NOVEMBER 2, 1967 35c

# down beat

THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

## VIEWS OF ORNETTE COLEMAN

## HARRY CARNEY
By Rex Stewart

## MONTEREY IN PICTURES

## LAUREL JAZZ FESTIVAL

## CANNONBALL ADDERLEY
Blindfold Test

READERS POLL BALLOT INSIDE
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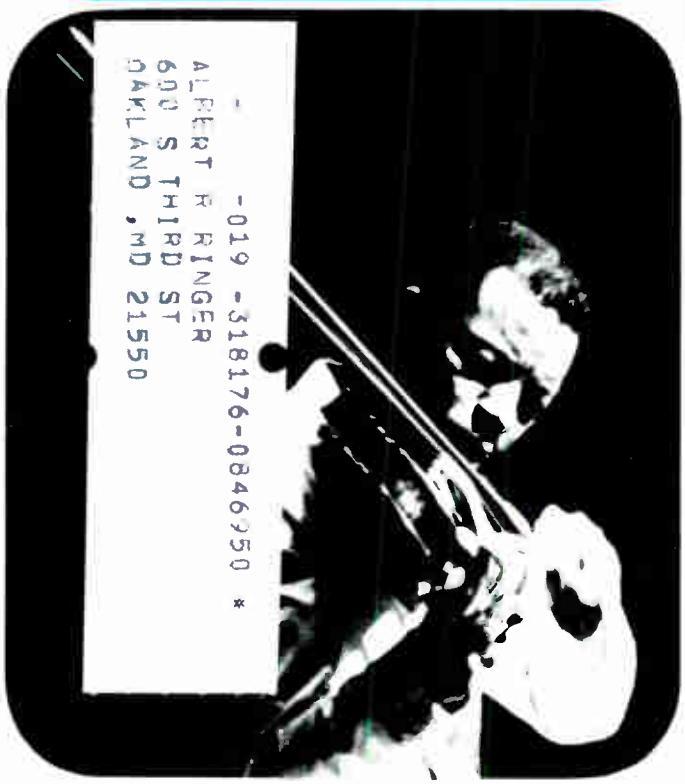



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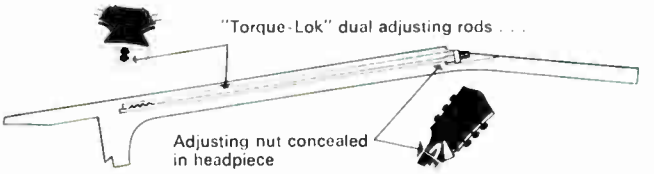


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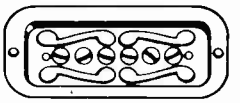

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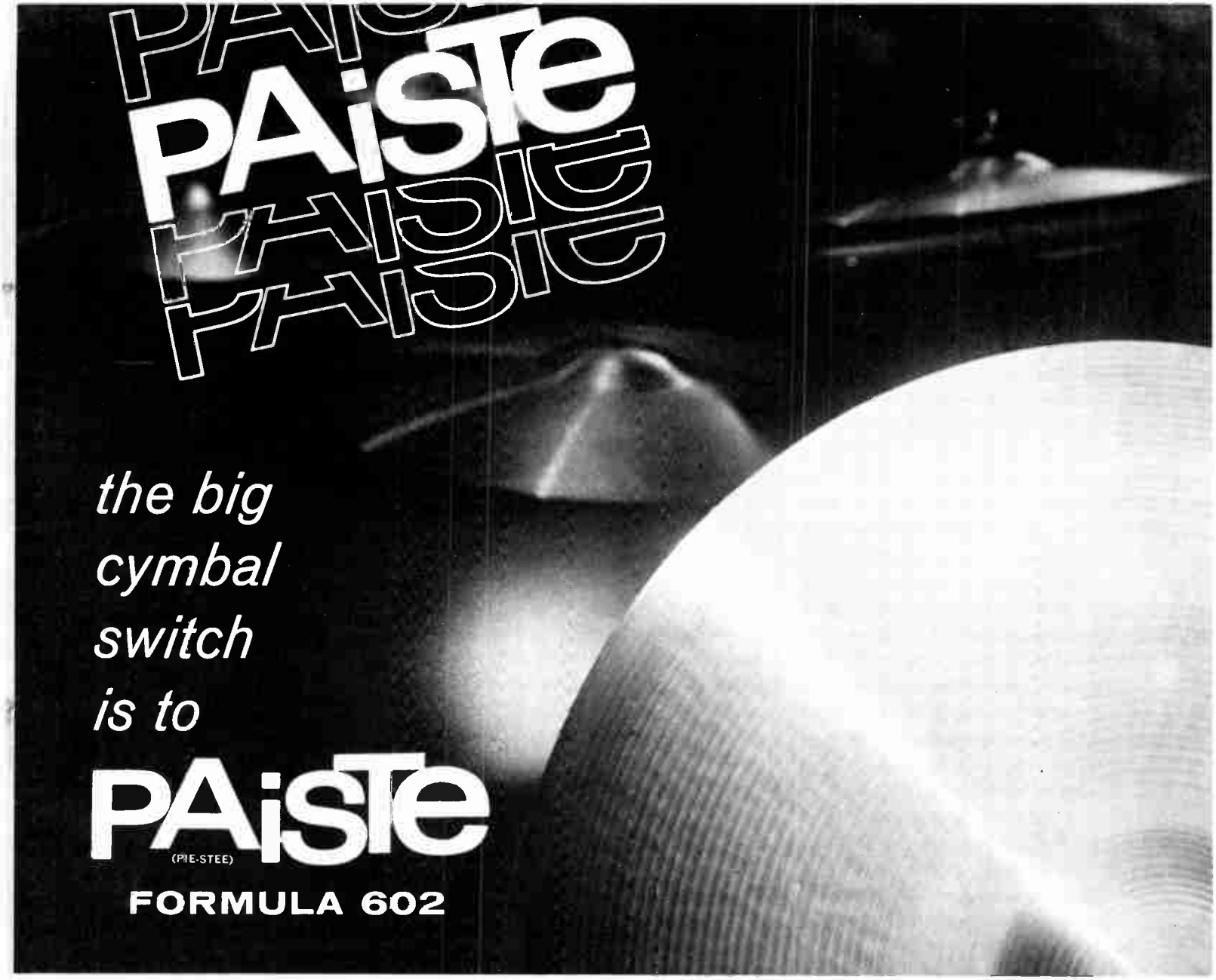


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November 2, 1967 Vol. 34, No. 22

# down beat

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## contents





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# **Gibson,** the workingman's guitar.


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# CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

## Blues For Hawk

I have grown up with the music of Coleman Hawkins and of course agree with Dan Morgenstern that he is a giant. Anyone who can evolve with jazz the way he has and grow in stature with every new innovation deserves the title.

However, I must take issue with *Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Gleason* (*DB*, Sept. 21).

I attended the next to last session of *Jazz at the Philharmonic* at the Carter Barron Amphitheater in Washington and was crushed by Hawkins' performance.

It consisted of (only) three tunes. Each tune was attacked the same way—little 2½ measure phrases, evenly spaced as if he were trying to feel his way. He was backed by the Oscar Peterson Trio, and the real pro was Peterson, who did his best to cover up Bean's seeming inability to perform. I thought at first that it was a put-on; it was a rainy, muggy night and audience, instruments, and performers were quite soggy. We were halfway back in the stands but even at that distance I could see a somewhat bewildered or "out of it" look on Hawkins' face. He received no standing ovation, but a smattering of puzzled applause.

It was a very unhappy night for me.

M. Sigmund Shapiro
Baltimore, Md.

## Szabo Makes Him Boil

I mourned Strayhorn and Trane. And now I am in the process of mourning Brubeck's separation from the scene. Then all of a sudden a string plucker (Szabo) says "jazz is dead." This cat obviously is not hipped to jazz, except to Chico (Hamilton), who is a commercialized drummer, and to the Beatles, who he seems to be comparing with jazz.

Do you know, Szabo, who Manitas De Plata is?

I've been addicted to jazz since the age of 16. Presently, I am 23, and you, Szabo, come out of your trip saying: "If they would only open their minds. . . ."

If you would only shut your mouth and open your ears (probably covered with hair), you'd change your mind.

Luciano Rodriguez
New York City

## Pop Plea

As long as you are covering pop performers, will you please, as a service to those of us who haven't the patience to wade through *all* the amateurish noises on record, conduct a poll of the same international *jazz* critics you ask for jazz choices and find out which pop groups and soloists they prefer? Will you please also ask them to name 2 or 3 "good" records or tracks by each?

Willis Conover
Monterey, Calif.

*DB plans to publish a comprehensive rock discography.*

# Sound Facts about Guitars and Amplifiers

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## McFarland Fans

In *Confessions of a Non-purist* (*DB*, Sept. 21), Gary McFarland made a point I was so glad to read. It's about time someone said something about this business of categorizing music. At various times I've read record reviews in which the reviewer pans a record he does not consider to be jazz.

To show this, he points out this or that aspect of the record which makes it non-jazz. The emphasis seems to be more on whether or not the recording is real jazz than whether it is good or bad.

I think some of these reviewers are very narrowminded, and I'm sure they would enjoy music much more if they didn't just listen for all the small technical points, and (took) the music for what it is.

Lynn Markert
Van Nuys, Calif.

I'm sure Gary McFarland is right when he says that rock, jazz, folk, and country music are all coming together.

Although I consider myself a country singer-songwriter, one of my greatest thrills was being onstage with Fats Domino as he sang *You Win Again* with every bit of feeling that Hank Williams could have intended. Knowing that McFarland digs him, I almost feel close to jazz.

J. David Houser
North Palm Beach, Fla.

## Bronx Cheer

There has been an excessive amount of controversy concerning jazz and what it really is. Recently, a discussion arose pertaining to the New York Randall's Island Jazz Festival. An associate of mine urged that I attend this really "hip" affair. I informed him that the personnel, aside from a few artists, was not, to this listeners ears, authentic. He promptly informed me that I was not open to all styles of jazz. This bothered me tremendously, for I consider myself a very openminded listener.

Although very much against commercialism, I will try to evaluate what a musician tries to get across; any musician. Performers the likes of Richard (Groove) Holmes, Les McCann, etc. do not lay me out. They have a large following who will disagree. But in New York, where there is an abundance of "together" musicians who paid their dues and are still paying, a festival should open its arms, and the ears of many so-called jazz fans, to jazz musicians who have something to say. Musicians the likes of Kenny Dorham, Jackie McLean, Wynton Kelly, etc., who use unsung sidemen such as Billy Higgins, Reggie Workman, and Chick Corea.

. . . The commercial tag will fill the producers' pocket, but will it help jazz?

Jim Brown
Bronx, N.Y.

## Fair Question

Can't John S. Wilson tell Gene Taylor from Richard Davis? Obviously he can't, as witness his review of Tony Scott (DB, Sept. 21).

(name witheld)
New York City

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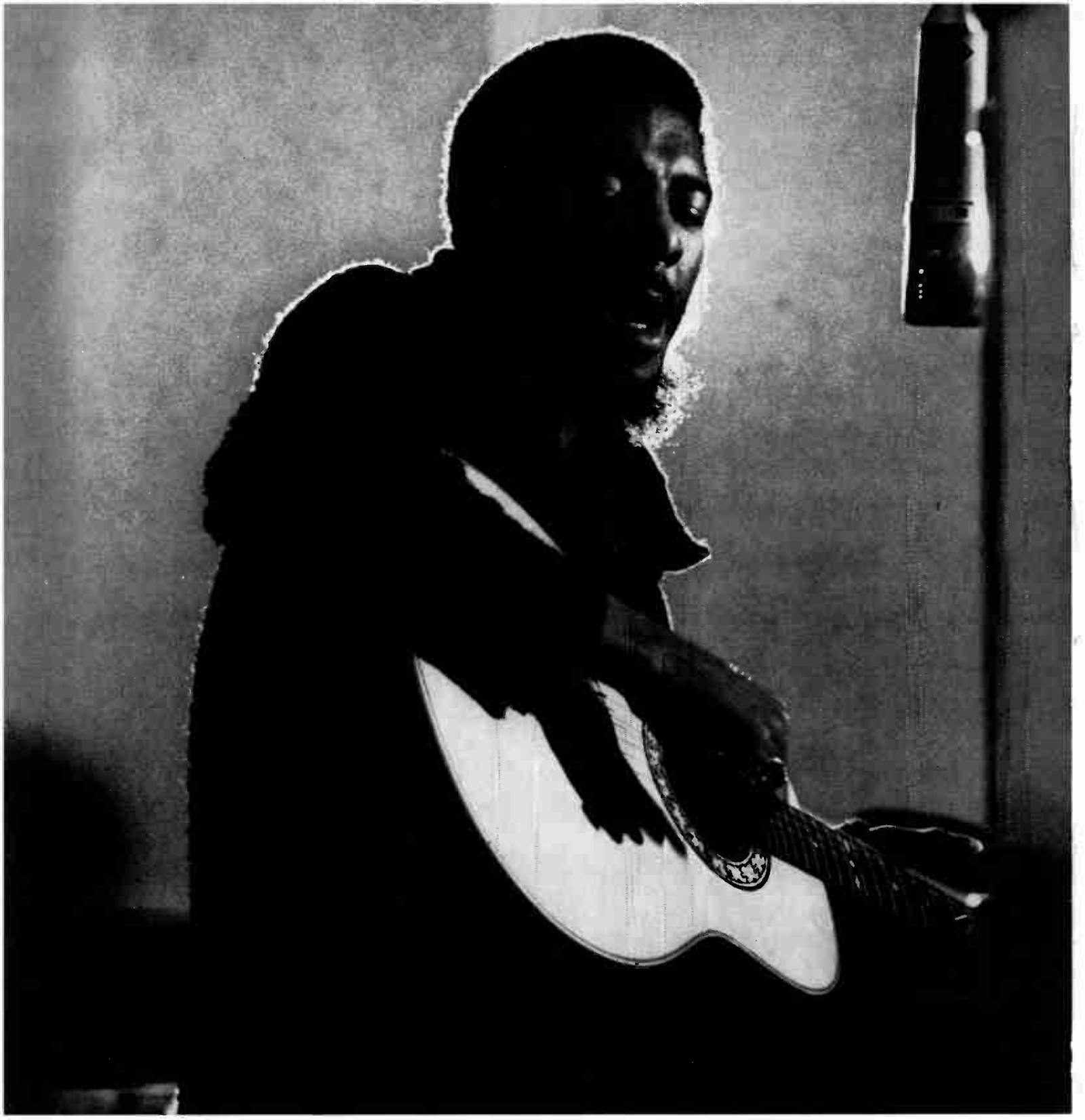

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## NEW YORK CITY REPEALS INFAMOUS CABARET CARD

New York's hated cabaret card is no more.

On the morning of Sept. 25, New York Mayor John V. Lindsay signed a repeal of the 36-year-old cabaret card statute requiring all entertainers and other nightclub employees who deal directly with the public to carry identity cards. Mayor Lindsay, who had spoken out against the card before the City Council in 1961, and who had made its abolition one of his campaign promises in 1965, expressed personal satisfaction and happiness over the results.

Although there has been opposition to the cabaret card for many years, the actual demise began July 11, when City Councilmen Michael J. Lazar and Edward L. Sadowsky introduced a bill calling for repeal of sections of the Administrative Code. Lazar had called abolition of the card "an overdue bill of rights." License Commissioner Joel J. Tyler had termed the card "nothing more than a carryover from the Prohibition Era and no longer relevant in this year of 1967" when his office ended the practice of fingerprinting cabaret employees several months earlier.

On Sept. 12, the City Council voted 35 to 1 in favor of repeal. The Sept. 7 session, an all-day hearing, was marked by testimony from some 20 witnesses, including Al Knopf of the AFM, Penny Singleton of AGVA, actor-singer Theodore Bikel, attorney Maxwell T. Cohen, who led legal battles against the card for a decade, and Village Gate owner Art D'Lugoff.

Before the Council voted at the second session, Lazar read a telegram from Frank Sinatra thanking the Councilman for his action. Sinatra has refused to appear in New York for many years because of the card requirement. Many prominent jazz artists have been harassed by this law over the years. Among those who suffered most from it were Billie Holiday, who was unable to work in New York clubs during her last years of life, and comedian Richard (Lord) Buckley, who died of a heart attack shortly after his card had been rescinded.

The signing of the bill came just before the Sept. 30 date when all cabaret employees would have been required to renew their cards.

## FANTASY RECORDS SOLD; NO POLICY CHANGE SEEN

Fantasy and Galaxy records, pioneer San Francisco labels, and their affiliated publishing companies have been sold to a group headed by Saul Zaentz, longtime Fantasy executive.

Fantasy was founded by brothers Sol and Max Weiss, with an assist from Dave Brubeck, in the late '40s, and was the first label to record Brubeck, Cal Tjader, Odetta, Bola Sete, Mongo Santamaria, Vince Guaraldi, and Lenny Bruce.

In recent years the label, through its subsidiaries, has been a factor in the r&b field, with records by Little Johnny Taylor, Rodger Collins, the Merced Blue Notes, organist Merl Saunders, and others.

Zaentz said he planned to release eight LPs in October and November, including new albums by Wes Montgomery, Guaraldi, Sete, and Taylor.

"Fantasy, which has always been known for its initiative in discovering new artists, will continue to concentrate in this field," Zaentz said. "Headquarters will remain in the San Francisco bay area."

The Zaentz group which made the purchase includes record distributors in Philadelphia, Newark, Detroit, Chicago, and Los Angeles.

## FRISCO'S JAZZ WORKSHOP GETS NEW MANAGEMENT

The Jazz Workshop, San Francisco's oldest jazz club, has been bought by Lou Ganapoler from Mrs. Arthur Auerbach, widow of the attorney who founded the club 11 years ago.

Ganapoler, who left an acting career with the American Theater Wing in 1951 to manage New York's Village Vanguard for his friend Max Gordon, has been a San Francisco area resident for the last six years. He came there to manage the Trident, a Sausalito waterfront club owned by the Kingston Trio organization. He initiated a jazz policy at the club, and booked a number of artists who had not previously appeared in the bay area.

Ganapoler said he "most definitely" will continue the Workshop as a jazz room. "We'll be bringing in the best jazz and blues we can obtain," he promised. "Not just the big names, but new and promising groups, too."

His first bookings included groups led by Denny Zeitlin, Ornette Coleman, Willie Bobo, John Handy, and Jimmy Smith.

Ganapoler will continue as manager of the Trident, where pianist Teddy Wilson's trio was scheduled to follow a month by vibist Gary Burton's quartet.

The new owner plans to close the club for two weeks near year's end for remodeling. In the meantime, he has had the room scrubbed (it even *smells* clean), has improved the sound system, realigned the seating, and removed the collection of rather dismal paintings from the walls. The result has been to make the room appear larger and create a more relaxed air.

When Mrs. Auerbach, a former school teacher whose chief attention is her two young sons, put the club up for sale a few months ago, she received several offers from persons who wished to turn it into a topless or belly dance joint. She declined these in the hope the room could be maintained as a jazz club. Now, happily, her wish has been granted.

## U.S. VISIT PAYS OFF FOR GERMAN BROTHERS

Clarinetist Rolf Kuhn came to the United States this summer to perform as a member of the jazz group used in Gunther Schuller's opera *The Visitation,* presented

MARIA REHFUS-OBERLANDER

ROLF AND JOACHIM KUHN

as part of the Hamburg State Opera's guest program at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City.

Though this was a worthwhile undertaking for Kuhn (his colleagues in the group included trumpeter Dusko Goykovich and trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff), his primary reason for taking the trip was to appear at the Newport Jazz Festival with a quartet including his younger brother, pianist Joachim Kuhn.

The Newport appearance bore unexpected fruit. In the audience was a&r man Bob Thiele, who liked what he heard and signed the clarinetist to an Impulse re-

cording contract. The first album was recorded in New York, with bassist Jimmy Garrison and Italian drummer Aldo Romano backing up the brothers.

The younger Kuhn, 23, studied classical piano from the age of 6 but decided he wanted to become a jazz musician like his brother when he was 14. Prior to settling in West Germany, the young pianist made a name for himself in Eastern Europe, appearing at jazz festivals in Warsaw, Budapest, and Prague.

In the West, the pianist joined with his brother, Romano, and French bassist Beb Guerin. The quartet became a permanent group, sometimes adding trombonist Eje Thelin and/or tenor saxophonist Gato Barbieri to the personnel.

Rolf Kuhn is well remembered on the U.S. jazz scene. He came here in 1957, and worked with Benny Goodman, Urbie Green, Warren Covington, and his own quartet before returning to Germany in 1961. In those days, he played swing clarinet with bebop touches, but he became increasingly involved in the avant garde movement as the '60s progressed.

"I feel it was a natural evolution for me," he said. "I'm trying to find a new way for the clarinet through technical perfection and the new advances in music."

Kuhn said the avant garde jazz movement in Germany is growing, and that Ornette Coleman and the late John Coltrane are still the biggest influences. "The club scene is bad, but there are more and more concerts," he added.

The group that Kuhn said impressed him most during his visit, however, was the Miles Davis Quintet.

## EX-MUSICIAN OPENS NEW MANHATTAN JAZZ OASIS

When doubletalk, from the mouths of such experts as comedians Al Kelly and Cliff Nazarro, was a national fad years ago, "frammis" was a word quite often employed to signify nothing. According to Mel Wolfsont, a former bass trombonist, "It means nothing but it means everything." Specifically, to him, it signifies "an adult music room," for that is how he describes his new club, Frammis, located on 2nd Ave. at 64th St. in New York City.

The club is Wolfsont's dream come true. A native of Brooklyn who attended Juilliard, he played with the NBC Symphony in the late '30s and early '40s. In 1943 he went into the furniture business, eventually giving up the trombone. Later, he sold his prospering furniture operation and formed a necktie manufacturing company which he still operates.

A long-time jazz buff, Wolfsont saw an opportunity to fulfill his life-long ambition to run a supper club with a jazz policy. Although he no longer had the furniture company, he was still the landlord of the warehouse it had once occupied. Last February, he began renovation work, utilizing the designing experience he had garnered in the furniture business. With his own hands, he uncovered walls down to the brick, moved staircases, installed the wiring, and made a collage.

From the Metropolitan Opera House, he salvaged the famous 45-foot long bar, and a central lighting fixture from a corner of the Met's main hall. Euphoniums, peck horns, mellophones, and French horns from his own large collection were placed on the walls. Some of the larger horns were wired and became bar lamps.

The outside of Frammis is painted a rather garish yellow, but the inside is one of the most delightful, uniquely appointed supper clubs in New York.

The excellent sound system is employed only when the juke box is in use. The room's acoustics are extraordinarily good, and the sounds emanating from the well-located bandstand need no artificial boost.

The club, which opened July 5, does not yet have the cabaret license without which, due to a New York zoning law, it cannot employ horns or drums. Thus far, Wolfsont has featured guitarists Jimmy Raney, Joe Puma, and Howie Collins; vibist Joe Roland, and pianist Muriel Roberts. Guitarist Gene Bertoncini has been a frequent sitter-in. In fact, the room has become sort of a haven for plectrists. Tal Farlow is scheduled to open on Oct. 24.

When the cabaret license comes through, Wolfsont envisions booking artists like J. J. Johnson and Erroll Garner. He is also a jazz violin aficionado and would like nothing better than to hire Joe Kennedy, Jean-Luc Ponty, or Stephane Grappelly. One of his dreams is to recreate the Quintet of the Hot Club of France.

## NEW YORK TRADITIONAL JAZZ SOCIETY FORMED

A non-profit organization dedicated to the promotion of traditional jazz has been formed in New York City.

The New York Traditional Jazz Club held its first meeting and record-listening session Sept. 29 at the Jazz Record Center in Manhattan.

Planned activities of the NYTJC include presentation of concerts, programs of jazz films, lectures by jazz authorities, record listening sessions, a newsletter, radio programs, and a tape library.

Annual membership fee is $5. Interested readers can contact the organization by writing to New York Traditional Jazz Club, Suite 525, 111 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10006, or calling 212-964-4070 (days) or 278-3651 (evenings).

## FINAL BAR

Trumpeter Sidney De Paris, 62, died Sept. 13 in New York City of a liver ailment. He had been ailing for several years.

De Paris was born in Crawfordsville, Ind.; the son of a musician-showman who played trombone, guitar, and banjo and operated his own traveling musical shows, in which Sidney began to appear at an early age alongside his older brother, trombonist Wilbur De Paris.

In 1924, he came to Washington, D. C., with Sam Taylor's band, and two years later joined Charlie Johnson's band in New York, which at various times included such notables as trombonist Jimmy Harrison and saxophonist Benny Carter. De Paris stayed with Johnson until 1931, when he went with McKinney's Cotton Pickers and subsequently with Don Redman, with whom he worked through 1936.

During the next few years he gigged in New York and then joined Benny Carter's big band in 1940. In 1943, he formed a band with his brother which disbanded in 1945 but was reorganized two years later; from 1950 to 1962, the band, now under Wilbur De Paris' name, enjoyed a record-long run at Jimmy Ryan's on 52nd Street.

The trumpeter continued to work with his brother after Ryan's was torn down; in recent years, however, he played only sporadically.

SIDNEY DE PARIS

Though in the latter part of his career Sidney De Paris was mainly associated with traditional jazz, he was in fact a swing trumpeter of uncommon distinction.

His style was characterized by very personal phrasing with unusual accentuation of off-beats. He was particularly inventive with mute and growl effects. Critic Hugues Panassie has said of him: "At his best, he has practically no competition." In later years he also took up the tuba, which he played with a lightness not often associated with the instrument.

Among De Paris' outstanding records are *The Boy in the Boat* (Johnson); *Miss Hannah* (McKinney); *Nagasaki* (Redman); *Old Man Blues, Wild Man Blues, Nobody Knows the Way I Feel This Morning, Jazz Me Blues* (Sidney Bechet); *Royal Garden Blues* (Edmond Hall); *Victory Stride, After You've Gone* (James P. Johnson); *I've Found A New Baby, Change of Key Boogie* (De Paris Bros.); *The Martinique* (Wilbur De Paris), and *The Call of the Blues* (own group).

Alto saxophonist-teacher Boots Mussulli, 51, died Sept. 23 of cancer in Pondville Hospital, Norfolk, Mass.

Born Henry W. Mussulli in Milford, Mass., he began studying clarinet at 12. He worked with many Boston bands, including Mal Hallett, and replaced Irving Fazola in Teddy Powell's orchestra in 1942.

Mussulli worked with Stan Kenton from 1944 to 47, after which he was with Vido Musso, Gene Krupa, and Charlie Ventura (also playing baritone saxophone) until rejoining Kenton in 1952.

From the mid-50s, he was mainly active

as a teacher, both privately and in the school system of his native Milford. He also made a concert tour with Kenton, worked with pianist Toshiko and the Herb Pomeroy Band in Boston, organized college concerts with his own groups, and ran a jazz club in Milford.

He appeared at the 1967 Newport Jazz Festival as director of a 60-piece concert band from Milford, which was highly praised by critics.

A big-toned player who tastefully combined mainstream and bop influences, Mussulli was featured on many vintage Kenton records, including *Intermission Riff* and *Concerto To End All Concertos.* He also recorded with Musso, Ventura, Pomeroy, Serge Chaloff, Toshiko, and under his own name in the *Stan Kenton Presents* album series. He leaves his widow and four daughters.

Pioneer disc jockey Martin Block, '64, died Sept. 19 in Elmwood Hospital, N.J., after undergoing surgery.

Block was a staff announcer on New York's WNEW in 1935 when he was assigned to fill in air time between reports from the courtroom during the sensational Lindbergh kidnapping trial. On Feb. 3, he began to play phonograph records between trial bulletins, and within days he had a sponsor.

Thus Block's famous *Make-Believe-Ballroom* and the disc-jockey concept were born. The *Ballroom* continued on WNEW until 1954 when Block switched to the ABC network. Since 1961, he had been conducting a weekly program, *Hall of Fame,* on station WOR in New York.

During the Swing Era, Block played an important role in popularizing the big bands. His *Harlem on Saturday Night* segment of the *Ballroom* concentrated on jazz, and he often featured studio jam sessions with top name players. He was also instrumental in organizing the 1938 marathon *Swing Jamboree* at Randalls Island Stadium. In later years, his programs consisted entirely of pop music.

## STRICTLY AD LIB

***New York:*** WABC-FM disc jockey **Alan Grant,** who has run jazz sessions in different parts of town, recently inaugurated two new scenes, one uptown and one midtown. Uptown, at the Club Baron Theatre Room, 132nd St. & Lenox Ave., there have been Sunday sessions, but at pressstime there was the possibility of a shift to Mondays. The midtown scene is La Martinique on West 57th St. where a Thursday series began Sept. 21 with tenor saxophonist **Lucky Thompson's** octet (**Ray Copeland,** trumpet; **Al Gibbons,** alto sax; **Pete Clark,** baritone sax; **Benny Powell** and **Julian Priester,** trombones; **John Hicks,** piano; **Bill Davis,** bass; **Leo Morris,** drums . . . ESP records held an invitational premiere of its fall releases at the Channel One Theater in early September. **Sun Ra** and his **Solar Arkestra** and alto saxophonist **Charles Tyler's** trio were among the ESP groups participating . . . Trumpeter **Donald Byrd** and alto saxophonist **Lee Konitz** headed a quintet including pianist **Chick Corea,** bassist **Miroslav Vitous,** and drummer **Joe Chambers** at La Boheme. Clarinetist **Tony Scott's** group followed. Vitous also worked with pianist **Toshiko** in a Sunday afternoon Jazz Interactions session at the Red Garter . . . The **Albert Ayler** Quintet did a week at Slugs' . . . Tenor saxophonist **Clifford Jordan** took an octet to Baltimore for the Left Bank Jazz Society, and also did a week at the newly reopened Coronet in Brooklyn, with a quartet featuring pianist **Ronnie Mathews,** bassist **Wilbur Ware,** and drummer **Walter Perkins.** Ware took a week off from his regular gig with **Elvin Jones** at Pookie's Pub . . . Bassist **Al Cotten** has been leading a quartet at Pookie's Monday night sessions. Sitting in is invited . . . *Jazz on a Saturday Afternoon* continued at the East Village In with the quartet co-led by alto saxophonist **Sonny Red** and pianist **Bobby Timmons,** followed by trumpeter **Kenny Dorham's** quartet . . . **Jeremy Steig** and his **Satyrs** held forth at the Dom on St.

/Continued on page 36

# IN SORROW AND ANGER

## *Feather's Nest*

By LEONARD FEATHER

ABOVE AND beyond the grief, there was a pervasive air of discomfort at the Angelus Funeral Home. Rex Stewart Jr. had quoted the passage in his father's will that called for no mourning, urging his friends to eat, drink, and be merry.

That was the way Rex wanted it; and later on, at the Elks' Hall around the corner from the funeral home, some of those present did their best to respect his wishes.

The musicians who played, some who took part in that sad, lonely *Mood Indigo* at the funeral home and some who livened things up at the Elks', were all friends who had a common respect for Rex as man and musician: Barney Bigard, Bob McCracken, Edgar Hayes, Nellie Lutcher, Jesse Price, Dick Cary, and half a dozen more.

The passing of Rex Stewart came at an ironically inapt time in his life. Though the gigs were still neither numerous nor lucrative, he had found a new career, a new lifeline to the music he loved, through the medium of journalism. I doubt that anything could have compensated entirely for the infrequency of his opportunities for personal musical expression, but as long as the pen proved handier than the horn, it was something to live for. More, it was something for which he developed a genuine talent.

I had never known Rex intimately. During most of his Ellington years an ocean separated us. Later, it was I who lived in America and Rex who was either overseas or hidden away in some small town upstate, trying to stay close to music by playing the role of disc jockey.

Later on, after we had both moved to California in 1960, and as our contacts grew more frequent, I learned a little more about the quiet pride and dignity of this many-talented man. I felt a helpless anger at the society that had paid him so meagerly for his contribution to the art of jazz.

What struck me most forcibly about Rex was that despite the sometimes brusque or silent manner, despite the bitterness that must have seethed beneath it when jobs became virtually impossible to find, he never indulged himself by acting out, playing out, or even writing out his hostilities.

In the very early days, Rex and Bix Beiderbecke were mutual admirers; there was no sense of competition between them. Essentially a kind and generous man, he subscribed not to the doctrine that two wrongs make a right, but rather to the belief that in the final analysis individuality determines human strengths and weaknesses.

Where others might have used their typewriters to spew out rancor, Rex invariably put his gifts as a writer to constructive use. For the past year or two, when we were colleagues, fellow-contributors to the Los Angeles *Times,* I read every word he wrote for the paper and rarely, if ever, saw a review that was less than kind. If he had reservations about a fellow artist, he expressed them in such oblique and gentle terms that you had to read between the lines very carefully to find even a trace of them.

Characteristically, one of the last pieces he wrote was a warm, affectionate tribute, in *Down Beat,* to a musician he had admired through the decades: Red Norvo.

It is with a sense of futility that one looks back now on the last years of Rex Stewart. His frustrations wound up in that vicious circle so common to the older jazzman no longer in vogue: the fewer the chances to play, the less prepared his chops; the more flawed his level of performance, the more reluctant others would be to hire him.

He played his last few gigs on Sunday afternoons in Studio City, Calif., along with his old Ellington colleague, Barney Bigard, another of the overlooked heroes of our music. There was a cold irony in the name of the club, Wit's End.

How many more times will a pioneer artist jazzman be confronted by a society obsessed with novelty, by a generation of youths who believe that the history of jazz began in 1960 with Ornette Coleman? How many more such ignoramuses will fail to attend a concert by men who could show them where it was, and where it had to be, before it got to where it is today?

The answer, my friends, is blowing in their horns — in the horns of our neglected idols, who grow fewer and more precious as the days go by. db

JEAN-PIERRE LELOIR

# 'ROUND THE EMPTY FOXHOLE

*Opinion by Ornette Coleman, Pete Welding, Shelly Manne, & Cannonball Adderley*

Not long after **The Empty Fox Hole**, Ornette Coleman's latest record, was released, we received a call from Coleman, who said he was concerned that the public should understand why he had used his 10-year-old son, Denardo, as the drummer on the date. Before his statement of clarification and Pete Welding's review of the album arrived, two **Blindfold Test** subjects, Shelly Manne and Cannonball Adderley, commented on individual tracks from the album. Feeling that these varied opinions would be more interesting in context than in isolation, we have combined them here. The intention is not to revive controversy about Coleman's music, but to show how diversified can be the opinions of the artist, the reviewer, and two musician-listeners about a given work of art.—**Ed.**

## *Coleman:*

America has wealth, scientists, and artists, but not any of them can help the country if they are fighting the people who are less fortunate in social growth. American business and art life put art in the role of business mistress. If science in America were real estate, we would have a very beautiful country and a very modern one.

Whatever life one can make for himself, past, present, and future happiness is always the goal. What is time? Who can know all? Why must we kill one another to live longer?

Whoever has had his life affected by evil knows the pain one can suffer from the need of peace. Whoever you are, how your parents came to America—whether as slaves, orphans, wealthy or poor—we all know we came to a land where social domination wasn't the human law for any certain race, and to this very day, those who feel that social domination is affecting their lives are trying to find a way of freeing their lives.

The one thing that is hard for anyone to do is to create a value in a society without having a place of their choice in that society. Americans do allow one to sell anything that can be of use to whoever wishes to buy the object. The one problem is: why must the people who must work for the power society of America feel their children shouldn't rebel against the society? The kids are rebelling because they have learned that America has made the white, the black, the rich, the poor kid each an orphan unto himself, and this reason alone has created the most searching stage of youthful expression.

My son Denardo at 10 has made an LP entitled *The Empty Fox Hole*, with Charlie Haden playing bass. The title tune was conceived when I got back from Europe. Denardo and I tried it out the day I wrote it in Los Angeles. The other five compositions were written when he came to spend his summer vacation in New York. We finished the record a week before he had to return.

I had played with him when he was 9, and wanted to make the record then, but time and other conditions delayed it. This is the first record I've ever made in which the word art to me meant something special, because not only did I feel the joy playing with someone who hasn't had to care if the music business or musicians or critics would help or destroy his desire to express himself honestly, but the fact that he got paid and is helping to sell the record for me and the record company hasn't meant anything to him, because he doesn't know about these things yet, or about the problem of music ego in men. He has had lessons and reads music very well.

Whatever his reason for making the record, I am sure he felt he could and wanted to, with me or without me, which brings to my mind: how and what must he who has lived with the achievement of established critics and musicians do truly to let those who have found the gift of expression, regardless of age, not be destroyed by our desire to exploit them and make their talent a tool of means.

I am very sad to have to sell my son's talent without his knowing the life this type of existing might make of him, as a man to be. If art can exist, it must be from the heart, and in all things, to be pure in heart is the true way to God. db

**Ornette Coleman**

THE EMPTY FOXHOLE—Blue Note 4246 and 84246: *Good Old Days; The Empty Foxhole; Sound Gravitation; Freeway Express; Faithful; Zigzag.*

Personnel: Coleman, alto saxophone, trumpet, violin; Charlie Haden, bass; Ornette Denardo Coleman, drums.

Rating: ★★★★½

Six or seven years ago an English jazz magazine carried a photograph of Ornette in which his young son toyed playfully with the alto hanging from his father's neck. Young Denardo has come far in the intervening years, and here we have his recording debut—on drums—with his father.

According to Ornette Sr.'s notes, the youngster has been playing drums for four years; his age is 10. His playing, to give the youth his due, is more than respectable; it's nothing earth-shattering, but, on the other hand, there are few 10-year-olds who can claim the musical awareness and sensibility that Denardo displays in his performance here. He works well with this music. His drumming, while occasionally heavy-handed and lacking in inventiveness, is remarkably free of cliches; in fact, it is quite open and responsive to his father's playing. And he draws a quite broad range of colors from his drum kit.

What I particularly like about his participation is the sense of space in the music. Much of the rhythmic play of the music is either implicit (a great deal of the time) or else carried forcefully by Haden, who turns in a magnificent job here.

Thus, Denardo is freed to set up a bombardment of rhythmic counterpoint, which he does fairly interestingly and consistently. As a result, the music possesses a great deal of movement and a real sense of discovery, of surprise—*Freeway Express* offering a particularly exciting sample of this. And the rhythmic displacements laid down behind the gently melancholic alto statement on *Faithful* add a new dimension to the piece, tending to shatter the rhythmic regularity of the horn work.

But the drummer is only one of three spirits at work in this music. Ornette fans, of course, will welcome the disc on several counts: it is the altoist's first studio date in some years, it reunites Haden with him, and it introduces half a dozen new compositions, several of them extraordinarily attractive. *Good Old Days, Faithful,* and *Zigzag* are alto pieces; *Empty Foxhole* and *Freeway* employ trumpet; and *Gravitation* is a violin showcase.

*Days* is a speech-inflected composition—the thematic phrase seems to derive from the pronunciation of the title—that has much of the feeling of the Texas blues about it, as well as employing a kind of distended blues structure.

Coleman's alto work is bristling and full of energy, its effectiveness deriving as much from the lovely liquid sound he gets from the horn as from the thematic development in the improvisation.

The album title piece is brief, slightly more than three minutes in length, and consisting in the main of little more than a capitulation of the forlorn trumpet theme, a poignant suggestion of military "taps."

Under its long phrases, however, Haden and drummer Coleman set up some interesting tensions, the bassist in particular providing much in the way of countermelodic and counterrhythmic excitement. A completely successful mood piece, not a little sardonic.

The violin selection employs any number of arresting tonal effects, and considerable textural density is built up among Coleman's bowing, Haden's alternate arco and plucked bass work, and Denardo's sensible accents. But the work in the end seems too much a catalog of unusual (and they're not even that unusual) string effects rather than a coherent piece of music.

It does demonstrate, however, that the three musicians were able to develop an uncanny rapport, for they think and breathe here as one three-headed beast.

To my way of thinking, the work of Denardo and Haden is considerably more interesting on *Freeway Express* than the leader's muffled trumpet explosions. The bassist and drummer really develop an interaction; their joint explorations, in fact, are among the rhythmic high points of the album. Haden is uncanny; he lights so many fires here! But Coleman's trumpet just fails to ignite.

*Faithful* is one of those touching alto laments that Coleman is so good at. The piece is full of an ardent tenderness (again tone is crucial to the conception), and the altoist develops his improvisation with a careful economy and deliberativeness. Some of the phrases seem sculptured, so precisely and emphatically are the notes placed in relation to the space that surrounds them. Lovely.

The elliptical quality that infuses the alto piece, *Zigzag,* is perfectly caught in Coleman's haikulike description printed in the liner notes:

*when one can't find*
*the straight line*
*they must zigzag*
*unless there is a circle.*

The theme is wry, witty, and the development as pithy and full of mordant humor as is the theme. Again, quite interesting rhythmic support contributes greatly to the sense of life that accounts for much of the piece's effectiveness.

An important album, despite the fact that it charts no new terrain. The music breathes, possessing conviction and a sense of inevitability. Above all, it's real, human. Positive, if you will. Hear it. —*Welding*

## *Manne:*

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

That is unadulterated s.... It sounds like I was standing in the middle of some kids' rehearsal hall and all these people were playing in different rooms. That's Ornette on trumpet and Charlie Haden on bass and a juvenile musical-delinquent on drums. As a drummer that kid will probably turn out to be a good carpenter, I mean if that's the way he's starting out.

To me, it's an insult to anyone's musical intelligence to put out an album like this. In the first place, any reservations I may have had about liking Ornette, maybe not liking some of the things or maybe liking some of the things, admiring him as a serious musician, went down the drain with this album. It's.... I don't even care to talk about it, I get too upset—musically upset.

If Ornette wants to play more than one instrument, he ought to go and listen to Victor Feldman's album, and learn how to play more than one instrument. You just don't pick up an instrument and start to play and because you are Ornette Coleman, it is immediately great—that's a lot of crap. And the kid, if he was my kid, I'd just let him go to school and forget about playing music right now, or just buy him a record player and play some old jazz records and let him find out what the hell it's all about.

I don't see why shock value has anything to do with jazz value—that's all this is. I think it's to shock the listener, who doesn't know what's happening, and because it sounds so primitive and so back-to-nature, they think it's something important, avant garde, and it's not.

I rate it minus five stars.

## *Adderley:*

**ORNETTE COLEMAN.** *Good Old Days* (from *The Empty Foxhole,* Blue Note). Coleman, alto saxophone; Charles Haden, bass; Ornette Denardo Coleman, drums.

Well, for Ornette, I'll give him five stars. I loved the way he played the saxophone, his own freedom of expression, his own rises and falls. I'd like to hear him record by himself, because I don't like what those other people are doing. I can't even identify with them. It's almost like interruptions to me. There was so much logic to that composition in what he was playing. Maybe one day I'd like to talk to him about making a record all by himself without other things—just go in and play and see what happens.

For him five stars, but for the record three.

PAINTING/ORNETTE COLEMAN

The 10th Monterey Jazz Festival was everything a jazz festival should be, from glorious weather to often glorious sounds. There was new music, there were new faces (new to American audiences, that is), there were reunions, there were surprises. And there was a genuine festival spirit.

Not everything was perfect, to be sure, and a detailed appraisal of all the music: great, good, indifferent, and weak, will be forthcoming in our next issue, along with some informal sidelights.

Here, as captured by the expert camera eye of Jim Taylor (a veteran of countless festivals) are some memorable glimpses of Monterey '67: the artists, the audience, and the men behind the scene. **—D.M.**

# MONTEREY IN

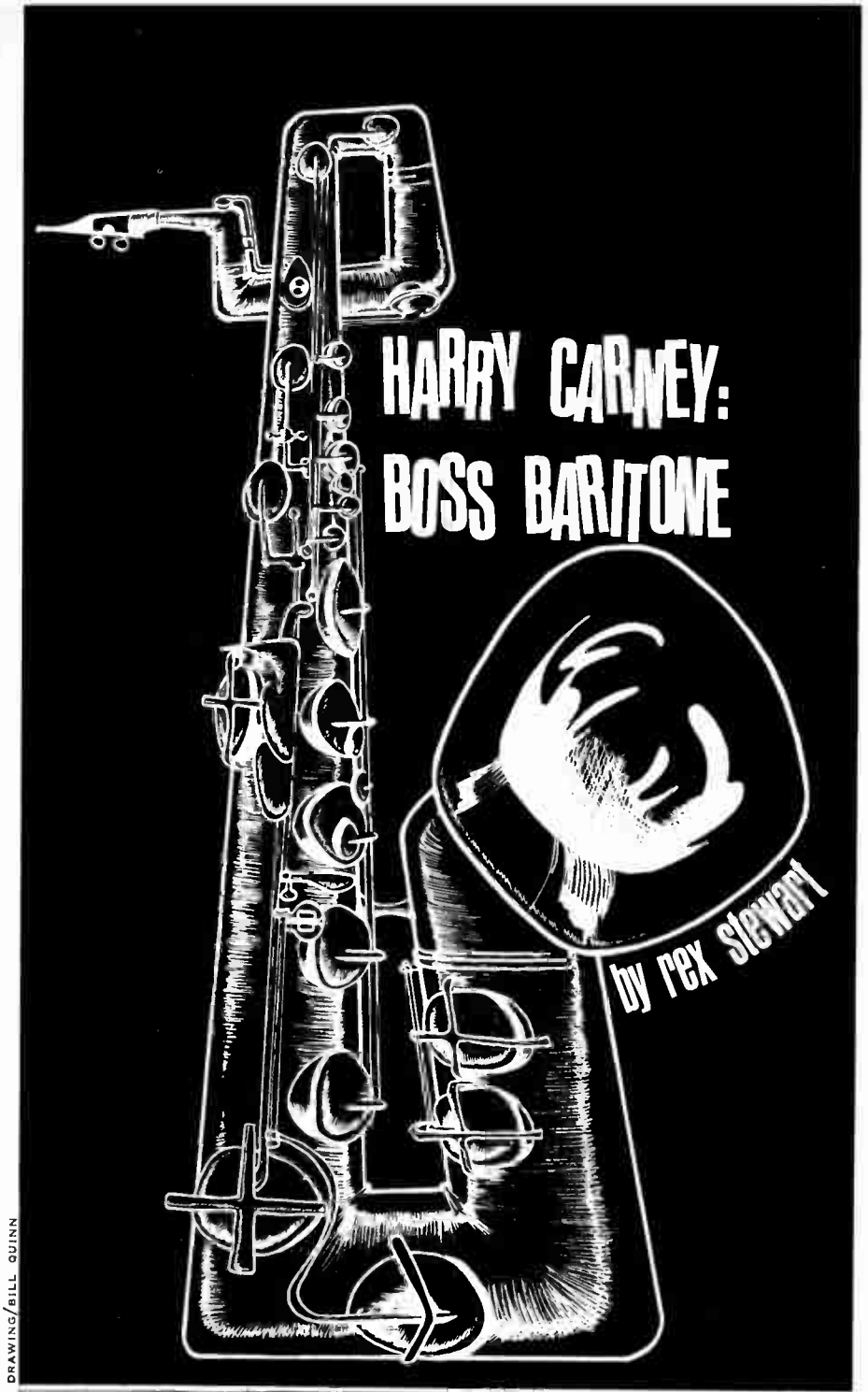
# PICTURES

**Photography by Jim Taylor**


Photos (clockwise): Young and old were turned on by Janis Joplin with Big Brother and the Holding Company on Saturday afternoon. Our fiddlers three are Jean Luc Ponty, Svend Assmussen, and Ray Nance. Fatha Hines hails his sterling saxophonist, Budd Johnson. Dizzy Gillespie's fabulous sit-in with the MJQ earns him a warm embrace from erstwhile alumnus John Lewis. Lewis again, in his role of festival music director, confers with producer Jimmy Lyons, while PR director Ernest Beyl makes a call. Feminine pulchritude was in evidence everywhere, not least at this conclave in the wings.

# HARRY CARNEY: BOSS BARITONE

by rex stewart



DRAWING/BILL QUINN

Harry Howell Carney is the name, and for more than 40 years his contributions to the world of jazz have earned him great fame and have made his name synonymous with the baritone saxophone. As a general rule, when an instrumentalist really makes it big, everybody tries to imitate him. However, Carney's conception is unique, so personalized that no one has been able successfully to copy his style or his famous sonority on the baritone saxophone. Therefore, Harry remains ensconced in the upper echelons and stands like a mountain in his field.

His saga begins in Boston, where he was a member of the Knights of Pythias boys band, playing clarinet. He proved so adept on this instrument that he acquired an alto saxophone as well and soon was proficient enough on both horns to attract the attention of Henry Sapro, a friend of the family. Sapro played banjo, and upon obtaining an engagement in New York, asked the Carney family if he could take young Harry along.

As a yearling, Harry was the personification of shyness and was most unworldly. Nevertheless, when the engagement ended, he elected to stay in New York. Thanks to the many proper Bostonians who had preceded him on the Harlem musical scene, Carney was well bodyguarded by such older fellows as Willie Lynch and Bobby Sawyer until he'd learned the ropes in the Apple.

During those times, good alto saxophones were in plentiful supply around the Rhythm Club, and strangely enough, quite a few of them were from Beantown and boyhood chums of Harry's. For example, there was Johnny (Little Caesar) Hodges and the gifted Charlie Holmes. Both of these chaps grew up in the same neighborhood as Harry. Then, there was Hilton Jefferson, another talented New Englander, who had come from Providence, R.I., with the Julian Arthur burlesque band and stayed on to compete in New York alongside a flock of other up-and-coming tooters who were setting the pace in Harlem—Benny Carter, Eugene Fields, and Russell Procope.

Our friendship began so long ago that neither Harry nor I is able to recall the exact date when we first met. However, we do both agree as to the circumstances, which occurred when we were both kids.

Somewhere between late 1923 and early 1924, I was a member of Leon Abbey's Savoy Bearcats, the house orchestra at the famous New York ballroom. As I recall, we were booked into a ballroom in Boston for a weekend. (This engagement sticks in my mind because it was the first time

that I had ever been in that city, and I was curious about the good people of Beantown.) Our drummer, Willie Lynch, was a Bostonian and had what seemed to us fellows an affected way of speech, with broad a's and other Britishisms. We all wondered if other Bostonians spoke this way too.

At the ballroom, we were a great success, and many of the local musicians were in attendance. Standing right in front of the bandstand was a tall, brown-skinned beanpole of a kid, who watched our clarinet star, Carmalito Jejo, with tremendous concentration. No one in the band paid any particular attention to the fellows around the bandstand, except to be amused at Jejo's admirer. We were all too busy winking and blinking at the pretty little girls while wondering about the blue laws of Boston.

The lawmen, according to rumor, were quite dedicated to preserving the public morals and worked vigorously to make certain that no hanky-panky or smooching took place. The way we heard it, if a fellow was caught in any compromising scene, there were only two alternatives—marry the girl or go to jail. This may or may not have been the law. I wouldn't know, being too much of a coward to have tested it.

In any case, after the dance, we were all introduced to Harry by George Tynes, whom we had known in New York. We headed for Shag Taylor's drugstore, that being the out-of-town musicians hangout (this being prohibition days), and Shag, if he was in a good mood, would pass out some fine soothing syrup.

The next time I saw Carney, he was in New York with Sapro for the engagement at the ill-fated Bamboo Inn, located on 7th Ave. in Harlem. Sapro's group was ousted by a fire that closed the joint—on opening night, as I recall. Meanwhile, Harry had taken to hanging out at the Rhythm Club, as did everybody else and his brother, to fraternize and hope for a gig at the same time. Carney and I played a lot of pool together in those days.

When Cecil Benjamin, our clarinetist with the Johnny Montague Band (of which I was then a member), took off without any warning, I called Harry for the gig, which was in a dancing school downtown on 23rd St. This job didn't last too long for either one of us, and neither Harry nor I recall whether we quit or were fired.

HARRY IS a bit hazy as to his exact activities following the Montague engagement, but I have the feeling it wasn't too much later that he joined Duke, for what has probably become the longest engagement any musician ever had with any bandleader.

Ellington's saxophone section at that time was composed of Otto Hardwicke, first alto, and Rudy Jackson, tenor, and Harry joined to play third alto and clarinet. I vaguely remember Bob Robinson taking the tenor saxophone spot for a while, but that can't have lasted very long. Band personnels were not very stable in those days, and fellows were constantly jumping from band to band. This was partly caused by the economics of the business—but most bandleaders were also constantly on the lookout to find better sidemen to strengthen their groups. Also, sometimes there was a personal reason for one bandleader's attempt to raid the band of another leader.

Most people have long ago forgotten the feud that used to exist between Elmer Snowden and Duke Ellington. The schism began after Snowden had brought Ellington to New York as his sideman and the young Duke subsequently wound up as leader of the same group. Thereafter, the rift grew wider every time they exchanged places on the Kentucky Club bandstand. Wherever Snowden played (during the years that I was with him), Duke would always turn up, and sometime during the evening (out of Elmer's hearing, of course), Ellington would go into his half-kidding, half-serious act. Duke would call aside one of the musicians (Jimmy Harrison for example) and the conversation was always the same—I can still quote it verbatim:

"So-and-so, when are you going to stop fooling around and join a *real* band?"

This was the spiel that Ellington laid on the three guys that he tried to win away—trombonist Harrison, tenor saxophonist Prince Robinson (also clarinet), and especially Joe Garland, whom Duke courted assiduously for his baritone stompability. Harry's role in this drama becomes apparent when it is known that both Harrison and Robinson did play with Duke for a short time, while Garland never succumbed.

**This is the last article submitted by Rex Stewart, whose death is a great loss to Down Beat. Fortunately, Stewart left a legacy of manuscripts, which will be edited and completed by his collaborator, Claire Gordon, and which we hope to publish in the future. —Ed.**

Ellington always wanted that depth of the baritone sound, so when he enlarged his group for the Cotton Club engagement, he immediately switched Carney to baritone.

Neither Harry nor Duke could have guessed that this casual arrangement would turn out to be a lifetime career, or that Harry's work on the baritone would become an international influence. Perhaps because of the structure of the instrument, with its not inconsiderable bulk and weight, there always has been a scarcity of really proficient performers. "The beast," as Johnny Barnes, the English baritone star, affectionately labels his instrument, does not have the general appeal to a budding musician that a smaller instrument like the alto or tenor has. One can just about count on two hands the outstanding individuals, stylewise, on the baritone—and have a few fingers left over.

Among those whom I feel worthy of mention was, of course, the exciting booting baritone man with Pops Snowden—Joe Garland, who well may have been the start of it all.* It was his sound that caused Duke to incorporate that sound, with Harry, in his band.

Then there was a very original fellow why played in pianist Willie Gant's band at the then new Small's Paradise, who I only remember as Horsecollar. This lad attacked his old Conn like he was a ferocious lion mangling his prey. Horsecollar was a strong, shouting player, but he lacked finesse. I can't ignore the artistry of Ernie Caceres, the Mexican-American virtuoso on the instrument. Also worthy of mention is Pepper Adams and the previously mentioned Johnny Barnes, who sparked the Alex Welsh Band with whom I toured England last summer. Another of the fellows who moves me is Bill Hood, who makes Los Angeles his home and can be heard in the section of many a television or motion picture group.

I've purposely saved mention of Gerry Mulligan for last because, as I see it, this ebullient elf of the instrument bridges the gap between yesterday and today. Mulligan, with his imagination, skill, and verve, has outpaced the majority of his fellows in many respects and is indeed a consummate artist. Nevertheless, standing like Horatio at the bridge, there's the figure of Harry Carney, who, to me, represents the ultimate on this horn.

MEASURED BY any scale of appraisal, Carney is quite a fellow, and in so many ways over and above his well-known musical capabilities. He is cultured, knowledgable, and also blessed with such an abundance of good nature that he enriches most scenes by his presence, a factor that has benefited the profession, Ellington, and himself. This attribute has been confirmed and proved by the vast multitude of friends and fans all over the world who regard Carney highly.

Under most circumstances, such a sweeping statement could be regarded with a jaundiced eye—or as a press agent's ploy for publicity. But in the case of Harry Carney, the truth is the light, and this chap emerges as a paragon of virtues. As a matter of fact, this profile posed problems, because Harry is an individual who lacks the human frailties that make up the color and personality of most musicians. What can one say about a man who always does his job in a most professional manner? Harry is the one who is first on the bandstand, tuning up his horn, and the last fellow to leave after the set (or the evening) is over having carefully packed up his instruments. Also, when Ellington's orchestra takes a break, it is Carney who smilingly chitchats with people from the audience, signs autographs, and briefs the fans as to where the band is headed or has arrived from.

As a reaffirmation of his regard for people, when the mood strikes him, he will get on the phone and spend hours calling all over the country to his friends. He carries several little address books with him, and his friends can expect to hear from Harry some time during the year, but certainly at Christmas time. It is rumored that Harry's Christmas card list numbers in the thousands.

Another of his pleasures (at least when I was also with Duke) was photography. Harry and Otto Hardwicke, the impec-

*Garland later became well known as an arranger, and as the composer of *In the Mood*.

cable former first saxophone player of the Ellington organization, had a mythical photographic firm with trunks of equipment—at least several thousands of dollars worth of enlargers, cameras, gadgets, and film—and were constantly involved in photography. Only the firm, for which cards were printed reading "Hardwicke and Carney—We Aim to Tease" or "Pick a Flock of Pickled Pictures. P.S. Bring Your Own Pickles, We're Pickled Enough Already," was nonexistent. They didn't make much money, but they had a lot of fun.

Developed in later years was another of Harry's hobbies, driving a big Imperial all over the country, usually accompanied by Duke. This, of course, was prior to the Ellingtons' really far-flung traveling schedule, which forced the organization to fly to most engagements, but when there's driving to be done today, Carney and Duke still team up.

If it is true that early environment shapes the individual, as I happen to believe, then it becomes clear why Carney developed into such a likable human being, since he is the product of a most harmonious household. I well remember how his parents always extended themselves in making Harry's band-buddies welcome every time we played Boston.

Harry's mother, a beautiful cook, would graciously put on a feast that even now makes my mouth water, especially those codfish balls, hot rolls, and baked beans, all of which she prepared so deliciously. And those would only be part of the feast. Usually, there would be homemade strawberry shortcake in summer, or chocolate layer cake in winter. In short, any member of the group who was ever exposed to the Carney hospitality has never forgotten it.

Every now and then, happenings serve as indications of a person's character, and one unforgettable incident occurred many years ago from which Harry, in my opinion, emerged a hero.

This took place during the period when Duke's band was a red-hot attraction in Canada, and we played in that country quite frequently. One time, we began with a two-week engagement at the famous Canadian exposition, went into Buffalo, and then immediately doubled back to Toronto. However, our re-entry bore no resemblance to our departure, which had been accompanied by worshipful fans and great good will.

This time, as we pulled into the station, there were no crowds lined up to greet us. Instead, there was a line of grim-faced Mounties, who were too involved in going through our special car with a fine-toothed comb to be their usual polite selves.

To this day, I don't know what they were seeking, really, but I do seem to have heard stories to the effect that there was a tip-off concerning marijuana. Harry, to my knowledge, had never trod that primrose path, but nevertheless they singled him out for a thorough interrogation. It took a hero to endure this unpleasantness and never point a finger at the brother who, by process of elimination, could well have been the culprit—if there really had been a guilty one.

CARNEY, IN HIS yearling days, was quite a trencherman, no doubt the result of the aforementioned skill of his mother in the cuisine department. Consequently, wherever the band happened to be playing—whether in Kansas City or Kokomo, Louisville or St. Louis—it was Harry who knew where to find the best food. And, even more important, what time the victuals were served.

I recall an incident that illustrates two things: how much fans think of Carney and how ingenious an empty stomach can make a fellow.

On one of the Ellingtonians' initial tours into the deep South, a snafu developed over the eating arrangements. We were traveling in style, with two Pullmans plus our own baggage car. According to the railroad setup, various dining cars were assigned to meet us at junctions, feed us, and return to the main line.

One night, we finished the job, entrained, and awakened the next morning eagerly awaiting breakfast. The train sped on—no stop, no diner—causing everybody to start beefing. Under the mounting tension, Ellington got himself up and spoke with the conductor, who halted the train at the next fair-sized town. Here, there was no restaurant in the station, and across the street the proprietor of the coffee shop refused to serve us.

Harry resourcefully consulted one of his little address books, telephoned ahead some 100 miles to a wealthy friend, explained the situation, and when we arrived at that town a tremendous meal was awaiting us.

In his younger days, Carney was in many ways just like his compatriots of those times—full of fun, vim, and vigor, especially in the sauce department. So it figures that he paid his dues, what with the hangups of being exposed to that old debbil road, accompanied by segregated accommodations, long-extended travel, bad food, and all the rest of it.

Lawrence Brown, Stewart, Tab Smith, and Carney at Stewart recording date for Keynote, 1944.

Yet, today he has the appearance of a man who has lived in nothing but comfort. It's a toss-up as to whether he's found that legendary fountain of youth or has formulated a philosophy that gives him that inner strength and serenity reflected in his youthful appearance. It is amazing that a man who has been playing uninterruptedly with Ellington since 1926 (and professionally at least three years before that) is so unmarked by time.

Harry is a rarity in so many ways. His career with Duke must set a record of some sort in the business for longevity. I personally don't know of any other individual who has remained in the same organization for such a span, always contributing, always the sturdy foundation on which the group depends.

It is also unusual to work with a fellow musician who possesses such a well-balanced outlook on life. In all the years that I have known Harry, I've never seen him lose his temper, although sometimes he has come close to doing so under extreme provocation. Somehow, he has always managed to retain control of himself.

Carney, a well-built fellow who stands about 5 feet, 11 inches, possesses almost unbelievable stamina. I don't recall his ever being ill, and his mahogany-hued visage smiles at the world much more often than it frowns. Many of the present-day tooters could take lessons from Mr. Baritone in public relations, for Carney is a past grand master at the art. This becomes apparent once one has seen that broad smile and felt the warm graciousness

/Continued on page 35

# TALLYHO!

## 1st Laurel Jazz Festival

### by Ira Gitler

JAZZ AT A racetrack. Get straight, go to the place and hope your favorite musicians show. That wasn't quite the way it was at the first Laurel International Jazz Festival (or the Baltimore-Washington Jazz Festival, as it was also called) during Labor Day weekend.

One of our favorite musicians didn't show, but more of that later. Other absentees were some of the foreign-born jazz personalities scheduled to play on Saturday afternoon in a small group that I imagine was to have given the festival its international flavor. But the festival regulars were there, plus a few surprises, and a number of local combos.

I will bring them to light in four main categories: small groups (established); big bands; singers; and small groups (local).

The Laurel Race Course is located in Laurel, Md., almost equidistant between Baltimore and Washington. The seating accommodations were smack dab in the middle of the track's infield. To get to your seat you had to go through the main lobby, cross the homestretch, and wend your way across the grass. Once seated, with the backstretch appropriately at your back, the viewing backdrop became the huge, glass-enclosed grandstand that is filled with screaming bettors when the horses are running. Here, it served as a distant frame for the portable stage on which the festival took place.

Friday, the opening night, was beset by the usual outdoor festival problems—lighting and sound—and the theft of instruments from the group of localite Gary Bartz while it was in New York. Bartz, scheduled to open the proceedings, couldn't, and this delayed the start. The sound problems were cleared up, and throughout the weekend, the audio was the best I have ever had the pleasure of experiencing at an event of this sort. The lighting presented other problems. There were many pretty colors on the three evenings, but a lot of times you had trouble really seeing the performers.

There weren't even pretty colors at an hour past the scheduled starting time of 7:30, when Miles Davis launched the festival with as great a set as was heard all weekend. Lights or not, Davis ignited his whole group. His slightly-arched slouch silhouetted in the glooming, Miles opened with a medium minor piece that let everyone know he was *ready!* Wayne Shorter followed with an intense solo to which Herbie Hancock was really tuned in. The pianist's thinking was a model of swinging clarity throughout the entire set. Miles' second solo, with Tony Williams' accents kicking him perfectly, and the group really improvising as they interacted, was both powerful and mournful—a lament with marrow.

In *'Round Midnight* (which became the festival's unofficial theme song before the weekend was over) Miles was brilliant a capella before the tempo was doubled for Shorter, Rollinsing it up with some well-utilized honks.

Jimmy Heath's *Gingerbread Boy* found Davis burning and the lights working. As he soloed, purple was the color on stage, and a chick in a purple suit sauntered in front of the boxes. There were amber lights as Shorter took off. Then they were out—not by design—as Hancock took a furiously building solo. With the return of the ensemble, all lights were on, dramatically effective for the close of the piece. This was a kaleidoscopic set, one number dovetailing into the next as Davis really heralded the commencement of festivities. Would that all the groups had performed on this level—but then it would have been an extraordinary festival.

Organist Jimmy Smith, with Nathan Page (guitar) and Bernard Sweetney (drums), was really a band all by himself. He played two blues numbers for his first selections. The first was overlong, with the guitarist pedestrian; the second found the group really together and the guitarist in a better groove. There was a pretty *Alfie*, and on *Satin Doll*, an Ellington bagatelle that has been reduced to its lowest common denominator by numerous hack trios, Smith managed to get into something before he was done.

Like Miles, Dizzy Gillespie came chops-a-ready, and his group was right with him. James Moody fiddled a while on tenor, played some lovely alto, and some fluent, hot flute. Russell George has replaced Frank Schifano on Fender bass, and while he has more life and imagination, I still prefer the plain, old, wooden kind of bass that has its foot on the ground. One walking solo was too loud and distorted. A high point of the set was the familiar medley that Dizzy makes of *I Can't Get Started* and *'Round Midnight*. On the latter, he took a delicate, muted solo that managed to be intimate in the wide-open spaces of Laurel, then ended with a post-time bugle call.

Dave Brubeck's quartet started slowly, with Paul Desmond sounding like a wounded bird and Brubeck boring away. A slow number was a faded pastel, a wilted blossom with Dave as a jazz Liberace building to a Hollywood peak, then drifting into a children's lullaby. On a funky little number, bassist Gene Wright played a crazy, where-it's-at solo that really communicated. Joe Morello's drum feature turned the audience on with a perfect, rudimental-style solo. *Take the 'A' Train* ended the set with some hard swing as Desmond artfully used pauses and booting phrases a la Zoot Sims, and left you wanting more. Even Brubeck came out of his trance on the chase choruses with some sparkling ideas.

ONE OF THE biggest disappointments was Art Blakey's new group. Blakey always cooks, Junior Booth is a fine young bassist, Slide Hampton an excellent trombone soloist, Bill Hardman a more than capable trumpeter, and McCoy Tyner an accomplished pianist. Newcomer Billy Harper, a long, tall tenorman, seemed typical of one brand of today's new breed. He ran up and down his instrument with a monotonous stream of notes in an abrasive tone. But maybe the material got him, too, for the others were certainly hampered by five minor-key numbers (some modal) in a row. There was absolutely no variety in this set. Tyner's *The High Priest*, dedicated to Monk, had some good Hampton, but little else to distinguish it. Tyner's playing was extremely wearing; he overcomped to the point of boredom.

Monk, Thelonious himself, was anything but boring. Resplendent in his Chinese *yarmulke*, he had the final word of the weekend on his own *'Round Midnight*, with Charlie Rouse contributing some soulful, subdued tenor. Monk makes you want to know what is coming next in his solos, and his timing jolts you delightfully. On *Epistrophy*, he again demonstrated the marvelous way in which he rephrases his own original melodies in his solos. Although one wishes he would add some new material to his repertoire, Monk manages to hold your interest on his well-worn opi, and that's no small feat.

Herbie Mann held the audience's interest as well, if not better, than anyone else. To his regular quartet (Roy Ayers, vibes; Reggie Workman, bass; and Bruno Carr, drums) he added Paul Hawkins on conga, and a front line of Steve Marcus, tenor saxophone; Joe Newman and Ziggy Harrell, trumpets; Mark Weinstein, trombone; and Danny Bank, baritone saxo-

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phone. This gave body to his funky rock excursions, including *Comin' Home Baby*. Mann really got to the crowd in a solo with just conga backing. On alto flute, he limned a short but pretty version of *A Man and A Woman*, minus the horns. He may not be a deep thinker, but he has a fine sense of the dramatic. He also has a superior vibist in Ayers.

A mother superior vibist is Milt Jackson, and he and the Modern Jazz Quartet were in exuberant form. After Jackson's nostalgically beautiful *Novama*, they played the blues—Ray Brown's *Pyramid*—with an elegant fire that characterizes the best of their work. *Summertime* was given a passionate rendition and John Lewis' *Baseball* was a home run swing, a grand slam on which Jackson, Lewis, Heath, and Kay all scored. *Django* was opened up tempo with Jackson at the top of his forward thrust, Lewis matching him in the straight-ahead department before the slow-down to the piece's original tempo.

As a bridge for what was to follow, Clark Terry stepped out in front of the MJQ for a blues in which he used a mute, a plunger, and ended with only the mouthpiece of his trumpet for some of that low, raunchy feeling. Then Terry's entire orchestra came out on stage to join forces with the MJQ for two Lewis compositions, *Golden Striker* and *Animal Dance*. The animated *Animal* came off better than the austere *Striker*, but the whole idea was worthy, the kind of special event that should be part of a festival.

A pleasant Saturday afternoon set was an informal history of jazz (pre-1945) by the Newport All Stars—Ruby Braff, cornet; Buddy Tate, tenor saxophone; George Wein, piano; Jack Lesberg, bass; and Don Lamond, drums. Warming up with a lilting *Should I*, they rambled through *Basin Street Blues, Royal Garden Blues, I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Lester Leaps In*, and *Honeysuckle Rose*. The last three were features, respectively, for Braff, Tate, and Wein. Ruby was ever mellow and melodic; Tate played some of his personal brand of Texas tenor out of Herschel Evans with a few bows to his old section-mate Lester Young; and Wein again showed his new confidence and ease at the keyboard.

The Newporters were followed by what was to have been the international group. The only foreign flavor was supplied by the presence of Toshiko on piano and Czech bassist Miroslav Vitous. Joined by Elvin Jones, they did *Israel, My Funny Valentine*, and *Tempus Fugue-it*. Toshiko played well on the relaxed tempo of *Valentine*, but bit off more than she could chew on Bud Powell's *Fugue-it*. Jones' brushwork, like the wings of a giant hummingbird on snares and tom-tom, was the highlight of this number. Then tenor saxophonist Joe Farrell, a member of Jones' regular quartet, combined with Elvin for a blazing duo number, whose theme Farrell used as a touchstone throughout. On *Gingerbread Boy*, a quartet outing, Vitous soloed well. Then he and Elvin got behind Toshiko and made her swing despite some sloppy runs.

Late on Saturday night, three-fifths of the Jazz Communicators (Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Kenny Barron, piano; and Herbie Lewis, bass) were joined by tenor saxophonist Booker Ervin and drummer Lennie McBrowne, subbing for Freddie Hubbard and Louis Hayes, who ostensibly were lost in the wilds of Detroit. This group was a replacement for the originally scheduled Horace Silver quintet. (It is rumored that Silver is retiring, at least temporarily, for reasons of health and disenchantment.)

Ervin and Henderson are among our best contemporary saxophonists, and they weren't playing badly on this night, but it was too late (after midnight) and too cold (you had to dress warmly on all three nights or suffer the consequences) to sit there and listen. I'm surprised the quintet members weren't wearing gloves.

Nina Simone was by far the most effective of the three female singers to appear at the festival. She did a varied, emotion-charged set that ranged from a sexy, swinging *Just In Time* through the civil rights message *Mr. Blacklash* to the bluesy plea *Don't Pay Him No Mind*, which really ripped up the folks.

Gloria Lynne also found favor with the gathering, but to me, she doesn't seem to alter her approach from song to song. She projects a style rather than getting into the lyric. *Love Child* was a maudlin soap opera.

Etta Jones, whose bass player didn't show, thereby causing her to go on late Friday night rather than early, was done no good by the delay. *More* was woefully

out of tune, and never have "telegraph cables" been so torn up on *Moonlight in Vermont*. Trombonist Bernie Green, who accompanied Miss Jones, sounded good in a *Manha de Carnaval* which preceded her entrance.

Joe Carroll's vocal antics further enlivened a fine set by Clark Terry's band on Sunday night. On *Route 66*, Terry played a few licks a la Diz, in honor of Carroll's old boss, I guess. Highlights of Terry's set were Phil Woods' *Etoile*, which had an ending that sounded like the old Savoy Sultans, and Woods' arrangement and alto solo on *Here's That Rainy Day*. In the afternoon, the Terry band conducted a rehearsal on stage for public consumption, to give the audience an insight into how an orchestra puts a new piece together. Terry also sang the blues and generally charmed the people.

The Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra did a spirited set of original material, with good solos from Farrell and baritone saxophonist Pepper Adams, who injected some humor into the evening chill with a quote from *Let It Snow* on *Don't Get Sassy*. Their last number inspired a 300 pound-plus chick in a flowered dress to do the boogaloo within the confines of a box.

Sal Nistico, back with Woody Herman for about the 85th time, outdistanced section-mate Joe Romano in the tenor battle on *Hallelujah Time*, but barely had time to catch his breath on an extremely fast *Caldonia*. The Herd did a lot of funky rock numbers, with pianist Al Daily showing up best. Baritone saxophonist Cecil Payne was used in solo only to state the melody of *Don't Get Around Much Anymore*, a waste when you consider that a trumpet player was getting many solos and playing the same one every time.

The less said about the local groups, the better. Only Tommy Gwaltney's group from Washington had it together, and this was understandable since the musicians (John Phillips, piano; Keter Betts, bass; Bertell Knox, drums; Steve Jordan, guitar; and Gwaltney, vibes and clarinet) are veterans who know their way around.

Trumpeter John Baker suffered from weak chops. He and his group were pleasant but lacked fire. Their main fault centered around choice of tempos. You just can't play *So What* and *Milestones* that slowly and expect them to happen.

Alto saxophonist Bill Barnwell, who won the collegiate competition at Villanova in 1964, fronted a quintet that included George Ross, who cut his leader on alto and played some old Leo Parker on bassoon. Barnwell was often pretentious, as in his introduction to *Autumn Leaves*. His excursions into semi-freedom were strained. A cooking minor theme, *Sin No More* (dedicated to Coltrane), had effective solos by both altoists but went on too long in Ross' solo, and pianist Weldon Irvine was into the most bloodless kind of classical meanderings.

The best organized of the younger local units was the quintet of Baltimore drummer Jimhmi Johnson. A trumpet-tenor-with-standard-rhythm-section-group, it was more commercially oriented than the others. Although the soloists were not very inventive, they were concise, and the group does have a sound.

On the other end was the quintet of another Baltimorean, alto man Gary Bartz, a mechanical player with a nagging sound. His flugelhornist, Vernon Pitts, had bad chops, bad time and yet, all of a sudden, he would come through with a flurry of well-constructed phrases in the manner of Kenny Dorham. Everyone played much too long. (There was an interminable bass solo by Mickey Bass that chased its own tail.) This kind of self-indulgence is one of the things wrong with jazz today. These young musicians didn't seem to have listened to themselves, or they would have realized that playing 25 choruses isn't going to make it happen. And certainly they showed no awareness of their audience. After a while, the exiting public made the feeling mutual.

Presenting a jazz festival for the first time in a new area—especially these days—can be considered an act of courage. It certainly is a risky business. I'm happy to say that, according to official reports from the producers, Elzie Street and Bob Messinger, only about $8,000 was lost. The fact that only lack of experience accounted for a lot of this loss is encouraging. The positive side is that the people came—despite a promotion campaign that could not be described as vigorous—and that the event gave the area a cultural boost. From all indications, officials of the Laurel Race Course were pleased with the crowds and the music, and are ready to make the festival an annual affair. DB

## Molde Jazz Festival

Molde, Norway

"Is all that for me?" Freddie Hubbard asked incredulously as he boarded the small craft that was to take him from the plane across the Romsdal Fjord to the small town of Molde. A big crowd was awaiting the trumpeter at the pier, and the Molde Dixieland Band was playing.

This was typical of the warm hospitality and genuine love for jazz that gave the Molde Festival its stamp. It made the impossible possible: Molde, a conservative textile-mill town, has a mere 18,000 inhabitants, and yet this year's festival managed to present J. J. Johnson and Hubbard (both brought in especially from the United States); Roland Kirk's quartet; Kenny Drew's trio, with the marvelous Niels Henning Orsted on bass; John Tchicai and his Cadentia Nova Danica from Copenhagen; Memphis Slim from Paris; Ben Webster from Amsterdam; the Polish Zbigniew Namyslowski Quartet; and a Norwegian swing-mainstream band, led by Per Borten, a trumpeter with a Buck Clayton attack and a Bixian conception, who happens to own a fleet of tankers.

Though all the seven concerts, five jam sessions, and four dances comprising the festival were well attended, and in some cases even sold out, the festival wound up with a deficit of 20,000 Norwegian crowns —a big sum for the little town's Storyville Jazz Club.

All year long, the club sponsors sessions and dances to collect enough funds to be able to afford another festival. Molde, a city previously unheard of outside Norway, has thus become famous all over Europe. It is host to the most personal, intimate, and familylike jazz festival held anywhere in the world.

This year it was a festival of ballads: Hubbard's *What's New?;* Johnson's *My Funny Valentine;* Webster's *How Long Has This Been Going On?;* Drew's and Orsted's *Suddenly It's Spring;* and Polish alto saxophonist Namyslowski's *Dominica* were the highlights.

Hubbard and Johnson were considerably below form in their first appearances, since they had to perform immediately after the long journey from New York. When will U.S. promoters learn that Europe is farther from New York than Newport or Chicago? They harm the reputation and stature of their artists in letting them arrive, almost without exception, at the last possible moment.

Tchicai's new group of seven musicians beautifies chaos. One of its numbers reminded of Ornette Coleman's *Peace,* orchestrated in warm hues for two altos, trumpet, and trombone; and peace and beauty are to be found even in the group's most hectic and wild outbursts.

Finally the Danish Negro alto saxophonist has found a group that ideally realizes his conception of a new free jazz without ideology. Aside from leader Tchicai, outstanding musicians in the group are bassist Finn Von Eyben and composer-alto saxophonist Karsten Vogel. Drummer Giorgio Monsoni's time-conception seems much closer related to Africa than to North American jazz.

RANDI HULTIN

ROLAND KIRK
Intense

Roland Kirk's quartet—with the wonderful Walter Perkins on drums—had the audience hand-clapping from start to finish of the set. Outstanding contributions were *Creole Love Call,* and a moving tribute to John Coltrane. In Duke Ellington's famous composition, *Creole,* Kirk's clarinet reminded of Barney Bigard and even George Lewis. (Said Kirk: "I play a lot of traditional music now.") In the Coltrane tribute, Kirk joined many of the most beautiful themes associated with the late saxophonist—from *My Favorite Things* to *A Love Supreme*—into an intense, sad, and marvelous entity.

Memphis Slim, as usual, was the gracious raconteur and charmer of the blues, paying tribute to Pinetop Smith and Big Bill Broonzy and, in his own songs, combining his old home, Chicago, with his new one, Paris. If there is such a thing as Parisian blues, Slim has created it.

Ben Webster blew—wise and great as always—with more restraint than customary. Namyslowski, with his biting, hectic phrases, proved that he is one of Europe's leading altoists. Beyond this, he is emerging in a new capacity: as a composer of very personal themes, marked by Polish tradition.

Remarkable in its adaptability was the rhythm section of Drew, Orsted, and Danish drummer Alex Riel, which played for such different musicians—from Webster through Johnson to Hubbard. The ease with which Orsted negotiates bass passages that only a few years ago would have been considered impossible to play is fascinating. One almost gets the feeling that it comes to him *too* easily.

Afterthought by a reviewer who is himself a festival producer: it's a pity that it is impossible to duplicate at the bigger festival events the intimate atmosphere that makes the Molde Festival so likeable.

*—Joachim E. Berendt*

## Howard McGhee

Half Note, New York City

**Personnel:** Eddie Preston, Steve Furtado, Stan Shafran, Raymond Dimelifi, Paul Litrenta, McGhee, trumpets; Kiane Zawadi, Donald Cole, Ashley Fennell, Andrew Matskow, trombones; Pete Yellin, Bob Torrence, alto saxophones; Paul Jeffrey, John Scott, tenor saxophones; Frank Capi, baritone saxophone; Bert Eckoff, piano; Jan Arnet, bass; Roy Antis, drums; Skip Marsh, vocals.

In an era when the dollar-sign prevails more and more, even in jazz, it's delightful to encounter an organization as full of enthusiasm as McGhee's big band.

The third in a series of larger ensembles weekending recently at the Half Note, McGhee's 17-piece unit boasts no names apart from the leader, but exhibits a determination to make it at all costs that is frequently missing from better-known, better-paid bands. The material is varied, and if the scoring is at times a trifle dated, it's only as uncontemporary as the days when the musicians lived for the music. And that can't be bad.

As I walked into the club, tenorist Jeffrey was shouting his way through the out chorus on a version of *Milestones* that threatened to blast out the club walls. McGhee was leading the band as if his life depended on it, whipping the raw material into shape for the music's sake alone. Then, with barely a pause, the piano loped into an up-tempo blues with the brass punching staccato and the rhythm team keeping up a steady pulse. Altoist Yellin wailed through a couple of spirited choruses.

In complete contrast, a tender rendition of *Night Song* followed, arranged by Furtado and featuring his stark but fluent trumpet. He took this beautiful ballad all the way through to a no-punches-pulled high-note beauty.

McGhee's roots are well reflected in his unusual choice of material, and it was certainly a surprise to hear *I Wished on the Moon* taken at a rollicking, medium-bounce tempo that bore little relation to the definitive Billie Holiday version.

Jeffrey's up-to-the-minute tenor cropped up again, likable and logical, out of the Rollins bag while going for himself. This momentary reminder of jazz' greatest singer had the reeds coming on lush and lusty with a distinctive sound.

Another unusual selection followed—*Struttin' with Some Barbecue.* "If you like it, tell us; if you don't, tell Louis Armstrong," quipped the leader.

The trumpets on this were highly remi-

niscent of the old Gillespie big bands, though updated, with fluegelhornist Preston bubbling proficiently in and out of the section. Preston, who is probably best known as a former Mingus and Ellington sideman, is the band's most impressive soloist, along with Jeffrey. Both are given plenty of opportunity to show off their skills, McGhee limiting his own solo work in preference to pushing the band into shape, molding it in his own image, and generally taking care of business.

He did take charge of the next one, however. It was *Misty Eyes,* played prettily over a relaxed Latin beat. McGhee, given the opportunity, has an unlimited capacity for lyricism.

Preston was featured again on *Four* but, as pleasant as his fluegelhorn was, this number was marred by some sloppy section work. McGhee then handed the microphone to Marsh, whose relaxed balladeering from the Andy Williams school sounds out of place in a band like this. On *Moonlight Becomes You,* Preston gave him some warmly sympathetic obbligatos and then the band punched its nonchalant way through the ensuing *Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone.*

After a break, McGhee bounced back with a funky, Gospel-styled shouter, *A.P.P.,* which he appropriately dedicated to the Rev. John Gensel, the band's No. 1 fan. This spotted the leader's own spirited trumpet. Another up-tempo piece followed, before McGhee really shone on *Someday Like This.* And there were fat, juicy phrases from all sections and choice spurts and flurries from the volatile Preston.

When McGhee is on form, he produces some beautiful impromptu trumpet right from the mainstream of jazz, and this was his night. Then Matthew Gee's *Bedroom Eyes,* Bud Powell's *Wail,* Duke Ellington's *Satin Doll*—whew!

Can another big band make it in this day and age? It's obviously not a sound economic proposition, but the McGhee organization is scheduled to lay it down Monday nights at the Half Note from now on—if you want to hear the kind of music that should be making it.

*—Valerie Wilmer*

### Sonny Criss Quintet

Museum of Modern Art, New York City

**Personnel: Criss, alto saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Lenny McBrowne, drums; Earl Coleman, vocals.**

Despite the last-minute defection of a guitarist, this was a near-perfect session, just one more in the superb and swinging summer series put together in the sculpture garden of the museum by *Down Beat's* Ira Gitler and his hip committee.

There was a lot to hear this night.

Criss began the first number, a swinging, hard-punching blues, like a bolt from a crossbow. His tone, clear and hard as crystal, was the perfect vehicle for musical ideas equally lucid; his horn was a running fountain of acid and honey artfully blended; one fresh, inventive chorus after another was supported perfectly by the finely integrated rhythm backing of Walton, Cranshaw, and McBrowne.

Criss' lingering, thoughtful treatment of *Willow, Weep for Me* never stopped swinging; always there was the under-surface pulse that made the ballad into meaningful jazz.

*Days of Wine and Roses* released another flight of fiery arrows, first from Criss' horn and then from his brilliant crew. McBrowne's drumming was clean and crisp, Cranshaw's bass providing a vertebral frame on which the notes of saxophone and piano fleshed themselves.

There are such a rare few singers—today or any time—who are fit to participate in a real jazz session, that I mentally shrank, expecting the worst, when Coleman was introduced for the next number, *A Day in the Life of a Fool.* I regret to say that my expectations were not awry; they were only too accurate. That is more than I can say for Coleman, who had a wobble on every note that left one uncertain as to what the intended note might be; this, of course, has become a tradition among male vocalists of a certain stylistic persuasion.

It is a sentimental tradition I find as welcome as a toothache. I generally manage to avoid it, and its egregious intrusion into this otherwise great session made the mannerisms sound, if possible, worse than usual.

Looking around me, I found my resentment shared by quite a few others but, astonishingly, not all. So I discovered it to be, on subsequent inquiry, that Coleman (who recorded with Charlie Parker) is a special, acquired taste. Be that as it may, I had to listen, without mind-expanding aids, to yet another assault on my ear, as Coleman sang *What Is This Thing Called Love?* in even more maudlin un-tones, and the precious last minutes of the all-too-brief concert ticked away.

Criss (and Gitler, in whose hands these fateful decisions remain) heeded our cries, and the altoist blew a pretty version of the pop-rock hit *Sunny,* which was not as exciting as that first blues but was good enough to clear one's palate of the flavor of those vocals. Too bad this summer had to end. *—Ralph Berton*

### Lionel Hampton

American Shakespeare Theater, Stratford, Conn.

**Personnel: Wallace Davenport, trumpet; Ed Pazant, alto saxophone, clarinet, oboe, C-melody flute, bamboo flute; Dave Young, tenor saxophone; John Spruill, piano, organ; Hampton, vibraharp, drums; Billy Mackel, guitar; Lawrence (Skinny) Burgan, bass; Ronnie Coles, drums; Pinocchio James, vocals.**

First: in an indefinable way, probably by virtue of sincerity, Hampton established a lively communication with his audience —an audience, incidentally, that was made up of a real cross-section: middle-aged swingers with warm memories; slightly elegant senior citizens; and, most significantly, teenagers and college students, who made up a full 30 percent of those present. In addition, the audience was attractively integrated.

Second: Hampton's switch from big band to the eight-piece inner circle paid rewarding dividends. By virtue of instrumentation the music sounded fresh. One sensed immediately that chestnuts would be relegated to the end of the program. And not only did he open up with a good bit of original and unfamiliar material (derived from his trips abroad—*Japanese Lullaby, Hebrew Bebop,* and *Tel Aviv Blues*), but the material was framed in modern garb, and Hampton's genius, particularly his unbeatable rhythm, not only permitted him to fall in with the younger talents in the group but also to galvanize them, in unison passages, on their own ground.

It is clearer today than ever before that Hampton is not merely a great musician but a fine human being. It was interesting how this fact seemed to communicate itself, interacting not only between himself and the audience but between himself and the band as well. Years rolled back, and listeners found themselves witnessing on the stand an exchange of invention plus excitement that recalled pre-cool days.

Purists might debate the ethics of Hampton's stage personality. My only criticism would be that it is spelled out to an unnecessary degree, in view of what he delivers with his natural bonhomie. Whether the act might profit by the omission of such boxoffice tactics as saints marching up and down the aisles, the way Hampton came on did not unduly ruffle sensibilities prone in the past to wilt before the onslaught of ubiquitous flag-wavers.

The beat was always there. That, possibly, accounts for the unwavering support the rockers of all ages demonstrated throughout the entire performance. It may be just possible that Hampton has found the formula right for the day. Teenagers appeared to discover that he rendered jazz comprehensible, and without destroying the jazz image, the rock elements were audibly there. His younger audience knew it and liked his informal vocals too. The combination of piano, organ, bass, guitar, trumpet, tenor, and alto saxophone lends itself admirably to anything from ballads through jazz to rock.

Altoist Pazant is a formidable talent. In addition to his captivating performances on bamboo flute, C-melody flute, and oboe in the "oriental" pieces, and his inventive, lightning alto, he blew exciting clarinet —an unusual accomplishment today. On closers such as *Flying Home* and *Hey-Ba-Ba-Re-Bop,* he played a considerable number of choruses without tiring.

On tenor saxophone, Young complements Pazant, providing Hampton with the sound and the beat indispensable to his reputation.

Davenport surprises with the depth and breadth of his performances (from fast, up-to-date conceptions through wa-wa backgrounds in the blues to a delicate, fine-toned legato rendition of *Ain't Misbehavin'*). The good rhythm section owes a lot to the swinging concentration of Coles. Spruill, on organ and piano, is an inventive modernist of the serious genre who may possibly feel that Hampton carries enough beat to do for them both. Burgan on bass, and the indispensable Mackel, provide bottom and a swinging framework in which Hampton feels secure. Prof. James may lack the power of a Joe Turner or Jimmy Rushing, but he swings, and expressed himself with conviction on a slow *Rebecca.*

Highlights of the evening's program were lyrical, swinging performances by Hampton on *Shadow of Your Smile* and his own *Midnight Sun.* *—Helen Dance*

# Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Kenny Dorham, Barbara Gardner, Ira Gitler, Bill Mathieu, Marian McPartland, Dan Morgenstern, Bill Quinn, William Russo, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, Edward A. Spring, Pete Welding, and Michael Zwerin. Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

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

## J. C. Higginbotham

HIGGY COMES HOME—Cable KL 126601: *St. James Infirmary; Indiana; Blue Jay; Sweet Georgia Brown; By and By; Dinah; Way Down Yonder in New Orleans; Jingle Bells.*

Personnel: Dan Havens, trumpet; Higginbotham, trombone, vocal; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Weathers, piano; Bob Rix, electric bass; Ken Lowenstine, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This album, recorded last December in Atlanta, Ga., was the product of a gala homecoming party for veteran trombonist Higginbotham, arranged by a longtime admirer, interior designer and occasional drummer Lowenstine.

It was a fine gesture, and the music reflects the warm, good spirits prevailing at the session (which, incidentally, was also televised by a local station).

Higginbotham, whose appearances on record during the past decade have been exceedingly rare, shows signs of nervousness and is not at the top of his game (I had the pleasure of hearing him play excellently a few months after this record was made), but it is good to hear his virile, robust horn, and he shows that his exuberance has not diminished since the days when he was one of the leading trombone stylists in jazz and a constant poll winner.

The big sound is still there, and so is the swing, directness, and forceful humor of his playing. He is best here on *St. James* (on which he also ventures a disarming vocal); on *Georgia Brown,* and on the brief blues, *Jay.*

Tenorist Freeman make a fine contribution. He is his usual consistent self, and every track save *Jay* contains swinging samples of his effervescent, flowing style.

Trumpeter Havens is a pleasant surprise to a listener who previously had encountered him only in the context of a rather raunchy revivalist band, the Boll Weevil Jazz Band. Here, he shows himself to be a flexible mainstream horn man with a nice conception, providing a solid ensemble lead voice and uncorking a number of good solos. His bit on the relaxed *Dinah* is especially noteworthy.

The rhythm section, made up of two local pros and Lowenstine, is not a very strong one. The drummer, underrecorded, keeps adequate time, but the beat of the amplified bassist is watery, and pianist Weathers, who plays in a rather glib modern style, frequently gets in Higginbotham's way. (During Higgy's third chorus on *Brown,* the section seems to disappear entirely.)

But it would be inappropriate to quibble about a venture such as this. It was an act of love, and such acts are rare and praiseworthy. Higgy's old fans will want this record, as will Freeman enthusiasts, and all listeners who are fond of good-time, relaxed jazz with more emphasis on the spirit than the letter of the music.

The album is available from Cable records, 4190 Carman Drive N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30305. Would that every neglected jazz veteran had his Ken Lowenstine!

—*Morgenstern*

## Jazz Crusaders

UH HUH—Pacific Jazz 20124: *Blue Monday; Night Theme; Uh Huh; Air Waves; Ice Water; Watts Happening.*

Personnel: Wayne Henderson, trombone; Wilton Felder, tenor saxophone; Joe Sample, piano; Buster Williams, bass; Stix Hooper, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

One of the most gratifying things about this business is being able to hear certain musicians and groups steadily improve. The Crusaders are a case in point. A quintet by choice, a quartet by circumstance, the nucleus of Hooper, Henderson, Felder, and Sample are exponents (in Henderson's words) of "gulf coast" jazz. All the Crusaders are from Houston, Texas.

They have used various bassists for their gigs, concerts, festival appearances, and recordings, but none has given them the body, the support, and the venturesome bass lines that Williams does. He is a splendid fifth Crusader.

The tightness that results from Williams' presence, as well as the relaxed, straight-ahead swinging, prove that it is possible to be tight and relaxed at the same time. It also makes for the most exciting Crusaders session since *Chile Con Soul.*

*Blue Monday* makes intelligent use of a front line that is a welcome relief from the conventional trumpet and tenor. Aside from the hard-driving ensemble playing of the theme (which sounds like an exercise in slow-motion triple-tonguing), the solo work sparkles—that of Sample, Williams, and especially Henderson. Sample's comping repeats a figure from the release until it takes on the feeling of an ostinato.

*Night Theme* finds Henderson and Felder a fifth apart, but with a plunger on the trombone and the tenor in low register, the resulting mood results from more than mere interval.

Hooper has written a beautifully haunting theme, and Sample's expansive solo work, with his wide-open voicings, retains the nocturnal atmosphere; some clever interplay can be found in the doodlings of Hooper and Sample behind Williams' cello-like meanderings.

Forget about the title tune; it's not really worthy of inclusion in this otherwise fine collection. *Air Waves,* a down-to-earth theme written by Sample and given a relaxed unison treatment, provides a good vehicle for Felder's bop-edged tenor. Sample's comping behind Felder and Henderson is more full-bodied than usual, possibly because of the semi-Latin rhythm.

The same mixture of Latin phrasing and Charleston prodding make *Ice Water* sound like an extension of *Air Waves.* In terms of production, the tracks should have been put in a different order. Williams' solo is playful but thoroughly musical. Equally playful are the staccato jabs by trombone and tenor in the out chorus.

*Watts* is driven by a jet-propelled tempo that is obviously to Hooper's liking. He pushes the group along all the way, spices the solos (particularly good are those by Felder and Sample), and brings the track and the album to a close as if he were braking a locomotive.

—*Siders*

## Antonio Carlos Jobim

A CERTAIN MR. JOBIM—Warner Bros. 1699: *Bonita; Se Todos Fossem Iguais a Voce; Off-Key (Desafinado); Photograph; Surfboard; Once Again (Outra Vez); I Was Just One More for You (Esperanca Perdida); Estrada Do Sol; Don't Ever Go Away (Por Causa De Voce); Zingaro.*

Personnel: Jobim, vocal, guitar; orchestra arranged and conducted by Claus Ogerman.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Before I get to the performances by the artists, I want briefly to salute the men "behind the scenes." A kind of marriage of two recording companies took place to produce this very pleasant album, and when the result is a product of such fine quality, I believe the individuals responsible deserve mention.

Warner Bros. borrowed the magnificent Columbia studios (the "church turned recording studio" cited in the notes). It is obvious that this blending of excellent facilities, combined with skilled craftsmen to use them, functioned beautifully. And there is no heavy-handed abuse of the echo chamber, thank goodness. The stereo mix is of the highest caliber, and even my somewhat humble equipment transmitted total and faithful sound.

All the compositions are Jobim's, and on some of the tracks he sings . . . in English.

To be quite honest, I would have preferred his native Portuguese, with translations on the cover. To my ears, English is an abrasive language when applied to the soft, subtle bossa nova. But this is a minor point. Jobim is no great shakes as a singer (few composers are), but his rough, untrained voice does add a certain poignant touch.

I am especially partial to *Off Key* because it is an accurate translation, and the lyric is sophisticated and charming. The instrumental tracks are neatly interspersed, which allows for a relaxed bit of diversion when listening.

I am impressed once again with the arrangements of Ogerman; especially his ability to orchestrate for strings. One def-

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inite method of determining the respect recording musicians have for the conductor is to listen to the strings. If they're in tune (and this section is), you can be sure that they were sitting up straight and "on their toes" for the man who knows his business and his music.

I have only one small complaint about the record: why didn't someone identify the trombone player?

My suggestion is that you fix yourself a tall drink, invite not more than one guest, relax, and enjoy *A Certain Mr. Jobim.* —*Carol Sloane*

**Herbie Mann**

THE BEAT GOES ON—Atlantic 1483: *No Matter What Shape; More Rice Than Peas, Please; Hey Ho; The Honeydripper; The Beat Goes On; Swingin' Shepherd Blues; West African High Life; Dream Garden; Soul Montuno; Is Paris Burning?*

Personnel: Mann, flute, all tracks; tracks 1-3: Roy Ayers, vibes; Jimmy Wisner, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Bruno Carr, Carlos Valdes, percussion; unidentified string section led by Gene Orloff; track 4: King Curtis, tenor saxophone; others unidentified; tracks 5, 6, 9, 10: unidentified; track 7: Clark Terry, trumpet; others unidentified; track 8: Dave Pike, vibraharp; Don Friedman, piano; Attila Zoller, guitar; Jack Six, bass; Bobby Thomas, drums.

Rating: ★★★

The third star in the rating is almost entirely for the sensitive playing on *Dream Garden;* the rest of the album might have well been produced on an assembly line.

Atlantic wants to sell records, and undoubtedly these tracks—with their echoes of rock, funk, the bullring, and bossa nova—will have some appeal in the marketplace. But, the *Garden* track aside, the music here has no grip on the receptive faculties of the mind.

Mann, a capable musician, maintains a good sound throughout. He does not do much more than play melody with simple embellishments, and nothing in this album is going to improve his stature as a jazz musician.

Terry is at the top of his game these days, so it's a shame he's given such a short and trivial spot on *High Life.*

Pike's flowing, lyrical *Garden* is sparked by Zoller's guitar. In medium tempo, the tune has good construction, and the musicians are obviously enjoying themselves. The composer takes an engaging solo.

A second-rate album that may do well on the pop market. —*Erskine*

**Roberta Peck**

EXTRAORDINARY—Columbia CS 9458: *Lover Man; Si, Si, Senor; This Year; I'm Beginning to See the Light; Body and Soul; Makin' Whoopee; Willow Tree; The More I See You; In My Arms; More Than You Know.*

Personnel: Buck Clayton or Clark Terry, trumpet; Willie Ruff, French horn; Frank Wess, tenor saxophone, flute; Pat Rebillot, piano; George Benson, guitar; Aaron Bell, Richard Davis, or Reed Wasson, bass; Jimmy Lovelace, drums; Miss Peck, vocals.

Rating: ★★★★

Miss Peck's assurance, polish, and professionalism are certainly extraordinary, considering that she interrupted a budding career many years ago, and only began to sing again recently, and then just part-time.

She has an attractive, well-projected, and well-controlled voice, good intonation, her own way of phrasing, and good time. She approaches her varied material intelligently, and does not copy anyone. Not a startling singer, she is a very pleasant

and appealing one.

John Hammond, who discovered Miss Peck (by way of Pete Seeger's recommendation), and who supervised her debut album, has surrounded the singer with first-rate, sensitive accompanists. A good pianist was essential, and Rebillot, whose talent deserves wider recognition, was a good choice. He doesn't appear in a solo role, but his skill is always in evidence.

Clayton, who has been absent from the U.S. recording studios far too long, makes his presence discreetly felt on several tracks, both with those marvelous obbligati that graced so many Billie Holiday masterpieces, and in lyrical, muted solos *(See You; Arms).*

The exuberant Clark Terry is most apparent on *Light,* where he takes a shouting, happy chorus and also joins Miss Peck vocally at the end. Wess has several warm tenor spots, notably on *Willow* and *More,* and his expert flute also adds to the proceedings. Benson is heard in a few short solos, and Ruff's mellow French horn adds depth to the ensemble and atmospheric touches to the singing.

Miss Peck is at her best on *This Year,* a current number; on *Soul,* which she sings with much feeling and taste, and on *Light,* where she displays the lighter side of her personality. The rarely heard Fats Waller piece, *Willow Tree,* is a fine tune. (It has also recently cropped up in the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band book.)

Miss Peck is also a song writer. *Senor* and *Arms* are hers—words and music. The former is a little ditty I find rather irritating, but *Arms* has a nice melody and good lyrics—also in a Latin vein.

Since this record was cut, Miss Peck has appeared with Red Norvo at New York's Rainbow Grill, in Boston, and elsewhere in New England. Even on the basis of this first impression, one can safely add her name to the list of the better jazz-influenced female singers of the day.

*—Morgenstern*

**Lou Rawls**

THAT'S LOU—Capitol ST 2756: *When Love Goes Wrong; Problems; Reminiscing Monologue; They Don't Give Medals (To Yesterday's Heroes); Ear Bender Monologue; What Are You Doing About Today; Show Business Monologue; Show Business; Please Send Me Someone to Love; Hard to Get Thing Called Love; (How Do You Say) I Don't Love You Anymore; Street of Dreams; The Love That I Give.*

Personnel: Rawls, vocals; unidentified orchestra.

Rating: ★

Wow! What a boring record . . . if you just sit and listen to it as I did. This bashing, bombastic album would be just the thing for your next hurrah party, though. The tempo never varies (good for dancing), the band is loud, and Rawls shouts and plows his way through each tune. I have the impression he doesn't know the meaning of the words subtle, simple, slow, and quiet. I don't dispute that Rawls is a profitable commodity these days, and I can appreciate the "stay-with-a-winning-combination" thesis. But lest we forget: a popular product does not a quality product make.

The absence of good taste is alarming (well, *there's* consistency, at least), and Rawls' persistent use of the "what knows" and "talkin 'bouts" frankly bores me silly. The arrangements are poor, and the musicians display an uncanny disregard for dynamics, if indeed any were indicated. This is a blowing, Apollo Theater-type sound, and often such bands are quite good. But here the men are burdened with poorly conceived charts.

As for the selections: all of them, with the exception of the standard *Street of Dreams,* will probably never survive beyond the time it takes to play the album through. *Dreams* is taken up-tempo, and this flexible melody withstands the pressure nicely. But Rawls quickly gets into his "what know" syndrome and ruins it for me. This sentimental ballad has often been abused, and I make a plea here and now that it be restored. Does anybody remember Sarah Vaughan's near-flawless interpretation of some years ago?

This is a pseudo-rock album, it seems to me, and I wonder if Rawls has found his direction. I believe he will expand and gain broader appeal in the future, because he has all the potential to become a super-star. He's received splendid night-club reviews, apparently has the necessary stage presence, and he sings pretty well. However, the excitement he generates on the floor is not evident here. But, if I ever have the gang over one of these nights I'll play the album again. A room full of jolly people and some Russian vodka might make me change my mind.

*—Carol Sloane*

# BLUES 'N' FOLK

BY PETE WELDING

*The James Cotton Blues Band* (Verve Folkways 3023)

Rating: ★★★★½

Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson, *Cherry Red* (BluesWay 6007)

Rating: ★★★

Muddy Waters, *Muddy, Brass, and the Blues* (Chess 1507)

Rating: ★★★

Chuck Berry, *Golden Hits* (Mercury 21103)

Rating: ★★

The question of "presentation" is one that is rarely considered in connection with blues. For one thing, manner is so closely bound up with matter in the work of most blues performers that one scarcely pays the idea of presentation any mind.

The question does not arise, for example, in the work of self-accompanied solo blues performers, or in the work of such blues groups as those of Muddy Waters, Howling Wolf, and other modern blues interpreters. Here the approach to group playing has been pragmatically evolved by the band members over a period of time (replacements in the group generally understand the basic group approach and quickly adapt their own playing styles to its requirements).

Presentation does become a consideration, however, in several instances, two of the chief of which are bound up with the recording studio. The first is the situation

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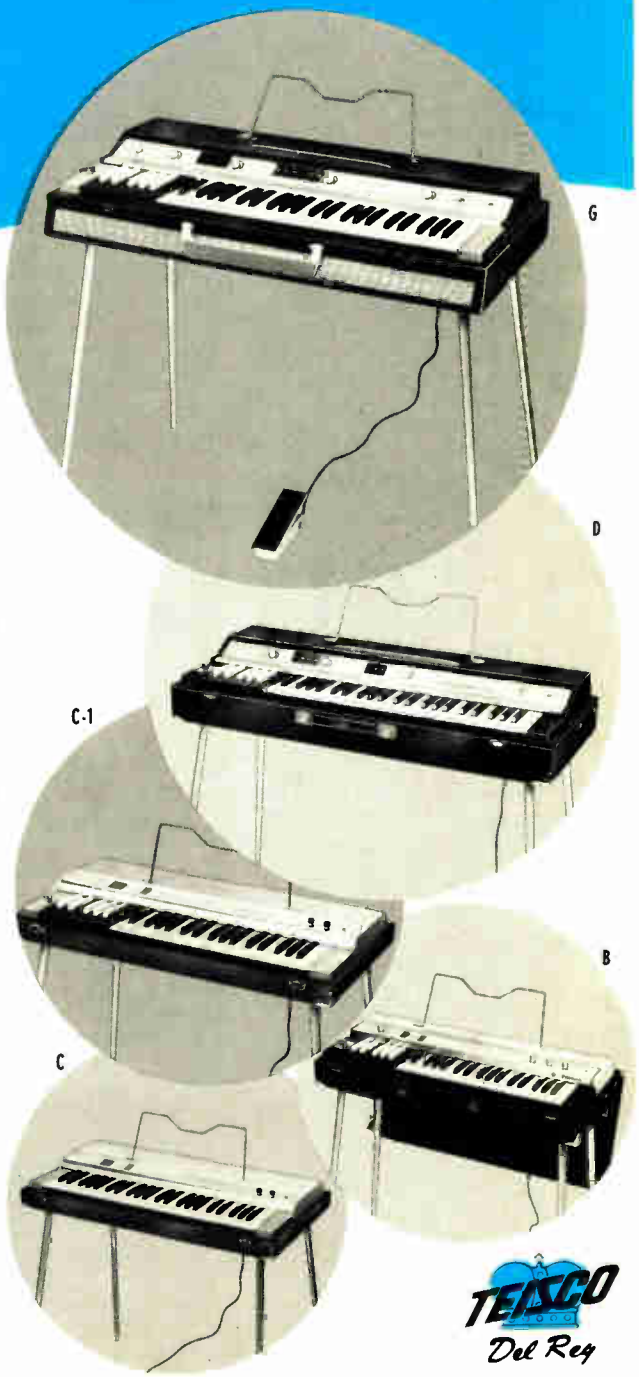


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in which musicians who have not previously worked together are called on to perform as a group. The second is closely connected with this. It concerns the problems of producing blues recordings geared toward the modern singles market; competitive items in a field already overburdened with verbal and musical gimmickry and built-in obsolescence; and the allied ills of the quick-buck commercial record world.

Presentation is the common factor in these four recent blues releases, and to a large degree their success or failure within the modern and/or large-group blues approach, in which all four are cast, is determined by manner rather than matter. And this manner, of course, is largely determined by the record producers.

To my ears, the most conspicuously successful of the four recordings is that by Cotton, who is, incidentally, perhaps not nearly so original or distinctive as the other three artists. Yet his is far and away the best single set of performances here, the result of obvious care in preparation, attention to detail in execution, and overall excellence of production given by producers Mike Bloomfield, Barry Goldberg, and Norman Dayron. (The first two were responsible for orchestrations and other musical matters, while the third took care of the engineering, which is first rate.)

Cotton never has sounded so good on record; one is tempted to say that this is the very best record he is ever likely to make, for it catches him at the top of his game and sets his singing and harmonica playing in perfect frames.

The Cotton quintet (Luther Tucker, guitar; Alberto Gianguinto, piano; Robert Anderson, bass; and Sam Lay, drums) has been augmented on seven of the 10 tracks with brass and reeds in simple, uncluttered but punching arrangements that add no small amount of interest and excitement. The two B. B. King-styled performances, *Oh, Why?* and, particularly, *Sweet Sixteen* (which contains some stunning lead guitar work), are outstanding tracks in a set the general level of which is quite high.

The choice of tunes is not always what one might wish—I think in particular such trivialities as *Good Time Charlie, Turn on Your Lovelight,* and the histrionic *Something on Your Mind,* which doesn't come off—but these are as much reflective of Cotton's ebullient personality as are the more hard-core blues numbers, like Sonny Boy Williamson No. 2's *Don't Start Me to Talkin',* which has some fine harmonica playing, as does the Little Walter instrumental *Off the Wall,* and the eerie, electronic *Blues in My Sleep.*

If careful production is the chief ingredient responsible for the success of the Cotton set, its absence is what prevents the Vinson set from getting very far off the ground.

Here the difficulty stems largely from the recording situation and perhaps the attitude of the producers. Even though the group backing Vinson met for the first time at the time of recording, there seemingly was no budget available for rehearsal or, more important, arrangements. The idea apparently was for the group to coalesce in the studio. Unfortunately, this did not happen, and the group never developed into anything more than a collection of individuals. As a result, its music fails to generate any distinctiveness. With no common focus, it seems to dissipate in as many directions as there are accompanists.

Small wonder that Vinson rarely comes across the way he should—and *can,* when properly framed. The music cries out for a sense of direction, an organizing conception.

Bloomfield, who plays guitar on the date, could have developed some crisp arrangements while in the studio; so, for that matter, could Vinson, pianist Patti Bown, or tenorist Buddy Lucas. But no one did, and what could have been a powerhouse album for Vinson fizzles in a kind of aimlessness all the more saddening for the talent expended in its execution.

All is not negative, however, for there are some strong, vibrant vocals by Vinson and some good solos by the various instrumentalists scattered throughout the 10 performances.

But what might have been a good record is merely an adequate one. The chief victim, of course, is Vinson himself, the casualty of a false economy that invests so much money in musicians' fees for a session and then scrimps on either rehearsal and/or studio time or on the commissioning of sorely needed arrangements. Producer Bob Thiele would not have recorded a jazz group this way.

The Waters date is not so much torpedoed by no arrangements as by poor, unimaginative ones and a selection of tunes that fails to take the performer's abilities into account.

Try as he might, Waters apparently cannot make such fare as *Corina, Corina, Trouble in Mind,* and *Betty and Dupree* nearly as convincing as he can his own material; nor does he sound terribly at home in the jazz-based Kansas City-styled approach that is followed here. He's just not that kind of singer. He's a country-blues singer, not a jazz-blues shouter.

And the pedestrian, heavy-handed, and often corny arrangements by Gene Barge and Charles Stepney do not help proceedings. It would take a person far more skilled in the jazz-blues style than Waters to bring these arrangements to life.

He does his manful best, however, which is far better, considering this material and these arrangements, than is deserved. For all its faults, the album still is not as bad as *Muddy Waters, Folksinger,* that earlier Chess debacle.

There's not much to be said for or about the Berry LP. The selections are remakes of his original record hits of the last 12 years and not one of these versions is anywhere near the original in power or in any other respect. Some are further marred by being out of tune.

If you've got the original Berry performances, there's no reason to get this set; if you don't have them, you would do better to seek them out on the Chess label. There's a curiously dated quality to these re-creations that contrasts most unfavorably with the brash freshness of the originals. In rock-and-roll, I guess you just can't go home again. db

# CANNONBALL ADDERLEY/BLINDFOLD TEST

DAVE LARSEN

Julian Adderley is one of a very small and fortunate minority of jazz musicians who can claim to have captured the mass record market without making any unnatural commercial concessions.

This applies, of course, to the Adderley Quintet's two big hits of the past year. *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy* started out as a background theme played by Joe Zawinul for singer Esther Marrow when he was coaching her. Later, when he played it behind Cannon's announcements, the reaction led to its incorporation in the group's repertoire. *Mercy* has sold 800,000 singles and is the title number of an album that has gone past 300,000. *Why Am I Treated So Bad* has reached 150,000 singles and almost as many albums.

The Adderley brothers are perennial *Blindfold* enthusiasts. The following interview marks Cannon's seventh appearance in this department. —*Leonard Feather*

**1. ELVIN JONES.** *The Juggler* (from *Midnight Walk*, Atlantic). Thad Jones, trumpet; Hank Mobley, tenor saxophone; Dollar Brand, piano; Donald Moore, bass; Jones, drums.

I really don't know what to say about that record. I enjoyed it. Thad Jones is always interesting to me. He's such a fine musician, and I always enjoy Elvin's creativeness. I guess the pianist might have been Hank, because the other Jones brothers are on there, but I can't really say that I recognized him or that I recognized the saxophone player either. At times it sounded like it might have been Hank Mobley, but then again I got the feeling that the tenor soloist didn't have enough time to get into what he might have wanted to get into. The bass player sounded good and prominent. Over-all, I would say that it is a nice, pleasant record.

**2. TRIBUTE TO CHARLIE PARKER.** *Wee* (RCA Victor). Howard McGhee, trumpet; J. J. Johnson, trombone; Sonny Stitt, tenor saxophone; Harold Mabern, piano; Arthur Harper Jr., bass; Max Roach, drums.

I want to tell you, that's kind of interesting. Of course I recognized J. J. Johnson and I thought I recognized Sonny Stitt. The trumpet player sounds a little bit like Howard McGhee, but I got the feeling it was a swing trumpet player who branched over into modern jazz, strongly influenced by Dizzy Gillespie. I also thought I heard another tenor player, I wasn't sure about that. It's hard for me to believe it was the same tenor player.

The rhythm section, as a section, was unrecognizable to me. It sounded like Max Roach playing drums. The other guys, I don't know.

The bass player sounded a little bit like Sam Jones, but I don't think it was. I can't imagine him being involved in that context for any considerable thing.

Over-all, it was interesting for what it represented. I think it's a relatively new record, but it sounded like it could have been done 15 years ago just as easily. The sound is new, but everybody played pretty much like the cats were playing 15 years ago. This is all right with me. There is nothing wrong with a man getting a style and a feeling, and playing his style and feeling of jazz. I don't agree with the theory that some people have that jazz musicians have to continue to change. I think that they should grow within their own thing.

So over-all, I just say three stars. I especially like J.J.'s solo and Max's solo.

**3. ESQUIRE ALL-AMERICAN 1946 AWARD WINNERS.** *Gone With the Wind* (from *Esquire's All-American Hot Jazz*, RCA). Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Don Byas, tenor saxophone; Billy Strayhorn, piano; Remo Palmieri, guitar; Chubby Jackson, bass; Sonny Greer, drums.

You know, it's not often that you can sit and listen to a group of soloists play the melody and not get bored; but when they happen to be Don Byas and Johnny Hodges, it's all right! I had the feeling that I'd like to hear Ben Webster play it after Johnny, yet a third time.

The rhythm section I can't identify. Naturally it's a piano player who played his Tatumesque runs, and I thought it might have been Jimmy Jones at one point, but I don't recall Jimmy Jones playing technique-style piano.

The bass player reminded me so much of John Levy, I almost cracked up. I don't think it was important who played guitar and drums because they just kind of kept time. But since the piano player played those runs, it bugged me that I didn't know who it was.

For the soloists, five stars. For the accompaniment, I don't know what to say.

**4. JOE HARRIOTT-JOHN MAYER DOUBLE QUINTET.** *Gana* (from *Indio-Jazz Fusions*, Atlantic). Shake Keane, trumpet and fluegelhorn; Harriott, alto saxophone; Pat Smythe, piano; Coleridge Goode, bass; Alan Ganley, drums; Diwan Motihar, sitar; Mayer, composer.

Well, I thought that was very ambitious, because it was obviously some kind of complex meter or time changing from bar to bar. I guess the sitar, or whatever that was, was designed to establish the character of the piece.

I don't know what to say about that. It's the kind of a record that, if I had it in my collection, I would probably listen to a couple of times and never play too much. I got the feeling that it never went anywhere. What they played was played well. I don't have any idea who was involved in it, and it really doesn't make any difference to me, because I think the spirit of what they were trying to do is the important thing. Nobody played a solo and the composition was not that devastating. I thought it was pleasant. I enjoyed what I heard except I got the feeling, well, that's good, what's next?

To rate it according to its impact on me I couldn't do, but say for its pleasantness and what they accomplished, maybe two or three stars.

**5. WOODY HERMAN.** *The Sound of Music* (from *My Kind of Broadway*, Columbia). Dusko Goykovich, trumpet; Herman, alto saxophone; Raoul Romero, arranger.

Well, taken as good-sounding dance music, I think that that's five stars. It's good to hear Woody Herman sounding like he did years ago; in fact, I really do get nostalgic about bands. The ones in existence that played good sounding dance music, when bands were dance bands essentially. I had the feeling that this was the same caliber, the same scope of things that Woody did in the *Summer Sequence* period, and it felt like Ralph Burns to me. The point is, that it is not adventurous jazz, but there's room for everything, and I'm happy to know that Woody is still doing that sort of thing—maybe his band will survive as a result of his being able to play music for just ordinary folks, who couldn't care less about progress or about the dimensions of the soloists, people who want to dance to something else besides hotel room bands.

Naturally, I wouldn't try to rate it as modern jazz, because I think the era of that kind of thing, as far as jazz is concerned, is finished. But as far as big bands and what it takes for them to survive, vive le Woody Herman!

**6. JIMMY RUSHING.** *Keep the Faith, Baby* (from *Every Day I Have the Blues*, BluesWay). Rushing, vocal; Dickie Wells, trombone; Ismay, Scott, and Ward, composers.

Oh, I'd say three stars, because I like Jimmy Rushing and the Dickie Wells-style trombone in the background. I think the song, though, is atrocious. I thought it was an awful weird tune.

**7. LOU DONALDSON.** *Cherry* (from *Good Gracious*, Blue Note). Donaldson, alto saxophone; John Patton, organ; Grant Green, guitar.

I'd say 3½ stars for Lou. I've always liked Lou. I've known him to play a lot better things, of course, but that doesn't matter. That has nothing to do with his capabilities. I'm a little angry, because he stole a tune *I* wanted to do! I remember Jimmy Mitchelle, I think, singing this tune with Erskine Hawkins.

I like the stop combination the organ player used, and I like the way the guitar player comped, but it got to a point after a while, you almost knew what to expect, as with most groups that use organs.

So, for Lou 3½, and for the record 2½.

db

## CARNEY

(Continued from page 22)

that emanates from Harry as he considerately answers the interminable questions of the fans. I have often watched him snatch his horn from his mouth when he had a two-bar rest to inform someone of the title of the tune that the band was playing at the moment, while the other musicians on the front line impassively ignored the questions.

So much for his personality. Now for a commentary on the artistry of this most unusual individual. Harry, with his complete control of the baritone saxophone, has a range on the instrument that surpasses credibility. He plays the higher octaves not only in tune but with a tenderness that is sometimes mindful of a cello's sound. Then, when called for, he's able to attack the sonorous bottom of the horn with such vigor and vitality that it is small wonder he has been the anchor man in Ellington's orchestra for these many years. As any good arranger can affirm, the most important tone in a chord cluster is the bottom note. This has been Harry's key function in Ellington's scores.

In addition to being an accomplished flutist, clarinetist, bass clarinetist, and alto saxophonist, too, Harry also has contributed many original compositions to the orchestra's library. In his lighter moments, Carney loves to sing, mostly confined to warbling in the shower. However, on at least two occasions Carney has been a part of the rare Ellington group vocals. Once a trio of would-be singers—Hayes Alvis, then our bassist, Harry, and myself—did a fairly creditable job of singing a Duke opus entitled *I've Got to Be a Rug Cutter*. Then, this trio accompanied the late Ivie Anderson, providing background choral effects to an Ellington recording of *A Day at the Races* (which the band had previously played in the movie). Vintage vocalists, to be sure, but for those times, almost professional.

In examining our subject, it becomes difficult for me to differentiate between the man and his communication with the world and the musician who equally communicates. Harry Carney and the baritone saxophone have become so completely identified with one another that if someone speaks his name, it immediately evokes the response "baritone saxophone." In a profession that is overloaded with good, better, and best players, Harry Carney has been sticking out like a sore thumb, because for many years Carney was not merely the best baritone saxophone player in these or other parts, but as far as the world of jazz was concerned, Carney was Mr. Baritone, himself. There may be a poll that he hasn't won, but I don't know which it could be He has trophies, plaques, citations, and what-have-you from *Esquire*, *Melody Maker*, *Down Beat*, *Jazz Journal*, and you name it.

It is to be hoped that Carney's youthful appearance and good health are indicators that Harry will be with us for many years to come, continuing to enrich the literature of music and displaying true humanity to the people who make the business possible —the jazz fans. db

## AD LIB

(Continued from page 15)

Mark's Place, while just upstairs at the Electric Circus, the music was supplied by **Sly and the Family Stone,** who featured a comely miss on trumpet . . . Singer **Chris Connor** came into the Vanguard when **Thelonious Monk** departed, while guitarist **George Benson's** quartet was held over . . . The **Donald Byrd-Duke Pearson** Big Band did a weekend at the Half Note in mid-September. Trumpeter **Howard McGhee's** big band continues on Mondays . . . Clarinetist **Perry Robinson's Uni Trio** gave two concert performances at the Arts East Gallery Theater on East 2nd St. in early September . . . Singer **Maxine Sullivan** made a rare appearance in a Town Hall concert, backed by pianist **Cliff Jackson** (her husband), clarinetist **Tony Parenti,** valve trombonist **Marshall Brown,** and drummer **Sonny Greer** . . . **Lionel Hampton** played a benefit at Rickland Hall for the Bishop Perry Recreational Center of St. Mark the Evangelist Church . . . The *International Art of Jazz* Sunday afternoon concerts were slated to get underway with drummer **Bobby Rosengarden's** quartet on Oct. 8. The series is being held at Holiday Inn on Sunnyside Blvd. in Plainview, N.Y. (Long Island Expressway exit 46). The balance of the schedule includes the **Billy Taylor** Trio Nov. 12; clarinetist **Joe Dixon's** quartet Jan. 21; **Jerome Richardson** Feb. 25; and **Clark Terry** April 21. For ticket information, write to International Art of Jazz, 86 Burr Road, East Northport, N.Y. 11731 . . . Vibist **Ray Alexander,** with pianist **Johnny Knapp,** bassist **Al Ferrari,** and drummer **Nick Stabulas,** packed them in at **Ray Carle's** Little Club in Roslyn, L.I. . . . Clark Center of the YWCA held a jazz open house with members of their music faculty as the performers—**Joe Nedwidek,** piano; **Chris White,** bass; and **Montego Joe,** drums. Record Notes: Singer **Earl Coleman's** Atlantic LP is due to be released in November. The label also signed reed man **Yusef Lateef** and pianist **Joe Zawinul** to long-term contracts, and have recorded tenor saxophonist **David (Fathead) Newman** with his own group, and with **Jack McDuff.**

***Los Angeles:*** The latest edition of the **Oscar Peterson** Trio recently closed at the posh Hong Kong Bar at the Century Plaza. Angelenos got their first look at Oscar's new drummer, **Bobby Durham,** an alumnus of **Duke Ellington's** band and organist **Wild Bill Davis'** combo. Durham replaced **Louis Hayes** in July, but sounds as if he had been playing with the trio ever since it was formed. One reason became obvious during the gig: Durham never takes his eyes or ears off the pianist. A name seldom heard at all today, **Louis Jordan,** was scheduled to open at the Hong Kong Bar shortly. **Dizzy Gillespie's** quintet has been signed for the same room in January . . . The "In" to end all "Ins"


**STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION** *(Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code).*

1. Date of filing: Sept. 25, 1967, 2. Title of publication: Down Beat Magazine; 3. Frequency of issue: Bi-Weekly; 4. Location of known office of publication: 222 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Cook, Illinois, 60606.

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7. OWNER *(If owned by a corporation its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address as well as that of each individual must be given).*

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

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# readers poll instructions

**LAST CHANCE TO VOTE!**

The 32nd annual **Down Beat** Readers Poll is under way. For the next two 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!**

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Don DeMichael

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took place at **Terry Gibbs'** school, the Music Stop, in Canoga Park. Would you believe 170 people participating in an outdoor "Drum-in" at 107 degrees in the shade? According to Gibbs, "It was a great experience for the students." And also for the participating pros, drummers **Ed Thigpen, Colin Bailey, Shelly Manne,** and **Brian Moffett.** There were no other instruments involved in the percussive orgy. Gibbs just finished six weeks at the Playboy Club, where he turned every night into a jam session. He fronted the **Bob Corwin** Trio. Personnel changed constantly, with **Ray Brown, Jim Hughart,** and **Monty Budwig** sharing the bass spot and **John Guerin, Stix Hooper, Donald Bailey** and **Bill Goodwin** on drums. Corwin vacated his piano bench one night due to illness, and **Joe Castro** subbed. One night, both **Erroll Garner** and **Steve Allen** sat in . . . **Harry (Sweets) Edison** has returned to his home base, Memory Lane, to front the house group between combos booked in by owner **Larry Hearn.** Coming in shortly: **Mongo Santamaria** Oct. 24 for one week; **Willie Bobo** for 10 days starting Nov. 9. **Art Blakey** and the **Jazz Messengers** did such good business that they've been invited back. Blakey recently added trombonist **Slide Hampton** to his front line, and instead of merely adding a part to his present arrangements Blakey is having the entire book re-vamped, Hampton and **McCoy Tyner** doing the bulk of the work. Other current Messengers: **Bill Hardman,** trumpet; **Billy Harper,** tenor saxophone; **Junior Booth,** bass . . . Bringing back the crowds to Marty's-On-The-Hill: The **Three Sounds (Gene Harris,** piano; **Andy Simpkins,** bass; **Donald Bailey,** drums). Since signing with **Nancy Wilson's** company, Wil-Den Productions, the Sounds have been climbing steadily and are now latching on to the Las Vegas circuit. From Marty's they headed for Caesars Palace. They will be in San Diego for a one-nighter Nov. 18 at the Civic Auditorium. **Betty Carter,** appearing at Redd Foxx's, dropped into Marty's for **Count Basie's** one-nighter and let it be known that she'd like to move out here . . . Another singer dropped into Marty's, but not as a spectator. **Carmen McRae** did a one-nighter following her Monterey Jazz Festival appearance. Drummer **Wayne Robinson,** recuperating from a recent auto accident, is now hosting at Marty's . . . The **Ike Isaacs** Trio (**Jack Wilson,** piano; Isaacs, bass; **Jimmy Smith,** drums) enjoyed a month's vacation from the Pied Piper. Isaacs, along with **Red Callender,** stopped off at Monterey for some festival sounds on their way north for a fishing expedition. Pianist **Don Abney** filled in with his trio (**Al McKibbon,** bass [subbing for ailing **Joe Comfort**]; **Bill Douglass,** drums) . . . **Nellie Lutcher** finished up a month-long stand at Whittinghill's in Sherman Oaks. She used two Taylors in her group, but they're not related: **Richard Taylor,** bass; **Archie Taylor,** drums . . . Clarinetist **Johnny Lane** brought his Dixieland band into the Wonder Bowl in Downey for an indefinite stay. The group includes **Wes Grant,** trumpet; **Al Jenkins,** trombone; **Don Owens,** piano; **John Perrett,** drums . . . The "Mad Arab" is back. **Willie Restum** returned to the Playboy Club for an indefinite gig. He sings like **Louis Prima** and alternates between baritone saxophone and soprano saxophone as featured soloist with the Bob Corwin Trio . . . Guitar Night at Donte's during September featured **Mundell Lowe, John Collins, Bob Bain, Jack Marshall,** and **Thumbs Carlisle** with their own groups; **Herb Ellis** with Terry Gibbs' quartet; and **John Morrell** with **Steve Bohannon's** trio. Trombonist **Mike Barone's** band still holds forth on Wednesday nights at the North Hollywood club. Present personnel includes: **Buddy Childers, Bud Billings, Gary Barone, Larry McGuire,** trumpets; **Bob Edmondson, Ernie Tack, Pete Meyers, Vince Diaz,** trombones; **Bill Perkins, Med Flory, Lou Ciotti, Bill Hood, Jack Nimitz,** reeds; **Mike Wofford,** piano; **Monty Budwig,** bass; **John Guerin,** drums . . . **Don Ellis'** band continues at Shelly's Manne-Hole on Monday nights. Singer **O. C. Smith** was followed by the **Modern Jazz Quartet** . . . A special benefit was held for **Frank Silvera's** American Theater of Being at the Shrine Auditorium. The ATB is a nonprofit workshop where students from poverty areas receive dramatic training. Headlining the talent at the benefit: **Bill Cosby,** the **Watts 103rd St. Rhythm Band,** and **Calvin Jackson.** Jackson's trio just closed out a month and a half at the Scene . . . **Page Cavanaugh's** trio headed for Vegas for a five-week gig at Don the Beach-

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comber's . . . **Bill Plummer's** first date under his new Impulse contract included three sitars. The sitarists were Plummer, **Ray Neapolitan,** and **Hersh Hamel.** Plummer has left the **Bobbi Boyle** Trio (currently working at the Smoke House in Encino) and was replaced by **Frank De La Rosa** . . . Percussionist **Chino Valdes** (who splits his bongo and conga playing between **Stan Kenton** and Don Ellis) recently got married in Las Vegas. The wedding took place on a Saturday, and the following Monday Valdes was at his accustomed place in Ellis' band for their closing night at Bonesville . . . AFM Local 47 is getting tough with members who take part in unreported and non-union recording sessions. In a recent crackdown, 17 members were assessed a total of $9,000 for failure to file a contract with the union and accepting cash rather than checks. Leader on the disc date, **D'Vaughn Pershing,** was slapped with a $1,000 fine; the sidemen were fined $500 each . . . Following a series of concert appearances during the month of October, **Henry Mancini** and **Andy Williams** have joined forces again for an extensive series of concerts and campus gigs through the south, southeast, and midwest—a tour that will take the pair right up to Christmas . . . **Ray Charles,** just coming off a far-flung tour, played some one-nighters in Anaheim and Hollywood before heading to Reno for a three-week stand at Harrah's Club . . . **Hampton Hawes** is now in Europe—his first visit there. The trip came about as a result of a sabbatical leave granted to his school teacher wife. They will spend part of the year in Japan and Hong Kong—familiar ground to Hawes. He hopes to record abroad . . . **Marty Paich** has been signed to furnish singer **Jack Jones** with special arrangements for Jones' Flamingo engagement in Vegas. . . . **Johnny Williams** just recorded his score for *Valley of the Dolls,* which includes five tunes by **Andre** and **Dory Previn** . . . **Lalo Schifrin** is working on MGM's *Sol Madrid;* and **Neal Hefti** has been signed to score *The Odd Couple* . . . Dick Clark Productions will produce a TV special (no date given yet) on *The Jazz Train,* described as "a cavalcade of Negro song and dance through the ages." Aside from its TV appearance the revue will tour the U.S. . . . The Columbia film *For Singles Only* will spot the combos of **Cal Tjader** and **Walter Wanderley** . . . **Kellie Greene** has just signed a three-year contract with Dot records. Her trio (Miss Greene on piano and vibes; **George Clark,** bass; **Mark Stevens,** drums) will be returning to the Hollywood Knickerbocker Hotel shortly . . . The **Jazz Messiahs** followed **Big Black's African Octet** into the Tropicana.

***San Francisco:*** The Concert Theater Association concluded its outdoor summer series with the **Modern Jazz Quartet** and a string quartet performing five **John Lewis** Third Stream compositions, and the MJQ doing a set on its own. The concert was held on a Sunday afternoon on the garden lawn of the Claremont Resort Hotel in Oakland, during the MJQ's engagement at the Both/And. The association's previous musical programs have been drawn from the classical repertoire . . . **Dr. Herbert H. Wong,** his bride, and 600 invited guests will always remember the wedding reception staged for the Berkeley couple in the ballroom of a downtown San Francisco restaurant. Music for the occasion was provided by the **Woody Herman** Orchestra (Wong and Herman are good friends). Wong is principal of the experimental elementary school operated by the University of California. In private life, he presents twice-weekly jazz programs on KJAZ-FM, is a writer and lecturer in the jazz field, and also has promoted a number of concerts featuring the Herman band. His wife, the former Marilyn Reese, also is a teacher and, needless to say, a jazz buff . . . The **Stan Kenton** and **Don Ellis** Orchestras, **Shelly Manne and His Men,** and the **Bobby Troup** Quartet have been the most recent attractions at the Gold Nugget in Oakland . . . Guitarist **Wes Montgomery's** quintet set a new attendance record at El Matador and was held over for a third week . . . A benefit for the family of guitarist **Paul Miller,** who died in an automobile crash several months ago, was held at Basin Street West on a Sunday afternoon and evening. Among participants were the **Rudy Salvini** and **John Coppola** bands; pianists **Vince Guaraldi**

and **Abe Battat**; the **Pete Welker** Sextet; guitarist **Eddie Duran**; the **Jack Taylor** combo; pianist-singer **Jean Hoffman,** and comic **Mel Young** . . . Drummer **Eddie Moore** and saxophonist **Noel Jewkes** have recently returned from a five-month tour of the Philippines, Japan, Thailand, Singapore, and Viet Nam. Sponsored by the USO, the San Francisco musicians played at armed service bases and consulates, with a Philippine guitarist and bassist as their associates . . . Pianist **George Duke's** trio, whose regular gig is at the Half Note here, has recently played concerts at five colleges, three of them in the Los Angeles area. The combo also played for the Sausalito Art Fair, and opened the new Fine Arts Theater of the College of Marin across the bay.

***Chicago:*** After the three-week stand of the **Cannonball Adderley** Quintet at the London House in mid-September, the supperclub crowd was treated to the pianistics of the **Earl Hines** Quartet (bassist **Bill Pemberton,** drummer **Oliver Jackson,** and Hines' longtime shipmate, saxophonist **Budd Johnson**) until Oct. 15. Current attraction is the **Jonah Jones** Quartet, which will be followed by the **Dizzy Gillespie** Quintet, featuring reed man **James Moody,** from Nov. 1-12. Then pianist **Oscar Peterson's** trio will hold forth Nov. 14-Dec. 12, to be followed by pianist **Rubin Mitchell** Dec. 5. The **Eddie Higgins** Trio takes over the week before Christmas. Higgins' trio, the house group at the club, lost its regular bassist and arranger, **Richard Evans,** to Chess records as their new a&r man. He was replaced by former **Erroll Garner** sideman **Eddie Calhoun** . . . Tenorist **Eddie Harris** holds forth on weekends at the Hurricane Lounge with his regular group (pianist **Jody Christian,** bassist **Melvin Jackson,** and drummer **Richard Smith**). Pianist **Ken Chaney's** quintet still steers the Monday sessions there . . . Jack Mooney's pub, in Carl Sandburg Village, is starting a Dixieland policy on Saturday nights. The initial group was organized by pianist **Tommy Ponce,** who is usually associated with later musical styles. Vibist-pianist **Judy Roberts** holds the stand at Mooney's Mondays through Thursdays, then journeys to the Baroque, in Hyde Park, Fridays and Saturdays . . . At the Trip (27 E. Ohio St.) the **Johnny Gabor** Duo backs the singing duo of **Allan Stevens** and **Mario Arcari,** Tuesdays through Saturdays . . . **Peaches and Herb** were at the Whiskey A-Go-Go until Oct. 14. They were followed by **The Impressions,** who are in residence currently. Blues man **Otis Redding** will appear Nov. 16 for one week . . . The **Dave Dauer** Trio plays Fridays through Sundays at the Hungry Eye. At presstime there was no announced replacement for the **Organ-izers,** who held the room's stand Mondays through Thursdays until they left town on an extended national tour Sept. 22. Accompanying the trio as emcee is the group's manager **Charles (Charlie-O) Offut** . . . Vocalist **Carmen McRae** (with pianist **Norman Simmons,** bassist **Victor Sproles,** and drummer **Stu Martin**) closed at Mister Kelly's Oct. 14 after a two-week engagement. Comedian **Jack E. Leonard** is currently cracking up the crowds, while the **Larry Novak** Trio alternates with the **Dick Reynolds** Trio as the house group . . . After **Kenny Burrell** departed from the Plugged Nickel in late September, the incredible **Jimmy Smith** entered to stay until Oct. 22. Pianist **Ray Bryant's** trio follows Oct. 25 for a fortnight. The **Stan Kenton** Orchestra does a one-nighter Oct. 30, and guitarist **Wes Montgomery's** quartet is slated to come in for a week Nov. 11-19, to be followed by **Herbie Mann's** group Nov. 21-Dec. 3 . . . The **Duke Ellington** Orchestra was scheduled to render its *Concert of Sacred Music* in two performances Oct. 15 at Rockefeller Chapel on the campus of the University of Chicago . . . Trombonist **Larry Boyle** leads a group, **The Jazz Builders,** consisting of tenorist **Joe Daley,** pianist Jody Christian, bassist Melvin Jackson, and drummer **Bucky Taylor** every Saturday at the Old Town Gate . . . A quintet led by altoist **Anthony Braxton** (pianist **John Gilmore,** bassist **Charles Clark,** and drummers **Steve McCall** and **Bill Quinn**) performed at the First Unitarian Church of Deerfield, Ill., Oct. 15. Coupled with the performance was a discussion of new developments in music by Quinn . . . The **Linn County Blues Band** holds forth

Wednesdays through Fridays at Mother Blues, with blues man **Howling Wolf** manning the Tuesday slot at the club fairly regularly. Mondays find alternate artists appearing; Sept. 25 it was **Otis Rush** . . . The fall activities of the **Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians** got underway with the **Joseph Jarman** Trio (Jarman, reeds; Charles Clark, bass; **Thurman Barker,** drums) Sept. 17. Jarman's group utilized the talents of artist **Robert Paige** and singer **Sherri Scott** for the performance. Following Jarman, violinist **Leroy Jenkins** (with trumpeter **Leo Smith,** trombonist **Lester Lashley,** reed man **Roscoe Mitchell,** tenorist **Maurice McIntyre,** bassist Clark, and drummer Barker) performed in concert at Abraham Lincoln Center Sept. 24. **The Trio** (tenorist **Fred Anderson,** multi-instrumentalist Lester Lashley, and drummer **Alvin Fielder**) was featured at the center Oct. 1. At presstime a concert was scheduled in which two or three of the small group units within the association were to perform simultaneously. On Oct. 15, the **Richard Abrams** Quintet was the scheduled group, also at Lincoln Center. Groups led by Mitchell, Jarman, Braxton, Jenkins, and drummer **Gerold Donavan** are scheduled for future Sunday concerts at the center . . . The trio of tenorist **Claude Lawrence** performed a concert at the Neighborhood Club in mid-September . . . *Down Beat* contributor **Bill Abernathy** is exhibiting his photos, including many of jazz artists, at Shepherd's Studio (347 East 31st St.) through Nov. 4.

***London:*** Cornetist **Ruby Braff** commenced a tour with the **Alex Welsh** Band at Osterley Sept. 22 . . . **Top Brass,** featuring **Maynard Ferguson, Clark Terry, Doc Cheatham, Bob Brookmeyer, Benny Morton,** the **Nat Pierce** Trio, and a British saxophone section, kicked off in Welwyn Garden City Sept. 29. The unit played the Ronnie Scott Club Oct. 9-15 . . . **Earle Warren** tours with the **Tony Milliner-Alan Littlejohn** Sextet from Oct. 15 . . . Pianist **Stan Tracey's** big band plays Scott's Oct. 22 . . . The American Folk Blues Festival, which includes **Sonny Terry, Brownie McGhee, Son House, Skip James,** and **Bukka White** begins a tour at Leicester Oct. 22, also appearing in *Jazz Expo '67* Oct. 26 . . . Saxophonist **Budd Johnson** starts a tour with tenorist **Danny Moss'** quartet Oct. 24 at Hammersmith . . . The **Dave Brubeck** Quartet tours here from Oct. 20-Nov. 4 . . . Drummer **Benny Goodman** (that's right) has formed a trio with bassist **Ron Matthewson** and saxophonist **Peter King.** They made their debut at Scott's in September, and also appeared on BBC's *Jazz Scene.* **Harry South's** big band broadcast Sept. 11 on the same program.

***Detroit:*** The Metropolitan Educational and Cultural Activities Association presented a free, three-day music festival at the Civic Center Sept. 8-10. After the opening folk concert, the second night was a jazz concert for which the city's two outlets for "name" jazz musicians lent their current attractions. From the Drome came bagpipist-reed man **Rufus Harley,** with pianist **Oliver Collins,** bassist **James Glenn,** and drummer **Billy Abner.** Baker's lent the **Young-Holt** Trio. The other name attraction at the concert was trumpeter **Donald Byrd,** who was backed by a local rhythm section of pianist **Howard Lucas,** bassist **James Hankins,** and drummer **Doug Hammon.** The **Jack Brokensha Concert Jazz Quartet** (Brokensha, vibes; **Bess Bonnier,** piano; **Dan Jordan,** bass; and **Dick Riordan,** drums) rounded out the bill. The final evening of the festival featured Byrd conducting the **Detroit Symphony** in works by Copland, Stravinsky, William Grant Still, Howard Swanson, Coleridge Perkinson, and his own *Suite for Small Orchestra* . . . The Young-Holt group was preceded at Baker's by, and shared their first weekend with, guitarist **Gabor Szabo's** group (**Jimmy Stewart,** guitar; **Marty Morrell,** drums; **Hal Gordon,** conga drums) . . . Trombonist **Jimmy Wilkins'** big band backed singer **Nancy Wilson** for her Oct. 15 concert at

Ford Auditorium . . . Momo's took a turn toward more commercial jazz as they hired saxophonist **Fran Newman's** group to replace singer **Mark Richards** and pianist **Keith Vreeland's** trio, who are leaving the club after one of the longest engagements by a Detroit jazz group in recent years . . . Pianist **Alex Kallao's** trio, at the Breakers, opened with **John Dana** on bass, but he was replaced by his brother, **Jay. Paul Ambrose** is the drummer . . . Pianist-vocalist **Vince Mance,** backed by bassist **James Hankins** and drummer **Clifford Mack,** went into the Sheraton Inn in Ann Arbor . . . Guitarist **Don Davis'** trio, at the Frolic, was replaced by organist **Lyman Woodard's** group (guitarist **Dennis Coffey** and drummer **Melvin Davis**).

***Las Vegas:*** Before leaving to play with the **Woody Herman Herd** at the Monterey Jazz Festival, trombonist **Carl Fontana,** with a sextet comprised of local jazzmen (**Dave O'Rourke,** tenor; **Ron Feuer,** piano; **Don Overberg,** guitar; **Chuck Kovacs,** bass; and visitor **Mousie Alexander,** drums), presented an exciting late session at Dukes . . . The **Jimmy Cook** Band opened a weekly big-band policy at the Tropics Supper Club . . . The **Pete Fountain** group, with **Eddie Miller** featured on tenor, played a September engagement at the Tropicana's Blue Room . . . The septet providing the music for **Frank Sinatra Jr.** during his stint at the Frontier Hotel was directed by former **Sam Donahue-Tommy Dorsey** trombone soloist **Larry O'Brien,** and also featured **Art Mooshigan,** trumpet and fluegelhorn; **Walt Borys** and **Al Almeida,** reeds; **Ken Brown,** piano; **Bobby Harrison,** drums; and bassist **Jim Crutcher,** subbing for **Don Hafer** while the latter is recovering from injuries suffered in an auto accident. Singer **Suzon Childs** was also featured . . . **Frank D'Rone** was in the Celebrity Theater of the Sands Hotel for four weeks and had excellent backing by the **Earl Blue** Orchestra, directed by the singer's accompanist, **Keith Droste.** Band personnel was Blue, **Bob Skarda,** trumpets; **Tommy Turk,** trombone; **Tommy Lucas, Al Lesky, Earl Bergman, Charlie Brosen, Jim Milione,** reeds; **Ernie McDaniel,** bass; **Frank Gagliardi** or **Eddie Pucci,** drums . . . The **Jimmy Guinn** Orchestra began a weekly Sunday night late session at yet another after-the-gig spot, the Daydream Ranch. Personnel was **Herb Phillips, Bob Shew, Bill Hodges, Wes Hensel, John Foss,** trumpets; **Ken Tiffany, Archie LeCoque, Gus Mancuso, Bill Rogers,** Guinn, trombones; **Arno Marsh, Tom Hall, Irv Gordon, Tony Osiecki, Benny Bailey,** reeds; **Kenny Sampson,** piano; **Moe Scarazzo,** bass; **Karl Kiffe,** drums. Singer **Diane Elliott** was showcased.

***New Orleans:*** **Cannonball Adderley** and his quintet played the week of Aug. 28 at **Al Hirt's** club. The **Dukes of Dixieland** appeared Oct. 16, and **Bobby Hackett** comes in Dec. 4 . . . The New Orleans Jazz Club finished up its summer afternoon Sunday concert series with the **Papa Celestin Original Tuxedo Jazz Band** Aug. 6 and **Sharkey Bonano** and his **Kings of Dixieland** Aug. 13 . . . The **Olympia Brass Band** began a three-week tour of Europe Oct. 2, under the sponsorship of the Southern Travel Directors Council. The band, under the direction of **Harold Dejan,** was scheduled to appear in London, Copenhagen, Hamburg, Paris, Madrid, Munich, Cologne, and Brussels . . . Pianist **Armand Hug** has moved from the Golliwog Lounge of the Sheraton-Delta to a featured spot at the Touche Lounge at the Royal Orleans Hotel . . . Drummer **Smokie Johnson** has joined the **Don Suhor** Quintet at the Sho-Bar on Bourbon Street . . . The Back Stage Lounge presented a second group opposite singer **Frankie Ford;** the group included pianist **Chuck Berlin,** bassist **Jay Cave,** and drummer **Lee Johnson.**

***Miami:*** The Aug. 5th weekend was a very strong jazz weekend in South Florida. WAEZ-FM jazz disc jockey **China Valles** produced a jazz show for the greater Miami Urban League's First Annual Benefit. Featured performers were the **Chester Washington** Quintet (**Milton Jones,** trumpet; Washington, tenor saxophone; **Jimmy Crawford,** piano; **Jimmy Glover,** bass; **Bill Peeples,** drums); the **Big Six Trio** with bassist Six, pianist **Noahwell Cruz,** drummer **James Dunn,** and Miami's newest jazz singing discovery, **Sandra** . . . On cert at the Rancher Lounge, spotlighting Aug. 6, **Alan Rock** produced an SRO con the Six Trio and the **Ira Sullivan Four.**

# 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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