

SEPTEMBER 21, 1967 35c

down beat

THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

15th annual school music issue

PHIL WOODS: THE JOYS OF TEACHING • THE NEWPORT YOUTH BAND: SPRINGBOARD
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education in jazz

By Tony Scott

Dear Student Musician:

Being a musician, who for years in high school, college and the army, was considered an "outlaw" for organizing jazz groups, large and small, I am glad to find a school like Berklee where a musician can be prepared to make a livelihood in the music field and to get the advantage of group study without the feeling you are breaking the rules by playing jazz. In high school my playing of jazz was always outside of my regular music courses. What a difference from today's marching bands that use jazz type arrangements. In college I organized a large jazz orchestra which rehearsed at night so everyone could get together without conflicting with their classes. During the day we would look for empty rooms and sneak in for a jam session. Among my partners in crime were many musicians who today are well-known in the fields of music which utilize knowledge of jazz techniques in playing and writing.



Tony Scott

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

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

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

Long live Jazz and Berklee!!

Tony Scott

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Two Views of Monterey

I would like to commend you on your excellent coverage of the Monterey Pop Festival in the Aug. 10 issue. It is undoubtedly the best musical analysis of the festival that I have seen.

It is very gratifying indeed to see that America's best music magazine has finally discovered America's most rapidly progressing form of music. We have long needed a magazine to present serious critiques of rock music. In my opinion, no staff is more capable than *Down Beat's*.

In the future, I hope to see more fine coverage of the major developments in rock music. In particular, I would like to see recordings by rock artists as well as jazz artists reviewed in the *Record Reviews* column.

In closing, as a musician, an avid jazz fan, and a *DB* subscriber, I can only say that the decision to give coverage to rock music showed a great amount of maturity on the part of *DB*.

Jim Jacobus
West Orange, N.J.

I cannot idly sit by and allow a travesty such as the dissertation on the Monterey Pop Festival go unscathed. The commentator's drivel applauding the histrionics and pretense of some of the performers is utterly ridiculous.

I now propose a suggestion for Hugh Masekela and all of the soporific "conventional jazz groups," guaranteed to be a panacea to cure the ennui of the audience. While playing, a musician must cavort around the stage and do an "erotic dance," and then as a tour de force, destroy or preferably set fire to his instrument . . . Just picture Thelonious Monk bludgeoning his piano mercilessly . . . Yeah!

Steven Witt
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Further Rock Reactions

I am interested in music. I read and I listen. I read *Down Beat* and I buy jazz, but outside my home I hear a varied assortment of music (much of which I enjoy). I deeply appreciate your recognition of and comments on new music.

Through your recognition of the newer forms, your influence may increase and more people may become more receptive to good music—old and new.

Jerry E. Gunter
University of Arkansas

Your decision to incorporate the folk-rock and blues idiom of music into your circumference of interest is a positive one. In so doing, you have correctly stated that the music of the Rolling Stones, the Grateful Dead, the Mamas and Papas, the Blues Project, Mike Bloomfield, Paul Butterfield, etc., is as important, contemporary, and musically relevant as is Howling Wolf and John Coltrane, Muddy Waters and Don Ellis.

Louis Bellson switched on Sparklone drum heads!



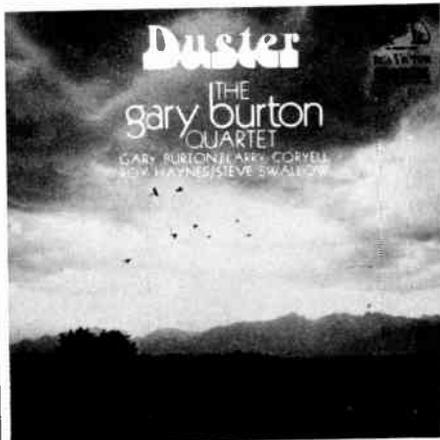
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Steve Chapin of "The Chapin's", hot new group on the record scene, at his Ace Tone Organ. Their newest LP release is "Chapin Music" on the Rockland label.

I applaud this decision.

Charles Starrett
Villa Park, Ill.

I just picked up your Aug. 10 issue of *Down Beat* and read the raft of letters on the change of policy concerning rock-and-roll. Personally, I am opposed to it, but I'm only one person.

However, all the letters published concerned personal feelings of different readers. How about the rock musicians? As a music educator, I feel these youngsters could suffer from praise not deserving. Okay, so they are accepted in the music world. There still remains a tremendous amount of work, experience, and musical knowledge between Doc Severinsen, Clark Terry, Urbie Green, and the Animals, the Beatles, etc.

But will the teenagers ever be made aware of this? No! Don't kid yourself. Would a little league slugger think he was still a little leaguer if *Sports Illustrated* gave him the same coverage they allowed Hank Aaron?

Forget about the effect rock has had on you and think what you might possibly feed into the already twisted minds of millions of young Americans.

Foster Wilson
Ladd, Ill.

Prejudice is a funny thing. It can keep nations and people within nations apart. In the case of jazz "versus" rock it is keeping two art forms from corroborating and advancing together. Granted that there is still a lot of garbage in rock which is aimed at the same moronic level as television commercials. However, no person interested in the direction of modern music and/or modern philosophy can deny that the Jefferson Airplane and the "new" Beatles are doing wonderful things in both. Unless that person's intellect is governed by prejudice.

For several years I have had the same purist attitudes toward jazz as *DB*, condemning rock as non-musical, commercial, and an insult to the integrity of music. In the last few months, however, I have found a new world of music and thought coming from the rock scene.

I was quite shaken to see that *DB* had decided that there was something worthwhile enough in rock to include it in its repertoire. I had thought that this realization would take many more years. You have my congratulations on your foresight.

There will be those who will say that *DB* has sold out to commercialism. However, anyone who has shaken off prejudice and taken the time to listen will not believe it. One session with a pair of stereo earphones, a good reproduction system, and an open mind will see that the "new" Beatles stand to lose a good number of their screaming teenie-bopper fans because of their advancement. *DB* will also lose fans (the ones who stopped listening when Stan Kenton came of age), but the "new" *DB* is an advancement, also.

Good luck with your new cross, and please bear it wisely.

Dick Bassett
Portland, Ore.

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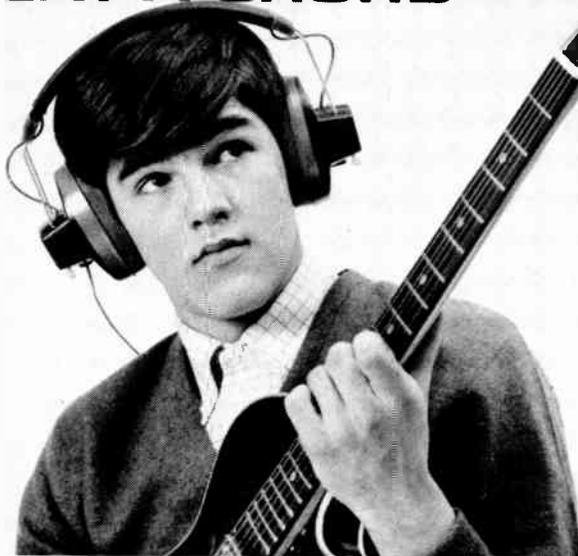
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VARIED FARE AT STAGE BAND SUMMER CLINICS

A number of stage band clinics took place during the month of August. Stan Kenton, a veteran hand at such matters, conducted two clinics in California: one at Redlands University, the other at San Jose State College.

In addition to regular music instruction, Kenton presented a seminar on his Neophonic concept, and gave special concerts utilizing a "Junior Neophonic" orchestra, comprised of students and faculty members. He was assisted by Dwight Cannon, Bill Fritz, Jim Jorgenson, Dr. Herb Patnoe, Don Rader, Phil Rizzo, and Jack Wheaton.

The National Stage Band Camps held another season of summer clinics. Week-long courses were presented at the University of Portland, Ore., Indiana University, Sacramento State College, University of Connecticut, and the University of Utah.

Among the faculty members were such well-known names as Gabe Baltazar, Leonard Feather, Russ Garcia, Oliver Nelson, Marty Paich, Ralph Pena, and Frank Rosolino.

MONTEREY'S LYONS GETS CALIFORNIA ARTS POST

Jimmy Lyons, who has promoted jazz for years on radio and in concerts, has been elected chairman of the California Arts Commission. This makes Lyons the only chairman of a state arts commission with an extensive background in jazz.

Lyons' most famous radio program was *Jubilee*, an all-jazz show broadcast on the Armed Forces Radio network during World War II. After the war, Lyons went to California and continued his radio shows until a few years ago, when a European tour as promoter for a jazz package brought a halt to his broadcasts. When he returned, Lyons decided to discontinue his radio work.

He is best known as the founder and general manager of the Monterey Jazz Festival. Last year he helped inaugurate the Pacific Jazz Festival at Costa Mesa, Calif., and is now production adviser for this event.

Lyons has long been an active member of the California Arts Commission, and was vice chairman last year. The three-year-old commission, part of the California state government, has worked to expand the role of the arts in the state.

GUITAR TEACHER IS HIT ON EDUCATIONAL TV

One of the most popular programs on educational television is a weekly guitar instruction show conducted by an attractive lady named Laura Weber.

Folk Guitar with Laura Weber, which begins its fourth 13-week segment this month, originates from San Francisco's station KQED and is now seen on no fewer than 52 stations throughout the nation.

Mrs. Weber, who has been teaching guitar and recorder for 20 years in New York and San Francisco, began the program with some trepidation. "I didn't think it would work," she said, "but I had been doing a folk music program for kids on the station for six years, and they were very encouraging.

"The response was fantastic. The station got 500 calls after the first show, and it was soon picked up by ETS [Educational Television Services]. Our audience ranges, literally, from 7 to 84. . . ."



LAURA WEBER
The Basic Way

The first three series of the program have concentrated on guitar exclusively, but for the fourth, Mrs. Weber is adding five-string banjo, autoharp, and recorder. Several instruction books and two records have been published in conjunction with the program.

Mrs. Weber says she emphasizes "good songs, different strums, and a little bit of theory . . . I make them transpose." Though it has been said that she is taking business away from guitar teachers, she feels that this is definitely not so. "Folk is the basic way to learn the instrument. From there, you can go anywhere you wish. I talk about the different styles—flamenco, jazz, classical—and bring in guests to demonstrate. I feel that my program encourages students to go on to private teachers if they want to progress."

This summer, Mrs. Weber made a personal appearance tour of Denver, St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, Boston, Washington,

and New York. This was her first opportunity to meet members of her audience from outside the bay area, and she was delighted.

"It's been great to meet people and to see and hear them play," she said. "I'm very proud of those who have gone on to become really proficient, but what really counts is helping people of all ages to discover the pleasures in making music. Anyone can learn to play for his own enjoyment."

FONDA'S "TRIP" MOVES TO DIVERSE NEW SOUNDS

"He involves you—he gives you motion and musical time. The music carries you through thousands of feelings."

Actor Peter Fonda was talking, indirectly, about his latest movie, but directly about guitarist Mike Bloomfield, of rock-and-roll and rhythm-and-blues fame, who scored it.

For *The Trip*, in which Fonda plays a young man who gains the ability to love after an experience with LSD, the music is supplied by Bloomfield's band. Fonda knew Bloomfield from the guitarist's days with Paul Butterfield's band and had always been impressed with his ability. After attending one of Bloomfield's rehearsals, Fonda decided that he was the man.

Bloomfield viewed the film six times in its rough-cut form before he finished the project. With Bloomfield are Barry Goldberg, organ; Buddy Miles, drums, vocals; Nick (The Greek) Gravenites, conga, guitar, vocals; a saxophonist and a trumpeter whom Fonda could not identify, and Paul Beaver on the synthesizer, an electronic instrument that "looks like an upright piano."

"The group covered the realm of music," Fonda said. "There are three r&b numbers, a disco-dance sequence, and the last love scene is into heavy rock. There is some straight jazz and some symphonic effects. They're not into one bag. And we didn't have just a bunch of studio cats playing; we had a bunch of cats creating."

Fonda, who used to go to Birdland when he was very young, says that the records Stan Getz and Dizzy Gillespie made together in the early '50s "turned me on to jazz." Later, he added, the close harmony of the Everly Brothers brought him to rock-and-roll. When asked why he thought today's avant-garde jazz was not making more of an impact on the nation's youth, he answered in his quick, animated manner, "It's too negative."

Fonda's eventual aim, he said, is directing. "There must be communication among the main people involved in making a film," he pointed out, "director, producer, editor—and musician." If Fonda realizes his goal, some interesting film scores should be forthcoming.

SAN FRANCISCO JAZZMEN SET UP SELF-HELP FUND

San Francisco's native musicians are helping themselves. Each Sunday, from 4 p.m. to 2 a.m., local groups are spotlighted in the Both/And Club in a series called the John Coltrane Workshop.

Every participating musician gets \$5. The balance of the proceeds goes into a John Coltrane Memorial Fund, to be used by the musicians in the way they think most worthwhile.

The main cogs in this alliance are Delano Dean, owner of the Both/And, and musicians Raphael Garrett and Kent Glenn. They, along with other musicians, plan to aid young people who need instruction in music, and will stage concerts in bay area high schools. Money from the fund will also go to local musicians who have trouble finding work.

"I get a chance to hear several groups," Dean said, "and the ones I particularly like will be able to play future engagements at the Both/And. Therefore, the musicians perform not only for the present, but also for the future.

"We want to make sure the Sunday performances are not haphazard meetings. This is why we'll hold jamming to a minimum. We want to give groups with a qualified presentation a chance to be heard. Of course, the listeners will benefit from this."

POTPOURRI

Muddy Waters has been added to the special Saturday concert of this year's Monterey Jazz Festival. Guitarist **Laurindo Almeida**, scheduled to appear with the **Modern Jazz Quartet** Saturday night, has been dropped from the festival. There will probably be other additions and deletions, some of them at the last minute.

Veteran trombonist **Herb Flemming**, who spent most of the 20s and 30s in Europe and returned there a few years ago, co-produced the Costa Del Sol Jazz Festival at Torremolinos, Spain, in July. Participants included singers **Beryl Bryden** and **Audrey Grey**; trumpeter **Tony Furrmiss**; the **Trinidad Steel Band**, and Flemming's sextet (Al Lewis, clarinet; **Pete Thomas**, piano; **Thymen Hoolwerf**, guitar; **Cliff Joseph**, bass; **Al Verlanc**, drums). Flemming, who doubles as vocalist, has been signed by **Hoteles Melia**, a chain which operates 16 hotels in Spain and Portugal.

Actor **Martin Landau**—seen on *Mission Impossible*—happens to be a dedicated jazz buff. Thus, he accepted with pleasure when asked to narrate a Wolper Productions documentary tentatively named *The History of Jazz*. Already included in the special are the sounds of **Ray Charles**, the **Dorsey Brothers**, **Duke Ellington**, **Ella Fitzgerald**, **Benny Goodman**, and **Jaek Teagarden**.

Personally Speaking:

Mr. Hawkins And Mr. Gleason

Ralph J. Gleason is in the rare and enviable position of being a syndicated jazz columnist—at present, the only other in the country is Leonard Feather—a fact which makes him an important spokesman for the music.

It would hardly seem necessary to point out that this position entails a great responsibility. Though we have not always agreed with Gleason's opinions, he has generally conducted his column with this in mind. But the words which appeared under his byline in the July 10 edition of the *New York Post* set a new low in irresponsible journalism and constituted an insult to one of the greatest and most respected artists in the history of jazz.

There was some factual material in Gleason's column. At the Jazz at the Philharmonic concert June 30 in the Oakland Coliseum Arena, Coleman Hawkins collapsed during the second number of his feature set and had to be helped off stage by Oscar Peterson and Clark Terry.

That unfortunate incident was dramatically reported by Gleason, who went on to state that Hawkins had been hospitalized, that he might never play again, that he was possessed by a "death wish," that his present condition could be compared to that of Lester Young during the last years of his career, that Hawkins was a prime example of the injustices suffered by the Negro artist in a hostile society, etc., etc.

Unfortunately for Gleason, Hawkins was *not* hospitalized. Quite to the contrary, the great tenor saxophonist played the following night at the Hollywood Bowl in Los Angeles and performed brilliantly for the remainder of the JATP tour. It would not have been difficult for Gleason to discover these simple facts, but apparently he didn't bother. Instead, he used a regrettable incident as a vehicle for a sociological tirade—no doubt well meant, but completely off the mark, as well as harmful to Hawkins' reputation.

We had planned to say a great deal more, but as luck would have it, we received an open letter addressed to Gleason which says it far better than we could have. It reads as follows:

Dear Mr. Gleason,
Have you ever had the privilege of hearing the great Coleman Hawkins laugh? There is no laugh like it in the world! It comes from wa-a-ay down . . . and is as gigantic and all-encompassing as the sound of his horn!
Not a trace of a "death wish" in it, Mr. Gleason!

On the contrary . . . like his music, it's the kind of a sound to make the dead rise up from their graves, and begin dancing!

It makes you dig that you, yourself, were less alive before you heard it . . . and I want to thank you for evoking that laugh of Bean's!

You see, I happened to be with him

Tuesday night, when your quasi-obituary appeared in the *New York Post* . . . We were having dinner at Art D'Lugoff's Village Gate, when somebody showed it to him; and when he got to the part following his supposed incarceration in a Los Angeles hospital, where you said ". . . and we don't know if he'll ever play again," the Coleman Hawkins roar of laughter rang out, and almost stopped the show! Because, right after the incident you described in such dramatic detail, vast audiences were giving him standing ovations nightly in the Carter Baron Amphitheatre in Washington for seven nights in a row!



Coleman Hawkins

Since word of this appears to have passed you by, allow me to straighten the record a little further.

Coleman Hawkins is in the very best of health, and he was *not* hospitalized in Los Angeles or anywhere else.

If he had a momentary indisposition during an exceedingly strenuous tour, that is all it was . . . a momentary indisposition. He continued right on to Washington with Norman Granz's JATP and stopped the show nightly, as I have already said. Driving around the town in his brand new Chrysler Imperial, or relaxing in his beautiful penthouse overlooking Central Park, Coleman Hawkins shows no signs of suffering from frustration or from a hostile society.

And, indeed, why should he? He is as great a giant today as he always has been.

Any time he chooses to work, anywhere in the world, the public flocks to hear him . . . and not only the public, but the musicians . . . traditional, be-bop, avant-garde, and classical, too . . . he turns them *all* on!

He is still blowing everyone off the scene!

—*Baroness Nica De Koenigswarter*

To which we can add only this: Coleman Hawkins is a *man*, not a socio-psychological case history. And a journalist's first responsibility is to check out the facts.

—D.M.

MAX ROACH AND FRIENDS HOLD SWINGING DRUM-IN

Bill Crowden, proprietor of Chicago's Drums Unlimited, is not a man to be thwarted by the profundity of today's *in*-tertainment. Crowden reasoned that be-ins, sit-ins, and love-ins would have nothing on a drum-in, especially one that featured Max Roach as the main attraction.

Seemingly, he was right. Over 250 people crowded into an auditorium above the Drums Unlimited studios—for which Roach's latest LP was named—to observe the master's pyro-techniques. Among the many professional and lay percussionists on hand were Dave Bailey, in town with the Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer Sextet, and Marshall Thompson, who lays the groundwork with the Eddie Higgins Trio, the resident group at the London House.

While television crews filmed the event for local CBS and ABC affiliates, Roach demonstrated his pile-driving solo approach and a diversity of rhythmic pulses. He also fielded questions from the audience, and performed three solo tracks from his latest album.

Afterward, he invited drummers in the



audience to participate in a "rise-and-fly" rondo with him. Just as this bit threatened to get a little out of hand, due to the eagerness of all to make their mark that day, Roach discovered two potential threats to his throne: Freddie and Kenneth Crutch-

field, aged 13 and 9, respectively. To climax an afternoon of rhythmic highlights, Roach invited the two young giant-killers to sit in with him for a three-minute finale that had the audience roaring, and delighted the cameramen.

there's something jumping in denmark . . .

At a time when it has become increasingly difficult for large jazz ensembles to survive and maintain stable personnels, the permanent jazz group of the Danish Radio provides a hopeful example of what can be done to create a future for medium-size workshop jazz orchestras.

During the '50s, two of the leading personalities on the Danish jazz scene, Boerge Roger Henriksen of the Danish Radio and bassist Erik Moseholm, often discussed the need for a radio jazz ensemble that could be of genuine importance for players and composer-arrangers.

In the summer of 1961, the Danish Radio (state-operated, as are most European broadcast networks) accepted the idea that it might be worthwhile to have a radio jazz ensemble in addition to the radio dance orchestra, which played with the traditional big-band sound and instrumentation. The first program was broadcast in October, 1961, by an orchestra of 10 members, including co-leaders Moseholm and pianist Bent Axen.

That the initial experiment was a good idea can be seen from the fact that for the current season the orchestra has been enlarged to 13 pieces. The permanent members now are Palle Mikkelborg, Palle Bolvig, Allan Botschinsky, trumpets; Thorolf Moelgaard, trombone; Poul Hindberg, Niles Husum, Uffe Karskov, Bent Nielsen, reeds and woodwinds; Louis Hjulmand, vibes; Axen, piano; Torben Munk, guitar; Niels-Henning Orsted (he has dropped the Pedersen), bass, and Alex Riel, drums.

This lineup includes some of the best-known Danish jazz musicians. The orchestra works 10 months of each year, and during this period presents 44 half-hour programs. Available studio time for

each program is five hours.

Moseholm, now an executive at Danish Radio, is the orchestra's program producer, while trumpeter Mikkelborg is music director for the current season.

The orchestra is of great importance to the jazz situation in Denmark. It has the opportunity to commission compositions and special arrangements and to invite featured guest soloists.

These, of course, are often Americans living in Europe, and so far especially saxophonists-arrangers Ray Pitts and Sahib Shihab have contributed greatly toward the orchestra's high professional standard. Trumpeter Idress Sulieman and multi-instrumentalist Yusef Lateef have also worked with the group, and in the months to come, collaboration with composer George Russell, which began more than a year ago, will be intensified.

Though the ensemble came in for

heavy criticism during its first years of existence, it has now matured into a top professional unit, and has made it possible for talented musicians to make a living mainly by playing jazz. While it is still rather easy to detect the main influences in the work of the young Danish writers for the orchestra, one can just as easily observe their progress toward better craftsmanship and more originality.

The first six years in the life of the Danish Radio jazz group show that many problems must be overcome in order to create first-rate orchestral jazz, but that these problems can be solved successfully. At a time when the audience for jazz seems to be declining, it is encouraging that the non-commercial Danish Radio, which is in a monopoly position, has demonstrated such clear understanding of its cultural responsibilities.

—Finn Slumstrup



Tenor saxophonist Ray Pitts with Danish Radio Jazz Group

CAMP RAMBLERNY is situated in a well-wooded area, its greenery made ultra-lush by the frequent rains of the summer, which have also made the ground somewhat muddy and tested the dispositions of the campers and staff.

Ramblerny, named for its rambling roses, was once the estate of the editor of the Trenton, N.J., *Times*. Located in Bucks County, Pa., it is now the site of a summer music, dance, and drama camp-school. Traveling by car from New York, you reach the town of Stockton on the New Jersey side of the Delaware River. Here you find Colligan's Inn, where Larry Hart wrote *There's a Small Hotel*. There is a wishing well in the back (I spied it from a speeding car), and from there, I'm told, "you can see a distant steeple."

After crossing the bridge into Pennsylvania, it is only a few miles until you see the Ramblerny sign and turn right. Almost immediately you burst onto the campus. On your left, through the trees, is a small dell. When you reach the main building at the head of the road, and look back down the incline, you see a bandstand set in back of a depression that once was a swimming pool. There, at the helm of a 17-piece band, composed of boys aged 13 to 18, is Phil Woods, alto saxophonist, clarinetist, composer-arranger, conductor, educator, and music director of the camp.

Although there is ballet, modern dance, musical comedy, and drama at Ramblerny—and Woods correlates all these departments—music at the camp essentially means jazz. Of the 125 children enrolled, 30 are in the music department. They are in good hands with Woods and his staff.

With his practical experience as a performing jazzman, Woods is no pedant. He is able to counsel his students not only about music but also about the life of which it is a part. He brings to his job a background of studies with Lennie Tristano, courses at the Manhattan School of Music, and degrees from Juilliard.

His teaching philosophy is a compound of all the music elements that have shaped his life. His personal philosophy, which allows freedom within a definite discipline, is an important adjunct.

"In ancient times, teaching was a sacred profession," Woods said. "Now we are in awe of our artists but not of our teachers. That is reflected in what we pay them.

"I don't use books. All my teaching is done with the keyboard in mind. We cover the same ground as the books, but we want the kids to use their brains, not just their eyes and fingers."

THE STUDENTS COME to Ramblerny from

The Jazzman as Teacher:

Phil Woods at Camp Ramblerny

by Ira Gitler



JAMES HOLT

"In ancient times, teaching was a sacred profession. Now we are in awe of our artists but not of our teachers. That is reflected in what we pay them."



the nearby New York-New Jersey-Pennsylvania area, but this summer such far-flung places as Houston, San Francisco, Miami Beach, and Cleveland also were represented.

Woods first came to Ramblerny as a result of geography. Married in May, 1956, to Chan Parker, widow of Charlie Parker, he moved from New York City to New Hope, Pa. In 1963, Ramblerny housed the Maynard Ferguson School of Jazz. Woods, who had been teaching music privately in the area, came over to help out. When the camp's current owner, Mrs. Ruth Woodford, took over

in 1964, she hired him as her music director. Now in his fourth year in this capacity, he heads a faculty that is both musically experienced and attuned to the needs of the artistically oriented.

Chris Swansen is a tall, prematurely graying, ex-Midwesterner who teaches brass and arranging. He has written for the bands of Stan Kenton and Kurt Edelhagen and for his own New York Improvisational Ensemble.

Drummer Norman Grossman, a Juilliard graduate who teaches privately in New York during the winter and also plays Broadway shows and works with small groups, takes care of the theory department and the percussion ensemble, functions as rhythm section coach for the senior band, and conducts the intermediate band. The intermediate organization consists, for the most part, of younger students and serves as a grooming ground for the senior aggregation. Several boys, however, participate in both bands.

Another instructor is young pianist Kirk Nurock, currently a Juilliard student. Nurock works with the pianists, rhythm sections, and the soloists. He conducts a theory class for the nonmusic majors (it is compulsory for the dancers) and also runs an improvisational workshop one night a week to help the musicians become better soloists.

Mrs. Woods is a real helpmate. Besides serving as her husband's copyist, she has headed the Ramblerny vocal department for three years. She explains: "It was actually started when Dave Lambert gave me some Lambert-Hendricks-Ross charts for Christmas."

Ben Tucker and Horace Silver and Mimi Perrin of the Double Six of Paris also contributed music, and now Mrs. Woods has a library of 29 arrangements. Last summer, around the pool, she taught her husband's *Children's Suite* to the "little kids."

A history-of-jazz course is held two mornings a week, presided over alternately by either of the Woodses, Swansen, or Grossman. Records are played, question periods are a regular feature, and there is almost always a discussion of the philosophy of music and life. A real rapport exists between teachers and children. Everything is on a first-name basis.

Part of the summer's program are the trips to nearby Lambertville, N.J., to hear and meet the famous jazzmen who perform there at the Music Circus. Cannonball Adderley, Dave Brubeck, Woody Herman, and Stan Getz have all given generously of their time between shows to talk to the students.

Many musicians have also made special trips from New York to visit the camp: Clark Terry, Mel Lewis, Elvin

Jones, Jerome Richardson, Joe Farrell, Steve Swallow, Richard Davis, Melba Liston, the New York Saxophone Quartet, and Morgana King, "the guardian angel of our vocal department," according to Mrs. Woods. (Ramblerny has a Willie Dennis scholarship set up by Miss King, the late trombonist's widow.)

RAMBLERNY IS GROWING. The big-band book keeps getting larger, as does the enrollment. Woods points with pride to the camp's graduates: "Richie Cole [alto saxophone] is at the Berklee School of Music on a *Down Beat* scholarship; Joe Roccisano [alto saxophone] played with Ray Charles and is now with Don Ellis; and Mike Brecker [tenor saxophone, brother of trumpeter Randy Brecker] is at Berklee too."

Ramblerny's buildings are situated on 26 of its 86 rambling acres. The dormitories—white, wooden, country-style structures—have colorful, jazz-related names like Half Note. The shed where the senior band rehearses, deep in the woods, is called Bird's Nest. There are small structures made airy by large screens, for individual practice purposes, but Woods said the boys usually "take their horns and practice under a tree."

There are tennis courts, an athletic field, and a swimming pool (I also saw a basketball hoop on the side of a dorm), but they are not much used. Woods explains: "They're here for seven weeks (July 2 to Aug. 20) of intensive study with pros, who spend all day and evening with them. If I have to go to New York for a record date one day, I make up the time the next day. I like to get to each and every one as individuals, talk to them about the business—whether they really want to go into it, want to pay the necessary dues."

The majority of the budding musicians, whether or not they will become professionals, are immersed in music at this point in their lives. "They teach themselves, too," Woods said. "At night, they sit and talk music. Norm is resident teacher. He lives on campus, and he enjoys talking with the kids."

Grossman said, "I've been here four or five years; it's gratifying to see someone develop and know that you have been part of it."

Of Woods he said: "A good, firm, scholarly but swinging teacher. The kids know that he knows what he's talking about." This is obvious in their attitude toward Woods, both on the bandstand and on the campus. (The preponderance of alto saxophonists in camp is an expression of this. For the concert, Woods had three from the intermediate band do a feature spot on Charlie Parker's *Au Privave* with the seniors.)

/Continued on page 40



NEWPORT YOUTH BAND:

marshall brown's talent incubator

By George Hoefer

IN RETROSPECT, the most significant casualty of the Newport Jazz Festival "riots" of 1960 was the discontinuance of the Newport Youth Band, an educational project under the direction of Marshall Brown.

The original Newport Festival Corporation was a nonprofit organization, dedicated to the enjoyment and study of jazz. In carrying out their aims in furthering the study of the music, the festival directors, using funds derived from the annual series of concerts, sponsored a youth band in the New York City area from the fall of 1958 until mid-1960. When one checks into the current status of the roughly 30 youths who participated in the program, one all-important fact stands out—more than 80 percent of the former NYB members have become prominent in the world of music.

It all started when director Brown—music educator, songwriter, and multi-instrumentalist—joined the Newport board of directors and was assigned the task of developing educational possibilities in connection with the festival. His election came shortly after the 1957 festival, when he presented a surprised jazz world with his sensational, swinging high school jazz band from Farmingdale, N.Y., on Long Island.

Brown, who holds a B.S. degree (cum laude) in music from New York University and a M.A. from Columbia University,

had established extracurricular jazz band activity at Weldon E. Howitt High School in Farmingdale as early as 1952. His Farmingdale *Dalers* were pioneers in the now-burgeoning stage-band movement.

The first project organized by Brown for the Newport festival group was the International Youth Band that appeared at the festival in 1958. It was made up of young instrumentalists representing 15 European countries. Brown and festival director George Wein had toured abroad during the winter of 1957-58 and auditioned some 600 musicians to build a band good enough to play a book of arrangements by John LaPorta, Adolph Sandole, Arif Mardin, Bill Russo, and Brown himself. This band included such well-known jazz-names-to-be as Gabor Szabo, the Hungarian guitarist; Ronnie Ross, the English baritone saxophonist; Albert Mangelsdorff, the German trombonist; and Roger Guerin, the French trumpeter.

After presenting this international band at the 1958 Brussels World's Fair, Brown spent a September vacation with Wein in Boston. He took the opportunity to broach an idea that had been forming in his mind for some time: "What about letting me try to organize a self-perpetuating youth band made up of talented youngsters between the ages of 14 and 18 from the New York area?" he suggested. Wein liked the plan, and Brown got the green

light from the Newport directors at the annual October meeting.

The original idea was to use New York as a testing ground and eventually extend the band's scope to other areas of the country with an ultimate view to establishing a national organization centered on a Newport School of Jazz.

Brown's first step in late 1958 was to have a brochure made up asking for talented musicians of high school age who definitely planned to make jazz and dance music their regular profession. Respondents were to report to him in Manhattan for auditions. With the co-operation of Peter J. Wilkowski, then supervisor of music for the New York City public school system, he managed to get copies of his brochure posted on every school bulletin board in the city.

He was immediately swamped by applicants. The auditioning went on seven days a week, Brown devoting at least a half-hour to each hopeful. During this recruiting process, Brown was helped by trumpeter Louis Mucci (formerly with Red Norvo, Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, Gil Evans), alto saxophonist John LaPorta (formerly with Ray McKinley, Lennie Tristano, Woody Herman), bassist Dick Carter (then with Evans), and drummer Charlie Perry, a seasoned player and teacher.

Soon a fine 18-piece band, made up of

teenagers averaging 16 years of age, was rehearsing every weekend at the Professional Children's School auditorium on New York's west side. This was supplemented by separate instruction for the various sections of the orchestra on week-nights in the living room of Brown's apartment. All members of the band received additional instruction in intonation, phrasing, interpretation, rhythm, tone, technique, and sight-reading.

An extensive repertoire was established. Brown contributed many arrangements, including originals, and there were arrangements specially prepared for the band by Ernie Wilkins, Russo, Sandole, Neal Hefti, Fred Karlin, and LaPorta. Arrangements by the late Tiny Kahn (*Tiny's Blues*) and pianist George Wallington (*Lemon Drop*) were also in the book.

THE NYB made its debut at a Carnegie Hall concert in March, 1959. This was followed by appearances at the Newport Jazz festivals of '59 and '60, the Washington (D.C.) Jazz Jubilee of '59, and the Boston and Pittsburgh Jazz festivals in '60. In addition, the band played for many ballroom dances up and down the Eastern seaboard and recorded three LPs for the Coral label.

Today, close to seven years after the the NYB disbanded, four unusually talented graduates have become well-known to *Down Beat* readers: Jimmy Owens, trumpet and flugelhorn; Eddie Daniels, tenor saxophone and clarinet; Ronnie Cuber, baritone saxophone; and Eddie Gomez, bass—all of whom started their careers as members of the NYB.

Owens, who added flugelhorn after his NYB days, is very much in demand on the New York jazz scene. In the recent *DB* International Critics' Poll, Owens won first place in the talent deserving of wider

recognition category. He has been featured with Maynard Ferguson, Lionel Hampton, the Gerry Mulligan Concert Band, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band, the Chuck Israels rehearsal band, and Clark Terry's big band. He also has starred in several small groups—Herbie Mann's unit, the Max Roach Quintet, Charlie Mingus' Jazz Workshop, and, on a Japanese tour, with the Elvin Jones-Art Blakey-Tony Williams percussion package show. He has recorded with Gerald Wilson, Teddy Edwards, Mann, and several groups for Blue Note and Prestige.

Eddie Daniels played alto saxophone with the NYB, later switching to tenor and clarinet. Several years ago, in a *Down Beat* interview with Sonny Rollins, writer Joe Goldberg quoted the tenor star as saying: "There was a young serious kid who walked in here (Village Vanguard) one night and sat in. He played so great, but I didn't get his name." After the article was published there was talk of the "mystery tenor" until a letter was printed in the magazine revealing that the sitter-in was Daniels.

Shortly after this incident, Daniels won first prize at the International Jazz Competition in Vienna. Upon his return home, Brooklyn-born Daniels recorded his first album under his own name for Prestige. Titled *First Prize*, it features him on both tenor and clarinet, and got four stars from reviewer Pete Welding. Like Owens, Daniels has been featured with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band and worked with the Israels rehearsal band. Daniels also has been featured with various small groups in New York, most recently with Red Norvo.

Another Brooklynite, baritone saxophonist Cuber, has attained star status in the last several years. He played with the NYB during the entire two-year period of its existence. This was followed by stints with Sal Salvador, Maynard Ferguson, Lionel Hampton (both large and small bands), and the Kai Winding Trombone Group (he was used in place of the bass trombone).

While working with Ferguson at Birdland in 1964, Cuber was noticed by guitarist George Benson, who at the time was playing with organist Jack McDuff. When John Hammond recorded Benson's own group for Columbia several years later, Cuber was added to the date. He then became a regular member of the guitarist's quartet and has starred with it for the last two years. He won a *Down Beat* Critics' Poll TDWR award last year.

At the time of the original auditions, Brown selected Herbie Mickman of Brooklyn to play bass. Mickman stayed with the band until late in 1959. He was with the Peter Nero Trio, and about a year ago joined the trio accompanying Sarah Vaughn.

A small, enthusiastic bassist named Eddie Gomez also had asked Brown for a tryout. Gomez was only 13, born in San Turce, Puerto Rico, and brought up in uptown New York. Brown, experienced in bass playing, was dubious and amused upon seeing Gomez, but decided to indulge the youngster.

After listening to Gomez, who was "no

bigger than the main part of the bass," Brown said, "The lad used unorthodox fingering, but who cared. He was swinging already, and his time was *great*." Gomez was promptly taken on as an alternate bass player, and when Mickman graduated after six months, Gomez became the regular.

Since the NYB days, Gomez has played with Miles Davis, the Marian McPartland Trio, Gary McFarland, Jim Hall, and Gerry Mulligan. For about a year, he has been the regular bassist with pianist Bill Evans' trio. Among the bassist's recordings are a series with such avant-gardists as Paul Bley and Giuseppi Logan on the ESP label. Reviewer Bill Russo, in reviewing Gomez' work on an Evans LP, described him as a musician with "... incredible technical facility, rhythmic accuracy, splendid intonation, and a fresh vision of the double bass." Gomez finished in second place (behind David Izenzon) in the 1967 critics' poll TDWR division.

THE AFORMENTIONED NYB graduates could be said to have had the most spectacular successes as creative artists. But other graduates have enjoyed active and lucrative careers in the music business.

A pattern seemed to form after the NYB disbanded. Many members went into Sal Salvador's big band and from there to Maynard Ferguson's organization. In fact, one night in 1962, Brown dropped down to Birdland to hear Ferguson's 12-piece band and counted seven ex-NYB boys on the stand (Andy Marsala, Harry Hall, Nat Pavone, Benny Jacobs-El, Mike Citron, Cuber, and Michael Abene). The ex-NYB leader, by then pursuing his current career as a valve trombonist, kiddingly said to Ferguson, "If its all the same to you, Maynard, how about giving me my band back?"

Alto saxophonist Andrew Marsala had started with Brown back in the Farmingdale High School days. His solo on *Ghost of a Chance* had been one of the highlights of the band's sensational afternoon performance at Newport in '57. The following year, when Brown presented the International Band, young Marsala, then only 16, represented the United States as a guest artist. He performed *Jazz Concerto for Alto Sax*, specially written for him by LaPorta and also was featured in a solo on LaPorta's arrangement of *Don't Blame Me*.

After spending two years with the NYB, Marsala went with Salvador and Ferguson, eventually leaving the latter because he was tired of the road. He returned to New York to study at the Manhattan School of Music and to play with the Vincent Lopez band, a fixture at the Hotel Taft Grill. His advanced studies have added considerably to his range of activities—he has learned to arrange, and is now also adept on clarinet, oboe, flute, piano, bass, and drums. Some time ago, Marsala married a bass player, and the two worked up an act in the Jackie Cain-Roy Kral tradition. Andy plays the piano and sings; his wife, Susan, plays bass and sings. They have been working the club circuit on the East Coast. These activities





NEWPORT YOUTH BAND 1959

are somewhat of a puzzle to Brown; he feels that as an alto saxophonist, Marsala is one of the potentially great virtuosos in jazz.

Pianist Michael Abene, also a Brown student at Farmingdale when he was only 14, was the only pianist with the NYB. He had begun to write arrangements by the time he went to work with Salvador, and after joining Ferguson, he began to contribute arrangements regularly for the trumpeter's big band and later also for his sextet. At present, Abene is accompanist-arranger for Chris Connor.

Natale Pavone of Wyandanch, N.Y., on Long Island, had a trumpet style that reminded Brown of the late Conrad Gozzo. Pavone, who also went the Salvador-Ferguson route, was heard by Swedish band-leader Harry Arnold when Maynard's band toured Europe. Pavone was playing lead, and several months after the band returned home, he received an offer for the lead spot with Arnold's famed radio orchestra in Stockholm. At the time, Pavone was considering an offer from Count Basie; he eventually accepted the Swedish job because he had liked the country, and is believed to be still overseas.

Michael Citron of Manhattan was the NYB's tenor saxophone soloist. He played with Sal Salvador for some time before joining Ferguson and is heard in several featured spots on Salvador's Decca LP, *The Beat Generation*.

Trumpeter Harry Hall and trombonist Benny Jacobs-El both went directly from the NYB to Ferguson's big band. Both left the trumpeter-leader to join trombonist-arranger Slide Hampton's orchestra. When this band broke up, Hall went with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, and Jacobs-El joined Lionel Hampton.

Several other NYB graduates wound up in big-band work. Trombonist Frederick (Chip) Hoehler was one. Brown laughs when he recalls Hoehler's audition.

"He was the worst technically at the time," Brown said, "but I felt he had promise because of his individuality. When I asked him about his experience in music, he replied, 'I'm a trombone teacher!'"

Hoehler eventually went with Ray McKinley and the Glenn Miller Band, then with Les Elgart's outfit, and is now in the brass section of Si Zentner's orchestra.

LEAD TRUMPETER William Vaccaro of Brooklyn went with McKinley: the Tommy Dorsey Band under Warren Covington; both Elgart brothers (Les and Larry), and with a Charlie Barnet road band. Vaccaro, a two-year NYB member, brought a touch of romance to the long bus trips. He courted the girl vocalist, Nancy Manning, who had been hired by Brown for the dance dates. They were married, and today the former NYB singer has been recording and singing with Peter Duchin's society orchestra.

Larry Morton, the alto saxophonist who replaced Eddie Daniels, has jobbed around New York with many bands, including Tito Puente's Latin outfit, and trumpeter Gerry Jochim has been on the road with Les and Larry Elgart.

Several of Brown's former sidemen went into small-band work. These include trombonist Edmund Green, a third onetime Farmingdale student-band member, who wound up with a Kai Winding group. Another NYB trombonist, Joe Orange, has been performing with small modern groups in Manhattan. He has recorded with Archie Shepp.

Two members of the youth band went into similar (and lucrative) jobs with name stars active in television, recording, and concert work. One, an early trumpet soloist with the NYB, Alan Rubin of Flushing, N.Y., on Long Island, has for the last five years been a member of singer Robert Goulet's music organization. Rubin is a key man in all the accompanying orchestras used by Goulet for television appearances, recordings, concerts, and night-club appearances.

Drummer Larry Rosen from Dumont, N.J., performs a similar function with singer Andy Williams. Rosen got the job right after the NYB broke up. In addition to keeping the busy Williams schedule, Rosen has found time to write a book on big-band drumming. Brown feels the book is the definitive source on the subject.

Jay Shanman, a trombonist from Brooklyn, was the only member to go into symphonic work. He made the transition after spending a period with the Radio City Music Hall Orchestra.

Guitarist Jerry Friedman, a key member of the NYB from start to finish, turned in still another direction. He has been making a lucrative living in the rock-and-roll field.

Among former members whose subsequent careers have not come to the attention of Brown are trombonist Astley Fennell, tenor saxophonist Danny Megna, and alto saxophonist Al Abreu. They are listed in the current Local 802 directory of the AFM, and likely are still active.

Brown said that to his knowledge only two of his active sidemen failed to enter the music profession. Both of these men were trumpeters during the first six months of the band's life. One, Charlie Miller, became a lawyer. The other, Richie Margolin, was last heard from when he was working at the Bronx Zoo as the keeper of the hippopotamus family.

There was yet another young musician closely allied with the NYB. Larry Wilcox, a tenor saxophonist and student of arranging with Bill Russo, was 22 years old at the time and thus over the band's age limit. However, he was eager to arrange and Brown gave him the title of "arranger in residence." It was good experience, and Wilcox had the opportunity to hear his work performed. He went on to arrange for Sal Salvador and wrote a complete band book made up of original compositions as well as standards.

Salvador's last two LPs, *The Beat Generation* and *You Ain't Heard Nothin' Yet* (Dauntless), consisted almost entirely of Wilcox arrangements. Since then, he has orchestrated a number of Broadway shows and arranged for vocalists.

Brown, who has been called the Charles Lindbergh of the stage bands, has concentrated on his own playing and arranging since the breakup of the NYB. His valve trombone and pen played a considerable role in the sextet he co-led with trumpeter Ruby Braff, and as music director and key sideman in the Pee Wee Russell Quartet he gave the veteran clarinetist a fresh and modern format for his unique stylings.

Brown also worked with cornetists Bobby Hackett and Wild Bill Davison and currently co-leads a quartet with altoist Lee Konitz. His home base, throughout the last several years, has been Jimmy Ryan's in mid-Manhattan, where his associates include clarinetist Tony Parenti, trumpeter Max Kaminsky, and drummer Zutty Singleton.

Occasionally, Brown still makes forays into jazz education. Last spring, the Lee Konitz-Marshall Brown Quartet presented a lecture-concert at Lehigh University in Pennsylvania, tracing the history of jazz from ragtime to atonality, and Brown also conducted a clinic with the school's jazz ensemble. He enjoyed every minute of it, and so did the students. Chances are he will do it again, for the urge to instruct and educate still burns strongly in him.



I WOULD ARRANGE stuff for the Beatles if they asked me to. However, I would want to have the understanding from the beginning that I'd be contributing something much more than just an arrangement.

A lot of times someone will ask me, "Would you write me an arrangement on this? I want a four-bar intro, and then we do 2½ choruses, take it up a half-step, and go out in the bridge." In other words, they tell me how they want the whole thing done. I'm not interested in that kind of so-called arranging. I feel I could contribute much more than that. If I were asked by the Beatles, or by any pop person I like, to do an album or an arrangement, it would have to be done under those conditions.

I'd start off by sitting down with the Beatles and finding out what material they were planning to use, and if they had anything definite in mind. Would they want a small group to back them up, or some "different" sounds, as they seem to have on every one of their albums—they don't repeat themselves album after album.

That's what really gasses me about a lot of pop records. They're looking for different sounds. In fact, I heard a Sonny & Cher song, and they go along for a chorus or so, and there's a break with a bassoon and an oboe or maybe an English horn. It's only about two bars. In pop music seven or eight years ago, you wouldn't have heard anything like that.

So, I'd find out from the group I'm working with what direction they'd want to take. I'd work with the material and give them my findings, and if we were on the same wave length, we'd proceed from there.

The most important thing is to have communication with the person who is paying you, right from the beginning of any project. I don't care what kind of money or prestige is involved. I've had experiences with so-called superstars where it turned out I was just a stenographer. I have no interest in that whatsoever.

Say I'm going to work with the Beatles. I'd want to show them off in their maximum areas, and I'd also want to challenge them all the time. I want to do justice to their ego and mine. The only way that can be done is by understanding what they do and what they're capable of doing.

Often a composer or arranger will under-write for a big star. There's a reluctance to create a challenge for a big name. But those are the people that really want to be challenged—unless they have some strange ego hang-up and want to dictate everything.

I really love a challenge like the album I did for Stan Getz. I want to



VERYL OAKLAND

explore an artist's whole musical personality. Once I have the right perspective, I begin the writing. I don't have to listen to records by a person like Stan Getz, because I've been listening to him for so long. I know him, and I can build everything around him. But in his album I also wrote what I wanted. That's the kind of thing a player like Stan wants. He wants to be challenged.

As for the Beatles, I've listened to *Rubber Soul* quite a bit. I've only heard *Revolver* once, and I've dug their melodic things, *Yesterday*, *Michelle*, and *I Love Her*. It depends on what mood I'm in for me to put my finger on the high points of the Beatles' work.

In my opinion, they're five-star, excellent songwriters. They could write in any area they'd want to. I think they could write a show, or something for the theater. They're really tuned in and have that extra little sack of magic that distinguishes the super from the fair.

IN GENERAL, I would say that most jazz players *don't* look down their noses at rock-and-roll. If a jazz player doesn't like it, it's because he wouldn't want to be a rock-and-roll player. For the same reason, a rock-and-roll player may look down on jazz. I've spoken to a lot of rock-and-roll kids who say, "Jazz is just a lot of notes, and it's boring." It's strictly from their involvement with it as performers. That's understandable. On the other hand, I know a lot of jazz players who dig rock very much. They like to listen to it, which is all that is necessary. You don't have to play it to like it.

I've always dug rhythm-and-blues.

confessions of a non- purist

by
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That, and boogie woogie, is the first kind of music I ever heard, aside from the music I sang in church as a kid. So I've always had an affinity for it.

There is an awful lot of rock-and-roll I *don't* like to listen to. Most of it isn't of superior quality. I enjoy the Beatles, the Byrds, some of the Rolling Stones, some of the sounds of the Beach Boys, Four Seasons, the Supremes. That quality of pop music I like very much.

A lot of these groups are becoming more aware of the importance of utilizing all these other sounds that are out there. Eight years ago, they used just guitars, drums, and a couple of chords and maybe a tenor saxophone. Nowadays, these guys realize that the competition is much greater all the time. They have to use different sounds.

Another group I dig very much is the Lovin' Spoonful. They write very good songs. In fact, I heard Jackie (Cain) & Roy (Kral) recently doing a couple of Spoonful songs. The Spoonful drop in different sounds in every record, and they have a real good rhythm feel. It's not that exaggerated, heavy 2/4.

Believe it or not, there are many more subtleties in rock-and-roll now. I've become quite a fan since the Beatles began. I liked the Beatles the first time I heard them. Visually, I dug them too.



The Beatles: "That extra little sack of magic."

You can tell they're having a good time. A lot of times they're putting everyone on. But we all put on the world now and again. *They* were having a good time doing it.

I don't think jazz and rock-and-roll will come together just like that. It wouldn't surprise me, though, because in that straight-ahead area of jazz there's a lot of mixing going on.

You suggested that Dizzy Gillespie might actually combine his forces with a group like the Byrds. I sure would like to see that. Diz has not only been up to date—he's been ahead of people most of the time in terms of utilizing different kinds of music. He's always played Latin, for instance. Twenty years ago he had that big band with Chano Pozo. And when Diz plays something with a shuffle rhythm, it's not a cop-out. It's the best damn shuffle rhythm you'll ever hear.

The same with Duke's band. I did a date with Johnny Hodges four or five years ago, and he'd tell the drummer to give him a shuffle rhythm. And boy, the guy laid it down. Now, he's been doing that all his life.

It's so wrong to think of these sounds and rhythms in just the rock-and-roll context. Many have been around a long, long time, and I would like to utilize the best of these different areas. In fact, I do whenever I can. I like pop music. Jazz is just part of the over-all pop music scene. Rock, jazz, folk, and country—it's all pop. It's all contemporary, and I think it's all coming together.

I liked Fats Domino the first time I heard him. *Ain't That a Shame?* and

Blueberry Hill are the ones I remember in particular. I saw his band at the Village Gate a while back. They were cookin'. He puts on a real good show.

Suppose you go into a club, and you listen to the music, and you can't decide: is this rock-and-roll or jazz or folk-rock? I don't even care what it is. If I like it, that's all that matters to me. This business of categorizing everything has always been in existence. Every time I read an interview with Duke Ellington he's asked, "Well, is this really jazz?" What difference does it make? Duke's been saying that for 40 years. The same thing applies to reviewing. If the guy likes it, he'll give it a good write-up. If he doesn't like it, he'll give it a bad write-up. It's that unimportant.

THE FIRST TIME music got to me emotionally, I was about 8 or 9 years old. I used to listen to a radio program that had 15 minutes of boogie woogie. It just destroyed me. If something came up that would take me away from the radio at that time, I'd beg off so I could stay home and listen.

I started playing the vibes out of boredom when I was in the Army. I had always dug jazz. But pop music played as much a part in my life as it does in any young kid's life. If you went out dancing or something, you'd want to go where there was a good group. So it was always important to me.

I can't say that I listened to rock-and-roll when it first came on radio. I listened to what would now be considered "good music" stations. I was from a

small town in Oregon. It just had one station, and they played the hit records of the day. I was in the service when I first heard Elvis Presley.

I started to play music, and then I wanted to write it, even though I didn't know the first thing about it. Just playing vibes got to be a bore, so I started to pick out melodies, and I went to the piano and messed around with sounds and moods. But it was very limited, because I didn't know about chords. I always had a good ear because both my folks were self-taught. My father played mandolin, and my mother was a very good piano player. We all sang.

I haven't written any good lyrics. Maybe once a year I write a nonsense lyric. On my album *In Sound* there's one called *Bread and Wine*, a sort of stream-of-consciousness lyric. It's just a moody thing. But I'm by no means a lyric writer.

I'm working with a lyricist who is a Jesuit student priest, Lou Savary. He's very poetic. He wrote the lyrics of the title song for the film I scored, *Thirteen*. The song is called *One I Could Have Loved*. It gives me a lot of satisfaction to hear a good lyric with my music.

I've also written songs with Gene Lees, an excellent lyric writer, and a few other people. But right now, I'm just hung up with albums, and I may be doing another film. I just don't have the time any more to pursue my other interests.

At this point, I am not interested in the avant-garde as a performer, although there is great deal to be learned from it.

I couldn't devote my whole life to that kind of music. Now I'm more interested in the popular music of the day.

I got such a late start, and there's so much music I haven't even heard yet. I want to get involved with a lot of it, before I move on to these other things. If I suddenly find that my participation in popular music becomes unstimulating, then I would look for something else. If I could find something I want in avant-garde, then I would get into it. From the standpoint of a writer, the avant-garde has actually always been stimulating because it makes me think of sound possibilities. Generally speaking, it's another source of stimulation.

When Charles Lloyd and Gabor Szabo were with Chico Hamilton, they were always interested in exotic music. The simple structure in *Lonely Child* is what Gabor and I worked on when we were together. That's what started us out. We played a lot of Latin-based music. A lot of it was that eighth-note feeling coming from the drummer. Even now I like to hear that kind of feeling.



Horace Silver Quintet Plugged Nickel, Chicago

Personnel: Woody Shaw, trumpet; Tyrone Washington, tenor saxophone; Silver, piano; Larry Ridley, bass; Roger Humphries, drums.

Shirt-tail out, short sleeves, open collar, a spare figure striding lithely to the stand; slightly hunched at the piano, back to the wall, adroit fingers toying with chords, kind eyes surveying the faces around him—Horace Silver, ready to start the Sunday matinee.

The inner warmth of Silver radiated through those two hours. He has made strides in his technique and in his rhythmic and harmonic thinking. It would be inaccurate to regard him as simply a master of funk. That he is, certainly; but he can be much more.

On the opener, *Pretty Eyes*, an intriguing waltz, Shaw employed a pungent, puckish attack. Throughout the afternoon he performed with consistency and verve. The trumpeter has a strong, wide tone, astonishing technique, and an explorative harmonic sense. He is definitely one of the "reachers." However, at times one felt that in his quest for harmonic depth, Shaw needlessly tore away melodic beauty. But he promises much.

Like Shaw, Washington played with all his strength. But again like Shaw, he often skittered from idea to idea, interspersing rather befuddling cascades of 16th notes, though his musicianship was always evident. What we look for now from both horn men is that certain self-assured mellowness that comes with experience.

The second tune of the set was *Aurelia's Blues*, written by bassist Ridley for his wife. After the horn and piano outings, all dropped out while Ridley began his solo in free form. For the last half, he climbed back inside the blues pattern and swung hard. As he revealed several years ago with the Roy Haynes-Booker Ervin group, Ridley plays with facility and responsiveness to others in the group.

After Ridley's segment on *Blues*, drummer Humphries took over, swishing and chopping at his cymbal with one hand, while the other dropped tasteful TNT. Throughout the afternoon, Humphries moved crisply and flowingly, always spurring the others on.

But the life of the group—somehow one was always aware—was Silver himself. Long before the leader's own solos, a glance at the audience often found many eyes fixed on him as he threw his entire being into the group's work.

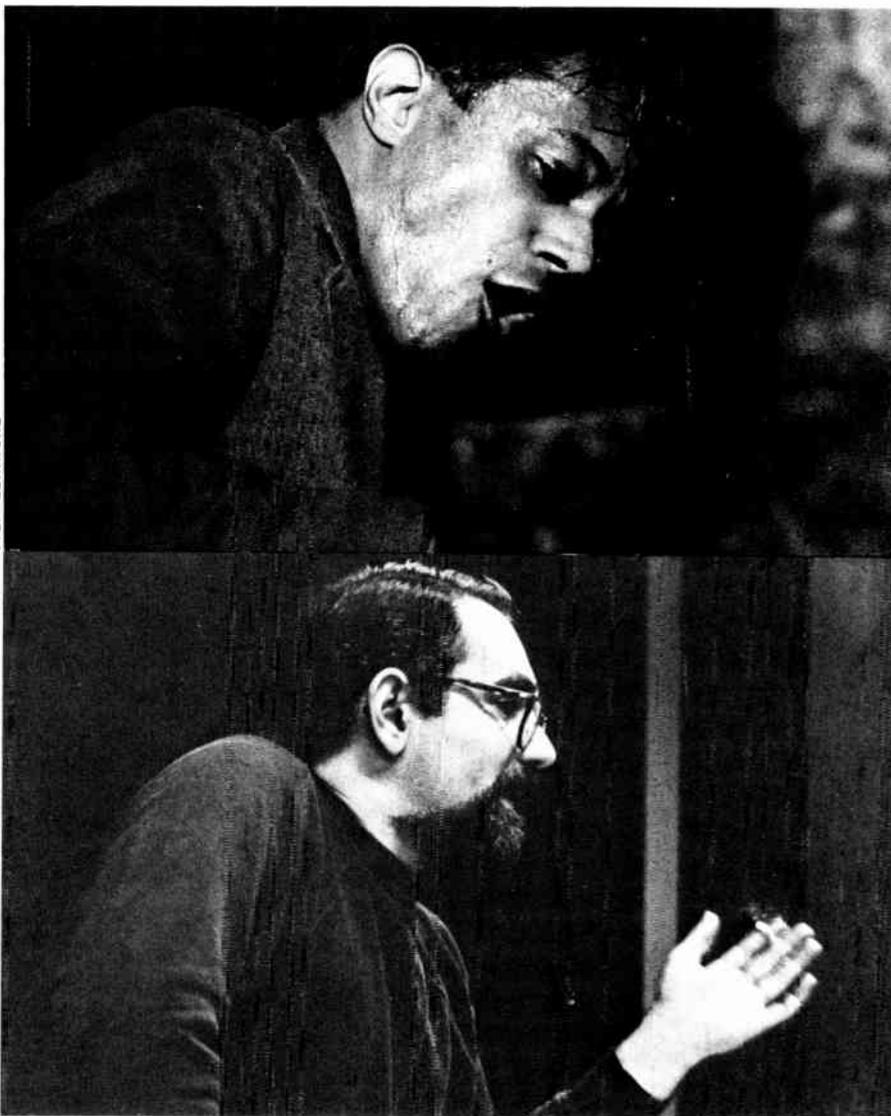
The group played *The Jody Grind* (a request) and closed the set with *Jungle Juice*, another earthy tune, which Silver announced the group would soon record. It combined viscous rhythm work with exciting chord progressions.—*Joe Gallagher*

Tony Scott Septet

Museum of Modern Art, New York City

Personnel: Scott, clarinet, baritone saxophone, vocals; Bill Rubenstein, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums; Steve Addiss, koto; Bill Crofut, sitar, banjo; Colin Wolcott, sitar, tabla drums.

Tony Scott brought his unique and considerable musical experience together in one fascinating package in this concert in the Museum of Modern Art's Jazz in the



TOP: SILVER

BOTTOM: RUSSO

Garden series. Instead of following customary procedure and showing up with his current group, Tony came prepared to lay everything on the line—his 25 years of involvement with jazz and his six years of experience in the Orient.

For straight jazz, he had an excellent quartet to back his impassioned clarinet playing. For the oriental adventures he brought along Steve Addiss and Bill Crofut, who are known primarily as singers but who came mainly to play (Addiss on the Japanese koto, Crofut on sitar and, because something happened to the Japanese banjo he was going to play, regular western banjo played in approximation of Japanese style) and Colin Westcott on sitar and tabla drums.

Scott's skill in concentrating a vast storehouse of jazz experience and styles along with ethnic influences in a one-hour program was matched by the skills shown in the performance as a whole. He didn't waste any time. He made his own personal statement right off the bat, playing his *Blues for Charlie Parker*, which has been the expressive core of his jazz feeling for the past decade, a piece into which he pours the voluminous passion which always

characterizes his work.

Then he put together a segment that explored the development of the blues from African chant (chanting by Scott—and remarkably effective whether genuine or not) through boogie-woogie to contemporary avant-garde. In the course of this, Bill Rubenstein played some surprisingly convincing ragtime and boogie-woogie (surprising to me, that is, because I had never thought of him in these contexts). Interestingly enough, although Rubenstein was able to encompass the broad scope of music laid out by Scott, drummer DeJohnette, a powerhouse in Charles Lloyd's group, seemed lost in the older forms.

When Scott moved on to the Orient, Wolcott got off a sitar solo that swung furiously, especially when he was joined by Tony's clarinet. Crofut and Addiss were largely on hand for decoration and atmosphere but they each got in short instrumental solos and joined Scott in singing in what I took to be Japanese. Oh, yes—Tony also played baritone saxophone and sang the blues. He was great, his idea for the program was great, and he should do things like this more often.

—*John S. Wilson*

CAUGHT IN THE ACT



RAYMOND ROSS

STEIG

SCOTT

William Russo

University of Illinois, Chicago

Personnel: Russo, piano and conductor; Bud Brisbois, John DeFlon, Kenneth Falke, Russell Iverson, Marty Marshack, Mario Prospero, trumpets; Edward Avis, Loren Binford, William Dinwiddie, Fred Luscombe, James Mattern, trombones; Joel Helfand, Alan Porth, Rubin Cooper, Bob Ericson, Allan Beutler, reeds; Roberta Jacobs, Bob Lah, Ralph Lotz, Glenda Ostlund, cellos; Frenk Hastick, guitar; Jim Atlas, Melvin Jackson, basses; George Marsh, Roger Wanderscheid, drums; chorus of the Chicago Opera Theater; Lynwood Jones, Franklin David, Ford Goodlette, Barbara Lantz Beutler, Ronald Thompson, George (Stardust) Green, vocals.

This has to be a qualified review, more subjective than most, because the concert was given under absolutely impossible conditions, conditions no group could have surmounted.

The amplification system at the Circle Campus outdoor amphitheater was woeful. High winds distorted what was left of the sound. And the audience—composed mostly of about 150 youngsters bused in from deprived neighborhoods by the Commission on Urban Opportunity—were too young and too restless; their shouts and laughter frequently obliterated what was left of what was left.

The concert, a tribute to Duke Ellington, was potentially of some historical value.

It was the first time Ellington had released the score for the *Concert of Sacred Music* for another orchestra to play. From what I heard, the group performed the ensemble sections very well, well enough to encourage further dissemination of the Ellington work.

The 24-piece group does not have soloists to compete with major jazz orchestras, however. The only interesting solos were some short choruses and half-choruses by valve trombonist Avis and some sensitive interplay between drummers Marsh and Wanderscheid.

Worse, trumpeter Brisbois, imported especially to do the Cat Anderson stratosphere book, missed every difficult phrase but one or two—by miles. In moments like those, one began fully to appreciate Anderson's skill.

Of the vocalists, Mrs. Beutler on the jazzed-up *Lord's Prayer* and Thompson on *Will You Be There?* were fine. Jones' *In the Beginning God* was sung into a dead mike until the last few bars, which were impressive: he hit the concluding high skip cleanly, without sliding up to it, something none of the singers who has performed it

with Ellington (Brock Peters, Jon Hendricks, Tony Watkins) has been able to do.

Before discussing the rest of the program, I should say—subjectively, heretically—that I don't find the Ellington *Sacred Concert* a particularly well-integrated or exciting body of music.

Beginning is a stirring theme, *Come Sunday* is a proved success, and there is some impressive orchestration. That's about it, and it seems to me unfortunate that a composition that has opened so many ecclesiastical doors to jazz should be one of Ellington's less noteworthy works.

Russo's *In Memoriam*, dedicated in this instance to the late Billy Strayhorn, deserves repeated hearing. There are some lovely themes and some dense and provocative orchestrations, particularly in the *Requiem and Kyrie* segment. Soloists Green and Goodlette could seldom be heard; when they came through, they were adequate but not outstanding.

The program began with a group improvisation of *C Jam Blues* and ended with one on *Happy-Go-Lucky Local*. Except for a nice bass chorus by Jackson on the latter, the less said about these the better.

That Ellington released the music to *Concert* is important; *In Memoriam* may be an important composition; the work that Russo is doing with Chicago's ghetto children is important. What I saw was an important nonconcert, and it's a shame, really.

—Alan Heineman

Jeremy Steig and the Satyrs

Museum of Modern Art, New York City

Personnel: Steig, flute; Adrian Guillary, guitar, vocals, harmonica, violin, fife; Warren Bernhardt, piano, clavinet; Eddie Gomez, bass; Don McDonald, drums.

There was a time when one of the inevitable sounds before a musical event was the tuning up of instruments. That still goes on but, increasingly, the main pre-concert activity is the testing, turning, twisting and, frequently, dismantling and remantling of amplifiers. No matter how much preparatory work is done, the amplifiers rarely seem to work satisfactorily, and as a result the pre-concert diddling continues all through the concert.

Jeremy Steig came into the Museum of Modern Art with an electrified flute, an electrified clavinet, an electrified guitar, and a tape machine loaded with a sound track that went "rumble" and "glump." The loudest noise in the group came from Steig's flute, which rasped and grated out of its amplifier when he was blowing it and which produced momentous clacks that might have been God's typewriter when he was just standing around fingering the keys.

The second loudest noise came from Eddie Gomez' bass, not electrified but played into a souped-up mike. At the other end of the scale were Warren Bernhardt's piano, scarcely discernible, and Adrian Guillary's efforts to sing and play harmonica, violin, or fife, all of which went into a relatively dead mike and disappeared.

The net result was a lot of ringing hum, a lot of crackle and clatter, and occasional indications that somebody was trying to play music. The group appeared to have gone to a lot of trouble to obscure what-

ever it was they were trying to play. The only pieces that managed to come through the clutter of equipment—seemingly intact—were several rock blues that pretended to nothing more than raucous, repetitious riffs.

These selections made it—but they were basic, elementary rock. That seems very little to get from a group that has been heralded as covering the entire range of music from here to Hindemith.

—John S. Wilson

Various Artists

Coltrane Memorial
Both/And, San Francisco

Delano Dean and Raphael Garrett wanted this concert to be something special. It was for John Coltrane, who had died only six days earlier.

Garrett, a bassist and reed man who recorded with Coltrane, hastily notified some talented bay area musicians to be at the Both/And Club July 23. Hundreds of spectators also showed up, and the aisles were jammed with standees.

The music began at 4:30 p.m. and went on for 10 hours. There was plenty of time for excitement and for boredom—the concert encompassed both.

Garrett's group opened the show in cacophonous unity. Garrett; pianist Keith Jarrett, and saxophonist Gerry Oshita growled and screamed and droned over the rhythm of bassist Joe Halpin and drummer Oliver Johnson.

Though the group was formed especially for this concert, the musicians showed remarkable emotional continuity. They were together at all times, each listening to the others, all partaking of the mutual flow. This rapport overcame the lack of individuality in the music.

Oshita, who sounded like Pharaoh Sanders, was particularly derivative. Because the men purposely relinquished manipulative technique on the instruments, they could come up with little variety of phrasing. The success of the music was dependent on empathy, and the music was successful.

Garrett's quintet was not nearly as adept at winning the audience. Lunging enthusiastically in all directions, the leader urged the listeners to "take part in the music." There were few takers. Many people, unaccustomed to this sort of music, thought it was a put-on. The music was too deeply personal, even for those who enjoyed it.

Though they applauded politely, the audience was becoming increasingly oblivious to the groups that followed Garrett.

There was good reason for the boredom. The combos were involuntarily augmented by saxophonists and trumpeters who metamorphosed from audience to stage. The situation became ridiculous when pianist Dick Conte's set began. Within five minutes his trio had been expanded to an ensemble and threatened to mushroom into a big band if the number hadn't come to its conclusion. Worse, Conte was forced to change his playing style to accommodate musicians who weren't supposed to be on the stage. He ended up sounding like Cecil Taylor, while the other musicians played

in the Coltrane '67-style and achieved only superficial unity.

Finally, Kent Glenn's big band began its energetic set. Though only in their 20s, the bandmen were obviously steeped in the approaches of the bebop era. But in addition to the Thelonious Monk and Lester Young compositions there were some wildly swinging things by Coltrane and Vince Wallace. *Scotland Yard* had tenor man Wallace gleefully imitating a bagpipe and then jumping into an uninhibited solo.

Another saxophonist, Mel Martin, also sparked the band. He integrated the various stages of Coltrane's development into an individual style without being overly cautious or gimmicky. Martin is an unabashed blower. The audience, receptive to this hard-swinging aggregation, stomped along with the performance as enthusiastically as the musicians.

Pianist George Duke, in a trio setting, continued the blistering pace set by the big band. He flew off at a torrid clip, pulsing with the beat of the blues. Duke used the versatile Garrett, who delighted the audience with a well-structured and extremely witty solo on bass.

Vibraharpist Lee Schipper, accompanied by bass and drums, played a fluid and percussive set, though he is more effective when guitar and saxophone are in the group.

One of the more pleasant surprises of the night came at 1 a.m., when the club was half empty.

A group called the Bill Trumbeaux Quartet displayed some highly creative writing and arranging in its playing. Pianist Trumbeaux composes most of the group's repertoire, and he is accompanied by alto saxophone, bass, and drums. A flutist and an extra altoist joined the quartet for this concert.

The group is at ease in odd time signatures, alternating tempos, free time, unusual modes, extended harmonies, and distinctively original melodies. Unfortunately the quartet's long wait had cooled its members off, and they weren't as characteristically loose and emotional as they can be.

The concert ended with another jam session, which may have set a record for the number of immediate musical encounters established among strangers.

If there had been more planning before the concert, and a lot more managing during the show, the quality of the presentation might not have wavered so much.

—Steve Toomajian

Various Artists

Jewish Community Center, Houston

Personnel: Vincent Frank, vocals, accordion; Weldon (Juke Boy) Bonner, vocals, guitar, harmonica; D. C. Bender, vocals, guitar; Big H Williams, vocals, guitar; Mabel Franklin, vocals, piano; King Ivory Lee Semien, drums.

Folklorist Larry Skoog arranged this unusual concert before an overflow crowd in the community center's small auditorium to demonstrate to a predominantly white audience that the blues tradition remains a vital musical force in Houston despite some of the changes that the form may have undergone in other urban centers such as Chicago.

Skoog proved his point, and in the process he found a number of blues artists presumed to have long since vanished.

Not that all the performers were relics of the past. Bonner, for example, is in his mid-30s. There are other artists even younger who are active here although they were not in this presentation. (Skoog estimates that Houston contains 30 to 50 clubs where blues is the preferred form of music.)

The concert had variety in a number of ways: the content ranged from country to urban; musicianship from technical proficiency to pure emotionalism; showmanship from withdrawn to gloriously extroverted.

Bonner delivered the most consistent performance, high in quality throughout. Semien, who played with most of the artists, set a pulsating back beat rhythm during Bonner's first set for such numbers as *Rattlesnaking Daddy* and *What'd I Say?*, of Ray Charles fame.

Bonner established his credentials as a one-man blues band with some first-rate guitar and harmonica breaks on a popular country tune, *Dust My Broom*, and his own composition, *If You Don't Ever Want to Be Mistreated, Make Sure You Don't Ever Get Down*. He kept time by tapping a shoe, mounted with taps on four sides.

Despite its country origin, Bonner's style sounded polished—almost sophisticated—in the way he mixed his instrumental and vocal talents, using one to support the other. His voice, however, did not seem to possess the emotional force generated by some of the other singers, possibly because it lacked the necessary amplification to be heard clearly over guitar and drums.

This was regrettable, because, of all the performers, Bonner seemed to have the most to say.

"He's got a touch of the poet," said Skoog, who likens Bonner's style to the traditional form of Texas Alexander, Blind Lemon Jefferson, and Leadbelly, plus the harmonica playing of Sonny Boy Williamson.

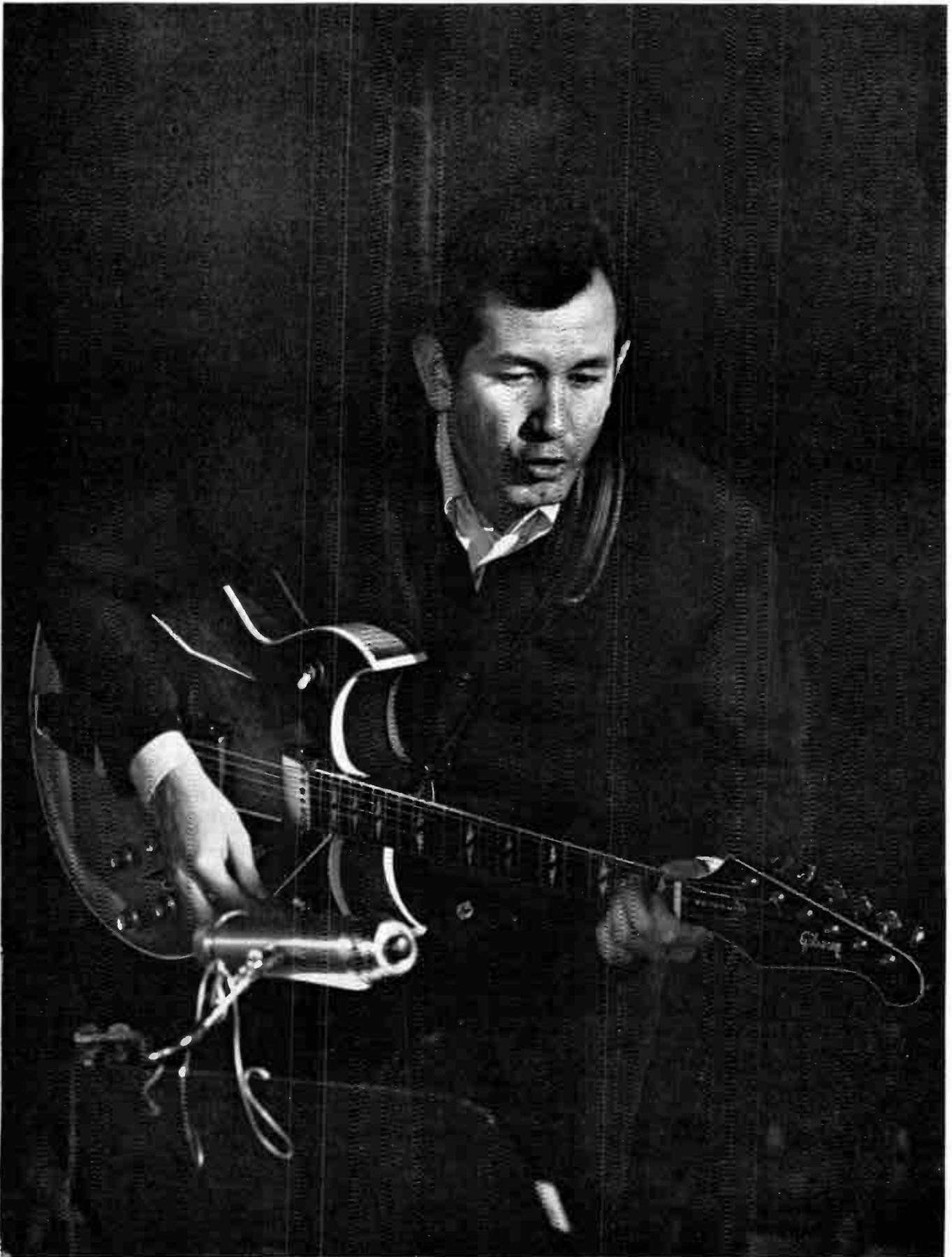
"Bonner is a very creative artist," Skoog said. "There's a kind of mythology built up around him all over the world. He's exceedingly popular in England, and he has just signed a contract with Ember records there, where his fame rests on two records for an obscure company in Louisiana, which found their way to England. I found him because I saw an article about him in the Negro press."

Mrs. Franklin turned out to be more of a blues shouter than a blues singer. Her performance was the most emotionally charged, although that emotion did not always seem to be under control. *Don't You Hear Me Calling?* and *Baby, Please Don't Go* were hard, fast, and rough, as was her own *Lucille*, in which she played what was billed as boogie-woogie piano, although the result was closer to barrel-house.

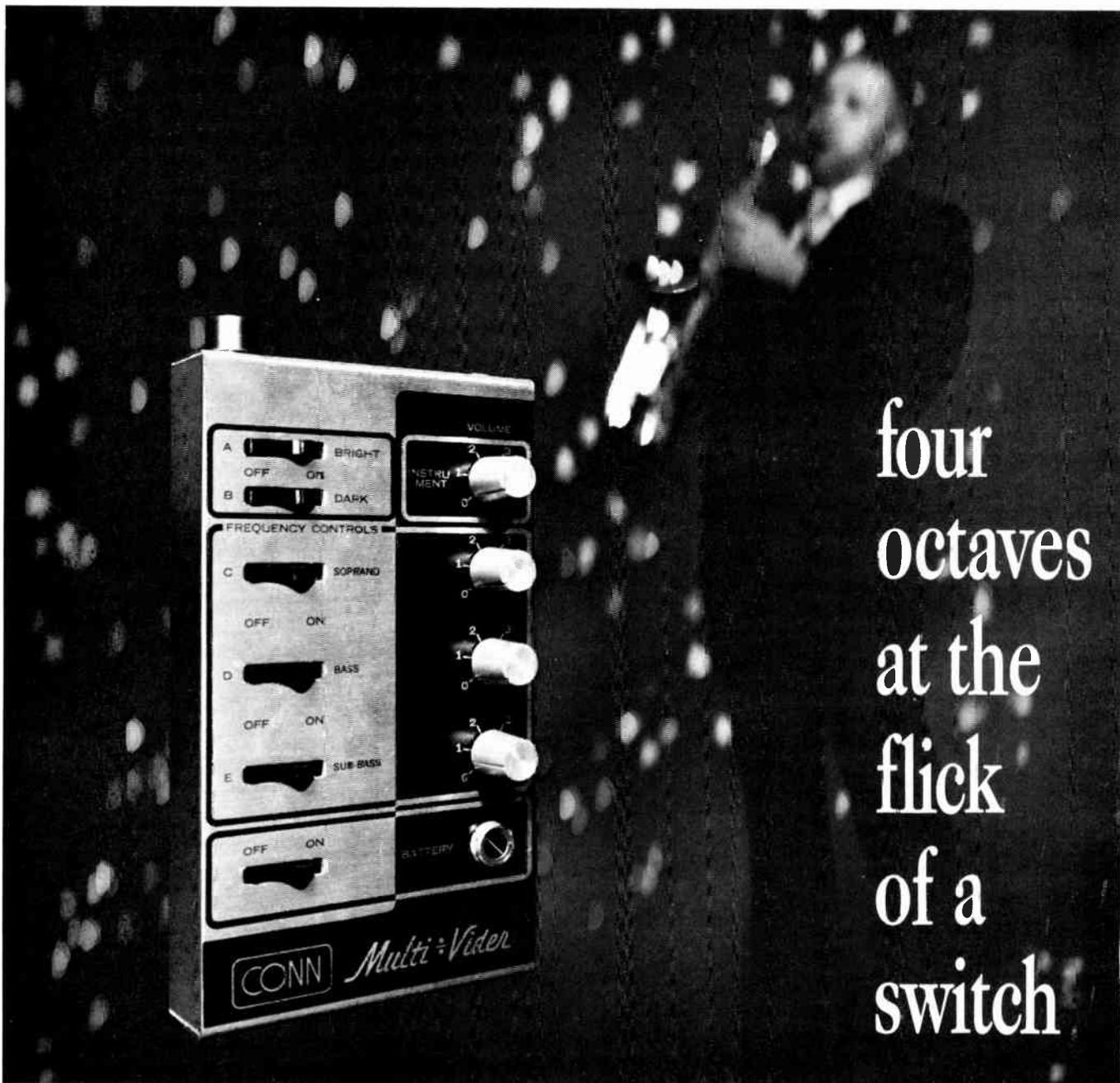
Her best number, *I'm in the Mood, Baby*, moved the crowd a little, but they were strangely subdued for a blues audience, almost uncertain as to how they

/Continued on page 53

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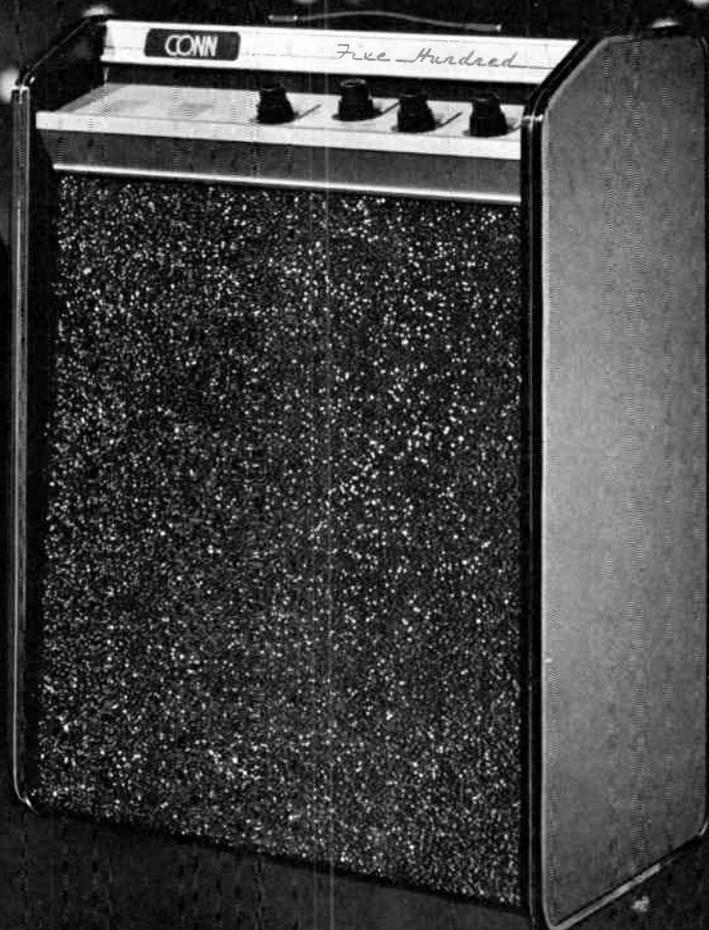
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Ratings are: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ excellent, ★ ★ ★ ★ very good, ★ ★ ★ good, ★ ★ fair, ★ poor.

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

Ella Fitzgerald

SINGS THE JOHNNY MERCER SONG BOOK—Verve V/V6-4067: *Too Marvelous for Words; Early Autumn; Day In, Day Out; Laura; This Time the Dream's on Me; Skylark; Single 'O; Something's Gotta Give; Travelin' Light; Midnight Sun; Dream; I Remember You; When a Woman Loves a Man.*

Personnel: Unidentified orchestra including Willie Smith, alto saxophone; Buddy De Franco, clarinet; Paul Smith, piano; Frank Flynn, vibes; Nelson Riddle, arranger-conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

A Rolls-Royce, a full-length Russian sable, a Picasso—Ella Fitzgerald. Once again we are given a product of superb quality from this gentle lady in her newest song book, devoted to the works of Johnny Mercer.

The material has been carefully selected, and includes songs I've always enjoyed singing, especially *Travelin' Light*, *Skylark*, and *I Remember You*. *Single 'O* was new to me and is quite lovely. It certainly deserves wider recognition.

Nelson Riddle has written his usual slick and polished arrangements, though I find them a little dull at times. They are not dramatic, but always in good taste. The soloists are only featured occasionally.

I am of the notion that singers should listen to Ella Fitzgerald more frequently. If you can see her as well, it's even more rewarding. She will provide a lesson in fundamentals: simplicity of interpretation, meticulous regard for time and intonation, and good, clear diction.

Get these basics down and remember them, or take a refresher course once a month with Ella Fitzgerald. —Sloane

Stan Getz

SWEET RAIN—Verve 8693: *Litha; O Grande Amor; Sweet Rain; Con Alma; Windows.*

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Chick Corea, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Grady Tate, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Getz has come in for more than his share of put-downs in recent years, partly because of his personality, partly because of his financial success, partly because he's white. But make no mistake: Getz is one of the great jazz players when he really wants to be, which is certainly the case on this record.

His improvisations on *Con Alma* and *Litha* cascade like wild mountain streams rushing down a precipice. His solos on these tracks are farther out than any he has recorded, except perhaps those on *Focus*. I'm tempted to call them avant-garde, but that word has so many negative connotations in some quarters that it might be a disservice to this music.

Call it exploratory, if you will, but not

in the sense that Getz is trying something just for the hell of it—he isn't; he knows exactly where he's going, but he doesn't take obvious routes to get there. And it's an almost-psychedelic trip. Nor is all this at the expense of lyricism, of which Getz is a master. Within those convolute, heated improvisations are passages of astonishing lyrical beauty—but never the sort that can be predicted; everything is new.

Sweet Rain is a Kafkaesque ballad by Mike Gibbs, and Getz immerses himself in the ominous-sounding music. It's a dissonant piece of thick harmonic texture, but Getz does not merely run the chords; he creates lines of admirable compositional strength, seemingly without effort, so that the music always sings and never becomes a means to display glittering glibness. The whole performance conjures up shadowy figures doing a macabre dance, their movements occasionally glimpsed through a light mist.

Getz stays out there for the most part on *Windows* (a good piece for which no composer is listed), but when he comes back in, he is his old self, though with a great amount of rhythmic fervor, more than was sometimes the case in the past (the same holds for *Amor*, which is almost completely "in").

Getz' supporters are with him all the way.

Corea is a pianist of promise, his work here somewhat under the influence of Bill Evans, but beyond aping and into something individual.

Carter and Tate, two stalwarts if ever there were stalwarts, continually push Getz and Corea. Carter's resilient bass lines, studded with double stops, keep the background fluid, while Tate keeps the heat up, lashing out like a mad ballet dancer in full flight.

This is a remarkable album.—DeMicheal

The Grateful Dead

THE GRATEFUL DEAD—Warner Bros. 1689: *The Golden Road (to Unlimited Devotion); Beat It on Down the Line; Good Morning, Little Schoolgirl; Cold Rain and Snow; Sittin' on Top of the World; Cream Puff War; Morning Dew; New, New Minglewood Blues; Viola Lee Blues.*

Personnel: Jerry Garcia, lead guitar; Bob Weir, rhythm guitar; Ron (Pigpen) McKernan, organ, harmonica; Phil Lesh, bass; Bill Sommers, drums. Band, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This album is possibly the finest yet by a group in the general area of white blues-rock. Those who prefer another sort of rock may disagree with the Grateful Dead's predilection for the blues, but no one could deny after hearing the record that the band is superb.

Jazz fans should find this LP a good introduction to some of the better rock music.

The Dead began, three men strong, as a jug band, and *Minglewood* and *Viola Lee* are from the repertoire of the old Gus Cannon Memphis Jug Stompers, best known for their *Walk Right In*. However, the Dead's versions of these tunes are a far cry from the Cannon sound.

Viola Lee is a 10-minute track with an unusual accelerando middle section. Toward the end McKernan's organ is flying, and the whole band is in such an orbit that the return to the initial tempo for the final vocal choruses is a shock.

Most vocals on the album are by Garcia, with a couple of significant exceptions: McKernan sings and plays harmonica on the chestnut *Little Schoolgirl*, and rhythm guitarist Weir sings lead on Jesse Fuller's *Down the Line*.

The rest of the material is in a more modern vein. In Tim Rose's superbly ominous *Morning Dew*, an excellent vocal is backed by lovely instrumental figures. The arranged nature of the instrumental breaks and leads for this and *Cold Rain and Snow*, while retaining the spontaneity of the usual blues band, demonstrates a way out of some ruts. Most of the originals on the album are collaborations, with Lesh doing much of the catalytic work; Garcia said that *Cream Puff* is the only song used by the group that he wrote by himself.

Sometimes the Dead's lyrics are written strictly for simplicity, avoiding "significance."

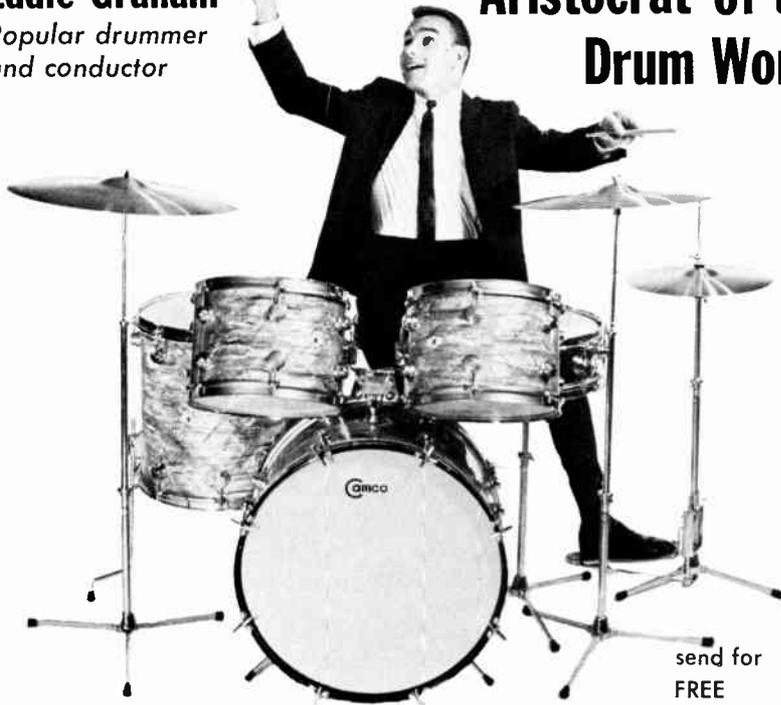
"The lyrics are nonsensical and banal," one of the group told a *Ramparts* reporter. The hit tune *The Golden Road* is noteworthy in this respect. Although performance is always predominant with this group, lyrics like those for *Cold Rain and Snow* certainly tell a story.

Instrumentally, Garcia's unusually round-sounding guitar lead, the full-toned organ of McKernan, and the very active bass lines of Lesh produce a powerful effect. Weir and Sommers are also excellent musicians, but greater than anything else is the unity of effect these men produce. In many rock bands the listener is tempted to imagine how much better the band would sound if only he could substitute some personal favorite of his. This feeling never occurs regarding this group, nor do people talk much about its stars or its outstanding members; it's just the Grateful Dead.

When the band first was approached about recording, Garcia and the others felt that the Dead was simply not a re-

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ording group.

"I don't believe the live sound, the live excitement, can be recorded," Garcia told *Newsweek*. In spite of these doubts, a superb record has been created. Engineer Dave Hassinger traveled to San Francisco to hear the group live several times before planning the date, and he has captured the sound of the band wonderfully well.

There are all sorts of rock or electric bands. Some emphasize melody, some stress poetic lyrics, some are more like jazz groups with a little singing added. Some are folk-derived, some are 90 per cent Negro blues influenced. Indian music, Nashville c&w, and countless other forms have their effect.

You simply find your way to the bands that derive from what you're used to and go on from there. But along with the recent Beatles albums, the Byrds, the Lovin' Spoonful, Paul Butterfield, and Bob Dylan, I find the Grateful Dead outstanding, and I especially recommend them to jazz fans.

—Spring

Charles Lloyd

LOVE-IN—Atlantic 1481: *Tribal Dance; Temple Bells; Is It Really the Same?; Here, There, and Everywhere; Love-In; Sunday Morning; Memphis Dues Again/Island Blues.*

Personnel: Lloyd, flute, and tenor saxophone; Keith Jarrett, piano; Ron McClure, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

If we were to believe what liner annotator George Avakian tells us about his cerebral charges, the already overburdened world of labels and categories would have to take on yet another: psychedelic jazz. Well, despite the mystical "communion" that occurs between the Lloyd quartet and its far-flung audiences—despite the typically San Franciscan reaction, where hippies stretch out on the floor in paroxysms of pubescent passion (whence cometh the album title)—this disc is not psychedelic. It's good, funky jazz in some places; highly inventive rock in others; a delightful swinging put-on in spots. And it has some of the freedom flirtation that most of us identify with Lloyd's brilliant tenor and searching flute.

Track 1 exemplifies the flirtation. Lloyd issues a flurry of notes touching the extremes of all ranges; Jarrett comps with staccato jabs, basing everything on the chord of E_b minor; McClure does everything but walk, adding to the rhythmic intensity mostly with pedal points; and DeJohnette carries the rhythmic "interference" to its ultimate (or is it merely "loudest") function. This is the "jazz" we've come to expect from Lloyd and his men: a literate but not very swinging caboose on Trane.

From Track 2 on, the sounds are out of the ordinary and for the most part extremely communicative.

Temple Bells is a beautiful showcase for Lloyd's flute, over excellent cymbal flutters. *Everywhere* provides another fine vehicle for Lloyd's flute, although on this Beatles piece he sounds slightly out of tune. *Really the Same?* is a deliciously dirty variation on honky-tonk, with Jarrett providing some full-bodied backing for Lloyd's gutsy tenor.

Love-In is a healthy example of how rock and jazz can coexist while swinging.



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definitely the solo highlight of an album brimming with promise by eager soloists.
—Siders

Bola Sete

BOLA SETE AT THE MONTEREY JAZZ FESTIVAL—Verve 8689: *Manba de Carnaval; A Felicidade; Samba de Orfeu; Soul Samba; Flamenca.*

Personnel: Sete, guitar, lute; Sebastian Neto, bass; Paulinho, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Bola Sete got a standing ovation for his performance at last year's Monterey Jazz Festival, and this record contains some of the music that brought about the soul-stirring demonstrations. In the relatively small world of my record player, this album, and me, it becomes clear why Sete got to those thousands of serious-minded aficionados: his music is above all else dramatic, and very often subtly so. That's not meant as a completely derogatory remark, no matter how it sounds, because I happen to like dramatic music. I do feel a draft, though, when drama is too obviously calculated, and I feel a draft from Sete here.

This the-show's-the-thing is most blatant at the end of *Soul* (or *Soft*, as Sete pronounces it) *Samba* and during the percussion fireworks that take up most of *Samba de Orfeu*. I'm sure it was exciting to see; it's just that it's not so stirring to hear in small worlds.

But there is an enormous amount of good in Sete's playing.

He creates a heart-wrenching poignancy in the ad lib section of *Carnaval* (on one note he gets a growl that is, so help me, an out-and-out human voice), and all his playing reveals a mastery of his instrument (at times he makes runs of such speed that they are reminiscent of Art Tatum's piano arpeggios). Sete plays with scorching heat and resilient rhythm, which makes his sometimes excessive bravura endurable. His stunning improvisations within *Samba de Orfeu* and *Soul (Soft) Samba* are Sete at the height of his powers.

The most disappointing track is *Flamenca*, an unaccompanied guitar solo, which seldom goes beyond what one would expect from the title (which is probably an unfair criticism).

A few words about Paulinho. . . .

He is an exciting percussionist. He is also a clever one who humorously attacks every hard-surface object in reach with, I suspect, an eye to the balcony. Beyond the obvious, however, is his finely honed time. His cymbal work is fascinating—like a Latin Tiny Kahn (Kahn rarely played the standard cymbal beat but, instead, improvised complex figures as accompaniment).

Like other festival records, however, the music was more exciting there than here.

—DeMicheal

Phil Woods

GREEK COOKING—Impulse A-9143: *Zorba the Greek; A Taste of Honey; Theme from Antony and Cleopatra; Got a Feelin'; Theme from Samson and Delilah; Greek Cooking; Nica.*

Personnel: Woods, alto saxophone; Souren Baronian, clarinet, cymbals; William Costa, accordion, marimba; Iordanis Tsomidis, buzukie; Stuart Sharf, guitar; George Mgrdichian, oud; John Yalenezian, dumbeg; Chet Amsterdam, electric bass; Bill LaVorgna, drums; Seymour Salzberg, percussion. Norman Gold, arranger.

Rating: ★★★★★

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An album with Woods as featured artist is a welcome and overdue occasion. Some might have preferred a straight-ahead jazz date, but the exotic setting doesn't hamstring Woods—to the contrary, it's interesting to hear him in this context, though the formula wears a bit thin midway through the second side.

Side One, though, is fresh and exciting. Woods is a real player. Every note that comes out of his horn is felt—there is no nonsense and no posing. Honesty is a rare quality, in music as elsewhere.

But honesty is not enough to make an artist. Woods has the other essentials as well: a beautiful sound, mastery of his craft, passion, imagination, swing. He makes his horn sing, and he is a true melodist.

Listen to him on *Cleopatra*—all his for nearly five minutes. Alex North's melody is nice, but in Woods' hands it becomes a masterpiece. His ringing sustained notes (he hits them square on, and stays there) are something to hear, and he tells a story that holds you all the way through.

Taste of Honey, done so often, sounds new here. Woods' long opening cadenza is thrilling, and the melodic exposition that follows is dramatically enhanced by what preceded it. After that, he does the modal thing, and does more with it than some of the people whose *shtick* that kind of playing is.

There is more modality in *Zorba*, which gets some exciting rhythmic patterns going. Tsomidis' buzukie solo (this Greek instrument is a relative of the lute, and the cat can improvise on it) sets the stage for Woods' further explorations. They swing.

Feelin', from the repertoire of the Mamas & Papas, has Woods improvising over a pedal point. He avoids monotony, and dig what he does with one note midway through his solo. There is some added color here from Mgrdichian's oud.

Delilah (credited to Victor Young but belonging to old Saint-Saens nonetheless) is a bit Hollywoodish in its belly-dance exoticism, but Baronian's clarinet adds an authentic touch. (The blending of idioms is generally well done—if only because Woods is given plenty of elbow room.) Nothing much happens on *Cooking* and *Nica*, though the latter is an attractive theme (by arranger Gold).

Despite the title, by the way, the flavor is as much Armenian as it is Greek. Woods, on the other hand, is jazz all the way—and of the best kind. He rose to the occasion. But then, he always comes to play. He is one of the finest alto men on the scene today; in fact, quite simply one of the great players, period. More, please.

—Morgenstern

BLUES 'N' FOLK

BY PETE WELDING

Various artists, *Alabama Country, 1927-31* (Origin Jazz Library 14)

Rating: ★★★★★ 1/2

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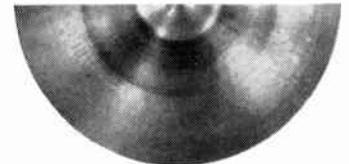
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Various artists, *Blue Roots/Mississippi* (RBF Records 14)

Rating: ★★★★★½

Various artists, *The Atlanta Blues* (RBF Records 15)

Rating: ★★★★★

Various artists, *Blues Rediscoveries* (RBF Records 11)

Rating: ★★★★★

Various artists, *Country Blues Classics, Vol. 4* (Blues Classics 14)

Rating: ★★★★★

One of the healthiest outgrowths of the folk music boom of the last decade or so has been the development of a nucleus of serious, knowledgeable record collectors. The core of this group has supported the release of a number of valuable blues reissue albums, the production of which continues unabated, as these recent sets attest.

Three of the LPs opt for a geographic approach, purporting to document various regional blues styles.

In at least two of them, however, it would appear that the selection of recordings comprising the albums might have been prompted more by a consideration of the known or assumed birthplaces of the artists represented in the sets than from any shared stylistic traits.

For example, a much more realistic approach to the material in *Alabama Country* would stress the breadth of the musical styles represented instead of pushing so strenuously for a stylistic unity that seems too tenuous in the face of the great diversity offered in the 14 selections. What is assumed, of course, is an Alabama origin for the 12 performers included, a fact by no means clearly attested, and "Jacques Roche's" album notes are of no assistance in validating the album's tacit assumption of common origin for the artists.

Nor can one sense a common core in the performances themselves, which range from harmonica-accompanied vocal blues not far removed from field hollers (Jaybird Coleman's *No More Good Water and Mistreatin' Mama*) to performances in which a far stronger hillbilly than Negro orientation is revealed, both vocally and instrumentally (Joe Evans and Arthur McClain's *John Henry Blues* and *Two White Horses in a Line*).

Whatever its conceptual vagaries, the album does contain some magnificent blues performances, particularly the three tracks apiece by Barefoot Bill and Ed Bell, both singer-guitarists, and the harmonica-accompanied performances by Coleman; George (Bullet) Williams, whose *Frisco Leaving Birmingham* is superb; and Ollis Martin, heard in a fine version of the traditional piece *Hanging Around a Skin Game* (here called *Police and High Sheriff Come Ridin' Down*).

Similarly, the differences far outweigh the similarities in the performances contained in *The Atlanta Blues*, which purports to document a musical style associated in the late 1920s with that Georgia city.

At least the pedigrees of most of the performers have been established: they were born, played, or were recorded in

Atlanta. Producer Sam Charters makes much of the fact that several of the artists accompanied themselves on 12-string guitar—an interesting fact, to be sure—but there is little, if any, stylistic resemblance between the approach employed on this instrument by Blind Willie McTell (whose stirring performances of *Death Cell Blues* and *Broke Down Engine* have been included) and that used by the Hicks brothers—Robert, who recorded as Barbecue Bob (he's represented by telling performances of *Motherless Child Blues*, *She's Gone Blues*, and *Easy Rider, Don't You Deny My Name*), and Charley, who used the name Charley Lincoln on his recordings (*Country Breakdown* and *Mo-joe Blues*).

There are even fewer points of similarity among the recordings of the other artists in the set.

These extend from the simple, medicine show-derived music of singer-banjoist Lonnie Coleman (his *Old Rock Island Blues* is fine, but its inclusion here needlessly duplicates its release in an earlier Blues Classics set), through supple string-band music by Peg Leg Howell and His Gang (*Beaver Slide Rag*) and virtuosic guitar playing by Tampa Red (Atlanta-born but a longtime Chicago resident and prolific race-recording artist by the time his *Boogie Woogie Dance* was cut) and on to the more modern, phonograph-influenced music of Buddy Moss. Again, the musical level is high but doesn't particularly substantiate the apparent central thesis of the album—i.e., that there is a specific Atlanta blues style.

Not having to shoulder a strict stylistic burden, *Blues Roots/Mississippi* is somewhat more successful as a total collection.

Its 14 tracks document the transition of the Mississippi blues from a distinctly regional to a somewhat more generalized, eclectic stylistic orientation, a process that reflects the strong, pervasive influence of the phonograph on the blues, in Mississippi and elsewhere, from the mid-1920s on.

The three 1928 selections by Tommy Johnson—*Canned Heat Blues*, *Big Fat Mama Blues*, and his widely imitated *Big Road Blues*—indicate the harsh, introspective older styles of the region, an approach that was perhaps extended to its logical limits in the brilliant work of the younger Robert Johnson, whose *I Believe I'll Dust My Broom* and *Honeymoon Blues* are included. Johnson was a performer whose dramatic, personal music was to exert a profound influence upon the course of the modern blues through his imitators, Muddy Waters and Elmore James.

Though recorded as late as 1942, Robert Petway's *Bertha Lee Blues* is largely within the contours of the older idioms, uninfluenced to any great degree by recordings, and Big Joe Williams' 1935 *My Grey Pony* bears only a tangential relationship to Charley Patton's earlier *Pony Blues*.

The phonograph influence is most clearly apparent in two thinly veiled double entendre blues by Bo Chatman (recording as Bo Carter), *Cigarette Blues* and *All Around Man*, and in the overt commer-

cialism of Tommy McClennan's *Whisky-Headed Man*, which seeks to capitalize on an earlier recording.

There is more than a trace of ragtime in Charley McCoy's *That Lonesome Train Took My Baby Away*, and the Mississippi Jook Band's raucous, jazzy 1935 *Barbecue Bust* was perhaps recorded too late to give anything more than a dim suggestion of the early back-country, barrelhouse music of the region. All around, a splendid set.

The idea of reissuing some of the important early, reputation-making recordings of several veteran blues performers, rediscovered in recent years is a logical one; it is surprising, in fact, that it wasn't done prior to RBF's impressive *Blues Rediscoveries* set. With the exceptions of Henry Townsend and Peg Leg Howell, neither of whom has resumed performing, the album concentrates on men who have been enabled to embark on second careers as a result of their rediscovery during the folk music boom.

The music has been wisely chosen by compiler Charters, and every one of the 14 performances—by Bukka White, the late John Hurt, Sleepy John Estes, the Rev. Gary Davis, Furry Lewis, Big Joe Williams, Townsend, and Howell—is excellent, catching each performer at or near the top of his game.

The set also reminds us of just how strongly guitar-centered the folksong revival was. Every one of the performers here is basically a singer-guitarist.

While the bulk of reissues tend to concentrate on the more or less germinal blues stylings of the late 1920s and early '30s, and most new recordings—nowadays at least—on the electrified ensemble styles of post-World War II blues, the Blues Classics label is doing the blues fan a valuable service in documenting what might be defined as the blues mainstream, the music's middle period. This is music that is basically rural-styled but is a bit more modern and/or sophisticated than older country blues approaches. *Country Blues Classics, Vol. 4* offers an interesting survey of this terrain.

Carl Martin's 1935 *Let's Have a New Deal* and John Henry Barbee's 1938 *Six Weeks Old Blues* are favorably contrasted with such early and mid-1950s country-based recordings as Gabriel Brown's *Black Jack Blues*, Dennis McMillon's *Going Back Home*, and Pete McKinley's *Mean Black Snake*, as well as four distinctive pieces by the underrated Leroy Dallas.

Providing an interesting footnote to history are two recordings that indicate the great esteem in which Franklin D. Roosevelt was held by the Negro: Big Joe Williams' *His Spirit Lives On* and James McCain's *Good Mr. Roosevelt*, recorded shortly after the President's death and issued on opposite sides of the same Chicago recording.

However eclectically the recordings might be chosen, they are at least musically superior and fully deserve to be reissued. The absence of notes or discographical data are the only flaws in an otherwise splendid series of recordings charting a neglected area of blues research, for which thanks is due producer Chris Strachwitz.

HENRY MANCINI/ BLINDFOLD TEST



This *Blindfold Test* is something of a departure from the routine. This was the first time that a prospective blindfoldee had suggested a general theme for the interview. "Why not," asked Henry Mancini, "do a test using only music from motion pictures?"

Since the quality of film music has advanced impressively in the last few years, and since Mancini's role in this development has been important, the idea seemed logical.

For at least a decade, statistics show Mancini has been greatly respected by *Down Beat* readers as a composer. In the 1965 Readers' Poll he was outpointed only by Duke Ellington, Thelonious Monk, and Charlie Mingus in this category; last year he placed seventh, ahead of Oliver Nelson, Gary McFarland, and other jazz eminences.

The following was his first *Blindfold Test* since April 16, 1959. Other than the fact that they were all from albums of sound-track music, he was given no information about the records played.
—Leonard Feather

1. NEAL HEFTI. *Barefoot in the Park* (from *Barefoot in the Park*, Dot).

The important thing about this track, *Barefoot in the Park* . . . it's a charming little melody . . . but the big thing here, and I think it's the main thing involved in the evolution of film music, is that jazz had an important part in how this came out, the way this is performed, and how it's arranged.

If this same picture had been done 10 years ago, we would have had a straight little waltz, with maybe four basses playing arco rhythm, or something of that sort, and a lot of strings blowing out the melody up high. But here, due mainly to Neal's taste, and his approach, the piece took on a contemporary flavor, just by the little jazz waltz that he applied to it, the orchestration, the organ, the saxophone.

This record shows how much and how far the jazz-oriented arranger has brought along film music composing in the past few years. I think it's between three and four stars, because nobody really had a chance to do anything.

2. JOHNNY KEATING. *Hotel* (from *Hotel*, Warner Bros.).

That was beautifully recorded and one of the best matings of strings and the other part of the band that I've ever heard. When I say the other part, I mean the woodwinds and brass. It was Johnny Keating's main theme from *Hotel*. I thought it was just beautifully played and written.

It's a very pretty number. I think there's just a little pretentiousness in having the thing go from a 3 to a 4 on the end of a bar phrase—go along in 3/4, then two bars in 4—really, the melody was so lovely that I wanted even the two beats that they cheated me out of.

I'll give that four stars because of the really lovely sound.

3. QUINCY JONES. *Mirage* (from *Mirage*, Mercury).

That's so familiar, and I can't place who, what, why, or when. I can almost say for certain there is a lyric to that song, and it's a very pretty melody.

In this particular rendition, not too much happened—in fact, not much at all happened. I can't judge it as far as the context of the film. I'll say it's very nice, very

pleasant, but I would give it between two and three stars.

4. ANDRE PREVIN. *The Fortune Cookie* (from *Best Original Soundtracks*, United Artists).

That was Andre Previn's and Cole Porter's main title—Porter wrote *You'd Be So Nice to Come Home to*—it was in there. It's Andre's main title for *The Fortune Cookie*.

There's not too much to say. This is a functional main title. I saw the film, and it didn't get a chance to state too much on its own. He had to incorporate the Porter, which he did nicely. I would say it's typical of many of the things we have to do where you don't get a chance to spread out and make points. This was fine for the film but not too much for someone listening.

It's hard to judge a thing like that—I'd put it right in the middle. Well written, of course. Well orchestrated by Andre. Well played, as is everything that comes out of Hollywood. 2½ stars.

5. JOHNNY MANDEL. *The Shining Sea* (from *The Russians Are Coming*, United Artists).

I don't know the name of that, but it's Johnny Mandel from *The Russians Are Coming*. I think Peggy Lee wrote a lyric to this. I liked it very much. It had the opening with the flute and the guitars—charming—and the way it led into the orchestra. Perfectly constructed.

I don't know if this was done for the film, but you rarely get to construct a piece in this manner for a picture. That's why I've always advocated re-recording, instead of taking the tracks right from the movie.

Very nicely played. A lovely song. I would rate the whole thing about four. It's typical; the orchestration is the way that many of our boys are going, which I think is a good way, in bringing the textures of the woodwinds and the brasses and the strings really up to date and in many cases projecting it into something that's going to be the forbear of large orchestra writing.

Johnny is an advocate of this, as is Quincy, Neal—they all have that kind of desire, wanting to break away from the traditional forms of orchestration.

6. MODERN JAZZ QUARTET. *Odds against*

Tomorrow (from *Odds against Tomorrow*, United Artists).

That was an early Modern Jazz Quartet—I think a thing John Lewis wrote. It could be all the way back to *No Sun in Venice*. It's a beautiful mood piece—the kind of thing where, here again, the same scene a few years back might be scored with an entirely different approach.

I like John's film music. He did a wonderful score for *Odds against Tomorrow*, but he hasn't done anything recently; I don't know why that is. I think one of the big reasons might be that the quartet is New York-based. I always say go where the action is—it's hard for a writer, especially a good jazz writer who, up until maybe six weeks ago, had two strikes against him when people started talking about scores. Fortunately, now it's turning the other way, and he's got no strikes against him.

If you want to write concert music, that's another story. You go to New York and make the scene there. With John, maybe that's one of the reasons. But I wish he'd write for more films; he has a wonderful dramatic feeling that is rare in a jazz writer. Four stars.

7. DAVE GRUSIN. *Financial Counterpoint* (from *Divorce American Style*, United Artists).

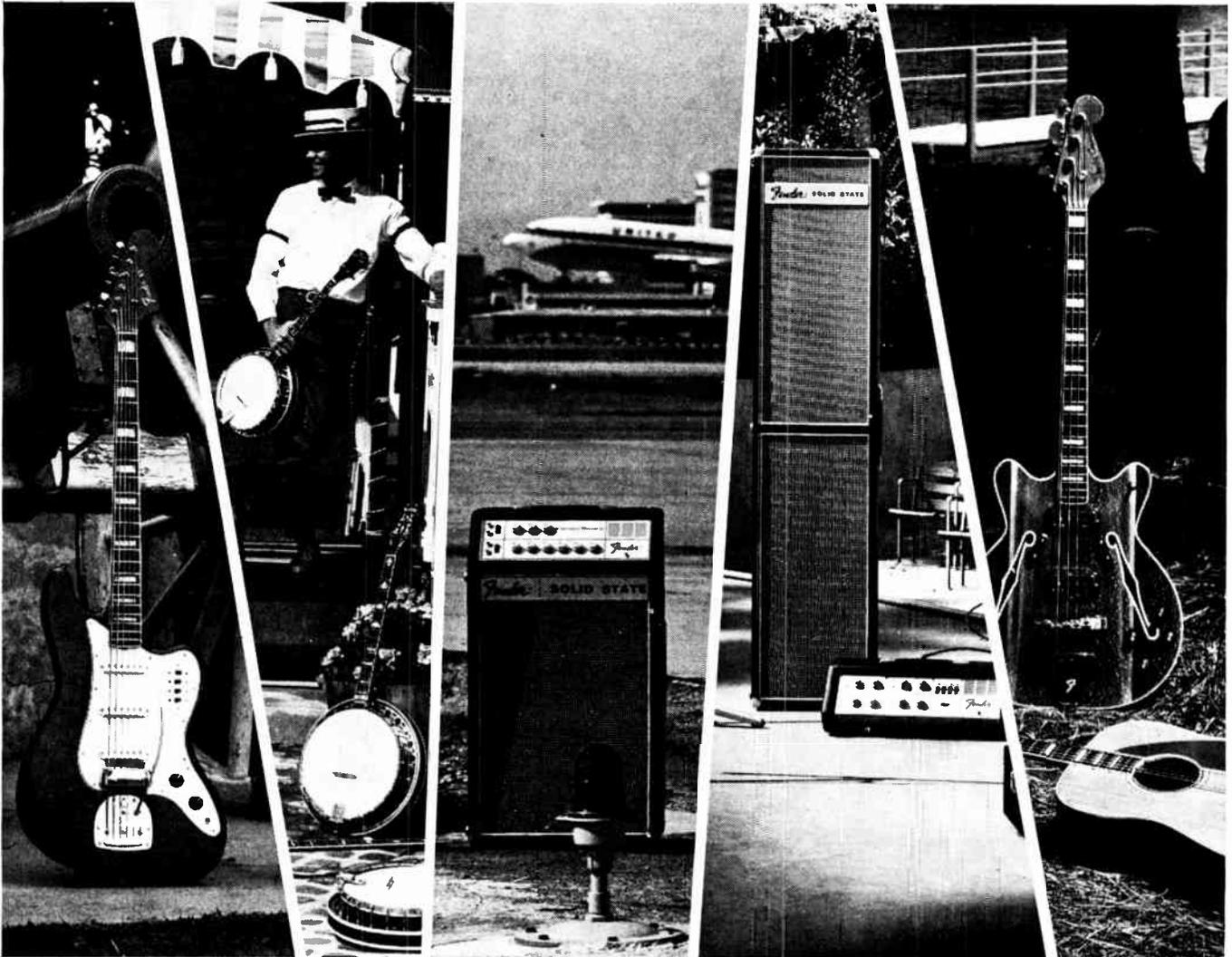
That spanned I don't know how many centuries within the batting of an eyelash and did it beautifully. It was from Dave Grusin's score for *Divorce American Style*. I saw the picture, and the baroque opening was really a stroke of genius on Dave's part, because it perfectly set up a style and mood for the picture. In other words, he committed himself right at the beginning—there is no doubt about what his approach was going to be to the score, and as on the title music here, it went directly from a straight, involved fugue into a walking kind of jazz feel in the most up-to-date manner.

Dave is one of the newest of the jazz-oriented film composers, and I think it was so obvious that he knew what he was doing all the way. He had a very fine dramatic approach to his job—there was always a reason for what he did.

I'll give this record the only five of the day. I was very much impressed. 

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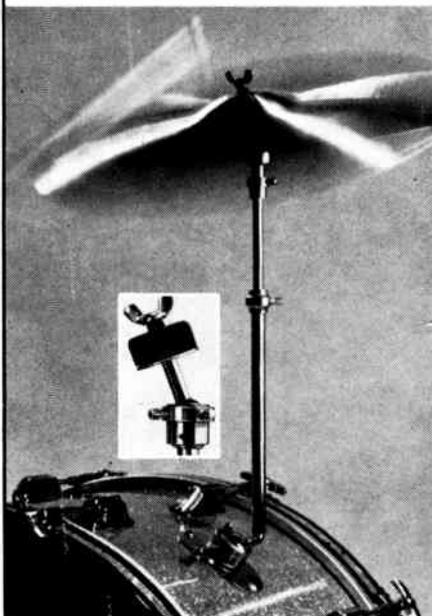
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RAMBLERNY

(Continued from page 18)

Mrs. Woods, perhaps a bit prejudiced, said: "Phil's a great teacher. Through the years of private teaching he's developed a system. And he's great with kids."

The senior band consists of three altos, three tenors, and a baritone in the saxophone section; four trumpets; three trombones; and three rhythm. I heard both this band, rehearsing for their big concert of the season, and the intermediate band. The material was stimulating and refreshing. The younger boys played Parker's *Yardbird Suite*, George Wallington's *Godchild*, and the recently popular *Music to Watch Girls By*.

The seniors played a variety of things arranged by Woods, Swansen, and other professionals. "Most stage-band arrangements that are put out are pap," growled Woods. "Chris and I wrote 80 per cent of the arrangements; the students write some; and we keep the good Oliver Nelson, Quincy Jones, and Manny Albam things that we have acquired.

"Norm writes the intermediate-band arrangements. The average music teacher couldn't handle it. The music education system in the United States is sad. If you don't pay a teacher what a garbage man makes, how can you expect to attract good teachers?"

RAMBLERNY IS IDEAL for Woods. It breaks up his New York winter routine of the recording studios, gives him a chance to spend more time with his family, and allows him to do something he truly loves—working with youth. "It keeps me young," said Woods, who still looks boyish in his 30s. "I've learned a lot about writing. I've also learned about my music by having to talk about it to the students."

The stock question, "How do you feel about your children becoming musicians?" is almost superfluous for Woods. His daughter Kim, 19, recently married, is finishing college at Wesleyan University in Connecticut. She won the vocalist competition at the 1967 Villanova Jazz Festival and wants to sing professionally.

Baird, Charlie Parker's son, is 15. He started on trumpet, played alto saxophone, and then switched to guitar, playing in and writing music for a rock group. "Alto was too much pressure for him because of the inevitable comparisons with his father," Woods said. (I might add, *both* his fathers.)

"Then, a few weeks ago, he came to me and said he wanted to play bass with the big band—that while he might still make some rock gigs, he wants to play jazz."

It was quite a kick, and a bit of history, too, to hear Mrs. Woods' vocal group running through Bird's *Now's the Time*. While one of the young alto players-turned-vocalist sang the Jon Hendricks lyric to Parker's solo, Parker's son was backing him in the rhythm section.

The other Woods children are quite prominent on campus and show definite musical inclinations. Gar, 8, plays trumpet in the intermediate band, and folk guitar. Aimee, 6, plays guitar, piano, "a little brushes," shaker, and cowbell. Mrs. Woods said, "She's got great time and sings all the choruses on *Shiny Stockings*."

"By the end of the season," Woods said, "I'm ready to get back to my horn full time."

This year, his activities will include a European tour with an augmented Thelonious Monk band in October. "Besides Monk's regular quartet, there will be myself, Jimmy Cleveland, Clark Terry, and I think, maybe Zoot Sims," he said. This will not be a new experience for the alto saxophonist, for he has been part of Monk's concert bands in the past.

"Of course," he added, "I'm going to continue to play with Clark Terry's big band and write for the band. Although I didn't plan it that way, I try out charts with the kids before Clark's band plays them."

In the fall, he will record again for Impulse. This time, he and Swansen are collaborating. "We are going to try to sum up my 20 years in the business," Woods explained. "It's going to be an extended work that will take in both the pastoral life in Bucks County and the New York City side."

The fee at Ramblerny is not low. The parents of the drama and ballet students seem better equipped to cover it. According to Woods, "the jazz department has the highest number of scholarships—working scholarships, kids earning their way by waiting tables, etc. Jazz is important here because Mrs. Woodford believes in it."

With a man like Woods in charge, you can understand why.

As we stood outside the main building, looking down the hill at the bandstand, colorfully decorated in preparation for the concert with students' paintings and mobiles created under the supervision of the camp's art director, Emilio Crug, Woods summed up his feelings about his job:

"I learned by playing in bands and having pros pull my coat to different things. Teaching at Ramblerny fulfills in me, in some way, an opportunity to do what those musicians did for me—passing on my knowledge in the true teaching tradition." 

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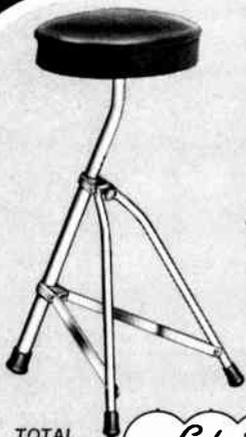
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BOOK REVIEW

Jazz Masters of New Orleans, by Martin Williams. Published by MacMillan, 287 pages, \$5.95.

Martin Williams has written a most valuable book. It is very informative (you can check all the books he's gathered material from and also chase down the listed recordings). So, if you've just arrived on the scene, or if you're a long-timer looking for a refresher, this rates as a fine piece of work.

Let me introduce you to the author by quoting from his own introduction.

"Whatever the success of my book, as a summary of years of research and as a new look at the music, it is my conviction that the next word to be said about New Orleans jazz should be said by Danny Barker, who is a Negro, a musician, a devoted researcher, and a writer of insight and grace and the love of the musical achievements of his home city. I trust also that William Russell and Richard Allen will soon be giving us the results of their



Bunk Johnson

research, and that Russell will soon put together his trunkful of notes and write Bunk Johnson's full story, and also that of Manuel Manetta, who knew Bolden and gave instruction to Red Allen."

We meet the legendary Buddy Bolden by way of these words:

"He had a reputation for a cornet volume that could be heard for miles through the still, quiet air of the delta."

We are told "he loved nothing better than a pressing mass of sweating humanity, gathered around the bandstand, so he could shout, 'My chillun's here—I know it 'cause I can smell 'em!'" This chapter particularly held me. Congo Square, Storyville, Freddy Keppard, etc.

So next we meet the Original Dixieland Jazz Band (they spelled it Jass), the first white jazz band to make it big; recordings before the '20s and a London engagement. We're introduced to each player—Nick LaRocca, leader-trumpet; Eddie Edwards, trombone; Tony Sbarbaro (whom we called Spargo), drums; Larry Shields, clarinet; Henry Ragas, piano.

Flip the page and there comes Jelly Roll Morton, "The Roll." From the beginning, jazz has had its characters, but as you meet Morton and get to know him, you almost have to place him at the top of the list. In 1959 (and he was long gone by then),

he was inserted in the *Congressional Record*. Jelly was a piano man. He was very well recorded, so there need be no hassle about his place in the sun. He wore a diamond in a front tooth, he was considered a pool shark, and he certainly was an outspoken man.

But in meeting Jelly we are also accorded the privilege of discovering a piano man Morton admired: Tony Jackson. Solo player and singer, he was billed as "The World's Greatest Single-handed Entertainer."

Morton is described by one of the all-time greats in the jazz piano business, James P. Johnson, who ran on to him in New York City in 1911: "I remember that he was dressed in full-back clothes and wore a light brown melton overcoat, with a three-hole hat to match. He had two girls with him."

Ten years later James P. ran into "The Roll" in Chicago. "Then he'd take a big silk handkerchief, shake it out to show it off properly, and dust off the stool. He'd sit down then, hit his special chord (every tickler had his special trademark chord, like a signal), and he'd be gone."

Ah, I hate to leave him, but the book moves on.

Enter Papa Joe, King Oliver, the trumpet king who eventually gave Armstrong his big chance. Drummer George Wettling caught the Oliver band in Chicago (and dig the picture on the cover). Like many other white musicians, he came and learned. Baby Dodds was the drummer; his brother Johnny played clarinet. How sorry I am to have missed that scene. Wettling says, "If anyone ever looked good in front of a band, it was Joe Oliver. He had a way of standing there in front of Louie, Johnny, Baby, and the other cats, that was too much."

So we discover the NORK (New Orleans Rhythm Kings) in the next chapter. This is the band George Brunis, trombonist, erupted from. We move into the Sidney Bechet period—Bechet, the soprano saxophone artist. Next comes "Little Louie" Armstrong, who, as a lad, worked hard to bring some money home. He was barely 15 when we discover this bit: "My mule is white, my face is black. I sells my coal, two bits a sack." Much later in his life he's quoted as saying, "I never did try to overblow Joe at any time when I played with him. It wasn't any showoff thing like a youngster probably would do today. He still played whatever part he had played, and I always played 'pretty' under him."

There's no end to the goodies in this book. Sure you can find things to criticize, if you're of such a mind, but the strength of Williams' work has got to dwarf this bit.

You come away from this reading feeling grateful that there are cats around who will knock themselves out putting such a work together. I'd like to add this one thing: a book is like a performance—it needs an audience. So let me quote from a warm guy we've just parted with (his is the last chapter), Red Allen: "The blues is a slow story. You play blues—it's home language, like two friends talking. It's the language everybody understands."

—Art Hodes

FROM THE TOP

Stage-Band Arrangement Reviews
By George Wiskirchen, C.S.C.

Ballad for Stormy, composed and arranged by Dick Fenno; Hal Leonard Music, Inc.

Ballad for Stormy is one of the fine, recent series of originals and arrangements that Fenno has done for Leonard and is one of the few published arrangements that features a solo trumpet in a ballad setting.

The arrangement is ambiguous (in a good sense) and adaptable to highlight a trumpet soloist of varying persuasions—from the cool fluegelhorn approach to a warm, open style. The ambiguity lies in the interpretation of the eighth notes—even or uneven. The best answer seems to demand a combination of pulse divisions depending on the figure employed at the time and will have to be decided by the director.

Personally, I would lean toward a rather heavy swing feel with plenty of push and/or "swallowing" of the off-beat eighth notes most of the way, a la Basie. However, a more even-eighth, Kenton approach, with plenty of off-beat push, also would work. Because of interlocking parts, the director should solve this problem as soon as possible in order to establish unity.

After a rather lengthy introduction, the solo trumpet states the melody. Interest is increased on the repetition of the first eight by adding different backgrounds. After the bridge, the first eight returns in a modified form with an eight-bar tag. A full ensemble section leads to an ad lib bridge by the solo trumpet.

No solo is written out. More and more arrangements are doing this in an attempt to force the student into improvisation. I personally feel it is a good thing because if we keep ducking this problem, we will never get our students into the heart of jazz.

The full band recapitulates the final eight with rhythmic and melodic variations, and the solo trumpet returns with the eight-bar tag extension to end the piece.

Ballad for Stormy is a well-written and good-sounding work of medium difficulty that contains interesting (especially for the players) writing throughout. Because it highlights a good trumpet soloist, it also should appeal to any audience.

The Laugh's on Me, composed and arranged by Manny Albam; Belwin, Inc.

To date, Henry Adler (Belwin distributor) has brought out six originals by Albam that are like a breath of fresh air in the stage-band publication field. *The Laugh's on Me* is a fun piece that grooves from start to finish.

After a shouting introduction, the melody appears in one of Albam's favorite guises—the small-combo voicing of a "turn"-decorated line. In performance, clip and accent final eighths and strive for that seemingly contradictory goal of looseness and precision.

The tune, laid out in repeating A-B eight-bar phrases, gains momentum on each repetition by the addition of instruments to the line and by increasingly punching fills. In performing the background parts, watch for clean releases of longer notes and crisp, tight final eighths.

The jazz solo (24 bars) is given to the trombone (no written part provided) with an interlocking, antiphonal background in the trumpets, split two against two. Sixteen bars of ensemble follow. Watch dynamic effects and avoid a "too bouncy" interpretation of the eighth notes except in the cleverly hoaky and obvious spots.

A recapitulation of the opening line with the small ensemble takes the tune out. In the added backing here, Albam uses one of his favorite tricks, the rhythmic displacement of an ordinary pattern that at first seems awkward but later so right. The arrangement ends with a fading tag that suddenly explodes in a final shout.

Highly recommended for study and performance, this medium-difficulty composition will be liked by the band and will give it an exposure to swinging, challenging, and good music.

Count Your Change, composed by Paul Horn, arranged by Bob Bockholt; Berklee School of Music.

One of the problems with many of today's stage-band publications is that they start with a poor or mediocre melody, a less-than-great original line, or a public-domain tune. *Count Your Change* starts with a fine and interesting (not to say challenging) composition by Horn that is aptly and descriptively named. The arrangement by Bockholt is equally good.

This medium-fast arrangement starts with a combo (trumpet and alto saxophone) statement of the line, which incorporates a 5/4 section. This 5/4 should not deter any fairly well-advanced band from trying the arrangement. It will not present any great problems, since it is a natural change in meter and can be felt easily. It is also the factor that lends interest and significance to the composition.

The second chorus adds rhythmic brass punctuations and some colorful and effective counterlines in the 5/4. In the third statement by the tenor and baritone saxophones the melody fades into the soft brass ensemble background that is thematically related and contrapuntally active.

In the 5/4 section the combo has a quite difficult, flowing line that culminates in an alto solo, which is interrupted by a pianissimo, tight brass ensemble section. The solo returns briefly before leading back to the final recapitulation of the opening and the fade-out and up-tempo ending.

This arrangement is challenging, but well worth the time needed to get the band (especially the soloist and rhythm section) to feel the metric changes.

Once the band has reached a certain level of competence in four, it is wise, both pedagogically and psychologically, to extend it into other meters—first the jazz waltz, then 5/4. This arrangement demands this metric extension. That alone would tend to justify and recommend it. It is also good music.

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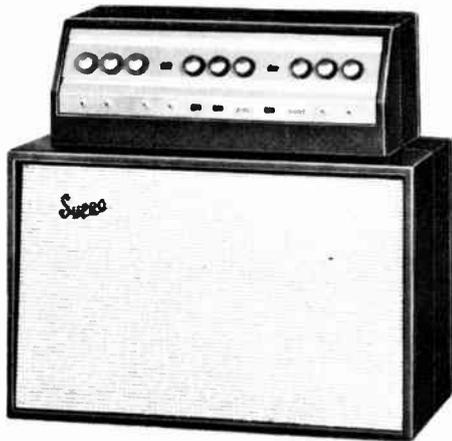
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AD LIB

(Continued from page 16)

port, with bassist **Herman Wright** and drummer **Ben Dixon** . . . **Buell Neidlinger**, former bassist with Cecil Taylor, and more recently a member of the Houston Symphony, will join the Boston Symphony Sept. 25 . . . **Some Guy and the Other Stuff** performed in concert at the Blind Justice coffeehouse. Members of the group include **Steve Heimel**, bass and clarinet; **Mike Sahl**, bass guitar; **Ronald Thomas**, organ and bass; and **Jim Vickery**, trumpet, flute, guitar, and bass. A guest artist was drummer **Bob Pozar** . . . More than 25 jazz groups played a marathon memorial concert in honor of **John Coltrane** at Mt. Morris Park on July 30 between the hours of 1:30 p.m. and midnight. The groups included the **Don Strickling Quintet**, **Eddie Gale's quartet**, **Frank Mitchell's quintet**, and **Charles Tyler's quintet** . . . **Us**, a group co-led by **David Horowitz** and **Richie Grando** played in the concert series at St. Mark's Church.

Los Angeles: **Pearl Bailey**—plagued by ill health for a long time—was forced to cancel her Century Plaza engagement on opening night (the show included her drummer-husband **Louis Bellson**). **Keely Smith** replaced Miss Bailey at the last moment . . . **Jimmy Lyons**—founder of the Monterey Jazz Festival—has been elected chairman of the California Arts Commission . . . Filling the gap at Marty's between the bookings of **Muddy Waters** and **Chris Connor**: the **Alex Rodriguez Quintet** (Rodriguez, trumpet; **Ray Bojorquez**, tenor saxophone; **Mark Levine**, piano; **David Bryant**, bass; **Chuck Glave**, drums). Levine plays with the Latin band of **Alberto Perez** on Mondays at the Escobar, in Sherman Oaks. Recently sitting in with Perez: **Tito Puente** . . . Not too far from the Escobar is the Brass Ring. The Latin activity there, featuring the band of **Paul Lopez**, has been expanded from Mondays to include Fridays and Saturdays. Recent four-day gig there featured the **Joe Pass Quartet** . . . Guitarist **Howard Roberts** closed out a series of weekends at Donte's with his quartet: **Steve Bohannon**, organ; **Frank De La Rosa**, bass; **John Guerin**, drums. The **Sounds of Synanon** were scheduled to follow Roberts' group into the North Hollywood nitery. De La Rosa and Guerin joined **Clare Fischer** for a recent tour to Mexico City. Tenor saxophone man **Tom Scott** sat in with the Roberts quartet at Donte's just after he returned from his two weeks summer training with the Air National Guard. Scott fell into a nice way to fulfill his summer camp obligation: he toured Alaska with the Air National Guard Band, venturing as far as 40 miles off the Siberian coast . . . The **Charlie Byrd Trio** played two weeks at the Lighthouse with Byrd continuing his practice of interspersing solo classical numbers into his jazz sets. With guitarist Byrd: his brother, **Joe Byrd**, bass; **Bill Reichenbach**, drums. A slight shift in the Lighthouse schedule finds **Willie Bobo** playing two weeks at the end

readers poll instructions

VOTE NOW!

The 32nd annual **Down Beat** Readers Poll is under way. For the next eight weeks—until midnight, Nov. 1—readers will have the opportunity to vote for their favorite jazz musicians.

Facing this page is the official ballot, printed on a postage-paid, addressed post card. Simply tear out the card, fill in your choices, and mail it. No stamp is necessary. You need not vote in every category, but your name and address must be included. Make your opinion count—vote!

VOTING RULES:

1. Vote once only. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight, Nov. 1.
2. Use only the official ballot. Type or print names.
3. **Jazzman of the Year:** Vote for the person who, in your opinion, has contributed most to jazz in 1967.
4. **Hall of Fame:** This is the only category in which persons no longer living are eligible. Vote for the artist—living or dead—who in your opinion has made the greatest contribution to jazz. Previous winners are not eligible. These are: Louis Armstrong, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Billie Holiday, Bix Beiderbecke, Miles Davis, Jelly Roll Morton, Thelonious Monk, Art Tatum, Eric Dolphy, Earl Hines, John Coltrane, Charlie Christian, and Bessie Smith.
5. **Miscellaneous Instruments:** This category includes instruments not having their own category, with three exceptions: valve trombone (included in the trombone category), cornet, and fluegelhorn (included in the trumpet category).
6. **Record of the Year:** Select only LPs issued during the last 12 months. Do not vote for singles. Include full album title and artist's name. If your choice is part of a series, indicate which volume number you are voting for.
7. Make only one selection in each category.

VOTE NOW!

of September and two weeks at the end of October. In between, **Cal Tjader's** group will be playing for two weeks . . . Close to the Lighthouse, along Hermosa Beach, is Pier 52. There, the **Jazz Diplomats** are holding forth: **Lou Rivera**, organ; **George Koehler**, guitar; **Bill Douglass**, drums. (Wayne Robinson recently filled in for Douglass.) The **Jazz Crusaders** shared the stage of the Cheetah with the **Platters** for a special one-nighter. **Kellie Green** brought her trio into the Hollywood Knickerbocker for a brief stand . . . **Groove Holmes** did a free matinee at the Los Angeles County Museum while his group was at Marty's-on-the-Hill . . . **Kenny Burrell** closed out two weeks at Shelly's, and seemed anxious to get back to New York. Before he could head East, there were gigs waiting for the quartet (**Richard Wyands**, piano; **Marty Rivera**, bass; **Bill English**, drums) at the Tropicana, then Memory Lane, the latter following **Ahmad Jamal**. . . **Mongo Santamaria** followed Burrell into Shelly's after a two-day "surprise" engagement by **Oliver Nelson's** quartet. Following Mongo, a five-day double booking at the Manne-Hole found **Gabor Szabo's** quintet and **Gary Burton's** quartet . . . Trumpeter **Jack Sheldon** ended a Sunday series at Donte's (with **Jack Marshall**, guitar; **Joe Mondragon**, bass; **Stan Levey**, drums). Guitar Night there saw the return of **George Van Eps**, with vibist **Frank Flynn**, and **Herb Ellis** and **Al Viola** on successive Mondays. As a special guest with Van Eps was **Charlie Byrd**. The Thursday "Serendipity" series heard from **Emil Richards** and his Ethnic Electronic Sounds and Sights plus **Paul Horn**, who brought with him slides of his recent sojourn to India . . . Also in North Hollywood, at the Embassy, **Gwen Stacy** is singing weekends with the **Tommy Gumina Trio** (Gumina, accordion; **Bob Badgley**, bass and occasional valve trombone; and **Geoff Bowen**, drums). Miss Stacy is the sister of **Plas and Ray Johnson** . . . **Terry Gibbs** has a good thing going at the Playboy Club. Through early September, he will reign as "artist-in-residence," working with the **Bob Corwin Trio** . . . **Ray Dewey's** trio checked into the Fogcutter in Hollywood for one week. With Dewey on piano were **Porkie Britto**, bass; **Ray Price**, drums . . . **Oscar Brown Jr.** just finished a 2½-week engagement at the Troubador . . . **Al Hirt** brought his band into the new Convention Center in Anaheim . . . **Joe Williams** closed out a successful return engagement at the Century Plaza's Hong Kong Bar. Backing the singer were **Harold Mabern**, piano; **Dave Sibley**, bass; **Hugh Walker**, drums. Behind the other attraction on the bill—**Matt and Ginny Dennis**—were **Ray Leatherwood**, bass; **Morey Feld**, drums . . . **Billy Brooks**, sporting three shiny bells—his trumpet and skoomum—fronted a band for **H. B. Barnum** through a tour of San Diego, Long Beach, and Oakland, backing **Aretha Franklin**. With Brooks were **Ed Pleasants**, **Jack Kelso**, **Leroy Cooper**, **Herman Riley**, reeds; **Maurice Spears**, trombone; **Willie Hickman**, guitar. Brooks then turned sideman as he joined **Roger Kellaway's** big-band backing singer

Bobby Darin. In addition to strings, the trumpets included **Ike Williams**, **Marshall Hunt**, **Mel Moore**, and **Brooks**; trombones **Maurice Spears**, **Frank Strong**, **Thurman Green**, **Walt Wortendyke**; reeds **Johnny Williams**, **Wallace Brodis**, **Pete Christlieb**, **Joe Epps**, and **Bill Carter**; **Mike Kollander** and **Roy Gaines** on guitars; **Chuck Domanico**, bass; **John Baker**, drums . . . **Jimmy Giuffre** blew into town after a two-year hiatus to play two concerts at UCLA. For the first, Giuffre played clarinet, tenor, and alto saxophone, backed by **Jimmy Rowles**, piano; **Red Mitchell**, bass; **Ed Thigpen**, drums. The second concert—a week later—was devoted to a series of choreographic improvisations with Giuffre on clarinet, backing **Jean Erdman** and members of her UCLA dance company . . . Pianist **Dave Mackay** and bassist **Ray Neapolitan** are backing Dave's wife, singer **Vicki Hamilton**, in a series of Sunday gigs at the Big Rock in Malibu . . . **Ray Charles**—his band, and the **Raelets**—played a special one week Australian concert tour of Melbourne, Brisbane, and Sydney, following their appearance at the Randall's Island (New York) Jazz Festival . . . Dixieland specialists **Gary Tyna** and **Phil Howe** brought their septet from Monterey down to Santa Ana to serenade the regular monthly meeting of the New Orleans Jazz Club of California . . . The outdoor Greek Theatre continues to provide fairly steady employment for a number of jazzmen. Backing **Vikki Carr** at a recent week-long outing were **Bob Saravia**, bass; **Nick Bonney**, guitar. One week later, for the **Tony Bennett Show**, the **David Rose Orchestra** included trumpeter **Jimmy Zito**; pianist **Lou Levy**, and drummer **Frank Capp**. Later in the show, for Tony's stint, **John Bunch** led the band; to back comedian **George Kirby**, **Benny Carter** took over the baton . . . **Lalo Schifrin** is scoring a new film called *The Fox*. **Quincy Jones** is working on the score for *A Time for Heroes*. Incidentally, Schifrin's *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* was just given its world premiere at the Hollywood Bowl. It is a purely classical, strictly secular cantata based on the William Shirer book. Thematically Schifrin developed it from his score for the soon-to-be-seen **David Wolper** television production of the same name . . . **Ernie Freeman** has finally incorporated himself. In order to better service the ad agencies, radio and TV stations, and independent packagers with commercials, the arranger-composer-conductor has formed Creative Music, Inc. Another **Freeman**, pianist **Russ**, and **Ina Piatagorsky**, a classical pianist, will record *Jazz Concerto in F* by **Ben Weisman**. The work is scored for two pianos, jazz combo, and symphony orchestra . . . **Mel Torme** has written a segment of NBC-TV's *Run For Your Life* called *The Frozen Image*. Torme also acts in his creation, playing the part of a singer who runs up a tremendous gambling debt while gigging in Las Vegas . . . For her current stand at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas, singer **Nancy Wilson** commissioned **Oliver Nelson**, **Sid Feller**, and **Billy May** to come up with some special charts.



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San Francisco: Ali Akbar Khan and Ravi Shankar continue their activities in the bay area. Shankar traveled south to open the month of September with a performance at Big Sur, and Khan will play in Berkeley Sept. 28 . . . The **Modern Jazz Quartet** will appear on a lawn of the Claremont Hotel Sept. 24. Later the same day, the MJQ will close its one-week stay at the Both/And. The quartet was preceded by the **John Handy Concert Ensemble**. The Both/And finished last month in adventurous style, with a week's gig by drummer **Sunny Murray's Acoustical Swing Quintet** (reedmen **Pharaoh Sanders** and **Carlos Ward**; trumpeter **Alan Shorter**, and bassist **Henry Grimes**) . . . Pianist **Vince Guaraldi** recently concluded a two-week engagement at the C'est Bon, where he was preceded by a pair of surprise Monday appearances of the **Dick McGarvin Trio**. Drummer McGarvin is better known in the bay area as a disc jockey on radio station KSFO. Another disc jockey, vibraharpist **Jack Taylor**, is general manager of the C'est Bon. He has a Sunday show on KJAZ-FM. The house band at the club is led by pianist **Chris Ibanez** with bassist **Vernon Alley**, and drummer **Dave Black** . . . Pianist **Hampton Hawes** has departed Just Fred's after a three-month string of gigs. **Nico Bunineck**, who stayed for just three weeks as a fill-in man, also left. **Abe Batat**, now in his third month at the restaurant-club, is the only pianist remaining. He is accompanied by bassist **John Heard** . . . A new group in

the bay area, the **Bill Trumbeaux Quartet**, has played several short stands in big name clubs and at some of the lesser-known spots. The pianist's combo (reedman **Roy Martin**, bassist **Frank Webb**, drummer **Joe Gleason**) appears most frequently at the Haight-A Expresso . . . The Jukebox is the scene of Saturday and Sunday jam sessions, and the **Norman Williams Quintet** plays weeknights . . . The blues have been at the Jazz Workshop for the past five weeks, and pianist **Junior Mance** has been there for four. He joined singer **Jimmy Rushing** for a two-week stay, then **Muddy Waters** came in for one week, and Mance is now finishing another two-week spot, this time with vocalist **Jimmy Witherspoon** . . . The **Charles Lloyd Quartet** whose latest album was recorded at the Fillmore Auditorium, made a return engagement in mid-August and will play there again Sept. 22-24. The group also staged an August performance in San Francisco's Avalon Ballroom. Several other jazz groups have played the Fillmore this summer, including **Gabor Szabo**, **Roland Kirk**, and **Count Basie** . . . A memorial concert for **Pop Kennedy**, president of AFM Local 6, was presented at Earthquake McGoon's. **Turk Murphy** and **Rudy Salvini** headed the list of talent . . . The Boys Club of Southern Marin County was benefited by an outdoor concert on Mt. Tamalpais with **Vince Guaraldi**, vocalist **Jon Hendricks**, and the **Count Basie Band** . . . Over 20,000 listeners came to San Francisco's Sigmund Stern Grove to hear Guaraldi, Murphy,

John Coppola and His Friends of Bebop, and the **Only Alternative and His Other Possibilities**.

Chicago: While **Clark Terry** and **Bob Brookmeyer** were blowing at the London House last month, they were visited by **Max Roach**, who sat in for a set, and tenorist **Wayne Shorter**, in town with the Newport concert package the following weekend . . . **Herbie Mann**, **Miles Davis**, **Nina Simone**, and **Jimmy Smith** were the headliners of the Wein show at the Civic Opera House, sold out for both performances . . . Altoist **Joseph Jarman's** quartet did a tribute to **John Coltrane** at Ida Noyes Hall on the University of Chicago campus Aug. 12. Poet **David Moore** read from his works . . . Tenorist **John Klemmer** (with trumpeter **Oscar Brashear**, pianist **Jody Christian**, bassist **Nick Remschneider**, and drummer **Richard Smith**) did a benefit for the patients of the West Side Veterans Hospital, under the auspices of Local 10-208 of the Musicians' Union Trust Fund . . . Vocalist **Mel Torme** concluded his stint at Mr. Kelly's Aug. 20, with variety acts scheduled to follow . . . Altoist **Roscoe Mitchell** (with trumpeter **Lester Bowie** and bassist **Malachi Favors**) performed in concert last month at Roosevelt University's Sinha Hall . . . Violinist **Leroy Jenkins** will perform a concert of original compositions Sept. 17 at Abraham Lincoln Center . . . Pianist **Art Hodes** heads West for two nights at Disneyland Sept. 29 and 30. He will be joined by

Down Beat's 11th Annual Hall of Fame Scholarship Program

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

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

This year's two full scholarships, valued at \$1300 each, will be in honor of the Hall of Fame winner chosen by the Down Beat readers in the December 28, 1967 issue. The scholarships will be awarded to the competition's winners, who will be selected by a board of judges appointed by Down Beat.

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

WHO IS ELIGIBLE?

Junior division: Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have graduated from high school and who has not reached his (or her) 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1968.

Senior division: Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have had his (or her) 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1968.

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

Scholarships to be awarded are as follows: two full scholarships of \$1300 each; four partial scholarships of \$500 each; six partial scholarships of \$250 each.

DATES OF COMPETITION:

Official applications must be postmarked not later than midnight, December 31, 1967. The scholarship winners will be announced in an April, 1968, issue of Down Beat.

HOW JUDGED:

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

TERMS OF SCHOLARSHIPS:

The Hall of Fame scholarship as offered is a full tuition grant for one school year (two semesters) in value of \$1300.00. Upon completion of school year, the student may apply for an additional tuition scholarship grant.

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

The winners of the scholarships must choose one of two possible starting dates: September, 1968, or January, 1969, or else forfeit the scholarship.

HOW TO APPLY:

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

With the official application, you will be required to send to the above address a tape or record of your playing an instrument or a group in performance of your original composition and/or arrangement.

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trumpeter **Doc Evans**, trombonist **Emile Christian**, clarinetist **Raymond Burke**, and other veterans.

Detroit: The only loss to jazz in the recent Detroit riots was the Drome Lounge, one of the city's two outlets for "name" jazz groups. Details of the Drome's reopening were not available . . . Meanwhile, pianist **Les McCann** resumed his interrupted engagement at Baker's Keyboard. With McCann were bassist **Leroy Vinnegar** and drummer **Frank Severino** . . . Also missing from the current scene is **Paige's**, which has closed temporarily. Bassist **Ernie Farrow's** quintet had been featured. **Farrow**, with trombonist **John Hair**, tenorist **Joe Thurman**, and drummer **Earl McKinney** (replacing the ailing **Bill Hardy**), continues to hold forth at Eddie's Latin-American Restaurant after hours. The group has been pianoless since **Teddy Harris** rejoined **Choker Campbell's** big band, but guest pianists are present for virtually every set . . . Still another loss to the local scene was the return to Cleveland of tenorist **Joe Alexander**. His place with organist **Charles Harris' group** at the Tonga was taken first by former **Aretha Franklin** guitarist **Jimmy Morgan**, then by tenorist **Marvin Cabell**. Drummer with the group is **James Brown** . . . The group currently backing **Miss Franklin** is led by Detroit trumpeter **Donald Towns** . . . A major new jazz development was the opening of the **Howard Lucas Players** at Barkey's Lounge downtown. With pianist

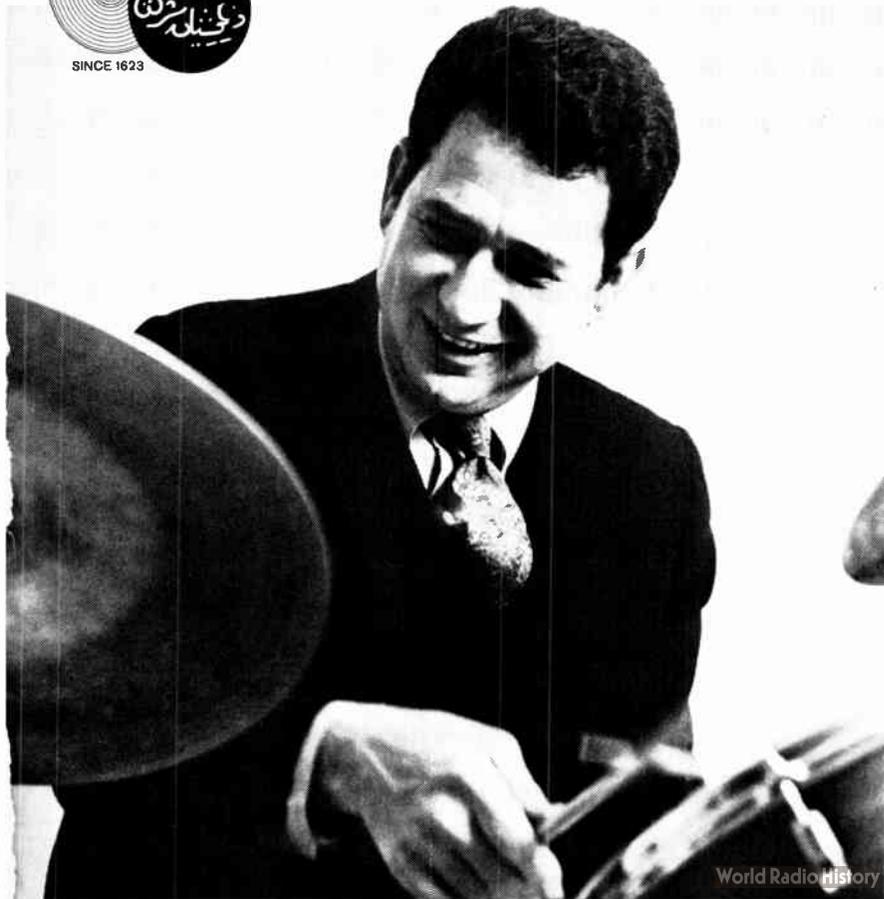
Lucas are two of Detroit's most talented musicians, bassist **Fred Housey** and drummer **Art Mardigan** . . . Currently backing pianist **Bill Stevenson** at the Wilkins Lounge in Orchard are **Jim Bunting**, bass, and **Ron Dunn**, drums . . . Trumpeter **Eddie Nuccelli's** big band has been playing a series of summer concerts, sponsored by AFM Local 5. Personnel includes **Eddie Jones**, **Billy Holiday**, **John Mayhan**, **Leo Rea**, trumpets; **George Bohanon**, **John Hair**, **Tom Cook**, **Pete Synnestvedt**, trombones; **Frank Tatarelli**, **Jimmy Stefanson**, **Charles Brown**, **Gus Constantini**, reeds; **John Dana**, bass; **Bert Myrick**, drums, and **Bu Bu Turner** and **Ken Lemons**, splitting piano chores. Recently heard with the band was tenorist **Larry Nozero**, home on furlough from the Army . . . Trumpeter **John Trudell** has taken over from pianist **Chuck Robinett** as leader of the house band at the Roostertail. With Trudell are reed man **Terry Harrington**, pianist **Kirk Lightsey**, bassist **Nick Fiore**, and drummer **Chet Forest** . . . Singer **Mark Richards**, backed by the **Keith Vreeland Trio** (Vreeland, piano; **Dick Wigginton**, bass; **Jim Nemeth**, drums) continues at **Momo's** . . . Bassist **Ron Brooks** and drummer **Danny Spencer** have recently returned from Europe, where Spencer was a member of trumpeter **Art Farmer's** group. **Brooks** and **Spencer**, along with cornetist **Charles Moore** and pianist **Kenny Cox**, have brought jazz back to the Town Bar in Ann Arbor . . . Pianist **Harold McKinney**, back from a tour with

drummer **Gene Krupa's** group, has been giving a series of illustrated lectures on jazz in the Detroit public schools. With the pianist are his wife, vocalist **Gwen McKinney**, his brother **Earl** on drums, trumpeter **Pat Williams**, tenorist **Phil Lashley**, and bassist **James Hankins**.

Las Vegas: Trombonist **Tommy Turk**, whose jazz talents have been too long hidden in the show bands of Las Vegas, brought his newly formed quintet to Duke's to play the Thursday night late sessions at the club, now presenting modern jazz twice weekly. **Arno Marsh**, former tenor soloist with **Woody Herman**, pianist **Ray Browne**, and bassist **Ernie McDaniel** will also be featured . . . The first LP of the **Tommy Vig Orchestra** will be released in October on **Orrin Keepnews'** new independent jazz label. The orchestra will be again presented in concert on Oct. 22 at Caesars Palace, featuring new arrangements by leader-vibist **Vig** . . . The **Mongo Santamaria** group attracted much interest and applause during its midsummer booking at Caesars Palace . . . **Harry James** and band, with drummer **Sonny Payne** and singers **Ernie Andrews** and **Judy Branch**, was back in the Driftwood Lounge of the Flamingo, playing new arrangements by **Rob Turk** . . . The house orchestra of the newly constructed, recently opened **Frontier Hotel** is conducted by former NBC staff trumpet man **Henry (Hot Lips) Levine** . . . Plaudits are due disc jockey **Bob Joyce** (KRAM), who con-

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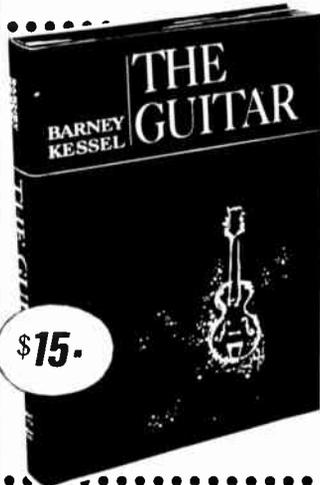
. . . and so does **Louis Bellson** and **Roy Haynes** and **Eilly** **Gene Krupa** and **Buddy Rich** and **Max Roach** and **Pete C** **Mousie Alexander** and **Dave Bailey** and **Ray Bauduc** and **Larry Bunker** and **Roy Burns** and **Frank Butler** and **Frankie Capp** and **Kenny Clarke** and **Cozy Cole** and **Rudy Collins** and **Jimmie Crawford** and **Joe Mann** and **Joe Cusatis** and **Alan Dawson** and **Barrett Deems** and **Jack De Johnette** and **Tony De Nicola** and **Frankie Car** **Dunlop** and **Nick Fatool** and **Vernel Fournier** and **George Frank Gant** and **Sonny Greer** and **Sol Gubin** and **Hand Jo** **Chico Hamilton** and **Lionel Hampton** and **Jake Hanna** and **Billy Hart** and **Louis Hayes** and **Lex Humphries** and **Sonny Igoe** and **Gus Johnson** and **Jo Jones** and **Jol** **Rufus Jones** and **Connie Kay** and **Irv Kluger** and **George Stanley Krell** and **Don Lamond** and **John Landaker** and **Pete LaRoca** and **Cliff Leeman** and **Stan Levey** and **Roy McCurdy** and **Sonny Payne** and **Bruce Phi** **p** **and Dannie Richmond** and **Ed Shaughnessy** and **John L** **Zutty Singleton** and **Alvin Stoller** and **Jack Sperling** and **Grady Tate** and **John Van Olden** and **Jim Vincent** and **George Wettling** and **Tom Widdicombe** and **Jimmie**

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tinues to give air time to big-band sounds and whose interest and comments have greatly helped to improve the image of the musician in the Las Vegas area. Joyce's Friday afternoon shows, featuring the bands of the "Golden Swing Era" have also built up a large audience including performers on the recordings he plays . . . The Woody Herman Herd played an engagement at the Tropicana's Blue Room recently. A novel projected-film opening introduced the band, and then the Herd took over, live. . . . The **Carl Lodico** Orchestra, under the direction of pianist **Joe Parnello**, provided a tasty, swinging backing for **Vic Damone** during his eight-week stay at the Riviera's Starlite Theater. Augmenting the orchestra was the singer's rhythm section: Parnello; **Sid Bulkin**, drums; **John Worster**, bass; and trumpeter **Buddy Childers**. The Lodico personnel was **Chico Alvarez**, **John White**, **Al Shay**, trumpets; **Al Lorraine**, **Duke Polansky**, **George Shearer**, **Stumpy Brown**, trombones; **Lodico**, **Joe Zaletel**, **Tom Anastas**, **Ed Boyer**, **Benny Bailey**, reeds; and **Gene Martin**, percussion.

Boston: ABC-TV took its cameras to Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike to film a one-nighter with **Woody Herman**. Singer **Joe Williams** followed the Herman band with **Don Ellis** bringing in his 21-piece orchestra from Newport for two nights during Joe's week. The groups of **Wilbur De Paris**, **Les McCann**, and **Oscar Peterson** rounded out a full month of jazz at Lennie's . . . Vibist **Freddie McCoy** and his quartet with **Joanne Brackeen** on piano, played the Jazz Workshop for a week. They were followed by guitarist **Walter Namuth** and organist **Phil Porter**. The **Ray Bryant Trio** and the **George Benson** quartet each did a week at the Workshop. Brazilian guitarist-vocalist **Luis Enrique** was featured for a week, backed by a trio under the leadership of drummer **Joe Hunt** (**Terry Bernhart**, piano; **Kent Carter**, bass) . . . **Duke Ellington** and his orchestra did a one-nighter at the Beachcomber . . . Trombonist **Gene Di Stasio** is rehearsing a new group. Players include **Lennie Johnson**, **George Zonce**, trumpets; **Dick Johnson**, alto saxophone; **Alan Dawson**, drums; **George Thurman**, Latin percussion. Arrangements are by **Mike Gibbs** and **Ray Santisi** . . . Altoist **Charlie Mariano** is back in town after a tour of Southeast Asia . . . Pianist **Teddy Wilson**, with trumpeter **Ruby Braff**, bassist **Ron Carter**, and drummer **Alan Dawson**, and altoist **John Handy's** quartet (**Handy**; **Mike Nock**, piano; **Albert Stinson**, bass; **Doug Sides**, drums) were featured in the Castle Hill Festival series. The Channel 2 cameras were on hand to record Handy's performance. The station also recently presented performances by blues singer **Junior Wells**; trombonist **Jules Rowle**; **Ray Bryant**; tenorist **Junior Cook** with the **Paul Neves** trio; and singer **Luis Enrique**.

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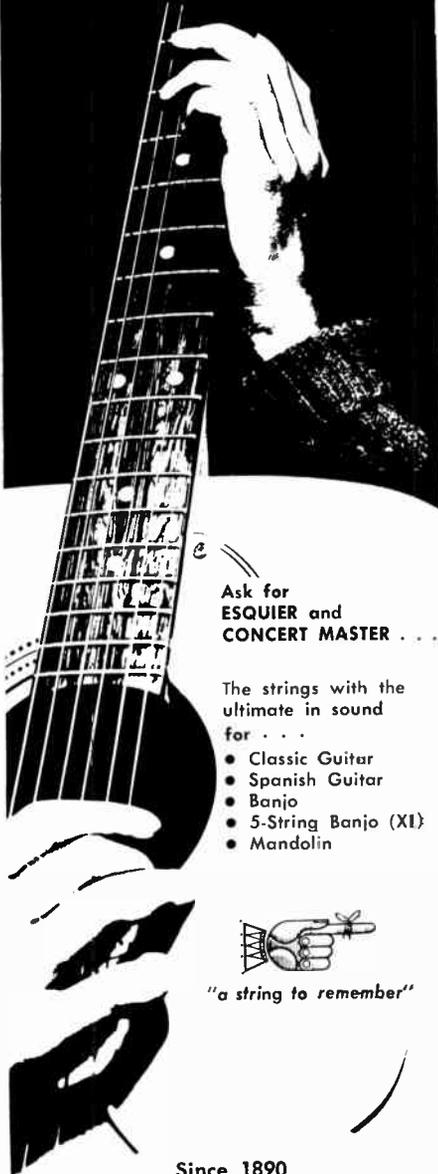
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mentation with pop music aggregations, held over trumpeter **Hershey Cohen's** sextet for a second week. Personnel included **Jack Nicolette**, piano; **Al DeLernia**, guitar; **Al O'Brien**, bass; **Bob Rawathorne**, vibes and drums; and vocalist **Jeanne Baxter** . . . Pianist **Bill Cotton** has a successful trio at Peyton Place . . . The Hill District clubs are still on a jazz organ kick. In late July and August, the Hurricane cooked with the groups of saxophonist **Al Morrell** (with organist **Don Mollica**); the **Jack McDuff** Quintet, and organist **Bob Craig's** trio . . . Pianist **Walt Harper** and his quintet left the Hilton Hotel after a one-year stay, did a series of one-nighters, and completed the month of August at the Holiday Inn in Tarentum . . . Organist **Charles Earland's** trio, with vocalist **Millie McClaine**, was a hit at the Hollywood Club in Clairton . . . One of the best exponents of jazz rock among the younger leaders is drummer **Vann Harris**, whose father is a veteran photographer with the Pittsburgh *Courier*. Vann is a favorite at the Fort Duquesne Post of the American Legion . . . Pianist **Nick Summa** plays swinging jazz cocktail piano at the Hilton . . . Pianist **Carl Arter's** house band at Crawford's Grill, featuring drummer **Jo Harris** and trumpeter **Harry Nash**, got big raves in late July when vocalist **Tiny Irvin** joined the group . . . Pianist **Harry Walton** and his brother **Jon**, a former **Benny Goodman** tenor man, have started a combo that has landed some choice country-club gigs.

Dallas: When **Jac Murphy**, pianist with the **Juvey Gomez Trio**, was hospitalized after a car accident, a benefit was staged for him at Mr. Lucky's, the club where the trio was working. The session, which began at 1 p.m. and ran till midnight, featured **Jim Black's** trio with **Betty Green**, the **Freddie Raulston Trio**, **Carmen Alvarez**, the **Joe Johnson Show**, **Mark Carrol's** quartet, **Rommie of Rommies**, **Joe Zacona**, **David Galub**, **Juvey Gomez** and **Gil Pitts**, the **Sammy Jay Trio**, and others . . . Disc jockey **Ron Wortham** and musician **Roger Boykins** are reorganizing the Dallas Jazz Society. The initial meeting was scheduled to be combined with a concert featuring the **Jazz Crusaders** at Lou Ann's on Sept. 4th . . . The First Methodist Church of Dallas presented **Joe Masters' Jazz Mass**, conducted by **Robert Wortley** . . . Another Dallas club has opened its doors to jazz: the Holiday Villa holds sessions every Wednesday night, beginning with the **Texas Soul Trio**, headed by **Boykins** who recently rejected an offer to go with **Ray Charles' band** . . . Soul City, a new club boasting an out-and-out rock 'em-sock 'em music format, just finished a successful engagement with **Al (TNT) Braggs** and the **Coasters** . . . Jazz drummer **G. T. Hogan** is currently with **Jim Black's** trio at the Fink Mink club . . . **Les Lester**, former trombonist with **Red Nichols**, the **Wolverines**, and other early bands, was found working in a local music store by veteran bassist **John Kaufman**, who's now



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in the radio business . . . Sunday afternoon sessions at the Marriot Motor Hotel have run into competition from the free jazz concerts at the bandshell in State Fair Park.

Denmark: Louis Armstrong and his All-Stars played two concerts in Copenhagen July 25. There was a lot of trouble with the sound system, which was particularly unpleasant for Tyree Glenn's vibes . . . Clarinetist Edmond Hall's last album as a leader, recorded in Copenhagen during the first week of last December, has been released on the Storyville label. Hall was accompanied by three Danish musicians: pianist Joern Jensen, bassist Jens Soelund, and drummer Knud Ryskov Madsen . . . Altoist John Tchicai and bassist Finn von Eyben are working with a new Danish avant-garde group, which also includes trumpeter Hugh Steinmetz, saxophonist Karsten Vogel, bassist Steffen Andersen, and drummer Giorgio Mussoni. The group, Cadentia Nova Danica, performed at the Molde Festival in Norway and played four Monday concerts during August at the Montmartre in Copenhagen, in connection with the annual Danish Music and Ballet Festival, which this year included jazz for the first time . . . Tenorist Dexter Gordon, with Kenny Drew, Niels-Henning Orsted, and Al Heath, took a day off from the Montmartre to make a TV-program at Magleas High School outside Copenhagen on July 31. Magleas is the site of the annual Jazz Week, arranged by the Danish Jazz Academy and other organizations.

Japan: A Japanese tour by Buddy Rich and his big band is set for this fall . . . Promoters here are trying to get Woody Herman and his crew over around the turn of the year . . . Ray Anthony and his Bookend Review had trouble getting under way in Japan because of the leader's illness. However, once the trumpeter recovered, the show was enthusiastically received here and on Okinawa . . . A recent poll taken among Japanese jazz fans had as its subject: "Which jazz artist or artists would you most like to see in person?" First choice was Erroll Garner, second Nancy Wilson, third Wes Montgomery . . . Jazz disc jockey (for Japanese commercial stations and for the United States Information Service)-TV master of ceremonies Terry Isono's 5 Spot, in the Jyugaoka section of Tokyo, with a combined rock, c&w, and jazz policy, is packed every night. The Saturday night house group features a quartet with Japan's top bass man O. Suzuki, teaming with 17-year-old pianist M. Nakanimi, guitarist T. Naoi, and drummer B. Kakizaki. One recent night, a 20-year-old drummer from Youngstown, Ohio, Ron Chiek, sat in with the house group and flipped a packed house. Ron's visit came during a tour of Japan with the versatile Ronnie Fray Trio, with the leader-vocalist on guitar and Alan Clarke, electric bass. Fray, from Canada, and his trio are winding up a tour of military and nonmilitary clubs in Japan, on Okinawa,

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Taiwan, in the Philippines, and in Thailand and were easily one of the musical and entertainment surprises of the year in the Pacific. The group had to beg off a tour of Korea because Chick, the drummer and youngest member of the group, has to return to college in the fall . . . With all the interest in rock, jazz seems to be holding its own. Local promoters have been sponsoring packed concerts at various auditoriums. Altoist **Charlie Mariano** played to standing-room-only at Shibuya City Center, as did drummer **Hideo Shiraki** and alto man **Sadao Watanabe** . . . Hollywood producer **Steve Parker**, actress **Shirley MacLaine's** husband, has just finished producing six traditional Japanese tunes, with full band jazz arrangements, augmented by 20 strings, by **Pepe Merto**. Each side features vocals and English lyrics (flawless) by top Japanese baritone **Jerry Ito**.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

(Continued from page 26)

should react to some of the powerful music being generated. The best job of communication was accomplished by Williams and Bender (who also has recorded under the name D. C. Washington).

Williams, 6 feet 7 inches tall and top-hatted, and Bender, diminutive and slightly slouched, made perfect foils for each other. Musically, they were perhaps not up to Bonner's standard, but Bender's guitar work was exceptional.

Williams and Semien played more or less rhythmic background while Bender, constantly hopping around the makeshift stage, took the melodic lead with soaring single lines. Williams did the vocal parts with a strong, deep voice thoroughly in character with his physical appearance.

They opened their set with two fast blues, *My Sunshine* and *Almost Gone*, establishing audience rapport more swiftly than some of the other performers. They, therefore, were better able to build an integrated presentation, moving on to *Please Don't Go, Baby*, and, after the intermission, a modern *One, Two, Three* and *Boogie Children*.

As a matter of possible historical interest, Skoog also presented Vincent Frank, an exponent of zydeco music from Opelousus, La. With Semien struggling to find the proper tempo, Frank played what he termed a zydeco waltz on amplified accordion and a Creole-tinged version of *Please Don't Go*, the same tune done by Williams and Bender.

Zydeco springs from the corrupted French word for "snapbean." It is a mixture of European and blues forms that can only be found in a few places in Louisiana and Texas.

"This area," Skoog said, in referring to Houston, "is one of the main streams in blues today. There's not another place that can compare with it. The problem is it's submerged. I found it by going out and prowling the Negro streets and areas at night, asking people questions. I've found that the average Negro is very proud of his music and wants to help you find it if you express a genuine, sincere interest."

—Arthur Hill



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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.
After the Ball (Saddlebrook, N.J.): Art Williams, Fri.-Sat.
Alibi Club (Ridgefield, Conn.): Bob Shelley, wknds.
Apartment: Marian McPartland to 10/1.
Basie's: Harold Ousley, Sun.-Mon.
Bear Mountain Inn (Peekskill): Vince Corozine, Fri.
Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon.
Brown's (Loch Sheldrake): unk.
Casey's: Freddie Redd.
Central Park North (White Plains): Sal Salvador, Wed.-Sun., tfn.
Charlie's: sessions, Mon.
Cloud 9 Lounge (E. Brunswick, N.J.): Ralph Stricker, Wed., wknds.
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): unk.
East Village In: sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Eddie Condon's: unk.
El Carib (Brooklyn): unk.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six, Ed Hubble.
Forest Hills Inn (Forest Hills): Sonny Oliver.
Garden Dis-Cafe: Eddie Wilcox, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry, wknds.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano, Ray Nance.
Half Note: Big bands, wknds.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.
Jazz at the Office (Freeport, N.Y.): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.
Kutscher's (Monticello): unk.
La Boheme: Freddie Hubbard, tfn. Sessions, Mon. eve., Sat.-Sun. afternoon.
Lake Tower Inn (Roslyn): Bill O'Brien, Whitey Walsh, Eric Stevens.
Le Intrigue (Newark, N.J.): Jazz 'n' Breakfast, Sun.
Leone's (Port Washington): Dennis Connors, Tony Bella.
L'Intrigue: unk.
Little Club: Johnny Morris.
Marino's Boat Club (Brooklyn): Michael Grant, Vernon Jeffries, Bob Kay, wknds.
Mark Twain Riverboat: Clyde McCoy to 9/9.
Metropole: Gene Krupa to 9/16.
Miss Lacey's: unk.
Motef (Smithtown): J. J. Salata, Fri.
Musart: sessions, wknds.
007: Lee Shaw.
Off Shore (Point Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.
Peter's (Staten Island): Donald Hahn, Fri.
Piedmont Inn (Scarsdale): unk.
Playboy Club: Walter Norris, Earl May-Sam Donahue, Art Weiss.
Pitt's Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Leon Eason.
Pookie's Pub: Elvin Jones.
Rainbow Grill: Jonah Jones to 10/4. Bob Skill-ing, hb.
Red Garter: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown.
Shepherd's: Walter Wanderley, 9/8-10/4.
Slug's: Sun Ra, Mon.
Star Fire Lounge (Levittown): Joe Coleman, sessions, Mon.
Sulky (Roosevelt Raceway): Dick Norell, Hap Gormley, Mon.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
Tamburlaine: Al Haig, Phil Leshin, Jim Kappes, Bill Rubenstein, Hal Gaylor, Dottie Dodgion, Mon. Jazz at Noon, Mon.
Toast: Scott Reid.
Tomahawk Room (Roslyn): Ray Alexander, Mon.
Top of the Gate: unk.
Traver's Cellar Club (Queens): sessions, Mon.
Villa Pace (Smithtown, N.Y.): J. J. Salata, Sat.
Village Gate: Ornette Coleman to 9/10. Nina Simone, Montego Joe to 9/17.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
White Plains Hotel: Herman Autrey, Red Richards, wknds.

LOS ANGELES

Big Rock (Malibu): Vicki Hamilton, Dave Mackay, Sun.
Bonesville: Don Ellis, Mon.
Brass Ring (Sherman Oaks): Paul Lopez, Mon., Fri.-Sat. New Era, Tue.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup.
Club Casbah: Sam Fletcher, Dolo Coker.
Diamond Jim's (Sherman Oaks): Calvin Jackson, Carson Smith.
Dino's Lodge: Bill Marx, hb.
Disneyland (Anaheim): Clara Ward, Firehouse Five + 2.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Jazz, nightly. Guitar Night, Mon. Mike Barone, Wed. Serendipity, Thur.
Embassy (North Hollywood): Gwen Stacy, Tommy Gumina, Fri.-Sun.
Empire Room (Culver City): Ernie Scott.
Escapade Club (La Habra): sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Escobar (Sherman Oaks): Alberto Perez, Mon.
Hollywood Bowl: Herb Alpert, Sergio Mendes, 9/29-30.
La Duce (Inglewood): jazz, nightly.
Lemon Twist: Eddie Cano.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Ahmad Jamal to 9/17. Willie Boho, 9/19-10/1. Cal Tjader, 10/3-5.
Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Marty's (Baldwin Hills): jazz, nightly.
Memory Lane: Jazz, nightly. Special guests, Mon.
Orange County Fairgrounds (Costa Mesa): Pacific Jazz Festival, 10/6-8.
Parisian Room: Ralph Green, Kenny Dixon. Celebrity night, Mon.
Pied Piper: Ike Isaacs, Aaron McNeil.
Pier 52 (Hermosa Beach): Lou Rivera.
Playboy Club: Gene Palumbo, Bob Corwin, hbs. Terry Gibbs & guests to 9/9.
Red Log (Westwood): Johnny Lawrence.
Ruddy Duck (Sherman Oaks): Stan Worth.
Scene: Marv Jenkins.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Bola Sete to 9/10, Gerald Wilson, 9/12-24. Modern Jazz Quartet, 9/26-10/1. Shelly Manne, wknds. Special guests, Mon.
Sherry's: Don Randi, Mike Melvoyn, Sun.
Smokehouse (Encino): Bobbi Boyle.
Sterling's (Santa Barbara): Joyce Collins, Mon.
Swing (Studio City): Ray Johnson.
Tiki Island: Charles Kaynard.
Tropicana: jazz, nightly.
Ward's Jazzyville (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Whittinghill's (Sherman Oaks): Page Cavanaugh.
Wit's End (Studio City): Joe Rotondi.
Ye Little Club (Beverly Hills): Bruz Freeman, hb.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb.
Baker's: name groups weekly.
Bandit's Villa: Terry Harrington, Fri.-Sat. afterhours.
Barkey's: Howard Lucas, Mon.-Sat.
Bob and Rob's: Lenore Paxton, Tue.-Sat.
Checker Bar-B-Q: Dan Jordan, Mon.-Sat. afterhours.
Eddie's Latin-American Restaurant: Ernie Farrow, Fri.-Sat. afterhours.
Frolie: Don Davis, Thur.-Sun.
Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha, Tue.-Sat.
Ursula Walker, Fri.-Sat.
Momo's: Mark Richards, Keith Vreeland, Fri.-Sat.
Roostertail: John Trudell, hb.
Shadow Box: Charles Rowland, Tue.-Sat.
Sir-Loin Inn: Danny Stevenson, Mon.-Sat.
Tonga: Charles Harris, Mon.-Sat., Sun. afternoon.
Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, Thur.-Sat.
Wilkins Lounge (Pontiac): Bill Stevenson, Mon.-Sat.

MIAMI

Bonfire: Myrtle Jones, Bobby Kendricks.
Harbor Lounge: Guy Fasciani.
Yacht South Seas: Vince Lawrence.
Gaslight Cafe South: Pete Ponzol, wknds.
Rancher Lounge: Jazz Concerts, Ira Sullivan.
O'Riley's (Ft. Lauderdale): Tom Howard.
Jack Woods Oceania (Ft. Lauderdale): Andy Bartha.

CHICAGO

Baroque: Judy Roberts, Fri.-Sat.
Celebrity Club: name groups, weekly.
Havana-Madrid: Bunky Green, wknds.
Hungry Eye: Three Souls, Mon.-Wed.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
London House: Cannonball Adderley to 9/24.
Earl Hines, 9/26-10/15. Jonah Jones, 10/17-29.
Dizzy Gillespie, 11/1-12.
Jack Mooney's: Allan Stevens-Mario Arcari, Fri.-Sat. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Nite-n-gale (Highwood): Ted Ashford, Fri.-Sat.
Office: Joe Daley, Mon.
Old Town Gate: Norm Murphy, Tue.-Sat. Jack Brown, Mon.
Panda: Gene Esposito, Tue.-Sat. Larry Novak, Sun.-Mon.
Playboy Club: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ron Elliston, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: unk.
Pumpkin Room: Dave Shipp, wknds. Joe Boyce, Tue.
Robin's Nest: The Organizers, wknds.
Stan's Pad: Jimmy Ellis, hb.
Web: Tommy Ponce-Judy Roberts, Mon.-Tue.
Whisky A-Go-Go: Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, 9/7-17. Sam & Dave, 9/21-30. Peaches & Herb, 10/5-14.
White Elephant: Jazz Prophets, Tue.
Yellow Unicorn: Dave Catherwood, Tue. eve., Sun. afternoon.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Redd Foxx, Tammi Terrell to 9/10. The Temptations, 9/19-24.
Bop City: Benny Wilson, hb.
Both/And: Modern Jazz Quartet, 9/18-24. Wes Montgomery, 10/3-8. John Coltrane Workshop, Sun.
C'est Bon: Chris Ibanez-Vernon Alley.
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.
El Matador: Wes Montgomery to 9/16. Juan Serrano, 9/18-10/7.
Haight-Levels: Smiley Winters, Bay Area Quintet, Souny Lewis.
Half Note: George Duke, hb.
Holiday Inn (Oakland): George Fletcher, wknds.
Hungry i: Clyde Pound, hb.
Jack's of Sutter: Terrell Prude. Sessions, Sat.-Sun.
Jazz Workshop: Jimmy Witherspoon-Junior Mance to 9/10.
Jukebox: Norman Williams, hb. Sessions, Sat.-Sun.
Just Fred's: Abe Batat.
Little Caesar: Mike Tillis.
Luther's Off-Plaza: Modern Afro-Jazz Quartet, hb.
Nob Hill Room (Mark Hopkins Hotel): Jean Hoffman, hb.
Pier 23: Bill Erickson, wknds. Sessions, Sun.
Playboy Club: Al Plank, hb.
Trident Club (Sausalito): Teddy Wilson to 9/17. George Duke, Sounds of Synanon, Mon.
Villa Roma: Primo Kim.
Weekender: Jason Holiday.

BOSTON

Chez Freddie: Maggie Scott, Eddie Stone.
Connolly's: name groups weekly.
Driftwood: Jefftones.
Eliot Lounge: Don A'Lessi.
Estelle's: name groups weekly.
Flying Dutchman (Hyannis): Mamie Lee and the Swingmen.
Hunt Club (Falmouth): Sal Perry.
Jazz Workshop: name groups weekly.
Kismet Lounge: Ronnie Gill.
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: Earl Hines to 9/10.
Maridor: Al Vega.
Village Green: Dick Creedon; guests.

NEW ORLEANS

Back Stage Lounge: Frankie Ford.
Bistro: Pibe Hine, Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer.
Famous Door: Roy Liberto.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry.
Golliwog: Armand Hug.
International Theatre Restaurant: Sam Cohen.
Jazz Corner: Willie-Tee.
Joe Burton's: Joe Burton.
Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelsson.
Paddock Lounge: Ernest Holland, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Bill Newkirk, Joe Morton.
Red Garter Annex: George Lewis, Sun. afternoon.
Sho-Bar: Don Suhor.
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson, Sat.
Top of the Mart: Paul Guma.
Your Father's Moustache: Jim Liscombe, Sun.

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