NOVEMBER 16, 1967 35c

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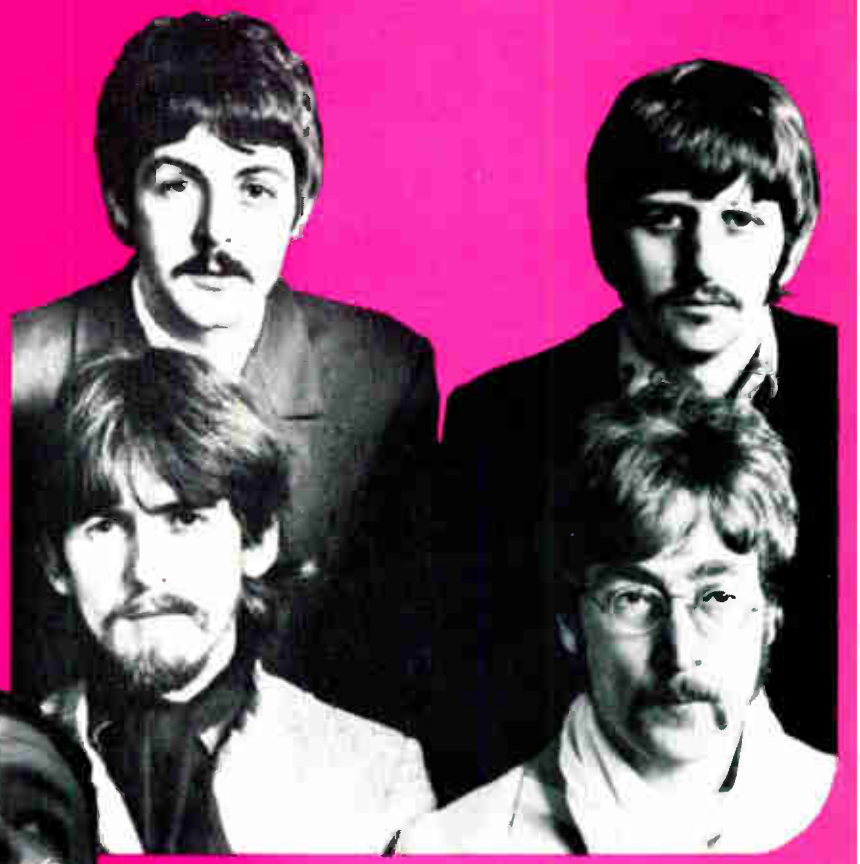
THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE



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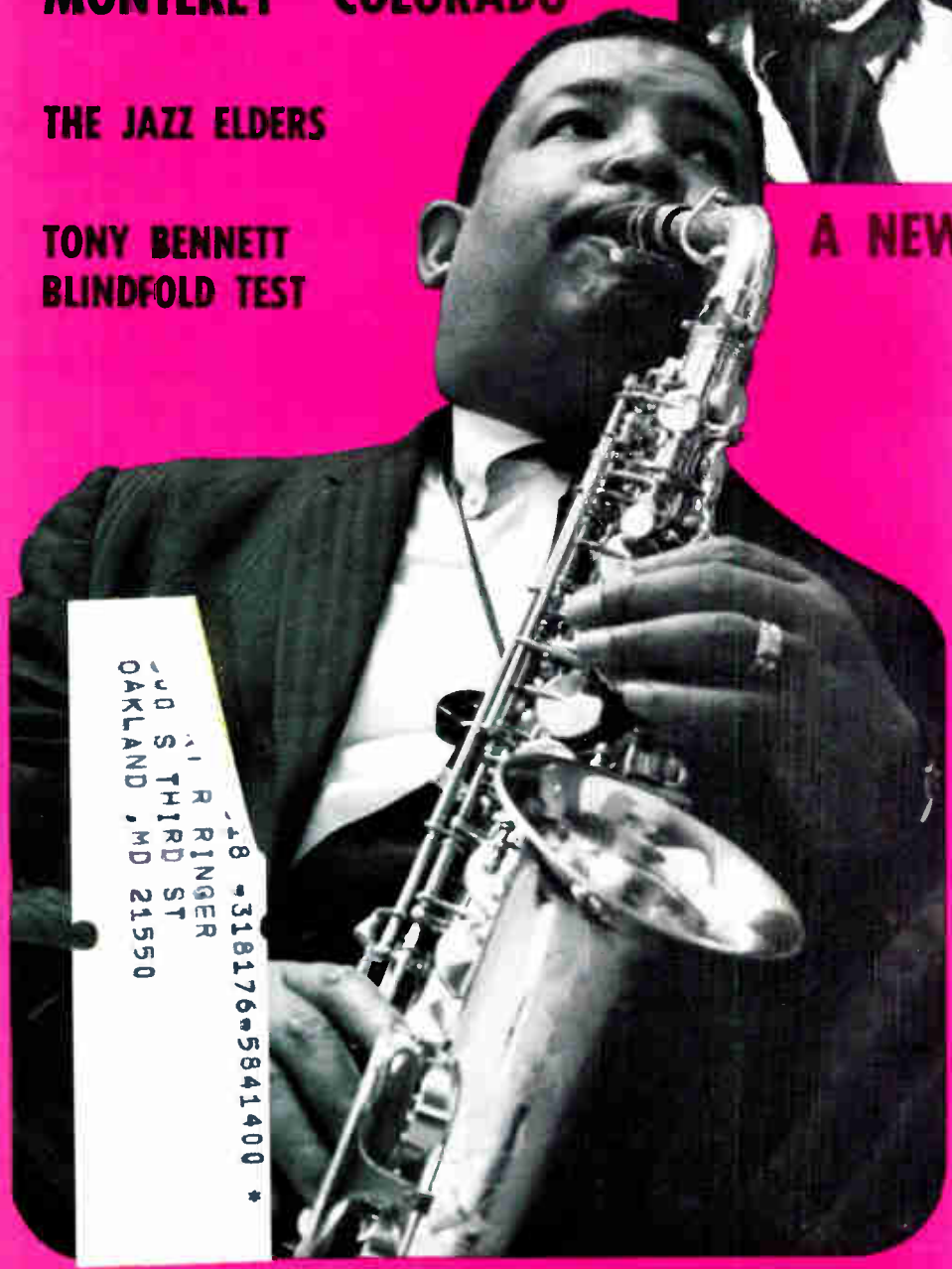
THE JAZZ ELDERS

TONY BENNETT
BLINDFOLD TEST

A NEW LOOK AT THE BEATLES



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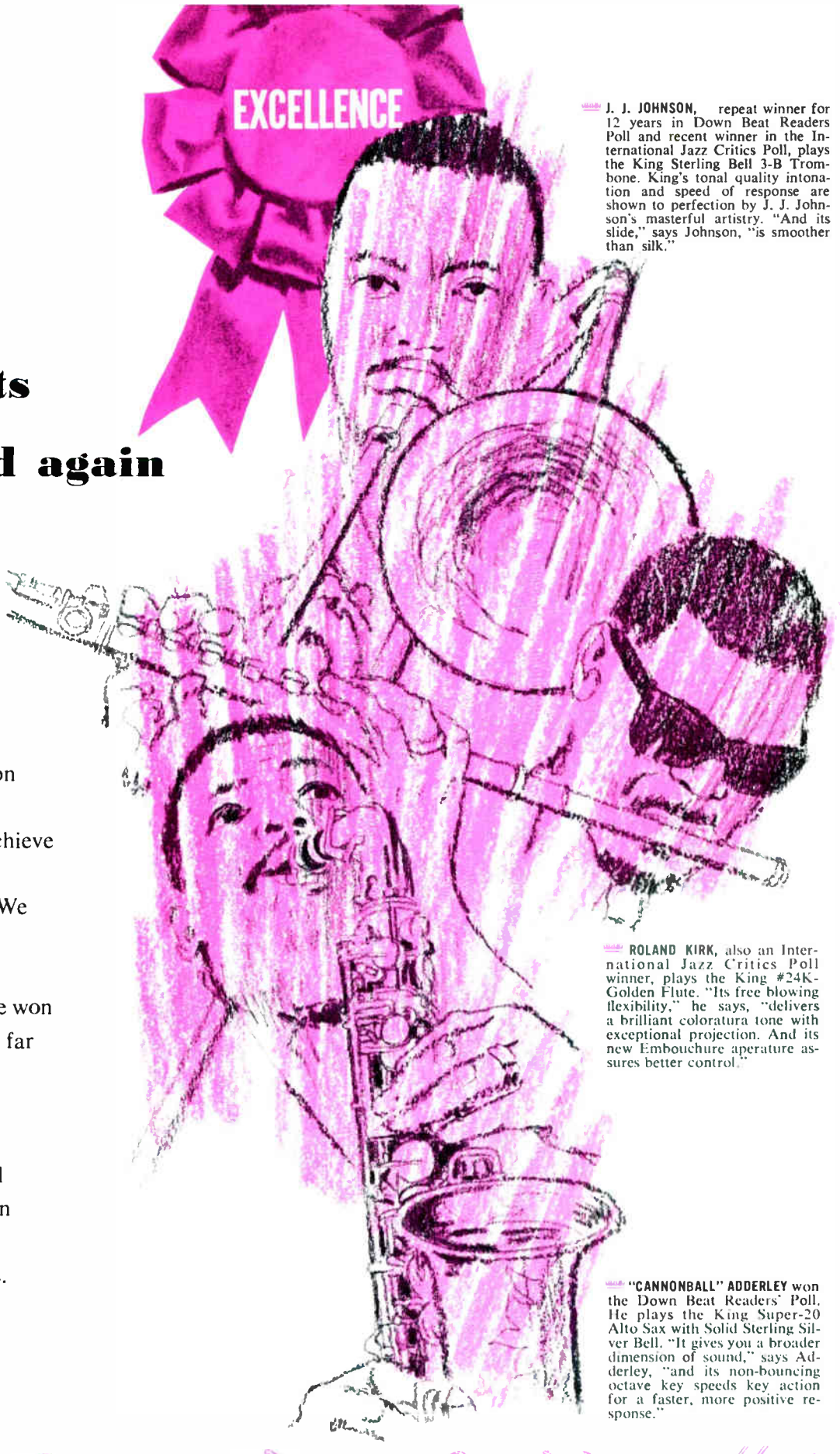

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November 16, 1967 Vol. 34, No. 23

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contents

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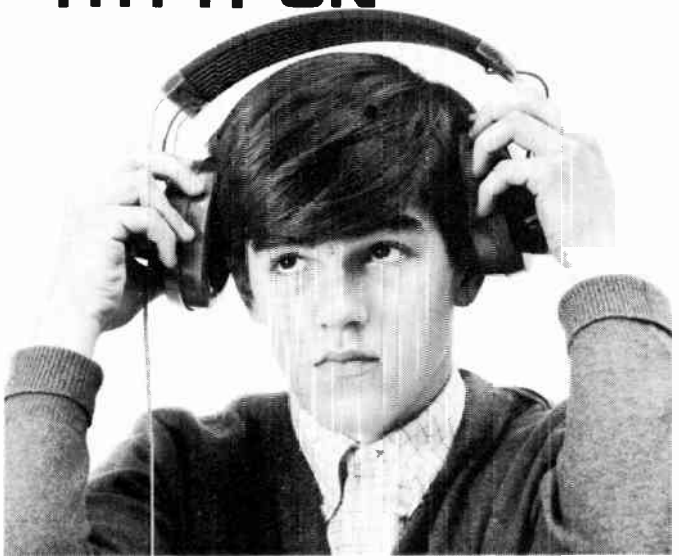

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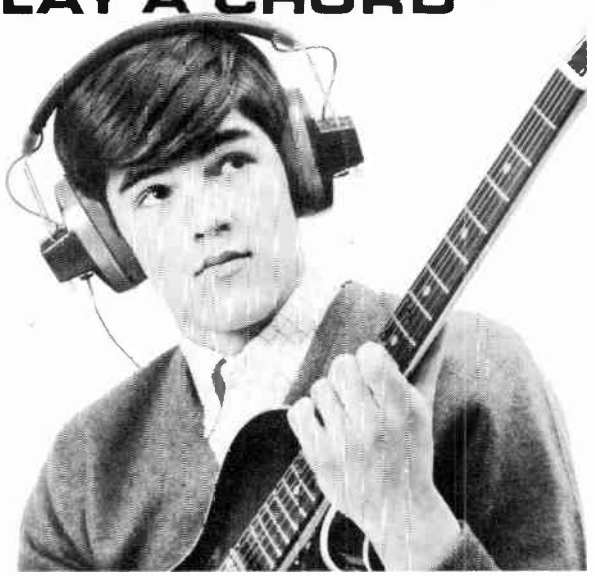

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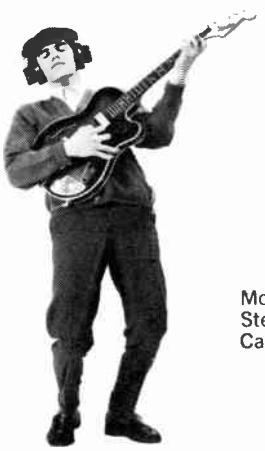

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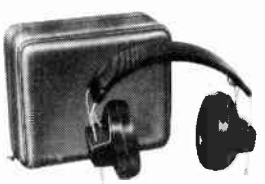

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By Quincy Jones

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Quincy Jones

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Nelson Vs. Siders

Harvey Siders' review of my LP *The Kennedy Dream (DB,* Oct. 5) further indicates the continuing lack of perception and depth on the part of today's critics.

Siders states: "A musical tribute such as this—with recorded excerpts from actual speeches by President Kennedy interpolated into the score—indicates an important new direction for the jazz idiom. How well Nelson has accomplished his purpose leads to one basic question: is the jazz idiom appropriate for this type of project?"

The word "jazz" is no longer suitable for all the different kinds of music being written today, but apparently Siders is not aware of that.

The only purely instrumental track, and the "only disappointment in the collection," Siders states, is *Day In Dallas.* The title alone should indicate what was meant in the way of music. But he goes on to say: "It begins and ends with appropriately ominous low strings and woodwinds, with drum rolls adding to the disquietude. But a middle section—clarinet over strings—is strangely lush." I'm afraid Siders missed the point entirely.

He complains further that the musicians were not given proper credit, but he fails to point out that the entire project was a brain child of Bob Thiele, the producer of this LP.

Whatever was intended by all the nonsense concerning my music means nothing to me. It is sad that Siders couldn't get inside the whole thing in such a way as to see the real reason for its existence in the first place.

I have included a letter from one who did not miss the point, and this for me makes up for everything.

Oliver Nelson
Los Angeles

Dear Mr. Nelson:

Just listened to the record *The Kennedy Dream* which is a musical tribute to the memory of my son, John Fitzgerald Kennedy, the late President.

My heart is full of pride and joy that he could so inspire young Americans with a desire to preserve on record some quotations expressive of his ideals and further highlight them by your profoundly moving music.

It is a tribute to the emotional and dramatic qualities of your endeavor that my eyes are so misty and my heart is so full, I can write no more.

Gratefully,
Rose Kennedy
(Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy)

Since it is not evident from Nelson's comments, we might point out that Siders rated the album ★ ★ ★ ★ ½, and called it "a labor of love." His major sin, apparently, was that he dared to refer to the work as being "jazz," a word which some musicians (especially successful ones) now seem to consider a pejorative.

They laughed when I sat down to play the accordion

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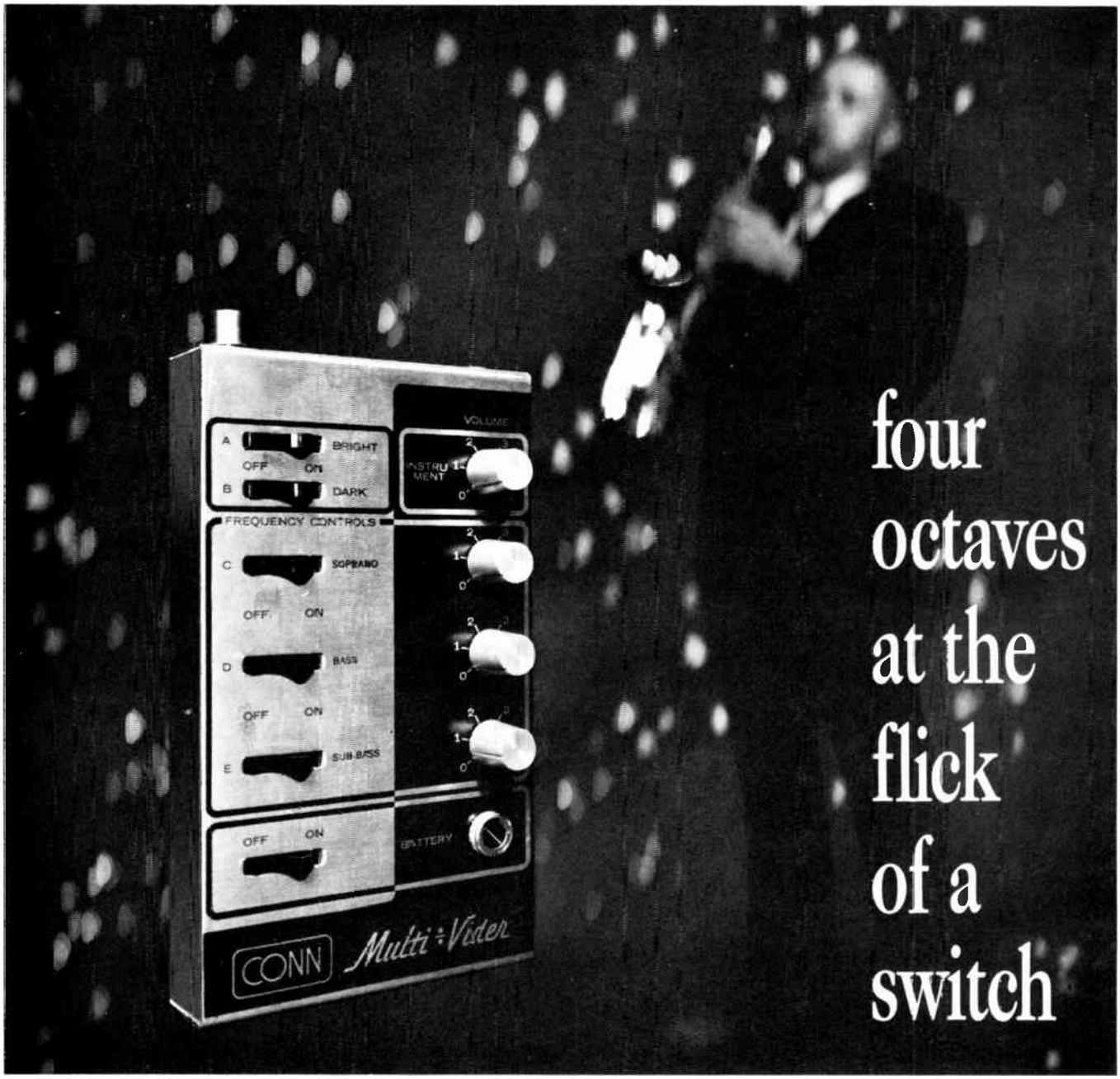

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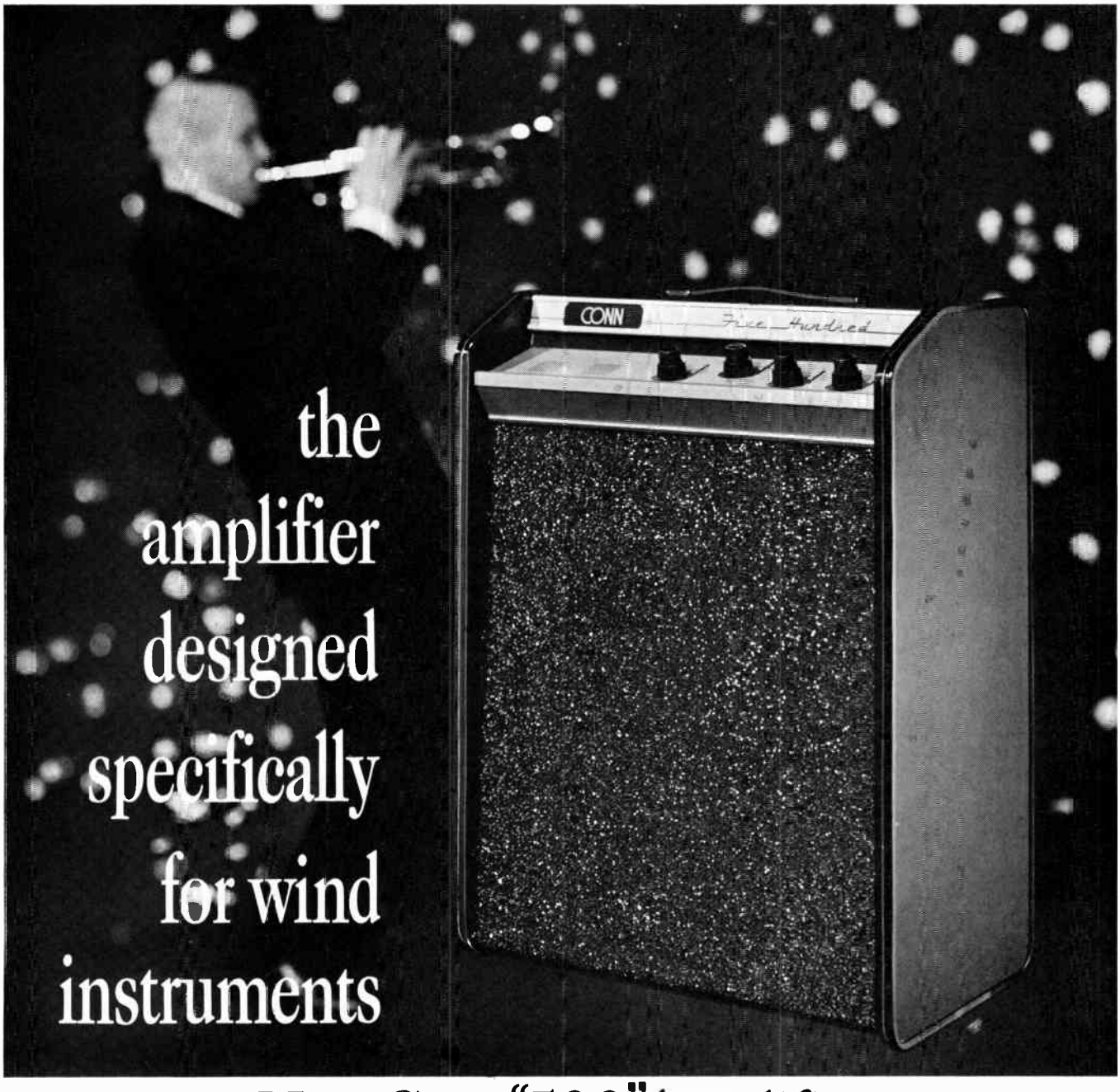

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Hawk Talk

May I be permitted the use of your column for the purpose of commenting on George Hoefer's article, *Coleman Hawkins' Pioneer Days (DB,* Oct. 5).

Exactly six sentences are devoted to Hawkins' 64-month, pre-war European sojourn! This period was one of Hawkins' most creative. Where is Hoefer's sense of balance in almost eliminating one of the finest periods of Hawkins' pre-war career? There is not a solitary reference to a solitary recording cut by Hawkins in Europe during the entire period from 1934-39! Yet, Hawkins recorded very extensively during this time . . . The Hawk cut no less than 47 different sides that were commercially issued. Not one of these sides was recorded by a minor label. All were major labels in Europe, during the pre-war period . . . A total of 29 sides were cut in the Netherlands . . . Next in number were the eight French-cut sides, four in 1935 for the Gramophone label and four in 1937 for . . . Swing, the world's pioneer jazz-only label. Next in number . . . was Great Britain, where Hawk cut four sides in Nov. 1934 for the British Parlophone label, and the last two pre-war, European-cut sides in May 1939 for HMV with the Jack Hylton Orchestra. And, finally, Hawk cut his four rarest sides in Switzerland in 1936 for Swiss Parlophone.

Unfortunately, during Hawkins' sojourn in Europe a grand total of only six sides had been release (in the United States) by the time of the outbreak of World War II. Up to Sept. 1939 only four titles had been released on American Decca . . . (with the Dutch Ramblers). A further two titles were released by RCA Victor in 1939 from the 1937 Swing label session . . . It was only after Hawkins' return that several additional titles were issued by American Decca . . . Small wonder that very few American collectors could study his recordings during the pre-war years. . . .

One other point, omitted by Hoefer, may be of interest to *DB's* readers. During the Hawk's sojourn in Great Britain, he participated in a film made at the Beaconsfield Studio (Nov. 1934). This film was *In Town To-Night.* Hawk got off two numbers, accompanied by a small contingent from the Howard Jacobs Orchestra, including trumpeter Frenchy Sartell.

Harold Flakser
New York City

Allen's Alley

There has been a greivous oversight in the tabulation of the 15th International Jazz Critics' Poll *(DB,* Aug. 24).

In the classification Talent Deserving of Wider Recognition, the votes cast for Gene Allen in the baritone saxophone division were 15 by my count (Berendt 3; Hoefer 3; Scanlan 5; Vogel 4).

I was sorry to find Gene's name not listed in the standings, while one player with only 10 points was listed . . .

Gene certainly is deserving of much wider recognition. Here's hoping he attains it.

Clint Ferguson
St. Louis, Mo.

STUFF SMITH DIES

Jazz violinist Stuff Smith, 58, died Sept. 25 in Munich, Germany. Long in precarious health, Smith was stricken during a local club and concert engagement which was part of a fall tour of European cities.

Born Hezekiah Leroy Gordon Smith in Portsmouth, Ohio, on Aug. 14, 1909, Smith was raised in Cleveland and taught violin by his father, a multi-instrumentalist who had his own band and also ran a barbershop.

The father wanted his son to become a classical violinist, but after the youngster heard Louis Armstrong, he wanted to play jazz. He won a music scholarship to Johnson C. Smith University in Charlotte, N.C., but left school with a traveling revue.

In 1926, Smith joined Alphonso Trent's band in Dallas, Tex., for a stay of four years, excepting a stint with Jelly Roll Morton in New York City in 1927. Trent's band was considered one of the best in the country, and is said to have been the inspiration for Jimmie Lunceford's style. In addition to playing, Smith was prominently featured as vocalist and comic.

After leaving Trent, Smith led his own groups, ranging from combos to big bands, in Buffalo and around upstate New York. A hit novelty tune, *I'se A-Muggin'*, which he wrote in 1935, led to an engagement at the Onyx Club on 52nd St., where he was an immediate sensation.

It was at the Onyx that Smith, who had long been annoyed by the violin's inability to compete in volume with the horns, acquired an electrically amplified instrument. Smith's band, which included trumpeter Jonah Jones, and later drummer Cozy Cole and pianist Clyde Hart, enjoyed long runs at the Onyx and at the Famous Door in Hollywood.

In 1943, Smith briefly took over leadership of Fats Waller's band after the pianist's death. After a siege of pneumonia (the first of many illnesses), Smith formed a trio with pianist Jimmy Jones and bassist John Levy. A unique and advanced group, it played the Onyx for six months. Jones' replacements were first Erroll Garner, then Billy Taylor. When Taylor quit, Smith disbanded and settled in Chicago, where he freelanced and operated a restaurant.

After a period of relative inactivity, Smith moved to California in the late '50s. Norman Granz used him on an Ella Fitzgerald record date, and then on several albums of his own, including one with Dizzy Gillespie. Granz also booked the violinist on a European tour. Smith was felled by a liver ailment in Brussels, and underwent an operation from which his recovery was deemed near-miraculous.

After a year's engagement at the Royal Tahitian Room in Ontario, Cal. (1963-64) and a record date with Herb Ellis, Smith followed up with club, festival, and TV appearances, and a stint with Joe Bushkin at New York's Embers.

In 1965, Smith's old friend, jazz writer Timme Rosenkrantz, arranged a European tour for the violinist. He was hospitalized in Oslo in the spring, but soon resumed the tour. In August, ailing again, he was in a Paris hospital for observation, but sneaked out to fill an engagement in Brussels. Upon returning to Paris, he collapsed and underwent a dangerous double operation for ulcers and a liver condition.

Doctors described Smith as a "medical museum" and doubted that he would ever play again. But three days after the operation, Smith was entertaining other patients with his music, and soon had to be discharged.

With his home base now in Copenhagen, Denmark, Smith continued to tour the continent, appearing at festivals and in clubs and making several recordings. He had a busy schedule ahead of him when death came.

Smith was a wholly unique musician. His approach to the violin was unorthodox, but well grounded. His ability to swing was matched by few (if any) players on any instrument. Though he was noted for his violent attack and astonishing speed, he was also capable of lyrical, legato playing in the great violin tradition. As a singer, he was strongly influenced by Louis Armstrong, with a hoarse, affecting delivery. His genius was never fully appreciated.

Smith was a prolific composer of jump tunes, novelties, and pretty ballads, including *It's Wonderful, Skip It, Desert Sands, Time and Again, Midway, Here Comes the Man with the Jive*, and *My Thoughts* (with Mezz Mezzrow).

Among his best records are *Old Joe is Hitting the Jug, After You've Gone, I Hope Gabriel Likes My Music, Upstairs, Skip It, Take the 'A' Train*, and the albums *Stuff Smith Meets Dizzy Gillespie, Cat on a Hot Fiddle* (Verve), and *Swinging Stuff* (EmArcy).

Funeral services were held Sept. 29 in Munich.

EDDIE CONDON'S CLUB CLOSES AFTER 22 YEARS

For many years, Eddie Condon's club in New York City has closed for the summer months and reopened in the fall. This year, however, the shutters remained down, and a chapter in the city's jazz history has ended.

Condon opened his club on West 3rd Street in Greenwich Village in 1945. From the start, the music was of the informal, mainstream-traditional brand always associated with the spunky guitarist-entrepreneur's name.

The atmosphere was informal, and Tuesday was jam session night, though visiting firemen were always welcome to sit in with the house band on other occasions as well.

In 1957, New York University decided to build a library on the premises, and Condon's moved uptown to East 56th Street and more formal surroundings. (Ironically, the site of the old club is still an empty lot—the library was never built.)

During the 22 years of Condon's, a host of famous jazz names went through the ranks of the house band, including trumpeters Wild Bill Davison, Max Kaminsky, Bobby Hackett, Buck Clayton, Ruby Braff, Rex Stewart, and Yank Lawson; trombonists Lou McGarrity, Fred Ohms, Brad Gowans, Vic Dickenson, and long-timer Cutty Cutshall; clarinetists Joe Dixon, Pee Wee Russell, Tony Parenti, Edmond Hall, Peanuts Hucko, and Bob Wilber; pianists Gene Schroeder, Ralph Sutton, Dill Jones, Roger Kellaway, and Dave McKenna; bassists Leonard Gaskin, Bob Casey, Gene Ramey, and Bob Haggart, and drummers Dave Tough, Buzzy Drootin, George Wettling, Cliff Leeman, and Morey Feld.

Condon, who will be 63 come Nov. 16, is not dismayed. "My place wasn't like some of those clubs that opened and then closed before you could get drunk in them," he cracked. Recently, he has played at the jazz festival in Colorado and taken an all-star group to Disneyland, and he plans to continue doing single engagements on a free-lance basis.

"I still enjoy playing, especially if the company is right," Condon said. He has always known how to make it right.

DECCA LAUNCHES MAJOR JAZZ REISSUE PROJECT

Under the guidance of veteran a&r chief Milt Gabler, who originally came to the company in 1941 to work on reissues of Brunswick and Vocalion material, Decca Records has launched a comprehensive jazz reissue program that will mine their vast catalog for numerous gems too long unavailable to the American jazz

public. (European listeners have been able to obtain some of the selections on other labels for some time.)

The initial October release consists of seven albums, with three more scheduled for November. The seven are Louis Armstrong, Vol. 1, *Rare Items*, 1935-1944 (including the previously unreleased *Grooving*); Duke Ellington, Vol. 1, *The Beginning*, 1926-1928; Woody Herman, *The Turning Point;* Earl Hines, *Southside Swing;* Chick Webb, Vol. 1, *A Legend*, and Vol. 2, *King of the Savoy;* and *Kansas City Piano*, an anthology with tracks by Count Basie, Jay McShann, and Mary Lou Williams.

Following in November will be *Instrumentally Speaking* by Andy Kirk; *The Blues and All That Jazz*, a compilation of selections by singers including Joe Turner, Cousin Joe, Trixie Smith, and Peetie Wheatstraw, backed by the horns of Tommy Ladnier, Sidney Bechet, Red Allen, Jonah Jones, Charlie Shavers, and Chu Berry; and *The Chicagoans: The Austin High Gang, 1928-1930*, spotlighting clarinetist Frank Teschemacher. The latter collection will contain an extremely rare Husk O'Hare item featuring Teschemacher and never before issued in the U.S.

According to Gabler, "before 1968 is over, most of the solid stuff will be either out or on the drawing board." This calls for more Armstrong, Ellington, and Herman; Count Basie, Jimmy Lunceford, Fletcher Henderson, Bob Crosby, Jan Savitt with Bon Bon; Roy Eldridge; Lionel Hampton; Buddy Johnson; Jay McShann featuring Charlie Parker; Charlie Barnet; a Harlem big band set with Don Redman, Lucky Millinder, Benny Carter, and Claude Hopkins; and a Harlem small band package with Louis Jordan and others.

"These are historical documents, and there should be a special place for them in the record stores," said Gabler, who in the '30s made record history with his Commodore label, and tended to the needs of jazz fans at the famous Commodore Record Shop on New York's West 42nd Street. The albums will have extensive notes by writers including Stanley Dance and Frank Driggs, who are also serving as collators for the series.

The only similar project now in operation is RCA Victor's Vintage series. Columbia's once extensive jazz reissue program has been largely abandoned.

As for the success of the welcome Decca undertaking, Gabler says: "It all depends on the fans."

JAM SESSION COOKED UP BY SOLID STATE LABEL

Using the time-honored jam session format as a focal point, Solid State, the United Artists subsidiary label now in the process of switching to an almost exclusive jazz policy, launched a new program in late September by recording a Sunday bash at the Village Vanguard in New York City under the supervision of a&r man Sonny Lester.

Festivities, which got underway at about four in the afternoon and lasted for nearly six hours, were witnessed by invited guests and the regular Vanguard matinee customers. It was a large and enthusiastic audience.

Many of the participating musicians were drawn from the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra which records for Solid State and is the regular Monday evening attraction at the club. These were Garnett Brown, trombone; Joe Farrell, tenor saxophone; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Richard Davis, bass; and Lewis, drums. Spearheading the proceedings was the catalytic Dizzy Gillespie.

Three of the four sets were jamming affairs. The opener lined up Gillespie, Adams, Brown, Davis, Lewis, and pianist Chick Corea. After vibist Mike Mainieri's group had played a portion of its repertoire, Farrell, Brown, trumpeter Marvin Stamm, Corea, Davis, and Elvin Jones took over. The final set brought Gillespie and Adams back to the stand with the same rhythm section, and added starter Ray Nance on violin. Midway, Jones gave way to Lewis.

Solid State plans to issue the results of the long session in two double-pocket LP packages.

POTPOURRI

Folk singer **Woody Guthrie,** 55, died Oct. 3 after a long illness at Creedmore State Hospital in New York. He was suffering from Huntington's Chorea. Oklahoma-born Guthrie was one of the prime movers in the revival of interest in American folk music which began in the '30s. He wrote more than 1,000 songs, including *This Land Is Your Land, So Long, It's Been Good to Know You, Union Maid,* and *Hard Traveling.* His autobiography, *Bound for Glory,* was published in 1943.

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Ken McIntyre, multi-instrumentalist, composer, arranger, and lecturer, has joined the faculty of the school of music and art at Central State University, Wilberforce, Ohio. McIntyre will teach composition and woodwinds, and direct the stage band. A graduate (B.M. and M.M.) of Boston Conservatory of Music, McIntyre has taught at the High School of Performing Arts and the High School of Music and Art in New York. As a player, he worked and recorded with **Eric Dolphy** and **Cecil Taylor,** and with his own groups for Prestige and United Artists.

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Ray Charles has been named national chairman of the Sickle Cell Disease Research Foundation, and is making plans for a huge fund-raising benefit to be held in Los Angeles in December. Sickle cell anemia is malignant, and particularly wide-spread among Negro children.

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Trumpeter **Doc Severinsen** has replaced **Milton DeLugg** as conductor on **Johnny Carson's** *Tonight* show. DeLugg is relocating in California. Severinsen has had a long association with *Tonight* and was assistant conductor to **Skitch Henderson** when the latter was music director for the show.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: The Fifth Annual Avant Garde Festival of New York took place this year on the Staten Island Ferry *John F. Kennedy* for 24 continuous hours starting at 11:30 p.m. on Sept. 29. Among the jazz participants in the seagoing happening, under the guidance of cellist **Charlotte Moorman,** were **Sun Ra and his Astro Infinity Music, Jimmy Giuffre** and **John Stauber,** the **Don Heckman-Ed Summerlin Jazz Workshop, Bill Dixon** and dancer **Judith Dunn, Perry Robinson** and the **Uni Trio,** the **Robin Kenyatta** Quintet, singer **Sheila Jordan, Roswell Rudd** and **Sonny Murray** (each in solo appearances), and the **Joel Peskin-Randy Kaye** group . . . **Lionel Hampton** will be guest soloist with the Toronto Symphony Nov. 4 in a performance of his *King David Suite.* Hamp was the guest star at a Chuck's Composite "Jazz at Noon" session on the Friday preceding Jazz Day in New York. On Jazz Day, Chuck's held a special "Jazz at Noon" session with **Tony Scott** and **Elvin Jones** . . . Photographer **Doug Quackenbush** has made a film on **Thelonious Monk,** composed of still shots taken of the pianist on various locations. The sound track consists of Monk's records. Monk recently did two weeks at the Village Vanguard with his regulars **(Charlie Rouse, Larry Gales, Ben Riley),** opposite the **Mose Allison** Trio **(Bob Cranshaw,** bass; and **Billy Higgins,** drums) . . . Among the jazz composers given awards for 1967-1968 by ASCAP are **Ornette Coleman, Billy Taylor, Gerry Mulligan, Ella Fitzgerald, Dizzy Gillespie, Benny Goodman, Stan Kenton, Herbie Mann,** and **Mary Lou Williams.** Also receiving awards, but listed as "movie song writers" are **John Mandel** and **Quincy Jones** . . . One of the longest gigs in town is clarinetist **Sol Yaged's** at the Gold Derby Room of the Gaslight Club. The leader, pianist **Dave Martin,** and drummer **Sam Ulano** have been there since Feb., 1966. They were joined last fall by trumpeter-violinist-singer **Ray Nance,** and the quartet has been going strong ever since . . . Tenor saxophonist **Granville Lee** gave a concert at Carnegie Recital Hall in late September. **Howard McGhee** was featured on trumpet . . . **Pucho** and his **Latin Soul Brothers** played for the gala party following the opening of the New York Film Festival . . . Tenor saxophonist **Frank Foster's** slightly scaled-down big band played for dancing opposite **Buddy Rich** at the Riverboat in early October. Personnel included **Lou Soloff, Martin Banks, Johnny Coles,** trumpets; **Garnett Brown** (or **Julian Priester),** trombone; **Benny Powell,** bass trombone; **James Spaulding,** alto saxophone and flute; **Sonny Fortune,** tenor saxophone; **Harold Cumberbatch,** baritone saxophone; **Walter Davis,** piano; **Herman Wright,** bass; and **Ben Dixon,** drums . . . Pianist **Horace Parlan** has different bass partners in his duo at the Village Door in Jamaica. Tuesday through Thursday it's **Slam Stewart;** on the weekends, **Peck Morrison** . . .

Drummer **Les DeMerle's** quintet has been working at Long's Lounge in East Orange, N.J. The unit includes **Randy Brecker,** trumpet; **Dick Spencer,** alto saxophone; **Danny Sandidge,** piano; and **Bill Takas,** bass.

Record News: Milestone has signed long-term exclusive contracts with pianist **Bobby Timmons,** tenor saxophonist **Joe Henderson,** vibist **Tommy Vig,** alto saxophonist **Gary Bartz,** and guitarist **Phil Upchurch.** Alto saxophonist **Lee Konitz** has recorded for the label in duo settings with a variety of musicians, from **Elvin Jones** to **Richie Kamuca** . . . Pianist **Marian McPartland** taped a set for **Jimmy Wisner's** December label in three frameworks: trio, string, and woodwinds . . . Guitarist **Pat Martino** has been busy for Prestige recently. He recorded with organist **Don Patterson (Houston Person,** tenor saxophone; **Billy James,** drums); saxophonist **Eric Kloss (Jimmy Owens,** trumpet and fluegelhorn; **Ben Tucker,** bass; **Alan Dawson,** drums); and on a date of his own **(Joe Farrell,** tenor saxophone and flute; **Cedar Walton,** piano; Tucker; and **Walter Perkins,** drums).

Los Angeles: Around Thanksgiving, **Don Ellis** will be soloist in a work combining his orchestra and the Los Angeles Philharmonic. The Philharmonic's conductor, **Zubin Mehta,** heard Ellis' band when it was still at Bonesville. He was impressed, and from that meeting was born *Contrasts for Two Orchestras and Trumpet,* a work in concerto grosso form . . . The **Jazz Crusaders**—scheduled to open at the Lighthouse Oct. 31—recently returned from a midwest tour and managed to visit their home town of Houston, Tex. **Stix Hooper,** drummer-leader of the Crusaders, reports that there is an excellent east to west (or if the booking goes the other way, west to east) drop-off place in Dallas: the Fink Mink. He calls it one of the best places to work. Between gigs as the Crusaders **(Wayne Henderson,** trombone; **Wilton Felder,** tenor saxophone; **Joe Sample,** piano), individual members work whenever the opportunities arise. Most recently, Hooper worked with **Ben Di Tosti,** piano; **Roy Gaines,** guitar; and **Chris Clark,** bass, at Ye Little Club, in Beverly Hills, backing vocalist **Ann Dee** . . . Drummer **Clarence Johnston,** the regular drummer with the **Gene Russell** Trio, also works with **Pepe Fernandez'** Octet at the Biltmore Hotel, playing what he calls "soul Latin." Johnston also plays with **George Morrow's** group at the International Room. Most recently, the group featured **Bobby Hutcherson,** vibes; **Tommy Strode,** piano; and Morrow, bass. Finally, Johnston is a member of **Sonny Criss'** octet, just unveiled at the Tropicana. Criss has been working on his octet for a long time. Rehearsals were interrupted when Criss went east to record his third album for Prestige. The octet played five nights at the Tropicana and displayed interesting charts by two sidemen: **Vernon Slater** and **Horace Tapscott.** The front line is the kind that encourages experimental voicings. The octet: **Herbert Anderson,** trumpet; **Thurman Green,** trombone; Criss, alto saxophone; Slater, tenor saxophone; **Alex Nelson,** baritone saxophone; Tapscott, piano; **David Bryant,** bass, and Johnston, drums . . . The Mon-

/Continued on page 48

SOME WORDS FOR HAMP

Bystander

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

LIONEL HAMPTON, the story goes, was reunited in the 1960s for a recording date with some of the musicians with whom he shared the adulation of the crowds in the 1930s. He did a little chiding of his fellow players. He told them they should stop using the same old chords they had been playing for 30 years and learn some new ones.

I believe the story. At any rate, I know that Hamp has been learning new chords for much of his musical life, and that the incident is not an isolated bit of evidence of his concern with his own musical growth.

A few years ago in New York City, Hampton, one of the great jazz fans as well as one of the great players, sat in with Thelonious Monk's quartet one evening at the Five Spot. Monk came away so enthusiastic that he wanted to record with the vibist, and I very much regret that the event did not take place.

I was reminded of all this by one track on a reissue under Stan Getz' name called *Another Time, Another Place* (VSP/VSPS-22). On it, there is a piece called *Gladys* credited partly to Hampton. It's a blues with tricky substitute changes, changes that more or less suggest those to the beginning of Charlie Parker's *Confirmation,* I would say. The line, the melody, isn't much—just a rather clumsy way of setting up the chords. But Hampton the soloist finds his way through this harmonic obstacle course with melodic grace—more grace, I think, than Getz does on this occasion.

We are grateful if the important musicians from Hampton's generation can still play as well as they used to. And if we admit the truth of the matter, some of them cannot. But Hampton plays better than he used to; he is a greater musician than he ever has been. And it is a near-miracle that he has been able to expand his usable musical techniques without sounding pretentious and without losing the essential vitality and character of his style, which is, of course, rhythmic.

I wonder how many of us realize what Hampton has done for his instrument. Hampton made the vibraharp a jazz instrument, and that means he made it a very different instrument from what it had been before him.

Concert musicians tend to treat the xylophone as a percussive novelty, sort of a collection of toned, wooden drums, useful for an occasional effect. Similarly, they have tended to treat the vibes as a tinkling novelty, a set of toned triangles perhaps. Most of them still do, despite the fact that jazz musicians, led by Hampton, have shown that it is a flexible, expressive, and resourceful melody instrument of first rank.

One can see how important an event for all music took place that day in a Los Angeles recording studio in October, 1930, when Louis Armstrong heard drummer Lionel Hampton fooling around with a set of vibes, told him he sounded good, and encouraged him to take up the instrument.

And the melodic resourcefulness that Hampton found in the vibes reminds us that he is also a great ballad player and always has been. He did *Moonglow* on his first record date with Benny Goodman in 1936, and one of his most popular featured pieces in those days was *The Man I Love.* Recently I heard him on a late-night television show do a dazzling reading of *A Taste of Honey.*

On the surface, Hampton's career has tended to follow one trend after another. In the middle '50s, Hampton's band was featured in one of the quickie films of the time as a rock-and-roll group. And so forth. But beyond adding an occasional number or two to the book, such things don't really affect his music very much.

Hampton's career never has been managed with an eye for prestige and taste. I once heard a younger musician complain bitterly that Hampton was very wrong to go to Europe and play any old place or any old town in any old hall where he could get a booking.

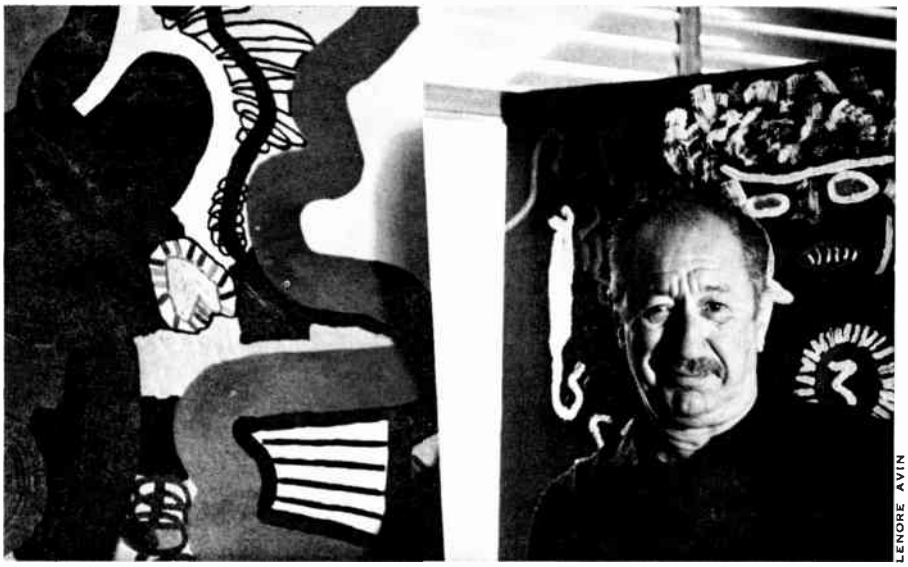
Hampton is a good bandleader, but not a great one, despite the fact that he has always found and encouraged outstanding young talent. He is a good occasional composer but not a great one. He is no kind of arranger, apparently. And, I would judge (although I may be wrong in this), that he is not an expert editor or rearranger of other people's material, as is Count Basie. Nor is Hampton a great showman, though he may be a good one, and spends a great deal of time on showmanship. ("How about Leonard Bernstein?" he once remarked. "I wish I had half the showmanship he has.")

Sure, he may quote fragments of 20 different familiar tunes in a couple of choruses of *Stardust,* or holler and jump up on a drum at the climax of *Flying Home.* Or he may make records on which his lyric gifts are barely audible, swathed in questionable writing for strings. But anyone who can make as much music as Lionel Hampton can when he is playing at his best is maybe entitled. db

OUR VITAL ELDERS by gus matzorkis

"It makes me so damned sad I want to cry."

It was 1947 or 1948, the girl was about 20 years old, and the emotion she expressed was genuine. At that time, the talk of the young and hip was full of earnest references to imagined and real extramusical aspects of bop: ". . . nervous tension reflecting the fear and insecurity of the atomic era," ". . . complex musical language mirroring the increasing complexity of contemporary life," ". . . formal musical schooling and discipline paralleling the 'new' Negro's dignity and rejection of all that New Orleans down-home stuff."



Pee Wee Russell: Better than ever at 61.

Dizzy Gillespie was the symbol of musical revolution then, to an even greater extent than Charlie Parker, and Gillespie was the unwitting cause of the young woman's sadness.

"When you stop and think about it," she said, "Diz will be 50 years old in about 20 years. He'll be an old man the young musicians are going to have to put down. When I think of Diz' music as the moldy-fig jazz of the future, which the kids won't dig, I feel like crying."

Well, the 20 years have passed, and while there will be no nationally televised birthday commemoration, as there was for Frank Sinatra last year, Gillespie did turn 50 on Oct. 21. Because of his remarkable showmanship and his durable chops, he is still with us, and he can still knock you down or send you soaring with what comes out of that silly-looking, bent-up horn—if you listen.

But more and more, the youngsters are not listening and not looking to him for direct inspiration or for a "live" or recorded musical boot. (The hangup with youth and newness is such that many younger listeners feel compelled to justify their still listening to old man Miles Davis by letting you know they've come to hear sidemen Wayne Shorter and Tony Williams, and a young hipster ironically commented that he liked to hear John Coltrane's group because it gave him a chance to listen to Pharaoh Sanders. All this may partially explain why loner Sonny Rollins no longer wins readers' polls.)

Gillespie is eating, however, and still playing to audiences who really listen and hear. That fact at least tones down some of the sense of the sad inexorability of the largely fulfilled prediction of that girl 20 years ago that we see manifested in the steadily rising average age of those audiences.

But while the remarkable Gillespie at 50 manages to dilute and delay somewhat the ineluctable rejection of a fickle jazz world, what about Coleman Hawkins at 63, Roy Eldridge at 56, Ben Webster at 58, Pee Wee Russell at 61, Jo Jones at 56, Buck Clayton at 55, Red Norvo at 59, Bill Harris at 56, Vic Dickenson at 61?

Tens of thousands of words have been written in the last decade about the shame of our ignoring such worthy elders of jazz, until we come to the obituaries and memorial albums, and we need not add to that litany of guilt here.

Try this for a change, though: Don't think of that shame or of the personal injustice to those men and their numerous contemporaries, real though they are. Think, instead, of the waste and of the loss to you, to listeners of jazz in general, and to the jazz language that results from a scuffling Ben Webster running off to Europe to stay for two years or three years (or forever?), a Bill Harris playing God-knows-what in Las Vegas casino lounges, a Pee Wee Russell recording but once every two or three or four years.

"Yes," some will say, "but jazz, after all, is a young man's language."

Sometimes, no doubt, but not always and not all that often either.

You are underexposed if you have not heard Webster play after he turned 50; he was a fine tenor player before that but has been something a good deal more than that over the last decade or so.

It is something close to a pity if you have not heard Russell's last recorded version of *I'd Climb the Highest Mountain,* which he played when he was about 60—no matter how much earlier Russell work you may be familiar with. People whose judgment I respect, after having heard Harris play recently in Vegas, say that he can still upset you with that move-on-out-of-the-way drive of his; I'd like a chance for the rest of us to hear and judge for ourselves, in clubs and on records.

But Harris—or Webster or Russell—have never said that much to you anyway? Well, I'm really not calling for the world to accept all my specific enthusiasms as their own, but only urging that the existing jazz atmosphere not be deprived of rich and viable elements on such arbitrary grounds as age and fashionableness. My own enthusiasm for Earl Hines happens not to be boundless (although it exists), but I applaud the much-publicized comeback of Hines. Nice as it is to see the record sessions, festivals, travels, and lifetime annuity that comeback has brought to a deserving jazz pioneer, the real gain is in the re-enrichment of the jazz atmosphere that followed Hines' emergence from obscure clubs in the San Francisco bay area. The jazz atmosphere needs more of the kind of re-enrichment that our neglected, often still fiercely expressive jazz elders can provide.

The tough-minded realist will say that all this is futile—that in our youth-saturated culture, that's the way it is, and that's the way it's going to be. And anyway, he will add, change is inevitable and desirable, and change means replacing the old with the new.

But does it have to be all the old with anything new? The trouble with this widely uttered sort of slogan is that it makes no distinctions between good and bad music, between relatively superficial and relatively profound musical expression, between the trivial and the essential.

Your grateful sharing in the throbbing here-and-now vitality of Freddie Hubbard and Sonny Rollins and Ornette Coleman and Elvin Jones need no more require you to turn off Dizzy Gillespie and Coleman Hawkins and Cannonball Adderley and Jo Jones than an interest in Edward Albee, LeRoi Jones, and Ed Kienholz requires you to ignore Arthur Miller, Richard Wright, and Pablo Picasso—or that marveling at Gale Sayers means forgetting Jim Brown, having a second child means loving the first less, learning from Stokely Carmichael's harsh anger means turning off Dr. Martin Luther King's Gandhian gospel.

So whatever it may or may not be worth to that saddened chick of 20 years ago, I will be there when Gillespie next plays in town. I will be there more for my sake than for his, looking not for nostalgia or laughs, but for that special burning thing that fine man can still ignite with his horn. DB

the well rounded 'Ball

It was the custom—before the Rt. Rev. Zenaphon Smith, with a charismatic glint in his deep set eyes, mounted the pulpit of the Mount Zion Missionary Baptist Church to exhort his flock along the paths of righteousness—for the choir and assorted instrumentalists to brew the proper environment for a sermon. The musical director, tall and gaunt in his flowing robes, would stride between the assemblage of eagerly upturned faces on one side and the musicians and singers on the other, wheel suddenly toward the latter, lift his arms in a gesture of incalculable drama, and yank a downbeat out of the air above him. At this signal a torrential amalgam of voices, organ or piano (or both), alto saxophone, perhaps a cornet, amplified guitar, trap drums, cymbals, and tambourines was set in vibration. On beats two and four of each measure, four hundred palms came together with the aggregate volume of a thunderclap. Shouts of "Yes, Lord" and "I'm a witness, Father" were balanced at random against the rush of the music. The older women in the congregation, eyes closed and moist brows knit in concentration, swayed to and fro with the beat, embracing low moans. A few might even pass on to momentary oblivion in the throes of ecstacy. The beams supporting the church's foundation were forced into heaving and yawing empathy with the pulse of the action. Even before the music died and the minister appeared, many would be the volunteers gathered before the pulpit, ready to "testify for Jesus."

True enough, the reports of the reverend's influence over the congregation stressed his powers of oratory. However, an immeasurable part of his success was due to the musical atmosphere that predisposed the faithful to receptivity of "The Word." With the immediacy of a kick in the stomach, the music left no soul unmoved.

Today, those looking for vestiges of this exciting music can find it, in all its powerful authenticity, on any Sunday morning in the ghettos or rural hamlets—storefront churches, huge "Tabernacles of Faith," or humble cabins wearing a proud new coat of paint—all over this land . . . wherever there is a sizeable contingent of black folk. And its echoes can be heard in more secular contexts.

by bill quinn

CHARLES STEWART

JULIAN (CANNONBALL) ADDERLEY of Tampa, Fla., plays elements of the music that some call "Gospel" and others call "soul." Still others have invented additional colloquialisms, equally oblique, with which to label the sound.

Currently, Adderley's quintet has three works, two from the pen of the group's pianist, Joe Zawinul *(Mercy, Mercy, Mercy; Walk Tall)* and one by Gospel singer Roebuck Staples *(Why Am I Treated So Bad?)*, sharing the airwaves with the Top 40. Since, in the purview of the majority of listeners to his music, Cannonball is thought of as a jazz musician, many find his new popularity a happy phenomenon, a welcome resurgence of the music they love, albeit the inflection. For others, who bear a grudge against his kind of wide acceptance, "Cannonball has gone rock" or "Cannonball has sold out."

"If I knew the way to 'sell out'," said the accused, "I'd buy time on Huntley and Brinkley, and assure everybody that Cannonball *has* sold out."

The sardonic guilty plea entered by the defendant indicated that, though his geniality prevailed, he was slightly nettled by the charge. "The people who care most about jazz—that would have to be the Ellingtons and the Basies and the Woody Hermans of this business—will tell you that the most important thing to do in this game is to survive. There is no place that a musician can go and sell out; there is no place that is that secure in this music. That's why I say that if I knew how, I would sell out and really play only for my own pleasure."

Like some great dramatic actor whose acclaim blossomed anew only after a couple of highly successful musical comedy roles, Cannonball's impeccable credentials are respected, but his contributions to jazz have been given somewhat short shrift by the narrow view of him as only a "soul" performer.

"We play a broad spectrum of music; there's something for those who might be generically referred to as 'squares,' something for hippies, and something for those who just like music," Cannonball said. "It is not our intention to be typecast as exponents of soul music or anything else. We have some of Ornette Coleman's pieces, and the only reason that we haven't played them is that we haven't been able to arrange rehearsals with Ornette. You see, whether we're playing Ellington's music or Monk's or Ornette's, we try to establish the sound the composer had in mind."

Because the quintet's diversified repertoire includes everything from *Mercy* to pieces that reach into the experimental for their atonality, dissonance, and rhythmic diversity, the Adderleys are heard in as wide a variety of settings as any jazz group now performing. In Al Hirt's New Orleans club, where the fare is usually the likes of Fats Domino or the trumpeter-owner himself; in Chicago's plutocratic London House, where diners on filet mignon are more accustomed to hearing the subtler shadings of Hazel Scott or George Shearing; as well as in the few remaining clubs that tow the hard line of straight jazz presentation, such as Boston's Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike, the Adderley's leave audiences with one emotion: delight.

As for the charge that he has "gone rock," the altoist reminded that from the inception of his present quintet, his group had been among the originators of the Gospelishly inflected sound by which, and by which only, some have identified it.

"We don't take a hit rock-and-roll tune and play a jazz version of it," said Cannonball. "We create our music within our group."

"Exactly," affirmed Nat Adderley, Cannonball's brother and corneting helpmate in the quintet's frontline. "We do our tunes. If the rockers like them—cool. After we did *Mercy*, a bunch of rock groups began using electric piano."

All of the group's largest successes in this genre—among them Nat's *Sermonette, Work Song, Jackleg,* and *Sack 'O Woe;* current pianist Zawinul's aforementioned big two; and former pianist Bobby Timmon's *Dis Here*—back up this contention. And the rockers and pop lyricists have liked them very much.

SHARING THE VIEW of many other musicians, the Adderley brothers feel that much of the public's noncomprehension of the music scene can be laid at the feet of the critics, those who judge the merits and report on the activities of the musicians. Nat recalled a recent magazine article in which the author had divined the success of such groups as Adderley's and Wes Montgomery's as beholden to the influence of rock. Further, Nat said, the author went on to acclaim the purity of, among

others, trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, who remains "largely underrated."

"Did that writer ever hear *Backlash*?" Nat inquired, with reference to a Hubbard piece in which the backbeat is decidedly emphasized.

"It takes a combination of accurate reporting skills and an esthetic approach to his craft for a man to become a good writer—and to be a jazz critic takes dedication and constant involvement with the medium," said Cannonball. "I know of one so-called jazz critic who has the gift of an esthetic approach, but he makes the profoundest statements about the music without venturing out to hear more than a half-dozen live performances a year. Does he get all of his knowledge from records or intuition?"

"After all is said and done," said Nat, "it is the musicians' ideas of who's who that are valid; the cats who play night after night with members of their own fraternity who know who the players are and who the players *aren't*. They're the only real critics."

"Before *Dis Here* [1960], there was nothing like it," said Cannonball. "I used to call that combination of a churchy feeling, in 3/4 time with interesting chords, a 'hip commercial tune.' About six months after Timmons' tune was released, and after many imitations of it were also on the market, some critic got around to reviewing it in *Down Beat*. The reviewer began by saying how tired he was of all this soul music. My point is, the reviewer didn't realize that he was talking about the piece that started it all."

Actually, while the altoist's complaint has much justification in kind, as is the case with many jazz "movements" or styles, several other musicians were moving in the same direction simultaneously. It has been seen in retrospect that men like Horace Silver and Charles Mingus, together with Timmons, Cannonball, and Nat—who incidentally recorded *Jackleg* and *Work Song* some time before Timmons' tune appeared—were independently moving toward an alternative to the gelidity of the "West Coast" approach. In looking for the earliest specimen of the Gospel jazz genre, one might have to acknowledge Silver's *Preacher* as a near prototype; though its meter is common, its essence was distilled from a storefront church in 1956.

Akin to shallow criticism, said Cannonball, is a kind of baseless huckstering. It was this that put him at a disadvantage when he arrived in New York in 1955.

"Emotion was high," Cannonball said. "Bird had died just five months before I arrived in the Apple. Record companies and jazz writers were looking for someone that they could hail as 'The New Bird.'

"Well, at this time Sonny Criss and Sonny Stitt, Jackie McLean and Lou Donaldson, among others, were all playing great bebop. Okay, here I come, a new face, and the promoters grabbed on to the idea of putting me up as Bird's replacement—my first record was advertised as such. You can imagine what kind of resentment was built up against me in the minds of a lot of the players. When I objected—I wasn't even playing Bird's way—the publicity experts said that they knew what they were doing.

"Actually, while the public was arguing which alto saxophonist was the 'new Bird,' I can't recall any musician striving for that credit."

"That goes for the cracks about certain other musicians being underrated," Nat injected. "You don't hear Jackie McLean screaming about being underrated; what you hear is what some writer's view of Jackie's situation is."

"Of course," said Cannonball. "Jackie is one of the few altoists that I love to hear play the horn—he's beautiful. The people who know the music don't underrate him—and you can be sure that he doesn't underrate himself."

A fact of life that Cannonball has absorbed with equanimity is that success draws criticism like spilled honey brings flies. At one point, presumably because he uses elements of the "old time religion"—replete with tambourines on many occasions—in his music, the altoist sustained the charge that he played "Uncle Tom" music. This from a black writer.

"It was funny about the tambourine thing," said Cannonball. "While we were recording *Mercy*—it was a live date in Chicago—a local disc jockey came up to the stand with a tambourine and got with our beat. It fit right in, and we've been using them ever since.

"People have a habit of trying to read things into the music," he said. "There is nothing wrong with playing music and calling it a form of protest. Everybody has a right to protest, especially us, but I don't like someone telling me my music *must* be protest music. People think that if a Negro becomes a novelist, he must write social protest novels. Frank Yerby is a Negro, but he writes about period whites—very successfully."

One of the trademarks of the Adderley quintet is its leader's free and easy banter with his audiences. Though, since the days when a majority of the boppers disdained conversation with the listeners, a number of leaders have again engaged in some form of explanation about their works, few, if any, excell Cannonball's aplomb and subtle humor. Once again, some feel it is better to let the music speak for itself.

"Let's face it," sighed Cannonball. "Most of the squares, and again I use the term generically, not critically, claim that they 'want to like jazz but they don't understand it.' Well, the only thing that talking to an audience does is help them understand it. Hence, since they declare that's their only hangup, an explanation will certainly help. The key to appreciation is understanding."

Cannonball similarly believes that atmosphere contributes greatly to the acceptance of the music.

"Jazz presentation could stand clarification," he said. "In addition to the fact that there is not enough verbal communication with the audience, for the most part, there are no special lighting effects, no costumes, nothing. People say that as long as the music is great you don't need special effects. Look at Ravi Shankar. He wears an elaborate outfit, uses special lighting, burns incense . . . he has a whole routine in addition to playing the best sitar in town."

There are a number of famous sets of brothers in the jazz world. Few of them work together for a sustained period. This might be because the strains of the work tend occasionally to cause raw nerves even in the best of situations, and it's easier to part with just a sideman than with a sideman who is also a relative. In any case, the Adderleys have had no trepidations about forming a longterm partnership. Nat credits Cannon with giving him some of his earliest lessons on cornet, and, in turn, it was Nat who, much later, convinced his older brother that he should come to New York as a professional jazz musician.

"I had been on the road with Lionel Hampton for 10 months in '54," said Nat. "Six months of that time were spent in Europe. I had gotten around quite a bit, and I was convinced that the people everybody was raving about were not playing any more than my brother. After I got back to the States, I went back to Florida, where Cannon was teaching, and told him that he had to come to New York."

"I had always wanted to be a professional musician," said Cannonball. "But during the mid-50s things were pretty lean for jazz. I'm sure I wouldn't have gone to the city then if Nat hadn't kept insisting."

THE STORY OF Cannonball's emergence on the New York scene is very bright by comparison with some other musicians who went East as young men. Cannonball, however, remembers that it had its leaner moments.

"Everyone says that jazz is dying these days," mused the altoist. "When I got to New York in 1955 there were only three really strong jazz groups around: Dizzy; the MJQ; and the Max Roach-Clifford Brown organization. Oscar Peterson was around, of course, but he was trying some other things at that time.

"I wonder what people would say if things were that bad now."

Cannonball's first notice came with Oscar Pettiford's group at Greenwich Village's now-defunct Cafe Bohemia. After that, it was recording contracts and club dates and his own group, in which Nat was prominently featured.

"No man can say just why some groups are successful and some aren't," Cannonball said. "Our first group just couldn't make it, though we had good men." [In addition to Nat, there were Junior Mance on piano, Sam Jones on bass, and Jimmy Cobb on drums.]

There was a period, while Cannonball led this group, when he was billed opposite Miles Davis' newly formed quintet. The two leaders fell into the habit of sitting in with each other's groups and developed a strong rapport.

"We found that Nat and I, with a group to pay, could not make as much together as I could make alone with Miles. It was really a time of struggling. So Nat went with J. J. Johnson and I went with Miles.

"Miles' group was one of the classic modern jazz groups. People came from all over to hear the things they were doing. Hard bop was becoming fashionable, and Miles' concepts of space and brevity were the modern thing."

Another musician in the Davis group, which became a sextet with the addition of Cannonball, was John Coltrane.

"I think that I learned more through listening and playing with John than any other musician I ever heard. When we were first together, it seemed that John was playing more of what I wanted to play than anyone I have ever heard."

About Coltrane's last years Cannonball said, "We weren't together much during that time, but we remained great friends. John was not the kind of man whose direction you question; I only know that the man was truly searching."

Prior to that time, Cannonball's declared influences were Benny Carter, whose tonal influence can still be heard in a Cannonball ballad, and Charlie Parker. During his two years with Davis, Cannonball's style gained dimensions and, at the end of that time, he was considered by many close listeners to be the best altoist around.

"IN THE FALL of '59, Nat and I organized a new quintet," Cannon recalled. "This time, the group was an immediate success. We still don't know what we did that time that we didn't do the first time."

From his days with Davis, Adderley inherited a liking for a six-man ensemble. He has since vowed that he will never work "live" with six men again.

"Since our outfit was going so well, we began looking around for a sixth member whose playing would complement our direction and expand the tonal spectrum of the group. Yusef Lateef was perfect. He wasn't just a great musician, he was also a dynamic personality.

"When he left to form his own group we knew that we'd never find a replacement for him. Instead, we tried substituting for him. These substitutes suffered by comparison—they didn't have Yusef's charisma. Then we found Charles Lloyd.

"He wasn't the type of player that anyone would compare with Yusef; he had his own sound and style and it fit into the group.

"At this time, however, we went into the business doldrums, and we just weren't pulling in the kind of crowds that could support a sextet. So we cut back to our original quintet."

Another reason for Cannonball's reluctance to employ a sixth instrument, the most logical for tonal variance and all-around utility in his group being a tenor saxophone, is the leader's approval of another man's definition for the "soul of wit."

"Brevity," said Cannonball. "It's almost a rule of thumb that tenor players are longwinded types, and even when we restrict the number of choruses ahead of time the tenor players would seem to run over. No brevity."

The current Adderley quintet is a boxer sweated down to fighting trim, a 12-meter yacht with all ballast jettisoned. The two men in its front line are still young, but they are veterans. The rhythm section is hard-driving, but it dares humor, even satire, at every turn. In addition to pianist Zawinul, the team has bassist Vic Gaskin and drummer Roy McCurdy. The boss has earned the right to be nonchalant.

"A lot of talk is circulating about the survival of the medium," Cannonball said. "Younger people don't realize that this is a rich period. When I was coming along there was no such thing as small band jazz, except in the rare cases of people like Fats Waller. Jazz concerts were not in existence. The only bands that existed were for dancing only: Duke, Count Basie, Lunceford. In the case of the Lunceford band, it was necessary to work up a little side show. Trummy Young would sing, Joe Thomas would dance. It had to be that way."

Cannonball feels that the times have gotten better for bands and small groups when you find the audience listening to the proceedings. "The Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band packs them in at the Vanguard every Monday, just to listen.

"A kind of sickness has taken over our medium. People have become confused by some of the trends today. The individual players, in some cases, have become too concerned with how new rather than how well they play. Among the new wave players there are some good and some bad. I would say that 75 per cent of them don't have it."

"Cannonball is being very lenient with that 75 per cent, I would say," Nat injected.

"People like Ornette Coleman are beautiful, and Don Cherry," Cannonball emphasized. "But there are no standards, or very few, for the new thing yet. This allows all kinds of people to sneak in for a free ride.

"Everytime a label is put on a form of music, beginning with bebop, then West Coast, and so on, you have boatloads of people playing that way. After the style dies out as a fad, the people who weren't playing die out with it. Of course Dizzy is still here from the bop days, and Dave Brubeck and Gerry Mulligan are with us from West Coast, but where are all those guys named Bob that used to play those horns out in California? You can't wash out the Monks, the Stan Getz', and the Miles Davis' after the school they came out of washes out.

"I remember when bop was coming up, Tommy Dorsey made the statement that there was so much trash being played. But, at the same time, T.D. always loved Bird.

"The same thing is true for these groups now playing this kind of rock-based freedom music. Someone will probably produce a thing that will stand the test of time from that . . . maybe Jeremy Steig or Gabor Szabo or Larry Coryell or Charles [Lloyd]."

INSTEAD OF MOURNING for jazz at some remote bier, Cannonball has a view to becoming a parent as well as a child of the music he loves. He has a history of extending a helping hand to aspiring newcomers. One of the most notable of these was Nancy Wilson.

After hearing the singer, then in her late teens, Cannonball and Nat were both impressed. Much later, when she had left her roots in Columbus, Ohio, and gotten to be a recording artist in New York, Cannonball still felt that she was not getting the proper exposure for her type of delivery. The altoist arranged for her to cut an album with him, in which free reign would be given to her particular style. This resulted in the album that got the singer her first smash hit, *Never, Never Will I Marry*. The significant point here is that the tune, delivered in a straight-ahead jazz vein, is material that most good a&r men will tell you is a sure loser on the commercial market.

Currently, Adderley is interested in a New Orleans-based group, Willie-Tee and the Four Souls, which he describes as "the most versatile group of young musicians that I've ever heard. They play everything from rock to Archie Shepp. The leader, Willie Turpentine, is an organist. His brother Earl plays alto."

Cannonball's interest is so great that he has arranged for the group to cut an album at his expense. Perhaps he sees something of his own past in the brother combo.

"Jazz is not dying," he affirmed. "Not as long as we have youngsters coming up that play like this group. Maybe the night club business is dying and maybe other mediums of presentation that we know today will die, but we—meaning the members of the established jazz groups that enjoy a moderate success in this business—must find ways to bring jazz before the young people.

"I was talking with Ralph Gleason on the west coast, recently. We were discussing the fact that this is the first generation of American youth to have grown up completely surrounded by music. In my day there were relatively few record players, and in some places radios were at a premium. Nowadays the kids can't duck the sounds if they tried.

"What is important is that they aren't getting a broad enough picture of all the music available. I would have no qualms about taking my group on the Dick Clark show [*American Bandstand*] and playing our music for that audience."

This healthy lack of category-consciousness has indisputable validity in the face of a situation where venerable jazz groups and established clubs—not to mention the avant garde—cannot seem to find support.

Seemingly, however, Cannonball need not worry about jazz being presented to the younger generation, even if the younger generation has to present it. At the moment, there's a tune with a funky kind of churchy-jazzy feeling that is rising fast on the charts. It is played by the Cannonball Adderley Quintet, and it was written and arranged by 11-year old Nat Adderley Jr. It's called *I'm On My Way*. db

THE BEATLES IN PERSPECTIVE

by john gabree

It is important to get this straight: the Beatles never have been in the vanguard of pop music. They are not now and are unlikely ever to be.

The group's impact has been staggering, but it has been mostly sociological and only negligibly musical. Beatlephiles admit that the early work of the masters was largely imitative ("revitalizing," "opened our eyes to what was right in our own back yards," etc.). But, they argue, the Beatles then went on to become the avant garde, the pacesetters of pop music. This is quite simply not true.

There is a good and obvious reason why and how this confusion developed: most critics don't know their rock. Most people who write about rock today probably weren't listening a year ago, certainly not two, and aren't really listening now. They come in late, already thinking the Beatles are it. They pick up *Revolver* or *Sgt. Pepper* and have a revelation. But very few are willing to take the foursome's work for what it is: an introduction to a world of creative adventure, of which the Beatles are merely the popularizers, not the creators.

My first reaction to the recent *Time* cover story on the Beatles was to go blank (which is quite often my reaction to *Time* cover stories). *Time's* reporter, Luce-ly flinging about half (in)formed judgments about pop music, turned in an essay full of deft cracks about "the rhythmic caterwauling of Elvis Presley" and the "doldrum of derivative mewing by white singers," etc., none of it much to the point.

Later I realized that though the *Time* article *is* wrong-headed, it is, sadly, no more so than most writing on rock. The only critic with any perspective on the Beatles, for example, is Richard Goldstein of the *Village Voice*. The New York *Times*, not surprisingly, has introduced a chap named Tom Phillips, whose entire raison d'etre seems to be to defend the Beatles from Goldstein. To the popular press, the Beatles are the darlings of the day, the Andy Warhols of rock.

The real story is this:

In the late '50s, white rock, like the rest of pop culture, was at a low. Things weren't quite as bad as Beatle-lovers like to pretend, but they weren't good. There was a doldrum, all right, produced by the ennui excreted in such

massive doses during the Eisenhower years. With Kennedy came change. After 1960, the civil rights movement caught fire, and black culture became a focus of attention. Simultaneously, activist youth turned to folk music, looking for an outlet with more meaning than could be derived from Bobby Rydell and his friends from Philadelphia.

Presley and the Everly Brothers, meanwhile, had been away in the Army (and anyway, Presley had sold his soul to Hal Wallis), Jerry Lee Lewis and Chuck Berry had been driven off for performing unmentionable nasties, Buddy Holly was dead, and Fats Domino and Little Richard in retirement, leaving poor Chubby Checker, a sort of musical Uncle Tom, alone on the stage. Everybody else was black, which the communications media viewed like death and still do.

Perhaps it was inevitable that the revitalization of pop music would occur through a medium, the Beatles, that filtered out the elements that mass cultists found offensive—you can only get to C from A by going to B, but, if B was a necessary intermediate step, it should not have been allowed to become a hangup. In physics experiments, a balloon that would be small under normal circumstances inflates out of proportion when introduced into a pressureless glass bell. That is what happened to the Beatle balloon when it was inserted into the vacuum of pop music in the early '60s.

I FIRST HEARD the Beatles while standing in front of the record store on the corner of Thayer and Angell streets in Providence, R.I. A raucous imitation of the Isley Brothers' *Twist and Shout* was blaring from a speaker inside. Like much of their work since then, the cut was a mediocre copy, but unlike most of their duplications it reached a smaller audience than the original.

Their brashness made it immediately evident that the Beatles *had* to catch on. They were fresh, while American pop music hadn't produced a new face of lasting significance in a half-dozen years. They had a good ear for harmony and a nearly perfect sense of taste when choosing whom to imitate. They sounded raw and vital when compared with their vapid contemporaries on the Top 40 stations. But they were also safe, being white and having none of that aggressive sexuality that had been so upsetting in the likes of Elvis—all they wanted to do, remember, was hold your hand.

Their playing and singing during this early period was thoroughly unimaginative, not to say monotonous, and what we seek today, if we listen at all to songs like *I Want to Hold Your Hand* or *She Loves You* (the latter unaccountably called *Yeah, Yeah, Yeah* by the percipient Phillips), is nostalgia rather than musical pleasure.

With that sure sense of self-preservation that always has characterized the Establishment, America embraced the Beatles. At a time when the civil rights movement was at an all-time high of enthusiasm and seeming success, when we were becoming involved in an unpopular war in Southeast Asia, when much of the cream of our youth was opting for non-Establishment solutions to anti-Establishment goals, when rhythm-and-blues and country-and-western abounded with authentic talent, when the folk music revolution had already produced Bob Dylan and a revived interest in the blues—in the midst of all this we settled for very thin soup in rock-and-roll.

Jazz, which has not been widely accepted in pop circles since the end of the big war, offers no parallel situation (except, perhaps, the West Coast jazz phenomenon), but folk music provides an interesting example of a group that performed the same function as the Beatles now do for rock. The Weavers were a highly eclectic (the word is used more than any other in connection with the Beatles) folk quartet that was central in attracting the pop cultists and intellectuals to folk music in the '50s. Without the Weavers, there could have been no folk revolution at the beginning of this decade. In the same way, it is hoped, the pop critics and, more important, the audiences who have recently discovered the Beatles, will be tempted to look beyond them to see what is really happening.

Probably the change will come, but so far it hasn't. For now the press, the pop-cultists, the Establishment, are using the Beatles to make it possible to ignore more significant happenings, happenings that are genuine responses to the fact that this society is in trouble, and happenings they cannot tolerate. There is, for example, an increasing alienation (which even poor *Time* is aware of) that is making itself felt in a variety of ways: the nonviolent peace movement has failed, and the black community seems increasingly taken with the angry rhetoric of black power; the horrible, pointless, corrosive war in Vietnam has finally undermined our blind faith in the government, seriously impaired whatever value there was in the President's domestic program, inspired rejection of U.S. involvement in the affairs of other nations, and drowned the spirits and hopes of many. Cities are in flames, while Congress fiddles; the black and the poor are demonstrating a new-found militancy; materialism, greed, and lack of concern for others seem to characterize the national posture; and the young are forever reminded of their essential powerlessness.

The reaction of youth to all this has been threefold: activist alienation of the black power, ghetto-organizing, rent-strike, draft-resistance variety on the left, and sour yearnings for the 18th century on the right; hippie alienation of the turn-on, tune-in, drop-out type; or simple alienation of the good old silent '50s style. Not a very happy collection of alternatives.

It is not unfair to the Beatles to say that they are relevant to none of this. Their job—and they have done it well—has been to travel a few miles behind the avant garde, consolidating gains and popularizing new ideas.

THE CRITICISM for their underdeserved domination of the scene must be directed at the press and the media who have deified the Beatles at the cost of neglecting more adventuresome crea-

ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE?

What goes on here? The lyrics can't be taken as completely serious, because of all the ridiculous effects. But on the other hand, the song can't be merely a sabotage job on the Love Generation. The words, at least in the verses, are too sensible for that, and delivered too straight.

Taking all the evidence into account, it is possible to conclude that the Beatles are not making a statement about love but rather depicting the ambiguities that surround the concept of love. In this context, the relationship of the chorus to the verses is intentionally vague, posing a question to the listener: what do you mean by "love?" The *Marseillaise*, *Greensleeves*, and *Yeah, Yeah, Yeah*, each embody widely different ideas on the matter. "All you need is love " is a statement that has been made by wise men and also by complete fools, and the difference has been in what they meant by it.

The song then is a possibly true, possibly foolish statement set in a chaotic musical arrangement, in much the same way that the word "love" and the different concepts of love are mixed up in all the world's chaotic activity.

It should be added that while this song is profound, it's not at all solemn. The whole production has a happy, slapstick quality to it. There's no doubt that it has "something to say," but at the same time it's still basically a song, and it's spontaneous in the same engaging way that *Yeah, Yeah, Yeah* was a few years ago.

—Tom Phillips in the New York *Times*

tors in rock. (On a recent morning, a Chicago disc jockey, who gets a lot of mileage out of some supposed connection with the Beatles—and who somewhat tastelessly played *A Day in the Life* in honor of Brian Epstein before it finally was decided he had not killed himself—spun, at a listener's request, *I'm So Glad* by Cream, one of the best of the experimental groups, and then spent several moments savagely and unnecessarily putting the group down.) Kept in perspective, the Beatles are obviously a vitally important group, as for that matter are the Monkees and Herman's Hermits, but it's useless to contend that musically they are movers and makers.

None of this is a comment on the Beatles as individuals, or as pop leaders in nonmusical ways. When John Lennon responded to an interviewer's stock question about the origin of the group's name with the story of a figure that one day rose out of the sea, pointed at them, and said, "You're Beatles—with an *a*," he provided an example of healthy looseness and irreverence that has had a strong influence on the new left-style of the young. And certainly their support of marijuana reform legislation and their admission to having used LSD are courageous acts. And if everything that has been said in advance about *How I Won the War* is true, Lennon has taken a significant stand against war.

On the other hand, they have been at the escapist end of the range of artistic responses possible to the phenomena of the '60s: not apolitical in the manner of the Lovin' Spoonful or Herman's Hermits, they are political in that clouded way usually associated with liberal U.S. politics. Their movies, *Help* and *A Hard Day's Night,* can be viewed as dramatizations of the whole male-adventure-fantasy syndrome, and they succumbed quite completely to manager Epstein's attempt to make them camp heroes, as wholesome as bread pudding.

What they have accomplished, besides demonstrating excellent taste in their selection of influences, is to write several first-rate compositions, especially the compassionate *Eleanor Riby,* and produce two or three pop masterpieces *(Eleanor Rigby* and *A Day in the Life)* and one brilliant album, *Revolver.* The album was important because, with the Rolling Stones' *Aftermath* (released about the same time), it constituted a summation of previous developments in rock.

Here were the blues, hard-rock, ballads, Near Eastern and jazz harmonics, c&w, baroque, etc. In addition, *Revolver,* like *Aftermath,* was restrained and dignified, eschewing the sensationalism that must have been a tremendous temptation for both groups, and which the Beatles have finally given in to in *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.* With rare exceptions, none of the compositions in the latter album have the melodic quality so often present previously in their work. Gone, too, is the restraint, the tastefulness that used to signal them when to stop. The affectation of "unity" is a sham—and a seeming afterthought—that has been seized on by the reviewers. The press got so silly that even the *Christian Science Monitor* hailed the album's release with a gushy editorial (as still more trail blazing by the fantastic Beatles), managing at the same time never to mention that the Who are performing rock mini-operas or that there is a rock oratorio on each side of the Mothers of Invention's *Absolutely Free.*

There are only two reasons why *Sgt. Pepper* deserves to be more modestly acclaimed. *A Day in the Life* is a harshly ironic performance juxtaposing Lennon's introverted ramblings *(I read the news today, oh, boy/About a lucky man who made the grade)* against McCartney's flat recounting of the day's events *(Found my coat and grabbed my hat/Made the bus in seconds flat).* And the album as a whole reinforces the importance of electronics in future pop and rock.

But these are not techniques that originated with the Beatles, and they are not even used by them in terribly original ways. There already had been excellent studio work on albums and singles by the Byrds, Donovan, the Beach Boys, and others, including Judy Collins' brilliantly eclectic *In My Life.* The question here also becomes whether we are to credit the group, the producer, or the engineer. I have heard —and whether it is apocryphal or true, it is true enough—that *A Day in the Life* was born when the Beatles' producer, engineer, and musical midwife, George Martin, soldered together the strands of two separate compositions. Shouldn't we laud Martin instead of the quartet?

More important, however, is the fact that *Sgt. Pepper,* only a slight technical improvement on *Revolver,* has already been left behind by the work of other groups: The "operettas" of the Mothers of Invention; Who's dynamic performances and advanced compositions; the Yardbirds' newfound assurance; Cream's brilliant experimentation; the advanced blues stylings of Canned Heat and Big Brother and the Holding Co.; the unique and adventuresome psychedelic experiments of Jefferson Airplane, Grateful Dead, and Country Joe and the Fish; jazz-rock explorations by the Gary Burton-Larry Coryell team and by Jeremy Steig and the Satyrs; and the continuing excellence of the Rolling Stones.

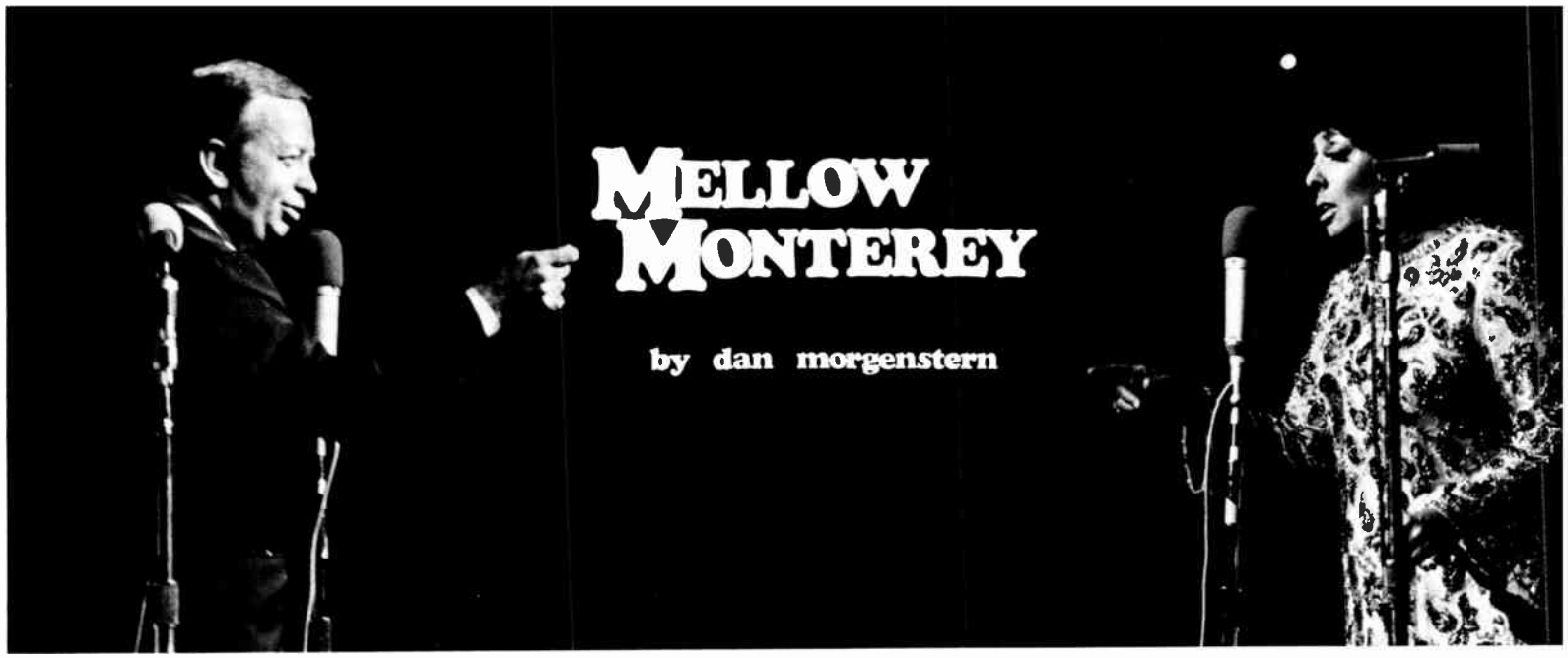
THE STONES present the most telling case. They started in about the same place as the Beatles, with perhaps a shade more expertise, a brilliant vocalist in Mick Jagger, and an orientation that leaned closer to a purely blues-based style. Jagger and Keith Richard developed quickly into songwriters comparable to Lennon and McCartney, and anyone else you might choose to name. But they have been ignored by the press—except for an occasional finger of admonishment—mostly because they provide a musical parallel to the civil rights movement, the anti-Vietnam war protests, and the sexual and drug revolutions. They are almost the very embodiments of the alienation the pop cultists would like to ignore.

John Goodman, writing in the *New Leader,* points out that "as to themes, the Stones like to satirize sex, the everyday, drugs, and the cool attitude. In the album *Flowers,* the red-eyed chick on drugs is put down hard: 'You may look pretty, but I can't say the same for your mind' *(Ride on, Baby). Mother's Little Helper,* the yellow pill, 'helps her on her way, gets through her busy day,' with ironic consequences. In *Between the Buttons* yesterday's girls are like *Yesterday's Papers*—who wants them? But the Stones' finest scorn is reserved for those women of affectation who are *Complicated* or *Cool, Calm, and Collected.* The humor here is winning, for it is both bitter and warm, reflective and spontaneous. The Stones have learned how to make their protest mature, viable, and musical."

The only point left to emphasize is that they are authentic originals who have been content to go their own way, sometimes in the face of considerable opposition. For example, few groups would have had the chutzpah to release *Let's Spend the Night Together;* in Beatledom, this would never happen.

In reaction to the emphasis in the hippie community on love in its various manifestations, the Beatles felt compelled to honor the subject in song. Not sure which way the wind was blowing and not wanting to be left either pro- or anti-love, they compromised with a mindless composition called *All You Need Is Love.* The result of their confusion is a mishmash that delights writer Phillips as much as

/Continued on page 42



MELLOW MONTEREY

by dan morgenstern

MONTEREY'S 10TH jazz festival also happened to be my first and, having read and heard a great deal about the "Monterey Mystique," I was naturally curious to see for myself what, if anything, is so special about this annual event.

Well, brothers and sisters, even though a number of Monterey veterans assured me that the festival isn't what it used to be, I came away a true believer. Jazz at Monterey is indeed something special. This was certainly the most relaxed and pleasant jazz festival I've ever attended.

Perhaps most significantly, the pacing was unhurried and the programming intelligent. Every "act" had ample time to get into the groove. Nobody was rushed. The artists were treated with courtesy and consideration.

As a result, every performer was in good spirits and gave his best. The audience, too, was warm, attentive, and generous with applause, and even the emceeing—a notorious weak spot of jazz events—was in good taste.

Like every festival, this one had its heroes. First, there was John Lewis, once again musical director at Monterey. He did a splendid job, not only in terms of planning and execution behind the scenes, but also out front, as performer and genial emcee.

Then, there was Dizzy Gillespie, who appeared twice with his quintet, was a featured soloist with the Don Ellis Band directed by Miljenko Prohaska, sat in with the MJQ, visited with Carmen McRae and, by virtue of his brilliant musicianship and gracious presence, contributed immensely toward the success of the event.

Primarily, this was a festival of big bands and singers. As always, there was new music presented at Monterey, and this year, it was all big-band music, all of it handled by two bands—Ellis' and Woody Herman's—who acquitted themselves nobly, for the music was new to them as well.

The festival opened, however, with some music that was pretty hard to top—made by Billie Holiday with Lester Young, and by John Coltrane. Their recorded sounds were part of a 10th anniversary film, imaginatively compiled by Sam Smidt from Jim Marshall's excellent photographs taken at previous festivals.

The film, which also featured Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Thelonious Monk, and many others, was followed by a dramatic live presentation.

As the curtains parted to reveal the Don Ellis Band, coming on at full cry, clusters of gaily colored balloons were launched from the pit, while powerful, nearly blinding white spotlights rapidly phased on and off from stage left and right.

As the flashing ended, one could see three large screens behind the band from which emanated a variety of visual effects synchronized with the music. It was a festive and startling opener.

But the light effects (dubbed "visual stimulations" in the program, and designed by Jerry Abrams of San Francisco's Headlights), which were not in use throughout the festival, but often enough, eventually proved distracting rather than stimulating.

THE ELLIS BAND played just one number for the opener, but returned later that night, in a full set highlighted by the rhythmically intricate *New Horizons*, the intriguing *In a Turkish Bath*, and the climactic *Open Beauty*.

The band was much more impressive than it had been at Newport. Though I retain certain reservations about its musical conception, there can be no denying the band's power, brilliance, discipline, and originality.

If its music seems in the main a music of effects, these are assembled and realized with enormous skill and imaginative vitality. If one isn't moved in the way that Ellington can move, or swung into a happy frame of mind as by Basie or Herman, or swept along in a current that beautifully combines the familiar and the startling as by Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, this band has its own stimulating story to tell.

With the aid of amplified and electronic instruments, the band has a new palette of sound. The reed section (at one time featuring three soprano saxophones, at another, amplified flutes) is the most colorful, the trumpet section the most brilliant. And the sound of three basses bowing staccato together is quite a sound.

The leader, with his four-valve trumpet, takes most of the solos, and he is a fancy virtuoso indeed, with total command of his horn. His multi-noted flurries are the most cleanly executed this side of Gillespie you are likely to hear, and he can hit the notes high and hard. With the band, he rarely reveals the more lyrical aspects of his style (as he did with his small groups), but there was a glimpse of this on *Beauty*, before the reverb effects.

Good solo work was also contributed by Joe Racusano's soprano, Ira Schulman's tenor, and Ray Neapolitan's fine sitar, featured on *Bath*. Amid all the innovation, it was nice to encounter an old friend, the pyramid chord (Don Redman was very fond of this).

Ellis' band was heard from again, playing music not its own, and proved (aside from great reading skill and adaptability) that it needed no amplification to produce a big sound. (In fact, the sound was more impressive without the electronics, non-studio amplification being what it is.)

With the leader conducting, the band played, at Saturday night's opening, the music of Louis Bellson, who also sat in at the drums.

His writing (as Ellington followers well remember via *The Hawk Talks* and *Skin Deep*) is direct, skillful, and convincing. *Sketches* was a long, episodic piece with moments of beauty, but the most moving piece of Bellson music was his *Memorial to Billy Strayhorn*—unsentimental but full of feeling, and with some lively, Dukish (or rather, Swea' Pea-ish) reed voicings.

For a climax, Bellson the drummer featured himself in a setting reminiscent of *Skin Deep*. His drumming was breathtaking, in the manner of Buddy Rich, but with more attention to detail (if less volcanic power), but he was to surpass himself the following afternoon.

THAT TIME—again with the Ellis band, but this time without the leader—it was in a program of original music by the Yugoslav composer Miljenko Prohaska, who also conducted.

His segment came at the end of a long afternoon (Ornette Coleman, Gil Melle, and Gabor Szabo and their groups), and

it was the sole example of poor programming at the festival. Prohaska had brought a lot of music, and he had a lot to say. Unfortunately a goodly portion of the audience left during his set, and many missed the most rewarding parts of it.

Throughout, various star soloists were featured with the band. The first work, a set of five variations on a theme composed for the play *Pathelin,* featured James Moody on flute and the very gifted Dane Niels-Henning Orsted on bass. Perhaps the most appealing was the second variation, in ¾, with Moody in the spotlight.

Moody returned—with alto, this time—for *Dilemma,* a striking and expertly crafted piece of music. An Ellington influence was apparent in the balladic opening ensemble sections (it is no more possible to avoid Ellington when writing for jazz orchestra than it is to bypass Beethoven when writing a symphony).

Moody played brilliantly in the contrasting lyrical and agitated passages of the piece; he proved himself not only a magnificent soloist (his sound had true beauty), but also a complete musician with the capacity to get inside a piece of music on very short acquaintance. It was only fitting that the band should stand up and applaud him, as did the audience.

Next came *Theme for Silvio,* featuring Bellson. The piece has to be one of the best ever written for drums and orchestra, and it inspired Bellson to a fantastic display of endurance, craftsmanship, and musicality.

Obsessions brought back Moody, joined by his boss. Gillespie and Moody (on alto) were pitted against the full ensemble, in a swinging unison line, and in solo; both, as well as the band and the composer, were in top form.

Prohaska's most familiar piece, *Intima,* retained Dizzy, brought back Bellson, and introduced John Lewis and Ray Brown. It was a most relaxed get-together.

For his piece de resistance, Prohaska presented the premiere of his *Concerto for Orchestra No. 2.* Its three movements formed a unified whole.

The *Concerto* featured soloists Gillespie, Moody (flute), Orsted, and Swiss pianist George Gruntz. From the atmospheric opening (solo bass; harmon-muted solo trumpet; other muted trumpets and flutes joining in) through the Latin-inflected second movement, featuring piano, to the rousing climax, with Gillespie riding atop the broiling ensemble, this was a compelling piece.

THIS WAS NOT the only concerto premiered at Monterey. On Sunday night, Bill Holman conducted the Woody Herman Orchestra in his *Concerto for Herd.* Holman has long since proven his mettle as a composer-arranger in the big-band idiom, but this was his most ambitious work to date, and also his best.

Not designed on as sweeping a scale as the Prohaska work, it has other—perhaps deeper—qualities, among them, warmth, ease, humor, and the all-important element of spontaneity.

This is not to say that the work was not well crafted or skillfully plotted—it most certainly was. But it had a natural flow, and went straight to the heart.

That impression, I sincerely believe, was not colored by the knowledge that Holman has been seriously ill, or the fact that he walked on stage on crutches. The music soon made one forget all that. In fact, it even made this listener forgo the customary note-taking.

I recall an opening section featuring rich reed sounds piloted by Herman's alto; a tempo change bringing on a delightful, boppish unison line for trumpet and baritone saxophone, and fine variations on it by Joe Romano's tenor, Cecil Payne's baritone, and the leader's clarinet (reeds all).

The second movement was beautiful and strange. New textures of sound were obtained without resort to freakishness, and the music was so moving that it lingered on through the opening of the final movement, a rousing climax that kept building without losing momentum.

This piece is the best music written for the Herman band since *Summer Sequence* (and of a higher caliber), and one hopes that it will be recorded without delay, so its pleasures can be shared.

Before launching the *Concerto,* the Herman band had played an exciting set climaxed by another new Holman piece, featuring Woody's soprano, which combines Hodges and Coltrane elements in a Herman mold most attractively.

Prior to that, there was a footstomping *Sister Sadie* with Sal Nistico's lightning tenor to the fore; *Woody's Whistle,* with pianist Al Dailey, Nistico again, and good trumpet from Louis Gasca; and, for openers, *Blues in Thirds,* arranged by Nat Pierce, and with the composer, Earl Hines, at the piano (it was lovely, and Fatha, who got up from the bench to conduct for a while, looked great in front of the band).

This was the Herman gang's second set of the festival, and their third appearance. Their first set brought Saturday night to a swinging conclusion, with a program including *Big Sur Echo* (dig?), *Hallelujah Time, Watermelon Man,* a way-up *Caldonia, Better Get It In Your Soul,* and two blues.

Before the First Herd, there was "the band that plays the blues," and this edition of Herman could reclaim that old title. 85% of what it plays is blues, or blues-based, and there is nothing at all wrong with that—nothing at all.

Woody is a real leader, not just a front man, and he knows how to get the best from his men. The reed section, led by Romano's more than capable tenor, leaves nothing to be desired as a section, and has Payne and Nistico; the young lead trumpeter, Tommy Nygard, is full of fire and has great chops, and Luis Gasca is a good and sometimes excellent solo voice; with Carl Fontana, the trombones have an outstanding member; the rhythm section has two iron men in bassist Carl Pruitt and drummer John Von Ohlen.

BEFORE THEIR OWN set, the Hermanites backed up Mel Torme excellently in a sparkling display of jazz singing at its very best. Torme is not just a singer (though he is certainly that), he is also a musician. He does the bulk of his own arrangements, and they are first-rate, and he sings with the feeling, time, and ear of a horn man.

Among the peaks of a set that never hit a valley was a perfect *Foggy Day,* a *Porgy and Bess* medley on which Torme accompanied himself at the piano, a brilliant *Who Can I Turn To?* that gave the song a new dimension, a pyrotechnic *Bluesette,* on which the singer ate up the changes, and a fun-filled, scat-laced *Route 66* which swung all the way.

Torme's set was superbly paced, segueing from tune to tune with just the right amount of pause and patter. This man *works,* and while he never sings less than well, we've rarely heard him sing better. Curiously, this was only his third festival appearance, though he is one of the few top singers who really belongs.

Upholding honors for the distaff side was Carmen McRae, who has never looked better and was in absolutely top form. Miss McRae at her best is something they don't come better than, and she regaled the audience with one skyrocket after the other in a set that more than deserved the standing ovation.

Backstopped by pianist Norman Simmons, drummer Candy Finch, and the gigantic Ray Brown on bass, she etched a *Midnight Sun* to end all midnight suns, gave *Lots of Love* new life, sang *Don't Explain* in a way that equaled Billie Holiday (but her own way), had a ball with *Satin Doll,* scatting and digging Ray Brown, commanded absolute attention with the beautiful *For Once In My Life,* and broke it up with *Alfie.* It was a masterly performance by a brilliant artist.

During *Don't Explain,* Gillespie sneaked on stage, and offered a discreet obbligato. It was evident that Dizzy had eyes to jam with Carmen, but after some friendly banter, she made it clear that this was *her* set, and Dizzy, not pressing the point, seated himself downstage to dig.

The trumpeter's appetite for sitting in was probably whetted by his visit on the previous night with the MJQ. This was one of the musical highlights of the festival. After three numbers by the quartet (including a superb *Pyramid),* Dizzy came on stage during Milt Jackson's *Novamo* and grabbed a piece of the action, playing with astonishing fertility of imagination.

He remained for *'Round Midnight,* on which Jackson also shone, and then *Bags' Groove,* a triple treat from trumpet, vibes, and Lewis' expressive, deep-digging piano. It was a kind of reunion, since the MJQ, original version, was in fact the rhythm section (plus sideman Jackson) of Gillespie's big band.

It was also conclusive evidence that Gillespie, then some five weeks short of 50, still has no peers in the realm of modern jazz trumpet. Everyone who followed Dizzy can still learn plenty from him; none has his command, control, and imagination—not to speak of a rhythmic sensibility that is perhaps the most subtle, refined, and sophisticated of any horn man. Dizzy can hear—and play—around corners that others can barely negotiate.

In his own two sets, Gillespie the irrepressible showman almost (but not quite) overshadowed Gillespie the trum-

peter. On the second set, especially, Dizzy worked his *Cush* routine (with able assistance from Moody) with such timing and elan that even those who had witnessed it countless times before had to double up with laughter.

And then, when he had us on the ropes, Dizzy would come in for the knockout with that horn, as he did on a rocking *Get That Money Blues.* He did it quietly, too, with an old, pretty ballad, *Accent on Youth,* which was an experience of a different kind.

Like all Gillespie groups, this one is a together band. Russell George, new on electric bass, is livelier and more involved than his predecessor, and Candy Finch lays down a solid beat, while pianist Mike Longo is obviously thriving under the guidance of a master. As for Moody, he is indeed "the fabulous," as Dizzy has it.

THE ONLY GROUP that could touch Gillespie's for a combination of joyous showmanship and brilliant music was led by an old boss of Dizzy, Earl Hines.

This group, too, is tight as can be, and it works out of many bags. The rhythm team of bassist Bill Pemberton and drummer Oliver Jackson has that sixth sense needed to follow Fatha's keyboard explorations without dropping a stitch, generating smooth, supple swing the while.

Opening as a trio, they offered *Second Balcony Jump,* done to a crisp; then *Satin Doll,* bringing on fourth member Budd Johnson—not as horn man, but as lead tenor voice in a vocal quartet—a surprise and a delightful one.

Jackson's prowess as a soloist was showcased on *Bernie's Tune,* where, after whipping up a storm on brushes behind Hines in full flight, and an effective solo interlude by Pemberton, he applied mallets, sticks, and bare hands to the drums in a display of taste and coordination that brought to mind the great Jo Jones.

Johnson's *It's Magic,* launched off stage, was once again a moving experience; his soprano truly sings. Switching to tenor, he uncorked a sizzling *Lester Leaps In,* well worthy of being dedicated to the memory of Lester Young. (Moody, waiting in the wings to follow the set, aptly complimented Johnson: "Budd, you didn't leave us anything to play!")

Another veteran, younger but well seasoned, opened the festivities in good form. Illinois Jacquet, reunited with his erstwhile piano player, John Lewis, and further assisted by Ray Brown and Bellson, kicked off with *On a Clear Day,* followed up with a moody *I'm a Fool to Want You* (topped by a fine coda), and switched to bassoon for an extended and fascinating exploration of *Summertime.*

Those who think of Jacquet only as an extroverted stomper might have been stunned by his eloquent ballad work and his subtlety on the bassoon, but those who pay attention have long known that he is a complete musician. For the closer, of course, there was *Flyin' Home.*

It was fun to hear (and see) Lewis play on this flagwaver, and great to hear him on *Summertime.* Lewis and Brown remained on deck for what followed, with French drummer Daniel Humair taking over for Bellson.

Top to bottom: Bill Holman conducts his **Concerto for Herd;** Ornette Coleman, with musette and black-and-gold lame suit; the Clara Ward Singers in mid-action.

JIM TAYLOR PHOTOS

What followed was Act One of the Violin Conclave, in the person of Denmark's Svend Asmussen, a remarkable musician.

He began with a lilting *A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody,* a nice old tune seldom heard in the U.S. because of its identification with burlesque and fashion shows. Asmussen is an elegant violinist, with a warm, beautifully projected sound and graceful, melodic phrasing.

For his second number, he switched to tenor violin, a rarely-seen instrument resembling an oversize viola, with an almost cellolike, burnished sound. (In fluent English, Asmussen explained the instrument and told some nice jokes; he has an engaging personality.)

The tune was *They Can't Take that Away from Me,* and his interpretation was again swinging, gentle, and sophisticated, with buoyant backing from the rhythm trio. Next came Ray Nance, with Bellson back in the drum seat. From the first note, it was apparent that the violin is an instrument capable of great variety of expression, for Nance was quite a contrast to Asmussen.

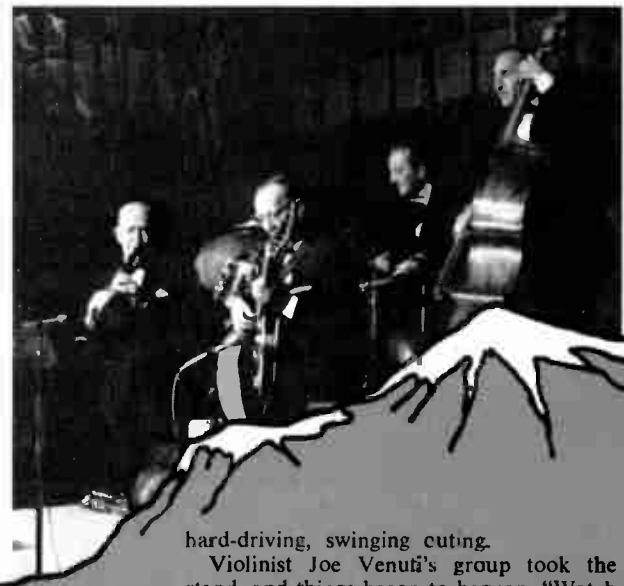
Nance swings hard and has a strong, bold attack. He opened with a slow, sinuous *Some of These Days,* which gradually accelerated in tempo. There was more than an echo of the great Stuff Smith, but Nance plays unamplified, and has his own thing.

His second number, *The Man I Love,* also featured tempo changes and con-

/Continued on page 30

jazz in the mountains

by gilbert erskine


GILBERT ERSKINE

With the closing of the historic and venerable Hotel Jerome in Aspen, Maddie and Dick Gibson moved their fifth annual Jazz Party to the new village of Vail, a a popular ski resort, high in the mountains, 100 miles west of Denver.

Colorado is increasingly becoming a jazz-minded place, and not a little of this is due to the activities of Gibson, a Denver businessman and socialite, and his wife. Though their parties are private, and, considering the quantity and quality of the musicians, small (invitations are limited to 350 persons), the pitch and fire of the music at these sessions have become almost legendary, and have had considerable reverberations. Good jazz groups in Denver and surrounding resort areas enjoy public support, much of it from people who have contracted jazz fever at the Gibson sessions.

Vail is surrounded by mountains; the air has a clean, strong bite; and the scenery is spectacular. Most of the musicians, who have spent years playing jazz in big cities, showed no visible reaction to this setting, but their playing most of the time was more than a match for this exciting environment.

Casino Vail, the site of the sessions, was built to resemble an Alpine chalet; the barn-size interior, with its heavy wood balconies and improvised band stage, looked, instead, more like a replica of an Elizabethan theater.

The first session started Sept. 15, and when I arrived after midnight, it was obvious that much already had happened. The place was packed, people were leaning out over the balconies, and attention was centered on the band. Trumpeter Buck Clayton, soprano saxophonist Bob Wilber, altoist Phil Woods, trombonist Lou McGarity, pianist Lou Stein, guitarist Johnny Smith, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Nick Fatool were playing *Just You, Just Me*. There had just been roaring applause for Stein's solo. Wilber took an expressive chorus on his curved instrument, and the band went out jamming.

Cornetist Bobby Hackett and trombonist Urbie Green used the same rhythm section for a short set. Stein and Smith had a fine conversation on a fast blues, Stein hitting Basielike treble figures and Smith romping. Green showed his superb technical facility and splendid imagination on *I'm Getting Sentimental Over You*. Hackett, who looked tired that night, had his usual golden sound, but his playing, especially on the up-tempo *Struttin' with Some Barbecue*, lacked drive. He was much better the next two days.

Clarinetist Peanuts Hucko, pianist Ralph Sutton, bassist Bob Haggart, and drummer Morey Feld, opened a set with *Rose Room*, a vehicle for a remarkable Sutton solo. Often, when the very best players find inspiration—when emotional, intellectual, and technical activities are all brought into focus—the music rises to an intense, poignant level. Sutton hit this level—those long, pleading blue passages, that rolling bass line—and the crowd roared with delight. Hucko gave intimations of things to come with his fast fingering on *Stealin' Apples*.

Trumpeters Yank Lawson and Billy Butterfield, clarinetist Matty Matlock, pianist Dick Hyman, bassist Jack Lesberg, and drummer Mousie Alexander played *St. James Infirmary*. Lawson and Butterfield, reaching deep into Louis Armstrong's bag, played an intense duet. Tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims, looking completely out of sorts, joined the group, faltered in the opening bars of *Love Me or Leave Me*, and then played a breathtakingly beautiful chorus. The band closed with *Tin Roof Blues*.

The Saturday afternoon session opened to a full house with Clayton, Wilber, baritone saxophonist Ernie Caceres, McGarity, Stein, guitarist Eddie Condon, bassist Major Holley, and drummer Cliff Leeman playing a sluggish *Them There Eyes*. The group loosened up a bit with Duke Ellington's *In a Mellotone*, Wilber and Caceres joining for some background riffs behind a good Clayton solo. McGarity got loose on a fast *Limehouse Blues* for a hard-driving, swinging outing.

Violinist Joe Venuti's group took the stand, and things began to happen. "Watch out for Venuti," the hostess had warned. "He is *on*, and even those modern guys are raving about him." Guitarist George Van Epps, with Stein, Lesberg, and Fatool, backed Venuti for *Autumn Leaves*, running through tempo changes, and it was immediately clear that this eminent musician was in fine form. His sound was marvelous; his phrasing, with an infinity of inflections, was perfect; and the way he *swings* all the time is incredible.

Tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman joined the group for *Three Little Words*, and the combination of Freeman's gutty, rolling triplets with Venuti's mellow tones was on target. The two took fours in a series of chase choruses, and by then everyone in the rhythm section was smiling.

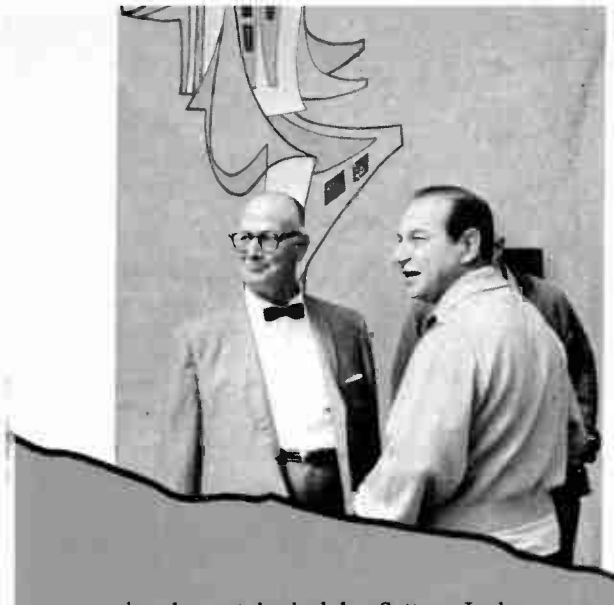
Lawson, Matlock, trombonist Cutty Cutshall, Sutton, Smith, Lesberg, and Feld, warmed up now, did a rousing *Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gives to Me*, with Lawson driving it on down. Matlock sparkled on the haunting ballad, *New Orleans*. Guitarist Smith, oriented in a more modern vein, got great cheers from the band for his solo on *Jazz Me Blues*, and his face turned red with pleasure.

Sims, Hyman, Haggart, and Alexander took the stand, and the great tenor saxophonist, his eyes shut, stormed the crowd with his melodic inventions on *Come Rain or Come Shine* and *I Hear a Rhapsody*. His heart was showing, and the crowd responded in kind.

Butterfield, Wilber, Freeman, Green, Stein, Holley, and Leeman played a winning *Basin St. Blues*, with a fine humming-and-bowing solo by Holley, and a superb chorus by Wilber. Green's rapid phrases on *S'Wonderful* were excellent.

Hucko, pianist Teddy Wilson, Van Epps, Hinton, and Feld played a set of tunes associated with the small groups of Benny Goodman in the swing era. *It Had to Be You* and *More Than You Know* had jewellike passages by Van Epps and Wilson. Hucko, showing that he is much more than a Goodman imitator, was searing on *Runnin' Wild*, playing fierce, descending blue-note passages down the changes. The usually placid Wilson was so moved that, at the end, he leaped from the piano bench to grasp Hucko's hand.

Ernie Caceres, a splendid musician,



PHOTOS (LEFT TO RIGHT): MATLOCK, VAN EPPS, FATOOL, LESBERG; VENUTI AND HUCKO; FREEMAN, WILBER, BUTTERFIELD, LEEMAN, GREEN, HOLLEY.

played a set backed by Sutton, Lesberg, and Leeman. Not as venturesome as the other saxophonists at the session, he nevertheless has a beautiful conception of melody, and his deep, booming horn sang on *Rose Room, Body and Soul,* and *Perdido.*

A high point of the session came in the next set, when Green, Hyman, Smith, Lesberg, and Alexander, after having played perfunctorily on a few numbers, moved into *There Will Never Be Another You,* and Green and Smith started tossing ideas at one another. Each seemed to feed on the other's phrases, and each had to bring his best to bear to keep up. It was a stirring interlude, and the crowd knew it.

Hackett, with Hyman, Holley, and Alexander, closed the afternoon set with an extraordinarily beautiful *When Your Lover Has Gone,* and a medium-tempo *Bernie's Tune,* with those short, clipped phrases that Hackett plays so well.

The night session was black-tie. Vail is a new town, and the buildings have an expensive look, but there has not been any tax money to pave the streets, and it was slightly incongruous to see the swanky crowd trudge in off the dusty streets. Butterfield, Wilber, Sims, McGarity, Wilson, Hinton, and Fatool kicked off with *Everybody Loves My Baby,* Butterfield stinging.

Wilson, with Lesberg and Alexander, played *Somebody Loves Me* and *Love,* showing again his supreme melodic gifts.

Lawson, Hucko, Freeman, McGarity, Sutton, Haggart, and Leeman went through a set of warhorse Dixieland tunes —*Original Dixieland One-Step, Tin Roof Blues,* and *Sensation*—with McGarity, powerful and lusty, shining in the ensembles.

Matlock, Van Epps, Lesberg, and Fatool got a quiet swing going on *Honeysuckle Rose,* Van Epps going through all sorts of chord inversions, and Matlock reflective and mellow.

At midnight, Venuti, Stein, Holley, and Feld opened a set with *Summertime,* highlighted by a chase chorus, pizzicato, between Holley and Venuti, Holley clearly delighted with the things Venuti was playing. Phil Woods joined the group, and, after warming up on a ballad, he went ripping into his solo on *How High the Moon.* Venuti followed him, swinging marvelously. Trombonist McGarity, who had performed briefly on violin earlier in the day, leaped onto the stage with his fiddle. It was a novel sight—McGarity, Woods, and Venuti in a three-way duel—but there was nothing odd about the blazing sound of jazz that this group generated. The crowd cheered for a long time.

Host Gibson sat in for a vocal on *Baby, Won't You Please Come Home?,* backed by Clayton, Matlock, Caceres, Hyman, Hinton, Alexander, and Green.

Cutshall and McGarity romped through *Get Out and Get Under the Moon.* Wilber joined for *Mood Indigo,* his soprano singing in harmony above the closed-voiced trombones in a moving manner.

Hackett, Wilber, Caceres, Wilson, Holley, and Fatool now played one of the best sets of the session, going through *S'Wonderful, Poor Butterfly,* and *Take the 'A' Train,* each soloist taking advantage of the changes for some expressive playing. Caceres was especially good on *'A' Train.*

The night closed with Lawson, Hucko, Freeman, McGarity, Cutshall, Stein, Haggart, and Alexander in a rousing *Struttin' with Some Barbecue.*

Sunday, like Saturday, started limply. Sims, playing with Butterfield, Matlock, Green, Hyman, Lesberg, and Feld, got hung up in the bridge of *Sugar,* but his predicament was no contrast to the others, who were as stiff and wooden as could be.

It took a Venuti group again to start things rocking, but this time pianist Hyman was the catalyst. I had always thought of Hyman as a talented musician, but one who was light on jazz ability. This impression was erased for all time when he got moving on an old Kansas City boogie-woogie, sounding as fresh and exciting as the old masters. He and Venuti got into some of the old blues riffs, and bassist Holley, glowing, sparked the rhythm section.

By now everyone was primed, and Sims, Woods, Stein, Hinton, and Alexander got on the stand for one of the best sets of the Gibson sessions.

Opening with *Yardbird Suite,* the saxophonists made the flowing lines of the theme gleam like polished mahogany. Woods took Charlie Parker's solo with grace, and that chorus was the only direct quoting he did. Sims was masterly. The next tune, a fast blues taken at the same torrid pace as *Bird's Nest,* had Woods (when he is excited, he hunches his shoulders up, looking as if he were trussed in a strait jacket) playing a magnificent solo—strong, sure, urgent, and poignant. The crowd gave Woods one of its longest and loudest ovations.

The eminent American songwriter Willard Robison was introduced to the audience (as, I'm told, Jack Palmer, co-composer of *Everybody Loves My Baby,* had been on Friday evening), and Ralph Sutton, with Lesberg, Feld, and Hackett, played a medley of his songs: *Round the Old Deserted Farm, Guess I'll Go Back Home This Summer, A Cottage for Sale,* and *That's My Honey.* At the end, Hackett commented that it was dangerous for any jazz musician to alter any of the notes of the melodies, "because Robison got all the notes in the right place the first time." Robison, frail and withered, beamed with pleasure.

The next set was also a ringer. Lawson, Wilber, Caceres, McGarity, Cutshall, Wilson, Haggart, and Leeman got into *Limehouse Blues,* which had an arranged introduction (one saw Wilber's hand here) and ensemble sections during which the trombonists held whole-tone harmony notes while trumpet, clarinet, and baritone saxophone improvised freely above them. *Muskrat Ramble,* similarly, had a tight, exhilarating chord pattern effectively leading into the last chorus of the ensemble.

Smith and Van Epps dueted on *Honeysuckle Rose,* backed by Lesberg and Fatool, with Smith clean and bold, Van Epps oblique. Tenorist Freeman joined in for *I Can't Give You Anything but Love,* his lean, honking, plaintive horn well in evidence.

I had to leave the final session at this point to return to Chicago.

Aside from the young jazz fans who had wangled jobs as waiters, and the few who used their parents' badges to attend parts of the party, there were not many persons under 25 present. My only regret about the whole event was that the very people who should have been exposed to such a grand display of a vital part of our musical heritage were excluded. DB

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Duke Ellington

Rainbow Grill, New York City

Personnel: Cat Anderson, trumpet; Lawrence Brown, trombone; Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Paul Gonsalves, tenor saxophone; Harry Carney, baritone saxophone, bass clarinet; Ellington, piano; John Lamb or Aaron Bell, bass; Steve Little, drums.

At the Rainbow Grill, 65 floors atop Rockefeller Center, an unusual opportunity to hear Duke Ellington in a small-band context was recently afforded.

If you've never been to the Rainbow Grill—and the prices are a bit prohibitive for the average jazz fan—the room is glass-enclosed on three sides (the fourth side is a wall adorned with Picasso tapestries), offering a spectacular view of neighboring skyscrapers and the city in general.

I've always been intrigued by the lucite hoops which help make up the huge, circular ceiling-piece above the dance floor. The soft, red lights that emanate from some of the hoops cast a soothing pattern of circles on the floor, relatively unoccupied when the relief trio went through its motions. When Ellington came on, the floor was swiftly crowded by dancers, with an unbelievably high ratio of bad ones.

If it was Duke for dancing, it was also Duke for listening—even listening while you were dancing. There were times, as during a minor-key rocker featuring Hodges and Anderson, when one missed the various section parts and wished for the massed sound of the big band. Then again, on *Things Ain't What They Used To Be*, with Hodges pouring fire from his horn instead of honey, the group sounded like a little big band.

Hodges, of course, can look as bored as anyone you've ever seen while playing as marvelously as anyone you've ever heard. He did both on *I Got It Bad*. Carney's bass clarinet sound on *Mood Indigo*, deep and woody, was as elegant as his sonorous baritone on *Sophisticated Lady;* and Brown's suede-toned trombone was in polished evidence on *Do Nothin' Till You Hear from Me*.

These three gentlemen are heard in prominent roles in the large Ellington orchestra, however. But Anderson is not, though his power is a force in the trumpet section and his celebrated, peerless high-note work often sparkles. But many people are unaware of his all-around ability. In the small group, he did superb middle register playing on *'A' Train*, and Cootie-like growling with plunger on another trip by the *Train* and on some rocking blues and Latino numbers.

Gonsalves is a fine blues man, as he again demonstrated on a shuffle-beat number which utilized an *Emanon* riff. His beautiful, semi-oblique thinking rippled silk over the framework of *Satin Doll*.

At the piano, Ellington was his usual urbane self, parrying female admirers, inebriated and otherwise, laying down his piquant harmonies, and applying his distinctive style to numbers ranging from *I Can't Get Started* to *St. Louis Blues*. On the latter, he led things off, going to church in one part of his solo. But then, Duke usually manages to incorporate more than a few of life's elements in his wide world of sounds.

The bassists, one each on the two occasions I heard the group, were both fine, with Lamb's intonation, articulation, and choice of notes particularly outstanding. Sometimes, working with an organization like Ellington's enhances a musician's public standing. In Lamb's case, it seems as if he has been denied the recognition he deserves. Now on leave from the band to study, he is one of the very good ones. (Check out the *Far East Suite* on RCA Victor for further evidence.)

Drummer Little, who has also worked with Lionel Hampton this year, was unspectacular but steady and workmanlike.

If there was fault to find, it was with the repertoire. When the octet played *I Left My Heart in San Francisco* and *Lazy River*, I would have preferred to hear *Squatty Roo, Some Saturday*, or *Going Out the Back Way*. The jazz fans would have appreciated it, and the tourists wouldn't have known the difference. A bit later, however, when the plungered brass backgrounds really got the reeds going on *Rockin' In Rhythm*, all again was right in the Ellington world. —*Ira Gitler*

Roland Kirk

Museum of Modern Art, New York City

Personnel: Kirk, tenor saxophone, clarinet, manzello, piano, stritch, jews' harp, clappers, etc.; Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Jaki Byard, piano, vibraharp, tenor saxophone; Ben Tucker, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Promising was scarcely the word for the lineup for this final concert in this year's Jazz in the Garden series.

It was not merely the "all-star" names. Thanks to the selection of musicians, there would be a provocative and unusual juxtaposition of styles and periods: Roland Kirk and Jaki Byard, very much in a modern bag, would be blowing cheek by jowl with Charlie Shavers, that perennially vigorous veteran of the swinging '30s, who had been the brain and muscle behind the glittering John Kirby/Maxine Sullivan phenomenon. And every name on the roster belonged to a notable individualist with deep roots and a high contemporary polish.

The affair had been billed as a "Jam-happening."

Shavers looked great and seemed to have taken off 50 pounds and 15 years, sharp as a razor and rarin' to go. Everyone was in high spirits.

The opener was a gas. Only the gods that watch over jazz (sometimes) know which of their gleeful angels put it into Kirk's highly unpredictable mind to stomp off the session with *Tin Roof Blues*, a funky classic from the golden age, but it was an inspired choice.

How that crew played it! Kirk, the mad priest, sightless but all-seeing, on amplified clarinet; Charlie the Old Master; and that insane rhythm trio—none of them ever sounded better. Shavers ran the changes in a rich, sweet, warm, down-home tone.

I imagine it was the presence of the youthful, clean-cut audience that caused the musicians to be a bit too over-polite, for instead of stretching out in the 40 choruses the moment and mood demanded, they contented themselves with two or so each—and out. Too short, man!

Hard on the heels of that opening goody came a poignantly swinging *I Wished on the Moon*, a tune that never fails, in my experience, to bring out a good musician's best right from that insinuating minor-seventh chord that begins it; it was positively painful not to hear Billie Holiday's voice cut in for a second-chorus vocal.

Next came Tucker's bluesy *Comin' Home, Baby* and Shavers' longtime hit, *Undecided*. Then the trumpeter played a muted, unaccompanied *When I Fall in Love*, a little masterpiece of understated showmanship that held the youngsters fascinated.

At first, Kirk played mostly tenor—with a punching beat—occasionally spiced with the eccentric multiple-instrument episodes the bulk of the crowd probably was waiting for. However, Byard lost no time in getting into orbit; his mad, high-intensity, 128-notes-to-the-bar-but-always-musical solos were a challenge demanding to be met. I believe they had their effect on Kirk, who soon rose to the occasion, firing his various horns in bursts like machineguns, one, two, or three at a time—much to the audience's delight.

Shavers was not to be outdone. Never a man to back away from a cutting session, he poured it on. The only real winner was the audience.

The expected contrasts materialized beautifully. The differences between Kirk and Byard on the one hand and Shavers on the other revealed the road jazz styles have traveled in the generation that separates their formative years. The rising tensions, social, policital, and industrial, have found an inevitable echo in the music; the pressure in pounds-a-square inch has been at least partly translated into velocity in notes-a-second; some of the warmth has been replaced by ferocity; a hard, lonely glitter is to be glimpsed in place of the mellow glow.

Jones, of course, had (as always) his own bag, and Tucker's richly musical bass playing provided a loyal foundation for *every* style it was called on to support.

In the first half of the concert, scarcely any confusion obtruded despite the show's impromptu nature; as it rocketed toward the finale, however, the rapport—astonishingly good in general—failed here and there. For example, there was one slightly painful passage when Kirk wanted to handle the melody ad lib, without any drum accompaniment and kept signaling to Jones to lay out, but Jones never did get the message. And I fear the final effort was a rather disastrous clambake.

Byard switched to vibes and began what sounded like an evening raga—anyway it wasn't jazz—that (as ragas will) went on and on; it was getting past the concert's bedtime, and I think it was about then the idea was conveyed to Kirk that it was time to begin winding things up. Anyhow, they somehow went into an F minor blues, with Kirk sitting down at the piano (and doing creditably) while Byard picked up Kirk's tenor and tried to play it but seemed ill at ease with the unfamiliar horn (I must say he was a lot more unhappy about the little he did play than I was) and soon abandoned it to repossess himself of the keyboard.

WALTER ROWEN

BYARD and COREA
Imaginative Duets

Meanwhile, nobody seemed to know exactly what he should be doing. Kirk tried to take it out and didn't succeed, as somebody started up again with a new chorus, and before it was all over, the chaos had become general; all musical coherence evaporated in the futile struggle to get together on some sort of ending, and it was a relief when they finally quit.

I don't know who or what was principally responsible for ruining the finale in this fashion, but so what? If it had happened in a rehearsal hall, everybody would have been laughing over it. Only the cursed pressure of being before an overwhelmingly square audience made it into an embarrassing incident. In any event, the knowing will treasure that *Tin Roof Blues* and *I Wished on the Moon* a long time. —*Ralph Berton*

Various Artists
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike
West Peabody, Mass.

Personnel: Earl Hines Quartet: Budd Johnson, tenor and soprano saxophones; Hines, piano, vocals; Bill Pemberton, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums. Jaki Byard, Chick Corea, pianos; John Neves, bass; Alan Dawson, drums. Duke Ellington and his orchestra.

Although it wasn't billed as such, Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike, the jazz club near Boston, staged a miniature jazz festival in September.

A piano workshop on Sunday afternoon of the 10th was opened by Earl Hines, who began by playing an entertaining and instructive capsule history of jazz piano. (If recorded, this would make a valuable document.) Jaki Byard, who followed, also ranged widely—from Debussy through Garner, Shearing, Tatum, and Pete Johnson into what he termed his "gallop medley" of ballads at up tempo. Then he moved over to an upright, ceding the grand to Chick Corea, and the two duetted imaginatively on *Green Dolphin Street* and *Rhythm-a-ning*. After that, Corea was on his own with the formidable rhythm team of bassist Neves and drummer Dawson.

In the evening, the Hines quartet took over in sets including the numbers usually associated with it, plus such others as *Liza, My Ship, Straight to Love, Perdido,* and *On the Street of Dreams*. The last, like *Satin Doll,* had a vocal chorus in four-part harmony written by Budd Johnson. The musicians seemed to enjoy the singing as much as did the audience. Johnson's off-stage soprano on *It's Magic* pleased the audience, too, and the Hines flair for showmanship was shown on *Ya-Ya*.

Having played a good many stirring choruses on this blues, the leader bowed and left the stand. Johnson followed after several more choruses, then Jackson, until finally Pemberton was left alone in musical meditation at the bass.

The quartet is a very tight unit now, and Jackson makes a valuable contribution on drums. "Listen to that foot," said Sir Charles Thompson who was visiting.

"He's one of the greatest drummers," Budd Johnson added later. "I was so happy when Earl got him." The happiness came through on *Bernie's Tune,* which they now play faster and with even more drive than originally, and on which Jackson is featured.

Around midnight, members of the Ellington band, which had played a concert in Boston, began to appear at all entrances and exits. (The band bus had brought out the instruments and music stands for the next night's opening.) After he had presented Sir Charles Thompson playing *Sir Charles Boogie,* Hines introduced Mercer Ellington, Cootie Williams, Tom Whaley, and others. Then he persuaded Paul Gonsalves to join him on the stand for *Satin Doll* and *Body and Soul,* a couple of really outstanding performances. The Hines closing theme, *It's a Pity to Say Goodnight,* never seemed more appropriately worded.

For the next three nights, the club was packed. "People think I'm working here," a radiant Ellington explained. "I'm actually the guest of honor. It's one of the nicest parties Lennie's has ever given for me." The band sounded especially warm and vibrant in the low-ceilinged room. Harry Carney, Johnny Hodges, and Gonsalves always seem to respond strongly to the enthusiasm of their fellow New Englanders, who, in this writer's admittedly limited experience, provide the warmest and most discerning audiences for jazz in the country.

Requests were met cheerfully, and over the three nights a wide range of material was heard. Hodges was featured on *Drag, Prelude to a Kiss, Half the Fun, Star Cross'd Lovers,* and *All of Me;* Williams on *The Shepherd, In a Mellotone,* and *Put-tin;* Gonsalves on *Laura, Mount Harissa, Azure,* and *Up Jump;* Cat Anderson on *Salome;* Lawrence Brown on *Rue Bleu;* and Jimmy Hamilton on *Girdle Hurdle*.

"Russell Procope," Ellington said in introduction, "will now go down through the magnolia curtain to the bottoms of Louisiana to have himself some *Swamp Goo.*" Trombonist Buster Cooper had a major role in a segment from next year's *Sacred Concert* called *Intersection*—"the last intersection before the golden gates with the diamond doorknobs," Ellington said.

There were more numbers than usual on which several soloists were featured: the new, groovy *Octo Clock Rock, C Jam Blues, Perdido* ("whom would you like to get lost with?"), *The Twitch* ("a dance one imagines one is doing with one one imagines is doing it with him"), and the recently re-recorded *Smada* and *Boodah*.

A request for *East St. Louis Toodle-oo* was answered, but the number was not so well remembered as *Monologue,* on which Ellington gaily twirled the imaginary golden chain. *Basin Street Blues,* with stop chords by the saxophones, was honorably rendered by Brown and Anderson. Acknowledging the request, Ellington added, "There ain't no jambon in me!"

The band had worked the previous week in Montreal at Expo '67, and yet another request produced cheers and the brief Ellington score of *Canada,* written for "when you're scared to play the queen!" From the same engagement came Norman Villeneuve, a young drummer from Montreal, who took Steve Little's place for a set. The following night, Sam Woodyard sat in, so that, with Aaron Bell on bass, one of the great Ellington rhythm sections was reunited. (Little had been wishing to return to live and work in New York City, and Woodyard took his old seat in the band the same week.)

The club itself contributed a great deal

/Continued on page 44

MONTEREY

(Continued from page 25)

trasted gypsy lyricism with bold, angular swing. There was a fine Brown bass solo, too, quoting from Oscar Pettiford's famous recorded version. Nance spread plenty of joy.

The third violinist, in his American debut, was the amazing Jean Luc Ponty from France. His rhythm section was all-European: Gruntz, piano; Orsted, bass; Humair, drums. The first piece was Humair's *Sunday Walk*. Ponty plays amplified, and his conception is definitely contemporary. He has astonishing facility; his bowing is superb, and he is an improviser of the first water.

For the second offering, Denny Zeitlin's *Carole's Garden*, Ponty & Co. were really warmed up, and worked together beautifully. Ponty's solid classical training enables him to pull off some technically astounding passages, but his conception and feeling are all jazz, and he never indulges in mere technical displays.

One would have liked to hear more than two numbers from all the fiddlers, but now it was time for the jam session. The theme, appropriately, was *C Jam Blues*, with Brown and Lewis back in action. With Nance leading off after a great ensemble, each man took his solo turn; then they traded fours, having as much fun as the audience, and displaying contrasting styles, yet speaking the same language.

The conclave was proof that the violin deserves a more honored place in jazz.

Gruntz, Orsted, and Humair also joined altoist Flavio and trumpeter Franco Ambrosetti, a gifted father-and-son team from Switzerland. Both horn men are excellent players with good grasp of the jazz idiom, and their set swung happily in a modern-mainstream mold with avant garde touches, notably in a fresh version of old *Sweet Georgia Brown*.

THE BLUES AFTERNOON was perhaps the greatest crowd pleaser. Opening with a strong set by the Clara Ward Singers, backed by piano, organ, and drums, it reached the first of many climaxes with their rousing rendition of *Amen*, which swung like crazy and featured energetic dancing by all the ladies (including the piano player, who got up to do her bit).

The veteran blues singer-guitarist T-Bone Walker followed, backed by Melvin Moore's trumpet, Jacquet's tenor, Lloyd Glenn's piano, Steve Swallow's bass, and Jesse Price's great Kansas City drums (Price also played for the Ward Singers).

Walker featured his rocking guitar, notably on *Someday Baby*, which had a Texas-tinged Jacquet solo launched by appropriate riffs. "I'm getting a little old for all this jumping and bouncing up here," Walker joked, but he was spry.

His singing was its best on *Stormy Monday*, his biggest hit. B. B. King was next, scoring with his virile, passionate singing and his own unique brand of guitar, marked by almost unbearable suspensions of time with long, vibrating notes perfectly placed.

With Moore, Jacquet, organist Duke Jethro, and drummer Sonny Freeman, King offered *Lucille*, with two fine, slow guitar choruses in front; *How Blue Can You Get* (an old Louis Jordan number with lyrics by none other than Leonard Feather), and a long blues which was a montage of familiar strains.

Subsequently, King was joined by Walker, and the two traded lyrics and guitar choruses in what might have become a real session, if not for the fact that King had to catch a plane and made his getaway.

The Gary Burton Quartet, scheduled for this afternoon by circumstance rather than choice, stayed in a blue groove with Swallow's *General Mojo's Well-Laid Plan* (guitarist Larry Coryell and drummer Bob Moses round out the group).

The quartet is one of the most original and refreshing in contemporary jazz, and the empathy between the players is something to hear. On *Lines*, an unaccompanied duet between Burton and Coryell, the music was subtle, shimmering, and lovely, while *1, 2, 1-2-3-4* generated terrific ensemble swing, with outstanding solos from Burton, Coryell (working a long, bent note back and forth between source and feedback, then going wild in a dancing, rocking escapade), and Swallow, who strummed like a swarm of hornets. Drummer Moses, a graduate of the Free Spirits, handled the difficult tempo very well.

Richie Havens, a young blues and folk singer and guitarist, backed by Paul Williams' second guitar, is an interesting performer. Few young Negroes turn to the folk blues as Havens has, and he is a balladeer and song writer in the great American tradition.

Most effective was a vehement, long blues, *I Ain't Gonna Work on Maggie's Farm No More*, and a somber, dramatic folk ballad, *The Klan*. Havens also had his own version of *San Francisco Bay Blues*. He is sincere and affecting.

Now came what many in the audience had been waiting for: the rock of Big Brother and the Holding Company, featuring vocalist Janis Joplin. They kicked off with one of the raunchiest blues we've ever heard, with the energetic Miss Joplin a bit strained in her efforts to sound authentic. The amplification, as customary, was monumentally loud.

She was in better shape for *Road Block*, which features near-hypnotic repetition of the title phrase. There were rather elementary guitar and drum solos on this as well. *Bye Bye Baby*, a fetching piece with overtones of the pop-blues genre of the '20s, had Miss Joplin at her most relaxed, and a not-bad twangy guitar solo.

A short fun thing, *Hairy*, appealed to the group's fans in the audience, and then they turned on the big beat with *Hall of the Mountain King*, which Grieg would scarcely have recognized. They wound up with Big Mama Thornton's *Ball and Chain*, featuring Miss Joplin.

Early in the set, people began to dance. Soon, they were snaking up and down the aisles, everbody into their own thing, while others stood on chairs digging, and/or shaking, backed by handclapping and shouts from others in the audience. It was a happy sight, and proved that while the music might be rather simplistic stuff to the ears of a jazz fan (or blues lover), its purpose is to be danced to, not to be reverently listened to, and it certainly serves that purpose well.

Though a bit hard on the ears, the set was fun and games, and certainly nothing to sneer at (one veteran critic referred to the action as "an unedifying spectacle"). But the people who claim to find revolutionary musical significance in such goings-on must be in a strange bag.

Gabor Szabo's group also drew strong response from the crowd on the next afternoon, with *Spellbinder*, *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds*, and, especially, a piece featuring a long unaccompanied bass solo by Lou Kabok (a great bower), good, fiery work by Szabo, interesting ensemble counterpoint, and a rhythmically driving climax, with tambourines and all.

Despite Szabo's recent philosophizing about the end of jazz "as we've known it," his group, while original, is not that radical. Elements of rock and raga enter into the picture, but they are blended with a lot of jazz just as we've known it, too.

That afternoon had begun with a set by Ornette Coleman's new quartet, with bassists Charlie Haden and David Izenzon, and drummer Ed Blackwell. The drummer is perfect for Ornette's music; his beat is inspiring, and though he breaks up the time, he never becomes choppy and always generates maximum swing.

Coleman's most successful offering was *Haight-Ashbury*, on which he played stunning alto saxophone. A trumpet piece was best in the opening and closing ballad sections, less convincing in the up-tempo passages. It was graced by a fine, too-short Izenzon arco solo, and expert use of mallets by Blackwell, who laid out a fine carpet of rhythm and sound.

A long piece featuring Coleman's musette was often interesting but in the long run a bit monotonous, due to the nagging sound of the instrument. On this, both bassists played pizzicato (usually, Haden strums and plucks, acting as time keeper, while Izenzon bows fills and countermelodies). Coleman was resplendent in a black and gold lame suit, and the new group promises much.

Gill Melle and his Electronic Jazz Quartet was a kind of comic relief. The leader took a great deal of time explaining his various computers, feed-back devices, light cues, "percussotron," and "echo windchimes," and played a hybrid amplified soprano, on which he sometimes achieved a near-copy of John Coltrane's sound, though never his spirit.

After all the talk, the music was a letdown. Melle, who used to play baritone saxophone and arrange, is really a rather uninspired graduate of the cool school, and no amount of gimmickry could cover up his basic lack of identity.

During his explanations, someone in the audience loudly shouted, "Play *Billie Joe*," but this failed to unhinge Melle, who responded with something called *Jodphur Spinning Song*, complete with the latest raga elements. The most rewarding moment of his set came with pianist Fred Stofflet's energetic solo on *Windjammer*.

All told, it was a fine festival, worthy of Monterey's reputation. db

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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.

Art Blakey

LIKE SOMEONE IN LOVE—Blue Note BLP 4245: *Like Someone in Love; Johnny's Blue; Noise in the Attic; Sleeping Dancer Sleep On; Giantis.*
Personnel: Lee Morgan, trumpet; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Bobby Timmons, piano; Jymie Merritt, bass; Blakey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Several years have elapsed since this record was made; Blakey's sidemen have since gone their separate ways, Morgan and Shorter becoming two of the finest contemporary jazzmen on their respective instruments.

The trumpeter and tenor saxophonist hadn't quite emerged from the shadows cast by their formative influences here, but their soloing is certainly worthwhile.

Morgan's debt to Clifford Brown is obvious, but he plays Brownie's ideas as if he owned them. His tone is fat, he uses all registers of the horn well, and his lines are meaty. On *Johnny's Blue,* a blues, and *Noise* and *Giantis,* both up-tempo tunes, he solos with walloping enthusiasm. He employs complex phrases during *Someone* and Shorter's pretty waltz, *Dancer,* but on both his work is carefully paced and he gives the impression of having power in reserve.

Shorter performs well, but has played with more passion and imagination on other Blakey dates. His most interesting outing occurs on *Dancer.* Here he produces a variety of tone colors and textures, from flutelike high notes to honks.

The neat, melodic single-note line work of Timmons is one of the highlights of the album. He can also be heard playing strong, Red Garlandish chordal passages on *Someone.*

Blakey does a superb job. Dig not only the explosiveness of his playing, but the restraint with which he backs Timmons. Blakey is no mere tub thumper, he's a musician.

—Pekar

Marion Brown

JUBA-LEE—Fontana 881012: *512E12; The Visitor; Juba-Lee; Iditus.*
Personnel: Alan Shorter, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Grachan Moncur III, trombone; Brown, alto saxophone; Bennie Maupin, tenor saxophone; Dave Burrell, piano; Reggie Johnson, bass; Beaver Harris, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Remember how good it felt when the new music was new? To hear the musicians playing was good beyond the reach of words.

Alas, words have become pertinent. Qualitative words. Nowadays there is good old new music and bad old new music. Such is the fate of men and their things.

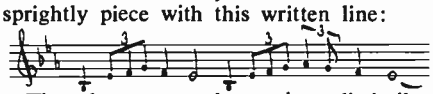
This is a record of good old new music. Brown plays brilliantly in front of his men. He teaches; they listen. It's a good, happy old new band.

512E12 starts with a brief, pointillistic group texture, which returns after each solo. The solos often flash; but the proportion is somehow too long and drawn out. Life is too precious to waste. When we're hurrying, wasted notes are too expensive. This old new music hurries along, wasting notes, a thing previously impossible. It is *possible* for music to be efficient enough to waste no notes. When this is so, music flashes. *512E12* flashes, but on and off. The Great Flash never turns off. Where is the Great Flash? Every musician on this record could tell us, if only his life depended on it.

But it does. That's what I can't understand.

Harris is perhaps excepted. A director just said, "No doubt anymore: the secret is in transformation." Harris plays "this is that" continuously, flashing in his quiet way.

The Visitor is a heavy dramatic piece with a written bluesy line. *Juba-Lee* is a sprightly piece with this written line:



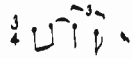
Though apparently quite dissimilar, each piece leaves us with a similar discontent. Contemporary music is not disassociated from its past. But at its best, it is so rooted in the present that each listener says "now." The music comes from what every contemporary player knows best: he *is* playing what *is.* The past takes care of itself.

In whatever form the past survives, it becomes the present. It *is.* No need to recapture it. No need to suppress it. We learn to let it do its own thing.

The freest music does not structure the past. *Juba-Lee,* however, does. And so does *The Visitor.* Many musicians spend much energy distorting the past toward the uses of the present. Occasionally there is qualified success: Stravinsky's neoclassicism; Shepp's marching revival. Consider, however, how many labyrinths removed is the source of the Eb major scale. We are more fulfilled by the beady eye of Marion Brown's spirit than by the accumulated gunk of his culture-karma.

Of course, if he made it work, that would be something else.

The Visitor removes itself by a similar veil. Theatrical music involves us with the theater. Often theatrical music can stand alone. *Le Marteau sans Maitre* can. *Strawberry Fields* can. *Take the 'A' Train* (peripherally connected with an extramusical idea) can. *The Visitor,* for me, doesn't.



Iditus repeats from beginning to end. The simplicity of this background lets each player plot his solo. Everything is careful, restrained, sometimes even old. Shorter has natural presence, like Miles Davis, or like Laurence Olivier *merely* standing alone on stage. Burrell plays at least one solo (on *512E12)* that is like an exposition of his repertoire of memorized effects. Many passages are more-or-less standard distortions of more-or-less distant musical terrain. On the other hand, in *Iditus* his playing is simple and giving. He won't be the first good musician to learn to live with his early recordings.

Brown is the star. His alto playing does not falter. His is intellectually curious body-playing. His mind inquires as his body leads. A together man.

On account of Brown, his leader-chemistry, his rhythm section, and the flashing on down the line—a good record.

—Mathieu

Clare Fischer

SONGS FOR RAINY DAY LOVERS—Columbia 2691/9491: *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever; A Time for Love; I Remember Spring; America the Beautiful; I'm Begining to See the Light; Look at That Face; When Autumn Comes; Sleep Sweet Child; Opener; Here's That Rainy Day; The Shadow of Your Smile.*
Personnel: Gil Falco, trombone; Fischer, piano; Vince Terri, guitar; Bob West, bass; Larry Bunker or Nick Martinis, drums; unidentified strings and woodwinds.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Let me say flatly that this is the most astonishingly beautiful music of its genre I've heard in several years: music of such loveliness, invention, wit, passion, inevitability, naturalness, grandeur, strength, character, and grace that one despairs of doing it justice in a review. The last time I felt so seduced by a musical experience of this order was when I heard the initial Antonio Carlos Jobim-Claus Ogerman collaboration, *The Composer of Desafinado Plays* (Verve 8547). This present set may be even lovelier, more beguiling. In any event, it certainly wears well; as this is written, I've been playing it on the order of twice to a half-dozen times daily for more than two weeks. Not only have I not tired of it, but each time have found more and more in the music. While it enchants on first hearing, it reveals more of its essence with each re-hearing. It's that kind of music.

Do not be misled by the album pack-

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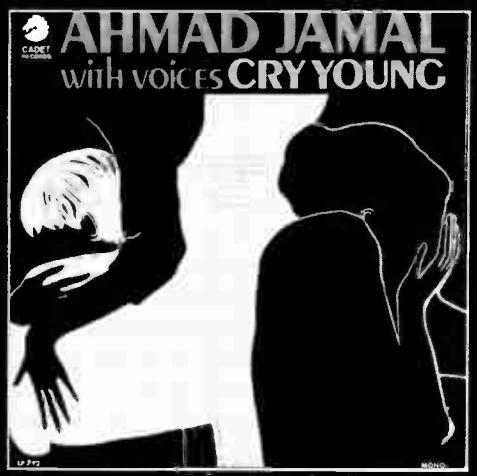

Ahmad Jamal & Voices—Cry Young
LP/LPS 792

Ramsey Lewis—Dancing In The Streets
LP/LPS 794

The Ray Bryant Touch
LP/LPS 793

Bobby Bryant Sextet—Ain't Doing Too B.A.D. Bad
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John Klemmer Quartets—Involvement
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aging into thinking that this is just another set of mood-jazz. While it admirably fulfills the role of furnishing a soft, lambent, romantic listening backdrop, this is but one of several functions Fischer's sensuous music answers. Yet if that is all you require of it, Fischer gives you that —and then some: mood music to put to shame all other samples of the genre. One would be hard-put indeed to imagine a set of performances that more perfectly and enchantingly realize the ends of mood music, so suffused with the gentle glow of romance, so soaringly lyrical are these 11 ballad readings.

Fischer's orchestrations do not so much exhaust the possibilities of the genre as they delineate the full richness of its possibilities. In a sense, his charts serve to open one's ears to the limitless potentialities for significant, telling musical expression within the confines of the mood-music idiom. And in the process, the prodigious talents of Fischer himself are revealed.

Let us admit that he has not been exactly ignored or ill-served in these pages; looking back through the reviews of his previous albums in *Down Beat*, one is impressed with his track record. If the level of his achievement is high, it soars far higher with this LP.

His string writing is a revelation. Quite simply, we have not had its like in jazz orchestration before. There is nothing of the syrupy insipidity that has marked much writing for strings behind jazz soloists (the far too usual role for strings in such ventures) thus far. Fischer understands strings; his writing for them does not relegate them to a subservient role in providing a soft cushion for the jazz improvisor. No, they are perfectly integrated into his orchestrations on a footing fully equal to every other element involved. Yet even more important, they are treated as *strings*, fullest advantage being taken of the properties peculiar to them, and perhaps even extending them. For a sample of absolutely gorgeous string writing, listen to the magnificent, moving *Sleep Sweet Child*. (I understand from one of the participants that after the first rundown of this arrangement in the studio, the string players stood up and to a man applauded Fischer.) He will take it as the compliment intended if I remark that this piece reminded me forcibly of Sibelius' string writing.

The writing throughout the album is absolutely stunning, the meticulous care and attention to detail with which it was carried forward being obvious in every phase and lineament of the music, almost as evident, in fact, as the unabashed and sinewy loveliness of the music itself.

And, man, does Fischer play! His solos, which are fully interactive with the orchestrations, are models of grace, economy, and lyricism of the highest order, flashing in and out of the texture of the orchestrations with a quicksilver fluidity and a coursing force that is always firmly allied with perfect lucidity. Which means that head and heart are in perfect accord at all times in his music.

The choice of tunes is on a par with the treatments they are accorded. One

cannot fault the selection of such as Burton Lane's *On a Clear Day*, Johnny Mandel's *A Time for Love* and *Shadow of Your Smile*, Duke Ellington and Johnny Hodges' *I'm Beginning to See the Light*, Anthony Newley's *Look at That Face*, and Johnny Burke and James Van Heusen's *Here's That Rainy Day*.

In this company, Fischer more than holds his own as a composer. His *I Remember Spring* is a particularly fetching bossa nova that suggests the earlier mentioned Jobim-Ogerman collaboration, while the wistful *When Autumn Comes* is full of a gentle, touching melancholy. *Sleep Sweet Child* is a piece that any composer would be proud of; it is far and away the single most affecting composition in the album. It is so full of wondrous, delicate, shuddering nuance that I strongly urge you to hear the LP for this piece alone. It is so lovely, so suffused with uncloying sentiment! And his *Opener* moves with a blithe, jaunty insouciance.

Hear this splendid collection, by all means. Fischer has set out a veritable feast that is bound to stimulate even the most jaded palate.

Thank God for Clare Fischer; may he ever prosper! He writes rings around most of his contemporaries, as this beautiful album so handsomely attests. Let us hope that this is but a way-stop and that he goes on to even more striking achievements. —*Welding*

Grant Green

STREET OF DREAMS—Blue Note BLP 4253: *I Wish You Love; Lazy Afternoon; Street of Dreams; Somewhere in the Night.*

Personnel: Green, guitar; Larry Young, organ; Bobby Hutcherson, vibes; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★

An LP that might be thought of as mood jazz. None of the selections—all pretty tunes—is taken above medium tempo, and the improvisation is mainly of the quietly cooking variety. Extended solos are highlighted; the arrangements aren't notable, except that *Lazy Afternoon* is done in 5/4 (and sounds pretty good in that meter).

Green performs with competence and virility. His tone is heavy and penetrating, and he organizes his solos well. Melodically his work is simple and not particularly imaginative, but it is rhythmically sufficiently varied to maintain interest.

Young provides the most consistently interesting solo work. He's a thoughtful, imaginative musician and constructs his spots here very intelligently. I was particularly taken with the way he gradually increased the intensity of his solo on *Street of Dreams*, building to powerful climaxes in the last half.

In view of the brilliance that Hutcherson has displayed on other occasions, his playing here is disappointing. He solos neatly and pleasantly, but is too reluctant to take chances. As for Jones, he's just about got it all. He displays as much subtlety here as he did power with Coltrane.

It has been established that Jones is an extremely powerful drummer; this album demonstrates that he can play with a world of discretion as well. Interestingly, although his playing is quieter than it was with Coltrane, it is not much more conservative. That is, Jones still varies the figures in his accompaniment quite a bit, instead of establishing a beat with a particular figure and repeating it ad infinitum. It's a real tribute to him that he has the ability to fit into a variety of contexts without changing the essential elements of his style. —*Pekar*

John Handy

NEW VIEW!—Columbia 2697/9497: *Naima (In Memory of John Coltrane); A Little Quiet; Tears of Ole Miss (Anatomy of a Riot).*

Personnel: Handy, alto saxophone; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraharp; Pat Martino, guitar; Albert Stinson, bass; Doug Sides, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

While this may indeed be the *new* Handy quintet, the music is not all that new by any means, though it does pay its obeisance to the avant garde from time to time through the proceedings. The bows in this direction are primarily made by Hutcherson (a whiz in the ensembles), and Handy, most of them occurring on *Tears of Ole Miss*, as might be expected from the title and its subheading "Anatomy of a Riot."

For the most part the group's music occupies a middle area between modern mainstream (bebop, in the main) and the "new thing" riptide. All things considered, it's fairly conservative, as Handy gives free rein to his natural tendencies towards uncomplicated lyrical improvisation. (I've had the impression from his previous work that Handy might legitimately be considered a kind of latter-day equivalent of Pete Brown or perhaps, in his more unabashedly lyrical moments, even Johnny Hodges.) His warmly melodic playing on the calypso-ish bossa nova *A Little Quiet* and on *Naima* well illustrate the gentle, romantic side of his musical personality, and there are more than occasional samples of it on *Tears of Ole Miss* as well, sandwiched between the stretches of more energized playing a la the "new thing," as well as cries, yells, and sirens. The two poles are quite effortlessly joined here, it should be pointed out; the seams scarcely show, but they *are* there if you care to listen closely.

Hutcherson is himself, which is to say excellent, tasteful, and inventive. He plays with his usual blend of abandon and control, the daring and precision of his work bespeaking a mind that is ever sure of its direction yet intelligent enough to allow intuition its head. I found his solos here the most absorbing musical experiences of the session.

Martino does a helpful job in the ensembles but does not show much in the way of imaginativeness in his few solo spots. There is some tentative use of octave lines in *A Little Quiet* that indicates promise, but his improvisations are for the most part inconclusive and fragmentary.

A few words about the tunes: *Naima* is quite the loveliest performance of the set, yet is less a truly creative musical experience in the spirit of John Coltrane than it is a respectful celebration, a recreation in the *manner* of Coltrane; *A*

Little Quiet is unpretentious, jaunty, but little of moment—save Hutcherson's bristling solo—occurs; on the other hand, much takes place during the course of *Tears of Ole Miss*, but the work doesn't cohere as a total musical experience—its attitudes are ambivalent, its effects seem mannered somehow, and the total design smacks of pretension. Yet, it ought to be pointed out that individual solos are fine —particularly Handy's first foray (before the tension is induced) and Hutcherson's long, troubling solo. To my mind, however, the piece just doesn't work.

It was not my intention to give a totally negative impression of this LP, for there is a great deal that it has in its favor. The music is blithe and healthy for the most, and there is a good deal of radiant lyricism allied with the energy, passion, and vocabulary of the avant garde. The hybridization that this music betokens demonstrates in fine fashion the revitalizing effect the avant garde has had upon the music, as well as illustrating just how fully its influence has seeped into the very fiber of jazz. This is a fine album by a disciplined, open group. —*Welding*

Marc Levin

THE DRAGON SUITE—Savoy 12190: *Morning Colors; The Dragon and the Rainbow: Forum with the Modern Men; The Rainbow; Twilight Dance; Meditation: The Sea, The Fire, The Earth.*

Personnel: Marc Levin, flutes and brasses; Jonas Gwanga, trombone; Calo Scott, cello; Cecil McBee, bass; Frank Clayton, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

"In the last few years," writes producer Bill Dixon in the liner notes, "recording has become almost mandatory, both for the development of the artist and also for some kind of assessment of his work by the listening audience; as a result, artists have started to record at an earlier age and level in their careers and, despite the consternation of some critics, at a much more frequent rate. Naturally this has its pros and cons. Marc Levin is somewhat typical of a segment of the 'new breed' musician. He has made his own way both as a player and composer, and much as have so many other young players, has not twiddled his thumbs while waiting for . . . his 'share' of the work. . . . When I was commissioned (by Savoy) to produce a series devoted to new music by new players, he immediately came to mind."

It would be best to consider this music in the spirit in which it was commissioned and recorded, and not as part of the competitive mainstream. Both the music and the extra-musical spirit which the album imparts are characterized by an aggressive youngness in turn instructive and pretentious.

The first track is best. It is a series of introspective solos, duets, trios, and quartets, connected by two quasi-composed adagios and one (silly) Hindemithian march. The musical continuity depends on the personality of the individual soloist as well as on the larger choices made by Levin: whom to place where. All the players are good; one or two stand out. *Morning Colors* is like the first explorations of communal friends: everyone agrees to feel good.

The Dragon begins with an austere contrapuntal chart (in C minor) and gradually becomes free, then free-for-all, then fades out after three minutes of what appear to be the first phrases of a longer piece.

At the beginning of side B, there is a reprise of the little march. Why is it silly? If by itself it were musically attractive, or ingenious, or stood in musical relation to the rest of the piece, it might not be silly. But it is in fact a distortion of older forms, and is called *The Rainbow*. The intent is to be satirical within a programmatic association of ideas. It is not the unoriginality, or the naivete, or even the mediocrity of these extra-musical aspects which are important. It is that when considered alongside the musical matrix—the musician's desire to play music—they appear dwarfish.

Levin's intuitive sense of what comes next is more developed than his bar-to-bar compositional discipline. The more concrete the musical idea, the less adequate is his ability to express it; the broader the musical gesture, the better he is able to guide it along.

Meditation ("through writing") is less interesting in proportion as it is "composed." The very end, for instance is in common time (a quarter note equals 84) and stays very close to a B♭ major triad. The piece seems to work in spite of this bit of "through writing," largely on account of the integrity and spontaneity of the musicians.

The main attraction is the solo ability of each musician. Scott sounds classically trained. Aside from being technically on top, his thought is direct and compositional, not extreme, but very gratifying to hear. McBee is like a big guiding glove. Gwanga's playing is eclectic, but good. Same with Clayton's. Levin is an inspired player (first burst on *Forum*) but characteristically uneven. There is no doubt that he is an exceptional musician.

The Dragon Suite is worth owning if you are a collector, if you follow careers, or if you have a special interest in the N.Y. scene; and it's worth hearing for everyone. The important thing is that Savoy is committed to do just what this first album has begun to do—to bring the world and young musicians closer together. And Bill Dixon is the perfect man to produce the series. —*Mathieu*

Helen Merrill

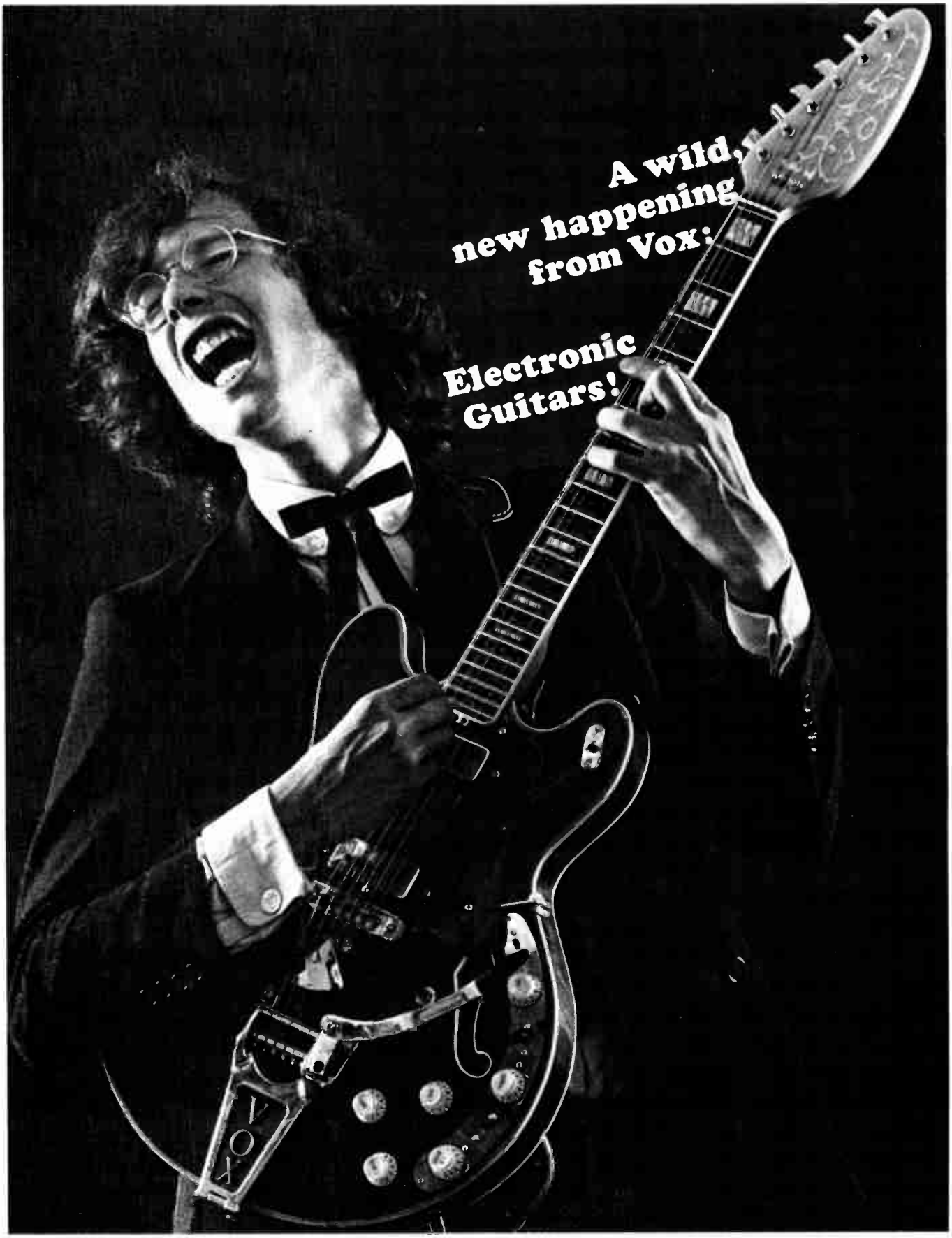
THE FEELING IS MUTUAL—Milestone MSP 9003: *You're My Thrill; It Don't Mean a Thing; Here's That Rainy Day; Baltimore Oriole; Don't Explain; What Is This Thing Called Love?; Winter of My Discontent; Day Dream; Deep In a Dream.*

Personnel: Miss Merrill, vocals; Thad Jones, fluegelhorn; Dick Katz, piano, arranger; Jim Hall, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Pete LaRocca or Arnie Wise, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

I had to walk the 12 blocks home in a driving nor'easter without an umbrella, change into dry, comfortable clothing, check for possible shrinkage, and pour myself a large brandy to prepare to listen to this album. I hadn't heard Helen Merrill in years, and had great expectations. Well, this album is a joyous wonder. I don't know where to place the roses first.

The first track is a slow, velvety *You're*



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My Thrill, on which Miss Merrill sounds much like Miles Davis. I'm dazzled, enchanted, envious (this sort of thing could bring me out of retirement *fast!*), and I want to hear more. Next is *Don't Mean A Thing*, and the most creative and interesting writing I've heard for quartet and one horn accompanying a singer.

Rainy Day and *Baltimore Oriole* are both flawless, and the capper to the first side comes with the heart-wrenching *Don't Explain*. I have to savor what I've just heard before turning the album over.

The second side begins beautifully, stays beautiful, and then ends, unfortunately. (May your next offering be a two-record set, Helen.) On this side, we hear the second piece of Ellingtonia, Billy Strayhorn's *Day Dream*. I have to play it once more before getting to *Deep In a Dream*, a track which features Jim Hall and Miss Merrill. Their interpretation is absolutely brilliant.

HELEN MERRILL

Oh, this lady can sing, and I mean *sing*. Her intonation is miraculous, her sound is the richest and most pure I've ever heard (she can hold long, sustained notes without vibrato and stay in tune, God bless her), and when you hear the album, you'll know I don't lie.

About the musicians: only men of this caliber should be chosen to accompany Miss Merrill. She deserves the very best, and here she has it. Jones, whose work with Count Basie on hundreds of record dates, and now as co-leader of the best of the new bands (the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Orchestra) has brought him widespread recognition, is one of the most creative musicians I've ever heard. Hall sustains his reputation as the most sensitive guitarist of the decade. Carter is a singer's dream bass player. (I know—he has played for me.) LaRocca and Wise are deft, musical drummers who perform skillfully throughout. Katz is the perfect complement for Miss Merrill, and his writing is thoroughly stimulating.

What a magnificent album! If you don't go out and buy it immediately, may you drown in the next nor'easter.

—Carol Sloane

Jack Wilson

SOMETHING PERSONAL—Blue Note BLP 4251: *Most Unsoulful Woman; The Sphinx; Shosh; Serenata; Harbor Freeway 5 p.m.; C.F.D.*

Personnel: Wilson, piano; Roy Ayers, vibes; Ray Brown, bass and cello; Charles Williams, bass; Varney Barlow, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

A few years ago, I heard Wilson with Curtis Amy's group and was impressed. Subsequent exposure has convinced me that he is one of the better pianists to emerge in the '60s. He hasn't attracted the attention he merits, but this solid LP may help to remedy this situation.

Wilson seems to draw from a variety of pianists, though his work has an individual stamp. He often uses complex, cleanly articulated single-note lines which are sometimes unusually long. Bar-line barriers don't mean much to him.

Sometimes Wilson reminds me of Oscar Peterson, but he's a less mechanical, more consistently inventive pianist. His work has a natural, flowing swing and often projects a feeling of ebullience. Though mainly a single-note improviser, Wilson can and does employ chords effectively and can get lush, full-bodied textures from his instrument.

The compositions here reflect Wilson's varied tastes. His originals range from *Shosh*, a conventional blues, to *Woman*, on which he does what Miles Davis was trying to do on his *Kind of Blue* LP; that is, give the soloists time to explore and extend their ideas by placing a minimum of restrictions on them. Wilson also contributed *Harbor*, a lovely, gently buoyant composition, which suggests slow, graceful dancers; and *C.F.D.*, a delightful uptempo piece.

Wilson's playing here is at least good on every track. He employs a straight-ahead swinging approach on *Sphinx*, *Shosh*, *Serenata*, and *C.F.D.* The pianist is never at a loss for ideas on these selections, and the continuity of his work is excellent. On *Woman*, Wilson contrasts relatively spare and complex phrases; at times, his work here has a warm, impressionistic quality. His *Harbor* improvisation is notable for rhythmic interest; he employs a variety of rhythmic patterns, shifting from one to another brilliantly and with flowing ease.

A fine young vibist, Ayers relies heavily on speed and, like Wilson, draws ideas from mainstream, modern, and avant garde schools. His driving, multi-noted approach can be heard to advantage on *Shosh* and *C.F.D.* On *Woman* and *Harbor* he contributes shimmering, cascading solos.

The rhythm section work is commendable. Williams performs solidly on *Woman* and *Sphinx*, tracks on which Brown plays cello. Brown performs strongly, as usual, on bass in the section. He also has relaxed, melodic solo spots on cello *(Woman)* and on bass *(Shosh)*, but his *Sphinx* cello solo doesn't get off the ground.

Barlow's tasty, crisp drumming keeps things moving along nicely. He's a musician with a good deal of dynamic sensitivity.

I'd welcome another record by this group.

—Pekar

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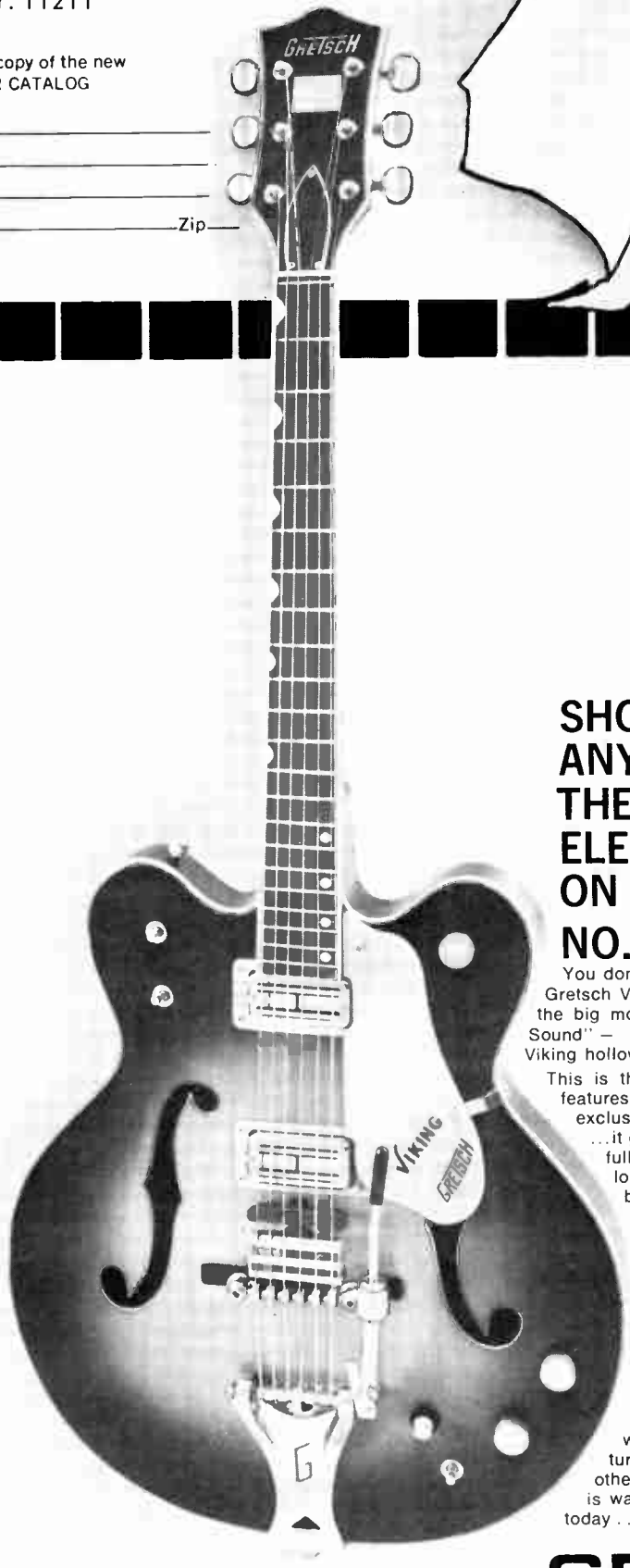

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GRETSCH

TONY BENNETT/BLINDFOLD TEST

To the pianists who have accompanied him (Ralph Sharon, Tommy Flanagan, John Bunch), as well as the many other jazz musicians with whom he has worked during the last few years, Tony Bennett is one of the best liked and most respected of popular singers.

The reasons are readily detectable. He sings the best tunes he can find, rejects mediocrity, avoids bandwagon-hopping, and surrounds himself with bands like those of Count Basie (with whom he toured Europe earlier this year), Woody Herman, and Duke Ellington.

"It's true," he said recently, "I've been getting more and more closely involved with jazz musicians." Then he corrected himself: "I should say, simply, musicians who are dedicated, the men who are totally wrapped up in the creation of their music."

Bennett says he feels a great animosity toward "those IBM machines that tell me what to do and how to do it. I'm concerned with music, not with having anybody dictate to me."

The *Blindfold Test* throws further light on Bennett's good taste and integrity. He was given no information about the records played. —*Leonard Feather*

1. SAMMY DAVIS-COUNT BASIE. *New York City Blues* (from *Our Shining Hour*, Verve). Quincy Jones, arranger.

I saw Sammy Davis in Paris. He's turned into a magnificent artist. Of course, he started out as a dancer, and then he became very well known as a performer. Now he's mellowing in his singing; there's a big improvement. As good as he always put over a song, he's becoming much more musical.

The night I saw him at the Olympia in Paris, he was very musical about things. At one time in New York, there was a period when he was growling and going over his laryngitis, but now he's learned a good vocal technique of just keeping it mellow.

Basie can do no wrong—I've never gotten bored with Basie for half a second. In evaluating his music with the tumultuous sounds we hear today, the different new sounds, he comes out like a shining light. He just gets better and mellower. To me, his music is still very modern. Four stars.

2. JEFFERSON AIRPLANE. *D.C.B.A.-25* (from *Surrealistic Pillow*, RCA).

When Charlie Byrd and I were working in New York some while ago, Charlie got fired for playing guitar just like this! I don't know who this is—but this southern jazz, you know. . . . At the time it was sacrilegious to play anything southern up North for some reason, because of 52nd St. and everything. Both of us got fired off the job, and now this is the big thing, this kind of Southwest music.

The interesting thing about the teenagers is the fact that they're starting to incorporate jazz into a rock-and-roll thing now. Buddy Rich and his new orchestra had a lot to do with that. He showed that you could take some Top 40 songs and turn them into a modern concept. I like to see the young kids getting interested in jazz. Something is really going to evolve out of all this.

As it stands now—I'm not talking about popularity—I would give that one star.

3. ANDY WILLIAMS. *I Want to Be Free* (Columbia). Tommy Boyce, Bobby Hart, composers.

The thing that I always like about Andy is that he knows how to sing a rhythm tune *and* a ballad, which is kind of a rare family of people. Peggy Lee can do it, Nat Cole, Louis Armstrong, Bing Crosby; there's just a handful of top name singers that can do both.

This sounds like a tune that is kind of trying to explain how the teenager feels today—like a teenage song almost. Now you take a guy like Jimmy Durante; he never has to worry whether he's going to get a teenager in the audience or not. He just goes out and does what he does, and he gets the teenagers, the old-timers, and the young people. So, in that sense I don't know about the material. . . . It'll be a big seller, because it shows he's singing a teenager song.

It's getting kind of funny with Andy Williams and me at Columbia, rather like Buddy Rich and Gene Krupa—who's better?—because each person is an individual.

I personally like Andy Williams as a guy; he's a groovy, relaxed kind of person, and I like that kind of people, and I hope it doesn't get into a "battle of the singers," because none of us should forget there is a guy called Frank Sinatra, and there's one over him called Bing Crosby; he's been rich since he was 2 years old.

I'll give this three stars.

4. JOE WILLIAMS. *Night Time Is the Right Time* (Solid State). With the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra.

That was Thad Jones-Mel Lewis. These kind of musicians should be encouraged all over the place. They're all specialists, and they get together every Monday down at the Village Vanguard. They're very creative; experimenting all the time. They're all top men, and they're recorded perfectly.

As far as Joe Williams in concerned, he's the prime example of what I think is a very good jazz singer—not only a jazz singer but a ballad singer also. I think he's very underrated as a ballad singer. I would give that five stars.

5. CARMEN McRAE. *For Once In My Life* (Atlantic). Ronald Miller, Orlando Murden, composers; Johnny Keating, arranger.

I just made this tune, after hearing her recording of it. Carmen has a wonderful way of just picking songs. It's such a good song for the times. This is a good example—here's a song that should be leaned on by the DJs throughout the country because it's a good song, it says the right thing, and her performance is excellent.

I'll give it as many stars as you have, just for the way Carmen has been singing through the years.

6. BILLIE HOLIDAY. *Good Morning Heartache* (from *The Billie Holiday Story*, Decca). Recorded 1946.

The thing that's interesting is that it's not dated. This shows the difference between art and just making records.

Billie is such an enviable person for one reason, that she inspired musicians to play, and this is an ambition of mine. Through the years, as I've become more and more professional, I love to turn on musicians and make them feel like playing.

Like when it's dull and nothing's happening, I like to make them feel good, the way *she* inspired every good musician I ever met. They just say, "Hands down, it's Billie Holiday time." Art Tatum was in that class too. He was so magnificent. He was never really recognized when he was alive, except by the few.

I knew Billie quite well. I used to take singing lessons in a building right on 52nd St. in the mid-40s, then go over and hear her at night. It was a wonderful musical era, because everyone cared for what they did. It wasn't just let's get the buck and run. They didn't mind working—they were just happy playing, and then they got paid later. . . .

I don't believe in just manufacturing something and saying, "We didn't have to work for it, but look at how much money we made."

A Billie Holiday comes along once in a lifetime—that's a complete poetess. db

BEATLES

(Continued from page 22)

it confuses him (see box). The Stones, meanwhile, produced *We Love You*, a much more assured and inventive song, which managed to be warmly ironic about love and to satirize the Beatles at the same time. The argument is not that art must serve politics, or even that an artist must deal with political issues, but it is necessary to point out that the songs and performances of the Beatles have all been executed with clearly prescribed limitations imposed by the desires and needs of the disseminators of pop, the radio and television outlets, the press, and lately the intellectual and "concerned" magazines.

It has been suggested to me by one correspondent that the Beatles are really a contemporary equivalent of Hector Berlioz, a composer whose unengaged romanticism expressed itself in brilliantly orchestrated productions of quite ordinary musical ideas. In the same way, the Beatles never achieve the tension that underlies all great art. Nor have they, except on rare occasions, written memorable compositions. Lovely often but memorable seldom. Art must simply be true to itself, and this, I believe, is the Beatles' failure. The foursome has been compared to Johnny Appleseed, sowing musical seeds, but they have really spent the last four years picking apples in other peoples' orchards to make their own (sometimes delicious) pies.

As *Time* approvingly points out, throughout their career the Beatles have maintained "their exemplary behavior." Who can help but embrace four such charming lads who can have the good sense to proclaim—as they do stolidly on *Sgt. Pepper*—in the disintegrating fall of 1967, "I have to admit it's getting better—it's getting better all the time?"

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Best of the Lovin' Spoonful, Kama 8056

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

(Continued from page 29)

to the celebrative nature of the music. Outside, it looks like a building from a set in *The Gold Rush*. Inside, the atmosphere is most congenial. The walls are lined with good photographs of the great musicians who have worked there. The prices are reasonable, and the roast-beef sandwiches, as advertised on Prestige records, are exemplary. The bartenders and waitresses are knowledgeable and actually interested in identifying musicians for the customers.

All of this originates, of course, with Lennie Sogoloff and his right-hand man, Joe Batista, both of whom are hip to jazz virtues and well disposed toward those who share their enthusiasms. In fact, if more jazz rooms were run on their principles and with their taste, more jazz rooms would be making money, and more jazz musicians would be working.

—*Stanley Dance*

Judy Roberts Trio

The Baroque, Chicago

Personnel: Miss Roberts, piano; Nick Tountas, bass; George Marsh, drums.

As I walked into the Baroque, the softly swinging sounds of *Now's the Time* settled in my eardrums for an easy chorus.

Miss Roberts, long black hair and eyebrow bangs, hunched her diminutive frame over the piano like a female Merlin ready to make magic.

Green Dolphin Street had a slow opening chorus played in bossa-nova beat, subtle and insinuating, with just a touch of blues. Melody over, medium tempo now, the pianist digs into the song, almost burrows inside the piano, feet patting and fingers pulsating, seemingly with the power of an Oscar Peterson.

"Little girl here plays big piano," the sign in front should read.

She's only 22 but has five years of full-time experience behind her, played in concert with Woody Herman, and toured Europe.

Her *My Funny Valentine* is a gutsy (Nat Hentoff would call it visceral), bluesy, waltzy version that shimmers and shifts between 6/8 and 5/4 under the driving direction of Marsh . . . relaxed, yet rocking, with Marsh outstanding on the most softly swinging cowbell I've heard outside South America.

What's It All About, Alfie? the trio asks tenderly, with Tountas' bass moving the melody along. The trio is integrated in the true sense of the word—its members are *together* at all times, each contributing toward the total group sound.

Now comes one of Adderley's cannons, *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy*. The group shows none. It digs in and drives the blues against the wall, coaxing forth those good, groovy spirits with a down-home flavor and a not-too-loud back-beat that brings the crowd around to chanting the final chorus. Amen!

Thelonious Monk's tune *Straight, No Chaser* was played just that way: straight, solid, swinging in an easy-medium groove. Miss Roberts plunked down some of

Monk's astringent and acerbic quartertones and jagged harmonies; Tountas pulled his bass nearly off the floor as he took a long running solo; Marsh demonstrated that the drums can be stroked and patted rather than pounded or slammed, closing with some tricky top-cymbal strokes that almost sound as if their source were a triangle.

Sweet Georgia Brown had the blues. The dirty, foot-stomping blues, with soul sounds from sister Judy and her two brothers.

A truly talented trio. (Too bad, though, that Tountas took only one solo.)

It has joie de vivre. The players smiled, they laughed (Judy sometimes giggled), they enjoyed their work. That their audience knew and appreciated this was aptly demonstrated by the (as Dizzy Gillespie would say) tumultuous applause.

Now's the time . . . for some present-day Norman Granz to put them on a record. They deserve it, and so does the jazz public. —*J.C. Thomas*

Otis Redding

Basin Street West, San Francisco

Personnel: Redding, vocals; the Mar-Keys.

It is essential for Redding to establish rapport with his audience. This talent saves his club performances from being static and boring, as his recordings sometimes are.

Though his show is too polished to achieve any deep musical expression, the listeners dig it because Redding makes them laugh, clap, and have a good time. But after the singer has made his customary flashy exit, one realizes the listeners have been entertained by an uncreative, stylized performer.

Night after night, Redding sings the same songs, usually in the same way, and almost always in the same sequence. Redding himself gets tired of this constant repetition, but he doesn't really care. His audiences come to hear a particular type of sound, and he gives it to them as long as they dish out the money.

"I have to do what the people like," Redding says. This includes "doing the same show indefinitely until the audience doesn't care for it anymore."

Luckily, his Basin Street date featured some solid musicianship by the Mar-Keys, a more-than-competent backup group that can play enticing, gutsy blues. Redding's low, harsh voice blended well with the Mar-Keys, and was most effective in lending a strong percussive accent to *Satisfaction*.

Redding frequently displayed excellent projection and rhythmic timing and was undisputably adept at commanding the attention of his listeners.

But his lyrics were trite and meaningless, and the more he sang the more predictable he became. His music has been termed "soul," but it is obviously quite commercial.

Redding refuses to channel his abilities into a fresher, more challenging sound. He knows this could shrink his audience.

When this is brought up, Redding stops talking about his music and says quite frankly, "I go where the money is."

—*Steve Toomajian*

AD LIB

(Continued from page 15)

day night Jazz Society at Marty's-On-The-Hill continues to provide some of the best sounds in town to SRO audiences. The Monday bashes, under the direction of KBCA disc jockeys **Tommy Bee** and **Les Carter,** often outdraw the weekend headliners at the club. **Nina Simone** began the tradition; **Carmen McRae, Roland Kirk,** and the **Milt Jackson** Quintet perpetuated it. Miss McRae (who later returned for a three- night gig) was backed by **Noman Simmons,** piano; **Ray Brown,** bass; **Ed Thigpen,** drums. In the audience were **Errol Garner, Lorez Alexandria, Betty Carter,** and **Fran Jeffreys.** Kirk brought his own group to Marty's (**Ron Burton,** piano; **Steve Novosel,** bass; **Jimmy Hopps,** drums). The most recent Monday attraction brought together a high-powered quintet fronted by vibist Jackson, including **Harold Land,** tenor; **Tommy Flanagan,** piano; Ray Brown, bass; and Ed Thigpen, drums. Future bookings will find **Jimmy Smith** and **Don Ellis** on successive Mondays. (**Ornette Coleman** will be at Shelly's the Monday that Ellis' band is at Marty's.) The new house band at Marty's will be the **Clifford Smith-Kenney Dixon** Trio (with **Art Hillery,** organ) as soon as they close at the Parisian Room. Returning to the Parisian: organist-singer **Perri Lee.** Miss Lee had played the room for five years . . . **Oliver Nelson** recently fronted a big band for two weeks at Marty's, sharing the second week with **Joe Williams.** There were many subs, mainly because the sidemen included many studio musicians. **Slide Hampton,** in town with **Art Blakey,** subbed for trombonist **Lou Blackburn.** An unfamiliar face was in the French horn section: **Esther Mayhan,** wife of **John Mayhan,** who was playing various reeds in the band. Williams was in fine form, and obviously pleased with the Nelson backing. One night he even did an **Al Jolson** imitation on *Everybody Wants to Be Loved,* replete with Jolson vibrato and the down-on-one-knee gesture . . . Another recent booking at Marty's saw the **Miles Davis** Quintet in for three nights, with **Buster Williams** on bass . . . The Hong Kong Bar of the Century Plaza Hotel is doing quite well with jazz bookings (or as *Variety* characteristically headlined its story, "Jazz Combos Bong Hong Kong Gong") and has announced some near and far future jazz gigs: **Dizzy Gillespie,** Dec. 20; **Lionel Hampton,** Jan. 10; **Gene Krupa,** Jan. 31; **George Shearing** in June; and **Charlie Byrd** in July . . . Shelly's Manne-Hole is also looking ahead, but not quite that far. Bookings up to one week beyond New Year's are **Wes Montgomery, Mose Allison, Carmen McRae, Gabor Szabo,** and **Gary Burton.** A recent attraction at the Manne-Hole was singer **O. C. Smith.** Following Smith, the **Modern Jazz Quartet** played two weeks at Shelly's . . . The **Watts 103rd Street Rhythm Band,** led by **Charles Wright,** has been getting more exposure around town, sharing the Shrine Auditorium stage with **Bill Cosby, Calvin Jackson, Jackie Lee,** and **Dolores Hall** for a one-nighter benefit; playing the Red Velvet in Hollywood (ordinarily a hard rock emporium); and appearing on ABC TV's *American Bandstand.* The band has a new member: female trumpeter **Clora Bryant** . . . Jimmy Smith is due to make one of his rare west coast appearances at the Lighthouse Nov. 14-26. After Smith, **Les McCann, Bola Sete,** and **Charles Lloyd** are scheduled, taking the Hermosa Beach nitery into mid-January . . . Pianist **Gerald Wiggins** brought his trio (**Joe Comfort,** bass; **Don Pierson,** drums) into Memory Lane for an indefinite stay to back up singer **Bill Henderson.** Wiggins reports that his son **J.J.** (an 11-year old bass prodigy) is now studying with **Red Mitchell.** At the beginning of the Memory Lane gig, Wiggins was ill, and **Chauncey Locke** filled in, along with **Art Pepper** . . . Donte's featured the **Jack Sheldon** Quartet for three Sundays, advertising it with the promise of "songs, stories, jokes, monologue, and some trumpet!" The Monday Guitar Night series featured **Joe Pass** and **Mundell Lowe;** with **Al Hendrickson, Irving Ashby,** and **Tommy Tedesco** booked for November. The **Clare Fischer** Trio was in for a trio of Fridays and Saturdays. In addition to Fischer on piano and organ, **Bob West** played bass; and **Larry Bunker** and **John Guerin** alternated on drums. On Nov. 17 and 18 **Pete Jolly** will be featured; on Dec. 15 and 16, **Trombones Unlimited (Mike Barone** and **Frank Rosolino)** . . . **Ron Anthony** brought a group into Marty's for four days before joining **Morgana King** on tour. Personnel in the group: Anthony, guitar; **Dave MacKay,** piano; **Gene Cherico,** bass; **Eddie Marshall,** drums . . . The **Royal Street Bachelors** are working with a substitute leader at Disneyland. Leader-banjoist **Herman Mitchell** suffered a stroke shortly before the eighth annual *Dixieland at Disneyland* bash. Taking his place: banjoist **Harold Grant.** Others are **Jack MacVea,** clarinet, and **Herbert Gordy,** bass. They serenaded the press corps during dinner at the Dixieland affair. The Dixieland orgy actually lasted two nights. For the opener, 12,000 Camp Pendleton marines and their guests, plus press, were the only ones in the park. The second night was for the public . . . **Sergio Mendes** and **Brasil '66** played another one-nighter—one of the final programs of the season at Hollywood Bowl. Also on the bill: **Herb Alpert** and the **Tijuana Brass,** and the **Baja Marimba Band.** All three groups record for Alpert's A&M records.

Film Notes: **Abbey Lincoln** will have the female lead, opposite **Sidney Poitier,** in Palomar Pictures' *For the Love of Ivy* . . . Della Reese will sing the title tune in *Suppose Somebody Gave a War and Nobody Came?* The jazz musical will be filmed in Italy with **Gerry Mulligan** set as producer as well as composer of the film's score . . . The **Walter Wanderley** Trio has been set for the Four Leaf production of *For Singles Only.* The trio will be seen in three musical sequences . . . **Henry Mancini** just completed the scoring of **Blake Edwards'** film, *The Party*

. . . **Pete Rugolo** has been signed to score 20th Century's *The Sweet Ride*. **Dave Grusin** is now at work on Embassy's *The Graduate*.

Chicago: **Bill Crowden,** proprietor of Drums Unlimited, strikes again with another drum clinic Nov. 27. Headlining the event in the Prudential Building auditorium will be **Max Roach,** who was the main attraction at Crowden's last clinic; **Philly Joe Jones,** and **Don Lamond.** Also playing will be a group featuring trombonist **John Watson,** altoist **Bunky Green,** guitarist **Joe Diorio,** pianist **Stu Katz,** bassist **Cleveland Eaton,** and drummer **Harold Jones** . . . Pianist **Marian McPartland** and her trio opened at the Showboat Sari-S Oct. 31. She will hold the stand until Nov. 18 . . . Pianist-reed man Stu Katz will lead a group at the Bernard Horwich Community Center (3003 W. Touhy Ave.) Nov. 15 (with Katz will be **Tommy Ponce,** brass, reeds, piano; **Danny Shapera,** bass; **Tom Kronquist,** drums) . . . Trumpeter-singer **Hugh Masekela** played a four-day engagement at the Club during the middle of October . . . Former *Down Beat* ad man **Bill (Bryan) Greener** spins discs and interviews celebrities on his new radio show from the Edgewater Beach Hotel, *The All-nighter from Lakeside*, from 11 p.m. to 6 a.m. over WEBH-FM . . . The **Ballet Africaine** was at the Studebaker Theater for three weeks in late September and early October . . . Sitarist **Ravi Shankar** did a one-nighter at Orchestra Hall Oct. 6 . . . **Nancy Wilson** appeared in concert at the Civic Opera House Oct. 13-14, with **Buddy Rich's** band.

Detroit: Two distinguished guests graced the stand at the Town Bar in Ann Arbor recently. First to sit in with bassist **Ron Brooks'** trio was **Sarah Vaughan's** pianist **Bob James,** who had led his own trio in Ann Arbor several years ago, while a student at the University of Michigan, with Brooks as a member. The following night, bassist **Bill Wood** of pianist **Randy Weston's** group sat in. Other regular guests at the Town include cornetist **Charles Moore** and tenorist **Leon Henderson** . . . Elsewhere in Ann Arbor, trumpeter **Stuart Aptekar,** pianist **Lannie Steele,** bassist **Tommy Dorsey,** and an assortment of drummers appear on alternate Fridays at the Little Club in the Michigan Union . . . Compose records, a Detroit-based concern, has released organist **Bobby Cook's** single of *Prancing* and *Quiet Nights*. The record was originally slated only for publicity purposes, but a considerable demand developed. As a result, Cook's trio (guitarist **Leon Warren;** drummer **Bert Myrick**) has resumed at Chappie's in River Rouge after a short interruption . . . Odom's Cave, once one of Detroit's most active jazz spots, but silent for over a year, came to life briefly Sept. 18, when bassist **Ernie Farrow's** group (**John Hair,** trombone; **Joe Thurman,** tenor saxophone; **James Youngblood,** drums) turned up for an impromptu performance on owner Mary Odom's birthday . . . Jazz harpist **Dorothy Ashby,** with her husband, **John Ashby,** on drums, and **Clarence Sherrill** on bass, has replaced pianist-vocalist **Bobby Laurel** at the St. Regis Hotel. Laurel moved to the Apartment Lounge . . . While bassist **Dan Jordan** was on vacation, his place in vibist **Jack Brokensha's** quartet was taken by **Fred Housey.** Brokensha continues to use two rhythm sections at his club. On weekends, it's Jordan and drummer **Dick Riordan;** during the week, **Will Austin** is on bass and Bert Myrick on drums. **Bess Bonnier** is the pianist. On weekends, vocalist **Ursula Walker** rounds out the bill . . . Popular jazz disc jockey **Ed Love** has returned to WCHD-FM in his old evening slot . . . Reed man-vibist **Frank Newman's** quartet has an LP on Oldtown label. With Newman, on the record and at Momo's, are pianist **Jim Knight,** bassist **Dick Bellen,** and drummer **Art Mardigan** . . . Guitars have dominated the scene at Baker's lately. After **Gabor Szabo, George Benson's** group (**Ronnie Cuber,** baritone saxophone; **Lonnie Smith,** organ; **Marion Booker,** drums) was featured, followed by **Grant Green,** with organist **John Patton** and drummer **Clifford Jarvis.** Owner **Soly Hartstein** is also sponsoring a guitar festival Nov. 23 at Masonic Temple, featuring the groups of Szabo, **Kenny Burrell, Bola Sete,** and **Johnny Smith.**

New Orleans: Two traditional jazz bands are currently on tour. The **Preservation Hall Jazz Band,** led by **Billie** and **Dede Pierce,** is playing a series of college dates in the Midwest. Hall manager **Alan Jaffe** is now a regular with the

band on tuba. Tenor saxophonist **Harold DeJean** is fronting the **Olympia Brass Band** on a European tour, accompanied by New Orleans Jazz club president **Durel Black.** The Olympians are part of a tour sponsored by several southern businessmen who are promoting foreign tourist travel in the South . . . **Mel Torme** played an October engagement at the Blue Room of the Roosevelt Hotel. The singer made frequent impromptu sessions at the Playboy Club with **Al Belletto's** group. A new singer, **Hal Frazier,** won the applause of jazz fans and musicians at a recent Playboy appearance . . . The **Dukes of Dixieland** returned to New Orleans for a two-week stint at Al Hirt's club . . . Trumpeter **Warren Luening** is freelancing in New Orleans after several years as leader of a Dixieland band in the Air Force. Luening was featured for several years with **Lawrence Welk** . . . A river boat jazz party is scheduled for Nov. 16 on the steamer *President*. The **Last Straws** and the **Eureka Brass Band** will headline the concert . . . Surgeon-guitarist **Edmond (Doc) Souchon** has collaborated with promoter **Al Rose** on a new book, *New Orleans Jazz: A Family Album*, which will be published by LSU press this fall . . . A TV special is being planned for New Orleans next winter with **Louis Armstrong, Peggy Lee, Tony Bennett,** and others.

Poland: The Polish Jazz Federation has published the first issue of a new jazz magazine (in English) called *Jazz Forum*. The principal aim of the magazine is stimulation of East-West jazz exchange and closer cooperation between jazz promoters, jazz managers, critics, journalists, festival organizers, and all involved in the jazz business. Further information can be obtained from Polish Jazz Federation, Warsaw 1, P.O. Box 282 . . . During the Warsaw Jazz Festival, the PJF will suggest the formation of a European Jazz Federation . . . **Krzysztof Komeda,** Polish jazz pianist and composer, has written another film score, for a Danish film by Swedish director **Henning Carlsen.** The first movie by this director with Komeda's music, *Hunger* (based on the **Knut Hamsun** novel) is currently being shown in Poland. Komeda and his quartet, including **Rune Carlson,** drums (Sweden); **Roman Dylag,** bass (a Pole living in Sweden); and Polish trumpeter **Tomasz Stanko,** has recorded an LP for **Joachim E. Berendt** in Cologne. After his appearance at the Warsaw Jazz Festival, Komeda leaves for Hollywood, where he will write and record the music for a film by Polish director **Roman Polanski,** based on the best selling novel *Rosemary's Baby* . . . The **Novi** vocal quartet has returned from appearances in Soczi, USSR . . . Top Polish vibraharpist **Jerzy Milian** is back from an extensive Soviet tour with his trio . . . The main financial source of the PJF is rock concerts. The Polish rock scene (called "beat" music here) is extremely active. There are many highly professional groups who are potential European stars. Among them **Niemen**—an extraordinarily gifted singer who appears with his own group, **Akwarele,** with a brass section. He sings almost ex-

clusively his own songs, usually based on Polish folk music. Another group is **Polanie,** which was highly praised at the International Beat Festival in Hamburg. The **Blue and Black** group appears currently with great success in Holland. There are many other known groups including **Skaldowie, Red and Blacks,** and **Blackout.** In addition there are at least 1,000 amateur "beat" combos trying to enter professional ranks.

Denmark: A change had to be made in the rhythm section accompanying **Dexter Gordon** in his 10-week engagement at the Montmartre in Copenhagen. The reason: pianist **Kenny Drew** broke his right arm while mountain-climbing near Molde, Norway, where he participated in the jazz festival. The piano chair at the Montmartre was taken over by **Tete Montulio,** who also accompanied **Yusef Lateef.** The section included bassist **Niels-Henning Orsted** and drummer **Albert Heath** . . . Lateef was succeeded as featured soloist at the Montmartre by tenorist-flutist **Jimmy Heath** . . . Trumpeter **Don Cherry** visited Denmark in mid-August and gave a performance at the Charlottenborg with trumpeter **Maffy Falay,** drummer Heath, and others. Cherry also appeared with the **Danish Radio Jazz Group** . . . Singer **Karin Krog** from Norway was another guest at the radio studios during August. She did a program consisting of several of the compositions she had recorded this summer in California with the **Don Ellis** Orchestra . . . Danish television is producing seven half-hour jazz programs this autumn. All programs will be made with Danish high school students as the audience and consequently shot at seven different public high schools. The first three programs featured Gordon, **Roland Kirk,** and Lateef. Lateef also opened the jazz season at the University of Arhus on Sept. 1. He was accompanied by bass and drums only, played by **Poul Ehlers** and **Preben Vang** . . . The LP made by a quintet led by tenorist-flutist **Bent Jaedig** in February has now been released on Debut. It is called *Danish Jazzman 1967: Bent Jaedig.*

Norway: American valve trombonist **Frank Phipps,** from San Francisco, in Oslo since June, is now working with young Norwegian tenorist **Jan Garbarek,** who will soon be presented on his own LP . . . Drummer **Jorn Christensen,** who usually plays with Garbarek, has signed a contract with the Polish group led by alto saxophonist **Zbigniew Namyslowski** for several engagements this year, including the Finnish Jazz Festival in Pori, and the Prague and Warsaw festivals . . . A small Norwegian jazz festival was held Oct. 12-14 at the ABC Theater-Scene in Oslo, featuring Garbarek and Phipps; singer **Laila Dalseth** and her trio; promising young trumpeter **Fred Noddelund** and his big band; singer **Karin Krog;** the **Paul Bley**-inspired pianist **Svein Finnerud's** trio; the **Per Borthen Swing Department,** and Danish trumpeter **Palle Mikkelborg,** guest soloist . . . Jazz clubs are springing up in

Oslo. The Student's Club at Sogn holds concerts every Sunday; the ABC Theater's basement club, Bikuben, features jazz three times weekly, and Club 7 presents jazz as well as blues, r&b, and folk music . . . Pianist **Hampton Hawes** and his wife are stopping in Norway on their world-wide trip, and it is expected that Hawes will play some club dates in Oslo.

Toronto: **Gene Krupa** played a two-week engagement at the Colonial Tavern with reed man **Eddie Shu,** pianist **Eddie Swanston,** and bassist **Freddie Williams** . . . The Town's wobbling policy featured **Gigi and the Charmaines,** an r&b outfit, for two weeks, then presented the **Les McCann** Trio for a week . . . Pianist **Jimmy Coxson** has moved into a new downstairs lounge in the Sutton Place, while the **Hagood Hardy** Trio continues at the top of the building in Stop 33 . . . Tenor saxophonist **Don Thompson** was appointed leader (and arranger) of the 25-piece orchestra on the CBC-TV special *The Rock Scene,* featuring the **Jefferson Airplane,** the **Doors, Dionne Warwick, Sergio Mendez, Eric Anderson,** and **Noel Harrison** . . . Singer **David Hynes** appeared in the Plaza Room for two weeks . . . **Lonnie Johnson** continues at George's Kibitzeria . . . **Charlie Byrd** concertized at Eaton Auditorium under the auspices of the Guitar Society of Toronto, accompanied by bassist **Joe Byrd** and drummer **Bill Reichenbach** . . . The same night, **Ravi Shankar** attracted a capacity crowd to Massey Hall. With the Indian sitarist were **Alla Rakha,** tabla, and **Kamala Chakravarty,** tamboura . . . The following week, guitarist **Gabor Szabo's** quintet appeared at the Colonial with new member **Nico Bunink,** harpsichord, and regulars **Louis Kabok,** bass; **Hal Gordon,** percussion; **Marty Morell,** drums . . . The **Ray Bryant** Trio followed **Sonny Stitt** and his electronic saxophones at the Town. Featured with Stitt were organist **Don Patterson** and drummer **Billy James.**

Pittsburgh: Pianist-leader **Walt Harper** commenced a series of three jazz workshops at the Hilton Hotel. The Harper Quintet was co-featured with **Cannonball Adderley** Oct. 29; **Dionne Warwick** comes in Nov. 26; and **Dave Brubeck,** Dec. 26. Harper, currently featured at Oakland's Peyton Place on Mondays and Thursdays, says he will also take his jazz workshop to the Waterford Race Track in nearby West Virginia early next April . . . Pianist **Johnny Costa** did two successful weeks at the Riverboat Room of the Penn Sheraton recently. He had drummer **Johnny Vincent** and bassist **Carl McVicker Jr.** with him . . . The United Fund of Allegheny County has been injecting its current fund drive with jazz vitality. The **Negri** brothers, pianist **Bobby** and guitarist **Joe,** spurred a swinging combo seen by the public at the Hilton and other UF sites for banquets and luncheons. The bassist with the group is usually **Bob Boswell** . . . While the **Max Roach** combo was drawing overflow crowds at Crawford's Grill in early September, the house band of **Carl Arter** accepted a gig at

NOVEMBER 30 ISSUE

ON SALE

NOVEMBER 16

Harley's Motel near Washington, Pa., and had SRO signs out there . . . The Hurricane Bar's parade of organ sounds continued with **Jackie Ivory's** quartet followed by the **John Bartel** Quartet . . . Vocalist **Tiny Irvin** did a week at the Upstairs Room of the Encore while the **Harold Betters** Quartet blew downstairs. Tiny got nice bass support from **Tom Sewell** . . . The Hollywood Club in Clairton gets much of the weekend action, favorites being the **Sel Thomas** and **Jerry Betters** Quintets . . . The **Three Penny Trio (Joe Lommo,** electric guitar; **Paul Pry,** bass, vocal; Penny, drums, vocal) appeared at the Laganda Room, outside Pittsburgh.

Louisville: **Eddie Harris'** concert at the Cup & Stirrup featured pianist **Erman Hubbard,** bassist **Jack Brengle,** and drummer **Paul Parker** . . . Pianist **Louis Knipp** plays nightly, except Sunday, at Bauer's Restaurant on Brownsboro Road. He is flanked on Wednesday and Thursday nights by bass and drums . . . While the **Bob Millard** Trio (Millard, piano; **Neil Burris,** bass; **Fred Ferguson,** drums) was on vacation, a trio headed by vocalist-pianist **Linda Hartledge,** with bassist **Denny Doyle** and drummer **Dave Kaufmann,** filled in . . . Pianist **Camille Wilde,** with bassist-husband **Fred Gettle** and drummer **Charles Craig,** entertains at the Essex House . . . Organist-tenorist **Boogie Morton** and vibist-drummer **Dick Sisto** play nightly at the Ascot Club . . . Masterson's Steak House features the piano-bass duo of **Don Adams** and **Les Huey** . . . Vibist-baritone saxophonist **Mel Owens** heads the other lounge of the Essex House . . . Two free jazz concerts, under the sponsorship of the city of Louisville and the Recording Industries Trust Funds in cooperation with AFM Local 11-637, were played at the Iroquois Amphitheater, featuring trombonist **Tommy Walker's** quintet, pianist **Bob Lam's** trio, and the **Louisville AR Quintet;** and at Tyler Park with **Bill Lippy's Fog Bound Five + One,** the **Bobby Jones** Quintet, and the **Ronnie Bedenbaugh** Trio featured . . . Reed man **Jamey Aebersold,** recently elected treasurer of the Louisville Jazz Council, lead his sextet in a history of jazz concert Sept. 28 at Catherine Spalding College. The concert was sponsored by the council . . . Clarinetist **Tony Scott** headed a big band of local jazzmen in the kick off concert Sept. 10 of the week-long "Downtown Salutes the Arts" . . . **Clark Terry** was the main attraction of WHAS radio and TV's Crusade for Children, along with vocalist **Marilyn Maye** . . . Seen among the horse show aficionados at the Kentucky State Fair was drummer **Shelly Manne,** in his horse-owner capacity . . . Bassist **Ted Blondell** returned to Louisville after a long sojourn with the **Don Scaletta** Trio.

Denver: Following a summer of travel, guitarist **Johnny Smith** returned to Shaner's After Dark in early September, where he is featured every Saturday night with flutist **Dick Culver** and the **Neil Bridge** Trio . . . Sunday nights at the 23rd St. East, **Stew Jackson** leads a 16-piece band . . . **Peanuts Hucko's** Navarre recently hosted **Eddie Condon,** pianist **Lou Stein,** and violinist **Joe Venuti,** in addition to Hucko's quartet . . .The **Queen City Jazz Band** continues to play Dixieland on Friday and Saturday nights at Greg Allen's Mon-Vue Village . . . **Woody Herman** and the **Herd** played a one-nighter in mid-September in Pueblo.

Dallas: Pianist-arranger-singer **Onzy Matthews** returned to his native city for a bit of relaxation, and is putting together a big band of almost entirely local people, a project he's wanted to tackle for some time. He opened at the Brookhollow Country Club in September . . . **Monti Rock III** just completed a successful week at Soul City. Rock has been written up in the Dallas press as alternately a soul singer, trombone player, jazz artist, rock artist, and general overall nut, to all of which descriptions he subscribes . . . Singer **Diane Wisdom** continues to hold forth with the **Ernie Johnson** combo at the Chateau Briand . . . **Betty Green** and the **Jim Black** Trio continue at the Fink Mink . . . The first full organizational meeting of the Dallas Jazz Society was held in the main auditorium of the Dallas Public Library to allow interested underage persons to attend. Entertainment was provided by the **Texas Soul Trio** with **Roger Boykins** . . . The **NTSU Lab Bands** were featured on a *Voice of Vista* program with **Willis Conover** recently.

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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222 W. Adams St., Chicago, Illinois 60606

Please send me, by return mail, an official application for the 1968 Down Beat Hall of Fame scholarship awards. (Schools and teachers may receive additional applications upon request.)

Name _____

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WHERE WHEN

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

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

NEW YORK

Ali Baba: **Louis Metcalf.**
After the Ball (Saddlebrook, N.J.): **Art Williams, Fri.-Sat.**
Alibi Club (Ridgefield, Conn.): **Bob Shelley,** wknds.
Apartment: **Lee Shaw.**
Basie's: **Harold Ousley,** Sun.-Mon.
Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon.
Casey's: **Freddie Redd.**
Central Park North (White Plains): **Sal Salvador, Wed.-Sun., tfn.**
Charlie's: sessions, Mon.
Chuck's Composite: **Jazz at Noon,** Fri.
Cloud 9 Lounge (E. Brunswick, N.J.): **Ralph Stricker,** Wed., wknds.
Cloud Room (East Elmhurst): **Johnny Fontana, Pat Rebillot, Bucky Calabrese.**
Club Baron: sessions, Mon.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Coronet (Brooklyn): unk.
Cotton Club (Patterson, N.J.): **Hank White,** wknds. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): **John Gamba,** hb. Sessions, Sun.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): **Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sat.**
East Village In: sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): **Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six, Ed Hubble.**
Flash's Lounge (Queen's Village): **John Nicholas, Malcolm Wright,** wknds.
Forest Hills Inn (Forest Hills): **Sonny Oliver.**
Frammis: **Tal Farlow.**
Garden Dis-Cafe: **Eddie Wilcox, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry,** wknds.
Gaslight Club: **Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano, Ray Nance.**
Half Note: **Duke Pearson** to 12/1, wknds. only. **Howard McGhee,** Mon.
Hickory House: **Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.**
Jazz at the Office (Freeport): **Jimmy McPartland,** Fri.-Sat.
La Boheme: sessions, Mon. eve., Sat.-Sun. afternoon.
Lake Tower Inn (Roslyn): **Otto-McLawler** to 11/4.
La Martinique: **Lucky Thompson,** Thur.
Le Intrigue (Newark, N.J.): **Jazz 'n' Breakfast,** Sun.
Leone's (Port Washington): **Dennis Connors, Tony Bella.**
L'Intrigue: unk.
Little Club: **Johnny Morris.**
Long's Lounge (East Orange, N.J.): **Les DeMerle.**
Marino's Boat Club (Brooklyn): **Michael Grant, Vernon Jeffries, Bob Kay,** wknds.
Mark Twain Riverboat: **Count Basie,** 11/2-8. **Woody Herman,** 11/9-15.
Metropole: **Gene Krupa,** 11/24-12/2.
Miss Lacey's: **Cecil Young.**
Motef (Smithtown): **J. J. Salata, Fri.**
Musart: **George Braith.** Sessions, wknds.
007: unk.
Off Shore (Point Pleasant, N.J.): **MST + One,** wknds.
Peter's (Staten Island): **Gene Adler,** Fri.-Sat.
Piedmont Inn (Scarsdale): unk.
Playboy Club: **Walter Norris, Earl May-Sam Donahue, Art Weiss.**
Pitt's Lounge (Newark, N.J.): **Leon Eason.**
Pookie's Pub: **Elvin Jones.**
Rainbow Grill: **Bob Skilling,** hb.
Red Garter: **Jazz Interactions** sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Royal Box: **Ella Fitzgerald** to 11/12.
Jimmy Ryan's: **Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown.**
Shepheard's: unk.
Slug's: **Sun Ra,** Mon.
Star Fire Lounge (Levittown): **Joe Coleman,** sessions, Mon.
Sulky (Roosevelt Raceway): **Dick Norell, Hap Gormley,** Mon.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): **Wendell Marshall,** sessions, Sun.
Tamburlaine: **Al Haig, Phil Leshin, Jim Kappes, Bill Rubenstein, Hal Gaylor, Dottie Dodgion,** Mon. Jazz at Noon, Mon.
Tappan Zee Motor Inn (Nyack): **Dottie Stallworth,** Wed.-Sat.
Toast: **Scott Reid.**
Tomahawk Room (Roslyn): **Ray Alexander,** Mon.
Top of the Gate: **Willie (The Lion) Smith,** Nov. **Dottie Stallworth,** Tue.
Traver's Cellar Club (Queens): sessions, Mon.
Villa Pace (Smithtown): **J. J. Salata,** Sat.
Village Door (Jamaica): **Horace Parlan, Peck Morrison, Slam Stewart.**
Village Gate: **Carmen McRae, Modern Jazz Quartet,** 11/3-4. **Stan Kenton, George Morel,** 11/10-11. **Nina Simone, Montego Joe,** 11/14-26.
Village Vanguard: **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis,** Mon.
White Plains Hotel: **Herman Autrey, Red Richards,** wknds.

CHICAGO

Baroque: **Judy Roberts,** Fri.-Sat.
Bernard Horwich Center: **Stu Katz,** 11/15.
Celebrity Club: name groups, weekly.
Havana-Madrid: various Latin groups, wknds.
Hungry Eye: **Dave Dauer,** Fri.-Sun.
Hurricane Lounge: **Eddie Harris,** wknds. **Ken Chaney,** Mon.
Jazz, Ltd.: **Bill Reinhardt.**
London House: **Dizzy Gillespie** to 11/12. **Oscar Peterson,** 11/14-12/3. **Rubin Mitchell,** 12/5-17. **Eddie Higgins,** 12/18-25.
Jack Mooney's: **Judy Roberts,** Mon.-Thur., Sun. afternoon. **Tommy Ponce,** Sat. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Midas Touch: **Oscar Lindsay,** Wed.-Sun. **Ken Rhodes,** Mon.-Tues. **Gene Fox,** sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Mister Kelly's: **Larry Novak, Dick Reynolds,** hbs.
Mother Blues: **Linn County Blues Band,** Wed.-Fri.
Nite-n-gale (Highwood): unk.
Old Town Gate: **Franz Jackson,** Tue.-Sat. **Larry Boyle,** Sat. **Jack Brown,** Mon.
Panda: **Gene Esposito,** Tue.-Sat. **Larry Novak,** Sun.-Mon.
Playboy Club: **Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ron Elliston, Joe Iaco,** hbs.
Plugged Nickel: **Ray Bryant** to 11/5. **Wes Montgomery,** 11/11-19. **Herbie Mann,** 11/21-12/3.
Pumpkin Room: **Dave Shipp,** wknds. **Joe Boyce,** Tue.
Robin's Nest: various r&b groups.
Showboat Sari-S: **Marion McPartland** to 11/18. **George Brunies,** Mon-Sat. Jazz at Noon, Fri.
Stan's Pad: **Jimmy Ellis,** hb.
Sutherland: sessions, Mon.
Trip: **Allan Stevens-Mario Arcari, Johnny Gabor,** Tue.-Sat.
Whiskey A-Go-Go: **The Impressions** to 11/11. **Otis Redding,** 11/16-25. **Bunky Green,** hb.
White Elephant: **Jazz Prophets,** Tue.
Yellow Unicorn: **Dave Catherwood,** Tue. eve., Sun. afternoon.

DETROIT

Act IV: **Eddie Webb,** hb.
Apartment: **Bobby Laurel.**
Baker's Keyboard: **Richard (Groove) Holmes,** 11/12-19. **Mongo Santamaria,** 11/24-12/3. **Dizzy Gillespie,** 12/5-10.
Bandit's Villa: **Terry Harrington,** Fri.-Sat. afterhours.
Bob and Rob's: **Lenore Paxton,** Tue.-Sat.
Breakers: **Alex Kallao,** Tue.-Sat.
Chappie's (River Rouge): **Bobby Cook,** Fri.-Sat., Mon.
Checker Bar-B-Q: **Jerry Harrison,** Mon.-Sat. afterhours.
Clint's Club (Ann Arbor): **Art Fletcher,** Thur.-Sat.
Drome: name groups weekly.
Frolic: **Lyman Woodard,** Fri.-Sun.
Hobby Bar: **James Cox,** Mon.-Tue., Thur.
Jack Brokensha's: **Jack Brokensha,** Tue.-Sat. **Ursula Walker,** Fri.-Sat.
Little Club (Ann Arbor): **Stuart Aptekar,** alternate Fri.
London Chop House: **Mel Ball, Marlene Hill,** Mon.-Sat.
Momo's: **Frank Newman,** Fri.-Sat.
Neptune's Hideaway (Harrison Township): **Tom Saunders.**
Pagoda (Clawson): **Joe Grande.**
Playboy Club: **Matt Michael, J. C. Heard,** Mon.-Sat.
Roostertail: **John Trudell,** hb.
St. Regis Hotel: **Dorothy Ashby.**
Shadow Box: **Ralph Jay,** Fri.-Sat.
Showboat: **Earl Scott.**
Sir-Loin Inn: **Jerry Libby.**
Tonga: **Charles Harris,** Tue.-Sat., Sun. afternoon.
Town Bar (Ann Arbor): **Ron Brooks,** Thur.-Sat.
Wilkins Lounge (Orchard Lake): **Bill Stevenson,** Mon.-Sat.

LOS ANGELES

Aladdin: **Maurice Miller,** Fri.-Mon.
Bahama Inn (Pasadena): **Teddy Buckner.**
Brass Ring (Sherman Oaks): **Paul Lopes,** Mon., Fri.-Sat. **New Era Big Band,** Tue.
Buccaneer (Manhattan Beach): **Jimmy Vann.**
China Trader (Toluca Lake): **Bobby Troup.**
Club Casbah: **Sam Fletcher, Dolo Coker.**
Dino's Lodge: **Bill Marx,** hb.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Jazz, nightly. Guitar Night, Mon. **Mike Barone,** Wed. **Louie Bellson,** Thur. **Pete Jolly,** 11/17-18.
Embassy (North Hollywood): **Gwen Stacy. Tommy Gumina,** Fri.
Empire Room (Culver City): **Ernie Scott.**
Escobar (Sherman Oaks): **Alberto Perez,** Mon.
Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): **Sonny Helmer. Beatrice Kay,** Thur.-Fri.
Hong Kong Bar (Century Plaza): **Dizzy Gillespie,** 12/20-tfn.
Intermission Room: **Rose Gilbert.**
La Duce (Inglewood): jazz, nightly.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): **Jazz Crusaders** to 11/13. **Jimmy Smith,** 11/14-26. **Les McCann,** 11/28-12/10.
Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Marty's (Baldwin Hills): Jazz, nightly. Special guests, Mon.
Memory Lane: **Willie Bobo,** 11/9-18. **Gerald Wiggins. Harry (Sweets) Edison.**
Parisian Room: **Ralph Green, Kenny Dixon.** Celebrity night, Mon.
Pied Piper: **Ike Isaacs. Jesse Davis.**
Pilgrimage Theater: **Gerald Wilson,** 11/5.
Playboy Club: **Gene Palumbo, Bob Corwin,** hbs. **Willie Restum.**
Redd Foxx: **Tommy Flanagan,** hb.
Ruddy Duck (Sherman Oaks): **Stan Worth.**
Shelly's Manne-Hole: **Mose Allison** to 11/12. **Carmen McRae,** 11/16-26. **Gabor Szabo,** 11/28-12/17. **Don Ellis,** Mon. **Shelly Manne,** wknds.
Sherry's: **Don Randi. Mike Melvoin,** Sun. **Frank Strazzeri,** Mon.
Smokehouse (Encino): **Bobbi Boyle.**
Sterling's (Santa Barbara): **Joyce Collins,** Mon.
Swing (Studio City): **Ray Johnson,** Wed.-Sat.
Tiki Island: **Charles Kynard.**
Tropicana: jazz, nightly.
Tudor Inn (Norwalk): **Gary Jones,** hb.
Ward's Jazzville (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Wonder Bowl (Downey): **Johnny Lane.**

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: **Little Richard** to 11/4. **Duke Ellington,** 11/9-19. **John Lee Hooker, Jimmy Reed,** 11/22-12/2.
Bop City: **Benny Wilson,** hb.
Both/And: **Bobby Blue Bland** to 11/5. **Jimmy Smith,** 12/12-17. **John Coltrane** Workshop, Sun.
C'est Bon: **Chris Ibanez-Vernon Alley.**
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): **Wilbert Barranco,** wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: **Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes,** tfn.
El Matador: **Bola Sete** to 11/18.
Haight-Levels: **Sonny Lewis.**
Half Note: **George Duke,** hb.
Holiday Inn (Oakland): **George Fletcher,** wknds.
Hungry i: **Clyde Pound,** hb.
Jack's of Sutter: **Rudy Johnson.**
Jazz Workshop: **Jack Sheldon** to 11/12. **Mose Allison,** 11/14-20. **Willie Bobo,** 11/22-12/2. **Jimmy Smith,** 12/12-17.
Jukebox: **Norman Williams,** hb. Sessions, Sat.-Sun.
Just Fred's: **Abe Batat,** hb.
Little Caesar: **Mike Tillis.**
Luther's Off-Plaza: **Jules Broussard.**
Nob Hill Room (Fairmont): **Jean Hoffman,** hb.
Pier 23: **Bill Erickson,** wknds. Sessions, Sun.
Playboy Club: **Al Plank,** hb.
Trident Club (Sausalito): **Teddy Wilson** to 11/19. **Jean Hoffman,** Mon.
Villa Roma: **Primo Kim,** hb.
Weekender: **Jason Holiday,** hb.

NEW ORLEANS

Bistro: **Pibe Hine, Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, Tony Page.**
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: **Santo Pecora, Armin Kay,** hbs.
French Quarter Inn: **Pete Fountain, Eddie Miller,** tfn.
544 Club: **Clarence (Frog Man) Henry,** hb.
Jazz Corner: **Willie-Tee,** hb.
Joe Burton's: **Joe Burton.**
Kole's Korner: **Ronnie Kole.**
Outrigger: **Stan Mendelsson,** tfn.
Paddock Lounge: **Thomas Jefferson, Snookum Russell,** tfn.
Playboy Club: **Al Belletto, Bill Newkirk, Joe Morton,** hbs.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Steamer President: **Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls,** Sat. **Eureka Brass Band, Last Straws,** 11/10.
Touché: **Armand Hug,** tfn.

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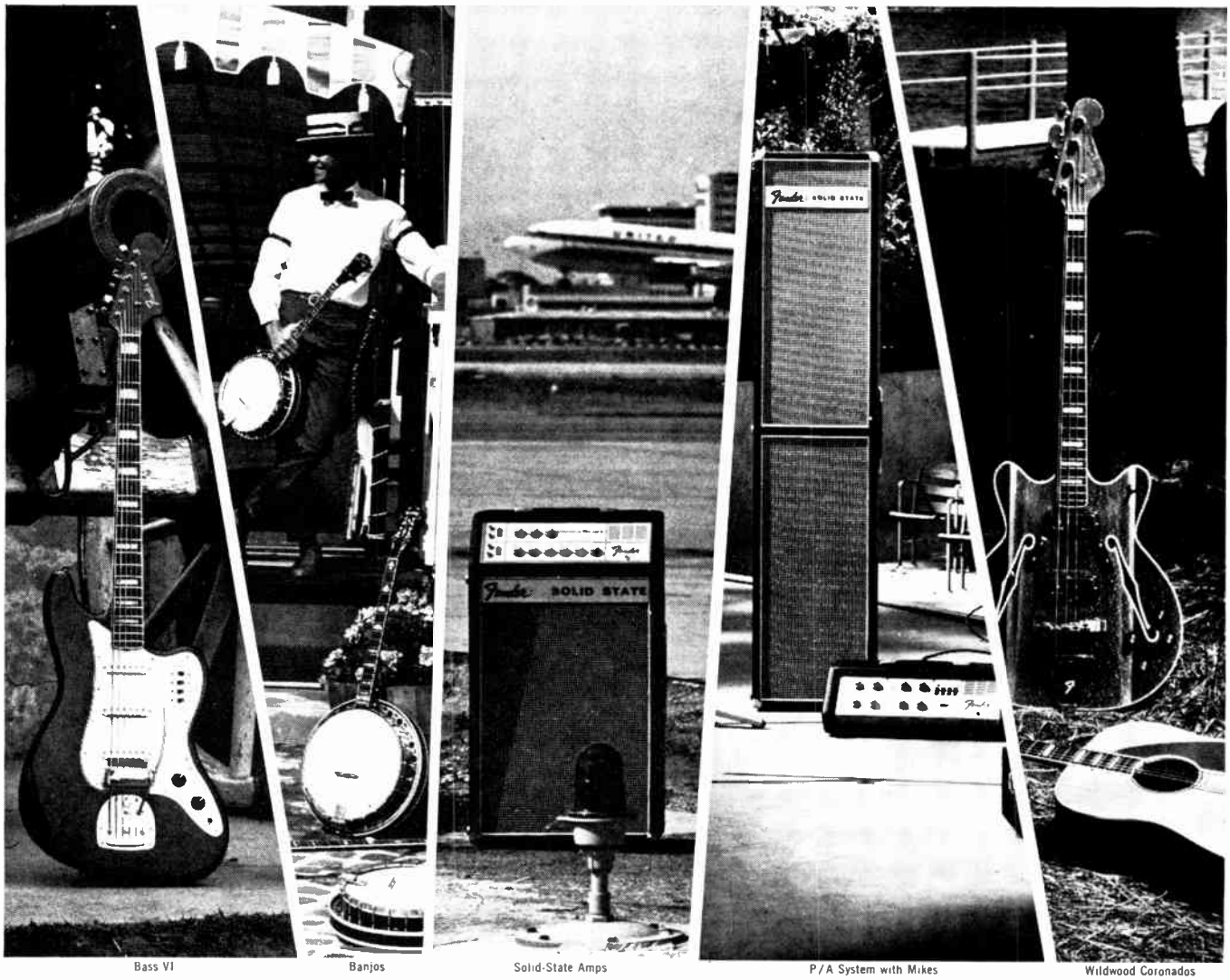

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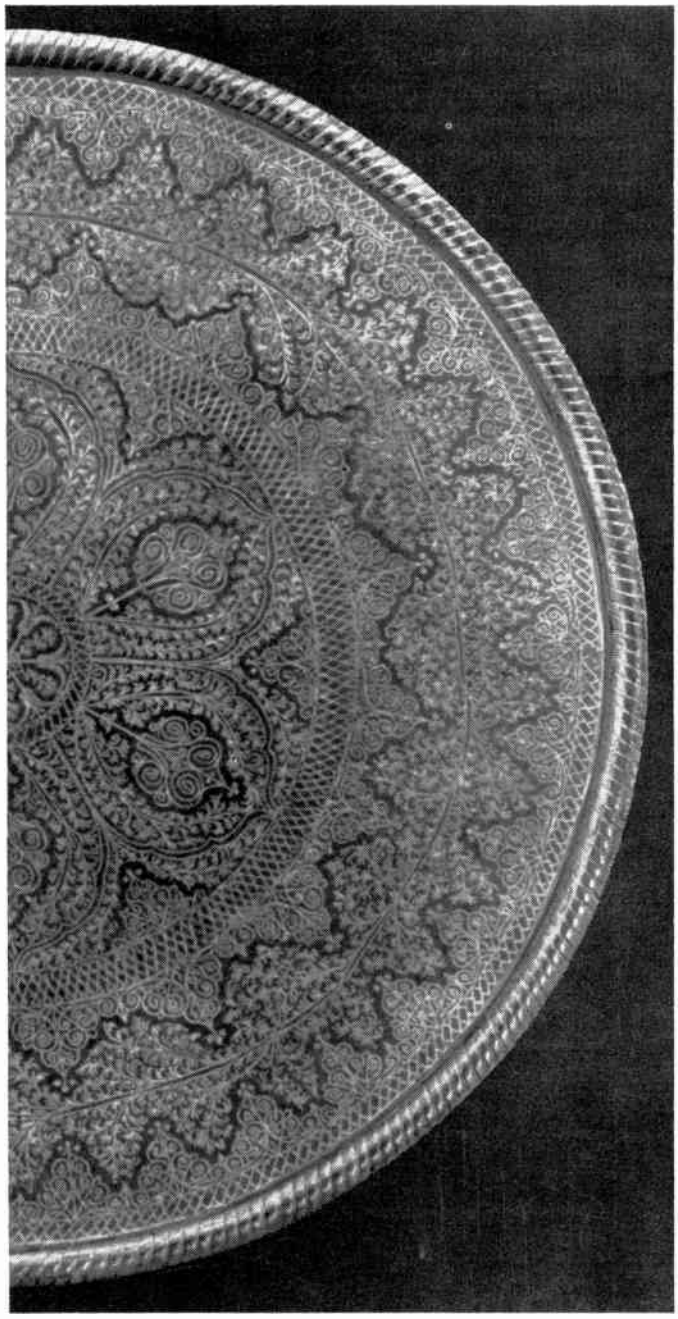
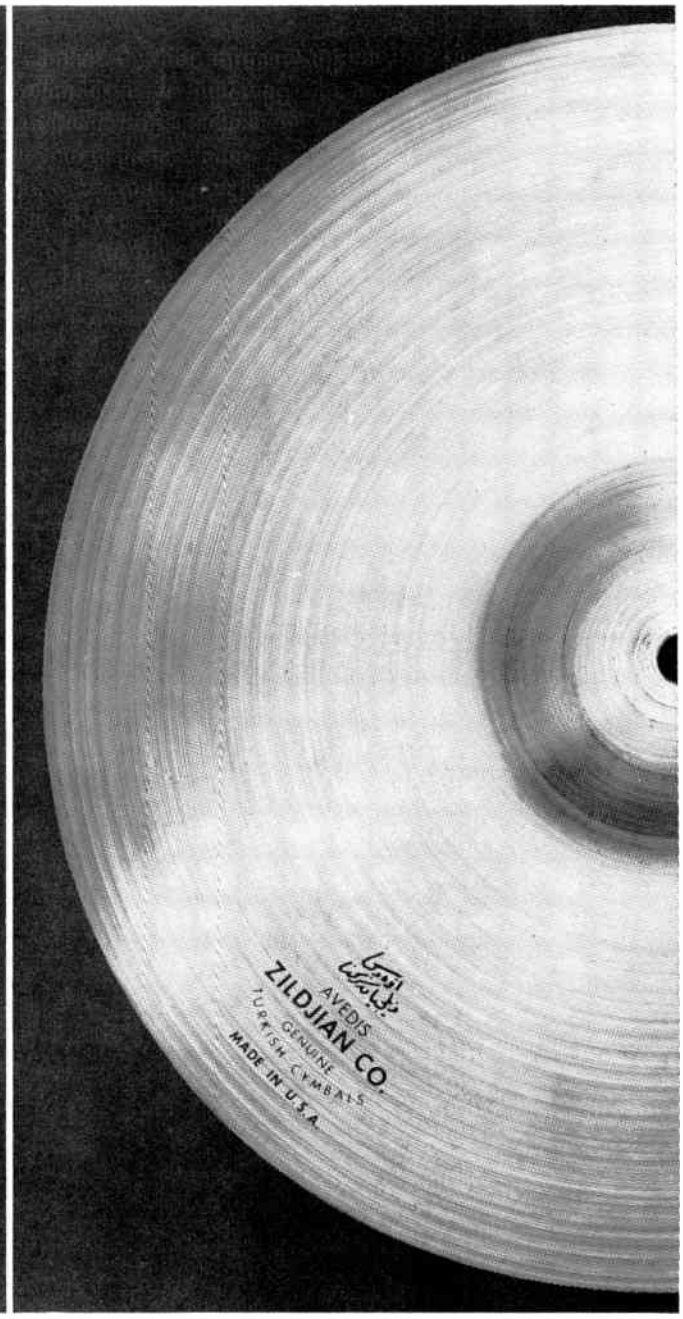
*The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Bequest of Edward C. Moore, 1891.



*Copper Venetian Salver. detail. Circa 1600.



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