

NOVEMBER 30, 1967 35c

down beat

THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

the many moods of
ray
charles



rex stewart's music:
appreciation

friday night at the
vanguard

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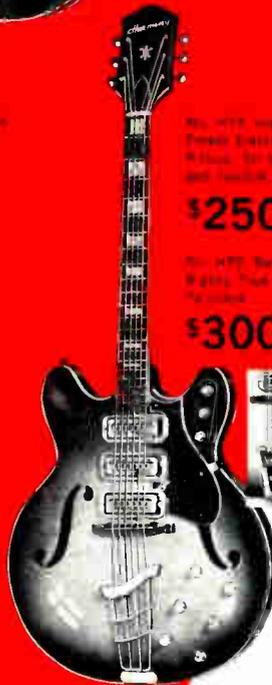
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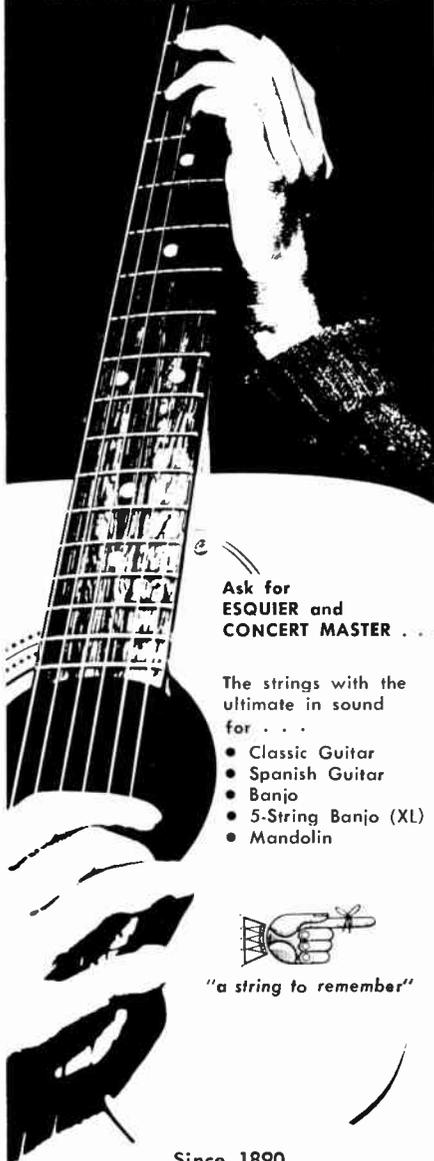
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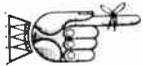
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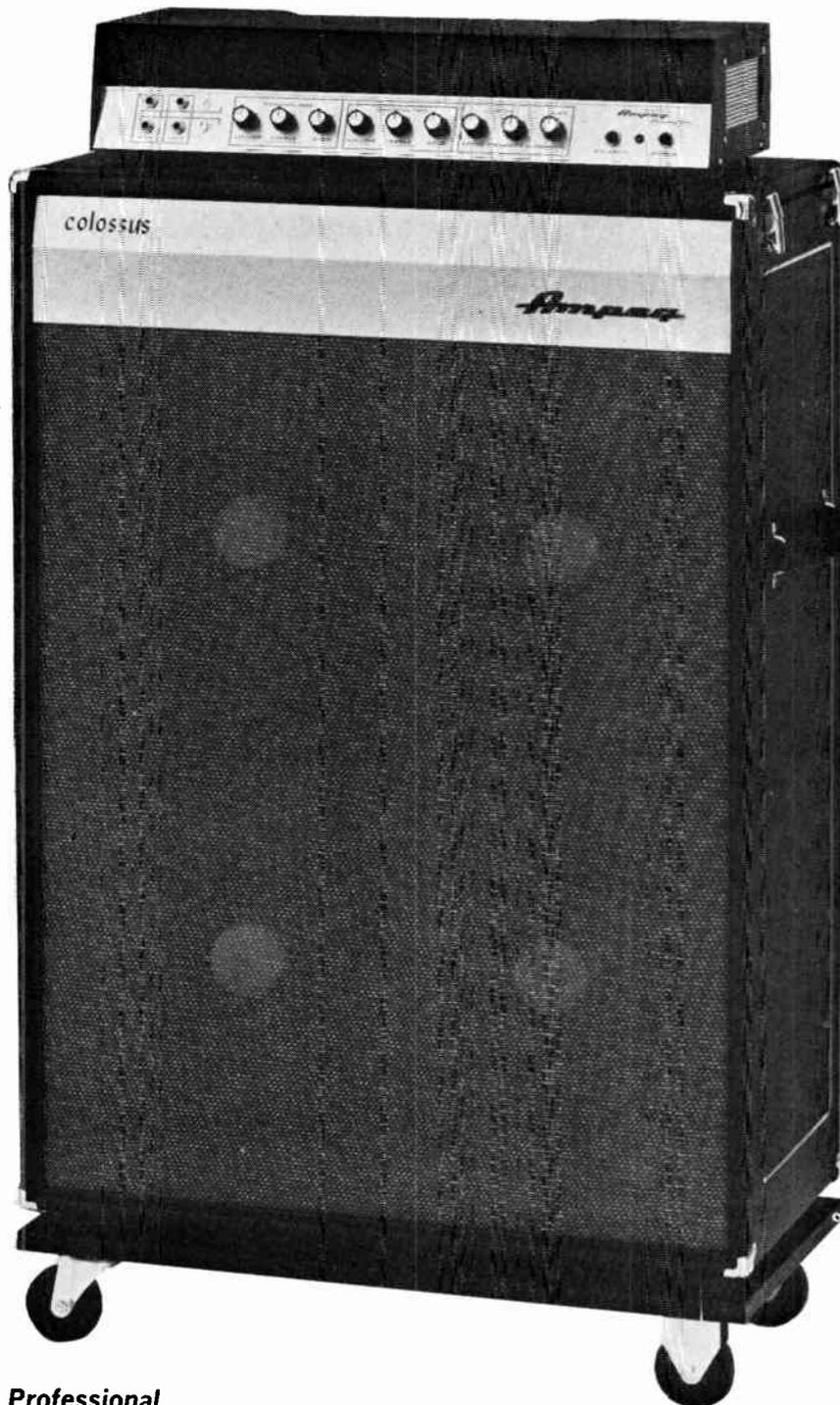
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Most Humble Apology

Ralph Berton's review of the Sonny Criss *Jazz in the Garden* concert (*DB*, Nov. 2) was beautiful and accurate as usual—as far as it went—but failed to even so much as mention the real highlight of the evening, which came at the end. This is what happened:

Ira Gitler, seeing it was 9:30, walked out to tell Sonny to play another number anyhow. The well-trained audience, seeing Ira, and like all American audiences suffering from a built-in anxiety to be first at an exit, instantly reacted like Pavlov's conditioned-reflex dogs and started *en masse* for the gates. In vain Ira delivered his message over the mike. . . .

But Sonny plunged into Sonny Rollins' *Sonnymoon for Two*; the kids stopped dead in their tracks and listened, open-mouthed, to what Criss was laying down—and gave him a frenzied ovation afterward.

Where was the great Berton's mind when he wrote his review 10 days later? I'll tell you: absent. From my intimate acquaintance with Berton (in my opinion the greatest of all writers on jazz), I think I can tell you exactly how it happened. Like many busy—perhaps *driven* would be a better word—writers, Berton works from notes . . . and one got misled. . . .

I suppose a writer of such stature must be conceded a foible or two; and I, for one, am prepared to forgive him.

Ralph Berton
New York City

Tune In Or Get Out

Don DeMicheal's article on Gabor Szabo and "where he's at" in re the evolution of music, brings to mind Bob Dylan's lyric: *Get out of the new one (world) if you can't lend a hand.* This emanates from one of Dylan's earlier statements entitled *The Times They Are A-Changin'*.

It is this ability to recognize but not fear change that will keep artists like Szabo, Lloyd, and Hamilton among the true avant garde of music.

His (Szabo's) definition of "hippie" might need a little work, though.

Jay Meehan
Avalon, Calif.

Warm Tribute

Last night a star crossed the sky of Bologna.

I talk about Bill Evans, who with his trio (Eddie Gomez amazing) performed a wonderful concert.

Bologna replied with the Duse Theater sold out and I wish to thank, also on behalf of my friends, through the pages of *Down Beat*, that genuine musician who permitted us to know his great art alive.

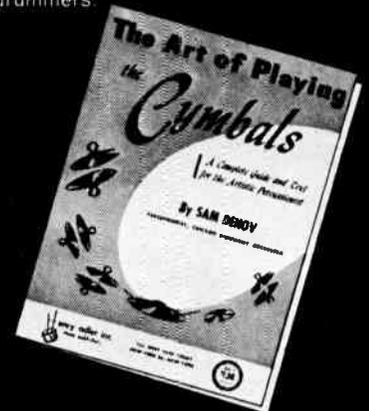
Mario Ghiringhelli
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Rich Pickings

Bill Quinn's review of Buddy Rich's *Big Swing Face* (DB, Oct. 19) bugs me a bit. I have no quarrel with his rating the LP four stars; I find it the most enjoyable LP I've heard thus far this year, with the possible exception of Don Ellis.

My irritation is based on Quinn's comments . . . that it would be so much better if Duke Ellington would get TV show time instead of Rich. Of course. Duke is entitled to his own TV show, and Count Basie and Woody Herman also have the ability and quality to turn out excellent programs. They are, in my opinion, the Big Three in music. But is this any reason to resent the fact that the Rich band did get a weekly show?

Should we not be grateful that any good band of any kind could get on a medium which has never been kind to jazz? And as is often the case, the TV show turned out not to be such a plum after all. On a few shows the Rich band was allowed to play some really fine arrangements, but on at least half of the summer shows the band wasn't even there. . . .

Finally, while I think Quinn did a pretty good job in the review musically, I disagree . . . when he says Rich's talents are more mechanical than musical. The man does everything to be done on drums that can be done. . . .

Charlotte Mulford
Monroe, Conn.

And remember that, Roy and Max and Elvin.—B.Q.

Infamous Last Words

Due to space limitations, I assume, the leader's evaluation of Bob Whitlock as "a magnificent bass player" was deleted in my piece on George Shearing (DB, Oct. 19). Since all the other quintet members were individually mentioned, it seems proper to make known Shearing's regard for his bassist.

. . . In line with Shearing's fondness for puns, I had a suggestion that was stillborn—it didn't see the light of print. It is my idea for George to write a piece for his drummer, a light exercise based on an old standard tune, *Mellow Colin Bailey*.

Harry Frost
St. Louis, Mo.

Nina's Man

I want to extend my personal appreciation to Carol Sloane for her review of *Nina Simone Sings the Blues* (DB, Oct. 5). It is so refreshing to read a critique of Miss Simone in which the reviewer does not single out Nina as a protest singer, although she writes and sings songs that are painfully genuine renderings of the Negro plight toward equality. I also want to thank you for the excellent picture of Miss Simone. . . .

Incidentally, the "unidentified personnel" on the recording are: Rudy Stevenson, Eric Gale, guitars; Bernard Purdie, drums; Bob Bushnell, bass; Ernest Hayes, organ; and Buddy Lucas, harmonica and tenor sax.

Kudos to you for an excellent magazine.

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Austin, Texas

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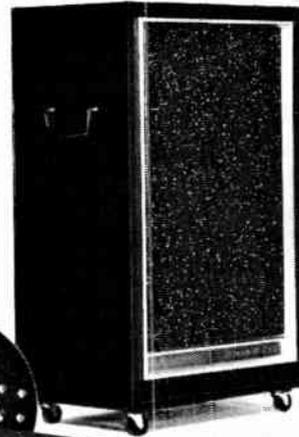
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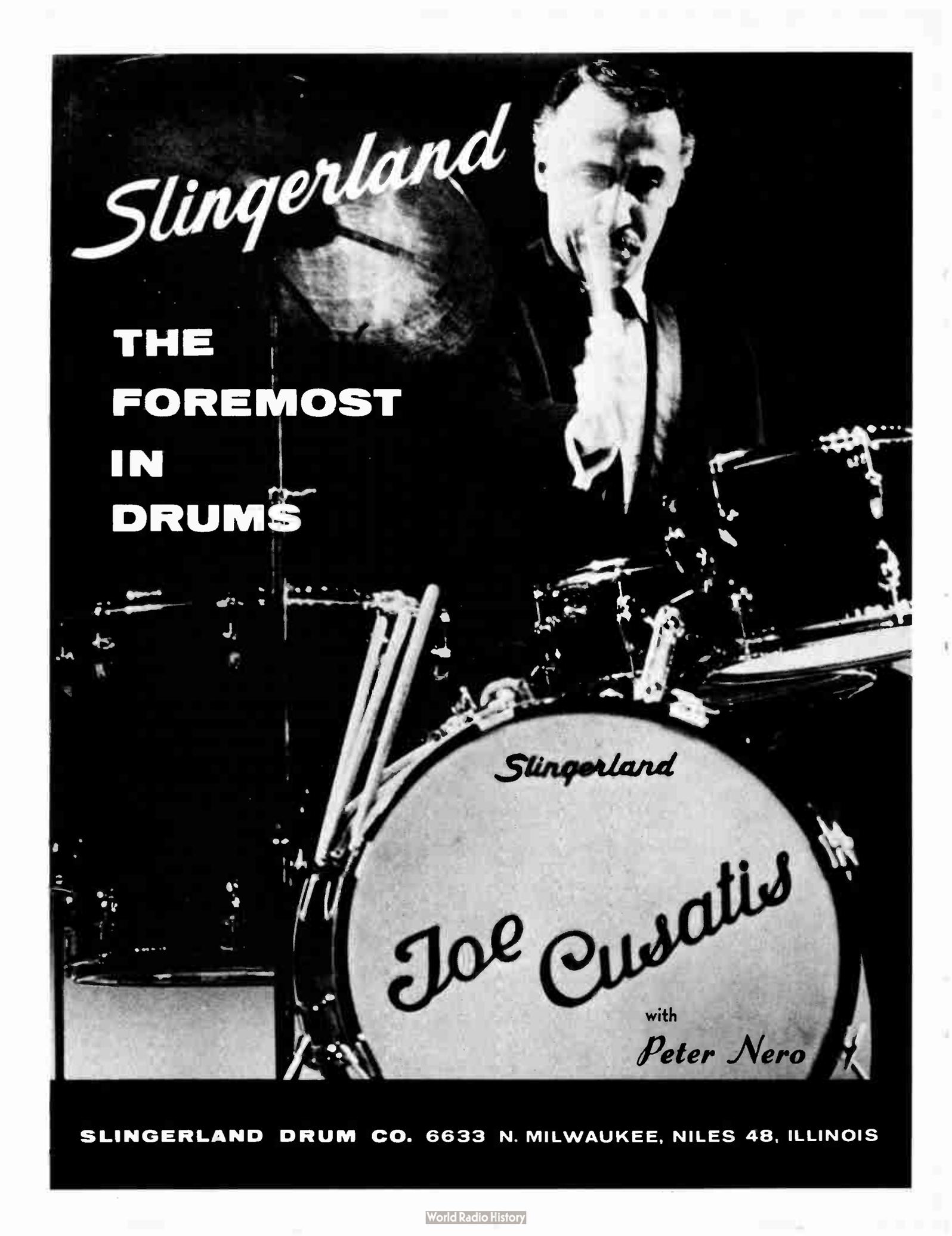
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JAZZ EVENTS TO SPARK NEW ORLEANS' BIRTHDAY

An International Jazz Festival will be the highlight of the six-month celebration of the 250th Anniversary of the founding of New Orleans.

The festival, slated for May 16-18 at the Municipal Auditorium, will be preceded by lectures, parades, concerts, a free Folklore Festival, and numerous other activities.

The first major musical event will be a concert by the New Orleans Symphony on March 12, at which a work by Darius Milhaud, commissioned especially for the celebration, will be premiered. On March 28, a jazz concert will be held on the Lake Pontchartrain campus of Louisiana State University at New Orleans.

The official opening of the jazz festival will be marked by a jazz mass at St. Louis Cathedral. This will be followed by a musical recapitulation of the history of jazz in Jackson Square.

The South Louisiana Folklore Festival, also to be held in Jackson Square, will take place on May 13-14. On the following day, a jazz parade leading to the steamer *President* will end with a concert and a cruise down the Mississippi River. The three days of concerts at Municipal Auditorium will feature a large number of local groups, ranging from traditional to modern jazz, and several name groups. The program is expected to include Louis Armstrong, Louis Prima, Al Hirt, and Pete Fountain, and the festival committee is reportedly negotiating with Count Basie, Duke Ellington, and others. Jazz groups from abroad are also being contacted, with England's Kenny Ball and Barry Martyn as likely candidates for the program.

A large number of educational and cultural activities will also be tied in with the anniversary celebration. Dillard University will present several programs in April with the theme *The Negro and Music in American Culture*. Other local universities will sponsor lectures on New Orleans dialects, voodoo practice, and other subjects related to the history and traditions of the city.

ATLANTIC RECORDS SOLD IN MULTI-MILLION DEAL

Yet another independent record company has bowed to the trend toward bigness and corporate mergers. An agreement in principle has been announced between Warner Bros.-Seven Arts, Inc. and Atlantic records for the acquisition by Warners' of Atlantic's stock.

The transaction, which was expected to be concluded by the time this appears in print, involves a price which could approximate \$17,000,000. (Atlantic's sales

volume for the fiscal year ending Dec. 31 is estimated in excess of \$20,000,000.)

Atlantic was expected to continue operations as an independent division of Warner Bros.-Seven Arts, with the same management, personnel, distributors, international licensees, artists, etc., as before. The firm's policies will continue to be directed by Ahmet and Nesuhi Ertegun and Jerry Wexler.

Atlantic, founded in 1948 by the Ertegun brothers as a label specializing in jazz and blues, subsequently branched out into the r&b and pop fields, chalking up an impressive tally of hits. The label played an important role in the career of Ray Charles, and today its roster includes Aretha Franklin, Herbie Mann, Sonny & Cher, the Young Rascals, Booker T. & the MG's, Joe Tex, Otis Redding, Charles Lloyd, Bobby Darin, Wilson Pickett, and many more. In the jazz field, it has been responsible for many fine and sometimes adventurous recordings.

Atlantic's new parent company already operates Warner Bros. records and Reprise records. Both parties to the agreement expressed their satisfaction with the merger, but veteran observers of the record industry were saddened by the closing of a significant chapter in the history of independent record companies, a rapidly vanishing breed.

COLLEGE COMBO TO TOUR AFRICA FOR STATE DEPT.

The Lee Schipper Quintet, a University of California (U.C.) combo which already has a notable series of "firsts," has rung up another. The U.S. State Department has announced that the group will represent the university on a special two-month tour of African countries next spring. This will be the first time U.C. musicians have been selected for the annual government-sponsored trip.

A year ago, the quintet gave the first jazz concert ever played in Hertz Hall, the university music department's concert auditorium, which theretofore had housed only classical sounds. Then, last spring, the quintet was given official sanction to represent U.C. at the University of Notre Dame Intercollegiate Jazz Festival—another first for the Berkeley combo.

The group won the combo division, and four of its five musicians were cited for individual awards.

Over the summer, the quintet played in a San Francisco club and gave concerts at Berkeley and five of the other U.C. campuses.

And in October, the quintet became the first student jazz group to appear in an official university meeting when it played for the special Centennial Year Convocation in the Greek Theater.

In addition to Schipper, who plays vibes and is majoring in physics and music, the

quintet includes Bob Claire, a music and French major, saxophone and flute; Peter Marshall, an anthropology major, bass; Bob Strizich, a graduate student in music composition, guitar; and Tom Aubrey, not currently enrolled in U.C., drums.

"BIG BEN" WEBSTER IS SUBJECT OF DUTCH FILM

Ben Webster, the great tenor saxophonist who has made his home in Europe for the past several years, is the subject of a recently completed 30-minute film made for a Dutch television firm (N.T.S. of Hilversum) by Johan van der Keuken.



TON VAN WAGENINGEN

BEN WEBSTER
Big Heart; Big Music

Big Ben was filmed from March through June of this year in Amsterdam and England. It shows Webster at work, and also relaxing at such diverse places as a zoo and a billiard table. (According to fellow musicians, Big Ben is a mean man behind a pool cue.)

Says van der Keuken: "This film is a pattern of heterogeneous moments in time, of fluctuating visual aspects in space, of fragments, introductions, and epilogues to scenes we seldom actually get to see in their entirety. All these shapes and forms . . . are meant to combine to give a picture of the way things tick within the big heart and the big music of Ben Webster."

Hopefully, the film will someday be shown in the U.S.

REGIONALS, FINALS SET FOR ROUND TWO OF IJF

The second annual Intercollegiate Jazz Festival has been announced for Miami Beach, May 9-11, 1968. (Last year, the event was billed as the Intercollegiate Music Festival.)

Finalists will be selected from six regional competitions for bands, combos, and vocal groups, the individual vocalist

category having been dropped.

The first of the regional festivals will be held at Mobile, Ala., Feb. 16-17, followed by the Villanova Intercollegiate Jazz Festival at Villanova, Pa., Feb. 23-24. West coast contenders will be heard at the Cerritos College Jazz Festival in Norwalk, Cal., March 22-23.

Elmhurst College in Elmhurst, Ill., will host the Midwest College Festival, March 29-30. The Intermountain Collegiate Jazz Festival, scheduled for April 5-6, will take place at Salt Lake City, Utah, and the final regional festival will be held at Little Rock, Ark., April 12-13.

Entry forms for all six regional contests may be secured from the IJF at P.O. Box 246, Miami Beach, Fla. 33139.

LLOYD IS DISCOURAGED BY U.S. JAZZ SCENE

Charles Lloyd, recently rumored to be dropping out, is not. "But I'm through playing taverns," he told *Down Beat*. Lloyd returned to the United States after his triumphs in Talinn and at Antibes to find a discouraging scene. He mentioned 13 customers at his opening night at the now-defunct Five Spot in New York, and the failure of the Monterey Jazz Festival to find a place for him this year in their plans. (Unofficial festival sources indicated that Lloyd's price was too high.)

The tenor saxophonist-flutist-composer said he hopes to present his quartet in more college concerts, festivals, and light-show affairs in such places as the Fillmore in San Francisco and the Eagles in Seattle.

"The song isn't just an entertainment song, it's a total song," is how Lloyd explained his conviction that his music is a vehicle for expression. "But not in words," he warned, "it's something only music can say." Night clubs, which he calls "taverns," are not conducive to his kind of groove, he said.

Lloyd and his quartet (Keith Jarrett, piano, soprano saxophone, and drums; Ron McClure, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums and piano) played a series of Pacific coast dates last month. They worked with the Retina Circus light show at the Seattle Eagles.

The group began a tour of Central Europe in late October, including appearances at the Prague and Warsaw jazz festivals, and concerts in Romania, a "first" for a U.S. jazz group.

AT LAST, BLIND LEMON'S GRAVE IS KEPT CLEAN

It was, as folklorist John Lomax Jr. noted, the "final irony" for pioneer blues singer Blind Lemon Jefferson.

About 100 people were gathered in the tiny central Texas town of Wortham, the general area where Jefferson grew up and where he was buried, to dedicate a historical marker at his grave.

Although the blues singer died in 1929, the new marker is the first official recognition by the state of his artistry. The ceremony was scheduled at the grave, but had to be shifted from the Negro cemetery to a funeral home in town because of a

downpour that seemed a continuation of the bad luck that dogged Jefferson in life.

In the words of one of Jefferson's most popular songs:

*Well, there's one kind favor I'll
ask of you
Please see that my grave is kept
clean.*

"Blind Lemon's day finally came around, and we had this rain so we couldn't meet at his grave," Lomax said.

Not only had Jefferson's grave not been kept clean—no one knew exactly where it was located in the cemetery. The Free-stone County Historical Survey Committee searched out people who had attended the singer's funeral, and found he had been buried just inside an old gate to the cemetery. Jefferson was laid to rest in the midst of a snowstorm; one of the worst that ever struck the community, long-time residents say.

No "silver spade" turned the ground, no "golden chain" let the coffin down.

"In the rich phrasing of his verses, Blind Lemon imagined, and perhaps secretly hoped for, a magnificent funeral," Lomax said. "In view of this man's humble funeral and of his grave before us, untended, unkept, and unmarked these 38 years, his wish has become ironic."

In his speech, Lomax sketched the rough-and-tumble life of the great blues singer, pausing at one point to give his own version of the *The Cocaine Song*. Singer Mance Lipscomb of Navasota, Tex., contributed his impressions of Jefferson with such tunes as *One Thin Dime* ("That's part him and part of me," Lipscomb said), *Yellow Dog Rag*, and the famous grave plea.

Lipscomb said he met Jefferson in 1917, when Lemon was one of the most popular entertainers making the rounds of good-time spots in Dallas.

He credited Jefferson as the major contributor to his style. That, as Lomax noted, adds to a long list which includes influences on artists like Louis Armstrong, Bunk Johnson, and Jelly Roll Morton.

"Jefferson played an important role in this period of growth and acceptance of our folk music. His handicap developed more acutely Blind Lemon's remaining senses of hearing, smell, and touch," Lomax commented.

"It is fitting that this strong desire of Blind Lemon Jefferson, the front-runner of all our great blues singers, for a suitable grave, be at last fulfilled."

The belated recognition furnished by the marker is simple and direct; a circular plaque mounted on a small support in a fresh block of cement. The inscription reads: BLIND LEMON JEFFERSON (1897-1929). Born near Wortham. As a young street musician, played a guitar and sang spirituals and blues. Composed many of his songs, and had a distinctive vocal style. From Dallas' Deep Elm District went to Chicago in 1920's with a talent scout; made 79 great jazz and blues recordings. One of America's outstanding, original musicians. Influenced Louis Armstrong, Bix Beiderbecke, Tommy Dorsey, Harry James, Bessie Smith, and other great artists. Recorded, 1967.—Arthur Hill

JAZZ IN AN IRISH PUB: U.S. GIFT TO OLD SOD

From the outside it seems a typical Irish pub, set snugly in the woodlands near Dublin. But inside the Fox Inn, instead of Gaelic ballads and rebel songs decrying the hated Sassenach are heard the cool musings of a modern jazz group.

The inn is owned by an American-English couple who decided that Ireland needed a modern jazz forum. And what better place to have it than in a pub?

Jim Riley, from Washington, D.C., came to Ireland a few years ago on a holiday, fell in love with the place, and has retired to live there—at the age of 34.

With his wife, Sheila, he runs the snappiest nightclub East of Galway Bay, and plans to import American and British jazzmen for one-night stands.

The inn is at Ashbourne in the tweedy hunting belt of County Meath, and five nights a week Riley plays alto saxophone there with a quartet. He has been a musician, teacher, and soldier.



GEORGE DEVLIN

JIM RILEY
The life of?

Jim is fluent on clarinet and flute as well as on saxophone, and has picked up several degrees studying at Georgetown University, Washington; Peabody Conservatory, Baltimore; Manhattan School of Music, and Columbia Teachers' College, New York. A former pupil of Lee Konitz, he has played with such outfits as Willis Conover, Urbie Green, Claude Thornhill, and Les and Larry Elgart. While in the service, he was first saxophonist with the U.S. Army Field Band for three years.

Sheila, who is a native of Wallasey, Cheshire, England, is also a jazz fan. "Which is just as well," she admits.

The tiny village of Ashbourne is a peaceful spot, but the locals don't seem angered by the nightly invasion of jazz buffs, judging by their attendance at the inn. Indeed, they seem to enjoy the ultra-modern music as much as the coolest connoisseur.

—George Devlin

POTPOURRI

Trombonist **Henderson Chambers**, 59, died of a heart attack Oct. 19 in New York City. A veteran of many big bands, including those of **Louis Armstrong**, **Don Redman**, **Lucky Millinder**, **Sy Oliver**, **Cab Calloway**, **Ray Charles**, and **Count Basie**, and numerous combos, Chambers was a powerful, big-toned player whose solo talents were too often under wraps in big-band sections. Some of his best recorded work was with **Edmond Hall's** Cafe Society Band (Continental) and the **Mel Powell** Septet (Vanguard).

Wild Bill Davison had a close call. He was rushed to Midway Hospital in Los Angeles, suffering from a perforated ulcer and related complications. The 61-year-old cornetist was unconscious for a brief period and his name was placed on the critical list, but he recuperated and was able to make his Oct. 24 opening at Blues Alley in Washington, D.C., to be followed by a tour of England in November.

80 young singers and 38 young dancers, together with professional and amateur musicians, presented *The Philosophy of the Spiritual (A Masque of the Blacks)* at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in late September, under the auspices of Bedford-Stuyvesant Youth in Action, the Board of Education, and the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. The overall coordinator for the program was **James B. Donovan**, former president of the New York City Board of Education, while the project coordinator was **Willie Jones**, a drummer who has appeared with **Lester Young** and **Thelonious Monk**. Musicians such as tenor saxophonist **Clifford Jordan** and drummer **Walter Perkins** have been involved with the program, and **Eubie Blake** is a consultant. The music is by pianist **Nadi Qamar**. Jones, who also contributed the lyrics (with **Eddie Williams** and **John Robinson**), says that the goal is to take the production to local community centers, public schools, and on tour.

Leonard Feather will tape a series of weekly worldwide broadcasts for the *Voice of America*, dealing with contemporary pop, jazz, Gospel, and other music. Feather broadcast regularly for *VOA* in 1950-52. In addition, Feather recently completed 13 television programs produced by **Gil Rodin** of MCA-TV for Westdeutsches Werbefernsehen of Cologne, Germany. Feather wrote the scripts for the series, *Feather on Jazz*, and narrated them in both English and German. Material for the shows was drawn from band shorts and feature films made in the '40s and '50s, by artists including **Count Basie**, **Benny Carter**, **Nat King Cole**, **Duke Ellington**, **Lionel Hampton**, **Woody Herman**, **Stan Kenton**, **Red Norvo**, **Buddy Rich**, and **Sarah Vaughan**. Carter also arranged and recorded theme and background music for the shows. The producer is the same **Gil Rodin** who was musical director of **Bob Crosby's** band in the '30s.

JAZZ DAY IN NEW YORK

Jazz Day in New York was a perfect fall day in Manhattan, clear, crisp, and sunny. It was a great day in Central Park for football, bicycle riding, watching the ducks and the pigeons—or listening to jazz in the open air.

The band shell on the Mall was the setting for the premiere of **Oliver Nelson's** *Jazzhattan Suite 1967*, commissioned by Broadcast Music Inc. and presented under the auspices of Jazz Interactions, working in conjunction with the city government. Since an invitational black-tie performance of the work was scheduled for the same evening at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, I figured there would be a large crowd for the free concert in the park. At an hour before the starting time of 2 p.m., I wandered over from the lakefront to the Mall, dodging a few bike-riders enroute.



The crowd was surprisingly slim, but by the time the orchestra was fully set up and ready to start, the many benches were completely populated. Once the music commenced, people who were in the park for other reasons came over to listen.

The Jazz Interactions Orchestra, under the direction of trumpeter **Joe Newman**, was comprised of 21 members (**Ernie Royal**, **Ray Copeland**, **Burt Collins**, and **Marvin Stamm**, trumpets; **Benny Powell**, **Paul Faulise**, **Wayne Andre**, and **Jimmy Cleveland**, trombones; **Jim Buffington** and **Ray Alonge**, French horns; **Phil Woods**, **Jerry Dodgion**, **Zoot Sims**, **George Marge**, and **Danny Bank**, reeds; **Don Butterfield**, tuba; **Patti Bown**, piano; **Ron Carter** and **George Duvivier**, basses; **Ed Shaughnessy**, drums; and **Bobby Rosengarden**, percussion).

Jazzhattan Suite 1967 is divided into six parts. Section one, *A Typical Day in New York*, utilized four clarinets and bass clarinet, punching brass, and marching percussion. There was a portion that approximated a merry-go-round (the Central Park carousel, or the merry-go-round New Yorkers are con-

stantly on?), but the main rhythmic flavor seemed mid-eastern.

The East Side—The West Side, a bluesy theme driven forward by **Shaughnessy**, featured a long, vigorous solo by **Woods**, suffering from bad niking.

125th and Seventh Avenue really brought the crowd to life with its rock-blues simplicity. **Rosengarden** was on tambourine; **Woods** and **Dodgion** soloed and chased each other; **Cleveland** played very spiritedly; and **Newman** really put his heart into the improvisation that climaxed the movement.

The mood was pretty on *Penthouse Dawn*, and **Woods** again soloed well. But the theme itself, like too much of the entire suite, was undistinguished.

Romping *Bown* piano followed by trombones, first plungered, then open, began *One For the Duke*. **Copeland** and **Stamm** soloed and exchanged thoughts; then **Newman** flew into a double-time section, **Shaughnessy** backing him on the top cymbal before a massed brass shout led into a **Carter-Duvivier** conversation. The caliber of the solos was generally good, but one had expected more substance in an **Ellington** salute.

For the final section, composer **Nelson** emerged from backstage to conduct, while **Newman** joined the trumpet section. Again the reeds went to their clarinets and **Rosengarden** grabbed his glockenspiel. "Sounds of the city" effects alternated with straight swinging as **Woods** took a strong blues solo, and **Miss Bown** launched a two-fisted attack. With **Rosengarden** switching to bongos, **Sims'** natural tenor swing was finally unleashed to the delight of many (he also debuted his flute at the concert).

In the evening, at the **Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium**, the music seemed much more forceful, due to the enclosed space. The wooden-walled stage, however, made **Shaughnessy's** drumming, effective in the afternoon, too loud at many points.

While there is both the trite and the banal in *Jazzhattan Suite 1967* (I found it not up to **Nelson's** *Afro-American Sketches*, written in 1961) there was also much that made the musicians respond with *joie de vivre* and *esprit de corps*.

It is too easy to criticize and say that this group or that group should have played on *Jazz Day*. The fact remains that there was a *Jazz Day*. Maybe it didn't create working situations for the many deserving jazz musicians of this city, but the fact remains that there never has been official recognition of this sort before. Even if it was only symbolic, it is to be applauded.

Jazz Interactions has already done more than any similar organization, and in a relatively short period of existence. *Jazz Day* was only one part of its activities, and it was a start. Next year we will expect more. Let us hope there will be another *Jazz Day*, and many more.

—*Ira Gitte*

Subject: Ray Charles

an open letter to future interviewers

What purpose should an interview serve? Should it be biographical and focus on a celebrity's rise to fame? Does it accomplish any worthwhile purpose if it reads like an expanded PR release?

Of course, to some musicians merely receiving publicity is of great benefit. But what about those artists who have secure reputations, whose records sell on the strength of their names alone, who really don't need the extra ballyhoo? Is there justification for writing about them without having found something new or sensational on which to base the story?

These questions plagued me when I went to interview Ray Charles, and continued to bother me while we chatted pleasantly about sundry things. The complexion of the whole interview (not to mention Charles' attitude) changed as soon as I asked him about his past drug addiction, and if he had any warnings for the hippies of today.

His answer took the form of a plea—an earnest appeal to reporters to lay off the drug question. Feeling guilty about having added to his personal torment, I decided, with Charles' approval, to fashion my article so that his message might get through to those who have yet to write about him.

by harvey siders

"LET'S SUPPOSE, for the sake of discussion, that I was 19 or 20, and I was destitute, or whatever, or maybe I got with the wrong bunch; let's say I went out and made a mistake. I held up a place and robbed somebody. Okay, they caught me and I got five years for it. Now, in that five years, somehow, through talking to people, or even in my own mind from staying awake at night, I decided 'this is not worth it.' That's the end of my little career as a criminal. But once I get out of jail—every time there's a robbery, the police come and knock on my door to check me out. Well, I kind of think that eventually I'd get fed up with that, don't you?"

"Well, to get back to your question, every time I have an interview with a reporter, and Lord knows, I respect every one of them—I've nothing against any of them—it seems to me every story that comes out about me—a guy can't write a story unless he brings up drug addiction. I'm just sort of sick of that—really. You know, since it was a bad thing, a reporter could maybe give my career, if he wanted to, a boost in other ways instead of saying 'Well look at this guy, he licked dope.' What in the hell is that?"

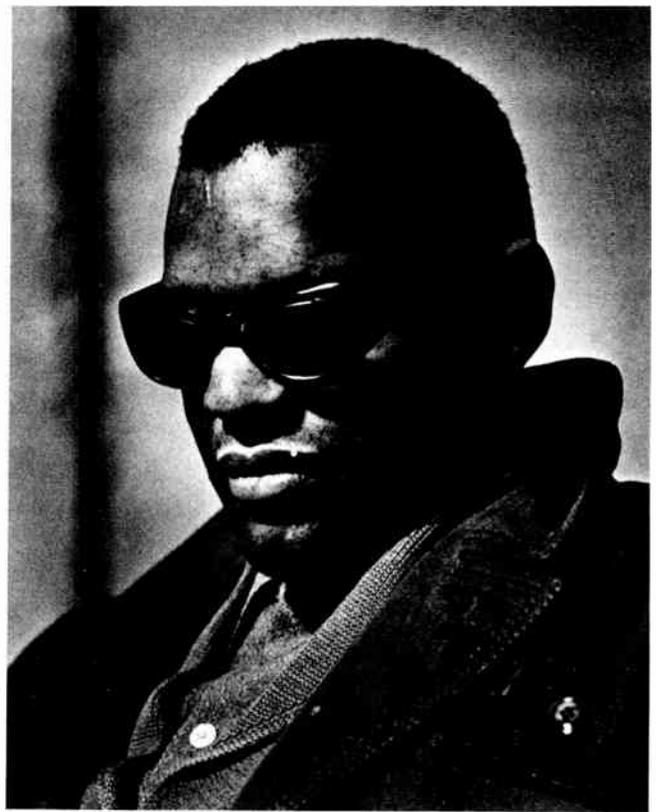
"Okay, so I did it. I don't think that every time a story is written, this should be brought up. I'm not proud of the fact that I used drugs at one time, and I'm supposed to feel big now because I licked it. I don't see where it has anything to do with my career. Frankly, no one made me do it. When I was doing it, I was doing it because I wanted to, and that was that.

"I'm not that interested in telling the kids of today 'look at me.' Actually it could have just the opposite effect. A kid might figure 'They say you can't get over drug addiction, but look at Ray, he licked it. Hell, if he got over it, I will too when I'm ready.'

"Now if people from other papers and magazines should read this, maybe it will do some good. Maybe they won't bring it up. I hate to act as if I'm ducking a question. But, well, in the past year, I bet I've been interviewed by 20 reporters, and I'd say 16 of those asked me about the thing.

"You know, I got three kids. They'd like to be proud of their father, but would they want to be proud of the fact that their father gave up dope?"

That was Ray Charles' forceful answer to my reluctant



JIM MARSHALL

question. It is verbatim. What cannot be reproduced, of course, are the nuances of his expression—the same subtleties and emphases that come through when he sings—but they're on the tape I used for the interview.

It's amazing how powerfully his personality is projected in that particular segment of the tape, but it should come as no surprise. On this, his 20th anniversary in show business, Charles can look back on a legacy of recorded masterpieces on which every facet of his personality is indelibly stamped. He has made an unforgettable mark on a variety of fields: blues, rhythm and blues, Gospel, pop, country and western, and jazz.

He can look back on the high calibre of shows he has put on all over the world with his orchestra and his vocal group, the Raelettes, and feel confident that the level of professionalism has always been at a peak. Charles knows no other way of functioning; no other way of entertaining.

When you regard those accomplishments, and watch him in action now, it is particularly unjust to hang your interview on only one peg. Don't focus on his past mistakes; concentrate instead on his present genius. Be aware of how the suffering and the soul-searching have contributed to his emotion-charged ability to communicate. Listen to his recordings. Whether they be Gospel-tinged blues, or a country and western pop tune, notice how those past weaknesses have become the bases for his present strength.

Dwell on today. There's so much current talk about "soul," so why not reflect on the artist whose every musical utterance is the epitome of soul? Why is it the Europeans know how to show appreciation better than we? France recently issued a commemorative coin with a legend that loses nothing in translation: "I want people to feel my soul." But we issue nothing but sensationalism.

If you are seeking something sensational, watch Charles pilot a plane. He knows every nut and bolt of his two airplanes. Watch him negotiate a motorcycle, guided by the sound of another cycle in front of him. Notice his uncanny concentration when he plays chess. Follow him—if you can keep up with his furious pace—in his recording studio, Tangerine records, as he edits and mixes his own tapes. Glance over his shoulder as he reaches for reels, twists dials, and turns knobs. Sit in on a session in which

he rehearses his band (a 17-piece band, fronted by Curtis Amy); listen as he dictates an arrangement. He knows exactly what he wants; he draws the outlines, an arranger colors them in. Or merely sit back and listen as Ray plays piano, organ, trumpet, or alto saxophone.

This is the Ray Charles that can fill volumes. He can "see" so clearly that reams of copy could be devoted to his activities as a thinking, sensitive human being—let alone his talents as a superlative entertainer.

I had the rare privilege of flying to San Diego with Charles, his band, the Raelettes, and Ray's personal manager, Joe Adams. The purpose of the flight was a special show on the deck of the **U.S.S. Constellation** for the men and their dependents prior to the aircraft carrier's departure for Vietnam. Adams made it clear that there would be absolutely no charge for the personnel or their families.

Although Charles did not pilot any portion of the flight, he spent considerable time kibbitzing in the cockpit. When he was not in the cockpit, he strolled up and down the aisle, humming in his familiar falsetto, or chatting with his musicians. Every other spare moment was absorbed by a chess game with trombonist Fred Murrell.

(If it sounds as if I looked at nothing else but Ray Charles, such was the case. I was hooked, and I imagine this happens to people when they meet him for the first time.)

When we arrived at the naval base at San Diego, Charles continued his chess game on the bus that took us from the landing trip to the "Connie." Even aboard the floating city, Murrell had to carry the miniature chess board at a constant horizontal angle in case Charles got any inspirations for a move.

In the officers' galley, in the spacious hangar where the show was staged, and afterwards, when the sailors gathered around him, Charles was the natural center of attraction.

I know of no other entertainer who can claim his special brand of magnetism, a quality that attracts as much off stage and out of the limelight as it does on camera or in front of a mike. Without fear of sounding corny, I can say that in his darkness, Ray Charles lights up any room he enters, or any project he undertakes. Such as the Sickle Cell Disease Research Foundation. Last month, Ray became national chairman for that organization—just one of many charities in which he is deeply involved. Sickle cell disease is a form of anemia, 98% of whose victims happen to be Negro children. One of Charles' first projects calls for a huge benefit sometime in December.

At the root of his involvement is his humanitarianism: An awareness of his own humble beginnings in Albany, Georgia; the accident in Greenville, Florida, at the age of six that left him permanently sightless; mastering braille at the St. Augustine School for the Blind; studying piano, clarinet, and saxophone; and developing his prodigious memory.

When he was orphaned in his teens, Ray decided (as quoted by Stanley Dance), "I had a choice of getting a cane, a cup, and picking out a street corner, or striding out as a musician."

Stride he did, paying his dues in small bands behind the "cotton curtain," then making the wise decision to get out of the South altogether. He went as far as he could—to Seattle, Wash.—and there taught himself to arrange and compose.

During the late '40s, the singer admits, he was influenced by the vocal stylings of Charles Brown and Nat Cole. When he decided to stop "pretending" and sell his own natural sound, profitable things began to happen. His trio became the first Negro act to enjoy a sponsored TV show

in the northwest; Atlantic records bought his contract from a small label called Swingtime. The next step upwards was the switch in 1959 to ABC records. The rest is well-known history: the hit, **Georgia On My Mind**, winning polls and Grammy Awards; the amazing detour down the "country and western" route; establishment of his own recording company and publishing firms.

Today he's on top of the world, in more ways than one: His rambling house high in the Windsor Hills, in Los Angeles, is a showcase in the literal sense. Inside, there is no need for showcasing. The family atmosphere is strictly normal. As Charles said, "I think we're just a regular family and just real people. We get along about the same, I imagine, as most families do. We laugh together and cry together and we get mad at each other and all that stuff."

He met his wife, Della, when she was singing with a Gospel group, but now her attentions are devoted exclusively to Ray and their very special trio: Ray Jr., 12; David, 10; and Bobby, 7. "My wife doesn't care that much about traveling. She likes to be here with the kids. But if I'm in a club someplace away from the one-nighters, then, of course, she can come and spend a week or two with me. I also try to arrange things so that I have time off throughout the year," Charles said.

Whether Charles will be able to juggle his schedule to maintain that balance is problematical. He is entering a phase in his career that will demand more of his time than ever before. At this writing, he is completing an extensive tour of U.S. and Canadian campuses, after having played his first gig at Harrah's Club in Reno. Following the college tour (which includes concerts in Mississippi and Alabama—as is well known, Charles absolutely refuses to play before segregated audiences), he will begin a month's engagement at the Copacabana on Nov. 23, marking his debut at the famous New York night club.

The night before he opens at the Copa, Charles will be seen on NBC-TV's **Kraft Music Hall**, in a show devoted to the "Nashville Sound." Shortly thereafter, he is scheduled for the **Ed Sullivan Show**.

On his 20th professional anniversary, a young man just turned 35, it seems the Ray Charles steamroller is just beginning. He is aware of all this; he's too shrewd a businessman not to be. But it hasn't altered his perspective—especially regarding the talent around him.

"One of my future aims—aside from trying to have a piece of life for my family and myself—is to be able to take some young kid and make him into a big talent. Well, not 'make him into a talent;' because he'd have to have that to start with, but mold him in a way so that he becomes a successful artist. I don't want a piece of him. I want to be a guide—not an agent."

That's typical of Charles: A concern for youth that can be seen in his dealings with his Raelettes and another of his proteges, rhythm-and-blues singer-organist Billy Preston.

It's part of the reason why Frank Sinatra has labeled Ray "a giant of our profession." It's also part of the reason for the city of Los Angeles having proclaimed "Ray Charles Day" this past summer.

It should be enough reason for those members of the press lucky enough to find themselves in his presence to think of a different basis for interviewing Charles than prying into his past indiscretions. His star still ascending, and bright enough to illuminate his multi-faceted present and unlimited future.

If further direction is needed, I suggest the **Congressional Record** for Oct. 12, 1967. On that date, Congressman Charles S. Joelsen of New Jersey read a glowing tribute into that document praising Ray Charles for his "inner eye," and adding, "He can see more deeply than many of us who lack his sensitivity." 



"QUOTET"

Theme:

Gabor Szabo's recent statement that "Jazz as we've known it is dead" (*DB*, Oct. 5, '67).

Solos:

WILLIS CONOVER: "Sorry, Gabor—I love you madly, but you yourself are helping to keep jazz alive. Friedrich Gulda has said that 'classical music is dead, but jazz is alive because it constantly grows.' With musicians such as Don Ellis and John Handy—and Gabor himself—bringing in rhythms and techniques from other cultures, jazz is very much alive."

ILLINOIS JACQUET: "Jazz isn't dead the way I know it. I think of Louis Armstrong, who started so much of this, and I ask myself, 'Is Louis healthy? Is he okay?' 'Cause if he's okay, jazz is alive."

BUDD JOHNSON: "Dead? Well in that case, why are we still here? It's still alive. Not only that, but it's getting more life from rock-and-roll, which has brought back the beat—and that's the main thing."

WOODY HERMAN: "Jazz never has been highly successful. It's had some rough scenes, and probably always will, but jazz isn't dead—certainly not the way I know it. Not as any of us know it. Jazz is too basic a part of Americana. It will never die—it had better not!"

LALO SCHIFRIN: "Gabor's statement reminds me of Oswald Spengler's philosophy about man being born, reaching a flowering, then dying. What Gabor has done is to say that jazz was

conducted by harvey siders

born with Dixieland, reached its peak with swing or bebop, and is now dying. Well, that's not so. Jazz is a human activity and as such will continue to evolve."

EARL HINES: "Jazz isn't dying. It's just that certain musicians have killed the entertainment part of it. Some of the youngsters today think it's smart to turn your back on the audience, but they're so wrong, and they're missing so much. Jazz is a happy, living thing. Of course, if you're pushing gimmicks, you can kill jazz. But if you play from here [the heart], jazz will never die."

OSCAR PETERSON: "I didn't believe it when Stan Kenton said it years ago. I don't believe it now. Gabor would have to explain away the existence of many people and many institutions in order to back that claim—not only in terms of money, but in terms of devotion, from students and fans. I'd have to disagree with him; otherwise I wouldn't be here."

JAMES MOODY: "Man, even Dixieland isn't dead. Nothing that was once alive is dead—I mean in styles. They're still playing bebop. All the styles are still with us, none of them are really dead. In fact, to do it the right way, you have to come up through all those past ages. So all those styles are still alive. Maybe *people*, as we know 'em, must be dead."

ORNETTE COLEMAN: "I have no comment at all. I make it a rule never to say anything that reflects on a person's means of making a living."

PHOTOS LEFT TO RIGHT: GILLESPIE, HINES, JOHNSON, COLEMAN, HERMAN, CONOVER, PETERSON, SCHIFRIN, MOODY, JACQUET, SZABO.



DIZZY GILLESPIE: "What's that? Maybe it's because *he* [Gabor] isn't playing jazz as we know it."

GABOR SZABO: "I feel stronger than ever about my statement. I was very depressed until about a year ago—until I found myself and found out what I was doing. At this point, I'm not sure what form jazz will take, but I'm convinced that jazz as we knew it is dead."



Coda:

The majority of the interviews took place at the Monterey Jazz Festival. Possibly, in the heat of excitement and the warmth of acceptance, the musicians were more kindly disposed toward an art they so often tend to bury. But then, Gabor reaffirmed his original thesis just moments after he had scored one of the most memorable triumphs of Monterey '67.



MONDAY NIGHT AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD

by MARTIN WILLIAMS

SEVENTH AVE. SOUTH in New York City is Seventh Ave. below 14th St., a truck-and-taxi-laden street that courses through Greenwich Village. On the west side of Seventh, just below a street that is now marked Murly Square, there is a canvas canopy leading from the sidewalk's edge to a neat, white double door. Above the canopy is a modest neon sign that announces "Village Vanguard."

Through the white doors, a steep stairway descends to the cellar, and at the foot of the stairs, a second door opens to a small, triangular, dimly lit basement room. This is the Vanguard, one of the best-known and longest-surviving night clubs in New York.

Inside, a slight, studious-looking young man is collecting \$3 from each arriving customer. It is Monday, and Monday nights are special at the Vanguard. For the \$3 admission, plus whatever else one may want to pay for drinks and food, one gets to hear the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra live, and its most ardent admirers will tell you that the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra is the best large jazz ensemble there is.

To the right and the left, the club's deep-red walls, decorated with scattered photographs and some ancient tubular instruments, lead one's eyes toward the point of the triangle, where sits the club's bandstand. Ordinarily, a quartet can look pretty crowded up there at the end of the Vanguard, but tonight, somehow, there are 14 chairs and music stands up there plus drums and piano.

It is 9:30 p.m. There are approximately six couples seated at the club's tiny circular tables in the center floor, or at the small rectangular ones against the walls. It's early as things go on a Vanguard Monday; the insiders know there is no real point in arriving until about 10.

Over the PA system, a recorded pianist is playing a Charlie Parker blues; the volume is turned low. A young girl seated against the east wall is saying to her date, loudly for some reason, "... off base *again!*" and topping it with an energetic giggle. The lights are dim, but clearly she is a redhead. By the entrance a waiter is explaining a complex chess move to the young doorman.

Pepper Adams, resembling a cheerful, businesslike owl, arrives, crosses to the bandstand, puts a manilla folder on one of the front row music stands, and disappears to the rear.

The "rear" of the Vanguard is at the lower east point of its triangle, an enclosed area behind the bar that somehow manages to contain the kitchen, the men's room, and a "backstage" area with a small table and a couple of



Top: Thad Jones conducts Chick Corea, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Mel Lewis, drums; Pepper Adams, Jerome Richardson, Lou Tabakin, Bob Pierson, reeds; Eddie Bert, trombone. Bottom: Joe Farrell is the fifth man in the reed section; Bert's colleagues are Garnett Brown, Jim Trimble, and Tom McIntosh.

chairs for the musicians for use between sets.

To the rear, a trumpet (or is it Jones' cornet or a fluegelhorn?) warms up, clashing with the pianist on the loudspeakers. Another trumpet joins him—isn't that Richard Williams? The bartender briefly adds to the cacophony with a shaker full of mixed booze and ice.

Adams, laden with his baritone, heads for the bandstand. He is followed by Billy Mitchell with tenor saxophone and clarinet. The buzz of conversation is louder now, louder and expectant. A couple in their late 50s, in the company of a younger man and woman, arrive. The group is neatly and conser-

vatively dressed, like most the other customers.

As they are seated, a lean young man carrying a bass crosses the bandstand and introduces himself to trombonist Wayne Andre, who is opening his instrument case. The bassist is Miroslav Vitous, a young Czech of high reputation, substituting tonight for Richard Davis. As they leave the stand, drummer Lewis arrives, earnest and hurried, and rushes to the stage, where he removes a raincoat and starts setting up. Thad Jones, now on the bandstand checking things out, stops to talk over an administrative point with his co-leader.

In a few minutes the musicians begin

to head for the front of the clubroom. One or two drop by the bar or at tables to greet friends and regulars.

"Gimme a drink before the fight starts," someone says. The room is about two-thirds full now, and many of the customers are eyeing the entering musicians, intently or self-consciously. To the rear, one of the waiters, a white-haired man with a Middle European accent is confiding to someone at the bar, "I opened this place, you know. Yeah, been here steady since the first night."

The first night for the Village Vanguard was in 1934, 33 years ago. The club was started by Max Gordon, who still owns it and runs it and still comes in about every night. Gordon, a short and usually pleasant man, whose round, sometimes cherubic and sometimes intent face is decorated above the ears by what remains of his curly white hair, will explain that he came to New York from Portland, Ore., and got his first job washing dishes in a cafeteria. When the Vanguard opened, it was at first a place where one might have heard Maxwell Bodenheim or Harry Kemp read their poetry, while young painters argued about Georges Braque. A couple of years later, the entertainment was provided by a then-unknown group called The Reviewers: Judy Holiday, Adolph Green, and Betty Comden, with a young pianist named Leonard Bernstein.

Subsequently, the Village Vanguard offered folk music, from Leadbelly's southern U.S. songs to the Duke of Iron's Caribbean calypso; or it had cabaret songs with Eartha Kitt or Harry Belafonte; and comedy by Pearl Bailey and Wally Cox. And there were the Weavers, Robert Clary, Orson Bean—the list is long, and the subsequent successes are many. The club was a tourist attraction that was still considered a hip and "inside" place by New Yorkers themselves.

Fairly consistently, jazz was a part of the bill. Willie (The Lion) Smith worked with the calypso men. Drummer Zutty Singleton brought in a group. Jimmy Hamilton was featured. My own earliest memory of the club is seeing Roy Eldridge there for the first time in 1942 (and wondering when somebody was going to realize I was underage and throw me out).

About 10 years ago, Gordon reversed his policy, putting jazz at the top of the bill and letting the folkknicks (like the Brothers Four or the Clancy Brothers) and the comics (Mort Sahl, Mike Nichols and Elaine May, Lennie Bruce, Woody Allen, Irwin Cory) fill it out. Thus the Vanguard booked Miles Davis, Horace Silver, Thelonious Monk, Gerry Mulligan, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Jimmy Giuffre, Anita

O'Day, Charlie Mingus, Bill Evans (a regular), Stan Getz, Carmen McRae.

The Monday night sessions with the Jones-Lewis band began about a year and a half ago. Gordon and disc jockey-entrepreneur Alan Grant heard that such a band was out there somewhere rehearsing and went to hear it. The band has been playing, usually to packed houses, on the club's off night ever since, and even for a few weeks as the "regular" attraction.

Jones sits doodling now at the piano. "Snookie Young!" someone greets the lead trumpeter to the rear of the stand. Jerome Richardson, a forceful man in any context, enters with a rack of horns and heads for his seat. Tom McIntosh sits at the end of the line of four trombones. In the house, some musician visitors are beginning to arrive, as they usually do on these Mondays. Joe Henderson is leaning against a back wall. Guitarist Atilla Zoller sits near the end of the bar, smiling as usual.

On the bandstand, the numbers of the sequence of tunes for the first set are being voiced around. "I think the competition got us this evening," says Richardson, nodding at the few empty tables to the rear of the room.

Suddenly there is the din of a wild tune-up, as Jones stands in front of the ensemble clapping both for order and to give a tempo.

"It's 212 and *then* 16!" someone is loudly explaining to his neighbor through the sound. Then out of the chaos, all is order as the first piece has begun. All eight brass are playing forte, and the small room is full of sound, yet somehow it is not loud, only exhilarating. Thad solos, telling his story with an easy fluency. The band comes back in. Figures, well up, spread across the ensemble and then subside. The group shouts and whispers with the same conviction, and the music seems constantly to move forward with a kind of graceful relentlessness.

"Well, all right!" comments Richardson while the last note is still subsiding. Jones thanks the audience for its applause and the microphone fades and crackles on him a bit as he announces that the piece had been *Low Down*. Next, he says, will be a ballad, *All My Yesterdays*, to feature trombonist Garnett Brown. Brown grins, shakes his head, and points energetically to Andre on his left.

A young man says to his date at a back table, "That's him! See him?" He is indicating one of the saxophonists. "He's here this time. But no matter who shows up, the band still sounds great."

During the ballad, a couple comes through the entrance. He looks to be about 30; she looks to be 60; both look like middle-class suburbanites. The

crowd, its attention as usual centered on the band, shows a scattered annoyance as a waiter shows them to a table and asks if they want to order anything.

Five minutes later, the band is into a medium-tempo piece. Jones is rocking from one foot to another, clapping softly—he is conducting, dancing, encouraging, and enjoying himself, all at once. Then tenorist Lou Tabakin is into an energetic Coltrane-esque solo, which has the enthusiastic attention of the audience and the bandmen. A bit later, behind Jones' solo, all 12 horns are executing a figure that kicks along but doesn't blast.

The cornetist-leader announces that the final selection will be a blues. Richardson begins it entirely alone, with several fast choruses. On Jones' signal, Vitous' bass joins him and then Lewis' drums. Each entrance paradoxically relieves the tension and then sets up a tension of its own. The ensemble enters. Then, suddenly, trombonists Brown and Andre are trading phrases. Then Brown solos. Andre rejoins him. Brown drops out again. The relay effect is stunning.

Richardson returns, and the trombones back him with a tonally oblique figure that sets trumpeter Young to grinning broadly. The dynamics duck way down for Chick Corea's piano solo, but the crowd still listens.

Then Brown is up for still another solo. He manages to bean Richardson with his slide. It gets a laugh, of course, from the band and the patrons alike.

The piece ends with some fine trumpet shakes on top, and the applause is enthusiastic and sustained. Clearly this band has its following, probably the most attentive following to be found in any club today.

The musicians leave the stand, but even now they look quite ready for another set. Jones joins some friends at a table. Adams and Lewis chat with a couple of fans. Over by the bar, Zoller is explaining a fine point of amplification to Max Gordon. Through the door comes trombonist Eddie Bert, horn in hand, ready to play the next set with the group.

A middle-aged fan, seated at the end of the bar nursing a beer, is holding forth, "Now the Fatha Hines band of the mid-40s—that had Bird and Dizzy, you know. Bird was playing tenor. That was quite a band. Then there was the Eckstine band. He had *everybody*—Dizzy, Fats Navarro, Kenny Dorham, even Miles, who was pretty young then, and Bird, Dexter Gordon, Lucky Thompson, Art Blakey. That was quite a band. Then there was Dizzy's band . . ." He trails off momentarily, but then turns to the bartender abruptly, saying, "But *this* band! . . ." 

FIRST ANNUAL EASTERN JAZZ CONFERENCE

by **george hoefer**



RAYMOND ROSS

REV. JOHN G. GENSEL

AMONG JAZZ LISTENERS there is a trend toward more involvement, in a meaningful and helpful manner, with the general welfare of jazz.

This welcome movement was illustrated during a carefully planned and well-balanced three-day conference held in St. Peter's Lutheran Church in New York City in early October. The host for the event was Jazz Interactions of New York, with the Hartford, Conn., Jazz Society, and the Jazz at Home Club of Philadelphia, Pa., as active co-participants.

The Rev. John G. Gensel, Lutheran pastor to the New York jazz community, and a member of the board of directors of Jazz Interactions, conceived of the conference more than a year ago and served as the presiding officer for the programs, all of which came under the aptly titled heading, "The Many Positive Faces of Jazz."

In his keynote address, Willis Conover, director of the *Voice of America*, gave an inspirational summation regarding the status of U.S. jazz within the international cultural community. The speaker's wide experience in preparing radio programs for foreign consumption and his many visits to other countries enabled him to present some provocative and interesting thoughts on the universality of jazz and what it might mean to this country's image.

Rudi Blesh, recently appointed by New York University as professor of the American Arts, presented an excellent paper on the 50-year progress of jazz in the United States. His remarks, in contrast with Conover's, pointed up the tragic aspects of the lack of acceptance of jazz in its homeland. Blesh, sometimes drawing from personal experience, gave a straightforward assessment of the prejudices, both racial and

musical, that have operated against jazz through the years.

Blesh's paper was one of two presentations designated as the "Marshall Stearns Memorial Lectures." Unfortunately, this program was scheduled for Sunday morning and was poorly attended, mainly because 80 of the conferees had spent the previous night touring the city's jazz clubs, guided by Mrs. Gaitha Martinez, the voice of the unique Jazz Line (a two-minute, JI taped phone report of up-to-date information on all the jazz activities in the greater New York area).

The second Stearns lecture was delivered by Charles Nanry, president of JI and instructor in sociology at Rutgers University. He offered some thoughtful ideas taken from an extensive survey he is currently conducting for a doctoral thesis, *The Occupational Subculture of the Jazz Musician*. This study, delving into sociological problems confronting the jazz player, is an excellent example of the ways in which the non-musician can use his special skills to contribute something to jazz.

Chairman for presentation of the Stearns lectures was Dr. William Weinberg, special assistant to the president of Rutgers, who announced that the Institute of Jazz Studies would soon be housed in a new building on the Newark campus of Rutgers. Weinberg also announced the appointment of Nanry as curator of the institute.

Two interesting panel programs were presented during the conference. Stanley Snadowsky, treasurer of JI, moderated "The Role of the Jazz Society," with officers from the three participating societies as panelists. Pianist Billy Taylor, a JI director, moderated "The State of Jazz Today" with panelists from the various components of the jazz world.

A positive over-all picture of service to the jazz community emerged from the reports given by the participants on the first panel. Allen Pepper gave a roundup of JI's varied accomplishments since its formation in March, 1965—the Jazz Line, Sunday afternoon concerts in jazz clubs (for which more than 250 musicians have been employed at scale-plus), co-sponsorship of concerts last summer at New Jersey's Garden State Shopping Center, a series of workshops in which young musicians competed and were given constructive criticism by well-known professionals, and other activities.

Trumpeter Joe Newman, a vice president of JI, told of a JI school program of lecture-concerts by jazz musicians, that recently received a grant from the New York Council on the Arts, and gave details of Jazz Day, a celebration initiated and organized by JI (see news story, Page 15).

The report on the activities of the Hartford Jazz Society was presented by two of the society's founders (in late 1960), Art Fine and George Malcolm-Smith. They have presented concerts and lectures on a monthly basis, using both New York-based and local musicians; sponsored an annual riverboat cruise, featuring musical entertainment; sponsored jazz groups to play in the local schools; established an educational project, which contributed to a study program at the Berklee School of Music for Sadeo Watanabe, Japan's leading alto saxophonist; and co-sponsored concerts at the new University of Hartford.

The Philadelphia club, represented by Chet Carmichael, educational director of radio station WDAS, and jazz pianist-composer-bandleader Demon Spiro, was organized three years ago when disc

/Continued on page 41

REX STEWART'S MUSIC

an appreciation by harvey pekar



REX STEWART'S entertaining reminiscences and profiles for *Down Beat* and other publications in recent years have made his name familiar once again, but even though he was a star soloist for Duke Ellington and Fletcher Henderson, little, ironically, has been written about his playing.

Stewart was one of the most striking individualists and one of the most captivating personalities among jazz musicians in the '30s and early '40s, and as gifted a storyteller as he may have been, he deserves to be remembered even more as a brilliant jazz cornetist.

While Stewart could evoke a wide variety of moods—he could play with nostalgic tenderness or with savagery—warmth and humor were rarely missing from his solos. Even when improvising violently, as on *Loopin' Lobo*, he seems to be winking at the listener. His work bears little trace of the raw pain that marks the playing of his great Ellington section mate, Cootie Williams. Perhaps this stylistic contrast explains why they complemented each other so effectively with Ellington.

Stewart was born in Philadelphia in 1907, and spent part of his youth in Washington, D.C., but it was in New York City that he came to the fore, as a member of the Fletcher Henderson band. He went to Henderson in 1926, replacing Louis Armstrong, rejoined him after a time with Horace Henderson, and remained until 1932, though he also played with McKinney's Cotton Pickers for a brief period. In late 1934

he joined Ellington and spent the next 10 years, probably the peak period of his career, with that band. After leaving Ellington in 1945, he appeared in a variety of contexts, often leading his own groups, and touring abroad.

Stewart's earliest recorded work with Henderson demonstrates a strong Armstrong influence. Rex was aware of the revolutionary nature of Armstrong's playing and absorbed some of his rhythmic ideas well. His style wasn't fully evolved in 1926, but he already had a fat, rich tone and was swinging more easily and confidently than all but a handful of jazz cornetists and trumpeters, as his forceful work on Henderson's *Stampede* indicates.

The body of solos that Stewart contributed to Henderson is good, although it took Ellington to recognize the unique quality of his style and highlight it to best advantage. While with Henderson, Stewart was in the process of finding himself; with Ellington he was able to fit things together and forge a truly distinctive approach.

The buoyant drive he displayed on some Henderson solos—*Clarinet Marmalade* and *Sugar*, for example—was characteristic of his later work. His explosive solo on *Chinatown*, with its upper-register climaxes, was also indicative of things to come. Though not noted as a screamer, Stewart had a fine range and used high notes dramatically both during and after his stay with Ellington.

His *My Gal Sal* solo with a 1931

Henderson outfit revealed another facet of his nature; it is cute in the best sense of the word—perky, charming. On *Old Black Joe Blues*, Stewart's playing is notable for neat construction and tastefulness.

In considering Stewart's work with Henderson it is interesting to speculate on whether or not he was influenced by Bix Beiderbecke. He may very well have been; in Nat Hentoff and Nat Shapiro's *Hear Me Talkin' to Ya* he remarked, ". . . But my special kick was Bix, whose work I always admired."

In any event, the cornetists certainly had some qualities in common, though Stewart was a "hotter" musician than Beiderbecke. Both liked to stay right on top of the beat. Both often improvised in a fairly economical manner (though Stewart has been given to pyrotechnical display), building deliberately, accenting with solid authority. And both favored the cornet over trumpet.

With Ellington, Stewart improved steadily until the early '40s, when his career reached its zenith. Most of his work during the '30s, however, was interesting, and some was memorable.

In 1938 he recorded *Boy Meets Horn*, a showcase Ellington had provided for Stewart to demonstrate his half-valve technique. This method of producing a squeezed tone by depressing the valve of the horn only part of the way became Stewart's best-known device, useful not only for producing freakish sounds but also as a simple method of building tension.

Stewart's work on *Boy Meets Horn* is engaging, but aside from his mastery of half-valve technique, the cornetist had other, more important, virtues. Although squeezed notes added a novel and welcome effect to his improvisation, they alone couldn't have made him a great soloist.

Stewart's *In a Jam* solo has a Bixian quality. It exhibits his excellent sense of time—rocking along confidently—and pure, ringing tone. Contrasting with this ebullient spot is his chorus on *Subtle Lament*, a blues, with its unusual melodic contour and quality of deep sadness. Here Stewart's playing is sparsely noted, and he puts the lower register to good use.

On *Kissin' My Baby Goodnight*, he exhibits his lyric gift, playing calmly and gracefully and improvising irresistibly attractive, songlike phrases. Also note the plaintiveness of his tone on *Kissin'*.

The year 1939 was a fine one for Stewart, a year that saw him record his *Subtle Lament* solo and also turn in memorable work on *Weely* and *Tootin' through the Roof*. His melodic, well-sustained playing on *Weely* compares favorably to the *Kissin'* improvisation; Stewart's phrases aren't complicated, but they are fresh and appealing. His work during a chase with Cootie Williams on *Tootin'* conveys a feeling of rubbery looseness. His playing is at once powerful and effortless. (The humor and relaxed drive of Stewart's playing may have attracted Clark Terry and caused him to derive part of his style from Stewart, though critics have made more of this presumed influence than has Terry himself.)

From the time he joined Ellington until 1939, Stewart gained in strength, confidence, and individuality. The stage was set for his great accomplishments of the next two years.

In the early '40s, he stood out in a number of Ellington big-band selections, but several are particularly impressive.

The cornetist's *Five O'Clock Drag* and *Clementine* spots have a majestic bearing, resulting from power and carefully paced building. He plays simply and melodically and sets up his climaxes well, not wasting a note. His *John Hardy's Wife* solo is also meaty and well constructed, and on this track he applies a growl technique, his work differing from Cootie Williams' in being more restrained, less raw.

A Stewart solo also highlights one of Ellington's most famous performances of the early '40s, *Perdido*. He employs a big, fat tone and walloping attack. The solo is skillfully organized, Stewart's phrases fitting together like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle.

The gentle nostalgia Stewart summons up on one of Ellington's better blues performances, *Across the Tracks Blues*, is reminiscent of his *Subtle Lament* spot.

In 1940-41 Stewart was the leader on eight small-group selections recorded by

thusiasm remains within the boundaries of good taste.

No less-than-good solos are mentioned in this discussion of Stewart's work with Henderson and Ellington. Not all his spots are outstanding, but in his prime, Stewart had no major faults.



Ellington's trumpets, 1944: Shelton Hemphill, Taft Jordan, Cat Anderson, Ray Nance, Stewart. The trombones are Tricky Sam Nanton, Claude Jones, and Lawrence Brown; Otto Hardwicke and Harry Carney are in the front row.

members of the Ellington band. Some selections are tightly arranged, and he isn't given much blowing space. (Ben Webster is at least as interesting on these records as Stewart.) However, he does distinguish himself with full-bodied melody statements on *Mobile Bay* and *My Sunday Gal*, in a warmly expressive dialog with the ensemble on *Gal*, and with fine growling on *Poor Bubber*, all his own tunes.

The one selection that Stewart has pretty much to himself is *Menelik, the Lion of Judah*. This track is guaranteed to shake up many listeners because of Stewart's startling use of ultra-low-register grunts, but it also offers some of the hardest-swinging Stewart ever recorded. His theme statement has terrific momentum.

After leaving Ellington, Stewart didn't change his style in any essential respects, except in playing more notes and using the upper register to a greater extent. Possibly, this reflected the influence of the boppers. At any rate, on the aforementioned *Lobo*, recorded in 1946, there are places where Stewart sounds more like Roy Eldridge than himself.

Some of Stewart's recorded work of the '50s was marred by coyness or frenetic excesses. However, his effort on *I Knew You When*, a 1957 track taken from an LP he made with Cootie Williams, is memorable; his enormous en-

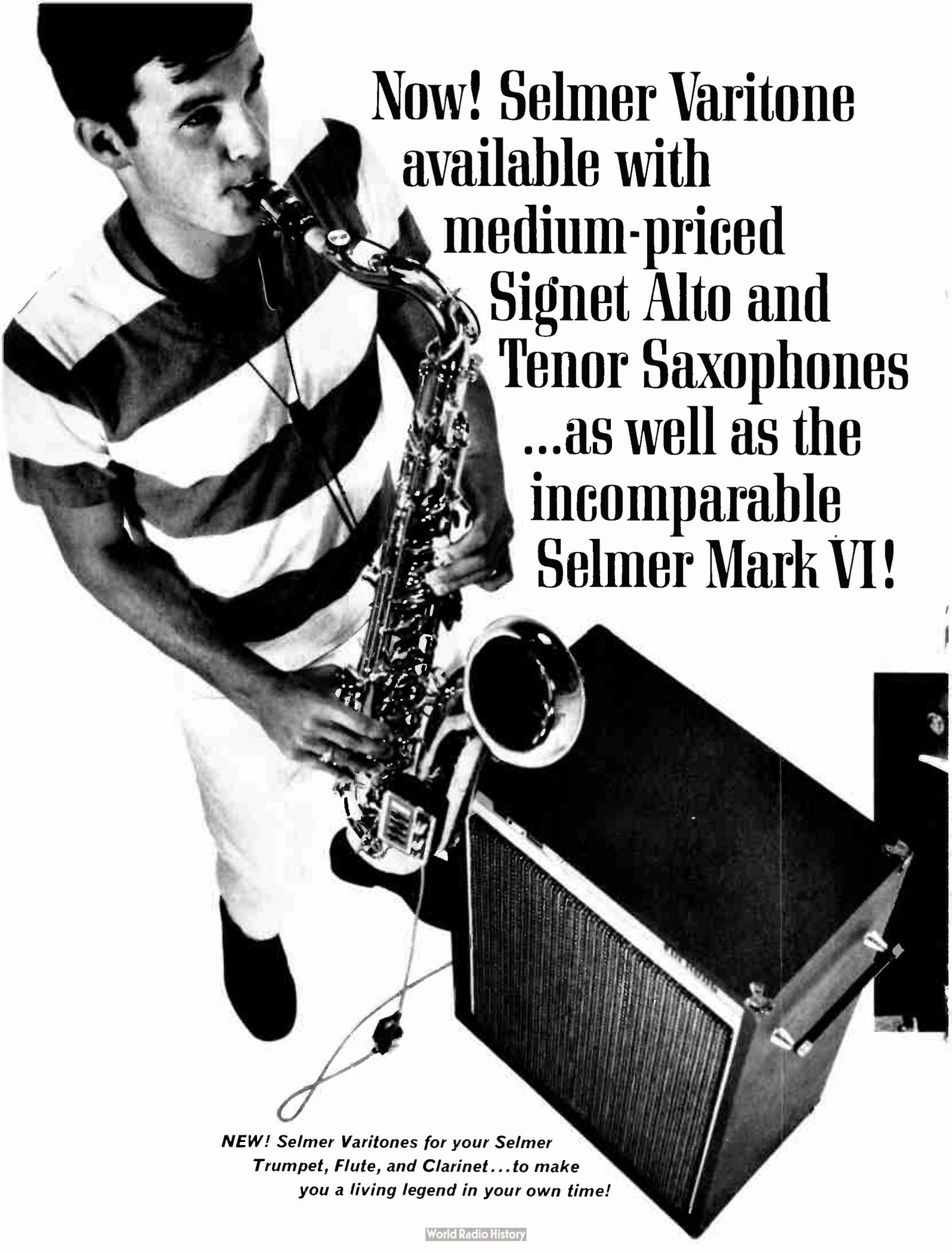
thusiasm remains within the boundaries of good taste.

When Stewart's virtues are enumerated, it's evident that he possessed all the requisite qualities for greatness. His tone was full and often remarkably clear and resonant, and he used all registers effectively. He assembled his solos lucidly, and though his work was often rather spare, he had the fluency to play complicated passages. He could swing with ease and power and invent fetching melodic ideas. Finally, though he did not build an entire new system of improvisation as Charlie Parker did, Stewart was one of the unique and personal voices in jazz.

The records cited here as examples of Stewart's playing are not his only outstanding recorded performances, but were chosen mainly to illustrate characteristic features of his work. Those who play a series of records on which he appears will be well rewarded.

Discographical Note

Stewart's work with Henderson can be heard on *Fletcher Henderson: A Study in Frustration*, Columbia C4L19. Stewart with Ellington is on Columbia C3L27 and C3L39, and Victor LPM 1364, LPM 1715, LPM 6009, and LPV 517. His 1940 small-group sides are on Victor LPV 533. *Loopin' Lobo* is on *Rex Stewart and the Ellingtonians*, Riverside RLP 144. *I Knew You When* is on *Cootie and Rex: The Big Challenge*, Jazztone J1268. 



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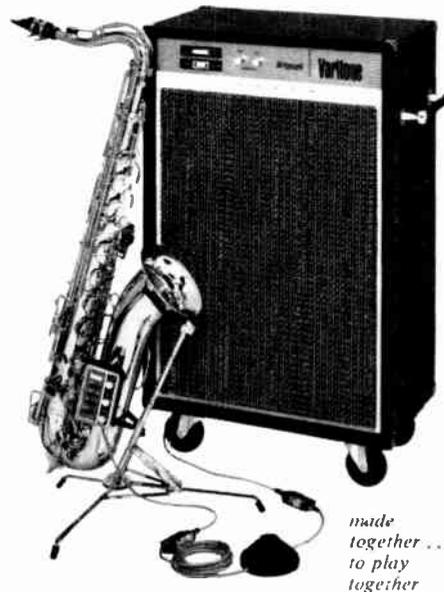
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the second (and last?)

PACIFIC
JAZZ
FESTIVAL

by harvey siders

nd ANNUAL



GEORGE HALL

POST-MORTEM CAN sometimes be instructive, but no amount of Monday morning quarterbacking has come up with an answer to the question of what went wrong with the Pacific Jazz Festival.

The once-proud papas of this two-year-old swinger, Ted Fuller and Ted Geissler, and the stunned midwife, Jimmy Lyons, refused to speculate on whether Costa Mesa will play host to a third festival.

If it were simply a matter of music, there would be no doubt in anyone's mind. But jazz festivals are, after all, big business. They demand big outlays. And when overhead exceeds profit, serious trouble is brewing. In the case of Monterey's kid brother, a total of 8,800 buffs attended the three-day, five-concert event. Since the fairgrounds can hold 8,000 at a time, this gives some idea of the small audiences that greeted the musicians.

In the matter of the sounds that greeted the small gatherings, it can be said that they were extremely gratifying, with practically all participants in peak form.

The long-awaited west coast debut of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra proved the highlight. Jones and Lewis and their studio stalwarts put on a tremendous exhibition of 4/4-manship, with tight, concerted section work sparkling along with (and behind) outstanding solos. No polite riffs for backgrounds—forceful, biting accompaniments that vied for attention as much as the solo statements.

Juggling the two, and exhorting both with syncopated cries and animated body english was Jones, spouting charm and “in” jokes like a youthful Duke Ellington. Co-leader Lewis does his driving from the rear, behind his drums.

Actually, much of the drive comes from bassist Richard Davis, a booming phe-

nomenon who manages to goose the whole ensemble, even when riveted on a pedal point. In essence, the rhythm section (Chick Corea is on piano) often functioned in near freedom as the rest of the band plunged straight ahead.

Memorable solos were liberally sprinkled throughout the arrangements, mostly by Jones and Bob Brookmeyer: tenor saxophonist Joe Farrell contributed an excellent cadenza to his own setting of *Lover Man*; trumpeter Jimmy Owens took off along the jet stream of *Once Around* (in that same piece, baritonist Pepper Adams revealed a great deal about his musical catholicity as well as his virtuosity by interpolating an extended passage from the second movement of Prokofiev's *Fifth Symphony*); and *Once Around* also gave rise to Corea's most inspired solo. Trumpeter Snooky Young and Davis excelled on a fine example of big-band jauntiness, Jones' *Don't Get Sassy*.

Had Don Ellis chosen some of the known quantities in his book, there might have been an unforgettable battle of the bands (both were heard on the same evening). However, Ellis chose to program a more courageous and less exciting set.

The bulk of his allotted time was devoted to a long (30 to 40 minutes), complex work called *Epic*. A “front line” of Ellis on trumpet; Rubin Leon, amplified soprano saxophone; and Dave Sanchez, trombone, lent a concerto grosso feeling to the work. At times, they were occupied with free meanderings; at other times, they produced a quasi-Dixieland flavor. But at all times (except for a dirgelike bowing session by all three bassists), they were backed by strong rhythmic pulsations varying from 5/8 to 25/8 to 15/8, utilizing a

scale labeled by Ellis “half major, half minor.”

The work begs for rehearsing, but enough people were stimulated by its premiere to give Ellis and his sidemen a standing ovation. Before *Epic*, Ellis introduced another work, *Opus Five*, by Howlett Smith, boasting excellent solos by pianist Mike Lang and bassists Ray Neapolitan and Frank DeLaRosa. Although *Alfie* was a curious choice for a festival, altoist Joe Roccisano lent the ballad a tone that was alternately hard-edged and delicate.

The third big band at the festival was a festival all by itself: Duke Ellington.

He brought his charm, his wit, and his indefatigable sidemen. He also brought two singers—Dolores King and Tony Watkins—but they never did get to go on. Dominating his set were the perennial soloists: Paul Gonsalves on *Soul Call*, way up; Russell Procope on *Swamp Goo*, way down low; Cat Anderson on *La Plus Belle Africaine*, way out of sight; Harry Carney and Cootie Williams, taking turns on *Girdle Hurdle*; Lawrence Brown, featured on *La Rue Bleu*; and Johnny Hodges, squeezing his familiar tones through *I Got It Bad* and *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*.

While Ellington smooth-talked out front, Sam Woodyard propelled his colleagues from behind. They put on a magnificent show.

MILES DAVIS and George Shearing offered a remarkable study in communication. They did it consecutively, thus underscoring the contrast. Davis and his sidemen (Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano; Bill Plummer, bass; Tony Williams, drums) put on an expert non-stop display of hard-edged playing. Tem-

pos constantly shifted; one number segued into another. The collective high point of the set was reached with Shorter's composition, *Footprints*. Individually, musicianship was at the highest level, but together, the group projected as much warmth as an iceberg.

Conversely, Shearing was ebullient, chatting away with the crowd, joking between numbers, and creating no mystiques. For Shearing, jazz is a happy, emotional experience. When he introduced *Baker's Dozen*, he announced it was in 13, inspired by Don Ellis, adding the warning, "If you intend to tap your toes to this, make sure one leg is longer than the other." The alternation of three 3s and two 2s allowed the number to cook with a surprisingly even flame.

An unnamed blues, built on a whole-tone scale, was the best group effort, as guitarist Joe Pass and vibist Charlie Shomeake kept an interval of a third between them and Shearing. Bassist Bob Whitlock and drummer Colin Bailey maintained the Shearing trademark of steady-but-polite driving. Solo highlights were shared by Pass for *Stella by Starlight* and Shearing for *Here Comes That Rainy Day* and a fugato treatment of *Shadow of Your Smile*—the way Bach might have improvised on it.

Another Bach-ward glance was prompted by the Modern Jazz Quartet in a hypersensitive version of *Air on the G-String*. The reverence of this work contrasted beautifully with the tempo de funk generated in their other high point: *It Ain't Necessarily So*. John Lewis, Milt Jackson, Percy Heath, and Connie Kay are so polished musically, there is little one can say, except to express hope that their swinging subtleties are not taken for granted.

At the other end of the spectrum was the Vince Guaraldi Trio, generally lacking in subtlety, never less than competent. But competence is not good enough for a festival; a spark is needed. It never was struck on *Ode to Billie Joe*; or in the pianist's original salute to a couple of *Peanuts* sidemen, *Linus and Lucy*, with its serpentine ostinato figures on the bass; or in *It Was a Very Good Year*, which Guaraldi labeled a "folk ballad." The closest the trio came to generating some fire was in its Latinized treatment of *Eleanor Rigby*.

The Four Freshmen worked their little old vocal cords off, as well as their instruments (accompanying themselves on trombone, guitar, bass, and drums), and should have been better received by the audience.

Two Generations of Vibers sounds like Philip Wylie with mallets aforethought, but actually it was the fitting name for a matinee devoted to a vibraharp workshop.

Bobby Hutcherson, Gary Burton, Cal Tjader, Red Norvo, and Milt Jackson each fronted a group and then gathered for an impressive-looking finale.

The attempt to focus on stylistic differences was eminently successful. Hutcherson showed an amazing technical facility, fronting a group with Harold Land, tenor saxophone; Joe Sample, piano; Red Mitchell, bass; and Stix Hooper, drums. He stuck to the fast tempos Land thrives on and zipped through a set devoid of an-

nouncements.

Burton continues to amaze. So does his guitarist, Larry Coryell. On *Sunset Bell*, Burton sounded like a celeste, over bassist Steve Swallow's sensitive bowing. The effect was dreamlike and impressionistic. *One, Two, 1-2-3-4* was jetpropelled, with Burton's four mallets heard but not clearly seen.

Coryell's duel with his amplifier (in an attempt to control his feedback for an additional "voice") was won by the amplifier. Coryell has too much musical talent to worry about being bolstered electronically. He proved it on *Lines*, an ingenious duet in unison and counterpoint between guitar and vibes.

Tjader played choice passages from his Latin-English and English-Latin books. He offered one of the most rewarding sets, alternating between straight-ahead swing and infectious Latin, the latter earning and deserving the greater acceptance.

Swallow revealed his versatility in a dated, but extremely enjoyable, set with Red Norvo. Even the choice of tunes was nostalgic: *I Surrender Dear* and *Ida*. On *Ida*, Norvo hauled out his patented slaphammers for some stop-time, circa 1938 jive.

Then Milt Jackson, aided by Red Mitchell and Joe Sample, went back through the time tunnel and with just a few well-chosen notes seemed to say, "Here's where it's at."

A la *Jazz at the Philharmonic*, the routine ended with all the vibists on *How High the Moon?* The answer: a standing ovation.

THE OTHER MATINEE was built around Jon Hendricks' *Evolution of the Blues Song*, but the whole did not equal the sum of its parts, mainly because some of the parts got a little out of hand.

With a select semicircle of children seated in front, Hendricks took them "back home" and "down home" in irregular couplets. His is a fascinating look at history—as sardonically humorous as it is informative—but its success depends on pacing. When an example of Gospel was called for, Hanna Dean obliged, with melismatic eloquence. For traditional, the Dukes of Dixieland did what they were supposed to. But when T-Bone Walker, Big Mama Thornton, and Lightnin' Hopkins took their turns, they offered sets rather than examples. Hendricks' *Blues Song* failed to evolve with the proper continuity.

Later, each of the artists offered a full set, with Miss Dean putting on an interesting display of spiritual-oriented singing; Hopkins contributing an uninteresting, repetitious blues session; and Walker proving to be his own worst accompanist.

He then proceeded to interrupt Frank Assunto and the Dukes of Dixieland in their fine display of two-beat, and even attempted to hog the limelight from Big Mama. The latter effort proved as futile as a canoe attacking the *Queen Mary*.

After she scared Walker off, Big Mama tore up Costa Mesa with her elemental blues belting and some listenable harmonica playing. Her robust, thigh-slapping shouting led to a spontaneous dance-in-

Comedy within a jazz context is a difficult assignment to handle. It takes an abundance of showmanship plus a lack of inhibition. Trumpeter-singer Jack Sheldon displayed both, but he also added some tasteless humor as he led off the final program with guitarist Jack Marshall, backed by Jimmy Rowles, piano; Steve Bohannon, organ; Red Mitchell, bass; and Stan Levey, drums.

Sheldon peddled nonsense lyrics (*I'll Take You to Persia*, which included some modal yodels); and sick humor (excerpts from the Sheldon-Marshall musical, *Freaky Friday*); and also played a beautiful Joe Mondragon waltz, *Inez*. Sheldon and Marshall teamed for a hilarious routine based on selling *The Girl from Ipanema* to a rock publisher. A surprise offering in this set was a vocal from Rowles, *Like Someone in Love*. No comedy intended; it was well sung.

When the overly long fun and games ended, a guitar workshop including George Van Eps, Barney Kessel, Howard Roberts, and Thumbs Carllile was held. Van Eps, with equal parts of courage and virtuosity, did a solo stint. Considering his seven-string guitar (the last string tuned a fifth lower and used for independent bass lines), this is the best possible medium for him. As a tribute to his musicianship, the crowd was so hush-hush you could hear a plectrum drop. Van Eps reharmonized his way through *Dancing in the Dark*, *Serenata*, *Sometimes I'm Happy*, *I'll Never Be the Same*, and for the coup de grace, played *Blue Room* in stride!

Barney Kessel and Howard Roberts were each plagued by microphone problems. What some of the crowd missed were excellent chordal choruses by Kessel on *Falling in Love with Love*, *Shadow of Your Smile*, and *Green Dolphin Street*. Roberts was in rare form. Too bad so many failed to catch his lightning runs on *Serenata* and a fast *When Sunny Gets Blue*, or his subtle voicings on *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*, or the oneness between Roberts and organist Bohannon on *Freedom Dance*.

Visually novel, but musically satisfying, was the set by Carllile. He places the guitar on his lap like a steel or Hawaiian guitar. His best efforts were *On the Street Where You Live* and *Blue Skies*.

By this time the crowd was getting restless for the guitarist that most of them had come to hear: Wes Montgomery. But his sidemen and his instrument happened to be in a car that had broken down en route to Costa Mesa.

If the crowd was disappointed, festival closer Jimmy Smith constituted a major consolation. With Nathan Page on guitar and Bernard Sweetney on drums, Smith wailed away, mostly on up-tempo blues, slowing down for a delicate profile of *Alfie* and then reaching a peak in a funky *Walk on the Wild Side*.

The "most valuable player" award must go to Red Mitchell. He was on bass just about every inning, working with a variety of groups. He didn't just take them for a "walk." He adjusted his style to theirs thoroughly, and his effortless, yet booming bass lines inspired many soloists.

And then there's Richard Davis. . . .

Record Reviews

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

Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

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

Don Cherry

SYMPHONY FOR IMPROVISERS—Blue Note BLP 4247; *Symphony For Improvisers; Nu Creative Love; What's Not Serious; Infant Happiness; Manhattan Cry; Lunatic; Sparkle Plenty; Om Nu.*

Personnel: Cherry, cornet; Leandro (Gato) Barbieri, tenor saxophone; Pharaoh Sanders, tenor saxophone and piccolo; Karl Berger, vibes and piano; Henry Grimes, Jenny Clark, basses; Ed Blackwell, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

So often, members of the avant garde talk a good game, telling you what they are going to do in great detail and then failing to execute it. *Symphony For Improvisers* takes the problem of "free" group improvisation and negotiates it successfully. Cherry explains in the notes: "We improvised from the flavor of the tune, from the mode, and the theme comes back from time to time, so that it's definitely one thing that we made, not eight." This is true. Although there are four of Cherry's compositions on each side, there are no "tracks"; each piece flows into the next, not necessarily with strong lines of demarcation.

This LP clearly demonstrates that a listener need not be bored by a long piece. The musicians are really improvising, collectively and individually, and do not get hung up in blind alleys. The music moves in and out of a variety of tempi and moods, and more than matches with instrumental colors the multi-hued sweater Cherry is wearing in the cover photo.

The man who gives the album force and fluidity, underlining, propelling, and unifying, is drummer Blackwell. He is most musical, and together with the bassists, sets up rhythms that surge with the elastic joy that has been the jazz pulse through all eras of the music.

Cherry, like his former leader, Ornette Coleman, has continued to improve as an instrumentalist and mature as a soloist. Like Coleman, he is basically a lyricist, and now that his chops have gotten stronger his lines are clearer.

Sanders' piccolo is a potent factor on side one. He has remarkable control and power. First he launches Cherry in *Improvisers*, and then combines with Barbieri's tenor in *Love*, a lovely theme.

After *Serious*, which accomplishes more in the hymnlike area than the Aylers have done, the group leaps into *Happiness*, a Coleman kind of line that sends Cherry on a happy flight with the rhythm spurring him on. Berger, a thinking man's vibist who can also swing, benefits from the same benevolent pulse. Sanders actually gets a fat sound out of the piccolo, and

effectively uses its upper reaches. Blackwell's fine hands figuratively sing in his drum solo.

Cry opens side two with a sophisticated ballad theme played by Cherry. It has a melody I regret Tadd Dameron is not around to orchestrate for large ensemble. Berger, on piano, exposes the theme further, taking it "out" while working at the essence. The tenor solo that follows (I think it is Barbieri) soars over the metropolis with staccato phrases and a rasping tonal edge on the held notes. The tempo accelerates and Cherry darts about, backed by Blackwell first on snares and then on cymbals, generating and regenerating the beat. After Berger's vibes solo, there is a tenor solo (again Barbieri?) that has power and energy and occasionally sounds like a "new thing" Ben Webster.

The next theme is ominous and has a tenor solo that sounds like a grindstone operated at a speed beyond its normal capacity. It ends with some Coltrane-like licks from *Chasin' the Trane*. This soloist is probably Sanders. He can coax some extraordinary sounds from his horn. Not all of them are pleasant, but he can play. Even though the saxophonists sometimes sound harsh, neither stays on this kind of kick for the interminable lengths often associated with other avant-garde performances.

Though I disagree with some of the content of A. B. Spellman's liner notes, he makes several important points. But I wish he had identified the soloists.

Cherry functions well as band director, and seems to be able to key the ensemble in and out of the different grooves. When he, Berger, and Blackwell are working together, this recording puts me in mind of the 1953 collaboration of Teddy Charles, Shorty Rogers, and Shelly Manne in Prestige's *New Directions* series. They, too, were working without chords, improvising rather from modes and tonal centers. Of course, 14 years make a big difference (especially with all the music that has happened in between), both in results and in critical reaction. Then, it was called everything from affected to effete, although some praised it. I don't think that the 1953 recordings directly influenced Cherry's group, but there are links, and one of them is intuitive group improvisation.

This *Symphony* is not background music. It must be listened to as a total picture. The kind of involved attention it demands is well rewarded. —Gitler

Ed Curran

ELYSA—Savoy 12191: *Cire; Why?; Mid Tempo; Looking Back; Duos; Lady A; Nicole; Drac.*

Personnel: Marc Levin, cornet, fluegelhorn, mellophone; Curran, alto saxophone, clarinet; Kiyoshi Tokunaga, bass; Robert Pozar, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

This is the closest thing I've heard to *Muzak* avant garde. It could probably be played in an elevator and no one would notice.

There is no fire in this music. Curran and Levin solo with little imagination and even less originality. They merely put one note after another, with seemingly no thought given to the total shape of their creations.

Curran's compositions are better than his improvising, perhaps because it's easier to copy Ornette Coleman's writing than it is Eric Dolphy's playing.

I think Curran unwittingly sums up his own music when he says in the liner notes: "*Why?* is about the wrongs to all peoples, just why do they exist? . . . The playing of this piece is as profound as the subject it questions."

True words, indeed. —DeMicheal

Bill Dixon

THE JAZZ ARTISTRY OF BILL DIXON—RCA Victor LSP 3844: *Metamorphosis 1962-1966; Nightfall Piece I and II; Voices.*

Personnel: Dixon, trumpet and fluegelhorn; Jimmy Cheatham, bass trombone; Robin Kenyatta, alto saxophone; Byard Lancaster, alto saxophone and bass clarinet; George Marge, English horn and flute; Catherine Norris, cello; Jimmy Garrison or Reggie Workman, bass; Robert Frank Pozar, drums; Marc Levin, percussion; Dixon, Norris, Garrison, Pozar, and Lancaster, voices.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Bill Dixon is a talented musician who, like too many others, has been exiled to the cultural ghetto where serious jazz must live in this country. Actually, his music isn't jazz or anything at all in particular except just music. It is "serious" in the sense that it must be listened to: not something for the background, for drinking or making out. He should be considered along with other just plain *composers* of modern music. There is no "Jazz Artistry" here, only artistry.

This is well-constructed, played, balanced, and recorded music. There are many colors and contrasts—I like the soft sustained string sections, with Dixon's soulful trumpet or the other horns weaving through. When it is frenetic, the music is well controlled both in length and content.

I find this music sad, lonely, very moving. It affects me as a cry for help, a plea for sensitivity against the odds. This is

pure and important music of our times. Why isn't it played in Philharmonic Hall? Because Dixon is outspoken? Because he is black? Because it is "jazz"? Because he isn't in the "club"? Because he has mounted no p.r. campaign? Whatever the reasons, his music—and that is all that counts—should have more of a chance. I refuse to believe there isn't an audience for quality like this—I can't afford to let myself believe it. I compliment Brad McCuen for producing this "uncommercial" package. It took some courage. It is overdue.

—Zwerin

Don Ellis

LIVE IN 3 3/4 TIME—Pacific Jazz 10123/20123; *Barnum's Revenge*; *Upstart*; *Thetis*; *Orientation*; *Angel Eyes*; *Freedom Dance*.

Personnel: Ellis, Glenn Stuart, Alan Weight, Ed Warren, Bob Harmon, trumpets; Dave Wells, Dave Sanchez or Ron Myers, Terry Woodson, trombones; Ruben Leon, Joe Roccisano or Tom Scott, Ira Schulman, Ron Starr, John Magruder, reeds; Dave Mackay, piano; Ray Neapolitan, Frank DeLaRosa, Dave Parlato, or Chuck Domamnico, basses; Steve Bohannon, Alan Estes, drums; Chino Valdes, bongos, conga drum; Mark Stevens, various percussion (Tracks 1-3 only).

Rating: ★★ ★

This band, heard here in live performances (the first three tracks were made at Shelly's Manne-Hole, the others at last year's Pacific Jazz Festival), is quite impressive—technically. The members go through "odd" time signatures, the current Ellis trademark, with seemingly no effort. When the band is in full flight, as it is on portions of *Upstart*, *Thetis*, and *Freedom*, its power is overwhelming (I think the brass section is about the best there is among working bands). Yet with all this power and obvious craftsmanship, the band lacks good soloists.

Ellis, of course, is the star. But, at least on these tracks, he seems more concerned with creating effects than meaningful music in his solos. His thin-toned improvising is an amalgamation of the flashier aspects of Harry James, Maynard Ferguson, and Al Hirt—high, loud, unswinging, and unshaded. Most of his solos sound like clever exercises. An exception is that on *Angel*, a stunning arrangement (by Ellis), in which he injects some discernible feeling. It may be that keeping a band together and managing his popularity has left Ellis little time to work on his playing, which during his days with George Russell showed signs of developing into something more interesting than it has. A little less contriving and a little more feeling might make a great difference.

Schulman is featured often, too. His playing is sort of the opposite of Ellis': a lot of passion and not much thought, particularly his tenor work. He plays clarinet on *Upstart* and produces a sound that conjures up Benny Goodman playing *Sing, Sing, Sing* with clogged nasal passages.

The scores are generally interesting (some of the reed passages, in particular, are imaginatively conceived). I question, however, Ellis' great stress on novelty—the too-generous use of "odd" times and tonal effects that startle but go nowhere.

All told, I have reservations about the current Ellis approach. It has the smell of Hollywood about it. —DeMicheal

Wynton Kelly

FULL VIEW—Milestone MSP 9004, MLP 1004: *I Want a Little Girl*; *I Thought*; *What a Difference a Day Made*; *Autumn Leaves*; *Doin'cha Hear Me Callin' to Ya*; *On a Clear Day*; *Scufflin'*; *Born to Be Blue*; *Walk on By*.

Personnel: Kelly, piano; Ron McClure, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

The idea here, according to a&r man Orrin Keepnews, was to bring out the "real" Kelly by letting him choose material he liked and play it as he wanted. Only a new Kelly doesn't emerge—he sounds pretty much as he used to, which is okay, since the old Kelly was a fine musician.

Actually, Kelly has improvised with more imagination and passion elsewhere—with Miles Davis, for instance—but he performs solidly on this LP, exhibiting the characteristics we've come to associate with him. He swings in a relaxed manner, articulating cleanly and forcefully, and gets a bright, penetrating tone from the piano. His work is often funk-touched, but never affectedly so.

I Want a Little Girl and *I Thought*, a pretty waltz by Rudy Stevenson, are among the better selections on the LP. On both, Kelly establishes a groove and stays in it, sustaining the momentum of his playing.

Kelly also turns in some nice ballad work, particularly on *What a Difference a Day Made*. His handling of ballads deserves attention; he's a lyrical but quite unsentimental ballad player.

McClure performs solidly in the rhythm section and solos with strength on *I Thought* and *Scufflin'*.

—Pekar

Jackie McLean

ACTION—Blue Note BST 84218: *Action*; *Plight*; *Wrong Handle*; *I Hear A Rhapsody*; *Hootnan*.

Personnel: Charles Tolliver, trumpet; McLean, alto saxophone; Bobby Hutcherson, vibes; Cecil McBee, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

McLean's records are predictable. They will probably have a front line of trumpet and alto, they will swing hard, of late they will be outside at times, they will include a tune Bird liked—and McLean will always play. No cliches. Few quotations any more. A clean continuity without stumbling. Terrific time. That same hard-warm sound with the personal, irregular vibrato.

There are few who have adapted to changing times more gracefully. Fewer still who have held on to enough of the past at the same time. *Rhapsody* and *Handle* are not far from 10 or 15 years ago; lyrically tonal with chords changing often and a traditional format. *Action* is on the other extreme. Except for time being kept—Higgins' very good time—it is out there, free. The weird thing is that McLean plays exactly the same—beautifully—either way.

Hutcherson is soft, flexible, and very inventive as usual. His comping keeps things open and moving. He proves that the vibraphone is no longer limited to Bags' bag. Tolliver has a wide sound, on the Hubbardish side, and seems to be improving all the time; a good foil for McLean. McBee walks well in the ranks.

Action doesn't build anything particularly new, but it sure is sturdy. —Zwerin

Soul spectrum



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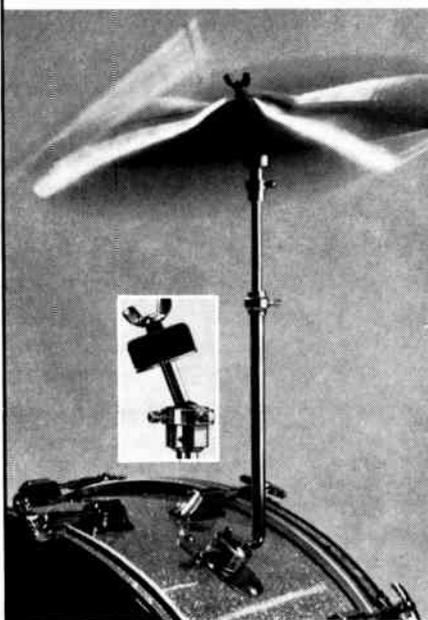
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Archie Shepp

MAMA TOO TIGHT—Impulse 9134: *A Portrait of Robert Thompson (As a Young Man), Introducing Prelude to a Kiss, The Break Strain—King Cotton, Dem Basses; Mama Too Tight; Theme for Ernie; Basheer.*

Personnel: Tommy Turrentine, trumpet; Roswell Rudd, Grachan Moncur III, trombones; Perry Robinson, clarinet; Shepp, tenor saxophone; Howard Johnson, tuba; Charlie Haden, bass; Beaver Harris, drums.

Rating: see below

I used to entertain the wild fantasy that, while Shepp was verbally running his game to the up-tight fashion-mongers who pass for critics, and blustering away in a like manner on his saxophone, he was secretly in the woodshed improving as a musician so that he could step out one day and say, "Look, that was a shuck to attract your attention. Listen now—I can really play."

This LP stifles these fanciful thoughts.

That a man's skin is black, that he comes out of the Afro-American culture, and that he can invoke Duke Ellington's name at appropriate moments does not mean that he is a significant jazz musician. There are people in the avant-garde (a very wide arena) who can play, but Shepp, because he is articulate, and very vocal, has attracted publicity above and beyond his talent.

An ability to play well in the jazz that preceded the "new thing" may tell us quite a bit about some of the "new thing" musicians, but it still is not the criterion by which to judge their music. Any music, however, that is pretentious and/or, above all, boring, turns me off.

The first section of *Portrait* is composed of an unrelieved rut of moans, cries, and arpeggios. Don't the musicians get tired of going nowhere for so long a time? There is energy, to be sure. It is furious, but it is not creative. It is the sound of frustration. If this is Shepp's cry of protest for the Negro in America, then I say Mingus did it much more musically, and with power to spare.

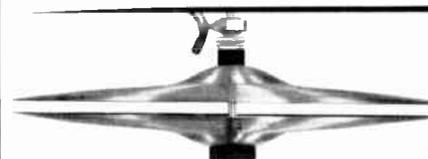
Perhaps Shepp's best vehicle is playwriting. I haven't seen or read any of his plays, but in his liner notes and articles he has shown a prowess with words that is lacking when he comes to the musical lexicon.

After the caterwauling almost from gigo, calm descends in the person of *Kiss*. It might have had the pleasurable effect derived from ceasing to beat one's head against a wall, but Shepp sounds like a hideous caricature of Sam (The Man) Taylor or Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis.

Why play it if you're not going to play it? Obviously, Shepp can "play" it if he wants to, but I don't think he can stand comparison with the giants that have trod the same ground. So he studiously avoids this.

After *Kiss*, Rudd signals the parade (deliberately out of tune?). Then calm returns, followed by chaos again—sophomoric bleatings that embody the boring pretentiousness mentioned earlier. Unable to make a meaningful statement in a reasonable length of time, Shepp and his colleagues keep beating a sick horse until it has died many times over.

A slow blues section that sounds like third-rate Monk precedes another march section. All the junk that has gone before makes this parody rather pleasant. John-



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son's notes are full and accurate, but Rudd sounds as if his lip needs a retreat.

Mama, which together with *Ernie* and *Basheer* make up Side 2, is a funky blues of no particular distinction. Lines such as these are given meaning by the solos they launch, but here the ensemble is louder than the soloists.

Turrentine's intonation is bad, and the band smothers this usually sensitive player. Moncur should have tuned up, too, but with this ensemble that may have been asking too much. As for Shepp, hysterics never compensated for lack of invention or lack of swing.

Ernie, originally recorded by Coltrane, is voiced interestingly. Johnson is an excellent tubaist. Perhaps Shepp has convinced himself that his rasp signifies passion, and he is soon into screeching and his own rumbling runs that he has succeeded making into cliches at an unusually fast rate.

Basheer is more pretentious dramatics. It begins with an *After Hours* figure underneath, sloppily played, and graduates into a fast section that sounds like amateurs playing at making "serious" music.

Before I received this record, I never had heard Robinson play. He is praised in Shepp's notes, but I'm still waiting to hear him. In these notes the leader also states: "Imagine giving out stars for records!" Hence, the rating above. Instead of stars, a summation of the album: Its failure to swing as jazz is outdone only by its puerility as contemporary music. —Gittler

Jimmy Witherspoon

THE BLUES IS NOW—Verve V-5030F: *Sweet Slumber*; *I'm Gonna Move to the Outskirts of Town*; *Past Party Blues*; *S. K. Blues*; *Late One Evening*; *Part Time Woman*; *Good Rocking Tonight*; *I Won't Tell A Soul*; *My Baby's Quit Me*; *My Money's Long This Morning, Baby*.

Personnel: Witherspoon, vocals; Danny Turner, Leo Johnson, woodwinds; Jack McDuff, organ; Melvin Sparks, guitar; Jymie Merritt, bass; Ray Appleton, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Humor, pain, sorrow, joy, and all the other elements of human experience that, distilled, float through the blues are here given the touch of a master. Witherspoon is in fine fettle. His material isn't always up to his talent, but his voice, yearning and powerful, always reaches the heart.

On *Outskirts of Town*, Witherspoon trades nonsense with the rhythm section and comes out ahead. *Tell a Soul* and *Sweet Slumber* are too blandly sentimental to be of much interest, but Witherspoon gives his best.

The ringer in the album is the spine-tingling *Part Time Woman*, a slow, dragging lament, powerful and dripping with country flavor. Sparks has blue triplets dancing in the background, and Witherspoon spins his tale, his heartbreak and pain completely convincing.

On *S. K. Blues*, Witherspoon shows his debt to Big Joe Turner. Shouting phrases that descend from the upper to the middle register, he sounds, even in his accents, very much like Turner in his prime.

Witherspoon's roots run deep. Hopefully, Verve has more things like *Part Time Woman* in the offing. —Erskine

SOUL STIRRINGS

BY BOB PORTER

Kossie Gardner, *Modern as Tomorrow* (White House 555)

Rating: ★★☆☆

Freddie McCoy, *Peas 'n' Rice* (Prestige 7487)

Rating: ★★☆☆

Trudy Pitts, *Introducing the Fabulous* (Prestige 7523)

Rating: ★ 1/2

Freddie Roach, *Mocha Motion* (Prestige 7507)

Rating: ★★☆☆

Lonnie Smith, *Finger-Lickin' Good* (Columbia 9496)

Rating: ★★☆☆

Gardner is a young organist based in Nashville, Tenn. He has gigged in California, recorded with David (Fathead) Newman, and has an excellent musical background. This, his debut LP, is a well-planned effort showcasing him on five originals, four pop tunes, and a spiritual, *Motherless Child*.

He utilizes a great deal of vibrato in his playing, but handles it tastefully, and since the tracks are all short, it does not offend. He sustains the mood of his pieces well, but he lacks drive. It may be that he was under wraps for the first session.

The most appealing piece is his original, *Noopy*, where he plays oboe as well, producing an exotic feeling unusual for this type of date. The principal drawback of the record is the sameness of the rhythm section, which consists of assorted guitars and percussion.

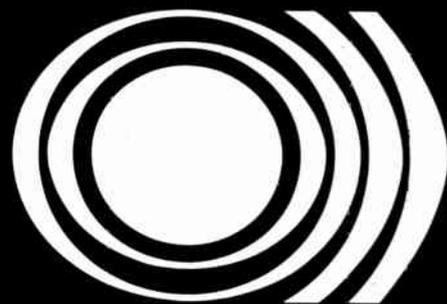
There is a nice flowing guitar solo on *What Now, My Love?*, but unfortunately there are no personnel listings. The playing time of the album is very short, and my mono copy had a number of sticky spots. For his next effort, it might be a good idea to try for more variety in tempos and tunes.

Peas 'n' Rice should make some bread for McCoy. The title tune, a catchy theme with jive-talking and hand-clapping, has considerable jukebox potential. Actually, this is a pop date with little or no inventive playing. The vibist performs much better on the tracks featuring arrangements by Dave Blum for two trumpets and five rhythm.

The arrangements make use of contemporary rock rhythm, and McCoy responds to this much better than he does to conventional rhythm section accompaniment.

An example of the latter is *My Funny Valentine*, a tune that should be buried somewhere and left for a hundred years. The performance has all the dramatic and showy introductions and cadenzas possible, and falls flat. McCoy simply does not have the melodic imagination to sustain a six-minute ballad.

The "fabulous" Trudy Pitts is a nice-looking young woman who should probably be playing organ at the local skating



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rink. I suspect that her groovy photo on the cover will sell more albums than the music, which is blah. The group never gets off the ground. An organ combo that lacks swing is a rarity, but this one does. Even the fine talent of guitarist Pat Martino cannot save the date.

The liner notes make mention of the fact that Miss Pitts lacks jazz experience, and this is very much in evidence. To make matters worse, she sings on two tracks.

It is time that Freddie Roach decided whether to fish or cut bait. The organist has been on the scene for some time. He made several LPs for Blue Note prior to his current Prestige affiliation. He has a good touch and always displays good taste, but in this outing, as on several of his previous releases, one has the feeling that he lacks direction.

Accompanied by guitar, drums, and the ubiquitous conga, Roach continues to be everything one expects.

His rendition of *Samba De Orfeo* really gets into something and comes very close to the feeling of the original soundtrack version. It is a swinging performance from Bar 1. *Money*, the r&b tune, also has grooving Roach, and he is effectively making the up changes when the tune fades out. *Here Comes the Mocha Man* is a good original, with some twinkling guitar from Vinnie Corrao. Although combining a big brass background with organ generally makes little sense, this tune could have benefited from an ar-

rangment of that sort.

On the debit side, Roach destroys *Stinky Fingers*, an attractive blues, by indulging himself in some corn-crib chording. *Morning Time* and *Warning Shot* are dull performances that might have benefited from one more take. One-third of the second side is given over to a vocal by Roach that doesn't come off.

Roach should be one of the leading organists of the day, and this LP leaves one hoping that maybe next time Roach will put it all together and make the five-star album of which he is capable.

Lonnie Smith makes no bones about it. He is from the blow-first-ask-questions-later gang that has its roots in Jack McDuff and in the current George Benson group, of which he is organist and head cheerleader. Benson is present here, but aside from Smith, there is solo space primarily for trumpeter Blue Mitchell and tenor saxophonist King Curtis.

Until one recalls that Mitchell paid plenty of dues with the likes of Earl Bostic and Red Prysock, he would seem a strange choice for this type of date. However, the excellent and frequently overlooked trumpeter fits this bag very well. He adds punch to the ensembles, and the quality of his solo playing is high. He has a beautiful cooking spot on *Minor Chant*.

Curtis has a soul sound and jazz fingers. His muscular, driving style is ideal for this type of r&b-bop. One of the last of the Illinois Jacquet-influenced tenors, he always seems to function better as a side-

man than on his own dates. There are a couple of good alto solos on Side 2, and since the notes don't list an alto man, they are probably also Curtis' work.

Benson plays in his normal driving style. This man should get votes as Jazzman of the Year—if not for his excellent playing, then for his intelligent synthesis of musical idioms in this age of chaos.

Smith has been influenced by McDuff, and his playing has the same hell-for-leather qualities as his model's. He is not afraid to get out front and blow, and so there is some variance in the quality of his work. But perhaps this should be encouraged, since it can be argued that it is best for a young jazzman to blow away his mistakes.

The tunes on the album are mostly Smith originals, and range from attractive jazz lines to funky rock pieces. Smith and the other men handle them all with aplomb, even to the point of sustaining a moody piece like *In the Beginning*. It should be noted here that *Jeannine* is not the Duke Pearson line of the same name, and for the benefit of the CBS accountants, *Minor Chant*, credited to Smith, is actually a Stanley Turrentine composition. *Our Miss Brooks* has big-band backing, and was arranged by Benny Golson.

Oh yes, Smith attempts a Jimmy Smith-like vocal on *Say Stuff*. It is wordless and of no interest, but it is a discouraging sign that all four organists reviewed here have attempted vocals. Surely the world is not in need of more bad singers. 



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JIM MARSHALL

1. MARTIAL SOLAL. *Jordu* (from *Solal*, Milestone). Solal, piano; Guy Pederson, bass; Daniel Humair, drums.

I find this very disjointed—primarily because the cohesion I have come to expect from different trios is not evident here. If I were to look at it from the aspect of a solo piano performance, I would have to classify it as the type of piano which is something for everyone.

I particularly didn't like the background for the bass solo, for instance, because . . . the bass being a linear instrument and the bassist playing a linear solo, a much different approach could have been utilized. I think there's room there for a better cushion for the bass player.

I would have to give it two stars. I think it's Martial Solal.

2. JACK WILSON. *C.F.D.* (from *Something Personal*, Blue Note). Wilson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Varney Barlow, drums; Roy Ayers, vibraphone.

I like parts of this—the beginning. I don't really get too much with the solo end of it, because it sounds a little strained to me, like someone playing slightly over his head, both in the solo and when it gets into the ensemble.

The rhythm section sounds very taut—as if they're wound up and metronomed right down the line. But I do like the concept, though I think it could have been better played. I'd have to give it 2½ stars. It sounded like a latter-day Lennie Tristano.

3. BOBBIE GENTRY. *Ode to Billie Joe* (from *Ode to Billie Joe*, Capitol). Miss Gentry, vocal, composer, guitar.

I give this five stars! I don't remember the vocalist's name, but the voice is such that if I were the composer of the tune, it's exactly the voice I'd want to sing it.

She has a very plaintive voice. Her timing is very much jazz-oriented from the phraseology standpoint, and the sort of whisper in her voice is reminiscent of a female Nat Cole. She didn't try to read more into the lyric than was intended.

I liked the background particularly—it didn't get in the way. It's presented just the way it's supposed to be. This, to me, is the epitome of a true folk singer.

The message in the lyric is absolutely beautiful. The environmental thing was established for me immediately and repeatedly. In lines like "pass the apple pie," this showed the nonchalance of that type

of environmental involvement—basic reality. I'm going to do that tune with the group!

4. WYNTON KELLY. *I Want a Little Girl* (from *Full View*, Milestone). Kelly, piano; Ron McClure, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

I enjoyed that. I liked the way the pianist developed his lines. I think, again, halfway through, he started to reach a little. However, I don't get the feeling that this is one of the modern-day technicians. He's had his schooling within the Nat Cole school for one thing, and the Bud Powell, which is very prevalent.

The rhythm section I enjoyed particularly. They didn't overplay, and they certainly didn't underplay—they have a good group sound. I haven't the faintest idea who it is, but I would give it 3½ stars.

5. CHARLES LLOYD. *Sorcery* (from *Forest Flower*, Atlantic). Lloyd, flute; Keith Jarrett, piano, composer.

My first comment on this is that I'd like to see the chart, and secondly, I sat wondering if you were playing the record from the inside out. I'd have to give it one star for the original melodic line. Period.

6. EARL HINES. *Save It, Pretty Mama* (from *Here Comes Earl "Fatha" Hines*, Contact). Hines, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

That sounds like a group in the cocktail bar at an airport. It started off as if it was going to develop into some sort of musical growth, but somewhere it sort of dissipated. I can't give it any stars. I don't even know who it is, either.

7. HELEN MERRILL. *It Don't Mean a Thing* (from *The Feeling is Mutual*, Milestone). Thad Jones, cornet; Dick Katz, piano; Jim Hall, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Pete LaRoca, drums; Miss Merrill, vocal.

I really liked that. I don't know who the vocalist is. I liked the arrangement—the new approach to the tune, and I liked the solo pianist especially, and I liked the trumpet player and the bass player. As for the drummer, the time was a little questionable—it seemed to pull a little bit.

I really couldn't guess who the singer is, but I'd give the record 3½ stars.

8. RAMSEY LEWIS. *Function at the Junction* (from *Goin' Latin*, Cadet). Lewis, piano; Richard Evans, arranger.

It doesn't mean anything to me—doesn't represent anything. Speaking creatively, it doesn't even represent a trend. It repre-

Oscar Peterson was first interviewed in a *Blindfold Test* in January, 1952. Then as now, he was frank in his opinions, pulling no punches.

Then as now, too, the pianist was a brilliant representative of that rare breed, the academically equipped artist who combines phenomenal technique with inspiration, excitement, and a relentless beat. In addition, of course, he always has been a superlative interpreter of ballads.

A little-known aspect of Peterson's career is that he has had the opportunity to give up the road and become a studio musician. Unlike several of his group's alumni, he turned it down. "That kind of life isn't for me," he said. "I'm a pressure player. When I stop doing what I'm doing now, I'll just close the piano one night and stop playing—except privately, for pleasure."

Record No. 3 was included because Peterson happened to mention that he had never heard it. Aside from this, there was no prior discussion, and no information was given him about the selections played.

—Leonard Feather

sents more of a bag than a trend.

The pitiful part of all this is that playing in this particular vein, it's very hard to distinguish between one of, say, six pianists. I think you tend to lose a lot of your own identity. I couldn't tell who this is; because it could be someone who honestly plays this way, in which case I'm sorry for him; or it is someone who can really play, but has decided to prostitute himself for that particular bag at the moment, and if that be the case, they're doing it well enough—or bad enough—so that I still couldn't tell.

It's a waste of what could have been a good time, to me. There are so many of these things out now that how do you evaluate them? It's one thing to say, well I get a feeling from this type of music; but how can you really evaluate individually with material like this?

There's so much of this kind of material on the market now that to utilize two or three chords and waste a band track and acetate, I think, is silly. I might say it's profitable, but I still think it's a little silly to do that.

I'll give it a half a star for the fact that all the technicians came in and all the musicians showed up.

9. STAN GETZ. *Keep Me in Your Heart* (from *Voices*, Verve). Getz, tenor saxophone; Claus Ogerman, arranger.

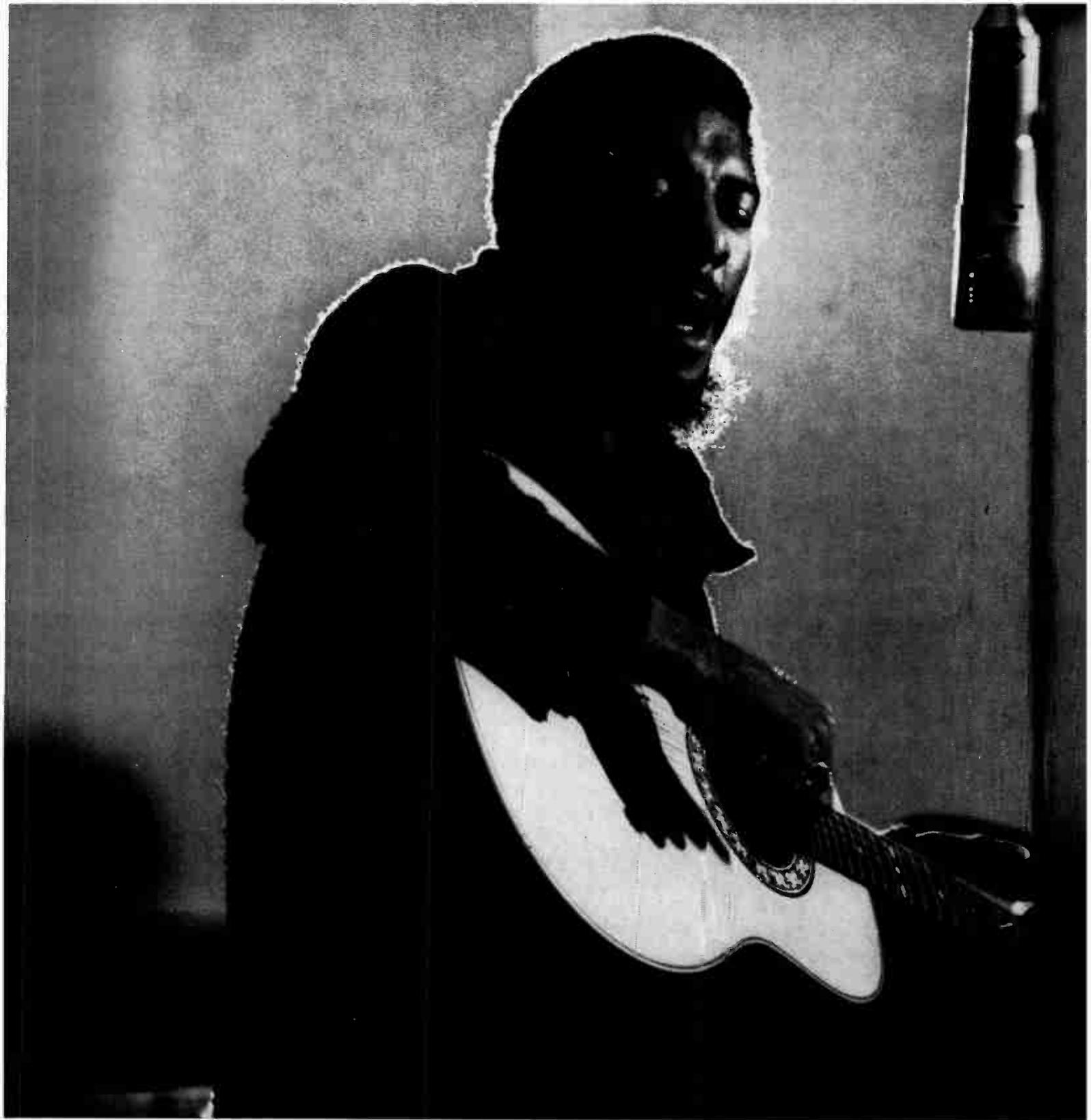
It's amazing, the tremendous gap there is musically between this record and the earlier one you played, featuring the flute. If we can forget the commercialism for a moment, the most important thing in music is honesty, and here we have what some people might call a "bag," as I called the last record; but it's also a means, a motivation. The scope is so wide in itself and the player so deep.

I would sooner own five albums like this than 100,000 of the others, because we're speaking of true creativity, musical honesty. Stan Getz, without becoming maudlin, is definitely a genius in my book.

When persons with that kind of talent put their hand or their heart or mind to material—first of all I think they're very selective in the material they touch, and when they do touch it, it has even greater importance.

I would have to give this five stars for everything—for the voices, which were beautifully done behind him, and certainly for Stan.





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An ambitious and admirable undertaking was officially launched Sept. 28, when the NYJRO gave its inaugural concert at Town Hall. Under the direction of arranger-composer Ronnie Roullier, the 21-piece orchestra played a program divided, for the most part, between big-band jazz classics and Roullier originals.

The purpose of the NYJRO is to perpetuate the work of composers such as Tadd Dameron and Tiny Kahn, who have passed from the scene; to play the earlier works of arrangers of the stature of Gil Evans, Johnny Carisi, Gerry Mulligan, and Walter Fuller, and to keep alive scores from the Ellington, Basie, and Herman libraries that the leaders no longer feature. The NYJRO will also serve as a vehicle for current works, both by established and new writers.

It was pleasurable to hear such classics as Jimmy Mundy's *Feather Merchant*, Ellington's *Jeep's Blues*, Jimmy Giuffre's *Four Brothers*, Fuller's (and Dizzy Gillespie's) *Manteca*, Carisi's *Israel*, Mulligan's *Young Blood* and his arrangement of George Wallington's *Godchild*, Kahn's *Leo the Lion* (originally named *Chicken Fat*), Gil Evan's arrangement of Charlie Parker's *Thriving On a Riff* (*Anthropology*), Claude Thornhill's *Snowfall*, and John Lewis' *Two Bass Hit*.

Of the new material, Roullier contributed seven pieces, and there were one each by Lennie Sinisgalli, Billy Byers, Dick Lieb, and Andre. Roullier's compositions were pleasant, some with programmatic titles like *Halloween Lullaby*, *Desert Night*, and *Afternoon in Africa*, but they were certainly not extraordinary. Andre's *The Goober*, its theme intriguingly voiced for trumpet and tenor saxophone, stood out.

But the most satisfying new work was Chico O'Farrill's *Variaciones Espagnoles*, animatedly conducted by the composer. It took *La Cucaracha* through several transformations, including a funky blues.

At times, the ensemble sounded in need of more rehearsal, perhaps because regular lead trumpeter Jimmy Maxwell was absent due to illness. Nevertheless, the orchestra played with the spirit and professionalism befitting the reputation of its individual members.

Benjamin, Brown, and Shaughnessy made an excellent rhythm team, and Roullier fit well with them, although his solos fell into the category known as "arranger's piano." Andre and Garnett Brown stood out as trombone soloists, while Sunkel and Collins took honors in the trumpet section, with the latter especially effective on both trumpet and fluegelhorn.

Wess had a nice feature on *Jeep's Blues*, but in general, the saxophone solos were poorly miked, a phenomenon which has long been a pet peeve of mine. What seemed like fine solos by Hafer and Lewis were swallowed up by the background.

One had to strain to get the outline, and missed too many notes to really get the full scope of the solos. Sam Brown's short guitar stints on *Goober* and *Thriving* showed a healthy and happy appreciation of Jimmy Raney. I do feel that the older arrangements, originally structured for 78-rpm record length, could be opened up to let a soloist play more than one chorus if the situation warrants.

There should be a place in New York (and other cities) for an orchestra of this type. Preserving the past and presenting the present in a setting such as the New York Jazz Repertory Orchestra provides should be encouraged. —Ira Gitler

Various Artists

Dixieland at Disneyland
Anaheim, California

Louis Armstrong was supposed to have headlined the eighth annual Dixieland at Disneyland show, but he was sidetracked by a brief bout with pneumonia. However, enough grand old names were on hand to make the event a memorable tribute to traditional jazz.



CHARLES STEWART

EDDIE CONDON
Excellent Group

With the Southern California Hot Jazz Society Marching Band leading the way (with pianist Alton Purnell strutting out front as grand marshal), an old-fashioned tailgate ramble proceeded down Disneyland's turn-of-the-century Main Street.

Horse-drawn wagons carried the bands of Eddie Condon, Doc Souchon, Teddy Buckner, the Firehouse Five Plus Two, the Young Men from New Orleans, and the South Market Street Jazz Band as they blew their respective brands of Dixieland. The overlapping sounds, as one wagon passed and another approached, lent a Charles Ives flavor of massed counterpoint to the parade.

Later, the sounds were singled out and put in proper focus as each band was dispatched to a different location in the sprawling amusement park. Hearing Souchon in the New Orleans French Market made sense; but seeing Eddie Condon in the futuristic Tomorrowland was a bit incongruous.

There was nothing incongruous about the music, though. Condon had an excellent group of all-stars with a front line

of Yank Lawson, trumpet; Lou McGarity, trombone; and Pee Wee Russell (taking Bob Wilber's place), clarinet. The rhythm section consisted of Dick Hyman, piano; Condon, non-solo guitar; Jack Lesberg, bass; and Cliff Leeman, drums.

The best numbers played by Condon's group were *Three Little Words* and *Basin Street Blues*, the latter highlighted by McGarity's trombone and both given outstanding—if a bit modern—comping by Hyman.

Souchon, pushing 70, apparently can't get enough of the stuff. He and his youngsters had jammed all the way to the west coast aboard their airliner and he charmed the crowd with his benevolently sarcastic introductions, his throaty blues singing, and his chomp-chomp comping on banjo.

Best offering by his group: *Tin Roof Blues*, with some amazingly spry sliding by trombonist Emile Christian (amazing considering that Christian is an alumnus of the 1919 edition of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band); excellent blues backing by pianist Art Hodes; and imaginative tuba playing by Don Franz. No simple dominant/tonic by Franz; he often added another melodic voice to the front line. The personnel included a couple of other Docs: Doc Evans on cornet and Doc Cenardo on drums. Ray Burke played what must be the oldest clarinet in captivity, and Chink Martin played bass.

Fronting the best permanent Dixieland ensemble in the "Southland" (the nickname applying to southern California), trumpeter Teddy Buckner was heard in the hard-driving Armstrong brand of two-beat that has made him such a consistent favorite in these parts. With him were Al Riemen, trombone; Caughey Roberts, reeds; Chester Lane, piano; Art Edwards, bass; and Jessie Sailes, drums.

Comedy seems almost as important as music to the Firehouse Five Plus Two, and they did both well, particularly during *Muskrat Ramble*. The group is led—as always—by trombonist Ward Kimball, and includes Don Kinch, trumpet; Danny Alguire, cornet; George Probert, soprano saxophone; K.O. Eckland, piano; Billy Newman, banjo; George Bruns, tuba; and Eddie Forrest, drums.

One of Disney's delights in recreating Americana, the Mississippi riverboat Mark Twain, provides the permanent setting for Harvey Brooks and his Young Men from New Orleans, and they help to make any cruise a pleasure.

Brooks plays piano and keeps up a steady flow of communication with the passengers. Musically, they communicate, too, even with a non-Dixie tune like *Perdido*. One of their best offerings: *Careless Love*, sung by drummer Alton Redd, over honky-tonk backing by Brooks. Others in the combo are Michael DeLay, trumpet; John (Streamline) Ewing, trombone; Joe Darensbourg, clarinet; and Bernard Carriere, bass.

Winners of a Disneyland-sponsored contest to find the best young (under 25) Dixieland group on the west coast, the South Market Street Jazz Band, held out promise to aficionados of traditional sounds that Dixieland will not fade from the scene. The South Market Streeters are San

Diego College students who like to adapt current tunes (such as *Tijuana Taxi*) to the Dixie fashion. The personnel is Dale Saare, trombone; Larry Okin, clarinet; Jess Hession, piano; Ken Donica, tuba, string bass; Bill Dendle, banjo and leader; and Ted Wolicki, drums and manager.

Attendance was 15,000. Jazz' parent style seems far from played out.

—Harvey Siders

Mike Westbrook Concert Band

Atheneum Theater, Plymouth, England

Personnel: Mick Collins, Dave Holdsworth, trumpets; Malcolm Griffiths, Paul Rutherford, trombones; Tom Bennelick, French horn; George Smith, tuba; Mike Osborne, alto saxophone; John Surman, soprano and baritone saxophones; Bernie Living, flute; Westbrook, piano; Harry Miller, Dave Holland, basses; Alan Jackson, Dennis Smith, drums; Ken Foster, miscellaneous percussion.

Westbrook formed a big band in Plymouth in 1958, and led it there and later in London until last year, when he cut down to a nucleus of Surman (who joined in 1960), Osborne, Jackson, Griffiths (who all joined in 1962), and Miller (1966).

He now plays club dates with this sextet, while for concerts he assembles 'round it a large unit to play a single long work. Typically, his bands have possessed aggressive soloists with a hot, vocalized approach. The individual statements are usually blended into dense, almost clotted ensemble textures of massive surging power; and there is a heightened expression of every mood, often bordering on hysteria.

Other characteristics have been changes of tempo and form within pieces, a preference for modes over chord sequences, and an interest in both free and collective improvising.

All of this was found at Westbrook's annual appearance for the Plymouth Arts Guild. The leader unveiled his second concert band and his second concert-length work, a 14-part suite called *Marching Song*. There was a relationship between the suite and the program notes—dealing with the unfolding attitudes of a soldier to war—but the music was anything but programatic.

I missed the beginning, a marching-band pastiche called *Hooray?*, and arrived during *Landscape*. This work consisted of long, cadenzalike, free (in both form and tempo) improvisations by flutist Living, while the bassists played arco together and Surman and Osborne blew together, all of which somehow combined a wealth of notes (and ideas) with great deliberation and intensity.

Then came *Waltz*, a medium-fast feature for Surman's incisive soprano (his other solos were on baritone), which eventually became a battle between a squealing Surman and a shouting ensemble. Next was *Other World*, a sparse, free piece in which a cool and elliptical Rutherford was backed by clicks, twangs, and hisses from the rhythm section.

This led into the title piece, whose dissonant martial theme was followed by a long Surman solo, at first exclamatory and blueslike over superbly intricate yet integrated rhythm, later bellowing and screaming. The piece then evolved into an apocalyptic blend of collective, free improvising

and solo riffing, finally dissolving miraculously into lucid but still ferocious conflicts among several simultaneous figures—still swinging hard.

The second half began with *Home*—unaccompanied introductions by Griffiths and then Osborne (the latter giving out stately lyricism, bubbling gaiety, and his usual blasting fervor in quick succession), leading into rocking ensemble support for a gutty Griffiths blues solo, and lastly a pizzicato bass duet as splendid as the arco one in the first half.

Rosie was a ballad feature for Holdsworth's fluegelhorn, and *Prelude*, a mysterious study in interweaving flute, clarinet, and bass clarinet. *Tension* had raucous work from Surman, Griffiths, and band, and *Ballad* received a suitable interpretation from Osborne.

Conflict started with heaving and churning by the band-as-section, went on to something resembling the ensemble passages on John Coltrane's *Ascension* by the band-as-individuals, and died down finally to a silence in which Smith's tuba whined and howled sporadically like a jungle cat, to the delight of the large audience. *Requiem* was mostly calm but inspiring ensemble, while *Tarnished* started off on the lines of *Ballad* but collapsed into warped creaks and squelchings from baritone and tuba.

Finally, there came *Memorial*, which not only resolved the whole work well on both musical and programatic levels but also quite simply provided an experience that nothing could follow. This was done with just an ensemble pastiche of a simple brass-band anthem, in which the saxophones played way above normal register (and, therefore, out of tune) and rose to a crescendo.

At forte their effect was parody, at double-forte it was poignant ardour, and at triple-forte it was both an annihilation of conventional values (whether camp, sentimental, or musical) and a cathartic liberation of the disorderly but life-giving instincts in us all—all of this achieved within one minute by the most basic of means.

I hope I have managed to suggest that the actual musical content was far more complex. Sometimes there were several clearly defined changes of texture and voicing and of tempo and meter within a few seconds, and the over-all form was at least as living and mobile as the detail within any particular episode.

I hope I also have managed to suggest the emotional effects. First, the band seemed to retain its earthy identity throughout the broad changes of character, which helped give the evening its meaningful over-all growth and unity. Second, although Westbrook's sources are well digested, his searching has not yet yielded to complacency, and his techniques are radical by traditional standards. His music left me elated in ways that belong essentially to jazz of the past.

Since to move or be moved afresh in older ways happens less and less often in jazz nowadays, the fact that Westbrook can still bring this about should assure him international attention.

—Victor Schonfield

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JAZZ ON CAMPUS

BY GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

The Ithaca College Jazz Workshop, now 4 years old, concluded a busy spring semester that included a tour of Long Island and a spring recital at which two commissioned works were premiered.

Walter Hartley wrote *Congo Song*, based on Congolese material, and Chris Swansen contributed *Concerto for Phil Woods and the Ithaca College Jazz Lab* with the altoist as guest soloist. Also included on the program were Gunther Schuller's *Night Music* and Eddie Sauter's *Focus*.

Lead trumpet work with the band is being handled this year by Bob Livingood, with Bob Goin on lead trombone and Bill Sanders on lead alto. Assistant directors are Livingood and Tom Everett, with Donald Sinta and George Andrix as faculty advisers.

With the approval of Dr. Thor Johnson, and under the direction of faculty member Daniel Sporny, the Interlochen Arts Academy presented the first concert by its studio orchestra. The big-band portions of the concert were interspersed with performances by the Interlochen Jazz Quartet and the Hindu Improvisational Group. Plans call for an augmentation of the instrumentation to allow performances of works using strings and studio woodwinds.

The University of Florida (Gainesville) Variety Bands presented their 17th annual jazz concert and included on the program their two regularly scheduled and accredited stage bands and a jazz percussion ensemble under the direction of percussion instructor James Hale.

Original compositions and arrangements for the concert were contributed by local arrangers Leo Andrews, Frank McGill, and Bill Pape. Terrance Small of the faculty, a former director of the stage band at Western Reserve University in Cleveland, appeared as clarinet soloist in *Chelsea Bridge*, as arranged for Buddy DeFranco.

Trumpeter Doc Severinsen gave a clinic and appeared in concert with the Loyola University (New Orleans) Stage Band. George Jansen is director of bands at the school.

Robert Bouchard, music consultant for the San Benito County (Calif.) schools, has inaugurated an interesting and promising program. This year, he initiated a pilot project in jazz education (Grades 7 and 8) in one of the schools.

Using a team-teaching approach, he worked with teachers in the fields of language, arts, and social studies. He developed a teaching guide for use by the classroom teachers and used the services of the Foothill College Stage Band, which Dr. Herb Patnoe directs, for two concerts. Bouchard hopes to include jazz in the curricula of all elementary schools in San Benito County.

The Bola Sete Trio appeared in a joint concert with the City College of San

Francisco Stage/Jazz Band under the direction of Art Samuels. Included on the program were arrangements by Bob Soder and Matt Schon. Disc Jockey Dick McGarvin sat in on drums for several numbers and also was the emcee.

Stan Kenton appeared in a concert and clinic with his band at St. Joseph High School in Kenosha, Wis. Aimed at students in the area, the clinic used members of the band as teachers.

The newly organized Miami-Dade Junior College (Fla.) Band, under the direction of John Alexander, completed a busy second semester with six on-campus programs, four high school concerts, and an appearance with the Ira Sullivan Quartet at a Fine Arts Festival. The big band demonstrated stylistic devices at the festival, while the Sullivan quartet emphasized the evolving framework of the jazz performance (changes in rhythm, harmony, and tonality and the functions of each player). Featured in the college band were Kris Diel, trumpet; Peter Graves, bass trombone; Raphael Heaston, piano; Al Dente, guitar; and Gerald Johnson, drums.

The Chuck Banks Sextet, composed of students from DePaul University (Chicago), recently appeared in concert in the school's recital hall.



The recently organized New Collegiate Jazz Band of Trinity College (Hartford, Conn.) played a concert on their own campus after appearing in Boston. The band is under the direction of altoist Steven Horenstein, who also contributed two originals to the program—*Mandala* and *Ode to Atman*. Horenstein also led a septet including Bob Bernardino, trumpet; Neil Olson, tenor saxophone, flute; Jim Olivetti, baritone saxophone; Mark Edinburg, piano; Bob Taylor, bass; and Dave Moss, drums.

The Quinnipiac College Jazz Workshop (Hamden, Conn.) premiered two new works by Norwalk composer-pianist Russ Martino on its television debut. A 14-minute *Jazz Suite* consisted of *Mambo*, *Ballad*, *Blues March*, and *Jazz Waltz*.

The telecast opened with Martino's other original, *Dee-Wee*. This summer marked the fifth session of the workshops at Quinnipiac under the direction of ex-Woody Herman soloist Dominick Costanzo. The program, meeting twice weekly, has featured guest lectures and clinics by

such jazzmen as Dave Brubeck, Joe Morello, Kai Winding, Clark Terry, and Warren Covington.

At the eighth annual Olympic College Stage Band Festival, first place went to Fort Vancouver High School (Wash.) under the direction of Dale Beacock.

Runners-up were Nathan Hale High School (Seattle), Garfield High School (Seattle), Columbia River and Hudson's Bay High Schools (Vancouver).

Summer clinic scholarships went to outstanding individuals—Leonard Rhodes, Robin Swenson, Jerry Johnson, and Craig Volasing. Twenty bands participated and the Olympic College Band performed as host band.

Eight bands participated in the second stage band festival at Portland University (Ore.) with Don Lanphere, Stan Rhees, and this writer as judges. The university stage band, under the direction of Don Cammack, played at the evening concert, with Lanphere as saxophone soloist. Kennewick High School (Wash.), with Don Paul as director, was the winner.

Eighteen high school bands took part in the first CJF High School Festival at the University of Notre Dame. Judges were Lennie Druss, Kenneth Bartosz, and this writer. The Lincoln High School outfit (Vincennes, Ind.) with Walt Anslinger as director was picked as the outstanding band. Dates for next year's contest, open to any high school band in Indiana, have been set for March 9, with the outstanding band again playing at the finals of the Collegiate Jazz Festival, also set for that weekend.

At the sixth annual festival at the University of Nevada, for which John Carrico is coordinator, 45 junior high, senior high, and college bands were involved. Louis Bellson was the guest artist, with the two host bands from the University of Nevada under the direction of Gene Isaef and Ron Legg.

The Fenton High School Band (Bensenville, Ill.) with Fred Lewis as director won first place in the Badger State Stage Band Festival at Delevan, Wis. The University of Wisconsin Jazz Workshop Band, led by James Christiansen, was featured, with Warren Kime as guest trumpet artist.

The Bands of Tomorrow contest (Falls Church, Va.) featured the Airmen of Note as guest band with their director, Bob Bunton, and Phil Wilson and Sammy Nesticco as judges. First place in the junior high division went to the Western Dance Band, with the Sidney Lanier Stage Band second. In the high school division, the Bethesda-Chevy Chase Stage Band, directed by Bert Damron, came in first. George Horan's Langley Stage Band was second.

Twenty-two bands participated in the Mundelein (Ill.) Stage Band Festival. Clark Terry was guest clinician and soloist. William Russo, Robert Haddick, and John Rouillard judged the AA division, with Warren Kime, Dick Dreiss, and Hank Wintczak the A division.

The Melodons of Notre Dame High School in Niles, Ill. were first in the AA division, followed by Proviso Township and Wheeling High School. 

CONFERENCE

(Continued from page 21)

jockey Carmichael's jazz program was taken off the air and replaced by rock programming. Through the efforts of the two men, the club, which now claims some 4,000 listening members, has been involved in a variety of activities: the presentation of jazz concerts in schools, with the co-operation of the Philadelphia Board of Education; monthly listening sessions of live and recorded music; lectures; sponsorship of an annual jazz boat trip on the Delaware River; concerts presented at a local veterans hospital; and the annual presentation of a citation to a prominent jazz figure (the 1967 award went to pianist Horace Silver). The club plans to conduct regular jazz Vesper Services, as the Rev. Mr. Gensel has been doing in New York for some time.

The second panel, with Art D'Lugoff, owner of New York's Village Gate; Ira Gitler, *Down Beat's* N.Y. editor; Al Fisher, JI member and jazz columnist for the Long Island *Entertainer*; Burton Greene, avant-garde pianist; and moderator Taylor, offered the usual complaints and pleas regarding the state of jazz. The panel generated considerable comment from members of the audience, including Henry Pleasants, author of *The Agony of Modern Music*

and *Death of a Music?*; drummer Milford Graves; Conover; and songwriter Mike Montgomery.

Jazz education on the high school level was ably demonstrated at a Sunday afternoon program by drummer-teacher Clem DeRosa. DeRosa, active in teaching for more than a decade, used his current ensemble of 14- to 16-year-olds, the Cold Spring Harbor Jazz Band from Long Island, to illustrate his points. He stressed the importance of discipline and attacked hidebound music educators for attempting to keep jazz out of the modern school music departments.

The conference closed with the Rev. Mr. Gensel's presentation of three Vesper Services. The first was an abbreviated version of a typical service, using the Joe Newman Quintet; this was followed by a special service written and performed by guitarist-folk singer Robert Edwin; and by excerpts from the service Pastor Gensel gave at the 1966 Newport Jazz Festival, *Bless You*, composed by Howard McGhee with text by his wife, Sandy, and on this occasion played by McGhee's quintet.

There was also a tribute to Billy Strayhorn, played by pianist-composer Luther Henderson. Eddie Bonnemere closed the vespers with an illustration, wherein he played piano and sang all parts himself, of his Catholic mass,

Missa Hodierna, a work scored for orchestra and chorus.

The Friday and Saturday night programs were devoted to jazz entertainment. The first evening had Joe Newman's quintet (Newman, trumpet; Matthew Gee, trombone; Monty Alexander, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; and Bobby Thomas, drums) in a three-hour, free-wheeling session. The quintet was augmented by baritone saxophonist Pepper Adams, trombonist Benny Powell, and Toots Thielemans.

On Saturday evening, before the field trip, Ernest Smith, a JI director, presented jazz films from his famed collection—Bessie Smith in *St. Louis Blues*; Duke Ellington's *Black and Tan Fantasy*; Gjon Mili's *Jammin' the Blues*, with Lester Young; and shorts featuring Fats Waller, Benny Goodman, Bob Crosby, and a Louis Armstrong-Jack Teagarden duet.

The conference, an unqualified success, can serve to light the way for co-operation with other jazz societies with similar goals. Already, there are several such groups in existence—the Left Bank Jazz Society in Baltimore and Washington, the Louisville Jazz Council, the Dallas Jazz Society, and others. Active collaboration between these groups could fruitfully enlarge their scope of activities, and contribute substantially to the health and welfare of jazz. 

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New York: October was Ella Fitzgerald month in New York. On the 15th, the singer appeared at Philharmonic Hall in Cue Magazine's *Salute to ASCAP*, and received ASCAP's "Pied Piper" award, given to a woman for the first time. Then, she opened at the Royal Box of the Hotel Americana, where, on opening night, she was awarded a trophy by the National Radio Broadcasters Association. Backing at the Royal Box was provided by her trio, led by music director-pianist Tee Carson, with Bob Cranshaw, bass, and Fred Waits, drums. Filling out the supporting ensemble were Bill Berry, Ziggy Harrell, trumpets; Garnett Brown, trombone; George Dorsey, Seldon Powell, and Pepper Adams, reeds . . . Gene Krupa has signed a five-year contract with the Metropole providing for four engagements per year, through 1972 . . . Scenes for the film *For the Love of Ivy*, which co-stars Abbey Lincoln with Sidney Poitier, were shot at the Village Gate . . . As part of Gulf Oil's community relations program, a cocktail party was given at the Hotel Carlyle for members of the NAACP and the Urban League, hosted by Roy Kohler, *Down Beat's* correspondent for the Pittsburgh area. Kohler selected the music, which was supplied by pianist Wynton Kelly's trio (Cecil McBee, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums). Tiny Irvin, who worked

with Dizzy Gillespie in the late '40s, knocked everyone out with her song stylings . . . The same week, the Kellys, with tenor man Hank Mobley, were the attraction at Slugs'. They were preceded, in the first week of October, by alto saxophonist Sonny Red, with trumpeter Tommy Turrentine and pianist Bobby Timmons . . . Tenor saxophonist Sam Donahue, who took over for Kai Winding as music director of the Playboy earlier this year, holds forth as featured soloist with bassist Earl May's quartet in the club's Living Room (Larry Willis, piano; Al Gaffa, guitar; Al Foster, drums). When May went to Washington, D.C., with Herbie Mann's group to play Lynda Bird's party for Princess Alexandra of Great Britain, Ron Carter subbed on Fender bass. Mann's former bassist, Reggie Workman, has joined the Lee Shaw Trio . . . Upstairs at the Playboy, in the Penthouse, pianist Walter Norris, bassist Bill Crow, and drummer Ray Mosca back the shows . . . Trumpeter Lee Morgan's group played the *Jazz Day* session at the East Village Inn . . . Drummer Bobby Rosengarden and his All-Stars opened the International Art of Jazz concert series at the Holiday Inn in Plainview, L.I. The group included Urbie Green, trombone; Arnie Lawrence, alto saxophone; Dick Hyman, piano; and Bob Haggart, bass . . . The Dave Liebman Quintet (Liebman, tenor saxophone; Randy Brecker, trumpet; Mike Garson, piano; Cameron Brown, bass; and Lonnie Rutstein, drums) played City College Nov.

15 and will appear at Hunter College Nov. 22 . . . On Nov. 17, the Utterbach Concert Ensemble will present their "Concert of the Year" at Carnegie Hall. Featured on the program will be *Portraits of a People*, a tribute to Langston Hughes . . . Quinnipiac College in Hamden, Conn., has expanded the Jazz Workshop course under the direction of Sonny and Sam Costanzo. A series of 18-two-hour Tuesday evening sessions comprise the course, which teaches the fundamentals of jazz, and improvisational and ensemble playing . . . The Young-Holt Trio did four weeks at Sheppard's from mid-October to mid-November. The former Ramsey Lewis sidemen, bassist Eldee Young and drummer Isaac (Red) Holt, have pianist Don Walker filling out their threesome . . . Pianist Walter Bishop Jr. did two weeks at the Persian Room in Albany with Jimmy Phillips, bass, and Dick Berk, drums . . . Don Elliott, who has been toiling merrily away in jingeland, will record for Verve utilizing his vibes, trumpet, mellophone, and multi-tracking of voices. Helen Keane will co-produce his albums.

Los Angeles: Erroll Garner has completed the formation of his new quartet. After looking and listening around the Los Angeles area for a couple of months, he signed bassist Ike Isaacs and drummer Jimmy Smith (conga drummer Jose Mangual remains with Garner). Isaacs formerly fronted the house trio at the Pied Piper and had Smith with him. The third member of that trio, pianist Jack

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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.

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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.

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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.

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

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Wilson, is now leading the trio at the Pied Piper, and has added **Lewis Large**, bass; and **Verner Barlow**, drums. They'll be backing singer **O.C. Smith**, who is now making the Pied Piper his Los Angeles home base. On Tuesdays and Sunday afternoons, pianist **Jimmy Bunn's** trio is featured there, with **Pat Livingston**, vocals; **Charles Norris**, electric bass; **Jesse Price**, drums . . . **Louis Jordan** made one of his rare appearances in Los Angeles. He's been confined to a circuit that takes him from Las Vegas to Reno to Phoenix. As he put it, "I've been living in Los Angeles now for five years, and they finally found a spot for me here." The spot was the Hong Kong Bar of the Century Plaza Hotel. Helping him to put on a Vegas-type lounge show was his attractive wife, **Martha**. Others in the **Tympani Five** were **Bob Mitchell**, trumpet; **Kenny Andrews**, organ and vocals; **Leo Blevins**, guitar; **Sol Samuels**, drums. Jordan was on alto saxophone and vocals . . . **Duke Ellington** was in town for two successive fund-raising activities: a *Concert of Sacred Music* with the **Choir of Holman** at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, for the Holman Methodist Church; and the benefit concert for Transport-A-Child the following night at Santa Monica Civic Auditorium. The latter show, produced by **Leonard Feather**, was scheduled to feature **Tony Bennett**, **Steve Allen**, **Marlena Shaw**, and **Shelly Manne** fronting a group including **Oliver Nelson**, **Frank Rosolino**, **Howard Roberts**, **Joe Sample**, and **Red Mitchell**, in addition to the Ellington band . . . A benefit that had to be postponed until a later date would have honored **Rex Stewart** and raised funds for the Watts Writers Workshop. It had originally been set at **Redd Foxx's** club. Stewart's fluegelhorn has been bought by **Charles Champlin**, entertainment editor of the *Los Angeles Times*. The acquisition might not be entirely motivated by sentiment, or the one-time professional link (Stewart was a free-lance reviewer for the paper). Champlin is a non-gigging trumpet player . . . Now that **Ella Fitzgerald** is one of Capitol's artists, producer **Dave Dexter** plans to develop a "totally different sound" for the singer. Included in his plans: more spiritual recordings (her first album for Capitol is a collection of religious songs, *Brighten the Corner*) and even country music . . . **Bill Cosby** has become one of us. The comedian-singer-actor joined **Local 47** of the AFM, listed as a percussionist. Cosby, one of the more familiar sights at local jazz clubs (replete with his *I Spy* sneakers) has always had a keen interest in jazz, and sits in with groups as often as he can . . . Sitting in remains a favorite pastime at Donte's in North Hollywood. **Peggy Lee** sat in with **Lou Levy**; ditto for **George Shearing**, with **Joe Pass's** combo. Pass was a recent attraction at a "Guitar Night" session, fronting a group including **John Pisano**, guitar; **Charlie Shoemaker**, vibes; **Bob Whitlock**, bass; **Bill Goodwin**, drums. **Wes Montgomery**, attracted by the Monday guitar sessions, also dropped in, but came to listen, not to sit in. Montgomery later joined **Erroll Garner**—another consistent "dropper-inner"—at Marty's-on-the-

Hill to catch the **Jimmy Smith Trio**. Smith was Marty's Monday Night Jazz Society feature. **Lorez Alexandria** and **Bobby Bryant's** septet followed for a two-week stint. Pianist **Marty Harris** was subbing for **Joe Sample**, who these days is up to his goatee in commitments. Other new faces were scattered among the players: **Bob Saravia**, bass; **Robby Robinson**, drums; and the latest addition to the one-time sextet, **Moses Obligation**, conga drums. The regulars were Bryant, trumpet; **Hadley Calliman** and **Herman Riley**, tenor saxophones. Bryant's group remained at Marty's to back **Marlena Shaw** . . . UCLA has begun its *Jazz at UCLA* series for the 1967-68 season. **Nina Simone** led off Nov. 11; **Joao Gilberto** follows Dec. 9; and **Charles Lloyd** concludes the concert series Jan. 13. All events will take place at Royce Hall on the campus . . . While **Miles Davis's** group was at Marty's, tenor saxophonist **Wayne Shorter** was robbed of \$520. The theft occurred in the motel behind the club . . . A new group, **The Sound of Feeling**, did a couple of one-nighters at Donte's. They boast a front line of identical twins named **Alice** and **Rhae Andreece**, who share vocal honors with pianist-guitarist-arranger-leader **Gary David**. They sing in quarter-tones and unconventional meters. David also employs quarter-tones on his specially constructed guitar. Backing them were bassists **Bob Ciccarelli** and **Paul Breslin**, and percussionist **Dick Wilson** . . . *The Golden Age of Popular Music*, a one-hour program of original and rare recordings of the big bands from the '30s and '40s, is now available for radio syndication. **Vince Rowe**, who works in merchandising and publicity for ABC in Los Angeles, has joined forces with **Kristom Productions** in Hollywood to handle distribution . . . **Howard Lucraft**, who hosts *International Jazz Beat* over Beverly Hills' KCBH-FM, conducted a three-Sunday post mortem on the Monterey Jazz Festival with **Chuck Weisenberg** and **Harvey Siders** as guests . . . **Harry (Sweets) Edison** came back to Memory Lane while the **Gerald Wiggins Trio** and singer **Bill Henderson** were appearing there. Shortly thereafter, **Mongo Santamaria** began a brief gig at the club . . . The **Jazz Symphonies**—the teenies who dig bop—played a three-night engagement at the Tropicana . . . **Ornette Coleman** was in for five nights at Shelly's Manne-Hole with bassists **Dave Izenzon** and **Charlie Haden** and drummer **Ed Blackwell**. **Wes Montgomery** followed for two weeks . . . **Lou Rawls** recently returned from London to tape a guest spot on the **Dean Martin** show, and to do a six-night stint at the Carousel Theater, backed by **H.B. Barnum** and the orchestra, with **Mongo Santamaria** . . . **Cal Tjader** and his quintet will appear in a pool-side jam session for a new Columbia film, *For Singles Only*. Tjader played a concert on the campus of the University of Hawaii . . . **Kellie Greene** is on her way up. The pianist-vibist-flutist-arranger recently signed with **Sol Hurok Productions** and with Dot records. Miss Greene just completed a long stand at **Bob Adler's** 940 Club. With her in the trio: **Jim Crutcher**, bass; **Bob Morin**, drums . . . Ever hear

of the **Cosmic Brotherhood**? Thanks to Impulse records, you soon will. **Bill Plummer**, a bassist who has gigged with **Paul Horn's** combo and **Miles Davis's** quintet, but is most active in the Hollywood studios, formed the 15-piece group for his first date under his new contract with Impulse. Personnel: **Tom Scott**, reeds; **Lynn Blessing**, vibes; **Mike Lang**, piano; **Ron Anthony**, **Dennis Budimir**, guitars; **Carol Vay**, electric bass; **Plummer**, **Ray Neapolitan**, **Hersh Hamel**, sitar and tamboura; **Jan Steward**, sarod; **Milt Holland**, tabla; **Bill Goodwin**, **Maurice Miller**, drums; **Mike Craden**, percussion . . . **Jerry Fielding** is keeping busy these days with scoring assignments. His option was picked up for the remainder of the 30 episodes of CBS-TV's *He & She*. Fielding has scored all of the segments so far. He has been signed to score an upcoming *Mission: Impossible* segment, and will be music director for a 60-minute TV special, *ASCAP's Salute to the March of Dimes*. On top of all this, Fielding will cut an album for Command, *Near East-Far West Style*. Meanwhile, the regular composer-conductor of *Mission: Impossible*, **Lalo Schifrin**, will cut an album based on music from that series for Dot . . . **Johnny Williams** has been inked to score an NBC-TV special, *Heidi* . . . **Marty Paich** will arrange and conduct **Jack Jones's** first effort for RCA Victor . . . Liberty is using the Buddy system to strike it rich. **Buddy Rich's** daughter, **Cathy**, aged 13, is now chirping for the label . . . Among the new members just elected to the board of directors of the Composers and Lyricists Guild: **Quincy Jones** and **Jimmie Haskell**.

San Francisco: Centennial Jazz Year—the continuation of the Jazz '67 program instituted at the University of California in Berkeley last year by the Associated Students—was launched by a concert that presented guitarist **Bola Sete's** trio, the **Grateful Dead**, and the **Charles Lloyd Quartet**. Staged in the campus' outdoor Greek Theater on a sunny Sunday afternoon, the program drew nearly 5,000 listeners. A series of cabarets to be presented during the school year in the Student Union was scheduled to open with the **Bobby Hutchinson-Harold Land Quintet**. Student **Jamie Bennett** is chairman of Centennial Jazz Year. His associates include graduate **Darlene Chan**, who was chiefly responsible for creation of Jazz '67 and headed that production—the first such on the Berkeley Campus . . . Altoist **John Handy** was scheduled to make his grand opera debut in San Francisco. A septet led by Handy played the jazz portions of **Gunther Schuller's** opera, *The Visitation*, presented three times in November by the San Francisco Opera Company. Handy planned to use his quartet—**Mike Noek**, piano; **Albert Stinson**, bass; **Doug Sides**, drums, and himself—plus **Forrest Buchtel**, trumpet; **Fred Mergy**, trombone; and **Denver Bill Perkins**, clarinet and bass clarinet . . . **Duke Ellington** sat in with pianist **Chris Ibanez's** trio (**Vernon Alley**, bass; **Dave Black**, drums) during a noon concert in a down-

town San Francisco park. The event was held to publicize the Ellington orchestra's appearance in a concert for a bay area cultural organization, The Atheneum. The noontime session marked the first time Black had played with Ellington since his 1953-54 term with the orchestra . . . Drummer **Dick Berk**, now back in New York to rejoin trumpeter **Ted Curson**, baritonist **Nick Brignola**, and bassist **Reggie Johnson**, was not idle during the vacation he spent here in his parents' home. Berk sat in with the **Jazz Messengers**, the **George Duke Trio**, and with altoist **Monty Waters'** group at Bop City, and also played a weekend gig with bassist **Henry Grimes** and pianist **Kent Glenn**. This was Berk's first visit home in eight years. . . . **Mickey McPhillips** is the new bassist with the hungry i house band, whose other members are pianist-leader **Clyde Pound** and drummer **Benny Barth**. **Al Obidinski**, the previous bassist, resigned to join the pit band at the Circle Star Theater in San Carlos . . . Drummer **John Markham** organized the band that backed singer **Petula Clark** on her recent Canadian tour. The band was composed chiefly of local jazz musicians . . . Pianist **Denny Zeitlin's** trio is again playing Monday nights at the Trident . . . The **George Shearing Quintet** opened the 1967-68 Walnut Creek Arts Forum series with a concert staged in the Las Lomas High School auditorium. Future attractions will include pianist **Vince Guaraldi's** trio with the San Francisco Boys Chorus . . . Vibist **Cal Tjader's** quintet was presented in concert by the Hayward Area Concert Association in Chabot College's spanking new auditorium . . . **Stan Kenton** and his orchestra played Friday-Saturday concert-dances at the Thunderbolt Hotel in Millbrae as benefits for the Belmont Greek Orthodox Church. The following night the orchestra was at Foothill College in Los Altos, another peninsula community, for the opening event of the 1967-68 Fine Art Series . . . Organist **Merl Saunders'** trio, which now has Connecticut guitarist **Jimmy Daniels** and S.F. drummer **Eddie Moore** as members, played a week at the Jazz Workshop . . . The **Firehouse Five Plus Two** made its annual Northern California appearance at Earthquake McGoon's here Nov. 3 and 4 . . . Bassist **Wyatt (Bull) Ruther** and drummer **Art Lewis** played with pianist **Teddy Wilson** during his engagement at the Trident . . . The New Orleans Jazz Club of Northern California staged a session at Sunnyvale, 40 miles south of here, with **Ev Farey's Bay City Jazz Band** and **Emperor Norton's Jazz Band** alternating on the stand.

Chicago: Drummer **Steve McCall** opened with a sextet at Sauer's Brauhaus (311 E. 23rd St.) Oct. 20 for an indefinite run of Fridays and Saturdays. Trumpeter **Erskine Brody**, tenorist **Maurice McIntyre**, pianist **Richard Abrams**, guitarist **Joe D'Orio**, and bassist **Lester Lashley** share the action with McCall, and **Andy Bey** was featured vocalist on the debut session. Plans are for the group

to expand into a big band . . . Vocalist **Nancy Wilson** with her trio (including bassist **Buster Williams** and drummer **Mickey Roker**) and the **Buddy Rich Band** did a one-nighter in mid-October at the Civic Opera House, which also was the scene of a Nov. 3 *Salute to New Orleans*, featuring the groups of **Louis Armstrong** and **Pete Fountain** . . . **Harry Belafonte**, **Aretha Franklin**, **Esther Marrow**, and vocalist **Liz Lands** headlined a Southern Christian Leadership Conference benefit at the International Amphitheater Oct. 20 . . . Under sponsorship of the Pirandello Society and the direction of **Bob Centano**, a 30-piece orchestra, including tenorist **Joe Daley** and bass trumpeter **Cy Touff** performed the first Chicago Civic Center concert in late September . . . Drummer **Barrett Deems** has joined the house band at Jazz, Ltd., long a bastion of tradition (**Don Ingle**, trumpet; **Bill Johnson**, trombone; **Bill Reinhart**, clarinet; **Rozelle Claxton**, piano; **Emmanuel Sayles**, banjo; **Dave DeVore**, bass). Actor **Dan Dailey** sat in on drums several times during his Chicago stint as star of *The Odd Couple*.

Detroit: Two of Detroit's top jazz groups went back to work in mid-October. Singer **Mark Richards** and pianist **Keith Vreeland's** trio (**Dick Wiggington**, bass; **Jim Nemeth**, drums), went into the Shadow Box, replacing drummer **Ralph Jay's** trio. Bassist **Ernie Farrow's** quintet (**John Hair**, trombone; **Joe Thurman**, tenor; **Teddy Harris**, piano; **James Youngblood**, drums) went into the Drome as house band between "name" attractions . . . Local trombonist **George Bohanon** joined **Lou Donaldson's** quartet for the altoist's Drome engagement. Other members of the group were organist **Billy Gardner** and drummer **Billy Kaye**. A guest one night was drummer **Clifford Mack** . . . Pianist-vocalist **Bobby Laurel's** group at the Apartment currently includes bassist **Fred Housey** and drummer **Gene Stewart** . . . Singer **Shari Waters** has left the AuSable. Her accompanists, the **Changeables Trio**, remain to provide instrumental music Thursday through Saturday. On Wednesday and Sunday, it's the **Julio Shane Trio** . . . The duo of organist **Clyde Lumpkin** and drummer **Archie Taylor** has replaced organist **James Cox'** trio at the Hobby Bar. On weekends, vocalist **Cody Black** is an added attraction . . . The Oct. 14 weekend offered an abundance of concerts here. Oct. 14, it was **Count Basie** at Cobo Hall. The following night, jazz fans had to choose between the package of **Nancy Wilson**, comedian **Dick Davy**, and local trombonist **Jimmy Wilkins'** big band at Ford Auditorium, or **Thelonious Monk**, **Gloria Lynn**, and **Iugh Masekela** at Masonic Temple . . . Flint multi-instrumentalist **Sherman Mitchell** has added alto saxophone to his battery of instruments, as he demonstrated recently when he turned up in Ann Arbor to sit in with bassist **Ron Brooks'** trio at the Town Bar. Brooks' group can now be heard four nights a week, having added Wednesday night.

New Orleans: Live Music Week in New Orleans was celebrated by a series of concerts in Jackson Square. Among the bands playing were **Sharkey Bonano**, **Dutch Andrus**, **Ronnie Kole**, and the **Tulane University Lab Band**, led by trombonist **Ted Demuth** . . . At the Bistro, **Ronnie Dupont's** modern quartet is augmented on Monday nights by trumpeter **Warren Leuning**. The other house band, led by pianist **Pibe Hine**, recently added a second percussionist and is playing Latin-jazz for dancing . . . Pianist **Joe Burton** is doing a nightly TV spot on WVUE for the Top-of-the-Mart lounge, where he is playing cocktail hours . . . **Pete Fountain** played a Chicago date on the same bill with **Louis Armstrong** after a tour of Mid-Western colleges . . . Drummer **Monk Hazel** was presented with a plaque in appreciation for his contribution to New Orleans jazz. The New Orleans Jazz Club honored the drummer at a jazz cruise concert and party on the steamer *President* last month . . . Gospel singer **Mahalia Jackson** is recuperating in Chicago from heart trouble which cancelled most of a projected six-week tour of Europe. After recovering, the New Orleans-born singer will cut an album with the **Mormon Tabernacle Choir** . . . Pop-folk singers **Simon and Garfunkel** played a concert at the Loyola Field House in mid-November . . . Trombonist **Al Hermann** has returned to New Orleans after getting a Ph.D. in Physics and teaching at several universities in the Mid-West and on the West Coast. Also returning to New Orleans is trumpeter **Roy Liberto**, whose Dixie group is in residence at the Famous Door after several years on the road . . . Pianist **Jack Hebert** joined clarinetist **Tony Mitchell's** combo at the Fontainebleau Motel.

St. Louis: The Veiled Prophet Ball, the year's top social event, has broken the r&r barrier by securing the services of the area's No. 1 rhythm-and-blues and soul-sound group, **Bob Kuban and the In Men** (**Lou Otter**, trumpet; **Skip Weiser**, trombone; **Brian Hamilton**, saxophone; **Ken Cooper**, organ; **Denny Linoe**, guitar; **Tom Zuzenak**, bass; **Kuban**, drums; **Jeanne Arnold**, vocals) . . . The old Broadview Hotel has a new name, Stadium Motor Inn, and a new weekend jazz and session policy, featuring drummer **Pete Johnstone's** trio (**Charley Ford**, piano; **Ken Rodenberg**, bass) . . . Veteran clarinetist **Norman Mason** has suffered a stroke and has everybody's best wishes for a speedy recovery . . . The recent AFM Local 2 annual picnic featured the bands of **Jack Engler**, **Rich Wargin**, **Singleton Palmer**, and **Gary Dammer** . . . After a long run at the local Playboy Club, multi-instrumentalist **Don Cunningham's** quartet (**Rick Bolden**, piano; **John Mixon**, bass; **Manny Quintero**, drums) opened at Le Left Bank and has been offered an indefinite stay.

Seattle: **Duke Ellington** and band are booked into D-J's Dec. 1-10, a blues-

dance house where the Ducal team packed them in last year . . . **Charles Lloyd, Keith Jarrett, Ron McClure, and Jack DeJohnette** gave two superb performances Oct. 7 and 8 at the Eagles with the eye-blowing **Retina Circus** light show from San Francisco . . . A Sunday Jazz Steamboat Excursion sailed Oct. 29 under the flag of the Seattle Jazz Society. On board were local groups led by **Floyd Standifer, Joe Brazil, George Siegel**, and others. **Brazil**, a soprano and tenor saxophonist, is leading weekend groups at the Checkmate, using bassist **Rufus Reid**, drummer **Bob Tuggle**, and pianist **Lee Anderson** for Saturday breakfasts, and on Sunday evenings, pianist **Bob Nixon**, tenorist **Omar Brown**, trumpeter **Ed Lee**, and **Tuggle**. **Brazil** is also teaching an evening course on Contemporary Music at Seattle Community College . . . Also at the Checkmate weeknights was vocalist **Woody Woodhouse**, with organist **Mike Mandel** and drummer **Steve Haas** . . . **Ray Charles** and his **Raelettes** played the Center Arena Oct. 28 . . . **Diana Ross** and the **Supremes** and **Hugh Masekela** shared the bill Oct. 30 in the big Coliseum . . . At the Penthouse, **Teddy Wilson** brings in his trio Nov. 21-27, followed by **Jimmy Smith**, Nov. 30-Dec. 9 . . . **Big Brother** and the **Holding Company** with the powerful **Janis Joplin** insured the continuance of the Eagles music-and-lights scene with two big nights Oct. 13 and 14.

London: The big fall jazz festival at Ronnie Scott's Club is in full swing. **Tubby Hayes'** big band played Nov. 12, followed by **Archie Shepp's** quintet, in through Nov. 25, with saxophonist-singer **Vi Redd** sharing the bill. The great **Coleman Hawkins** opens a month's engagement two days later. The tenor saxophonist's stint follows a tour with the **Oscar Peterson Trio**, which kicked off at Queen Elizabeth Hall Nov. 4 . . . While in England, the **Max Roach Quintet** taped a show for BBC-TV's *Release* series, and recorded for the drummer's own label. **Roach** also participated in a drum clinic and a cymbal clinic, and his trumpeter, **Charles Tolliver**, recorded with pianist **Mike Pyne**, bassist **Ron Matthewson**, and drummer **Tony Oxley** . . . Pianist **Hampton Hawes** passed through London recently, looking very fit, and sat in with local groups. While in Copenhagen, **Hawes** taped for Radio Denmark.

Denmark: Violinist **Stuff Smith**, who died in Munich, Germany, was buried in the peaceful village of Klakring on the west coast of Jutland, Denmark, Oct. 10 . . . The **Mothers of Invention** gave a concert in Copenhagen Oct. 1. The Danish avant-garde group, **Cadantia Nova Danica**, performed at the same concert. One of the members of the **CND**, altoist **John Tchicai**, arrived directly from the jazz festival in Bologna, Italy, where he had played the night before . . . **Elvira (Vi) Redd**, the alto saxophonist-singer, played the Montmartre in Copenhagen during the first three weeks of October, accompanied

by the house rhythm section of **Kenny Drew, Niels Henning Orsted, and Albert Heath**. On the first two nights, **Hampton Hawes** played piano . . . The American Blues Festival including **Bukka White, Son House, Skip James, Hound Dog Taylor, Koko Taylor, and Brownie McGhee-Sonny Terry** gave a concert at Tivoli Oct. 11. The reviews were extraordinarily good this year . . . The excellent trio of Swedish pianist **Bengt Hallberg (Lars Pettersson, bass; Egil Johansen, drums)** toured Danish schools for two weeks recently. They also gave a well-received concert at the University of Arhus Oct. 6 . . . The Vingaarden in Copenhagen continues a policy of presenting Danish traditional groups—mainly **Papa**

Bue's Viking Jazz Band, which has been playing for more than a decade. The Vikings toured the British Isles during the first half of November . . . Bassist **Finn von Eyben** took a group to the jazz festival in Warsaw.

Toronto: For the first time in 13 years the **Modern Jazz Quartet** appeared in a Toronto club. The same night the **MJQ** opened at the Colonial, **Carmen McRae** was singing at The Town, **Olive Brown** with **Cy McLean's** trio opened at the Ford Hotel, and the **Saints and Sinners** were in for a six-week run at the Cav-A Bob Restaurant . . . The **Staple Singers** sang for a week at the Riverboat.

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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, Frl.-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 Inn: 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 Ullano, 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-McLauler, tfn.
La Martiniere: sessions, 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: Al Hirt, 11/24-12/2.
Metropole: Gene Krupa, 11/24-12/2.
Miss Lacey's: Cecil Young.
Motel (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.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown.
Shepherd's: Kai Winding to 12/9.
Slug's: Sun Ra, Mon.
Star Fire Lounge (Levittown): Joe Coleman, sessions, Mon.
Sulky (Roosevelt Raceway): Dick Norell, Hap Gormley, Mon.
Summit Hotel: Jimmy Butts to 1/1.
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: Nina Simone, Montego Joe to 11/26.
Village Vanguard: Gary Burton to 11/26. Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
White Plains Hotel: Saints and Sinners.

CHICAGO

Baroque: Judy Roberts, Fri.-Sat.
Havana-Madrid: various Latin groups, wknds.
Hungry Eye: unk.
Hurricane Lounge: Eddie Harris, wknds. Ken Chaney, Mon.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
London House: Oscar Peterson to 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, hb.
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.
Playboy Club: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ron Elliston, Joe Iaco, hb.
Plugged Nickel: Wes Montgomery to 11/19. Herbie Mann, 11/21-12/3.
Pumpkin Room: Dave Shipp, wknds. Joe Boyce, Tue.
Robin's Nest: various r&b groups.
Sauer's Brauhaus: Steve McCall, Fri.-Sat.
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.
White Elephant: Jazz Prophets, Tue.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb.
Apartment: Bobby Laurel.
AuSable: Changeables Trio, Thur.-Sat. Julio Shane, Wed., Sun.
Baker's Keyboard: Richard (Groove) Holmes to 11/19. Mongo Santamaria, 11/24-12/3. Dizzy Gillespie, 12/5-10. Wes Montgomery, 12/10-17.
Bandit's Villa: Terry Harrington, Fri.-Sat. afterhours.
Bob and Rob's: Lenore Paxton, Tue.-Sat.
Breakers: Alex Kallao, Tue.-Sat.
Chez Beau: Danny Stevenson, Ron DePalma, Tue.-Sat.
Checker Bar-B-Q: Jerry Harrison, Mon.-Sat. afterhours.
Drome: name groups weekly. Ernie Farrow, hb.
Frolic: Lyman Woodard, Fri.-Sun.
Hobby Bar: Clyde Lumpkin, Cody Black.
Jack Brokenha's: Jack Brokensha, Tue.-Sat. Ursula Walker, Fri.-Sat.
Michigan Union (Ann Arbor): Stuart Aptekar, alternate Fri.
Momo's: Frank Newman, Fri.-Sat.
Neptune's Hideaway (Harrison Township): Tom Saunders.
Pagoda (Clawson): Joe Grande.
Pier One: Willie Green, Tue.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Matt Michael, J. C. Heard, Mon.-Sat.
Roostertail: John Trudell, hb.
St. Regis Hotel: Dorothy Ashby.
Shadow Box: Mark Richards, Keith Vreeland, Fri.-Sat.
Sheraton Inn (Ann Arbor): Vince Mance.
Showboat: Earl Scott.
Sir-Loin Inn: Jerry Libby.
Tonga: Charles Harris, Tue.-Sat., Sun. afternoon.
Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, Wed.-Sat.
Wilkins Lounge (Orchard Lake): Bill Stevenson, Mon.-Sat.

LOS ANGELES

Aladdin: Thomas Todd.
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. Louis Bellson, Thur. Pete Jolly, 11/17-18.
Empire Room (Culver City): Ernie Scott.
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.
It Club: jazz, nightly.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Jimmy Smith to 11/26. 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 to 11/18. Harry (Sweets) Edison.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee. Celebrity night, Mon.
Pied Piper: O. C. Smith, Jack Wilson. Jimmy Bunn, Tues., Sun.
Playboy Club: Gene Palumbo, Bob Corwin, hb. Willie Reatum.
Redd Foxx: Kirk Stewart, hb.
Ruddy Duck (Sherman Oaks): Stan Worth.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Carmen McRae 11/16-26. Gabor Szabo, 11/28-12/17. Shelly Manne, wknds.
Sherry's: Don Randi. Mike Melvoin, Sun. Frank Strazzeri, Mon.
Smokehouse (Encino): Bobbi Boyle.
Swing (Studio City): Ray Johnson, Wed.-Sat.
Tiki Island: Charles Kynard.
Tis Ours: jazz, nightly.
Tropicana: jazz, nightly.
Tudor Inn (Norwalk): Gary Jones, hb.
Wonder Bowl (Downey): Johnny Lane.

SAN FRANCISCO

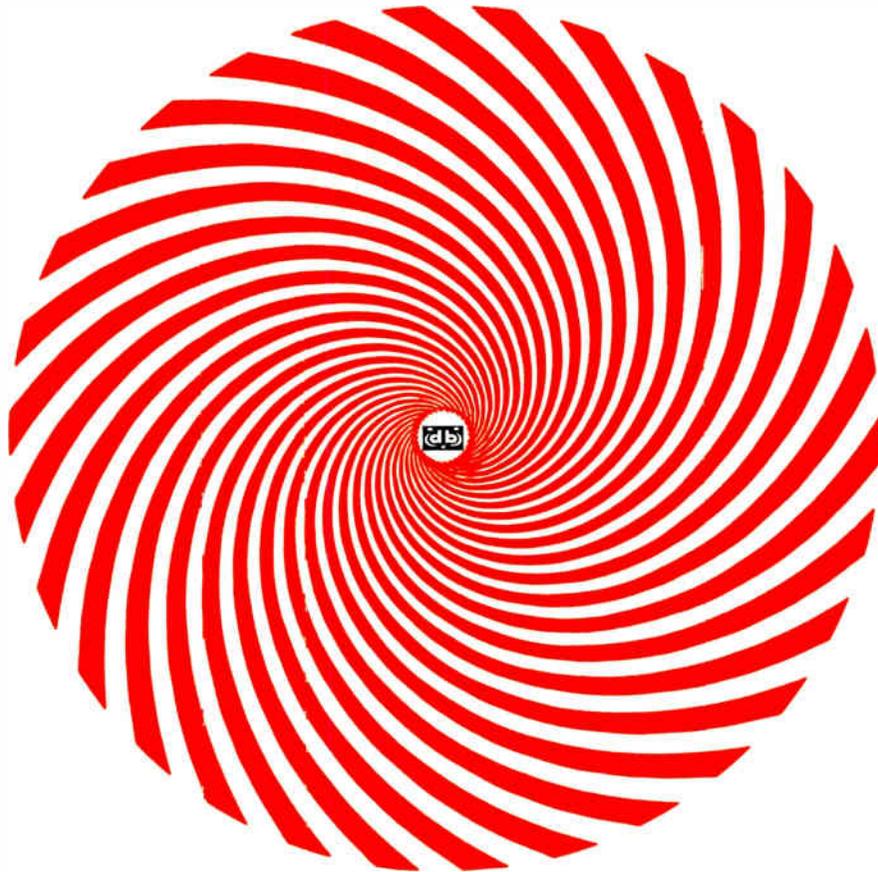
Basin Street West: Duke Ellington to 11/19. John Lee Hooker, Jimmy Reed, 11/22-12/2.
Bop City: Benny Wilson, hb.
Both/And: Big Black to 11/19. Hugh Masakela, 11/21-26. Herbie Mann, 12/12-17. John Coltrane Workshop, Sun.
C'est Bon: Chris Ibanez.
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, wknds.
Earthquake McGoons: 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 1: Clyde Pound, hb.
Jack's of Sutter: Rudy Johnson.
Jazz Workshop: Mose Allison to 11/21. Willie Bobo, 11/22-12/2. Gary Burton, 12/7-11.
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. Denny Zeitlin, Mon.
Villa Roma: Primo Kim, hb.
Weekender: Jason Holiday, hb.

NEW ORLEANS

Bistro: Pibe Hine, Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, Tony Page, Warren Leuning.
Court of Two Sisters: Smilin' Joe, tfn.
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Santo Pecora, Roy Liberto, hb.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, Eddie Miller, tfn.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, hb.
Holly's: modern jazz. afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
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, hb.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.
Top-of-the-Mart: Joe Burton, Paul Guma, tfn.
Touché: Armand Hug, tfn.

BALTIMORE

Bluesette: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells, Phil Harris, Fri.-Sat.
Left Bank Jazz Society (Famous Ballroom): name groups, Sun.
Lenny Moore's: Greg Hatza, wknds.
Peyton Place: Thomas Hurley.
Playboy Club: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells, Al Dailey.
Red Fox: Ethel Ennis.



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