

AUGUST 10, 1967

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THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

festival issue

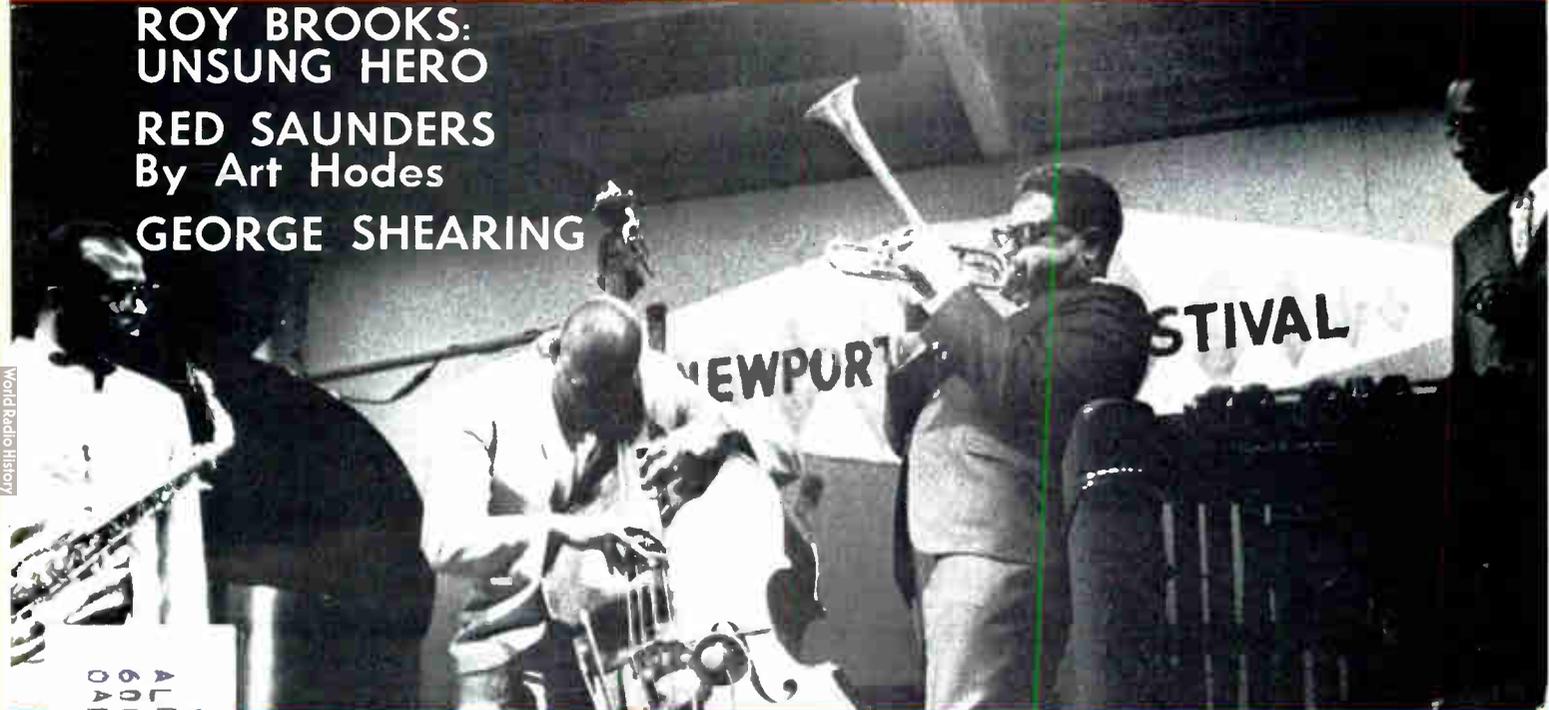
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• ROCK AT MONTEREY

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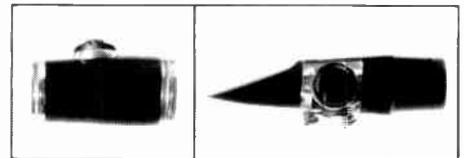
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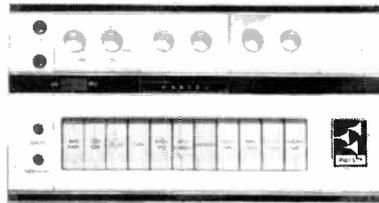
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Rock Reactions Pro

I was very gratified to read of your change in policy to include rock. If you extend the same fine critical treatment that you give jazz I am sure the music and your readers will benefit.

May you gain many readers by the change and not lose too many.

Louis Horacek
Morgantown, W. Va.

I want to congratulate you and your editorial board for the decision to expand *Down Beat's* coverage to include the so-called rock-and-roll segment of contemporary music. As an "after hours" music critic for *Manhattan East*—a small East Side New York newspaper—I have been becoming more and more interested in this area of the contemporary sound and as a long time reader of *DB*, I have often wondered why your publication has not included coverage of this field. There is no doubt that much of what is being played today under the heading of rock is directly traceable to jazz—and while all of it isn't always acceptable to those of us who tend to be purists when it comes to American jazz, there is some which is deserving of recognition. Therefore,

I applaud your decision to include rock as part of your regular coverage of the music scene.

David R. Lawson
New York, N.Y.

I was truly relieved to read Dan Morgenstern's *Message to Our Readers* (*DB*, June 29). As a jazz fan, I have found I can no longer overlook rock. I have tried for quite a while to look down on rock, condemn it, and not listen to it; but it is impossible to not listen (and hear) what the modern groups are saying. There is the trite (and may I add, commercial!), i.e. "The Monkees," etc. But (that is an important word) there is the extremely mature rock-and-roll. Listen to the Yardbirds, the Animals (the original ones, preferably with Alan Price), the Blues Project, and even the Beatles have musically matured, as *Revolver* and *Sgt. Peppers' Lonely Hearts Club* will attest. In closing; Hurrah!

Bill McCormick
Darien, Conn.

I was looking through your June 29 issue when I noticed your *Message to Our Readers*. I am indeed glad that *Down Beat* is now going into a little bit of the rock-and-roll reporting. I am sure that many will be against it but I am 15 years old, dig jazz and dig rock also. But no one published stories on rock so I read *DB* and got all "learnt" up on jazz but didn't learn any ways of the rock field.

I have plenty of records both rock and jazz and now that *DB* will report rock I think that I will become a steady reader and may subscribe soon. I think this will bring many new subscribers. A wise move, gentlemen.

Michael Alvino
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I've been reading your fine magazine for two and a half years now, and I have seen many letters from readers saying how *Down Beat* was losing its prestige because it was showing signs of changing its format (or straying from jazz).

In the first place, if anyone would take the time to glance at the cover of any issue, they could readily see that there is no sign of *DB* stating that it is strictly a jazz publication.

It simply states that *DB* is The Bi-weekly Music Magazine. Now when I see that *DB* is finally going to change its format, all that I can say is, "It's about time!" I've never been more enthusiastic about writing you a letter than after reading the June 29th issue.

Don't be dismayed if a few readers send in letters saying *Down Beat* is going downhill. By approaching the music scene in a broader spectra, *DB* shows it is maturing more than ever. Keep up the good work.

Tufanio Marsalisi
Willimantic, Conn.



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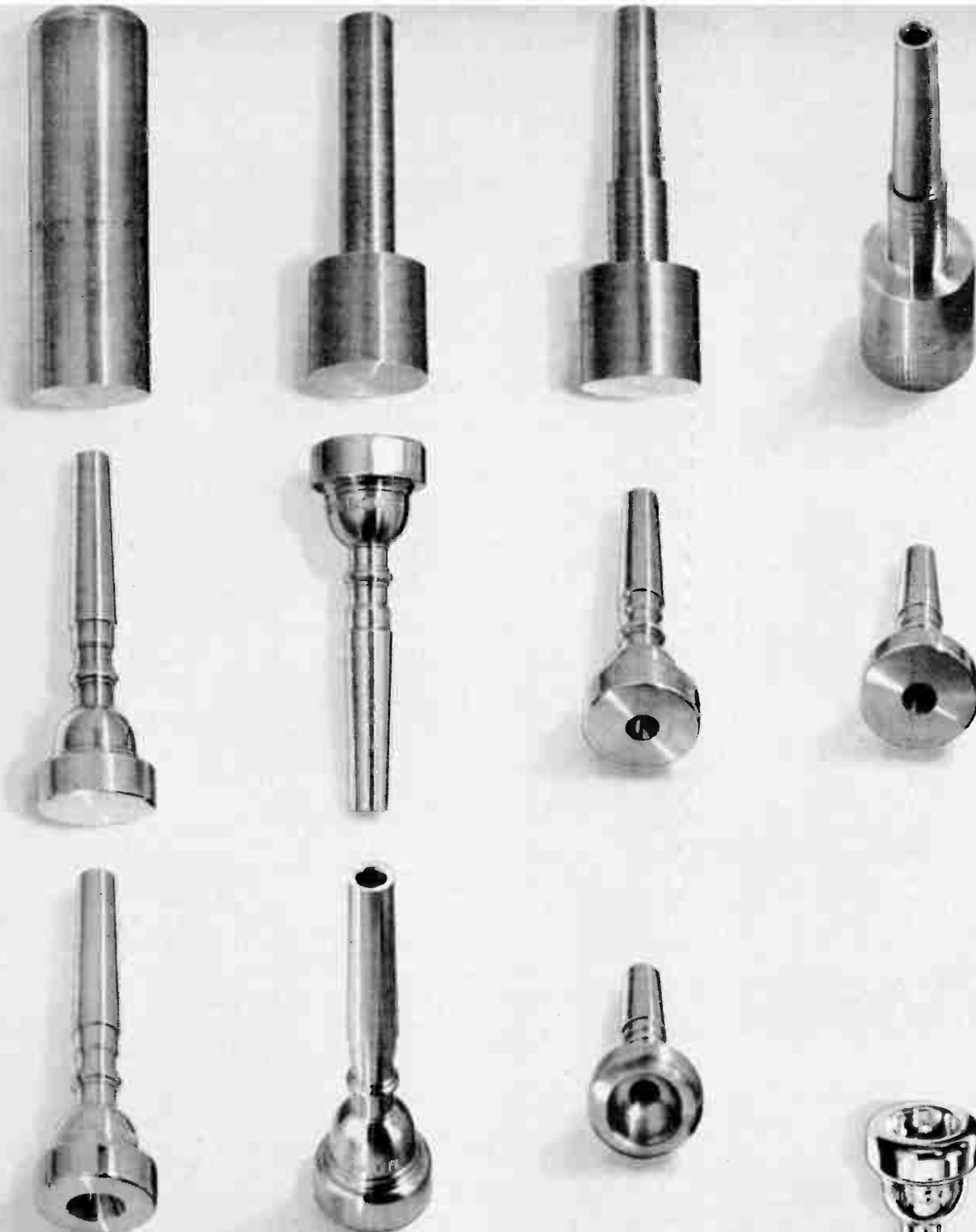
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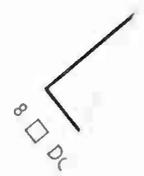


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I am an official member of "the younger generation," etc. . . . who has always dug jazz, so naturally I was pleased and wished to extend thanks to you over your announced coverage of rock (the bastard child). I think that this is one of the best things that has happened to music and is one that will encourage the expansion and convergence of both forms.

The time is coming when people who dig Miles Davis, Ornette Coleman, and Cecil Taylor will not be able to close their ears (if they do, and I think this is overplayed) to the likes of the Beatles, the Yardbirds, and seriously (but live) the Jefferson Airplane. The times are a-changin'. Thanks again. Enclosed is my order for subscription.

Clem Brown
Little Compton, R.I.

And Con

I have been reading your magazine almost from its first issue. Your June 29 issue is the last that I shall read, as a result of the announcement that you intend to give rock-and-roll serious coverage. I shall make no further comment, though I assure you that I am sorely tempted to do so.

Curtis D. Janke
Sheboygan, Wisc.

I couldn't believe what I read . . . How can you put that awful rock-and-roll junk in *Down Beat*. "Open mind"—how can anyone enjoy that tuneless stuff. To hear complaints about commercial dance orchestras and then put articles about that stuff in *DB*. It's unbelievable that it would happen.

Thank goodness for Russ Wilson in the *Oakland Tribune*. That Ralph Gleason in Frisco is only writing about rock-and-roll.

I thought *Down Beat* was an oasis, but I see I was wrong. Instead of articles on rock-and-roll, I would like to read articles on orchestras and people like Fred Waring, Isham Jones, George Olsen, Skeets Herfurt, Les Robinson, and others. . . .

Well, I will wait and see how things shape up. . . .

Jack Kyer
Oakland, Calif.

It is with deep regret that I feel impelled to write concerning *A Message to Our Readers* (*DB*, June 29).

During the past three years, in addition to sponsoring well over 150 concerts, The Left Bank Jazz Society has inaugurated a series of college lectures designed to educate the students to an awareness of the wonderful musical heritage that lies before them if they can only adopt a more selective attitude in their listening habits.

We also have a one-hour program on station *WBJC* designed to reach as many ears as possible to further our education aims.

During these three years, we were aware of the few music periodicals that were dedicated to the original American art form. . . .

Many times we could have easily re-

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furbished our small treasury by dipping into the rock-and-roll scene but we chose to stay strictly on a high musical level.

If the new policy is due to a need to increase circulation, I can only say best of luck, and thanks for the integrity you have shown in the past.

Vernon Welch, President
The Left Bank Jazz Society
Baltimore, Md.

For the past few years, I have been distressed to see many talented and artistically creative jazz musicians "sell out" or "go commercial." The lucrative lure of the popular market has drawn artists such as Ramsey Lewis and Wes Montgomery away from their art to the world of charts and hits where they waste their talents trying to keep up with and please an unlistening and unappreciative public.

I am now further distressed to see that *Down Beat*, my jazz magazine, rather than taking a stand against this movement is thinking of joining it. While the rock-and-roll world admittedly produces one or two worthwhile cuts a year, rock nevertheless remains the embodiment of banal chord pounding and two syllable phrasing. To give it serious mention in a magazine aimed at discerning jazz listeners and musicians is like *Harper's* reviewing *Batman* comic books.

Certainly rock is distantly related to jazz, but so are West African war chants and just about everything else with notes and rhythm. If I want to read about "teenie-bopper music" I'll buy a copy of

New England Teen Scene and keep up with the Top 40. I get *Downbeat* to read about jazz. For now I'll wait and see just how far you're going to "expand your editorial perspective"—warning you that this is the first step toward selling out—but the day you review a Mitch Rider concert under *Caught in the Act* is the day you can forget about my subscription.

Clif Garboden
Pittsburgh, Penna.

The Lost Chords

I have been watching the development of so-called avant-garde jazz for some years now. I am terribly sorry for those jazz fans who only live in the Ayler and Sanders worlds. For them, today's and tomorrow's musicians have to play "wild new sounds," instead of clear and pure tones.

It is a pity; for Albert Ayler is able to play something valuable (listen to his *Summertime* recording made in Denmark some years ago). Cecil Taylor and Archie Shepp try successfully to play music, where as the Aylers play shapeless, sterile noise for hipsters. Their religious message is merely show.

Being a guitarist, I still have not forgotten chords. You can imagine my elation when I first heard Charles Lloyd, John Handy, Gabor Szabor, or Albert Mangelsdorff. Their's is an *honest* kind of music. Its great strength is that it is not only "interesting," but really "beautiful" and well-planned. One can hear

that they really enjoy playing. And these musicians are not afraid to combine jazz, rock-and-roll, classical, and folk music from all over the world. Lloyd and Mangelsdorff play the kind of music jazz has been in need of for many years.

Thomas Kohler
Berne, Switzerland

The Constancy Of Change

Everything changes. I cannot think of anything that I would like to have remain constant forever. It would be extremely depressing not to have anything to look forward to. Think of waking up with the world the same way you left it the night before or of the exact same routine day in, day out. Forever is infinity, and I like knowing nothing will last forever.

Music must change (though I am sure some will disagree). People are always criticizing the new jazz. Don't they realize that musicians are people, and that they, along with their music, must change? To play today what one played yesterday would be to remain stagnant. Music must make changes for the better (or the worse) even if it means putting people off by doing so.

When people hear the new jazz, they must realize it is a part of a changing society and the musicians' way of keeping up with and ahead of it. Musicians don't ask that you like their music—only that you try to understand their changes.

Joseph Moreau
Brookline, Mass.

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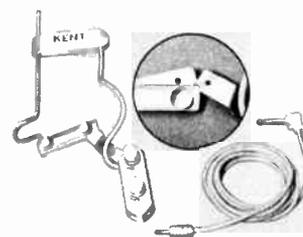
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BYRD AWARDED BIG BOSSA NOVA PAYOFF

A Federal Court in Washington has ruled that guitarist Charlie Byrd is entitled to a cut of the royalties from *Jazz Samba*, the LP he made with Stan Getz in 1962—the record that started the bossa nova success story.

Byrd had filed suit against Getz and MGM Records, contending they ignored “an implied contract”. The guitarist’s attorney argued that the fact that Byrd and Getz worked together on the recording as “joint venturers” was sufficient evidence of such a contract.



CHARLIE BYRD
Bossa Bonanza

The other side argued that Byrd had never asked for a contract, and that he was negotiating with another record company at the time of the session.

The album has sold about 1.6 million copies to date, from which Getz has drawn about \$73,000 as his share. The court gave Byrd the choice of collecting 40% of Getz’s take or 2½% of MGM’s. He chose the latter, which will amount to approximately \$50,000.

29 COMPOSERS RESIGN OVER EMMY AWARDS

Some of the most highly respected jazz names on the Hollywood studio scene have handed in their resignations to the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences. They joined with some of their colleagues in taking out full page ads in the Hollywood trade papers to underscore their protest at the lack of an “Emmy” award in the music category.

Quoting from the open letter addressed to the Board of Governors of the Acad-

emy, 29 composers voiced the following reaction: “To publish the (music) nominations . . . and then project the opinion that . . . none of the nominees was worthy appears to be a deliberate attempt to disparage the contribution of music in television. When other arts and crafts can receive legitimate recognition for their members, and music cannot, then there is something unhealthy about the award system itself . . . We cannot see any further reason to support the Academy.”

The 29 signatories were Warren Barker, Benny Carter, Robert Drasnin, Gerald Fried, Herschel Burke Gilbert, Earle Hagen, Arthur Hamilton, Jimmie Haskell, Wilbur Hatch, Lennie Hayton, William Lava, Eddie Manson, Franklyn Marks, Arthur Morton, Joseph Mullendore, Lyn Murray, Lionel Newman, Nelson Riddle, Pete Rugolo, Hans Salter, Walter Scharf, Nathan Scott, Lalo Schiffrin, Richard Shores, Leith Stevens, Morton Stevens, Johnny Williams, Stanley Wilson, and George Wyle.

RANDALL’S ISLAND TO SWING AGAIN

When promoter Teddy Powell—not to be confused with the band leader of the 40s—revived New York’s Randall’s Island Stadium as a jazz festival site last summer, it was for one night only.

The event, billed as the First Annual New York Jazz Festival, was successful, and beginning Aug. 12 there will be a second round, this time for two nights.

The first night’s lineup was scheduled to include Ray Charles, Aretha Franklin, Sonny Stitt, Billy Taylor, Arthur Prysock, Groove Holmes, the Staple Singers, Johnny Colon’s latin band, and comedian Flip Wilson.

The second soiree is expected to have Lou Rawls, Jimmy Smith, Horace Silver, Gloria Lynne, Les McCann, Pete Rodriguez, comedian Nipsey Russell and repeat performances by Stitt and the Staple Singers.

LES McCANN PROTESTS ATLANTA RACIAL SNUB

Pianist Les McCann is generally an amiable and cheerful man, but he doesn’t like to be pushed around.

When McCann was working in Atlanta, Ga., last month, he was refused permission to use the health club facilities of the downtown branch of the local YMCA. The pianist staged a protest in front of the establishment, and held a news conference on the spot to publicize the incident.

A spokesman for the Y claimed that its facilities were “80% integrated,” but that the health club had no Negro mem-

bers. The club, which has exercise rooms, whirlpool baths, massages, and a steam room was operating “beyond capacity,” he said, adding that anyone was free to make an application.



LES McCANN
No Room at the Y

In a telegram to the mayor of Atlanta and the governor of Georgia, McCann stated: “My travels as a musician have taken me throughout the southern United States, including South Carolina and Virginia. In none of these states have I been denied access to YMCA facilities. I cannot overstate my surprise . . .”

SOUNDS OF THE ORIENT DELIGHT SAN FRANCISCO

San Francisco’s “Flower Children,” whose rock groups have been tinkering with Oriental and Indian sounds, heard the real thing on June 25.

Ali Akbar Khan (sarod) and Kodo Araki (shakuhachi) headlined a distinguished gathering of Indian and Japanese musicians in a full day of concerts, lectures, and instrumental demonstrations.

Ashish Kumar Kahn (sarod), Mahapurush Misra (tabla), Nikhil Banerjee (sitar), and Kenji Yagi, leader of the Iku!a school of Japanese music, were among the long list of outstanding performers.

The Masonic Auditorium presentation was more than a chance to hear authentic Eastern music. It was also an opportunity to learn about the complicated rhythmic and sound structures of the music. The artists lectured about their respective styles, demonstrated several unusual Asian instruments, and told of the social implications of their music. The Japanese contingent discussed the relation of their music to Zen, while the Indians spoke of the necessity for audience involvement and concentration during Indian concerts.

The concerts-lectures were a benefit for the American Society of Eastern Arts and for the Zen Mountain Center. The society provides Western students with training

MARK MURPHY IN SOUTH AFRICA: "WE NEED YOU"

It has been ten years since clarinetist Tony Scott visited South Africa and made countless friends for himself and jazz by his refusal to compromise with the Apartheid laws of that country.

In May, American jazz singer Mark Murphy, who has been living and working in England for the past several years, made a three-week concert tour of South Africa, and became the first to follow Scott.

Murphy decided to go, he told *Down Beat* in a letter, because he "was just plain curious" about the country and wanted to get to meet its people and see how they were affected by their "strange environment."

But the tour turned out to be far more than a satisfaction of this curiosity. The singer found that although his tour schedule included only performances before white audiences (which he had expected), it was possible to also perform for non-whites, if one really wanted to and was persistent enough.

At first, his application for a permit to perform for a black audience was turned down, but he finally did give a concert at the Dorkay House in Johannesburg, before an audience of more than 600 Africans.

In his letter, Murphy does not talk about his difficulties and his determination—these things, and the concert at Dorkay House, were reported by the African journalist Mike Tsehla Phahlane, who wrote: "Mark Murphy, like Tony Scott, will never be forgotten by South Africa's African jazz lovers for the pains he took to give the blacks a concert even if it was against the laws and for 'no charge'."

under Asian masters of the Oriental performing arts. The center, for Zen meditation and study, is in a wilderness area in the mountains east of Big Sur.

MILWAUKEE SCHLITZ SALUTE DRAWS 32,000

Though the night was unseasonably cold (the mercury dipped to 59 degrees at 11 p.m.), more than 32,000 persons attended the *Schlitz Salute to Jazz* held July 2 at Milwaukee's Washington Park band shell.

The event was sponsored by the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co. as part of their annual "Old Milwaukee Days" festivities. Admission was free.

Performers included the Count Basie band, Carmen McRae, the Jimmy Smith Trio, the Herbie Mann Sextet, and the Newport Jazz Festival All Stars. Fr. Norman J. O'Connor was the emcee.

Producer George Wein, who took the night off from his Newport duties to stage the event and play piano with his All Stars, described the audience as "probably the biggest crowd to hear a jazz concert in this country."

A similar Wein-produced event, held in May at Montreal's Expo '67, was attended by some 35,000 enthusiasts.

In Murphy's words, "the bit of happiness my work brought all the people we met there justified my going and far outweighed the unpleasanties." The singer strongly urges all American jazz artists and fans "to start a cultural effort—on private or State Department level—to give our friends there the support they need to continue as artists."

He points to the need for music books and study materials, but most of all for personal contact. While he empathizes with those American musicians who refuse to go to South Africa to play for segregated audiences, he feels that they might go to give lectures or seminars.

"They would be so damn glad just to see you and shake your hand. 'We need you; come again, Mark,'—this was what Tondi, an African girl singer, called to me as I left the room where we had played for them in Johannesburg," he writes.

Murphy points out that people have communicated despite governmental restrictions before, "as we have seen in Communist countries." He cites many fine musicians and singers of all races whom he heard during his tour, among them singers Ronnie Madonsela and Count Wellington Judge; two guitarists known to him only as "Sandle from Durban" and "Cyril from Joburg"; tenor saxophonist Winston Mankunku Ngozi; several jazz groups: The Big Five, The Jazz Faces, and The Kingsmen; and his own accompanists—guitarist John Fourie, bassist



RONNIE KWETZ

MURPHY AT DORKAY HOUSE
Midge Pike, and drummer Selwyn Lissack.

At the Johannesburg concert, Murphy shared the bandstand with local musicians. "Mark literally brought the roof down when he sang *My Favorite Things*, *Wee Baby Blues*, and dozens of other tunes," Phahlane reports.

Murphy suggests that those interested in South African tours contact the country's leading disc jockey, Lowell Johnson, at 401 Reynard Hall, Goldreich and Blanket Streets, Hillbrow, Johannesburg, and "avoid dealing with the student groups known as RAG."



BOB PASTERNAK

Trumpeter-bandleader Don Ellis, who fronts his 21-piece orchestra with a four-valve amplified horn, was recently tricked by one of his sidemen, trumpeter Alan Weight, who fashioned a nine-valve instrument (only three work) and switched horns on Ellis while the leader's attention was diverted. His horrified reaction made the sideman's labors worth their Weight in laughs.

POTPOURRI

Woody Herman's orchestra will play at two of the five concerts at the Monterey Jazz Festival Sept. 15-17, general manager Jimmy Lyons has announced. Lyons said the band will present new arrangements by Ralph Burns and Bill Holman. John Lewis, music director of the Modern Jazz Quartet, will be music adviser for the festival, as he has been for several of the earlier stagings. Sale of season tickets for the festival is running double the rate of last year, according to Lyons. Tickets for individual concerts go on sale Aug. 1. Further information can be obtained by

writing Monterey Jazz Festival, P.O. Box "Jazz," Monterey, Calif.

Nancy Wilson has been named chairman of the TEACH Foundation. The letters stand for Therapeutic Education and Child Health. It is a non-profit organization dedicated to aiding exceptional children. For Miss Wilson, this is the latest activity added to a growing list of public service undertakings. One of the first events scheduled for TEACH is a fundraising dinner-dance to be co-chaired by Miss Wilson and Lorne Greene at the Beverly Hilton, Oct. 20.

The pseudo-psychedelic approach to jazz was bound to happen, and it did—at Donte's, in North Hollywood. Thursday nights are now devoted to "Visual and Aural Serendipity." It is the brainchild of photographer George Jerman (many of his photos adorn the walls of Donte's) and Bill McKay, a part owner of the club. They project slides while the musicians are playing, then show films to which the musicians ad lib, based on visual suggestion. The opening session found reed man Jay Migliore fronting a group including pianist Frank Strazzeri, bassist Frank de La Rosa, and drummer Chiz Harris. The "warm-up" to the improvised



SOME STRANGE FACTS

Bystander

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

A Tower in Babel by Erik Barnouw (Oxford), subtitled *A History of Broadcasting in the United States to 1933*, was, for me, a fascinating book. It gives a layman's introduction to the technical and scientific development of radio (and incidentally, early television as well) and a history of broadcasting and broadcast programming, commercial and "educational," in its early days.

The book also contains insight into an aspect of jazz history and jazz recording that, as far as I know, never has been dealt with in any of the standard books on the music.

Current scholarship dates the earliest jazz records—or, more properly, the earliest phonograph recordings of an African-American musical idiom—at 1897. And we know that as early as 1913 the popular ensemble of James Reese Europe began recording a music one could roughly describe as a kind of orchestrated ragtime.

The first recordings to reflect the New Orleans idiom were, of course, those of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band. Those records were made because the group found itself a night-club success, and very much an "in" thing, in New York in 1917. The next jazz records, most of them, were imitations of the ODJB, and it was not until 1920 that more really important jazz got recorded.

What happened in that year was that a singer named Mamie Smith made a record called *Crazy Blues*, which became a tremendous hit. Miss Smith was a well-established singer by the time *Crazy Blues* was made, and although she was apparently the first Negro woman to record the blues, she wasn't really a blues artist. But many records by authentic

blues men and women followed on her success, and from that point on, blues recordings were (and still are) a staple in the United States.

Mamie Smith's records were made in New York, but the next most important event in jazz recording history took place in California, rather obscurely, it would seem, and it was a long time before jazz research caught up to it. It was the first instrumental recording of the New Orleans style by a Negro group.

In June, 1922, in Los Angeles, a Kid Ory ensemble of six pieces, with Mutt Carey on cornet, recorded *Ory's Creole Trombone* and *Society Blues* (the latter not a real 12-bar blues, by the way). As issued on the Nordskog label, the group was called Spikes' Seven Pods of Pepper Orchestra. But on the Sunshine label, the billing was Ory's Sunshine Orchestra.

Apparently Ory's records were no howling success at the time. They were largely unknown to jazz history until the early 1940s; and they were not reissued until even later. Therefore, one cannot say that it was as a direct result of their success that the Gennett Company in Chicago undertook to record the New Orleans Rhythm Kings in late August, 1922, and to record King Oliver in March of the following year.

One can say that once the local blues had been put on records, it was probably inevitable that instrumental jazz would follow. Once the King Oliver records were made, jazz recording became an unbroken tradition in the United States.

The question is: why? Why did the commercial recording industry suddenly turn to such music in the early '20s? The answer is revealed in Barnouw's book. It has to do with the growth and quick success that the Gennett company in snobberies involved in its early program practices.

In those days, radio broadcasting in this country scheduled virtually no jazz, virtually no African-influenced music of any kind. It did not do so partly to give itself "dignity," partly because of the musical taste of its audience and its management, and partly because of the kind of free talent that was available to it.

It did broadcast symphonic music and chamber music and European vocal music, much of it very good. But also widely available on the airwaves was the kind

of "light symphonic" kitsch that Barnouw aptly calls "potted-palm music." Into the radio studios tramped every piano student who could find his way through *In a Country Garden*, every string trio that had an arrangement of *Narcissus*, and every chesty contralto who knew *Mighty Lak a Rose*.

Station managers were willing to program them all. And the talent (if that is the word) was willing to work for nothing to publicize itself.

The musical level on the many college- and university-operated educational stations was undoubtedly higher, but the attitude toward jazz, or anything resembling it, was no more sympathetic than on the commercial outlets—perhaps even less so.

And what happened with recordings? Well, because of the presence of the free music on radio, the casual white record buyer stopped buying, and sales fell off. But the Negro audience—and the jazz audience (black and white), such as it was in those days—was largely shut out. The managerial minds in the record business gradually realized that an audience was there for blues and jazz and that neither radio nor records was meeting its needs. So the record industry, robbed of its public by the new medium, found a new one among Negroes.

Barnouw not only reveals all of this, but he also speaks of it knowledgeably and with a penetrating understanding. His four-page exposition on the subject begins:

"It is ironic that the years dominated in radio by potted-palm music coincided with a period of rich growth in American music. These years saw an explosion of genius—the advent of jazz—that had not only musical but also social and racial ramifications. That scarcely an echo stirred the ferns and draperies of the radio conservatories is significant and in many ways characteristic of the role of broadcasting at this time."

Interesting—is it not?—that jazz came to the rescue of the record business in the early '20s by providing it with a new public and did the same thing again at the end of the depression, when the popularity of the big swing bands brought people back into the record shops. Not that I'm expecting any big show of gratitude from the business toward jazz, you understand. 

session included the 1944 short *Jamming The Blues*, featuring **Lester Young**. Future "serendipities" have been listed for **Roger Kellaway**, **Clare Fischer**, **Howard Roberts**, **Bill Hood**, **Tom Scott**, and **Steve Bohannon**.

Bill Page and his Ampliphonic Orchestra made their debut at the Valley Music Theatre, in Woodland Hills, Calif. before embarking on a ten-day mid-Western tour. Page's 13-piece band features electronic instruments designed to "sound the same in public performances as on recordings." Every instrument in the band, except the drums, is amplified. Page, a former reed man for **Lawrence Welk**, claims it is "an arranger's dream." Electronic controls are located on each stand so that adjustments can be made for solos. Page demonstrated cordless electronic instruments, and he even showed a marching band outfit that has the speaker in the musician's hat.

Clarinetist **Michael (Peanuts) Hucko** and singer **Louise Tobin**, former wife of trumpeter **Harry James**, were married in late June in Littleton, Colo. Both appear nightly at the new Peanuts Hucko's Navarre in downtown Denver.

The Festival of the Arts at Stanford University in Palo Alto, 40 miles south of San Francisco, is presenting jazz as well as dance, drama, art, and classical music. The **Preservation Hall Jazz Band** of New Orleans, led by pianist **Billie** and cornetist **DeDe Pierce**, is scheduled for July 24-29. **Count Basie's** orchestra is set for July 30. Pianist **Denny Zeitlin's** trio is booked July 31-Aug. 2, and vocalist **Jon Hendricks** and his quartet Aug. 3-5.

The New Orleans Jazz Club of Northern California celebrated its second anniversary July 18 with a four-hour cruise on San Francisco Bay. Music was provided by banjoist **Ted Shafer's Jelly Roll Jazz Band** and the Chicago-styled **Northbay Jazz Society Band**. Several hundred fans turned out for the event. Club president **Marshall Peterson** and treasurer **Joe Walton** and their wives recently vacationed in Japan where they were entertained in Tokyo by the **Waseda University New Orleans Jazz Club Band** (among others) and in Osaka by the **New Orleans Rascals**. Both bands had visited the United States earlier this year.

Writer **Martin Williams**, a longtime *Down Beat* contributor, has taken up another outlet of creative expression—acting. Since June 26, Williams has been a member of the Cornell University Summer Theatre in Ithaca, N.Y. As a participant in the repertory group he is appearing in *The Deadly Game*, *A Taste of Honey*, *The Cave Dwellers*, and *The Egg*. The summer season ends for Williams on Aug. 5, but he plans to continue acting—as well as writing on jazz and other subjects—when he returns to New York City.



By **LEONARD FEATHER**

JAZZ AND CHARTS

Feather's Nest

THE SURVIVAL OF JAZZ depends to a great extent on the continued creation, distribution, and preservation of phonograph records.

Without records as tangible evidence, the contributions of Bix, Bessie, Bird, and the rest to 20th-century art ultimately would become as meaningless as the work of a 19th-century painter whose works were destroyed in a fire, or, like the good that a man does that gets interred with his bones. Perhaps he was the greatest painter civilization has produced; yet what does this mean if we cannot see the fruits of his genius?

These reflections came to mind as I glanced over a recent *Billboard* chart listing best-selling jazz LPs. It has been a general rule, as we have noted in the last few years, that jazz records do not sell and that consequently jazz recording artists sell out, desperately taping anything that may save them from having their contracts dropped.

The phrase "do not sell" simply means that with rare exceptions, a so-called hit in the jazz market place (10,000 to 20,000) would be considered a flop when judged by the monstrous figures for the pop artists who dominate the over-all sales charts. Decades from now, the relatively small number of jazz LPs pressed may have been consigned to oblivion, or to a couple of rare record shops.

What is even more striking about this gloomy situation is the insufficient proportion of uncompromising jazz records in the *Billboard* tally, compare with the number of items that fail, in the ears of many experts, even to qualify as jazz at all.

At the top of the list is Cannonball Adderley's *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy*. If one must pigeonhole, this is a rhythm-and-blues item. Joe Zawinul has said he was pleased with it musically but that there are many other works of which he is far prouder, compositions that illustrate his own and the group's genuine qualifications as a modern-jazz combo. Fortunately, a couple of those are in the same LP.

The second and seventh slots are occupied by Wes Montgomery. Both were reviewed in *Down Beat*. Harvey Pekar put down *California Dreaming* as Wes' "worst ever" and gave it 1½ stars; Harvey Siders criticized *Tequila* at three stars ("a commercial LP but not a bad one.") The third, fourth, and 14th places go to Lou Rawls albums. Rawls'

LP sales are among the happier events of the last year, but one cannot help wishing for a more even distribution with such talents as Joe Williams, Ella Fitzgerald, and Carmen McRae, whose names one sees too rarely on the lists.

There are other items on the list whose presence, regardless of how meritorious they are musically, is at least questionable. The No. 5 spot goes to Frank Sinatra-Antonio Carlos Jobim set. If this qualifies for the jazz list, then why not also such admittedly big sellers (on r&b charts) as Aretha Franklin or the Supremes or Dionne Warwick? I hear in them more of the sound of jazz, as I construe the term, than this Brazilian-oriented popular vocal set.

The only all-out jazz instrumental LPs in the top 10 are Buddy Rich (No. 6), the latest Horace Silver (No. 8), and Dave Brubeck's *Time In* (No. 9). The 10th spot goes to Ramsey Lewis' *Goin' Latin*, which presumably could belong on a Latin chart if *Billboard* had one.

Lower on the list, which numbers 20 LPs, one finds such highly dubious jazz items as Boots Randolph's *Boots with Strings* and Sergio Mendes' *Equinox*. It is confusing to find them mixed among such items as *Miles Smiles*, Charles Lloyd's *Forest Flower*, the Jimmy Smith-Wes Montgomery collaboration, Gabor Szabo's *Spellbinder*, and Chico Hamilton's *The Dealer*. The final places are taken by Ray Bryant (*Slow Freight*) and Duke Pearson (*Sweet Honey Bee*).

It would be enlightening to determine by what process LPs are sifted for inclusion in, or exclusion from, this supposed jazz list.

There is currently so much cross-pollination of musical idioms (r&b to jazz to Afro-Cuban to bossa nova, and innumerable admixtures of two or more of these elements) that I do not envy the *Billboard* statisticians the job of drawing the boundary lines.

Several interesting inferences can be drawn from a study of the list. First, not too many "jazz LPs" are necessarily jazz LPs by our standards. Second, LPs not acknowledged as jazz may be better qualified than many that are so accepted. There is a third point of interest: many works by artists long associated with jazz, both among the general public and *Down Beat* readers, have now crossed the tracks and are reviewed under "pop"—the Nancy Wilsons, the George Shearings, and even sometimes the Count Basies.

Finally, there is the conclusion most of us reached many years ago: that in dealing with the art of jazz, the economics of jazz, and even the identification of jazz, one is confronted with a mass of paradoxes.

These irreconcilable contradictions will endure as long as the music itself is in a state of flux and as long as anyone is involved with jazz not idealistically but with the objective of making money. And I guess that means forever, or as long as jazz will last. (cb)

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Purcell Productions, a New York radio-TV company, is producing a feature-length film entitled *Profiles In Jazz* in association with director Vincent Scarza. It will spotlight singers **Arthur Prysock** and **Chris Connor** and flutist **Herbie Mann**. Broken into three half-hour segments, the videotapes will serve as pilots for a projected TV series; the edited version of the three will form a one-hour TV special; and the full material will be made available for distribution to theatres . . . Sitarist **Ravi Shankar** and his musicians opened the 13th annual summer season at the Berkshire Music Barn in Lenox, Mass. on July 8. The **Dave Brubeck Quartet** was heard in concert on July 15, and the **Modern Jazz Quartet** on July 16. In residence for the summer at the nearby Potting Shed is **Toshiko's Music Inn Trio**. From June 30 to July 9, singer **Bill Henderson** was an added attraction with the pianist's trio. Blues singers **Brownie McGhee** and **Sonny Terry** will be there through Aug. 6, and Henderson will rejoin Toshiko Aug. 8-20 . . . Pianist **Cecil Taylor** played a week at Slugs' with his quartet in mid-June and then took off for Holland, where he participated in concerts in Amsterdam on June 29 and Rotterdam on July 1. He also took part in a piano workshop on invitation from the Cultural Affairs of the Dutch Government. Multi-reedman **Yusef Lateef's** quartet followed Taylor for a week at Slugs' . . . Cornetist **Bobby Hackett** and his group, with vocals by **Roberta Peck**, appeared opposite **Tony Pastor's** orchestra with vocals by **Guy Pastor** at the Riverboat in late June and early July . . . Following **Clark Terry's** 17-piece band initiation of the Half Note's summer policy of big bands on weekends, **Frank Foster's** band played the club in late July and Terry was to reappear again July 28-30. Scheduled for Aug. are the **Donald Byrd**, **Duke Pearson**, and **Foster** bands. **Booker Ervin's** group filled in on weekdays . . . **Elvin Jones's** stay was extended at Pookie's Pub until mid Aug. The drummer's quintet includes tenorist **Foster**; **Pepper Adams**, baritone saxophone; **Billy Green**, piano, and **Wilbur Little**, bass . . . **Ornette Coleman's** quartet (**Charlie Haden**, **David Izenzon**, bass; **Charlie Moffet**, drums) followed pianist **Les McCann** and vibist **Gary Burton's** quartet into the Village Vanguard . . . Shephard's, continuing its jazz policy, featured pianist **Marian McPartland's** trio throughout July . . . Pianist **Cecil Young**, formerly at Miss Lacey's, has replaced **Rene Raff** at the Apartment . . . Trumpeter **Jonah Jones** came back to the Rainbow Grill July 5 through 20, after which **Duke Ellington** brings in his royal ensemble for a lengthy stay from July 31 to Sept. 2 . . . The West Brighton Community Center on Staten Island continued its series of evening concerts in June with the groups of tenorist **Hank Mobley**, vibist **Milt Jackson**, and tenor saxophonist **Junior Cook** (featuring trumpeter **Blue Mitchell**) on the 12, 19, and

26, respectively . . . Pianist **Lee Shaw's** trio has exited Charlie's on 52nd St., and the music policy has gone by the boards excepting the Monday night sessions . . . Speaking of boards, the board of N.Y. State University at Albany has allocated \$16,000 for a second jazz festival to be held in the spring of 1968 . . . At St. Marks Church the Wednesday evening concert series has featured singer **Jay Colantone** (backed by **Mike Nock** and **Jim D'Angelo**, piano; **Barre Phillips**, bass; and **Frank Clayton**, drums), and bassist **Steve Tintweiss' Purple Y** featuring **Perry Robinson**, clarinet; **Joel Peskin**, tenor saxophone and bass clarinet; **Warren Gale**, trumpet; and **Laurenee Cook** and **Randy Kaye**, drums . . . Alto saxophonist **Charles Tyler** brought his sextet to the Countee Cullen regional branch of the New York Public Library for a free concert June 26. With Tyler were **Art Williams**, trumpet; **Joseph Rigby**, tenor, alto, and soprano saxophones; **Donald Strietling**, bass clarinet and piano; **Benjamin Hanson**, bass; and **Stephen Reid**, drums. The program consisted of two movements of Tyler's *African Impressions*, separated by an intermission . . . Tenor and soprano saxophonist **Roland Alexander**, with **Charles Tolliver**, trumpet; **Kiane Zawadi**, euphonium; **Herbie Lewis**, bass; and **C. (Scoby) Stroman**, drums, played a session at Karibu Galleries in Brooklyn . . . Record signings: Singer **Earl Coleman** (Atlantic); pianist **Cedar Walton** (Prestige); and composer-arranger **Bobby Scott** (Columbia), who will do both vocal and piano LP's.

Los Angeles: The final two concerts at the Pilgrimage Theatre included a tribute to the late **Spinoza Paeff**, largely responsible for bringing free jazz concerts to the outdoor theatre. It featured **Vic Feldman's** trio (Feldman, piano, vibes; **Ray Brown**, bass; **Frank Capp**, drums). The other concert, closing out the season, saw **Lalo Schifrin** conduct his *Jazz Suite on the Mass Texts* with the **Paul Horn Quintet**. The Pilgrimage concerts are sponsored by Los Angeles County's Board of Supervisors. Schifrin will have his latest work premiered Aug. 3 at the Hollywood Bowl. It is a cantata, *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, based on the **William S. Shirer** book. Schifrin had originally been commissioned by the late **David Wolper** to score his documentary film (of the same title) for television. Schifrin became engrossed with the idea and after the documentary was shown, expanded his work to a large cantata that called for narrator, contralto, tenor, chorus, and orchestra. In addition, Schifrin has made use of tape recordings of Hitler's speeches, which will be interspersed in the score . . . **Ray Charles** has been signed to do more ads for the Coca-Cola Company. Last year, Charles' portion of Coke's musical blurbs earned the International Broadcasting Award from the Hollywood Radio and Television Society . . . A razz-ma-tazz, Roaring 20's segment on a recent *Away We Go* program (the summer replacement for **Jackie Gleason**) that sounded good,

in terms of jazz, had the **Buddy Rich Band** augmented by reed men **Gabe Baltazar**, **Bill Green**, **Gene Cipriano**, and **John Lowe**, the latter sporting a bass saxophone . . . **Ernie Freeman** and **Oliver Nelson** have been signed to furnish arrangements in a strange Decca coupling; Dixieland clarinetist **Pete Fountain** and pop singer **Brenda Lee** . . . **Billy May** is writing three special material numbers for **Nancy Wilson's** new Vegas act . . . **Quincy Jones** and author **Harold (The Carpetbaggers) Robbins** are in the talking stage concerning a Broadway musical . . . The Greek Theatre—another of Hollywood's outdoor arenas—is featuring some familiar names: **Henry Mancini** just finished a week there; **Erroll Garner** followed; **Tony Bennett** will appear Aug. 7-12 . . . **George Shearing** finished three weeks at the Century Plaza with his quintet (**Charles Shoemaker**, vibes; **Joe Pass**, guitar; **Bob Whitlock**, bass; **Colin Bailey**, drums) . . . At the Lemon Twist, in Hollywood, Latin percussionist **Jack Costanzo** is squeezing his quintet into a stand he claims is built "for one and a half people." Pianist **Gerald Wiggins**, bassist **Bob Savaria**, drummer **Mike Hettleman**, and vocalist **Gerrie Woo** are with **Constanzo** . . . Organist **Jack McDuff** played a week at Shelly's Manne-Hole, fronting a combo that boasted tenor saxophonists who played as many flute duets as they did tenor duets. The tenorists: **Leo Johnson** and **Danny Turner**; also **Mel Sparks** on guitar, and **Abe Blasengame**, drums. They were followed by the **Three Sounds**, with guitarist **Herb Ellis's** quartet there for one Monday. All following Mondays at the Manne-Hole are now devoted to singer **Ruth Price** and pianist **Dave Grusin's** trio . . . The **Ray Johnson Trio** is attracting the sitting-in set at the Swing, in Studio City. Among those lending their talents: singers **Anita O'Day** and **Billy Daniels**, and alto saxophonist **Joe Hudson**. With pianist **Johnson** in the combo are **Mike Stearns**, bass, and **Donald Dean**, drums . . . **Larry Maggione**, program director for **KVFM**, is trying to increase the jazz sounds on his **Panorama City FM** station. He's made a modest beginning with *Dimensions in Jazz*. The Sunday program is conducted by **Don Wollman**, and a recent guest was guitarist **Howard Roberts** . . . **Shelly Manne** hosted a half hour special for **KABC-TV** featuring the **Venice High School Band**. The Venice jazz band recently won the high school competition held at Cerritos College in connection with the Intercollegiate Music Festival . . . Trumpeter **Hugh Masekela**, the **Three Sounds**, and the **Afro-Blues Quintet** combined for a recent one-nighter at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium. Masekela has recorded promotional spots for the Christmas Seal campaign of the American Tuberculosis Society . . . **Damita Jo** closed out two weeks at the Playboy Club—one of the few singers to bring her own combo with her. The trio is fronted by bassist **Charles Dungey** and includes pianist **Eddie Baker** and drummer **Jimmy Duncan** . . . Reed

/Continued on page 41

JAZZ HAS ALWAYS had more than its share of unsung heroes. Some, like the legendary Peck Kelly, remained in obscurity mostly because they preferred it that way; others, like the late Herbie Nichols, never got a real break in the music business.

Occasionally, a musician of great talent comes along and makes it in the working side of jazz but receives no recognition from critics or public.

Drummer Roy Brooks, though acknowledged by fellow musicians as one of the top men on his instrument, rarely has his name in the jazz polls. He is unsung in the outside world.

Brooks is philosophical about this neglect. "Critics sleep on everybody," he said. "They slept on Bird. They slept on Elvin Jones. He's been playing like he plays now ever since I knew him in Detroit. It's not new, except to people who never listened to him before.

"That's why critics today are trying to give credit to so many players. They're afraid they'll miss another giant, so every time somebody new comes along, they say, 'This is the new genius.' This puts a lot of pressure on the younger musician trying to make a name for himself.

"That's why I'm glad they aren't saying anything about me. I can relax and play my instrument. I'm blessed with this. There's a certain amount of prestige involved in critical approval, but I think the pressure outweighs the prestige."

If any documentation of the respect in which Brooks is held by the jazz community is needed, the story of how he joined the Horace Silver Quintet in 1959 should suffice.

At the time, Brooks was in Detroit. Prior to this, he had ventured out of town only once, for a short stretch in Las Vegas, Nev., with the Joe Henderson Quartet and the Four Tops. Louis Hayes, then Silver's drummer, was about to leave him to join Cannonball Adderley.

Hayes, along with Silver's bassist Gene Taylor, and the late bassist Doug Watkins, recommended Brooks for the job. So strong was their praise for their fellow Detroiter that Silver called Brooks from New York and hired him on the spot, sound unheard.

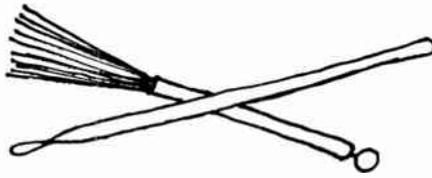
It is significant that Hayes, Taylor, and Watkins were all from Detroit. There is a definite bond of brotherhood among Detroit jazzmen wherever they may be, and they promote each other's interests wherever possible.

BROOKS EMPHASIZES THAT the Detroit environment was good for him long before he entertained any idea of going to New York.

"I got a lot of exposure to jazz in

Roy Brooks: UNsung HERO

by bill mclarney



Detroit," he explained. "There was an organization called the World Stage. All the giants from Detroit were members. They gave concerts weekly, and I'd be right there. The first concert I ever went to had Milt Jackson, his brother Alvin on bass, Sonny Stitt, Kenny Burrell, Tommy Flanagan, and Elvin Jones.

"The first drummer I ever heard in person was Elvin. Before that I had heard Dave Brubeck on records, because he was more exposed to the public. Then one day, when I was about 13, my cousin turned me on to Charlie Parker. That was it. After that, I started listening to everybody."

Between concerts, Brooks heard Jones, Miles Davis, and many other greats at a club called Clarence's Bluebird Inn, conveniently located just a few blocks from Brooks' family home.

The drummer wasn't old enough to enter the club during its heyday, but he would stand in the back alley and knock on the window until Jones would open the blinds to afford him a view of the action.

Brooks' first professional experience came at about 14, with rhythm-and-blues bands. He soon progressed to jazz, however, because he felt restricted.

"I wanted to play drums with more technical knowledge," he said. He was fortunate in having mentors like Jones and pianist Barry Harris, whom he calls "an excellent musician, teacher, and philosopher. He's one of the few musicians who has really captured the essence of Bird's message—not only the rhythmic quality but the expression."

His contemporaries were no slouches, either. Among these were also saxophonist Charles McPherson, trumpeter Lonnie Hillyer, drummer Hayes, trombonist George Bohanon, and pianist Alice McLeod (now Mrs. John Coltrane), all of whom subsequently made names for themselves in jazz.

"We used to have sessions over at my house all the time," he said. "My parents were glad to see this. There were colored and white musicians in the house all the time, just playing. We were trying to get to where the rest of

the guys, like Yusef Lateef and Barry, were. We had to get our little thing together, because we realized we weren't heavy enough to play with them.

"My first influence was Elvin Jones. He's so complex. I tried to sound like him, and it was ridiculous. I sounded like some of the avant-garde drummers playing now."

Soon he got it together enough to work gigs at high school with McPherson and Hillyer. Before long, he graduated to his childhood mecca, the Bluebird, where he found himself playing with such former idols as Lateef and Harris.

THEN CAME THE INVITATION to join Silver. He remained with the pianist's group for about five years, during one of the group's most fertile periods. Since leaving Silver, he has worked for a variety of leaders, including Lateef, Harris, organist Shirley Scott, guitarist Wes Montgomery, and vocalist Jean DuShon.

In all these associations, Brooks demonstrated that he is not only a time-keeper but also a *musician*—in a sense that few drummers except the established greats are.

Underlying his approach to his instrument is a deep concern for all aspects of music. Unlike many drummers, he is a good reader, and he is constantly trying to improve his skill.

"I haven't had enough opportunity to read," he complained, "because most leaders don't write out parts for the drummer, like Yusef often does."

Brooks credits Miles Davis with having influenced his conception of the drummer's place in a jazz group.

"One night Miles and I were sitting in the Five Spot," he remembered, "listening to Max Roach, and Miles told me, 'The drummer is the leader of my band. I just pay him a salary.' That made me think of my role in playing drums. You don't have to be obtrusive, but there's a way in which you project yourself that should guide the band. You're not only the pulse—you're the conductor. You make things breathe and stop and go."

Brooks has learned this lesson well. Many times he has drawn fine performances from mediocre horn men through subtle use of accents and a control of dynamics. His own solos are marked by the same concern for musical and dramatic quality as his accompaniments.

Frequently, he will begin a solo with just a whisper of brushes on the cymbals for several choruses before increasing the intensity by switching to sticks on drums. When the climax of one of these solos comes, a receptive audience is usually on its feet applauding.

Brooks' awareness of dynamics is also reflected in the frequent use he makes



of one brush and one mallet, one stick and one brush, and other unorthodox combinations of the drummer's tools. When this was mentioned, he indicated surprise and said he hadn't given it much thought.

On reflection, the only other drummer he could think of who made extensive use of such combinations was Vernell Fournier with Ahmad Jamal.

Brooks admitted studying his own sound carefully: "I listen to myself to improve my sound, because when I'm playing, I can't tell how I sound to the public. That's one reason why drummers who record a lot play better. They know how they sound; they can say, 'I'll sound like this if I do this.'"

Another facet of Brooks' musicality is his compositional ability. This was first demonstrated with one tune, *Passin' the Buck*, on his album, *Roy Brooks' Beat*, recorded for Workshop Records, a Motown subsidiary.

Since then, his compositions have been recorded by Yusef Lateef and trumpeter Blue Mitchell, a former Silver teammate.

HE IS TRYING to get a second Detroit recording date, which would serve a dual purpose: to further his career and to "drive a wedge in the recording field for some of the other guys who are still in Detroit." To this end, he has been circulating a petition urging Motown to resume recording jazz.

"Motown did my album and some other good jazz records, but then they stopped their jazz series," he said. "They had their reasons for doing it, but I feel if they started it again, it would help a whole lot. Motown is a good industry for Detroit, but I wish they would do something jazzwise, because there's so much talent around Detroit."

Among the artists he mentioned as possibilities for recording were trombonist Bohanon and bassist Ernie Farrow with their respective quintets, the vocal team of pianist Harold McKinney and his wife Gwen, vibraharpist Abe Woodley, and pianists Claude Black and Keith Vreeland.

Although he is a young man at 28, Brooks has remained solidly grounded in the jazz mainstream and declines involvement with the current avant-garde. He deplors the inexperience and technical ineptness of many young avant-gardists. Many of them, he said, "use avant-garde music as a bandwagon to ride to appease the critics."

He is also dismayed by the public acceptance such musicians have received. This acceptance is illustrated by one of his favorite stories, describing his role in a classic spoof of the "new thing" music at New York's Village

Vanguard in early 1965.

The occasion was a matinee featuring the Charles Mingus group, and Mingus and Brooks had conspired to present some unusual music that afternoon.

Mingus announced to the audience that he was going to present some avant-garde jazz featuring a new group, recruited by Brooks.

For the occasion, the group was billed as the Masked Marvels. Brooks and the Mingus group's Danny Richmond alternated on drums, Brooks also supplied a few chords at the piano. Herman Wright was the bassist. The rest of the band was concealed behind a curtain.

Brooks, Richmond, and Wright played as competently as one would expect from professionals of their stature, while a cacophonous melange of toots and screeches came from behind the curtain.

"We had told the audience we were going to do a thing about Selma, Alabama," Brooks recalled, "and the people were listening so intently you could hear a pin drop."

After the set, the curtain came up, revealing the Masked Marvels—three small children armed with a trumpet and two clarinets. Mingus and Brooks had succeeded in passing off true, untutored ineptness as avant-garde music. Even after the identity of the Masked Marvels had been revealed, many members of the audience were apparently still unaware that they had been victims of a put-on.

Even when musicians of proven ability are involved, Brooks finds something lacking in most avant-garde jazz. He finds especially distasteful the angry mood that dominates much of this music.

"Music is supposed to make you feel more than one way; you know, happiness, sadness—not just anger," he said. "Most avant-garde music I've heard sounds confused and angry. I've never even thought of making people feel angry with my playing."

He admits that "avant-garde jazz does have a hypnotic effect, because it is the screaming of souls to be free—a release of frustration. But true jazz, as opposed to avant-garde, has a feeling of dance."

THIS BROUGHT BROOKS to one of his favorite subjects: the relationship of jazz to dancing.

"For every folk music there is a dance," he explained. "Jazz is American folk music. I danced to the music of Charlie Parker as early as in grade school. In high school we danced the bop, named after bebop, naturally, and other dances to the music of Bird, Miles, Monk, Brubeck, Chet Baker, Gerry Mulligan, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Stan Kenton, and Dizzy Gillespie, among others. The dances we did were

freer, more creative, more individual. We would improvise dances. The rhythmic quality of the music let us do this. It wasn't just one hammered thing all the time. Dizzy used to play *Things to Come* at a very fast tempo. We'd just cut the time and dance slower, still in tempo.

"When I was in school, we were more aware of jazz than kids are now. I'm not saying we were more advanced. It was just the way the market was. From the ninth grade on, everybody was hip to all the artists. If you weren't hip to it, thumbs down on you. If a concert came to town, next week when we went back to school the talk was, 'Did you see so-and-so's concert?'"

"I remember once when Miles was working at the Bluebird, he borrowed Lonnie Hillyer's horn. The next day it was the talk of the school. That's what we talked about—music. But I know this isn't happening, because of the influx of boom-boom-boom."

Does Brooks think today's teenagers would accept and dance to jazz?

"Definitely, if it was put on the market so they could hear it," he said. "The avant-garde isn't helping there, either. If kids hear some of that and think that's jazz, it's bound to hurt."

DESPITE HIS DISPARAGING COMMENTS ON avant-garde jazz, Brooks hasn't completely lost hope in the contemporary scene. For instance, he heard and enjoyed John Handy's *Live at Monterey* LP.

"It's a modal thing," he said, "but it's not used for screaming. It shows that music can be free and modal and beautiful. Lately, everyone's got the screaming thing going. You know, I've talked to a lot of avant-garde musicians, particularly drummers. They're good cats, good people, but their music. . . . There's got to be some connection between your life, the way you live, and the way you play."

"These guys can't live like they play. The way they play, they should be running around with no clothes. Something's phony somewhere. When I play, everything isn't mumbo-jumbo, rumble-bumble. I don't talk like that, I want to play so someone can understand me as a man. I'm not trying to fake anybody out. I come right to you on my instrument and say, 'This is me. Here I am.' I give myself."

Not long ago, Roy Brooks was sitting in with a local group in Detroit. As usual, he was delighting the audience and inspiring the musicians. The occasion that had brought him home was not a happy one; his father had just died. But there he was, in the midst of his sorrow, behind his drums, giving of himself. 

"YOU REALLY DON'T KNOW a man 'til you break bread with him." Red Saunders was talking in his business office, located in the basement of his Chicago home. I had gone there after our last *Evolution of Jazz* show, a project conceived and put together by Red and backed by the Board of Education of the City of Chicago. Everybody who knows Red Saunders knows him as a most capable show drummer and bandleader. Of course, he's involved in much more, but few of us in times past suspected Saunders of wanting to tell the story of jazz. But when the shows started, it was apparent that he'd do a bang-up job. He began his talk for each presentation as Roger McCall provided a tom-tom beat on a water-buffalo African drum and continued by introducing the spirituals of the Hutchinson Family (three sisters of high school age and their father), blues vocals with guitar by Bobby King, piano by Lil Armstrong, the Dixie period with me at piano, the big band period, and the avant-garde with Bunky Green.

Saunders carried the jazz story to some 25,000 students in 12 high schools. It was wonderful. True, the audiences were mostly Negro, and surely the white race could use the message. But Red did what was assigned him, and he did it well. When you consider that there were 23 performers running loose during the daytime (8:30 am) and that the music and the behavior were top level, you have to credit the man in front.

For a while all I knew about Red Saunders was that I'd keep running into him at funerals. Once I even suspected he was on a "going-away" committee. Baby Dodds, Buddy Smith, Chippie Hill, Papa Yancey, Mike McKendrick, Muggsy Spanier; Red shows up. But if you'd ever heard Red play (and I didn't quite catch him in his prime), you'd know there's a lot more to the man. Now he's got so many things going that he doesn't play drums except on occasion.

In a way its good because he's giving some newcomer a chance to break in. Red directs his big band (five brass, five reeds, three rhythm). Oh, he'll play a gig; and if you need him, he'll help you. But during the last 20 years, Saunders has been establishing a fine reputation for playing shows. And he's done this mainly at two spots; the old Club DeLisa and the Regal Theater. When you consider how many show people have played both these spots and when you stop to consider the incidents and stories Saunders has a part in, you dig my motive in getting Red to talk.

Theodore Saunders; born in Memphis, Tenn. "You see how close Lil Armstrong and I are?" (She just got through showing me a picture of Red in company with the late, great Thomas Fats Waller, one of the finest jazz piano men of all times. And in the picture, which had to be around 30 years old, Red's quite slender.) "Lil and my sister were close friends,



Saunders, Lionel Hampton, and Erroll Garner

schoolmates. No, you can't say I come from a musical family. Nobody played. We did have an old Victor phone. We heard a variety of music—McCormack, Caruso, also Bessie Smith and Ma Rainey. I caught them in person—you know, TOBA (Theater Owners Booking Assoc., known to performers as "tough on black acts"), the Negro chain. Blues singers would make the tour. Fifty-two weeks, all the major cities in the United States. I saw Ethel Waters long before she made the big time. And Johnny Dunn. Beating on fences and tin pans. My sister brought me north when my mother passed on. My father moved to Kansas City; he's passing. I tell the truth. I was put in school in Milwaukee—St. Benedict's; a boarding school. That's where I took my first drum lessons—10 cents a lesson; white teacher. I was about 13 years old. I went to high school here. Once John P. Sousa

came and directed the band. That was a big thing.

"First guy I played with was Stomp King; he's a piano player. He wasn't good, but conditions were bad, and he could get musicians to hustle. Like you get four, five musicians. Darnell Howard did it; so did Omer Simeon. You promise a guy money—if we make anything. You rent a car—you know someone who has one, and you cut him in, and you go out to the outlying towns, hit the joints, ask the man if you can play, and then you pass the hat. And you're home 4, 5, 6 in the morning; maybe 7. No super-highways in those days. And then you go to school.

"From there, I got a job with Tiny Parham; one, two days at the Savoy. That was about '33, after Louis [Armstrong]. By the way, I've been knowing Louie since '23. Did you know there was

a time he promoted dances? At the Warwick Hall. Lost his shirt—\$3,000. Money? I got \$8 a night at the Savoy. Then I started at the 29 Club [47th and Dearborn]. I got \$14 a week; and you know when I asked for a raise, (I asked for \$15) I got fired. Yeah, those were days. The Annex at 23rd and State. Jimmy Cobb [trumpet] played there. And Chippie Hill. That's '33. And Albert Ammons down the street at the Claremont.

"ENTERTAINERS USED TO have 'ups'. We hit the stand at 10. Your first intermission is at 3. Two shows and then 'ups'. That's when you made your extra dollars. The gals [vocalists] would make the rounds, sing at the tables, and split with the band. Sometimes they'd run in the toilet to steal. We had a guy who'd run right after 'em—right in the can—and make 'em split the dough.

"Albert Ammons was at the DeLisa, and he had Del Bright on alto saxophone. Very good. After a while, they started bringing in some rough shows and a producer. That's when Del Bright took over the band. After that, I joined. And when Del decided to go on the road with Horace Henderson, I became the leader. That was in 1937, and I was there 'til '58. Club DeLisa—55th and State. It seated 500 people before it burned down (in '41). It was rebuilt across the street; there was a six-month pause. Then it seated 800. There were lines on weekends, waiting to get in. No minimum. No cover. Setups, ice, water, ginger ale, Coke. Bring your own booze.

"The band varied. At its lowest I had eight men. Tops was 13—four reeds, five brass, three rhythm. One of the guys who's been with me the longest was tenor saxophone man Leon Washington. Now business agent in the union. You know we'd have a line of gals—10, 12. Six or seven acts, variety show, dance, song, comedy, etc. Names? Billy Eckstine, Baby Lawrence, George Kirby, Lurlean Hunter, Joe Williams, Chippie Hill, Joe Turner. Breakfast show Sunday night (really Monday morning)—6:30 a.m., close at 8:30. But the Sunday matinee would start at 5 p.m. So you'd go from 5 p.m. Sunday to 8:30 the next day. And then you'd hang out to noon or go to another joint."

Red paused, lost in thought. And I was thinking, too . . . back in those days, when all was fresh and we were young, and who thought about energy and strength? Crazy.

Red also has done some songwriting and had a hit in *Hambone*. "It got us this house—the down payment," he said. "Leon and I wrote the melody. We'd heard the kids around the neighborhood singing the words. We'd been doing records for Joe Williams for Okeh; that's how we got to do it. Dee Clark was one of the *Hambone* kids. Eeven Tommy Dorsey recorded it; Charlie Shavers sang it."

I remember the tune. How can I forget it? I was in Columbus, Ohio. Buddy Smith was playing drums, and we were together. Wandered into a restaurant, and *Hambone* was spinning on the jukebox. Buddy told me it was Red's tune. The place was nearly empty except for the

help; and they seemed to be enjoying the music. We never got served. Buddy finally nudged me, and got me out of there.

"Like everything else, the DeLisa finally came to a halt, Red said. "It was a family project, and when Mike and Louis died, there was no boss to run it, and it fell apart. Wonderful people; I was my own boss. Indefinite contract, periodic raises. No fortune, but as salaries go . . . and for living in those days! And I got my show experience. No other band on the south side was trusted to play the big-time acts that came to town. Yeah! I went into the Regal in 1960 for George Brandt, and he was good to me. I stayed

I had to probe into the yesterday. So I asked him about his experience with musician's unions.

"Art, I joined the union in 1928. Cost me \$25. No exam. [Some locals are pretty strict; they'd like you to be able to read at least 4 bars of music.] The union was a means of survival. It was adequate. We were second-class citizens, even as musicians. We set no scales; everything was handed down from Petrillo. Policy came from Local 10 [for years Chicago had two musicians unions, white Local 10 and Negro Local 208; today its Local 10-208]. We had three scales: A, B, and C. The most it ever



Saunders and Sonny Cohn at Club De Lisa.

there just about regularly to '67."

So it's today, and all about Red Saunders spells today. He doesn't strike you as a guy who dwells in yesterdays. And if you know the man, and I think I'm beginning to get glimpses, this strikes you. There's an involvement in the present. When I asked for pictures of what happened yesterday, one of his sons, who helps with the business end, brought in two cartons, heaped with clippings and pictures. Maybe Red's got a scrapbook somewhere, but I didn't get that idea. I felt he was living each day as fully as possible and that precluded taking time to paste up yesterday's events. But, in order to dig what Red's up to today,

was was \$30 for three hours; it was on the books—never practiced. Our guys are just learning today about union scales. We (musicians) were the world's worst businessmen. Like 'man, let me play my horn'. But later on (you know, as you grow older and get married), we wanted things, and we saw where we were paying 100 percent more for things than the guys in Local 10. A rude awakening."

History will tell you that a few years ago Chicago musicians voted Jimmy Petrillo and most of his ticket out of office. A new group had swept into power. It was the day of change. We had finally thrown off the one-man rule. This story

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SKETCHES BY MARY JO SCHWALBACH

BY DAN MORGENSTERN
WITH IRA GITLER

LIONEL HAMPTON BROUGHT *Greasy Greens* to a crashing halt with one of his inimitable leaps, the applause—having already produced two encores—ebbed away, George Wein beamed, and the 14th annual Newport Jazz Festival had come to an end.

It was a happy, glowing finish to an event not always representative of Newport at its best, and haunted by the dampest, wettest weather yet experienced at the Rhode Island resort by this 11-year observer.

No accountable agency could be blamed

for the weather—but it served to point up the pioneer spirit and sturdy constitution expected from Newport audiences; public, guests, and press alike. The critic who had the foresight to bring rubber boots and dungarees was a wise man indeed. Those who braved the press parking lot (a euphemism for a meadow overgrown with knee-high, water-retaining weeds) would be the first to agree.

But outdoor festivals are never prepared for rain, and physical discomforts (including the unavailability of material with which to dry off rain-logged chair seats) were endurable and excusable.

Not so the sound system, which this year was the worst in this writer's Newport experience. Amplifying music to fill an outdoor area as wide and deep as Festival Field is a problem to which no perfect solution can or should be expected. But one does expect reasonable competence in

microphone placement (and mechanical functionality); a reasonably normal balance between the instruments or sections, and a sound reasonably pleasing to ears attuned to pre-electronic musical standards.

None of these expectations, alas, were fulfilled. At times, to be sure, the sound was only reasonably bad. But at other and sometimes crucial moments, what can only be described as incompetence caused distortion and/or inaudibility of potentially fine music.

But this flaw had an interesting and enlightening consequence. Those who seemed

the least impaired or bothered by the sound-system's shortcomings were the old pros, the people and bands with their own sounds and own self-reliant and confident personalities. The newer groups and musicians (with some exceptions) appeared to need sophisticated audio aid to get their messages across.

Offhand, it ought not to be a significant discovery that jazz, like any performing art, has its old pros who can't be out-classed. But the jazz world (perhaps too grandiose a term for that small and peculiar segment of our globe) has become so afflicted with the snobbery of modernism that such elementary lessons are still needed.

When speaking of this world, I do not mean audiences. The Newport audience,



as it has developed over the years, is one of the most receptive and generous I know. When something appeals to them, they do not care if the artist is famous or not. They are susceptible to the flashy and meretricious, to be sure, but even in this they can't easily be put down.

After all, here were such unimpeachable authorities as Father Norman O'Connor, Billy Taylor, producer Wein himself, and sometimes a hip disc jockey to tell them that everyone they were hearing was a great artist, and they were there to enjoy themselves and be entertained. So if they did favor some rather trite and calculating acts, are they to be blamed?

But real things reach them as well, or even better (because then there is spontaneous combustion on both sides of the floodlights), and that is always a joy.

Among these occasions were the several highlights and the marvelous climax of the vibes workshop; a brilliant piece for unaccompanied drums created and performed by Max Roach; a fantastic and exhausting Buddy Rich solo; a charming Dizzy Gillespie ballad vocal; and a brilliant set by Earl Hines, which burst into flame when Budd Johnson's soprano saxophone joined in.

This set, which reached the audience in no uncertain terms, was brought to an untimely halt before reaching its potential climax, and that brings up a delicate point.

It goes without saying, of course, that to plan, produce, stage, and bring off a festival of this size is an imposing task. To lose sight of this plain fact, and to carp needlessly about relatively minor blemishes is not only unfair but also beside the point.

THE PROBLEMS BEING what they are (and to list them in detail would require another piece the length of this) one must expect a certain amount of box office attractions, a certain amount of scheduling problems, a certain amount of unavoidable cuts in somebody's sets.

But, as the old jazz saying goes, "it ain't what you do, it's the way that you do it." Granted that Friday night's overtime show had reaped for Wein the bitter harvest of a \$2,000 fine by the Newport City Fathers,



who wasted no time (and extended no common courtesies) in collecting a bond posted with them for breaches of the arbitrary midnight curfew—prompted, no doubt, by local gin sellers whose establishments close early—granted that this slap required a strict timetable for the following night.

Yet, flexibility and tact are two virtues that can be applied even in crisis situations and when Earl Hines—one of the great jazz artists who make these festivals worth producing and attending and writing about—is sandwiched between two box office names of no particular jazz stature, both of whom are given ample time to work their well-tested audience manipulations—when that happens, it is a painful experience.

Even more so when there is a spark—the first real spark of the night—and a fire begins to burn. Hines came out swinging with *Second Balcony Jump*, played with the torrential power on *Bernie's Tune* (with fine support [and solo] from drummer Oliver Jackson, who held his own with the drum stars of the festival) and then scored a bulls-eye with Budd

Johnson's off-stage soprano on *It's Magic*.

Budd plays this instrument very well, but he has rarely played it like that night (he was also in rare form on the previous evening, when he joined the Newport All Stars for a Bechet tribute, *Summertime*, but it was on this next night that he properly reincarnated Bechet's sorcery). He got his chance for a follow-up, which stoked the fire, but his (and Earl's) planned finale, a switch to tenor for *Lester Leaps In*, was never to be.

The crowd waned more, and the musicians wanted to play on (these things don't happen every time you come to bat) but being professionals and gentlemen, off they went. (Illinois Jacquet, tendered similar treatment Monday night, was less polite. He simply held up his finger for "one more" and called another number,



proving that when a performer holds the stage, nothing short of physical interference can remove him.)

Oh, yes—it was between Nina Simone and Herbie Mann that Hines went on—for 25 minutes.

In many ways, this Newport festival was a big band triumph. Big bands, they say, may be coming back. Judging from Newport, they are very much here already.

The greatest stir was caused by the already well-publicized Don Ellis band from California in its eastern debut.

Scheduled to play last on Monday afternoon, Ellis and his 20 men played first, and to the smallest audience of the festival. (Weatherwise, this was the worst day). Thus, several important listeners missed some, most, or all of the set—an unfortunate turn of events for the non-Californians among them.

I missed some, but the two and one half pieces I did hear sufficed to make it plain that this is a very exciting band. If its excitement is in part generated by extra-musical factors, this is also in the best California tradition: to describe this band as Stan Kenton with a sense of humor might be unkind, but not too far off the mark.

With four percussionists and three bassists, electric piano, several amplified reed doublings, and the leader's sometimes amplified trumpet and showmanship, this is



a visually impressive, musically dramatic and exceptionally well-drilled ensemble.

New Nine, a piece with elements ranging from raga to "funky" blues, was extremely well paced, ranging in dynamics from pianissimo (arco basses and finger cymbal) to triple forte (vast Wagnerian brass eruptions), and containing a piano solo during which the electronic keyboard was employed as a single-line electric guitar voice, both alone and with "regular" keyboard rumbblings underneath.

THERE WAS ALSO a long section for the massed percussion, which looked pretty exciting. But a friend's comment is worth quoting: "The four of them make up half an Art Blakey". The band's much-touted rhythmic complexity undoubtedly exists, but the average Western ear, incapable of discerning the finer points of multiple rhythms, tends to reduce the musical totality to a comforting 4, 5, or 2. And on the blues passages, there was no question of the band's swing.

Ellis' electronic trumpet forays were interesting, making clever use of reverb and other effects, but never distorting the natural trumpet sound. He plays a four-valve horn.

The band's closing number would have brought the house down on an evening show. Called *P. T. Barnum's Revenge*, it was based on *Bill Bailey Won't You Please Come Home*, and had touches of surrealist humor as well as almost overpowering ensemble crescendos.

At the end, over the concerted shouts of the ensemble, Ellis led a dixieland front line of trumpet, clarinet and trombone with expert timing and great chops. He even played some fitting and non-burlesqued Armstrong licks, in contrast to an earlier passage which had sounded like a pastiche of Al Hirt.

This band will be heard from, and even a listener who does not particularly care for its musical approach must applaud its skills, enthusiasm, and original, adventurous confrontation of the big band format. It manages to bring something

new and fresh to this format without breaking its bounds.

No innovations were forthcoming from the festival's other big bands, but one of them was a distinct novelty. This was the Japanese 18-piece Sharps and Flats, a crack show band from Tokyo ably directed by tenor saxophonist Nobuo Hara (whose name was instantly Americanized to Nobu O'Hara).

For the concert, the band, which also plays its own arrangements of standard jazz material, performed a program of exclusively native music. But though *Geisha Girl* was based on an 8th century Japanese theme, it swung and easily lent itself to translation into international big jazz band vocabulary.

The soloists included a diminutive, hard-driving tenorist and a crisp alto player, while the drummer indicated that the several visits to Japan by the Jazz Messengers have had good effects.

More ethnic was the playing of Housan Yamamoto, a bamboo flutist clad in ceremonial robes. But there were traces of the blues in his improvisations on melancholy, sweet folk themes, showing once again that all the world's musics are related and even interchangeable (and demonstrating this to much more convincing and much less pretentious effect than the various cultural borrowings and graftings exercised by Herbie Mann, Gabor Szabo, and Olatunji elsewhere during the festivities).

The band's finale featured the drummer and the trumpet section, which had an

(Incidentally, the band members were on hand during most of the festival, soaking up American jazz with an interest and devotion that was most appealing to observe.)

Count Basie had one of his greatest Newport nights. The band had come to play, and being momentarily unburdened with a successful (or would-be successful) singer, it had its chance to show its jazz mettle.

There is a singer, though, but of a different kind. This is Richard Boone, an able member of the trombone section, who has a most original and engaging style of scat and vocalese, displayed to good effect on *Boone's Blues*. His encore, *I Got Rhythm*, was nice but not up to the initial effort, which included some hilarious sexual hints, and a sample of jazz yodeling.

Joe Williams, a Newport standby, also got into the Basie act with *Every Day*, on which the band's backing was masterful. The singer was more effective in his own earlier set, especially with a Bill Broonzy blues.

BUT THE BAND was the thing, especially with a Harry Edison feature, *Willow Weep For Me*, on which the trumpeter played imaginatively, with clarion tone and perfect control, and a whirlwind-paced *Cottontail*, apparently inherited from Charlie Barnet's new book, and played with tremendous spirit. The trumpet and reed sections shone, and the brass was also sharp as a tack on *Whirlybird*, with a fine Sal Nistico tenor contribution. This set brought on some dancing in the aisles.



almost Lunceford-like punch. The ensemble unity of the band and its discipline, neat appearance, and team spirit also recalled that great band of yesteryear—but the comparison is not meant to go deeper than that.

While visiting Newport, the Sharps and Flats also played a concert for the inmates at a nearby correctional institution—the first jazz festival attraction to do so. The performance, enthusiastically received, was arranged by Mrs. George Wein.

It was the climax of the Friday night performance, the Schlitz "Salute to Jazz", which had some pretensions to being an "informal" panorama of jazz history. As such, it failed. The commentary was of the most inane and superficial kind, and the tone was set by the opener, featuring Olatunji and his troupe in a kind of Hollywood conception of Africa, including a new-thing saxophonist.

However, some authentic history was present in the persons of such notable figures as Willie The Lion Smith, Earl Hines, Pee Wee Russell and Bud Freeman—and Basie.

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FIRST ANNUAL MONTEREY POP FESTIVAL



BY BARRY HANSEN

LEE TANNER

THE COUNTY FAIRGROUNDS in Monterey, scene of many of the decade's great moments in jazz, witnessed a major milestone in rock history on the weekend of June 16. The four mammoth concerts in the 7,000-seat outdoor arena maintained a high standard of excellence.

The lineup of artists was heavily biased in favor of the West Coast. But the most important bias was not geographical but musical, as the organizers sought continually to present the most artistic and creative aspects of rock, scrupulously avoiding the products of high-pressure commercialism.

No special titles or theme were announced for any of the four concerts, but there were major differences in emphasis from one to another. Friday night highlighted the comparatively clean-cut, Whisky-a-Go-Go type of scene. If it lacked the dynamism of the later concerts, it was a bonanza display of some of the greatest pros in the field. The Association, opening, gave near-impeccable performances of their record hits. Though they used the original arrangements, *Cherish* and *Along Comes Mary* emerged with a much stronger rock feeling than on LP. A startling version of the oldie *Poison Ivy* proved a fine change of pace.

Next came the Paupers, from Canada, with some impressive sounds: three drum sets (only one was in use continually, the other two being manned sporadically by the rhythm guitarist and bassist) and a well-distorted electric mandolin, with a sound slightly resembling steel drums. A long electric bass solo opened up new frontiers in sound for that instrument. Unfortunately, the group's material was so trite that the act had acquired a feeling of overblown emptiness before the set was half over.

Things mellowed down with Lou Rawls. Singing with H. B. Barnum's nine-piece band, Rawls was the only major

representative of middle-of-the-road "adult" pop music at the festival. Watching him juggle both the essential and the superficial aspects of Negro culture, wrapping them up in a tight little commercial package, one had the feeling that Rawls wears his soul on his sleeve. But his inventive mastery of the vocal crafts made it easy to forget this.

After an unscheduled and rather inappropriate appearance by a British folk-nouveau songstress named Beverly, we got a chance to watch another real pro, Johnny Rivers. This is the man who put L.A.'s Whisky-a-Go-Go on the map, and sold millions of records with lively if unadventurous revivals of many a hoary rock song.

Rivers doesn't have much to offer in the way of creativity, but there was a chance to hear in the flesh such ubiquitous studio men as drummer Hal Blaine and pianist Jim Webb.

Next came Monterey's most important "surprise" act: an unscheduled appearance by Britisher Eric Burdon and his new Animals. After a slow start, the Animals built the evening to its highest peak of instrumental intensity. An extravagant version of *Paint It Black* featured a shivering combination of screaming blues guitar and electric violin. Burdon demonstrated once again his place at the top of that class of rock singers whose emotional climaxes transcend all considerations of pitch.

The closing stint by ex-folk singers Simon and Garfunkel, accompanied (as customary in their live shows) only by Paul Simon's acoustic guitar, seemed anticlimatic at first. But their hits came out with more variety in phrasing, and much more warmth of expression, than on record. If it smacked a bit of long-shuttered coffeehouses, it was beautiful. Simon's guitar was rich, yet very clean—a little orchestra in itself. Their set closed exquisitely with a *Benedictus* credited to



PAT MURPHY

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the 16th century composer Orlando Di Lasso.

BY CONTRAST WITH Friday's mixed bag, Saturday afternoon brought a near-plethora of white electric blues singers. The great ones were all there: Elvin Bishop, of the Butterfield Blues Band; his ex-colleague Mike Bloomfield, now with his own group; Henry Vestine and Al Wilson of Canned Heat, plus some talented San Franciscans, playing heavily blues-influenced guitar within that city's heterogeneous rock bag.

Canned Heat, a crack new blues band from Los Angeles, opened the show. Its strongly traditionalist approach, eschewing the shrieking climaxes of the San Francisco psychedelians, may have puzzled some of the audience. But suffice it to say they set a high standard for the day. Technically, Vestine and Wilson are quite possibly the best two-guitar team in the nation, and Wilson has certainly become our finest white blues harmonica man. Together with powerhouse vocalist Bob Hite, they performed the Chicago blues idiom of the '50s so skillfully and naturally that the question of which race this music belongs to becomes totally irrelevant. Their refusal to compromise with psychedelically oriented audiences may yet condemn them to becoming a musician's group; one can only feel sorry for the public in such an eventuality.

The four San Francisco groups appearing Saturday afternoon were all impressive and well received. Among the best was Big Brother and the Holding Company, a five-piece crew featuring a superb singer, Janis Joplin, and an equally commanding lead guitarist, James Gurley. Shouting with all the power one could ask for, yet never losing pitch, Miss Joplin reminded strongly of Aretha Franklin.

Gurley's playing, rooted in Bloomfield-style blues, but with exciting excursions into the world of quasi-*musique concrete*, had the audience in ecstasy. The combination typified the very best San Francisco has to offer. (The group's records are quite unrepresentative.)

The other three San Francisco groups were hardly less qualified. The Quick-silver Messenger Service's material and arrangements are less inspired than some, but they are very good at the psychedelic crescendos that are a San Francisco hallmark. Their harp man is not far below the Wilson-Butterfield class.

Conversely, Country Joe and the Fish were the least stimulating, instrumentally, though their compositions are among the most ambitious and artistic in rock. It seems unfair to put the Fish down for not improvising more, but their lack of spontaneity hurt them badly in Saturday afternoon's fast company.

The fourth San Francisco group, the Steve Miller Blues Band, was not quite in the class of the day's other blues groups but came over very well when switching to San Francisco-style instrumental freakouts. Expanding the boundaries of live music, they used tape-recorded electronic sounds to great effect.

But the great stories of Saturday after-

noon were told in the blues bag. It was a twofold smash: the return of the Butterfield Blues Band, with several personnel changes, and the world premiere of the new group headed by Butterfield's former lead guitarist, Mike Bloomfield.

Rather than replacing Bloomfield, Butterfield has added tenor saxophone and trumpet, leaving Elvin Bishop the sole guitarist. Bugsy Malm has replaced Jerome Arnold on bass.

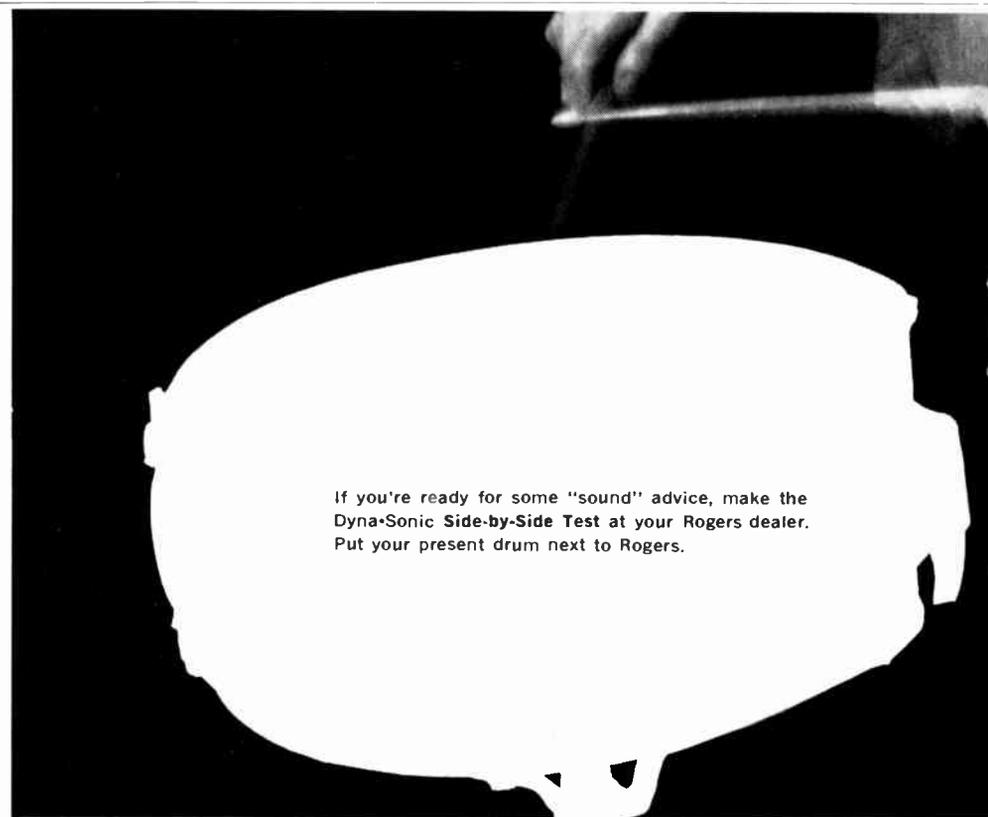
These changes have taken Butterfield some distance from the east-west psychedelic sound with which he so strongly influenced the San Francisco scene, and closer to the sound of today's urban Negro blues. Gone are the long instrumentals, with their much-imitated crescendos; instead the focus has shifted to Butterfield's vocals. And he was singing

better than ever before.

The horns, though soloing occasionally, were mainly concerned with playing the riffs and bridges formerly handled by Butterfield's harp. This contributed to the new excellence of Butterfield's singing, but also served to give his hard solos, when they came, much new beauty. The one on *Drifting Blues* was wonderfully soft and plaintive.

Also showing new inspiration was organist Mark Naftalin, soloing less but playing better blues than ever before.

Butterfield's band got the warmest reception of the festival so far, but topping it was the applause for the new band formed in San Francisco by the white blues' most charismatic instrumentalist, Mike Bloomfield. David Crosby of the Byrds introduced the band as the Electric



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Flag, but word has it that the official name will be Thee, Sound. The confusion aside, the new band proved to be a strong rival for Butterfield's.

CERTAINLY THOSE WHO HEARD the Butterfield band during Bloomfield's last days with it had every right to expect a torrent of psychedelic electricity. But Mike has been thinking (if not playing) along different lines for some time, desiring to return to a more basic blues sound with emphasis on singing. So he has built his new band, strange as it may seem, along the same lines as Butterfield's, with only one guitar, and with trumpet and tenor added to the usual organ, bass, and drums.

Two members have been brought in principally for their vocal power: conga drummer Nick (The Greek) Gravenites,

composer of *Born in Chicago*, and Buddy Miles, a powerful drummer formerly with Wilson Pickett. Miles did most of the singing that afternoon. He is of the B. B. King school but a little rougher.

Saturday night brought more big record names, with the accent on youth this time. Plenty to enjoy, but less to get excited over, as close re-creations of record hits were the main order of the evening. Moby Grape, a relatively new San Francisco group, leaned closer to conventional hard rock than did the other groups from that city, and its sound had a sameness to it. But within the idiom its tunes were top-notch, its performances powerfully precise. It came on very strong with *Indifference* and stuck very close to the arrangements on its new Columbia I.P.

Hugh Maskela, the African trumpeter, followed with a conventional jazz group. At first it was a nice change of pace, but even the jazz buffs were bored before his hour-long stint was over. The instrumentals were adequate, but the vocals were embarrassing. It was a good opportunity to appreciate the light show; though restricted to a screen behind the performers, it was brilliantly colored and smoothly produced.

Next flew the Byrds. As a recording group it is among America's finest, but it has always been sloppy and weak on stage, and this was no exception. A couple of unsubtle spiels between songs—one advocating the use of LSD, the other propounding somebody's guesses about Kennedy's assassination—drew big cheers but certainly did not add to the music.

Jefferson Airplane, most famous of the young San Franciscans, also stuck close to its recorded sound. But the great versatility of its songs and arrangements kept interest high, as did the stage presence of its extraordinary singer, Grace Slick. Less dynamic but diverting at times was another girl singer, Laura Nyro, appearing with a house band.

The Beach Boys didn't show up, so the audience was treated to a repeat performance by Butterfield.

Last was one of the festival's real blockbusters, an appearance by soul titan Otis Redding. The festival scored quite a coup by bring in the band that backs Redding on his records. Part of this group records as Booker T and the M.G.'s, and they warmed up the audience with some blues instrumentals whose stark simplicity and absolute solidity contrasted with the more ambitious efforts of the afternoon concert.

Then Redding was on, and his showmanship had the crowd constantly on its feet. Redding's greatness may not lie so much in his music as in his ability to project and communicate emotional states. But that's greatness too. To Redding went the most tumultuous audience reception of the festival.

Sunday afternoon, an incredibly wintry June day, brought the magnificent bonus of a concert in the main arena by Indian sitarist Ravi Shankar. He wisely eschewed the pop and jazz combinations he has worked with now and then and gave a straight Indian concert with tabla and tamboura, lasting close to four hours.

Shankar's success at making this afternoon a religious experience for more than 7,000 people is a tribute not only to him but also to the surprising maturity of the whole audience at this festival. It was a long way from the teenie-bopper carnival one might have expected.

THEN, SUDDENLY, it was Sunday night and the final concert. The opening group was the Blues Project, which has recently had several changes in personnel as well as a considerable change in approach. The group's tasteless brand of traditional blues has given way to a more heterogeneous kind of psychedelic music in the San Francisco school. They introduced new organist John-John McDuffy, whose singing added a new note.



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Flute Thing, once a change-of-pace trifle, has grown into a much-extended and beautiful mood piece, affording solo space for all instruments. The flute appeared to be connected to a tape echo, which was turned up and down with startling effect.

The spiritual *Wake Me, Shake Me* also came in for extended treatment, allowing long space for guitarist Danny Kalb. Kalb is very possibly the nation's fastest blues-rock guitarist, but his work is becoming slightly dated as other musicians move toward sparser lines, with greater emphasis on bending and on tone quality.

Dionne Warwick canceled out at the last minute, and there was a double substitution. First came Big Brother and the Holding Company, repeating about half of its previous set; then a new group that apparently had no name, and not much sound either.

Buffalo Springfield, a Los Angeles group with some moderate record successes, did a set of very tasty rock tunes, both soft and hard. They worked with *four* guitars, and if things got busy now and then, it did get a very nice sound with subtle blues licks added at strategic points in the choruses of decidedly non-blues tunes.

Tommy Smothers, a startlingly awkward emcee on this night, then heralded the world's foremost exponents of creative destruction, the Who. Let it be said that this British group exceeded all expectations. Before the first number was over, drummer Keith Moon was ricocheting drumsticks high into the air and far into the audience; during the second piece he picked up his snare drum, stand and all, and tossed it over his shoulder.

A couple of more tunes, and then *My Generation* brought the ultimate catharsis. One moment guitarist Peter Dinklage was fretting his instrument with the mike stand; at the next he was swinging it wildly in every direction, clouting mikes, amps and anything else that got in the way. A Super Beatle amp shorted out and erupted in a spectacular cloud of smoke.

Meanwhile, Townshend commenced to strike the stage murderously with his guitar, chunks of which were soon flying everywhere. Drums were tossed around like beachballs, and stagehands scurried to rescue cherished equipment as pandemonium broke out. With all this, it mattered very little that the sound of the group's stage performance was ragged compared with the finesse of its records.

The unenviable task of following this mighty circus was placed in the strong hands of the Grateful Dead, a curiously down-homey bunch that has become enshrined as the king group of West Coast acid-rock. It is a formidable outfit, with two of the coast's top freakout musicians, guitarist Jerry Garcia, and a bearlike organist known only as Pigpen.

The Dead's shorter arrangements are brilliant, but its longer tunes have a habit of ending up in the same way. Uncontrolled cascades of notes over a tonic drone build up to the threshold of pain. Then, suddenly, everything stops and they go back to the beginning. Certainly

it mesmerizes the freaks (which is what the Dead get paid for doing) but it's kind of a slipshod, lazy way to play music.

THOROUGHLY SHELL-SHOCKED by this time, the audience beheld Brian Jones (of the Rolling Stones) introduce another British group, the Jimi Hendrix Experience. Hendrix, virtually unknown here but a major record act in England, is a 19-year-old American Negro guitarist and singer who learned his trade touring with Little Richard and Joey Dee. After failing as a single artist in New York (under the name of Jimmie James), Hendrix was persuaded to go to England, where he was an instantaneous smash; his new album was second on the charts in England the week of the festival.

This was the American debut of his English group and quite possibly the major event of the festival. Hendrix' roots are deep in blues and soul; yet he has learned all the best licks and tricks from the white blues and psychedelic guitarists: Bloomfield, Clapton, and all the rest—an unprecedented and very likely unbeatable combination. His tone and phrasing on the guitar, which he plays left-handed, are amazing.

In addition, he uses the instrument as a prop for a dazzling repertoire of visual dramatics, playing the instrument only with his right (fretting) hand, twirling

Jimi Hendrix:
The fire that time



it around in the manner of Lightning Hopkins and other predecessors, playing with his teeth, and using it in a variety of postures that would make Bo Diddley blush.

The audience, a bit taken aback at first, cheered more loudly with each number, as he went through a pair of rock-blues originals, the cataclysmic *Foxy Lady*, Bob Dylan's *Like a Rolling Stone*, and the blues evergreen *Rock Me, Baby*.

The climax came with a lightly regarded rock tune of a year ago, *Wild Thing*. This had the audience screaming at every line before Hendrix even started his final coup de grace, a stage act that included an unprecedented variety of erotic dances, and finished with Hendrix setting his guitar on fire, then smashing it and throwing parts of it to the audience.

If the Who had not done some of this before, there might well have been a riot. Hendrix' act somehow had a much more personal, less mechanical feel to it, a spontaneous one-man revolution as opposed the Who's organized assault on the senses.

THE FESTIVAL CONCLUDED, a bit anticlimactically but appropriately, with the group most responsible for its existence, the Mamas and the Papas. This was their first live performance in quite some time, and perhaps it wasn't their smoothest, but somehow their pretty songs seemed to stand, in that moment, for all the accomplishments and good vibrations of the whole pop scene, and it was very moving. We were left with a little glow in our hearts.

A giant of a festival it was. By and large, the organizers chose acts from whom a great deal could be expected, and by and large they delivered. Some of the behind-the-scenes planning was regrettable, though. The fenced-off V.I.P. section was nowhere near large enough to accommodate all the festival performers, not to mention the invited press.

Compounding this was the total unwillingness of the ushers to find any solution to the seating problem other than keeping people out. We watched as a member of one of Saturday afternoon's blues bands attempted to talk a gatekeeper into letting him in to see Sunday night's concert; the employe's response was to threaten to beat him up unless he went away. Only by schemes and intrigue were performers and reporters able to see the concerts—even with official passes.

The sound system was the clearest and best-balanced we have encountered in a concert area of this size. The on-stage lighting was generally quite good, and did not conflict much with the light show. The emceeing was disorganized, and there was no attempt to explain or even mention that certain artists listed in the printed program did not appear.

The townsfolk, including the police, treated the hippies remarkable well. We look forward to next year's edition—but we'll be a year older then, and hopefully producers Lou Adler and John Phillips will find us a place to sit down. 

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Louis Armstrong All-Stars

Ravinia Park, Highland Park, Ill.

Personnel: Armstrong, trumpet, vocals; Tyree Glenn, trombone, vibraharp; Joe Muranyi, clarinet; Marty Napoleon, piano; Buddy Catlett, bass; Danny Barcelona, drums; Jewell Brown, vocals.

At his second public appearance after his recent recuperation from a bout with pneumonia, less than a week short of his 67th birthday, Louis Daniel Armstrong, the man with a horn from New Orleans who changed the world, delighted a capacity audience of thousands—young and old, black and white—with his trumpet and his voice and his incomparable presence.

It was, perhaps, a night not much different from countless thousands of nights in the life of this great man, who has been bringing his message of joy and love to people all over the world for some five decades.

And yet it was an extraordinary night: Satchmo, fresh from a well-earned rest, was in excellent spirits; the band, too, was in the mood to play, there was a new member on board, and there were green surroundings and clean air.

Thus, even established routines had new vitality. The Armstrong All-Stars have often come in for patronizing criticism from those who conveniently forget that this is perhaps the hardest working group in the jazz world.

With Louis at the helm, there is little opportunity for coasting. He never gives his public less than his all, and the sidemen must keep up. Granted that there have been men in the ranks who were out of place—but even they were never less than pros.

At present, the band is at a new peak. Trombonist Glenn, whose vibes-doubling adds spice, and whose showmanship has settled down and become pleasantly relaxed, is an excellent, dependable musician.

Clarinetist Muranyi, whose working environment has in the main been of the traditional variety, but who is a mainstream player in the best sense of the word, knows what the Armstrong's ensemble conception requires. His solo work is fresh, enthusiastic, and accomplished.

Pianist Napoleon, a fine musician, has a compelling beat, loves to play, is an expert accompanist, and sparks the rhythm section, which has become tight and supple.

Bassist Catlett, who came to the band with a wide range of experience including Count Basie's graduate school of rhythm, has a full, fat sound, excellent time, and an ear to match.

Drummer Barcelona, now the senior in service, is not a flashy percussionist, but keeps the bottom where Louis wants it and takes care of business in the time-keeping department.

Miss Brown is a spirited performer with a big voice, and though her brand of showmanship is a bit theatrical, she provides a change of pace that adds to the group's total impact. However, her routines are not really integrated with Louis and the band, and even after several years, she remains an "added attraction." In view of Louis' great empathy with female singers, this is a pity.

The band puts on a good show. In some

jazz quarters, the infantile delusion that there is a dichotomy between "art" and showmanship persists, but the musicians who profess such beliefs would give their very soul to be able to establish the kind of rapport with an audience that Louis Armstrong creates merely by walking on stage.

The fact that the band puts on a show does not mean that it doesn't play good music. On the contrary, the manner in which the music is presented gives the audience a feeling of communion with the artists which insures that no note goes unappreciated. The lesson to be learned for most of the younger generation of jazzmen.

Suffice it to say that through 26 selections, Louis and his fellow performers held their audience in a focus of attention and appreciation that few could match and none surpass.

Here, after all, they were in the presence of a man who has become a universal legend, yet remains warmly human; a great artist—the musical phenomenon of the century, one of the few contemporaries whose immortality is assured—who has retained the essence of his artistry, mellowed but untarnished by the years; in short, the man who is the spirit incarnate of the music he did so much to create and does so much to keep alive.

That unique voice, so often imitated yet wholly inimitable, remains the perfect vehicle for the expression of a panorama of emotions. That this voice can convey the most delicate nuances of feeling as well as the most outgoing exuberance is one of those paradoxes characteristic of true art: it can't be explained, but there it is. Louis remains the greatest of all jazz singers; indeed, the greatest singer in contemporary music. After all, he created the style.

And the trumpet. Of all the instruments, this is the most demanding. It requires amounts of stamina and control usually long since unavailable to a man of years. But there it is: that golden sound, unlike any other coaxed from the instrument, still matchless.

To be sure, the Louis of today is not the young virtuoso of years gone by. No, this is the old master, making each phrase a gem, distilling the essence of his music, bringing each melodic contour out in relief, playing the lead like it should be played. On a good night, no one can touch him—and no one ever will.

So, on this particular night, there were all kinds of beauty: old stand-bys, such as *Blueberry Hill*, *Mack the Knife*, *St. James Infirmary*, *Ole Miss*, *Muskrat Ramble*, *The Saints*, and, of course, *Indiana*; new standbys, *Dolly* and *Mame*, and Louis' latest hit, *Cabaret*—a nostalgic trifle which in Louis' hands became a memorable sermon.

There were outstanding trumpet spots in several featured places, but a particular pleasure came unheralded: the trumpet counterline behind the closing choruses, up tempo, of one of Glenn's trombone features, *Volare*: an absolute gem of melodic invention. Everyone came to bat: Glenn's humorous plunger work and expert

control were also featured on *Teach Me Tonight*, and his vibes, a blend of Hamptonian conception and light Norvoesque sound, had outings on *Avalon* (with the old Goodman-Hampton riffs) and *Misty* (no, this is not a "Dixieland" band).

Napoleon gave his section-mates a change of pace with effective trio versions of *Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone*, which built to an exciting chorded climax, and a mellow *The Girl From Ipanema*. It was tasteful, swinging, and inventive piano playing.

Muranyi, only in his second in-person appearance with the band, had already made himself at home and was featured on a very effectively arranged *Closer Walk With Thee*, building from unaccompanied opening cadenza through stately melodic statement to a series of up-tempo choruses, a clarinet and drum passage (shades of Artie Shaw) and closing cadenza.

There was much tonal beauty in his playing, exploring all registers, from a warm, Fazola-tinged lower and chalumeau to a clarion, well-controlled upper. His encore, *Undecided*, was taken at a tempo just a mite too slow for maximum effect, but there was nice interplay between clarinet and piano, and even an apropos quote from *Swing That Music* (an Armstrong original).

Catlett offered a melodic *Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams*, and also soloed well on *Ole Miss*. Barcelona's standby, *Stomping at the Savoy*, was a well-paced display of versatility. Miss Brown's most effective numbers were *Time After Time* and a bouncy *Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone*.

Thank God for Louis Armstrong. If you profess to love jazz but have not yet been touched directly by his message, you are unfortunate indeed.

—Dan Morgenstern

Kaleidoscope

Brian McMahon High School, Norwalk, Conn.

Personnel: The Spyrts; The Sticky Wickets; The Flamations; The Vandells; The Lavender Blues Band; The Mother's Auxiliary; The Dixon-Ancrum Quartet; The Skylarks; The Garrison Wofsey Quintet; The Boss Blues; East Wilton Blues; Billy and the Showmen; The Jazz Workshop; The Long Island Sounds; The Seventh Generation.

This band contest, in which rock groups predominated, was sponsored by the local Catholic Interracial Council as a fundraiser for its scholarship program. The music resulted in a strange Father's Day confrontation for a panel of judges consisting of the Rev. Norman O'Connor, pianist-teacher John Mehegan, former Ellington trombonist John Sanders, critic George Simon, composer Russ Martino, and this writer. Dave Brubeck, on his way back from the Atlanta Jazz Festival, dropped in for a sample too.

The panel, in the spirit of musical ecumenism, did its best. Ears adjusted to the fortissimo fairly rapidly, but much more disturbing was the distortissimo imposed by unmastered electronic equipment.

Was the screaming feedback of the Sticky Wickets intentional or not? It wasn't. In several cases, because of the general loudness, the performers were un-

aware of their group's woeful imbalance. Thus, an otherwise accomplished organist in one band was seemingly oblivious to the fact that he was drowning out everyone else but the drummer.

In short, there was little conception of the value of dynamics—by jazz as well as by rock groups. When the Boss Blues drew large numbers of dancers onto the floor, the possibility of inciting a state of frenzy merely stimulated them to play louder and heavier.

The jazz combos, on the other hand, not only emptied the floor of dancers, but even drove a large proportion of the teenagers present out of the hall for soft drinks and potato chips. Danceable tempos are something of little importance—a mere bagatelle—in the uncompromisingly modern jazz bags these young musicians favored.

The contest was nevertheless encouraging, because it revealed a number of attractive talents as well as the tremendous enthusiasm of the entrants. An age limit of 19 was the sole restriction, despite which there were only two girl performers in the white, Negro, and racially mixed groups that competed.

Imagination was not confined to the names of the groups. There were distinctly original concepts in attire, and both the Lavender Blues Band and Billy and the Showmen were fronted by a Negro singer, who, in each case, displayed personality and considerable ability in acrobatic dancing.

In the former, too, local bandleader Gene Hull's young son showed strong rhythmic feeling on guitar. Bob Brown of the Fast Wilton Blues was another guitarist who impressed, and his harmonica playing had a satisfying country blues flavor. Original material also indicated a bright future for the young Skylarks.

The first prize, with the promise of a Newport appearance, went to Billy and the Showmen, the most professional group in appearance and performance. The leader, Billy Frenz, was another good guitarist, and his material appealed to both jazz and rock followers. The star of the band, however, was Gary Wofsey, a formidable virtuoso of 15, who played trumpet and fluegelhorn simultaneously with accuracy and good tone.

He had previously appeared at the head of his own quintet, which included musicians of much potential in trombonist Bill Richardson and saxophonist-flutist Ray Taranto.

Wofsey, who plays piano, flute, and trombone as well, obviously has superior chops. It would be hard to predict whether his future will take him in the direction of Maynard Ferguson, Clark Terry, or Roland Kirk, but it was gratifying to note that he was more concerned with music than novelty.

Ron Ancrum (trumpet) and Elliott Dixon (alto saxophone and flute) were young, well-schooled musicians of marked ability. A bass was sadly missed in their quartet, but Dixon impressed with the fluency and continuity of his flute work.

The Jazz Workshop, a quintet of trumpet, tenor saxophone, guitar, bass, and drums, took second prize on the strength

of its well-knit and musicianly ensemble. Bob Marcellio (trumpet) and John Marshall (tenor saxophone), although not notably original, were always competently in command, and Peter Panicali's drumming was the day's best.

While the judges deliberated in the parking lot, there was a "presentation" by the Seventh Generation from Bridgeport, Conn. Noncompeting because of the age limit, this was a rhythm-and-blues group better than many to be heard on records. It consisted of organ, rhythm, three male singers, and a superior girl vocalist, and it was a surprise to learn that they had been together only for a few months.

Finally, a word must be said for a big band from Stamford Catholic High, the Spyrits, that owes much to the dedication of their director, Lou Fratturo. Their "presentation" was in the nature of an overture to the afternoon's proceedings. The discipline, teamwork, and training manifested in the numbers they played were in sharp contrast with much that followed.

—Stanley Dance

Dollar Brand

Carnegie Recital Hall, New York City

Personnel: Morris Goldberg, clarinet, alto saxophone; Brand, piano.

I don't know what, exactly, I had hoped for from Brand's music—something pretty wild and swinging, I guess, with lots of African flavor, and of course in the jazz idiom.

What the South African pianist actually played might be described as the exact opposite—a kind of interminable cadenza with no aria to return to, in the dullest of longhair improvisational styles, studiously avoiding, as though out of spite, any rhythmic interest, completely *ad lib*. All the emphasis was on that deadliest of musical bores, harmonic "explorations" in no discernible form—baldly stated, Scriabin's aims without Scriabin's brilliance, Debussyesque glitter without Debussy's classical background and depth.

The entire first half of this recital—just short of an hour—consisted of this *one* "number," without interruption. The material employed alternated between a conglomeration of 19th-century ideas from just anyone (what is usually called in the concert world *Kapellmeistermusik*), and what I was informed were South African themes.

That may sound exciting; but what they proved to be were the most banal nursery jingles, given a pretentious "development," *a la* Gershwin. There were repetitious modulations going nowhere, mostly—plus, every 20 minutes or so, a tantalizing glimmer of swinging jazz . . . then back to the meditations. Somehow I managed to stay awake until intermission was mercifully announced.

Brand's audience, what there was of it, made up in fervor what it lacked in numbers. I was obviously the only unbeliever present; the others swallowed every note like a sacramental wafer.

I am *not* a glutton for punishment, but I *am* cursed with a compulsion to see things through to the bitterest end; I forced myself to go back for more. The ritual





PHOTOS CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: ARMSTRONG BY BILL ABERNATHY; BRAND BY LEE TANNER; BILLY FRENZ AND GARY WOFSEY BY VICTOR KALIN; AND HAMPTON BY JIM TAYLOR.

began again: 20 minutes of arhythmic noodling, then a nursery tune, then 10 minutes of "development" of that, a few seconds of good swinging—which felt like 10 drops of water sprinkled on the blackened tongue of a man who has just crossed the Sahara—and so on.

Just as I had decided that this was really going to be all there was, however, a young mustached fellow wandered onstage, unheralded and anonymous, bearing a clarinet.

One dared to hope there might now occur an ensemble effort; even (who knows?) a touch of the discipline that used to be implied, in a more rational age, by the need to play simultaneously. But Brand exited at once, leaving the anonymous young man to regale us with an unaccompanied clarinet solo; not memorable, though mercifully short. This was greeted by the faithful as ecstatically as Brand's music had been.

Then the pianist returned, and so did the young man, this time with an alto saxophone, and they played together at last, coherently, and even swinging a bit, on something that had a fleeting, naive sort of charm; and then the concert was over.

At the reception afterward, where I felt like an Arab at a *bar mitzvah*, I learned that the young man was Morris Goldberg, an old associate of Brand's from South Africa, who had played with him often. I also chatted briefly with Brand, who told me with some bitterness that he had produced the affair himself. (The audience consisted of about 60 people; I don't know how many might have come if he hadn't chosen the first hot Saturday afternoon in June.)

He also indicated that he was experiencing a numbing lack of commercial acceptance: no record dates, no invitations to festivals, et cetera.

I know musicians seldom pay attention to what critics say, but isn't it time, perhaps, for Brand to reconsider his course? Even from this one hearing, it was clear that he can swing interestingly when he chooses to—but he chooses not to.

In short—and without metaphors—Dollar Brand appears to have musical gifts, and I wish he would put them to work for him in the medium where they can be most effective.

—Ralph Berton

Lionel Hampton

The Metropole, New York City

Personnel: Lionel Hampton, vibes; Snooky Young, Wallace Davenport, Jimmy Nottingham, Frank Huggins, trumpets; Al Grey, Julian Priestler, Garnett Brown, Benny Powell, trombones; Jerome Richardson, alto and soprano saxophones; George Dorsey, alto saxophone; David Young, Billy Mitchell, tenor saxophones; Ed Pazant, baritone saxophone; John Sprool, piano; Billy Mackel, guitar; Skinny Burgan, bass; Steve Little, drums; Pinocchio James, vocal.

The Metropole's return to a jazz policy this summer is extremely welcome. Much maligned in the past, the long, mirrored room nevertheless provided work opportunities for the kind of musicians the other New York jazz clubs ignore. Moreover, there was always much to be said for the informality that permitted patrons to step in off the street, in any kind of attire, for a quick blast of music while standing casually in time-honored postures

at the bar.

When big bands were introduced into the club some years ago, it was regarded as a somewhat startling "stereophonic" innovation. A degree of acclimatization is still necessary, since the saxes are dominant at one end of the room, the brass at the other, but this band Hampton was fronting was worth hearing from any position. Several of its members were alumni of his early bands, in which they got their first taste of the big time. Others like Davenport, Young, Pazant, Mackel, Sprool, and Burgen are part of the *Inner Circle*, the smaller group with which the vibist is now usually heard.

The calibre of the musicians he had assembled was obviously an inspiration to Hampton, who often in the past had been obliged to carry too much of the show himself. Nearly all the horns were featured in the course of the hour-long sets, and the book was well calculated to display their various skills, as well as those of the leader and the guitarist. Mackel, Hampton's Freddie Greene, is a great asset. His relaxed, swinging solos help establish a good groove, and his fills during the vibes choruses are very valuable. With or against the ensemble, his playing is always intelligent and tasteful—a constant demonstration of the amplified guitar's potential in a big band.

The trumpet, trombone, and reed sections each blew with power and authority, a friendly but competitive spirit being apparent when, for example, the four trombones took several choruses of fours on *Hamp's Boogie Woogie*. This number, with *Tempo's Birthday* (arr. Thad Jones) and the climactic *Flyin' Home* (on which Billy Mitchell had the tenor role) were all that remained from the old, familiar repertoire. Instead, there were Al Grey's *Turn Me Loose*, featuring Grey and Hampton; Frank Wess' *Reeds and Deeds*, featuring Jerome Richardson; Neal Hefti's *Pensive Miss*, featuring Snooky Young; Quincy Jones' *Meet Benny Bailey*, now featuring Jimmy Nottingham; Ed Bland's basic *Greasy Greens*; Hampton's own *Blue Boy* (arr. Thad Jones) and the pretty number he wrote for the Queen of Thailand, *Thai Silk* (arr. Jonny Warrington); and two superior creations by Frank Foster, 4-4-6, featuring Dave Young and Wallace Davenport, and *Glad Hamp*, a stirring up-tempo flight on *I Got Rhythm* changes. Garnett Brown was featured on *I'm Getting Sentimental Over You*, and Dorsey, Powell, and Nottingham were very effective on a slow blues. Using a harmonium like a plunger, Nottingham scored with an enthusiastic audience that demanded an encore.

It was an exciting program, but what made it particularly palatable was the happy balance between solos and ensemble. There was never too much of either.

Alternating with this Hampton powerhouse was a quartet led by trumpeter Don Goldie, whose music sounded very restrained in comparison. Three girl dancers, left over from the rock regime, did him a disservice by going through the motions perfunctorily on stage as he played. Evidently they missed the big beat and the clank of guitars.

—Stanley Dance

Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Kenny Dorham, Barbara Gardner, John William Hardy, Bill Mathieu, Marian McPartland, Dan Morgenstern, Bill Quinn, William Russo, 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.

Chet Baker

COMIN' ON WITH THE CHET BAKER QUINTET—Prestige 7478: *Comin' On*; *Stairway to the Stars*; *No Fair Lady*; *When You're Gone*; *Choose Now*; *Chaboogie*; *Carpie's Groove*.

Personnel: Baker, fluegelhorn; George Coleman, tenor saxophone; Kirk Lightsey, piano; Herman Wright, bass; Roy Brooks, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

There is an innocent and appealing thread of melancholy in almost everything Baker plays. It is this quality, together with his tooled lyricism, that makes him such a distinctive musician. When the fires are lit, and his expressive faculties are working at full tilt, Baker can become a thoroughly absorbing player.

There is, unfortunately, no fuse here for Baker's talent, nothing that makes him give more than a hint of his capacity. His playing ranges from adequate (*Comin' On* and *Choose Now*) to overtly dull (*Carpie's Groove*).

The melodic complexity that has been typical of Baker in the past few years is not apparent here; there is a return to an earlier simplicity (but not the earlier warmth). He handles the fluegelhorn with ease, but, problems of embouchure aside, if he had played trumpet on a few tracks, the results might have been different.

Coleman, like Baker, is alternately adequate and dull. The rhythm section does its job. —Erskine

Bill Evans

AT TOWN HALL, VOL. I.—Verve 8683: *I Should Care*; *Spring is Here*; *Who Can I Turn To?*; *Make Someone Happy*; *In Memory of His Father*, Harry L. Evans, 1891-1966 (Prologue, Improvisation on Two Themes [Story Line, Turn Out the Stars], Epilogue).

Personnel: Evans, piano; Chuck Israels, bass; Arnold Wise, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Evans' recorded efforts during the last five years have been erratic. His brilliant tour de force, *Conversations with Myself* (1963), is a masterpiece, but the rest of his output during recent years seldom has come close to that artistic peak, and none of his trio performances have been in the same league as those made when bassist Scott LaFaro was a member of the group.

But things are looking up lately. Earlier this year there was the excellent *A Simple Matter of Conviction* with drummer Shelly Manne and the superb bassist Eddie Gomez (the most complementary bass player Evans has had since LaFaro). And now we have this first of two volumes recorded at Evans' Town Hall concert of Feb. 21, 1966.

In these performances, Evans is continually near his best, and when he reaches beyond and hits the top of his form, he once again proves what a truly remarkable

musician he is. But as fine an artist as Evans is, he nonetheless has fallen into what I consider a distressing habit, and one he did not have until recently: a tendency to overemphasize the first beat of the bar. He too often relies on a device in which he throws down a big chord on or near "one" and follows this heavy push with a single-note passage. It's a good tension-release tool, but Evans sometimes works it for as long as a half chorus, which bogs down the flow. He also is fond of the half-note triplet, which, by its nature, emphasizes the first beat of the bar.

Aside from this, though, there is nothing to criticize in Evans' performance at this concert, for he plays beautifully—very often astonishingly so. His voicing of chords (the epitome of clarity) is at the root of his ability to draw so much tonal beauty from his instrument, and throughout this record the chord voicings are things of wonder.

On *Care*, he displays his finely honed rhythmic sense as his crisp and springy lines whip the air. He also adroitly mixes the straightforward with the oblique in his improvisation. And humor rises to the surface in the Nat Coleish ending.

To my taste, *Spring* is the album's most enjoyable track. It has utterly gorgeous piano playing. Evans' fine touch brings a delicate lightness to lush passages that if played with one degree less artistry would be cheap and melodramatic; by measuring and controlling his emotion, Evans turns such passages into art. (He has an uncanny sense of when to pull up on the reins.)

Turn To and *Happy* are treated alike: ad lib piano exposition of the melody (with shifting chord colors) leading into the jaunty medium tempo Evans favors. The piano lines rustle with charged emotion but never lose the "singing" quality with which Evans embues them. Each track has an eyebrow-raising piano cadenza at the end.

Israels and Wise are discreet accompanists.

Israels plays exceptionally well on this record. In the past he has displayed a rather cavalier attitude toward intonation and has on several occasions been rather clumsy, but here he has himself and his instrument under control. His solos on *Care* and *Turn To* are direct and definite.

The album's most ambitious piece is *In Memory*, Evans' solo-piano requiem for his father, who died two weeks before the concert. It is an intriguing piece of work, filled with suspensions, surprising resolutions, and an abundance of open

fourths, fifths, and sixths—all of which gives it a strong air of impressionism.

The prologue is cast somewhat in the mood of Evans' earlier *Peace Piece*: somber treble figures underpinned with a recurring bass pattern of resolve/tension/resolve, etc.

The first theme of the improvisation section, *Story Line*, is light-textured but ringed with melancholy. The second theme, *Turn Out*, is darker but, paradoxically, "happier." The improvisation following each statement of theme is in the character of its theme, the second being the more forceful. There are two points of artistic, and perhaps philosophic significance; neither the first theme nor the epilogue resolve to the tonic but, instead, hang suspended.

In Memory is a fine and deep piece of music. Hopefully, Evans will expand it, for it is a welcome addition to the small body of jazz works dealing with death.

This piece and the pianist's stunning performance of *Spring* easily make this the best Evans album in some time.

—DeMicheal

Art Farmer

THE TIME AND THE PLACE—Columbia 2649 and 9449: *The Time and the Place*; *The Shadow of Your Smile*; *One for Juan*; *Nino's Scene*; *Short Cake*; *Make Someone Happy*; *On the Trail*.

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

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Art Farmer, God bless him, is pure musician. And in this day of the phony, third-rate, inept players who are glorified in popular music, Farmer has only a small audience. Real musicians usually do.

But Farmer's playing is always of high order—he wastes no notes, has no truck with nonsense, and refuses to lower the level of his music for commercial reasons. One cannot merely hear Farmer, one must listen to Farmer, for there is nothing obvious about the music. And since Farmer does not use clichés, there is little for shallow people to hang on to. So my personal thanks to Farmer for upholding excellence in this time of the simple mind.

Heath is cut from the same cloth as Farmer. Every note the tenor saxophonist plays fits logically into the flow of his solo, and no chord passes his fingers untouched.

Walton, Booker, and Roker are all first-class too. They have taste and imagination and know how to accompany.

Logically then, there is a lot of real music played in these performances. Unfortunately, there is a sameness of format; a programming defect found too often among blowing groups. Except for *Happy* and

Trail, the routine is basically the same: theme; fluegelhorn, tenor, and piano solos, in that order; theme out. But this is a relatively minor point, since the level of improvisation is so high.

My favorite track is *Shadow* (a tune that deservedly has become a modern-jazz staple).

Heath takes the first chorus ad lib, gracing the melody with well-conceived embellishments (which faintly echo the John Coltrane of 1960) and enhancing the whole with his full-bodied tone.

Farmer then takes it into tempo and plays one of his finest recorded improvisations. This solo serves as a near-perfect example of Farmer's musical method: long tones, held for just the right length of time, followed by short, clipped figures; convolute, complex phrases that stretch over several bars; all phrases, no matter their lengths or complexity, coming together to form a carefully shaped piece of art.

But that is just how Farmer puts his music together; it says nothing of the lyricism and emotional power he brings to his work. The music is touched with sadness but not weighed down with self-pity or despondency; through all shines hope.

Walton plays exceptionally well on *Shadow* (his solos, on the other tracks are well done too). He takes the tune out ad lib, displaying good pedaling technique. His clean lines are a joy, even when played on the deplorable instrument he was given at this session.

Happy is another fine performance, though not quite as good as *Shadow*. In addition to the stellar work of the three main soloists, Booker plays a strong solo, his only one in the album except for some arco work on *Juan's* introduction.

The other tracks are on a par with *Happy*, which makes this a highly recommended album.

—DeMichael

Hank Jones-Oliver Nelson

HAPPENINGS—Impulse 9132: *Happenings*; *Jazz-time, U.S.A.*; *The Spy with the Cold Nose*; *Funky Butt Blues*; *Cul de Sac*; *Lullaby of Jazzland*; *Fugue Tune*; *Broadway Samba*; *Low's Good Dues Blues*; *Mas Que Nada (Pow Pow Pow)*; *Winchester Cathedral*.

Personnel: Tracks 1, 9-11—Ernie Royal, Clark Terry, Joe Newman, Snooky Young, trumpets; J. J. Johnson, Jimmy Cleveland, Tom Mitchell, Britt Woodman, trombones; Robert Ashton, Phil Woods, Jerome Richardson, Romeo Penque, Danny Bank, Jerry Dodgion, woodwinds; Jones, electric harpsichord; George Duvivier, bass; Grady Tate, drums. Tracks 2-5—Royal, Clark; Penque, Bank, Dodgion; Jones, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Joe Venuto, percussion; Ed Shaughnessy, drums. Tracks 6-8—Royal, Terry, Young, Newman; Woods, Richardson, Bank; Jones, harpsichord; Duvivier; Tate, Nelson, arranger-conductor.

Rating: ★★

This is a pleasantly swinging collection of some recent movie themes, plus several originals, played by a crack band of musicians who make the tunes and arrangements sound a little more exciting than they really are.

Happenings seems to suggest that there might be some daring, off-beat ideas—an element of surprise—but in fact the whole thing is rather circumspect. However, the musicians do get a beautiful blend, and they swing hard and with great spirit.

There are some good solos by Terry and Jones, and the electronic harpsichord (the instrument around which this record-

ing date evidently was built) adds its own unusual sound. Jones' touch and tasteful, delicate, always swinging improvisations are a delight, but the few tracks on which he plays piano come as a welcome change from the rather dry tone of the harpsichord.

Fugue is very well done; the voicings of woodwinds plus harpsichord; with trumpet taking the lead, are rich in varied colorings, reminding in places of the Alec Wilder Octet arrangements of years ago.

Spy is a pleasant treatment of the theme from the movie. Here, Carter's long low notes come through strongly—Jones plays with an airy grace throughout the whole album, Terry with excitement and humor.

On *Winchester* (a vacuous song if I

ever heard one), Terry rounds out his accurate and funny impersonation of Louis Armstrong with a few cheerfully impudent 'vo-de-o-dos'. There are a couple of attractive bossa-novas, and on *Cul-De-Sac* the few moments of interplay between Carter and Jones are, for me, the most spontaneous of the entire album—real happenings, and I would like to have heard more of those.

McPartland

Mongo Santamaria

MONGOMANIA—Columbia 2612 and 9412: *I Wanna Know*; *Mongo-Nova*; *Old Clothes*; *The Goose*; *Mamacita Lisa*; *Mongo's Boogaloo*; *Bossa-Negra*; *Funny Man*; *Melons*; *Cuco and Olga*.

Personnel: Ray Maldonado, Fred Hill, trumpets; Wayne Henderson, trombone; Hubert Laws, flute, tenor saxophone; Bobby Capers, alto, baritone saxophones; Rodgers Grant, piano; Victor Venegas, bass; Santamaria, Carmelo Garcia, Cuco

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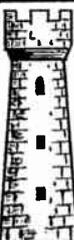


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Rating: ★ ★ ★

Joe Torres

LATIN CON SOUL—World Pacific 1857: *Get Out of My Way; Sunny; Devil Eyes; Obal; Nightwalk; Eleanor Rigby; Soul Cba; Yo Sali; In A Greasy Bag; La Bruja Negra.*

Personnel: Gary Barone or Steve Huffsteter, trumpet; Bill Hood, tenor saxophone; Victor Feldman, piano; Max Bennett, bass; Joe Torres, Bobby Torres, Orlando Lopez, Mario Tholmer, percussion; Ric DeSilva, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Both of these discs generate considerable heat and excitement, but this is more endemic to the genre than the result of particularly inventive or interesting work within the genre. The music is polyrhythmically vital, and this more than anything else is responsible for the appeal the LPs possess. Otherwise, there's no particular reason to recommend either of these sets above the numerous other comparably proficient Latin-jazz albums currently available.

They do demonstrate that the idiom is flexible enough to allow some diversity of approach. The Torres album hews to a looser, more overt jazz orientation than does the Santamaria set, where the emphasis is on a tight, disciplined orchestral approach of considerable bite and power.

You pays your money and you takes your choice. In the Torres set, for example, there are any number of deft, appropriately swinging solos by tenorist Hood, trumpeter Barone (or Huffsteter on *La Bruja* and *Greasy Bag*), and pianist Feldman. Offsetting this are several abysmal, wooden vocals by DeSilva. In the Santamaria album the listener is not offered the soloistic variety, but he gains on the other hand a much more powerful, percussive ensemble sound, disciplined playing, and attractive arrangements.

There is not a great deal for the diehard jazz fan in either of these sets, but both contain groovy jazz-inflected dance or partying music. The colors are rich, the music highly seasoned, and the rhythms inexorable yet light. —Welding

Johnny Smith

JOHNNY SMITH—Verve 8692: *Memories of You; Manha De Carnaval; Here's That Rainy Day; Yesterday; Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most; The Shadow of Your Smile; Michelle; My Favorite Things; Golden Earrings; On a Clear Day You Can See Forever; That Girl from Ipanema.*

Personnel: Smith, amplified, acoustic guitar; Hank Jones, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Don Lamond, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This is Smith's first recording in several years, and from an over-all musical standpoint it is one of his best. That is in some measure due to the thoughtfully chosen program as well as to a consistently interesting Hank Jones, but the high points of the album are the leader's.

Smith is noted for his highly personal chording style (related to the way he tunes his instrument). And yet, thickly textured as his chordal efforts are, and as surely as he can fret some real finger-busters, Smith is still not a chordally interesting player.

When he doesn't worry about getting the "Johnny Smith sound", he can produce gems such as *Yesterday* and *Earrings*. But even these are not really jazz gems. They

lack surprises, or improvisation that amounts to much, and are just tastefully wrought readings that sit well with a martini.

Earrings, for example, is as cleanly executed and symmetrical a performance as one could ask for. There is even an indication, enforced by past performances, that Smith is more at home with classical techniques and feeling than with jazz. His best jazz playing comes on the medium-tempo *Memories*, on the fast *Clear Day*, and, in spots, on the bossa nova selections (both Smith and Jones are delightful on *Girl*).

If everything on the album were as interesting as *Memories*, it would rate another star. One could wish for a little more rhythmic variety at up tempos and a little more "messin' around" with it.

Johnny Smith is an admirable musician, but this album is generally too stiffly correct and nice to rate more than a "good" in the jazz category. —Hardy

Various Artists

VIOLIN SUMMIT—Saba 15099: *Summit Soul; Pentup House; Timme's Blues; It Don't Mean a Thing; Pennies From Heaven; Only Time Will Tell; Hot Toddy.*

Personnel: Stuff Smith, Stephane Grappelly, Svend Asmussen, Jean-Luc Ponty, violins; Kenny Drew, piano; Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, bass; Alex Riehl, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

So far, this delightful record is available only in Europe. It was recorded last fall in Switzerland at a unique concert which brought together four of the greatest practitioners of the art of jazz violin.

They are heard in various combinations, from quartet to solo, backed by the well-oiled Danish-American house rhythm section from Copenhagen's Club Montmartre, and while each is a stylist, and the age span reaches from the senior Grappelly (59) to the junior Ponty (25), there is no spiritual gap.

In fact, the fiddlers four get along so famously on the one communal track (*Mean a Thing*), that one regrets there wasn't more quartet material. The ensemble passages have phenomenal swing and negate once and for all the contention that multiple strings can't be made to play idiomatic jazz.

Soul, a Ponty original, and *Hot Toddy*, an Asmussen arrangement, are performed by a trio, Smith laying out. But Stuff duets with Asmussen on *Timme's Blues*, and has his own tune, *Time*, to himself. *Pennies* is a solo outing for Grappelly, who joins with Ponty on *Pentup*.

All four violinists are improvisers to the manner born. Each has his own sound, too. Grappelly has the sweetest tone, but he never gets saccharine. Asmussen's lovely, burnished sound is perhaps the finest from the standpoint of the legitimate tradition of the instrument (which is not to say that he in any way lacks jazz color or feeling).

Smith's attack is the most ferocious, his sound the most unorthodox and horn-like. Ponty's articulation is the most precise, his sound more dry (but pleasantly so) and "modern" than his elders'.

All four swing, singly and collectively, though their conceptions of time differ.

Each man is master of his instrument, capable of unleashing virtuoso passages, yet not one shows off—there is much mutual inspiration here, but no selfish competitiveness. Obviously, the musicians had a wonderful time.

The mellowness of the gathering is distilled on *Timme's*, with vocal blues banter between Smith and Asmussen, spontaneous and amusing, followed by brilliant fiddling.

Soul, though also happy, is serious music-making. Ponty's tune and arrangement are both excellent, and he also walks off with solo honors, though Grappelly holds his own.

Pentup, a fine Sonny Rollins line, demonstrates the ambiance between the two Frenchmen. Grappelly's harmonic imagination and contemporary conception are a joy to hear; Ponty, more angular and abstract, charges into his solo with a touch of the composer's phraseology, and builds to a beautiful climax before the duo ending. Relaxed and inventive conversation, this.

Grappelly's *Pennies* shows that in keeping fresh, he has not forgotten his inspiration, Louis Armstrong. His lines sing. He is also exquisite on *Toddy*, which has splendid trio passages. Ralph Flanagan never had it so good.

Smith's *Time* is a gem. The electrifying side of Stuff's playing has often been overemphasized at the expense of his gentler vein. Here, he swings a nostalgic, charming melody (which would lend itself very well to song) with wit, grace, and elegance. He is capable of producing a greater variety of tone colors than any other violinist.

Smith has the final say on *Thing*, which sustains a high-velocity tempo. Seemingly off-mike, he plays brilliantly, but Ponty's preceding solo stands out in the mind.

A veritable cloudburst of energy, ideas, and swing, it is one of the most exciting jazz violin solos committed to record. Unshakable proof of this young Frenchman's genius.

Grappelly and Asmussen, who lead off in that order, are no slouches here either. Both do things that will make the listener sit up and take notice.

Aside from pointing up the oft-forgotten fact that jazz has given birth to master violinists, this record (and the concert that spawned it) indicates how full of surprises classic jazz still can be. This was an imaginative venture, for which German critic-producer Joachim E. Berendt deserves great credit.

One hopes this record will soon be made available in the United States—it is one of the ironies of the jazz "business" that records, new and reissued, are available in much greater variety and quality in Europe than in the homeland of the music, where the slogan *ars gratia dollar* prevails.

—Morgenstern

Kai Winding

KAI WINDING, PENNY LANE & TIME—Verve 8691: *Penny Lane*; *Time*; *A Man and a Woman*; *Here, There & Everywhere*; *Amor Em Paz*; *Eleanor Rigby*; *Lugar Bonito*; *A Time for Love*; *Amy's Theme*; *Mini-skirt*; *Battle Hymn of the Republic*.

Personnel: All tracks—Winding, trombone; Ron

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Carter, bass; Grady Tate, drums. Tracks 1, 4, 7, 9—Thomas Mitchell, Bill Watrous, trombones; Danny Bank, Jerry Dodgion, Romeo Penque, Jerome Richardson, reeds; Bucky Pizzarelli, guitar; Warren Smith, percussion. Tracks 2, 6—Bank, Dodgion, Hubert Laws, Penque, flutes; Joe Beck, guitar. Track 3, 11—Mitchell, Watrous, trombones; Bank, Law, Penque, Richardson, flutes; Pizzarelli, guitar. Tracks 5, 8, 10—Bank, Dodgion, Penque, Richardson, flutes; Pizzarelli, guitar.

Rating: ★★½

So many records these days are neither jazz albums nor pop albums but seem ambiguous about their aims and the audiences they attempt to reach. This has been frustratingly true about Winding's records for the last five years, and this album continues the tradition.

It is part pop, varying from "a good time was had by all" atmosphere (with cheering crowds and whistling) to gentle rock-bossa-chamber feeling (*Eleanor Rigby*) and straight bossa nova in the Jobim style.

Time for Love, Mini, Time, Here, and Amor are in the latter vein, with gentle, sonorous ensembles scored for flutes and trombones. None of these is very original but they are capably crafted.

Winding's playing varies from a burred Billy Eckstine-like open horn, to his beautifully controlled, muted sound—but he seldom strays far from straight melody or careful embellishment.

Carter is a joy of a bossa nova bassist, and if one is a bass nut, his playing just might be worth the price of the record. For Beatle fans, *Rigby* might be interesting, but the song is not nearly as effective without the poignant words, though it does plunk along much like the original version—kind of quaintly.

Winding is a fine trombonist and a capable arranger, but somebody is trying to put all current money-making gimmicks together in one LP. Fine. I hope it works out. —Hardy

BLUES 'N' FOLK

BY PETE WELDING

B. B. King, *Blues Is King* (BluesWay 6001)

Rating: ★★★★★½

John Lee Hooker, *Live at Cafe Au-Go-Go* (BluesWay 6002)

Rating: ★★★★★

Otis Spann, *The Blues Is Where It's At* (BluesWay 6003)

Rating: ★★★★★

The New Jimmy Reed Album (BluesWay 6004)

Rating: ★★½

Junior Wells, *It's My Life, Baby* (Vanguard 9231)

Rating: ★★★★★

The Bluesmen of the Muddy Waters Band (Spivey 1008)

Rating: ★★★★★½

With its first four LP releases, ABC's BluesWay series is off to an impressive start. Not only are the artists among the leading interpreters of the contemporary

blues, but the packaging is first-rate, with generally informed annotations, and the recorded sound for the most part is good.

The King set is absolutely stunning, almost on a par with his earlier *Live at the Regal* album (ABC 509), which I feel is the best representation on record of the consuming, near religious fervor he generates during his club and theater engagements. King is an incandescent blues shouter who conveys tremendous conviction and who builds layer upon layer of tension and excitement with the ringing urgency of his voice. His guitar is a perfect extension of, and foil to, that voice and he uses his great instrumental facility to elaborate and extend the excitement. Though he possesses technique in abundance, he uses it with unerring sensitivity and, believe it or not, economy. For a beautiful demonstration of his guitar at its responsorial best, listen to *Blind Love* here.

King's five-piece supporting group is a tight assemblage of excellent musicians who interact superbly with his guitar's leading voice. Tenor saxophonist Bobby Forte is particularly moving in his several solo spots. An excellent set of performances, realistic sound, and the excitement that comes only from working to a receptive audience combine to make this one of King's finer albums.

Sensitive support, this time furnished by the Muddy Waters Band, accounts in large measure for the success of the Hooker album, the best from this powerful bluesman in a long time. Hooker's is music that relies almost entirely upon sheer brutal force for its effectiveness; his is an approach of great, almost primitive, ferocity and simplicity. In the past few years his recordings have been torpedoed by supporting musicians too sophisticated for his music; they were unable or unwilling to subordinate their technical fluency to the demands of Hooker's *faux*ist approach.

Not so here, however, for the Waters band, especially pianist Otis Spann and Waters (who, I suspect, plays the bass guitar parts), are in perfect, fruitful accord with Hooker. As a result, the music possesses power in abundance and sets off Hooker's dark, brooding vocals handsomely. It's almost like his early recordings; Hooker fans will know what I mean by this.

There are some truly excellent performances. *Heartaches and Misery* has some fine Waters guitar; the setting of *I'll Never Get Out of These Blues Alive* is beautiful, has some insinuating Hooker singing and tasteful Spann piano.

Rudy Van Gelder is to be commended for recorded sound that is funky and intimate at the same time. Two minor quibbles: contrary to the liner, harmonica player George Smith is not present, and the intonation is occasionally casual. Otherwise, this is a splendid, highly recommended set.

The Waters band is heard in more usual—i.e., rocking—form in support of its pianist-vocalist Otis Spann in the roisterous album under his name. Spann is a vastly underrated performer, though he is at last coming into his own after a decade with Waters. His piano is one of the most solid and inventive in the blues and he is

an expressive, grainy-voiced singer who knows how to shape a vocal line.

This exuberant, informal set finds him and the band in fine fettle, performing with the unfettered yet disciplined abandon that has been the hallmark of the various bands Muddy has led. Most of the performances are effective, though *Nobody's Bizness* seems emptily melodramatic (Spann has a much more appealing arrangement utilizing, ala Ray Charles, a female vocal group—the Spanettes?) and several are rather slight, particularly *Popcorn Man* and *Party Blues*, though they rock pleasantly enough. Muddy's bottleneck guitar is featured on *My Home Is On the Delta*, and he demonstrates that he still is master of this technique. Everyone gets a chance to strut their stuff on the long improvised instrumental, *Spann Blues*, but nothing much develops.

The album on the Spivey label is pretty much on the same order, though neither the music nor the recorded sound are up to the quality of the BluesWay set. Miss Spivey does three undistinguished vocals with the band, but the rest of the album is made up of generally tasteful, unforced performances by the various members of the Waters accompanying unit. In addition to vocals by Spann, there are several by harmonica player George Smith (inexplicably recorded without his harp amplifier; as a result his harmonica sound lacks body and bite) and guitarist Luther Johnson. The sessions were spontaneous and work was minimal; the album reflects this. The sound, moreover, is rather poor and the balance not what it could be. But this is happy, infectious music and the album must be considered an unpretentious success.

Returning to the BluesWays, the only thing new about *The New Jimmy Reed Album* is that it was newly recorded (in November, 1966), and none too imaginatively at that. The tunes are for the most part Reed staples, the rhythms are monotonous, everything is in the same key, and the out-of-tuneness, particularly on the second side, is appalling and, in the final analysis, totally unnecessary, reflecting considerable discredit on producer Al Smith, who should know better. Drummer Al Duncan is, as usual, impeccable.

The best Reed albums remain the earliest Vee Jays; in their absence this slipshod, but at least available, set will have to serve as woefully inadequate second-best.

I can appreciate the problems encountered by Vanguard producer Sam Charters in recording Junior Wells at Pepper's Lounge on Chicago's South Side, and as a document of the rough, often chaotic sound of blues as performed in a club the album has some value. Musically, however, these selections (*It's My Life, Baby; It's So Sad to Be Lonely; Early in the Morning; Look Here, Baby; and Slow, Slow*—the last of which is unbearably out of tune) are far less interesting than the seven studio-recorded titles that comprise the bulk of the album. Save for Wells' exemplary harmonica sorties—and he is becoming a more knowing, economical harmonica player—there is little that is distinctive about the club recordings. They seem almost mechanical, rarely possessing

any of the excitement claimed for them in the notes.

The studio numbers are considerably better—tighter, more controlled, more *focused* if you will. They benefit from a slightly larger group (one rhythm guitar *can* make a big difference), good intonation, and crisp recording. For some reason, however, these performances fail to move me—and in blues emotion is all. I rarely have been able to respond to Wells' singing; perhaps the fault is mine, but I find myself put off by his vocals. They seem unconvincing, flippant, lacking in any emotional depth, a lack which no amount of vocal mugging—and Wells indulges in much of this—can remedy. It's

as though mannerism had substituted for real emotion in his singing; it's a very poor substitute, as this set so palpably demonstrates. Yet Wells is, perhaps paradoxically, a most moving harmonica player whose spare, well structured lines possess great feeling.

Moreover, the band fails to jell into anything other than a group of individually talented blues instrumentalists assembled in one place at one time. No distinctive group style emerges in the course of the performances, though there are some sizzling, flamboyant moments from lead guitarist Buddy Guy. And Wells doesn't play nearly enough harp—for my money, that is. [15]



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GEORGE SHEARING/ BLINDFOLD TEST

Whenever the George Shearing Quintet plays a room that tends to attract jazz audiences, and the group begins to unwind a little, invariably a smattering of listeners will make some comment to the effect that they had forgotten George's true stature as a jazz pianist.

It is true that he has allowed his reputation as a pop artist to swamp his more propulsive image. Having been his friend in our native London many years ago, his a&r man during the crucial New York sessions for Discovery and MGM records, and having for the past six years been his neighbor in North Hollywood, Calif., I have never had a chance to lose sight of Shearing's brilliance at every level—jazz, pop, Latin, and classical.

For the following *Blindfold Test*, his first in six years, records were used that included former Shearing sidemen (numbers 1 and 5); a British singer familiar to us from the London years (Number 4); and a new version of his own most celebrated composition (number 7). He was given no information about the records played. —Leonard Feather



1. AHMAD JAMAL. *Sweet and Lovely* (from *Standard-Eyes, Cadet*), Jamal, piano; Israel Crosby, bass; Vernel Fournier, drums.

It is either Ahmad Jamal or somebody doing an impression of Ahmad Jamal. Ahmad Jamal will always surprise you, will always play more piano than you hear him play in his normal tinkling thing at the top . . . A number of people could do impressions of Ahmad Jamal; probably Ralph Sharon, Dick Hyman. I don't know really who it is.

As for the rhythm section, it sure doesn't sound like Vern or Is. I don't think it really gets off the ground. Even the little Tatum thing in the middle misses here and there. Two or three stars, I guess.

2. BEATLES. *When I'm Sixty-Four* (from *Sgt. Peppers Lonely Hearts Club Band*, Capitol). John Lennon, solo voice.

That can be only one of two groups. It's either the Winchester Cathedral Variety Band from England, or the Beatles. I happen to think that some of the Beatle compositions are extremely clever. Whether this is the Winchester Cathedral Group or the Beatles, this is really not one of the clever ones, for my taste anyhow. It's what it's supposed to be—1920s—it's done well for *that*. I just don't happen to like *that*. If it's the Beatles, the soloist is either John Lennon or Paul McCartney; probably John Lennon. Incidentally, I like his voice immensely, he has a very nice voice; he's in tune, he has some range. It's not one of those things about which you'd say, "he'd be lost without a microphone," as you so often say about today's singers. No comment about stars at all.

3. BILL EVANS. *Spring is Here* (from *Bill Evans at Tawn Hall*, Verve). Evans, piano; Chuck Israels, bass; Arnold Wise, drums.

One of my favorite piano players, Bill Evans. He shows the greatest respect for a ballad; he shows the greatest desire for musical organizations; shows the greatest respect for the piano as an instrument; wants only to make it sound like a piano;

beautiful sustained quality, beautiful sound; well organized and beautiful sense of harmony. As many stars as you can give it, as far as I'm concerned. Bill Evans with either probably Chuck Israels or Scotty—I feel it's Chuck Israels, and I don't know who the drummer would be, because there isn't enough evidence of him. I don't think it's Paul Motian, but I don't know.

4. VERA LYNN. *Among My Souvenirs* (from *It Hurts to Say Goodbye*, United Artists). Vera Lynn, vocal.

If this is a new record, God bless whoever's making it for believing in the fact that old standards still have a place in the record market, as so many people disbelieve today.

I'm kinda thrown as to who it is. I think it's either Kate Smith, Ruth Etting, or Lady Iris Mountbatten! But I don't really know, I'm sort of jesting, really. I think this: that she gets underneath the notes nicely and has sort of the . . . a little smattering of the jazz feel, but it's just a little too proper, and there's just a little too much of the wrong kind of emotion for it to be a record with a jazz feeling. By jazz feeling I don't mean a blues feeling, I mean a jazz singer singing a ballad.

I wouldn't take it off. But I'm not that crazy about it. One or two stars.

5. CAL TJADER. *'Round Midnight* (from *Along Comes Cal*, Verve). Tjader, vibraharp; Armanda Peraza, Ray Barretto, Latin percussion.

If they'd cut down a little on echo, we might have gotten a clearer audio of the rhythm section and heard a little more of whom I believe to be Armando Peraza. I think this is Cal Tjader, very authentic Latin. There's very few vib players who have this sense of time. If it isn't Cal Tjader, I'll be very surprised. Anyway three or four stars, because it is authentic Latin and nicely done. Yes indeed, yes—Thelonious Monk's *'Round Midnight*, everybody and his brother has done it, but nobody has really done it

that way. I like it very much.

6. WILLIE (THE LION) SMITH AND DON EWELL. *A Porter's Love Song* (from *Grand Piano*, Exclusive). Smith and Ewell, pianos.

I have a theory about two-piano jazz. It's far too muddy to come off, and I don't think this is any exception. It's very kinda thick and very logey. Because of this fact, I don't know who the pianists are.

Somebody is very influenced by Fats Waller, or somebody might even *be* Fats Waller. I like a lot of the Fats Waller idiosyncrasies in it, but I don't really think it comes off, because there's an awful lot of close chord positions used way down low in the bass, which kinda muddy it up, and I don't think it's light and airy enough to really swing. I don't like it. One or two stars. I don't know who it is.

7. ELLA FITZGERALD. *Lullaby of Birdland* (from *Ella and Duke at the Cafe D'Azur*, Verve). Fitzgerald, vocals; Jimmy Jones, piano. Shearing, B. Y. Foster, composers.

When Ella Fitzgerald writes a composition and brings it to me, I hope I'm able to do a record as good as the one she did of mine. A couple of wrong words, but I'm sure B. Y. Foster won't mind—I don't mind.

Truly a jazz sound, truly a jazz singer.

The only thing I regret is, when I heard her in Las Vegas, I didn't hear more of this kind of thing; not because it's *Lullaby of Birdland*, and not because it's my composition, but more of the actual jazz sound of Ella Fitzgerald rather than a souped-up, bossa-nova version of *A Tisket, A Tasket*, with all the vowel and consonant sounds at the end trying to imitate Latin American, which is a somewhat regrettable deviation from what Ella is really noted for. I enjoyed the show nevertheless, and certainly I enjoyed this record. As many stars as you can give it.



NEWPORT

(Continued from page 22)

Basie's bow to history preceded his band set. With his rhythm section (including another history-making figure, guitarist Freddie Greene), he played happy Kansas City swing with alumni Buck Clayton and Buddy Tate.

Buck, especially, was in fine fettle on *Swinging the Blues*, *Lester Leaps In* (Tate bowed to Pres here with some apt quotes), and an extemporaneous fast blues, which



Basie used to bring on the band without a stage wait for setting up. (There were many of these.)

Unfortunately, he chose to nip a brewing head arrangement by the band in the bud, switching key and launching *Splanky* instead, just as those two old compatriots, Clayton and Edison, were getting ready to launch some riffs. But *Splanky* was good, and hit with a warmed-up rhythm section.

Hines, cast in his Friday historic role, played a fine solo and was joined by Ruby Braff (subbing for Roy Eldridge, who was detained) in an impromptu *You Can Depend On Me*—a lovely performance, with Braff's singing cornet at its lyrical best.

Braff also paced the Newport All Stars through a good set, highlighted by the aforementioned Budd Johnson appearance, an unusually excited Bud Freeman solo on *Royal Garden Blues* (with memories of *The Eel* and *The Sailfish*) and a soulful, wispy Pee Wee Russell feature, *Sugar*.

(*Singing The Blues*, announced by pianist-leader Wein as a tribute to Bix Beiderbecke, wasn't. Braff hasn't much inclination for that style, nor did the routine recall the famous original.)

Sans Freeman and Russell, the All Stars had further innings with Red Norvo on Monday night. Here, Braff was loose and inventive, trading fours with Norvo and playing especially well on *Sweet Georgia Brown*.

On this number, Wein played two choruses that were among the best we've

heard from him—notably the second one. He digs Hines, has plenty of spirit, and isn't afraid to take musical chances.

Jack Lesberg, one of the most musical bassists around, took a fine solo on *Rosetta*, and Don Lamond's tasty drumming kept the set floating the way Norvo likes it.

Norvo was delightful on a medium-up *Sleepy Time Down South*, but his moment of glory had come at the Sunday vibes workshop. This event took place in two parts—for some inexplicable reason, a set by the Billy Taylor trio was inserted between the appearance of Bobby Hutcherson and Gary Burton and those of Milt Jackson, Norvo, and Hampton.

As Taylor explained it, he got "carried away"—for nearly an hour, at that. He played very well, especially on *There'll Never Be Another You*, and was warmly received by the audience, but the placement of the set was puzzling.

Hutcherson, who opened the workshop, played with taste, strength and melodic invention. His *Softly As In A Morning Sunrise* invited comparison with Milt Jackson, who has made the tune his own. Perhaps this was deliberate, for Hutcherson played out of Bags, but with his own thing.

Gary Burton, who followed, is an original. This was particularly evident on his unaccompanied ballad (Roy Haynes and Steve Swallow had supported him for his first number), a shimmering sound poem on which four mallets were deployed with unique skill.

NORVO, WHO CAME ON after Taylor's set, may have been just a name to many of the younger people in the audience (a good-sized one for a threatening afternoon—some 2,000 plus), but he captured his listeners from the first moments of a swinging *I Love You*.

Red's sound is completely his own. Clear, light, yet penetrating, it matches his graceful, dancing lines, improvised with such fluency and speed that his musical sophistication and wit appears easy. In fact, this man plays some things that are hard to believe.

For *I Surrender Dear*, his long-time feature, Red turned to his original horn, the xylophone, for a moving chorus. To be able to extract such feeling from so dry an instrument is no mean feat.

As a closer, Norvo offered *Ida*, played with the over-sized, flat mallets he calls "slapsticks". On this, there was some fetching, humorous interplay with Roy Haynes, whose fluid drive contributed much to the set and to what was to follow.

Milt Jackson was next. His *These Foolish Things* was a masterpiece of balladry which overshadowed the swing and dexterity of the ensuing *Work Song*, the theme of which sounded a little trite on vibes, though there was nothing trite about Bags' blues improvisations.

Now it was time for the old master. Lionel Hampton's *How High the Moon* was the last word as far as solo efforts were concerned. Not only did he invent the instrument as a jazz voice—he continues to set the pace. His sound has made him the Louis Armstrong of the



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vibes, and his uncanny sense of rhythm enables him to construct lines that bring constant surprise and delight. Moreover, his melodic imagination is such that the thread of continuity is never lost, no matter how many corners he rounds.

This, too, was one piece that said it all, and Hamp's medley of *Who Can I Turn To* and *Shadow of Your Smile* was pleasant but almost superfluous.

There was more to come. All five vibists now joined forces on Hamp's *Boogie Woogie* (alias the blues), and it was a joy to the ears and eyes. All hands traded fours and joined in a grand climax which naturally called for a reprise.

Everybody was at his best, and the players were having such a good time that the audience, rain-soaked as it was, seemed transported into that special kind of mellow ecstasy that jazz can create. A description could not recreate these moments, but those who were there will remember them. It was Newport at its very best, the kind of happening that jazz festivals exist for.

Sweating, happy and proud, Hamp called out his colleagues for a final bow, showered them with praise, and proclaimed that the event proved that the vibes were no secondary jazz instrument. It did.

Like Norvo, the other vibists had their evening opportunities as well. Hutcherson worked with John Handy's quintet, which chose to play a long, rambling number called *Tears of Old Miss*—a kind of programmatic piece taking its text from events at the University of Mississippi. The new instrumentation (saxophone, vibes, guitar, bass and drums) is not as provocative as the old, and poor balance and amplification didn't help.

Burton played with his own quartet (guitarist Larry Coryell, bassist Steve Swallow, and drummer Stu Martin) in Sunday night's opening spot. The group is excellent, but not an opening act. Again, they suffered from the vagaries of the sound system, and the best moments came in a sensitive duet between vibes and guitar, underscoring that Martin, like every drummer in the festival, was over-amplified.

Milt Jackson performed as a member of Friday nights Bebop All Stars. An august assembly, it was a gathering of individualists rather than an ensemble, but there was lovely solo playing. Monk, in addition to a superb unaccompanied *Don't Blame Me*, dug in on *Round Midnight* (Percy Heath is still the perfect bassist for Monk, and Roach one of the two perfect drummers), and *Straight No Chaser*, but unfortunately did not join with Jackson when the vibist soloed; a great disappointment to those who remembered their almost magical collaborations of years past.

Gillespie soloed magnificently, but per-versely refused to play the head to *Chaser*. In the out chorus, he chose to make it into *Disorder at the Border*. But it wasn't a slap at Monk—the two entertained each other constantly during the set.

Moody, playing alto and tenor, has happily recovered completely from his recent illness and showed no impairment

in his mastery of both horns (or the flute, which he played with Gillespie's group). Roach's valiant efforts to hold it all together paid off, with a strong assist from Heath.

But though Roach played a couple of good solos in this context, his moment of truth came two nights later. His quintet, though well rehearsed, was not overly impressive, but his own solo rendition of *It's In Five* was a masterpiece of musical intelligence and instrumental skill—perhaps the greatest musical drumming this listener has witnessed. It was pure, too—



nothing was done for effect alone, and was all the more effective because of it.

THE FESTIVAL'S OTHER GREAT drum solo was showy, to be sure, but it was showmanship of such unique dimension that it transcended all classification.

It came as the climax to a sparkling set by the Buddy Rich band, which has lots of vitality and energy, good chops, and a straight ahead, nonexperimental approach.

Norwegian Wood showed Rich's contemporary touch—the rock and roll beat never had it so good. He took an amazing solo on Bill Holman's updated arrangement of that killer-diller of the swing era, *Bugle Call Rag*, which also had a crisp Chuck Findley trumpet solo, and a spot for the band's featured hornman, tenorist Jay Corre, who plays without

frills and with good feeling.

Dizzy Gillespie was a surprise guest on an impromptu blues, and then decided to join the Rich trumpet section for the last piece, *West Side Story*. An effective arrangement, excellently played, with some up-staging horseplay by Diz (who, however played seriously with the section), it was wiped from memory by Rich's climactic solo.

This solo was an eruption, a phenomenon, a staggering display of almost super-human endurance, co-ordination and control. It was an event in defiance of nature, and it is safe to say that no other drummer (or human being) could ever match it. There is only one Buddy Rich.

There is only one Dizzy Gillespie, too. Dizzy's set included some astonishing playing, but it was the trumpeter's vocal rendition of a new ballad (so new he was reading the lyrics off a lead sheet) which set it apart from other brilliant Gillespie sets at Newport.

Dizzy is quite a ballad singer, and one hopes that he will soon record this charming piece, which he rendered in a fashion that can only be described as lovable.

What else? Willie The Lion and Don Ewell, a unique two-piano team (no rhythm section needed with those two left hands) played a hugely enjoyable set (Ewell is quite a piano player, and Lion was in good spirits, looking younger than he has in years).

Bill Evans played a strong set, egged by Philly Joe Jones' drive and power into more aggressive and percussive playing than we have heard from him in recent years. Sarah Vaughan, in fine voice, was uncomfortable because she couldn't hear herself, but did a good job in spite of it, topped by a soulful *Lover Man*.

Woody Herman did a spirited set, with *Greasy Sack Blues* outstanding. Paul Fontaine was back among the trumpets (along with the talented Oscar Brashear) and did nice solo work. Steve Marcus, a gifted young tenor with an astonishing mop of hair, was impressively featured on a ballad, *Free Again*, and there was also good, sincere tenor playing by another recent returnee, Joe Romano. Cecil Payne's baritone had a few spots, and the drummer did an excellent job.

The Brubecks were in good form, especially on a tribute to Fats Waller—a happy, very melodic tune with the flavor of the period (the '30s) in its substance rather than style—a much more difficult thing to carry off. Both the leader and Paul Desmond played memorably on this, and the quartet has never been so relaxed.

Wes Montgomery's set emphasized the current beat with *Tequila* and *Bumpin'*, the latter a heartfelt request from Stokely Carmichael, who came strictly to enjoy himself. Herbie Mann's afternoon, *Five Faces of Jazz*, another "theme of significance", like the Friday night history jive, was rather thin stuff all around, excepting Roy Ayers' nice vibes and good solos by Dizzy and German trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff, a very fine player, on the concluding *Night in Tunisia*. In between, Herbie took us to Turkey (or was it a New York Turkish cafe?), Gabor Szabo

to India (or was it Transylvania?), and Olantunji to his and Mann's versions of Africa and Trinidad. There was a pleasant bossa nova singer, Luis Enrique, who made the mistake of singing a song in English. His diction and pronunciation were very good, but the Portuguese lyrics always make you think you're hearing something charming and sophisticated. The English destroyed this illusion.

BOOKER ERVIN'S QUARTET, following the Sharps and Flats and preceding the vibists, was in a tough program spot. They played well, and Booker's *Deep Night* was warm and moving. Illinois Jacquet featured Milt Buckner, a unique organist (and comedian of note), and also brought out his bassoon, on which he performed a remarkable *Caravan*, including a Lester Young-phrased passage with a lovely sound. Jacquet is the first to play the instrument without humorous effects or risible results, which is an achievement.

German clarinetist Rolf Kuhn played impeccable and totally sterile modernistic abstractions on the clarinet, with a group including bassist Jimmy Garrison, and Joachim Kuhn, an accomplished pianist.

Miles Davis played a good but short closing Sunday set, in which his unaccompanied opening to *Round Midnight* stood out as a thing of beauty. His sound and control were exceptional; there was no occasion for jokes about cracked notes. His men were also ready, especially Tony Williams.

The Modern Jazz Quartet was in a sprightly mood, but their set came so late in a long evening that it seemed superfluous, especially after Milt Jackson's and Percy Heath's stint with the all stars. Those two sets were a study in contrast, indeed.

A huge, 50-piece orchestra of school children (aged 11 to 18), played a dated version of big band "jazz" under the direction of Boot Mussulli, a former Kenton altoist (he was a good player). The drummer did a remarkable job of keeping order, and there was a talented trumpet soloist, who contributed the only spark of jazz phrasing and feeling.



Marilyn Maye, a supper club singer who records for a major label, sang an uninspired set with no obvious or subtle relationship to a jazz festival. Nina Simone's over-long set had a very good moment in Langston Hughes' biting and bitingly delivered *Backlash Blues*—one of his last poems.

There was also some social commentary from the Blues Project, the first rock group to play the festival, who dedicated their second number to peace in Vietnam (there were neither cheers no boos, confirming the suspected apolitical orientation of the jazz audience).

The Project was not the best choice for a rock group at a jazz festival, although their *Flute Thing* is inspired in great part by jazz. But it is a kind of new thing, unswing jazz, and for this festival, something on the order of Paul Butterfield, or one of the more inventive and subtle groups, like the Lovin' Spoonful, would have been more appropriate. At any rate, the sound system completely distorted and unbalanced the group's set, which was tepidly received.

THE UNDISGUISED NEW THING was represented solely by the Albert Ayler quintet. The leader, playing both tenor, alto, and soprano saxophones, is an original—there can be no doubt that he plays the way he does because he feels it.

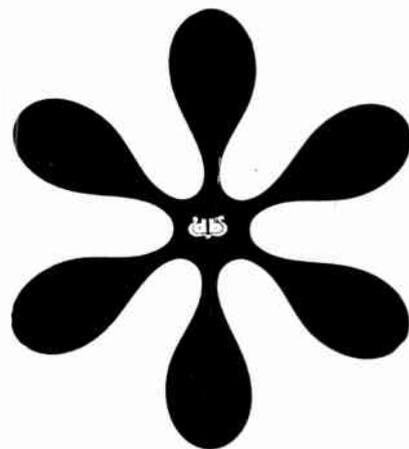
The group sounded at times like a Salvation Army band on LSD, with Michel Sampson's expert, sophisticated, wholly non-jazz fiddling adding a diabolical note. They closed the Friday night show with a set unusually succinct and varied (in terms of selections played, at least) for an avant-garde group. Sincerity, alas, has never yet sufficed to make notable art.

And then there was Hamp, with a crack all-star band, well rehearsed and full of good soloists (saxophonists Frank Foster, Eddie Pazant, and Dave Young; trumpeters Joe Newman, Jimmy Nottingham, and Wallace Davenport; trombonists Al Grey and Benny Powell, and guitarist Billy Mackel) and good section men (Jerome Richardson, Snooky Young, Garnett Brown, Britt Woodman).

They played a long set, full of good things; a loping feature for Newman which found him in top form; a lazy blues with an extended conversation between Nottingham's talking trumpet and the trombones of first Benny Powell, then Al Grey; several excellent solos from Mackel; tasteful Hamp on *Thai Silk* and some blues in F, both middle and slow, and a boogaloo beat on *Greasy Greens*.

And then there was, of course, *Flying Home*, with Alan Dawson sitting in and playing sensational band drums, and Illinois Jacquet breaking it up; Milt Buckner and Hamp doing an insane, comic, wonderful dance, and the crowd on its feet, jumping and rocking.

Behind that, and the other good memories, one could once again doff one's cap to Newport. Despite the weather, 14,000 people came out on Saturday night, and total attendance reached nearly 40,000. Jazz at Newport has a loyal audience. It deserves the best.



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SAUNDERS

(Continued from page 19)

I knew by heart. It didn't just happen. The pot was boiling out on the south side, too. What happened? I listened to Red tell it:

"In November of '62—the Chicago Musicians for Harmonious Integration. We met right here in my basement. There were 12 of us. I'm not going to mention any names. But when Barney Richards was elected president of Local 10, that broke the power structure. It relieved the tension. But we were organizing all the time. On March 20, '63, we had decided we would force membership into Local 10. On that date, 150 of our musicians went down to Local 10 to test membership, and they accepted us. Richards accepted us. No one had been informed; even the national union was caught off guard. Barney Richards used his own judgment.

"Today? Close to 2,000 of our musicians are in there now. Barney Richards saw there would be problems that he'd need help on; he saw the need for assistance. He appointed me. And Leon Washington became a business agent. The merger didn't come about easy. There was much wrangling and mudslinging. Local 208 didn't want to merge; it meant a loss of identity, property, income, money. The wrangling was both on the local and national level. But the merger finally came about—officially—in 1966.

"Today? We have a long ways to go.

Reason? Man, you don't separate people for over a half century (musicians) and expect them to come together and everything is forgiven—peaches and cream. There's ills on both sides. Only through intelligent understanding on both sides can we come to a beautiful merger. I believe nothing all white or nothing all black can survive in this generation, these times. Its healthy now. Sure, there's dissatisfied people in any situation. The wounds haven't healed completely from the 'original rebels' march on Local 10. Today we're in a position where our economic status is the same, and that's healthy.

"Yeah, its a different scene," Red continued. "Come a time when you try to dignify the profession. The image is so badly distorted. I get a kick out of working with the youngsters; there's so much lacking, so much they need to know, so few who are still around and witnessed. So we take kids like Bunky Green who have talent. There's such a hunger for knowledge of our profession. It isn't being pushed enough. Kids are being brainwashed, and our profession is hurt. There's such a lack of musical ability. Like, you have to be a freak to make it—long hair, earrings. When you have to use gimmicks to sell yourself, music becomes secondary. A most unfortunate thing to happen to a profession.

"Education is the key to every situation we're faced with today. There's so much ignorance forwarded—injected. Out here, there's so many different movements, and Communists move in to distort. What is

good? What is right? What is wrong? Phonyisms. The truth is the thing. You know what the trouble is? In our world, in our union, we've got too many fence-sitters."

The telephone rang, and Red talked softly; he doesn't come on. Something on the wall caught my eye. There were four engraved plaques. Two of them had Mahalia Jackson's and Dick Gregory's signature attached. Both were laudatory; both attested to the fact that Red Saunders was a Freedom Fighter. That stayed with me. I thought of a boy, growing up in Memphis, beating rhythm on tin cans and fences. Then I thought of what Ruth Reinhardt of Jazz, Ltd., said about Red: "Here we're running all over the universe trying to find a drummer who could hold it together 'til our drummer gets well, and here, right in our back yard, is the most capable man."

You know, they tell me you don't stand still; you either go forward or you go backward. I'm sure Red Saunders is continually moving ahead. He's growing. He's concerned about his band and how it sounds; the many rehearsals he calls attest to that. But he's developing a concern for his people. He works at bringing the jazz heritage to the youngsters coming up.

I dig the image he presents from out front. But more than that—I dig the image he may be completely unaware of. The respect he has for the past. Red teaches and shares. And a little piece of real estate called Chicago is enriched. Yes; he's quite a guy . . . Red; Theodore "Red" Saunders. 



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(Continued from page 14)

man **Jay Migliore** brought his combo into the Topanga Corral, in Topanga Canyon, for a couple of weeks. With him were **James Mooney**, trumpet; **Dick Hyde**, trombone; **Shep Meyers**, piano; **Jim Crutcher**, bass; and **Nick Martinis**, drums.

Chicago: At the National Association of Music Merchants convention held at the Conrad Hilton Hotel in June, many jazz musicians were on hand to give instrument manufacturers and their dealers demonstrations of the music their products are really capable of making. Drummers **Louis Bellson**, **Joe Morello**, **Barret Deems**, and **Marshall Thompson**; guitarists **Chet Atkins**, **Larry Coryell**, and **Johnny Smith**; vibists **Gary Burton** and **Jack Brokensha**; accordionist **Mat Mathews**; trumpeters **Clark Terry**, **Johnny Howell**, and **Cy Touff**; flutist **Moe Koffman**, and clarinetists **Pete Fountain** and **Jerry Fuller** performed at events related to the NAMM show. Altoist **Bunky Green** and guitarist **Sam Fletcher** were walking around the exhibits . . . Blues singer-organist **Steve Wonder** broke up the house during his recent stand at Rush Street's Whisky-A-Go-Go. Bunky Green was in the house band . . . The Organization of Afro-American Arts held a concert July 23 at the Musicians' Workshop (7604 Cottage Grove) featuring the **Jazz Prophets**, led by reed man **Roy Crawford** . . . Some kind of precedent for audience enthusiasm for avant-garde sounds was established by the **Joseph Jarman Quartet** before it closed its recent stand at the Music Box: the crowds had to be turned away for lack of sitting or standing room.

San Francisco: The local Synanon House held a street fair the last weekend of June, with musicians and other artists entertaining passers-by. Sounds of Synanon plays the Trident in Sausalito the last Monday night of each month. The group, which emanated from Synanon's San Diego facility, includes trumpeter-trombonist **Greg Dyles**, reed man **Frank La Marca**, pianist **Woody Tavis**, bassist **Art Harrison**, drummer **Bobby Brooks**, and singer **Anne Lombardo**. The **George Duke Trio** performs the other three Mondays of each month. Pianist **Duke** is a regular at the Half Note . . . **Bola Sete** (with bassist **Sebastian Neto** and drummer **Chico Batera**) is one of several top-notch guitarists drawing big crowds in the bay area. **Sete's** stay at the Trident came after a triumphant stand by **Kenny Burrell's** group (pianist **Richard Wyands**, bassist **Martin Rivera**, drummer **Bill English**). **Burrell** then moved on to El Matador, where he was followed by **Barney Kessel** (bassist **John Mosher**, drummer **Pete Maganini**). **Wes Montgomery** is scheduled for El Matador next month . . . Several new jazz clubs and restaurants have hit San Francisco's growing financial district. Two of the most promising spots are **Just Fred's** and **C'est Bon**. Pianists **Abe Batat**, **Hampton Hawes**, and **Nico Bunineck**, all accompanied by

bassist **John Heard**, play at **Just Fred's** from cocktail hours until midnight. Pianist **Chris Ibanez** (bassist **Vernon Alley**, drummer **Dave Black**) play regularly at **C'est Bon**. Vocalist **Dolores Velez**, backed by the trio, finished a recent engagement at the club. The weekday cocktail hours are devoted to jam sessions . . . In the nearby Embarcadero, jam sessions are held Sundays at the **Pier 23 Cafe**. Pianist **Bill Erickson** (clarinetist **Bill Napier**, bassist **Bob Marchesi**, drummer **Max Leavitt**) play there Wednesday through Saturday . . . **Count Basie**, **Denny Zeitlin**, and **Jon Hendricks** close out Stanford University's Festival of the Arts. **Basie's** band plays July 30, pianist **Zeitlin** July 31-Aug. 2, and singer **Hendricks** Aug. 3-5. . . . What used to be Oakland's **Gold Nugget** is now a rock club called the **Backstage**. **Don Mupo** moved his jazz club to a larger, more attractive location in **Jack London Square**, on the Oakland waterfront . . . Reed man **Art Pepper**, who has been most closely identified with the alto saxophone since he came on the scene 25 years ago, now is playing tenor. In Oakland for a June weekend gig at the **Gold Nugget**, **Pepper** said he was without a horn when he prepared to resume playing five months earlier and was only able to obtain a tenor. His rhythm section at the **Gold Nugget** included San Francisco pianist **Dick Whittington** and drummer **Jerry Granelli**, and bassist **Hersh Hamel** of Los Angeles. **Maynard Ferguson** was booked for a weekend (July 14-16) at the **Gold Nugget**, leading a big band . . . Tenor saxophonist **Sonny Rollins**, booked to open on a Tuesday at the **Both/And** club here, finally made it on Friday, after being delayed in New York. He brought bassist **Herbie Lewis** and drummer **Beaver Harris**. Alto saxophonist-flutist **Prince Lasha**, who now resides in the bay area, also is playing with **Rollins** . . . The **J.S. Quintet** from San Francisco State College, which won the combo division of the National Intercollegiate Music Festival in Miami (**DB**, June 15) was booked for a week in July at **El Matador Club** here, coinciding with the scheduled release of a record of the group's Miami performance. The quintet is slated to play **Expo 67** in September under U. S. State Department auspices . . . The Latin-jazz sextet led by **Pete** (conga) and **Coke** (timbales) **Escovedo** is another local group that gained a booking at **El Matador**. Others in the band are **Hart Smith**, slide trombone; **Al Bent**, valve trombone; **Don Jordan**, piano, and **Jim Barstad**, bass. The **Charlie Byrd Trio** just concluded a stay at **El Matador**, **Mose Allison** is there now, and future bookings include **Kenny Burrell**, **Barney Kessel**, **Cal Tjader**, **Wes Montgomery**, and **Juan Serrano** . . . **Basin Street West** has devoted its summer program to singers. **Sam** and **Dave** are scheduled to be followed by **Frankie Laine**, **Billy Eckstine**, **Otis Redding**, **Tammi Terrell** (with comedian **Redd Foxx**), and the **Temptations** . . . The **Jazz Workshop** followed the folk-blues duo of **Sonny Terry** and **Brownie McGhee** with **Big Mama Thornton** and

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Cannonball Adderley's group. Organist **Jack McDuff** is the current attraction, to be succeeded, July 25, by the **Ahmad Jamal Trio** . . . The Fillmore Auditorium, the cavernous psychedelic-rock dance hall here, is mixing jazz and authentic blues with rock for its summer programming. Shows will run Tuesday through Sundays. Guitarist **Gabor Szabo's** quintet (which drummer-vibist **Johnnie Rae** has just joined), the **Jefferson Airplane**, and the **Jimi Hendrix Experience** inaugurated the series. Guitarist-blues singer **Chuck Berry**, the **Steve Miller Blues Band**, and **Eric Burdon** and the **Animals** were next, followed by veteran blues man **Bo Diddley**, the **Grateful Dead**, and the **Quicksilver Messenger Service**. The **Roland Kirk Quartet** and the **Paul Butter-**

field Blues Band are scheduled currently, to be followed by the **James Cotton Blues Band** plus **Sam and Dave**, and next the **Blues Project**. **Count Basie's** orchestra is slated for a one-nighter in August. The Fillmore's August bookings were not complete at presstime.

Poland: The organizing committee of the 10th International Jazz Festival, to be held Oct. 12-15 in Warsaw, has announced the scheduled participants. From the United States, **Charles Lloyd's** quartet, the **San Francisco State College Band**, and possibly **Roland Kirk** and the **Modern Jazz Quartet** will be on hand. The Soviet Union will be represented by the **Lenin-grad Dixielanders**; France by violinist

Jean-Luc Ponty and pianist **Martial Solal's** trio; Australia by the **Red Onion Band**; West Germany by trumpeter **Manfred Schoof's** quintet; East Germany by the **Studio 5** band; Austria by **Erich Kleinschuster's** sextet, and Switzerland by vocalist **Bill Ramsey** and the **George Riedel septet**. There will also be musicians from Indonesia, Bulgaria, Cuba, Great Britain and possibly Italy, as well as many foreign critics and observers . . . The **Zbigniew Namyslowski Quartet** appeared at the Tallin Jazz Festival in the U.S.S.R. . . . During his stay in Poland, pianist **Mal Waldron** recorded for the state radio with local musicians and a vocal quartet . . . A British trad group from Newcastle, the **New Orleans Club**, toured here in July . . . **Krzysztof Komeda**, well-known movie composer, has been called to Hollywood by director **Roman Polanski** to score his new film . . . A new jazz club has been opened in Warsaw by trombonist-composer **Andrzej Kurylewicz** and his singer wife, **Wanda Warska**, with the help of the Polish Jazz Federation . . . Jazz is entering the Polish Roman Catholic church. The first presentation of jazz in a sacred service was very successful, and jazz composers, among them trumpeter **Tomasz Stanko**, have received commissions from church authorities to write special works.

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The Netherlands: **Ben Webster**, now residing in Amsterdam, has become a very popular figure in his new home town. The famous tenor saxophonist has appeared on a well-known television interview show, a local moviemaker is shooting a film about Webster's stay in the Low Countries, and he has appeared at several local clubs, often teamed with his friend and fellow tenorist, **Don Byas**. The two were among the artists who helped to get a new club, **Jazz Art**, off to a good start. Americans **Ted Curson** and **Alan Shorter**, trumpets, and **Leo Wright** and **Pony Poindexter**, saxophones, have also played this club, alongside such top Dutch jazzmen as pianist **Cees Hazevoet**, saxophonist **Dick Vennik**, and drummers **Leo De Ruiter** and **Ilan Bennink** . . . Bennink, with bassist **Ruud Jacob**, backed **Sonny Rollins** during the saxophonist's recent short visit here, which included an extra concert at Utrecht . . . Alan Shorter also gave several concerts in Dutch cities, backed by, among others, pianist **Misja Mengelberg** . . . **Ornette Coleman**, **John Coltrane**, **Thelonious Monk**, **Charles Mingus**, and **Elvin Jones** were among the winners in the magazine *Jazz World's* readers poll, which showed a marked preference for avant-garde musicians in both the foreign and native categories.

Las Vegas: The **Dizzy Gillespie Quintet** played a two-week engagement in Nero's Nook at Caesar's Palace on the Strip, the trumpeter's initial appearance on the Vegas scene. While in Vegas, Dizzy also managed to find time to sit in with the **Jimmy Cook Kicks Band** playing the late session at Duke's. Arrangements by **Herb Phillips** and **Rick Davis** were opened up to give Dizzy room to solo

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. . . Among recent visitors were pianist **Milt Raskin** and drummer **Panama Francis**, accompanying **Dinah Shore** during her stint at the Sahara . . . **Shorty Rogers** has scored a new musical, *That Certain Girl*, which premiered at the Thunderbird Hotel . . . **Louis Bellson** conducted and drummed for spouse **Pearl Bailey** at the Flamingo for three weeks . . . **Fred Katz**, former cellist with **Chico Hamilton**, is pianist and musical director for singer **Jana Mason** at Caesar's Palace . . . **Pete Fountain** brought a 10-piece band to the Tropicana's Blue Room for a successful stay. Veteran tenorist **Eddie Miller** was featured with the band . . . Pianist **Joe Guereio**, for some years musical director for **Steve Lawrence** and **Eydie Gorme**, has been named conductor of the house orchestra at the new Bonanza Hotel, scheduled for an early July opening. The band's personnel is **Bob Shew**, **Bill Clark**, **Bill Hodges**, trumpets; **Jimmy Guinn**, **Carl Fontana**, **Jerry Collins**, trombones; **Jim Mulidore**, **Tom Hall**, **Arno Marsh**, **Irv Gordon**, **Steve Perlow**, reeds; **Don Overberg**, guitar; **Ron Feuer**, piano; **Billy Christ**, bass; **Jimmy Gall**, drums; **Frank Summers**, percussion.

Toronto: **Earl Hines** opened a two-week engagement at the Colonial, accompanied by reed man **Budd Johnson**, bassist **Bill Pemberton**, and drummer **Oliver Jackson** . . . Jazz returned to the Town with organist **Richard (Groove) Holmes** and sidemen **Eugene Edwards**, guitar, and **Billy Jackson**, drums . . . **Bobby Hackett** and his quartet moved into the Park Plaza for two weeks . . . Promoter **Ron Arnold** brought back Jazz on the Lake for the fifth year with **Jim McHarg's** new band (all Scots) and the **Art Ayre Trio** playing to a crowd of 1,000 aboard a ferry boat that cruised the harbor for three hours . . . Organist **Jimmy Paris**, now appearing at the Cambridge Hotel with **Henry Cuesta** and **Don Vickery** has written and recorded a tune called *Toronto*, in honor of his adopted city. He's from Newburgh, N.Y., and had appeared in New York City, upper New York state, and Vermont, before coming here a year ago . . . **Annie Marie Moss**, singer-wife of singer **Jackie Paris**, made a brief trip here to appear on the CBC-TV show, *In Person* . . . **Pat Riccio** and his orchestra, sent out on a two-week trip with a CBC variety show to the Gaza Strip, had to return home after one show when trouble blew up in the Middle East. Said Pat: "I guess it's the farthest any band had to travel to do a one-nighter."

Baltimore: For its last two concerts in June, the Left Bank Jazz Society brought in the groups of **Horace Silver** and **Art Blakey**. With Silver were tenor saxophonist **Tyrone Washington**, trumpeter **Woody Shaw**, bassist **Larry Ridley**, and drummer **Roger Humphries**. Blakey had trumpeter **Bill Hardman**, trombonist **Slide Hampton**, tenor saxophonist **Billy Harper**, pianist **McCoy Tyner**, and bassist **Junior Booth**. The drummer played the

following night for the Jaycees convention at the Civic Center. **Woody Herman's** band was also on the bill . . . For two weekends at Henry Baker's Peyton Place, singer **Etta Jones** was backed by local pianist **Claude Hubbard**, bassist **Phil Harris**, and drummer **Purnell Rice** . . . Singer **Ethel Ennis** was in town for a weekend at the Red Fox . . . **Betty Dorsey**, a jazz singer who has been playing various clubs in town while she was going to Morgan State College, has been awarded a Fulbright Scholarship for a year of study in Mainz, Germany.

Denver: Trumpeter **Harry James** and his band played a four-night dance date recently at the Elich Trocadero Ballroom. Featured were vocalists **Ernie Andrews** and **Judy Branch**, along with trombonist **Ray Sims**, and former Count Basie drummer **Sonny Payne** . . . **Julian Cannonball Adderley** and his quartet appeared in concert June 13 at the Denver Auditorium with vocalist **Carolyn Noble** . . . The **Four Freshmen** opened at Taylor's Supper Club June 29 for a nine-day run . . . **Odetta** appeared at the Olin Hotel July 20 through 29 . . . **Greg Allen's Mon-Vue Village** hosts the **Queen City Jazz Band** on Friday and Saturday nights . . . Guitarist **Johnny Smith** has left Shaner's After Dark for the summer, but the **Neil Bridge Trio**, with clarinetist **Dick Culver**, continues to play Friday and Saturday nights . . . The **Peanuts Hucko Quartet** with Hucko on clarinet, pianist **Ralph Sutton**, drummer **Dave Jackson**, and bassist **Dale Patterson**, plays nightly at the Hucko's new Navarre club . . . A concert series called *Ten Jazz Greats* took place for six nights in mid-July. Featured were Hucko, trombonists **Cutty Cutshall** and **Lou McGarity**, trumpeters **Yank Lawson** and **Billy Butterfield**, saxophonist **Bud Freeman**, pianist **Ralph Sutton**, bassist **Bob Haggart**, drummer **Morey Feld**, and banjo player-singer **Clancey Hayes** . . . The Ramada Inn in Colorado Springs hosted pianist **Jay McShann** for an extended stay beginning July 3.

Miami: The Gaslight Cafe in Coconut Grove has been featuring weekend jazz with **Pete Ponzol**, tenor saxophone; **Don Kider**, vibraharp; **Tony Castellano**, piano; **Bill Fry**, bass; and **José Cigno**, drums, with lots of guests stopping by for jam sessions . . . Singer **Reneé Armand** was at the Miami Playboy Club for two weeks in June, followed that with a gig at the Jamaica Club, and three weeks with **Woody Herman** in Las Vegas . . . **WMBM** disc jockey **Alan Rock** put on a S.R.O. jazz concert at the Rancher in June, featuring the **Miami Jazz Workshop Quintet** (**John Giorgini**, trumpet; **Jimmy Casale**, tenor; **Ralph Martin**, piano; **Conti Milano**, bass; **Lee Schwartz**, drums); plus the **Miami Jazz All Star Sextet** featuring **Ira Sullivan**, trumpet and tenor saxophone; **Charlie Austin**, tenor saxophone, flute, oboe; **Lon Norman**, trombone; **Eric Knight**, piano; **Donn Mast**, bass; **Buddy Deleo**, drums.

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WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing of where and when jazz performers are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to **Down Beat**, 222 W. Adams, Chicago, Ill. 60606, six weeks prior to cover date.

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

NEW YORK

Ali Baba: Louis Metcalf.
Apartment: Cecil Young, tfn.
Basie's: Harold Ousley, Sun.-Mon.
Basie's: unk.
Bear Mountain Inn (Peekskill): Vince Corozine, Fri.
Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon.
Brown's (Loch Sheldrake): Fred Bevan to 8/10.
Casey's: Freddie Redd.
Charlie's: sessions, Mon.
Cloud Room (East Elmhurst): Johnny Fontana, Pat Rebillot, Bucky Calabrese.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Cotton Club (Patterson, 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.
Cromwell's Pub (Mt. Vernon): Tony Scott, tfn.
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.
Forest Hills Inn (Forest Hills): Sonny Oliver.
Garden Dis-Cafe: Eddie Wilcox, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry, wknds.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulan, Ray Nance.
Half Note: Clark Terry, 7/28-30.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.
Jazz at the Office (Freeport, N.Y.): Jimmy Mcpartland, Fri.-Sat.
Kutsher's (Monticello): Otto-McLaurer Trio.
La Boheme: Dizzy Reece.
Le Intrigue (Newark, N.J.): Jazz 'n' Breakfast, Sun.
Leone's (Port Washington): Dennis Connors, Tony Bella.
I-Intrigue: closed July, Aug.
Little Club: Johnny Morris.
Marino's Boat Club (Brooklyn): Michael Grant, Vernon Jeffries, Bob Kay, wknds.
Mark Twain Riverboat: Jimmy Dorsey to 7/30.
Metropole: unk.
Miss Lacey's: unk.
007: Mickey Dean, Walter Perkins.
Off Shore (Point Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.
Peter's (Staten Island): Donald Hahn, Fri.
Piedmont Inn (Scarsdale): Sal Salvador.
Playboy Club: Walter Norris, Earl May with Sam Donahue, Art Weiss.
Pitt's Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Leon Eason.
Pookie's Pub: Elvin Jones.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown.
Slugs: unk.
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 Ruhenstein, 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: Dizzy Gillespie to 7/30. Modern Jazz Quartet to 7/30. Oscar Peterson, 8/2-14. Miles Davis, 8/15-27.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon. Joao Gilberto to 7/30.
White Plains Hotel: Herman Autrey, Red Richards, wknds.

BOSTON

Chez Freddie: Maggie Scott; Eddie Stone.
Connolly's: Paul Neves; guests.
Driftwood: Jefftone.
Eliot Lounge: Don A'Lessi.
Flying Dutchman (Hyannis): Mamie Lee and the Swingmen.
Jazz Workshop: Jimmy McGriff, 7/31-8/6.
Sonny Stitt, 8/14-20.
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: Oscar Peterson to 7/30. Buddy Rich, 7/31-8/13.
Maridor: Al Vega.
Village Green: Dick Creedon; guests.

LOS ANGELES

Aladdin: Maurice Miller.
Bonesville: Don Ellis, Mon.
Brass Ring (Sherman Oaks): Bud Brisbois, Sun.
Century Plaza (Century City): Four Freshman, 8/16-9/5.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup.
Club Casbah: Sam Fletcher, Dolo Coker.
Devil's Den: Richard Dorsey, Wed.-Mon.
Diamond Jim's (Sherman Oaks): Calvin Jackson.
Dino's Lodge: Bill Marx, hb.
Dixie Junction (Orange): Walt Ventre.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Jazz, nightly. Guitar Night, Mon. Mike Barone, Wed. Roy Gaines, cocktail hr., Wed.-Fri.
Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Sonny Helmer.
Hollywood Bowl: Sarah Vaughan, Skitch Henderson, 7/29. Lou Rawls, Count Basie, Cannonball Adderley, 8/11.
La Duce (Inglewood): jazz, nightly.
Lemon Twist: Jack Costanzo.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Charlie Byrd to 8/6. Wes Montgomery, 8/8-9/3. Ahmad Jamal, 9/5-17.
Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Marty's (Baldwin Hills): jazz, nightly.
Melody Room: Bobby Short.
Memory Lane: Jazz, nightly. Special guests, Mon.
Olympian Room: Eddie Cano, cocktail hr., Fri.
Parisian Room: Ralph Green, Kenny Dixon, Tyrone Parsons, Mon.
Pied Piper: Ike Isaacs.
P.J.'s: Eddie Cano.
Playboy Club: Gene Palumbo, Bob Corwin, hbs.
Ruddy Duck (Sherman Oaks): Stan Worth.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Kenny Burrell to 8/6.
Mongo Santamaria, 8/9-23. Shelly Manne, wknds. Ruth Price, Dave Grusin, Mon.
Sherry's: Don Randi. Mike Melvoin, Sun.
Smokehouse (Encino): Bobbie Boyle.
Swing (Studio City): Ray Johnson, Wed., Fri., Sun.
Tiki Island: Charles Kynard.
Tropicana: jazz, nightly.
Ward's Jazzville (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Wit's End (Studio City): Joe Rotondi.
Ye Little Club (Beverly Hills): Bruz Freeman, hb.

CHICAGO

Baroque: Judy Roberts, Fri.-Sat.
Celebrity Club: name jazz, weekly.
First Quarter: John Klemmer, Sun. afternoon.
Harper Theater: Max Roach, Howell-Ware, 8/24-25.
Havana-Madrid: Bunky Green, wknds.
Hungry Eye: Three Souls, Mon.-Wed.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
London House: Eidee Young & Red Holt, to 7/30. Clark Terry & Bob Brookmeyer, 8/1-13.
Stan Getz, 8/15-9/3.
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.
Pershing Lounge: unk.
Playboy Club: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ron Elliston, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Lionel Hampton to 7/30. Anita O'Day, Hampton Hawes, 8/2-13.
Pumpkin Room: Dave Shipp, wknds. Joe Boyce, Tue.
Ravina (Highland Park): Ramsey Lewis, 7/28. Woody Herman, 8/11.
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.
Whisky A-Go-Go: name r&b groups.
White Elephant: Jazz Prophets, Tue.
Yellow Unicorn: Eddie Harris-Dave Catherwood, Tue.

MIAMI

Bon Fire: Myrtle Jones, tfn.
Gaslight: Pete Ponzol, wknds.
Harbor Lounge: Larry Boyd, tfn.
Playboy Club: Sam DeStephano, Bill Rico, tfn.
Yacht South Seas: John Thomas, tfn.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb.
Al Green's (Fisher Bldg.): Jo Thompson, Mon.-Sat.
Baker's: Les McCann, 7/28-8/6, Sun. afternoon.
Bandit's Villa: Terry Harrington, Fri.-Sat. afterhours.
Black Hawk (Bay City): Arnie Kaine, Kent Wilson.
Blue Chip: Chubby Kemp, Mon.-Sat.
Bob and Rob's: Lenore Paxton, Tue.-Sat.
Breaker's: Bobby Laurel.
Cafe Gourmet: Don Evans, Tue.-Sun.
Checker Bar-B-Q (downtown): Bobby Rodriguez, Mon.-Sat. afterhours.
Checker Bar-B-Q (uptown): Bob Elliott, Mon.-Sat. afterhours.
Copper Door: Frank Isola.
Drome: Freddie Hubbard.
Eddie's Latin-American Restaurant: Ernie Farrow, Fri.-Sun.
Frolic: Steve Booker, Thur.-Sun.
Ivanhoe Lounge: Gary Reno, Thur.-Sat.
Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha, Tue.-Sat. Ursula Walker, Fri.-Sat.
La Roache's Tea Room (Pontiac): Arnold McConner, hb., Fri.-Sun.
London Chop House: Mel Ball, Marlene Hill, Mon.-Sat.
New Olympia: Norman Dillard, Thur.-Sun.
New Yorker: Donald Walden.
Paiges: Ernie Farrow-Teddy Harris, Fri.-Sun.
Pier One: Dorothy Dunn-Gino Biando, Mon.-Sat.
Ponchartrain Hotel: Keith Vreeland, Mark Richards, Dorothy Ashby, Ernie Swan, Mon.-Sat.
Shadow Box: Charles Rowland, Tue.-Sat.
Sir-Lion Inn: Danny Stevenson, Mon.-Sat.
Tropicana (Lansing): Jack Hyde, Mon.-Sat. & Sat. afternoon.
Wilkins Lounge (Pontiac): Billy Stevenson-Art Mardigan, Mon.-Sat.
Visger Inn: Bobby Cook, Fri.-Sat.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Frankie Laine to 7/30. Billy Eckstine, 8/1-13. Otis Redding, 8/16-26. Redd Foxx, Tammi Terrell, 8/29-9/10. The Temptations, 9/19-24.
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: Barney Kessel to 8/5. Cal Tjader, 8/7-9/2. Wes Montgomery, 9/4-16. Juan Serano, 9/18-10/7.
Half Note: George Duke.
Holiday Inn (Oakland): George Fletcher, wknds.
Hungry i: Clyde Pound, hb.
Jazz Workshop: Ahmad Jamal to 8/6. Roland Kirk, 8/7-21.
Just Fred's: Abe Batat, Hampton Hawes, Nico Buninck.
Nob Hill Room (Mark Hopkins Hotel): Steve Atkins, tfn.
New Orleans Room (Fairmont Hotel): Jean Hoffman, tfn.
Pier 23: Bill Erickson, wknds; sessions Sun.
Playboy Club: Al Plank, hb.
Trident Club (Sausalito): Bola Sete to 8/27. Teddy Wilson, 8/29-9/17. George Duke, Mon.
University Hideaway: George Walker, Fri.-Sat.

CLEVELAND

Americana Lounge East: Hugh Thompson, tfn.
Blue Chip Inn: Don DeCenza, tfn.
Brothers Lounge: Harry Damus, wknds.
ClubHouse Lounge: George Peters, tfn.
Copa Lounge: Wayne Quarles, tfn.
Copper Kettle: Ralph Leonard, tfn.
Highlander: Fats Heard-Bill Gidney, tfn.
Judd's Lounge: The Sidemen, wknds.
Lake Shore Hotel: Tommy Claire, tfn.
Music Hall: Ramsey Lewis, Dizzy Gillespie, Herbie Mann, and Jimmy Smith, 8/6.
Sahara: Duke Jenkins, tfn.
Sir Rah's House: La Quintette, tfn.
Tangiers: East High Trio + One, tfn.
Theatrical Grill: Bob McKee, hb.
Thunderbird Lounge: Snapshots, tfn.

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.
Le Coq D'Ore: Donald Criss.
Lenny Moore's: Greg Hatz, wknds.
Peyton Place: Thomas Hurley.
Playboy Club: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells.
Red Fox: Ethel Dennis.
Well's: Mickey Fields, Mon.-Tues.

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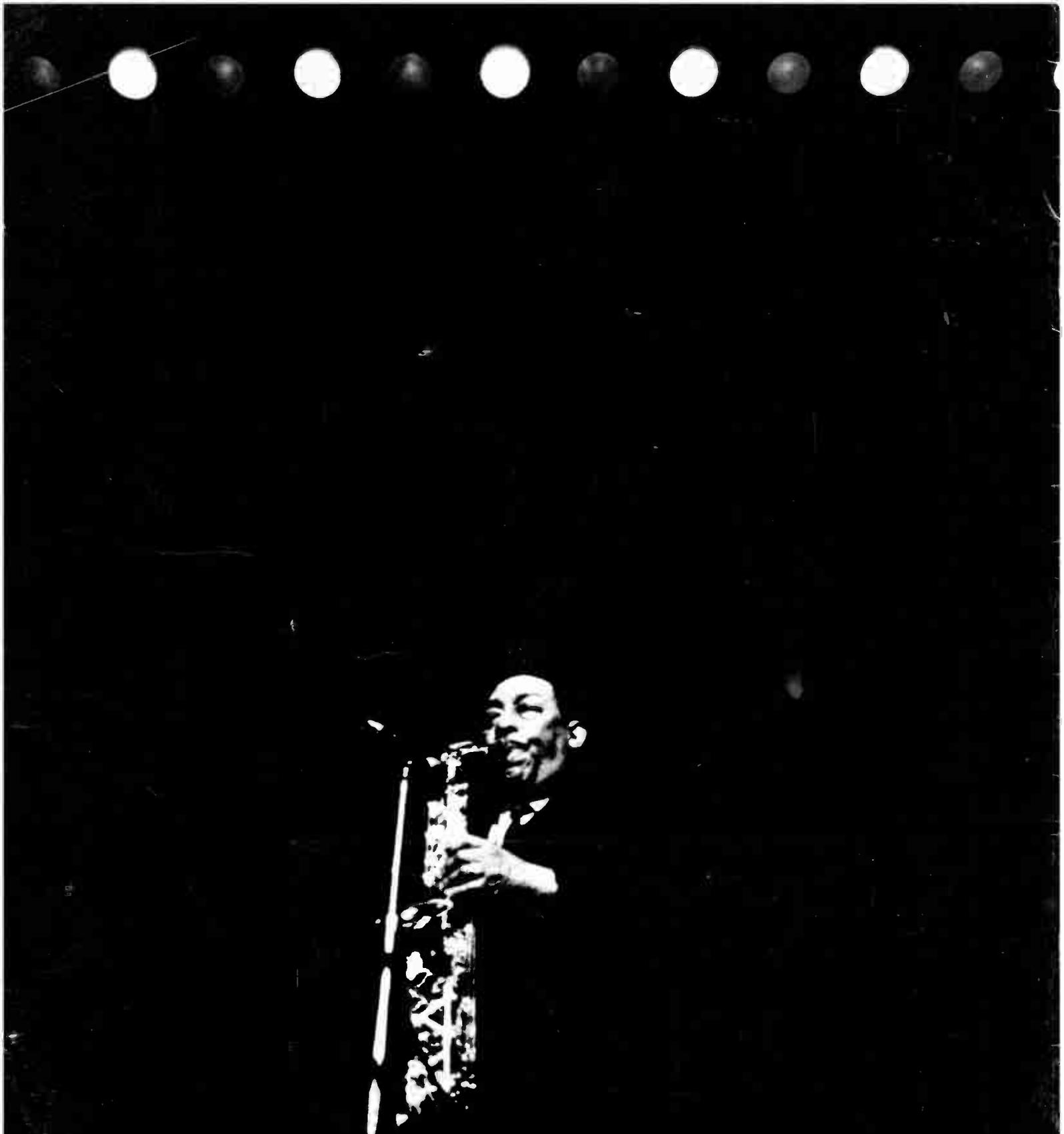
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