

JULY 13, 1967

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THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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Randy Weston in Africa

Sonny Greer in Ellingtonia

World of Rock & Roll

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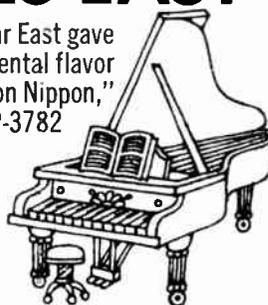
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gratifying to me is that with all the freshness and spontaneity of their improvising, their understanding of melodic and harmonic principles is consistently in evidence.

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Concerned Coleman Readers

I read *To Whom It May Concern* by Ornette Coleman (*DB*, June 1), and I was greatly inspired by its contents. The elements used in composing this beautifully and concisely written article were obviously love, knowledge of prevailing conditions in the "socio-music" world, and reasoning, through inherent spiritual stimulation. I understood and felt very deeply what was written, and the revelation was like cool water to me here in this Baltimore desert!

Without a doubt, Ornette is one of the Prophets! Hum-du-Allah!

Donald Criss
Baltimore, Md.

In a panel discussion held during the University of California Jazz Festival, John Handy, with as much sincerity as I've ever heard any human being say anything, said, "Miles is God."

If Miles is the God of the jazz world (and Handy is His messenger), then Ornette is the Christ. I just hope that Ornette's words will be heeded. As the electric guitars sound the coming of Judgment, the salvation and preservation of jazz may depend on how well the jazz world accepts and abides by the precepts which Ornette has laid down.

Ken Dachman
Berkeley, Calif.

Wish you would print more articles written by Ornette Coleman. He's right, you know.

Peter Farmer
Boston, Mass.

The report in *New York Ad Lib* (*DB*, May 4) that RCA Victor recorded Ornette Coleman's *Forms and Sounds* for wind quintet in concert was incorrect in stating that the work was receiving its premiere. *Forms and Sounds* was performed at, and written for, Coleman's first concert outside the United States (London, 1965), which I had the privilege of organizing for him. That concert was recorded, and the results are soon to be issued by Polydor International as a two-album set, under the title *An Evening with Ornette Coleman*.

Victor Schonfield
London, England

According to Coleman, he did not play in the version performed in England. At the concert recorded by RCA, he was featured as trumpet soloist.

Ovation Addition

In addendum to my colleague Kenny Dorham's review of the Longhorn Jazz Festival (*DB*, June 15):

The "Texas Tenors" set did not get the only standing ovation of the festival. On the contrary, the Saturday matinee, featuring Woody Herman in a history of the Herds through the years, received one of

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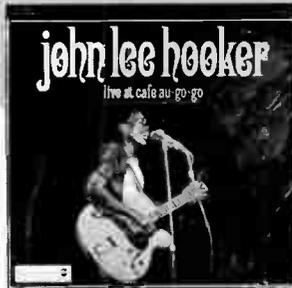
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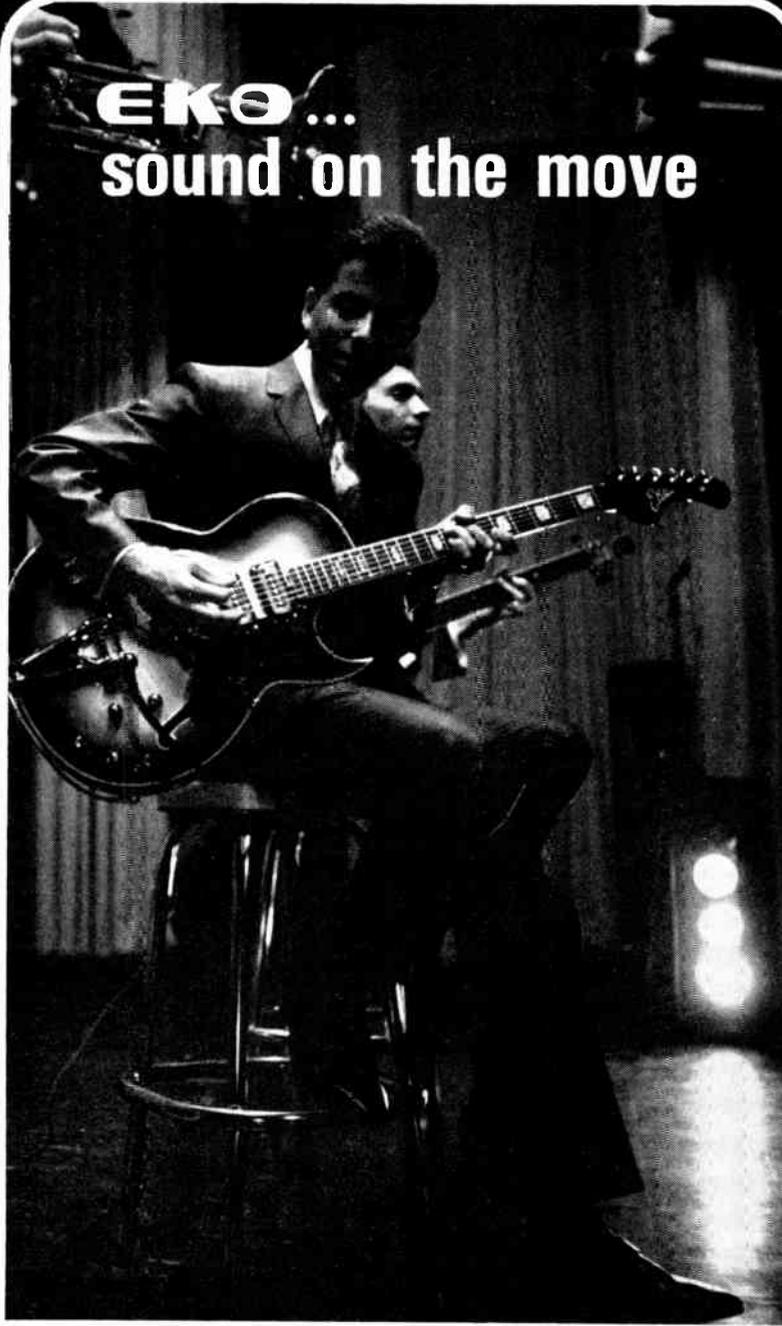
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the standingest ovations I've ever seen anywhere. Kenny unfortunately was unable to be present at this session, but I'm sure he'd agree that in fairness to Woody and his extraordinary band, mention should be made of this.

Leonard Feather
North Hollywood, Calif.

More About Rich

As a drummer I was horrified at Robin Answet's statement (*Chords*, May 18), saying that Jack DeJohnette "has far surpassed the old man" (Buddy Rich) in the exploration of the drum set. Just who does he think he's kidding? What does he call the exploration of the set? Smashing cymbals, adding fills everywhere except the right place—in short, making drum nonsense?

Most drummers today are lacking what those "old 1940-style drummers" have—chops. Let's face it, if you don't have chops to stay in competition, don't go making "exploration" excuses. I still think Rich will be around for some time yet.

Bob Hall
Norwood, Mass.

Communication and Creativity

As a jazz violinist, I first came across John Handy because of Mike White, his ex-fiddle player, but I was far more impressed with Handy's playing. To say that I have become a fan of Handy would perhaps be overstatement, but I found my respect for him growing enormously when I read the Handy article (*DB*, May 4).

I, for one, hate the guy who gets up and shouts "I'm an artist, listen to what I say!" because, whether he is an artist or not, how can he have the definite knowledge that what he has got to say is valid from his audiences' point of view? I also think that an artist must be a craftsman, and the better one can do a job, the more likely it is that he will express something that is understood by others.

Handy is a craftsman on the saxophone of the highest order, and he doesn't even always know what he is communicating. That is a lesson that more than one "artist" should learn.

T. A. Kendon
Cambridge, England

Sluffing Revisited

Regarding the comment appended to my letter (*DB*, June 1): Silas Haslam's *Dictionary of Common Usage* (Bernard Quaritch, London 1874) lists the word "sluff" as an "... underived verb connoting dismissal, dispersion or putting out." Pierre Menard's monograph, *Certain Connexions or Affinities Between Descartes, Leibnitz and John Wilkins* (Nimes, 1903), mentions, in a footnote, that Boole's *Symbolic Logic* contains "many short-sighted sluffing comments" on Wilken's *An Essay Towards A Real and A Philosophical Language* (1668).

If they might sluff, who can deny me the same pleasure?

Michael Gold
New York City

Noah Webster.

BILLY STRAYHORN DIES

Composer-arranger and pianist Billy Strayhorn, 51, died May 31 of cancer of the esophagus at the Hospital for Joint Diseases in New York City. He had undergone a tracheotomy in 1966, and recovered briefly, but the cancer's spread could not be stopped.

Strayhorn was born in Dayton, Ohio, and raised in Pittsburgh. He studied piano and music in his youth, and showed an early aptitude for composition and lyric writing, but did not consider music as a professional career until friends persuaded him, in 1938, to show some of his work to Duke Ellington, whom he greatly admired. Ellington was impressed.

A year later, Strayhorn became a permanent member of the Ellington organization, a relationship that was to last until his death. His recording debut was made with the Ellington orchestra in 1939, with *Something to Live For*, for which he wrote music and lyrics and also played piano.

From the start of Strayhorn's collaboration with Ellington, it was sometimes difficult to determine where one man's contribution ended and the other's began. Strayhorn had a unique rapport and empathy with the Ellington approach to music, and it was often he who would work an Ellington sketch or idea into a full-fledged score, with or without nominal credit.

Nevertheless, Strayhorn's contributions to Ellingtonia frequently bore a distinctly personal stamp. This was especially true of pieces in a romantic-impressionist vein, in which his delicate yet full-bodied use of orchestral textures and colors was outstanding.

As a pianist, Strayhorn was influenced by Ellington, but had his own style, more lacy and Tatumesque than the Duke's, as demonstrated on the several piano duets they recorded (*Tonk*, *Drawing Room Blues*, *Great Times*, etc.).

In later years, Strayhorn sometimes led the Ellington orchestra in public appearances, or spelled the leader at the keyboard. A modest, unassuming, yet highly sophisticated man, Strayhorn was never concerned with reaping publicity or official credit for his work, but there have been few major Ellington concerts at which he was not called upon to take a bow.

In 1965, the Duke Ellington Jazz Society prevailed upon Strayhorn to present a concert at New York's New School for Social Research, consisting entirely of his own works, performed by the composer at the helm of a quintet and trio. Unfortunately, this unique event was not recorded.

Strayhorn's compositions (and collaborations with Ellington) are too numerous to list in detail, but his finest works include the 1938 *Lush Life* (for which he also wrote the lyrics), *Chelsea Bridge*, *Day Dream*, *Rain Check*, *Passion Flower*, *Multi-Colored Blue*, *A Flower Is a Love-*

Eulogy For Sweet Pea

Poor little Sweet Pea, Billy Strayhorn, William Thomas Strayhorn, the biggest human being who ever lived, a man with the greatest courage, the most majestic artistic stature, a highly skilled musician whose impeccable taste commanded the respect of all musicians and the admiration of all listeners.

His audiences at home and abroad marveled at the grandeur of his talent and the mantle of tonal supremacy that he wore only with grace. He was a beautiful human being, adored by a wide range of friends, rich, poor, famous, and unknown. Great artists pay homage to



Billy Strayhorn's God-given ability and mastery of his craft.

Because he had a rare sensitivity and applied himself to his gifts, Billy Strayhorn successfully married melody, words, and harmony, equating the fitting with happiness. His greatest virtue, I think, was his honesty, not only to others but to himself. His listening-hearing self was totally intolerant of his writing-playing self when or if any compromise was expected, or considered expedient.

He spoke English perfectly and French very well, but condescension did not enter into his mind. He demanded freedom of expression and lived in what we consider the most important and moral of freedoms: freedom from hate, unconditionally; freedom from all self-pity (even throughout all the pain and bad news); freedom from fear of possibly doing something that might help another more than it might help himself; and freedom from the kind of pride that could make a man feel he was better than his brother or neighbor.

His patience was incomparable and unlimited. He had no aspirations to enter into any kind of competition, yet the legacy he leaves, his *oeuvre*, will never be less than the ultimate on the highest plateau of culture (whether by comparison or not).

God Bless Billy Strayhorn.

—Duke Ellington

some Thing, Just 'A Sittin' and 'A Rockin', Johnny Come Lately, and the famous Ellington band theme, *Take the A Train*. He collaborated with Ellington on several major works, including *Suite Thursday* and the adaptation of Tchaikowsky's *Nutcracker Suite*.

Most of Strayhorn's recordings were made with the Ellington orchestra, or with small groups culled from the Ellington ranks, but two outstanding albums were issued under his own name, *The Peaceful Side* (United Artists) and *The Billy Strayhorn Septet* (Felstead).

DOWN BEAT ANNOUNCES SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

The 30 winners of the 1967 annual *Down Beat* competition for summer scholarships to the Berklee School of Music at Boston, Mass., have been announced by *Down Beat* publisher John J. Maher.

The winners, chosen from numerous applicants, were selected on the basis of auditioning of submitted tape recordings, with the final judging done by the Berklee faculty.

Recipients of \$200 grants for 12 weeks of study at Berklee are Gary Anderson and Harry Drabkin of Boston; Gary Kaebitzsch and Stephen Sandner, Crystal Lake, Ill.; Thomas Grund and Andrew Sieff, New York City; Andy Krehm, Toronto, Canada; Don Rizzo, Seattle, Wash.; Norman Durkee, Tacoma, Wash., and Dan Wintermantel of St. Louis, Mo.

Awarded \$100 grants for six weeks of study are J. Christine Bolyard of Lafayette, Ind.; Michael Brecker, Melrose Park, Pa.; Dave Creamer, San Leandro, Cal.; David Drozda, Omaha, Neb.; James Knobloch, Cheektowago, N.Y.; Gordon Hussey, Columbia, S.C.; John Luine, Los Angeles, Calif.; William Marcus, West Harwich, Mass.; Michael Melkonian, Danville, N.H.; Paul Midney, So. Meriden, Conn.; John Nashold, River Vale, N.J.; Lyle Richardson, Santa Maria, Calif.; Jelil Romano, Hollywood, Calif.; Donnell Sanders, Bloomingdale, N.J.; Douglas Schmolze, Glen Rock, N.J.; Fred Smith, Wilkinsburg, Pa.; Thomas Suprys, Bangor, Pa.; and David Sykes, Fair Haven, N.J.

MORE TRADITIONAL SOUNDS FOR VIETNAM

Franz Jackson's Original Jass All Stars left Chicago in late May on a 12-week tour of the Pacific area for USO.

In addition to performing in Japan, the Philippines, Okinawa, and Hawaii, the traditional jazz group will entertain servicemen in South Vietnam.

The band's personnel for the tour includes trumpeter Dalton Nickerson, trombonist Arthur Reese, pianist Joe Johnson, drummer James Herndon (with his leg still in a cast after a skiing accident), and the leader on clarinet, tenor saxophone, and flute.

Jackson, a former Earl Hines and Roy Eldridge reed man and arranger, has gained considerable popularity in the Chicago area with long runs at the Red Arrow and the Old Town Gate.

The most recent jazz groups to tour Vietnam were also traditional, led by drummer Paul Barbarin and trombonist Turk Murphy.

SYNANON SWINGS

Synanon House in Santa Monica, Calif., introduced its new combo, the first such group since the original 1961-1964 quintet that featured Greg Dykes, trombone, trumpet, Arnold Ross, piano, Joe Pass, guitar, Charlie Haden or Ron Clark, bass; and Bill Crawford, drums. When that group got together, music-making was a sometime thing.

Ultimately the population explosion at the Santa Monica facility, plus the emphasis on other businesses and industries, disrupted the band. Crawford has since become a director of Synanon; Ross, Pass, Haden, and Clark have graduated with honors; and Dykes is now the guiding force behind the new edition of the Sounds of Synanon combo.

In addition to the leader, the group includes reed man Frank LaMarca, pianist Wood Tavis, bassist Art Harrison, and drummer Bobby Brooks. The group is even equipped with a vocalist, Ann Lombardo.

The quintet and Miss Lombardo gave a concert recently to acquaint agents, writers, record producers, and clubowners with their musical wares. In the musicians' favor: the green light flashed by Synanon officials, which makes music their full-time function while at Synanon. The combo will accept outside jobs as a means of spreading the Synanon message.

The concert included an instant history of jazz with examples of Dixieland, swing, bop, and cool and a peek into tomorrow's freedom bag.

A few days before the event, LaMarca was stricken with appendicitis, and Los Angeles reed man Bill Green filled in at the last moment.

Shortly after the debut, the Sounds of Synanon was booked into the Trident in Sausalito, Calif., for a series of gigs on the final Monday of each month.

CLOSE SHAVES AND A STAB ON WEST COAST

Two parallel near-tragedies had Shelly Manne simultaneously shaking his head and counting his blessings. His regular alto saxophonist, Frank Strozier, was driving home on a Los Angeles freeway when he attempted to pass trumpeter Conte Candoli's car ahead of him. His steering wheel locked and he continued off the freeway, rolling over a few times in his small foreign sports car. Candoli rushed to the altoist's aid. Fortunately Strozier managed to escape serious injury, though he sustained a gash over one eye. Strozier's main concern was for his instruments, and when the police arrived they found him

testing his alto saxophone.

A few hours later, on the San Bernardino Freeway, Gabor Szabo—about to open a two-week gig at Shelly's Manne-Hole—ran into an identical situation. The steering wheel on his small foreign sports car also locked, forcing the vehicle off the freeway. It rolled over numerous times. Szabo sustained a cut over one eye. Both musicians declined hospitalization and recuperated at their respective homes.

Multi-instrumentalist Bud Shank was the victim of a double theft while participating in a benefit performance with singer Johnny Rivers at the Coronet Theater in Los Angeles in June.

When Shank returned to the theater following a dinner break, his brand-new flute and a piccolo were missing. The flute was a special model and a prized possession. When police arrived, Shank showed them his other instruments, which were locked in his car.

Shank performed with Rivers, reassured by the knowledge that a police car was parked only a few hundred feet from his Porsche. But when he returned to the car, it had a broken window, and a clarinet, an alto saxophone, three more flutes, and numerous accessories were gone. Shank's total loss was estimated at \$6,000.

FINAL BAR

Langston Hughes, internationally celebrated author, poet, playwright, and librettist, died of a heart attack at Poly-clinic Hospital in New York City on May 22 at the age of 65. He had undergone prostatic surgery and the strain proved too much for him.

James Langston Hughes was born in Joplin, Mo. After graduating from high school in Cleveland, Ohio, he lived in Mexico for a while, and then attended Columbia University for a year. Tiring of the academic life, he took a job on a freighter and traveled to Africa and Europe. He worked as a cook in a Montmartre night club and as a dishwasher in Italy. After returning to the United States, he was a busboy at the Wardman Park Hotel in Washington when he showed poet Vachel Lindsay his work. Lindsay was particularly impressed by a poem entitled *The Weary Blues* and opened a path to publishers for young Hughes. In 1925 *The Weary Blues* won a magazine prize, and Alfred A. Knopf published a book of Hughes poetry under the same title.

Hughes' Broadway plays included *Mulatto* and *Shakespeare in Harlem*. He was the librettist for such musical productions as *Street Scene* (with Kurt Weill), *Simply Heavenly*, *Tambourines to Glory*, and *Black Nativity*. *Simply Heavenly* was a stage characterization of Jesse B. Semple, a Negro Everyman known to Hughes' many readers as Simple. Hughes was sometimes criticized for his humorous approach to the plight of the Negro in America, but he never lost sight of the important issues, however the message was delivered.

Hughes always had a love for jazz and an interest in jazzmen. He was on the board of directors of the Newport Jazz

Festival, and in 1960, when a riot abbreviated the proceedings, he wrote a special poem, *Goodbye Newport Blues*, which was performed by Otis Spann at what was then thought to be the last jazz performance held at Newport.

In 1957, MGM issued an album, *The Weary Blues*, consisting of Hughes reading his poetry to a background of music by Charles Mingus and Leonard Feather, performed by groups led by Mingus and trumpeter Red Allen.

Martin Williams, in his notes for the album, said of Hughes that he was "one American poet who had taken the devices and conventions of blues and gospel-spiritual music as the basis from which he developed his own poetic voice, and begun it as long ago as the twenties. . . . Here was a poetry that had deliberately sought to extend traditional forms and had as its subject the life in which those forms grew and flourished."

Personal manager and former jazz trumpeter George Treadwell, 47, who in the late '40s was married to singer Sarah Vaughan, died May 14 in New York City. Nine months ago he underwent a lung operation.

George McKinley Treadwell was born in New Rochelle, N.Y., Dec. 21, 1919. He played at Clark Monroe's Uptown House in Harlem during 1941-42 and then spent 18 months with Benny Carter's band. After stints with the Sunset Royals and Tiny Bradshaw, he worked with Cootie Williams from late 1943 to early 1946.

At Cafe Society Downtown, Treadwell was a member of drummer J. C. Heard's sextet in 1946. He can be heard in solo on four sides the band recorded at that time for the Continental label: *The Walk*, *Bouncin' with Barney*, *Azure*, and *Heard but Not Seen*. It was at this time that he met Miss Vaughan, also in the show at the Greenwich Village club. They were married in September, 1947, and he became her music director, conducting the orchestra and playing on such recordings as *Body and Soul*, *Everything I Have Is Yours*, *Don't Blame Me*, and *Tenderly*.

Eventually he gave up the trumpet to concentrate on guiding Miss Vaughan's career. After their marriage ended, he continued as her manager for several more years.

One of the first Negroes to open a show-business management office on Broadway, Treadwell represented artists such as Dinah Washington, Billie Holiday, Al Hibbler, Ruth Brown, and the Drifters. As a songwriter, he had some success in 1959, but his own favorite composition was *Stop, the Red Light's On*, recorded by Nat (King) Cole in the '40s.

Drummer George Jenkins, 49, died May 10 in San Francisco General Hospital of uremia. He worked and recorded with one of the earliest editions of Lionel Hampton's big band, and rejoined the vibraharpist in the mid-'40s. In later years, he was in the house band at New York's Metropole, and freelanced in New York and California. Jenkins was a capable swing drummer with an effective solo style.

POTPOURRI

Composer-cellist **Dave Baker**, head of Indiana University's jazz department, conducted the premiere of his composition, *Reflections for Orchestra and Jazz Band*, by the **Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra** in four performances June 20, 22, 23, and 25. Baker's work, subtitled *My Indianapolis*, was commissioned by the orchestra's conductor, **Izler Solomon**. The combination of jazz and classical music was the first attempt at third-streamism by the orchestra. One of the performances was video-taped for local telecasting at a later date.

Pianist-composer **Cecil Taylor** was invited by the Holland Festival to give concerts in the two largest Dutch cities, Amsterdam and Rotterdam, on June 29 and July 1. Taylor will also participate in a piano workshop. The festival, sponsored by the Cultural Affairs Department of the Dutch government, added jazz to its programs of classical music, theater, opera, and ballet for the first time last year. The big band of **Boy Edgar**, which performed in 1966, will be on the program with Taylor. Chicago pianist-singer **Judy Roberts** will be a special guest performer with the Edgar band.

Switzerland has given official recognition to jazz with the establishment of the country's first music conservatory devoted exclusively to the study of this music. The new conservatory, located in Berne, was founded by **Peter Bigler**, who was a scholarship student at the Berklee School of Music in Boston, Mass., and also studied jazz privately during his three-year stay in the U.S.

The miniature jazz festival held May 25 at Montreal's Expo 67 was attended by more than 35,000 persons, who filled the outdoor arena at Place Des Nations to the last SRO space. Undaunted by the cold and breezy weather, the audience received with enthusiasm the musical offerings of the **Newport All Stars**, trumpeter **Roy Eldridge**, tenor saxophonist **Buddy Tate**, the **Muddy Waters Blues Band**, the quartets of pianists **Dave Brubeck** and **Thelonious Monk**, and flutist **Herbie Mann's** quintet. Many of the musicians performed in overcoats, pianists were observed rubbing their hands, and Eldridge put his trumpet inside his coat to warm it up. But during the final moments of the concert, the sun broke through the clouds, setting aglow the American and Canadian flags flying side by side on 140-foot high flagpoles above the arena. The festival, produced by **Julius Bloom** and **George Wein**, was held in celebration of "American Day" at the international exposition.

Stan Kenton has formed a lobby group to urge revision of the United States copyright laws as they affect the recording industry. The group, called the National Committee for the Recording Arts, has

retained a Washington, D.C., law firm to press for legislation that will assure performance fees to artists and record producers for the commercial broadcast and jukebox distribution of their efforts. According to Kenton, the current copyright laws—which are now under congressional consideration—deprive musicians, arrangers, and record producers of the fundamental right of economic protection and equitable compensation for the use of their material. "A law," Kenton added, "that protects only the composer and publisher of a musical work and not the others . . . is not only unjust—it's incredible." Among the performers joining Kenton in the fight are **Gerald Wilson**, **Tony Bennett**, **Johnny Keating**, **Freddy Martin**, **Guy Lombardo**, and **Mort Sahl**. Chapters of the NCRA will be established in New York City, Chicago, Detroit, Nashville, and Los Angeles, Kenton said.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Fireworks will be skyrocketing at the Village Gate beginning with the July 4 weekend when two of the trumpet greats of jazz, **Dizzy Gillespie** and **Miles Davis**, bring their respective quintets in to share the Bleecker St. bandstand for two weeks. Gillespie will stay the month. This is the first of three two-week appearances at the Gate for Davis, whose New York base in recent years has been the Village Vanguard, where he last played in early June. Miles' second Gate engagement begins Aug. 15 . . . West Coast tenor man **Teddy Edwards** made the East Coast scene in late May and early June. He recorded an album with his own sextet, including **Jimmy Owens**, on fluegelhorn; **Garnett Brown**, trombone; **Cedar Walton**, piano; **Ben Tucker**, bass, and **Lenny McBrowne**, drums; and as a sideman with organist **Richard (Groove) Holmes**, both for Prestige. Edwards also sat in at Miss Lacey's with his old buddy, trumpeter **Howard McGhee**. Vibist **Joe Roland** was another sitter-inner with pianist **Cecil Young's** duo which holds down the regular job at the new club next to Carnegie Hall . . . Charlie's, on 52nd St. between Broadway and 8th Ave., is holding Monday night sessions run by WABC-FM disc jockey **Alan Grant** with the resident trio of pianist **Lee Shaw** as the nucleus. Recent guests have included **Booker Ervin**, **Joe Henderson**, **Lucky Thompson**, **Freddie Hubbard**, **Benny Powell**, **Jane Getz**, and **Elvin Jones** . . . Pianist-singer **Otis Spann** of the **Muddy Waters** band suffered his second heart attack in six months enroute to the Albany Jazz Festival in early May, and spent the month recuperating in a local hospital. He was released May 29 and is convalescing at his home in Chicago. The Waters group accomplished the feat of playing in Montreal and Detroit in a day recently. They flew from Detroit to play at Expo 67 at 4 p.m. and then back to appear at the Living End in the Motor City at 9 P.M. . . . Beginning June 9, the **Clark Terry All Star Band** played three consecutive weekends at the Half

Note, which rearranged its bandstand to accommodate the large organization. Among the featured players in the band are reed men **Zoot Sims**, **Frank Wess**, and **Phil Woods**, trumpeter **Ernie Royal**, trombonists **Jimmy Cleveland** and **Melba Liston**, pianist **Don Friedman**, bassist **Ron Carter**, and drummer **Grady Tate** . . . Pianist **Randy Weston's** trio played three weekends at West Boondock in late May and early June, with bassist **Bill Wood** and drummer **Ed Blackwell**. Randy's son, **Niles Weston**, joined in on Moroccan hand drum at a concert for the Hartford, Conn., Jazz Society . . . **Carmen McRae** opens at the Royal Box of the Hotel Americana on July 6 . . . **Marian McPartland** played at the Westhampton Bath & Tennis Club on Long Island . . . Singer **Babs Gonzales** presided over two "Round Midnight Happenings" at actor **Lou Gossett's** studio to celebrate publication of his book *I Paid My Dues* (by Morrow). Saxophonist **Lucky Thompson** and pianist **Walter Davis** were on hand . . . **Boris Midney**, the saxophonist who defected to the U. S. from Russia in 1965, married Miss Tania Armour, an ex-design student, of Brookville, L.I., on June 17 . . . The **Earl Hines** orchestra, playing for dancing at the Riverboat in late May, had **Richard Williams**, **Snooky Young**, **Emmett Berry**, and **Irving Stokes**, trumpets; **Henderson Chambers**, **Jimmy Cleveland**, **Vic Dickenson**, trombones; **Rick Henderson**, **Bobby Donovan**, **Budd Johnson**, **Al Gibbons**, **Russ Andrews**, reeds; **Bill Pemberton**, bass; and **Oliver Jackson**, drums . . . **Miriam Makeba** and saxophonist **John Handy's** quintet shared two weekend bills at the Village Gate. Handy's new unit includes **Bobby Hutcherson**, vibes; **Pat Martino**, guitar; **Albert Stinson**, bass, and **Doug Sides**, drums . . . Tenorman **Harold Ousley** continues at Count Basie's Lounge on Sunday afternoons and Monday nights, with **Ted Dunbar**, guitar; **Ray McKinney**, bass; and **Al Dreares**, drums. He also played a Jazz Mass at St. John's Lutheran Church in the Bronx with **Lonnie Hillyer**, trumpet; **John Hicks**, piano; **Al Cotten**, bass, and **Walter Bolden**, drums . . . Drummer **Les DeMerle's** quintet did three days at Basin St. East in late May, with **Randy Brecker**, trumpet; **Alan Gauvin**, alto sax; **Danny Sandidge**, piano; and **Terry Plumeri**, bass, and then left for the Concord in the Catskill mountains to play the summer season, opposite pianist **Diek Morgan's** trio . . . **Stanley Turrentine**, **Grant Green**, **John Patton**, and **Benny Powell** did a night in June at the Club Ruby in Jamaica, L.I. . . . Judson Hall was the scene of soprano saxophonist **Steve Lacy's** first appearance in New York after two years in Europe and South America. With him were **John Blair**, violin; **Alan Silva**, bass; and **Sonny Murray**, drums. Sharing the concert were vocalist **Jay Colantone** and Argentinian entertainer **Bobino** . . . Singer-pianist **Mose Allison** played at the Top of the Gate in late May and June with **Walter Booker**, bass, and **Billy Higgins**, drums, opposite Spanish pianist **Tete Montoliu** . . . Cellist **Calo Scott** accompanied dancer

Mary McKay in three performances at the Black Gate, 2nd Ave. & 10th St. . . . Clarinetist **Joe Dixon's** Sextet appeared at an "International Art of Jazz" night at the Huntington Arts Festival . . . The **Ken Sherman Quartet** plays jazz at the Oak Beach Inn (about 12 miles from Jones Beach) on Wednesdays and Sundays . . . Guitarist-flutist **Les Spann** has been leading a trio at Mother Blues in the East Bronx, with **John Ore**, bass, and **Jo Jones Jr.**, drums . . . Trad jazz holds sway Thursdays at Barney Google's, on E. 86th St., where the **Southampton Dixie, Racing & Clambake Society Jazz Band** Summer Dixieland Festival in NYC is in season-long session. The series of concerts, which feature the SHDRCSJB and guest stars, began June 1 and is scheduled to continue through Aug. 31 . . . In a surprise move, guitarist **Wes Montgomery** has left Verve to sign a long-term contract calling for two albums a year with **Herb Alpert's** A&M label.

Los Angeles: When saxophonist **James Moody** was in town in early March, he was stricken with Bell's palsy. Recently, he returned with **Dizzy Gillespie's** quintet for an engagement at Memory Lane, and no one would have known he had just gotten over a serious affliction . . . Disneyland—which likes to do things in a big way—featured seven bands swinging simultaneously from various sections of the huge Anaheim park over the four-day Memorial Day weekend. There were **Buddy Rich's** orchestra, featuring an extra bonus in the person of singer **Mel Torme**; **Woody Herman's** band; and the **Art Mooney Band**, which played for dancing and also featured a Dixieland combo within the band including banjoist **Nappy Lamare** and clarinetist **Bob McCracken**. The **Les and Larry Elgart** Orchestra had only Larry fronting what appeared to be mainly a pick-up aggregation. On the Mark Twain Riverboat were **Harvey Brooks** and **His Young Men** from New Orleans, who were beginning their seventh year of simulating a delta cruise, and drummer-vocalist **Alton Redd**. Back on dry land were two rock bands that outdrew the jazz and dance bands: the **Elliott Brothers**, who began at Disneyland in 1958, and the highly amplified **Mustangs**, which began as a typical rock combo but now boasts horns . . . A curry-filled press reception was held at sitarist **Ravi Shankar's** new Kinnara School of Music. Among the most interested spectators at Shankar's news conference and demonstration was multi-instrumentalist **Ornette Coleman**, who said he would like to concertize with Shankar, but commitments at the new school will keep the sitarist busy in Los Angeles . . . Saxophonist **Joe Luther**, former band leader and brother of pianist-singer **Nellie Luther**, received a commendatory resolution by the Los Angeles City Council for his "efforts in helping to promote universal peace through musical education, especially among the youth of our community" . . . **Oliver Nelson's** big band moved into Marty's recently; featured were **Freddy Hill**, **Bobby**

Bryant, **Buddy Childers**, **Conte Candoli**, trumpets; **Billy Byers**, **Ernie Tack**, **Lou Blackburn**, **Pete Meyers**, trombones; **Dave Duke**, **Alan Robinson**, French horns; **Howard Johnson**, tuba; **Frank Strozier**, **Gabe Baltazar**, **Bill Green**, **Bill Perkins**, **Jack Nimitz**, **Nelson**, reeds; **Frank Strazzeri**, piano; **Monty Budwig**, bass; **Ed Thigpen**, drums . . . Trumpeter **Teddy Buckner** closed at the Huddle in Covina after five years. Nothing is planned for his Dixieland group except a series of Sundays at Donte's . . . Guitarist **Kenny Burrell** brought his quartet (**Richard Wyands**, piano; **Martin Rivera**, bass; **Bill English**, drums) in for a couple of weeks at the Tropicana. Sharing the stand on weekends was an unusual sextet of young swingers who range in age from 15 to 17. Calling themselves the **Jazz Symphonics**, they showed a remarkable degree of poise, and broke things up musically. Fronted by drummer **Woody Theus**, the others in the group included **Anthony Tober**, flute; **Herman Burns**, alto saxophone; **Larry Nash**, piano; **James Morgan**, electric bass; and **Tony Poingsett**, conga drums . . . The **Three Sounds** followed **Bobby Bryant's** sextet into the Lighthouse, and guitarist **Gabor Szabo** followed organist **Jimmy McGriff** into Shelly's Manne-Hole. McGriff features vocalist **Spanky Wilson** with the group. She joined McGriff in April. Others in the combo are **Larry Frazier**, who plays guitar lefthanded, and drummer **Saint Jenkins** . . . Pianist **Gene Russell** did a recent one-nighter at the Swing in Sherman Oaks with bassist **Jim Hughart** and drummer **Gene Estes**, and then he played the club with his own trio (**George Morrow**, bass; **Clarence Johnston**, drums) . . . At the Rubaiyat Room, tenor saxophonist **Jimmy Forrest** did a couple of weekends with pianist **Rose Gilbert**, bassist **John Wilbern**, and drummer **Alvin Troupe**. Miss Gilbert was subbing for **Tommy Strode** who was backing **Big Mama Thornton** at the Ash Grove; Wilbern was filling in for **John Duke** who was with Bobby Bryant's combo at the Lighthouse . . . A special Monday concert at Memory Lane featured alto saxophonist-vocalist **Vi Redd** fronting a trio (**Joe Sample**, piano; **Red Mitchell**, bass; and **Clarence Johnston**, drums). Miss Redd was also featured soloist at the Pilgrimage Theater for a Sunday matinee with Shelly Manne and His Men . . . A one-nighter at the Sands featured tenorist **J. R. Montrose's** quartet (**Tommy Flanagan**, piano; **Morrow**, bass; and **Will Bradley Jr.**, drums) . . . Drummer **Bruz Freeman** brought his trio (**Bill Henderson**, piano; **Henry Franklin**, bass) into Ye Little Club in Beverly Hills . . . Pianist **Stan Worth** and his trio continue at the Ruddy Duck in Sherman Oaks. With Worth are bassist **Al McKibbon** and drummer **Allen Goodman** . . . The **Sounds of Synanon**—the combo from the Synanon Foundation facility in Santa Monica—played an afternoon concert for patients at the Los Angeles Day Treatment Center recently. The concert was free for patients of the state-operated mental rehabilitation center, under a special program sponsored by AFM Local 47. Featured in the combo

were **Greg Dykes**, trumpet-trombone leader; **Frank LaMarca**, reeds; **Woody Tavis**, piano; **Art Harrison**, bass; **Bobby Brooks**, drums; **Ann Lombardo**, vocals . . . Pianist **Joao Donato's** trio (**Lenita Bruno**, bass, **Paulinho**, drums) played a brief engagement at the Brass Ring in Sherman Oaks . . . Entertainer **Pearl Bailey** headlined a recent one-nighter at Melodyland Theater in Anaheim. Backing was provided by husband **Louie Bellson** and his big band. Sharing the circular stage was dancer **Bunny Briggs** . . . Composer-orchestra leader **Henry Mancini**, just returned from a tour of the Orient, is not even stopping to catch his breath. He has taken on two film scoring assignments: *Wait until Dark*, for Warner Brothers, and *The Party*, for the Mirisch Corp. He also conducted his orchestra for the annual SHARE concert at Santa Monica Civic Auditorium.

Chicago: The Celebrity Club, at 1547 W. 63rd St., began a name jazz policy June 1, when **Woody Herman's** Herd took the stand. Altoist-vocalist **Louis Jordan** was scheduled to follow . . . Tenorist **Eddie Harris** is the main feature at Stan's Pad. Reed man **Jimmy Ellis** leads sessions Mondays and Tuesdays . . . Singer **Sarah Vaughan** is appearing at Mister Kelly's until July 2 . . . The Ravinia summer festival, in Highland Park, Ill., features a line-up of stars including **Louis Armstrong** June 30, clarinetist **Pete Fountain** July 12, **Duke Ellington** and his orchestra July 19 and 21, pianist **Ramsey Lewis** July 26 and 28, and **Woody Herman** Aug. 11 . . . Pianist **Ken Chaney** began a jazz workshop at the Meadows Club May 30 Tuesday and Thursday nights. With Chaney are bassist **Melvin Jackson** and drummer **Steve McCall** . . . Multi-instrumentalist **Phil Cohran's** Artistic Heritage Ensemble has recorded two 7-inch LPs on his own label, Zulu. The group performs Mondays at St. John's Grand Lodge . . . The **Tuxedo Five** (**Norm Murphy**, trumpet; **Jim Beebe**, trombone; **Earl Washington**, piano; **Marty Grosz**, guitar, banjo, vocals; **Wayne Jones**, drums) hold forth every night but Sundays and Mondays at the Old Town Gate . . . Reed man **Joseph Jarman's** quartet (**Christopher Gaddy**, piano; **Charles Clark**, bass; **Thurman Barker**, drums) is the attraction at the Music Box Mondays and Tuesdays . . . **Stan Kenton** and **Woody Herman** did one-nighters at the Plugged Nickel. The **Junior Mance** Trio backed singer **Johnny Hartman** at the club for two weeks in June.

San Francisco: Jazz at the Philharmonic will make its only appearance this year in this area June 30 at the New Oakland Coliseum Arena, a 15,000-seat auditorium . . . The Jazz Workshop, San Francisco's oldest jazz club, whose owner, **Art Auerbach**, died last year, has been put up for sale by his widow . . . The **Ray Charles** show drew 1,900 listeners, a full house, to its concert at Diablo Valley College in Pleasant Hill. **Jules Broussard**, who doubles tenor and alto saxophones

/Continued on page 40

CHARLES LLOYD IN RUSSIA: Ovations and Frustrations

BY IRA GITLER

"I can't describe it in words," said Charles Lloyd of the fantastic eight minute and 20 second ovation he received from a transported audience at the Tallinn Jazz Festival. "I played my experience from Memphis [his birthplace] up to then," he said, describing the intense energy he put forth in his performance. "There was so much stress leading up to it that it exploded."

Following a 50-minute set consisting of *Days and Nights of Waiting* (an unintentionally appropriate title) by pianist Keith Jarrett, and *Tribal Dance*, *Love Song to a Baby*, and *Sweet Georgia Bright* by Lloyd, the Estonians exploded too. Despite the entreaties and shouts of the festival officials ("We are not children. Please sit down!"), the applause thundered on. "They hid our drums so we couldn't do an encore," said Lloyd. Finally, a half-hour intermission was announced to restore calm. Live modern American jazz had come to the Soviet Union for the first time.

Actually, Lloyd had almost played in Tallinn in 1966. A taped concert broadcast of a Lloyd performance in Helsinki, Finland, was picked up by Russian jazz fans. Thinking he was still in Finland, they attempted to invite him to the Tallinn, Leningrad, and Moscow festivals, but he had returned to New York by this time. In 1967, an advisory group of Soviet jazz writers, Yuri Vikhariëff and Alexei Batashev among them, persuaded festival officials to invite Lloyd, who received a letter that he would be welcome as a tourist.

His manager, George Avakian, who had been to Russian three times—the last time being with Benny Goodman in 1962—termed it "an official unofficial invitation." Ten days before departure, they received a phone call informing them that "no foreigners will be allowed to play."

"When we let our contacts know that we weren't coming because of this," said Avakian. "we got an official confirmation cable." Expenses and salaries for the musicians were to be taken care of by the Citizen Exchange Corps, a private U.S. organization, but it couldn't be arranged. They ended up paying for everything but the meals and hotel rooms in Tallinn themselves.

From the time Lloyd and his quartet (Jarrett, bassist Ron McClure, and drummer Jack DeJohnette) arrived in Tallinn, there was stress and strain. Lloyd heard comments about the step-up in the Vietnam conflict, and at the same time he was not getting consistent information about whether he was to

play or not. The comments irritated him because, as he put it, "I was talking about music, which transcends governments. To me, music is supreme."

After an off-again, on-again routine, replete with bureaucratic excuses and cries of scheduling difficulties, Lloyd was asked to do a clinic or a workshop but refused, asking, "When am I going to play for *people*?" Then he was requested to do a television show, but the "studio" turned out to be the empty festival hall.

"Invite the people and I'll play," Lloyd told his hosts. He asked them if they were perpetuating racial prejudice by way of a prod to find out why he was receiving such weird treatment.

On May 12, the second night of the festival, the group was told they could not go on, five minutes before they were scheduled to hit. There had been no official sanction, they were suddenly told, although the event had been announced in *Izvestia*, the official Soviet newspaper. Avakian said they were told that it was the decision of an 11-man committee to remove Lloyd from the schedule.

A story Lloyd tells is symbolic of his time in Tallinn. Frustrated, and with lack of something to do, the quartet purchased a basketball and took it to a court in a park. "There was a rusty wire fence that had obviously been there a long time, and people used it to get into the park. We started to really get into the game. Soon four Estonians joined us. There was communication, even though we couldn't understand each other's language. The next day the fence was sewn up with brand new wire."

Finally, on Sunday, May 14, the quartet played and the tremendous impact they made is now history. Lloyd feels that the conditions the Russians have to live under keenly whets their appetites for the kind of free expression he brings forth in his music. "They appreciated *my* story on a level that is not verbal," he said.

From Tallinn, the party left for Leningrad. After a day of relaxation and museum-going, they were to play the following day at the Trade Union Theater of Film but were locked out. Through the auspices of the Leningrad Jazz Club they finally did play at a cafe, and caught a train to Moscow with only five minutes to spare.

During their three days in Moscow, they dined with the U.S. Ambassador and his wife, played for the U.S. Embassy staff, and sessioned at the Youth

Club, where the K. M. Quartet, a local jazz group, plays seven nights a week. Appearing exclusively for members of the Moscow Jazz Club, the Lloyd quartet jammed with Russian musicians, as the multi-talented Jarrett, McClure, and DeJohnette took turns playing each other's instruments.

When their plane landed in London, Lloyd remembered, "Our bodies had



The Lloyd quartet: Jarrett (seated), McClure, DeJohnette, and Lloyd.

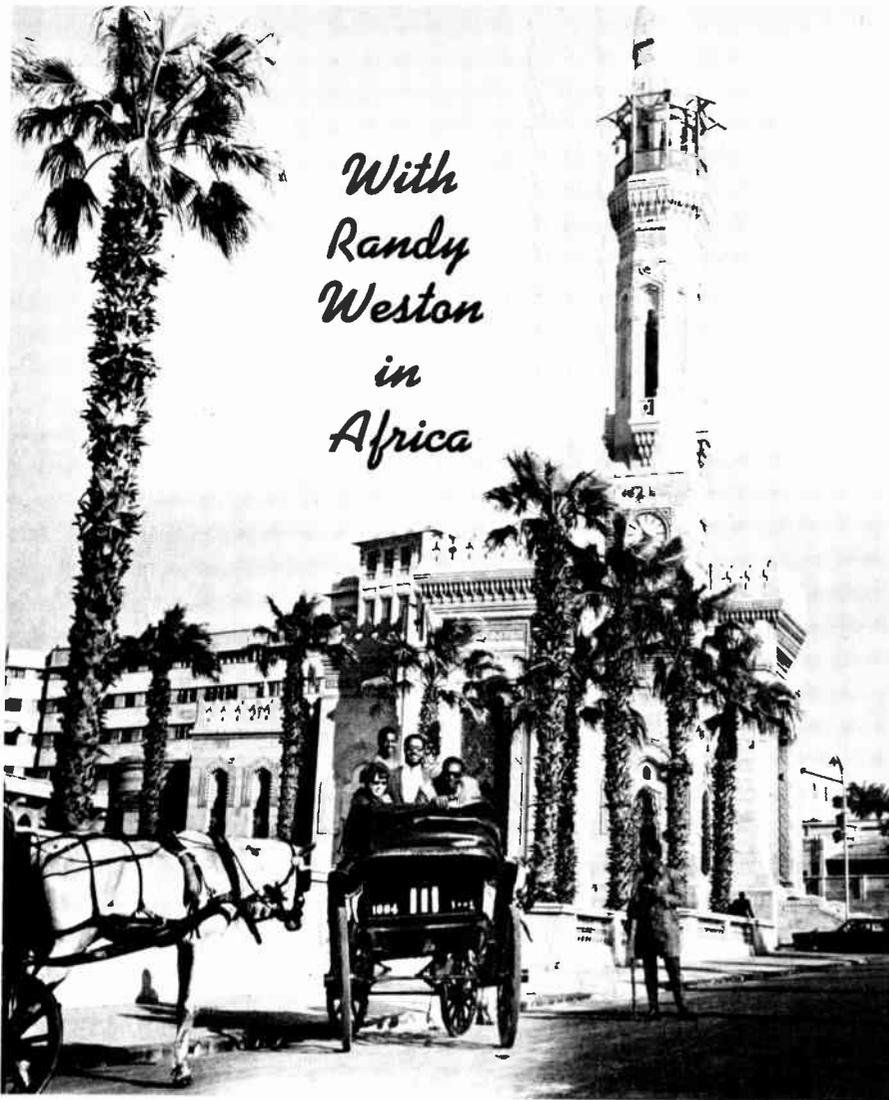
arrived but our souls were still somewhere else. We had been up for the greater part of 10 days."

The set at Tallinn, which Avakian called "one of the best performances the quartet has ever given," is on tape. There are provisions for its release in the U.S.S.R., and Atlantic Records has the U.S. rights.

"It was hard for me to breathe," says Avakian, describing the eight minutes and 20 seconds of standing ovation. "I had a strong sense of history. My feeling was involved with the young people of the audience. *This* was the music the young people wanted, not just a tour arranged by officials. My biggest hope is that we've opened a door that will stay open."

On June 1, the Lloyd quartet left on a six-concert tour that took them to London, Amsterdam, Stockholm, a state radio concert in France, the Montreux Festival in Switzerland, and the Bergen Festival—a leading classical festival—in Norway. Other possible bookings at presstime included appearances in Milan and Brussels. 

*With
Randy
Weston
in
Africa*



BY GEORGIA GRIGGS

IT WAS ABOUT one o'clock in the afternoon when the 26-passenger chartered plane landed in Mouila, the last stop of a three-day tour to the Gabon "interior" by the Randy Weston Sextet. The previous day we had been in Franceville, in the southeast part of the country near the Congo border; and the day before that in Bitam, in the northeast part of the country; and before that we'd spent a few days in the country's capital, Libreville, on the Atlantic coast, and were to return there that evening.

The skies were threatening. We were all tired—the band, the embassy and USIS (United States Information Service) officials and technicians from Libreville, and the delegation from the Gabonese government which was accompanying us. Although this little "tour within a tour" had been interesting and rewarding, we would just as soon have skipped this last stop and headed back to a nice hot shower.

There was only one car to greet us. In spite of all efforts at advance preparation, the message that 17 Americans were arriving in Mouila on Feb. 25 to present a jazz concert had been received only that morning. To make matters worse, the local radio station was off the air because of a major equipment breakdown, and there was no way to get word around about the concert on such short notice—the per-

formance was scheduled for 2:00 p.m. Following that, we had to be back at Libreville in time to land before dark, around 6:30.

We wandered into the tiny building that served as the airport, and we must have seemed like an invasion. But, unperturbed, the proprietress of the little restaurant greeted us warmly and told us food would be ready soon.

Somehow (from loaves and fishes?) the restaurant produced a full-fledged French-style mid-day meal for all 17 of us, from salad right through four or five other courses to cheese and fruit, with wine. Although we felt a little more human after this, we were still pretty doubtful about making that concert. However, we all piled into trucks and cars rounded up from town, and were on our way.

The sound equipment and speakers were set up in front of the mayor's office, which was the main gathering place in town. The band was stationed on the front porch, and it was cozy (i.e., crowded). The audience was gathering in front, in the street. We still had misgivings—until the concert actually started.

The crowd may not have been large, compared to the usual turnouts for the sextet on this tour, but it was among the most enthusiastic and appreciative. There, in the interior of Gabon, was just the

kind of audience which, we'd often been told by the more insecure State Department people, wouldn't "understand" modern jazz and would be bewildered by it. And although this had proved false many times before on the tour (we'd been out for five weeks by then), Mouila put the theory to rest forever, as far as we were concerned. The audience was a joy, and the band was a joy to the audience.

There was a man there, for example, with a sitar (the one used in West Africa, not the Indian sitar, though they are probably related), who performed along with the group during the entire concert. The fellows in the band had met him beforehand and listened to him play solo, but he wasn't on the "bandstand;" he just stayed in the crowd and played along. He improvised, played group passages with the band and even joined us quietly during the piano and bass solos. He had no trouble at all playing with a jazz group.

So, in spite of our initial misgivings, it was a very exhilarating day. And it highlighted just about everything about the tour that could be wrong (no advance publicity, poor playing conditions, having to use our portable electric piano, general fatigue, official fears that the concert would be a bomb because of the audience's lack of exposure to jazz), and right (tremendous rapport with the audience, exuberance on the part of the musicians once they started to play, acceptance of the music, real impact with the local people). As always, the good outweighed the bad; the things that were wrong, however annoying, just weren't important and didn't interfere with the success of the tour.

THIS WAS one of those State Department overseas "cultural presentation" tours that jazz groups get sent on occasionally, and which readers of the jazz press are informed about, but very few other Americans ever hear of (with the exception of tours to the Soviet Union).

This one was by the Randy Weston Sextet—Weston, piano; Ray Copeland, trumpet, flugelhorn, and orchestrator; Clifford Jordan, tenor saxophone; Bill Wood, bass; Edward Blackwell, jazz drums; Chief Bey, African drums. For three months, from mid-January to mid-April, they visited 10 countries in West Africa (Senegal, Mali, Upper Volta, Niger, Ghana, Cameroon, Gabon, Liberia, Sierra Leone, Ivory Coast), one in the Middle East (Lebanon), and three in North Africa (United Arab Republic, Algeria, Morocco).

They were accompanied, as is standard procedure on these tours, by a State Department escort, whose duty it was to get us, our instruments, our baggage, and the tour equipment in and out of places; to act as liaison between us and the local U.S. personnel; and to keep an eye on our behavior and appearance at concerts and receptions and dinners given in honor of the group's visit.

I went along in lieu of a manager (the State Department had said a manager

was unnecessary, as the escort officer was supposed to fill that function) to act as sort of general assistant, co-ordinator, and "historian." Weston's 15-year-old son, Niles, also went along—at the pianist's expense—and served as an informal band-boy. As on all these tours, local arrangements (concerts, receptions, publicity, promotion, accommodations, etc.) were made by USIS posts and/or U.S. embassy personnel in each city visited. We were under their jurisdiction locally.

The main thing wrong was the attitude of our escort and of some of the local U.S. personnel (though I hasten to add that this applies only to a few, not by any means to the majority. We were pleasantly surprised, fairly often, at the real co-operation and understanding given the band and the purpose of the tour itself) toward Weston's music and toward our audiences, which I can only describe as patronizing and "colonialist." We were warned, both before we left and en route, that African audiences would respond only to Dixieland numbers or to loud drum solos and had no comprehension of or affinity for any other manifestation of American jazz, especially modern jazz, and that we shouldn't expect too much from them, or play anything too difficult or sophisticated.

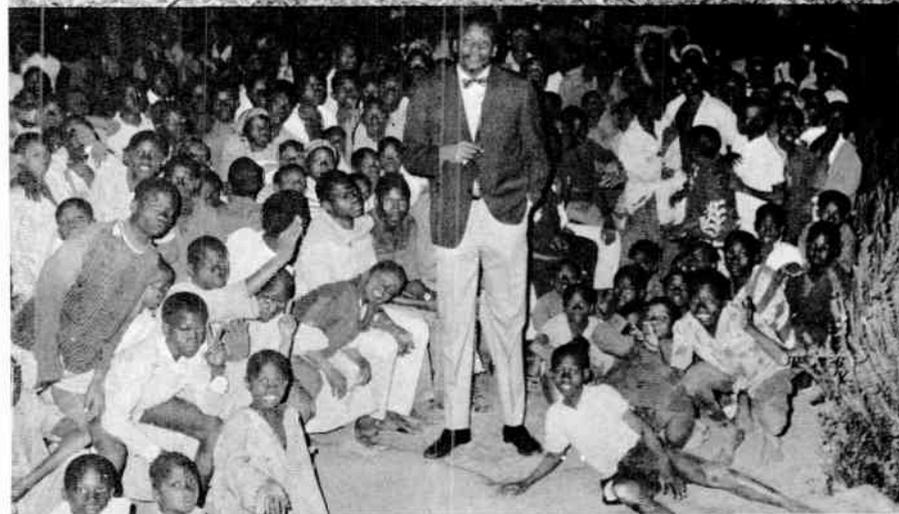
That was the word—*sophisticated*. "Remember, they're not as sophisticated as U.S. audiences," we were told repeatedly, especially by our escort officer, a great jazz authority who wouldn't have been able to tell Coltrane from Beiderbecke, and undoubtedly had never seen a jazz audience in the U.S.

This puzzled us, because we assumed that one of the reasons Weston's group had been chosen to go to Africa was his interest in (and incorporation of) African rhythms and themes, which all the State Department and USIS people knew about. They had received advance detailed information about the music as well as Weston's latest record, and many of them had seen a recent 10-minute film that had been distributed throughout West Africa. In December, those in charge of the program in Washington had seen the group in concert, playing just what they'd be playing on the tour. If they knew what they wanted and knew what they were getting, why did they try to make us feel that the sextet should have been a Dixieland band or a drum troupe?

The audiences *did* love *The Saints Go Marching In*, which was played as part of the "History of Jazz" concert the band did as one of the two standard concerts presented on the tour, the other being a program of Weston's compositions, and they certainly liked the drum solos by Blackwell and Bey; but don't U.S. audiences respond the same way?

The Africans also responded very warmly to the blues in any form, to many relatively complex Weston compositions, to Basie and Ellington swing-era numbers, and to Wood's bass solos, Copeland's trumpet solos, Jordan's tenor solos, and even Weston's piano solos (though, I must admit, not as often).

The number they liked best—every-



Photos: lefthand page—the author, Niles, Jordan, and Weston; top—Chief Bey (with pipe) and two members of the Balafon group in Bitam, Gabon; center—Weston and part of the audience at Bobo-Dioulasso, Upper Volta; lower right—The group at the Bobo-Dioulasso airfield (Wood, Miss Griggs, Copeland, Niles, Jordan, Blackwell, Weston, and Bey).

where we went—was a Weston composition entitled *African Cookbook*, which combines African rhythms, Middle Eastern melodic concepts, and just plain jazz—and which is long (usually running a half hour or so) and is considered "far out" by some non-African listeners.

That same patronizing attitude was also reflected in an inability on the part of some Americans to understand why the

band members were so eager to hear African tribal music and to meet local African musicians and people interested in African culture. After all, if you believe that Africans are culturally deprived—and anyone who hasn't been sufficiently exposed to U.S. culture, whether he's in Harlem or Upper Volta, is automatically deprived as far as these people are con-

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The WORLD Of ROCK

By JOHN GABREE





JOHN GABREE is an assistant editor of *Playboy* Magazine. His jazz commentary has appeared in *Cavalier* and other publications, and he is presently at work on a book on rock-and-roll. This article is the introduction to a series dealing with the history, development, and styles of this music.

PHOTOS, CLOCKWISE FROM LOWER LEFT: BEATLES, JEFFERSON AIRPLANE (RAY AVERY), JAMES BROWN, SUPREMES, BLUES PROJECT, ROLLING STONES.



I REMEMBER standing in the drizzle on cold New England mornings in Providence. The wind, wet from 20 miles of Narragansett Bay, would push up under our parkas as we waited, shivering in the alley behind the theater for the super-colossal, stupendous, one-time-only, all-time shower of stars to appear. Usually the second stringers would arrive first in a bus: back-up musicians, rhythm sections, assorted hangers-on, groupies (even then, though we didn't call them that), and strange, thick men in shiny suits whose role was never clear (but who, we were firmly convinced, were Mafia protection men) would pile out and begin to unpack instruments and equipment and uniforms. Later, the stars, with their managers and press agents and lackeys, would drive up to the door in a station wagon to duck (even then) quickly inside. Each of us had his hero: Elvis, who left the teeny-beats screaming the way (we hoped) they would scream someday for us; Chuck Berry, the minstrel wonder from St. Louis; Buddy Holly whose incredibly seductive voice overcame his (to us) Texas cloddishness; Fats Domino, the hard, authentic blues pianist from New Orleans; drummers and bass players and sexy but unimaginative saxophonists; groups: the Five Satins, the Coasters, the Diamonds and Buddy Holly's Crickets; and girls: JoAnn Campbell (we thought) was the most desirable woman outside the movies.

I liked jazz, too, though most of my friends didn't. I had been exposed to jazz through my father who had retained a love for it from his days standing outside theaters waiting for Glenn Miller and Artie Shaw. And so, though I dug Presley and Holly and Joe Turner and the Drifters, I knew about Charlie Christian and Dave Tough and Fats Waller. As a result, what's happening now surprises me less and pleases me more than it does many older critics.

Music, like language, after all belongs to everyone and is influenced by everything—from highly schooled composers and skilled musicians to amateur whistlers and pneumatic drills. It is constantly exposed to new ideas. Popular music over the past 10 to 15 years has reflected the increasing homogenization of U.S. (and world) culture. Perhaps through McLuhanist deculturalization (the substitution of a new electronic culture for traditional kinds), perhaps because of the friction between various regional and ethnic cultures, popular music has sustained a ferment of ideas and experiments that is unparalleled in any other popular art form.

Cross-fertilization is not a new thing in rock-and-roll. The music is itself an alloy, and its components have changed constantly as new elements have been absorbed. Somehow we knew back in 1956 (maybe we read it in a magazine) that Elvis was a hybrid of Arthur Crudup and Hank Williams; in Presley, the blues and country and western were joined successfully first and for all time. Holly, whom I spent years trying to imitate, moved the Presley sound back toward c&w while adding a free-wheeling, folksy element all his own.

More recently, a number of white singers have attempted to sing as though they were black. In the United States these white singers of blues have been mostly of two types: country blues imitators (Dave Van Ronk, Koerner, Glover and Ray, etc.) and those who have tried to go beyond into a white blues (Righteous Brothers, Johnny Rivers, etc.). The Beatles, the Rolling Stones, and other British groups indicated that it is possible to assimilate elements of the blues and use them in a personal way, unloosing a whole new breed of singers (Neil Diamond, Fred Neil, Tim Hardin) to develop a blues-based but authentically white music.

When country musicians discovered electric instrumentation in the 1940's, country and western music of today

was born. C&w has gone its way largely unaffected by the opprobrium with which it has been regarded by the mass of "hip" people. In many ways it might be said to be the real "folk" music. The songs of Lefty Frizzell, Buck Owens and Don Gibson are picked up by the people and sung and listened to as if they were their own. The lyrics discuss ordinary problems, from unrequited love to the common cold, and the music is simple and melodic.

Buddy Holly and Roy Orbison were country musicians before they were pop singers. Ray Charles, among others, has turned to c&w for material. Merle Travis, Hank Williams, Boudeleaux Bryant and Roger Miller are among the most influential songwriters. Country singers such as, perhaps surprisingly, the Everly Brothers and, more importantly, Johnny Cash have a profound influence on what's happening. Next to Elvis, the Everlys were the single most important external influence on the development of the Beatles. And Cash has been a great synthesizer, drawing his material from folk music, c&w, gospel music, and blues and the topical song movement.

Cash's work could, in fact, serve as a short introduction to the rich and varied field of the topical song. Topical songs have always existed, of course, but in the hands of writers like Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton, Buffy St. Marie, Eric Andersen and the early Bob Dylan, the form had tremendous influence on rock.

In addition to Lennon and McCartney and later Bob Dylan, rock-and-roll can count a great number of excellent young writers, including John Sebastian of the Lovin' Spoonful, Paul Simon, Hardin and Diamond, and recently Janis Ian and Jim Webb (at fifteen and twenty, practically teeny-boppers themselves).

The list of groups and individuals from the rhythm and blues field who have colored the performances of their white compatriots is virtually endless. Muddy Waters can fairly be said to have started it all when he threw away his Delta style, turned the volume on his electric guitar to the threshold of pain and blasted onto the r&b charts in Chicago in the late '40s. Two of his followers, Bo Diddley and Chuck Berry, have been even more influential in drawing kids to primary blues sources. In addition, there have been an endless series of artists who have momentarily captured the attention of white audiences or who have shaped the development of an important white artist.

For example, the raunchy blues-rock of Little Richard—or as my mother used to scold, Little Wretched—in-

spired such more and less talented acts as the Beatles and Mitch Ryder. Currently, the most significant source of Negro music is Berry Gordy's Motown complex in Detroit.

It was Gordy and Smoky Robinson, along with Phil Spector, the Righteous Brothers' producer, who led the way several years ago toward an expansion of the chordal and instrumental possibilities in rock. However, Motown's increasingly effete arrangements are driving many lovers of soul to the younger, cruder and more compelling stable of performers at Stax/Volt records in Memphis (these include Otis Redding, Carla Thomas, and Booker T and the MG's).

To these c&w and r&b influences, rock has added folk and jazz chord progressions, baroque and modern harmonies, art song lyrics, English madrigal themes and the rhythms and atonal qualities of Indian ragas (Ravi Shankar was featured at the Monterey International Pop Festival on June 18).

One side of the Beatles' recent *Revolver*, for example, features a highly individual but more or less "traditional" rock tune, a love song, a blues-based hard rock number, a refined classical account of a poor old woman's passing, and a successful blend of rock and Indian music (which they expand further in their newest album).

Such eclecticism carries over into the record bins, where there literally is something for everyone; "good timey" music from the Lovin' Spoonful and the Youngbloods; high flying good humor from the Jefferson Airplane and Country Joe and the Fish; brilliant eclecticism from the Beach Boys and the Beatles; vigorous personal statements from Neil Diamond and Bob Dylan; highly original hard rock from the Stones and Spencer Davis; the continued expansion of the Motown Sound with the Temptations, Martha and the Vandellas, Smoky Robinson and the Miracles and the Four Tops; the brilliant blues of Otis Redding and Joe Tex; even the self-conscious and dour docimasy of the Blues Project and Love. On every side there is experimentation, verve, and a healthy respect for anything that sounds good. One of the happiest characteristics of the rock movement is this openness—a natural by-product of youthfulness.

In fact, there is a funny thing about the generational gap: it only runs one way. The adult community has been up tight about rock from the early days when Ed Sullivan could only show Elvis from the waist up to the current flap about drugs and sex (the Rolling Stones had to change the words to *Let's Spend the Night Together* in order to appear on the Sullivan show; songs by the

Beatles, Dylan and others have been banned for alleged references to drugs; the Stones are currently banned in many places because they have been charged with drug offenses; the McLendon stations have requested that record companies supply the stations with copies of all lyrics, so that no nasties can sneak on the air to undermine the Republic).

So while the kids go merrily on their way, adults perpetrate endless idiocy. Not that rock is without influence; as this is written, a local Top 40 station is pushing psychedelic sandals (or is it psandals?). In reality, as bassist Steve Swallow is reported to have said, most of our better young musicians are playing rock. But there is no reason why this should sadden jazz fans as much as it seems to.

Indeed, rock and jazz musicians are showing an exciting new interest in each other. When the Charles Lloyd group recently played at San Francisco's psychedelic Fillmore Auditorium, the kids stretched out on the floor to absorb Lloyd's love-filled music. Gary Burton has long hair—that sounds like a graffito—and jazz flautist Jeremy Steig has formed a jazz-rock group called Jeremy and the Satyrs. Jazz echoes are heard frequently in the work of such groups as New York's Blues Project, San Francisco's Jefferson Airplane, and Los Angeles' Beach Boys.

It is hard to believe that a music this vital needs an "introduction" at all. And yet, despite a spate of articles on rock in the press and in such ordinarily snooty journals as *Esquire* and *The National Review*, it is clear that among lovers of "legitimate" music, rock is still held in high disrepute. Serious criticism of popular music other than jazz and folk has been sparse, so much so that much of our attention over the next few issues will have to be devoted to developing a method of analysis.

Many of the concepts used in discussing jazz and folk can be applied to rock as well. But since rock is less clearly "art," it is more difficult to assess. The pop music press is of no help: from prepubescent *16* magazine to megacephalic *Crawdaddy*, pop critics seem to feel compelled either to trivialize the music or to smother it under a blanket of pedestrianism.

The truth is that rock and roll has become a meaningful form of personal expression. Each man seeks to describe truth his own way and, for many young people, rock and roll is the method for today. Certainly a lot of trash is being produced; but there is so much beautiful music being written, sung and played that we will never have to mention the bad. 

the roots of the duchy

BY BURT KORALL



THE SLIM, SMILING ELDERLY MAN walked jauntily through the door of a New York bar-and-grill. Three older men, passing the time of day near the entrance, reached out to him with a warm hello. He returned the gesture, making them laugh.

Sonny Greer looked around; he caught the attention of several other old friends around the room. As he walked the length of the bar, a wave of sound surrounded him.

"Baby, where you been?" one musician asked.

"Here, there, up to no good," the veteran responded, chuckling.

Other faces turned in his direction; the banter continued. A young cat stopped the drummer and held him by the arm. Looking him up and down, he jocularly inquired: "Sonny, what's the secret, sweetie? You never get old. Don't look a day over 35. How come?"

Putting his arm around the younger man's shoulder and drawing him close, Greer whispered a few words into his ear.

An explosion of laughter accompanied Greer to my table. The drummer, raconteur, and Duke Ellington historian had made a colorful entrance. His "audience" at Jim and Andy's, favorite haunt of musicians and chroniclers of day-to-day jazz happenings, noted his presence. Dapper, rakish, "fly," never at a loss for a *bon mot*, Greer remains the archetype of the old-time Harlem pro, who both looks and acts the part of the "musician."

After seating himself and ordering some refreshment, the ex-Ellington flash declared: "I'm still on the scene, working a couple of nights a week. That's all I want—gigs in and around New York plus an occasional record. I've had offers to play on the road and in Europe. But traveling is not for me. That all came to an end when I left Ellington in 1951.

"You know, when I decided to leave Duke after 30 years, no one would believe it. I had been so much a part of him and the band; it was my life. But the time had come; I couldn't make the constant moving around. Sleeping on the bus became more and more difficult. And my family needed me. So I finally made the break.

"I can't tell you how hard it was, making my exit. It took years before I got used to being away from the guys and, most of all, from Duke. The man's family; he's been like a brother to me."

Greer paused, temporarily lost in thought, then continued, "I was with Duke at the beginning in Washington. In 1918, I came down for three days from Asbury Park, N.J., my home, and stayed on.

I didn't tie up with Ellington immediately; he wasn't even a professional then. I worked for three years in the pit at the Howard Theater, playing

shows. Marie Lucas had the band; all the guys were Puerto Rican but me. It was at the Howard that I met Juan Tizol.

"After I had hung out with Toby [Otto Hardwicke] for a while, Duke and I met. He put me to the test, having heard I had spent some time in New York. I gave him a line of jive that set him back on his heels. From that time on, we were tight and played together around Washington."

Greer, Ellington, and Hardwicke moved on to New York City in 1923. Wilbur Sweatman had wired Greer, asking him to join his band. But it didn't work out as planned. The three played a few split-week theater engagements with Sweatman, but that was the extent of it. It was a lot less than they had envisioned.

". . . thus we had our first brief encounter with the ups and downs of show business," Ellington said in a recent interview with Henry Whiston.

"We were stranded," Ellington continued, "but one day I found some money, \$15 or \$10, something like that, and so back home we went to get our stomachs filled. 'Course, all we need to have done was to send home and they would have sent us some money anyway, but we preferred to do it this way so we could make an entrance. You know, 'just back from New York for a little holiday,' something like that!"

The Washingtonians—Greer, trumpeter Arthur Whetsol, banjo player Elmer Snowden, and saxophonist-bassist Hardwicke—soon made another frontal assault on New York. A job supposedly had been fixed. Ellington followed, spending all of his money on the way to New York. Meeting Greer on 129th St., all set to work and live well, Ellington was informed that the gig had evaporated.

"We scuffled for a bit," Green recalled. "I played pool so we would have eating and walking around money. Finally, Bricktop Ada Smith, who later became so famous in Europe, interceded for us, and we got a booking at Barron's, uptown. It was a popular place; we began to build a following. Snowden was the leader; Duke played the piano.

"It didn't take long before we thrust leadership on Duke. He didn't want it, but his disposition was better balanced than ours. He could keep us in line without doing too much. We were a pretty wild bunch in those days, myself in particular. Many a time, the fellows in the band would call my house after the job and mention a club featuring great musicians and entertainers. That's all it would take! I would put on my overcoat over my pajamas, and we would meet and 'cabaret' well into the next day."

NEW YORK was swinging night and day in the years of prohibition. The Ellington unit, having become a fixture at the Kentucky Club on Broadway, beginning in September, 1923, was a focal point of the New York dusk-to-dawn entertainment panorama. Playing a style Ellington has described as "conversation music, soft and gutbucket," the band now included banjoist Freddie Guy, trombonist Charlie Irvis, and trumpeter Bubber Miley.

"We had all kinds of people coming into the Kentucky Club—entertainers, racketeers, socialites, the good and bad," Greer said. "Because I knew so many characters and had a great memory, no one could get a drink in the place unless I gave the nod. We worked from 11 in the evening until after the sun came up. Then, we went out on the town.

"Harlem had so many places. One of the great spots was Small's. The Sunday breakfast dances attracted show people from one end of the city to the other. Charlie Johnson led the band. Jabbo Smith was the featured trumpet man; George Stafford played drums. All kinds of cats sat in . . . Bix Beiderbecke and the Whiteman boys . . . 'Bean' [Coleman Hawkins] and the Henderson bunch, including that great drummer Kaiser Marshall. Chick Webb showed up quite a bit too. There were so many marvelous mornings in Harlem; it was like another world."

"Duke was moving up. We opened at the Cotton Club on Dec. 4, 1927," the drummer noted. "The band was larger; arrangements played a more important role in our presentation. I objected to making the band larger, but that's what THEY wanted. As it worked out, our association with the Cotton Club was the turning point. Soon we were heard across the country on radio and became nationally, then internationally, famous."

"I guess the band kept growing because Duke needed more men to express his ideas. No matter how many men are involved, Duke gets them together, always taking into consideration each player's imagination and individuality. The Ellington sound comes from Ellington, but only the players can put life into it. The freedom's there to do it; Duke provides that kind of atmosphere. He's always open to suggestions."

"We had something special going in the old band," he added, warming immediately to the subject. "The flavor was a once-in-a-lifetime thing. We worked as one man. Duke was the brains, always prodding us to be better, showing kindness and understanding. He always was *with* his men. While working on new things, he might be a bit distant. But, then, after putting his thoughts down on paper, Ellington would come out with us after the job a few nights running. He'd listen to the guys and get an idea what they were thinking. Many leaders make the mistake of never seeing the other side of their musicians. Duke sensed early in the game that you can't drift too far from your men; he knew his dream couldn't come alive if they weren't a part of it.

"All through the years, Duke has been deeply concerned about his race and its problems. The feelings of the Negro, as interpreted by him, are there in the music. But . . . the man never makes a great point of his interest; he's too subtle for that. He just composes works like *Black, Brown and Beige*, *Deep South Suite*, *Harlem*—leaving it to the people to find and interpret his thoughts for themselves."

"Listen," he said, emphatically, "there's always talk about Ellington. He's not serious enough, too commercial, too this, not

enough that. If his critics knew what it was all about, they wouldn't come down on him for little things. When you're out there with him, you realize he does what is best for himself and the men.

"Here comes Ellington into a town. He has this following. Maybe he plays the town once a year. People come out, wanting to hear the Ellington they know. Duke's hip that his audiences will feel cheated unless he pulls out a few oldies during the evening. So, he plays medleys, the hit songs, but, in between, newer Ellington music is introduced. That way the presentation is balanced. Next time around, the people might request some of the newer things.

"I guess I understand the whole psychology better than some other cats. Duke and I came up in the days of old show business. It was our school; we learned quickly that we were working for the public. It seems only logical to please them as well as ourselves . . . and to use a screen of diplomacy.

"Ellington was born to it, man; he could have made it as a career diplomat. He never loses hold of his cool. Things that would upset and disturb others don't bug him. Just for fun, many times I've tried to provoke him. He never rises to the bait, just smiles and moves deeper into his own thoughts. That's why you hear so little put-down talk about Ellington. He doesn't make enemies, only turns away from the unpleasant.

"What most people see is Ellington the star, the personality. That's not all of him, by a long shot. There's so much beyond the well-dressed, witty image. Duke lives a good deal within himself. He's religious, a true believer, in his own way. There's a private side to him which only he knows."

THOUGH IT has been 16 years since Greer took his ornate drum set off the Ellington bandstand, he remains within the inner circle. An Ellington mentor and sideman emeritus, he has not lost contact with the central interest of his life, nor could he if he wanted to.

"Like all the men who have spent a lot of time around Duke, I am forever linked with him—there's no getting around it," he admitted. "He's my closest friend, and his orchestra is as much a part of me today as it was when I was sitting in the rhythm section. My lady, my wife, always understood how much I loved Ellington and the band. She knew I had two families—my own and the Ellington organization—and never made me choose."

Greer's continued devotion to Ellington and the members of the ensemble is apparent to anyone who moves within the Ellington orbit for even the briefest interval. Whenever the band is in the New York area, the drummer comes to the job, usually with Ellington, at least a few nights during the engagement. He lives the past and the present, bringing humor, fun, and a fund of stories with him.

Time and again, a remark, an occurrence, or a number during an evening with the Ellington band will motivate Greer to tell one of his great Ellington stories.

At New York's Riverboat late last year, he recalled one memorable experience:

"It was a band battle at the Savoy Ballroom in the late 1930s. We were pitted against Chick Webb's band. You know the way Ellington rambles at the piano until he sets up the right tension and decides just what to play? Well, that night he went into one of those long piano intros. The guys seemed a little down; some of them had been drinking whisky. Chick must of thought he had us. All of a sudden, Duke hit the key notes. The tune was *St. Louis Blues*. I turned to the rest of the band, letting them know what was happening. They all stood up, waited a little longer; I shouted, 'Rollin!,' and the whole band exploded. We blew the hell out of the tune. We were gone, man. Mean!

"Chick came by the stand at intermission; he was really sad. 'What the hell you cats trying to do to me?' he said. There were many nights like that.

"Once, at the Philadelphia Athletic Club, we washed away the Jimmie Lunceford band the same way. . . ."

Several times while Greer was seated at the table in Jim and Andy's, drummers came over to pay him their respects. Chico Hamilton, Don Lamond, Mel Lewis, Herb Lovelle were among them and soon had Greer talking about drums and their use in the Ellington band:

"If you're the drummer with Ellington, of course you have to play strongly and with good time, but that isn't quite enough. Ellington's compositions demand that extra flash of rhythmic color. I used a lot of equipment—tymps, bells, chimes, in addition to the drum set and cymbals—during my years with Duke. When the curtain broke in a theater, you really saw a conglomeration of class! Yet that wasn't the point of it; I wanted to create all kinds of sounds and colors and give Ellington's music what I felt it needed.

"I always dug color and the drummers who knew how to use it. There were these percussionists at the old Capitol Theater on Broadway. Billy Gladstone was one of them. Duke and I would go by to see a picture. But it was the show that interested me. Those cats could play. They didn't realize it, but I took some of their stuff and used it in my own way, particularly during the Cotton Club shows.

"There's so much to playing with Duke. Not only does it involve the jazz heritage, but the player has to be able to go beyond it as well. It's not music that can be played by amateurs. With my Ellington experience as a basis, I've been able to adapt my approach to many styles. It's been necessary to play with all kinds of musicians since leaving Duke."

Testimony to Greer's continuing vitality can be found on two tracks of *Once Upon a Time*, a recent Impulse release. Here, he provides rhythmic dimension to two Ellington tunes, in the company of Earl Hines and several former Ellington colleagues, demonstrating that, indeed, he is still on the scene.

At 64, Greer remains a warm human being, a drummer who still plays for the love of it.



JIMMY WITHERSPOON:

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE BLUES

By VALERIE WILMER

I'm three times seven, and that makes 21.

Ain't nobody's business what I do...

That verse comes, as Jimmy Witherspoon acknowledges nightly, "from the work of the late, great Bessie Smith." *Ain't Nobody's Business* was, as it happens, Witherspoon's first big seller. Recorded with Jay McShann in 1948, it was the key to a door that opened onto five years of good living, which then was slammed in the singer's handsome face.

"Suddenly the bottom fell out," Witherspoon recalled ruefully. "Just a couple of years after I'd had my hits with *Big Fine Girl* and *No Rolling Blues*, there was a big decline with rock-and-roll. And you know *that's* a dirty word.

"All the blues singers died out when along came a little insignificant character called Elvis Presley. Guys like Amos Milburn, Charles Brown, Roy Milton, Wynonie Harris, Roy Brown, and Jimmy Witherspoon—only Joe Turner was very fortunate to come back with a big hit, and Lowell Fulson didn't do too bad. I starved for about six years."

Although rock-and-roll damaged his career to the point where he was playing bass for a living and merely doubling on vocals, Witherspoon is now back in a fortunate position from which he can look back philosophically.

"It did some good because—let's face it—music has to change for youth," he declared with benevolence. "Kids are born, and music has got to change to fit their wants and their needs, so I don't feel bitter about it now. I *did*, though. I was very bitter, but I found myself, too, but during that time I wasn't too cool."

Briefly Witherspoon had let slip the public mask. Onstage he is the epitome of composure, a fine singer whose commanding presence is a pleasure to behold, but in reality he is highly strung and nervous.

Born in Gurdon, Ark., Witherspoon began his career a few days after the end of World War II. He sat in with Jay McShann when the pianist was passing through Vallejo, Calif., and was hired on the spot to replace the legendary Walter Brown.

"McShann told me he didn't care how I sang, as long as I stayed as close as I could to Walter on *Confessin' the Blues*. That was one of his big sellers, so consequently I had to sing like out of my nose because that's the way he sang."

Nevertheless, it didn't take the singer long to establish his baritone voice on its own terms. But if Witherspoon could easily find himself vocally, succeeding as a person lay farther beyond him during his initial period of success and its aftermath. It is only now—after a period of eating out of cans has come and gone—that he is able to say with conviction:

"An artist should be a gentleman."

He admits that it took him 20 years to discover this. "I thought I was indispensable, like I was *The Great One*," he said. "I thought the hits would last forever, and so I spent bread accordingly. I treated people accordingly, too, and walked all over a whole lot of them."

It was not until 1959 that Witherspoon was given a second chance, when he scored personal accolades at the Monterey Jazz Festival. Since then, he has recorded frequently and made five visits to Europe, including one in June, where the critics have unanimously hailed him as the most dynamic of contemporary blues artists. Most singers would be overjoyed with such praise, but Witherspoon is an ambitious man whose personal desires are a long way from fulfillment.

At 42 and now safely along the way toward a successfully revived career, the singer craves respectability, personally, but more importantly for his art. Sadly perhaps for jazz people, he would like to follow in the footsteps of another powerful voice, Joe Williams', and work the leading rooms throughout the States.

"Joe was the one who really opened the door for big clubs because he was the top singer in America when he hit with *Everyday* and all those blues," Witherspoon said. "I think he should have stuck to blues, though, because he could have done more as an individual for the blues and for himself, too. Me, I don't care where I play. I may do some ballads, but you can bet your life that Spoon will be doing the blues also."

When working jazz rooms, Witherspoon continues to rely mainly on blues material, but his recent recordings have contained a high percentage of mediocre ballads on which his talents have been largely wasted. In some respects, jazz and blues are nowhere appellations for the singer today. He feels that being typed has kept him out of the best rooms.

"This stereotyping has plagued us for years," he stated, referring to himself,



VALERIE WILMER

as he occasionally does, in the third person plural. "I've always wanted to work in good spots, but they said, 'Jazz, blues—no!' But we can do just as good a job or better than a lot of them we've seen, believe me.

"The same thing on variety shows—10, 15 years ago it was a curse word to have a 'blues' singer on a variety show unless it was Miss Fitzgerald or Sarah Vaughan. But Jimmy Rushing—oh, no.

"I don't know who invented those dirty words," he said with a laugh, "but they sure held us back!

"But I still try to sing the way I feel. I may do a ballad like *There Wasn't Any You*, but I try to put my little thing into it and so it becomes a blues ballad."

When it was suggested that Witherspoon could never completely leave the blues behind, even if he tried, the singer all but exploded: "I hope not!" and added, "I'm taking music lessons now, you know. But it'd better not mess with my singing!

"But Spoon can do anything, and I'll show you how. Once we get in a place, we always go back because I think that an artist has to do more than one thing to appeal. One thing gets monotonous, even to me, and you know I love the

blues. Nobody in this audience likes everything, so what I do, I feel an audience out. I may sing one type of tune and get a good hand, I may try another one to get a better hand. After about four or five songs, I can tell where I'm at. Then I lay on that."

Gathering conversational momentum, Witherspoon, always an enthusiastic talker, mentioned his main influence, Joe Turner:

"That's my idol. Now I don't say that he could sing ballads, but I think that Joe could do a lot more than he does if he wanted, if he tried.

"I think most people can do more because—let's face it—before I got Lew [his manager, Lew Futterman], I knew I could do a lot of these things, but I didn't have the nerve. And when he told me what I could do, my attitude was like—oh, man, what will they say—you know? Or—of all things—what will the critics say?

"I worry about the critics for one reason. There are so many dumb people who believe whatever the critics say. And this is really only one person's opinion. But to so many people this is the Bible. Don't matter how big you are—that pen is still a powerful instrument."

A strange mixture of down-home funkiness and conventional respectability jostles uneasily within the singer. One gets the impression that when he walks into a restaurant, Witherspoon orders a cheese souffle when he really would be happier with ham hocks. But talking of the attitude of the average Negro toward the blues, Witherspoon finds that the music is no longer considered shameful and that the majority accept this part of their heritage.

"It's no longer a dirty word because the Negro now is beginning to be proud of his identity," the singer said. "Before I even started singing professionally, I was in Calcutta, India, with the merchant marine, and I used to try to sing like the Ink Spots. At that time most Negro artists were trying to lose their identity, but now the younger Negro is very much aware of what he has to offer to the art of music, and I think he's rather proud of it.

"All any youngster knows is what he's taught, and when the young Negro is taught by his parents that blues is a dirty word, he stays away from it. Some of the older people have changed too. They'll probably say they don't like the blues or something, but if you go to their homes, they have every blues record that's ever been made!"

Witherspoon, who grew up listening to men like Rushing, Turner, Big Bill Broonzy, and the lesser-known Doctor

Clayton and claims to have accepted an influence from each, is confident of a future for the blues.

"But why it continues to appeal is beyond me," he admitted. "The only thing I can see is that it's an American art form, and once any art form is born, you can never kill it. Look at Dixieland. They said it would die when Charlie Parker started playing, but it's not dead yet. You've got musicians of my age gonna get older so we've got to find somewhere to go, somewhere to sing."

Even with improving economic conditions for Americans, Witherspoon said he feels that it is possible for original young singers to emerge and to

choose the blues as a means of expression.

"We have some now coming up," he said. "Bobby Blue Bland is a great blues singer, but a lot of people don't know about him yet because he's young in the business. Then there's a kid out of St. Louis called Little Milton who's really gonna be in that class. He sounds very good, has a big powerful voice and puts a lot of things in the blues. He's gonna be dynamite.

"There'll always be blues. A lot of people say you have to come from the South to sing the blues, but that's ridiculous. Some of your greatest blues and spiritual singers are born in cities like Detroit and Chicago, and it's no differ-

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ent with them. It helps with the feeling if you've had hard times, but only to some degree. Sure, I've had bad times—are you kidding? But I think that people who have a pretty good time can sing the blues too. If they feel it, people have certain ways of communicating, and I don't think they'll ever lose the feeling of the blues.”

A few months back, Witherspoon joined some of the other all-time blues greats, Muddy Waters and B.B. King among them, for a week at the Apollo Theater in New York City. The atmosphere was highly charged with competition, yet all the artists found time to appreciate each other's work.

“Muddy Waters and I were standing

in the wings waiting to go on when he said to me, ‘Spoon, I couldn't take a month of this!’ We were all so hoarse, but it was great because we had more or less every type blues on the show.”

The package was so successful that they played the theater again, but working an all-blues show is unusual for Witherspoon nowadays. In fact, throughout his career he has been closely associated with jazz musicians, which accounts for his highly musicianly approach to the blues. His timing is staggering in its effectiveness, and he swings as though he invented the verb.

“I'm one of the few singers that any top musician in the States will record with,” he said proudly. “Miles will call

me up on the stand when I walk in the room, and he won't call any other singer—period. Blues, ballads, or whatever. Dizzy calls me his band singer if I happen to walk in, and these things are a big shot in the arm for any artist. Even when I was doing bad, they would do it.

“But I'm not interested in those musicians who can't play the blues. If they haven't played the blues, they haven't played jazz. Ornette now—he can play blues. As a matter of fact he played with a group I had in Fort Worth, Texas, in 1951. And the other night we were talking, and you should have heard him humming one of Charlie Parker's solos—the first one he recorded with Jay McShann. Deep down he's a good musician, but some of these others, it's really pitiful to hear them. They sound like beginners. I don't know where it's going to end; all I know is that I could never sing with these guys. I don't know what they're doing.”

He laughed and recalled, “Know what? They had some of that avant-garde stuff at the Montmartre in Copenhagen, and one of the waiters said that the only reason he dug it was because any one of the waiters could get up there and blow a horn and be praised! Really, I'm serious.”

Witherspoon, a larger-than-life character, has unbelievable energy and boundless enthusiasm for everything new he undertakes. Yet if anything goes wrong, he quickly becomes depressed. He enjoys working, and his enthusiasm makes even the dullest gigs enjoyable.

Among his many unfulfilled ambitions is a desire to sing with Duke Ellington.

“Duke only ever had one blues singer, and that was Ivie Anderson,” he said. “I don't know what his motives are, because I'm sure he loves the blues. But I would love to sing with him because of all the blues he plays—you can call it what you like, but 98 percent of it is the blues. I think it would be great.”

In the meantime, while that ambition is in abeyance, Witherspoon is concentrating on carving out a niche for himself in the plusher show-biz circles.

“When the audience finds out that when they say jazz artist, blues singer, it doesn't mean that the artist is illiterate or dirty,” he said, “we'll all be able to work the top rooms.

“After all, I have just about everything that the clubowners have, including a little education. Because of the stigma, a lot of people don't like to be called a blues singer. Me, you can call me what you like. Just let me in the rooms to prove what I can do and let the people be the judge.”

EB



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Puebla Jazz Festival

Puebla, Mexico

Celebrating its 25th year in Mexico, American Airlines took an abbreviated version of the Newport Jazz Festival and more than a dozen members of the North American press to historically attractive Puebla May 12.

Puebla's first festival last spring offered an international spectrum of symphony, ballet, and opera, with artists from Tokyo, Paris, Holland, and Philadelphia. An even more varied program, culminating with the Bolshoi Ballet in June, was scheduled for this year. The inclusion of jazz was an innovation that obviously had been awaited with more than curiosity. Any doubts about its success were soon put to rest.

The Auditorio De La Reforma, which inside appears to have been inspired by Frank Lloyd Wright, was jammed with a sophisticated and appreciative audience.

The Newport All-Stars (trumpeter Ruby Braff, clarinetist Pee Wee Russell, tenorist Bud Freeman, pianist George Wein, bassist Jack Lesberg, and drummer Don Lamond) set everyone in a good humor with such numbers as *'Deed I Do*, *Blue and Sentimental*, *Rose Room*, and *Rosetta*. To these Russell added a highly individual *Blues for Puebla*.

Dave Brubeck's quartet and its music were obviously familiar to the crowd, but the pianist—always the professional—had prepared a surprise.

Before flying to Mexico, he had bought and studied some 30 albums of Mexican music, thereby supplementing a knowledge of Spanish and Indian idioms derived from his early years in California. When he introduced two excellent Mexican musicians—bongo and conga drummer Salvador Aqueros and guitarist Benjamin Correa—and transformed his quartet into a sextet, he had the appropriate music ready.

Correa proved a deft and lyrical guitarist, while Aqueros had a stimulating approach and clean, rhythmic definition on bongos and conga. An astonishing sequence of exchanges between Aqueros and drummer Joe Morello was the climax of the set, the swift patterns of the Mexican being brilliantly and imaginatively echoed by Morello on his more elaborate equipment.

After intermission, a set by Thelonious Monk was brought to an unusual conclusion when he and Brubeck duetted at two pianos. As is customary in spontaneous meetings of this kind, the predictable and the unpredictable were strangely comingled. Eventually, Monk wearied of the contest and exited with a balletic bow, leaving Brubeck to complete the number with bassist Larry Gales and drummer Ben Riley.

Dizzy Gillespie closed the concert with humor and excitement. When he announced *Con Alma*, he added, "That means in Spanish. . ." He got a big laugh as his voice trailed away. His muted solo on *Morning of the Carnival* from *Black Orpheus* scored deservedly, and Candy Finch's drum solo on *Manteca* was one of the most exciting of the many heard.

The festival was repeated the next

night at two concerts before packed houses in Mexico City's Palace of Fine Arts. The all-stars and the Brubeck quartet played the first at 6:30 p.m., Monk's and Gillespie's groups the second at 9:30.

There was considerable enthusiasm, although it fell off to some extent during Monk's set. The Mexicans, a courteous people, found his behavior "heavy." His habit of standing immobile at the piano with his back to the audience was not appreciated, and too many of his numbers were played to an identical pattern with long bass and drum solos.

On Sunday, the huge National Auditorium was the venue, and there the seats were scaled from 32 cents to a \$2 top, at government insistence.

The acoustics and sound system were surprisingly good, and 5,000 persons were there at 11 a.m. for a concert by the Brubeck quartet and its two Mexican "guests." In the evening, the all-stars, Gillespie, and Monk drew more than 8,000 to a long concert.

A highlight at this was a performance of *'Round Midnight* on which Gillespie persuaded Monk to join him. Like the other concerts, it was sympathetically introduced by Juan Lopez Moctezuma, who has done much for jazz in Mexico.

Although Gillespie professed to feel the effect of the altitude (7,500 feet) when blowing, he devoted himself tirelessly to the cause of international musical relations. After two sessions with mariachi bands—one at the floating gardens of Xochimilco—he voiced a mild complaint. "They always want to play in A," he said.

—Stanley Dance

First Spring Jazz Festival

State University of New York, Albany

This pleasant two-day, four-concert festival, held on SUNY's still unfinished, futuristic campus, was a good example of imaginative programing within a modest budget, proving that superstars are not required for artistic success.

A flexible nucleus of players was deployed in a variety of combinations, and most of the organized groups on the program performed several times; the champions in this respect, trumpeter Ted Carson's quintet and the Muddy Waters Blues Band, took part in all four concerts.

The hard-working and versatile "house men" were pianist Don Friedman, bassists Charlie Haden and Reggie Johnson, and drummers Dick Berk and Elvin Jones. Friedman, Haden, and Jones appeared twice with alto saxophonist Lee Konitz; with flutists Jerome Richardson and Reese Markewich, and with baritone saxophonists Nick Brignola and Pepper Adams.

Johnson and Berk worked with Curson's quintet, of which they are charter members; pianist Walter Bishop Jr., with whom they also work regularly; baritonist Brignola; and guitarist Kenny Burrell.

It was Curson's group, including Brignola and rounded out by French pianist Georges Arvanitas, flown in especially for the event, that ignited the opening concert on Saturday afternoon.

Working hard and enthusiastically, they



GILLESPIE: Excitement.

CAUGHT IN

impressed the audience with clean, driving, straight-ahead, and unpretentious jazz. The group's repertoire consisted mainly of Curson originals, well crafted and suitable for blowing.

Among these were *Reava's Tune* (a jazz waltz), *Ted's Tempo*, and *The Leopard*. The leader sparked the ensembles with a crisp sound and bold attack, and his solo work was consistently exciting throughout the group's sets.

Brignola, a big-toned baritonist, worked especially well with Curson and contributed robust, swinging improvisations. Arvanitas, an accomplished pianist, was featured on *'Round Midnight*, and, with the assistance of a nice Curson arrangement, turned the much-played standard into a fresh experience.

The rhythm section cooked. Berk, who has conquered a tendency to play too loudly, but maintains his terrific drive, is a drummer who loves to play and radiates this feeling to the other musicians. He listens hard and swings hard, and was a decided asset to the quintet and to the other groups with which he played.

Bassist Johnson, who has worked with New York avant-gardists as well as with mainstream swingers, can play to fit the situation and retain his individuality. His section work was steady, and he also contributed, intelligent melodic solos.

Berk and Johnson accompanied Bishop in a set that made up in warmth and infectiousness for what it lacked in adventurousness. The pianist played mostly recent standards (*Secret Love*, *Quiet Nights*) in a zestful, rhythmic manner, emphasizing melodic flow. But only on an original blues were there traces of the personal style that once graced so many now classic bebop records.

The Muddy Waters band, too, relied on tested material. Deprived of the services of pianist-singer Otis Spann, taken ill on the way to the festival, the band played several instrumentals, among them a version of *Watermelon Man* that would have pleased the composer, Herbie Hancock.

Waters' singing and occasional bottleneck guitar playing were the highlights of all the group's sets. His timing, sense



MARKEWICH-RICHARDSON: Warmth.

RAYMOND ROSS

THE ACT

of the dramatic, humor, and clarity of diction made even his oft-heard set pieces a pleasurable experience.

Francis Clay's drumming was first-rate, but lead guitarist Sammy Langhorn (also known as Riley Fuinches), though inventive, had pitch problems, and the singing of Luther (Georgie Boy) Johnson and George (Mo-Jo) Buford, while spirited, didn't measure up to Waters' standard. Buford plays nice harmonica but is no James Cotton.

An unexpected pleasure was the Markewich-Richardson flute duo. Markewich had sketched out some arraigned passages, and his choice of tunes was good. There had been no rehearsing (Richardson pinch-hit for Jeremy Steig), but this turned out to be an advantage—the two flutists obviously enjoyed getting acquainted in a playing situation and quickly warmed to each other.

There were neat ensembles, good individual solos, and delightful exchanges and spontaneous interplay—often humorous. Unhackneyed tunes like *Beware, My Heart* and *The Night Has a Thousand Eyes* added to the enjoyment, but the peak of the set was a deliciously slow *Indiana* (according to Markewich, the slow-drag tempo was accidental; he had intended medium bouncy).

On this tune, Friedman, who played well throughout, outdid himself with a solo full of unexpected turns and twists, which never lost momentum. Haden and Jones gave inspired support, and the bassist also threw in a splendid solo. Jones' light brush work behind the flutes was a welcome indication of this master drummer's versatility—it was a facet never encountered during his Coltrane tenure.

Friedman, Haden, and Jones were at their most remarkable with Konitz. Each of the altoist's two sets consisted of just one piece, but in both cases, it was a fascinating lesson in spontaneous creation.

Deliberately, Konitz had refrained from rehearsals, or even preliminary discussion with the other musicians. Thus, the performances were an adventure for players and audience alike. Both pieces grew from spare, abstract outlines into fully fleshed

being, with solos, interplay, "freedom," and down-home swing.

Inevitably, there were moments of tentative groping, but these were a necessary part of the total experience. The awareness that these were completely improvised performances that could never be repeated and that unfolded, nevertheless, in an ordered, logical manner—each note eliciting an appropriate response and a fitting sequel—provided an object lesson in the meaning of musical freedom as informed by musicianship and musicality of the highest order.

The first piece became *Alone Together* (an apt description of what was going on); the second was the blues. In each case, Konitz, the leader, was the instigator and the one to whom the others looked for cues. At times, however, he would just let the music take over and lead. When the time came to swing, the effect was that of a tremendous release of tension.

In all probability, these four men will never play together again, and if they should, chances are that their desire to re-create what happened would inhibit the potential that was realized here. But Jones and Konitz ought to play together again; an inspiring drummer is what the altoist needs for his remarkable talents to unfold fully.

A triumph of a different kind was scored by the redoubtable Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band, the festival's star attraction. In fine fettle after a full week of playing at the Village Vanguard, the band came out swinging and continued to gather momentum during a long set that brought the crowd to its feet wanting more.

In addition to such established favorites as Jones' *Once Around* and Bob Brookmeyer's lovely setting of *Willow, Weep for Me*, there were new and recent pieces, and indications are that the band, certainly the best big jazz band of today (except the unique Mr. Ellington), will continue to grow and improve.

Brookmeyer's new *Samba Con Getchu* explores the Latin vein, new to this band, with fire and humor. The trombonist's arrangement of *Willow Tree*, a pretty, old Fats Waller tune, is a worthy successor to the first *Willow*, and Jones' new arrangement, *Don't Get Sassy*, is a perfect closer, hard to follow even for his band.

Talent in the ranks abounds, but mention should be made of tenorists Joe Farrell and Eddie Daniels; trumpeters Bill Berry, Marv Stamm, Snooky Young (whose lead there is none better than and who should be given a solo or two now and then), and Jones himself (who is playing more these days, quantitatively and qualitatively); trombonist Garnett Brown, who is scary; bassist Richard Davis; reed section leader and doubler par excellence Richardson; and co-leader Lewis, whose drumming kept the music in clear focus at all times.

Unfortunately, we missed the Adams-Brignola duet and Burrell's set but did catch Brignola's own set, sparked by Berk's drums. Brignola switched to soprano saxophone on his own *Minor in My Soul*, and he played it well, but the best moments came on *Here's That Rainy Day*, per-

formed on the big horn with feeling and flow.

Flutist Steig's *Satyrs*, a group that blends jazz and rock in an interesting and provocative manner, was beset by electronic troubles and apparent unease in a concert situation.

Nevertheless, they got into a groove on an original, *I Love the Lady*, by pianist (and electric pianist) Warren Bernhardt and singer-guitarist-harmonica blower Adrian Guillery, and on a couple of tunes by the gifted songwriter Tim Hardin.

Steig got some unique effects from his amplified flute (with optional echo) and is a gifted jazz player. Bernhardt played surprisingly funky, authentic blues piano; Don Payne was steady on his well-modulated amplified bass; and drummer Don McDonald laid down a solid bottom for the group.

Their exploration of the common ground between jazz and rock-blues-folk territory is worthy of encouragement and has great potential, but some editing and tightening is needed at this stage, at least for successful concert presentation.

Attendance at the concerts, competing with other Spring Weekend events, ranged from moderate to near-capacity (700-plus) but was sufficiently encouraging to prompt plans for an annual jazz festival at SUNY.

—Dan Morgenstern

Los Angeles Jazz Festival

Pauley Pavilion
University of California at Los Angeles

It was contradictory by definition. Producer Jimmy Lyons assigned a festival theme, "tradition of the new," and for three nights interspersed musicians who have become "legends in their own time" among their less legendary contemporaries.

The contradiction in terms did not affect the sounds; it merely underscored the contrast existing even within one chronological category.

The extremes in the "new" tradition ran a gamut as wide as the cavernous Pauley Pavilion itself (a 14,000-seat monster that overflows when UCLA's basketball team cavorts): from the easily digestible bossa novas of Bola Sete to the hard-to-swallow introspections of Ornette Coleman.

The remainder fell comfortably in the vast middle, projecting straight ahead, flirting only occasionally with the far out.

That safe-but-enjoyable path was well traveled by Gary McFarland, who fronted a festival band staffed for the most part by studio swingers from both coasts: Clark Terry, Bobby Bryant, Buddy Childers, Freddie Hill, trumpets; Bob Brookmeyer, Lou Blackburn, trombones; Jim McGee, Art Briegleb, French horns; Howard Johnson, tuba; Bob Cooper, Bill Green, Zoot Sims, Jack Nimitz, Jay Migliore, reeds; Gabor Szabo, Jim Stewart, guitars; Ray Brown, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Hal Gordon, percussion.

They played the same McFarland originals each night—which was groovy for the sidemen, who never get enough rehearsal time for festivals, but was unfair to the jazz buffs, who parted with up to \$5.50 a concert. /Continued on page 36

Record Reviews

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

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

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

SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

Duke Ellington

FAR EAST SUITE—RCA Victor LPM/LPS 3782: *Tourist Point of View*; *Bluebird of Delbi (Mynab)*; *Isfahan*; *Depk*; *Mount Harissa*; *Blue Pepper (Far East of the Blues)*; *Agra*; *Amad*; *Ad Lib on Nippon*.

Personnel: Ellington, piano; Herbie Jones, Cat Anderson, Cootie Williams, Mercer Ellington, trumpets, flugelhorn; Lawrence Brown, Buster Cooper, Chuck Connors, trombones; Russell Procope, Johnny Hodges, Jimmy Hamilton, Paul Gonsalves, Harry Carney, reeds; John Lamb, bass; Rufus Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

If you have been saving a vintage bottle of *Chateau Lafite Rothschild* or some other kind of ambrosia, the advent of this new chapter in Ellingtonia provides that special occasion you have been waiting for.

There are nine parts to this new work, and if, as in the old days, they had been issued two by two, each would have been hailed as a masterpiece. They can be savored separately or *in toto*, and the music lover who acquires this record may expect it to come to live with him.

Periodically, impatient voices clamor for new Ellington music, little knowing that Ellington's music is constantly new and constantly renews itself. Besides, through the clamor, Ellington is usually at work on something *all* new, and when he is ready, it is performed and, if it meets his standards and the moment is opportune, recorded.

Sometimes, the growth is organic. Portions of this suite have been around since 1963, others have been added in the intervening years, and some, at least to these ears, are brand new. Together, they add up to the most remarkable Ellington achievement in quite some time, perhaps since *Such Sweet Thunder*; though there have been many morsels in between, this is a veritable banquet, a feast.

At the point in a career that Ellington has reached, most artists are not expected to compete with their own past. But Ellington is a special case, and, as an artist whose life-long body of work has achieved permanence through recording and whose past lives on side by side with his present, he is in what to a lesser man might be an unenviable position.

Over the long years of continued creativity, there have always been critical voices who have announced the beginning of the end. The first one, as long ago as 1933, was that of British critic, musician and Ellington admirer Spike Hughes, for whom the knell of doom was the addition of Lawrence Brown's trombone to the band. It didn't belong, he said, and would destroy the character of the Ellington ensemble. There were a lot of appropriate answers to that, not least among them *Slippery Horn*.

A few years later, the doubter was none other than John Hammond, who was led, by the appearance of *Reminiscing in Tempo*, to declare that Ellington had become pretentious—or words to that effect. That was some five years prior to *Ko Ko*. More examples could be added, among them reverse accusations of living in the past. Wisely, Ellington has ignored them all, and made them all obsolete.

As Sonny Greer points out elsewhere in this issue, Ellington has always perfectly understood his obligation to his public as well as his obligation to his art, and has discharged both in a supreme manner. Still, even his staunchest admirers might marvel at the freshness, vitality and creative force of the *Far East Suite*. It is an achievement which would allow him to perform nothing but the *Medley of Hits* for the next ten years without legitimate objection.

To describe this music in detail, to subject it to analysis, is a task for which this reviewer is not suited and towards which he is not inclined. It speaks for itself, and it must be heard. The ensuing program notes are offered only to whet the appetite.

The genesis of the *Suite* in the aural and visual impressions gathered on tours and travels is well described in Stanley Dance's excellent notes, which include many direct quotes from the composer. (If any critic has earned the right to annotate Ellington albums it is Dance, who has never wavered, or bowed to fashion.)

As is usually the case with Ellington, the extra-musical theme is of secondary importance. *Such Sweet Thunder* was most certainly a Shakespearean suite, and the music was related to specific characters and dramatic actions. Yet, one's enjoyment of the music was not at any moment predicated on previous knowledge of these details of inspiration; the music always existed for its own sake, with no hints required.

The same holds true for this new work. To be sure, there is wide usage of exotic and "eastern" colors and devices, but *Isfahan* is Ellington, Billy Strayhorn (and Johnny Hodges) much more significantly than it is Persia, while *Ad Lib* is on Ellington more than on Nippon. But if the music moves you to wax romantic about the mysterious East, that's perfectly fine, too. The current vogue for Indian music makes it quite timely.

Just don't expect any tampering here with the basic Ellington idiom. There are no sitars, no ragas, no signs of a Ravi Shankar influence. The language is that of classic jazz and Western music, glory be, and what is Eastern is a spice, a color, a hint—not a graft or affectation.

This is not to say that Ellington did not listen to the fascinating musics of the countries he visited. He did, and very well. But he has not allowed this to influence him into attempts to be "authentic," or any such detours. The music is authentically Ellington; the experiences have furnished a new perspective without fragmenting the unified vision of a personal conception.

The sounds in which this work abounds are the gorgeous sounds of Ellingtonia, realized by the unique voice of the orchestra. There are no other sounds like them, and one could easily become ecstatic in attempting to describe them. But their warmth, density, sensuousness and beauty have no equivalent in words.

Suffice it to say that the reeds have never blended more rapturously than, for one example, behind Hodges' matchless singing on *Isfahan*, a lovely theme. And these reeds, together for so long that they think and breathe as one, are the crowning glory of this edition of the ducal instrument.

The section's individual components are well displayed: Carney, the absolute and undisputed master of the baritone, is his noble self on *Agra*, a stately song; Gonsalves, whose status as one of the truly great tenor saxophonists is undisputed, is inspired on *Tourist*, with its arresting changes, and on *Mount Harissa*, with its gentle swing.

Hamilton's clarinet, with its beautiful tone and impeccable execution, is the voice of the *Bluebird*, a charming piece which bears the stamp of Billy Strayhorn; the clarinetist is also much in evidence on the grand finale of *Nippon*. The nonpareil Hodges, in a blue mood quite different from *Isfahan*, is featured also on *Blue Pepper*. And let us not forget Procope's sterling lead voice.

There is not much featured work by the brasses: Brown has the concluding statement on *Amad*, which is Arabic in mood; Cat Anderson's striking presence is felt on *Tourist* and on *Pepper*, and the majestic sound of Cootie Williams rises briefly to the surface on *Bluebird*. The trumpet section has been stronger, but its occasional unsureness is a blemish so minor that it can easily be overlooked. (Perfection is not a necessary virtue in art, while spirit is, and that prerequisite is present.)

Lamb is an exceptional bassist, and he knows how to play Ellington music. He is in the spotlight on *Nippon*, but his contribution is felt throughout. Jones is not the colorist that Sam Woodyard is, but he is a good musician, and works hard and conscientiously.

One major soloist remains to be mentioned: the pianist in the band. He does

not tease us here, but gives generously of himself. *Nippon*, until the last third, is in fact a little piano concerto, or rather, a rhapsody for piano and orchestra, with the emphasis on the former.

The theme and opening passages will delight Thelonious Monk; further on, there is piano playing in the grand tradition such as one rarely hears today—not just the special tradition that evolved in jazz, but the great, expansive, full-bodied classical tradition that began with Liszt and Chopin, ended with Horowitz, but lives on in Rubinstein.

It is a matter not so much of virtuosity (though Ellington has the grand gesture) as of sound and touch. He makes the piano ring and sing, and *Nippon* is an outstanding example of Ellington the pianist.

There is more, too. On the infectious *Depk*, inspired by dancers and an invitation to the dance, Ellington's piano is pitted against the ensemble in a different key, with effervescent effect. His introduction and theme statement on *Harissa* are rich and warm, and he also spices *Pepper* expertly.

(A historical footnote: in the early days of the band, Ellington's piano often swung less than the ensembles or other soloists; today, he can outswing most piano players, hornmen, and rhythm sections.)

Hail, then, to the Duke of Ellington, who has added the colors and textures of the Orient to his brilliant palette, and has given us new riches on top of riches. Hail, also, to Billy Strayhorn, who has enriched his legacy. It is encouraging that music of such strength and beauty can be created in our troublesome times; music that fulfills the uplifting purport of true art.
—*Morgenstern*

Cannonball Adderley

WHY AM I TREATED SO BAD?—Capitol 2617: *Mini Mama*; *I'm on My Way*; *Why?* (*Am I Treated So Bad*); *One for Newk*; *Yvette*; *The Other Side*; *The Scene*.

Personnel: Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone; Nat Adderley, cornet; Joe Zawinul, piano, electric piano; Vic Gaskin, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

I always enjoy hearing the Adderley brothers' band in person: the combination of spontaneity and discipline, fire and control, humor, gusto, elan, and knowing variety of their music I find irresistible. They use their heads and aim at the gut; as a result, their music very sensitively combines the visceral with the cerebral.

Strong, meaty, soulful playing has always been the group's forte, and there's plenty of it in this set, which preserves much of the excitement the band generates in its personal appearances: the notes tell us the album was recorded "live" during a Hollywood nightclub engagement.

Cannon plays with searing directness throughout the set, turning in particularly forceful work on the first three performances. How he can drive! His playing sparks this group, and the contrast between the blistering frenzy of his work and the more thoughtful, probing cornet playing of brother Nat gives the front line an attractive balance. Nat's banked

fires provide *I'm on My Way*—composed and arranged by his 11-year-old son Nat Jr.—with much of its appealing warmth, effectively foiling the cutting edge of Cannon's earlier alto solo.

Zawinul I find much more impressive on standard piano than on the electric instrument. The latter seems too limited in timbre and dynamics to lend itself at all well to the demands of accompaniment. True, its percussive nature is suited to the generation of rhythmic excitement, as the thematic statements of *Mini Mama* and *Why?* demonstrate, but in furnishing backing for the soloists on these numbers, the instrument's lack of warmth and tonal variety and the dry, mechanical nature of its sound tell against it.

Zawinul, incidentally, has a pair of attractive originals to his credit in the set, a tribute to Sonny Rollins, *Newk*, and a brief but lovely ballad, *Yvette*.

All in all, quite a tasty, substantial meal of meat-and-potatoes performances from the brothers Adderley and associates.

—*Welding*

Curtis Amy

MUSTANG—Verve 8684: *Mustang*; *Shaker Heights*; *Enoja*; *Mustang*; *Please Send Me Someone to Love*; *Old Devil Moon*.

Personnel: Jimmy Owens, trumpet, flugelhorn; Amy, tenor and soprano saxophones; Larry Cooper, baritone saxophone; Kenny Barron, piano; Carl Lynch, guitar; Edgar Willis, bass; Bruno Carr, drums; Eva Harris, vocal.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Hard-driving, with a front line hewn

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from granite, and a rhythm section relentless in its mission. The only respite comes in the marked contrast of a gospel-tinged vocal. Otherwise, the album is pure hard bop, with a fine cutting edge.

That edge is actually serated for *Mustang* (repeated and expanded on side two), with trumpet, tenor and baritone galvanized into unison. In solo terms, Owens explodes onto the scene with a triple-tongue flurry. Amy and Barron serve up liberal portions of funk, but Owens is a hard instrumentalist to follow.

Shaker Heights is Amy's chance to prove that he's just as difficult to follow as he stretches out on soprano sax (literally, as well as musically . . . according to the liner notes, Amy recorded his soprano solo "cross-legged on the studio floor") before Cooper's lumbering baritone statement. Barron's comping is a highly spiced reminder of McCoy Tyner backing Coltrane.

If there is such a thing as Spanish bop, it can be heard on *Enojo*. There are fine solos by Owens, Amy on soprano, and Barron. (This must have been one of the last items recorded; the piano is out of tune on this track.) But the most outstanding sounds come from drummer Bruno Carr, who really propels the ensemble.

Please Send Me is a showcase for Miss Harris, and she makes the most of Barron's churchy harmonies, piercing through with a strong, soulful vocal on this "peace prayer." Barron's accompaniment is filled with the lilting gospel triplets that Mildred Falls uses behind Mahalia Jackson.

The only disappointment comes in *Old Devil Moon*, and that's due to sloppy ensemble balance. In general, Amy's arrangements are tailor-made for this combo; they swing with the wild abandon of a mustang. —Siders

Count Basie

BASIE'S BEAT—Verve V/V-6-8687: *It's Only a Paper Moon*; *Squeeze Me*; *St. Louis Blues*; *I Got Rhythm*; *Frankie and Johnny*; *Boone's Blues*; *St. Thomas*; *Hey Jim*; *Happy House*; *Makin' Whoopee*.

Personnel: Tracks 1, 3, 7, 8, 9, 10: Wallace Davenport, Al Aarons, Sonny Cohn, Philip Guilbeau, trumpets; Grover Mitchell, Al Grey, Henderson Chambers, Bill Hughes, trombones; Marshall Royal, Bobby Plater, Eric Dixon, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, Charlie Fowlkes, reeds; Basie, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Norman Keenan, bass; Rufus Jones, drums. Track 2, 4, 5, 6: Gene Goe, Aarons, Cohn, Harry (Sweets) Edison, trumpets; Mitchell, Richard Boone, Harlan Floyd, Hughes, trombones; reeds as above, except Billy Mitchell replaces Davis; Basie, Greene, Keenan; Ed Shaughnessy, drums. Boone, vocals on tracks 4 and 6.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The Basie band is an institution, and institutions are often taken for granted—or criticized in non-institutional terms. The question isn't what the band should be or ought to play, but what it is and what it represents. This doesn't have to be explained to Basie fans, who are legion; those who are not might listen to this record—one of Basie's best in years—and ask themselves why they aren't.

For happy, delightful, swinging big band jazz, nobody can touch this outfit, and even though the competition in the field ain't what it used to be, that is an accomplishment for which no excuses are needed.

On this album, there is no gimmick—no salutes to Bond, Broadway or Hollywood, no machine-tooled arrangements crafted for the occasion—only straight-ahead Basie music, stuff the band likes to play; some new, some older, but none previously committed to wax.

There are several gems, but the album stands up as a whole—no track is weak. The subtitle reads "Introducing Richard Boone," and this able trombonist is featured in two hilarious vocal excursions: *Rhythm*, and his own *Boone's Blues*.

Boone has his own brand of jazz vocalese and is a bright new light in a line of singers that began with Leo Watson, who was a genius and one of the great American humorists of this century. The tradition, what with Clark Terry's mumbling and now Boone, who is something else, shows signs of continued life, and that's good news. Eric Dixon's arrangement of Boone's two features are nice.

Dixon is also responsible for the charting of *Moon*, which features Basie's piano in a melodic vein; *St. Thomas* (the same territory visited by Sonny Rollins), a happy romp with witty saxophone scoring and a rare spot for Davenport's bright, Armstrong-touched trumpet, and *Frankie*, a fresh look at an old chestnut. His solo talents are not on display, except in a flute obbligato on *Boone's*.

Squeeze Me, a new Nat Pierce setting of the Fats Waller classic, features Edison's horn and Basie, as well as the ensemble. It's a groove, and Sweets sounds fine back home with the band. He has no other solos on the set, but walks off with top honors nonetheless.

Basie's introduction shows how much piano he can play when he lets himself. It smacks strongly of Willie (The Lion) Smith, and that's only as it should be, since the tune is claimed by him as *The Boy in the Boat*.

The Count's keyboard fancies are also well displayed on *St. Louis*. This loose and rocking head arrangement, one of the best in the book, should have been recorded long ago. Among other things, it affords a glimpse of Freddie Green's guitar in a non-rhythm role; he furnishes lovely backgrounds for Al Grey's plunger-muted trombone introduction—just the two of them. The trumpet riffs (in harmonic mutes) swing to the hilt, and then Lockjaw takes over for eight choruses of stomping blues. A great track.

Bobby Plater, unsung hero of many years in Lionel Hampton's band, contributed *House*, an excellent arrangement in a contemporary blues bag. He plays clean, Willie Smith-flavored alto on it, and Al Aarons has a bright trumpet spot. Aarons is in special form, though, on *Johnny* (which also has a Plater solo), showing that sitting next to Roy Eldridge for a spell has had its effects. (Aarons, by the way, is a fine musician long due for general recognition.)

Thad Jones scored *Whoopee*, a vehicle for Grey. There is some stunning saxophone writing, superbly played, and the slow, utterly relaxed tempo enables Grey to discover new depth in the old tune.

His humor, sometimes too broad, is subtle here, and he really plays.

But the best arrangement of the lot is Frank Foster's *Hey Jim*, a good bebop line by Babs Gonzales which he sang with James Moody's swinging little band. This is a swinging big band version, though, and this track cooks. The trumpet section is in fine fettle, and the soloists are Lockjaw, Grey and Mr. Basie himself. If they still had "battles of bands," Basie would score quite a few points with this one.

A few words about the sections. The reeds are the backbone, and the section with the fewest personnel changes. Lead man Royal and anchor man Fowlkes have been aboard for some years, and there are few better men. It's quite a sound they get, and it's most certainly together.

The trumpets kick. Goe is a good replacement for Davenport, and Sweets adds some marrow, but both sections (the bulk of the album was done in November, 1965; the four recent tracks in February of this year) are excellent. The trombones, with Bill Hughes' bass horn adding bottom, are mellifluous.

With Basie and Green around, no bassist or drummer need look far if he develops pulse problems. Keenan's bass is wedded to them by now, and his somewhat dry sound has a pleasantly penetrating edge. Jones is perhaps a more musical and certainly a less erratic drummer than Sonny Payne, but when Payne is right, he gives the band (this band) something extra—his fills, for example.

Shaughnessy, who often records with Basie, knows what the job requires and does it impeccably. It's odd that the Basie band of the '30s was so notable for its looseness while the Basie band of now (and since the '50s) is so notable for its tightness. But both emphasize swing, and a glance at Basie in the '40s may reveal that the transition was not really abrupt.

Today, the Basie band, in a sense, incorporates two great traditions of the Swing era: their own and that of Jimmie Lunceford. Not the Lunceford sophistication, perhaps, but the Lunceford ensemble unity. At any rate, we have spent some time on this record because it is such a good one, by a fine band.

—Morgenstern

Eddie Harris

THE TENDER STORM—Atlantic 1478: *When a Man Loves a Woman; My Funny Valentine; The Tender Storm; On a Clear Day You Can See Forever; A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square; If Ever I Would Leave You.*

Personnel: Harris, tenor saxophone, Varitone saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Billy Higgins or Bobby Thomas, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Harris has the well-deserved reputation of being a musician's musician. Listening to him, one is continually struck by the effortlessness with which he brings off effect after effect on his tenor, many of them of great difficulty. Apparently, he is total master of his instrument: there's damned little that he can't execute on it.

Hearing him repeatedly in Chicago, his home and operating base, I was always bowled over by his playing, which was full of passion, wit, and flowing inventiveness even at breakneck tempos. Every

time I'd hear him, his playing would be a revelation, fertile and invigorating; always new and shot through with fresh evidences of the quicksilver brilliance of his imagination.

I've rarely heard that same degree of intensity and inventiveness on his recordings, however, and this album is no exception. Don't get me wrong—it's a good, perhaps even excellent album, far better in fact than a number of recordings by more widely publicized jazz artists I've heard recently. But it's still not the *real*, total Eddie Harris; if that ever gets on record, look out!

I mention all this simply to explain my not having given this LP a higher rating, for in a sense my familiarity with Harris' in-person performances works against him here. You see, he's competing against himself in my mind; yet the very disparity between the standards of excellence I have formed of his work and what he delivers here—which might be considered excellent by any other standards—should indicate to the sensitive listener just how high those standards are.

Being the musician he is, Harris expectedly turns in some very interesting performances.

On five of the six selections he plays the Varitone saxophone, an electronically amplified version of the instrument. It is capable of some striking effects, particularly an octave-unison one that gives the impression of the player's executing a true note-for-note duet with himself. Quite eerie, to be sure, and maybe even a gimmick, but Harris employs the device to excellent, totally musical effect here. The two numbers on which it is used extensively, *Tender Storm* and *If Ever*, recall those fascinating, complex-textured lines Lee Konitz and Warne Marsh used to play with the Lennie Tristano Sextet some 18 years ago.

Harris does not let the device dominate him or obscure his own strong personality; he plays straight ahead, allowing the device to give added emphasis and texture to his well-conceived lines. The proof is in the pudding: it does not seem a gimmick in his hands, but rather a useful tool through which the artist has been enabled to enrich and deepen his art.

The device is also used on *A Clear Day*, here given a gentle bossa nova-like treatment, but the effect is not nearly so striking at the slower tempo of this performance. On this number, too, Walton and Carter turn in impeccable work.

Nightingale exploits the warm, dreamy lyricism Harris is noted for, and the airiness of his tone will be the envy of saxophonists everywhere, so pure and light is it. He simply floats through ballad performances like this and *Valentine*, which starts off very much like it's going to be *Nature Boy*, suggesting nothing so much as a more gutty Stan Getz. But this is Harris, too. In fact, there's so much to Harris' music that I wonder if it will ever *all* get on record. For our sake even more than his, I sincerely hope it does—and soon. A musician of his caliber should not have to remain so long underappreciated.

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Perhaps the answer is for Harris to be recorded "live" in one of the south-side Chicago clubs he so often—and so effectively—works; with his own band and on his own turf he's simply unbeatable. Are you listening, Nesuhi? —*Welding*

Johnny Hodges

BLUE NOTES—Verve 8680: *Blue Notes: I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me; Rent City; Sometimes I'm Happy; Broad Walk; L. B. Blues; The Midnight Sun; Say It Again; Sneakin' up on You.*

Personnel: Snooky Young, Ernie Royal, trumpets, flugelhorn; Tony Studd, bass trombone; Hodges, alto saxophone; Frank Wess, Jerome Richardson, Jimmy Hamilton and Don Ashworth, or Danny Banks, reeds; Joe Venuto, vibraharp; Buddy Lucas, harmonica; Hank Jones, piano; Kenny Burrell or Eric Gale, guitar; Bob Cranshaw or George Duvivier, bass; Grady Tate, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This is a fairly pleasant record—if too many downward chromatic phrases and too much of The Melody don't bother you.

Hodges' portions of *Sometimes* and *I Can't Believe*—each of which is taken at an unexpectedly slow tempo—are restricted to simple, though graceful, statements of the melodies, for the most. His improvisations on other tracks are often studded with his (and Wayne King's) favorite device: a phrase made up of a series of steps down the old chromatic trail. Hodges does, however, avoid the corn usually resulting from the device—but only barely.

Two of the album's tunes are based on chromatics, his own ballad *Say It Again* and Lionel Hampton's *Midnight Sun*

(wrongly titled *The Midnight Sun Will Never Set*, which is by Quincy Jones, on the liner and label). Besides the chromatics, these two tracks, which are back to back, have Hodges playing little more than straight melody.

Hodges is in good, though not top, form on *Notes*, *Rent*, *Broad*, *L.B.*, and *Sneakin'*. He is best on the blues (*Notes*, *L.B.*, and *Sneakin'*). Lucas' harmonica adds pungency to *Rent* and *Sneakin'*, both of which have a dash of rock.

Most of the album's real value lies in Jimmy Jones' superb scoring. His use of woodwinds and his adroit voicing of the ensembles are masterly. His penchant for and ability to achieve thick-textured effects is reminiscent of Ellington. All of which raises the question: when will Jimmy Jones get an album of his own? —*DeMicheal*

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Richard "Groove" Holmes

SPICY—Prestige 7493: *If I Had a Hammer; Never on Sunday; A Day in the Life of a Fool; 1-2-3; B-o-o-D-Do; Work Song; When Lights Are Low; Old Folks.*

Personnel: Holmes, organ; Gene Edwards, Joe Jones, guitars; George Radall, drums; Richard Landrum, conga drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The addition of a second guitar and conga drum have definitely enhanced this combo without changing its sound of polite funk. In fact, they seem to fit ideally with Holmes' groove: neither guitar tends to overshadow the other, and the conga player punctuates with tasteful ease. The best example of the latter is heard on *Work Song*. As far as the guitarists are concerned, they are so unobtrusive, one wouldn't even know there are two without the liner notes. Even with those notes, one can't tell who is soloing, but it makes little difference: all the guitar solos are undistinguished.

"Groove" himself is in fine form, especially his footwork, which can be best heard on the stereo disc by blocking out the right channel.

One of the most pleasing tracks is a straight four version of a tune usually given a Latin treatment: *A Day in the Life of a Fool* (from *Black Orpheus*). Holmes never strays from the left-hand Charleston jabs, but his melodic ideas are well thought out, and the whole track bears his stamp of gentle swing. A number that builds with quiet restraint is *1-2-3*. Holmes is provided with a solid rhythmic cushion, and he responds with some lively Latin funk plus a serpentine bass line.

For the longest cut in the album, Holmes chooses *Old Folks*. A poignant performance, it reveals a facet of the instrument that too many organists neglect today. —*Siders*

Charles McPherson

THE QUINTET/LIVE!—Prestige 7480: *The Viper; I Can't Get Started; Shaw 'Nuff; Here's That Rainy Day; Never Let Me Go; Suddenly.*

Personnel: Lonnie Hillyer, trumpet; McPherson, alto saxophone; Barry Harris, piano; Ray McKinney, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Harris was the mentor of a number of young Detroit musicians in the '50s, and McPherson, along with trumpeter Hillyer, was among them. Grounded in the harmonic, melodic, and rhythmic disciplines



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of bop, Harris made sure that his musicians understood the value of form.

The impact of his teaching is obvious in this album: McPherson and Hillyer basically show no tendency to tamper with the bop idiom.

This might sound as if these musicians are too rigid and controlled, that they place too much emphasis on such arbitrary values as metric unity, melodic lucidity, and other conventions that seem to have gone out the window in this decade. But this is not so.

McPherson is loose and limpid, and at times he is a totally exciting saxophonist. Hillyer is not on McPherson's level, but nowhere does he seem suffocated by the style itself.

McPherson has a warm, liquid sound, and a lazy way of coasting until he suddenly becomes inspired, and then his melody comes hurtling across the chord changes. His best efforts are on *Rainy Day*, *Started*, and *'Nuff*.

Harris is a master of the style, and he handles his solo and comping chores like one.

Hillyer is a fast thinker, but he has intonation problems.

Higgins has all kinds of things going, giving the others the best kind of support. He has great ability, he listens, and he makes everything he does subordinate to the group.

Viper, the shortest track, is a commercial blues that does not belong in the album.

Ira Gitler's notes are informative. Appropriately, these tracks were recorded at the Five Spot in New York by Jerry Newman, the gentleman responsible for the famed Minton sides from 1941.—*Erskine*

Oliver Nelson

SOUND PIECES—Impulse 9129; *Sound Piece for Jazz Orchestra*; *Flute Salad*; *The Lady from Girl Talk*; *The Shadow of Your Smile*; *Patterns*; *Elegy For a Duck*.

Personnel (Orchestra): John Audino, Bobby Bryant, Conte Candoli, Oliver Mitchell, Al Porcino, trumpets; Mike Barone, Richard Leith, Billy Byers, Dick Noel, Ernie Tack, trombones; Bill Hinshaw, Richard Perissi, French horns; Red Callender, tuba; Plas Johnson, Bill Green, Bill Perkins, Gabe Baltazar, Jack Nimitz, Nelson, reeds; Mike Melvojn, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Shelly Manne, drums; Nelson, leader. (Quartet): Nelson, soprano sax; Steve Kuhn, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Grady Tate, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This album has everything going for it: imagination (side one is devoted to an extra large band; side two is devoted to a quartet); musicianship (check the small print upstairs—these are giants from both coasts); honesty (these are more than **SOUND** pieces—these are **SOUND PIECES**); and finally, a rare duality in Nelson himself as writer and soloist (Nelson's soprano sax sparkles on both sides, and it is hoped that Nat Hentoff's notes come true: "the evident pleasure Oliver experienced in playing at length on this date dictates it will be a long time before he puts his horn away again.").

Sound Piece For Jazz Orchestra was given its West Coast debut two years ago by Stan Kenton's Neophonic Orchestra and was called, simply, *Piece for Orchestra*. Although Nelson disclaims any programmatic inspirations, the piece has a

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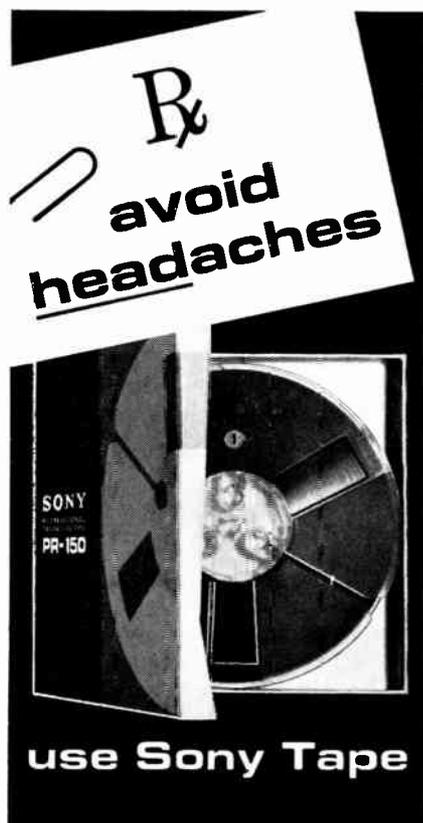
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Man from *UNCLE*-type slickness, changing meter and mood with deceptive ease, and always driving. It's an excellent score, played with swinging conviction. The cleverly named *Flute Salad* finds the reed section flauting an ambient theme around the well-sculptured muted comments of Candoli.

Girl Talk is Nelson at his humorous best, with the trombone theme simulating female lip flap, but in a very musical way. There is no attempt at direct imitation—just satire that cooks. And so do the solos: Melvoyn and Nelson, extending the 12-bar blues changes as far as is harmonically possible. Manne must be singled out for his contribution, too; the highly complex "interference" of cross-rhythms.

The concept of harmonic extension dominates the quartet side, and it is interesting to note that the intimacy of the chamber group is as gratifying as the excitement of the big band. It is as if, aurally, one can zoom in on a large, busy canvas and focus on one particular detail. The playing—more than that—the *response* of Carter, Kuhn, and Tate serves as a lesson in rapport.

When Nelson drops his soprano tones, Carter similarly "falls;" when Nelson gets involved in a flurry of near atonality, Kuhn delivers an Ives-like answer during his own solo. As for Tate, he punctuates the soloist's thoughts and fills gaps with remarkable taste. All the quartet tracks are outstanding, but the one that is most interestingly constructed is *Patterns*—a perpetual motion of sequential phrases in 3/4.

Many thanks to Bob Thiele for a thoughtful production, and especially for a format that does complete justice to the inquisitive talents of Oliver Nelson.

—Siders

Lou Rawls

TOO MUCH!—Capitol 2713: *Yes, It Hurts; It's an Uphill Climb to the Bottom; I Just Want to Make Love to You; You're Takin' My Bag; Then You Can Tell Me Goodbye; Dead End Street* (monologue and song); *Twelfth of Never; Righteous Woman* (monologue); *I Wanna Little Girl; Why Do I Love You So; I'll Take Time; You're Always on My Mind.*

Personnel: Freddie Hill, Tony Terran, trumpets; Teddy Edwards, Jim Horn, saxes; Barney Kessel, guitar; Gerald Wiggins, piano; James Bond, bass; Earl Palmer, drums; H. B. Barnum, arranger; Rawls, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Lou Rawls is one of the most successful paradoxes in the music business today: electrifying in person, one of the most moving blues singers on the scene; yet he chooses (or is weighed down by) incredibly poor material for his albums.

This collection perpetuates that tradition. Eight of the eleven songs aren't worth re-hearing. Furthermore, the two monologues that are included do not come off on record; they would be much more effective in club appearances. What's left are three tailor-made numbers for Rawls' all-purpose, blues-r&b-rock-and-roll phrasing: *Dead End Street; Twelfth of Never* and *I Wanna Little Girl.*

Perhaps the biggest letdown comes from Barnum's arrangements. They are as repetitive as the songs, and just as uninspired. More's the pity, since some of Hollywood's finest studio talent made the date.

—Siders

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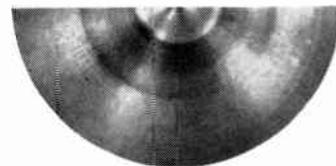
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MASEKELA/BLINDFOLD TEST

Hugh Masekela has been a resident of this country since September, 1960. Before that, he was in England briefly, studying under a scholarship at the Guildhall School of Music. His arrival in England seven years ago, at the age of 21, was an indirect consequence of the Sharpeville massacre, for after that brutal event, Apartheid was so powerfully reinforced that he was virtually unable to work. After applying for and gaining the London scholarship, he managed to secure a passport and fled his Johannesburg home.

In England he ran across singer Miriam Makeba, whom he had known since childhood. They were married and worked together in this country in 1964. The marriage broke up, but Masekela's American career soon found itself on a steady upgrade. Sponsorship by John Mehegan and Harry Belafonte had helped him further his studies.

His own quartet, formed later in '64, began to gain general popularity through his first LP for MGM, *The Americanization of Ooga Booga*. (The term "ooga-booga" is a put-on pseudo-African phrase which, he says, he learned from Tarzan.) Though inspired by modern jazzmen, he has gained increasing popularity of late in r&b and rock clubs.

—Leonard Feather

1. FREDDIE HUBBARD. *Backlash* (from *Backlash*, Atlantic). Hubbard, trumpet; Donald Pickett, composer.

I think that's a Mongo Santamaria record. That's the first one I've heard him do in a long time that I've enjoyed very much. I heard it the other day on the radio—I listen all the time to the rock stations and the jazz stations.

He was the first Latin cat to come out and take like the funky and the r&b scene, and get with the jazz scene, like all the things Horace Silver used to do—a lot of that back-beat sound. He's the first to go away from just being a Latin dance band.

The only difficulty is, you can tell he digs the music so much, but he can't find enough material that falls right into his groove. Every song he takes has to be adapted to his groove, and for this *Watermelon Man* was a natural. Now this song—I don't know who wrote it—it has the same kind of feeling.

The rating—I find it very difficult to score points on anything. I liked the trumpet player very much; I don't know who he is. Perhaps it's the same guy he had when I used to see the group at the Village Gate all the time. Out of five, I'd give it maybe three stars.

2. WES MONTGOMERY. *California Dreaming* (from *California Dreaming*, Verve). Montgomery, guitar; Don Sebesky, arranger.

That's Wes Montgomery. He's so beautiful, man. He's one of the people, I think, that has really taken jazz a step further. It's been 20 years since Bird was running, and for a long time it was almost tabu to go out of the context of that style. Wes was one of the first people to take things from all the other sources that are happening today, from the r&b scene, and really put them into a new setting.

He has always been one of my favorite guitar players, always reminded me a lot of Charlie Christian. He does amazing things; I used to go to the Half Note and listen to him all the time. On this recording, I wish he'd had a chance to play more, because it's such a pretty tune. He's surrounded by overproduction, which is a pity when a cat can play. They did the same thing with Jimmy Smith. I'd just like to put a big chord at the beginning, and a big chord at the end, and leave him free in between!

Because it's Wes I'll give it all the stars,

but not for the arrangement or the concept, which got in his way.

3. RANDY WESTON. *Caban Bamboo Highlife* (from *Highlife*, Colpix). Weston, piano, composer; Melba Liston, arranger.

I'd be lying if I said I knew who that was. I don't know if it's supposed to be a big-band recording, or something to highlight the piano player. Although it's a nice arrangement, it's almost the same kind of case as the last record. The piano player just didn't have a chance to breathe.

Sounds like it may be one of the groovy old-timers; maybe Earl (Fatha) Hines, but I'm not sure. But I dig that type of playing; Hines, Teddy Wilson . . . they opened up the box a lot. I used to listen to them when I was a kid; my father collected their records. Teddy, Fats Waller; even had some Jelly Roll.

I liked what he did; I wish he could have continued that idea. A statement was made, then it was cluttered up with a whole lot of things, and you can't really identify who's supposed to do what, or where the tune is supposed to go.

I'll give it two stars for the piano player—just for him alone.

4. ORNETTE COLEMAN. *The Empty Foxhole* (from *The Empty Foxhole*, Blue Note). Coleman, trumpet, composer; Charlie Haden, bass; Ornette Denardo Coleman, drums.

That's wild! Sounds like some of the younger New York musicians. The trumpet player was beautiful. Kind of like an avant-garde, new-type record, but it still has a direction. A lot of things that I've heard of this kind never seem like they're going anywhere. I loved the bass player. It was almost like a movie score; you can imagine a scene with somebody walking on the beach. . . .

A person who does a lot of things like that is a piano player from South Africa called Dollar Brand. I don't like to put labels on things, but it would be regarded as avant-garde.

I'll give this four stars. It's very scholastic music; I mean, the ordinary man on the street would say, what's that? But for a record collector, for someone who likes to dig different kinds of music, I love it. I liked the freedom of the drums, and the way the bass player was playing in 3/4. The trumpet, I don't know whether he



was doing it on purpose or not, but some of the notes he was fluffing. But still, the melody is so pretty.

5. LOU RAWLS. *You're Takin' My Bag* (from *Too Much!*, Capitol). Rawls, vocal; H. B. Barnum, arranger.

There's somebody I've been digging for a long time. He did a record years ago with Les McCann that I loved. Lou Rawls is a beautiful singer. He's such a funky cat. But here again, I didn't like the arrangement. My favorite thing of his is the Billie Holiday thing called *Strange Fruit*. I used to play it at my apartment in New York all day and all night.

Seemed like there was some indecision there, as if they decided to have an r&b scene with the drums really funky, but the brass and everything sounds Broadwayish, that New York-type arrangement. It's like without any consideration for the singer's talent. A lot of that stuff is just in his way. But I'll give it five, just for him. Give him some skin!

6. ART BLAKEY. *Buhaina Chant* (from *Orgy In Rhythm*, Blue Note). Herbie Mann, flute; Blakey, composer, drums; eight other percussionists; Sabu, vocal. Recorded 1957.

Phew! that's really out of sight! That's so beautiful! It started almost like a Middle Eastern thing, Arabic or Islamic; but in spots the singer's voice changes from the Middle Eastern or African quality, and it sounds like a trained singer's voice. It's kind of contradictory. But it's a beautiful job, and I loved the thing with the flute. It's all just as free as that other thing you played with the trumpet. Very new, very avant-garde.

The middle part goes into some kind of African drum fest in some jungle far away somewhere. It sounds like a drum suite that Max Roach probably would have put together. He's my favorite drummer; nobody is more consistent, to this day. I used to dig him when he and Clifford Brown had that group. Clifford was my everything. I used to memorize all of Clifford's solos, and Max' drum solos too! I did a "Sing Along With Brownie."

The whole form of the thing was not just a lot of drums but an idea. The contrast between the voice and the flute thing, when it goes into the drums. . . .

I'll give it five stars, and if it's Max Roach, I give it 12!

EB

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

(Continued from page 27)

Turning to purely musical considerations, McFarland's writing has the rock-flavored sound of "today" written all over it, but it's the best that rock has to offer. His voicings often cluster in Gil Evans

quote some of the sidemen who claimed it was impossible in places. There seemed to be none of the "anger" that is so fashionable today, but that did not make it any easier to distinguish what might be too far advanced from a gigantic put-on. Whatever Ornette's motivations, the piece lacked the one ingredient most necessary

regular time to double time, occasionally to triple time, and then back, creating a rhythmic pyramid.

Wayne Shorter played an outstanding solo on *All Blues*; Herbie Hancock comped intelligently and soloed with his usual classical phrasing and technique. Tony Williams buried his excellent technique (and sometimes the others) in a deafening fusillade. Buster Williams (no relation) proved to be the perfect replacement for bassist Ron Carter. Buster sounded as if he had always played with the quintet.

Another set long on technique and short on empathy featured Ornette Coleman's quartet.

There was visual symmetry—bassists Dave Izenzon and Charlie Haden, slightly behind, flanked the leader, with drummer-vibist Charles Moffett in the rear, completing the diamond.

Coleman played alto well, had much less to say on trumpet, and absolutely nothing to say to me on violin. Izenzon and Haden alternated the arco and pizzicato, with Izenzon's cello-range bowing particularly outstanding.

The rare beauty of unamplified guitar, plus the infectious pulsations of the bossa nova, turned Sete's hour-long set into a great crowd pleaser. Coming on the heels of Davis' hour-plus appearance, one became suspicious of the standing ovation that followed the *Black Orpheus* medley. Not to take anything away from Sete's relaxed genius, but somehow the reaction took on the urgency of a seventh-inning stretch.

A different type of "stretch" marked Gabor Szabo's group. The guitarist is now so completely under the spell of raga-oriented music that even *My Foolish Heart* was infused with sitarlike drone and bent tones. Another Eastern influence in the group—domestic eastern—was drummer Grady Tate. He pushed the group gently through *Witchcraft* and through *Coming Back*, with its delightful riff. But the most effective group effort was the Eastern lullaby, *Painted Black*.

Altoist John Handy unveiled a new group: vibist Bobby Hutcherson, pianist Nico Bunink, bassist Al Stinson, and drummer Doug Sides. The old fire was still there, especially on *Senor Yancey*. Handy can maintain a fever pitch longer than most instrumentalists, and he feeds on the rhythmic interplay that develops behind him. *Yancey* began at the maximum level of excitement and stayed there until exhaustion.

No exponent of white heat, but one who elicits the same kind of audience adulation is Bill Evans. He and his trio, especially bassist Eddie Gomez, put on a dazzling display of individual and collective virtuosity with *Who Can I Turn To?*; *Autumn Leaves*; and a transparent treatment of the ballad, *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*.

Smack dab in the middle, as far as idiom goes, were Stan Getz, with the band and with a quartet; and the Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet.

Getz sounded colorless against the big-band backing for two bossa novas but really sparkled when joined by valve-



TERRY and BROOKMEYER: A lesson in the blues.

fashion, and there's always a busy, usually a jaunty, guitar-heavy rhythmic foundation supporting them, with liberal stretch-out room for soloists.

Bygones and Boogie was an unabashed boogie woogie with excellent solos by Terry, Brookmeyer, and Brown; *Mountain Heir* became a showcase for Szabo, but not to be overlooked was the impressionistic introduction that featured Cooper's fine oboe playing. Sims paid tribute to his late friend Willie Dennis in *Willie*, an elegy that turned into a wild shouter. Perhaps the best shouting could be heard on *Milo's Other Samba* during a brief, free improvisatory passage for all the trumpets.

The least successful band effort was not McFarland's; it was Wayne Shorter's homage to Miles Davis, *Legend*, a moody, colorless composition built on descending figures with a bass lead, in a minor mode. A middle section in 3/4, powered by Tate, showed some excitement, but in the main, the work sounded like an introduction.

The most satisfying ensemble sounds (woodwinds and strings) were heard in conjunction with Bill Evans' trio: two McFarland numbers, *Reflections in the Park* and *Misplaced Cowpoke*. Both exuded a happy quietude with sounds that suggested an updated Alec Wilder. Both featured the beauty of Evans' cerebrations.

Incomprehensible was the orchestral piece (band plus strings) by Coleman, a 10-minute courtship with atonality called *Inventions of Symphonic Poems*.

To say it was conducted well by John Carter would be fitting in spite of the admission that the work was beyond understanding. It would be most generous to report that the score was fiendishly difficult; it would be closer to accuracy to

justify its inclusion at a jazz festival: the emotion of swing.

Such emotion was felt from the only other band there, that of Don Ellis. His show was highly charged excitement from beginning to end, with a Morse code effect cutting through *Upstart*, featuring Ira Shulman on clarinet, and Turkish rhythms and Indian ragas incorporated into *New Nine*.

Ellis' most effective offering was in *Let's Go to Sleep*, a lullaby in 5/8 that highlighted his "electro-phonetic trumpet." Its perfectly controlled echo lent a haunting quality to the dark, agitated lament.

The only vocalist on the program provided one of the most stimulating and rewarding experiences. To attempt *Guess Who I Saw Today* in anything but an intimate club is a tour de force that only Carmen McRae could pull off. She did it without losing one drop of irony.

Using Don Abney at the piano, with Johnny Keating conducting the festival band, Miss McRae went through a well-balanced set that included *Pardon Me*, *Here Comes That Rainy Day*, *The Lady Is a Tramp*, and, best of all, a slow, tantalizing, deliciously funky *Sweet Georgia Brown*. She also introduced a beautiful (at least in terms of melody) Keating original, *It's Not Going That Way*.

In the combo department, the same cross section existed. The biggest disappointment: Miles Davis.

With the exception of *Stella* by *Starlight*, his set was all expertise—no communication—and all intensity—no warmth. Maintaining his mystique of aloofness, Davis launched into numbers, played his solo, and disappeared until the out chorus. Tempos constantly shifted, going from

trombonist Brookmeyer for a third jazz samba. Getz' high point was reached in playing with a quartet (Dave Grusin, piano; Brown, bass; Tate, drums). His rendition of *What's New?* was breathtakingly beautiful, but Brown's melodic backing nearly stole the show.

Nothing could steal the show from the Terry-Brookmeyer group, backed by Brown and Tate with Jimmie Rowles on piano. It was a no-nonsense, straight-ahead-as-you-can-go lesson in the blues. There was a unison of great restraint between valve trombone and fluegelhorn, the usual humor squeezed out from plungers, and Terry's suggestive *Mumbles* vocalese. Before it was over, the tradition of the "new" began to pale.

Something else must have paled, too, in the outlook of producer Lyons, as well as UCLA's committee on fine arts productions, sponsors of the event.

A long indoor festival with little or no facilities for refreshments, and with little or no festive atmosphere, will not attract the paying public. Proof was strictly mathematical: with crowds of approximately 4,000, 5,000, and 2,500 for Friday through Sunday, respectively, the three-night total couldn't even fill the pavilion once.

—Harvey Siders

Gary Burton

The Trident, Sausalito, Calif.

Personnel: Burton, vibraharp; Larry Coryell, guitar; Steve Swallow, bass; Stu Martin, drums.

A new and extremely impressive quartet, led by a "new" Burton, made its West Coast debut with a month's engagement at this restaurant-night club that nestles on San Francisco Bay, across the Golden Gate from the metropolis.

Those who remembered the 24-year-old



BURTON: A continuous delight.

vibist from earlier visits to the San Francisco area (with the George Shearing and Stan Getz combos) could be excused if they had to look twice to make sure it was the same musician.

No longer does Burton's appearance call up the image of a cloistered student. Instead of the black suit, white shirt, and

bow tie, his tall, slender frame now is draped a la mod—his neatly trimmed hair with a conventional part has grown into a heavy hippie thatch, and the eyeglasses have been supplanted by contact lenses.

Musically, however, Burton remains his creative, distinctive self—the most innovative vibist in today's jazz. And visually, he does not stand out among his associates.

Coryell, who went from Seattle to New York a couple of years ago and got his start there playing with rock groups, sports hair even longer than Burton's. His dark suit was countered by a wild necktie.

Martin, recently returned from a lengthy European stay, has played with the Quincy Jones and Maynard Ferguson orchestras and Carmen McRae's combo. He was wearing a corduroy suit, turtleneck sweater, and a beard.

Swallow, at 28 the oldest member of the quartet, also was the most conventional in his dress: dark suit, white shirt, dark tie. His hair was cut very short, and he sports a luxuriant moustache.

This identification with the "new generation" reflected in the group's appearance—and it could well have an effect in widening its bookings—has a counterpart in its music. Though the quartet did not play rock music, it did utilize some of its elements.

This was evident chiefly in the exciting, rocking sound bursts that Coryell interspersed at appropriate moments: his occasional use of the old blues-style bottleneck vibrato (accomplished with a pocket watch for a bar) and a dollop of electronic feedback. The inclusion of a Bob Dylan tune (*I Want You*) on the night of this review was another tie.

So there is no misunderstanding, it should be emphasized that the quartet is a jazz group.

Most of its material was composed by Burton or Swallow. Additionally, it plays numbers by John Coltrane, Duke Ellington, and Antonio Carlos Jobim; funky blues; and such tested ballads as *My Funny Valentine* and *A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square*.

Burton's playing was a continuous delight, whether it was on a driving, up-tempo tune, or a solo in which his four mallets furnished his own bass line and chords. His technique, which goes beyond his use of two, three, or four mallets, was something to marvel at.

Coryell must have big ears and an active mind. His stylings reach from Eddie Lang and down-home blues men to Wes Montgomery, and his playing was creative and discerning.

Swallow was always there, whether it be rhythm, harmony, melody, or abstractions. His bowing behind Burton and his duets with Coryell were notable. Martin played time, supplied firm propulsion, interjected tasteful fills, and did not overwhelm his associates.

As a whole, the group, which played its first job in February (at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike near Boston) showed occasional instances of looseness, but on balance was one of the most stimulating and rewarding to appear in this area in many a month.

—Russ Wilson

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WESTON

(Continued from page 17)

cerned—what could they possibly do or achieve that could be of interest to Americans?

The men in the band were perfectly capable of making their own contacts to hear local music and meet local people, even if there wasn't official co-operation in any given city, so these attitudes didn't substantially interfere with what was really happening on the tour.

The other main problem was the tiny electric piano that Weston had to use whenever there was no regular piano available. This instrument (in this case a euphemism for "toy") was totally unsuitable for a pianist-leader, or for any pianist who plays with strength or who wants to express ideas. At times, it sounded like a grossly overamplified guitar, at others like the cheapest electric organ, and it could never be gotten into proper balance with the other instruments. Not only did it sound dreadful, but it looked absurd when Weston—all 6 feet 7 inches of him—sat down at it.

But Weston knew he'd have to play this toy occasionally, and did so, with little complaint. The problem came about because of another of these old sayings, akin to the one that holds that African audiences can't appreciate modern jazz, this one being that "there are no pianos in West Africa."

We had some rough moments when it

turned out there were pianos in a couple of cities, but that no one had made the effort to locate them or make them available to us until it was too late.

But what really counted was the music the band played, the music and dances of the Africans, the African people themselves, the beautiful interaction between band and audiences, the experience of just being there.

We were all wide-eyed and enthusiastic and interested (even—or maybe especially—those who had been to Africa before: Chief Bey, who had toured some of the countries we visited with dancer Pearl Primus and with the State Department *Porgy and Bess* troupe in the '50s; and Weston, who had been twice to Nigeria, in 1961 and 1963), in spite of the derogative opinions of various places we heard occasionally.

"What in the world can anybody do in Niamey for a whole week? You'll be bored to death after 24 hours," our escort would wail. Well, we found plenty to do in Niamey—and Yaounde, and Accra, and Libreville, and Freetown, and Monrovia—and always felt we had to leave too soon.

The tour started with two rousing concerts in Dakar, Senegal. The band members attended a rehearsal of the Senegalese Ballet Troupe—a remarkable outfit. Then we went to Bamako, Mali, which, though officially very anti-Western, received the sextet warmly and provided an enthusiastic overflow audience for a "History of Jazz"

concert presented in a huge East German-built field house.

The narration was laboriously translated into French, after Weston gave it in English, a problem that was solved when a French translation was provided at our next stop and was thereafter given by French-speaking African narrators in the other French-speaking countries we visited. Speaking of French, Weston worked out his own French introductions to the numbers in the other concert, which added another personal dimension.

In Bobo-Dioulasso, Upper Volta, the sextet performed two outdoor concerts for audiences who had not only never heard American jazz but had never heard any kind of "live" entertainment other than their own tribal music—and although they tended to be quiet and curious, they were also receptive and responsive.

In Niamey, Niger, the sextet did one open-air concert in a delightful combination zoo and museum that included replicas of local tribal villages. The band's dressing room was an entire full-scale Hausa village—you don't get that at Philharmonic Hall. Also in Niamey, they played opposite a young local group (which did Latin-style numbers) for a teen-age dance, and proved that Africans will dance to jazz, especially the blues.

Accra, Ghana, the next stop, was a mixture of heaven and hell. The hell was having to appear nearly every night at the U.S. Pavilion of the Ghana International Trade Fair under unbelievably bad

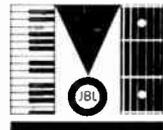


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conditions (the mayor's front porch in Mouila looked like Carnegie Hall in comparison), but still managing to reach the huge audiences that patiently put up with the lousy acoustics and the bad design of the place, which makes it impossible to see the stage after the first two rows.

The heaven was performing in a concert that was part of the Ghana Festival of the Arts to an incredibly receptive audience, and at the University of Ghana, and getting to hear and tape local tribal music and seeing—both in rehearsal and actual performance—music and dance students from the university doing stylized but authentic adaptations of indigenous tribal music and dance.

In Yaounde, Cameroon, the band performed with a local dance troupe—Les Ballets Bantous—much to the delight of both audience and performers, at two concerts, and also performed at Edea, Douala, and Buea. They were all beautiful places, but the snafus at Douala got beyond the funny stage after a while. It was one of those rare places where we felt the local Americans would just as soon never have set eyes on us. But the main concentration of Americans in Cameroon is in Yaounde, the capital, and there the U.S. co-operation was excellent.

Gabon was one of the high spots of the tour. The U.S. Ambassador there, David M. Bane, is an outstandingly far-sighted and perceptive man, and his entire staff reflects his outlook. The band performed not only in Libreville, the capital, but, as already mentioned, in Bitam, Franceville and Mouila in the interior. In Bitam the sextet heard, and at their regular concert that evening, performed with a local group of young drummers and balafon (a xylophone-type instrument) players, and everyone had a ball. Near Libreville, we witnessed and taped one of the most fascinating religious ceremonies anyone could see or hear, combining Roman Catholic and tribal ritual, music, and movement.

In Liberia—the only U.S.-oriented country on the tour (it was founded by freed American slaves in the 19th century)—the sextet performed at Cottington College “up country” and four times in Monrovia, the capital, to warm audiences, including one composed of President Tubman and other government dignitaries. A description of that concert would be a story in itself, as would one of the city of Monrovia, a soulful combination of America and Africa that evoked varying opinions and emotions on our part.

Freetown, Sierra Leone, was another swinging city—and country (we got up country a hundred miles or so to Njala College for a memorable performance)—and, in spite of the fact that this was the site of our biggest “piano trauma,” the band made some good friends.

We also saw a special performance by the Sierra Leone Dance Troupe that was—literally—too good to be true. The troupe performed at the New York World's Fair to rave reviews, but they were even better on home ground.

Then to Abidjan, Ivory Coast, for two days, where the band gave one concert

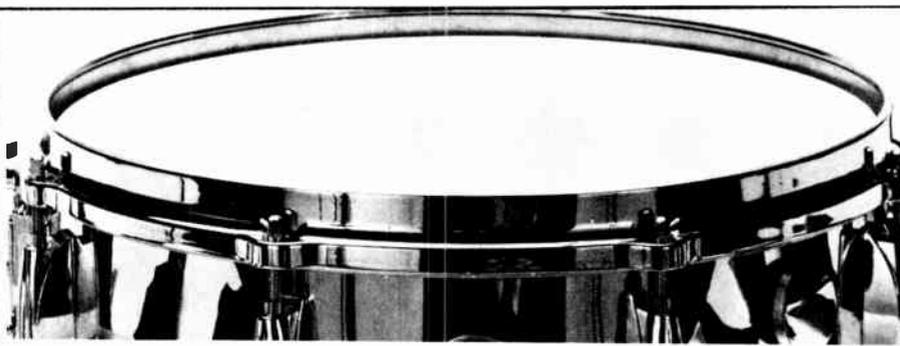
at the ultra-posh Hotel Ivoire. The luxurious surroundings did nothing to dampen the soulful enthusiasm of the crowd. After Abidjan, we left West Africa for our one Middle Eastern stop—Beirut, Lebanon, and two of the most warmly received concerts any group could ever hope to perform.

Then on to Cairo and Alexandria for three concerts marred only by a lack of understanding on the part of some of the local U.S. personnel in both cities, who for some reason—among a few other problems—didn't want the band to play *African Cookbook* and were quite upset by the number. But the band played it anyway, and—as usual—it was the hit of all three concerts as far as the audiences

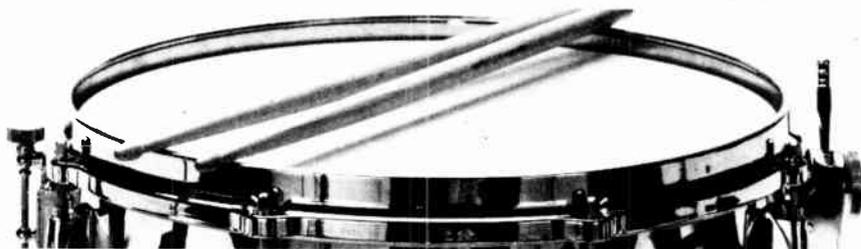
were concerned.

The wind-up of the tour was a much-too-rushed eight-day, two-country, six-city tour (via plane, car, and train) to Algiers, Constantine, and Oran in Algeria; and Casablanca, Marrakech, and Rabat in Morocco. Perhaps Morocco was the most enthusiastic country of all.

A million scenes crowd in—voices, faces, music, rhythms, food, beauty—and, of course, some pettiness, misunderstanding, and inconvenience, too. But best remembered are the vibrancy and the beauty, which the band absorbed and—even if in a small way—enhanced by its presence. The State Department can't be all bad if it was responsible for an experience like *that!* 



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GRETSCH

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(Continued from page 14)

and flute, joined the band here. **Edgar Willis**, one of the two remaining members of the original band formed 10 years ago (baritonist **Leroy Cooper** is the other), has shifted from stand-up bass to amplified bass . . . The **Four Freshmen** and trumpeter **Jack Sheldon's** 10-piece band from Las Vegas, Nev., were the two most recent bookings at the Gold Nugget in Oakland . . . Vocalist **Al Hibbler** played a weekend at the Showcase in Oakland . . . Pianist **Vince Guaraldi's** trio played a doubleheader concert at the University of California at Berkeley. Several days later, the **Ornette Coleman Quartet**,

with **Charlie Haden** on second bass behind **David Izenzon**, played a Sunday afternoon concert on the campus, the concluding event of the spring quarter for Jazz '67, the student-sponsored program that began in January and will be resumed in the fall. **Coleman's** group played in San Francisco the next week in a program that included a light show.

London: May 29 saw a return visit to **Ronnie Scott's** for tenorist **Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis** and singer-pianist **Blossom Dearie**. They did a four-week stint at the club and were followed by multi-instrumentalist **Yusef Lateef** who will be at the club from July 10 . . . During his recent British tour, trumpeter **Buck Clayton** was

hospitalized with a broken blood vessel in his nose, but after a few days he discharged himself and left for a series of dates in Switzerland . . . Pianist **Teddy Wilson**, whose UK tour began June 2 at Osterley, broke new television ground for jazzmen with an appearance on the highly rated *Simon Dee Show* on BBC-TV. During his stay Wilson played two concerts at London's newly opened Purcell Room. He was accompanied on all dates by a combo led by clarinetist **Dave Shepherd** . . . The recent tour by **Count Basie** and **Tony Bennett** sold out at all concerts, so an extra two concerts were set. The Basie band also sold out London's 4,000 seat Royal Albert Hall, sharing the bill with the jazz-slanted popular singer **Georgie Fame** . . . During his recent, highly successful visit with the sextet led by trombonist **Tony Milliner** and flugel-hornist **Alan Littlejohn**, trumpeter **Bill Coleman** recorded an album in company with fellow expatriate **Ben Webster**. Both appeared for the one-night Birmingham Jazz Festival May 29, at which other participants included clarinetists **Albert Nicholas**, **Acker Bilk**, and **Monty Sunshine**, trumpeter **Ken Colyer**, and **Johnny Patrick's** big band . . . Altoist **Earle Warren**, who toured here with the Jazz from a Swinging Era package and subbed for **Marshall Royal** in the Basie reed section, has signed contracts for a solo return trek in October. He will be accompanied by the Milliner-Littlejohn combo . . . **Erroll Garner** made a short visit to London for an appearance on *Sunday Night at the London Palladium* television show in May. With him were bongoist **Jose Manuel**, bassist **Ron Markowitz**, and drummer **Walter Perkins** . . . Reed man **Leo Wright** played four nights at Manchester's Club 43 in May. His trumpet-playing associate, **Carmell Jones**, also played the club in early June.

Paris: After two weeks at the Montmartre in Copenhagen, where he played with pianist **Kenny Drew**, bassist **Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen**, and drummer **Al Heath**, and two weeks in Helsinki where he opened a new jazz club playing with a local rhythm section, tenor saxophonist **Johnny Griffin** returned to Paris to play a concert at the Maison de la Radio with **Max Roach**, **Abbey Lincoln**, pianist **Manrice Vander**, and bassist **Gilbert Rovere** . . . **Pony Poindexter** played a season at the Blue Note with bassist **Benoit Charvet** and drummer **Franco Manzecchi** before going off to open a jazz club in Ibiza, Spain, where he now lives . . . **Don Cherry** was featured in a concert with pianist **Ran Blake** and singer **Jeanne Lee** at the Maison de la Radio . . . **Count Basie's** band played two concerts at the Salle Pleyel in May and returned June 3 to accompany **Tony Bennett** . . . The new **Erroll Garner Quartet**, featuring bassist **Ron Markowitz**, bongoist **Jose Manuel**, and drummer **Walter Perkins**, made its European concert debut at the Salle Pleyel May 25 . . . A concert at the Palais des Sport, Nanterre, in May featured tenor saxophonist **Dexter Gordon**, backed by **Sir Charles Thompson**,

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piano; Jack Sewing, bass; and Rene Nan, drums. Also appearing were blues singer-pianist Memphis Slim, pianist Martial Solal's trio, and the Dixieland group Les Haricots Rouges . . . Charles De-launay of Vogue records has finally completed negotiations to release an historic album featuring the late Django Reinhardt playing with the Duke Ellington Orchestra at a Chicago concert in November 1946. The album is scheduled to be released in the United States on Reprise.

Norway: The Kongsberg Jazz Festival is taking place June 29-July 2. Those scheduled to appear include multi-instrumentalist Roland Kirk, pianist Lonnie Smith, and trumpeter Carmell Jones. Others taking part are pianist Niels Bronstead, bassist Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, drummer Alex Riel, and vocalist Karin Krog . . . The Molde Jazz Festival, Aug. 2-6, has scheduled the Kenny Drew Trio, trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, tenorist Archie Shepp, trombonist J.J. Johnson, and blues singer Memphis Slim, among others . . . Singer Jeanne Lee and pianist Ran Blake were in Oslo for two weeks, appearing at the Down Town Club and Club 7 and also doing some television work . . . The quartet of reed man Charles Lloyd was scheduled to appear at the Bergen Music Festival in June. It was the first time a jazz group was invited to play . . . George Russell is planning to give a concert in Oslo Aug. 31 with his big band. He is also composing ballet music for *Othello* at the request of Norwegian television network.

Boston: Trombonist Phil Wilson and reed man Lenny Hochman, along with bassist George Moyer and drummer Tony Sarni, presented a concert of sacred music at the Chapel at Phillips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire . . . Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike featured the Salt City Six and its Dixieland sounds for a week, followed by blues singer Jimmy Rushing, with Junior Mance, piano; Bob Cunningham, bass; and Alan Dawson, drums. Currently at the club is guitarist Wes Montgomery, whose engagement ends July 2. Following him are singer Joe Williams, July 3-9, and Wilbur DeParis, July 10-16 . . . Blues singer Jimmy Witherspoon, backed by the group of vibist Freddie McCoy, did a week at the Jazz Workshop. Multi-instrumentalist Roland Kirk brought his electric sounds to the Workshop for the next week . . . The vocal duo of Chiles and Pettiford did three weeks at Paul's Mall, backed by Larry DiNatalie on drums . . . Tenorist Dave (Fathead) Newman, with pianist Paul Neves, bassist Larry Richardson, and drummer Peter Donald, were featured for a week at Connolly's . . . Mamie Lee and the Swingmen did a weekend at the Kings and Queens in Providence, R.I., followed by drummer Roy Haynes and his trio . . . Guitarist Don A'Lessi and his group continue at the Elliott Lounge . . . The local television program, *Jazz*, featured Jimmy Witherspoon and Freddie McCoy and a band made up of students from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, under the direction of Herb Pomeroy.

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Denver: Woody Herman and his Herd played a concert and dance at the Baja May 21. . . . Trumpeter Carl (Doc) Severinsen appeared with the University of Colorado Symphony Band in Boulder recently. . . . Clarinetist Peanuts Hucko opened a new club in Denver on June 2 called Peanuts Hucko's Navarre. He will perform regularly backed by a permanent trio and vocalist Louise Tobin, former wife of bandleader Harry James. . . . Guitarist Johnny Smith continues to play Saturday nights at Shaner's After Dark along with the Neil Bridge Trio.

Baltimore: Tenor saxophonist Clifford Jordan played a recent weekend at Henry Baker's Peyton Place, accompanied by a local rhythm section composed of pianist Yusef Salim, bassist Phil Harris, and drummer Purnell Rice. Washington, D.C., trumpeter Eddie Henderson's quintet followed Jordan. Jordan's group lost its first Baltimore home when Martick's, a club frequented by artists and friendly to jazzmen for 35 years, recently closed. . . . For its last two concerts in May, the Left Bank Jazz Society brought in altoist Jackie McLean, with pianist Lamont Johnson, bassist Scottie Holt, and drummer Billy Higgins, followed by the big band of Frank Foster, which included trombonist Benny Green, trumpeters Blue Mitchell and Tommy Turrentine, Baltimore pianist Al Dailey, tubaist Major Holley, and drummer Elvin Jones. . . . Singer Aretha Franklin was booked for a one-nighter June 18 at the Civic Center.

New Orleans: Trumpeter Frank Asunto and his Dukes of Dixieland completed two weeks at the Al Hirt Club. A blues-oriented group, the Seven Souls, was also a recent feature at the Hirt club. . . . Other Dixie groups on Bourbon St. included trumpeter Roy Liberto's Bourbon Street Six and trombonist Santo Pecora and his Tailgate Ramblers alternating at the Famous Door. . . . Pianist Joe Burton's trio appeared in concert at Tulane University. Drummer Sam Cohen has rejoined the trio. . . . Blues singer Irma Thomas was to open this month for two weeks at the International Room. . . . The Bistro is continuing its jazz policy. The Pibe Hine Trio from Costa Rica includes the leader on piano, bassist Rod Saenz, and drummer Diek Taylor. . . . The New Orleans Jazz Club presented a session at the Roosevelt with the Orleansians, Frank Federico's group, Percy Humphrey's Traditional Jazz Band; the Swinging Shepherd's Trio, and the Olympia Marching Band. . . . Joe Herbert's St. Aloysius Stage Band won in its class at the Tristate Music Festival in Enid, Okla.

Dallas: The Juevy Gomez Trio left the Villager after a 19-month stay and went to Mr. Lucky's. The Paul Guerrero Trio left the Fink Mink for the Villager, and the month of May saw the opening of two new jazz clubs. . . . There was a minor jazz festival with all local talent at the Ameri-

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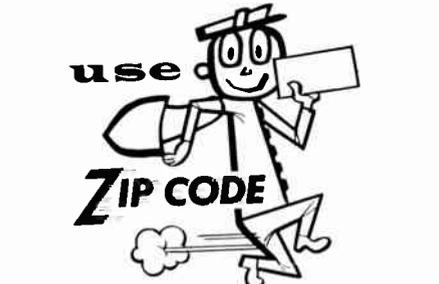
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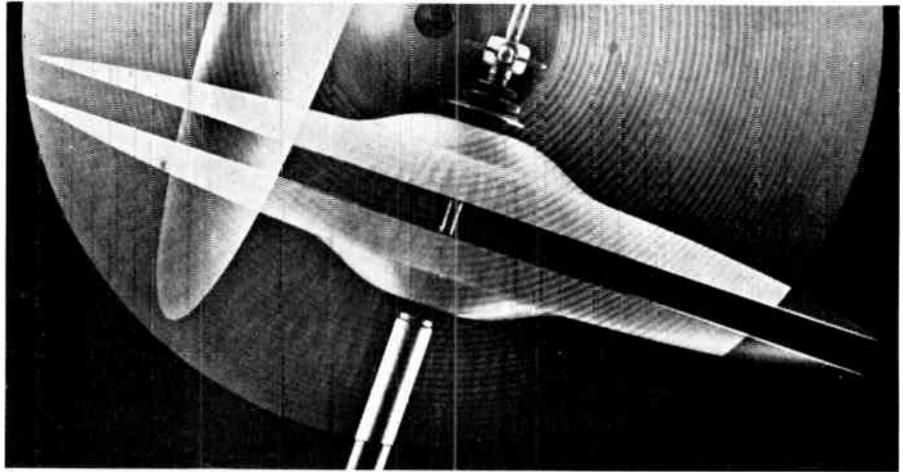
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can Woodmen Hall on Memorial Day. It was broadcast live on KCLE-FM. The set included the **Jazz Workers**, a group based in Ft. Worth. The members are trumpeter **Willie T. Albert**, tenorist **Marshall Ivery**, pianist **Thomas Reese**, drummer **Robert Stewart**, and congaist **A. D. Washington**. Also at the session was Dallas singer **Betty Green**, the **Roosevelt Waddel Trio**, with **Walter Wynne** on drums, and pianist **Claude Johnson's** trio, with reed man **James Clay** and drummer **William Richardson**. Disc jockey **Buddy Lowe** emceed the show . . . **KMAP-FM** is loosing its popular night-time jazz deejay, **Mike Baldwin**, to a station in Tyler . . . Reed man **Sonny Stitt's** trio was scheduled for a gig at the Lark beginning June 28.

Seattle: A new jazz club, the Checkmate, was scheduled to open late in June at 23rd St. near Union St., with organist **Mike Mandel** and singer-whistler **Woody Woodhouse** . . . Promoter **Bill Owens** is bringing comedian **Moms Mabley** and blues singer **Bo Diddley** to the Seattle Opera House July 3 . . . The expanding light show and rock-band scene here is drawing crowds of up to 8,000, and a modern jazz group was included in a recent performance. **The Extemporaneous**, a group consisting of trumpeter **Ron Soderstrom**, fluegelhornist **Jay Thomas**, tenorist **Jordan Ruwe**, bassist **Dave Press**, and drummer **Steve Haas** worked at the Eagles Hall with the **Union Light Co.**, the **Crome Syrcus**, and the **Magic Fern** . . . The Penthouse featured guitarist **Gabor Szabo's** new quintet late in May with **Jimmy Stewart**, second guitar; **Louis Kabok**, bass; **Hal Gordon**, congas; and **Chuck Ciscitano**, drums. Following Szabo at the Penthouse was vibist-percussionist **Cal Tjader**, then altoist **Cannonball Adderley**. Tenorist **Sonny Rollins** is featured to July 8, followed by organist **Richard (Groove) Holmes** . . . Seattle Jazz Society concert events continue monthly with local groups; the **Northwest Jazz Quintet** played an outdoor SJS concert May 28 at a retirement home grounds on Bitter Lake . . . Jazz at the Philharmonic, scheduled for June 25 at Seattle Center, cancelled out.

Toronto: The Toronto Symphony Orchestra, under conductor **Seiji Ozawa**, will feature a series called Jazz at the Symphony next season. Guest artists include **Lionel Hampton**, **Phil Nimmons**, **Stan Getz**, the **Modern Jazz Quartet**, **Nancy Wilson**, and **Benny Goodman** . . . Singer **Joe Williams**, who usually appears at the Town, went into the Colonial for a two-week engagement with the **Harold Mabern Trio**. The same night the Town switched to rhythm-and-blues with **Jon Bartell** and the **Soulmasters** . . . Tenor saxophonist **Benny Winestone**, back in the city after 10 years in Montreal, has joined **Jimmy Coxson's** band at the King Edward Hotel . . . RCA Victor has released **Jim McHarg's Canadian Talent Library** album, usually reserved for broadcast only. Bassist **McHarg** now leads a new band comprised entirely of Scottish-born musicians.



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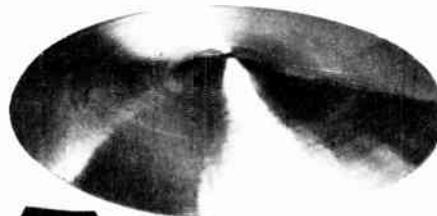
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NEW YORK

Ali Baba: Louis Metcalf.
Apartment: Al Haig.
Basie's: Harold Ousley, Sun.-Mon.
Bear Mountain Inn (Peekskill): Vince Corozine, Fri.
Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon.
Brown's (Loch Sheldrake): Fred Bevan to 8/10.
Charlie's: Lee Shaw, Thur.-Mon. Sessions, Mon.
Cloud Room (East Elmhurst): Johnny Fontana, Pat Rebillot, Bucky Calabrese.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Cotton Club (Paterson, N.J.): Hank White, wknds. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gamba, hb. Sessions, Sun.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sat.
Eddie Condon's: Bob Wilber, Yank Lawson.
El Carib (Brooklyn): Johnny Fontana.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six, Ed Hubble.
Five Spot: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun. afternoon, Mon.
Forest Hills Inn (Forest Hills): Sonny Oliver.
Garden Dis-Cafe: Eddie Wilcox, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry, wknds.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano, Ray Nance.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.
Jazz at the Office (Freeport, N.Y.): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.
Kenny's Pub: Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Thur.-Fri.
Kutsher's (Monticello): Otto-McLawler Trio.
Le Intrigue (Newark, N.J.): Jazz 'n' Breakfast, Sun.
Leone's (Port Washington): Dennis Connors, Tony Bella.
Little Club: Johnny Morris.
Marino's Boat Club (Brooklyn): Michael Grant, Vernon Jeffries, Boh Kay, wknds.
Mark Twain Riverboat: unk.
Metropole: unk.
Miss Lacey's: Cecil Young.
007: Mickey Dean, Walter Perkins.
Off Shore (Point Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.
Open End: Scott Murray, Wolf Knittel, Ted Kotick, Paul Motian.
Peter's (Staten Island): Donald Hahn, Fri.
Piedmont Inn (Scarsdale): Sal Salvador.
Playboy Club: Walter Norris, Earl May, Nat Jones, Art Weiss.
Pitt's Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Leon Eason.
Pookie's Pub: Charles Mingus.
Jimmy Ryan's: Don Coates, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown.
Slug's: Blue Mitchell to 7/2. Jackie McLean, 7/4-9. Archie Shepp, 7/11-16. Art Farmer, 7/18-23.
Sulky (Roosevelt Raceway): Dick Norell, Hap Gormley, Mon.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
Tamburlaine: Al Haig, Phil Leshin, Jim Kappes.
Bill Rubenstein, Hal Gaylor, Dottie Dodgion, Mon. Jazz at noon, Mon.
Toast: Scott Reid.
Tomahawk Room (Roslyn): Ray Alexander, Mon.
Top of the Gate: Willie (The Lion) Smith.
Traver's Cellar Club (Queens): Sessions, Mon.
Villa Pace (Smithtown, N.Y.): Johnny Jay, wknds.
Village Gate: Miles Davis, Morgana King, 7/4-16. Dizzy Gillespie, 7/4-30. Modern Jazz Quartet, 7/18-30.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon. Les McCann, 7/5-17.
White Plains Hotel: Herman Autrey, Red Richards, wknds.
Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

BOSTON

Chez Freddie's: Maggie Scott-Eddie Stone.
Connolly's: Paul Neves.
Driftwood: Jefftones.
Eliot Lounge: Don A'Lessi.
El Toro: Al Vega.
Estelle's: name groups weekly.
Jazz Workshop: Ray Bryant, 7/10-16. George Benson, 7/17-23.
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: Wes Montgomery to 7/2. Joe Williams, 7/3-9. Wilbur DeParis, 7/10-16.
Mariklor: Jay Conte.
Village Green: Dick Creedon.

TORONTO

Cava-Bob: Brian Browne.
Colonial: Buck Clayton, 7/17-29.
Gaslight: Norm Amadio.
George's: Moe Koffman, Art Ayre.
Park Plaza: Jim McHarg to 7-22.

PHILADELPHIA

Aqua Lounge: name groups.
Barn Arts Center (Riverside, N.J.): Carmen McRae, 7/9.
Cadillac: name groups.
Club 50 (Trenton): Johnny Coates Jr.-Johnny Ellis.
Hansen's (Morrisville): sessions, Tue., Thur.
Jolly Roger (Pennel): Tony DeNicola-Count Lewis.
Lanzi's (Trenton): Tony Inverso-Jack Caldwell.
Musicians' Club: sessions, Sun.
Pilgrim Gardens: Good Time 6.
Postal Card: Muhammad Habeebullah.
Show Boat: Mose Allison to 7/1.
Tremont (Trenton): Dick Braytenbah.

BALTIMORE

Bluesette: Ted Hawk, Fri., Sat
Buck's Bar: Bill Byrd.
Famous Ballroom (Left Bank Jazz Society): name groups, Sun.
Kozy Korner: Mickey Fields, Wed.-Sun.
Lenny Moore's: Greg Hatz, wknds.
Peyton Place: Eddie Henderson.
Playboy: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells.
Red Fox: Dolores Lynn.

CHICAGO

Amphitheater: Frank Sinatra, Buddy Rich, 7/10-11.
Baroque: Judy Roberts, Fri.-Sat.
Celebrity Club: name jazz weekly.
First Quarter: John Klemmer, Sun. afternoon.
Havana-Madrid: Bunky Green, wknds.
Hungry Eye: Three Souls, Mon.-Wed.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
Landon House: John D'Andrea & The Young Gyants to 7/10. Eldee Young & Red Holt, 7/11-30. Clark Terry & Bob Brookmeyer, 8/1-13. Stan Getz, 8/15-7/3.
Nite-n-gale (Highwood): Ted Ashford, Fri.-Sat.
Office: Joe Daley, Mon.
Old Town Gate: Norm Murphy, Tue.-Sat. Jack Brown, Mon.
Panda: Gene Esposito, Tue.-Sat. Larry Novak, Sun.-Mon.
Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ron Elliston, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: unk.
Pumpkin Room: Dave Shipp, wknds. Joe Boyce, Tue.
Ravinia (Highland Park): Louis Armstrong: 6/30. Pete Fountain, 7/12, 14. Duke Ellington, 7/19, 21. Ramsey Lewis, 7/26, 28. Woody Herman, 8/11.
Robin's Nest: The Organizers, wknds.
Stan's Pad: Jimmy Ellis, hb.
Web: Tommy Ponce-Judy Roberts, Mon.-Tue.
White Elephant: Jazz Prophets, Tue.
Yellow Unicorn: Eddie Harris-Dave Catherwood, Tue.

NEW ORLEANS

Bistro: Pibe Hine.
Cellar Club: George Demme.
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Roy Liberto.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry.
Goliwog: Armand Hug.
Hollie's: George Davis, afterhours, wknds.
Joe Burton's: Joe Burton.
Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
Living Room: Gallagher Trio, wknds.
Nite-Cap Club: Willie Tee.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelsson.
Paddock Lounge: Ernest Holland, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Ellis Marsalis, Phil Reudy.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Red Garter Annex: George Lewis, Sun., afternoon.
Sho-Bar: Don Suhor.
Speakeasy: Gallagher Trio, wknds.
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.
Top of the Mart: Paul Guma.
Your Father's Moustache: Jim Liscombe, Sun.

ST. LOUIS

Al Baker's: Jim Baldwin, Mon.-Thur. Gale Belle, wknds.
Brave Bull: The Marksmen.
Fats States Lounge: Freddy Washington. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
HiHo: The Tempos.
King Brothers: Eddie Johnson.
London House East: David Hines, wknds.
Mainlander: Marion Miller.
Marty's: Sal Ferrante.
Montmartre: Herb Drury, Thur.-Sat.
Mr. C's LaCachette: Upstream Jazz Quartet.
Mon.-Wed. Quartette Tres Bien, Fri.-Sat.
Mr. Ford's: Allan Merriweather, hb.
Muggsy's In Between: Muggsy Sprecher, hb.
Opera House: Singleton Palmer, hb.
Playboy Club: Jerry Doyle, Jazz Salerno, hb.
Renaissance Room: Gordon Lawrence.
River Queen: Jim Becker, Jeanne Trevor.
Silver Dollar: Dixie Jesters.
Top of the Tower: Tony Connors, Bunky Parker.
Upstream Lounge: Upstream Jazz Quartet, wknds.

LOS ANGELES

Aladdin: Maurice Miller.
Beverly Rodeo Hotel (Beverly Hills): Frankie Tamm.
Bonesville: Don Ellis, Mon.
Brass Ring (Sherman Oaks): jazz, nightly.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup.
Club Casbah: Sam Fletcher, Dolo Coker.
Dino's Lodge: Bill Marx, hb.
Dixie Junction (Orange): Walt Ventre.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Pete Jolly, 6/29-7/1. Guitar Night, Mon. Mike Barone, Wed.
Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Sonny Helmer.
Hollywood Bowl: Jazz at the Philharmonic, 7/1.
Carmen McRae, Stan Getz, Wes Montgomery, Michel Legrand, 7/22.
La Duce (Inglewood): jazz, nightly.
Lemon Twist: Jack Costanzo.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Mose Allison to 7/9. Cannonball Adderley, 7/11-25. Charlie Byrd, 7/26-8/6.
Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Marty's (Baldwin Hills): Gerald Wilson to 6/29. Bola Sete, 6/30-7/9.
Melody Room: Bobby Short.
Memory Lane: jazz, nightly.
Olympian: Eddie Cano, Fri.
Outrigger Room (Van Nuys): Matt & Ginny Dennis.
Parisian Room: Ralph Green, Kenny Dixon. Tyrone Parsons, Mon.
Pied Piper: Jessie Davis, Ike Isaacs.
P.J.'s: Eddie Cano.
Playboy Club: Gene Palumbo, Bob Corwin, hbs.
Prime Rib (Newport Beach): Jan Deneau.
Reuben's (Newport Beach): Edgar Hayes, Fri.-Sat. Whittier: Tue.-Thur.
Reuben E. Lee (Newport Beach): Edgar Hayes, Sun.
Rubaiyat Room: jazz, wknds.
Ruddy Duck (Sherman Oaks): Stan Worth.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Three Sounds to 7/9. Stan Kenton, 7/11-23. Kenny Burrell, 7/25-8/6.
Sherry's: Mike Melvoin.
Smokehouse (Encino): Bobbie Boyle.
Swing (Studio City): Ray Johnson, Wed., Fri., Sun.
Tiki Island: Charles Kynard.
Tropicana: Jack McDuff to 7/10.
Ward's Jazzville (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Wit's End (Studio City): Joe Rotondi, Ted Hammond, Sessions, Sun.
Ye Little Club (Beverly Hills): Bruz Freeman, hb.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Charlie Byrd, Jackie & Roy, to 7/2. Ramsey Lewis, 7/3-9. Joe Williams, Wes Montgomery, 7/11-16.
Bop City: Benny Wilson, hb.
Both/And: unk.
C'est Bon: Vernon Alley, Chris Ibanez.
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.
El Matador: Mose Allison to 7/14. Kenny Burrell, 7/17-22. Barney Kessel, 7/24-8/5. Cal Tjader, 8/7-9/2.
Half Note: George Duke.
Holiday Inn (Oakland): George Fletcher, wknds.
Hungry i: Clyde Pound, hb.
Jazz Workshop: Cannonball Adderley to 7/9.
Just Fred's: Hampton Hawes.
Nob Hill Room (Mark Hopkins Hotel): Steve Atkins.
New Orleans Room (Fairmont Hotel): Jean Hoffman.
Pier 23: Bill Erickson, wknds.
Playboy Club: Al Plank, hb.
Trident Club (Sausalito): Kenny Burrell to 7/16. Bola Sete, 7/18-8/27. Teddy Wilson, 8/29-9/17.
University Hideaway: George Walker, Fri.-Sat.
Villa Roma: Len Jesinger, Lynne Long.

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