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Vol. 35, No. 1

down beat

THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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contents

- 8 Chords and Discords
- 13 News
- 14 Strictly Ad Lib
- 15 Background Music, by Burt Korall
- 16 The Real Nina Simone: An interview is not always a matter of stock questions and ready-made answers, as this encounter between Miss Simone and Michael Zwerin reveals.
- 18 I'm Looking Through You: Pete Welding answers John Gabree's attack on the Beatles.
- 20 European Impressions: A first-hand account of the Newport Jazz Festival in Europe tour. By Dan Morgenstern
- 23 Berlin Jazz Days: Leonard Feather reports on the happenings at this international festival.
- 25 Quotet: Diverse opinions on the compatibility of jazz and rock are offered by various jazz artists. By Harvey Siders
- 26 Record Reviews
- 31 Reel Jazz, by Harvey Siders
- 32 Blindfold Test: Andy Williams
- 34 Caught in the Act: Prague Jazz Festival • Toshiko Akiyoshi • Various Artists • Salvation • Spontaneous Music Ensemble/Derek Bailey
- 46 Where and When: A guide to current jazz attractions

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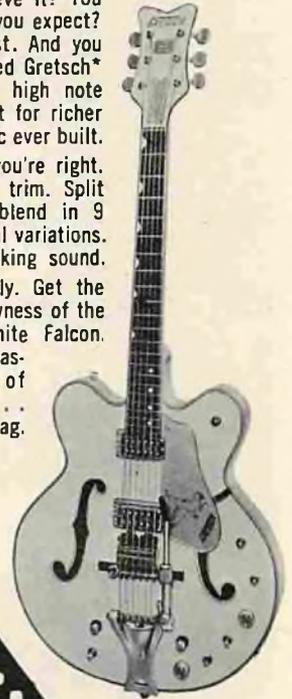
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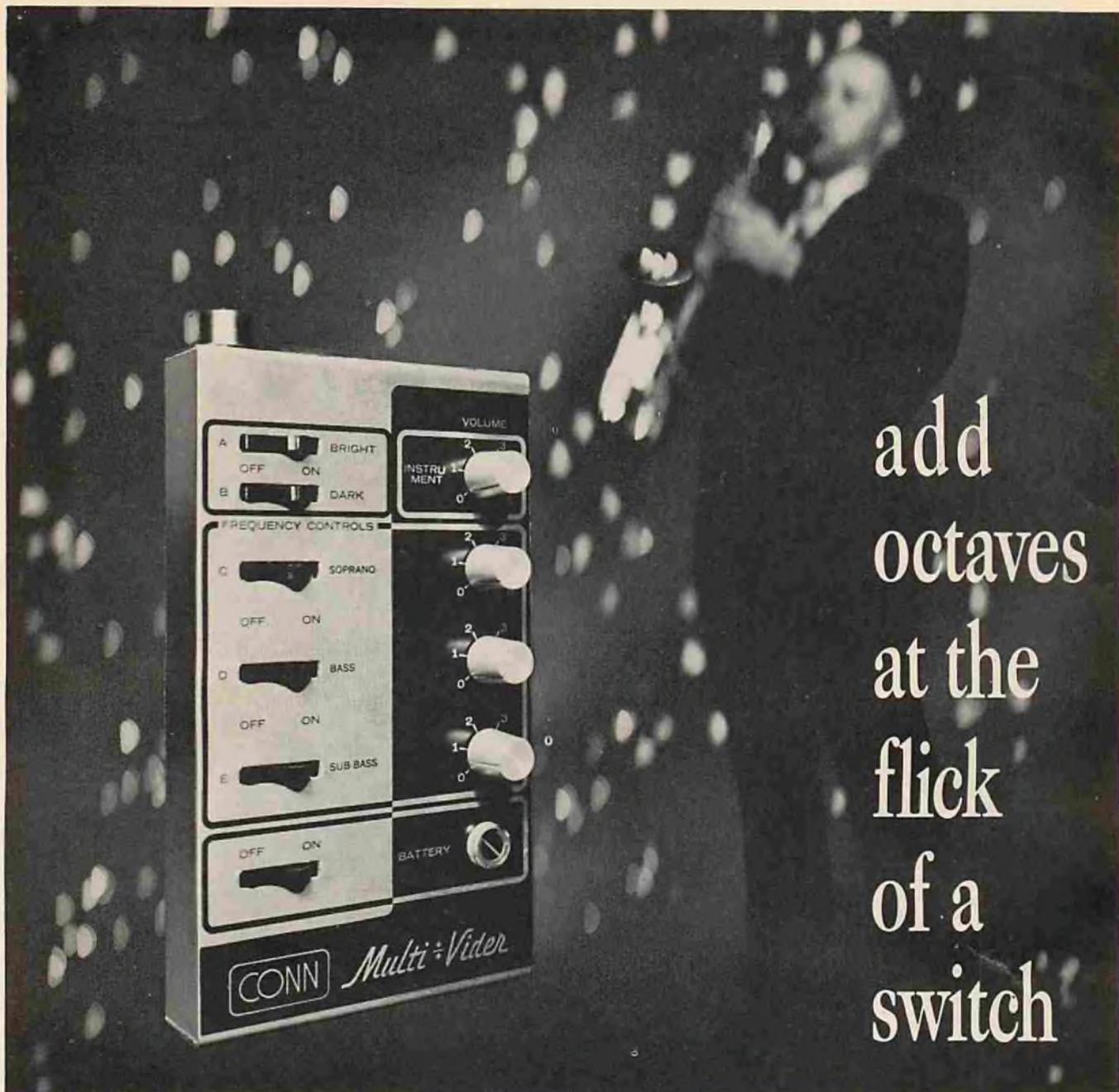
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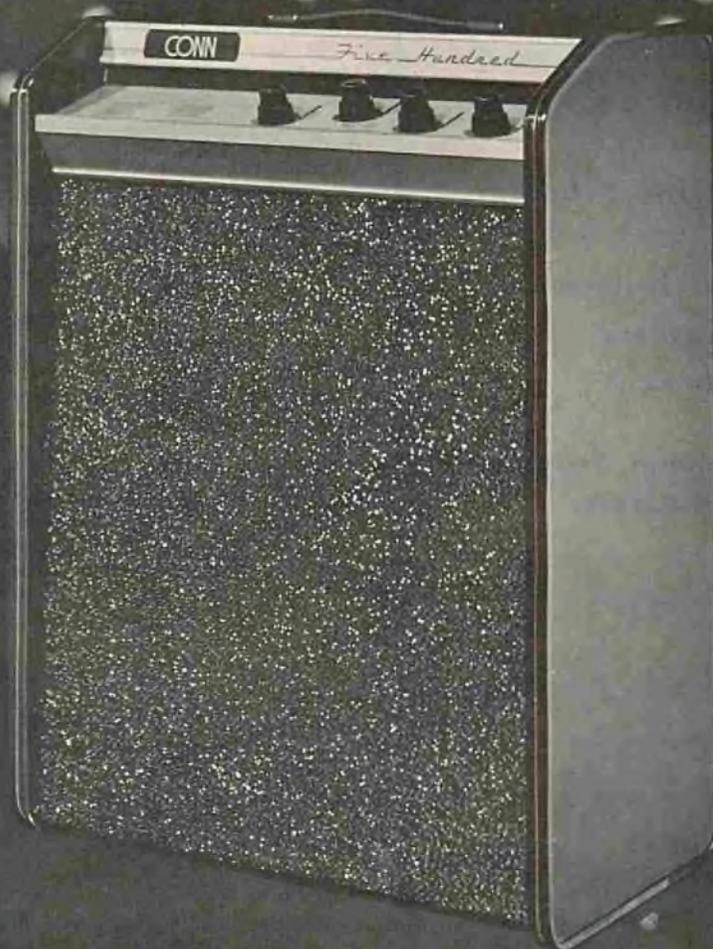
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Rich Reactions

I would like to comment on Buddy Rich's comments (*DB*, Dec. 14). . . . His knowledge of today's jazz is very limited. He talks like he knows one thing and only one thing—big bands.

His band, I think, shouldn't get the credit they've been getting. Individually, they are great; but together, they and Rich haven't introduced anything new. The only thing Rich has accomplished is that he has retrieved the lost art of big-band playing.

It is easily conceivable that Rich is approximately 20 years behind today's musicians in style and thought. While Louie Bellson and Elvin Jones are doing something which Rich cannot do (namely, improvising on drums), he is concentrating on what made Gene Krupa famous years ago—showmanship.

As far as I'm concerned, Rich is, and always will be, an entertainer; not an artist of jazz. If he considers himself above other drummers, why did it take him so long to get to this position?

By the way, I'm a 17-year old vibist who had this thought about Rich six years ago, when I started out as a drummer.

Paul Valente
Medford, Mass.

. . . I'd like to inform Rich that Max Roach is "a teacher" who knows much more than he will ever know about playing music on the drums. Also, I'd recommend to Rich some fine New York drummers such as Billy Higgins, Joe Chambers, and Leo Morris, who are all half of Rich's age and much more "impeccable," even so!

For a conclusion, since I assume Roach's time is limited to his playing engagements, I'd suggest that Rich take lessons from Stanley Spector, a fine teacher, who knows a great deal about keeping jazz time. Then, perhaps, he can work on his basic problem of being an extremely insecure individual.

Martha Giannasio
New York City

Ellis Rejoinder

I take exception to Don DeMicheal's review on Don Ellis' *Live in 3 2/3/4 Time* (*DB*, Nov. 30). First of all, a critic who does not have a positive feeling about a particular artist is going to give a negative critique. DeMicheal seemed to be listening intently for flaws.

His last paragraph, "All told, I have reservations about the current Ellis approach. It has the smell of Hollywood about it," should have precluded him from reviewing this album. He did not delineate the music as he did so thoroughly with the first Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Orchestra album. There was no mention at all of what I think is the most interesting and exciting number in the Ellis album, *Orientation*.

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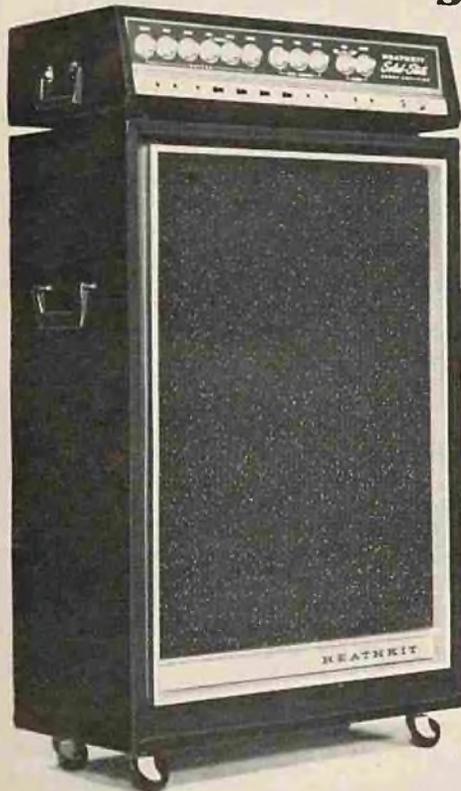
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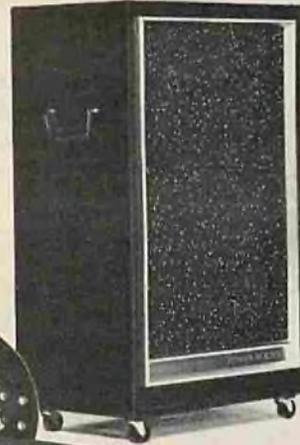
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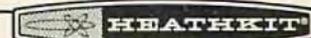
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Bill Quinn did an excellent job, as he usually does, of reviewing the first Ellis album, *Live at Monterey*. It is obvious that DeMicheal has not experienced the excitement of listening to the Don Ellis Orchestra live at Shelly's Manne-Hole or in the different but also very dynamic performance . . . combined with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra in the premiere of a new Ellis composition, *Contrasts for Two Orchestras and Trumpet*. . .

Bob Rick
Covina, Calif.

Not A Shadow

In your review of Clare Fischer's *Songs for Rainy Day Lovers* (DB, Nov. 16), your reviewer (Pete Welding), in bestowing various accolades (undoubtedly deserved) on the album, refers to Johnny Mandel's *A Time for Love* and *Shadow of Your Smile*.

I would like herewith to set the record straight; Johnny Mandel did not write these numbers. However, Johnny Mandel and Paul Francis Webster did. They were the joint products of a very happy collaboration and I can find no excuse for a periodical such as *Down Beat* to ignore the collaboration.

After all, in the very same paragraph, your reviewer mentions *Here's That Rainy Day* and gives the proper credit to both Johnny Burke and James Van Heusen.

Paul Francis Webster
Los Angeles, Calif.

Mr. Webster is the well-known lyricist. The album in question is instrumental. Its liner notes (by Leonard Feather) also mention Mandel but not Webster. Lyricists, of course, collect royalties for instrumental recordings as well as vocal ones, but must they also receive critical acclaim when the melody alone is under discussion?

More Than The Usual

In his report on the First Annual Eastern Jazz Conference (DB, Nov. 30), the late and beloved George Hoefer stated: "The second panel . . . offered the usual complaints and pleas regarding the state of jazz." As a member of the panel in question, it is my recollection that we went a bit beyond the cliches usually produced by groups of this genre. Specific recommendations were made.

Art D'Lugoff of the Village Gate noted the decline of jazz clubs and suggested that an exclusive jazz policy was no longer practical, citing his own method—mixing and alternating jazz groups with folk and rock attractions. A booking posture that has kept his club crowded and profitable.

My contribution scored the blindness of the jazz establishment in ignoring the youth market. Point 1: Jazz shows on AM are practically non-existent. Young people do not listen to FM, the radio showcase of almost all jazz presentations in New York. Point 2: Jazz record companies must promote their releases with the same enthusiasm and dedication that is expended in pushing the pop product.

Chairman Billy Taylor echoed these sentiments in part by reporting on his own involvement with school jazz concert programs. His personal experience as a

performer indicates that young people are hungry for good music.

In sum, the panel offered a number of possible avenues for the aggrandizement of jazz. I do not feel that our discussion should be dismissed as the customary negative whining and hand-wringing. . . .

Al Fisher
Wantagh, N.Y.

Up Tight

I used to have respect for Ira Gitler's ears; I still do, but I have lost my respect for the man. His review of Shepp's *Mama Too Tight* (DB, Nov. 30) was downright ugly. He could have put down the album by slinging academic criticism, but why come down so heavy on Shepp himself?

Basheer's harmonics go into another dimension, with its layers. No doubt there is ample proof to defend or explain the sounds, musically, but I won't bother, for a thousand cats came down on the late Coltrane's "sheets of sound" and then later kissed his feet when he turned jazz around. . . .

Mama Too Tight to me is very tight, but alas—so is Gitler; up tight so that the sounds stuck in his throat. And as Shepp continues to establish himself as one of the heaviest tenor men in New York, what happens to Gitler's ears I couldn't care less. Shepp's horn was never designed to please him, anyway.

Al Padovano
New York City

Kudos For Welding

Thanks to Pete Welding for his extremely interesting and informative interview of Howling Wolf (DB, Dec. 14). Welding's blues features are always enjoyable. It's too bad that, with the recent upsurge in the publication of full length books on the subject of blues, he has not offered blues fans a more extensive sampling of his work. There are a lot of blues singers I would never have heard of if I had not heard of Welding first.

E. Michael Desilets
Natick, Mass.

Jackson Scores

Congratulations are in order for Valerie Wilmer's fine article on Oliver Jackson. It is most refreshing to discover someone with such complete honesty and style.

I appreciated Jackson's interest and devotion to "the listening people." Rapport between musicians and audiences is extremely important, if jazz is going to survive.

Now that I have been introduced to Mr. Jackson, I will eagerly follow his brilliant career with great interest.

E. Johnson Perry
West Palm Beach, Fla.

Correction

In your Nov. 30 issue, I was incorrectly listed as performing in the Gunther Schuller opera, *The Visitation*, presented in San Francisco.

Pete Dovidio should have been named as playing clarinet and bass clarinet.

Bill Perkins
San Francisco, Calif.

JAPAN'S TOP NETWORK BANS ROCK 'N' ROLL

Rock is out with NHK, Japan's largest-by-far television network, supported entirely by monthly viewing fees levied against set owners (about 90 cents for black-and-white and \$1.30 for color).

In mid-November, a spokesman for NHK announced a ban on what is known here as the "Group Sound"; i.e. rock 'n' roll. The network claims it has no beef with the musicians nor with the music they play. It objects, however, to the teenie-boppers who gather in unruly hordes to cause, in their exuberance, extensive damage to studios, also jumping in front of cameras to disrupt production, etc.

Japanese parents are reported to be solidly behind the NHK decision. The elders are the ones who come up with the monthly viewing fees. With 19,000,000 sets, this time the mamas and the papas hold the high cards.

GOODBYE TO MUSIC ROW: SKYSCRAPERS TAKE OVER

"Wrecking balls are breaking up that old gang of mine" is what they are singing along Manhattan's West 48th St. between 6th and 7th Avenues. The block, known as "music row" for many years because of its heavy concentration of retail instrument and musical supply dealers, will soon no longer be able to claim that name. New skyscraper additions to the Rockefeller Center complex on the West Side of 6th Avenue in the blocks of 47th, 48th, and 49th Streets will drastically change the face of the area within the next year.

Already, buildings are being demolished to make way for the new construction, several old tenants have moved, and others are facing the inevitable. Charlie Ponte's has taken up new quarters near Henry Adler on West 46th Street, and Jimmy's and Terminal Music Shop will be moving sometime in 1968.

Eventually, Manny's will be the only music store left on 48th. Manny Goldrich, in business since 1925, has the advantage of owning his building, and thus was in a stronger position when it came to relocation. He has now acquired the building that once housed Zucca's Restaurant, farther down the street toward 7th Avenue, and will move sometime in April or May. The building is being redesigned, with grillwork reminiscent of old New Orleans.

Another 48th Street casualty will be Jim & Andy's, the restaurant-bar that is a second home to New York jazz and studio musicians. At presstime, according to the popular proprietor, Jim Koulouvaris, plans were being made to vacate Jan. 10.

The regulars need not despair, however. A deal for a new location in the midtown area was imminent. No doubt, they will soon be warming up the meat balls and

cooling off the beer at a new Jim & Andy's, an establishment so beloved its patrons write poetry about it.

One block north, at 107 West 47th, the Jazz Record Center, for 22 years a landmark to collectors, foreign and domestic, has also fallen victim to the Rockefeller expansion. The store made its last sale Nov. 11, and its stock is now in storage while manager Jay Vaughan searches for a suitable new location.

The Center, a first-floor walkup with slogans painted on the stair-steps ("*Walk Up—Save a Buck*"; "*Everything From*



JACK BRADLEY

JOE CLAUBERG
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Bunk to Monk"), was founded in 1945 by Joe Clauberg, an Arizona-born jazz expert of American Indian heritage, who in his younger days had played rent-party piano and once roomed with Coleman Hawkins.

The shop, a unique jumble of collector's items and current releases on every label conceivable, decorated with old album covers and rare photographs, became a haven for local collectors, visitors from foreign lands, musicians, and assorted jazz nuts. It was the sole remaining record store specializing in jazz in New York City.

"There is no doubt that we will re-open, and soon," Vaughan stated. But the unique aura of the original store will be difficult to recreate.

CARNEGIE JAZZ SERIES STARTS SECOND SEASON

Jazz—*The Personal Dimension*, a concert series inaugurated last year, has returned to Carnegie Recital Hall for a second season under joint sponsorship of the Carnegie Hall Corporation and the Institute of Jazz Studies at Rutgers University. The opening concert, held Dec. 15, featured Teddy Wilson's trio with Ruby Braff. Jack Lesberg was on bass, and Don Lamond on drums.

The series continues Feb. 23 with the Gary Burton Quartet. The Archie Shepp

Quintet will appear on March 29, and the final concert will feature trumpeter Freddie Hubbard's quartet.

Julius Bloom, Executive Director of the Carnegie Hall Corporation and producer of the series, said the series "proved so successful last year that we have built a concert circuit which includes seven colleges in the New York area this season." Last year, the series played Rutgers' three New Jersey campuses.

NAT KING COLE STILL RULES RECORD ROOST

Almost three years after his death, Nat King Cole continues to reign as one of the nation's top record selling artists, according to statistics released by Capitol Records.

Capitol, which recently issued the eighth Cole album since the singer-pianist's death, reports that posthumous sales of Cole LPs are near the 4 million mark, with singles sales close to 300,000.

Ironically, Cole was ranked 34th in *Billboard* magazine's annual poll of the 100 top album-selling artists during the last year of his life, but jumped to the No. 2 position, outranked only by the Beatles, in 1965.

FINAL BAR

Bassist Ransom Knowling, 57, died Oct. 22 in Chicago. From 1938, when he came to Chicago from New Orleans, to the present, Knowling participated in hundreds of blues recordings, backing such artists as Big Bill Broonzy, Arthur Crudup, Washboard Sam, Tampa Red, Jazz Gillum, Big Joe Williams, and many others.

Knowling worked with trumpeter Sidney Desvignes' riverboat band on the Streckfus line steamers and made his recording debut in 1928. His jazz work included gigs with Jimmie Noone, Roy Eldridge, and Ben Webster. He was also with the Harlem Hamfats and singer Lil Green's band, and occasionally acted as a&r man for RCA Victor.

In recent years, Knowling worked as a physical education instructor at the Audy Home for Boys and was active in Democratic politics. He played with Art Hodes and Albert Wynn, toured Europe with a blues package in 1964, and worked weekends with a cocktail lounge trio. His last record date was in July with Crudup for Delmark Records.

Bassist Lewis James, 77, died recently in New Orleans, where he had been active with the bands at Preservation Hall. He worked with trumpeters Percy Humphrey and Avery (Kid) Howard, and led his own group, The Footwarmers.

Harold (Hap) Draper, pianist and vocal coach, died in New York City Nov. 22. He had been musical director for the Palmer Brothers, a vocal group, in the '40s.

POTPOURRI

Father Michael Williams of the Pittsburgh Catholic Youth Organization has announced that a Pittsburgh Jazz Festival will be sponsored by the CYO in June 1968. The CYO dropped the festival in 1967 "for economic reasons," but will try again with a shorter two-day affair at the Civic Arena. In 1965, a three-day festival was attended by nearly 16,000 at the Arena. In 1966, the event was held outdoors at Point State Park. George Wein will again be affiliated with the CYO in producing the festival.

Roy Eldridge unveiled a new, young quintet at a Jazz Interactions session at the Red Garter in Greenwich Village Nov. 26. With the veteran trumpeter-fluegelhornist are Larry Slezak, tenor sax; Bernie Thomason, organ; Billy Cable, guitar, and Steve Butler, drums.

Pianist Paul Bley will be heard in concert at New York City's Town Hall Dec. 28. A two-record album by Bley is scheduled for January release on the ESP label.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Guitars and trumpets were spotlighted at the midnight Carnegie Hall concert presented by WLIB's Billy Taylor and Del Shields on Thanksgiving weekend. String men featured were George Benson, Kenny Burrell, Grant Green, Bill Harris, and Attila Zoller; brass men were Kenny Dorham, Blue Mitchell, Joe Newman, and Clark Terry, the latter filling in for Thad Jones and Lee Morgan. The house rhythm section consisted of Harold Mabern, piano; Chris White, bass; and Rudy Collins, drums. Also on the program was the trio of pianist Wynton Kelly (Cecil McBee, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums) which backed a set by singer Lorez Alexandria. Ed Williams, also of WLIB, emceed . . . A Nov. 24 concert sponsored by the Manhattan Catholic Interracial Council was held at the Holy Family Auditorium on East 47th St. for the benefit of their scholarship fund. *Psalms and All That Jazz* featured the groups of pianist Eddie Bonnemere, trumpeter Joe Newman, folksinger-guitarist Jim Scannell, and pianist Jack Reilly. Singer Sheila Jordan appeared with Reilly's trio. The Rev. John G. Gensel introduced the artists. Pastor Gensel also officiated at funeral services for George Hoefler at St. Peter's Lutheran Church Nov. 22. Willie (The Lion) Smith played carols, hymns, his own *Echoes of Spring*, and *My Buddy* from the choir loft in Hoefler's memory. The previous day, Smith celebrated his 70th birthday at Top of the Gate, where he was appearing with Don Ewell. Many musicians dropped by to wish him many happy returns of the day. In the audience were Jo Jones, Max Roach, Red Richards, and Roy Eldridge, among others. Guest performers included Billy Taylor, Jaki Byard, Noble Sissle and Eubie Blake, and singer Thelma

Carpenter . . . Speaking of pianists, Junior Mance has been playing solo in Johnny Desmond's Wine Cellar, located in the Henry Hudson Hotel on West 57th St. . . . Erroll Garner played to SRO audiences at the 4000 seat Milwaukee Auditorium, when he appeared as guest soloist with the Milwaukee Symphony in early November . . . Al Hirt did eight days at the Riverboat with his new sextet, featuring clarinetist Pee Wee Spitelera. Trombonist Urbie Green led a large orchestra opposite Hirt. Green also did a one-nighter at the Continental in Fairfield, Conn. during November . . . Trombonist Al Grey brought his new group into Count Basic's Lounge recently. With the former Basic star were organist Joseph Johnson,

guitarist Eddie McFadden, and drummer Johnny Royall. Grey used the "Multi-Vider" attachment presented to him by Conn between halves of the New Orleans Saints-Philadelphia Eagles football game . . . Richard (Groove) Holmes appeared at Club Baron with George Freeman, guitar, and Bill Jackson, drums. He also did concerts with Dionne Warwick in Jersey City and Lou Rawls in Newark . . . Drummer Joe Coleman's Big Four (Al Williams, piano; Beverly Peer, bass; Harry Sheppard, vibes) have switched their Monday base of operations from the Star Fire to the Casbah in East Meadow, L.I. Their regular Wednesday scene is now Bill Jordan's Showcase in Lindenhurst, L.I. Jimmy Cleveland guested with them



The Sound of Feeling is one of the newest entries on the avant-garde jazz scene. This is the "front line" of the sextet that made its debut at Donte's, in North Hollywood, then moved to the nearby Ellis Island: leader Gary David, and the Andrece twins, Rhae and Alyce. The girls specialize in linear counterpoint, quarter-tones, wide-ranging unison, ethereal scat, and the ability to improvise freely, even in unorthodox meters, without stepping on each other's tones. Pianist David, who writes most of the material, occasionally joins the twins in vocals, or solos in a style that incorporates Semitic chants. He also doubles on guitar with a special keyboard over the bridge that breaks down the octave into 41 notes. Sidemen include bassist Ray Neapolitan, doubling sitar; bassist Bob Ciccarella, doubling cello; and drummer Dick Wilson. Between gigs, the twins free-lance as actresses.

at the former; **Budd Johnson** at the latter . . . Trumpeter **Ted Curson's** quartet did a weekend at Grinnell College in Grinnell, Iowa during early November. On a Friday night they played a concert and held a discussion; Saturday evening was a straight concert. On Sunday afternoon the quartet (**Nick Brignola**, baritone saxophone; **Reggie Johnson**, bass; **Dick Berk**, drums) was joined for a session by tenor saxophonist **Eddie Harris** . . . **Clark Terry** and his quartet are at the Half Note from Dec. 26 through Jan. 1 . . . Bassist **Jimmy Butts** and pianist **Juanita Smith** are appearing at the Traveler's Celler Club near La Guardia Airport until Feb. 1 . . . Pianist **Andrew Hill** played a free concert at the Donnell Library Center with **Woody Shaw**, trumpet; **Sam Rivers**, reeds; **Richard Davis**, bass, and **Teddy Robinson**, drums.

Los Angeles: No club is an island, unless it's Ellis Island, which just opened up near Donte's, in North Hollywood. The new home for **Don Ellis' band** (every Monday, and, in the near future, occasional weekends) is now giving Donte's its first taste of competition, and apparently there are enough buffs around to fill both niteries. While the Ellis band was enjoying its debut in the new club, Donte's enjoyed another good guitar night, with **John Morell** and **Carol Kaye**, backed by **Chuck Berghofer**, bass and **John Guerin**, drums. It was a departure for Miss Kaye, who has been playing Fender bass exclusively for the past three years in Hollywood studios. Just before Ellis opened at the new club, he and the band scored an outstanding success at the Music Center in Los Angeles, where his

Contrasts For Two Orchestras and Trumpet was given its world premiere with the Los Angeles Philharmonic conducted by **Zubin Mehta**, and the composer as soloist. Ellis and his men wore white turtlenecks; the men of the Philharmonic wore white ties. Both performances (this was part of the regularly scheduled Los Angeles Philharmonic Subscription Series) ended in prolonged standing ovations . . . **Carmen McRae** gave Shelly's Manne-Hole a much-needed, ten-night shot in the arm. Giving her a boost in the bargain: a trio consisting of her regular pianist, **Norman Simmons**; **Ray Brown**, bass; **Ed Thigpen**, drums. Manne recently recorded a **Michel Legrand** score for the film *Sweet November* and a **Lalo Schiffrin** score for the film *Sol Madrid* ("He let us do a free thing that was pure jazz—and wild. We

/Continued on page 43



DISSENT WITHIN THE RANKS

Background Music

By BURT KORALL

YOU HEAR A lot about the condition of jazz in this country. Musicians become increasingly vociferous as their job opportunities dwindle. Recording executives and club owners bemoan the waning popularity of the music, the while recording and booking that which gives them an assured return on their investment.

Critics reach for straws and make suggestions. Some hint that we should band together against a hostile world. It is the world, however, with which we should be concerned. The "our" music attitude so basic to jazz' early years and its first champions smacks of purposive circumscription. No longer is jazz the loner, the youngster charming to know; it has matured, changed, and been affected by other forms of music. The future promises more change. Our attitudes must parallel this continuing evolution. No longer is it possible or plausible, if it ever was, to think or function in a manner that isolates jazz.

Jazz Interactions, a non-profit, educational organization based in New York City, realizes this. The group works selflessly to bring the music in its many forms to a wider audience. A recent and most laudable project was *Jazz Day* in New York City. Two performances by the 21-piece, all-star Jazz Interactions Orchestra of a specially commissioned work, *Oliver Nelson's Jazzhatian Suite 1967*, and its formal presentation to the city,

were the highlights.

Yet, prior to and following the event, there were rumblings of dissatisfaction, leading this writer to conclude that you're damned if you do and equally damned if you don't. Dissenters were present in front of the Metropolitan Museum of Art before the evening concert for an invited audience. They carried signs, one of which read: "Jazz Is Black People's Music—White People Make the Money." Neither credit for the music nor money were issues at this event. Jazz Interactions made no money; it is not its purpose to make money. The musicians were paid from an allocation made to the organization by the New York State Council for the Arts. The composer, the leader of the orchestra, and several key sidemen are black; this was ignored as well.

It was the pickets' contention that the whole *Jazz Day* was invalid. The "true" jazz players had been ignored by the "establishment," they declared. I strongly suspect their appearance had little or nothing to do with music.

After *Jazz Day*, we were informed that several prominent jazz partisans had not shown up at the free concert on the Central Park Mall or at the museum. Some jazz VIPs had accepted invitations to the evening performance and didn't bother to come after receiving tickets and giving assurances that they would be on hand. It seems only right that those who speak for and lead the jazz community should be a part of a *Jazz Day*.

There were the silent and absent, the disapproving among those present, and the voices of nonconcurrence. Mike Zwerin, often an articulate and sensitive writer on jazz for this magazine and the *Village Voice*, was one of the latter. He wrote two *VV* columns, expressive of distrust for *Jazz Day*.

Zwerin spoke of the placard carriers and the reason for their appearance. "It's not that simple," he remarked. Quite true. He didn't care for the Nelson work or its performance. OK. However, his comments about the Jazz Interactions Orchestra—"all those well-fed, five-figure faces"—and their need for acceptance—"aren't we nice fellows. Please

let us belong"—strike a faulty chord.

The players didn't seem impaired by the fact they make good bread. And I don't really think that musicians like Zoot Sims, Phil Woods, Ron Carter, Jimmy Cleveland, Patti Bown, Ernie Royal, and George Duvivier think too much about the kind of acceptance Zwerin is talking about.

Moreover, in the "anonymous" letter that directly followed Zwerin's second column, there was a reference made to "the few jazzmen in the orchestra having sold their souls out to the recording business." Also it was noted that Oliver Nelson had been a "very promising writer and player on the New York scene" until he abandoned the city for California and lucrative motion picture and TV assignments. A person's got to continue to scuffle to have a creative image. Right???

This anonymous sage also felt that the cats over 30 in the orchestra could not possibly still be able to make it. But youth is not necessarily the key to "life and being alive, strife and rebellion, being daring and open," as he asserts. The fires burn high in people like Dizzy, Milt Jackson, Ben Webster, Hawk; the years, if anything, have further opened them to life and themselves.

Zwerin also commented on the success and potential power of Jazz Interactions. He indicated that "power must be used carefully." I'll buy that. But what's wrong with a group that works hard for jazz getting a bit of leverage? Why cast the shadow of suspicion on a group described as "sincere, bright, and very hard-working?"

About Joe Newman, a vice president of Jazz Interactions, leading the orchestra on *Jazz Day*, Zwerin warned, "Pork barrel," while recognizing that Newman might be qualified, and that "it probably came about innocently." Real corruption is so easy to find; there seems little reason to seek it in a "straight" circumstance. To break bags in the ranks can do nothing but harm. If people within jazz cannot stand together, to some extent, is it reasonable to ask those outside the field to care?



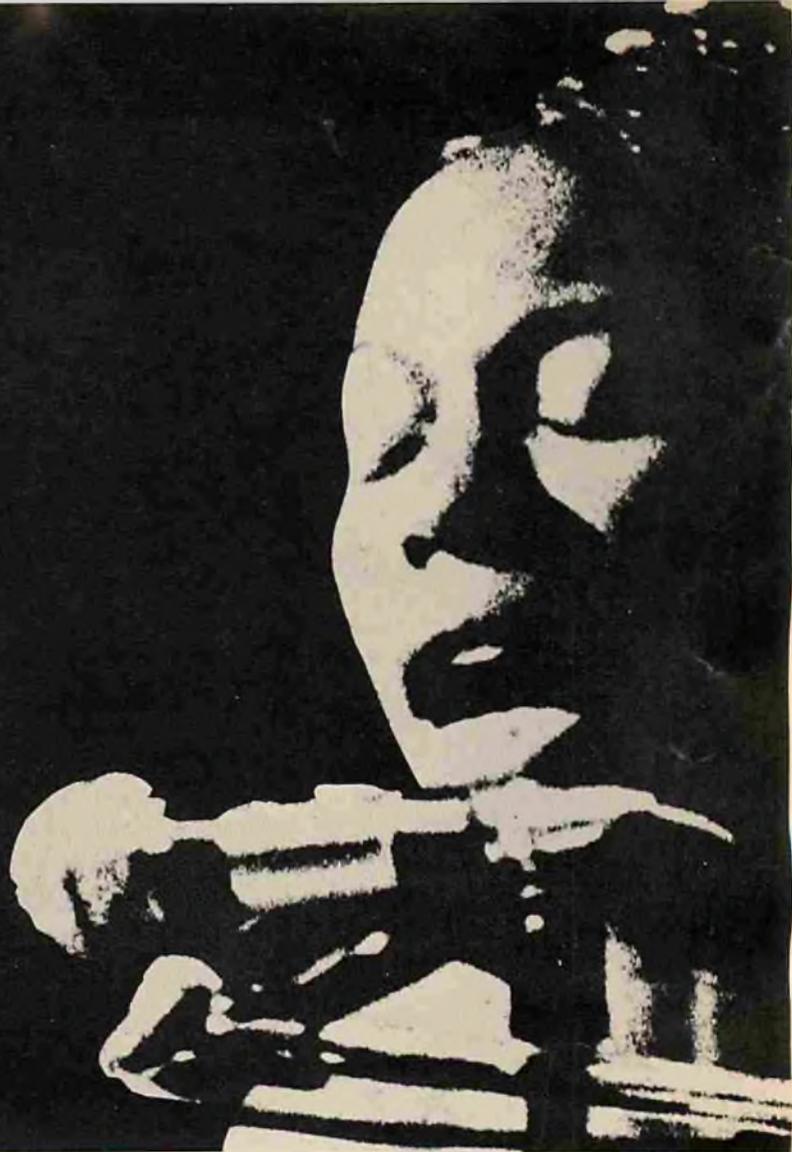


THE REAL nina SIMONE

AN
INTERVIEW
BY
MICHAEL
ZWERIN



I heard Nina Simone for the first time in person in October at the Village Gate. Impressed, I readily agreed to the suggestion of an interview by a press representative of the company for which she records. We met at noon in her manager's carpeted and well-appointed Fifth Avenue office. In addition to being bugged, as always in midtown Manhattan during the working day, I had a dandy hangover. But my spirits were soaring compared to Miss Simone's.



MZ: You are going to Las Vegas next week. I understood there is a reason you never worked there before.

NS: Same reason I haven't worked a lot of places, I guess.

MZ: Has it changed out there?

NS: I don't know what you mean.

MZ: I understand it's a segregated town.

NS: Lots of towns are segregated where I've worked. I don't know if that has anything to do with it or not.

There was a long pause here, ended by her manager, who is also her husband. "What kind of thing are you doing? We're not interested in the race issue," he said. I explained what I do and who invited me. I asked what they were interested in.

NS: What do you mean 'what am I interested in?' You're the writer.

I almost got up to leave. I wasn't in any mood to cope with this kind of thing. I have always hated formal interviews anyway. Why had I come? I'll never learn, I thought.

NS: It makes no difference to me. I'm not the one who wanted the interview.

MZ: (Losing his cool fast) Well, you told me what you are not interested in. I'm asking you what is it you would like to talk to me about.

NS: That's up to you . . . Can I bum one of your cigarettes?

I gave her one. We lit up. There was another long pause. We were both resting.

NS: You must have a line of questioning that you've already planned . . . Oh, you don't?

More silence. I sank further into my chair. I asked her what pop groups or singers she likes to listen to. Not much of a question, but better than nothing.

NS: Which ones in particular, you mean? I don't know. Well, in general, I like what's happening in pop music. It's taking on some standards—I'm glad to say—that it should have had years ago. I believe the time will come when the whole definition of pop music will change. It will get to the point where a song will not be a good song until it has a high level of creativity in writing and performance. In other words, in order to be popular, songs will have to meet these high standards.

There were a few interruptions here. The phone, a secretary walking through, etc. Miss Simone told me she had given a concert tour in Europe recently. We agreed about what a good city Amsterdam is. We both relaxed a little. I became aware of her stunning, natural black beauty and the intelligence in her eyes.

NS: And because of the better quality in pop music, I find that the gap between my audience and what I am trying to say is closing. I still have the old audience I had before, but it's growing now. However, it is difficult to retain your standards with the pressure of trying to make money, which always has its rules . . . It's hard to walk the tight-rope of doing what you think is your best and making money at it. The pressure of show business is on all the time and show business is a fickle business. Whatever is popular now—that's all that counts. I have to constantly re-identify myself to myself, reactivate my own standards, my own convictions about what I'm doing and why.

MZ: That's why the Beatles are so amazing. They don't have to grow or

PHOTOS/TON HOWARD, JOSEPH JOHNSON

change, but they seem to have a need to. . . .

NS: The Beatles are lucky, very lucky. But what has happened to them has nothing to do with them, in a sense. They came along at the right time. Attention was focused on them. They've had the chance to grow in almost any direction they wanted. Very lucky. They are not exceptionally talented. Uh uh. They *may* be. But they are just *starting* to create. They have just discovered that they have talent, friend. Fate was good enough to give them time to think about their talent, to develop it as they please, without fighting everybody around them.

MZ: I was listening to some old Joao Gilberto records the other night and I thought about how bossa nova came into the spotlight around the same time as rock. It was eclipsed. I think it could have been much bigger had the timing been different.

NS: Could be. I have been using what might be called a rock beat for years and years. It doesn't matter to me what is going on today because my music encompasses every kind of mood that exists in human beings. That's my stick. I know 700 songs—just like that. So out of them, there is bound to be almost any kind of "style" you could imagine. You know Bobbie Gentry's *Ode to Billie Joe*? I do a tune, *When I Was a Young Girl*, I've been doing it for years—same type of thing.

MZ: You talked about walking the tightrope between compromise and integrity. What if you didn't have this limitation?

NS: Exactly what the Beatles have done. Except I would have done it before now. There are all kinds of things that can be done. You can change rhythms, you can change chords, you can change whole concepts. But it will only work, on a record or in a performance, if you can make the people buy it. If there were no restrictions, the first thing I would have done—six years ago—don't print this please. . . . That's what I would have liked to have done. Would still like to do.

I'm sorry not to be able to tell you exactly what she would have done. I don't think, however, she would mind my saying that, in general, it had something to do with extended works.

MZ: Jazz has been moving more and more in that direction. . . . What jazz musicians do you like?

NS: As far as piano players are concerned, Oscar Peterson is my very favorite. I also like McCoy Tyner. I think that the big jazz stars, both now and in the past. . . . how shall I say it? These guys are as great as Bach, Beethoven; all of them. People don't know

it yet. If jazz survives and is put on a pedestal as an art form, the same as classical music has been through the years, a hundred years from now the kids will know who they were, with that kind of respect. This may or may not happen. In the meantime, unfortunately, as they get older some of them get bitter. Music is an art and art has its own rules. And one of them is that you must pay more attention to it than anything else in the world, if you are going to be true to yourself. And if you don't do it—and you are an artist—it punishes you. It's true! Like when I leave you. . . . You'll have to forgive me if I'm a little brash today. But I have a rehearsal this afternoon. That's mostly on my mind. That music—it's something else. It really gets you.

We talked about her group and I told her how much I liked it, her piano playing, and the fact that her bass player was properly amplified. My pet peeve has long been the inaudibility of basses in jazz. (I noticed my hangover was gone.)

NS: I know exactly what you mean. Me too. Sweetheart, I have asked 50 guys over the last ten years: Don't you realize we can't hear you? Does it make any difference that we can't hear you? That doesn't make any sense. I don't know—it's weird.

MZ: I think that is symbolic of what is wrong with jazz. There is a lack of simple planning, a. . . .

NS: I agree with that. That's true, love, that part is true. It's unfortunate. It is assumed, for instance, that pianos are never tuned in jazz clubs. It's part of the sound. Half of the broken down sound—in the old days anyway—was the broken down conditions that the music was played in. Then when the music began to change, the musicians still didn't give a damn because the owners didn't give a damn. When you think about things as simple as cleaning a men's room—the musicians really have nothing to do with that—but it affects them. And when you start screaming about having a decent mike, the guy looks at you as if you are crazy. He thinks you are egotistic because you want a simple thing to do your best. That's the way it goes. By the time the musicians do get a decent place to play in, and the conditions they have been screaming for, by that time they seem not to care anymore. So it goes.

MZ: It's different, though—better—in Europe. Why, do you suppose?

NS: You know why. You know why. . . . the people. We're in trouble over here, bad trouble. And I mean a lot more than with jazz.

MZ: Have you ever thought about

moving to Europe?

NS: I think of it a lot. I'm just riding with the wind. You know, I was born here and nobody really wants to move from where their roots are. Whichever way it goes, though, I'll go. In a way, the fact that we are in trouble is a good sign. We recognize it now, at least. In order to make things better, you've got to clean up all the crap. You can't do that until you realize that—you—are—in—the—midst—of it. We got so *much* crap here. Wow! It tends to be obscured though. We bury it with intellectualism, with confusion. So much talk going on that it is hard to think clearly. And we hide, avoid the unpleasant things going on. I saw something yesterday. I was going to church on 54th and Lexington. There were some kids in the street playing football right on Lexington Ave. I'll tell you what hit me. What amazed me was the order of things—the fact that we wear clothes, that an office has to look a certain way, the whole bit. It's amazing how accustomed we have become to a certain order. And you become more aware of that order when you see someone change it. Everybody turns around and stares. But why, really? Rules, orders. We have ordered things so long in a certain way, we are numb. Nobody dares question it. This is what is wrong, symbolically, with my country.

We had been at it for over an hour by this time. It was time to wind things up. "Where is the rehearsal?" I asked.

NS: At my home.

MZ: Where's that?

NS: In Westchester. Mt. Vernon.

MZ: You came all the way in from there to see me? Thanks. Yow. I'd better let you get back to music. No more public relations today.

NS: It's alright. I have to do it all the time. It's funny about music. . . . music is like. . . . music is one of the ways by which you can know everything which is going on in the world. You can feel. . . . through music. . . . Whew. . . . you can feel the vibrations of everybody in the world at any given moment. Through music you can become sad, joyful, loving, you can learn. You can learn mathematics, touch, pacing. . . . Oh my god! Ooh. . . . Wow. . . . You can see colors through music. Anything! Anything human can be felt through music, which means that there is no limit to the creating that can be done with music. You can take the same phrase from any song and cut it up so many different ways—it's infinite. It's like God. . . . you know?

Afterwards, despite the shoving, fumes, and noise of Fifth Ave. in the afternoon, I felt that interviewing people wasn't so bad after all.

I'M L KING



BY PETE WELDING

IT'S ALMOST BEEN as entertaining as it's been instructive to observe the repudiation of the Beatles ("and all their works") by the self-styled champions of pop-as-art music. In this connection it was most interesting to see in John Gabree's recent article, *The Beatles in Perspective* (DB, Nov. 16, 1967), the articulation of the ultimate absurdity of the defenders of the faith's position—that is, complete ostracism for the British quartet. Not only are the Beatles, we are told, not now in the vanguard of popular music but, more importantly, they *never* were. Popularizers and synthesizers, yes; innovators, no.

While such a point of view obviously makes for colorful and controversial copy, it is made plausible only through the means Gabree employs to score off his victims: convenient omissions, distortions, or fanciful interpretations of fact; unfair, forced, or uninformed comparisons; opinions unsupported by fact; exaggerations, half-truths, etc.—in short, a masterful display of the misuse of rhetoric.

But just what do Gabree's charges against the group come down to? Let's take a brief look at his arguments in support of the Beatles' non-innovative, camp-follower role.

First off, we are treated to a rehash of the sources and influences of their very early music. While much of this immature work did reveal obvious borrowings from American musical sources and was slight and inconsequential (especially in light of the Beatles' recent music), even this early music is not as bad as Gabree would have us believe. Much of it, for example, holds up far better than the early work of the Rolling Stones, a group Gabree apparently admires (perhaps inordinately). Beating a dead horse—even a rocking one—apparently is as popular as ever.

When it comes to documenting actual cases of borrowings from the work of the leaders of the pop avant garde—incidentally, just who this select group comprises is never made clear—in the recent, mature music of the Beatles, Gabree is strangely, and perhaps significantly, silent. While one smiles inwardly at the felicity of such a phrase as "... they [the Beatles] have really spent the last four years picking apples in other people's orchards to make their own (sometimes delicious) pies," one also wonders what, if anything, it means. Who are the "other people" whose orchards are being so shamelessly raided? The Stones? Beach Boys? The Mothers? Cream? The Jimi Hendrix Experience? The Yardbirds? The Who? It would be helpful to know just what the Beatles have stolen and from whom—with chapter and verse, if possible.

The implication, of course, is that the above-named groups—presumably Gabree's rock avant garde—would not, and do not descend to such practices. This impression is further heightened by the author's (again unsubstantiated) remark that the Beatles' "job—and they have done it well—has been to travel a few miles behind the avant garde, consolidating gains and popularizing new ideas." Now, this is an allegation I challenge Gabree to document. (Curiously enough, however, he fails to emphasize the profoundly loosening and liberating effect Bob Dylan's work has had upon Lennon and McCartney—and upon Donovan, Brian Wilson, and Richard and Jagger, among others, as well—probably because Dylan currently is suffering a fate similar to the Beatles' at the hands of the rock "purists.")

Since the Rolling Stones are posited as having an abundance of the qualities Gabree finds so lacking in the Beatles,

and since he discusses the Stones more fully than he does any of the other "avant garde" groups, it might be fruitful to take a close look at his remarks on the Stones as they reflect upon the Beatles.

The Rolling Stones, we are advised, "... started in about the same place as the Beatles, with perhaps a shade more expertise [does this mean that the Stones were less amateurish-sounding than were the Beatles at the start of their respective recording careers? If this is what Gabree meant, I seriously question this assertion], a brilliant vocalist in Mick Jagger, and an orientation that leaned closer to a purely blues-based style [the only road to salvation?]."

We are not treated to an analysis of the early recordings of the Stones, which were if anything even more patently, and often painfully, derivative than were those of the Beatles. The remarks that follow concerning the themes of the Stones' songs reflecting aspects of contemporary culture are significant only because the topics itemized have exact correspondences in various Beatles songs (I'll be happy to furnish Gabree a list if he needs these things pointed out to him).

His statement that the Stones "... have been ignored by the press—except for an occasional finger of admonishment—mostly because *they provide a musical parallel* [my italics] to the civil rights movement, the anti-Vietnam war protests, and the sexual and drug revolutions. They are almost the very embodiments of the alienation the pop cultists would like to ignore..." is a very provocative one, and one which reveals much about Gabree's intentions and biases.

Personally, I would like nothing so much as having pointed out to me which of the Stones' songs deal—specifically or even generally, for that matter—with the civil rights or the anti-war protest movements. I'll be happy to concede Gabree the sexual and drug revolutions, both of which are also treated in various compositions of Lennon, McCartney, and Harrison. Moreover, while I have no clear idea as a result of my newspaper and fan magazine reading of the stance of Messrs. Jagger and Richard on these matters (apart from what I might have construed about the Stones' attitude towards drugs as a result of their recent, much publicized bust), I *am* aware of the Beatles' position. To quote Gabree, "... certainly their [the Beatles] support of marijuana reform legislation and their admission to having used LSD are courageous acts. And if everything that has been said in advance about *How I Won the War* is true, Lennon has taken a significant stand against war."

I FRANKLY FAIL to see the relevance of such a remark as Gabree's charge that the Beatles "are political in that clouded way usually associated with liberal U.S. politics." Surely the same is true of the Stones and, for that matter, just about every rock, jazz, popular, classical, and semi-classical artist. One might just as meaningfully point out that professional politicians are, at best, only mediocre rock musicians: it comes out to the same thing—i.e., nothing—in the end. The statement about the Beatles' "clouded" political orientation seems so irrelevant to the body of the group's work—and to that of the Stones as well—that one wonders why it was raised at all. Neither group is political in any sense that I might care to define, though Gabree interprets the Stones' posture of sullen, intractable defiance as perfectly mirroring today's "alienation." He chooses, on the other hand, to see the Beatles' music as all sweetness and light, an interpretation I'll warrant few would put on the group's works.

"The only point left to emphasize," Gabree notes, "is that

THROUGH YOU



they [the Rolling Stones] are authentic originals who have been content to go their own way, sometimes in the face of considerable opposition. For example, few groups would have had the chutzpah to release *Let's Spend the Night Together*; in Beatle-dom, this would never happen." This is so. It would not happen in the current music of the Beatles simply because they had passed a comparable point in their music much earlier. They would not have to be so blatant about the idea: the obvious never has been their forte. A more sophisticated view was advanced in their *Norwegian Wood*, while one more sensitized to the nuances and complexities in a relationship may be found in *She Said She Said* and *I'm Looking Through You*, among others.

Actually, the only point left to emphasize—and decry—is the snobbish attitude of exclusiveness which motivates much of the current "criticism" of the Beatles by such rock writers as Gabree and the *Village Voice's* Richard Goldstein, whose disaffection with the Beatles' recent *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* LP Gabree not only apes, but which he carries to absurd lengths. Goldstein's point was that the album did not represent as significant an advance over the group's previous *Revolver* as that album had over the still earlier *Rubber Soul*, the set that had marked the beginning of avant garde rock in its (then) fullest, most mature, concrete, and brilliant realization. The Beatles led the way and they have been—are—among those who continue to lead the way.

In the main, I would tend to agree with Goldstein that the gains signalled by *Sgt. Pepper's* are not nearly so dramatic as those represented by *Revolver*, which was an absolutely stunning and masterful program of studio rock—just as the earlier *Rubber Soul* had been a superb, invigorating summation of the group's work in what we might label "live" rock: that is, music that was still capable of being executed in public much as it had been recorded. (Goldstein, incidentally, seems to be vaguely mistrustful of the full panoply of studio rock techniques anyway.) The concepts that began to be worked out so brilliantly in *Revolver* are consolidated in *Sgt. Pepper's*, though with perhaps not quite the revolutionary impact that earlier ground-breaking album had.

The group's—and this includes musical director George Martin as well, of course—musical and technical innovations had been embraced and disseminated so rapidly as a result of the phenomenal acceptance of *Revolver* that they have seeped through the entire fabric of rock, becoming commonplace in less than a year's time. And we, in our eternal questing after the novel, demand revolutionary advances with every artistic production of our heroes, and are chagrined when we don't get it. (The truly fantastic thing, to my way of thinking, is that we get it as often as we do!)

Make no mistake about it, there are stunning things in *Sgt. Pepper's*. For all the apparent fatuity of its message (and here your point of view is crucial), George Harrison's *Within You Without You* is perhaps the most completely successful fusion of Eastern and Western musical concepts so far effected by a Western musician, no matter what his persuasion. The string writing in particular—and we doubtless have Martin to thank for this—is faultless, an utter revelation. It represents yet another level of fusion, for it would appear to draw upon the string techniques of contemporary Arabic song more than upon anything else (the tradition is neither Indian nor Western). Then, too, there is the wry, cryptic charm of *Fixing a Hole*; the jaunty insouciance of *A Little Help from My Friends*, with one of

Ringo's rare vocals; the affecting tenderness and quiet intensity of *She's Leaving Home*; the flippant romanticism of *When I'm Sixty Four*; and the elliptical irony of the controversial *A Day in the Life*, as well as the several other confections that round the album out.

Quite simply, *Sgt. Pepper's* is a lovely, totally ingratiating album. In its musical and technological sophistication and in its utter lack of pretension it provides both food for thought and joy for the spirit. Nor do its charms pall; one suspects it will wear as well as the two other sets of mature Beatles music. It contains beguiling, satisfying, thoroughly inventive music that is sufficiently cryptic and multidimensional to allow interpretation and enjoyment on several levels of comprehension—no mean feat, to be sure, but one which the Beatles bring off with perfect elan and consummate grace. This is their music's strength and its beauty: that it can appeal to both the naive and the sophisticated listener alike, and that communication at both levels is complete and eminently satisfying.

THE ONLY unfortunate thing about this whole matter has been the wrong-headed equation of artistic decline with mass acceptance in the minds of the advocates of avant garde rock; it is this equation—and nothing more—which is at the core of the snobbish rejection of the Beatles by Gabree and a few other custodians of the sacred flame of "pure" rock music. While decline often has followed upon acceptance, and vice versa, it does not necessarily follow that the two always go together.

The snipings of the petulant aside, the case of the Beatles is a perfect demonstration of the fact that the artist need not always compromise himself to achieve great popular success. Indeed, a much more rational point of view is to see the Beatles' mass popularity not as evidence of artistic deterioration or outright pandering but as the truly staggering phenomenon it is (and here fact is far more astonishing than any fiction): for almost the first time within recent memory we have had a group of performers elevated to the rank of superstars (through the agency of such extramusical means as the huge machinery of mass communications, etc.) who, as a result, have been able to garner a huge worldwide audience (e.g., more than 80 million records sold to date), yet were able to carry this audience with them when they made a transition to their present brand of committed, inventive, artistically-motivated music.

In fact they have done quite the opposite of what Gabree would have us believe: the Beatles have used their tremendous popularity not as a crutch but as a springboard to artistic growth; the fascinating thing has been that their fans have grown with them.

I am more willing to accept Paul McCartney's, rather than Gabree's, explanation of the group's ethos and motives. "Once we've done a song," McCartney has said, "it goes out and that's it. We don't want to argue about it. We don't feel as though we're answerable. If you don't like our kind of thing, don't listen. The good thing is that actually we started out with the assumption that we'd never talk down. We hated people in gold lamé suits. You can get caught up in the whole machinery of it and turn into Paul Getty in the end. Nothing but money. We like commercialism, but it can be something else as well. What we've always wanted to do is what we want to do. At 24 I'm very lucky that I can do what I want. A lot of people expect us to live up to our Beatle mop-top image. But we've changed. We either had to adapt and try new things or else go potty." 

by dan morgenstern

EUROPEAN IMPRESSIONS



Backstage in Berlin: Jimmy Garrison, Tony Scott, Pony Poindexter, Beaver Harris, Grachan Moncur.

PHOTO: HANS HARZHEIM

JAZZ, IT IS often (perhaps too often) said, is not in the best of health these days. Yet the music passed a recent checkup with a prognosis that bodes well for the future—if not in its native climate, then certainly abroad.

The checkup, administered by George Wein, who has never lost faith in jazz, consisted of a 25-day concert tour of Europe, covering major and minor cities in Ireland, England, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Germany, Italy, France, and Spain.

It was a major test, a calculated risk, requiring much advance planning and made possible, to a significant extent, through collaboration with a major airline (Pan American), the United States Travel Service (a branch of the Department of Commerce interested in stimulating tourist travel to the U.S.), and several European producers and promoters.

The tour, billed as *The Newport Jazz Festival in Europe*, was a great success. I had the pleasure of taking in a portion of it at first hand, traveling with some of the participants, and it was an edifying and instructive experience (as well as a ball) on several levels.

A tour of this scope is, among other things, an exercise in logistics of some magnitude. Only once during the 25 days did all the artists converge in one place on the same day; in Stockholm. For the duration, schedules were staggered, sometimes requiring several days of consecutive appearances in different countries, sometimes allowing for a day off.

There had to be transportation and lodging arrangements for the artists (36 of them), plus a few wives, a trainer, a personal manager, a couple of journalists, and road managers; assorted instruments had to be carefully transported and delivered; baggage had to be checked and cleared; internal transportation arranged, etc., etc. Mention of such obvious details

may appear superfluous, but believe you me—it's a job of some size.

If you add to this dealing with sometimes impatient and/or irrational local producers; listening to (and straightening out) artist's problems and money matters; coping with the inevitable hangups and snafus, and throughout, never being quite sure that everything was alright until the last group was on stage each night, it becomes clear that steady nerves, an even disposition, and a capacity for instant decision-making is required. Wein and his right-hand men, Charles Bourgeois and Robert Jones, plus bassist Jimmy Woode, a long-time resident in Europe, whose services as road manager were enlisted in medias res, acquitted themselves admirably.

But an even more demanding task was faced by the artists. It is taken for granted, in any performing art, that when you step out of the wings and take your place on stage, you are ready to do what the public expects of you.

If you are a professional, there are no excuses, short of sudden illness or sudden death—you have to do your thing, and do it well. You may not have had much time between stepping off the plane and getting to the concert hall, and you may have been tired when you got on that plane (and you can't sleep on planes, maybe), but there you are, and it's give, baby, give.

It may not be so bad if you are an actor who knows his lines and cues after many performances, or an opera singer doing *Lu Boheme* for the 999th time, or a stand-up comedian with a storehouse of retained material. But if you are a jazz musician, you can't coast on rote and routine. (Well, you can, but if you are an artist, it will certainly tell glaringly.)

For a so-called critic (though this writer, and many of his colleagues, just as often function as reporters-journalists—that's what they call us) it was fascinating to hear and see the same artists perform

under varying conditions. Almost every group gave a set performance, so that nuances, even slight ones, became quite noticeable, and one could learn a great deal that was new even about artists with whose work he had long been familiar.

But most of all, one came to respect even more the jazz artist, who is perhaps the hardest-working (when he can get work) of all the professional performers of our time—partly because his working conditions are unique, partly because his required conditioning for the work also are unique.

Among the people on this tour (some of them with the reputation of being "difficult") there was not one primadonna (those who expected and demanded more than others had done so in front, and even when asserting themselves, did not disrupt anything), though some revealed their inexperience as world travelers and big-league pros. Everybody worked hard and well, and the audiences knew it and returned the compliment.

PERSONALITIES, OF COURSE, revealed themselves—but everybody, generally, took care of business first. A sense of humor, as in all life situations, stood those who have one in good stead. By and large, jazz musicians have this gift, often developed in adversity, and thus are good company and good companions to each other and to those with them.

It is a pleasure, too, to be around people who are seasoned but not jaded; who take life seriously enough but with the proper irreverence, and who know how to enjoy it without hypocrisy and cant. In Europe, where (alas, it's true) the jazz artist is more respected and accepted than at home, he can express this joy more freely (especially as a visiting "celebrity").

My journey's first stop was London, where the eight-day *Jazz Expo '67* was in progress. (The total musical picture of this event was given by Valerie Wilmer in the previous issue, while the later Berlin festival is covered in these pages by Leonard Feather.)

At the Odeon Hammersmith, a large theater that has seen much service, the surroundings were not glamorous. Backstage facilities were far from elegant, and determined uniformed guards watched over exits and entrances. In short, it was very much like home.

But there were nice special background sets, the lighting was good, the sound adequate, and the audiences receptive and knowledgeable. Here, I made the acquaintance of a number of colleagues, notably Max Jones, dean of British jazz writers, and a charming gentleman with a genuine enthusiasm for the music. Generally, the English critics are much less dour than their U.S. counterparts.

The concert opened with Gary Burton's quartet, which had snared a booking at Ronnie Scott's club in town and thus had arrived before the others. Archie Shepp's group reversed this procedure, checking in at Scott's after the end of the tour.

After the concert, highlighted by a truly divine Sarah Vaughan, we visited Scott's, London's leading jazz club and a

pleasant place indeed. The owner is a musician—and a fine one—which just might have something to do with the atmosphere. It is a well-run place, too.

We arrived in time to watch the conclusion of Floyd Patterson's ill-fated attempt to regain his standing as contender on the "telly" in the backroom office, somewhat distracted by the presence of the singer-in-residence, Druid Chase, and another very pretty young lady. On the previous night, we discovered, some 30 visiting musicians had been in the house, ranging in age and orientation from Ben Webster to Archie Shepp, all of them digging Burton's group. ("It was quite something to be up there in front of that jury," said Bobby Moses, Burton's young drummer.)

There was a full house, though not as star-studded a one, on this night, too, and it was a listening house. When Burton played a shimmering, soft solo selection, you could hear every note (including some amazing "bent" ones).

I'll spare the reader my sight-seeing impressions, though I do want to say that London is a place where I would have liked to spend more time. I visited Dobell's, one of London's several record stores specializing in jazz, on a Saturday afternoon, and was impressed both by the variety of available discs (much larger and broader than here at home, where everything, it seems, is doomed to instant obsolescence) and the throng of customers.

Back at Scott's again, I had a chance to hear some local jazz. Bobby Wellins, an excellent tenor player, headed a group including pianist Stan Tracey, who has a distinctive style; bassist Malcom Cecil, and Tony Crombie, a drummer with lots of flair. They were doing originals, and good ones, and didn't sound at all like copycats. But there wasn't much of a house, indicating that when you are a jazzman working at home, the problems are the same, wherever home might be.

We also paid a brief visit to the old Ronnie Scott's (the new one is pretty new), a haven, it appeared, for the local hippie set; some of the cats seemed to have come straight from Slug's. Nothing much was happening, so we left, noting in passing that the steep, narrow stairway leading to the cellar club is one we would hate to negotiate while under the influence.

Another steep staircase—this one private—led us to a friendly, quiet gathering hosted by Vi Redd, the American saxophonist-singer who is just beginning to make the reputation in Europe that she has so long deserved at home. Here we also had the welcome chance to say hello to another delightful lady, Annie Ross, whom we hadn't seen since the days of LH&R.

In Rotterdam, the next stop, the concerts took place in Den Doelen, a magnificent Lincoln Center-type complex just one year old. (Lincoln Center only in the sense of being a center for the performing arts, but infinitely superior in architecture, interior design, and acoustics.)

Here, the artists not only had proper dressing rooms; they had actual suites, with all necessary comforts—the proper setting for receiving visitors. The people involved in presenting the concert were

friendly and hospitable, and the audience festive and enormously receptive.

THE CONCERT HERE, as on my second London night, was Miles Davis and Archie Shepp. Miles always leads off, and was in excellent form. But it was Shepp who brought the house down: confetti, cheers, the rhythmic handclapping and stomping that indicates "more" in Europe, and a steady chant, almost incantatory, of "Archie, Archie, Archie."

At the beginning of Shepp's set, audience reaction, observed from a good vantage point in the wings, varied from young ladies stopping up their ears to others nearly swooning. But when it was all over (with the exception of a very few dissenters and even fewer walkouts), the ovation was as genuine a one as I've seen.

Among my backstage companions were Ted Joans, the American poet and world traveler whom I had last seen seven years ago at his farewell party in Greenwich Village, and Don Byas, the tenor king, whom I had last seen 21 years ago in Copenhagen, a year before I came to the U.S., and a few months after he had left, never to return.

Byas would like to come back "for a visit" and to play, he said. Wiry, fit as a fiddle, and wise, with an impish gleam in his eyes, he has about him a continental air and speaks English with a French accent. He was quite anxious to jam with Shepp somewhere after the concert, as he had last year, he said, with Albert Ayler, but that historic meeting did not materialize, though the two tenorists did converse at length. Don Byas should come "home" for a visit; it would delight those who remember, and astonish those who don't.

In Copenhagen, where I lived for quite some time years ago, I spent a day off and two days "on". The city is as charming as ever, and the food and drink as superb, but the audience for jazz could not compare with London or Rotterdam.

The Tivoli concert hall is new and comfortable and well built, but the two concerts were sparsely attended. Near-inflation might have been a contributing factor, or perhaps there was a state of over-saturation in the jazz concert field. What there was of an audience, however, was as receptive and eager as elsewhere—and very young, by and large.

Thelonious Monk's octet was in particularly good form here; Gary Burton did a lovely set, and Miles and Shepp & Co. broke it up. But to me, the highlight of the two concerts was Ruby Braff's solo on *I Want A Little Girl*—an absolute gem, and it didn't sound that good just because I'd been drinking Ruby's scotch.

Backstage, such notable expatriates as Idrees Sulieman and Sahib Shihab were greeting old friends, and Kenny Drew was also on hand. After the concert, nearly everybody congregated at the Club Montmartre, one of Europe's most famous jazz spots.

If you didn't know where to look, the club would be hard to find, and once inside, you might think you were in the wrong place. From the front room (packed that night), the bandstand is not visible. You have to turn a corner, and then it comes into view—at the back of a very

wide room criss-crossed with long wooden tables, where everybody sits in friendly, informal togetherness.

A Danish mainstream band was warming up the audience; the main attraction starts at 1 a.m. (closing is whenever it empties out; maybe 6 or so). Fortified with Elephant Beer—a nectar which is brewed only for local consumption; it doesn't travel—we watched Kenny Drew, Tootie Heath, Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen, and Swedish tenorist Bengt Rosengren set up on the bandstand, casually attired and chatting with friends in the audience.

The room was jammed to the rafters, and when the music started it didn't exactly become quiet, but nobody seemed to mind—the music was hard-swinging and not easily bruised, and when it really began to cook, the crowd simmered with it. Rosengren was surprisingly strong and virile in a Sonny Rollins groove, Drew showed himself an even better player than when he left here some years ago, and Niels and Tootie kept the pots on.

During the second set, Tony Williams sat in, to the delight of all present. He played in a free and easy manner, less intense than with Miles, as befitting the circumstances. He launched a fantastic solo after having removed his shirt and undershirt (it was very hot in the room, and the bandstand is always hotter) in a most natural and unceremonious fashion. It wouldn't happen in a club in the States, but that's the kind of place the Montmartre is—no formalities.

MY NEXT AND final stop was Berlin, a strange city. The noted German efficiency was immediately in evidence—we were met by emissaries, transported to our hotels, briefed, furnished with programs and schedules, etc.

The concerts, as in London, were part of a whole that included other specially imported groups. It was unquestionably the best organized and most smoothly run affair of its kind I've seen, but the atmosphere was a bit antiseptic, not least because the backstage bar—a nice long one—was not allowed to serve anything stronger than beer, ostensibly to protect the musicians from their own baser impulses. (Those who really want to drink, of course, carry their own jugs. . . .)

The Berlin Philharmonic, also very new, is an impressive auditorium, but not very cozy. Everything is at angles, and the audience is deployed on both sides of the stage, and also, in one section, way up near the high ceiling. The total impression is somehow unreal—like a set for an expressionist play; a kind of early 1920s vision of the future. Having part of the audience at their back disconcerted some of the performers; Sarah Vaughan was the only one (among those I saw) who acknowledged these people while performing—quite a feat.

Sassy's performance was quite a feat all around, as you will read elsewhere. She did have one advantage: the audience had been warmed up by no less a warmer-upper than Erroll Garner. These two did manage to make the Philharmonic seem cozy after all.

I didn't feel at all cozy on stage the

following night, having been asked to emcee in German as a kind of novelty. Introducing Miles Davis' group worked out fine; it was when they stopped playing that I got into trouble.

The audience wanted more, and they didn't relent for six or seven minutes—a long time when you're out there by yourself. Berliners are known to be blunt in their expression of disapproval as well as approval, and they obviously approved of the music but not of the lack of encores. "Miles never plays encores . . . I don't care how long you boo and stomp; he won't play any encores." (Why should he? What he did play was superb—and long.)

No avail. For a fleeting moment, I was tempted by the insane idea of doing my Hitler imitation—it used to get laughs in school—but thought better of it. Finally, I just shut up and stood there, while Leonard Feather was waiting patiently in the wings for me to introduce him (Leonard speaks German, too).

At last, Miles appeared for a brief moment to take a bow (for which I was deeply thankful), but when he disappeared again, there was a momentary revival of ire. At last it ended. When Archie Shepp opened up with some strong sounds after that, I could really identify with the music . . . it sounded like I felt.

The night before, Dexter Gordon had been backstage, looking more distinguished and debonair than ever with his new, greying sideburns. He was opening that very night at the Blue Note, a new club run by an American ex-G.I. who had settled in Berlin. That was something to look forward to.

I was also happy to see other old friends: Leo Wright, Carmell Jones, and Pony Poindexter—all in fine fettle. And I was introduced to an expatriate I hadn't known back home, tenor saxophonist Don Menza, as well as to a host of native musicians.

After the concert, it was off to the Blue Note, miles away. When we arrived, the place was so packed that it took five minutes to locate some friends who had arrived just ahead of us. Dexter was on the stand, wailing, with two Austrians, pianist Fritz Pauer and bassist Hans Rettenbacher, a guitarist from Guadeloupe, Andre Conduant, and a native drummer, Joe Nay. They swung. Carmell joined them, and they swung harder.

During the set, everybody seemed to arrive. Sarah Vaughan, for whom, miraculously, a table up front was cleared; Erroll Garner, who deployed himself at the bar, Leo Wright, Norwegian singer Karin Krog, and what seemed like at least half the 2,500 people who'd been at the concert.

The musicians, sweating profusely, concluded a set that had lasted well over an hour, but nobody wanted to leave. Miss Krog sang a few tunes, including a very fetching 'Round Midnight and some groovy blues.

Dexter returned, refreshed, and the new set began with a way-up *It's You Or No One*. Dexter ate up the changes, setting the pace for a warm, wonderful jam session set that brought back memories of the days when musicians still got together

to play just for the joy of it. Carmell stretched out, with that lovely sound of his, ideas flowing.

Leo Wright got his horn out, and it was good to hear that big tone, strong swing, and glowing feeling again. Menza surprised with a violent, eruptive solo, off to a flying start and never letting up. Conduant, an exceptional guitarist who can really improvise, maintained the high level, and Nay, whose playing contradicted the old saw that European drummers don't swing, ventured a long, exuberant solo.

In Berlin, too, the clubs close late: this session didn't end until nearly six in the morning. Its mellowest moments came in some wonderful ballad playing by Dexter.

THE NEXT NIGHT, after the concert, there was the annual Jazz Party, also organized by festival producer Joachim Berendt. It was held in a big, unadorned hall, which soon became a whirl of musicians, dancers, photographers, and standing and sitting fans—a crowd so dense that the waiters soon had to abandon any attempts at service.

From midnight to five, there was an unceasing abundance of music, none of it bad, some superb. It began with traditional sounds, furnished by the Spruce City Stompers, led by a volatile, bearded trombonist, Howe Schneider, and sparked by a guest star, cornetist Wild Bill Davison.

Only recently recovered from a near-fatal illness, Davison looked and sounded as spry as ever. The Stompers are a piano-less group, but Wild Bill, who likes a piano in the band, enlisted the services of Leonard Feather, who comped manfully and furnished some nice introductions. The highlight was a romping *The Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gave To Me*.

Dave Pike, the young vibraharpist who now makes his home in Holland, was up next, backed by the hardworking rhythm section of the previous night at the Blue Note in some happy swing. This was followed by the surprising SABA Quartet—one of the finest contemporary groups around.

It consists of two Frenchmen, the astonishing violinist Jean-Luc Ponty and the outstanding drummer Daniel Humair; a German pianist, Wolfgang Dauner, and the Danish bassist Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen. They made a strikingly cohesive team, with Ponty particularly brilliant. It would be a wise idea for an American festival to import this group. It represents European jazz at its very best.

The Blue Note rhythm section was enlisted again for what turned into one of the zaniest, happiest song-fests ever held. It began with Pony Poindexter and his new partner, Willi Johans, a big, amiable Bavarian who came on with some of the hippest scatting this side of Dizzy Gillespie. The two really had a thing going between them, and though they went on and on for nearly an hour, it didn't get boring.

Pony now recruited Clark Terry, who was in the audience, and a humorous blues ensued. Tony Scott, who has recently joined the ranks of American jazzmen in Europe, joined Mr. Mumbles & Co. for some occasionally oriental-flavored vocal-

esc, and Leo Wright, too, made a brief vocal offering before picking up his horn, adding to the hilarity.

Poindexter got his soprano sax out, Clark picked up his trumpet and plunger, Tony his clarinet, and the instrumental part of the jam session was under way. It was a classic, even in terms of repertoire.

There was a fine slow blues, on which trombonist Schneider, with plunger, proved himself a good mainstreamer. Carmell Jones appeared and joined in. Scott and Terry set some riffs in the background. The rhythm section worked hard.

A fast *Move (I've Got Rhythm)* changes) was launched, with newcomers Ray Copeland (flugelhorn), Don Ellis (unamplified trumpet), and Jean-Luc Ponty (amplified violin) joining in. Don Menza came on board midway, confirming the impression of the night before. The riffs became more and more inventive and propulsive, and, to use an ancient term, the joint was jumping.

Bassist Rettenbacher, whose hands were about to fall off, and drummer Nay, who was wringing wet, were finally relieved by Pedersen and Humair for the final offering, a ride on the *A Train* that lasted a good hour or so. The trumpet section—it really was one by now—furnished exciting backgrounds for the soloists, each member outdoing the other with fresh ideas.

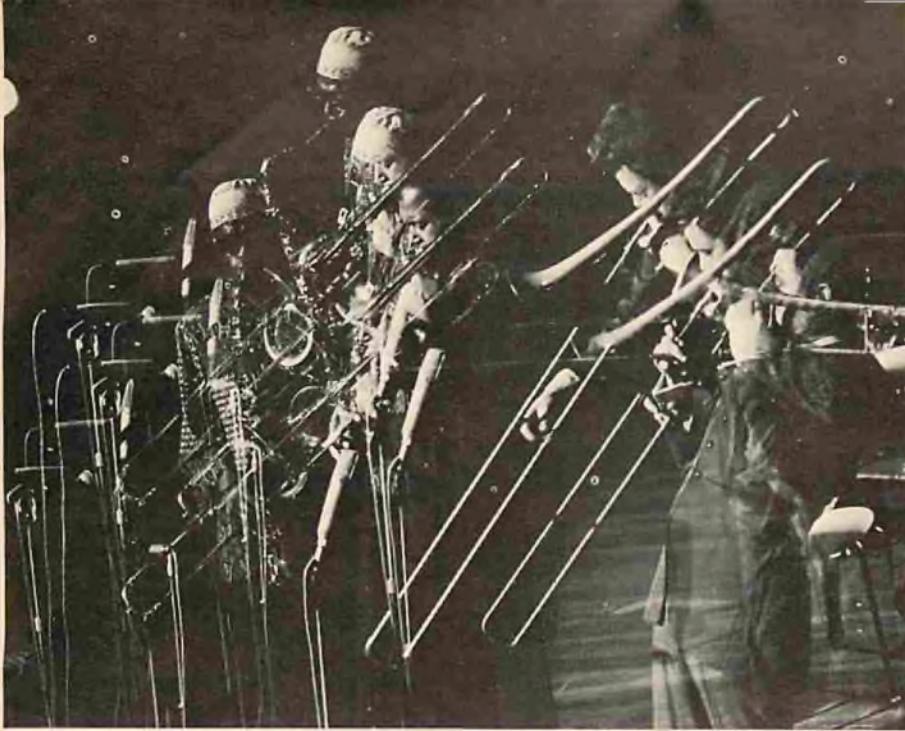
Ponty's solo was fabulous. It included a passage of guitar-style picking, the violinist holding his instrument at port arms, and some fancy bowing worthy of Paganini (or should I say Stuff Smith?). The young Frenchman is truly something else.

Humair scored, too. He is an exceptionally original drummer, and his beat leaves nothing to be desired. Like Ponty, he seems equally at home in inside and outside territory, and he works hand-in-glove with the expert Pedersen. Ellis, too, ventured outside in his solo, but his riff contributions proved that he knows the tradition as well.

While the blowing went on unabated, technicians began to dismantle the microphones. Nobody wanted to quit, but the sound finally was turned off, and the night concluded with a long Menza cadenza, a la Sonny Rollins. It had really been a jazz party.

The next morning, I was homeward bound. The tour, I was told, continued without mishaps until the very end, when Miles Davis failed to appear in Barcelona. He must have had a reason, since he certainly had been taking care of business prior to that. Miles had brought along his personal trainer, a dignified, soft-spoken ex-fighter (no uninitiated observer would have pegged him as such), and the trumpeter's contract stipulated that a gymnasium where he could work out should be available and within easy reach on each stop on the tour. Maybe there wasn't one in Barcelona. . . .

Though the circumstances may have been unusual, and the tour an exception, a similar venture is being planned for 1968. Perhaps all that is needed to scotch the rumors concerning the poor state of jazz's health is a little faith and a lot of hard work. One thing is certain—for a while, jazz was very much alive in Europe. 



Archie Shepp Quintet

THE FOURTH annual celebration of the *Berliner Jazztage* (Berlin Jazz Days) comprised four mid-evening concerts, Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 2-5, and a late Saturday night affair billed as a "Jazz Party." Most of the talent for the last three evening programs was drawn from George Wein's *Newport Jazz Festival in Europe* package, which was then midway in its European hegira.

Other artists for the event were set by Joachim Ernst Berendt, who as usual served as the series' artistic director. His theme this year, "Jazz Meets the World," was well carried out through the use of musicians from more than a dozen countries.

The international theme was most vigorously stressed at the opening concert. I had not expected to arrive in time for this show, but thanks to typical Teutonic efficiency was able to catch the best part of it. Met at the airport by an emissary of Berendt, I was whisked through customs, checked in at my hotel, and comfortably seated in the Kongresshalle, all within 45 minutes after the plane had touched down at Tempelhof Airport.

The hall, modern and comfortable, seats only 1200, but there were television cameras on hand. (At least half of the festival's income was derived from the sale of TV and radio rights—an interesting premise, and one not likely ever to be duplicated in the U.S.)

The show had opened with a set by Tony Scott and the Indonesian All Stars, reuniting the clarinetist with several of the musicians who had been his colleagues in Jakarta before he was expelled from Indonesia by Sukarno in 1961.

The high point of this set, according to most observers, was Scott's poignant *Blues for Charlie Parker*. Probably the outstanding soloist was Bubi Chen, a Chinese pianist once described in *Down Beat* as the Art Tatum of Asia. Playing in an all-star jam session at the end of the concert, he revealed an assured technique and, as

is so often the case with musicians far removed from their main sources of inspiration, a multifirmity of influences, ranging from Tatum and Bud Powell to Bill Evans and even a touch of Cecil Taylor.

Also in the Scott group were Chen's brother, Yogi, on bass; Jack Sesmana on guitar; Benny Mustafa on drums, and Marjono on tenor. An unexpected moment of drama marred the evening when Marjono, under stress from the long journey, suffered (onstage) what was later described as a mild heart seizure. Amazingly, he was able to return to work after resting a while.

The "Jazz Meets India" session pitted a trio of former Ravi Shankar students against an international European avant-garde quintet—"All musicians who have shown a special interest in and understanding of Indian music," said Berendt. Keshave Sathe, a tabla player from Bombay, led the trio, which included Dewan Motihar on sitar and Shrimati Kusum on tambura. The jazz combo was built around the trio of pianist Irene Schweitzer (Uli Trepte, bass; Mani Neumeier, drums) augmented by Manfred Schoof on trumpet and Barney Wilen on tenor.

A well conceived and imaginatively executed ethnic fusion was the "Flamenco Jazz" set, played by the sextet of Pedro Iturralde (tenor and soprano saxophones), featuring Flamenco guitarist Paco de Lucia. It was easy to accept the program notes' assurance that Iturralde is Spain's leading saxophonist. More important than any of the jazz solo work, however, was the series of exchanges between de Lucia and the rest of the group. A jazz waltz segueing into and out of unaccompanied solo passages by the guitarist, with a single dominant chord as the continuous undercurrent, provided many kaleidoscopic passages of vivid color. There were moments, though, when one wished that the idioms had been welded together, instead of alternating.



Gary Burton Quartet

BERLIN JAZZ DAYS

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Sarah Vaughan and Jo Berendt



PHOTOS/HANS HARZHEIM

Peer Wyboris' drums and Paul Grassi's piano got into some stimulating three-vs.-two rhythms, while the bass work of the brilliant Erich Peter, a ringer in this Spanish group (he is Swiss), served almost simultaneously in rhythm-section and melodic functions. Dino Piana, trombone, completed the combo.

THE CONCERT had been scheduled to end with "Africa Meets Jazz," co-starring Olatunji and Philly Joe Jones. But the Nigerian drummer had encountered visa problems, and so a delightful substitute group was set up, comprising Tony Scott, Bubi Chen, Erich Peter, and Jones. Though the group was international, the music reflected the post-bop New York era. Scott, recalling his days with Philly at Minton's in 1953, got the foursome into an urgent, driving mood to which Philly (for whom this was a European debut) lent a powerful impetus.

There was also an aborted attempt by Scott to lead a large ensemble, composed of leading soloists from all of the previously heard groups, in an improvisation on an Indian scale. Through no fault of Tony's, they didn't seem to feel it. After this, the old Charlie Parker blues *Billie's Bounce* seemed so nice to come home to.

The concert seemed to have ended, and half the audience had left, but the other half applauded so persistently that Scott, never a man to refuse an encore, came back onstage. He continued to free-wheel with the quartet for at least another half hour. His playing has matured, particularly in the area of timbre, and the rhythm section's support displayed inspiration born of enthusiasm. Philly, like Tony, received a tremendous hand for his solos.

The second concert, held the following evening at the 2400-seat Philharmonie, was such a consistently rewarding event that perhaps one laudatory adjective would suffice to sum it up. However, a few details seem worthy of recollection. Erroll Garner opened with a set characterized by all the incandescent swing, the humor, and the sound of surprise that have marked his work for more than two decades. The surprise element was typified when, after a long and happy stride-piano introduction, he plunged into *Night and Day*.

The audience, whose age range and conservative clothes reminded one more of Carnegie Hall than of Newport or Monterey, offered the applause of recognition to almost every tune Erroll played. The sound on the piano was a little dead, but not enough to spoil a generally delightful set.

Sarah Vaughan, who had spent the previous week triumphing in one European capital after another, was in magnificent form. The more one hears her, the longer the impression lingers that here is one jazz singer who could have been a successful operatic contralto—or soprano—or coloratura. Her range and conception were extraordinary, and the coy effects were kept to a minimum, as she and the enraptured crowd were nourished by each other's affection.

As she ended her set, Berendt brought Sarah a bouquet. The audience wouldn't let her go. A memorable sight was the

moment during her encore (*Tenderly*) when, between notes, she bent down gracefully to pick up a flower that had fallen on the stage. The whole ambiance was representative of the added inspiration provided by Continental audiences.

The final set presented Don Ellis, backed by the "Berlin Dream Band," composed of musicians from two Berlin TV-radio staff crews. By a happy coincidence the personnel included altoist Leo Wright, an early New York and U.S. Army colleague of Ellis. Carmell Jones was in the brass section but was not featured. (When Ellis was himself a sideman, in Maynard Ferguson's band, didn't Maynard give Don a solo now and then?)

ELLIS HAD rehearsed a full week with this band, to splendid effect. He had also spent a couple of months studying German, enabling him to explain to the audience his use of odd meters and other agenda. (Why can't more visiting American musicians make this courteous gesture, instead of remaining stubbornly monolingual?) From the opening 7/8 version of *Milestones* on out, the set bristled in the dynamic Ellis manner. The leader's own work came across with unusual charm as he got into a Harry Jamesish bag on *Homecoming*, a pretty waltz.

Karin Krog was guest soloist on *Angel Eyes*. The combination of a Norwegian girl singing an English lyric against a Stravinsky-like background failed to work out. The dissonance of the chart conflicted with the consonance and beauty of the lyric and melody. (In justice to Miss Krog, I must add that later that night, singing the blues with Dexter Gordon at the Blue Note club, she sounded just fine.)

Despite a brief outburst of booing when Ellis indulged in echo effects with his amplified horn, the set drew an almost endless ovation, probably the biggest since his memorable conquest at Monterey in 1965.

Friday evening, again at the Philharmonie, guest emcee Dan Morgenstern introduced the Miles Davis Quintet. (Davis always insists on opening the show.) The group was in elegant and cohesive shape. *'Round Midnight* sounded even more movingly lyrical than it had a few days earlier in London. Herbie Hancock may well be the first great impressionist jazz pianist. Ron Carter and Wayne Shorter wove in and out of the almost uninterrupted proceedings. Tony Williams, an incredible technician with a superabundance of ideas, tended at times to overwhelm the rest of the group acoustically.

Archie Shepp's quintet drew a reaction somewhat different from what I had observed in London. There he had closed the show; some of the audience had simply walked out in mid-set but those who remained (the vast majority) cheered and applauded fanatically. In Berlin, sandwiched between Miles and Monk, Shepp held his audience.

The sheer intensity and ferocity of the group virtually numbed many listeners. The abrupt switch from a very long period of collective improvisation to a tongue-in-cheek travesty of *Shadow of Your Smile* provided an irresistible touch of humor. I

would have liked to hear more individual work by trombonist Roswell Rudd and Grachan Moncur III, both of whom seemed to be participating principally as contributors to the jagged, unpredictable ensemble. Jimmy Garrison's bass was as inventive as ever; Beaver Harris' drums provided a complex, stirring foundation.

The impact of Shepp was perhaps best summarized by Friedrich Gulda in a backstage comment at intermission. "I don't quite understand what Shepp is doing," he told me, "but it gets to me."

Veteran jazz critic Dr. Dietrich Schulz-Koehn introduced Thelonious Monk, whose group started out with the regular quartet (Charlie Rouse, Larry Gales, Ben Riley), then grew as it moved along. Ray Copeland was added first; then Jimmy Cleveland, Phil Woods, and Johnny Griffin. Clark Terry, billed as a featured soloist, was not integrated into the band; Monk only brought him on at the end of the set to play a long solo on *Blue Monk*. Woods' nonpareil alto was also confined to a single solo. It seems senseless, and a little pathetic, to bring musicians of this caliber thousands of miles and then constrict them in this manner.

Ray Copeland is a fluent trumpeter not lacking in ideas, but somewhat thin in tone; he was more impressive on fluegelhorn, because of the instrument's naturally deeper sound.

The octet played three old Monk tunes, with the leader comping in a busy and useful manner when he wasn't wandering around the stage. The ensembles, playing Hall Overton charts that sounded like actual Monk solos voiced for five horns, ranged from adequate to ragged and out of tune. The highlights of the set were Griffin's tenor solos and the few sparkling moments when Clark Terry plunged into his plunger, egged on by the sturdy walking of Larry Gales.

The midnight "Jazz Party" was held in a large, overcrowded, over-floodlighted room at the Kongresshalle. There seemed to be about 1500 customers, and more photographers or TV cameramen than waiters. There was music to eat, drink, and dance by, and the revelry went on until 5 a.m.

Sunday evening, it was back to the Philharmonie for the final concert. Though billed as a "Guitar Workshop," the program also incorporated two organized groups, Wein's own Newport All Stars and the Gary Burton Quartet.

The guitar display took a more or less chronological form, opening with 67-year-old Elmer Snowden (Duke Ellington's 1921 leader) playing Buddy Guy, one of the better though lesser-known artists in the folk-blues area, was warmly received, as were Barney Kessel and Jim Hall.

One of the festival's most unforgettable revelations was the guitar duet by Kessel and Hall. Achieved with a minimum of rehearsal and never before attempted during the tour, their interweaving of *You Stepped Out of a Dream* was a creation of rare and gentle beauty.

Kessel was also heard in a couple of

/Continued on page 42



"QUOTET" conducted by harvey sidors



Theme:

Just how compatible are jazz and rock?

Solos:

CHARLIE BYRD: "Rock 'n' roll and jazz have common roots in the blues, but I find I listen very little to rock 'n' roll; it simply does not hold my interest. And even though the rock 'n' rollers are coming up with interesting tunes, the sound goes against my grain. The main reason for that is that it lacks dynamic shading. As far as its appeal is concerned, it appeals to juveniles because obviously it is juvenile music."

LIONEL HAMPTON: "Musically, rock 'n' roll hasn't influenced jazz—jazz has influenced rock 'n' roll. As far as the popularity of rock is concerned, just look at the selling job being done. Jazz doesn't have dozens of press agents yelling 'rah-rah.' Rock does—and the American public has to be sold on everything."

HERBIE HANCOCK: "Rock 'n' roll hasn't hurt jazz. For the most part, rock has been a healthy influence on jazz. Of course, some jazzmen have absorbed the negative aspects of rock—you know, the commercial aspects. But many jazzmen have exploited the rhythmic ele-

ments of rock 'n' roll, and they've done it positively. I find that metrical phrases are freer in rock—like some of the Dionne Warwick songs. There's a relation between rock and Latin in that one sense: the recurrence of certain rhythmic phrases. Rock hurt jazz? No. We can learn something from them."

BOOKER ERVIN: "I wouldn't say that rock 'n' roll has helped jazz at all. Not even influenced it—but I'll tell you what *has* influenced jazz: rhythm-and-blues. There are some things in rock 'n' roll I like. I dig the Beatles' writing. In general, if rock musicians know their instruments and play well, I have respect for them."

CHRIS CONNOR: "Rock hasn't hurt jazz one bit. A lot of jazz musicians are incorporating that sound—Bud Shank, Ramsey Lewis—and I'm glad to see them make it. Actually, there are some good sounds in rock. The Beatles have created some—so have the Mamas and the Papas. And some of their material is the creative kind I'd like to do myself. I'm doing too many standards and falling into the same groove. I'll do anything—except opera!"

CHARLES TOLLIVER: "Rock 'n' roll has had a very strong influence on jazz. Of course, the roots are close. Playing in a rock 'n' roll vein takes away from the creative aspects, and it comes at a time when the extremes of avant garde are hurting jazz. But financially it has helped jazz musicians. I don't know, I think Charlie Parker said it so well: 'I like to play pretty notes and swing.'"

GARY BURTON: "Mostly I'd say rock is a healthy influence on jazz. I dig rock myself, and I think my experience with it has helped me. I heard Larry Coryell playing in a rock group. It just wasn't his bag, so I brought him into my group. Sounds like some musicians are using the rock idiom poorly. One shouldn't play rock tunes in a jazz setting. That isn't what it's all about."

JOHN HAMMOND: "There is a terribly sad development in jazz today. Adults are becoming too snobbish. We've got to have more of an open mind. Nobody knows exactly what direction jazz is taking. But one thing we do know: today's youngsters are saying some exciting things."

DON ELLIS: "Something has happened in the last couple of years. The quality of rock 'n' roll has improved tremendously. I think some of the greatest songs are being written in the rock field. There's one I like called *Up, Up and Away*—it's a gorgeous song. And the Fifth Dimension's version is beautiful; it's a classic by anybody's standards. Some of the things happening in rock 'n' roll are exciting and adventurous. Conversely,

I'm bored by the bulk of what I hear in jazz today. In fact, as far as buying new records, I've probably been buying more new rock records than jazz records. There's a certain affinity between the things I'm doing and rock because we're both interested in rhythm. Hey, speaking of rhythm, have you heard this new group called the Id? Part of their first recording is in 17! It's wild, and quite complex. A lot of rock musicians have tuned into Indian music, which is, of course, the most rhythmically sophisticated in the world. I don't know how much is getting through, 'cause most rock groups just take the surface characteristics, but eventually it's bound to sink in. A lot depends on who you're listening to. I was listening to tapes of Bird I hadn't heard before—funny how old-fashioned it sounded. It used to sound so daring and fresh, but that era has really passed."

CECIL PAYNE: "I like rock, and I don't think it hurts jazz. You'll find some rock 'n' roll in Woody's charts. The reason a lot of jazzmen dislike the instrumentation is because rock is too heavy on guitar. I played rock 'n' roll 15-20 years ago, but then it was called r&b."

LOREZ ALEXANDRIA: "Rock is putting on a different sound. It's beginning to swing more and move better. It's growing up; it's more mature than it used to be. The rock singers are beginning to sound more jazzy. I think they're sneaking a little jazz in there. I really do. I don't work places where teen-agers go, so I have to approach the same material a little differently. And if it's good material, the conversion is easy. That's all a singer looks for: good material, not where it comes from. Personally, I feel jazz has contributed more to rock than vice versa, but rock material can easily be transferred to a jazz vehicle."

JOHN HANDY: "These rock 'n' roll cats are improving—economically, not musically. Their blues base gives off an emotional base that jazz musicians can absorb. And it would be expedient to do so, because we want more fans. Yes, the young rock 'n' rollers are improving, but it will take them years to come up to our level. By then, they won't be rock 'n' rollers. They will have rocked themselves right out of business. Then they'll be just like us. You know, the rock kids break me up. Most of them look like they're still hanging on to their umbilical cords."

Coda:

Rock is rock; jazz is jazz. But the sometime union of the hip and the hippie is producing an offspring which is characteristic of today's sounds: unresolved. [E]

Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Kenny Darham, Ira Gitler, Ralph Johnson, Bill Mathieu, Marian McPartland, Dan Morgenstern, Harvey Pekar, Bob Porter, Bill Quinn, William Russo, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, 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.

Roy Ayers

VIRGO VIBES—Atlantic SD 1488: *The Ringer*; *Ayerloom*; *In the Limelight*; *Virgo Vibes*; *Glow Flower*.

Personnel: Charles Tolliver, trumpet; Joe Henderson or Harold Land, tenor saxophone; Ronnie Clark or Jack Wilson, piano; Ayers, vibes; Reggie Workman or Buster Williams, bass; Bruno Carr or Donald Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Here is one of the more satisfying recent LPs: the compositions are good, the solo work is generally fine, and the rhythm sections perform with vigor and taste.

Tolliver wrote *The Ringer*, which has an uncluttered harmonic foundation that allows the soloists considerable freedom to roam and to search for melodic ideas. *Ayerloom* is a pretty, Latin-type tune (Ayers calls it a neo-bossa nova) by Roy Norman. Gerald Wilson contributed *Limelight*, a strong, building composition. *Glow*, by Ayers, is a pretty waltz.

The impressive thing about Ayers' playing is that although his solos are complex he doesn't waste notes. He plays a lot of notes because he has a lot to say; he is an inventive musician who doesn't rely on stock phrases. His phrasing is graceful, and his solos have good continuity.

Henderson plays impassioned solos on *Ringer* and *Limelight* but I was even more impressed here with his *Ayerloom* spot, which is very interesting rhythmically.

Land has a fine, meaty solo on *Glow Flower*. What an underrated musician he is! If he hadn't been overshadowed by Max Roach and Clifford Brown, with whom he played during the '50s, Land might enjoy more public acclaim today.

Tolliver demonstrates considerable potential on this record. He's still a derivative stylist, owing much to Freddie Hubbard, but is an adventurous musician and may well attain greater individuality within the next few years. He plays well in the upper register and has good technique. His solos here, though rather strident, are exciting.

The piano work is generally better than good. I expected Wilson to play well, but was pleasantly surprised by Clark, whose work was unfamiliar to me. He is a lucid soloist who plays flowing, single-note lines and uses his left hand well.

This record, incidentally, was produced by Herbie Mann. He deserves a pat on the back for his efforts to make the LP a varied and stimulating one. —Pekar

Chet Baker

COOL BURNIN'—Prestige 7496: *Hurry*; *I Waited for You*; *The 490*; *Cut Plug*; *Boudoir*; *Etude in Three*; *Sleeping Susan*.

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

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Here's the fourth LP to come from an

extremely long session this group made for Prestige. It's strange that they recorded Baker at such length since he has a good, but not extraordinary group here, and since he is certainly not the commercial attraction he was in the '50s.

I reviewed one of the other records from the session, *Groovin'*, some time ago. This one gets a higher rating because Lightsey and Baker play better on it, though Baker's performance is still disappointing.

He seems to have trouble handling the fluegelhorn. His upper-register work is strained at times, and his playing is less crisply articulated than it generally has been on trumpet. I suppose one reason that Baker switched to fluegelhorn was that he liked the full tone it is possible to get from the instrument. However, his sound is sometimes muddy instead of mellow.

Here, he plays meaty solos on Tadd Dameron's *The 490* (most Dameron compositions deserve to be heard more often) and *Cut Plug*, but even when he is double-timing on these tracks, his work lacks wallop. On *I Waited for You* Baker's playing, though not particularly adventurous, is thoughtful and pleasant. His spots on the other tracks are boring. On *Boudoir* he merely imitates Miles Davis.

Coleman plays very well. He's consistently imaginative, and though his tone is not particularly large he varies its texture intelligently. The tenor man demonstrates that he can create a variety of moods, improvising with slashing drive on *Hurry* and with restraint and sensitivity on *Boudoir* and *Susan*.

Lightsey solos inventively and vigorously, if a little mechanically.

A bonus for those who purchase this album is the work of the unsung Wright. He does a good job in the section and solos well. He has relaxed, melodic spots on *The 490* and *Susan* and a good Wilbur Ware-like solo during *Etude*.

I might add that those who are interested in hearing Baker in a post-bop context should try to pick up his *Polka Dots and Moonbeams* LP (Jazzland 988). This contains some of the best work he's ever recorded. —Pekar

Stan Getz

VOICES—Verve V/V6-8707: *Once*; *I Didn't Know what Time it was*; *Nica's Dream*; *Little Rio*; *Keep Me in Your Heart*; *Zigeuner Song*; *I Want to Live*; *Where Flamingos Fly*; *Midnight Samba*; *Infinidad*; *Darling Joe*.

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock or Hank Jones, piano; Jim Hall, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Artie Butler, Bobby Rosengarden, percussion; Bill Horvath, cymbalom (tracks 6 and 8 only); chorus, arranged and conducted by Claus Ogerman.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This is a superb mood album, a jazz mood album, and that's what the rating is for: Getz at the top of his lyrical form;

fine backing by first-class helpmates, and unobtrusive voices—for once—which don't bother even me too much, though I usually cringe at such goings on.

Some will no doubt call this album "commercial." Well, why not commercial? To hell with such thinking; it has set back jazz and given musicians needless complexes long enough. If you feel like playing pretty tunes so the melody can be recognized, and improvising fresh ideas on them, go ahead. It might even make "the people" listen. Of course, if you don't dig playing that way, don't. But Getz does, and you can tell. He can also play "hard" (as he did on *Sweet Rain*, the album before this), so he doesn't have to prove a thing. He's got it covered, like it or not.

I like it. And this album ain't without meat and potatoes, either. There is marrow here. The program seems to be a collaborative venture; there are Ogerman originals and European and Brazilian tunes, and there are choices that I'd wager are Getz's—John Benson Brooks' lovely *Flamingos*; Gigi Gryce's now seldom heard *Nica's Dream*, and *I Didn't Know*. Perhaps not coincidentally, these are among the album's best tracks.

Heart (not the trite chestnut by the same name) is also a masterpiece. There isn't, to be frank, one less than good track in the whole album.

Getz is all over his horn, from top to bottom, and wherever he goes he has a sound—his sound. The mood is predominantly nostalgic and bittersweet, sometimes with funk underneath. Maybe, some will say, that isn't "the mood of our times." But inner time doesn't change, and calls all moods its own. A colleague recently told me that no contemporary art that isn't social protest has any validity. This profound edict did not move me to throw out my *Charlie Parker with Strings* album, my copy of *Ellington Indigos*, my Erroll Garner records, etc. I expect to keep this album on hand, too.

—Morgenstern

Freddie Hubbard

BACKLASH—Atlantic 1477: *Backlash*; *The Return of the Prodigal Son*; *Little Sunflower*; *On the Que-tee*; *Up Jumped Spring*; *Echoes of Blue*.

Personnel: Hubbard, trumpet, fluegelhorn; James Spaulding, alto saxophone, flute; Albert Dailey, piano; Bob Cunningham, bass; Otis Ray Appleton, drums; Ray Barretto, Latin percussion (tracks 1, 2, 3 only).

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Hubbard's big beautiful tone is one of the best things about this album. It contains six originals, mostly minor in both key and mood. These consist of rather brief outlines for blowing; and the first two tracks hardly needed to have been separated, since they are almost identical—just a slight change of tempo and a

different key. Appleton plays good rock 'n' roll drums which helps to give both pieces that Motown sound, and the two tracks are held together by the solo work of Hubbard and Spaulding, who are consistently good throughout the whole album, and by the excellent rhythm section.

Hubbard's *Sunflower* is a wistful melody; to me, certainly the best track on the side. It has that air of melancholy that characterizes much of the music in the Wayne Shorter-Herbie Hancock school of composing—a mood which is carried through by the various players in their solos. Dailey's work is interesting and different. He plays intriguing patterns—figures which compliment the horns. On his solo his ideas are varied; he plays sometimes in thirds, sometimes with single-note figures and runs that give a touch of lightness to the bitter-sweet melody.

Que-tee starts with a short Appleton solo that leads strongly into a theme that alternates between 3/4 and 4/4 very effectively, giving added excitement and interest as everyone stretches out. Spaulding and Hubbard play beautifully, and Dailey's fleet chorus is inventive and free of the pianistic clichés that one hears so frequently.

Spring, a sprightly waltz, has a melody that is very reminiscent of *Love and the Weather*. Played with a jaunty air, it is a complete change of mood, and Spaulding soars in and around the melody on flute.

Blues, by Cunningham, has a *Blues in the Night* motif. The solos by Hubbard and Spaulding are strong, and behind them, Dailey uses a stop-time device, again weaving such interesting patterns that I found myself listening to him as much as to the actual solos. He digs deep into the piano, nudging here, echoing a trumpet figure there, until someone gives a loud yell of sheer enjoyment that seems to galvanize the whole into sudden wild fervor. The feeling of genuine excitement and humor, punctuated by more encouraging shouts, comes across. It is as if everyone was trying to make up for sounding gloomy at the beginning of the piece. At the end, Cunningham drops down dramatically to quiet bowing for his solo, then the horns return to the same eerie theme which trails off mysteriously.

—McPartland

Jimmie Lunceford

LUNCFORD SPECIAL—Columbia CS9515/CL2715: *Flaming Reeds and Screaming Brass; While Love Lasts; Tain't What You Do; Cheatin' On Me; Time's A-Wastin'; Baby Won't You Please Come Home; Ain't She Sweet; Well All Right Then; Belgian Stomp; I'm Alone With You; I'm in an Awful Mood; Uptown Blues; Lunceford Special; Bugs Parade; I Wanna Hear Swing Songs; What's Your Story, Morning Glory.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2: Tommy Stevenson, Eddie Tompkins, Sy Oliver, trumpets; Russel Bowles, Henry Wells, trombones; Willie Smith, Joe Thomas, Earl Carethers, reeds; Eddie Wilcox, piano; Al Norris, guitar; Moses Allen, bass; Jimmy Crawford, drums. Tracks 3-9: Paul Webster replaces Stevenson; Elmer Crumley replaces Wells; Trummy Young, trombone, added; Dan Grissom, Ted Buckner, added to reeds. Tracks 10-16: Gerald Wilson and Snooky Young replace Oliver and Tompkins.

Rating: ★★★★★

This new album replaces CL634 of the same title, has 16 tracks to the older set's 12, has dropped four of the lesser items in that collection for better choices, and

is considerably improved in terms of sound. It is, in fact, one of the best Columbia reissues in a long while, and hopefully heralds a revival of that company's thoughtful attention to the jazz heritage.

Lunceford's unique band has been overshadowed in critical acclaim and continued hearing by the durable Basie and Ellington, and the much-lauded Fletcher Henderson, but it was without question of equal caliber.

Though it had passed its zenith by the early '40s, it exerted a powerful influence on big-band styles through the ensuing decade, and definite echoes can still be heard today in the work of Basie, Kenton, Harry James, and many a studio band.

The Lunceford band was an arranger's band—an ensemble—rather than a soloist's launching pad, though it did have outstanding individual players. But it was the fabulous reed section and the powerful brasses, anchored in a very personal and solid rhythm section, that gave the band its stylistic profile.

Discipline, polish, and sometimes flashy showmanship characterized the band's work. It had wit and flair and many moods, but only rarely did it achieve the profoundly moving dimension of *Uptown Blues*, a masterpiece which—perhaps significantly—was a “head” arrangement emphasizing soloists (Willie Smith's alto and Snooky Young's trumpet).

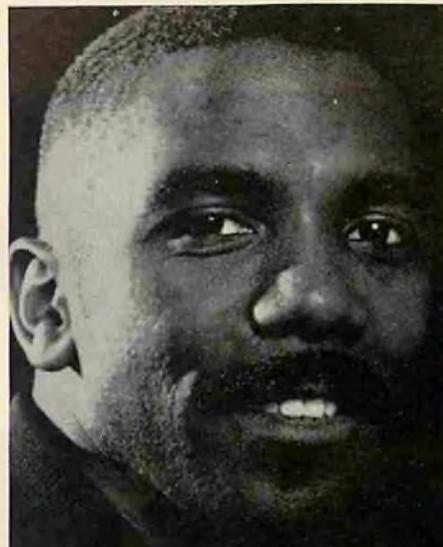
However, even its most lighthearted (and, by contemporary standards of utter seriousness, perhaps superficial) moments were so musical that they remain enjoyable and even interesting. Even today's expert craftsmen would have trouble with some of the old Lunceford charts, particularly the brilliant saxophone scoring. There were few personnel changes, and the band was a unit as few seen before or since.

The first two selections, never previously issued, are from May, 1933 and show the band at the threshold of stylistic identity. The influence of the Casa Loma still looms, especially on the fast *Flaming; Love*, a ballad, is prettily scored; both arrangements are by pianist Eddie Wilcox, along with Sy Oliver the founding father of the Lunceford style.

The remaining tracks date from early 1939 to early 1940. The band's material, in the main, was either original, or unlikely revivals of old, seldom “jazzed” numbers. Oliver was in his creative prime; how much the band owed him was tellingly demonstrated when he became a staff arranger for Tommy Dorsey in late '39—suddenly, TD's band became Lunceford. His ideas flowed profusely, and he had taste.

Taste, in fact, was a hallmark of the band, and this is one of the reasons why it hardly ever sounds dated. (Such judgments, of course, are of necessity subjective. Elsewhere in this issue, Don Ellis finds Charlie Parker “old fashioned.” Clearly, there is taste and taste, and we all apprehend the past differently.)

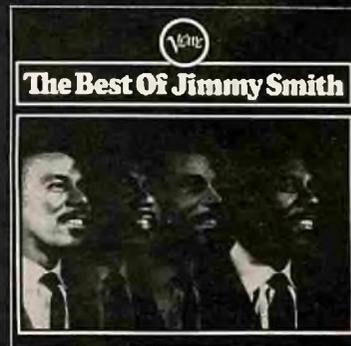
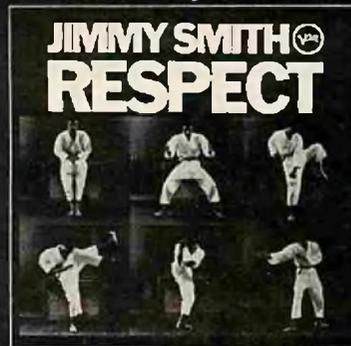
If you listen to the entire album, you will be struck by the discovery of just how many of swing's favorite licks originated with (or were first widely disseminated by) this band. Voicings and devices, too.



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Billy Moore, who took Oliver's arranging place, was also greatly gifted. (His talents have been buried, for many years, as pianist-arranger for internationally touring vocal groups; currently, The Delta Rhythm Boys.)

Several of the band's instrumental stars doubled as vocalists: Trummy Young, Willie Smith, Joe Thomas, Oliver. Sweet singer Dan Grissom doubled tenor. Everybody contributed to the fullest.

The outstanding soloists were altoist Smith, the Youngs (Snooky and Trummy), and tenorist Joe Thomas, a much underrated man, who loved Hawkins and Chu Berry but had his own thing going. Smith could play fine clarinet, too (*Morning Glory*). Altoist Ted Buckner (not to be confused with the trumpeter of west coast fame) was also a fine player; credit for some of his solos has often gone to Smith. Dig him on *Swing Songs*. (Stanley Dance's as usual exemplary notes give full solo details.) Paul Webster, a high note specialist, had musical range as well.

Crawford stands with Chick Webb, Sid Catlett, and Jo Jones among the giants of classic big-band drumming. He was (and is) a master of time, the bass drum, and cymbals. His colleagues in the section were not of the same stature, but as a unit, it functioned admirably indeed.

The tracks are a fine cross-section of the band's work for Columbia's affiliates. Decca, now embarked on a most promising reissue project, can fill the gaps; the one available Lunceford on this label, DLA 8050, fills some already.

Aside from *Uptown* and *Morning Glory*, two exceptional pieces, and the marvelous arrangement and performance on *Swing Songs* (the later *Monotony in Four Flats* might have been included, for it was crafted from the concluding ensemble passages and vocal backgrounds of this track), *Baby* offers a sample of the band's flair for the unexpected; *Sweet and Cheatin'* its great ways with old songs and relaxed tempos; *Special* its flagwaving forte, *Tain't* its (and composer-singer Trummy Young's) special "novelties"; and *Bugs* its pioneering "modernism"—that's where vintage Kenton came from.

Band instructors as well as young and old pros might profitably investigate the true Lunceford sound. For a decade, from 1934 to 1944, this was a band in a class by itself. It still is—class will tell.

The remastering job is superb, by the way. —Morgenstern

David (Fathead) Newman

HOUSE OF DAVID—Atlantic 1489: *I Wish You Love; One Room Paradise; Little Sister; Miss Minnie; Just Like A Woman; House of David; Blue Now; The Holy Land.*

Personnel: Newman, tenor saxophone, flute; Tod Dunbar, guitar; Kossie Gardner, organ; Milt Turner, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

After an absence of more than three years, tenor saxophonist Newman returns to recording activity at the helm of a tenor-organ quartet whose air of quiet modesty is in welcome contrast to the bombast usually associated with such an instrumentation. The music Fathead and company dispense is of the simple, uncomplicated straight-ahead type, never

veering too far from the basic sources and solace of the blues, swinging easily, and making few demands of the listener. Foot-tapping, grooving music, in short, but done well, with taste and a complete absence of histrionics.

Newman plays with great control and finesse, revealing a warmth and passion that are even more impressive for the economy with which they are articulated. He wastes no notes in his soloing, but instead makes each one count for a great deal. He sounds as though he has been listening a great deal to Stan Getz and/or Eddie Harris, for he has developed a mastery of the upper end of the tenor in a manner that recalls each of their ways with this area of the instrument. He controls it extremely well, and uses it to good advantage.

There is little that is particularly new or daring in the music of the Newman quartet, but it plays with quiet intensity and never over-extends itself. Nor does it descend to tasteless displays of excess. In fact, the opposite would appear to be the rule: these four men are much more committed to the practice of understatement and to cohesive, organized playing. Their music is deft and benefits greatly from the obvious forethought that flows through their playing at all times.

—Welding

Tony Parenti

A NIGHT AT JIMMY RYAN'S—Jazzology J-31: *Coney Island Washboard; Blues for Jimmy Ryan; Palesteen; Strut Miss Lizzie; That's A Parenti; New Orleans Joys; Shm-me-sha-wabble; Down At Jimmy Ryan's.*

Personnel: Max Kaminsky, trumpet; Parenti, clarinet; Conrad Janis, trombone; Dick Wellstood, piano; Davis Quinn, banjo; Joe Henshaw, tuba; Zutty Singleton, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ 1/2

Young Max Kaminsky wanted to learn more about jazz, so, in the late '20s, he visited Chicago. Already familiar with the work of Louis Armstrong and Bix Beiderbecke, he had such an elastic, plunging drive and ringing sound that he was immediately taken in by the Chicago jazz crowd. He has almost never made a bad recording in his long career; and this session, with all its faults, stands as further proof of his remarkable durability and freshness.

He has some strong support here, especially from Parenti (who is just slightly behind Kaminsky here in performance), Wellstood, and the amazing Zutty Singleton. Unfortunately, however, the faults at this session are major, ranging from the choppy playing of the rhythm section (Henshaw's tuba drags the tempo in a most dismayingly manner), to sloppy production work (my copy has the labels reversed). The rhythm section is over-recorded, and there are times when the musicians miss obvious cues.

But, notwithstanding, there is superb jazz playing on these tracks. On *Blues for Jimmy Ryan*, after several average choruses, Singleton gets his press roll moving, and Kaminsky, throbbing and powerful, drives the blues right on down. The rapport between Singleton and Parenti on *Palesteena* makes them seem like brothers, and Kaminsky's ensemble horn, heart leaping, stinging, sweeps everything away.

Trombonist Janis, surprisingly improved, contributes some solid ensemble horn on *That's A Parenti*. *Shim-me-sha-wabble* has one long stretch where Parenti demonstrates tellingly the beauty of the old New Orleans clarinet style. *New Orleans Joys* features a pleasing, lazy three-way pull of the horns, and a fine Wellstood solo.

Another album, please—one with a bassist who can keep up with Singleton, and one with more attention and care spent on production details. —*Erskine*

Howard Roberts

HOWARD ROBERTS—GUILTY!—Capitol 2824: *Watch What Happens; Ode to Billie Joe; Triste; Can't Take My Eyes Off You; Look of Love; Yellow Days; Walk Tall; You and I; O Barquinho; Wait Until Dark; Up, Up and Away.*

Personnel: Roberts, guitar; Al Hendrickson or Jack Marshall, rhythm guitar; Dave Grusin, organ; Vic Feldman, electric piano, percussion; Chuck Berghofer, bass; John Guerin, drums; Paulo Fernando de Magalhaes, Larry Bunker, Claudio Miranda, percussion.

Rating: ★ ½

Well, here we are again with one of those smooth, superlatively crafted, beautifully recorded, and totally bland albums of jazz-inflected mood music that Roberts (and a few other Capitol artists) has been giving us for a few years now. There is little that can or need be said about this one that hasn't been said about the half-dozen similar sets by the guitarist that has preceded it, except that the selection of tunes (none of which is anywhere near my idea of deathless, save perhaps *Barquinho*) is different and the shift in emphasis here has been towards commercial bossa nova. Grusin gives a creditable imitation of

Walter Wanderley's organ sound, and Feldman's electric piano emerges briefly from time to time, but neither of these fine musicians can relieve overmuch the sodden tenor of the proceedings. Why? Well, Roberts' guitar has the spotlight most of the way—he plays competently, faultlessly even, but not very excitingly—and all the other instruments are pretty much kept in the background in terms of relative volume, and in the amounts of solo time they're given.

As Roberts goes, so goes the album. Since he doesn't seem particularly committed—and who can blame him?—it is scarcely surprising that this set never engenders anything more than a polite yawn from the listener.

Recommended only for fanciers of schmaltz who prefer the politely funky variety. All others steer clear: the cholesterol level is very high. —*Welding*

Don Patterson

SOUL HAPPENING—Prestige 7484: *Made in the Water; La Bamba; Strangers in the Night; Up Tight; Love Letters; Wee Wee.*

Personnel: Patterson, organ; Vincent Corrao, guitar; Billy James, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Shirley Scott

WORKIN'—Prestige 7424: *Miles' Theme; Autumn Leaves; Bridge Blue; Slaughter on 10th Avenue; Work Song; Chopped Chops.*

Personnel: Miss Scott, organ; Ronnell Bright, piano (tracks 5,6); Wally Richardson, guitar (tracks 5,6); George Duvivier, bass (tracks 1,4); George Tucker, bass (tracks 2,3); Peck Morrison, bass (tracks 5,6); Arthur Edgehill, drums (tracks 1-4); Roy Haynes, drums (tracks 5,6).

Rating: ★ ★ ★

By sheer volume, Prestige has come

very close to cornering the organ market. There are few organists of note who haven't, at one time or another, come to the attention of Bob Weinstock and his staff. Miss Scott and Patterson have been two of the label's mainstays, and the albums in question are examples of the bread-and-butter Prestige product.

Neither of the principals are noted for a "blasting" style of organ which, in effect, places them more in a jazz context than a strict "soul" bag. Several critics have praised Patterson for his ability to produce meaningful organ jazz without reliance on tricks and devices. Miss Scott has also been noted for her taste.

Of the two, Miss Scott is the more polished performer. Her album is several years old, but it is still representative of her playing. For some unknown reason, she has made a number of sessions backed only by bass and drums and, to these ears, this is a mistake. Any three-piece group is hampered somewhat in a search for variety, but when the organ is the dominant solo instrument, with no horn or guitar to help ease the load, things can become pretty boring. It is a credit to Miss Scott that she can actually make some sense in this context.

Miles' is *The Theme* (or everybody's theme) and features her best blowing on the album. There is no composer credit, and since someone should be getting bread for the authorship, perhaps some reader can enlighten as to who that should be.

Autumn is, again, medium-bounce tem-

Roy Haynes plays

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po and runs a bit too long. *Bridge* is a thinly disguised *Sonny Moon For Two* and has good blowing. The late George Tucker is a rock on both these tracks.

The remainder of the LP doesn't hold much interest.

Patterson's album is primarily a relaxed affair. Corrao has several good spots; the one on *Love Letters* stands out. James is an exemplary drummer in this context. He and Patterson have worked together for many years, and the rapport is evident.

Patterson is a very staccato organist, and for this reason his extended work sometimes grates, but his rhythmic conception is interesting. He sometimes reminds of Dexter Gordon in the manner in which he lays off the beat. The tunes on the album are all familiar and the treatment is about what one would expect. *Love* is schmalzty in spots, and *Wee Dot* is the cooker.

Both organists have made better albums, but each has interesting moments.—Porter

Buddy Terry

ELECTRIC SOUL!—Prestige 7525: *Electric Soul*; *Alfie*; *Hey, Nellie*; *Everything Is Everything*; *The Ubangi That Got Away*; *Jimmy*; *The Band Bandit*.

Personnel: Jimmy Owens, trumpet and flugelhorn; Terry, tenor saxophone, amplified (Vari-tone) saxophone; Harold Mabern Jr., electric piano; Ron Carter, bass; Freddie Waits, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

In case you're still wondering, the Vari-tone saxophone is described in the notes as "another new electronic invention which amplifies the saxophone through its own sound box . . ." Annotator Michael Gold also calls attention to its "characteristic double-octave sound."

On either horn, Terry is a virile, warm musician whose big tone and rhythmic ideas suggest that he's been influenced strongly by Sonny Rollins, though he's also picked up ideas from John Coltrane. Terry possesses good technique as well, and frequently uses it to rip off multi-note passages.

Perhaps it's because I'm more used to it, but I liked Terry's tenor improvisations better than his Vari-tone work; it has a more sharply defined, forceful quality. However, all his solos are meaty.

Owens, who can be brilliant, isn't heard to good advantage here. He gets too little space on *Nellie*, having to stop in the process of building a head of steam. He's too conservative on *Bandit*. Most impressive is his nicely thought out *Ubangi* solo. He begins pensively, then increases the heat and complexity of his work, bringing the upper register into play effectively.

Possibly because the over-all flavor of this set is rather funky, Mabern, normally a good performer, uses too many stock devices. His playing on the down-home *Everything* is particularly trite. However, his solos on *Ubangi* and *Jimmy* demonstrate a neat, graceful conception.

Incidentally, the sound of his electric instrument is not as bright as that of any ordinary piano. Often it has an organlike quality; on other occasions, it's reminiscent of a guitar, or even a harp.

Carter's work in the rhythm section is springy and strong, and he solos well on *Bandit*.

—Pekar



By HARVEY SIDERS

The proliferation of jazz tapes now gives the selective listener a wider range of artists and styles to choose from than ever before. During the past few months, a number of new recordings were issued in tape form, but of particular interest are the older, hard-to-get albums now available via tape. Here is a rundown of both categories. All are 4-track stereo tapes recorded at 7½ ips, unless otherwise indicated:

LES McCANN: *Plays the Hits* (Lime-light/Ampex LLC 86041). An extremely enjoyable exercise in funk, with McCann's trio supplemented by reed men Jerome Richardson, Seldon Powell, and Plas Johnson; and vibist Lynn Blessing. Highlight of the album: *Sunny*, in tandem, with the first version sensuously slow; the second joyously "up." Generally, the collection rings with McCann's mirth, even his occasional, tongue-in-cheek vocalese—no easy way to sing.

DAVE BRUBECK: *Anything Goes!* (*Columbia CQ 899). The difference in presence between tape and disc is noteworthy. Gene Wright's polite bass lines, Morello's bass drum kicks, and his cymbal riding are all very much alive on tape. As far as musical ideas are concerned, nothing has to be improved: Brubeck and Desmond take to the piquant changes of Cole Porter the way many singers take to his sophisticated lyrics. An outstanding album.

COUNT BASIE: *Hollywood . . . Basie's Way* (Command/Ampex CMC 912). This is a ball, from beginning to end. All the usual Basie fringe benefits are there: the biting brass; ample reeds; the chomp-chomp of Freddie Green; the plink-plink-plink of Basie; the overall excitement, with liberal doses of humor. The charts sound as vintage as the standards (*Laura*; *Carioca*; *A Fine Romance*; *The Trolley Song*; *Foggy Day*), but the engineering is strictly from today.

BILL EVANS: *A Simple Matter of Conviction* (Verve/Ampex VVC 8675). When supporting players tend to steal scenes from the star, you know you're seeing a flick loaded with talent. That's what happens here: you find yourself devoting more attention to the dialogue between drummer Shelly Manne and bassist Eddie Gomez. It's a truly amazing session—and more so on tape, where you can hear every rhythmic nuance behind Evans' impressionistic swing. Shelly's brilliant brushing and Gomez' incredible clusters reach their peaks in *Laura* and the title opus. Evans' harmonic sensibilities find a special niche in his well-constructed original, *Unless It's You*.

*Mastered by Columbia; not Ampex.

BOLA SETE: *Bola Sete at the Monterey Jazz Festival* (Verve/Ampex VVC 8689). Bossa nova wears well, especially the brand of jazz samba that comes from Sete's unamplified guitar. Perhaps that's the key to his success: there are equal parts of jazz and samba, and the pulsations are infectious. Sebastian Neto maintains an airy bounce to his bass lines; Paulinho manages to produce a variety of exciting percussive shadings—even a pseudo-human rubbing sound! Their best efforts are in a medley from *Black Orpheus*. It happened in Monterey—1966.

MODERN JAZZ QUARTET: *Blues at Carnegie Hall* (Atlantic/Ampex ALC 1468). If you want to know why the blues is the most basic format in all jazzdom, listen to the 12-bar sermons by the MJQ. Blues is the moment of truth—and no amount of improvisation and re-harmonization can exhaust its potential. Similarly, the MJQ sound is inexhaustible. One rarity can be heard in this album: a solo by drummer Connie Kay. If you dig blues, especially pointing straight ahead, this collection is a virtual primer.

PHINEAS NEWBORN JR.: *A World of Piano!* (Contemporary/Ampex CYC 7600). Side one is backed by Paul Chambers and Philly Joe Jones; side two finds Sam Jones and Louis Hayes. Which means that when the combos of Miles Davis and Cannonball Adderley were in Hollywood during 1961, Phineas had two outstanding, pre-fabricated rhythm sections at his dis-

posal. You won't be able to take your ears off Newborn. He is at the peak of his powers here, and few pianists say as much as Phineas, even when he has an off-day. Highlights (from an album which is all highlights): *Lush Life*, with a lush *rubato*, and a tip of the hat to Ravel; the straight four of *Juley Lucy*, with Jones, Hayes, and Newborn proving that a metronome can swing; and *For Carl*, a Leroy Vinnegar original which underscores the beauty of simplicity.

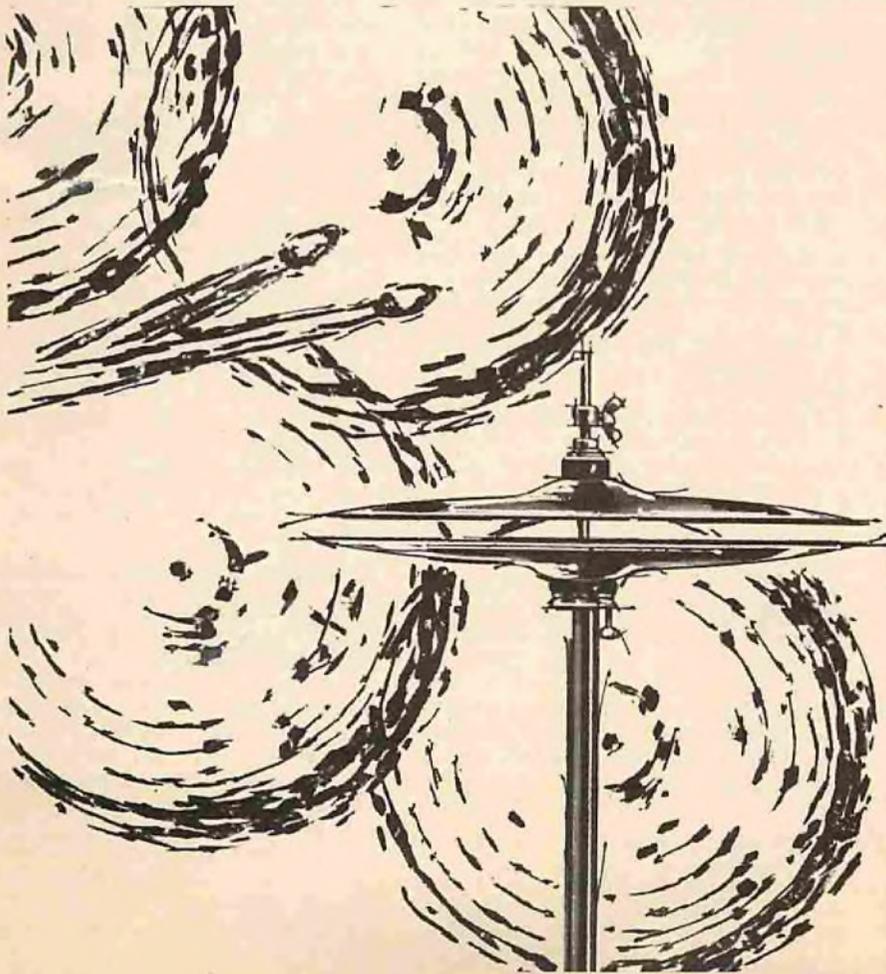
YUSEF LATEEF: *The Golden Flute* (Impulse/Ampex IPC 9125). Most musicians are intimidated by the word "dated." Not Brother Yusef; he glories in the past. He certainly doesn't live or think in the past, but he's not afraid to take an unabashed look backwards. Certain "museum pieces" may not sound particularly exciting, e.g., *Ghost of a Chance*; *Straighten Up and Fly Right*; *Rosetta*; *Exactly Like You*—but approach compensates for material. Like who was playing *Exactly Like You* on the oboe in the '40s? The big sound of the tenor dominates the album—as the sound of the tenor dominated the '40s—but the musically most rewarding moments come when Lateef plays flute.

ART PEPPER: *Art Pepper Meets the Rhythm Section* (Contemporary/Ampex CYX 7018—3 $\frac{1}{2}$ ips). Les Koenig is in the habit of getting good ideas, and a little over 10 years ago he decided to bring altoist Pepper together with Miles Davis' rhythm section (Red Garland, Paul Cham-

bers, Philly Joe Jones) for a spontaneous session. The results were predictably pleasing: outstanding soloist plus established rhythmic unit must equal swinging exchanges of concepts. In this collection, the concepts blended with such straight-ahead mutuality, the session produced "instant groove." Garland and Jones were in rare form; Chambers displayed a virtuosic talent for bowing. While their talents remain unblemished today, the past decade has not been as kind to Pepper. If he ever decides to return to alto full time (he is now playing tenor almost exclusively), this is the album to which he must listen, for this is the brand of eloquence he must recapture. He never sounded better.

ERROLL GARNER: *That's My Kick* (MGM/Ampex MGC 4463). The joy of hearing Garner grunt with such clarity, in stereo, is exceeded only by the joy of his happy groove. This is the first (and hopefully last) album supplemented by guitar. While the addition of bongos enhances the Garner sound, the guitar tends to detract. But that's a minor complaint. The album is a good one mainly because its Garner, and Erroll never disappoints.

SHELLY MANNE: *My Fair Lady* (Contemporary/Ampex CYC 7527). To list this one is sufficient. Reproductions of the *Mona Lisa* merely go on sale; nobody bothers to review Da Vinci. Well, like Mona, this fair lady has lost none of her appeal. You might say we've grown accustomed to her grace. 



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BLINDFOLD TEST/ ANDY WILLIAMS

BY
LEONARD
FEATHER

Andy Williams is not a jazz singer (though Joe Williams, among others, has credited him with a jazz feeling). He is not a rock 'n' roll singer. In other words, he subscribes to neither of the two idioms now covered by *Down Beat*. Why, then, an Andy Williams *Blindfold Test*?

First and foremost, categories aside, Andy Williams is an exceptionally good singer. He belongs in that middle ground that encompasses everyone from Barbra Streisand to Belafonte to Buddy Greco to Joan Baez and all the dozens of other good singers whose names, because they are neither jazz nor rock artists, are rarely seen in these pages.

Second, in the course of gathering material for a recent *Billboard* project dealing with Andy Williams, I found that he and Quincy Jones are mutual admirers (in 1960, Andy went to Paris to record with Quincy's band); and that numerous other jazzmen dig him, and he them. Third, I learned that unlike most wealthy and powerful artists, he does not play the diplomat in assessing the work of his contemporaries. As you will see, he is unusually direct and honest.

Williams was given no information about the records played.



1. RAY CHARLES. *Gee Baby, Ain't I Good To You* (from *Listen*, ABC). Sid Feller, arranger.

I like it, because it's basically just a rhythm section sound with the singer, and it's all complete without anything, and where the orchestra is used with strings, it's a kind of supplement to it.

Rather than trying to make the whole thing come to life because of the orchestra, the orchestra is just there to help. Those strings in the first chorus, just briefly—then he doesn't use them again until just near the end.

It's the kind of thing that sounds as if it would work great in any small club, with just a rhythm section alone, and in this case they have the advantage of some strings and some brass, and they used them tastefully, and in just the right places.

It was very artistically done; well planned. It sounds sort of like Nat Cole, long ago, but it's probably somebody new that I should know—it sounds like Ray Charles . . . but not quite! Five stars for style.

2. SARAH VAUGHAN. *I Left My Heart in San Francisco* (from *Sassy Swings Again*, Mercury). J. J. Johnson, arranger.

I don't like that record. I would say that it's one of the best singers we've had around ever, but there's a couple of reasons I don't like it. Maybe it's the song itself; it's been played so often. Personally, I like it in a romantic, pretty kind of way; it's one of those songs that has some romance to it. Maybe if I was in a large room at Harrah's, or in Vegas, I'd like it, but I don't especially enjoy hearing it on a record. There wasn't anything especially new in the arrangement.

It seemed like constant competition between Sarah and the band. This is the kind of record I'd talk over—I mean, I'd find myself talking instead of listening. I think Sarah is great, but this record just doesn't do anything for me. Three stars.

3. MEL TORME. *Strangers in the Night* (from

Right Now!, Columbia). Mort Garson, arranger.

Mel Torme also is one of the best singers we have, but I like him on things which aren't quite as commercial. It sounds like he's trying to fit into a commercial bag. For this kind of voice this sounded, to me, a little dead. This kind of backing is more modern than we're used to hearing him do—there's a little more brilliance to the voice, and all the strings and the Fender bass and the guitars, but the record seemed dead to me. Then again, the song has been around so much, and played so much; I'd prefer to hear it done a little differently. I think just doing the trick bass and things like that isn't enough. But I liked the end!

4. JACKIE & ROY. *Let's Begin* (from *Love-sick*, Verve). Roy Kral, piano; Don Payne, electric bass; Don McDonald, drums; Miss Cain, vocal.

I don't know who it is—it sounds like a couple of people . . . It's not one of my favorites.

The song has a good sound, and I like the rhythm section; she has a good voice, but it sounded to me a little bit too precise, and a little too studied.

This is almost a matter of taste—it isn't something I like listening to that much any more. I used to sit and listen to jazz records all the time, and girl singers and great obscure old standards. Now I'm much more interested in new sounds and the things that are happening today, like the Beatles.

I used to listen to this kind of thing 15 years ago and that's the way it sounds to me—15 years old. She sings very well, in tune, and has a good voice, but it doesn't move me one way or the other. Three stars.

5. MOTHERS OF INVENTION. *America Drinks* (from *Absolutely Free*, Verve).

I don't understand that at all. I don't mean I just don't understand the lyrics—I don't understand what they were singing about. I didn't get any message from the

whole thing. I just plain didn't like it.

(Later) . . . The Mothers of Invention? I'm surprised. I heard them at the Whisky Au Go Go and they really flipped me.

6. MORGANA KING. *Gone With the Wind* (from *It's A Quiet Thing*, Reprise). Torrie Zito, arranger.

I've been a fan of Morgana's for a long time. She's such a unique person; nobody sings exactly like her. I've loved a lot of the things she's done—most everything—for many, many years.

However, on this particular one, even though I like it very much, it sounds a little bit gimmicky. I didn't quite believe her as much as I do in things like *Corcovado*. She was doing some things almost for effect, which I haven't noticed on some of her other ones.

Sometimes one gets into a groove, then the groove becomes a rut. Something that you do spontaneously sometimes—all singers do it—I do it all the time. You try not to; that's why I don't like to listen to my own records too much. I know when I'm honest and when I'm dishonest, and I think that she's doing some things here for effect more than because she really felt them. However, it's a beautiful record. Four stars.

7. MODERN JAZZ QUARTET & ORCHESTRA. *Intima* (from *Jazz Dialogue*, Atlantic). Miljenko Prohaska, composer; John Lewis, piano; Mill Jackson, vibes; Howard Collins, guitar; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

I like that. I don't know who it is. It has that sound like Gil Evans with a big band. I didn't like the way the rhythm section sounded too much. It's probably the recording—maybe because it's in stereo, it sounds like it's falling apart.

I love the vibraphone and I like the arrangement, but I wasn't too excited about anything else. As I said, it's a good orchestral sound, so on the whole I'd still say it was worth—well—let's give it four stars.

CB

Top Stars play...



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CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Various Artists
Prague Jazz Festival
Prague, Czechoslovakia

Three jazz aggregations shared top musical honors at the 1967 International Prague Jazz Festival: the groups of Roland Kirk and Charles Lloyd, and the Francy Boland-Kenny Clarke Big Band.

The big band, led by Belgium's Boland and American-in-Paris Clarke, was a revelation to the dozens of journalists and record men who traveled to the jazz junket from practically every European country on both sides of the so-called Iron Curtain. The personnel of the band is a virtual Who's Who of jazzmen domiciled in Europe. On trumpets are Benny Bailey, Shake Keane, Idrees Sulieman, and Jimmy Deuchar. The trombones are Ake Persson, Nat Peck, and Eric van Lier. Derek Humble, Don Menza, Johnny Griffin, Ronnie Scott, and Sahib Shihab comprise the reed section, and bassist Jimmy Woode, vibraharpist Fats Sadi, and drummers Kenny Clarke and Kenny Clare round out the band.

Yes, that's right—Kenny Clarke and England's Kenny Clare, both on drums for the band's entire segment. Clare is one of Britain's top session men and a naturally propulsive drummer. He and Clarke played as one, creating incredible drive and excitement.

The response from the rest of the band was immediate and total. Crisp, clear, and concise section work interspersed with cogent, crackling solos from Bailey, Keane, Sulieman, Menza, Griffin, Shihab, Humble, Persson, and Sadi. Each member of the part-time band seemed so overjoyed to be reunited with his colleagues that the music was bound to benefit. And that it certainly did.

The program consisted mainly of excerpts from Boland's compositions—*Inferno Suite*, *Middle Eastern Suite*, and *The Latin Kaleidoscope*—and were received ecstatically by Prague's jazz devotees.

Equally wild were the receptions given to Kirk and Lloyd. Kirk's assorted armory of jazz projectiles was brought to bear on the astonished Czechs. The reaction was bursts of applause at each launching and complete capitulation at the close of his jazz strike.

Lloyd was also rapturously received, though the older element of the audience was obviously puzzled by his tenor and flute meanderings and Keith Jarrett's frenzied piano probes. But the group communicated totally with the two thousand or so young Czechs, and the warmth that flowed across the stage must have been the nearest approach to a Love In the Czech capital has ever experienced.

The Soviet Union sent an assorted contingent of groups for the festival, and they were given an entire evening to display their wares—noticeably it was the only

evening the giant 2,500-capacity Lucerna Hall was not packed to the doors. The best the Russians offered was the Moscow Radio and Television Orchestra, which also splintered into a trombone, tenor, and rhythm section quintet.

The five saxophones, four trumpets, four trombones, and rhythm big band boasted fine musicians and gifted soloists in Georgij Garanjan (alto), Alexej Zubov (tenor), and Konstantin Bacholdin (trombone), but there was a marked scarcity of swing in the rhythm section, a shortage noticeable in most other Eastern European groups.

In the Dixieland division, this stood out like a sore thumb. Both the Leningrad outfit and the Club Bratislava from Czechoslovakia were jerky in the rhythm sections and frantic up front.

The host country boasts many fine musicians, and a big band under altoist Karl Krautgartner did justice to the fine compositions prepared especially for the festival. When Krautgartner later joined an all-star unit, we got one of the few tastes of a Western-styled jam session. This group was sparked by the bright piano of Jan Hammer and the compact drumming of Pavel Polansky.

Other highlights of the five-day festival were:

John Eaton—he staggered the Czech audiences with his *Synket*. It looks like a telephone switchboard and produces thousands of electronic sounds—cries, bleeps, whoops, thumps, bumps, and what have you. He played *Piece for Solo Synket No. 3*. But if he'd played No. 1 or 2 instead, we wouldn't have known.

Mark Murphy—the British-based American singer was in a swinging groove, thanks in part to his rhythm team of pianist Gordon Beck, bassist Jeff Clyne, and drummer Tony Oxley.

Nowi Kwartet—a Polish group of Swingle-type singers with rhythm who, in terms of jazz feel, were probably the hippest thing from the East.

Jiggs Whigham/Jan Hammer Quartet—a very musicianly set, with bassist Jimmy Woode and drummer Pierre Favre driving powerfully. Whigham is a young American trombonist with a future. He tore up *Secret Love*.

Georgie Fame—England's rock-type singer put on a good jazz performance. His groovy organ playing got excellent support from volatile drummer Jon Hiseman.

Gustav Brom—the leading Czech radio and TV band played immaculately, if without fire.

To sum up—an impressive jazz get-together; a welcome fusion of musical interests in beautiful Prague, surely one of the most hospitable cities in the world.

—Jack Hutton
(Mr. Hutton is the editor of *Melody Maker*.)



LEE TANNER

TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI
Strong Musical Figure

Toshiko Akiyoshi

Town Hall, New York City

Personnel: Trio: Toshiko, piano; Lyn Christi, bass; Joe Cocuzzo, drums. Big Band: Bill Berry, Danny Stiles, Ziggy Harrell, Joe Shepley, trumpets; Jimmy Knepper, Britt Woodman, Joe Ciavardone, tenor trombones; Alan Raph, bass trombone; Charlie Mariano, Frank Wess, alto saxophones, flutes; Eddie Daniels, Richie Kamuca, tenor saxophones, flutes; Roger Pemberton, baritone saxophone, flute, bass clarinet; Toshiko, piano, arranger; Christi, bass; Cocuzzo, drums; Stom Yamashita, Japanese percussion (tsuzumy, kodaike, horse-bells).

For at least five different reasons, it was without great expectations that I took my seat in Town Hall this night. *Primo*, I had only the haziest recollection of Toshiko's piano playing—not a good omen for me as a rule; I have a way of forgetting what fails to captivate me, so I could surmise that the little I had heard had not been notable for the kind of hard-swinging jazz I happen to dig. *Secondo*, most Japanese music I had heard, unlike most Japanese art, had left me fairly cold; what were "Images of Japan," as the concert was titled? *Terzo*, a lifetime of listening to various heroic efforts to wed jazz to other idioms had seldom elicited anything from me, incorrigible purist that I am, but an irritable yawn. (In theory there is no good reason why two languages may not mate and bring forth a viable hybrid; English is a brilliant example, to



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say nothing of jazz itself; but those were organic growths, not deliberate syntheses.) *Quarto*, my printed program included a full-page *Message from the Artist*: Again speaking from a lifetime of intimacy with the nonverbal arts, I had learned that, as a rule of thumb, the more a cat had to say on paper about his work, the less he had to say on his axe—or shall we say, the fuller the explanations, the less there was to explain . . . *Quinto*, I had slept 2 hours in the past 24.

All in all, not very reassuring.

Nevertheless, while awaiting the dimmers, I dutifully read, and re-read, the lady's *Message*, and lo! it was refreshingly free of arty jargon and touchingly candid:

There is . . . a minority of humans who have a compulsive need for art as you have for food. They are called artists, and I am one of them. . . . To me, art is a self-cultivation . . . I feel that the moment of meeting yourself after self-cultivation is the point of completing one circle . . . Many people feel that I should not try to start another circle . . . I have no choice . . . This is the motivation of my concert. It is my endeavor to crystallize my attitude. It is my sincere wish that you will enjoy the concert, and perhaps find

your identity in my music.

The program was in three parts—solo, trio, big band. The first number, a theme from a Japanese folk song, *The Village*, featured a repetitive rolling bass and some ingenious writing, but Toshiko just didn't swing with it. The second, *Plaisir d'Amour*, likewise; the rather monotonous bass figure had me slightly glassy-eyed; it was like watching a fighter with lots of clever footwork but not much of a punch. The little authoress of it all, very charming in neat kimono and obi, was obviously enjoying every minute of it, and so was the rest of the audience, as far as I could judge; I only wished I could share the general enthusiasm. The third solo, *It Was A Very Good Year*, began with a long tempoless intro, a la Tatum, after which it seemed much like a continuation of the first two, with lots of pedal-schmiering and a tricky ending that was rather obvious in conception. The first three numbers were cut from the same fabric, like the landscape painting in the cartoon which is then sawed up into three canvases for sale. Was it all going to be like this?

Toshiko was now on her feet, talking easily and charmingly (though in part in-

audibly); she had the audience, as *Variety* would say, eating out of her hand as she introduced Christi and Cocuzzo, and the first song they would play, *Ten Ten*, based on a Japanese children's song—"hip children with a hip mother," she concluded, to a gale of appreciative laughter. Toshiko's writing here was still more skillful than compelling, built around a sophisticated asymmetric motif and phrases that varied in length. Christi, who they tell me is an M.D. from Australia, contributed a nice zingy bass solo. Things were looking up.

The next tune, *How Insensitive* (did she mean me?), again failed to grab me, with an overlong no-tempo intro and what I realized was becoming a somewhat redundant insistence on a minor mode and banal noodling, again over a similar rolling bass, this time with a Latin beat—even doubling the tempo didn't rescue it from a certain monotony of mood; and to my ear, nothing had really been swinging yet.

Thus the following number, *The Sea in Springtime*, took me by surprise. Evocative in an unsubtle way, in its second strain the whole trio suddenly started really swinging in a modern up-tempo vein; even the

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long ad lib tempo third section for bass, arco, "worked," serving as it did to launch the next swinging passage; and Toshiko made an engaging sight as she got up and stood there, kimono'd, finger-popping, to encourage her rhythm team; Cocuzzo came through with a nice clean solo also, and so back into a very successful ensemble, that did swing and yet did have a distinctive Japanese feeling thematically and modally; and so out. After which the diminutive leader, positively bubbling now, made a very appropriate and relaxed speech of appreciation to us and to her companions, to a beg-off ovation.

Her next, *Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen*, unfortunately fell back into the nonswinging sands, and never did get away from cliché; and thus the first half ended with, on my mental scoreboard, a couple of hits but more errors.

The last half was all big band—and it is a pleasure to report that nearly all of it was big musically as well as numerically, composed and arranged by Miss Akiyoshi, who now appeared in Western dress, aptly symbolizing her highly successful handling of this very Western idiom. I found the first number (*The Village* again) the weakest, but it was plain that for the rest of the audience, from here on in, their Toshiko could do no wrong. She didn't. Having dug her participation in *Springtime*, I was wishing she'd play some more piano, but she spent most of the final half on her feet, doing a fine job of emceeing and directing her superb aggregation of musicians, rounded up and pulled together by Bill Berry, who served as contractor on the date and evidently did a great job, quite apart from playing some very good solo trumpet.

The Long Yellow Road had some original phrasing, constructed in short sectional antiphonies, and featured a good tenor solo by Eddie Daniels and a startlingly great one on alto by Charlie Mariano that was certainly the high point of the concert up to that moment (I'm not sure we couldn't just leave out that last qualifier); but the whole thing went off beautifully—it was clear that we had a real writing talent to reckon with here. *The Children in Temple Ground* confirmed it, a charming, oriental theme in 5/4, the writing not very profound but often evocative in a simple, unpretentious fashion, and solidly wrought technically. *Henpecked Old Man & Cold Wind* (Toshiko explained that "there was a certain village always famous for both") began very surprisingly indeed, with an unaccompanied solo by Mariano that was amazingly "authentic"-sounding but never stopped swinging, while the whole band clapped hands around him; then the entire power plant swung in behind him, rocking like the T-beam on a riverboat—then a Jimmy Knepper solo with more handclapping; again that big rocking ensemble, Ellingtonian in the best sense of the word. I realized I was now enjoying myself hugely; that little girl had become a strong musical figure as she unerringly led the fine band through its paces.

For *Su-Mi-E*, all the saxophone men switched to flute except Pemberton, who

doubled on bass clarinet. The theme had an Old English sound, lightly melancholy, but Yamashita put it back where it belonged ethnically with a characteristic Japanese drum obbligato, a freely accelerated fusillade on his kodaiko. Displaying a shrewd sense of timing, Toshiko wound up this successful concert with *Let's Roll in Sake*, a rousing 4/4 chart that switched to a heavily accented 12/8 blues halfway through, studded with crowd-pleasing staccato phrases that staggered the beat interestingly enough, while Eddie Daniels wove a heavy, Vido-Musso-ish line over it. The enthusiasm overflowed, and an encore was demanded. I had hoped for a little more stretching out from that top-drawer crew, but Toshiko contented herself with repeating the final 12/8 segment of the *Sake* piece, which was obviously good enough for the crowd.

Summing up in the cool light of day, I would say Toshiko essentially failed to score with me as a swinging pianist (but I can't say I was disappointed, not having expected much in that line) except for that one beautiful moment in *Springtime*; displayed much ingenuity in her trio writing and playing, but not the sort that moves the likes of me; and knocked a couple of homers right out of the ballpark with her big-band writing. If that's what she meant by "crystallizing her attitude," she brought it off beautifully—and I'm happy that she "started another circle."

—Ralph Berton

Various Artists

Half Note 10th Anniversary
Village Theater, New York City

Personnel: Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet; Carol Sloane; Bobby Hackett Quartet; Carmen McRae; Cannonball Adderley Quintet; Al Cohn Big Band; Hal Lieberman, Marky Markowitz, Leo Ball, George Trifon, trumpets; Wayne Andre, Bennie Powell, Paul Selden, Herb Gardner, Irabones; Cohn, Sims, Arnie Lawrence, Bob Donovan, Tom Newsom, Don Ashworth, reeds; Ross Tompkins, piano; Bill Takas, bass; Mousey Alexander, drums.

The Village Theater is an ancient temple of the performing arts now gently mouldering at the heart of hippie-land, New York's lower east side. Its stage lately has been the scene of vast gatherings of rock bands and electric freak-out shows and, of course, has been employed as a launching pad for Dr. Timothy Leary's LSD doctrine of the absurd. On this particular evening, nothing more bizarre was witnessed than Cannonball Adderley wielding a tambourine—a pretty wild sight at that, come to think of it.

The occasion was the 10th anniversary party of the Half Note, one of New York's oldest surviving jazz clubs, albeit now reduced to week-end music only. Pop singer Paul Anka had been touted as the headliner, but emcee Alan Grant's announcement that Anka wasn't going to show up was greeted with spirited applause. As it was, the program proved to be a tasty gallimaufry which might have been rendered indigestible by Anka's contributions.

Approximately 50 minutes beyond the show's listed starting time (8 p.m.), disc jockey Grant, resplendent in beard and midnight blue dinner jacket, introduced the first act, the Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet, with pianist Ross Tompkins, bassist Bill Takas, and drummer Mousey Alex-

ander. This group was obviously brought on as a filler in response to insistent, rhythmic clapping by the impatient if sparse audience. The set got off with a spirited run down on a Sims-Cohn favorite, *Red Door*, during which Tompkins negotiated a fleet, bop-flavored chorus which was a delight, as was his obvious bow in the direction of Bill Evans on the tune which followed, Gary McFarland's lyrical *Blue Haze*. The rock predilection for hair has apparently spread to jazzmen. We noted that Takas was sporting bushy hair and a beard, while Tompkins featured billowing mod sideburns. Alexander was bearded, and Zoot's back hair line was flirting with his collar. Regardless, it was Cohn, looking like a Bronx accountant in his plain dark suit, black-rimmed spectacles, and close-cropped hair, who had the most to say musically, especially on the group's final tune, *Just You, Just Me*.

By this time, Carol Sloane had arrived, and working with the same rhythm section, she offered *They Can't Take That Away From Me, I've Got It Bad*, and *Close Your Eyes*. Miss Sloane projected a highly professional and assured platform posture, and then informed the audience that she had retired from the business and was working as a secretary ("and a good one too," she added). Too bad. The young lady is a standout among the gaggle of second-rate yodelers who bill themselves as jazz chirpers these days. Her approach to a tune is always melodic, and she slips only when her wanderings away from the line force her into illogical reunions with it. This happened several times during her set, and is probably explained by the unfortunate fact that you can't keep the chops in shape while pushing a typewriter. A few gigs, and Miss Sloane would quickly get it all back.

Following Miss Sloane's interesting set, veteran cornetist Bobby Hackett sauntered on stage. The hardworking Tompkins retained his seat at the keyboard, while Hackett's son, Ernie, set up his drums and Tibor Tomka dragged out the first non-electrified bass we had seen thus far. Hackett is in great shape these days.

Always a perfectionist, he has been experimenting with a "corn-pet," a custom-made hybrid instrument which yields the sharper tone of a trumpet and the more facile articulation of the cornet. The horn has a third-valve slide, enabling the meticulous Hackett to maintain sharp pitch control. He used it constantly. He opened his set with a free-flowing *Sweet Lorraine*, followed by a conventional, winging treatment of *Bernie's Tune*. *Body and Soul* was next, serving to reaffirm the gorgeous clarity of the Hackett tone. Bobby's offering concluded with a rollicking *Sweet Georgia Brown* couched in changes more modern than trad.

Half Note partner Mike Canterino now thanked the intimate congregation of relatives and friends who had come out for the show. Up to this point there had been very little audible response from the strangely reserved audience. There had been a slight stirring in response to Cohn's strong horn, and Carol Sloane had her moments, but in sum, the listeners seemed gelid and placid.

This resistance continued through the first two offerings of the talented 17-piece band that opened the second half. *Tweedle-dum Blues* featured a driving Marky Markowitz chorus, and an interesting Al Cohn chart on *In a Mellowtone* served as the vehicle for a similar outing by Hal Lieberman. But it wasn't until the ensemble dug into the extended Cohn original *Sixth Avenue Shuffle*, that all the pots were on and bubbling. Bennie Powell got things rolling with a wild bass trombone solo. This was followed by a *pas de deux* between altoists Arnie Lawrence and Bob Donovan, and then Powell was out in front again for a duel with Wayne Andre. The crowd began to respond, and when the trumpets set up some startling head riffs behind the soloists, the good times rolled for sure.

Into this heady atmosphere strode the formidable figure of Carmen McRae. Miss McRae has long been Madame President of the female vocal committee to this listener, and her performance this night did nothing to change this opinion. Carmen is not an imposing personage physically, but on stage she gives such a vivid impression of emotional strength and controlled fire that she sometimes intimidates the listener. Add to this the rich contralto timbre of her voice and you have the compleat jazz performer. Perhaps it is this implication of leashed power which keeps people at a distance and prevents Miss McRae's realization of the full artistic and financial acceptance that have been accorded lesser talents. Miss McRae performed with the full band ("after only one run-through of her charts," as Mousey Alexander informed me later), her accompanist, Norman Simmons, replacing the indefatigable Tompkins at the piano and conducting from that post.

Miss McRae got off rather limply, we thought, with one of those mod nonsense-songs, *I've Got to Get into My Life*. It was received politely but without enthusiasm. A straight-ahead reading of *Star Dust* followed, and things picked up. The juices really began to flow as Miss McRae loped effortlessly through *I Wish I Were in Love Again* and matters built to a climax with the stirring *For Once in My Life*. There were hoarse cries of "More!" "More!" as Carmen made threatening gestures suggesting withdrawal, but she was soon back with *On a Clear Day* and an anti-climactic *Miss Otis Regrets*. The latter was an inexplicable choice, more suited to a sophisticated supper club than the vast stage of a huge and half-empty theater. It was completely lost on the audience. But the singer had things back under control almost immediately with *Alfie* and then closed her program with a graceful, swinging and airy *He Loves Me*. Clearly, she was the hit of the evening by any measure.

By the time the Cannonball Adderley group showed up, coming directly from a 90-mile drive from Philadelphia, much of the audience had wandered off in the direction of a cold beer. This was unfortunate, largely because the group took obvious pains to play to a jazz gathering, avoiding the pseudo gospel-funk that has made them wealthy over the past 18 months. They opened with an interesting



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piece with a distinct Eastern flavor titled *74 Miles Away*, pianist Joe Zawinul and drummer Roy McCurdy managing some diverting Indian percussion effects while the Adderley brothers strode around the stage pummeling tambourines. Then it was back to conventional blues with a thing titled *Do, Do, Do*. Nat and Cannon then left the stage while the rhythm section, featuring the powerful and imaginative piano of Zawinul, romped through *Come Sunday*. In a bow to the inevitable, the full group then closed the set and the show with what seemed to be a dispirited version of *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy*.

After that, it was back across town to the Half Note for a continuation of the festivities in a vein more abandoned than artistic. How do you get pizza out of your hair?
—Al Fischer

Salvation

Village Gate, New York City

Personnel: Al Linde, lead vocals, harmonica, tambourine; U.S. of Arthur, electric organ, harpsichord; Joe Tate, guitar, vocals; Artie McLean, electric bass, vocals; Teddy Stewart, drums.

Another sound wave out of San Francisco has beached on Manhattan Island. The quintet, known as Salvation, staged a "be-in" at Art D'Lugoff's Village Gate with electronic sounds flavored by psychedelic lighting and burning incense.

The big noise from the Golden Gate, purveyed by five colorful mop-heads, arrived in Greenwich Village aboard a vintage inter-city bus painted a drab gray. If an observer could manage to focus his

eyes properly, the hieroglyphics, formed by the various shades of gray, spelled-out the word SALVATION on the exterior of the vehicle.

It was not necessary to focus the ears to hear them after they were wired for sound and mounted for action on the Gate's odd-shaped stage. The volume of the feedback alone was enough to upset the continuity line of the pianist performing upstairs at the Top of the Gate.

To set the stage for the electronic onslaught, members of the group's entourage placed burning sticks of incense in cups on all the tables and also mounted them all around the rim of the stage.

Light projectors, located on the Gate's regular floodlighting balcony, began throwing images onto a screen back of the bandstand. These looked like the pill capsules pictured on the cover of the paperback edition of the *Valley of the Dolls*—except these little "dolls" slowly moved and began to change their shapes. And this wasn't all; as it was to be a multi-light show, there were two large screens hung from the ceiling. On these, other projectors beamed stationary color patterns resembling the canvases of Jackson Pollock.

Before all the extra effects could be fully assimilated, the music exploded, with lead singer Linde hopping up and down waving a tambourine and shouting into the front microphone. To Linde's right the lead guitarist was rocking back and forth—he was dressed for the frontier; if his long hair had been yellow he'd have looked like General George Custer—and

prancing within the arc limited by the length of his extension cord. The bass player and the drummer made a chummy duo far to Linde's left. The U.S. of Arthur, as the onetime jazz pianist prefers to be known, was located in the center of the stage behind Linde. He was almost hidden by an array of amplification control panels and other electronic components. Although Arthur seemed to favor his organ, he could occasionally be heard to have switched to harpsichord, that is, if there was an interlude of relative quiet from his four colleagues.

As is true with most new groups in the modern pop idiom, the Salvation offers renditions of their own concoctions. During the eight-month lifetime of the unit, they have managed to work up the sounds and words for roughly 100 numbers, credited to guitarist Tate and vocalist Linde. When they get around to naming the tunes, they give them the vague titles so prevalent today. Samples include: *Little Girl Get Out of My Way*, *so I Can Be Getting My Hat*; *G. I. Joe*, *Come Back to New Orleans Stomp*; *Love Comes in Funny Packages*; and *Think Twice*.

The lyrics also reflect the mood of the times. What little can be distinguished of the words clearly indicates that they are divorced from both the old Tin Pan Alley "June-Moon" banalities and the juvenile dissertations on hand-holding that marked the early rock 'n' roll tunes.

When the Salvation performs a number made into a hit by some other group, they tend to stamp it with their own personality. They even give it their own title. For instance, the lead singer announces *Muscatel Shirley*, as another voice on the stage is heard interrupting with "no, no, *Sandra* is what we call it." The tune they are about to render happens to be their version of *Mustang Sally*. That is, that's the title when it is done by the Young Rascals or Wilson Pickett.

After musical introductions that were sometimes in a weird vein, the high-flying quintet would often slide into swinging ensembles. There were times when the blues from Linde's harmonica vied with a hard country sound emanating from Tate's guitar, sometimes reminding of a steel guitar.

The swinging aspect, more pronounced than in most of the current groups, can be attributed to the fact that both the organist and drummer Stewart (no relation to the one-time Dizzy Gillespie sideman) have played with jazz combos. The work of Stewart is especially noteworthy in this respect. He uses the cymbals for accenting and has a driving beat that spurs his cohorts on relentlessly.

It has become increasingly noticeable of late that many of the mod guitarists and bassists are capable of building up a terrific rhythmic tension; almost akin to the riff interludes that used to spark excitement from the more rhythmic swing bands. But frequently this instilled frenzy in today's rock presentations has a tendency to resemble a musical strip tease. It just never seems to get resolved. It's a little difficult to fade out a live performance.

This feeling of being left high and dry is not quite so strong when a rock group

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has a bit of jazz orientation. The Salvation is a good case in point.

Although the members of the group are all currently living in San Francisco, their birthplaces represent a cross section of urban America, including Pittsburgh, Cleveland, St. Louis, Minneapolis, and Los Angeles.

The Salvation's first album is due on the market any day now.—George Hoefler

Spontaneous Music Ensemble/Derek Bailey

Little Theater Club, London, England

Personnel: Evan Parker, soprano, tenor saxophones; Bailey, electric guitar; John Stevens, percussion.

Stevens began presenting free improvisation sessions several nights a week at this club nearly two years ago. Since then, the club and the various editions of his Spontaneous Music Ensemble have been the focal points of the new freedom in Britain. The SME does not employ themes, frameworks for improvisation, regular tempos, or passages where a single player dominates, and melodies are of the a- or pan-tonal kind one would expect.

The current group was formed some months ago, and has been concerned with eliminating not just dominant individual contributions but individual parts as such.

Each man plays responses to the other's work rather than his own and seems careful to avoid either imposing his own pattern on the music or using the other's playing as a background for a self-contained, self-expressing statement.

Both Stevens' and Parker's phrases are short and asymmetrical in themselves as well as by comparison with the phrases before and after, and although Stevens' rests are far briefer than Parker's, the two parts overlap in such a way that neither can be isolated and studied for long; attempts to do so produce only an irresistible and unpleasant ear-wandering effect—a difficulty (or rather an achievement) I have not found nearly so marked with other "new thing" groups.

Whether it is a function of the dedication to purely group expression—and the refusal to fall back on past forms—or (as I think likelier) it is simply due to the particular personalities included, the surface of the SME's music is austere and varies little from moment to moment or piece to piece, the pieces being roughly 15 minutes of sound and silence, defined by longer silences, during which the players stop listening to each other. The noise-level rarely rises above moderate, and the textures of short-noted phrases are sparse and lucid.

Stevens has a marvelous facility for coining successive contrasting figures, each with its clear and lively speed, shape, and melodic color. Currently, however, he intersperses these with less-defined equally spaced or eddying rolls, which do not move to a new part of the kit with each stroke, so that his work has calm, as well as nervous activity.

In addition to a fairly conventional grouping of drums and cymbals, his kit includes a stand to which are attached bongos, cowbells, and small cymbals in rows of four, and also a gong that, when

given a slow tattoo, yields a sound in which three pitches are prominent at once.

Stevens often places his sounds in contexts that give them an explicit pitch, and his attention to detail (fine shadings of dynamics and timbre, different cycles of growth and decay, all from one basic sound) is exquisite.

Parker's style is unique, and I find it harder to grasp or describe than any other conception I have heard in the new music.

His sound is flinty and rather staccato; variations of character between notes are restricted in range; his rhythms are fitful, and all his melodies suggest a minor key. The outline of every phrase is both forbidding and similar to every other phrase, yet neither of these factors seems to be the key to his music.

The temptation is to say that his work is immature, or maybe a case of discontinuous improvising within preposterously narrow boundaries. The fact that inexperienced listeners hear every new player like this, plus the unmistakable purity and individuality of his work, makes me certain that any serious listener must persevere with Parker just the same.

New to me on this occasion was a focusing of attention, within the above limits, on the dimension of silence—so far ignored by the new black music but of primary interest to the indeterminate composers who form the avant-garde of classical music.

Parker and Stevens seemed to break through to a deeper level of hearing, where a sound was not set against other sounds but rather against the silence around it, so that one gained heightened awareness of its growth and decay, its special color, and of the vibrant stillness in which it took place. The outward sign of this was not silence itself, but very quiet sounds, sounds that were not cut off but allowed to decompose in their own way, in their own time, before being replaced.

Clearly, the nature of their respective instruments meant that Parker could not entirely follow Stevens into this area, but Bailey, who played solo guitar and then joined the others for their final set, did so to great effect, fully exploiting the dynamic range of his pedal-operated amplifier. He used the pedal to bring out the dying vibrations of notes he had played previously—and other tiny sounds usually hidden from our hearing—and also to give a wide range of timbre and intensity (from natural to fully amplified) to the notes he intended to be heard as they were plucked.

Texturally subtle and varied, with impressionistic melody and harmony and calm structures to match, Bailey's work was both static and ecstatic, not unlike some of Oliver Messiaen's compositions. The effect was unmistakably European, but nevertheless as taut, as expressive, and as much a product of the new black music as the most assertive U.S. saxophone-and-rhythm group—for all that Bailey was working by himself on an instrument that has not yet found a place in the new music on its home ground.

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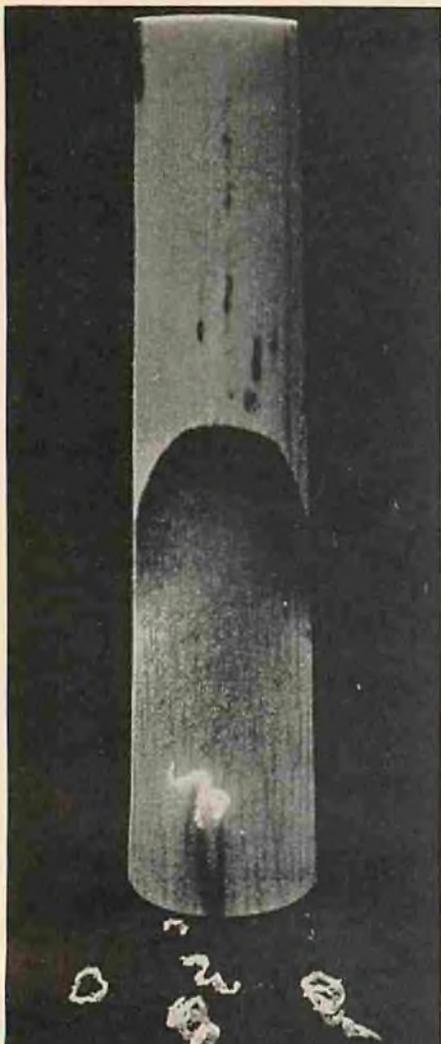
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BERLIN

(Continued from page 24)

numbers as an added member of the Newport All Stars. Though this group did not logically belong in the guitar show, the members gave a good account of themselves, with special solo numbers featuring Ruby Braff and Buddy Tate, and some almost Hines-like piano by Wein. Don Lamond and Jack Lesberg, Wein's rhythm section cohorts, alternated with Bob Moses and Steve Swallow of the Gary Burton Quartet in backing the various guitarists.

A change in the workshop as previously constituted during the tour was the addition of a bossa nova element, through the importation from Brazil of Baden Powell. A small, trim, olive-skinned man, he employed the familiar Brazilian device of heavy syncopation in *Samba Triste*, then brought new life to 'Round Midnight and even to *One Note Samba* through harmonic alterations, virtuoso runs, and an essentially melodic style. Playing without amplification, he was backed by Swallow and Moses, but made a particularly strong impression in an unaccompanied flamenco-like solo.

The Gary Burton Quartet seemed likely at first to turn itself into the Larry Coryell Quartet, because of the established character of the program. Certainly Coryell, with his undulating lines and fresh improvisational concepts, was one of the evening's most prepossessing guitar soloists. But no sideman can ever dominate Burton, an astonishingly fertile artist whose four-mallet work seems likely to start a whole new generation of vibers.

Both men, along with the phenomenal Swallow and the fast-developing Moses, helped to build tremendous tension during such original pieces as Mike Gibbs' *Ballet* and *1-2, 1-2-3-4*. The audience, becoming more receptive by the minute, reached a peak of enthusiasm during Moses' solo.

The young drummer has become very much the showman. First he played with mallets, then with his palms. Next he clapped two cymbals together, then began to play a stick solo on the parquet floor of the stage. At this point there was an outburst of boing, but as Moses went into his "solo for deaf-mutes" (appearing to hit everything in sight, but making no sound at all), the applauders won out.

Moses, Burton & Co. received the culminating ovation of the entire festival. Rarely have I witnessed such a wild reaction to any group at any jazz event.

When the applause seemed at long last to be dying down, I headed for the door and got into a small elevator. Seconds later, I found myself stuck between floors with a crowd of ten. After calling endlessly for help, we were finally rescued and swarmed out of the lift—only to find that Burton was still onstage taking encores.

Every concert at the Berliner Jazztage played to a full house. Each program had offered something of exceptional musical value, and every audience seemed to add a dimension with its firm attention and keen sense of involvement. It was truly a weekend to remember.



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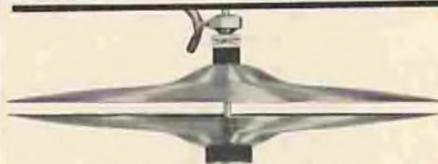
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(Continued from page 15)

didn't even look at the screen when we played, and it still fit the picture.") The players included **Tony Ortega**, tenor saxophone; **Art Cain**, piano; **Red Mitchell**, bass . . . **Clare Fischer** recently brought a trio into Shelly's for a two-nighter (with **Frank De La Rosa**, bass; **Ed Greene**, drums). Between sets he gave an informal "lecture" to **Chuck Weisenberg's** UCLA Extension class in jazz. The members were completing the nine-week course with the second of two field trips—the first having been **Nina Simone** at UCLA. Indications are the jazz course will be resumed in the spring . . . Monday nights are taking on a different complexion at Memory Lane. Owner **Larry Hearn** is experimenting with a big band to see if it will take care of business. Co-led by **John Anderson** and **Shellie Thomas**, the band has the following personnel: **Mel Moore**, **Marshall Hunt**, **Ike Williams**, **Dalton Smith**, **Billy Brooks**, trumpets; **Don Cooke**, **Ernie Tack**, **Vince Diaz**, **Gene Connor**, trombones; **Teddy Edwards**, **Johnny Williams**, **Hadley Caliman**, **Ira Schulman**, and **Thomas**, reeds; **Dick Johnston**, piano; **Irving Ashby**, guitar; **Joe Comfort**, bass; **Wilbur Jackson**, drums; **Lawrence Stone**, vocals. During one of their recent Monday gigs, **Jimmy Witherspoon** sat in with the band. "Spoon" is currently at **Redd Foxx's**, backed by the **Kirk Stuart Trio**, but the club is dark on Mondays. During the week at Memory Lane, **Harry (Sweets) Edison** holds forth with **Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis**. A recent welcome addition to their combo: **Betty Carter** . . . According to **Dalton Smith**, **Stan Kenton** plans to resume the Neophonic concerts in January, at the Music Center. **Kenton** was on the road and unavailable for confirmation . . . Recent Monday action at **Marty's-on-the-Hill** found **Hugh Masakela** and his bilingual ooga-booga doing near capacity business, with **Al Abrue**, tenor saxophone; **Cecil Barnard**, piano; **Henry Franklin**, bass; **Chuck Carter**, drums. During the week, **Buddy Rich** and band finished up an extremely successful engagement, made even more successful with the addition of comic **Flip Wilson**. There were some other additions on **Rich's** opening night, thanks to a party hosted by **Milton Berle**. Pardon the name-dropping, but in attendance were: **Edie Adams**, **Jackie Cooper**, **Beryl Davis**, **Henry Fonda**, **James Garner**, **Buddy Greco**, **Buddy Hackett**, **Sandy Koufax**, **Lee Marvin**, **Jan Murray**, **Oliver Nelson**, **Jimmy Smith**, and **Adam (Batman) West** . . . **Dorothy Donegan** made one of her rare west coast appearances with a gig at the **It Club** . . . **Les McCann** followed **Jimmy Smith** into the Lighthouse. **McCann's** trio (**Leroy Vinnegar**, bass; **Frank Severino**, drums) is booked for the **Playboy Club** in Hollywood, opening Feb. 8 . . . **Eddie Cano** and his quartet played a one-nighter at the **Sheraton Beach Inn** in Huntington Beach before moving into **Apiks** in Montebello for an extended stay. . . . **Martin Denny** brought a quartet into **Latitude 20**, in Torrance, for six weeks. As usual, he

had a jazz vibist in the group: **Lynn Blessing**. Said **Denny**: "I always like to have a vibist in my group who can play jazz. That's why I've had **Tommy Vig**, **Arthur Lyman**, and now **Lynn**." . . . Pianist-vocalist **Johnny Lawrence** was signed for another three months at the **Red Log**, in Westwood, near UCLA . . . **Marian Montgomery** played the **Hong Kong Bar** for three weeks . . . **Horace Tapscott** led his 30-piece **UGMA Orchestra** (Underground Musicians Association) and the 21-voice **Garland Perry Choir** at a recent Sunday matinee at the **Troubador**. **Tapscott** then took a trio into "Tis Ours for an indefinite stay behind singer **Jean Sampson** . . . The **Nova Jazz Quartet** appeared at the **Ice House**, in Pasadena, under the sponsorship of **Ray Bowman**, who is gaining a reputation as an impresario of the avant garde, presenting contemporary jazz concerts twice monthly at the **Ice House**. In the **Nova** group, led by alto saxophone-flute player **Dennis Dreith**, are **Rob Roy**, vibes; **Don Fort-hall**, bass; and **Don Heffington**, drums . . . **Marv Jenkins'** trio has been playing on the S.S. **Princess Louise** in Long Beach harbor. Besides pianist **Jenkins**, the group has **Louis Large**, bass; **Donald Dean**, drums . . . Pianist **Joe Castro** is currently at the **Chez Voltaire**, in the **Beverly Rodeo Hotel** . . . **Carmen McRae**, **Billy Daniels**, and the **Calvin Jackson Trio** played a special testimonial dinner for **Charles Evers**, the **Mississippi NAACP** field secretary. The affair was sponsored by the **Hollywood Civil Rights and Educational Foundation**. **Jackson** also played at the opening event in the **Fine Arts Series** of the **Young Couples Club** of **Valley Beth Shalom**, in Encino. While we're spouting long sponsoring names, the **Entertainment-Educational Period** of the **Los Angeles Bass Club** featured a performance of original works by bassist **Ralph Pena**, who also played in, and conducted, a small group. The only other jazz name involved in the undertaking was drummer **Ed Thigpen** . . . **Bobby Troup** moved back into the **China Trader** in **Toluca Lake**. In his trio are **Whitey Hoggan**, bass; **John Collins**, guitar. Pianist **Julian Lee** plays there on Sundays and Mondays . . . **Ella Fitzgerald** was booked into the **Cocoanut Grove** for a three-week gig that includes the **New Year's** holiday. **Mel Torme** is due to follow on Jan. 16, for two weeks. **Puge Cavanaugh** and trio are now at **Duke's Glenn Cove**, in West Los Angeles . . . **Jack Sheldon**, sometime trumpeter, sometime singer, full-time comedian, will star in a situation comedy series to be seen on **CBS-TV** next season. It's called **Missy's Men** . . . **Occidental College**, in Pasadena, held an informal panel discussion on the relationships between jazz and pop. None of the students was converted to any school of jazz, but the panelists learned of the semantic limitations inherent in any discussion on the topic. They included **Pete Welding**, **Dick Boek**, **Hurvey Siders**, and **Jon Horowitz**. Moderating the give and take: **John William Hardy** . . . How about that **Marty Paich**? He's probably too busy to read this, but here's what he's currently involved in: he is arranging and

conducting the main title song for **Paramount's Will Penny**; he just scored a new commercial for **Dodge**; he will arrange and conduct new albums for **Kay Starr** and **Frankie Laine**, on **ABC Paramount**; also multiple singles for **Miss Starr**; an album for **Rod McKuen** on **Warner Bros.**; a single for **Johnny Rivers** on **Imperial**; and arrange and conduct **Rita Moss'** debut album for **Dot Records** . . . **Jerry Fielding** will score three segments of **CBS-TV's Mannix**. Ditto **Dave Grusin** for **MGM's** new feature, *Where Were You When the Lights Went Out?* . . . **Henry Mancini's** latest album, *Encore*, for **RCA**, features his record debut as a piano soloist . . . **Dixie Junction**, in **Orange**, featured **Teddy Buckner**, **Murvin Ash**, and the **Tailgate Ramblers** at a recent Sunday matinee. Ordinarily, this "traditional" stronghold features the **Tailgate Ramblers** on **Fridays** and **Saturdays** . . . **Harold Land** will front a quintet at **Donte's New Year's Eve**, then return there for a two-nighter, **Jan. 5** and **6** . . . **Billy Eckstine** will do a command performance for **King Hussein** of **Jordan**.

San Francisco: **Duke Ellington's** 10-day engagement at **Basin Street West** brought a flurry of recording activity to the **Coast Recorders** studio here. The orchestra taped several numbers for its forthcoming **RCA Victor** album of **Billy Strayhorn** compositions. Jazz writer **Stanly Duce** was here from **Connecticut** for the occasion. Earlier in the week, altoist **Johnny Hodges** teamed with pianist **Earl Hines** and **Ellingtonians** **Cat Anderson**, trumpet; **Buster Cooper**, trombone; **Jimmy Hamilton**, tenor and clarinet; **Jeff Castleman**, bass; and **Sam Woodyard**, drums, to record an album for **Verve**. **Esmund Edwards** came out from **New York** to mastermind the session. **Hines** is vacationing at his home in **Oakland**, following a lengthy tour with his quartet. The pianist and his wife celebrated their 20th wedding anniversary **Nov. 18** . . . There have been major changes in two **San Francisco** clubs. **Artie Samuels**, who operates a lucrative bay area ticket agency and also has a finger in some other enterprises, including the **Monterey Jazz Festival**, has bought **Jack Yanoff's** share in **Basin Street West**, the big, plush jazz and pop club on **San Francisco's** **Broadway**. Future plans call for bringing in "double-headers" of name attractions who ordinarily headline on their own. Another shift came at about the same time at the **Jazz Workshop**, a few doors down the street. The arrangement under which **Lou Ganapoler** was buying the club from the widow of its founder, **Mrs. Arthur Auerbach** (*DB*, **Nov. 2**), was called off. **Mrs. Auerbach** will operate the club, and **Ganapoler** will continue to manage the **Trident** in **Sausalito** . . . A Sunday afternoon program titled *The John Coltrane Memorial Workshop* is being held weekly at the **Both/And** club here. It features altoist **Monty Waters'** big band and guest soloists. On its regular schedule, the club has recently had conga drummer **Big Black's** sextet, trumpeter **Hugh Masakela's** combo, and flutist **Herbie Mann's** group . . . The **On Broadway**, in **Oakland**,

has dropped its rock dance format to try out a showroom policy. First attraction was singer **Tommy Leonetti**, backed by pianist **Steve Atkins'** trio (**John Mosher**, bass; **Paul Distel**, drums) . . . Singer **Nancy Wilson** was the star of the annual Big Game Concert, staged at University of California in Berkeley during the week preceding the California-Stanford University football game . . . Drummer **Dick McGarvin** played with pianist **Clyde Pound's** hungry i trio (**Mickey McPhillips**, bass) while **Benny Barth** was touring with singer **John Gary**. McGarvin's own trio (**Art Fletcher**, piano; **Terry Hilliard**, bass) is playing Sunday afternoons and Monday nights at **Chris Ibanez'** club, C'est Bon. While pianist **Ibanez'** trio took a week's vacation, **Vince Guaraldi's** combo played the Tuesday-Saturday schedule . . . With immigration red tape finally cut, drummer **Chico Batera** flew here from Rio de Janeiro to join guitarist **Bola Sete's** trio. This reunited Batera with bassist **Sebastian Neto**; both are former members of pianist **Sergio Mendes'** jazz group, **Brasil '65**. (Mendes now leads a show-slanted group, **Brasil '66**, under the aegis of **Herb Alpert's** organization) . . . A reunion of some of the musicians who played with trombonist **Turk Murphy's** band at the now-defunct Italian Village here took place at the November session of the New Orleans Jazz Club of Northern California. Participants were pianist **Wally Rose**, clarinetist **Bob Helm**, trumpeter-tubaist **Bob Short**, and banjoist **Frank Haggerty** . . . Following a weekend concert-dance which drew big crowds to the Leamington Hotel ballroom in Oakland, and a concert the following week at the University of Hawaii, the **Cal Tjader Quintet** is vacationing until early January . . . Pianist **Burt Bales**, who became widely known in this area as a member of the **Lu Watters**, **Turk Murphy**, and **Bob Scobey** bands, and as leader of his own groups, now plays weekends at the New Hearth, a San Francisco neighborhood club. His instrumentals and occasional vocals have proved so popular that his engagement has been extended.

Detroit: Pianist **Kirk Lightsey** has been one of the busiest musicians in town of late. In addition to his regular jobs with trumpeter **John Trudell's** Roostertail house band, and after hours with reed man **Terry Harrington's** quartet at the Bandit's Villa, he was asked by the Metropolitan Educational, Cultural, and Civic Association to put on a series of concerts in the Detroit public schools. Joining the pianist for the marathon, 4-concerts-a-day schedule were cornetist **Charles Moore**, bassist **John Dana**, and drummer **Danny Spencer**. Following the concerts, Lightsey took a leave of absence from Harrington's group. His replacements were **Bill Stevenson** and **Ron DePalma**. During that time **Ernie Farrow** also subbed for **Nick Fiore** on bass. On Thanksgiving night, Lightsey again did yeoman duty, backing guitarist **Johnny Smith** at the Guitar Festival concert, then journeying to Ann Arbor to join forces with guitarist **Ron English** in subbing for pianist **Kenny Cox** with bassist **Ron Brooks'** trio at the Town Bar . . .

For those who didn't get enough guitars on Thanksgiving (the concert featured the groups of **Kenny Burrell**, **Bola Sete**, and **Gabor Szabo**, in addition to Smith), **Wes Montgomery** headlined a concert the following weekend at the Ford Auditorium. Sharing the bill were the **Cannonball Adderley Quintet** and a former Detroit, vocalist **Jean DuShon** . . . Bagpiper-reed man **Rufus Harley** and his quartet (**Oliver Collins**, piano; **James Glenn**, bass; and **Billy Abner**, drums) preceded their stay at Baker's with a concert at the Detroit Institute of Arts. Co-featured was Detroit pianist **Alex Kallao**, who expanded his trio (**Jay Dana**, bass; **Paul Ambrose**, drums) for the occasion by the addition of his brother, **Marty Kallao**, on guitar . . . After several years' absence, drummer **Bill Hyde** came back on the scene as leader of his own quartet. The group's first engagement, at Larry's, found them backing various show business phenomena, but they managed to squeeze some jazz into the program. Hyde hopes for a booking in a setting more conducive to music soon. Joining Hyde at Larry's were **Norris Patterson** or **Joe Thurman**, tenor; **Teddy Harris** or **Claude Black**, piano; and **Ernie Farrow**, bass . . . Pianist **Don DeAndre's** new trio, currently at Checker Bar-B-Q, includes bassist **Louis Lacey** and drummer **Jim Nemeth** . . . The twin piano jazz team of **Ron DePalma** and **Danny Stevenson** at **Chez Beaux** has seldom been heard together lately. First, Stevenson took a Las Vegas date, leaving DePalma to hold down the fort. Currently, DePalma is taking a leave of absence and Stevenson is featured . . . While bassist **Dick Wigginton** was concertizing with the St. Clair Shores Symphony, his replacement in pianist **Keith Vreeland's** trio, backing singer **Mark Richards** at the Shadow Box, was **John Potoczny**, a recent returnee from the service . . . Trumpeter **Marcus Belgrave**, a former member of the **Ray Charles** organization, and a familiar face on the Detroit jazz scene a few years back, is once again residing in Detroit, but to date there has been little opportunity to hear him, except on rock dates . . . Vibist **Johnny Lytle's** group at the Drome included **Jimmy Foster**, organ; **Louis Taylor**, drums; and **Lawrence Killian**, congas . . . Musical attractions at the Detroit Auto Show included the **Woody Herman Orchestra**, singer **Bobby Vinton**, and a former Detroit, singer **Della Reese**.

New Orleans: Tulane jazz archivists **Dick Allen** and **Bill Russell** recently visited the Arkansas Art Center to arrange possible exchanges of materials with the John Reid collection . . . Trumpeter **Warren Luening** opened at Storyville, **Pete Fountain's** new Royal Street lounge. His group included pianist **Harvey Rubin**, bassist **Kenny Mason**, and drummer **Darryl Prechter**. Alternating with Luening's group is singer-pianist **Judy West** . . . **Billie and Dede Pierce** led a traditional jazz band on a tour of the Southeast on the same program with the Minneapolis Symphony . . . Chicago cornetist **George Finola** left town after several years of working with the Jazz Museum and freelancing with local bands. In recent months

Finola worked with a brass-and-banjo combination at the Red Garter.

Denmark: **Oscar Peterson's** trio (**Sam Jones**, bass; **Bobby Durham**, drums) played a well-attended concert in Copenhagen Oct. 22. The trio also backed **Coleman Hawkins** in four numbers. The four musicians taped a 30-minute TV program, shown in November . . . The big Newport package of musicians touring Europe hit Copenhagen Nov. 1-2. The **Miles Davis** group had trouble with the amplification system. The critics tended to consider **Sarah Vaughan** and **Archie Shepp** the highlights of the festival, which also included the **Thelonious Monk Octet**, the **Gary Burton Quartet**, a guitar workshop, plus several other attractions, including **Clark Terry**, who used his night off to play at the University of Aarhus, with guitarist **Hans Jacob Sahlertz** and his quartet. Terry seemed to like Sahlertz and pianist **Ole Krogh**, and was very popular with the Aarhus audience . . . The **Danish Radio Jazz** group, directed by trumpeter **Palle Mikkelborg**, visited several Danish cities during November. Featured soloists on the trip were saxophonists **Clifford Jordan**, **Marion Brown**, and **Dexter Gordon**, and trumpeter-saxophonist **Idrees Sulieman** . . . **Altoist Vi Redd** left Copenhagen and the Montmartre ten days before her contract expired. Danish groups of different musical persuasions played in the interval before it was time for **Clifford Jordan** to begin his three weeks. He was accompanied by the house rhythm section of **Kenny Drew**, **Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen**, and **Albert Heath** . . . During mid-November, **Dexter Gordon** played a series of concerts in and near Copenhagen . . . With financial aid from the Danish Jazz Academy and other institutions, two groups will be visiting Danish schools this year, following **Basse Seidelin** and his **New Orleans Stompers** who appeared in November: the **Palle Mikkelborg-Alex Riel Quintet** (January) and the **Contemporary Jazz Quintet** (February).

Japan: The 4th Annual Modern Sounds Symposium drew standing-room-only crowds to the huge Tachikawa Kanto Civician Club on the weekend of Nov. 24-25. First night action included singer **Helen Merrill**, now residing in Tokyo as the wife of prominent Tokyo businessman **Donald Knode** (Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith), doing several numbers from her new album, *The Feeling is Mutual*. Top jazz pianist **Kazuo Yashiro** was backed by a rhythm section and a brace of strings from the Tokyo Philharmonic. The fine **New Herd** big band wound things up for the evening with some blistering charts by this country's top jazz arranger, **Keitaro Miho**. Second night was kicked off by a U.S. group, the **Coronados**, not purely jazz performers, but crowd pleasers nevertheless. The **Yoshitaka Akimitsu Quintet**, the **Hideo Shiraki Quintet**, headed by Japan's top drummer, and a big band, **The Driving Men**, rounded things out for the two jazz-packed evenings. The club has spearheaded the drive to keep jazz alive in this area, thanks largely to

vigorous efforts by long-time manager **Jim Blessin**, the most jazz-minded club manager in the Far East. Whenever possible, Blessin books visiting U.S. jazz acts, and he deserves much of the credit, over the years, for hiring bands from which today's top jazz names in Japan have emerged. **Toshiko Akiyoshi**, **Sadao Watanabe**, **Sleepy Matsumoto**, **George Kawaguchi**, etc., got their professional starts playing in bands in Blessin's clubs . . . **Hibiya Hall**, in downtown Tokyo, was the scene, also on Nov. 25, of more big jazz action. A sell-out house greeted flutist **Herbie Mann**, his quartet, and guitarists **Jim Hall** and **Barney Kessel**. Mann's group included vibist **Roy Ayers**, bassist **Earl May**, drummer **Bruno Carr**, and guitarist **Warren Sharrock**. The two name guitarists appeared first separately, accompanied by May and Carr, then together, with May and Carr again, and finally with Mann and local alto man-flutist **Sadao Watanabe**. Hall and Kessel are the first two top jazz guitarists to appear in Japan, and their booking by the New Japan Booking Corporation headed by **Tokutaro Honda** (World Jazz Festival, 1964) evoked great interest . . . Two top rock groups here are **The Blue Comets** and **The Spiders**. The former group has always maintained short hair-cuts and conservative dress, while the latter group goes all out to be different, effecting pseudo-hippy garb, long steel necklaces, etc. Ironically, **The Spiders** are the best musical organization, with much of their music jazz-influenced, especially organist **Steve Kamiyatsu**, possibly the most accomplished jazz organist in this country, who switched to rock for financial reasons.

Cincinnati: **Ravi Shankar** played a concert at Taft Auditorium to a full house in his first appearance here . . . The Cincinnati Symphony played host to **Sergio Mendes** and his **Brasil '66** for a concert, in a series which also will feature the **Dave Brubeck Quartet** and **Benny Goodman** . . . The **Mitch Mitchell Duo** (Mitchell, organ; **Dave Shirlow**, drums) is currently at the cocktail lounge in the Brentwood Bowl . . . **Lionel Hampton's Inner Circle** played a one-nighter at the new convention hall in Cincinnati . . . The **Golden Garter**, a new club which features Dixieland, is presently using clarinetist **Stan Piate's** band. The club is located in the Metropole Hotel . . . **Lee Stolar's** trio, with **Bud Hunt**, bass, and **Ron Enyeart**, drums, holds forth at the Whisper Room . . . **Herbie's Lounge** is again presenting the **John Wright Quartet**; previously, the **Woody Evans Trio** was working there. Wright's quartet just finished a gig at **Babe Baker's** . . . **Ray Charles** and his band did a concert date at Music Hall . . . Other singers recently in town were **Joe Williams** and **Frank D'Rone**, both of whom appeared at the Living Room Supper Club. D'Rone was accompanied by the **Dee Felice Trio**. Interspersed with the singers at the Living Room were the big bands of **Duke Ellington**, **Count Basie**, **Woody Herman**, and **Stan Kenton**. Also making appearances at the club in recent weeks have been **Erroll Garner**, **Cannonball Adderley**, and the **Four Freshmen**.

Baltimore: With the football season and the holidays, activity in the few jazz clubs here has hit a seasonal low. **Henry Baker's Peyton Place**, which had been bringing in name jazz groups has switched to rock and roll revues, but the management hopes to return to a jazz policy with the new year . . . The **Left Bank Jazz Society**, which also suspended operations for most of December, will begin again in January. For their last November concert, the Society brought in pianist **Toshiko Akiyoshi** with tenor saxophonist **Lew Tabackin**, bassist **Bob Daugherty**, and drummer **Clifford Jarvis** . . . Meanwhile, the universities and concert halls have been filling the gap. Multi-instrumentalist **Ken McIntyre**, who is chairman of instrumental music at Central State University in Wilberforce, Ohio, brought a group composed of trombonist **Daoud Abdurrahman Haroon**, bassist **Ahmed Abdul-Malik**, and drummer **Warren Smith** to Morgan State College for a history of jazz concert Nov. 19. The group explored jazz influences from chants and blues to the avant garde . . . On Nov. 22, **Erroll Garner** appeared in concert with the Baltimore Symphony.

Pittsburgh: **Leroy Lewis**, an organist who says he likes to play jazz but is not a "jazz organist," is nevertheless attracting a number of jazz buffs to Conley's Motel near Monroeville, Pa. When Lewis is requested to play jazz, he responds with some exciting sounds which have the cats coming back for more . . . The **Jimmy McGriff Organ Quartet** is more conventionally jazz-like at the Hurricane Bar, where the younger set likes to congregate for the matinees on Monday and Saturday . . . Trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard** brought his **Jazz Communicators** to the Crawford Grill in mid-November. The jam-packed audience included a number of local musicians, a tribute to the group's high quality . . . The **Walt Harper Quintet's** Saturday jazz sessions at the Tender Trap have been building in size. The regular pianist, **Reid Jaynes**, takes the afternoon off to gig at other sessions . . . The **Silhouettes**, a Latin-styled jazz group, are at **The Theme** . . . Jazz organist **Bobby Jones** was presented in concert at Bethesda United Presbyterian Church Nov. 19.

Toronto: **Mel Torme** and the **Si Zentner Orchestra** were the guests of honor at the annual dance of the Toronto musicians' Association, Local 149. Torme returned a week later for a two-week engagement at the Royal York Hotel's Imperial Room, which got off to a bad start when hecklers goaded Torme into a scathing retaliation. However, crowds were much better behaved and up to capacity for the rest of the engagement . . . The **Johnny Lytle Quartet**, featuring organist **Jimmy Foster**, followed **Jackie and Roy** at the Town . . . **Montego Joe** and his **Afro Cuban Jazz Sextet**, with **Richard Williams**, trumpet; **Harold Vick**, tenor saxophone; flute; **Jane Getz**, piano; **Herb Bushler**, Fender bass; **Ralph Dorsey**, drums, played a two-week date at the Colonial.

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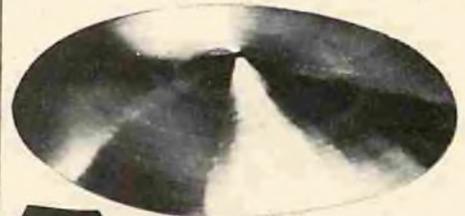
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WHERE WHEN &

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

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

NEW YORK

Ali Baba: Louis Metcalf.
After the Ball (Saddlebrook, N.J.): Art Williams, Fri.-Sat.
Alibi Club (Ridgefield, Conn.): Bob Shelley, wknds.
Apartment: Lee Shaw.
Basie's: Willie Bobo to 1/1. 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.
Club Ruby (Jamaica): sessions, Sun.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Coronet (Brooklyn): unk.
Cotton Club (Patterson, N.J.): Hank White, wknds. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gamba, hb. Sessions, Sun.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sat.
East Village In: sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six, Ed Hubble.
Flash's Lounge (Queen's Village): John Nicholas, Malcolm Wright, wknds.
Forest Hills Inn (Forest Hills): Otter-McLawler, 1/17-tfn.
Frammis: Monty Alexander, tfn.
Garden Dis-Cafe: Eddie Wilcox, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry, wknds.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ullano, Itay Nance.
Half Note: Clark Terry to 1/1. Howard McGhee, Mon.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.
Jazz at the Office (Freeport): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.
La Boheme: sessions, Mon. eve., Sat.-Sun. afternoon.
Lake Tower Inn (Roslyn): Otto-McLawler to 1/7.
La Martinique: sessions, Thur.
Le Intrigue (Newark, N.J.): Jazz 'n' Breakfast, Sun.
Lemon Tree Inn (Cliffside Park, N.J.): Dave Kalbin, The Page Three, Fri.-Sat.
Leone's (Port Washington): Dennis Connors, Tony Bella.
L'Intrigue: Nancy Steele, Pat Rebillot to 12/31.
Little Club: Johnny Morris.
Long's Lounge (East Orange, N.J.): Les DeMerle.
Mark Twain Riverboat: Count Basie to 12/31.
Metropole: unk.
Miss Lacey's: Cecil Young.
Motef (Smithtown): J. J. Salata, Fri.
Musart: George Braith. Sessions, wknds. 007: unk.
Off Shore (Point Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.
Paladino's Gig: unk.
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.
Public Library (Couttee Cullen Branch): Clifford Thornton-New Art Ensemble, 1/17.
Rainbow Grill: Jonah Jones to 1/6. Bob Skilling, hb.
Red Garter: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zotty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown. Shephard's: Ruben Mitchell to 1/14.
Slug's: Jackie McLean to 12/31. Jazz Communicators, 1/2-7. Sun Ra, Mon.
Smalls Paradise: sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Star Fire Lounge (Levittown): Joe Coleman, sessions, Mon.
Sulky (Roosevelt Raceway): Dick Norell, Hap Gormley, Mon., Sat.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
Tamburlaine: Al Haig, 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: Mose Allison to 12/31. Dottie Stallworth, Tue.
Traveler's Cellar Club (Queens): Jimmy Butts, tfn.
Villa Pace (Smithtown): J. J. Salata, Sat.
Village Door (Jamaica): Horace Parlan, Peck Morrison, Slam Stewart.
Village Gate: Jimmy Smith, Arthur Prysock, 1/5-6, 12-13.
Village Vanguard: Roland Kirk to 12/31. Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
White Plains Hotel: Saints and Sinners, Thur.-Sun.
Winecellar: Junior Mance.

LOS ANGELES

Aladdin: Thomas Todd.
Apiks (Montebello): Eddie Cano.
Beverly Rodeo Hotel: Joe Castro.
Buccaneer (Manhattan Beach): Jimmy Vann.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup.
Julian Lee, Sun.-Mon.
Club Casbah: Sam Fleicher, Dolo Coker.
Cocoon Grove: Ella Fitzgerald to 1/14. Mel Torme, 1/16-30.
Dino's Lodge: Bill Marx, hb.
Dixie Junction (Orange): Tailgate Ramblers, Fri.-Sat.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Harold Land, 12/31, 1/5-6. Jazz, nightly. Guitar Night, Mon.
Teddy Buckner, Tues. Mike Barone, Wed.
Louis Hellson, Thur.
Duke's Glenn Cove: Page Cavanaugh.
Ellis Island (North Hollywood): Don Ellis, Mon. Jazz, nightly.
Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Sonny Helmer.
Hong Kong Bar (Century Plaza): Dizzy Gillespie to 1/7.
Ice House (Pasadena): avant-garde concerts, twice monthly.
Immaculate Heart College: Bobby Hutcherson, 2/11.
It Club: jazz, nightly.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Bola Sete to 1/7.
Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Marty's (Baldwin Hills): Special guests, Mon.
Kenny Dixon, hb.
Memory Lane: Harry (Sweets) Edison, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, Betty Carter, John Anderson-Sheille Thomas, Mon.
Mickie Finn's (Beverly Hills & San Diego): Dixieland.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee. Celebrity night, Mon.
Pied Piper: O. C. Smith, Jack Wilson, Jimmy Bonn, Tues., Sun.
Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): South Frisco Jazz Band, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Les McCann, 2/8. Gene Palumbo, Bob Corwin, hb. Willie Reatum.
Redd Foxx: Kirk Stewart, hb.
Ruddy Duck (Sherman Oaks): Stan Worth.
San Moritz Inn (Rosemead): Mort Marker, Mon.-Sat.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Gary Burton to 1/7. Shelly Manne, Sat.-Mon.
Sherry's: Don Randi. Joanne Grauer, Sun.-Mon.
Smokehouse (Encino): Robbi Boyle.
Stonewood Res. (Downey): Gary Jones, hb.
Tiki Island: Charles Kynard.
'Tis Ours: Horace Tapscott.
Tropicana: jazz, nightly.
UCLA (Royce Hall): Charles Lloyd, 1/13. Ravi Shankar, 1/26, 28.
Wonder Bowl (Downey): Johnny Lane.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: unk.
Bop City: Benny Wilson, hb.
Both/And: Monty Waters, Sun.
C'est Bon: Chris Ibanez, Tue.-Sat. Dick McGarvin, Sun.-Mon.
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.
El Matador: unk.
Gold Nugget (Oakland): Al Tanner, Fri.-Sat.
Half Note: George Duke, hb.
Holiday Inn (Oakland): George Fletcher, wknds.
hungry i: Clyde Pound, hb.
Jazz Workshop: Dizzy Gillespie, 1/11-21. Kenny Barrrell, 2/6-20.
Little Caesar: Mike Tillis.
New Hearth: Burt Bales.
Trident Club (Sausalito): Denny Zeitlin, Mon.

CHICAGO

Baroque: Judy Roberts, Fri.-Sat.
Havana-Madrid: various Latin groups, wknds.
Hungry Eye: unk.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
London House: Frank Hubbell/Stompers to 1/14.
Kirby Stone Four, 1/16-2/4. Joe Bushkin, 2/5-26.
Jack Mooney's: Judy Roberts, Mon.-Thur., Sun. afternoon. Tommy Ponce, Sat. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Midns 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): Mark Ellicott, Fri.-Sat.
Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, Tue.-Sat. Jack Brown, Mon.
Playboy Club: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ron Elliott, Joe Iaco, hb.
Plugged Nickel: closed Jan.
Pumpkin Room: Dave Shipp, wknds.
Sauer's Brauhaus: Burgess Gardner, Fri.-Sat.
Scotch Mist: Harry James, 2/12-2/20.
Showboat Sari-S: George Brunies, Mon.-Sat. Jazz at Noon, Fri.
Trip: Allan Stevens-Marjo Arcari, Johnny Gabor, Tue.-Sat.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb.
Apartment: Bobby Laurel.
Baker's Keyboard: unk.
Bundt's Villa: Terry Harrington, Fri.-Sat. afterhours.
Barkey's: Lou Marr, Mon.-Sat. Gary Haines, Mon.
Bob and Rob's: Lenore Paxton.
Breakers: Alex Kallac, Tue.-Sat.
Checker Bar-B-Q: Don DeAndre, Mon.-Sat. afterhours.
Chez Beau: Danny Stevenson.
Drome: name groups weekly.
Frolie: Lyman Woodard, Fri.-Sun.
Hobby Bar: Clyde Lumpkin, Cody Black, Mon.-Sat.
Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha, Tue.-Sat. Ursula Walker, Fri.-Sat.
London Chop House: Mel Ball, Marlene Hill, Mon.-Sat.
Momo's: Frank Newman, Fri.-Sat.
Nep tune's Hideaway (Harrison Township): Tom Saunders.
Pagoda (Clawson): Joe Grande.
Playboy Club: Matt Michael, J. C. Heard, Mon.-Sat.
Robbins Nest: Harold and Gwen McKluney.
Roostertail: John Trudell, hb.
Royal Windsor Steak House: Gospel, Fri.-Sun.
St. Regis Hotel: Dorothy Ashby.
Shadow Box: Mark Richards, Keith Vreeland, Fri.-Sat.
Sheraton Inn (Ann Arbor): Vince Mance, Mon.-Sat.
Tongue: Charles Harris, Tue.-Sat., Sun. afternoon.
Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, Thur.-Sat.
Wilkins Lounge (Orchard Lake): Bill Stevenson, Tue.-Sat.

ST. LOUIS

Brave Bull: The Marksmen.
Crystal Terrace: Sal Ferrante, hb.
Hi Ho: The Tempos.
King Brothers: Eddie Johnson, hb.
Le Left Bank: Don Cunningham.
Mainlander: Marion Miller.
Montmartre: Herb Drury, Thur.-Sat. Jim Bolen, Thur.
Mr. C's LaCachettes: LeBosse Trio.
Opera House: Singleton Palmer, hb.
Parkway House West: Don James-Ken Rice, Gene Lynn.
Playboy Club: Jazz Salerno Quartet, hb.
Renaissance Room: Jim Becker, Jeanne Trevor.
River Queen: John Woods, Gerry Lynn.
Stadium Motor Inn: Pete Johnstone, Fri.-Sun.
Top of the Tower: Tony Connors.
Upstream Lounge: Upstream Jazz Quartet.

DALLAS

Adolphus Hotel: sessions, Sun.
Club Lark: Rosevelt Wardell, Mon.-Sun. Eloise Heater, Wed.-Sat.
Chateau Briand: Ernie Johnson, Mon.-Sat. Vicki Palmer, wknds.
Fink Mink Club: Jim Black, Mon.-Sun. Betty Green, wknds.
Mr. Lucky's: Sammy Jay, tfn.
Village Club: Don Jacoby, Mon.-Sat.
V.I.P. Club: Robert Skiles.

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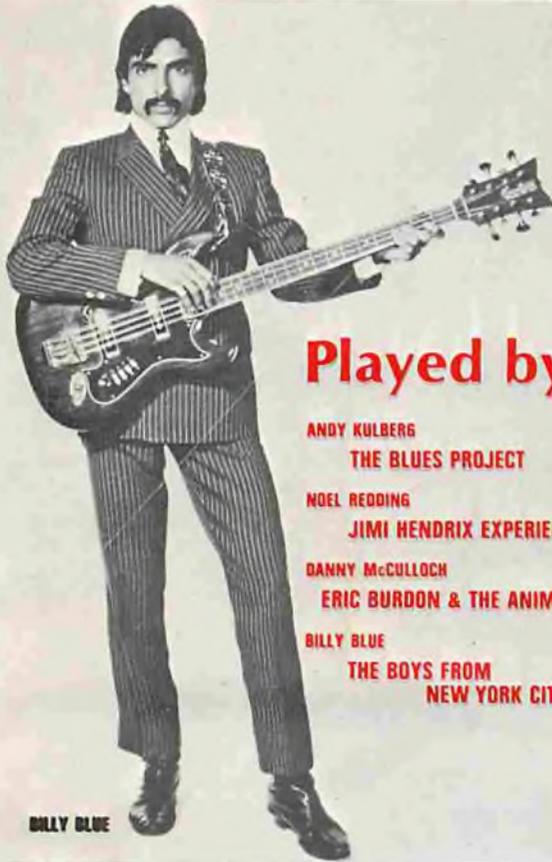
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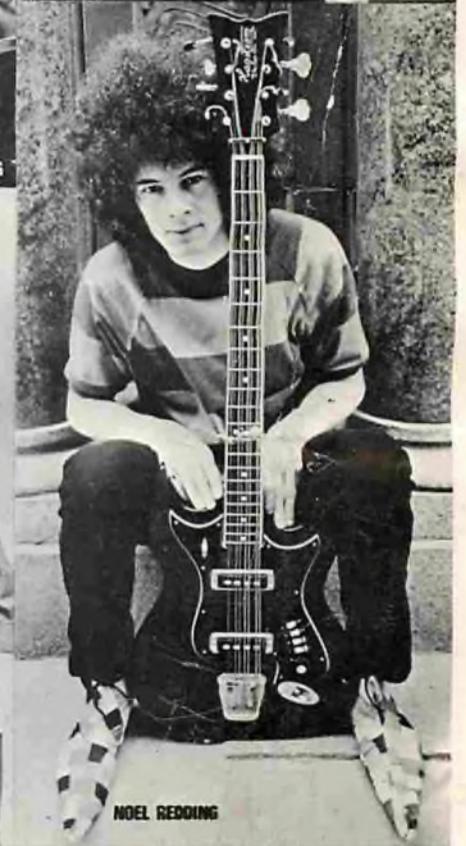


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