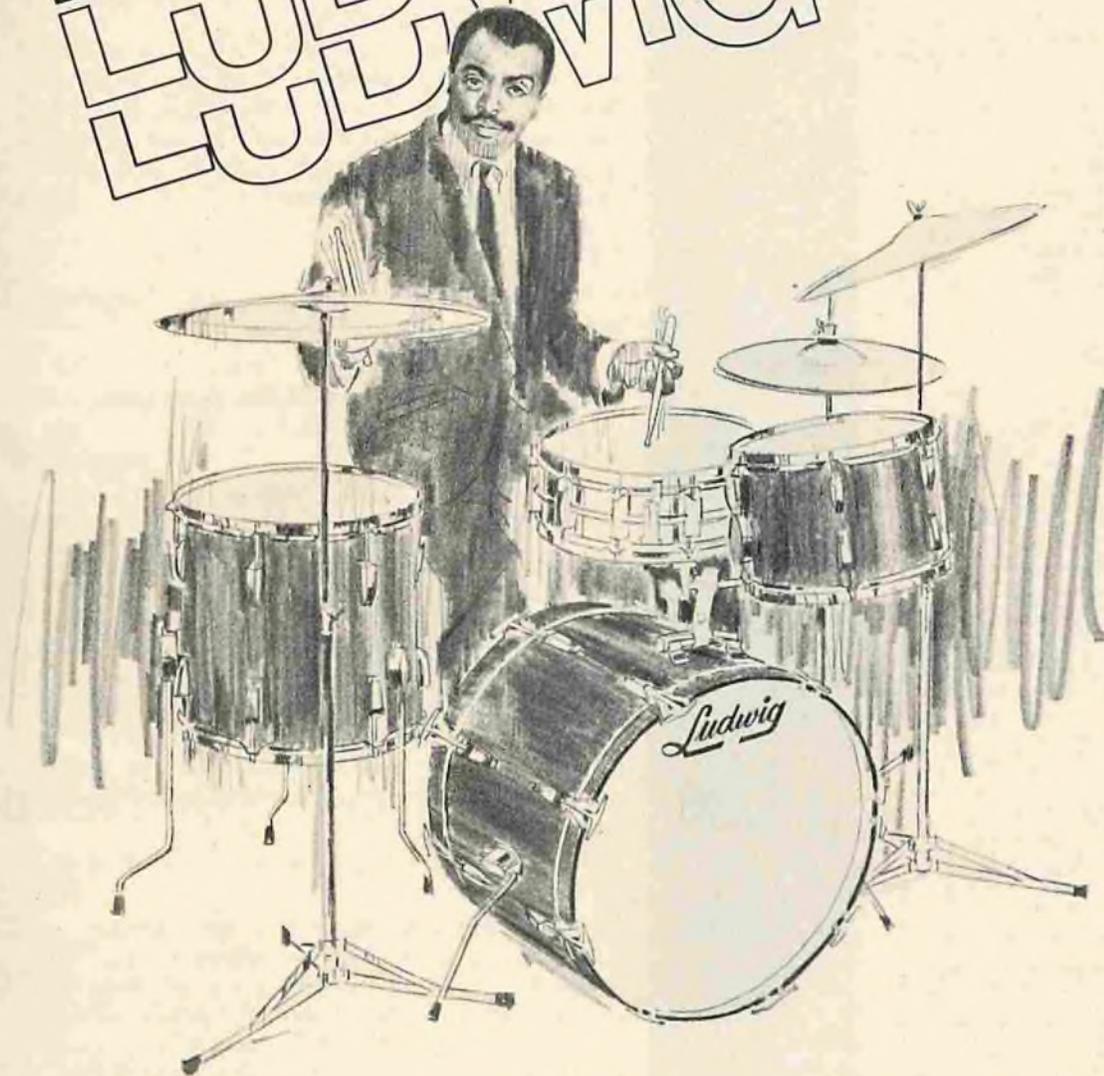
LAS VEGAS: Veteran trumpet man **Wingy Manone** left for a tour of British jazz clubs . . . Drummer **Buddy Rich**, after a successful eight-week season at the Sands, headed for Los Angeles and the road with his quickly maturing big band. **Gene Quill** has replaced **Pete Yellin** on lead alto. Rich will star in a reactivated Jazz at the Philharmonic European tour early next year . . . Singer **Bob Crosby**, with a locally recruited unit including former Bobcat clarinetist **Matty Matlock**, took over for clarinetist **Pete Fountain** at the Tropicana. Vocalist **Helen O'Connell** was co-featured. Another recent Tropicana bill had drummer **Gene Krupa's** quartet, singer **Anita O'Day**, and tenorist **Stan Getz's** quartet, while in the lounge the **Page Cavanaugh Trio** held forth. The **Dukes of Dixieland** will be appearing there in December . . . **Tommy Flanagan** played piano and conducted for singer **Tony Bennett** at Caesar's Palace, where singers **Damita Jo** and **Ann Richards** were also on hand in the lounge . . . Tenor saxophonist **Ronul Romero's** annual concert was held this year in the Gold Room of Convention Center. Opening with pianist **Ron Feuer's** trio (bassist **Mo Scarazzo** and drummer **Santo Savino**), **Romero** added trumpeters **Herb Phillips**, **Buddy Childers**, and **Bob Shew**, trombonists **Ed Morgan** and **Dick McQuary**, and reed men **Charles McLean**, **Rick Davis**, **Dick Busey**, and **Kenny Hing** to play arrangements written by himself and sax-

ophonist **Davis**. Vocalists **Letti Luce** (Mrs. Davis) and **Colleen Romero** (Mrs. Romero) also contributed their talents. Singer **Della Reese** was encee . . . Another concert, on Oct. 16, at Caesar's Palace featured a "Neophonic-style" orchestra under the direction of vibraharpist **Tommy Vig**, who performed his own compositions in addition to works by trumpeter **Herb Phillips** and trombonist **Tommy Hodges**.

SEATTLE: Congaist **Mongo Santamaria** is at the Penthouse through Oct. 29. Coming in Nov. 3 is altoist **John Handy's** quintet, followed by the **Oscar Peterson Trio** Nov. 17 . . . **Dave Coleman**, drummer and house-band leader at the Olympic Hotel's Marine Room, exhibited 35 paintings and collages at Jakk's Market Gallery through September; subjects ranged from abstract to portraits of drummer **Max Roach** and reed man **Charles Lloyd** . . . The Seattle Park Department's summer jazz-appreciation and workshop programs sparked enough demand for a fall course in jazz appreciation taught weekly by trumpeter **Floyd Standifer** . . . The **Elmer Gill Duo**—Gill, piano and vibraharp, and **Chuck Metcalf**, bass—is working nightly in the Monte Cristo Hotel in nearby Everett . . . The **Llahngaelhyn** in the university district now has jazz three nights a week: saxophonist **Joe Brazil's** Jazz Souls, a quintet, appears Thursdays, and bassist **Jerry Heldman's** trio plays Fridays and Saturdays . . . A jazz sound track for the experimental film *Celebration*, made here by **Ulvis Alberts**, was cut by the **John Day Trio** (Day, guitar; **Pete Leinonen**, bass; **Jim Murray**, percussion) . . . **Joe Brazil** led a sextet that donated its services for a National Association for the Advancement of Colored People benefit at Seattle Center. The sidemen were **Ed Lee**, trumpet; **Omur Brown**, tenor saxophone; **Ray Moore**, piano; **Jerry Heldman**, bass; **Woody Woodhouse**, drums, vocals. **Sammy Davis Jr.** was the star of the show.

TORONTO: Trumpeter **Ruby Braff**, pianist **Teddy Wilson**, and trumpeter **Keith Smith** opened simultaneously in Toronto one recent Monday night. Braff opened at the Park Plaza (with pianist **Jimmy Coxson**, bassist **Harold Holmes**, and drummer **John Connell**); Wilson (with bassist **Doug Willson** and drummer **Bruce Farquhar**) opened at the Town Tavern; and British trumpeter **Smith** opened at the Colonial with a band that featured trombonist **Jimmy Archey** and bassist **Pops Foster** . . . Singer **Anita O'Day**, accompanied by the **Herbie Helbig Trio**, was such a success at the Town that she expects to return in February . . . Pianist **Willie (The Lion) Smith** and **Don Ewell**, soon to be seen on a CBC-TV show, are appearing together at the Golden Nugget . . . Guest artists on the new CBC program, *The World of Music*, will include vocalists **Odetta**, **Josh White**, **Yma Sumac**, **Miriam Makeba**, and **Sonny Terry** and **Brownie McGhee**, guitarist **Carlos Montoya**, and pianist **Toshiko Akiyoshi**.

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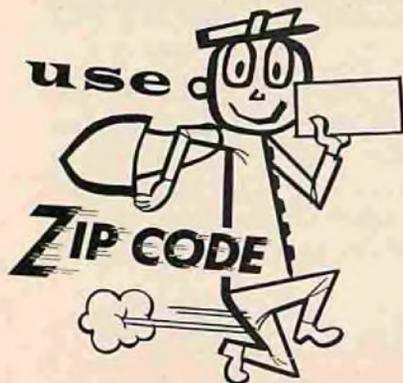
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READERS POLL BALLOT

LAST CHANCE TO VOTE!

The 31st annual Down Beat Readers Poll closes with this issue. You have until midnight Nov. 2 to mail your ballot. Do it now!

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

RULES, ETC.:

1. Vote only once. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight Nov. 2.
2. Use only the official ballot. Type or print names.
3. In voting for Jazzman of the Year, name the person who, in your opinion, has contributed the most to jazz in 1966.
4. In the Hall of Fame category, name the jazz performer—living or dead—who, in your opinion, has contributed the most to jazz during his career. This is the only poll category in which deceased persons are eligible. Previous winners are ineligible. They are Louis Armstrong, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Billie Holiday, Bix Beiderbecke, Miles Davis, Jelly Roll Morton, Thelonious Monk, Art Tatum, Eric Dolphy, Earl Hines, John Coltrane, and Charlie Christian.
5. Vote only for living musicians in other categories.
6. In the Miscellaneous Instrument category, a miscellaneous instrument is defined as one not having a category of its own. There are three exceptions: valve trombone (votes for valve trombonists should be cast in the trombone category), cornet and fluegelhorn (votes for cornetists and fluegelhornists should be cast in the trumpet category).
7. In naming your choice of Record of the Year, select an LP issued during the last 12 months. Include the full album title and artist's name in the spaces provided. If the album you choose is one of a series, indicate which volume number you are voting for.
8. Make only one selection in each category.

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